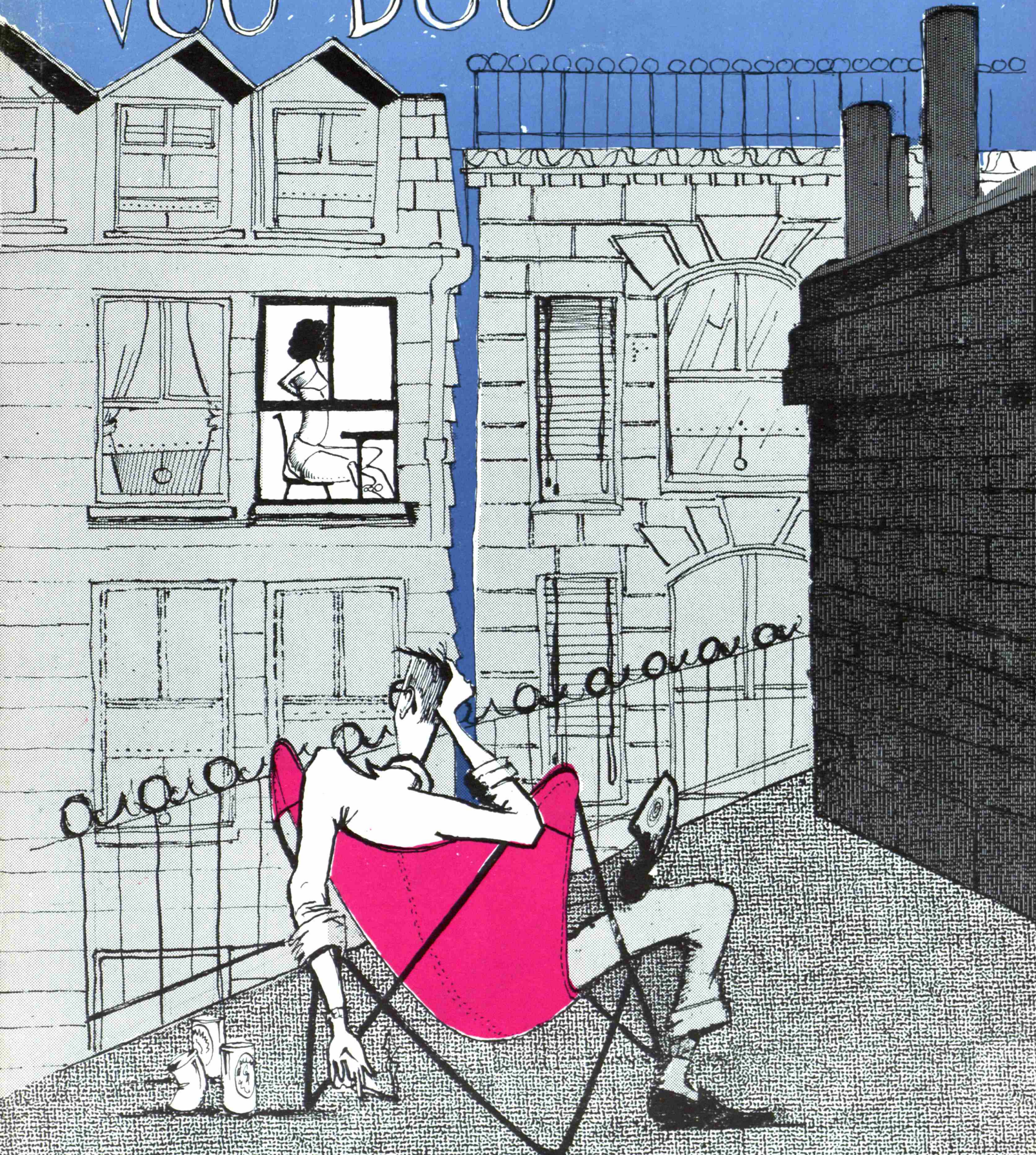


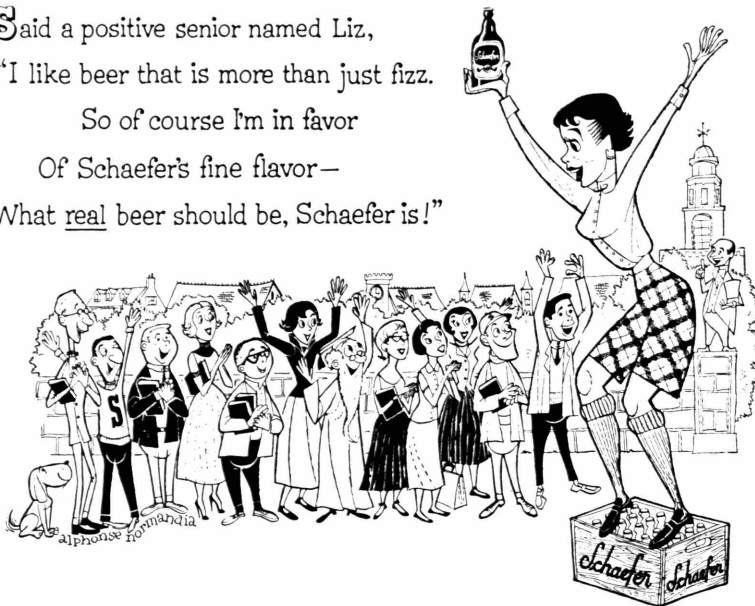
VOO DOO



NOVEMBER

25¢

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VOO DOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 47, No. 6

November, 1954

Established 1919

It has come to our attention lately that certain uneasy rumblings have marred the pacific bliss of coeducational intercourse, or, more properly, non-intercourse, at the Institute. Until now, all the action has been confined to the pages of an obscure campus journal, but it would not be prudent, we think, to ignore the incidents to date as insignificant. Of course, it is no great secret that Tech men place their own co-eds only slightly higher in social esteem, generally, than inanimate objects, and it has rarely occurred that a co-ed has confused one of her male colleagues with Prince Charming, but never before, in our recollection, has either side publicly denounced the other in words. It would seem that serious consideration on the part of our keener official minds is warranted before this situation gets out of hand. As noted above, it has already been exploited by the baser element of the campus press, and, if unchecked, there's no telling what manner of trouble these gleeful irrepressibles will foment. The very scheme of coeducation is questioned. Perhaps M.I.T., where men come to study, is no place for the traditionally frivolous and troublesome woman. Perhaps there should be a law against lady engineers, just as there are laws against book-makers, bank robbers and other public nuisances.

It is well to reflect on what has come to pass, and with mature judgment, to resolve the problem sensibly. Surely it is not wise to banish the women from the Institute entirely. Such procedure, among other things, would entail a reworking of the student government (no women students' association, etc.) and who knows what trouble we'd have when *those* boys get their fingers in the pie!

—A. H. S.

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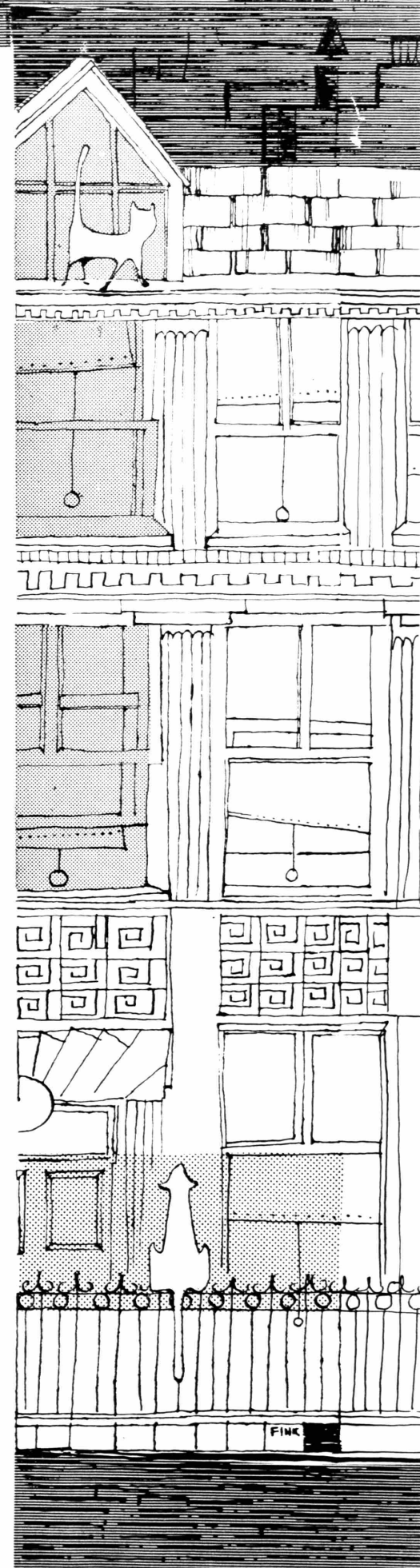
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All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

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This month's cover by Guntz



DESIRING a little recreation after a hard evening of sliderule pushing, a carefree Techman approached the entrance to Building Ten with the intention of making the 9:30 showing of the traditional Thursday LSC film. At precisely 9:28 he light-heartedly vaulted the stairs of the great court. In true technological fashion, he had determined empirically the exact time it would take him to enter the building, race up the stairs, buy his ticket, and find his seat. Up to now he was right on schedule. Except . . .

Except that the door was locked. Like all of us who at one time or other have neglected this gross source of error, this man of science now found his chances of making the picture dwindling with each passing increment of time. Trudging all the way around to Building Seven would be a confession of defeat. This he refused to consider. It was a dark moment.

But wait. All was not lost. Spying a light streaming through a nearby first floor window, the hardy youth quickly amended his plan of attack. With a vocal flourish, he attracted a pretty secretarial head to the window. After some persuasion, he managed to get the shy young thing to open it and, after much more, he was allowed to climb through. The clock showed five seconds lacking to 9:30. There was still time! Elated, he raced out of the room with victory in sight, leaving behind a distressed and slightly bewildered secretary.

"Say, by the way," he called, "what room is this?"

"The admissions office, of course," she shouted after him.

A FRIEND of ours approached one of the candy machines in the East Campus office the other day and plunged a nickel into the slot under the Hershey's kisses window. He jerked the handle as directed, and to his surprise a Hershey's almond bar deposited itself in the tray under the row of windows. Our friend is quite fond of Hershey's kisses, but has no taste at all for almond bars. Consequently, he registered his complaint at the desk, and Freddy, the clerk, took the almond bar, refunded our friend's nickel, and advised him to try the Hershey's almond bar slot. He did so, and, of course, got a Hershey's almond bar in return. Again he stormed the desk, and again he was reimbursed by the obliging Freddy. As he was leaving the office he spied a second candy machine, plunked his nickel into the slot under the Hershey's kisses window, jerked the handle and waited expectantly while the machine went through its motions. In due time, out came a fresh box of Necco chocolate mints. Our friend was heard to mutter something like, "Oh, what the Hell", as he walked out of the office munching chocolate peppermints.

DON'T imagine for a moment that our bright students are letting professors get away with sloppily presented material. Take, for example, the instance of the teacher who mentioned that a particular plant grew most rapidly at 4:30 in the afternoon. "Daylight Saving Time, Sir?" asked a small voice.

THE Thursday night before Field Day, a number of sophomores were milling around Baker House preparing to forage for freshmen when a number of newcomers joined the group. There was some deliberation as to whether or not they were bona fide '57 men, but no one wished to risk offending by asking.

