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Tech Council Leads Us Astray New Rules For All Tech Men

A reform movement has hit the Worcester Tech Campus under the guidance of a newly organized group; The New Tech Council. Unwritten rules of daily campus living have been elaborated to cope with the changing attitudes of the students. The New Council feels that the following rules should go into effect immediately:

1. All students must do slide rule on hip for instant draw.
2. All food poisoning will be confined to dorm residents.
3. White hats will be worn only on board ship.
4. No photon trapping out of season.
5. No dogs will be allowed to take advantage of fire hydrant facilities on the hill for obvious reasons.
6. Gypsy Rose Lee will assume role of school nurse.
7. Fraternity men will not be allowed to talk to freshman after November 18.
8. Werbie Hayne will be contracted for the next ten I.F. Balls.
9. Campus police will be required to have their uniforms cleaned at least once a year.
10. Numbers 2, 4, and 6 will be stack men.

The rules thus set forth will be

Don Dirch Gives Tech Co-ed Dorm

In a startling release to the press today the Don Dirch Society disclosed that it has donated \$15,000,000 to Worcester Polytechnic Institute for the building of a new (get-this) co-ed dormitory. The Don Dirch Society, formed by the Union of Sober Vodkavic Socialistic Republicans and Rum Runners of the Caribbean, is designed to stamp out democracy before it starts (no doubt by foot thumping out a mean Russian folk dance like the Kruschev-tvist) and hopes that the Sons of Johann Boyntonviskey will propagate the CYO (Communist Youth Organization) here at Tech.

In a new push for the forward look, the WPI administration will, for the first time in its 96 year history, allow goahead education with queens from the rims of many bordering countries being assigned as cell-ahem-room mates for a unique group of Dirch scholars. This stunning advance in the annals of modern learning will invariably lead to many new types of courses and a deluge of scientific facts to feed our M-80 electronic computers for the race for space and for missile launching pads. Egad!

The site for the new dorm will be Olin Hall, an old Ivy-looking brick house presently harbouring veterans of the Electron War, suffering from hallucinations and still wearing the weapons of battle—slide rules fastened to their girths. (Unloaded of course without the center slipstick.) Groundbreaking ceremonies will commence immediately, if not sooner, with a standing room only crowd anticipated and

strictly enforced by the Yellow Bellied Sapsucker Detective Club. All those found violating the prescribed rules will receive ample punishment.

Some of our own Tech Students threw many hours of study and meditation have developed corollaries to some of the accepted laws.

The Hart Corollary to Ohms Law

$$V=IR$$

$$\therefore V=IR$$

v

The Cos Corollary

$$\cos \theta = 1$$

$$\therefore \cos = 1$$

\theta

Corollary to Newton's Second Law

$$\Sigma F = ma$$

$$\therefore \Sigma = ma$$

F

Tech's R.O.T.C RED Infiltrated

In a recent expose by a lonely heart on B. T.—who sent this information, (being in the Signal Core), by a flashing glow of the Oklahoma Moonshine variety,—it has been learned that their has been subversive activities conducted in the ROTC Department. The full details of said activities were learned when the morning round up of the chronic D.T. suffers disclosed the were-about of one Captain Coldhell.

Coldhell, a confessed one time member of the original ROTC group whose esoteric meaning was Reserved Overthrow Through Communism, quit the group when he learned that a sub-subversive plot was taking place. His suspicion of the groups intentions began when as he reported for duty one day he noticed that the secretary had again dyed her hair blonde, from red of course. He also noticed that the sargent staff seemed to have borrowed some of Miss Chewy's dye to add a running streak of blonde to the back of their uniform. His suspicions were confirmed, however, when he didn't receive his weekly ration of vodka.

He related the story of the missing vodka by telling this reporter that each week the department receives a large bag of Scoffenbarf, directly from GIQ. When Coldhell didn't receive his swagger stick flask he dashed to the third floor Rimley House where he found the crew in the . . . r. (Ho-hummmmm . . . could be worse) Then, there upon the wall hung the clincher, a large poster with the new slogan, Cowpenivitch and Tomanovitch.

a champagne-caviar blowout to follow in honor of our new leader Big Brother Don.

