

'Camino' On Stage Next Week

Ridolphi, Plaut, Latham Chosen Class Prexies

With all the run-off results finally in, the class officers for 1961-1962 are as follows:

Seniors

Dick Chang and Bill Howard were chosen senior representatives to the Board of Control. Frank Ridolphi will serve as president, Tom Saltee as vice-president, John Denyes as secretary, and Dick Hess as treasurer. Completing the list of senior class officers is Joe Bocklage, athletic manager.

Juniors

Mickey Newton and Larry Gershwin will serve on the BOC next year for the Class of '63. Ray Plaut was tabbed as president, with Henry Abarbanel, vice-president; Dave Owen, secretary; and Steve Prata, treasurer, also elected. Tom Atkinson will be the juniors' athletic manager.

Sophomores

Bob Berger and George McBean were elected by the sophomores as their BOC representatives. Tom Latham was chosen class president, while Tom DeKlyen, vice-president; Pat Dunne, secretary; Art Johnson, treasurer; and Steve Gorman, athletic manager, will serve as Class of '64 officers next year.

TP Hosts Spring Awards Picnic

The Spring Awards picnic will be held next Tuesday, May 23, in Tournament Park, the little picnic area directly behind the gym. Activity will start at 4:30, with the various awards being presented. This will be followed by a steak barbecue at 5:45. The awards include the varsity and frosh winter and spring sports awards, as well as Honor Keys and Honor Certificates. Also included are the InterHouse, Varsity Rating, and Goldworthy Snake Trophies.

Tickets are \$1.50 for the steak barbecue and can be purchased from the following people: Joe Bocklage, Blacker; Julian Prince, Dabney; Carl Baum, Fleming; Bill Howard, Lloyd; John Denyes, Page; Marty Hoffman, Ricketts; Bob Lieberman, Ruddock. Deadline for tickets is Friday, May 19, at 1:00 p.m.

Even if you don't stay for the barbecue, we would like to see all the award winners present for first part of the program. This event is open to the entire student body and everyone is cordially invited.



Claire Shelley enjoys pagan fertility rite in ASCIT play rehearsal.

ASCIT Actresses Reveal Facts, Figures, Fancies

BY JOCK McLEAISH

This year's ASCIT play, *Camino Real*, promises to be one of the most amusing of the various entertainments presented in Culbertson this year. In addition to manifold humorous lines and the brilliant direction of ex-Techman Mike Talcott, the play is endowed with that attraction most enticing to culture-loving Techmen, a cast replete with good-looking actresses.

Tootie Eckman (sometimes written with an Mrs. before it) plays one of the feminine leads, the role of Camille; she can be recognized in the play as the one addressed as Marguerite. Tootie is a honey blonde who speaks in the soft accents of a West Virginian. She has worked in plays with Techmen before;

at Carnegie Tech, that is. She finds the actors at the two CITs almost indistinguishable, though, so her experience should be helpful.

The other feminine lead, the part of Esmeralda, is played by Kathy Stark, a blue-eyed blonde from the wilds of JPL. Esmeralda has what is by far the neatest trick in the play: her virginity is restored by the moon. Kathy's husband (they were married shortly after rehearsals started) has no printable remarks on the matter. Kathy, who majored in drama at the University of Arizona, offered the opinion that the play needed more time for rehearsal, but that the cast would react favorably to an audience.

Having a smaller part in the

(Continued on Page 2)

Caltech Drama Club Promises Modern Play With Scads of Gals

Rolling into the final week of rehearsals, the ASCIT play is acquiring finishing touches in preparation for opening night on Wednesday, May 24. Lacking only a few non-essentials such as costumes, lights, make-up, and a set, Business Manager Joe Heller has decided to start ticket sales. Tickets will be available for the four performances, Wednesday through Saturday nights, at the low, low price of \$1.00. They can be bought from the News Bureau or House social chairmen.

The traditional contest for the bit part will be held tonight. All Houses are invited to enter one contestant for the chance to be the silent young man whose sole purpose is to rip the clothes off Tootie Eckman. Judging the contest will be the girls in the cast of *Camino Real*—which, of course, includes Tootie.

The play is an unusual one to be sure, and to find out why *Camino Real* was chosen by the Drama Club, the *California Tech* went to director Mike Talcott and got the following statement:

"To touch an audience and to make that touch penetrate rather than be a surface caress is the purpose of the theater. The theater of today is effete and impotent in that it abounds in the motions to abuse the audience (entertainment) but lacks the guts for the ultimate contact. The public theater is an

effeminate gigolo who skips about trying to please but without the courage to give not only pleasure, but pain and terror, tears and love. We are working with a weakling and we must kill him before we can go any further.

"This, in essence, is the philosophy of the theater that I have gleaned from kicking around the boards of Caltech and the Pasadena Playhouse for a harried three and a half years.

"Tennessee Williams' *Camino Real* is the only play written in America during the past 10 years to have that courage which is a necessary element of great theater. It is, in the words of Williams, "something wild, something honest, something far out." It has been damned as unproducible, symbolic muck. It is, in short, controversial.

"The meaning of the play, to those interested in meanings, lies not in the sum of the meanings of its symbols, nor in any moral message that the work may offer, but in its own theatrical performance.

"Williams has written an outline to be built on by the live actor and not a smug and patent script. The basic theme that runs through the play is freedom. It is a flight of the imagination that has been presented to the cast of the ASCIT play and their response to this can produce something unforgettable."

