



Meet Miss Co-ed

WHEN the average Tech man is asked, "What are Tech co-eds like?" the inevitable answer is, "Appalling!" *K* feels that the average Tech man bases such a reply on hearsay more than on actual experience, so, for the general enlightenment, it presents a photographic survey of the activities of a typical Tech co-ed. As Miss Average Co-ed, we obtained the splendid co-operation of a freshman student of architecture.

The life of a Tech co-ed is not an easy one. First of all she must necessarily commute, there being no provisions for housing women students at or near the Institute. The girls are, however, provided with a suite where they may relax between classes, namely the Margaret Cheney Room. Commuting is a slight inconvenience as compared to the verbal beating administered so effectively by the average Tech male.

Miss Average Co-ed is not only as attractive and as capable of having a good time as her sisters at other colleges, but she is unique in possessing a reasonable sense of practicability. Miss Co-ed came to Tech because she knew she could obtain a superb education in her chosen field. Girls do not come to M.I.T. simply to get a college education; they come for specific training in the hope of some day becoming an expert in a specialized position. Not that Miss Average Co-ed is necessarily a career girl. She, as any girl, looks forward to a home and family. Women do not come to Tech to get a husband, however. We put a question regarding



After a brisk walk on Harvard Bridge, Miss Average Co-ed catches her breath on the steps of the Building 5 entrance.



Fundamentally a "home girl," Miss Co-ed helps her mother by washing the dishes. She can cook, too!

this to Miss Average Co-ed and her reply was, "If I'd wanted to get a man I'd have gone to Wellesley!" It seems that Tech men look some fourteen miles away and completely overlook their immediate surroundings.

Tech Co-eds are proud of their school and of the work that they are doing. The friendly rivalry that exists between the students of science and those of architecture is evident among the female as well as the male students. Miss Average Co-ed, a student of architecture, feels that architecture is more aesthetic than science and engineering. What is more, she says, that as women are more inherently artistic than men, they can successfully compete with men particularly in the design of small houses.

Miss Co-ed does not like war, but now that it has come she knows that this country will emerge victorious. She thinks the war will be a long one, but as yet isn't able to conceive of war as such simply because it has not touched her directly. She does her part by knitting for the Red Cross and preparing herself for a defense position as an architect. She feels that professional fields have been widened for women by the war.

As for extra-curricular activities, Miss Average Co-ed likes skiing, ice-skating, and sailing, though she hasn't learned to sail herself yet. She is interested in the dramatic arts and heartily enjoys reading plays as well as acting in the Dramashop productions. She thinks that "Boston is so nice."

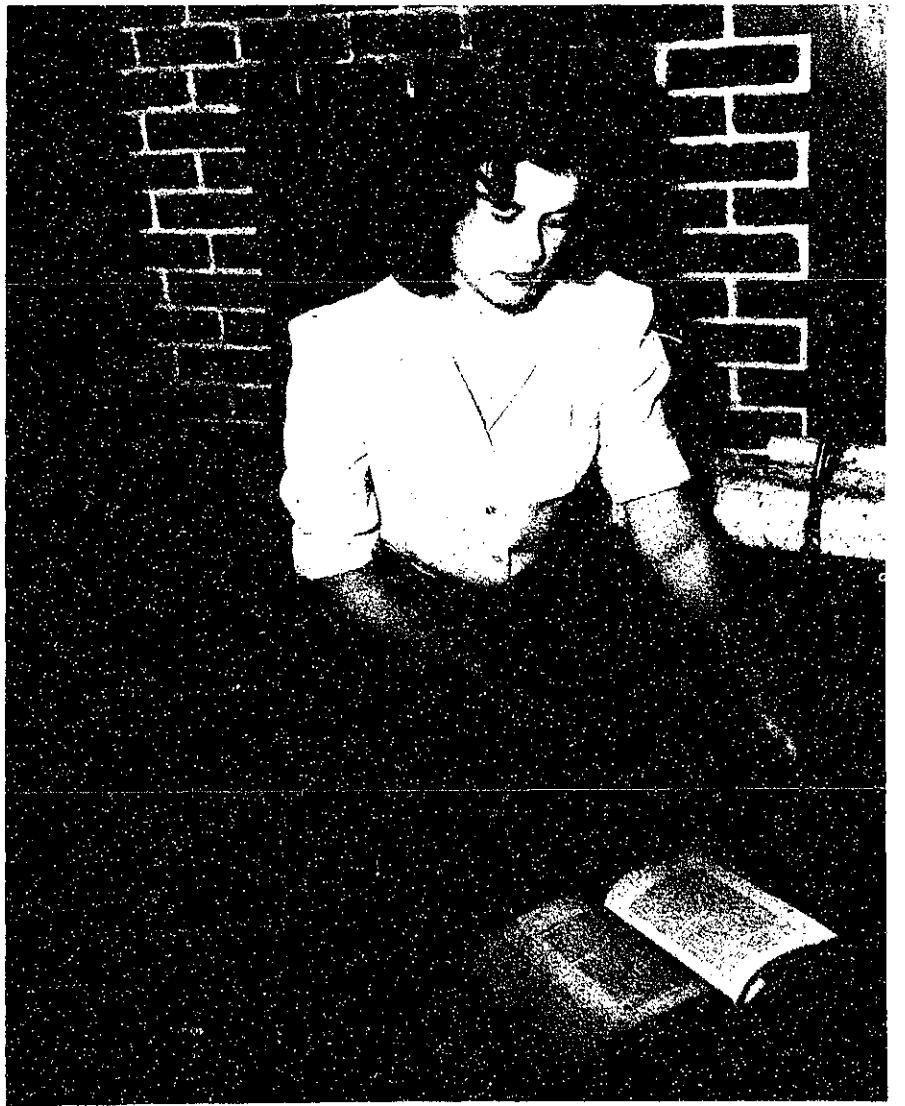
A peep into the future presents Miss Co-ed's sister, Eleanor, who is destined to enter the Institute also as an architecture student next September. We guess that if sister Eleanor is typical of next year's female contingent, the already high co-ed standard will be maintained if not surpassed.



Miss Average Co-ed and sister Eleanor (Lee for short) study together. Lee, a high school senior, will enter Tech next September.



With all the charm of a Hollywood star, Miss Co-ed sweeps downstairs to meet her date for a Tech formal.



Home work finished for the night, Miss Average Co-ed curls up before the fireplace with a good book of plays.



As an architect, Miss Co-ed spends most of her time in the drafting room. Most of the co-eds major in architecture, biology, physics, and chemistry; few in engineering.



Good shot, Miss Co-ed! Here she is soundly trouncing a Vu photographer in a speedy game of ping-pong.



Women students may relax and study between classes in the Margaret Cheney Room. Here Miss Average Co-ed and co-ed friend look over latest fashion ads.



Helpful hints from the boss, Mr. Watson.

HOBBY SHOP

VERSATILITY is the keynote of the Hobby Shop and the work which is done there. Opportunities for anyone who wishes to join to pursue his hobbies and develop new ones are offered by the Hobby Shop. The equipment there includes numerous machine tools, printing equipment, bookbinding machines, and many other extremely useful tools.

Not only the members of the shop work there. Often through the magnanimity of the organization other students have an opportunity to make use of the equipment for carrying on their hobbies.

On this and the following pages we present in pictures and captions a story of some of the work going on continually at the Hobby Shop.



Between and after classes, skilled Techmen drop in to work on varied projects.



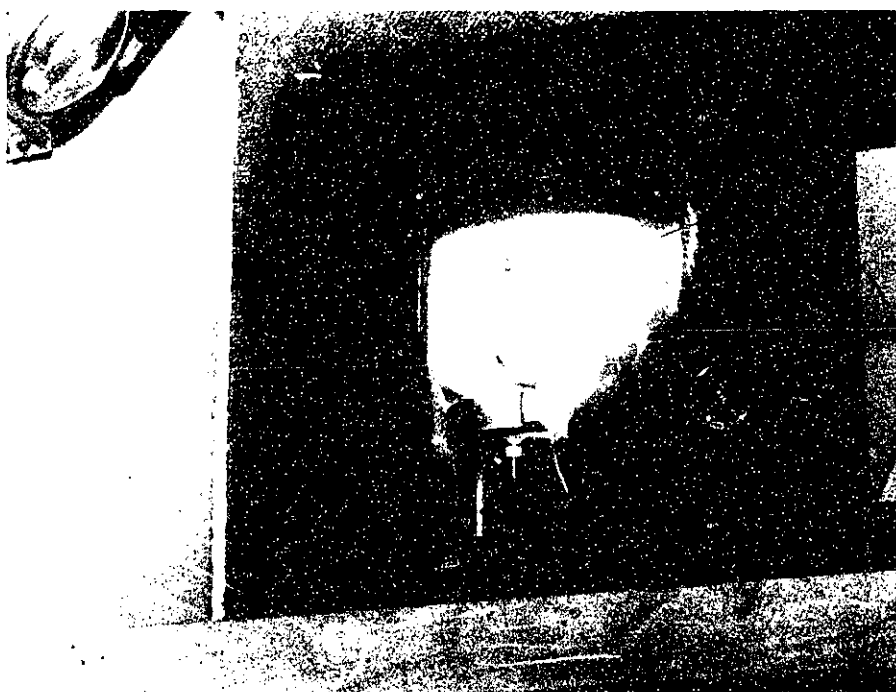
Wood turning competes with metal work, gem grinding, glass blowing, model making, and photography for popularity among the Shop's many members. Equipment has been donated by the Institute, Dard Hunter, Mr. Albert N. Murray, and many other individuals interested in the Institute, and the work of its students.

