

VOLUME IV

The Big T

LECTURES ON
CALTECH

AULT • SPARLING • SMITH • GUNTER • JENSEN







the
Big T

1970

the Big T

1970 STAFF

"Well, it may not be very good, but at least it's homey . . ."

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In particular, for their contributions to this volume of the Big T, we would like to thank FLOYD CLARK for his infinitely large photo file; ED HUTCHINS for his sincerely-appreciated advice; and especially ALAN STEIN for his excellent work on the high-contrast material and STEVE DASHIELL for his organization of the photo staff, as well as his incredible patience-reservoir.

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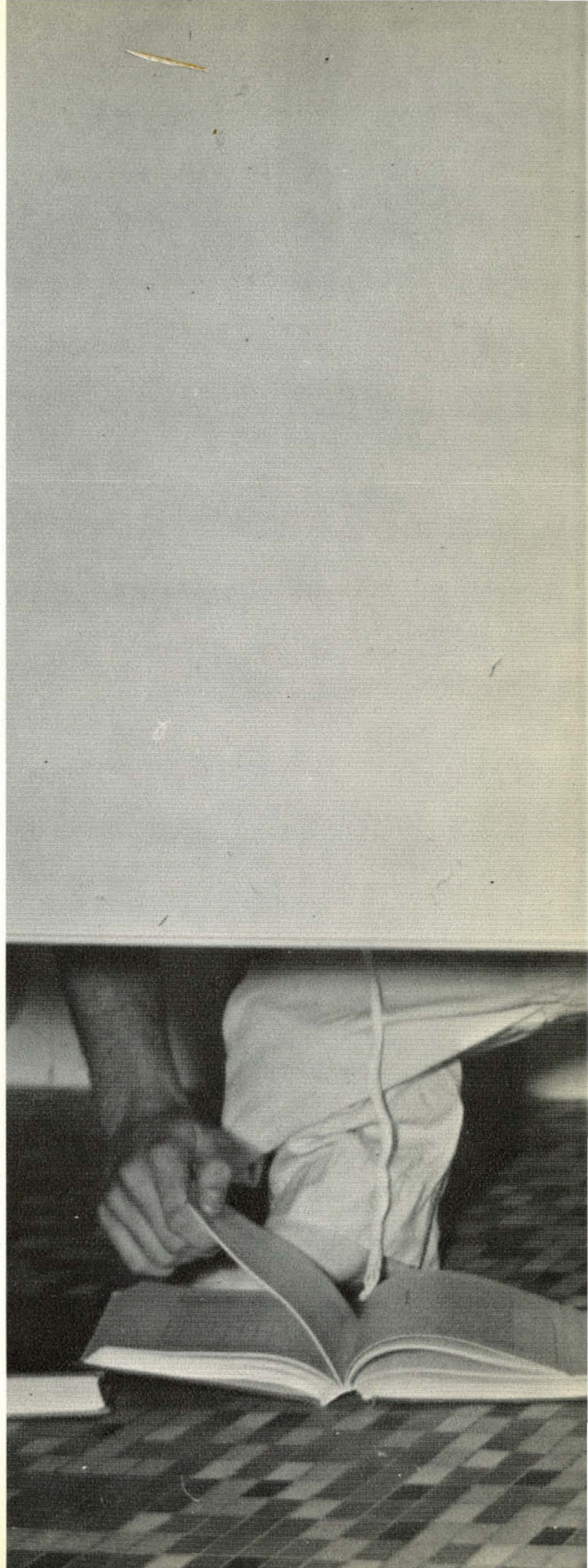


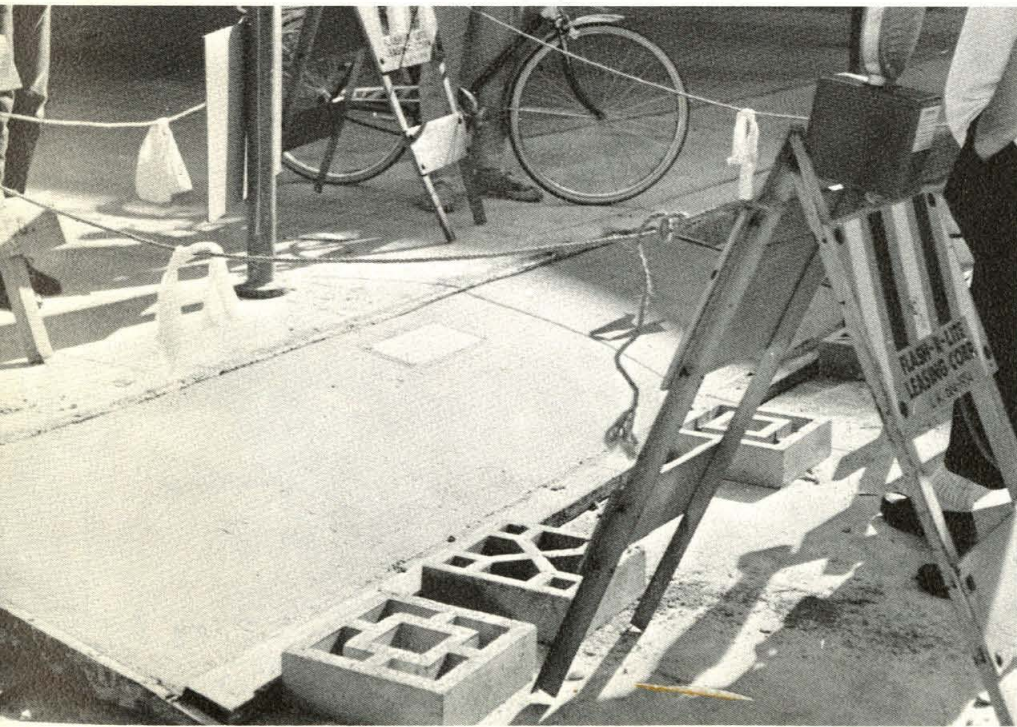
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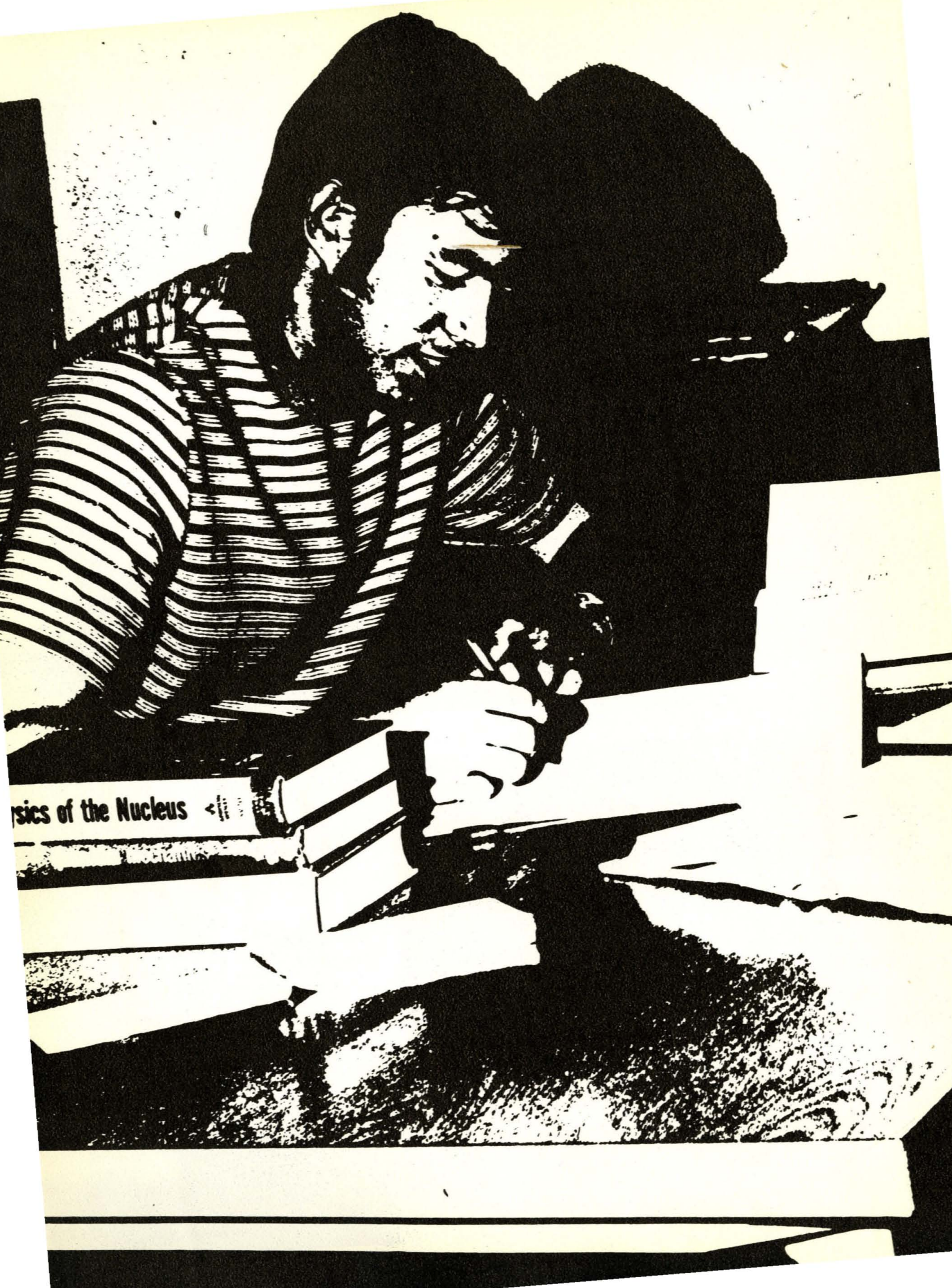
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Dedication: To Teachers In General

... for their ever-present collective sense of humor and responsibility, always ready to show the world that studying isn't all there is to science ...







Physics of the Nucleus

A Pathy

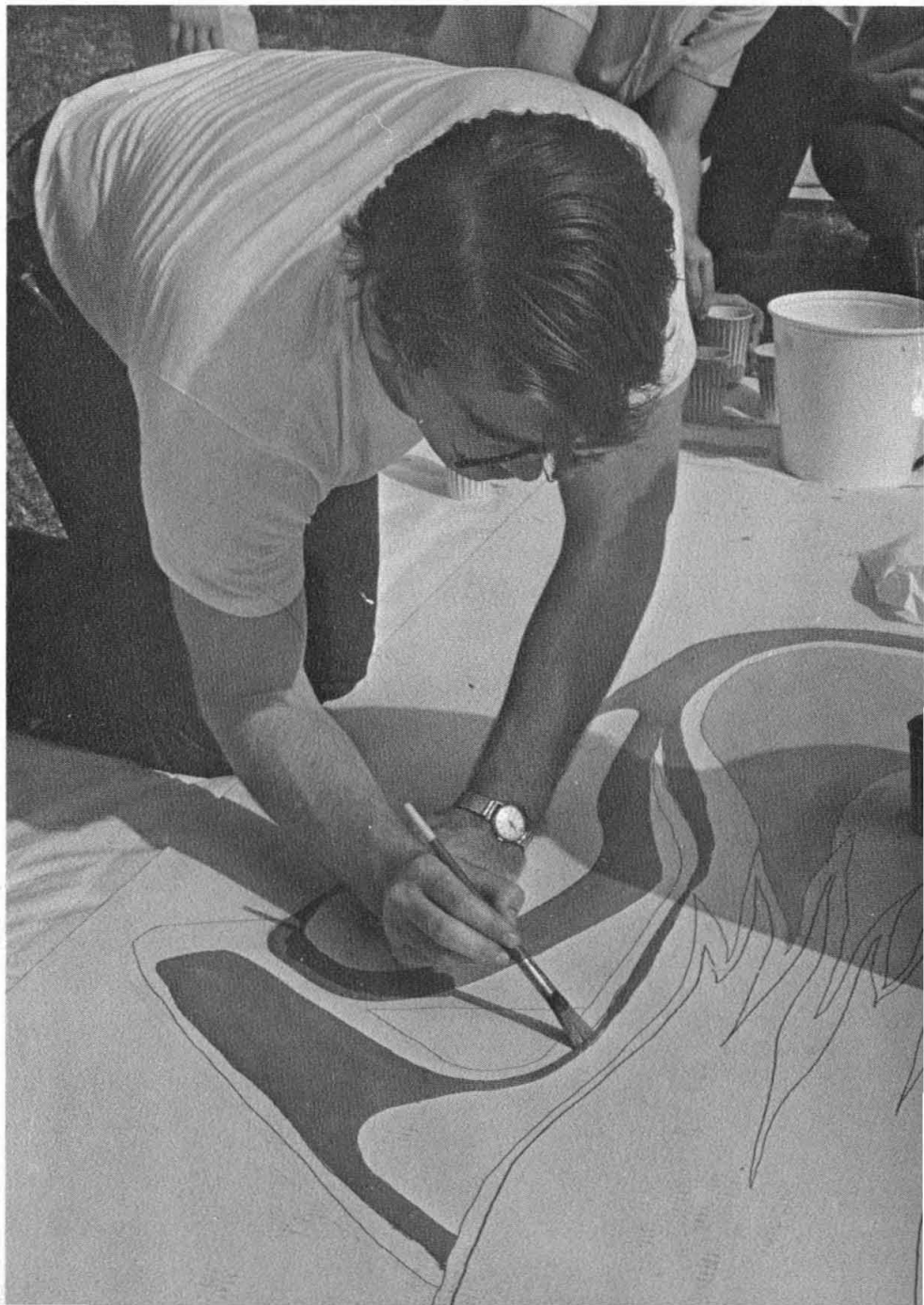
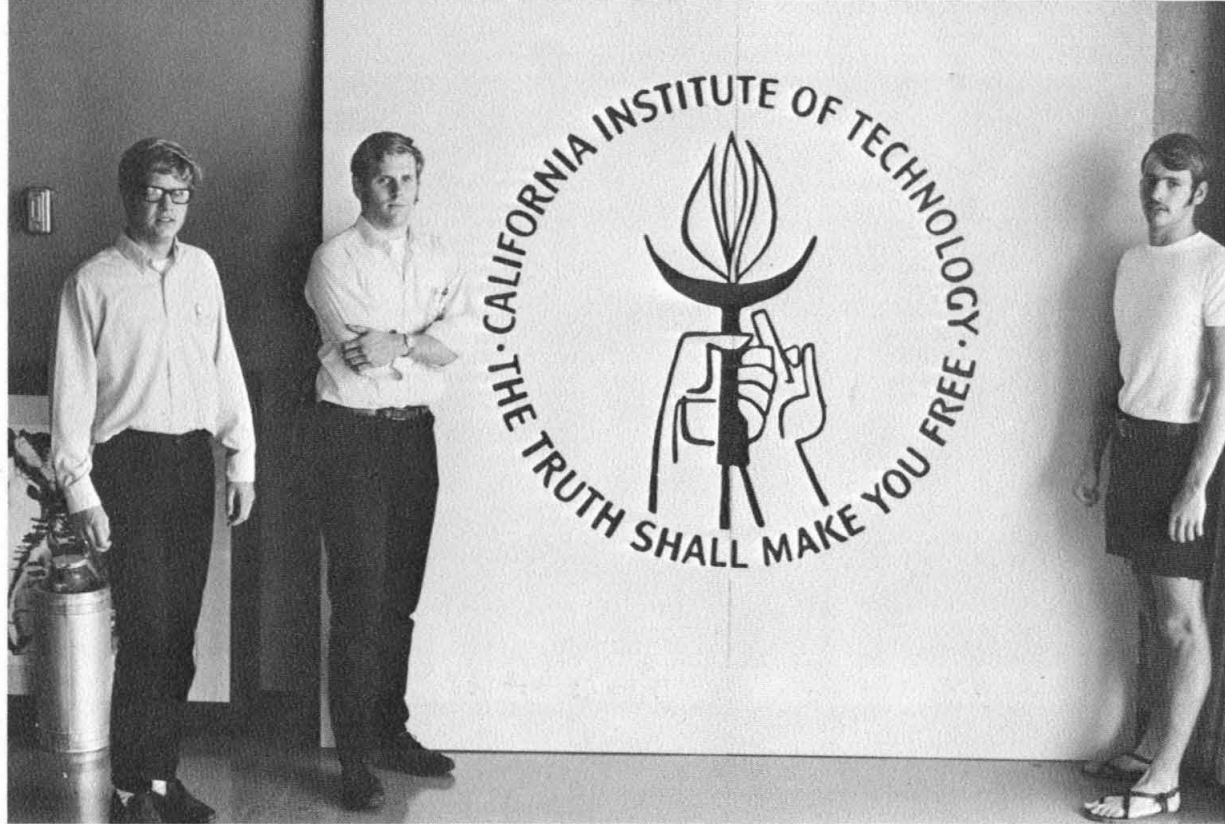
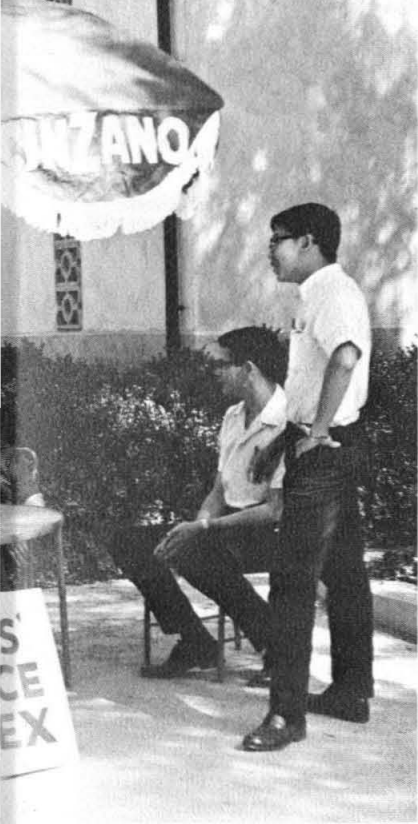


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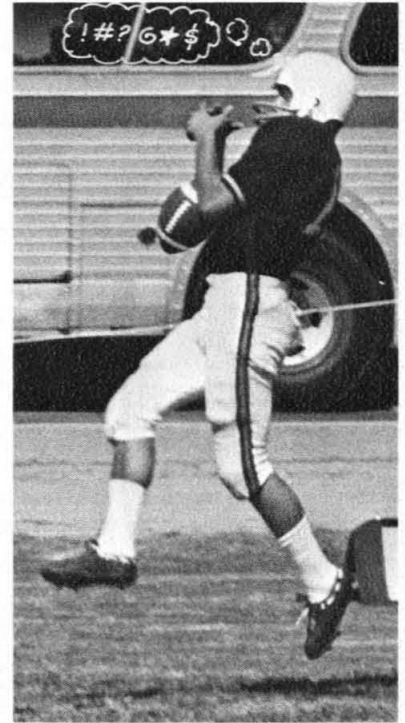
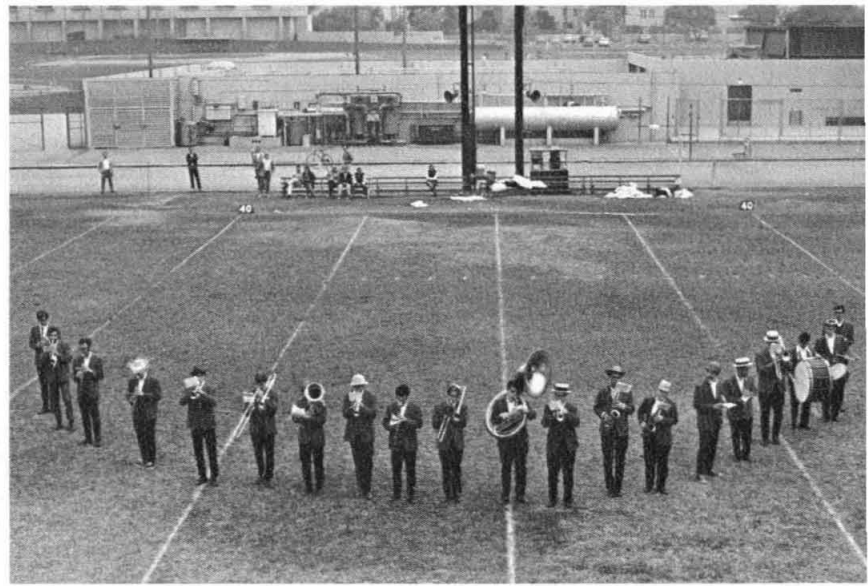
The Year

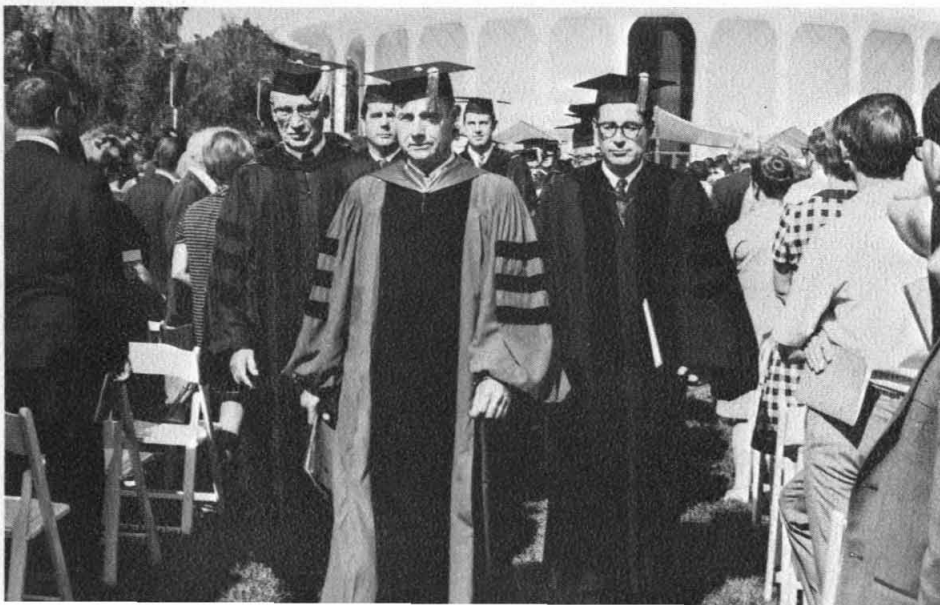
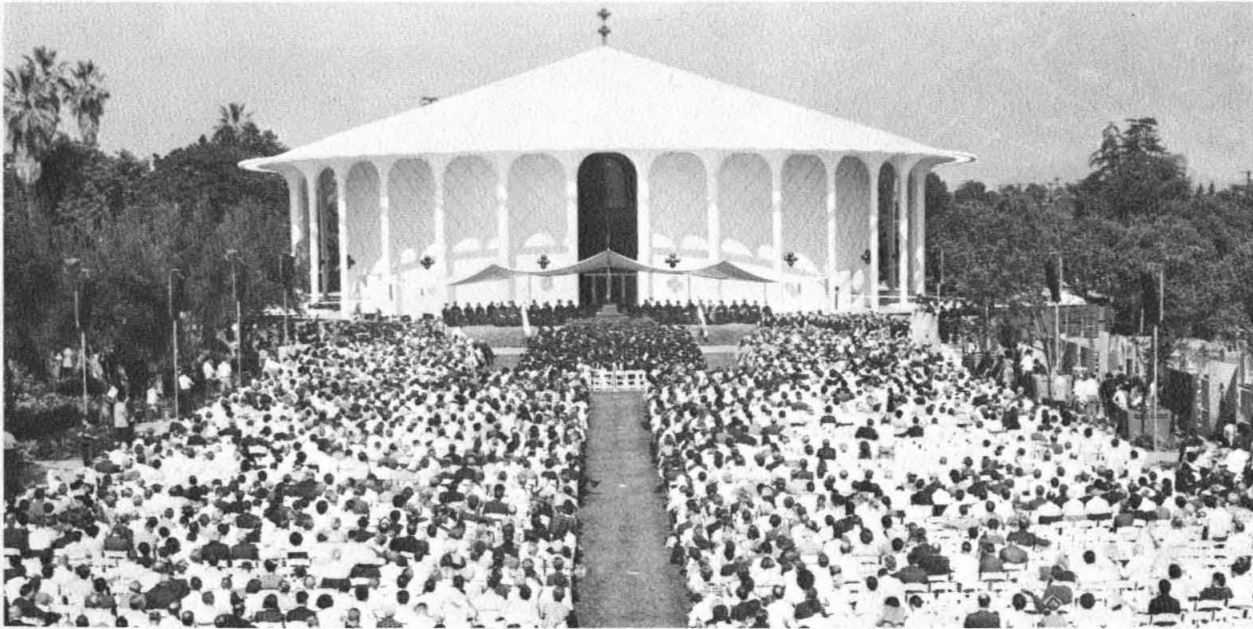
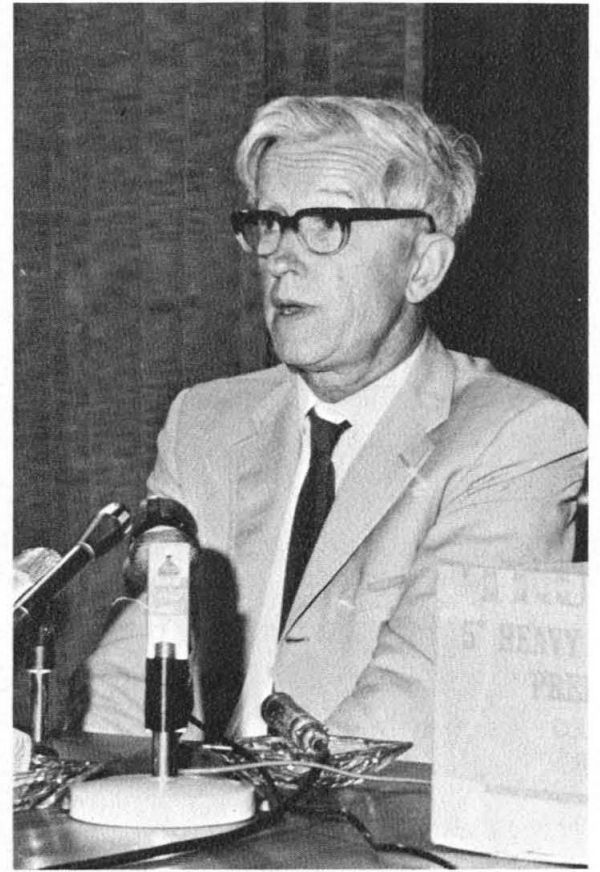
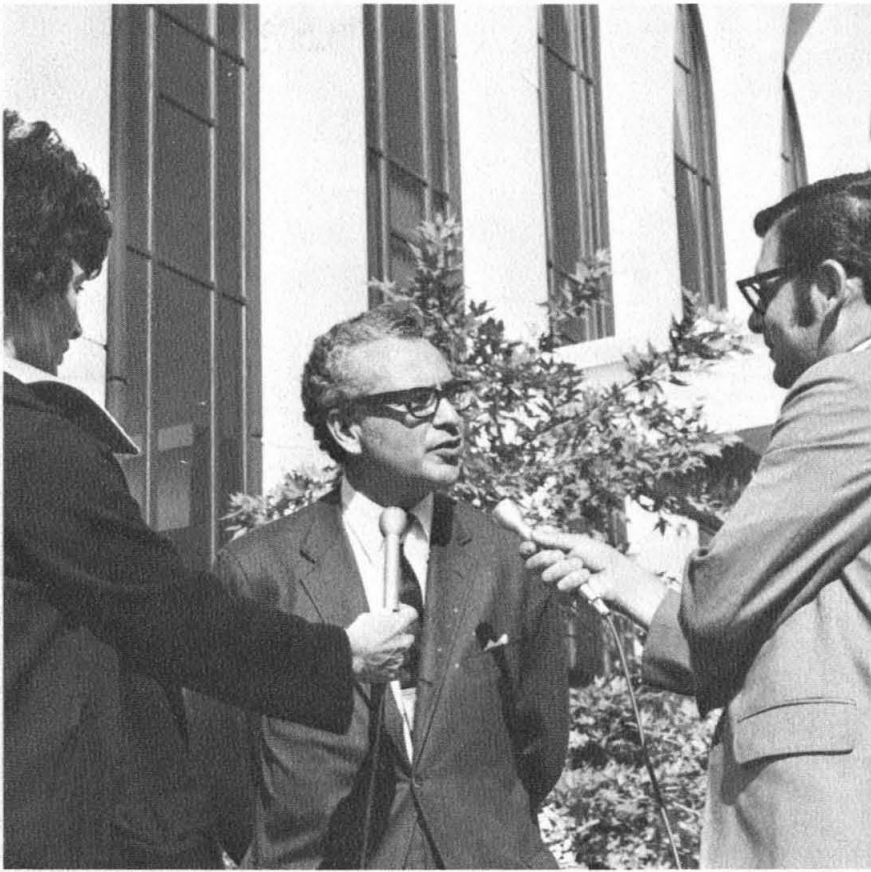


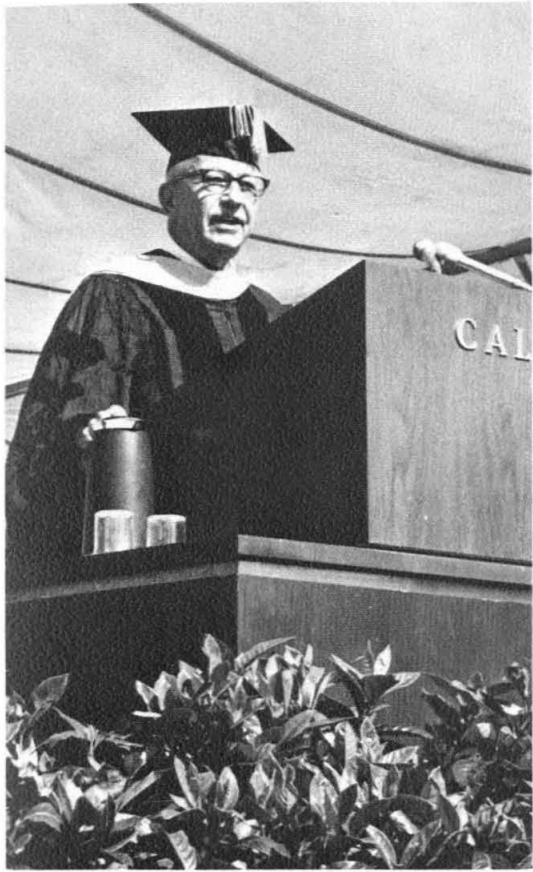


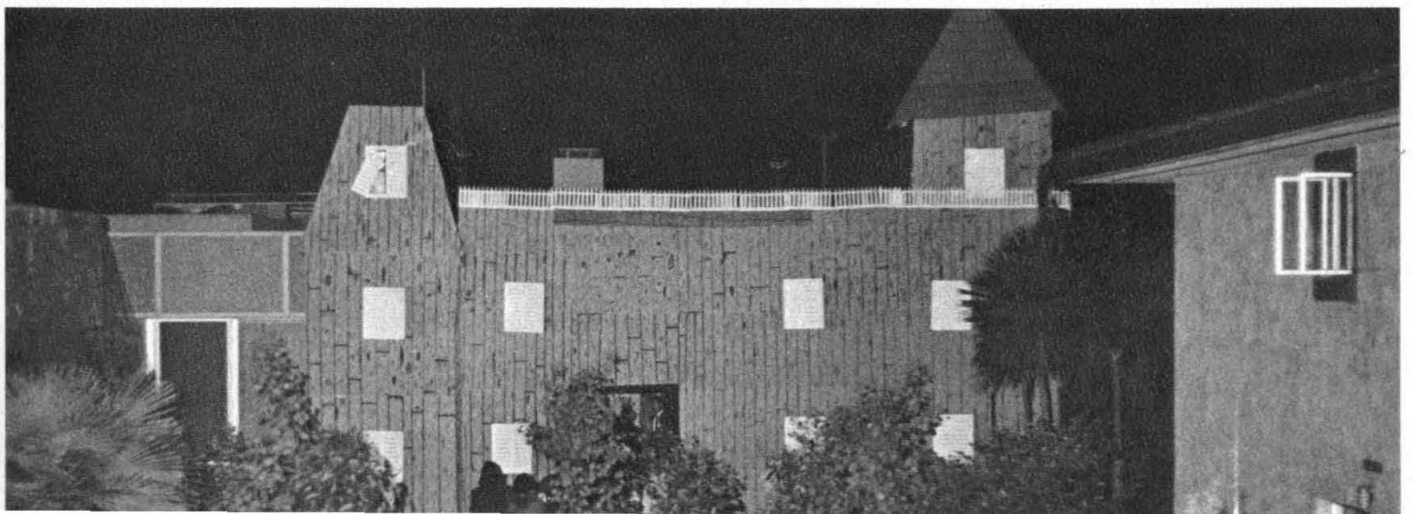
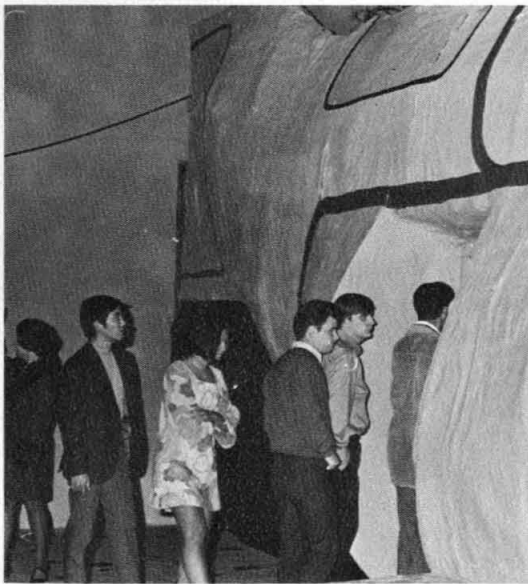
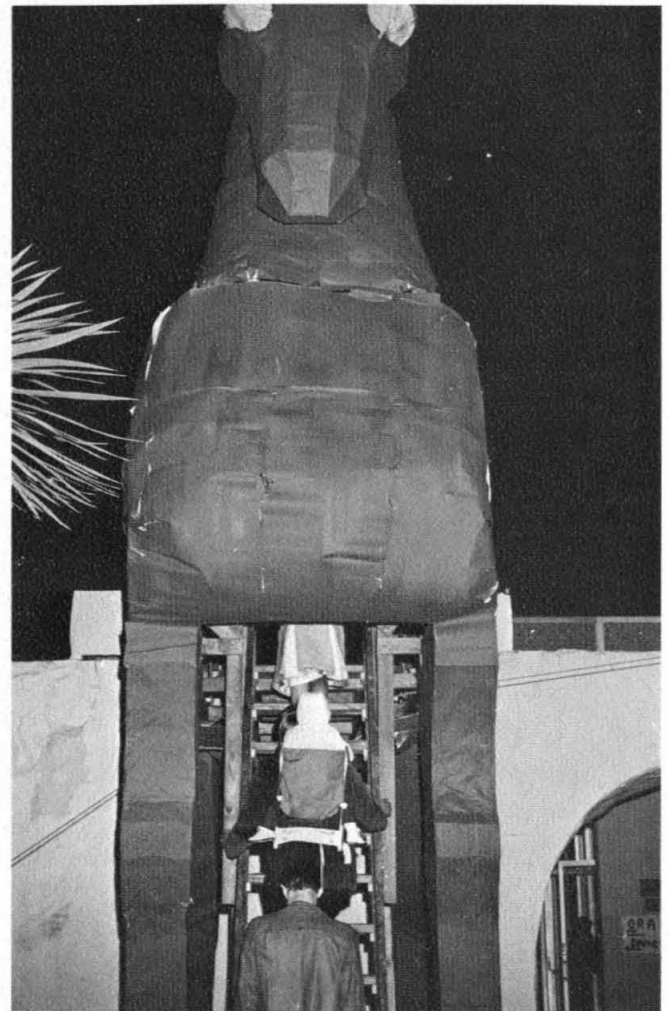
OCT. 15 - WAR MORATORIUM
 READING OF THE WAR DEAD - ALL DAY
 CINEMA VIETNAM - SHOWINGS AT 9:00, 10:00, 12:00, 1:00, 2:00
Clubroom 1
 BOMB
 RALLY - 11:00 (OLIVE WALK) Rept. S. Vogel, Peace Secy, AFSC
John Lee, Head of Vets for Peace
 GROUP DISCUSSIONS - 1:00 - 3:00
 END THE WAR - Drs. Benton, Christy, Davidson, Stack
 DRAFT RESISTANCE - Carroll, Drs. Lang, Thorne
 SCIENTISTS IN SOCIETY - Drs. Albrecht, Cohen, Thompson, Shapiro,
 THE WAR GAME 11:00 AM **SPECIAL** 1:00 PM
2:00 PM
 MORAL ISSUES/HISTORY - Farmer, Drs. Kousser, Sinshemer, Mc Mahon
 OPEN-END DISCUSSION - Drs. Edgar, Rosenblum, Rosenstone
 RALLY - 3:00 Dr. Lees (C.I.T.) Jeremy Larner (U.) McCarthy's
Speech Writer

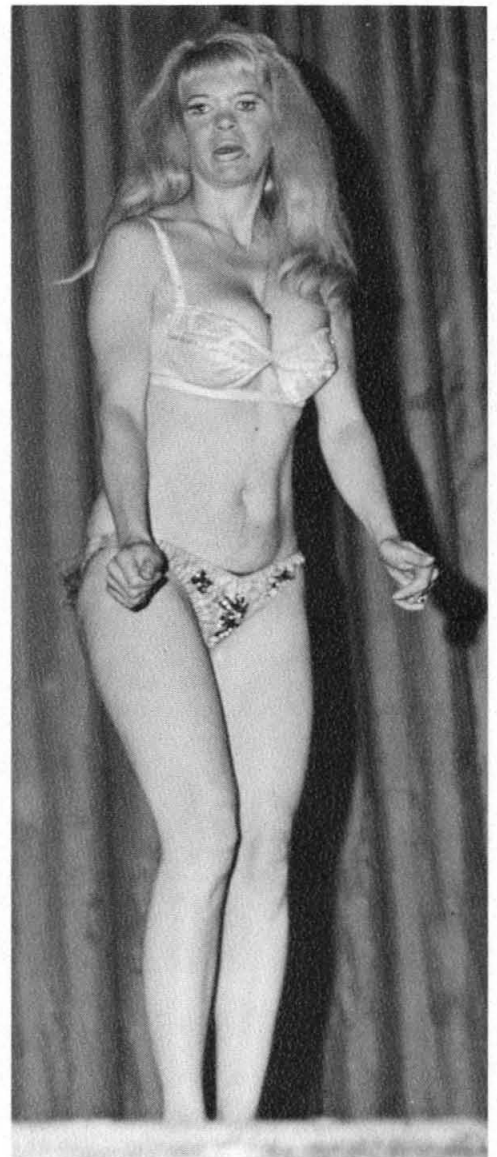
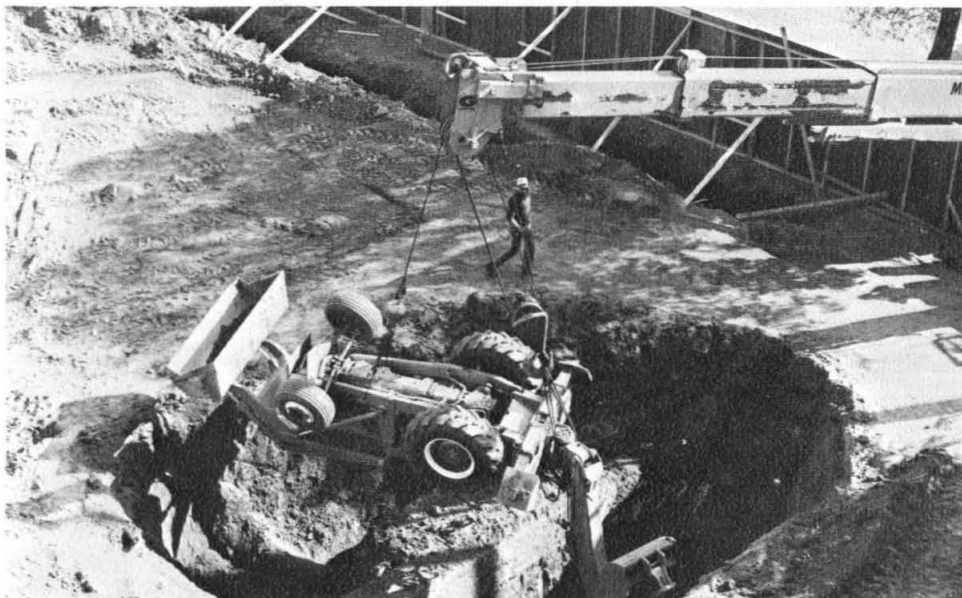


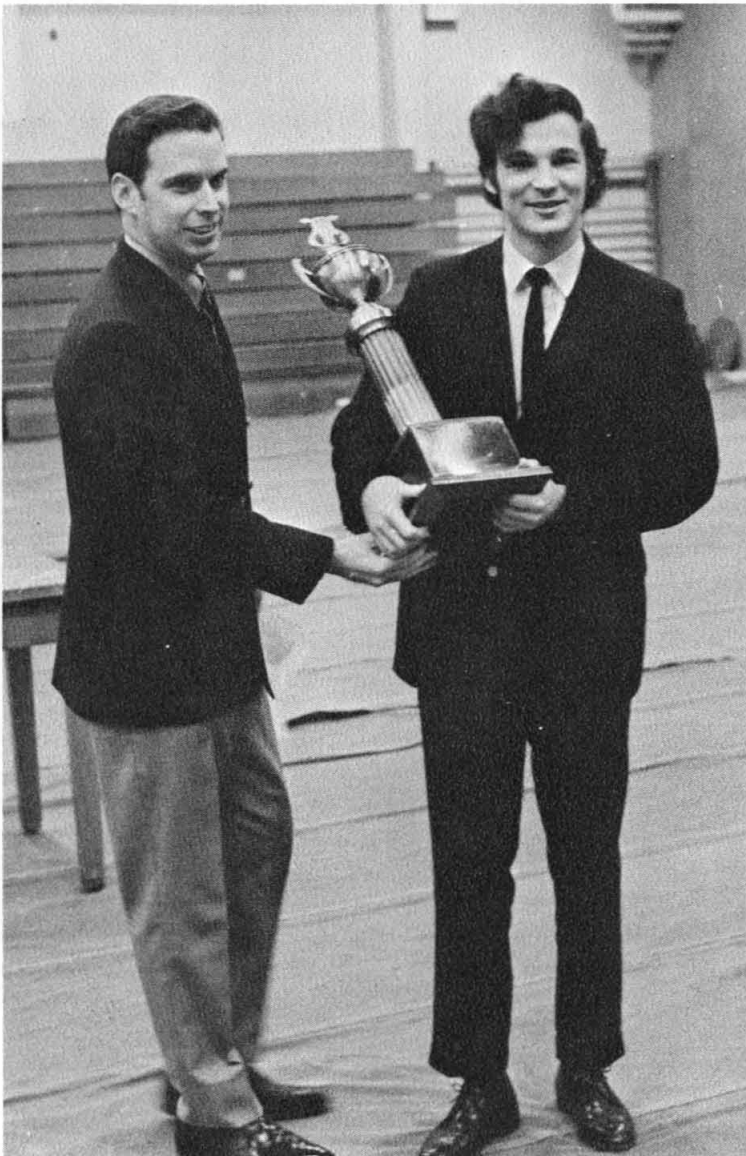


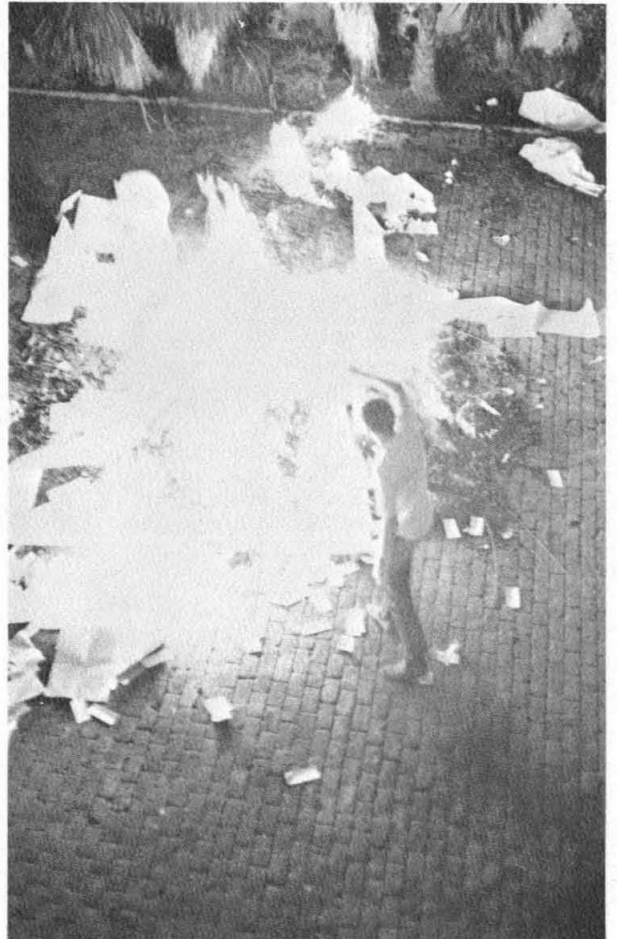
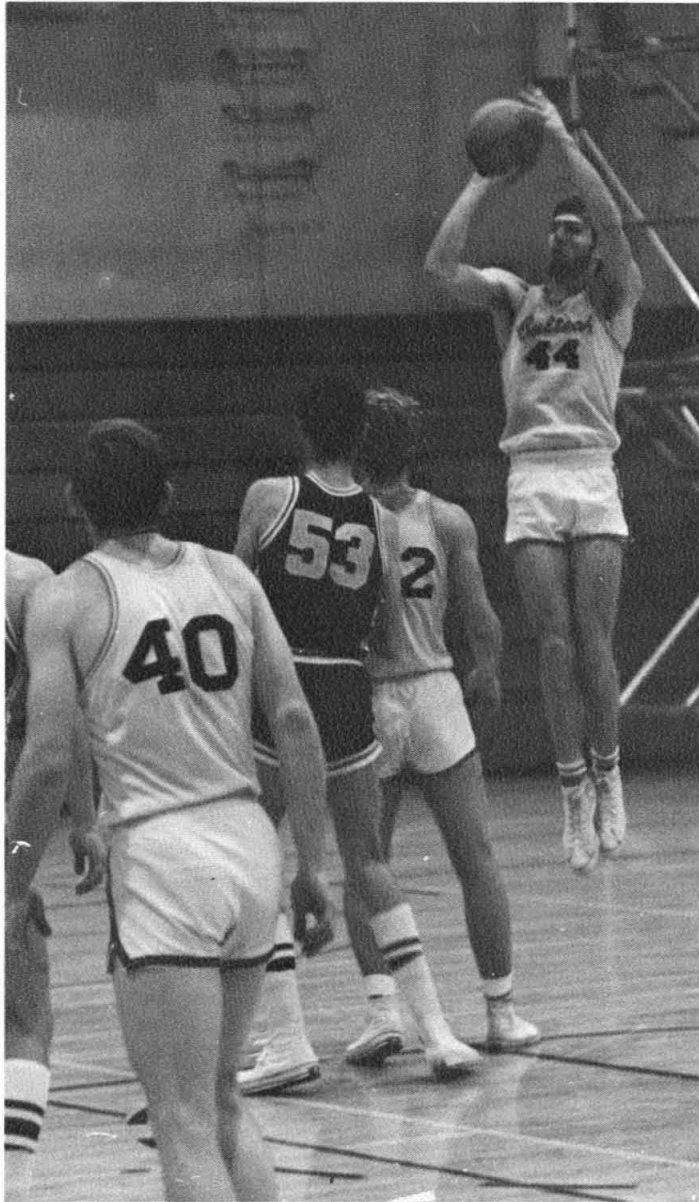


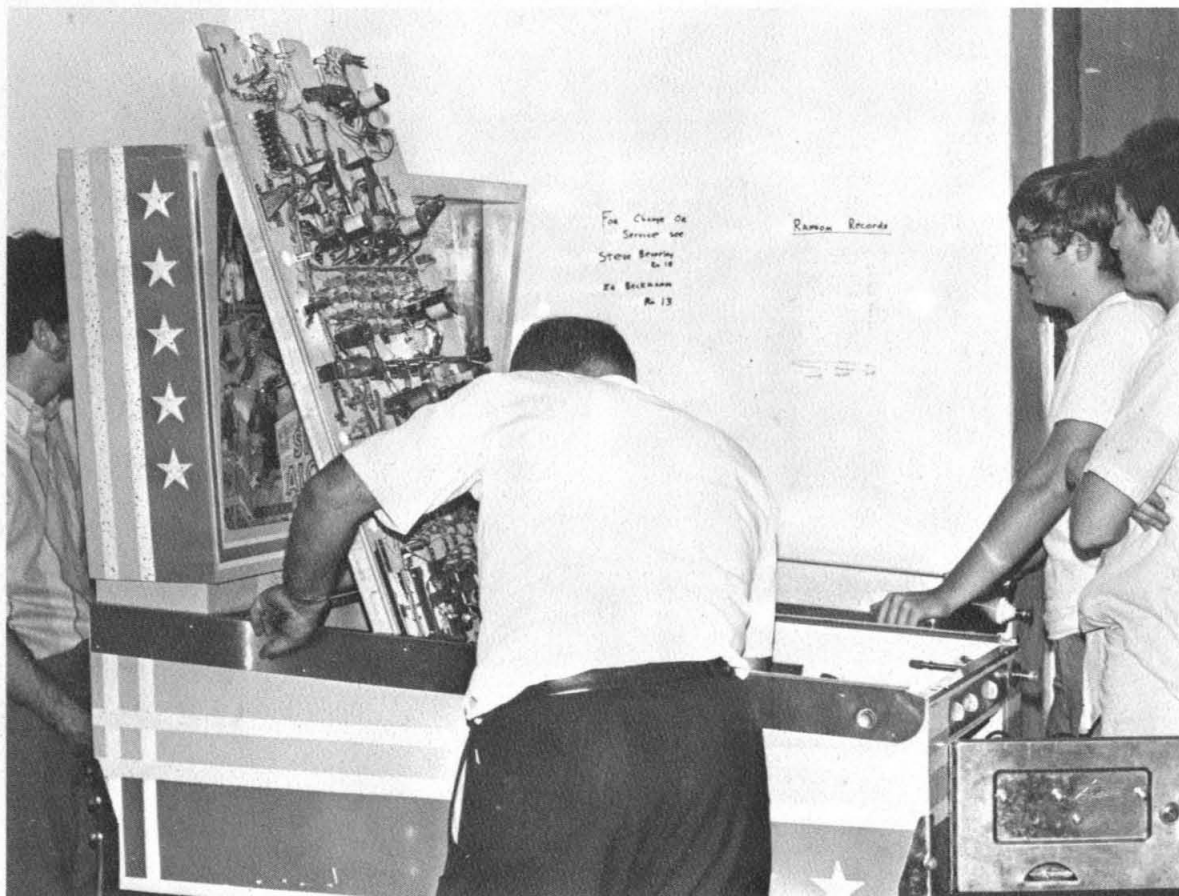


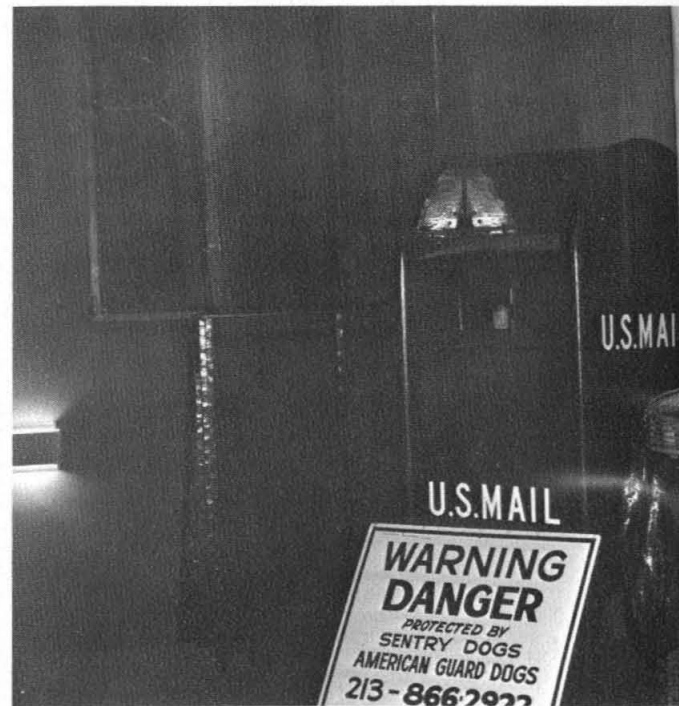
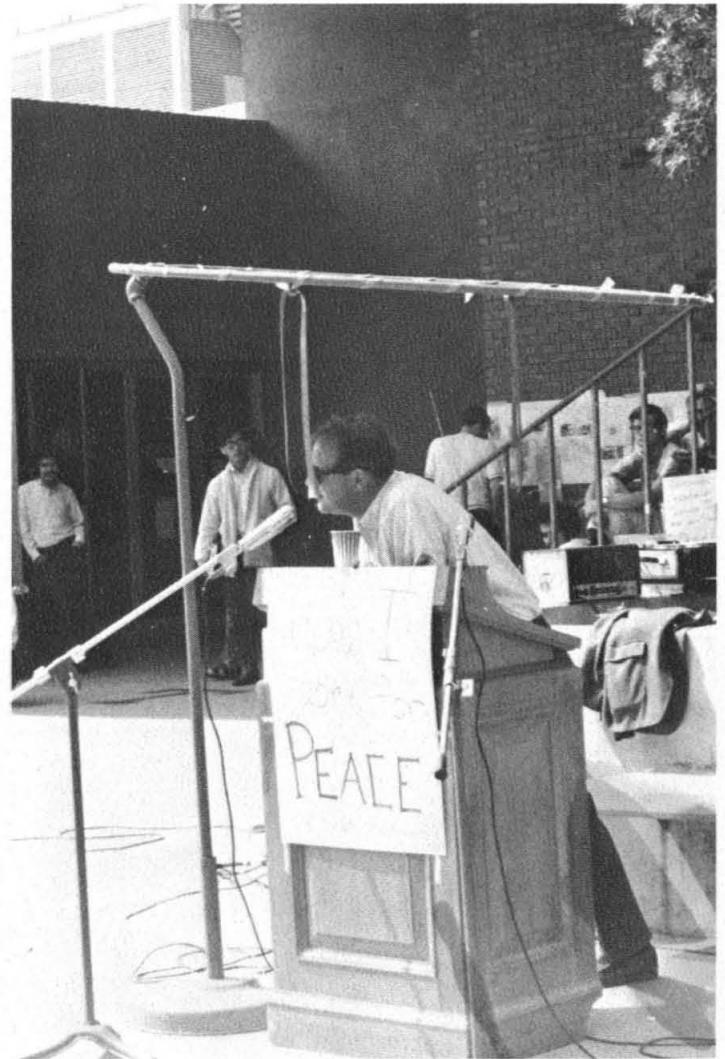


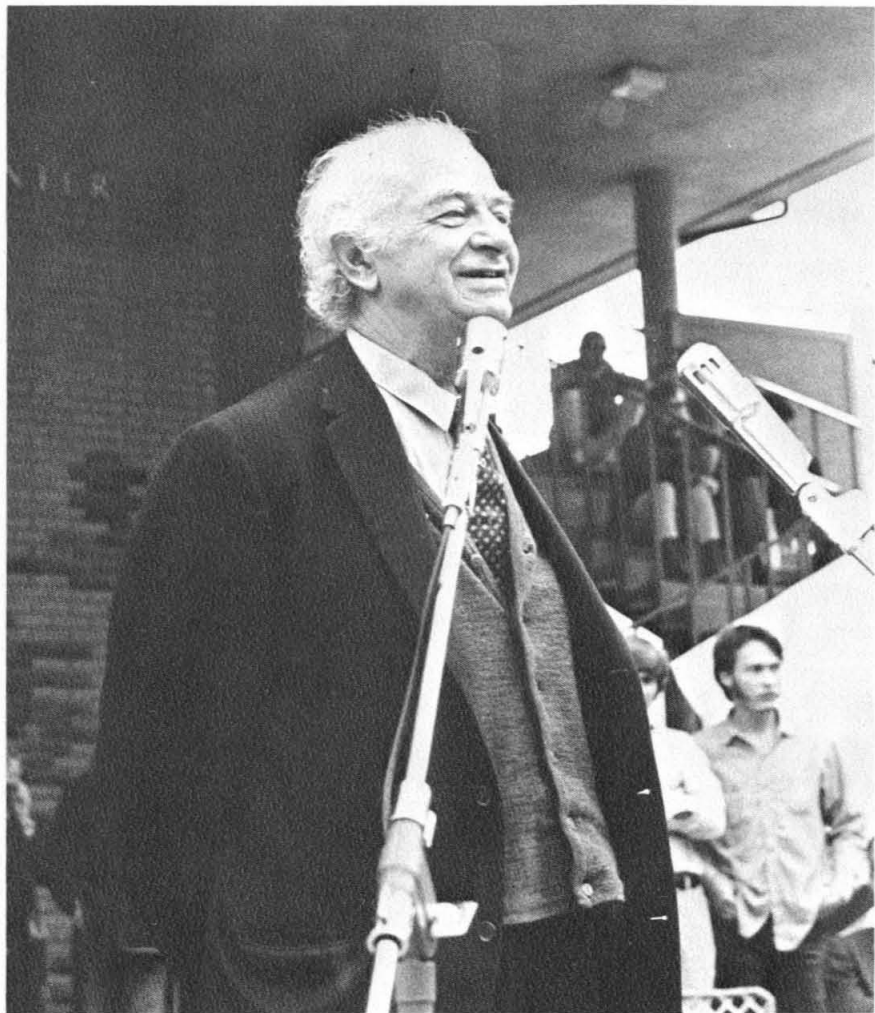


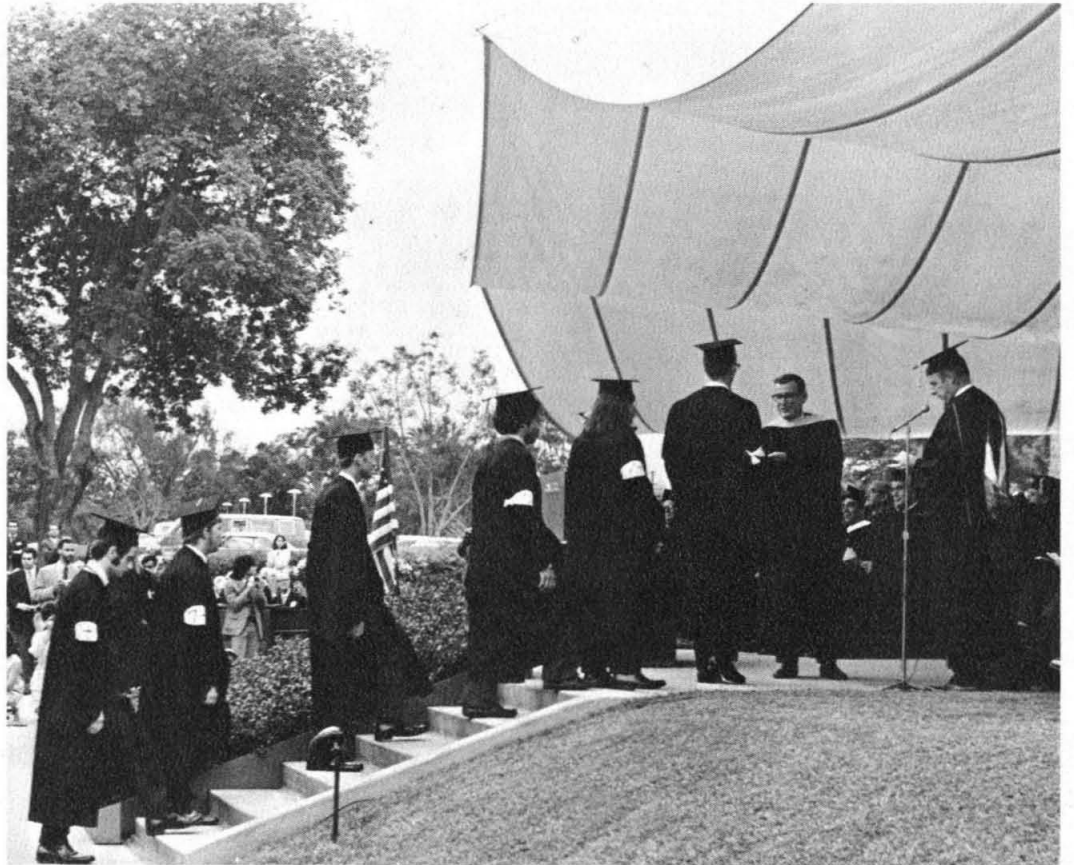
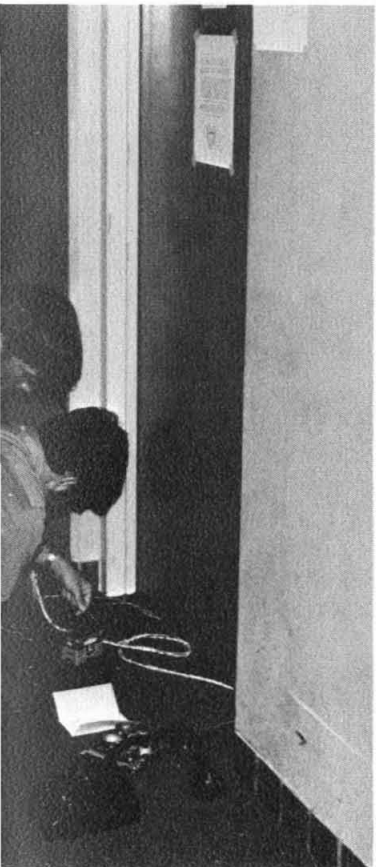
















Houses

RESIDENCE AND DINING HALLS



Barbera McCandless (seated); Robert W. Gang, Manager; Rachael Kirkpatrick



Happy, smiling photo of Mr. Gang. Photo was taken immediately before happy, smiling Mr. Gang was notified that next October, due to overcrowding, he'd be sharing his office with six frosh.

THE MASTER OF STUDENT HOUSES



Muriel Williams; Caroline Rob; David Smith, Master (feet on desk)



"!?" & % \$! ! ? ? ? ! ! e !"

Blacker House

If any aspect of the Church and the House of Blacker, has changed in the last year, it is the social program, which started off with a bang (so to speak) as 25 Whittier girls showed up for the first exchange. Continued successes throughout first term made TAYLOR, CRONIN, and WHEATLEY the most acclaimed social team in memory. The frosh were soon swept with religious fervor and zealously partook of the sacraments. ("Yes, I kicked the door in; after 60 hours with her, I've got to get some sleep!") "The conversion of fifteen women next year will generate ever greater revival spirit in the Church"—thus spake Nina Foch (connoisseur of garbage and liquid N2 sundaes).

On a different plane were the activities of the Throop Beautification Committee, which heralded president Brown's inauguration with appropriate decorum. And, speaking of ornamentation, does anyone know the whereabouts of 26 bales of paper missing from PRINDAVILLE'S room? You say it's been floating around in Purgatory? Being not wont to allow such useful material to go to waste, the men of Blacker constructed the Emerald City in their courtyard. Simply wizard! (and none can doubt He is a fine man) But, alas, the best laid cities of mice and Munchkins must come down, and to amuse the throops, the Dabney Theater of Fine Arts was opened Wednesday nights (can this be correlated with a 20-foot erection on the dome of Throop?)

All this fun and folly took its toll, however; CHRISTENSEN AND HILTNER found happier lives elsewhere, and JONSSON flunked out (with a 4.3 GPA). Also noticed was a marked increase in the number of HRNR's; RUBINSTEIN met MARNIE, TOMPKINS met MEGAN, and PLATO met RUTH, LINDA, and GOAT (in Byzantine fellowship). True, FULLER and BOBBIE became "good friends"; but BECK and MARCY became something more ("Married! You've got to be kidding!"). TAYLOR got a haircut. (As for Connie—"Jonsson, you're a coward.")

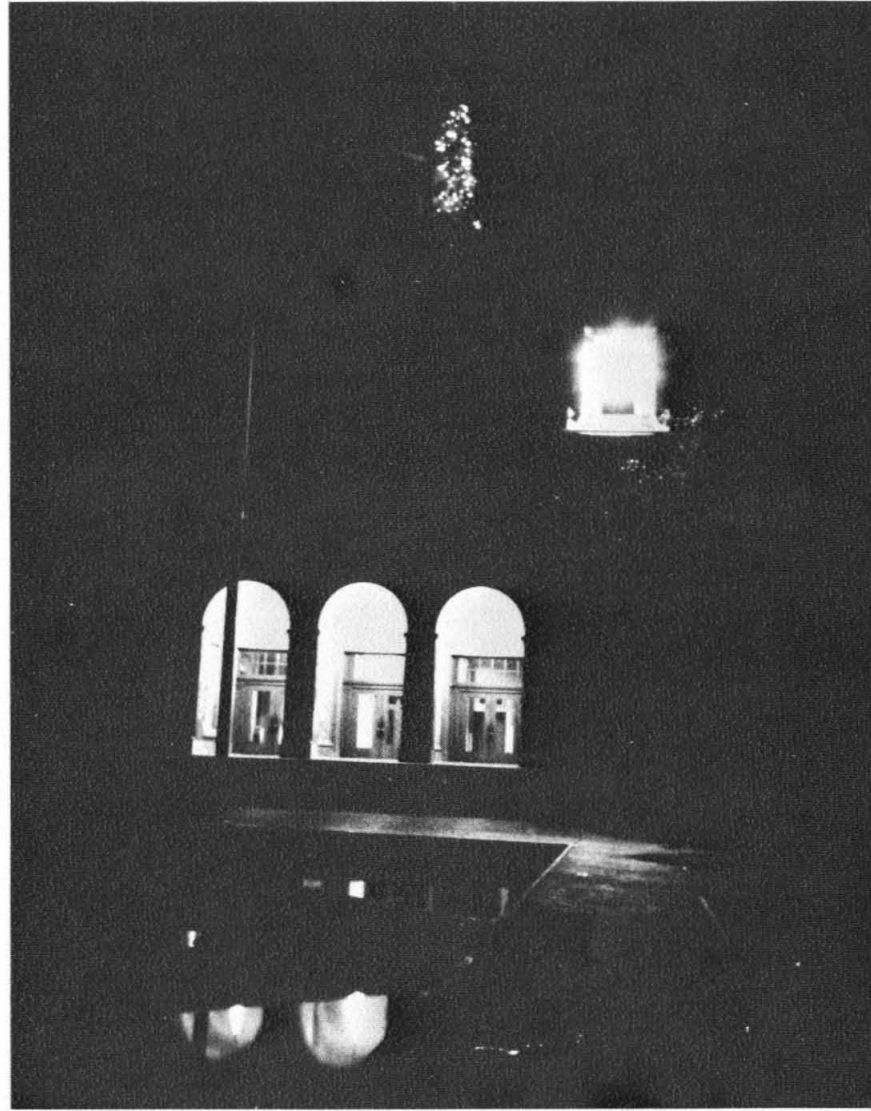




If was a hard driving year, too. MENKUS, modestly classifying himself as a novice, swept the field, winning first place in *Allies in Blunderland*. WOOD and LEVCHAK brought home a trophy for their motorcycle entry, as did BELSHER & CO. TOMPKINS, TAYLOR, KITTLER, and RICHARDS reaffirmed the sympathy of the PPD for the cause of the teacher, and SCHUDEL fared all too well in a fight with an RTD. McCLUSKEY proved the gestation period of an Alpha is 9 months.

Second term saw SCHIFF's Posh Dinner Party add a touch of elegance to the mundane life of the techer, and introduced many house members to the evils of Beaujolais '66 (and Acapulco '70). The GAHMSC sank untold dollars into n-butyl mercaptan and rope—enough to hand JONSSON. Tunnel alley set up residence in various Westwood theaters, elements of Docs and Pub set up residence in the Pie Tree, a CHIPMUNK set up residence in the attic, and house elections upset residents in the entire house. ARTHUR is a girl! (Not you, Kreymer)

Third term, and "gracious living" died in a flurry of non-dress meals, while the social program revived in a flurry of parties. The new social chairmen set out to best their predecessors (who were, for the most part, themselves), with the Ice House, "Waiting for Godot", and wine-tasting as featured attractions. The house masochists succeeded in their wintry assault on Mt. Whitney.



20' tree on top to Throop



BLACKER HOUSE

SENIORS



First Row: B. Drake, J. Batchelder. Second Row: R. Jackson, C. Reed, P. Szolovits, S. Levy, K. Monohan.

OFFICERS



First Row: G. Brock, Historian; F. Pindaville, Vice-President; D. Taylor, Social Chairman; E. Wheatley, Social Chairman; B. Drake, President; C. McCluskey, Teletroll. Second Row: M. Felland, Treasurer; G. Spivak, Librarian; B. Jonsson, Librarian; D. Wood, Athletic Manager; J. Cronin, Social Chairman; S. Menkus, Athletic Manager; J. Hall, Resident Associate; R. Price, Graduate Student.



JUNIORS

Front Row: C. McCluskey, C. Anderson, P. Tompkins, D. Taylor, R. Pong, B. Kittler, J. Beck, E. Schiff. Second Row: M. Felland, S. Dashiell, A. Kreymer, D. Wood, S. Menkus, T. Weaver, F. Prindaville, J. Cronin.

SOPHOMORES

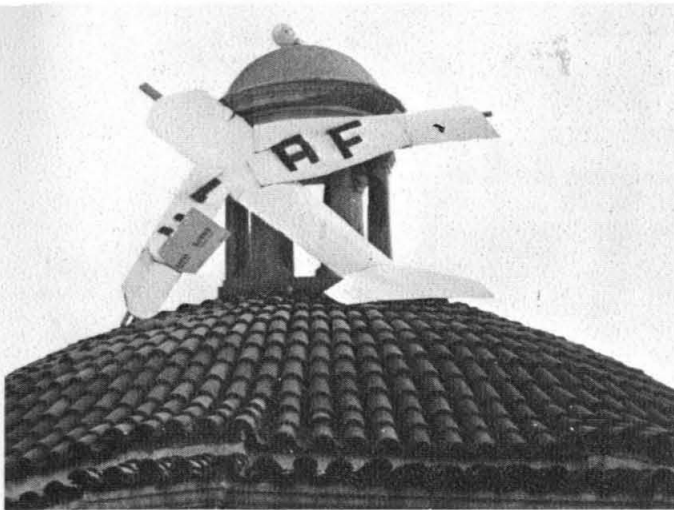


Front Row: M. Yeung, V. Lee, G. Brock, E. Wheatley, K. Tung, B. Jonsson. Second Row: G. Spivak, L. Krupp, L. Westerman, C. Byler, R. Zimmerman, T. Heistand.



FRESHMEN

Front Row: G. Navratil, B. Gibson, M. Fuller, G. Alverson, B. Reznick, N. Kopel, G. Rubenstein, P. Tserliangos. Second Row: P. Andriola, J. Gord, E. Ehlers, W. Sherrer, J. Belsher, S. Billester, P. Levchak, T. Bell, R. Plaag, H. McGee. Third Row: S. Skedzeleski, K. Hickson, J. Bonomo, B. Herman, R. Greenburg, D. Hiltner, R. West, B. Bennett.



thereby exceeding their accomplishments at Horseshoe Mesa, while closer to sea level, the saner members of the house enjoyed a beach party, and a picnic at Lacy Park. PRICE got his black belt, and MONOHAN capsized his FJ.

Those not swimming in the ocean were swimming in petitions, as the house became more politically active third term, sparked, perhaps, by the Cambodian decision, the Kent State tragedy, and the visit of Lt. Gov. Reinecke, a Blacker alumnus. House "flaming radicals" FELLAND, KOPEL, and JONSSON circulated petitions, while MENKUS, WOOD, and PLAAG circulated counter-petitions. SZOLOVITS circulated around Mayor Benedict, while the Mayor circumvented Szolovits. The silent majority said nothing.



GAHMSC





Dabney House

3d Term 1969

Dabney went temporarily coed with 3 ½ girls (courtesy of the ASCIT Research Project) living in Alley 2. They were almost as sexy as Hight, Fisher, and White on their way to a Flemish dinner . . .

We celebrated Drop Day for the first time. 2001 anyone?

The Great JPL-Caltech Disneyland Party—somehow Zdybel ended up with Bohl and Ashley with Betsy, Barb, and Jan . . .

Later came the first Bonfire and Sexual Frustration Rites, replete with a leap by SP.

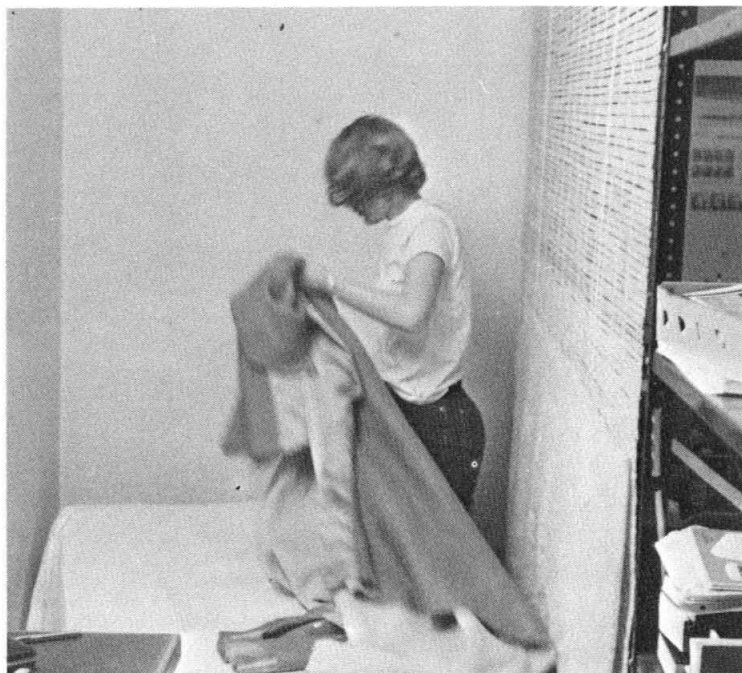
Everyone got seasick on the way home from Lost Weekend for the last year in a row.

On another weekend, Murphy was God.

The House constitution was eliminated for lack of interest.

Senior Ditch Day found Lutton's room clean for the first time all year and Murphy living up above the smog. It took Alley 3 four months to drink Elston's bribe . . .

White and Coles moved off.



She does it for twenty-five cents.

1st Term 1969

First term began in a whirl of Rotation parties. By the end of the week, everyone (even Frank) had memorized Zdybel's speech . . . initiation was never initiated . . . and a "special interest" alley was created in Alley 2.

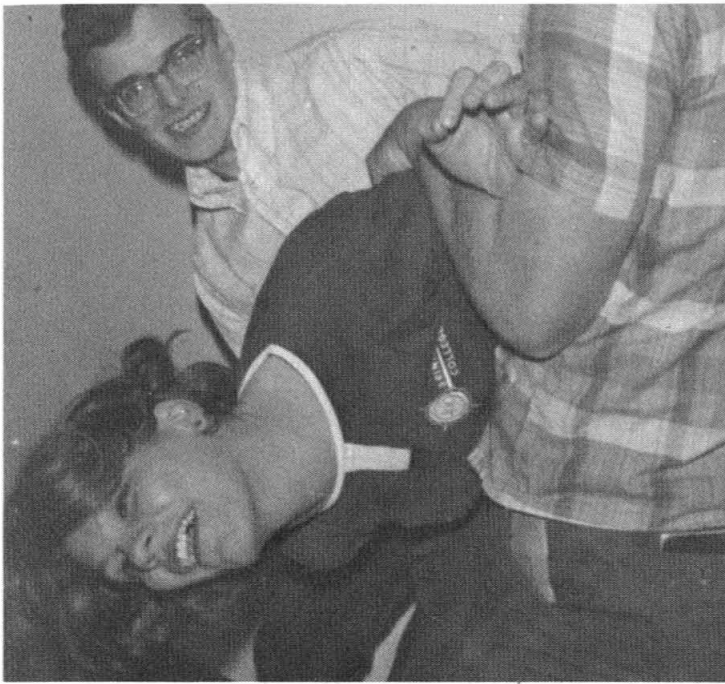
The House bought tickets to the Jefferson Airplane and Simon & Garfunkel concerts, but Hight and TJ were the only ones with really good seats . . .

We packed off Horner, Zdybel, Barker, Stein, BLT and both Josephs to a Y leadership conference, apparently on the theory that they needed it the most.



"Ma fella Americans"





Ecstasy

Drop Day again!

The House met the Interhouse issue head-on, deciding that the time and money were better spent on our stomachs. Consequently, the Emperor of Poland presided over a formal steak & lobster dinner that night.

Undaunted, the OC Trolls built their own Interhouse in the Dabney-Fleming tunnel. Theme: Dabney Eats It.

Horner appeared at Thanksgiving with some girl he claimed was Julie. No one saw them for more than thirty minutes that weekend.

Finally, the Christmas Party rolled around. Gomez was there, drunk, and was linked to the disappearance of Joe Dabney. Dave Smith presided as Santa Claus with BLT as elf ... Ballard got a "Jumping Junkie kit" best left undescribed ... Muskin got a toy piano to play with, himself ... Meador was given his marbles, but proceeded to lose them ... and S. Webb got a chastity belt. Poor John.

2nd Term 1970

Ian Hunter held a party which a number of Darbs attended. Joseph was already hungover by the time he left, so he brought what was left of Rudolph home.

Metamorphosis of the Year: Hopkins took up loafing and women.

Nina Foch tried weekly to run promising Darbs into Thesbians.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Brown stayed in Dabney a night to get the feel of student life. Rand just didn't understand when she left.

Next a girl appeared and married Horner up in the mountains. (Same one that came for Thanksgiving, incidentally.) He showed the neatest home movies before she came ...

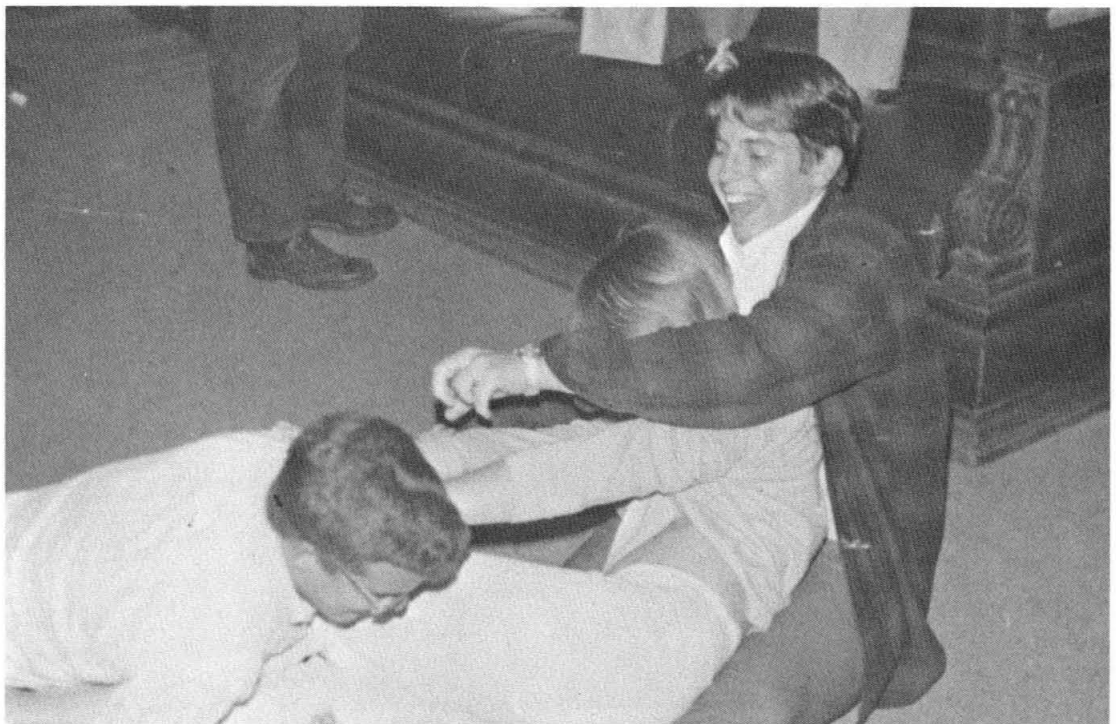
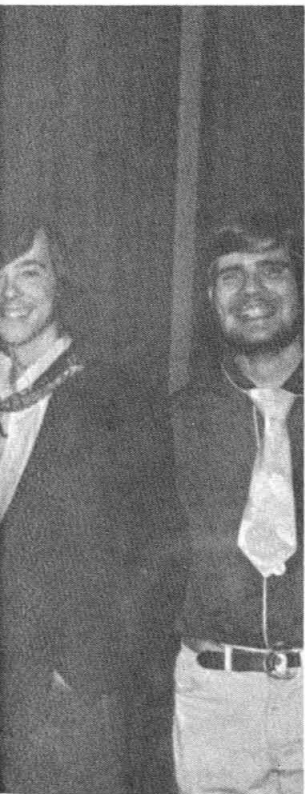
The House held a Mammoth ski trip ...

The Land Speed Record was established ...

And We began a gameroom fetish—House elections must be approaching.

When they arrived, the suckers were: Ashley, Rudolph, Muskin and Morin as president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary, respectively ... The Four Freshmen were elected Social Team: Farhi, Rand, Andrews and Meador (not necessarily in alphabetical order) ... Edwards was re-elected House Pellsman and Robsky became House Everything Else.

A week or two later Fisher became ASCIT president. One more run-off and we'd have all voted for Morgan just to get it over with.

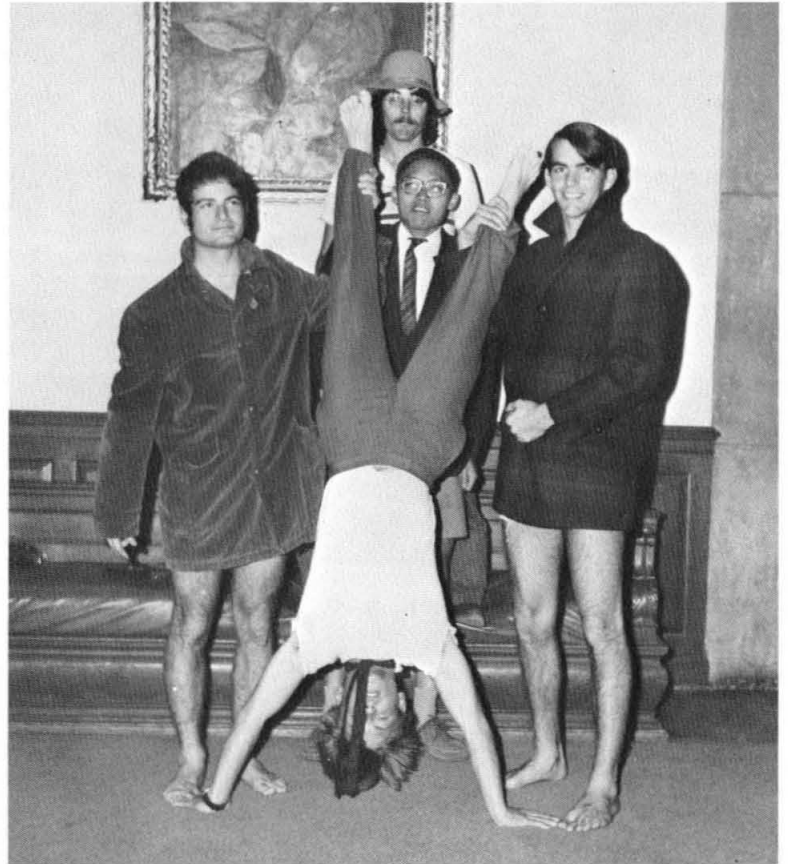


More Ecstasy

DABNEY HOUSE

SENIORS

Left to Right: S. Horner, R. Doyle, M. Tye, D. Rossum (inverted), K. Edwards.



OFFICERS



Left to Right: D. Ballard, Treasurer; R. Goodspeed, Athletic Manager; J. Morin, Frosh Rep.; T. Hight, Social Vice President; J. Justiss, Librarian; T. Joseph, Social Vice President; F. Zdybel, President; B. Frisbee, Historian; S. Shaiman, Executive Vice President; M. Muskin, B.O.C. Rep.; J. Bean, Secretary; P. Davis, Historian; A. Chow, Athletic Manager; S. Robsky, Raunch Librarian



JUNIORS

First Row: J. Stuart, J. Justiss, J. Friedman, F. Zdybal, W. Rivers, R. Ashley. Second Row: B. Fisher, R. Joiner, B. Pethoud, T. Joseph, M. Mangir, B. Flake, Random Senior.

SOPHOMORES

First Row: D. Ballard, S. Shaiman, J. Ketcham. Second Row: H. Tse, A. Chow, Y. Lowe, M. Muskin, S. Gabriel. Third Row: B. Frisbee, P. Re, B. Sills, M. Williams, R. Bohl, J. Bean, R. Trtek, L. Britton, B. Flake. Fourth Row: R. Goodspeed, T. Hight, D. Rudolph, J. Cameron, P. Davis, W. Frieze, Q. Lam.



FRESHMEN

First Row: B. Trus, J. Morin, F. Housel, R. Petersen. Second Row: C. Young, D. Miller, M. Schiler, P. Walker, P. Marcus, H. Farhi, B. Frenslay, M. Blake. Third Row: H. Smith, W. Loucks, L. Andrews, J. Fritoh, G. Rand, S. Robsky, J. Vibber, J. Meador.

Ketcham's Band played Dabney House as part of our snowiest party of the year. It broke us, but we loved it (at least everyone who had a girl there loved it).

Two days later we hosted the James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theater—a mind-boggling evening.

As the story is told, J. Webb was seeing the sights at the Hi-Life while, back at Tech, Robsky was trying to pick up S. Webb on a very foggy night in TP. The attempt was thwarted by the manly valour of Bean and TJ.

3d Term 1970

The Place: off campus. The Event: the Ian Hunter Memorial Straight Jacket & Drinking Party. Fox capped his evening by walking through a closed door. Later on, what was left of Ashley, still happy, was driven home, but not by what was left of Frensley ...

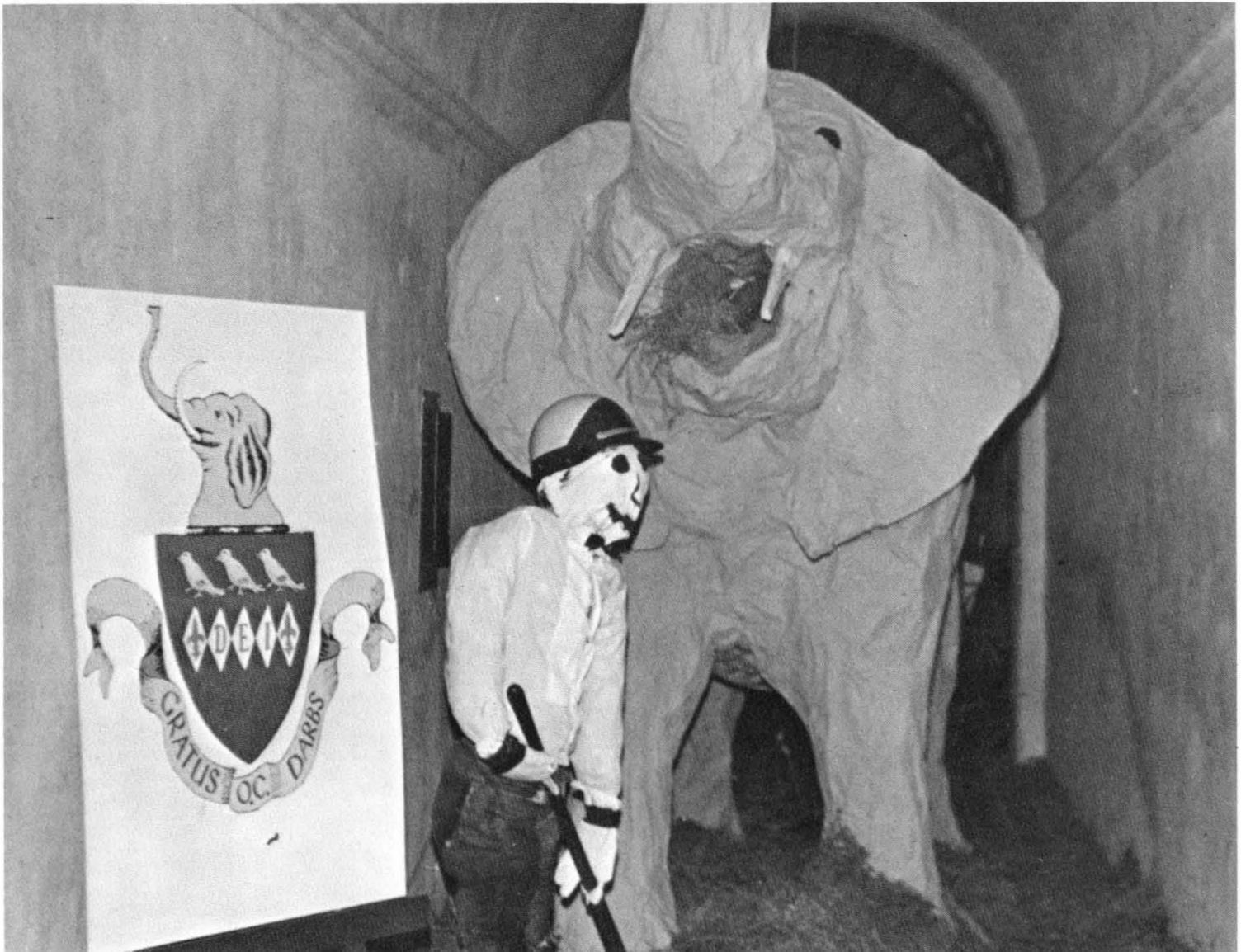
We dug asphalt with the Flems—may grass grow there soon.

Word reached us that the Webbs are pregnant. Plans were immediately made to convert room 16 into an RA triple. So much for cheap chastity belts.

The Odyssey Theater Party: thirteen Darbs ate of the Tree of Knowledge in Hollywood. A lot of good it did them.



"He's going to be the father of my child."



Dabney Eats It

And the Keith Edwards Memorial Beach Party drove on into the sunset . . .

Greenfish began to proliferate in and around Alley 4 as Tech began to get to Vibber . . .

The House staged its 3d annual Feynman Gambling Party. Fisher (resident gambling expert), fresh from a \$65 loss at Nassau and an even bigger loss in the Lottery, gave a seminar on the fine art. The big winners, in order, were: The House, Cardell, Farhi, and Stein. Cardell won a pair of Disneyland tickets, which he proceeded to never use. Meanwhile, Walker and Rudolph had maneuvered two girls into Feynman's bedroom which they proceeded to never use.

The House Stud won big on the tube. What next, the Newlyweds Game?

Three Scrippsies came and left. On their way out, Lost Weekend happened. Or did it? Ask Edwards, Markert, or Morin. (At least no one got seasick on the way home).

This is the term Levin finally learned to shut his mouth—with the help of a nurse.

And Bean and Rudolph began to feel something missing from their lives. No doubt, it's a place in someone else's life they used to fill. And here's to Peterson, Morin, and Housel, men of steel, for walking away from the wreckage after cracking up on the Pasadena Freeway at 70 MPH.

Farhi and Cardell hitchhiked to San Francisco and had a gay time. They were surprised that we were surprised when they returned. Edwards' room stack or "Through the Looking-Glass" . . . We supported the End the War Amendment fast with a decent meal.

BLT spearheaded our first amphibious assault on Catalina Island. It was a great trip, except that a lot of the people who didn't fly got seasick on the way home.

About this time Schiler found out that "young" does not necessarily mean "innocent."

The Great Room Choice Hassle of 1970 came and went. Freshmen in senior singles? Ridiculous!

Shaiman wrested control of the House Social Program from Ashley, BLT, Rudolph & Co.

And the year ended.



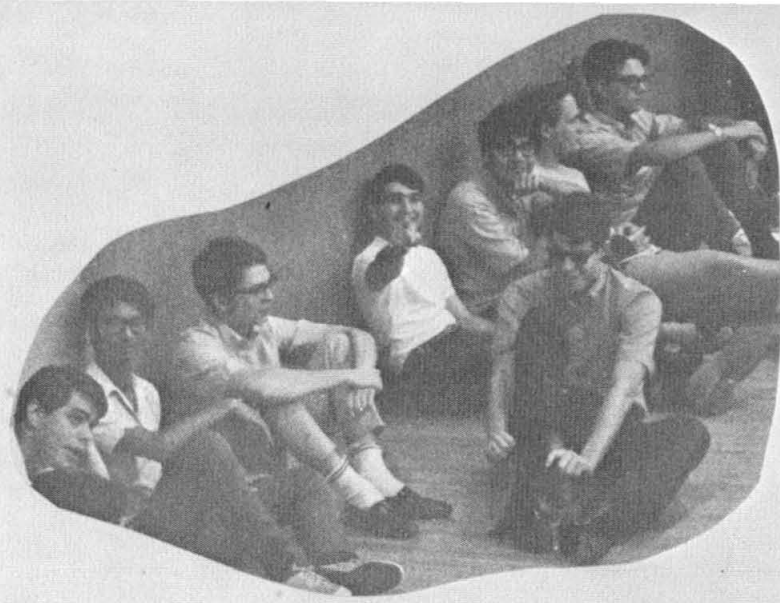
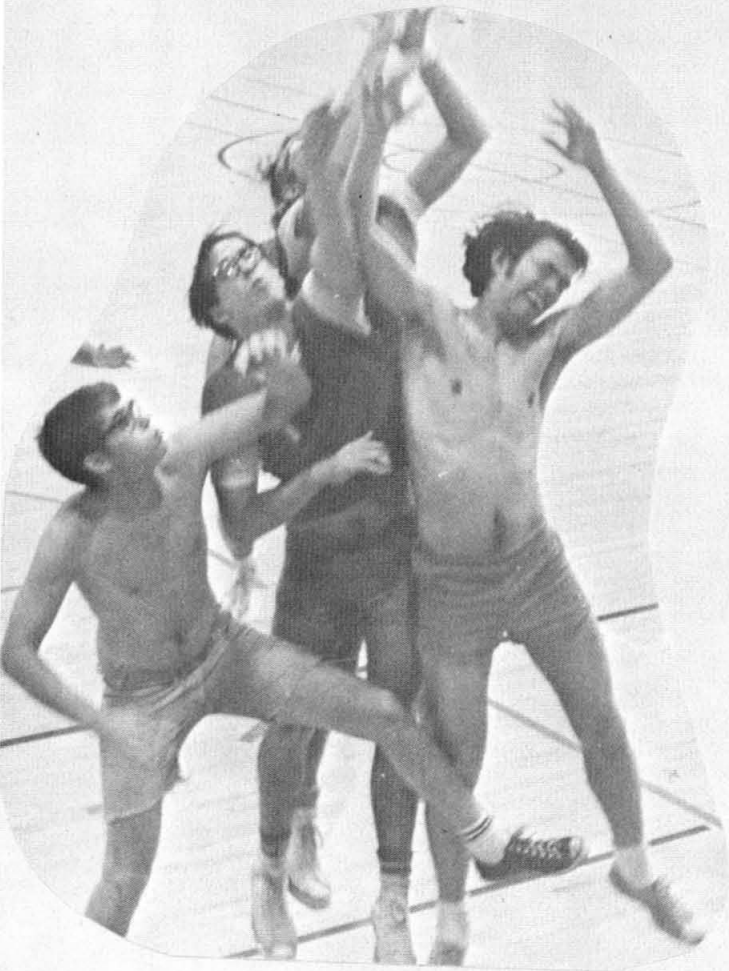
"Somehow showering doesn't seem to me to be the answer."



Left to Right: hand, random Flem, Rudolph, Trus, Chow, Tarabour, Rappolt, Meador, Robsky, Louks, random Flem, Rohl, White.

