SOLUTION TO PARKING PROBLEM FOUND!

Shaun above is a futuristic view of the 1963 parking lot for L.T.I. Groundbreaking will begin this summer.

ROARING ROSIE TRIP

Tomorrow the ROTC detachment will send its advance corp on a two-week trip around the country. The trip is planned in order to show the ROTC cadets and the military establishments around the country. Previous to this trip it has been felt that the cadet officers had no real appreciation of the advancement of the military power of the United States at this time.

They are flying around the country in one of the Air Force’s newest supersonic aircraft. It is expected that, while enroute, each cadet will have a chance to take the controls and fly his masterpiece in electronics and aeronautical design, as shown with the advanced Cadets below. Many of the other aircraft which the cadets will see on their trip will be of the same capabilities as this one.

Another important aspect of this trip lies in the fact that the Air Force and certain factions within our Government are trying desperately to get money appropriated for more of these advanced aircraft. It is felt that through the publicity of this ROTC trip those who oppose the development of these aircraft will be forced into appropriating the sum of money desired. Since these priceless machines are flown, they will be able to testify to its handling ease, its swiftness and its invulnerability.

The President and the Secretary of Defense have unanimously backed the cadets’ trip in hopes that they will be able to draw attention to one of America’s potential deterrents. However, the Chairman of the Senate Arms Services Committee has stated publicly that just by looking at the aircraft it is obvious that before it can be mass-produced, the plan will become obsolete.

The Air Force officer in charge of the cadets while they are on the flight said that he felt that the publicity from the trip should do Lowell Tech and the ROTC program a great deal of good. He felt that this trip should point out to the American public how the ROTC program shapes the leaders of tomorrow. He also pointed out that the President had granted the idea favorably and, as a result, the ROTC was serving the country as well.

He was asked what he thought of the statement by the Chairman of the Armed Service’s Committee as to what kind of a game this was. His answer was, “The name of the game is publicity.”

L.T.I. FACULTY DISCOVERED IN ORBIT

It has recently been released by U.P.I. that the unidentified particles observed by Col. Glenn in his suborbital flight were members of the L.T.I. faculty. Col. Glenn explained, “I couldn’t believe my eyes. Human beings in orbit and without a pressure suit between them.” Initially the Colonel thought he was suffering from space sickness, but a closer observation revealed his mistake. When asked just what these illustrious educators were doing, the Colonel replied, “They seemed to be marching in a rather haphazard formation led by an ex-Marine officer called Cape, Wiggins. The cadets were waving their space suit, stating some nasty words about the A.M.A. and saying, ‘may the spaceport military really have a good idea after all.’

His sound, a conglomeration of rather disrevered individuals, was composed of Prof. Bliss, Prof. Lemen, and Prof. Louis. Lack. The latter incidentally was rather discouraged with the proceedings and told Capt. Wiggins that he would ‘jump into an other orbit’ unless more order was attained. Captain Wiggins however, was committed to the Professor’s remarks. The Captain admitted that Prof. Lack was one of his better men, but he believed that Prof. Wiggins was in no position to judge what would be beneficial to the squad. That decision, replied Capt. Wiggins, should be left to those who knew and understand these matters. Furthermore, Capt. Wiggins continued, if you disagree, be quiet, because I only feed those who agree with my methods. The Professors was not satisfied with this reply. And, when he was going to answer, Capt. Wiggins rounded the command, ‘Forward March.’ This command, how
evoked a little murmur in the squad. It seems that Prof. Lemen was a little bit confused. He couldn’t decide if Prof. Bliss was on the right or to the left. The Professor finally made the assumption that the command was military and sat down. When Capt. Wiggins saw this he waved with discretion because he noticed his, in The Moir of L.T.I., approach; He was a little light at Moore; go but nevertheless he maintained an air of superiority. The house hollered, ‘Lazin Wiggins, first you lose my golf clubs and my tent, and now I see you fooding with your acquaintance if you will, you can’t express that of my time. It’s better, I’ll ship you to the physiology department at Kept. Academy. Hearing this the Captain violently erupted, waving his space suit stick back and forth at the Moor. Seeing this, Prof. Lack immediately decided that it was excessive for ‘greenery pastures’ while Prof. Lemen was still a little bit confused. However, Prof. Lemen seemed right at home in outer space.

