

deliver an address on "The Road to Peace."

The dinner began at 6:30 p.m. Afterwards, new officers were installed. Then assorted distinguished guests were introduced. The treasurer gave his report. Several committee chairmen gave theirs. The new president made a speech. Some service awards were presented. Andy Devine and Monty Montana, a couple of western movie actors, were sworn in as honorary mayor and sheriff of Van Nuys. At 10:15 Dr. Millikan was introduced.

Dr. Millikan began by giving his definition of an educated person ("an individual who can apply constant attention to one subject for two minutes"). He went on to say that he didn't think that any of the people present could—at that hour of the night, and after all they had been through—give the attention they otherwise might have devoted to the subject he was prepared to speak on. So, he explained, he didn't believe he'd speak at all. That effectively ended the meeting.

Dr. Millikan gave his speech on "The Road to Peace" at a Los Angeles Bar Association luncheon the next day.

## Honors and Awards

■ **PRESIDENT L. A. DUBRIDGE:** named by President Truman to a five-man temporary Communications Policy Board, to study present and potential use of radio and wire communications facilities.

**DR. H. S. TSIEN,** Robert H. Goddard Professor of Jet Propulsion: elected a fellow of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences.

**ROYAL W. SORENSEN,** Professor of Electrical Engineering: reappointed by Governor Warren as a member of the State Board of Registration for civil and professional engineers.

**ROBERT D. GRAY,** Director of the Industrial Relations Section: elected a director of the Pasadena Chamber of Commerce.

## King Kong is Dead

■ **DAVID P. WILLOUGHBY,** scientific illustrator in Vertebrate Paleontology at the Institute, shattered the King Kong myth in a recent report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. After measuring hundreds of gorilla bones and checking photographs and reports of countless scientific expeditions Willoughby came to the disappointing conclusion that gorillas don't grow much taller than people. In fact the tallest reliably reported height he could find for a gorilla was 6 ft. 2 in.—which almost any basketball center could look down on.

Willoughby had to admit, though, that gorillas still run to considerable more heft than most humans—some of them weigh in at more than 500 pounds.

## Visiting Lecturers

■ **DR. RICHARD P. FEYNMAN,** Professor of Theoretical Physics at Cornell University, delivered a series of twelve seminar lectures at the Institute last month on "Quantum Electrodynamics and Meson Theories." Dr. Feynman was the third in a series of eminent physicists to lecture at the Institute this year, following Drs. Rabi and Oppenheimer.

**DR. JOSEPH SLEPIAN,** Associate Director of the Westinghouse Research Laboratories at Pittsburgh, Pa., and an internationally known electrical engineering authority, also came to the Institute last month to deliver three lectures.

# THE BEAVER



## Some Notes on Student Life

### The Bleacher Beaver

**A**LMOST EVERY WEEKEND during the past term the Beaver had tossed his slide rule down and trudged up to the PCC gym to yell at the basketball games. There was something thrilling about the hot, brightlight tension of the gym and the Beaver felt the stirrings of a budding school spirit in his liver as he perched on the bleacher seats and chanted "ex, ex, ex, dx."

School spirit was a commodity that was largely lacking and cynically viewed among his Tech acquaintances. This was in some contrast to most colleges, the Beaver realized, as he watched the competing schools in the grandstands. The Tech cheering section was usually small and vocally inhibited, and, although he liked Merten and the other cheerleaders, the Beaver saw that their agility never approached the bouncing histrionic talents of the ones from Oxy and the other schools.

He saw it as a lamentable thing and wondered if, after he graduated, he would not look back on his four years here and feel that something had been missing in his experience. So he sat in the bleachers and let himself be carried away by the cheering and the band and the excitement. Every time Tech lost, he was black with despair; Cox, Montgomery, Butler, and the rest always seemed to play a fine game, but there were moments when the Beaver noticed a glint of professional brilliance in the opposition and wondered how many of them depended on their performances that night to continue to keep their scholarships.

### The Voter

■ **ELECTION EXCITEMENT** was not confined to England this month, the Beaver noted as he wandered into kitchenettes and rooms where sheaves of cardboard and pots of poster paint overflowed into the superlatives of campaign signs. At the traditional Sunday midnight, campaign week began with an eager throng of carpenters swarming over the east campus, hammering and yelling in the dim glow of the spotlight on top of Throop.



