

7
4



'45 TAKES FIELD DAY

Football Tie Clinches Day For Sophomores; Frosh Take Tug-of-War and Glove Fight

Field Day weekend this year started off with a bang—as 2,000 pounds of scrap began to pile up behind the dorms. Institute and Agenda authorities literally put '46 in the scrap as they sent the Freshmen out on their errands for Field Day Eve. As Lester A. Ackerman, president of the Agenda, said when he published the order requiring every Freshman to deliver 15 pounds of metal before proceeding on his errand, "We are taking advantage of our superiority over the Freshman to help out the national war effort." The picture on the right witnesses the success of their mission.

During the absence of the Freshmen from their rooms in the dorms, '45 with traditional gusto went to work stacking. Such a complete and thorough job was

done that it is debatable who did the most work during the course of the evening: the Freshmen who had to do such sundry things as stand on the corner of Tremont St. with shoe box and solicit free shines until three in the morning, or the Sophs, who went into the furniture moving business while they were away.

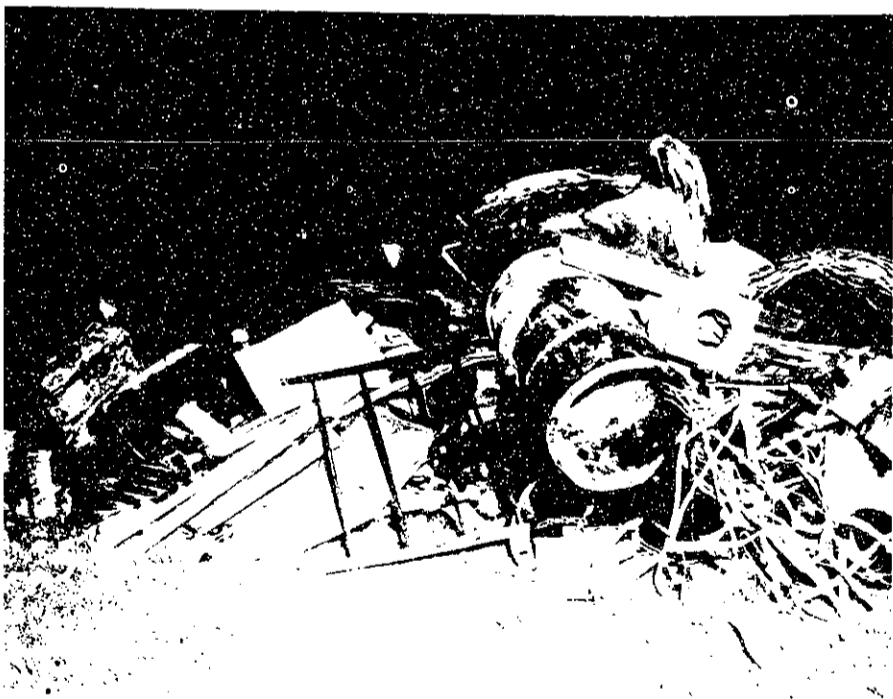
Without doubt the Freshmen must have been the most tired, for the next day '45 walked off the field against the numerical superiority of the underclassmen with a complete win of 11-8 points. In the first event of the afternoon the Soph basketball team defeated the Frosh 25-23. However, it must be admitted that the Freshman Marakas-coached team got off to the best start, for at the end of the first half they led their opponents by a score of 14-9.

The second event, swimming, was chalked up as another win, as the record-making Soph medley team stroked in. The tug-of-war, first of only two Soph

losses, and glove fight, came when the Freshman tuggers pulled their opponents over just in time for the glove fight. The footballers tied; the Frosh got the glove fight with only a six glove margin. Perhaps if Ackerman had stayed in bed the night before this would not have happened, and '45 would have won this event too.

Well, what does all this point to? The class of '46, the largest ever to enter the Institute, surely in no way physically inferior to their less plentiful Sophomore fellows, certainly as mentally active, being taken as completely and thoroughly over the coals as they were on Oct. 30.

The answer, it would appear, is that '46 lacked the spirit for the job. This was not the fault of the men who comprised the class; they came from the same schools and places as did the class of '45, but were treated with so much soft soap and charis that class spirit and unity were completely undeveloped.



Fearful of having to bail hundreds of freshmen out of the local county jails, Agenda (see upper right) ran a board to pass on all errands. Bill Katz, after informing his freshman of his errand, takes him to the board for approval. In keeping with the spirit of the times, several freshmen managed to bring in a sizable collection of scrap. It is hoped that the bedsprings visible above did not come from some sophomore's room.

Always on the lookout for something novel, the boys from Agenda, itching to blow off a little steam after an evening of checking errands, decided that the ceiling was too much of an interference, and stacked one freshman room out under the stars. Here they relax in process.





size errand, in the opinion of the Vu photographer, was that of the freshman who was



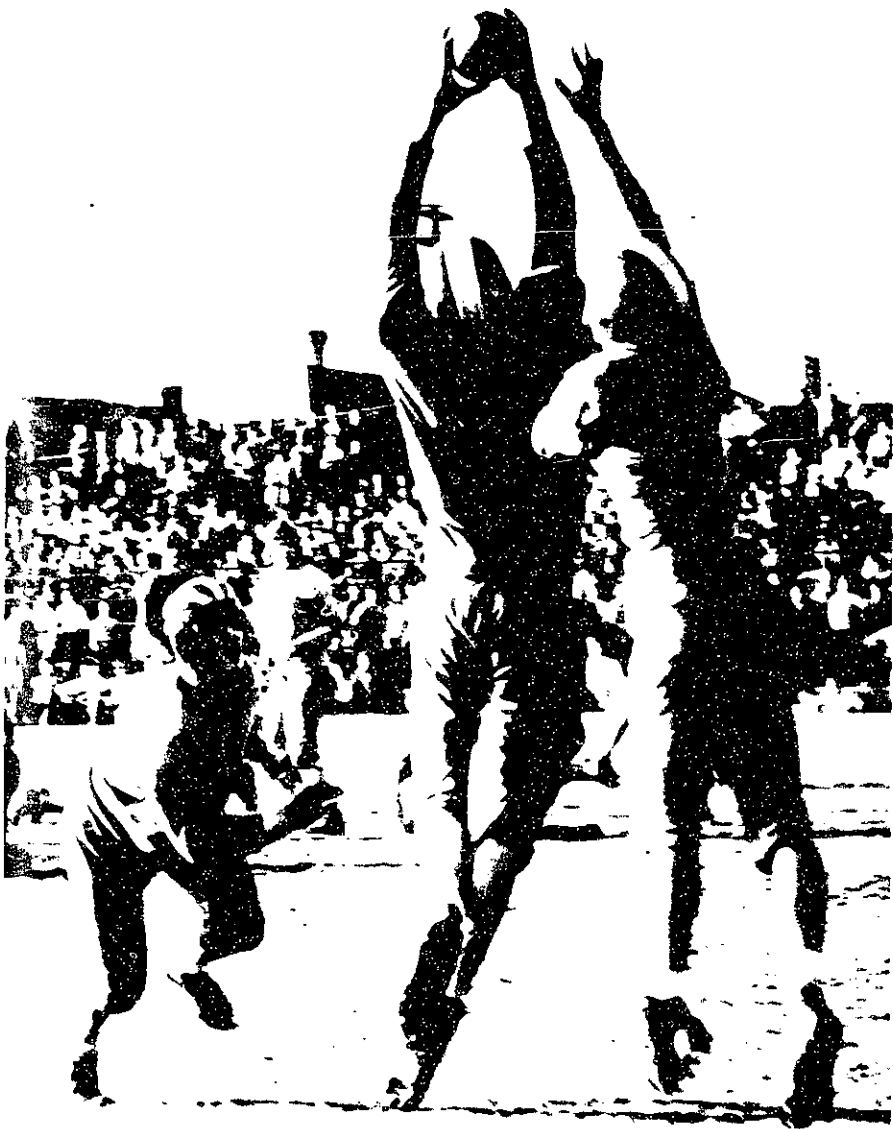
required to get kissed by (a) a Tech co-ed, (b) a Radcliffe girl, and (c) a queen of Boston's not-too-



legitimate stage. The enterprising freshman, shown above in various stages, is a budding Entertainment Engineer.

Not the least among the reasons behind the sadistic effort of sophomore class in the dormitories to harrass the luckless freshman prior to Field Day, we feel, is the hope that the frosh may get themselves so enervated by their exploits of the night before that they are unable to put their whole soul into beating forty-five. This brings you both sides of the activities.

The sophomore reaches high to keep that pass away from the grasping fingers of nearby freshmen. The tie in the football game clinched the sophomore victory.



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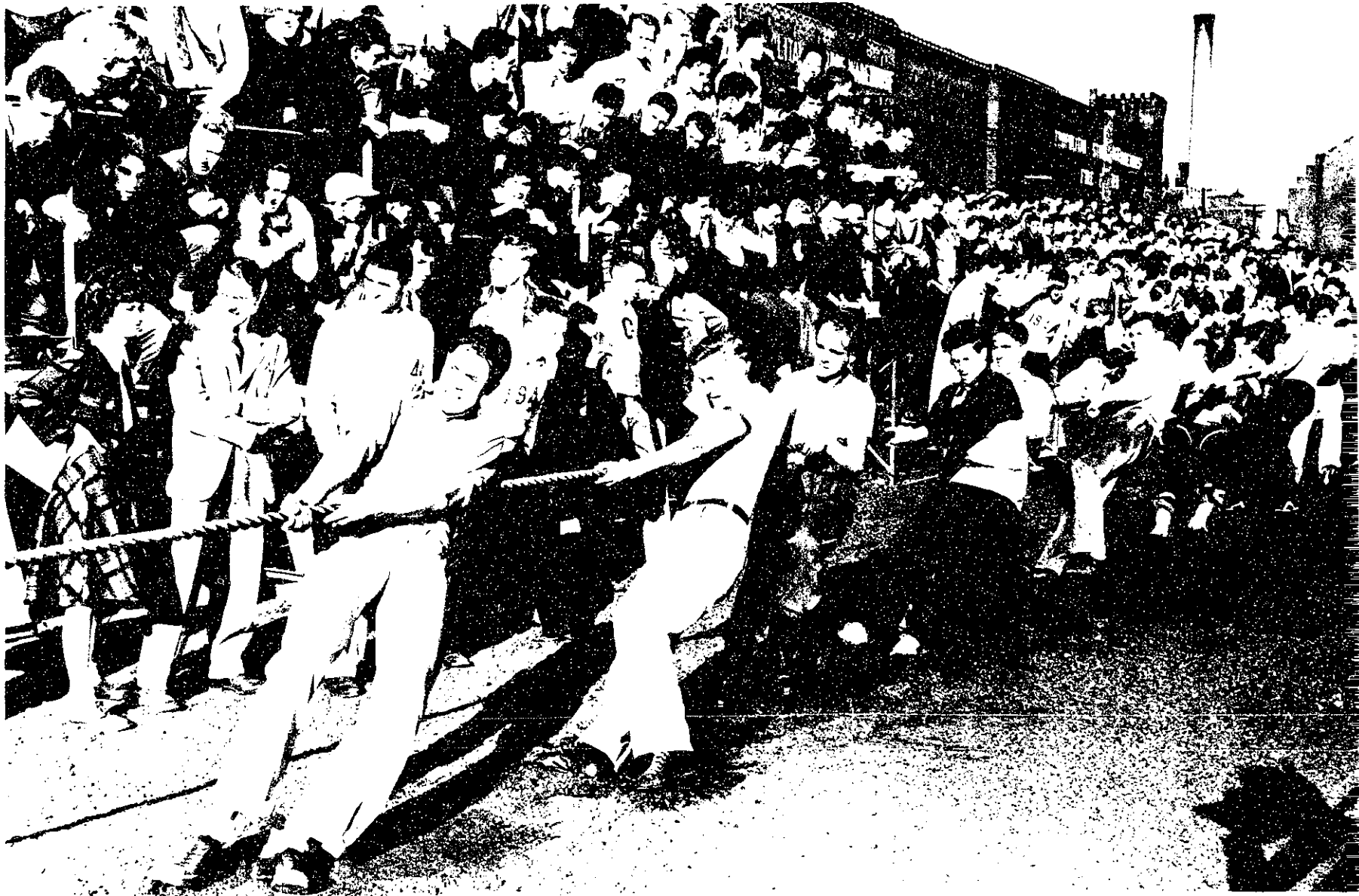
ARTHUR MIKELS
FLORIST

