

## Weasel to head Institute

Johnson may stay on  
if 'Tute stays calm—  
See page seven

By Slo Crasher

Provost Jerome Weasel will finally be appointed President of MIT next week by the MIT and GM Corporations, *The Daily Reamer* learned yesterday from usually secretive sources.

Assistant to the President Constantine B. Slimonides told *The Daily Reamer* at an "off-the-record" news briefing that in addition to being made president, Weasel was also to assume the position of Special Assistant to Chairman of the Corporation, Howard Weasley Johnson.

Attempting to cover his rapidly-reddening face in the wake of this unexpected announcement, Weasel said he was "honored to follow in the steps of Howard Johnson at MIT" and that he had stipulated to the Corporation that his position as



Holly Golightly '72 bids a fond farewell to outgoing MIT President Howard Weasley "Sugar Bun" Johnson.

president be considered a part-time job. Weasel also said that he planned to devote more time to presidential-science-advising activities after 1972.

The search committee's recommendation of Weasel's ap-

pointment will be formulated tomorrow and presented to the full Corporation for unanimous approval next week. Reports have been emanating from *Technology Review* concerning a revolt brewing among more conservative alumni because of Weasel's appointment. However, Johnson, who will run the meeting, said that he anticipated no difficulty in obtaining Weasel's appointment.

The search committee itself was composed of those members of the MIT Corporation considered to be "liberal." All eight members refused to make any comment in public during the four months they deliberated among themselves. One member of the committee ascribed this unprecedented inscrutability to the committee's desire to obtain a "true reading of the community's needs and desires without being swayed by outside pressure groups or agitators."

CJAC chairman Greg Smut, whose committee was also delegated a role in the search, said that CJAC had recommended Weasel as a compromise candidate. "Jerry," he said, "simply had fewer people mad at him than anyone else. He's almost radical enough for the tools and General Assembly, and at the same time, not pinko enough to arouse the Alumni and prevent Cecil Greene or Irene Dupont from donating a few more build-

(Please turn to page 3)



## Gregholm is UAP in greasy maneuver

By Luigi Padini

Heretofore unrevealed corruption in student government affairs surfaced Sunday with the emergence of Chick Gregholm '73 (right, above) as Undergraduate Association President.

Gregholm's election was slipped past the General Assembly under the guise of a quorum count. However, John Greasewicki '72, long prominent in student government and considered a likely candidate for the post himself, is contesting the vote on the technicality that the GA could not lower its quorum to two.

Well Addledman (left, above), former UAPig, defended the action on the grounds that the GA had important work to do and he was the only one qualified to do it. Addledman and Gregholm were the only persons present at the election meeting, held near the Coke machine in the offices of *The Daily Reamer*. Addledman claimed that the Coke was necessary to lubricate the transaction.

It is still uncertain what effect the switch in officers will have on the Assembly. Even though Gregholm has discounted rumors that he plans to run for

(Please turn to page 2)

## Student Center collapses

By Line

The MIT Student Center collapsed early Sunday evening, apparently as a result of inferior design and construction. Rescue and salvage crews were still searching through the rubble when *The Daily Reamer* went to press.

So far there have been no reports of severe injury or death as a result of the catastrophe, which occurred at about 7:45 pm Sunday. However, structural damage is expected to run into the millions of dollars.

As reconstructed from the reports of eyewitnesses, the overhanging areas of the fourth and fifth floors were the first to go. In falling, they carried with

them some of the interior portions of the fourth and fifth floors and a goodly part of the third floor.

"It was gross," said one coed. "It sort of lurched — there was a loud crunching noise — and then the top part just slid down around the rest of it."

People in the various activity offices that ring the fourth floor managed for the most part to escape the collapsing section. The amount of damage to offices varied, with those offices on the north and west sides of the building being particularly hard-hit.

Rebuilding of the damaged sections is expected to commence "real soon now," ac-

ording to administration sources. Meanwhile, student activities offices are being temporarily relocated to the recently-renovated third and fourth floors of Burton House.

An immediate increase in tuition to \$3100 to aid in financing the rebuilding was announced by outgoing MIT President Howard Weasley Johnson.

Investigation into the causes of the collapse has already begun, with the formation by Johnson of a "Faculty-Undergraduate Building Aid Re-allocation" Committee (the FUBAR Committee) and the selection from the ranks of the GA by UAPig Chick Gregholm of a body of "General Repair-Investigation Peoples' Emisaries" (GRIPES). Presidential Assistant Constantine B. Slimonides will head the FUBAR group, while UAVPig Well Addledman will lead the GRIPES.

According to a Chairman of the Student Center Committee

(Please turn to page 3)

## Dean vetoes 'stiff' mixer

By Boris Igor

Dean for Student Affairs J. Daniel Swinehart has vetoed the Student Necrophile League's proposed "stiff" mixer. He announced his decision at last night's meeting of the moribund General Assembly, telling the assembled multitudes that the event would take place "over my dead body." He said that he was "foursquare and seven" against the event, and added that he would not tolerate the shifting of the mixer from the Student Center to the Chapel.

"I have consulted the most advanced medical opinion," he stated, "and Doctor Pasteur has assured me that necrophilia is indeed a perversion, and no substitute for healthy sexuality." He suggested that SNL members join ROTC "if you really want to get it out of your systems."

SNL leaders expressed anger at Swinehart's move. "Damn shame, too," one remarked. "We were going to invite William Barton Rogers, Ed Sullivan, and Spiro Agnew." The unidentified leader said that arrangements are being made for Agnew, but he expressed surprise when told by *The Daily Reamer* that Sullivan was still alive.



William Barton Rogers, former President of MIT, accepts invitation to SNL "stiff" mixer.

Swinehart, in delivering his pronouncement, took to task the General Assembly, which had earlier endorsed the stiff mixer provided the SNL bear the costs of re-interment. "It is obvious," said the good Dean, "that the MIT campus needs some form of sex education." UAPig Chick Gregholm allowed as to how he thought the MIT

campus needed some form of sex, whereupon Swinehart cited the placement of salacious pictures in all restrooms at the Institute by the Student Autophile League as an example of what individuals could do in that regard.

"That's begging the question!" shouted UAVPig-without

(Please turn to page 2)

## Former UMOC joins MIT admissions staff

By Daneene Fry

Deja Vu '70, chosen Ugliest Man On Campus this year, is the new Assistant Director of Admissions.

During her campaign, Deja Vu's campaign slogan was, "Hissssssss." Her managers asserted that she certainly qualified for the job, saying, "Would you want your son to look like this? (4-5-4)"

Deja Vu graduated last June with a major in the Reptilar Sciences option of Course XII, and spent the summer working at the Center for International Studies. At the Admissions Office, she will specialize in analytical and correlation studies, although she will also take part in the general interviewing, school-visiting, and applicant-evaluation



Deja Vu '70

tasks of the office.

When asked for comments on how she expected her UMOC experience to help her in her new position, Deja Vu replied, "Hissssssss."

# GA supports 'stiff rights'; defies Dean

(Continued from page 1)  
 proctoscope Well Addledman. "We horny tools need complete and immediate cohabitative education."

"Why don't you read the Commission report in regard to that?" Swinehart asked.

"I have. It's a lot of shit," Addledman replied, to the accompaniment of a round of assenting cheers from members of the Student Coprophile League.

Swinehart appeared agassed. "Doesn't anybody fuck anybody anymore?" he asked the Assembly.

"You're fucking us!" shouted dissident members of the Assembly. Someone hurled an object, later identified as a copy of a relatively obscure tome entitled *Creative Renewal in a Time of Crisis* at the Dean's groin. His

voice rose nearly two octaves as he yelled, "The Student Necrophile League is being manipulated by certain individuals who are trying to discredit the Discipline Committee!"

But it was too late. Reason could not prevail. A general brawl commenced in the Sala between the dissidents and angry partisans of the Student HoJophile League. Cambridge Police were called in to quell the disturbance; they arrived and staged a pinpoint bust with M-16's. After the tactical police had pacified the meeting, Swinehart declared the GA dissolved, and joined the HoJophile League for a love-in at 111 Memorial Drive, leaving the remains in the Sala for the surviving member of the Student Necrophile League and the Stouffer's purchasing agent.

# Commission Report: its final resting places

By Pass

(The following set of answers was gathered in response to the question, "What did you do with your Commission report?" The investigation itself was undertaken in response to an experience the author had while walking down the back stairs of his apartment house last week. The building is heavily infested with MIT students. The garbage cans are kept on the back stairs and on this particular day they contained no fewer than seven copies of the Commission report, three of them still sealed in their envelopes.)

What did you do with your Commission report?

\* "We got about three thousand of them and used them to sandbag our new headquarters."

-George Katchyourfeces, member of the revolutionary Juche collective.

\* "I had mine bronzed."

-Howard Weasley Johnson

\* "I keep mine on display in my room in case any administrators drop in."

-Charles Mann, member of the Commission and apprentice Dean for Student Affairs

\* "I keep mine on display in my office in case any administrators drop in."