In Memorium:
ED VERGIN

Fleming House



The Flems who had survived the previous school year's ups and downs without graduating returned in the fall of '69 full of spirit(s) and enthusiasm and resplendent in their summer tans. There was much new to look forward to: a new year, a new RA, a new Master of Student Houses, and NEW FROSH. By popular demand, the practice of initiation was resumed, and pledgemaster Joe "Hawk" Rayhawk and "Man Mountain" Marko were ready and able to introduce some twenty green frosh to the more pleasant aspects of "accelerated integration into house life." The freshmen were subjected to all kinds of mean, horrible, nasty, and ugly things, but nothing was perpetrated which might have offended the most sensitive frosh.

The new Master of Student Houses, English professor David "Dirty Dave" Smith, had his baptism by fire, also. The Master was determined to make access to the student houses via Greasy Street and the Olive Walk as difficult as possible. At Dirty Dave's request, B&G men hastily and efficiently removed the old ramp and replaced it with a new one equipped with holes and chains for barrier posts. Needless to say, the new Master had not reckoned on the vengeance of his "subjects." Page frosh initiated the action by stealing the posts and Fleming Frosh followed by plugging the post holes with a good, fast-setting cement, but the battle continued for months afterward (but with Page the ultimate victor).

The social team of Spencer, Heisler, and Turner, began the first of two successful terms with a full-scale gambling exchange which attracted girls from Scripps, Pitzer, and Whittier. While "Lucky Pierre" Strelitz was busy dealing blackjack, several of the freshmen were busy implementing seduction techniques perpetrated at frosh camp. A string of social events followed in rapid succession, including a sensitivity conference held at Santa Barbara and a trip to Disneyland. The Disneyland event will be remembered as the scene of the famous Petersen cigar ploy which effectively shows girls how you feel about them.

President Tom "The Mule" Miller returned to his room one afternoon to find his door missing, and the search was on. Rumor had it that some ignorant Lloyd frosh had stolen the door in an effort to impress his buddies. He had also taken some goodies from Page House, so a combined Fleming-Page army massed before Lloyd as the sun went down. The Lloydies thought they were ready for the



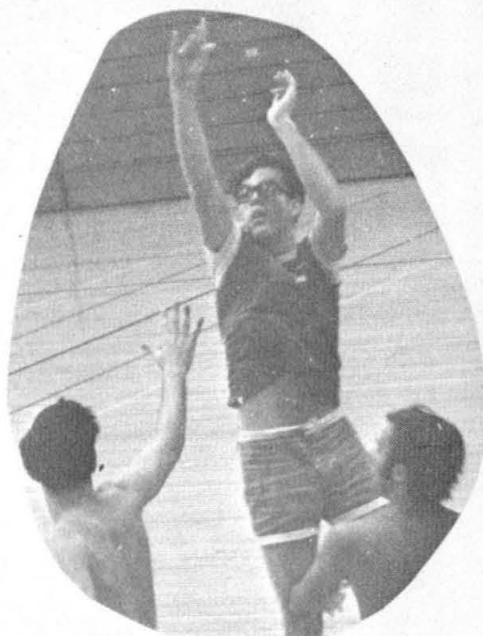


attack; their entrances were blocked and the doors were guarded, but a trio of Flemings got behind the enemy lines and let the army storm through. It is interesting that Lloyd's Interhouse decorations included a Trojan Horse. As might be expected, the door and other items were quickly returned.

The Inter-Alley Challenge Committee started things off with the traditional three-night Fecathlon. Those who attended the riotous festivities will never forget, though they try, the amazing feats of manliness, courage, and endurance which were witnessed there. New RA "uncle Bill" Beranek had his first taste of the civilized side of house life when he took over for a frosh who seemed unable to inflate his condom to the breaking point. Alley 6 won first honors, but chicanery among the judges was suspected by honest members of other alleys.

A crew of industrious Flemings transformed the lounge into an amazingly good replica of an old English pub in preparation for the Interhouse Dance. Meanwhile, the courtyard was the scene of much hammering, sawing, and swearing. The Fleming DeSade Society was erecting, as it were, a ducking pond, stocks, and gallows. Another zealous group, the House Thespian and Dirty Play Society, busied themselves with rehearsals for a pair of performances of the now internationally famous Strelitz-Diamantoukos drama, "It Could Happen to You." This entertaining comedy was preceded by appearances of Greek, Freak, Meek, and Beak, and the ever-popular Sheldon and the Schmuks. By the time these two groups had finished, Bill "The Still" Duckwall, among others, was nearly sick with laughter. Bob Spencer, who played the male lead in "It Could Happen . . .", is from the Sotto school of actors, as was evident from his outstanding characterization of the villain. After each performance, freshman Andy Wardrop was "hung" in the courtyard, but had he not taken certain precautions, he might never have tasted veal parmesan again. His mountaineer's harness broke as the trap door opened for the second hanging, but Andy had thought to cut the noose and tape the ends together beforehand, so he survived the fall rather well.

Fleming House athletic teams copped both the Interhouse and Discobolus trophies. In each case, the question of whether the men of Fleming would win the trophy was practically a foregone conclusion by the middle of the year. Even so, the house continued to field full teams and draw many spectators throughout the year. Outstanding among those who participated were: Tom Miller (softball,



FLEMING HOUSE

SENIORS

Front Row: E. Sovero, P. Hartzman, E. Musgrave, D. Putnick, R. Piccard, L. Waterland, S. Heisler. Second Row: R. Strelitz, T. Miller, P. Engelking, R. Allen.



OFFICERS



Front Row: K. Mitchell, Food Rep.; T. Miller, President; R. Strelitz, Treasurer; S. Heisler, Social Chairman; M. Turner, Social Chairman. Second Row: J. Crawford, Athletic Manager; P. Engelking, V.P.; A. Breakstone, Librarian; R. Allen, Secretary; M. Jolley, Historian.

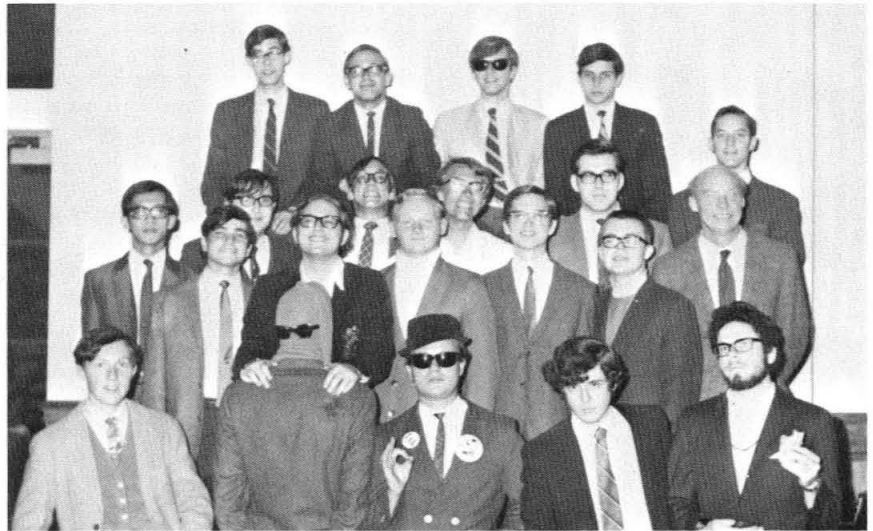


JUNIORS

First Row: W. Hwang, M. Abramson, M. Smith, W. Duckwall. Second Row: M. Turner, J. Lyvers, J. Belonis, R. Alley. Third Row: D. Gray, D. Dixon, A. Fansome, R. Westervelt, R. Jones, W. Delaney, L. Moss. Fourth Row: R. Abarbanel, D. Smith, J. Crawford, B. Cox.

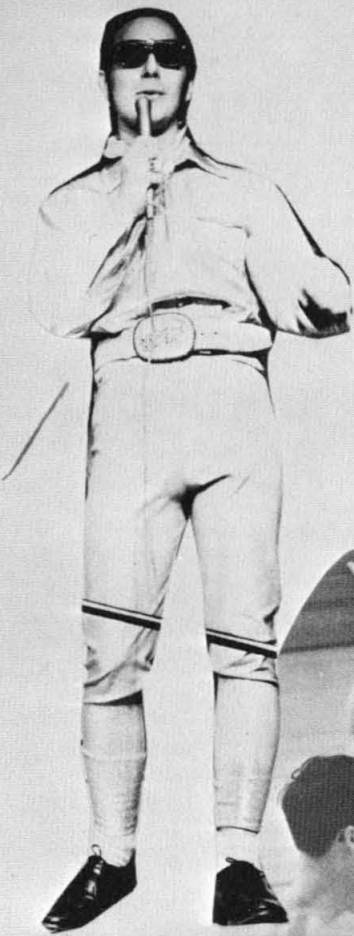
SOPHOMORES

Front Row: J. Jacky, A. Fansome, C. Diamantoukos, W. Anderson, K. Mitchell. Second Row: A. Breakstone, S. Egrin, R. Waldo, C. Ludvik, N. Finn. Third Row: F. Luk, L. Craymer, S. Sheffield, M. Jolley, R. Marko. Fourth Row: R. Geller, R. Shelby, W. Earl, G. Jernigan.



FRESHMEN

First Row: A. Fansome, C. Young, S. Warling, B. Derby. Second Row: L. Schachter, A. Petruncola, P. Mathews, D. Antreasyan. Third Row: E. Tarabour, C. Platt, G. Petersen, D. Vogt, S. Agnew, W. Beranek, L. Widdoes, R. Shaw, R. Martin, W. Neagle. Fourth Row: T. Howell, J. Jakway, A. Wardrop, P. Neches.



volleyball); Joe Templeton (football, soccer, basketball, and volleyball); Richard Burton (same as JT); Ray Waldo (swimming); Bob Shelby (football); and Al Fansome (43 man squamish). Of course, it was often the support of many fans which sustained the teams' efforts and meant the difference.

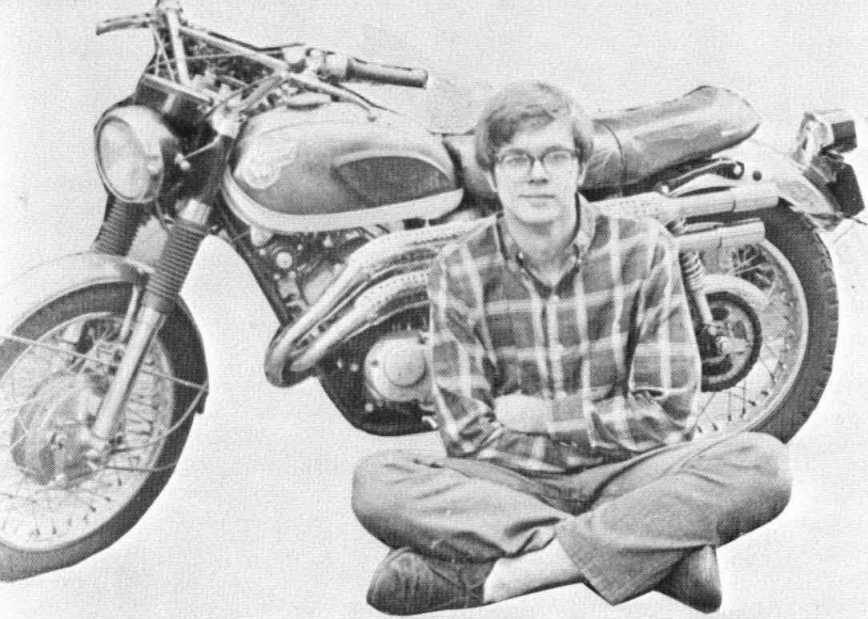
At the beginning of second term, Mule Miller saw fit to remind the troops of the time-honored custom of providing neighbor DabnEI with orange-lofting competition: 400 oranges into the DabnEI courtyard in under 58 seconds. The Inter-Alley Challenge Committee instituted a new form of entertainment and competition for the fans at about the same time. The Indoor Olympiad pitted class against class in such events as beer-guzzling and dog-blowing. The Juniors won, but here again, the losers suspected acts of foul play.

Plans to R.F. the Rose Bowl failed, but the social team continued to turn out successful social events just like the Marines turn out men. Of the many events, there were at least several which seemed ideal for acquainting frosh with the joys and evils of John Barleycorn. Alex "Phallix" Petruncola was among those who derived a great deal of benefit from the social program. At one point, he threatened to perform an experiment in aeronautical engineering from the top of Millikan Library. His companions managed to quiet him, however: "If God had meant for men to fly, Alex. . . ." On the other hand, some wonder whether it was Baccus who prompted Curt "Slick" Widdoes to give his car door to a little old lady.

Sheldon and the Schmucks returned for a farewell performance at a "Sock Hop" held near the end of second term. The dining hall was converted into a high school gym and decorated circa 1950's as part of an "oldies but goodies" exchange which brought sentimental tears into the eyes of the older Flems. The Schmucks offered some of their greatest hits from the appropriate era.

A whole new slate of officers took the reins after elections. In ascending order of importance, those elected were: Joe Templeton, President; Phil Isaacs, VP; Bob Spencer, Treasurer; Roger Jones, Secretary; Bill Duckwall, Rick Martin, and Paul Mathews, Social Chairmen; Jim Crawford, Tom Howell, Sam Galetar, and Steve Sheffield, Ath Men; and Andy Wardrop, Librarian. Along more serious lines, Bob Spencer was elected Horniest Soph; Gordon "Jugs" Petersen was





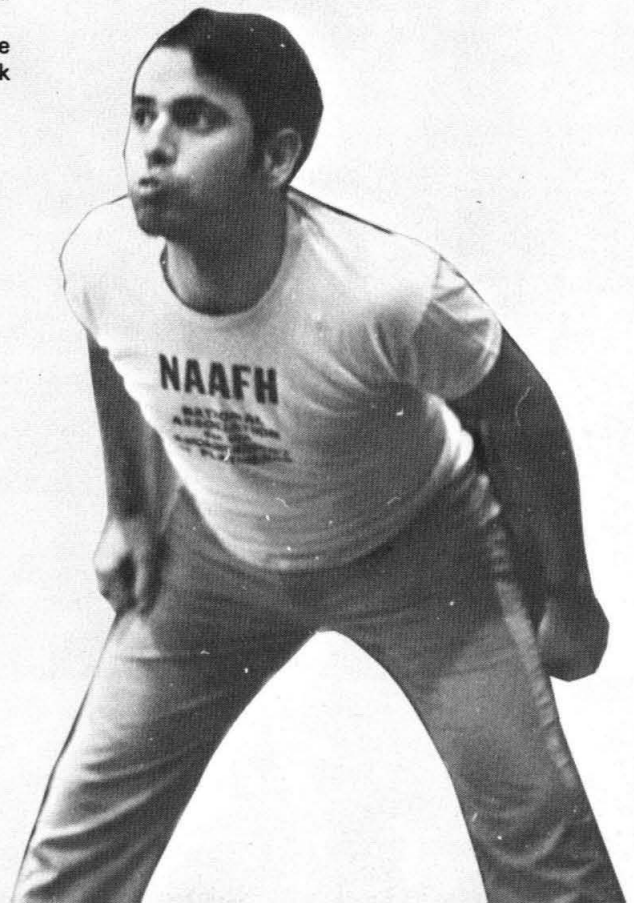
Grossest Frosh; and Eddie White and Paul Mathews were the Bobsey Twins.

"Come to sunny Mexico." These were the words of the new social team as third term began. And, come they did, so to speak, in the lovely city of Tijuana. The event was highlighted by two (count 'em) exciting floor shows in a posh south-of-the-border nightspot. The first was as genuine female stripper. The second was a slightly inebriated Mathews doing his imitation of a genuine female stripper. In the early morning, the party moved to a campsite on a stateside beach, but only after they had searched even the jail for Bill Earl. On the beach, some of the smuggled tequila was passed around for everyone to indulge in a nightcap, and some of the frosh attempted to interest the others in a friendly game of steamroller. Now there's a great game for an exchange! All those who participated learned to appreciate the meaning of "Taxi, Senor?" and the flavor of Jose Cuervo.

On their return to Tech, Bill "The Still" Duckwall and Paul "TJ" Mathews pooled their engineering, scientific, and mechanical abilities in an attempt to provide the house with good spirits at TJ prices. Actually, they succeeded in getting the price down, but there were those who questioned the quality. The "Duckwall Foam Barometer" provided the substance of several parties, including one at which Petruncola uttered his epic, "The last four went down like water . . ." The famed "Alley 2 Party" was the best of them all.

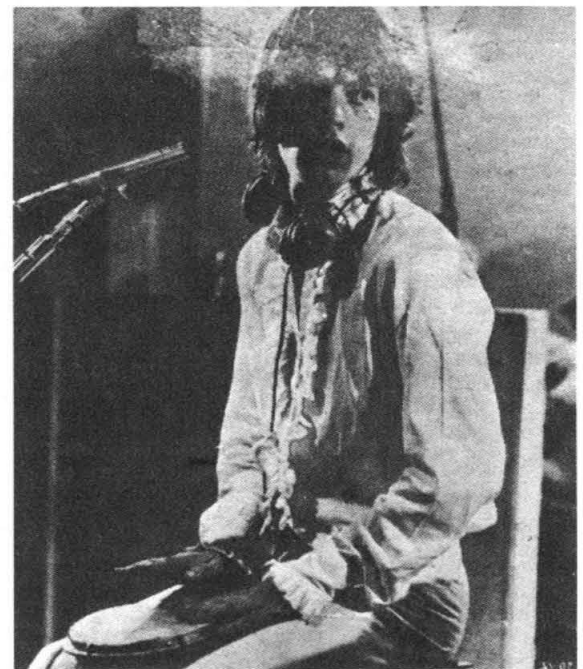
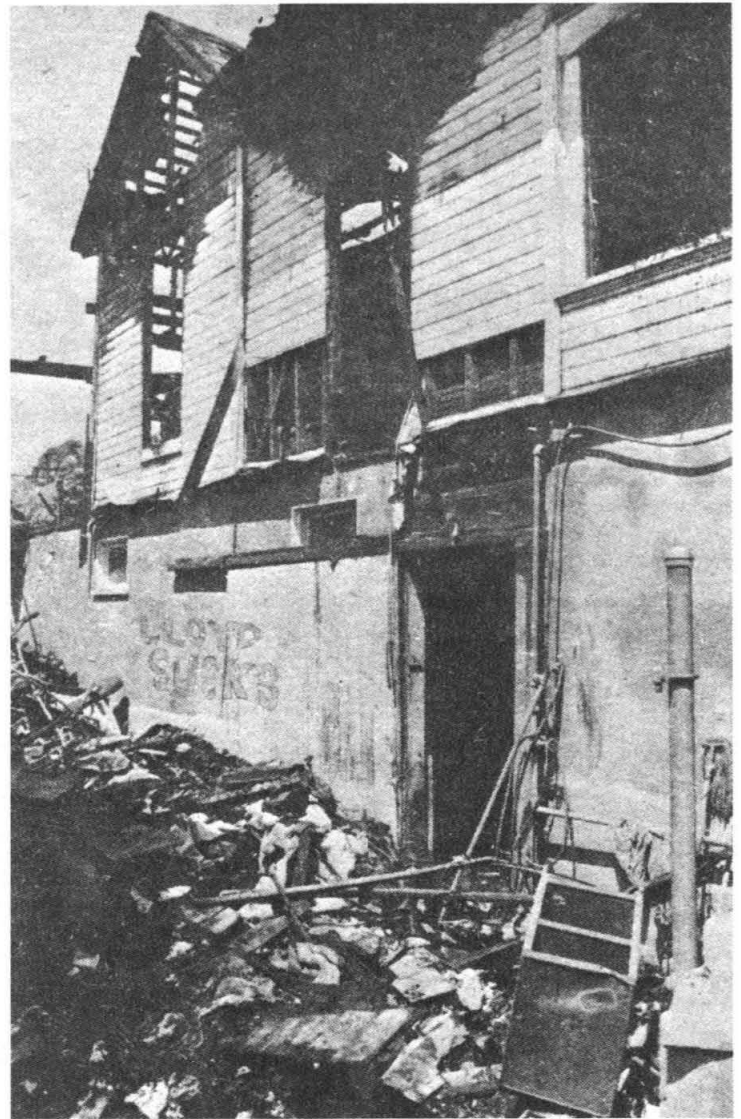
Events of the remainder of the year included: Olympiad, Senior Ditch Day, and a surprising amount of political activity. In the face of still competition from the Juniors, the Seniors took overall honors in the Olympiad, but it was mainly Sophomores who made short work of the Seniors' efforts to stack Don "Uncle Taco" Putnick's room. It was also a time of increased concern over the political situation in the country. Several among us took advantage of opportunities to do political work in the community. House meetings were held to discuss issues and formulate plans of action.

The big question on everyone's mind: How will things be next year as the Institute and the House change with the times? We of Fleming House look forward to a better life for all.



Lloyd House

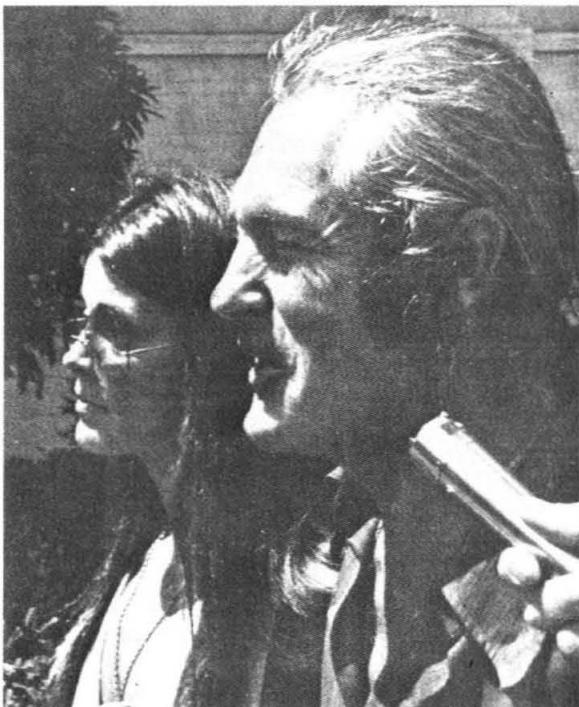
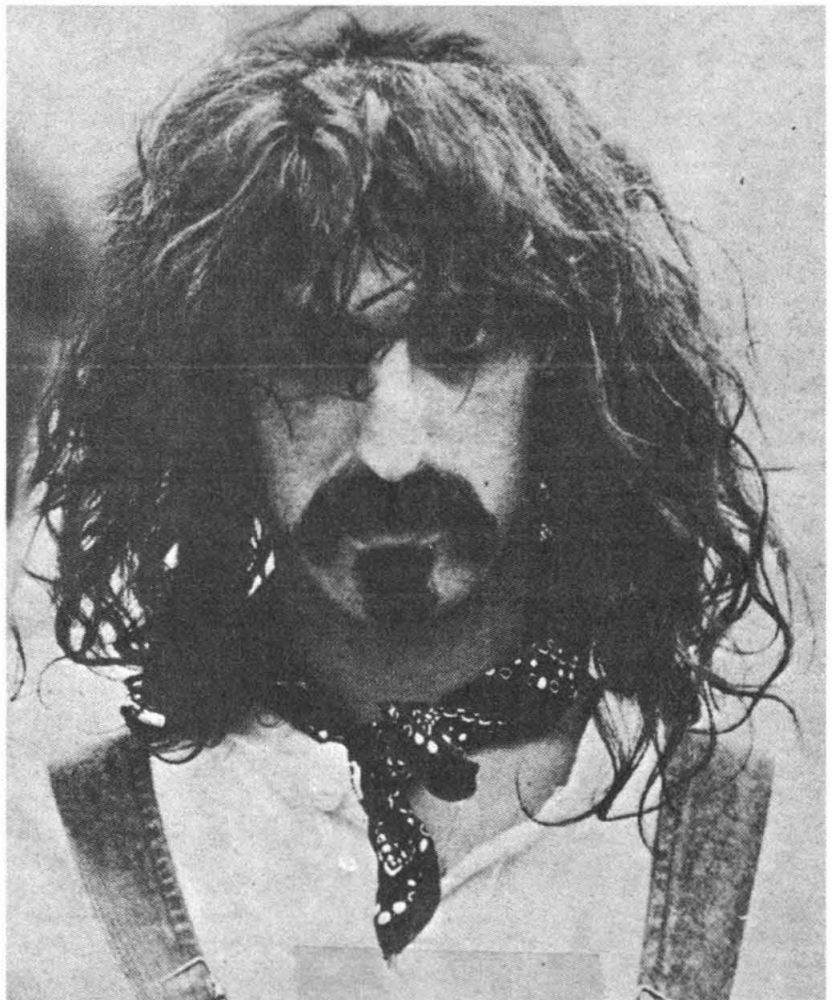
"What are you kids going down there?" "Just chwin' gum, officer." FMAF. Armand Tanguay, president of sophomore class, in exile. Six dollars. "What do you think of the house list so far?" "I thought it was rather short." Jeff Garvey appearing out of the moon—Wellsian with Felliniesque overtones. Alfred Hitchcock teaching Chem One. "Hi, friends"—("High friends?") Kirby Dahman showing Billy the Crud the way into the new steam tunnels. Mike McDonald out in a submarine somewhere. What ever happened to Mike Meo? Watkins and Dressendorker. Easy Rider. "In the end she will surely know, I wasn't born to follow." Lang Withers is a 37-head. Messmer looking like a giant leprechaun. Jonas Butkus out-scoring everyone else in the grip test; Hanson and Siegel on the pinball machine. Arvind Virmani looking out of place down in the old steam tunnels. Trabold embarrassed when his guides smoke up. "Come on, Whiteman. Join the parade!" William G. alive after all. Kaufman and the Arizona cowgirls—"I wonder what he's gonna look like when he grows up?" To Dr. Rio Grande: 4 meters. George Bosworth, poet in a warrior's world. Hang in there, George. Oren Maxwell fighting the Revolution with pennies. Broll picking his way out of jail and running the border. Hartman saving what face he had left and leaving on a cheerful note. Larsen just leaving. Horwitz being cheered by UCSD fans. Kraus explaining economics. Foreman explaining economics. Thoele playing football, utility-minimizing. Dave Bryant, outlaw hardhat, telling stories like Mark Twain. Mark Morris playing with Mao. Noyes and Messmer and Mathews: "Gallo makes wine with loving care." Law: Red Chinese spy? Siegel not working. "Gid adda heya!" Unger making a killing in soda. Steinberger sitting next to Jesus Christ. Heinz the Gentle Giant. Abatzoglou playing with his Volvo. Pushing it up on the bridge in front of Millikan. Standing on the steps of Throop, voting to give Brown five more minutes. A moment of complete democracy. Caltech two inches thick. Greasy on the cover of Caltech News. Tom Carroll tripping out on revolution—"Is everybody stoned but me?" Lindenfeld and Friedland in Canyon—capital city of the universe. Dennis New in the attic. Laurent not following the movie. Stories about Hurn and his camera. Jack Griffith at the end of the orgy. Schwall fixing the pinball machine. George Meadows in the limelight. Randy Williams likes Mexican food. Kister and Flursch not wanting to live near Page. Creamer not from Alaska. Gen. Sherman Tree, FMAF (Ret.), Patel playing Jazz late at night. Reinig screwing the computing center. Young looks cool parting his hair the other way. Rude riding along in the Beast. Boardman N. Rhodes from Walla Walla,



Tarle's area. Often talking about his purity test score—higher than Hurn's. Martin Chen playing basketball. Sicherman refereeing.

"Been up so long it looks like down to me" Orange chocolate, Zap Comix, KLH speakers, and Cream, and a can of Bean with Bacon soup. Page putting on a light show and the Winnett mirrors. On top of Throop, the jumping-off place/over Kellog/through Sloan/across that thing/up Bridge, room 401, 151 Sloan, 22 Gates, roof of Baxter. George Rogers walking down the hall on his hands smoking a Tree Frog Beer cigarette. "Tops are . . . tops!" "Hard on!" Vance identifying the ubiqs. Art Rubin, super-snoid. John Coyle: ignorant or feckless? Charlie Fisher being injected into the real world. Who knows where the time goes? Bob Hsu bossing the UCC. Litow being tormented by Scharre. Martin Stringfellow in the tunnels. Jeff Blair hitch-hiking home. Farrand and Feely rumored to be religious. Camping on the beach with plastic people. Breaking Woodson's taillight. Sorry, Alan. Pizza/picking the Coke machine. Early and Eisenhart next to each other physically and alphabetically. See also Farrand, Feely, Morton, Nagle, Woodson, Young. Fong painting the Greeks. Who could imagine? Suddenly out on Throop Street. The guard uptight. Garvey sleeping in the conference room. Reichel's bicycle: only sophomore bike on UCC. Bajorek and Early running through the halls. Nagle giving up a great future as a waiter. "Who knows where the time goes?"

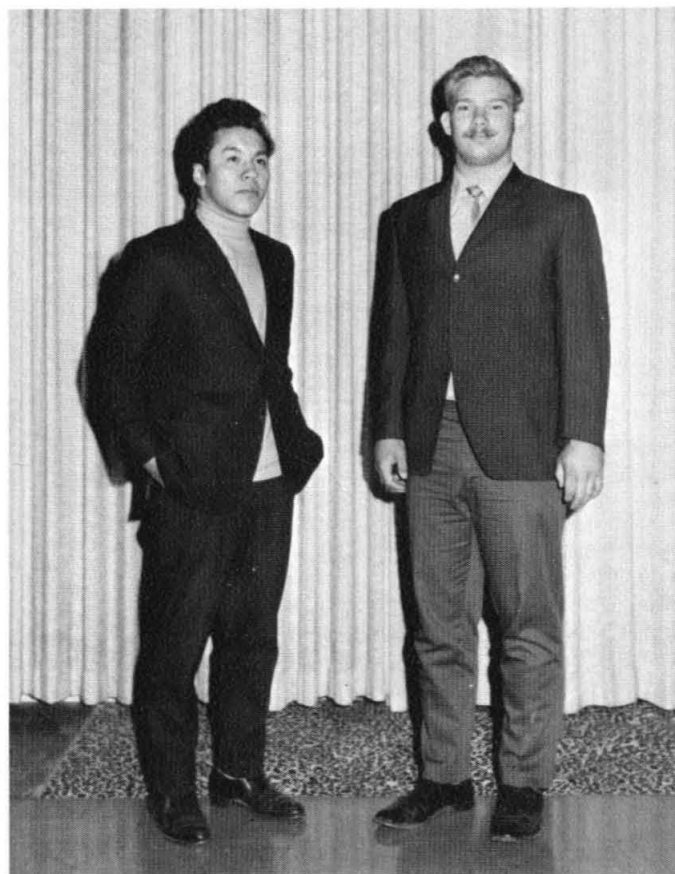
I'm not worried about Nomer anymore. "The dead don't bother me—it's the livin' that give me trouble." Haemer at Peace Headquarters. The Professionals. Heimbigner and Zygielbaum both getting deuces. "You've heard about the famous Hammond organ?" See Sweden with a woman Marine. 23/2 frosh rooms, 7 alleys, the director as super-star—time's right for clearout.



LLOYD HOUSE

SENIORS

Left to Right: Y. Fong, J. Messmer, J. Coyle (invisible man)



OFFICERS



Kneeling: J. Santarius, House Rep.; Standing: K. Hanson, Athletic Manager; Y. Fong, Secretary; T. Noyes, R.A.; T. Abatzaglou, Athletic Manager; J. Messmer, President; R. Pinnozzotto, Social Chairman; C. Thoele, Comptroller; D. Brin, Librarian; J. Horn, Athletic Manager; C. Kaufman, Headwaiter.



JUNIORS

First Row: A. Wrobel, B. Criss, R. Schwall, M. Laurent, C. Kaufman, J. Rude. Second Row: R. Williams, M. McDonald USN, G. Adamson, J. Sicherman, A. Hautzik, K. Hanson, T. Heinz, K. Trabold, J. Victor, T. Abatzglou.

SOPHOMORES

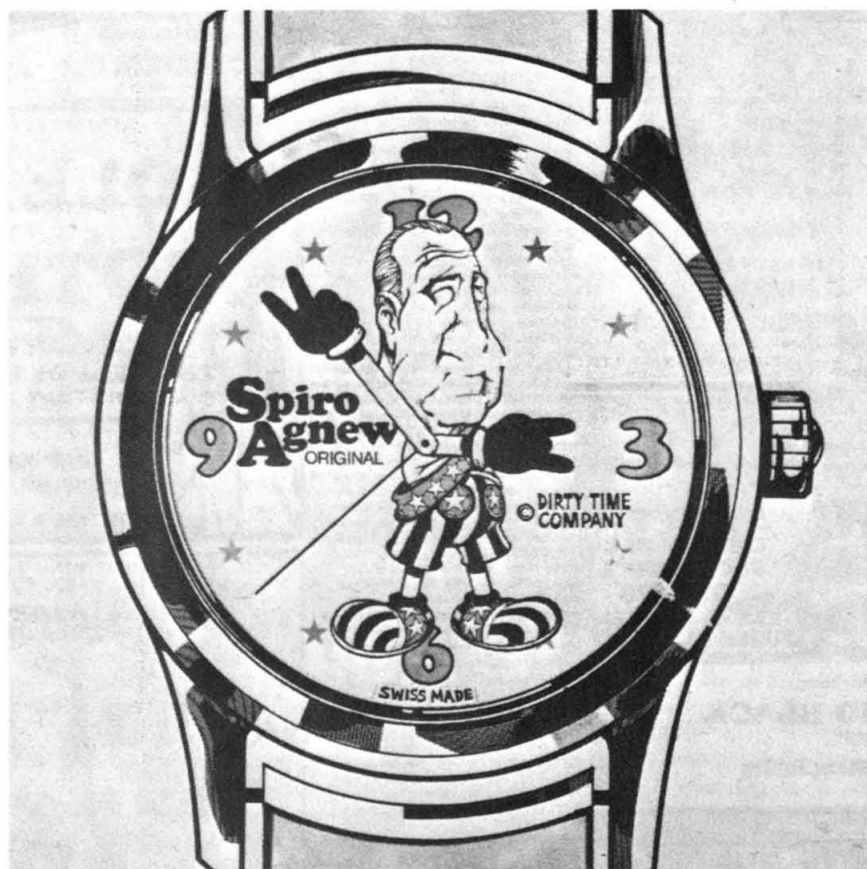
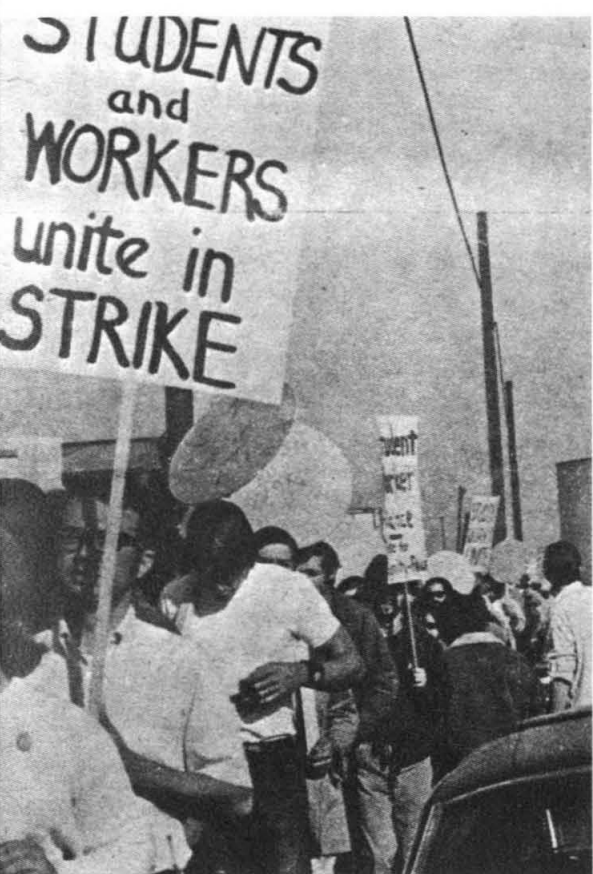
Kneeling: S. Koonin, T. Osheroff, J. Lipson, M. Morris. First Row: M. Chen, R. Masumoto, A. Law, G. Reedy, D. Brin, S. Young, G. Bosworth, D. Heimbigner, O. Maxwell. Second Row: J. Hurn, J. Santarius, R. Friedland, P. Zygielbaum, S. Siegel, B. Unger, C. Thoele, A. Woodson.



FRESHMEN

Kneeling: J. Morton, S. Early, J. Bajorek, M. Stringfellow, M. Steinberger, M. Fluster, G. Zeive. Standing: J. Feely, M. Reid, R. Kubena, D. Nagle, K. Jacobsen, L. Kirsch, B. Farrand, R. Lindsay, D. Standage, G. Kiess, K. Steelman, D. Reichel, B. Eisenhart, D. Bryand, R. Blair.





PAGE HOUSE

September 14, 1970

Mr. Richard Price
Office of the High Command
Barbarian People's Republic

Dear Mr. Price:

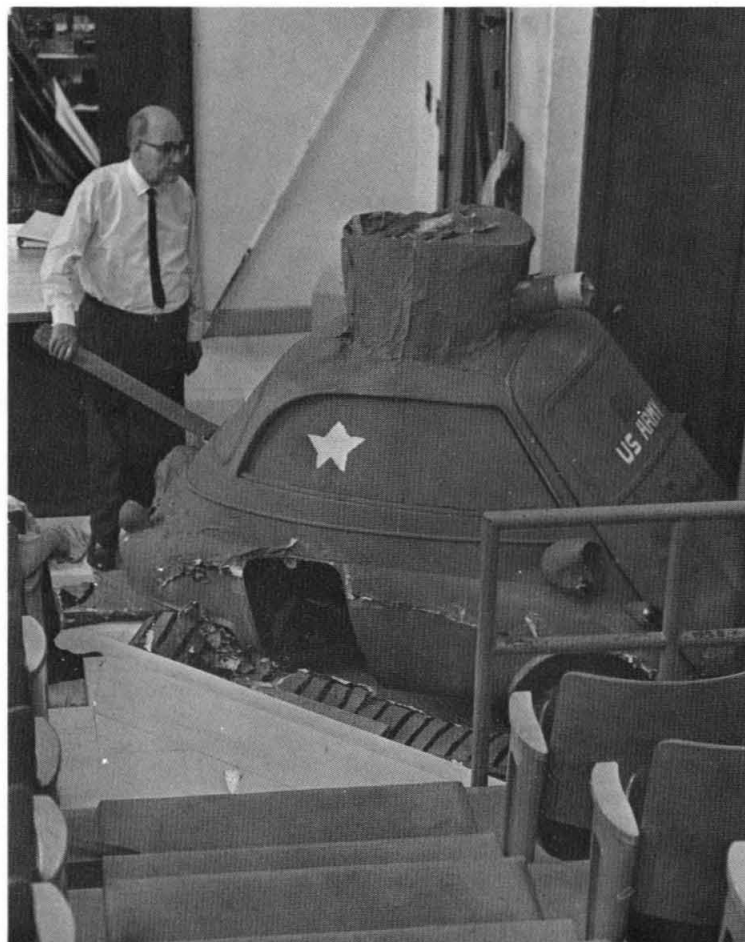
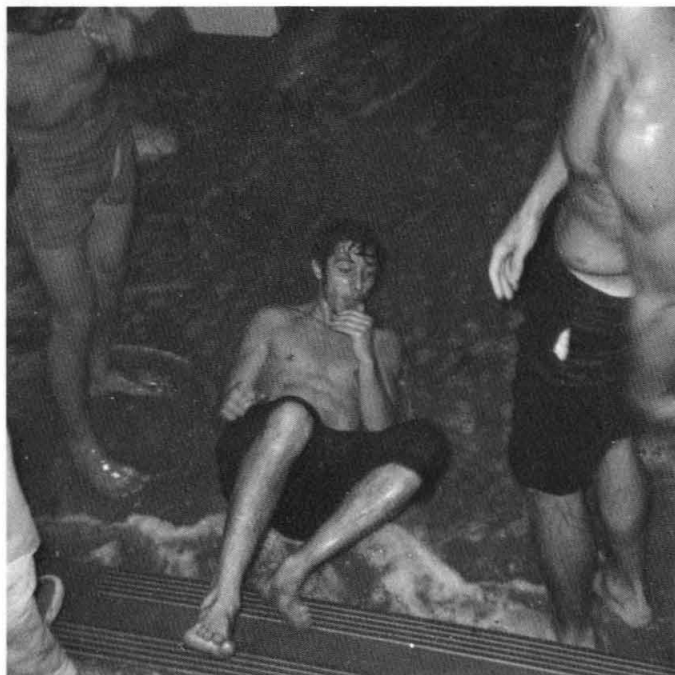
We are nearing the light at the end of the tunnel. Forty-five more frosh and the battle will be won. Commisar Weiler has instructed me to forward you a resume of the skirmishes of the past year's campaign so that you might better understand the background of the organization you are about to lead, and our endless battle with the imperialist warmonger, the Dirty, the infamous Dave Smith.

The fall offensive began with the arrival of our 45 reinforcements. (Keee-rrr-iiisst! What are we gonna do with 'em all?) D. Smith felt that the population pressure would be our demise, but Bob (HUGE, GIGANTIC P***) Miller, selected as Commisar of People's Frosh Labor, turned it to our advantage with several raids, conducted in the dark of night. On one of the forays, a prized (?) art treasure was taken: a dirty rug which hung on the wall, given to a mob of unworthies by the capitalist Ruddock. D. Smith took reprisals, and we were forced to retreat from our advanced position, gratefully leaving our booty behind.

Behind enemy lines, our secret Powers rendered the enemy's greatest weapon, a green micro-tank, inoperable by transferring it to the relatively unknown peasant village near 201 Bridge.

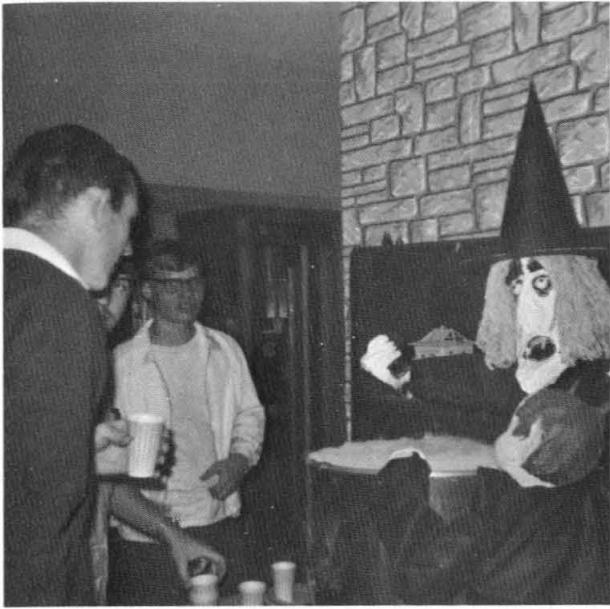
In order to cut off one of the enemy's lines of counterattack, the underground corridors were turned into a veritable quagmire, with an application of our version of Instant Banana Peel. Our brave warriors tested the surface thoroughly to verify its impassibility. The Dirty Dogs then sent a spy into our midsts, a real Motha-Hari. She brought with her an accomplice designed to get the barbarians where it hurts the most. One of the Horniest soldiers succumbed. The others managed to resist, since they realized that the Tet festival was coming up. The event was a peace offensive, designed to bring the warring peoples together. Some of our more successful propaganda displays were the Bottomless Pit, the vanishing (scary) ghosts, and the endless punch bowl, all designed principally by our mechanical genius, Doug Fay.

Symbolism being the important thing it is to the morale of the enemy, Smith (C., not D.) revised the Institute Seal and, with Hall, Horn, and others, set about putting it on display to the world. Which it was, on Brown's inauguration day . . .



"If I only hadn't gotten out of bed this morning . . ."

Dduh-h-h-h! Slipppeyyy!



The Endless Interhouse Punchbowl ("Hey, what wuz in the punch pump when the Chem department used it?" "I dunno. Just hope nobody drinks very much punch.")

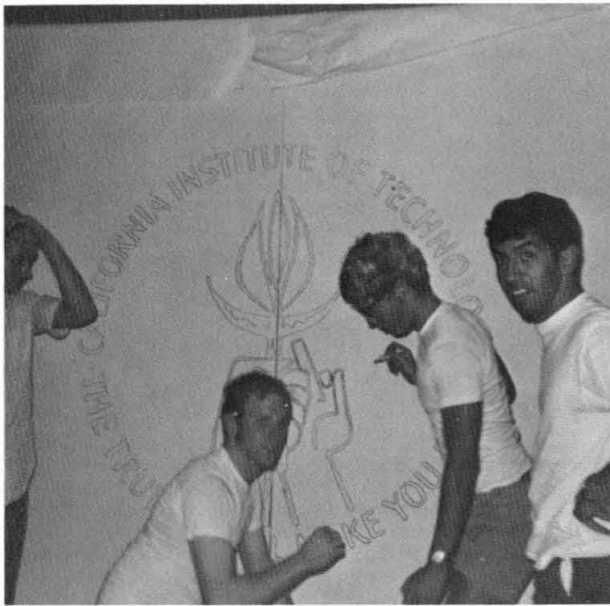
A brief lull ensued because of the Peace Offensive, but the enemy still refused to come to terms.

The winter offensive was marked by an immediate setback. Some of our people had conspired with the enemy to destroy the republic from within. Under the guise of the Mung Hole. The names of these traitors are well known; they include Ward, Jerkoff, Zo Crenfalx, Pimp, T. Wesley, Emmie Baby, and the guy who ran over their collective faces. Some of the capitalist devilry included fiendish games such as Shoot Your Wad and Bounce Bounce. Their attempts at a coup came to an unsuccessful climax ("Will Bruce Ault introduce his all-azsole waiting staff?").

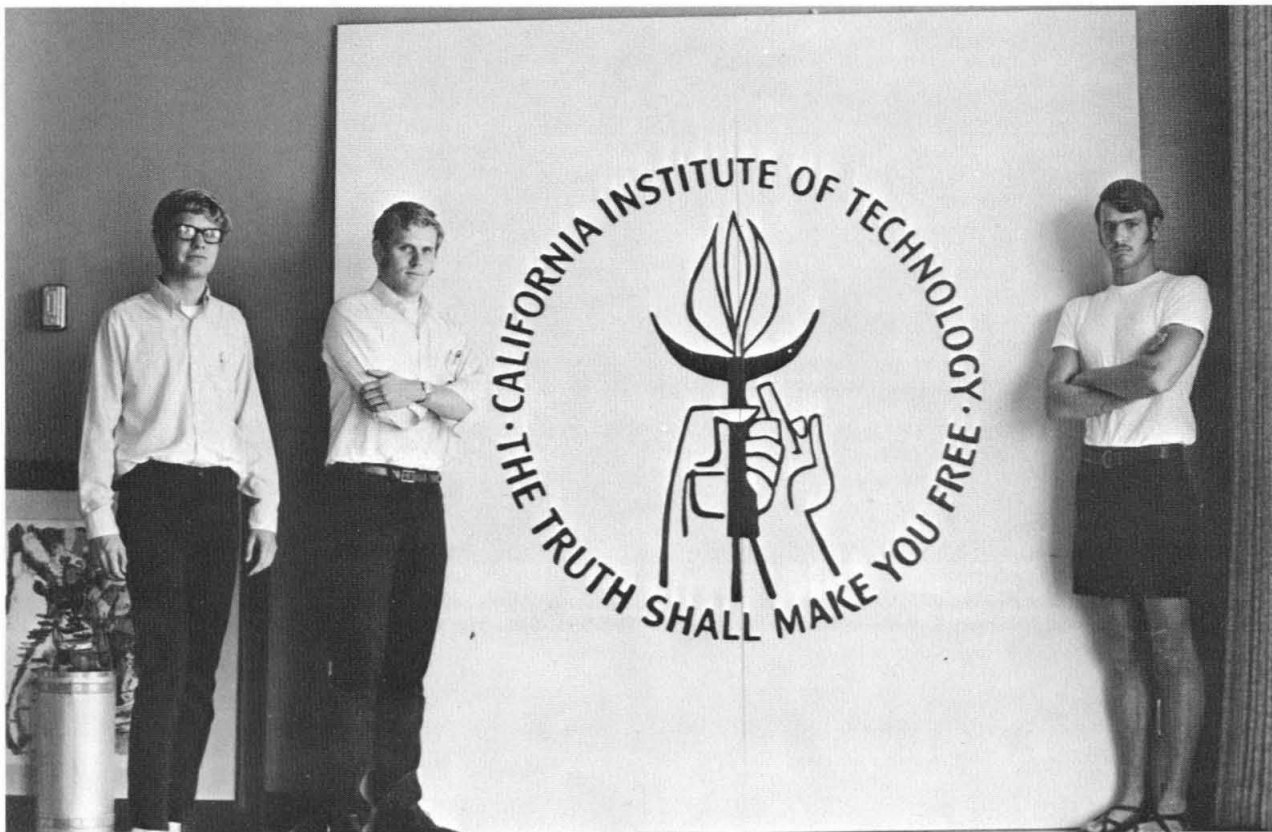
Our government was also challenged by the enemy who sent The Neches to plague us with his horrible weapon (No, not *that* one. We mean his umbrella. 'Sides, we said "horrible" weapon.) Our attempts to flush away the danger met with violent resistance, and our lack of troop strength was evident. Charges of war crimes were levelled against us by the enemy propaganda news. Under cover of this propaganda barrage, the enemy severed our vital supply route from the Greasy Trail through the Olive Forest, by destroying an important section of it. The idea and plaque conceived by CS, our skilled laborers, led by Powers, Loh, and Sunseri replaced the section with a new, indestructible structure which will stand long after our glorious victory. The brilliant propaganda work of Powers scored a telling blow against the enemy, who conceded that he could not stop us any longer from using the route. ("Ya shudda known that in the furst place!") To publicize this victory, we sent our best chorus of men under the leadership of Greg Stearns to an international singing competition. Our patriotic songs ("For the Sake of the Republic," J.K. Clark, "Harry Pollitt", H. Jorgasm, & "the ramp song" by CS) scored few points with the judges, but pleased the proletariat.

The war-mongers introduced a new tactic, and tried to poison a Greek dignitary (contradiction of terms) participating in our international Pizza-Eating contest. Unfortunately for them, the Greek had a stomach of cast-iron, as did our other team-members, Coates and Stormo. We showed the imperialists that we can it it as much as anyone.

By a brilliant plan conceived by Risch, we drove our troop convoys in various confusing patterns reminiscent of a car rally. This tactic distracted the enemy from our primary goal/of infiltrating their political beaurocracy. Our agents, known collectively as "the machine" plotted in secrecy ("I don't care if you serve, Sand, I only want you to run"). Led by the Greek, our mob appeared on the day of the election to assure our victory. ("Do you mean Hightower gets to vote in bed?") The success of the operation is evidenced by the large number of infiltrators, including LaGrone, Broskow, Fay, Seita, Sharp, Duncan, Horn, Kay, Sand, and, Later, Morgasm (who failed in his first attempt). We are now in a good position to start diverting



Before



After

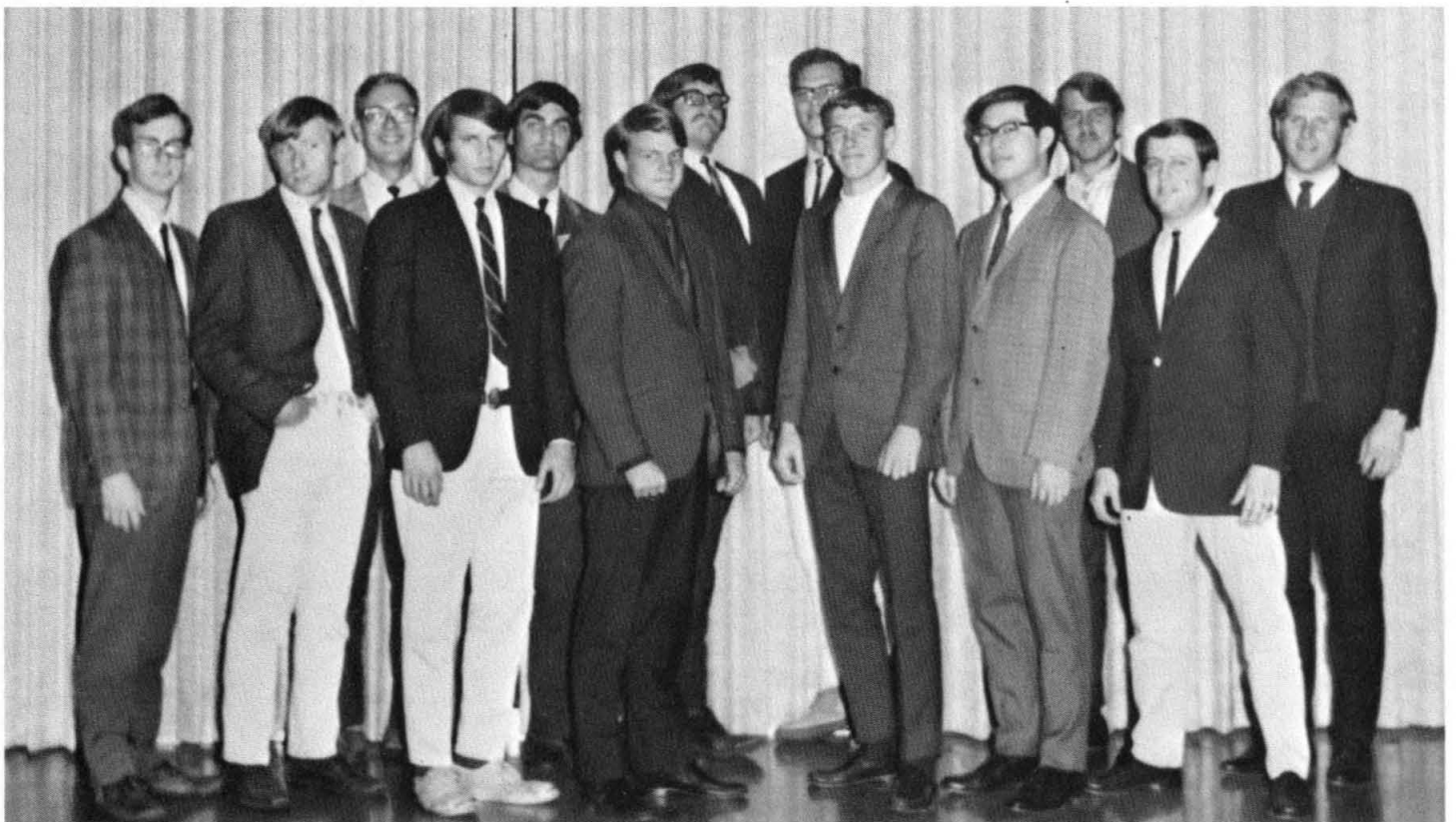
PAGE HOUSE

SENIORS

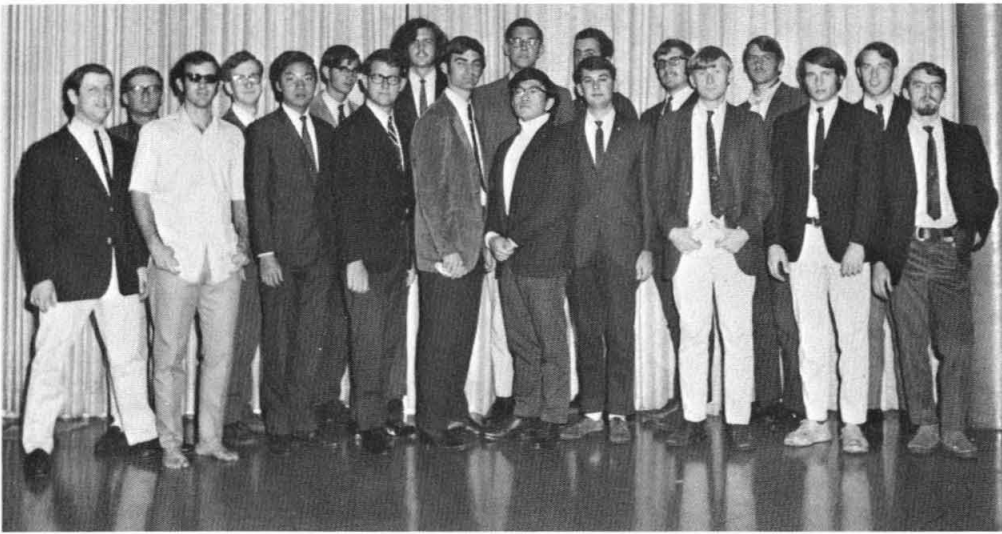


Left to Right: S. Patt, P. Wilzbach, D. Powers, D. Carrie, G. Rewoldt, B. Ault, J. Garrels, G. Murata, J. Wueste, K. Fong, P. Kuan, C. Cunningham, M. Karspeck, R. Adler, G. Gindi, C. Smith.

OFFICERS



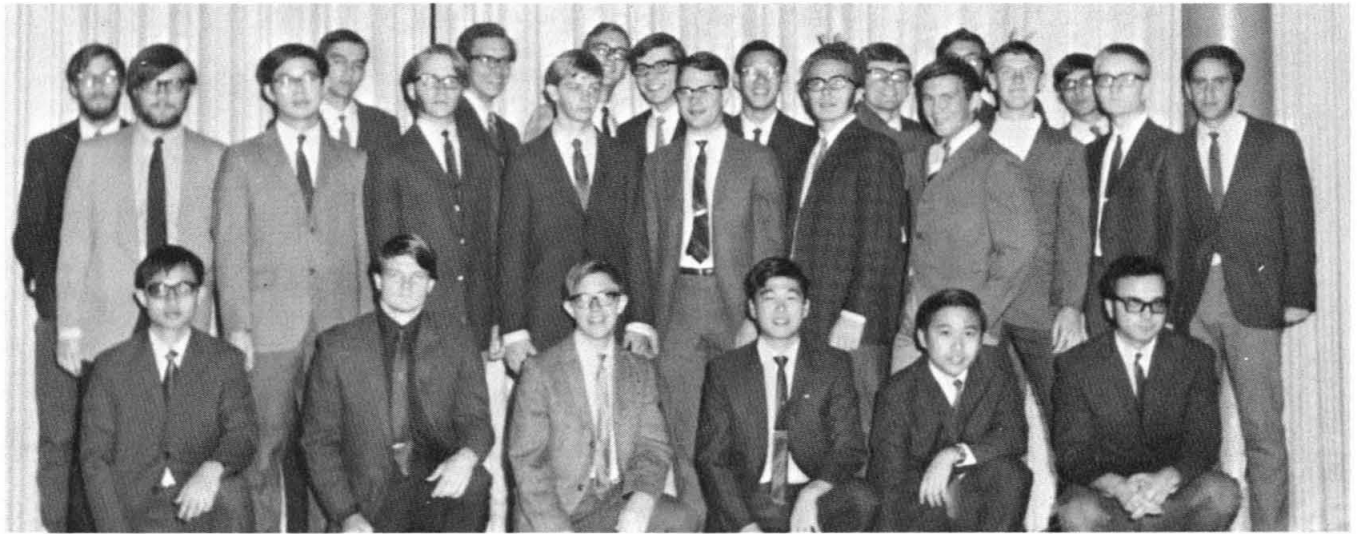
Left to Right: D. Gunter, Librarian; S. Bankes, Vice President; D. Miller, Librarian; D. Fay, Social Chairman; A. Petersen, Treasurer; G. Stormo, Athletic Manager; T. Blaschko, Athletic Manager; T. Coates, Athletic Manager; S. Battelle, Athletic Manager; G. Gook Lee, Secretary; R. Hall, Social Chairman; J. Heumann, Social Chairman; C. Smith, President.



JUNIORS

Front Row: J. Heumann, P. Morgan, C. Lai, T. LaGrone, A. (Slug) Petersen, E. Loh, R. Offertwat, S. Bankes, D. Fay, D. Shoulders. Second Row: L. Sparling, D. Gunter, L. Young, D. Mikkelsen, B. Wright, A. Koffman, T. Blaschko, R. Hall, G. Kissass Van der Weff.

SOPHOMORES

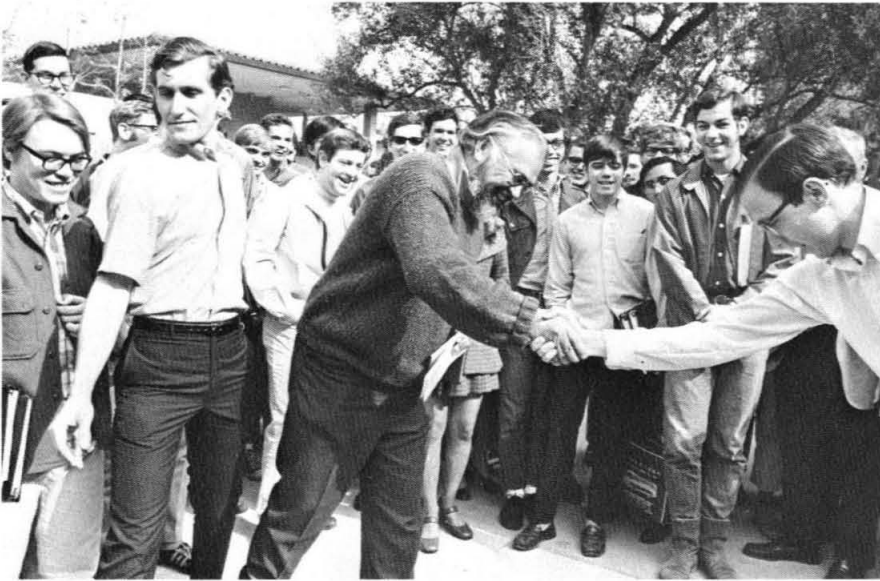


Front Row: M. Ngan, G. Stormo, P. Jacobsen, T. Matoi, P. Chau, G. Nicolaides. Second Row: C. Constanten, G. Lee, G. Stearns, Langill, Veach, C. Sarazin, T. Wells, S. Battelle, J. Whorehouse Haberly, J. Adler. Third Row: J. Blair, G. Whitten, T. Coitus, D. Miller, R. Dullien, J. Wei, G. Grotzkisky, N. Risch, R. Panek.



FRESHMEN

Front Row: S. Moritsugu, H. Ward, S. Bienz, L. Goldman, R. Bales, D. Keenan, C. Imperato, G. Sharp, D. Gray, M. Grunwald. Second Row: R. Chrisp, W. Erickson, A. Seita, E. Gansner, G. Jirak, D. Collier, M. Geary, S. Whitcomb, C. Bibbins, P. Brodowski, J. Kiuttu. Third Row: G. Gartrell, T. Studebaker, L. Kondor, P. Weir, C. Broskow, P. Anzaldo, B. Schlitzkus, J. Seigel, R. Conrey, B. Woodford, R. Horn. Fourth Row: M. Bleck, R. Miller, B. Tuckey-poo, L. Brandt, D. Duncan, J. Schroeter, G. Prohaska, D. Clark, P. Sand, R. Sunseri, E. Fronczak, M. Kay.



"Congratulations, Dr. Smith! (you ??!\$%**e)" "Why THANK YOU, Dana! (you ??!\$%**e) Oh, uh Kurt MY FRIEND, I'd like to see you for just a moment." "No you wouldn't. Byeeeee."



"Hey, Gee, Kazowie Zam! Lookit all the people who came to see my Vette!" "Uh, no Carl. Just drive up the ramp, willya?"

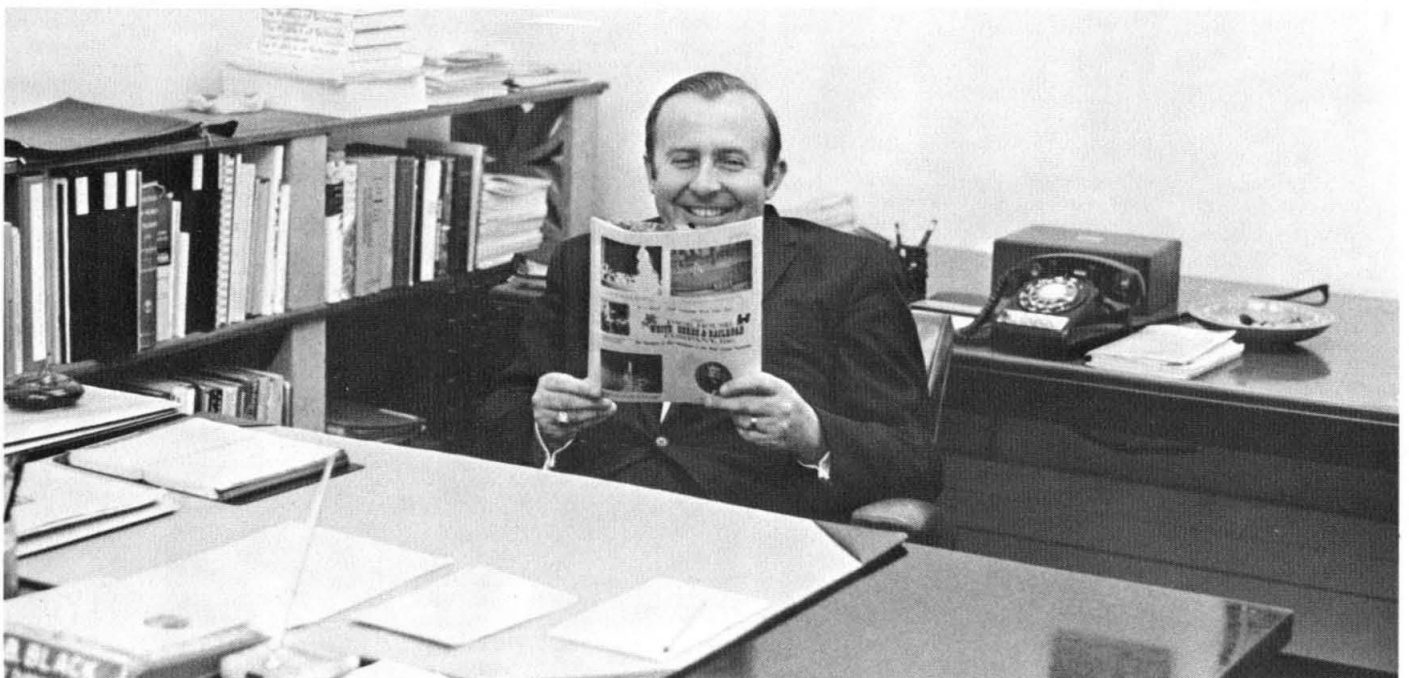
some of the enemy's funds to our own use.

On the home front, the retirement of our previous CS Glorious Leader left a great hole which will be difficult for our new leader to fill. In competition for the position, Lee Sparling rose up from his peers and beat off his opponents. A new high command was selected, consisting of: PPPeeettteerrrrssseeennn (slug), V.P.; Coates : : :, Treasurer; Sharp, Secretary; Bales, Anzaldo, and HUGE, GIGANTIC, etc., social chairmen; Keenan, Bleck, and Sunseri, Athletic Managers; and Woodford and Good Miller, Librarians.

At home, another danger had appeared in the form of the Toad Hall Liberal Organization. The members of this group, principally outside agitators, attempted to lead several of our citizens astray with such capitalistic lures as jigsaw puzzles and Ralph Williams-sponsored movies. A second offensive on the capital, the blocking of the rivers to flood the lowlands (a cheap attempt by B&G to defecate on Page House—shows ya what kind of people we're up against), resulted in some damage, but luckily it destroyed the headquarters of Toad Hall, rendering its operations ineffective.

The enemy, plagued by internal strife, launched no new offensives in the third period of our encounters. He even became conciliatory, wishing to sit down at the table and talk with us. He braved our fierce bedouins to leave us with gifts; fine wines from his own personal cellars and an art treasurer, which looked like a slightly-used ambulance blanket and which was hung upside-down in our dining room.

These conciliatory actions lead us to hope for better relations and an end to hostilities in the coming Year. We must remain vigilant



A very good friend

in case DDD decides to strike (dump) again. Our troops have been engaged in relation and war games, to keep them primed for action. One of our recent exercises was a practice in breaking-and-entering, engineered by some of our fourth-year men, notably the technician for several rooms, Fong. Of the seven challenges, only three were breached, although two of these, Ault's Bank Vault & Chip's Four-by-Four Delight, were among the most difficult.

As further survival practice, two teams set off for a distant desert in the Valley of Death. Great hardships were endured, but our men all returned safely.

Finally, allowed to rest and take up leisure activities, our glorious Bridge trolls showed themselves superior by winning the international competition. The members, most notably Harberly & Siegel, but also including Chau and (Overman + Risch)/2, were awarded the honor of the reimbursement.

Physical fitness programs were also started. Volleyball became popular, especially among the new recruits, and an interdivisional tournament was set up. Ault's Black Box division easily took the title.

Psychological warfare was stepped up against our enemies to the West, the ChemE's. They soon found their places in the world vanishing in the mysterious seven-into-six transformatal mapping of the Spaulding Parking Lot, ("HEY! Where'n hell's my parking slot?" "I dunno, but mine's wider'n it used to be . . ." TS, Margot.)

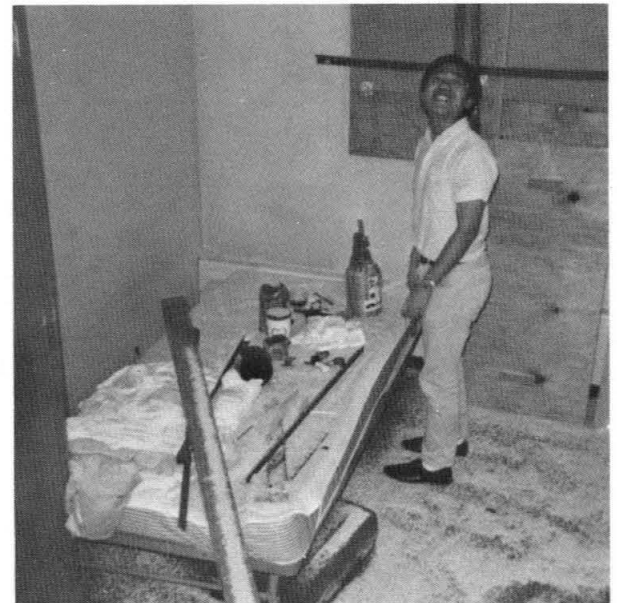
This brings us up to date. At present, the enemy has given no indication of his plans for the fall. But, we are hoping that he will supply us with enough recruits to fill our ranks. We fear, though, that he will cleverly defeat us by giving us only 15 new men. Dirty \$%!!!?*

Respectfully yours,

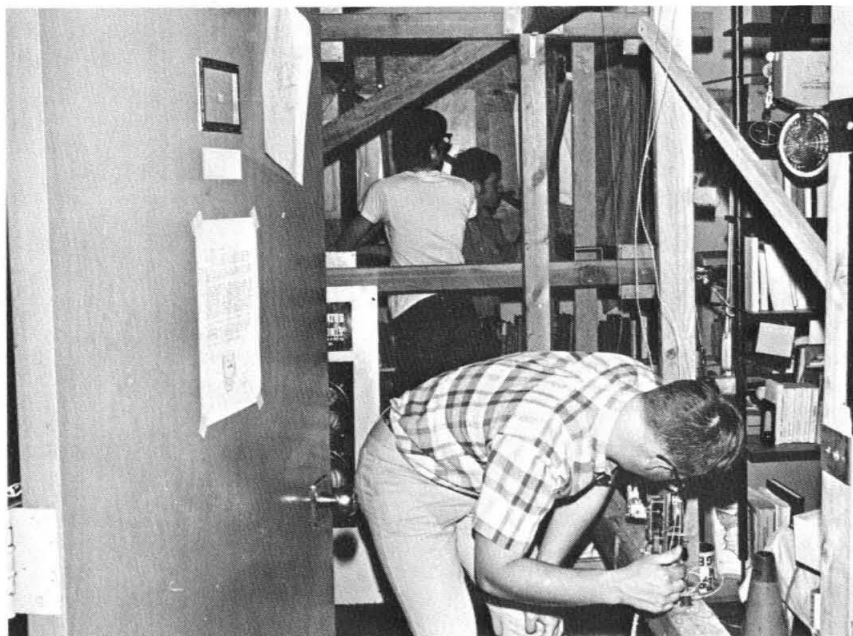
Col. John Page
 White Horse Battalion
 Railroad Division
 Army of the Barbarian People's Republic



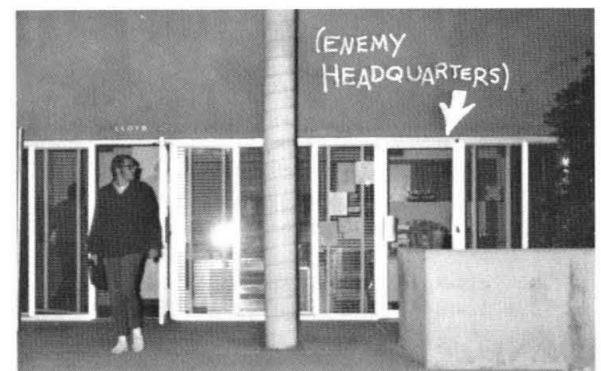
Page has a long-standing record of producing some of the finest talent ever to leave Tech. Witness a few of our alumni, chosen totally at random.



Ault's Mess



Smith's Mess



Ricketts House

Guided by the principles of hedonic calculus, nurtured by the Burgers of Tommy, and watched over by RA's Peter and Lois Smith, the Men of Ricketts found the year full of prismatic adventures, viscous punting, and infrequent snaking.

New to the house were 34 carefully randomized frosh, ranging in purity from 97 (?) to 18 (equally ?). Said frosh were immersed in house tradition early at the annual Oxy Sing, as they faithfully shouted the Crud Alley Song amid barrages from above. '69 may have marked the end of this tradition, however, as the institution of coed dorms at Oxy put a damper on the proceedings.

In the same aquatic spirit, we attempted to construct a Yellow Submarine for Interhouse, complete with pneumatic air doors, interior fountain, a colored organ, and TV broadcasts of questionable morality direct from the House Library, all completed -2 hours before the start of festivities. House artists showed their talent by decorating the lounge with the likes of the Blue Meanies, as well as strategic alterations to the lounge picture of L.D.

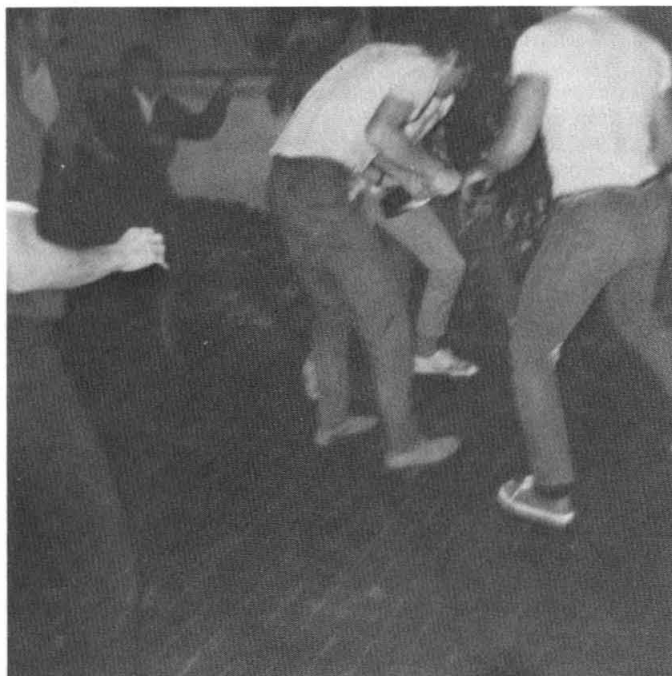
Cultural pursuits abounded first term as guests attending the Inauguration were urged to Keep on Truckin' when a faithfully-copied page from Zap Comix No. 1 appeared on the fence in front of Baxter. L.D. Alley became the scene of much activity as its members (often wearing strange red goggles) attended educational seminars conducted by the de



Bondow will soon acquire the strength to lift five men!



Wasson prays for guidance at Oxy sing



Rare photo of brakedrum ringing

facto RLPL, Lance Lawson. This same group of individuals was later responsible for the revival of the noted Raunch Songbook and purity test, complete with officially adulterated Institute Seal. Construction activity was noted around Thanksgiving in room 39, and occupant Dave Hendry returned late Sunday night to find it re-decorated in Early American Men's Room, complete with graffiti. In their devotion to public opinion, Waluk and Rogers queried the house on their favorite Playmate of the Past N Years. Much to the satisfaction of the House Polacks, Connie Kreski won . . . hands, uh, down. SML consumption was up, however, as Kent Neuberger, inheritor of the title of Pyramid Builder, attempted (and failed) to down a case in 12 hours. Frosh Bruce Seaman (a frosh named what . . . ?) was later to set a verified house record of 7.4 seconds for a 16 ounce can.

During second term, lounge activity picked up (if such were possible) as the card-shuffling never stopped, and all-night poker games saw n!\$ change hands. Lounge riots, chimney fires, and dining room hockey games became incredibly common. Of dubious note was the First Great Tortilla War, fought after the Mexican Dinner, when food service tortillas flew about the lounge like limp Frisbees at speeds approaching March 1. ("Hey, Kennedy, why's that bandage over your eye?" "I got hit by a tortilla.") Bill Kennedy's relationship with food in general worsened and earned him the title of "House Chef," as a hand grenade, cleverly disguised as a can of beef stew, exploded about 3:30 one morning, pulverizing a hot-plate and sending particles of meat at near-relativistic speeds in all directions to imbed in the walls of the North Snatch kitchenette.

Apache Dance was, as usual, the (only?) social event of second term. There were no dates from Kimberley Hall, but there was

plenty of sawdust, little light, a very strange band, many incoherent people, and reports of strange animals rumored to be Green Dragons. Seaman and Hendry manipulated their sticks in the Garter Contest, which failed to provide an alpha factor greater than 0.2, but did produce some close measurements.

The first alley challenge of the year finally was made second term when L.D. challenged Herc-Prexy in a relay race—across Lake Millikan. Rules were soon abandoned as Herc-Prexy widened its lead, and rowboats as well as many alley members were over-turned.

Second term was rounded out by house elections. Lamanna ran unopposed for President, Lewis became Veep, Carey secretary, Bloomfield treasurer, Higgins and Reynales social chairmen, Olch Librarian, and the Waluk-Rogers-Beckmann-Evans quadruplet athletic managers. In addition, Charlie ("I'm not drunk!") Almquist topped a large field to become House Drunk, and Dave Hendry filled the vacant post of RLPL.

Third term had not yet begun before another courtyard time-sink was revived—foursquare—which took its place alongside trayball as the Greatest Danger to Courtyard Windows.

When everyone returned, the most obvious thing was that not everyone had returned. Since first term, Anderson, Bondow, Bright, York, Wasson, MacInnes, Pendergast, Lawson, and Woods had departed for points known and unknown, and many more had moved off campus. House population was apparently approaching zero. Ed McCord, however, decided to make the same mistake twice, returning to Tech after a year's absence.

Despite the lack of bods, punts seemed to increase third term. Higgins and Reynales proved their quality as social chairmen by arranging simultaneous conflicting events, spending more money than the house had (until ASCIT helped out), getting the Internationally Famous (?) Bantams to play before an empty gym, and staging a non-all night all night party which didn't come off like it should have. (For all their trouble, the delta-GPA of the social team was rumored to be -1.5)

Earth Day activities provided the incentive for the Great Dome Punt late one Saturday night in April. Members of a returning Nick's punt (which had replaced the Tommy's punt in popularity) decided it was time to remove the large wooden domes from the Athenaeum lawn to a more suitable location—on top of R.A. Peter Smith's car, for example. With the aid of bodies from the ever-populated lounge, the task was accomplished, and just as plans were in motion to place another one of the domes in Millikan Pond, Dwight Carey reminded us from his window how much more Dr. Smith would like it in front of his office. Not much sooner said than done.



Yellow submarine surfacing in courtyard



Plop and Kast snaking



"Aw, come on, fellas, I didn't know it was Ditch Day."

RICKETTS HOUSE

SENIORS



Kneeling: N. Briceno, A. Beagle, P. Roullard, E. Jensen, M. Broido. First Row: D. Reul, L. Lee, T. Davis, R. Lohman, S. Keys, V. Cormier. Second Row: C. Nelson, P. Rumsey, M. Meldgin, N. Erickson, T. Horning, R. Buland, L. Doberne, T. Metke, D. Hermeyer. Not Shown: B. Gray, J. Pendergast.

OFFICERS



Kneeling: H. Waggy, Headwaiter; J. Helm, Athletic Manager; S. Bondow, Athletic Manager. First Row: R. Woods, Librarian; A. Koehler, Secretary; E. Jensen, President; T. Horning, Treasurer; M. Broido, Social Chairman; C. Macinnes, Athletic Manager. Not Shown: J. Hall, Vice President.



JUNIORS

Kneeling: A. Koehler, B. Antaki, B. Kast, M. Lamanna, S. Insana, V. Nanayati, Y. Daimon. First Row: A. Lederman, H. Waggy, L. Pilachowski, L. Lawson, C. Schlehuber, R. Woods. Not Show: J. Hall.

SOPHOMORES

Kneeling: A. Koehler, K. Pischel, D. Holmes, T. Reynales, R. Dam. First Row: K. Bloomfield, B. Kaufman, C. Macinnes, B. Waddington, R. Higgins, R. Lewis. Second Row: S. Bondow, J. Helm, J. Allen, S. Grandi, K. Neuberger, A. Yen. Not Shown: D. Carey, B. Olch.



FRESHMEN

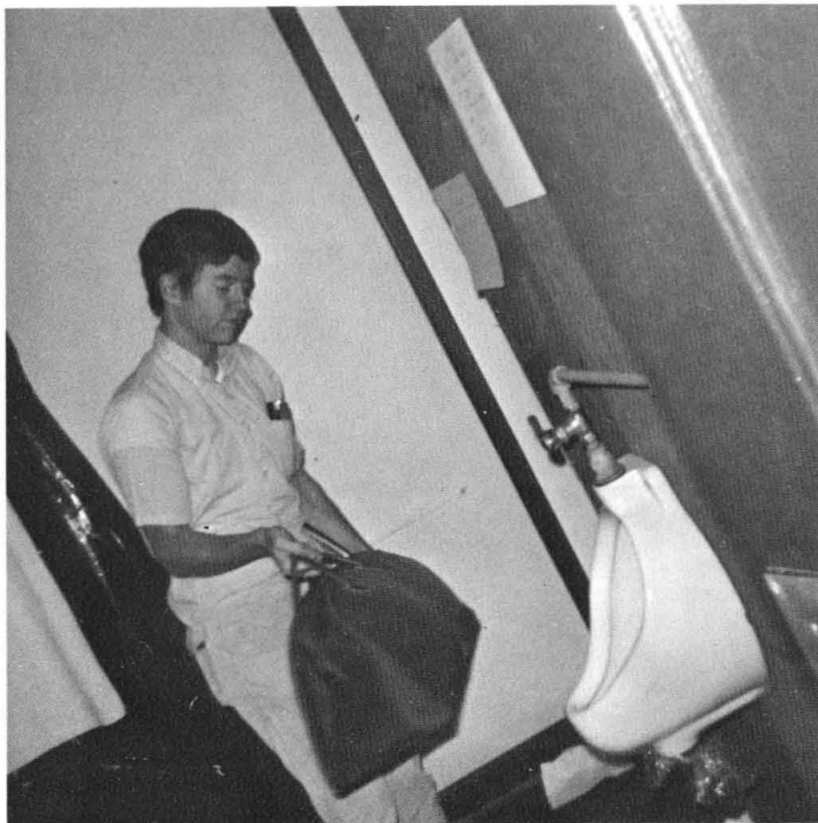


Kneeling: J. Fisher, F. Phillips, S. Bisset, J. Waluk, E. Beckman, K. Austin, S. Cheng. First Row: B. Seaman, M. Chiu, K. Bickford, P. Franks, S. Beverley, L. Niren, C. Brown, C. Almquist, A. Brothers, D. Hendry. Second Row: B. Kennedy, L. Brusseau, L. Fielder, D. Evans, T. Patten, M. Morgan, L. Smith, R. Waltzman, G. Lantos, E. Hedgecock, J. Rogers. Not Shown: H. Bright, M. Petit, B. Seed, D. Wasson, T. Yee.

The frosh during third term were in the middle of many successes with the elusive brakedrum. Although Hendry had mis-timed one ringing ("I didn't know it was a 30-second stopwatch.") and received a free trip to Millikan, the frosh had succeeded in foiling the sophomores' plans of getting "72" inscribed on the ding-a-ling. In retaliation, the sophs decided to make the last pile a rather unpleasant experience, dousing the substitute brake-drum with incredibly vile butyric acid. Many of them even had to be showered to wash the stuff off.

Ditch Day saw the stacking of two rooms—Hermeyer's and Horning's—and the tying of Sam Keys to a tree on the Olive Walk ("Is today Ditch Day?"). While Koehler and crew worked into Hermeyer's stack, Grandi, Brusseau, and Fielder assaulted Horning's. ("Oh, no; not *another* steel plate!") Both were conquered, the bribe consumed, and stacks reassembled in different permutations before the return of the occupants. Mike Broido was also greeted by a stack, unplanned though it may have been. He finally got in, only to find, scattered about his room, about 106.9 computer chips and uncounted strips of recording tape.

Ricketts also discovered that for every punt generated, there was usually an antipunt somewhere. Carey earned the wrath of the house when he magnetized the ill-fated color TV just before the Raquel Welch special, causing the subject thereof to appear a light purple. L.D. came under attack several evenings when tennis balls somehow decided to fly at the windows. Leo Plopachowski came under attack when he got locked out on the Prexy double balcony and water balloons started flying. Beverley and Beckmann provided another money-sink for the house by obtaining (without Dave Smith's permis-

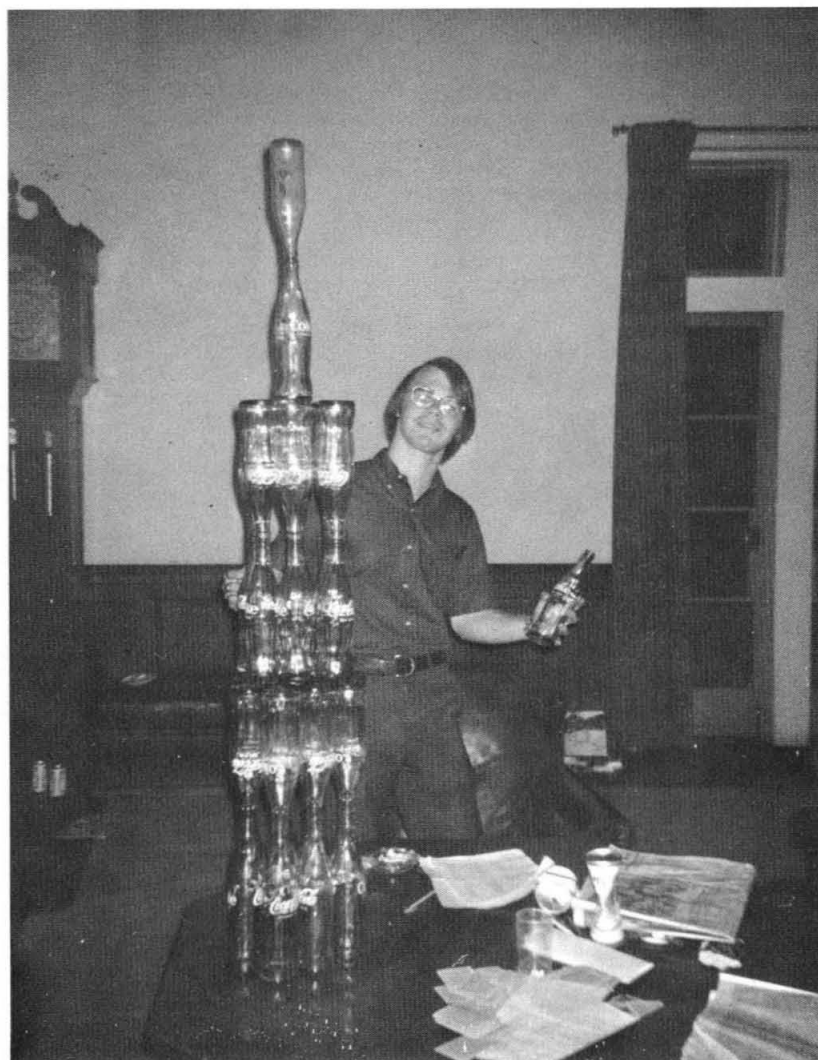


Hendry returns to his head



That's no egg; it's the R.A.'s car!

Petit's Tower



sion! shame!) two pinball machines that kept people awake and pockets empty ("Anybody got change for a dollar?"). Snatch Alley manufactured the Perfect Stack of Cliff Brown's room, designed to keep him in at least forever, just finishing it as Brown walked into the alley. Snerc members, Higgins, Hermeyer, and Fielder, and outside agitator Grandi aroused just about everybody within a mile radius with a Wagner's Birthday Ride playing. L.D. tried its hand at kite-building, but couldn't get that project off the ground. Near the end of the term, frogs (or were they toads?) started appearing in Herc alley, courtesy of Tom Patten, and finally made their way into the R.A.'s suite ("Lois found two in there yesterday.") They got so abundant that a frog crossing had to be established in Snatch.

By the middle of the term, the Punt Center of the House had switched from L.D. to Prexy, and UCC Reynales instigated the Great Blacker Water Fight by committing indiscretions on the Blacker courtyard from the alley window. ("He stood on my shoulders.") The fight continued for many nights, resulting in the flooding of the Snatch Fan Room, the theft of a fire hose, and more wet bods.

The year saw success, however, in athletics, as Ricketts won the Varsity Rating Trophy by a large margin with Ricketts men forming 50% of the soccer and cross country teams. Interhouse athletics saw victories over Fleming in football and soccer. Individual honors went to Alan Beagle, who remained undefeated in four years of wrestling competition. Ken Bickford and Randy Lewis contributed to Tech's conference championship in wrestling.

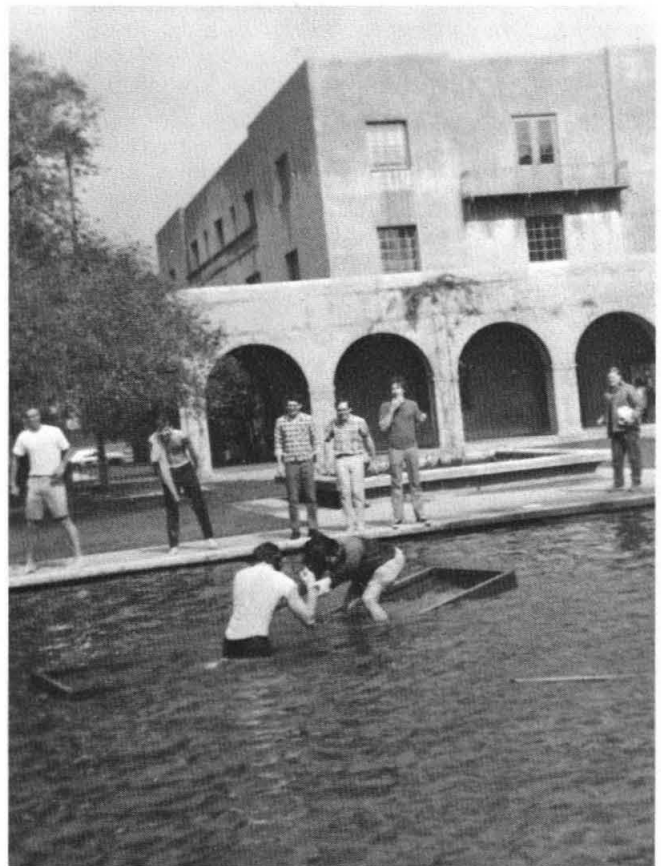
As summer approached and more house members planned on leaving, those of us who would be left looked forward to the next year somewhat more hopefully. Ricketts hoped to house some of Tech's first female undergraduates, and we remained confident that all will come out well in the end.



Computer-chip snow in Broido's room.



Lamanna's triumph over Hermeyer's stack



Millikan Pond war

Ruddock House

"Dumb frosh!"

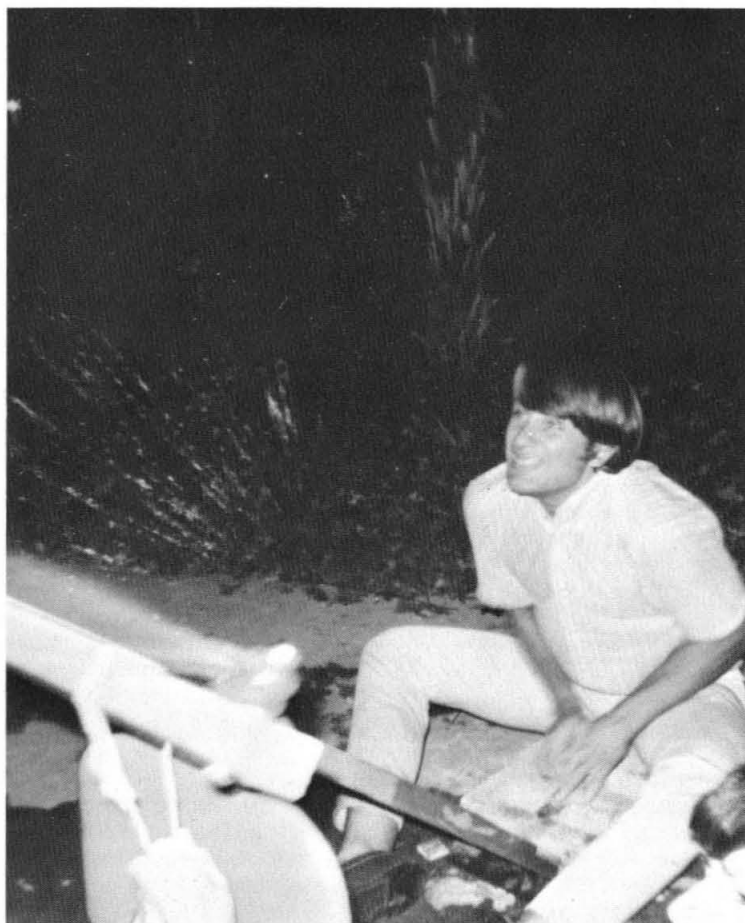
"Don't be redundant . . ."

Upperclassmen returning to Ruddock in September were faced with a horde of forty redundancies. The spirited pledge-master got initiation off to a roaring start by exclaiming, "I don't think I want to do anything this year." Many upperclassmen realized the deep philosophical implications of this statement and determined to apply it to their existence at Caltech.

Before the end of the second week of classes, the Ruddock M.E. department began its program of "teaching by doing" with the construction of a quasi-successful water balloon catapult. Accidentally initiated during the testing phase was a grad from Braun who stepped outside to see if it was really raining.

"GAAC!" declared Vice-President Reuben Epstein, and so began the Grand Amalgamated Alley Challenge. From Ruddock to Page by mouth, from Page to Firestone by navel, up Firestone's stairs with strings, in free-fall from Firestone's roof, and three-legged back to Ruddock, six alleys' eggs were packed, pulled, pummelled and pushed to the finish line. UCC Bill Butterworth led his alley to victory with cries of "We're Number One!" Having won the attentions of the vivacious Lola, Alley 1 tenaciously maintained its place despite challenges to mortal combat in such fields as stroboscopic volleyball and endurance road cone flipping.

It fell to Mike Sperry to be Grand Dragon of the Ruddock Interhouse Conspiracy, who supervised the construction of a Bavarian Alpine Ski Chalet in the Ruddock courtyard. An integral part was played by Siegfried's truck. Every Bavarian Ski chalet needs snow. There being none available, the men of Ruddock decided to send a crew of frosh (and Siegfried's



Backfire on Butterworth



"So that's what a girl looks like!"



"Melts in your mouth, not in your hands."

truck, cum Siegfried) for polyurethane foam. However, frosh cannot be relied upon for executive decisions (nor can Siegfried's truck), so they returned with fifteen monstrous bags of off-color poly-urethane form shreds, totally unusable, since Bavarian snow, as almost everyone else knows, is white. In retribution, the truck was sent in search of a moosehead to adorn the chalet lounge. Justice triumphed as several freshmen, riding in the bed of the truck with the moosehead, were found impaled by its antlers upon their return to Tech.

The second term social calendar started off with Nevada Night. Poker, blackjack, roulette, and craps tables allowed Rudds and their dates to try their luck with the cards, cubes, and wheel of fate.

