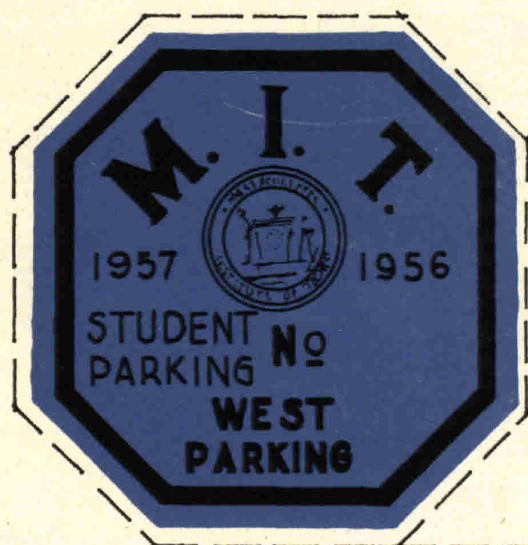


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THANKSGIVING

A sudden hush fell over the board as Phos rose to propose a toast: "To prosperity, a full beer closet, the new office, and Anita Ekberg," the old cat proclaimed. "Hear! Hear!" we shouted and drained our mugs.

Afterwards, Phos walked me home across the bridge. "You know, Phos, you're right; we should be thankful for all our beer and . . ." "Don't be naive! That's not it at all," the old cat growled. "What I'm really thankful for is my right to propose the toast, to create a magazine and express my thoughts. Why, in Russia, a cat can't even whistle at a passing courtesan, much less invite her up to . . ." "We've heard all your conquests before," I interrupted. "But you do have a point; at Tech a student decides for himself, attends classes or doesn't, isn't supervised in his every action. That's how it should be, and we're very fortunate." "And while you're making all those decisions," Phos retorted, "decide to have more parties and buy more beer and . . ."

A light mist settled over us as we tramped along. The end of the bridge couldn't quite be seen, but the dim yellow street lights assured us it was ahead. Far off in the distance a church bell tolled three.

A. M. M.

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This month's cover by Blackman





The Voo Doo office is at present undergoing extensive redecoration. The process seems to consist of the daily arrival of teams of husky Buildings and Power men to carry away the collected debris of the ages which Voo Doo, the last refuge of tradition in the Institute, has accumulated. The office manager, incidentally, is going into scrap metals with his used-beer-can collection.

One day an instructor in 15.02 announced a quiz and then went on to deliver the following monologue: "When I went to school, I took military science. Now in that course, when there was a quiz, the instructor would have a review for about half an hour before passing out the quiz papers. During the review, he would patiently explain all the salient points in the material, slowly copying things onto the blackboard which always later turned out to be the answers to the quiz questions. Before the quiz next Monday, we shall have a short review which, however, will not be quite as complete." Whereupon, from the back of the room, came the resounding cry, "What is good enough for Uncle Sam is good enough for us."

They played a new game this month in 14.77 class; they took word association tests. All that the word "bed" brought to mind were the words: door, sheets, table, and road. The "Whole Man" trend seems to be running in reverse.

During part of the film, "Gate of Hell," there is no sound track accompanying the picture. When the Lecture Series Committee presented the film the absence of sound bothered the operators of the projection apparatus, who began to pull knobs, turn dials, and flick switches, all to no avail. By the time the film had reached the place where sound was intended to resume, everything was so hopelessly confused that the ensuing ten minutes of sparkling dialogue, in Japanese, was omitted.

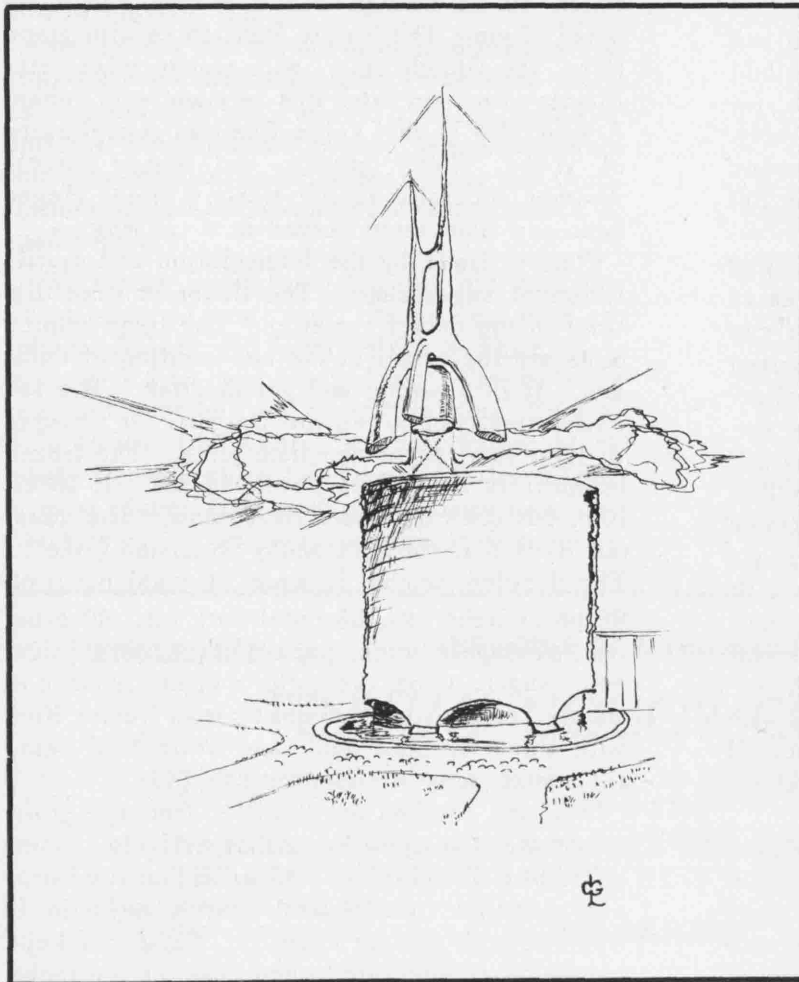
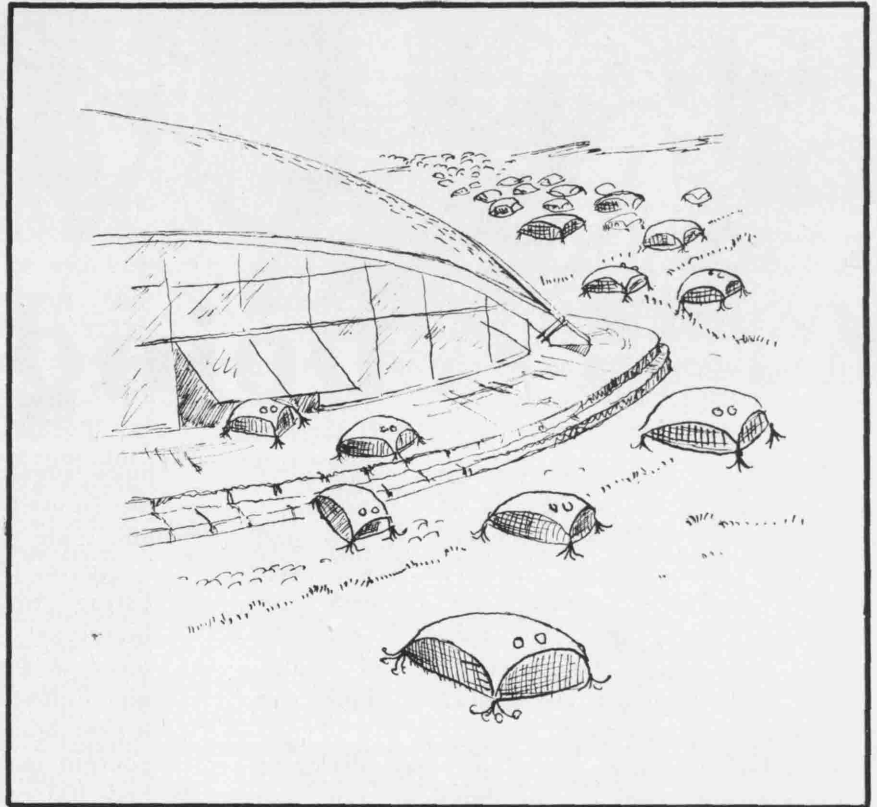
During the height of the late election fervor, a non-partisan Major felt obliged to remind a particularly enthusiastic ROTC cadet that an I-Like-Ike button is not an official addition to the army uniform.

The juniors in Physics, this year, are being blessed with an ever growing pile of notes for 8.05. These notes contain a host of fascinating material, not least among which is figure five. Figure five occupies an entire page, is labeled "Cross Section of a Sphere," and consists of nothing more and nothing less than a single circle in the middle of the page.

For a month or so now, the Humanities Reserve Library has been blessed with the presence of an extremely attractive librarian. Recently a petition form was tacked up on a wall not far from her desk. All morning long people walked up to the piece of paper and read it; some then signed it, others merely walked away. Finally, unable to contain her curiosity any longer, the librarian arose and read the form. She then tore it off the wall, and threw it away. Intrigued, we asked her what the offending paper had said. "They thought I should be transferred to the Music Library," she replied. "they claim they can't study any more." Voo Doo wishes to express its desire that she stay right where she is. We like her ... there.

One day, in the middle of October, the following inscription could be seen on one of the blackboards in the 6-120 lecture hall: "Education: That mysterious process whereby information passes from the lecture notes of the professor through the fountain pen and onto the paper of the student without passing through the mind of either."

On page 116 of the Boston Telephone Directory we find under Parks and Recreation Department of the City of Boston the entry: Cemetery Division.



Late one night a puritanical Walker watchman attempted to remove our married board member's wife from the office.

Whenever we pass a bulletin board we view with interest one particular, permanent, full-sized poster. At the top of the poster are the words "The Tech. Next Issue." Below this is a large blank space.

