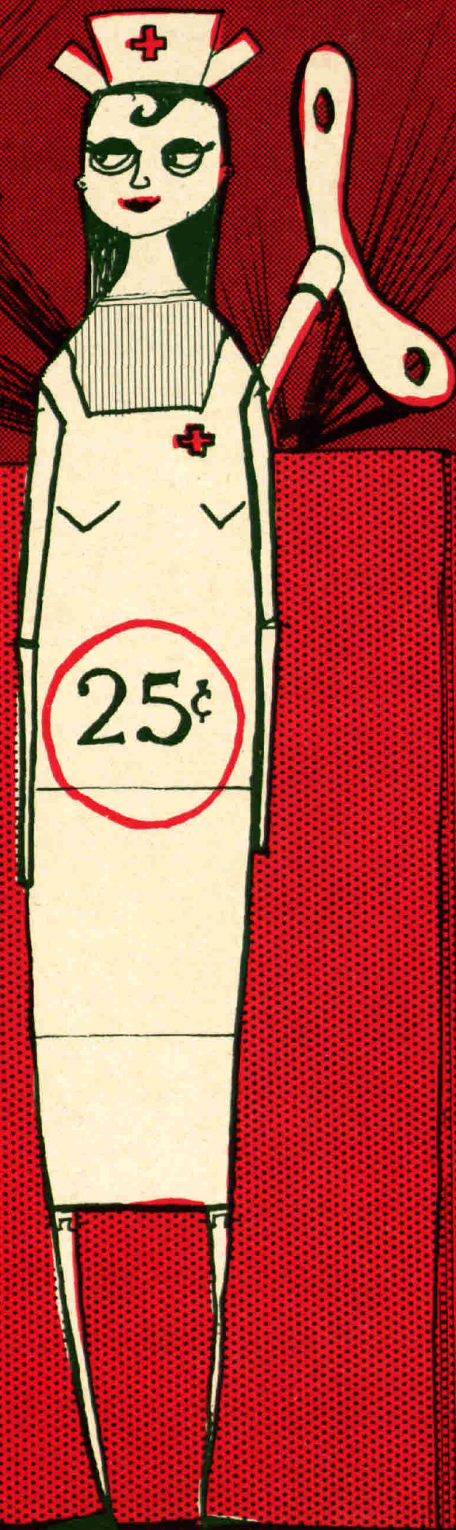
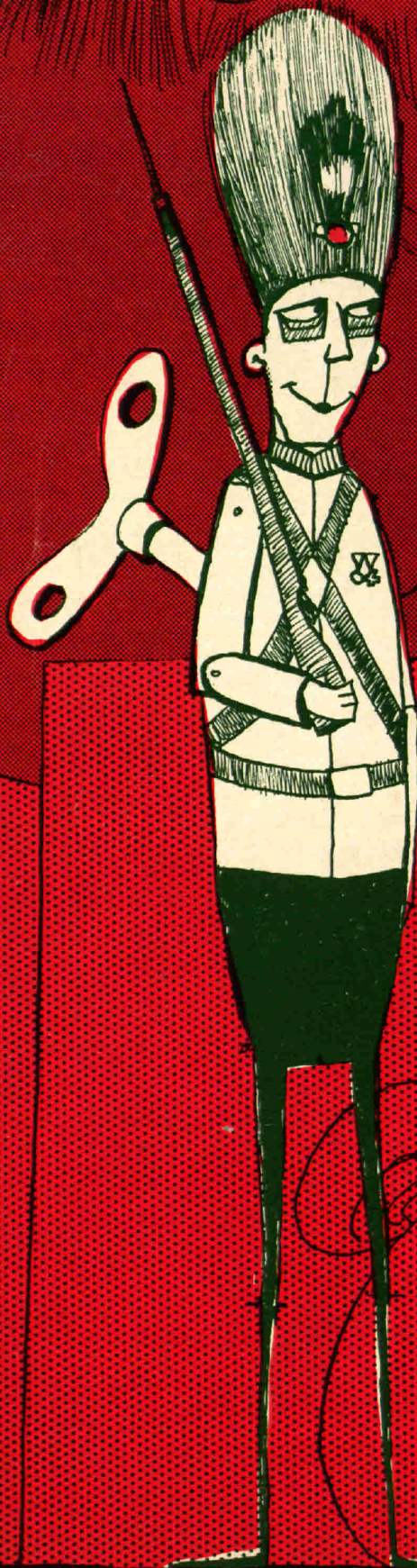


