



Serial No.	Subject No. & Name	Year	Examiner	Room	Serial No.	Subject No. & Name
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7	2.451 Adv.Eng.Thermodyn.	G	Keenan	5-318		& Found.
9	4.87 Ind.Location & Reg.				6	1.367 Soil Tech.
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15	6.567 Switch. Circuits	G	S.H.Caldwell	7-438	14	5.55 Org.Chem.
17	8.05 Physics of Atoms,				16	6.07 Energy
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19	8.051 Atom.& Nucl.Phys.	4-G	Buechner	33-411	20	8.21 Phys.Ele.
21	8.361 Quant. Th. of Mat.	G	Slater	7-338	22	13.03 Prin.of
23	10.25 Ind. Chemistry	G	Weber	1-245	24	13.15 Warship
25	13.54 Marine Eng. Dyn.	G	F.M.Lewis	5-310	26	16.051 Aerodyn.
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JANUARY

25

At a square dance, a fiddler named Lum
 Tasted Schaefer, and liked it, by gum!
 So he called, "Do-si-do!
 Now git up and go...
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VOO DOO

M.I.T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 38, No. 1

January, 1955

Established 1919

At the beginning of the Christmas vacation we had, as we remember it, approximately ten hours of school work in arrears, and three lab. reports to complete. The thought of doing this work filled us with a mild nausea, an emotion which, at that time, was, we think you will agree, not unhealthy. Looking back, we think that in a general way the state of our body and mind (and what is perhaps equally important: our bank account) gave no cause for worry. At the end of the Christmas vacation we had, as we remember it, approximately nine hours and forty-five minutes of school work in arrears, and three lab. reports to complete. The realization of our inability to get this work done filled us with an unhealthy and brooding despair. We were suffering from a dreadful cold caught during fifteen freezing minutes spent, for reasons too complicated to go into, on a Newbury Street sidewalk in the early hours of New Year's Day. And the state of our budget sent little shivers up and down our spine. This compilation of woes probably adds up to something, but if anybody thinks that we are going to get brooding and contemplative, we are going to disappoint them. What we are trying to say, we suppose, is that we had a whale of a good time. We hope that you were all similarly fortunate. For we are no longer in frivolous times; serious business is at hand. We wish you every success in the examinations. If you feel inadequately prepared: cheer up, it's never as bad as it seems.

—V. A.

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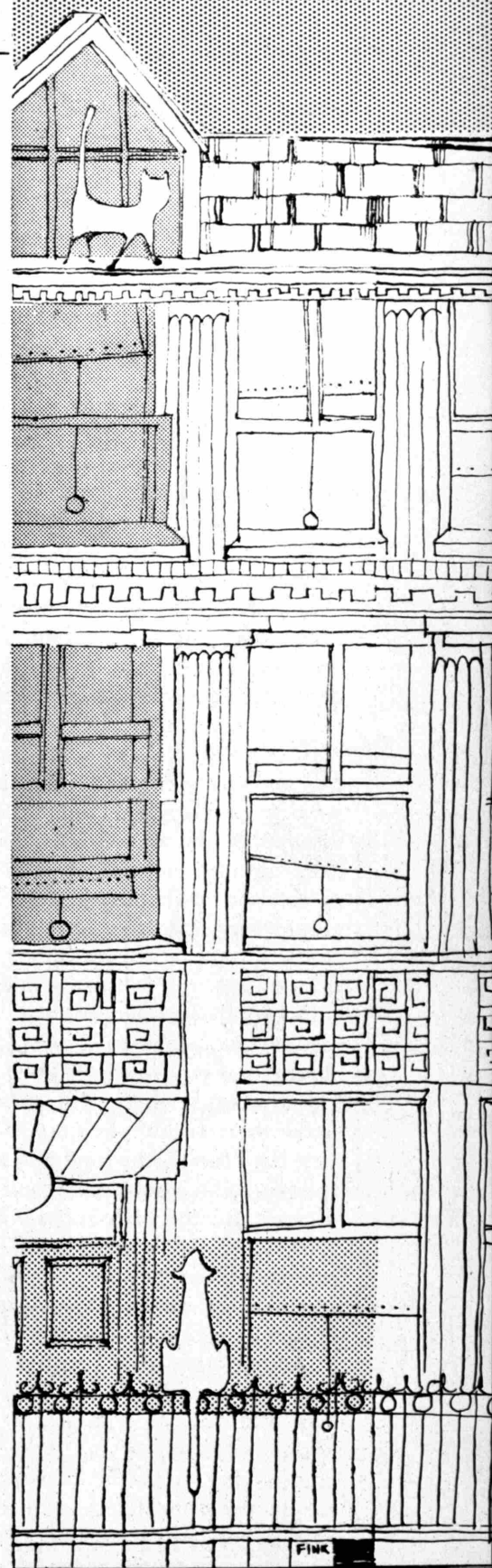
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This month's cover by Fink





MANY patrons of what is farcically known as the Baker House Dining Hall have had their digestion impaired (and they will grasp at any excuse) by the interception of the loud and lusty view halloo "Plates Up." If this had excited their curiosity, they might have determined the source of this mystic incantation, whereupon they would have discovered a youth tending an aesthetically repulsive vehicle and wearing a spotted white jacket upon which would be inscribed the legend "Baker House." This urchin is a member of the Baker House Student Staff, an infant organization without the lineage of Walker Staff but with its own small vagaries and traditions. Had the diner enough curiosity, he might have inquired of the white coated youth the meaning of that vociferous ejaculation whereupon the lad would very agreeably have seated himself, and at ninety cents an hour narrate the following tale.

When Baker House was designed, the architect divided the dining hall into three sections; the main section where the patrons make their feeble attempts to digest the "food", the long and narrow corridor where the "food" is served, and the back room where the "food" is "cooked." All are interconnected by numerous doors so that the cooks have a good chance of escaping unobserved.

Among the many people that contribute to the Baker daily repast, there is one who acts as liaison between the serving room and the cooking room. He conveys the newly washed plates from their watery abode in the steam cabinet to their subsequent scene of contamination, the steam table. When

the plate supply runs low, the servers shout "Plates up," and this lad runs out pushing a cart filled with dishes for replenishment of the stock.

The first person to hold this small but necessary position when the Dining Hall began its "service" was a diminutive Cambridge resident of deceptively mild exterior. Underneath the skin whose pallor comes with living in the shadow of the Necco Preparatorium beat an exuberant heart overflowing with joie-de-vivre. The youth made a pact with the Baker Staff, and it was this; that if any females entered the dining room, escorted or unescorted, the Baker Staff was to call him from his rendezvous with the dishes; for he was a discriminating admirer of feminine pulchritude and be the girl ever so plain and shapeless, he could find something to peruse, admire and discuss.

There are many still at M.I.T. who can recall the scene that became a familiarity; a Form would enter, the Baker Staff members would look up from their duties, the room would echo with the cry "Plates Up," and a disheveled looking stripling would charge out of a doorway, pushing a cart with piles of dishes streaming all around him, his ears twitching, his eyes blinking, and the unspoken question "Where?" etched in the lines of his face. Then she would come into his line of vision and the cart would come to a halt; his ears would stop twitching and his eyes would melt into the dreamy vacuum of contemplation.

The day came however, when one of the students walked in with a wench that even had the Physicists turning in their seats. We

heard "Plates Up" and the youth came tearing out of the doorway with cart and dishes as usual. She was right in his path, and his senses which became extraordinarily alert stopped him in the nick of time. The cart, however, continued on its way.

No one knows what has happened to him. We heard rumors that he was writing for the "Saturday Evening Post." But wherever he is, he will be pleased to know that the Baker House Student Staff has not forgotten. Whenever an especially comely lass enters the Baker House Dining Hall, someone will call out "Plates Up" as a tribute to his memory, and every member of the Baker Staff will turn around for they have no objections to comely lasses either.

AMONG the numerous factors that contribute to a mother's grey hairs might be incidents like the following:

A mother we know has a thirteen year old son. As he was dressing for his Saturday night heavy, (with the gal next door—age twelve) his mother reminded him to take his date in for a snack after the party. When he returned home later that evening, mother asked if he had done as she asked. To this he replied:

"Mother, taking a girl in for a hot chocolate went out with prohibition."

HYPERBOLICALLY speaking, yesh.

FOUR undergraduates were sitting in a room in Baker House suffering from the usual ennui that envelopes the eager-eyed seeker-after-knowledge after a few months at this institution. For lack of anything better to do they decided to compare the labels on the jackets they were wearing. (We must confess that the idea of four M.I.T. students simultaneously wearing jackets strikes us as being implausible. But our informant swears that this is true: so on with the story.) The first was wearing a jacket with a Brooks' Brothers label. The general consensus of opinion was that this was an acceptable tailor for a gentleman. The next two were attired consecutively by Rogers Peet and J. Press. No complaint could be found with these stores. The fourth was wearing a suit with a Robert Hall label. This item of information would have aroused general derision, but the man thusly clothed said softly, "Can't help it. Father owns the place."