Efron Hits Big Time

Tech Grad Canned by Farm; Sacrilege Charged

BY MOLER AND TISCH
(Special to the California Tech)

Brad Efron, Freshman of the Year in Caltech's famous Class of '60, was suspended from Stanford Graduate School last week for his efforts as editor of *The Chaparral*, Stanford's newly famous student body humor magazine.

Efron, who is probably best remembered for his organization of the Math-Physics inter-option volleyball contest, was interviewed via long distance Monday.

"They got me on sacrilege," he explained. "We put out our annual parody issue. Called it *Layboy*. The thing that did it was a Ribald Classic version of the Nativity.

"The University was flooded with protests from the local clergy. Stanford just can't take it."

Brad will return to the Farm in September after an extended summer job with Mitre Corpo-

ration in Massachusetts. Further issues of the Chapie will also not be seen for at least the next five months.

Efron took over the job as editor ("I used good old Ricketts House politics—made everybody else out for the job look bad") a little over a month ago. "It was my first issue," he sighed. "It was a little dirty, but no dirtier than previous issues.

"We sold about twice as many issues as usual, though. You can't get anybody to part with his copy now." Copies of the accomplishment, which have already become a collector's item, have not reached the Southland.

Efron got his start as a humorist with Caltech publications. He composed the "Fifth Column" and, later, the "Fifth Column" for the *California Tech*; edited along with Dave "Bump a Nick" Nissen, the 1957 *little t*; contributed to the *Big T* and was in charge of student news for *Engineering and Sci-*



"They got me on sacrilege. . ."

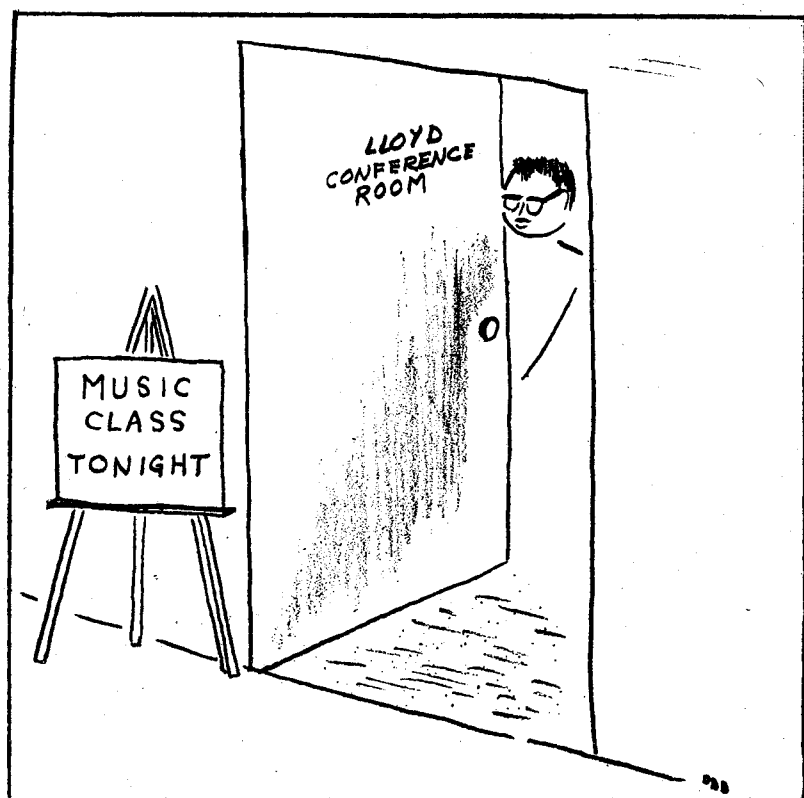
ence.

Although he served as the last ASCIT Second Rep., he was denied the chance of contributing his talents to the BOD minutes and, as a result, became Ricketts House president.

Efron's last piece of prose for the *Tech* included this prophetic line: "Efron: Someday the world will pay, and pay dearly, to read

what you term 'tripe.' Until then, farewell. (Exit ex-fifth columnist)."

A native of Minnesota, Efron may find Cambridge more enjoyable than Central California. "I don't like San Francisco," he complained. "They're too conceited about their city. It's the Dabney House of California."



"Hey guys, turn down the hi-fi!"

Editorial

Music Course

After years of agitation on the part of Techmen and Professor Hunter Mead, Caltech offered its first fine arts course in a subject other than English. New this year, the History of Music course has been underattended. Music of all varieties fills every Student House, yet few Techmen seem interested in pursuing their interest in sound beyond physics lab and kilowatt audio systems. The History of Music course has exposed me to the little-known (at least around Tech) fields of musicology and music theory. I've discovered quantities of good music were written before Bach.

The point is this: Music course is great fun! I realize culture courses are a "waste of time and tuition" for those Techmen here to get a BS to get a high-paying job. However, those of you who bemoan the lack of culture and fine arts at Tech now have the opportunity to remedy this lack. In spite of this year's paucity of students taking the music course, it **will** be offered in '61-'62. Let's support the culture courses we have instead of griping.

—benson

Saga Cook Seals Doom With His Own Potatoes

BY GRIER BETHEL

The thousand runny eggs of the cook I had borne as best I could, but when he ventured upon those greasy donuts I vowed revenge. You, who know so well the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. Oh, no. At length I would be avenged.

He had one weakness, this Saga cook: he prided himself on his knowledge of potatoes. It was with this pride that I would avenge myself.

It took me several weeks to formulate a proper plan for the revenge I meant to take against this evil man. At length I struck upon a plan so ingenious that I felt it could not fail. If it did, I feared that I, too, would be lost. It was on a cold, overcast day in March that I began the proceedings.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given the cook cause to doubt my good will. I continued to smile in his face, as was my wont, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his impending doom.