A resourceful sophomore casually sauntered over to the new arrivals and blandly inquired as to whether someone could solve the integral of dx/x , apologizing for his stupidity and bad memory. He received blank stares. The cry went up, a short tussle ensued, and the evening's trouser collection had officially begun.

AN E.E. professor in a recent electronics lecture described a triode as a cow with an eight-cylinder inclined udder.

A friend of ours got up one morning for a change and rushed down to Building One, half an hour late for his 2.001 class. Upon entering the room, he discovered that others had both preceded and departed. On the center blackboard in bold red chalk was an inscription which was meant for another and more eminent latecomer.

It read, "Teachers who come late to class are special. In fact they are often in a class by themselves."

"How old is you?"
 "Ah's five. How old is you?"
 "Ah don't know."
 "Yo' don't know how old you is?"
 "Nope."
 "Does women botha' you?"
 "Nope."
 "You's fo'."



A professor who comes in late is rare; in fact he is in a class by himself.

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Drunk (stopping city bus):
 "Say, thish car go to Fourth Street?"
 Driver: "Yes."
 Drunk: "Well, g'bye an God blesh you."

Fiddler: "The leading lady seems to have a break in her enunciation this evening."
 Orchestra leader; "Say, you keep your eye on your music."

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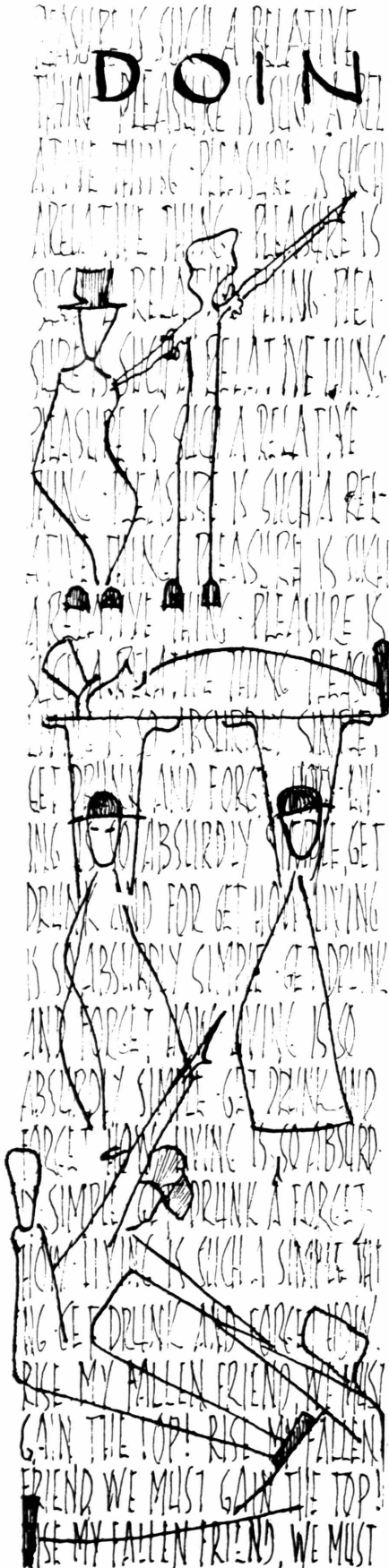
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DOING THE TOWN



Every month it is customary to give advice to the Tech man desiring to sample gracious living in and around Boston. Touring the excellent restaurants, theatres, museums, stores, exhibitions, concerts, art galleries, etc. is wonderful sport, but it is also a good way to flunk out. We fear that the more conscientious people and the brownbaggers are being left out, and it is only fitting and proper that they be instructed in the gentle art of living graciously without leaving their rooms. Now it is possible to have the following forms of entertainment in your room; TV, radio, cards, women. Cards can be eliminated almost immediately as a form of gracious living. Women, while interesting, are not necessarily a form of gracious living. In addition to this they are very time-consuming and not conducive to good study conditions. Now left with only TV and radio, we can quickly reduce the field to one form, that being radio for obvious reasons. I will now carry on assuming that most people have radios.

If your pleasure is popular music, the Boston area offers unlimited listening hours. There are a multitude of sunrise-to-sunset stations that play the latest if not often the best in pop music. They are fine to listen to if you can stand the commercials. These day-

time stations are as follows: WKOX, WJDA, WESX, WORL, WHIL, WBMS, WTAO, WLYN, WHIM. WHIM and WKOX are the best of these stations, but are probably the most difficult to receive as they are the most distant of the stations listed here. Probably one of the best stations for music 24 hours of the day is Boston's WHDH. It has been referred to as "The Tech Man's Station" because of the good music with a minimum of irritating commercials.

For easy listening during the late evening or early morning hours, WHDH again gets the nod. At 10:30, WHDH presents the Cloud Club, followed by Music at Midnight and Music All Through the Night. WEEI also can be depended upon for music far into the wee hours of the morning. Other stations carrying decent pop music at certain times of the day are WVDA, WBZ, WCOP, and WMEX. Just for laughs WMGM has good music when it isn't handling sporting events. WEEI carries the American Airlines show, also found on WCBS. The best pop music that can be found on Saturday nights is on a rather powerful Canadian station, CBE.

Of course don't forget your date with Rosemary every night at 11:15. You'll find her waiting

for you at WBZ, and you'll go all the way with her—until midnight.

Now, podnuh, if'n your tastes run to a western drawl and the strumming of a guitar, you'll find your kind of music on WCOP every night from 9:05 until sign off. Of course, if you're using something other than a crystal set, try and pick up KMOX, XERF, WWVA, or WCKY. Surprisingly enough, these stations can easily be received in Cambridge almost any night.

Now for true gracious living you must learn to appreciate the classics if you do not already do so. During the daylight hours WCRB brings you fine music on both AM and FM, but presently continues its broadcasting activities into the evening hours only on FM. On WCRB the best times for music are 6:30-10:30, 11:00-11:30, 11:45-12:15, 12:30-2:00, 2 or 2:30-4:30. The evening programs are entirely music. It has been recently announced that WCRB plans to extend its facilities to broadcast on AM as well as FM during the evening hours. This is expected to occur within the next few weeks.

WMIT broadcasts music from the music library daily until 5 P.M., as well as from 9 to 11 P.M.

Without a doubt the best station on the FM band is WXHR.

This station operates from 5 P.M. until Midnight with the finest music available. Of the other FM stations, WBUR operates from 2 to 10 P.M. but carries a great number of non-musical programs, WERS (3-10 P.M.) is slightly better, WGBH does broadcast music but is primarily an educational station, and finally WPJB broadcasts music from 6:15 to about 11 P.M.

Scattered classical music programs can be found on the AM band. Some of these are: WBMS (7:15-8:00), WMEX (9-10 P.M.), WVDA (10:45-11:45 A.M., 11:05-11:55 P.M.), WCOP (8-12 P.M., Sundays only), WNAC (Sundays 3:00-3:30, 8:30-9:30), WHDH (Sundays 9:15-12:00, 12:35-1:00, 1:00-3:00, 7:00-7:35).

If you are really interested in finding out, not only when classical music is on the air, but what pieces are going to be played, try getting hold of a WCRB program schedule and a subscription to

Good Listening. The WCRB schedule lists WCRB program activities several months in advance. Last information received had it that this program schedule could be obtained for student rates. Good Listening is without a doubt the best schedule of fine music available, as it lists the future programs of all Boston stations both AM and FM, as far as music is concerned. Then again, if you aren't too fussy, you can always buy a newspaper. The best paper for radio programs is the Boston Globe as it covers all stations.

By the way, don't forget that WQXR, which broadcasts fine music 24 hours a day, can be heard nights here in Cambridge, provided you have a good radio and the right weather conditions.

Good luck on your listening, and so you won't get too confused trying to find stations, here is a handy list of the stations mentioned above.

Jim Robertson

WVDA Boston	1260	WMIT Cambridge	640	FM stations
WEEI Boston	590	WCKY Cincinnati	1530	WBZ-FM 92.9
WCOP Boston	1150	WWVA Wheeling	1170	WCOP-FM 100.7
WKOX Framingham	1190	CBE Windsor	1550	WNAC-FM 98.5
WTAO Cambridge	740	WMEX Boston	1510	WBUR 90.9
KMOX St Louis	1120	WHDH Boston	850	WPJB 105.1
WHIM Providence	1110	WESX Salem	1230	WXHR 96.9
XERF Villa Acuna	1570	WLYN Lynn	1360	WGBH 89.7
WBZ Boston	1030	WBMS Boston	1090	WEEI-FM 103.3
WORL Boston	950	WCRB Waltham	1330	WERS 88.9
WJDA Quincy	1300	WNAC Boston	680	WHDH-FM 94.5
WHIL Medford	1430			

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the bestest"
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Wife (to drunken husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well. I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."



A Bostonian was showing a visiting Englishman around. "This is Bunker Hill Monument, where Warren fell, you know."

The visitor surveyed the lofty shaft thoughtfully. "Nasty fall! Killed him, of course?"



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During World War II, a pilot who was forced down in Belgium was rescued by a nun. She took him to her convent, and here he was handed a nun's outfit and advised to put it on and make as little noise as possible. Sooner or later, he was assured, the underground would get him back to England.

For all of eight weeks he spoke to no one. He even shaved four times a day to keep up the illusion that he was one of the sisters. But one evening, he found himself alone in a pantry with an extremely pretty sister, and with an irresistible impulse swept her into his arms. For which he swiftly received a wallop on the jaw that flattened him on the floor.

"'Old your bloomin' 'orses, can't yer?" said the offended one in a deep, masculine voice. "I've been 'ere myself since Dunkirk!"



Theme song of a pigmy nudist camp: Little Things Mean a Lot."

Charlie Mun

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Cambridge

Student Thugwhistle and the Mean Old Chem Prof.

Once upon a time, kiddies, there was a grad student named Ratifus Q. Thugwhistle. He invented a universal solvent.

"What are you doing, Ratty?" inquired the kindly old chem prof, as he came across Ratifus in a deserted nook of the lab.

"Inventing a universal solvent, old chem prof," (see? . . . we told you so!) said Ratty. The doddering old prof squinted at him in bewilderment.

"But you can't invent a universal solvent," he mumbled. "You couldn't hold the damn stuff in anything!"

"On the contrary, old chem prof," said Ratty to the gnarled old coot, "my solvent freezes at $93.75860241^{\circ}\text{C}$. I hold it in containers made of frozen solvent!" Ratty reached carelessly for a bottle of polychloro-benzene rings.

"How interesting," grunted the beetle-browed old bugger, handing him the bottle, "but it seems to me that there's still something that remains unexplained in the light of your latest astonishing disclosure. (Chem profs always talk this way when they're confused by grad students.) How did you make the containers?"

"Don't be idiotic, old chem prof," said Ratty to the beady-eyed old codger, "I formed them in molds of frozen solvent! What else?" Ratty fished a couple of polychloro-benzene rings out of the bottle with a stirring rod.

"Of course," snarled the evil-visaged old stinker, "I see the entire process clearly! But tell me Ratty, what can you *use* the stuff for?" He took the bottle from Ratty's negligent grasp.

"Why, what else, old chem prof." answered Ratty, "but to dissolve totally insoluble substances?"

"What else indeed!" screamed the nasty old bouncer, bashing Ratty over the noggin with the bottle of polychloro-benzene rings and killing him dead. "What else indeed!"

The kindly old chem prof dissolved poor Ratty's remains with his own solvent, and then wandered off to find his kindly old colleague.

