



TECH NEWS



Z320

Volume XXXVIII

Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Massachusetts, Friday, January 18, 1946

Number 5

Naval Unit Plans Dinner Dance to Be Held Feb. 3

Welfare Fund to Make Possible Novel Party For Trainees

The Tech Navy men can once again look forward to another enjoyable evening of food, women and song. Yes, the Coca-Cola welfare Fund is brimming over, at least sufficiently to allow for another party before the close of the present semester.

Because the last dinner-dance event, held but a few months ago, turned out to be such a huge success, it was only logical another party likened to the first would again appeal to the Navy men. The strange sight of women in the chow line, dancing to popular music in Alden, the hula dance of 'Salome' Lazzarine, and George Fritz's well-known act are some of the highlights which are still discussed about the first party.

Tentative plans have already been made to arrange a schedule of evening entertainment comparable to the first party. An appointed dance committee met with Lt. (Jg.) Stevens, who offered many helpful suggestions, and the date decided upon was Saturday, Feb. 2.

The evening will begin at Sanford-Riley when the fellows and their guests have 'chow' in the mess-hall. During the meal entertainment will be supplied by different men in the Unit who have volunteered to take part in it. The dinner will only be the beginning of the evening's festivities.

Following the meal and entertainment the fellows and their dates will retire to the gym. Here they will be entertained by a basketball game between Tech and M.I.T. The tickets for the game must be purchased by the men, as there is not enough money in the Fund to pay for them also.

After the game there will be a dance in Alden Memorial which couples only will be allowed to attend. Music will be furnished by a local, well known orchestra.

Many thanks go to the fellows on the committee who have worked hard to get this plan into shape. They are Ed Funk and Chris Herbert, co-chairmen, Norm Poirier in charge of the band, assisted by Walt Bank, George Conley and Mal Morrison. Hal Clarke, Ed Ferris, and Harry Devlin are in charge of the mess-hall, and Bob Wheeler and Pete Vozzola in charge of the dance hall.



Alfred J. Halpern '47

She's My Girl

Though much has been written on subjects like this,
And much has been said that's been sealed with a kiss,
I'll take this occasion to voice my thoughts too,
On the little perfections that make a girl true.

She is not described by the shade of her hair,
For it may be dark, or may even be fair;
I do not describe her by stature or size,
For these may be seen with anyone's eyes.

Only her manner may aptly be used
If her secret of fame is to be loosed.
Without further ado, I'll go on to reveal
What always has made her have such appeal.

By the light in her eyes, her thoughts are reflected,
When happy they sparkle, when glum look dejected.
They give off a glow that is shiny and cheering,
A factor that helps make her charm more endearing.

Sincerity like hers, I find hard to match,
To gain her respect, 'tis considered the latch;
To call one unfair she's known not to utter,
For hurting her friends would just make her shudder.

Truth is her treasure—she guards it full well,
She makes it her life, and on it doth dwell;
From her popular nature it never detracted,
And to her good name admiration's reacted.

Though these thoughts seem to be idealistic,
She's not just a dream, but so realistic.
We who have met her strut with a swirl,
And proudly we say, "Yes, She's My Girl".

Anonymous

Tonight's Dance in Alden Hall Highlights Formal Weekend

Assembly To Be Held in Alden on January 23

Elections to be Held for Tech Council President and Athletic Association

The second assembly of this term, presided over by John Gagliardo and "Ace" Walton, will be held Wednesday, January 23, in Alden Memorial Hall. This will be the first assembly of this type for the majority of the freshmen and it should prove to be interesting for them as well as the rest of the student body since this meeting will be the scene of elections for Tech Council President and Athletic Association.

Though these elections won't be as spectacular as the Skull Tapping that we witnessed at one of the last assemblies, they are an important matter because of the responsibility that will be placed on the electees shoulders, due to the great changes that will be affected here next term.

