

TECH NEWS

WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

The Road to a Broad Education



(TEK-NEWS FOTO by O'Connor)

This exclusive set of pictures shows the first group of the new co-eds who are invading our hallowed grounds. It seems evident that some of these fair damsels have already formed some rather entangling alliances.

President Reveals Plans To Admit Qualified Co-Eds

By Tek-News Service Correspondent
ED. POWERS

WORCESTER—April 29, 1949 (TNS)—In a special interview today, Admiral Wat Tyler Cluverius, able administrator of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute disclosed that his institution, since 1865 a men's school, will now open its doors and receive with open arms any and all women who are desirous of receiving an engineering education. Admiral Cluverius said that there are as many women who would serve to benefit by such education as there are men. The gentleman also stated in his statement for the press that some improvements and alterations would have to be introduced, but it was his firm hope that "this stately ship of the engineering fleet will not be in drydock too long, but will soon up anchor, and once again head out into deep water, all hands with feet planted firmly on the deck, and with full speed ahead.

Housing

When asked about these improvements, Admiral Cluverius stated that the most exigent improvements were addition of adequate housing units and physical education facilities. As for housing, the Admiral said that co-engines would be temporarily housed in the upper floors of the new Student Union Center, in the Skull Tomb, and on the upper floors of the Chemical Engineering Laboratories. However, he added that the latter situation would prevail only until such time as enough men were enrolled in the Senior divisions of that Department to merit the use of such equipment as may be there at present.

Opinions Vary

After the interview, your roving reporter did some investigating into prevailing opinion on campus. As I see it, it would seem that this innovation adequately fills a deficiency in

the school program evident since its inception in 1865. As one student put it, "Ain't science wonderful!" This profound observation, however, was not subscribed to by others on campus. For instance Benny Hines,



for many years a house detective at Alden Apartments, said that he would not know whether to blow his whistle at people running across the grass or shoot the embryo engineer for chasing a co-engine.

There is also much speculation as to the exact reason for this sudden request for Sliderule Susies. Rumor has it, and so have several other people, that it is an attempt on the part of the administration to seduce better instructors to come here. Others say that it is merely one more nefarious attempt on the part of the Student Wives Association to undermine the very foundations of Tech teachings that men are the master race. The spokesman for this organization, Mrs. Leo J. Dumas, stated that she had several thousand well-chosen words to give to the press, which appear here in slightly deleted form; "I . . . have . . . nothing to . . . say."

Alden Alive As Bobby Byrne Charms Crowd

Stop the music! Is this Alden Memorial Auditorium of Worcester Polytechnic Institute? It is? Well, I have a call here for zzzzzzzz Come in, Hong Kong. Come in, Hong Kong. This is Calcutta! What the hell are you doing on this line? zzzzzzzz

"Damn that radio. It keeps drifting. I told that janitor to keep away from it. Just because he graduated from Worcester Tech, he thinks he knows more about it than Marconi."

zzzzzzzz Alden Auditorium, April 29, 1949. You are there. Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we are coming to you direct from Worcester Tech's beautiful auditorium with the on-the-spot broadcast of the 42nd Annual Junior Prom. The hall is filled with the music of Bobby Byrne and his Orchestra. In front of me about two hundred couples are dancing starry-eyed to their favorite tunes. We have a microphone hidden in the hall which will bring you the conversations of the couples as they dance blissfully by. Over.

" . . . they calculated pi to 707 decimal places. They didn't really want to find such an accurate value for computation purposes. They were just trying to prove that it's a transcendental number. . . ."

" . . . So I asked the Doctor if he thought it was necessary to give an examination on the day after the Formal. He just looked at me with a queer sort of grin and didn't say a word. . . ."

" . . . and then I asked her why she thought it was wrong for me to sleep in a fraternity house over the weekend. She smiled at me and mumbled something about its being time I learned. I wonder what she meant? . . ."

" . . . He's never been the same since he tied himself to the desk in P-3 lecture applying the Right Hand Rule. . . ."

" . . . As soon as the dance ends, I'm going right home and get a good night's sleep. . . ."