After listening to the lush's troubles for an hour, the bartender said, "Look. See that stunning blonde at the front of the bar?" The customer nodded appreciatively. "That's my wife. And see that terrific redhead in the back booth? That's my mistress. And see that big new Cadillac out in front? That's my car. And they're all overdue. Now will you shut up?"



In the days when Omar was first mentioning wine, women, and song things were reasonably uncomplicated. Today, however, women and song may be unchanged; but wine has become apertifs, cocktails, cordials (or liquors) and Hi-balls. Among the many forms of palatable alcohol from which the above types of drinks can be made from are those classed under the general heading of liquor.

Properly speaking, there are six different liquors; gin, vodka, rum, bourbon, rye, and scotch. These come in various proofs, or strengths; gins run 90 and 100; vodkas, 80 and 100; bourbons and ryes, 86 to 100; rum, 80 and up; and scotch, 86.8. Of these liquors, rye and bourbon are termed *whiskeys*, while scotch, for some unexplained reason, is called a *whisky*. "Bottled in bond" on a bottle of whiskey means the whiskey is at least four years old and 100 proof.

One of the most popular bases for American drinks, especially with women, is gin, which is usually a clear colorless liquid but which can also be obtained in a golden variety. Imported gins such as Booth's House of Lords or Burchough's Beefeater are the best; then come the domestic brands such as Gordon's, Gilbey's and Fleischman's. Old Mr. Boston Vacuum Distilled is for punches only, not being of good enough quality for cocktails. The most famous gin drink is the Martini. It is usually made with French vermouth, rather than Italian. Dry martinis are made with four parts gin to one part vermouth; the ingredients are stirred with ice and strained into a cold, dry cocktail glass with an olive in it. Never shake martinis or other all liquor drinks as this tends to make them cloud. Shake drinks with juices or syrups in them.

Another favorite feminine drink is the Pink Lady, consisting of gin, lime juice, egg white, and grenadine; slightly simpler is the Orange Blossom, half gin, half orange juice. Old standards with gin include the Tom Collins (lemon

juice, sugar and soda), various gin fizzes (soda), the Bronx (vermouth and orange juice), and gin and tonic (quinine water and lime slice).

Similar to gin is vodka which has the interesting property that it is odorless and nearly tasteless. It too has been recently manufactured in the golden variety. The best brands are Wolfschmidt, Samovar, and Smirnoff. The lesser brands are of poorer quality in that they contain impurities. The difference between 80 and 100 proof vodka cannot be tasted.

Vodka's most famous drink is the Screwdriver which is an Orange Blossom with vodka instead of gin. The Purple Passion is with grape juice, the Bloody Mary, with tomato juice, etc. Almost every gin drink can be made with vodka. A specialty is the Volga Boatman (equal parts of vodka, cherry brandy, and orange juice). Another specialty is the Moscow Mule, ginger beer and lime juice served in a tin mug.

Rum is made by the fermentation and distillation of sugar cane. The flavor is more distinct in the darker varieties. The light colored rums are the result of the non-addition of caramel. It is a strong and potent drink. The favorite rum cocktail is the Daiquiri. It is made of light rum, sugar and lime juice. The frozen Daiquiri is made with powdered ice. It looks like, but does not taste like, snow. The usual rum Hi-Ball is the old standby "Rum and Coke". The dreaded Zombie is made of equal parts of 86 proof light rum, 86 proof dark rum, 90 proof rum, pineapple juice, papaya juice, lime juice, and sugar. Grog, the sailor's drink, is made of watered rum. Good rum comes from Puerto Rico with Bacardi, Gold Seal, and White Seal being the finest.

Rye and bourbon are distilled from rye grain mash and corn grain mash respectively. They differ from the gins and vodkas in that the latter are distilled from neutral spirits and gin is flavored with juniper cherries. Good whiskeys are the best appreciated when taken on the rocks

(ice cubes). The best bourbons are Old Forester, Old Granddad, Jack Daniels Black Label sour mash, Old Taylor, and Old Crow. The finest ryes come from Canada. They are Canadian Club, Seagram V.O., and I.W. Harper. Whiskeys are very popular in Hi-ball form (ice cubes, and soda or ginger ale). The whiskey cocktails most popular are Manhattans, Old-fashioned, Sidecars and Sours. The Manhattan, a proverbial favorite, consists of three parts bourbon to one part Italian vermouth, with a dash of bitters. Bitters are an infusion of aromatics, Angostura being the most popular. Italian vermouth is sweet compared to French which is dry; Cinzano and Martini & Rossini are the best labels in the vermouth department. Old-fashioned consist of sugar, water, bitters, and whiskey. Rye and bourbon sours are good for the ladies and consist of sugar, lemon, and whiskey, garnished with a cherry and slice of orange. The Sidecar, rapidly becoming the new popular drink, is made with Cointreau (a liqueur) and lemon juice. The modern day remnant of the Old South, the cooling and refreshing Mint Julep, is made with sprigs of mint, sugar, whiskey and lots of crushed ice.

Coming into scotch, the drink of drinks, everything becomes different; there is no such thing as domestic scotch, all of it being imported from the British Isles. Some people complain that it tastes like medicine but this is due to the distinctive non-throat-burning characteristics of good scotch.

All scotch is at least 6 years old with the finest being 12 years old. Good 6 year olds are Johnnie Walker, red label, Black & White, Haig & Haig 5 Star, and Cutty Sark. The best 12 year old scotches are Kings Ransom, Haig & Haig Pinch, Old Rarity, Johnnie Walker black label, Dewars white label, and Chivas Regal. In most places Chivas Regal is damn near impossible to get, it being at present so popular;

Dewars is also hard to get. Don't be fooled; the other 12 year olds mentioned are just as good, but right now the fad is for Chivas and Dewars.

Scotch like whiskeys, is best taken on the rocks to fully appreciate the quality. In making cocktails one can use the lesser scotches. The favorite is the Scotch Sour (prepared the same as whiskey sours). Interesting scotch cocktails are the Loch Lomond (with bitters and sugar) and Thistle (with vermouth and bitters). The favorite Hi-balls are scotch and soda or scotch and water.

Liquors come bottled in all sizes ranging from half pints to quarts. An interesting size is the fifth which is one-fifth of a gallon or four-fifths of a quart. Scotch only comes in fifths and tenths as it is imported. Special sizes come in champagne such as the magnum and split which are two-fifths of a gallon, and half of a tenth, respectively.

So happy drinking and don't forget to toast Voodoo while you are still above the table.

— Larry Kaiden



She: "We're going to give the bride a shower."
He: "Count me in. I'll bring the soap."



A street-walking acquaintance of ours has a new slogan that's certain to revolutionize her trade: It's a business to do pleasure with you."

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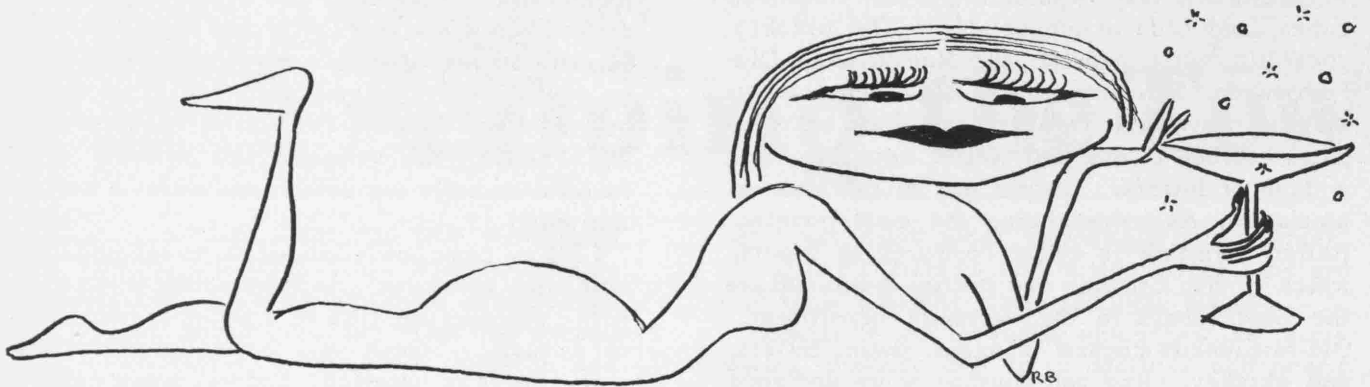
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THE BOHEMIAN



"I hate people," she said, as she climbed the hill. Having just left a drugstore, she had overheard several conversations that one would expect to hear in a drugstore; she was therefore hating people at the time. Having almost reached the top of the brick-paved hill, she walked down an alley. Her companion tickled his beard and tried to explain to her why it was better to learn how to tolerate the masses. At times she thought he even liked them, but what can be expected of an artist who tries to sell his work?

They entered the unlocked door and both placed their sandals in a box. He threw his beret in the corner and she took off her red striped sweater and hung it on a piece of driftwood.

Although both had noticed when they entered her rooms that she had two guests, neither she nor her bearded friend acknowledged their presence until they had devoured a piece of ratty cheese and a bottle of red wine. The man with the beard then said to the others, "I bought a record." The one lying on his back on a very long piece of foam rubber wrapped in red denim, with his head sunk in a copy of Theatre Arts, completely ignored him. The other, who was sprawled on a butterfly chair wearing only ballet tights, would not have listened, but his meditation had just been interrupted by a fly crawling across his belly. "Do play it," he said. She had just finished tying a rope to the empty wine bottle and attaching it to one of

the colored water pipes on the ceiling, when the hi-fi strains of a Handel organ concerto reverberated across the whitewashed walls.