"The Finest in Flowers"

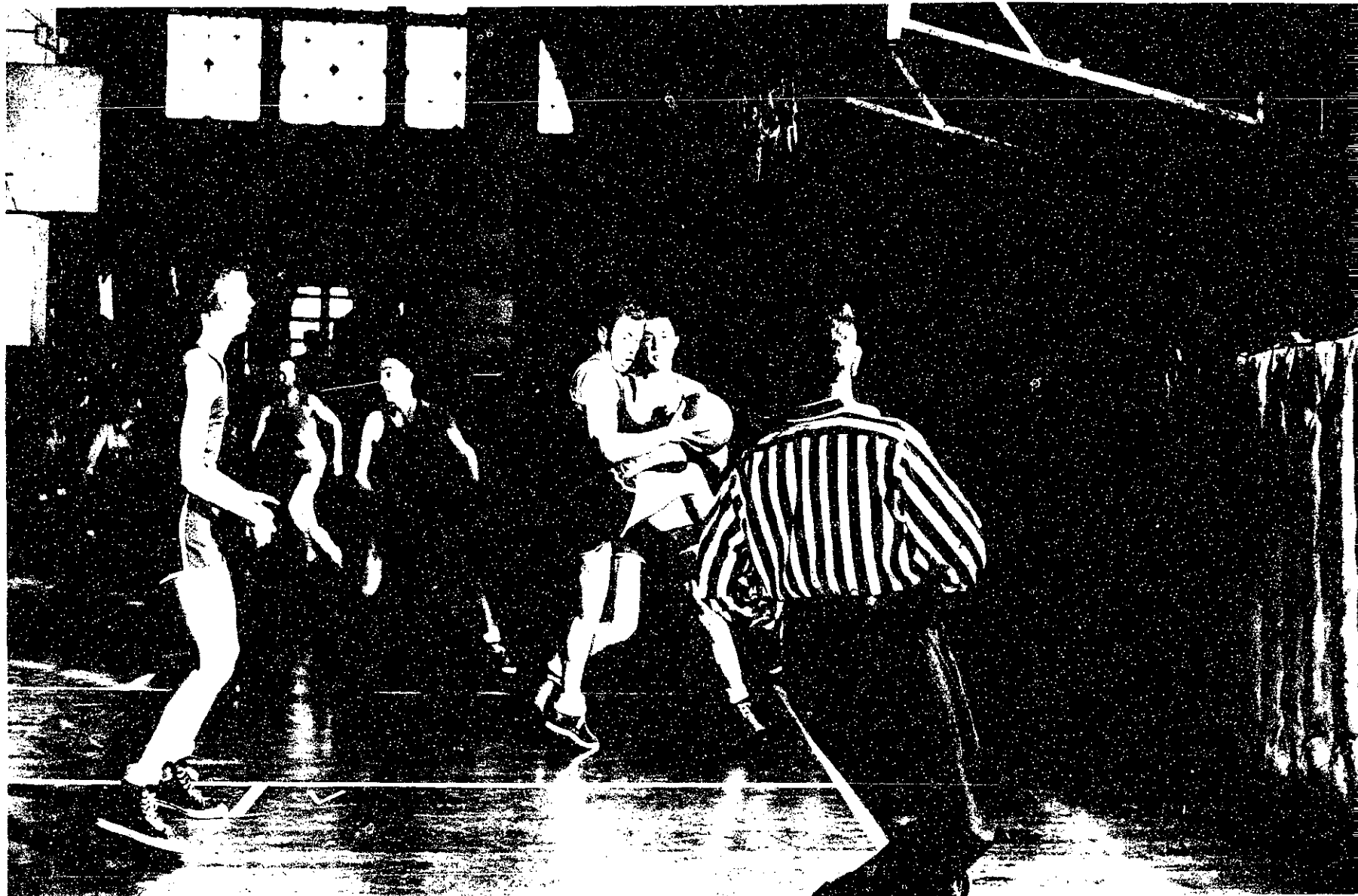
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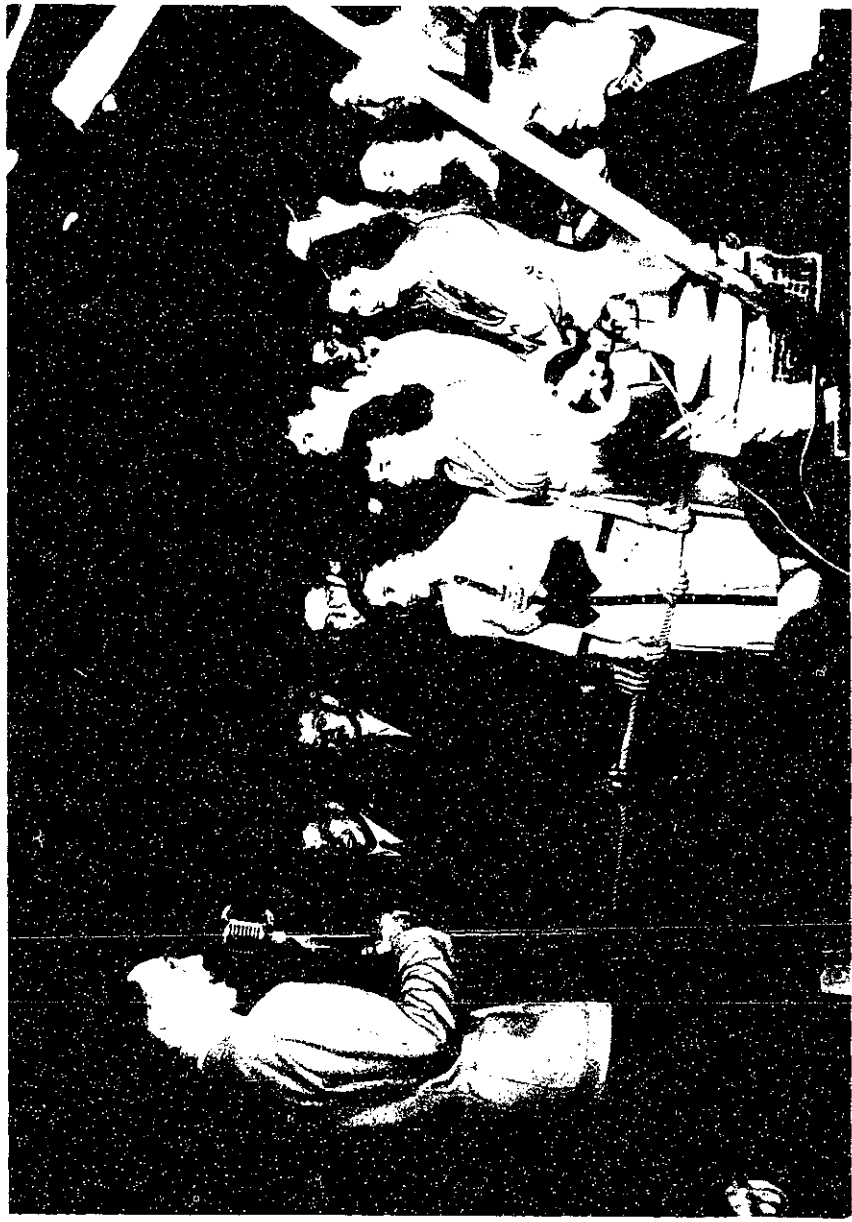
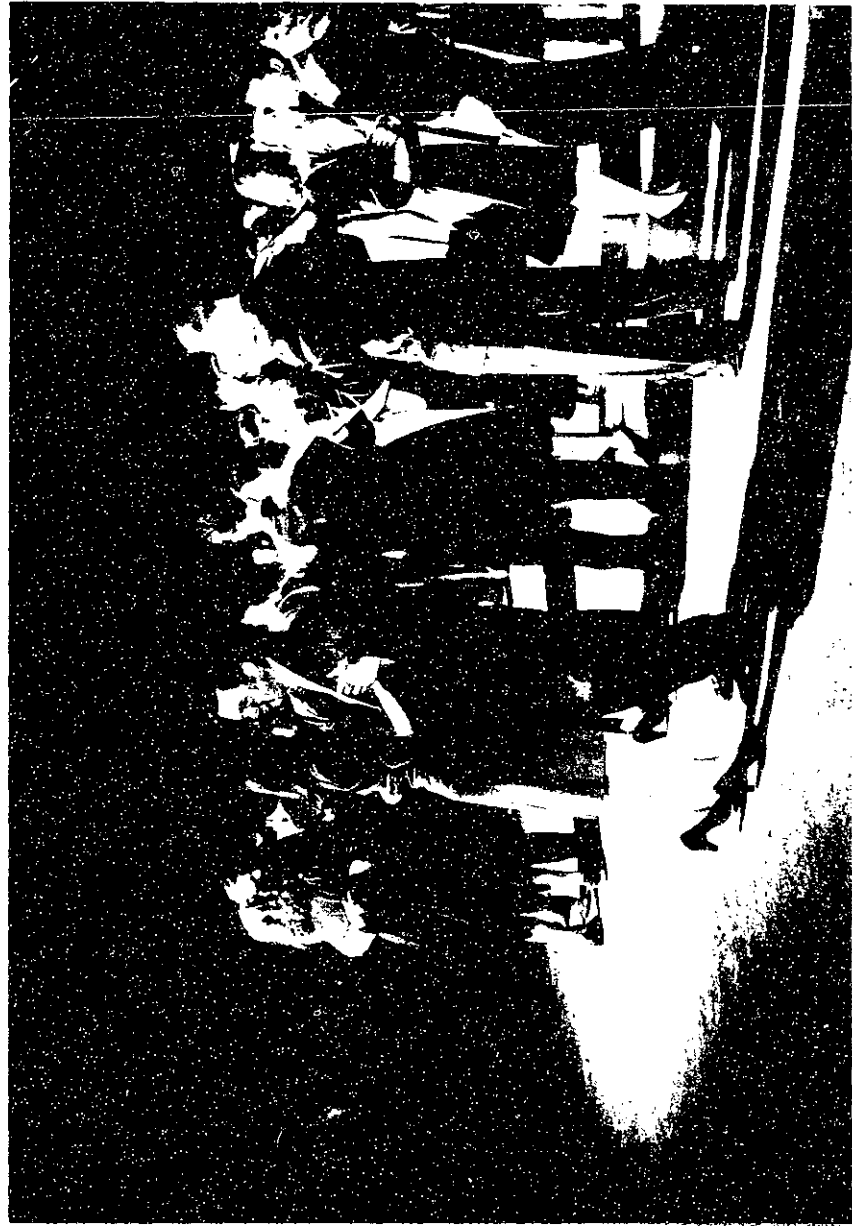
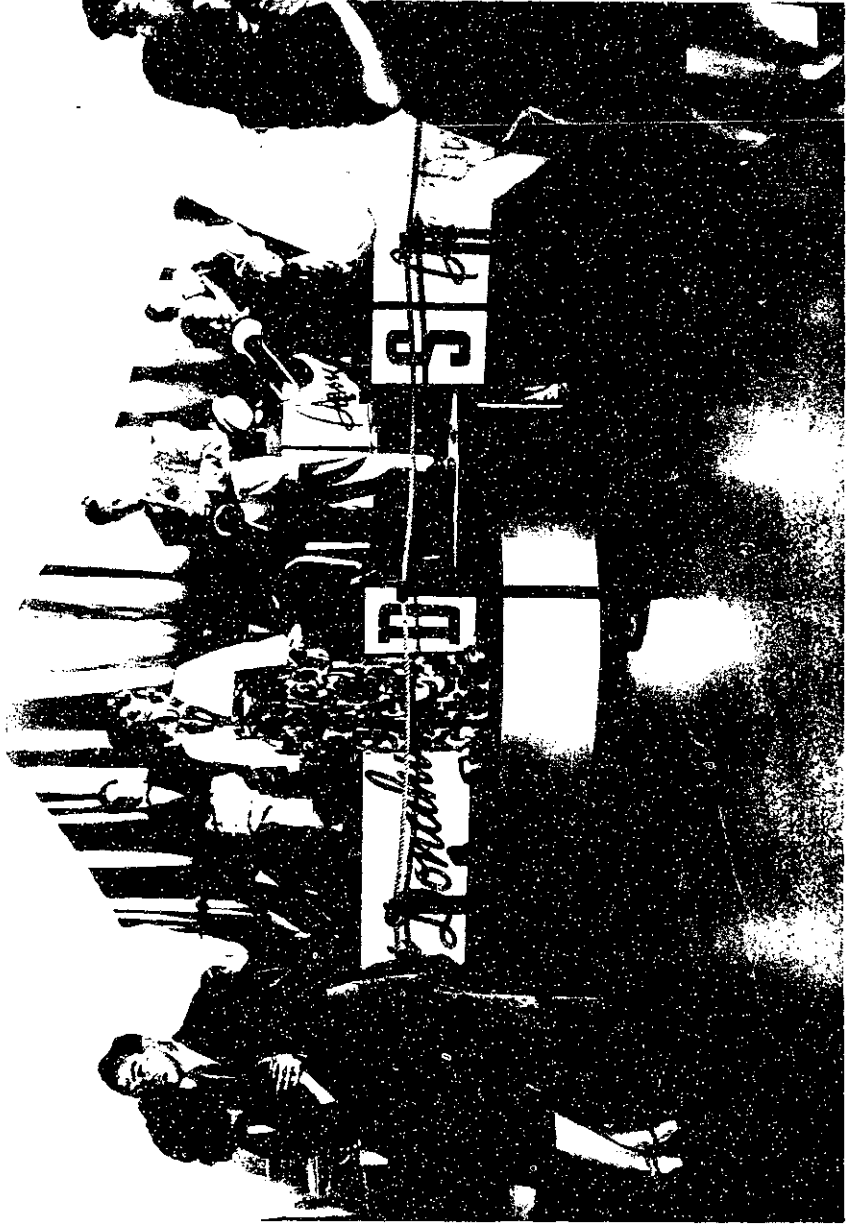
CIR 8325