At the Frosh Party later in the term, entertainment was provided by the Glee Club's Frosh Quartet and a famous local singing group known as the Three Plus Two Plus One. A touch of sobriety was added by a reading from the Holy Scriptures of the Great Jose Frink, Prince of Princes, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Holiest of Holies, Creator of Ruddock House and the Infinite Reaches of the Universe.

It was a different quartet that was organized among the Ruddock frosh for Interhouse Sing. Security guards investigating strange sounds emanating from the dining room at night discovered Reuben Epstein leading the Ruddock House Chorus as well as the quartet practicing for the golden moment. When Valentine's Day rolled around, each group took first place in its category, bringing two trophies into the House.



"The Brown Stuff"

RUDDOCK HOUSE

SENIORS



Left to Right: M. Ruth, B. Butterworth, M. Sperry, D. Pocekay, R. Epstein.

OFFICERS



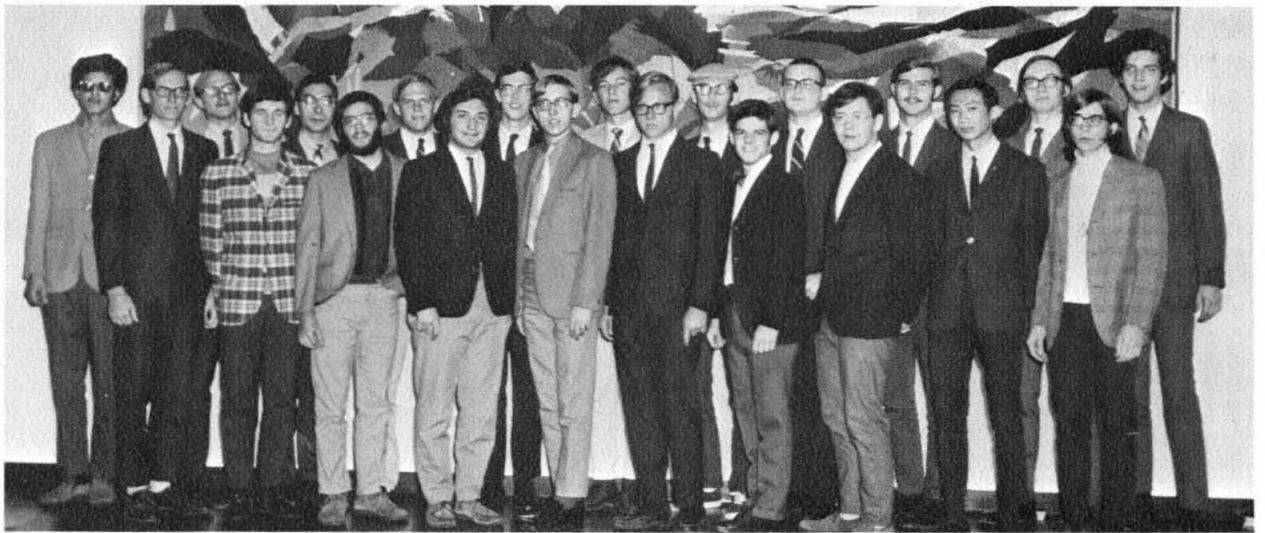
Front Row: K. Sheetz, R.A.; D. Gubman, Librarian; J. Ross, Social Chairman; M. Gaponoff, Social Chairman; D. Switzer, Social Chairman. Second Row: M. Sheetz, R.A.; R. Epstein, Vice President; T. Tardiff, President; W. Munsel, Secretary; M. Shull, Athletic Manager; K. Harris, Athletic Manager; B. Panrose, Treasurer; H. Spinka, Grad Student.



JUNIORS

Front Row: D. Richstone, J. Garmany, M. Guponoff, K. Sheetz, B. Mitchell, W. Munsil, L. Buibas. Second Row: B. Penrose, B. Britton, S. Shuler, A. Strickland, I. Kling, R. Lipinski, T. Tardiff, A. Christians.

SOPHOMORES



Front Row: B. Rugar, A. Bross, M. Aaronson, D. Gubman, D. Mosley, B. Siegfried, N. Pendegraft, D. Cox, M. Cheung, J. Ross. Second Row: J. Post, L. Lindholm, D.A. Smith, K. Harris, M. Shull, J. Simmons, J. Stone, D. Agnew, B. Bell, D.J. Smith, T. Hedges.

FRESHMEN



Front Row: S. Tessema, J. Bronw, D. Dalrymple, G. Pope, D. Petrie, M. Ono, A. Ellis, D. Wellman. Second Row: B. Landson, A. Adler, P. Schluter, B. Chia, J. Munyer, F. Williams, D. Loh, M. Mandelbaum, L. November, J. Nogatch, R. McDuff. Third Row: R. Wolf, B. Bechtel, R. Short, B. Derrick, P. Yancey, P. Gschwend, R. Newman, D. Mitchell, F. Shuri, J. Fraser, B. Anderson, F. Beatty, A. Wilson, B. Hiscock.

Perhaps it was that impending doom named Finals that caused Stu Sando, off-campus Rudd and a manager of the Coffee House, to forget what living in Ruddock made frosh capable of. Late second term, Stu led the four Coffee House managers (all off-campus Rudds) to challenge fourteen Ruddock frosh to a ritual bathing in Millikan Pond for Stu, while the three other managers tried to prevent it. Despite bets that fourteen frosh would never appear, Sando was last seen being carried down the street crying pitifully, "Ruby! Turner! Green! Save me!" Splash!

Such disunity among Rudds was uncommon, however. One week later, the House drew together for Election Night. Under the watchful eyes of Dennis Pocekay, Mike Ruth, and other members of the senior peace-keeping forces, a new record of 97 important officers were elected. In the minor offices of President and Vice-President, serving in place of the Great Frink, are Bruce Penrose and David Switzer. The elaborate plans of the seniors to slip former president Tardiff out a dining-room window failed as Tim was grabbed in the last instant. Following the ensuing shuffle, Tim was abruptly introduced to the PCC reflecting pool.

3 of 3+ 2+ 1



"On your mark! Get set!"



"Go?"



Flashing lights and eerie noises of unknown origin led to the discovery and subsequent removal of a Pinball Machine from the Alley 2 storeroom to the Purple Gap Room. Although spontaneous generation was credited with the mysterious appearance, it was soon found that a steady flow of dimes was required to keep the creature healthy. Although the creature appeared harmless except for its voracious appetite, it was noted that a legion of similar beasts soon appeared in other houses.

True to form, as finals arrived, so did B&G, with jack hammers and saws at 8:00 each morning. But when finals were over, there came into being the Kitchenette, whose completion had been promised since Christmas vacation. Born of fire, food, and Frink, the Kitchenette stands as a landmark to Food Service refugees throughout Ruddock.

1969-1970 was a year of many changes and higher levels of achievements. Ruddock entered its first year with a married R.A. (Modesty prohibits us from considering what goes on between the Sheetz, but we must note that Rudds fled third term finals with expectation of returning to a house with a non-student triple). In athletics, Ruddock has advanced in all events. Improvements in sports were climaxed by taking first in Interhouse Football. Intellectually, accomplishments were marked by Ruddock's conquest of the Snake Trophy. Simultaneously, the House was struck with political involvement and concern for the outside world.

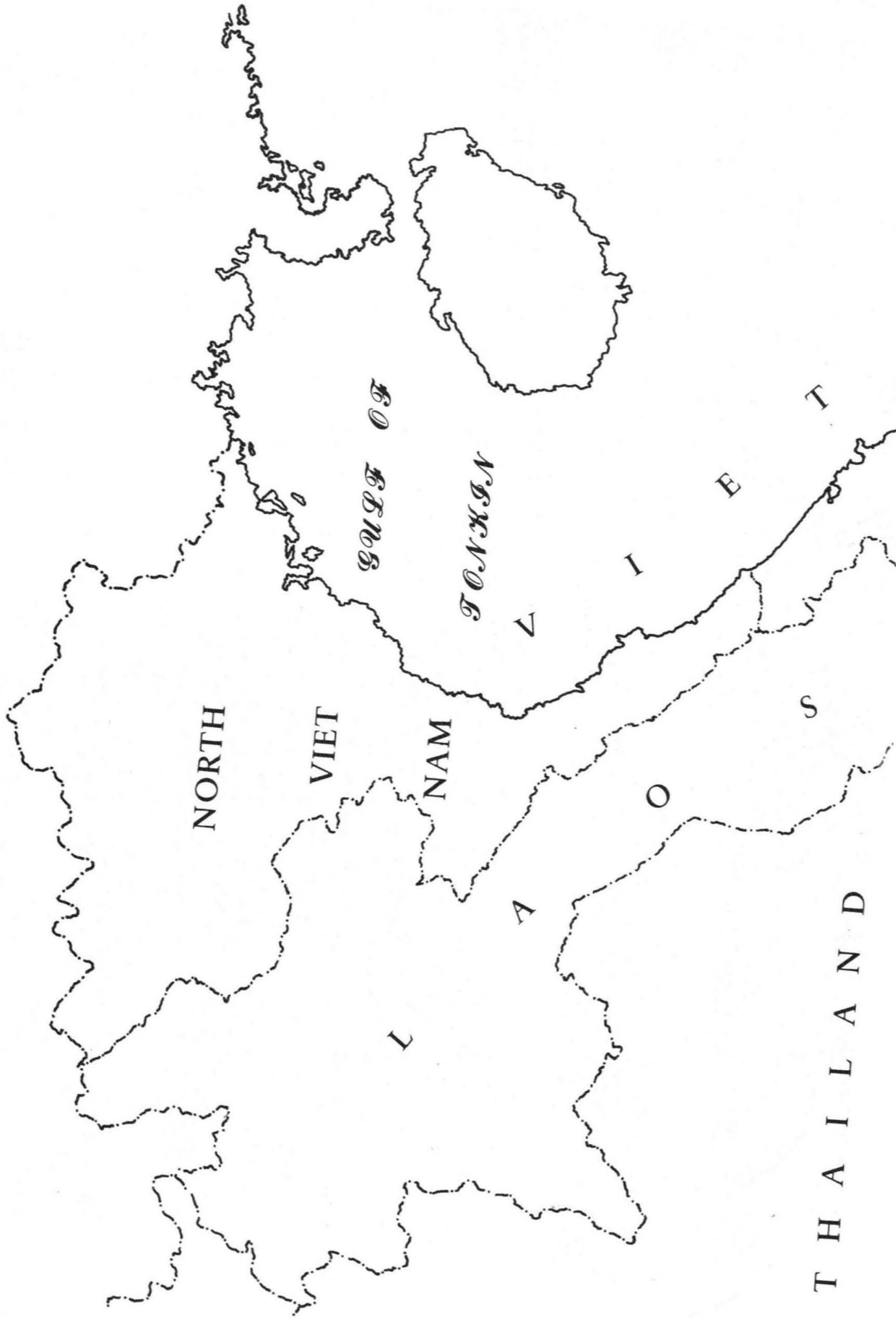
It is with thoughts far lighter than these that Rudds await the summer and their return in the fall to sound the cry:

"Dumb Frosh!"



"Navel Maneuvers"

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*SOUTH CHINA
SEA*

**VIET NAM
CAMBODIA, LAOS, &
EASTERN THAILAND**

Seniors

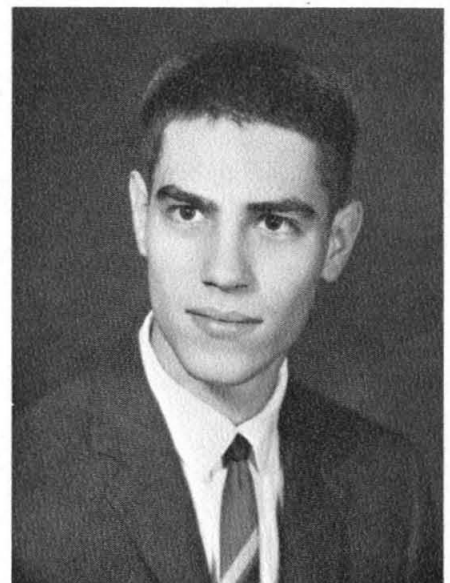




ROBERT JOSEPH ALLEN
FLEMING *05* ENG

the red hair, red sweater, and red ideas of Pete Hartzman, the leader of the faceless Alley 2 troops. There he stayed as prisoner, allowed out only to consult with Putnick on obscure problems. The Taco is the house mechanic and random record collector. He bought them by the shotgun technique, and wo was forced by statistics to get a few good ones. Waterland spent a lot of time in Putnick's room, but we needn't say why. In his own room his time was taken up by Chem E and Kristi, not necessarily in that order. Ah, for the carefree days of beer and Schneider Optik, before ROTC had been heard of, and he had hair. Now Putnick leaves for Bob's, followed by a crew

GØ TØ SOVERØ, E

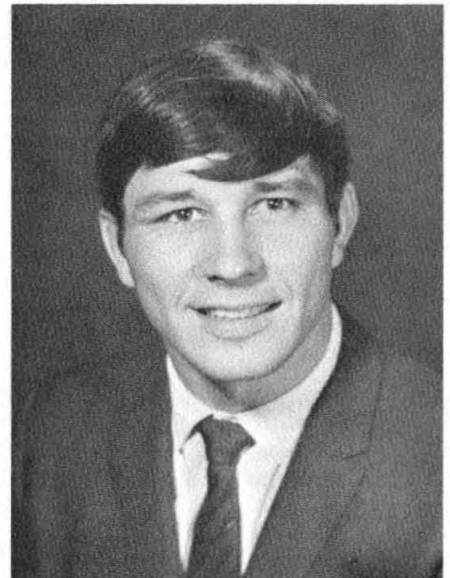


STEPHEN CHARLES BEACH
PAGE PH



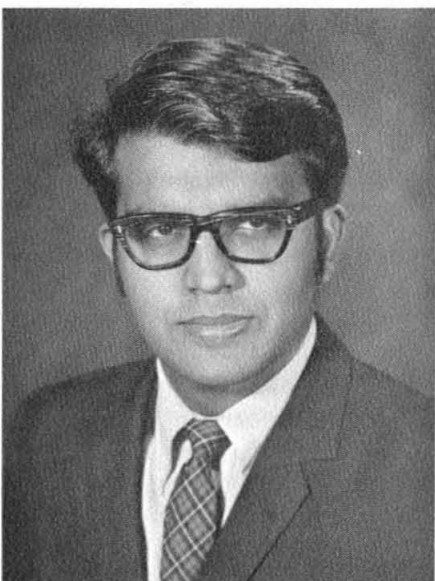
BRUCE STAFFORD AULT
PAGE *05* CH

With enthusiasm in his heart, and a typically wedged Norwegian way of looking at things, Bouncing Brucie began his career as Page House Superjock by stuffing the balls back into the house Jock program. Bruce kept himself in shape by such things as showering the mail boy, pouring chocolate from impressive heights, and rolling his baby-blue eyes. Our little man's driving integrity was dented by an ornery Catholic, but this didn't bother Brucie, nosiree!!! Bruce still hopped from Nanci to Sue to Juli to Sue. In spite of his romantic pursuits, Bruce is still on his coke formula, and can often be seen Mongooosing his coke bottles. He has developed his room into a real sex pad, with perfumed candles, and coke bottles; soft music, and coke bottles; and NMR spectra, and coke bottles. Our 4-F superjock shall now go tripping off to Berkeley, looking forward to higher education and, ultimately, a career with Revlon, creating "Baby Brucie's Eyeshadow."



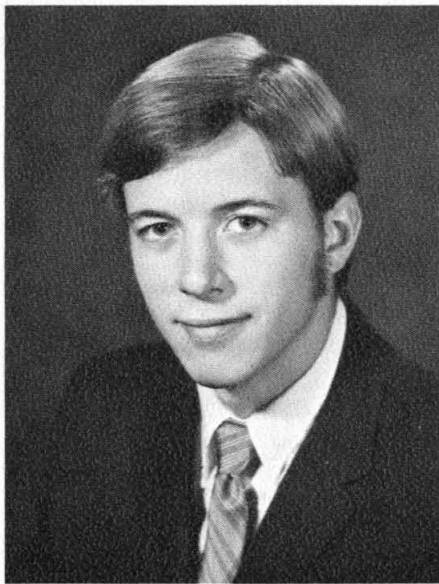
CLAUDE ALAN BEAGLE
RICKETTS *05* ENG

Al will be remembered with some unhappiness by members of Ricketts classes of '69 and '71 as the immovable object atop the brake drum during each and every pile for two years. Al excelled in more mundane matters, too. He went through four seasons of wrestling almost without a defeat, served as captain of the team three years and went to the NAIA national meet as a junior and senior. Al played end, tackle, and guard on the football team, was co-captain as a senior and, finally, won the Wheaton Trophy. Al served Ricketts as secretary, social chairman, and UCC. He plans a trip around the world this summer before beginning active duty in the Air Force Reserve.



RAHUL DEV BASU
RICKETTS *05* ENG

Friend of trolls and maharajas alike, this unassuming transfer student from the University of Calcutta came to California, nay, even to Pasadena to seek his fortune. A Mathematician at heart, he espoused the cause of Mechanical Engineering here at Tech, worked as a technician in a number of labs, and in his last year at Tech, with Dr. T. Vreeland; and then planned the annual ASME student conference at Tech, with his band of henchmen, thugs, and cutthroats, namely Hank Waggy, Sam Insana, and Emilio Sovero, who may be contacted in grad schools all over the United States in 1971.



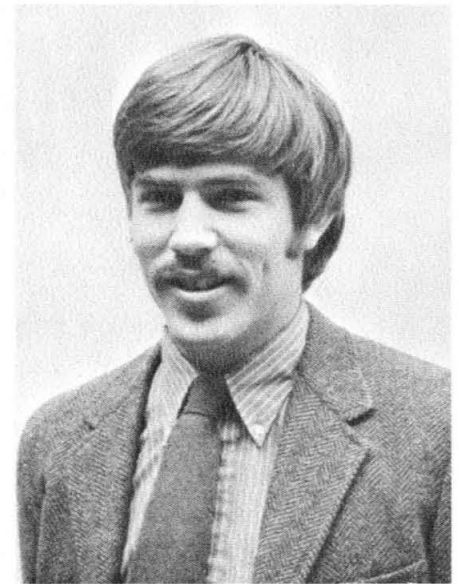
THOMAS JAY BICKNELL
PAGE

ENG-EC

Tom came to Tech as a very promising football and basketball star. Four years later he's still a promising star, but he's put off actually becoming one just like he's put off his Ma1c recitation test and just about everything else. Who doesn't remember Tom learning how to "differentiate under the integrable" at 1 in the morning and then taking his Math test at 6? Or sleeping through a Physics 1 midterm?

One accomplishment stands out in Tom's four years at Tech. Getting tired of numerous trips to Santa Barbara and Livermore, he finally got smart and switched roommates. One might have thought that marriage would have changed his procrastinating habits, but if so one clearly does not know Tom. Only one principle guides him from the cartoons in the morning to the second point at Malibu in the afternoon to Ralph Williams at night—"I rule!"

Bick entered his frosh year with a life of sleep, bridge and basketball, which led to his winning the house snake award. Also came a double Black Russian and fame on the basketball court. The senior jinx struck early however, as Tom married and moved off campus his junior year. Now, Carla makes him snake 4 hours a night, or he doesn't get any. His senior year saw him become "captain basketball", and he has the distinction of being the first house snake to survive four years at Tech.



ROBERT WILLIAM BRACKENBURY FLEMING ^{AJ} BI

66 - Cindersnake, B.Y.Y, Room 67, Trashcan, Cook, Laurie, Crawford, Ruth, 6 to 1, Upper 5, SS and CC, Bonner, Sid, Lake Cachuma, Reed, Midnight Nap, Electron Microscope, "I Will Delightful Voice", "On The Road Again", Dowd and the 30 Knot Wind, Chem Lab, Kingston, B.A., Zen, "A Fine Madness"

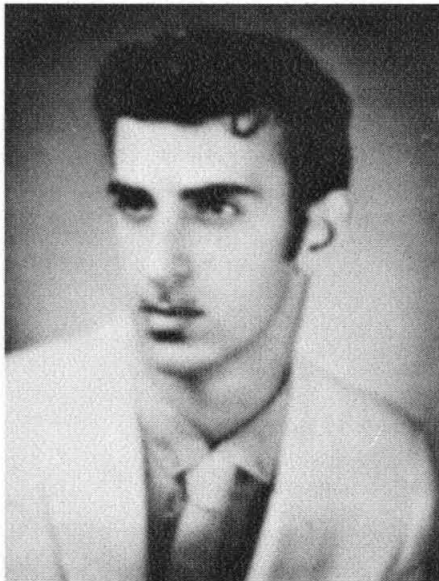
67 - Reeve, V R, 80 cc, Neon Sun, Judy, Midnight Visit, Phone, Lois, Jeff, "Ralph Got Into Princeton", Chem 41, Eplisia, 17 for Dinner, Baze, Marcia, "Parmalee Claims"

the rest is history...

MARK ELIOT BOULE LLOYD ^{BS} GE

Ever since I got here
I've wanted to leave
Goodbye to those who think
And only know they don't know
Good luck to those who don't
But think they know
Peace

Mark Boule, in characteristic pose: Rainbow Basin, Mojave Desert, California

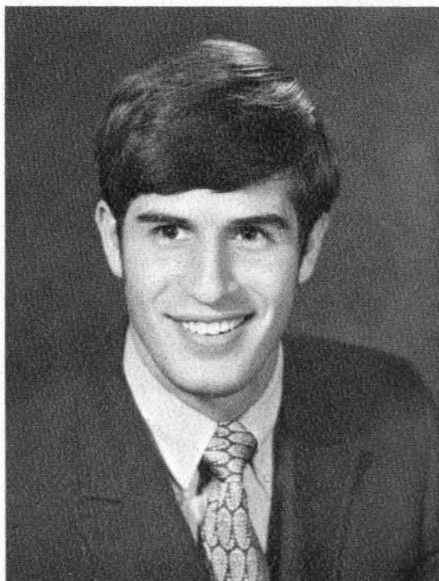


O.C. BOX
OFF -CAMPUS

MA

In the beginning, there was nothing. Then God, H.P., and Red China created Him. He came to Caltech, was fruitful, and multiplied: Geologist, Biologist, Mathematician, Technician, Instructor, Director of BFD Research, and even Vice President for BFD. This "common, everyday saviour of the American people" lived an exciting life. The military-industrial complex found Him Evasive and grew to hate Him; TJO tried to kill Him; the mail room cancelled Him; Zappa supplied Him; Sheetz took Him; Jensen framed Him; and Drexel grads indentified with Him.

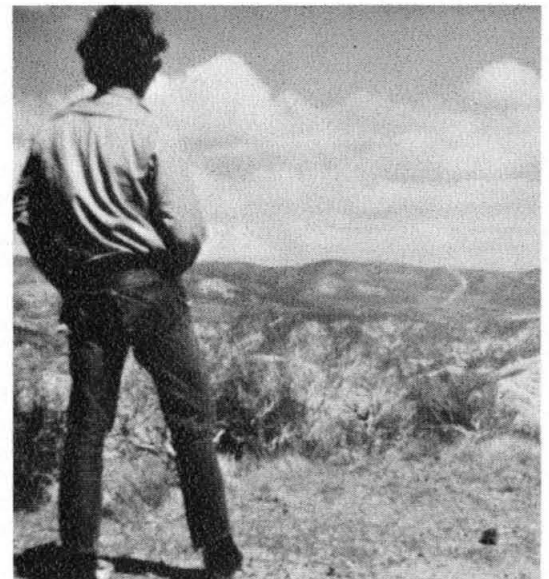
BOX
COX: Teckers beware—His sister
BOX Bucksnot is coming next year.



WILLIAM GUERIN BRADLEY, JR. ^{AJ}
FLEMING ^{DS} CHE

to a rapt audience. The ever tasteful Walker was wearing his fur shorts; just like when he was Pledgemaster. Too bad Odegaard wasn't there to guard, but Bruce left hell for his Angel. While here he played basketball and dreamed of Biminji State and home. But even without guards, Big Al has proved himself invulnerable. With an Ace Security lock on his door, his transom pinned shut, and chains on his windows, the frosh were forced to pour ammonia under the door to flush him out. But Al simply donned his scuba gear and went back to sleep. Next to his room was the Weight Room where physically-fit Lomeli worked out. Leo, ace physicist and self-appointed

G0 T0 PUTNICK, D





VICTOR LEE BRESSON
FLEMING

OS

BI

arguments. Now Alley 3 can spend more time with water fights. Segrave, Beck, Walker, Bozo, and sleepy Holcombe would make a real dragout of it as often as possible. Miller, the UCC of Alley 1, would come over to placate the hostile Darb R.A. Oops, too late, Reynolds already showered him. Miller trudges back to one, back to eager frosh R.F.'ers and W.A.E.C. speeches. Real fire and brimstone, just like back when MWMAGWTE. Being UCC of Alley 1 was a difficult job. Not that it requires a lot of work, just a certain mentality, or lack thereof. Engelking, for example. Paul was on a constant diet of Bach and Baccardi. Like Tom, he had to entertain the frosh there. "Oh, look, Uncle Paul

GØTØ PICCARD, R



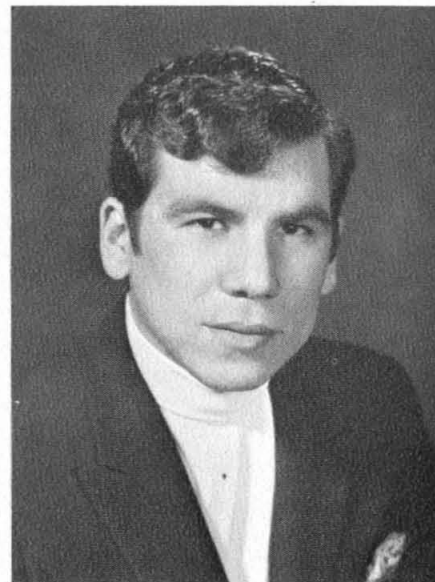
MICHAEL DAVID BROIDO
RICKETTS

AJ

OS

MA

To discover what Caltech can do to a nice Jewish boy, let us examine the case of Michael Broido. Mike Came to Tech from the wilds of a ghetto called Long Beach. His Jewishness was not apparent—except to those around him—and he thrust himself into the whelter of house and campus activities, serving . . . among other things as a member of the EPC, the Academic Reforms Committee, and as a House UCC and semi-permanent social chairman ("Well, I know this nice Jewish girl who . . ."). Mike's promotion and organization of the first Ricketts House Sensitivity Conference brought new understanding between many house members, and earned Mike the title of "House Sensitive." (Rumors that this title had something to do with his very youthful participation in an ancient Hebrew rite are to be ignored.) Always ready to seduce frosh, Briodo's wealth of information on brakedrums and other items of import soon earned him friendship and irritation, depending on whether you were a soph or a frosh at the time. Following the tradition of a religion which devised the Kabbalah, Mike majored in math at Tech . . . that is, when he wasn't sleeping in the lounge or on a Tommies' punt, which was most of the time. Leaving Tech, Mike hopes to find a well-paid berth in a grad school or a well-deferred job in industry. What, then, has Tech done to Michael Broido? Unfortunately, not very much.



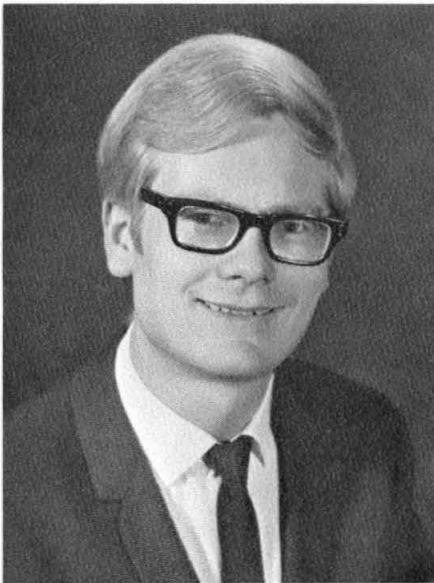
NELSON BRICENO
RICKETTS

B

GEOPH

Lovable, easygoing Nelson came to Tech from what he claims is a relatively civilized place, Bogota, Columbia. At Tech, he charmed everybody, particularly the soccer and football coaches and the Glee Club director, with his conviviality and eagerness to please. Besides football, soccer, and the Glee Club, his activities included wrestling, rugby, and many interhouse sports. He served Ricketts as social chairman as a sophomore and junior. After a brief flirtation with EE, he settled on the Geophysics option. He plans graduate work in Geophysics.

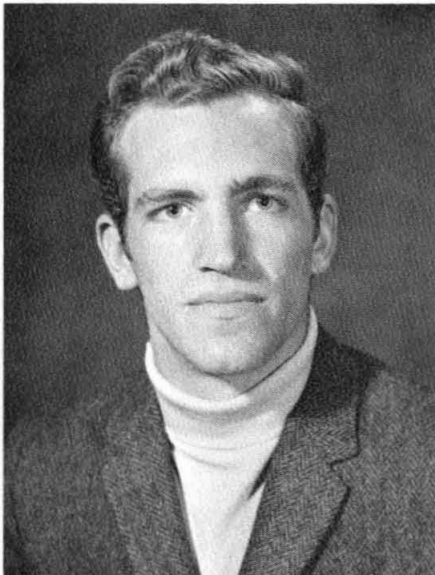




RAYMOND P. BULAND
RICKETTS

PH

Ray transferred here as a junior from a school that has given him a peculiar, if not unique, outlook on life at Tech: "If you think this place is bad, you should have been at Case." He quickly picked up the tempo of Ricketts life and within a short time was putting down with ease the best efforts of many hardened veterans of house small talk. Ray has established a reputation for unequalable feats, such as his "most expensive Tommy's burger ever munched" and his famous Euchre teamwork with Okada. He is now planning graduate work in physics.

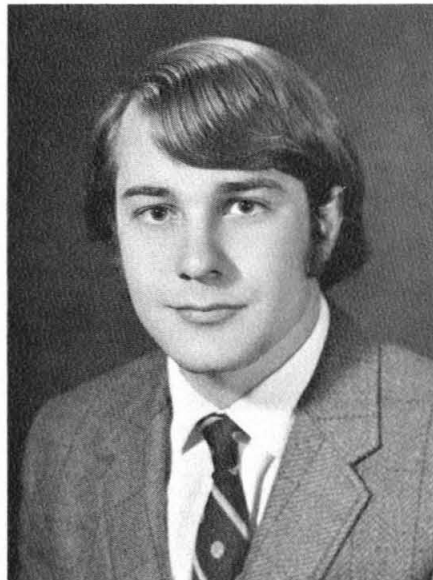


RICHARD RODERICK BURTON
FLEMING

MA

Great Dane, is not going to touch that line. Good old "Not My Leo" Lomeli, having been prompted by Richard, yells out "big dogs", then returns to his serious cigar smoking. If mamacita could only see him now. He's got to go back home, living with P.J., where they constantly drink and make the rounds of the topless joints. Paul isn't as sensitive as he was when he went to conferences, or even to alley challenges. Keep away from my goldfish, says B.A. Higgins is the real man of alley challenges, eating an entire box of corn flakes in one gulp, box and all. He also rounded Millikan in 23 seconds, an uncontested record. He was also an uncontested arguer. Picture him standing in

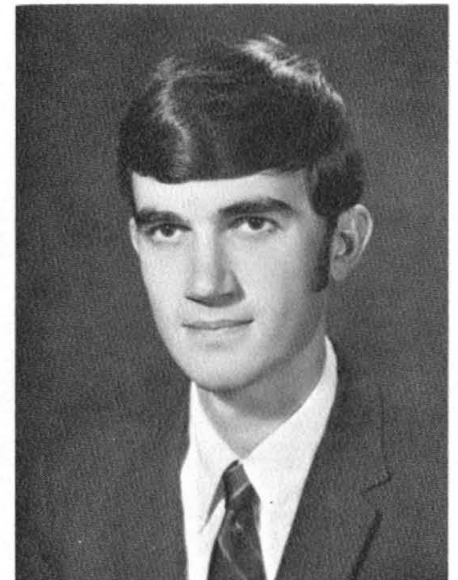
GØ TØ NØCAR, J



LOUIS WILLIAM BUTTERWORTH
RUDDOCK

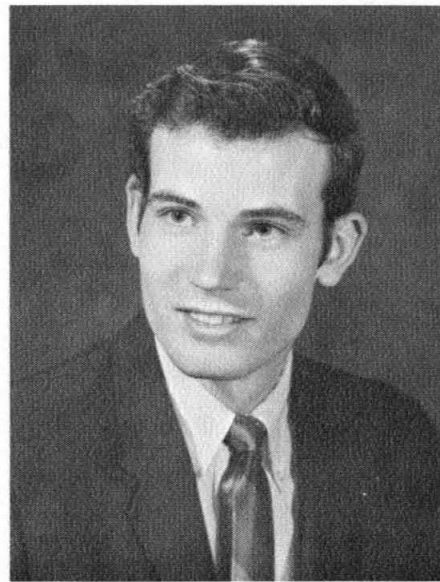
ENG

BBW was immediately installed as Ruddock House Midwest Surfer Mole upon arrival at Tech, but in reality he was much straighter (and twice as strong). After a few unsuccessful attempts at flunking out, BBW became a poor excuse for a troll, but still managing to remain with us. This was in part due to apathy, but more importantly to his unflagging zeal towards the house presidency, track, and Rena. Little of this zeal remains with BBW at this moment. The outlook isn't brilliant for BBW as the future holds an occupational draft deferment in engineering: either in the U.S. or beside a stream in the Canadian wilderness.



ROGER ALAN CHEVALIER
RUDDOCK

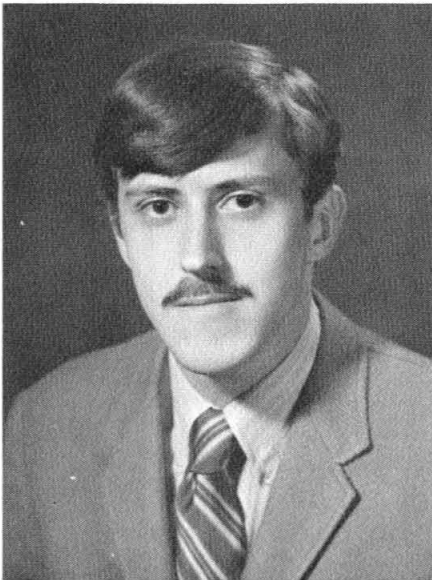
AY



CHARLES DENNIS CARRIE
PAGE

MA

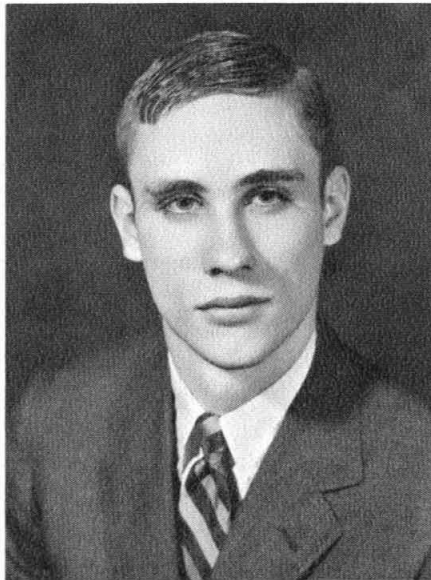
From the green and placid hills of Menlo Park to the savage and teeming jungles of Caltech came Charles Dennis Carrie, "Denny" to his friends, "Chuck, baby" to those who knew him well. His tender ego assaulted on all sides by throat slitting anthropology trolls, head-locking frosh, and super-snaking quantum mechanics, Denny retreated into the relatively quiet fields of basketball, baseball, and math. In Caltech "sports" he found the certainty of defeat and in math the reassurance of pass-pass grading in Ma 91b and a maximum load of 36 units. Now as we see Denny depart from the computer paper jungle on a parchment canoe, we know for certainty that, \$25 three-string plastic guitar in hand, Denny will continue his struggle with functional analysis, Euclidean Neighborhood Retracts, and left ideals, and will enter the never-neverland of UW, there a glorious Mathematician to become.



VERNON FRANCIS CORMIER
RICKETTS

GEOPH

"The pump don't work 'cause the vandals took the handle."



JOHN JEROME COYLE, JR.
LLOYD

PH

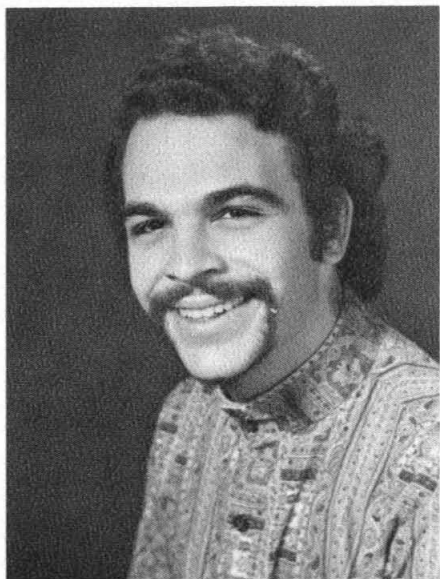
Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Lloyd House Shadow do! As an unknown frosh hiding in his room, John began to make his mark in the field of physics. (Dr. Whaling: "Why don't you become a biologist?") Sophomore year found a more settled scholar, who played interhouse sports and became Lloyd House Secretary and UCC; the campus guards found a weirdo who paced the campus at 4 a.m. Junior year was a continuation of achievement in physics. (Dr. Whaling: "Why don't you become an economist?") As the

THOMAS ROWLANDS DAVIS
RICKETTS

MA

Tom came to Tech as an untutored mad scientist and spent most of his time learning the arts of the trade. His drive was shown in his determination to learn concrete pouring, barbed wire stringing, and high voltage techniques, or die in the process ("I can't get hurt . . . just killed!"). The master of the punt, he never let school interfere with his true calling. He started Tech as an ace bridge player (winning tournaments implies free long distance punts) and a less than ace water polo player. Infected by the audio bug, he went first class and his efficient speakers announced their 320 RMS watt limit while our hearing gradually disappeared. All of the student houses, even grad houses, learned of their power and quality. Though he came in as a clean-cut frosh, eventually he could not conceal his degeneracy, and it sprouted out all over his face for everyone to see. In his old age, he moved off campus, settled Parkwood Manor, joined the Kama Sutra Club, and slept happily ever after.

only member of the original Lloyd class of 1970 left on-campus, John reached the pinnacle of success during his Senior year. (Dr. Whaling: "Why don't you show up for PH 77?") John is now unleashed upon an unsuspecting world, for the truth has made him free.



LEONARD DOBERNE
RICKETTS

PH

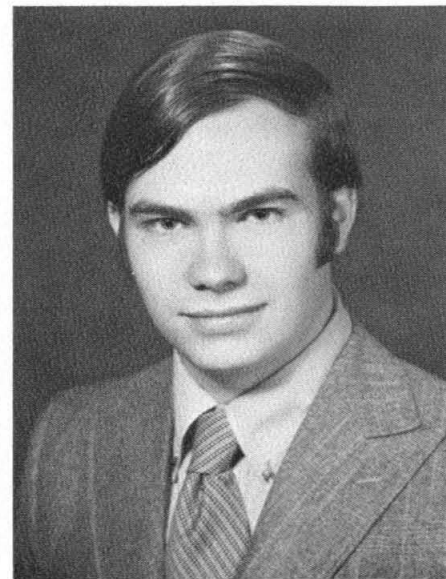
Despite the fact that his brother entered Tech two years before him, Len decided to come anyway. He played chemist for a year and then switched to physics, although his real goal in life was to electrocute himself as a double-E. He created the pornograph—an entire stereo system with FM-radio and T.V. all for less than \$25.00. He was the shy type—he never had more than 7 girls on the string at once, and he rarely traveled more than 1000 miles on a date. He never wasted his time studying, but spent his time learning such useful arts as concrete pouring and barbed wire stringing. Ricketts House will certainly be a quieter place without him.



WILLIS KIRK DRAKE, JR.
BLACKER

ENG

Here lies a soul who survived being a random frosh to venture into the upperclass years. He served the student body as Producer of the ASCIT Musical his sophomore year. With this experience he moved on to a political career as House Treasurer then President of Blacker during junior and senior years. Late one night a bull session put forth the idea of creating a company run by Techers to procure items of interest at wholesale prices plus tax and handling for members of the student body. Blacker Sales and its subsidiary Blacker Telephone and Electric were thus born. With this organization he and one or two others have supplied students with over two thousand reels of recording tape and many other items. Hopefully, all of this points to a career in business but the meantime brings two more years at Tech to join AFROTC then four years in the Air Force.

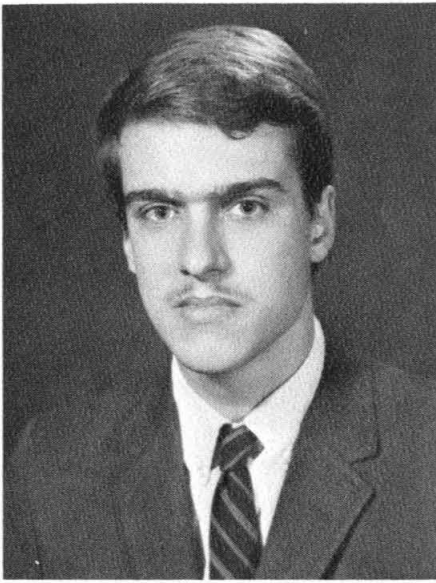


ROBERT JAMES DREAAN
DABNEY

PH

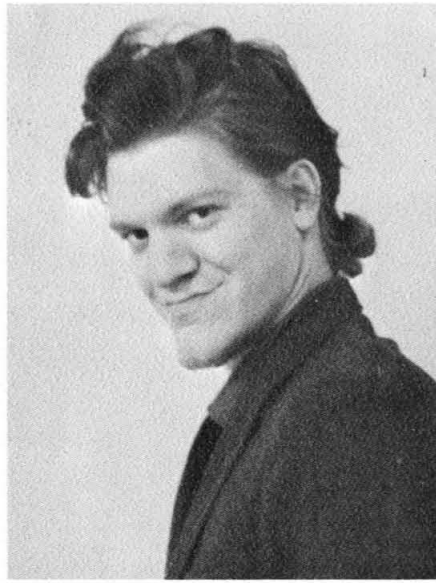
Heading down the highway, looking for adventure, Bob came to Southern California born to be wild (he was from New Jersey) but instead found physics and smog. A house innovator, he lead the throngs of carpenters building interhouse for four years. Three people can't really build interhouse the night before—but they did. During a brief stint as Social Chairman, Bob discovered the House gone to pot so he moved off campus. His two claims to fame include the high density system of note taking copied by all the front row Darbs and his fascination for colored organs. (Is that really a 10 channel notch filtered portable with automatic gain control you carry around in your front pocket?) In answer to the popular query surrounding Bob's choice to remain at Tech for grad school (Are you out of your mind?) Bob answers, where else can I library sit, usher, and wait at the Athenaeum?





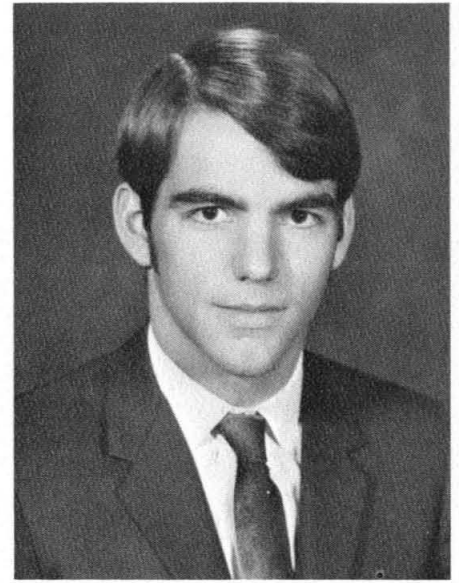
GILES ANTHONY DUESDIEKER
PAGE

PH



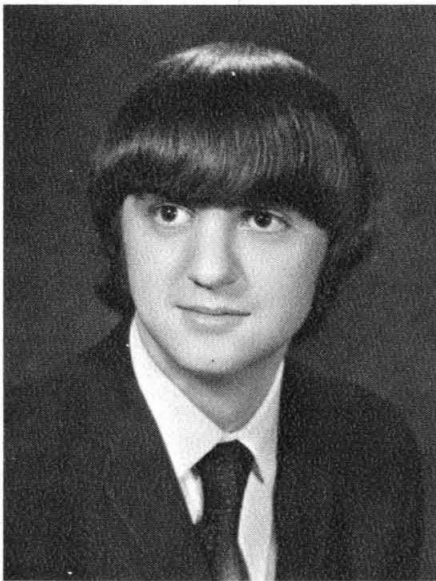
DONALD PAUL ECHELBARGER
FLEMING

MA



KEITH ALLEN EDWARDS
DABNEY

PH



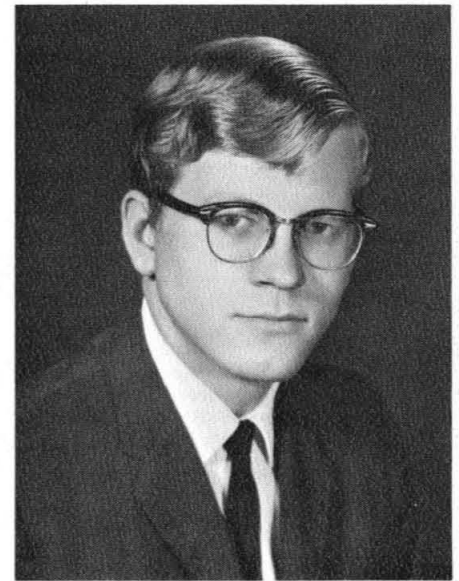
ALLAN BARRY ELKOWITZ
DABNEY

PH



PAUL CRAIG ENGELKING
FLEMING

PH



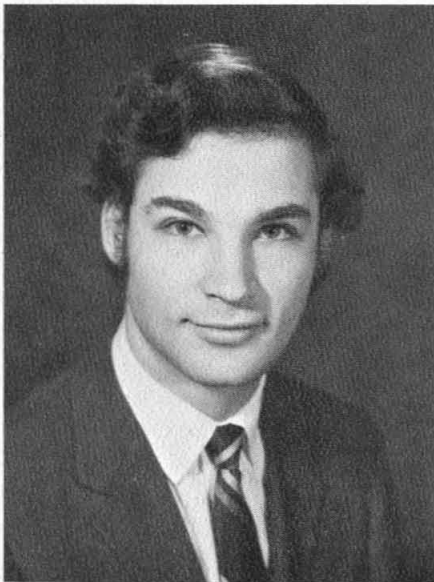
DONALD B. ENGELMAN
PAGE

PH

terrorize the upperclassmen of Alley 6 whenever possible their frosh year. That was when Brack was librarian, and voted on such issues as spending \$200 for Bradley's artificial grass (lawn). He also introduced Harmon, and the rest of us, to Laurie. But I won't amplify that remark. Speaking of amplifiers, I see Segrave is in his room, beer can in hand, searching for the proper resistor to put in the amp he's building this week. There he is, knee deep in resistors, but unable to find the proper one. Finally, he goes over to Walker to see if he has one. But big Al begins to describe how he once built an amplifier out of gym socks and white glue, and our man from Illinois/Texas starts

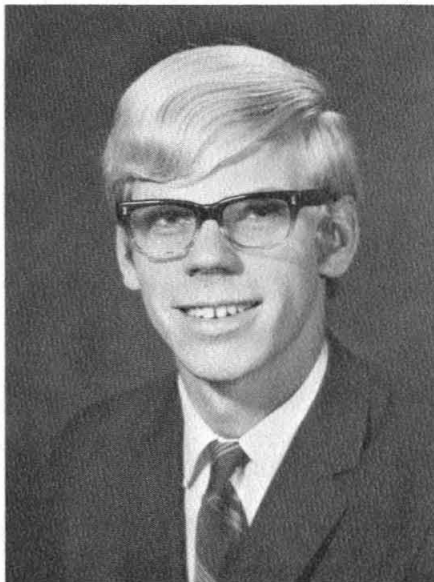
GØ TØ MILLER, T

We've travelled too far, and our momentum has taken over; we move idly toward eternity, without possibility of reprieve or hope of explanation Our names shouted in a certain dawn . . . a message . . . a summons There must have been a moment, at the beginning, where we could have said—no. But somehow we missed it.



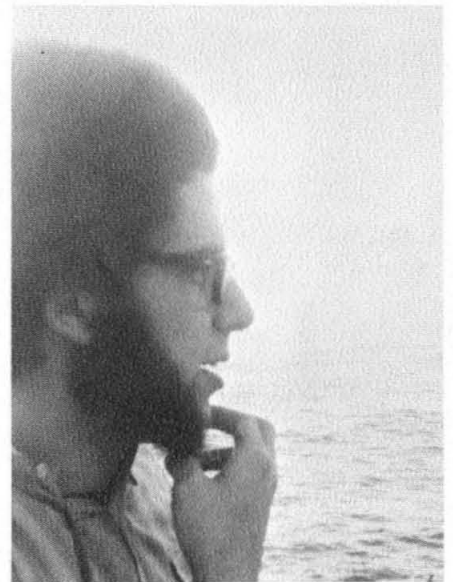
REUBEN EPSTEIN
RUDDOCK

PH



NEAL RIDER ERICKSON
RICKETTS

PH



JACK LAWRENCE FALK
DABNEY

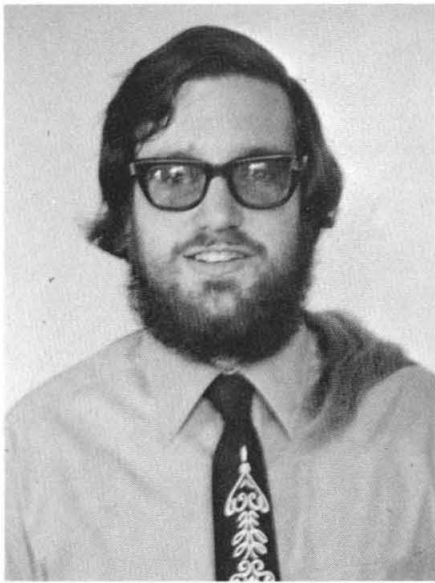
BI

Discarded by PHS, rejected by PCC, Reuben was committed to the Institute. He started life in Ruddock House by joining Irving as the only person to endure Yura for more than a year. Irving, paroled now, left only the statue whose "sculptor well those passions read which yet survive." After helping stamp out Arizona license plates at Bucksnot, Reuben was confined at Corona and became sensitive to the elements in Independent Heat Source Mode. Holding Mr. Ruddock hostage, he rose to a position of power, first as number one mother-UCCer and then as VP, to flood the house with receptions and himself with sherry. He slept his way through classes and into Tau Beta Pi, and then slept his way through their Big T picture. After leading Ruddock to Interhouse Sing victory, he "sang of Olaf glad and big" and escaped to Hawaii.

We
Are children of the future
Wonder where this world is going to . . .

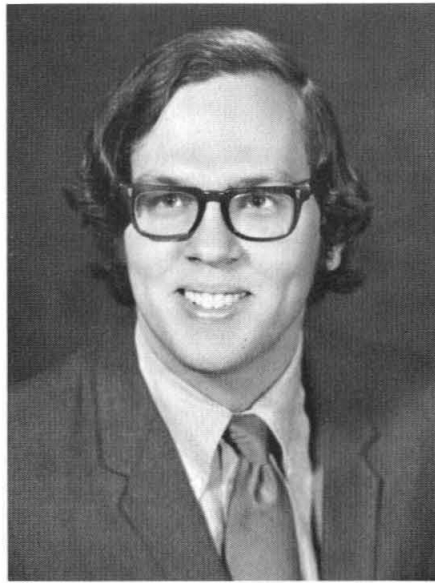
We
Are children of the future
Wonder what in *this* world we are going to do.

Steve Miller



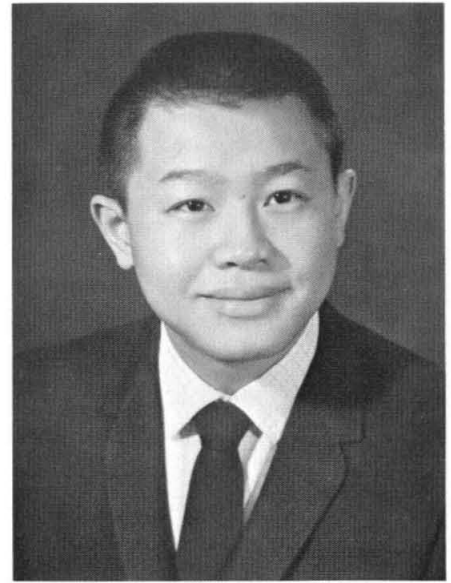
JERRY MARK FEINBERG
RUDDOCK

MA



STEVEN DOUGLAS FLANAGAN
OFF-CAMPUS

BI



KENNETH T. FONG
PAGE

ENG

Jerry started out his career at Tech all wrong, first by being from Seattle, and then by having Dennis Kodimer as a roommate. In spite of these two great disadvantages, however, Jerry eventually realized the many opportunities available at Tech and became a legend in the eyes of all SCBCS's and Bucksnot Sports. From his positions of power as Director of Academic Affairs and president of the anti-engineering organization Tau Beta Pi, he proceeded to investigate the many meetings and conferences around Caltech, thereby reducing his food budget to 75 cents per day. During his senior year, JMF attained the supremum of his activities in G&C space. Grading papers for three courses and teaching one, ("When it's over, their minds are clear. I can tell from their eyes. Suddenly they understand mathematics.") Jerry held an unchallengeable position of power in the Caltech math department. And, in an attempt to ruin AT&T, he married Laurie.

Known as house EE in his senior year, Ken developed his natural aptitude in the field in his four years at Tech. His final year here saw him fill his room with electronic equipment, ranging from an oscilloscope to a stereo system to a highly sophisticated control unit, which he designed and built, for one of his two tape decks. Ken is also known as one of the more enthusiastic seniors in the way of pointing out the numerous deficiencies in freshmen. He is taking his A's and will be going to grad school at M.I.T.

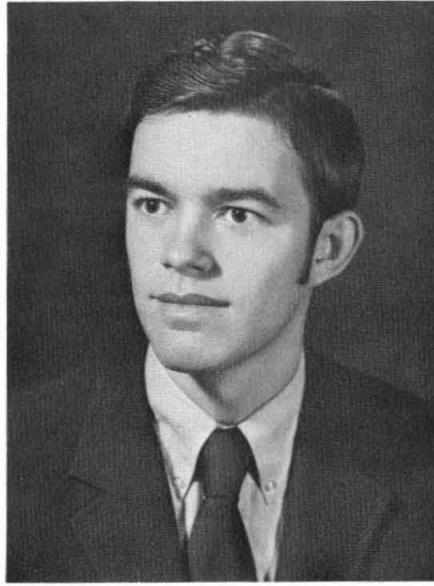




YEE-WING FONG
LLOYD

BI

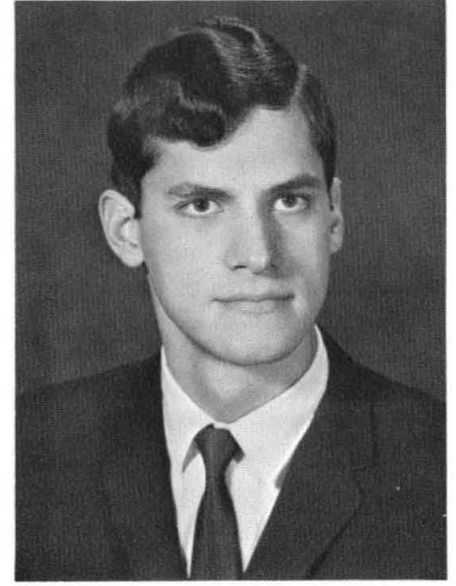
Although Yee-Wing came to Lloyd as a junior, he lost no time in establishing himself as a leading house member and a welcome addition to the vanishing class of 1970. After only two terms at Tech he joined the swollen ranks of House Secretaries. Not satisfied with so little to do, Yee-Wing personally supervised the planning and construction of Lloyd's towering Trojan Horse for Interhouse, thus providing the House with fond memories of papier-mache, missing tools, and Chinese curses. Since his art work is outstanding, Yee-Wing has decided to take up decorative embroidery around the incisions he'll make as a Caltech-graduated physician; would you buy a used heart from a doctor who went here?



JAMES IRWIN GARRELS
PAGE

PH

From the ol' hawg farm in Iowa, James Irwin came to Tech to learn how to make his fortune in science. Unfortunately, the urge to troll got the best of him and he became occupied with physics. Periodically, his attentions were diverted to interhouse sports, where he became known as the terror of third base. Not being content with handling his own books, he wanted to handle other people's as well, so Jim became house librarian. When Racah coefficients proved almost fatal, Jim decided to leave the land of the dead and take up biology, extending his term at Tech by another year. Of course, being No. 4 in the draft had absolutely nothing to do with this Ultimately, Jim plans to enter medicine, where he'll finally be slitting abdomens instead of throats.



ROBERT ALAN FROHWERK
PAGE

ENG

As he awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a student of math and physics. What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room was a normal human bedroom, only surrounded by ivy covered walls. His burning eyes turned to the window through which he saw the overcast sky above Pasadena and vowed that he would escape. Having lost the price of one admission to the Magic Theater, he disposed of his other-worldly belongings by pawning them off onto his half-witted neighbor R.A. Troll. The Downfall of the West freed him at the last moment to take a position upon the Magic Mountain where he has since shown remarkable progress towards recovery.

Throughout his Trial, the Phrog was inspired by the writings of Hesse, Huang Po, Huxley, Ibsen, James, Kafka, Lao Tsu, Mann, Nietzsche, Sartre, Shakespeare and Watts, as well as the works of Vargas and Parker and Hart in spite of those of Apostol and Feynman. Among those persons to whom he owes sincere gratitude are the following friends, some known casually, some on business terms and others simply: Mary, Leroy, Mike, Jane, Colleen, Sharon, Cheri, Sonoya, Sue, Diane, Dottie, Jane (again), Ken, Jane (once more), Paul, Linda, Debbie, AXK, HAR, Irene, Joanne, Barbara, Bette, and Vera and RPF (without whom none of the others would have been possible). In closing, No. 366 turns to the Establishment, bows and in due respect admits that none of the above names were changed as none were innocent and furthermore that this is in every sense a true R-F.



GENE TSURUO FUJIMOTO
DABNEY

CH

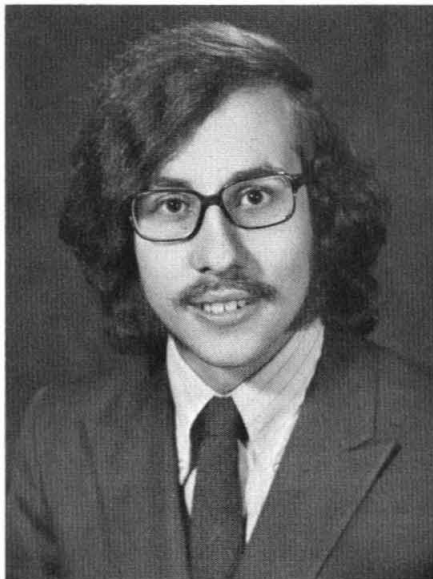




JAMES LEROY GOULD
FLEMING

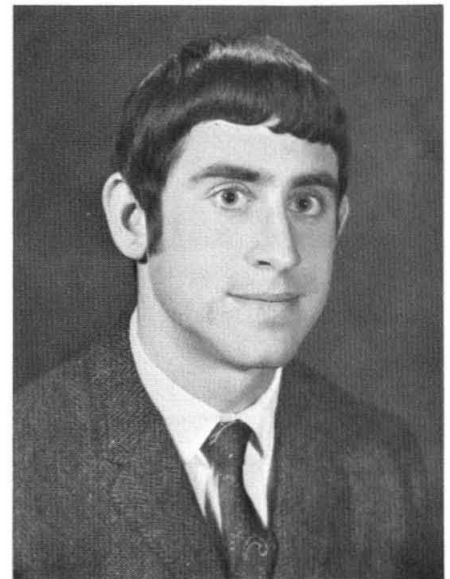
BI

The only non-athlete ever to have been president of Fleming House, Jim leaves his honey bee research to begin graduate study in ethology at the Rockefeller University.



DAVID ALLAN GRANO
PAGE

PH



ROBERT JAMES GRAY
RICKETTS

MA

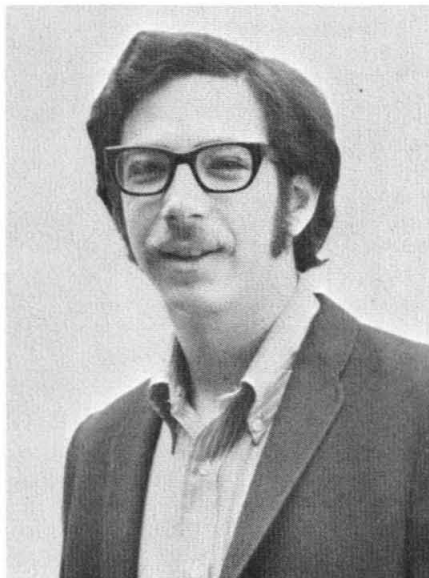


PETER DAVID HARTZMAN
FLEMING

MA

a difficult task, surrounded in Alley 6 by officers and coke bottles. Higgins had the solution to the coke bottle problem—he slept on them. Higgins would argue with anybody, at any time. He even argued with Holcombe the one time the Texan didn't feel like arguing back. It seems he was demonstrating Yoga in Alley 4, with his feet behind his head, and it seems they got stuck there. With ropes. Cook was there, having just gotten back from a Dockstader blind date. She was typical County General, but at least *she* was eighteen. Cook was always going to Frisco, just as Heisler was always going home. Heisler played nothing but the Beach Boys, while fellow

GØ TØ WINTER, P

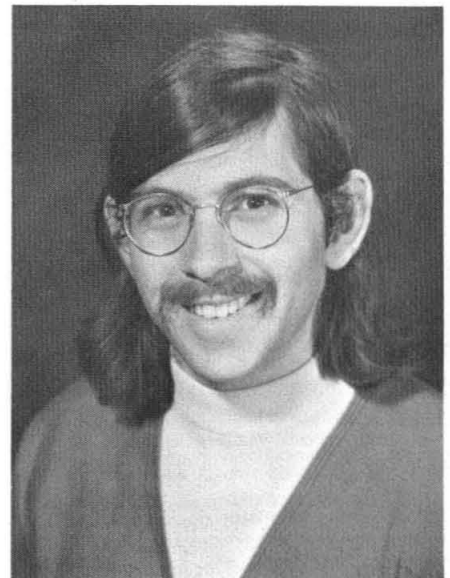


STEVEN LUDVIC HEISLER
FLEMING

CH E

frosh workchairman. The only thing that seems to get our class worked up is Piccard's lending raunch library. You can borrow anything but money from Piccard—his notes, his books, and his straight lines. Even so, he was a bad foil for Strelitz, but a good foil on our school fencing team. We also like to foil Paul Engelking, our Spiro Agnew. The voice of reason at Excomm meetings, but the voice of Demosthenes (with pebbles) at dinner announcements. Bell ringer Miller shouldn't have called on him. Or not have picked him when he sat in on our rotation meetings, the sneaky son of a buck. Strelitz stands up and asks what Heisler's pet has in common with his dates. Stevie, owner of a

GØ TØ BURTON, R



ALLEN GENE HIRSH
RICKETTS

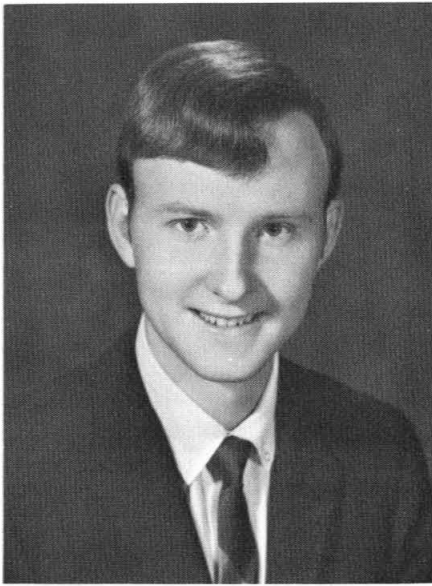
BI

Al came to Tech from New Jersey, already notorious for his high-school use of semi-formal clothing. While working towards his degree here, he increased his already pungent reputation with his research into plants and herbs, the results of which turned Apache '69 into a completely unforgettable experience for all. Also famous for his human side, Al graced the office of Ricketts House RLPL for several terms.

DAVID PAUL HERMEYER
RICKETTS

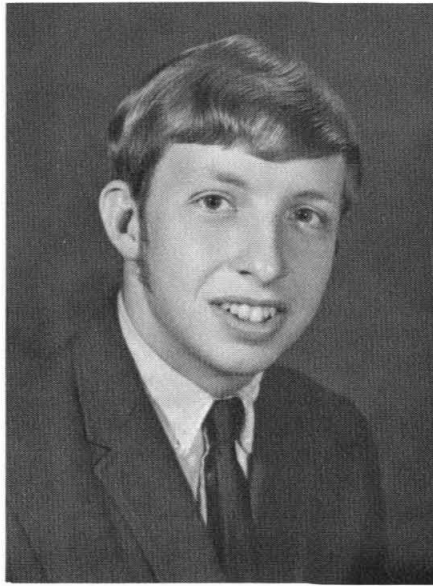
PH

"And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep."



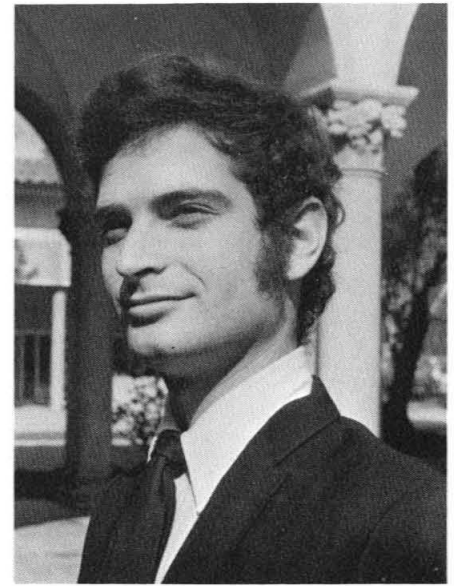
NEIL CONRAD HOLMES
PAGE

PH



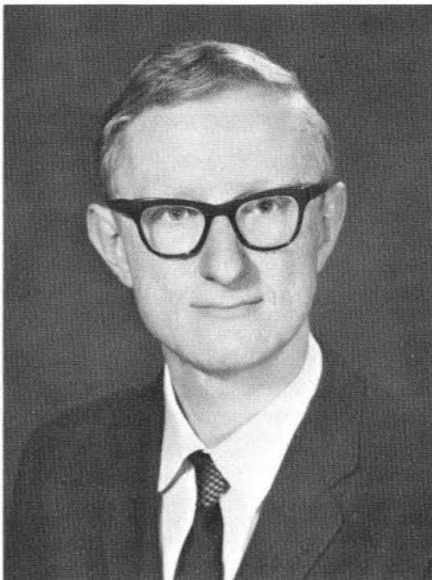
DERRY PAUL HORNBUCKLE
RUDDOCK

ENG



STEPHEN MICHAEL HORNER
DABNEY

EC

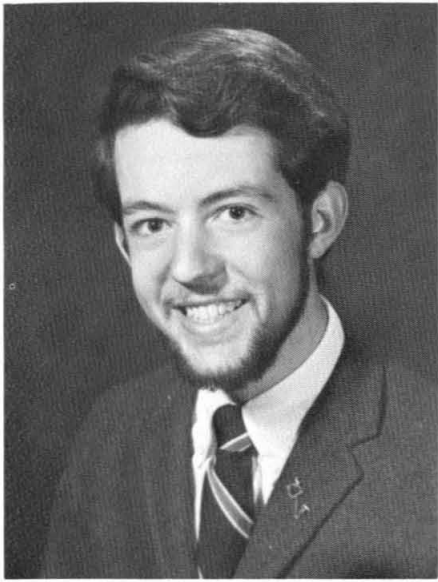


TEX LAWRENCE HORNING
RICKETTS

CH

At Tech, Tex majored in lock-picking, room-stacking, tool-loaning, money-handling, and quantum mechanics, and minored in chemistry. As czar of the student shop for three years, he ruthlessly terrorized other students. His year as Ricketts treasurer added to his awesome power and authority. He now plans graduate work in chemistry at the University of Chicago, but he will not soon be forgotten by Ricketts men, particularly those who need to borrow tools.





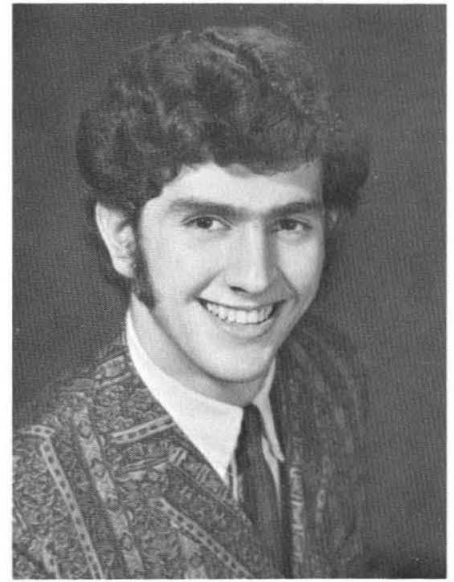
RICHARD EDWIN HOWARD
DABNEY

PH



KENNETH LOWELL HULTMAN
DABNEY

PH

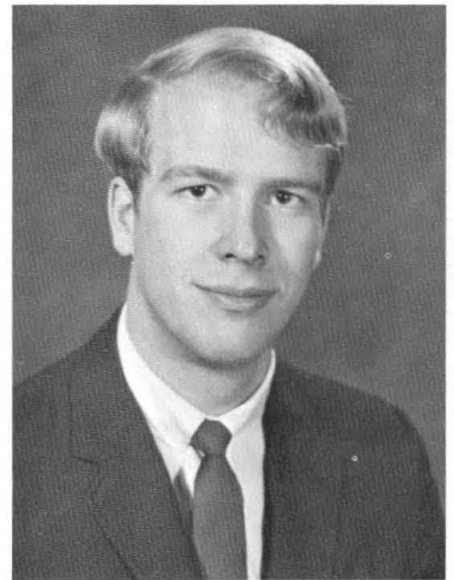


JAMES JOSHUA HORWITZ
LLOYD

MA

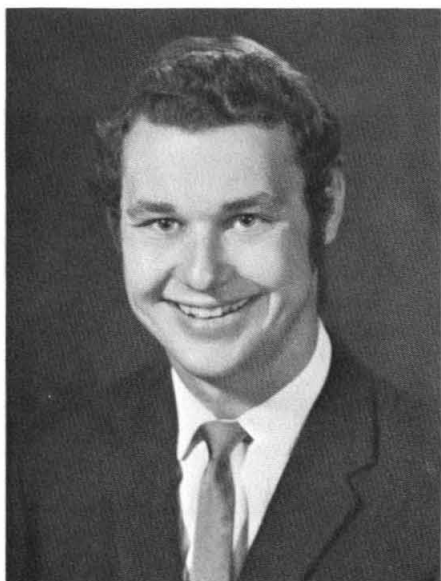
Here I am, graduating from Tech. I'd really like to thank all those who made this unbelievable feat possible, especially God, who was with me the whole way including three (3) years of freshman English. Now, though my future is a bit hazy, I know He will be by my side to help me make a lot of money and to help my hair grow really fast 'cause He's a really heavy cat.

Jim Horwitz



ROBERT EARL JACKSON, JR.

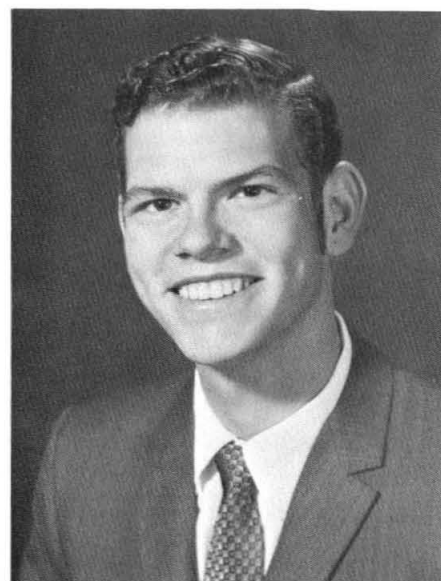
Pitter patter, pitter patter. See San Marino first. Cough, gasp! Javelin throwing builds broken bodies twelve ways. Resurrect the rock freaks, belay up Millikan? You do what? Oh, it's an orange worm. Remember how Trotsky died. OAU Military Observer-Pompidou-Deutschland Uber Alles-God! Oh, come on dickie, you know I can't dance. Ah, culture. Beer, what's that? Want to see some feelthy pictures? SF. Ay, out of this world. Help, I'm a rock. Don't knock older women (?). Anyone seen my head lately? Just a friend who lives in Boston. But, some of my best friends are psychologists. The voters get what they deserve. KARMA. Ha, Ha!



ERIC BRUCE JENSEN
RICKETTS

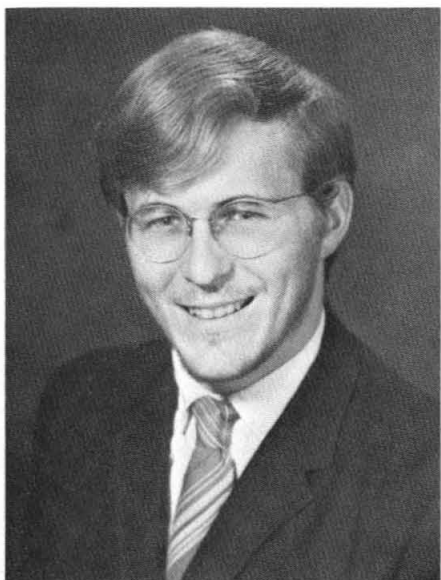
AY

Eric gained immediate notoriety at frosh camp, when Dean Strong turned his wrath upon his prominent hirsuteness. In Ricketts, he obtained as freshman the coveted office of RLPL, with the help of the Oiy machine and his Apache judging costume. He eventually held the lesser offices of treasurer and president, and served twice as UCC as well. Eric was active in many other activities. He was a member of the Glee Club for two years, served on the EPC and faculty library committee, and ran the 440 and 440 IH in track for three years. He was one of three members of the class of '70 to play football four years, the others being co-captains Beagle and Pockay. His senior year he played for the Rugby team. He has long had an avid interest in the outdoors; his pictures of mountains, deserts, canyons, and forests grace these pages.



ANDREW HORACE JOSEPH
DABNEY

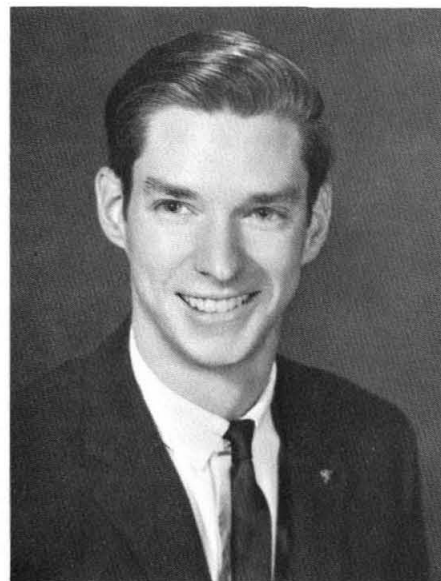
EC



STEVEN ANDREW JOHNSON
DABNEY

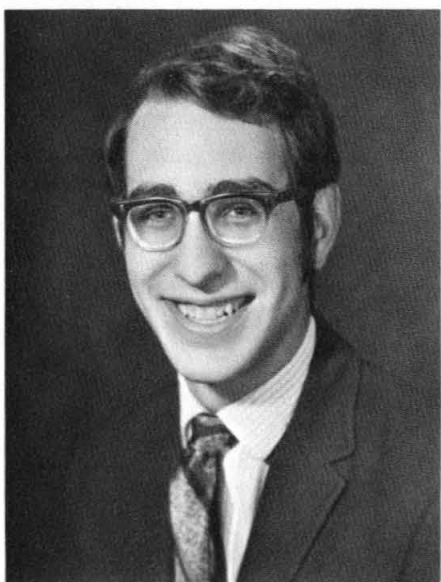
MA

A fine young Air Force Brat most recently from Wiesbaden, Germany, J-the-Kid came to Tech hot to get smart. First term frosh year cured him, bin grooving ever since. Best known as lounge rat, bridge troll, H2O2 freak, interhouse jock, and other names. Springboard diver, motorcycle klutz. Digs off-campus life; charter member, Dabney JAC. Number 148 suggests five years evasive action. Jes' keep on trucking, Duke.



FREDERICK WILLIAM KLEIN
DABNEY

AY



MICHAEL L. KAHN
RUDDOCK

PH

Shuttling in from the Land of Enchantment in a festered red Toyota, weaving his way through and out of the physics option, relating incredible yarns during all-night Corona punts, the vision of Mike still looms large around Tech, even though he left a term early to un-warp himself in the mountains (woof). Bucksnot almost proved his unraveling, yet he emerged from mud and fire to chair the EPC, teach Math 1 to the incompetent frosh (redundant), write poetry, and make a miserable attempt to raise beasties and a beard. Neither worked, but he was a marvel with phycomyces, sea-bass jello, and Franco-American delight. To a true SCBCS, "I raise my middle finger in the only fitting salute!"

(The author of the following statement, a member of the class of 1970, asked that it be printed anonymously.)

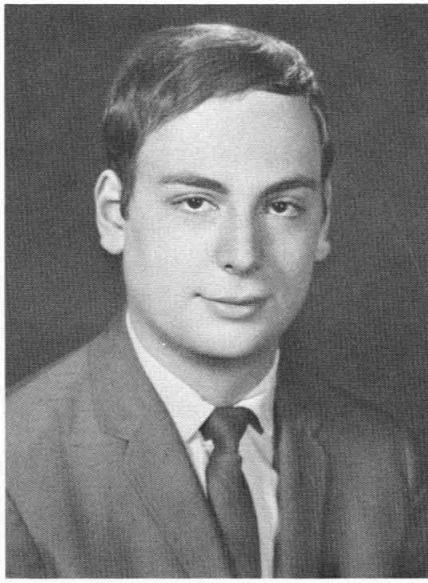
In recognition of these pitifully few good persons to whom I owe so much more than this mention: Lee Taylor, Irwin Jaeger, George Hammond, Jerry Pine, Barry Barish, Richard Dean, Robert Phillips, John Bahcall, Andy Buffington, Paco Lagerstrom.



MAN-KING LEE
RICKETTS

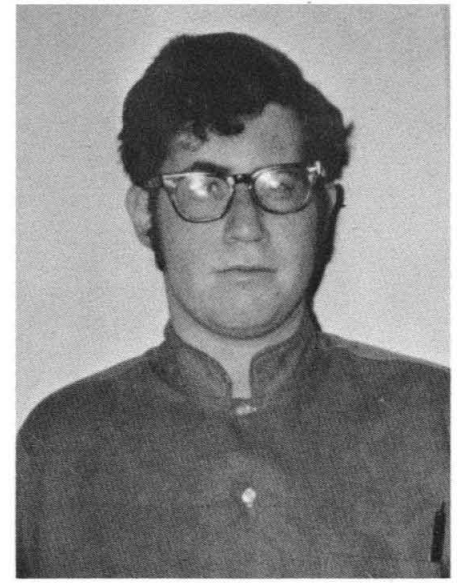
ENG

Leo came to Tech and Ricketts House as a sophomore after an unhappy year at Rensselaer. His quick popularity led to him being chosen UCC of Crud Alley as a junior. He has been a member of the Glee Club all three years, with experience in the Chamber Singers as well. As a senior, Leo acquired the campus's biggest motorcycle, his Royal Enfield 750. He has also been active in the low-pollution car project. He plans to return to Tech next year for a second B.S. degree, in economics.



STANLEY PHILLIP LEVY
BLACKER

ENG

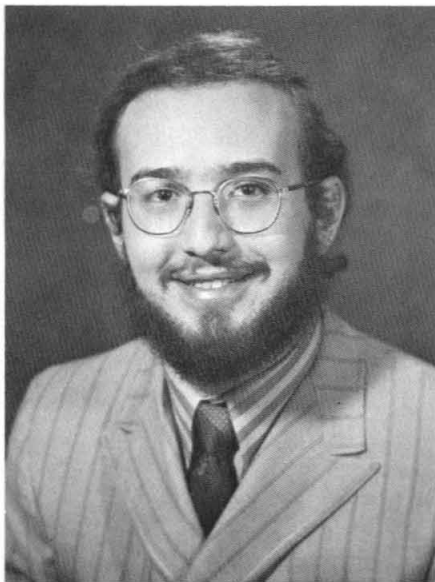


DAVID ISAAC LEWIN
DABNEY

BI

Fleeing from the common cold, Dave came to Tech and became an activist. (An activist? Here?) A stint as Y treasurer was followed by a year as editor of the blazing, throbbing, misinforming TECH. The next year found him back on the Y Executive Committee as a Representative-at-Large. In the meantime, Dave discovered that being an off-campus biologist was a definite survival factor in life at Tech. Having had enough of smoggy California, he will be heading to New Haven next year to pursue his biological interests and see what develops.





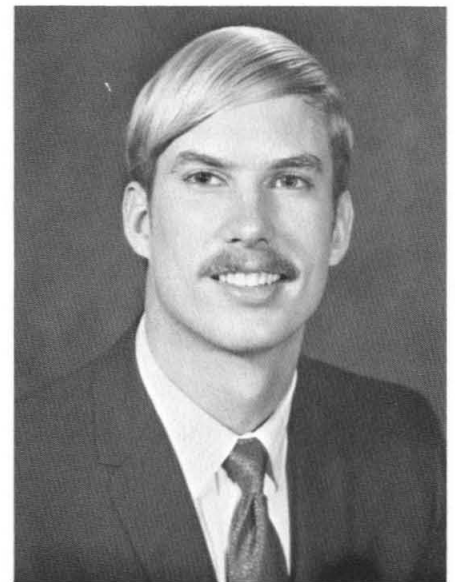
MICHAEL JOSEPH LINDENFELD
LLOYD

PH



ALEXANDER C.R. LIVANOS
OFF-CAMPUS

ENG

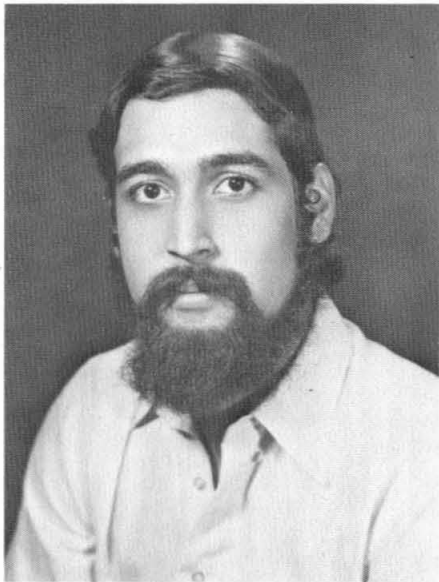


RICHARD BENFER LOHMAN
RICKETTS

ENG

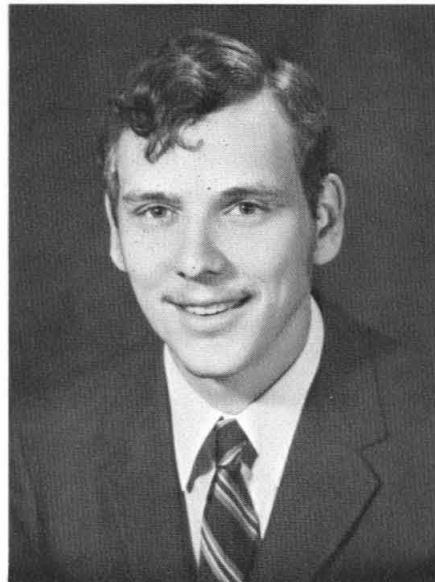
Ric came to Tech from the warm sun of Rio de Janeiro, and quickly acquired a study reputation around Ricketts for both the quality and quantity of his female companionship. He was appointed UCC of Herc for his sophomore year, being one of the few ever to become a UCC at such a "virgin" age. He is also noted for the incredible complexity of his room decorations, and for his tank of tropical fish. In spite of the relative safety of having SSS Local Board No. 100, Washington, D.C., his strong patriotism led to his enrollment in Air Force ROTC, where he has dramatically shown his strong dislike for physical exams.





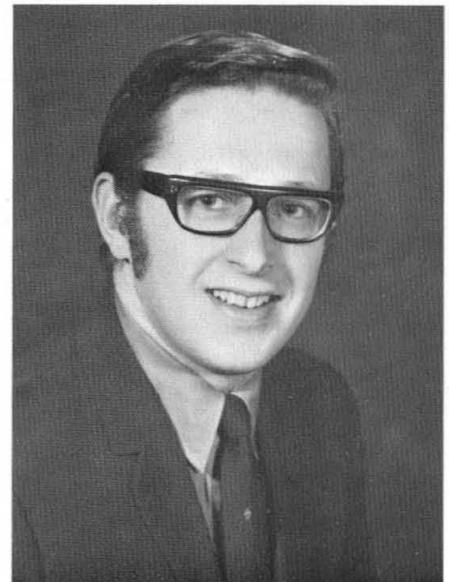
LEO GOMEZ LOMELI
FLEMING

PH



JAMES DUNCAN MACNAIR, JR.
RICKETTS

PH

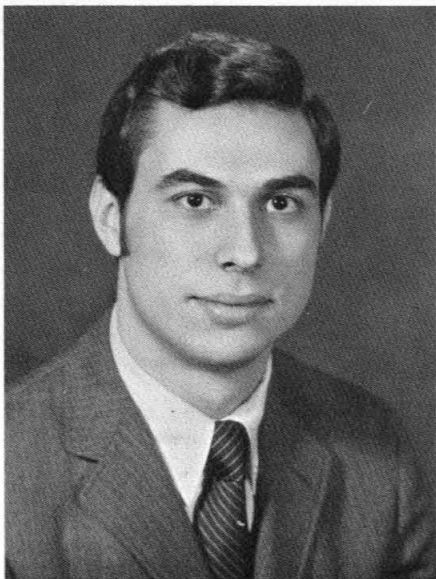


ISSAAC MAJEROVICZ
OFF-CAMPUS

ENG

impress little kids. Leo Lomeli, huh? He and Waterland used to fly his control line airplane on Sunday afternoons. Larry would stand on the baseball diamond making it do loops and dives, with his shoes falling apart, his cigarettes in his mouth, and an insane look on his face. Lomeli was always going around in circles; and later, on cycles. This lousy pun comes from Beck, the most notorious cyclist in history—truly a nocturnal beast. So was Bresson, until he became a solid citizen again. Working at the bank, living at home, and marrying a hometown girl. Bradley is getting married, too, though with him you'll never know for sure. Dave Dockstader was

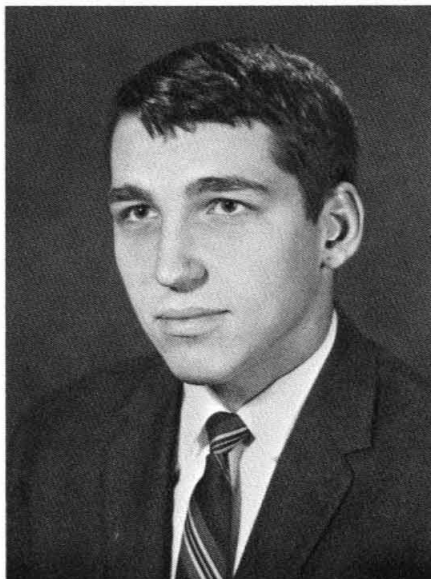
GØ TØ STRELITZ, R



PETROS ZANIS MANTARAKIS
BLACKER

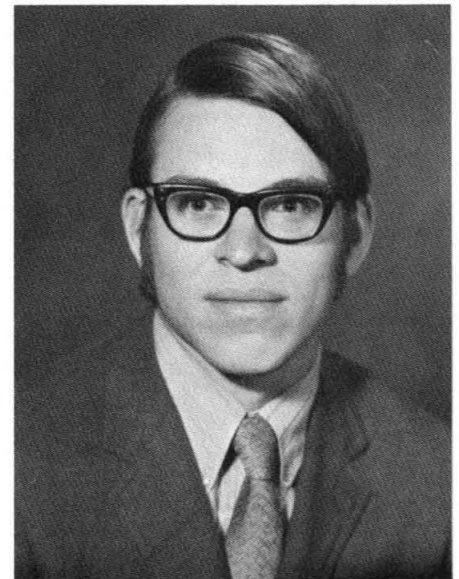
AY

He came from New York City, hardly what you'd call a tenderfoot, yet somehow he managed to be taken for a ride on a '56 Oldsmobile, a '64 Ducatti Diana, a '57 MGA, a '63 Triumph Chopper, and a '68 Firebird 350. Deciding that motor vehicles just weren't his bag he finally settled down in a field in which he had much experience coming from New York City, astronomy.



THOMAS HENRY MARKERT
DABNEY

PH

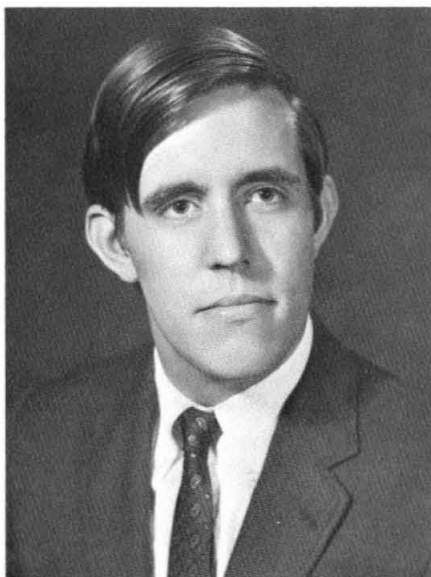


HOWARD DENNIS MARSHALL
BLACKER

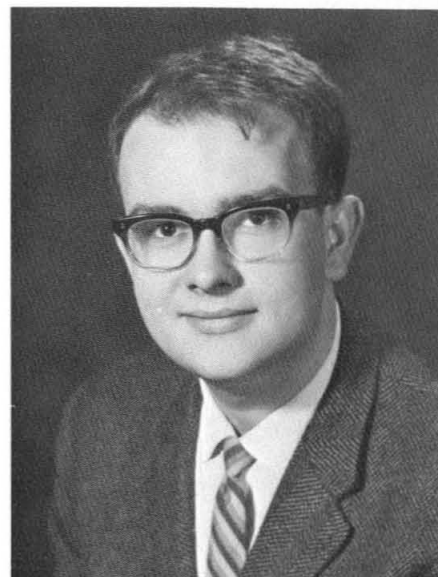
ENG

MARTIN JOSEPH MARSHALL
OFF-CAMPUS PH-EN

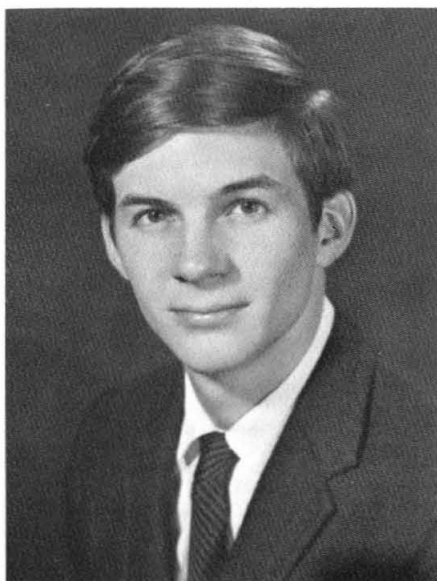
"Not with a whimper, but with a bang."



DOUGLAS COLBOURNE MASON
OFF-CAMPUS CH

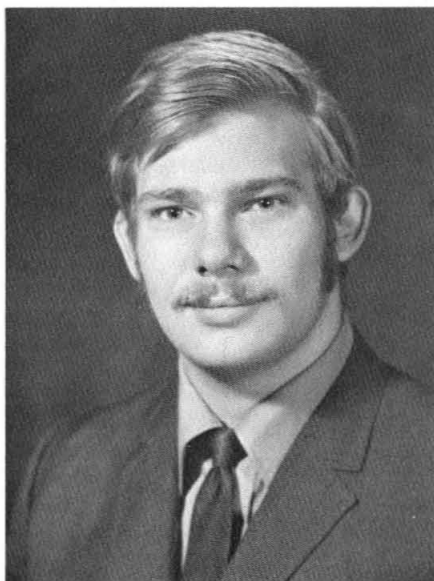


JOHN JOSEPH MCCARTHY, JR.
RUDDOCK PH

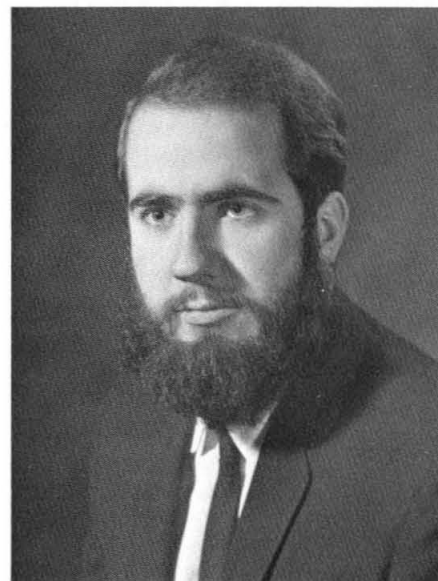


MARK JOHN MELDGIN
RICKETTS CH

Mark has established for himself in Ricketts a reputation both incredible and unique, and has singlehandedly begun an ongoing tradition there that may never end. This reputation, and this tradition, can best be summed up in Toby Casteel's immortal line that started the whole thing: "Meldgin, YOU POLACK!" Mark created, nay, *defined* the office of House Polack as only a genius could, with simple actions such as cleaning spoons, eating ice cream, cooking eggs, throwing notes out of cars. And who will ever forget the joys of Polish Constitution Day? After graduation, "the world's only walking ethnic joke" plans graduate school in chemistry.

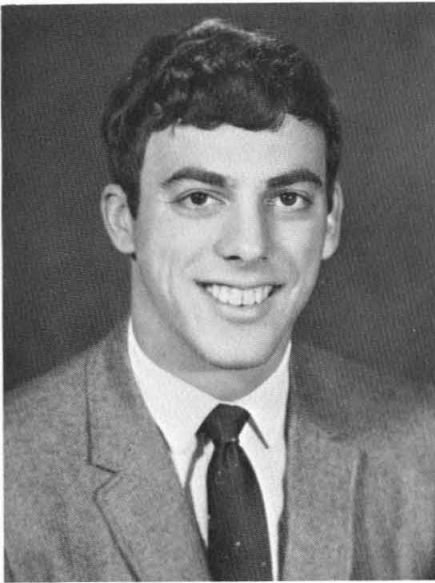


JOHN PATRICK MESSMER
LLOYD ENG



THOMAS EDWARD METKE
RICKETTS ENG

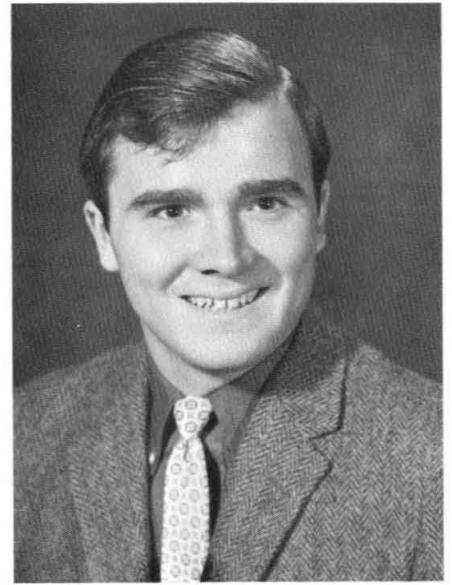
During initiation at the beginning of freshman year, Tom was accused by the Ricketts pledgemaster of being "a man of the world." Although he denied it vigorously, his actions since then have belied his words. Who else has the suave sophistication to disappear completely from the house, only being missed after a week has elapsed, finally reappearing to announce that the time had been spent on a trip to San Francisco? Who else is as familiar with the wiles of the 2 to 4 a.m. "in" crowd on downtown Pasadena streets? Besides his fame for knowledge of such social graces, Tom has also garnered a reputation as an aviation and ordnance expert, and has proven to be an invaluable interpreter of war movies on late-night T.V. After graduation he will likely be found camping in the Cascades.