You have been listening to gleanings from the conversations at the Tech Junior Prom. The Prom itself marks only the beginning of the Formal Weekend. When the dance ends, the couples will scatter out into

In line with changes on campus wrought by the importation of women, one member of the Mathematics Department stated that there would be no changes in the types of curves studied in the curriculum.

A student, when questioned, said that the coming of women would produce a crying need for beer mugs.

the darkness to various obscure parts of Worcester. Tomorrow morning it will be classes-as-usual for the Tech men while the girls catch up on sleep.

On Saturday afternoon, it's off to the ball game to watch the Tech nine open their season against the Devens squad in a handicap event. Devens will be playing on a strange diamond which has a cinder track in right field and an unusual embankment in left field. Most of the Tech players will be seeing two baseballs, thanks to a nearly sleepless night. The odds for this event have not yet been posted, so, being completely unbiased, you pick the winner.

Next on the social agenda comes the Masque's presentation of *Command Decision*. After two and a half hours of dramatic entertainment, the fraternities on the Hill throw open their doors to all comers for the customary Round Robin. Then it's everyone for himself and zzzzzzzz Come in, Hong Kong. Come in, Hong Kong. Oh, O.K., Calcutta, you'll do.



BOBBY BYRNE

The Masque presents Command Decision

The play the critics raved about "Orchids!"—Winchell
"Five stars!"—*N. Y. Daily News*
"Tops in our book!"—*N. Y. Daily Mirror*
"In our opinion this is rather exceptional theater!"—*N. Y. Times*
"A whamaroo!"—*Variety*
"Real gone!"—*Downbeat*
"Tell you tomorrow!"—TECH NEWS

ALDEN MEMORIAL
SATURDAY, APRIL 30

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FRATERNITY NEWS BITS

By NORM BROWN

Once again we find ourselves caught in the whirl of that all-too-brief interval of Tech life when textbooks are used to patch holes in the floor and bolster loose porch steps, while the termites get their first good meal of T-square and drawing board topped off with slipstick for dessert. The officer of the day has taken precedent over the office of domestic relations in announcing that general quarters will be piped at 8:00 A.M. sharp. After classes, however, all hands can rub the sleep from their eyes and prepare for a busy afternoon schedule, which will feature the Tech nine swinging against Devens. The Masque will highlight the evening's entertainment by presenting their excellent performance of the famous "Command Decision," followed by the traditional round-robin.

All has not been dead here on the Hill in past weeks, however. Alden Memorial still stands as a token of A.E.Pi's very successful New England Regional Conclave which began last Saturday, the 23rd, and is still being felt. Stan Friedman, Sumner Herman, and Hans Picard bore the lion's share of the responsibility for getting the show on the road, and they really deserve a big hand. Danny Levenson tore himself away from shipbuilding to come back and give the Boyntonians a hand. Comedy was abundant during intermission, and those who attend the formal may detect its fragrance still clinging to the walls. A banquet prepared under the auspices of the commissar of the commissary will precede the first strains of Bobby Byrne's boys and officially touch off the formal week-end at A.E.Pi. A lawn party will follow the performance of "Command Decision" Saturday evening. There'll be a swell time for everyone, so c'mon over.

Phi Sig reverberated to melodious harmony on the eve of the 18th as buoyant songsters rendered numerous selections in celebration of the annual P.S.K. Senior Party. (Note: render—to tear apart, decimate, or otherwise mangle beyond recognition.) Some of the boys from neighboring houses dropped in to augment the festivities, but in spite of all that they have succeeded in patching the walls and repairing the fixtures in time for the formal. An enviable answer to the question of whether or not Jack

Reid was lost on his hitch-hike to Florida during spring recess came in the form of one darkie passing through the portals of Phi Sig as Jack returned, just a few days late, sporting a magnificent tan and bursting with exuberant descriptions of the beauty, especially feminine, of God's own country. While all this was happening, Andy Freeland was busy hanging his pin on Wellesley's best. Congratulations, Andy. Lee Grey, M. K. Loo, and Bob Nowell are back for the formal, which will start at Phi Sig with a buffet supper. Those who can outlast Bobby Byrne may continue dancing at the house. A picnic will follow Saturday's baseball game, with a house party in the evening. The doors will be wide open, so drop in and beat up the rug for a while.

