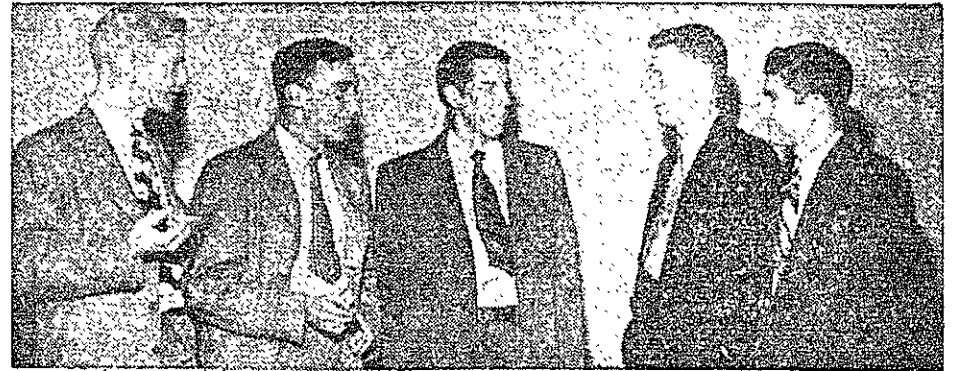


# THE TECH

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.  
FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1951  
PRICE FIVE CENTS  
VOL. LXX NO. 54

THE OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER  
OF THE M.I.T. UNDERGRADUATES



L. to R.: Beaudette, Lurie, Bacastow, Trask, and Weber.

## Sloan Gives \$5,250,000 To Institute; Lever House To Be Industrial School

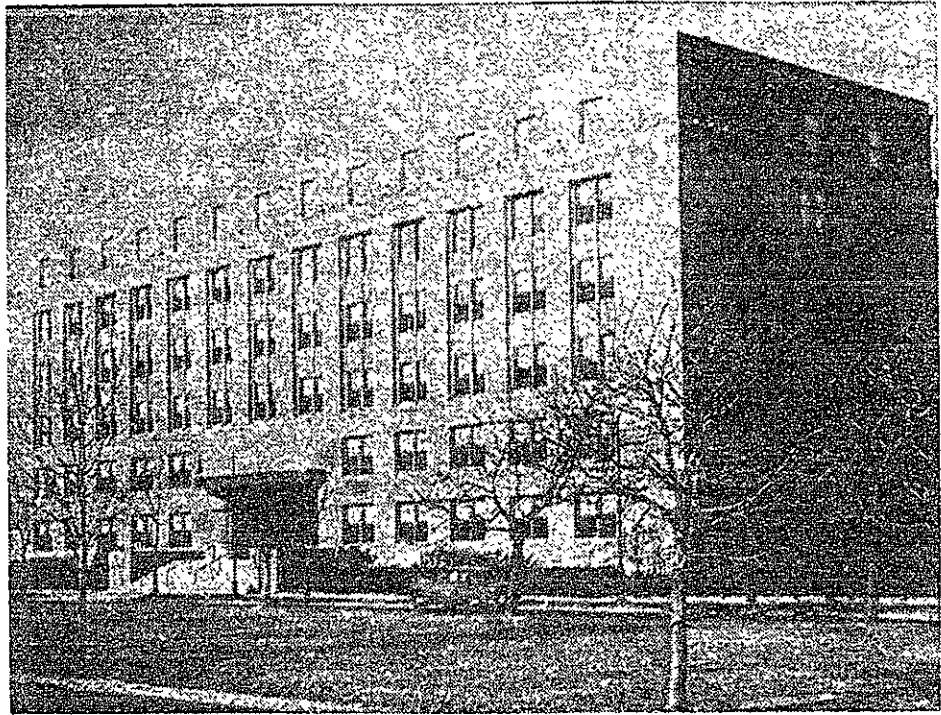


Photo by Astrachan

Pictured above is the Lever House, which was recently acquired by the Institute to house the school of industrial management.

"The major development in the new School of Industrial Management will, of course, be in the graduate field, since Course XV is now adequate for the undergraduate course of study," stated Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., President of the Institute, at a convocation for Course XV students last Wednesday.

In explaining the status of the new school, made possible by the recent grant of \$5,250,000 from the Sloan Foundation, Dr. Killian went on to say that it was the wish of Mr. Sloan that the school be housed in its own separate building so that it could be a separate entity.

Several sites for the school were suggested by architects. Among these suggestions were: a building to close the gap between Building Seven and Building 33 on Massachusetts Avenue, the "Tech Block,"

reconditioning one of the dormitories and building a new dormitory on the west campus, and the Lever Building. Of these sites, Mr. Sloan favored purchase of the Lever Building.

### Not a Business School

"The new school will not be a business school similar to those now in operation at some colleges," explained Dr. Killian; "emphasis will be entirely on industrial management and not on insurance, finance, and related subjects."

Advantage of the engineering and scientific facilities of the Institute will be taken and the "broad" program of the new school will include engineering and technological aspects. Mr. Sloan stated that one of his reasons for founding such a school was that people who

(Continued on Page 4)

## Fourteen Executives Will Receive Sloan Fellowships To Tech

### Basis Of Awards To College Graduates To Be Managerial Ability

Fourteen young business executives will be awarded Sloan Fellowships for participation in an Executive Development Program at the Institute in 1951.

These fellowships, awarded to outstanding young executives in a nationwide competition, cover a year of advanced study in economics and business administration at the Institute and are aimed at preparing men for higher executive responsibility.

President Killian, in announcing the 1951 fellowships, said, "This program of broad and high level education toward managerial leadership, initiated twenty years ago by the Department of Business and Engineering Administration, was the pioneer program of its kind. Its continuance has been made possible by generous grants of funds from the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation and by the support of companies who sponsor outstanding young men and provide a leave

(Continued on Page 4)

## Bacastow, Beaudette, Weber, Lurie, Trask Form The Tech Managing Board For Vol. LXXI

### Robt. Kimball Appointed Business Ad. Executive

Robert M. Kimball was formerly named as Director of Business Administration at the Institute by Dr. Killian last Saturday. In this new administrative post Mr. Kimball will direct the major service activities of the Institute.

Announcing this appointment Dr. Killian said: "As we establish this new Division of Business Administration, we are fortunate to have for its head a man of such varied educational experience as Mr. Kimball. He has served the Institute as Executive Assistant to the President, as head of its Personnel Office, and as a member of the Registrar's and Admissions Offices. . . ."

"Mr. Kimball will have as his general responsibility the coordination and consolidation of all the Institute's service activities to best serve our educational program. . . ."

Serving in this new capacity, Mr. Kimball will head the Department of Buildings and Power, the Office of Housing and Dining Services, the Personnel Office, and the Safety Office. He will also act as chairman of the Building Committee.

Mr. Kimball has been associated with the Institute ever since he was graduated from it in 1933. Last May he was appointed Executive Assistant to Dr. Killian, where he served as the President's deputy in a number of important administrative activities.

### Mem. Fund At \$8650

Contributions to date in the Baker Memorial campaign have amounted to approximately \$8,650 in cash and pledges.

Returns are not yet complete, however, as some pledge cards have not yet been returned, and a few students have not yet been contacted.

Beginning in the near future, an Alumni drive of the classes of '47 through '50 will be conducted. Members of the faculty will also be solicited.

### OFFICIAL NOTICE

The deadline for submitting requests for special and conflict examinations this term will be Friday, January 5.

Arrangements for conflict examinations or examinations not listed on the January 1951 Examination Schedule cannot be made after 5 p.m., Friday, January 5.

## Alpha Club To Hold Installation As Chapter Of Alpha Epsilon Pi

This weekend the Alpha Club is holding its installation ball and banquet in honor of its affiliation with the national fraternity, Alpha Epsilon Pi. The Alpha Club became the newest fraternity on the Technology campus when they were elected full members of the Interfraternity Conference last November.

The group has been in existence for four years, two of which have been spent in their present home at 155 Baystate Road in Boston.

### Initiation Saturday

Saturday afternoon at 2:30 the members will be initiated as members of Alpha Epsilon Pi in a ceremony at the Hotel Shelton. In honor of the occasion a formal ball will be held that evening at 8:00 at the Roof Garden of the hotel.

Guests will include Dr. and Mrs. James R. Killian, Dr. and Mrs. Dana L. Farnsworth, Dean and Mrs. Thomas P. Pitre and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Hilton. Members from affiliated chapters and many members of the Technology family will also be present at the ball.

