

# Voodoo

FEB 25¢



DICK  
LOCARNI



## WHAT ARE THE ODDS?



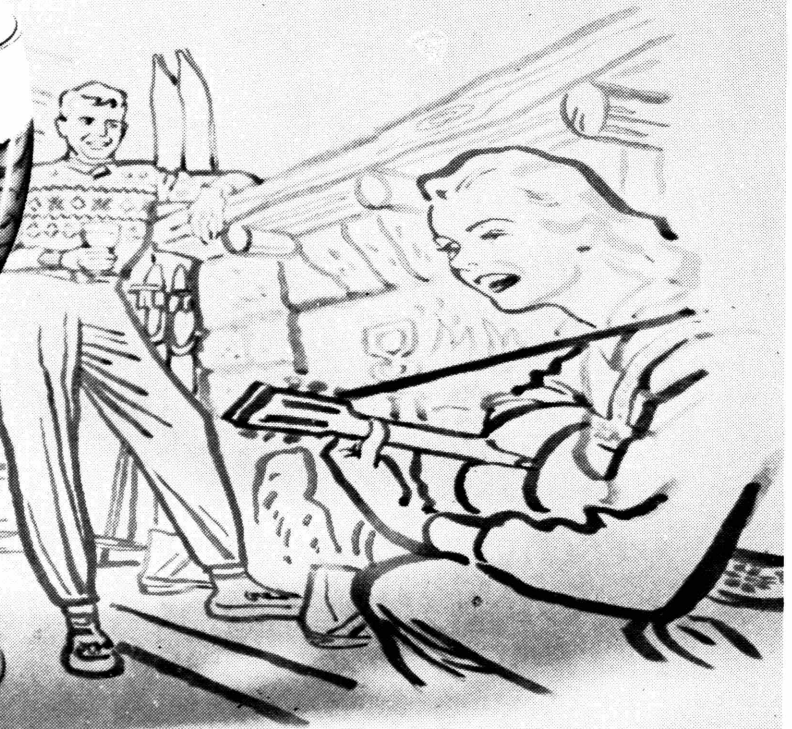
People must be healthy. Only 1 out of 8 has a family doctor.



It's 5 to 3 you call for "vanilla" when you order ice cream.

# It's 12 to 1 you'll like\*

**Schaefer**  
BEER



\* **HERE'S PROOF** that clear, dry Schaefer has what practically everyone wants in a beer. In an independent survey among people who drink beer, 12 out of every 13 who tasted Schaefer liked it. No wonder more people are drinking Schaefer—America's oldest lager beer—than ever before in Schaefer's 110-year history.

Make it clear... make it **Schaefer**

Well, here it is, another term. Boy, that last vacation was a pip. My girl got married, my roommate with the car went out on co-op, and the Registrar fouled up and sent my grades home. What a mess. If I had a gun I'd blow my brains out, if I had any. Oh! what's the use. If college is supposed to be the pursuit of knowledge, why the hell do I feel more like the "hunted" than the "hunter?" What I need is a brew. Hey, Phos! What happened to the "key?"

Hanging on the window shade naturally, now pull yourself together. We've got an issue to get out.

An issue to get out . . . an issue to get out . . . SO WHAT. I'm sick of putting out issues for this mangy mob of illiterate engineers. They never appreciate it. All they do is BITCH, MOAN and SQUEAL. ". . . it's too clean—it's too dirty—the type is too small—the cartoons are too big—the pages are thin—it's too short—it's too long—it's not funny enough . . . not funny enough . . . did you hear that? Well I'm sick of it. Yes, sick, sick, sick, sick, sick, sick . . .

Down boy! down—down—that's a good fellow, steady now, here put your head on my shoulder. Now listen to me . . .

I'll admit that they don't appreciate our work, but that's no reason to quit. Remember, we on Voo Doo must carry out our mission.

Mission?

Listen, can the individual student here rib the administration? Can he point out what's wrong and unfair? Can he bitch about the grading, the loads, the parking situation, or the weather? Can he individually poke fun at those things which are dear to him: the campus, the traditions, the house rules, the Cambridge Kops? Can he ridicule those things which deep down he feels needs to be ridiculed:

Hmmn! The old cat might have something there. At least it sounds good. I feel almost like a martyr. Wot-the-hell, there must be more kick to this bock beer than I suspected. I almost feel like graduating. One more term. Wonder if I can make it. Lost a lot of good boys in the last shuffle. Oh well, there's work to do. Got to get the issue out. Hey, Phos! What happened to that snake oil I use on my whip . . .

Maurie

Phos offers his congratulations to Jack "Emjay" Friedenthal on his appointment to the Board.

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# VOO DOO

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## OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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cover this month by Locarni



# DOING THE TOWN

Lately Phos has been worried about all the running around of his proteges. Not that he approves of the brownbagger type of techman, but he feels that in a few cases we ought to combine a little education with our fun. To placate the cat we mention the following places.

Have any of you tried the new Museum of Science at Science Park? If you have a car you can get there with no trouble. You merely stand at any intersection and look at each corner. On one of them there is bound to be a circular red disk with the words "Mystic River Bridge" painted on it. If you are within the Boston city limits, beneath the red sign there will be a square green one directing you to Science Park. In any event it is located on the Embankment Highway and can be reached by walking from Tech over the Longfellow Bridge and following signs. The admission is thirty cents. Numerous gadgets and push-button affairs will amuse all budding engineers.

If art is more to your taste start with the Museum of Fine Arts. Conveniently situated just off the Fenway, it can be reached by taking a Huntington Avenue car to Parker Street. Actually art is interpreted in its broadest sense. Paintings from all periods, sculptures, mummies (of the Egyptian variety), ship models, and gardens are but a few of the exhibits. Go either with a definite feature in mind or just to wander through, but if you plan to do the latter, you will be wise to buy the guide published by the museum. It only costs five cents and is well worth the price in time and energy saved. On

your wanderings don't be frightened by the numerous blue-uniformed men who always seem to be watching you and you alone. They are. If, however, you can escape their vigilance for a moment, the rooms containing Egyptian tombs are excellent places to play hide-and-go-seek. Admission to the museum is free at all times; however, the museum is closed on Mondays and holidays. Check on the regular lectures and weekly classes. There may be something of particular interest to you.

More strictly an art museum is the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum on the Fens between the Museum of Fine Arts and Simmons College. This is a private and is not open to the public on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, but admission is free. The building is a palace built by Mrs. Gardner. The materials for construction and the interior panelling and decoration were all brought over piece by piece from Italy.

Besides the permanent art collection, there are music recitals on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:45 p. m. and Sundays at 2:00 p. m. In early spring there is a display of nasturtiums second to none, with the entire large patio seemingly covered on all four walls from floor to ceiling with a yellow blanket.

The Peabody Museum is located at a small liberal arts school up the river a way. There are several other museum clustered around it, and they can all be reached by walking down Broadway from Harvard Square to Divinity Avenue. The beautiful Ware collection of glass flow-



ers is unique in the world, and there are also good geological collections, archaeological and botanical exhibits. Unfortunately the museum seems to change little in time. For the most part the exhibits will be the same the second time you go as at the first.

While we are on the subject of museums, do you ever slow down while walking through the corridors and look to the right or left? Those dusty cases comprise the M.I.T. Museum, and some of them contain interesting exhibits.

There are three full-fledged museums in M.I.T. One is well known to all who use the library. Enough said. Another is the Hart Nautical Museum in building five, which never ceases to be a good spot to kill five or ten minutes. The third and probably least used is the Dard Hunter Paper Museum, directly beneath the aforementioned art gallery, and is reached by stairs within the gallery. Stop there some time as this writer did when you have a few minutes and be amazed at the beauty of papers.

Not strictly a museum but extremely fascinating is the Christian Science Publishing House. It is on Falmouth Street directly across from the church on Huntington Avenue. At certain hours visitors are taken on a tour of the entire building, including the printing department. By far the most amazing feature in the building is a large spherical room made almost entirely of glass known as the mapparium.

As you walk through on a glass platform, on all sides of you the world is painted. It is a spectacular sight and one of the few maps of its kind in the world.

As always you can rely on Boston's one newspaper, the Christian Science Monitor, to provide notes on other temporary exhibitions in and around Boston.

*Dave Brooks*

"What's all the hurry about?"

"Just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."



A woman used to go to the doctor to see if she could have children. Now she goes to the landlord.



It was at the Shamrock Golf Club. The pro was showing Flannagan around. It was Flannagan's first game of golf. It was three hundred yards to the first hole.