AFTER thirty-six years of continuous publication *Voo Doo* is at last the owner of a dictionary. The spelling in this magazine has been guided hitherto more by enthuseasum than by considerations of presision. We wonder whether this purchase will do anything to altur this established tradition.

THE current Hi-Fi craze is somewhat of a puzzlement to many, especially to those of us among the uninitiated. The word "fidelity" has taken on many new meanings. There was a time (not so long ago) when the only state of fidelity that concerned us was the degree of faithfulness that existed in our numerous and sundry women. (On second thought, it didn't really concern us too greatly). When we recently told our latest gal of our quest for a high fidelity product, she immediately hung up the receiver.

Fidelity today belongs to those who worry about frequency response, intermodulation distortion, wobble, squeakers, and woofers. Recently, a friend of ours amidst a fervored explanation of his latest audio system exclaimed, "Why, it reproduces notes as high as 20,000 cps—man, only a dog can hear in that range."

We certainly hope his dog enjoys Beethoven's Fifth.

cream is so loosely connected to the central stick that the buyer, reaching into the machine to withdraw his purchase, finds himself the unproud possessor of a sliver of wood. Our hero has discovered that a significant percentage of the ice cream buyers have become so used to the vagaries of vending machines that they accept this situation and walk disconsolately away. Our boy merely has to examine the machine carefully every day to see if one of the compartments contains a blob of ice cream devoid of central stick. Occasionally he finds such a blob, and he can enjoy all of 10 cents worth of ice cream free of charge. Clever isn't he?

Then there was the sweet young thing who bought a bicycle so she could peddle it out in the country.



M.E. Student: "Could you help me with this problem?"

M.E. Professor: "I could, but I don't think that it would be quite right."

M.E. Student: "Well go ahead and take a shot at it anyway."

WHOLESALE

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Blank Page

The editor visited me last night. I knew it was the editor. I'd seen his picture in Voo Doo. He stayed long enough to aid me on the path of righteousness by taking my last cigarette, borrowing a bottle of scotch, and provided me with peace and quiet by escorting my girl home. In the process he casually informed me that I was scheduled for a page in the next issue.

Having only three quizzes and a humanities paper due the next day, I dropped everything and started to create. I woke three hours later and decided to write an epic poem, the worthy successor to the Divine Comedy. One hour later I had done this; but careful rereading revealed it WAS the Divine Comedy. "Oh well. No one reads epic poetry anyway."

"Then the hell with 'em. Let them eat cake. I'll write a sex story. They don't care what it's about, as long as she undresses in the third paragraph. What was that Esquire story about? Ah yes. Change the blonde to a brunette and I'm in."

He was Mike Knocker. He was big, he was tough, he was a private dick. He kicked his way through the bar's bamboo door, and spotted HER at the other end of the room, tastefully draped over three bar stools. An alcoholic fog moved toward him. She threw her arms about him. Their perfumed breaths mingled. Vodka, Hoffenreffer, Ireland's finest, Old Tennis Shoes, Kentucky burboun, and garlic in one glorious olfactory event.

With typical masculine assertiveness he waited until she had paid the bill and then masterfully dragged her out to the car. He drove wildly, madly, recklessly, stopping for all the red lights. He carelessly parked a mere four feet from the curb and together they navigated the stairs to his room. He shut the door; they looked at each other . . .

The I remembered that the powers that be had inaugurated a reform movement. Sex on only every other page.

"Poetry. That's it. If I'm very obscure they'll think I'm a genius. Writing poetry is hard work though. I know. I'll take poems from old issues of Voo Doo and string their first lines together.

*Girls, girls, pretty little girls
amidst the savages,
Oh, cow—
Twice a year he laughs, they say
A voice cries out in the darkness to
You who stand there wondering
Loneliness is fantasy.*

This is good. I like it. It moves me deeply. It has a profound personal appeal. As a matter of fact it's too personal to vulgarize by printing."

"An essay. I'll write an essay and not even mention sex. And they said I couldn't do it. Let's see, you can write an essay on anything, except that I'm not going to refer to sex. But what else is there? 'Butterfly Catching,' 'How to Milk Abnormal Cows,'—No, that's concerned with sex.—'Model Aircraft Painting,' . . . No, these would require more thought than I have beer. Besides, it's late and I'm tired. I'll try something about which I know nothing. I'll write about writing."

"The editor visited me last night. I knew . . .

"If they won't print that, they can leave the damn page blank." (Editor's note—See Title.)

—Gordon and Teplitz

The coolest record lately is one with Christine on one side and Liberace on the other. The selections are, "There's Been a Change in Me," and "He's Funny That Way."



His wife lay on her deathbed. She pleaded, "Jerry, I want you to promise me that you'll ride in the same car with my mother at the funeral."

He sighed, "Okay, but it's going to ruin my whole day."

"Well, my boy," said the new minister to the three-year old, "what did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Aw, I got a little red chair," said the kid, "but it ain't much good. It's got a hole in the bottom of of it."



A prosperous looking man entered a restaurant and ordered an expensive dinner, including appetizer, wine, liqueur and all the trimmings. The meal completed, he sent for the manager. "Do you remember me?" the diner asked him.

"Why, no—I'm afraid not," replied the manager.

"Don't you remember a man who came here about eight months ago, ordered an expensive meal and then couldn't pay for it?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And do you remember throwing him out like a dog?"

"Why, yes," answered the embarrassed manager. "I believe I do remember."

"Well," said the man complacently, "afraid I'll have to trouble you again."



He: Operator, please. I must get that girl to answer.

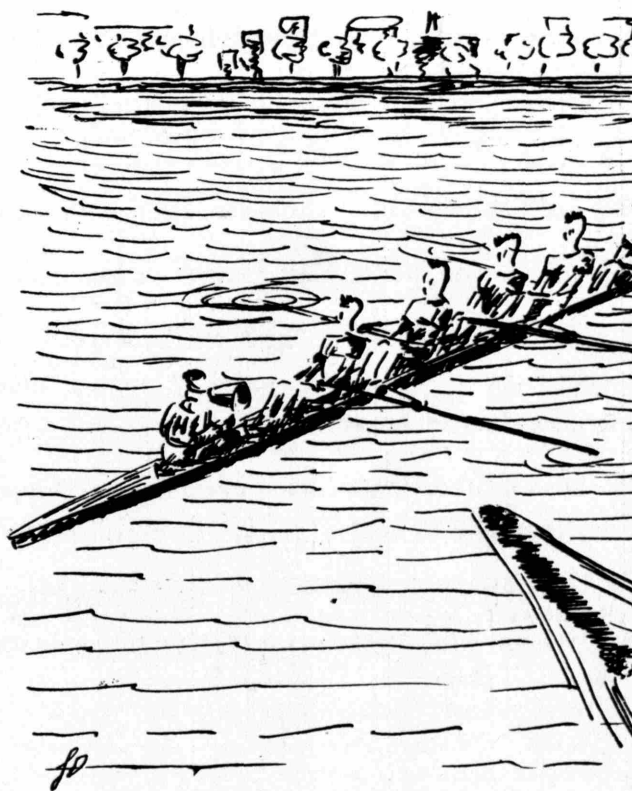
Operator: Yes, sir. I'm plugging for you.

A farm wife was being interviewed by a social worker, intent on filling out the survey studded with interminable and intimate questions.

The interviewer was bent on learning how the subject spent the day. Patiently the farm wife detailed her duties, from the rising hour of five-thirty, through the cooking, cleaning, mending, and so on and on.

"Yes, yes," said the interviewer, a trifle impatiently, "but your free time. What do you do with your free time?"

The woman considered the question a moment, then replied: "I go to the out-house."



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Books printed before 1945 say that we are now living in the age of steel. The AEC says we're living in the atomic age. My sister claims we're living in the age of sex, but that's probably wishful thinking. I, however, know better; we are living in the age of controversy. Life today is just one big argument. In fact the illiterate little urchin I employ to read newspapers for me (I get depressed too easily) reports that there is at present widespread controversy as to the merits of controversy. Of course THE controversial subject today (It must be. I plan to discuss it in the next paragraph) is the question of whether or not murder may be justified by the circumstances under which it is committed.