The methods employed to decide the men best suited to fill these positions are orthodox ones. Nominations are recognized from the student body, and after these nominations are accepted, a secret ballot is cast in which all students take part, to decide which man best fills the required qualifications.

After the elections have been concluded, Tau Beta Pi will conduct its pledging for the following term. President Ed Funk will preside over the ceremony, introducing the chosen few to the honorary society of engineers.

The program will be completed with a few selections of organ music by Cliff Greene and several vocals by the glee club.

As a result of the splendid cooperation displayed by the students in the last group singing, plans may be formulated which will provide for group participation in several numbers.

Class of 1879 Essay Contest

The Class of 1879 Essay Contest dealing with a particular phase of engineering will terminate at noon, Saturday, January 26, 1946. Every person who expects to submit an entry must have it in to Professor Higginbottom's Office by that date. Essays should be turned in to his Boynton Hall Office.

Round Robin Also Planned To Make Weekend Complete

Once again, for an all-too-short weekend, the men here at Tech put aside their engineering personality and take on the appearance of gentlemen. What a change has come over the campus since the news first leaked out that women were coming. The mad scramble to the formal shops, the long lines of dress uniforms returning from the cleanser, and the mirror-bright shine on all those shoes are evidences of the enthusiasm which has been shown over this weekend.

The big event of the weekend is the formal dance in Alden. Johnny Newton, who probably is the only leader ever to bring his orchestra to three consecutive dances at Tech, is providing the kind of music that really makes you want to dance. The little Miss that does that fine singing is Alice Fitzgerald, a favorite among the men on the campus. This lovely lady has what it takes to put over a song, whether it is sweet and low-down or a really hot jump.

The climax of the dance will come just after intermission, when strains of martial music will beat time for the Grand March, to be led by Dr. Schultz. We all know what a great time we can have in a Grand March, so let's all join in the fun.

During intermission, the Janet Earle Room will be open so that everyone may enjoy "the pause that refreshes" with a "coke".

Another feature of this dance will be found in the Green Room where Tom McCaw and Gregg Kerr will be taking pictures of couples. The results of past performances show that the pictures are really something to have.

Saturday morning, classes will be invaded by the gentler sex. The heads of the departments have agreed to continue this practice which was stopped last term. It must be understood, however, that the presence of the girls in class will not be a signal for merrymaking. Certainly the classes, conducted in a serious manner, will provide sufficient humor for the morning. This will be a new experience for many men and everyone is bound to enjoy it.

Saturday afternoon and evening will be strictly informal. Many fraternities have planned skating parties in the afternoon, followed by dinners or get-togethers. The Tech hoopsters will pit their ability against the highly-praised quintet from Tufts College at 8.15. By virtue of their greater height, the Jumbos would seem to have an edge over the Tech

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TECH NEWS

Published Bi-weekly During the College Year by
The Tech News Association of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute

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News Phones: Business 3-9647 Editorial 3-1411
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TERMS

Subscription per school year, \$1.00 single copies, \$0.10. Make all checks payable to Business Manager. Entered as second class matter, September 21, 1910, at the post office in Worcester, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Editorial

Fellow Revelers, we are happy to bid you a sincere and happy welcome to the Interfraternity Ball, and to the Tech Campus.

With the Formal Weekend in progress, the spirit of W.P.I. has quickened, and has been made very light again. It is with a happy heart that we plan for these occasions, for they entrust to us one of Tech's most treasured traditions. For the benefit of our much admired guests of this evening, let me illustrate what this weekend means to the fellows.

With Engineering textbooks and Engineering thoughts, the days at Tech are well filled. Although we have our social functions, Dances, Basketball games and the like, nearly all of the week is dedicated to the job of absorbing and retaining knowledge and information that will better fit us for our positions in the Engineering field. With the accelerated program, the pressure of studies has become even more oppressive, leaving with the ordinary student a feeling of resigned resolution that he must continue to hit the books, and hit them hard if he is to complete his education at this Institute.