At this time, Col. Glenn replied, “I was also a little bit confused. Besides, three trips around this mess is enough for anybody.

THE INSIDE DOPE ON FRATERNITIES (SEE PAGE 4)
THE TEXT

The "Pink Issue" is an annual publication of The Text. Its purpose is to present humorous views of campus life to the student body in conjunction with the obvious day for doing so, April 1. The articles published are in no way intended to stand alone, ridicule or discredit those people subtly, or otherwise, mentioned. We are sure that they will be received in the same manner in which they are presented.

Published twice monthly during the college year, except on holidays or during vacation, by the undergraduate officers of Lowell Technological Institute, Terrible Avenue, Lowell, Massachusetts. Opinions expressed in signed columns are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the position of THE TEXT.

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THE BIRCH HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC
The theme song of the famous John Birch Club.

Sung to: "The Battle Hymn Of The Republic"

Mine eyes have seen the horizon of the coming of the Red. They are tearing up Old Glory into 60 million shreds.

They are lending in our closets, they are hiding 'neath our beds.

Let's fight until they're gone!

Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah! Don't let Communism, Mary Hallelujah! Let's fight until they're gone!

They are peeping through my window late at night when I watch PBS.

I have seen them in the glow compartment of my family car;

They are hiding in the tree-tops, they control the D.A.R.

Let's fight until they're gone!

(Repeat Chorus)

They are running through my kitchen, and that really makes me mad;

I have counted four this morning, that's including Mom and Dad;

They will soon take over Pittsburgh, and re-name it Stalingrad!

Let's fight until they're gone!

(Repeat Chorus)

I have seen them in the cages of the park management;

I have learned that all but one are in the Birch Society:

Right now I'm in the process of investigating them;

Let's fight until they're gone!

-- Reprint of an article by George H. Wells --

"The study load is like the Twist. The more you do it, the dizzier you get."

Eileen Conlan (66)

Dear Sir,
I like the Text the keenest paper going! I really mean it. One reason for this is the swell editor who writes those zesty editorials and signs them "Dad." Speaking of course of Paul Hewitt, a real swell guy, Steve Reese's double of 1 I ever seen one! A good egg. I really mean it. He is doing a swell job in bringing up the tone you both. Three cheers for Paul Hewitt and the staff of the Text.

Sincerely,
Paul Hewitt

Letters To The Editor

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Sincerely,
Jack Theriault

To the Editor:
Regarding your last issue, I think it's about time that someone spoke up in the defense of Mike Charron, who in my opinion, happens to be one of the few students here at L.T.I. that has the gumption to express his beliefs. His last article titled "This I Believe" was a veritable masterpiece, and deserves nothing less than praise. His other article concerning the extreme "Right Wing" was another example of superior writing, and should be encouraged.

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Sincerely,
Mike Charron

KKLASSICS KLUB LAUNCHED

Thursday, 15th of March — The "tremendous intellectual zeal" of the Lowell Tech campus was again demonstrated as a new organization the "Kklassics Klub" was formed. Among the first official acts of the club was the election of officers from among the many dignitaries present. Alfred E. Newman, distinguished editor of one of America's finest avanti guard magazines, was unanimously elected President. Howard Goodlum received the Vice-Presidency, a position for which his vibrant outgoing personality and great personal charm make him eminently qualified.

The purpose of the Klub was established and, as stated in the constitution, it is "To critique and analyze the great works of mankind in the fields of music, literature, and the visual arts."

During the coming semesters the Klub will be visited by such luminaries as Hugh Hefner, Sonny Liston, and Tempest Storm. These nationally known personalities will lecture on the importance of a classical background in their occupations.