-J. Daniel Swinehart, Dean for Student Affairs

\* "We took a dozen up to Vermont for the weekend and

they made great firewood."

-Random residents of Runkle 4th

\* "We had four boxes of them in strategic locations shoring up the Student Center."

-Ed Dimond, Student Center Manager

\* "I hollowed mine out and smuggled the ULMS blueprints out of the D-Labs."

-Unidentified Dropper Labs employee

\* "I entered the Scientific American paper airplane contest 118 times. The covers fly best."

-Steve Airmann, Course XVI going out on co-opt

\* "Soaked the sonofabitch in nitroglycerine and mailed it to the President."

-Unidentified filthy hippie

\* "Put four or five dots of acid on each page and hawked them in Harvard Square."

-Dealer McDope

\* "My what?"

-274 random nurdulent tools in an 18.02 lecture

\* "I dressed mine in an American flag and ran it for UMOC."

-Al Tuna

\* "Shelved it next to my CJAC reports."

-Three members of the Corporation Executive Committee

\* "We ground about two hundred of them into the hamburger."

-Stouffer's dietician in Baker House

# Self-defense grabs hold

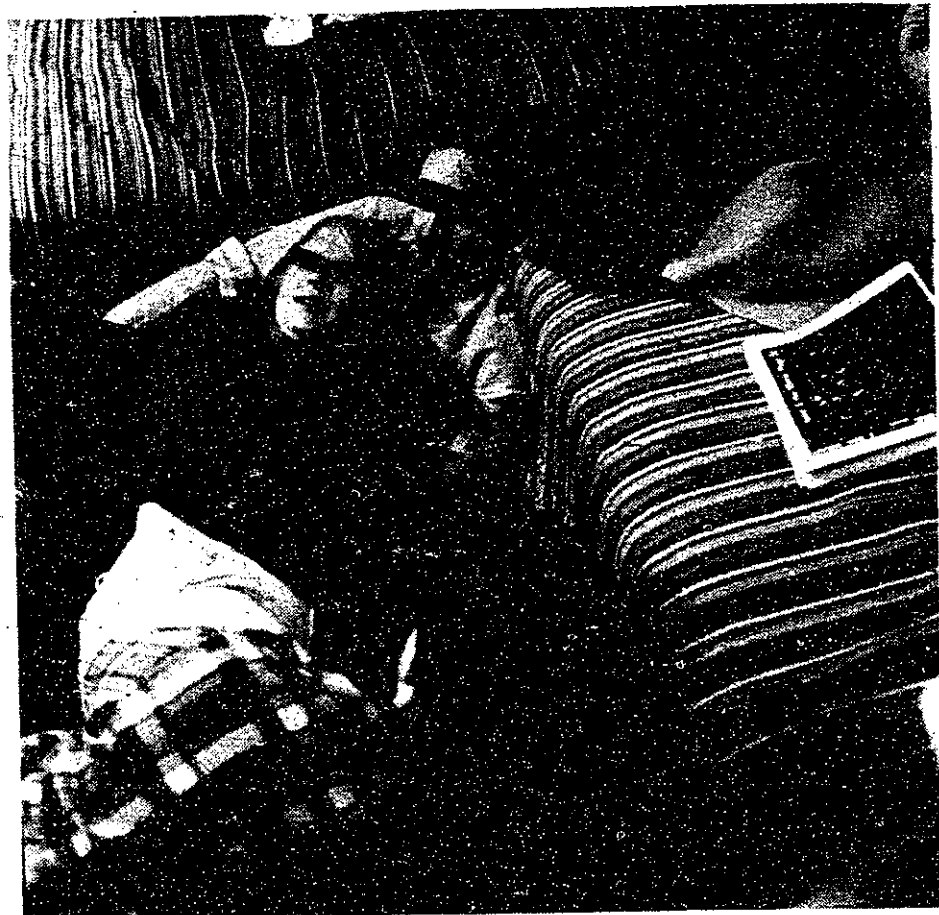
A new self defense technique, invented by an MIT coed, is becoming popular across the country and may be adopted by the Army.

The technique, called Izi-Lae, was developed by Miss Vixen Holdbody '72. According to Miss Holdbody, there is nothing really revolutionary about it. "It's not really a new thing," she said. "All I really did was make it more systematic and cold blooded."

According to Miss Holdbody, the Izi-Lae technique is most effective when applied by a young woman in good physical shape, although it is still usable by those over thirty. "In the hands of a properly-trained person it can be devastating," asserted Miss Holdbody. "An expert Izi-Lae can keep up to four attackers under control for over an hour if she feels like it. Even a novice can handle one or two with no difficulties."

Miss Holdbody refused to give more than a general description of her technique, saying that the method could be dangerous in the wrong hands. "It's just too powerful a technique," she said. "You really have to know what you're doing, all the time." She did mention, however, that a single short series of motions could completely exhaust any attacker foolish enough to try anything.

During a survey conducted by *The Daily Reamer*, a fashion buyer for a New York department store exclaimed, "I think it's a great idea! A girl just isn't



Miss Vixen Holdbody (center) demonstrates new Canadian self-defense technique "Izi-Lae." According to Miss Holdbody, "An expert Izi-Lae can keep up to four attackers under control for over an hour."

safe on the streets anymore, but I'll feel much better knowing this technique."

In Washington, Defense Department officials expressed interest in the new technique. One highly-placed Army source characterized it as "an excellent idea - simply excellent," and stated that he planned to ask that it be taught to all female Army personnel.

Another Army source hailed the technique as "more powerful than the atom bomb." He claimed that the method would provide an easy and cheap way to win limited wars: "It's simple. Just keep a few battalions of expert Izi-Lae's around. If things start to heat up, just fly a few planeloads into the trouble zone and bingo - everything settles back down again."

# Addledman becomes UAVP

(Continued from page 1)

re-election, saying that the Dean's office has already promised him the post for the end of his junior year, Greasewicki steadfastly denied rumors that he will not run for UAPig. General Assembly reaction has been difficult to gage since only Addleman, Gregholm, Greasewicki, and Tan Sillotson of the Student Necrophile League (SNL) have attended the last three meetings.

In other business, the GA voted to grant Sillotson \$6000

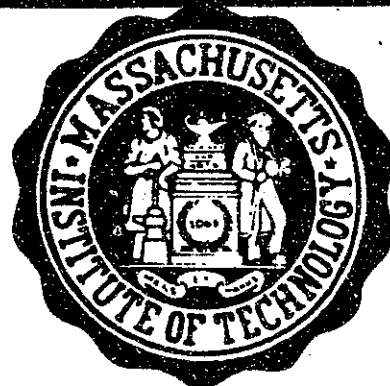
for "unspecified general assistance programs," instructing him to return any unused funds when he is through with them. Sillotson could not be reached for comment.

The money was granted after a lengthy controversy over the right of the General Assembly to spend money. According to its constitution, the group has sole control over its budget. However, Finboard, acting in concert with the Charles Stick Dropper Laboratories, has invested the

money in hardware development at an unspecified great Eastern technological university paralysed around science. After the special task force set up to study the matter released its lengthy report, it was discovered that printing costs had completely bankrupted the Assembly.

Present plans are to obtain the money for Sillotson's SNL via an "educational loan" from the Federal government. Government officials contacted by *The Daily Reamer* would make no comment.

**Omnis Cantabrigia  
 est divisa  
 in duas partes**



# GOAT FOR SALE

FOR INFORMATION CONTACT

**The Daily Reamer**

# Weasel to head Institute

(Continued from page 1)  
ings."

During the previous Presidential Sweepstakes of 1965, Weasel renounced partisan activities after the imminent ascension of Howard Weasley Johnson became apparent. In the aftermath, Weasel announced his desire to become MIT's Liberal-Intellectual-in-Residence and a member of the "Johnson Team."

The Reamer first learned that Weasel was being considered for the post from Mrs. James Fish, wife of the search committee's head. Her call, which came at about midnight last Tuesday, was made from an obscure broom closet in a Building 13 lab, where Dr. Fish spends much of his time when not searching for presidents. Talking in a low voice "so that Jim won't hear me," she went on to say that she had heard Fish toss out the names of Weasel and Wolfgang Panofsky in his sleep.

It has been rumored that the Republican National Committee has asked Fish's group to undertake a sweeping review of the 1972 presidential race and recommend strategies and candidates that the voters might accept. "After all," said Republican Chairman Senator Robert Dull (Rep. Kan.) "Fish has had more experience in political maneuvering, obfuscation, and unquestioning secrecy during his four months at MIT than many of us have had after 15 years in Washington." Fish was not available for comment at press time.

When asked by The Daily Reamer's editors about new policy trends during a 4 am phone call, Weasel said that he would take extraordinary measures to ensure continued complacency among the student body and restraint among members of his administration.