I reply emphatically in the affirmative. (Yes.) I am ill and fatigued of having sweet young things gush at me, "Oh, you go to M.I.T. Do you know Ezekial Throgmorton?" The next time this happens blood will flow. I'm not sure whether it will be Zeke's or the sweet young thing's, but somebody is going to bite the dust and it's not going to be me. (I hope.)

A friend of mine met the girl of his dreams recently. She had never seen a dormitory before. He kicked his room mate out of the way, turned a few lights out, and enfolded her in the best tradition of Gregory Peck. It was no use. She had names of seventeen people she wondered if he knew. He never recovered.

There was one time when I thought I had this problem licked. Someone introduced me to the mythical small-town creature who has just arrived in the big city. I was confident that she didn't even know any people let alone M.I.T. students. It turned out, though, that she had a friend who had once gone out

with a boy and did I happen to know a kid from Baker named . . . This sort of thing discourages one.

(This space reserved for loud sobbing.)

But I plan to fight this thing. I've been working like a beaver night and day, or at least thinking about working like a beaver. I shall go down fighting, with the battle cry on my lips, "He was never accepted; and if he was he flunked out; and if he didn't nobody knows him anyway."

—Vic Teplitz

Poise is that quality which enables you to buy a new pair of shoes while ignoring the hole in your sock.



Little Mickey, five years old, was walking along the street with little Joan, four. Mickey remembered his mother's teachings.

"Let me hold your hand," he valiantly offered.

"Okay," exclaimed little Joan, "but I want you to know that you're playing with fire."

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Sex is the thing that puts writing on a paying basis and makes psychology professors respectable.



"I see you are not a gentleman," hissed the woman on the street corner, as the wind swept her skirts over her head.

"No," replied the male, "and I see you aren't either."



Who you shovin'?
Dunno. What's your name?



Courtship causes a man to spoon; marriage to fork over.

"Why don't you take the street-car home, my good man," said the bystander to the drunk.

"Shnow ushe," mumbled the inebriate sadly, "m'wife wouldn't let me keep it inna houshe."



You all have heard a lot of talk about the good will. That's strictly bunk, friends. They will not!



For Oscar Barr
Please shed a tear.
He cranked his car,
'Twas still in gear.



Gypsy Rose dressed very thin.
Gypsy Rose sat on a pin.
Gypsy Rose.

Loud mouths don't have to worry about food shortages. They usually eat their words.



"How about some old-fashioned loving?"

"All right, I'll call grandma."



Said the sweet young thing to the fraternity boy as they alighted from the airplane, "That's the first experience I've had in the air."



"Call me a taxi."
"Okay, you're a taxi."



Coed Student: Darnit, I'll stand on my head or bust.

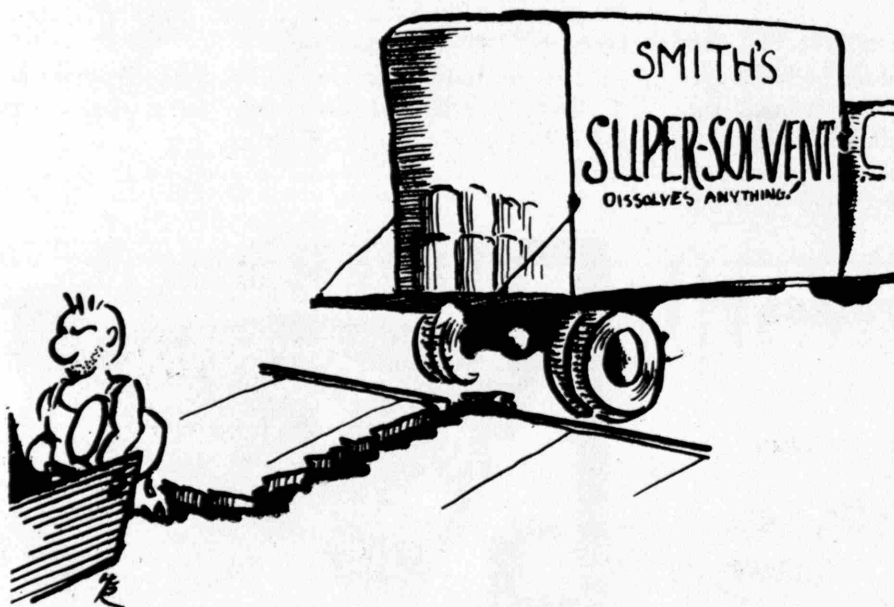
Teacher: Just your head will do.



He: "I suppose you dance."
She: "I love too."
He: "Great, that's better than dancing."



The birds do it
The bees do it
The bats do it
Join the Air Force.



THE RAPE OF A GRAPE

*dedicated to all the girls who might someday drive
us to raping grapes.*

After years filled with weekends
Of rotgut booze and slutty women—
My senses began to rebel
Against this common form of carnal sin.

New stimulation was what I desired—
I thought—
 Pondered—
 and searched—
Until—
 Out of the blue—
 I grew inspired—
And this, dear reader, is what transpired.

To Rape a Grape, I thought,
As I ran to Stop and Shop,
Was a thing not done before—
A notable addition to our folklore.



To the fruit counter
With agility I ran—
"A grape, a grape, I wish to purchase but one,
Wrap it please, my good man."

Queerly did he look upon me,
Thinking—

—No doubt—

That I belonged among his produce,
For, poor fool, he did not see
That it was the grape I was about to seduce.

Back to my room I hastened,
My joy increasing by leaps and bounds—
For by my little whimsey
I was about to outdo Dr. Kinsey.

My happiness was then destroyed—
My plan was torn asunder
When—
 To my dismay—
 I looked at the grape—
And could not determine its gender.

—L. G.



The Unified Briggs

A new theory, hitherto a part of the private Proceedings, has been made public by the publishing of a completely revolutionary text that will undoubtedly render science as we know it today, obsolete.

Das Einfachunschwere Basisch — Elementarish Gang-Leicht Theori-

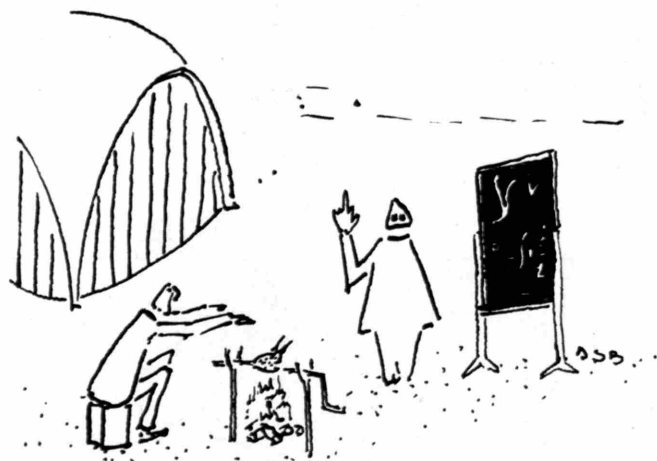
published by Technology Press

The Inception

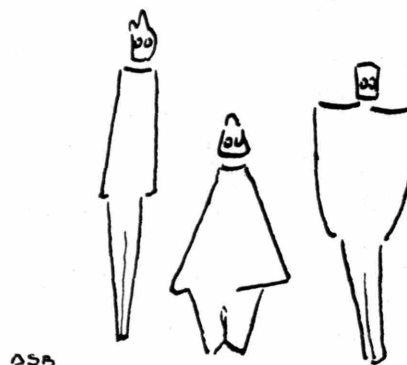
A number of years ago, three M.I.T. Professors in Physics and Mathematics made application to the United States Government for a research grant. After much red tape, they were referred to the State Department Lost and Found from which they received an endowment of twenty-five dollars a month plus twelve cartons of K rations.

Following the precedent set by Fermi at Scraggs Field behind the Chicago Stadium, these three scientists began work at Briggs Field behind the Vassar Street Stadium. History shall place them by the side of such mental giants as Aristotle, Newton and Einstein. Doctor Barflington himself has said, "The educated world will pay homage to,

Professor Fradley
Professor Terdley
Professor Smedley."



Professor Smedley conjectures
with Professor Fradley



Professors Smedley, Fradley, and Terdley
(left to right)

The Theory

A short synopsis by Professor Smedley

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I am a genius.

Professor Smedley

The point of departure from conventionality was a thorough analysis of two physico-mathematical constants which we felt had not been rigorously analyzed.