THOMAS DALE MILLER
FLEMING ENG

to argue with him quite loudly. The argument breaks up when Nocar brings Mary Sue, she of the house as big as Steele, by. Jim was the first of our class to take the plunge. What a wedding. And what a bachelor party. Ay major Nocar sits plastered talking of space curvature and gravitational collapse, while Bradley ponders the previous remarks on neutron stars. "Imagine, a basketball as big as the Earth." The gang finally flowed over to Bob's, where Carl David Anderson still busses dirty dishes, according to Reynolds. Yes, Reynolds, most naive frosh, who entered a "scoring" contest with Big Al. Little did he know that Al's score was really

GØ TØ WATERLAND, L



KEVIN MICHAEL MONAHAN
BLACKER PH

14 January 1967

Mr. Kevin Monahan
Blacker House
Caltech

Dear Mr. Monahan:

The rules concerning the presence of women in the alleys and in the individual rooms of the student houses are of great importance, and deserve the respect and compliance of all house members. Infractions of the rules are inimical to the continuation of the present liberal policies with respect to the entertainment of women at Caltech. It is only by universal and considerate observance of the "women rules" that they remain equitable and meaningful.

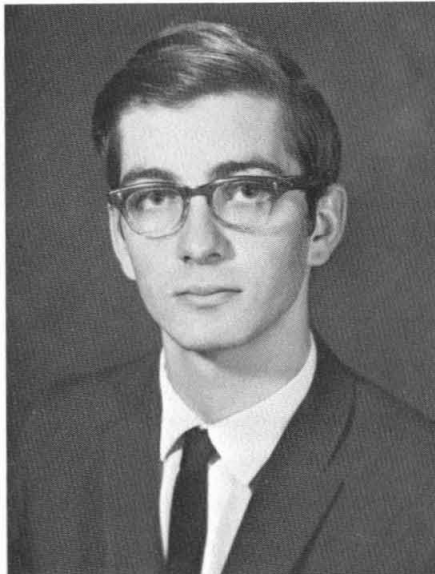
The Upper Class Committee of Blacker House thus regards with displeasure the infraction of the rules which occurred the early morning of Saturday 14 January 1967. Your lack of preparations for insuring that your date would be out of your room and out of the alleys by one o'clock indicates a lack of concern on your part for the importance of the "women rule".

In the hope that their action may help to impress upon you the need for respect of the "women rule," the Upper Class Committee hereby suspends your privileges for entertaining women within the alleys or rooms of any student house for a period extending from 1:15 p.m. Saturday 14 January 1967 until 12:01 a.m. Monday 6 February 1967.

You will also be on probation for the rest of the school year with the understanding that any further infraction, no matter how "minor," will be met with serious consequences.

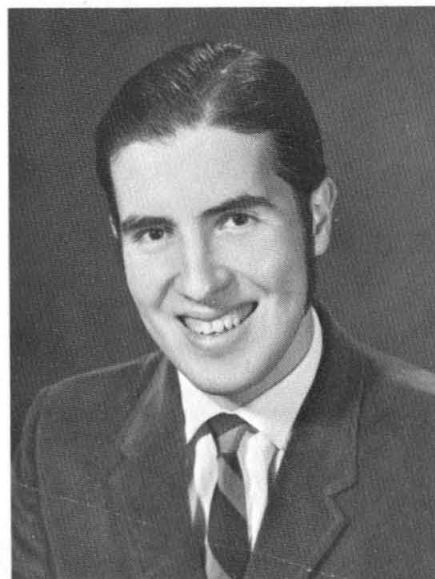
We hope that you appreciate the need for the action which has been taken.

Sincerely,
Terry G. Allen
Vice-President



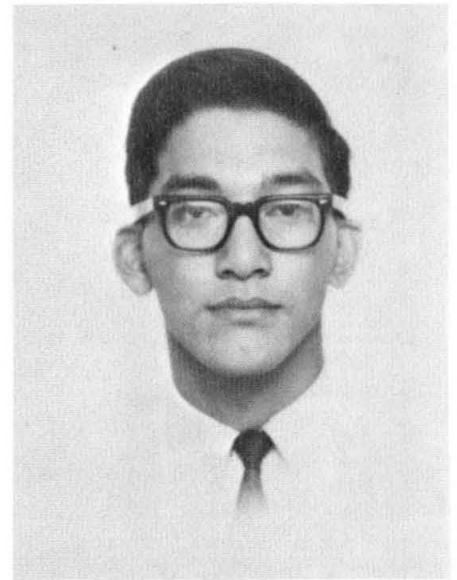
TERRENCE NEIL MOORE
RUDDOCK MA

Who else is master of the finest kitchens in Sloan and Altadena, is a 1-1 mapping onto free food, can out-eat O.C. Box, and yet is underweight for the draft? Who else is wedged enough to play two years in the band, work for the ASCIT Research Project, and pay \$38 for Tau Beta Pi? Who else took to junior year to discover G&C as a math T.A., all night beach and Mr. Wilson punts, and n inches of rain at Bucksnot? Who else can live three years in Ruddock House, break his toe in wad soccer, and never finish his pre-amp? And who else can be so near the infinite truths of analysis and yet pervert himself to non-standard deities? Only an inverse math troll of the 22,300th degree, the above s.e.g'ing S.C.B.C.S.



ARMANDO FERNANDES DA SILVA MOREIRA
OFF-CAMPUS PH

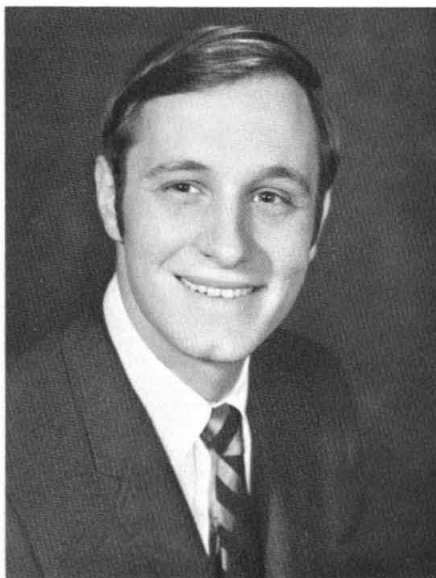




GARY TSOHI MURATA
PAGE

PH

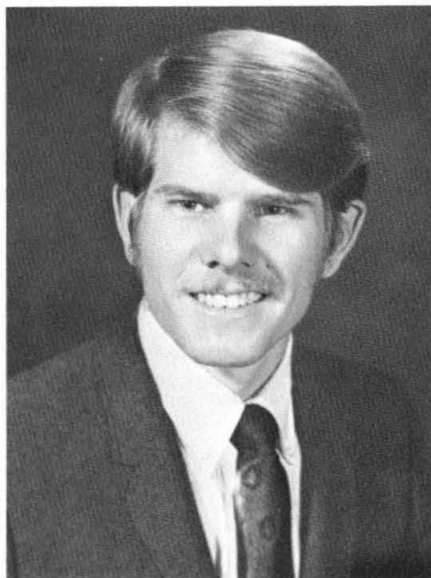
Gary arrived at Tech, a gift from the Axis Powers, and made his presence known right away by his amazing trolling capacity. After Elliot helped him through the frosh year, however, Gary took a turn for the worse and became hopelessly addicted to booze and popcorn. Elliot had trained him well, though, and he persisted in snaking despite the thick clouds of burned grease and even found Apostol mildly interesting after a couple of daiquiris. His junior year, however, he decided he needed more protection (like on Pearl Harbor Day) so he moved off-campus with "hulk" into the impenetrable black jungle of Pasadena. Gary diversified somewhat during his senior year, having long since decided that boundary-value problems and quantum mechanics weren't exactly the keys to eternal happiness. He and Dung moved to the scorched wastelands of South Pasadena, where Gary got a Honda and joined the Yokohama Branch of the Hell's Angels. Now, having long since been cured of physics, Gary plans on re-joining the land of the living—and the rich—by going into medicine. Which only means that in about five years still another Jap is gonna be carrying a knife.



CARL RICHARD NEU
BLACKER

ED

A high school drop-out from Arlington, Virginia, Carl Richard Neu arrived at Tech as a sort of teetotal Miniver Cheevy. With a display of class seldom seen in this era, he soon found himself in many constructive punts, including *Totem* and the ASCIT musical, of which he later became choreographer, reviewer, and would-be director. Glee Club enjoyed his services as member, Chamber Singer, librarian, and president; the Church and the House of Blacker (ttboai) did as Pope. Known as Dick to his friends and Carl to his professors and employers, Neu decided after two years that rain and even math were not the most important things in the world. He chose econ, spurred on by a revelation from The Man that "an act of saving in itself does not constitute a change in the money supply."



VARD A. NELSON
OFF-CAMPUS

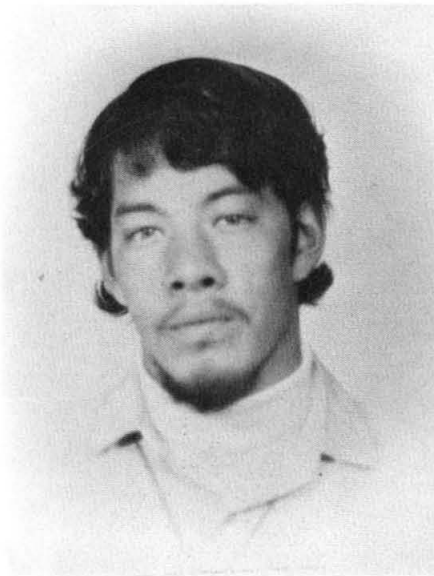
PH

JAMES LOUIS NOCAR
FLEMING

AY

front of the fireplace, argueing with Winter. Paul insisted that Fords didn't go, while Higgins insists that Henry once did. Winter is the epitome of southern California surferdom, and is unaware that his adversary has a screw loose. How could this northerner possibly know anything at all about cars; he doesn't even know what a car is really for —carrying boards. Over beneath the picture of Prince Eugene, Big Al is holding his own discussion with himself. He seems to be telling Reynolds and a few other gullible people of his various exploits. "Last summer I made \$57 an hour in Burbank, and all I had to do was ride my bike", he carefully explained in full detail

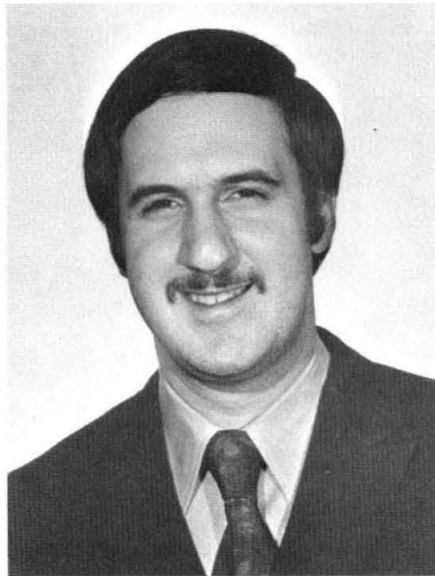
GØTØ BRADLEY, B



ARTHUR OGAWA
OFF-CAMPUS

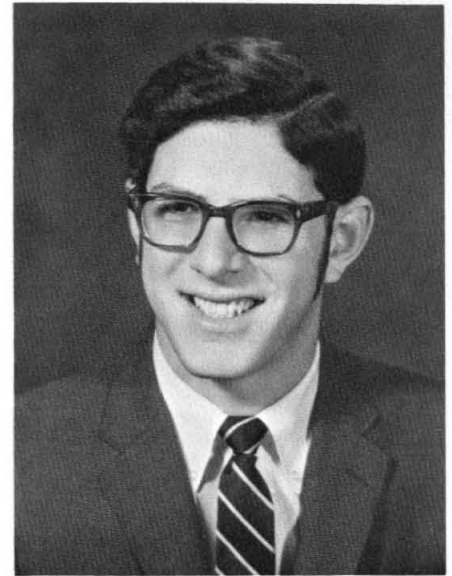
PH

Arthur Ogawa transferred to Caltech after spending just one year at the University of Wisconsin, and was repeatedly asked why he had done such an obviously unintelligent thing as to come to non-coed Caltech after coed UW. Never able to answer this question even to himself, he went about his sophomore year, spicing it with Karate Club, working for high energy physics, and Glee Club. Life changed upon the purchase of a red Norton motorcycle, which carried him off campus for the rest of his stay, and finally demanded all of his time for repairs. This activity was repeated for the benefit of a BMW at the end of his senior year, and after June he plans to take bike and degree to Berkeley to see how good their physics department's facilities are for working on motorcycles.



LESLEY BENNETT ORR
LLOYD

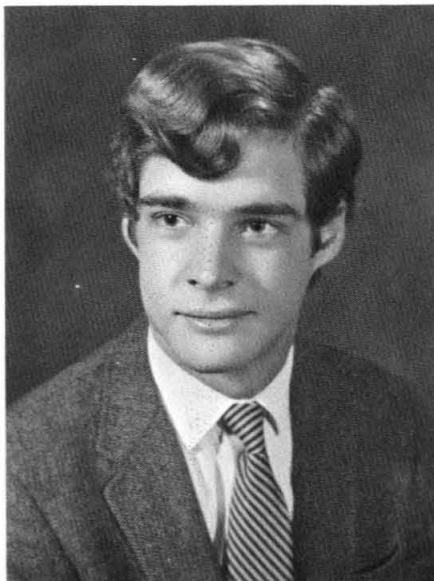
EC



STEVEN LAWRENCE PATT
PAGE

CH

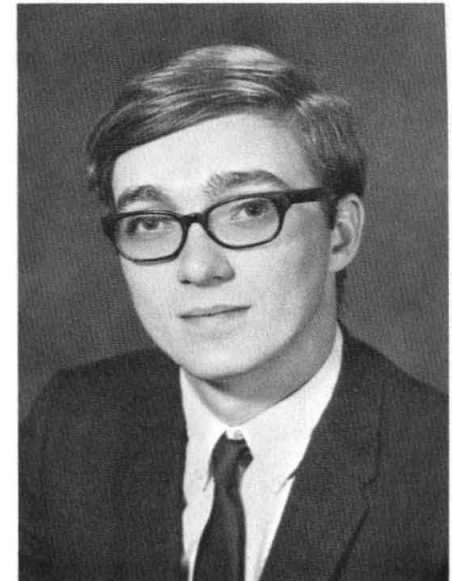
Steve arrived at Tech wearing his smile button, carrying his surfboard under his arm and a Black Russian in his hand. Four years later he's still wearing the same smile button but he's switched to Kool-Aid and doesn't get to the beach quite as much as he used to. Of course, four visits a week to Malibu during third term frosh year is a hard record to match! Even two years with Bicknell could not destroy the latent trollishness which lurked beneath the surface. As a junior, Steve moved off-campus to avoid the distraction of week-long Blitzkrieg games, and emerged to embrace his second love, chemistry, and is now learning the magic of initials like ICR and JLB. After graduation, it won't be long before he embraces his first love, Debi, who for four years has been waiting 3000 miles and \$50/month away. At last, he will no longer be "Close — but no cigar!"



PETER KELLEY PEARSON
BLACKER

CH

"Comics are probably the second best thing in the whole world." (He must mean next to artichokes.)
"I suppose if I were a *snake*, I'd go to Millikan and look it up."
"I'll be in Millikan for a few hours tonight."
"... I can't. I have to go watch Dr. _____ make a flaming a _____ of himself again."
"Why, where would the world be without Humanities majors? Look at Camus and Clemens. How could Yankee technology have developed to its current height without their inspirational genius?"
"Yeah, I have two finals tomorrow. I'd rather blow bubbles."
"If every person were a Peter Pearson, there would be no problems in the world. . . . All the problems in the world are caused by overpopulation."
"All of Blacker combined is not man enough to shower me in a women's dorm at Oxy."
And they weren't.



HARRY WILLIAM PETERSON
RUDDOCK

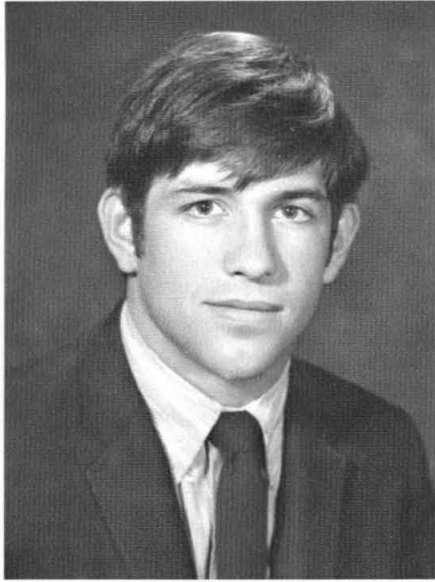
PH



RICHARD DICKSON PICCARD
FLEMING PH

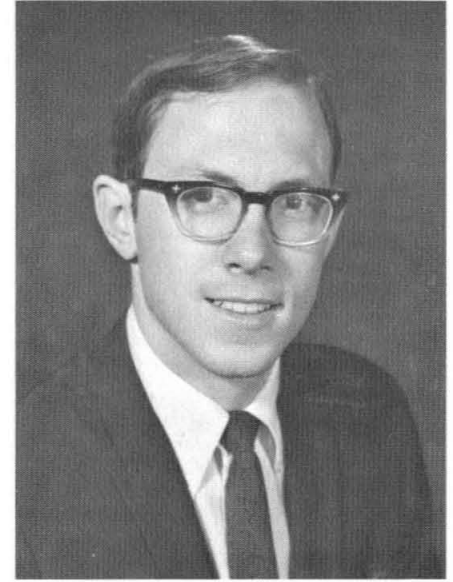
is drunk again." And like Tom he had to change options often. Tome went from EE to Business, while Paul went from Chem to Physics and never was the same since. Strelitz is trying to lure him into Geo, but even Paul aint that dumb. But Richard is even dumb enough to go out for soccer against animals like Sovero. Emilio Sovero, hidden deep in Firestone, who becomes a Peruvian panther when entered in beer drinking contests. He actually liked living in Alley 3. Another soccer masochist is Richard Burton, our class jock. "Grease floats." When not cleaning up in IH sports, Liz could be found wasting time playing bridge in the lounge. He and the Black Yo-yo, Brackenbury, would

GØ TØ ENGELKING, P



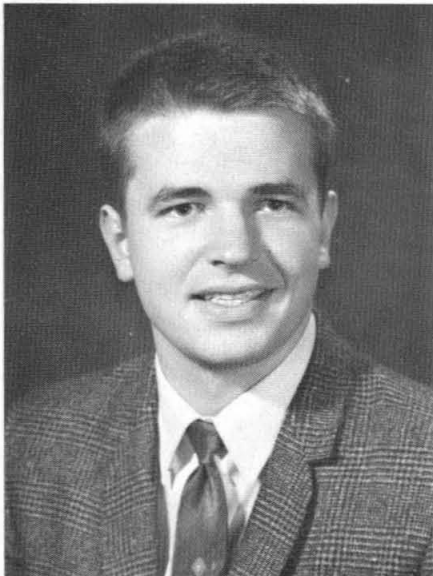
DENNIS EMIL POCEKAY
RUDDOCK ENG

Dennis, more commonly known as Slim, Fat Trool, F.T., F.F., etc. came to Tech as a young, innocent student and a younger guilty troll. In between he somehow found time to become an outstanding football player and lead singer of the Strolling Bones. He tried making it in basketball but soon learned that the rules differ slightly (4 fouls in 3 minutes) and changed his field of study to a girl named Jean. Between trolling and Jean Slim also got into corruptible positions such as ASCIT social chairman and Junior Class vice-president. However, all of Slim's talents were as yet untapped until the monster of monsters was unleashed on the world—bridge and the unfamous BPR (see Root).

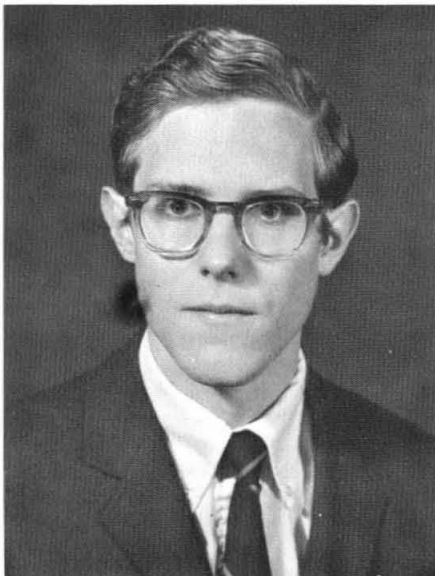


DANA AUBURN POWERS
PAGE CH

Back in the days when men were men and giants walked the earth (or slightly thereafter) the Los Alamos laboratory was the scene of a cataclysmic blast caused by the explosion of a cylinder of experimental gamma rays. The blast laid waste to the surrounding countryside for miles and mutated the mild mannered scientist, Bruce Banner, into the freak known as Dana Powers. Possessed of great genius (despite his 4.1 GPA) and even greater pishheadedness and arbitrariness, Powers found life in his native Coalinga intolerable and sought refuge in the monastic atmosphere of Caltech. Noting his pet white horse, Storm II, and his demoniacal temperament, Page House proceeded to make him a UCC to the enjoyment of upperclassmen and the dismay of frosh. Powers (on his horse Storm) proceeded to carry out his tasks with the gusty bravado of a retired S.S. man: "Frosh, you're warned—do that again and your ass is fined!" "But you can't fine me for. . ." "You're fined!!!" Powers also proved to be a great inspiration to the house in helping it fulfill its role as all-around thorn-in-the-side of the Master of Student Houses and campus liberals. His fertile mind helped spawn (bastardize) such monumental events as the great paper-mache tank fiasco, the David R. Smith Memorial Ramp, and the forthcoming Lost Weekend live-in. His joyful presence will surely not be missed in the halls of Page House, since word has come down that the great dork will be returning for graduate work next fall.

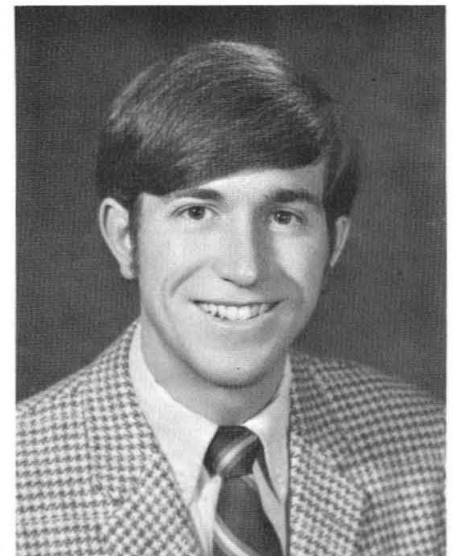


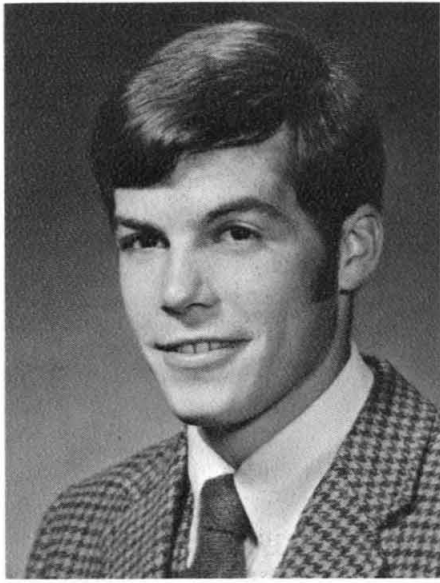
DOUGLAS ERIC REUL
RICKETTS PH



GREGORY MAYNARD REWOLDT
PAGE PH

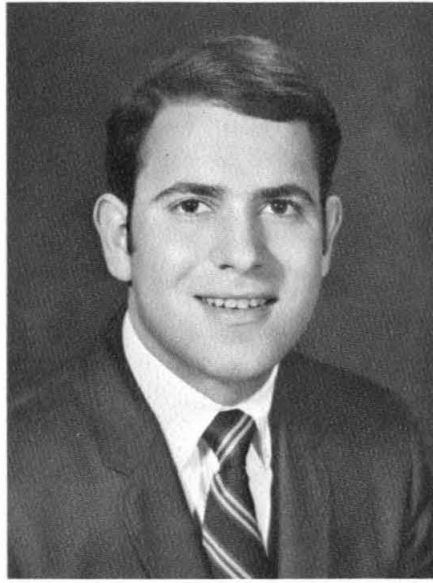
JAMES HARLAN RICHARDS
OFF-CAMPUS BI





GLENN DOWNES PRESTWICH
LLOYD CH

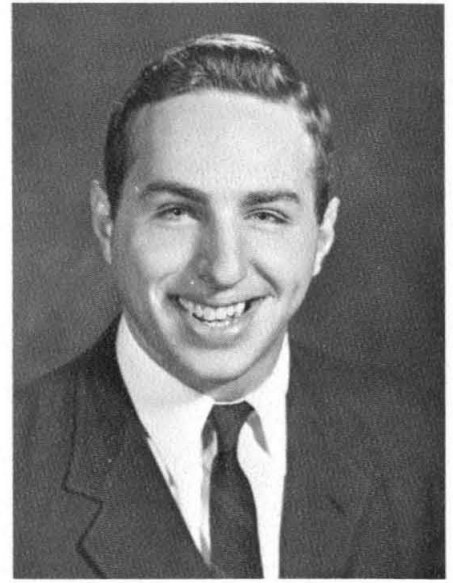
"Hey meester, you wanna buy sixty singing scientists. . . They're all virgins. . ." Thus spake the official flesh-peddler (often referred to as Business Manager) of the Glee Club—a living testament to nonsurgical tenor production. Corruption crept into the life of this innocent child early; following a transsexual initiation at Bob's, Prestwich was quickly accepted on the Lloyd waiting staff. A quick power grab rocketed him to librarian, and subsequent extortions as treasurer increased his infamy. After making the island girl and surveying the Castle, he retired into domesticity as the Fremont Manor cook and Beckman Aud slave. Now a devout organic chemist, he can be seen darting between labs and offices, begging for tour money, whistling "Rorate Coeli", and muttering erudite irrelevancies. A true product of the enviroment!



DONALD RALPH PUTNICK
FLEMING ENG

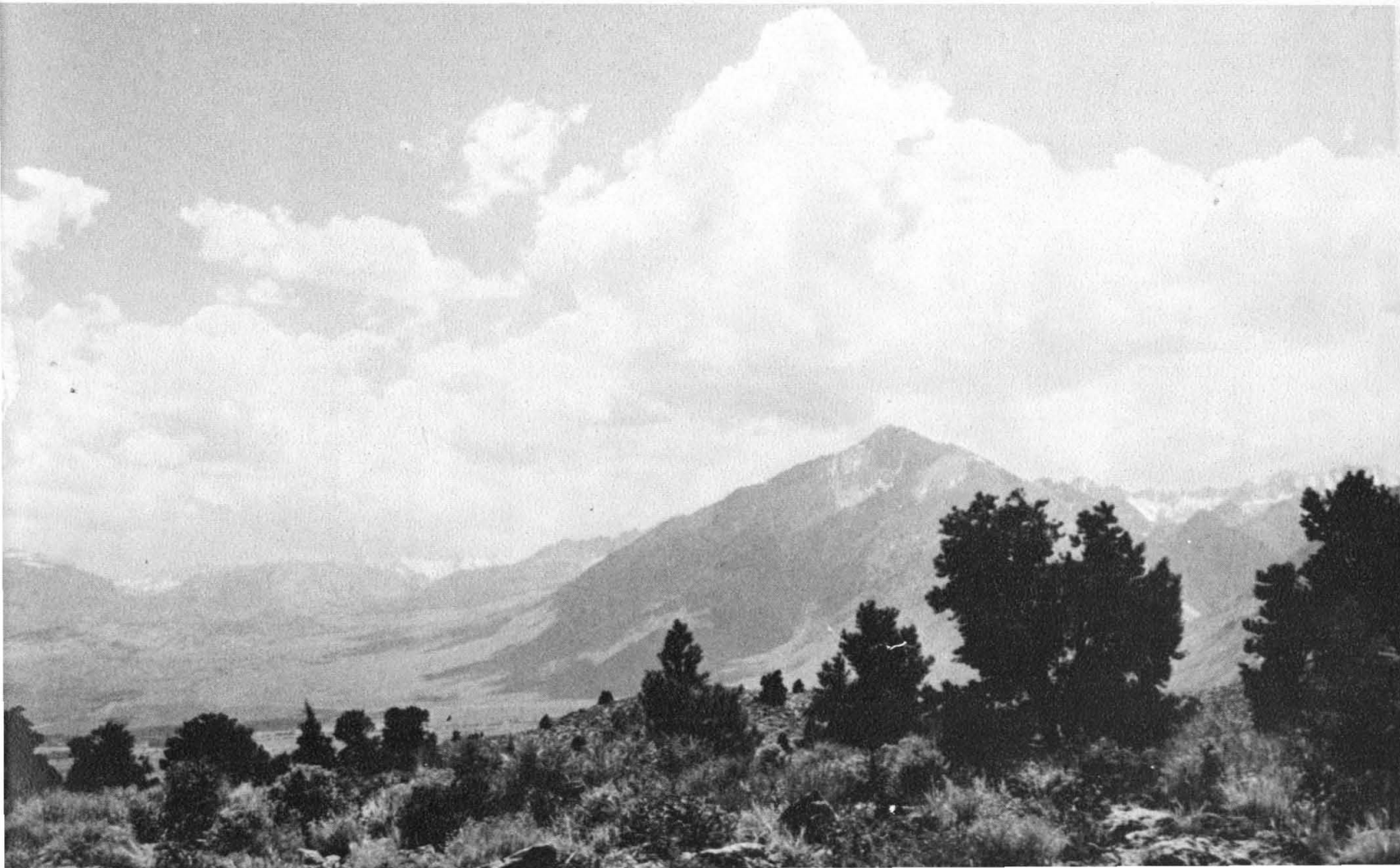
cowherd, was quite a muscleman. He and Bresson were quite a pair. When they went up to Frisco without notice, everyone was worried. But not worried enough to keep from R.F.'ing their rooms. But Vic pleaded innocence, having been spirited off by the likes of Beck and Segrave. Beck and Segrave—between them they made the ultimate random person. Eternally late and obscure, they formed a bastion of house insanity. Picture Beck sitting in his room, surrounded by books, his t.v., a jar of Constant Comment, and a sea of garbage. But he had to sleep in his chair, for Higgins laid claim to the bed. Miller is down the hall, trying vainly to keep his sanity. Even as President he found this

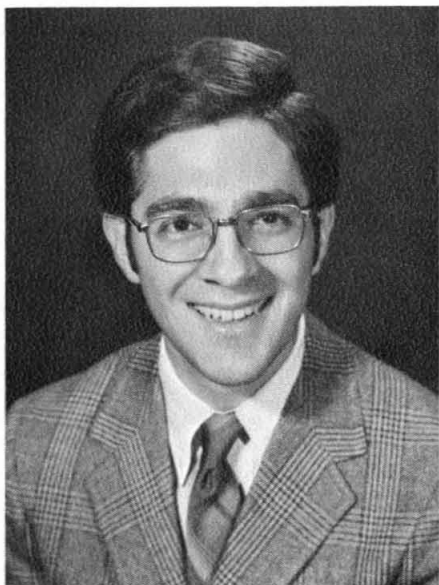
GØ TØ HARTSMAN, P



CARL CHRISTOPHER REED
BLACKER PH

A physics major with a suspicious interest in the emotional responses of plants, Chris has somehow managed to survive four years of bitter cold far from his native Puerto Rico. He has admirably demonstrated his dramatic ability by convincing all that he really didn't mind ROTC as well as by his performances in such roles as Captain Diaz in *The Castle* and the now legendary Air Intake Valve in *A Game of Chance*. In addition, Chris has sung with the Caltech Glee Club for three years breaking the Club record for most bananas consumed on Spring Tour and doing extensive field research into the appearance of the Bernoulli Effect in nature.

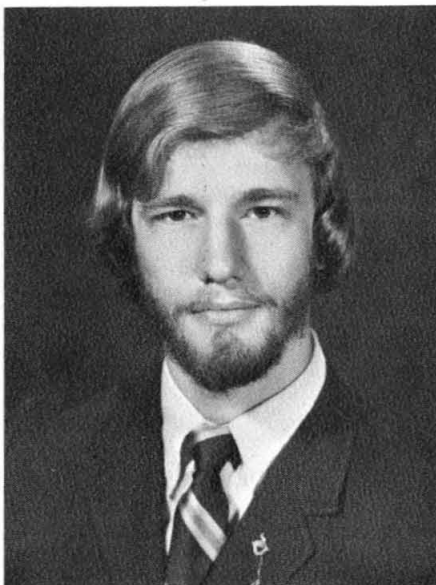




JEFFERY HOWARD RICHARDSON
PAGE

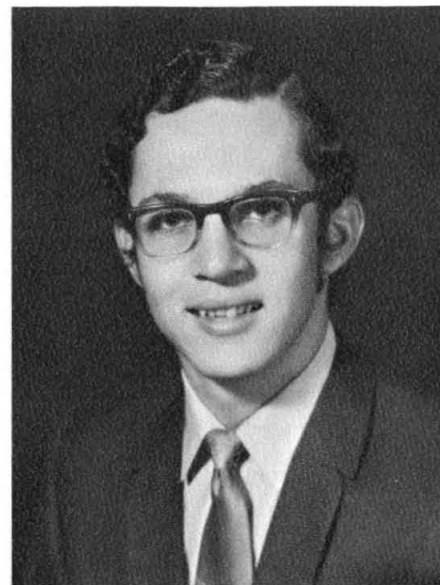
CH

Torn from his mother's arms in San Leandro, Jeff was hurled into the cut-throat world of Feynman, Apostle, and Waser. He there embraced a smattering of wrestling, a bit of geology, and learned of snakes, wedges, and trolls, of graphics, chemistry, and four point oh's. Harassed, weakened and humiliated he contracted a severe case of ROTC, which was gravely complicated by a lottery number of 86. In his third year Jeff left the Page House Oasis and hid himself in the wilds of the Pasadena wasteland. There with a bod-less bed, a well-thumbed book, and a midnight candle, he became a stranger to friend and foe alike.



STEFAN CONRAD RIESENFELD
DABNEY

PH



FRED PETE ROULLARD III
RICKETTS

PH



MICHAEL RUTH
RUDDOCK

BI

Root arrived at Tech in the fall of 1966 with short hair, black-rimmed glasses, and a pamphlet under his arm titled "Your Future in Chemical Engineering." However, as a sophomore Root discovered life could be high, and as a senior he went Hi-er yet. Throughout his years at Tech, he seldom fell from the crest of the depression wave he rode. His weight varied sinusoidally, but his strength decreased exponentially. However, Root's greatest single accomplishment was as co-inventor of the unfamous BPR system of bridge bidding:

South	West	North	East
1C	P	2C	P
3C	P	4C	P
5C	P	P	DBL

Oh, S*i*

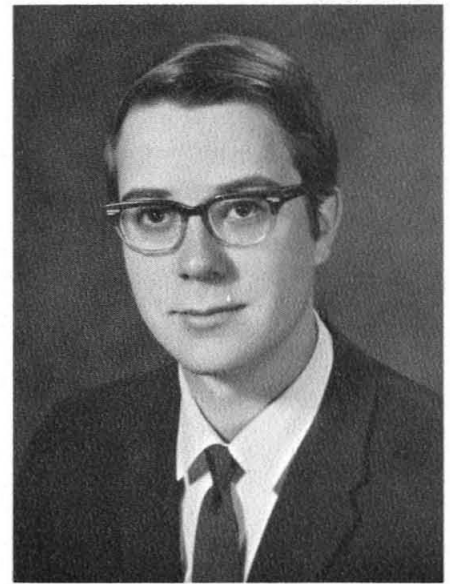
...down two.

The future holds a medical school deferment or a slow bus ride to Canada.



STEVEN L. SALEM
OFF-CAMPUS

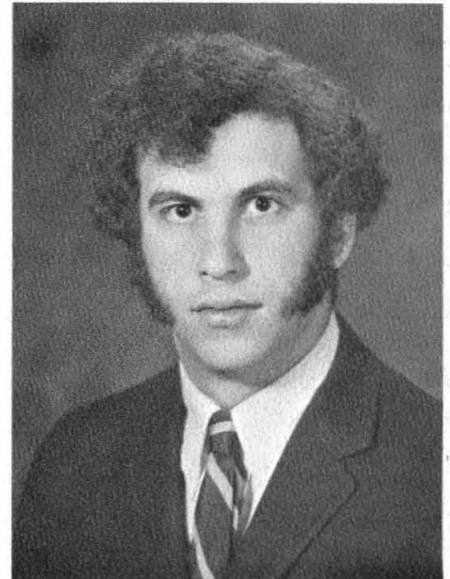
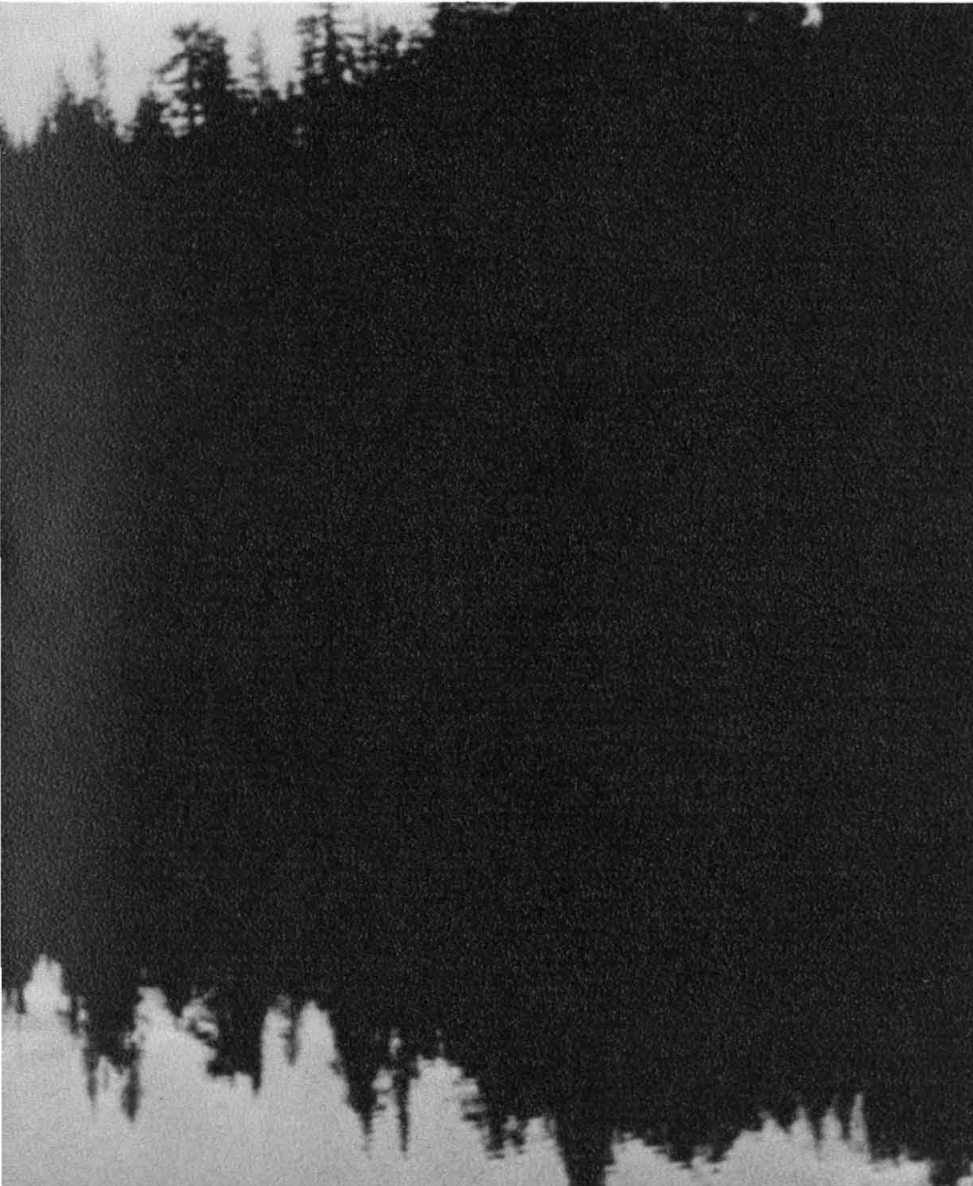
PH



DAVID PINELES SCHOR
OFF-CAMPUS

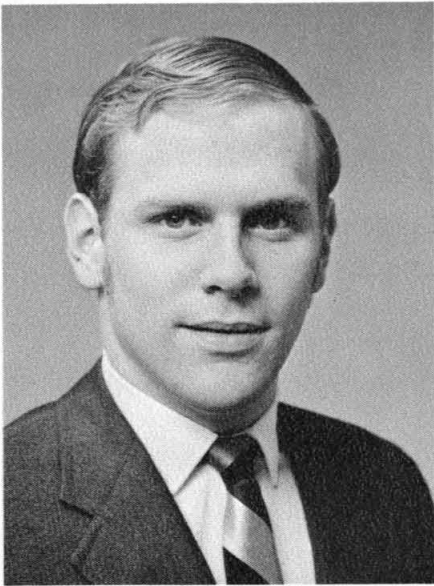
BI

As the third Techer ever to exist in triplicate David (otherwise known as Schor-sub-3) began his collegiate career with a lot of B.S. After his birth in August, 1967, he began Ministering to Students (Go Wes, he was told; Why Not? he asked and was told No.), becoming Secretary and founding President of the Holy Alliance during the Ambition Famine of '67-'68. He learned to say Yes to Are You Sensitive, although he didn't often find it facile. He said Excuse Me to URP, BURP and ARP and No to ARCs. He found TO Bi or Not To Be the real question. He caught Ricketts mid-way in his career and went into isolation (even abandoning the Glee Coat, yes SUR-sub-3) where he maintained the principles and practices of CFTD&SU. He plans to follow Gregg and lead Bob in Doctoring the Sic.



JEFFREY MARK SCHREDDER
DABNEY

BI



ADRIAN CHARLES SMITH, JR.
PAGE PH-EN-ENG

From Salinas, California and old pinball machines, CS advanced to Tech, and the world of self-focusing lasers. In a display of rare brilliance, Chip transferred from Fleming to Page in his freshman year. Here he suffered through a year of godliness, living in Healy's alley. With a voice second only to his own siren, many nights Chip echoed "I got the fear!" yells off the Millikan, in the wake of his triple-majoring. Not content with only the life of a troll, he also took a turn as Page House president, in which position he set a record for irate phone calls from the Master's office, which led to the David R. Smith Memorial Ramp. Nightly, Chip can now be seen puffing his way around the campus in a never-ending struggle against his own, personal spare tire. Cornell is the next step for Chip, and from there we wonder whether Nina or Uncle Sam will get him first. Meanwhile, at Tech, all that remains is a multi-purpose siren, two yearbooks, and many impressed Rotarians.

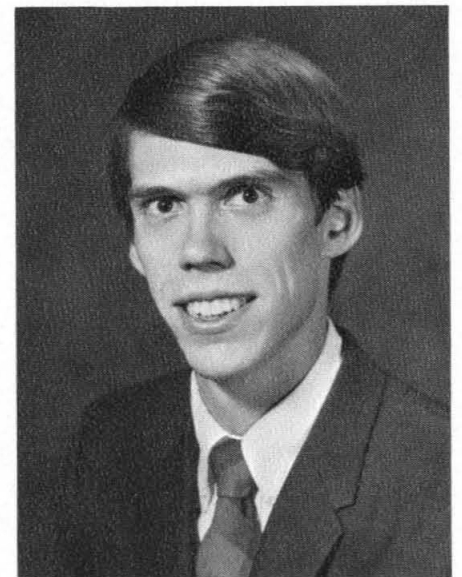


EMILIO ANDRES SOVERO
FLEMING ENG

in Nocar's new Mustang. When they get there, Hetteix, dressed in black, draws on napkins. Remember Mother? B.A. is there, gangling as usual and making terrible jokes. With Piccard and the rest of the crew, they present the waitress with a six foot Valentine. Then back to Fleming, to hang out in the lounge. There sits Gray by the fire, laughing out of context as usual. Our Master Debater Dave Dockstader is in the midst of moving, carrying fishnets and his twenty-seven suits through the crowd. The Flying Dutchman finally flew away, high pockets and all. No more windows for Reynolds to wash suspended from the weight room, no more target for Big Al's alley cans of water, and no more supersonic

GØ TØ BRESSON, V

MICHAEL ROBERT SPERRY
RUDDOCK ENG



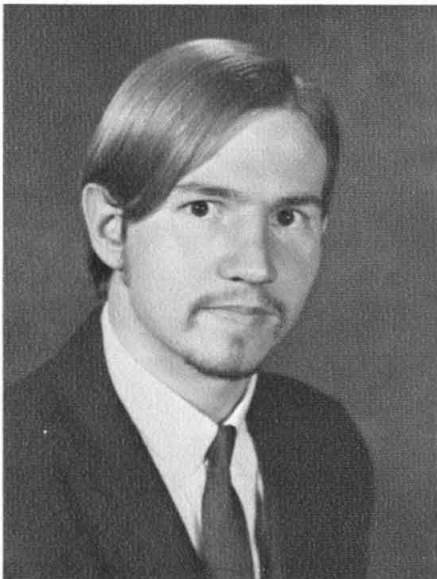


RICHARD ALLAN STRELITZ
FLEMING GEOPH

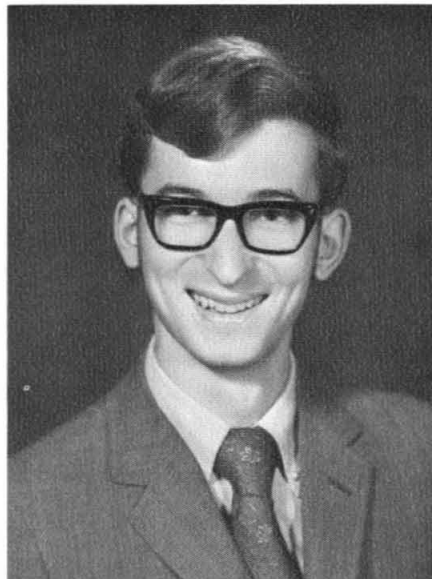
once engaged to seven girls at one time, though they probably didn't know about it. Dockstader was a different person entirely. I can picture him in Segrave's room, sick at the mess, not realizing it was done in the same ex-laxed elephantscheme as his own room. Dockstader could point to his trophy, or say he was House Mouth, but he was always getting hung up on some little point. And Segrave was hung up for Interhouse. Big Jim, in his sheepherder jacket, the unrepentant sinner and ex-swimmer. And why isn't B.A. swimming any more, or do his duties as house zipper and secretary take up too much time. Strelitz was also secretary, as was Heisler after being tantalized by power as

GØ TØ HEISLER, S

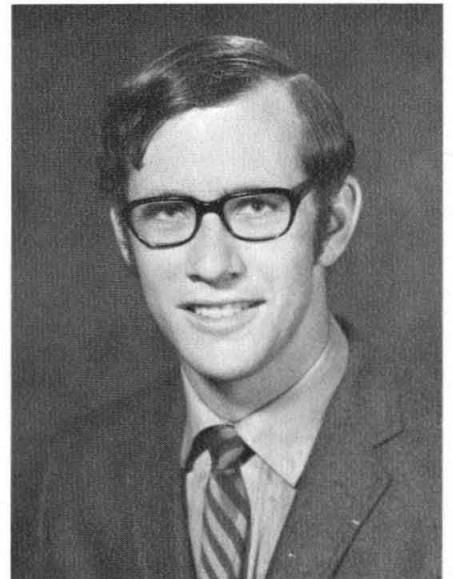
MICHAEL SCOTT STEFANKO
BLACKER EC



ARDEN LYNN STEINBACH
BLACKER PH



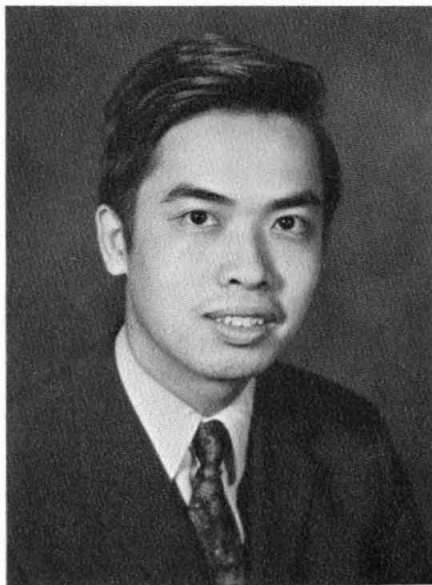
JOHN ALFRED STEVENSON
DABNEY PH





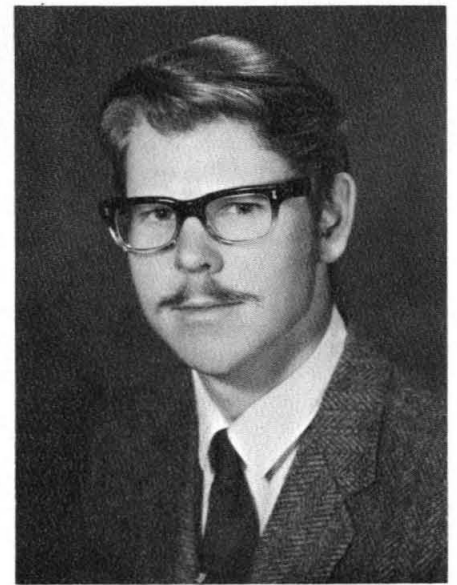
PETER SZOLOVITS
BLACKER

PH



TRINH XUAN THUAN
DABNEY

PH



CRAIG CAMPBELL TODD
BLACKER

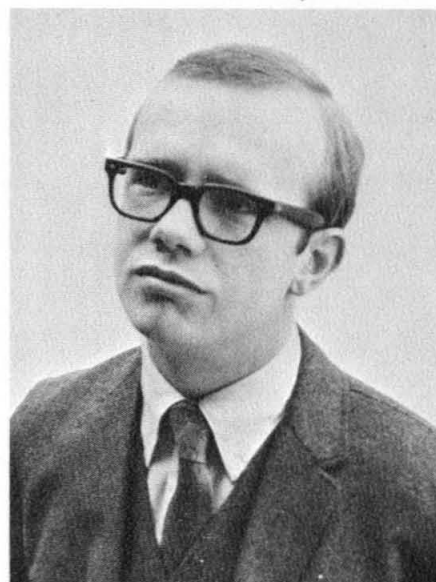
PH

All of his professors predicted that he could make a brilliant physicist but Pete had other ideas. Blacker House Vice-President was only one step away from Student Body Vice-President and Chairman of the Board of Control (where he honed his famous "I am deeply concerned" speech to a fine cutting edge). He joined the Admissions Committee and specialized in interviewing minority candidates—especially women. Unwilling to admit that Caltech can manage without him Pete is returning as a graduate student in information science.



CRAIG EDWIN TYNER
DABNEY

CH E



LARRY R. WATERLAND
FLEMING

CH E



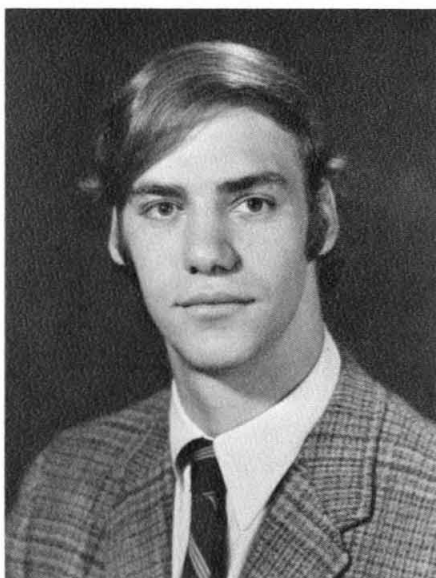
WILLIAM MABRY TYSON
PAGE

MA

Mabry (May berry to his friends) hailed from Houston, Texas. His principal loves at the time were swimming and the girl back home. The latter was quickly lost; the former was excelled in. Several records including the 100 yard breaststroke fell to him and two trips to the NAIA National meets were given him. Mabry moved off campus his junior year but still remained active in house affairs, especially the Page car rallies. His Long Beach to Tech in 19 minutes is still doubted by anyone who didn't ride with him. Little was seen of him his senior year except by his girl friend and the people over in Booth. He plans to do graduate work at Rice University next year.

in base two. That was but one of many contests in Alley 3. Another more famous one was Lomeli's 21v bet that netted P.J. an easy ten, and proved that bashful beaners still exist. Good old Ginger Beaner, the drummer of the D.S. Blues Band, with fingers Beck on rhythm, and Segraves, with bass resting on his beer gut. Another memorable contest was the famous Strlitz/Walker showering contest. Plucky Strelitz insisted that Big Al couldn't shower him one on one. So far they've been at it about an hour. Reynolds is standing there in his army field jacket, laughing hysterically. He just rode up on his special bike—six feet long and two feet high. He and Winters built them to

GØ TØ LØMELI, L



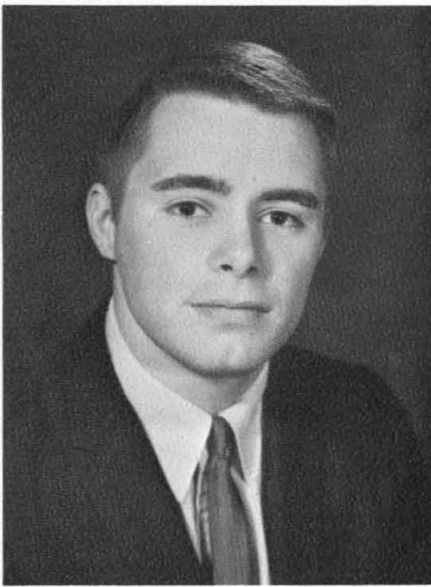
ALAN WOODROW WALKER
FLEMING

PH

PAUL THEODORE WEGENER
OFF-CAMPUS

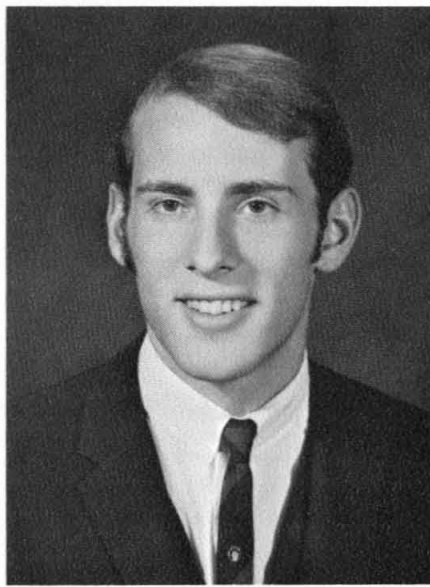
ENG-EN

Paul T. Wegener spent his high-school days in the quiet country north of Santa Barbara. He got the usual good grades, went to Reed College, oops, bump down those stairs on your ass, bump and end up at sage Caltech. Or is it? A sophomore term in Lloyd House, and another flight of stairs, finally spent the rest of that year and the whole next one living alone in two seedy apartments nee frame-houses on South Holliston, riding his bicycle around Pasadena no hands, working a little for bread and grades, and following some tenuous course through women trials and self-destruction. At last, fall of senior year, he and an old high-school friend found a house locked in a canyon of the mountains and there he has found his home, work and woman 'till this June. He was not well known around Caltech until this year when he became co-chairman of the CIT Environmental Action Council. He will study ecology, and someday do something.



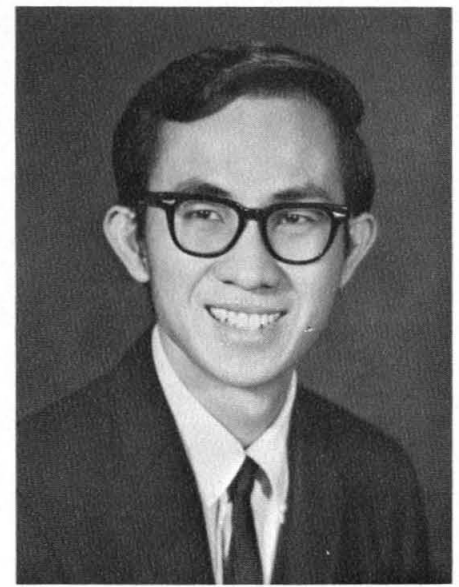
STEVEN WARREN WIERENGA
PAGE

ENG



PETER MICHAEL WILZBACH
PAGE

ENG

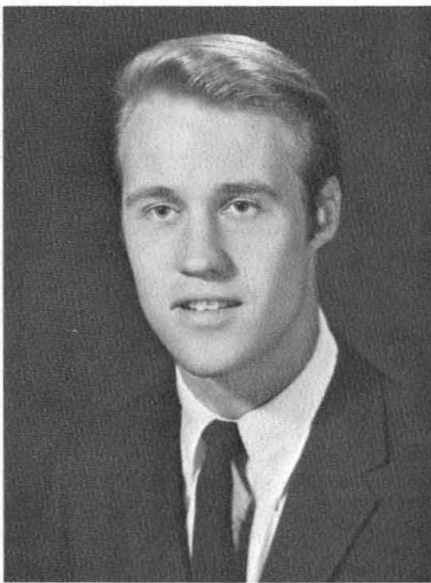


RAYMAN YOUNG WONG
RICKETTS

CH

Listen my friends and you shall hear
Of Tech's first major in women and beer.
Throughout the four years his golden rule
Was to prove that Tech was a party school.
To him engineering was all right,
But there were better things to study at night.
Though he studied a little so his grades weren't the worst.
Still, parties and skiing and sailing came first.
In trying to liven up the school he went
On a colorful campaign for ASCIT president.
His days here were happy for he ended his quest
To find that one girl that was better than best.
By the time you read this, married he'll be,
Living his life in sheer ecstasy.

Hundreds of "Pete Wilzbach for President" pencils didn't help Pete in last year's campaign, nor did the most provocative posters Tech has ever seen. But such setbacks have been rare during Pete's four hectic years here. Pete was off to a good start when he met LDP on his first day at Tech. Since then Chicago Sherri, Vallejo Sherry, and others too numerous to mention or remember have occupied his time temporarily, but the permanent honors have gone to Janie, the innocent girl-next-door (to Youtz, the is). Not that Pete has neglected his studies! On the contrary, he's studied quite hard—things like the art of skiing, the art of sailing, and the art of overhauling cars (oh that Merc!). Not to mention plotting his way to the top at Radcliffe, Hughes, or anyplace else. With a little more dedication than he showed to IS 10, he'll make it.



PAUL ALAN WINTER
FLEMING

ENG

Chem E Bradley preferred beach girls. He was as lucky with them as he was dumb. Master of the "line", Bill even asked a Tijuana censored if she had read any good books lately. Bill was not really dumb, just naive about almost everything. He did have a knowledge of taste and all the proper things, although not like Harmon. Sidney was a social chairman because he was so cultured; but all the culture was expensive, and Sid was always broke. Most of his money came from Strelitz, who could never seem to take care of his own money as well as he did the house's. Besides being house treasurer, rich Rich was the official house Jew. Not the only one, of course. Don't forget

GØ TØ ALLEN, B

JOHN PETER WRONOWSKI
RUDDOCK

ENG

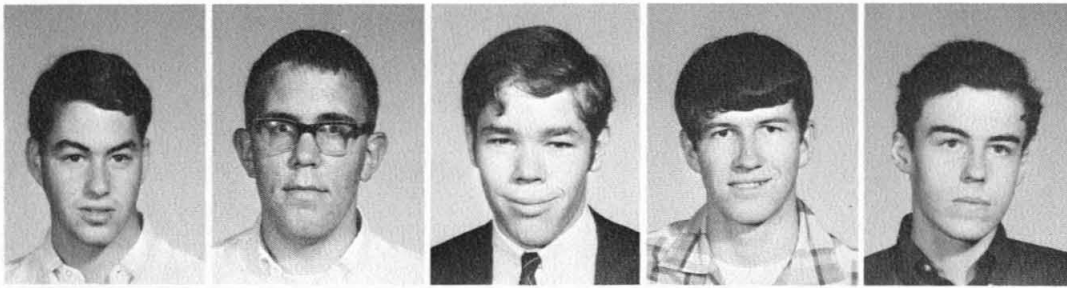
Fortunately, J.P. got to Tech a year late, as a sophomore transfer from R.P.I. The high point of his sophomore year occurred upon returning from a vacation, when he found his roommate had moved all of J.P.'s belongings into the hall. After milestones of house life such as this and activity in several sports, especially basketball, J.P. retired to live a Walden-like existence off-campus. That is, Walden-like except for his Cadillac and ME 5. Little has been seen or heard of J.P. since...

PETER ERNEST YOUTZ
PAGE

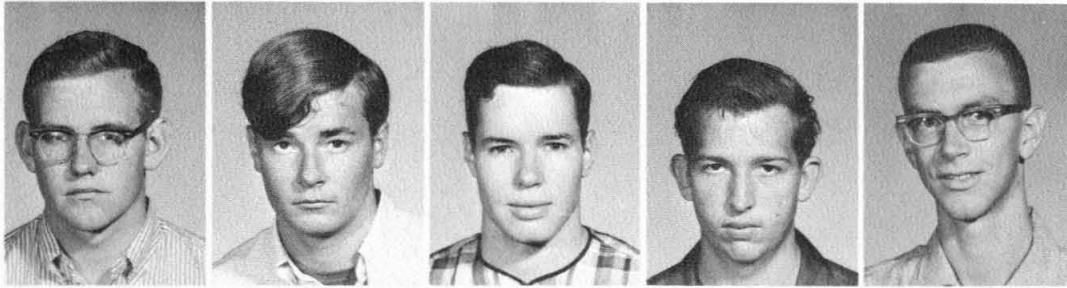
ENG

From PL class to UCLA, from the bottom of the Grand Canyon to the Mardi Gras, Pete has spent four years at Tech searching for the meaning of life. When he arrived in Pasadena, he thought he knew the answer—"Tennis," said Pete, "is where it's at." Unfortunately, tennis was also where Johnny Lamb was at, and the flirtation didn't last long. Since then, life has never been as simple. At a party once, someone whispered "Plastics," but now it seems that the ubiquitous computer is wrapping its tentacles around him. Somehow, though, Pete seems more likely to end up with Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters. Or maybe he'll decide Johnny wasn't so bad after all...

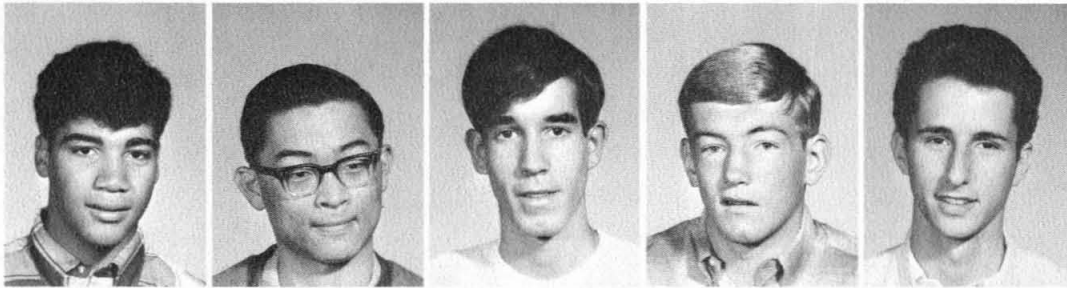




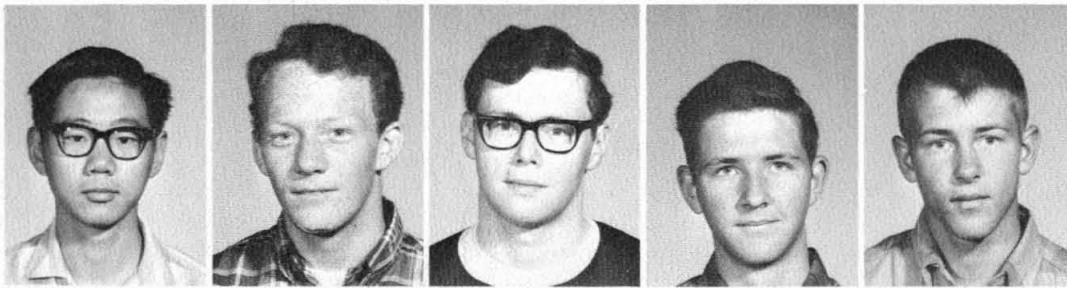
Michael Jack Abrams
Robin Adler
William Bradford Atwood
Peter Carsley Brown
Alan Jeffrey Coles



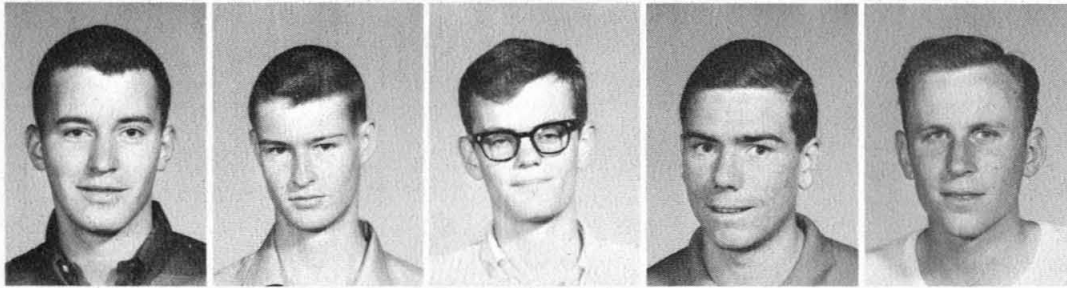
Thomas Rowlands Davis
Richard Foster Doyle
Phillip Miles Erwin
Franklin Frederick Everts
David Paul Hermeyer



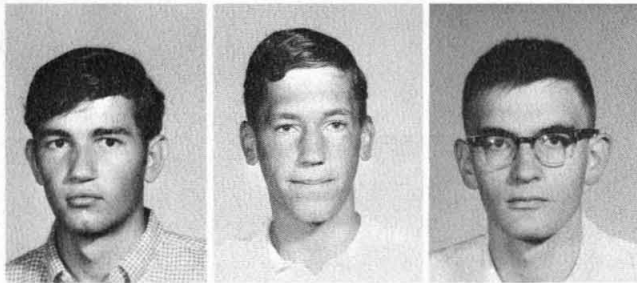
William Clifford Hocker
Akihiro Kananmori
William Pau Kells
Samuel McKennan Keys Jr.
Steven David Kraus



Pui Kuan
Martin Joseph Marshall
James Louis Nocar
Steven Robert Patterson
David Philip Rossum



Michael Ruth
Bruce Victor Samuelson
Edward A. Schroeder IV
James Joseph Taylor
Richard Craig Vincent



Paul Howard White
Peter Ernest Youtz
Hans Peter Zassenhaus

NOT PICTURED

Ivars Ambats
Christopher John Cunningham
George Philip Drake
Steven Fershtut
Michael Augustine Henerey
William Buell Inwood
Atul Jain
Daniel H. Olsson

Edward Allen Overman II
Guy R. Smith
Jack Arthur Stone, Jr.
Howard H. Stover
Sze-Hoi Henry Tye
Joseph Robert Vance II
Paul Theodore Wegener
John Peter Wronowski

THEY GOT SMART

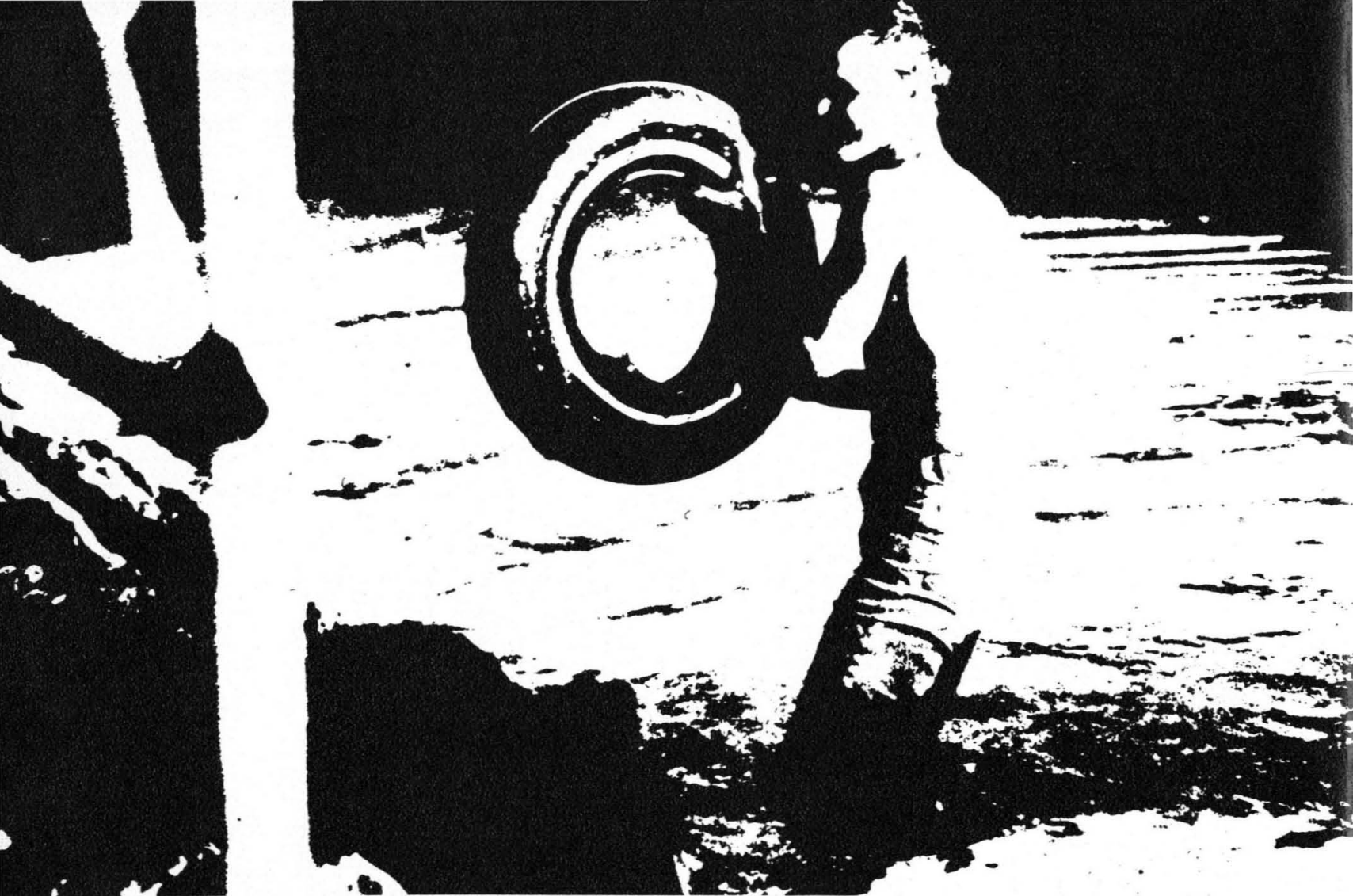
James P. Alstad
Jerald R. Anderson
Rodger K. Asmussen
Tomas E. Banks
John D. Barnard
John B. Batchelder
William F. Beck
Kirk W. Benson
John W. Bolland
Kenneth E. Broll
Frank W. Burton
Christopher Butler
Toby L. Casteel
Mark E. Clark
Anthony C. Colonnese
James H. Cook
Charles J. Creasy
Brian A. Dawe
David L. Dockstader
Scott L. Elliot
Walter B. Farrell
Robert C. Fernicola
William G. Fleissner
Wayne T. Holcombe
William R. Jeavons
Mark R. Johnson
Milton L. Johnson
Paul V. Johnson
Daniel R. Kempton
Robert T. Klueh
Martin H. Krag
Mark Kritchevsky
Richard J. Kroc

James J. Larsen
Bruce W. Maaser
James L. Marable
William D. Nichols
Bruce H. Odegaard
John L. Osborne
Joseph Pendergast
Robert W. Pollack
James M. Rafferty
William L. Reinig
Paul D. Reynolds
Barry W. Robinson
Philip C. Samson
Robert J. Schmidl
James E. Segrave
Richard D. Sinclair
Dan A. Sinema
A. D. Skouroyiannis
John H. Smith
Stephen G. Smith
Bruce F. Steinke
Joseph H. Taylor
Richard Thornberry
Norman B. Threewitt
Ronald Tugender
Harry N. Turtledove
David E. Tweten
Albert E. Vergin
John A. White
Douglas Winbigler
Allan J. Wueste
Gary Yarbrough
Irving M. Yura

PHOTOGRAPHS

- page 72: Half Dome, Sierra Nevada Range, California
page 75: Purple Lake, Sierra Nevada Range, California
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page 78: Jumble Lake from Italy Pass, Sierra Nevada Range, California
page 80: Illilouette Creek, Sierra Nevada Range, California.
page 81: Lone Pine Creek, Sierra Nevada Range, California.
page 82: Bright Angel Creek, Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arizona.
page 84: Coastline, La Jolla, California.
page 87: Mt. Clarence King from Woods Creek, Sierra Nevada Range, California.
page 88: Mt. Ritter, Banner Peak, Ritter Range, California.
page 89: Sally Keys Lake, Sierra Nevada Range, California.
page 90: Lassen Peak and Eagle Peak from Manzanita Lake, Cascade Range, California.
page 93: Pine Alpha, Bristlecone Pine Forest, White Mountains, California.
page 94: Glissading, Mt. Lassen, Cascade Range, California.
page 97: Mt. Tom from Sherwin Summit, Sierra Nevada Range, California.
page 98: Miller Lake, Sierra Nevada Range, California.
page 100: Half Dome and Clouds Rest from Glacier Point, Sierra Nevada Range, California.
page 102: O'Neill Butte, Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arizona.
page 105: Muir Gorge, Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne, Sierra Nevada Range, California.
page 107: Caltech Peak, Sierra Nevada Range, California.





WITCH'S
BREW



W!
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Activities

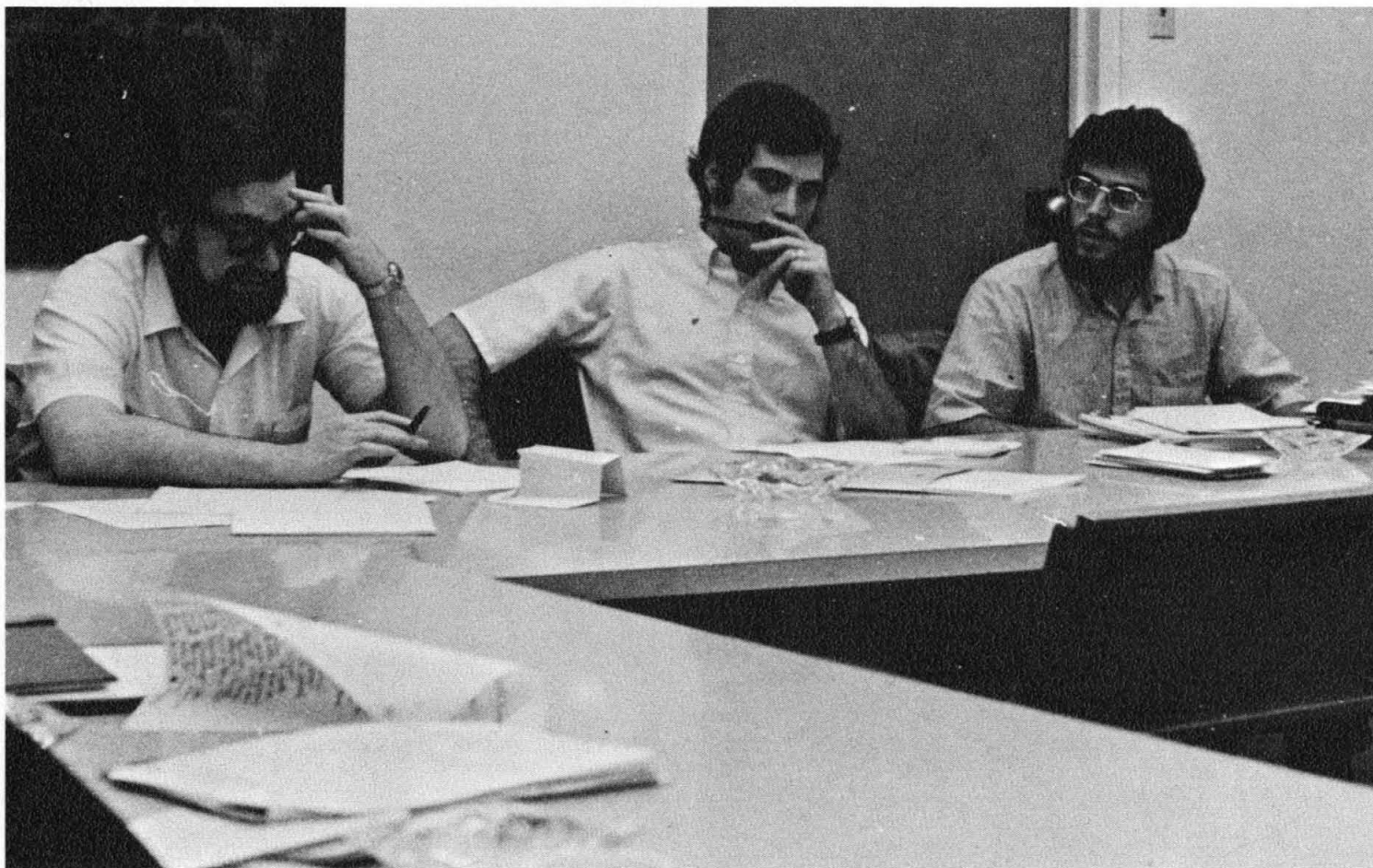
BOARD OF DIRECTORS



Left to Right: Gary Stormo, Director at Large; Derry Hornbuckle, Secretary; Jerry Feinberg, Director of Academic Affairs; Stephan Horner, President; Marc Aaronson, Director of Student Life; Leonidas Guibas, Treasurer. Not Shown: Bruce Ault, Athletic Manager; Phil Morgan, Athletic Manager; Glen Spain, Director at Large; Bill Bradley, Social Chairman; Mike Stefanko, Activities Chairman.

The Board of Directors of ASCIT is charged with the final responsibility for the activities of the Associated Students. The efforts of the Board in the past year have been directed toward legitimizing the student viewpoint with regard to Institute administration. In all aspects of campus government, from the Board of Trustees and President's office to the most specialized faculty committee, students voices were better heard and respected than ever before. As a result, the undergraduate and the problems unique to him have just now begun to be discussed and understood by trustee and professor alike.

—Stephen Horner





Scenes We'd Like

to See

ASCIT President



Outgoing ASCIT President, Stephan Horner, about to demonstrate potent campus weapon to shining, brand-new (sucker) President for 1970, Bob Fisher.

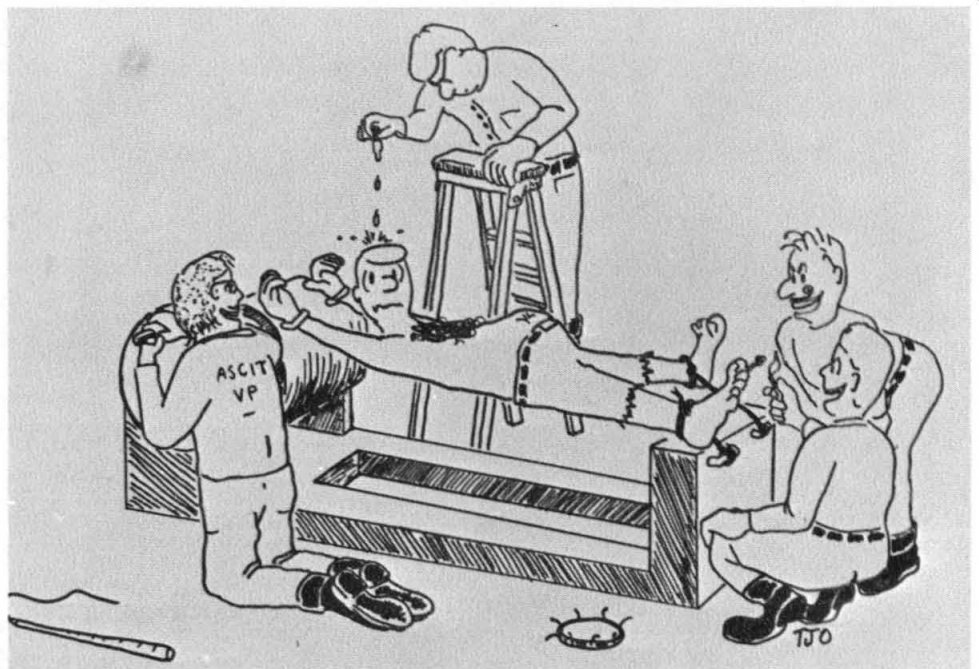


BOARD OF CONTROL



Left to Right: Paul White; Leonidas Guibas; Dave Green; Tom Carroll; Phil Issacs; Bob Fisher, Secretary; Pete Szolovits, Chairman; Leo Pilachowski; George Nicolaides; Mike Muskin. Not Shown: Jim Fuhrman.

A typical view of the B.O.C. members as they go happily about their work.



ASCIT EXCOMM



Left to Right: Dwight Carey; Paul Zygielbaum; Bardi Jonsson; Mike Felland, Chairman; Dennis Heimbigner. Not Shown: Bob Hall; John Heumann; Terry LaGrone.

The ASCIT ExComm, the Executive Committee of the student body, interprets the by-laws of the Corporation—a rather meaningless job. In addition, it looks into various aspects of the Corporation and makes recommendations for changes. During the past year the ExComm has been primarily concerned with student representation in the Caltech community, especially with regard to faculty committees.

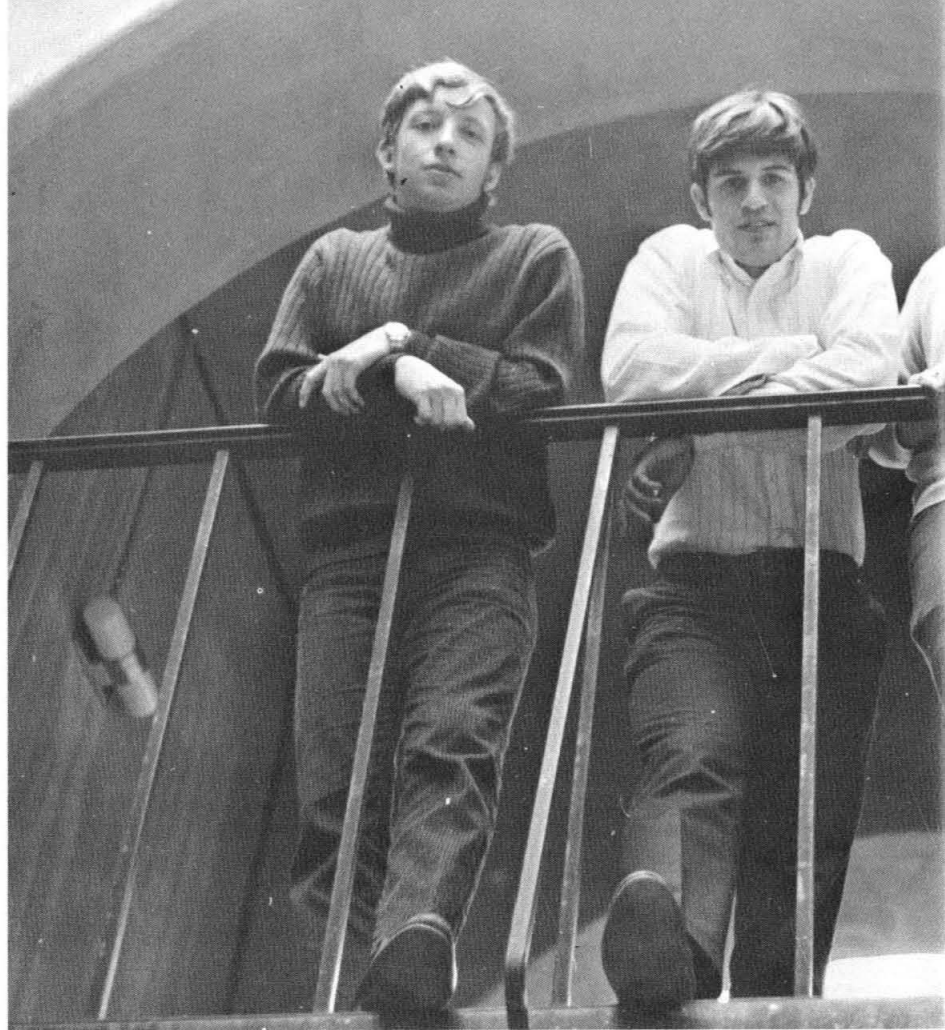
—Mike Felland

EDUCATIONAL POLICIES COMMITTEE



Left to Right: Harvey Risch; Paul Studenski; Mike Felland; Bob Abarbanel; Carl Anderson; Bob Hall, Vice Chairman. Not Shown: Mike Kahn, Chairman; Bob Kaufman, Secretary; Mike Young; Frank Zdybel; Randy Williams; Alan Peterson; Gary Murata; Tex Horning; Andy Odlyzko; Jeff Ross.

CLASS OFFICERS



CLASS OF 1971



Left to Right: Don Smith, President; Lee Sparling, Vice President; Dave Dixon, Treasurer; Duncan Taylor, Secretary.



CLASS OF 1970

Left to Right: Derry Hornbuckle, Vice President; Bill Bradley, President; Jerry Feinberg, Secretary. Not Shown: Jim Horowitz, Treasurer.

CLASS OF 1972



Left to Right: Russ Pinizzotto, President; Randy Lewis, Vice President; Ted Reynales, Treasurer; Bruce Waddington, Secretary.

INTERHOUSE COMMITTEE



First Row: Ralph Graham, Chairman; Don Smith, Secretary; Chip Smith, Page. Second Row: John Messmer, Lloyd; Bill Drake, Blacker; Tim Tardiff, Ruddock; Eric Jensen, Ricketts. Not Shown: Frank Zydybel, Dabney.

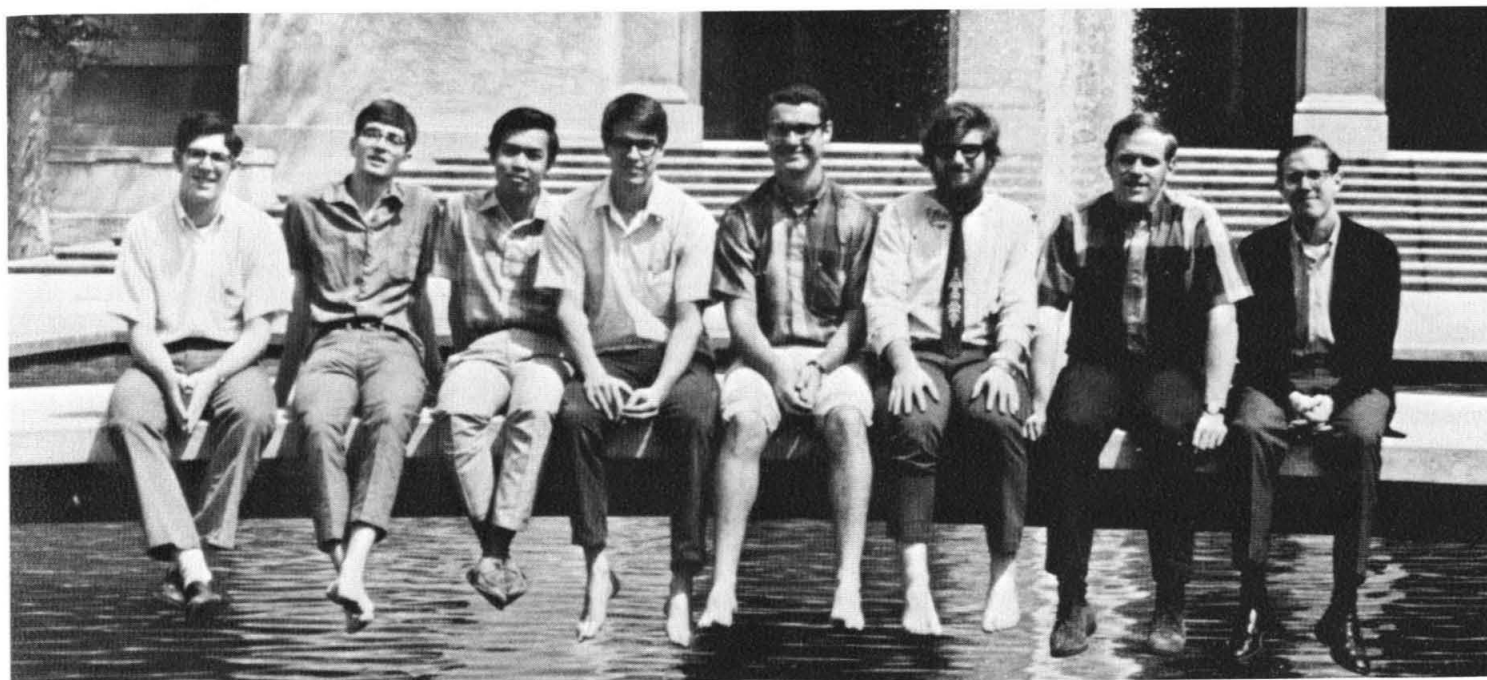


Tom ("bursting-with-enthusiasm") Miller, Fleming

The Interhouse Committee is that body of students which has jurisdiction over those matters which concern all of the student houses. It is composed of the presidents of the houses and a chairman. IHC meetings solved the crucial problems of rotation, initiation, and the "War of the Ramp." The IHC had a running battle with the Glee Club over the format of Interhouse Sing. On several occasions, the IHC, in the tradition of enlightened self-government, investigated incidents of misconduct and helped to define responsibility for control of conduct in the houses. The IHC also handled the Discobolus and interhouse sports programs, co-operating with the Athletic Department on matters of eligibility and format.

—Ralph Graham

T B Π



From Left to Right: S. Patt, T. Moore, T. Thuan, G. Duesdieker, E. Jensen, J. Feinberg, A. Smith, G. Rewoldt.

Once again, T B Π, the national engineering honorary society, has carried on its never-ending battle against truth, justice, and the Engineering way of life. Once again, the California B Chapter of T B Π has been deluged with streams of worthy people from all options, non-engineering. And, once again, only token representation (2) from the engineering option has met the stellar entrance requirements of this, the only academic honorary society at beloved Caltech. And, once again, those noble scientists of California B are rotting the understructure of engineering training, hell-bent for infamy in the eyes of the National Society.

Besides our regular meetings, the year's agenda included: President JMF, off to Houston and G & C, encountered the T B Π Southern Strategy ("rumor has it you're not even an engineer!!"). JMF and Treasurer TNM went off to Southern California Area Council meetings and free food ("But this isn't the beach" and "Pass the wine-skin"). The April meeting of the Council was held at JMF's and TNM's house ("Turn off the electric train and let's play with the gravity-gripidee."). At the fantastic fall election meeting in February ("Are you kidding? Pass the ice cream"), we elected a new Advisory Board member, J. Meoff, thereby winning Bob Nagel's good graces. The ∞ly delectable initiation dinner at the Antique Inn ("You *h*t, you *would* order steak and lobster tails" and "Monahan, you dumbs *i*") was next.

Ah, yes, Robert, Ronald, Ralph, Rudolph, and the members of California B have again zealously fulfilled our great motto: NOT (Nu Omega Tau), literally translated, "Never On Time." And, with the Bent shining before your eyes, remember the immortal words of the mathematician asking his T B Π pledge class to prove that all odd numbers are prime:



Officers: J. Feinberg, President; E. Jensen, Vice-President; G. Duesdieker, Secretary; T. Moore, Treasurer.

Chemist: 3 is odd and 3 is prime
5 is odd and 5 is prime
7 is odd and 7 is prime
I guess that's enough data to prove it.

Physicist: 3 is odd and prime
5 is odd and prime
7 is odd and prime
9 is odd but it's not prime
but 11 is odd and prime
and 13 is odd and prime.
I guess 9 is an experimental error.

Engineer: 3 is prime
5 is prime
7 is prime
9 is prime
11 is prime
13 is prime
.
.
.

—prepared by O.C. Box

KARATE CLUB

One of the major problems faced by Karate Club members comes after the workouts—the karate man becomes irresistible to members of the opposite sex. There was much evidence to support this, as members brought in tales of horrible assault by vast crowds of sweet young things.

This year, there were the usual bloody practice sessions, demonstrations, and inevitable special training. Almost everyone lived through this year's special training, although several people haven't come out of the coma yet.

Caltech's Karate Club, the oldest karate club in the United States, is taught by Master Oshima, the only Shotokan Master outside Japan. As they practice karate, Caltech's students have a chance to learn both self-defense and a philosophy of life from one of the world's greatest teachers.

—Don Engleman



RADIO CLUB

The Radio Club is open to anyone with an interest in amateur radio or short wave listening (or telephones). Meetings are held randomly once or twice a year. Equipment in operating condition includes a Drake R4A receiver, Eldico SSB 100 exciter, homebrew linear, and surplus all-band receiver. This year's activity had a slow start, the first meeting being held in March. The new officers were President, Peter Davis, Secretary-Treasurer, Brett Tucker, and Technical Director, Martin Gray. Personal activities continue to include ragchewing, traffic-handling, DX, schedules, and contesting. Next year there will be some organized contest and award-hunting activity and also some new equipment.

—Brett Tucker



FLYING CLUB



The Aero Association of Caltech, Inc. also known as the Flying Club, exists for the purpose of promoting general aviation in the Caltech community and educating its members in the operation and maintenance of aircraft. The club presently has a membership of 24 undergrads, grads, faculty, and staff and owns a 1965 Cessina 150.

During the past year, the club installed new navigation and communications radio equipment and strobe anti-collision light. The engine was replaced in February. The club plans to purchase more radio equipment so that the plane can be used for instrument training.

The Flying Club welcomes new members, whether licensed pilots or students. The dues are \$8 per month to cover fixed costs, and flight time is \$7 per hour, including gasoline. (This is about one-half the cost of a rented aircraft).

So, if you'd like to look down on crowded freeways or get above the inversion layer for some fresh air, join the Flying Club.

—John Weigel

BRIDGE CLUB



The Caltech Bridge Club is run with the purpose of promoting interest in bridge on campus and of providing a regular, easily accessible, and nominally priced duplicate bridge game for members of the Caltech community. Under the leadership of David Dabrin, the Bridge Club sponsored Wednesday evening duplicate bridge games. In addition, two special tournaments were organized: a Caltech Pairs Championship (won by David Dabrin—Bill Delaney and Jim Haberly—Jay Siegel) and the Interhouse Team Tournament. For the first time, a Caltech pair (Haberly—Siegel) went on to win the Western Regional Intercollegiate Bridge Tournament and will play in the national intercollegiate finals. The interhouse tournament, in progress at the time of writing, is a well-organized marathon of bridge talent and endurance requiring roughly forty hours of bridge for each team. After two rounds, the Fleming, Page, and Ruddock teams remain undefeated and should provide an interesting contest.