Cheering stands of sophomores overflow as the freshman tug-of-war team is pulled off its feet in the second pull of the event.



The Speed-light catches a tense moment in the Field Day basketball game. Sophs eked out a Merriwell victory.



Sam Donahue and his orchestra took over the stand in Walker Memorial for the Annual Field Day Dance. Tickets for the dance were sold out days in advance, a phenomenon new to Tech but to be repeated soon after by the Junior Prom. Here the Speed-light catches two views of the dance.

Earlier in the year, the Dormitory "freshman acquaintance dance", like the Voo Doo smoker, brought out many from other classes than 1946. Litchfield Lounge, beret of the Institute Committee, proved to be a pleasant and habitable place for between-set relaxation.



The finest museum of paper, paper-making, and early printing methods in the United States is located on the third floor of Building 5. The case in the left foreground contains early Chinese printing blocks collected by Hunter.



Vu visits

DARD HUNTER

Dard Hunter reached across a desk crowded with a pile of galley proofs of his latest book and several old books in unusual bindings. He extricated a battered Chinese dictionary from the bottom of a pile and continued: "Now, in this volume you can see how the Chinese were forced to alter their brush-made characters so that they could be adapted to printing with type." And again the interview was momentarily forgotten as Dard Hunter went on to describe another phase of a

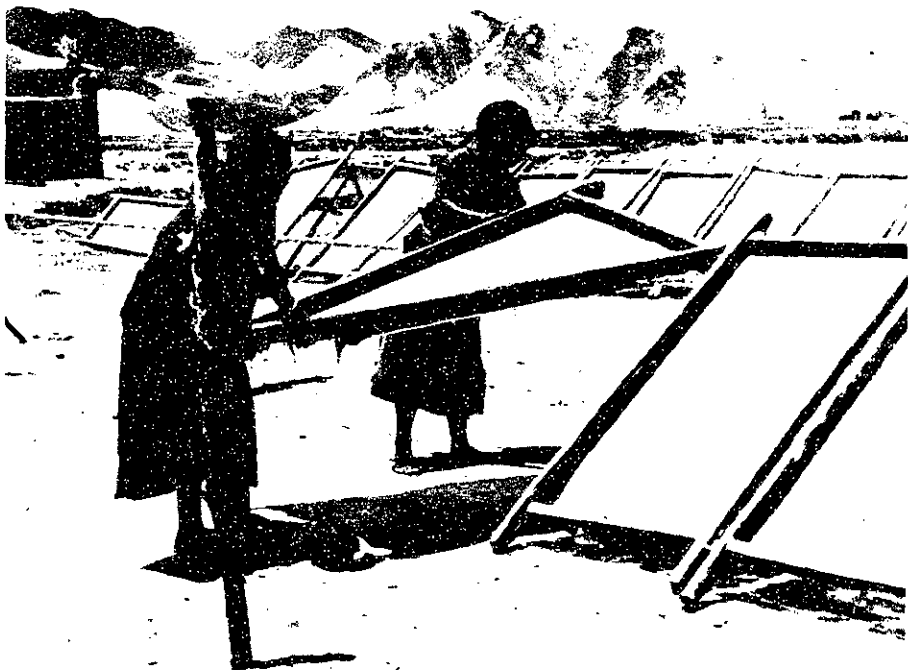
subject to which he has devoted a lifetime of study.

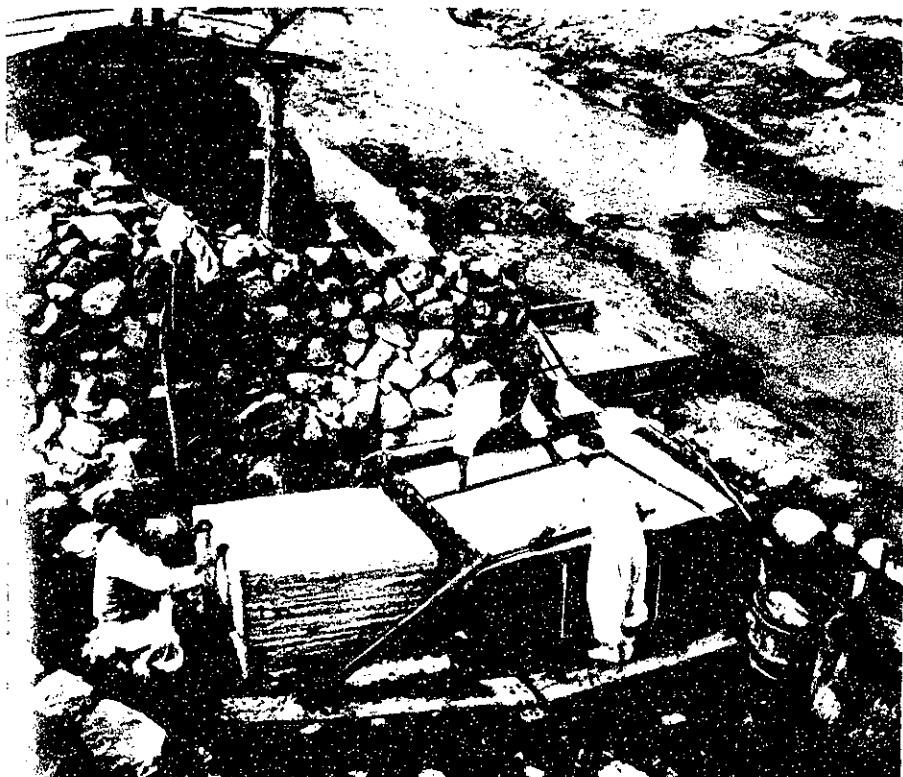
Mr. Hunter is a member of a family which has made paper-making and printing its business for six generations, and thus it is no surprise that he began work in this art under the guidance of his father and is still working in the same field.

At the turn of the century he went out on his own to collect information on printing and paper-making among all civilizations. Since then he has traveled far: to many countries in Europe; to China,

The methods used by these Tibetan paper-makers have not changed in a thousand years. The women shown here are sun-drying large sheets of this paper, used in paying taxes to the Lama.

Paper made in Kashmir, India, on sieves of this type, is of high quality. It is used for the manuscripts in the Kashmiri and Persian languages. This mill makes sheets about 36 inches square of linen and cotton rags.





The community of Ompei, in Korea, like many others in the Orient, makes its entire living from paper-making. The sheets here are compressed into slabs and used in making houses. In Korea, thin layers are also used in windows in place of glass.



Siamese handmade paper is usually stained black and written upon with yellow pigment. This particular paper is used in making Buddhistic books. The temperature the day the picture was made, Mr. Hunter reports, was 122 degrees.