"Heh, heh," chuckled the kindly old chem prof to his kindly old colleague, "Guess what, Smedley? I just invented the dandyest universal solvent for dissolving totally insoluble substances."

"Is that so?" croaked the drooling old Smedley, reaching for a 500 cc. Ehrlenmeyer flask . . .

—Art Schultz

Harry and Sam were engaged in a mild argument about the extent of Sam's popularity. "Why," said Sam, "I know everybody—everybody knows me."

Harry was inclined to scoff. "Ya know the Mayor of New York?" he jeered.

Sam picked up the telephone and asked for city hall . . . Bob? Just thought I'd say hello." Then he called Washington, D. C. "That you, Ike? . . . Yes, this is Sam . . . a foursome this Saturday? All right."

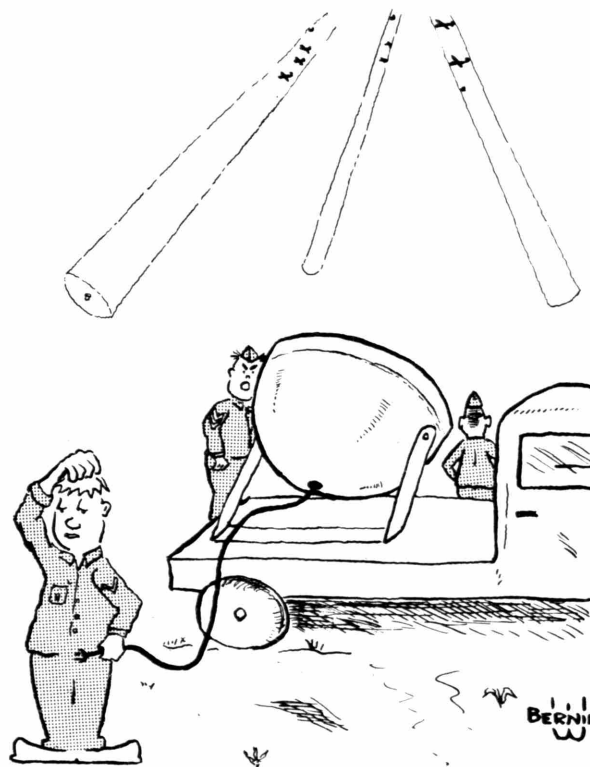
Harry was properly abashed, but he still muttered that while Sam might know everyone in this country, that didn't include the whole world.

Sam took the challenge. "Next week," he announced, "An audience with the Pope."

Sure enough. That next week, while Harry stood in the crowd, the Pope greeted his friend: "Why Sam, I haven't seen you in years." As Harry stared in disbelief, a little boy next to him, held aloft in his mother's arms, turned and said, "Mother, who's that man talking to Sam?"

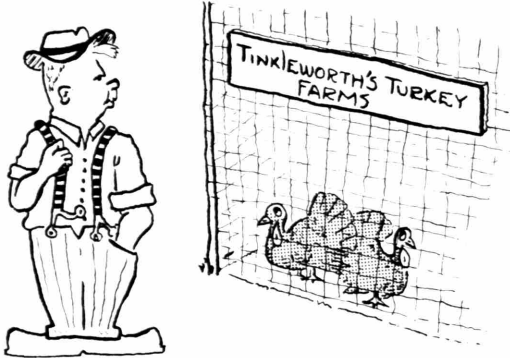


We join in paying tribute to the trapeze artist who caught his wife in the act.

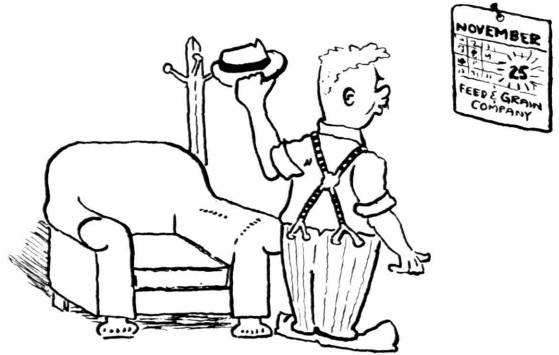


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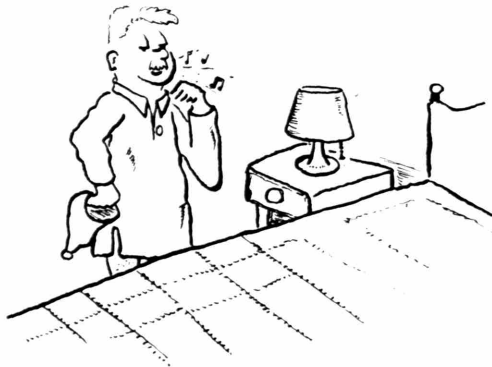
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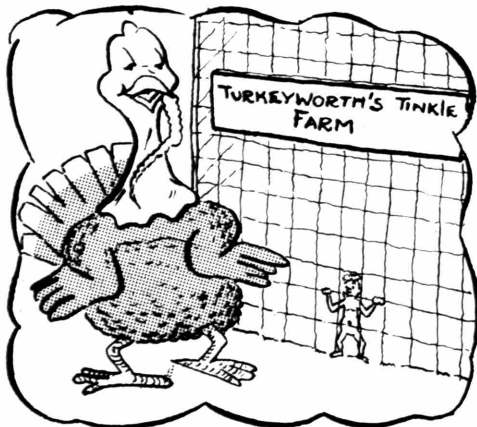
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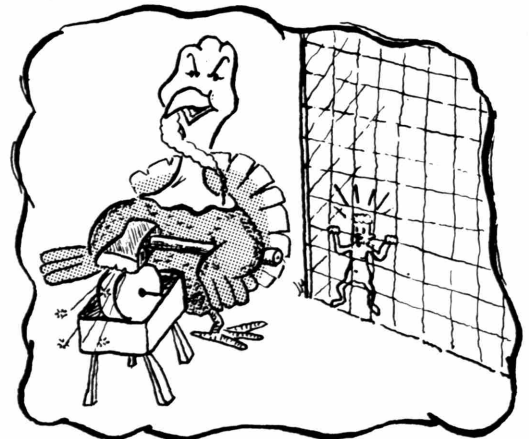
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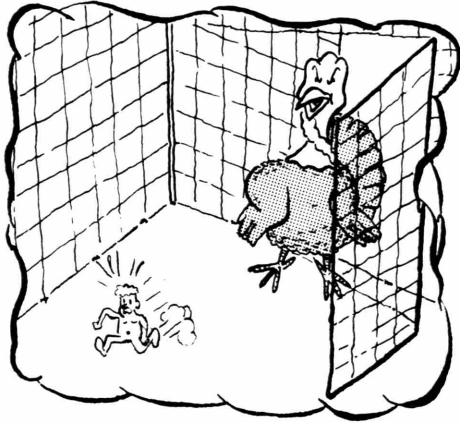


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DINNER

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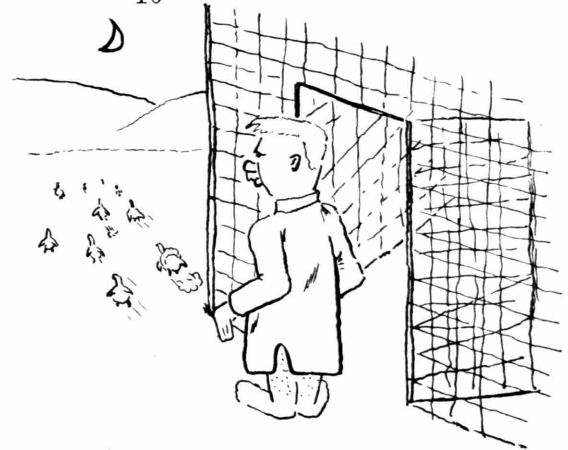
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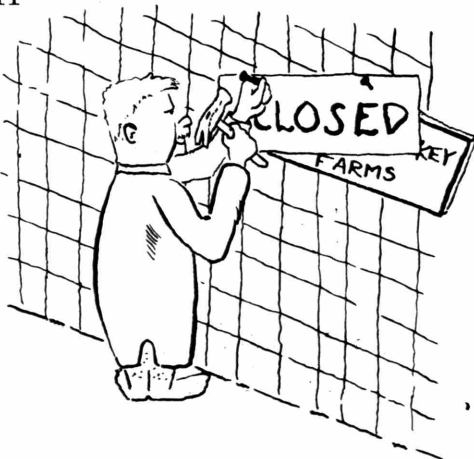
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11



12



The Student's Paradise

I had entered Thurmond Quincy's room to renew our previous semester's friendship. The summer had obviously changed Thurmond. I saw a brooding, nervous, degenerate remnant of what had once been a temperate, neat and cheerful nature. The room itself gave the impression of complete devastation. Cigarettes, only partly finished, covered the floor to a depth of one and a half inches. Where the cigarettes parted to reveal the floor, there lay beer-cans. Two cartons overflowing with empty whiskey bottles stood in the corner. Books and papers overflowed the desk and classes hadn't even started yet. Clothes were scattered all over the room; underwear hung menacingly over the windowsill, soaking in the rain that poured down upon the bleak campus.

Thurmond leaped three feet out of his chair as he heard the door open, but as soon as he saw that it was only me, he sank back with a sigh, grabbing a half-filled bottle of scotch from a carton on the desk. I watched, fascinated, as the liquid trickled past his lips down to his whiskey stained shirt and his throat bobbed up and down in rhythmic motion. Could this be the Thurmond I once knew, the happy-go-lucky companion of my freshman year? The boy who everyone referred to as "The craziest, happiest, half-assed sonofabitch you'd ever want to know"? Disbelief and horror stood out on my face like goosepimples.

Thurmond waved me to a seat with a beer can which he tossed into my lap.

"A toast to Doris," he commanded. Not wishing to offend, I toasted Doris and opened another can of beer. My shock at seeing Thurmond thusly, did not impair my reason and I realized that I had better humor him. I opened a third can of beer.

Doris was Thurmond's love. Last semester not a weekend went by but Thurmond could be found out at W—— partaking of the solace that can only be found at girls' colleges. Not a weekday went by but I was subjected to at least a fifteen minute discourse upon the excellence of the female sex in general and Doris in particular. After a while this got boring, but Thurmond was one of my best friends so I stood it as best I could. Thurmond has a car.

"A toast to Jennie," he suggested. Jennie I did not know, but what the hell. I reached for a bottle

of scotch from the carton on the desk but Thurmond was faster than I was, and pushed the carton to the other end of the desk. I shrugged and opened a fourth can of beer. At times Thurmond can be very irritating.

"Doubtless," he began when we had finished the toast, "doubtless you do not know Jennie?"

Doubtless I told him I didn't.

"I have led a perfidious life," he declared solemnly, "a life of which you, my best friend, are totally unaware." Here he wiped his mouth with his sleeve and lowered his head to my shoulder. I patted him on the back, and snagged a bottle of scotch from the carton.

"Old friend, tried and true" he said as he unceremoniously grabbed the scotch from my hand, "let me unload my sorry saga upon your worthless head, and you shall judge whether or not my miserable condition is justified."

Here he reached into a drawer and drew out a box of used paper matches. Taking a rubberband off his wrist, he fitted it into a fold in one of the matches, and propped it between his second and fourth fingers. With my Technical Education, I immediately saw that he had prepared an elementary weapon.

Thurmond musingly eyed the wall where a medium sized fly was on reconnaissance. Without any warning, the paper match left the rubberband and the world was minus one more fly. Sadly I took the pillow off my head and placed it over my heart. We observed a minute's silence.