—Jay Siegel

CALTECH CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP



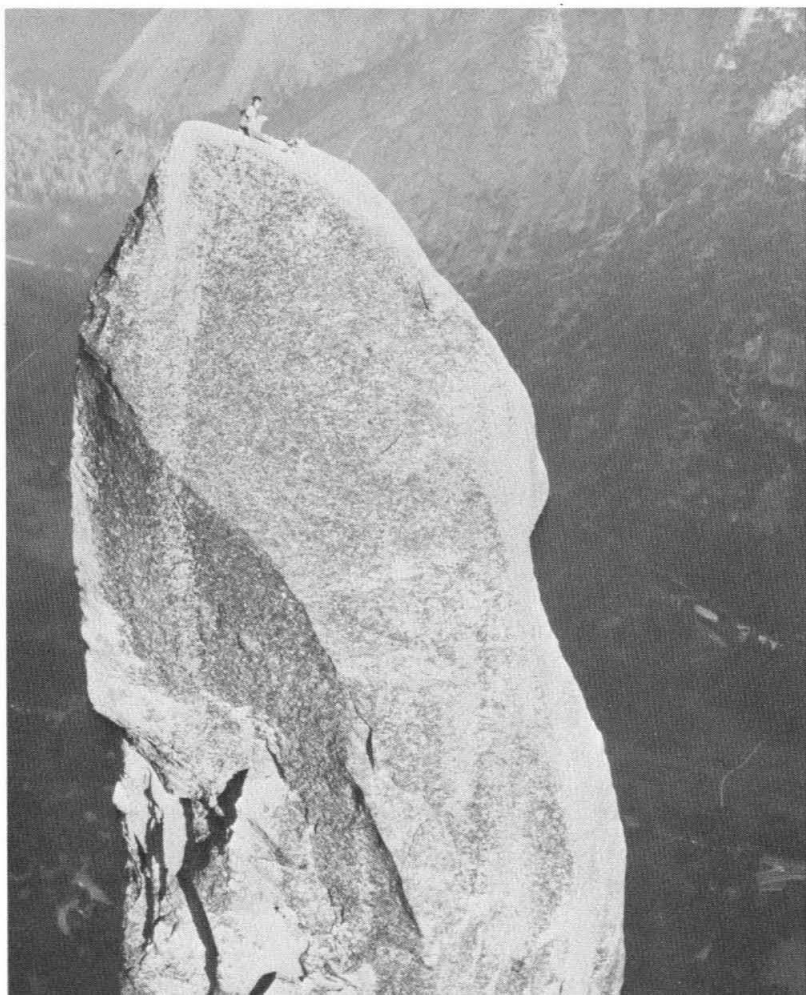
We follow Jesus because we've found that He loves us so much that He gave up His life and rose from death for us. We live together as a family of brothers, not as club members, to study scriptures, trust one another, and pray and work for the lives of people we care for. Our own lives were remade through Jesus' power, and we pray that all Techers would know Jesus personally.

—Jim Stone

ALPINE CLUB

The Alpine Club has accumulated more equipment over the past year, and now owns four ropes. Club activities have included trips to Stony Point, Tahquitz Rock, Nepal, and Millikan. The creation of a rock climbing class, taught by club advisor Chuck Wilts, is to be considered a major triumph over the P.E. Dept. bureaucracy.

—Dave Rossum



COFFEEHOUSE

This year the Coffeehouse was able to break a long-standing tradition by not requiring subsidies from ASCIT. Under the management of Dave Green, Gary Ruby, Stew Sando, and Dave Turner, business has tripled. At the same time, though, the managers' average GPA's have dropped half a point.

In addition to Techers and random girls, the Coffeehouse is frequented by those faculty members courageous enough to meet grads and undergrads in their real environment.

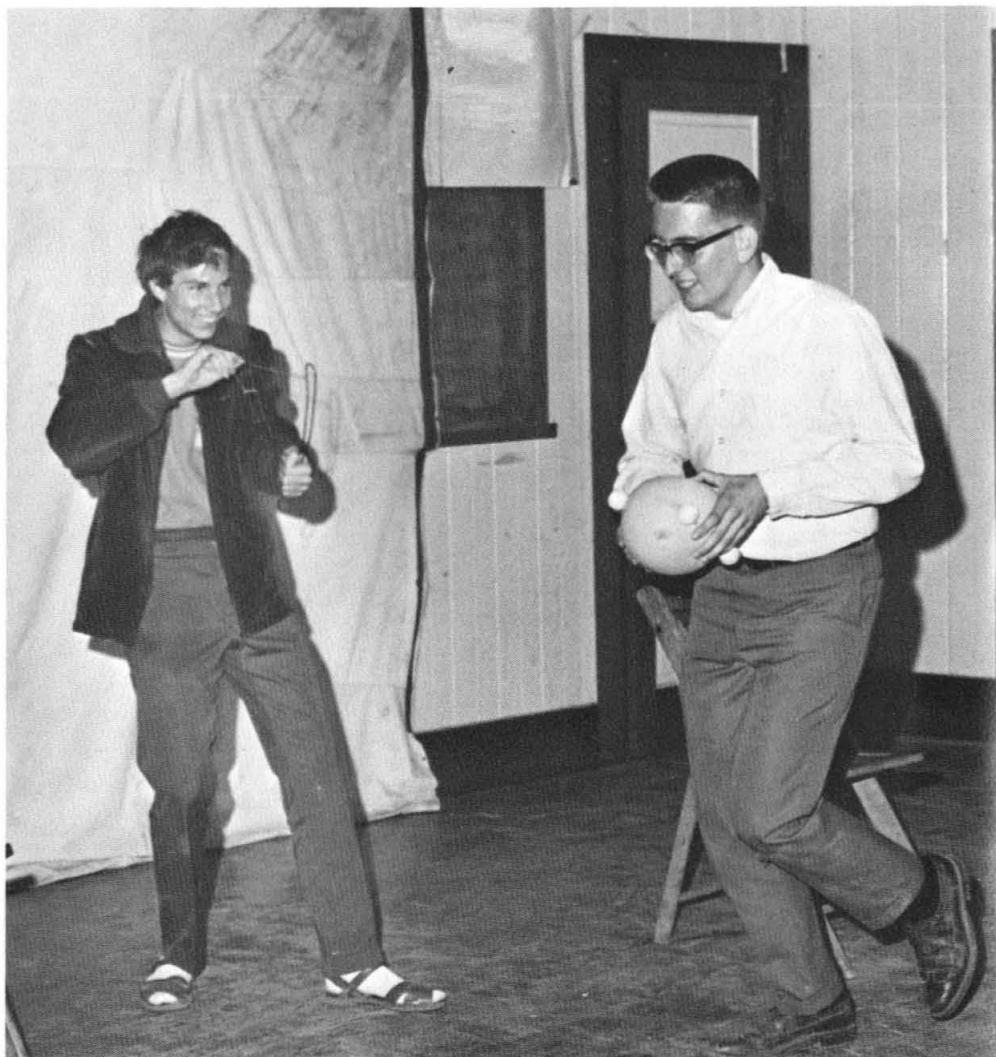
The same team hopes to manage the Coffeehouse again next year. Thier plans include opening a new room and opening the backyard for twilight buffets and other events. They want to continue to provide the Caltech community with a place to talk, entertain guests, and catch up on the latest comics, all over an inexpensive snack.

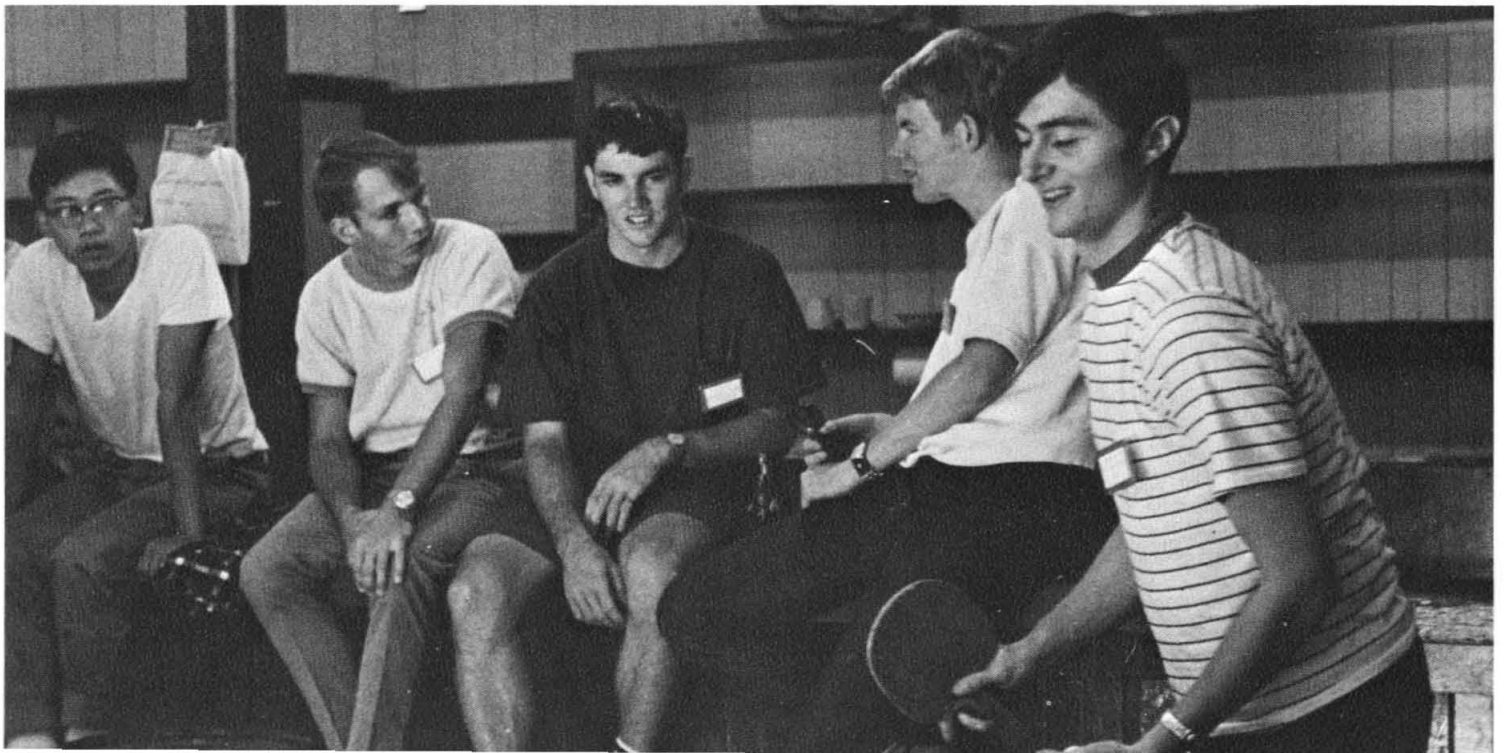
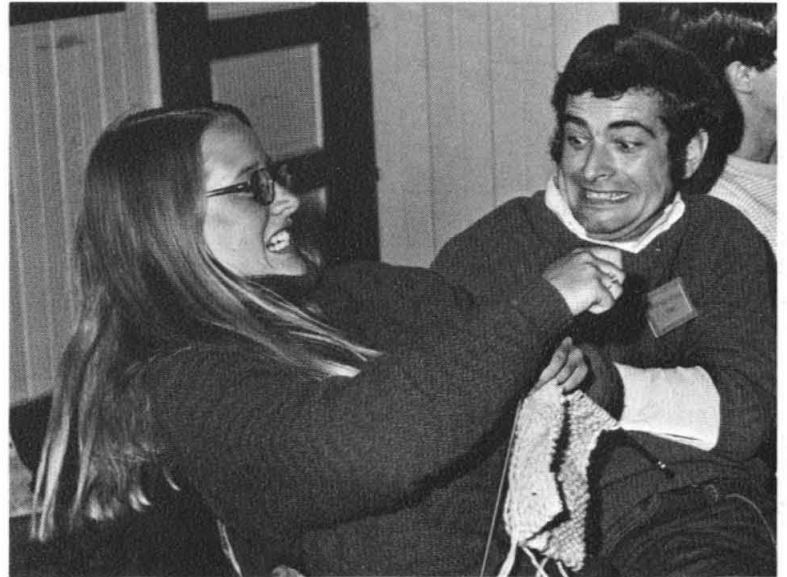
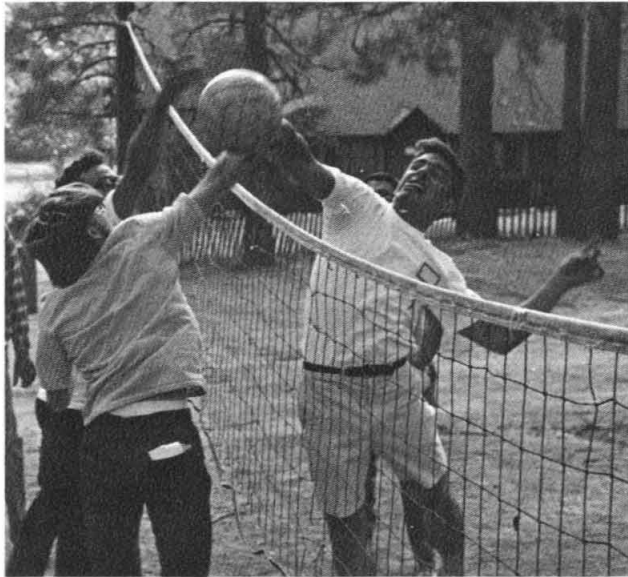
—Dave Green



COFFEEHOUSE MANAGERS: Dave Turner, Dave Green, Stew Sando, Gary Ruby.

FROSH CAMP





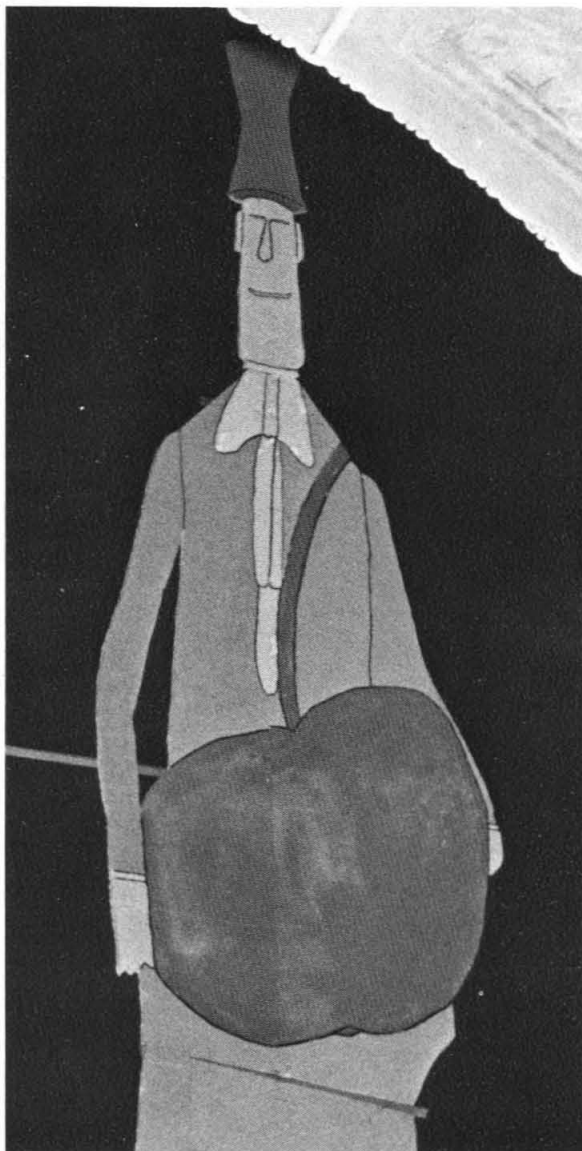
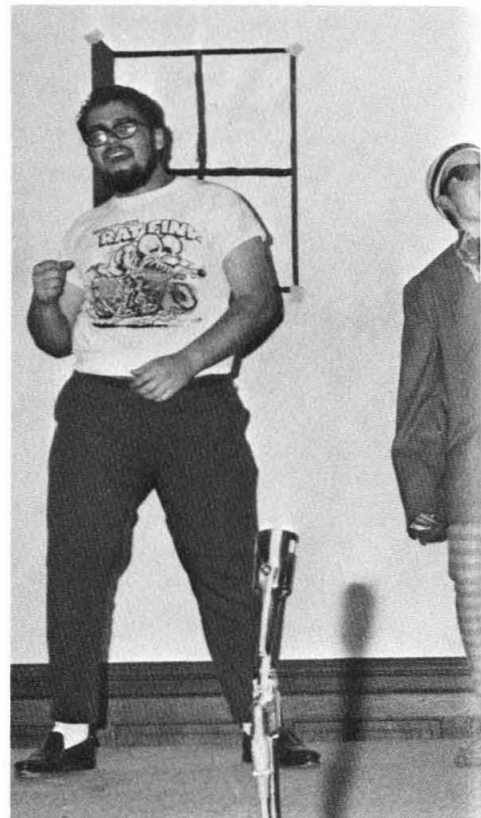
INTERHOUSE DANCE

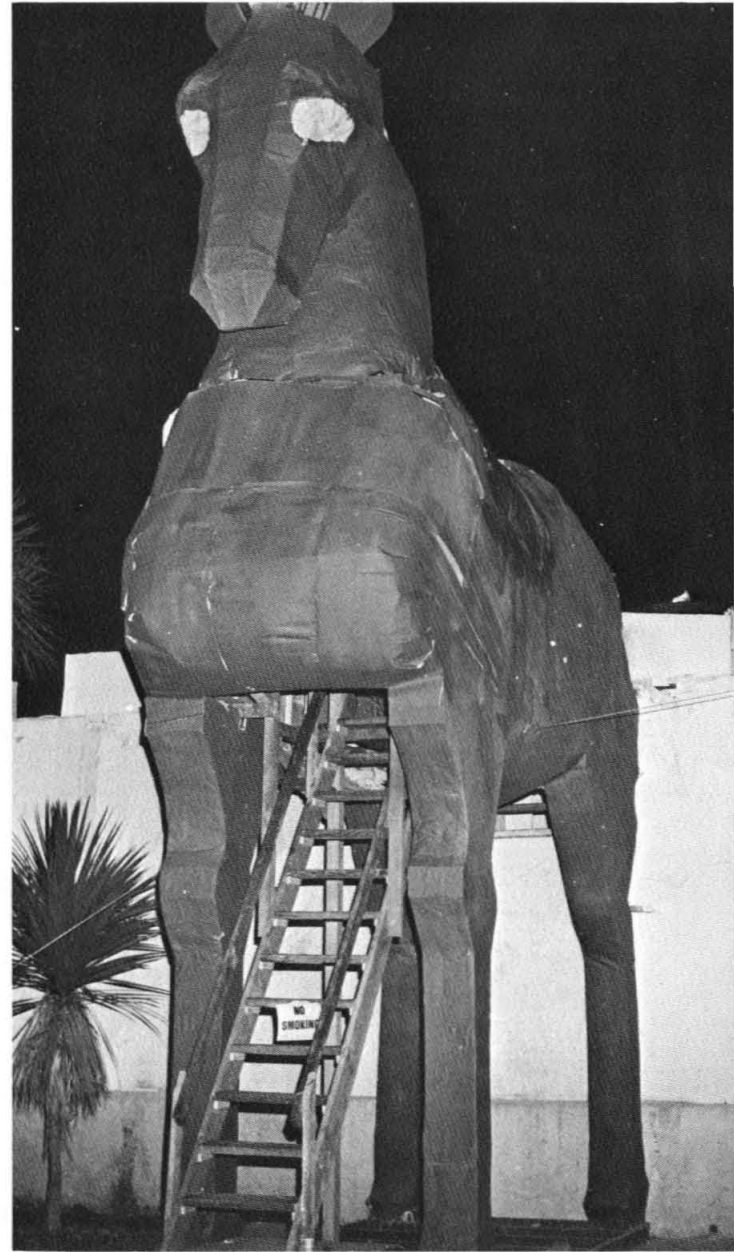
Traditions die hard, and at Caltech this adage holds true. Despite the long hours of preparation required however, the tradition of the Interhouse Dance stands strong, irrevocable, and irreplaceable. Ask Dabney.

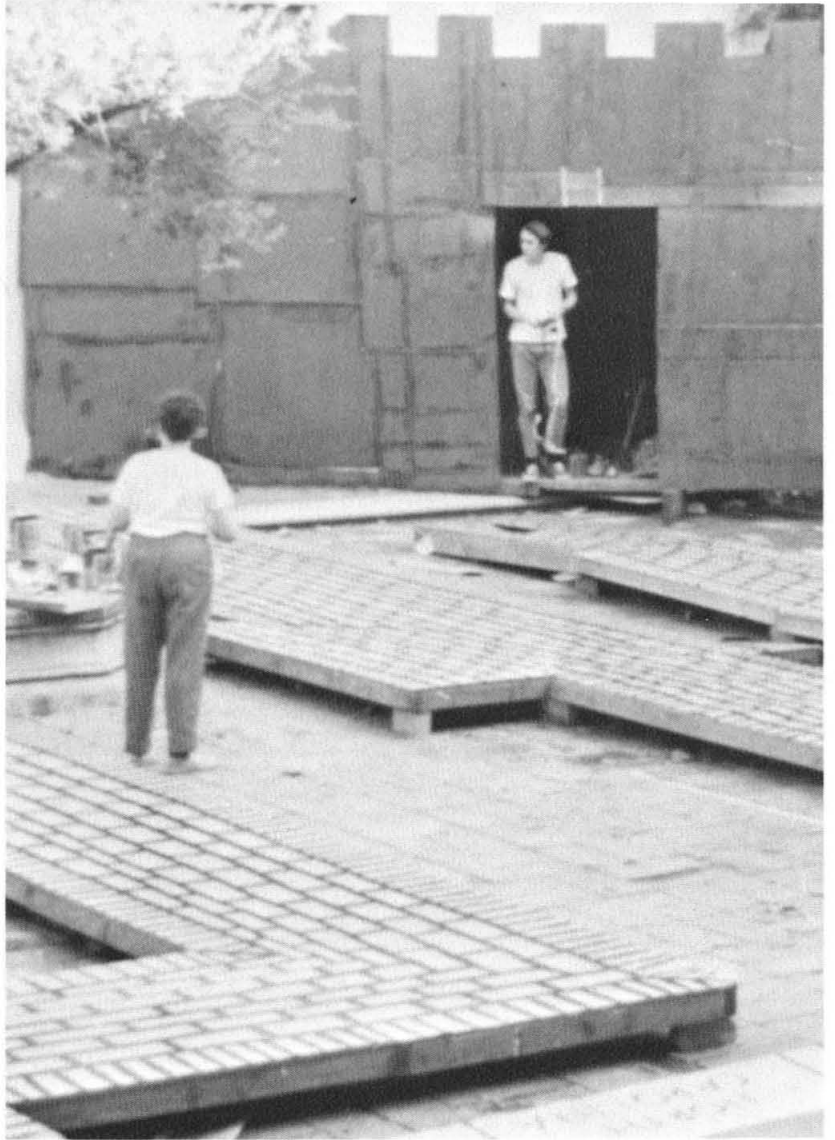
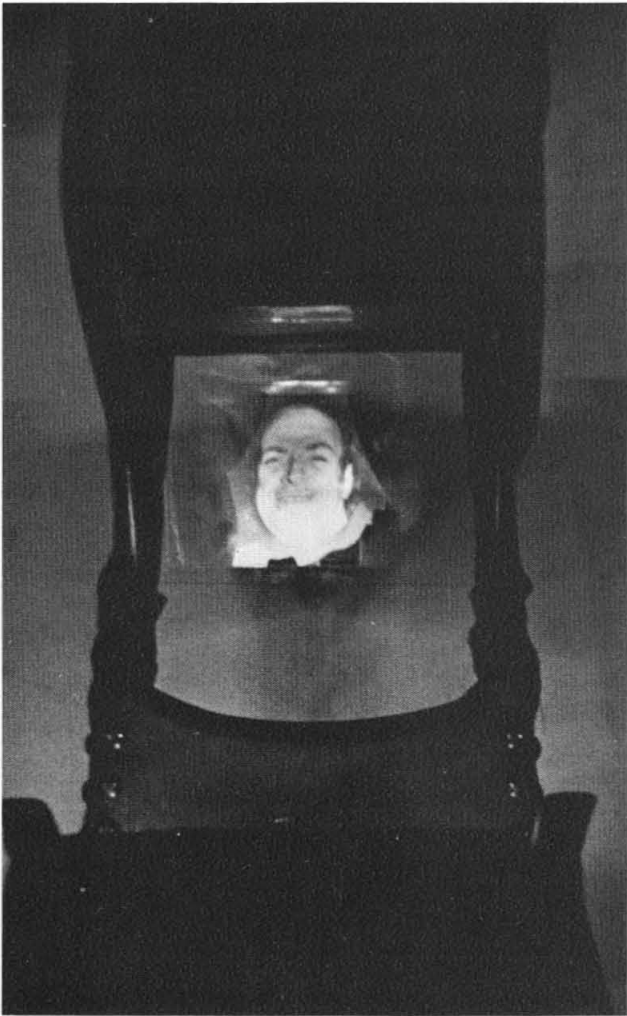
During the first weeks of November, the call to build Interhouse was sounded ("F-F-R-R-O-O-O-S-S-S-H-H-H!!!!"). To snake or sleep during the building of Interhouse was forbidden ("I gotta study for my math 1 test tomorrow!" "T.S. Pass the hammer." "Look, this is s'posed to be 'low pressure house'." "We all have our ups and downs."). At any rate, this frenzied period brought artistic, humorous, realistic—or surrealistic—exhibits.

This year, the clan of Blacker adapted the tale of the Wizard of Oz by creating a yellow brick road which led visitors to the throne of the Great Oz (in the image of Feynman) where facetious questions were answered pompously and others were just ignored. Surrealism reigned at Ricketts, where a Yellow Submarine was built. Trick doors admitted (when they felt like it) visitors to a multi-colored fountain and a light show. The Fleming Thespian Society produced a show, complete with a hanging of the producer. After the show, patrons could enjoy themselves in an old English pub adjoining the theatre. Lloyd demonstrated rather incredible engineering talents in the form of a mammoth Trojan Horse. This behemoth stood guard defending Lloyd (?), inspecting visitors before they walked up a stairway leading inside. Page assumed a haunted house theme, displaying ghosts which periodically floated out of their hiding places in a bookcase. The haunted house also came complete with a cauldron of witches' brew, a bottomless (until you dropped something into it) pit, and a hungry vampire. Mountains of snow cut by a flowing stream greeted visitors to Ruddock. Guests there were transported to the atmosphere of a ski lodge in the Alps with beer and lusty maidens. Dabney's nonparticipation in Interhouse was frowned on by the off-campus Darbs. So they built a large elephant who stood around all night doing what Darbs do best.

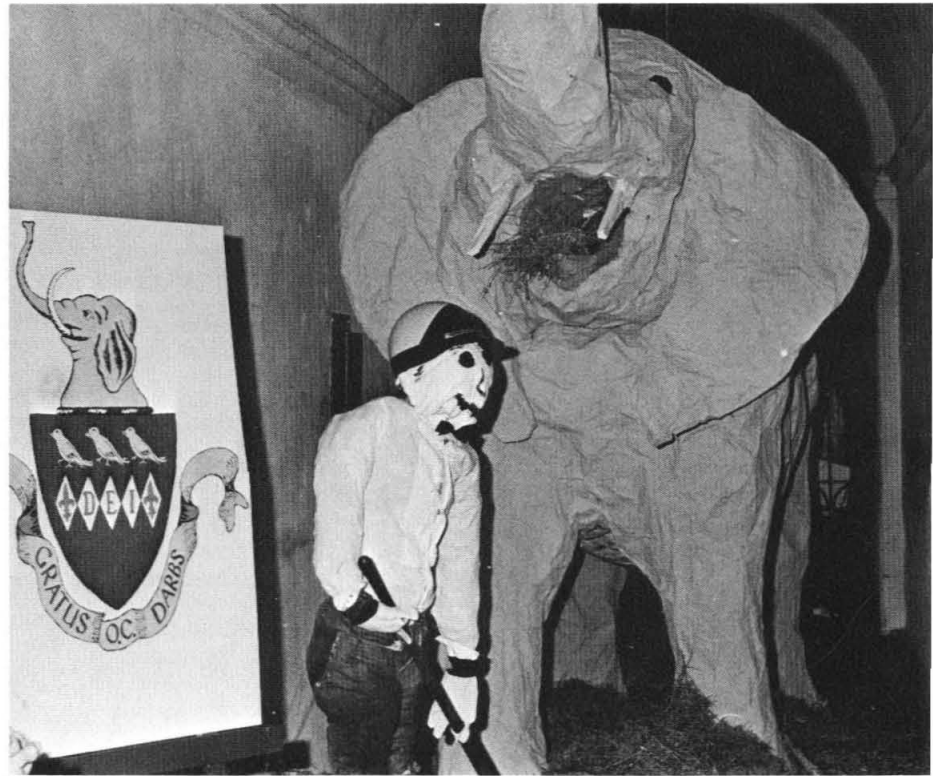
All in all, the humor and ingenuity of the exhibits once again reinforced the strong basis for Interhouse Dance's annual infectious popularity.











MMMMmmmm. Tastes like a mint, works like a miracle . . .

HONOR AWARDS

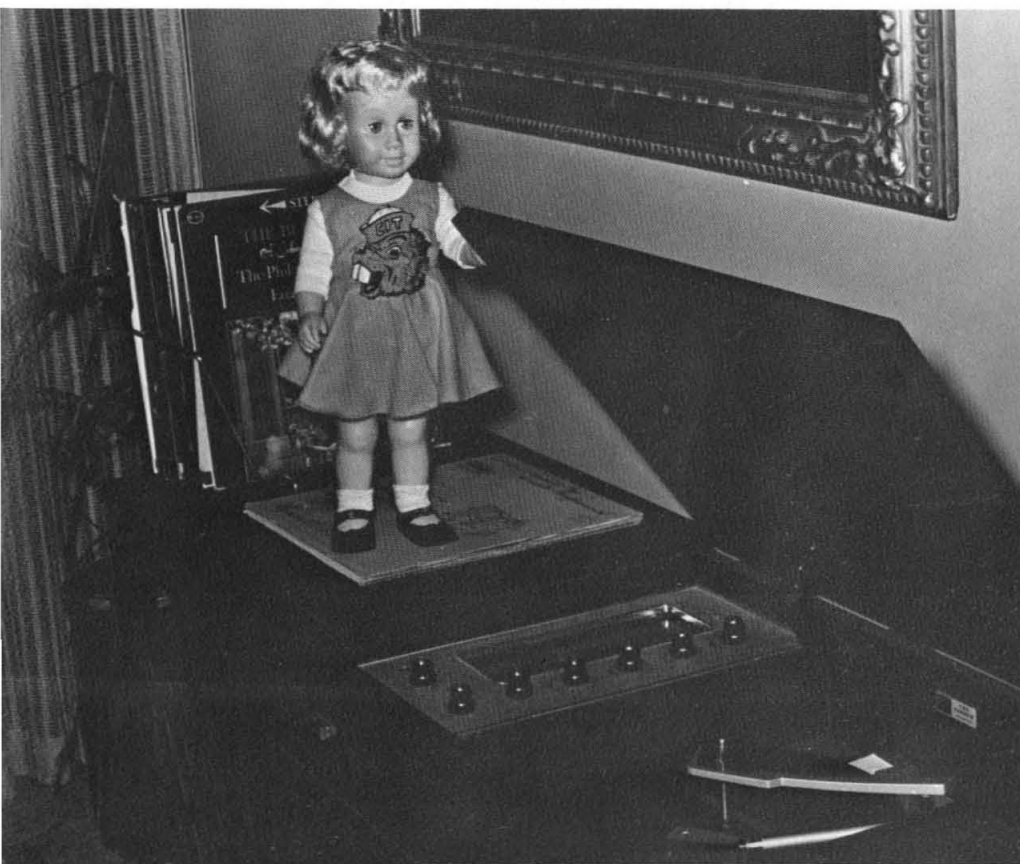
KEYS

Marc Aaronson
John Bean
Jim Beck
Bill Bradley
Tom Carroll
Mike Felland
Bob Fisher
Leonidas Guibas
Derry Hornbuckle
Stephen Horner
Tom Miller
Chip Smith
Mike Stefanko
Alan Stein
Pete Szolovits

CERTIFICATES

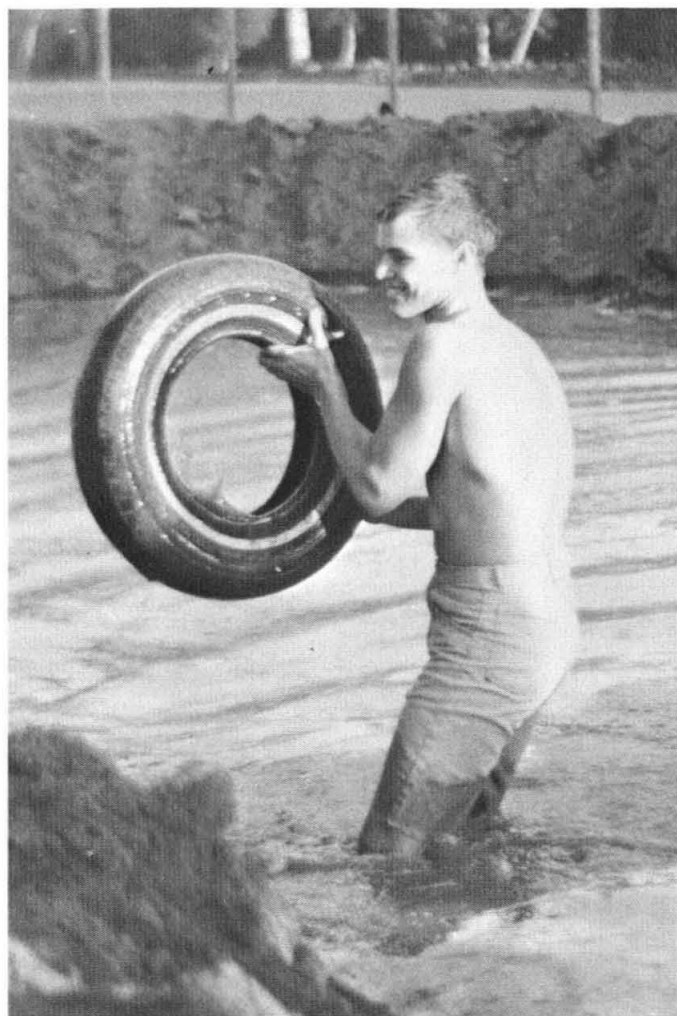
Bruce Ault
Ben Barker
Dave Brin
Bill Butterworth
Dennis Dibartolomeo
Reuben Epstein
Jerry Feinberg
Jim Fuhrman
Ralph Graham
Dave Green
Phil Isaacs
Tom Joseph
Berto Kaufman
Jan Kling
Paul Levin
Mike Muskin
Carl Neu
George Nicolaides
Terry O'Neil
Bruce Penrose
Lee Pilachowski
Glen Prestwich
Harvey Risch
Ed Schroeder
Glen Spain
Tim Tardiff
Mike Turner
Bernie Unger
Paul Wegner
Paul White

CALTECH SERVICE LEAGUE



The Caltech Service League provides a long list of services to the Caltech students, many of which go unnoticed by the majority of the student body. Nevertheless, the League's contributions are evident in many places on campus: from the piano and the stereo system in the Winnett Student Center to serving as chaperones at numerous Caltech undergrad functions. The Service League also provides flower arrangements for a house party. Several Techers have also celebrated their birthdays with a cake baked by one of the ladies of the League. Finally, most of the photographs appearing in this yearbook were developed and printed in the darkroom in Winnett. The equipment in this darkroom was donated by the Service League. These people truly deserve a loud round of applause for their contributions to undergraduate life here at Tech.

MUDEO





"A-A-H-H-H-H-H"

the Big T



The Staff—First Row: Alan Stein, Don Gunter, Sue . . . (ask Ault for her last name, I forgot it), Nina Rogers, John Fisher. Second Row: Eric Jensen, Bruce Ault, Chip Smith, Lee Sparling.

Designed with the philosophy in mind that it should offend even the most insensitive senior, this yearbook slowly crawled out from underneath its rock early in January. On this campus, one thing which is particularly annoying is for one house to become surly and start pulling power plays. So, coinciding with its policies concerning good public relations, Page House stuffed the yearbook staff with its own people, long before the January work began.

The chances for a general antiseptic purge of the yearbook and finally making it a document of some social redeeming value were completely demolished with the reappearance of last year's editor in that same capacity this year. Furthermore, enduring last summer's ordeal with the Faculty and Sports sections atrophied Don Gunter's reasoning powers just enough so that we were able to convince him that he ought to do it again. Lee Sparling, who will edit this thing next year, helped Don with the Faculty section. Bruce Ault never ceased to amaze me with his willingness to do an unreasonable amount of work—like all of the Sports section and much of the Activities section. Brett Tucker and Mike Geary did only enough pages of the Activities section to convince them that doing yearbooks was indeed a demented way of life, so they got out early. Getting away from Page, now, Eric Jensen is responsible for all the work that went into the Senior section. He is to be commended for the work he put into getting as many senior pictures and write-ups as possible (there are more of them this year than in any other yearbook Caltech has ever had). Fleming House donated our business manager, Chris Diamantoukos. Finally, the people who make this whole show possible are our photographers, who do *all* the developing and printing of photographs solely for the privilege of using the darkroom facilities for their private work. Pretty cheap wages when you think of all the work they do. John Fisher coordinated all of the darkroom work this year. Alan Stein is, again (cf last year's yearbook), responsible for much of the work, including the high-contrast photos which form the section dividers. John Belsher, Steve Dashiell, and John Bean completed our complement of photographers. And, like last year, my particular thanks goes to a certain Miss Rogers, for her moral support and just on general principles.

One last thing. The cover design this year was chosen purely for its aesthetic values. Any complaints you might have about it are only in your imagination and ought to be disregarded. At any rate, while it undoubtedly could stand many improvements, it is nevertheless my sincere hope that this volume will serve you as an adequate chronicle of the events of the academic year, 1969-70.

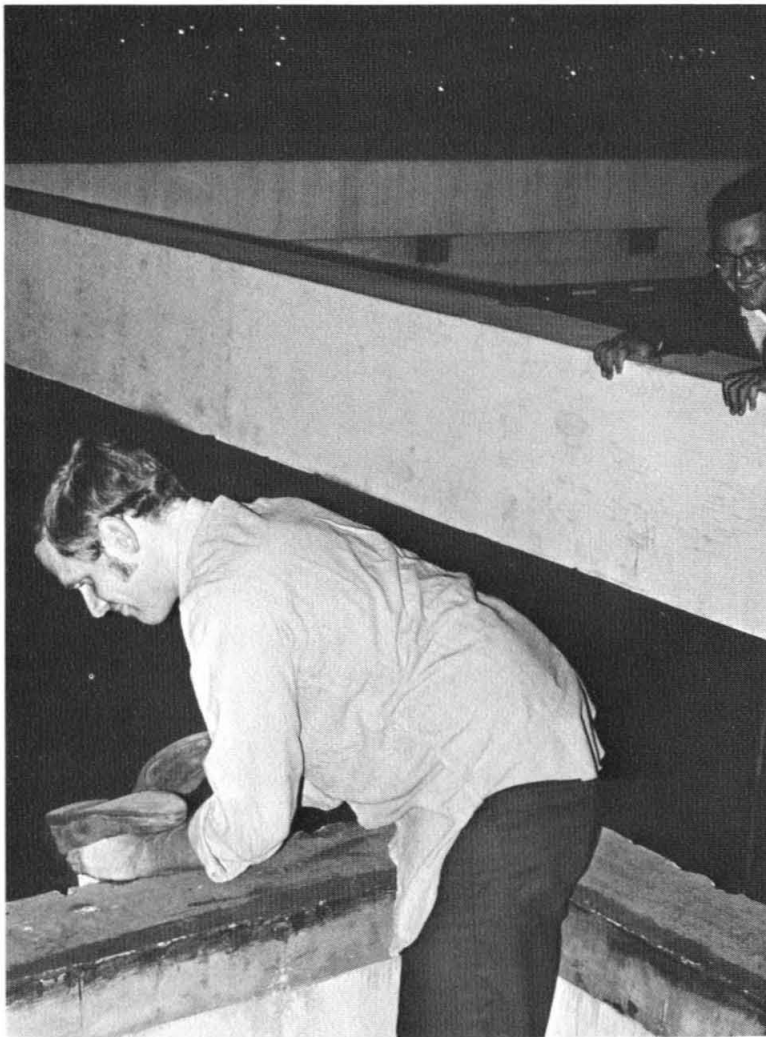
Chip Smith



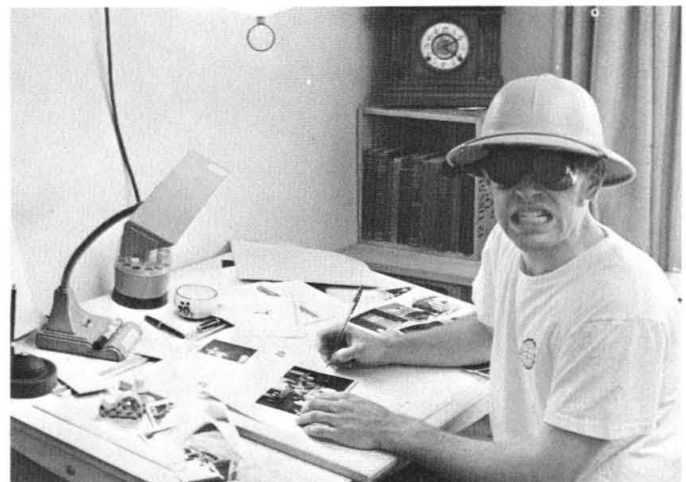
Our unofficial secretary, Louise Hood.



"Me see absolutely nuttin' funny about the cover design of dis book."



Interviewing prospective editors for next year's book and convincing them of the importance and ease of the job can be really exciting.



Making yearbooks makes sweet, happy dispositions, improves one's temper and patience, and builds strong bodies 12 ways.

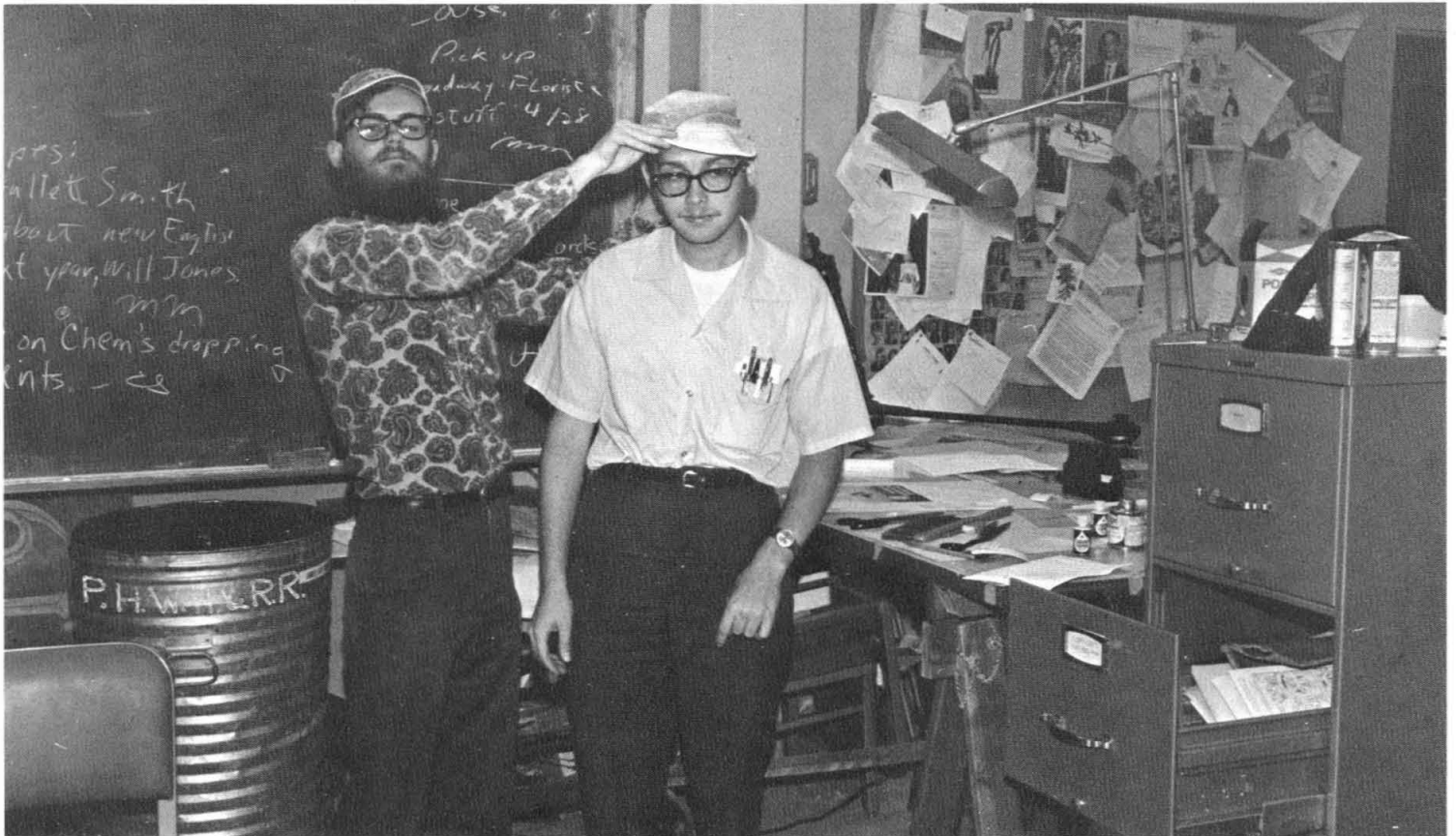
The CALIFORNIA Tech

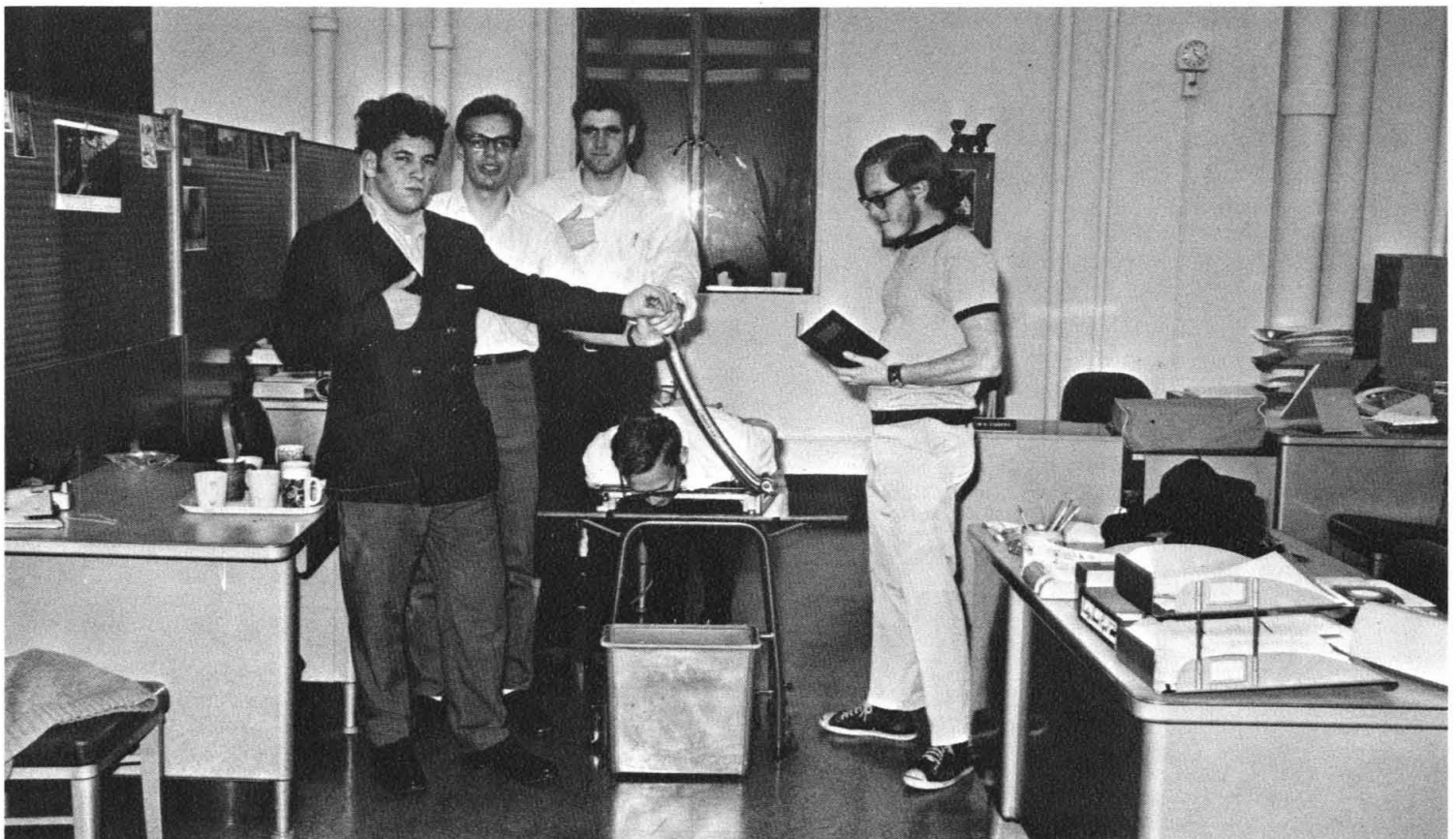
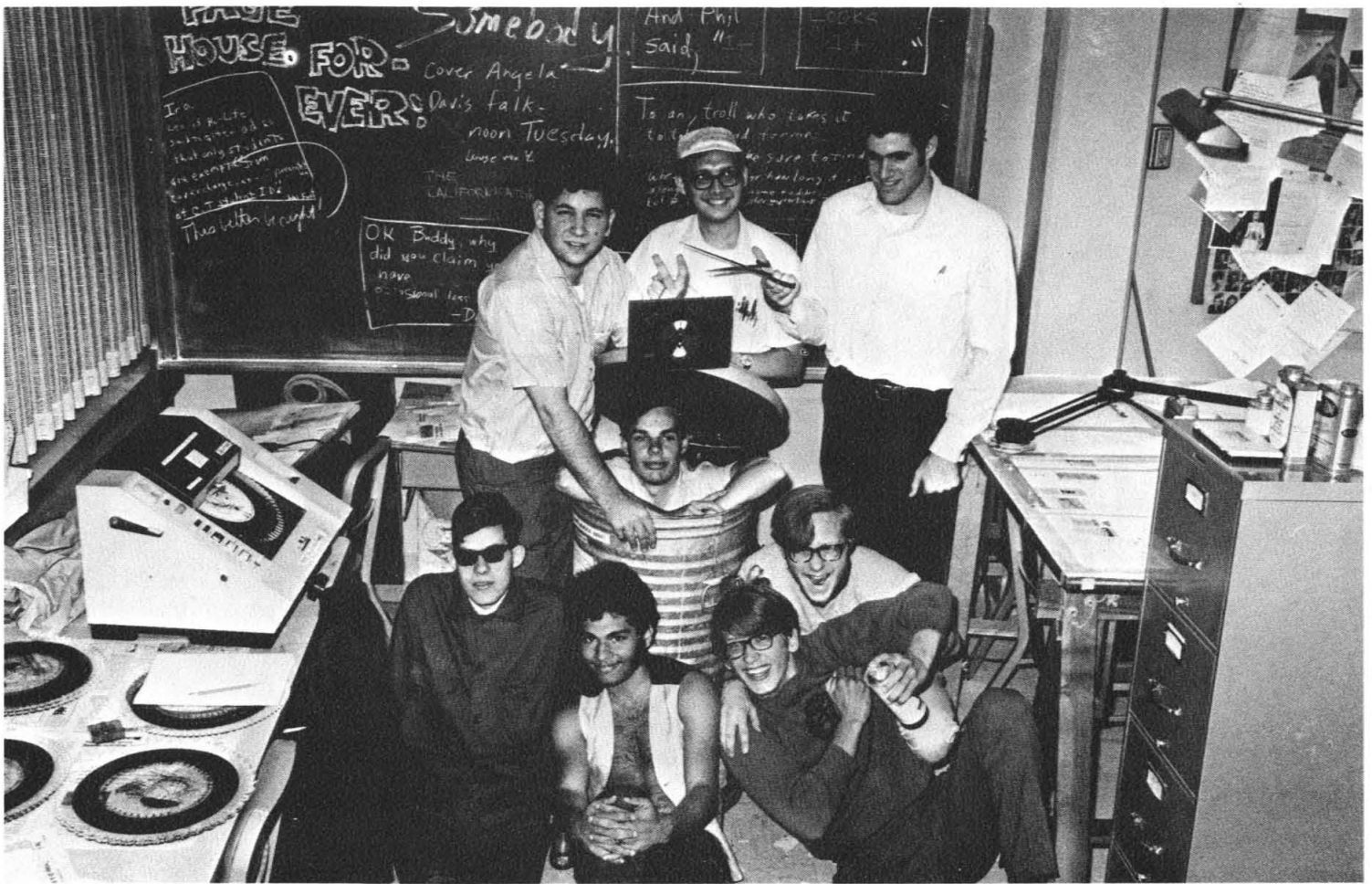
Once upon a time, in a fair land, it came to pass that an Idea was had. The time was the early, innocent days of 1969, the fair land was that of the California Tech, and the idea, which descended (heavily) upon an innocent frosh editor, Ira Moskatel, spelled the end of that time of symbiotic suffering known as the "Bickley Years," or "!&??* # \$!". With the aid of a fast tongue and other questionable assets, Moskatel managed to put one over on an equally innocent Business Manager (?) and sold Bickley's down the river in June. Moskatel was overheard to say, "Give me offset or give me Death!", leading the way to wonder how much stock he owned in IBM and Vartyper, and the unwary (i.e., staff) to wonder why no one gave him his wish.

Come September and the world was old and tired. With the father-confessor, Jff Hxct, departed for UMass, or points north, and Craig Sarazin never quite recovering from the shock of returning to a reorganized office, the newly-christened Ira-the-Louse and his faithful sidekick, Etaoin Schroedlu the Bus. Man, who set a record for $d(\text{cynicism})/dt$, set to work to produce a rag which would bring joy and comfort to more people than just the IBM billing dept. Of course, there was a plentiful supply of strange beings in existence as well: the one and only Paul Levin, the unit Neches ("No! No! the first syllable rhymes with 'retch'!"), who seemed determined to uphold the concept of Froshpower, all by himself if necessary, the Red Menace (two of them, actually), and a group of Entertainment Editors who circulated faster than the Techs normally did.

Nor was all quite normal during the year (but then, it'd be abnormal for it to be). The staff, whenever things were dull, generated its own news. The inexplicable Schroedlu, when not managing everyone's business or conducting correspondence, was generating space filler at alarming rates and doing other un-Business-Manager-like things ("A monotonically increasing GPA" You must be kidding!?!") The existing Editor-in-Chief answered all questions about his sanity by becoming the first Editor within the memory of man to succeed himself, a job so difficult as to require the assistance of Levin and Neches as well. Meanwhile, Schroedlu lost successors three times before finally leaving office six weeks late. And NEAS, of course, seized its opportunity to subvert the U.S. science effort.

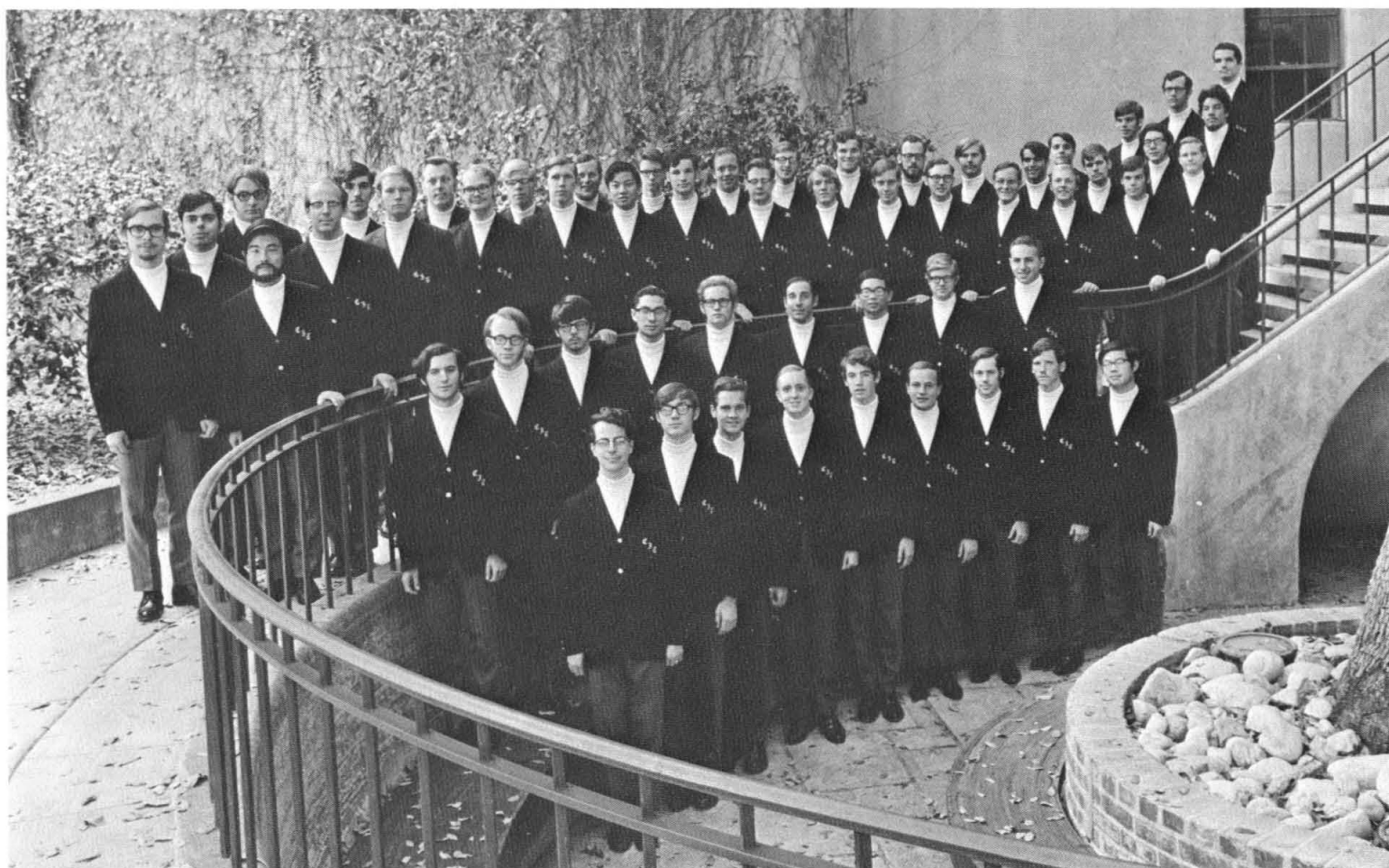
And so, another year lurched to an end, in spite of fears to the contrary, leaving the Tech as the world's only known example of negative evolution, and leaving the staff to conclude that the year had been, opinions to the contrary, an undeniable experience.





Promises, Promises

GLEE CLUB



To complement the intense academic curriculum, some three score and ten Techers, several of them graduate students, faculty and staff find the twice-weekly Glee Club Happening, the largest musical activity on campus, immensely entertaining. Typically beginning with a hand clap and a snap of the fingers, Director Olaf M. Frodsham will yell, "let's have a little music!" and proceed in various stages of undress through a rhythmic, melodious and bumping-and-grinding rehearsal. These rehearsal times pay off, for the Caltech Glee Club is recognized as one of the best men's choirs in the nation.

In his seventeenth year here, Director Frodsham led the Glee Club in a successful 1970 concert season, including a very enjoyable and stimulating Spring Tour in the Hawaiian Islands. There, besides pursuing pineapple, coconuts, coral, waves, rugged 10,000-foot volcanoes, *Primo* beer and *wahines* (not necessarily in that order), the Glee Clubbers found that they had several new and unique capabilities as a concert touring group; there were innovative and successful science presentations given at four prep schools, and, of course, the exhausting male hula, a *dying* art personally taught to some of the more virile members by the world's expert on the Hawaiian Hula, Nona Beamer.

Smaller groups within the Glee Club include the Caltech Chamber singers, an ensemble conducted by Assistant

Director Priscilla Remeta, which specializes in English and Italian three-part madrigals and similar chamber music. The Varsity Quartet and the Freshman Quartet provide variety in the form of lighter musical fare. The Glee Club repertoire is large and varied, ranging from Gregorian Chants and Renaissance polyphony to tunes from modern Broadway shows. A representative selection of the Glee Club's repertoire, including a colorful Hawaiian motif, is available on their 1970 LP record.

This year's officers were as follows: President, Carl Neu; Vice-President, Joe Templeton; Secretary, Wes Munsil; Treasurer, David Shaffer; Manager, Glenn Prestwich; Assistant Managers, Robert Bell, Thomas Noyes, Steven Smith, and David Switzer; Librarians, David Luipold and Steven Smith; and uniform managers, Norm Veach and Paul Levin. Accompanists were Juanita Mooney, Mr. Phillip Hay, Mr. Glenn Prestwich, and Dr. William W. Lemonds.

Next year's officers are: President, Ronald Lipinski; Vice-President, David J. Smith; Secretary, David Luipold; Treasurer, Daniel Reichel; Manager, Robert Bell; European Tour Manager, Dennis McCreary; Librarian, David Shaffer; and uniform Managers, Donald Franks and Steven Warling. They are planning the European Tour for Summer, 1971.



Dress rehearsal



Let's have a little music



Flying Frodsham



Glee Club at Pasadena Presbyterian Church



INTERHOUSE SING



Ruddock House first place chorus

Ruddock completed a clean sweep of the 1969-70 Interhouse Sing competition, with wins in the chorus and quartet divisions. The program, emceed by Dr. Gary Lorden, featured choral entries by Ruddock, Ricketts, Lloyd and Page. Lloyd placed a close second to Ruddock in this division, while the Page entry provided a humorous medley of old and new songs, including one especially written for the occasion. In the quartet division, Ruddock edged out the Ricketts entry.

There were several talent acts also entered in the miscellaneous division. Paul Levin won top honors in this division, with a solo of a German love song. Also entered were a guitar solo, a duo from Lloyd, and a combo from Fleming, performing a number of "old favorites."



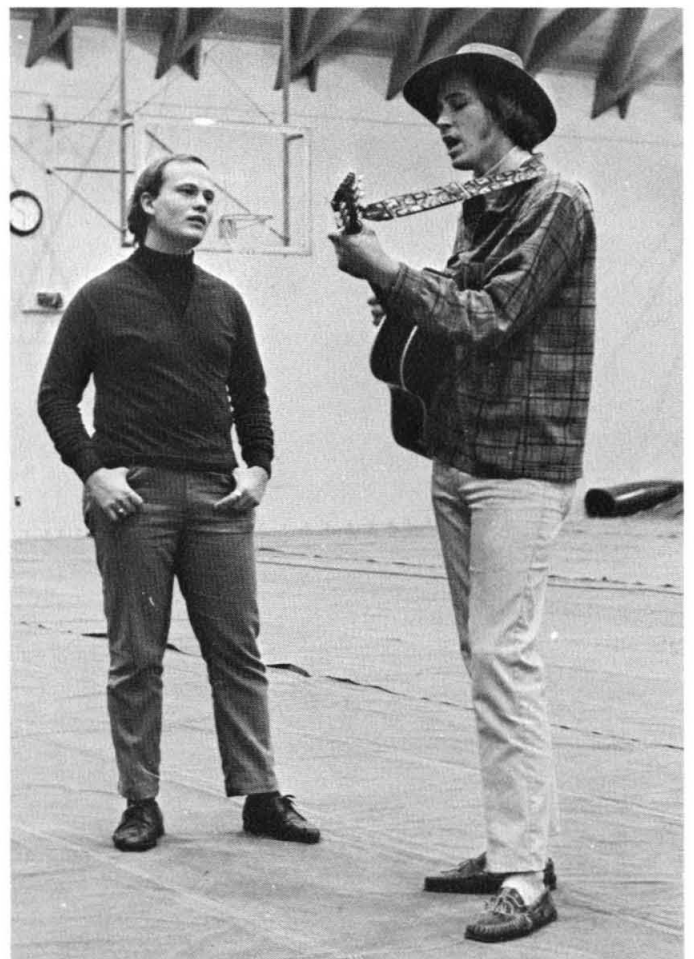
Page House Chorus under the direction of Gregg Stearns



Lloyd House chorus



Paul Levin—first place soloist





Ricketts House Chorus



Sheldon and the Shmucks (who?)



Ruddock House winning quartet



Ricketts House quartet

THE CALTECH BAND



First Row: Kirby Fong, Karl Bell, Charles Novitski, Mike Blake, Jackie Hood. Second Row: Jim Joseph, George Alverson, Steve Robsky, Lee Casperson, Jerry Ward, Norm Finn, Howard Morris, Bruce Eisenhart, Don Franks, Greg Rewoldt. Third Row: Leo Pilachowski, Harold Gordon, Aaron Owens, John Belsher, Jim Mosher, Bob Panek, Tom Douglas, Bob Siefgried, Alex Wilson, Wayne Sherrer, Larry November, Larry Brandt, Lee Kondor, Dick Harley, Rich Shaw. Fourth Row. Standing: Arthur Kreymer, Mr. John Deichman (director) Neil Koepf, Kelly Beatty. Seated: Mike Shull, John Biegging. Not Pictured: Steve Wierenga, Jerry Kiuttu, Wes Erickson.

1969-1970 saw not only a larger and more active Caltech Band, but the beginnings of a wind program with the Concert band at its core. Within a large group of people there was bound to be a diversity of interests, and this diversity was expressed in the form of numerous groups such as the marching band, the German band, the Stage Band, the Brass Sextet, and an octet to perform Stravinsky's octet for Wind Instruments. The personnel of the Concert Band and associated groups are listed on the next pages.

The year began auspiciously at new student camp with a performance after only three hours of rehearsal by the freshmen bandsmen. During football season, for the first time in many years, if not for the first time ever, Caltech fielded a "Marching band." Opinion was divided on whether or not the band was actually marching, but there was no doubt that the half-time shows were the most entertaining ever seen at Caltech. The band played many more outdoor concerts this year beginning with the Homecoming Day picnic October 18. This was followed by Dr. Brown's inauguration during which the Band nearly died of heat prostration sitting in the hot sun through the ceremony. Later the band played at Disneyland, and gave a noon concert on Winnett Plaza. The band also played on Students' Day, at Immaculate Heart College on May 1, and on Alumni Seminar day. In the meantime, the Brass Sextet performed Christmas carols at the Athenaeum, the German Band enlivened several of the basketball games, and the Stage Band serenaded delegates at the A.S.M.E. convention and alumni on Seminar Day. The year's activity reached its high point at the annual spring concert in Beckman Auditorium May 9, which featured several ensembles as well as the concert band.

The Caltech Band prides itself not only in being an extracurricular activity benefitting wind instrumentalists on campus, but for serving the entire school with numerous public appearances. In coming years the Band anticipates a role in representing Caltech to the community as well as continuing its tradition of excellence in performance and service.



At the left we see the Marching Band making its entrance for a half-time show. Notice the Band's precision. Ranks and files are absolutely straight and everyone is marching in step. Johnny Hart, cartoonist and creator of B.C., was inspired by one of the Band's half-time shows to create the strip below.



PERSONNEL

George Alverson
Wayne Anderson
Kelly Beatty
Karl Bell
John Belsher
John Bieging
Mike Blake
Larry Brandt
Lee Casperson
Tom Douglas
Bruce Eisenhart
John Ellis
Wes Erickson
Norm Finn
Kirby Fong
Don Franks
Harold Gordon
Dick Harley
Jackie Hood
Sam Insana
Jim Joseph
Sue Kieffer
Jerry Kiuttu
Lee Kondor
Neil Kopel
Arthur Kreymer
Randy Kubena
Lance Lawson
Steve Moritsugu
Howard Morris
Jim Mosher
Larry November
Charles Novitski
Aaron J. Owens

alto saxophone
bass
percussion
clarinet
trumpet
baritone
clarinet
trombone
clarinet
trumpet
clarinet
trumpet
string bass
oboe
clarinet
bassoon
trumpet
trombone
flute
trumpet
alto saxophone
flute
baritone
trombone
bassoon
percussion
trumpet
clarinet
French horn
baritone saxophone
trumpet
trombone
clarinet
trumpet

Bob Panek
Alan Peterson
Leo Pilachowski
Dan Reichel
Malcolm Reid
Greg Rewoldt
Steve Robsky
Rich Shaw
Bob Shelby
Wayne Sherrer
Rich Short
Steve Shuler
Mike Shull
Frank Shuri
Bob Siegfried
Norm Veach
Jerry Ward
Steve Warling
Sandy Webb
Bob West
Steve Wierenga
Alex Wilson
Steve Young
John C. Deichman

President
Vice-President
Vice-President
Manager
Assistant Manager
Assistant Manager
Secretary
Librarian

Officers

trumpet
clarinet
French horn
French horn
bass clarinet
bassoon
tenor saxophone
tuba
trombone
trombone
tuba
clarinet
baritone
trumpet
trumpet
clarinet
clarinet
baritone
flute
trumpet
clarinet
trombone
percussion
director

Don Franks
Bruce Eisenhart
Larry Brandt
Kirby Fong
John Belsher
Neil Kopel
Arthur Kreymer
Jim Joseph

At the right, the Band performs for alumni at the Homecoming Day picnic. This was the first of many outdoor concerts given by the Band. Several others were on Winnett Plaza just outside the bookstore.

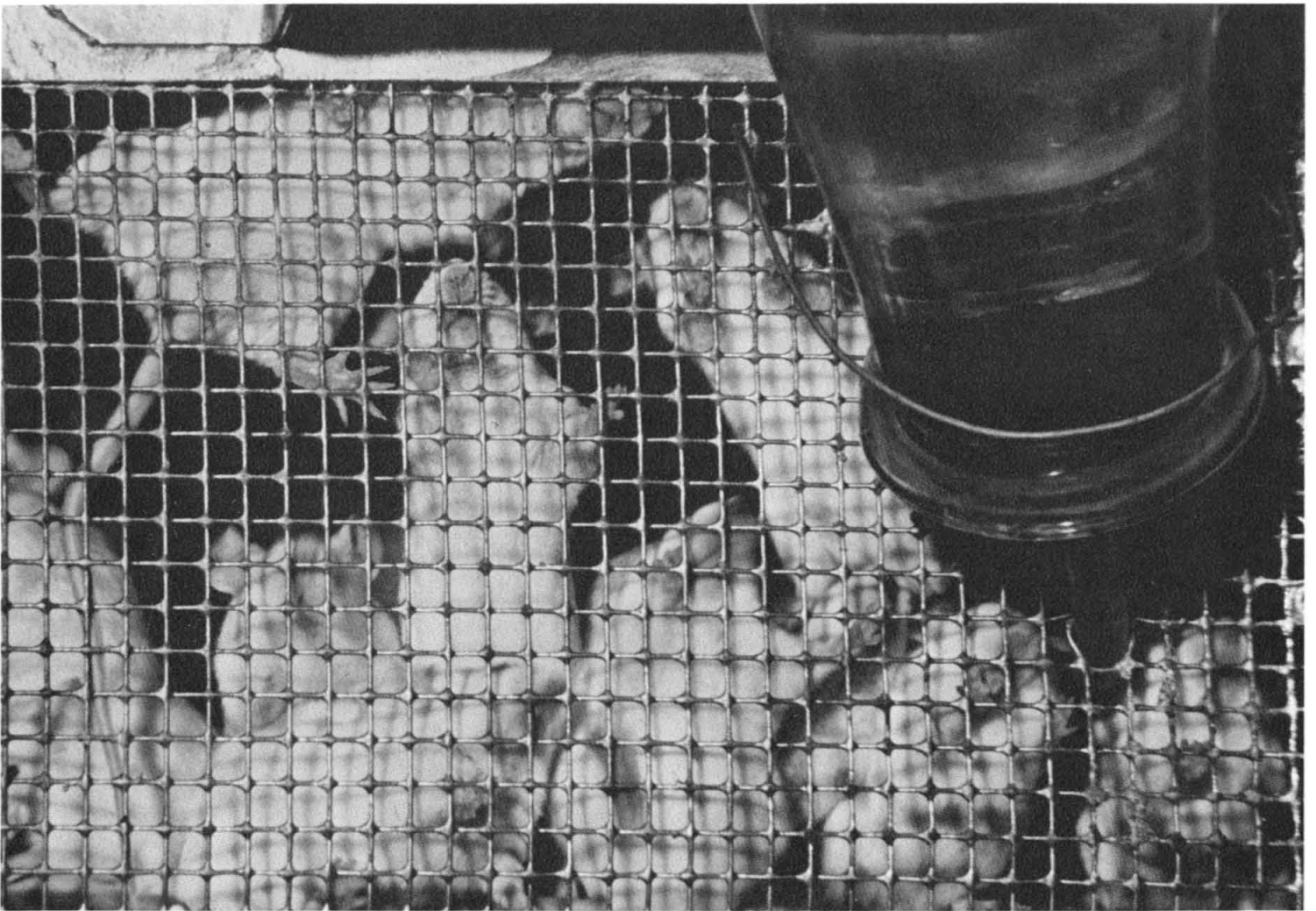


A German band consists of two clarinets, a trumpet, a trombone and a tuba. We see the Band here performing at one of the basketball games. Notice how the audience is captivated by the music. Left to right: Jim Joseph, Kirby Fong, Tom Douglas, Larry Brandt, Rich Shaw.



Below, we see the Stage Band between numbers at Alumni Seminar Day. At the time they were playing, the temperature was in the nineties, and there was a first stage smog alert. Left to right: Arthur Kreymer, Wayne Anderson, Howard Morris, A.J. Owens, George Alverson, Sam Insana, Jim Joseph, Tom Douglas, Norm Finn, Bob Panek, Dick Harley, Wayne Sherrer. Not Pictured: Rich Shaw, Steve Robsky.





Dinner time at Fleming House

CHINESE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

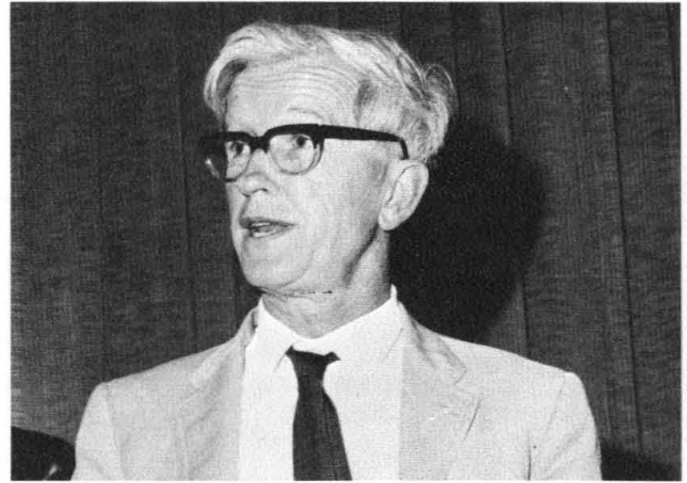
The Caltech Chinese Student Association starts off every year with an initiation and election meeting early first term to welcome new members and to elect new officers, always in very modest Oriental fashion. With a close link to other Chinese Clubs in L.A. colleges and vicinity, the CCSA competes with them in various sports and helps them in social events. Highlights of the year include two dances on campus, a ping-pong tournament, and soccer games against UCLA, Cal State LA, and Loyola. This year the officers are: president, Shuan-Ping Chao; Vice-President, Chi-Shin Wang; Secretary, Kung-Chung Yeh; Social Chairman, Bill Lu; and Sports Chairman, Sai-Kit Law.



NOBEL LAUREATES

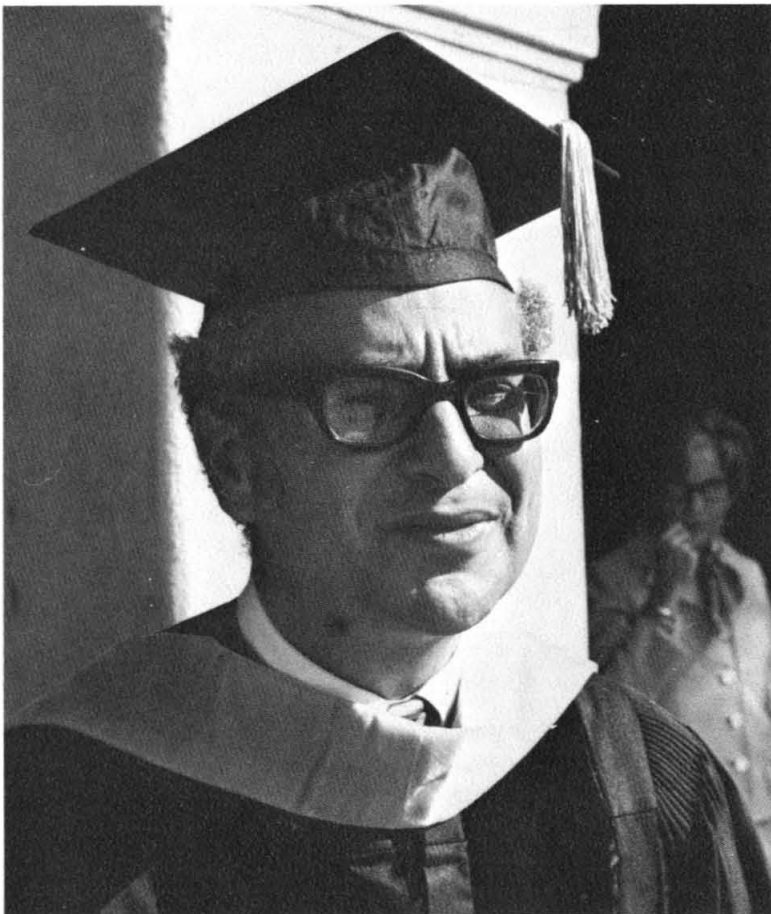
Max Delbrück

Dr. Max Delbrück received the first of Caltech's two Nobel prizes this year, for his work on the genetic structure of viruses. He shared the award with two of his colleagues in past years, Alfred Hershey and Salvatore Luria. His discoveries gave a deeper insight into the nature of viruses, and also an increased understanding of inheritance and genetics.



Murray Gell-Mann

Dr. Murray Gell-Mann received Caltech's second Nobel prize of the year for his contributions to theoretical physics. He was cited for "contributions and discoveries concerning the classification of elementary particles and their interactions". His proposal of the eightfold way theory in 1961, which has since been substantiated, presents a method of ordering subatomic particles. Quarks, "strangeness", and the discovery of the Ω -particle are also outgrowths of his fundamental work.



THE INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT



Beneath a hot sun and unexpectedly smogless sky, more than 4,000 people watched Dr. Harold Brown don the academic hood of Robert A. Millikan and, with it, formally assume the administrative reins of Caltech. Among the members of the audience were representatives of more than 200 centers of learning from all over the globe.

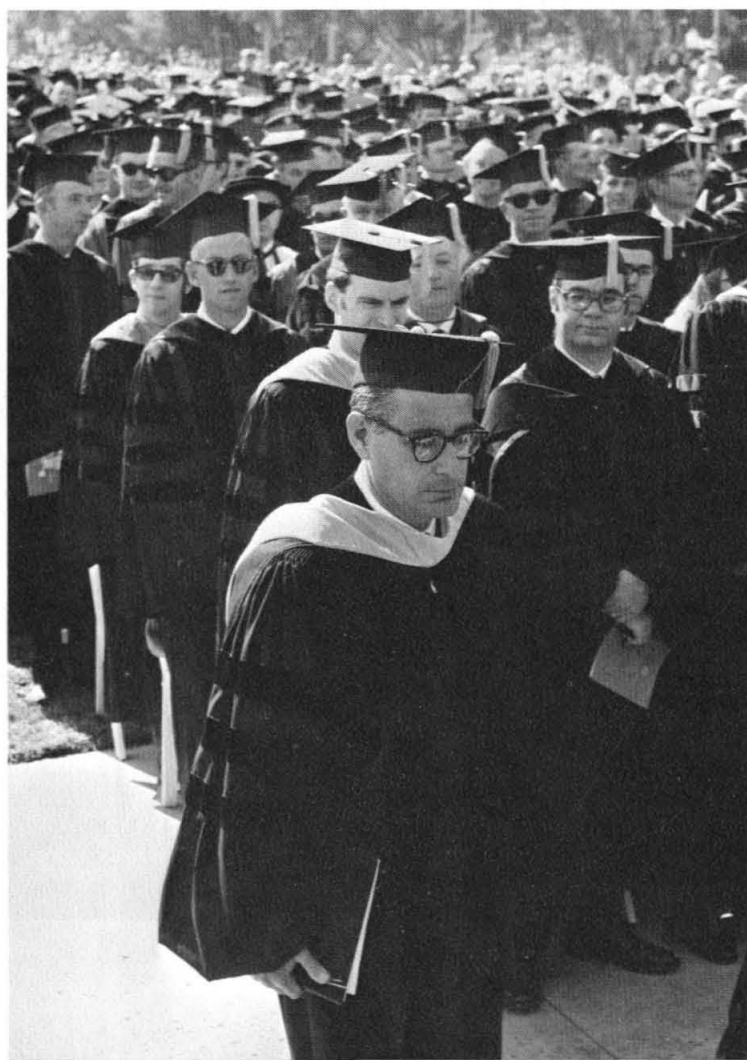
Listing in the program for the day's events were the oldest and newest institutions. First on the list was Oxford and last was Moorpark College, established only two years ago. Under the graceful canopy suspended from the roof of Beckman Auditorium, sat the trustees, administrators, and most distinguished guests.

The ceremony began promptly at 10:30 a.m. with Chief Marshall Robert P. Sharp leading a color guard and academic procession. Within the processional were the faculty, both Nobel Laureates Delbruck and Gell-Mann, the representatives of other schools, and the official party.

Leading the program was the Caltech Glee Club with the National Anthem followed by an invocation by the Reverend Donald P. Merrifield, S.J., who was a Caltech graduate and, as evidenced by his golden yellow hood, a D. Sci. in physics.

Dr. Arnold D. Beckman, chairman of the Board of Trustees, officiated and read greetings from the various governmental officials and a speech prepared by Howard Johnson, President of MIT, representing all the Academic Institutions and Learned Societies.

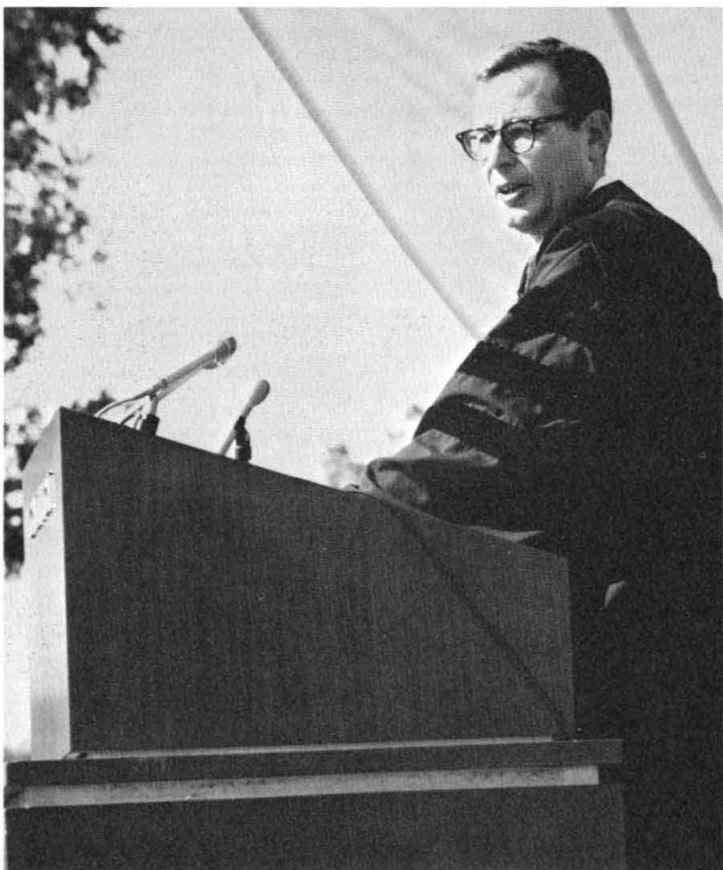
Robert F. Christy represented the faculty in wishing the new president good luck. Speeches by Stephen Horner of ASCIT, Richard Nielson of the Grad Council, and Craig Elliott of the Alumni, followed.





Dr. Brown was introduced by Thomas J. Watson, a member of the Board of Trustees and President of IBM. Dr. Brown's speech included his evaluation of Caltech's future and the changes which could be foreseen. He restated his plans to create advisory boards on all levels—administrative, faculty, and student. Particularly noteworthy was his prediction of graduate studies in the humanities. While he expressed doubt as to whether Caltech would ever grant a doctorate in English literature, he felt certain that degrees in psychology and perhaps economics would be given.

A buffet dinner was held in Winnett Plaza that evening and was followed by a concert given by Harper's Bizarre in Beckman Auditorium.



Alumni



The Man at The Top: Jim Black, Executive Director

Each person who graduates from Caltech is eligible to join the Alumni Association. This group, under the direction of Jim Black, is an important source of funds for the Institute; part of the funds comes directly to the undergraduates. Part of this is in funds provided for the ASCIT Alumni Assembly Series, held on Wednesday mornings at eleven. These programs vary from speeches to movies to concerts, all under the direction of the ASCIT Assemblies Chairman. The Association also helps underwrite the cost of Interhouse Dance, and this yearbook.

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. This year, the four Alumni Scholars are James H. Richards, '70, Steven Bankes, '71, Steven Sheffield, '72, and Henri Farhi, '73. The Association also solicits its members for contributions to Institute projects. The first big result of the contributions is the Alumni Swimming Pool, built in 1954.

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. It is also used as a public relations medium for the Institute. A subscription is included in the dues charged the members of the Association.



Alumni Day at Caltech is a time to return and reminisce a little bit.



LOCATION OF ALUMNI IN U.S.A.



LOCATION OF ALUMNI IN THE WORLD



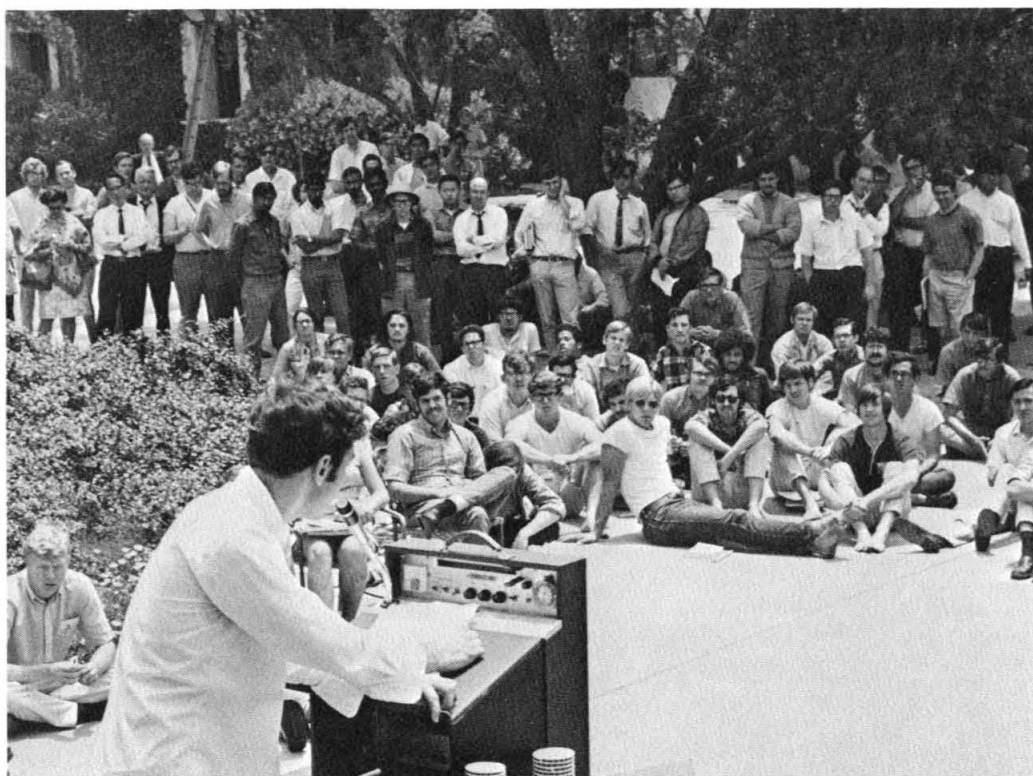
YMCA

The Caltech YMCA is a fellowship of students, faculty, and friends motivated by the desire to understand more fully themselves and the society around them. It offers an outlet of lively, mind-stretching conferences, discussion, and action for those on campus looking for an experience beyond just the academic.

JOURNEY/ENCOUNTER

Two-hundred and fifty persons enrolled for the series, "A Journey Into Self/An Encounter with Others." The focus of this program was on learning by doing—testing out new values, exploring different modes of behaviour and opening new lines of communication. Each of the 16 sessions lasted about 3 hours, and the 8 titles were:

- Journey Into Self
- The Creative Human Encounter
- An Evening of Psychodrama
- Storytelling and the Discovery of Identity
- Self-Awareness and Communication through Movement
- Meditative Techniques and Depth Imagery
- Fantasy and Dream Interpretation
- Getting High Without Drugs



THE DRUG SCENE

This carefully planned series of seminars and discussions about the urgent issue of drug abuse was presented during a nine-day period in May, 1969, and was co-chaired by Phil Samson, '70, and Pat Davis.

Each session was under the leadership of a distinguished authority in his field.

The topics:

"The School Community Coming to Terms with Drug Use" William Schatz, Cal State L.A. Consultant

"Getting High Without Drugs" Dr. Tony Rose, Western Behavioural Sciences Institute

"Changes in the Legal Responses to Drugs" Robert Cogen, Attorney, Los Angeles

"Innovative Approaches to the Responsible Use of Drugs" Robert Rocke, M.D., MPH., County of Los Angeles

"The Foothill Free Clinic" The Rev. Bill Rankin, Pasadena

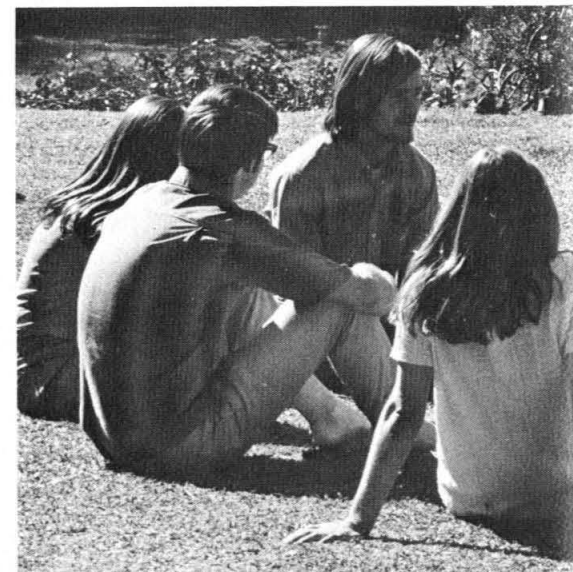
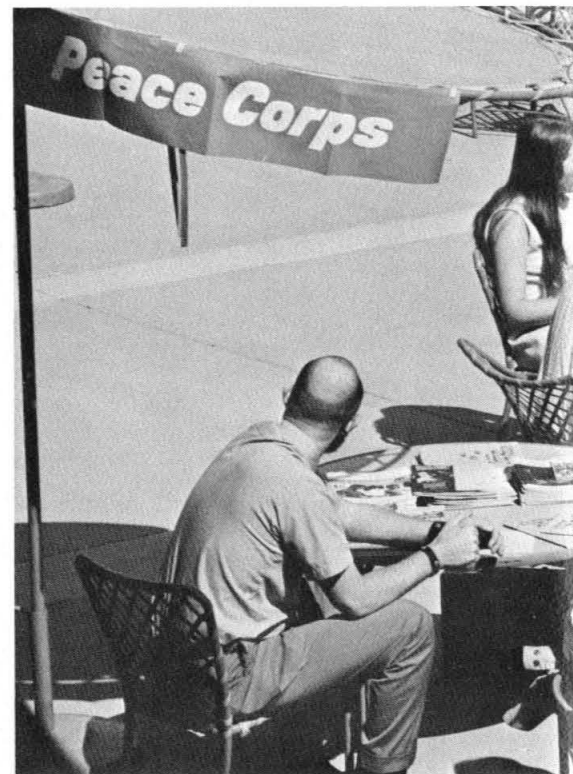
"An Exploration into some Causes Behind Drug Use" The Rev. George McLaird, Redondo Beach

"Correctionalist Works with the Addict" Louis Carney, Dept. of Corrections, State of California

"The Psychedelic Drug Scene" Dr. Lewis Yablonsky, Author

"How High is High?" Rick M. Chapman, Lecturer

"Drugs - Tell it Like it is" Dr. Alton Sears, Cal State L.A.



STUDENT SERVICES

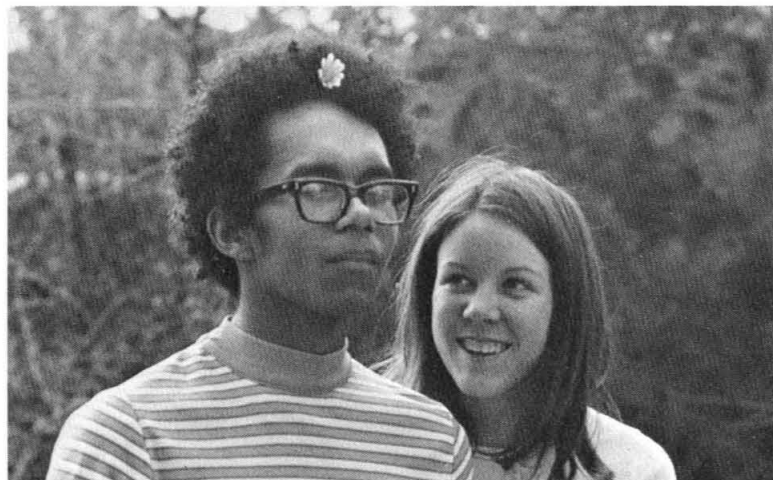
- The Y offices continue to be an extension of the campus' main street. This year the Y
- edited and published a 66-page booklet of information for new graduate students
- loaned thousands dollars from the Caltech Y-ARCS Foundation Loan Fund
- made available to students many opportunities for draft counseling
- met more than half the members of the freshman class and brought them to campus on their arrival in Pasadena
- collected and shipped thousands of books and journals to Asian universities
- provided the Lost and Found headquarters for the campus
- had office equipment available for use by all members of the campus community
- operated the book exchange, where hundreds of students bought and sold books
- served as headquarters for the ASCIT Research Center's three projects during the summer
- assisted Cinematech, student self-supporting film group
- counseled students with personal problems



CONFERENCES - Personal Encounter conferences continue to be a significant method for helping the individual to understand himself better and to discover how to be more open and honest with others in the expression of one's feelings. This year, the Y sponsored several conferences including two personal encounter labs, a leadership conference, a couples weekend, and a Building-a-Relationship lab. In addition, the Y provided leadership and funds to several of the student houses in developing their own conferences.

SEX AND DATING PROGRAM - Sex is always of interest to Caltech students, but this fall plans were made for a rather extensive program of discussion of the many issues related to getting along creatively with the opposite sex. The program is planned in three stages. There were a series of discussions in student houses during the fall quarter which will be followed by two conferences second quarter and an enrollment lecture series in the spring. The house discussions included:

- "Unwritten Rules and Expectations", Drs. John and Judy Glass
- "Attitudes", Dr. Althea Horner
- "Sex Laws", Judge Richard Hayden
- "Sexuality", Dr. and Mrs. Pete Smith
- "Building", Dr. Jerome Jacoby



Among our guests this year. . .

JESSE UNRUH - Speaker of the Assembly and Democratic candidate in the California Gubernatorial campaign, spent two days on campus as a YMCA Leader of America.

THOMAS BRADLEY - Councilman Bradley, at Caltech for an afternoon and evening, achieved national prominence in the race for Mayor of Los Angeles.