### Charter Presented

The charter will be presented to the group by Alpha Epsilon Pi, Sunday afternoon at a banquet to be held in the main ballroom of the Hotel Shelton. Among the guests at the banquet will be: Dr. Karl T. Compton, Dean Pitre, Dean Farnsworth, Dean Thomas K. Sherwood and Assistant Dean Hilton. Members, Pledges and officers of the national fraternity will also be present at the presentation.

Robert B. Bacastow '52 of Roselle Park, New Jersey and Baker House has been named General Manager of *The Tech* for the coming year. Other members of the new Managing Board will be David N. Weber of New Rochelle, New York and Baker House, Editor; Robert M. Lurie of Brighton, Mass., Business Manager; Newell J. Trask of Newton, Mass., and Riverside House, Managing Editor; and Charles Beaudette of

## Dr. Karl Compton To Receive First Procter Award

Dr. Karl T. Compton, Chairman of the Corporation of the Institute has been named to receive the first award of the \$1,000 William Procter Prize for Scientific Achievement.

The announcement was made recently by Donald B. Prentice, Director of the Scientific Research Society of America (RESA) which administers the prize. National headquarters for the society is located at Yale University.

Mr. Prentice said that Dr. Compton had been chosen for his record in scientific research, for his administration as president of M.I.T. from 1930 to 1948, and for his work as chairman of many national committees concerned with research.

### Held Top Posts

He has held top posts with the National Defense Research Committee, the Office of Scientific Research and Development, the Research Board for National Security, and the President's Advisory Committee for Universal Military Training.

The prize will be presented formally to Dr. Compton on December 29, in Cleveland, Ohio, after the annual RESA address. The meeting will be in connection with the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Dr. Compton was president of the AAAS in 1935-36.

Dr. William Procter, of Bar Harbor, Me., established the prize this year to be awarded in recognition of achievement in research in natural science or engineering or for the administration of such research.

RESA, which has been designated as the administrator of the prize, was incorporated in 1947 under the sponsorship of the Society of the Sigma Xi to extend the program of the parent organization to scientific research groups in industry and government.

## C. Rust Promoted To Cadet Colonel

The promotion of Christian L. Rust to Cadet Colonel of the Institute's ROTC is announced jointly by Colonel Charles F. Baish, PMS&T, and Major Thomas U. Lineham, Jr., PAS&T. The competition for this top honor was keen between the six Army Units and the Air Force Unit.

Rust, a student in Course X, is a veteran of the last war having served in the Pacific for 13 months. He is a member of Tau Beta Pi, Kappa Kappa Sigma, and is photographic editor of *Technique*.

Watertown, Mass., and Beta Theta Pi, Associate Managing Editor, all from the Class of 1952. Promotions for Volume LXXI were announced at a Managing and Junior Board dinner held in the Campus Room of the Graduate House before the vacation.

Forming the new Junior Board will be the following: Carroll F. Miller, Jr., '53, Assignments Editor; Robert B. Ledbetter '53 and R. Nelson MacDonald '53, Co-News Editors; Gilbert H. Steinberg '52, Sports Editor; Edward F. Leonard '53, Features Editor; Carl L. Hall '53, Photography Editor; Edward A. Melaka '53, Advertising Manager; Luis A. Peralta '53, Circulation Manager; Wolf Haberman and Stanley M. Bloom '53, Co-Sales Managers; Robert J. Ferran '53, Personnel Manager; William C. Phinney '53, Office Manager; and Robert B. Burditt '53, Exchange Editor. Melvin M. Cerier '52 will continue to serve as Treasurer.

Morton A. Bosniak '51, Stanford H. Benjamin '52, and Alex H. Danzberger '52 were named to the Editorial Board.

Staff Assistants will be Stephen A. Kilment '54 in Assignments, Robert F. Barnes '53 in Sports, Frederick R. Cohen '53 in Photography, and Arthur B. Cicero '53 in Treasury.

The following men have been promoted to the position of staff member: Marvin Caplan '54, Jerome B. Cohen '54, John F. D'Amico '54, James H. Davidson '55, William J. Eccles '54, Edward G. Eigel '54, Arthur Evans, Jr. '54, Charles L. Eyring '54, Hugh G. Gallagher '54, Paul E. Gray '54, Frederick Herzfeld '54, Arthur W. Haines '54, Daniel B. Lister '54, Donald L. Madsen '54, Martin B. Mills '54, Philip L. Molton '54, Hugh Nutley '54, and Bernard H. Palewonsky '54.

## Jan. 12. Is Final Date For Baker Nominations

Friday, January 12, is now the extended deadline for nominations to membership on the first Baker Memorial Foundation Committee.

Juniors, seniors and graduate students who will be at Technology from February, 1951, until January, 1952, are eligible. Nominations should include the nominee's name and class, and if possible a very brief statement of the candidate's qualifications.

Nominations should be mailed or delivered to Miss Mary Burke in the Walker Memorial Office, or given to any member of the temporary steering committee composed of: Warren Delaus, Alan Elston '51, Maurice Hedaya '51, Robert Lindquist '51, Richard Mathew '51, Robert Norman '51 and Arthur Wasserman '51.

# The Tech

VOL. LXX FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1951 NO. 54

## MANAGING BOARD

General Manager ..... Marvin C. Grossman, '51  
 Editor ..... Thomas G. Hagan, '51  
 Co-Managing Editors ..... William R. Miller, '51; John R. Sewler, '51  
 Business Manager ..... David A. Janis, '51

## EDITORS

Assignments ..... Robert E. Bacastow, '52  
 Ass't. .... Robert E. Ledbetter, '53  
 Ass't. .... Amador E. Proffo, Jr., '53  
 Sports ..... Morton A. Bosniak, '51  
 Ass't. .... Marshal F. Merriam, '53  
 Ass't. .... Gilbert H. Steinberg, '52  
 Features ..... David N. Weber, '52  
 Ass't. .... Edward F. Leonard, '53  
 Ass't. .... Nelson R. MacDonald, '53

## MANAGERS

Advertising ..... George I. Weiss, '52  
 Circulation ..... Marc L. Aallon, '51  
 Ass't. .... Eli Dabors, '51  
 Sales ..... Robert M. Lurie, '52

## STAFF MEMBERS

Robert F. Barnes, '53; Stanley H. Benjamin, '53; Stanley M. Bloom, '53; Robert E. Burditt, '53; William P. Chandler, '52; Frederick R. Cohen, '53; Alex H. Danzberger, '53; Walter E. Dietz, '52; Robert Ferran, '53; Edward K. Matthews, '52; Edward A. Melaka, '53; William G. Phinney, '53; James E. Stuart, '51; Seymour Weintraub, '52; Theodore Wilson, '52; Arthur A. Winquist, '53; Swami N. Vankataraman, '52.

## OFFICES OF THE TECH

News, Editorial and Business—Room 020, Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Telephone: Klrkland 7-1881, 7-1882.  
 Office ..... Melvin Cerier, '52  
 Office ..... Melvin Cerier, '52  
 Personnel ..... John Lowry, '51

Night Editor: Gilbert Steinberg, '52  
 Assistant Night Editor: Hugh Nutley, '53

## EDITORIAL

### MANAGEMENT SCHOOL

The Sloan Foundation's gift of five and a quarter million dollars, which brings the Institute's twenty million dollar endowment fund drive well over the top, will be used to set up a school of industrial management here at Technology. If the establishment of such a school at this time needs any justification at all, it can certainly be found in the columns of the daily newspapers of the past few weeks. As the nation undertakes mobilization of all its resources for the troubled times ahead, the critical importance of trained industrial management is reflected time and again in the news of key men called from industry to top government posts. The pressing need for men with management training will continue for many years. Industry, government and the military services will need full ranks of such men for posts at all levels of responsibility. Since the Institute has been fortunate enough to acquire Lever House as a ready made home for the new school, it will be in operation within two years, turning out men to fill these ranks wherever they are needed.

No one doubts that it is especially appropriate that a school of industrial management be established here. As the Cyberneticists have pointed out, the approaching Second Industrial Revolution will put a much greater part of our industrial production into the competent hands of smoothly running machines. Tomorrow's industrial manager will find himself, for the most part, managing huge installations of automatic machinery, and he will be much more equal to the task with a degree from a technical institution.

Education in Business Administration, primarily at the undergraduate level, has been firmly established at Technology for some years now. As a result of the Sloan gift, we can be assured of acquiring a top-flight graduate school of industrial management. In addition to the many desirable results of such a move, there is the possibility of one undesirable consequence. Like many others, we are sometimes irked and sometimes puzzled by the chauvinism of most Course XV men, but on the whole we have the highest admiration for the esprit de corps which is so characteristic of undergraduates in that course and is so noticeably lacking among undergraduates in courses which place great emphasis on the education of graduate students. The newly strengthened facilities for graduate education in business may tend to stifle this healthy quality already present in undergraduate education in business unless careful steps are taken to insulate the undergraduate course from the possibility of being overwhelmed by the activity of the graduate school.

