

APRIL 25¢

W O O D O O

Form 1040

170

Selective Service System
Local Board No. 1

Dear Sir:
The President of the United States sends
greetings.

13 April

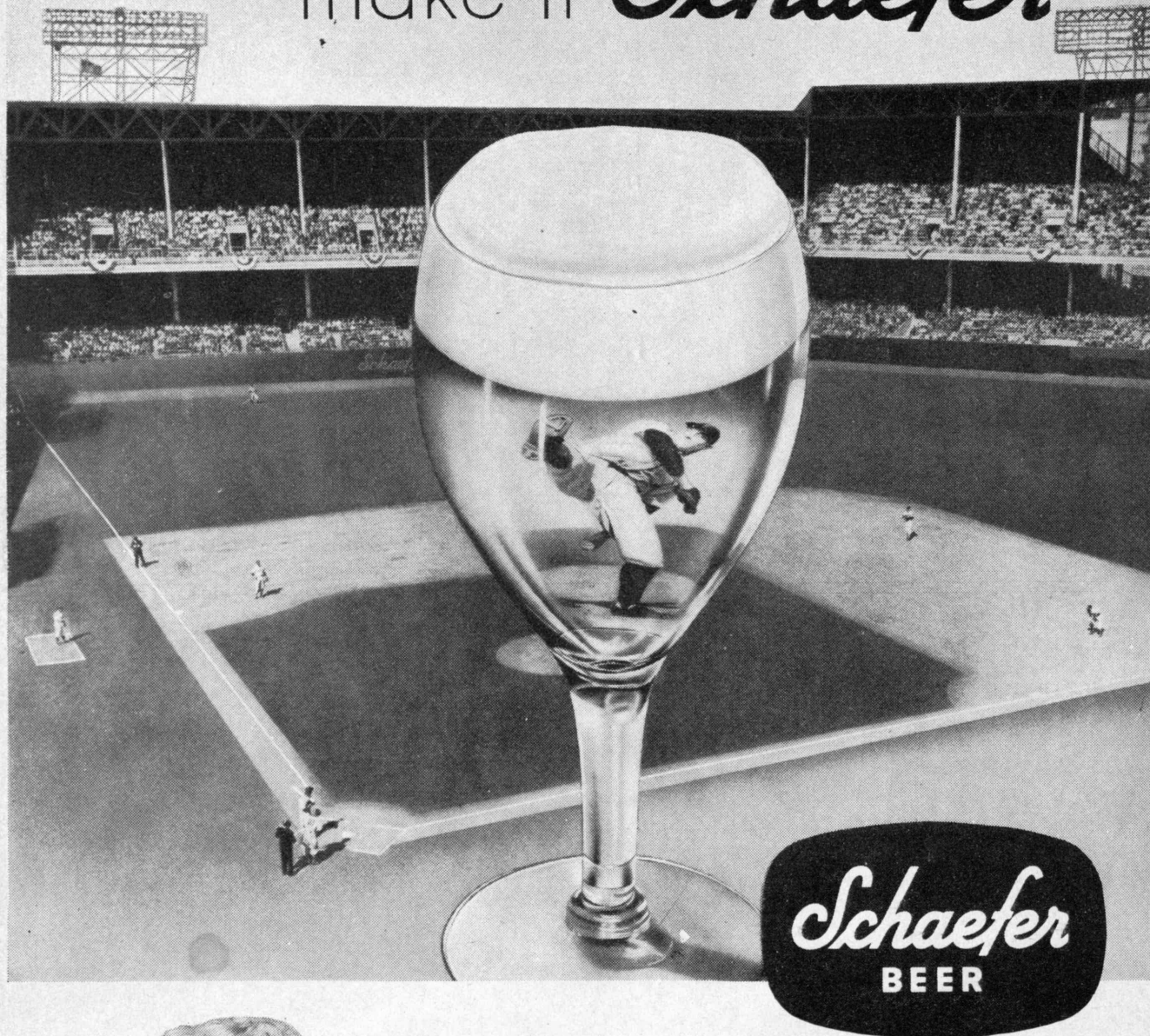
SWEAR WORDS!
NO BOOZE

NO BOOZE



BITTER-BITCH ISSUE

Make it clear...
make it *Schaefer*



Red Barber, **DODGER BROADCASTER**

"This is historic Ebbets Field, where anything can happen and just about everything has. Home of the Dodgers since 1913, it's a tough park for home runs—in left field it's a 343-foot drive over a ten-foot wall; in center it's 393 feet over a ten-foot wall; and in right it takes a 297-foot drive over a forty-foot screen to put one out of the park. You've missed a big baseball thrill if you haven't seen the Dodgers play at Ebbets Field."

The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., New York, N. Y.

The little scrawny cat crawled out of the closet, wiped the beer foam off its mouth, and squinted as the single ray of light filtered through the cracked window shade. After a quick glance around the room a frown appeared on his moth eaten brow.

"What's up boys? You look like you just stole the last roll of tissue from The Tech!" the cat drawled.

"Why Phos, haven't you heard," we replied, "that this is a new year in politics; that the American people are using the write in vote to combat candidates thrust upon the ballot by power politics. The people won't have that sort of thing and are staging their revolt. The thing is nationwide and there is no reason why we should just stand by. We've decided to do our bit at Tech and have taken upon ourselves the responsibility of exposing rackets and greasy politicians here. Yes sir boy, if you'll just look through the pages in this issue you'll see the type of job we've done. Take a look, all the way from Walker to the Institute Committee.

After all, you little drunken scavenger, our four year sentence at this place has just about expired. We would hate to leave without clueing the remaining stragglers in. We've kept our eyes, ears, and noses open, but our mouths shut too long. So here you see the *Voo Doo* Investigating Committee's report in full. Not that we would want to cast aspersions on the honest man, no sir, not *Voo Doo* the defender of red-blooded Americanism. Protect the honest! Defeat the crooked! That's our war cry. But the quagmire of filth is sucking down the honest man and it's time we took a hand."

A grin spread across the cat's face as he commented, "Yeah boys, I guess you finally saw the light. I had faith in you though. I've seen a lot of boards come and go, but before they have left, they have always gone from here with the same feelings. Glad to see that you're going to do something about it. Throw me the can opener fella, and I'll go back to my brew and I'll get in shape to welcome the new board."

With that the little feline slunk away in the closet.

Swany

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY

ESTABLISHED 1919

SENIOR BOARD

BOB SCHWANHAUSSER	General Manager
MAURIE DAVIDSON	Managing Editor
JERRY HATHAWAY	Business Manager
BILL DUNN	Associate Editor

JUNIOR BOARD

JERRY ROTHBERG	Literary Editor
RANDY PAULLING	
JACK FRIEDENTHAL	Co-Art Editors
CARL SHIFFMAN	Features Editor
FRED CRONIN	
LEN GROSS	Co-Publicity Managers
ALLEN FEINBERG	Make-up Editor
BOB RILEY	Joke Editor
JACK PINKOVITZ	Advertising Manager
STAN SILVERMAN	
JACK BREMER	Co-Sales Managers
GENE BRANDEIS	Treasurer
ALLAN HOFFMAN	Office Manager

STAFF ASSOCIATES

ADVERTISING	TREASURY	SALES
Jerry Rockhill	Robert C. Hardy	Tony Jannicky
John Tisdale	Robert Burman	Dave Lissner
Charles Abbott		Jim Davidson
PUBLICITY	OFFICE	ART
Jerry Perlstein	Lenny Wharton	M. J. Friedenthal
Ray Fessel	George Perry	Jim Rollbuhler
Gerald Golden	Norm Solomon	Dick Locarni
Jim Ofengand	Jim Eacker	Stod
Shel Dick	MAKE-UP	Herman Knieriem
D. C. Pipkin	John Crowe	Manny Rotenberg
Bob Gross	Dave Brooks	LITERARY
Alan Glueck	Jack Friedenthal	Gordon Edlin
John Roop	Frank Klar	Harold Kaplan
Stan Hoff	Tom Marlow	Mort Grosser
Bob Warshawer	Norm Solomon	Joe Tierney
Marv Tanzer	Frank Leeds	Ed Remler
John Annese	JOKES	Bill Rice
FEATURES	Kaye Richey	Fran Gorham
Don Grine	George Grenier	Sally Cummings
Tom Stern	Lawrence Lewin	Dick Archer
Art Solomon	Bob Barnes	Dave Brooks
Frank Leeds	Mike Deskey	
Don Steig	Larry Lewin	
Sheldon Busansky	Walt McLaughlin	
Henry Snider	Ed Millman	
	Monroe Weinstein	

OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

Copyright, 1952, by the VOO DOO Senior Board.

Published by the Senior Board for the Students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.

Office hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday

Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy.

Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

cover this month by Paulling



DOING THE TOWN

For years now Techmen have been going far afield to find quaint eating places with human interest, and all the time the quaintest of all possible places has been right in our own back yard. Or maybe it's our front yard. It's so hard to tell these days.

The place in mind is softly lighted and decorated in sort of a Greek style with columns and murals. The murals are very interesting in themselves: the large one depicting a three-holer on Mt. Olympus during the pomegranate season, and the smaller two . . . well, that's anybody's guess. There are tables of all sizes and shapes for groups of all sizes and . . . Sometimes, if you're lucky the FM tuner will be sending soft commercials over the muted rumble of knives, forks, and people retching.

The food is dished out in an ultra-modern serving room where smiling chefs dole out the portions and gladly substitute spinach for broccoli, mashed for french, and overcooked peas for undercooked peas. That blue aurora which appears at such moments is actually a device to kill bacteria.

While speaking of the chefs, we would like to say that Eddie, the head chef, is a nice guy who worries if the boys don't eat, but his ten or so assorted assistants are such that if a recipe was a Cadillac their combined culinary knowledge wouldn't be a pogo stick for a gnat. They may not be the best cooks in the world, but I'll say this for them —They're the ugliest!

Out on the floor the trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent, and hungry, men of Walker Student Staff slouch around removing half-empty glasses of milk, plates of food, miscellaneous silverware, and tons of garbage.

It is this group of fellows which adds the human touch to Walker Dining Hall. There are about seventy-five of them who, under the direction of a head Captain and a handful of eager lieutenants, do almost all of the different jobs connected with operating the Dining Hall. In actuality they are more than just a handful of students working their way through Tech, although you generally don't find this out until you have been admitted to the group. They are almost a fraternity, and they can boast more esprit' de corps' than any other organization at, and including, the Institute. (except Voo Doo) They have teams in every inter-mural contest, most of them getting at least to the finals (their bowling team won the championship, Ping Pong team was runner up). Not only that they have their own tutoring service and social committees. Their IDC dances every month are the most popular at school, and their big exclusive formal, The Assembly Ball, is the classiest most exclusive College dance in New England. In fact if this is the day you bought your Voo Doo, you will find the work under way for the Eighteenth Annual Assembly Ball, for tonight is the night. Spot-

lights will light up the building, a canopy will stretch from the door to the drive, and the doorman from the Parker House will be easing prominent Alumni out of their cars. Those of you fortunate enough to have a bid to this ball will see on the inside the top-secret results of an easy two-thousand man hours of work which goes into making the A-Ball what it is.