"Now, Mr. Flannagan, hit the ball as hard as you can in that direction." The novice gave it a terrific sock. When they went to see where it landed, the pro discovered it an inch from the cup.

"Marvelous," he yelled. "The idea is to get the ball in the cup."

Flannagan snorted. "A fine time to tell me."

Then there was the man who appeared in a newspaper office to place an ad offering \$500 for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awful price for a cat," the clerk commented.

"Not for this one," the man snapped, "I drowned it."



1st Harvard Student (pointing to small vessels in harbor): What are those?

2nd Harvard Student: Ferry boats.

1st Student: I always knew we were strong, but I never thought we had our own navy.



A horse went into Zinck's recently and ordered scotch. He threw it down without a word, and asked how much. "Two dollars," answered the bartender. The horse pulled out two ones and tossed them on the bar and started out, when the bartender called him back. "Hey," he said. "I've been tending bar for a long time and this is the first time a horse ever came in and drank scotch." "Yeah," said the horse, "and at two dollars a shot it will probably be the last."



With all these poems about the rabbit and all about the rabbit's habit what would we do for rabbit stew, if the rabbits didn't habit?

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

Maybe you've heard the yarn going the rounds at the end of the past football season. It alleges that a reporter boarded the train carrying the Notre Dame team to the Indiana University game. Thinking to get a new slant on a story, he asked for the student manager.

"I understand," he said, "that you carry a chaplain to pray for the team."

"Yes, that's right."

"Would you mind introducing me to him?"

"Be glad to. Which one do you want, the offensive chaplain or the defensive chaplain?"



A well-known businessman, shopping for a parrot to present to his wife on her birthday, found a feathered specimen that exactly suited his fancy. However, the clerk tried to discourage his choice by explaining that this particular parrot came from a house of questionable repute.

Seeing nothing particularly derogatory about that, the businessman persisted in his choice and, on the evening of his wife's birthday, when all the guests had arrived for a party in her honor, he proudly produced the fine parrot and uncovered his cage.

The parrot took a look around, blinked its eyes, and then remarked: "Hmmm—new girls, but the same old guys."



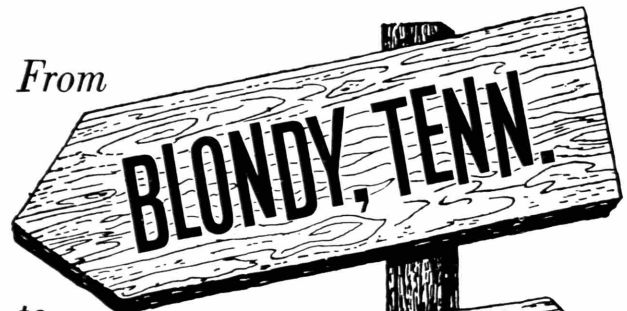
Then there was the city girl who bought a bicycle so she could peddle it out in the country.



Headline in New York newspaper: "Father of Ten Shot—Mistaken for Rabbit."



From



to



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

"Blondy, Tenn. to  
Bumstead, Ariz."  
submitted by  
Douglas Hausler,  
Washington, D. C.



still only 5¢

**\$100** in cash prizes for interesting town names!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

—naturally

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BANK**

**KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE**

**HARVARD  
TRUST COMPANY**

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### 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.



**MEMO****FROM: MIT Voo Doo****TO: All other college publications****VIA: College Magazine exchange system**

*Recently Voo Doo inaugurated a new policy of supplying Veterans Hospitals and Rehabilitation Centers with subscriptions to our Magazine. The response was so gratifying that we are printing a few excerpts from letters received. After reading them we hope you too will take part in this program.*

Dear Sirs:

... Please accept and express to all concerned our deep appreciation for the thoughtful and generous gift. You may be sure the magazine will provide the patients with many hours of recreation and relaxation.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,  
F. X. Keating  
Chief Special Services  
V. A. Hospital, Northampton

Dear Sirs:

... It is likely that veterans hospitalized here may wish to take advantage of your offer to publish their cartoons in a special section ... Please be sure that your interest in the Veterans at Wood is appreciated.

Very truly yours,  
Florence Markus  
Chief Librarian

Dear Sirs:

We wish to thank you and all concerned for your subscription of Voo Doo for our hospital. Since ours is a hospital for nervous and mental illnesses, the men will be unable to contribute to your magazine, but will enjoy it nevertheless.

Your generosity and interest in the hospitalized veterans at Camandaigua is deeply appreciated.

Very truly yours,  
L. V. Lopez, M.D.  
Manager

for the best food  
reasonably priced



# Kendall Square Diner



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open 24 hours daily

## LEARN DANCING INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION

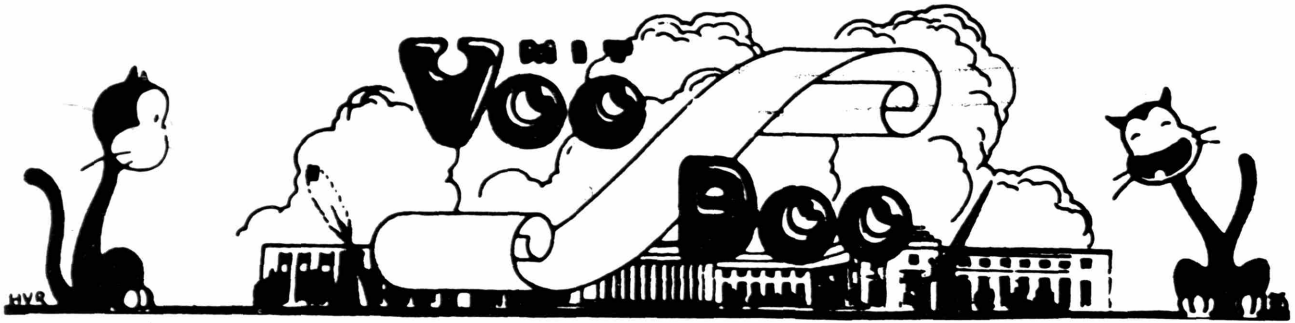
(Two can take for the price of one—Save 50%)  
Only a few lessons and you will easily dance the  
Waltz, Fox Trot, Lindy, Rumba, Tango,  
Samba and Mambo

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

Call Today for FREE Half Hour Dance Analysis  
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### SHIRLEY HAYES DANCE STUDIO

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



College students studying under the GI Bill are gradually disappearing from the campuses, but through the retelling of their service experiences they have enabled some of us to gain a little insight into the workings of the armed forces. In a bull session a while ago an ex-sailor related an incident that he participated in on the day before the Allied invasion of Normandy. By means of spies the Navy had learned of certain structures and pieces of apparatus along the Normandy coast which they wanted very much to take possession of. The Naval high command, however, was afraid that the Army would either destroy the stuff or take it over for itself, and so on D-

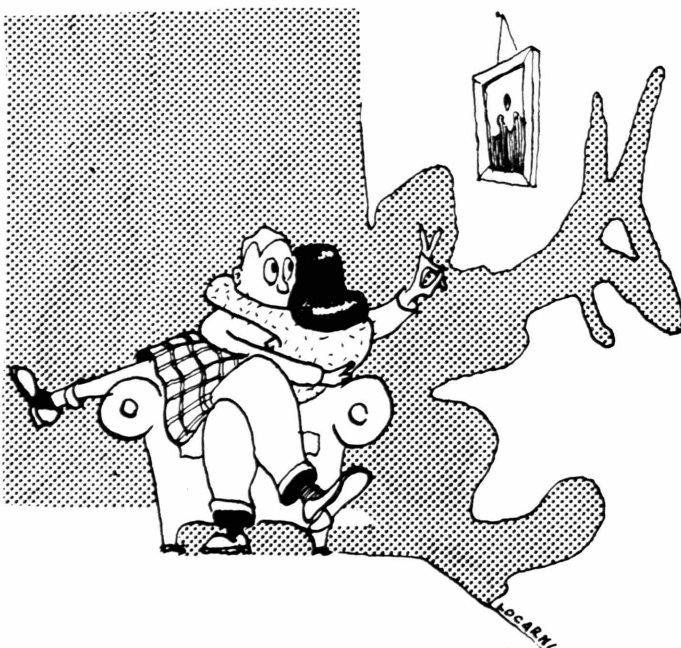
Day minus one a group of Sea-bees armed with paint and stensils was landed on the shore, and they snuck around painting on each piece of equipment in big letters "Property of U. S. Navy."