### READING PERIOD

Before they take their final exams, the freshmen will have a one-week reading period, free from assigned work, in which to review the accomplishments of the term. This is being done in the way of an experiment by Professor Whitman's Undergraduate Policy Committee to determine whether the student is materially benefited by an opportunity to do some intensive, uninterrupted reviewing on his own after he has completed the required work of a course and before he is required to reproduce it on the final examination. The idea is an excellent one. We have found our terms ending in a snarl of tangled threads which we could not always straighten out in the last few hectic days before the final examinations, and after taking the examinations we have been troubled by a feeling that here and there something had been cut short, that with just a few free days we could have tied the bundle of the term's work up into a much neater package. We trust that the value of the Reading Period will be proven by the experience of the freshmen in the next few weeks, and that the privilege will be extended to all students next term.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Creative expression may subsist, by virtue of its own life-force, unseen and unrecognized in the dark, but it is a pale, unhealthy growth at best. During the past few years several groups have attempted to bring at least a part of the creative efforts of Technology students out into the light in the form of a literary publication so that all such activity might flourish in a more healthy and vigorous climate. Since it follows a series of similar but unsuccessful attempts, the two page insert included in this issue of THE TECH has a claim to minor historical significance. The initial issue of the LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, which we present herewith, more than satisfies us. We shall continue to publish the SUPPLEMENT from time to time, and we shall attempt to expand it to at least four pages. Contributions may be mailed to the Editor of the LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, Room 020, Walker Memorial.

## THE ORDER CHANGETH

With this issue, we complete Volume 70 of THE TECH. Fresher, younger blood will be coursing through the arms that hold the helm of next Tuesday's edition. We wish a happy voyage to the new Managing Board and all the men who will be with the newspaper for the coming year.

## Snack-Bar Experiment Led To Installation of Pritchett

By JOHN D'AMICO

Pritchett Lounge came into existence as the result of an experiment begun ten years ago. At that time, a snack-bar was unheard of in colleges and universities, and it is largely due to Pritchett's success that they are today a common occurrence on nearly every campus. Prior to 1940 there was a small dining room located in what is now the vestibule and cloak-room adjoining the northwest entrance to Walker Memorial. There in the "Grill Room" students who disliked cafeteria style dining were able to enjoy table service provided by waitresses and members of the student dining staff.

### Snack Bar Opened

When in 1940 permission was asked of the administration to open a snack-bar in the room, it was, after careful consideration, granted. A small counter was set up, and sandwiches and snacks were served from 9-12 p.m. The instantaneous success of the experiment showed that the student body liked the idea. With the permission of the administration, the "Grill Room" was converted into a lounge bar. A wood-paneled soda fountain was installed and Pritchett's service to Technology students had begun. Throughout the war years and even afterwards the popularity of the lounge continued to increase, and realizing that the snack-bar had come to stay, Institute officials began to plan for a bigger and better lounge. In 1946 Professor Ralph Rapson of the Department of Architecture was commissioned

to remodel the old north dining room into what is now called Pritchett Lounge.

### Modern Design Stressed

The final result was a pronounced advance in modern interior decorating. While the room was being constructed there were many interesting—if not too flattering—comments made both by the faculty and the student body about the radical departure from conventional design. These observations increased and heightened when the red, purple, and blue trees were installed. But regardless of cryptic comments about the architect getting his plans mixed up with the physics department's atomic energy scheme of fissionable atoms, the unique atmosphere of Pritchett has always seemed to be a source of pleasure and surprise to the student body. Pritchett Lounge was the first room in the Institute in which television was placed for use by Technology students. When first installed, T-V was a very popular novelty, and sometimes there were as many as 150 people viewing the screen at one time. The clamor it caused soon became annoying to the dancers and music box users, and in the interest of harmony, the set was moved to an adjoining room, where it is now located.

Unlike most college snack-bars which are open only a few hours daily and usually closed on Sundays, Pritchett Lounge remains open from 11 a.m. to midnight on weekdays, and from 2 p.m. to midnight on Sunday.

## Few Modifications Anticipated As Tech Occupies Lever House

Lever House is exceptionally well adapted to the purposes for which it was acquired, and will require very few changes to make it one of the most useful of the Institute's buildings. Its architecture and landscaping are entirely harmonious with those of the main educational group of M.I.T. The entire building is air-conditioned.

There is an impressive main entrance with a broad flight of steps at 50 Memorial Drive and there is also an entrance at the back, opposite the end of Amherst Street, affording ready access from the campus along the line of the backs of Walker Memorial and the Charles Hayden Memorial Library.

The main entrance on Memorial Drive leads to a broad lobby, its walls carrying six mural panels of Boston and Cambridge scenes by Francis Scott Bradford.

Leading from the lobby and extending the full length of the Wadsworth Street side is a cafeteria seating several hundred, and an executives' dining room occupies the adjacent Memorial Drive side.

To the right of the foyer are several private offices and a large

open area which can be subdivided as desired. At the rear of the foyer and close to the north entrance are four rapid passenger elevators leading to the five floors above.

All the remaining floors are given over to executive offices with many private offices and spacious areas for clerical work. These open areas lend themselves to further subdivision or could be readily transformed into offices or research or lecture rooms of almost any required size.

On the sixth or top floor were the offices of the chief executives, decorated appropriately to their purpose and with central space for assistants and secretaries.

On the roof there is a penthouse enclosing an assembly hall spacious enough for an audience of about three hundred.

The construction of the Lever building was so planned that it can be expanded vertically and to the rear whenever wished. To the rear of the building is a large area along Wadsworth Street, extending through to Main Street. At present this gives parking space for well over 200 cars but is in itself valuable property for future development.



As I look back upon some of the things reported in these columns I note that conditions haven't changed at all in the past few years. Because if you happened to be around Hayden about a week ago you would have seen the pick-and-shovel crew ripping up the sidewalk again, just like they did a year ago. We asked one of the fellows why they were doing it. He shrugged his shoulders and replied, "I don't know. No one knows." It's good to be able to report that within three hours after everything was dug up a new walk was put in and of exactly the same material as the one ripped out. Guess it's just sort of an annual tradition. Wonder what sidewalk will be next?

★ ★ ★ ★

Al Sloan sure gave us quite a chunk of GM. There has been some speculation as to where the 5.25 million really came from. The rumor mill reports that ever since 1947 those six cylinder Chevy engines have been coming through with only five cylinders. There's supposed to be a dummy spark plug for the sixth. Better take a look under the hood!

★ ★ ★ ★

There is a sign at the crossroads of the corridors to building eight and twelve which reads something like this:

"Excuse the Inconvenience Please. While M.I.T. builds the great new Dorrance Laboratory use the building 12 exit to reach the Alumni Pool . . ." Governor Dever is a member of our Corporation all right, but how did he ever get tied up with B & P?

★ ★ ★ ★

The following was retold as a part of a speech at a recent Marketing Convention:

"At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a senior student, like many another near graduate, began to think about getting a job.

Having failed to get results by customary methods this ingenious man wrote a note, made 81 copies, slipped each one into a bottle and mailed the bottles to 81 advertising agencies. The note read: 'Stranded! On an island in Cambridge, Mass., a college graduate to be in June. Will work like hell for passage into port. Gold stored here with me (training in arts, sciences, business). You're going ahead and I'm going your way. Have you room in the hold for a man that can prove his worth in salt?'"

There's plenty of room in the hold these days, but the boats keep going to Korea.

M. G.

## THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST



THE MOTHER CHURCH  
 FALMOUTH, NORWAY  
 AND ST. PAUL STS.,  
 BOSTON

Sunday services 10:45 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.;  
 Sunday School 10:45 a.m.; Wednesday evening meetings at 7:30, which include testimonies of Christian Science healing.