Monday morning Techmen were met by a frontal attack of campaign posters, which sprouted from the ivy overnight.

Monday morning sleepy Techmen were met by a frontal attack of posters in all directions. Floating over Throop was a large balloon dedicated to Norm Gray; over the sidewalk a succession of arches proclaimed Neal Pings, Doug Inglis, and Bob Stanaway; and all through the despised iceplant sprouted the colorful posters. Even the most apathetic snakes paused in their scuttling to classes to read.

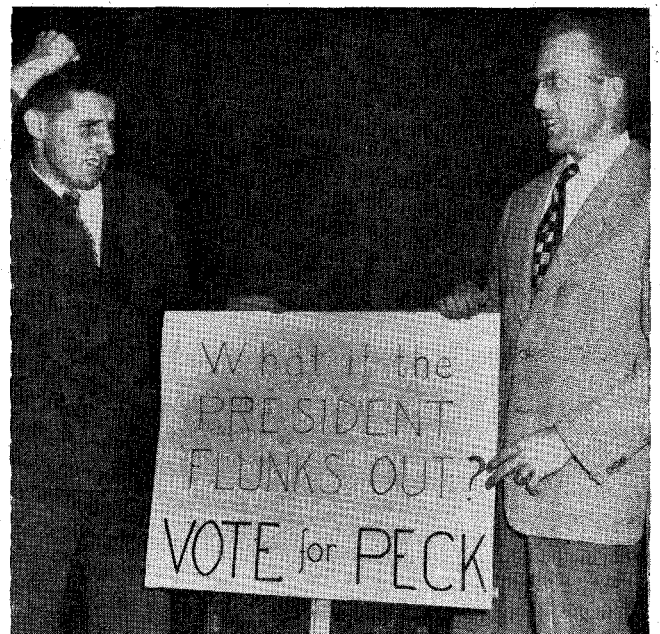
The campaign was much more spirited and clever than last year; off-campus men were deluged with 19 personal postcards apiece; matchbooks and leaflets appeared beside the plates at lunch; eager candidates

sprawled in their rooms and chewed pencils worriedly over campaign ideas and didn't go to classes all week.

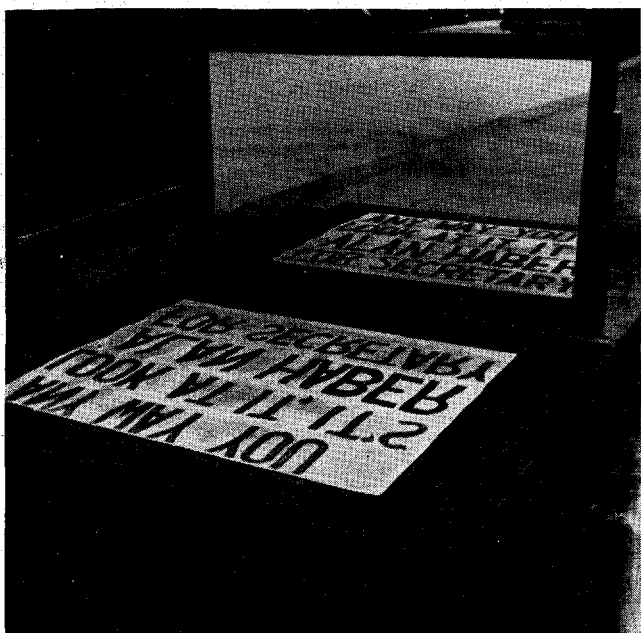
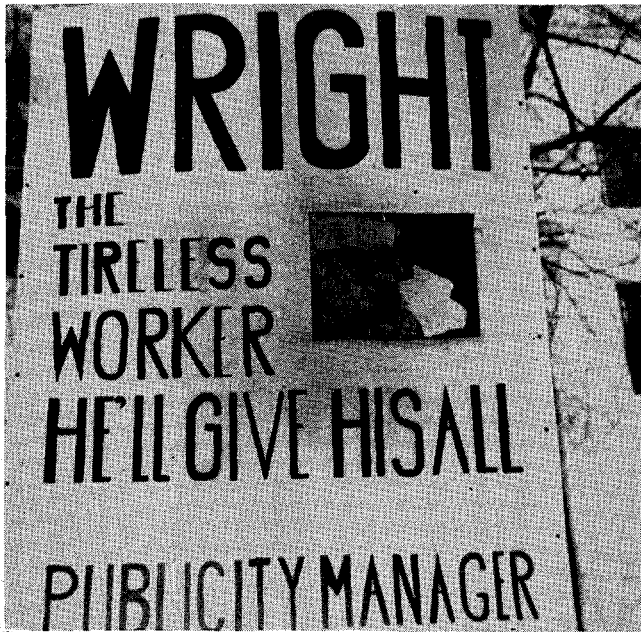
Novelty was the keynote: one poster, headed "Mason Gets Around," showed a photomontage of Mason in uniform talking to Mason in tracksuit talking to Mason in street clothes. Another (below) showed Bill Wright holding a Man-of-Distinction glass in one hand, a cigar in another, and sticking the thumb of his third hand sportily into his suspenders. A mirror was framed inside an open box with the inscription, "Look Who's Voting For Groner." The ultimate blow was a brown envelope in the Beaver's mailbox one noon that con-