She came alive. Her arms waved in slow circles. Her hips rolled, her breast heaved and her belly shook. She walked, rocked and crawled. With her long straight hair swirling around her thin neck and shoulders she looked almost attractive, once or twice. With each bar of the music there was a new wave, roll, or crawl. The bearded one stared intently, the second tried to climb out of the butterfly chair, the third fell asleep.

The evening had begun. She danced. They all danced. They compared Chaucer and Joyce. They took Henry James apart. They all praised Bartok. Having succeeded in climbing out, the one who had been sitting in the chair recited poetry. She danced some more. Two of her companions were completely enchanted and one was in tears. But all exciting evenings must come to an end and soon the bearded one had gone to his studio, the other to the library, and the last outside to think. She was alone.

She danced a while by herself and soon became tired. She picked up a book by T. S. Eliot and started reciting poetry to the walls.

After having read about two pages, she threw the book on the floor and screamed, "Oh, s--t!" She put on a skirt, blouse, and blazer, and went down to the drugstore and bought the latest issue of Confidential.

-Ralph Brown

The dean of women at an exclusive girls' college was lecturing her students on sexual morality.

"In moments of temptation," said the speaker to the class, "ask yourself just one question: Is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of shame?"

A sweet young thing in the back of the room rose to ask a question of her own: "How do you make it last an hour?"



Hubby: "Who spilled mustard on this waffle?"

Wife: "Oh, honey, how could you! This is lem-on pie."



A newly-wed soldier wrote the following letter to his young bride: "Come down next Sunday if you possibly can. I'm short of cash, so please bring me \$10.00. (P.S. -- If you can't come send me \$12.00.)"



Conscience doesn't keep you from doing anything wrong - it just keeps you from enjoying it.



A fugitive scientist from a Boris Karloff horror picture dreamed up a serum that would bring inanimate objects to life. He surreptitiously tried it out on the statue of a great general in Central Park. Sure enough, the statue gave a quiver and a moment later the general, creaking a bit in the joints, climbed down from the pedestal. The scientist was overjoyed. "I have given you life," he exulted. "Now tell me, General, what is the first thing you are going to do with it?"

"That's easy," rasped the General, ripping a gun from his holster. "I'm going to shoot about two million damn pigeons."

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Lecture Series Committee

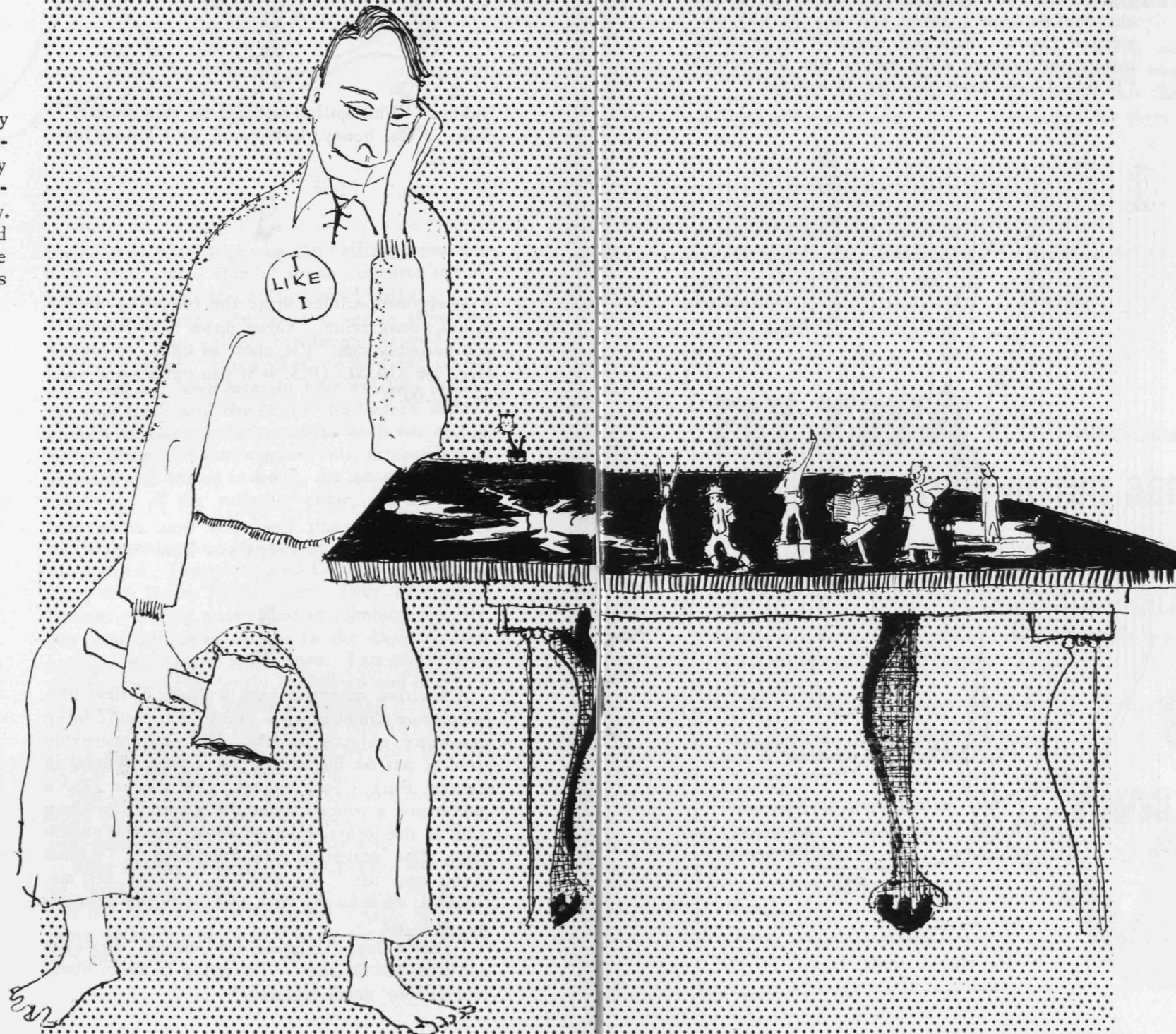
Sometimes they show movies. Sometimes they give speeches. Most of the time they make posters. They make posters for publicity. They make such good posters that they are stolen before anyone sees them. This is bad for publicity. They have a publicity problem. If they make bad posters, it is bad for publicity. If they make good posters, it is bad for publicity. There is something fundamentally wrong here.

Student Government

An offshoot of a left wing coalition of the Lecture Series Committee, and the Debating Society. They meet once a week to lecture each other on relevant topics. Very often they talk all at once. It gets noisy. They make motions and pass resolutions, and in general have a lot of fun. They are characterized by a mass neurosis, a yearning to be taken seriously. This is presumptuous - the world is not as serious as they wish to be taken.

Psychical Research Society

Their major aim is to replace the telephone by telepathy. As this would ruin A. T. & T. and thereby upset the economy, they are classed as a subversive society. Actually, they are peacefully involved with exorcism and spells; poltergeists, a specialty. We of Voodoo feel a fond kinship towards them. We have participated in rites together.



Tech Show

Every year, hundreds of beautiful girls try out for Tech Show. Hardly any boys show up. This is sad. The Tech Show business staff is happy. They do personnel work.

Everyone on Tech Show is a star. The actors, musicians, writers, producers, directors, lighters, stagehands, janitors; all are stars.

Tech Show is always doing something different, coming up with something new. Two years ago, it came up with the auditorium. This was a fine idea.

Outing Club

These people have an inordinate desire to go up or down or across. Theirs is a weekly lesson in circuitous futility. A group leaves every weekend to go somewhere, and they always return. Pathetic.

The Tech

Our college rag. Famous for its editorial policy, they always take a stand on important issues. It is inevitably the wrong stand. Their consistency in the face of error is remarkable. One opinion is that they are misinformed. Voodoo, which is always inclined to leniency in estimating the worth of The Tech, attributes it all to stupidity. This is not their fault, as they are a product of their environments.

Voodoo

The only activity at M.I.T. really worth belonging to. Voodoo is highly prominent in the estimation, regard and esteem of the students, not to mention the administration. Steeped in over forty years of tradition and debris, we are the last remnant of irreverence in this solemn scholastic atmosphere

Rah us!

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

To the casual observer, Larry Mason was the recipient of all the gifts of fortune. He was independently wealthy, pleasant enough in appearance, and talented. He wrote highly polished poetry, distinct for its sense of vitality and tightness of form; but the artist in him was more than the poet. Larry's masterpiece was his life, into which he poured all his creative energies. For him, life was not a succession of grey events against the black background of fate, but rather a series of irreplaceable moments, each to be endowed with meaning, perceived with form, and experienced with taste.

Beauty and form are the keys to understanding Larry. He always insisted on the beauty in life, not a sentimental, pink colored beauty, but that which the sight of vitality inspires in the eye of the poet. But he further insisted that beauty be ordered into form; just as the individually lovely furnishings in his apartment combined into something more delightful because of their impeccable grouping. He demanded that life have structure in the same way that literature has structure. This attitude permeated all facets of his life; his most insignificant daily actions were part of an attempt to weave an intricate, yet meaningful, pattern into the chaos of life.