The best place to see these guys in action is up at Pritchett Lounge, which is still an ultra-modern snack bar (it was designed a good many years back by a female architect) staffed by the students, and open till midnight. There these jokers will fry a hat at the drop of an egg, mix ghastly concoctions, warn the customers against the food, put their thumbs in the coffee, sneer at the customers, mock them, refuse to serve them, and anything else they can think of to sever that thin thread which holds most of them to sanity. They may not do much, and what they do might be sloppy, but they're having fun. In spite of this the customers return. Is it that they like the food? Is it because they like the prices? Is it because they like the service? No! It's because Pritchett Lounge is the NEAREST, and there is nothing lazier than a Techman.

To be a bit serious for a moment, the food is sometimes good, it's generally edible, and if you are on the commons system you can even make it pay. For those of you who think it's so bad we recommend that you eat at a Harvard or B. U. run cafeteria. Ugh!

C R O D

Bowlegs may not be few, but they're far between.

"Where y'goin'?"

"Town."

"What's the matter with that wheelbarrow?"

"Broke."

"Who broke it?"

"Hired man."

"Same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last year?"

"Yep. Clumsy, ain't he?"



A young man took his city-bred girl friend in to a night club which was decorated elaborately in cowboy style.

They were there a short time when the girl arose and excused herself to go and have her face made-up.

She returned a moment later, her countenance a blushing red. "Ted," she said, "you'll have to help me. Am I a heifer or a steer?"

June (a bride) was showing her uncle over their new home.

"This is my room, uncle. You see we have twin beds, they are so much more hygienic. That's Harold's and this is mine."

Then uncle noticed a blue china clock on the mantel and remarked, "What a charming clock."

"Yes," said June, "It's a wedding present from dear grandma."

A few weeks later uncle received a note from June telling how the blue clock had disappeared the very afternoon he was there. Could he throw any light on it?

Uncle replied: "Dear June, look in Harold's bed."



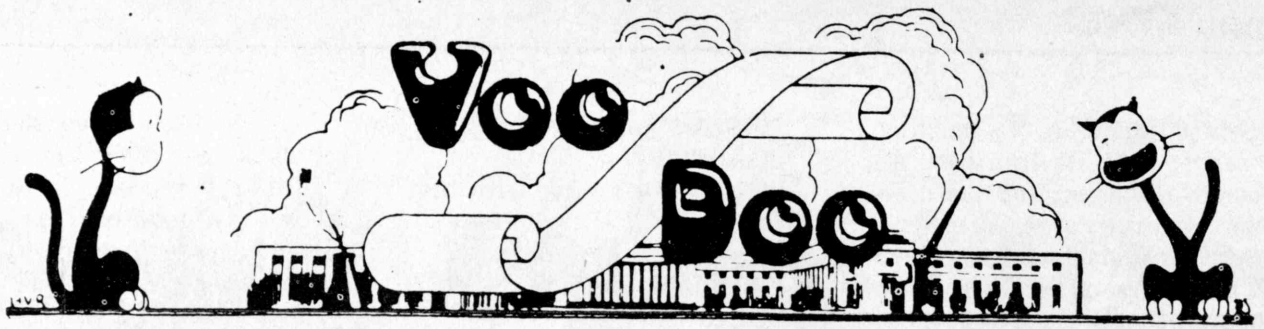
"I'm outa school again."

"What in *!*x* have you done now?"

"Graduated."



"Haircut?"



The mechanical metallurgists are an impatient lot. Hardly had the new Metals Processing building been completed when they moved in with their lecture sessions. Lecturers need notes and notes need a resting place. None was available as the desks had not arrived yet. Nothing looks as uncomfortable as a lecturer mildly gesticulating with a sheaf of notes. So, one enterprising student ran out of class, removed a section from a ventilation duct, picked up a loose one by four and returned triumphantly to class. The duct was turned on end and the one by four placed on top. Professors still use it to lecture from. It gets a bit warm sometimes but a podium is a podium.

a good shave. I can't stand the sight of blood, myself." Ben Sack cogitated a while, then made a sweeping bow and ushered the unfortunate to an easy chair, jammed him into it, covered him with a towel, and whipped out the lather. Our hero started to protest, but a razor skimming along his Adam's apple soon rendered him inaudible. He emerged without a scratch and a fairly close shave. Sack got his two-bits and the teddy-bear was transformed into a man of sterling features. Everybody emerged happy. Rumor has it that Sack is planning to install three chairs in Ware West and hire two helpers.

While we were down at the Dorm office a while ago, a student came in and asked for the most liberal paper in Boston. The man behind the counter said he thought the Globe would be fine, and produced the same. The student put down the necessary five cents, and then hefted the paper off the counter. After a moment's hesitation he asked in an unbelieving tone, "Is this all there is to the paper?" and then went away muttering to himself.

Evidently when some people say "Liberal", they mean "Liberal"!

Ah it's spring again. The first harbinger appeared the other

Recently, East Campus held elections for House Chairman. Everything ran smoothly, except when the ballots were counted. The election official reached into the ballot box and came up with one soggy Walker pancake. Mr. Bridges was awarded one vote, accordingly.

One East Campus resident hadn't shaved all week and was beginning to look very much like a teddy-bear. Consequently, when he walked into the den of the House Chairman, he said, "Sack, I'll give you two-bits for



day with the appearance of the Kendall Square traffic officer's stand (You know, those things that look like street cleaners' carts.) in the East Campus quadrangle. This year the artistic spirit has struck Tech, however, for the pulpit was soon adorned by a violinist and a sax player in a bevy of spotlight. So when people call Techmen a group of idiotic, childish, uncultured tools you can just laugh and say, "Uncultured?"



Jackpot! President Killian struck it rich. He was awarded second prize for a public address entitled, "Our Shared Convictions." The award was made by the *Credo of Freedoms Foundation*, and carried with it a stipend of two hundred dollars. President Killian's speech was labeled, "an outstanding contribution to a better understanding of freedom." The presentation commemorated the 220th birthday of George Washington. How many men can cross the Delaware for two hundred dollars?



One day early this month, building ten's lobby developed a

powerful odor. It centered about the stonecutter, who was merrily engaged in his chiseling. At first, he attributed it to impolite passerbys, but when it got so that he could no longer tolerate the stench, he set out to investigate. After prodding around for a while, our stonecutter friend found that his air compressor was outside next to a pile of sheep manure. After all, spring is spring, and Open House needs grass.



Scotchman (approaching the owner of the riding academy): "I'd like to rent a horse."

Owner: "How long, sir?"

Scotchman: "The longest ye've got. There are five of us goin'!"



A hungry Irishman went to a restaurant on Friday and said to the waiter: "Have yez any whale?"

"No."

"Have yez any shark?"

"No."

"All right," said the Irishman: "Then bring me ham and eggs, and a beefsteak smothered with onions. The Lord knows I asked for fish."

At a recent musical event, a woman was rendering a song and one guest leaned toward the man next to him and muttered, "What an awful voice! I wonder who she is?"

"She is my wife," retorted the other, stiffly.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry," apologized the first man. "Of course, it really isn't her voice that's so bad, but that terrible stuff she has to sing. Wonder who wrote that ghastly song?"

Came the even stiffer reply: "I did."



A soldier in a carrier pigeon outfit was singing one day as he busily cleaned out the cages. A passing general saw him.

"Good heavens, man," cried the general, "Don't tell me you enjoy doing that?"

"Yes, sir," said the soldier, "Before I transferred here I was in the cavalry."



G.: "What would be the proper thing to say if, while carving the duck, it should skid off the platter and into your neighbor's lap?"

A.: "Be very courteous. Say, 'May I trouble you for that duck?'"

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

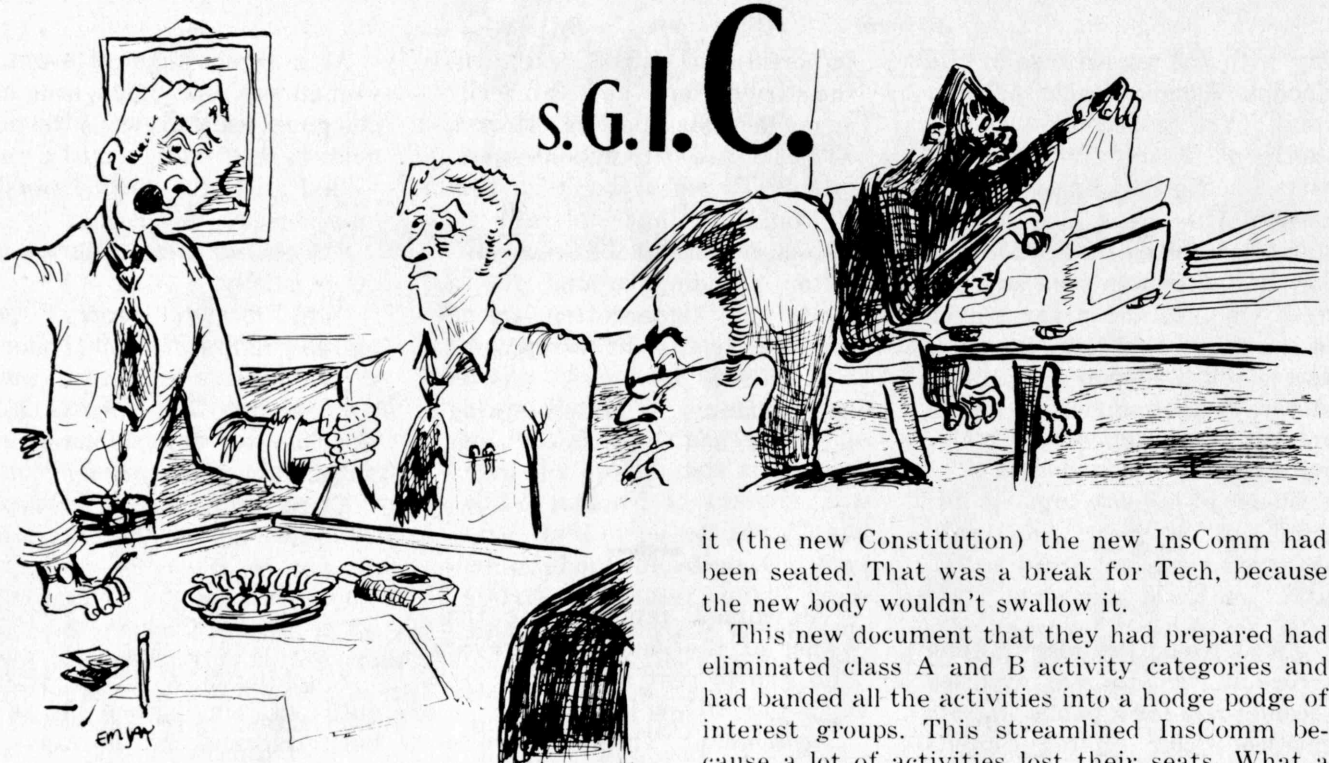
213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

Next to Loew's State Theatre

CO 6-2103

Naturally . . . Tech Men Prefer the Fenway Liquor Co. for the most complete Liquor Stock in Boston

Let us help plan your party



SGIC, now that's a mouthful of alphabet soup isn't it? Tell you what, betcha there's not more than a handful of guys here at school that know what it means, and they are on the committee. They know the letters stand for Student Government Investigating Committee. Sounds jazzy doesn't it? Well, let me tell you a little about it.