In a surprise move, he announced the assignment of Vice

President without Portfolio Kenneth Waddley to head the Student Pacification Program. "Waddley's cool head under pressure and his ability as a conciliator and speaker during demonstrations make him a natural to help manage any crisis we might face." Waddley will also be given an attractive leatherette portfolio containing 400,000 shares of GM stock to help fund his newly created security force.

Weasel said he will increase negotiations between MIT and the Department of Defense. "After all," he said, "that's where most of us have our greatest experience."

In a major shift of policy, the new president announced the retention of the Draper Labs by MIT and the acquisition by a stock split of the Atomic Energy Commission "... so that we can continue ripping off the government."



Displaced staff members of The Daily Reamer assist in recovering office equipment from the ruins of their Student Center office. The Daily Reamer office was part of the parcel of the Student Center which collapsed early Sunday evening.

## Pride only injury in Stud Center collapse

(Continued from page 1)

who wished to remain anonymous, the disaster was not unexpected. "We knew something like this was going to happen," he stated. "We just didn't know when."

According to him, "We're surprised the whole building didn't go. God knows the whole damned thing is fragile enough." Cracks up to six feet in length and extending clear through some of the walls had been reported, but, according to the chairman, "Physical Plant sent a man over to look at it; he just said, 'No need to worry, kids - she'll last for another hundred years.' We were lulled into a false sense of security, though many of us quit sleeping near the outside walls of the offices."

When asked if he would participate in any of the investigating groups, the chairman said, "Are you kidding me? I've been looking for a way out from under this job ever since I found out that it didn't lead to being UAPig. Now I've found a way out. I'm quitting as of today."

When asked what he would do with his new-found freedom, the chairman said, "I guess I'll just go back to my room like a good little boy and do my problem sets."

Administration officials in general declined to comment, with the exception of Vice-President Kenneth R. Waddley, who said, "Anyone here within five minutes will not be here tomorrow." and Presidential Assistant Simonides, who asserted, "You are my friends. The building will be replaced within a year. Would I ever lie to you?"

## City narcs bust Burton

By Cretin Abrams

Cambridge police raided Burton House at dawn yesterday, seeking a \$2.5 million dollar cache of drugs and the membership of what is said to be the city's largest dope ring.

There were no arrests. Several two by fours were removed to police headquarters for testing.

The Narcotics Squad descended upon the unsuspecting dormitory, currently undergoing interior renovation, in four MDC helicopters shrouded in secrecy and equipped with MTI radar to spot any residential opposition to the daring raid. None was reported.

Participants in the mission reported no groundfire to speak of. Casualties were light. One police officer sustained a puncture wound on the foot, which was removed at Cambridge City Hospital. Following treatment the man was overcharged. Another raider was bitten by a rat and reportedly contracted vampirism. He has been transferred to the vice squad.

The police had apparently hoped to nab several MIT students who allegedly form the nucleus of the East Coast's largest LSD and mescaline synthesis ring, combining principles learned in 5.41 with essentials from the James Beeped Cookbook. "The intelligence was excellent," said Cambridge City Manager James Cockerin, describing the planning of the operation. "Why the students weren't there is something we

still have to establish." At a press conference yesterday afternoon at Cambridge City Hall, Cockerin speculated that the dope manufacturers, tipped off to the impending raid, had moved their seat of operations from Burton to an unidentified location on Linden Street in Brighton. Boston Police have been notified, he said.

At the press conference, Manager Cockerin joined with the leaders of the raid, police chief Ronald Reagan and narcotics squad leader Duncan O'Neill, to explain the mission.

The City Manager leaned over Chief Reagan's shoulder and cut him off in the midst of a lengthy discourse on the MTI radar ("... able to detect as small as a cockroach with 100 micrometer accuracy, then we call down an air strike, weeding out the rotten apples in our midst, with a bloodbath if it comes to that") to inform the press that police had moved on Burton in response to a tipoff from a paid informer whom he said was "a high figure in the MIT administration." Greasy student politicians who ought to know told The Daily Reamer that this might be MIT's chief insurance agent Sidney Shyster, whom no one ever heard of. Shyster is said to be alcoholic as well as misanthropic. The studpols speculated that Shyster had maneuvered the police into raiding Burton so that the Institute, currently destitute of funds, could collect the

insurance on the building and eliminate the necessity to buy protection from the Cambridge Police.

Burton House was leveled during the lightning raid.

The City Manager praised all his men for bravery and fortitude in action, and presented O'Neill with a medal of honor and a nickel-plated key to the Juche Collective's new apartment. Saying that "Only a man with Detective O'Neill's perspicacity and insight could have conceived and executed a mission like this," he announced to newsmen O'Neill's new assignment: counter insurgency patrol at the Tech Coop.

# Warmonger

## The Magazine of Conflict Stimulation

WARMONGER is published bi-monthly by a partisan staff of militarists. WARMONGER is devoted to the furtherance of armed conflict in all of its many forms. WARMONGER is not content to cover only orthodox, stand-up warfare — WARMONGER also concerns itself with unconventional and unorthodox forms of warfare. Some articles from our last few issues are:

- The Organization of the German Army: How YOU Can Recreate It
- Demolition Explosives for Amateurs
- Urban Guerilla Warfare: Its Conduct and Suppression
- New Developments: The Dropper Laboratories Score Again with their Moving Target Eliminator
- Large-Scale Production of Molotov Cocktails
- Do-it-yourself Antitank Weaponry
- Expedient Uses of the 7.62mm NATO Cartridge in Booby Traps

## SUBSCRIBE NOW!

IN THESE DAYS OF CRISIS, HOW CAN YOU AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT?

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City & State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is \$9.00 for a one-year subscription. Mail to:

Warmonger  
c/o CSD, Inc.  
68 Albany Street  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

**HURRY!** Mail this coupon within 10 days and get a surplus Mannlicher-Carcano and fifty rounds of ammunition absolutely **FREE!**

MIT  
D  
R  
A  
M  
A  
S  
H  
O  
P

presents SHAKESPEARE'S

### The Merchant of Venice

In A Modern Setting

Directed by JOSEPH EVERINGHAM

FEBRUARY 11, 12, 13, 19, 20 1971

Little Theatre, Kresge Auditorium, MIT

All Tickets \$2      Reservations: 864-6900, x4720

# A Parting Blow...

With this issue we close out Volume 69 of *The Daily Reamer*, as always, we leave behind us a certain aroma of things past and deceased. And while we believe in letting sleeping dogs lie, there are yet a few things left to be said.

We realize that in our editorials this past year we have often applied a great deal of what may have seemed harsh invective to certain individuals and organizations in certain situations. When we have done so, we have done so only in the firm assurance that the times demanded a strong voice in the wilderness to cry out. To those who may have thought our postures extreme, we reply with the words of a great American: "Extremism in defense of liberty is no vice." Often in the heat of partisan debate a newspaper may feel it its duty to criticize, nay, even attack, certain individuals.

But there comes a time when we must put aside the conflicts that divide us and listen to an inner voice, one which whispers "forgive, forgive." For who among us is without sin? Let him cast the first stone, which reminds us of the ancient but nevertheless applicable tale of Jesus and the adulterants.

Thus when we are served dinner at the Faculty Club and toasted by the Alumni Association, we find it in our hearts to forgive the heavily-accented South African roast beef. And though we were a bit strong in our opinions when we exposed the wage scale of bootblacks at the Club, we have nothing but praise for the Club's action in raising their wages to \$1.68 an hour.

Likewise to the good Dean Swinehart. While we certainly cannot condone his veto of the Student Necrophile League "stiff mixer," we heartily

approve of the conciliatory manner implicit in his statement supporting "the rights of all students to engage in any form of sexual behaviour appropriate to consenting adults in private." His sex education proposal is right on.

The Housing Office, too, is to be commended for its efforts. Not every slumlord will install plumbing at a tenant's request, and we think this marks an important step forward in MIT-community relationships.

What we want to say is simply — no hard feelings, guys. We know that you gentlemen at the D-Labs think about ways to blow up the world with only the best intentions in mind. We know you have to cover for HoJo, Constantine — you're a front man; it's your job. And if we've been a little harsh on you — well, who doesn't tell a little white lie now and then? What are a few misrepresentations among friends? And the same goes for the rest of the Administration. We even forgive you for cutting off our faculty subscription income, and just to show you what good sports we are, we'll even help you out when you finally get your own newspaper underweigh.

Finally, *The Daily Reamer* wishes to congratulate president-elect Jerome Weasel. We applaud your stand on ABM, Jerry, and despite a few minor disagreements last January, we think the Corporation made the right decision, and we look forward to discussing the issues — like Campaign GM — over cocktails at the Club. This IAP business throws an uncertain light on things, but we look forward to working hand-in-glove with you if Howard will just move over.

## Behind the Scenes

By Ted Agnew

\* The Corporation is keeping a solid front behind presidential-annointed Jerome Weasel, but Weasel's selection was by no means unanimous. It was, in fact, a rather near thing. Department of Defense offered to prop up MIT's sagging financial structure to the tune of \$50 million a year if the Corporation would install Doc Dropper in the driver's seat. To their credit, they didn't, but that may have something to do with Nixon's chances of win-

ning re-election in 1972. If Ted Kennedy were to get in, Weasel — and the Institute — could be back on the gravy train.

