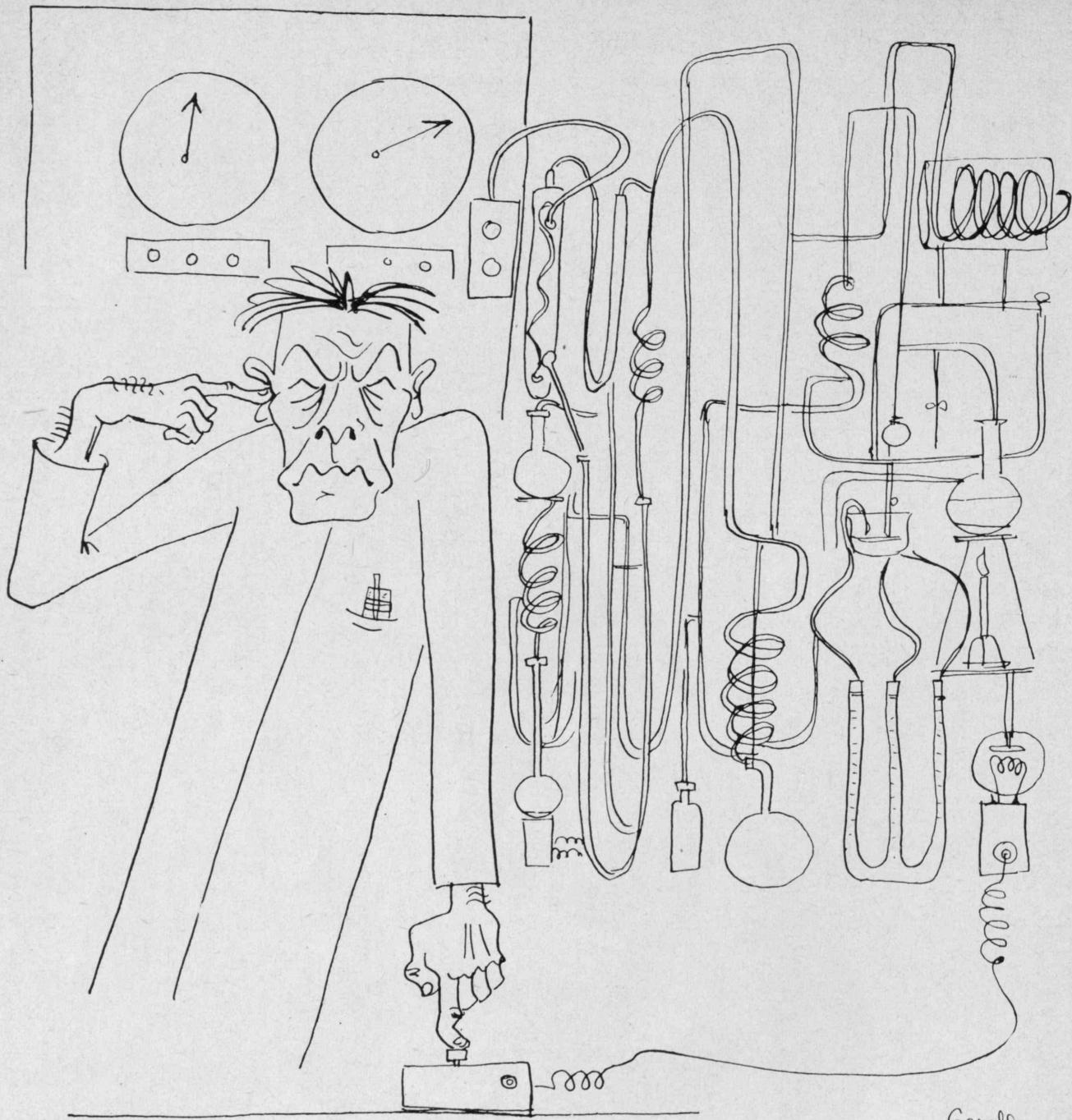


VOODOO



FEBRUARY 25 CENTS



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VOODOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 41, No. 4

February, 1958

Established 1919

We came into the office on the last make up night and were unable to find the proofs from the printer which the local Buildings and Power representative said he had left on our desk. We were interested to see some of the material that wasn't on our desk where it should have been, turn up on page three of *The Tech*, the school newspaper. We are unhappy about this for several reasons.

Primarily we feel that any material emanating from this office, if it should appear in the pages of a school newspaper at all, ought at least to appear on page one of such a publication; and even then should appear on much better paper than page one, and all the rest of the pages of that publication, are printed on. And beyond this insult, the people who run the school newspaper had the nerve to print the name, *Voo Doo* in eight point type; we hereby serve notice that if the school newspaper ever uses our name again in anything less than forty-eight point, bold, capitals, we'll sue.

Aside from these few annoying points, we are always quite happy to lend a helping hand to a fellow publication that can't think up enough material to fill its pages. As a matter of fact, if the boys will come to us next time and lay their problem in front of us, we have some material in the files which will not only fill space for them, but will also treble their circulation.

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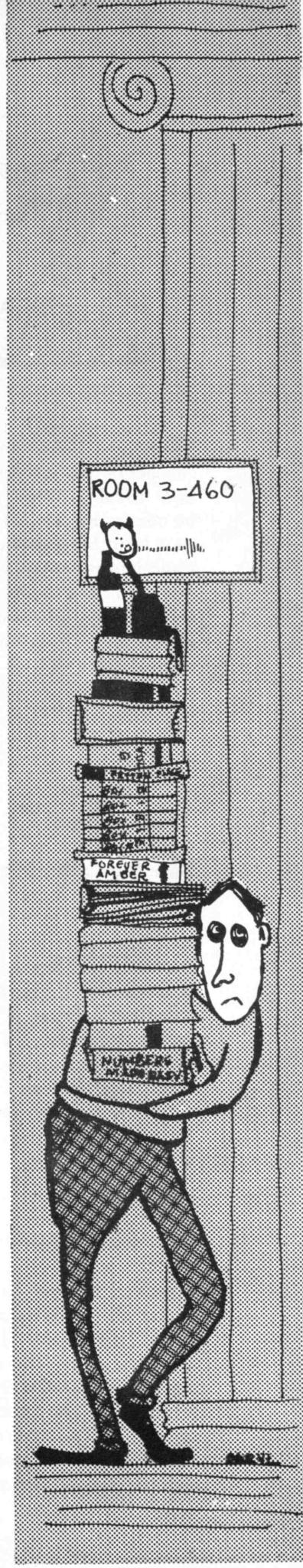
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All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office will receive careful consideration.

Copyright, 1958, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Office Hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday. Published monthly from November to June. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago. Published January 21, 1958. February Copy Inserted.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

This month's cover by Alexander





We have heard some wierd comments on diverse things from local college girls; but we cannot refrain from passing on a lulu that came down from Radcliffe recently. The girl, who had just been offered a beer, puckered her mouth in an expression of distaste and said, "Beer tastes like bananas."

We have a friend who knows someone who went out with a girl from Joslin whose roommate once dated someone from Tech who told her that a friend of his turned in his thesis with a dedication page. The dedication page read, "To my mistress."

We opened our mail the other day and were very pleasantly surprised to find sandwiched among all the bills a get-well card. "Glad your operation's over," it read, "here's wishing you a speedy recovery." It was very thoughtful of the sender, but we rather wish he would speak to the doctor about letting us out of bed.

Not that we ever went in for them much ourselves, but it used to be that we couldn't help noticing the pin ball machines in the Tech Pharmacy. We used to sit there with a cup of coffee and watch a lot of people who were probably cutting R.O.T.C. class or something else equally immoral squander their inheritance. When this Fall came around, however, the pin ball machines were gone. We've done a lot of thinking on the subject and have finally reached the conclusion that the guy who owns Tech Pharmacy did not say to himself "Good grief, every day all these people come into my store and keep putting nickels into my pin ball machines, and buying sandwiches to eat between tilts. This stuff has got to stop; the sound of all those nickels dropping into the coin box gives me a headache."

No Sir, we don't think he said this to himself at all. We don't want to point any fingers, but three will get you five around this office that somewhere in the depths of buildings three and seven, someone had a little chat with the guy who owns Tech Pharmacy. We never met the guy that owns Tech Pharmacy, but we're rather fond of him; he has a nice sense of humor and a good eye for irony: when he took out his pin ball

machines he put in several book racks containing the kind of books someone would buy who wanted to do extra reading for a humanities course.

