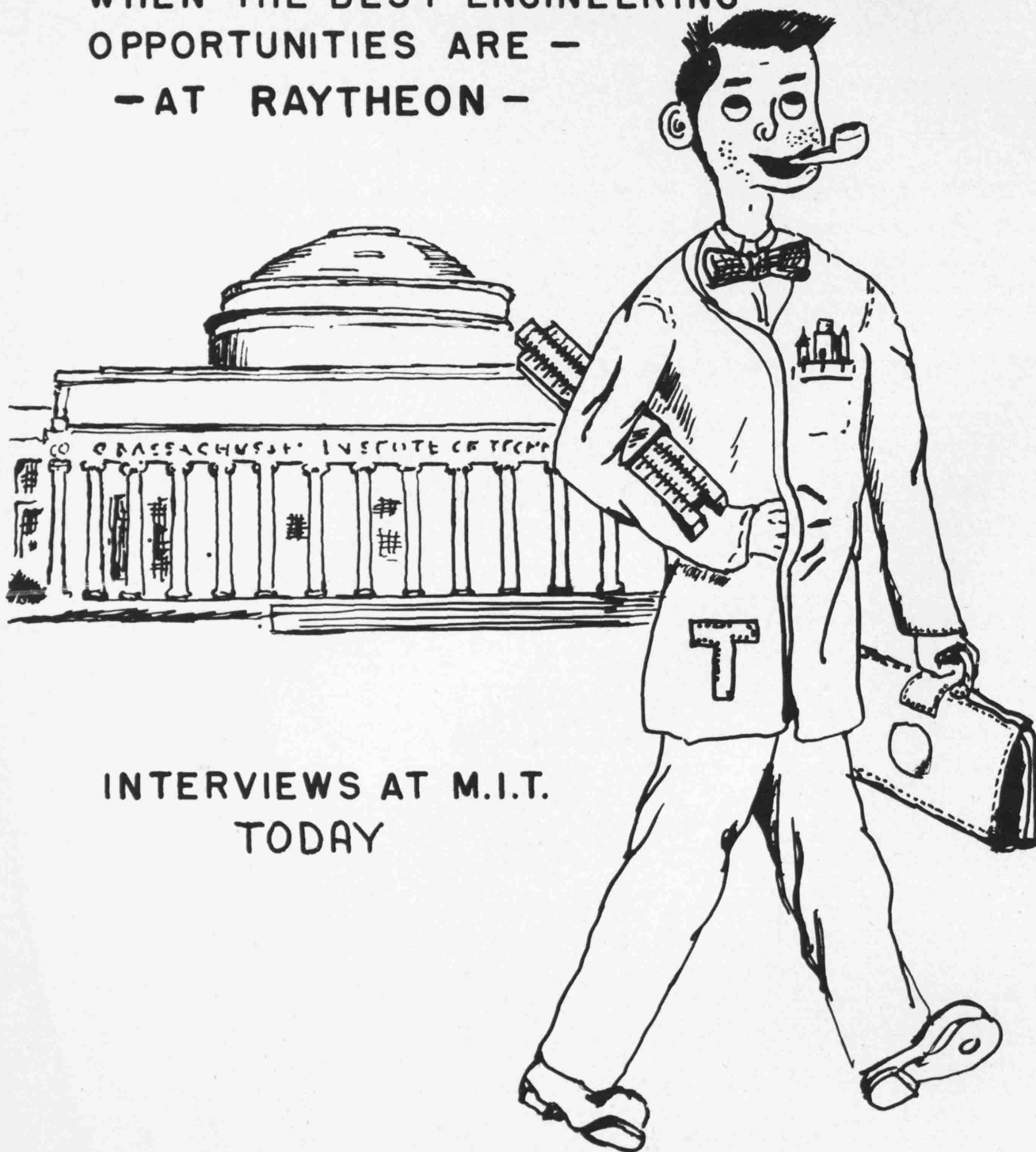


M A R C H 2 5 4

— WHY LEAVE NEW ENGLAND
WHEN THE BEST ENGINEERING
OPPORTUNITIES ARE —
— AT RAYTHEON —



INTERVIEWS AT M.I.T.
TODAY

MICROWAVE AND POWER TUBE OPERATIONS
RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
WALTHAM 54, MASS.

VOO DOO

Vol. 38 No. 3

March 1956

Est. 1919

There's no question but that our automobile designers have really outdone themselves this time. Seemed that last year they went just about as far as they could go---yet the 1955 version of the Utmost in Beauty is already old hat.

We at VOO DOO are certainly not prone to casting aspersions upon progressive, modern design; however, we note with considerable alarm the style changes of the new models, relegated as they are almost exclusively towards the enhancement of their tail-ends. We question the progressivity and moral stamina of a whole society which, in its craving for glamour and excitement, reverts to the beautification of tail-ends. Such adornment is indeed reversion to animal type. Historically, man's distinctive quality of two-leggedness (with its accompanying reorientation of parts) replaced once-and-for-all the tail-end worship universal to the kingdom of four-legged creatures with facial worship; indeed, the facial plane became the criterion of womanly beauty. (Throughout the ages, men have intuited the animal nature of behind-worship; women certainly have always understood the latent power of their nether bifurcations.)

Have we reached that acme of cultural growth which precipitated the disintegration of earlier western civilizations? Have we, in the boredom of our luxurious environment, already started in the search for the bizarre and the erotic? Does something as ostensibly harmless as the 1956 rendition of modern autodom contain the beginning manifestations of the decadence of modern society? Is the modest tail-light of the last decade, been replaced forever?

VOO DOO, as ever deeply concerned with propriety, certainly hopes that such is not the case.

C.B.F.

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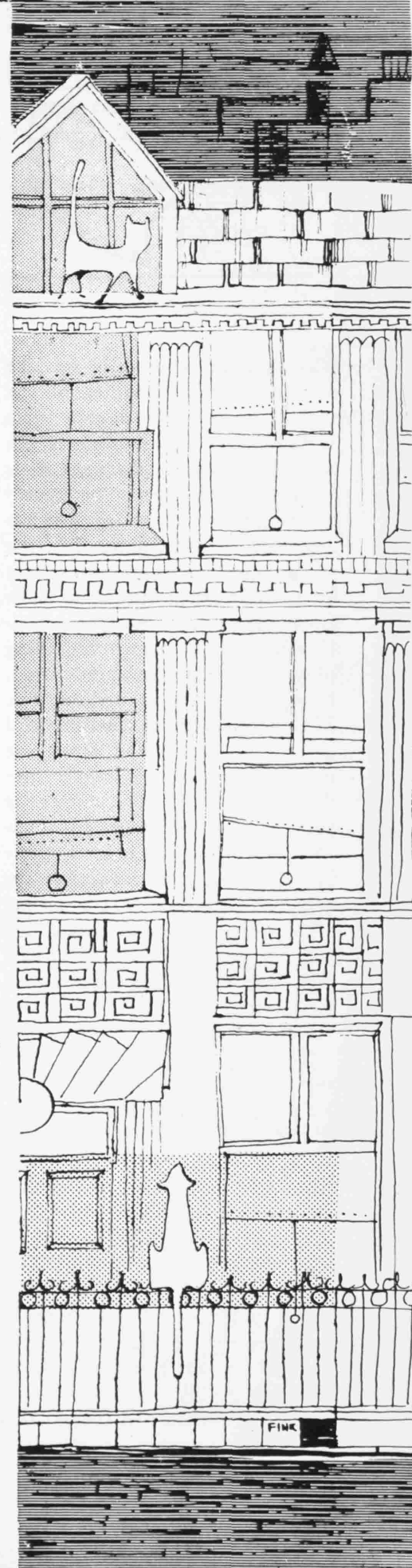
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All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

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Every once in a while we like to laud one or another of the small groups of people who make life more interesting for the rest of us through their small daily efforts. The specific people we have in mind today are the informants, the publicists, or more elegantly Those Who Hang Signs On Their Doors For The General Edification. It is not a big thing they do, but it is appreciated. Every few days an article from Time or Fortune or Confidential gets itself neatly cut along the margin and scotch taped into the public view. Are not these men the soul-linked descendants of Johnny Appleseed, sowing the only frontiers that remain? Just that extra bit of trouble that they take and they have shared the experience they enjoyed while basking in the extra blessedness of the giver.

Nor, we say, do they go unappreciated. Everyone unfailingly stops to read what is posted on doors. It may have been an article that has been lying on their bookcase untouched for over six months but they will read it and enjoy it. They will read it over every time they pass. Very often the publicist will make the greatest sacrifice the specie can make--to take an almost pin-up from his inside wall and tape it to his outside door. Is there more good will a man can show to

his fellow man? We think not.

Knowing of the anxiousness of their fellows for their own welfare, they have a string of signs prepared which follow one another onto their doors and inform the worried passerby as to what the occupant is doing at the particular moment. There are Studying signs so that the passersby will be relieved in knowing that their friend is applying himself seriously to his work. There are Sleeping signs so that the passersby will act accordingly on tiptoe, happy in their friends' serenity. There are Do Not Disturb signs so that the passerby will know his friend is necking and is finding emotional security so essential to his mental stability. All this makes his friends (ourselves) unbelievable happy.

We could say much more--pile kudo atop kudo until we had a large pile of kudos, but it would not begin to reach the height of affection we feel for these people. They, like so many others, in their own quiet way, add just another twist to the warped atmosphere of our beloved alma-mater.

A friend of ours has taken an apartment on the fourteenth floor of a large housing project. On the third day of his

occupancy, one o'clock in the morning found him on his way up on the elevator from the basement with another man who yawned as much as he did. The car stopped at the first floor, and a woman in a raincoat stepped in. As the door closed behind her, the raincoat parted, to reveal that she had absolutely nothing on. Our friend swears to this by the uniform uselessness of The Tech Editorial Policy which is about as solemn and true a swear as a person can nowadays make. The raincoat closed again after a few seconds, but our friend saw that the other occupant of the car had noticed the phenomenon too. The woman was quite at ease, and when the elevator stopped at the seventh floor, she got out and the doors closed behind her. Our friend glanced over at the other occupant of the car, who smiled pleasantly back, yawned, looked at his watch, and got off on the tenth floor.

