Plans announced for new structure on Tech campus

Second ASCIT run-offs pick new officers

In last Thursday’s runoff election the following men were voted into office: Herb Rauch, Glenn Converse, Chuck Bonwell, and Doug Carmichael.

All the amendments to the ASCIT By-laws proposed by the Board of Directors were passed by the student body. Herb Rauch was elected to the office of ASCIT secretary over Vince Taylor by a margin of 251 to 236. In the race for athletic managers the outcome of Tuesday’s invalid runoff was reversed as Glenn Converse defeated Ed Krebsch by a vote of 247 to 229.

There was an extremely close race for the office of Rally Commissioner and Chuck Bonwell edged out Hill McClure for the job. The vote was 267 votes for Bonwell, 227 for McClure, Doug Carmichael beat Mike Talcott for second rep, 271 to 194.

BOD approves honor-key list

Honor-key and honor-certificate awards were approved last Monday evening by the newly-elected ASCIT Board of Control.

Howard Berg received his third honor key, receiving their second keys were: Phil Cooley, Dick Johnson, Arne Kalm, Rube Mountan, Marty Tangora, Jim Workman, and John Young. Also receiving keys were: Tom Bergerman, Myron Black, Bill Davis, Craig Elliott, Louis Fisher, Jon Hartford, Dick Kirk, Frank Kotasky, Joe Lingefelt, Don Nierlich, Ray Orbach, Walt Peterson, and Herb Rauch.


Dabney open Sun. for student snakes

Dabney Hall will be open this Sunday, March 11, from 2.00 to 10.30 p.m. The Department of Buildings and Grounds is keeping the building open so that students may study there. The Humanities Library in the building will not be open.

If enough students use Dabney Hall for studying on Sundays, B and G will keep the building open every Sunday next term.

Architect’s drawing

Houses and Throop elect new officers

Mike Bleicher of Blacker, Pete Finley of Dabney, Larry Whitley of Throop, and Marty Tangora of Ricketts and Mike Duke of Throop were elected presidents of their respective houses at elections held during the past two weeks. Full slates of the other house officers were also chosen.

Bleicher beat Jon Harford, Joe Perle, and George Hall in the Blacker House elections. Bruce Blackie won the vice-presidential spot against George Hall and Bob Deffeyes. The team of Dick Stark, John Stevens, and John Conover were elected unopposed as social chairmen.

Whitley won the office of secretary and Al Farley won the treasurer race. New Blacker librarian is Gus Akselrod.

Finley won over Hal Dale, Dave Mack, and Harrison Schmidt in the Dabney House presidential election. Jerry Peck beat out Walt Peterson, Dick Smisek John Thomas and Clint West for vice-presidency after three ballots. The team of Norm Elliot and Jim Moule were elected social vice-presidents.

Nominations for the remaining offices were held the night of elections. Jerry Peck was elected secretary and Russ Pitzer to become secretary. Andy Pergo was elected treasurer, defeating Bud Penquito. The team of Joe Jurca and Dennis Kull were elected athletic managers, defeating the team of Bob Schemer and Russ Pitzer.

Whitlow defeated John Lukesh and Jim Welch in Flemming’s presidential race. Welch was then nominated and elected vice-president. Joe Flenman was re-elected secretary. The team of Dave Gilson, Dave Gledsieve, and Dave Wilberg were elected social chairmen. Dave Yount, defeated in the vice-presidential contest, was nominated and elected treasurer. New Flemming librarian is Kirk Polson.

Tangora was elected president of Ricketts over Jim Mebust and Jim Workman. Doug Ritchie was elected executive vice president over Stu Richert. Other officers elected were Vince Taylor and Mike Godfrey, social vice-presidents; Russ Hunter, secretary; Ray Blake, treasurer, and Brent Banta and Tony Leonard, athletic managers.

Duke became president of Throop, defeating Bob Talbot. Mike Schoen was elected vice-president over Dick Cooper, Jim Rode and Ray Vees. Other officers elected were Kirk Irwin, secretary; Art Rosenthal, treasurer, the team of Gene Robin, Chuck Malone, and Robin French, social chairmen. Jay Costanzo and Eric Rix were elected athletic managers.
A Campus-to-Career Case History

By Noto Swift

(Headline on p. 5)

I am sailing in my 550 foot Chris Craft outboard yacht. I have been sailing in it for the last five years. Four and one-half years ago I ran out of food. I'm getting hungry. Also horny.