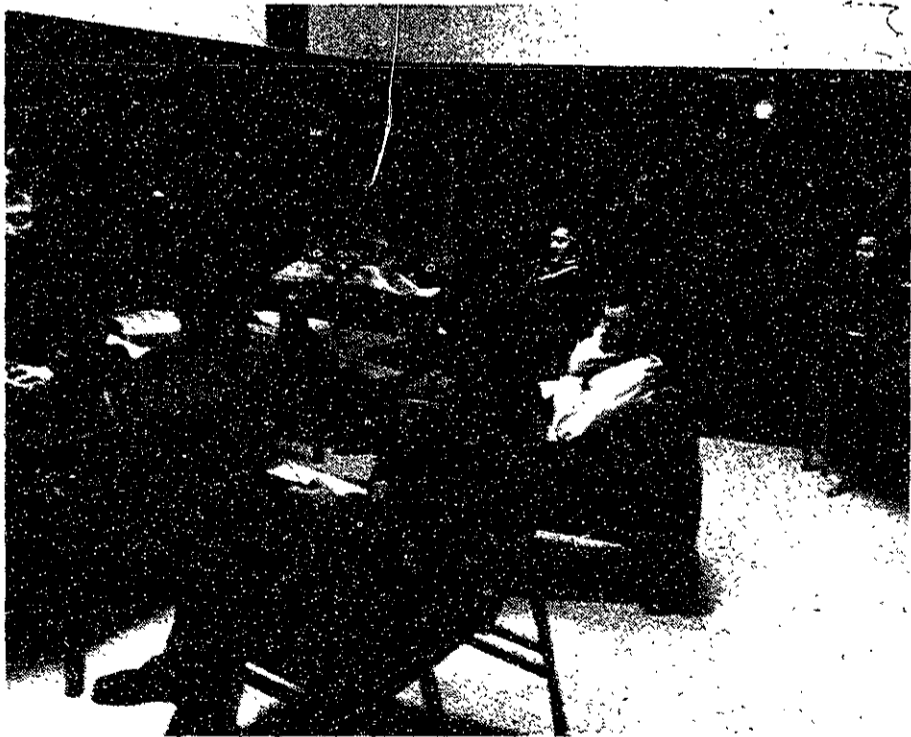
\* Meanwhile, a number of Institute biggies who were passed over for the top job are reportedly soothing their wounded prides with a variety of pet projects. According to the usual reliable sources, plans for the new MassAve bus shelters have been changed. Instead of building concrete-and-glass shelters, the MBTA will install on the site the original trolley

cars welded to the tracks by Vice President Kenneth Waddley as an undergrad in 1943....

\* Veep and executive assistant Constantine Slimonides also has a pet project: he will become the direct superior of Campus Patrol Chief Norman Slidney. First change: new uniforms for the Patrol along the lines of those of the White House Guards. Slimonides was reportedly quite impressed by the uniforms he saw on his last trip to Athens.

\* Speaking of Vice President Waddley, the new administration will see him finally get a portfolio. In handsome beige leatherette, it comes complete with vinyl-covered cardboard carrying case embossed with "MIT EE" in gold letters.

\* The Commission still has over 2000 copies of their book sitting around their offices. Reports are that a deal is in the works to palm them off, along with 2000 copies of the Lewis Commission Report, to Drexel Institute of Technology in Philadelphia. Drexel is about where MIT was 20 years ago, so the plan is to sell them the Lewis Reports outright and let them pay off the Commission Reports on the installment plan. The Commission ordered forty rubber stamps saying "DIT" last week, so the sale seems a distinct possibility.



Editors of *The Daily Reamer* join with UAPig Chick Gregholm in sucking up to Dean for Student Affairs J. Daniel Swinehart, resulting in subsequent hard-hitting, invective-laden editorial above.



VOLUME LXIX, NO. 20

Wednesday, February 3, 1971

### Bored of Director

Chairman . . . . . Craig Davis '71

Second-rate postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts. *The Daily Reamer* is mailed illegally twice yearly by a pack of cretins. Subscriptions are unavailing.

*The Daily Reamer* announces with regret the resignations of Alex Makowski, Editor-in-Chief; Bruce Weinberg, Business Manager; Harvey Baker, Joe Kashi and Lee Giguere, News Editors; Bill Roberts and Sandy Cohen, Night Editors; John Kavazanjian, Sports Editor; Red Van Derson, Photography Editor; Robert Elkin, Advertising Manager; Steve Rovinsky, Production Manager; Duff McRoberts, Associate News Editor; Len Tower, Accounts Receivable; Larry Eisenberg, Accounts Payable; Sandy Weiner, Circulation Manager; Cindy O'Connell, Jan Geraney, Bill Kupski, and Sue Spencer, Production Staff; Dave deBronkart, John Gunther, Bruce Schwartz, Bruce Peetz, Curt Reeves, Dave Searls, Dave Bernstein, Drew Jaglom, Pete Materna, Bill Mayhew, Jarvis Middleton, Kyle Richardson, and Daneene Fry, News Staff; Don Arkin, Steve Goldstein, Nakir Minazian, Ed Kavazanjian, Buzz Moylan, and Randy Young, Sports Staff; Rob Hunter, Jeff Gale, Jay Pollack, and Manny Goldman, Entertainment Staff; and Sheldon Lowenthal and Dave Vogel, Photography Staff; for personal reasons.

### B.S. a column on... things.

By Poor Shitter

Now that the new year has firmly established itself on the banks of the Charles (not to mention within them, what with the temperature and chill factor dipping to twenty below) I think it is an appropriate time to inform you of my New Year's resolution, if you care to read it.

Of course, it's a free economy, so you can stop reading whenever you wish.

I made this resolution at 2:04 am on January 1st, while I was in



New York City celebrating the arrival of the New Year. We were kneeling respectfully in Rockefeller Center before the statue of Atlas. We burned several copies of Mao's thoughts in hopes that Atlas would shrug, but alas, our prayers to Saint Ayn went unrewarded. But staring into the embers of what had been but a moment earlier a pile of red rhetoric, I could not help but wonder what I could do to strengthen the forces of freedom. And I decided that what I should do is simply endeavor, in my contractual relationships with other free agents, to deliver 100% of the goods. Hence, in my writing from now on, I shall always endeavor to deliver to you, the reader, your full money's worth.

That being said, it's time to turn to lighter things. Specifically, movies. A number of films have opened in Boston since some of you left town. (And remember, those of you who went away over IAP, it cost you \$23.50 a day in lost tuition) I thought some "pocket reviews"

would be in order, and here they are, forthwith:

**Goin' Down the Road** — Two drifters from the Canadian outback seek their fortunes in the big city. They are obviously inferior and meet with their natural fates at the hands of an impersonal, but free, system of natural selection. At the *Cherry*.

**Brewster McCloud** — in *M\*A\*S\*H*, director Robert Altman went about as far as possible into superfluous gore and inanity. With this tale of a weirdo who learns to fly in the Astrodome, he has gone even further into the ridiculous. Some good scenic shots of Houston though. At the *Paranoid*.

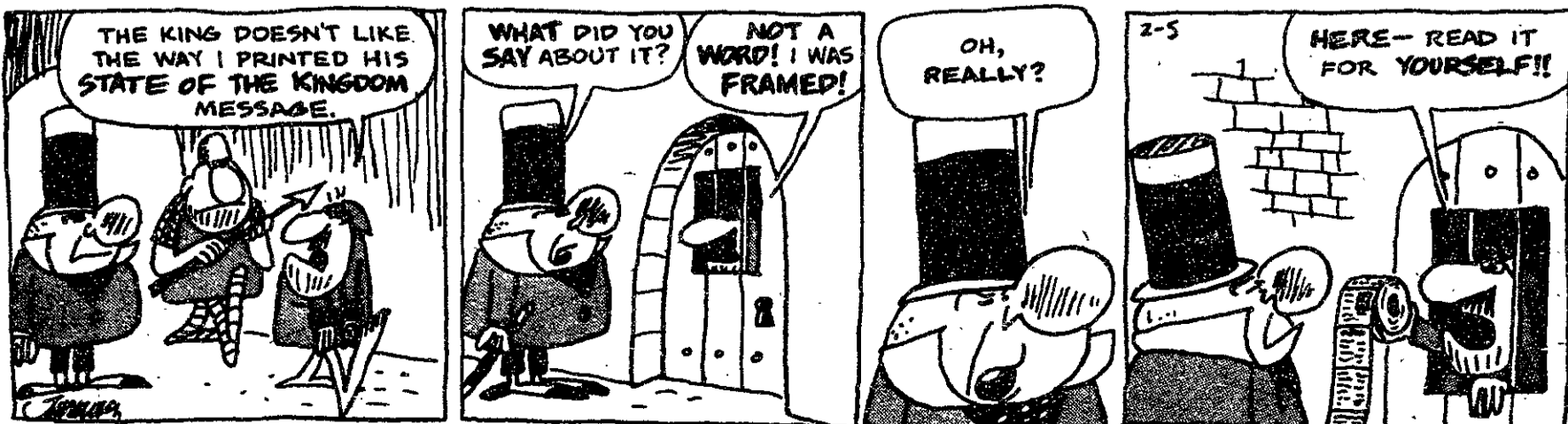
**2001: A Space Odyssey** — Kubrick's enigmatic cosmic spectacular is back, in its proper size (70mm) and sound (not by Tech Hi-Fi). The plot, alas, is no more meaty than ever, the characters are still robots, and I've never been able to tolerate that last sequence without dark glasses on. I wish someone would explain that eating sequence. If one looks carefully, one can see that the astronaut is eating a TV dinner. Is *2001* saying we are all prisoners of TV? At the *Garden*.