"Practice," explained Thurmond.

"As you know," he began, "I was in the navy two years before I came to this glorious institution." I picked up a dirty polo-shirt and waved it.

"While doing my stint for the glory of our glorious country, I absorbed some of the traditions of that glorious organization."

I waved the polo shirt again and began singing the Star Spangled Banner. We both stood up until I had finished, and then Thurmond resumed his story.

"Among the traditions of our glorious navy," (I cheered), "stands one which I believe is the backbone of the morale of our fighting force—to wit: a girl in every port."

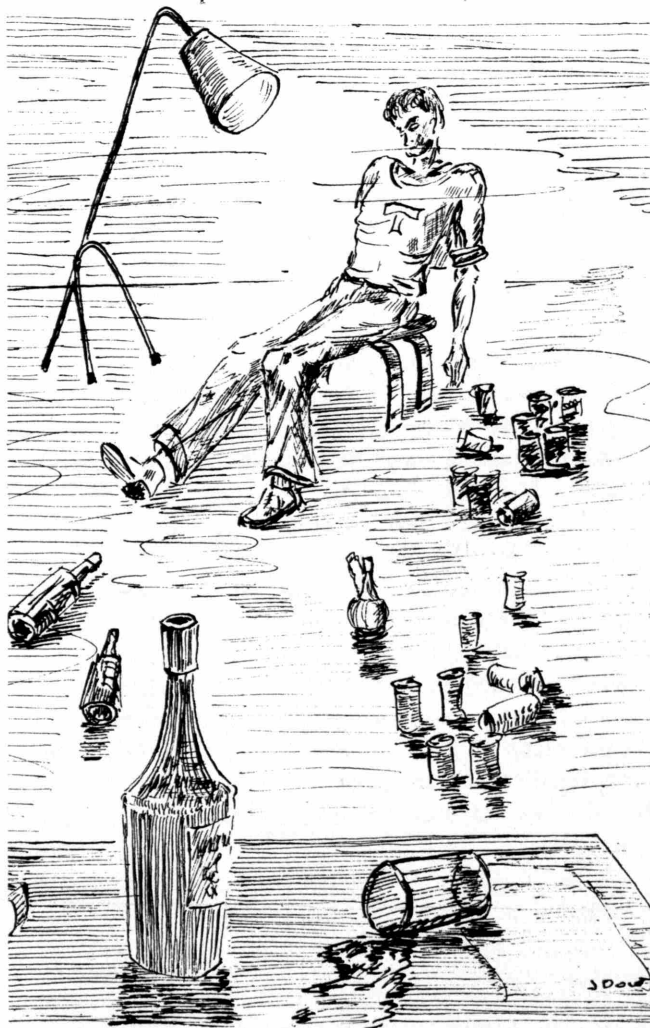
I cheered again.

"Having always been respectful of tradition," he continued, "I carried this particular one away with me after I retired from the active defense of our nation's standard. When I came here, I resolved to put this principle into practice, as the situation was just crying for practical applications."

He tore another paper match out of the little box, fitted it to a rubber band, and walked to the center of the room where a fly was doing immelman rolls.

"My home is in the midwest, a thousand miles from here. To take a hometown girl (all of which are of surpassing beauty) to school affairs out here would require more time and money than I can at present accumulate. It was natural therefore, that I should search this barren countryside in quest of acceptable female companionship. The search culminated as you know in the discovery of lovable Doris over at W——.

The fly settled on the wall and soon joined his brother in the great beyond. Thurmond walked back to the desk and sat down. A tear coursed down his left cheek and splashed into his scotch.



"But when vacation came, I went home to the waiting arms of my hometown childhood sweetheart, lovable Jennie."

"This went on for about four months, and then I realized that I was in love with lovable Doris.

"The only trouble was that I was in love with Jennie also."

"By not thinking about it," he continued, "I was able to preserve a reasonable semblance of sanity. I saw Doris every weekend, and wrote faithfully every Wednesday to Jennie. When the semester ended, and summer vacation began, I went home to Jennie—dated her faithfully every weekend, and wrote to Doris every Wednesday. I did not dare to think about the future.

And then it hit.

"Jennie's parents decided that she needed to broaden her outlook. So she sent applications to four eastern colleges. Of course then and there I knew what was going to happen. I got the sensation of an inevitable closet, moving in closer—but why talk about it? The day I heard that, of all the colleges in the country, she had picked W——, the world lost reality. I moved about in a dream. The thing seemed so inevitable, I never doubted it would happen. How, I did not know, but the dénouement was certain. I didn't even fight against it; I couldn't. It was fate.

"Still, a small bit of hope remained. W—— is a big school. Perhaps they'd never meet, never get to comparing boy friends.

"Five days ago, vacation ended. And two days ago, I got these two letters, one from Doris, one from Jennie."

He waved the envelopes in my face, and when I took them, opened a drawer and took out a bottle of gin.

I just glanced at the envelopes. One glance was enough.

In the upper left hand corner of one, a small, neat feminine hand had written:

Doris L——

Esmerelda Letitia Brockton Hall, Room 207

W——, Massachusetts.

In the upper left hand corner of the other, light green ink proclaimed the existence of:

Jennifer S——

Esmerelda Letitia Brockton Hall, Room 208

W——, Massachusetts.

"It is only a matter of time," he said sadly, "just a matter of time."

Silently I placed three bottles of scotch back in the carton I had taken them from. The misery of

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mankind stood out on Thurmond's face. I was in the presence of Suffering.

I stepped over the cigarettes and beercans, opened the door, and closed it quietly behind me.

There was nothing I could do.

The Dormitory felt the magnitude of Thurmond's Problem and walked silently passed his door. A few enterprising businessmen took bets and gave odds on the date of Thurmond's dénouement. The rest of us saw the futility that lined Thurmond's careworn face, and we respected it. Only a few old friends such as myself ever presumed to surmount the barrier that lay between him and humanity.

Three weeks had passed, and the novelty of new classes had about worn off. We were all seated in Thurmond's room that fatal Thursday.

Thurmond had assumed an attitude of hopeless waiting. He jumped at every sound, and never smiled or partook in any of our conversation. I had jokingly offered him a date for the coming Saturday which, I regret to say, was not an offer in good taste. The room was silent for a few seconds, and I was about to uneasily apologize, when the telephone rang. Thurmond jumped and answered it. The room was silent.

"Thurm" we could hear the boy at the switchboard," "There's two females from W——— been chewing my ear off, and burning up the wires for the past ten minutes trying to get you at the same time. Which one should I plug in first on the outside phone?"

You could have heard a cork pop.

Thurmond turned white. "Either one—doesn't matter," he mumbled into the house phone, and shakily walked into the hall to the outside phone booth. I shut the door.

He was gone ten minutes. In all that time none of us spoke. Words were insufficient.

All of a sudden, the door banged open, and in popped Thurmond, the old Thurmond. Gone were the wrinkles, the slouch, the haunted look. His face was wreathed in smiles, and he fairly bounced.

"Craziest, happiest, half-assed sonofabitch you'd ever want to know," one of the boys said later as he recalled the moment.

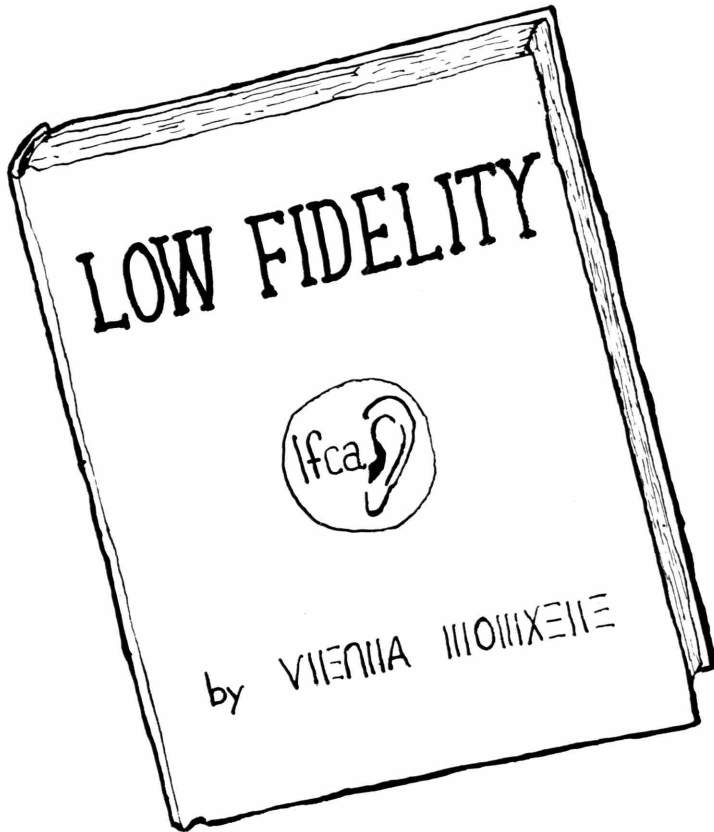
Thurmond was jumping up and down, laughing happily.

"Well, that's that," he bubbled. "Did someone mention a date for Saturday night?"

Phil Pearle

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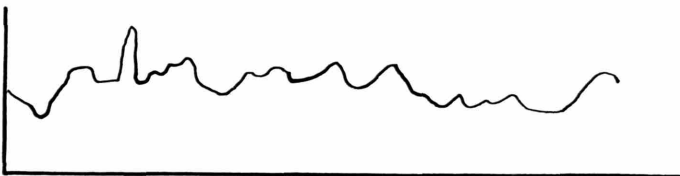
Grinding your own phonograph stylus?

Those who have read the book and seen the show write:

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Enticing—*Gypsy Rose Schwartz*

My distortion used to look like this.



Now it looks like this . . .




And furthermore I can't shut it off.