The feature attraction at Lambda Chi on the 16th was an Alcatraz party. Everyone wore old clothes and entered the house by convenient windows. After a lively scavenger hunt, everyone was given a fair trial, found guilty of robbery, and duly sentenced. Several participants suspected a frame-up and attempted to insure a fair trial by bribing the judges, but no dice (loaded, of course.) Dancing and refreshments wrote "finis" to a wonderful evening. Friday evening revelers will start the big shindig with a buffet supper under their belts, trusting that Bobby Byrne will enable them to work up a sufficient appetite for a 1:30 snack. A jaunt out to Purgatory Chasm will roll up Saturday afternoon. After the Masque's presentation, the house will be thrown open to everyone. The boys have worked hard and have done a really swell job of decorating the house in marine vogue. Neptune's Den is something out of this world, and you'll be a chump to miss it, so come on over and bring your mother-in-law. Let's have a successful turnout.

A.T.O. merrymakers will start off with a buffet supper and take a quick trip back for refreshments during intermission and also after Bobby is all done for the night. A banquet will get the show on the road Saturday evening. After you're through at Lambda Chi, drop in at A.T.O. (Ditch your mother-in-law, if you can). No details are available, but you may find three rings waiting for

you. At any rate, a grand time is guaranteed.

Roger Anderson was the first one in Sig Ep to feel the dire effects of spring. His pin is missing and so are the stogies. The boys feel that it should be one or the other, not both. A party was held in Paxton on the evening of the 18th. There were two main participants, beer and Sig Eps. Both were drunk to a great extent. A banquet will start the ball rolling Friday evening, with a picnic planned for Saturday afternoon following the ball game. Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Busch, '45, have returned for the occasion.

S.A.E. got together with B.U. on the 23rd to encourage what promises to be an annual event. This is a big step toward a fine goal: better inter-school relationship. The schedule for the weekend includes the annual formal banquet Friday evening, with the doors wide open for the round-robin. The nice, clean welcome mat at Theta Chi is out for Giff Braily and Norm Olson, and we're glad to see them back. A banquet will precede the play Saturday evening, with plenty of punch and dancing for all to wind up a swell social schedule.

Spring has also made itself felt at Theta Kap. Irv Haas and Eleanor Caraher have set the date for June 25. The house library has been redecorated in time for the weekend, and the boys really did a well job.

After graduation . . .

I

Whatever become
Of our favorite son?
You know . . .

The one you could see
Was wearing the key;
The fraternity's choice,
The Faculty's voice,
Who belonged to the societies,
That practiced the proprieties,
Whose greatest delight
Was working at night;
Ahead of the mass,
First in his class.

II

Whatever become
Of the campus bum?
The one who . . .

From freshman to senior,
With a loaded demeanor,
Was filling his glasses,
And cutting his classes;
Who most of the time
One could frequently find,
Augmenting his thinking,
By steadily drinking;
Lost in the mass.
Last of the last.

III

Did you ever hear
Of that company near here?

The one where . . .
Two men were hired,
(Neither have been fired,)
One is the head of it,
One sweeps the floors for it,
The former, I'm told,
Is our lusher of old.
Which leads me to ponder,
That tonight I should wander,
And insure my career,
With a big glass of beer . . .

Michigan Tech Lode

THE IDEAL FORMALITE? MEET RICHARD RINKLE

Richard Rinkle is a typical demoted Freshman. There's nothing outstanding about his appearance that would make you notice him in a crowd of freaks, but everyone at Tech has surely seen or heard of him. It was Richard who, last fall, in order to get from Boynton Hall to the Dorm would walk down to Highland Street to cross West Street so the Sophomores wouldn't have the satisfaction of seeing him cross Earle Bridge. It is eager Richard who sets a bottle of Benzadrine tablets on his desk at the start of each Phys. Ed. lecture. It was Richard who put the chopped-up rubber bands in Dr. Granath's pipe tobacco. It was Richard who asked Prof. Merriam if he had a twin. It was Richard who said, "Yeah, Mr. Masius, I been to da art museum. I think it stinks." And it was Richard who wore a propeller on his Freshman beanie.