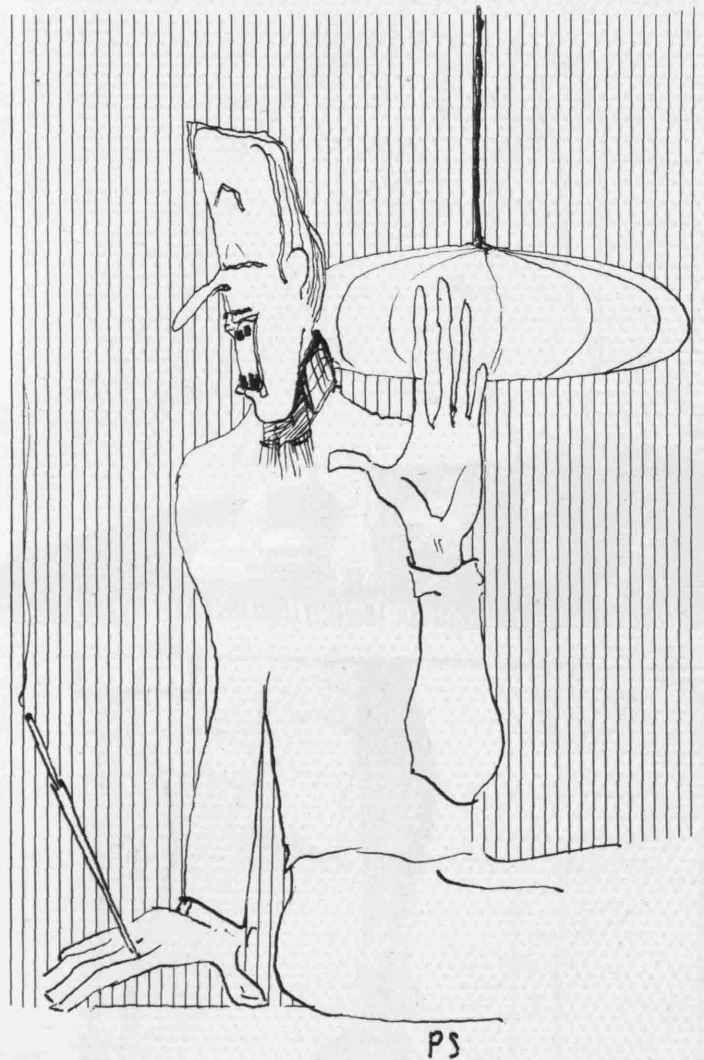
One day at a party he met Laura. He had noticed her several times and had been delighted by the grace with which she moved. After a while he realized that she too was watching him. Finally their eyes met and each recognized in the other something of himself. When the party ended they left together.

It was characteristic of Larry, and perhaps of Laura too, that their romance proceeded like work of art, full of a flowing tenderness seething with restrained abandon. It had the importance of a symphony, the beauty of a poem, and the continuity of a story, apparently destined for a happy ending. Leisurely, yet with economy of motion, they moved like dancers through steps of friendship into ever-deepening love.

Yet just at the time when their friends were

certain their relationship was about to be consummated by marriage, Laura left for Europe and Larry, for South America. After his return I visited him one day in his apartment, and during our conversation I asked him why he had not married Laura. With the slightest of gestures toward the ordered array around him he replied "It would have been too trite an ending."

- Vic Teplitz



Joan: "Why do you always keep one arm free when we're necking?"

Dave: "Well, some day I hope to own a car."



A certain small New England town has had exactly the same population figure for the last half-century. — This amazing condition is attributed to the fact that every time a baby is born, a man leaves town.



Teacher: "Junior - if I take 83 from 107, what's the difference?"

Junior: "That's what I say - who cares?"

While driving through a desolate part of the country the old pot sputtered and stopped.

He: "Gee, whadda you know!"

She: "Oh, yeah?" (Pulling out a flask.)

He: "Ha, ha, and what have we got here?"

She: "Gas."



Then there were the two honeymooners who wanted to fly United, but the stewardess wouldn't let them.



Signs in a real estate office:

"Get Lots While You Are Young."

Sweet young thing: "Can you tattoo a cat on my knee?"

Tattooer: "We're having a special on giraffes this week."



Then there's the one about the three bears. One of them married a giraffe - the other two put him up to it.



"I wish I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed."

"What would you do, buy a pack of gum?"



Modern girl falls into two classes, those who make a home for a man and those who make a man for a home.



"This is the third operating table this month. Dr. Rathbone. You must learn not to cut so deeply."



Texas Rancher: "I raise and sell more bulls than any other rancher in all Texas. Why last year I shipped 10,000 bulls to Chile, last month I shipped 8,000 to Brazil, and yesterday I shipped 4,000 bulls to Mexico. What do you think of that?"

Friend, bored as hell: "I guess you're the biggest bull shipper in all Texas."

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Eggsactly Nowhere

An egg was spinning on a morose rock,
Shrouded in pearly luminescence,
Immersed, no doubt, in five-o'clockish thought.
I passed but noticed not its dancing form,
Mused not about its lack of eggly lore
In whirling happily instead of hatching.
If I had asked it might have answered thus
Quite smug within all its whirl'dly know-how,
"The world goes round, so why not I and you?"
And pondering I might have seen it so
And joined it in its quest for self-expression,
Trailblazing the way in futile circles.
Unseen, I left the egg by the wayside,
Spinning, going nowhere, and I went on,
Not knowing the barren path led back again.

Line Trees

Where the wall ends,
Dividing land
By stone on stone,
The line trees stand.

Their gnarled limbs keep
The lonely end
Of hill and field
That none attend.

Their branches meet
In council where
The line diverges
Here and there

No upstart saplings
Rise to know
The compass mark
Where line trees grow.

No woodman's axe
May dare dispute
The landmark of
Each limb and root.

Long years above
Wear at each heart -
Slowly, as great
Stones fall apart.

Octave

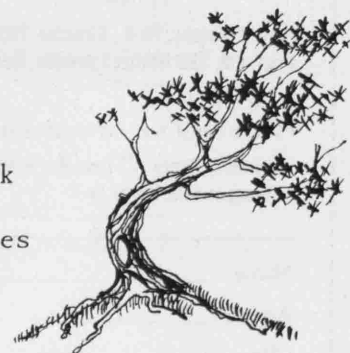
I saw wind
Shake two small
Red last leaves
In the fall.
Beauty's not
In spring's thrall,
Autumn's not
The year's all.

White Morning

Someone has wandered off the beaten path
Leaving his footprints in new snow -
Is he the same whose name is scrawled in chalk
on subway walls?
Perhaps this is the boy who draws the mustaches
on billboards,
And throws rocks at fresh washed windows.
Or maybe it was just a little child
Who liked the pretty whiteness and the crunchiness
And didn't know any better.

Infinite Possibilities

Down into the caverns of time
The bottomless pits
The limitless space
The darkness
The lightness
The blackness
The whiteness
I fall
Just dust
That's all
Down
Down
Down
Eternity passes
In a white gown
A nightgown
All the fair lasses
And groveling masses
Woo her
Persue her
See through her
So sad
Too bad
Roses
Red roses
Life's grotesque poses
Can never surpass
Alas - Alas
They chuckle and cry
They moan
They die
Find hope in the sky
Do you want
To know why
So do I
So do I



One student from Brooklyn piped up in answer to the question "What is a stoic?" with "De boid that brings de babies."



The Broadway chorus girl was exuberant over receiving a role in a forthcoming play.

"I was made for the part!" she crowed happily.

"Shhh," cautioned her friend, you don't have to tell everybody."



The Pi Phi greeted her date with, "Notice anything different about me?"

"New dress?"

"Nope."

"New shoes?"

"Nope, something else."

"I give up."

"I'm wearing a gas mask."



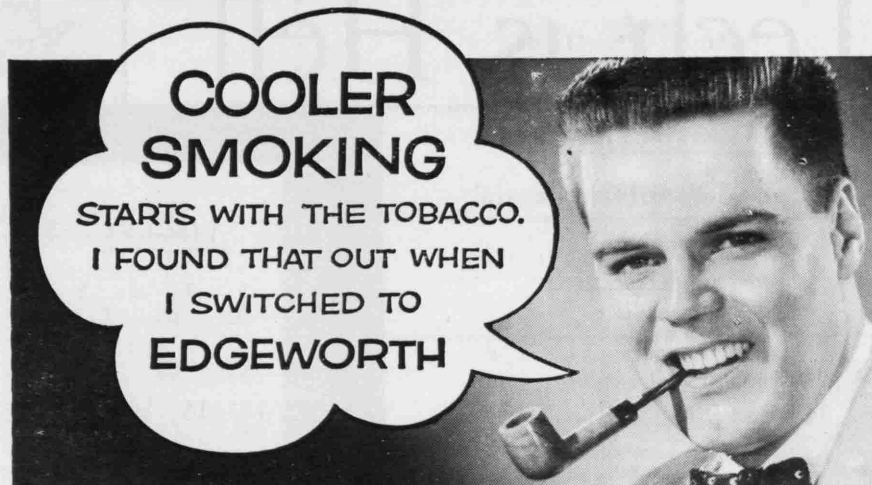
The absent minded sculptor put his model to bed and chiselled on his wife.



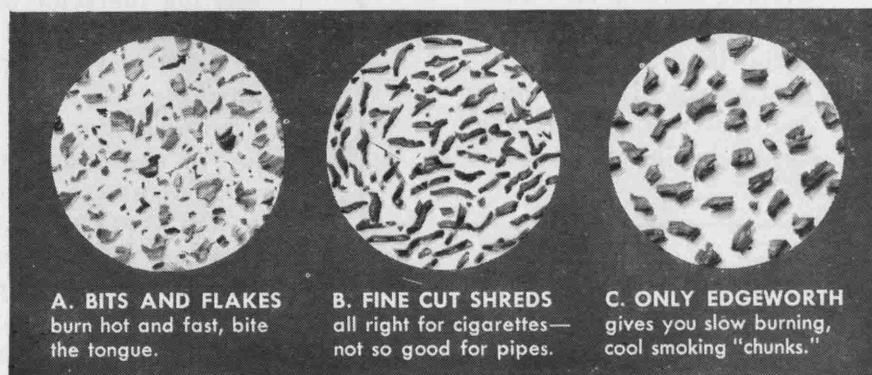
A girl may not let you, but it's a safe bet that she appreciates your wanting to.



"Here's a picture of my father at a Sunday School picnic."
"Which one's your father?"
"How should I know?"