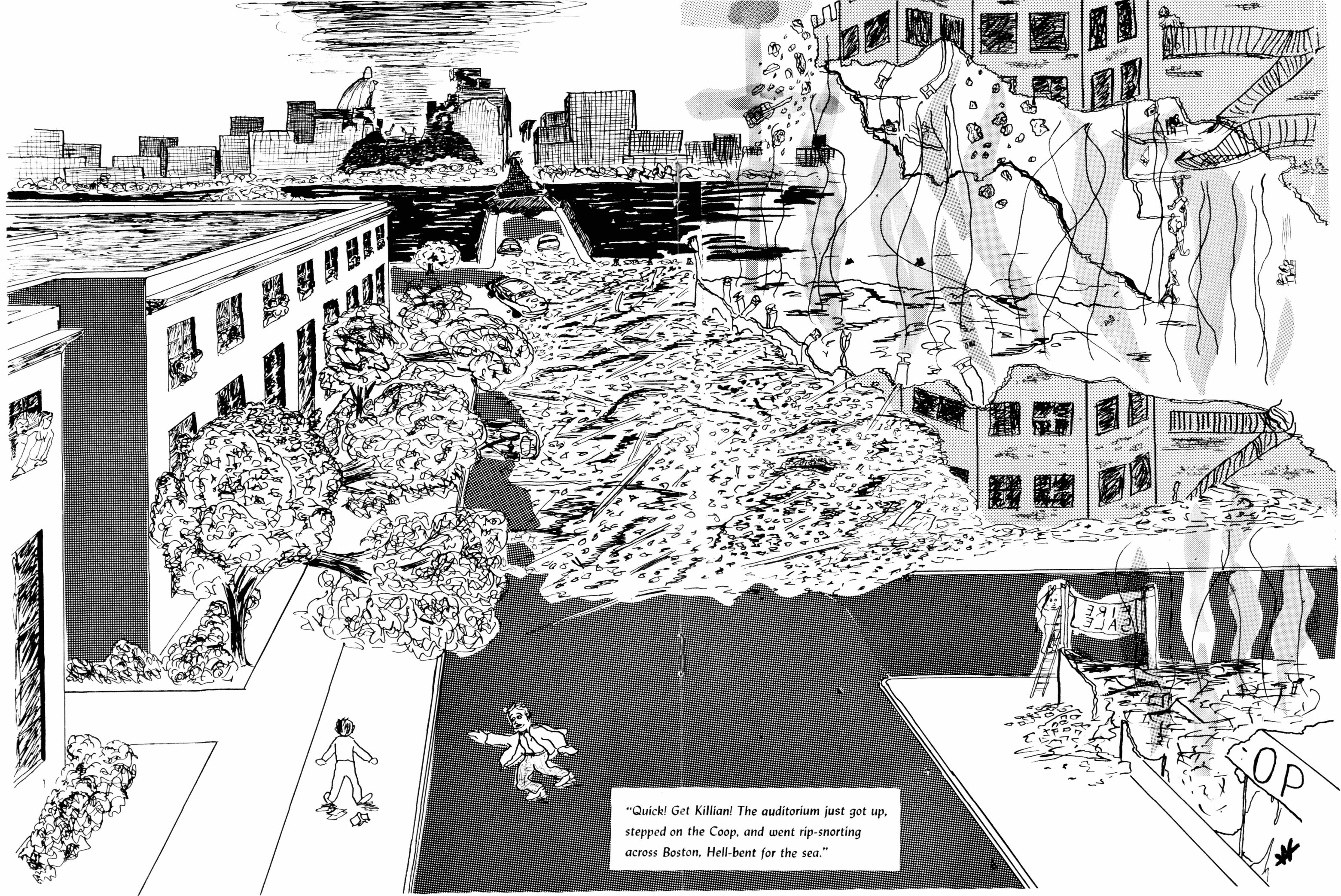
--*Ludwig Phloop*

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"Quick! Get Killian! The auditorium just got up, stepped on the Coop, and went rip-snotting across Boston, Hell-bent for the sea."



They gathered in room 411 because it was the biggest and because the occupants were habitually the leaders. Except this time it was completely spontaneous. Nobody knew who first got the idea, but once recognized it couldn't be ignored. Or you might say the idea was roaming unexpectedly in the air, sort of a remnant of the last time they had carried it out with the thrill of the previous skirmish sustaining it, just waiting for the boys to breathe it in, because they had only wandered in out of boredom and suddenly they knew why they were gathered there—why they must have gathered there—though nobody had mentioned it and in fact everybody seemed to have avoided putting it into words, either through fear of having it rejected or perhaps fear of having it accepted since it had backfired once already. But there it was like a vapor and as inevitably as exhale follows inhale it filled the minds of each one individually and all fifteen or twenty of them as organs of an aggregate organized being and then emerged in the form of action. And it hadn't appeared; it just was.

Once conceived, a movement of that sort gains momentum until it gets all out of proportion to the way it started. It often happens that a few of the fellows get sick of manipulating the slide rule for hours or whipping up their roommate's theme so it'll come closer to fitting their topic or juggling figures on their data sheet so their results will agree with what the theory proclaims them to be to at least the first significant digit. But tonight all their individual periods of "the hell with homework" and "screw the Institute" depressions were exactly in phase.

First they started a harmless poker game. It was on my desk so I had to leave. Then K. X. got out

his bottle of Chianti and I figured it was my desk so I had a right to be there. He offered me some so I took a few sips. It's a little stronger than water but not much. I noticed the type of deck they were playing with and decided to join the game. My losses were slight and entirely due to lack of concentration on the game.

A few guys lolled around on the beds at the other end of the room drinking beer and discussing the vital problem of British infringements on our rights prior to the Revolutionary War. This led to the immediate causes of same. This led to same. Followed by a list of our heroes. Like Nathan Hale and G. W. whose name has been immortalized by a brand of coffee. Also Paul Revere. From there it was one short mental step to a midnight ride. The clock said 10:45. Okay, so we'd get an early start.

I took only one sip of Chianti. K. X., in a rare mood, passed around the bottle. We emptied it, pocketed all the rope we had, and started off. On the way we picked up a few cars, a few fellows, and a few cans of beer.

That's how it started.

You make sure you've got strength and secrecy on your side. The latter especially. Last time they anticipated the raid and you turned out taking a

short walk in the moonlight instead of them. Mere preponderance of numbers is not the determining factor. Not in their case. They've got them. That's all there is to that. You rustle up all the fellows you can and attack. Now you can do one of two things. You can either louse it up by attacking too many at one time. Or you can pick them off in their rooms two or three at a time or catch them singly or in small groups strolling through the halls. But once the signal is given that they've been invaded, if they realize that you don't have the entire sophomore class on their tails and if they can get organized rapidly, then they can reverse the roles of hunter and hunted on you. So you've got to work quickly and noiselessly.

You don't put up too much of a struggle. Not when eight or ten of them jump you and have your hands tied behind you before you figure out that there isn't any outside phone call. It would be nice if you could warn the guy next door but that's an idle thought. As soon as he opens the door a crack, he's in the same mess as you and maybe he's thinking how he could contrive to warn you before he notices that's you tied up next to him and that he needn't bother thinking up impossible schemes. You're it for tonight.

If only there were a way for the others to find out. This isn't quite a freshman dorm but on this floor and the two above there must be close to two hundred frosh unaware of the situation. Yeah, this is the place if you're a soph looking for somebody to whisk to the wilds of the surrounding country. It's also the place if you're a soph looking for an easy way of getting away from where it's hard getting back to.

They covered my head with my pillowcase and hustled me down the two flights of stairs. I nearly tripped a couple of times but they held me up and jockeyed me out the back door where I heard the motor warming up.

'Watch your head,' the fellow holding my right arm said as he shoved me into the car. I felt somebody slide next to me on each side.

'Can you fit another one in there?' somebody asked.

'What are you, a comedian?' the guy to my left answered. 'I can hardly breathe now.'

'Okay, don't get one on,' the questioner whined. 'We don't have a surplus of cars. I thought maybe since they're tied up, you can handle two of them.'

'This, as you may have noticed, is not a Cadillac,' retorted the driver as he threw the car into gear

and we took off.

So this was going to be a solo flight on my part. Well, maybe I'd have better luck hitching a ride back. They don't pick you up too easily when you're in pairs. Not this late at night. I wondered where they'd drop me this time.

I hoped it wouldn't take too long. I still had a theme to write for nine o'clock the next morning.

The last time I called Rita, she practically told me to shove my excuses back up the other way. I swore she'd have to call me up before I'd talk to her again if she was going to act that way about it when she knew how sincere I was.

The slut.

When the fellow outside hollered that I was wanted on the phone, I was elated. Who the hell else would be calling so late? She was probably going to apologize. Well, I'd be very sweet about it. I might even forgive her if she was repentant enough. Who knows, maybe I'd go so far as to ask her out for next weekend. And then if she was . . .

And then they grabbed me. I had hardly opened the door an angstrom before four of them piled in on top of me with about four more as reinforcements if needed. I slugged one of them and felt his jaw give way a little. He went to wash out his mouth after he threw in a couple of punches of his own. My eye began to swell up. They removed all of my identification and money and then marched me out.

Of all the halfassed things to do, I cursed myself. I have to open the door to an idiot who says outside call. Ohmyachin. If I had any more brains, I'd flunk out. That dirty Rita, I thought irrelevantly. Damn her anyway.

My roomie gave up before anybody laid a hand on him. I met him on the way down to the car and he immediately noticed I wasn't in the peak of health. Clever fellow. Then he remarked who was with me. All eight of them. He murmured something unintelligible, executed a perfect about face, and trotted along beside me like a faithful dog. The dog. He practically offered to tie himself up and pay for gas. He even mentioned a nice out of the way spot for them to consider dumping us. They knew about it already. They also agreed it was a pretty good suggestion. I was waiting for him to offer them the keys to his car.

We flipped ourselves into the back seat of a Chevy convertible and all this time they hadn't touched him while somebody sure as hell was getting his licks in on me every time I turned my back.

It's a nice car, I thought. Wonder how well it'll get around on four flat tires.

My roommate was unusually sociable. He told our escorts a few dirty jokes to while away the time. They asked him if he'd like to drive but he said no thanks, the back seat was just swell.

'Say fellows,' he chirped, 'put the top down, will you. I want to get the full enjoyment of the open air.'

They promised not to let him down.

I decided the trouble with him is he's got too much of a sense of humor. He's the only crackpot I know who appreciates a joke on himself.

Some joke.

They had systematically emptied one entire wing of the first floor and were about to bid a fond farewell when somebody sounded the call to arms. Like thunder, '57' crashed through the corridor and like its echo, the hoofbeats of an enraged freshman battle brigade resounded after.

In memory of those poor unfortunates . . .

Having arrived upon the scene too late to save any of their cohorts, the freshman hordes were only able to pick off a few misguided stragglers among the opposition, and these were poor compensation for the number of their own casualties.

Having only this small number of sophomores upon which to concentrate their attention, the home team decided to do it up brown and really show the boys a few of the more exclusive sections of town like the eight mile long dirt road which traverses Plum Island or perhaps Revere Beach at high tide. Of course they first tied pillow cases around their guests' heads so that they wouldn't know how they got where they were going when they got there. That would spoil the surprise.

And a good time was had by all.

They spotted each other about five miles from the Island, one going, the other just on its way back after having made its deposit. The freshmen with two of the enemy captured were setting a healthy pace in their Olds while the sophs were returning from the wars in their front seat roadster.

'Say, isn't that Z. W.'s heap eating up the pavement?' asked one of the frosh as the speedy little demon rocketed past.

'Damn straight, and guess where he's been.'

'This is okay, we'll trade a couple of their boys for a couple of ours.'

'Sure, we'll drop these cookies off and pick up our crew on the way back.'

The driver's eyes strained at the mirror.

'He made a U,' he announced, 'and he's following us.'

'See if you can shake him. There's plenty of side roads along the way that you can turn off on.'

The driver accelerated noticeably and hunched a little closer to the wheel.

'Take it easy,' warned his buddy. 'There are some sharp curves along here.'

'I'll shake him in a second. Already I'm losing him. I'll take the next turn off.'

Behind him the pursuer slowly fell back.

How he missed the sign is beyond me. Maybe he thought it said keep right or no passing. Anyway, by the time he realized his mistake, he was halfway through the curve and furiously breaking the car below 50. It never made the other half. Damn shame it was such a narrow road. Otherwise they might have had a chance. As it was they skidded about twenty feet along a grassy indentation until they hit a low-hanging limb. The roof rolled up like the top of a sardine can and the driver was heaved out like a herring being flipped to a deserving seal. The car came to a rest locked in the embrace of an oak tree which shed a few leaves like tears upon the ruins. The tree itself never stirred.

A few seconds later, the little roadster screeched past. A smaller car can corner better than a monster like an Olds. They thought the other car had crashed but in the darkness they didn't at first spot it. Then as they sped past, they caught a glimpse of the wreckage.

'Holy mack,' murmured the driver, 'I wonder how bad they're hurt.'

'Watch for a place to make a U,' urged the other shakily. 'We'll have to go back and help them.'