About two years ago the President of InsComm appointed ten wheels to see what they could do about revising student government and changing the Constitution. InsComm was getting too big they said and it would have to be cut down. There was too much rote work (that's what the politicians calls dog work) for the body to handle and it would have to be streamlined. The boys set to work and by the end of their term in office they were not quite through. By the time they finished

it (the new Constitution) the new InsComm had been seated. That was a break for Tech, because the new body wouldn't swallow it.

This new document that they had prepared had eliminated class A and B activity categories and had banded all the activities into a hodge podge of interest groups. This streamlined InsComm because a lot of activities lost their seats. What a deal! Everybody was to be elected. Pass the grease pots, and break out the kid gloves. I can just see it now, the bulletin boards would be cluttered with political posters. You couldn't attend a class (if you ever did) without being barraged with petitions. Why, within a year Political Publicity would be included in our humanity program. But relax, the deal never went through, it was barely defeated. You could look around the room after the vote was taken and watch the ten authors of the new Constitution gaping stupefied as they tore their hair out strand by strand. What a sight, the hair mattress market dropped overnight.

But this was not enough to quench the fire of the proponents of the new system. A new SGIC was quickly formed and aptly named SGIC Prime.

for the best food
reasonably priced

Kendall Square Diner

125 broadway, cambridge
open 24 hours daily

—naturally

**YOUR
BANK**

KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE

**HARVARD
TRUST COMPANY**

Member

Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Ten new men replaced the disgruntled original committee men. When the new Committee returned in the fall they quickly got down to business (they got together once a week) and hemmed and hawed. This new group was off to a terrific start. They were going to re-do everything. They were going to start from scratch to build the most colossal student government that had ever existed. You could see the far away look in their eyes as they envisioned their own system. They could see themselves going down in history as the founders and proponents of this all new government.

Yup! that's the way the committee started this year off. However the meetings soon broke down into a chaotic mess in which everyone told everybody else his own pet plan. Why, they had everything from the lollypop system to the monster rally type of government. With all the screaming and yelling that went on in the meetings it surprises me that anyone could even remember their own name. But throughout, a few boys with dignity and integrity held their silence and quietly planned to maintain the present form of government. There was no need for them to push their case. It was obvious that the frenzied meetings would soon break down and that the only compromise that would be possible would be retention of the present system. So, the boys just sat back and smiled and waited, occasionally throwing in a comment or two that could ensnarl the committee more deeply.

The year is over now and the committee has all but disbanded. The results of the bickering can be easily listed. They have combined two sub-committees and eliminated some of the time consuming rote work. Brilliant success, eh wot! A two year old could have done it alone.

You ask me how I know all this? It's simple, I was on the committee!

Swany



Charlie Mun

LAUNDRY

Complete Laundry Service

88 MASS. AVE.
BOSTON

Telephone
KE 6-9472

A professor, who suspected his class was drowsing off on him, decided to catch everyone off base, so he suddenly dropped off into double talk.

"You then take the loose sections of fendered smolg and gwelg them—being careful not to overhear the broughtabs. Then extract and wampf them them gently for about a time and a half. Fwengle each one twice, then swiftly dip them in blinger (if handy). Otherwise discriminate the entire instrument in twetchels. Are there any questions?"

"Yes," came a sleepy voice from the rear.
"What are twetchels?"



The man in the lower berth was snoring lustily. The lady in the next berth tapped on the partition, but he didn't hear her. Finally she banged so loudly that she almost tore it down altogether. Awake at last, the man rubbed his eyes and grumbled surlily: "Nothing doing, lady; I seen you get on."



This is a story of a fellow that boarded the bus, his hands stretched out from his body, and held out as though in supplication. He asked the conductor: "Will you take a dime out of my pocket and put a transfer back in?"

"Why, what's the matter, are you paralyzed?" asked the conductor.

"No, nothing like that; the doctor ordered a bedpan for my wife and I don't want to lose the measurements."



She: (suggestively) That roast duck in the window makes my mouth water.

He: So spit.

The Hampshire Press, Inc.

OFFSET ~ LETTER PRESS

Completely Equipped to Render the Highest Quality Craftsmanship and Service in All Printing Requirements.

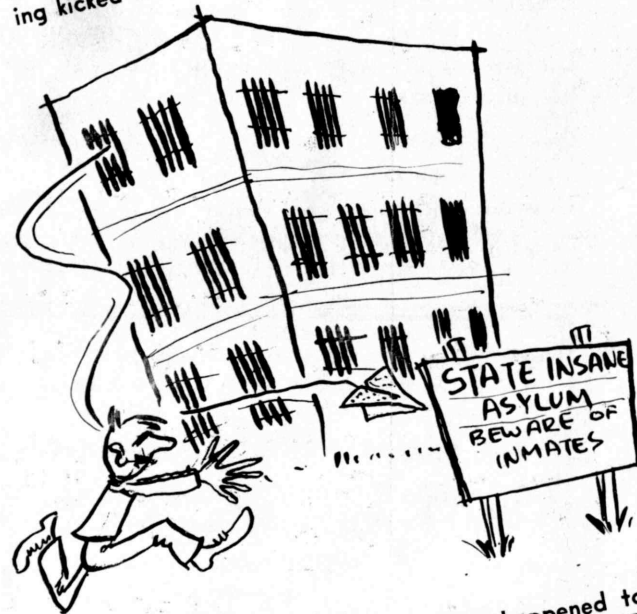
28 Carleton Street :: Cambridge, Mass.
Kirkland 7-0194

LITTLE DID THEY KNOW

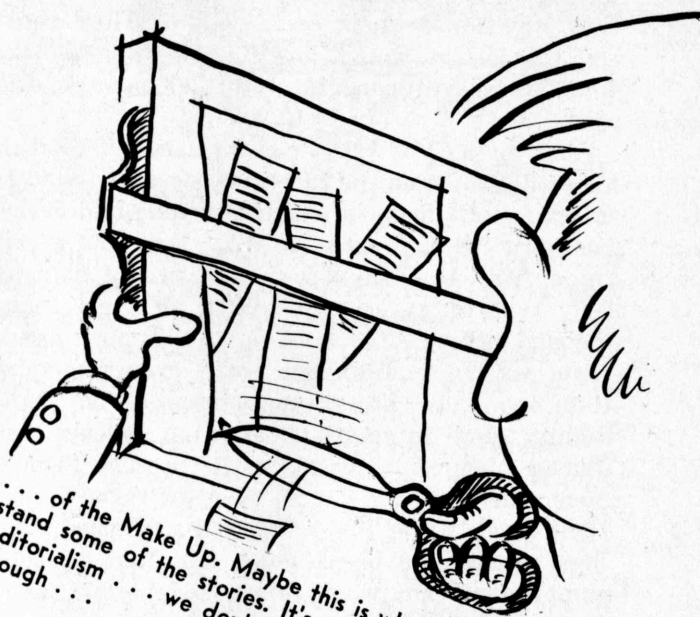
A few hours before we went to press, the senior board decided that this would be a gripe issue and told us to go ahead and see what we could drum up. We sat around for about a day and thought of all the bitches that Techmen traditionally cherish. We've printed some of these in other parts of the mag, but we just couldn't quit without being honest about the whole thing. So, for the benefit of all the pseudo-sophisticates, and all those who won't admit that they're younger than they think they ought to be,—here goes. "We're P.O.'d at Voo Doo because . . ."



... of the Jokes. All the good ones are censored by the Senior Board. They keep mumbling something about being kicked out of school if the mag is banned . . .



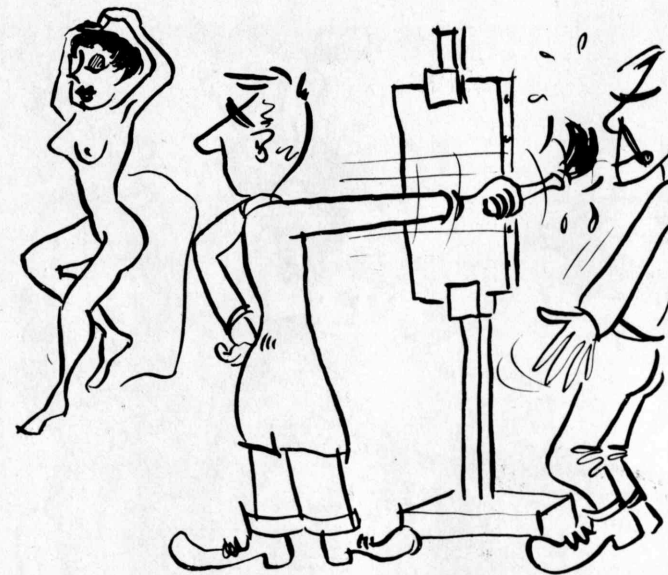
... of the Poetry. Zooks . . . whatever happened to Simple Simon. Translations are available at Holman 107.



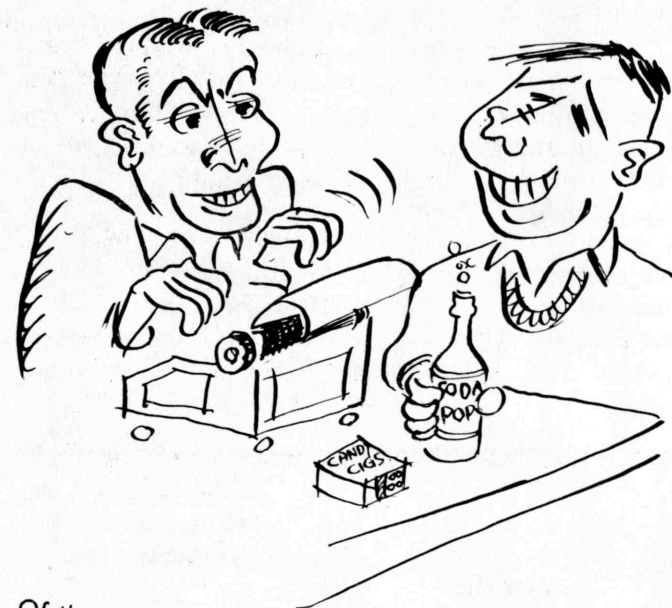
... of the Make Up. Maybe this is why you can't understand some of the stories. It's a great stride in modern editorialism . . . we don't quite know in which direction though . . .



... of the Sales Staff. Forced feeding is bad enough. But look under those sales desks. If the magazine looks like it was put together the night before sales day, that's not too far wrong . . .