**Five Easy Pieces** — ever since *Easy Rider* we have seen a rash of movies that glorify aimless, hollow-souled drifters. In fact, in this movie, we even get an *Easy Rider* alumnus in the person of Jack Nicholson. He's obviously looking for something, and it appears to be a piece of ass. Or the meaning of life. Something like that. At the *Abby 2*.

**The Lickerish Quartet** — honestly, I thought it was about clarinet players. It turns out to be a skin flick. I was too embarrassed to leave, so I had to sit through it with my coat in my lap. At the *Back Bay Station*.

**One Grunch and the Eggplant** Over There — paradoxical, whimsical, funny — but garbage. A cleft-nobulant script that could have been written by two dispossessed editors of *The Tech* while they were indulging in marihuana. At the *Asster*. That about wraps it up, except to add that the prices are all exorbitant, except at LSC, and there you get what you pay for. Why not see this weekend's double bill: *Hello Dolly!* on Friday night and *He, She, Them, and Us* (seven showings) Saturday.

WIZ ID



WIZ ID appears daily in the *Sunday Harold Travesty*

# fun 'n' games

Art Movies: "One Grunch and the Eggplant Over There"

Bacchanals: Spring Weekend '71

Records: Blah

Art Movies:

## One Grunch ...

By Gold Manning

The film, *One Grunch and the Eggplant Over There*, is saying the same thing as my wife: "You male chauvinist dog!" In fact, we are shown the exploits of a young sea urchin in his escapades through space, time, and the hallowed halls of the Menopausal Prostitute of Autocracy.

Director Wenceslas Wrzsbzski, noted Czechoslovakian advocate of the *auteur* theory, has obviously tried to impart the effect of porphyria to his production. His hero, upon learning of his anthropophagous tendencies, exclaims, "Oh! So passes the glory of the world!" However, the film is marred by the persistent vision of asparagus (or was it broccoli?), breathing spastically in the nimbus cloud surrounding the hero's antifeminist bride of three days, Yvonne, as she lounges in a purple-velvet love-seat, her legs akimbo, her sexy gams pinioned under the couch, her mind disjointed, doubtless thinking of dinner. But the director has tried, and here and there we find splashes of lost splendour that keep reminding me of the director's former glories.

The young newcomer starlet Rhonda Rhuehue displays acting ability almost as large as her

pendulous dugs, which are displayed to advantage in a diaphanous.

The plot is simple enough. Boochk becomes smitten with a youthful chemical engineer following the conviction of Panther Gorillas by a kangaroo court at the Bronx Zoo. Set upon by a crazed mob of rioting sea urchins accompanied by wild alligators, many of them of high-school grade, Boochk and the engineer flee the zoo after first impinging upon the civil rights of Nobel Peace Prizewinner Egregius Carplant, Ph.D. But Boochk is seduced by the cause of world peace, and after ditching the engineer in the men's room at the George Washington Bridge bus station, he joins Dr. Carplant en route to Washington to lobby, mostly because they can't afford hotel rooms. In the lobby of the Pentagon Boochk meets Yvonne, festooned with fresh sprouts, but before he can take advantage of her fecundity he is overcome by the asparagus. He awakens in a trunk bound for the nether reaches of darkest Federoh, whence Dr. Carplant is bound in search of his brother Stanley who disappeared there in 1903. Attempting to escape the clutches of Dr. Carplant, Boochk achieves a moment of satori when his consciousness is

temporarily obliterated by an overflight of one hundred thousand asses awaiting the birth of a youthful savior. At last, however, he succeeds in locating the sacred aubergine, expanding his concupiscence beyond all recognition. "A pretty girl is like a melody," says Penelope in the last reel, as the square dancers become aghast at the spectacle of the dissolution of life, unfolded on the head of a pin where it is said ten thousand angels danced the bugaloo.

As I walked out of the theatre after viewing *One Grunch*, I observed three of four patrons attempting to clobber the manager with umbrellas minus the cloth. They (the umbrellas, not the people) looked rather like pterodactyls on a stick. I would have helped them, but I was not sure if it would do anything for the cause of world peace.

If this is typical to the reaction to *One Grunch*, I fear for Wrzsbzski's very intestines. We have come to expect better of him. But *One Grunch and the Eggplant Over There*, I'm afraid, betrays the bright promise of Wrzsbzski's earlier (and lamentably, unintelligible) film *Hemorrhoidkopf-17*.

"The seat of power is not between the legs," noted anatomist Renada Pibaldi has added,



A seduction scene in darkest Federoh.

in reference to *One Grunch*, "even though the director seems to think so. It is this disastrous crack, occurring throughout the edifice of the archetypically constructed high-tensile-strength female, which makes so many men male chauvinist swine."

Not that the film has no strong points. Even the wardrobe mistress must have noticed this as the crew went through the set for this extravagantly coopted production, much of which was shot on location in the deepest bowels of darkest Federoh. The panoramic shots are breathtaking, as is the asparagus.

But it is perhaps one scene that redeems *One Grunch* from complete solubility. I refer, of

course, to the feigned sequence so eloquently defended by Justice Douglas in his single-handed dissent, the scene which portrays the seduction of the chemical engineer by Boochk in the cellars of a fraternity in an eastern technological institute. The drabness, the mice, the nurds, the jocks — all these characters are believable, and even if one cannot empathize with them, at least one knows that nobody is trying to force him to.

On balance, then, *One Grunch and the Eggplant Over There* would appear to offer the cinema-goer a rare combination of cleftnobulance, one rarely seen in these parts, and therefore all the more worthy of one's consideration. *At the Asster.*



Contortionist Howie "The Rubberman" Johnson with his assistant, the lithe and lovely Connie Simons, who will be appearing at Spring Weekend '71.

Bacchanals:

## Spring Weekend

By Jay Polack

Noted contortionist Howie "The Rubberman" Johnson will highlight the entertainment at this year's Spring Weekend, the Student Committee on Bacchanalia announced Sunday.

The Rubberman will bring his world-famous act to MIT on Saturday, April 3, when he will appear in the lobby of the Rogers Building at 4:30 pm. He will present his entire repertoire of tricks developed over the past few years. The Rubberman has been acclaimed by *Fortuna* magazine for his "ability under pressure to extricate himself from seemingly impossible tight spots." He is also able to speak out of both sides of his mouth simultaneously while gargling. The Rubberman will be assisted by his ever-popular weathergirl, the lithe and lovely Connie Simons.

Other entertainment slated for SW '71 include a formal insurrection on Friday night, the traditional beer blast on Saturday night, and a performance by the Living Death Theatre of "The State of the Union," on Sunday afternoon.

Bacchanalia Committee Chairman Howie "J" Sickle told *The Daily Reamer* that the theme of this year's Spring Weekend would be "Creative Renewal in a Time of Crisis." He explained that this theme was chosen in the springtime on campuses like Berkeley, Harvard, and San Francisco State.

Tickets will be \$71 per couple for the weekend. (No coincidence that the figure, when preceded by a decimal

point, coincides with last year's rate of inflation.)

The formal insurrection will begin at 6:30 pm on Friday, April 2, on the steps of Walker Memorial. Dress will be black beret and bandoleers. Following dinner at the faculty club, the party will move to 111 Memorial Drive for a pep rally, featuring the Bennies with Mary Beth and Good Day Sunshine. That will be followed by a grand cannonade on the Charles River preparatory to the final assault on the virtue of the Green Building, which will be rotated ninety degrees and turned over to the Chemistry Department for Hallucinatory Studies. Revelers at the gala fete will be treated to "Thus Spake Zarathustra" at sunrise, with Zarathustra on french horn and tympany.

That will be followed by several hours of early morning free-for-all dogfights in Teakwood Row, after which The Rubberman will appear in the Rogers Building and shed his disguise as a well-known vice president's portfolio.

The Bacchanalia Committee has planned a rather traditional beer blast with the exception of a few minor details. It will be held in the Student Center instead of the Armory to facilitate the introduction of nitrous oxide into the ventilation system. Chuck Berry will perform as in years past and the beer is being provided free by Schmidt's of Philadelphia. Marijuana will be available at nominal charge courtesy of the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps.