Reviving a forgotten art, bookbinding by hand: Dard Hunter, founder of Technology's Dard Hunter Paper Museum, and leading authority on the history of paper and printing, introduced the art to the Hobby Shop, training the men there in practicing it.

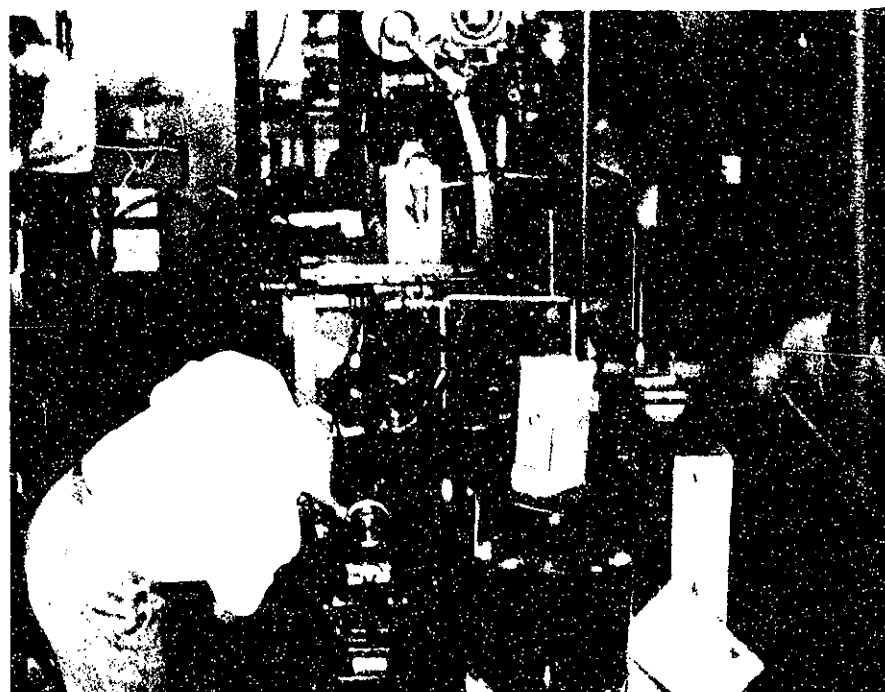




Smiles, swearing, sweat, help bring forth the Tech Hobby, periodical publication of the shop.



Hobby Shop perpetual motion machine. Secret turned out to be infra-red light seen in upper left hand corner.



Hobby Shop appears intricate jumble as many members go about their various jobs.

Merriment

AGAIN the Class of 1943 showed its superiority in the recreational way with a Junior Prom Weekend which for concentrated enjoyment was unequalled in the memory of those present. The Juniors found time to include within the crowded limits of a three-day weekend a formal prom, fraternity cocktail parties, buffet supper, an informal dance in Walker, and a tea in the Burton Room on Sunday afternoon.

Other social events of Technology's big entertainment season were well under way at the time of the Prom. Three weeks before, the Dorm Dinner Dance turned staid Walker Memorial into a simulated night club. Even before that, the Senior winter formal had taken place in the same hall. Fraternity events got under way with a dance at the Pi Lambda Phi house, and promised many pleasant evenings for the remainder of the season.



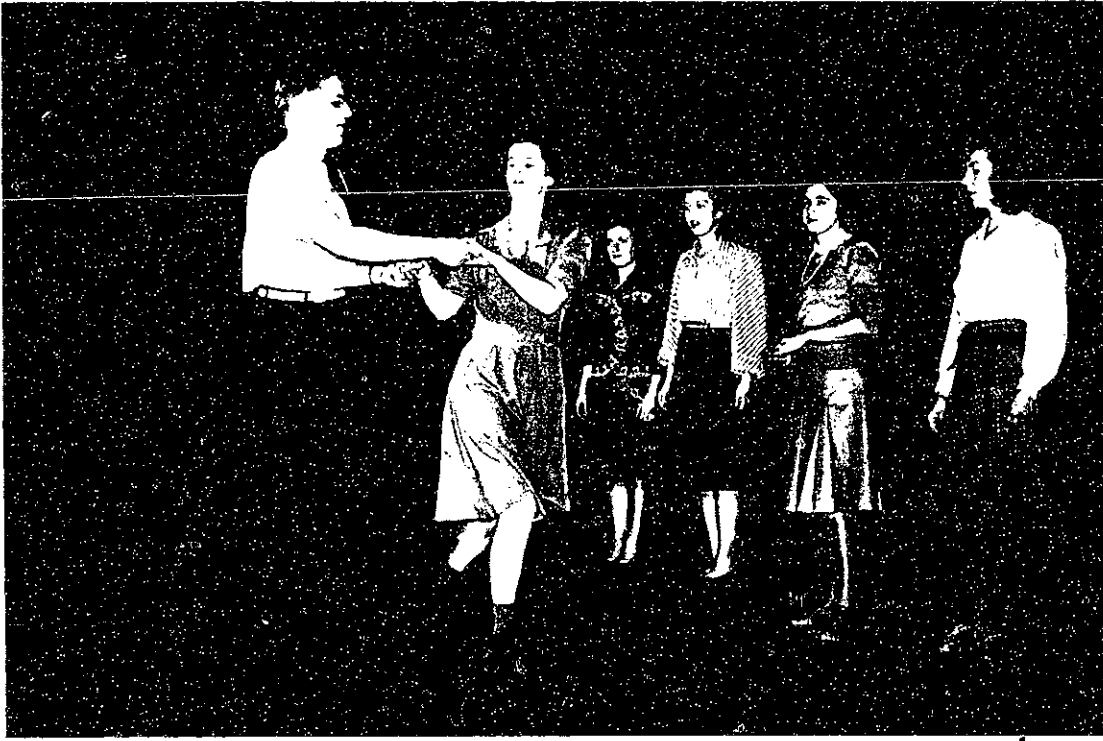
Top, conversion of Walker Memorial's Morss Hall to the unaccustomed aspect of a 52nd Street night club marked one of the more successful Dorm Dinner Dances in recent years.

Dancers in the Hartman manner brought entertainment to the revelers at the Dorm dinner dance. Both verbal and dance satire were included in the repertoire, which gained considerable applause from those present. Also on the schedule were a pair of jugglers who succeed in knocking a cigar out of the mouth of a brave dorm man with flying bowling pins.



Adagio dancers on roller skates were a feature of the program at the Senior Dance. A preview of Senior Week, it was open to all members of the class of 1942. Two other vaudeville acts also found the audience appreciative. Earl Nelson's Orchestra provided the music for the affair.