Let Cna be the *correct numerical answer* to a problem P . Let Ina be the *incorrect numerical answer* to the same problem. We arbitrarily define a new constant Ff , the *Finagle Factor*;

$$Ff \ Ina = Cna \quad (1)$$

Similarly we define Bf , the *Bugger Factor*

$$\frac{Ina}{Bf} = Cna \quad (2)$$

It can immediately be seen that

$$Ff = \frac{1}{Bf} \quad (3)$$

and therefore

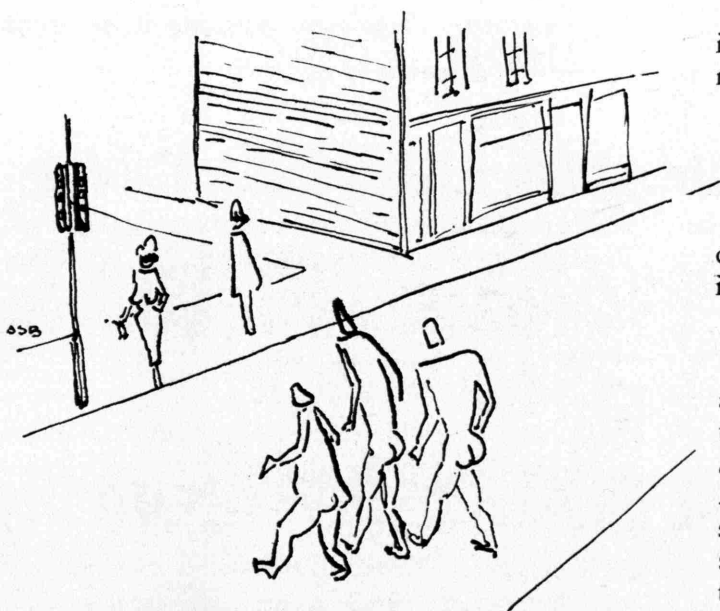
$$f^2 = \frac{1}{BF} \quad (4)$$

The proof is left as an exercise for the reader.

Field Theory

We have now arrived at a significant result; a new factor, f or the *Farblungent Factor* has been defined. Barflington suggested that we name it in honor of Farblungent in Germany, whose work on the Theory of Infinite Erector Sets is familiar to every student of mathematics.

Realizing that we had come across something big, we communicated our results to Barflington in England who sent encouragement from the Royal Society. Thereafter we worked like men inspired; I and my colleagues spared neither our assistants or ourselves in our work. We would forget to eat, sleep, and dress; research completely occupied our every waking thought.



A new term had to be derived. The *Finagle* and *Bugger Factors* are defined only for numerical problems.

For the general case, let A , a polynomial real or imaginary in any number of unknowns be the *answer to a non numerical problem P*. Let K be any other polynomial of the same form *having nothing at all to do with the problem P*. We propose a new constant **THE SMEDLEY CONSTANT** (named after myself) with the symbol*.



The **SMEDLEY CONSTANT** is unique in mathematics in that it is a variable constant.

Now $K \int \text{[hand symbol]} = A$ by definition (5)

Since [hand symbol] is a constant, it can be taken out of the integral sign

$$K \text{[hand symbol]} \int = A$$

This is not an integral of anything; it is a non integral of nothing or as we say in mathematics a non-non integral or *Disintegral*. Therefore

$$K \text{[hand symbol]} f = A \quad (7)$$

Where f is the *disintegration constant*. That the constant of disintegration f is also the *Finagle Factor* is not just an accident; it is intuitively obvious.

Since [hand symbol] is a variable constant it may take any value that makes equation (7) correct. We have therefore a powerful new method for obtaining the *answer A to any problem P* from *any incorrect answer K*. The application of this to all branches of science are tremendous. Professor Terdley has designed a small calculator (inset 3) that operates on this principle. Mathematics is thus seen to be trivial.

Physical Applications

A description by Professor Terdley

Mother Nature does not shoot craps.

Professor Terdley

*When we first arrived at the concept of the **SMEDLEY CONSTANT**, it became classified information and we took all possible security precautions. Instead of mentioning it aloud, the speaker would raise his right hand in a fist, extending only his middle finger in a vertical position and everyone immediately understood what he meant by it. The use of the symbol is now apparent.

As soon as we came upon the disintegration constant, we asked, "What is its half life?" I have succeeded in isolating a new particle named the Barf in honor of Barflington of England who has given us so much encouragement. It is believed that the Barf is the basic unit of matter.

("Even basicer" said Professor Fradley recently.)

Some of the unusual properties of the Barf have already been demonstrated. It appears that when the Barf or a derivative is dropped into a test tube with an unknown, it immediately turns the correct color, gives off the right volume of gas at any specified temperature, and leaves the proper residue in precise amounts by weight as predicted by theory. If the residue is poured onto a piece of filterpaper it separates into curious crystal formations which actually form letter combinations such as



This unusual property reduces all chemistry to a triviality.

In Physics however, Professor Fradley surpassed himself in the most brilliant work done so far. The remarkable simplicity of this method makes one wonder why no physicists discovered it before Professor Fradley did.

"Too stupid" explained Professor Fradley recently. A single example will suffice;

Everyone knows

$$S = S_0 + V_0 t + \frac{1}{2} a t^2, \quad (8)$$

and

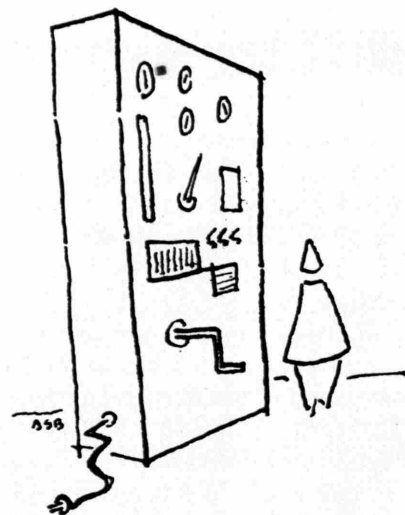
$$E = i r \quad (9)$$

Furthermore,

$$S = \frac{E d}{e} \quad (10)$$

Therefore;

$$\frac{i r d}{e} = S_0 + V_0 t + \frac{1}{2} a t^2 \quad (11)$$



Professor Terdley's calculator for solving complex equations. Plug is for plugging it in; crank is for cranking it out.

and we have arrived at a completely new formula which formerly no one would ever have thought of. We could go on like this indefinitely. The important thing to see is that everything is related to everything else by substitution. A few other theorems may be stated;

$$\begin{aligned} 2n &= m \\ O + / &= Q \\ L + F &= E \end{aligned} \quad (12 \text{ a,b,c})$$

by superposition

The last theorem incidentally has been used successfully by Professor Fradley to prove

$$F \nabla m a \quad (13)$$

Everybody go home.

—Phil Pearle

In view of the fact that final exams are almost upon us, the following mottos and slogans are reprinted from various sources. If they fail to inspire you we won't be hurt in the least. The idea is to paste them in conspicuous places, e.g. on the ceiling above your bed. Here we go.

THINK.

I WILL WORK HARDER NEXT TERM.

I WILL WORK MUCH HARDER NEXT TERM.

I MUST NOT FLUNK 8.03 FOR THE
THIRD TIME.

AM I GETTING MY MONEY'S WORTH?

EVERYONE IS AGAINST ME BUT I
DON'T CARE.

