Research Row Grows

The new Cambridge Industrial Center, to be built by MIT in cooperation with Cabot, Cabot, and Forbes and the city of Cambridge, is another advance in the great complex of events that have grown up around the MIT campus. It is usual for an educational institution to participate in a project of this nature, since its purpose is broader than educational. However, the repatriation of the Institute as a university of science is a large part of the extensive industrial and government research effort. The new Center, like the Research Row on Memorial could further contribute to this repatriation.

This development is also a step toward better relations with the city of Cambridge, which has had fears of being engulfed by the spread of MIT and Harvard, whose property is tax-free. With this new, taxable improvement, we might hope to lessen a long-standing cause for complaint.

To the undergraduate, probably the greatest direct result of the Center will be an improvement in the sanitary condition of the campus and the creation of positions for the student corps of this campus. This in advance in the research facilities surrounding the campus.

kibitzer

Dealer—South

Nothing sider valuable

South

North

D-6 C-4 2

H-4 J-5 6 3

S-5 J-8 K-5

A-5 6 5 5

West

A-7 7 6

East

E-7 H-5 3

S-7 K-7 7 4

C-10 10 3

A C-3 2

Pass

Pass

Pass

Pass

Pass

Pass

Pass

Opening lead—Two of Clubs

South opened the bidding logically enough with his highest card suit, and North responded two clubs, slight overbid, but one no trump was bad because of the singletons diamond, and North had to say something. South showed his other major, and North bid two spades for some reason, perhaps because he had a heart in his diamonds, or possibly because he hadnt been getting enough south. South took no trump, not wanting to play spades if North should have only three trumps. North then waken up, reasstered his hand, and bid three hearts. South passed once again.

South felt that Norths bidding was incomprehensible, but knew that if he bid three spades, there was still the chance to play the hand at no trump. North, now better aware of the situation, bid four hearts, realizing that when a four-four fit in a major suit is found, the suit contract is usually superior to others.

West, slightly bewildered by the bidding, elected to lead dummy's original suit rather than lead from his diamond holding. South surveyed the situation and concluded that a cross-ruff was needed and so did not draw trump. The ace of hearts was trumped with the ace of hearts diligently trumped the fourth club in the hope of uppercutting East. East kept three spades and two diamonds, having unintelligently thought that North had only three trumps. South felt that Norths bidding was inconsistent, but would have been welcome, the selections were interesting, of some modern compositions in this all baroque program. The Buxtehude Canzona in C Major was by all odds the most successful work of the evening. A very delicately wrought composition, the Canzona provides ample opportunity for most intriguing vieings in the middle and upper registers. The organists in whose Korgante Auditorium organ is most outstanding.

The familiar Bach Toccata and Fugue in D Minor was, in my opinion, the least satisfactory of the program. On this map, melodic continuity seems to demand much of the Korgante organ. In particular, the very low register seems often to degenerate into a loud buzz in heavy passages. This was distracting in the mounting bass notes after the opening bars of the Toccata.

Mike visited himself to be a much more competent organist, bringing out the theme with remarkable clarity, and cleverly negotiating most of the fast passages. There were, however, a few quite subtle missed notes during the performance. This could have been due simply to the difficulties inherent in playing an unfamiliar instrument, or it perhaps could have been a manifestation of what might be called the Amor Rubinstein syndrome of keyboard technique, in which the performer strives (often quite successfully) to catch up the audience in the drive and intensity of the music, and loses the individual notes (well they are there. On the whole, though, this was a most engaging and worthwhile performance, and made an excellent opening concert for the organ series.

college world

To cheer you as finals week up on us, we quote this letter which appeared in the Notre Dame Scholastic:

Dear Terrible Bennie,

I can't thank you enough for the simply fantastabulous tissue you sent me last weekend. Everything was just so lovely that I can't describe it. Bows, flowers, and divinity muffery, but with these scrumptious surroundings and glorious music it was just too wonderful.

I hope your black-eye is healed by now, and you know how sorry I am about it. I guess I just simply forgot for a minute about what other guy asked me, and I couldn't abandon your skin with my own even though I don't possess of kissing when we're only known each other for these few short weeks.

You aren't at all for not going to the Victory Dance with you are, you? I mean I just simply forgot for a minute when you were calling me Mr. Wrong to get my mind of a fuss about what other guy asked me, and I couldn't abandon your skin with my own even though I don't possess of kissing when we're only known each other for these few short weeks.

All my love forever, etc.

Things are bound to get better.

Finn Videro

In the opening concert of the MIT Department of Humanities series of organ recitals in Kresge Auditorium, Fin Videro, Danish organist and visiting professor of music at Yale University, presented a program of works by Buxtehude, Wilbye, Coperarius, and Bach. While the inclusion of some modern compositions in this all baroque program would have been welcome, the selections were interesting, and, on the whole, quite superbly performed by Mr. Videro.

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The bull session.

When it pains, it roars.

Third Little Story

Once upon a time there was an Indian brave named Walter T. Muskat who had a sparrow named Margaret Giggling Water. Muskat was sort of a mess but she mmy would have wanted better.

Every day she whipped him up a brand-new pair of headed moccasins one of the ways that was so good that all the Indian maidens on the reservation grew giddy with admiration. She started crying like all get-out and went home to her mother and never came back.

"Good night," said Walter, but, alas, he had found out how wrong he was, for the Indian maidens were not really interested in him, only in his moccasins, and when he stopped shining up with a new pair every day they stuck like glue to the yee-ho-bo-bo.

Today he is a broken man, sitting alone in his room, which is the dormitory of the great American university. He was a fine, pretty, and gentle young man and all the other young men in the dormitory of the great American university tried very hard to make friends with him, but, unfortunately, he was so shy that he refused all their invitations to join their bull sessions.

A little while after his dormitory mates went out and left him alone, he was spoiled.

One night while sitting all alone in his room, he smoked the most beautiful cigar that he had ever seen.

"It's our good Muffett cigar," cried the man, who were named Pans-beautiful, Happy Harry, Jimmy Jim, and Toofable David.

So the German exchange student took a Muffett and enjoyed those better muffs, that four year school had a splendid variety, and soon he was comfortable and easy and lost his shyness.

From that night forward, whenever he smelled the good smell of Muffett cigarrettes, he always went next door and joined the bull sessions.

MORAL: WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S MAYER

"He smelled the most delicious cigar.

Timidly, he entered the room. "Kreney, me," said, "but that stink most marvelous smell!" I said, "It's our good Muffett cigarrettes," cried the man, who were named Pans-beautiful, Happy Harry, Jimmy Jim, and Toofable David.

So the German exchange student took a Muffett and enjoyed those better muffs, that four year school had a splendid variety, and soon he was comfortable and easy and lost his shyness.

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