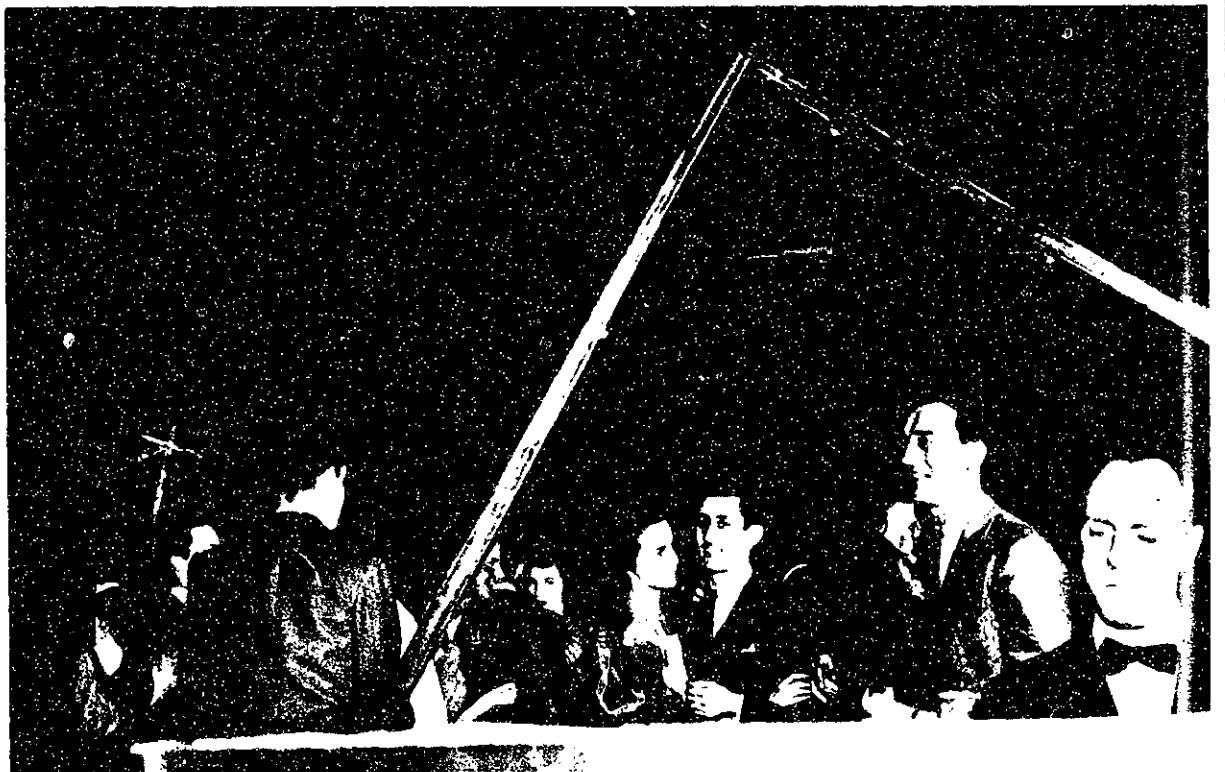


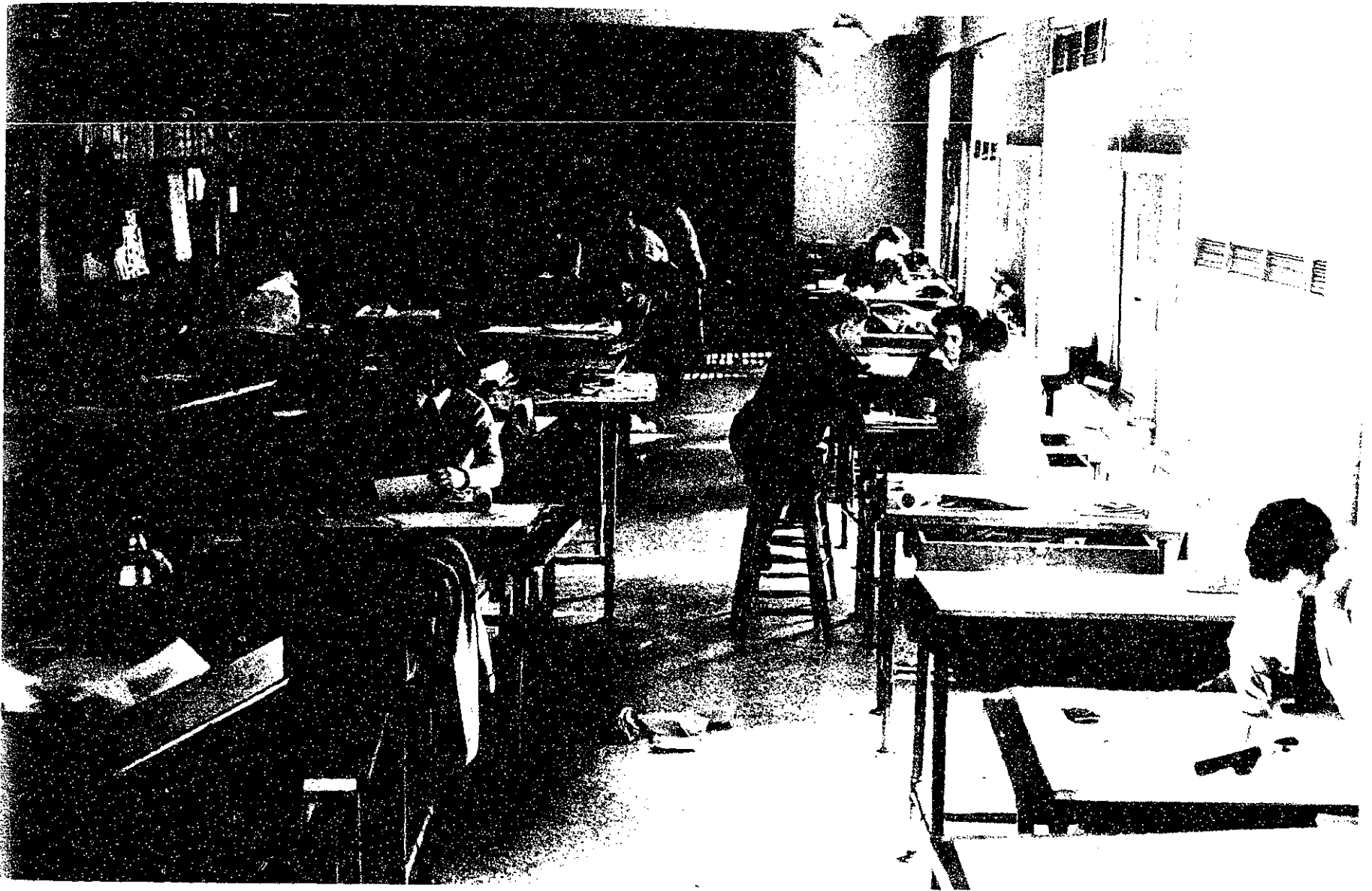
A couple does an admirable job of a figure at a Graduate House square dance in Hangar Gym while four girls look on. We trust that the complementary four men are somewhere around even though invisible.

The Catholic Club's much-attended Acquaintance Dance found Walker's Morss Hall jammed to capacity. From appearances the dancers are having a much better time than the glum-visaged pianist in the foreground.

Below, the scene, a dorm informal. Characters, Marie Flynn, Johnnie White, Dorothy LeShane. Dialogue: "How do you spell your name, please?" "L-e-s-h-a-n-e, and I'm in love with Johnnie, you can quote me as saying that." Piped up the other girl, "I am too, and you can quote me too. We're both mad about him and he won't even look at us." Editor's note: Good luck, Johnnie.

At lower right corner, the caller at a square dance makes use of modern machinery to propagate his calls for old-time dances as the Outing Club makes merry in Hangar Gym.





Every afternoon finds the third-year drafting room well filled with diligent students working on advanced problems. Apparent disorder of the desks and material is typical of these rooms where the embryo architects spend the better

part of their time. Below, the doorway to the architectural library is typical of the pleasantness and good lighting of this most comfortable of the Institute libraries.

Architecture School

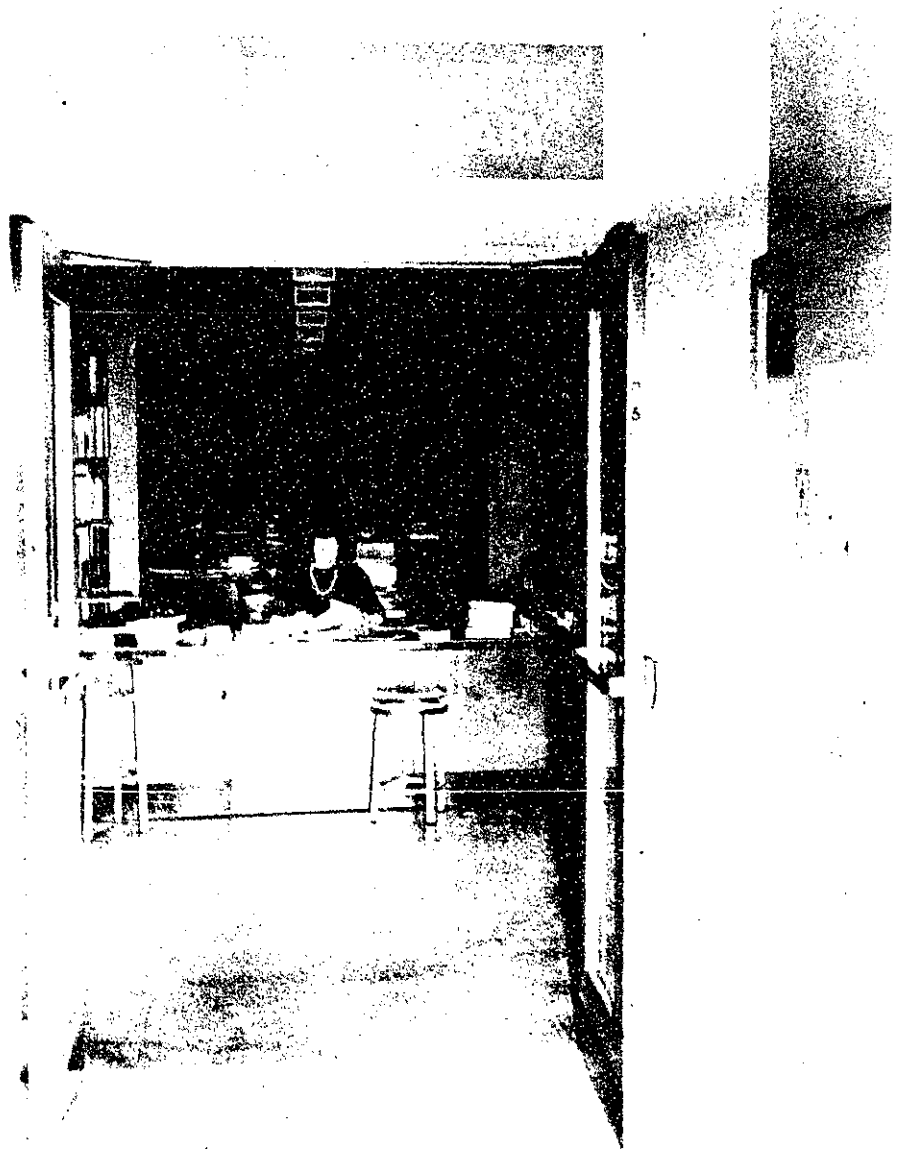
Technology Gives Top-Notch Instruction With Project Work, Individual Criticism

WHILE architecture is regarded as the greatest of the fine arts, yet the successful architect must be more than an artist, he must be a creator of actual buildings; and all through history, the finest structures have been created by great imaginative artists whose appreciation of construction and building materials has enabled them to create masterpieces in the art."