With the announcement of a Formal, this feeling has a tendency to lift, and in its place comes the desire to once more become a strong and lofty individual. The feeling of being just another student engrossed in the study of a profession is replaced with a consciousness of one's other capabilities. Society once again seems more cheerful as our Tech Man thinks and plans of the big affair when he can play host, and really show his best girl what he proposes will be their best date.

The week before the Dance brings with it many preparations for the big affair, and all concerned talk constantly of their plans, modifying them often, all with the desire to make the Formal a truly great success. Though it never appears in evidence, many are the plans, thoughts, and, yes—even headaches that precede this occasion.

When the big night finally arrives, every face is wreathed in a cheering smile. The everyday look of thoughtfulness has been replaced with a satisfied look of pride. On this night everything seems to shed a radiant light; why even the campus, which the day before contained only books and classrooms has become a place of cheer where fair maidens may be found treading. Happiness—Pride—Relaxation, all bundled into one individual who has suddenly realized that he is an individual.

The Tech Formal Weekend is more than just a Dance, it is a real, true tradition. Besides giving the student a momentary respite from his duties as such, it gives him a great deal in the world of social grace and poise. It puts a fine finish or polish on a character that is being shaped and formed to go forth into society in a professional field. The personality that it helps to create is in itself a possession that will always be fervently treasured.

Tech has had to forego many of its old traditions since the coming of the accelerated program, but this is one that was too big to fall by the way. It means more than just an idle spirit of the week; it is an unwritten heritage that has come down through the years, and for which we should be very thankful.

Tonight will be the last of the Formals for the soon-departing Seniors. This night will be one that will remain long in their hearts, for it means the end of a series of very happy occasions. We of the Staff, wish these men especially, a very pleasant, happy and memorable weekend.

And thus is depicted, Young Ladies, our thoughts on the merits and memories of functions that we call Tradition. We have no doubt that this weekend will mean much to you, and we want you to know that in our minds also it is an occasion to be long remembered.

Intermission must be nearly over, so let's get back to the Dance Floor, and with thoughts that are sweet, once more glide to the music of the Orchestra.

The Greek Column

Lambda Chi Alpha

At a recent house election the following new officers were chosen: President, Richard Noble; Vice-President, William Land; Secretary, Bruce Nagler; Treasurer, Robert Johnson; Social Chairman, Cameron Campbell; Ritualist, Fred Gammans.

Pledge Brother Jack Writer of St. Albans, N. Y., left last Monday to join the Army.

Brother Schimmack has been passing out cigars lately in honor of a certain girl from Wisconsin who now proudly wears his fraternity pin.

Theta Kappa Phi

During the course of the past week, the house was visited by Peter N. Gaides, '40, Frank H. Morrison, and Lt. Comdr. Stanley J. Majka.

Sigma Phi Epsilon

Last weekend we were visited by Grand Secretary William W. Hindman and John Robeson, editor of the Sig Ep "Journal". Both men informed us of activities of other chapters and the general reconversion plans.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Vereance visited the house several times during the past week.

Bob Allen, former University of Illinois star, now of the U. S. Navy, spent last Saturday with us. He is a member of Illinois Alpha.

Alpha Epsilon Pi

The fifth anniversary banquet will be held Saturday evening at the Sheraton. Chapters from Mass. State, Tufts, and Lowell Textile will be represented and many of the alumni will be present. The committee in charge consists of: Al Strogoff, Jim Genzer, Dan Sheingold, and Harold Okun. Music will be furnished by the Boyntonians.

Theta Chi

Ed Blagdon has been visiting the house during the past week. There are two new pledges, Len Manchester and John Johnston.

Phi Sigma Kappa

Six men were initiated into the fraternity last Sunday. They are: Paul Dulong, Dick Hawie, Jim Davis, Bill Ritchie, Bob McDuffee, and Bob Nowell.