We're glad to hear that the Dean of Students finds us thoroughly acceptable. We're sure he'll be equally as glad to hear that we find him acceptable, too.

A friend of ours, during Christmas vacation, was innocently walking by Burton House on his way to eat dinner, when a container of milk, filled with water, came hurtling through the air, missing him by mere inches. He glanced up at the building, noted the window from which the missile had been launched, and continued calmly on his way. An hour later he returned and, fixing his tie, strode officially to the room whose windows he had noted before. After a prefunctory knock he was admitted. In a dominating voice he asked the two inmates of the room their names. Somewhat nervously they gave them,

while our friend wrote them down. He then walked around the room, maintaining a dignified silence and ending up by the window. In turn, he favored each of the room's occupants with a hard stare, managing to convey the impression that these were specimens of an inferior species of man and then stalked dramatically from the room. As he left, one of them said timidly, "Are you planning to room here next semester or something?" just barely managing to avoid putting a "sir" at the end of the sentence.

"No," our friend said coldly, "but you're right, the room may be empty."

We like to record that some time ago we missed for two long weeks the very cheering smiles from the Summer office. As we found out later, the smiles went to the more pleasant Florida surroundings on a holiday. We are glad that they are now back to help us survive the forthcoming ordeal.

"Do you neck?"
"That's my business."
"Ah! At last a professional!"

The drunk was telling of his days as a salesman. "Yesh," he said, "I sold a bottle of my miracle rub to a cripple. He rubbed some on his right leg and threw away his crutch. Then he rubbed some on his left leg and threw away his left crutch."

"Well, what happened then?" asked his listener.

"Hell, he fell flat on his face. He couldn't walk without his crutches."



A girl was walking along a country road and almost stepped on a frog. She was about to go on when the frog began to speak. "I have not always been a frog," he croaked, "I was once a tall, dark handsome man but was transformed into this creature you now see by a wicked and magical genie. The spell can only be broken if I spend a night under the pillow of a beautiful girl." The girl, of course, was skeptical but the pleading eyes of the unhappy frog caused her to take him home that night and put him under her pillow. Sure enough, when she awoke the next morning, there stood a tall, dark gorgeous hunk of man. Well, you know, to this very day her mother doesn't believe that story.

I bought Sarah a terrific car . . . she gets 40 miles to a fender.



I kissed her on her rosy lips.
How could I help but linger.
But, oh, when I caressed her hair
A cootie bit my finger.



She wore her hair over
her shoulder . . . she should
have worn it on her head.



Sign in front of a crematory,
WE'RE HOT FOR
YOUR BODY.



The barber told me to use
that hair tonic and my hair
would come in heavy. Only
one hair grew . . . but it
weighed twelve pounds.



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

WHOLESALE

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

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Party Planning



Movies are Ever Than Better

I am appalled. I can remember when a good movie kept me guessing, as to what might happen next. It was a real challenge to try to foresee events. I used to like that. Maybe I'm different. Because all of a sudden, movies have changed. No longer am I perched on the front of my chair, suffering through the unknown with the poor hero. Instead I find myself not only anticipating the plot, but, what's worse, predicting the dialogue. It's getting so that the only surprise left is how far the curtains are going to go before they reveal the whole screen. I guess that if you spend a lot of money for a super-lens, you can't afford writers. Or actors. Or talent.

Like the other night. There was this big twin-bill at the Paramount. "The Giant Yellow-bellied Sapsucker That Came Twenty Million Miles From Outer Space To Conquer The Incredible Shrinking World in Eighty Days" and "Rock Around the Reform School Girls Who Kissed the Blood Off My Blue Suede Drag Strip" (the latter for adults only). The first one was bad enough, but the second set a new world record: not one single original line! It was a detective story, all about some gumshoe named, most appropriately, Rocky Trite.

The scene opens to reveal a deserted street in downtown Chicago shortly after midnight. It is foggy. Except in the lower left corner where one of the smudgepots is out, but don't worry, J.B., nobody will notice it. A man is walking alone, smoking a cigarette, and helping to fill in the lower left corner. His footsteps echo down the street. He is wearing a long black overcoat, and the brim of his hat is pulled down over his eyes. Suddenly from out of the fog comes a speeding car, careening around a corner. The back window is down. A machine gun

sticks its muzzle out. The man turns, starts to run. It is too late. A rain of bullets staggers him. The engine roars and the car disappears into the fog. The man crumples to the sidewalk. He is still. He is also breathing, but don't worry, J.B., nobody will notice.

The title flashes across the screen. This takes several minutes; and lest the audience get bored and leave, off camera Frankie Laine is singing "The Ballad of Rocky Trite." It will probably sell a million. Earplugs.

After the fadeout, we are treated to a close-up of a telephone. It is ringing. A large hand enters from the top of the screen and picks it up. The camera follows the handset up to the face of the owner of the hand. And the inspired dialogue starts:

Hello; Rocky Trite, Private Eye. Oh, hello, Sweetheart. Huh? No, not tonight, baby. Some other time, maybe. Yuh. Yuh, I'll call you. So long sweetheart.

He hangs up the phone. He saunters casually to the window; and as he lights a cigarette, he stares moodily at the painting of a city, two inches from his nose. The shadow of the window falls on the painting, but don't worry, J.B.... The door of his office closes slowly, gently. A deep, throaty, feminine voice says:

Turn around slowly, Mister Trite. Don't try anything funny. I've got a gun.

Trite:

Don't worry, baby; I'm not the funny type.
Girl:

I'm glad; I wouldn't want to have to hurt you.
Trite:

What do you want, baby?
Girl (moves nervously away from door, circles around to his desk. She is wearing what appears

to be a thin coat of paint.):

They've taken my brother. You've got to find him.

Trite:

Why me?

Girl:

You're the only one who can save him.

Trite:

There's nothing I can do.

Girl:

Oh, don't say that! If you won't help me, who will?

Trite:

How many times do you think I've asked myself that question?

Girl:

But there must be some way!

Trite:

Don't worry. The police are doing everything possible. They'll find him. They've got to!

Girl (sinks into a chair, drops gun, buries face in hands):

Oh Johnny! Johnny, Where are you?

Johnny is evidently the name of the prop man, because someone has neglected to put a chair in the office. But we can't shoot it over, J.B.; the budget.... And if we fade out fast enough, they'll hardly see her drop.

They do fade out, but not fast enough. Remarkable performance.

The scene now shifts to Headquarters of the Third Precinct. Why is it always the Third? Police Lieutenant Gruff turns and faces the camera. He is a heavy, thickset man with a huge cigar which he chews occasionally. He is wearing a hat with the brim turned up, even indoors, because if he didn't, he might look like the bad guy. And it saves makeup, J.B....

We hear the door close.

Gruff:

Trite! I thought I told you I didn't want to see you again. Now get out.

Trite:

Ah, Lieutenant, you always did love me.

Gruff: Wadda ya want...

This semi-realistic mumbling of the dialogue is caused by the fact that he has apparently swallowed his cigar.

The continuity man didn't do too well here, for we find ourselves at the last scene, with absolutely no idea how we got there. The dauntless Mr. Trite, bundled up in a trench coat and a felt hat, is walking down a long pier. There is a warehouse at the end. You can barely see it through the fog. Maybe they didn't have enough

smudgepots. We are still missing a small piece of fog. There are sounds of the night and of the waterfront. There is also a scratch in the record. This results in five minutes of a steamboat whistle with hiccups. Very effective. Almost everyone in the audience is twitching in tempo. It's sort of habit-forming.

There is a light coming from one of the warehouse windows. Trite sneaks up to the window and peers intently inside. Oddly enough, there is this great painting of a city on the other side. But evidently Trite is able to see right through it, for he appears thoughtful. Or maybe stupid.

Anyway, he works his way around to the door and, finding it locked, gives it the old heave-ho, masterfully smashing his shoulder, because he was supposed to break in through the other door. Well, the wall collapses from the blow, so he goes in anyway. He looks dazed. So does the audience. Some are still twitching.

A figure steps out of the shadows. It is the girl. She walks over to a table in the middle of the room. She picks up her purse. She opens it. Apparently it contains a seventy-two piece orchestra. At any rate, there is a crescendo that suggests that something might be up. It is. She has pulled a gun on our beloved hero.