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Do *you* want cooler smoking too? Then do as smart smokers everywhere have done—switch to Edgeworth and prove the difference with your first wonderful pipeful. No other tobacco can duplicate the Edgeworth cut, because it's actually "ready-rubbed" by an exclusive process. See in the picture what a difference this makes. Edgeworth's even-sized chunks (Picture C) burn slow and cool, with never a touch of tongue bite.

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experts agree that white burley is best of all for pipes. But Edgeworth looks for a certain type of white burley, grown on well-drained land on sunny hillsides, just like fine wine grapes or fine coffee. Then these special burleys are aged for years before blending. This is another reason Edgeworth smokes cooler—8 to 10 degrees cooler by actual test.

EDGEWORTH'S EXCLUSIVE wrap-around pouch is heat-sealed. Moisture can't get in—freshness can't get out.

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CANADA'S FINEST TOO!



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The Sandwich Man

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March 2,3,4.



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I Need \$ Letters3.14¢
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13 14 15 16 17 18		19 20 21 22 23 24

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MAGIC SQUARE
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23 5 7 14 16
4 6 13 20 22
10 12 19 21 3
11 18 25 2 9

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Leisurely Gallop 10:30

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Carnegie	340	750
Case	350	775
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NYU	410	837
Princeton	510	1000
RPI	470	950
Yale	475	1000
MIT	600	1100

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For that well-grimied look.
Extra hair grease 5¢ a shot.

With apologies to:



FROM THE SCALP DOWN

From the scalp down you are worth about two and a half dollars. From the scalp up you are worth anything. No limit on dandruff! Without your hairpiece you are just an egghead, and about as valuable as a billiard ball.

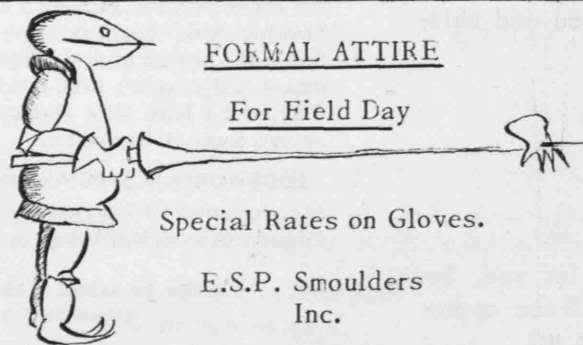
And what causes you the most concern: the contents of your stomach or the dandruff on your collar?

What pains you most--a 1.4 cum or an itchy scalp?

Do you know that the gist of culture consists in transferring one's habitual dandruff from above to below the ears?

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Inc.

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Summer vacation
1,2,3, ad infinitum.

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Alpha Tau Omega ... Ci-7-8029
Alpha Epsilon Neumann ... ?
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Flying Irishman Ch-4-3300
God Damn Independent . Baker
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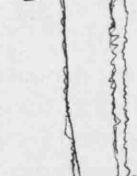
preparation of
students for



VOO DOO

LOG TABLES

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5	6990
6	7782
7	8451
8	9031
9	9542
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11	0414
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13	1139
14	1461
15	1761
16	2041
17	2304
18	2553
19	2788
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25	3979
26	4150
27	4314



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REMEMBER!

You read it in:
VOO DOO.

--Stu Brody

AHHH ----- SLEEP

Sleep is a commodity whose demand curve so greatly exceeds its supply curve that even with government aid, equilibrium could never be reached. This was the young student's final analysis as Samuelson's Economics, an Introduction and Analysis closed softly and slipped from his hand to the floor. His head settled into the pillow and his eyes closed. Ahhh----sleep.

Suddenly every telephone in the world was ringing; an earthquake had struck; a trolley car was clanging through the middle of the room; and it was raining. With great effort he opened an eye and, as the image cleared, there stood his roommate, smiling gently as he shook the bed. He had a pot of water in his hand, a police whistle in his mouth, and his arm around a girl. He always had his arm around a girl. The roommate picked up the book and handed it to the young student.

"Study, study, Musn't sleep when there's work to do. Time to hit the books."

With that, the roommate and his girl left the room. The student found his place in his book and began reading again. "What a sweet roommate," he thought. "He really takes good care of me. He's always so interested in my welfare."

Facts on economics whizzed through his mind -- all the way through -- in and out. He glanced enviously at the door to the next room, where his roommate had his arm around a girl.

"Roommate." Respect and admiration bubbled through his voice.

"Hmmm?"

"Are you really concentrating on that book?"

Roommate tore his eyes from his reading, and put down his pencil. The girl in his arms looked up from her book, too. "Of course." You can't learn this stuff if you don't concentrate."

"Oh." The young student concentrated. But all he could think about was the good old days, long, long ago -- last year. He felt like an old man living in the past. Once that very same roommate had glanced enviously at the door to the next room and asked if the young student was concentrating.

The student had squeezed his girl a little tighter and answered, "Of course! You can't learn this stuff if you don't concentrate."

Then there was a blissful period in their lives when they both had their arms around girls and no one concentrated. But now roommate was with woman and the young student was without. It had been more than three long months since he had experienced the joy of intimate female companionship.

The coming week promised to be a doozer. An exam on Tuesday, an exam on Thursday, and that damn economics term paper due on Friday. And Friday night was the big prom--the formal dance that inevitably lasts all night.

Roommate took good care of the young student that week. He was very concerned with the young student's welfare. Tuesday evening the telephone, the earthquake, the trolley car, and the rain came again. And again the eye opened to discover a smiling roommate with his arm around a girl.

"Study, study. Paper due Friday."

Late Wednesday night it happened again.

"Study, study; quiz tomorrow."

"Please roommate, just one hour!"

"Nope, can't sleep when there's work to do."

He smiled as he shook the bed.

"Aw, have a heart. You haven't let me sleep for three days; just ten minutes, huh?"

"Up an' at 'em boy. What's a roommate for if he doesn't keep you awake in a pinch?"

When Friday rolled around the young student stripped his mind of tests, term papers, and even of sleep, and applied himself to the task of once again relaxing in the arms of a lovely lass. Three months can be a long time to a man who has experienced better days.

For the first time that week the student shaved. He dressed up in his rented tuxedo and picked up his date. Her gown was revealing enough to wake anyone up. Sleep, hell!"

On the way to the dance, roommate glanced at the young student.

"Tired?" he asked.

The student smiled and put his arm around his date. "Nah!" he said. "Tonight," he

thought.

The dance dragged on. "Honey," the girl said, "You're not supposed to lean on me; you're supposed to dance with me."

"Hm-- huh-- oh-- yeah-- sorry."

The dance dragged on. "Honey," she said, "they're playing a lindy."

"Aw, no. You don't want to-- but--yglp--O.K."

The dance dragged on. "Honey," she said, "put some life into it. You mambo like a corpse."

"Unh hunh."

They bumped into roommate on the dance floor.

"Tired?"

A watery blood shot eye opened up. "Nah!" "Tonight!"

At last the dance ended.

The waitress woke him up. "Are you ready for your order sir?"

"Hmm? Oh - uh - coffee please."

The waitress woke him up. "Here's your coffee sir."

"Hmm? Oh - thanks."

His date woke him up. "Aren't you going to drink your coffee?"

"Hmm? Oh - yeah."

On the way to the apartment he fell asleep in the car. Roommate woke him up.

"Tired?"

"You woke me up to ask me that!"

"We're here."

"Oh."

"Tired?"

A sheepish grin. "Nah."

The doll in the revealing gown flopped down on the couch. The young student's blood pressure soared as he turned out the lights. "At last!" He flopped down beside her and slipped his arm around her waist.

It was light when he opened his eyes. He peeked under the blanket that was casually tossed over him and saw that he was still wearing his tux.

"Roommate!" he gasped. "What time is it? Where is she?"

"Roommate smiled. "Eleven thirty," he answered soothingly. "I took your date home for you last night. She understood. You looked so relaxed and peaceful; we just couldn't bear to wake you."

--MAX

While vacationing last summer in the North Woods, a young fellow thought it might be a good idea to write to his girl. He had brought no stationery with him, however, so he had to walk into town for some. Entering the one and only general store, he discovered that the clerk was a young, full-blown farm girl with languorous eyes. "Do you keep stationery?" he asked.

"Well she giggled, "I do until the last few seconds, and then I just go wild."



The Big Man on Campus was out with a girl who was simply dazzled to pieces that he was paying any attention to her at all.

They talked for some time, then he bluntly asked, "Are you a virgin?"

"Well, yes," she admitted, "but I'm not a fanatic about it."



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PARTY
PLANNING

An old lady was sitting in her rocking chair knitting, her Persian cat reclining at her feet.

Suddenly a fairy appeared and asked the old lady if there were anything she wished. "Yes" was the reply. "I would like to be a beautiful young woman again."

The fairy waved her wand--and there she stood, a lovely girl of twenty! "Now," asked the fairy, "is there any other wish you would like granted?"

"Oh yes, I would like a handsome young man."

Turning to the cat, the fairy waved her wand. In its place rose a fine looking youth. He looked sadly at the girl and sighed, "Now, aren't you sorry you took me to the vet?"



Then there was the Navy ROTC student who broke his arm trying to make a wave in the bathtub.



On an isolated stretch of beach near Cannes, a beautiful French girl threw herself into the sea and drowned despite a young man's attempt to save her. The man dragged the half-nude body ashore and left it on the sand while he went to notify the authorities. Upon his return he was horrified to see a man making love to the corpse.

"Monsieur, monsieur," he shouted, "that woman is dead, that woman is dead!"

"Sacre bleu," exclaimed the man, springing up, "I thought she was an American girl."

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KENDALL SQUARE ROTARY

Voo Doo Review of Literature

As a service to the readers of Voo Doo, our department of literature has prepared a guide to good literature, selecting, from the libraries of volumes available, those of meliority in each field of literature. Within this list, we are certain that you will find the book best suited to your taste.