V O O D O O

CHRISTMAS





-- and he's only in his freshman year at Raytheon

Please write William J. Howells, Jr., for booklet Engineering and Research Careers at Raytheon ... see your Placement Officer for dates of campus interviews. Raytheon Manufacturing Company, Waltham 54, Massachusetts. (Plants in New England, Tennessee, California)

In September of 1956 an ad hoc committee of the faculty was established for the purpose of evaluating the extent of *Voo Doo's* contribution to the Institute community. In its report of October 2, 1957, the committee made certain recommendations which, the office of the Dean of Students has since stated, may be considered as now in effect. Pertinent among these recommendations is:

"That the Dean of Students directly exercise responsibility for maintaining respectable journalistic, ethical and moral standards in *Voo Doo.*"

Voo Doo is therefore compelled to abandon the respectable journalistic, ethical and moral standards of the past in favor of new respectable standards commensurate with those of the Dean of Students.

Although the Senior Board of the Magazine will comply with the directive, it regrets both the infringement of journalistic freedom and the diminution of the area available for expression of the creativity of the student body.

... *The Senior Board*



For years we have read faithfully the *Talk of the Town* column in the *New Yorker*. And just as faithfully, for years we have been green with envy; for while the *New Yorker* gets invited everywhere to everything of any interest, we never get invited anywhere. Our years of patience have finally been rewarded; the other day we received an invitation to a cocktail party in honor of the opening of a small theater on Charles Street.

Albeit somewhat new at the game of playing man about town we put on our tie, borrowed our roommate's sport jacket (the tweedy looking one), and put in an appearance at *The Charles Street Playhouse* which sits snugly above a fish market. We introduced ourself to a gentleman who spent a few moments telling us about the power of the press, found us a drink, and put a very attractive girl on our arm. The attractive girl told us that she had studied in Europe, is currently a secretary during the day and acts at night, and thinks that the way to success in the theater is to do a lot of acting in small theaters rather than a little acting in large theaters. In the midst of agreeing with her, we were led away to meet in rapid succession an influential secretary at a large

radio station, a woman who was about to start a radio program for a small radio station, a girl who had just recorded a rock and roll song for a contest, and the wife of a man who had invested some money in the Playhouse. The woman who was starting a radio program explained that her program is going to be a women's program, but it is not going to say any of the things women's programs usually say and consequently she is not sure if there is anything at all left to say. It seemed a rather fine point to us so we turned to the girl who had recorded the record. She, we found, majors in math at Boston College and likes rock and roll because she can feel the beat.

As we were leaving we ran into the person who handles business matters for the group. After he told us about business matters for a while, he said that he had something so hot that even the radio stations didn't have it yet. Before we could point out the woman who had nothing to say on her women's program, he blurted it out. It seems that the city of Boston sent its building inspectors around to inspect the theater. Two men came; one was called the "egress inspector" and looked at the exits, the other looked at the theater itself. They

then chatted pleasantly for a while and happened to ask what plays were going to be performed. *The Charles Street Playhouse* opens its season by staging Sartre's *No Exit* with *This Property Is Condemned* as a curtain raiser.

We know a secretary at the Institute who claims that she left her office one day to go down the hall for a drink of water and when she returned found her typewriter missing.

A friend of ours is taking a course on computers. A recent homework assignment was to program a computer to solve some type of problem. The homework, in this course, is corrected by feeding the programs into the machine and seeing if the machine comes up with the right answers to problems using the program. Our friend when he passed in his homework managed to slip an extra batch of punched cards into the pile of homework. When this particular collection of punched cards was fed into the machine, lights flashed wildly for a moment after which the machine stopped in its tracks and laboriously printed out, "Insert dime for additional three minutes."