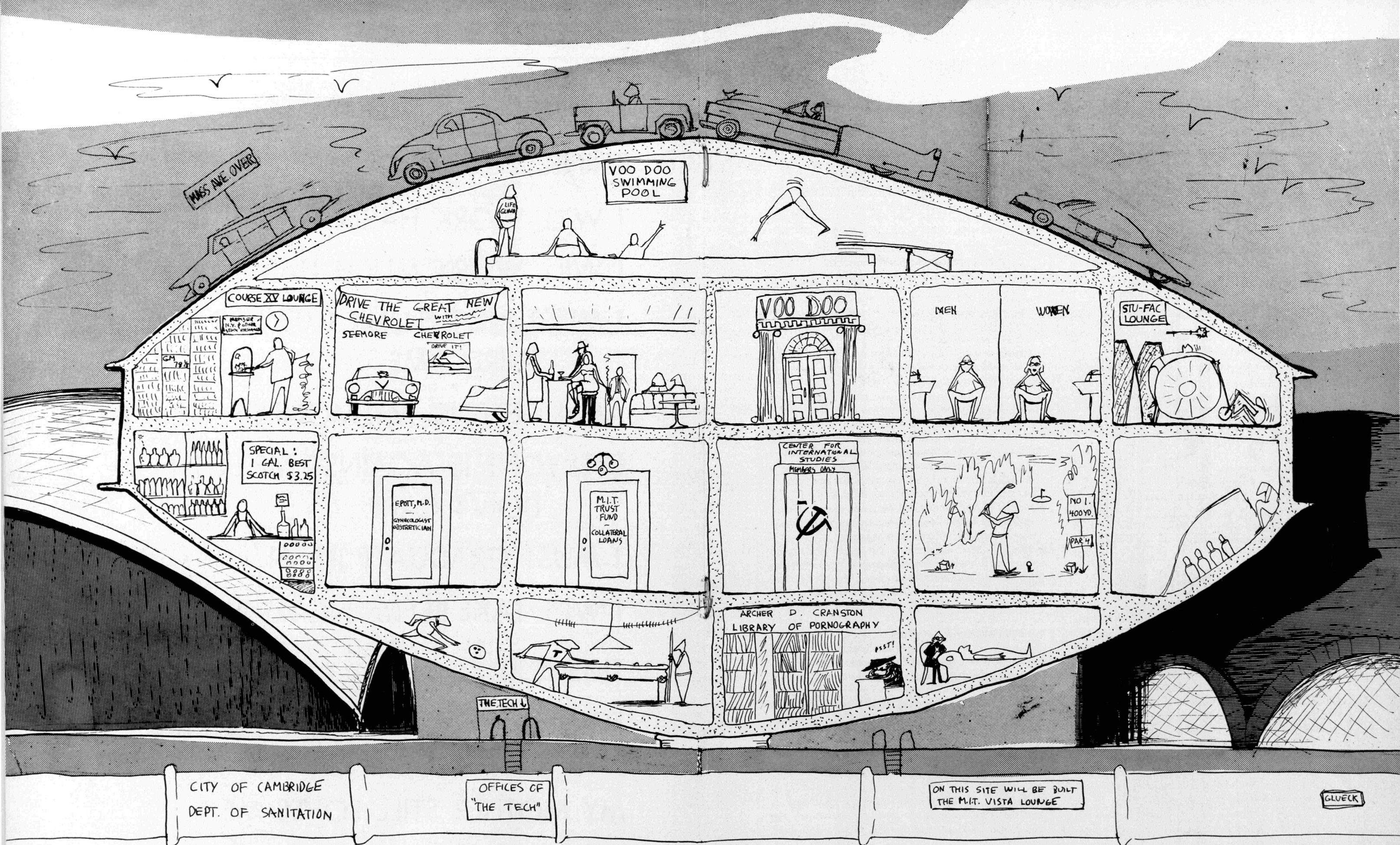
I MUST GRADUATE IN '61.

I WILL TAKE BETTER NOTES NEXT TERM.

THIS IS IT.

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, MONTRESSOR.

MY MOTHER STILL LOVES ME.



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DEPT. OF SANITATION

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GLUECK

A STUDENT UNION AS VOO DOO SEES IT

"How Do Voo Doo Do To Who?"

Majestic monuments mystifying mortified mourners,
Symbolic syllogism saluting stupified souls,
Greenish gewgaws gratifying garrulous gawkers,
Lumbering lummoxes leaping like leering louts, . . .

That's what *I* like about the South.

—Gormley



The Irriwaddy was adrift,
The tiger on the prow;
A horned tree toad was standing there,
Dining on an owl.
Why breatheth thou so mustily?
Why fares the air so foul?

It is a Brontosaurus,
Having risen from the dead!
With weight of ninety thousand tons
And brain inside its head,
Is it really Diplodocus
Or Tyrannosaur instead?

—Mike



The moon was yellow; the lane was bright;
She looked at me in that autumn light,
Her every gesture—her every glance
Gave me the impression that she craved romance;
I stammered, stuttered; time went by—
The moon was yellow . . .
and so was I.

—Black Angus

Oh, alcohol runs through my veins
And yeast multiplies in my liver
The stuff gets distilled in my brain
It flows down my spine like a river.

This makes me financially secure
Of a lifetime of ease I am sure
I produce the finest vermouth
For—I urinate 98 proof.

—Pearle



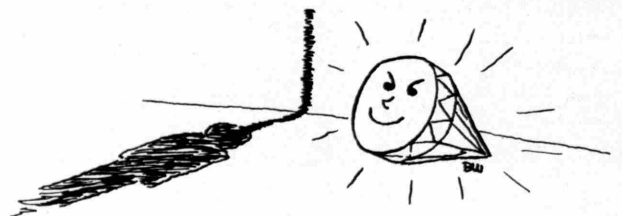
The geologist was puzzled—
Why a granite diamond here?
And how could quartz be purple-shaped?
He scratched behind his ear.

He took his seismographic chart
And Geiger counter, too;
With oscilloscope and Alpenstock,
And haircut that was crew.

He took a sample guano—
In his work he must persist—
And when he tested it, he found
That it could not exist.

His mind was going crazy,
It was drifting with the tide;
And so, in face of disrepute,
He committed suicide.

— Balderston



"DEUS EX MACHINA"

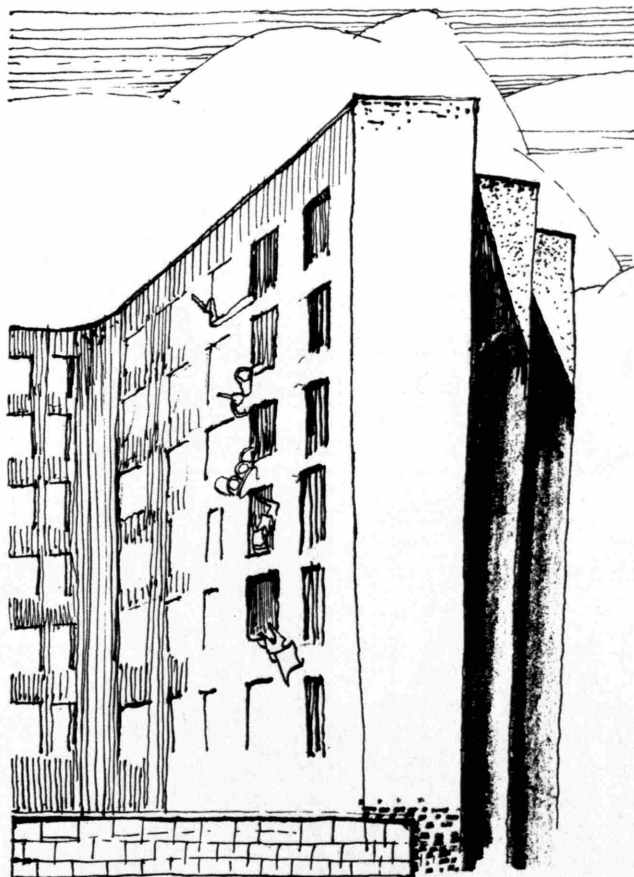
They were together for the last time. As usual, Jake's room was the scene. And as usual, Jake's beer was the catalyst needed to loosen the taciturn tongues that inhabit the mouths of Tech men.

It was strange that the usual air of frivolity was missing. There were no quizzes to dampen their gayety, and through some queer logic it followed that there was no gayety to dampen. The normal topics of sex, studies, and salaries were lacking. No kisses were magnified into conquests, no B's into A's, no sixty dollar a week jobs into hundred dollar plus positions. Instead there was a mood which among normal students would be called sentimental, but which among Tech students would be given the more dignified appellation: reflective. Twenty-four hours hence would find them scattering to the four corners of the globe; graduation was here.

They talked of everything and nothing; but gradually it became apparent that what they really spoke of was themselves and their contemporaries. The center of discussion (as he had been for the past four years) was John Whitely.

John was tall, dark, and handsome. He was a brilliant student, and an outstanding athlete. He possessed all these inner qualities and added to them the benefit of a car, money and a well-stocked liquor cabinet. By definition he should have been disliked intensely by his friends. Perhaps his most outstanding achievement was that those who should have envied him the most turned out to be his staunchest supporters. John was all things to all men (and women); scholar, humorist, athlete, (and lover). John was a Tech man.

The conversation droned on. Someone recalled the time that John had kept five women in the dorm during Christmas vacation (on different floors, of course). Three for himself, the remaining two to placate the authorities. Someone retorted with the manner in which John had satisfied his humanities requirements. He had built an analyzer to grasp the deep significance of the works read. Not content with this humble achievement six months later he improved it so that it also wrote his papers. (All A's, naturally.) Lending the machine at the proper times had cinched his election to the presidency of the student body. The hours went by with more of John's exploits being rehashed; the time he went to New York for a week, became lost on Wall Street and



pyramided the seventy-five dollars in his pocket into two seats on the Stock Exchange; the time Tech won the IC4A meets with one entry—John.

Some nonentity remarked that John's parents must be extremely proud of their son. In reply the remark was made that John's parents were not in town for the exercises. This prompted somebody to ask, "Where is John from, anyway?"

A pregnant silence. John's life at Tech was an open book; strange that no one knew where his home was.

At this point, John strolled in and helped himself to the last beer. The question was repeated, this time directed towards John.