Don Smith, former faculty advisor to Phi Sig, has been visiting the house. He is now in the Navy. Also visiting were Jack Hagstrom and Jack Wholean.

Alpha Tau Omega

Pledged last week were Unto Rautio of Fitchburg; Chuck Finney of Roxbury; and Walter Littlefield of Puerto Rico. All three are veterans, Rautio and Littlefield being ex-G.I.'s, and Finney, an ex-Gyrene. Our chef, George Petrin, celebrated thirty-six years of faithful service with us on January 1, 1946. For twenty summers he served his delicious dinners to the "civils" at their camp. He is well liked and known by all. Congratulations from everyone, "Pete".

Mr. Warren Keating of the class of 1940, dropped in at the house last week.

Elmer Speaks, Or Free Press Has Its Vices

By ELMER

As you read this, you have probably just finished gliding across the floor with a compact bundle of all the resplendent charms you have ever dreamed of; your bodies swaying as one, to the haunting, dreamy rhythms of a sweet band. Your mind is filled with the happy, lethargic thoughts of a man who is completely enjoying himself.

Like heck you have! The above is all propaganda of the factions who hope to part you and your money as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

In the first place the woman whom you are with probably bears a marked resemblance to Miss Gravel Gertie. In the second place, the music isn't dreamy, save in a nightmarish sort of way, and it haunts you all right—just like Dracula. And as for swaying as one, she prob-

ably has all the grace of Boomer Downing turning back flips in a dog tent. The band is just as sweet as Prof. Staples, after going through the whole class and finding that no one has ever heard of the assignment before. Oh yes, you're happy. Of course there is the make up you took last week and the three assignments in Shop, Mechanical Engineering, and Home Economics tomorrow. And then there is the money—only enough to buy a couple of slide rules, or two sets of officer's whites, or 200 beers. But you are happy; never fear.

I hope you don't think that I am against formals just because I have asked 18 girls to the dance and they have all refused. I was going only to be sociable anyway.

It was at a formal that I learned my lesson. I was dancing with this gal, when suddenly I felt that urge as old as life itself. I was Galahad courting his fair princess, I was Romeo—brushing a kiss across the

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 John Laffey, Barbara Wrightson
 Edmund Jurga, Helen Sipas
 Robert Taylor, Rose Rioux
 Harris Dufresne, Lucy Marsello
 William Cuneen, Joy Oker
 Gerald McCormick, Kay Morgan
 Normand Poirier, Shirlee Moran
 David Dobson, Ruth Webster
 Marco Salerno, Helen Anttila
 Fred Burak, Clair Borney
 Al Wright, Becky Brownell
 Edward Johnson, Ruth Scully
 Richard Gorman, Natalie Fabbricotts
 John Cuddy, Lorraine Pinault
 Edward Bouffard, Clara Wyszotzki
 John O'Keefe, Betty Leitch
 Paul Mullaney, Barbara Lindsay

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

Gary Hovhanesian, Nancy Sahagian
 Richard Glencross, Dorothy Johnson
 Bruce Nagler, Jane Roper
 Phil Taylor, Joanne Hill
 Paul Mugford, Florence Dillon
 Raymond Peabody, Norma Forsyth
 William Land, Minerva Boffin
 Robert Johnson, JoAnne M. Cumming
 Richard Noble, Margaret Custer
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 Ted Balaska, Betty Jane Geer
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 Jack Shank, June Russell
 Cam Campbell, Jerry Farrey
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 Souren Soorsoorian, Beverly Barrows
 John Osborn, Anne Link
 Alfred Harris, Joanne Flynn

ALPHA EPSILON PI

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 Phil Loshin, Marcia Caplan
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 Robert Strandberg, Barbara McAdams
 George Button, Betty Jean Higgins
 Roy Olson, Beverly Smith
 Tom Beakey, Eleanor Kemp
 Walter Hatch, Carolyn Chase
 Bob Jacobson, Neria H. Kohl
 R. Keith McIntyre, Shirley Van Horn
 John V. Butler, Jean Miller
 Donald E. Chase, Grace Manning