Among the fine minds of our own campus who will be participating in future programs are Dr. Scattergood, internationally known expert on Elvis Presley and author of the forthcoming publication "Dictionary of Rock and Roll Nomenclature," Mr. O'Connor of the Classical Arts Department who will speak on "Bret Harte, Horatio Alger, and Edgar Rice Burroughs, and their influence on English Literature," Mr. Meyers of the Classical Languages Department who will read from his book "Men's Kampf" or "In quest of Profesorship," Prof. Robertson will lecture on the influence of "Das Kapital" on the John Birch Society.

Such programs to these are being made possible by unlimited support from L.T.I. whitehouse. As further encouragement for the club all of the faculty have unanimously agreed to schedule guest speakers and examinations in such a manner as to avoid conflict with club meetings, and BIG Brother has suggested that the Christmas reading period be extended a month to allow a club field trip to Paris.

Well...not really,
Bill Gudzsinski (64)

No, since I've been able to give up sleeping, I've found it very easy.
John Aldrich (64)

Son of a gun, S is equal to 32.2 feet per sec squared...uh, what's that you say?
Bill Mershman (64)

"Peanut-butter sandwich?"
THE STORY OF COLUMBUS

When Columbus was a little boy, everybody thought the world was flat. But not Columbus; he didn't BELIEVE it. He said, "I'll PROVE to you that the earth is like a BALL, and if I sail west I'll end up in India." So when he got older, he went to see Queen Isabella to get some ships for the trip.

"WATT!" she cried. "Sail west to go east?"

"Oh, Queen," Columbus said. "Stop MALAIGNING for a moment and listen to me, I've got an ENGEL, and I'll try to explain WHY I don't need any Jugular's approval on this." So he told her his theory and she was convinced. But she was glad the wasn't going.

"I'd rather go to HOLLENBACK," she said. "You'll certainly need some HARDY sailors. And you'll need a goodly number of them. Remember! Many hands LINDY the load. And DEVLJIAN you on this trip has more cause than I have, for it AINSWORTH the effort. Take my BOTAN get going!"

And he did.

But he had HARDLY got out of sight of land when his men began to turn it, but Columbus would not allow any DEVLJIAN in the ranks.

"You NOWELL do, we can't turn back now," he told his men. "Isabella has OLIVER jewels in hold, and if I turn back now I OUELLETTE her down badly, I am going on!"

And he did.

They picked up a GOODWIN and sailed PRISTER and PRISTER toward the New World (because that's what they were discovering, of course). In fact, they sailed so QUICK that Columbus said WELLS he could tell they should be there. So they watched DAILY for signs of land. Pretty soon they fetched a piece of wood out of the water.

"TO the fire!" Columbus noted, "and it has been BURT! But may have come from some nearby land." So he sent one of his men up into the crow's nest for a better look. And sure enough! The man called down.

"CELERUND to the starboard, and MORRISON the port side!"

And this got everybody excited. And they rang the BELL, and got ready to land. But Columbus thought he was in India, and wanting to make a good impression on the Indian princes (for Isabella's sake, of course), he went to the barber shop and got himself a HAIRCUT. After they lowered a BODOR in the water, he and his first mate (ibuki) got in and headed for shore.

"ROAJA!" Columbus cried, "I want to see the ship at QUICK as I can." (for Isabella's sake, of course.)

But when they landed, Columbus surprised! Instead of the BROWN people he had expected, he found they were MOORE or a reddish color.

"Some navigators," his mate said sarcastically. This hurt Columbus through the voyage his mate had blown and gold, but at the moment the best he could do was to tell his mate to have more respect for his EHLSER.

So they went ashore and the Indians (for that's what they called them) came up to look them over. And one of them, who seemed to be the head man, and who was CHOUINARD on dressing, later turned out to be tobacco, came up, and raising his right arm, said "HOW!"

And Columbus said, "I don't know, I thought I was headed for a world," and he made a peace PIKE together and the chief (because that's what he was!) showed Columbus about potatoes and how to put pot in corn so it would MELLEN your mouth.

And so that's THE story of how Columbus discovered America and lots of other things.

Bye, DOW.
"Bomb The Shelter!"