The ten-story structure will be complete with floor to floor escalator service to make your stay at Tech bearable, a 75-foot diameter round swimming pool so despairing students cannot find a corner to drown in, and a magnificent Students of Dirch Union Room with Comrade Chubby Czecervitch appearing nightly. Cardinal Red will be the subdued color of the colossal piece

(Turn to Page 2, Col. 5)

Wormy Pain's Combo Fabulous At Annual Hop

A formal dance is usually planned on Friday of I. F. weekend to take up the slack between the evening meal and the parties held at the respective fraternity houses. This year's turned out to be quite a surprise with many couples lingering on the dance floor long after nine-thirty. The reason for the spectacular stemmed from the fact that this year's band was none other than Wormy Pain and his fifty-five piece combo. By leading his five guitars and fifty drummers in a four hour marathon twist, Wormy managed to hold the interest of those in attendance.

Among those who seemed to be gyrating exceedingly well to the twang and bang of the "Peppermint Twist" was "Tornado" Trass. With a hip here a leg there and one arm flaying the air, Mr. Trass proceeded to have a great time. So great, in fact, that he called WORC immediately after the dance in order to give the twist a "three"; he liked

the beat.

Although most everyone at the Ball enjoyed slipping disks, there was one particular redhead who appeared to be having some difficulty. His problem was that he could not keep his center of gravity over his feet, and as a consequence he was continually cleaning the floor with his double-breasted tux. After ironing out his troubles with the help of a slide rule, he improved his twisting so much that he screwed himself two feet into the floor of Alden Memorial Hall.

Doc. Quill was on hand to tape

any bad backs and to operate the gondola appropriate of the theme "A Midnight in Venice." Halfway through the festivities he twisted the gondola completely out of the moat specifically set aside for that particular boat. In the crash that followed, one of the hypodermic needles accidentally got straightened.

Bad backs, sore ankles and red cheeks, were common ailments when the tumult and the shouting subsided. Leading their dates on a leash, the fraternity men filed back to their houses in order to listen to Chubby sing of "Round and round.

Cowpen Quizzed By Tech Snoozer

Cadet Trombswitch reporting for the Tech Snooze, sir. Come in, take that cushioned chair, cigarette? No thank you sir. Well cadet Trombswitch came down to get a little info. on the the department for publicity, eh? Well Cornel Cowpen I guess it could turn out that way . . . I guess. I imagine, sir, you've probably noticed the trend of the student body is leaning towards the Nav . . . Yes, yes sir, aha, hmn, not too many letters to those adjectives sir, ooh. No. . . . no I insist sir, I'll just pull it out, aha there, and wipe my blood off it, there you are sir, sure is a nice bayonet. War souvenir? Oh, you got it off a dead Navy officer, no, no I can guess how. Ah . . . well sir, I realize that your probably kind of busy, I beg your pardon . . . er sir? NO thanks sir its a little early for me. Oh I'm sure it would be just for medicinal purposes, however, ah, I don't think I'd heal right. Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize that Catman Coldhell's father bootlegged it himself. Well maybe if you can stop long enough to give me a sip I'll try some. Thank you, hmmm, Snortandrot Moonshine, tastes pretty good. (teehee haba, ahum) Well szir gettin back to the hand at issue, or sumptin. What? How could youze guies improve de courze? No, I take that back Zir. Yez I realize that-I put you out of a job. Well move headquatterz would probably duit. Where/Try the Boynton. NO. no more like cafe. Thank youz don't mind if I do. Heh heh Roses are red and violetz are blue I like Moonshine but I'm turning . . . ah blue. Of corze it coine-coinci-co-accidental that Navy's color is blue. Spy! whoze a spy? whatdaya mean ya want da bottle back. Well! Beleive me buddy I've staggered out of better plazes. Good day szir

FLUNK MUCH?
SEE FREDDIE
% M. E. Department



Ronny Recksthecampus Host At Maintainless Dept. Dance

The highlight of the social season took place last Monday evening when the Worcester Polytechnic Institute Maintainless Department held its annual "Going-out" Formal in the maintenance garage. The dance floor was freshly swept and greased by Illhava Sheaffer and son, assisted by Slim Kelly who heisted the lube from a local rug merchant. Gay streamers of multicolored computer ribbon decorated the hall and except for an unfortunate incident, (Angelo Agitator hung himself while trying to dive through the ribbon into the waiting arms of some of the guests, who had formed a human trampoline out of some of George Thrillus' dropcloths) they added to the general festivities.

Guests started to arrive around 8:45 pm (5 minutes after invitation time) and were warmly greeted by host, Ronny Recksthecampus. Sarah Studebaker parked herself by the door and acted as a hatcheck girl while neatly filing hats, coats and fur capes alike into the nearby grease pit. Dotty Lisps who acted as Sarah's early assistant disappeared. Cookie Rice was seen arriving with Nancy Honey followed by Ernie Bellows and his now deaf date, Dothia Doless. Asiena Platipus arrived with Bart Boomerang and were soon merrily intermingling with other invitees playing dodgam cars on the sower mower.