SIGMA PHI EPSILON

Robert A. Schlegel, Florence Shari Spenn
 Charles F. Jones, Lilian Welker
 Benjamin D. Richter, Arlitta Johnson
 Richard E. Seagraves, Barbara Grant
 Lawton T. Hill, Markie Whitney
 Robert C. Procter, Jean Larange
 Ernest S. Hayeck, Loretta Ventres
 John C. Orcutt, Betty Ann Cameron
 Frederick Torrey, Nancy Dick

Calendar

Friday
 Interfraternity Ball 9-1

Saturday
 Basketball Game
 Round Robin

ALPHA EPSILON PI

Friday
 House Party
Saturday
 Commemoration Ceremony
 Banquet - Afternoon - Sheraton
 Dance - 8:00 - Sheraton
Sunday
 Farewell Party - Afternoon

ALPHA TAU OMEGA

Friday
 Banquet

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

Friday
 Banquet

Saturday
 Bowling - Afternoon

PHI GAMMA DELTA

Informal Activities

PHI SIGMA KAPPA

Saturday
 Splash Party - Afternoon
 Buffet Supper - Evening

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Friday
 Banquet

SIGMA PHI EPSILON

Friday
 Banquet

THETA CHI

Saturday
 Banquet - 6:00
 Party - After Dance

THETA KAPPA PHI

Saturday
 Skating Party
 Banquet - 6:00

PHI SIGMA KAPPA

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Schultz,
 Chaperones
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Brown
 Mr. and Mrs. Newton H. Burr
 Donald Thompson, Margaret Lindgren
 Allen Breed, Eleanor McCreery
 Bill Sheldrick, Joan Odlin
 Lennert Berg, Irene Walton
 John Ebbs, Andree Luce
 Robert Campbell, Barbara McDonald
 James Graves, Catherine Caron
 William Ritchie, Elisabeth Shepherd
 Paul Terry, Margaret Foulkes
 Ira Hubbell, Lindsley Clark
 Richard MacIntyre, Evelyn Murphy
 William Yurkee, Arline Nelson
 Paul Dulong, Jean Metzger
 Richard Hawie, Violet Kline

PHI GAMMA DELTA

Earle Bowman, Anne Murphy
 Robert Eilertson, Virginia Wallstrom
 Harold Clarke, Tiny Milone
 William Olha, Jennie Manson
 Albert Hardaker, Eunice Hoessler
 Harlan Williams, Dorothy Coghlan
 Chester Inman, Anne Savels
 Ted Gazda, Vonny Peck
 Roy Stillwagon, Judy McKinnistry
 Frank Harding, Carolyn Knight
 Bill Wilson, Dorothy Hughes
 Ernest Fernsten, Barbara Bebo

THETA CHI

Chaperones: Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Fowler
 Harry Mehrer, Phoebe Randolph
 Richard Perkins, Rosemary Marble
 Russell Turner, Patricia Cole
 Paul Holden, Ruth Gustafson
 Sidney Wetherhead, Freda Boria
 William Bingham, Dorothy Kruger

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Chaperones—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith
 Dick Brown, Jane Eyer
 Norm Baker, Agnes Shaw
 Paul Beaudry, Marge Fearing
 Ed Ferris, June Biggerstaff
 Don Eteson, Sally Cox
 Joe Faneuf, Dorothy Devlin
 Ed Funk, Nan Brooks
 Bill Howard, Peggy Maguire
 Ed Hebditch, Eleanor Hevir
 Bob Hamilton, Jane Haneke
 Bob Hubley, Peggy Hibbard
 Bob Jodrey, Barbara Norton
 Norm Johnston, Vern Troch
 Ernie LaRose, June Cary
 Jim Meicklejohn, Mary Young
 Charlie Richardson, Teddy Kenyon
 Al Rockwood, Barbara O'Neill
 Bob Wheeler, Gloria MacKay
 Bob Willis, Mary Schmidt
 Bob Geores, Dot Barrett