SPECIAL OFFER TO TEXT READERS

Now you can have a fallout shelter in your own home on our fabulous brick-a-week mailorder shelter plan. For only one dollar a week, plus postage and handling, we will put you on our fall mailing list to receive your first brick ON APPROVAL, at our risk. If you decide to join our program, we will send you a brand new brick every week until either the Berlin crisis is over, or your shelter is complete, whichever comes first. You'll want to be the first in your neighborhood to take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime offer, and so, for every new customer you refer to us, we will send you free, another brick. Don't miss this chance to protect your family from this terrible plight. Send your name NOW to

N. Kruschev, care of the Kremlin

with any knowledge you might have on defense bases in your area.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY DELIGHTED DURING A NUCLEAR ATTACK

Insure Your Shelter

Yes, now the Antibiotics Insurance Co., will insure your shelter in event of a direct nuclear hit. Send name and address together with shelter location and a five-hundred word essay on "What I Have Against Communism", to Malenkov and Molotov, unlimited c/o Siberian Salt Mines

The Ukraine

"Mommy, why are we having this Christmas tree in August?"

"I've told you twenty times if I told you once, Sheldon. You've got leukemia."

"Aside from that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you enjoy the play?"

FRATERNITY NEWS

The predominant question asked by many freshmen this time of year is: What are Fraternities like? Everybody is taking a stab at answering this stumper, and since most of you are undoubtedly naïve and inexperienced clops, you may be completely snowed under by this deluge of propaganda. To educate you, and at the same time protet you, the TEXT now offers a very skeptical eye on the claims that are made by College Fraternities.

Your first brother will be a real bunch of pills.

You'll meet two of the members. They usually hold the clubs and oranges until after rushing season.

You'll enjoy yourselves, comfortably living quarters.

You'll eat delicious home cooked meals.

You'll have a great time in all the social parties.

You'll join in the crazy stunts, humorous gags, and general fun when new members are initiated.

If your idea of having a good time is watching a lot of other guys throw up

During winter, " distracts, and "gangs"

[Like these are known as "Alcoholics"]
SPORTS

ROTC RIPS RUTS

It was announced today by the LTU office that Captain John Rut-ty Rashwell that the baseball team will not be able to use the ROTC field for its games during the current sea-son. The baseball team, as Col. Hot, thinks that the base-ball players are digging up the field and not using the grass around the bases and in the narrow walk, and that the rutting is making the ruts worse. Col. Hot says that he is quite orderly with the base-ball team, but things came to a head when two of his squad members were arrested while marching on the field. Of course he made no mention of the fact that one man was marching in the wrong direc-tion and collided with the air-marshals who were marching in the opposite direction. The other made a left face when right was ordered and then marched around and got hit on the head with a rifle. When questioned about this, the officer who was in charge of the incident, the Col. said that if it hadn’t been for the holes dug up by the base-ball players they never would have happened. The Col. is a bit of a siren and his brand of baseball is the loveliest marching group ever assembled and the ac-tion he took only serves to brighten up their faces. The field is a start toward im-proving this fine team. This spring the LTU student body can expect a better book-ing as the LTU Redmen will put on a show, regardless of the weather, if there is anyway, at the expense of a poorer baseball team.

THE GENERAL

General Ernest A. Carboume has broken up two minutes late.

"That's good." He said to himself as he looked at the watch. "Can't fix a watch for being mean to my underlings today." He has always been a bit of a siren, even in his plush of- fice, and was greeted by security men and a stew-en soup, A/1st class. His usual Airman Heat had for-gotten to give the stewards a tip about the day on his dark.

"And that's the way he behaves," he thought. "Can't do anything you want. I don't know what is going on in the office, I practically sealed the whole country during the last few weeks, from now on your as-class." Air Force did work for us, we can't do anything. I practically sealed the whole country during the last few weeks, from now on your as-class.

Airman Heat was taught to keep his hands from his eyes as he remembered the "old days" of the U.S. Air Force. He was a leading member before he started serving under Gan. Cerebrum, three months ago.

The general then picked up the phone and called the Dawson.