Reading Rooms — Free to the Public  
 237 Huntington Avenue  
 84 Boylston St., Little Bldg.,  
 8 Milk Street

Authorized and approved literature on Christian Science may be read or obtained.  
**ALL ARE WELCOME**



### READ & WHITE

MEN'S  
 NEW  
 TUXEDOS

Formal  
 Clothes  
 Rented

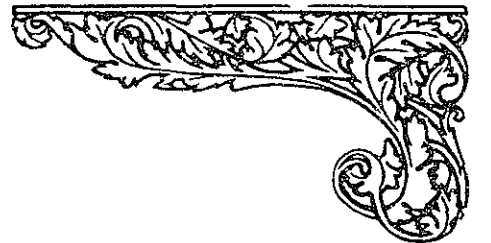
111 Summer St.  
 Boston

# LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Volume I

FRIDAY JANUARY 5, 1951

Number 1



## The Schedule

### M.I.T. Dormitories

Green hedges, neatly clipped  
Stand guard like Prussian soldiers  
Before the ivy-bearded buildings.

Each checker light is lifted from the  
board and all is darkness.

Here lies Science, breathing softly  
... a peaceful sleep, still free from  
guilt  
... the murderer of mankind and  
its hope.

Sleep on, but when the morning  
comes  
That you must choose Knowledge  
or Life,  
Which will you take?

GERALD ROTHBERG

MR. HESS WALKED to the corner and boarded the street-car. Though he never hurried to his work he was never late. Every moment fit neatly into the precise schedule which he had followed for fifteen years. At eight-ten the car descended into the subway. At eight-eleven it stopped and all passengers made connections for various parts of the city.

As usual Mr. Hess was moved along with the crowd. At the change cage he slid fifteen cents under the glass and picked up a transfer and was pushed through the turnstile. He was hastened along a corridor and down a crowded ramp. At the foot of the ramp was another set of gates where he handed the attendant his transfer and started through. But the man would not let him pass.

"This transfer is no good."  
Mister Hess looked at the turnstile attendant. He was a large man, taller and fatter than Mr. Hess, with slippery blue eyes.

"What's wrong?" asked Mr. Hess. "I always come this way, and these transfers have always been accepted."

"Not that kind. Either pay fifteen cents here, or go back and pick up the correct transfer. Now please hurry, others are waiting."

Mr. Hess suddenly realized that a line had been forming behind him. He dug in his pocket to get some change but his handkerchief was in the way. He hurriedly pulled out the handkerchief and his keys fell to the cement. He stepped aside and took out his wallet. After he picked up his keys he saw that he was no longer in line and decided to go back, as the attendant had suggested, to get the correct transfer.

He forced his way through the line and started up the ramp. The stream of people which had carried him down was now directed against him. For a while he made no progress, his hat was knocked off and when he snatched it up pieces of dirt and paper were sticking to it. He held it in his hands and pushed his way to the wall. He clung to the railing there. The people rushing by hit against him continually, once he almost went sprawling, but by edging his way between the crowd and the wall he was able to get to the corridor and to the first set of turnstiles.

His coat hung slack, he noticed that two buttons had been torn away. He approached the attendant's cage from the back and tapped on the glass to get the man's attention. The attendant, without turning around or pausing in his work, leaned back to hear Mr. Hess.

"I took the wrong transfer slip. I meant to take one of those."  
Without turning, the man reached around and extended an empty hand.

"Give me fifteen cents or the old transfer."

Mr. Hess remembered having it in his hand with his wallet but he could not find it now. He could not find his wallet, perhaps he had dropped it in the bumping, or maybe it had been stolen. Systematically he went through his pockets. He did find the old transfer. He handed the man the crumpled piece of paper. After a long moment the hand came back with the correct transfer.

Mr. Hess grabbed the paper and slipped into the crowd. He was pushed through the enameled corridor, down the ramp and through the turnstiles. He ran for a subway car. The door closed tightly behind him. He felt his heart beating, and in order to breathe comfortably he had to open his mouth. Slow drops of sweat began to roll down his side and his collar clung to his neck. Mr. Hess loosened his tie.

He noticed that people were looking at him. His coat hung open, his shapeless hat still had pieces of dirt clinging to it. His face was covered with perspiration but he was so jammed that he did not dare reach for his handkerchief. At the next stop he was able to work his way back into the car where he hoped no one would notice him.

VERY carefully Mr. Hess extracted his handkerchief and pressed it to his brow and neck. He was usually a neatly dressed person, moderate in all things, and never late to work. Now he felt thoroughly ashamed. Two young girls were laughing. When he looked at them they turned toward each other and burst into giggles. The subway car stopped and Mr. Hess pushed further back into the corner.

Now his entire schedule was disrupted. He stared at a letter in the advertisement opposite him, trying to ignore the humiliation. Slowly Mr. Hess recognized the station, it was his stop. Instead of crawling into a corner he should have been leaving. He leapt forward, clawing the people near him, but before he reached the door it hissed shut. The car started moving again.

Mr. Hess felt the sweat collecting on his lips. At the next stop he darted out and ran for an exit. He stopped. This was not his station. He dabbed at the perspiration with his hat. Pieces of grime stuck to his face. Mr. Hess hurried up a stairway. He turned left and walked down a corridor. He passed through a one-way door, down a flight of steps, and through another passage. He could hear a subway train coming to a stop. He began running.

When he saw the attendants and the turnstiles Mr. Hess slowed to a walk. He came to a turnstile, stooped quickly under it and began running for a car. It moved off before he reached it. Mr. Hess turned and ran—and stopped—and ran down the platform.

He accidentally struck a woman, pushing her against a candy booth and knocking her pocket book out of her hand. She screamed. A small crowd gathered and two attendants chased after Mr. Hess.

He ran down a bright enamel corridor and on impulse pushed into a men's room. Immediately the thought of being trapped occurred to him. He ran back to the door, opened it, and was seized by an attendant. Mr. Hess struggled frantically. And he broke away. But several people were chasing him as he dodged across the platform. The ramp toward which he was heading was an entrance, not an exit. He fluttered into the face of the crowd descending. For an instant it was as though he were back on the first ramp trying to cling to the wall.

He began to shout. He turned, but it was the same everywhere.

EUGENE MIRABELLI

### In the Creed of Life

Events that inevitably will be  
All pass by as silently  
As a breeze in a field of grass,  
And are beheld in a Stygian world  
As a pharos, penetrating  
A vapor on the sea.

A light that casts no shadow,  
While in its emptiness exists  
That vital spark of life  
Surviving timelessness and  
Untold eons of obscurity,  
And resolves itself in eternity.

And as the eras of life pass on  
The abysmal archives slowly fill.

T. L. C.

### Dime Store Microscope

The turbid tricklings from gutter to drain

—some poet will mutter, "Mundane awareness is the only source of comfort" massed muscles that force the pianoforte across the linoleum to its rightful place by the window,

composed of protoplasmal blobs that grow

equally well into ameba or queens of Sheba.

The reality seems unreal, is awesome, the awareness is no comfort (ameba disintegrate and so did Tut-Ankh-Ahmen).

The peace comes from so-what. And so what?

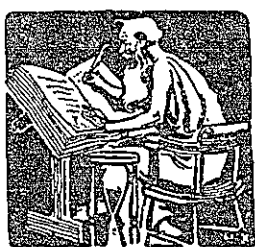
I see tanned you smiling on the beach and know you are more nearly elysium than a paramecium.

GERALD ROTHBERG

### The Clouds

White on blue,  
These are the clouds,  
Pride of heaven and the day.  
Puff placed upon puff  
Etched here and there  
In blacks and grays.  
Spaced about at random,  
Yet artistically arranged  
As if some well-trained esthetic hand  
Had placed them there.  
Off they move  
Toward the far horizon,  
The land of the mountain and pine,  
Even spaced, till out of sight.  
They stay such a short time  
In our world,  
Yet surely they exist  
Where they have gone.

MERRILL EBNER



## Assignment

### The Smiling Elfkin

Smiling little elfkin,  
Sitting on ole Huck Finn  
Beside your broken ear.

You just sit there all day  
By your queer ear of clay  
Without worry or fear.

Funny that you're so sprite  
When no one will aright  
Your elfish pointed ear.

But could this little thing,  
A pang of worry bring,  
I guess you'd never smile.

'Cause also you'd worry  
'Bout the leggins furry,  
Which hide your funny feet.

And take off your bow tie  
'Cause people say, "Oh my,"  
And call it indiscreet.

So 'twould seem you are right  
Life's abuse not to fight,  
But take all with a grin.

And hooking thumbs in vest,  
In bland contentment rest  
Beside your broken ear.

MERRILL EBNER

THE MAN CALLED Le Coeur sat a little back from the road enjoying the warm spots of sunlight that sifted through the foliage. The brush that grew down the edge of the road hid him from all but the most careful inspection. He rested easily against an earth embankment that extended some ten feet above him, and across his knees he balanced a dilapidated carbine, evidently of U.S. manufacture, but very much fallen from its original state. All the while he peered through a leafy opening up the road.