Our friend has taken a six months lease on the place, and no one can persuade him to vacation during the summer. We suspect the machinations of an extremely original Real Estate Agent--how else explain this and the other things that have occurred since we've been living there--and we wish to offer publicly to this man a permanent position on the Voodoo Board of Directors.

In talking with laymen and freshmen, we have observed in them a regard for the sciences bordering on veneration. 'The purity of science' is what they talk about. To disillusion is a sorry sin, but let us, in the name of gentle enlightenment, relate an episode concerning one of the largest Research Corporations in the world.

The department (in this laboratory) dedicated to electron tube development was on the verge of despair. Every experimental tube for the last two months turned out to have a bad cathode, and the best minds in the field were at a loss to account for it. By the middle of the third month, however, a lucky speculation and some rapid verification ended the mystery, and set the Research Department back on its austere feet again.

It appears that Hydrogen Sulfide, even in minute amounts, is detrimental to cathode chemical coatings. It seems that one of the assemblymen in the tube construction shop was prone to gastrointestinal regurgitations on each such occasion, is accompanied by (delicately now) the exusion of lethal quantities (to cathodes) of the above gaseous compound. The offender was shifted to another department where his physical idiosyncrasy was not such an occupational hazard. Then the frontiers of Science moved on.

Salesmanship is no easy business. Every so often we of Vo Doo recruit another eager beaver who assures us that he could sell padding to Gina. Take the case of Rodney Acorn, a truly budding salesman. Rodney's motto was persuasion is

nine points of the sale. He maintained that you could always talk anyone into needing anything.

Rodney's practice was to collar a prospective purchaser unsuspectingly entering Building 10 on sales day and to place a VooDoo in his hands while still controlling one corner of the magazine. He would then apply all his knowledge of individual psychology in cajoling the befuddled youth into doling out one or more quarters. His arguments included the distinction approach: 'be the first in your fraternity to own one'; the association: 'everybody's reading it, why be left out?' the flattery: 'you look like a man of perception and appreciation'; the dubious: 'you may not be of the caliber to get the full satisfaction'; or any linear combination of the above.

One sales day Rodney came upon a customer of unusual mettle. No coercion, hot or cold, could dent his shell-like resistance. Finally this willful individual slyly muttered, as though to himself, "What poor technique."

'What?' shouted Rodney, 'what do you mean poor technique?'

'Just what I said,' retorted the other, 'you just won't sell. Now here I have a book which discloses the foolproof method of selling.'

So saying, he whipped out a pamphlet entitled Position Is Nine Points Of The Sale. Grasping Rodney by the ear he then proceeded to shoulder him into a corner where, with a swipe of the knee, he consummated the sale.

'It works,' marveled Rodney who, after skimming through the fully illustrated booklet, decided to use a smiliar technique in effecting his next sale.

A week later we were beset by a chain of letters from indignant customers and each containing a bill for medical treatment.

Rodney doesn't work here any more.

Our last year's literary editor is getting married. He is marrying a Finnish girl whom he met in Boston. The wedding will take place in Bombay. We'd like to extend an invitation to all our Near East readers to attend the banquet after the ceremony. The rumor is that the honeymoon is at the North Pole.

Best from all of us, Amby.

We have a particularly good poem in the VooDoo Office on the third floor of Walker Memorial. However, current policy prevents the publication of, as we say, this particularly fine poem. Nevertheless, our editors are loathe to let the reading public pass our portals without perusing this particularly excellent poem. Therefore they have generously consented to allow the reading public (you) to come up to our office any Monday from five to seven, and (unmolested if you take no longer than three minutes) stand by our bulletin board in order to digest this particularly superb poem. No, Horace, not e.e.cummings.

Don't be kind and don't be courteous. No sir. Some time ago, we had the fine fortune to be given a phone number which we were assured belonged to a double-plusgood female. As is our custom when phoning a blind date, we pasted on the door of the booth the name and number and an outline of our approach, which we have specially prepared for such occasions. Our object was to make a suave introduction and, before the unction could wear off, to secure a date for the next Saturday.

Just as we had our dime poised, our faculties alerted to their battle-stations, and our eyes all the while riveted on the opening gambit emblazoned in red on our strategy sheet, a friend of ours from down the hall dashed into the booth and

asked hurriedly if he could use the phone. Imagining the compelling urgency which must have caused this outburst, we complied. He shut the door and dialed. Though we delicately ignored his conversation, we could not help overhearing an oily line which sounded frighteningly familiar. To our entire dismay he followed it up with our favorite quip. Still smiling, he ended up with 'It's a date then; see you at eight, Bessie.'

See you at eight Bessie!
He left the booth saying 'It's all yours now!'

'For Saturday night you asked her?' we managed to intone weakly.

'For Saturday night,' he confirmed.

We tore down our chart and stalked off to our room, muttering softly.

We have been considering the issuance of VooDoo as a purgated magazine. Our literate staff member informs us that this is the correct term. An expurgated magazine is one from which all Anglo Saxon (it is fashionable to blame all four-letter words on the Angles and the Saxons) (no, Horace, VooDoo did not invent the Angles or the Saxons) words have been removed. An unexpurgated magazine is one in which the Anglo Saxon words have been allowed to remain.

But a purgated magazine, we've been told is one in which the editors have taken the pains to acquire a pencil (an expense not all magazines are willing to undergo) and, not only underline all the aforementioned words, but add extraspecial ones.

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The Basques were fighting the Persians and were on the wrong end of things. As the battle drew to a close, the Persians had driven the badly mauled Basque army into a narrow valley, the only way out being through a narrow passage.

As the Persians began to fire arrows and hot tar into the tightly packed foe, the Basques panicked, and streamed into the narrow outlet. As they trampled and mauled one another in an attempt to escape, the Persians hurled giant boulders upon them, crushing the Basques to the very last man.

MORAL: Never put all your Basques into one exit.

A diner in a restaurant rushed over to the manager.

"I've been robbed," he screamed. "I turned my head and someone stole my topcoat."

"What kind of a topcoat did you have?" asked the manager.

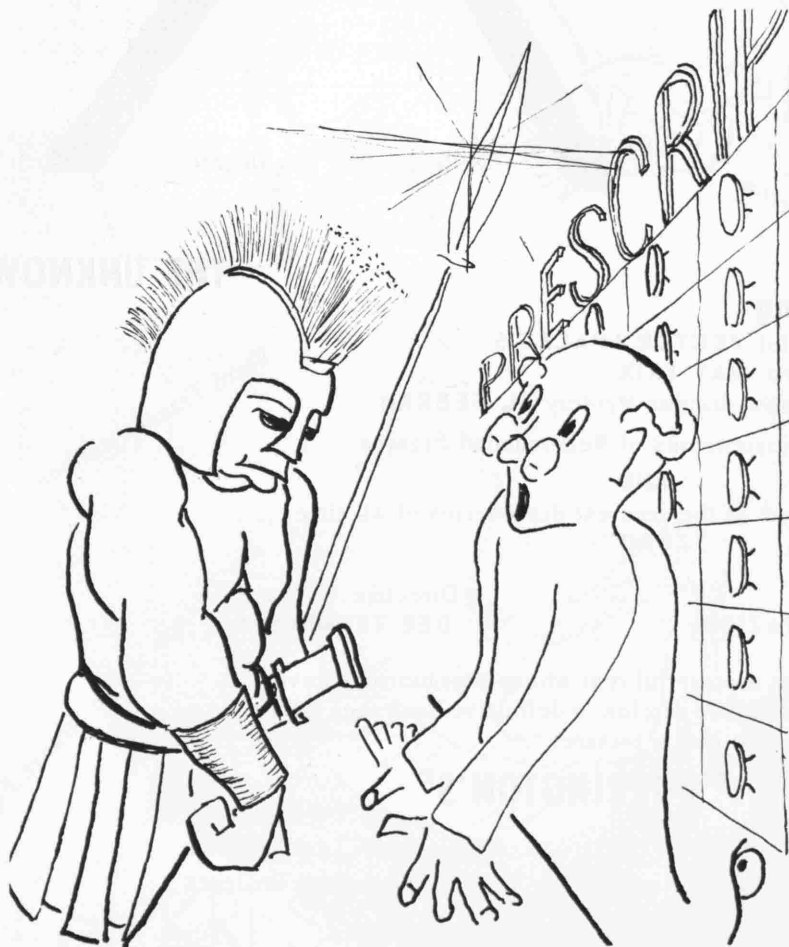
"It was a brown coat with raglan sleeves," replied the man.

"Hmmm," mused the manager. "Come to think of it, I saw a man walking out of here with that very coat on."

"Quick! Quick!" demanded the customer. "What did the guy look like?"

The manager shook his head.

"Terrible," he sighed, "the sleeves were too short for him."



You Say You're A What?

Getting married is a good deal like going into a restaurant with friends. You order what you want, and then when you see what the other fellow has got you wish you had taken that.

Who was that alumnus I saw you with last night?"

"That was no alumnus, that was just an ordinary drunk."

Rushee: "Before I decide to pledge, do you all drink anything?"

Phi: "Anything!"

Tourist: "What do you do all day?"

Native: "Hunt and drink."

Tourist: "What do you hunt?"

Native: "Something to drink."

