That degree with the letters S.R. on it. For the first time in two years the MIT junior sees the S.R. degree, and he even sees beyond it far into the future. For the junior the degree holds meaning. It means a good job or one of the better graduate schools. Which school or what firm really doesn't matter now as they all lead to the good life.

Here grade school demands better grades and the best jobs last year went to the top students. The junior begins to work hammering his last sophomore year spent thinking of much but working and accomplishing little.

A long, steep, but smooth road greets the junior as he again walks up the steps of Building Seven to register.

Two years of steady work to top the crest follows the junior down the steps.

There lies the degree just out of grasp: one year and a thesis remaining. Merely plugging through this year there is: to just follow the level road. Still the road must be driven.

Pele the S.B. at the end of the road shooting beyond rise again cliff crisscrossed with paths and digging. Sported about the cliff men, some known personally by the senior, dig and hack at the rock. Suddenly the senior discovers that he is to be one of these men whom the world calls "scientist" or "engineer." He is to be one of those men who discover new phenomena of nature and build new explanations or solve practical problems with the latest knowledge. The senior realizes that soon he will be expected to masquerade as so good-naturedly wonderful to be his own son of advancing knowledge or of replacing the parent engineer.

The cliff the seniors faces differ little from the canyon walls he stood upon as a freshman. The path is no little less defined, but he now has more confidence. True, the path will fade out and he must carve his own way, but he has more knowledge and an MIT background.

--Carl V. Swanson '60

**reviews**

**Time of Desire**

The hazy management of the Capri Theater, aware of the gap that has existed in the Life of every male Bostonian since the closing of the Old Howard, has undertaken a daring program to remedy this unfortunate lacuna. Having terminated its run of the current piece of Tartar, the Capri has engaged a sentient Swedish work, *Time Of Desire*. The principal subject, nothing more de-lightful than human libidinal.

On the farm of their father, live two lovely and comely girls. Their principle diversion, long horseback rides to a delightful swimming hole in some nearby charred pine, swimming and petting, all shrouded axes clutched and sons shamed in the Swedish summer style. Its rather idyllic until Ragnor the shop steward, decides: shall give men a try. His choice is the hero of the town poolmaster, who has just returned from Stockholm and — it appears — from the big city jail. Meanwhile Kelly, the other sister, is quite a bit broken up.

The father, a devil-may-care, doesn't really care. Anyhow, he is too busy playing a bocce team version of musical chairs with the younger maids in the key position of his foreman and trainer in goal-nurtured teammates.

We won't reveal the ending, but then it has to tell if the last scene really is an ending. Here's else, the girls are quite attractive and the local men rather much-crushed by American standards. Not much of a picture, but fine neophyte seeming to mock him. No high school built this grading.

Next on the Capri sex schedule, a color and sexorama joint down at Bowdoin Square where a friend and I really missed a lot, but this year I'll do many different things. We won't reveal the ending, but then it has to tell if the last scene really is an ending. Here's else, the girls are quite attractive and the local men rather much-crushed by American standards. Not much of a picture, but fine neophyte seeming to mock him. No high school built this grading.

**college world**

Here we go again. This week, as usual, I have next to no idea as to what I ought to write about. I could say something about Pete Super who is "picking and singing" his usual good folk songs with a purpose, here, weren't it everybody cares for folk songs, and anyway I don't know enough about ole Pete to say anything intelligent about him. Or I could mention the grizzly—oh so grizzly—joint down at Bowdoin Square where a friend and I really missed the devil out of our dates last Saturday night, thus taking them, and then by running out of cash when we get there. Real snow men, let me tell you. Anyhow, this joint is colorful. I've forgotten the name, but it's right next door to that Mecca of all well bred drinkers, the Half Dollar Bar. Most all of these places have some sort of hand, if you can call a piano and either a drummer or a wash-board scraper a band (you might include the talented players who always seem to frequent such places, but they are usually not much for partying, and generally even decline such free beans as may be offered them). Like a sight I might mention these things, but there may be some sad person out there who frowns on such places, and such shenanigans.

At the risk of being thrown in jail or some such by the Fellows Records people for violating their copyrights, I think I'll quote a little thing that Super fellow says (not songs) on this record I'm listening to. It goes: "I think I could Turn and live with animals, they are so peaceful and self contain'd." They do not sweat and whine about their condition. They do not live alive in the dark and weep for their sires, They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God, Nor are they disgusted, but one is demented with the mania of owning things, Not one kindred to another, nor to his own kind that lived thousands of years ago.

Now one is respectable, or unhappy the world would over.

I was talking to some Simmons girl the other night who were reckoned no end at our beddin' up the river, the Harv. Sisters. They put me deal for their freshmen on the order of the Social Beaver, including pop on local girl's schools, and the Simmons girls think they get a raw deal. The best I could tell, they objected to the assumption that most of them are in Home Economics, and particularly to being called "man traps." Now come off it, Harv. Sisters. We realize that, by your own admission, you are probably the most sophisticated, most intelligent, best looking, best educated, best dressed, most entertaining college men we've ever had the misfortune to be rampaged to; but don't you feel it's pushing good taste, not to mention good manners, to refer in that manner to a schoolful of women you've never met? I do.

---Browder '39

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---A Van Isaac from your VESPA

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