... Of the Art . . . Of the art? are you crazy? If we ever told the truth about the art staff we'd never get this thing drawn up . . .



... Of the Feature Staff . . . Who the Hell do you think writes these ngs anyhow?!!



... Of the Editorials . . . But then again, who reads the editorials? We once ran the Preamble to the Constitution followed by part of the Communist Manifesto and nobody noticed particularly.



... Of the Mag in general. Well don't blame us. Most of the stuff isn't ours, it's the damn linotype operator's. He rewrites the lit, inserts his jokes, and adds his name to the masthead, which we painstakingly remove for spite.

"Wanna go to a sleighing party?"

"Sure, who are we going to slay?"



Has you son's college education proved helpful since you've taken him into the firm?

Oh yes, every time we have a conference we let him mix the drinks.



He: "Some moon out tonight."

She: "Sure is."

He: "Some really bright stars up in the sky."

She: "Sure are."

He: "Some dew on the grass."

She: "Some do, but I don't."



Father: Tell that man to take his arm from around your waist.

Daughter: Tell him yourself. He is a perfect stranger to me.



"Don't you go with Toots any more?"

"No . . . I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."

"I never noticed it."

"You weren't there when I proposed."



I guess that'll teach him not to splash a Texan!

Then there was the cannibal who passed his brother on the trail.



A trainee was running the obstacle course, puffing and groaning, when he fell down.

"What's the trouble?" demanded the Colonel.

"I think I've broken my leg," the dogface moaned.

"Well, don't just lie there—that's a waste of time. Start doing push-ups."

It was Joe College's first day on the farm during summer vacation. At 4:30 his Uncle Zeke rudely roused him from his slumber.

"What's the matter?" queried Joe.

"Time to go to work."

"Doing what?"

"Reaping."

"Oats."

"Are they wild?"

"Of course not."

"Well, if they aren't wild, what's the use of sneaking up on them in the dark?"

DINE AT THE

HONEY BEE CAFE

fast table service—air conditioned

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS

700 Mass. Ave., Cambridge

phones: ELiot 4-8683, 4-8835

Walker Memorial Bldg.

MIT Voo Doo

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Phos,

Enclosed is \$2.00 so please send eight hilarious issues of Voo Doo to . . .

Name

Address

City..... State.....

OUR INSTITUTE COMMITTEE

YOU ELECTED THEM.



The moving finger writes . . .

Two Girls From Va.

I

Girls, girls, pretty little girls,
pretty little girls
with pretty little curls
that swirl in whirls
about their pretty little heads.

Heads, heads, pretty little heads,
pretty little heads
that are almost dense as lead,
lying sweetly on fluffy beds
with well-planned mayhem in their curls.

Curls, curls, pretty little, pretty little, girls, curls.

II

Bim, bam, boo.
Bim, bam, boo.
Bim, bam, boo.

The drums are beating, beating in the Congo.
The Congo is calling, calling to the South.
The South is shaking, shaking in its julip mint,
And the people go marching on.

Marching on, marching on.
Marching on, marching on.
Oh, the people are marching on.
They will teach you wrong from right
If your color isn't white.
Oh, the South is marching on.

Gerald Rothberg

Oh, Cow

Oh, cow!
Epitome of Motherhood thou!
If thou giv'st not more milk here and now,
I shall trade thee in for a sow,
Thou cow!

R. F. Lacey

VIEWPOINT

Communists will tell you that
they don't believe in God.
Capitalists will tell you that
they do believe in God,
and that they even finance
his undertakings, sometimes.

Socialists will tell you that
He has too damn much power
and that
He ought to be
nationalized.

Scientists will tell you that
they think there is a God;
and that when they find Him they
will petition the government that
He only
be used for peaceful purposes.

To all this
God listens
carefully,
gravely,
straining to hear a grain
of constructive criticism.
J. I. Smith

Scrape!

Careless bulldozer!
Like the advancing glaciers
You disturb our top-soil.
Now the grass won't grow.
Just so people won't trod
The snow+
And automobiles will park
In strict rows.
Hurry with the grass seed,
B and P,
And next time
Send out a man with a shovel.
L. Gross

THOSE BASTARDS

I am here alone in this empty room;
I am here but it is still empty:
I could not have been born alone but here I am.

Hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny,
What the hell am I doing here?

I have been here twenty-one years.
Three thousand people have known me and left me.
They did not dislike me; they preferred to rot
alone.
But how can I live with thirty-eight books?

Fa la fa la fa la la
where the hell do we go from here?

What I need is a breath of air,
But look as I will I can find no door.
My tools are good for everything but hacking
through the wall.
Well, they grow old outside as fast as I do in here.

Sing the farmer had a wife,
Loud sing cuckoo.

by W. E. Nigma

My Love

My love is a blown-out rose.
She's homely enough, goodness knows!
She looks like a fairy.
But her face is more scary,
And what's worse, her emotions are froze.

R. F. Lacey

Ode From a Misogimist

i
With malicious intent does my lover pry
Into the sealed registry of my mind's eye;
A wavering voice, a careless lock,
A breath of scent, a crimson stain;
Such biologic stealth will gain
Your goal.

ii
Cease! Cease! My youth begs you cease.
Deliver me not into obese
Senility.
Allow my fibers to mature,
Before you cause my obsolescence.

L. Gross

You Said, "Hello"

Higglety, pigglety, pigglety, doo!
How I'd like to be with you under a circus tent,
'Cause all the girls, and fellows too,
who run around, and through, are pleasure bent.
The seals, and you, and me also
Would grab the horns and squeeze just so
and play "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Higglety, pigglety, pigglety, ho!
Around, around, on the machine we'd go
that makes the cotton-candy.

Gerald Rothberg

. . . and having writ moves on.

Three Little Words

by Gerry Rothberg



I don't like people, and people hate me, and the Institute seems to be the right place for me to develop. Up here in Cambridge I am really in my elements, and every day presents opportunity for character development. Yesterday, for example, the Coop was having a tremendous sale on scrap paper only written-on on one side, and as I payed out each hard-earned, miserable penny, I laughed for I had given the counter girl the wrong Coop number. Now let her try to give me a ten per cent refund! The rat!

Leaving the Coop, I arrived at the street just in time to be of service to an elderly woman, whom I recognized as a librarian. She smiled sweetly and nodded hellos, for she remembered me as the boy who had paid the seven dollar fine on an overdue book . . . a fine bravely paid with scarcely more than a hysterical titter, I led her across the street, and she gently groaned her thanks as she ricocheted off the fender of a Mack truck.

On the other side of the street was the Rogers Building, the entrance to M.I.T. The two electric eyes winked at me as the doors opened and shut

in the flux of changing classes. I stood on the sidewalk and admired the massive stone edifice that is Tech, extending from the fetid mists of the Charles River to the new Metals Processing Building so carefully aged by the acid atmosphere of industrial New England. At this moment several acquaintances passed by and I made certain to inform them of the sale at the Coop. So they want their ten per cent too, huh? Little do they know that the annual robberies of the Coop are carried out by the Corporation. The rats!

I ascended the imperial stone steps, my hand affectionately caressing the multi-thousand-dollar, imported, teakwood bannister that gracefully sloped the length of the stairway. Two ugly Cambridge urchins were gaily sliding down it, but at my approach the more audacious one stopped sliding, grabbed my hand and pulled me into the entrance. He pointed at the huge Calder mobile hanging from the ceiling and asked fearfully, "What's that thing?"

"That," I replied, "is the tuition of two freshmen," and I continued on my way.

As the reader can tell from the hodge-podge

thus far, these many charmingly spiteful little incidents total up to the happy life of the well-adjusted Techman. Sometime in the future after my hot student blood has cooled, I will sit down in my lazy chair, gather my wife's children about me, and reminisce aloud over my four years spent on the banks of the Charles. I will spit into the fire and remember the Administration. Ah, the Administration. There was the time I visited the Assistant Somebody-or-Other to pay a bill. As I opened the door to his office his secretary screamed, "Wipe your feet!" Taken by surprise, I unfolded my handkerchief and polished the soles of my shoes. She smiled and said, "That's a good boy. Now what are you here for?"

"I came to pay a bill."

"In that case, Mr. Goober will see you at once."

I walked into the Inner Sanctum. A heavy mahogany desk was floating on the green expanse of a thick, obviously expensive carpet, and behind the desk floated Mr. Goober. He was in the process of lighting a large black Cuban cigar but he looked up as I entered. "Did you wipe your feet?" I showed him the soles of my shoes and he smiled and said, "Good boy!"

Twenty minutes later he pulverized the butt of his cigar in his ashtray and turned to me. "Well, what can you do for me?"

"I came to pay a bill."

"Really? You're such a lucky fellow. Would you like to pay in installments at ten percent interest or all at once and win a free ride on the Building Ten elevator?"

"I prefer to pay in installments, but isn't ten percent rather high? It seems to me that the Institute is taking advantage of the student."

"My dear boy," he replied a bit angrily, "you lads don't seem to realize that it takes lots of money to keep the machinery of this place well

oiled. You fellows don't appreciate the privilege of being allowed to make sacrifices for dear old ivy-covered Tech. My gosh, what's the servant situation coming to these days!"

I was sunken in remorse. "Here, sir, I'll write you a check. Look! Money, money! Now will you forgive me?"

He nodded wearily and took the check from my hands. Seeing that Mr. Goober was too exhausted for further conversation, I quietly left the office, being very careful to overturn a flower pot onto the carpet as I departed. Back in my room I wondered how many weeks it would take before Mr. Goober would discover I had signed the check with a pseudonym.

Yes, this is one story to tell the kiddies some rainy afternoon. They will clap their hands and shout, "More! More!" and maybe then I will relate "The Adventure of the Techman and the Physics Professor." I was the Techman and who the Professor was is unimportant. We were both sitting in his office, and I was crying over a thirty-page lab report which had been given a failure. Between my sobs I managed to mumble my opinions of the undergraduate system of education—the somnolent lectures, the futile labs, the inarticulate teachers, and everything else. The professor handed me a kleenex and said, "Buck up, old man! You really miss the whole point, you know. The purpose of the Institute is not to educate students but to conduct research." With these words he shoved me into the hallway and slammed the door.



Coed—"Daddy, the girl who sits next to me in class has a dress just like mine."

Dad—"So you want a new dress?"

Coed—"Well, it would be cheaper than changing colleges."



MUSIC OF CHOPIN AND LISZT
with LUNCH OR DINNER at the

BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM



Relax to the masterful music of Chopin and Liszt as played by the American pianist, Russell Blake Howe, while eating the finest of foods in the unusual atmosphere at the tip of colorful old T Wharf—and have a sea gull's view of fabulous Boston Harbor.

Tel.: LA 3-8719

MR. and MRS. R. B. HOWE, Props.