This statement by Dean Walter R. MacCornack of the School of Architecture expresses admirably the spirit which has guided him and his predecessors in the administration of the Institute's School of Architecture. Architectural training at Technology has always recognized the importance of fully developing a student's creative and artistic talents without neglecting the extension of his knowledge, and ability to make use, of all that engineering or science can contribute to his field.

With this aim in mind, Course IV subjects have been organized, to a greater extent than most, on the case or project system in which each student follows through definite plans and problems, in which he must make use, not only of architectural material, but also of information and training obtained elsewhere

(Continued on page 10)





Miscellaneous samples of art, architecture, and sculpture, adorn the walls and the corridors of the department's gleamingly new building. Here a man sits beneath two relics of bygone days, oblivious of their presence.



A professor and a fellow student confer with a co-ed regarding the plate on her drawing board. Teaching in the School is based upon individual criticism. Conviviality, mutual consultation, and the presence of numerous co-eds characterize the atmosphere in the drawing room.



(Continued from page 9)

in the Institute. These problems, in design, construction, layout, are simple at first and grow progressively more difficult as the student's ability increases.

An architectural school as an adjunct of a technical college has advantages which other architectural schools do not have. Such a situation facilitates a close tie-up between the work of the school and the material which is available in other departments on civil, mechanical, and electrical engineering, public health and economics. Taking advantage of this set-up, Course IV allows ample opportunity for its students to take subjects outside the strict limits of architecture.

In the later and graduate years, the problems on which the students must work become severely practical and have led to many tangible results. For example, department students have already built and sold two houses in Wellesley, and have planned such practical enterprises as state capitols, additions to the Technology plant, and slum clearance projects.

Another interesting aspect of instruction in Course IV is the so-called "jury system," by which all problems are marked, not by the instructors in charge, but by a jury, often of eminent architects, who judge each student's work as if he were submitting it for a contract. Until recently, the department also offered project competitions by which various traveling scholarships and European studies could be financed. Since the war, European travel has been discontinued and partly replaced by study in Latin America.

In size, the School of Architecture does not compare with some of the departments at the Institute, but it is one of the oldest departments, and boasts a roster of graduates fully as distinguished as the rest of the Institute has produced. It is one of the earliest architectural schools in America. Prior to its inception in 1866, such training could be found only through apprenticeship or through study abroad. To satisfy the need for an architectural school in this country, the department was started at the old "Tech on Boylston Street." It alone remained in Boston when the rest of the school had moved to Cambridge, and only as recently as the summer of 1939 occupied the new Rogers Building. But the success of its originator's conception can best be judged by the fact that neither its basic method of instruction nor the ability of its graduates to meet modern problems has changed since its inception.

Frequent use of the library is a necessity impressed upon students in the department early in their career. Here two men search the stacks for that elusive reference.



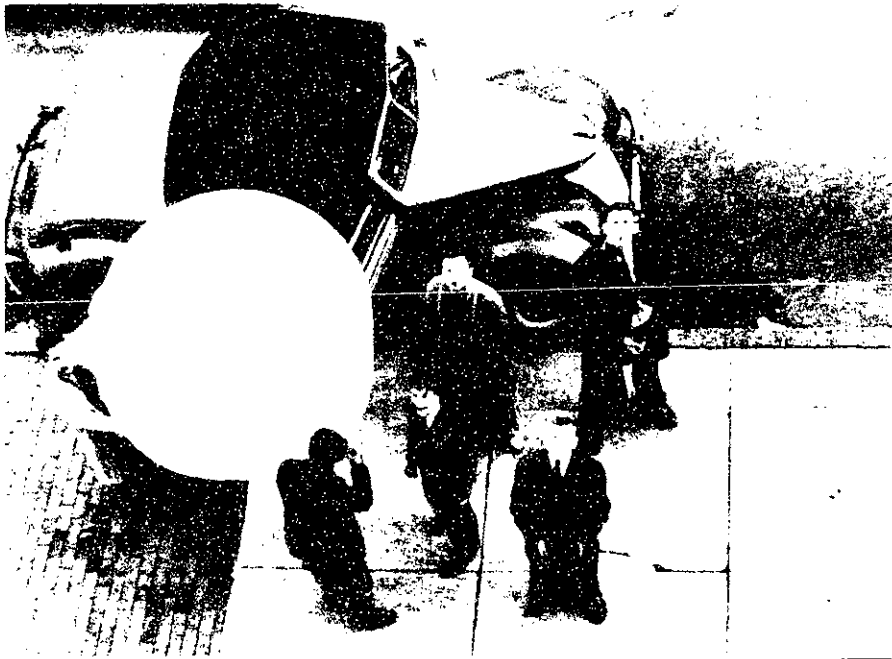




Gale Junior Prom Weekend

Dance in Walker, Fraternity Parties
Add to Enjoyment of Reveling Couples

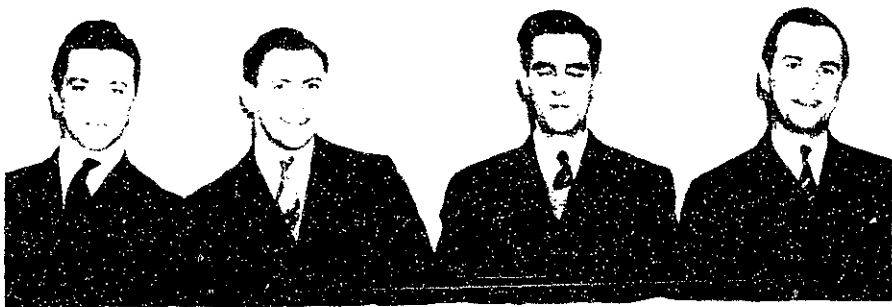




Attachment of a meteorological balloon to the exhaust pipe of an unidentified car brought this frightening result in front of a Boston fraternity house.



Out on a snowy road climbed the hockey team when their bus missed a turn on a trip to New Hampshire. Delay was brief, a replacement soon arrived for the disabled bus and took the puckmen on their way.



The 5:15 Club, boasting membership of 315 commuters, elected recently a new board of officers for the coming year. From left to right, they are: Steve Higgins; Bob Maxwell; Waldo Davis, President; Chris Matthew.



Luckless freshman looks up from his plate with an anguished look, a beaver dog begging for mercy. Condition of his plate would seem to indicate that in spite of difficulties he was well fed.