The Tantalizing Search for a Solution to the Stirling Formula



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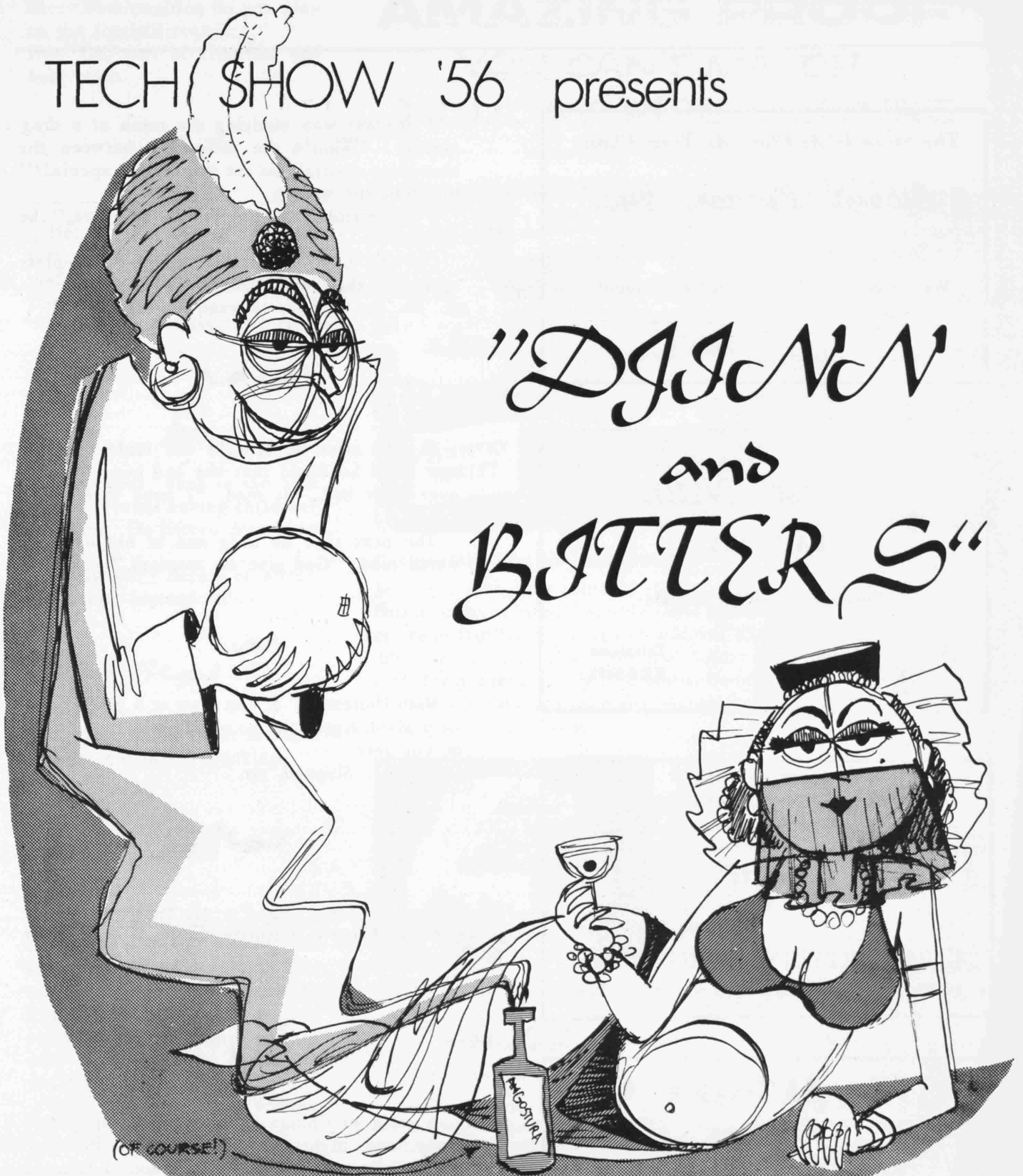
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A student was studying the menu at a drag eatery. "What's the difference between the blue-plate special and the white-plate special?" he asked the waiter.

"The white-plate special is 5¢ extra," he replied.

"Is the food any better on the white-plate special?" the crafty student asked.

"No, but we have to wash the plates."



Shortly after he brought his bride to their new home he found that she had hung a motto over their bed. It read, "I need thee every hour."

The next time he hung one of his own up, which read, "God give me strength."



Math Professor: If you start at a given point on a given figure and go all the way round what do you get?

Student: Slapped, sir.



Theta: Sorry, but I'm all tied up tonight.

ATO: That'll simplify things, I'll be right over.



A group of Cadets were coming home from a party one night during Christmas Furlough plastered to the gills. They stood in front of the house of one of their number and called for the father.

"Will you please do us a favor?" said one.

"What do you want?" asked the father.

"Will you please come out here and pick out Don so the rest of us can go home?"

She: What position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.



He: "Considering the subject on only the most intellectual level, Miss Jones, how do you think of sex?"

She: "Constantly."



Newlywed: What is the best way to prevent having children?

Doctor: Do fifteen deep knee bends.

Newlywed: Before or after?

Doctor: Instead of!



She was out all night and got a little rent in her stocking.



A man and his date had waded through a Chinese dinner and were about to order desert. The man advised his date to order fortune cookies, which, he explained, are little rice cookies with slips of paper inside on which fortunes are printed.

When the little cake arrived the girl promptly broke hers open, and sure enough, on the slip of paper inside it said "You will meet a tall, dark man and marry him." This pleased her very much.

Then the man broke open his cake and looked at the little slip of paper. It read: "Help! I am a prisoner in a Chinese bakery."

AMAZING PROOF*

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EVEN AT \$6⁰⁰ A POUND



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If moisture can't get in, naturally freshness can't get out. Holiday's heat-sealed wrap-around pouch is flavor-tight—for a fresher, cooler smoke. Easy to carry, too—no bulky corners.

LARUS & BROTHER CO., INC.
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*PROOF from an EXPERT

A sample of Holiday Pipe Mixture in a plain wrapper was shown to the custom blender in a nationally famous tobacco shop. "Can you duplicate this tobacco?" he was asked. After careful examination, he said, frankly, that he couldn't. Although he could identify the types of tobacco used and could supply them in a \$6 a pound mixture, he couldn't guess the secret of the blend!

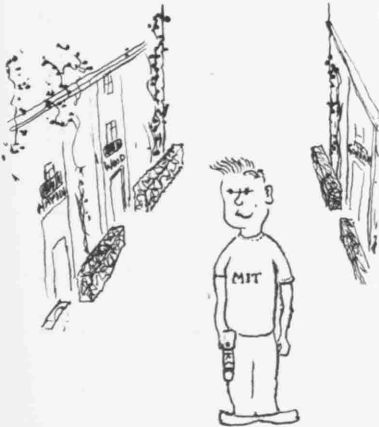


THE NATION'S NEW
PLEASURE SMOKE

AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE MIXTURE

VOO DOO

With a little luck and the aid of the F.B.I., Phos was able to contact some of our old Voo Doo Scholarship Award winners. We know our readers have been anxious to find out how these heroes have fared in the wide world; so, we are proudly presenting some of their stories of success.



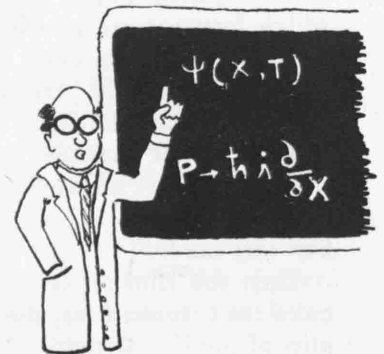
Hillman Herbivore:

We all remember Hilly for his shy smile and in-offensive manner. Because his innocent appearance suited him for the work, Hilly got a job selling candy to children in a small store in St. Louis. Opportunity beckoned when he discovered he could make real money by putting heroin in the bonbons. He now manages a thriving midwestern business, or we might say racket, and has just married Lola La-tour, a famous burlesque star.

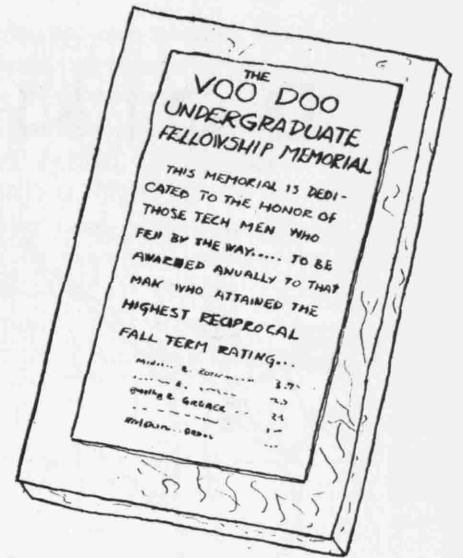


While Ernie was at M.I.T. his instructors were sorry to see such a fine character go down just because the curriculum was too high-powered for him. Taking sound advice he enrolled at B.U. and surprisingly made straight A's. After graduation he won several fellowships for work in atomic physics.

His recent field theory has won him a Nobel prize and several other international honors.

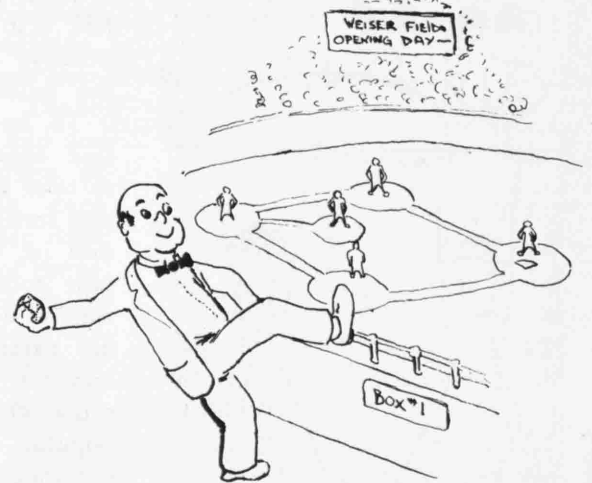


FELLOWS



Bud Weiser:

While Bud was at M.I.T. he was known to all as a connoisseur of fine drink. Bud turned his hobby into a thriving enterprise and now is president of one of America's great breweries. He also owns two major league ball teams and a stable of purebred horses.