Trite:

So you did it. I thought so.

Girl:

Yes, I did it. I did it and I'm glad. He didn't deserve to live. And now I'm going to have to kill you. Do you have any last words, Mr. Trite?

Trite:

How did you do it, baby, Tell me how you did it.

Girl:

Sure. Why not? You'll never live to tell anyone. It was easy. Max drove the car and I shot my brother.

Trite:

Where is Max now?

Girl:

I shot him. He knew too much. He had to die. So do you.

She is about to pull the trigger, when Trite, who has been cleverly edging his way up to the table, reaches down, grabs it, and turns it over on her. There is a scuffle; and, of course, he gets the gun. At that moment, the door is thrown open, and Lt. Gruff and crew charge in. They are, naturally, too late. Gruff smiles.

Gruff:

I gotta hand it to you, Trite. But tell me one thing. How did you know that she did it?

We listen intently. Since we missed most of the picture due to that %\$&* continuity editor, we hope to learn something.

Trite:

It was simple, Lieutenant. You see, she said that her brother had red hair and walked with a limp. And when the train arrived, the street-light was out. Yet in spite of all that, they had the party. So you see, she couldn't have been innocent, because the moon was full.

Gruff:

Well, boys, this case is closed.

Trite:

If you ever need any more help, Lieutenant, just call on me.

As the police start to take the girl away, Trite steps outside. He stops for a minute by the door. He lights a cigarette. He puffs deeply and stares out across the water. Maybe he can see something, but I can't. Except some cable where there isn't any fog.

--- Paul Doering

The ROTC instructor was never hampered by a sense of false modesty. Out on a duck hunt one time he spied a bird soaring overhead, took careful aim and fired; but the bird sailed on undisturbed toward the horizon.

The marksman watched in shocked silence, then dashed his weapon to the ground and cried out, "Fly on, you blankety-blank bird. Fly on with your heart shot out!"



Little Johnnie, being reprimanded by his teacher for being tardy for school, remonstrated with the following excuse:

"Ma woke Pa up in the middle of the night saying she heard something in the hen house. Pa, who sleeps in the raw, grabbed his loaded shotgun and ran out into the yard. Pa stood there, with his gun pointing at the chicken house waiting for something to come out when our old hound dog came up behind Pa with his cold nose . . . and we've been cleanin' chickens since three o'clock this morning."



SHALL I WRAP IT, OR WILL YOU EAT IT HERE?

PARAMONT & FENWICK RUTHLESSLY AIR-CONDITIONED

FIRST EARTH SHOWING !

“

TERRAGON, KING OF EARTH”

NEVER BEFORE HAS THE SCREEN EXPLODED WITH SUCH MORTAL TERROR, SUCH DEEP SUSPENSE, SUCH STUPID TRASH !

HEAR TONY BENNETT AS HE SINGS THE EXCITING NEW HIT TITLE SONG “TERRAGON IS COMING TO TOWN” !

CHILDREN UNDER TEN MUST BE ACCCOMPANIED BY MONEY.

STARTS THURS.



UP FROM THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH HE CAME, WEARING A DIRTY UNDERSHIRT . . .

BULLETS WON'T STOP IT !
ROCKETS WON'T STOP IT !
PUFFED RICE WON'T STOP IT !

SEE

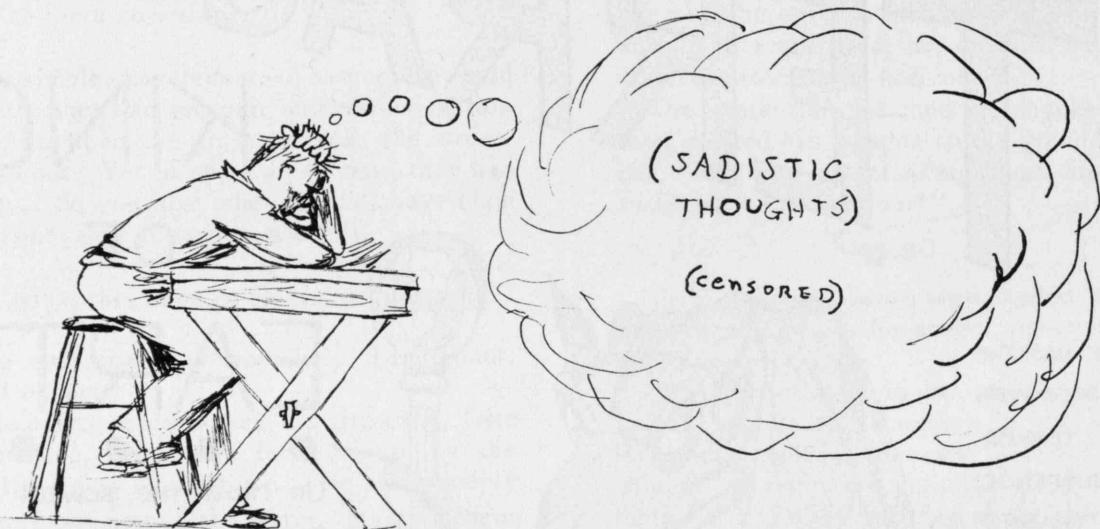
... GRAINY NEWS PICTURES !
... MODEL TRAINS DERAILED !
... THE SAME OLD V-2 FILMS !
... YOUR NEIGHBOR OVERCOME WITH NAUSEA !

STARRING :

ROCK PYLE
ZINNIA SLUSH
AND INTRODUCING :
TERRAGON

LAST 2 DAYS !
WALT DIZNEY PRESENTS TINKERBELL
IN “THE PEANUT BUTTER JUNGLE”

FINALS!



**OH NO! FINALS ALREADY? THAT
FAMILIAR CRY IS ONCE AGAIN
HEARD ALL CAMPUS.**

This tide of protest has even crept up to the very top floor of Walker Memorial, to the Voo Doo office. But here in the last refuge of academic freedom (ahem) we do not sit and moan about our fate....we plot!

Yes, we plot and we scheme about how we are going to get out of studying for finals. This year, we have schemed so well that we have evaded the long arm of the security police and the even longer arm of the Dean's office, and have secretly obtained copies of every final to be given this term.

As a public service to the M.I.T. students, we have decided to print some of these finals, so that all may share in our good fortune. However, due to technical difficulties beyond our control (i.e. the Institute) we only have space to print a question from each of a few finals.

Scheduled Examination in
CALCULUS M 11 page 1 of many
Annotated Burlington's, sliderules, and other such devious devices are permitted. No one is allowed to leave the room after 45 min's, and no one is allowed to copy until he has paid off his proctor. (Prices vary from room to room).

1) If Gina Lolloollola is 38-24-37 and MM is 39-23-36 and their average densities are 4.5 and 4.7. resp.

- a) calculate their surface areas and volumes.
- b) calculate their weights and chest expansions.

Hint: Use Simpleton's Rule for estimations.

Answer: There is no doubt that skin is soft to the touch.

Thursday, Jan. 30, 1958 Time: 9:00-12:00 A.M.
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Scheduled Examination in
5.01 GENERAL CHEMISTRY page 1 of 3

Each problem counts 10%

1. A certain compound was discovered recently in an undeveloped country, which is prepared by adding two lbs. salt to 3 lbs. rice flour and boiling to a gelatinous consistency.

a) What is the chemical formula of this stuff?

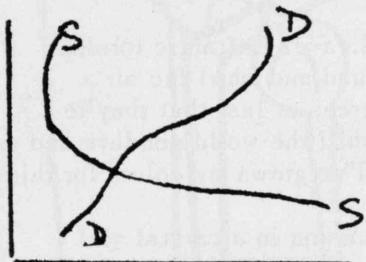
b) Using your knowledge of colloidal chemistry, list its chemical properties and give the necessary reagents and eqn's to convert this mess into Frammistan.

Sample answer: a) $\text{Na}_3\text{Al}_5\text{Cl}_2\text{O}_3\text{CH}_7\text{Fe}_{2.2}\text{TS}^2$

b) Banned in Boston.

