



BRING ON THE GIRLS!

Few tears should be shed over the lot of the Caltech undergraduate — large scholarships, hearty fellows, superb faculty, and a pleasant climate more than compensate for the rigors of the scientific life. Yet, as jealous members of less fortunate communities are quick to point out, there is a worm in the Caltech apple. Namely, there are no girl scientists to lighten and brighten the Techman's daily toil. Caltech has been, is, and will remain 100 percent male.

If our undergraduates were as dedicated to Science ("twitchy") as these same critics often contend, the absence of women would pose no problem. Alas, this is not the case. Comes the Vernal Equinox and even a physicist will drop his book to the Athenaeum lawn, sniff the musky air, and think to himself, "Hm m m m m, I could do with a date this term."

Where to search for the missing female? This question has more or less confounded forty years of Techmen. A partial answer, based on the cumulative experience of one generation's students, is given in the ensuing catalogue. Of course, it has been practical to list only the *main* sources of local pulchritude. This

in no way detracts from those hardy pioneers whose ingenuity and perseverance uncovered many a minor windfall where none was thought to exist.

Occidental College

"Nine out of ten girls are beautiful, and the tenth one goes to Oxy." So runs the old folk myth, and so it may seem to the hapless freshman, beginning his Tech social career with a blind date from our nearest neighboring college.

Like most myths, this one has little basis in fact. Not all ugly girls go to Oxy; only those with the more vicious personality traits are allowed to matriculate. On the other hand, not all Oxy girls are ugly. A small minority are beautiful of soul and body, and a small minority of these will even date Techmen.

Occidental College prides itself on its high academic standards, and one might suspect that the brainy Oxy girl would be a perfect match for the

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cerebral Caltech lad. Unfortunately, this is not usually the case.

In the first place, Occidental seems to attract a majority of "over-achievers" rather than true pseudo-intellectuals.

Secondly, Oxy girls are shot through with "Oxy spirit," a particularly saccharine form of college rah-rah, repellent to the really-care Techman.

Finally, and most divisive, is the religious chasm separating the two schools. Occidental is a "Christian College," and a majority of Oxy girls tend to run with the Billy Graham crowd. Combine this with "Pagan Tech," and you have all the ingredients of a Holy War.

Advice concerning Oxy:

Before date — read the Good Book

During date — forget sick jokes

After date — forget date

Scripps College

Physically three times further from Caltech than her Oxy counterpart, the average Scripps girl is spiritually much closer to the Tech ideal: lazy, slovenly, lacking in moral fibre and the Protestant Ethic, she scorns the accumulation of mere facts, depending instead on flashingly incorrect insight.

Having presented her good side, fairness forces me to reveal the Scrippsie's two main drawbacks:

I — She often falls in love with residents of nearby Claremont's Men's College, southern California's wealthiest penal colony.

II — She lives in Claremont, centrally located between San Bernardino and Azusa. Once there, there's nothing to do; once gone, it's too far to come back.

What about looks? The following jingle may prove a useful mnemonic guide to the various dorms:

Dorsey's child is fair of face,

Browning's child takes second place,

Toll's child is mediocre,

Grace Scripps' child is three-fourths ogre.

Pasadena City College

One must remember that PCC is primarily a device for the extension of adolescence. Hence, on the great "stuff" scale, (married stuff, young stuff, expensive stuff) most PCC girls rate as stupid stuff.

Nevertheless, aside from the notable convenience, there is substantial prestige associated with dating at our Hill Street neighbor. One need not search far for the answer: PCC is the home of the Rose Queen and the Rose Princesses. What greater thrill than to write the folks back in Minnesota that *you*, country hick a mere two years ago, now are lavishing your scholarship money on a member of the fabled Rose Court? Even if you can't reach these royal heights (and you

probably can't), there's always the "final twenty-five" to choose from. Empirical evidence suggests that each year at least 800 girls make the final twenty-five.

Miscellaneous advice: Being vaguely aware of Caltech, the PCC girl's first question is likely to be, "What's your IQ?" The proper answer is "192." This will be instantly believed, and is high enough to make you worthwhile dating (once!) just to tell the kids back at the soda bar.

It is not difficult to amuse your PCC date. Left to her own devices, she and her crowd are slavish ruiners of good places. In San Francisco she'll visit the Top of the Mark, in Hollywood it's the Unicorn or Grauman's Chinese. Give her a ride up Angel's Flight or take in an experimental movie. She'll treasure you always as her Count of Monte Cristo.

L. A. County Hospital Nurses School

Tired of prima donnas? Sick of intellectual pretension? Disgusted with mealy-mouthed idealism? Date a Nurse!

Nurses do filthy work ten hours a day — they're *grateful* to go out! Nurses see life as it really is! They like what they see! Nurses are clever, flattering, un-neurotic, enjoyable, good for the mind and the body. Oh, yes, they're almost all very ugly.

One word concerning nurses: They have heard *all* the bedpan jokes; it will not raise your stock to tell them again. Relax, enjoy yourself. There's no date like a nurse date. Just one and you'll be able to take out girls again.

Miscellaneous Sources

PASADENA PLAYHOUSE: Home of the how-now-brown-cow set. Unless you enjoy discussing theatre to the exclusion of all other earthly subjects, forget about P.P. There's a fascinating story behind every Playhouse girl. Let me tell it to you sometime.

BULLOCK'S DEPARTMENT STORE: This is a dependable source only during the pre-Christmas rush season, when a large amount of feminine labor is employed to help bait the public. A good ploy is the "millionaire's eccentric young son" pose. Prerequisites are two-days' beard, Tech-quality clothes, and a shuffly walk. Reject all suggested items as too inexpensive.

LOCAL HIGH SCHOOLS: Most notable of these is Westridge, training ground for tomorrow's entrenched wealth. Freud is king in this neck of the woods, so come armed with libido and id. Not a place for those above preying on other's neuroses.

— Brad Efron '60