It was about dusk one evening, during a week of powdered eggs and brown lettuce, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with warmth and asked me how I fared.

"I have been told of a book in the library," I said, "that tells of 118 ways to cook potatoes, and I am just on my way to look

at it."

"How?" said he. "118 ways? Potatoes?"

"I have my doubts," I said. "118 ways! Impossible! I must see such a book. Come, let us go."

"Whither?" I asked.

"To the library."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement."

"I have no engagement. Let us go."

"But you have a cough, and it is damp in the stacks of the library."

"My cough — ugh! ugh! — it is nothing. Come, let us go."

"As you wish," I said.

He threw his arm around my shoulder and as we walked toward the library we conversed. I wanted to find out certain things about this ill-born man, before I consummated my plan. Masquerading as a friend of this gnome, I plied and prodded him with questions on subjects that I feared I already had far too much knowledge.

"Tell me," I said, "how does one get to be a cook with a big organization like Saga?"

"The secret is to cut costs," he said. "The food must be inexpensive."

"Surely you're joking," I said. "Our meal this afternoon was nothing if not a luxury."

"Ha," he said. "It was creamed gopher."

(Continued on page 4)

LETTER

Pros and Cons of Leaving Tech Discussed In Letter From Harris

Editors:

I read Abell's editorial on the suggestions for the insertion of more humanities into the Caltech curriculum with considerable interest. I am one of those humanistically oriented Techmen, sufficiently so to have decided to make the switch next year, transferring into psychology at some as-yet-undetermined school. I must admit that, somewhat in support of Abell's position, I am glad that Tech did not have a program such as was outlined in the May 4 issue of the **Tech** worked out and ready to go for next year. If they had, I should have been very tempted to switch to the political science option, in many ways a less satisfactory step than the one I am taking. I do feel, however, that Bruce has overlooked, or understated, a few cogent points.

Leaving Tech

The first of the understated points is that of the disadvantages of leaving Caltech. Admittedly the psychological disadvantages of dropping or flunking out are less severe here, so far as contacts with undergraduate friends here are concerned, than practically anywhere else. It does not, however, help much to explain to your buddies back home, or to your family, or to your fiancée (sorry, getting a little out of the usual realm of Tech experience here) that, among us boy geniuses, success is all a matter of interest anyway.

Transferring Schools

Far more important are the practical disadvantages of leaving Tech. First, this requires giving up the very real market value a Tech degree carries with it, regardless of GPA behind it. Second, it is not so easy to transfer to a good humanities school as Abell seems to think it is. This usually involves a considerable loss of credits. (Wisconsin: "Engineering credits do not transfer for B.A. candidates.") You can learn a lot in a Tech course while earning a D, but few other schools are willing to admit this possibility or to lower their own prestige by accepting such a course for transfer credit. There is also the problem that a loss of scholarship is far more likely in a switch of schools than in a switch of options, and the number of schools one can work his way through unaided is fairly limited. Yet another difficulty is that many of the larger universities with excellent humanities departments also have set GPA requirements for transfer admission which tend to chop a 2.5 Techman's application at the first secretary's desk it hits — and most Techmen with GPAs over 2.5 find it possible to resist the lure of humanistic interest. Finally, there is the general reluctance of the Tech administrators to grant leaves of absences or to give any but

the vaguest hints as to the possibility of returning to Tech if "culture" proves an even greater disillusionment. The net result of these disadvantages is to prolong our humanistically oriented undergrad's fumbblings, particularly when he has no really adequate way of checking his interest in other fields, until he has indeed "gone down the tubes."

There are, I believe, even more important reasons than a desire not to staple undergrads for instituting humanities-science options at Caltech. One of these is the growing clamor of fields usually grouped with the humanities (psychology being a particularly good example) for development as sciences. There is every reason to hope that these fields can follow the path which has made biology such a promising and exciting field today, a path pioneered to a very significant extent in the case of biology by Caltech scientists.

Two-Culture Communication

Another reason, and the one which any regular attendee at the Carnegie lectures will suspect as the guiding one behind the suggestion of the Humanities Department, is the growing importance of science in such humanistic fields as physical survival. I hope that Abell's editorial will elicit an explanation of our faculty's viewpoint here, but my limited understanding of it is that what is needed most in today's technology-dominated world is communication between those who develop the technology (including our interesting nuclear toys) and those who must use and control it. By far the most effective communication between two cultures, however, is that which takes place within one person, one person thoroughly conversant in both science and more worldly interests. The training of such persons is a big order, and one which I do not feel can be filled by any school with one-half the thoroughness or one-half the effectiveness with which it could be accomplished at Caltech.

These two basic motivations, then — an interest in the full development of our undergrads and a sense of "mission" — should cause us to look very closely at the future of the humanities at Caltech.

—Richard Harris

Tau Beta Pi Picks Freshman of Year

Tom Latham has been selected by the Tau Beta Pi Association as the Outstanding Freshman of the Year. This honor is bestowed by the Caltech chapter of this honorary fraternity to a freshman who has distinguished himself by his outstanding scholarship, character, and participation in campus activities. The formal presentation of the award will be made at the Spring Awards Picnic on May 23.

New Center Ready In '62

Construction on the new Student Center is tentatively scheduled to begin this July and be completed ten months later in May, 1962. The new Student Center will have many new features for the benefit of Caltech undergrads and grads.