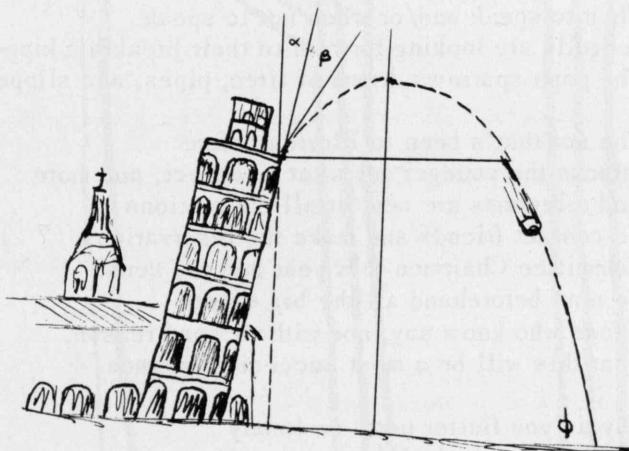
Scheduled Examination in
14.01 ECONOMICS nth page

Given the demand and supply curves as shown:



- 1) What happens if the supply curve shifts up and to the left?

Answer: You starve to death.



Scheduled Examination in
2.00 fun page 1 of fun

Note: All notes and texts are permitted including frictionless planes, massless pulleys, and infinite lines.

Counts 10%:

- 1) Fashteres once said "Give me a lever long enough and a place to stand, and I can move the world." Describe a suitable location for the fulcrum.

Suggested answer: Same lousy place where you get a place to stand.

Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1958 Time: 9:00–12:00 A.M.
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Scheduled Examination in
PHYSICS 8.01 page 1 of 22

Note: Students are not permitted to use any books, notes, or papers, except any issues of Voo Doo deemed necessary. Beercans may be used to hide gyp sheets. You will be permitted a maximum of 3 hours to drink all the beer and finish the exam.

- 1) If a cannon ball (wt. 45.6734 lbs.) and a size 56 bee bee (wt. 34.8967 gms.) were dropped from the Leaning Tower of Pisa (angle of incline 2.9°) how far will the projectiles burrow into the earth if the height of the tower is 45 furlongs. Hint: Density of the earth is 8.97 oogahs/in. All other conversion factors must come from the cuff of your shirt or the palm of your sweaty hand.

Our answer: Dammit, you are uncultured. The Tower of Pisa is surrounded by a concrete plaza.





UPON
SEEING
A
BIRD
FLY
NORTH
FOR THE
WINTER

You muddleheaded bird, you're flying north
Clouds of birds and other clouds of white,
The very sun's begun its golden southern flight
And left a redding one to keep our moon at night
You're flying north.

The sky is most unreal today
High, clear, out of all proportion
A fresh wind's tossed a token spray
And strung amist amidst

Branches. Leaves in frantic torsion
Skip the ground and whirl the air
To tell the trees at last that they're
Of age, to whirl the world goodbye and say
'You know, I've grown my colors for this last ballet.'

A fine suspension in a crystal vial
The other specks and wings are headed nort
The other specks and wings are heading south
Father chides the fledgelings into file
While mother gives the stragglers of her mouth
Pinfeather deportment---carriage of the bill, or beak
When to speak and/or when not to speak
Seagulls are looking forward to their breakfast kippers
The papa sparrows dream of fires, pipes, and slippers.

The set that's been to Florida before
Informs the younger set what to expect, and more
And telegrams are sent at all the stations
To contact friends and make the reservations
Committee Chairmen this year had the sense
To plan beforehand all the big events
Those who know say, not without good reason,
That this will be a most successful season.

Why do you flutter north so lonely
Yet so truly north; I'd swear not lost
But something called---and did you only
hear? Or is your instinct crossed
And nature made another fool of you
As of that other, wooden bird up there
Who's pointing winterward as though he knew
What's winterward---Or of the other fool down here
Who stands and watches birds; but he won't fly
And I begin to wonder when will I.
Come, will the sun look any different come
Upon the wrong way round? Who said it's time---
Or no-one said it. There's the crumb,
If I would know it. There are things that I'm
Not sure of. Tell me which does it take
More of---

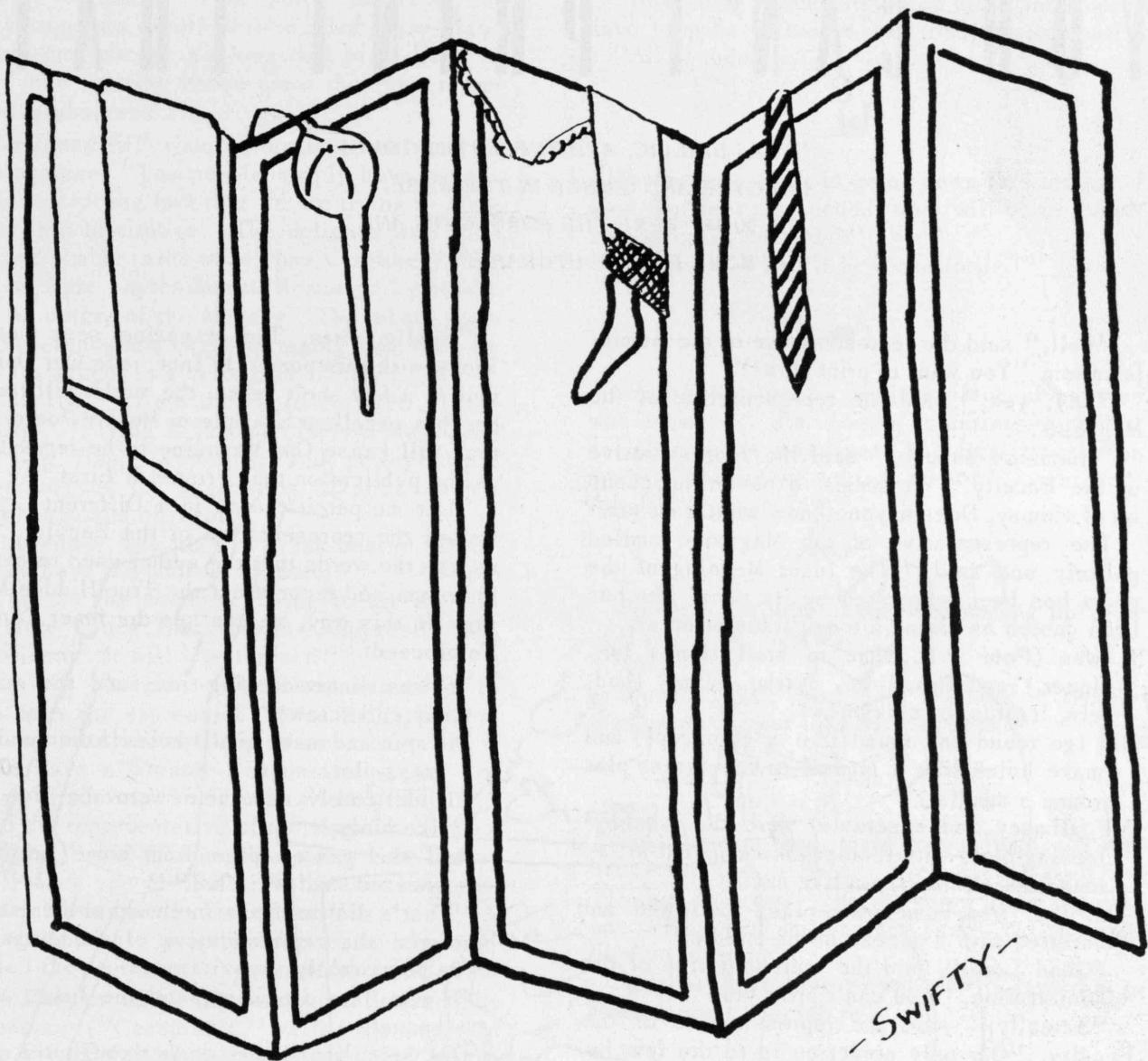
bird's wing

or bird's brain

or---

Calm...the sky has closed upon your flake
Of trembling muscles, opening up its other heart
To peaceful flakes. Asking questions of the snow
That nestles with the cobblestones. You'd be as smart
To ask a bird. You can't learn what birds don't know
I would soar.

(Advertisement)



WHAT ARE THEY DOING , DADDY?
GETTING READY FOR SENIOR WEEK!

(Advertisement)

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT!

*"TWAS BRILLIG, AND THE SLITHY TOVES
DID GYRE AND GIMBLE IN THE WABE.
ALL MIMSY WERE THE BOROGOVES AND
THE MOME RATHS OUTGRABE."*

"Well," said the representative of the Administration, "You want to print this?"