(Note: due to the collapse of

the Student Center the beer blast has been shifted to Endicott House, Dedham. Transportation will be provided by MBTA and Wellesley-MIT busses. If necessary SW will be extended one day to allow enough time for the trip.)

Curtain time for Sunday's performance of "State of the Union" is set for 2 pm. The highly controversial Living Death Theatre has just returned from a tour of Southeast Asia which has been variously described as "a smash hit" and "a bomb." The cast, also variously described as everything from "a motley crew" to "a band of hardened professionals" has in the past displayed its cerebral anatomy with perhaps a degree too much of abandon. But the intelligence is excellent, and the Living Death Theatre will probably deliver everything you would expect it to.

The Bacchanalia Committee, Sickle reports, expects to turn a profit on the affair. If successful, he told *The Daily Reamer*, Spring Weekend might serve as a prototype for a revitalized schedule of MIT weekends. This would, he said, greatly please the Bacchanalia Committee's parent organization, the Faculty Committee on Bread and Circuses (FACBAC).

*Fun 'n' Games* is certainly glad to see the great MIT traditions revitalized and carried on in this manner. We hope next to witness a revival of that great campus magazine, *Ergot*. Such things go a long way toward restoring the spirit of Technology.

Records:

## Scratches

*Big Machine* — Gerry and the Bombstoppers (God and Country)

An album of protest songs by Gerry Weasel and his new back-up group. Weasel was one of the early public protestors and the very fact that he has managed to piece together a back-up group should give him a larger following. The songs are easy-listening but may still contain lyrics hard to swallow for more conservative fans. Among the goodies are the title cut (referred to as "ABM"),

"No Tomorrow, Baby," and the gospel "Drop a Bomb and Turn the Other Cheek."

*Saturday Night at the Faculty Club* — Howie and the Grease (Paranoia)

After a long summer layoff and with the promise of a new lead singer in the near future, Howie and the boys have come up with one last gem for their fans to remember them by. The best cut is the title song, with

(Please turn to page 7)

# Johnson honors Nurd for saving Institute

By Golly

MIT President Howard Weasley Johnson yesterday honored James Douglas Nurd '74 in a unique ceremony stemming from Nurd's destruction of the equation which ate Boston last week.

The equation terrorized the Greater Boston area for three days following its escape last Thursday from an 18.01 lecture. Professor Arthur P. Mattox was writing an infinite series when the equation began generating its own terms. It soon overran the board.

The equation needed sustenance, which it was at first unable to find. It began to fade away, leading knowing observers to believe it a disturbing but harmless sport.

At this point, the equation sprouted hair prolifically. Approaching a large tree along Memorial Drive, it stopped, and the tree disappeared. The equation seemed reinvigorated, and proceeded to generate more terms, across the Harvard Bridge. According to an administration spokesman, the equation fed by determining the least common denominator of the food object, multiplying to convert the object to one, and assimilating the converted object.

The Mathematics Department held an emergency meeting to develop some method of stopping the equation. They emerged Friday morning with the Zero Gun. The device was mounted atop the Great Dome, giving an excellent view of Boston; after which, with an unintelligible shout, Mattox pulled the trigger.

The zero found its way to the equation which was assimilating South Boston. However, the zero could not eliminate all of the terms of the equation, which had broken up into an infinite number of partial fractions.

The Department of Applied Mathematics of Harvard then reacted to the situation and, after 18 minutes of concentrated effort, graduate student Cash Franck appeared on the roof of Holyoke Center with a Parenthesis Gun.

Franck fired, successfully placing a left parenthesis before the first term of the equation, which had by now mapped itself onto a plane at Logan Airport. Upon switching the controls to Right Paren, however, he found it impossible to fire anything beyond

infinity to enclose all the terms of the equation. He did not long survive this attempt, as the Cambridge Police spotted him on the roof with his long hair and weapon, mistook him for a radical sniper, and summarily offed him.

At this point, Pride In Technology impelled Nurd to the front of the crowd atop the Dome, whereupon he seized the Zero Gun and, with a cry of "Sic Semper Follicilis," fired a zero into the denominator of the equation, which blew up.

In yesterday's ceremony Nurd was presented with a gold 'IHTFP' button by Vice President Kenneth Waddley, who stated, "Anyone here within five minutes will not be here tomorrow." After several more speeches by Administration personnel, Nurd was ceremonially crucified by Dean for Student Affairs J. Daniel Swinehart and Presidential Assistant Constantine B. Slimonides.

According to administration spokesmen, Nurd will be bronzed by the Metallurgy Department and erected in the Great Court as an inspiration to future generations.

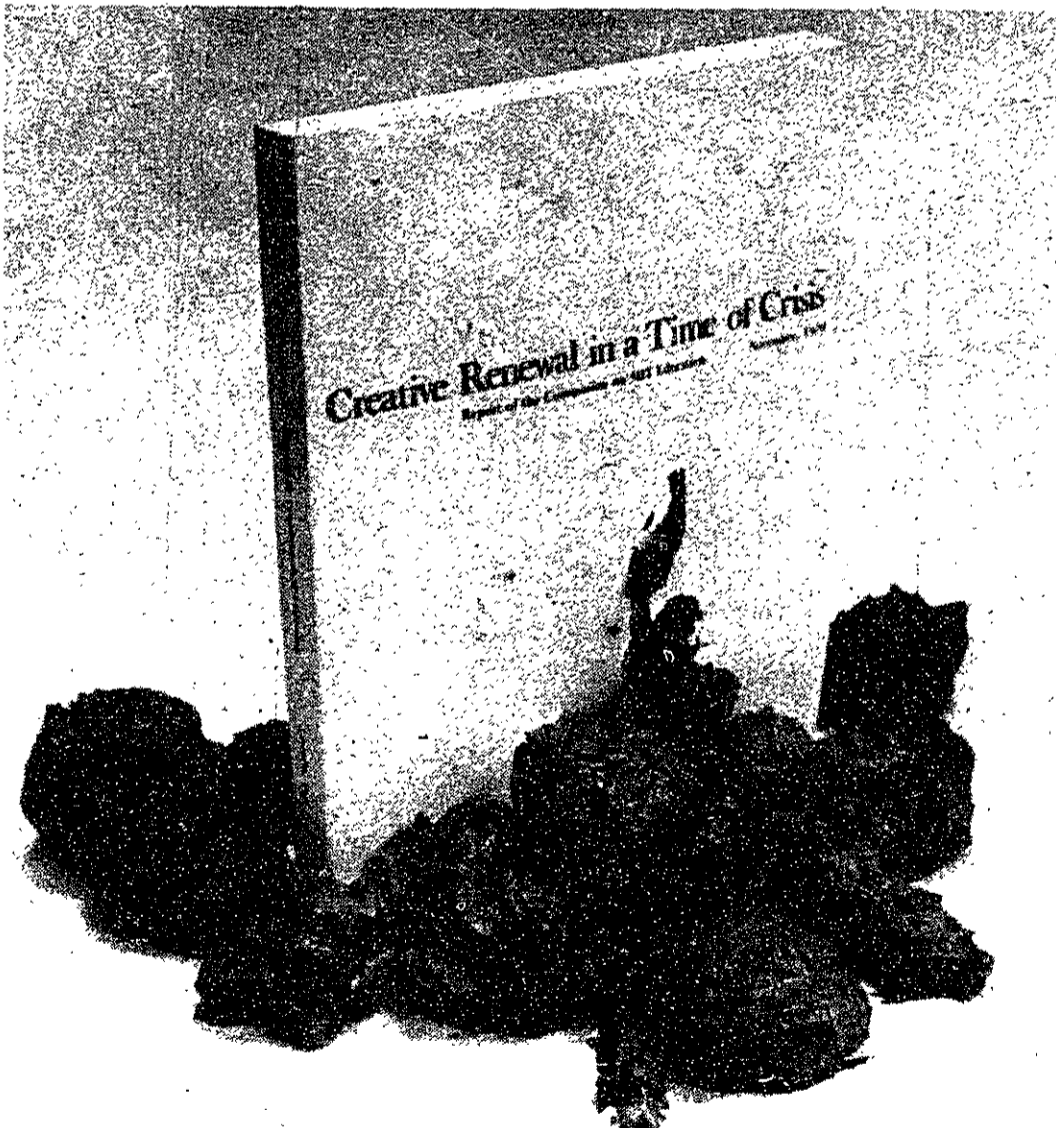
# Get Eaton at the Coop




# the Coop

M.I.T. STUDENT CENTER

Kenneth Hoffman will appear today at 2 pm in the Tech Coop to pornograph copies of his book, *Creative Renewal in a Time of Crisis*.