Biography: The Telephone Book, IT&T et. al.

Although the characters are poorly developed, this book has proved extremely popular. Several variations have been published, and the book buyer is cautioned to purchase only the edition that suits him. The Boston edition is most frequently seen in this area, but for those with a craving for the dramatic, I strongly recommend that of Glencoe, Illinois, 1947, which has already become a collectors item.

Do-It-Yourself: 8.01-8.04 Laboratory Sheets, Physics Department

A veritable Compendium for the manually minded. Simple, easy to follow directions accompany each thrilling project. No home hobbyist should be without this!

Poetry: Thesarus, and Other Poems, Roget

Clear and lucid free verse, in which the author displays his excellent command of the English language. Its startling similies and motley metaphors are profusely punctuated. Banned in Sommerville.

Science: A Table of Random Digits, Random House

Too complex for casual perusal, has not yet received the readership it deserves. Perhaps this is because the index is difficult to use. It is an excellent selection for the reader prone to quoting.

Philosophy: The Min Chung Cookbook, Min Chung et. al.

So deep that the dilettante is not expected to understand any of the symbolism. A familiarity with Chinese is recommended.

Historical Novel: General Catalogue, M. I. T.

This kind of book once picked up is hard down with which to put. An extremely proceusmatic publication for which there is no succedaneum.

Science Fiction: Currants, Fields, and Particles, Bitter


An excellent novel about life in other worlds; the story concerns itself with the conflicts between three vectors, "E", "H", and "Poynting". The author attempts to snow the reader with scientific lingo, but no amount of gibberish could possibly lend credence to the propositions around which the plot revolves.

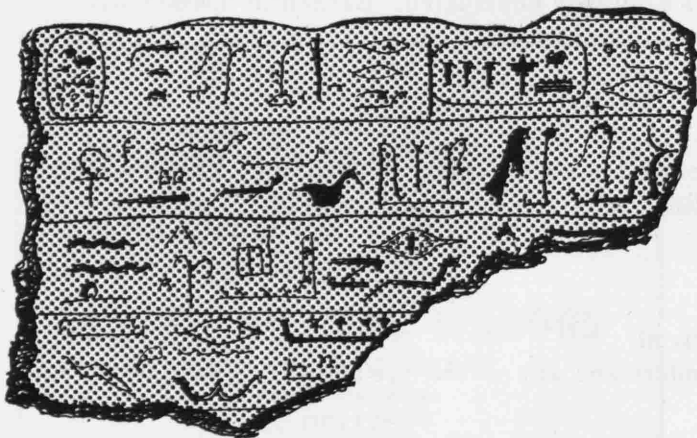
-- Dick Bloomstein

MIT AWAITS AN INCREASED ENROLLMENT TO SWELL THE RANKS OF AMERICAN ENGINEERING. WHY DOES IT AWAIT? THE INCREASED ENROLLMENT IS STILL LOOKING FOR A


Parking Space

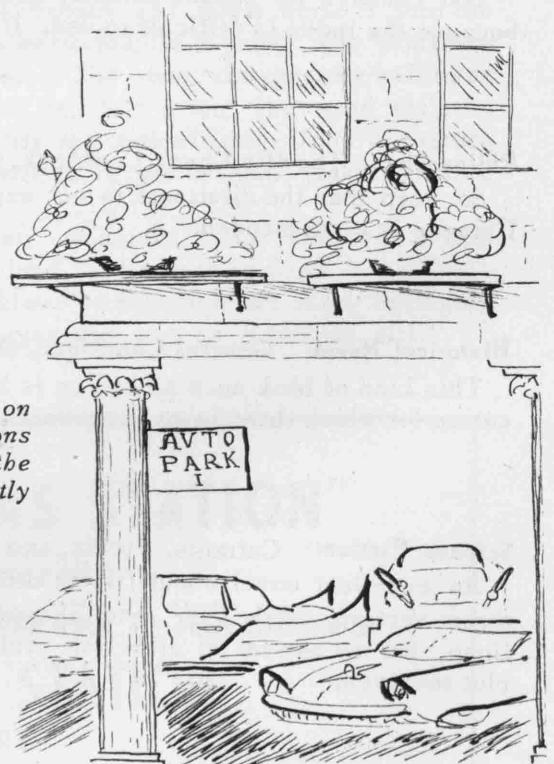
A group of impartial U. N. observers from arbitrary countries of indiscriminate politics have recently issued an unbiased, desegregated thesis on the problems of infinitely differentiable continuous parking problems at school. Whereas (and wheretofore) previous investigators in this field have examined the influence of the variables on the situation during the normal working day, these noble men have, at the request of the effected refugees, dealt with the situation occuring from 9 to 5, that is from 9 P.M. to 5 A.M.; the working hours of all proficient (and prolific) V. D. men.

Mr.  suggests:

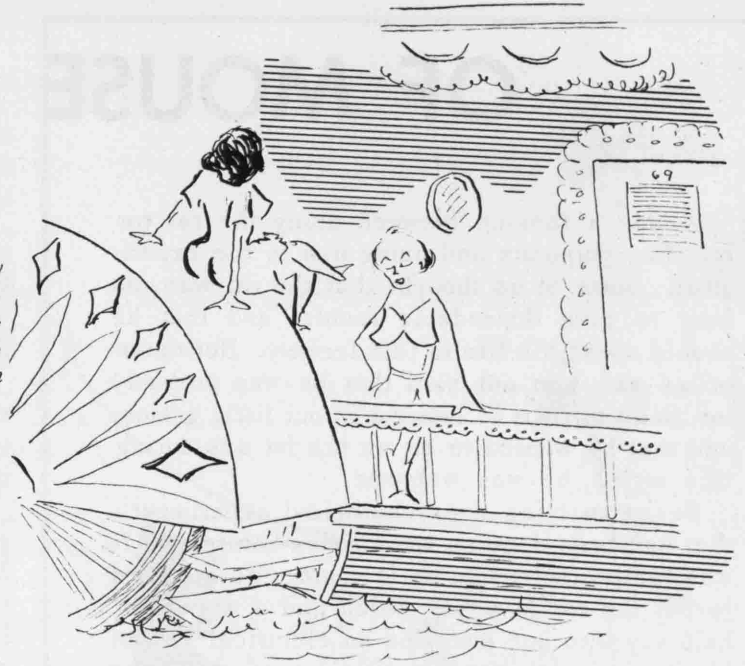


- which would result in raising the Institute 10 feet off the ground on truncated pyramids, and parking on the paved basement. Negotiations are being opened with Moscow for the required one million slaves, the rest of the world being in short supply, and Russia having recently acquired a large lot.

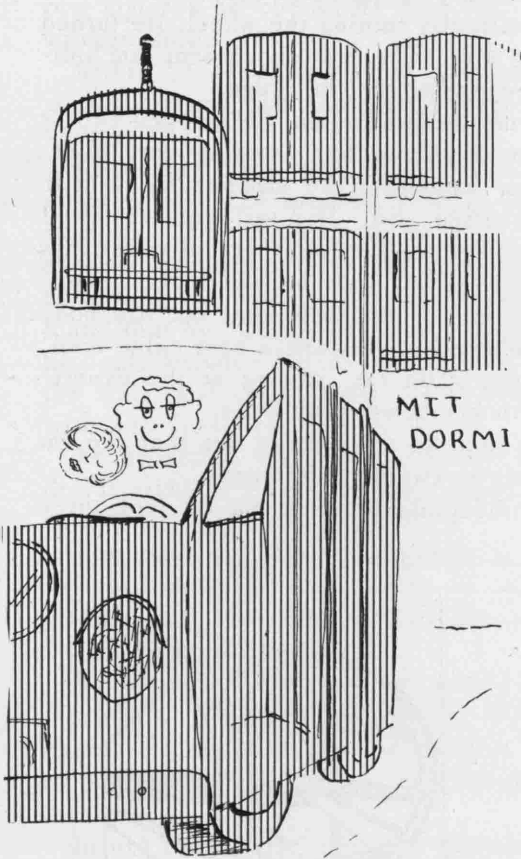
Mr.  was chief engineer on the Sphinx and other related projects.



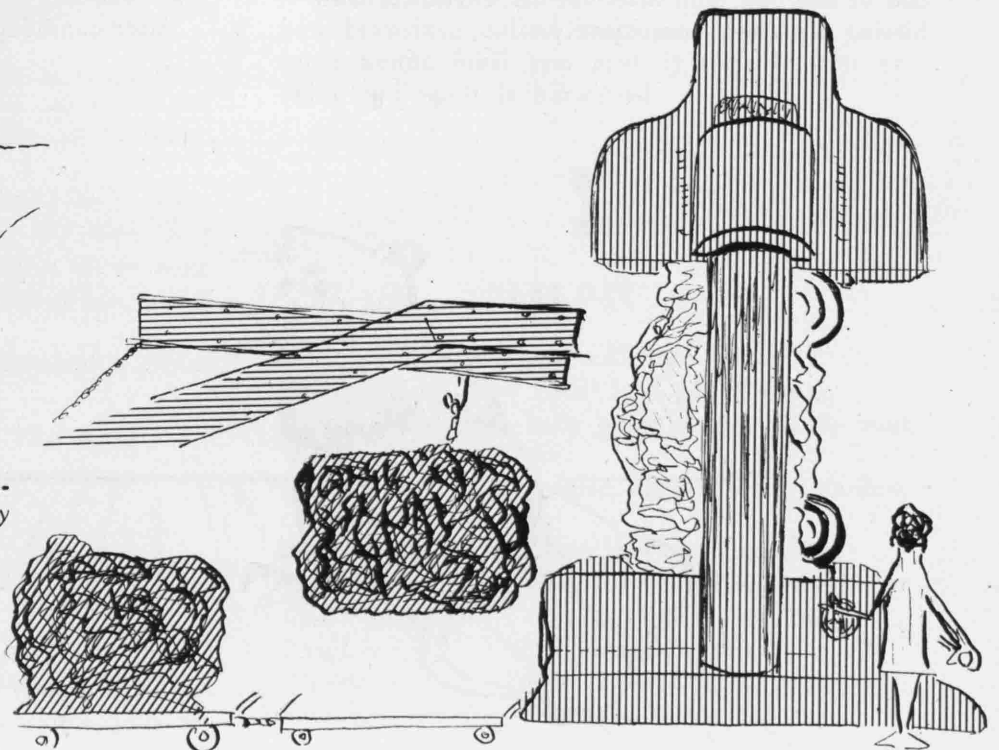
An anonymous civic group proposes instigating ferry service, utilizing an old-style Mississippi side-wheeler, with bar, dance floor, entertainment, and private state-rooms for those discerning enough to wish to relax during the 20 minute trip. The civic group intends a token fee of \$4.00 one way, including entertainment.