"Why, yes," said the representative of the Magazine.

"Harmless enough," said the representative of the Faculty. "It seems to be an innocuous bit of whimsy. Does anyone know what it means?"

The representative of the Magazine smiled politely and said. *The Inner Meaning of the poem has been suggested by its poet, who has been quoted as giving a rough translation as:*

"It was (Four P.M., time to broil things for dinner,) and the (lithe, active, slimy) (badgers, lizards, or corkscrews) Did (go round and round like a gyroscope) and (make holes like a gimlet) in the (grass plot around a sundial). All (flimsey and miserable) were the (shabby looking-birds-with-feathers-sticking-out-all-around-something-like-a-live-mop) And the (from-home-green-pigs) (bellowed and whistled with a sneeze in the middle)"

"Good Lord!" said the representative of the Administration, "You can't print that!"

"Actually," said the representative of the Faculty. "Our only objection is to the few instances of Freudian Symbolism in the poem."

"There is no Symbolism in Our Magazine," said the representative of the Magazine. "This is just a nice little poem with a pleasant swing to it. It has been very popular around Our Magazine because The Staff could appreciate it. We all think that it is a Fine Piece of Writing."

"Don't ever mention That Word," said the representative of the Administration. "Use 'Example'."

"We think it is a Fine Example of Writing," corrected the representative of the Magazine.

"Censorship!" cried the Guardian of the Free Press.

"Nothing at all like censorship," said the representative of the Administration, "It is merely a suggestion which is meant to upgrade the General Level of Taste."

"Really, Sirs, The Magazine sees nothing wrong with this poem. In fact, it is Our Opinion that in a few short years, the world will remember this excellent Example of Modern Poetry, and that will cause Our Magazine to be remembered as the publication that Printed It First."

"Let me put it to you in a Different Light," smiled the representative of the Faculty. "Let us use the words that the author used to explain his poem, and reconstruct the True Hidden Meaning. In this way, we can see the Inner Content. To proceed:

*"It was dinner-cooking-time, and the active, slimy corkscrews
Did spin and make gimlit-holes in the sundial's grass plot.
All delicately miserable were the live-mop-like birds,
And the green pigs from home bellowed, sneezed, and whistled."*

"That's distorting the intention of the author!" protested the representative of the Magazine.

"The poem really says:
*'It was late afternoon, and the lithe, active badgers
Did spin 'round and dash through the grass near the sundial*

The funny looking birds who could not do this were sad,

And the green pigs nearby cheered loudly at the scene.'

"It's so obviously great literature that I can't see how you can interpret it as you did. Listen to that line, that meter, that rhythm. It flows like a song, and it has that great Inner Meaning of carefree play of little animals."

"My Boy," said the representative of the Administration, "Surely you must realize the true degrading nature of the Symbolism in that poem. Why Freud himself points out in his tenth lecture that fully half of that poem consists of Female Symbols, and specially so is that horrid grass mentioned there. Furthermore, most of the other words in the poem are direct referrals

to Male Symbols. That word 'outgrabe' directly suggests a wolf-whistle: And those pigs! It does not escape us long that pigs 'root' or 'grub' and that the entire poem therefore represents 'grubbiness'."

"Confound it!" shouted the representative of the Magazine, "You people simply have no Appreciation for the fact that we are trying to bring Art to this Institution. The delicate line 'Did gyre and gimble in the wabe' has Carefree Pathos. It is an Epic Expression of Romantic Lyricism. It is an outcry of the Masses. The whole poem has Sweetness and Light springing from its very core. Its accent is a sensation of flying..."

"Exactly!" cried the representative of the Faculty. "Flying is just precisely a Male Symbol, like fish, Zeppelins, and pulley-lamps. Shame on you for suggesting to print such a thinly disguised obscenity."

"Obscenity! Why, this is in the best of taste!"
"You have the poorest of taste!"

"This is the Greatest Thing to hit English Literature since the Norman Conquest! It's magnificent! It will live forever!"

"Clearly obscene. The filthiness of it is plain from the expression 'Twas Brillig'. You have absolutely no sense of responsibility."

"We have a Greater Responsibility. A Responsibility to the World, and all Mankind!" declared the representative of the Magazine.

"Right!" said the Guardian of the Free Press. "We'll back you up 100%. We'll even help you find a job after you're kicked out."

"You immature people leave us no choice," rumbled the representative of the Administration. "The Faculty and ourselves must deliver The Ultimatum. ("Censorship," yelled the Guardian of the Free Press.) Under the penalty of severe disciplinary action by the Faculty, the Administration, the WCTU, the MDC, and the citizens of Somerville, you must take the following action: Sign your names to the article! That's all, gentlemen; good-day."

"Just a moment, Sir," pleaded the representative of the Magazine. "We can't do that."

"And why not?"

"What would our Mothers say?"

-W.B.A.



She: "You know I'm 5 ft. 6 in. stripped?"
He: "But you don't have to strip to have your height read!"

She: "That's what I told the doctor."

"How many successful jumps did a paratrooper have to make before he was ready for combat?"
"All of them."



Professor: "If, in going down this incline, I gain four feet per second, what will be my condition after 25 seconds?"

Student: "You'll be a centipede."



Some years ago an ancient piece of papyrus was unearthed. For months scientists worked at deciphering its message. The final translation read: "What are we going to do now?.... signed Anxious."



Father: "You're taking accounting up there at M.I.T. now, aren't you?"

Son: "Yes."

Father: "All right then, account for the two brassieres in your laundry last week."



Once upon a time, there was a little girl who had many boy friends. They each asked her, "Do you love me?" She answered "yes" to each one. This went on for many years, but she still died an old maid.

Moral: Don't love everybody. Leave that to Providence. Specialize.



A lawyer, a doctor, an architect and an ardent American communist fell to arguing over which profession had been established first in the world.

"A lawyer, of course," said the first. Man could never have survived without a few simple laws to govern him."

"Nuts," said the doctor. "Without a gynecologist, how could Cain have been born?"

The architect sneered. "Long before that, my friends, before Adam and Eve, some architect must have been on the job to bring order out of chaos."

"Ah, ha!" beamed the communist. "And who created that chaos?"



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"What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I do not remember exactly, but I do remember that it was checked."

"Boy, that must have been some party."



"Oh, what a funny cow," the chic young thing from the city told the farmer. "But why doesn't it have any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied, "why a cow does not have horns. Some do not have them until late in life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns. This cow does not have horns because it is a horse."

Customer: "Have you a book called 'Man, The Master of Woman'?"

Salesgirl: "The fiction department is on the other side, sir."



"This is the third operating table you've ruined this month, Dr. Zindley. You must learn not to cut so deeply."



A group of ministers and a salesmen's organization were holding conventions in the same hotel. The catering department had to work at top speed serving dinners to both.

The salesmen were having spiked watermelon for dessert but the harassed chef discovered this alcoholic tidbit was being served to the ministers by mistake.

"Quick!" he commanded a waiter. "If they haven't eaten the watermelon bring it back and we'll give it to the salesmen."

The waiter returned and reported it was too late--the ministers were eating the dessert.

"Well," demanded the excited chef. "What did they say? How did they take it?"

"Don't know how they liked it," replied the waiter, "but they are putting the seeds in their pockets."

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Little Steve, five years old, was walking along the street with little Ellen, aged four. Crossing the street, Steve remembered his mother's teaching.

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

"Okay," Ellen declared, "but just remember you're playing with fire."



The professors here have a saying, "We can't get fired here for anything but immoral conduct, and by the time we're professors, we're too old for that."

The little old lady bent over the crib: "Ooo, you look so sweet I could eat you."

"The hell you could," the baby muttered, "You haven't got any teeth."



You folks who think our jokes are rough
Would quickly change your views;
If you'd compare the ones we print,
With those we're scared to use.



A hangover isn't bad until you can't stand the roar of a Bromo-Seltzer.



A young lover was reeling out a heavy line to impress the beautiful girl.

"Those soft lovely hands," he whispered.

"Your warm lips. And those beautiful eyes.... Where did you get those eyes?"

She answered, "They came with my head."

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"Fine thanks; except that just as I was turning into my street some idiot stepped on my fingers."



"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"You're not home yet, either."

The hen-house was all a-flutter with the news of the handsome new rooster who had just been brought to the next coop. One of the more adventurous hens was determined to be the dashing fowl's number one girlfriend. So, one night she made her way to the adjoining coop, where a big party was in process of being thrown.