Nature was a little over-generous to Candidate Wright.



Presidential Candidates Merten and Fee check on Peck.



← *The campaign was spirited enough for everybody*

tained a blue-slip in "Civics la" for all who didn't vote for Haber; its authentic appearance had made the Beaver gasp for breath for a moment—and he suspected Haber might have lost some votes by this terrorizing method of winning attention.

Consternation was abroad in faculty circles; the students had proposed serving beer at the election rally Tuesday night in Culbertson. The students had already consented to remove the annual surreptitious election stag from the dusty catacombs to a position of recognition above ground, but had suggested that the ancient tradition of malt brew be maintained. An emergency Student-Faculty Committee meeting was called on Monday. It was packed with grim, beer-determined students. And when the smoke had cleared, there was only one dissenting vote and the triumphant rumble of kegs being moved into Culbertson was heard offstage.

The candidates were nervous; the night before election they sat for hours smoke-filling their rooms, discussing pro and con the effects they had had on the troops; they sat at meals on Thursday twitching their knives and forks with perceptible palsy. The Beaver sat across the table and watched them, wondered how Techmen would vote. He didn't know how many would honestly review the candidates' campaigns with unjaundiced eye, but he remembered that at most of the elections he had seen, experienced candidates with solid ideas had almost always won over less qualified opponents. With a sadistic leer at one candidate standing by the polls he took his ballot and secretively but with satisfaction marked in X's beside all the right names. When the suspense was over at 11:00 that night everyone journeyed up to the Skip Inn to drown or celebrate in beer. At least the final move could be made by all, victor and loser alike, although probably the biggest celebrators were the old Board members who were going out of office next week.

### The Theater-Goer

■ NORMALLY THE BEAVER was an exceptionally casual dresser, his constant weekday habiliments consisting of Levis and a rumpled shirt, each probably bearing acid-hole reminders of Frosh chem lab. However, several times during the winter term he had felt obliged to don formal attire and one of these times had been the gala premiere in Culbertson of EE Instructor Campbell's comic opera, "Spooks in the Basement."

As he tied his tie before the mirror the Beaver realized that this was the winter theater season and even Caltech was not entirely immune to its influence. The opera concerned itself with the love of a feminine math instructor for a superstitious but ambitious janitor who believed that the basement of the physics building was haunted. It struck a note of accord with the Beaver, who had long felt that the subterranean depths of Bridge contained many dark secrets rattling about among the old oil drops and bones of deceased researchers who had forgotten to eat in the absorbing quest for knowledge.

The theater season wasn't over with this, either, for the first week in March heralded the opening of the Drama Club's annual theatrics in a melodrama of considerable vintage and humor. It wasn't enough to necessitate buying a top hat, but Caltech's miniature Broadway was definitely a going institution, sliderules and thermodynamics notwithstanding.

—Jim Hendrickson '50