One of those rarities a week ago. The Boston papers took a peek into M.I.T.'s athletic life. Their findings included: "M.I.T. soccer coach handicapped by love, language;" and the fact that an undefeated season had been spoiled by one of our associate's close shave before the crucial game. It was further claimed that the two month old beard had come off because of a love affair. Here is where we like to make a correction: the beard came off because it itched.

Fences, fences everywhere. Somebody want to get onto Briggs Field? Just start at Baker and walk until it joins another fence. When the first fence ends, follow the second fence from where it leaves the first fence, but if the first fence follows the second fence follow the fence you were just following. Stuck, eh! Go back three giant steps, then ask Uncle Wiggily to show you how to get back to where you started.

We know of a fraternity that planned a pledge party, the theme of which was "Around the World in Eighty Days." In line with the theme they sent invitations to the party to embassy officials from various countries. They assumed that they would get in return nicely written expressions of regret which they could then use for decoration. We ran into a member of the fraternity the other day. He was all flustered because the usual pledge party brawl was going to have to be a rather sedate affair because the French Consul General had accepted the invitation.

We're rather proud to be present at the birth of a new word into the language. We have a friend who has a friend who once decided to buy a suit at Brooks Brothers. Well, the friend of the friend looked around and finally picked out a suit and told the salesman he'd take that one. The salesman drew himself up to his full height: "You don't want that one," he said with a sneer, "It's tacky."

We were in Harvard Square late one evening, having a cup of coffee at one of the all-night cafeterias, when two rather ascetic looking young men came in and began ordering. In the course of conveying to the counter man their wants, they managed to antagonize him to the point where he began tell them off. He delivered a long tirade, replete with such terms as "youse guys," "young punks," and "aints." When he slowed down for breath one of our young men snickered and interjected, "You're mixing your tenses; they're all laughing at you."

We take great pride in announcing that the editor of The Tech spent three quarters of an hour selling Voo Doo last sales day.

In the midst of a thunder-shower last week, we stood at our window gazing out over the landscape, and noticed a member of Building and Power watering the lawn.

WHOLESALE

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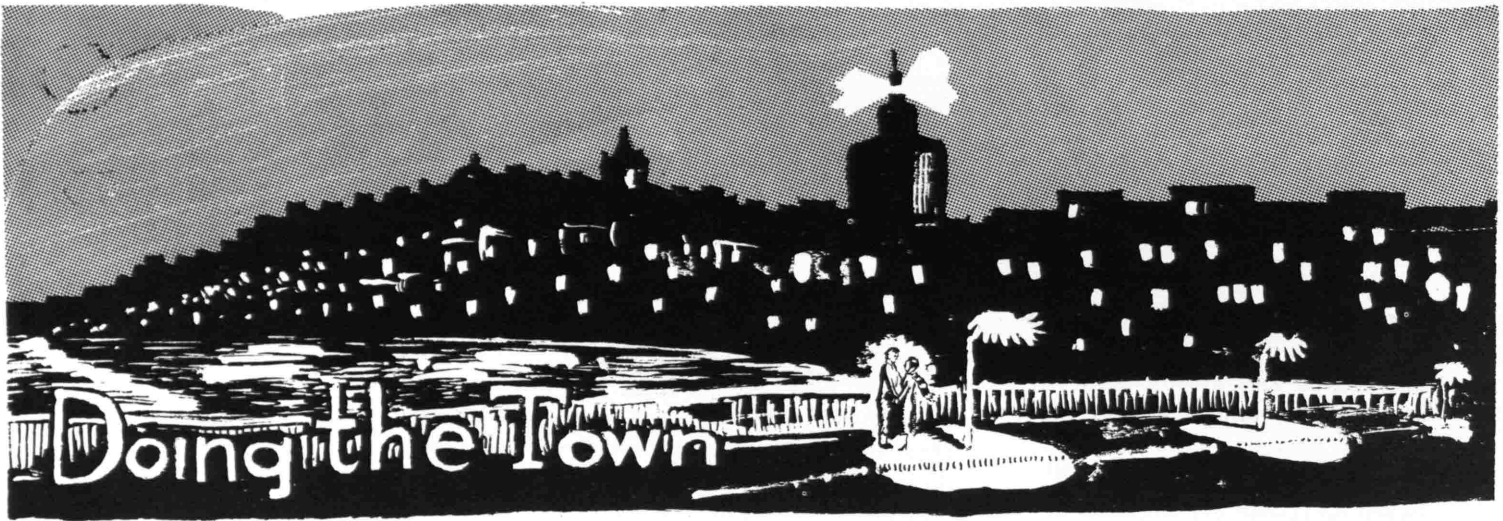
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CHRISTMAS IN OLD BOSTON