The basement of the new Center will feature the new student shops as well as a recreation room and equipment rooms. The first floor will consist of the new bookstore plus a lounge larger in floor space than Dabney Lounge. Also on the first floor will be a darkroom, offices for **California Tech** and **Big T**, the barber shop, and the building office. The second floor of the building will be only over the lounge area. It will contain the Y offices as well as ASCIT offices, Radio Club "shack," and two general club rooms. Although the club rooms are intended for general use, BOD meetings will probably be held in one of them.

The new bookstore will be self-service and will have 2300 square feet of selling area. This will be at least seven times as large as the present bookstore. The lounge fireplace is tentatively planned to have a bronze sculpture, with marble making up the remainder of its area.

The east and north sides of the Center will have lots of glass in them, while the south side — facing the Olive Walk — will have the bricks from the fireplace of the old Throop Club.

YMCA Auction Offers Goodies

Unclaimed articles from the Y's Lost and Found department are to be auctioned Thursday, May 25, at 11:00 on the Olive Walk. Auctioneer Carl Rovainen will do his best to keep the prices high but some of the items (slide rules, pens, clothes, etc.) are bound to be undersold. The proceeds go to help an Indian tribe in Mexico, so be magnanimous and maybe you'll get a good deal.

ASCIT Play

(Continued from page 1)

play is a veteran of several ASCIT plays, a blonde with an

The only disparaging remarks about the production came from the red-haired prop manager and bit player, PCC gal Sue Evans. Asked her opinion of the play, she remarked, "It stinks and the cast stinks; the whole thing stinks." It would seem that quite a wide variety of opinion is possible in the theatrical world.

eye-catching figure, Claire Shelley. She has worked with Mike Talcott before, and, like everyone else in the play, sings his praises. She predicts that the play will be "different" from previous productions.

Visiting professor, married, no children, seeks furnished apartment or house academic year '61-'62.

PROF. H. SPENCER
5420 55th Street
San Diego 15, Calif.

frets and frails

Banjo Playing Easy For Rich

BY JOHN D. CROSSMAN

This week I would like to go a little deeper into the subject of the 5-string banjo, not so much from the historical viewpoint but from that of a beginning or prospective player of the instrument.

Of course, before one is a beginning or even prospective player of the 5-string banjo, he must decide whether or not he likes the instrument and then whether or not he has the talent to play it. There are many people that just do not like the sound of a 5-string banjo (including, unfortunately, several of my good friends). I would suggest you listen to the recordings of Pete Seeger, Erik Darling, Billy Faier, Earl Scruggs, and the like, and then decide for yourself.

As to the matter of talent, I have always maintained (with myself as a prime example) that it take very little talent to play the banjo. I must, however, condition this statement with the fact that it takes a while to catch on to the banjo. With a guitar, anyone whose fingers can hold down the strings is able to strum a few simple chords, but to get any music at all out of the banjo requires some practice and new co-ordination. After a while (a day, a week, a month, depending on the person), the rhythm becomes natural and almost automatic. From there on it's easy.

Buying a Banjo

Assuming now that you have decided to play the instrument, the next problem is buying a banjo. This, you will find, is no easy problem. There are a number of cheap 5-string banjos on the market, **Kay** and **Harmony** being the chief offenders. My advice is that you don't buy one; there is nothing that will discourage you as fast as a cheap instrument (this goes for guitars, also). Cheap instruments are bad in that they are hard to play, and sound bad. No amount of talent can overcome this, and a small amount of talent will soon be discouraged. This leaves two alternatives, either to buy a good new instrument or to find a good used one in a hock shop, an antique shop, or in an attic (my first banjo was retrieved from an ash can by my young brother).

Unfortunately, I do not know the names of all the good banjos being made nowadays. I have only had experience with two, but I can recommend both of these. The Vega Company (155 Columbus Ave., Boston) makes an excellent line of banjos from the **Ranger** model (\$105) to the **Pete Seeger Special**, with long neck (\$295), which I own. They also have, for the bluegrass element, the **Earl Scruggs** model for a mere \$375 or, if you prefer your metal parts gold plated, \$880. The Gibson Company, although mainly in the guitar-making field, has two excellent banjos: the **Mastertone**, which at \$380 is comparable to the Vega Scruggs model and which interestingly enough is played by Earl Scruggs himself, and the **RB-100** which sells for \$210.

Used Banjos

Finding a good used banjo, although perhaps a cheaper solu-

tion to the problem, is not very easy. One must be wary in buying a used banjo. I would suggest taking along someone who knew the instrument well, and if this is impossible check the instrument carefully before buying it. The most common defect in a used banjo is a warped neck. If the neck of a banjo is warped more than one-tenth of an inch, the instrument will be worthless except, perhaps, to hang on your wall.

Learning to Play

The next thing a beginning banjoist must worry about is learning to play. If you cannot find someone to teach you, there are two instruction books that will be at least give you a good start. The first and best known is by Pete Seeger and is called simply enough **How to Play the 5-String Banjo**. This is a good basic instruction book if not entirely clear on all points. A record is available to go with the book and is a great help in getting started. There is another book of basic instruction by Peggy Seeger, which is better organized and more complete but does not have as many simple examples. The book is called **The Five-String Banjo American Folk Styles** and I would recommend you save it until you have gone through her brother's book. After one gains some proficiency in playing, there are two other books with banjo tunes notated in them. These are: **The Goofing-Off Suite**, by Pete Seeger, and **Banjo Selections from "Art of the 5-String Banjo,"** by Billy Faier.