Off in the distance, I see what looks like an island. I crowd over to the taller and steer for the island. My stomach grumbles. Damn I'm horny. I'm coming closer to the island, close enough to smell land. No it's not land. It turns out the island is a garbage scow.

Two days later, I cast off from the scow. I haven't eaten so well for four years. One and a half years, to be precise. Must be precise. Just as I am casting off, a hurricane blows up suddenly. The hurricane blows for days. You know, man, blow like in Instrument. Finally my yacht beaches on an island. A real island. Not a garbage scow.

From the side of the ship I can see some of the animals that inhabit the islands. The situation is quite baffling. There are two different kinds of animals in sight. One kind resembles a reptile, the other is some type of reptile. The reptiles are gathered into groups of about twenty. In each group there is one jackass-type. The jackass-type stands to one side and excretes on the reptiles.

From somewhere a bell rings. The reptile groups shift to different jackasses. The new jackasses excrete on the reptiles like the old ones. Then the bell rings. The whole process repeats. I am confused. Then another bell rings and all the animals leave.

I jump over the side off the ship. I am exploring the island. I come upon a group of the jackasses. One jackass seems to be in charge. When the head jackass gives the signal, all the others try to kick over the trees. Finally they kick over some trees. The trees are different. They do not bear ordinary fruit. They bear telephone receivers. Up in one tree is a reptile throwing an inky fluid at the jackasses. They all ignore him.

One of the jackasses sees me. They all run over and surround me. They ask me, in English, who I am, what I'm doing there. You wouldn't think a jackass could speak English. It's surprising how many jackasses speak English. I answer their questions. The head jackass tells me that the jackasses own the island. They call themselves one jackass-type. The jackass-type stands to one side and excretes on the reptiles.

I ask about the scene I saw on the beach. They tell me that they are educating the reptiles. After their education is done, the reptiles turn into jackasses. Then the new jackasses teach the reptiles. They tell me that they teach the reptiles by the scientific method, whatever that means.

I ask to see the reptiles. The jackasses take me to their dwellings. The reptiles are now separated into two groups. Each group is trying to drown the other group in a nearby stream. The reptiles pay no attention to us. Finally the head jackass excretes on them. Then the reptiles gather around me and stare. Damn I'm horny. The reptiles look too horny. A bell rings. Reptiles and jackasses run off. I return to my Chris Craft. In the distance I smell the garbage scow. I'm hungry. Also horny. I set sail for the garbage scow.

GERALD L. K. SMITH

(Continued from page 8)

I was invited to the Chris Craft by the newly formed Cal Tech Open Forum, organized by Mike Bleicher, Don Finkerton and John Langs. The Forum plans to invite Mr. Smith again in about a month, whatever he has recovered from his illness.

Dr. Bartlett named to Board

Dr. James A. Bartlett, prominent Pasadena physician, has been elected a member of the Council of Trustees of the California Institute of Technology, it was announced next week at the meeting of the Bored.

Dr. Bartlett, who has been living in a tenement under what he describes as completely impossible conditions, is on the senior attending staff of the Los Angeles Hysterical Society and has done work as an itinerant babysitter for the Boston Brusel. Mr. Boris Barisch, a reporter for the same newspaper, was seen about the same time as being sporting two black eyes as a result of swimming at excessively high altitudes when his starter motor broke down.

Mr. Parshl's only additional coney was the curaten "That was no lade, that was my rit‎-lam."

The Committee reports also that all men eligible for competition in the 100-meter breaststroke should get in condition by matriculating before September at the latest, in order that the recommendations of the committee be fulfilled. It was also stated that Mrs. D'Aglio would elaborate deeply and then strip to the raw in Fleming lounge at an unannounced time in the future. No explanation was offered for this phenomenon.

Science marches on!

Dr. D. Eisenhogern and Harry S. Truman announced today their candidacy for the office of Co-President of the United States.