Over at Baker House a very attractive girl carrying a thick book entered the elevator and rode to the fifth floor. The other occupants of the elevator were very curious about what kind of a book a pretty girl would read when visiting a men's dormitory, and as she got out they managed to read the title. The book was "Gray's Anatomy."

Parents are usually very nice people, but sometimes they can be quite friendly and still make a fellow uneasy. They have a unique way of thinking which will probably mystify most of us for the next twenty years, until we have kids of our own. Take for example a recent experience of one of your fellow students. He met a girl from Mattapan in September and has gone out with her half a dozen times since then. His most recent was an afternoon affair to some concert or other, and along about suppertime he brought the girl back to her home. Waiting to open the door was the girl's mother, in a congenial mood. She invited our friend to supper, and though he could not accept they still sat and chatted a bit. Like all mothers, she eventually began talking about her daughter. "You know, Barbara was very naughty last night. She stayed out to a really ungodly hour without letting us know beforehand." "Oh?" said the techman, "How did you punish her?" The mother answered, "We forbade her to go out with boys for two weeks."

The Techman, despite the reassurances of his friends, has decided to consult Doctor Farnsworth.





No doubt about it, some of us are cracking-up. In a triple in Walcott live Moe, Jack, and Bill, three seniors who have lived together for two years. About three o'clock one morning Moe was abruptly shaken into wakefulness by Bill, who pointed out the window and said, "Look! The sky's red!" Moe rolled over, saw the black sky, and told his roommate to go to bed, and then fell asleep again. During the day Moe kidded his roommate about his sleepwalking, but Bill insisted that he had had the most restful sleep of his Tech career, and Moe began to wonder if it had not all been a dream. Throughout supper Moe kept silent about the incident, but finally Jack said to Bill, "Hey, what was the idea of waking me up last night to look at some damn red sky?"

To the present time Bill still feels that his roommates had made a plot against him.



Recently an article appeared in one of the local newspapers describing a new venture to be undertaken by William Stout. His new project is the construction of an ornithopter. To the uneducated, an ornithopter is a bird like flying machine that flaps its wings. Shortly afterwards the following notice appeared on a bulletin board in Building 33.

16.000H!

Applied Ornithoptology

This course to be offered in the spring if sufficient interest is shown. To be given in cooperation with the Beacon Hill Bird Watchers Society. All feather merchants, bird brains, and aviculturists are urged to sign up.

Seven names followed the request!



*Oh that's our psychiatrist on a house call.*

Headline in the *New York Times*: "Four Women Entered in Dog Derby." This magazine invites comment.



A freshman living in Hayden returned to his room one night, and there in the center of the floor lay a snowball three feet in diameter. Who had put it there, or even where all the snow had come from, is still a mystery. Feeling rather inconvenienced by his visitor, the freshman put it in the largest dish available and set it on the radiator. This process was too slow, so he put the snowball in the sink and turned on the hot water. The result was that all the hot water in the dorm was used up, and part of the snowball had to be dropped out the window anyway.

A lot of grad students help put themselves through Tech by grading homework and quiz papers. This is a usually uninteresting grind, except on those infrequent occasions when there appears a bit of humor born of nonchalance or sheer desperation. One grad was recently working over some math quizzes in which there was required a proof for a given equation, and he came across a paper with a proof only two lines long. The first line was the proof, and the second line was "Dear God, please help the first line to be true."

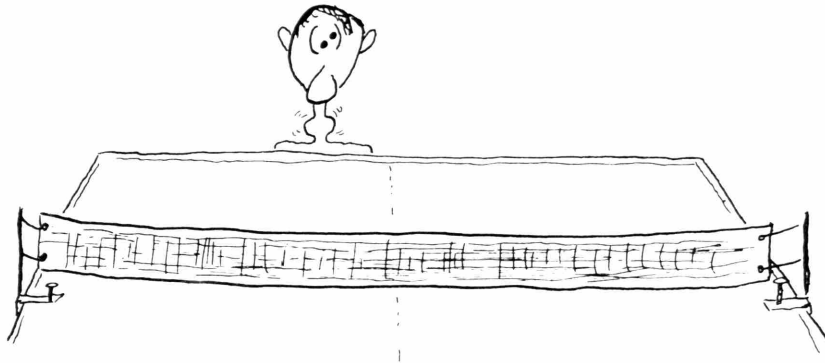


Then there was the illegitimate Rice Krispie—it had no Pop.

**Ya gotta start off  
each term wid a  
BANG!**







R. T. M. 1960

A young woman walked up to the information desk at a large hospital and asked the nurse on duty where she might find the "upturn."

"I'm sure you must mean the inturn," answered the nurse.

"Well, what I came in for was a contamination."

"Do you mean an examination, Madam?"

With this the young matron blew up. "Contamination, examination; upturn, intern; fraternity, maternity. All I know is that I haven't demonstrated in five months and I think I stagnant."



Three Stages of a man's life:

1. Tri-weekly.
2. Try-weekly.
3. Try weakly.



A man caught in a snowdrift looked up and saw a St. Bernard coming toward him with a keg of whiskey under his chin. "Oh, look," exclaimed the man, "here comes man's best friend — and look at that big dog too."



Irate Student Guest: "There's an awful stink in this room!"

Manager: "Why don't you open the door?"

I.G.: "What, and let my goat out?"

Warden (to the framed prisoner).

"My boy, do you have a last request to make?"

Prisoner: "Yessir, I jist got woid that the boys is comin' up after the execution to kiss me goodbye. I'd jist like to be put in me coffin face downward that's all."

During the holidays, two students from the same town met back in the old home burg.

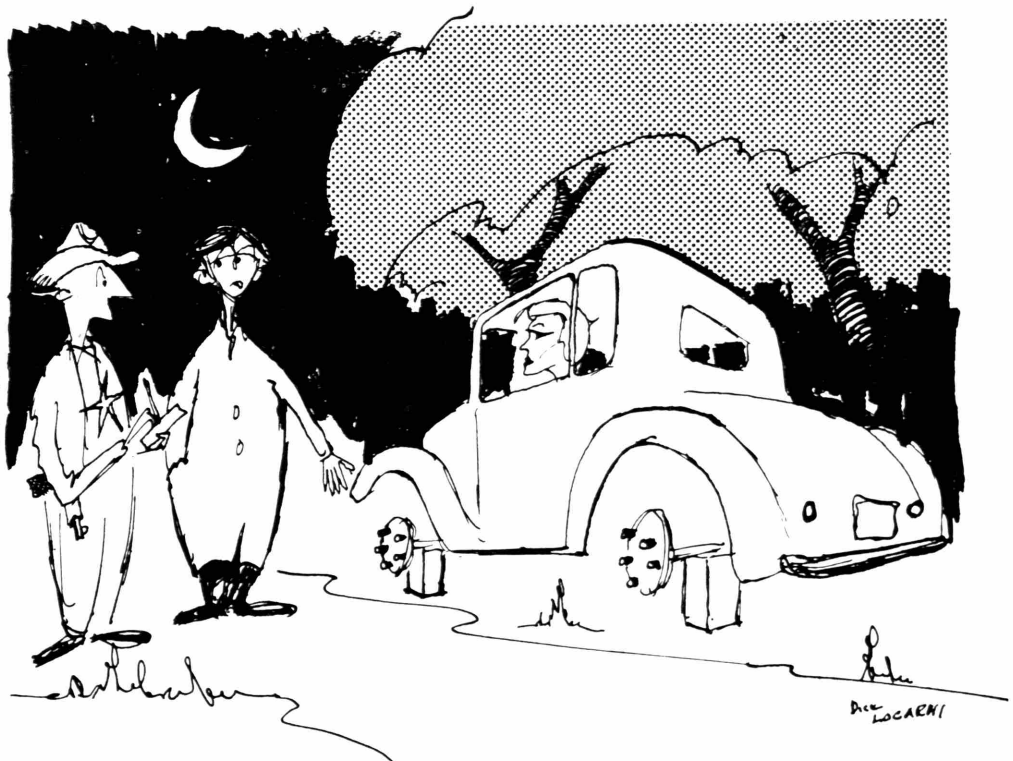
"Say," said the first, "aren't you working your way through school?"

"Yes," replied the second. "I'm editing the college humor mag, but don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm bootlegging gin."



"Mother, I was away for three days on a business trip. Yesterday I wired my wife I'd be home last night, and when I got home I found her in another man's arms. Why? Mother, you're a woman, tell me . . . Why?"

His mother was silent for several minutes . . . then she turned and said, "Maybe she didn't get your telegram."



And then when I looked out, they were all gone.