Winter News

Hell Week Plagues Frosh; New Publications Boards

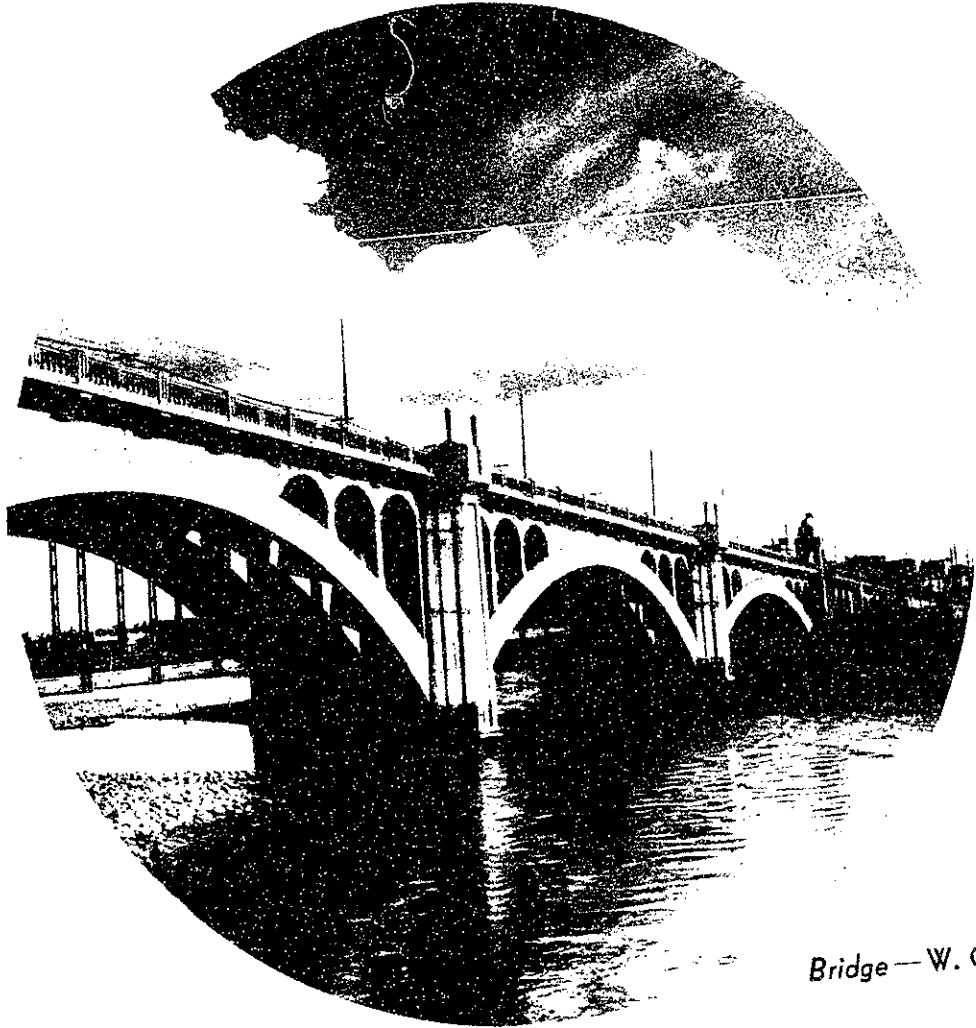
HELL WEEK, activity elections, and a \$3,000 budget for the Junior Prom Committee were the highlights of an otherwise uneventful winter season. Oh, yes, exams came and students went. A mortality rate higher than that in many years past marked the end of the first term as many students who didn't know when they were well off succumbed to the temptations of lucrative defense jobs or the call of recruiting posters to desert Technology.

In the activities, Tyrrell took over the management of *The Tech*, Jim Harker took over *T.E.N.*, and Bob Metzger moved into the top berth on *Voo Doo*. Early efforts of the new boards of the publications seemed to indicate that from the journalistic angle, at any rate, they would not let their predecessors down. Numerous other undergraduate organizations, including the 5:15 Club, (see lower left) changed leadership with the arrival of the new term.

Publicity blurbs for the to-be-successful Junior Prom Week-end filled the pages of *The Tech* for week after week. What had its effect on the Institute, too, as early graduation plans kept the Seniors in school during mid-year vacation and upset the plans of the Senior Week committee. Rapid substitution of a barn dance for the previously scheduled Pops Concert brought them out of their difficulties as Young Tyree promised the biggest and best Senior Week yet. A practice blackout in the middle of February affected the students in Boston, with many of them patrolling the streets to keep order. Later, the news of the speed-up for the Class of 1943 put an end to hopes for that lucrative or joyous summer vacation for the Juniors.

A poorly-publicized series of lectures designed to aid students in learning how to study had attendances averaging about fifteen as Professor Magoun, accustomed to packed halls for his marriage lectures, must have concluded that women first and work last was the order of the day for Technology men.

Not so close to the student in its immediate effect but nevertheless of considerable importance was the announcement that Professor George R. Harrison would succeed Samuel C. Prescott as Dean of Science. On pages 18-20 of this issue *K* presents an appraisal of the man who is to take over one of the most important administrative posts in the Institute.



Bridge — W. G. de Hart

Va S A L O N

Indian Summer — D. S. McDermott







Ship Diagonal — D. S. McDermott



City Dawn — D. S. McDermott

Professor George R. Harrison
New Dean of Science Is
Man of Broad Achievement



GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON, Technology's new Dean of Science, brings to his task the background of a brilliant career in applied physics and an intellectual acuity rarely found. Retiring from the position which he has admirably filled since 1932 is Dean Samuel C. Prescott.

A physicist of international fame, Dr. Harrison has by his work and the invention of several ingenious instruments made a number of important contributions to the fields of spectroscopy and applied physics.

A man who knew his calling from the start and has followed it with considerable success, forty-three-year-old Dr. Harrison feels now as strongly as ever that he unquestionably made the best choice. He entered Stanford University, in his native California, in the first year of the last war, became a private in the infantry while there, graduated with the class of 1919, and became a member of the teaching staff at Stanford while pursuing studies for advanced degrees. With the exception of a two-year sojourn as a national research fellow at Harvard, Dr. Harrison remained at Stanford until his appointment as Professor of Physics at Technology in 1930.

Dr. Harrison brought with him to the Institute his vacuum spectrograph, still the largest instrument of its kind in the world. With it, the staff has at its disposal a means of working with spectra otherwise impossible of study because they will not pass through air at normal pressure. Probably his greatest single achievement is the invention of an instrument which measures and calculates accurately the exact wavelengths of lines on spectrographic films. This apparatus has made possible the compilation by unskilled workers of the "M.I.T. Wavelength Tables," a vol-

ume of data which otherwise would have required years of work on the part of highly trained experts. His interval sorter automatically determines the energy emissions of atoms and molecules by making repeated subtraction of wavelengths of their emission lines. In 1939, Dr. Harrison received the coveted Rumford Medal for his work in this field.

But Professor Harrison's activities are by no means confined to his work. A writer of considerable ability, he is editor of the Journal of the Optical Society of America, and author of the book, "Atoms in Action," a popular work on the varied aspects of modern physics.

Both Professor and Mrs. Harrison have been continually active in the Drama Club, an M.I.T. faculty organization, and Mrs. Harrison was for some time president of the group. The Harrisons live in Belmont, have two daughters and a son. Weekends, Dr. Harrison likes to get into overalls and work about his home. Archery, at which he has some skill, is one of his favorite recreations. At present he is avidly awaiting the arrival of New England's belated spring and the opportunity for weekends at his newly-acquired summer home in Vermont.

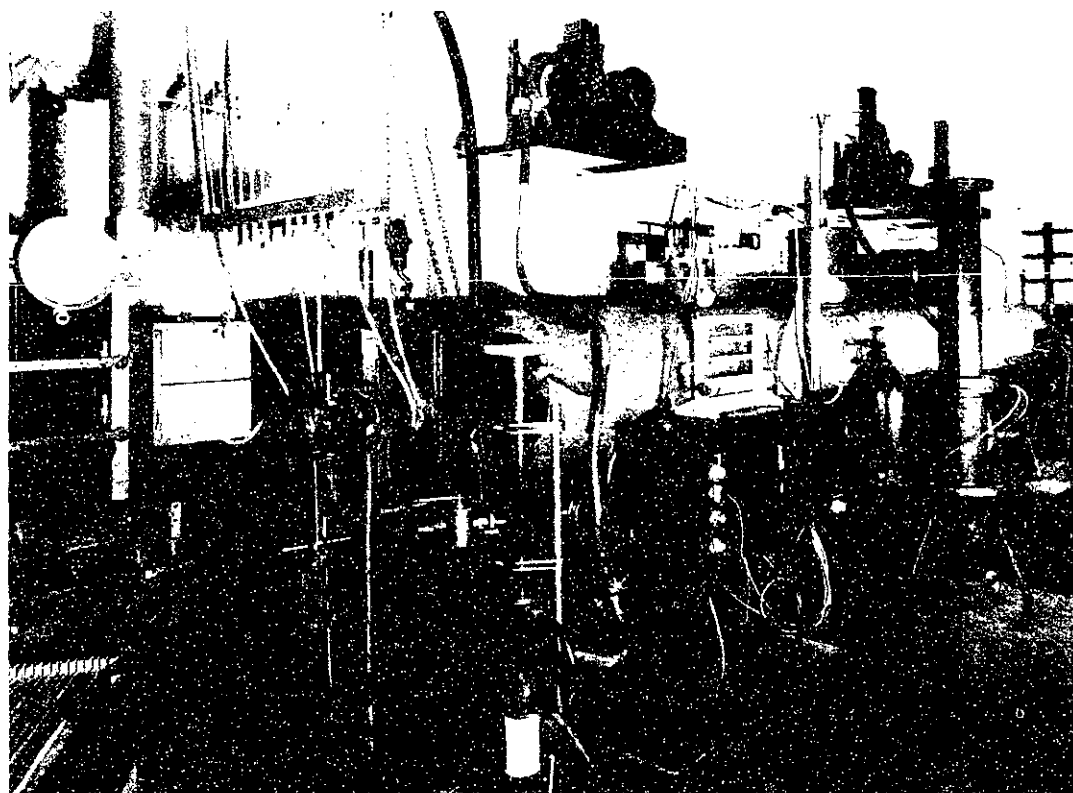
Professor and Mrs. Harrison enjoy a joke together on a sofa at their home. Married in 1922, they have two daughters, 16 and 14, and a son, 11.