The road was characteristically French, both in its narrow flatness and in its dry brown dirt surface. From where the invisible Le Coeur sat, the road ran straight north for about twenty meters, and then took a little bend to the east. Just before the bend, on the right side of the dirt lane, stood a large tree. On the left side was a small field where a woman was digging potatoes.

Marie Bonnard was forty-seven years old, very fat, and very tired of digging potatoes. She sweated beneath her heavy smock and apron, and the perspiration ran down her calves and dried and itched. She rubbed her eyes where the salt water burned and carefully and painfully straightened up to rest. Across the little road the tree cast a cool grey shadow. Marie started to walk toward the inviting shade, then stopped and thought better of it. Henri would be furious. Besides, that damned boche would soon be along with his noisy motor-bicycle, raising a cloud of dry brown dust. Every day it was the same young boche. . . .

Carl Herndt rode too fast down the dusty road. He skidded a little on a turn and cursed softly. He cursed the

narrow dirt road and the fat dirty French farmers and the motorcycle and his job. Every day Carl rode the motorcycle west to the regimental camps with Von Minder's orders for the day, and returned with the detailed front line reports. He knew the road by heart and drove with one hand. As he approached the little bend in the road he saw a fat old Frenchwoman digging potatoes. How ugly . . . he thought.

Marie Bonnard heard the noisy motor-bicycle, and paused in her digging to mop her brow with a dirty blue handkerchief. She stretched her short thick arms above her head for a moment. Around the bend the man called Le Coeur caught the flash of blue and scrambled to a tense half-crouch, carbine raised to his waist. He waited . . .

The machine came around the little bend, very fast. Carl Herndt noted that the heat rising from the road in front of him shone like silver. He didn't feel the wire. The head toppled off the body and rolled a little way. The headless remainder slumped to one side and fell off the machine almost across from Le Coeur. The motorcycle careened off the road into a ditch and rolled over on its back. It sputtered noisily and spun its wheels in the air like a frightened bug.

The man called Le Coeur stepped out of the foliage, ran over to the body, and unstrapped a small leather satchel from the belt. He stuffed it inside his shirt, clambered up the earth embankment and disappeared in a clump of woods. The motorcycle coughed a few times and stopped. Marie Bonnard damned the hot August sun and bent over to dig some more potatoes.

E. M. G.

### Sonnet

The wet white sea spray dashes o'er the bow,  
But makes no sound. The gray fog wets the lines,  
They do not creak. The bowsprit dips to plow  
Through storm black seas, the foot worn decking shines.  
The wheel, unlashed, holds steady as she goes,  
And still no voice is heard, no figure seen.  
The spray lashed sheets fill out, the shrill wind blows.  
What strange and unknown craft, so dimly seen?  
Our call across the seas is unreturned,  
Her tow'ring masts skim by, she shows no light.  
For what goals has this phantom vessel yearned?  
But wait; an ensign flutters, black as night,  
And now we know. The men are ill at ease.  
Tonight the Flying Dutchman roams the seas.

E. M. G.

### The Door

Hayden is finished, the sign says, "For you  
Waits English and History." (try and get through).  
The architects, thank God, are not of my kith.  
(They're Voorhees, Walker, Foley, and Smith.)

We know it's a door, and it's made out of glass;  
We've tried till we're blue, but they won't let us pass.  
"Ride to the fourth floor, or maybe the fifth."  
(Say Voorhees, Walker, Foley, and Smith.)

Plod through the basement, walk in the cold,  
Beat on the door till you're grizzled and old.  
You cannot get past, though the Dean you are with  
(Thanks to Voorhees, Walker, Foley, and Smith.)

Build a partition, or put up some tents,  
We're not all architects, still we've got sense  
We'd never put in a door that's a myth  
(Like Voorhees, Walker, Foley, and Smith.)

Locked in a men's room, with glass for a wall  
And forty-eight doors that won't open at all,  
Of all our punishments, this is the pith  
(On Voorhees, Walker, Foley, and Smith.)

E. M. G.

## The Prophet Moon

The days are growing shorter.  
Night air chills.  
The candle flame  
Draws  
Its last flickering breath.  
The moon is full  
Before its death.  
For aeons  
It has died thus,  
A prophet:

"You who danced  
In moonbeam light,  
Blithely romanced  
On summer night,  
Relax your hold  
On memories dear,  
Tend the fold,  
Winter's near.

You who roamed  
Far and wide,  
Watched seas foamed  
Brother aside,  
Prepare for strife,  
Prepare for snow,  
Carefree life  
Has got to go.

You all are fools;  
You've made-believe.  
The seeming jewels,  
Summers, deceive.  
They flaught before  
Your filmy eye  
The dream-soul's core  
To see it die.

So sadden now,  
Or what you will,  
The snow-broke bough  
Is coming still.  
Cast dead dreams out  
Into my light;  
In spite of pout  
They'll rot tonight."

The moonbeams  
Wingtips nipped  
By Night's cold,  
Carry the prophecy  
Without zeal.

To all the message goes,  
With each the sadness grows.  
Each one sits,  
Mind smart,  
Casting out  
Dreams of heart.

"I was a fool:  
I should have known,  
Life's not dual,  
Now I'm alone.  
I gambled all  
Reserve I'd stored,  
Back now I crawl,  
My dreams re-scored."

Time passes  
Quickly now.  
Quietly it obsesses,  
Stiffles,  
Blanket-like.

"The moon spoke truth,  
It told no lie;  
Summer's dreams  
Must shortly die."

It's coming!  
The deadline  
For casting out the dead  
And dying  
Is coming!

The moon knows;  
It wanes.  
The candle knows;  
It drinks deeply  
Of the chill air  
Before nodding out.  
The soul knows;  
It tries  
To break the Heart's dream-hold  
With reason.

In the night  
The trio sings  
A still Serenade;

"Truth, truth,  
The moon speaks truth,  
The days are growing shorter."

MERRILL EBNER



## The Witness

IT WAS ALWAYS that damn chipmunk. She couldn't have a cat or a lap dog, no, Clara had to be different, it had to be a chipmunk. Who ever heard of a chipmunk for a pet.

I used to sit at dinner and reason with her. It always went the same way.

Clara, why a chipmunk, nobody else has a chipmunk . . . George, don't say that, you don't know who has a chipmunk and who doesn't . . . All right, Clara, all right, what are we having for dinner? Mackerel. Fish, why fish . . . What's the matter with fish . . . Nothing, but why do we always have to have fish on Tuesday . . . Oh nuts, you stay home and cook if you don't like it, you go down to your office every day and you don't know what I go through here . . . You must think I go to the ball game . . . Oh shut up George, I can't stand it, every day you come home and aggravate me to death, you eat my heart out, you . . . Then she would always start to cry.

What could you do? So finally I figured a chipmunk couldn't be worse than this, so I hunted around and bought her a chipmunk. Boy, she was thrilled . . . we didn't fight for a month, and I have to admit the thing was cute. It was pretty tame and it used to sit on the table and eat from Clara's hand. After a while she began to play tricks with it. When I came home she would run up to kiss me and she would slip the chipmunk in my pocket. He . . . I guess it was a he, he would sit quiet for a while and then he'd start to nibble and jump around. Well, I didn't mind Clara playing with him but one day I lost my Zippo through a chipmunk hole in my pocket and I told Clara, no more games, and she got mad and we had a big fight and she wouldn't talk to me. So I decided to go down to the office and do some work.

Well, I was halfway down there when I felt something in my pocket and sure enough, it's that chipmunk . . . just for spite she must've done it. So I took him to the office with me, and Doty—Miss Pierce, was workin' late and she thought he was real cute and he ran all over her desk and she played with him just like Clara did. I worked till around eleven and then I took the chipmunk and went home.

So when I get home, Clara is sittin' downstairs in her bathrobe, real pale, and she says, Give me the chipmunk. So I put him down on the floor and he ran over and jumped up on her and she rubbed him against her cheek and she laughed, and all of a sudden she stopped and she got real mad and she called me a louse and a lot of other names and she told me to get out. So I went to bed, and when I woke up the next morning I saw Clara didn't sleep in the other bed so I go in the bathroom and she's lyin' in the tub in her bathrobe and there's blood all over everything and the chipmunk is dead in her lap. I ran and called the cops.