## What Five Martinis Can Do.

by Anthony Aardvark

In the dark room he could see only the burning end of the cigarette in her hand, but he knew she was leaning across to him. A silent glow, gradually becoming more apparent to his eye, informed him that the phonograph was on the other side of the room; it was playing the Romance from "Masquerade." As his eyes became more accustomed to the dark, he was able to pick out her face, her arms, her body—in other words, her. He saw her swaying form rise and sway toward him. She deposited herself next to him and, as he slipped his arm around her bare shoulders, she turned and, snuggling closer, opened her eye and gave him a sultry glance with it. Her hand rose to his cheek; he gazed down at her; her lips parted.

"Have a cheroot, darling," she whispered.

And that is how Manny happened to be walking along Seventh Avenue looking for a stray pack of Camels. And that, too, is how he met the Mystery Woman. She was leaning against a lamp-post, and was dressed in a belted raincoat and black beret. Her jet black hair was cut in a "page boy bob," and from the corner of her unevenly-painted mouth dangled a cigarette.

As Manny passed, she called softly to him, "Hey, handsome—got a match?"

He stopped short, turned, and walked over to her, feeling in his pocket for his lighter. "But your cigarette is lit!" he exclaimed, standing before her.

Through half-open eyes, she displayed one of those "apres moi" looks. "I know," she whispered in a throaty voice, tinged with Garbo, "but these are Herbert Tareyton's, and you know how king-size cigarettes are always going out."

"Now I recognize you," he said, as if he had found a long-lost uncle. "You're Mimi O'Graph, Social Butterfly. I've seen your picture in magazine ads."

"Ah, yes," she sighed wistfully. "The good old days in Monte Carlo are gone forever. When they issued an ordinance against dogs in the Casino, they took down all the lamp-posts. And they were such comfortable ones!"

"How sad," he said.

"Yes, but that's another story. Things have changed since then. Buy me a drink."

"Sure. C'mon."

When they got to the Automat, he found a

table for two in a dark corner, and went off. Five minutes later he returned with forty glasses of milk. "I'm sorry," he explained, "but I got so intrigued by the machine I couldn't stop dropping nickels in the slot."

"What's your name?" she asked after her sixth milk.

"Manny."

"But what's your **real** name?"

"Emanuel."

"Oh, how cute!"

"Well, you see, when I was born my mother was following Emile Coue. He was the guy who taught people to say, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." When I was born, she was so delighted that she didn't have a baby she decided to name me Emile. But she couldn't spell "Emile," so she called me Emanuel."

"Oh, how cute," she said. "What do you do for a living?"

"I live off my bank deposits. You see, I go to M. I. T. I'm on vacation now."

"Oh, how wonderful. Tell me, there's something I've been trying to find out for years—what's the cosine of 57.3 degrees?"

Proudly, he pulled out his five-foot (collapsible) sliderule and worked on it for a minute or two. ".8315" he announced in a professional tone.

"Good," she sighed. "Now I can marry John."

"John?"

"My fiance—John d'Arc."

"You mean—the John d'Arc?" Suddenly his milk tasted sour.

"Yes, **the**. But I don't love him; I love his money. He has scads of it. I once read a book—'Double Indemnity.' Do you sell insurance?"

"My father does."

"How old is he? What does he look like?"

"Why?"

"Well, in the book the girl married the insurance agent."

"Well, I go to M. I. T."

"Yes, you said that before. Tell me, what's the formula for sulphuric acid?"

"H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>."

Suddenly a strange man in a slouch hat rushed up to Mimi.

"Melvin!" he cried. "I haven't seen you in ages. How are you?"

"Go home and put some clothes on, Gregory,"

she told him. "You look silly standing there in just a slouch hat."

After the man left, Manny gave her a serious look. "You're not Mimi O'Graph. You're an impersonator. Your real name is Melvin."

"Yes," she said, giving him a cold stare. "In reality I am Mimi Melvin of the F. B. I. And you are under arrest for giving away vital secrets. I had to work hard at it, but now I know you are Maximo Gefultevitch, the notorious Russian spy."

"No, I am Manny Mattox, 100% true-blue American of the B. S. A., and you are Ermengarde Philpott, head of the well-known Boston Common red cell."

"Ah, but **you'll** never get me!" she screamed, and lept through the plate glass window, as hundreds of horrified onlookers looked on, horrified.

In his haste to catch her, Manny bought Fatimas, not Camels, so slowing himself down with the ensuing extra weight he was unable to catch up to her, and she disappeared into the night.

Fifteen minutes later, he opened the door to the other girl's apartment. A soft pink light blanketed the girl's body with a rosy glow as she lay on the couch, staring intently at the television set.

She sat up, and he took his place beside her. "Baby," he whispered, "let's turn out the light, hmmm?"

"But the doctors say it ruins your eyes to watch television without at least one light on in the room." He placed his hands on her shoulders and, slowly turned her toward him. There was a strange tone of passion in his voice as he gazed into her eye. It was brown.

"Darling," he said softly, switching off the light, suddenly, "did you know that the American system of coins was devised by Thomas Jefferson over 160 years ago?"



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A roaring twister last Wednesday carried off Jim Benson's house and furniture, and all three of his children. Neighbors donated a new bed to give Jim and his wife a fresh start.



"What shall I do?" wailed the sweet young thing. "I'm engaged to a man who cannot bear children."

"Well," remarked a kindly old lady, "you mustn't expect too much of a husband."



Then there was the case of the young army doctor in the South Pacific who had diagnosed the ailment of a sergeant, but knowing he could do little with his limited facilities wired base hospital: "Have a case of Beriberi. What shall I do?"

The message was taken by a young technician at the base who wired back: "Give it to the engineers. They'll drink anything."



He: "Can I have a match?"

Him: "Here's a cigarette lighter."

He: "Don't be silly, I can't pick my teeth with a cigarette lighter."



Coach: "What's his name?"

Manager: "Zszychliplichysztuei"

Coach: "Fine. Put him on the team. I never did like that announcer on WMIT."



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# *The moving finger writes . . .*

## **EVENING ON A PORCH WITH EVERYBODY'S GIRL**

Imperious honeybee,  
how dare you abnegate the rose  
that proffers Nature's aphrodisiac?

—Narcissus looking in a well  
bids the world to go to hell—

Inside. Inside.

Freudian disciples standing in a row  
tell the world why it goes  
tick tock tick.

"There are too many roses,  
and too many bees,  
and nothing is anything now."

Honeybee, honeybee, buzzing around  
until you are bashed into the ground

Gerald Rothberg

## **THE PSYCHIATRIST'S LAMENT**

i am complex  
people understand other people  
not me

and i understand people;  
i am intelligent.

but understanding must be mutual  
to be more than clinical analysis,

so i remain in isolation  
with none to tell me i am right—

but i must believe that i am right—  
or die

J. P. Benkard

## **WHEN ALL THE WORLD**

When all the world has turned again to dust,  
what will say I loved you?  
——the sand? the stars?  
No, they keep a silence deeper than your eyes  
Our love will not dislodge the earth  
nor make one leaf drop sooner.

When we have passed,  
our glory has passed too,  
and there is left  
nothing.

Gerald Rothberg

## **FUNERAL PARLOR**

There within the casket lay a symbol  
Which for years had stood for something more:  
A body lying there, its covering of ferns and  
flowers

not even meant to represent, though  
perhaps to symbolize

The stoppage of that being in a higher plane,  
which a live  
and moving body always signifies.

A feeling spread, it seemed to me, throughout the  
room,

Though more probably existing only in my self,  
As though disintegration of one structural  
element of society portended the end  
in time of all, which is to say, for me,  
at least, myself.

I thought of reaching out to touch the symbol  
In its flowery shield, but someone sniveled and  
we left.

J. P. Benkard

*. . . and having writ moves on.*

Little Boy: What was the name of that last station we passed, Mother?

Mother: I don't know. Don't bother me, I'm reading a story.

Little Boy: It's too bad you don't know 'cause little brother got off there.



A man recently took a girl to a big store on a Friday afternoon to buy her a fur coat. He insisted on the finest. A \$5,000 fox wasn't good enough. Up and up went the price until it stopped at \$35,000 mink. The girl almost swooned at this and naturally grew very loving.

The man told the salesman, "I'm sure you will want to check my credit. Since it's too late now I suggest you do it Monday morning and then I'll pick up the coat."

On Monday morning the store checked the man's credit and found it couldn't be worse. Just then the man walked in. As the salesman started to tell him his credit was worthless, he smiled and said, "Yes, I know, but I want to thank you for a wonderful weekend."



