By Jeff Yrismer

Computers seem to have made their way into the registration area here at MIT and when they work, they work pretty well. But some University of Minnesota sophomores seem to have found a way to enable the computer to enter daily activities.

A University of Minnesota mail room was in front of Room 255 in the basement, and the people who worked there were supposed to clean it. A sign on the door read, "Don't be afraid of LSI. He's harmless; he just likes to flirt."

The mail had some interesting things to tell about cleaning the room, says the Minneapolis Daily, so she slipped in and left a note saying that she had cleaned it. "Good morning," it said, "My name is LSI. I'm a computer. Don't you see me? I'm that gray box right in front of you. I'm really quite useful. Look, I'll turn on the desk lamp." (Desk lamp went on.)

"Now, huh? Need some more light? I'll get the pole lamp—just a sec." (Pole lamp went on.)

"There, how's that? Oh, that's too much? I'd better turn it off." (Pole lamp went off.)

"This room's a real mess, I suppose. I should let you get to work. If you get hungry, help yourself to the marshmallow peanuts on the computer, they will be right behind the appliance corresponding to the number of pulses from the recorder and applied power to the appliance corresponding to the number of pulses. The computer counted the number of pulses from the recorder and applied power to the appliance corresponding to the number of pulses.

The computer was not built to scare the maid, but the inventors planned to use it in their apartment. By dialing different numbers on the computer, they will be able to turn on and off individual lights in the room, the radio, television, alarm clock and all the kitchen appliances.

A part of the computer still in the planning stage is the "social network." When one of them gets a call to the apartment, they simply dial 8 and the computer goes to work.

First a warning light turns on, all doors to warn other room-mates to stay clear. Soft music comes on and gradually the lights dim and go off within a one-hour period. Lot inventors say this function alone will make their work worthwhile.

One of the more interesting writers The Tech sees as a result of its exchange program with other schools is Don Sockol, a columnist for the Michigan State News. Sockol's columns and articles add spice to the State News.

One of Sockol's more recent articles concerned itself with the various types of excuses girls can give to break a date. (An accompanying article noted the various excuses guys give to break dates that but that needn't be considered here.)

And to the guy who must call up some girl for a date, he says, "Hello, this is Frem. Remember, I met you at the streetcorner across from Park Street Station..." This is dedicated.

"Last week I called up a girl for a date.

"No," she cried, "No, no, A thousand times no! Never! If you were the last man on earth, no!

"How about next week?"

"No!"

"Well, a guy expects some sort of luck. It's all part of the game. The thing that galls a fellow is the sneaky excuses girls contrive to get out of an already existent date. There can be classified by types. One type is the "What Called, excuse. It goes something like this.

"I'm sorry, Floyd. My parents just called and I have to go home this weekend." Or perhaps: "Gee, Sam, my boyfriend just called and he's on furlough..."

"Then there's the "Sneaky Hun-" excuse. The girl says quite frankly:

"I'm kicking out our date, Arthur. I'm going out with someone else." Invariably the fellow will answer: "You brazen hussy!" and hang up. This is where the excuse gets its name.

(Please turn to page 11)