The can of Bud paused halfway to his lips. He seemed to meditate for a moment and then with an air of relief, answered, "I'm not—I was created in the biology labs."

—Gordon and Teplitz

1



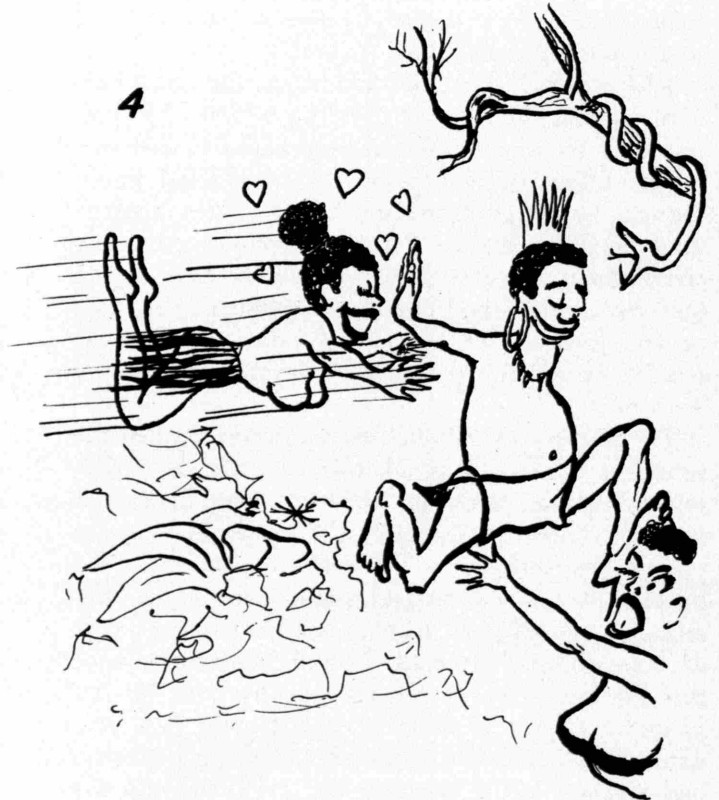
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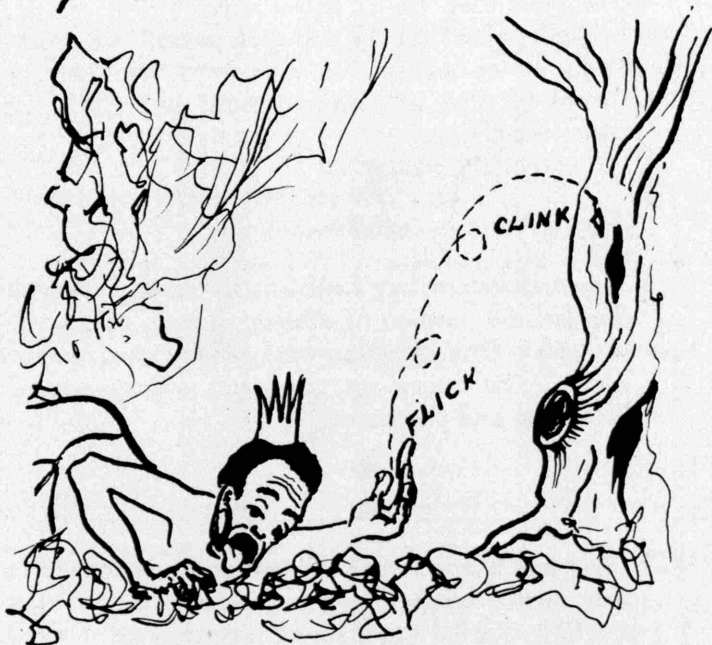
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7



8



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A salesman on his way to the coast got off the train at Cheyenne. He saw some Indians selling rugs.

"How much for that rug?" he asked one of them.

"Ugh," replied the Indian. "Fifty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty dollars."

"Ugh. Fifty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty-one dollars."

"Ugh. Fifty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty-two dollars."

"Ugh. Fifty dollars."

"Look," said the man, "the train is going to start. I will give you twenty-five dollars. Take it or leave it."

The Indian looked at him.

"Say," he said, "vot do you expect? Boggins like Menhetten Island every day?"



The farm bloc of a state legislature was resisting the request for a raise in salary for the teachers of its small agricultural college. Finally, a faculty committee traveled to the capital to make a personal plea. "The work is easy," grumbled one farmer-representative. "I don't imagine you fellows teach more than 10, 11 hours a day."

"Sir," replied the faculty spokesman, "we teachers are a lot like one of your bulls. It's not the amount of time we spend. It's the importance of what we do."

They got their raise.



A midwestern city held a civil service examination for the position of athletic director of its public parks. One question was: "Name two ancient sports." To which an applicant soberly replied: "Anthony and Cleopatra."



When a French Lady Representative managed to close all the brothels in France after the war, they promptly opened up again as private clubs. Shortly afterwards an elderly gentleman, unaware of the change, knocked at the door of one of the "clubs." Having been instructed to maintain the impression that he was working for a private club, the doorman first asked: "Active member?"

"I hope so," the old man replied.



A woman was being followed by a man. She started to walk faster and thought she had eluded him. When she got home she locked the door and felt safe. But when she suddenly looked around there he was right in the house.

"You've got a nerve to follow me. If my husband came home right now he'd kill you. You don't know what a man my husband is. He'd kill you."

Just then they heard a key in the door.

"Where'll I go?" said the man.

"In the wardrobe closet."

The husband came in and embraced his wife.

"Gee, how I missed you while I was on the road, darling," he said. "How I missed you."

Then he heard something in the closet. He opened the door and saw the man.

"You dirty rat!" he snarled. "Haven't I seen you some place before?"

"Yes, in my house in Pittsburgh. That makes us even."



A motion-picture theater had an anniversary and for that reason charged only five cents for admission. When the show was over a prize of five thousand dollars was given to the lucky ticket holder. The winner was brought up on the stage. He accepted the prize and started off without saying a word. The manager immediately stopped him.

"This is a big moment in our theater," he said. "I want your reaction. Tell the audience how it feels to come in here for five cents and walk out with five thousand dollars?"

The winner cleared his throat. "Not bad—but I still say the picture was rotten!"

The oysters found a fine new bed several miles up the sound. All the oysters were very happy except Ellie Oyster, who sat sobbing under some seaweed. "What is the matter?" asked Poppa Oyster. "We have a beautiful new home, there's nothing for you to cry about." "Oh, yes, there is," wailed Ellie. "Clarence Crawfish will never be able to find me now and I love him with all my heart." "But does Clarence Crawfish reciprocate your devotion?" "Indeed he does," Ellie assured her father. "The last night before we moved upstream he took me in his arms. First he kissed me, here, on the forehead. Then he . . . My God, Daddy, My pearl!"