They slowed down and were about to turn around when another car came down the road from the other direction.

'It's a police car. Flag him down and tell him there's been an accident. Hey, hey, what are you doing?'

'I'm getting the hell out of here,' he spat, clamping his foot down on the accelerator. 'They're not going to mix me up in this mess. The cops'll take care of 'em.'

'You crazy bastard, turn around. Jesus, now we're in for it. Now we've got to dig out of here.'

They raced aimlessly on, going toward nowhere in particular, but more compellingly away—just away.

Somewhere an animal stirred, perked up his ears,

shrugged and went back to sleep.

The moon smiled.

'When we got to them, the driver was sprawled out on the ground unconscious, about twenty feet from the car, broken leg, broken arm, some cuts and bruises. We know he was the driver because of the others who were in the front seat, the one nearer the wheel had his hands tied in front of him and the other had been thrown against the windshield which had shattered too far from the steering wheel for him to have been driving. No idea why in hell one of them should have been tied up, because none of them is well enough yet to talk. Shock is a big worry. Both had broken noses, severe facial cuts and bruises, slight body injuries. Both unconscious.

'There were three in the back seat sprawled out in various painful positions. A few broken bones, head concussions, delirium. All in all, it would have been a miracle that so few really severe injuries occurred considering the terrible damage inflicted on the car and the speed it must have been doing.'

'Would have been?'

'Yeah, one of the guys in the back seat, who incidentally was also tied up, died of, of all illogical things, suffocation.'

'What?'

'Yeah, the poor son of a bitch had a pillow case tied over his head.'

They started a poker game, low stakes at first; later on they may raise them. Over at the other end of the room sprawled out on my bed are a few guys discussing the Constitution.

I am writing a theme that was due a couple of weeks ago. When I finish that, I may have enough ambition to write up last Tuesday's lab report. Wonder how much finagling I'll have to do this time.

Play is getting rough. They're cursing all over the place. If you can't stand to lose, don't play. Okay, but this is the last bill I'm letting you have and don't forget me the next time you get a check from home.

As soon as K. X. gets out his bottle of Chianti, which is as inevitable as my flunking the next math exam, I'm gonna kick the whole goddamn bunch of 'em out.

And somewhere a guy is waiting for a phone call that won't come, and if it did he'd be afraid to go answer it anyway, and cursing Rita and his roommate and life in general.

And somewhere two fellows in a little roadster

are searching the city streets for a likely looking girl who might consider making a few dollars. They're brave. This time they won't run away.

And somewhere a police car is cruising along the road to Plum Island.

And a tree is crying.

And an animal is stirring.

And the moon is smiling.

—Dave Markowitz



"This is the one I shot from the rear."



"Mr. Jones, I'm afraid your son is spoiled."

"He is *not*, Mr. Smith, and I resent your saying such a thing."

"Well, have it your way, but come and see what the steamroller did to him."

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BOSTON

A very pretty Vassar girl, president of the school's Science Club, asked the biology professor to address the group. The professor rose: "I have worked closely with your president for a number of years," he said, "and during that time we have been intimate . . ." The group giggled and the professor tried valiantly to cover his slip: "And when I say intimate, I mean, of course, in a biological way."



A young draftee had been in the army only three weeks, but he had learned the gentle art of loafing. He was carefully following this occupation when the sergeant came around the corner and saw him sprawled across the steps.

"Whadda ya think yer doin'?" demanded the sergeant.

The boy leaped to his feet. "I'm . . . er . . . procrastinating, sir."

The sergeant frowned for a moment, then said gruffly, "All right, just so long as you keep busy."

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A matronly woman visiting New York was wandering through Central Park when she encountered one of the hansom cabs which people rent for a ride around the park. Interested in the picturesque nature of it all, she examined the horse from head to tail, feeling its mane, and examining its legs. After studying the animal she turned her attention to the driver. "Are you the cabbie?" she asked brightly.

"No, I'm the horse; we're often mistaken for each other."



The traveling salesman found himself far out in the country. It was bedtime, and he was very tired. On coming to a farmhouse, he stopped and asked the farmer if there might possibly be a place where he could sleep that night.

The farmer frowned thoughtfully, then replied that he didn't have a spare room. However, if the traveler would like to go upstairs and sleep with the redheaded school teacher, it was perfectly all right with him.

The salesman drew himself up and said, "Sir, I will have you know that I am a gentleman."

To this the farmer answered, "So is the red-headed schoolteacher."



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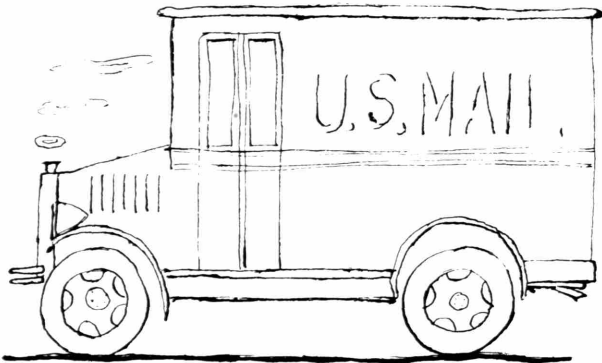
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Passion in the Post Office

Dear Sally,

Bill has told me so much about you I thought I'd drop you a line and introduce myself. I'm Bill's room mate. Naturally, being a sophomore, I feel a rather fatherly interest toward him. As a matter of fact, some of my friends and I are planning a little surprise party for him. We're sure he'll enjoy it very much . . . (*Lack of space and growing nausea prevent us from reproducing the letter in its entirety.—Ed.*)

Hoping to hear from you soon,
Robert Hamilton.



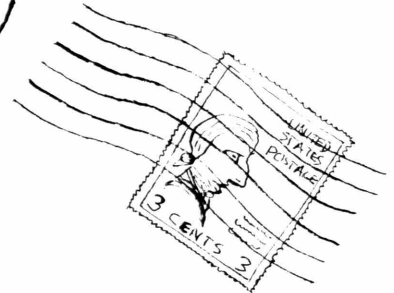
Dear Sally,

Our letters have been so much fun that I'd like to meet you. Some friends of mine are driving to New York next weekend and we could spend Saturday and Sunday together. I may even have some money; I wrote my father that my slide rule broke. I've only broken three so far; he should be good for another half-dozen.

You don't have to worry about Bill objecting to my taking you out. He did mutter something when I mentioned it, but we had another little party for him . . .

See you Saturday,
Bob.

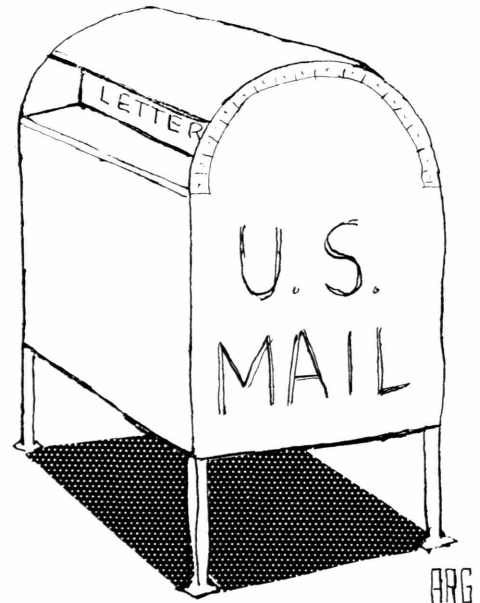
SPECIAL DELIVERY



Dear Bob,

I'm awfully glad you came down. It really was a lovely weekend. I'm terribly sorry I couldn't spend Sunday with you, but we always visit Cousin Emily that day. She's so shy and has so few friends that, in spite of all that money, she's horribly lonely . . .

Love,
Sally.



Dear Cousin Emily,

Sally has told me so much about you . . .