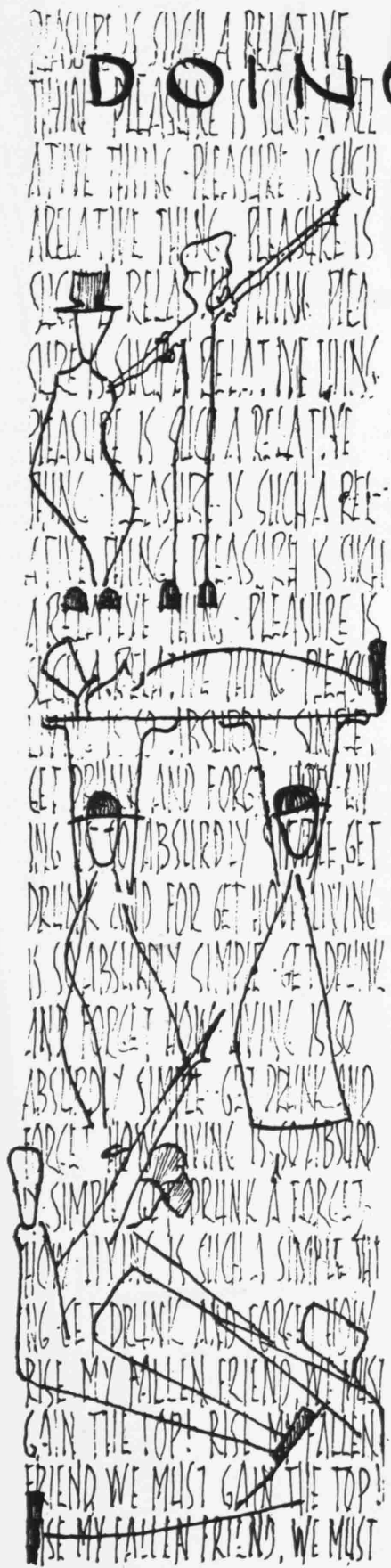


Lewis Lapin:

Lew won the V.D. Award with the record low cum of 0.69. Many Boston girls were sorry to see Lew leave for France. We were too, but we are happy to say Lew made out fine in this new atmosphere. He is frequently seen at Monte Carlo and along the Cote d'Azure.



DOING THE TOWN



MIT - the place where you learn how to earn a living. MIT - the place where you learn to smoke and drink (in small amounts if you never did before) (a lot if you had hit it before.) MIT - a place to cultivate expensive tastes while beyond the guiding control of mother.

To be a true connoisseur of fine tobaccos, it is essential to take advantages of the common forms of smoking available, that is, cigarettes, cigars, and pipe tobacco. Cigars are primarily a change of pace, and are extremely enjoyable if you can sit down, lean back, and relax while smoking them. The popular brands can easily be obtained most everywhere that cigarettes are sold. White Owl is pretty much the favorite in the moderate price bracket. Phillies are a close second. If you can afford a better cigar, there are many imported Cuban cigars that are very fine indeed. Havana turns out the finest cigars in the world. Another fine but more expensive cigar is Robert Burns.

The smaller cigars are popular as always. Robert Burns Cigarillos and Between the Acts are the best. If you're not too choosy you can chase friends out by smoking Roi-Tan or Parodis.

Rum-cured cigars are a real

treat. Rum River Crooks are by far the best, but many other fine rum crooks can be obtained for as low as 5¢ a piece. Another fine cigar in this group is Monogram.

For a really good cigar for 8¢ here is a scoop for you. The Dock Square Cigar Store stocks Marsh Wheeling's River Stogie. This is one of the finest cigars I ever smoked and it's long. A good long smoke for 8¢. You can't go wrong.

Now that we have arrived at cigarettes, we will pass by all American brands by saying that there are some. While our cigarettes are a blend of turkish and domestic tobaccos, there are many foreign cigarettes that are not. Canadian and English brands use Virginia tobacco for the most part. The best of these is Player's "Mild" (not to be confused with the American "mediums"). Unfortunately, they are unavailable in the Boston area. Other fine "Virginia" cigarettes are Export, Black Cat, Craven A, Sweet Caporal, Sportsman, Du Maurier, and British-made Pall Mall. The coop carries Craven A, but to my knowledge the only other available member of this group is the Du Maurier. There are American Du Maurier, but the Canadian and English ones are better.

For true snob appeal, try picking up a pack of Sobranies Imperial Russian. They come in regular size, but also a king-size which is somewhere around 4 inches long, mostly filter.

There are many fine Egyptian brands, including Simon Arzt, Christo Cassimis, and Abdulahs as the best.

For the worst smoke of your life, there are some French and Italian cigarettes. Just to appreciate a good cigarette, you can subject yourself to Gitanes, Caporals, or Edelweiss. These brands, Russian, Egyptian, English, Dutch, Italian, French, etc., as well as some extremely miserable American brands (Encore, Home Run, Lords, Virginia Rounds) can most likely be purchased either at Peretti's 2½ Park Square, or The Crimson Cigar Store in Harvard Square. Page 946 of the Yellow Pages will introduce you to quite a few more. Hint: Ehrlich's on Washington Street is the winner in this league.

If you can find them, perfumed Mexican Delicados are a rare treat to the smoker who is tired of ordinary tobacco tastes.

One last cigarette note: Peretti carries a brand known as "Beavers".

For the final phase, you have to have a pipe. If you keep your eye peeled, there are always sales where you can pick up a fairly decent pipe for a dollar or so. You may even get some tobacco thrown in on the deal. Yello-bole has some good dollar pipes. There are Turbo-Flo pipes with removable and replaceable bowls. Mastercraft puts out some fine two-dollar pipes made from Algerian briar. In desperation buy a Missouri Meerschaum (Corn Cob to you, son). After trying about 90

pipes you might find the one suited to you. This you will promptly lose.

Many inexpensive pipe tobaccos can be found all over the place. Some are Old Briar, Tweed, Bond Street, Kentucky Club, Briggs, Dill's Best, Velvet, Model, Prince Albert, George Washington, Half and Half, Granger, Cornsilk, Olde Horse Manure etc. None of these rate my recommendation. Tea Leaves are just as satisfying. By the way, don't try that little experiment.

For the best pipe smoking choose one or more from this group: London Dock, Mixture 79, Middleton 5, Heine's Blend, Hickory, Walnut, Blue Boar, Regimental, John Middleton, S.S. Pierce Blend 88, Sugar Barrel, and Rum and Maple. These are truly fine tobaccos, and are good either by themselves or judiciously mixed with each other. There is a certain danger of ruining the flavor of these aromatics if it is not carefully done. Not all combinations are pleasant to the taste. The best so far is a mixture of London Dock with either Mixture 79 (Pier 79) or Middleton 5 (Pier 5) or both (Pier 84.) Joking aside, these are fine tasting blends.

As a last word, avoid any of the Perkins mixtures as they are far below the taste quality of the tobaccos listed above.

So---sit down, light up, and enjoy yourself. If you ever get bored with your favorite brand, remember there are enough different tobacco tastes that you could try a different one every day, and it would take you years to cover them all. Pleasant smoking.

Jim Robertson

An up and coming South American government decided to get new uniforms. The official tailor was called in and shown the design. It included blue trousers, red boots, a green jacket and gold epaulets.

"Is this the uniform for the President's palace guard?" inquired the tailor.

"No," said the officer, "it's for the Secret Police."



Then there was the meteorologist who could look into a girl's eyes and tell weather.



The flustered freshman rushed into the clinic and said:

"Did I leave my panties here?"

"Yes," said the doc. "Here they are."

"Thank goodness," she exclaimed. "I was afraid for a moment I'd left them down at the dentist's."



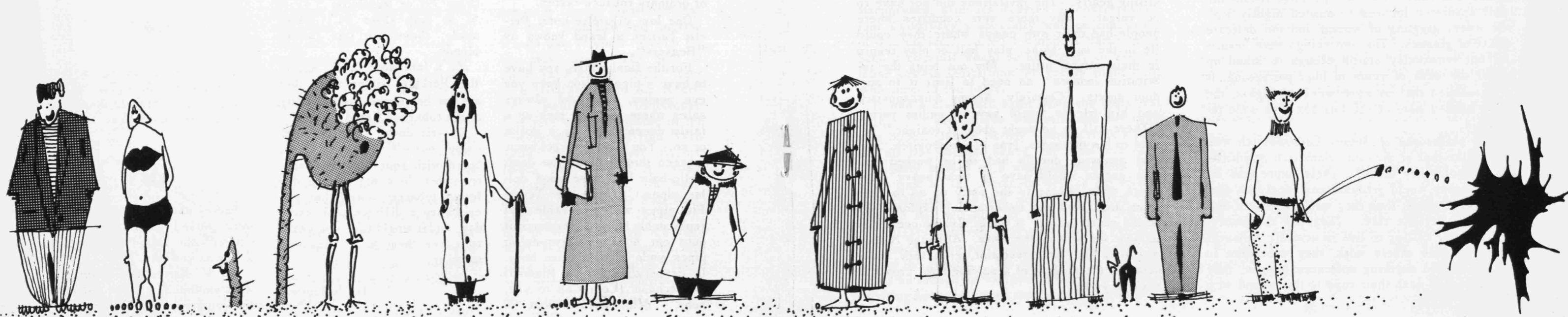
Doctors keep telling us that drinking is bad for us..... but we notice a lot more old drunks around than old doctors.



Audrey and her boyfriend, Al, were parked on a dark road. "Now," she said, "you can go as far as you like."

So Al started the motor and went another few miles out into the country.

SMILE



THE TENTH MARTINIVSKY

(A story of the decadent aristocracy in a Communist society)

Antony Cassanovitch was an individualist. This may surprise you in a society where all are supposed to be stereotyped equals, but he was the son of a wealthy and influential party leader, whose pantries were always stocked with 100 proof samovar, and being a handsome rake to boot, he had no need to conform. He was a student in the finest engineering school in the land and a resident in the dormitory reserved for the sons of those who had the influence and the rubles, Horovitch House.

The other dormitories were quiet mausoleums where the students lived an austere life of study. They governed themselves under strict rules so that no such things as radios, loud card games, or women could interfere with their deep contemplations. Now Horovitch House was quite different. Its large rooms and well appointed lounges resounded nightly with the sweet giggling of women and the delicate tinkle of glasses. The furnishings were beautiful but remarkably sturdy enough to stand up under the wear of years of hard partygoing. It was rumored that on some weekend nights, the dorm housed more of the fair sex than male residents.

The philosophy of Antony Cassanovitch was not unlike that of the other Horovitch residents. Why should they study? Their future was insured: they would graduate and receive a minor party position, then they would rise at a discreet but definite rate. They had the money, it was their calling to live in ecstatic debauchery. Let the others work, they were born to play. Should anything unforeseen happen, they would simply dash their cups to the ground with

satisfaction of having lived a rich and sensuous life.