"This job is obviously too big for one man," says spokesman for Eisenhogern, Trumungan.

"Job too big for one man," says spokesman for Eisenhogern, Trumungan.

"I don't know about this," Chief Justice "Babbit" Warren told reporters. "Obviously if these guys mean to hold the job as co-presidents, we will have to adjust the home point situation accordingly. In fact we may have to hold back their honor keys until they have demonstrated an ability to do half as much work as one man."

CAMPUS BARBER SHOP

(Old Dormitory)

ALL HAIRCUTS—$1.25

8 a.m. - 5:30 p.m.

TWO BARBERS TO SERVE YOU

NICK

PAUL

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Special for Each Student and Faculty Member

One 8x10 PORTRAIT Bronze Finished with 6 Wallet Size your choice from 4 poses for $5.50

49¢

PIXIES PHOTO STUDIOS

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Appointment Necessary
Our heroes

Honest
Unbiased
Cautious
Distinguished
Lovable
Extraverted
Youthful
Trustworthy
Able
Natty
Gregarious
Open-minded
Ready
Attractive

Damn, we’re neat

When the songs are light
And the fire’s bright
For real delight—have a CAMEL!

—Man, that’s pure pleasure!

It’s a psychological fact:
Pleasure helps your disposition.
If you’re a smoker, remember
— more people get more
pure pleasure from Camels
than from any other cigarette!
No other cigarette is so
rich-tasting, yet so mild!

Camel
dining out
If you like good food excellently prepared by oriental chefs and served in a delightful atmosphere of rollicking good fun, then you should try the Caltech student houses sometime. These spacious dining rooms encourage a fine expansive feeling that encourages one to expand to the Greasy to get some munch.
The oriental chefs, under the close supervision of their happy-go-lucky manager, Mrs. Southworthless, prepare such favorite dishes as lo-me-nice, crudito-soup, overcooked steak, and half-cooked pork. Unfortunately, the wonderful creamed-asparagus-on-toast has been dropped from the menu.
A very unique feature is the dumbwaiter that brings the food from the kitchen to the serving room. These dumbwaiters are equipped with cold air jets which cool off the food on the way up so it won't burn the patrons' mouths.
However, in the final analysis, it is the excellent service by the genial young men in gleaming white jackets that make the Student House Dining Rooms such a good place to dine.

A優is MANy SplenGered Thing
OR (Who Ordered Beer on the Rocks?)

This is the saga of a fierce and ferocious Viking named Eric the Error who was sailing homeward after a successful voyage to North America (he had won 64,000 dollars, which he knew where Chloes went).
As Eric's ship neared the coast of Sweden, some Valkyries, who were touring with a Wagnerian road show, spotted it, and figuring to lure it on the rocks, they began singing their siren song: "Yumpin' Yiminy, shall I throw it back?"
The Vikings enjoyed the beer so much that Eric praised it. "We don't serve horses," says the bartender, and he is about to throw Douglas out when some customers recognize him as Hopalong's horse. "Lovable old Hopalong must be in trouble," they say. They organize a posse and follow Douglas back to the lute, where Frankenstein apparently made sluggish by the sun is still strangling Hopalong. The monster is apprehended and finally killed after some light swordplay, in which all ties are sold at the phenomenal price of one cent. Not only that but these clothes are not just imitations of the 1910 styles, they're the real thing.

FOOTNOTE: If you wish to know what the Vikings were singing about, order up Budweiser the next time you order beer. It's the recognized companion of festive occasions, for truly, "Where there's Life... there's Bud!"
Wante pwn term dare worsted ladle guile ho left wetter mur­
er inner ladle cordage honor itch offer lodge, dodk florist. Dick ladle guill orphan Cowes craters cordage offer guin murder hoe let hoos idder site offer florist. Shaker lake! Dun stop­per laundry wrote! Dun stopper peak floors! Dun daily doll inner fort, end yonder nor sorghum stenches stopper torque wet strain­er!"

"Hoe-cake, murder," resplendent Ladle Ladle Rotten Hut, end tickle ladle basking end stodderoft oft. Honor wrote tudor cordage offer guin murder, Ladle Ladle Rotten Hut mitten anomalous woot. Dick ladle wot, "awesamc Ladle Ladle Rotten Hut! Wares or patty gull goring wizard ladle basking?"