— Vigdor Teplitz

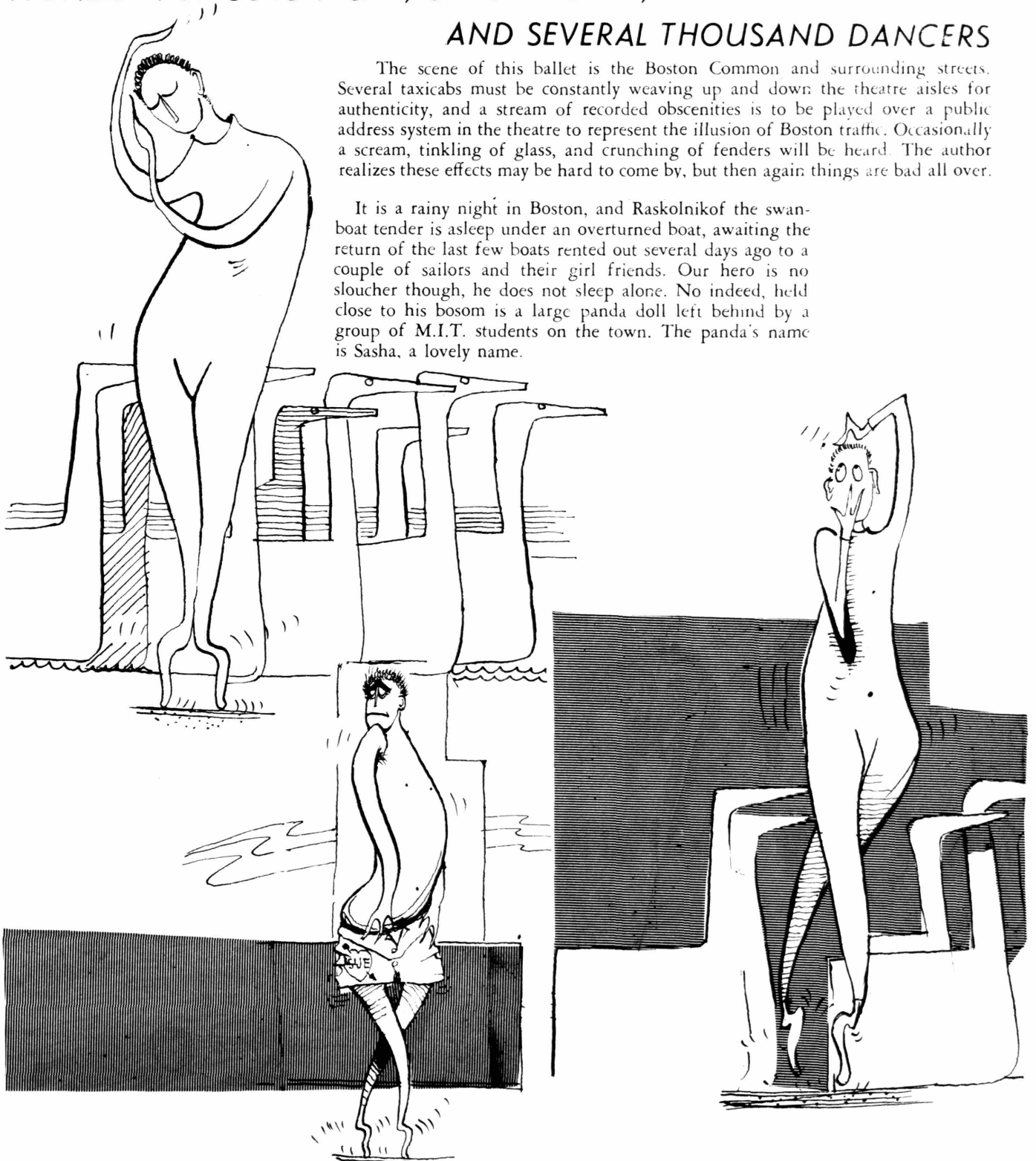
RASKOLNIKOF THE SWAN-BOAT TENDER

A BALLET FOR SOLO FLUTE, GLOCKENSPIEL,

AND SEVERAL THOUSAND DANCERS

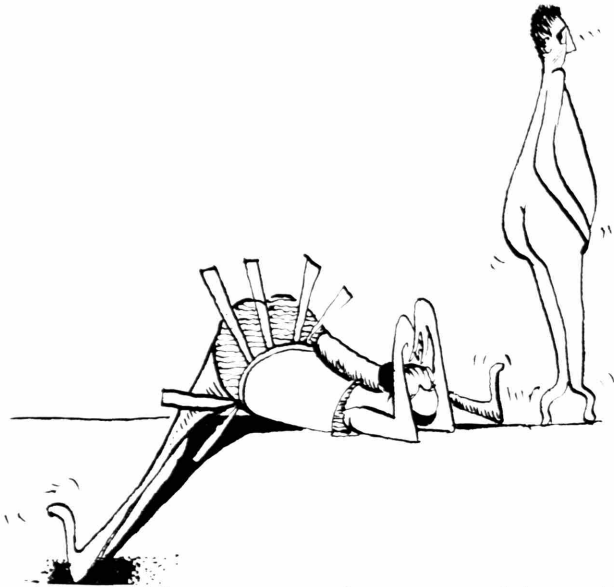
The scene of this ballet is the Boston Common and surrounding streets. Several taxicabs must be constantly weaving up and down the theatre aisles for authenticity, and a stream of recorded obscenities is to be played over a public address system in the theatre to represent the illusion of Boston traffic. Occasionally a scream, tinkling of glass, and crunching of fenders will be heard. The author realizes these effects may be hard to come by, but then again things are bad all over.

It is a rainy night in Boston, and Raskolnikof the swan-boat tender is asleep under an overturned boat, awaiting the return of the last few boats rented out several days ago to a couple of sailors and their girl friends. Our hero is no sloucher though, he does not sleep alone. No indeed, held close to his bosom is a large panda doll left behind by a group of M.I.T. students on the town. The panda's name is Sasha, a lovely name.



Jumping to his feet, Raskolnikof (who we will refer to as Pete hereafter for brevity's sake) proceeds to strip in the approved boy scout manner in a valiant attempt to save Sasha who, you will remember from the previous panel, has fallen into the lake.

Raskolnikof is a restless sleeper and while he thrashes about, his toy panda (name of Sasha) falls into the lake. Realizing that he is sleeping alone, Raskolnikof wakes with a start and realizes with anguish that Sasha's in the cold, cold lake.



At this point a mangy moth-eaten swan (picture this if you can) glides gently up to the pier with Sasha in her beak. Dropping the panda at Pete's feet the swan utters an utterly charming sigh, and swoons.



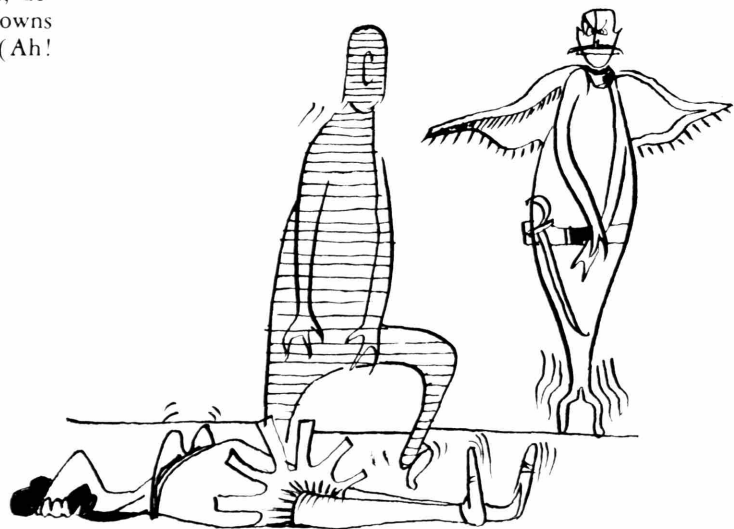
At the sight of the swooned swan, Pete realizes he has come upon something. Drop-kicking Sasha back into the lake, and whipping out a small hip flask of brandy, he proceeds to minister to the swan.



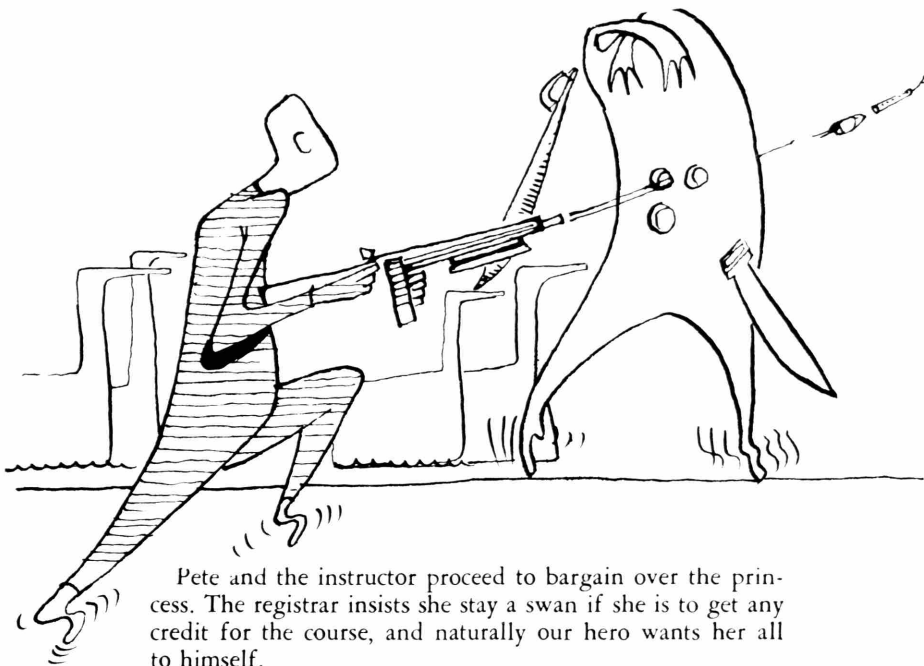
No sooner does the brandy begin to take effect than the mangy swan turns into a beautiful young princess. Pete, who is rather taken aback by this queer turn of events, decides he had better try some of his own brandy and downs the remainder of the flask in several tasteless gulps. (Ah! What a waste of good brandy.)



After all is calm again, and Pete realizes this is big stuff, the swan-princess tells her story. It seems she is a Wellesley girl who has been enchanted by one of her instructors because she flunked a course in Japanese literature. All this of course is related while Pete and the princess engage in a marvelous pas de deux accompanied by the solo glockenspiel.

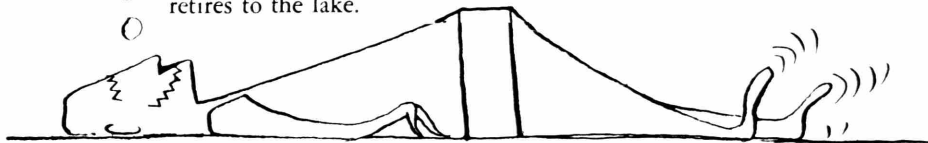


Suddenly the flute breaks into the pas de deux in a minor key to announce the arrival of the wicked instructor. He brings with him a large group of swans who mill about aimlessly (somewhat like people at an acquaintance dance). It seems the swans are more Wellesley girls—the course in Japanese lit was very tough this past term.

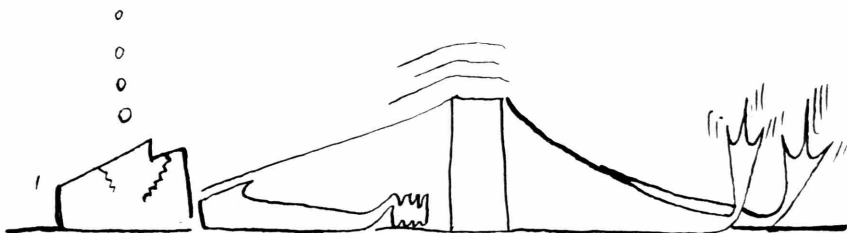


Pete and the instructor proceed to bargain over the princess. The registrar insists she stay a swan if she is to get any credit for the course, and naturally our hero wants her all to himself.

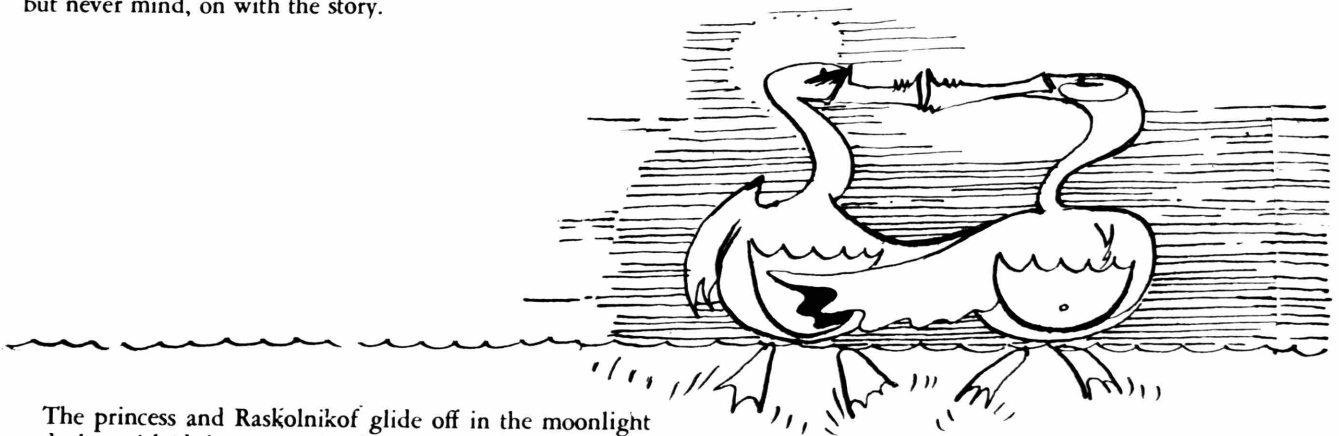
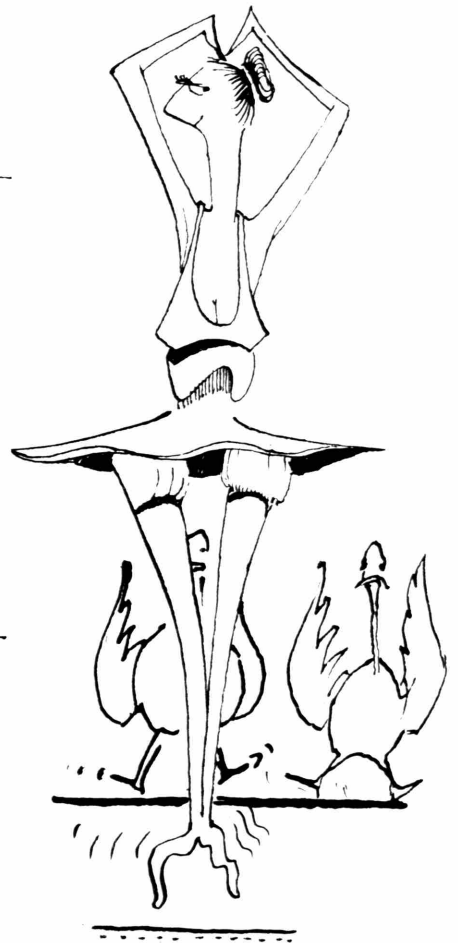
- o While the two bargain, the princess leads the other swans
- o of the corps de ballet in a soul searching dance performed
- o to the melody of a solo flute and snare drum. As the dance
- o ends, the corps exits onto Charles St. and the princess
- o retires to the lake.