China, Japan, Thailand, and India, in the Orient; to Tahiti, Tonga, and Samoa, in the Polynesians; and to many another of-the-way corner. Although his main interest was to gather material for publication, he found himself with the makings of a museum on his hands when he began to bring back specimens, photographs, and drawings. In 1939, at Dr. Compton's request, he brought his collection to Tech, to its place on the third floor of Building 5.

Ensnconced in his office at the rear of the museum, Mr. Hunter told *VU's* reporter that of his sixteen published works, seven have been made entirely by him, from the mixing of the ink and the binding of the pulp through the casting of the type and the final printing on his own presses. He owns a mill at Lime Rock, Connecticut, where he produced these works.

The photographs on these pages show some of the methods which were observed by Dard Hunter in his travels throughout the Orient. Center and place of origin of the paper-making in-

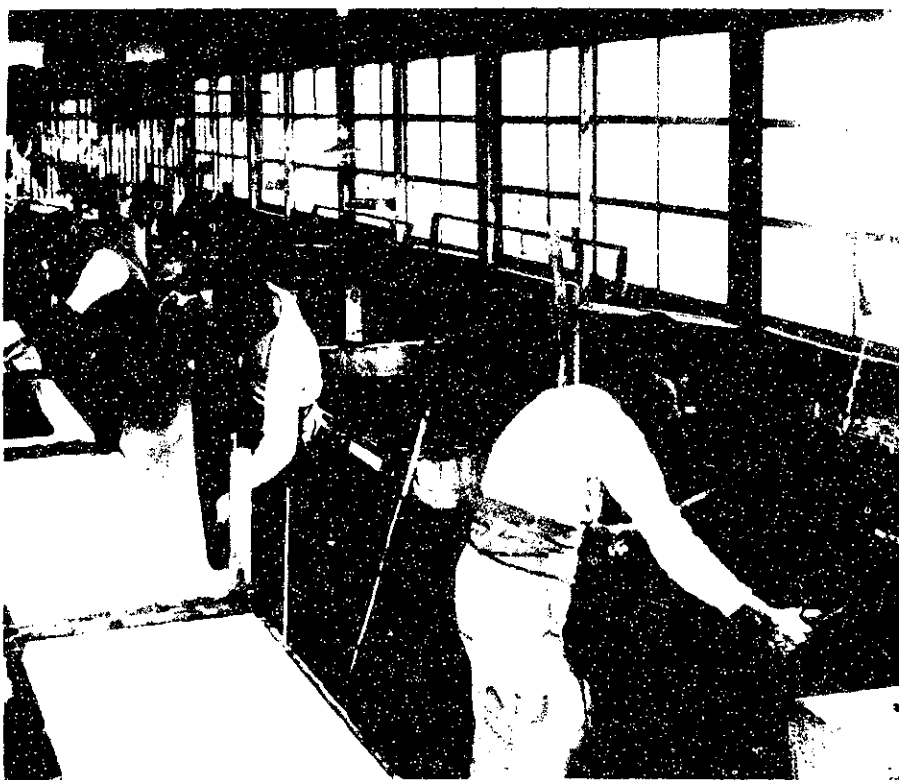
dustry in the East is China. Before the war, there were an estimated 127,000 workers in one province alone engaged in hand manufacture of paper. Only in Japan has there been appreciable progress in large-scale production of paper, and here still a great deal of it is made by hand labor. Large quantities of strong bark papers have been imported from Japan by the United States for industrial use.

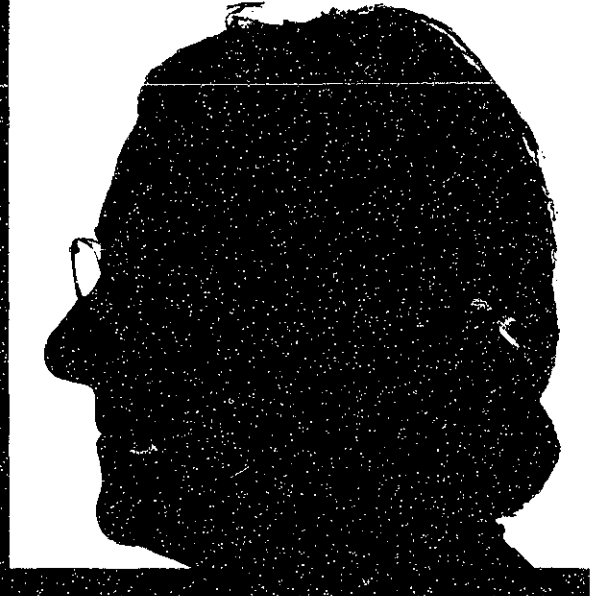
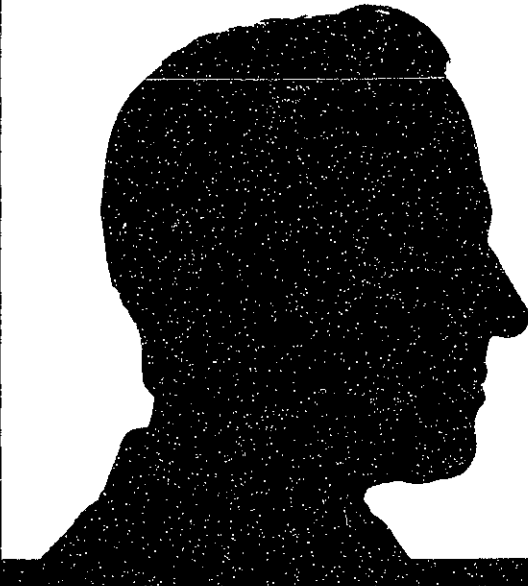
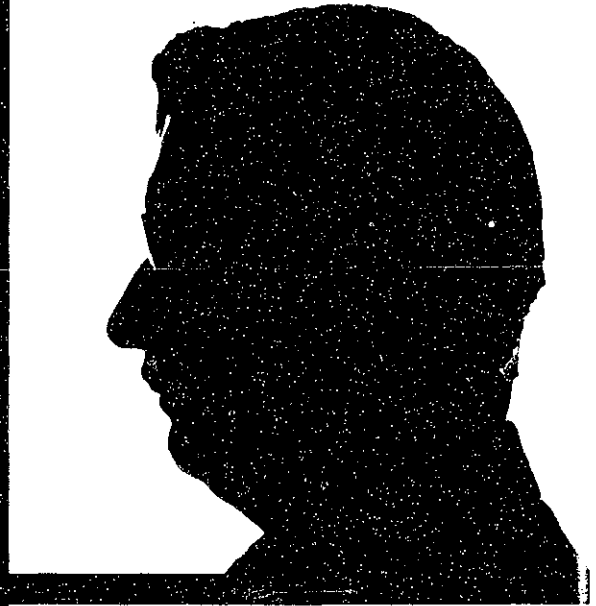
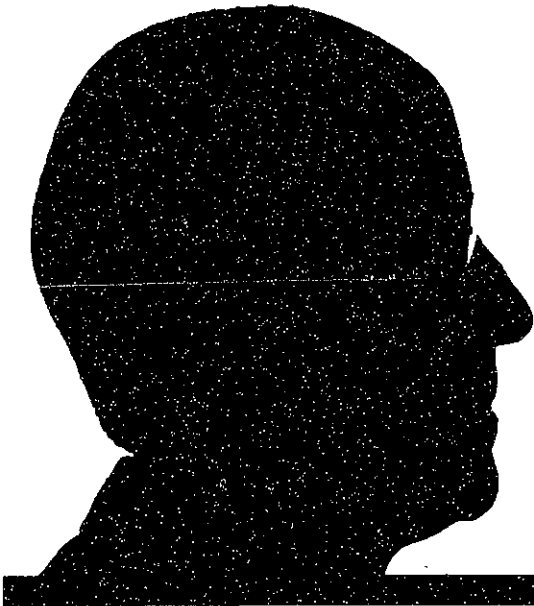
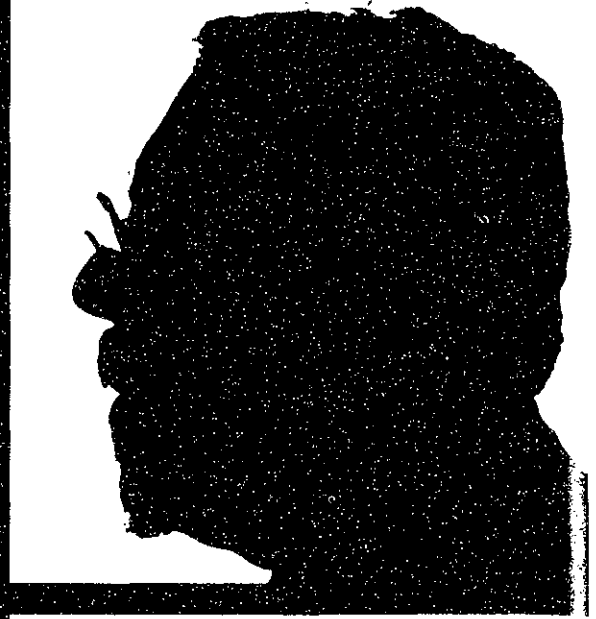
The principle of paper-manufacture is the same everywhere: that of forming macerated vegetable fibers into sheets of paper, usually on a screen. The methods and equipment used, vary from place to place.

Dard Hunter's museum, pictured at the top of the previous page, is open to everyone. For an interesting and informative afternoon, *VU* commends to you Dard Hunter and his museum. He has brought to Technology the finest collection of hand paper-making equipment and products and early printing methods, in the country.

Paper was invented in China in the first century A.D. It is one of the great industries of the country today. Outdoor drying of the sheets of paper is still practiced, as shown.

Japan has made some progress in large scale production of handmade paper. There are about 1,300 individual mills in Japan, employing over 75 thousand workers. This one is in Gifu.