This proposal suggests moving the dormitory cars off the streets and into the dormitories. Volkswagen has agreed to make the necessary modifications on 400 Volksbuses to be used as mobile rooms, if MIT can solve the details of stacking the units, and if the Ryer committee can arrange suitable inter-unit communications and adequate sanitary facilities.



The Underwriter's Laboratory proposes to modify the vehicles as they arrive at the Institute.



OF MOUSE AND MEN

It was a toss-up between using the rat for breeding purposes and using him in the experiment. Some of us thought that the rat was too lazy to give dependable results and that he should spend his life in idle lechery. But those of us who won out said that he was probably too smart to take an interest in our little games, and that he wanted to sit on his fat ass during this series, he was welcome.

We were trying a psychological experiment that had been done so many times before that it was really useless to do it again. We intended to put the rat in a box which had a wheel set half-way into one end, and an electrical grid of alternating positive and negative strips, on the floor. When the current is turned on, it gives the rat a series of mild shocks, which can be shut off by turning the wheel. In the usual course of events the rat makes frantic movements before hitting the wheel, hence accidentally shutting off the shocks. In following trials, the length of time that it takes the rat to spin the wheel decreases steadily, until finally the rat jumps for the wheel at the first tingle.

Our rat was an exceptionally fine subject. By the third trial he was concentrating on the wheel end of the box, and after the fifth trial he was hitting the wheel immediately.

It was then we made our mistake. We tried to make him turn the wheel backwards before we turned the shocks off. This meant that the rat would have to get underneath the wheel and pull the rungs up towards him to stop the shocks.

He couldn't do it. After twenty trials, he was exhausted. He didn't even try to bite me as I took him out of the box and caged him for the night.

The next morning we took him out again and put him in the box. He appeared very agitated, but he eventually remained at the wheel end of the box, frantically turning the wheel. He turned it the wrong way. The first shock sent him half-way up the walls of the cage.

When he hit the grid again, he skipped two or three paces down the box, stepping very high. Then, to our amazement, he stopped stock-still on the electrified grid. His tail was stretched out, utterly rigid. We could actually see his whole body tremble, as if he had locked every muscle and joint. As time went on, his body gradually relaxed. He became a very calm, cool, and collected little rat, staring at the experimenters with his beady pink eyes.

The man next to me pointed out that the rat was standing on two positive strips.

After considerable proding, our rat took three



ground, etc. Although it was thirty-odd seconds before our rat stopped jumping, the final result was the same. For the rest of the afternoon he would remain on nothing but two positive, two negative, or two grounded strips, even though we varied the order of the strips at random. Once he appeared to be very interested in the insulation strips dividing the charged strips. We were however, fairly confident that he was not counting them to find where to stand.

Two days later we came up with a box which divided the floor into one inch squares. The shrewdest maneuver lay in putting each square at a different potential, so that no matter which two squares he chose, he was still bridging a voltage drop.

Within 55 seconds he had succeeded in balancing himself with four feet placed on a single square.

We worked three more days on a floor that had squares only 1/4 inch on a side, including insulation. It licked him; he couldn't balance one of those squares on only one foot. He went back to turning the wheel...the wrong way. Then he found that by putting only one foot on the floor, he could balance himself by placing his paw on the wall, and could stare at the experimenters with his little pink eyes.

We grounded the wall. And the wheel. We did it right in front of those beady little pink eyes.

The next day he had apparently recovered. We put him in the box. When we turned on the grid, he just crouched in the center of the floor. We prodded. He crouched.

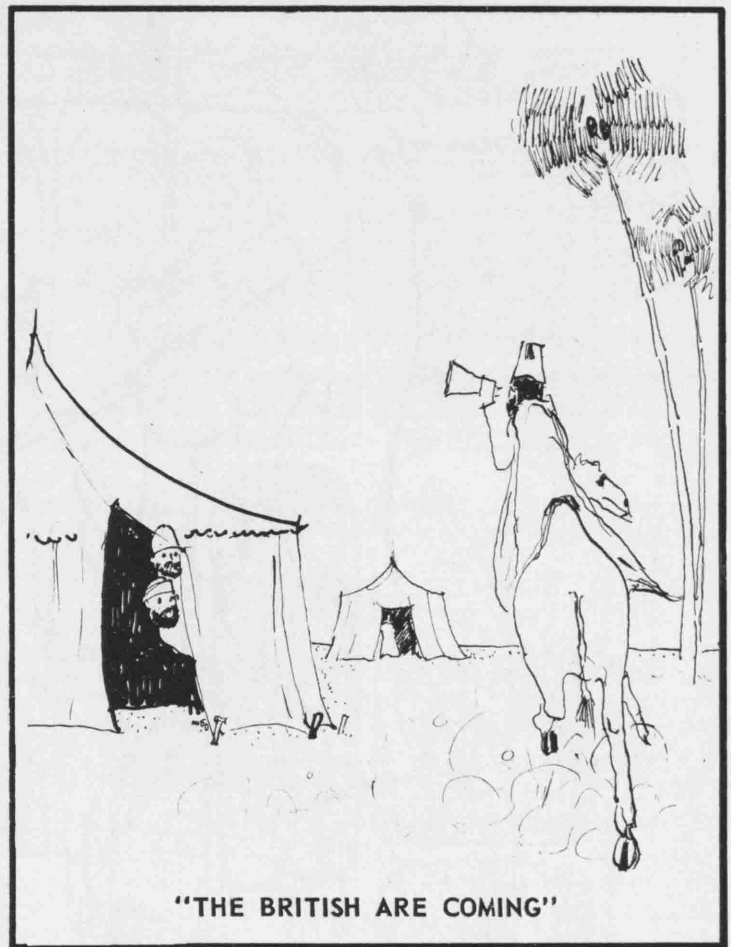
We noticed that the power supply had blown its fuses. We put in new ones, and they blew again. We couldn't find the trouble, so we went to put the rat away again. We lifted him out of the box.

In his furry little paw was clenched a piece of copper wire.

— Alex



An optimist is a guy who opens a fifth in a crowd and saves the cork.



A women's wear manufacturer has announced a new brassiere called Embargo. Doesn't make much sense until you give it the old Serutan twist and spell it backward.



NEXT DAY

Italian Girl: Now you will hate me.

Spanish Girl: Now I will love you always.

Russian Girl: My body belongs to you; my soul will always be free.

German Girl: After while we go to beer garden, yah?

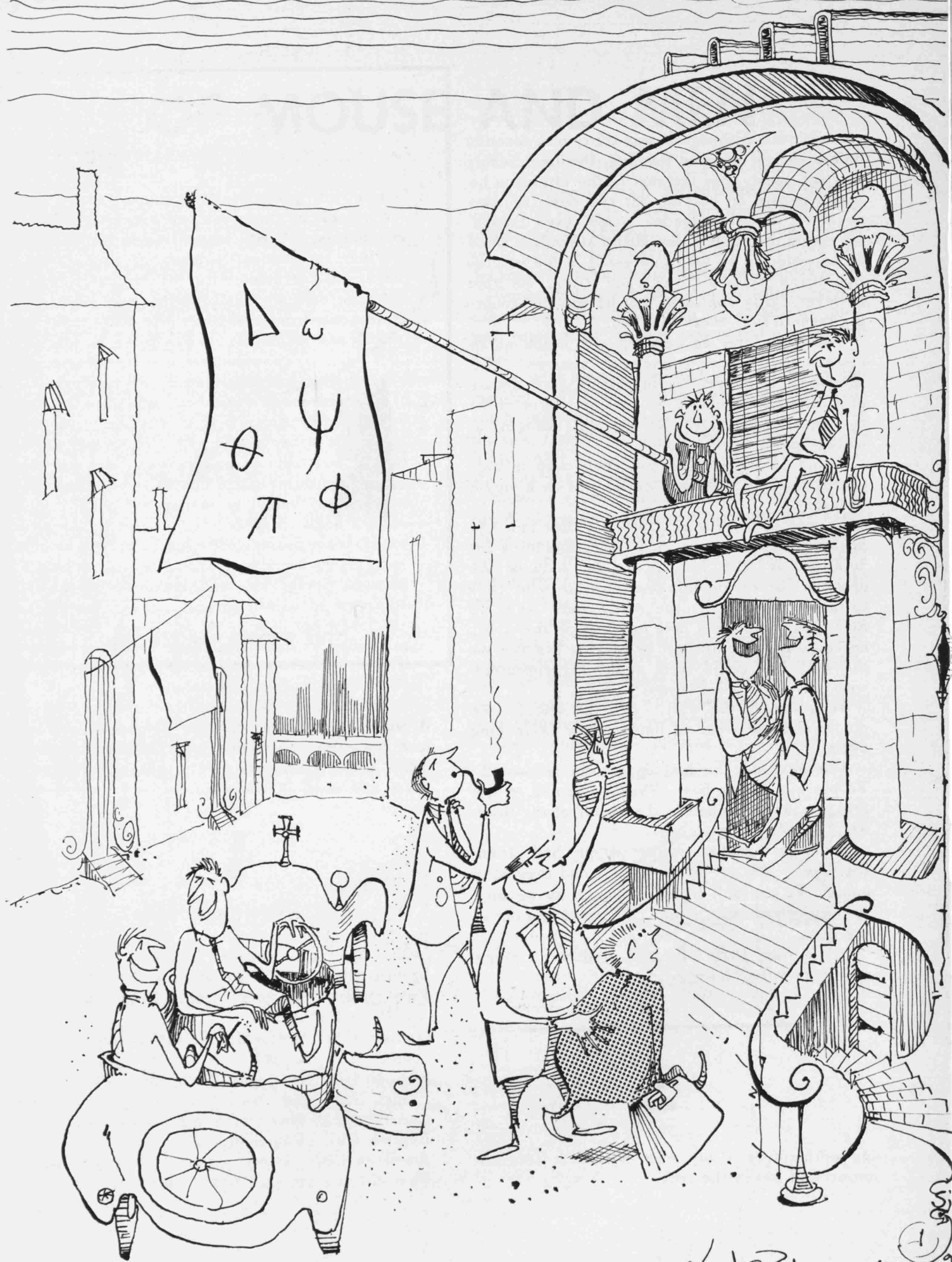
Swedish Girl: Aye tank Aye go home now.