Once you have figured out the fundamentals of the banjo, you must go to records or another player for inspiration, however, as there are no difficult or exciting banjo pieces notated anywhere. This is, of course, true of most folk instruments. No one has ever tackled the job of notating them and what has been passed on has come from player to player. It is indeed a pity that men like Earl Scruggs have not taken the time to write down what they are playing or even a simple method book. It is as if Bach kept all his organ pieces in his head and never wrote them down.

I have thought of starting a banjo seminar, so to speak, and I wonder if anyone is interested. If so, please contact me (J. Crossman, room 62, Ricketts).

barBell

BY LON BELL

This week's drinks emphasize sophistication. If you can't raise one eyebrow and leer sophisticatedly over black bow tie and cummerbund you can stick to gin and tonics.

Now that everybody's stopped reading, my exposition of that very elegant drink known as the Frappe can proceed without fear of criticism or contradiction.

Frappe is the general name for a class of drinks made by pouring a liqueur over crushed ice, and serving with short straws in — curiously enough — a Frappe glass. Proportion is usually one jigger of liqueur to a level glass full of crushed ice.

While the Frappe is made with liqueurs which have strong distinctive bouquets, it is best to avoid making chartreuse, B&B, Benedictine or Drambuie Frappes, since these liqueurs are (1) meant to be drunk by themselves, and (2) very expensive.

Herring and Banana

The more common liqueurs, however, make excellent Frappes. The best I have found are made with creme de menthe, Cherry Herring, creme de cacao, curacao, and creme de banana. The most common are the first two, and for good reason: the Frappe dilutes the liqueur and chills it at the same time, and these particular liqueurs respond best to this violent sort of treatment.

Along slightly different lines, the "King Alphonse" is a particularly popular liqueur drink: add a thin layer of cream to a liqueur glass of dark creme de cacao. The cream gradually mingles with a little of the creme de cacao in a slightly fascinating fashion which adds real class to the presentation.

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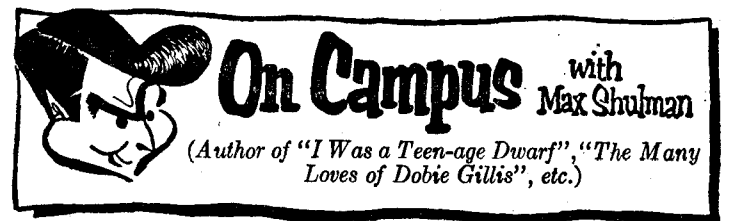
Two Barbers to Serve You

Y Diners to Discuss Dialectics, Youth Movements in Twin Fare

The YMCA Diners' Club is planning two sessions in the next few days, on May 18 and May 22. The first meeting (tonight) will feature Israel Foyer, a news analyst from KPFF. He will speak on "Student Youth Movements in the United States." He will also discuss freedom of speech in an informal question period after his address.

The club will have Harvey B.

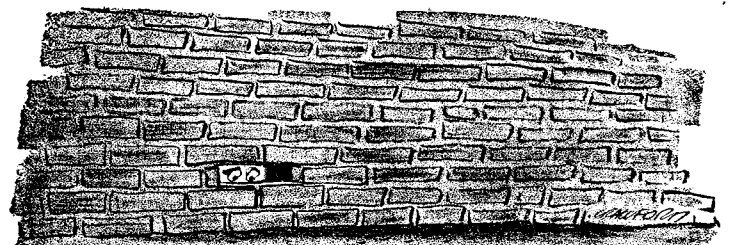
Schechter as guest on Monday night. A member of the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League, he will speak on "A Liberal View of Communism." Both meetings will be at the regular time of 6:30 in Chandler. Resident members of the Student Houses can get dinner there free with meal tickets.



TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Seven years now I have been writing this column for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, and each year when I come to the last column of the year, my heart is gripped by the same bittersweet feeling. I shall miss you sorely, dear readers, in the long summer days ahead. I shall miss all you freckle-faced boys with frogs in your pockets. I shall miss all you pig-tailed girls with your gap-toothed giggles. I shall miss you one and all—your shining morning faces, your apples, your marbles, your jacks, your little oilcloth satchels.

But I shall not be entirely sad, for you have given me many a happy memory to sustain me. It has been a rare pleasure writing this column for you all year, and I would ask every one of you to come visit me during the summer except there is no access to my room. The makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, after I missed several deadlines, walled me in. All I have is a mail slot into which I drop my columns and through which they supply me with Marlboro Cigarettes and such food as will slip through a mail slot. (For six months now I have been living on after-dinner mints.)



For six months now I have been living on after-dinner mints

I am only having my little joke. The makers of Marlboros have not walled me in. They could never do such a cruel thing. Manly and muscular they may be, and gruff and curt and direct, but underneath they are men of great heart and sweet, compassionate disposition, and I wish to take this opportunity to state publicly that I will always have the highest regard for the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, no matter how my lawsuit for back wages comes out.

I am only having my little joke. I am not suing the makers of Marlboros for back wages. These honorable gentlemen have always paid me promptly and in full. To be sure, they have not paid me in cash, but they have given me something far more precious. You would go far to find one so covered with tattoos as I.

I am only having my little joke. The makers of Marlboros have not covered me with tattoos. In fact, they have engraved no commercial advertising whatsoever on my person. My suit, of course, is another matter, but even here they have exercised taste and restraint. On the back of my suit, in unobtrusive neon, they have put this fetching little jingle:

Are your taste buds out of kilter?
Are you bored with smoking, neighbor?
Then try that splendid Marlboro filter,
Try that excellent Marlboro fleighbor!