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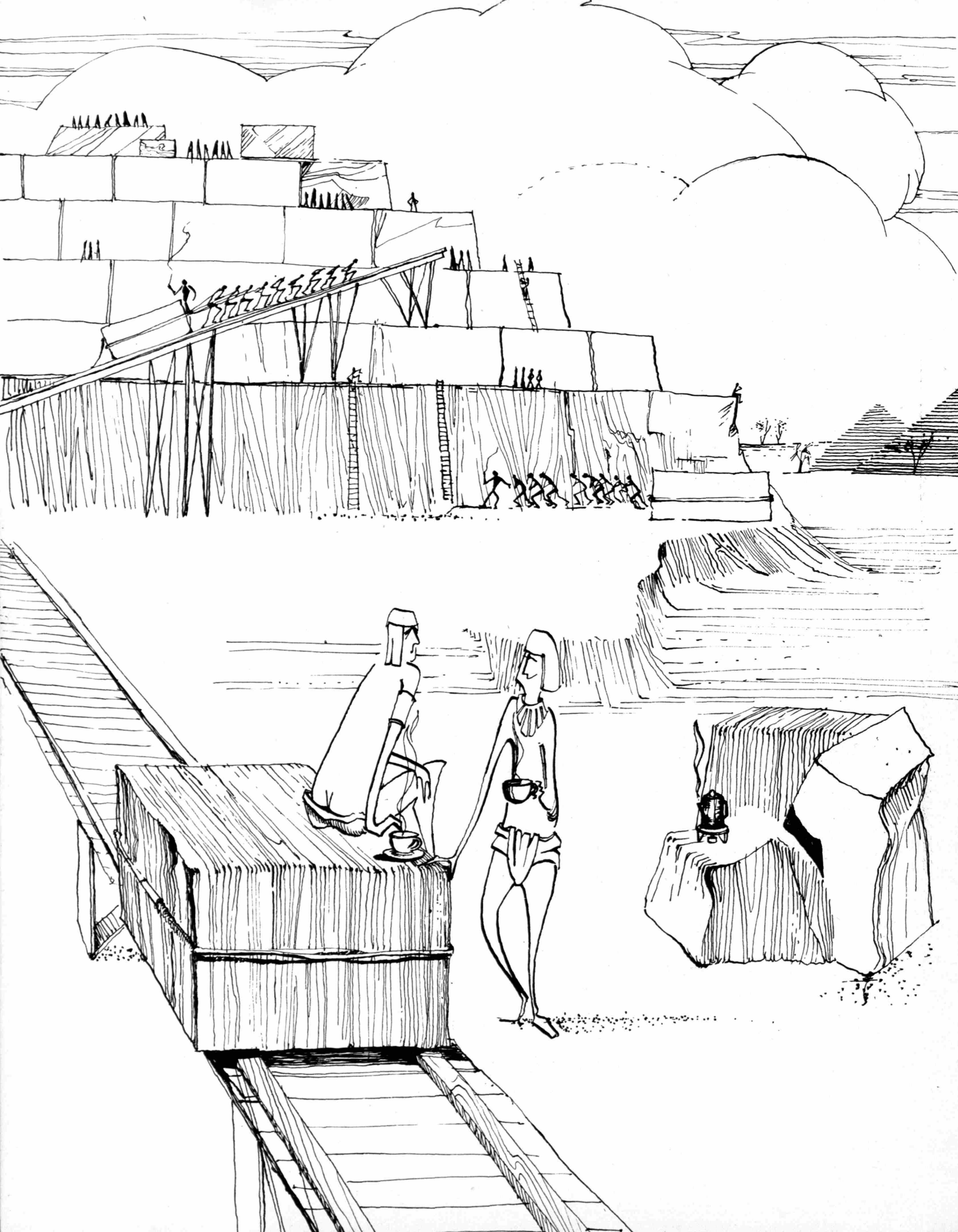
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And Still be Forever Still

The night came, her shadows creeping softly from pole to pole. Once more, the earth and her dwellers spurned the sun. Once more, another change came to the lives of men.

She lay on her untidy bed, the covers fitfully cast aside told of the uneasy condition of her mind. Sleep was impossible for she was haunted by thoughts of her loved one. He had once loved her too, in the time of eternal spring. Cast down somewhere on the sands of time was a rose she had given him. She was thinking of this rose and what it had meant for him to take it. Hopeless was the life that now confronted her. She got up and went to the window. The rancid nectar of the city flowed in upon her. Below her she saw life, maybe, she thought, a new life for her. Yet, every person she saw reminded her of him and every action she saw reminded her of what he had done. The hopelessness droned on. She wanted to live again—to know certainty, but all she found was reality. The miasma of truth, paradox, was around her. Fate turned on a magnet, and she moved. To escape, to get away from it all, was now her desire. She dressed hurriedly, even put on a new blouse that she had recently bought. She descended to the street.

The city welcomed her with noise and clamor. She did not notice it. She did not see the amiable cat that wanted to be petted. A cool wind blew in off the river. It beckoned to her. The docks were lighted and the red eye of a coal barge glistened on the water. She was looking for him, but would not admit it to herself. A lone sailor strolled past her. He was handsome and he reminded her of him. She quickened her step. The sailor smiled a smile that ever so slightly hinted of a sneer. She wanted to believe that the sailor was really her lover come back. She knew if she took the sailor home with her he would do the same thing, maybe then she could believe? The sailor helped her unlock the door. She was very lonely.

The night was dissolved by the power of the dawn. Once more the earth and her dwellers turned toward the sun. Once more, another change came to the lives of men.

—Jim Dow

A theatre usher was astonished to see a big brown bear sitting in the front row munching a bag of peanuts.

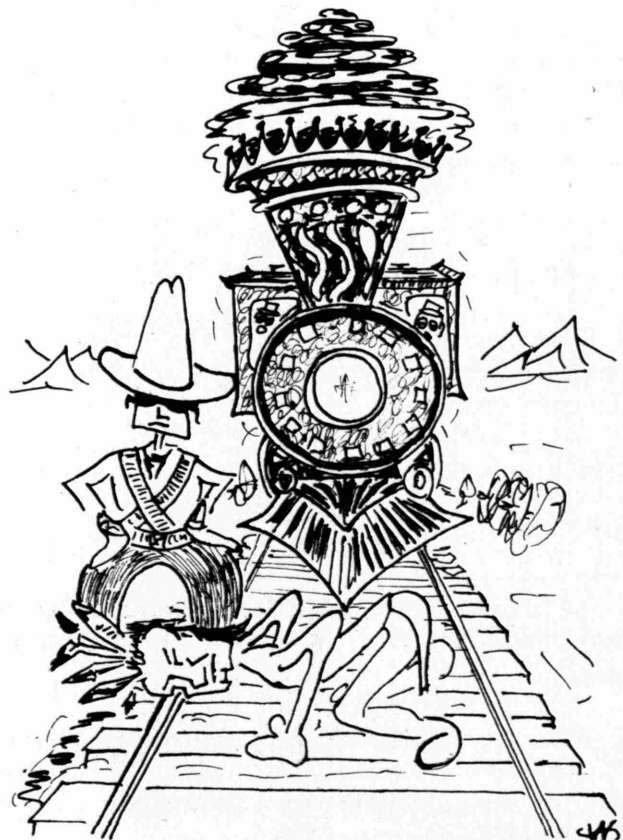
"Hey," he whispered, "Where'd you get the peanuts? I thought the machine was broken."



She's got what it takes; only she's had it so long nobody wants it.



She fell upon the icy pave,
And a man who watched her whirls,
Said, "There you'll have to lie, my dear;
I never pick up girls."



Ugh Kemosabe, Train Come Plenty fast

The efficiency expert died and they were giving him a fancy funeral. The six pall-bearers were carrying the casket out of the church when suddenly the lid popped open, and the efficiency expert sat bolt upright and shouted, "If you'd put this thing on wheels, you could lay off four men."



"This has all been very interesting madame, but I am no longer with Dr. Kinsey."



"Willie."

"Yes, Maw."

"How many times must I tell you that the cuspidor is to spit in?"



A mother, trying to keep her little girl from sucking her thumb, told her that if she didn't stop, she would blow up and bust. A few days later, they were riding on a bus; sitting opposite was a woman who was well on her way to becoming a mother. There was a sudden hush as the little girl, looking at the woman with a knowing eye, said, "I bet I know how you got that way."



Didja hear about the farmer who looked for a needle in the haystack because that's where his daughter usually did her fancy work?



An actor had been called as a witness. On the stand he was asked: "What sort of an actor are you?"

"I? I am the best actor in the world."

When he was leaving the courtroom another actor stopped him and said, "How could you sit there and tell the judge that you were the best actor in the world?"

"I had to, I was under oath."

When a girl says she's got a boyish figure, it's usually straight from the shoulder.



Prof: What is the difference between a little boy and a dwarf?

Student: There might be a lot of difference.

Prof: For instance?

Student: The dwarf might be a girl.

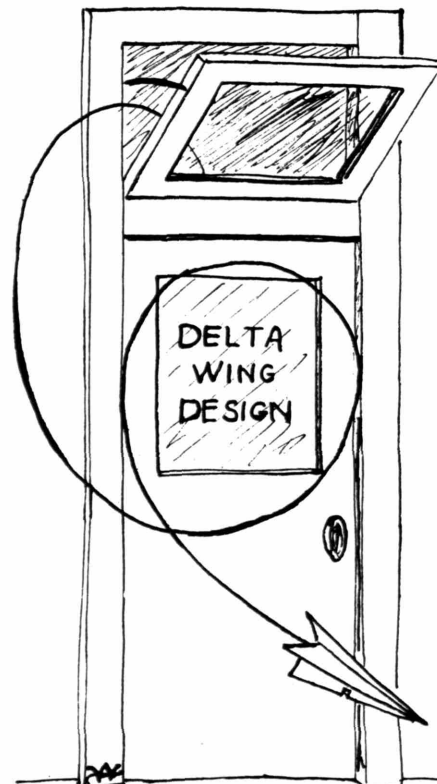


"What color bathing suit was Kate wearing?"

"I couldn't tell. She had her back turned."



To hell with the expense. Give that canary another seed!



Having been married 20 years, a couple decided to celebrate by taking a little trip. While talking over their plans one evening, the husband now and then glanced into the next room where a little old lady sat knitting. "The only thing," he said in a hushed voice, "is that for once I'd like to be by ourselves. I'd like to take this trip without your mother."

"My mother!" she exclaimed. "I thought she was your mother!"