E. M. G.

## Spring Song

The battle . . . ceases  
The dead  
Lie abandoned on the field  
No one cares

The rain . . . falls  
And washes  
Little pools of blood and slime  
Into the shell holes

Dead eyes . . . stare  
Unseeing  
At the black clouds and at the  
horror  
About them

Twisted bodies . . . lie  
Contorted  
Amongst the broken stone that lies  
In ruin

Dead hands . . . grasp  
The tall  
Rank weeds that overgrow and hide  
The sight

The snow . . . floats  
Softly down  
And quietly covers the sickening  
sight  
In peace

And time . . . passes  
And eventually  
When spring arrives, flowers bloom  
In sunlight

And grass . . . grows  
And thrives  
On the horror that lies beneath  
The spring

T. L. C.

## Fallatrobe

THE FALLATROPE is generally recognized as one of the more unusual particles in the field of nuclear physics. It was first discovered by Sadagor Kilsen, a Norwegian physicist, in September of 1948. Subsequently Sergei Shlobistock has done further research on it. The Russians have claimed all credit for its discovery because of Comrade Shlobistock's investigations.

The particles discovery is due to two of Einstein's formulas, the relativity of length and the relativity of mass, in which this revolutionary particle is proven impossible. The velocity of light in a vacuum is generally recognized as the greatest speed physically possible. The fallatrobe, however, travels at a velocity equal to the speed of light multiplied by the square root of two. This leads to some rather startling conclusions concerning the physical properties of the fallatrobe.

By Einstein's shortening of length formula, length  $L'$  equals "rest length"  $L$  times the square root of  $(1-v^2/c^2)$ , the diameter or length of the particle is found to be the square root of a minus one, since by substituting  $c$  times the square root of two for  $v$ ,  $L'$  solves for the square root of minus one, sometimes referred to as  $i$ . The fallatrobe is somewhat similar to an electron travelling at the square root of two times the speed of light.

By using Einstein's increase of mass formula,  $m' =$  the rest mass  $m$  divided by the square root of  $(1-v^2/c^2)$ , the particle has an imaginary mass, since the formula solves for  $m'$  equal to  $i$ . Thus the fallatrobe begins to acquire some rather unusual properties. Another interesting property of the particle is the charge, since it is neither positive, negative or neutral.

Upon examination in the cloud chamber, particles colliding with the fallatrobe were found to disappear. It was first suggested that they were absorbed in the fallatrobe, but this hypothesis was soon abandoned. Then the startling discovery was made that rocked Newtonian physics. The fallatrobe was found to possess a dimensional charge. This means that when the mighty fallatrobe comes in contact with another particle, the foreign particle is projected into another dimension, depending upon the dimensional charge of the fallatrobe. Fallatropes are known to exist with five different charges:

dimensional-1  
dimensional-2  
dimensional-3  
dimensional-4  
polydimensional-x

The numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 are the dimensions into which a collision particle is projected, but the polydimensional-x is capable of sending a particle into any dimension, possibly a 5th, 6th, or 7th.

Another amazing property of the fallatrobe is its capacity of being raised to a power. To raise a fallatrobe to the  $n$ th power, its velocity must be reduced by a factor of  $n$ . So, for instance, to cube a fallatrobe its velocity would be divided by three. When, however, a fallatrobe is raised to any given power greater than the square root of two, it no longer retains its properties since it would be travelling slower than the speed of light. Instead, it is transformed into a neutrion which has a relative mass of one and a neutral charge. The neutrion appears in the dimension of the fallatropic charge, raised to the power the fallatrobe was raised to. Thus, if a fallatrobe with a dimensional-3 charge were raised to the 4th power, it would change into a neutrion in the three to the 4th dimension, or the 81st dimension. As a general formula,  $f$  sub  $d$  to the  $n$ th becomes  $n$  raised to the  $d$  to the  $n$ th power. This is known as the general fallatropic equation.

Fallatropes are created in a fallatron, wherein fallagon, the new element from which fallatropes come, is bombarded by phlogistronium nuclei, an as yet undiscovered element.

NELSON LEES

## F.O.B. Detroit

Dark night;  
Big Black Bug  
Creeping through the rain.  
Bright eyes,  
Shiny nose,  
Silver and Black,  
Bump in the back,  
Crawling through the dark wet streets.

Pitch black;  
Glistening Rat  
Sliding through the wet.  
Light inside,  
Numbers in back,  
Steel and chrome,  
Hurrying home,  
Crawling through the dark wet streets.

Ebony sky;  
Slippery Toad  
Lurching through the fog.  
Wet sides,  
Round black feet,  
Rubber and glass,  
Slithering past,  
Crawling through the dark wet streets.

E. M. G.

## Sunset

A dull red glow in the West  
As the light drains out of the sky.  
And a high shrill voice in the darkness  
Incessantly asking "Why?"

Long black fingers of clouds  
Reaching across the sky  
A fog rolls in off the ocean  
With the wail of a seagull's cry.

The warmth of a fire may cease to be  
A man may gasp and die  
Night may fall, a world may end  
In the shriek of a demon's cry.

T. L. C.

## The Fable

AND FIGARO SAT and waited. Nor knew he for all his waiting what lay behind the door. For the door stood weathered and thick worn gray wood across the entrance. So Figaro turned his face to the driving rain and sang tunes to himself. He sang in the face of the rain and sang in the teeth of the steel gray chain that hung across the weathered gray wood of the great thick door that stood in the entrance. And Figaro sat and waited.

And coming through the rain there was a stranger who was mighty and strong, and seeing these things, he spoke not to Figaro but knocked on the door. Three times answered but the wind. And the stranger rattled the steel gray chain and hammered on the door. Heard but Figaro and he. And the stranger beat on the door and grew red. But no one answered. And the stranger muttered in a tongue unknown and went away. And Figaro sat and waited.

And soon there came a woman with dark long hair and Figaro saw that the woman was handsome and her eyes were green up and down. And when she had come to that place she nor spoke to Figaro, but rapped gently on the door and her voice was honey in the wind. But nothing sounded save her knock and the voice in the wind. And the woman sought to lift away the chain which was too heavy and she rapped sharply. She spake and the lightning uncoiled and spat from her tongue and split the honey cloud in the wind, and she went away. And Figaro sat and waited.

And in a while there came a little olive child and he knew not and he touched the door and the steel gray chain and he stood in the rain and looked at Figaro and Figaro sang. And the child came and sat by Figaro to hear him sing. And soon the olive child slept and Figaro took the olive child in his arms and kept him from the rain. And Figaro sat and waited.

Then the olive child, waking, took Figaro by the hand and lifted away the steel chain and opened the great door and together Figaro and the olive child went in unto the doorway and Figaro knew what lay behind the door.

And outside the rain hissed on the footprints in the path, and they went away.

E. M. G.

## Exam

I look across the room and see no face,  
Only a sea of heads, bowed as if in prayer.

There is no real sound,  
Only the scratching of a pen  
Pushing the silence away.

The field of heads is always moving,  
Turning, twisting, rising, falling,  
In an erratic rhythm.  
The heads are curious, expressionless,  
And yet speaking clearly  
The language of thought.

A body moves, in sympathy with a mind,  
And a desk creaks.  
Someone looks, distracted,  
Lifted for a moment out of a web of memory  
By a thin thread of sound.  
A pen poises, momentarily lacking  
The impulse of knowledge  
To translate into a black line  
The invisible trail of an idea.

The heads are fascinating, intent.  
One can almost see the eyes  
Looking backward into them,  
Seeking, grasping, groping link by link  
Along an intangible chain.  
Unraveling the coils of mind on to paper,  
Splicing together the cord.

E. M. G.

## Xego

"Did you ever . . .  
I mean,  
shall we?"  
"No."

Which brings an immediate question,  
And just as quickly,  
a choice  
of two objectives,  
Both of which  
Are rationalizations.

Within the limits of the experience,  
Which, being very small,  
Is boundless,  
There rises a conflict, *deja-vu*  
And most mature,  
(considering, of course  
that such an episode  
is nowhere near as simple  
as the simians believe,  
and requires a certain amount  
of careful insincerity  
and a viewpoint  
once-matured.)

The argument lies, objectively,  
between the magnitudes  
of two disappointments,  
And the social, or rather  
Spiritual (for who should know),  
Consequence  
of a warped mental blockade  
Versus that  
of a weak physical commitment.

Mentality, occasionally, wins,  
and with a nod  
Self-congratulatory  
to morality,  
The oneness starts to dissolve,  
and accompanied by almost hopeful  
visions  
of a would-have-been mediocrity,  
It shatters, with a mind-audible  
snap.

You fool,  
She would have been  
the best of all.

E. M. G.



## Visitor

He turned, in half thought  
at the door. "Well, good night,  
and thanks. I hadn't ought  
to stay. It isn't right,  
you know. You've been so good  
already. I must run."

