

WHAT EVERY TECHMAN KNOWS

NOW EVERYONE KNEW what it was like to be a Techman.

The freshmen knew what it meant to be so far behind in their work that it seemed impossible to catch up—and, for most of them, this was a new sensation.

Even a few upperclassmen were feeling the pain worse than ever before. Heavier academic loads, stiffer competition, more outside activities—everything seemed to place a premium on time; but nobody seemed to have any.

Rotation

Rotation whirled to a friendly close (although certainly the close is the least friendly part of rotation) and each of the houses boasted proudly that it had again skimmed the cream for its list of entering freshmen. Every frosh had learned more names in a week than he had ever expected to learn in a year, and every upperclassman had crammed into his head dozens of freshmen's names which he expected to forget immediately.

So initiation began. The dust that was gathering on the bone-dry courtyard floors suddenly was washed away, as 1301 East California Street was bathed in its

annual October rainy season. A couple of guys got hurt, the waterfights were clamped down on, but nothing could stem the tide of initiations in general. Mudfights and raw eggs were forced upon hapless pledges until they rebelled. Toilet seats, shower heads and fuses disappeared mysteriously into the night (the only mystery being which house's frosh had taken them.) Cold showers enjoyed a new vogue, and enterprising capitalists were making huge profits on the sale of balloons.

Heavy snow

Then, suddenly, initiation was over, the frosh were in the houses, and quiet reigned in many quarters as the wiser students snaked furiously in order to make up for two weeks of mischief-making.

The freshmen in particular were hiding behind locked doors. A few foolhardy ones had been trapped by the lounge rats and the card players, and had been sucked into the maelstrom of babes, bridge, and benzedrine. But most took their studies at least as seriously as they knew how. They knew now what MRW was, and the legend of Rastus Pasmquoddy. They had seen Pauling get six decimal places from a six-inch slide rule, and



Highlight of all non-varsity athletics at Caltech this fall—as it has been every fall—was the Mudeo.

they knew how to solve pulley problems with Conservation of Rope. Most of all, they knew what upperclassmen meant when they said that "it snows here all year around."

Sports

The football team was, as it should be, the center of athletic interest. In the season opener against Pomona's returning champions, the eleven stood up well; the next week, against a superior L. A. State aggregation, the Beavers took a 12-0 first half lead on a very strong showing, but collapsed in the fourth quarter from sheer exhaustion to go down 20-12.

The soccer team promised another good year, even if it did have to draw mostly on American talent—and the water polo and cross country teams showed early that they knew how to win. The frosh footballers clearly outplayed the Oxy frosh but had two bad breaks beat them, 12-0.

Blacker was out to steal the Interhouse Trophy and, on the basis of the first two sports, softball and cross country, had piled up a commanding lead, with firsts in both events. Nobody could be counted out, though, and the three next teams in the Interhouse race were separated by only two points.

Highlight of all non-varsity athletics, it must be admitted, was again the Mudeo. The sophomores, class of '57, enjoyed the usual advantages: experience, and fewer losses through ineligibility (three dozen frosh were ineligible through football alone.) The frosh put up the usual good fight but received the usual licking, 4-3, which was, as usual, in doubt up to the last event, the tire spree. Several television stations covered the

Mudeo this year and played their movies back later in the day, while a few dripping contestants even got their pictures in the paper.

The Ricketts frosh, at least, had their revenge, for they won the brake drum in the very first riot.

Social life

Social life started on its merry whirl. "More exchanges and better ones!" was the mating cry of any social chairman, whether of ASCIT or one of the houses. Girls were brought in from every place imaginable, treated like queens, and their names, addresses and phone numbers recorded.

ASCIT even brought a hundred Scripps women to the L. A. State football game, and to a dance afterwards, in order to do its share. A couple of weeks later the annual Scripps Bike Race and Barbecue was a big success. (It had to be, for the Scripps kitchens did not serve that night.) Blacker won the bike race, but everybody won a Schmippsie who really tried.

Steady fever

November is upon us now, and there is a new fever in the alleys and lounges. It's time for Midterms, and the Interhouse Dance—and every Techman will go down on his knees to the man who invents the thirty-six hour day.

But until that inventor makes himself known, every Techman will drag himself out of bed mornings long before he has had as much sleep as he wanted.

It is his way of life.

—Martin Tangora, '57



The experienced sophomores won the Mudeo—and stuck the freshmen with the bill for this year's Frosh-Soph Dance