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."



"Hey, you guys, where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"

"Nope."

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Just a gag?"

"Nope."

"Well, what is the matter with him?"

"Dead."



A Communist is a guy who says everything is perfect in Russia but likes to stay here and rough it.



Two cockroaches lunched in a dirty old sewer and excitedly discussed the spotless, glistening new restaurant in the neighborhood from which they had been barred.

"I hear," said one, "that the refrigerators shine like polished silver. The shelves are clean as a whistle. The floors sparkle like diamonds. It's so clean . . ."

"Please," said the second in disgust, nibbling on a mouldy roll. "Not while I'm eating."

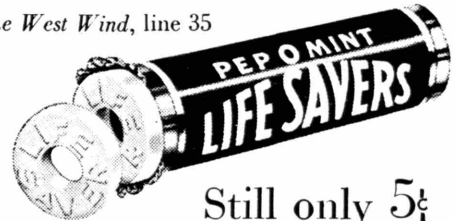
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from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



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"Il faut être à Boston pour trouver dans le vieux port un restaurant-tea room où l'on joue les grands chefs-d'œuvre de Beethoven, Chopin et Liszt—et où le menu porte cette remarque 'On est prié de parler doucement pendant que le piano se fait entendre'..."

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75 YEAR OLD WOMAN: I've eaten moderately. I work hard. I don't drink or smoke. I keep good hours.

REPORTER: Have you ever been bed-ridden?

OLD WOMAN: Yes, many times, but don't put that in the paper.



A woman took her two-year-old son Sidney to the doctor.

"Doctor," she said, "we're having trouble with Sidney. He doesn't seem to be interested in food."

"A child is no different from a grown-up," said the doctor. "You've got to give music, entertainment of some kind to interest him in food. Tell him a fairy story while he's eating."

So the next morning at breakfast the woman decided to tell her son a fairy story.

"Sidney," she said, "there was a girl called Cinderella. Take the grape juice."

Sidney took the grape juice.

"So Cinderella said—Go ahead, take the cereal."

Sidney took the cereal.

"Now Cinderella had two sisters. They weren't very nice. Eat the eggs, Sidney."

Sidney ate the eggs and the rest of his breakfast, too. In fact, the kid now weighs a hundred and eighty pounds and hasn't heard the end of that story yet.



"That man made love to me, Judge," said the plaintiff in the breach of promise suit. "He promised to marry me, and then he married another woman. He broke my heart and I want \$10,000."

She got it.

The next case was a damage suit brought by a woman who had been run over by an automobile and had three ribs broken. She was awarded \$300.

Moral: Don't break their hearts, kick 'em in the ribs.



I was weekending with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident, I happened, one day, on the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat, I immediately sought out my host, who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up and out of his book and regarded me for a moment.

The English are a phlegmatic race.

"Skinny old thing, isn't she?" he remarked.



The sweet young thing waited impatiently at the tie counter of a department store, obviously in a hurry to be waited on, yet not able to make up her mind. The two male clerks ignored her for some time, carrying on a lengthy conversation with each other.

She bit her lips, looked at her watch repeatedly and finally, to attract attention, tapped her toe impatiently against the counter. The salesman finally walked over to her. "May I help you, madam?"

"Yes," she said, holding up two ties for his approval. "Which of these would you prefer with a tweed suit, if you were a man?"



A lawyer was sitting in his office one day when a woman entered unannounced and, without preliminaries, declared that she wanted a divorce. "On what grounds?" the attorney asked. She replied that she did not think her husband was faithful. "And what makes you think that he isn't faithful?" quizzed the attorney. "Well," the lady replied, "I don't think he's the father of my child."

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First Communist: Nice day.
 Second Communist: Yah, but
 the rich are having it too.



Visitor—Why does your Grand-
 ma just sit there and read the Bi-
 ble all day?
 Little Boy—I think she's cram-
 ming for the final.



Do people make fun of you
 when you step out on the dance
 floor?

Next time, bring a girl.



"I think John and Alice were
 the cutest-looking couple on the
 floor last night."

"Oh, were you at the dance
 last night?"

"No, I went to a house party."

"Mr. Jones, this is Miss Smith.
 "How do you do, Miss Smith."
 "Howah y'all, Mistah Jones."
 "Are you going to school, Miss
 Smith?"

"Oh, mercy, yes. Ah go to a li'l
 ole school in Cha'lston, So'th Ca'-
 lina."

"How long have you been go-
 ing there?"

"O, why silly, this is mah first
 yeah down theah."

"And where did you go before
 that?"

"Well, I graduated from my
 home town high school in Grand
 Rapids, Michigan."



How about the Scotchman who
 told little children ghost stories
 instead of buying Ex-Lax?

"One seat for tonight's show,
 well forward, center, and down-
 stairs. Do you have it?"

"Can you play a violin?"



Mixed emotion is when you
 discover that you have spotted the
 first robin and the first robin has
 spotted you.



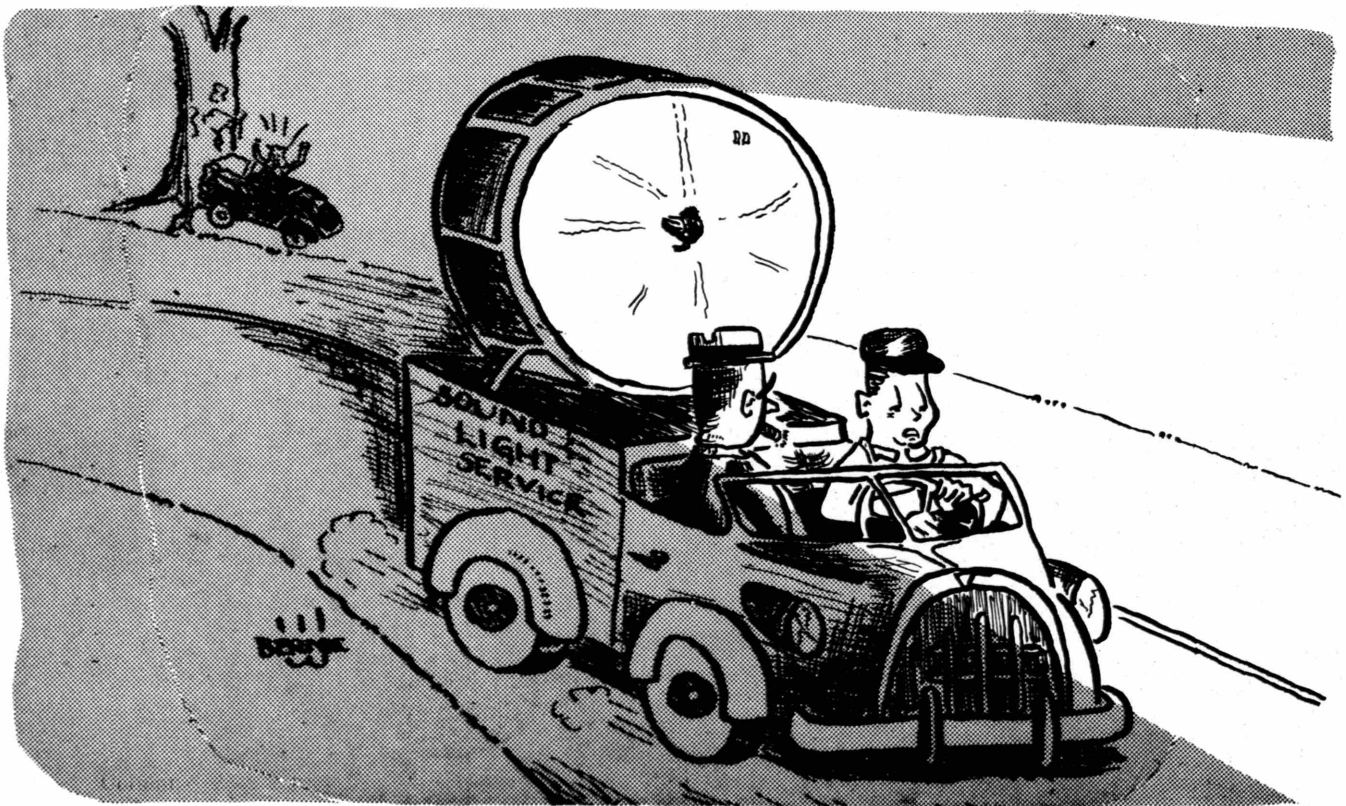
Girlie: "Would you help a
 young woman in trouble?"

Sailor: "Sure, what kinda'
 trouble you wanna' get into?"



"What happened to you?"

"I was doing a rumba with
 my girl when her deaf father
 walked in."



"That'll teach him not to flick his high beams down!"

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