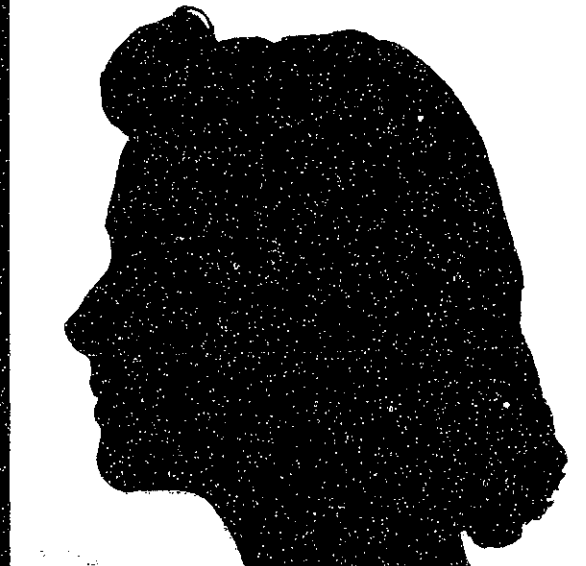




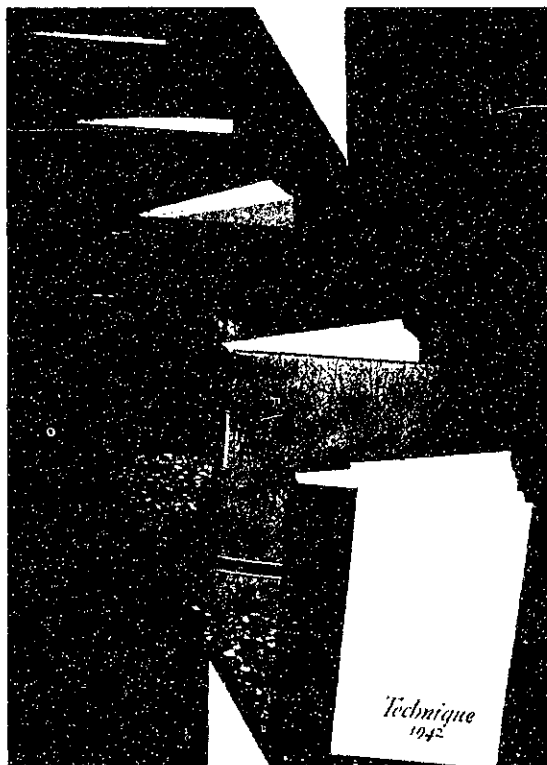
Vu'S WHO

On this page *Vu* presents the Guess Who's Who or some of the people who make Tech tick. Your photographer, armed with a Brownie, a white sheet, and lots of nerve, meandered around the Institute and used thirty-three valuable man-hours in encouraging these Tech personalities to pose. Everyone should be able to identify these silhouettes. If you don't know more than eight of them it is a cinch they don't know you.

Don't turn to page 22 until you've really tried.



T E C H Y E A R B O O K



G O E S T O P R E S S I Q U E

The biggest yearbook job in New England—that is the M. I. T. Technique. To make the book one which will be cherished as a permanent record of life at Technology, to make it a work of art in the real sense of the phrase, and to make it readable and enjoyable to the owner: that is the task of the staff of Technique. And this year, for the first time, came the added job of getting the book out in a summer term and six weeks of the fall.

The staff has seemed to do an excellent job. Publication is scheduled for December 18, and at the time *Vu* went to press, the yearbook had been put to bed on schedule and with everything in order. In mid-

November 950 copies had been sold, and total circulation was expected to reach 1200 before the book came out.

Theme of the book this year is M. I. T. at War. From the steel-helmeted beaver on the front cover, to the war-busy professors at the rear of the book, we are taken through the progress of a year at Technology in wartime. Every yearbook staff says "We are really having a changed book", but Meissner, McJunkin, and the boys have done something this year that is radically different from anything done in the M. I. T. yearbook before. Starting with the declaration of war on December 7, they have followed the course of events

in student life throughout the year until press time. Chronological presentation brought up difficulties of working in the activities which go on through the whole year, but this has been accomplished with admirable skill. The slightly expanded book has 320 pages this year.

The work which could be done in the summer was limited, so this fall the midnight lights have been burning for many nights, and the smell of hypo and D-76 have been noticeable in the darkroom far into the mornings. Circulation and advertising campaigns have been busy throughout the summer and fall.

This is the preview of the 1943 Technique. We commend it to you.

Advice, suggestions, and continuous help from Dino Valz, the printer, keep the book in step with the technical possibilities of the printing process, keep the cost down, the level of artistic achievement high.

For dissemination of policies from above, and for discussion of problems within the group, frequent meetings of the Junior Board of Technique are held. Especially this year, with the time element causing accelerated programs for each department of the book, integration of the work of the various groups is essential.





Above: To take the dullness out of the long evenings of checking and planning, Howard McJunkin, editor-in-chief of Technique, finds nothing so pleasant as female company. That sympathetic look in Mary Needles' eye is for the out-of-commission arm.

Upper left: With the year book, income from sales goes a long way toward meeting the costs of publication. Sales and publicity are spread throughout the year. Here we have a late fall sales campaign in Building 10 Lobby. Poster was used as a come-on.

Circle: In an attempt to give the sedate Technique office something of the appearance of a newspaper city room, Bill Clark, junior board literary man, tears his hair and absorbs large quantities of coke, trying to get just the right phrase for that headline. Perhaps he had better dig the thesaurus out of the library.

Bottom: Although Technique is one of the few organizations at Technology on which the senior board works harder than the rest of the staff, there is no lack of work for diligent freshmen. Here a group of them going about their tasks in the office. In the job of selling advertisements, particularly, the whole staff, regardless of department, worked with vigor during the summer and the early fall.





Above: Although a smaller part of the income of a yearbook than of other types of publications, advertising is nevertheless important. Bill Schlegel was among the members of the staff who helped sell the ads and arrange copy ideas for the mutual benefit of book and advertiser.



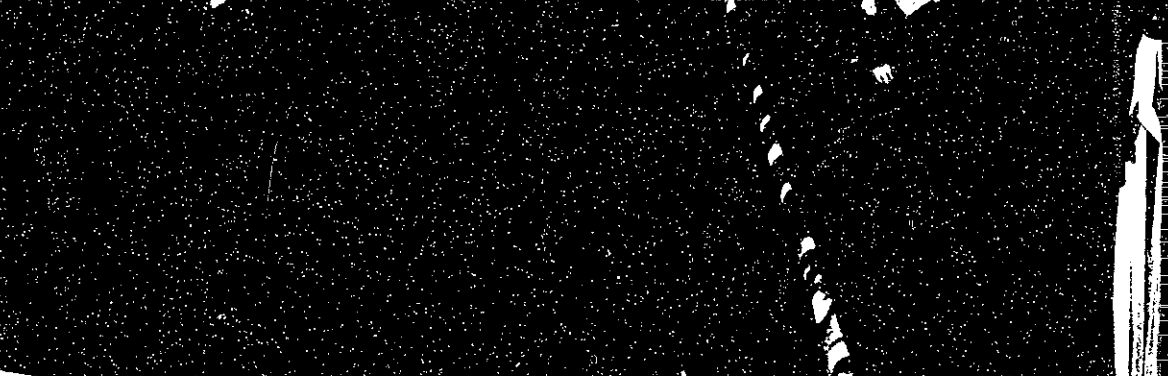
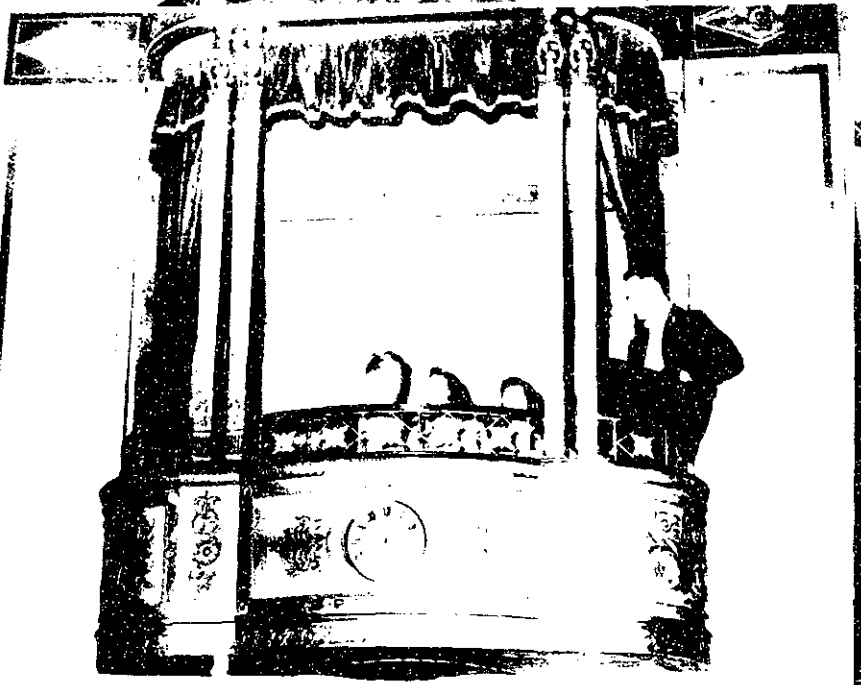
Top right: In a darkroom shared with Vu, Stevens, Farrell, and Schoenberg, Technique photographers, spend long hours preparing the pictures they have taken for the printer. Although considerable research has been done on the matter, no satisfactory explanation has been discovered as yet for the inscription on the wall.

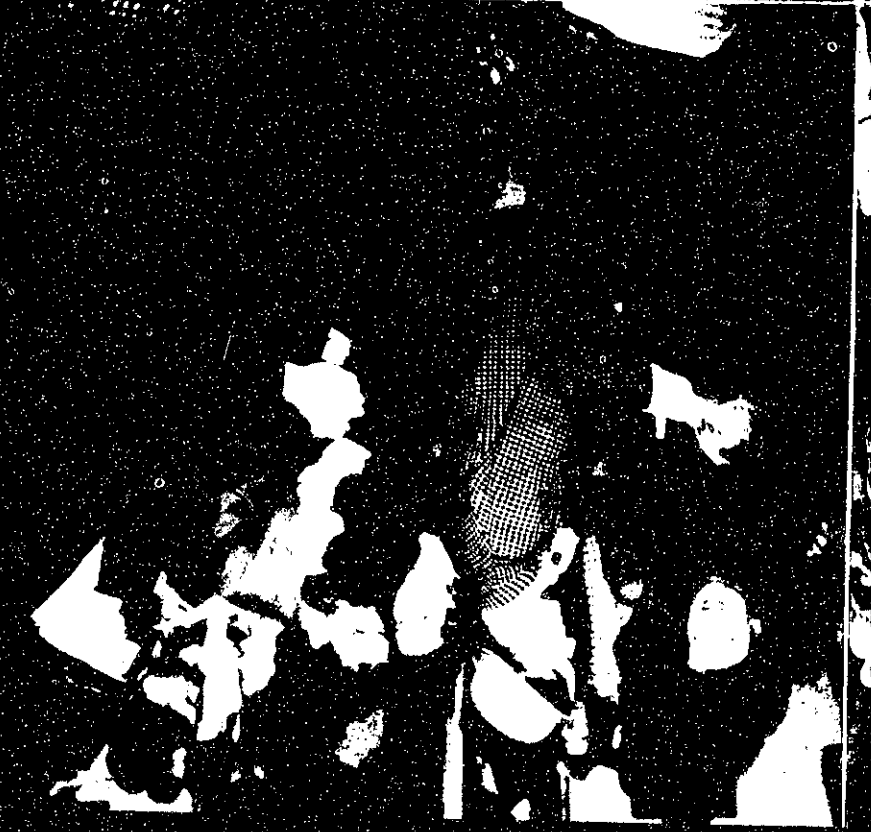


Circle: With the emphasis placed in recent years on making Technique a school year book rather than primarily a class book, Potter Hanson does his best to sell a copy of the book to a freshman. Sales figures this year indicate that about half the circulation is outside of the senior class.



Bottom: At the end of the year, the volume is presented and the new board announced at Technique's banquet, one of the outstanding events of the year for those invited to attend. Unlike the situation at other publications banquets, guests are in order here. Herb Knape seems to be beaming over something: we can hear him telling his date, "That picture is my masterpiece."