I suppose you're going home this year. Well, that's all right if you have no imagination. But for me, there's absolutely nothing like a Christmas in Boston. Oh, I know what you're thinking: what could Boston have that my town doesn't have? You'd have never said that if you had known what a Christmas in Boston is really like.

To begin with, Boston offers a variety of Christmasses. There's the usual carol singing, but the atmosphere is different. There are the thousands of Santa Clauses cleaning out chimneys, but the chimneys are sort of different. You see, Bostonians may do the same things as other people, but they sort of do it differently.

A stroll through Louisburg Square will give you the idea. On Christmas Eve, many of the residents in the vicinity, and often others who live far away but feel a sentimental attachment to the Square, gather to sing Christmas carols. So what? I admit that on the surface it's really not so special. But, you really have to see them singing, and you have to hear the carols, to really appreciate the difference. It's nothing you can write on paper. It's just that *feeling*.

Louisburg Square reminded me of the many customs on the Hill-Beacon. You may think of Beacon Hill as a cramped, rather slummy place—and you may be right, during the rest of the year—but during Christmas a strange metamorphosis takes place. The red brick becomes redder, and the greens placed about the houses fill the air with Nature's perfume.

Not too long ago, a wealthy dowager on the Hill decided to open her house to all on Christmas Eve. Thus, she did. Everyone had a grand time. There was champagne and sweetmeats and a Yule log which refused to burn. The next day, however, she noticed that a few glasses were

missing. But, so what! She probably had misplaced them herself.

The next year she did the same thing. Only this time there were some candlesticks and paintings missing, besides the Yule log which refused to burn. Well, she knew this time that those things hadn't been misplaced. But, she had the Christmas spirit and decided to hold the open again the next year.

The next year the party was better than ever. There was champagne, and the Yule log which refused to burn suddenly decided to. Thousands of people came. The party was a success. Of course, the next day she noticed that a few things were missing. But she didn't mind that—after all, she was wealthy. Then she walked into her Victorian living room and noticed that not only had someone stolen the spinet, but somebody had made off with the chandelier.

She never held a Christmas Eve open house again.

Perhaps you don't want the Beacon Hill type of Christmas. Well, that's all right. We have other kinds in Boston.

You could spend what's known locally as the old-fashioned Christmas, but you can't get camels anymore.

Or, there's the department-store Christmas. 'Round 'bout the middle of November you will notice cleverly placed evergreens creeping into display windows. Come the end of November, do you see turkeys? Of course you do! But some sneaky window designer has sneakily dressed the turkey in a red and green feather-coat, with a holly branch sticking out of his beak. This is what is known in window dressing circles as the Pavlov approach.

Filene's always has a robust Santa sitting in their big window on the corner. He has a microphone and talks to the kiddies standing wide-eyed in front of the window. Lately, however, he's been wearing a green suit. Filene's has always been patriotic.

Jordan Marsh, not to be outdone, had Filene's in one of their windows.

Boston stores definitely have the finest selections of Christmas toys of all the stores in the world. Not only do they have the finest but the largest. I used to spend days running through all the toy departments in town. I stopped last year when I was rudely insulted by one of the clerks. She said I was too young to play with toys.

Okay, you don't want this kind of Christmas, either. But I've got others. Spend a Christmas in the Common, for instance.