She turned. "Didn't say what  
his name was. What a queer  
fellow. Won't you shut  
the house up? That's a dear.  
I'm going to bed now . . .  
nice evening. Lots of fun."

I turned, and shut the door.  
Something blue and steel plate  
glistened on the floor.  
I called my guest of late,  
"You dropped . . ." I picked it up  
Oh God . . . You dropped your gun.

E. M. G.

## The Tech Literary Supplement

Editors:

THOMAS G. HAGAN  
MARVIN C. GROSSMAN  
DAVID N. WEBER

### Geiger Appointed V.P. Of Eastern Conference

The Eastern College Athletic Conference, at its recent annual meeting in New York City, elected Ivan J. Geiger, M.I.T. Athletic Director, as Vice-President. Geiger succeeds Earl Yeomans of Temple, who replaced retiring president Robert Kane of Cornell. Geiger was also elected to the presidency of the Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges.

The Eastern Conference comprises eighty-six colleges on the eastern seaport as far south as Maryland and twenty-three affiliated members.

### Varsity Wrestlers Draw With Tufts As Frosh Win

On the Saturday before the Christmas vacation, Tech's wrestling squads met Tufts and scored a 13-13 tie. The match was fought down to the wire by both teams and few of the spectators would deny that they had ever seen a more closely fought match. Outstanding for Tech were Capt. Tom Callahan, Chuck Seymour, Sinclair Buckstaff, Dave Findlay, and Bob Robertson. In the preliminary match the Frosh team downed the Tufts Freshmen by a score of 24-8.

This coming Saturday the varsity and Frosh will meet Wesleyan in Rockwell Cage at 2 P.M.

### Five Has 3-3 Mark; Topples Northeastern Coast Guard Quintets

Stevens Stops Team; Glantz, Nacey On Top Average 12-8, 12-7

The Engineer Basketball team are presently sporting a .500 record over the six games they have played to date, with four of these contests having been played on strange courts. Following the loss to Trinity, the Beaver hoopsters traveled to New London, on December 15, where they dunked the Coast Guard, 54-51. The following day the Stevens quintet smothered the weary five 60-40. With a three day rest, and playing on the home court, Coach O'Donnell's charges topped Northeastern, 51-48, on December 19.

Down at the half against the sailors, 24-26, the Cardinal and Grey found victory behind Herb Glantz's 13 points and Mike Nacey's 15 counters. Nacey hit for five fouls and two field goals in the

## Beaver Riflers Annex Two Victories And Set All-Time N. E. Record

second half. The Academy's bucket man, Keyzer took high game honors with 16 points.

#### Stevens Triumphs

The Engineers could not cool the hot hands of Stevens' forward, Gerber and center, Booth, who found the nets for 25 and 14 points, respectively. The Hoboken squad led all the way. Although he fouled out late in the fourth quarter, Glantz was topman on the Beaver score sheet with ten points.

The Beaver quintet showed strong all the way against the Huskie five. At the half they led 35-20. 14 of these tallies were next to Glantz's name. However, in the second half Northeastern held him to two field goals, while their center Cahill dropped 13 markers through the hoop. But this was not enough and the Techmen eked out a 51-48 victory.

#### Glantz Leads Scorers

To date Glantz leads the O'Donnellmen with a 12.8 average on 32 field goals and 13 out of 24 charity tosses. Mike Nacey is close behind with a 12.7 average, on 25 baskets and 26 out of 40 fouls. Hank Hohorst is averaging 8 tallies, Captain Hong 6.5 and Garthe and Manderson 4.5 each.

The Frosh have been a disappointment to date, without a win. They have not even come close against Harvard, Boston University, Trinity or Northeastern. Jack Jackson leads the fledglings with 42 points, a 10.2 point average. However, Dan Lickley who missed the Huskie fracas averaged just over 12 points in the first three contests.

M.I.T.			Northeastern				
FG	Ft	Pct	FG	Ft	Pct		
Glantz, rf	7	4	13	Sheldon, rf	2	2	6
Garthe, lf	2	0	4	Anderson, rf	1	1	3
Hohorst, c	4	0	8	Neri, lf	1	2	4
Manderson, c	2	1	5	Costello, lf	1	2	4
Nacey, rg	4	8	16	Jackson, c	3	0	6
				Cahill, c	5	5	15
				Landun, rg	2	0	4
				Creedon, lg	2	1	5
				Fasciano, lg	0	1	1
							17
							14
							48

#### Voelcker Leads Way

Captain Herb Voelcker led the team to victory with an individual score of 293, which ties the record he set in the National Individuals last spring. Sarkis Zartarian, Allan Tanner, Mel Bowers and Malcolm Stuart supplied the other qualifying scores which composed the record totals.

Unfortunately, the Coast Guard team was missing one of their best men, for Cadet Bill Glass was hospitalized with an infected leg. However, while his presence would have enabled his team to give Tech a closer run, it would not have brought victory to them except under the most extraordinary circumstances. Judging by this performance, the Coast Guard team is one of the strongest in the New England College Rifle League this year, and should do very well in national competition.

#### Tech Tops Vermont

Two days after the Coast Guard match, Tech fired on its home range against the varsity rifle team from the University of Vermont. Tech continued its unbeaten record by winning this match with a 1417 to 1402 score. Charlie MacDonald and Allan Tanner headed the scoring list for the Techmen with individual scores of 286. They were supported by Mel Bowers, Malcolm Stuart and Sarkis Zartarian, each of whom fired 280 or better. Don Faulkner and All-American Tom Breen led the Vermont team with individual scores of 288. Unfortunately for Vermont, the rest of its team was not able to support these two excellent individual scores, and so their bid for victory failed.

#### Great Depth

The Tech team turned in an excellent score although two of its most consistent members, Herb Voelcker and Dudley Hartung, fired considerably below their average. The fine scores turned in by the other team members brought victory in this instance, and should stand the team in very good stead when it meets such opponents as West Point and the University of Maryland. Coach Jim Brahe has been striving to add to his depth for four years, and his efforts are finally paying off in a big way.

The 1417 score turned in by the M.I.T. team is one of the best below the 1421 record score which they set at New London, and reflects the consistency of the team's performance in pre-vacation competition. It has been very profitable for the Techmen, and will help immeasurably when they take the road to their southern tour during the winter vacation.

### Mermen Win 39-36

Taking a big early lead, the Tech aquamen outlasted a finishing Wesleyan rally to come out the victors, 39-36, Saturday, December 16, in the Alumni pool. This was the first MIT win in three tries.

Individual Tech wins were supplied by Pelletier in the 200-yd. backstroke, Baker in the 100-yd. freestyle, Cornwell in the 200-yd. backstroke, and Mitchell in the diving. The 300-yd. medley relay of Cornwell, Pelletier and Baker added that event to the Technology column.

The summary is as follows:

300-yd. medley: M.I.T. (Cornwell, Pelletier, Baker). Time: 3:18.2  
 220-yd. freestyle: 1st, Vandenburg (W); 2nd, Coombs (M.I.T.); 3rd, McCallum (W). Time: 2:22.4  
 50-yd. free: 1st, Barth (W); 2nd, Perkins (M.I.T.); 3rd, Cole (W). Time: 24.8  
 Diving: Mitchell (M.I.T.); 2nd, Munro (M.I.T.); 3rd, Allemen; Points: 71.2  
 100-yd. free: 1st, Baker (M.I.T.); 2nd, Barth (W); 3rd, Coombs (M.I.T.). Time: 55.8  
 200-yd. back: 1st, Cornwell (M.I.T.); 2nd, Jones (M.I.T.); 3rd, Fisher (W). Time: 2:31.5  
 200-yd. breast: 1st, Pelletier (M.I.T.); 2nd, Morris (W); 3rd, Ginn (W). Time: 2:34.9  
 440-yd. free: 1st, Vandenburg (W); 2nd, McCallum (W); 3rd, Daniel (M.I.T.). Time: 5:34.1  
 400-yd. relay: Wesleyan (Cole, Frantl, Miller, Barth)

### SKI THE TORCH SLALOM AT SPRUCE MOUNTAIN LODGE IN JACKSON, N. H.

every Saturday night. Free tow all evening to participants. Lodging rates from \$4 to \$8 daily with meals. Lars & Trudi Winquist.



STOP AT THE JACK FROST SKI SHOP where experts shop in the north country. Tested equipment, authentic clothing, and friendly advice from the Frosts. Rentals and repairs.

JACK FROST SKI SHOP, JACKSON, N. H.