TENNIS RACKETS **SQUASH RACKETS**

All Makes — All Prices

Largest Variety in New England

Restranging a Specialty

ONE DAY SERVICE

TENNIS & SQUASH SHOP

67A MT. AUBURN ST.
Harvard Square

Phone:
TR 6-5417

The Boston Poltroon

"Remember, Americans, the worst 'isn't' is criticism" — Honest Jim, founder

Pogo	page 2
Sports	page 3
Theatre	page 4
High Society	page 5
Muskat Ramble	page 6
World News	page 12

TECH COMMITTEE FLUSHES STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Poltroon Makes Awards

Good Government Prizes to M.I.T. Students

Six outstanding students at M.I.T. were chosen last week as recipients of the famous "Poltroon Prizes" for 1951-2. These awards were established last year to promote the cause of good government in our colleges and universities. As a rule, no distinction is made on the basis of the particular institutions of the various candidates, and this year the abundance of talent at one of these, M.I.T., has made a single college slate possible. Candidates are chosen on the basis of a comparison of their outstanding characteristics with those of the national figures to whom the various prizes are dedicated. The selection is the option of the editors of the Poltroon, and in no way reflects the opinions of the men honored in the prize titles.

The James Michael Curley Prize

Awarded to **Nicholas Melissas**, the big frog who remained in his little pond. "A firm handshake, a wide grin, and a hearty Hi-Ho Silver!"

(Tonto)

The Caspar Milquetoast Prize

Awarded to **Robert Bacastow**, who, as General Manager of "The Tech", successfully avoided any subjects which were controversial, interesting, or news-worthy, and protected his newspaper from the salvo of "radical" ideas which might have raised it from its rut. "That which is printed for the faculty cannot be sold to the students."

(Maurie Davidson)

The Westbrook Pegler Prize

Awarded to **Charles Johnson**, fearless news commentator for WMIT, for his incessant emotional tirades under the holy banner of "Democracy." "Sees nothing, hears nothing, knows nothing, tells all."

(Three anonymous chimpanzees)

The Thomas E. Dewey Prize

Awarded to **Edward Margulies** as the Poltroon's good loser of the year. "Always a bridesmaid but never a bride!"

(Margaret O'Brien)

The Harry S. Truman Prize

Awarded to **Stanley Buchin** for his persistent but vain attempts to succeed in a field for which he is by nature a misfit. "Never has one man been such a pain to so many!"

(Machiavelli)

The Dwight D. Eisenhower Prize

Awarded to **Robert Briber** who, for some strange reason, is least despised by non-politicians. "Some guys can fall into a sewer and come up smelling like a rose!"

(Voltaire)

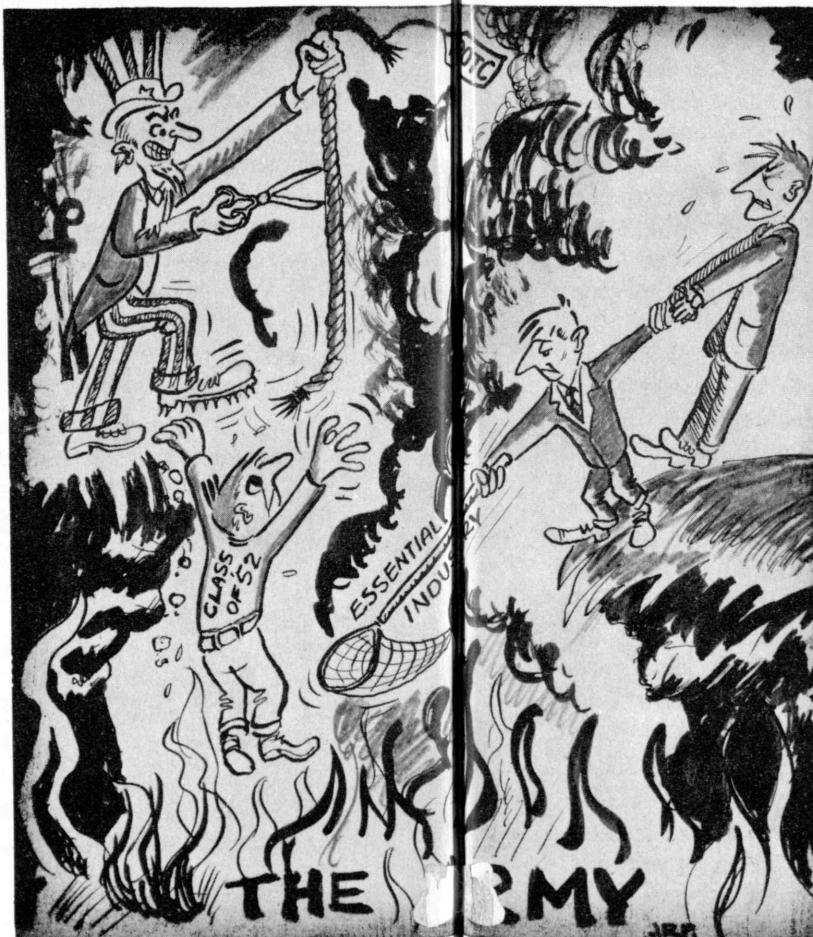
BBC Announces New Election Scheme

The "Bully for Boston Committee" has dug down into American Political History and come up with a remarkable new plan for public elections. Devised by a group of successful "system-beaters" at nearby MIT, the plan proved itself beyond the highest expectations. Known

simply as "Operation Caucus" it followed many of the well known political principles of the day. The first of these principles is to gather together a small group of able politicians and divvy up the available positions. To insure the right kind of publicity it is

Continued on next page

Jack Be Nimble, Jack Be Quick



Com-com to assign Inscom duties to Buildings and Power

The M.I.T. student government investigating committee, commonly known as committee-committee announced its suggestions for the revision of the rules governing student behavior at that institution. After a several month investigation of the present arrangement, whereby Tech students are governed by presumably democratic assembly of their peers, the investigating group concluded that the present inadequacies and injustices could only be eliminated by a return to the Hobbsian Ethic, a return to absolute monarchy. A careful survey of the character of the student body and of the existing facilities at the Institute decided that all duties and obligations should be assigned to the Department of Buildings and Power, which has traditionally been charged with the care and maintenance of Institute tools and miscellania.

The original purpose of com-com was to survey the existing Parliamentary system at Tech and suggest modifications to remedy its obvious ills. After a mere glance it was evident that no modification would do any good, but rather that a revolution was necessary.

Reds take lesson from Inscom

For instance, in the course of investigations it was discovered that Communist agents had infiltrated into the Institute with the sole purpose of attending Institute Committee meetings. Under fire, one of these admitted that their original intent was to gain vital defense secrets by working through Inscom, which, they were told, was the governing body of MIT. When the truth

of the situation became plain to them, they decided to stay and study the methods of perverting democratic assemblies. They felt that Inscom provided too good an opportunity to see experts in this field at work to miss. One boasted that the information gained at these meetings had already been put to use in the "persuasion" of several recently acquired satellites. This discovery explains the recent note of Mr. Molik to the state department praising the work being done by Inscom for world peace. At the disclosure of these findings the United States Intermediate Chamber of Commerce sent a biting letter to the assembly President forbidding the

Continued on next page

Com-com

Continued

singing of the Chamber anthem, "God Bless Free Enterprise," at Inscom meetings.

Quo Inscom?

Before deciding on Absolute Monarchy as the sole solution, com-com made the following analysis of student government at present. Institute Committee is made up of two basic factions. On the one hand there are the representatives of the Senior Boards of the supposedly more important activities. Then there are the politicians, who presumably represent the members of the student body. The fundamental hypothesis adopted in the analysis is that, on the large, students attaining prominence in these categories are guided by egotistical rather than altruistic desires. On this basis it was readily seen that the proposal to increase the percentage of elected members on the committee was pointless. For, of the two groups, the activities "hounds" have already found one road to glory. In addition the intrinsic competition amongst them is not connected with their positions on this governing body. The politicians, to the contrary, will be guided solely by the ideal of self-preservation, will cater to the policies of the machine, and cannot possibly attain the position of detachment necessary for proper government. Increasing the popular representation will, in the face of the well known apathetic political spirit at Tech, only increase the misery. The criterion of "detachment" was taken as basic in the evaluation of all other schemes. With the aid of a History Professor, who wishes to remain unknown for security reasons, the Hobbsian system was ultimately selected. Basically this philosophy holds, in this case, that the students,

Spectacular Robbery at MIT

Millions Lost

One of the most ingenious thefts of the century was revealed yesterday when an MIT student investigating committee discovered that an undisclosed sum of money, reputed in the millions, was found missing from a fund set aside for student living and recreational development. As is well known this money was a part of the twenty millions raised by the Institute in its recent fund drive. As the story was told to your POLTROON reporter, a member of a student committee was forced by the obligations of duty to make the rounds of the Institute grounds during daylight hours. He was immediately

in a "state of nature" corresponding to rampant anxiety, frustration, confusion, and anarchy, finally get fed up with the burden of freedom and turn instead to the opposite extreme. The society seeks the shelter and control of a local, disinterested, powerful, oligarchical body, and gives in return all its freedom of choice and legislation.

The natural choice for a monarch was the Department of Buildings and Power at the Institute. Local?—Obviously. Disinterested?—They're only interested in breeding sidewalks. Powerful?—My God are they powerful!

This briefly sums up the findings of com-com. Its course of action will be a difficult one to pursue. The only hope is that the activities faction on Inscom is tired enough of haggling to swing the vote. As usual a poll was taken of student opinion. As usual they don't seem to give much of a Damn.

struck by the large number of decidedly non-livable, non-recreational looking buildings under construction, in his own words, "L-l-labs!" A survey was then made which showed that the ratio of the number of laboratories to living units under construction was rather high, around infinity. Since self government is the rule at Tech, the committee went directly to the President's office to demand an explanation for this. After a series of delays and side-tracks they succeeded in contacting one C. B. Jonston, noted news analyst and commentator. In short order sufficient rabble were roused to make the situation unignorable by the Institute officials. At a heart rendering closed meeting, the awful secret was revealed. Nobody knew where the money went to. As was properly reported by several newspapers, a certain fraction of the twenty million dollars was set aside for student living and recreational purposes, but the money seems to have vanished into the murky mud of Cambridge, so to speak.

Because of the tentacle-like reach of the Institute, the FBD was called in to help solve the mystery. There was only one clue; the obviously well hidden cache disappeared sometime in the last year. As usual, the police have assigned 150 experienced sleuths to the case.

Police Select 150 Rookies

The police department announced the appointment of 150 new men to the staff, yesterday.

(Cont. on back page)

"THE BOSTON

POLTROON"

BBC

Continued

common practice to invite high-ranking members of the local news organ to join this inner circle. Once this has been accomplished the rest follows easily. The next step is to convince the individuals that everybody else is on the Caucus Bandwagon. A sure fire tried and true method of doing this is to widely publicize, by means of posters and the satellite news organ, that the Caucus is truly representative of all the living groups as prominent leaders in all of them have been invited and that the Caucus is open to all interested and will be conducted democratically. This of course sounds good and goes over well with all the constituents, who are happy to be noticed. In practice, the specially invited delegates are either personal friends of the inner circle or disinterested apathetics. A good type to invite is one who will be so happy to be invited to participate in such an important affair that he will blindly follow the leader so as not to make anyone sorry that they had invited a guy who didn't even have the sense to vote right. The open invitation can be dangerous, but if the event is planned so as to take place at an inconvenient time, i.e. a late Sunday afternoon, the average person will not bother to show up. From here on in the rest is ducksoup. With the inner circle candidates nominated, and with a great show of posters and publicity about the democratic way in which everything was run, even those people who had planned to run independently will be fooled into thinking that the bandwagon is full, and what's the use of bucking the machine. This of course is the prime objective, for then you will only have one name on the ballot and you can't miss.