On the front of my suit, in muted phosphorus, are pictures of the members of the Marlboro board and their families. On my hat is a small cigarette girl crying, "Who'll buy my Marlboros?"

I am only having my little joke. The makers of Marlboros have been perfect dolls to work for, and so, dear readers, have you. Your kind response to my nonsense has warmed this old thorax, and I trust you will not find me soggy if in this final column of the year, I express my sincere gratitude.

Have a good summer. Stay healthy. Stay happy. Stay loose.

© 1961 Max Shulman

The makers of Marlboros and the new unfiltered king-size Philip Morris Commander have been happy to bring you this uncensored, free-wheeling column all year long. Now, if we may echo old Max: Stay healthy. Stay happy. Stay loose.

Exams?

Here's the easy and safe way to keep mentally alert:

It's the safe stay awake tablet—NoDoz®. And it's especially helpful when you must be sharp under pressure. NoDoz helps restore mental alertness in minutes.

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Boiled Spuds

(Continued from page 2)

"Impossible! And yesterday?"

"Fried rat."

"Remarkable," I exclaimed, but inside myself I was raging. The world would best be rid of this monster.

"Ugh! ugh!" he coughed, when we started down the circular staircase. "It's damp in here. How far is it to this book you spoke of?"

"Just up ahead," I said. "But tell me more."

"Surely," he said. "Do you think the turkey you get is expensive? He! He!—it's paper-mache. And the stuffing is made from carbon paper. Ugh! ugh! ugh! . . ."

My poor friend's coughing echoed hollowly in the deserted corridor. "It is nothing," he said at last. "How much farther?"

"Just up ahead," I said. "Give me your hands and I'll guide you." I took his outstretched hands and clasped them together with a pair of handcuffs.

"It is nothing," I said, as he jerked back in surprise. "Just to help. Pray tell me more."

"Of course," he said. "Some days I don't feed the students at all—he! he!—I use mass hypnosis to make them believe there is food on their plates."

"No!"

"Yes!" In spite of the darkness, I could see the wild glint in the cook's eyes as our feet stirred up the dust on the floor. "He! he! he!" he laughed, "and that's not all. The vegetables are plastic! The meat comes from experimental animals in biology . . ."

"No!" I said, and my disgust must have shown in my voice, for the cook became suddenly apprehensive.

"Where are you taking me?" he demanded. "No one has ever come as far back as this corner of the library. Where is the book?"

"Yes, the book!" I cried, and tied him quickly to a corner bookshelf. As I began to pile books in front of him he must

(Continued on page 6)



Brewing



Rumble's Revenge

Lewd House boozier Rumble, returning from informal picnic in mountainous locale, is greeted by parents of cuddly companion. Elders, on way to dinner at Saga-plus establishment, are attired in somewhat formal costumes. Seeing Rumble clad only in somewhat informal garb, they jokingly ask for whereabouts of ble's simian-suit. He explains how he happened not to wear it that particular day. Group exhausts joke and part company, elders admonishing ble for failure for dinner. Until the following night that is. Rumble, moving in for kill, shows up at home of party of first part around the hour of evening repast. Group, this time clad in

swimming pool type garments, can only stammer open-mouthed as ble, clad in official formal uniform, announces his readiness for dinner. A hearty joke, thought Rum, but Beak wonders if he got hot doggies or hamburgies for meal.

Filled's Friends Flinch

Almost nothing exhausts Rumbrock House leader Filled Barrel as much as weekend mineral appreciation course. Returning last Sunday from the heat of the beautiful Mojave, he only wishes the cool refreshment of water and cleansing agent, and perhaps some internal refreshment from the Navel's refrigerator. Imagine his surprise when, upon entering, finds wench sitting demurely on a chair, awaiting his

return from safari. Imagine his further surprise when, instead of delicately edging away from his masculine presence as he himself wished to do after the hot, dirty weekend, she made no move to leave. An unnerved Barrel confided to the Beak (later) that this must have been indeed true friendship.

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NORTH CENTER

by The Lip

As the Caltech general public is probably not aware, Dr. Hanes—physician in attendance at the athletic department — is “retiring” at the end of this term.

I put that in quotes because “Doc” is not actually beginning his retirement, but only leaving Tech; his reason for leaving are not of the self-determined variety, and this is the motivation for this column.

Dr. Hanes is leaving because of Institute policy regarding employees’ age — according to a reliable source.

I believe that this situation constitutes a serious oversight on the part of the administration, as Dr. Hanes is probably one of the most competent athletic trainers in the area, and not visibly age-handicapped in the performance of his work.

This is substantiated by the fact that Hanes has been offered positions by both PCC and Occi-

dental College. Oxy, I need hardly note, has one of the hottest track teams in the country; that its athletic department administration sees to offer Dr. Hanes a position — doing, one assumes, just about what he has been doing here — is a very substantial testimony to Hanes’ capacities and the respect which he enjoys in the local athletic “world.”

Besides being competent, Dr. Hanes is also, as is well known to those who have participated in intercollegiate athletics, an alert, likeable man who is (and I know everyone will cringe) a source of information and inspiration to many Tech athletes.

I suggest a mass protest (I know I won’t get one, but I’m suggesting just the same): write a letter to Mr. Musselman, circulate a petition, drop in and talk. Make it definite.

I think Dr. Hanes should get a raise instead of canned.