The doings were briefly interrup-

ted when John Roll-in angrily drove the dump truck through the large garage door after his I. D. was refused at the bar by Phil Flask. Adding to the instantaneous confusion was Ernie Bellows who bounced along the floor as he was being dragged by Kneels Hamburg, after admitting that his son was now a boy scout war-monger. Dave Freud ran beside Hamburg shouting protests at the now irate peoples policeman.

Barry Coward acted as impromptu toastmaster introducing all the now-paired-off guests to their dates. All immediately resumed their earlier singular status. Doc Sin arrived at this point, just in time to treat Hiram Walker who had been mixed with the wrong alcoholic when he accidentally walked into the paint room.

Ann Dollar greatly assisted in making the party a success by passing out chocolate covered crumpets. Warrant Zipgun was seen passing out counterfeit kangaroo whiskers for stirrers to all those who were still standing after taking one of Phill Flask's "specials" through the nose.

Many other guests were present who were unrecognizable by the time they were realized.

A good knight was wished to all.

Secret To Faculty Fashion King's Success Is Revealed

Wally Whistler, longstanding fashion king of the Worcester Tech faculty, has finally let slip the name of his own, personal tailor. Wally has kept this secret well, until this reporter finally convinced him of the great talent which he should no longer suppress, but should share with all of his less fortunate brethren. Some members of the faculty, says Wally, have all their taste in their mouths. This is in strong evidence by the recent swing from double-breasted to two-button suits. Several of the more unrefined have even blossomed out with three buttons and narrow lapels. With the announcement of the name of his private tailor, Wally hopes to stem the radical tide, and promote a return to conservatism. Some diehards have termed Wally a bit reactionary, but Wally laughs them off as the jealous outcasts of the smart set.

One of Wally's particular favorites

is his black and blue check, all wool; double-breasted, of course. Wally usually wears this with a slightly moth-eaten yellow polka-dot tie. Wally carefully explained that the tie is a little worn from old age, but is practically irreplaceable. Unfortunately, tie manufacturers were forced to economize, and no longer make ties more than six inches wide, but Wally is determined to stay in style as long as his supply holds. As a special favor to students and faculty alike, Wally has agreed to ask his tailor to make up a large number of his black and blue check pattern, as well as a few of his favorite browns. These double-breasted specials will undoubtedly be gobbled up in a very short time, so take this opportunity to become fashionable and give Wally Whistler's tailor a little business. After all, the little old man hasn't had anyone but Wally since the War. The First.

GASERS

Looking coldly at the man who had just given him a nickel for carrying his bag twelve blocks, the little boy said:

"I know something about you."
"What?"

"You're a bachelor."
"That's right. Do you know anything else about me?"
"So was your father."

* * *
Bigamist: a person who has taken one too many.

* * *
"Now," said the professor cheerfully, "pass your papers to the side of the room and insert a sheet of carbon paper so I can correct all the papers at once."

* * *
Two little amoebas, who were swimming around in the veins of a horse decided that they were hungry. So they wandered into the horse's arteries, a most fatal step, as both of them died. The moral of this story is that you shouldn't change streams in the middle of a horse.

* * *
"Joe has a glass eye."
"Did he tell you?"
"No, it just came out during the conversation."

* * *
I knew a girl named Passion
I asked her for a date.
I took her out to dinner,
And gosh! How Passionate!

* * *
Spring Fashion Notes: Young ladies will be wearing the same thing in sweaters this year.

* * *
A student was sitting in class working a crossword puzzle when a professor called on him to answer a question. Immediately the student's friends sitting on either side of him began coaching him.

"What's holding you up?" asked the professor. "You ought to know the answer will all your friends advice."

"Well," replied the student, "there doesn't seem to be any consensus of opinion."

* * *
Captain: "I'll bet you wish I

were dead, so that you could spit on my grave."

ROTC Student: "No, sir, I hate to stand in line."

* * *
Zoo visitor: "Where are the monkeys?"

Keeper: "In the back of the cage, making jungle love."

Zoo visitor: "Will they come out for peanuts?"

Keeper: "Would you?"

* * *
Definition of a bird caught in a lawn mower: Shredded Tweet.

* * *
Reformer: "And besides, Hell is full of drunkards, cocktails, roulette wheels, and chorus girls."

Voice from the rear: "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

* * *
"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"No, I rather enjoy them."