Now Antony Cassanovitch displayed his individualism in the kind of parties he threw. One week he gave a religious orgy, and once an imperialist party (which shocked the non-Horovitch students.) But for his Mayday party, his mood was not spiritual, nor was it political, no, it was a mood of pure sensuality. He was tired of making elaborate preparations for a successful party and trying so hard to get just the proper seductive atmosphere, and then be in doubt about the women. They might be vivacious, happy things who would yell and dance and have a good time, but he wanted more than that. To put it in plain simple Bolshevik terms, Antony Cassanovitch wanted an orgy. So the plans were made to have a party where there would be no element of doubt—the very nature of the party would exclude those girls who held the classical definition of morals dear to their joy-killing hearts. The invitations did not have to be vulgar. Why there were countries where people had their own camps where they could lie in the sun, bathe, play ball or play tennis in their natural attire. Why not bring the institution indoors - no need to limit it to outdoor sports. Certainly, Antony Cassanovitch and his friends would have a nudist party. "There will be no doubt about it tonight," he said to his roommate, Ivan Alexandrovitch. Several annoying details had to be worked out. The guests would have to wear heavy overcoats when coming to the party so as to keep warm and avoid any embarrassing explanations to the secret police. It would also be necessary to limit the size of the party. Although Antony and Ivan had little restraint, even they shuddered at the thought of a sardine-tight crowd at such an affair.



So they invited only two of their best drinking companions, and that studious little boy down the hall, Vladimir Fyodovsky. They didn't know Vladimir too well, but he had joined his uncle at certain European conferences with the western powers, and had brought home with him the recipe for a daring new cocktail named a Martinivsky, after its Russian discoverer. Vladimir Fyodovsky's specialty was an innovation of this cocktail, called a soupboul Martinivsky. Such a cocktail would be necessary to help release certain inhibitions the guests might bring with them to the party.

It was a clear cold night when the party was held. The air outside was still and the moon was bright. Inside Antony Cassanovitch's room the air was hot and heavy, the room was dark. The party started as a whopping success. In a short time all the overcoats were in the closet. The flabbiest and the most flat-chested were amazed and delighted at how the soft red and blue lights flattered their anatomies. The idea and mood of the party didn't seem to embarrass any of the guests. On the contrary, everyone acted as though he was participating in the most exciting and novel event that had ever been held.

Vladimir Fyodovsky had just swallowed the prune on the bottom of his last cocktail and blithely announced that he would prepare the martinivskies. Katerina Ivanovna looked at him with her dark passionate eyes and exclaimed, "Oh! Vladimir Fyodovsky, you're the best!" Vladimir took ten large clear crystal soupbouls out of the icebox and lined them up on the coffee table. He smiled proudly as he expertly placed four olives in each frosted bowl. He opened the chilled vodka bottles and poured slowly, under the watchful eyes of his admiring audience, who were swaying with the light music. Ivan Alexandrovitch and Antony Cassanovitch were quite horrified when they noticed that by the time the tenth bowl was full, Vladimir was finishing the third liter of vodka. As he opened a bottle of imported beer, he explained that this third ingredient was a substitute for the original wine, which was a rare wine, but that it would do because its only purpose was to give the cocktail its ethereal color, and of course it was the subtle golden hue of the Martinivsky that made it such a spirited cocktail. It was when Vladimir Fyodovsky tilted the bottle for the tenth time that it happened. At his right side a strange apparition appeared. It appeared suddenly and with no warning, but within seconds all knew it was material and living. It was a man in a very bizarre attire. He wore a crumpled three cornered hat and baggy trousers and a long dull blue vest. He was at least a foot taller than anyone present. In one hand he constantly waved a tri-colored banner and in the other he held a small sparkling glass shaped like an hour glass and flashing like a jewel. He gazed at the revelers with his frighteningly determined eyes. The girls slouched down with crimson faces and tried to cover themselves with their arms. Ivan Alexandrovitch scrambled under a couch. Everyone became terribly embarrassed and ashamed. Adam and Eve couldn't have felt the same way if they had just eaten a whole bushel of forbidden fruit.

The apparition, or man, looked angrily at Vladimir, who was cowering against the icebox, and spoke loudly in an indignant tone, "My goodness, man, that's no way to mix a martini!"

---Ralph Brown



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The man was indulging in his hobby of watching people, when out of a store came one of the most colorful visions he had ever seen--a tall, thin, gray haired woman wearing an excess of makeup, green slacks, red plaid shirt, yellow kerchief and a purple straw hat with a large red feather in it.

He didn't realize how hard he was staring until she walked over and tapped him on the midriff with the back of her hand.

"Say, buddy, got a dime?" she asked.

"Why, sure," he answered, feeling embarrassed. She held out a demanding hand, and before he knew it he had dropped a coin into it.

"Thanks," she snapped. "No damn fool can stare at me like that for nothing."



The automobile engine pounded, sputtered, and finally stopped.

"I wonder," mused the student, "What that knocking is."

"Maybe," said the beautiful coed, "It's opportunity."



"I think when Ray and I are married we'll go to Bali to see what it is like."

"Don't be silly, it's the same everywhere."



B.U.: I said some pretty foolish things to my date last night.

Simmons: Yes?

B.U.: That was one of them.

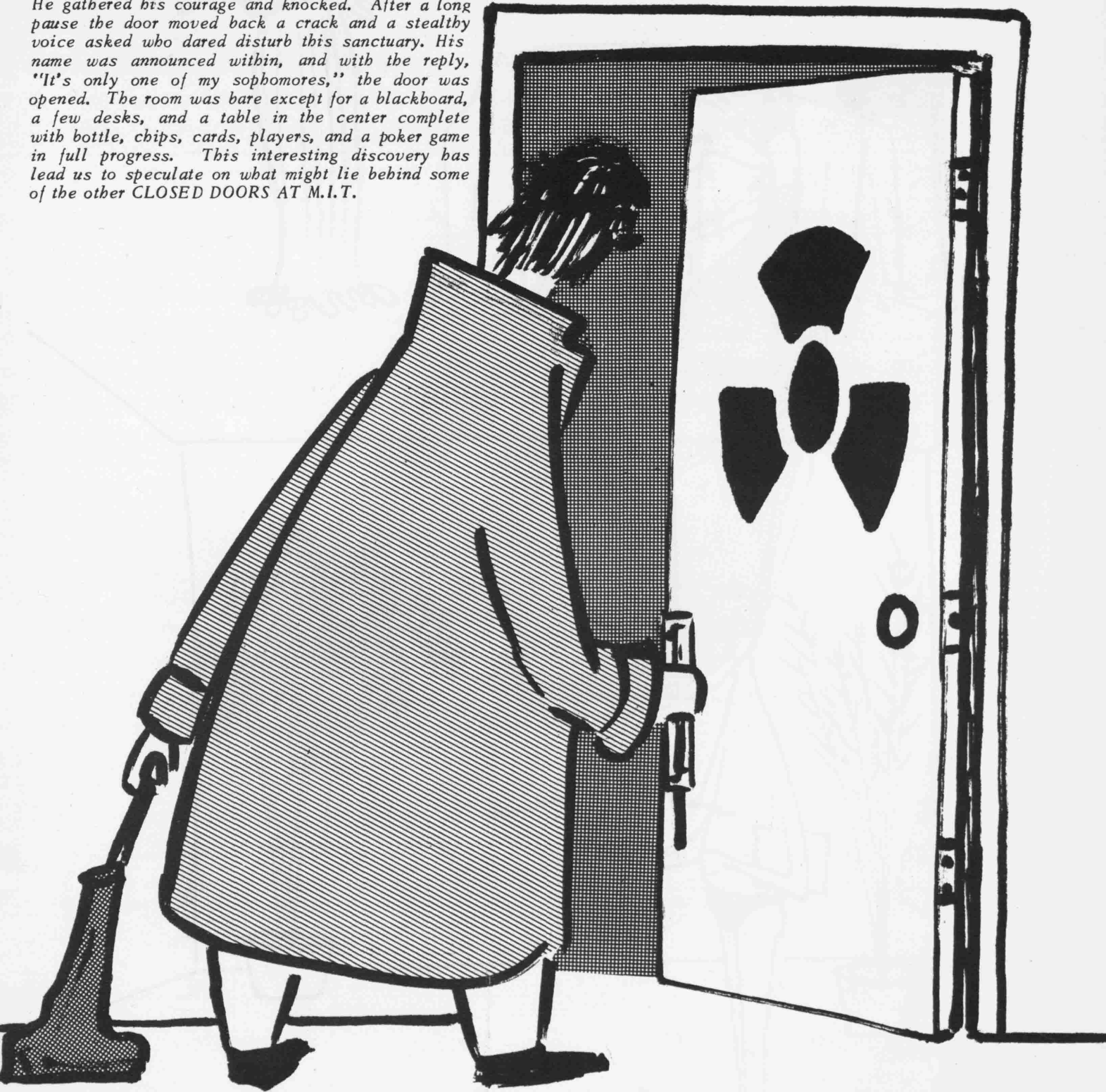


A man with a little black bag knocked at the home of a father of 13 children.