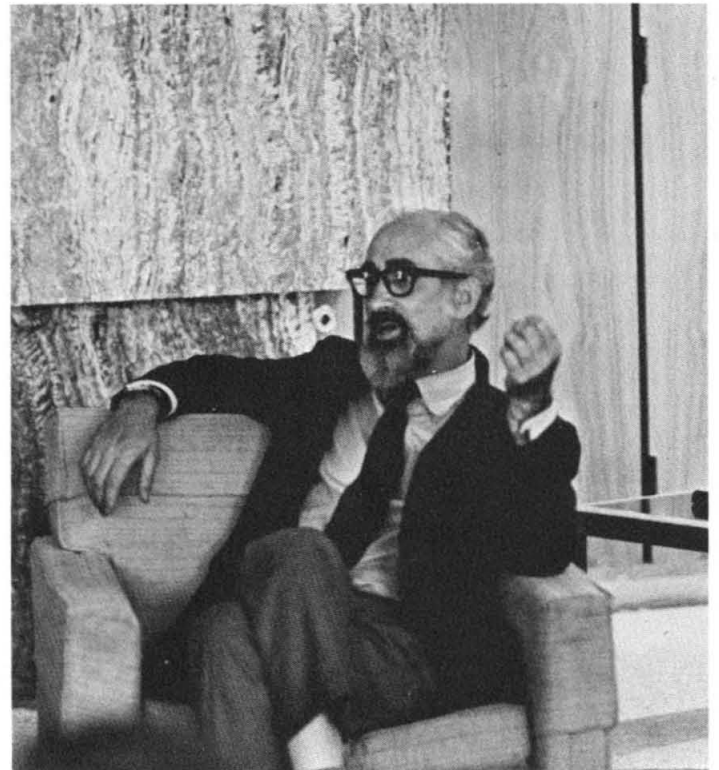
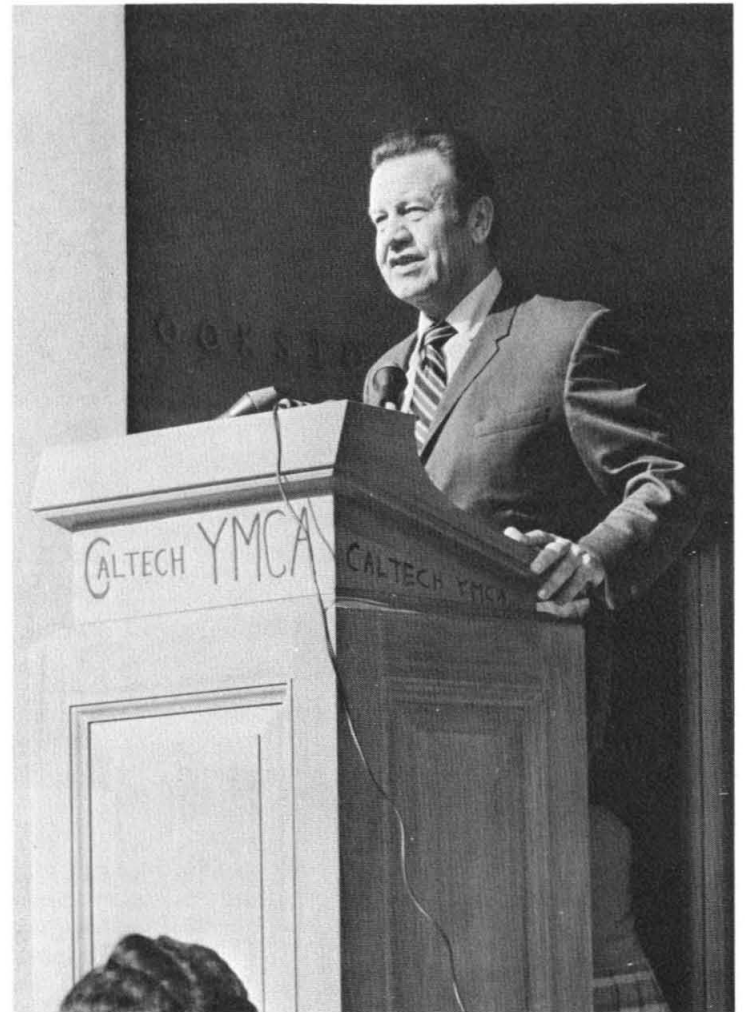
ABRAHAM KAPLAN - Philosopher Abraham Kaplan spent a day on campus as the Y's guest and spoke to an audience of more than 1000 persons in Beckman Auditorium.

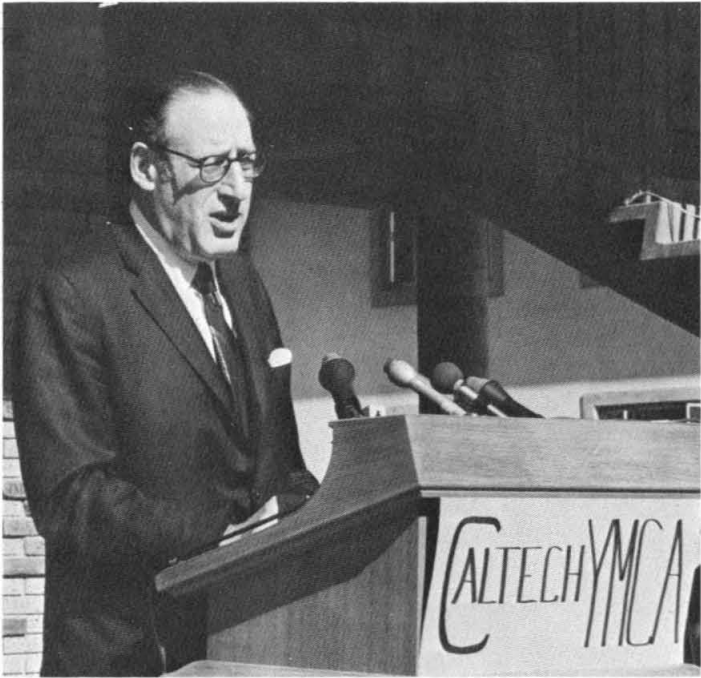
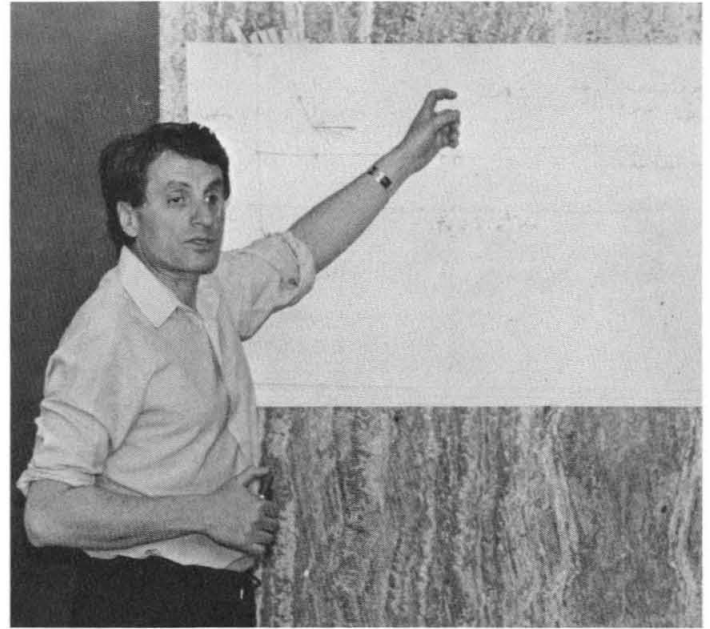
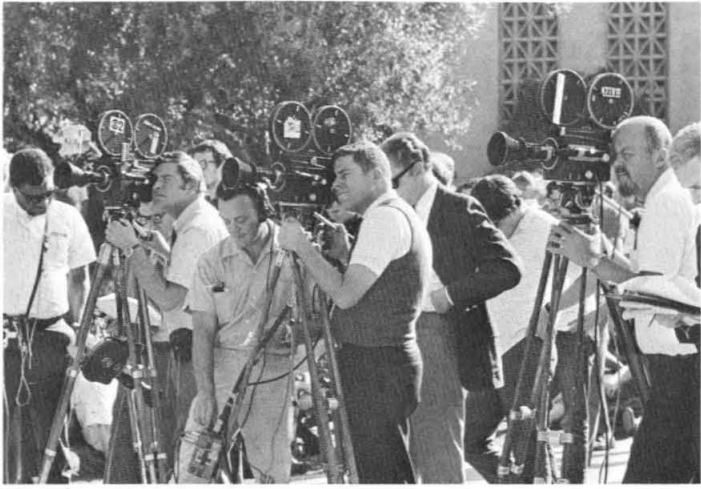
IANNIS XENAKIS - The modern architect and composer who uses scientific concepts in writing music and designing buildings, spent a lively day with students.

FRED FRIENDLY - Former head of CBS News. Spoke back to Spiro Agnew on news interpretation and got fair coverage of his own.

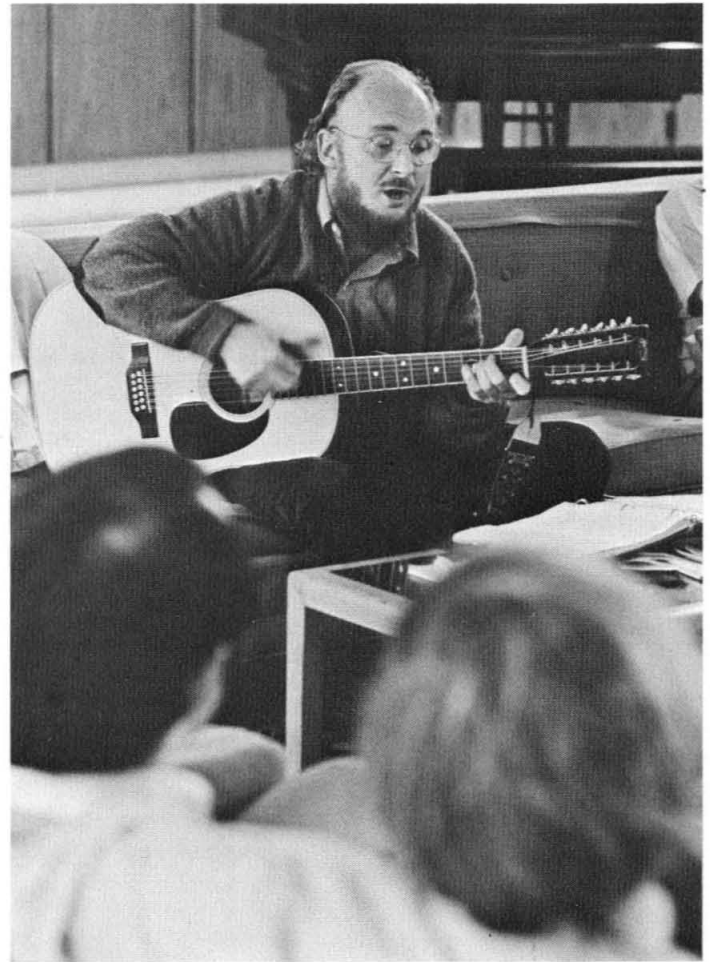
RIC MASTEN - Poet, songwriter, songsinger, from Big Sur, a popular guest of the Y.

NINA FOCH - A well-known actress on stage, screen, and television, conducting a weekly seminar on self-expression through dance and drama.

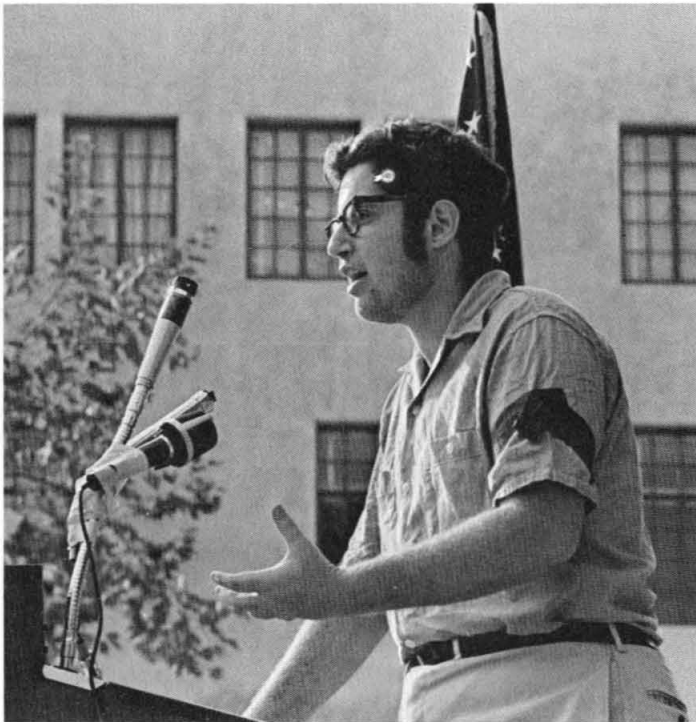
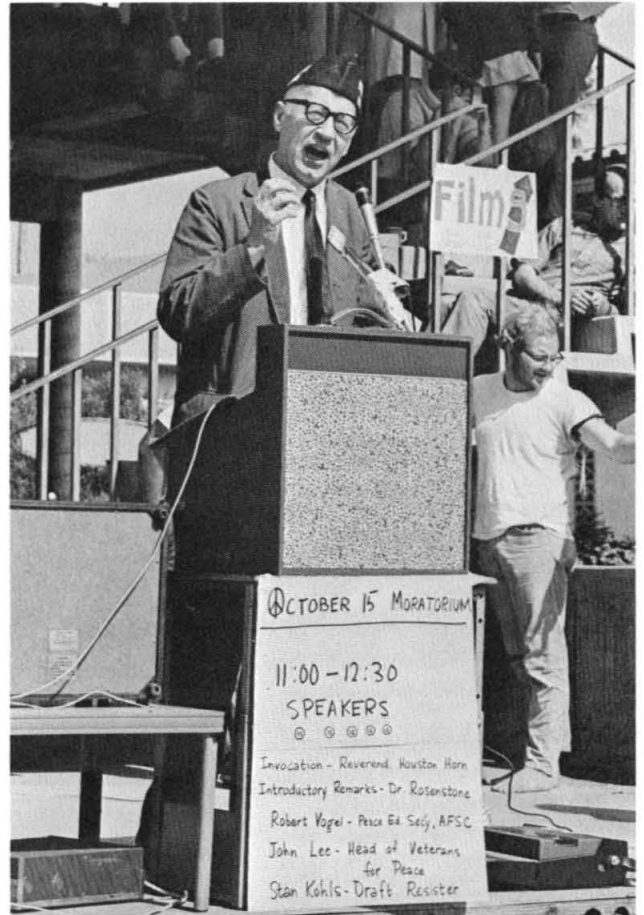




Athenaeum Luncheon Forum: National Priorities, Psychology Today, International Issues, and Urban Problems were all dealt with by speakers at the Wednesday noon forum.



War discussion. . . The Caltech Y played a facilitating role in the organization of the October 15th Moratorium at Caltech. This was a day of discussion that involved four different approaches: the reading of names of the US war dead in a small campus graveyard to call people's attention to the loss of lives in Vietnam, building of a monument, two large rallies with speakers, a series of discussion groups on the draft, moral issues, protest, scientists in society - chemical and biological warfare, and movies.



P.M.E. - This year's P.M.E. focused on Asia with special players including Mrs. Harold Brown, a campus cop, and Dr. Scalapino from Berkeley, Bob Jackson chaired the Control Board which watched East and West merge to crush China.

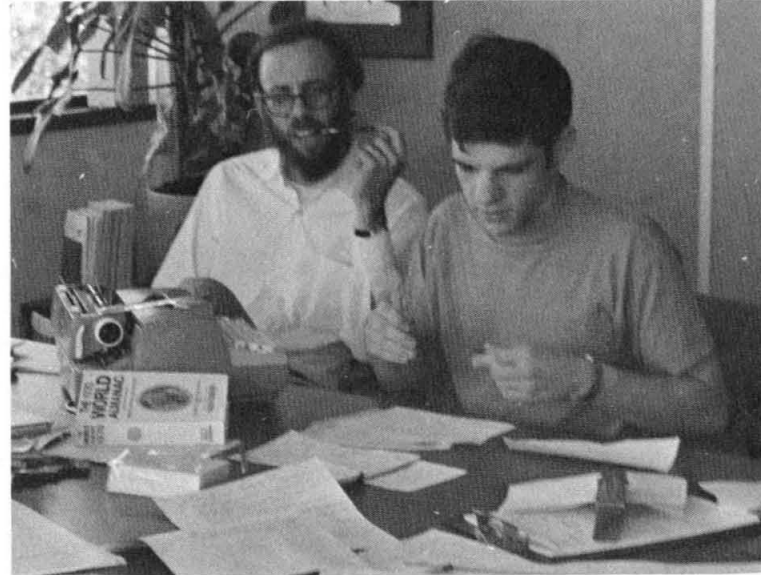
PME

Many weeks of careful preparation culminated during the first weekend of April as Caltech students occupied the new Administration building, temporarily, to hold their sixth annual political military exercise. Actually, over 100 students, non-students, and faculty took part in the official game, which lasted Friday night and most of Saturday. Participants were selected well beforehand, and grouped into 20 teams, each team representing a country, and each team member playing a specific role within his country.

Preparation and familiarity with their roles was quickly evidenced by a number of countries as they sought to meet the crises posed in the opening scenario. The messenger service, staffed with Techers and volunteers from local high schools and colleges, carried hundreds of communiques between the countries. The New York Times, manned by members of the Tech staff, printed reams of news, special bulletins, and rumors. Through it all, Bob Jackson, head the PME, Dr. Ed Munger, originator of the game, Dr. Scallapino, chairman the U.C. Berkeley Political Science Dept., and the rest of the control board labored to keep the game close to reality.

The game ended with a giant post-mortem meeting, which enabled all the participants to brag about what they accomplished, and also enabled the observing psychologists to hand the participants long lists of failures of communication, organization, etc. Undoubtedly the game was a success—even the Red Chinese would do it again.

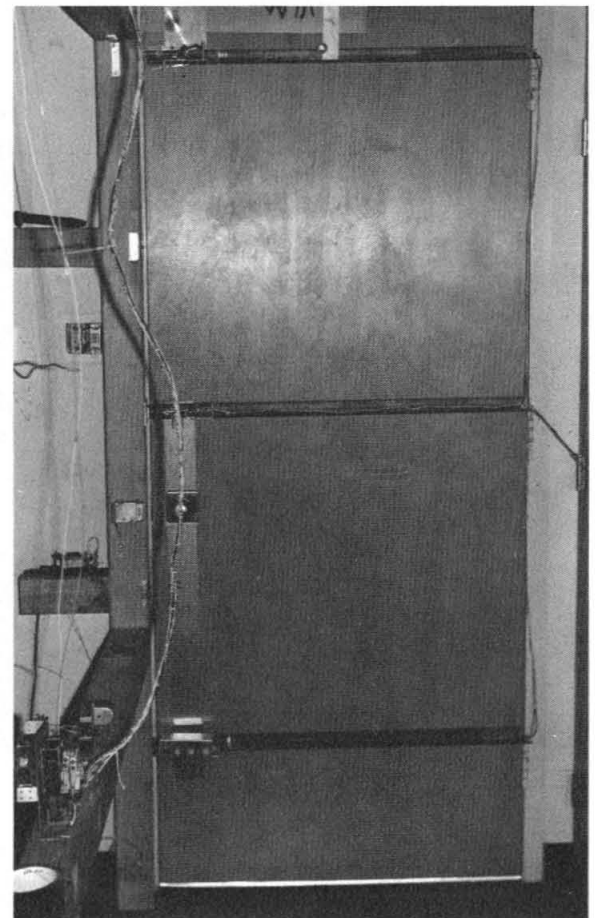
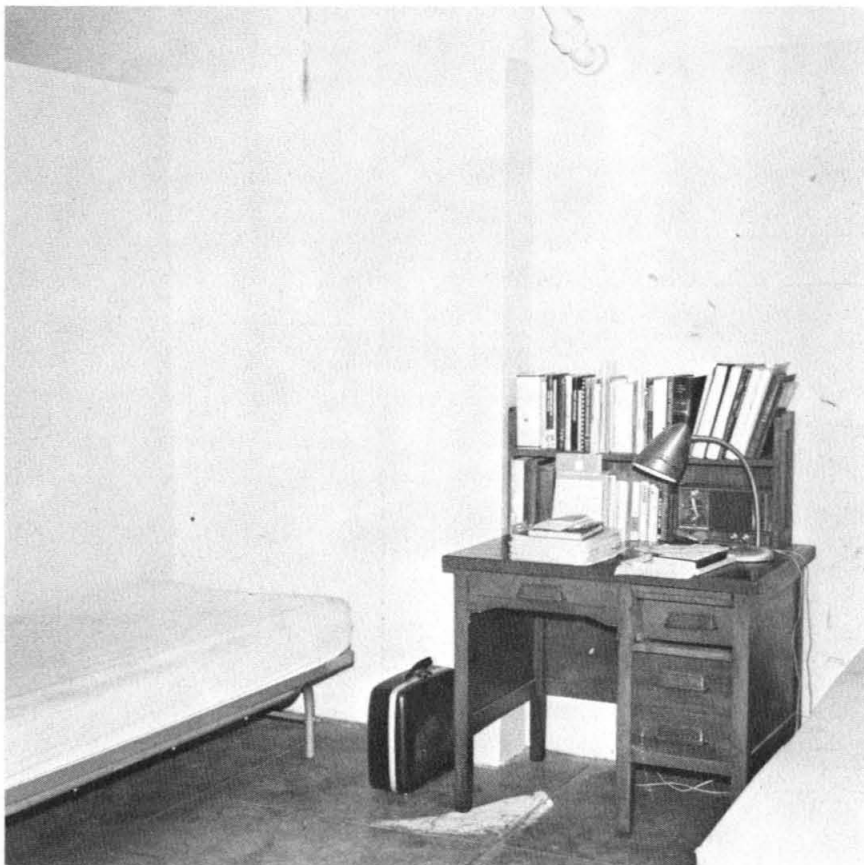
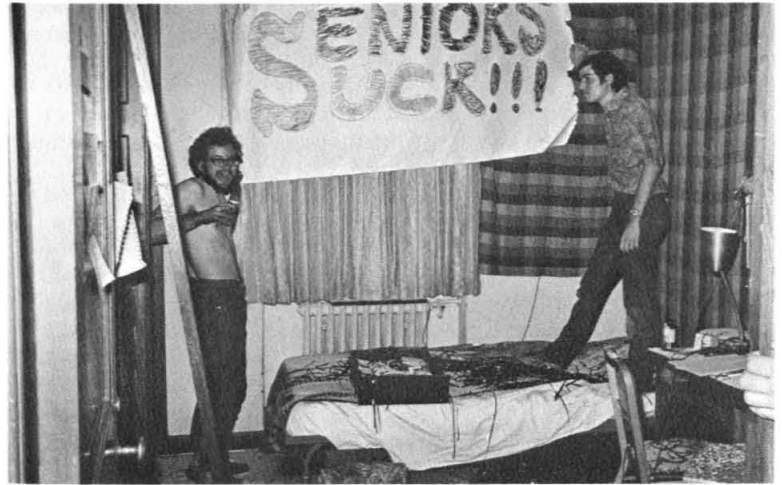
Scheming and subterfuge became important in this year's game, most notably in the actions of the Russians and the Red Chinese. The most successful team was undoubtedly the Russians, who demonstrated the ability to manage a seemingly infinite number of delicate relations all over the world, all successfully. The Red Chinese also attempted an expansive strategy, one of subversion and aggression, but with disastrous results. They spread themselves too thin, and wound up totally at the mercy of the Russians, the British, the Japanese, the Chinese Nationalists, and even the Nepalese, who proved that even small countries could be successful, by becoming the Himalayan Federation. The U.S.A. team attempted to remain out of any major conflicts, and did so with great success, never losing an American soldier—even as many of her allies went under, begging for help. In the end, the world survived.

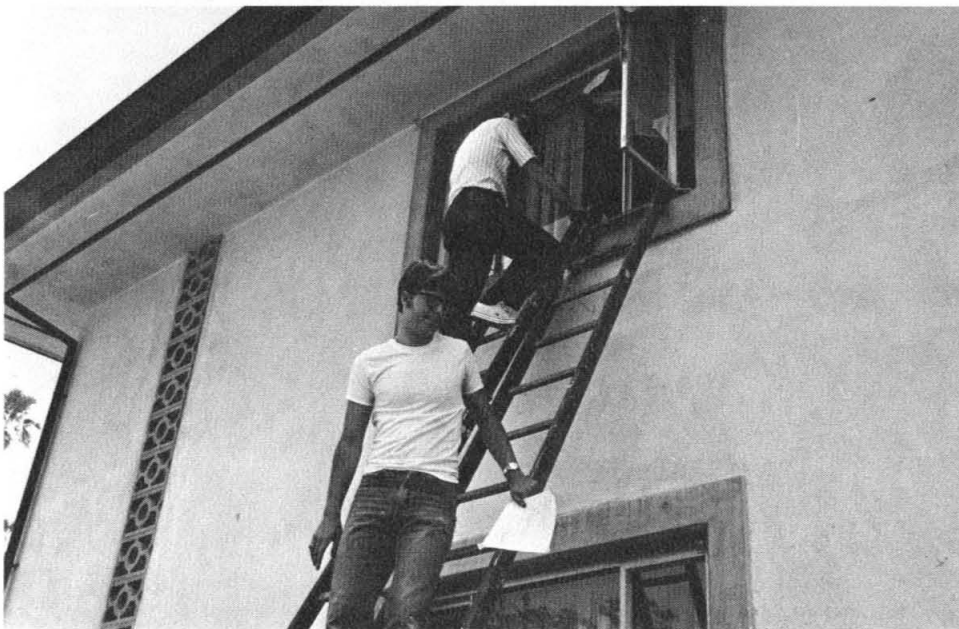
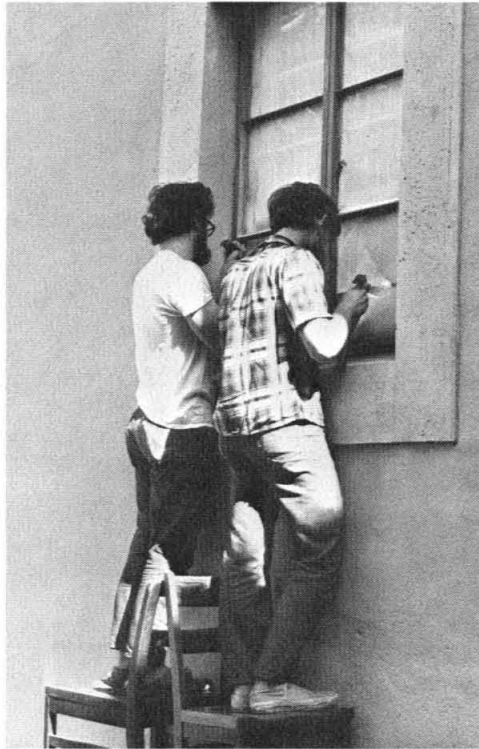
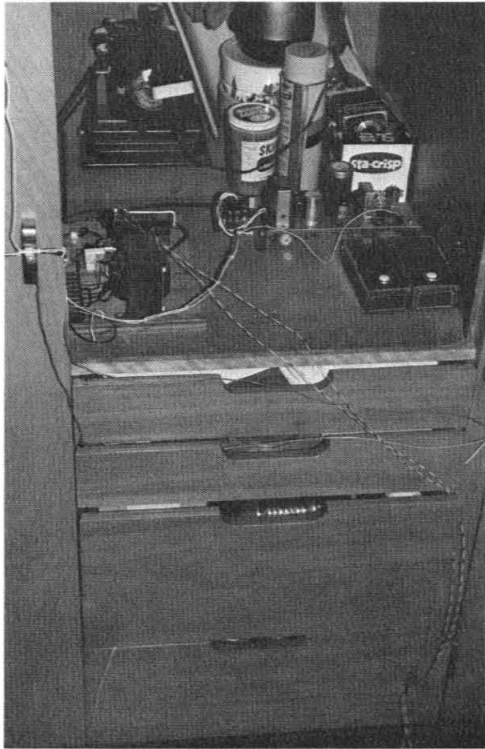
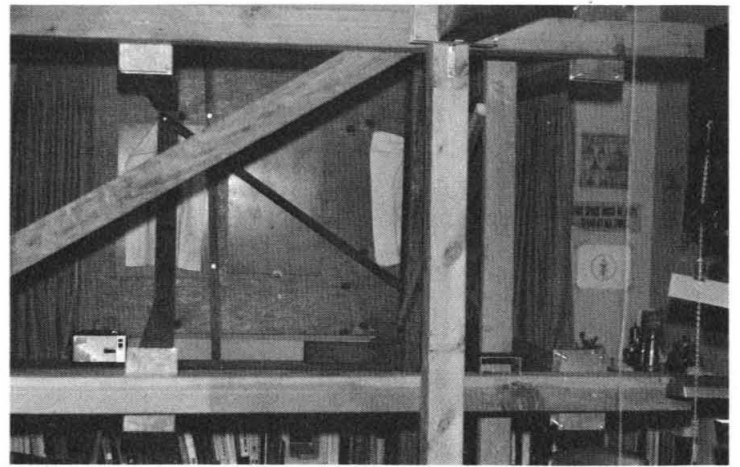


Senior Ditch Day

Ditchday, like most carefully planned events around the houses, just sort of came around when it felt like it. About four days prior to the original date, people found that Ditchday was going to collide with another campus-wide event (admittedly, of diminutive importance in comparison, but people were still worried). So, the date was cleverly and secretly moved up by two days, cleverly and secretly catching most seniors off-guard ("But %\$!!?@c** , they said it was *Monday*." "Too bad, youuuu lose. Get the rope.") The room stacks were generally pretty well done, even though most of them yielded to the onslaught of the demented underclassmen. Entry mechanisms ranged everywhere from having to pour 3 glasses of water down a hidden tube under the door to boring holes in bathroom tiles and beaming in microwave signals through doors. We had one senior casualty, as Don Engleman's brown-belt Karate foot found itself between the concrete floor in Ricketts and a 650-pound piece of concrete window-stack. Oops.

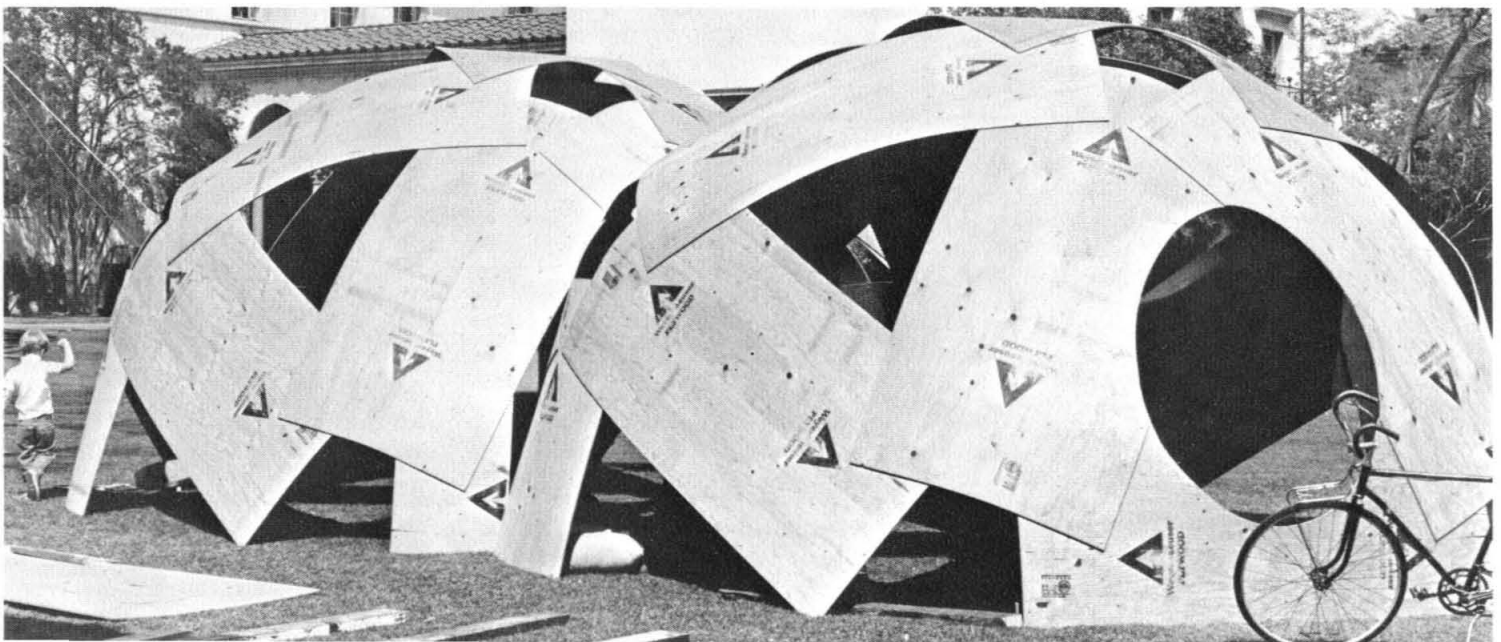
These two pages are an attempt to give a pictorial feeling for what goes into the stacks, before, during, and after they are built. In Santa Barbara, UCSB people burned down the Bank of America. Instead of house rooms, next year wouldn't it be fun to stack the Pasadena branch of "America's Largest"?





Ecology: Earth Day

April 22, Earth Day. A national day of recognition that man still has an awfully long way to go before he will be able to make his environment as durable as the products which he so cleverly gleans from it.



Lost Weekend

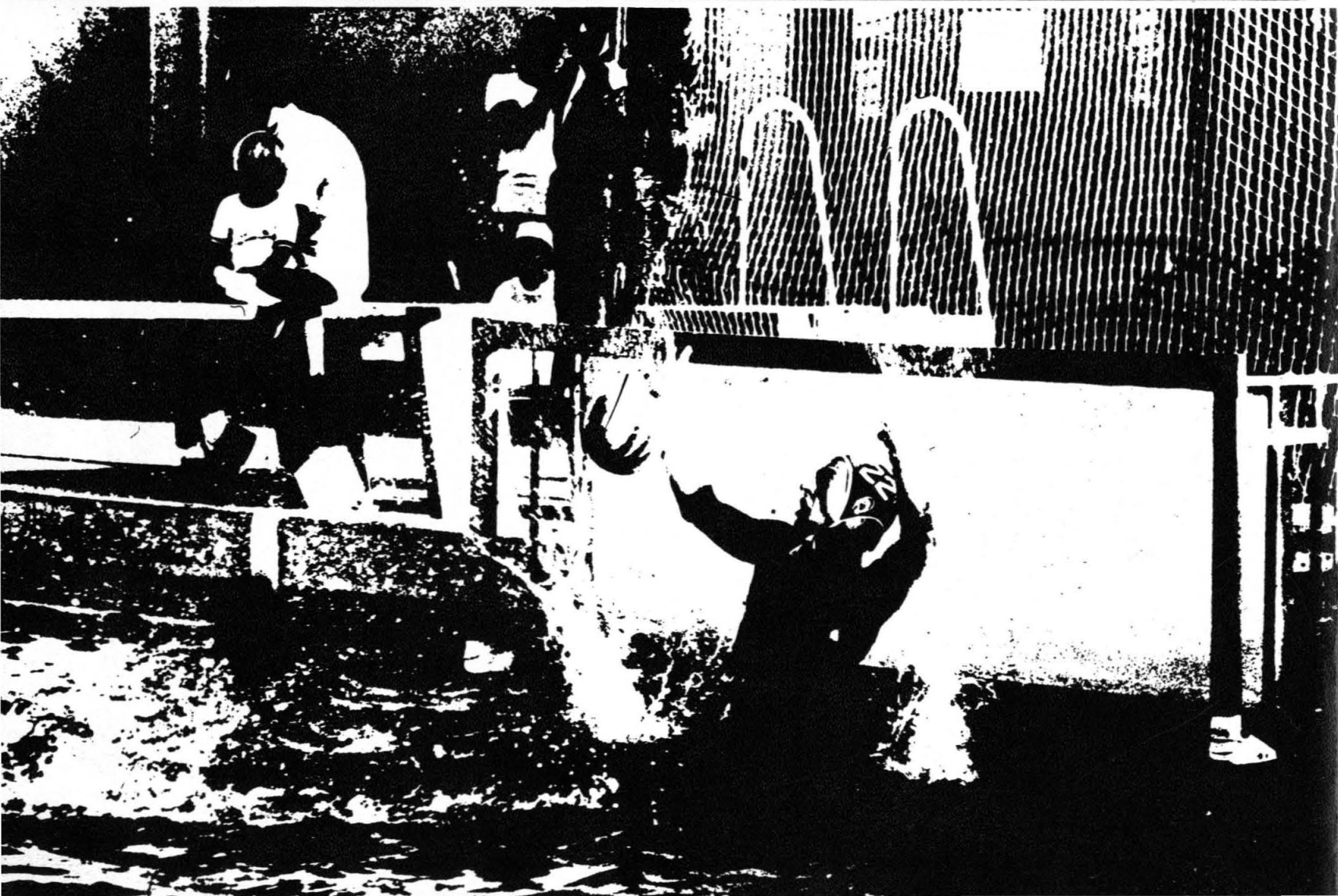


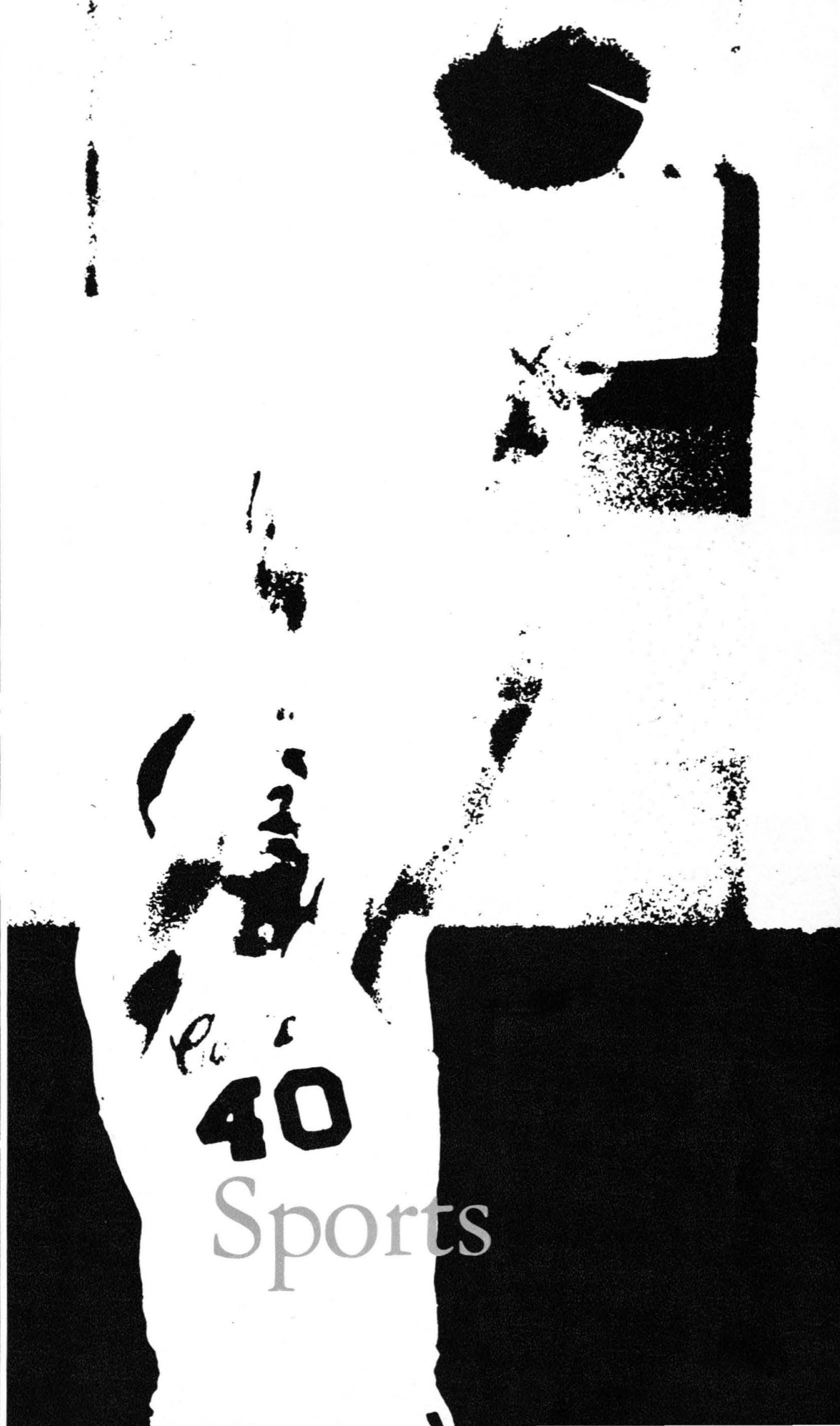
The Lost Weekend events this year started off on Friday, May 9, with a buffet dinner in the courtyard between Fleming and Ricketts, and was followed by the prom dance at the Athenaeum. Music was provided by the Bluenotes, and flowers by the Caltech Service League. About twenty-five of Friday night's thirty-seven couples continued the festivities on Saturday at a beach party at the "Scotchman's Cove." Steaks were barbequed on the beach, and, although few people went swimming, they still said that they managed to enjoy themselves—generally in groups of two.

—Craig Broskow

Sneaky members of the treacherous "Black Death Gang" (cleverly disguised as kitchen employees) smugly await the arrival of the victims, so that they can serve them Institute Food (cleverly disguised as real food).





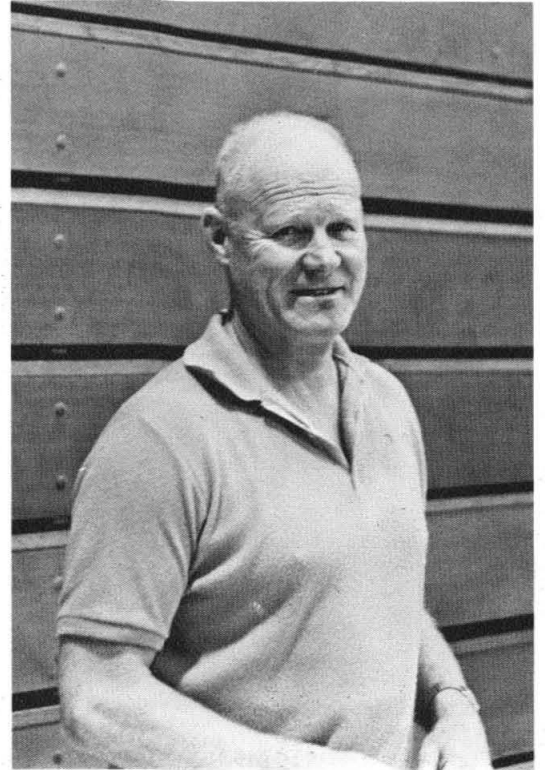


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Sports

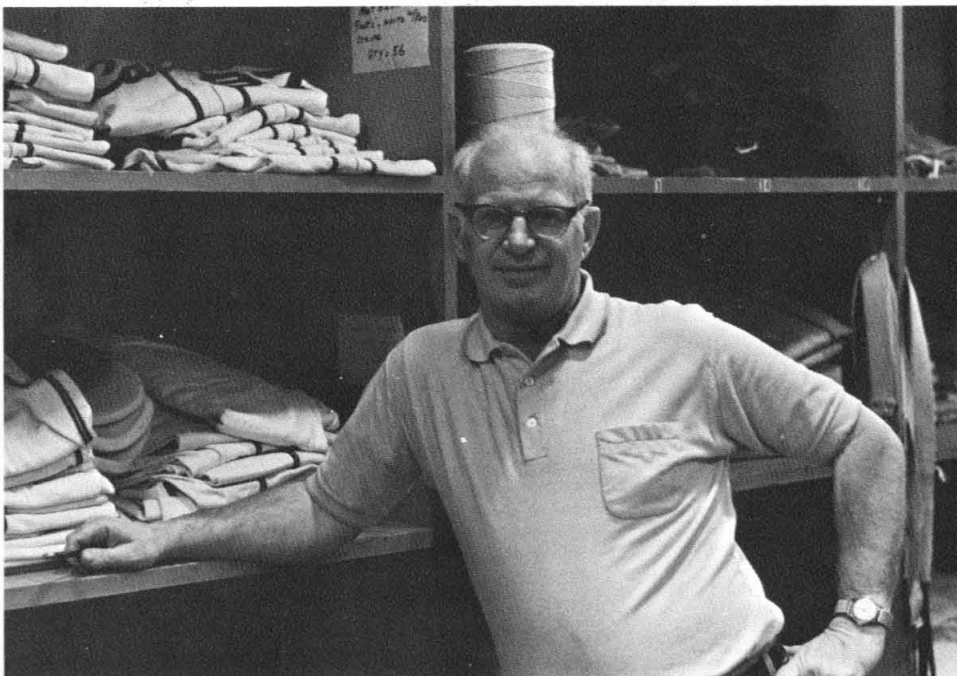


Warren Emery

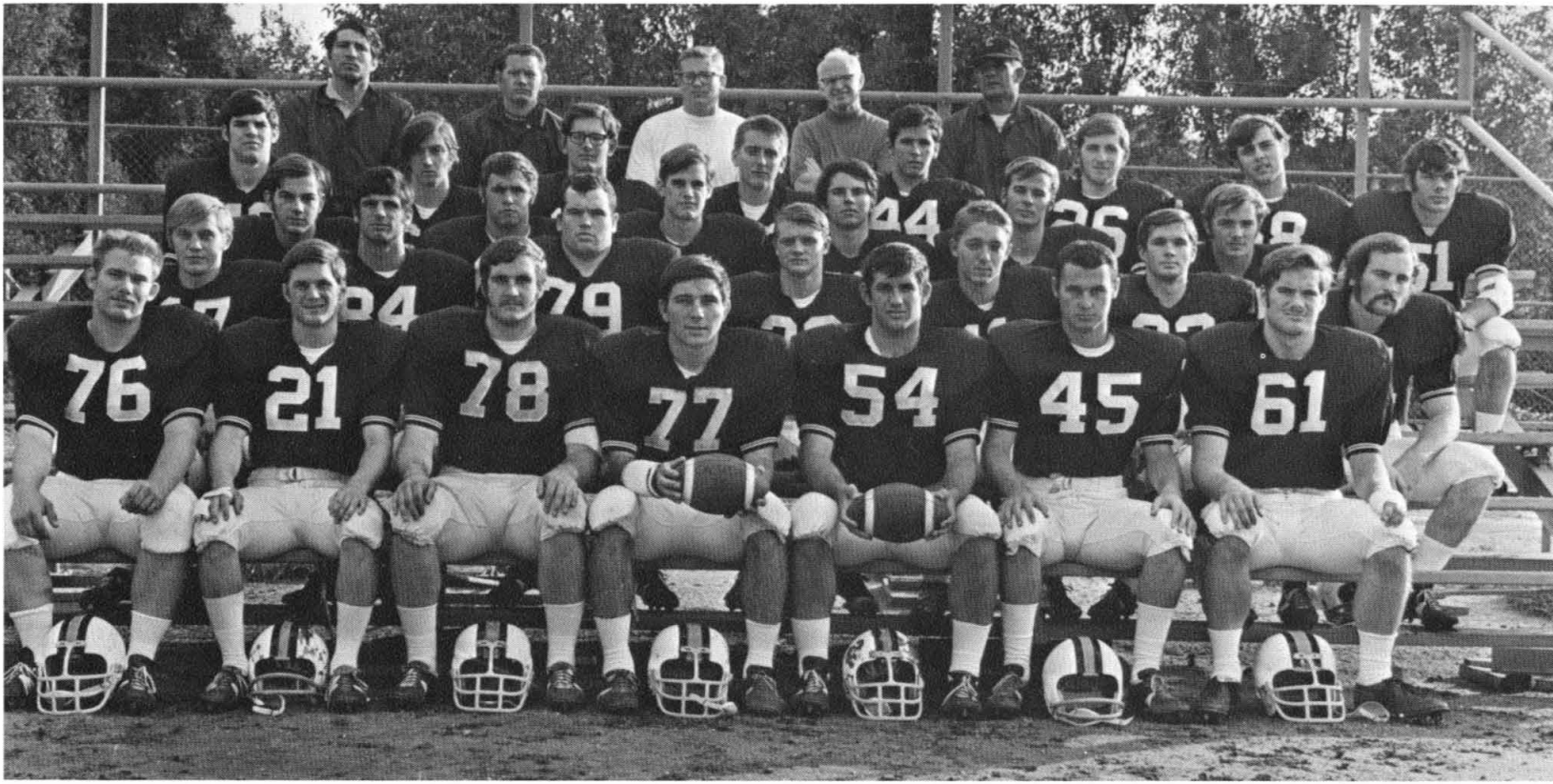


James Nerrie

ATHLETIC STAFF



Lloyd Ferguson



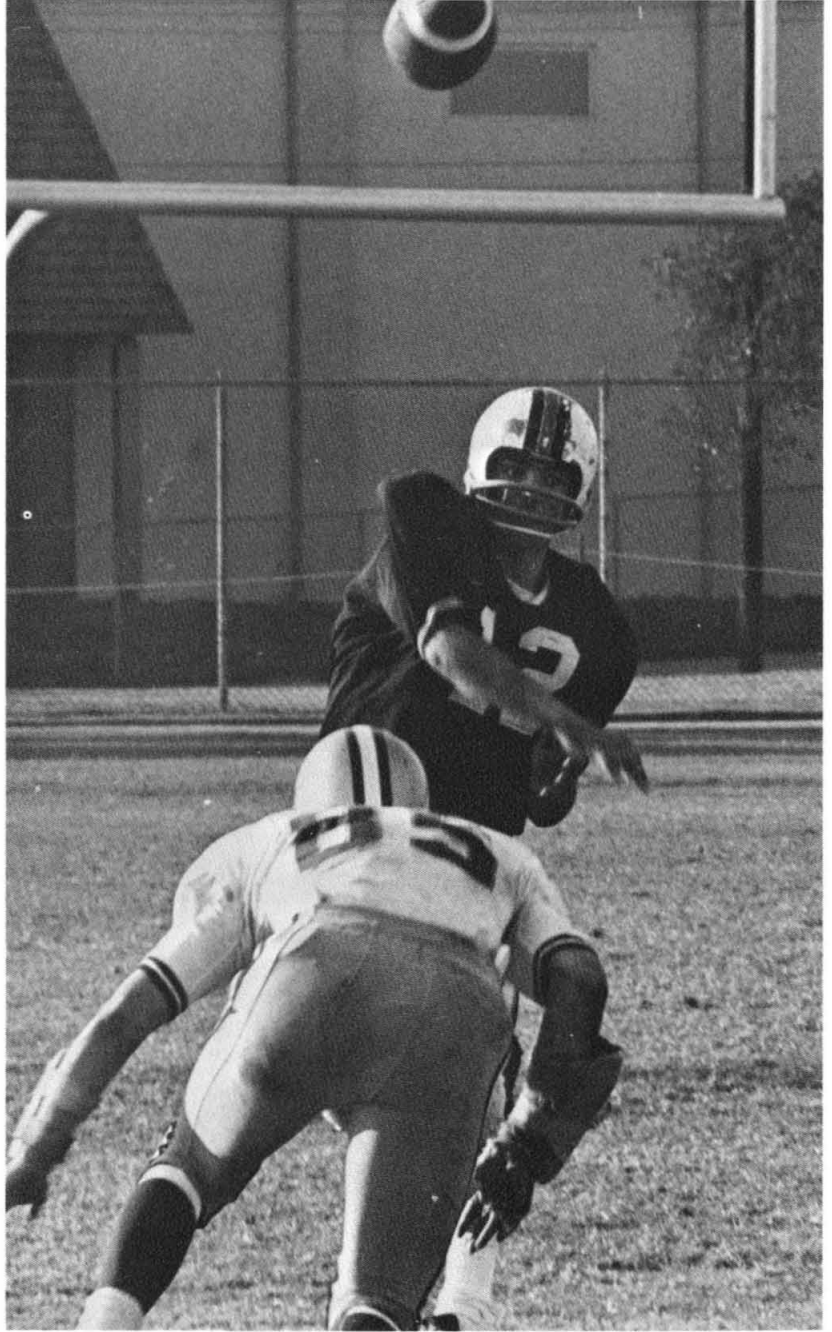
FOOTBALL



The 1969 football season was what the coaching staff can only define as a year for experience and building. The inexperience was evident in the fact that a large percentage of the squad were freshmen. The inexperience certainly did not detract from the desire of the team members to develop a good football team.

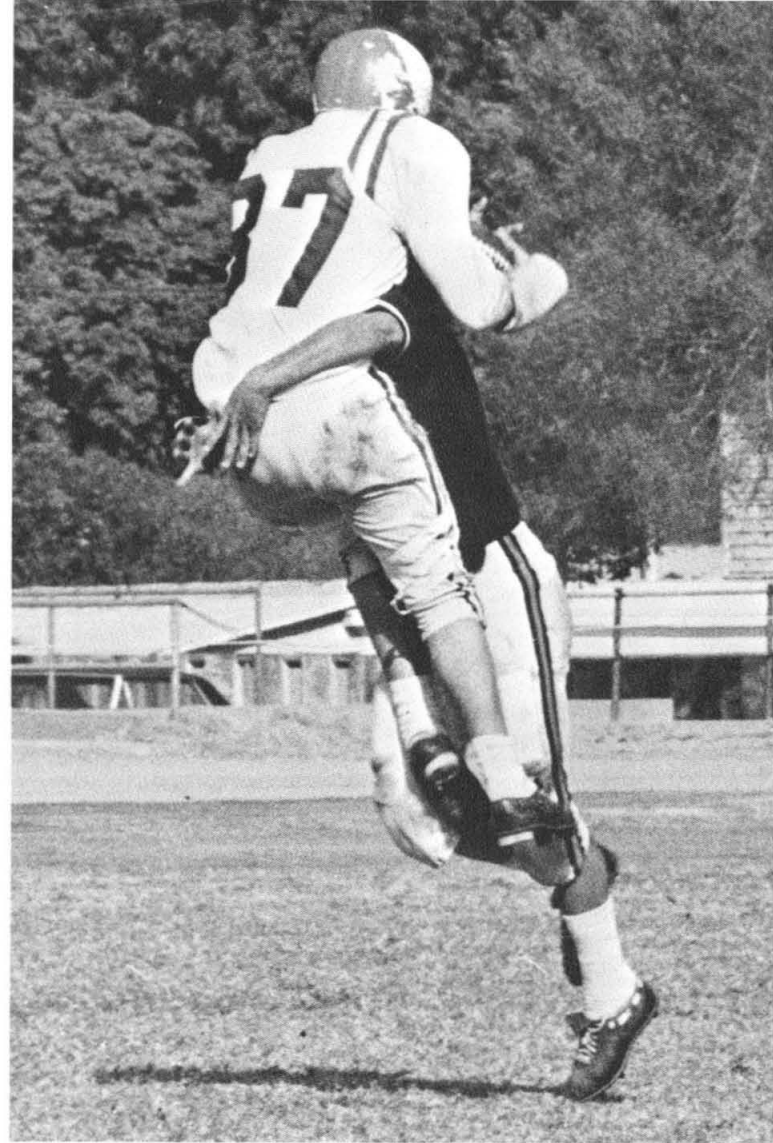
Several games this season produced many exciting moments. Caltech's loss to Whittier JV proved to be a defensive tug-of-war. The final score was 6-2. Against Redlands' Frosh, and the University of San Diego, Caltech lost by only two touchdowns. The defeats within the remainder of the 1969 schedule were good contests within the first three quarters, but Caltech's lack of depth proved fatal.

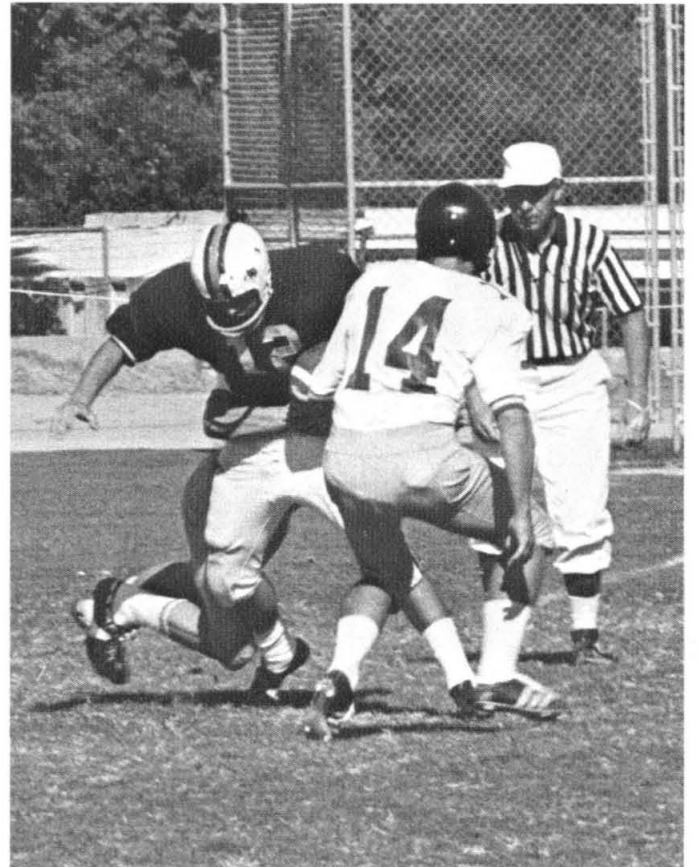
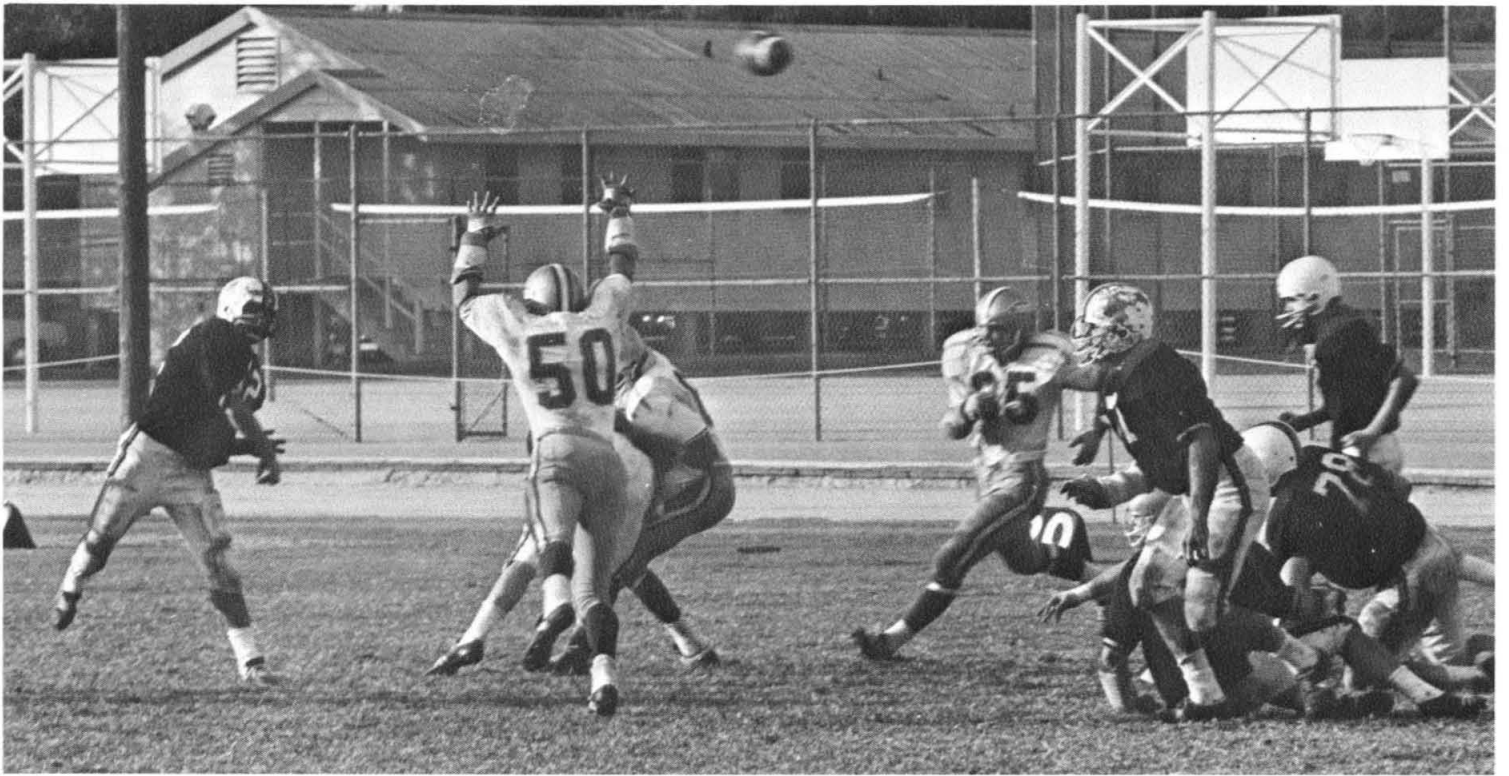
Within the S.C.I.A.C. statistics, Mike Brennan was 3rd in total rushing. He was selected on the S.C.I.A.C. 2nd offensive team, along with Alan Beagle. Mike Brennan, Alan Beagle and Tom Blaschko were selected for N.A.I.A. District III Honorable Mention honors. Alan Beagle was awarded Caltech's Wheaton Trophy. With only four seniors, Captains Alan Beagle and Dennis Pocekay, Eric Jensen and Mike Brennan, next season can be viewed with optimism.

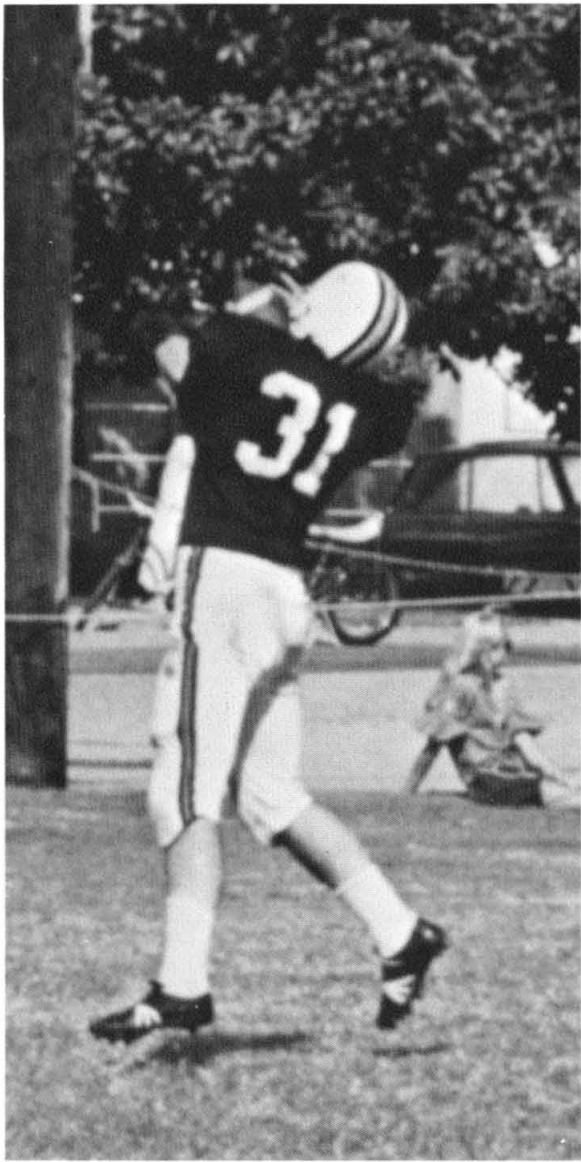


CALTECH FOOTBALL RECORD 1969

Caltech	2	Whittier JV	6
Caltech	6	Redlands JV	20
Caltech	0	Pomona	41
Caltech	6	U. San Diego	20
Caltech	6	La Verne	36
Caltech	14	Azusa-Pacific	52
Caltech	7	Occidental	29
Caltech	0	Claremont-Mudd	34







GOOD LUCK!

WIN



ONE

IN

'70



SOCCKER



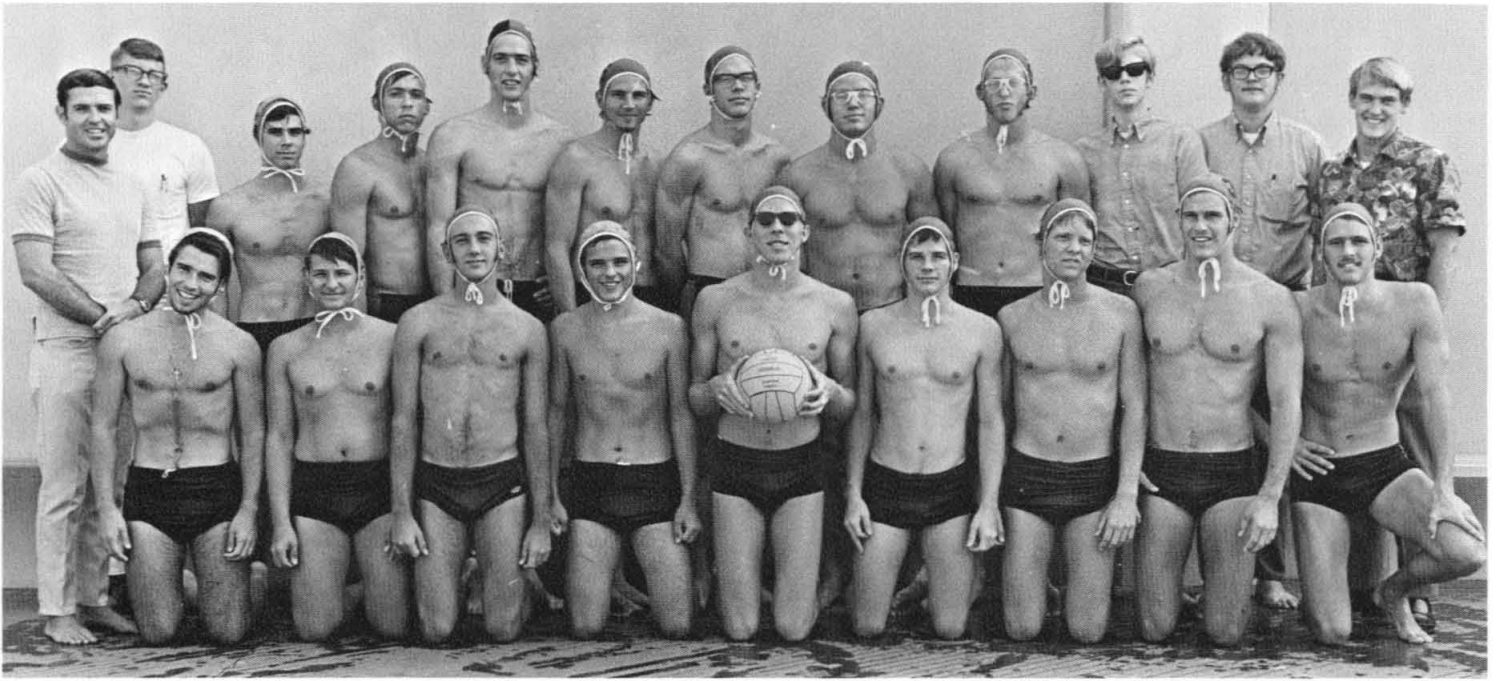
The 1969 soccer team was the most successful undergraduate soccer team Caltech has had. They earned a third place in the league, with a record of 6 wins, 5 losses, and 3 ties. Captain Richard Burton and Jerry Eisman were awarded All-Conference first team honors, while Jon Hall and Joe Templeton were named to the All-Conference second team. Richard Burton was also selected to the NAIA District Three first team, an extremely high honor. The team will lose little to graduation, and looks forward to an even more successful season next year. Richard Burton will be graduating, and another loss will be that of Coach Ron Kehoe, who recently moved to England. His coaching and leadership will be greatly missed. Nevertheless, next year's soccer team has the potential for an excellent season.



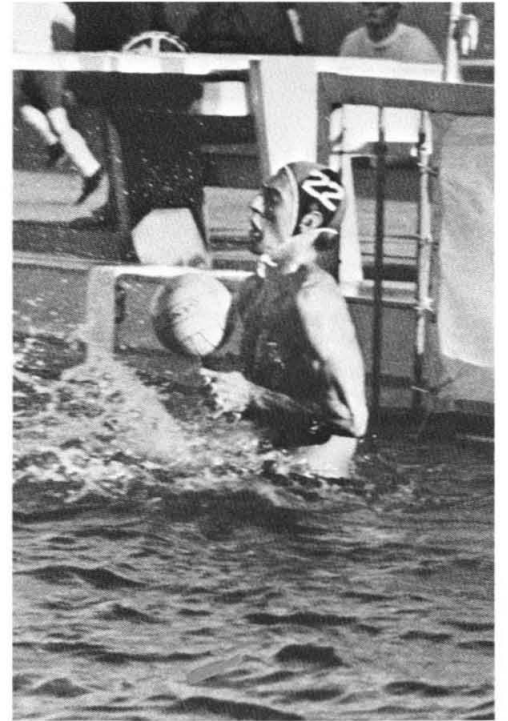
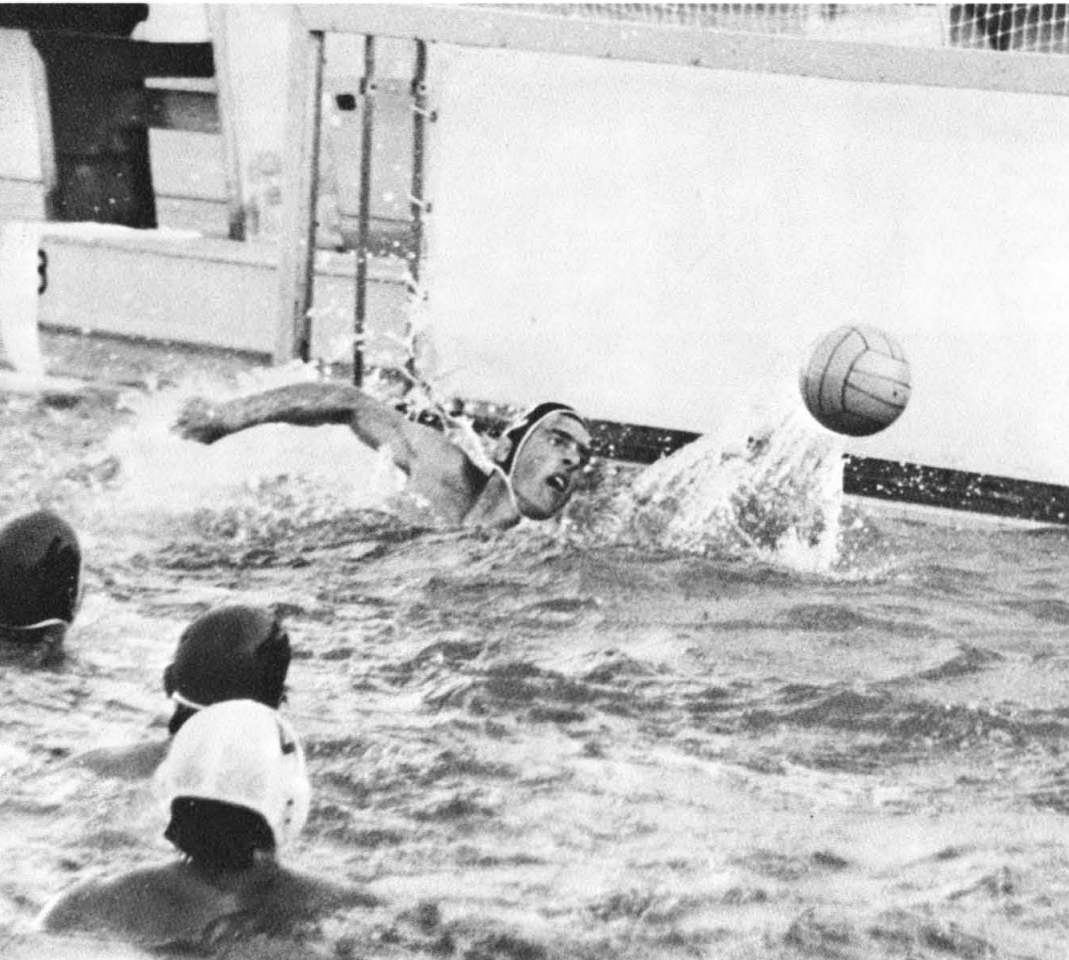
CALTECH SOCCER RECORD 1969

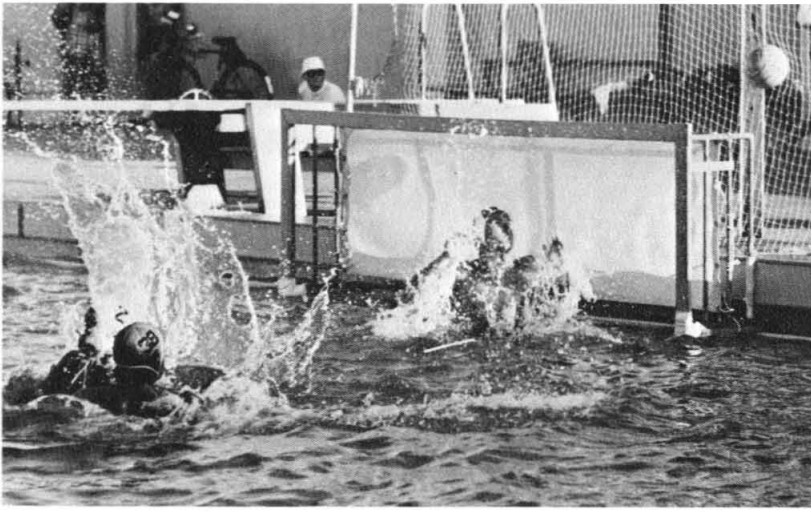
Caltech	6	Rio Hondo	0
Caltech	0	Cal Poly Pomona	6
Caltech	3	Chapman	0
Caltech	0	Claremont-Mudd	6
Caltech	1	Pomona	1
Caltech	5	Whittier	1
Caltech	3	Redlands	1
Caltech	1	Occidental	2
Caltech	3	Claremont-Mudd	3
Caltech	1	Pomona	1
Caltech	6	Whittier	0
Caltech	3	Redlands	1
Caltech	0	Occidental	2
Caltech	2	Biola	4



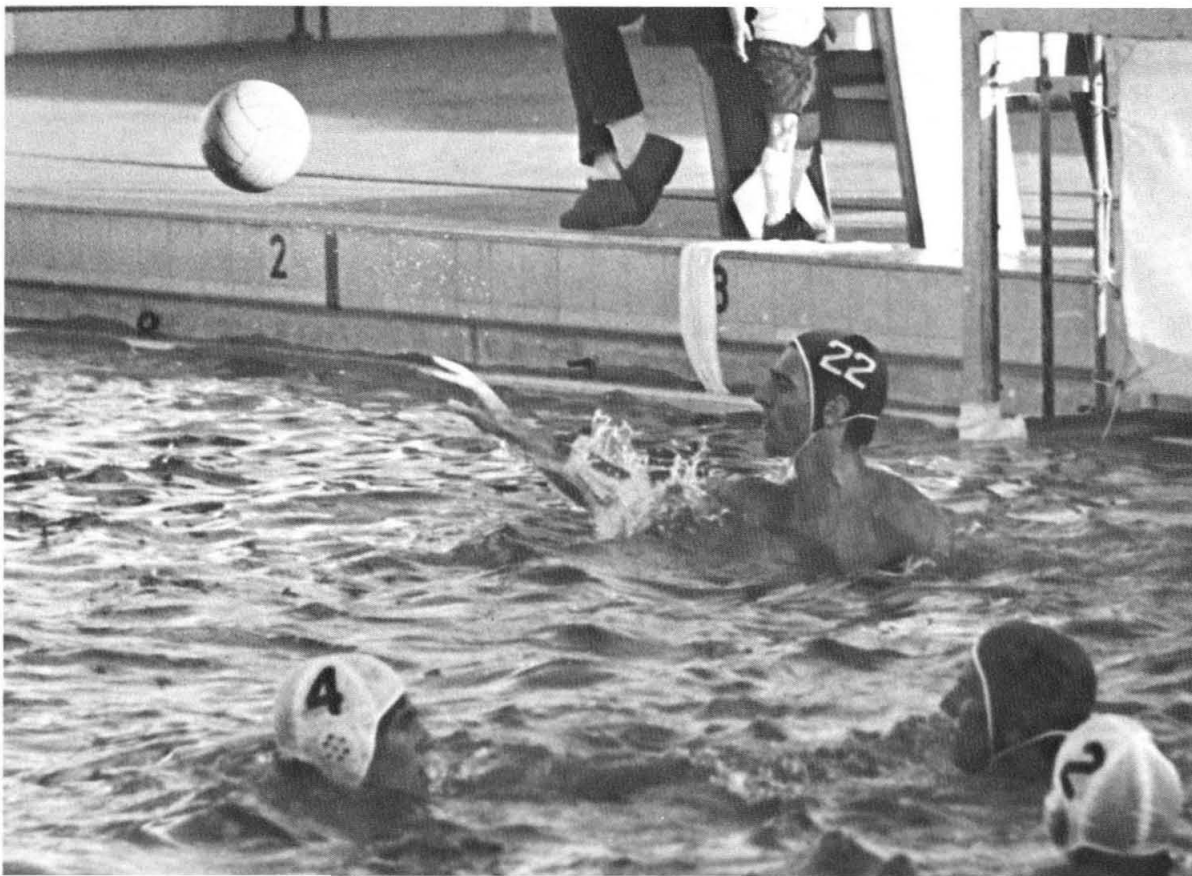


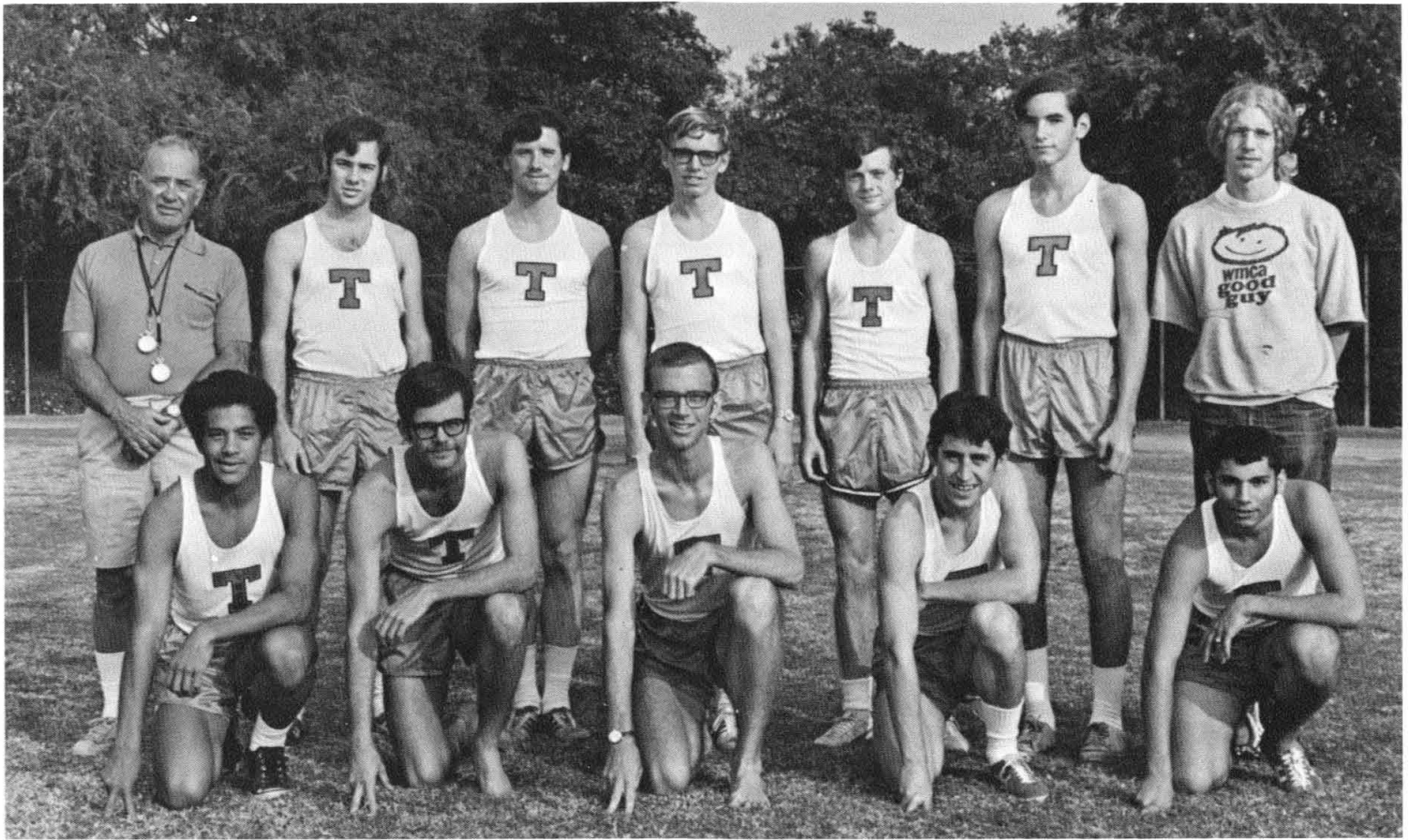
WATER POLO



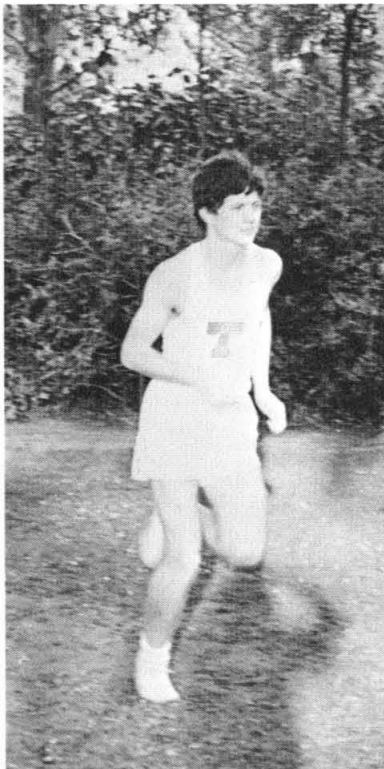


The 1969 water polo season was marked by ups and downs. The team's ability was shown early, when Caltech won the Caltech-PCC Water Polo Tournament, with wins over Claremont-Mudd, Occidental and UC Riverside. Unfortunately, the team slipped to a third in the league, which turned out to be a very balanced, teamwise, league this year. Two tough losses to the first-place team, Claremont-Mudd hurt, but the team made an excellent showing in all of their contests. Junior Larry Watkins was named to the All-Conference first team, while senior Mike Stefanko, junior Ken Hanson and sophomore Steve Sheffield were selected to the All-Conference second team. The Caltech team will be hurt next year with the loss of four lettermen, including captain Mabry Tyson, but several members of the junior varsity appear ready to fill the gaps, and the water polo team looks forward to another good showing next year.





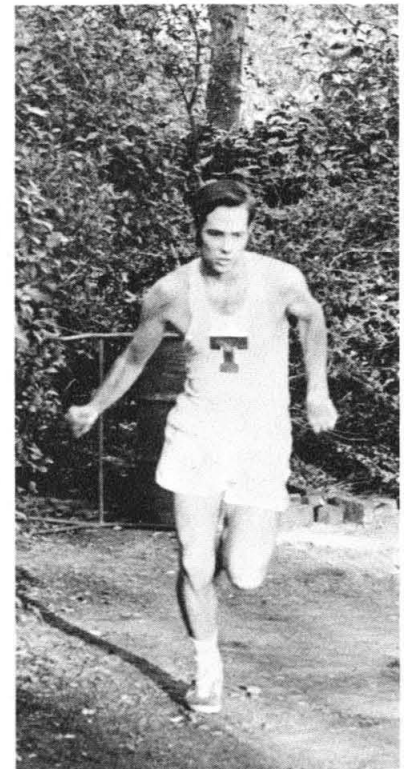
CROSS-COUNTRY

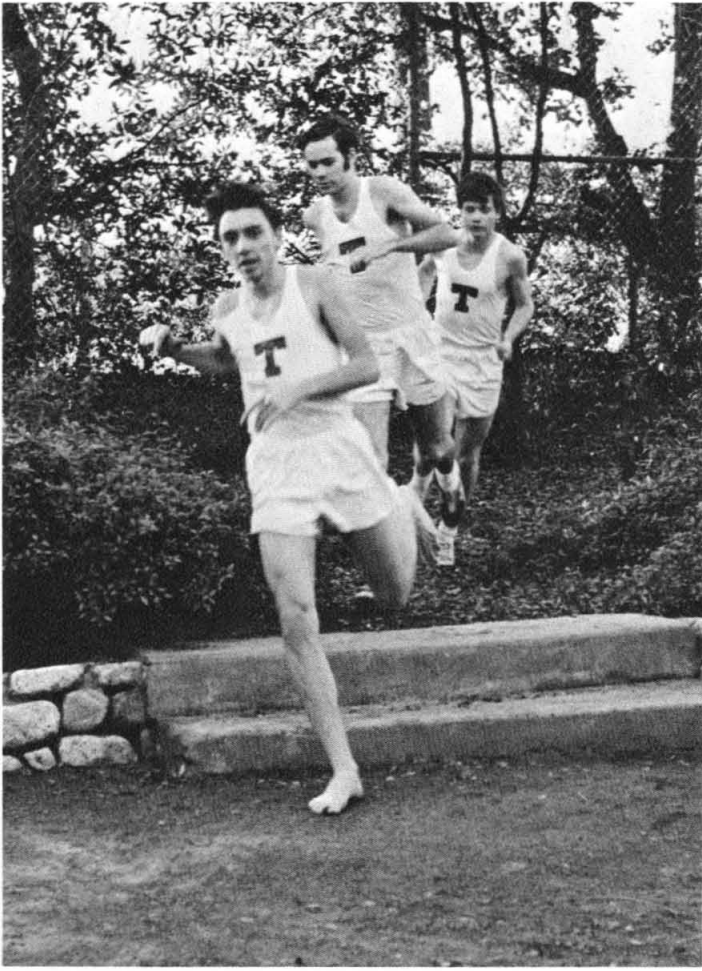


The cross-country team performed better than their 3 wins and 6 losses indicates. The team was well-balanced, with four men fighting for number one honors. The team placed 5th in the All-Conference meet and 8th at the NAIA District Three meet. Returning next year will be 7 of the top eight runners, including all of the top 5. These 5 are: Gary Pope, freshman; Ratchford Higgins, sophomore; Martin Smith, junior; Tim Tardiff, junior; and Charles Almquist, freshman. Gary Pope, who finished the season as the number one runner, will lead next year's team, captained by Martin Smith, in what is expected to be one of Caltech's best cross-country seasons in recent years.

CALTECH CROSS-COUNTRY RECORD 1969

Caltech	34	Biola	21
Caltech	31	Whittier	24
Caltech	15	Claremont-Mudd	49
Caltech	16	Pasadena College	47
Caltech	27	Azusa-Pacific	30
Caltech	38	Occidental	19
Caltech	33	Pomona	22
Caltech	38	Redlands	21
Caltech	33	UC San Diego	23





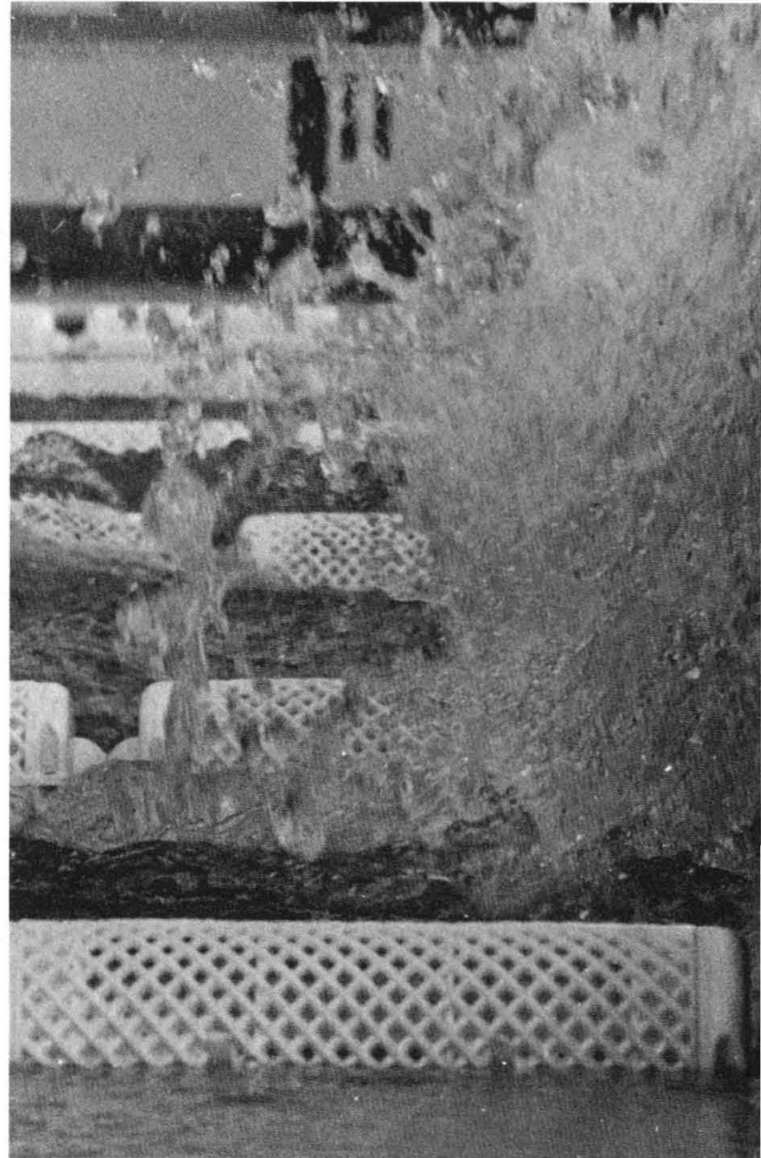
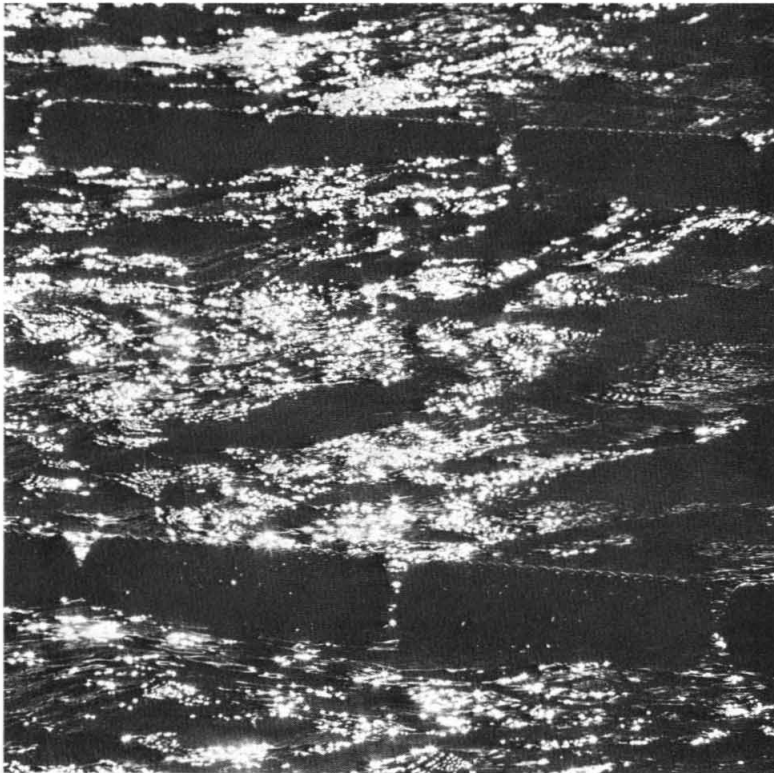


SWIMMING



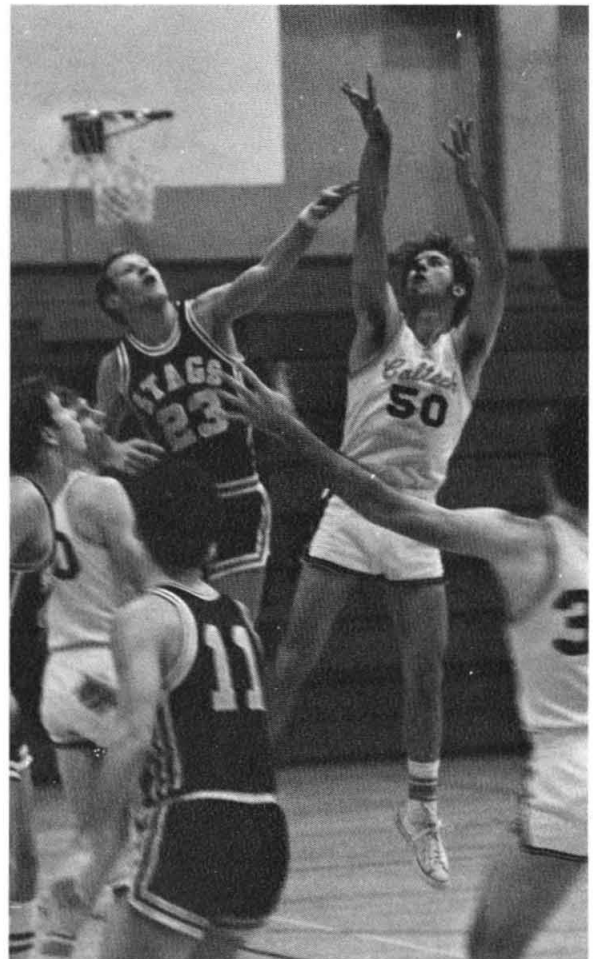
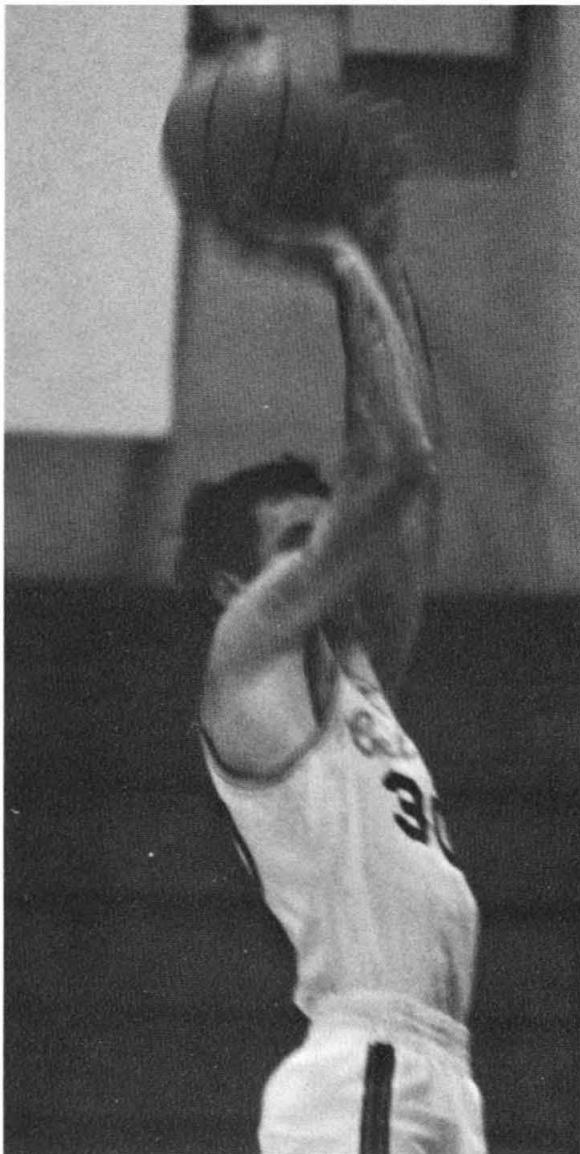


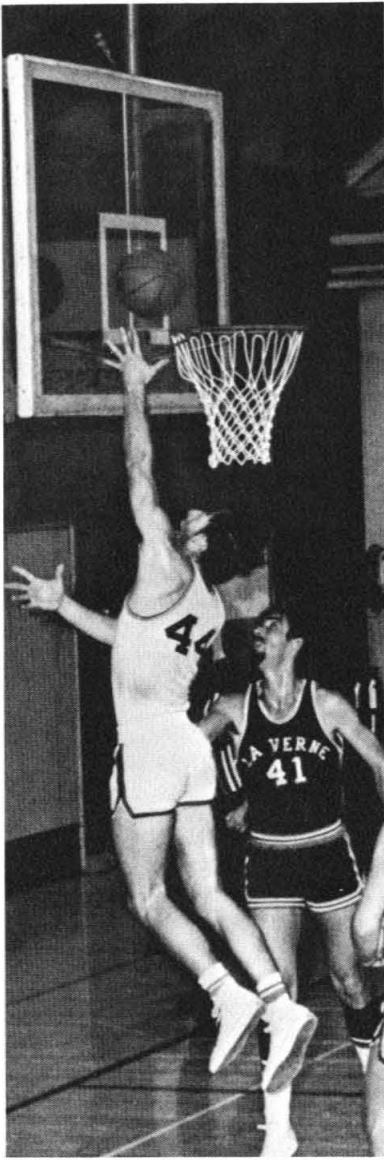
The 1969-70 swimming team was not as successful as in the past few years, but a few bright spots added some note to the season. In the last dual meet of the season, against Redlands, the team pulled an upset, and then proceeded to take a solid third place in the league meet. The team was led throughout by senior diver Steve Johnson, and captain Mabry Tyson, also a senior. However, the team has a large number of swimmers returning, and the chances are very good for next year.