Baseballers End Season As They Drop Four Contests

BY BOB LIEBERMANN

The curtain fell this past week on the 1961 baseball season at Caltech as the varsity and frosh teams closed out their schedules. The week began on May 10, when the varsity lost, 13-2, to a powerful Occidental aggregation. Good pitching on the part of the Oxy pitchers and some errant defensive play on the part of the Tech outfielders hurt the Beaver cause, as did the below-average performance of the Tech mound corps.

On Saturday, the Tech varsity

Strout Talks To ACLU On Court

Caltech’s chapter of the Southern California American Civil Liberties Union held its first real business meeting last Thursday evening in Dabney Hall. The organization adopted a set of by-laws, and heard humanities department Professor Cushing Strout discuss the nature and philosophy of the Supreme Court.

Dr. Strout described the decision-making processes of the Court, and outlined the philosophical difference between the two schools of thought, headed by Black and Frankfurter, respectively, which divide the Court at present.

The Court’s position, according to Dr. Strout, is not that of an espouser or expander of civil liberties as such, but rather that of an instrument of the law.

Limited in a Democracy

Since the Court is appointive rather than elective, it usually exercises a good deal of caution to avoid asserting its power too strongly. It moves slowly, not advancing the body of legal thought to a large extent in each case.

Dr. Strout felt that the ACLU’s function is not so much to persuade the Supreme Court of the rightness of the ACLU outlook as to persuade the people.

Dabney and Ruddock Tie For First Place In Interhouse Race; Page Wins Basketball

In a hard-fought contest last week, Dabney outlasted Ruddock, 32-27, and gained a first-place tie with Ruddock in the down-to-the-wire finish of an exciting InterHouse race. The following day Page cinched first-place honors in basketball by swamping Blacker, 38-17, to finish the season with a perfect 6-0 record. Dabney followed with a 5-1 record while Ruddock, Ricketts and Blacker tied for third with 3-3 apiece. Lloyd

kept out of the cellar by stopping winless Fleming, 31-20. Frank Ridolphi of Dabney topped all scorers with a six-game total of 64, followed by Ken Leonard, Page, with 61, and Bob Langsner, Ruddock, 52.

It was fitting that the outcome of the trophy race, close and exciting throughout the past year, should remain in jeopardy until the final week of the season. It was also noteworthy that in the first year with seven

Houses competing the first tie in InterHouse history should be between an old House and a new one.

In the final outcome the spread in total points for the top four Houses was less than eight points. Dabney and Ruddock, with 100½ points, were followed closely by Ricketts’ 94½ and Page’s 93. Lloyd (84) gained fifth-place honors with Blacker (60) and Fleming (55½) round-

(Continued on page 6)

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Mashed Potatoes

(Continued from page 4) have gotten a glimpse of my scheme.

"What are you doing?" he asked, and began to tremble.

I made no reply, but continued piling the books and cementing them in place.

"What are you using for mortar?" he quaked, fearful now for his life.

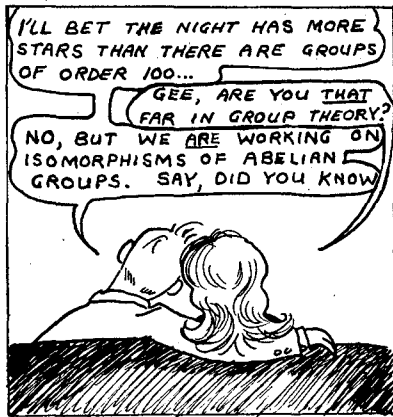
"Your own mashed potatoes," I answered. "They're better than library paste."

"Fool," he said, "they are library paste. But you'll never get away with this. Someone will—ugh! ugh!—find me here."

"You know better than that. These are the History 2 reserve books, and there hasn't been a student here for years."

I picked up a copy of the California Constitution and blew the layered varves of dust off it. Throwing it on the pile, I knew that these ancient volumes were finally being put to good use. I even found a stack of long-forgotten graphics books. I added

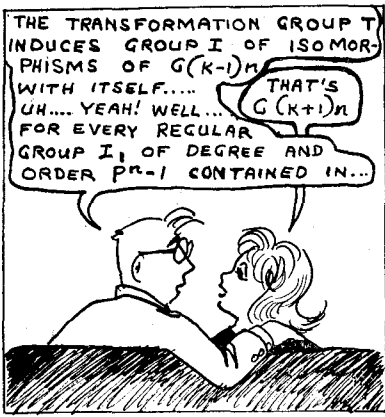
CAL TECH



them to the growing mound of books and the wall grew taller and taller.

The cook was silent as I piled up more and more books, and when there was just a sliver of space left he let loose a high bitter wail. This continued for some minutes and then he burst into insane laughter.

"This is a joke!" he said. "Yes, an excellent jest—he! he! he!—we will have many a rich laugh over it in the dining room—he! he!—over our gopher..."



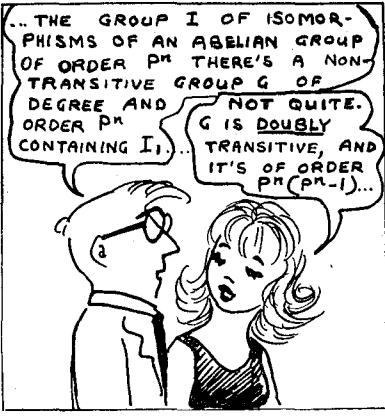
"The book!"

"Yes," he said, "the book. But—ugh! ugh!—it is getting late and they will be looking for us. Let us be gone! I have so much to tell you about the food—he! he!—about the vacuum cleaners I empty into the pie—he! he!—about the three-legged birds—he! he!—banana peels..."

"Let us be gone."

"For the Love of God, Montresor!!!"