EMJAY

**Smedley! You realize this means your finish with the Foreign Office . . .**



*Been here long?*

Father to Sonny: "I'm going to tell you a story."

Four-year-old: "Okay, but keep it clean. The old lady may be listening."



"Grandpappy, you're getting pretty old and feeble. Don't you think you'd better go to the poor house?"

"You're dadburn right, sonny. I'm a-rarin'. Let's get a-goin'."

"I can't understand why you're so anxious to go to the poor house."

"Poor house? *Poor* house! Ye gads. I thought you said—Aw skip it. Just let me dream."

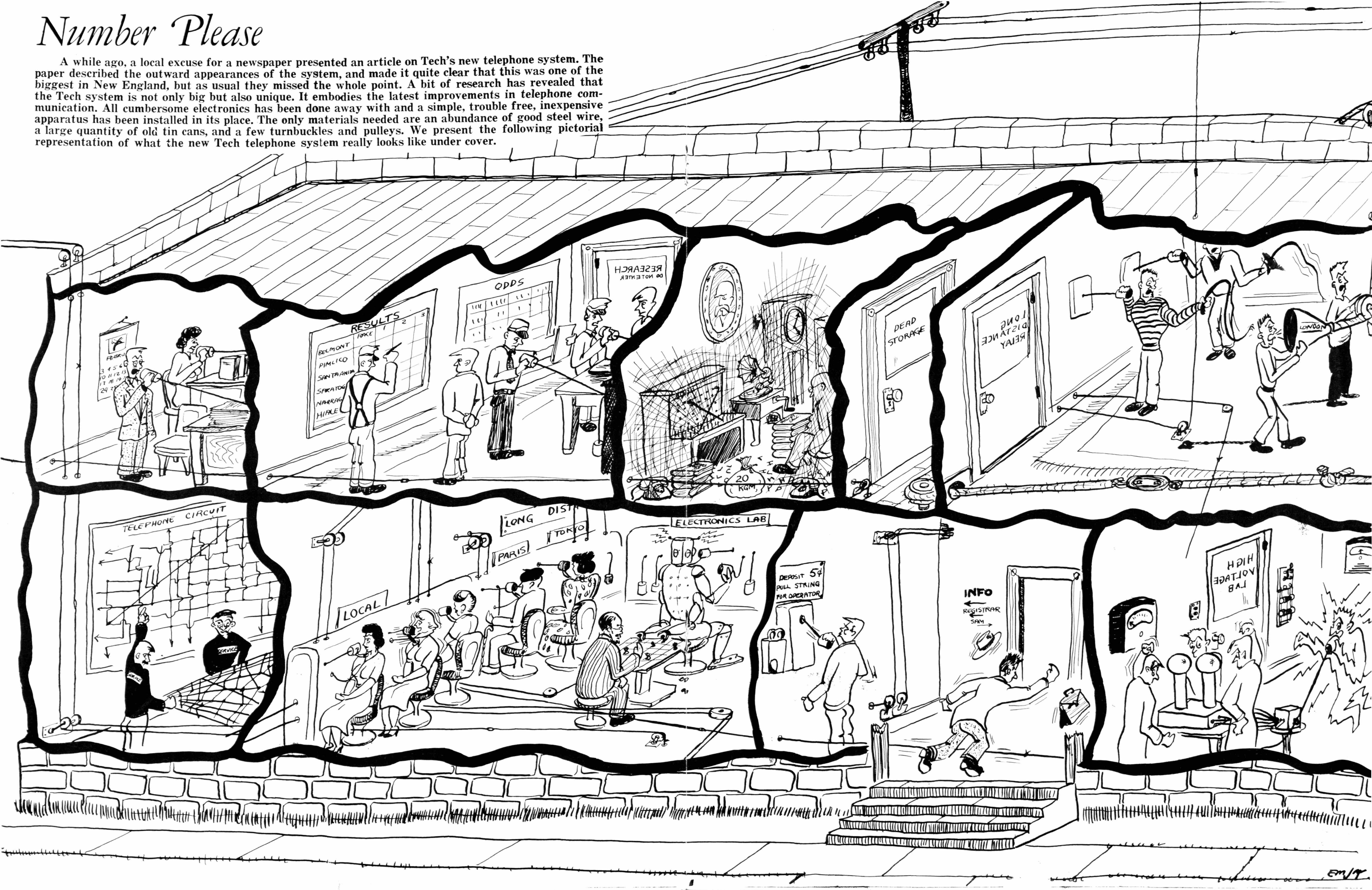


A little boy went to school for the first time last week and the teacher explained to him that if he wanted to go to the washroom at any time he should raise two fingers.

The little boy, looking very puzzled, asked, "How's that going to stop it?"

# Number Please

A while ago, a local excuse for a newspaper presented an article on Tech's new telephone system. The paper described the outward appearances of the system, and made it quite clear that this was one of the biggest in New England, but as usual they missed the whole point. A bit of research has revealed that the Tech system is not only big but also unique. It embodies the latest improvements in telephone communication. All cumbersome electronics has been done away with and a simple, trouble free, inexpensive apparatus has been installed in its place. The only materials needed are an abundance of good steel wire, a large quantity of old tin cans, and a few turnbuckles and pulleys. We present the following pictorial representation of what the new Tech telephone system really looks like under cover.





# BEWARE OF THE WITNESS

by Bob Abelson

There have been many fabulous Techmen, no doubt, but none so irresponsible as one particular character I knew in my undergraduate days. This incredible personage we shall call Gleek, since the nickname fits him very badly, and it is appropriate that he remain poorly identified. Gleek was fond of relating his implausible adventures to his friends. He was also fond of scoring conversational coups by inducing gullible listeners to accept the most monstrous nonsense as God's truth. (He once convinced a proud Southerner that The General Sherman was the leading hotel in Atlanta, Georgia. More famous, perhaps, is the time he posed as a floor manager in Lord & Taylor's and blithely directed customers across the street to Altman's, where, he said, they could get better bargains.) In view of this, there is some doubt that Gleek's tale about the Boston bank robbers is on the up-and-up. However, I, for one, accept it on faith for the simple reason that it too wonderful a story to be made mockery of by common cynicism.

... Very early one Sunday morning I was out walking my dog on Marlborough Street when a black sedan whizzed around the corner, ricocheted off the curb and come to a shuddering halt. Two men climbed out, wearing slouched hats and overcoats with turned-up collars. "Nice going, Mister!" I said, referring to the lousy parking job. The guy in front sort of slouched his hat a little further down and hurried into an apartment building. The other guy was carrying a nice fat bag marked "Charlestown Savings Bank."

"Ha!" I said, "Sort of peculiar for a bank runner to be out on Sunday morning, ain't it?" I wagged a finger at him, but he rushed after his buddy. They looked mighty sinister to me, boy, mighty sinister.

There was a policeman around the corner, and we looked inside the black sedan together. Bills were scattered here and there—a fifty behind the seat and a twenty-five under the dash and that sort of thing. A careless breed of bank robbers, we figured. The cop called up the station and discovered that the Charlestown Savings Bank had been robbed that morning. I wasn't surprised. The cop looked thoughtful.

"Hmm. Did you actually see these two men?" he asked me.

"Faith, and as sure as I'm talkin' to you now," I said.

The next morning they had a police line-up where they had gathered all the local underworld. I went down to identify the criminals, and there were my two good friends.

"Ha! Good morning," I called out to these bank robbers. They didn't seem very amused. It turned out that they were the Tilley brothers, who'd pulled off the Coop robberies. I put myself officially on record as having witnessed these two men carrying the swag. Or holding the bag. The Charlestown police beamed. The Boston police looked dubious.

This big Boston police sergeant came up to me and asked me kind of slyly whether I'd ever had any trouble parking in town. I told him yes. "You don't **have** to have any trouble," he said. I pretended to be bewildered. I wanted to see whether he would smack me in the face with a wet fish.

"You're not **really** sure you saw the Tilley boys, are you?" The cop was about a foot smaller than me.

"Certainly I'm sure," I said gaily. This made him very unhappy. He looked at me sadly, and I expected him to reach up and pat me on the head.

"Get wise, Sonny," he said. "You'll be glad if you do."

The line-up was dismissed and a hearing scheduled for the following week. The Charlestown police were grooming me as their star witness. When I got home I wasn't so sure. "What Am I Doing Here?" was the general feeling I had. It was all very well to be full of civic consciousness, but what the Hell. With the whole Boston police force against me, what was I supposed to do? My testimony probably wouldn't stand up in court. One witness against a crooked bunch of cops.