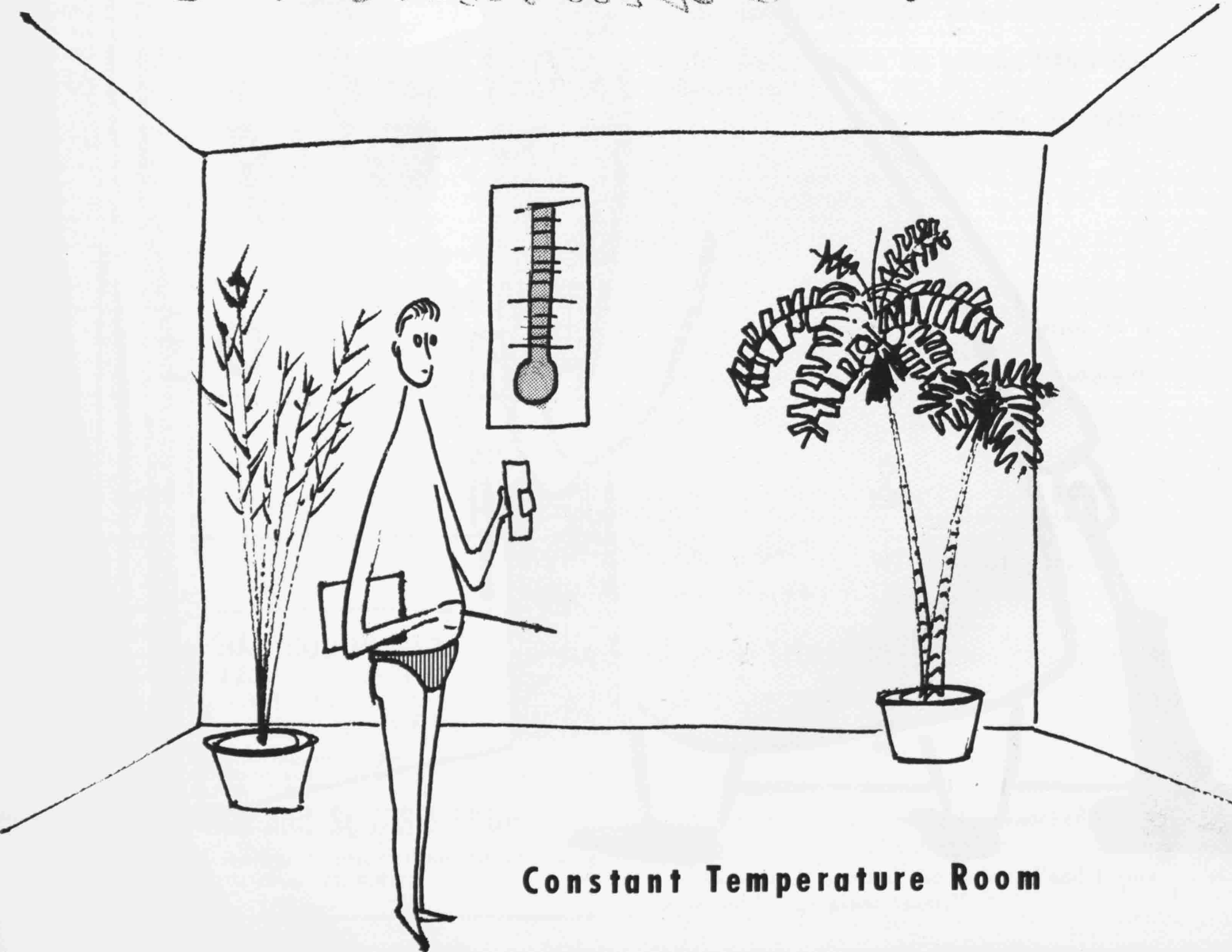
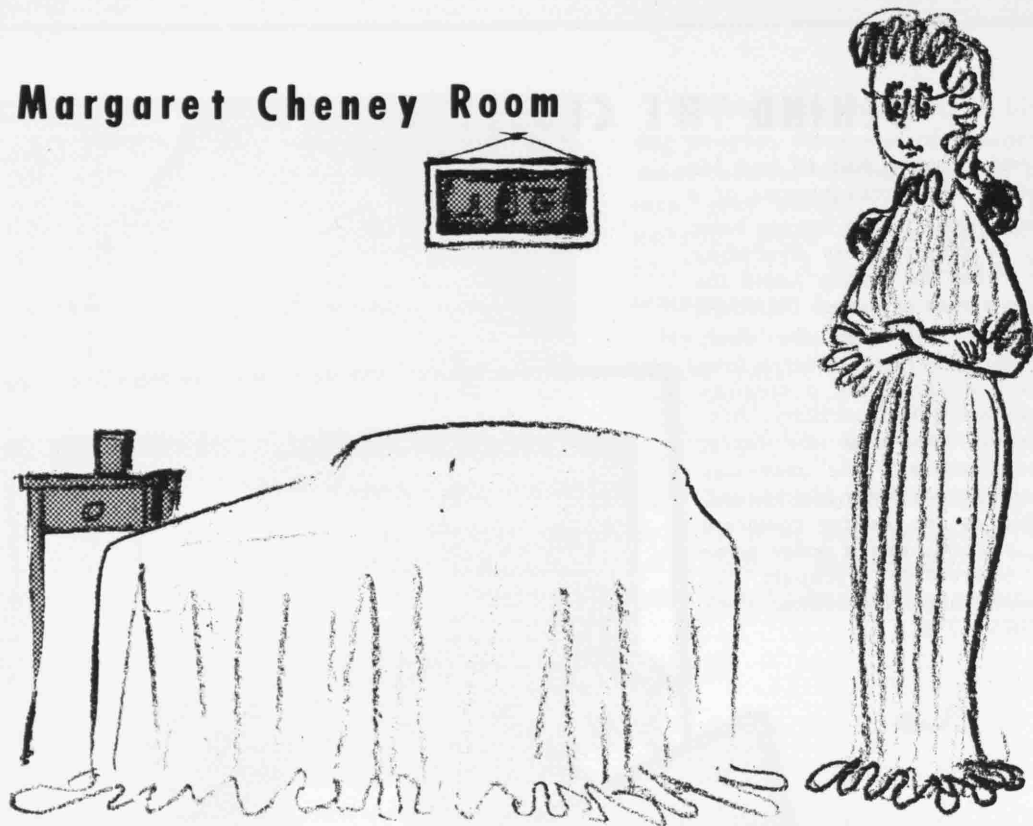
"Come in," greeted the father, "and I sure hope you're the piano tuner."

BEHIND THE CLOSED AT M.I.T.

The other day, a friend of ours had to see his physics lab instructor about the consequences of a few Saturday morning hangovers. Never having been to the instructors office, he obtained his directions from a kindly secretary. When he finally found the place, he was stopped by a series of garish DANGER RADIATION signs plastered all over the door. He gathered his courage and knocked. After a long pause the door moved back a crack and a stealthy voice asked who dared disturb this sanctuary. His name was announced within, and with the reply, "It's only one of my sophomores," the door was opened. The room was bare except for a blackboard, a few desks, and a table in the center complete with bottle, chips, cards, players, and a poker game in full progress. This interesting discovery has lead us to speculate on what might lie behind some of the other CLOSED DOORS AT M.I.T.

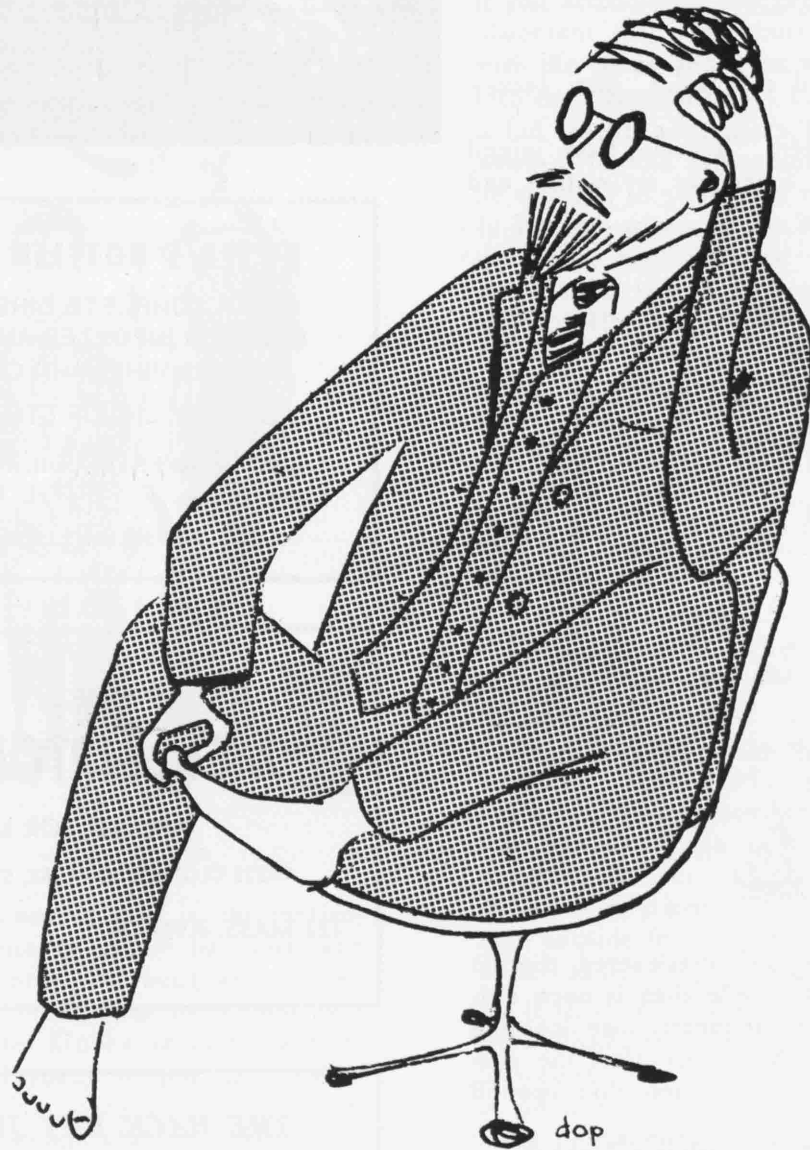


Margaret Cheney Room



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"A": "Hey, have you got a cigarette?"
 "IKE": "Yeah."
 "A": "Got a light?"
 "IKE": "Yeah, want a kick in the chest to get started?"



Overheard on board the U.S.S. New Jersey this summer:

One sailor to another: "I would have joined the Marines but they found out my mother and father were married."



A musician was practicing on his saxophone late at night when the landlord came in. "Do you know there's a little old lady sick upstairs?" asked the landlord.

"No," answered the musician. "Hum a little of it."



Modesty has ruined more kidneys than alcohol.



A Florida preacher has discovered that it takes more to impress people than it once did. He preached 'long and eloquently one morning about Jonah and the whale, but after the sermon he overheard a conversation that opened his eyes.

"Ah don' see what's so wonderful about Jonah spendin' three days in the stummick of a whale. Mah first husban' spend longer than dat in the stummick of an alligator," said one of his members to a visitor.