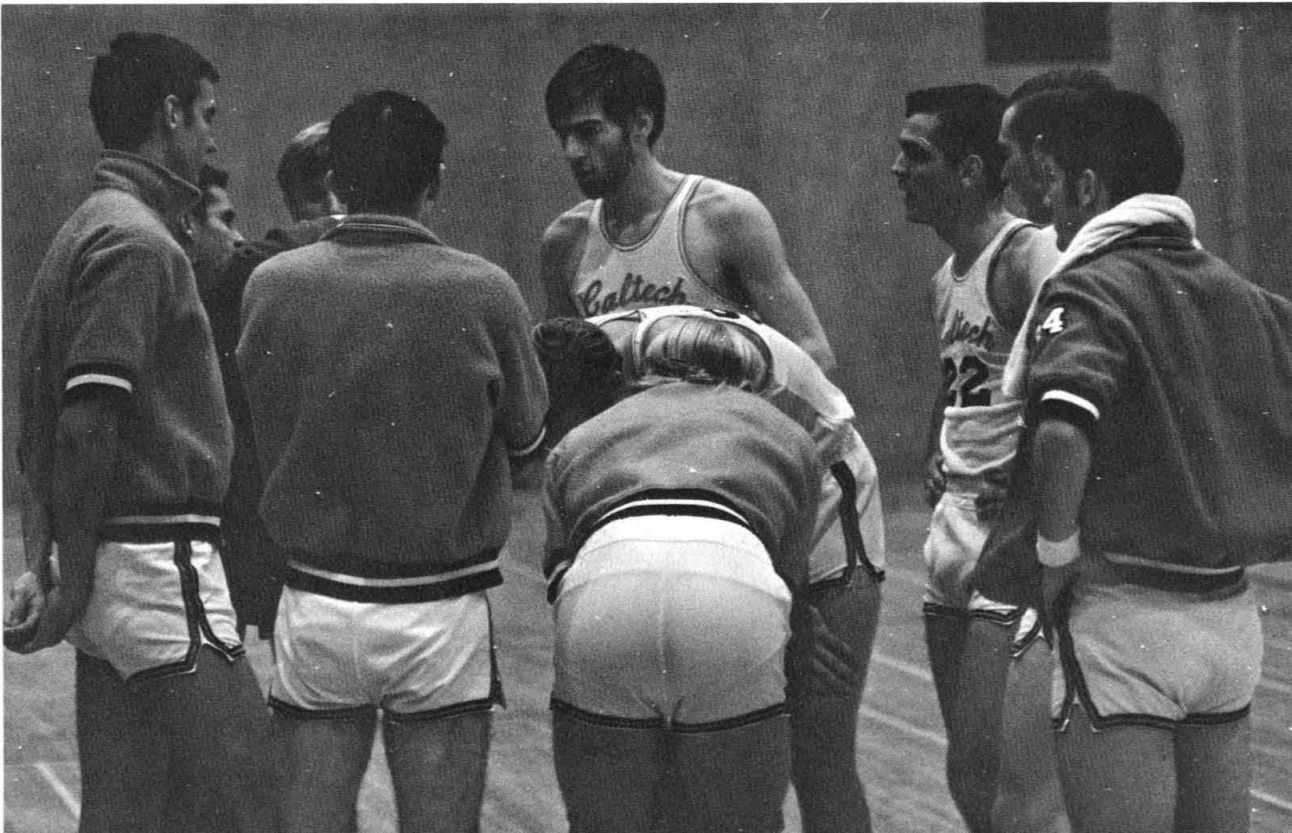
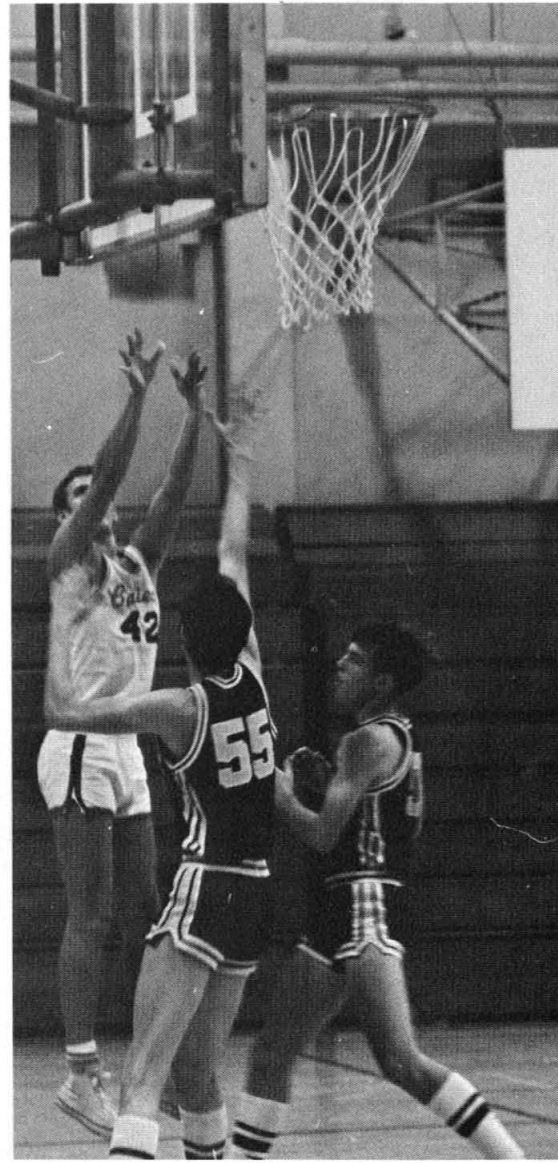
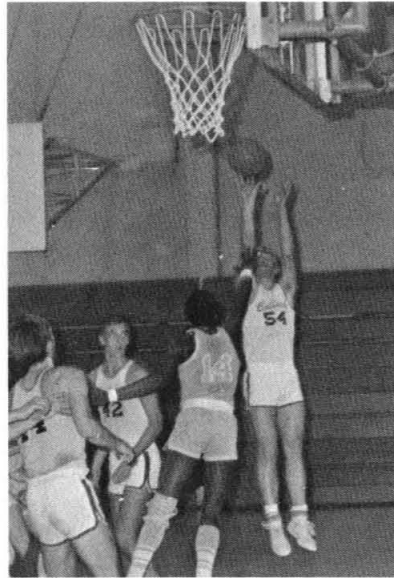
BASKETBALL

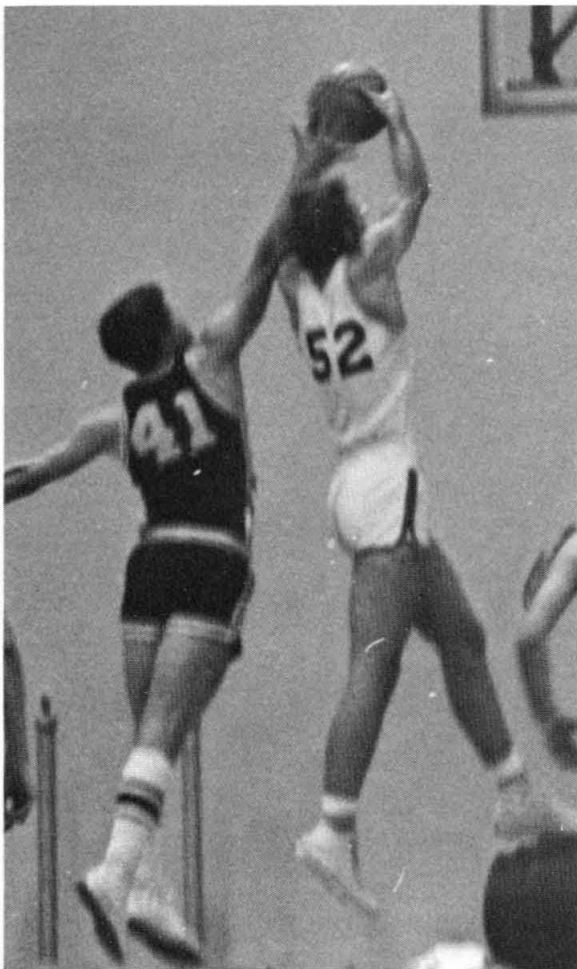




The 1969-70 basketball team was one of the best in recent years at Caltech. They held their own against almost all of their opponents, league and non-league. The high point of the season came when the team won the first league basketball game for Caltech since 1963. This was a 71-70 win over Redlands, in overtime, and like all of the games, was a strong team effort. The team had no individual star, but had balance, and more depth than in past years. Four seniors will be graduating, three of whom were starters, and they are Bruce Ault, Tom Bicknell, Dennis Carrie, and John Wueste. However, a strong nucleus remains, supported by the junior varsity, and next year should prove successful also.

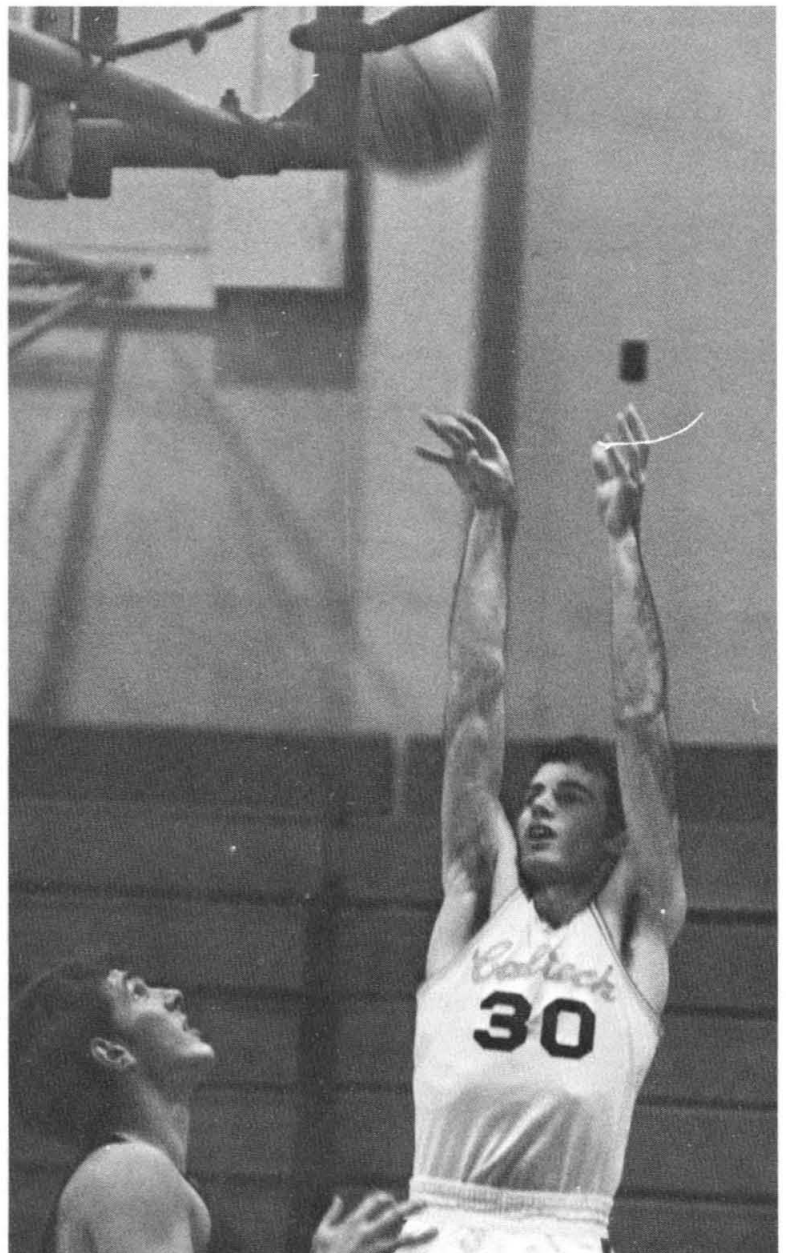
The junior varsity gained experience, led by their most valuable player, George Meadows, who led the team in almost all departments. Several of these players should return to help the varsity next year.

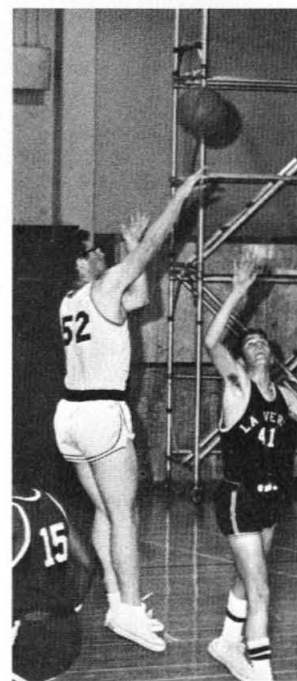
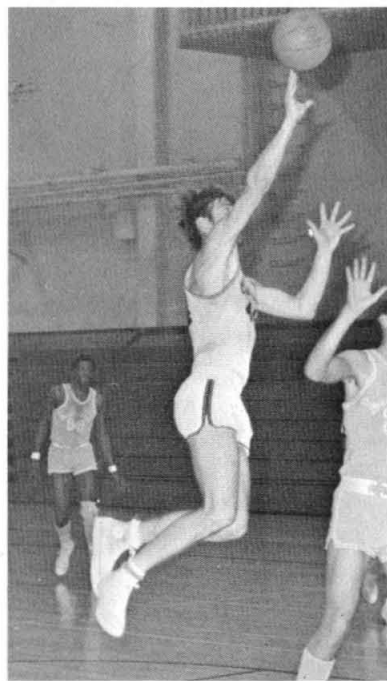
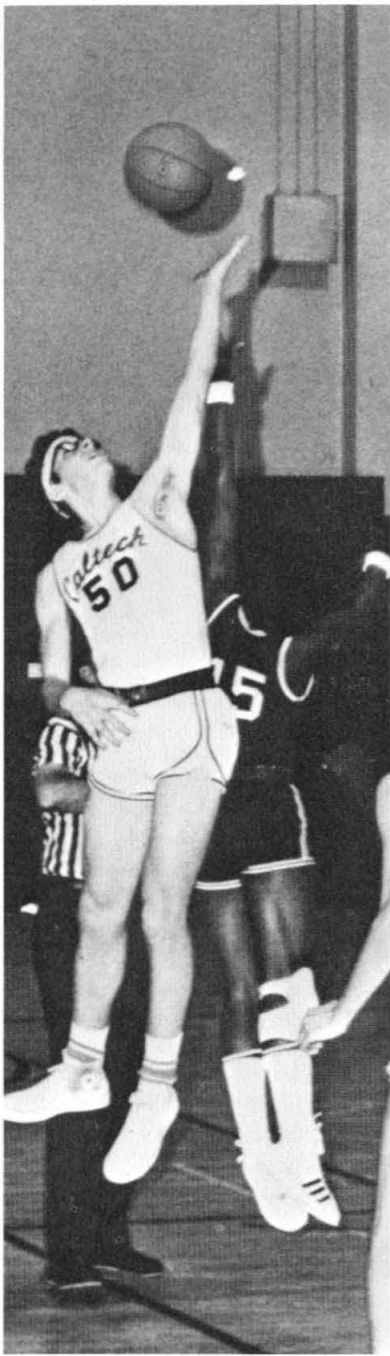


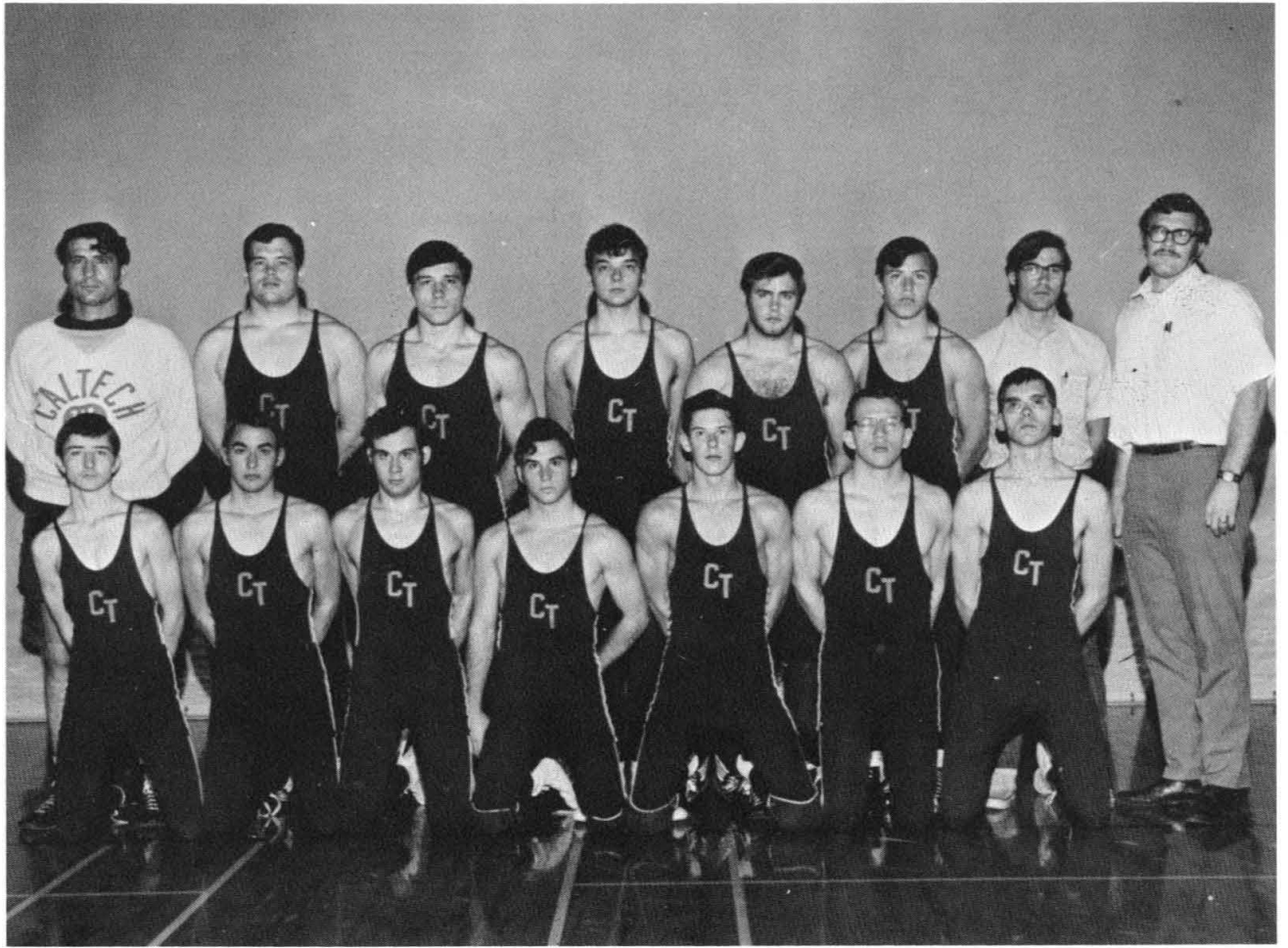


Caltech	81	LIFE College	39
Caltech	58	L.A. Baptist	101
Caltech	50	So. Cal. College	89
Caltech	68	Cal. Baptist	77
Caltech	80	Pacific Christian	61
Caltech	58	So. Cal. College	78
Caltech	61	Claremont-Mudd	77
Caltech	61	Pomona	90
Caltech	64	Cal. Baptist	84
Caltech	57	Occidental	95
Caltech	82	Pacific Christian	71
Caltech	70	La Verne	80
Caltech	72	Whittier	118
Caltech	71	Redlands	70
Caltech	59	Claremont-Mudd	79
Caltech	60	L.A. Baptist	82
Caltech	49	Redlands	69
Caltech	57	Pomona	78
Caltech	98	LIFE College	62
Caltech	47	Occidental	89
Caltech	65	Whittier	100

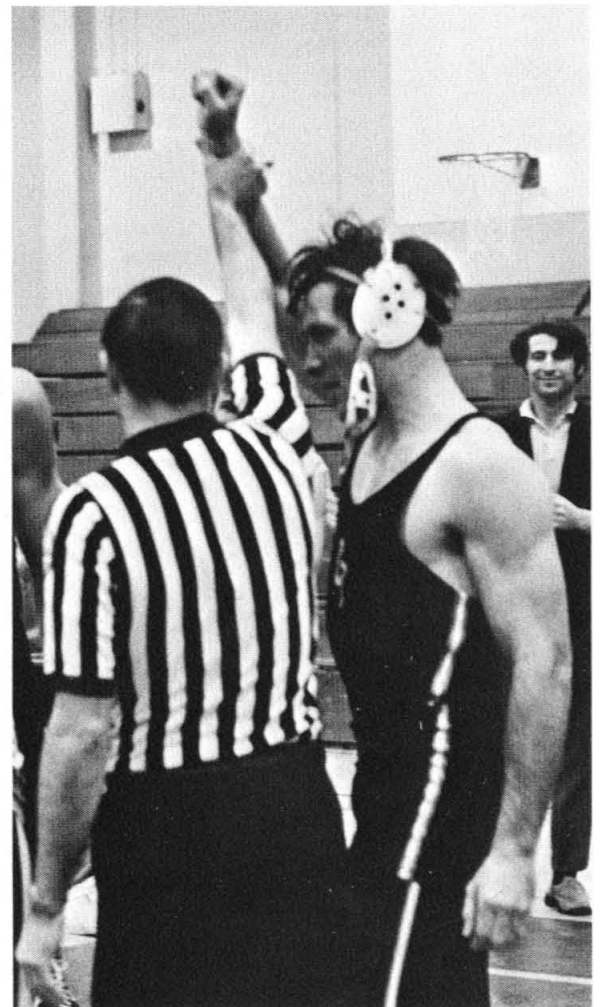
GO TEAM!

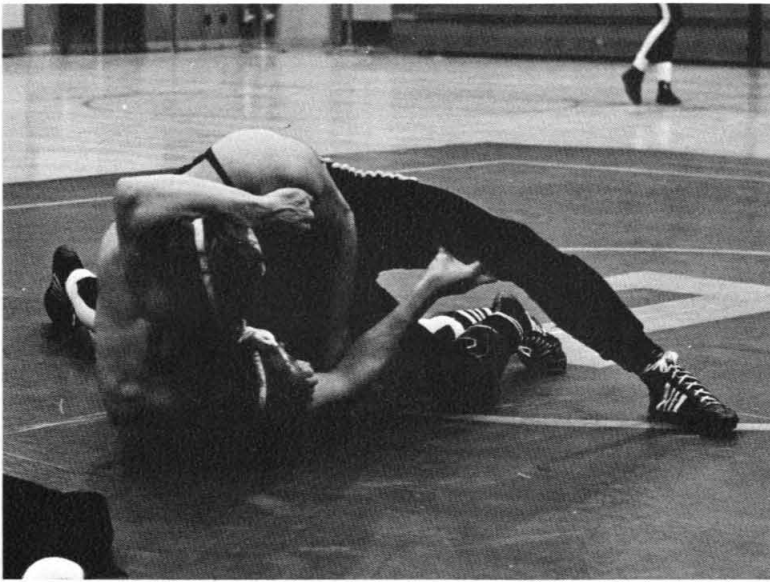




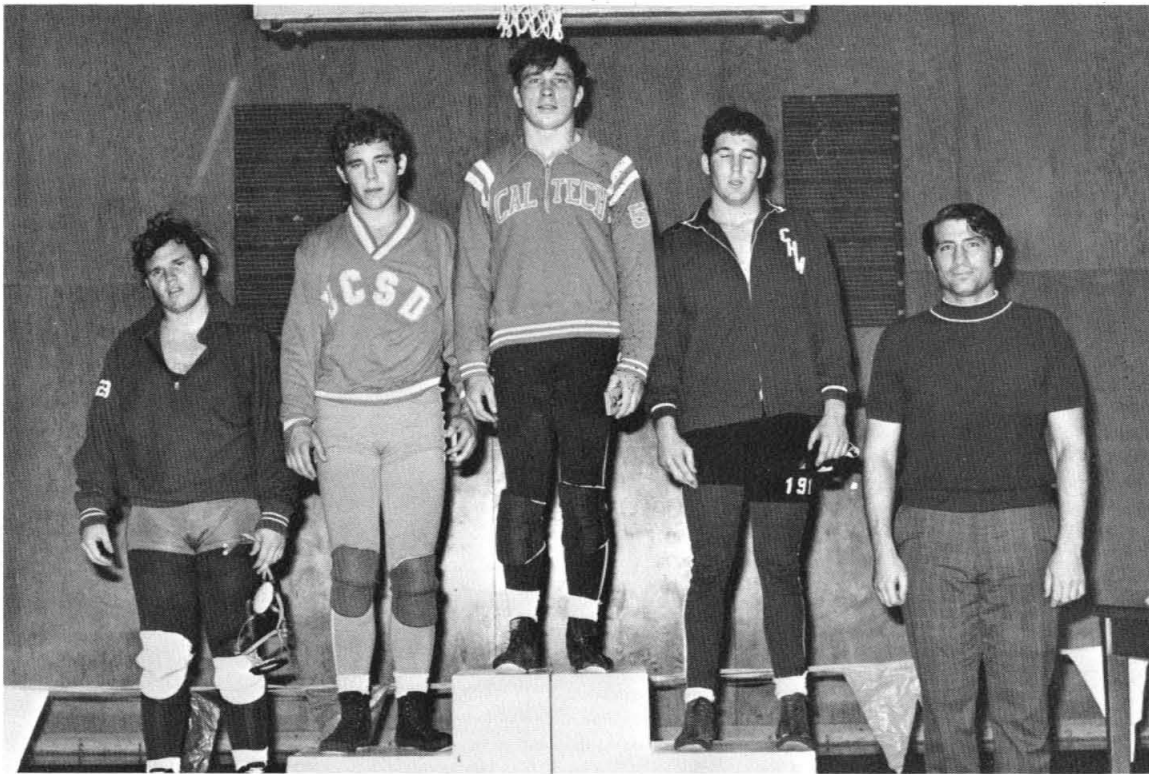


WRESTLING



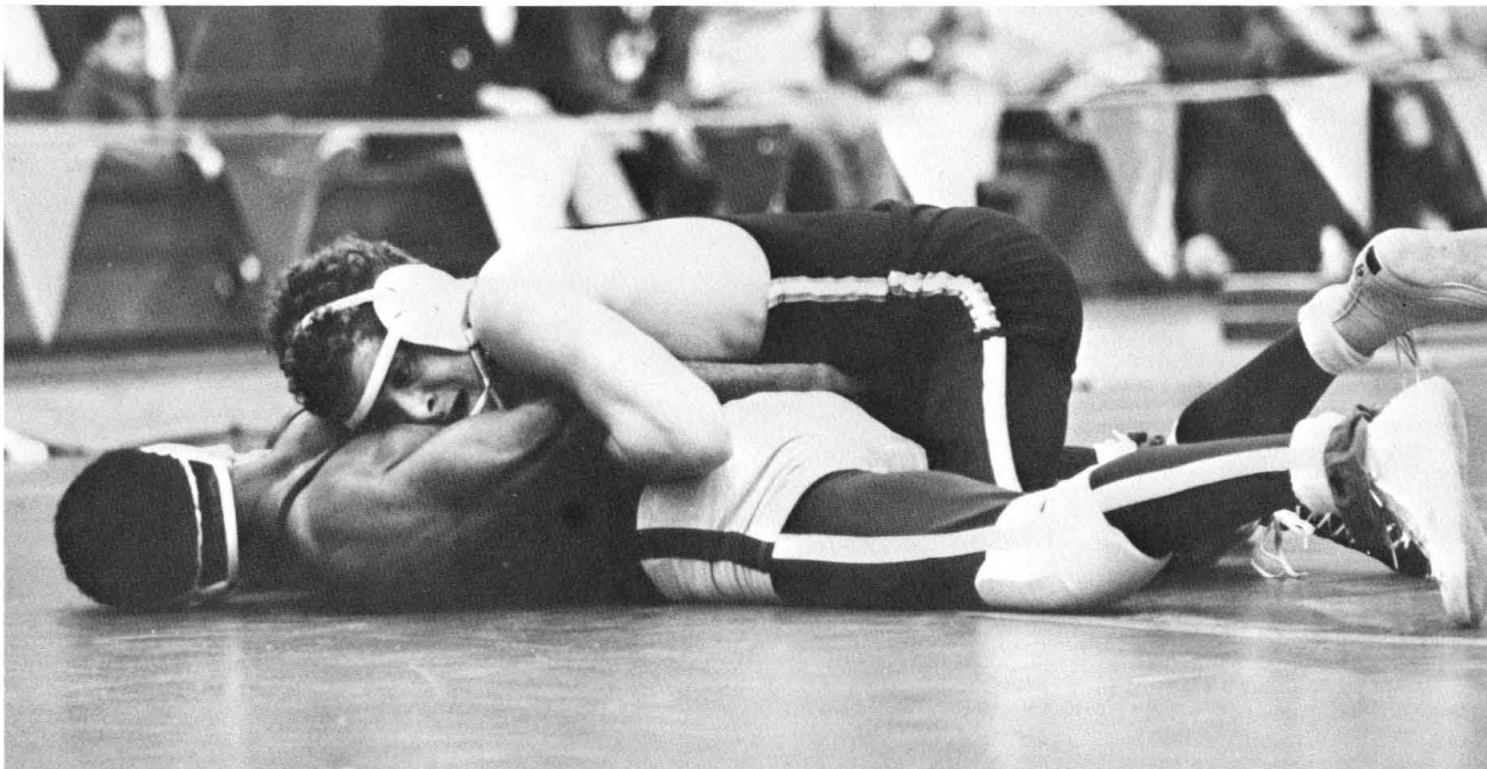


The high point of the Caltech athletic year was turned in by the Caltech wrestling team, when they won the SCAIC championship, by scoring an undefeated league dual meet record, and also winning the league tournament. Throughout the season, the team performed outstandingly, and many individuals produced impressive records. Alan Beagle, the only senior on the team, and a four-year letterman, completed another undefeated regular season record. He also won the league, and NAIA District III championships. Doug Wood, a junior will also be graduating, after compiling an excellent record of 11 wins, 2 losses and 1 draw. All of the remaining members of the team are returning, which suggests the Caltech will have an excellent wrestling team for the next few years.



INDIVIDUAL RECORDS

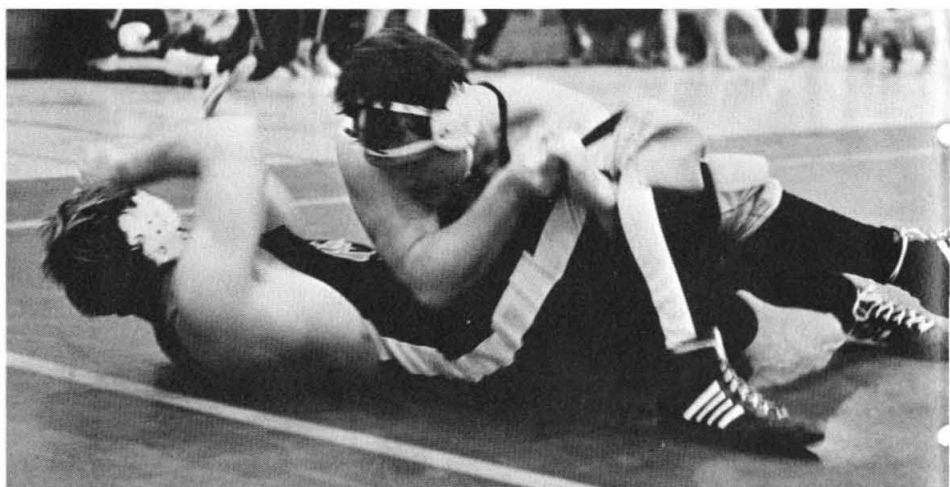
Weight		Record
118	Mark Morris	11-4-0
126	Phil Gschwend	8-2-0
134	Randy Lewis	12-3-0
142	Ken Bickford	8-3-0
150	Gary Zieve	15-0-0
158	Doug Wood	11-2-1
167	John Morton	8-5-2
177	Richard Blair	4-7-1
190	Alan Beagle	13-0-0
HW	Bruce Johnson	14-0-1

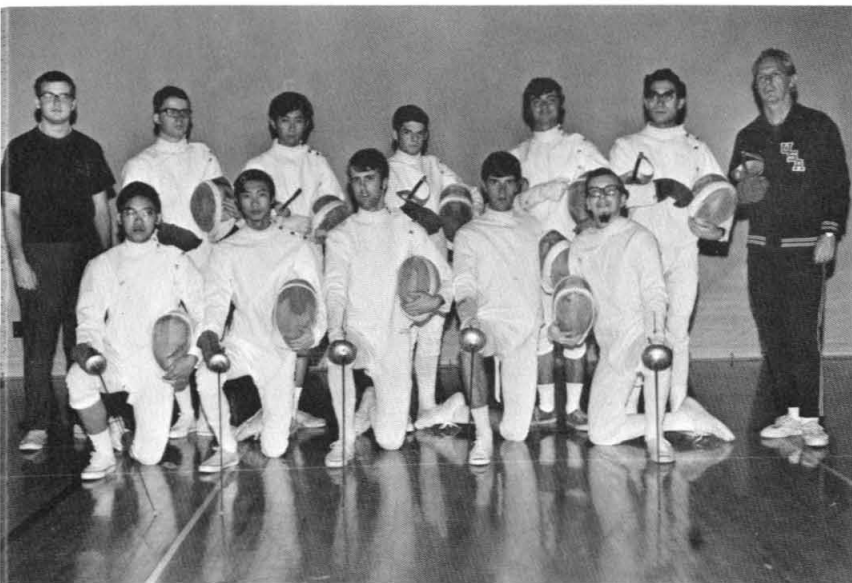


SCIAC CHAMPS '69-'70

TEAM RECORD

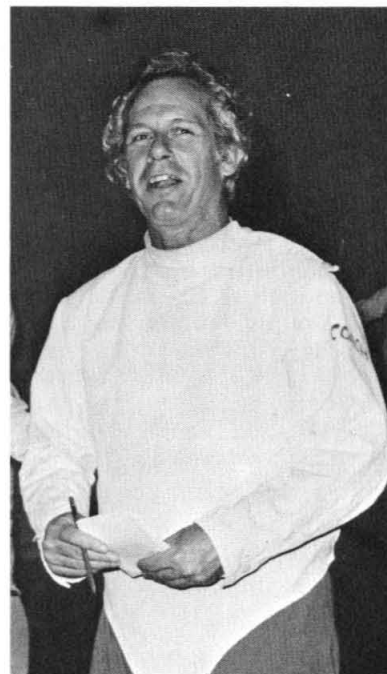
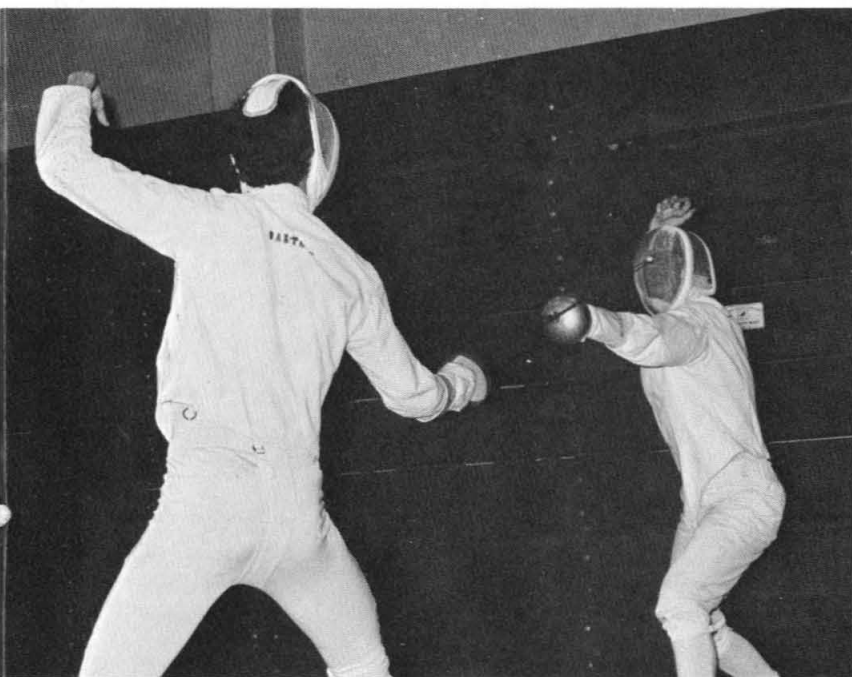
Caltech	43	Azusa-Pacific	5
Caltech	12	UC San Diego	12
Caltech	23	Pasadena College	17
Caltech	19	Biola	25
Caltech	1	Azusa-Pacific	0
Caltech	First, Caltech Invitational Tourney		
Caltech	34	Claremont-Mudd	5
Caltech	43	L.A. City College	5
Caltech	19	Pasadena College	17
Caltech	25	UC Riverside	13
Caltech	21	Cal. Lutheran	19
Caltech	21	LA Trade Tech	23
Caltech	24	Redlands	15
Caltech	29	Whittier	10
Caltech	First in Biola Tournament		
Caltech	30	Pomona	8
Caltech	38	L.A. City College	8
Caltech	First of 5 teams, SCAIC Tournament		
Caltech	Fourth of 11 teams, NAIA District III		
Caltech	Twentieth, NAIA National Tournament		

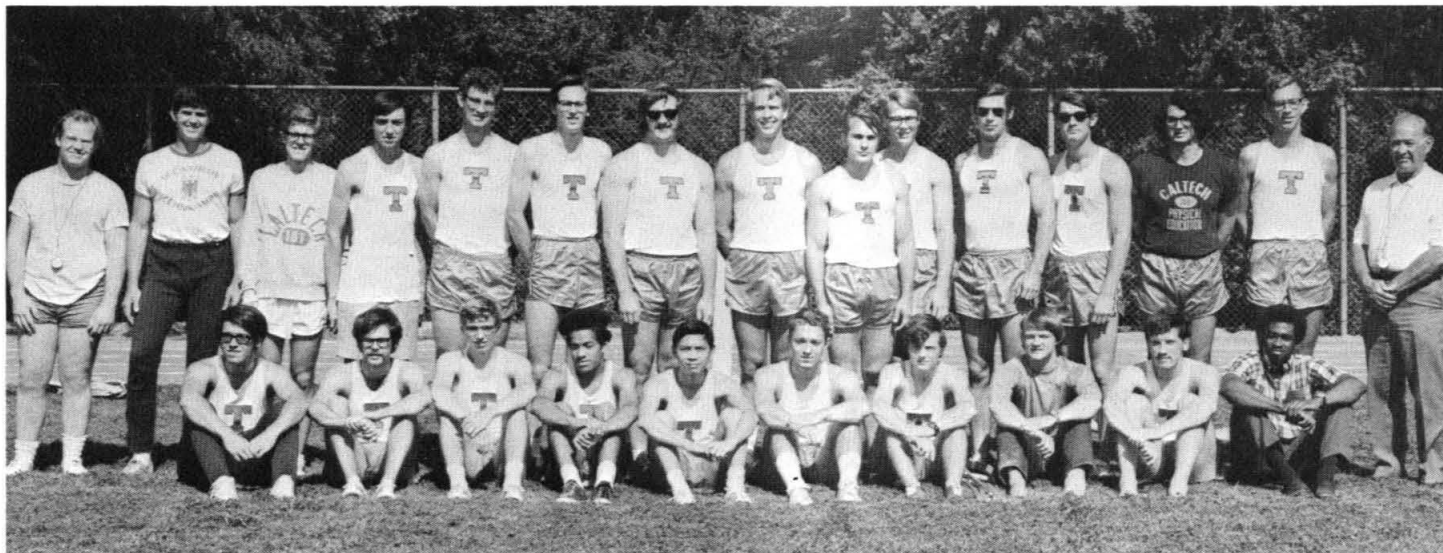




FENCING

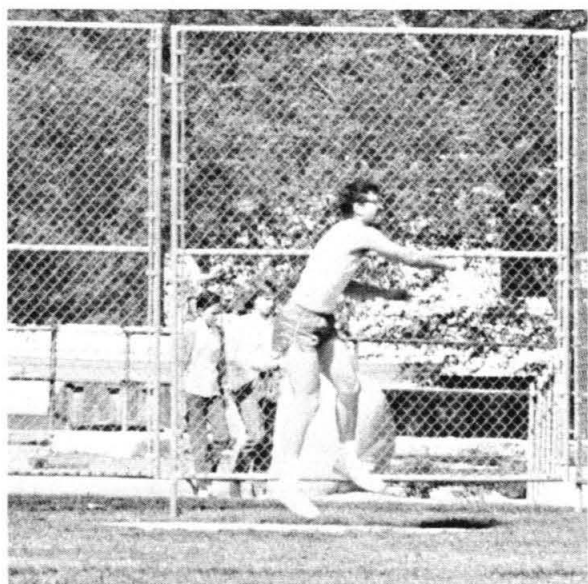
"The best Caltech fencing team ever" summarizes this season. The fencing team performed very well against stiff competition throughout the season. The team finished fourth in the Southern California Intercollegiate Fencing Conference in the foil competition, and fifth in the epee competition, against schools many times their size. The regular fencers for the season were David Smith, Norm Pendergraft, William Chia, Dave Brin, Terry Boardman, and Richard Piccard. Piccard is the only senior, and with several alternates, the prospects look even better for next year.

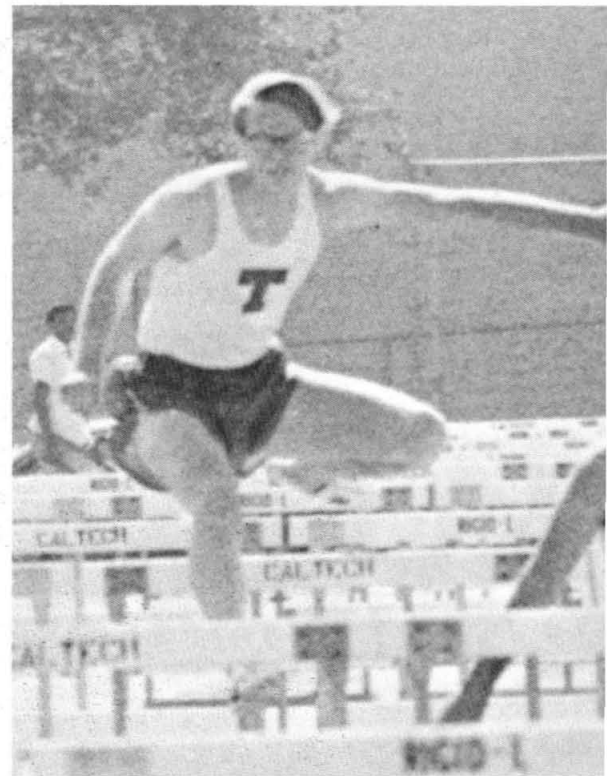
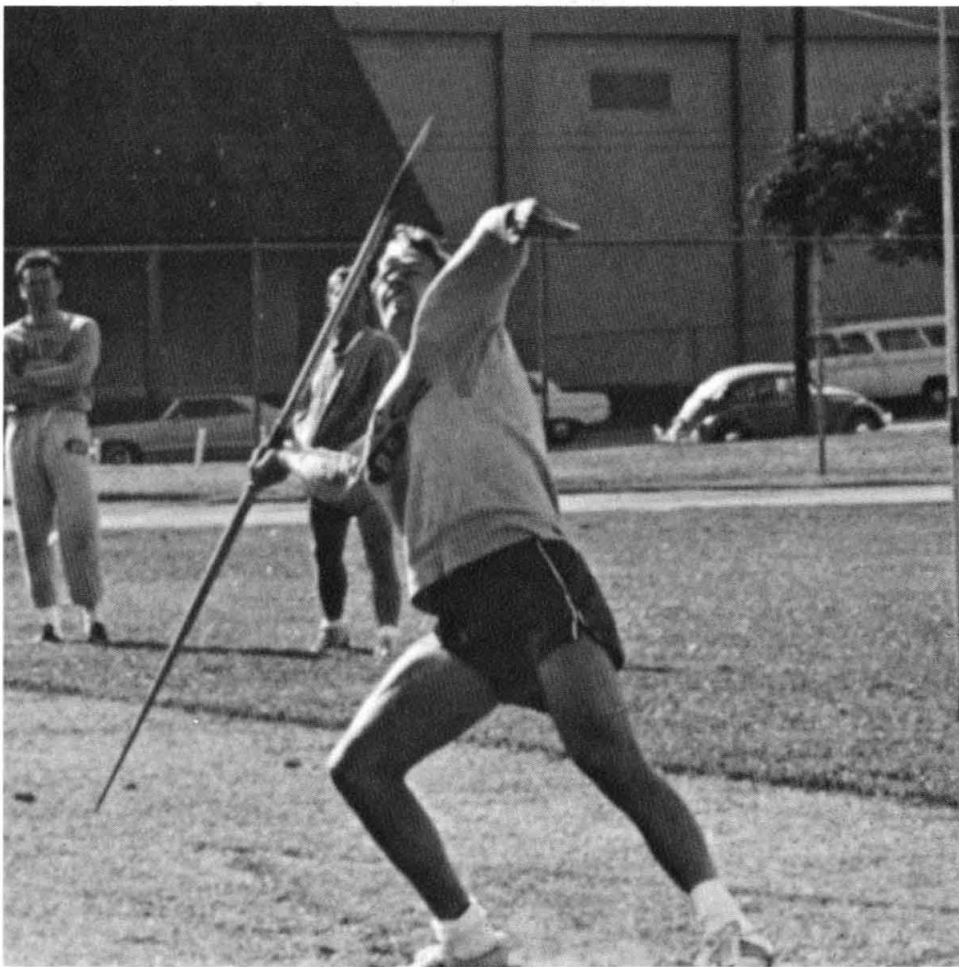




TRACK

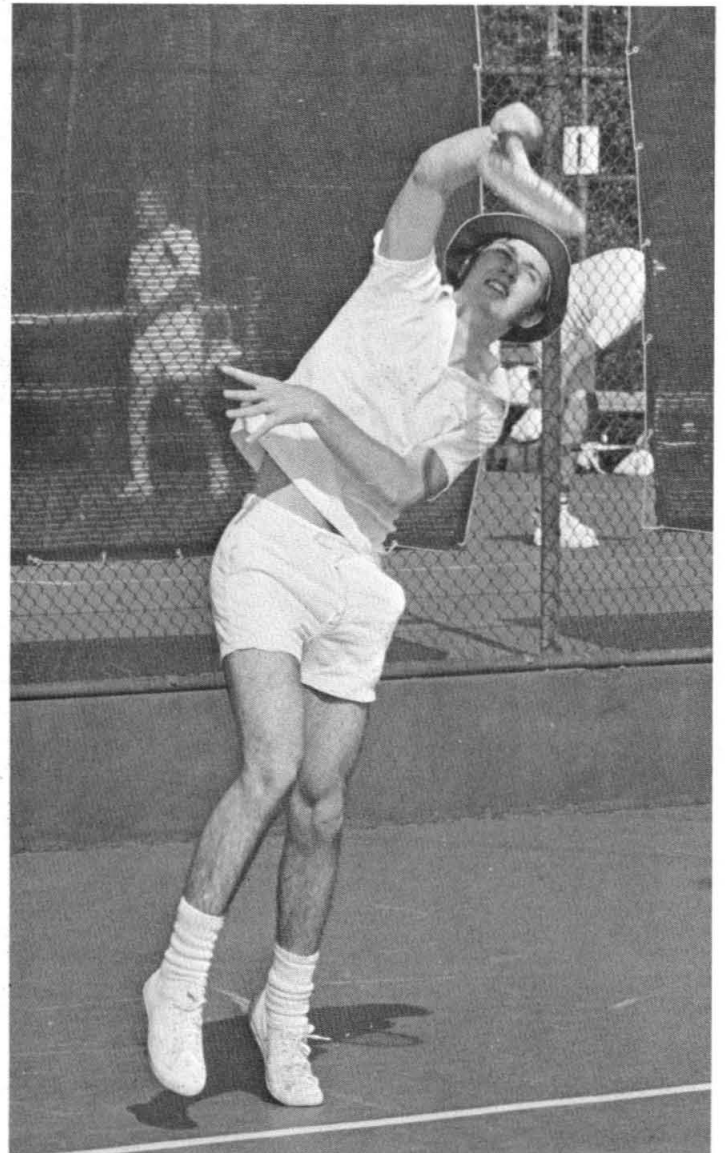
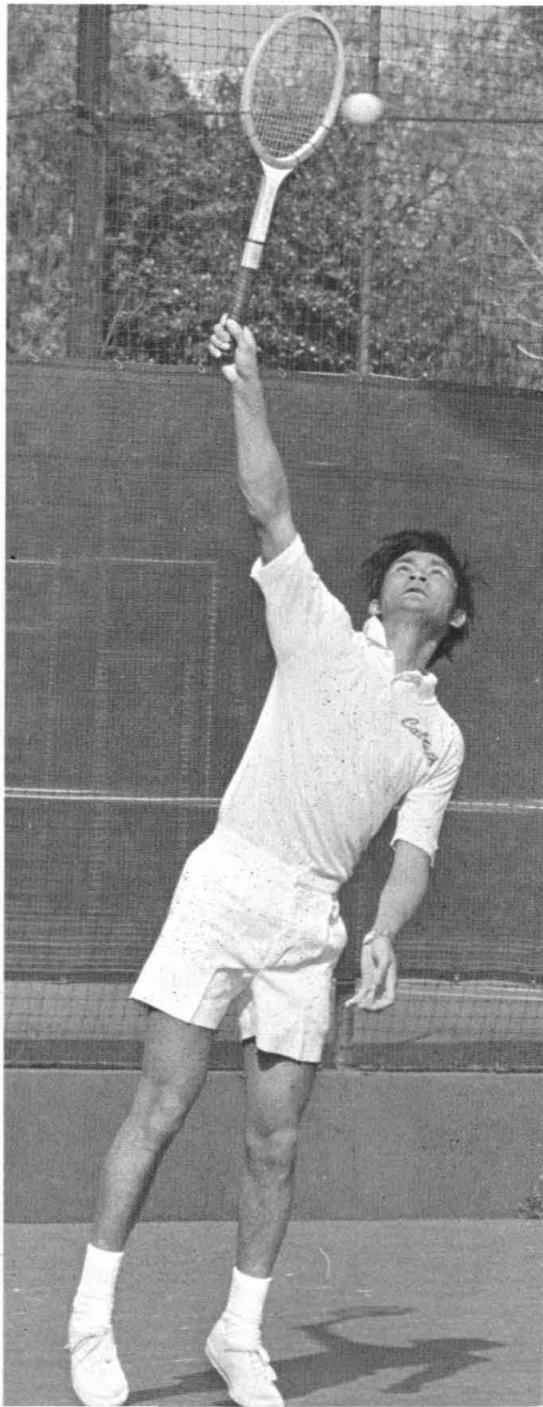
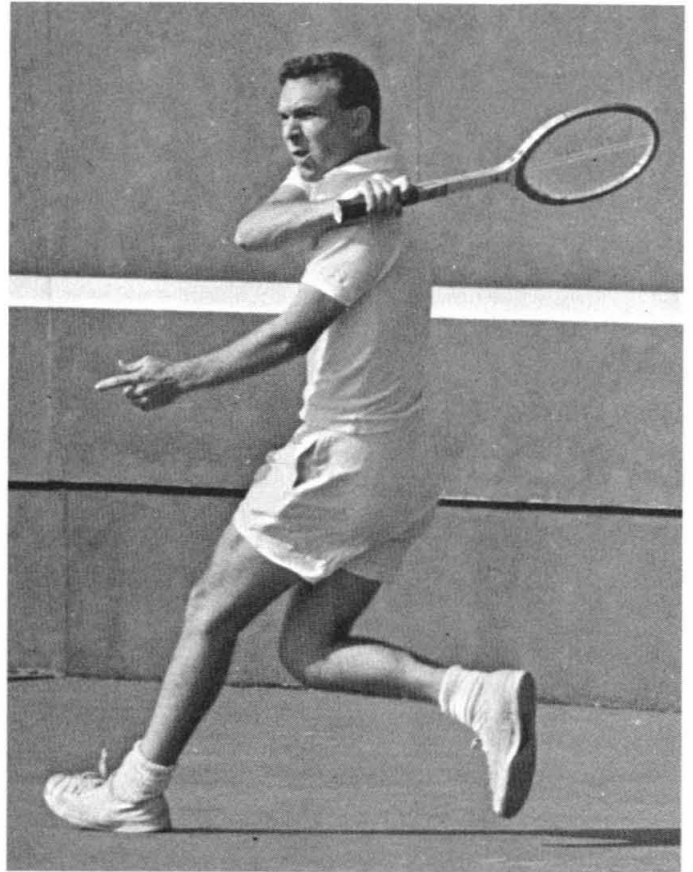
The 1970 track team disappointed some of its followers, but still produced some wins and some records. With a larger squad, more success would have been achieved. The season record in dual meets was 6-7. Sophomore Gary Stormo, the team's most valuable performer was also the leading point scorer. Gary entered six events in each meet, which points up his conditioning as well as his ability. Theagenis Abatzoglu was second leading point scorer, performing very well in his specialties, the weight events. Freshman Gary Pope set a freshman record in the mile run, with a time of 4:25. With just a few seniors on the squad, the Caltech track team has much to look to for the next year.

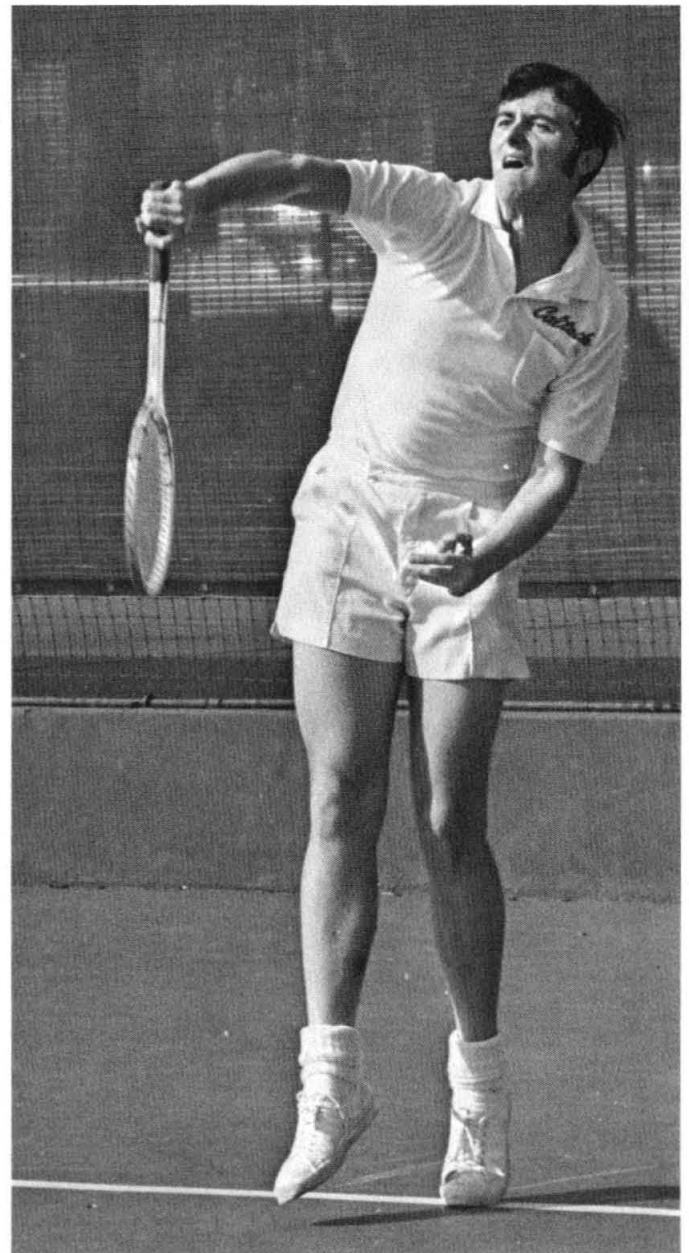
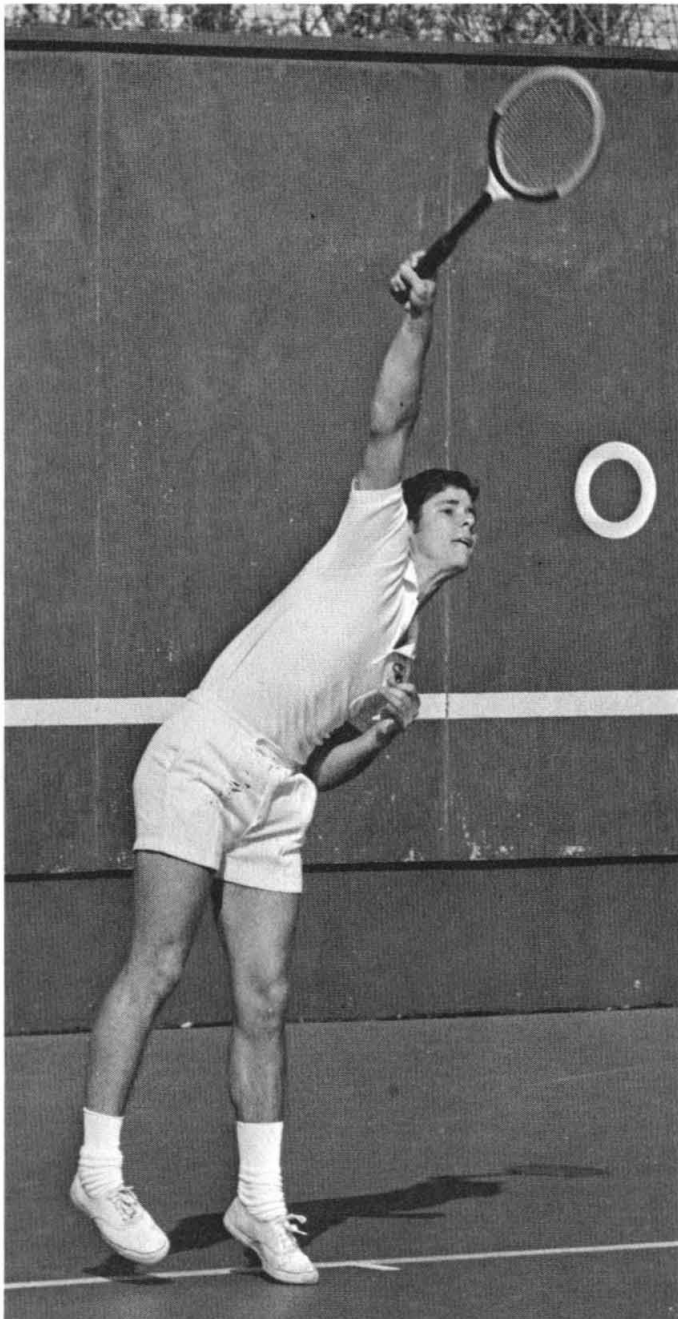




TENNIS

The Caltech tennis team did better this year than in the past, compiling a 6-17 record, including two league victories. The team defeated Whittier twice in league competition to account for the first league wins in years. The number one singles man was junior Bill Almassy, a transfer student who performed well all season. Unfortunately, his eligibility has now run out, and will not be able to play for Tech next year. Sophomore Ken Pischel was at second singles this year, and played very erratically, but often well. Rounding out the team were George Lantos, Bruce Eisenhart, Jim Crawford and Don Smith. The only squad member who will not be returning will be Almassy, so that the future looks bright for next year's tennis team.

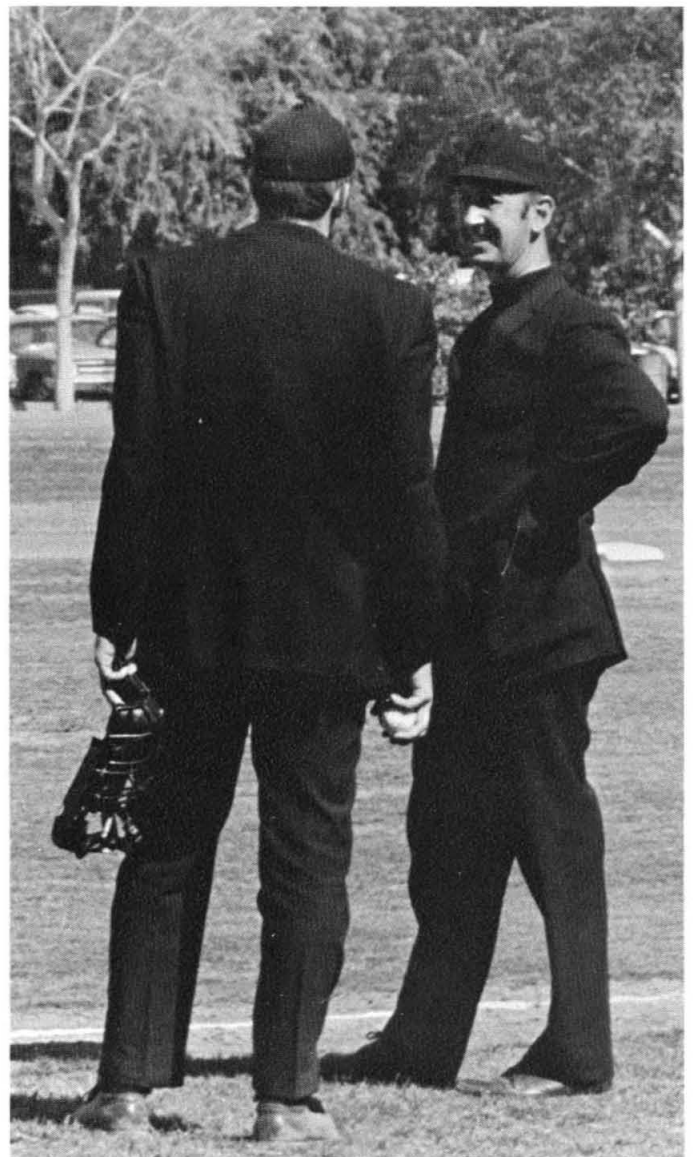


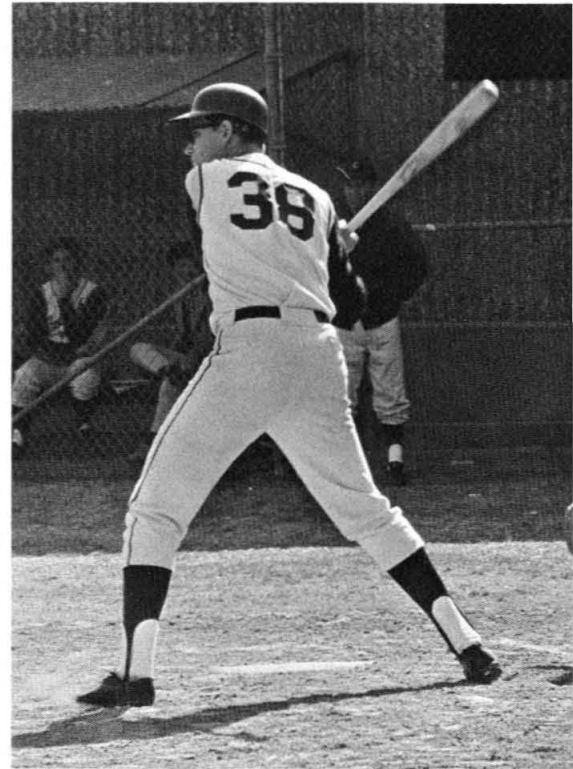




BASEBALL

Improving throughout the season, the Caltech baseball team ended the season with a 4-21-1 record. Regardless of the record, there were a number of high points for the season. The first was the first league win in many years, with a win over Whittier. In their return match with Whittier, they were tied when the game was called on account of darkness. The team finished the season with a double win over LIFE college. Leading the team were two freshmen, Jerry Feely and Tom Howell. Feely was named to the All-Conference team at second base, after finishing the season fourth in the league in hitting with a .390 average. Howell was also ranked in league hitting with a .358 average. Junior Dave Turner and senior Bruce Wright split most of the pitching duties. With just two seniors on the squad, Bruce Wright and Mark Meldgin, the team looks forward to a better season next year.







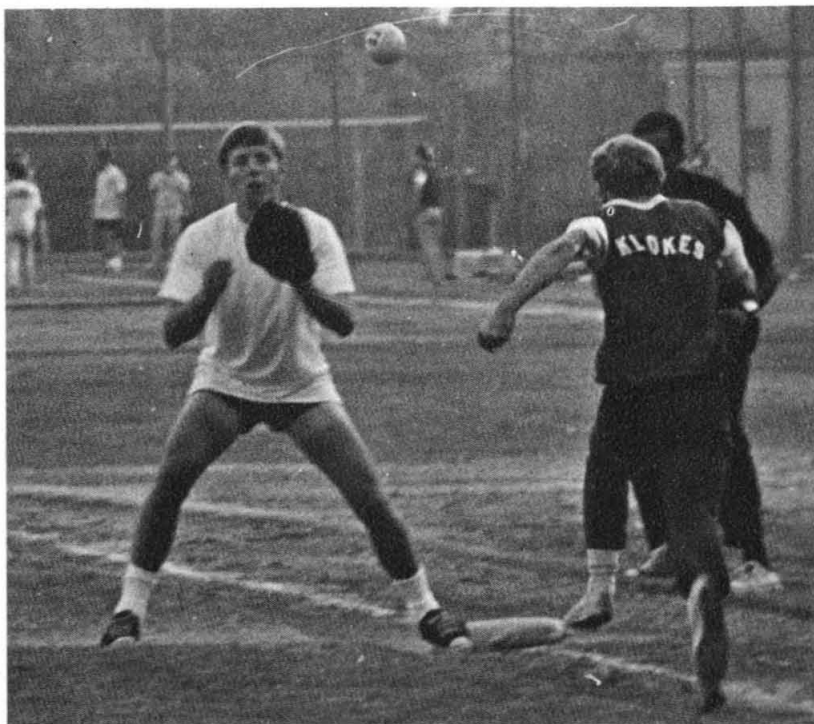
The Caltech golf team had its most successful season in the history of Tech, with an excellent overall record. More impressive was their performance in league competition. They defeated Redlands, Claremont-Harvey Mudd, Pomona, Whittier and Occidental in League play. They defeated Occidental twice, which provided the most enjoyable moments of the season, in response to an article in the Oxy school newspaper. The team leader in points scored was senior Jim Taylor. The team's number one player was sophomore Roger Goodspeed, who was also the most consistent golfer, and he averaged 78 per round for the season. Rounding out the team was senior Neil Holmes, Jim Simmons, Bob Hammond and Alan Woodson. Woodson, also a sophomore, turned in the best individual round with a 73 in the Southern California Invitational Tournament. With only two seniors on the team, the golf team looks to improve again next year, and turn in another excellent season.

GOLF

Caltech	24	Claremont-Mudd	30
Caltech	34	Occidental	20
Caltech	22	Pomona	32
Caltech	33	Redlands	21
Caltech	31	Whittier	23
Caltech	36	Claremont-Mudd	18
Caltech	40	Occidental	14
Caltech	20	Pomona	34
Caltech	26	Redlands	28
Caltech	11	Whittier	43

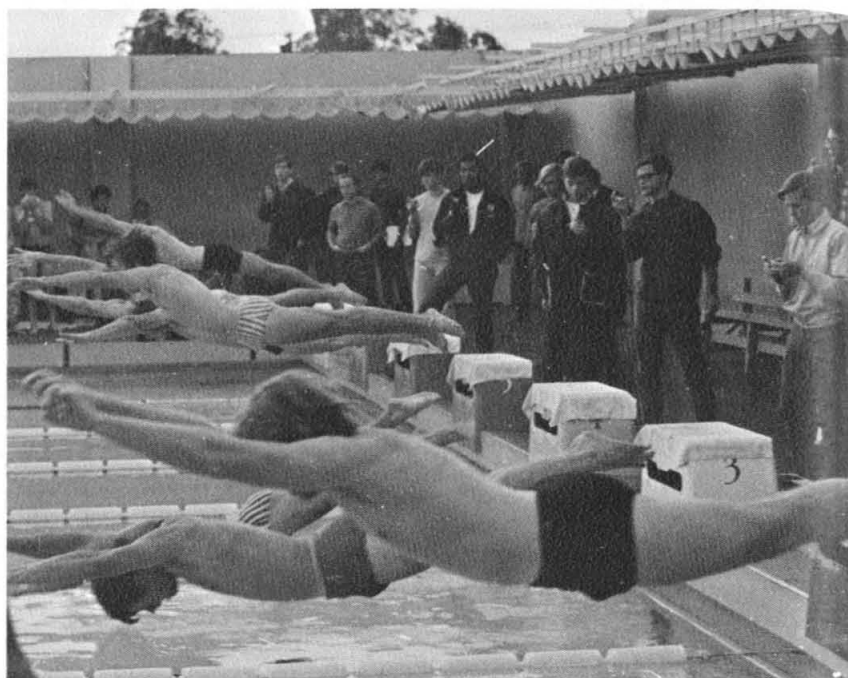
I.H. SOFTBALL

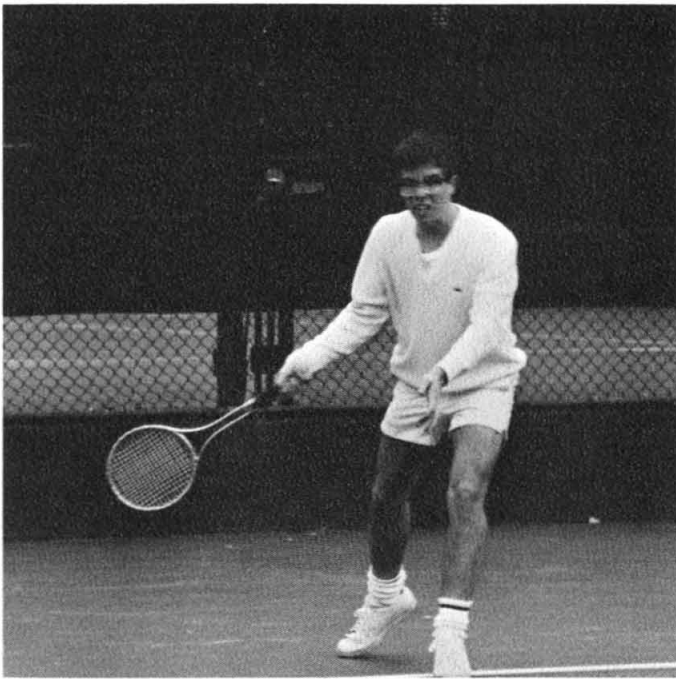
	Won	Lost	Trophy Points
1. Fleming	6	0	63
2. Page	5	1	54
3. Dabney	3	3	36
3. Ricketts	3	3	36
6. Ruddock	1	5	18
7. Blacker	0	6	9



I.H. SWIMMING

	Meet Points	Trophy Points
1. Fleming	63 ½	56
2. Ruddock	47	48
3. Page	45 ½	40
4. Ricketts	37	32
5. Dabney	25	24
6. Lloyd	24	16
7. Blacker	(did not enter)	

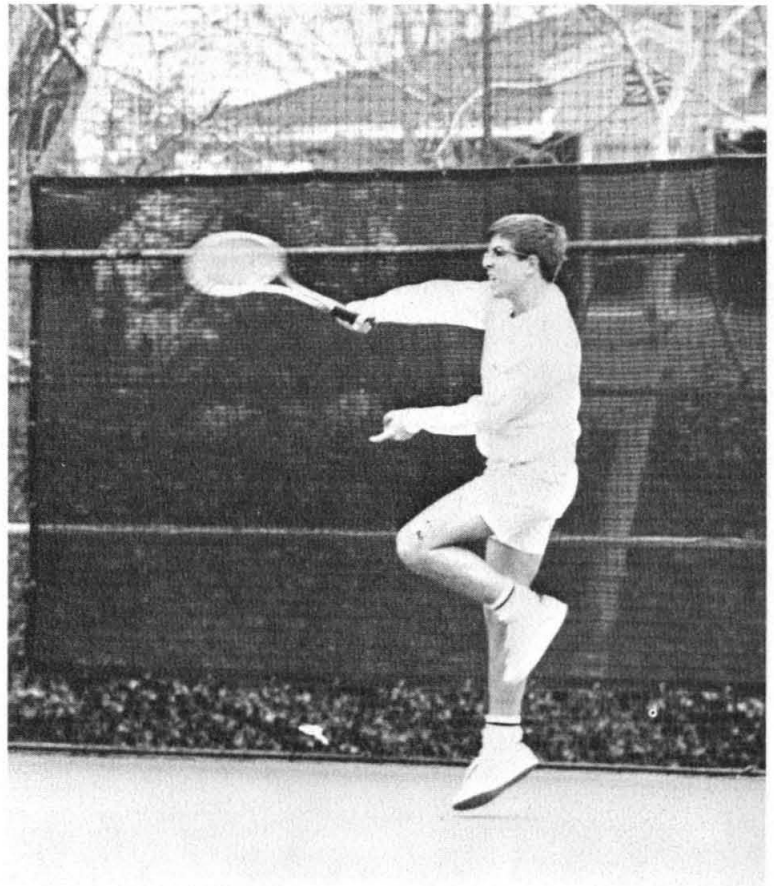
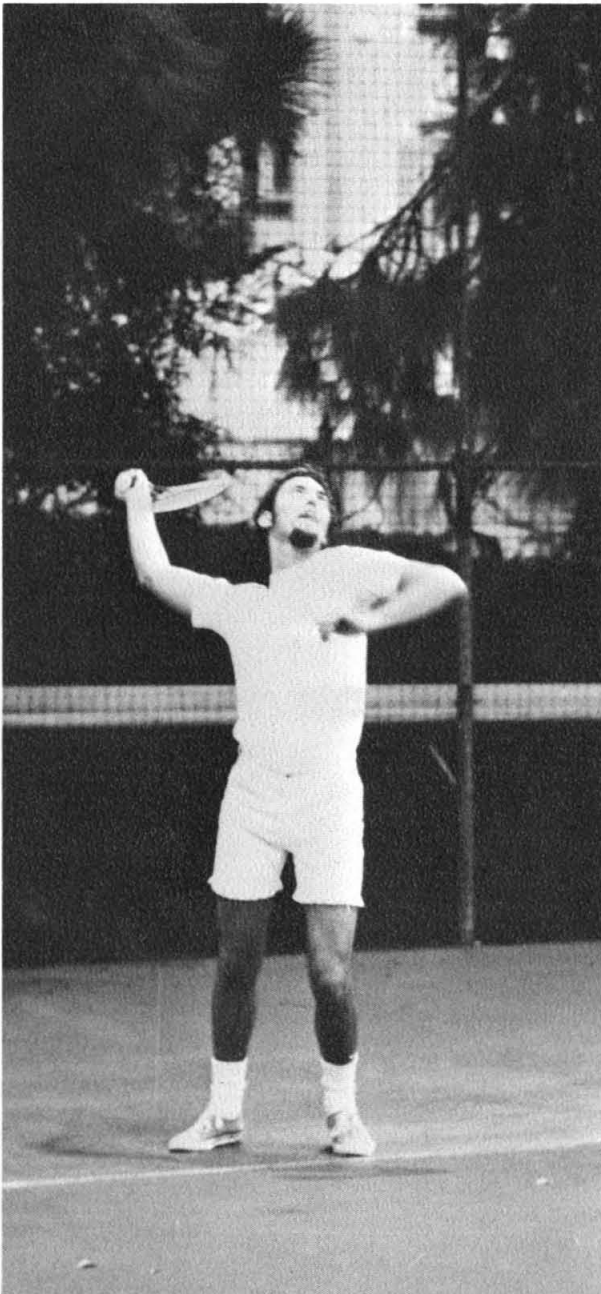




I.H. TENNIS

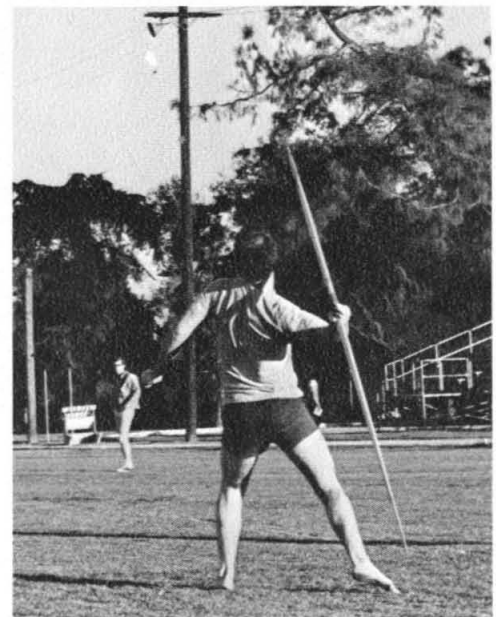
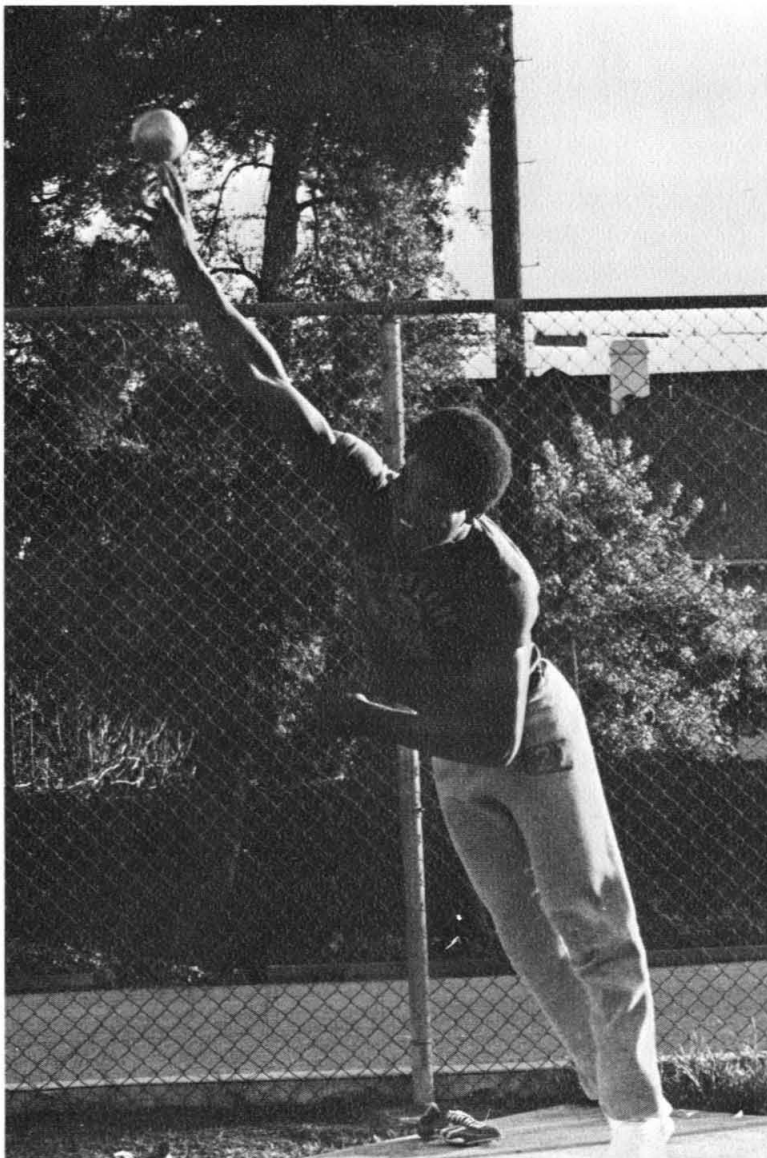
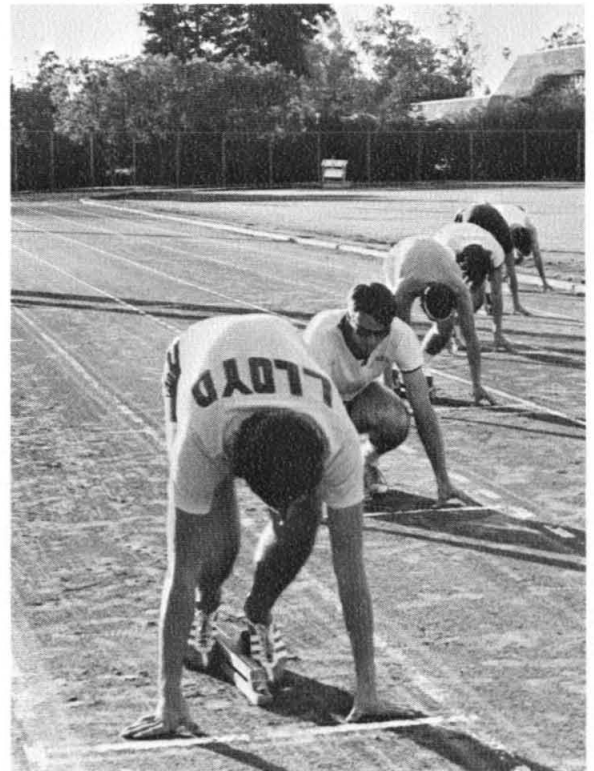
Meet Points Trophy Points

1. Page	41	49
2. Ricketts	40	42
3. Fleming	38	35
4. Lloyd	36	24 ½
4. Ruddock	36	24 ½
6. Dabney	18	14
7. Blacker	14	7



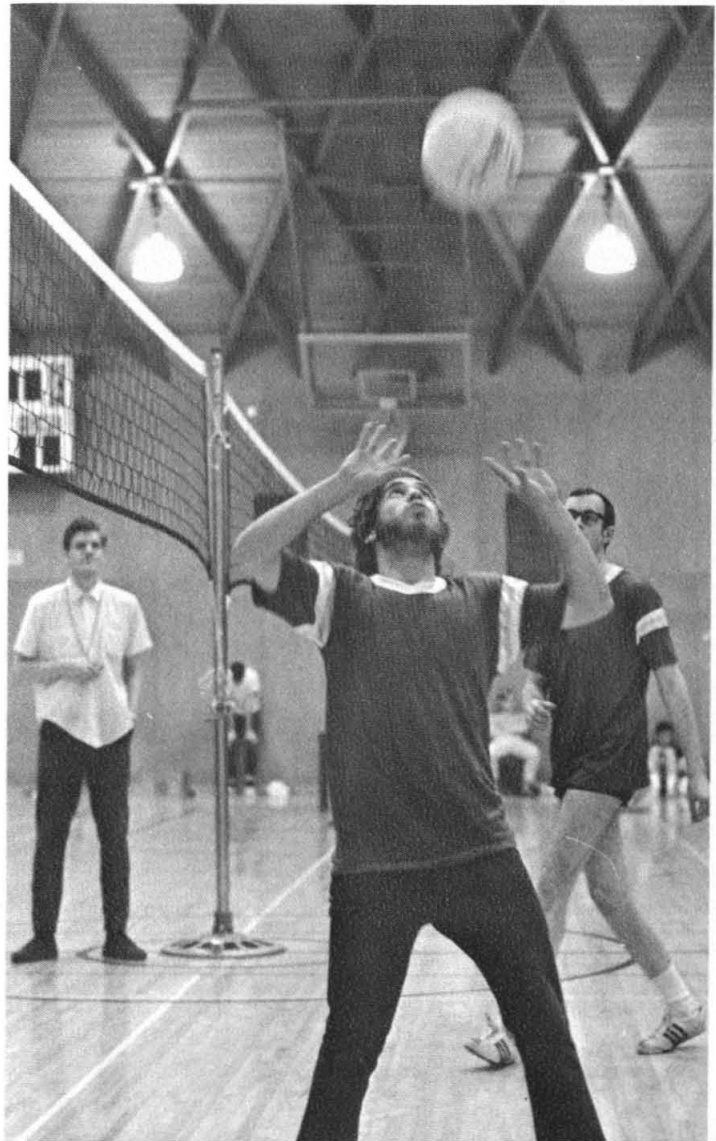
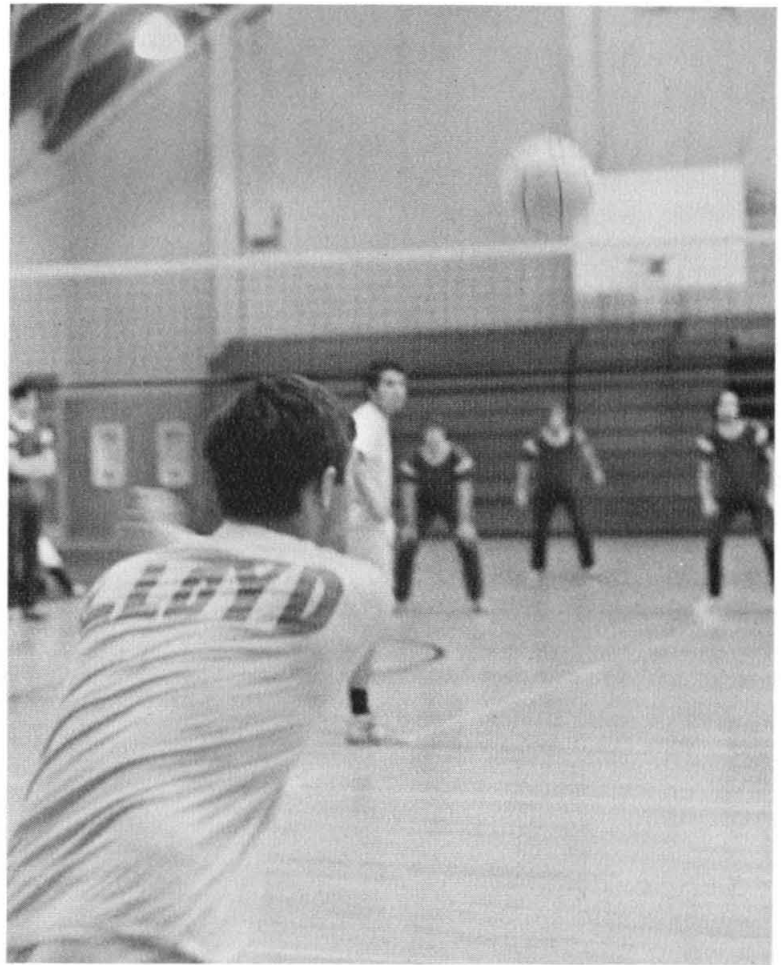
I.H. TRACK

	Meet Points	Trophy points
1. Fleming	84	56
2. Page	45	48
3. Ruddock	38	40
4. Lloyd	26	32
5. Ricketts	22	24
6. Blacker	6	16
7. Dabney	1	8



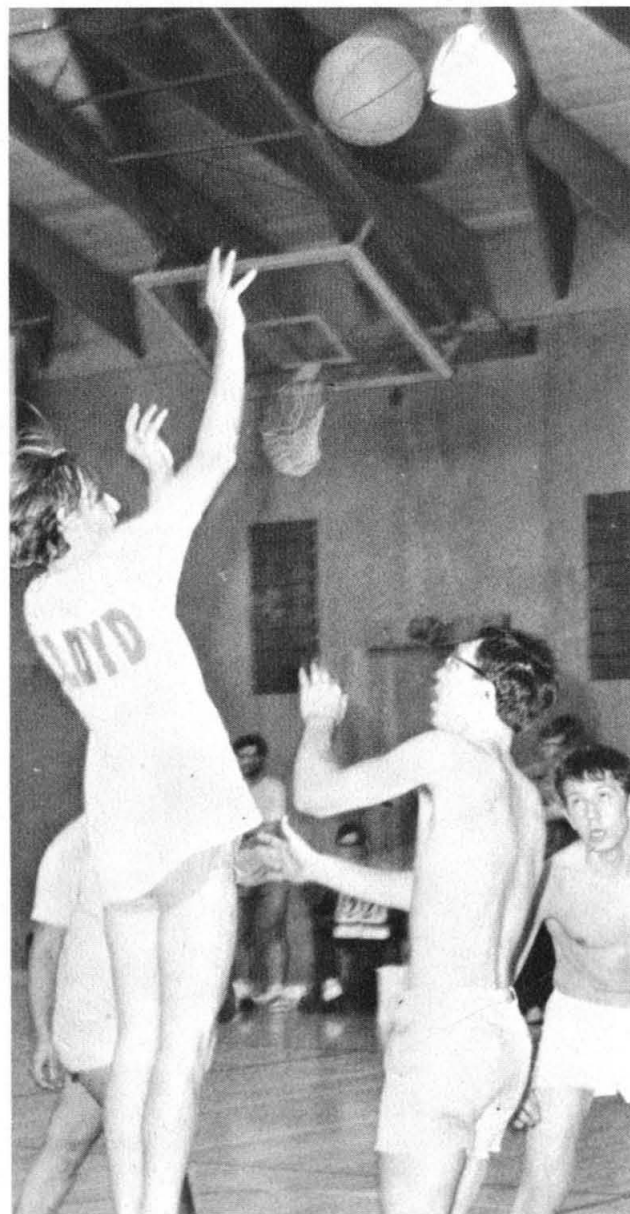
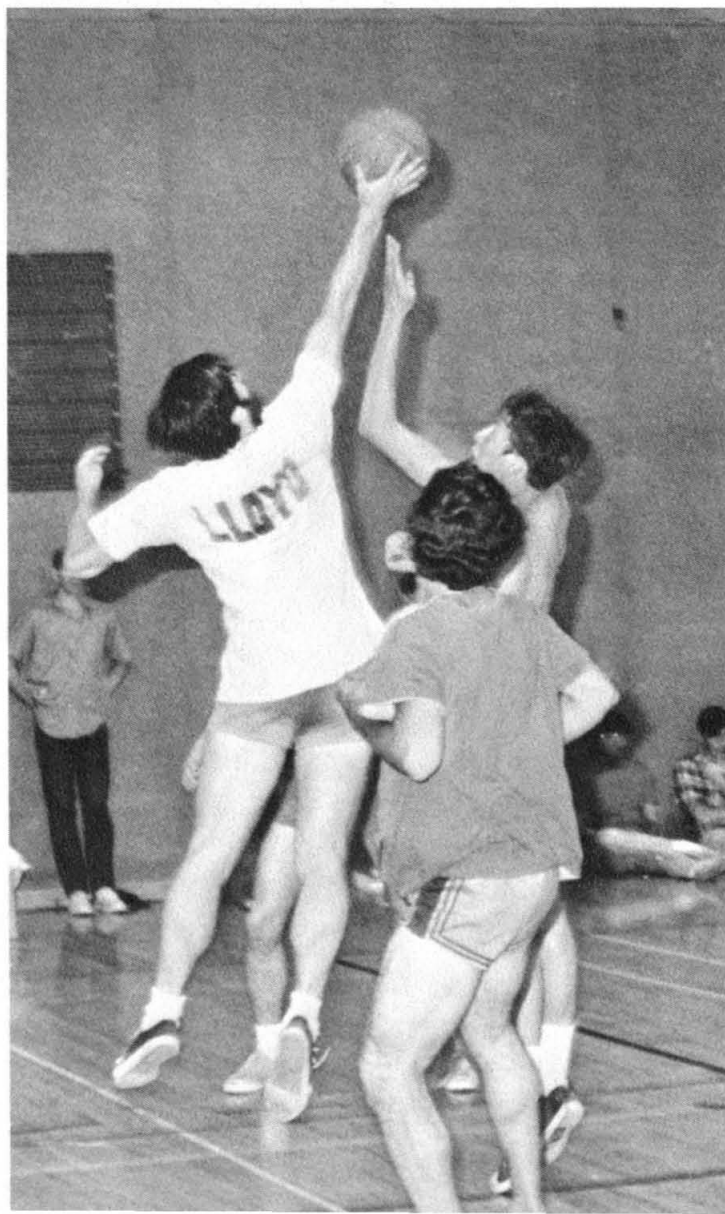
I.H. VOLLEYBALL

	won	lost	Trophy points
1. Fleming	6	0	56
2. Ruddock	5	1	48
3. Lloyd	4	2	40
4. Page	3	3	32
5. Dabney	2	4	24
6. Ricketts	1	5	16
7. Blacker	0	6	8



I.H. BASKETBALL

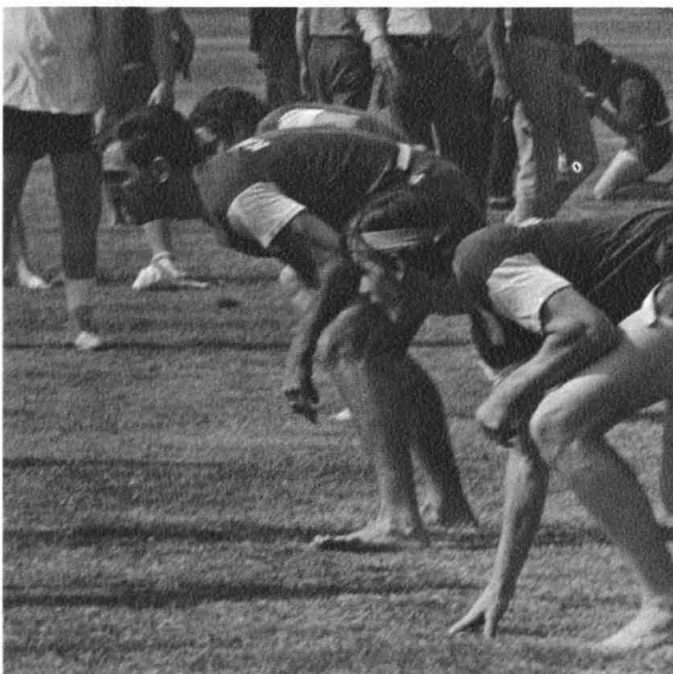
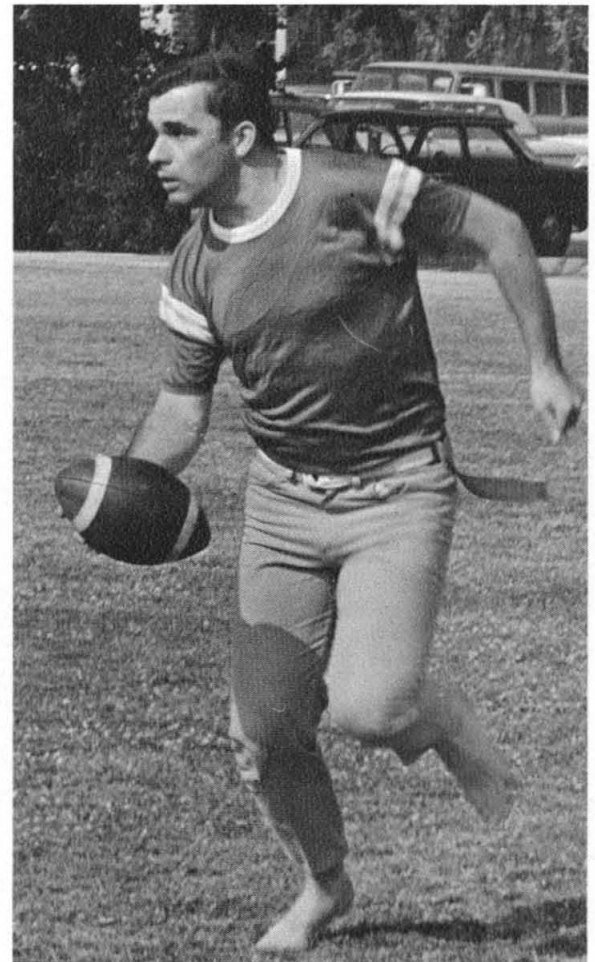
	Win	Loss	Trophy Points
1. Fleming	6	0	56
2. Dabney	5	1	48
3. Ruddock	4	2	40
4. Lloyd	3	3	32
5. Page	2	4	24
6. Ricketts	1	5	16
7. Blacker	0	6	8