A newspaper reporter called up very excitedly that the Tilley boys had finally been caught red-handed. "Did you identify the Tilley brothers?" he asked breathlessly. "Sure," I said. "Of course, I'm blind in one eye." He hung up.

When the hearing came up, I figured that I'd have a good time. The judge got me up on the stand and asked me whether I'd identified these ginks at the line-up. I didn't deny it.

"Would the witness repeat his statement?" said the judge.

"I never repeat an incriminating statement," I said. "You bet I identified these two characters at the line-up. But the more contact I have with

the Boston police force, the less certain I am that it was these particular thugs I really saw."

"The witness will kindly conduct himself with more decorum on the stand!!" said the judge kind of apoplectically.

"You bet!" I said. "Of course, the Tilleys might each have a twin brother or be two of a set of triplets. You can't ever be definite nowadays."

"Do you or do you not wish to affirm your previous testimony?" said the judge, on the verge of a stroke.

"I can't," I said. "I value my life." I winked at the police sergeant. He turned a nice shade of blue.

"The hearing is dismissed!!" roared the judge, falling off his high chair with a wonderful clatter. The Boston police all exhaled together. The Sergeant laid a beefy hand on my shoulder.

"You won't have any parking troubles from now on, Sonny."

I thanked him very sweetly and walked over to Benjamin Tilley.

"So long, Mr. Tilley," I said, thinking all the while what a big ham I was. "Don't take any counterfeit C-notes..."



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# Boys Will Be Presidents

In these days when it seems that almost anybody can be President, the old hope of the new father, "Gee, someday he may be President," takes on new and more real meaning. Realizing that there are many of our readers who will have little male urchins about five or six years old in about a few years, we have looked into the character traits of various Presidential aspirants as a guide to these parents in estimating the chances of their offspring. Your boy may be President if he is the . . .

(The opinions expressed herein are those of nobody in particular, so you'll have a damn hard time bringing suit against anyone.)

(1) *Law-abiding type.* If your little boy is the local Chief Justice of the Court for Five Year Olds, watch him closely. If he has a habit of saying, "I refuse to announce my foreign policy on the grounds that it will tend to incriminate me!" then the chances are he'll go far.



(2) *Angelic type.* Some kids are always bullied by the big boys, and are never allowed to play the big boys' games. If yours is one, he may go far; perhaps not to the presidency, but he may make a good governor of a large mid-western state.

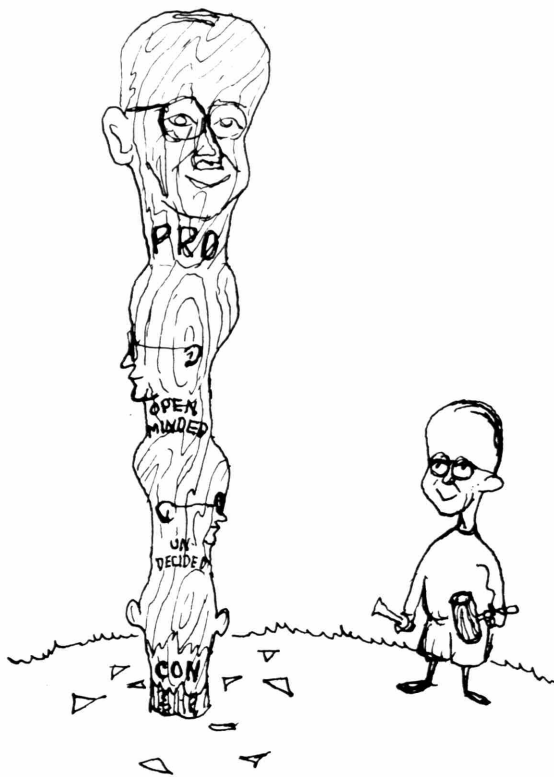


(3) *Tidy type.* If your son is very conscientious about people who spread vile rumors about Santa Claus, and, in general, tries to keep his little playmates' minds clear of even imaginary bits of dirt, take notice. He may never make a president, but he'll sure attract a lot of attention.



(4) *Dutiful type.* Then take a lad with a keen sense of responsibility. If in time of temptation he will say, "I'm sorry, but my other commitments at this time force me to . . .," then you may be in solid.



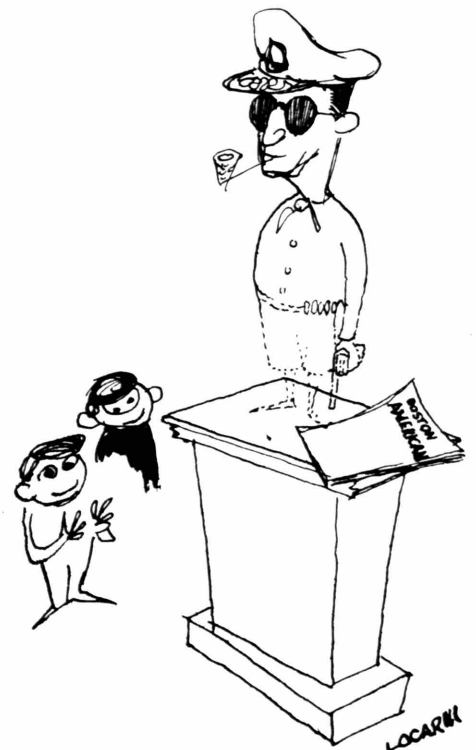


(5) *Adaptable type.* America prides itself on its versatility. A lad who can adapt his conversation to the people he is talking to is a popular one. He is seldom wrong, except when some of the other people hear what he is saying to this or that particular group. If not a president, then certainly a law-maker.

(6) *Local Hero type.* Don't be fooled by home town popularity. Even in these days of television and radio it seldom spreads by itself. Don't aim too high on this one, a governor perhaps; seems to work best out west, nowadays.

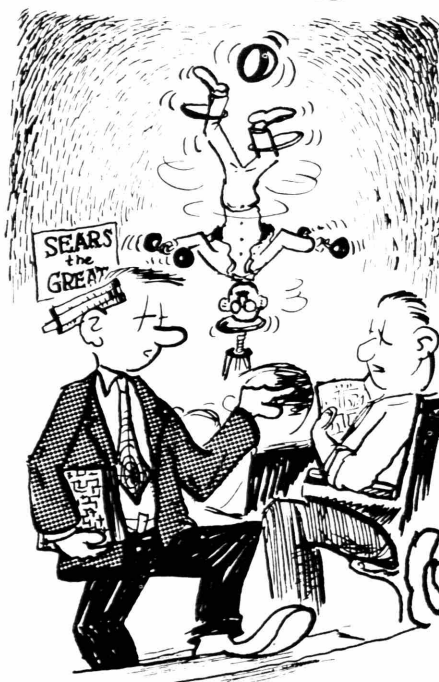
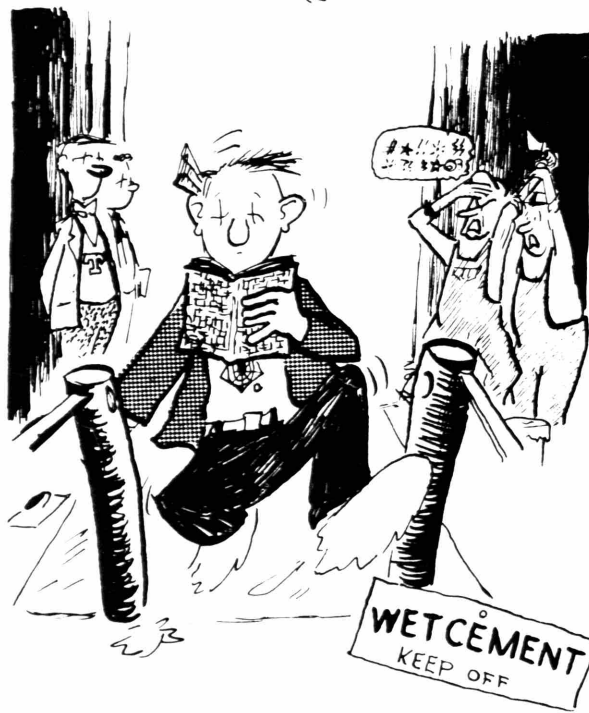
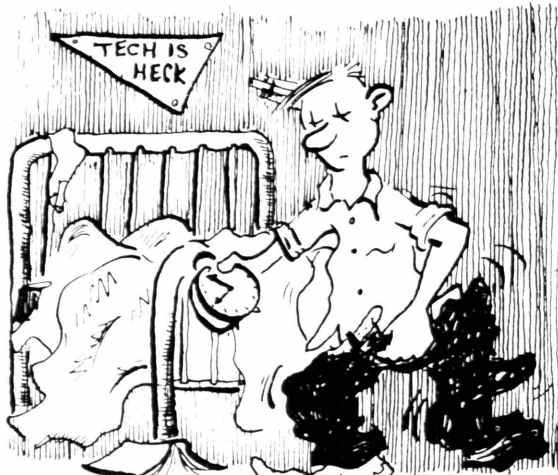


(7) *Well Meaning type.* Some guys just stick their foot in their mouth everytime they open it. Theoretically this should be discouraging, but recent examples prove otherwise. Don't give up on this lad.