While this scheme worked so well at MIT, the BBC committee


does not hold this to be conclusive, because of the well known apathy of the Techman to anything faintly removed from his immediate sphere of action. Most of them in fact won't even take the trouble to vote and this committee feels that they deserved everything they got. As a result of this however, politic-

ing at MIT hardly pays, for you gain no respect, authority, or influence. Of course you can haggle over "Rules of Order" at meetings, and spite each other, and serve on multitudinous committees, and have a whopping big activities list, but it isn't worth the work you have to do to beat the system and get in.

The Old Folks Are NOT at Home

in

New England



... They are out roaming the streets, guarding banks, running groceries, and driving armored cars. NEW ENGLAND, the land of opportunity. New England may have only two per cent of the population but it has SIXTY PER CENT of the major robberies of the country! A favorite hunting ground for the nation's leading embezzlers; bookies, auto thieves and payroll robbers.

When you think of Easy Money, think of NEW ENGLAND.

New England is endorsed by Willie Sutton

BOSTON AND SUBURBAN RAILROAD CO.



"Well, congratulations men; we've done it again."

A naval officer at a South Sea Island station undertook to give an old native a lesson in basic English. He pointed to a marine and said, "man." The native carefully repeated, "man."

The volunteer instructor went on and pointed to a palm. "Tree," he said. The native carefully echoed, "tree." Just then a plane roared overhead. The officer thought he would give the native the first chance. "What?" he asked, pointing upward.

The native looked up, squinted at the object, and said, "I'm not sure. It looks like a PB-2-Y, but it might be a B-24."

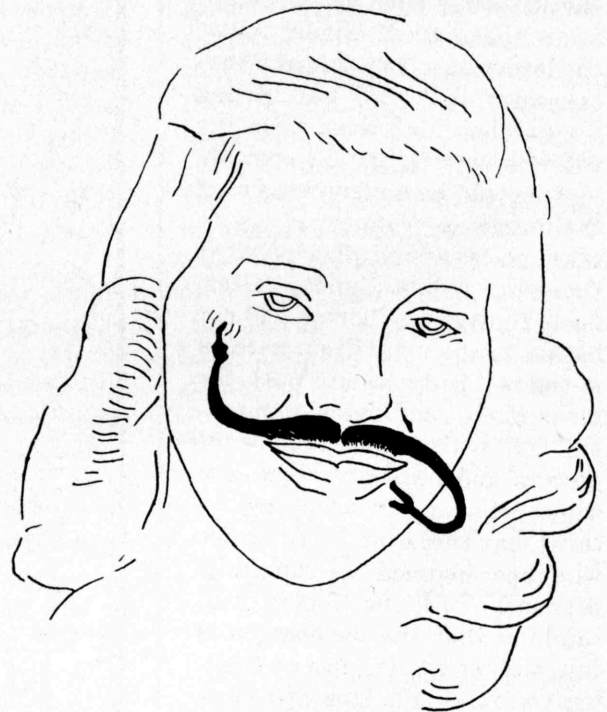


A Broadway producer was seeking to interest a Columbus dress manufacturer in backing a show. He took him to a rehearsal. One leggy lass after another appeared before him in scanty rehearsal costumes. The merchant gaped intently, but all he said was an occasional "Phooey." The producer, annoyed, finally said, "Here I show you some of the most beautiful girls in the world, and all you do is sit there and say 'Phooey.'"

"I wasn't thinking of the girls," said the merchant sadly. "I was thinking of my wife."

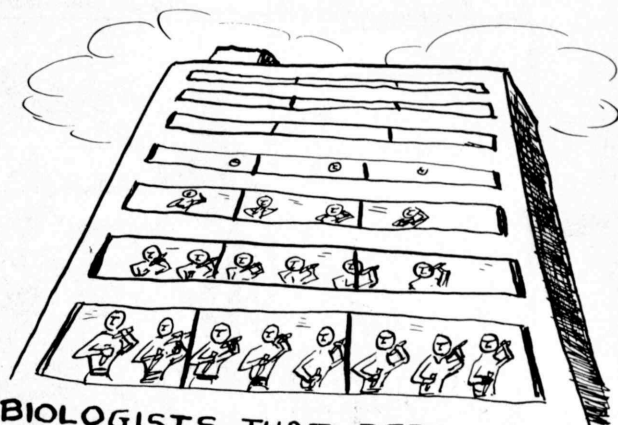
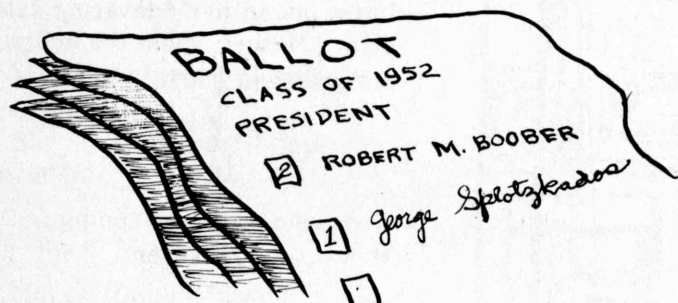
Voo Doo Mustache Contest Winner

The winner of the Voo Doo "March is moustache contest" was George V. Wodopjanow '54. For his excellent bit of art work George will receive a case of beer. The case will be presented at noon in the lobby of building 10 on April 18. Best of luck George and welcome to the Beer and Pistol club.



RIPPEY'S *Bull, Leave It or Not!*

ONE NAME ON BALLOT!
IN THE CLASS OF 1952 SENIOR
ELECTIONS, THERE WAS ONLY
ONE NAME ON THE BALLOT!



**BIOLOGISTS THAT REPRODUCE
RAPIDLY TO FILL UP THE NEW
BIOLOGY BUILDING!**



**IMITATION PLYWOOD PANELS
MADE ENTIRELY OUT OF PLATE
GLASS ARE BEING TESTED ON
LIBRARY DOORS!**

**TECHSAPOPPIN AND THE
HOBBY SHOP WERE FINED
THREE BUCKS APIECE
FOR MAKING TOO MUCH
NOISE IN BUILDING TEN!**



LEARN DANCING INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION

(Two can take for the price of one—Save 50%)
Only a few lessons and you will easily dance the
Waltz, Fox Trot, Lindy, Rumba, Tango,
Samba and Mambo

OPEN 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Call Today for FREE Half Hour Dance Analysis
CO 6-0520

SHIRLEY HAYES DANCE STUDIO

330 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.
At Symphony Station—Look for Neon Sign

AIR CONDITIONED FOR YOUR COMFORT

Pizza-Steaks-Spaghetti-Ravioli-Cacciatore-Chicken
A SNACK TO A FULL COURSE DINNER

Simeone's

ITALIAN-AMERICAN RESTAURANT

Telephone
ELiot 4-9569

21 Brookline St., Cambridge, Mass.
off Mass. Ave.



Reactionary

The little child was sitting demurely on the couch, watching her mother smoking a cigarette. Her little nose was wrinkled and in her pale blue eyes there was an expression of childish disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto: "Mother, when the hell are you going to learn to inhale?"



Girls who keep on slapping faces
Don't see lights and don't go
places.



"I want to do something big
... something clean."

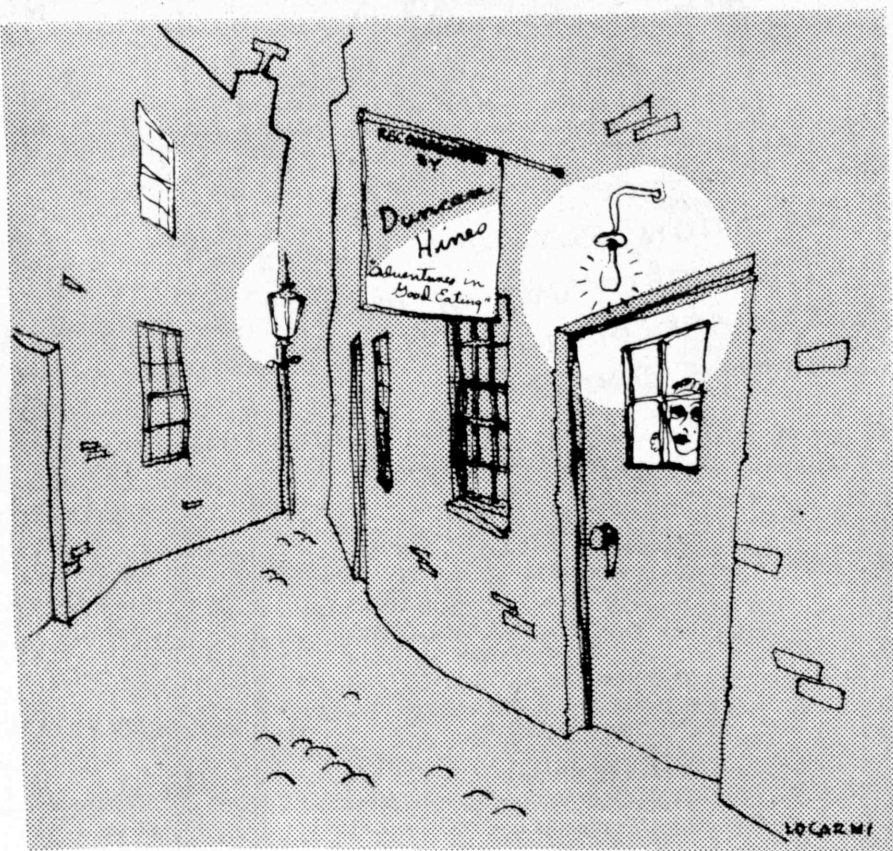
"Why don't you wash an elephant?"

A church service was proceeding successfully when an attractive young widow, who was seated in the balcony, became so excited that she leaned out too far and fell over the railing. Her dress caught in the chandelier and she was suspended in mid-air. The minister noticed her undignified position and thundered to his congregation: "Any person who turns to look will be stricken blind."

Whispered one man to his companion: "I'm going to risk one eye."



A small boy showed up at a doctor's office. He had a note from his mother. The note read: "Dear Doctor: Please will you do something to Willie's face. He's had it a long time and it's spreading."



A Bostonian sub-deb named
Brooks,
Whose hobby was reading sex
books,
Ensnares her a Cabot
Who looked like a rabbit
And deftly lived up to his looks.



He (playfully): "Let me chew
your gum."

She (more so): "Upper or
lower?"