I.H. FOOTBALL

	win	loss	trophy points
1. Ruddock	6	0	63
2. Page	4	2	45
2. Ricketts	4	2	45
2. Fleming	4	2	45
5. Dabney	2	4	27
6. Lloyd	1	5	18
7. Blacker	0	6	0



FINAL INTER HOUSE STANDINGS

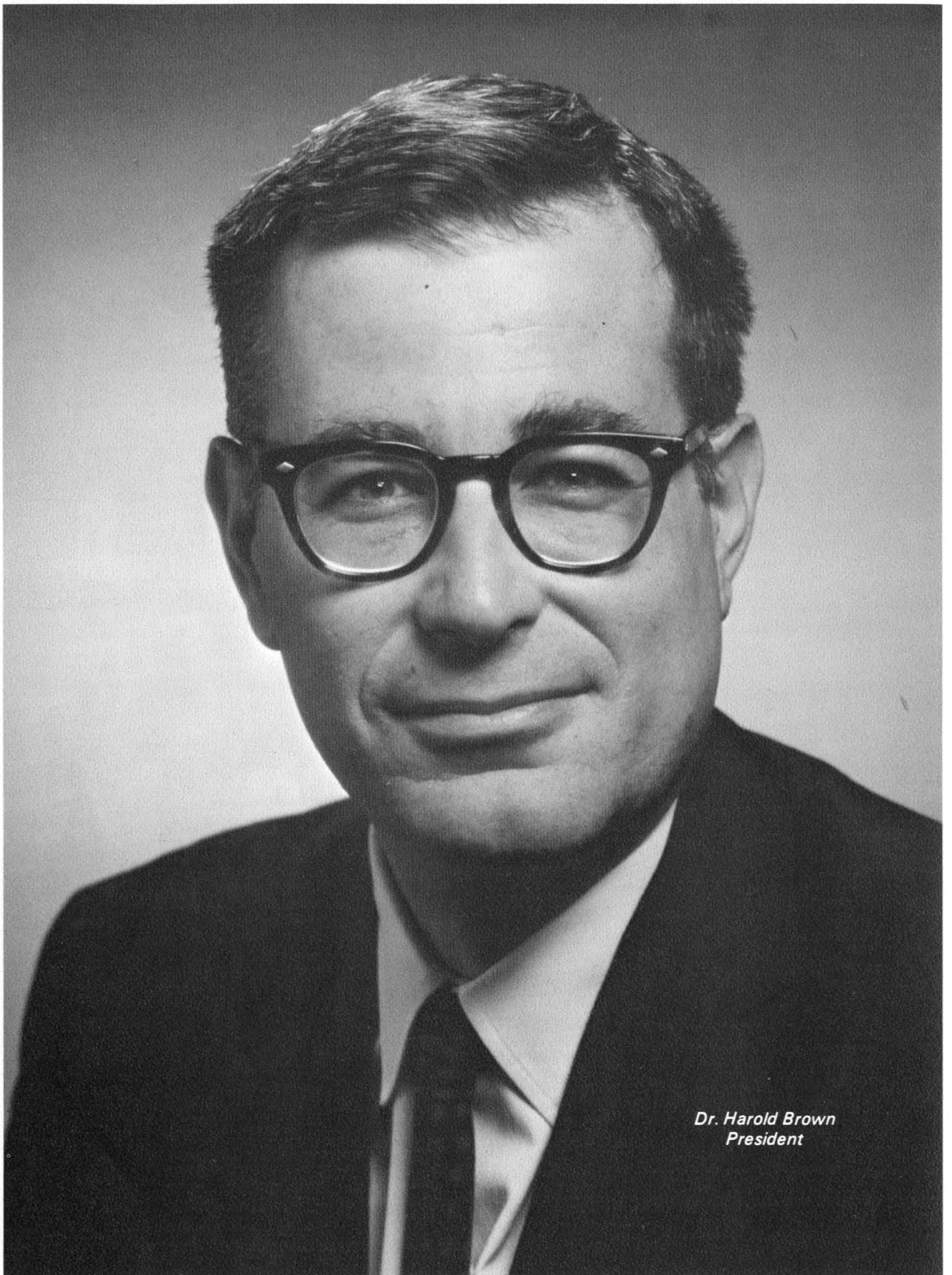
1969 1970

	Total Points
1. Fleming	367
2. Page	292
3. Ruddock	281 ½
4. Ricketts	211
5. Lloyd	198
6. Dabney	181
7. Blacker	48



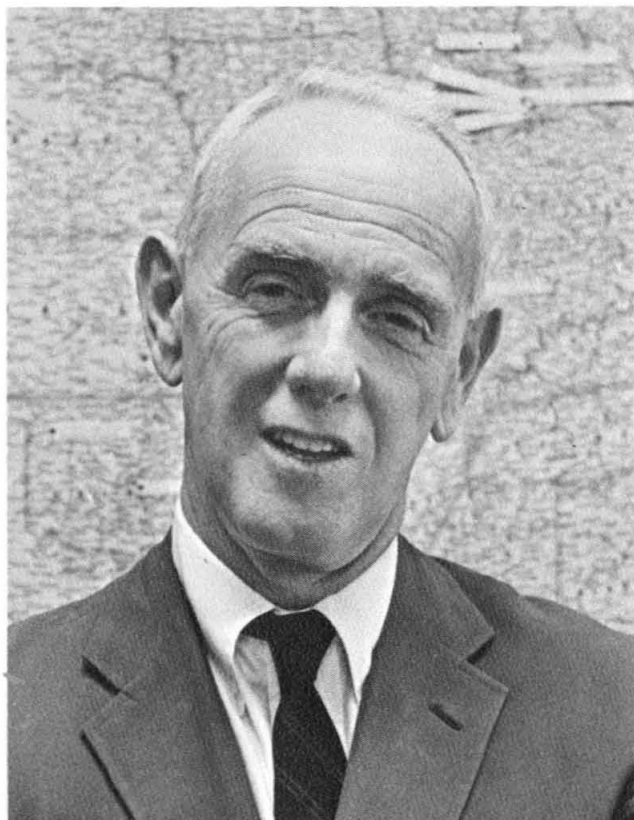


Faculty

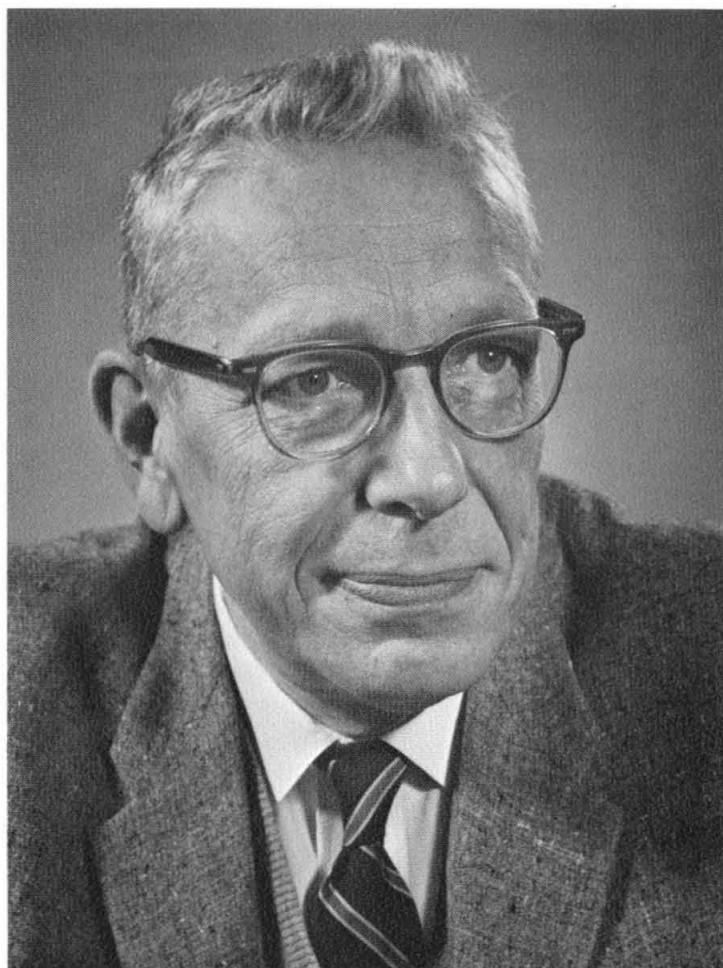


*Dr. Harold Brown
President*

DEANS



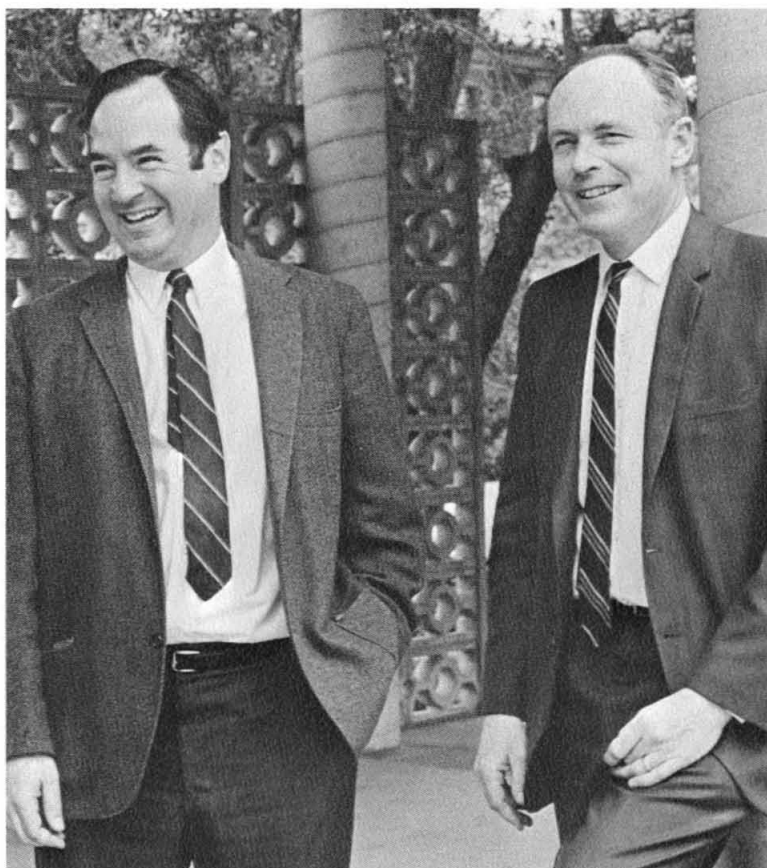
Peter M. Miller



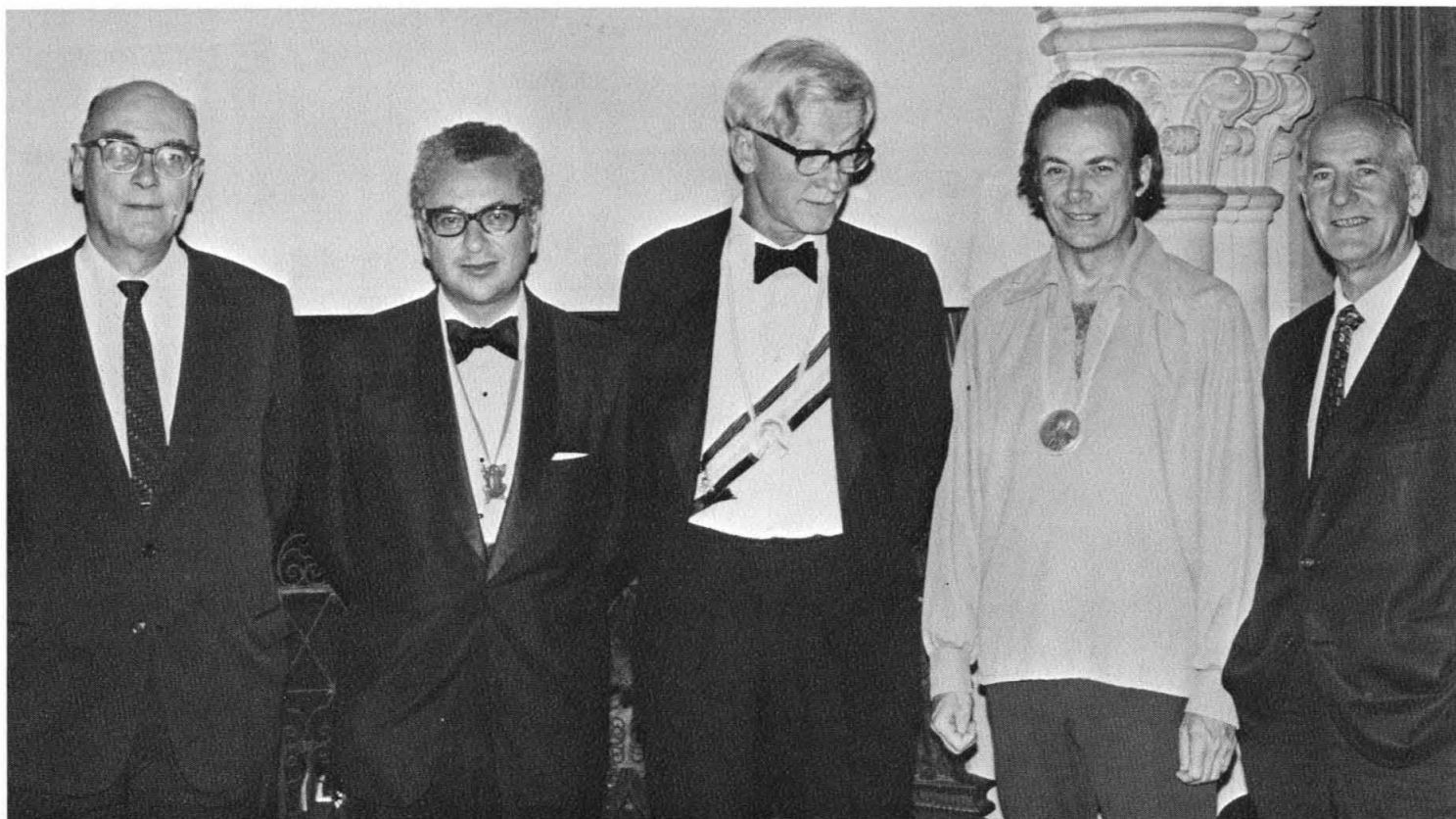
Henri F. Bohnenblust



Lyman G. Bonner

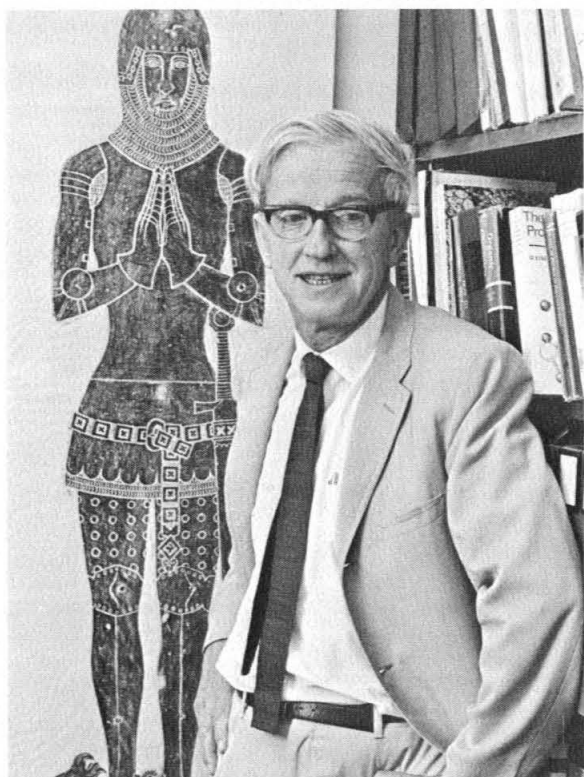


Robert A. Huttenback and David S. Wood



CALTECH NOBEL LAUREATES: Carl D. Anderson, Murray Gell-Mann, Max Delbrück, Richard P. Feynman, George W. Beadle.

NOBEL LAUREATES



Max Delbrück
Biology

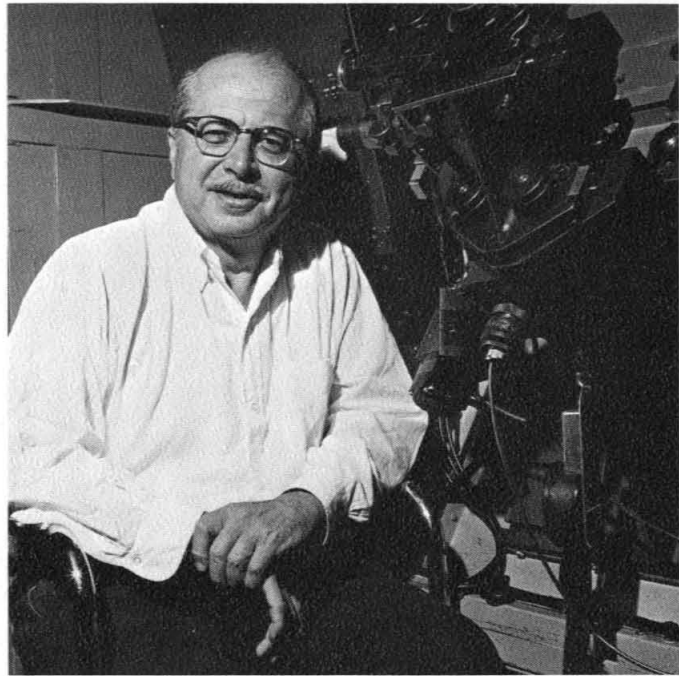


Murray Gell-Mann
Physics

ASTRONOMY



Guido Munch



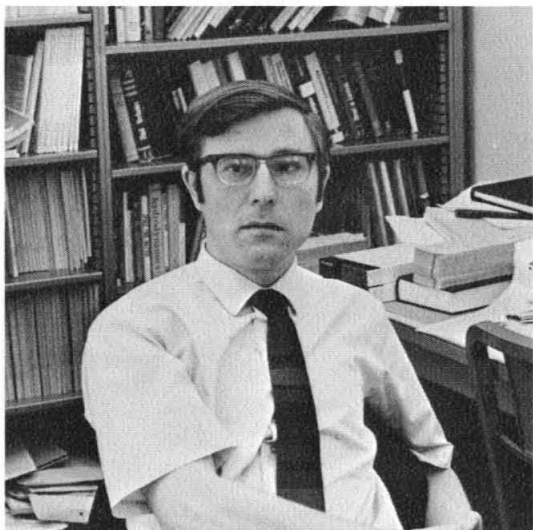
Jesse L. Greenstein



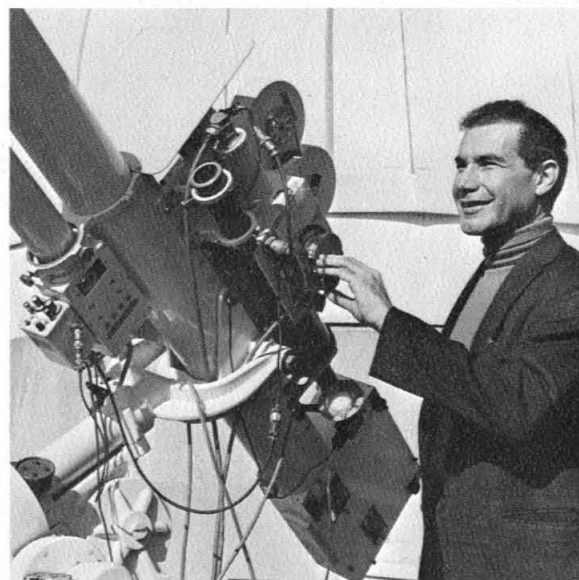
Maarten Schmidt



J. Beverley Oke

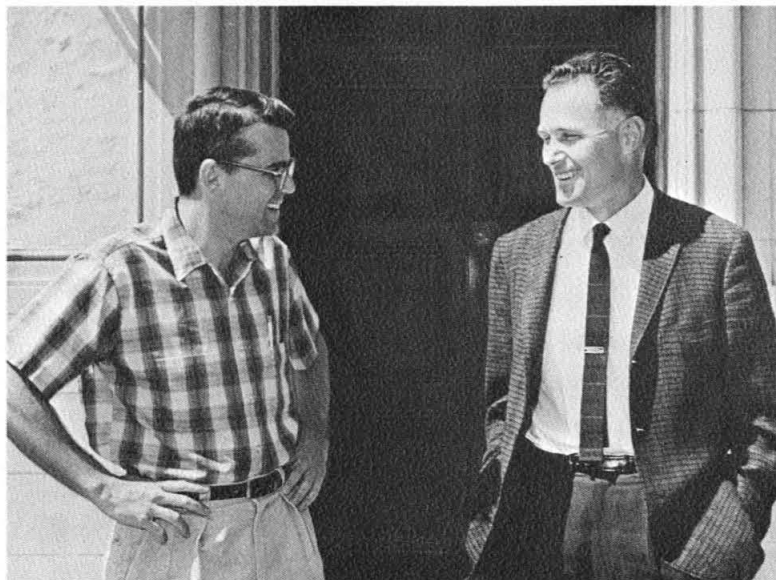


Wallace L. W. Sargent

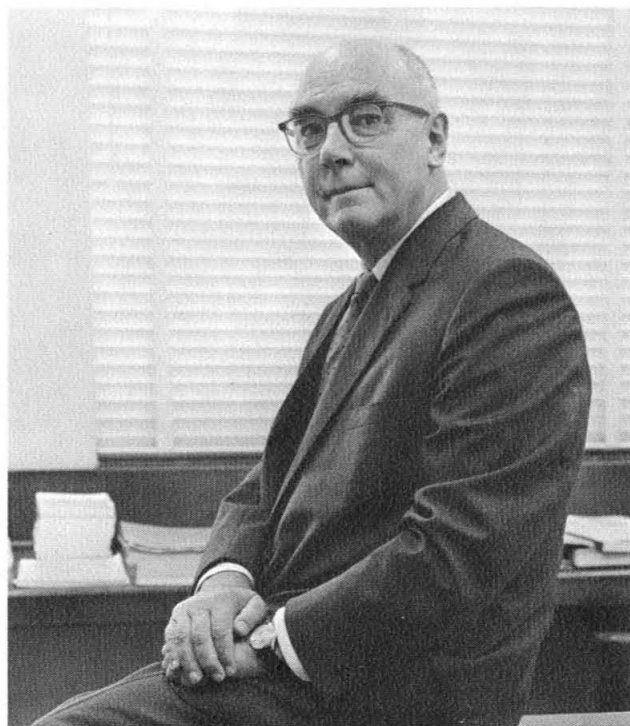


Harold Zirin

PHYSICS



Gerry Neugebauer and Robert B. Leighton



Carl D. Anderson



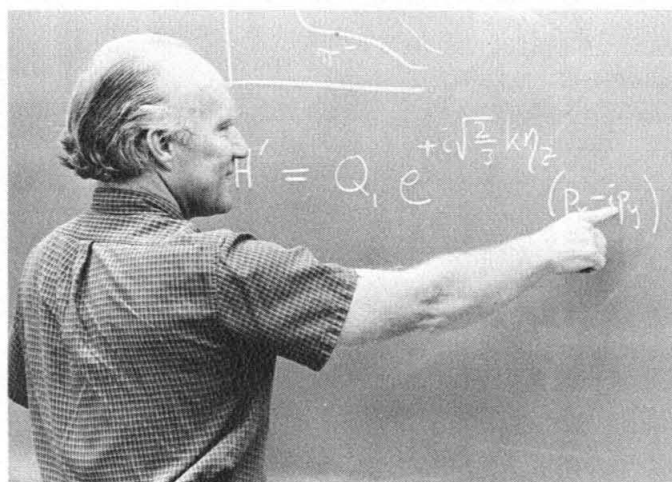
Tom Lauritsen



William A. Fowler



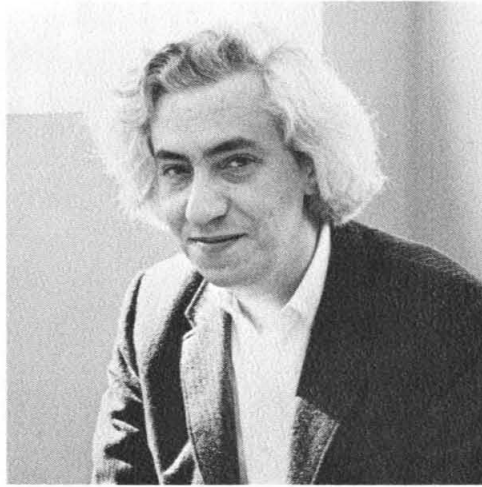
Charles A. Barnes



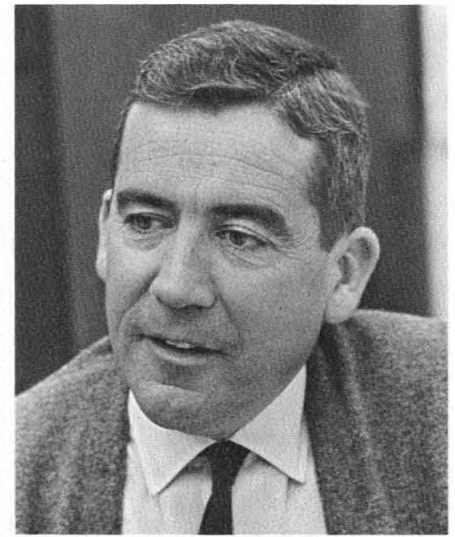
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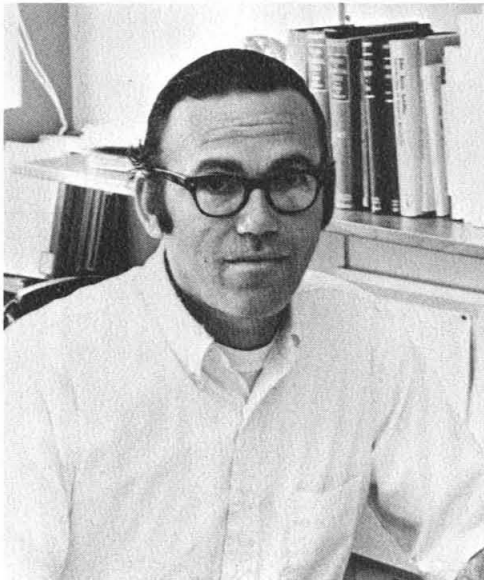
Richard P. Feynman



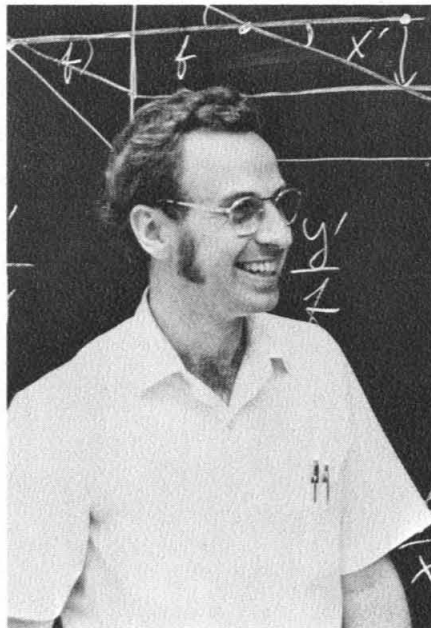
Ricardo Gomez



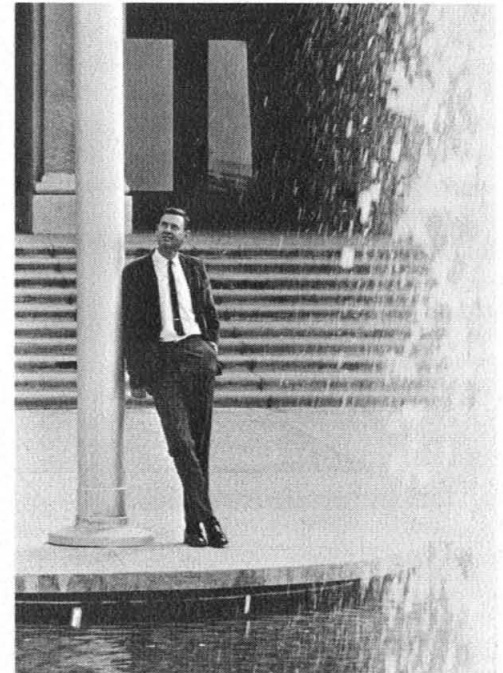
Ward Whaling



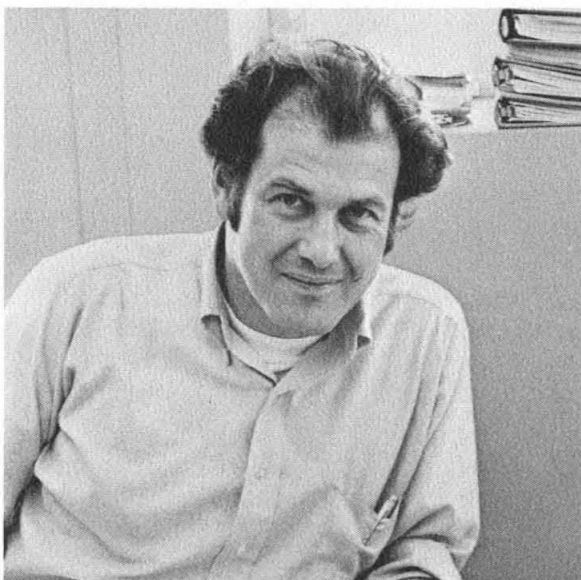
Barry C. Barish



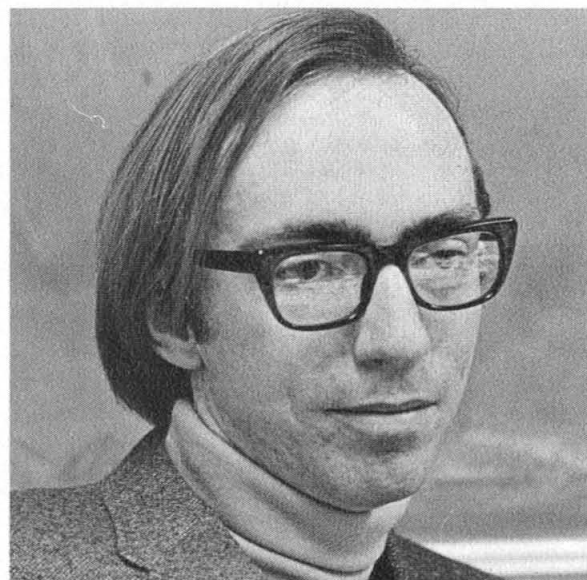
Gordon P. Garmire



Robert F. Christy



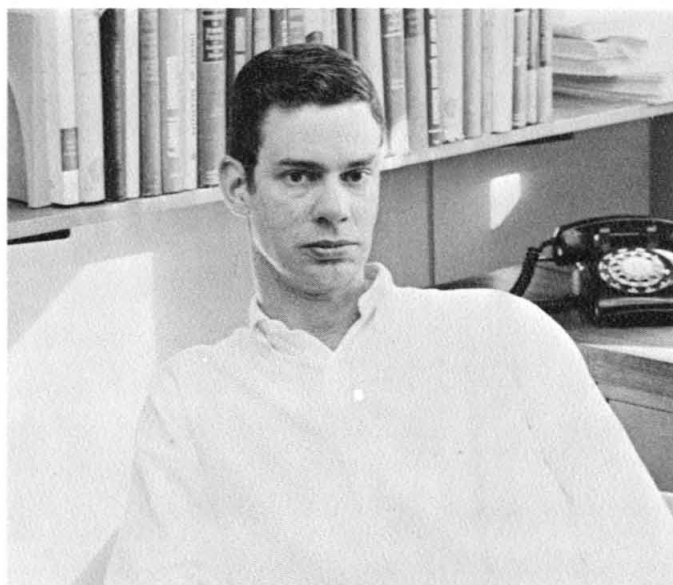
Jerome Pine



Kip S. Thorne



Frank J. Sciulli



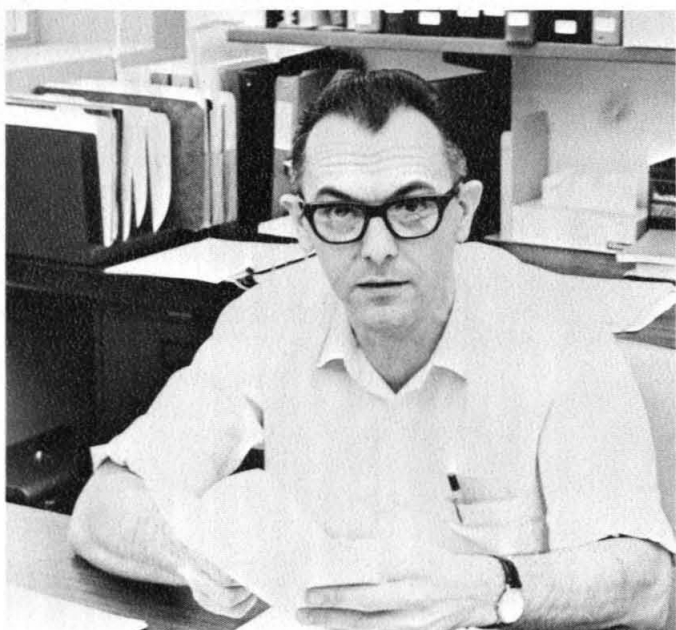
Steven C. Frautschi



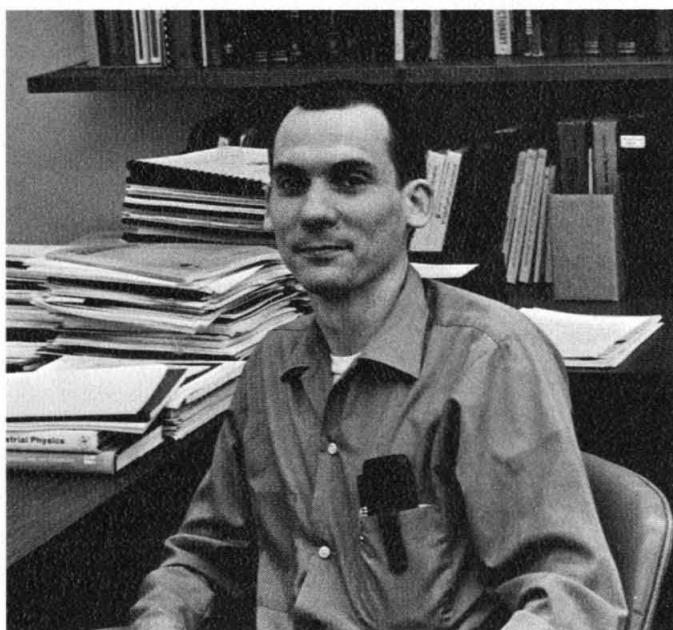
Eugene W. Cowan



Ralph W. Kavanagh

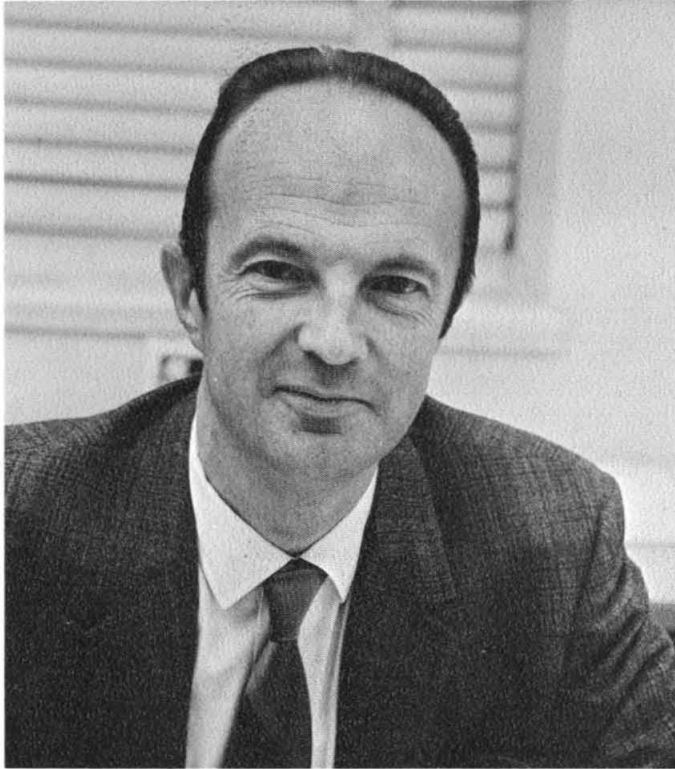


Rochus E. Vogt



Edward C. Stone

MATHEMATICS



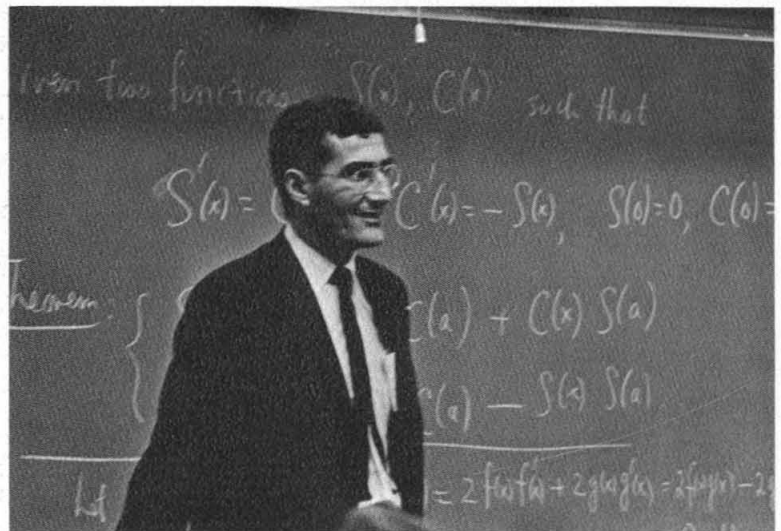
W. A. J. Luxemburg



Marshall Hall, Jr.



Charles R. DePrima



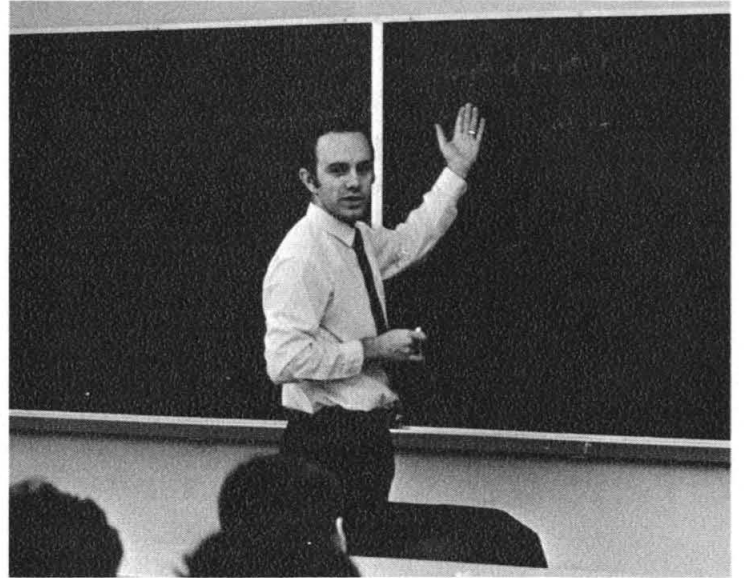
Tom M. Apostol



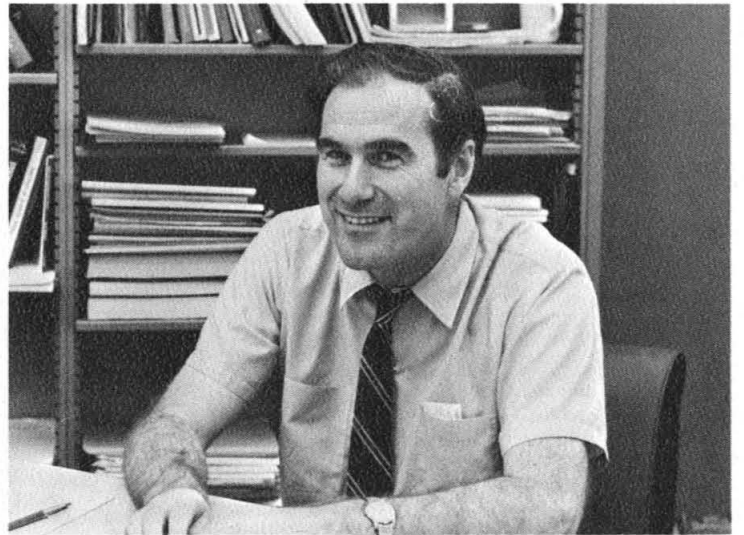
Peter L. Crawley



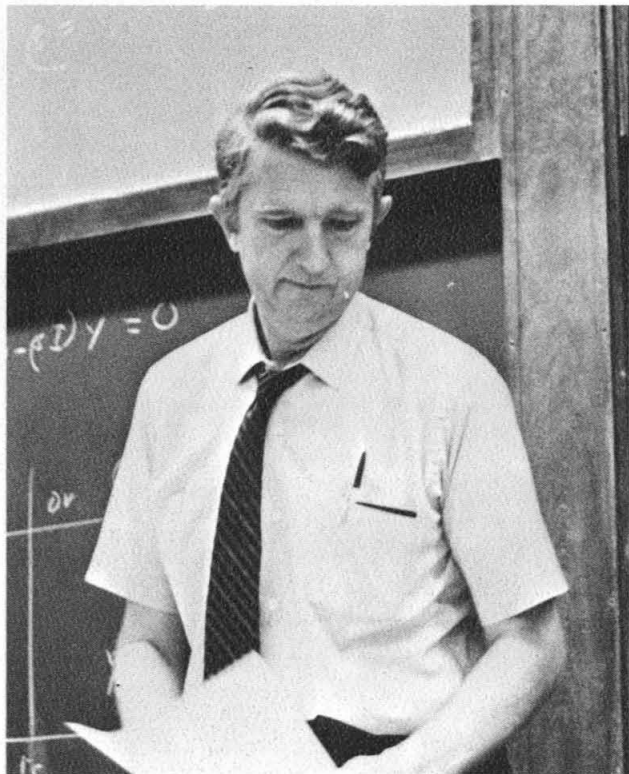
Moses Glasner



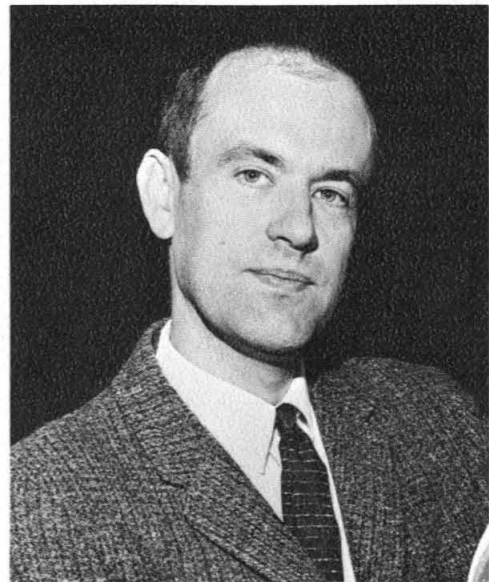
David Boyd



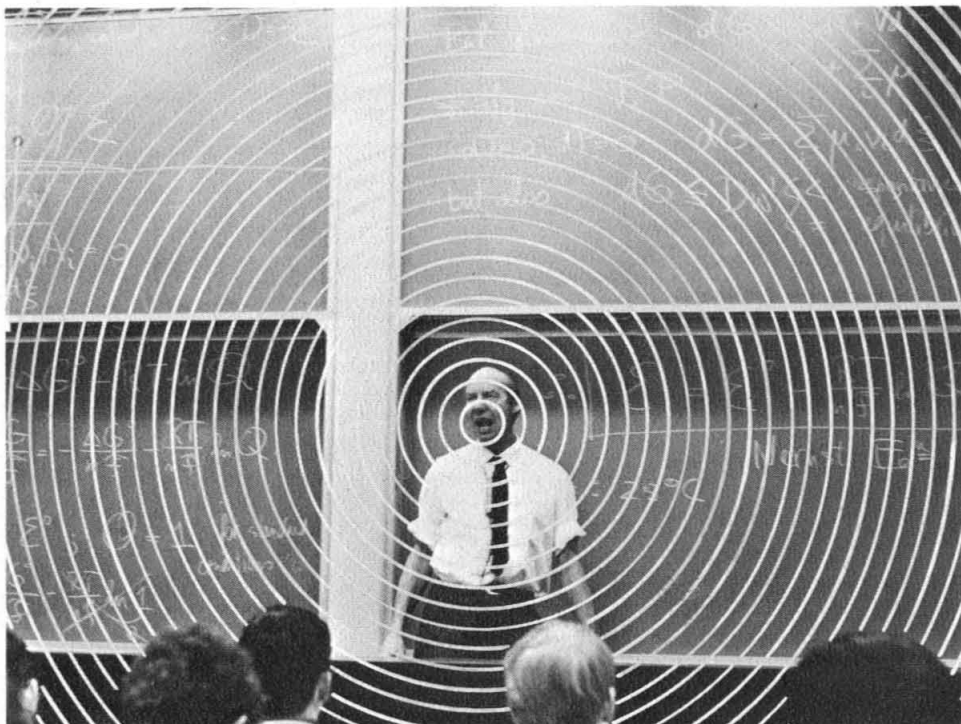
Gerald B. Whitham



Richard A. Dean

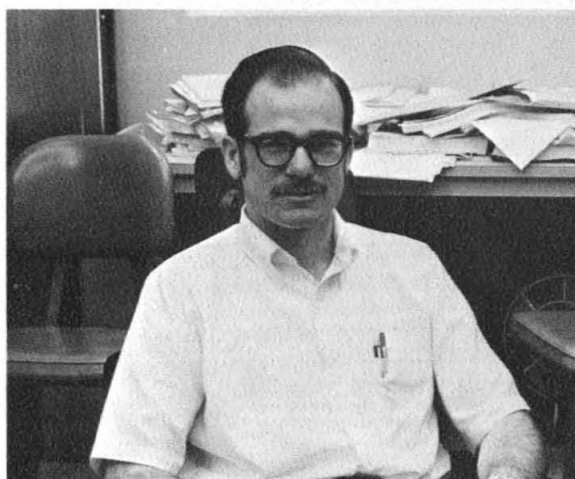


F. Brock Fuller

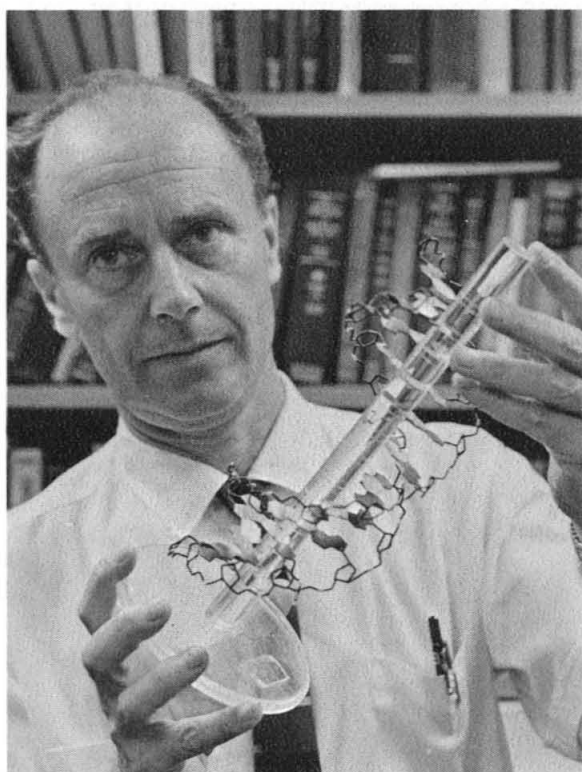


Chem 1 students absorbing Wasserstrahlungen

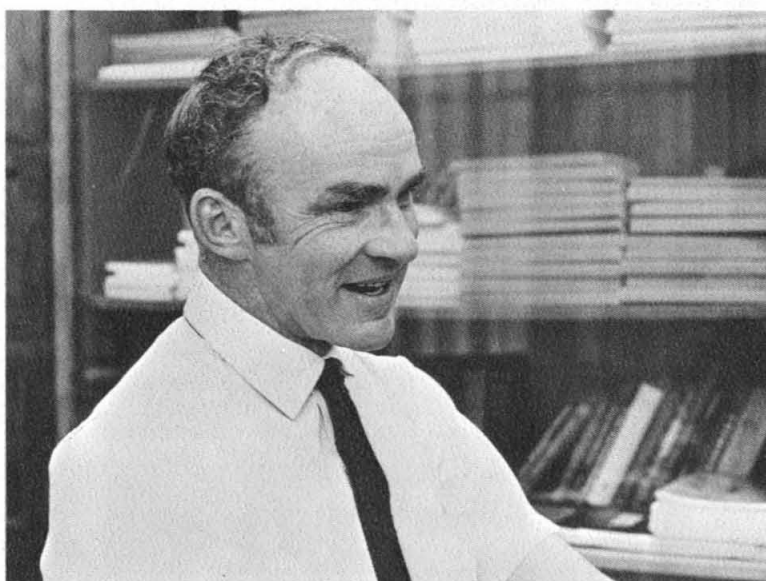
CHEMISTRY



William A. Goddard III



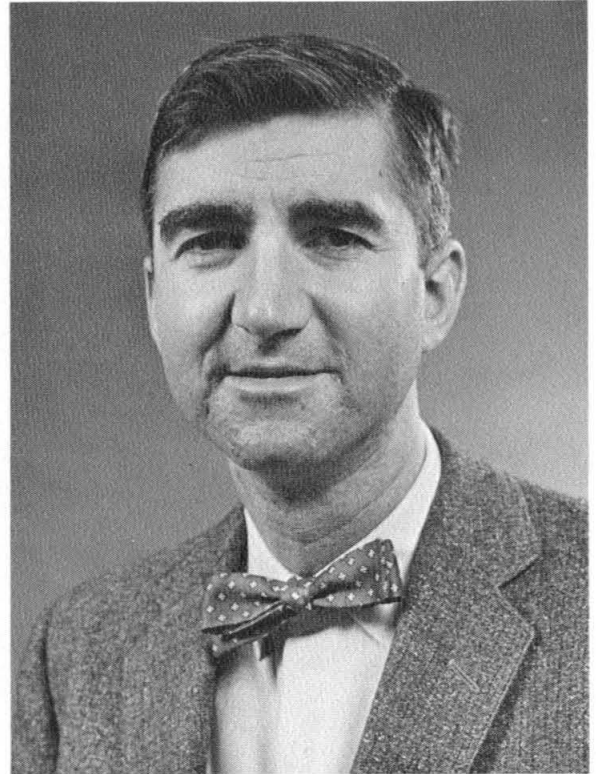
Norman Davidson



George S. Hammond



John D. Roberts



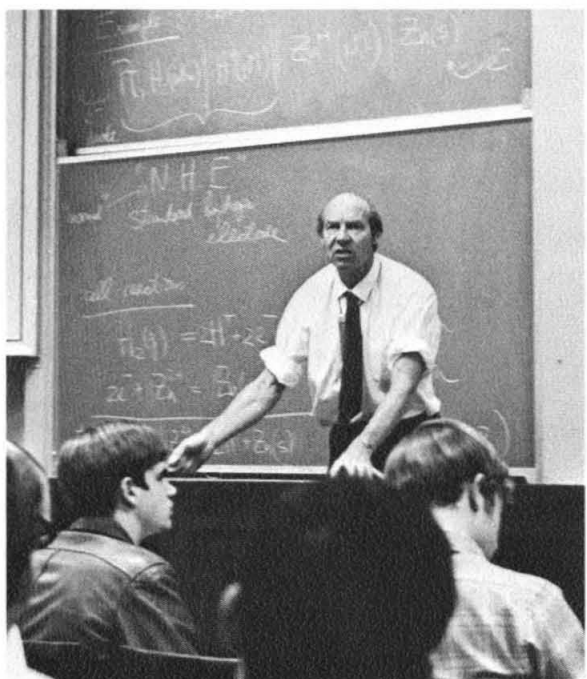
Fred C. Anson



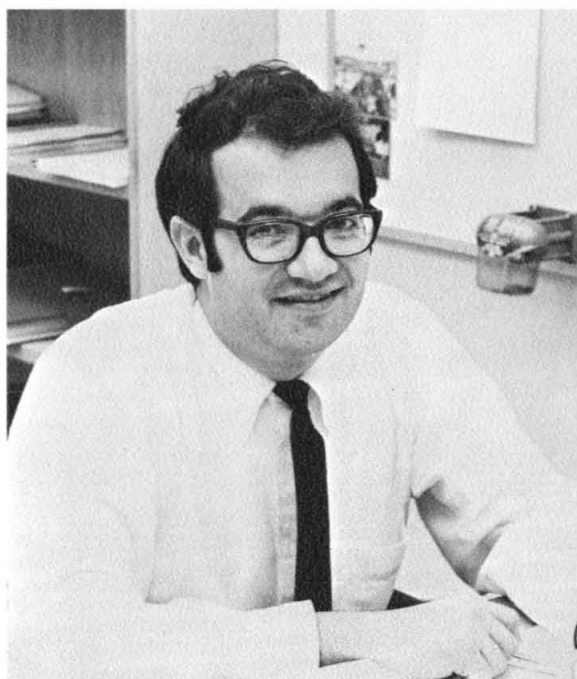
G. Wilse Robinson



Harry B. Gray



Jurg Waser



Vincent McKoy

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

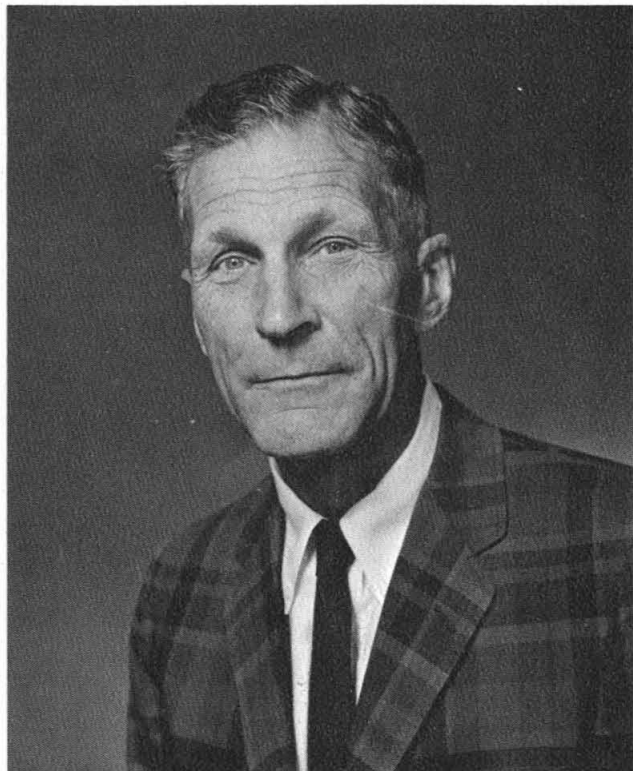


William H. Corcoran



Cornelius J. Pings

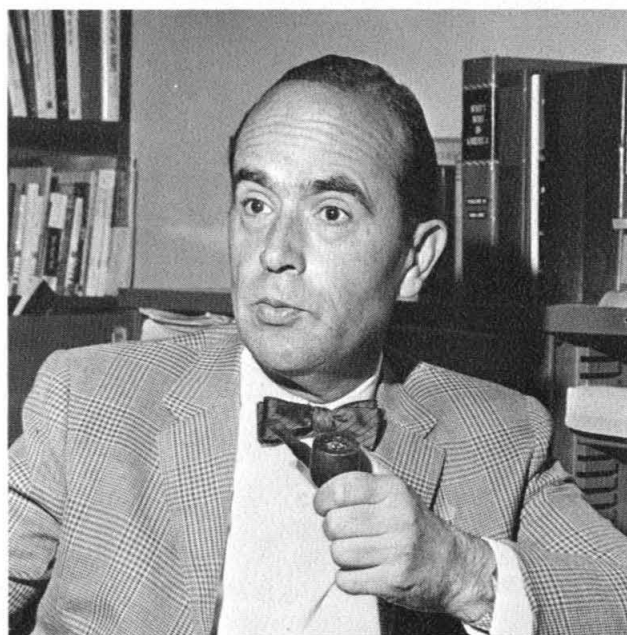
HUMANITIES



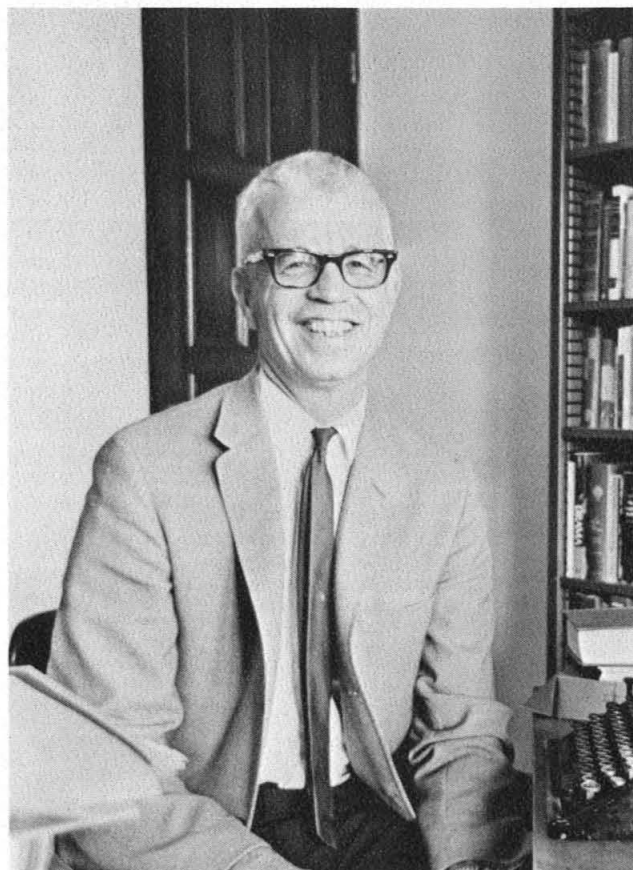
Alan R. Sweezy



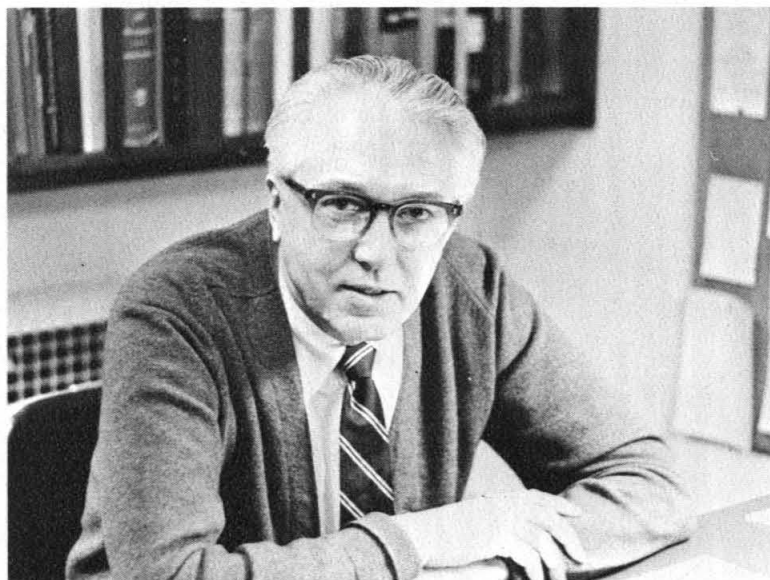
Charles E. Bures



David C. Elliot



J. Kent Clark



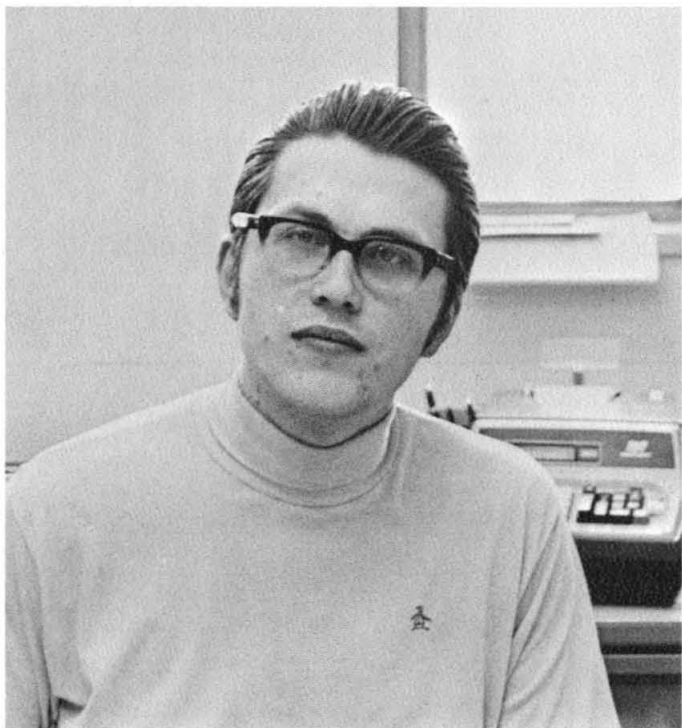
Robert D. Wayne



Thayer Scudder



Hallett D. Smith



Roger G. Noll



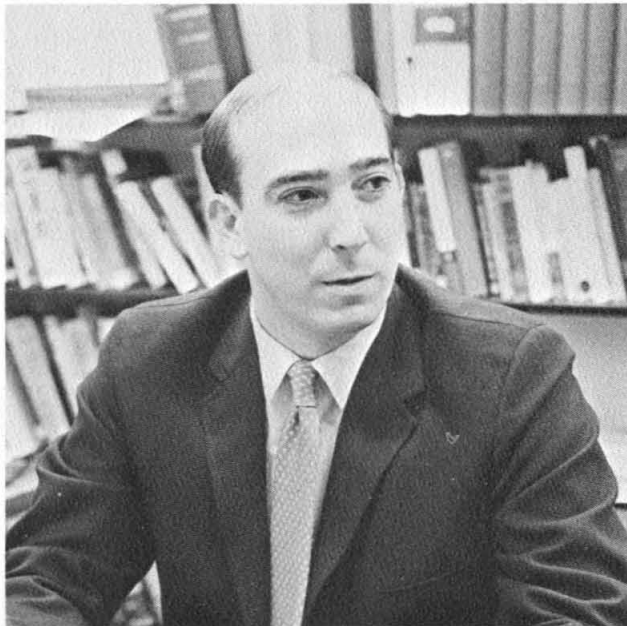
Edwin S. Munger



Michael R. Dohan



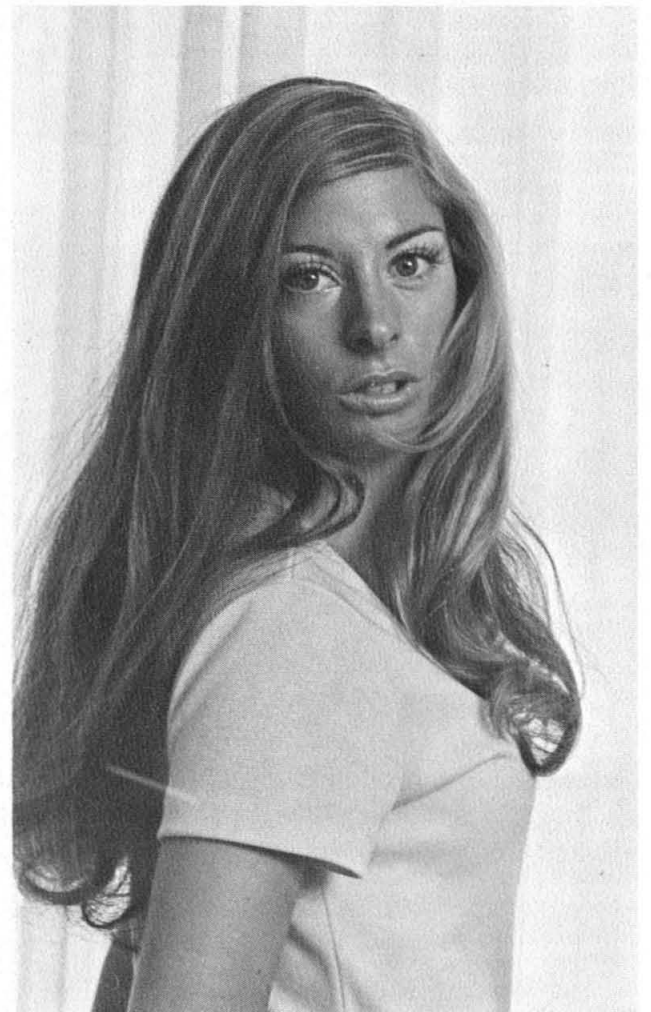
John F. Benton



Daniel J. Kevles



Rodman W. Paul



Jenijoy LaBelle

ENGINEERING



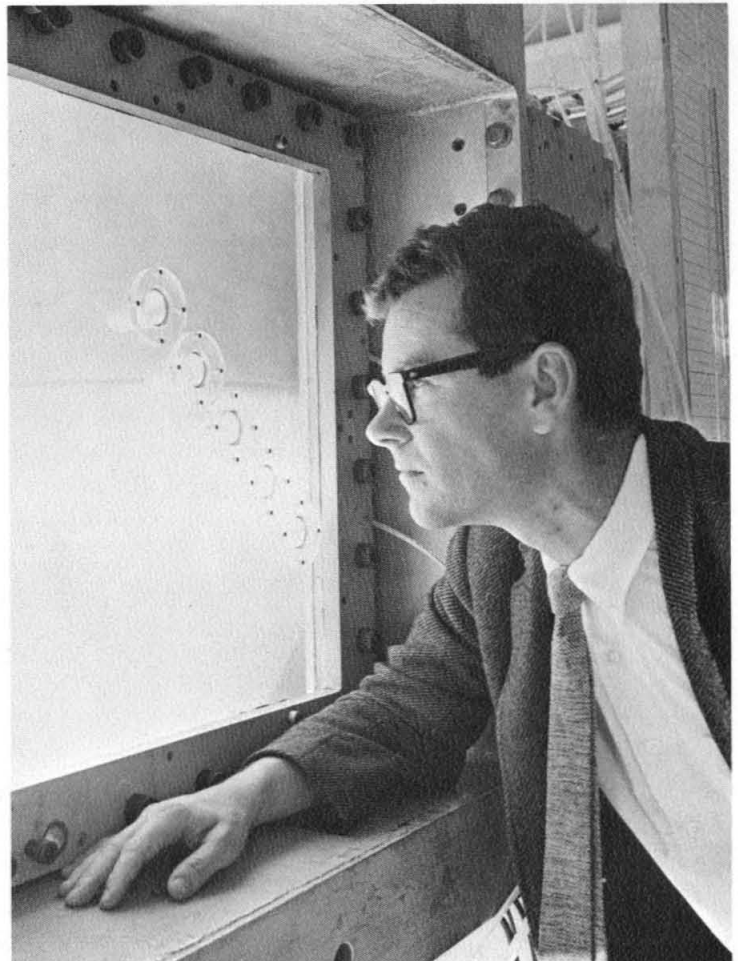
J. Harold Wayland - Engineering Science



Hans W. Liepmann - Aeronautics



David F. Welch - Engineering Design



Allan J. Acosta - Mechanical Engineering



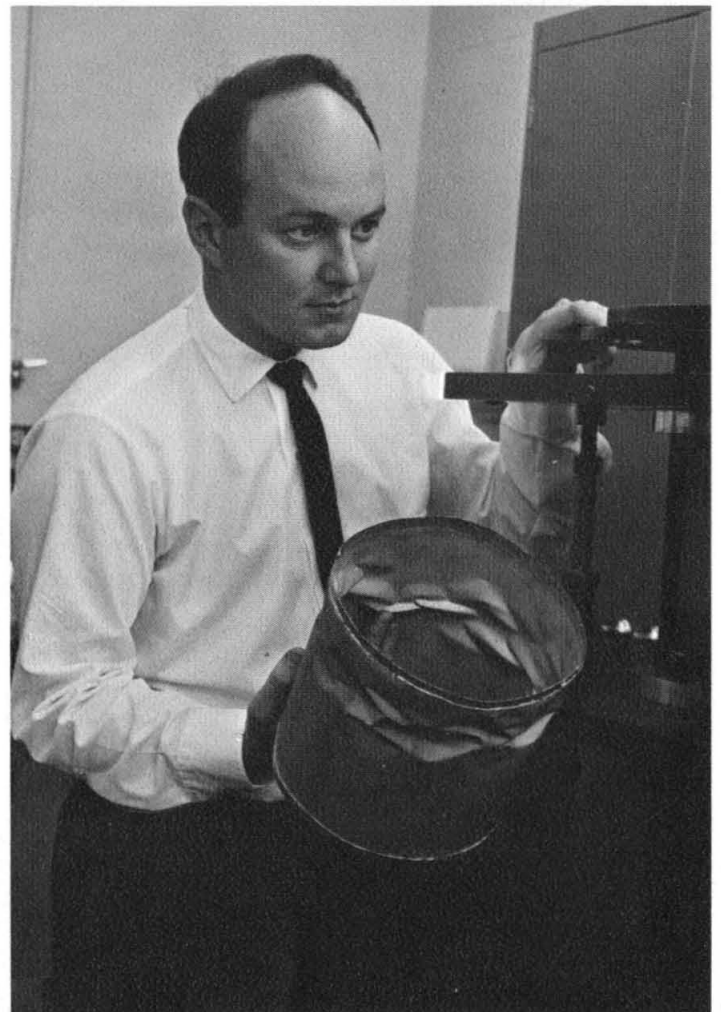
Norman H. Brooks - Civil Engineering



Donald E. Hudson - Mechanical Engineering and Applied Mechanics



Charles H. Wilts - Electrical



Charles D. Babcock - Aeronautics



Rolf H. Sabersky - Mechanical Engineering



David S. Wood - Materials Science

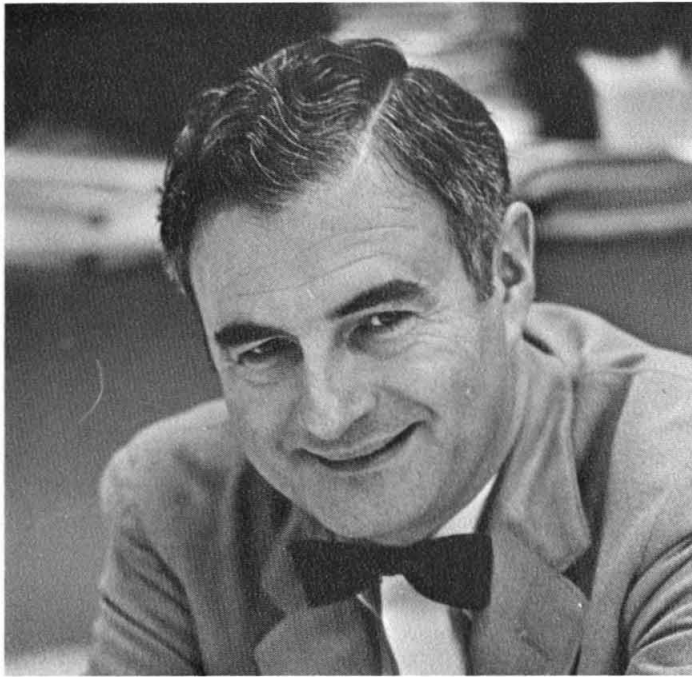


Charles B. Ray - Applied Science

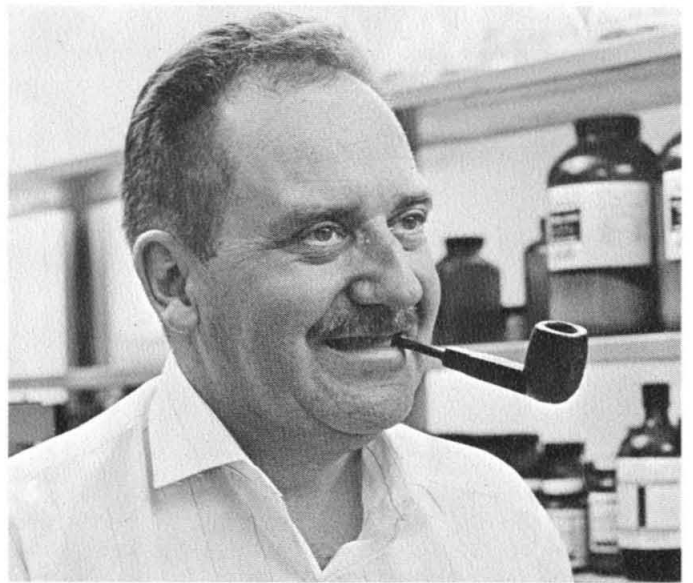


Hardy C. Martel - Electrical
(Would you buy a used oscilloscope from this man?)

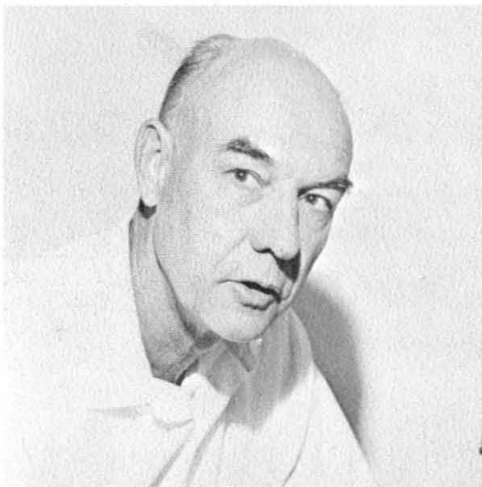
BIOLOGY



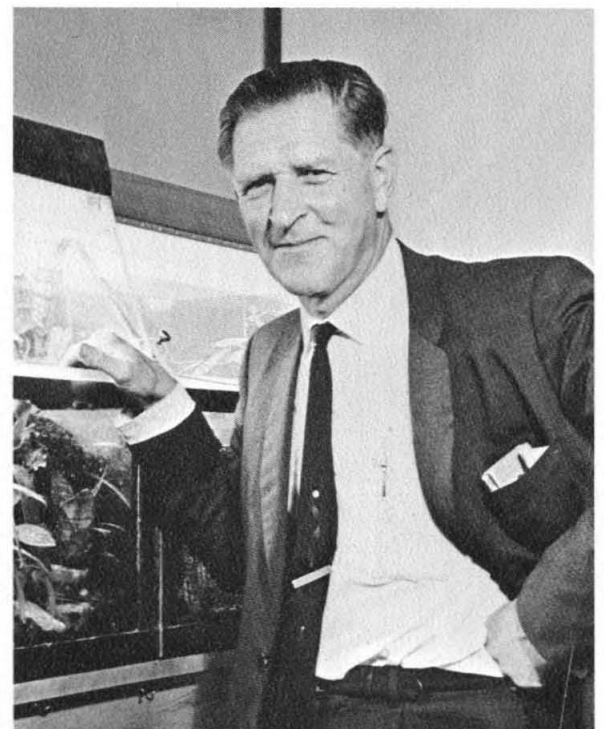
Robert L. Sinsheimer



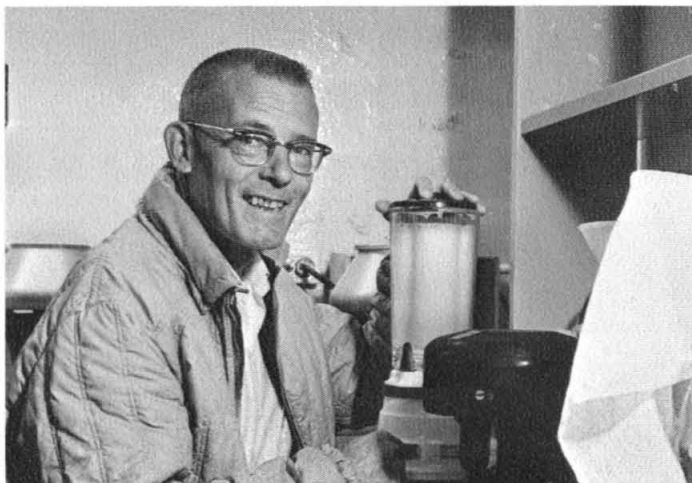
Ray D. Owen



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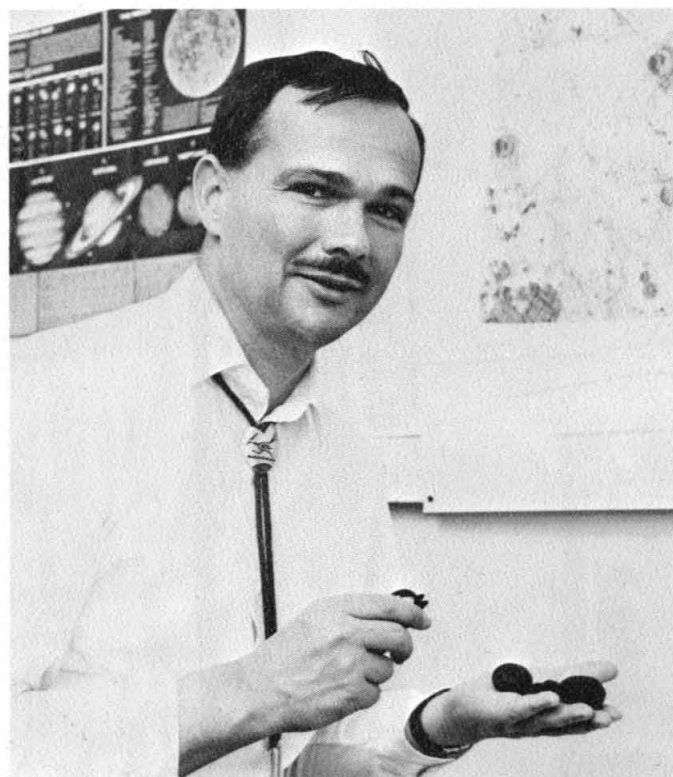


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Recently, we have noticed an expression of mild student dissatisfaction on Caltech's campus regarding the overall performance of the Physical Plant Department. In alignment with our new program No.X-789(a), the "Public Relations and Toilet Float Department" was created especially to deal with this problem. We feel, after an extensive investigation, that the real problem lies not with the Physical Plant Department *per se*, but with the lack of communication between ourselves and the students. Let's look at the facts:

We have to maintain the grounds and buildings over a 50-acre campus. And, we take pride in our work. So, to be sure that each individual job is done correctly, we "overkill" by providing each crew of N members with a minimum of N! supervisors. Now, with the variety of chores which we are asked to do, certainly we cannot be expected to do the more difficult ones absolutely correctly on the very first try!! For instance, watering the lawn or raking dirt are a couple of real toughies. So, while our men are trying their very best to do a particular assignment, you must appreciate how frustrating it is for an unkept-looking, barefoot undergraduate to come along and tell them how to do it right. This is also confusing. Take the case of one of our men, Hugh

Jorgasm, who inadvertently took a left-handed bolt to fit into a right-handed nut. After attempting to screw the fasteners together for three days, one of the undergraduates approached him and told him that the solution to his problem was quite a simple one and that he didn't even need to walk back to the parts warehouse, either. The student told him to simply look at the bolt in a mirror, take the bolt he saw in the mirror, and try *it*—the student assured Jorgasm that it would fit into the nut just fine. After breaking 374 mirrors, our man was committed to the Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital. Now here was a man with a family, nice home, and a Ph.D. in Lightbulb Replacing—*ruined*, by one of your stupid, idiotic pranks. NOW maybe you can understand our annoyance. In fact, it is extremely irritating. In fact, if we ever catch one of you %\$ # !!@e??? commiehippyfaggots trying to louse up our work again, its gonna be plenty hot for you. UNNERSTAND? It's %\$ # !!@e???'s like you guys who are ruining this country!!! America the Beautiful is going down the drain 'cause of %\$ # !!@e???'s like you. All that our forefathers worked for and died for, you %\$ # !! @e???'s are tearing apart. Well, yer not gonna git away wid it, see?? Even if we haf tuh break ev'ry %\$ # !!@e??? bone in yer %\$ # !!@e??? bodies.

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"Most of today's computers," Doug points out, "use hybrid integrated circuits. But large-scale integration (LSI) circuit technology is even more complicated. I have to design a great many more components and connections onto a tiny monolithic chip.

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we're assigned a project, we look at the overall problem first. Everyone contributes his ideas. Then each of us takes over his own part of the project and is responsible for designing circuitry that's compatible with the system."

Computer-aided design

Doug regards the computer as his most valuable tool. "It does all of the routine calculations that could otherwise take hours. I can test a design idea by putting all of the factors into a computer. And get an answer almost instantly. So I can devote most of my energies to creative thinking. It's an ideal setup."

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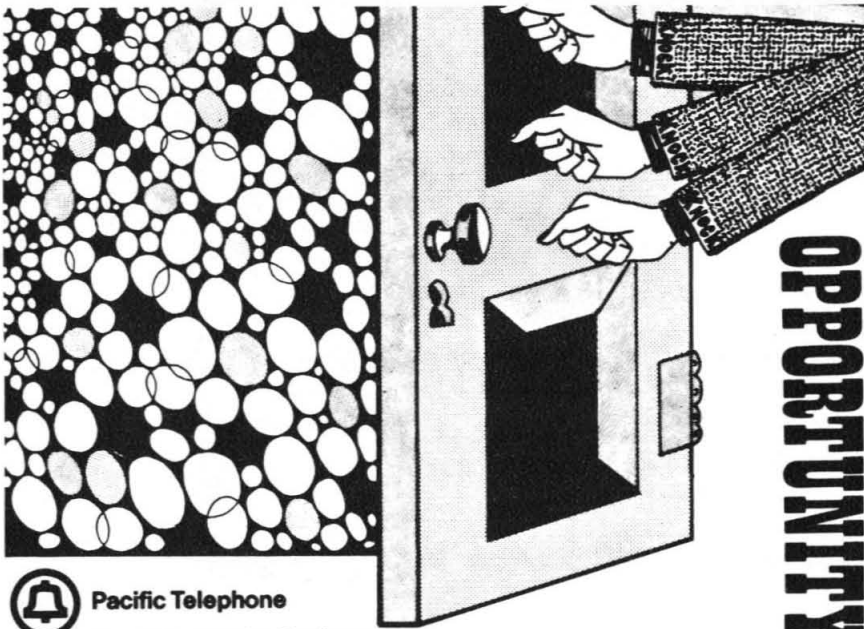
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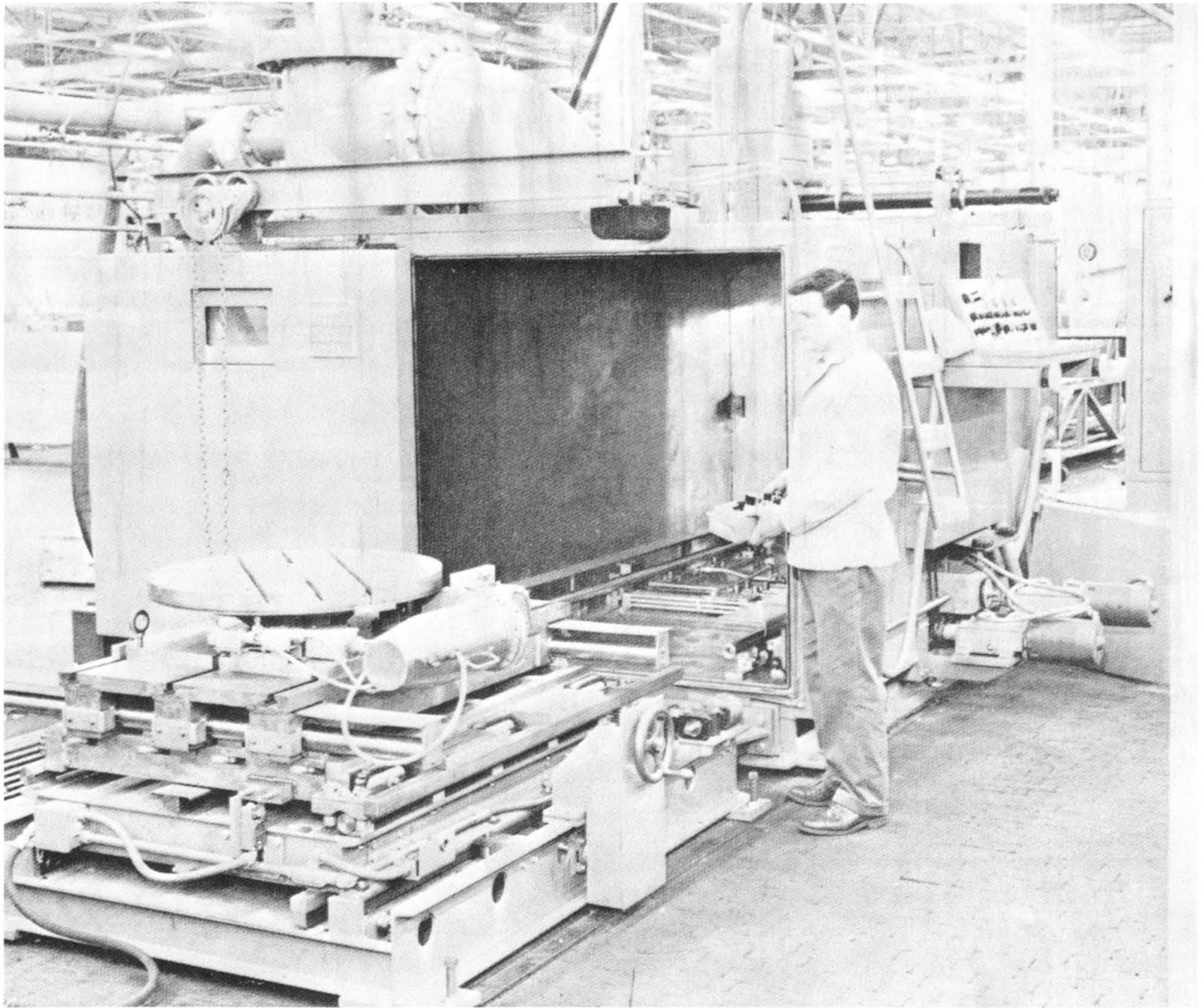


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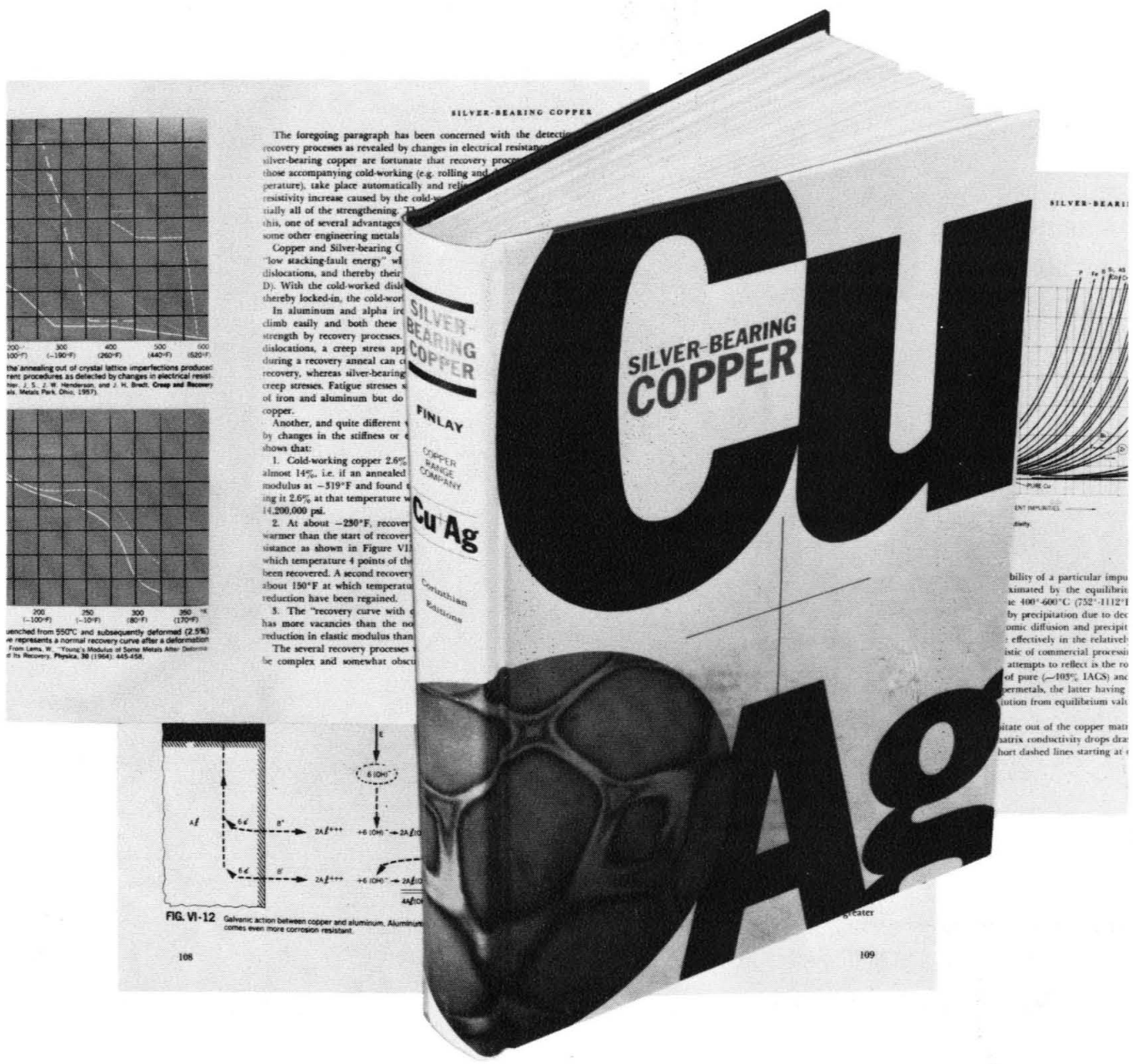
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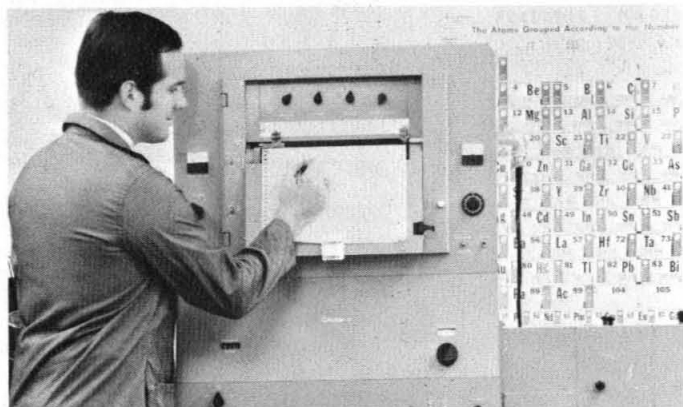
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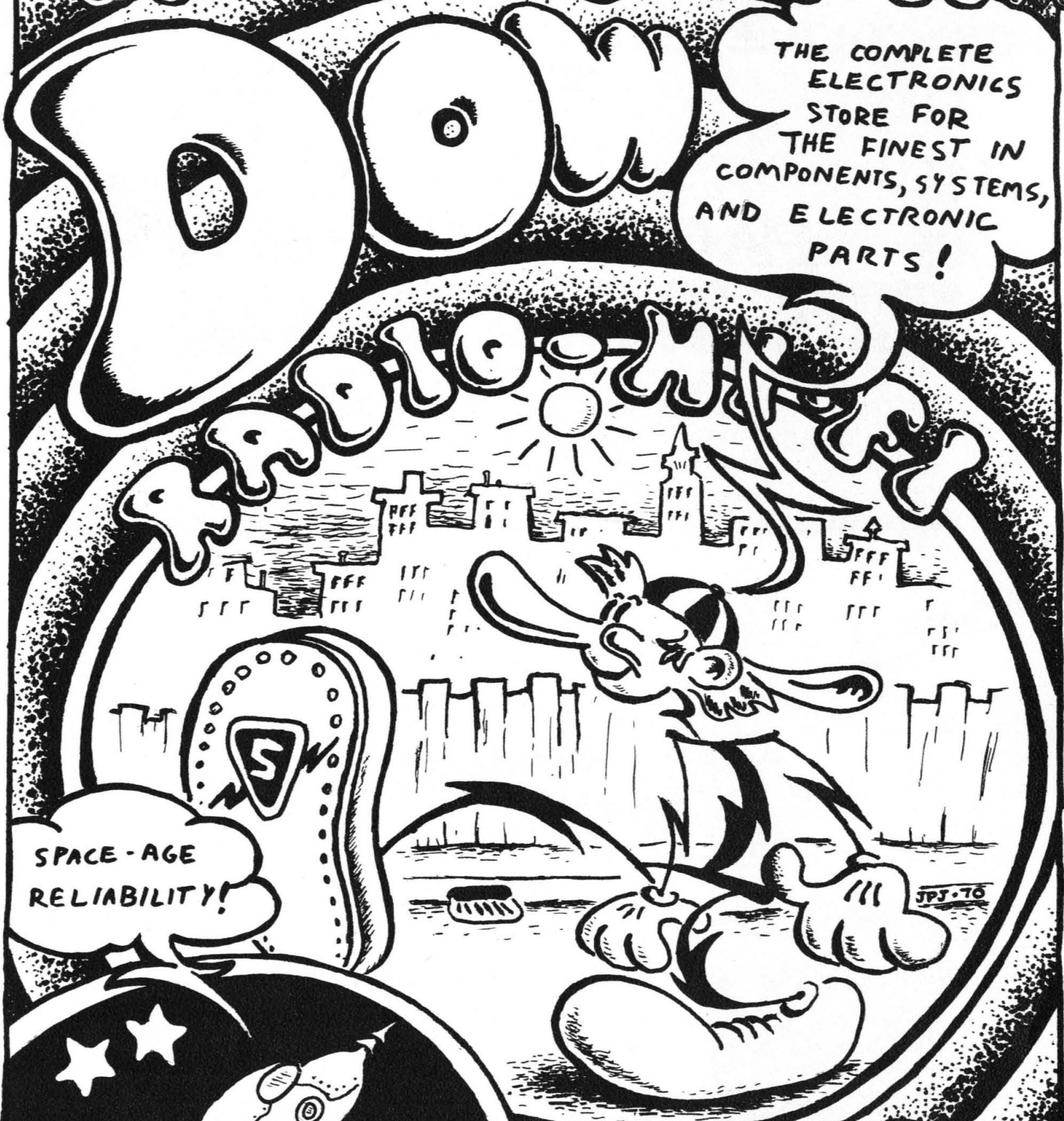


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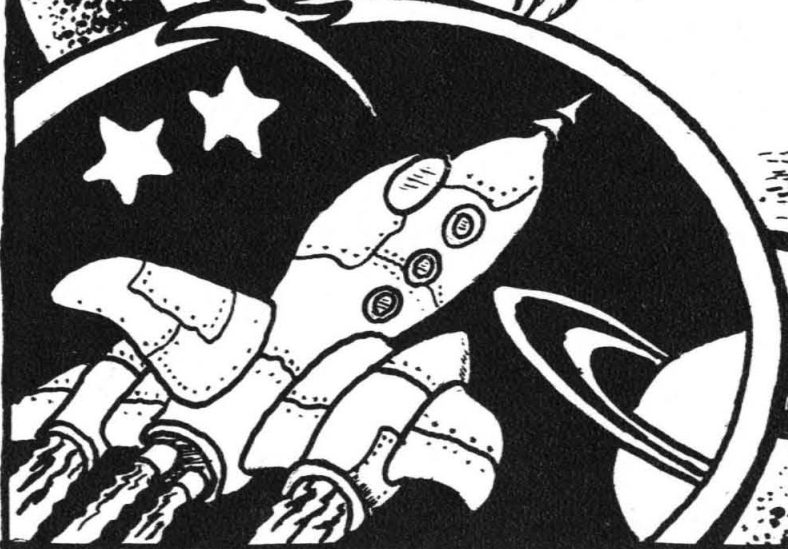
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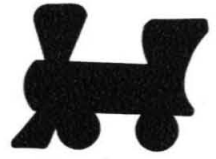
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