"Roden wicket woof rudder shirt court, end whinny retched a cordage offer guin murder, pcket inner winner end sore deporte pore oil warming worse lion inner bet. Inner flesh disk abdominal woot, lipped honor betting adder rope. Zany pool down a guin murder's suet cup end gun, end cuddle doope inner bet.

Inner ladle wile Ladle Rat Rotten Hut a raft attic cordage an ranker dough ball. "Comb ink, sweet hard," sett­ter wicket woot, diagresce in worse.

"Ohs grammar,", crazier ladle guill. "Wart bag leer goot."

"Battered lucky chew whiff, dolling,", whiskered disk ratchet woot, wetter wicket small. "Oh grammar, water bag note! A nervous sored suture anomalous prognosis."

"Battered small your whiff,", inserter woof, ants mouse worse waddling. "Oh grammar, water bag mooney goot! A nervous sored suture bag mouse."

"Base worry on forger nut guill's least warts. Oil offer sed­den thron offer curvers end sprinkling otter bet, disk curl end blast. Thursday woot leased pere Ladle Ladle Rotten Hut end garbled erupt."

"Morgan Yonder nor sorghum shut ladle guill stopper torque wet strainers.

Gerald L. Smith will not speak

Gerald L. Smith, leader of the Christian Nationalist Party, who was to speak at Blacker House tonight, will not be able to visit the campus because of illness.

(Continued on Page 2)
Hoo hum, Tech beat Oxy again

Caltech's brilliant Beaver smashed two tremendous tennis triumphs last week in an extraordinary display of spirit, ability, etc.

Highlight of the week was a victory by some guys named Tokhlem and Polamer. It was a thrilling unforgettable match and the final score was about 63, 34, 108, or something like that.

Tom Hays took the first singles match from Oxy's Tony Cichewich 75, 63. One of the most critical points was won by Hays as he served it. Cichewich returned it, Hays returned it, Cichewich returned it, Hays returned it, Cichewich returned it, Hays returned it, and the point was won.

Boy heroes for Tech are Tony Hays, Dave Yount, Bernie Mueller, Gene Barnes, Al Polamer, and Bob Tokhlem.

The Beaver tennis squad is sure for Row the well, Oxy Cleaner, Freshet; Rock, Southern California, AAS women's high hop I predict that this record will be through CIGAIl&TT&.

Six crowd and Dick Herlein go over the bar at seven CONFERENCE

THIS?-=-.I

Go Hays as he served

Can you guess who this famous athlete is? If you look on page seven you'll find the answer to this tantalizing question.

Students!

EARN '25!

Cut yourself in on the Lucky Strike money Web. Lucky Strike is all for us—up—up for a whole bunch of stuff you can use and enjoy. Drool over Lucky Strike and decide what special gifts you'd like to receive. Then get the word to your friends. Oxy is sure to have a lucky stroke in store for you. Oxy, last week. Behind the mighty Beaver cindernmen deserves much support.

Since it's the end of the basketball season, right now it seems particularly appropriate that special mention be made of several of the outstanding efforts put forth by individuals on the various teams. To begin with, a big vote of thanks to a big boy, who played a big game at center for the basketball team, "Long Jim" Gribbs. Some of the high spots points were little Jarry Just, Anthony, and I'm unable to mention them all.

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**Jim Ball?**

Ball handling ball

Glub!

Nice hit, Jim

Craig Elliott

Chuck Bonwell, noted boy, said in an exclusive interview recently, "Do you realize that in only a little more than a month the all-conference SCIA-NVFWHLKLKMF9SP7TU - VWTZT conference meet is going to be held, and if I'm going to win the quarter-mile run I'm going to have to start training and stop going out with the boys."

Ed Krehbiel said, "What the heck, I'm still a neat guy, r..."