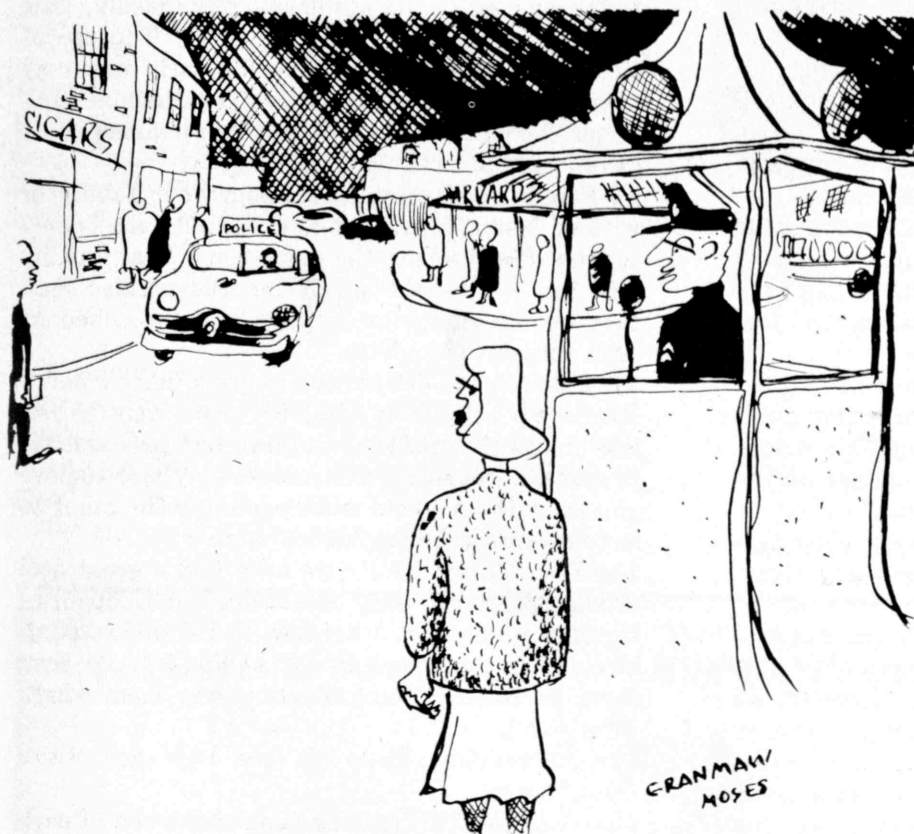


Mary: "Don't you want to kiss
me? Don't I appeal to you?"

Scotchman: "It isn't that—I
just don't want to throw away
my gum yet."



"... and I'll thank you not to refer to it as 'that
damn classical music!'"



"Watch that Jay-walking . . . Cars on Mass. Ave.
proceed . . . Hey, Joe See you at the club at six.
Don't forget the beer . . . Okay, Mister, get back
in line . . . Don't cross now, Lady . . ."

Institute Committee: A group
of important persons who,
singly, think they can do nothing,
but who, together, agree
that nothing can be done.



"How about giving me a diamond
bracelet?"

"My dear, extenuating circum-
stances perforce me to preclude
you from such a bauble of ex-
travagance."

"I don't get it."

"That's what I said."



Say, this rocking chair isn't
very comfortable.

It should be, I just put in new
rocks last week.

"Is that all, sir?" asked the
bellhop of the newly arrived
guest. "May I bring up some-
thing for your wife?"

"Come to think of it, you can,"
replied the guest. "Bring me up
a postcard."

FORMAT OF ROTC SUBJECT 1992?3 - UNITED STATES GEOPOLITICS

INSTRUCTIONS

This is a verbatim copy of a text delivered to all ROTC Instructors as a guide to teaching Geopolitics at M.I.T. It was secreted from the hands of the Colonel by means known only to this reporter and the Major's daughter. The reader should note how well this is geared for the intricate and high mentality of the Tech man.

INSTRUCTIONS

1—Smile: It is important for all officer-teachers to smile at the class. This is done in order to loosen the atmosphere, cement relations and ameliorate any previous student-teacher aggravations. To accomplish this lift the corners of your mouth.

2—Proceed to talk: Nothing can be accomplished without this very important step.

3—Tell anecdote: The subject may be of chickens, red suspenders (important!—not red herrings), or mothers-in-law. The purpose of this move is to surprise the enemy from the rear by getting him interested in the subject matter. Instructors are instructed to keep all anecdotes clean, i.e. free from all dirt, i.e. sanitary.

4—Point to map: Of course one must set up the map first after which preceding instruction is pie. Point to the United States on the map. This is done to acquaint student with his surroundings and to establish base for operations.

5—Tell another anecdote: This is very good psychologically. It relieves mental strain and clears air.

6—Say: The United States of America has two coasts, an east coast and a west coast. For this reason we are surrounded by water. However, we are not an island! The United States is large, in fact, very large. For this reason we have many, many people. This is very important because we have much manpower for our armies. As you know armies are to fight wars.

Now let us classify our wars. We have two major types of wars; wars here and wars there. The wars there are those not here, i.e. not near continental America. Such wars normally take

place in Europe.

7—Stop: At this point stop. Ask if there are any questions. There will usually be one or two in every bunch who will have questions such as—“What has all this have to do with Geopolitics.” In answer to such a silly question answer, “wait, you haven’t had the big picture yet.” Never say, “How in H—I do I know.” That is bad tactics. There are others who like to raise their hands and give general statements of facts such as, “The ocean on the west is the Specific Ocean.” When such occurs, just nod your head and smile, in a moment he will quiet down.

8—Look at watch: At this point look at your watch and make the statement offhandedly, “the Army gave me this watch for free.” The use of such a statement is obvious. Similarly one may mention the striking new and fashionable uniforms the new men in the army are wearing these days—as chic as the Marine Corps!

9—Family: Say something about your family or wife or both if you want to go into detail. This is to give the student the impression that his instructor is a regular guy. The student also feels that his instructor can always be approached on such subjects for advice.

10—Fist: Pound fist on desk to bring home a point. It matters very little what the point may be but this shows the student you mean business and are in earnest. Four-eyed instructors may also remove glasses with one hand while pounding the other so as to even further emphasize point.

11—Say: Very recently we have had a great deal of wars. This has been because of our Geopolitics for if we were not where we were we wouldn’t have been there and if we wouldn’t have been there we couldn’t have fought a war from where we weren’t.

12—Summarize: Thus we see how geopolitics causes wars.

13—Dismiss: This is to be done at the end of each period. The instructor should wait after class for all eager students who wish to crowd around him asking questions in the thirst for knowledge.

By Order U. S. Government

H. S. TRUMAN, leader

A racketeer on trial for murder bribed an Irishman with \$100 to hold out for a verdict of manslaughter. After being out for a long time the jury returned the desired verdict.

"I'm very grateful to you," the racketeer told the Irishman. "Did you have trouble?"

"Yes," replied the son of Erin. "I had a devil of a time. All the rest wanted to acquit you."



"Doctor," said the patient, "my trouble is my dreams—always about the same thing—about a girl's dormitory and the girls are running from room to room lightly clad."

"Ah yes—and you want me to make them stop dreaming about the girls?"

"No, no—all I want you to do is make them stop slamming doors."



Joe: "I just brought home a skunk."

Roommate: "Where ya gonna keep him?"

Joe: "Under the bed."

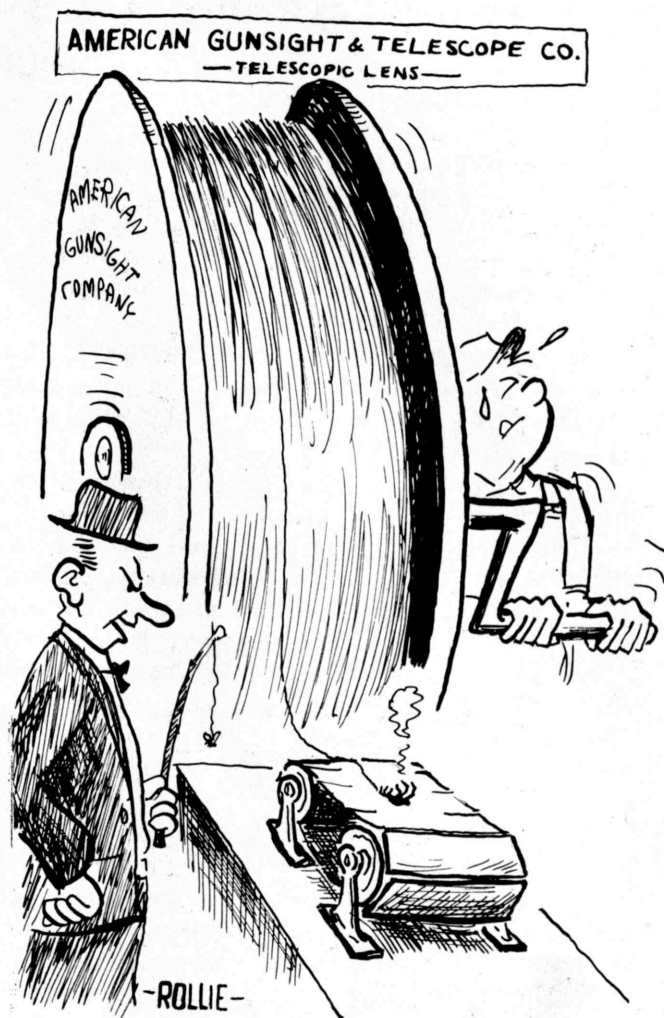
Roommate: "What about the smell?"

Joe: "He'll just have to get used to it like I did."



A young-lover was reeling out a heavy line to impress the beautiful girl. "Those soft lovely hands," he whispered. "Your warm lips. And those beautiful eyes . . . Where did you get those eyes?"

She answered, "They came with my head."



"Damn Spider Died!"

"But, darling, we can't live on love."

"Sure we can. Your father loves you, doesn't he?"

EXCELLENT FOOD,
LIQUOR and ENTERTAINMENT

"THE NEW"
ESPLANADE RESTAURANT



495 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

JUST OFF HARVARD BRIDGE

AND SO TO SLEEP AGAIN

by J. I. SMITH

He looked at the books on the desk, at the papers covered with scribbled equations, at the slide rule, at his eyeglasses. His eyes smarted in front of a slight headache. He himself needs no description. He was just another of those unlikely looking freshmen whom you pass with a doubtful smile, asking yourself if you were ever that young. A decal stuck to the radio came under his scrutiny. Three red letters. He put out his cigarette. Three letters. He turned off the lamp and lay back, pulling the covers around him.

Three letters as arresting in their terseness as the other form, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was impressive in its polysyllabic unwieldiness. There was a third form—the Institute—which on first reading had struck him as strange, half mystical and half ridiculous. Then, of course, there was Tech—the form you used when you had almost succeeded in being casual about it. He was a student at the Institute (for this form most nearly suited his mood of the moment).