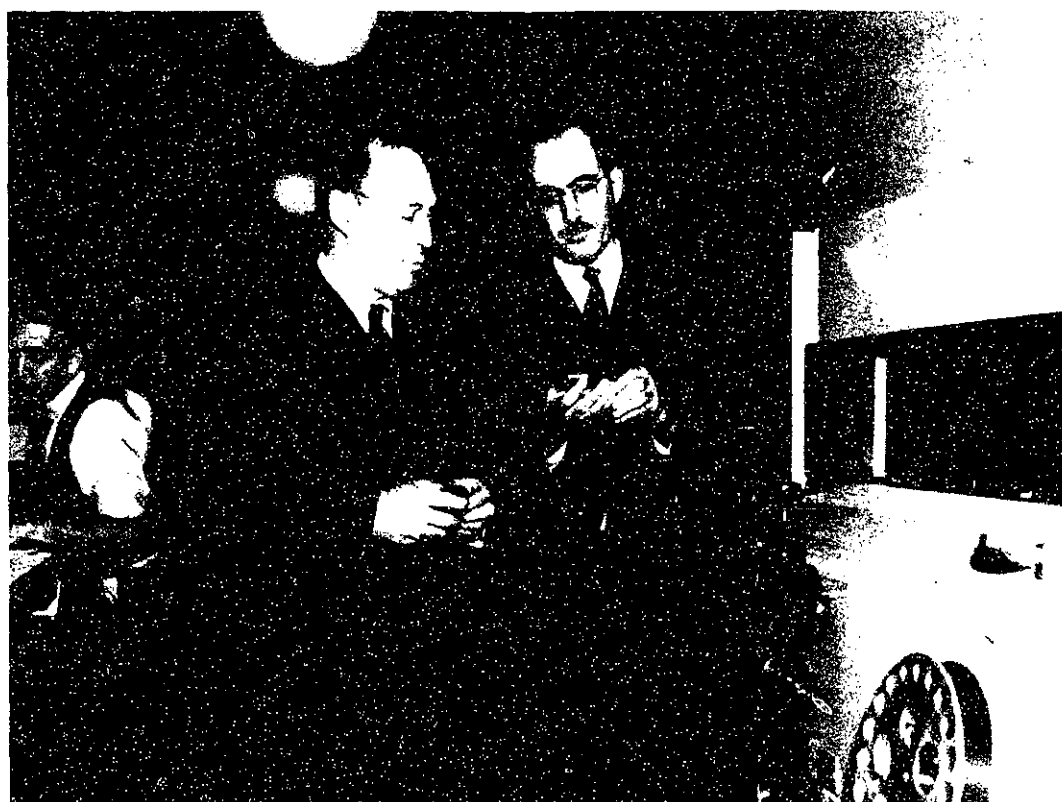
Like other students at Stanford and other colleges young Harrison became a private in the infantry during the last war. Flora in the background are really Californian.

Honeymoon in Hawaii, and Harrison takes time out to strike a novel pose in a convenient barrel for the benefit of Mrs. Harrison and her camera.



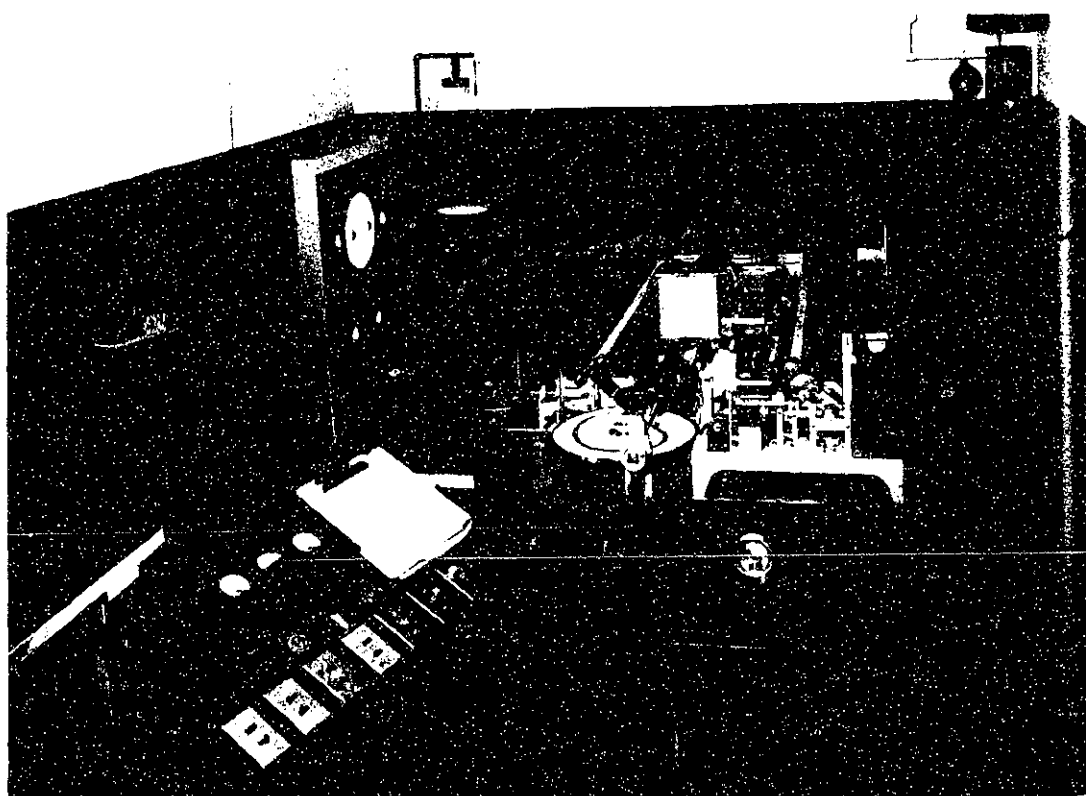


Built at Stanford and brought across the country to Technology in 1930, Dr. Harrison's vacuum spectrograph is the largest in the world. Wavelengths of spectrum emissions even shorter than the usual ultra-violet waves, which are absorbed by air, may be determined. The small pump in the foreground is used to evacuate the camera chamber, which can be shut off from the main body while plates are changed.