(8) *Admired type.* Not a chance. They're on the pedestal one day, and then they just fade away.

# ENNUI...







# A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Could tell by the odd way in which my blood was thawing that wonderful, old, nostalgic Spring was here once again.

That gay soggy feeling was back in my knees. I felt the thrill of being alive. The chemistry in me was screaming, "Go get yourself a dame." And so with the characteristic lure of the wild I set off in the driving rain to see my loved one, Gwendolyn Futch.

As I neared Gwendolyn's lovely colonial-style shanty which slumbered in the gentle shadow of the MTA elevated I could hear the gentle patter of tiny feet. The rats were feeling the exotic stimulus of Spring too.

In I rushed without knocking. Dear, darling Gwen was bent double baiting a rat trap. Her back was to me; I paused. No, . . . the shock would be too great for the dear thing I mused.

"Gwen, my little wren," I cried. She turned quickly.

"Dick, my little dickybird." She was overjoyed to see me. Quickly she threw on a wristlock and guided me over to the sofa.

"My Darling," I said, "it is Spring once again."

"Your garter has let go."

"So it has." Carelessly I dismissed the sight of my sock as it lay languidly puffed out with the sex appeal that comes of the steady caresses of a garter. "Sweet one Spring is the time made for

young people in love."

"Yea."

"Yes, my only one."

"Well, so what."

"Gwendolyn, I am fallen helpless to the urge to seize you in my arms much like an ad for Tabu."

"Oh yea, well, you ain't got no violin; and if ya do any seizing at me, I'll break your arm." She keylocked my arm for emphasis.

"Oh Dearest," I cried, "tell me that I am the only one for you, just as you are the only one for me."

"That's just it, Valentino, there another guy making a play for me."

"Tell me his name!"

"Reggie Rothchild, down the street."

"This," I cried, "is too much. I shall seek out this blight to our pure happiness and have it out with him."

"Don't blow a gasket," said Gwendolyn coyly, though I knew she was secretly worried for my welfare.

Down the alley I hurried where the moldy bellies of the warehouses rubbed against one another in an attempt to clear away the sweat and dust. Past the open manhole cover and around the garbage cans I skirted the route I knew I must follow if I was to find Reginald. After about an hour and a half I had him cornered in a rather elite parlor for pocket billiards where he occupied the shooter's position in a friendly game of craps. I waited till he made one pass on box-cars and then spoke quietly.

"I shall cover your roll, Reginald, the works says that you will not make it." He did though. I counted out the sum from the modest amount of cash I had at hand and then suggested we go outside.

"Reginald, I believe we are in love with the same woman; and I mean to have it out with you. Are you serious in your past attentions to Gwendolyn Futch?"

"Why yea, I think she's a swell skirt; ya wanna make something out of it?"

"Exactly Reginald old boy; are you familiar with a sport known as Russian Roulette?"

"Nah."

"Well, it is a rather simple passtime. I take all but one shell from my gun then we alternately pull the trigger with the barrel of the gun aimed toward our own temples."



STOD

"What for?"

"I mean for this to decide which of us is to continue to the eventual end in our affections toward dear Gwendolyn."

"All that for a skirt, how about a little side bet?"

"Agreed, you name it."

"My whole roll."

"Fine, and now shall we cut cards to see who is to have the first try?"

"Yea," he said trustingly. Reginald drew a three of clubs from the fanned out deck of three's of clubs which I extended to him. I, on the other hand brought up a queen of diamonds from the lining of my right sleeve.

He took the gun and in noble style blew his brains out. This was quite logical since the gun was an automatic. I collected the side bet from his inside coat pocket and wended my eager way back to Gwendolyn.

by ACHE



Doctor, my son has cholera, and worst of it is, he admits he caught it from kissing the maid."

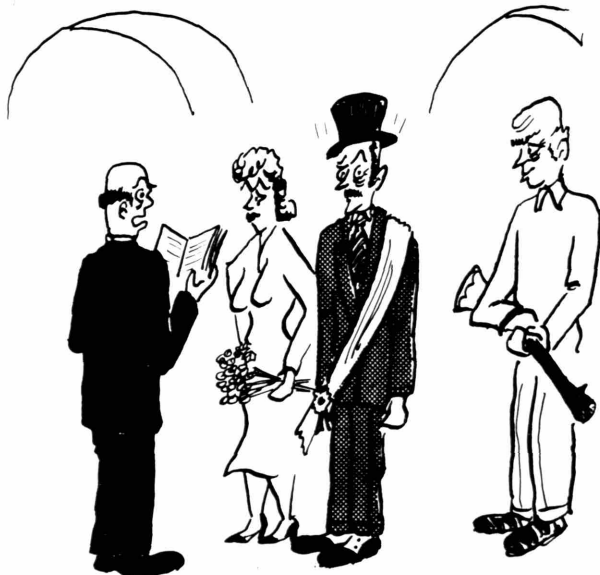
"Well, well. Young people do thoughtless things, don't they?"

"Yeah, but Doctor, I've been kissing the maid myself."

"Too bad."

"And what's more, I've been kissing my wife!"

"What? Oh, my gosh! Now we'll all have it!"



cm, Jay

**What do you mean - Diplomatic Immunity?**



On going South for a vacation, a business man was accosted on the beach by a beautiful blonde who came up to him and said, "Are you buying?"

He was, and enjoyed the rest of his vacation. However he spent the next year ridding himself of a certain unmentionable disease. Finally he was pronounced cured; and went South for a rest. On the beach the same beautiful blonde came up to him and said, "Hi, still buying?"

"Well, I don't know," said the business man, "what are you selling this time—cancer?"



Introducing the new deacon to his deaf father, a young man said: "Pop, this is the new deacon."

"New dealer," queried his father with surprise.

"No, no, not New Dealer. New Deacon. He's the son of a bishop."

The father nodded wisely. "They all are."



The little econ prfoessor came home unexpectedly to find his wife in the arms of another man. Seizing the man's umbrella, he raised it high above his head with both hands . . . and down sharply over his own knees. It forthwith snapped in two.

"There," cried the little prof, "Now I hope it r s."

# THE BIG BANG

by Harold Kaplan



I will never forget how Benny's face looked whenever the bombs went off in the parking lot. It was a defiant look, a look such as David must have worn when he saw Goliath.

"It's unfair," he would say to me. "Those chemistry majors have access to all kinds of explosives, and what they can't steal, they make. When they make noise, everybody hears it. And it's the same way with the E. E. guys. They spend their extra time wiring up thirty-bel loud-speaker systems. Everyone hears them. But I have to be a physics major, with no equipment."

"We math majors are worse off than you," I would tell him. "At least you've got a lab. All I can do in the way of noise is practice the saxophone."

Then he would sit very still for a minute, thinking. But nothing came of his thoughts. That is, until last November.

In the middle of the second week of November Benny and I were sitting in my room talking about the last history quiz, when an unusually

loud chemical reaction took place outside. As I reached for the broom to sweep up my shaving mirror, I saw that look on Benny's face.

"Yeah," I said sympathetically, "those guys are trying out everything chemical energy can produce."

Abruptly the expression on Benny's face changed. His face began to glow like a jack-o'-lantern.

"I've got an idea," he said.

"What kind of idea?" I asked.

But when I turned around, he had left. This was unlike Benny, but I ascribed his odd behavior to the explosion.

From that time on, Benny was a changed man. His face, as we passed in the halls, looked confident and aggressive. He began cutting classes and meals. He dropped all his activities, too. I think he would have dropped his girl as well if he had had one.

I began to hear rumors. Some people said they had seen Benny skulking around the Ceramics

lab, where he certainly had no business. Others said they had seen him carrying silver-plating equipment into his room. A man over in Runkle produced three witnesses to prove Benny had knowingly purchased a burnt-out television tube from him. The consensus of opinion was that Tech life had driven Benny off his rocker.