Not only the Gay Nineties were represented at the D.K.E. party on November 22. Although Bo-bo Sykes seems to be in the mood, one lass showed up in something that George Washington might have expected.

Bud Strand and Julian Gammon, freshman ties rampant, and their dates, seem to be enjoying themselves. The gentleman at the left looks unhappy, dissipated, or both. Perhaps he too wants a date.

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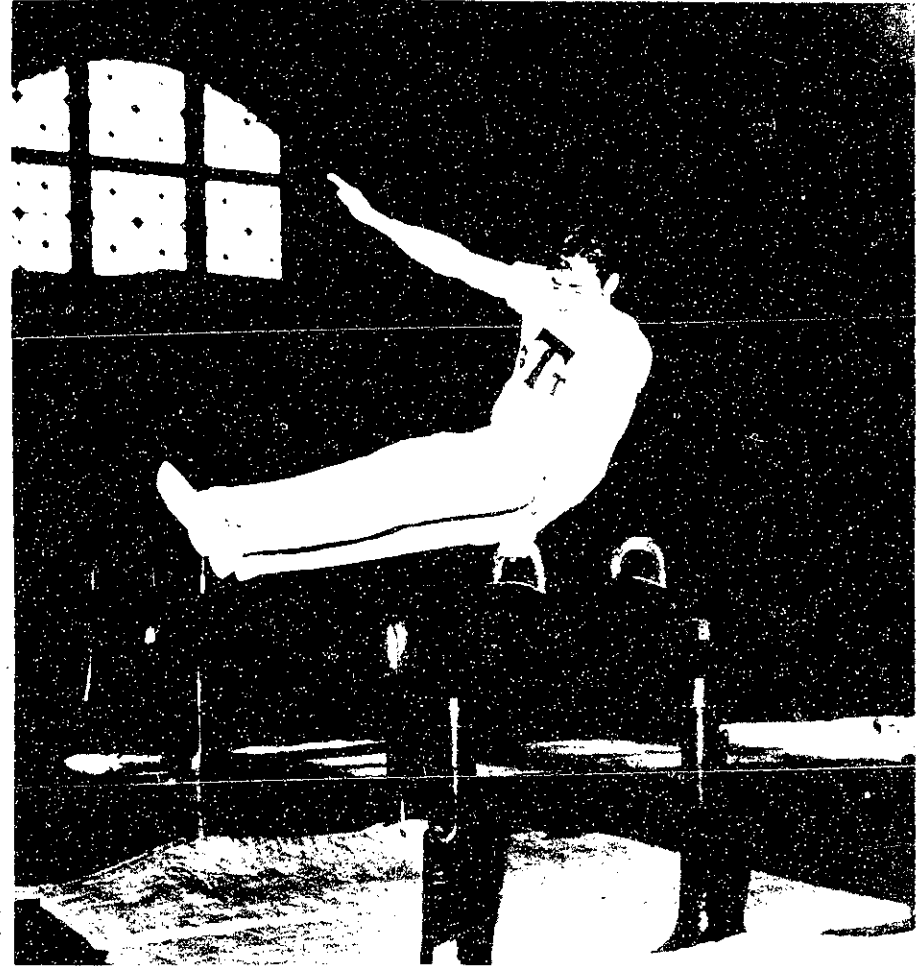
Dick Bettes seems to be doing a nice job of piling up a crowd at the Delt roller skating party. From the expressions, we gather that more than one person landed hard.

Anything for a party, say the Phi Mu Delta's. Out of Esquire's list of 365 excuses, the boys undertook to celebrate Nevada Day. Brush-cut head in the foreground belongs to Technique's photo editor.





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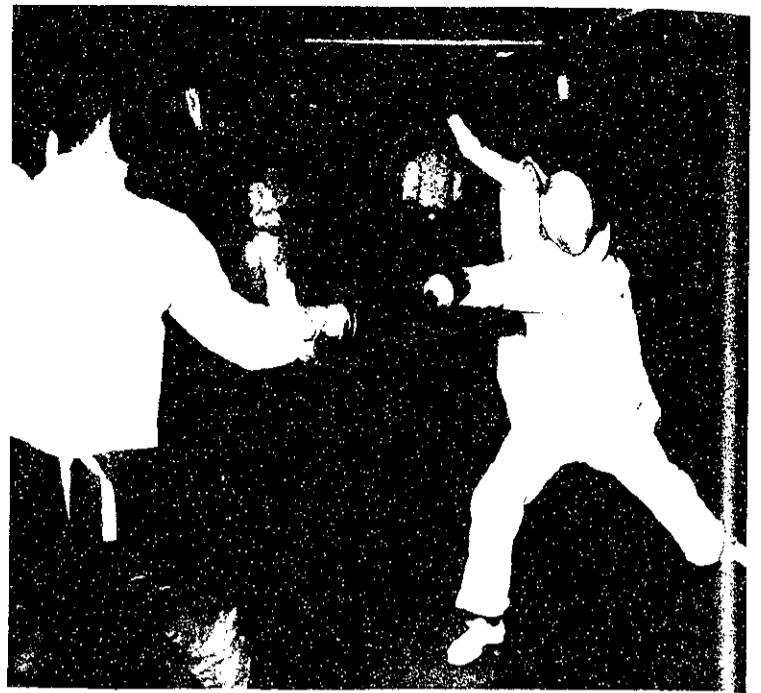
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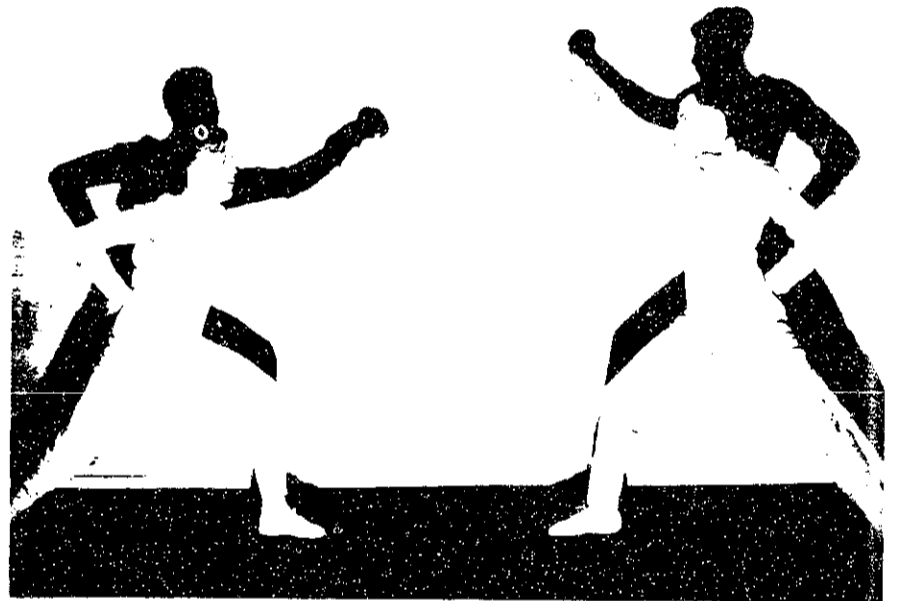
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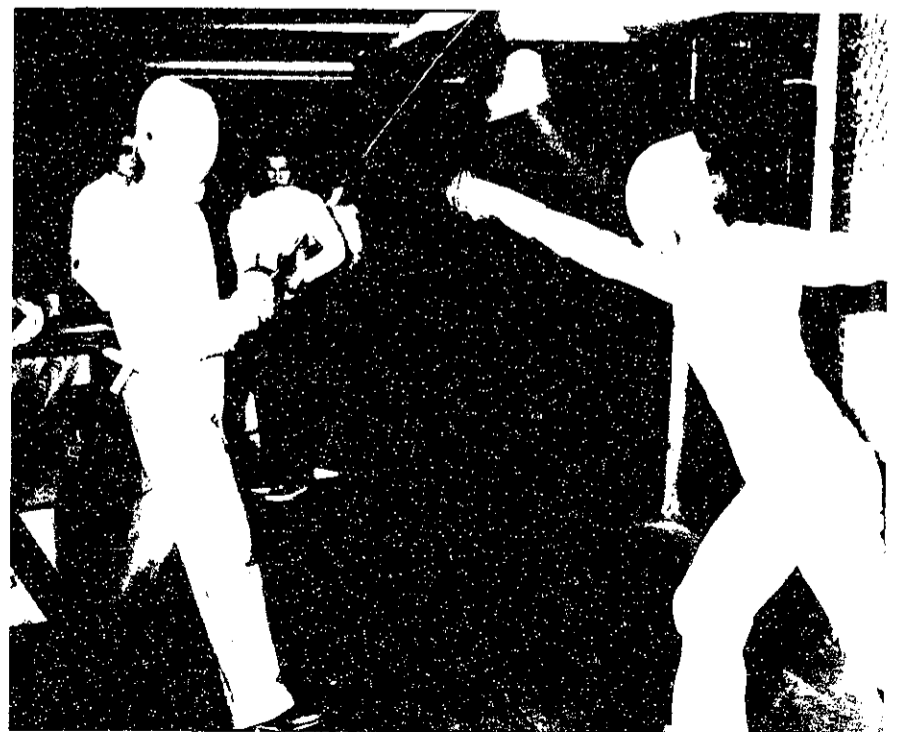
Boston, Mass.

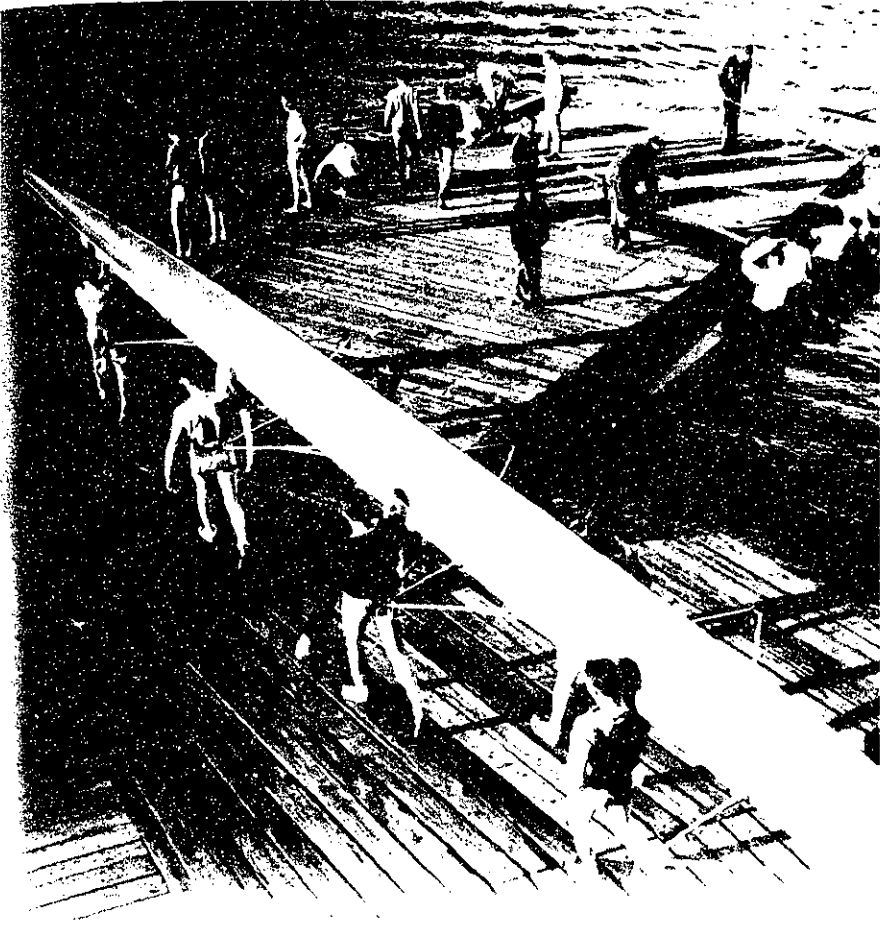


With their usual abode recently taken away from them, Technology's fencers have found the basement of Monroe a satisfactory place for practice. Special fluorescent lights have been installed to give adequate lighting.