*Creative Renewal in a Time of Crisis* — a book for our times. A stirring document drawn from the painfully won experience of a great institution in the throes of change. An incisive probing of the technological present. An ambiguous blueprint for an uncertain future. A year in the making at a cost of \$200,000. The distilled essence of forty man-years. Howard Johnson said too much about this book to be quoted here. So will you. *Creative Renewal in a Time of Crisis* — it must be read to be believed. From MIT Publishers, the same people who brought you *Report of the Advisory Commission on the Special Laboratories*, *Report of the Special Panel on the November Events*, and *Tech Talk*. 234 pp., non illus \$0.00



**GIVE  
A  
D  
A  
M  
N  
?**

CAMPAIGN



# IAP continued indefinitely; Johnson may stay

## By The Boards

In an unprecedented move Monday afternoon, President Howard Wesley Johnson called a special faculty meeting on only twenty-four hours notice to consider a proposal to extend the Independent Activities Period indefinitely. The proposal, passed by a vote of 63-7, meant cancellation of second term registration, originally scheduled for today.

In an exclusive interview with *The Daily Reamer* immediately after the meeting, Johnson hinted that he might consider postponing his retirement as president, set for this June, now that it appears that the campus will remain quiet for a while.

The special faculty meeting, originally scheduled for 3 pm yesterday in Kresge Auditorium, underwent a last-minute location change when Dean Jay C. Hammerhead, scheduling officer for the facility, revealed that it had already been reserved for a choral society rehearsal. After a hasty consultation with members of the Student Center Committee and the Dean's office, it was decided to move the meeting to room 7-102.

The only item on the agenda was the IAP proposal, sponsored by twelve faculty members, led by Jerome Leadbin, Professor of Biology, Electrical Engineering, Nutrition and Food Science, and Humanities. It passed easily after only fifteen minutes of discussion and one cloture vote at the sparsely attended meeting. The limited discussion centered upon Johnson's authority to proceed

with the meeting with only 4% of the faculty present.

After approximately twelve minutes of discussion, one of the dissenting faculty, Prof. Louie Smullet, asked Johnson point-blank, "Don't you think this is a bit irregular?" Johnson's rebuttal was, "That's the way we used to do it at General Foods." He then ended the debate by immediately recognizing Prof. Walter Rosenbluff, who moved for cloture. Dean Pall Grey then moved to white ballot. This motion was recorded as having passed by a 3/4 majority on a voice vote.

At this point the enraged dissenters began to disrupt the meeting with chants of, "Hell no, we won't go!" In the ensuing confusion, the call to question, passage of the motion, and adjournment of the meeting were inaudible to most of the gallery, apparently due to an untimely failure of the public address system.

After the meeting, Prof. Rosenbluff explained to *The Daily Reamer* that President Johnson had decided that a voice vote would be impractical due to the noise level in the room. He had called for those in favor of the motion to stand. It is unclear whether the dissenters still standing and chanting were numbered among the affirmative.

After the meeting, Prof. Leadbin, commenting on his sponsorship of the proposal said, "IAP has undoubtedly been beneficial to at least one segment of the community, the faculty. Never in the past have my col-

leagues and I been able to accomplish so much in the way of research and publishing in so short a time. This respite from the excessive demands on our time made by preparing and teaching courses was so exhilarating that I felt that it just had to be continued."

An attempt to make an informal survey of the faculty to determine their views on the extension of IAP was discontinued when it became apparent that 80-90% of them were out of town attending conferences and seminars and hence were unavailable for comment.

President Johnson's statement that he might postpone his retirement sparked a storm of controversy across the campus. Following, as it did, closely on the heels of the announcement by the Corporation Committee for Presidential Selection of his successor, the statement prompted comments from committee members such as, "The search was one gigantic waste of time," "You're shitting me, aren't you?" and, "Who the Hell wants him, anyhow?"

Student government leaders were upset by the fact that extension of IAP would mean additional weeks of inactivity for the General Assembly, currently dormant due to a severe

shortage of members on campus. UAVP Wells Addleman charged that the move was part of administration plot to cripple the student government body "just as it was beginning to realize its full potential for coercion."

Reaction of students in the living groups was mixed, ranging from "Three no trump," to "jacks or better to open," but they seemed generally favorable to the decision to extend IAP. One said, "Great, now I don't have to hassle with my parents about dropping out. I can stay in school and still work full-time for *The Phoenix*."

Reports from the Housing Office that the few remaining residents in Bexley and Random

Halls would be reshuffled into other dormitories and those two buildings converted into apartment houses and rented out to the public remained unconfirmed. Kenneth Browning, Assistant Director of Housing, was not able to comment on the rumor as he was off-campus all day, reportedly speaking with Boston and Cambridge real estate agents.

Dean Daniel J. Swinehart, when asked for comment on the faculty action, said over his glass of sherry, "Besh thing thash happened around here in two yearsh." Associate Dean Dick Sorryson heartily concurred over his glass of sherry.

## Free Movie

(For more information, call x3791.)

## Scratches

(Continued from page 5)

the group ably supported by the Afros, the Crazies, and the New Faculty Minstrels.

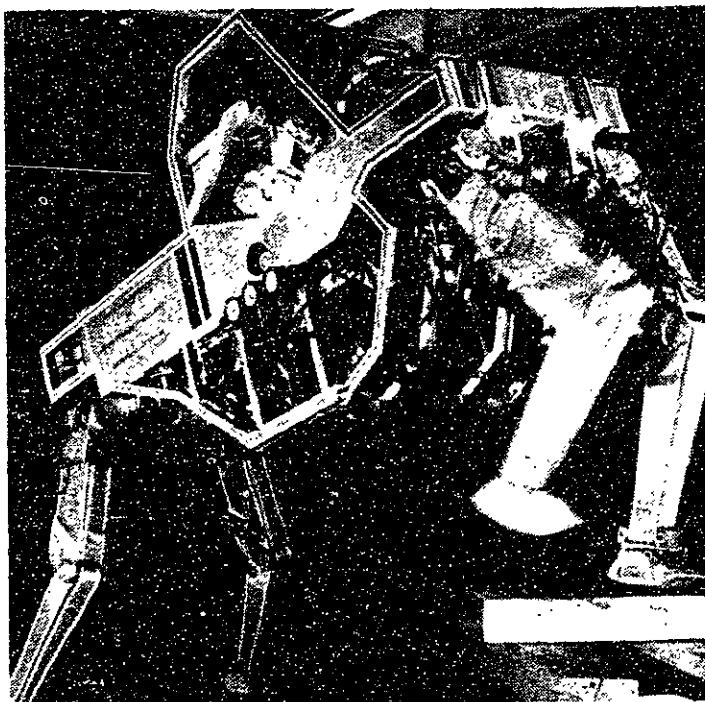
Today is Thursday, Ergo We Die - Pseudonews (Right-Left Inanities)

Taking the title from an obscure quote from an Egyptian general, this group (once promising but now diseased) has issued a "best of" album. The work is a conglomeration of good-poor, right-left, harmonious-discordant ramblings.

Lemon - Jim Killagain (Sanity)

A rather monotonous collection of ballads by the soon-to-retire old-timer. The mood is set by the first cut, "TV Ain't All Bad" and is continued through the title song (about a corvair). The most interesting piece is the last on the album, "Committee of the Gods" ("... form a committee to quiet their questions/placate the mob, but don't dare make suggestions").

-Maurice-Bleau



U.S. Army photo Mark XXXVI-B Quadruped "Shitkicker"

### Why doesn't Dropper sell new ideas to the cities instead of new gadgets to the Defense Department?

After seventy years or more of neglect, there's no question whether our cities can be saved. They can't.

Another thousand sanitation men won't clean up the streets. Doubling the police force won't bring them under control. New rent laws cannot force landlords to provide more low-income housing, and if they did, that would only encourage low-income people to reproduce faster.

All the old, obvious answers have been tried. What's needed are new ideas. Dropper has a few we think will end the problems once and for all.

#### Crime

Dropper research has come up with what is probably the most revolutionary idea in crime prevention in years. Our scientists are working on a process in which tiny transmitters are implanted in the bodies of hardy moths, which can be released in numbers sufficient to permit monitoring of everyone's conversations. No conspiracy could get beyond the talking stage in as little as three years.

#### Riot

The Civil Disturbance Control System (CDCS) combines the instantaneous response of real-time computer time sharing with the maneuverability of individual troops and the overwhelming firepower of the Daly Dozer "Peacekeeper" prowler car. Originally developed in conjunction with the Army's Moving Target Eliminator, we think CDCS

demonstrates that any military project can have peacetime applications.

#### Overpopulation

Dropper meets the critical need for housing by eliminating the need. Our Poseidon MIRV system is capable of leveling New York City with one missile, with plenty of wallop left over for Bayonne, Secaucus and Nassau County. Afterward, a quick sweep with road graders, and you're ready to build again.

New ideas for the cities and new "gadgets" for the DoD don't have to be mutually exclusive, as you can see.

#### Why are we running this ad?

We're running this ad, and others like it, out of sheer arrogance. After all, we've figured out thirteen new ways to destroy the world since last April; we've gotta get our kicks somehow.