... Don Silverman



Jim: "Let's not print any more jokes about sex."

Vic: "Yeh, I'm tired of publishing this magazine, too."

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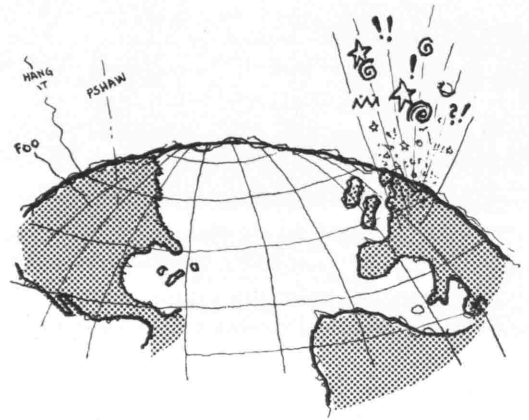
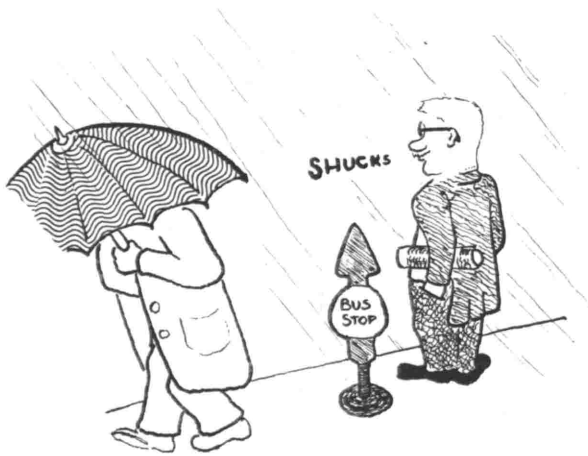
9:15 A.M. to 6 P.M. Daily Thursday Till 8 P.M.
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Page

CHAMPION UNCLE HENRY

Lately, I have heard people say that the fine art of cursing has degenerated in the United States. There have been words to the effect that the Gallic nations are unmentionably superior in the field of unrepentive, imaginative epithet emission. I am here to defend America.



I will cite the case of my Uncle Henry, the champion all-around curser of the United States and the world.

Uncle Henry came from a long precursors.

He always led a quiet life.

He was always unemotional.

But one day a few years ago, he had a fight with his wife and they were divorced. The next week he was fired. The week following, his stocks crashed.

Uncle Henry was still placid.

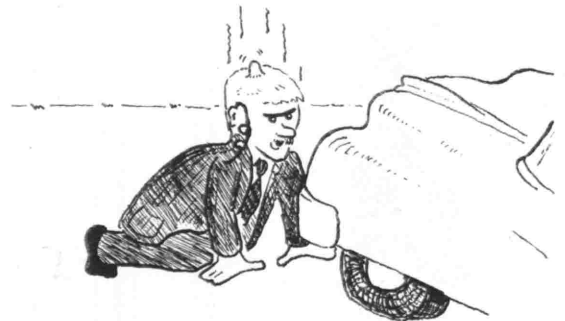
Then, while he was driving home in a thunderstorm, his car got a flat. Uncle Henry got out and under to fix it, the jack slipped, and the car fell on Uncle Henry.

Uncle Henry began to curse.

Quietly and deliberately.

Without raising his voice.

He chose the front fender as the handiest, and ejected a number of comments its way.





R.C.A. installed a tape recorder in his room.

During his operation, the medical profession came under devoted scrutiny.

Sociology classes took notes.

Uncle Henry was producing the best in literature.

His automobile became an international byword.

Uncle Henry approached his thirtieth day of cursing and was weakening.

The doctors predicted he would be gone by the rear fender.

Uncle Henry was a man with a message and, therefore, stubborn.

He stuck it out till the last muffler and died approaching the exhaust pipe.

A crowd began to gather.

