FINALS ABOLISHED

MEET THE FACULTY...

Meet Mr. Roger Will Cohen-doubt exchange professor from the University of Sesame. (The Commission of the University is immortalized, in the initial words of the founders famous dedication speech, "Open Sesame!")

Mr. Cohen-doubt is the discoverer, inventor and liberator of the phenomenon of variable velocity. The venetrons are very convenient for completely eradicating any troubles due to cyclic changes, lack of electricity, dead batteries, and female disorders. An example—a fifty cycle outlet, a sixty cycle radio. Insert the venetron device (variable velocity) and the fifty cycles full are speeded up to do the work of sixty cycles full. Clever?

Roger was busy in war work from 41-45. His great work in aeronautics has put his name on the lips of every air corps man who has been to basic. (Including the on line trainees.) It developed great sport among the air men to shout "Roger Will Cohen-doubt!" when speaking to the ground radium as a tribute to the great God and Inventor-scientist.

(Continued on page three)

THE COEFFICIENT OF PNEUMATICITY

SEXY ESTABLISHED QUANTA TIVELY

Several weeks ago in the fourth sub-basement of Astrophysics a serious scientific meeting was held which may in time rank with the Geneva Convention and the commission which established the metric system.

The discovery of sub-basement, Cadwallader and Moffit in 1897, confusion in this field has been steadily increasing. At the present time it is practically impossible for a person to know his scatdancing in the field in relation to others.

Importance of Sex

The meeting in Astrophysics decided that while sex was important to normal men it was primarily characteristic of women and work should first be done on this side of the field.

Hollywood has done some rather interesting qualitative work in this respect, but quantitative reports were completely lacking. Two quantities were set up, the relative and absolute coefficients pneumaticity, the quotient of which was termed H, after Huxley, who first proposed the term pneumatic.

For some time it seemed as if the conference would be a failure because of disagreement as to whether the left or right hand rule would be applied in taking new data. By a general vote it was decided to take the mean of both.

The following rules of procedure were drafted:

P absolute is determined by volume comparison alone; P relative is determined by correlation with individual data. For a while it was feared amputation would be necessary for scientific accuracy, but at the last minute Keuffle and Esser developed a specially heated planimeter which functioned perfectly.

The whole group then adjourned to the "Outlaw" and with no dissent picked the standards which were carefully reproduced in platinum-iridium and placed in Bridge Laboratory along side the original oil drop.
everybody is talking about? Before I came to Tech I didn’t notice any such facts in that incubator I grew up in. Living at Tech seems very much like living at my old incubator, with its shiny surfaces and spotless containers, but why do some of my friends suddenly become dissatisfied, disappear for several days, and then return with heavy black circles under their eyes.

"Curious"

Answer—

Dear "Curious":

The student executives at this school realize your burning desire for this additional knowledge. Periodically in the catacombs there is a special educational seminar designed to enlighten and broaden the many students intrigued by this same question.

—J.P.F.

On December 30th, the following are letters to and answers of our expert on women, Mr. Julius P. Fumfum. Mr. Fumfum says that his system for understanding women is to ask himself, “What would I do if I were a woman?”

Dear Julius P. Fumfum:

I find that women don’t take me seriously. When I say something to a girl, she laughs and walks away; they all do. Yet I’m not a complete social failure; there are some who actually like me. I’m very popular with stray dogs. My case is so demoralizing that I’ve even given up whistling at girls. My question is: is there something else I can interest myself in besides women?

“Ugh”

Answer—

Dear “Ugh”:

Have you tried whistling at little stray dogs? —J.P.F.

Dear J. P.:

My problem is one that requires a thorough knowledge of engineering. If you lack the technical information to help me, perhaps you could suggest a good research man in this field.

My vexing problem is this: when I try to kiss a girl my nose gets in the way.

“Ungenus”

Answer—

Dear “Ungenus”:

After consulting several technical experts (there are lots of them around here) on your pressing difficulty I’ve discovered a quite simple solution. Try applying your nose to the grindstone.