Richard has not had many dates since he came to Tech. He did meet something at a Y.M.C.A. dance last November. Had several dates with her and was all set to give her his Tech Bible one night when he noticed the tattoo on her bicep. That same night she confided that she had a Section 8 discharge from the WAVES. Richard was heard to comment to his roommate "Yeah, maybe she was a little older than me, but after all, I wuz makin' out O.K."

This experience left Richard in a state of uncertainty concerning the

feminine (and even the neuter) gender. That is, until he met Ida Kno. Ida is a sweet thing—looks just like her name, and one night not long ago Richard, embarrassed by a lull in the conversation, asked her to the Junior Prom. He has had a bad time ever since—for instance: "Hi, Richard, got a date for the Prom?" "Uuuh, oh, yeah." "Who with?" "Uuuh, Ida Kno." . . . and so forth. But Richard and Ida are here tonight, and if we could pick up occasional bits of their conversation it would probably sound like this:

"Oh, excuse me, Richard. Did I step on your toe?" "Yeah, git off! You got no-toed shoes on?" "Yes dear, why?" "Yer toenails just cut my shoe laces." "I'm sorry, Richard." "Ah, shaddup and let's dance."

"Nice music, isn't it, Richard?" "Yeah. Once before I seen Bobby Byrne, he's hot."

"You know, Richard, this hall has a beautiful floor. It's Mongolian Ironwood, isn't it?" "Hell no, it's Philippine Teak." "Why?" "Ah, shaddup and let's dance."

"Is the dance all over, Richard?" "Yeah, want me to get your wind-breaker?" "Yes, Richard, please bring me my wrap." . . . "Here, catch! Let's go." . . . "Some night for a walk, ain't it, Ida?" "Mmmm, yes, Richard. Some night!" "Some stars in the sky!" "Mmmm, some stars." "Some dew on the grass." "Some don't!!!"

FOOTNOTES BY PHIL

By PHIL STANIER

Before . . .

Smith — Ooohhh, those big big gushing rushing men, those lovely tall wide deep voluminous—and there is millions of 'em. I know. I'll be at Kendell's house with that simply beautiful football player and then that crazy—but he seemed so nice to me the last houseparty—piano player. Yummy. But then there is Kendell, poor Kendell—well he can supply me with cigarettes and drinks, poor poor Kendell, so young. And wait til I dance with that strong simply brutal football player. In his arms, just melting. Then I've got to see that handsome little boy who was so hilariously drunk—but cute, believe me, and he needs a mother, and I might reform him. But poor Kendell, he's so sweet. . . .

Becker Jr.—If that punk gets fresh with me, I'll kick his stinking body off Bancroft Hill, I swear.

After . . .

" . . . And then he came to again, and we went off to the most divine party. Some kind of thing called Fishhouse Punch. But poor Jim. He had the most dreadful headache, poor boy, so he couldn't drink, but he was very nice about it and said I should go ahead. The funniest thing happened, too. There was some boy there who went around telling everybody's date that she looked tremendous and when he said it to me, Jim laughed. But I didn't understand it

so guess it must have been a fraternity secret or something. But you should have seen the party that night. I never realized that they were such wonderful things. They had a dance, and Jim felt much better, and I felt so good I hardly knew what to do. But I'm afraid I did say something wrong to the chaperone. Jim, the perfect gentleman, said it didn't matter at that point. I wonder what he meant by at that point. I had such a scrumptious time I can hardly remember most of it. Gosh, it was fun, Mabel—you just should have been there—Mabel. . . ."

Afterthought:

Fiji—Is your girl spoiled?

Phi Sig.—No, that's the perfume she's wearing.