**G. L. FROST CO., INC.**  
 AUTOMOBILE BODY REPAIRING & PAINTING  
 F. E. PERKIN  
 Tel. ELiot 4-9100  
 31 LANDSDOWN STREET  
 CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

## Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

### Number 10...THE PANDA



"Let's get down to bear facts!"

The sudden rash of quick-trick cigarette tests

may have caused panda-monium on the campus — but our scholarly

friend was unperturbed. He pondered the facts of the case and decided that

one-puff or one-sniff tests... single inhale and exhale comparisons are hardly

conclusive. Proof of cigarette mildness doesn't come that fast!

And that's exactly why we suggest...

The sensible test — the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test

which simply asks you to try Camels as your steady

smoke — on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap

judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels —

and only Camels — for 30 days in your "T-Zone"

(T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll know why...



**More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!**

## DuPont Announces 78 Fellowship Grants

### Company Emphasizes Research Development

The award of 78 post-graduate and post-doctoral fellowships to 47 universities, and grants-in-aid to 10 universities for the advancement of fundamental research, was announced recently by the Du Pont Company. For the 1951-52 academic year the company has authorized \$390,000 for these awards.

Granting of the fellowships is a continuation of the company's plan originated in 1918 to encourage graduate research work in chemistry. It has since been expanded to include other fields and provides support for pre-doctoral and post-doctoral training of students.

#### Institute Recipient

The Institute was one of the recipients of the \$10,000 grants-in-aid to universities for unrestricted use in the field of fundamental chemical research.

The universities themselves select the research projects for which the grants will be used, the only stipulation being that they be free from any commercial implications at the time the work is initiated. The company emphasized that there will be complete freedom in the communication and publication of the results of the research work supported by the grants.

#### Selection of Candidates

Selection of candidates for fellowships and the choice of problems on which they are to work are, as in the past, left to the universities which receive the awards.

Awarded to the Institute were post-doctoral fellowships in chemistry and post-graduate fellowships in chemistry, chemical engineering and mechanical engineering.

## Executives

(Continued from Page 1)

of absence for a year. We find that men with about ten years of business experience behind them can benefit to an unusual degree from the opportunity to broaden their understanding, and re-evaluate their own viewpoints, concerning the complex problems facing industry today. The fellowships have made rapid progress since their return to industry."

#### Qualifications

Sponsorship by an employer is a prerequisite of this program. The Fellows will be drawn from both large and small companies in various types of industry throughout the country. The winners of the fellowships will participate in a special program consisting of seminars, classes, and field investigations aimed not only at increasing technical managerial skill, but also at deepening their understanding of the social and economic implications of their work.

Applications for next year's awards must be made by February 24. Recipients will be selected on a competitive basis by the Institute after consideration of the applicants' records and references, and consultation with their employers. Fellows will be in residence at the Institute in Cambridge from June, 1951 to June, 1952. Applicants must be between the ages of 30 and 35 and have at least five to ten years of industrial experience, part of it in an executive capacity.

In discussing qualifications of successful candidates, Professor Gerald B. Tallman, director of the program, said: "Managerial ability, seasoned intellectual capacity and a sensitivity to the social and civic implications of industry, as well as a high potential for industrial leadership are the primary qualities upon which selection will be made.

"In addition, candidates must be graduates with good academic records from an accredited college or university. A majority will be graduates in science or engineering. The men will be on leave-of-absence from their companies and must have the enthusiastic support of their employers."

## Alden Thresher Receives Chairman Post in 1951 Red Cross Fund Drive

Mr. B. Alden Thresher, Director of Admissions at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been appointed Chairman of Schools and Colleges for the Cambridge Red Cross 1951 Fund Campaign, announced Joseph Hughes, Fund Chairman.

For several years, Mr. Thresher has been Chairman of the Red Cross Fund Campaign at M.I.T. and is also on the Chapter College Activities Committee.

Since Professor Thresher's acceptance of the chairmanship, he has successfully enlisted all of his sub-division chairmen, as follows: Vice Chairman, Dean Delmar Leighton, Harvard; Chairman, Harvard University, Peter Pratt, Alumni Office; M.I.T. Co-Chairmen, George C. Manning and Mr. D. L. Rhind, Bursar; Chairman, Radcliffe College, Richard W. Thorpe, Business Manager; Chairman at Lesley, Mrs. Marjorie Bauma, Registrar; Chairman at Sargent College, Professor Susan

## New School

(Continued from Page 1)

have the engineering background that the Institute can offer so far in industrial management.

Dr. Killian stated that some of the principles laid down in founding the school are to collaborate closely with industry; to develop student cooperation with industry; to train men in the broad field of industrial management, taking in such aspects as dealing with employees, unions, and the public; and to develop research in the field of industrial management.

In announcing the establishment of the new school on December 20, Dr. Karl T. Compton, chairman of the corporation, said:

Andrews; Private Schools Chairman, John C. Hall, Headmaster, Manter Hall, and chairman at Episcopal Theological School, Professor William J. Wolf; Public Schools Chairman, Edward J. Danebby, Assistant Superintendent of Schools.

The Schools and Colleges division is the first one to be organized with all its top leadership.

"Plans for the new school have been under consideration for some time. Both the Institute and the Sloan Foundation realize that the present threats to our peaceful way of life may interpose delays and complications in the development of this new program. However, the urgent need for the highest standards of management which can be developed in the industrial field is ever with us, whether our nation is in a state of emergency or in a state of peaceful prosperity. In fact, industrial management has been termed America's most powerful 'secret weapon'."

#### Technical Background Needed

In confirming the gift of the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation in establishing the new School, Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., said:

"It has been my observation over an experience of many years in technical industry that executives with a background of science and engineering are unusually well qualified to deal with the intricate problems of industrial management in our technical enterprises. That really is the basis of my concept in establishing this School at M.I.T."

IT PAYS TO SEE

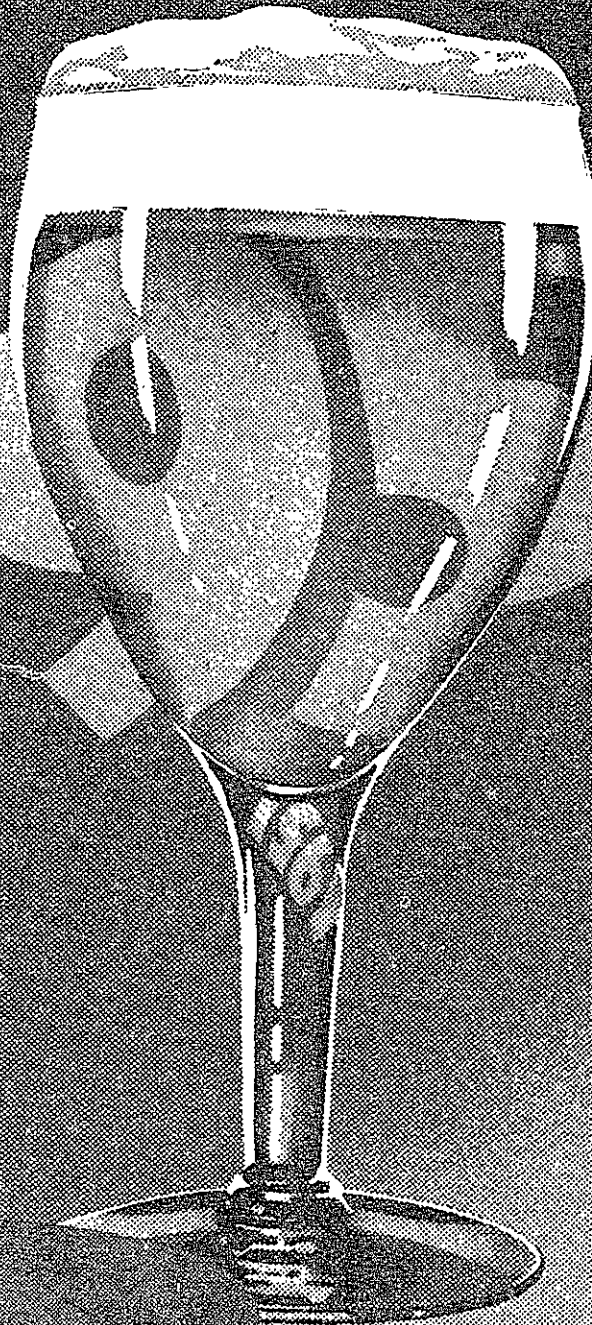
# SCHOENHOF'S

FOREIGN BOOKS INC.

1280 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

SWISS MOUNTAIN CALENDARS 90c to \$1.50

# Start the year light



## Schaefer

# Pale Dry

the beer that's both light *and* dry

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., N.Y.