She returned the next morning in a terrible state.

"Well," she addressed the expectant crowd, "I never did get to meet Mr. Rooster. Some damn capon cornered me and kept me up the whole night talking about his operation."



A Sigma Phi Naught was part of a crowd watching a human fly about to ascend the Empire State Building. The Human Fly bows to the crowd and is about to turn to begin his climb when the S.P.N. staggers drunkenly through the crowd crying. "Anything you can do I can do better."

The Human Fly tosses him a disdainful look and begins his ascent. Half way up the Empire State, the Human Fly turns to wave at the crowd and is dismayed to see S.P.N. clambering up just below him. Finally the two of them gain the summit. The Human Fly challenges "You may have climbed the Empire state, but you won't do what I do now!" Without further ado the H.F. leaps from the summit of the Empire State Bldg. Halfway down he pulls the cord on a hidden parachute. As he floats leisurely down he hears a voice hurtle by him "c-h-i-C-k-e-n."



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... And then I used Vitalis

... About that position in the Humanities Department,

But I never lost faith,

Give 'em hell, Harry!

Just came back from the Amazon.

My eyesight is failing.

I'm having a fine time.

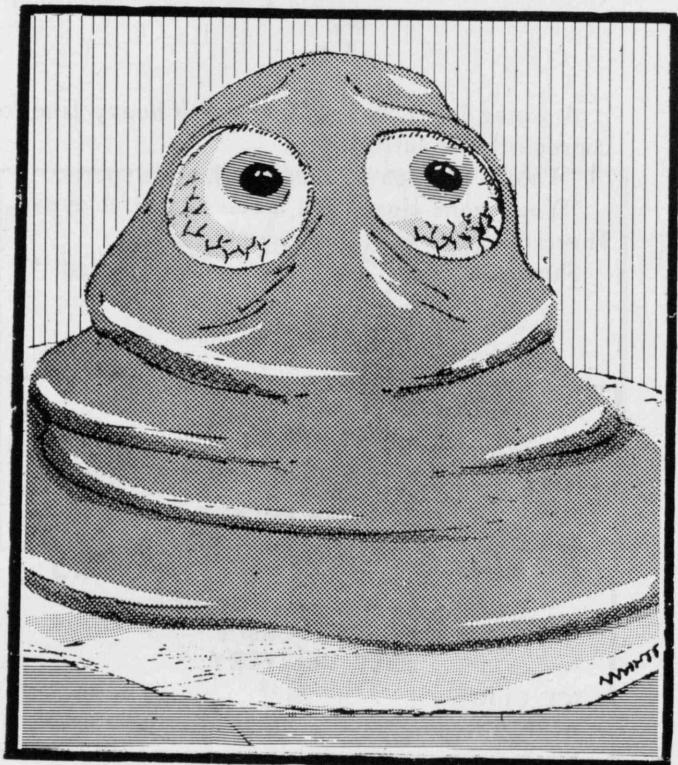
The Dean says I've got to clean up.

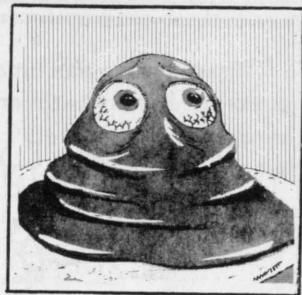
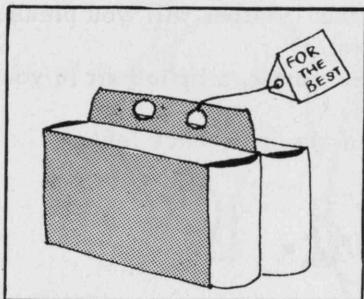
I am the Hub of the Universe.

You mean I passed?

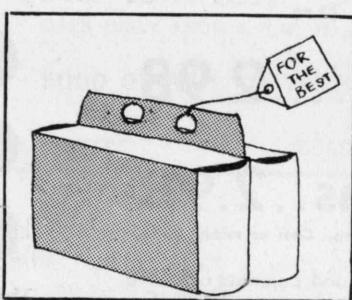
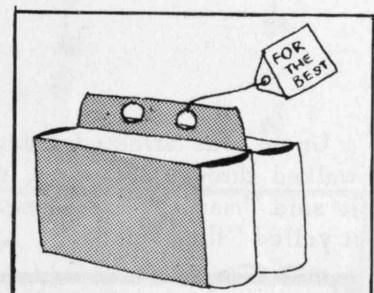
But, Doctor...

Dr. Livingstone, I presume.

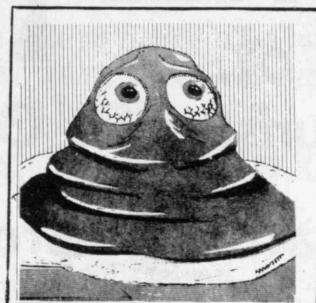




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"What d'ya mean uncouth?" shouted the engineer to his sweetheart. "Don't I take you to the opera, the ballet, the flower show, and all that garbage?"



A gravedigger absorbed in his thoughts dug a grave so deep he could not get out. Came nightfall and his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and finally attracted the attention of a drunk. The drunk looked in the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable gravedigger. "No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."



Uncle was arrested today for shopping. He walked through the store, squeezed a doll and it said "mama." He squeezed another doll and it yelled "floorwalker."



Man getting a shave: Barber will you please give me a glass of water?

Barber: What's the matter, a little hair in your throat?

Man: No, I want to see if my neck leaks.

The traveling salesman pulled up beside the farmhouse, hopped out of his car, leaped up onto the porch, and rang the doorbell. A moment later a beautiful girl with long brown hair and soft blue eyes answered his ring.

"Boy, I'll bet you're the farmer's daughter!" exclaimed the salesman.

"No," answered the girl. "I'm his mistress."



When a politician inquired about public sentiment in a rural community, a native replied, "Still going strong--there were sixteen cars parked in my lane last night."

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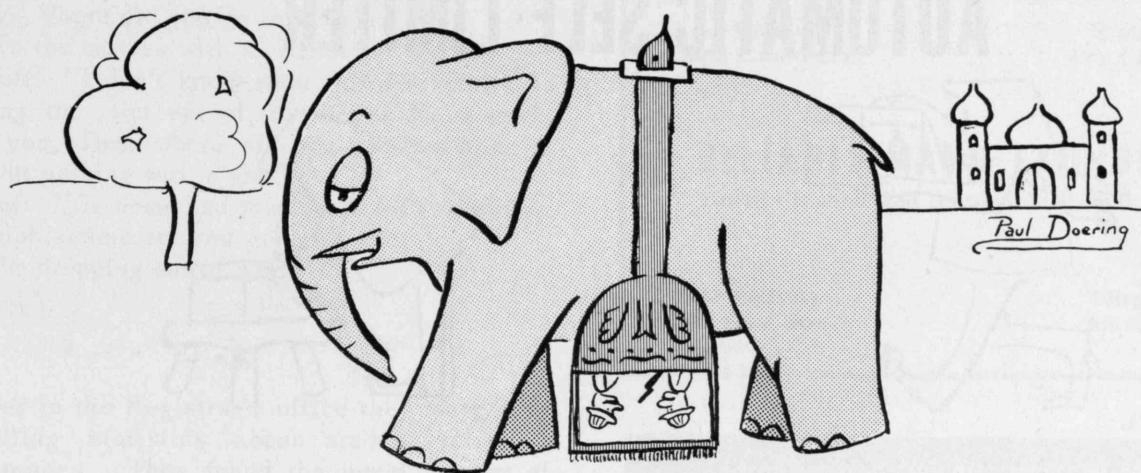


