This Week's Techretary Is Bridge Player, Skier

She loves to play bridge during her lunch hour. She was in a water ballet last summer; she is this week's Techretary — Judy Nason.

Judy works for Prof. Clifford Shull in 6-46. Hailing from Winchester, Mass., Judy has been at MIT for four years. Judy is five feet six, twenty-one, has black hair and green eyes. MIT neat.

"The students—no constellation; the ones I've dated—great laughs."

Judy works in an office that handles many details for Course VIII undergraduates. Besides playing bridge, Judy loves to swim and to water ski.

JOE HARRINGTON LOOKS AT

"You can't tell a book by its cover," goes the adage. I don't know if it holds for magazines. This week, anyway, you can't tell about LIFE from its cover, anyway, even though the four-page spread, starring Yvette Mimieux is so executed and tastefully photo-graphed (sorry, no cheeseball). LIFE's editors have hopped around some of those who disliked the "Gambler and Andy" cover story, the April 18 issue to the "Letters" column. The readers talk of the magazine for a ride, but good. Not a single favorable letter printed, apparently representing a flood of critical mail on a subject.

Capital Punishment In the Light of May 2

A dramatic photo of the cornered Caryl Chessman leads off a story which is primarily a dissertation by a Columbia Law Professor, Herbert Wechsler, on the subject of capital punishment. A factual, scholarly treatment, the article gives the vital statistics of a problem that should loom large on the legislative scene in the future.

"Don't Tread On Me!

The long whimper after the big bang in Korea is converted by student protest movements in general: in South Korea, in Turkey, in Latin America, and of course, in the U.S. State of New York, with a series of pictures showing the aftermath of students' riots: for Syngman Rhee, for Lee Ki Poong, for the 1.5 million vote of the U.S. Senate.

"Don't tread on me!" is the editors' conclusion, and this week anyway, it seems justified.

Lost At Sea? I Doubt It

What do you do when your space capsule falls into the ocean? Well, if you're an astronaut, you have a number of choices. You can hope nothing is leaking, and sit in your corner chair and wonder if one of a vast network of ships to come and pick you up. The chance of your finding you is enhanced in the following ways:

1. You have been tracked by radar; your landing spot has been pointed out by a computer in Washington. 2. Your capsule is flashing a light, sending out radio signals, and spreading dye on the surface of the water. 3. A bomb has been released from your capsule, exploding far underwater, and further helped your presence to be found by sonar-equipped searchers. Happy now? But what if something leaking, you say. How do I get out? Well, you can wiggle out of the water. 3. A bomb has been released from your capsule, exploded far underwater, and further helped your presence to be found by sonar-equipped searchers. Happy now? But what if something leaking, you say. How do I get out? Well, you can wiggle out of the water. 3. A bomb has been released from your capsule, exploded far underwater, and further helped your presence to be found by sonar-equipped searchers. Happy now? But what if something leaking, you say. How do I get out? Well, you can wiggle out of the water. 3. A bomb has been released from your capsule, exploded far underwater, and further helped your presence to be found by sonar-equipped searchers. Happy now? But what if something leaking, you say. How do I get out? Well, you can wiggle out of the water. 3. A bomb has been released from your capsule, exploded far underwater, and further helped your presence to be found by sonar-equipped searchers. Happy now? But what if something leaking, you say. How do I get out? Well, you can wiggle out of the water. 3. A bomb has been released from your capsule, exploded far underwater, and further helped your presence to be found by sonar-equipped searchers. Happy now? But what if something leaking, you say. How do I get out? Well, you can wiggle out of the water. 3. A bomb has been released from your capsule, exploded far underwater, and further helped your presence to be found by sonar-equipped searchers. Happy now? But what if something leaking, you say. How do I get out? Well, you can wiggle out of the water. 3. A bomb has been released from your capsule, exploded far underwater, and further helped your presence to be found by sonar-equipped searchers. Happy now? But what if something leaking, you say. How do I get out? Well, you can wiggle out of the water.

The Joys of Seeking High Public Office

LIFE's coverage of Mr. Humphrey's and Mr. Kennedy's maneuvers in West Virginia simply spotlights the fantastic ability that a U.S. politician is willing to go through to gain elective office. Kennedy, his usual immaculate self, sits on a stage in a "bail session" with coal miners — who are not immaculate — Humphrey is right on the same track, shaking hands and asking. How proud he is that he was once poor (a distinction Mr. Kennedy cannot claim) "Anybody who hasn't known poverty is worse off for it," says Hubert, and though I can't agree with that, anyone who doesn't read this week's LIFE is certainly hardly the better for it. Don't miss it.