Meanwhile the brandy has been taking its effect on Pete. He is in no position to bargain. As a matter of fact he can hardly stand up.



The instructor takes full advantage of this lapse and proceeds to turn Raskolnikof (I shall use his full name—the end is near) into a swan. This may be difficult to picture, but never mind, on with the story.



The princess and Raskolnikof glide off in the moonlight and the wicked instructor herds his other swans to the M.T.A. for the trip back to school. All is quiet once again on the common and a new swan-boat tender is hired. Goot nacht kiddies.

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"Already? You mean I'm a week behind already?"

An Alabama farmer passed away and the preacher came to his wife to get some information about the unfortunate to use in his eulogy at the church service. "Was he an Elk, a Mason, a Woodsman? Did he belong to the Chamber of Commerce, the Ku Klux Klan?" asked the preacher.

"What is the Ku Klux Klan?" asked the bereaved wife.

"Well, you might say that's the devil under a sheet," explained the preacher.

"That he was!" she replied with a timid smile.



Son: "Daddy, did grandpa spank you when you were a little boy?"

Dad: "He sure did!"

Son: "And did great-grandpa spank grandma when he was a little boy?"

Dad: "He certainly did!"

Son: "Well, don't you think that with a little co-operation from me you can overcome this inherited sadism?"



Exactly nine months after their wedding the Browns headed for the hospital, where Mrs. Brown was rushed into the maternity ward. Mr. Brown, like all good expectant fathers, paced the floor in the anteroom awaiting the joyous tidings. In due time the nurse put in her appearance. "Congratulations!" she said, "you're the father of a dandy seven-pound boy!"

"Fine!" exclaimed Brown as he consulted his watch carefully for the time. "It's exactly nine o'clock! Isn't nature grand?"

In a matter of minutes the nurse put in her appearance again. "What a lucky man you are," she said, "you have been twice blessed. Now you are also the father of a fine baby girl!"

"Great!" exclaimed Brown, again consulting his watch carefully. "It is now exactly nine-thirty o'clock. Isn't nature grand?" And with that remark he started off down the hall.

"Just a minute!" called the nurse, "where are you going?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd go for a little stroll," explained Brown. "The next one isn't due until ten forty-five."

A Manhattanite and a Suburbanite got into a spirited discussion about the relative merits of big city life versus suburban dwelling. "At least you'll admit," said the Suburbanite, "that living in Manhattan during the summer is pretty rough."

"On the contrary," retorted the urban one, "I consider conditions ideal during the summer. The city isn't crowded, nobody intrudes on your privacy, there's plenty of room to park your car and the weather's nice and warm."

"Well," conceded the Suburbanite, "I guess you're right about that—and you could say exactly the same thing about the Sahara Desert."



Question: "What's the best way to keep a horse from frothing at the mouth?"

Answer: "Teach it to spit."



A cashier who had embezzled \$25,000, was given a big break. Because of his many years of service, he was not prosecuted but instead merely fired. The next day, he reapplied for his old job.

Calmly he brushed aside the stuttered protests of the indignant personnel director. "My wife and I," he pointed out, "have everything we want—a home, a car, nice clothes. Why hire somebody who has to start from scratch and might be tempted to steal?"



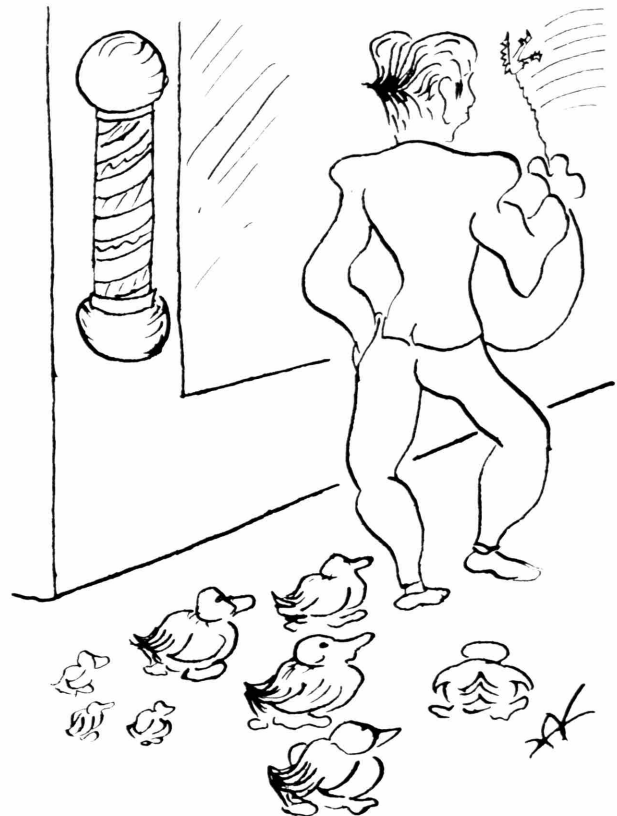
Three times an enthusiastic patron made his way to the ticket window to place heavy bets on a horse named Bluebells in the third race. On the fourth pilgrimage a man tapped the bettor on the shoulder.

"Brother," he said, "it's none of my business but if I was you, I wouldn't bet so heavy on that Bluebells. He's not going to win the race."

"How do you know that?" asked the other.

"Because I own Bluebells and I know he isn't going to win."

"Well," said the bettor, "then all I can say is that it's going to be a mighty slow race—I own the other four horses."



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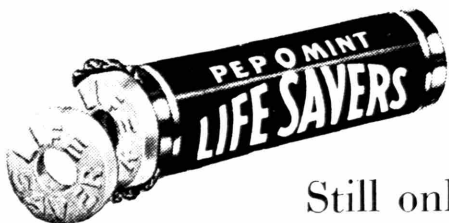
BYRON



on Life Savers:

“Give away thy breath!”

From *My 36th Year*, line 36



Still only 5¢

A man with a very small puppy in his arms attempted to board a train in a small Wyoming town. The conductor saw the dog and denied the man entrance to the coach unless he took the pup to the baggage car. The man walked down the train a ways, unbuttoned his coat and shirt and tucked the little dog inside. All this was observed by a lady passenger through the window of the car.

Once again the man attempted to board the train, this time with success, since the pup was not within sight of the conductor. Unfortunately the man with the dog took the seat ahead of the woman who had seen him hide it.

The train pulled out of the station. In a few minutes the man commenced to wiggle around nervously in his seat. As he twisted this way and that the woman could not help but find amusement in his evident discomfiture. Thinking to tease the man about his hidden secret, the woman leaned forward, tapped the man on the shoulder, and inquired: “What’s the matter? Isn’t he housebroken?” “Don’t know about that,” answered the man grimly, “but I don’t believe the little cuss has ever been weaned.”



Two businessmen were having lunch at Lindy’s. One ordered chicken noodle soup and the other ordered borscht. When the waiter returned, he brought the chicken noodle soup. But he placed a bowl of potato soup before the man who had ordered the borscht. “The kitchen is all out of borscht,” he apologized, “but just taste this potato soup. It’s terrific!”

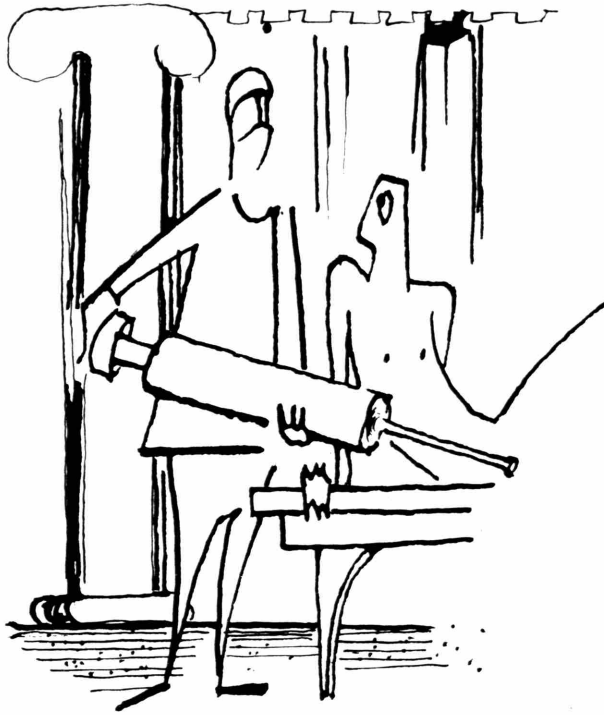
The man tasted it. “It’s out of this world!” he exclaimed delightedly.

His friend pushed his chicken noodle soup away. “Why,” he demanded, “didn’t you bring me some of that potato soup, too, if it’s so wonderful?”

“Sir!” said the waiter loftily. “Did you order borscht?”



Sipping cocktails, smoking fags,
 Taking long and langourous drags,
 Blowing smoke into my eyes,
 Exhaling with those dreamy sighs;
 Are all these enchanting ways—
 Is your deep and passionate gaze—
 Really from a love of me?
 Or do you, dreamboat, have TB?



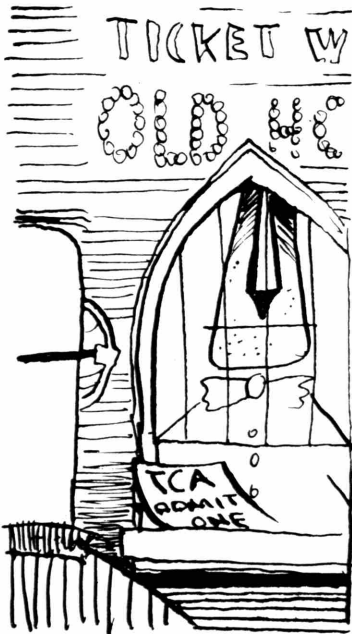
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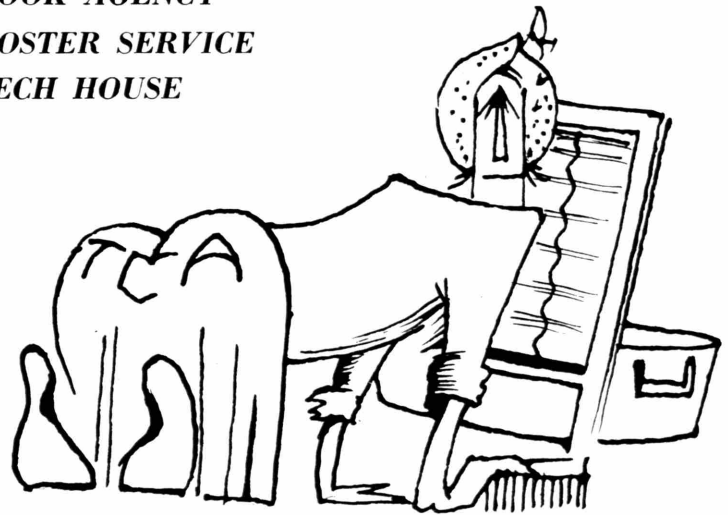
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