Above, a picture taken in a Walker handball court shows two fencers, sans masks, stretching their muscles. Below, a student bends his sabre against the chest of the coach, again in the Senior House basement.





In spite of continued practice by the Technology crews this fall, when the showdown came in late October, Technology bowed to the might of Harvard. Every race in the regatta was won by Harvard crews, Tech and the other colleges entered trailing. Here, at turnout time, shells enter the water one after the other.

"Field Day to Have Basketball" ran the headline in *The Tech* shortly after registration day, and with the usual assortment of allies, the fall sports season at Technology was under way.

A sailing team, on October 11, scuttled nine opponents to win in two regattas, one at Coast Guard and one at Boston. Performance, however, fell off later in the season.

A pick-up Senior crew bowed to three Harvard crews in the one race of the season, but covered water fast enough to leave Boston University and Dartmouth behind.

In intramural tournaments, a new point system was announced by the Beaver Key, as the football contest went into the round robin with Senior B favored to win. The annual Fall Interclass track meet was snatched by the Seniors from under the noses of the Freshmen by a margin of three points. Bob Meny, high-scorer for '44, garnered eighteen points, but could not bring his class up to the top.

Oscar took his men to New York on Monday, November 16, to compete in the I.-C. 4-A cross-country meet. The varsity placed thirteenth, and several individual Freshmen, notably Frank Cassidy, gained honors.

Jim MacMillan, on the business end of the megaphone, works hard to mold raw freshman material into top-notch varsity candidates. Men brave the icy winds of the Charles daily to keep in condition during the fall season. This year one intercollegiate race was arranged.



The convenience of the bowling alleys makes this nation-wide sport almost as popular among portions of the Tech populace as elsewhere in the country. Those who do take part attain considerable proficiency, making Tech bowling teams the equal of many of the best in New England.

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Meet Technology's Secretaries

Does Wellesley seem too far away? Do Radcliffe women lack oomph? Perhaps we should try something closer to home. No, not the coeds. It used to be the forgotten man, and now it happens to be the forgotten secretary. We refer you to the bevy of beautiful Tech secretaries. The majority of these girls (six hundred, count 'em 600) are surprisingly young and appallingly appealing to the eye.

The average age of this group of essential people around Tech is around twenty-one. (No we didn't stack the figures.) Red-heads are scarce, but well represented. Blue eyes dominate the field, and height seems to waver around the five foot six inch mark.

Shirley Ridgway (which see), one of the girls interviewed, has been Prof. Huntress' secretary for about a year. She is 5' 4", has blue eyes, brown hair, and has the kind of disposition that goes with dimples. Graduate of Katie Gibbs, she lives in Waban with her family. Her sister had the same job but quit to marry a Tech man. She goes out with Tech men and says that most of the secretaries would like to meet some Tech men.—"They know where we are—they can just come up and see us".

Next we have Jeanne Triouleyre, Dr. Wulff's secretary and lab assistant. She is pert, has blue eyes, brown hair, is about 24 years old and towers about 5' 3" above the Harvard boys. Her home is in Northampton, where she went to Smith college. She

(Continued on page 19)



Barbara Mitchell, secretary in the Economics Department, takes a minute out from a busy day for a drink of water from the office cooler.

Peggy Jordan, Ruth deCosta, Betty Sullivan and Corinne Friel, Radiation girls, find Walker lunches to their liking, and a few moments' rest on the steps outside the Lounge Bar a pleasant intermission before returning to the afternoon's work.





Just to keep the photographer happy, Aldo Mae Johnson, South Dakota lassie, and Eleanor Boudrow, from Arlington, look up from the desk.



Miss Shirley Miller, in her office on the fourth floor of Building 6, keeps the physicists happy with her smiling countenance.



(Continued from page 18)

has a room on Marlborough Street and walks across Harvard bridge every day. (Time not known—do your own sleuthing). Jeanne thinks that Tech men are much more refined than Harvard or Dartmouth men. She likes our lack of rah-rah atmosphere. "Tech men are not very glamorous, but I like them for their character, not their 'pretty faces'". For your information Dr. Wulff's office is 8-413.

Mary Foley probably has come in contact with more Tech men than any other secretary around school. She is the very cute girl encircled by the army in the M.S. department. Mary is 5' 4", has reddish brown hair, grey eyes, sunny smile, and she has reached the ripe old age of 19. She lives in Cambridge with her mother. Her favorites are basketball, Bob Hope, and uniforms. She spends most of her money on clothes and Defense Stamps, thinks that an acquaintance dance between the Tech men and the secretaries would be a swell idea.

In the lounge bar or Cafeteria at Walker at every lunch time the Tech man can wander in for lunch or browse around and dream in an atmosphere consisting of hundreds of beautiful Radiation workers who do everything from clerical work to drafting. Most of these girls are, on the average, younger than the Institute girls. They have not had much of an opportunity to meet the Tech men, but think that the idea of being sociable would be the cats meow.

How about it you committees? Why not hold an all Tech student-and-secretary dance. Let's get the ball rolling. Here we are with no gas to get to Wheaton or Wellesley, and six hundred beautiful girls in our own back yard.

Mary Foley of the Military Science Department checks up on that letter in the file for her boss. For further data on the personable Miss Foley, we refer you to the adjacent article.

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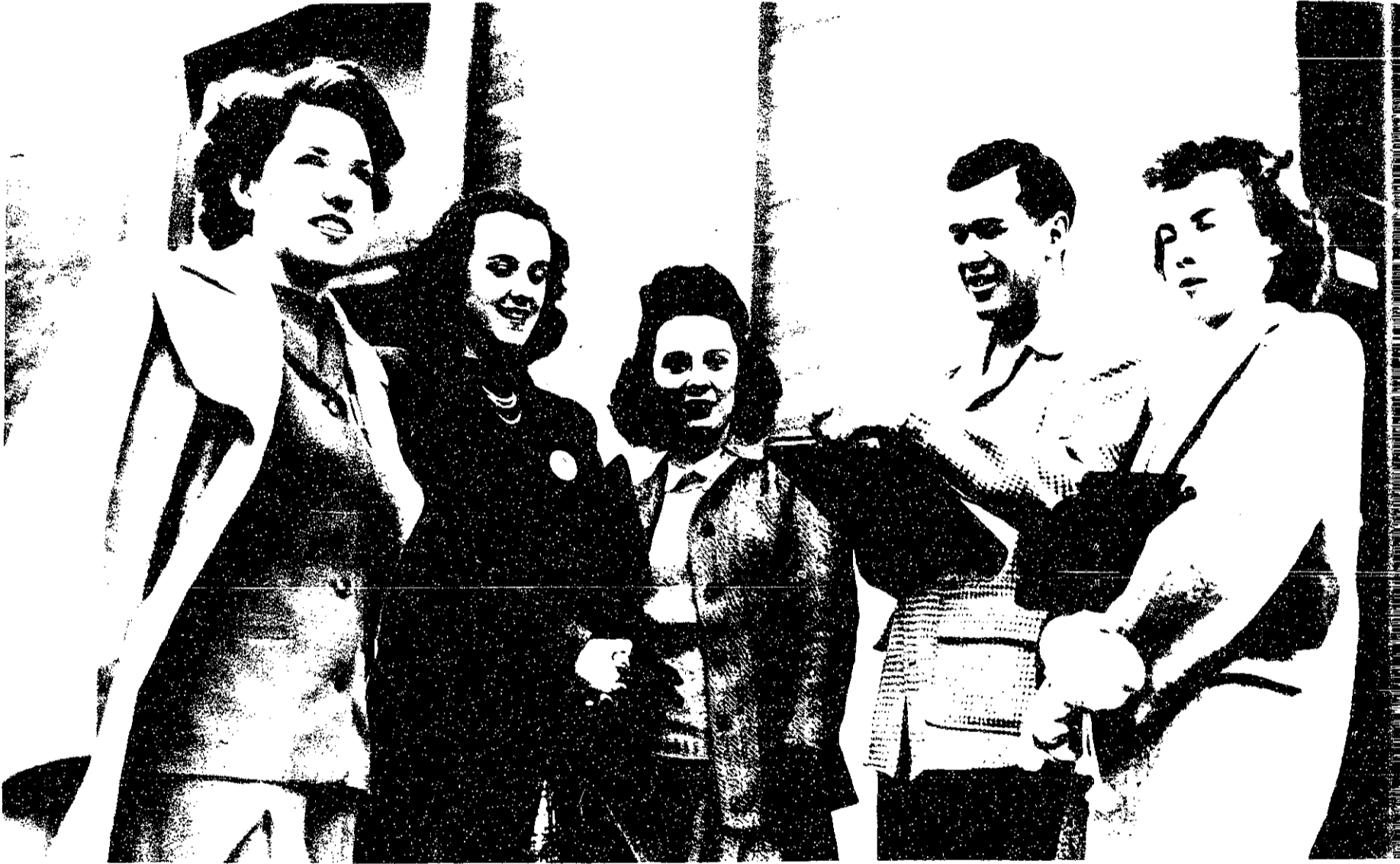
"Corsages Our Specialty"

Coolidge Corner - - - Brookline

Flowers by Wire

Delivery Service

Asp 8600-8601



"What do you think of a dance to meet Tech men?" asks Sid Atlas, Vu reporter, of four secretaries. Helen O'Neil, Helen Frances Murphy, Nell Winsett and Anne Longley register approval.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THE ESPLANADE CAFE

MASS AVE. near BEACON ST.

Here is the place to go for delicious meals at any time of day. And don't forget that we offer quality liquors served in pleasant surroundings.

"Have you tried our SCOTCH ALE?"