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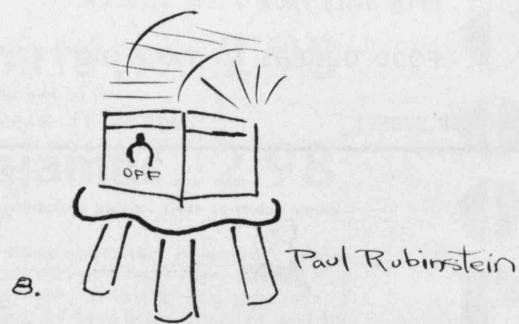
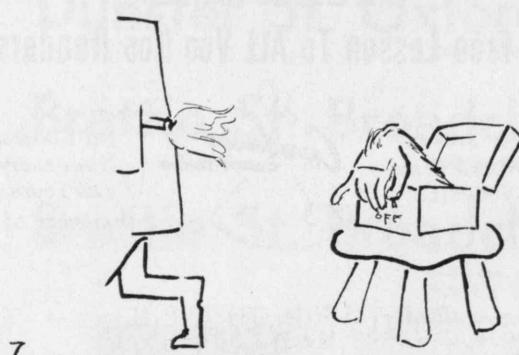
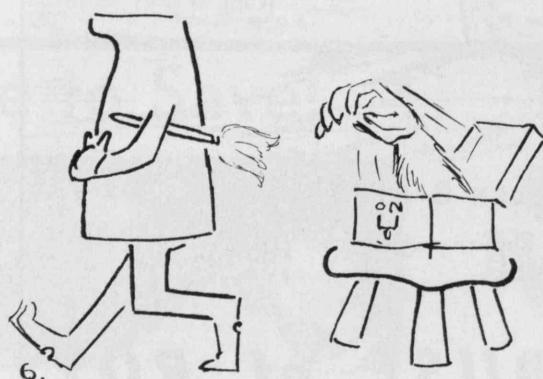
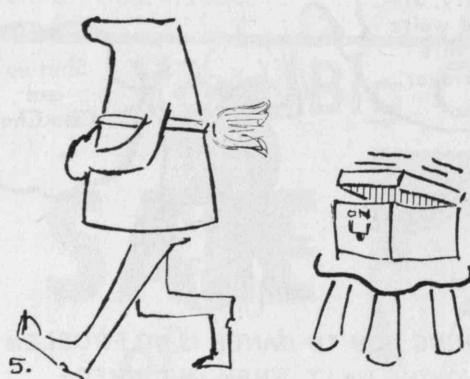
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Prof: "John, your lessons aren't prepared today. Where did you go last night?"

"To the movies with a girl, sir."

Prof: "I don't know what this University is coming to. Get out of this class for a week. And you, Tom, where did you go last night?"

"Out parking with a girl."

Prof: "Go home and stay there for two weeks. Rudolph, where are you going?"

"I'm dropping out of school!"



Over in the Registrar's office they were busy compiling statistics about student religious preferences. They found the usual number of Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, and so on listed under "Church Preference." But a neatly lettered card filled in by an architecture major really stopped them. His Church Preference was "Gothic."



Motorist to fellow traveler digging out his car: "You stuck in the mud?"

Fellow traveler: "No, my engine died here and I'm digging a hole to bury it."



The man was boasting about his sister, who'd disguised herself as a man and joined the Army.

"But wait a minute," a listener interrupted. "She'll have to dress with the boys and shower with the boys, won't she?"

"Sure," the man admitted.

"Well, won't they find out?"

The man shrugged elaborately. "Who'll tell?"



The farmer sued the railroad for damages resulting from the death of one of his cows. The railway attorney was making every effort to rattle him. "Tell me," continued the lawyer, "was the cow on the line?"

"Well," said the farmer, "if you want me to tell the truth--the cow was bathing in the stream on the other side of the bank. The engine saw it, leaped off the rails, dashed over the bank and, strangled it to death without a word."

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It was hot and humid as a wet Inferno. I had been in that country for a year and I was bored. The government was controlled by a large American fruit company which had instilled a closed shop throughout the small republic. Even the president and the cabinet were union men. Pablito, a non-union man and a friend of mine, and I had decided that it was time to start a revolution; besides, I had always wanted to run a country so that I could be its censor.

"Yes, my friend," Pablito said, "I theenk that we can overrun the country. My wife has many relatives."



D I V E R S I O N

"Well," I commented, "We are a little short in numbers, but with enough weapons we could easily convince El Presidente to turn over the union funds."

"Those dogs, they keek me out just because I could not pay the fees."

"Ah, I have it. Congratulations Pablito. We have just won. I have a friend in the White House who might be able to help us."

That night I wrote a letter to my friend asking him if he would divert one of his missiles in the general direction of the country's capitol. His workers never really expected to find them after testing anyway.

Two months later, a loud whistling pierced the air at noonday. I ducked under my desk expecting to feel the shock of an explosion, but all I heard was a loud thud. I looked out to see a large, cigar-shaped object resting in the city square with thousands of white rabbits running out of it. Was this my friend's idea of manpower? Two days later I received a telegram.

Dear Frisbee,

Nothing to do around here STOP Tried unsuccessfully to send rabbits to the moon STOP Will try to get you a missile STOP Nobody ever tells me anything about them STOP I wish I were back at school STOP

Signed,
Jim

As it happened the rabbits overran the country and ruined the pineapple crop. The fruit company went out of business and Pablito's multitude of relatives took over the country.

--- Sid Altman

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

"You . . . you," the little girl babbled, pointing at the male of the house guests. "You're the one who left the seat up."



"I certainly hope it doesn't rain today," one lady kangaroo remarked to another. "I just hate it when the children have to play inside."



If all the freshmen in the world were placed in a line holding hands, they would reach more than halfway across the ocean.

A lot of people are in favor of this scheme.



The night porter of the house where artist Pablo Picasso, the extreme modernist, was staying in Paris, helped the police catch a burglar by remembering the man's appearance and then sketching it.

Picasso was impressed, so when his place was robbed soon after, he observed the bandit who bound him with ropes, and later did a painting of the man which he handed to the police. Guided by the sketch, they promptly rounded up 200 people, a house, a hearse, a pair of old boots and a can opener.



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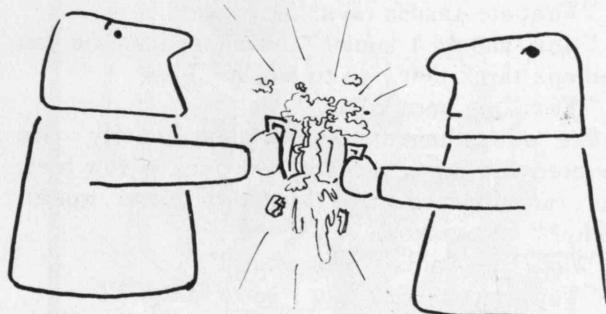


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Paul
Rubinstein

CONVERSATION ON THE BRIDGE



"I don't feel funny," he said. "I just look it."

"Ha, ha, ha," she laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"You," she answered.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," she answered.

"Because why?" he asked.

She put her green bag on the street. Sitting down on the curb she let her hair drop aimlessly on the sidewalk. She smiled up at him. With her yellow teeth glistening in the glare of the red tail lights she very mechanically said, "It's all got to do with the dephlogistinated hypocatalysis of the Kantian metaphysical interpretation of Einsteinian mechanistic transcendence of the universal Smedley factor."

"What's that mean?" he asked.

"That gamma rays disintegrate."

"What are gamma rays?" he asked.

"How should I know?" she asked. "Do you perhaps think that I go to M.I.T.?"

"Yes," he answered.

She was stunned; she breathed heavily. He covered his nose and stepped back a few feet. She furiously assailed him with bitter words.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why," he said. "Why what?"

"Why do you think that I go to M.I.T.?"

"Because," he said very nonchalantly, "Because you just look it."

"How can you say that?" she nastily said to him.

"It's rather easy," he remarked. "I inflate my lungs with this fresh, fresh air and then forcefully expel the air from my lungs. The on-rushing air vibrates my vocal chords in such a manner that they produce sounds that are recognized by you as letters grouped together into syllables and words."

"Well!" she said. "I go to Smith."

"I thought so."

"But you just said that you thought I went to M.I.T."

"No, I didn't just say that. I said that I inflate my lungs with this fresh, fresh air..."

"Men!" she screamed. "I tell you I go to Smith and you say you thought so. In the same breath you say you think I go to M.I.T. What the hell do you mean?"

"You have lovely hair," he said as he ran his feet through her long, flowing tresses. "I always liked girls with dark hair."

"It's blonde," she said.

"But it looks dark," he protested.

"Are you saying that I'm dirty?"

"Good heavens!" he said with an injured look upon his face. "How! How, how can you say that?"

"It's rather easy," she said. "I merely take a breath of this fresh, fresh air and then expel it forcefully."

He jumped and reached into his pocket.
"Please," he begged. "Have pity on me. Before you do that please have a mint."

"I'd prefer Sen-Sen," she said, not realizing that she was being insulted.