—J.P.F.

Dear Fumfum:

What are these facts of life everybody is talking about? Before I came to Tech I didn’t notice any such facts in that incubator I grew up in. Living at Tech seems very much like living at my old incubator, with its shiny surfaces and spotless containers, but why do some of my friends suddenly become dissatisfied, disappear for several days, and then return with heavy black circles under their eyes.

“Curious”
CONFERENCE

The meet was upset recently when the conference baseball race was overwhelmingly taken by the Tenacug. The photo finishing camera wasn't even needed to show the representative in all with the slightest contest placed at least two touchdowns ahead of the next team, a streamlined coach from lower Slabovia. Speculation was feverish before the race, but our manager noticed that our bleachers was flexing his legs merely, a good sign in racing bugs. Much credit for our success is due to the watchful eye of our manager, in putting the cars for his daily hikes in the Florida mountains.

MEET THE FACULTY

(Continued from page one)

Bugs is the President doing
Intercollegiate Baseball Tournaments.

A word of caution, the war secret

shelves. Including the secret of

in the conference this year. Two some

is the only man of whom one can

and his innocuous substitution. Then

immediately the beginner has an

advantage in that he is the only

one who knows where these lines

are.

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visualization (V.I.P.) an sensitve

eye can see a wooden

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fish line.

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Abroad with your WARM*SEETZ! Porta
tlight-weight, stylish, in

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Famous two-hole on a

hole frame construction.

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Note: WARM*SEETZ has openings for progressive young men with college degrees.

THE WARM*SEETZ CORPORATION
CAMPUS CO-ED

After expert briefing by Major McVort of the Slobbovian National Guard, our pair of plon­
ing patriots moved in battle formation on another missionary enterprise. The subject was not in the least cooperative and was only subjected to questioning after an R.K.O. chase thru the bowels of Kerkhoff. There in appropriate surroundings, with her anatomical extremities pinned down by mercenaries, our valiant foe was bizzed and quizzed. She was born during prohibition so we'll have to think of some other excuse. Russian patriotism perhaps. After an inconsequential childhood, squandered on seduc­
ing milkmen and teasing wood­pockers, she went away to college. Things were not so bright tho when she flunked husbandry at Scripps. She couldn't even charge up Harry Lass, but lifting her noble chin and saying, "C'est l'chon?", she made another effort to find her niche. This she did when accidentally walking by the Goodwill Mission. The proprietor grabbed her, F E D her, and afterwards sent her to be a missionary among the simple folk of Fanny the Fang Fenson's halibut on the Platte. Her unorthodox methods immediately endeared her to the male popula­
tion and soon all were converted to her unconstraining. Feeling that she'd earned arrest, she wrested $200, a ticket to a sock­flight, and a subscrip­tion slip for "Strength and Health" from a woman guilty of eating deviled egg sandwiches. On the Rods of a No. 5 bus the ticket aroused her unsatiable passion and this proved to be her undoing; she fell into the clutch­es of the law and spent the next few years in the community hus‐
tle. Upon her release she came here to Tech as one of the Navy's secret projects. She says that she has been kept very happy here by our rugged Varsity bridge team.

She is a lover of classic music especially the 69th nocturne for the G string, by Jackstropski: for late shows. She has little guts to save for Tech's noble efforts which she says tickle her funny bone Hummmmm!

If by now all of you aren't warned away, her telephone is Sackamore 0-6989, address is 56 Eodes Blvd., Altoberena. Her name: Gad Watahonk.

"An optimist, my son, is a man who thinks his wife has quit cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house."

He grabbed me by my slender neck. I could not call or scream. And dragged me to his dingy room, Where we could not be seen. He tore away my flimsy wrap And looked upon my form. I was so cold and damp and scared While he was hot and warm. His fev'rish lips he pressed to mine, I gave him every drop. He drained me of my very self, I could not make him stop. He made me what I am today That's why you find me here. A broken bottle thrown away That once was full of beer.