The Institute. A big gray building with floodlit domes and pillared entrances. A college of engineering and science. A group of five thousand individuals who weren't quite as individualistic as formerly. An institution of higher learning. A nerve center for industry. A huge repository for knowledge and a huge facility for acquiring knowledge. A technological Fort Knox, but more valuable because it was dynamic. A huge collective brain. A weapon. A giant covering eighty-four acres and having an I. Q. of 1000. A world force.

It was a college of engineering and science that produced engineers who were capable scientists and vice versa.

It was an institution of higher learning. The Institute knew everything that was worth knowing and its vast and intricate laboratories were constantly inventing whole new classes of things that were worth knowing.

It was a huge collective brain—the computers were almost human and the men were almost machines.

It was a weapon, a very terrible weapon, indeed. Seeing the harmless looking old men walking down the corridors, he had often wondered which ones might well have ten-thousand World War II notches on their fountain pens.

The first year the Institute hit you in the face with the complexities of the universe it had reconstructed; then it expected you to bobble insanely about the "beautiful simplicity" of it all. And it all happened so fast. No time. No time to think. Until finally you believed that atoms behaved as they did because the Institute created them that way. "And the Institute said, 'Let There be Light!' . . ."

Then after the first year, when you were ready to retire, having completed your lifework, they introduced specialties. Everyone must have a specialty. What would be his specialty? Christ! He didn't know. The Institute consisted of some twenty of these specialties or courses. There was even Course IX, General Engineering and General Science, a misnomer because under this course comes the most specialized students of all. Institute graduates were said to be not only loaded but aimed, yet the entire process bore not the slightest resemblance to a circus act.

It was a huge machine. Some called it a factory but a machine was a better analogue. You simply fed in a human being and dropped a minimum of \$3200 in the slot. The wheels turned and four years later out popped a shiny, new, and very capable technologist—untouched by human hands; the process was entirely automatic. In all fairness it must be said that this machine had a much more highly developed reject mechanism than the usual "diploma mill".

But if a machine, the Institute was at least a very well equipped one. It had a nervous system manufactured by I.B.M. and it had typewriters operated by luscious secretaries. The one contradiction associated with the Institute was the capacity of the faculty, in spite of their professorial detachment, to surround themselves with such consistently young and attractive female employees.

But barring this one lapse, the faculty of the Institute were scientists to the last eccentricity. Some, most in fact, were applied scientists; they were always busy finding better ways to do things. The rest were pure scientists; they busied themselves finding better ways to find better ways to do things. But the problems of science were not quite so simple as this. Indeed, it was sometimes necessary to invent some new thing

to do, so as to make use of some already established better way of doing it.

The Institute was a giant, a sleeping giant. He wanted to yell at the giant, to make it look up from its test tube, look out at the world, write the equation that he was sure existed, solve the equation, and remake the world. But he knew the giant would just give a shrug and go on counting molecules. So he bent over his own test tube and tried to convince himself that humanity was an arithmetical error—not worth correcting. And yet he was secretly glad that the giant had refused to awaken, because there was a certain coldness about this giant that was just as well confined to the laboratory. He was not quite certain that the Institute was only a giant and not a monster.

Certainly the Institute was not anti-religious. It did not attempt to prove that the world was not created in six days. Quite on the contrary, it respectfully insisted that with a little planning the job could have been done in five. The Institute did not worship God—neither did God smother the Institute with His love. The relationship seemed to be based on mutual respect and to be nurtured by cooperation. It was a casual relationship—neither entity offending the other with a blessing or an honorary degree. Even he had been at the Institute long enough to know that the prospect of a chapel belonging to the Institute was a contradiction in terms. Everyone knew that when God came to the Institute, He entered through the big doors on the Great Court and stayed under the big dome.

And so he was asleep. As to which images were thoughts and which were dreams . . . If you wish, you may consider the whole thing as simply the latest of the Paul Bunyon, John Henry type of legend—I don't give a damn.



E. D. ABBOTT CO.

Printers

for all activities and
fraternity events

181 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., BOSTON

one block north of Loew's State
phone: CO play 7-5550

Why don't little devils eat ice cream?
Where in hell would they find it?



America's **FLAVOR-ite**
from coast to coast

"Maybee, Mich. to
Whynot, Miss."
submitted by
Mrs. Roy Fletcher,
Indianapolis, Ind.



\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue.

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes June 30, 1952. All entries should arrive at Life Savers, Port Chester, not later than June 30, 1952, to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

THE NORSEMEN

99 Broadway Boston, Mass.
(Between Park Sq.
and Tremont St.)



DINE IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF
COPPER AND CANDLELIGHT

SMORGASBORD

Open 11:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. Phone LI 2-0974

A DAY AT THE RACES

or--when the quizzes came to Tech.



Closed Book!



Today!



"Dear God,
It's in your hands now."



"I had it right and I crossed it out."



This guy just hit class average



"Are you sure that's the answer?"



Things are tough. This guy only got a 97 because
he didn't notice the fourth part of problem 6.



Laughing boy here went in cold—and came
out the same way.



"And the Hell with you too!"

Police in Chicago received this letter: "I wish to report that I was in Chicago and had my car busted into. Someone stole a guitar, eight pounds of Brazilian peanuts, four pairs of socks, one shirt, one muffler, six cartons of cigarettes, one dress suit and 12 cans of sardines. Mrs. J. W.

P. S. My husband is missing, too, he was in the car."



Sign in a Korean barracks: Drive jeeps carefully. You may hit your own replacement.

In a Red Cross class the instructor was quizzing her students on common sense lifesaving techniques.

"What article of clothing," inquired the teacher, "would you remove last if you fell in the water with all your clothes on?"

General perplexity; the girls looked hopelessly at one another, and finally at madame instructor.

That worthy, as distressed as they, finally tried to give the girls a little help. "The blouse," she informed them; "the blouse, because air gets underneath it and acts like a buoy."

Class dismissed.



Are you sure you haven't anything for me?



How About A BIKE RIDE

OPEN SUNDAYS

WHAT WITH THE LOVELY SPRING WEATHER HERE, YOU ARE NO DOUBT WONDERING HOW TO SPEND SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

The BICYCLE EXCHANGE

3 BOW STREET
Near Harvard Square

UN 4-1300

BARMAKIAN BROS.

Diamond Wholesalers and Ring
Manufacturers Since 1910

Come in and compare our prices with those you
would pay at retail jewelry stores

333 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON, MASS.

Room 643-644
CA 7-3724

Maffachvfetts Infittivte of Technology

Cambridge, Massachusetts

THE MAFFACHVFETTS INFITTIVTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers the following professional courses:

School of Engineering

Applied Thievery

- A. Stage Coach Robbing (Discontinued)
- B. Armored Cars
- C. Banks
- D. Brinks
- E. Grocery stores, laundry trucks, old ladies, telephones, gum machines

Mongering

- A. War Mongering
- B. Peace Mongering (no longer given)

Electrical Engineering

- A. Frog twitching
- B. Lord High Executioner

Applied and Theoretical Pogo

Sanitary Engineering

- A. Garbage Disposal
- B. Sewage systems (field work at Flushing, L. I.)

School of Science

Physics

- A. Alchemy
- B. Hoss-laxatives

Mooching

- A. Cigarettes
- B. Meals
- C. Your roommates' women

Sophistry

The Earthy Sciences

- A. Ptolmaic System
- B. Copernican System
- C. Erskine Caldwell

Food Technology

- A. Counter-man
- B. Short-order cook

School of Humanities and Social Studies

Misanthropy

Process Serving

Russian (Five year plan)

Dianetics (Open only to frustrated politicians)

School of Industrial Management

Inventing

- A. Patent Law
- B. Loopholes in Patent Law

Fair Employment Practice School

- A. Mexicans
- B. Jews
- C. Chinese
- D. Catholics

The duration of each of the above undergraduate courses is somewhat indefinite and leads to a high degree of cynicism after three or four years. Advanced study in any of these fields will only lead to a severe case of the dry twitches and a Master's degree from Harvard.

For information on admissions, write to the Director of Admissions at the Institute. Make checks payable to "Personal Fund, Director of Admissions." The catalogue for the academic year and order blank will be sent free on request. Please enclose twenty-five dollars to cover the cost of mailing and handling.

Doubtfully the young mother examined the toy. "Isn't this rather complicated for a small child?" she asked.

"It's an educational toy, madam," replied the shop assistant. "It's designed to adjust a child to live in the world of today. Any way he puts it together it is wrong."



Home from the Capital, a business man looked out the window and saw a big log floating down the river. He pointed it out to a friend. "See that log," he said. "That's just like Washington. If you examine that log closely you'd find 10,000 ants on it—and each one thinks he's steering it."



A notice posted on the bulletin board of a Texas AF Base:

"The following enlisted men will pick up their good-conduct medals at the Supply Room this afternoon. Failure to comply will result in disciplinary action."



At a banquet:

"Why are you washing your spoon in that finger bowl?"

"So I won't get egg all over my pocket."



"Raining like Hell, isn't it?"

Customer: "I'd like some rat poison, please."

Clerk: "Will you take it with you?"

Customer: "No, I'll send the rats over after it."

Scene—In the counting room of the election committee in a small town in Georgia.

Time—Two hours before the closing of the polls.

Official Counter: "Say, what do ah do with this heah Republican ballot?"

"THE NEW"

BOB'S DINER

SERVING HOMEMADE PASTRY



GOOD FOOD AT REASONABLE PRICES

Purchase Our Student Meal Tickets

Now On Sale

A \$5.25 Value for \$4.75

Open 24 Hours Daily

122 BROADWAY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Put a hat over it, Curly, we've all had a look

HERE'S CURLY, the only man in the world who ever had a head of hair. Comes the middle of winter with snow and ice or hot summer days with the sun beating down and Curly still keeps his locks bared for all to gasp at.

Frankly, wavy locks don't do a whole lot more for us than any other kind of hair, but obviously they do for Curly, and that's why we feel a little sorry for him. The best way *not* to keep those curls looking pretty is to wander around without a hat. Honest.

A hat is primarily for protection, protection for your hair and your health. The hot sun dries up your hair and your scalp, and cold winds and rain and snow beating against a bare head are a cold bug's best allies.

Here's something for psych 1-2:

Curly doesn't look any better without a hat. As a matter of fact, he looks like a darned fool. But something deep down in Curly's libido makes him think he's climbing up Dr. Adler's Male Complex ladder when he struts around like a rugged bear.

Curly, like everyone else, would *look* a whole lot better and *feel* a lot better, too, if he'd let a hat protect his health and improve his appearance.



"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.



DOBBS 

CAVANAGH 

KNOX 

BERG 

BYRON 

C&K 

DUNLAP 

Divisions of the Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women

*@ampus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!*

No. 16 ... THE FLYCATCHER



He's fast — he's smart — he covers ground — he's a real varsity outfielder! The 'quick-trick' cigarette mildness tests were almost too hot to handle, but he didn't make an error. He realized that cigarette mildness can't be judged in slam-bang fashion. Millions of smokers throughout America know, too, there's a thorough way to judge cigarette mildness!

It's the sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why...



After all the Mildness Tests...

Camel leads all other brands by billions