S. James Spitz Reforms, Swears Off Intoxicants
As Boston Dives Suffer

Dorm Frosh Safe From Spitz Blitz, Praise Coach Moch

S. (for Sodden) Jim Spitz, uncrowned victor of countless beer brawls and lord high magistrate of the Scollay Square region, has at last gone on the water wagon, he revealed to a reporter from The Tech in an exclusive interview last night.

When informed of the startling news, local barkeeps wept large tears in their beers and uttered pitiful moans of anguish. Scollay Square residents staged a blackout in memoriam to their fallen hero. The Esplanade Cafeteria immediately filed a suit of bankruptcy.

Dorm Frosh Safe

No more will dormitory freshmen tremble as Big Jim leaves his gin soaked den for a walk. Never again will they be forced to carry his alcohol drenched remains up three flights of stairs to his bed in the dark of night, nor lie awake nights listening to his hearty voice cursing the little pink elephants invading his room.

The assembled crowd tonight will see the last binge in the life of Voo Do's greatest sot, no glass will leave his lips undrained, myriad waiters will be kept busy appeasing his insatiable thirst. Alas poor Barbara, daughter of a W.C.T.U. president.

With his revelation that he had signed the pledge, spitz announced that he would continue the illustrious crew career which last year saw him dive overboard on two occasions when he noticed a bottle bobbing about in the waves of the Charles River Basin.

Spitz's decision to quit the bottle and turn out for crew has resulted in a rise to prominence for Bobby Moch, crew coach. Moch has jumped into the limelight as a leading candidate for the Pulitzer Peace Prize, the committee on Pulitzer awards announced last night. The committee is considering Moch because of the great advances he has made towards an enduring peace by his removal of troublemaker Spitz from public attention.

Uprising Of Tech Students Alters Punk Coop Setup

Because of the discontent which has been shown by all Tech students patronizing the Harvard Co-operative Society with the manner in which the Tech coop has been run for the past year, the management of the coop is being reorganized.

The most important change that will be effected is that Mr. Donald M. Nelson, who has been doing some work for the government, has been hired at a salary sum to become the new general manager and soda-jerker. In order that pickled ham will be on hand when it is desired. Mr. William Knudsen has been recalled from Washington and has been given charge of kitchen production.

To assure its customers that no more salad-bowl haircuts will be given at the barbershop, the coop has hired three French hair-stylers, Boris Karloff, Baala Lughouse, and Lean Chanie. People patronizing the new barbershop are assured that they will not return with complaints.

Institute Joins In College Clan

The Technology news service has been authorized to announce that plans for the proposed Technology-Simmons-Wellesley-Radcliffe-Smith-Mt. Holyoke - Katy Gibbs - Sargent merger are well under way. Final action will take place about the end of next week, pending approval by the I.C.C.

In certain cases, such as the divorcing of Radcliffe from Harvard, it was necessary to call out two companies of M.I.T. ROTC in order to convince the boys from "up the river" of the validity of the Tech claims.

The general plan of merger is to place brownbaggers from all schools on the Technology and Simmons campuses. More normal students from these two schools will be distributed throughout the remaining schools.

Matador Sets Institute Records

This year's freshman personality is the unrivaled, unparalleled, unsurpassed and invincible master of the art of Tauroballistics, George B. Dee. Senior B. Dee first came to the United States three years ago directly from his native Mexico City, where he had been chief Matador, because of his uncanny skill of grabbing the bull by the horns and flinging it farther than had anyone else in the history of the bullring.

Senior B. Dee first became aware of his talents when in Switzerland, the time he wrestled a small bull calf unarmed. Naturally the calf had no chance, as it didn't have a leg to stand on. Nevertheless, B. Dee began to work himself up until he could throw the most unbelievable amount of bovine material to the constant amazement of his audiences.

Famous Last Word

Look! It's a torpedo.

Vu visits

Miss Average Co

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