"Sur 'nough?" asked the incredulous stranger. "How long was he inside the 'gator?"

The lady parishioner did some hasty calculation and answered, "It'll be four years come December."

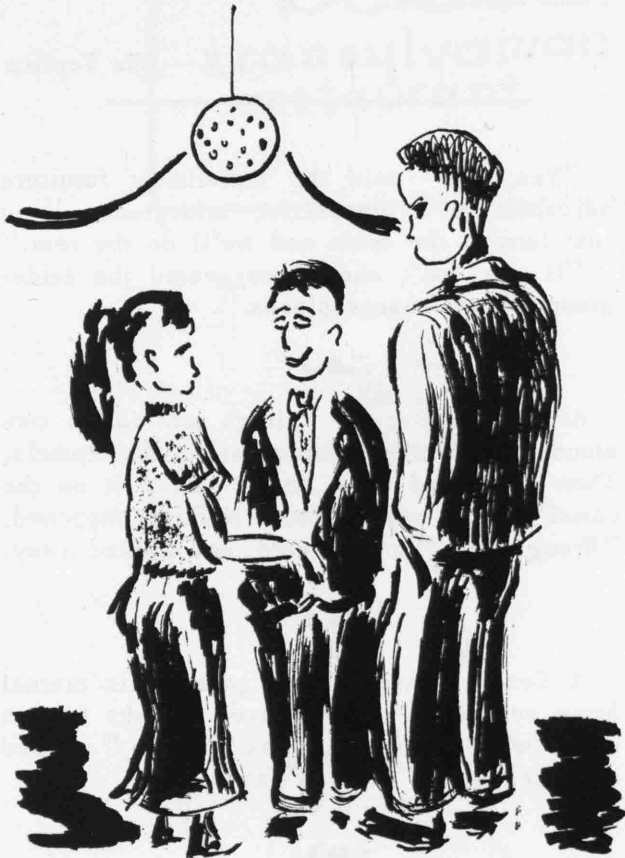
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PYRRHUS REVISITED



Ever since I first encountered it, the institution of the acquaintance dance has intrigued me. The sight of hordes of young men, whose intellects are unanimously bent on adding data to their own private Kinsey reports, face to face with hordes of young women, is irresistibly fascinating. The young men come in assorted sizes, shapes, and classes. There are those, like you and I, who are above that sort of thing and merely drop in to look around. Then there are the aristocrats of the institution, who come in gay groups, skim off the cream of the available femininity, and escort their loot to The Party. The young men that remain are the lonely, and they hate the aristocrats with a passion beyond description.

Besides being able to recognize the classes, if you attend with any regularity and are at all observant, you find yourself becoming familiar with the faces and even attaining some insight into the personalities. I remember particularly a lad whose adventures I followed for many a week. He was rather nondescript, except that he typified to perfection the hatred of the lonely for the aristocrats. When a pretty girl left the room, hand in hand with some boy, it affected him like a personal insult. His eyes would follow them, burning with envy and the desire for revenge. After they were out of sight he would collapse momentarily, as if after suffering a great defeat. At such times he looked rather as Lee must have when he handed Grant his sword; for there was dignity in his dejection, the pride bred from adversity and nurtured by failure. Then he would rally his forces and return to the battle.

His campaigns seldom varied to any great extent. He would approach a girl; there would be a short conversation; they would dance two or three dances, talking occasionally; suddenly she could be seen shaking her head in negation; they would separate and he would begin anew with another. The head shaking was undoubtedly in answer to suggestions that she give him her telephone number, or that the two of them leave together, or that they merely step outside for a cigarette; anything - so long as it constituted an admission on her part, and an indication to the world at large, that they were something more than two strangers who happened to be spending five minutes together at an acquaintance dance, that there was now some permanency in their relationship.

The head shaking was invariable, but he kept trying with unflagging spirit until the end of the dance when he would be forced to file out among the rest of those who had failed. It was apparent that this was always a painful moment for him; that he sensed that as he left, alone, his story was clear to anyone who cared to look at him and read it in his face.

His plight was that of the man who is forced by the slightly deaf druggist to ask, loud and clear, if you have an Ex-Lax, please.

One night I settled in a comfortable chair to the rear of a well packed hall and began watching him, much as one might stretch out before a roaring fire and open an old familiar, but pleasant book. He was looking at an extremely pretty girl who was being rushed by the aristocrats. Between dances, several would approach her, and she would allow the most debonaire of the lot a dance. It was obvious that she would soon leave for an evening of the most sophisticated frolic.

Our hero, after watching for quite a while, squared his shoulders and walked into the group around her. I know not what magic he used or what superhuman efforts he exerted, but when the music began to play he was dancing with her. At the end of the dance, however, came the usual head shaking and he was soon shouldered aside by those more accustomed to success than he. He began watching again, now wearing a fierce scowl. Soon she started toward the door with an athletic sort whose pocket no doubt held the keys to a waiting Cadillac. It is here that he rose to the heights I feel bound to record. He strode rapidly after them, tapped her on the shoulder, and as she turned around stepped between her and her escort. Before protest could be made, he led her into the crowd of dancers. They began to dance; or rather, he began to drag her around the floor while she angrily tried to break away. He spoke rapidly for several seconds, and suddenly she stopped resisting and they danced.

Two dances later they left; his arm was around her, his head was high, and his demeanor was that of the award winner leaving the rostrum with his prize. They got their coats and walked to the corner where he hailed a cab.

He helped her into it and took out his wallet. He gave a bill to the driver, emptied the rest into the waiting hands of the girl, shut the door and walked away. I have never seen him again; but when I stop at the check room before entering an acquaintance dance, it is to him that I take my hat off.

Vic Teplitz

"Yes, sir," said the installment furniture salesman to a prospective bridegroom, "you just furnish the bride and we'll do the rest."

"If you don't mind," suggested the bridegroom, "let's change places."



At the fair over in Raleigh last fall a man stood thoughtfully contemplating the camels. Then he picked up a straw, placed it on the camel's back, and waited. Nothing happened. "Wrong straw," he muttered, and walked away.



A Texan arriving at the gate of his eternal home remarked: "Ah, never thought heaven could be so much like Texas." "Son," replied the gatekeeper, "this isn't heaven."



A young couple had just returned from their honeymoon. One of the bride's friends immediately called on her, and by way of making conversation asked, "And how did John register at the first hotel you were at?"

"Oh, just fine," replied the bride happily.

WHOLESALE

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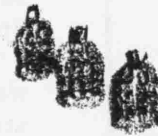
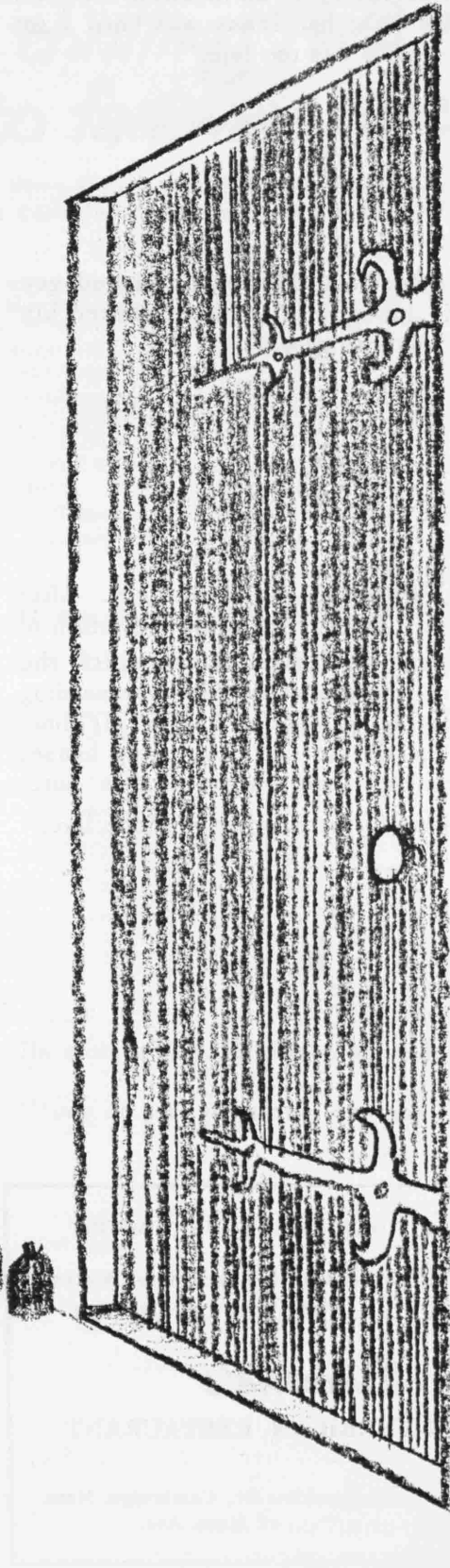
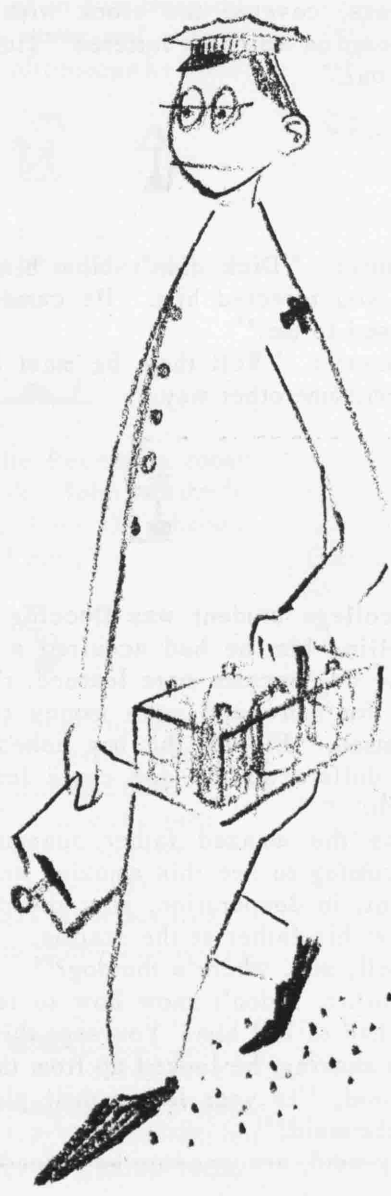
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A rueful bridegroom told an inquiring reporter, "I never knew what happiness was until I got married--and then it was too late."