NON-FRATERNITY

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Cocker
Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Ataman
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon G. Duncan
Dick Atwood,
Virginia Van De Workeen
Bill Linder, Sally Stevenson
James C. Dean, Ellen Flaherty
Richard N. Carlson, Edna McCann
Bill Lloyd, Connie Fischer
Sam Torrey, Betty Trask

MURPHY'S MARIHUANA MANUAL

Handy Hints on Horses, Moon and Hobbies

Advertisement

Would you like to parley a deuce into a fistfull of foldin' funds or a cache of clinking coins? With my assistant, Chief Sittin' Pretty With Four Aces, and with the aid of a K&E and a Burrington, we have picked the napping nags at one of the better known plug parks that will net a few grand. Or, if you don't partake of that type of hobby, my other assistant, Clickin' Cubes Charlie, has sent a special delivery, air mail letter from his permanent address in San Francisco bay, with a list of gallopin' domino's and paying pastecards; money makers that he has used for years and which has elevated him to the position he now holds. Unfortunately, ol' Charlie couldn't be with us personally, because it seems that the boat only goes out to the island once every twenty years to exchange passengers.

SURE SELECTIONS AT SUFFERIN' SOUNDS

By CHIEF SITTIN' PRETTY WITH FOUR ACES (HEAP HEP HINDU!)

- 1st Race
Girlfriend—To run through the money.
- 2nd Race
Mudturtle—To win by a hare.
- 3rd Race
Lovin' Time—Due to run out.
- 4th Race
Itchy—Scratched last time and will show on the nose.
- 5th Race
Notary Sojac—We don't know what it means either.
- 6th Race
Hanging Slip—Due to show.
- 7th Race
Citation—Don't waste your money!
- 8th Race
Lover—To win by a neck.

PERTINENT POOP FOR PONY PARTISANS (Racing Dates)

- Sufferin' Sounds—April 20 to June 7
- Hellbent—May 6 to June 11
- Ballentine—June 8 to July 9
- Jamoca—April 1 to May 5
- Rockin' Sam—Aug. 15 to Sept. 3

The Highlander

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CLASSY CHANCES TO COLLECT BY CLICKING CUBES CHARLIE

Can't Seven Dice

Mystify (?) your friends (?) with a set of dice that cannot throw craps or sevens. A sure way to be the life of the party. Hah! Note: For amusement purposes only.

High Percentage Dice

For those of you who play with suckers, I have perfected a dice that should meet every requirement. These dice are loaded very heavy and shaped extra strong so naturally will not caliper or stand close inspection. Cannot be responsible for consequences if you throw against a sharp. Note: For amusement purposes only.

Ring Shiner

This Shiner is used when dealing the cards. Cards can be dealt in a natural way and you can tell every card that is dealt by means of a mirror attached to the underside of the ring. Also good for those students who use crib sheets. Note: For amusement purposes only, or if you went to the Boynton the night before that P4 exam.

Mechanical Decks

I have a special deck of cards to be used when you are playing with some real hayseeds. They have been marked so that they can be read up to twenty feet away.

I also have a deck of cards that is marked so that only an expert with good eyesight can read them (with a key sheet you can buy from me at the nominal fee of a sawbuck). Don't use in a dark room or you will have had it. Believe me, I know from experience! (personal remark from ol' Charlie himself.)

Note: The opinions of Charlie are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors, but just between you and us, he's got something!

BREWSTER'S BREW

For a BIGGER and BETTER BINGE

Try Munchum's Marihuanas

FOR MERRY MINUTES

Writer Visions Future With Gal Athletes

By DREAMER O'NAILS

The simultaneous advent of baseball season, spring weather, and coeds at Worcester Poly is having, in my opinion, a disastrous effect upon Tech's dwindling chances for a successful baseball season.

As I wandered about the Athletic Field a day or so ago, I was truly shocked to see Rick Ferrari, one of the few men remaining on the team since the female element in the school asserted its athletic powers, miff an easy fly to center field. This sort of thing is rare, indeed, but apparently the pink and blue spheres, softly scented with perfume, which have replaced the dirty old baseballs were too confusing for Rick.