French Girl: For this I get a new dress, oui?

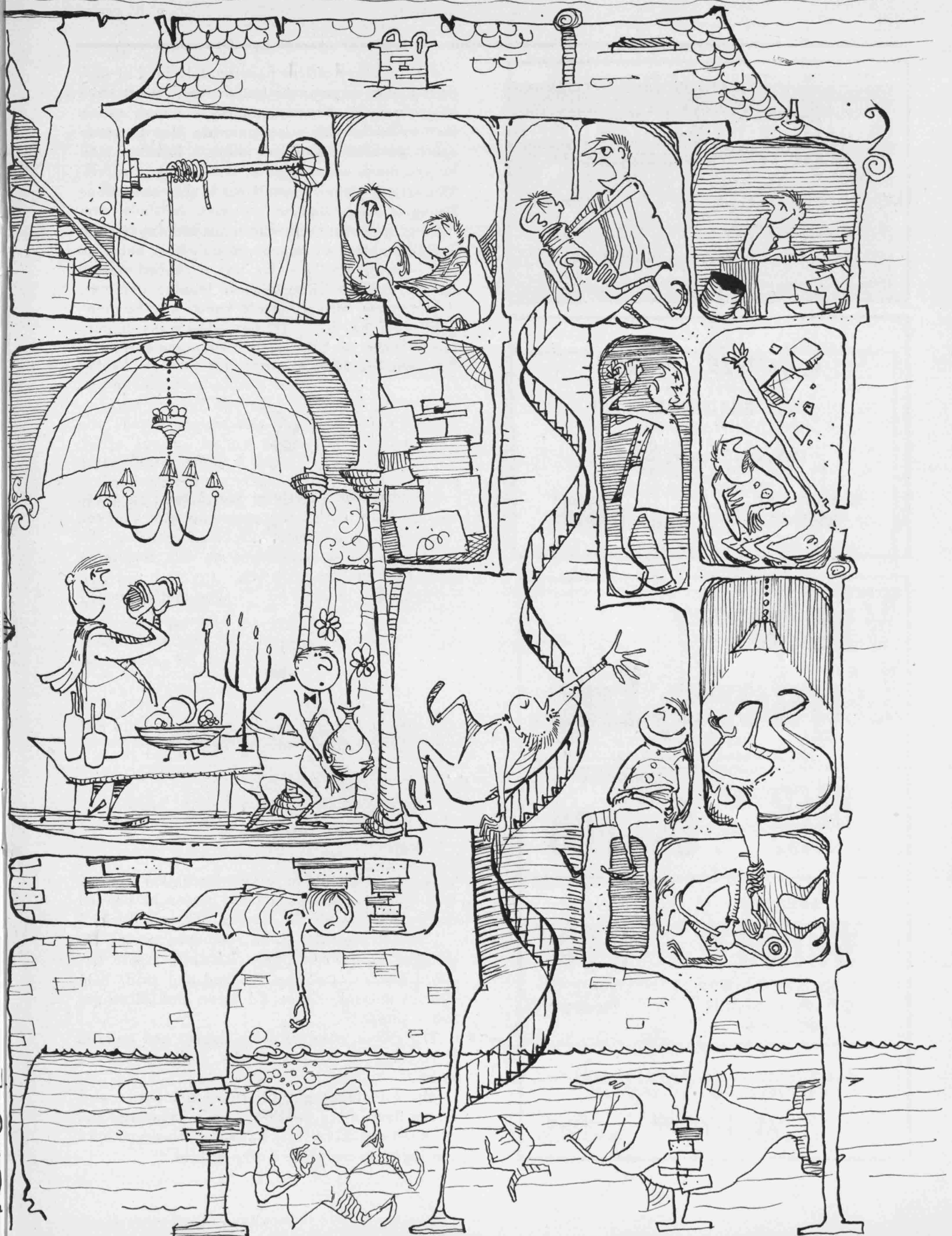
Chinese Girl: Now you know it's not true.

English Girl: Rather pleasant, what?

American Girl: Damn, I must have been tight. What did you say your name was?



Kent C. Bloomer



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A U. S. Navy officer passionately fond of skin diving was anxious to pursue the sport on a Virginia Beach vacation, but a skin rash on his face made the salt water painful. His dermatologist solved the problem: wear a full-face Halloween mask under regular skin-diving goggles. The officer picked himself out a nice one, close fitting if evilly Martian.

That, no doubt, was why a sun-bathing girl on a quiet stretch of beach roused from her doze and -- involuntarily -- let out a choked scream as she saw the Thing almost leaning over her.

The Navy officer desn't know why he then said what he did. It was almost involuntary too. "Take me," he said slowly and carefully, "to your President."



A student put a bottle of Scotch in his pocket. On his way across the street he was knocked down by an automobile. Picking himself up, he started to walk away when he felt something warm trickling down his leg.

"O Lord," groaned he, "I hope that's blood."



And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a double scotch, and she reclined.



The chariot stopped and the hitchhiker climbed in. As the driver lashed the horses he handed the hitchhiker a bottle, saying, "Want a drink?"

"Sure," said the H. H., but upon seeing the whiskey was "Old Uncle Hattlet's Apple Orchard Squeesings," he coughed and said, "On second thought, maybe I'd better not. I've got a bad throat."

The driver whipped out a dagger and pointed it saying. "Oh, yes, you're going to have a drink."

The hitchhiker gulped, tilted the bottle and forced down a big swallow. As he sputtered and wheezed the driver said happily, "Now you hold the knife on me while I take a drink."

A sweet old lady, always eager to help the needy, spied a particular sad-looking old man standing on a street corner. She walked over to him, pressed a dollar into his hand, and said, "Chin up."

The next day, on the same corner, the sad old man shuffled over to the sweet old lady and slipped ten dollars into her hand.

"Nice pickin'," he said in a low voice. "Paid nine to one."



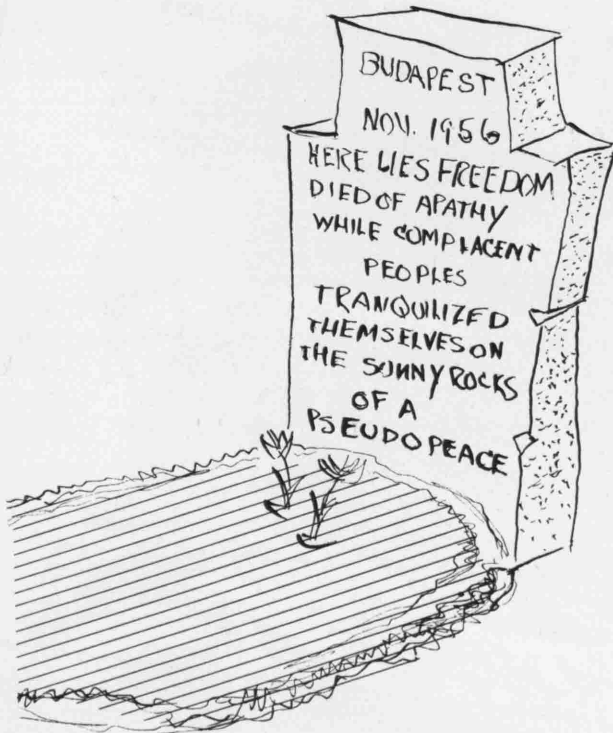
The teacher was explaining to the grammar school students the merits of owning a yearbook and having ones picture in it.

"Just think," she said. "Thirty years from now you can look in this annual and say, 'There's Willie Jones; he's a judge now. And there's Sally White; she's a nurse. And there's...'"

"And there's the teacher," came a voice from the back of the room. "She's dead."



The prim old lady was given her first glass of beer. After sipping it for a minute she looked up with a puzzled air and said, "How odd, it tastes just like the medicine my husband has been taking for the past 20 years."



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May 1, 1956

Dean of Admissions
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
77 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge 39, Massachusetts

Dear sir:

Recently I wrote to you requesting information about your institution and application forms. Your catalog, of high caliber, was one which I gave particularly careful scrutiny.

I am genuinely sorry to have to inform you at this time that I have selected my choices of college, but your institution was one of those which had to be eliminated. This is, I can assure you, no reflection on your reputation, but merely an indication of the large number of excellent colleges competing for students. You can feel sure that upon my graduation, I shall give your excellent graduate school careful consideration.

I wish to thank you for your cooperation in submitting the information requested, and sincerely hope that you will be successful in soliciting other students.

Sincerely yours,

The  Cat



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