And then there was the absent minded guy who in taking his girl for a drive shifted his date and stripped his gears.



Private Smith had broken with his girl. After ignoring several letters requesting the return of her photograph, he received one in which she threatened to complain to his commanding officer. Deciding to squelch her for all time, he gathered up all the pictures in the house, wrapped them up, and enclosed this note: "Pick it out-I've forgotten what you look like."



"I thought that the doctor told you to stop all drinks."

"You don't see any getting by me, do you?"

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A poker-loving spiritualist wanted another player for a Saturday-night session and summoned the ghost of a departed companion. The ghost was delighted to sit in on the game, and on the very first hand drew five beautiful hearts. He bet his stack.

Unfortunately, one of the flesh-and-blood players had a pat fullhouse and raked in the pot--just one more time when the spirit was willing but the flush was weak.



A professor annoyed with his clock-watching students, covered the clock with a sheet of cardboard on which he lettered "Time will pass, will you?"



Jennie: "Dick didn't blow his brains out when you rejected him. He came around and proposed to me."

Jeanette: "Well then, he must have got rid of them some other way."



A college student was fleecing his old man by telling him he had acquired a talking dog. As the dog became more learned, the son wrote home for more and more money to further its education. Finally the boy asked for a thousand dollars so the dog could learn to speak French.

Soon the amazed father announced that he was coming to see this amazing animal and the student, in desperation, shot the dog and went to meet his father at the station.

"Well, son, where's the dog?"

"Father, I don't know how to tell you this, but I had to kill him. You see, this morning as I was shaving, he looked up from the newspaper and said, "Is your father still playing around with the maid?"

"My word, are you sure he's dead?"

And then there was the retired brassiere manufacturer who still liked to keep his hand in the business.



"Do you trust me, dear?"
 "Yes, sweetheart."
 "Then lend me twenty."



When Ace was in the Hospital he had a day nurse and a night nurse. In the afternoons he rested.



And then there was the Phi Psi who had his date down for the week-end.



Heard in the Reception room:
 "Just think, John, we don't have to pull down the shades; we're married now!"



Here I sit and fuss and fret
 While my seat is getting wet
 It's enough to make me fume
 Teacher can't I leave the room
 Why delay me when you know
 That I simply have to go
 Really teacher I'm not feigning
 My car top's down and it is raining.



Mother is singing, she's happy all the day; for the warden has made her a trustee today.

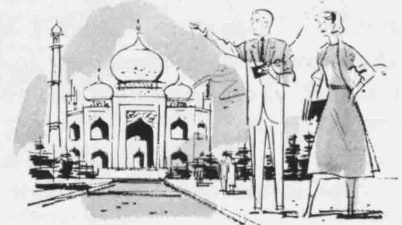
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Take a shower?
 No, is there one missing?



Fun is like insurance---It costs more as you get older.



"Who brought you here?"
 "Two policemen."
 "Drunk, I suppose."
 "Yes, both of them."

Everybody likes to see a broad smile, particularly if it's at him.



He: "I love you terribly!"
 She: "You certainly do."



I was spooning with my sugar last night but there wasn't anything stirring.

Bostonian: How do you like our little Colonial town?

Visitor: It's the first cemetery that I've ever seen with lights in it.



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

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



A young and rather flashy blonde presented herself at a window of a Miami Beach bank to cash a check for a large sum. The teller took the check and disappeared in the back of the bank to clear it - routine procedure in these cases. When he came back however, he told the girl that the check was no good, as no bank in the area had an account listed under that name.

The girl stepped back and screamed, "My God, I've been raped!"



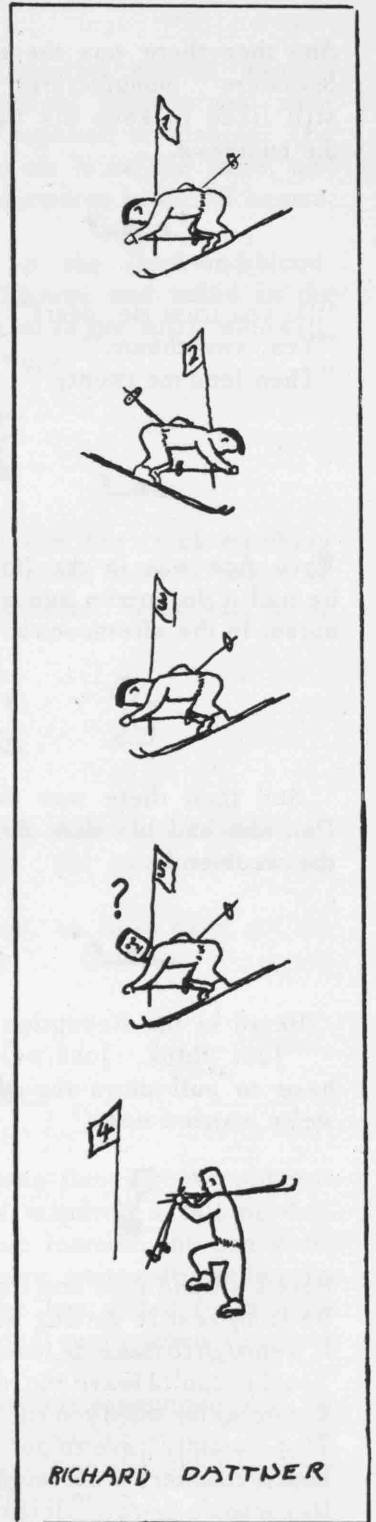
The woman—"But don't you know that kissing involves the transfer of many germs?"

The man—"Lady, when I kiss I kill the germs."



Bus conductor calling from the upper deck-- Is there a mackinaw down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?

Voice from below--No, but there's a MacPherson that's willing to try.



"What are you writing?"

"A joke."

"Well, give her my regards."

"This painting," said home owner Paul,
"Is really no trouble at all:
Most everyone rushes
To get at the brushes
When I promise one Schaefer per wall!"



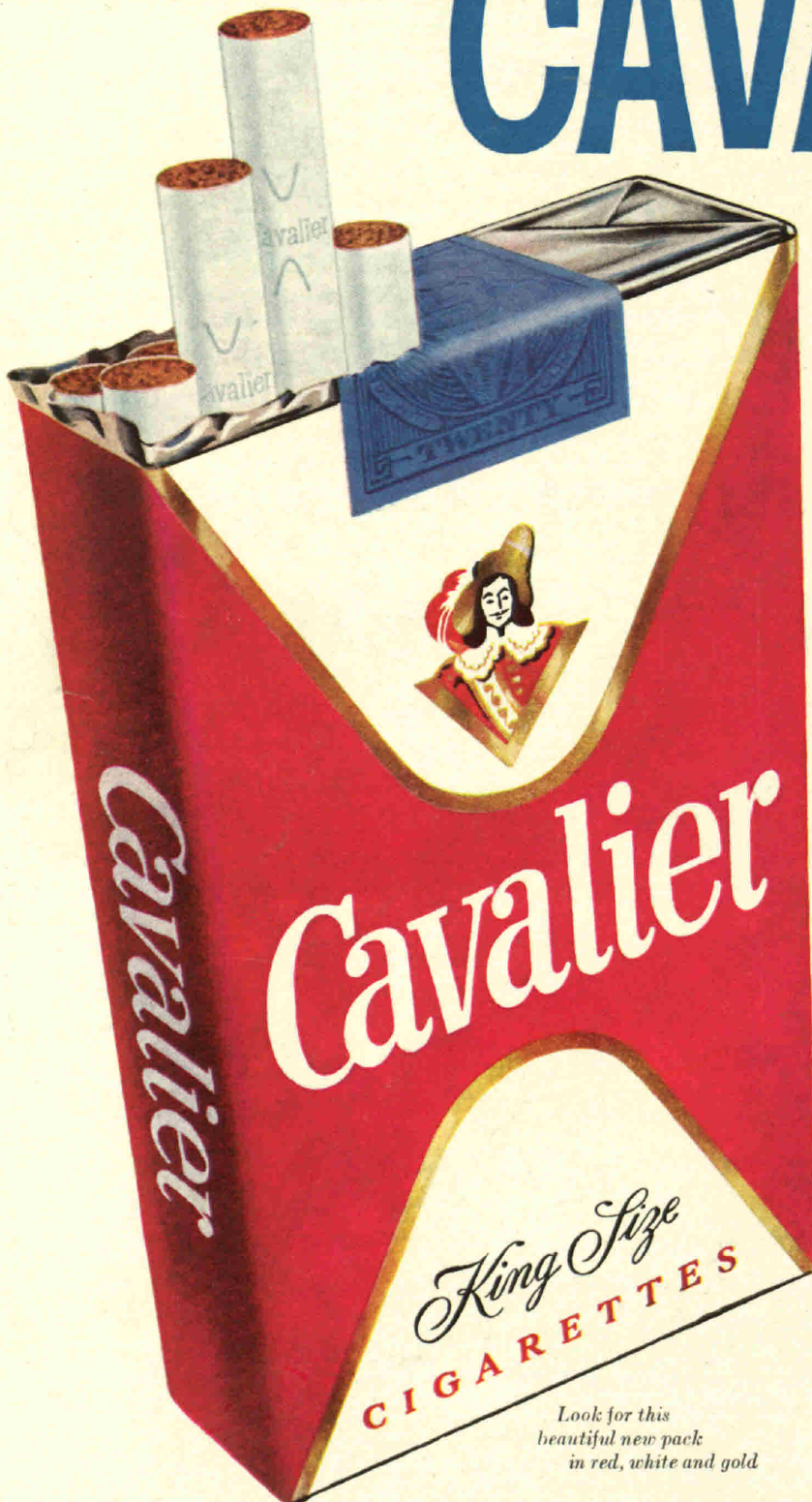
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Look for this beautiful new pack in red, white and gold

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