Jeanie Beanball, a new candidate for the pitching staff, was astride the mound. She confused and distracted the few remaining sluggers on the squad with a variety of slow balls, winks and smiles. Some of the more expert baseball enthusiasts on the campus say she really has something on the ball, but in my opinion the boys just haven't got used to the new pink bats with the blue ribbons on them. Or perhaps they are still fascinated by the fact that the pitcher stops to powder her nose and comb her hair after every other pitch. At any rate, very few ever get to base during practice. The few that do, generally get caught off first base. Seems as though everybody is anxious to leave the presence of Matilda, the new first basewoman. Perhaps when they look down to second base and see beautiful, petite "Second-Sack" Sally, dressed in white shorts and a Tech sweatshirt, their minds wander from the thoughts of baseball and they just naturally leave the old bag and start wandering down the second baseline. Those very few that ever reach second can't seem to make up their mind whether or not they want to be charmed by Sally's radiant personality or wander down to chat with the new, vivacious, brown-eyed third basewoman, "Hot-Corner" Helen.

Well, maybe things won't work out too bad. If the new team effects the Tech men that way, how will they effect teams like Becker and Clark? You must remember, these poor boys never see any beautiful women or have fair damsels chasing after them like the boys from Tech do.

Editor's Note No. 2: The above story is only to fill up space, and is merely the result of too much benz-drine and too many reebers by the author.

NOTICE

The address of the Worcester Women's Exchange is 2 State Street. Phone 5-6494. We carry a full stock of all sizes and shapes. We can also help you with repairs and accessories.

For the Straight Dope in Sports, Tune in on Swill Beeny nightly, 3:00 to 6:00 A.M.

Tech 7-10 Choice Over Devens Nine

Gals To Beat Bushes For AA Department

The Athletic Department of Worcester Polytechnic Institute released to the local press this week the news of their acquisition of a unique scouting system. W.P.I., in an earnest attempt to place its athletic teams on a par with the competing engineering colleges, Georgia Tech, and California Tech, is in the process of developing a scouting chain comparable to the huge New York Yankee Empire. Although the complete details of the new farm system have not as yet been disclosed, Professor Percy R. Carpenter, in a private interview with this correspondent, revealed the details of the elaborate scouting plan devised.

According to Athletic Director Carpenter, the scouting unit will consist of a three battalion system. The nature of these three battalions is the factor which makes this plan so unique and insures its success. The Athletic Department, after not an inconsiderable amount of haggling over working hours, working conditions and other small details, has signed all of the female students at Becker Junior College, Clark University, and Worcester State Teachers College to act individually and collectively to secure baseball prospects for W.P.I. Although it is rumored that one of the more ingenious Becker students devised this plan, Professor Carpenter vehemently states that this is a malicious falsehood. He modestly admits that the plan is his own personal brainchild.

These baseball Mati Haris will be broken into groups according to the school they attend. Each group will be supervised by a member of the W.P.I. coaching staff with Coach Frank Grant lending water-logged advice to the Clark Belles, Coach Frank Sannella keeping the State Teachers forces in shape, and Coach Bob Pritchard handling the Becker Battalion. Professor Carpenter stated that Pritchard received this appointment because undoubtedly a big man is needed for the job. Pritchard, em-massing bulk and charm, should be a natural.

At the helm of this impressive system will be Professor Carpenter himself. He will be flanked in his home office by a squadron of typists, file clerks, etc., all needed to handle the huge volume of reports expected from the scouts.

Professor Carpenter feels that this plan cannot fail, for it pits merely the athletic prowess of the prospects against the limitless persuasive abilities of the scouts. Professor Carpenter feels that young women should be far superior to any other persons as scouts because they will have a genuine interest in the gentleman being scouted.

Any fish ensnared in this scouting

Editor's Note: (Any similarity between the following story and the above headline is purely accidental, believe me.)

TIME: Saturday April 30, Just before the Devens game.