I sealed the small remaining crack with my Diner's Club card and left the cook behind me to die. I went to the Greasy and bought some potato chips.



IH Season

(Continued from Page 5)

ing out the list.

Page figured in three first-place spots during the season—gaining top honors in basketball and ties for first in swimming and football. Two top spots went to both Ricketts (first in track, tie for first in swimming) and Rud-dock (first in volleyball, tie in football). Dabney, relying on three seconds for most of its points, managed only a tie for first in softball. Lloyd netmen

copped the tennis matches to round out the sports.

The doubtful outcome of the over-all race and the greater number of participants during the 1960-1961 InterHouse season generated athletic contests that were for the most part exciting, spirited and unpredictable. The interest and enthusiasm built up by the trophy race had a good unifying influence on old and new Houses alike and advantageously carried out its purpose of arousing rivalry under the new Student House regime.

a hand of BRIDGE

BY DAVID SELLIN

NORTH

S—None
H—K Q J 10
D—Q J 10 9 8 7
C—A Q J

EAST

S—4 3 2
H—None
D—6 5 4 3 2
C—6 5 4 3 2

SOUTH

S—A 9 8 7 6 5
H—A 9 8 7 6
D—A K
C—None

Contract: Seven of hearts.

South declarer.

Opening lead—King of spades.

Presented above is a double dummy bridge problem. That is, if you were in South's position, how would you play to make seven hearts with all hands exposed, assuming that the king of spades is opened and that East and West play a perfect defense.

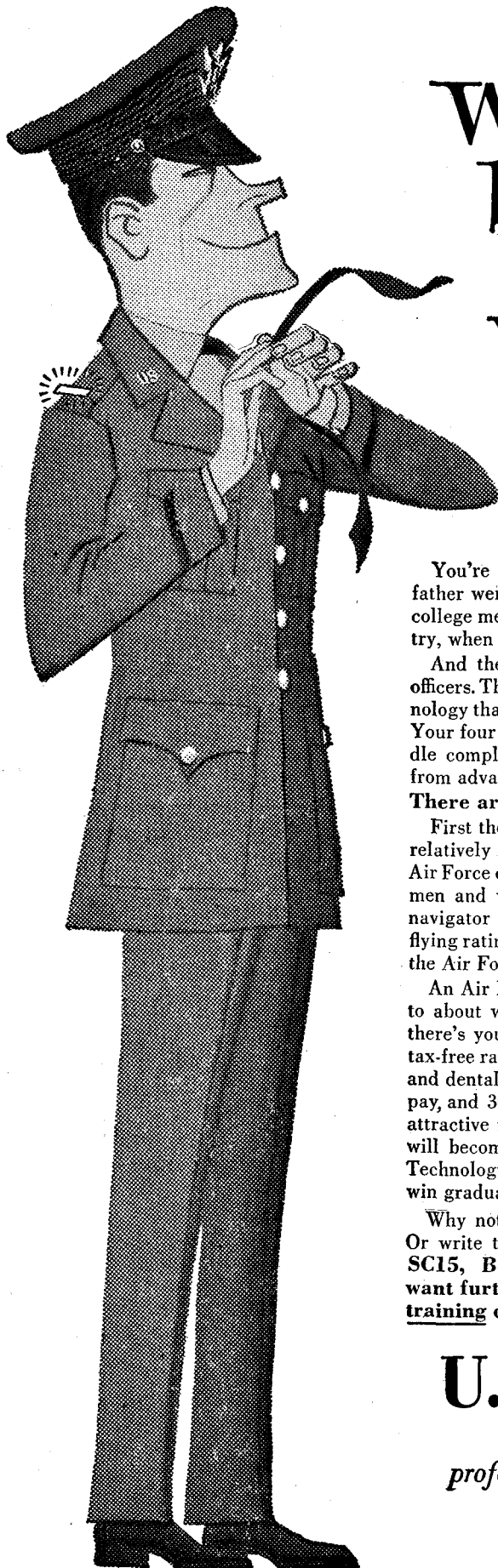
A solution will be presented in a later article.

NOTE:

The Annual InterHouse Bridge Tournament is being held in Dabney House dining room — the two sessions being yesterday evening and tomorrow afternoon at 1:00. Over-all director for the contest is Bill Tivol.

The trophy is presently held jointly by Dabney and Ricketts. As in past years, each House is fielding four teams, most of whom welcome unobtrusive kibitzers — so if you haven't anything to do, drop around.

We shall probably discuss any interesting hands which turn up during the course of the tournament in next week's column.



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First there is Air Force ROTC. Another program, relatively new, is Officer Training School. Here the Air Force commissions certain college graduates, both men and women, after three months' training. The navigator training program enables you to win a flying rating and a commission. And, of course, there's the Air Force Academy.

An Air Force officer's starting salary averages out to about what you could expect as a civilian. First there's your base pay. Then add on such things as tax-free rations and quarters allowances, free medical and dental care, retirement provision, perhaps flight pay, and 30 days' vacation per year. It comes to an attractive figure. One thing more. As an officer, you will become eligible for the Air Force Institute of Technology. While on active duty many officers will win graduate degrees at Air Force expense.

Why not contact your local Air Force Recruiter. Or write to Officer Career Information, Dept. SC15, Box 7608, Washington 4, D.C., if you want further information about the navigator training or Officer Training School programs.

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Peter Ford, David Helfman, Richard Karp, Bob Liebermann, Jock McLeish, Barry Peterson

Business Staff

William Rosenberg, Manager
Circulation: Howard Monell

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