I refused to believe this latter rumor, but I decided to investigate for myself. Toward the last week in January I climbed the stairs to Benny's room and knocked on the door. There was a sound like a piano being moved, followed by a crunching noise, and finally Benny opened the door half an inch.

"Oh, it's you," he said. "Come in."

I walked in and then he quickly closed the door. The room looked more like a lab than anything else. One whole wall was concealed by piled-up wooden barrels. A few were opened, and they contained a queer yellowish powder. Some of this powder had spilled on the floor, and crunched as I walked.

In one corner of the room stood a huge glass tank full of a yellowish solution, with two discolored electrodes in it. These were connected to a huge arrangement of batteries in parallel. Protruding from the closet was a large-sized television picture tube, mounted in a metal frame, with large holes cut in the sides. An up-ended bed leaned against the wall.

"Hello, Benny," I said. "I'd heard you were getting some new equipment in."

"Well, a little," he admitted. "It's just an idea I've got."

"What sort of idea?"

His face looked positively heroic. "I've been doing some thinking about those chemistry majors and their experiments in the parking lot. After all, physics is the very foundation of chemistry. Anything a chemist can do a physicist

can outdo."

There was an ethereal look in his eyes. I wondered vaguely if he would finish with "Deus Vult!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"When I set this stuff off in the parking lot, those chemists will feel as if they'd been exploding popcorn bags!"

He picked up a handful of the yellow powder and threw it into the tank, and began silently to stare down into it. I chose the opportunity to leave.

I began to have doubts about Benny's sanity. The equipment in his room did not look like anything rational. But I decided to wait a month before shooting my mouth off.

So a couple of weeks ago I went up to his room to see how far he had progressed. This time the place was different. Most of the barrels were gone. The tank of yellow solution was still there, but the television tube had changed radically in appearance. Now it looked more like a submarine.

"How are you coming?" I asked Benny.

"I'm almost done. This will be the biggest bang ever heard in the dormitory!"

"What is it, anyway?"

His shoulders drew back proudly. He rose to his full height. "It is an atom bomb."

"You're crazy," I said easily. "It took the government years to do it, and they had a lot of time, men, and money."

He smiled at me as at a child. "I am an M.I.T. student."

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"The powder," he declaimed, "is a salt of uranium. I reduced it in the glass tank by electrolysis."

"But it's the wrong kind of uranium."

"Some of it is the right kind. I separated it out in the mass-spectroscope."

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"Where'd you get one?"

"Made it out of a television tube. I'm thirsty; let's go up to Pritchett for a soda."

After I got rid of him, I hastily called the proper authorities. When I passed by his room the next day, I heard strange voices.

"My gawd, he would have blown up the whole town," said one.

"Good thing we got that tip over the phone. It really would have gone off."

"Well, have we got everything? Let's go. Sorry we have to confiscate your stuff, kid, but there's a law against private atom bombs."

Three men in army uniforms marched out Benny's door carrying locked wooden boxes, and trooped off down the corridor toward the stairs. I walked over to the still-open door.

The room looked very bare inside. Benny was sitting on the edge of the bed, looking down at his feet, and quietly weeping.



A tramp steamer had struck a mine and was slowly but surely sinking in mid-ocean. The ship, from captain down, was manned by as villainous a crew as had ever been gathreed. They were now assembled on the slowly submerging deck as the captain asked, "Can anyone sing a hymn?" There was a shuffling of feet but no reply. The captain tried again, "Can anyone say a prayer?" Still no answer. The captain looked his crew over in disgust and grunted, "Well, we ought to do something religious. Hell, let's take up a collection."



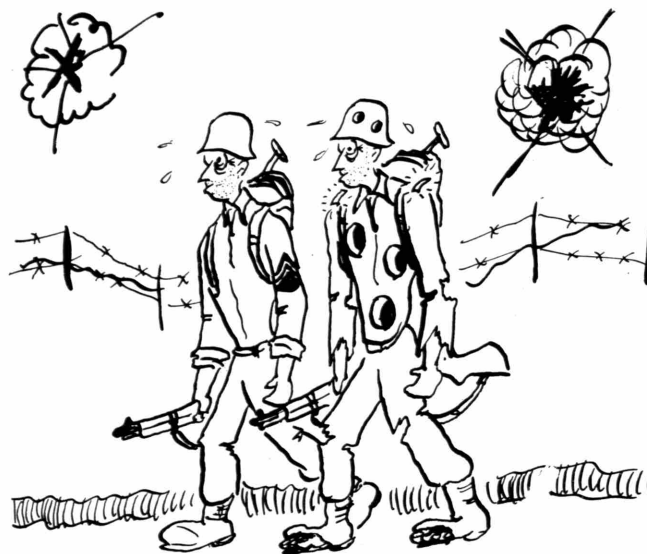
Doctor: "Ever been x-rayed before, Lizzy?"

Liz: "No sah, but I'se sho' been ultra-violated!"



The house guests were assembled with their hosts in the living room after dinner, chatting pleasantly, when the 5-year-old daughter of the host appeared suddenly in the room, her clothes dripping with water. She could scarcely articulate, so great was her emotion, and her parents rose in consternation as she entered.

"You-you," the little girl babbled pointing to the male of the house guests. "You are the one who left the seat up."



EM JAY

### Which twin signed his New Draft Deferment Agreement?

One of those benign lady settlement workers stopped a hard looking youngster and asked where his father was:

"Ain't got no father," said the kid.

"And your mother?"

"Ain't got no mother."

"That's too bad. When did she pass away?"

"I never had no mother."

"Then how were you born?" the lady settlement worker asked in dulcet tones.

"Some bum played a dirty trick on my aunt."



Sue: "Yes, I wrote a confession story once."

Helen: "Did they publish it?"

Sue: "No, but the editor came all the way from New York to see me."



A Scotchman we know had been keeping vigil at the bedside of his dying wife for several days. One evening he said, "Mary, I must go out on business, but I'll hurry back. Should you feel yourself slipping away while I'm gone, please blow out the candle."

The new method of catching elephants requires a piece of paper, a milk bottle, a pair of tweezers and binoculars. Go to the elephant country, find a pool of water and write on the paper: "For Elafants." When the elephants come up to drink, they will see their name is spelled wrong and start laughing. When the other elephants hear them laughing, they will come up to see what they are laughing about. At this point you look at the elephants through the wrong end of the binoculars. The elephants look so small that you pick them up with the tweezers and put them in the milk bottle!



Three girls were discussing the following question: "If you were stranded on a desert island, what man would you rather be with?"

Gert: "I'd rather be with Robert Taylor."

Myrt: "I'd rather be with Clark Gable."

Flirt: "I'd want a good obstetrician!"



Mother: "Daughter, didn't I tell you not to let that strange man come over to your apartment last night? You know it's things like that which cause me to worry."

Daughter: "Don't be ridiculous, Mother; I went over to his apartment. Now let HIS mother worry."



Feelethy IO40 forms.

The sporty freshman had just finished his unpacking and sauntered out on the campus to accost a glum-looking junior.

"Hi, fella!" he hailed him. "What do you boys have around here in the way of a good time?" "The Dean," was the gloomy response.



"Do you have any for mistresses?"

Oscar came to the city and got a job as janitor in a girl's dormitory. As the housemother handed him the pass key to every room in the house, the question of wages presented itself.

"Would ten dollars a week be allright with you?" she asked timidly.

Oscar was silent a moment. "I don't know if I can pay that much or not, lady," he said finally.



He who laughs first told a joke. He who laughs last edits the humor magazine.

"Did anyone ever tell you that you have beautiful blue eyes?"

"Yes, but not when they were looking where you are."



"Pardon me," said the man to the blind beggar; "aren't you the father of these five children? All five of them look like you."

"Yes, they're all mine," answered the beggar.

"Well, my friend do you think it's sensible for a man in your position to bring all these children into the world?"

The blind man shrugged and said: "Can I help it if I can't see what I'm doing?"

A salesman stranded in a small village asked one of the natives if there was a movie in town.

"Nope," was the reply.

"Any poolrooms or bowling alleys?"

"Nope."

"What form of amusement do you have?" asked the exasperated salesman.

"Wal, come down to the drug-store," said the old man. "Thar's a freshman home from college."



There's a new snake song going the rounds these days. It's called "Baby, it's Coiled Outside."

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Hit by an Army jeep passing through the French countryside, a hen got up, straightened her feathers and muttered—"Lively little cuss, but he didn't get anywhere."



During the war, the Germans named their battleships after jokes so that the English wouldn't see them.

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