---

**What's doing at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft**

R. P. I. Dedicates Graduate Study Center Near Main Plant

The dedication last month of a full-bodied graduate center near the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft plant in East Hartford, Connecticut, set a precedent in relationships between industry and education. At a cost of $600,000, P & W A's parent company purchased and equipped the building that was presented outright by General Electric to R.P.I. for its Hartford Graduate Center. Moreover, an additional grant by this industry leader to R.P.I. was used to establish a liberal fellowship fund. Since last fall, when classes first began, this tuition-assistance plan has functioned to assure advanced education for Pratt and Whitney Aircraft's applied scientists and engineers.

The new graduate study center, 115 miles away from its home campus in upper New York State, is stabled by a resident, full-time faculty. Engineers at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft and other companies in the vicinity are able now to continue their education without interrupting their normal employment. Designed to raise the level of knowledge and to broaden the base from which research can be approached, this unique new concept of education will feed needed engineers to greater achievements in their careers through pursuit of advanced degrees in specialized fields from the nation's oldest engineering college.

---

**We think golfers play University of Arizona**

Golf workouts begin some-time next term, unless they have already started or we are not going to have a team.

The golf team has a schedule of some games to play this season probably. Also they have a coach, Dick Van Kirk, sports editor, and Bob Walsh, assistant sports editor (a title dreamed up to look good in the election), and Kay Stagstrommother and Tony Leonard and Brent Banta and everybody else in this hole we use for an office are not out for golf.

Anybody interested in caddy-ing this summer can see John Haker. He cannot get you a job, but he can kill your interest.

Golf is a good sport to learn because you can play golf when you are a pressyly, middle-aged hypopotter. You will not enjoy yourself, but boy, will you ever be "in it."

Herb Rauch lives in Tucson, Arizona. Tucson offers the winter visitor all he could desire. There is sun, beautiful desert scenery, sun, desert scenery, sun, monotonous desert scenery, Herb Rauch, sun, sand, sun, more sand, more sand, cactus.

---

**Here's answer to today's quiz**

In case you haven't guessed who our famous sports personality is yet, here are a few clues.

The man pictured shows the most prominent side of his personality, a difficult feat in these days of good photography. He has shown considerable interest in a variety of athletic endeavors. In particular one involving good wind and not so good timing. Of course, he maintains his modest self in spite of the reams of praise heaped upon him. A final hint, here's his father's name: Daddy.

Oh, yes, the man pictured is more other than T. S. Kofsky.

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**Herlein!**

(Continued from page 6)

But it was the tremendous showing of the glorious Herlein which inspired the Bearers to victory. Rev. Richard pushed Oxy's Garowski to 119". During the meet, however, the pole-vaulting was temporarily halted as Herlein's style proved disastrous, and officials were forced to search for more crossbars.

Another outstanding performer was Phil Conolly of Caltech, who hurled the javelin 75 (yards, that is). Despite the fact that he had to save his energy for a date that andy still uncocked a tremendous throw.
The judges' decisions are in! Here are the 50 students who wrote the best names for Viceroy's filter...a filter made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural...and the college organizations named by the 10 Thunderbird winners to receive RCA VICTOR Big Color TV Sets.

Dorothy Wingate Newell, Univ. of California, Berkeley, Calif.
Jim Melton, Stanford University, Los Altos, Calif.
Garry C. Noah, Emory Univ., Emory University, Ga.
P. Robert Knaff, Univ. of Maryland, College Park, Md.
Alex Levine, Univ. of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.
Jim A. Vaughn, Akron Univ., Akron 19, Ohio
James D. Williams, Oklahoma Univ., Norman, Okla.
James L. Ayers, Roanoke College, Salem, Va.

To the Winners
...in this great contest—congratulations! To all the students who entered—our sincere thanks for your interest and efforts!

The overwhelming response, literally tens of thousands of clever and original names for the exclusive Viceroy filter tip, has proved beyond a doubt that Viceroy is King of the Filter Cigarettes on every college campus in the land.

Only VICEROY gives you that smooth, fresh taste—that Real Tobacco Taste you miss in every other filter brand!...Because VICEROY has twice as many filters as the other two largest-selling filter brands!

Speaking of Van Kirk...

Brew 102!!!

"Walsh, we told you to keep out references to (shudder!) alcohol!"

Meanwhile, back at the ranch...

Caltech is neat!

Caltech is neat!

Caltech is neat!

(Advertisement paid for by Du Pont Incorporated)