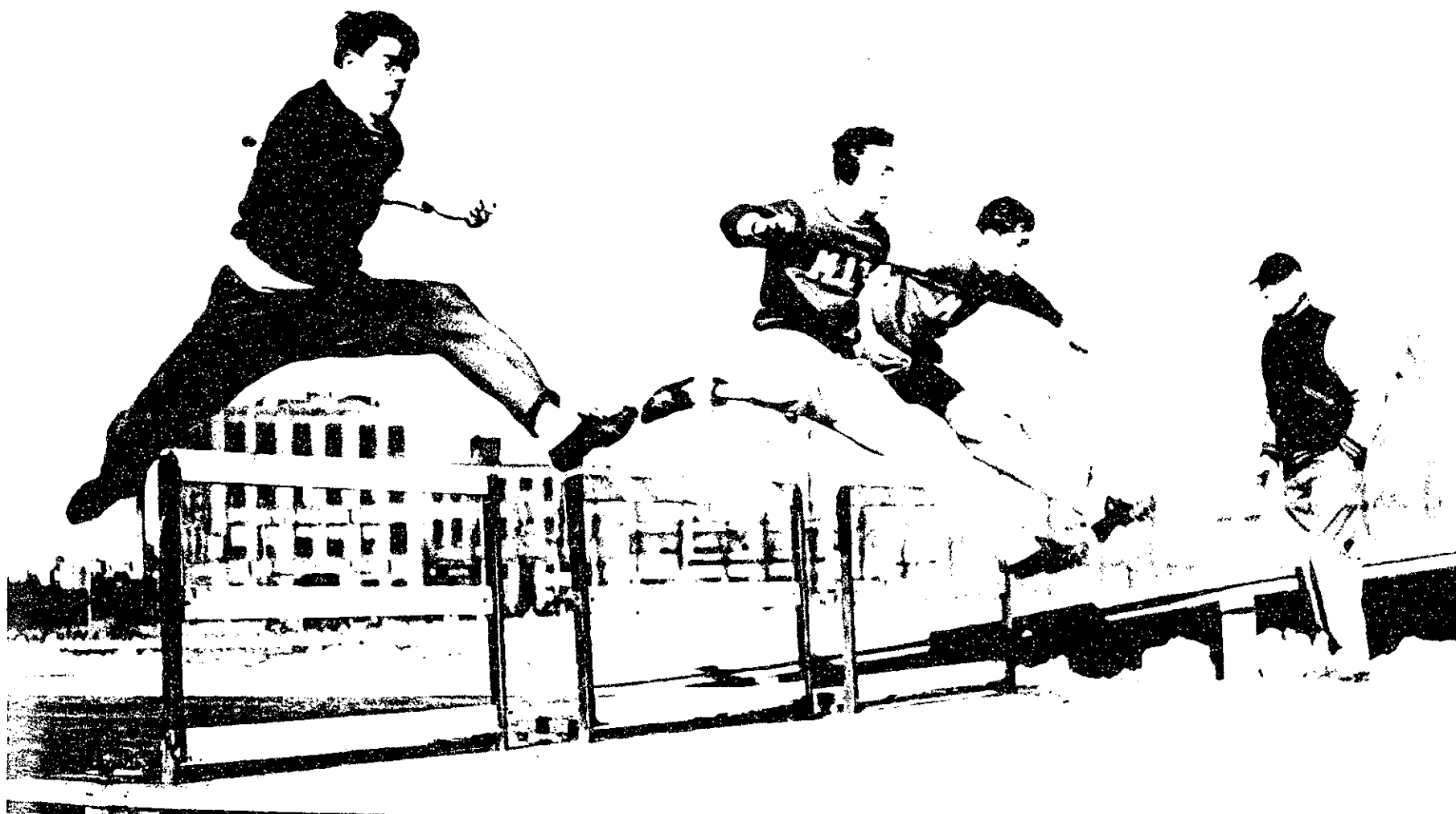


Above, Dr. Harrison discusses a problem of the production of the "M.I.T. Wavelength Tables" with Col. Robert C. Eddy of the Division of Industrial Co-operation, who supervised the execution of the massive work.

The machine shown at right measures the center of a spectrum line to one part in 25 thousand, calculates the corresponding wavelength, automatically records it on motion picture film. Over 20 million measurements with the instrument made possible the compilation by unskilled clerical workers of the tables, a volume of data which otherwise would have required years of work on the part of highly trained experts.



Skiing, Hockey, Track Keep Tech Busy



Oscar Hedlund stands prepared for murder in case any of his boys fails to clear the hurdles.

odatron High-Speed lights catch two Technology defense men failing to prevent a goal try, leaving Ed Edmunds an easy stop. Arnold has just completed a valiant try while Dick Bettes stands behind him ready for a break. Northeastern won, 9-5.



Again a Northeastern forward pounds a shot at Ed Edmunds. Technology's overworked goalie could not keep the tally down far enough to allow the team to stay in the lead. This was the second game with Northeastern this year, and the second defeat at their hands.



At workout on the board track behind the swimming pool, Oscar vociferously emphasizes a point of style while runner Bob Meny looks on with amusement.



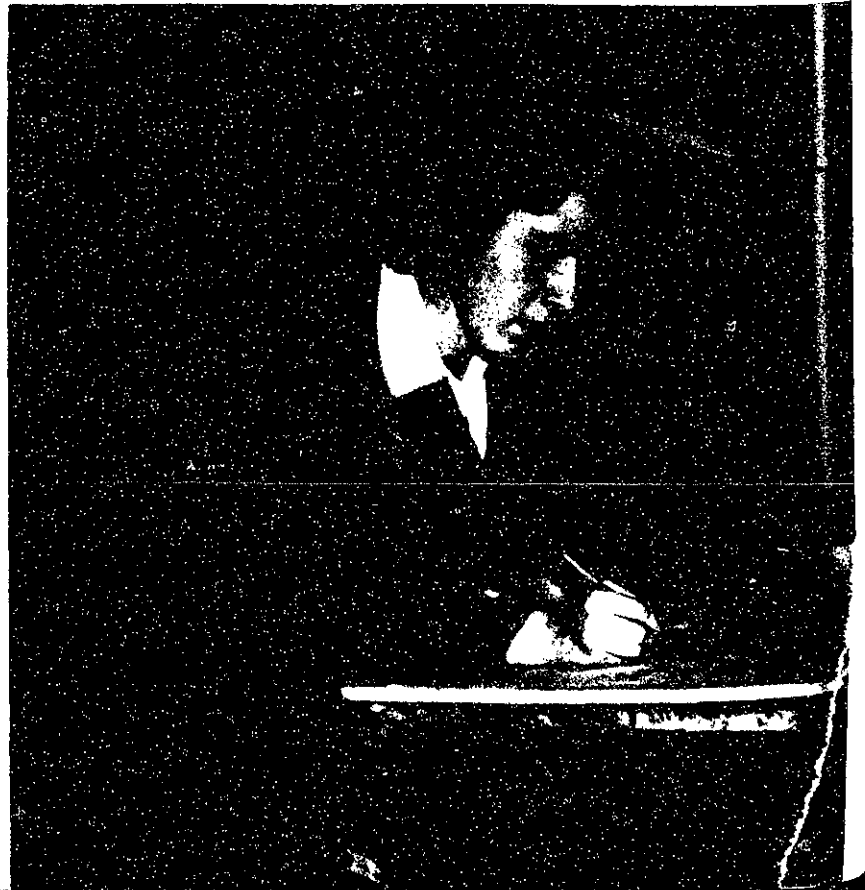
The front of Shepard Hall provides an imposing appearance to the entrance to the College. Here girls of all classes live, sleep, work.

COLBY JUNIOR COLLEGE

Capable chemists are not lacking amongst the students at Colby. We wonder if it could be possible to arrange something in the way of exchange scholarships for these girls at Technology.



Like the struggling Greenwich Village artists, Colby girls do their art work in a garret under the roof on the fourth floor of Colgate Hall.



Winter Sports, Mountain Setting, Make School Unique, Girls Lonely

IN New Hampshire is a big mountain. On that mountain is Colby Junior College. It is all alone and lonely.

For months in advance the girls anticipate their Winter Carnival. Even months before, room reservations are difficult to obtain. When you, someone's dream man or his second fiddle, arrive you must either come by car, which is useful later, or by train to Potter Place, eight miles away from Colby.

You first change to more appropriate clothes. From there on you're in her hands. Naturally, she will first take you around the campus. You'll notice that the girls seem to spend much of their time in the "rec" rooms, where they smoke, play cards, do a great deal of talking, and perpetuate their cliques in a pall of smoke. Soon you'll be in the drugstore, enjoying your usual lunch of a hamburger, and trying to dance in ski boots to the constantly grinding juke box. Tiring of that the girls will suggest that you drive them down to their very popular lodge by the shores of the lake. There you will see a log ceiling two stories above you and a huge roaring fire ringed with couches. You feel very much like curling up to sleep in front of the hearth. But your date soon gets a ts

her ski pants and you're off again to skate or to ski on Morgan Hill.

On the way she'll say how she loves Colby, how she couldn't get used to the place for the first few months. If she's a senior, she'll tell you how she regrets that it's only a two year college, that she doesn't really start to know and find her friends till she's ready to graduate. Then she'll cry her eyes out though fiancé and family are all looking on. In two years she must accomplish what other college girls do in four. As contrasted to say Radcliffe, she probably studies less and has more fun. She hasn't Harvard at her beck and call. Instead, she has to find fun of her own making. For most of her friends, dates are spasmodic and quite an event in those woods where love can be measured by miles. She's also inclined to be younger in thought and in fact. So is the typical date. As a generalization we'd venture the guess that most of these love affairs don't last. But she does leave Colby a wiser girl with an ambition for further specific training or for the all inclusive occupation of housewife. Even then she probably never gets enough of the dancing that seems to be in her soul.

You leave her to get dressed for the formal dinner before the dance. Invariably you find that you're missing studs or cuff links. If you ever do get assembled you may arrive in time—if you don't get stuck in a drift or have to back down an icy road first. You wait for her to come down. You wait some more.

Finally, she regally descends the stairs in a breathtaking gown. You must say "How lovely you look tonight" and she "What a beautiful corsage." If you're a new acquaintance you add "Why, do you know—?" On the way to the dinner you find she doesn't know. After dinner she'll lead you over to the gym where the dance is held. Dartmouth's Barbary Coast band makes our fraternity bands sound like chopped ham. You have a vague feeling that your date's making love over your shoulder to that blond saxophonist in the middle. Judging by the girls looking in from the balcony the most beautiful girls didn't go to the dance. You can't imagine how come and conclude that it doesn't seem right. Finally, the big moment of the evening arrives. The Duke of the Carnival is announced. Each girl silently prays that it will be her date. There are squeaks and squeals of feminine excitement. But the poor fellow wonders how he's ever going to live down his new title and the Monday morning publicity. At least one Tech man can tell you how that feels. By one o'clock you've kissed your girl good-night. You then attempt to get some much needed sleep in a bedroom filled with twenty other fellows who have too much to say for too long. Then before you have had a chance to dream you find that your girl is on the phone and wants to know when she may expect you.

"Last night at one you felt immense,
But now you feel like thirty cents."

No dance would be complete without hostesses, and Colby's carnival dance these girls will introduce you to the members of the faculty, but not to other girls at the dance.



A few of the girls are beautiful skaters; most of them find little time during Carnival Weekend to go in for the outdoor life. Dimpled knees are often in evidence.