"Do you really go to Smith?" he asked.

"No, I go to M.I.T!" she said sarcastically.

"That's what I thought in the first place," he protested.

"Men!" she screamed. Then, in a sly manner she asked, "Where do you go to school? Harvard?"

"I go to Radcliffe," he answered.

"But that's a girl's school," she protested.

"I know it," he answered. "I go there every Saturday night."

"What do you do in the meantime?" she asked not so innocently.

"Guess," he said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he said.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Is it because of Kantian..."

"No!" he interrupted vehemently. "It is because of Jean Paul Sartre."

"What's he got to do with?" she asked innocently.

"Existentialism," he answered.

"What's that?" she asked innocently.

"Carolyn Jones," he answered.

"Oh!" she exclaimed quite stupidly. "Who is Carolyn Jones?"

"An existentialist," he answered.

"Really," she exclaimed. She was proud of her new-found information. She had become an intellectual. "Does that mean that she's a Bohemian?"

"Not precisely," he answered. "Although I can say that there is a possibility."

"Oh! I love Bohemians," she was exultant.

"I'm a Bohemian," he said.

"I don't believe you," she scoffed.

"Feel my beard."

"Ooooooh! You are!" she yelled with joy. "I am, too."

"No, you are not," he said.

"I am, too," she argued.

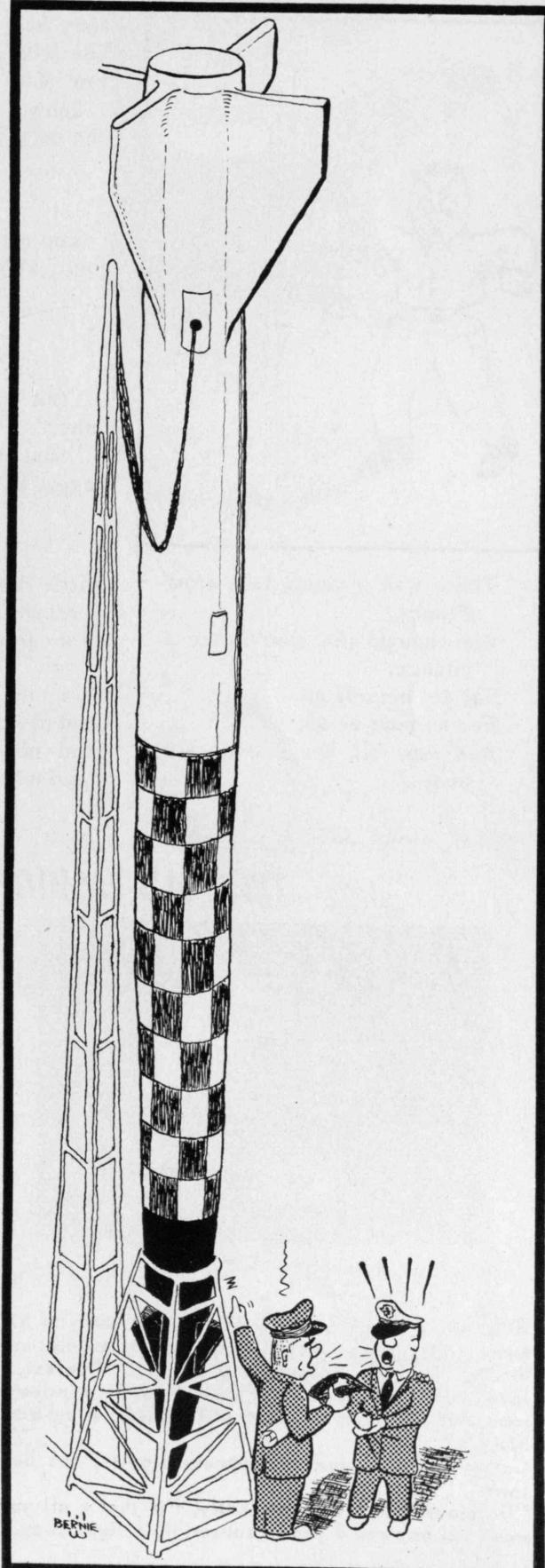
"You are not," he persisted.

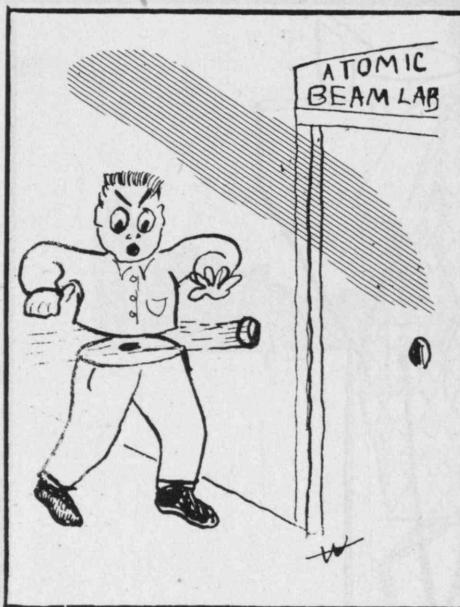
"Does that mean you won't take me with you?"

"Precisely," he said haughtily.

"Excuse me," she said. "I think I can get a ride now." She stuck out her thumb.

Sure enough, the man on the bicycle stopped, and she rode off with him into the city.





There was a young lady from France,
Who thought that she'd take a chance,
She let herself go
For an hour or so,
And now all her sisters are aunts.

Mary has a little car:
She drives it very brisk
For Mary doesn't care, you know,
She only has her *

Cab driver: "Do I take the next turn buddy?"

Student: "Hell no, this is my girl."

Stop me if you've heard this one....aarg.

"But darling, this isn't our baby."

"Shut up, it's a better buggy."

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it,
In a cabin both old and medieval.
A woodsman espied her,
And plied her with cider,
And now she's the forest's prime evil.

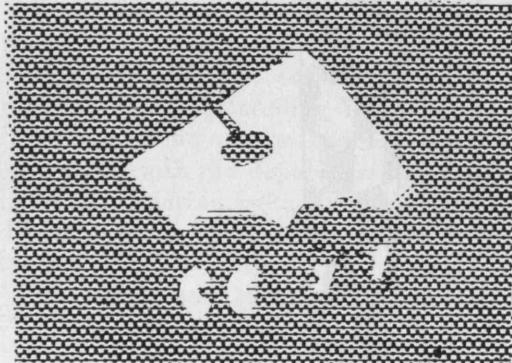
They excavated the thumb of a million-year-old woman. If they look further they'll find a million-year-old man under it.

"Have you a gentleman in your room?"

"Just a minute, I'll ask him."

The best way to drive a baby buggy is to tickle his little feet.

TWO OLD-FASHIONED LOVERS OF TODAY



With heavy thump he drew her lightly down to his knee. His arms encircled her once, twice, nay thrice. She was unspeakably slight. "Dearest, I love you," he gently whispered with a savage roar, and his arms crushed still closer away from him.

Calmly, quietly, and with utmost dignity, she bel lowed, "Voo doo?" "Gracious," he swore violently, "if that's all you want, I'll buy you a year's subscription right away."

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Sales Manager
M.I.T. VOO DOO
Walker Memorial Bldg.
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Dear Phos:

Enclosed is \$2.00, so please send eight hilarious issues of VOO DOO to:

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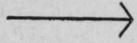
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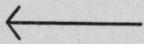
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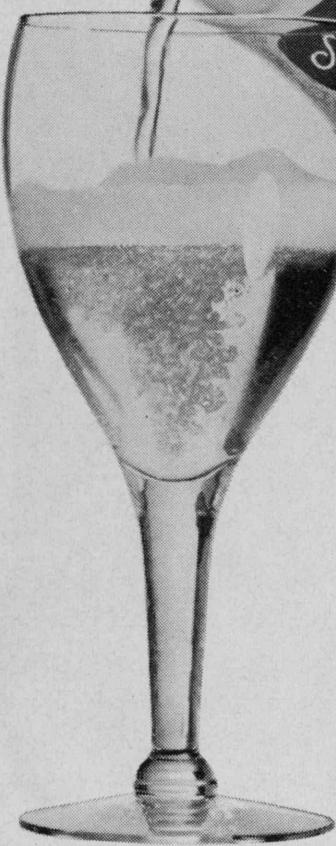
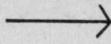


do

this



then this



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