NON FRATERNITY MEN

William T. Baker, Phyllis MacFarlane
 Robert Allen, Winnie Olson
 Chet Falby, Martha McAfee
 Eldon Varner, Pauline Johnson
 Leslie Boyd, Lois Stahlmann
 John Slocum, Betty Connaughton
 Howard A. Mayo, Jr., Lois Good-nough
 Gerhard R. Severs, Eileen Borucinski
 Leo A. Campbell, Mary Crowther
 Eek Kaarela, Connie Lundberg
 Vince Novak, Patricia Steele
 David O'Connor, Betty Jo Hendon
 Carlton Cook, Betsy DeBell
 Joseph Fischer, Rita Dion
 Richard Card, Phyllis Parker
 Joseph L. Tite, Terese Curtin
 Edward Dalto, Florence Kinsley
 David Gibbons, Virginia Burkoe
 Sumner H. Given, Janice Perry
 Tom Donelon, Jean Wrightington

FUTILE FINISH

By GEORGE FRITZ

If you happen to live far from the delightful, balmy weather of this, our beautiful New England, and, by some evil quirk of fate be a member of that brave little band of anemics, the Worcester Tech Football squad, you may have had an experience resembling that of a friend of mine.

The fiasco that was the football season was only a dim, but dismal memory, as he started home on a ten day vacation. Wandering into one of his old hangouts, a local opium den, he was asked by a friend, who remembered that he had been quite an athlete in his high school days, having been cut from every squad that the school sponsored, if he was playing anything at his present station. With an air of confident assurance, he replied that he was playing football.

"At Worcester Tech, huh. What kind of a team did you guys have anyway?" his friend asked.

He looked at the man for a long time trying to discern a hint of derision in his face before replying in the same cocksure manner, "Oh, not bad, not bad at all." He went on to intimate that there was an average of over thirty points scored per game and, by handling the truth a little precariously gave the impression that it was Tech who did the scoring.

By evening, he had not a few people—himself, included—believing that, as a football player, he had come a long way from the days when they knew him. That evening in the local sport sheet appeared a reprint from a Dayton, Ohio, paper headlined in bold faced type by "Futility Bowl Game Suggested." Part of the text follows:

"A 'Futility Bowl' football game to determine the National champion underdog was proposed today by Deke Houlgate, football statistician and forecaster. The site would logically be in Death Valley.

"So OK, we all know Army has the best football team in the country," Houlgate said. "Which team is the worst?"

"Could Worcester Poly of Mass. maintain its unsmirched record of defeats if confronted with Wooster of Ohio, which also has a clean slate?" he asked.

Then he went on to review a few more of the most terrible of records, but finally concluded:

"Personally I'd like to see Worcester and Wooster fumble it out. Last year Wooster won one, and Worcester won two. But this year they both have magnificent records of inefficiency."

"Worcester started out with a 0-32 trouncing by the Melville PT Base, then went on toward oblivion with Rensselaer Poly 0-39, Connecticut 0-46 and Wesleyan 0-19 before really hitting their stride and going down before Tufts, 0-64."

After reviewing Wooster's almost as impressive record, the article continues:

"Houlgate suggested that if the game were played, there should be no admission. Not just no admission price—no admission. 'It would save wear and tear on the nerves,' he said."

Let us imagine for a moment such an encounter. Picture Death Valley in all its panoramic beauty, its blazing sun, its wide expanse of sand, dotted with cactus and steer skulls, and, somewhere amid its heat and loneliness and death, a football gridiron. First Wooster would struggle out onto the field; then mighty Tech would appear, their bright, new uniforms shining in the afternoon sun. The fact that the team was in top shape could be noted by the fact that a few members of the squad would hobble out under their own power.