"Dean, I want," he stated, "I don't have a telephone run-ning the post. The man should definitely not be allowed to drive a car. All these women. How do you expect the man to study their homework. Air Force had many maidens running around the bases, and the man who was running around with them, with their fun" attitude will ruin the military life at Lowell Air Reserve Center. Then again, your idea about marine engi-neering men is for the birds. Oh, and the man who was running around with the women, I'm sure he was a scandal before he started serving under Gan.

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Smith Brigade of telltale to enforce military discipline at Fort Smith.
DODG-E CITY

R. A. Cole

It was a sticky morning hotter than the hammer's
Well, it was real hot when Chester came scampering
across the dusty street, ran up two flights of stairs, and
shouted: "Mr. Mellon... Mr. Mellon! I got three big
bad, horrid men are raising a ruckus at the Cacamomo Restau-
rant again... Mr. Mellon."

Now... calm yourself, Chester... and we'll see if
we can equal this according to the rules. Chester. Now... what they doing, Chester... I
mean, uh... they... what they violating this time?

"For one thing, Mr. Mellon, I'm... I'm point-

ing vectors all around the place."

"Uh huh... well, we got 'em this time Chester
That's a plum violation of Ampere's circuit law."

"What you say, Mr. Mellon, just as I say. You're not sup-
pposed to know it — just know how to use it."

"O.K., Mr. Mellon... but you've always pullin' them
flowers across the room... so I'm... well... sometimes I
wish I could read the same book that you do.

"Never mind now, Chester, and do the best you can.
I don't catch this at all, but do recall seeing so many
water, "... water... Mellon!" at which point, I think
it began to snow.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

THE SNEAKING REPORTER

(Listening in on an interview conducted by Dr. Melvin Mark to fill
family vacancies.)

"Applying, yes? And for what? I'd like to apply for —"

"You, we need assistance. Quite badly in fact. We've
been a little bit short-handed lately, which brings me to
make a note to cancel the on campus interviews next
week. There's been quite a rush of applications for a few
positions, even for ten year students. Also, I must remember
to thank you for sending the fee.

"What are you trying to do?"

"I didn't know you had a Pre-enrollment branch."

"I don't believe you did. But could you please pass me
the personnel bureau — at five respectable diaries. However, that's
true under whatever branch."

"I have a number of students who could use some
resources, and maybe that's why you were trying to
get them clean blackboards. We have a little problem with
some students hiding in this respect. We've been working
on this problem in the research foundation for years now
but it just seems to be getting worse.

"I'm cleared blackboards at every school I've worked."

"You're compact, Mr. Mellon."

"All of them, in fact, in the chem lab I used
to teach in.

"Good Good! I've always felt we conditioned the students
too much here at Lowell Tech. What other schools have
you been associated with?"

"Applying? MIT, BU, PU at Cambridge and the Shirley
School For Young Gentlemen."

"Please set me free, then. What's good enough for
Harvard and MIT is good enough for us. Tell me, now, how
don't you design other courses, how do you handle
really tough cases?"

"I don't know. With the hammer the determination
isn't there but SWISH! — right into the acceptable."

"Another comment. That would eliminate student
response; it does sound effective though."

"Applicants most likely to succeed being a couple of stu-
dents with the old tricks usually clean things up."

"That's right, Mr. Mellon. If you do policy with the
faculty is strictly 'hands off'. We have confidence in
our students to solve their own problems. So I hope you tend
to business though — we've just had a small scandal
due to unusually active activities- a cheerleader set up on
Campus Restaurant you know Prof. Scullion and
Dr. Kakko do chaperone very well but they're some
gene scramblers; but I don't know if it was just their
desire to carry my bundle. But, back to business. We're going
to be a little upset for awhile. The Lowell City Council has
freed some additional board members, so our new sharing
risk in the lobby of Danforth Hall. We've had to relocate
Drummers from the leading band groups. Also, Prof.
Berkowitz beat two weeks now and I forgot to put out a recreation notice about
his new quartet... yet, no one has asked about... do well.

Getting back to the subject at hand — I think you'll do well.
Shut up Monday morning for work and we do expect
our people to wear well pressed suits and hats while.

"Applying? Yes, Mr. Mellon."

"In all my years as a tailor, I've never worked in
a pressed suit — all that's that they want..."