* * *
Dean of students: "I can't find any cause for your trouble. I think it's due to drinking."

Student: "Well, maybe I'd better come back later sometime when you're sober."

TOMBSTONES

(free engraving)

SEE M. D. SMITH
c/o WPI Chemistry Dept.

VALHALLA

PLEASANT ATMOSPHERE
COMFORTABLE LOUNGE
TOP ENTERTAINMENT

"Make New Friends"

DON BIRCH—

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5)
of architecture. As added accessories the Don Dirch Stockade will feature vodka, Löwenbrau, and Budweiser bubblers on each floor with smorgasbord vending machines in the lobbys. Also, adjacent to the wine cellars in the subterranean part of the Gremlin Kremlin, there will be several tunnels to the "B," Valhalla, and Gollywog Lounge. Harrumph!

So much for the details of the proposed dormitory.

The latest word from Tass has it that "Dazzlin" Don Dirch and other party participants will be in attendance at a special testimonial folk dance tonight spotlighting Comrade Herr Herb Waynske and His Twisting Bolsheviks in a drachma raising blast for the Don Dirch Dorm. Go! Dats an order!

* * *
Techawk: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

Sweet young thing: "No, I hate hospitals."

* * *
Papa robin returned to the nest and proudly announced that he had just made a deposit on a new Buick.

* * *
A salesman was trying to converse with a beautiful blond in a hotel lobby.

"Don't bother me," she snapped. "A thousand pardons," he implored, "I thought you were my mother."

"How could I be," she shot back. "I'm married."

Natural Fertilizer

☆☆☆

COW TYPE
CHICKEN TYPE

☆☆☆

See LOUIE P. GRANATH
c/o WPI Physics Department

OPENING IN
SCHOOL ORGANIZATION
FOR TOP JUNIORS
WITH NO
STRONG OPINIONS

☆☆☆

See PAUL SHARON

PISTOLS CLEANED
BEARDS TRIMMED
COMPUTOR INSTRUCTION

☆☆☆

See PROF. HALT DRISTLER
Worcester Tech

TRANSISTORS
RECONDITIONED

☆☆☆

See C. A. McCURDY
in Lab

"FUN AND GAMES
IN SHELTERS"

☆☆☆

How to pass time
during radioactive fallout
book.

by CARL KOONTZ

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Department Head's Daughter Arrested In Shrewsbury Raid

Startling True Facts Are First Revealed Here By On-The-Spot Reporter

The unusual events which led to the arrest of Ophelia D. Stilson can now be told. Ophelia is the daughter of Dameaday E. Stilson, head of the Department of Chemical Engineering at Worcester Tech. She was a good girl at heart, she just liked booze, gambling, and men too much. Her father recognized this trait early in her life, and when she was five he sent her to an exclusive corrective institution for girls. But this was to no avail because she fell in love and ran away with a blotter salesman when she was nine. This affair ended in grief for poor Ophelia and the blotter salesman left her stranded in Cicero, Illinois. She was becoming quite the woman by now and she attracted the attention of Hinky Dink Dubonsky, the notorious racketeer who made a fortune by selling used women's underwear to degenerates. He got her a job in the Chez Cocaine, a small café in Chicago. She worked hard to make good and was soon promoted from stealing the half finished drinks from the customers at the bar when they turned to watch the stripper, to a job in the wardrobe department repairing G strings. She had watched the dancers and practiced hard and her big chance finally came. One of the girls got sick when she absent-mindedly drank some of the liquor they serve there. Hinky Dink put Ophelia on that night and she was tremendous. Her rise to fame was phenomenal. When she saw how popular she was she demanded a raise, but Hinky just couldn't take the loss when the school authorities cracked down on his dope peddling at the city nursery.

Ophelia got an offer from "Incognito" Gregori, the proprietor of the Five Minutes of Pleasure Café and boss of the French sun glasses smuggling racket. Ophelia hadn't been home once in all these years and her father, Dameaday Stilson, had given her up for lost. Ophelia was using a different name for professional purposes and so her father didn't realize he was watching his daughter when he went out to the café to see "Penelope, Queen of the Seductresses". Harry Hopedale, a junior at Tech, was there watching her too. Harry immediately fell in love with her and wined and dined her, but failed to win her. She spurned him for the Cinder Block Kid, a notorious Shrewsbury gangster. Harry didn't like this and he wanted to get revenge. His plan was to tell the police about the place and have it raided. He would then bail her out of jail and that would convince her of his love. But fate stepped in and dealt the death blow. Ophelia was held without bail.