The kick-off! The thunderous crowd of seventeen Indians would stand on their feet (mainly because there would be no seats) and watch the ball sail end over end down the field. It would bounce off Gazda's face, and be bobbled at least four more times before being kicked out of bounds. Thus would start a struggle such as the football world has never before witnessed, fortunately. The nationwide broadcast would be sponsored by "20 Mule Scheme Thorax" and one of the Crocks would reign as "Cactus Queen."

From a purely unprejudiced viewpoint, it is doubtful if Wooster could stand up to the Tech steam roller. There is not a single member of Worcester's backfield who does not possess an uncanny genius for shaking off his interference and giving opposing tacklers clean shots at him. Of course, they would be unable to capitalize on this ability, since, under the Tech system, interference is conceded to be obsolete. And up front, Tech's forward wall led by its watchcharm guard, little Bobby Davis, can take its place with Duke's "Seven Iron Men" and the famed "Seven Blocks of Granite". Tech's line is called the "Sieve". As for Captain Davis, he was well described by an opposing coach who said, "The kid is amazing. Both offensively and defensively, he spends all afternoon in his own backfield."

Midway in the fourth quarter let us imagine the game's most thrilling moment. Unbelievable, amazing, almost beyond the power of comprehension, yet unmistakably present, a change would appear in the attack of one of the teams. Though almost hidden under a veil of fumbling, missed blocks, and futile tackles, one would be able to make out a faint resemblance between the football that this team would be playing and that played by such teams as Army, Notre Dame, and Southern California. Yes, one of the clubs would be on the march! The crowd would be thrown into a frenzy of excitement! The drive would reach the thirty-yard line, the twenty, the fifteen, the ten—At this psychological moment Coach Stagg, the great, the incomparable, would come to his team's rescue. After conscripting a guard and a tackle from the crowd, he would substitute a complete new team. Then, a nine-yard loss! A fumble! A mighty roar! The ball had changed hands! Yes, by a clever piece of strategy Coach Stagg would have broken up Worcester's dangerous drive. Tech's record of not scoring would be saved.

CIVILIAN CHATTER

By BOB HUBLEY

Greetings, all you happy people! Everyone having a good time? I hope you all agree that the dance is the success that the committee promised it would be. I suppose you'll all have two or three of those free cokes tucked away by the time you read this. I think Elliot had better keep an eye on Paul Mugford—he may try to take advantage of that word "free" and take a case or two of cokes up to Lambda Chi. He told me the other day that the coke salesman doesn't leave enough to quench the thirst of the boys up there. (Only kidding, Paul.)

You second-term freshmen better say good night to the girls early, and start studying. Don't forget that physics exam tomorrow—or is that rubbing it in a little? You can't win anyway, Dr. Masius always gets you, either the first or the second term.

Let's hope we have good weather

for the Round Robin tomorrow night, and that there'll be some ice for skating in the afternoon over at Elm Park.

To turn to another subject, I wonder how many of you have noticed those class jackets that some of the veterans who were members of pre-war classes at Tech are wearing. Now that everything is starting to get back to normal, maybe we can renew the old custom of each class having a jacket with its class numeral embroidered on the breast pocket. The cost would probably run between twelve and fifteen dollars. Each class votes on the color jacket it wants, although buying the jacket is optional. Perhaps in the near future each class can bring up this question and vote on it.

All of the houses will be losing a lot of men at the end of this term.

Not only will most of the Navy men

be leaving, but also a large number of the second-half freshmen will be getting their "Greetings" upon the completion of this term. According to a report from the I.F.C., the class entering in March, which will be about 180 men, will live in Sanford Riley hall, at least for the first term. This will probably mean going back to the peacetime program of delayed rushing. As a result of this, from March until the men in the entering class are pledged, the houses will be operating with a minimum of activities once more.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Bob Geores, now studying at Brown, will attend the formal. Pledged this week was Edward Hedbitch, a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy.

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B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

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