SCENE: Locker room of Alumni Gym. The coach, a middle aged gent in a dapper baseball uniform, stands in the center of the room. Around him are gathered twenty perfect specimens of red blooded American youth, the WPI baseball team. A delicate odor of burning incense drifts about the room.

Coach. (Bronx accent) Shaddap a minute, youse mugs. Dis is yer foist game an' I wanna remind ya of a few tings. George, watch yer trows to foist. Doc says he won't pay fer no more winders on Park Ave.

George. (asleep) zzzzz.

Coach. (angrily) May, watch da game. Ferget da dolls in da bleachers.

May. (combing his hair carefully) Aw, nertz.

Coach. (thoughtfully) Schmucki, if ya tink a guy's gonna steal, stand on da baseline. If da guy has ta run around youse, even Bob Carlson can trow him out.

Schmucki. (eagerly) You want I should stand frontwards or sideways?

Coach. Hmm. . . Sideways I guess. (patiently) Stewart, if dey hit a ball up da hill, ya gotta go up an' get it. Don't just wait at da bottom fer it ta roll down ta ya.

Stewart. (honing his spikes) Burrp.

Coach. (patiently) Bill Carlson, don't duck if their pitcher trows a duster at ya. If ya don't get hit on da squash ya'll never get on base.

Carlson. (playing with a yo yo) But coach, I still hear noises in my head from last year.

Bradlaw. (with an air of dignity) I beg your pardon, sir, but Professor Longwell stated that the impact of ball and bat should occur at the center of percussion of the bat. Could you please tell me where the center of percussion is?

Coach. (exasperatedly) If it ain't in da bag wit da rest of da equipment, we ain't got one. Maybe ya kin borrow one from da other team. Any more questions?

O'Regan. Coach????

Coach. Second door to yer left. (shouts) O.K., let's go. (quietly) Manager, loosen da strings on Shattuck's straight jacket, he's startin' today.

seine will immediately be turned over to Coach Charlie McNulty and the rest of his crew. From there the wheels of the P.I. athletic department will turn out finished athletes.

As a closing comment, Professor Carpenter said that he has an unofficial report that the first assignment for Battalion B (for Becker) will be to look over all of the current Tech students to see if any potential athletes may have slipped through the fingers of the present athletic system. Professor Carpenter says that he feels sure the girls are hard at work on this assignment even now.



Reservation List

Work Plan Jr.--'50



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We Like 'Em Dumb

'Tis said a blind Divinity
Must guide us through our days;
But reeling, too, I think, was He
When girdles, bras and stays
Became accustomed form at this
Most technical of Techs.
Oh! Monstrous metamorphosis
Of that once fairer sex!

Now, women in the domicile
Engaged are very fine,
And socially they're quite the style
For one to wine and dine.
Of fonder value still, they are—
Or so I'm led to hope—
But what that is, I fear, lies far
Beyond this poem's scope.

The pith of all this patter is
That women have a place,
As scholars do; the matter is,
Each fits a separate space.
They are the twain that ne'er shall
meet;

They can't be reconciled;
Yet women will attempt the feat,
And men will be beguiled.

Oh, woman, fashioned from the rib
Of man, remember this:
Though you're accepted as a sib,
The cranium is his,

Though you declaim in chorus on
The term "equality",
Though you be Mary Morison,
You'll ne'er a Maxwell be.

So keep your mind from studies free,
And in a thousand ways
We'll love you to eternity;
Through Summer's sultry days,
O, Chiefest of our chief delights,
We'll love your gracious form;
We'll love you through the wintry
nights
(What better way keep warm?);

Though ignorance show through your
charms,
We'll love you, right or wrong;
We'll welcome you with open arms,
When mixed with wine and song.
Be but yourself, and you will find
You're loved for what you are,
But try to cultivate your mind
And you'll be shunned afar.

Pursue the livelihood of nurse,
Of mistress, or of wife,
Or what you will; don't be preverse—
Renounce the student's life;
Leave sciences to such as we;
Go where your nature calls.
Misguided Femininity,
Depart these hallow'd halls.