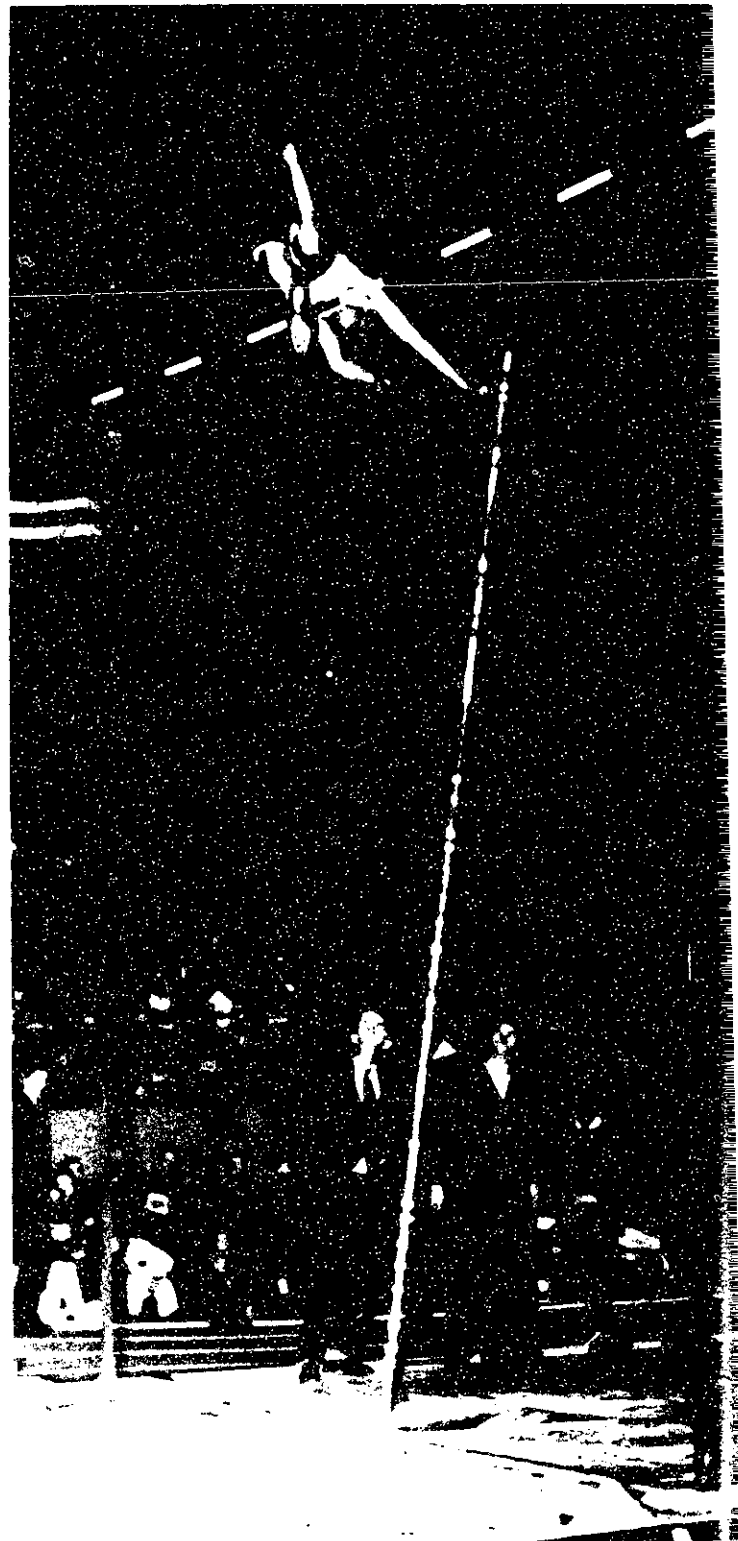
All types of girls go to the dance, and all types stay away, come later to look from the stairway at the revelry below, as did these.

Favorite resting place of the girls is the "rec" room, where blue haze and cigarettes by the carton characterize the atmosphere.



You would look happy too if you had a date for the weekend with comely Jean Evans. College's large gymnasium was comfortably filled for the dance.



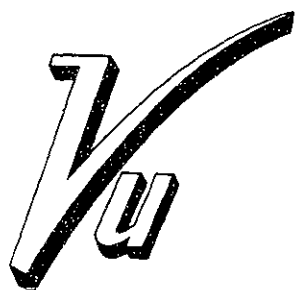


Sports (Continued)

Skiing trips to all parts of New England characterized the vacation activities of a goodly portion of Technology's students. Resorts from Stowe to Conway found Tech men skiing, drinking beer, singing, sitting in front of fires.

At top to the left, Bob Lynn surveys the magnificence of New England's scenery from atop a knoll on Mount Mansfield. In between ski trips, taffy pulling at the house where they stayed kept the skiers amused and warm. The reputation of New Englanders for coolness was many times denied by the hospitality of their hosts, far beyond what would be expected by the usual "paying guest." Other forms of recreation were also indulged in, as evidenced by the looks of pleasure or envy on the faces to the left.

Above, *K* presents its version of the much-published photo of Warmerdam's record-breaking pole-vault. At the B. A. A. games to see track team run, photographer could not resist opportunity for this picture.



c/o The Tech

Room 301

Walker Memorial

MANAGING BOARD

Stewart Rowe, '43	Editor in Chief
Trygve Blom, '43	Business
William G. de Hart, '44	Photography
William R. Moulton, '43	Associate Editor

ASSOCIATE BOARD

J. Nelson Evoy, '42	Daniel S. McDermott, '45
Ward J. Haas, '43	Edwin G. Roos, '44
L. William Katz, '43	Louis Rosenblum, '42
Martin Levene, '42	Henry C. Strecker, '44
Charles D. Magdsick, '42	William R. Wilcox, '42
Harry W. Turner, '44	

CONTRIBUTORS

Donald P. Greator, '42; Raymond A. Lindstedt, '44; Charles V. Lynch, '44; Warren W. Menke, '42; Alan M. Milman, '43; John F. Smith, Jr., '44; John R. Wald, '44.



PICTURE CREDITS

- C. de Hart*
- 1 M.I.T. Photo Service
- 2 Katz
- 3 Katz
- 4 Katz
- 5 Roos
- 6 Roos, Menke (2)
- 7 Roos (2), Levene*
- 8 Strecker (2), de Hart, Greator
- 9 Greator, McDermott
- 10 McDermott
- 11 McDermott
- 12, 13 Junior Prom by Rosenblum and Levene*
- 14 Lynch (2), McDermott, Denchy
- 18 M.I.T. Photo Service
- 20 M.I.T. Photo Service, W.P.A. Photo, M.I.T. Photo Service
- 21 Strecker, McDermott*, Strecker, Levene*
- 22 Evoy
- 23 Evoy
- 24 Smith, de Hart*, Smith, Lynch
- I.B.C. de Hart
- B.C. Roos

Picture credits read left to right, then top to bottom.

* Indicates photos taken with Kodatron High-Speed Lights.

On our cover this issue is Tech trackman Lawrence E. Stewart, '43, in a picture taken at the Boston Garden during the B.A.A. meet held there in February. Stewart is a member of the relay team which has several times lowered the Institute relay mark. They lost to Cornell and Syracuse here, but managed to place fourth in a large field three weeks later at the I.C.-4A's in New York City.

A Word in Retrospect

REVERIE and philosophic recollections usually are considered the privilege of old age. *V* is hardly, by that principle, entitled to anything in the way of looking back on her past with nostalgic feeling. Our past is much too close for nostalgia: we know how much work it was to get started, how much work it is to keep going. But the advent of a new managing board makes it possible to give credit where credit is due for the start of the magazine.

Back about a year ago or more, Herb Stein came up with the idea of a picture magazine as a real opportunity for someone here at Technology. It was he who conducted a considerable investigation of the costs, and the work along this line which had been done elsewhere (which work proved to be mighty little). The problem of starting a magazine from scratch proved to be a little too much without adequate backing, until Ken Rosett thought of tying the magazine up with *The Tech*. Negotiations covering several months finally ended in the conversion of *The Tech* managing board and the Advisory Council on Publications to the good cause.

Through the good offices of our friends on the *Voo Doo* staff the work of Lou Rosenblum on *V* is well known to all. But we of the new board want to take this opportunity to record our admiration of his unflagging perseverance and just plain hard work. The other fellows on the first board deserve praise, too: Joe Tankoos, Marty Levene, Chuck Magdsick, Bill Wilcox, and the many students and faculty members who have contributed time and advice to our magazine.



FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

Camera enthusiasts, both amateur and professional, have relied on us for the solving of all their Photographic Problems. May we assist you, too?

RALPH HARRIS CO.

Cameras and Photographic Supplies

"Established Over Forty Years"

No. 47 Bromfield Street Boston No. 47

Telephone Liberty 7142

E. D. ABBOTT CO.

Printers

For All Activity and Fraternity Events

181 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

BOSTON

One Block North of Loew's State

KENmore 4051 or 3277