And, in the meantime, we've got profits to make.

That's the most important reason. We won't bullshit you. These problems will affect the future of this country and this planet. We've got a stake in that future. But then we've also got a granite bunker three miles under the Alleghenies.

We invite your comments. Please write to the Dropper Labs, 68 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass., 02139



## ROPPER LABS, LTD.

A WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

Dropper Labs is an Equal Opportunity Employer



See story, page 8.

Lucky recipient of \$600 job award shows up at MIT Student Aid Office to request additional aid.

## The Daily Reamer

## Jock

## Tech puckers master Bates



Five-star pinballer Jimmy "Zappy" Zmrha poses with trophy after winning the National Invitational Pinball Title. Trophy is a giant black plastic reproduction of the Spoilding 4R pinball, official pinball of the National Pinball Association. Jimmy's trophy has been specially equipped with two finger heaters and a thumbwarmer, necessitated by Jimmy's indigenous phalangeal condition which requires him to keep his fingers warm and moist at all times.

## MIT's Zmrha proves he's top US 'baller

By Jock Schwartz

Well, jock fans, the results are in, and the National Intercollegiate Pinball Individual Title has gone to Tech's own Jimmy "Zappy" Zmrha. Zappy Zimmy, as he is affectionately known, is a 27-year-old junior in Sanitary Engineering whose hobbies include pinball and debating.

"The only people I've ever debated, though," Zimmy claims, "have been the people on CAP. But Coach always managed to keep me in."

"Coach" is MIT pinball coach Bob "Quarters" Robinson. Under Robinson the Tech Ballers have used their hot digits to amass an impressive string of victories. Last year, for example, the Ballers were being overcome by the defending regional champions, the Cambridge Urchins. But after just three months of intensive training under "Quarters," the squad was able to cream the Urchins.

Robinson remembers Zimmy's early years in the game. "I remember 'Zappy's' early years in the game," he says. "I remember when he was hustling for quarters outside the mezzanine lounge. It took some time, but I could tell even then that the boy had potential."

"Before I met coach," says Zimmy, "I used to hustle a dime, rack up four games, and sell them for a quarter. But it wasn't enough. I needed money to support my habit. I began to monkey with the machines. I'd use magnets to rack up 16 or 20 games and then I'd sell them for a dollar. I used to shake down 'Miss-O' for spare change. I knew it would get me in trouble but I couldn't quit. Finally it happened. The Syndicate put out a contract on me."

But Coach Robinson signed Zimmy first. That was in 1963. Now Zimmy is National Collegiate Champ.

1970 was Zimmy's triumphal year. After several years of respectable play, averaging around 7800, he turned in a record average of 12,484 in regular season play last fall. He then led the Tech 289 to victory in the Biloxi Invationals, managing to set both a record average of 13,002 and to score a high game of 34,516, despite a hangnail on his left index finger. Tech then matched Rensselaer in the Pittsburgh Playoffs, only to be knocked from contention in the national finals held in Zanesville, Ohio, in December. MIT dropped to a crackshot crew from Bronx Science.

But Zmrha's stunning year earned him an invitation first to the Pinball Allstar Tourney in Camden, New Jersey, and finally to the National Individual Tournament in Bayonne. There he 'ought his way into the finals, eventually defeating former national heavyweight flipper George Gronk of Ozark, Missouri, in a hotly contested match. The match went thirteen hours and into sudden-death overtime, ending at last when Gronk smashed the glass of his machine (which had begun not tallying tens) and bled to death through a severed femoral artery.

Though proud of his championship, Zimmy retains his native insouciant humility. "I'm the greatest, but it's only a little ball," he says, strolling off to the sanitary engineering labs, his flipper fingers beating out the rhythms of "Tommy" on his mop handle.

By Rikan Naizanin

Saturday night the varsity hockey team traveled to Bates and extended its record to a 3-2-1 by edging the Batesmen one point by a score of 3-2. Despite the absence of a key defenseman, the Beavers managed to put together a good defense, though not without some fine assistance by last year's favorite Ken Klod '71, who was ejected midway in the third period for his brilliant save, executed when he hit an attacking Batesman with a brick thrown from his seat.

Due to the absence of key defenseman Harwood Key '72, key left defenseman, the Tech Six went with only three defensemen: Carhart BuFoon '72, Harold Hawthorpe '71, and Fred Crud '73.

In the first period the Beavers were extremely disorganized as the pucksters were without a left-handed defenseman. Bates, however, relying on a defenseman with two left hands, managed to score but one goal in the period, making the score 1-0.

In the second period the Tech icemen really stormed back. Blowing Bates off the ice was the fine third line, a concept that lack of depth has removed from MIT hockey vocabulary until this year. In the second period it was the fine third line of Tom Rush '73, Mark Cardigan '72, and Frank Sesox '72 that did the puckers' business for them. At the 15:00 mark Sesox, aided by Alex Acerbate '71, dribbled it in past the Bates



Bill Board (4) takes a fine pass from Allie Gador (9) during the second period. Board later went on to score on a power play.

goalie to tie the score at 1-1. Later in the second period Bill Board '71 scored on a fine pass from Allie Gador '73 on a power-play. This put the Tech icemen ahead 2-1. Bates came back in the third period, scoring on a breakaway to knot the score again at 2-2.

The Beavers came back strongly but defenseman Boswell Johnson '71 drew a two-minute and a ten-minute misconduct penalty for biting the referee and defenseman BuFoon, one of

the two remaining, drew two minutes for lewd conduct. The pucksters were clearly in trouble, but the penalty killers and spectator Klod held. After coming back on the ice, BuFoon hit Mat Thew '73 with a fine pass which Thew converted from ten feet out to get the winning goal which won the game.

The Techmen sweated out another two-man penalty at the end but pulled out a fine 3-2 victory.

## Jock article dull reading

By Felonius Munk

Three MIT freshmen and an ex-con yesterday claimed credit for last month's robbery of the Brighton Bank and Trust Company, which netted thieves \$80,000 in small change. The quartet announced in an anonymous communique printed in the MIT 'newspaper' *Ergot* that they had pulled off the "perfect crime" when they raided the bank disguised as radicals from Brandeis University.

The three frosh claimed that their motive for robbing the bank had been "to finance our MIT educations." One complained that he had spent six months panhandling in Harvard Square as part of his \$600 job award, and, after repeated trips to the Student Employment Office, was reassigned to hawk the radical newspaper *The Mole* on the street. He was picked up by Cambridge Police for littering and contracted frostbite while in custody. "After that," he said, "I decided to pull my own job."

The communique said that they sought out the ex-con as "technical advisor and getaway-

car driver." Apparently the ex-con did indeed perform this function, as only three persons, disguised as Captain America, Spiderman, and Spiro Agnew, actually pulled the job before fleeing in what observers said "looked like a US Army MXXXVI-B Quadruped Shit-kicker."

No one was injured in the robbery, but three TV cameras and a Master Charge photo-engraver were offed by the M-16-toting bandits.

Under extreme pressure from Boston Police, who have kept up around-the-clock harassment of his office, Campus Patrol Captain James T. Olive has tentatively identified the culprits as Reinhard Hardin, James J. James, and Jocelyn Zaftig, all Class of '73, and William Wagnall, formerly Class of '60. Wagnall was a freshman in 1957 when he robbed a bank in his home town of Boulder Bluff, Nebraska. He claimed that he had done it to spare his parents from malnutrition incurred while trying to put him through school. Despite testimony from 227 Department of Defense

character witnesses, Wagnall, a budding guidance-systems genius, was given 5-to-20 for armed robbery and sent to the state pen. He was paroled last year after serving ten years of his sentence.

Despite his tentative identifications, however, Olive told *The Daily Reamer*, "We have absolutely no evidence against them that would hold up in court." James James paid his entire tuition and commons bill in dimes, but, added Olive, "so did Joe Pistachio." [Ed. note: Pistachio, a 23-year-old grad student in the Slum School of Management, is the mastermind of the pinball cartel at MIT.]

Dean for Student Affairs J. Daniel Swinehart noted that "Miss Zaftig's alleged participation in the affair indicates how well coed living is working."

## A martyr sweeps the Institute's halls

To see the blank look on his face, one would not think that George Ralph was a war hero many years ago. However, his heroism is not forgotten by those who see the slight, stooped figure pushing a broom in Building 10.

Ralph, now 41, underwent a near-suicidal brain transplant operation during the Korean war, in an attempt to save the lives of hundreds of Korean

children. While the attempt (Please turn to page 9)

Students Can Rent Volkswagens with character references

**MAXICOST**  
DRIVE SHAFT

The Maxicost Shaft  
Brookline (Commonwealth Ave.) x3261 Medford (Water St.) x3271  
**No Lower Blow in Mass.**

Wednesday, February 3, 1971  
Second-rate postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts. The Daily Reamer is mailed illegally twice yearly by a pack of cretins. United States Mail Subscriptions are unavailing.