MEAL TICKETS
SAVE 10%

SERVING TECH' MEN
FOR 20 YEARS

FALL NEWS

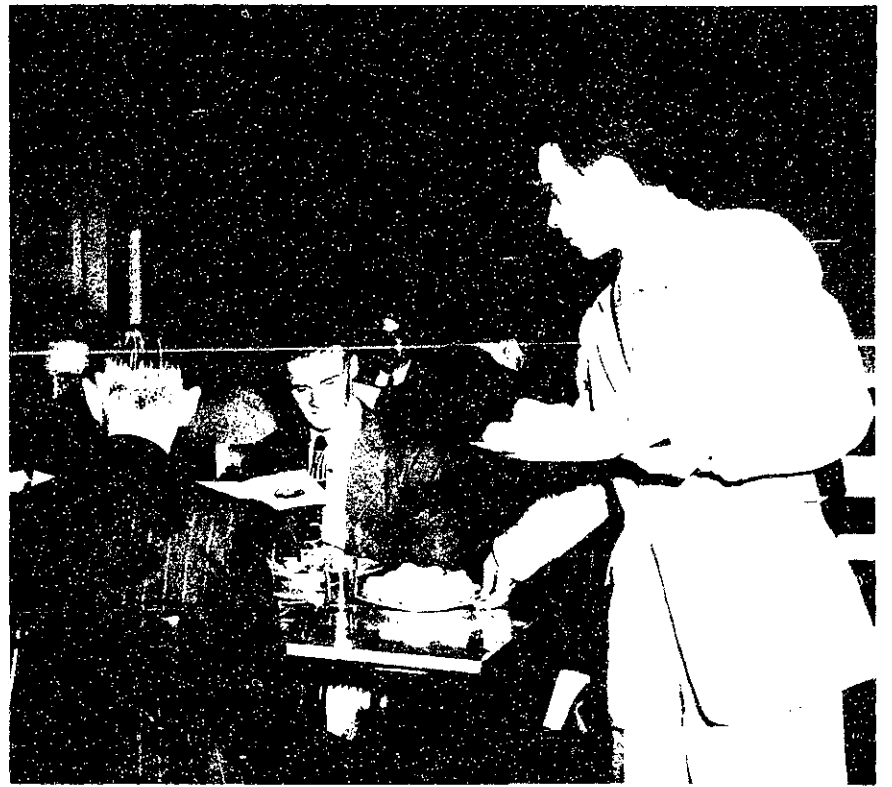
Technology's first Freshman class of the new war hit Cambridge and Boston late in September, providing almost every fraternity with "the best pledge class we have had" from amongst its seven hundred members. With blankets not available, Freshman camp was held at Technology. Sophomore prexy Johnny Burke became the first to escape dunking.

Biggest concern of the new Freshman, as well as of most upperclassmen, was the draft and what they were going to do about it. To the end of clearing up the situation, boards were set up, recruiting groups visited Technology, and the ranks of the various reserves were swelled with men who had planned to be engineers. At press time, nothing had been announced regarding the status of the imported Enlisted Reserve Corps, nor of the non-reserve members of the underclasses. Dr. Compton in his annual report to the Corporation had called for a clarification to solve the quandary of students and colleges.



Dr. de Pinna and Mr. Sycamore, not to be hindered by the complaint of the family, prepare to try their new explosive in the dining room, while payers and audience shriek. Those attending the Dramashop play had an amusing evening.

Head table at the freshman smoker was occupied by such personages as Dr. Compton, Wally Ross, and Professor Hamilton. No reason has been advanced for the cherubic expression on the face of the noted chemist and administrator. Many of these men later spoke at the smoker. It came as a capping to a successful weekend of freshman orientation.



The best is none too good for this year's freshmen, and among the services they required at the Freshman smoker was that of Jack Tyrrell, G. M. of The Tech, as waiter. It is reported from usually reliable sources that Tyrrell, replete in polka-dot tie and boutonniere, did a passable job.

Dorclan, initiator extraordinary, did it again this year. Starting two years ago with Greek statues posed by the initiates on the pedestals in Rogers Lobby, they continued this year by having their neophytes conduct a real, three ring circus in the same place. Gentleman at top in the amazing paraphernalia was ring-master for the show.



"Ahoy
there you
land-
lubbers!"



"Official United States Coast Guard Photo"

"Take it from an old timer . . .

. . . from an ancient mariner forty years in the service of the United States Coast Guard . . . who has seen brave men go down to the sea in ships, *this here war ain't no sea-going picnic!*"

From a gallant son of the seas those words are an eloquent sermon, a grim challenge to every American and a salute to the United States Navy. Every deeply etched line, every furrow on your weather beaten brow marks you a man of long and faithful service to your country and to the ideals of courage and bravery.

As an "old timer" in the uniform business, Leopold Morse is proud of its ninety year record of service. Today as authorized Government agents for Army and Navy officers' uniforms, we renew our pledge to YOU . . . the people at war, and again tell you that our newly enlarged uniform department is equipped to give you the best possible service . . . at prices that challenge comparison.



**Authorized Government
Agency for Army and
Navy Officers' Uniforms**

LEOPOLD MORSE

BOSTON-Adams Sq. - - - CAMBRIDGE-Harvard Sq.

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Patronize Our Advertisers

The advertisers in this issue of *VW* would like to serve you. Their goods and services are among the best available in Boston. When next you have a need that might be filled by one of them, we suggest that you investigate what they have to offer.

Profiles

Did you know these important people at Technology? We assure you that they are worth knowing. For those of you who don't get around, here are their names:

First row: Dean Lobdell; Professor Sears; Professor Weiner.

Second row: Professor A. R. Davis; Colonel Putney; Professor Magoun.

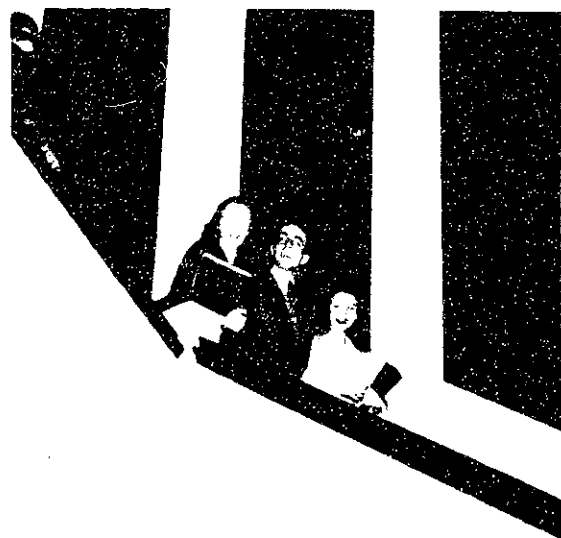
Third row: The blind date they got you when you were a Freshman; President Karl T. Compton; Mrs. Thomas.

Fourth row: Coach Oscar Hedlund; Cover-girl Shirley Ridgway.

EMERSON COLLEGE



Milling crowds of girls emerge from the door of the school at lunch hour. The ratio of men to girls is very low. Below, Jim Metcalf and two coeds take part in a class in radio technique. This is an important part of Emerson training.



The staircase in the main school building presents an imposing setting for school and social life.

City School Provides Broad Background for Dramatic Talent

In this issue *VH* attempts to give you a thumbnail sketch of the scenes behind the scenes at Emerson College. (Circle 8727 for you lovers of the rare combination of pulchritude and intelligence). Contrary to the average Tech man's belief is the fact that Emerson is co-educational: for those readers who sniff at the idea of men studying drama, your reporter refers you to Alfred Lunt, an alumnus of Emerson College. The four years at Emerson are filled with courses ranging from speech, diction, and philosophy to costuming, scene painting, and make-up. In addition, languages, physical education, and history of playwriting form an integral part of the average Emersonian's curriculum.

Many plays are open to the public in Emerson's playhouse where large numbers of Tech men can often be found spending an entertaining evening attending a reproduction of a Broadway hit or a group of playlets and pantomimes. Emerson takes a deep interest in the opinions of the theatre crowds of Boston and the Tech men who attend their plays. Emerson receives a constructive and intelligent criticism of the play while the audience receives an evening of good entertainment.

The pictures herein presented were taken on one of Emerson's many "first nights". Our staff photographers heartily agree

(Continued on page 24)

(Continued from page 23)

with the Life photographer who said that he had never seen so many photogenic girls corralled under one roof. After many pleasant interviews with the Emerson co-ed, your reporter compiled the following facts pertinent to Tech men: Most interesting to the boys of slipstick fame is Miss Coed's opinion of fraternity men; she registers amazement at the brothers' hands off (?) policy, but she will nonchalantly turn into one of Macbeth's witches upon the reception of an invitation to a dance "over at the house". Dormitory men really excite her—upright hair and horn-rimmed glasses seem to appeal to her more adventurous spirit. Many a Tech man has spent a most pleasant evening reciting the more interesting figures of steam tables to a receptive ear, and in turn witnessing an excellent pantomime.



This is a scene from a humorous pantomime put on by the students.

Charlie - The - Tech - Tailor

18 AMES STREET

OPPOSITE DORMS

Have Him

PRESS YOUR SUIT
MEND YOUR CLOTHES
SEW ON BUTTONS
REMOVE SPOTS
DRY CLEAN YOUR CLOTHING
OR EVEN MAKE YOUR SUIT
OR TUX

Kendall Square Parking Lot

218 Main Street, Cambridge, Mass.

MOBILGAS

MOBIL OIL

MOBILUBRICATION

Pick Up and Delivery Service

Car Washing

Eliot 8029



Being an Emerson boy has its advantages, and one of them is close and frequent contacts with the many attractive Emerson girls. Here Bill Brennan takes time out to make a date with Freda Gardner.

GLOVES

PIGSKIN \$2.15 up

LINED
PIGSKIN \$3.65

FUR LINED
GRAY SUEDE \$3.95

WARM SOCKS 55c. up

TECHNOLOGY STORE

DIVIDEND TO MEMBERS

The Walker Dining Service

Offers you a Choice for your
Noontime Meal

MORSS HALL Cafeteria Service

PRITCHETT HALL Cafeteria Service

LOUNGE BAR Counter Service

5:15 ROOM Counter Service

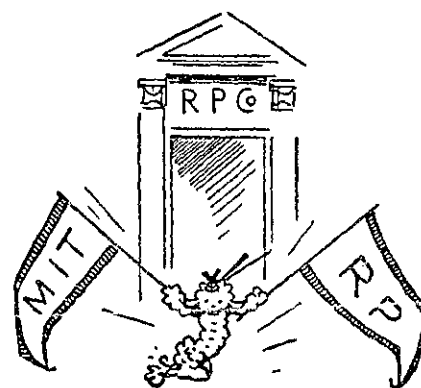
For Your Evening Meal

MORSS HALL 5-7 P.M.

*This is the winning advertisement in Rogers Peet's
Advertising Contest in the M. I. T. "Vu"*

Submitted by

JAMES R. CASSERLY



The store for college men?

Rogers Peet! Style Headquarters for the Younger Man.

Rogers Peet Clothes have the up-to-the-minute style, perfect fit and enduring quality college men want.

Get to know the *modern* Rogers Peet.

Authentic University fashions in suits, overcoats, sports jackets, slacks, shirts, ties, hats . . . everything for town and campus wear.

Officers' Uniforms! Tailored by hand in our own workrooms to the same exacting standard that has built our reputation in civilian clothes.

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