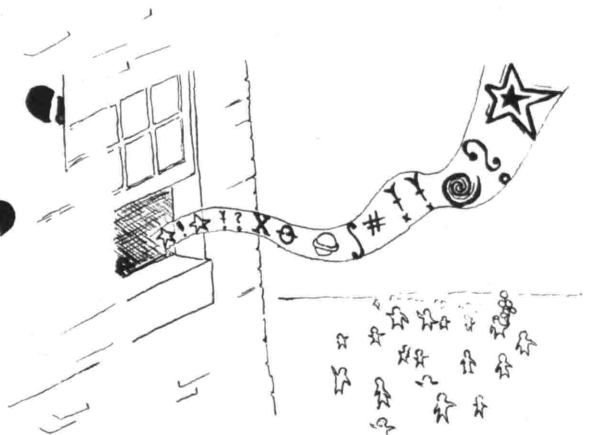
Someone phoned for an ambulance. The ambulance arrived in the middle of a provocative epithet concerning the carburetor. The ambulance and the remark which made the Auto-Lite company famous arrived at the hospital at the same time.

Uncle Henry was getting rid of inhibitions.

He took the car apart, molecule by molecule.

He took the gas apart, hydrocarbon by hydrocarbon.

He took each rivet, each nut, each bolt, questioned its past, passed on its future.



Uncle Henry's car sold for three hundred thousand dollars.

The family is now solvent.

Uncle Henry's work has replaced the Bible as the perennial best seller.

He had set a record—forty two solid days of solid cursing. A Greek was the only one who tried to equal the feat. He sat and cursed for fifty-seven days. We later found he was just reciting Pythagoras backwards in twenty-eight languages. He didn't even place a close second.



DREW HER
GOOD OLE
Phil P.
BY
BERNIE

CURRENT CORRESPONDENCE



M.I.T. Science Library
November 18, 1957

Dear Sir:

The following material borrowed from the science Library became due November 15, 1957. Please return it at your earliest convenience:

Steenrod: *The Topology of Fibre Bundles*

M.I.T. Science Library
November 25, 1957

Dear Sir:

The following material borrowed from the science Library became due November 15, 1957. Please return it at your earliest convenience:

Steenrod: *The Topology of Fibre Bundles*

SECOND NOTICE

M.I.T. Science Library
December 10, 1957

Dear Sir:

The following material borrowed from the science library became due November 15, 1957.

Steenrod: *The Topology of Fibre Bundles*

If the above material is not returned to the library immediately you will be assessed the cost of the book plus the accumulated fine for tardy return plus a ten dollar service charge.

Dear Science Library,

Please excuse my writing to you on notebook paper, but my roommate has used up all my stationery writing to his girl in New York.

He writes to her nearly every day so you can see that he runs through a lot of stationary and most of it is mine. She's a very pretty girl though, and sometimes she bakes things and sends them to us. She's very good with cupcakes and brownies, but her toll house cookies tend to crumble when they get jounced around in the mail, but they're really pretty good too.

I guess you're not too interested in all this, but I didn't want you to get the idea that I meant anything personal or was trying to insult you by using notebook paper.

Well, you're probably wondering about your book, and that's not surprising for its a very good book at that. I don't really know that its a good book but a friend of mine who's in math says it is (I'm in civil engineering myself) and besides I imagine that if you have it, it must be a good book.

But anyway, I want to explain why I haven't returned your book. It's sort of a complicated situation but I don't want you to quit half way through my explanation because I'm sure that once you hear the whole story you'll agree that there isn't much I can do.

It all started when this friend of mine, the one I told you about who majors in math, fixed me up with a Radcliffe girl. He knows people from all sorts of places and most of them are in math too. Well I picked her up at her dorm and we went to a movie and then I took her to eat. She's very good looking but it just wasn't a good date. You know how these things are, after all a library must know just about everything; the conversation just wasn't flowing at all and everything seemed somewhat strained. Finally, while we were eating I thought that just for kicks I'd tell her that I was a math major too. I don't go around lying to people all the time; I just thought it might make her feel more

relaxed. I was right, she brightened up right away, and everything was real fine after that, and I got a date for the next weekend.

I got tickets to a play and they cost so much I was pretty near broke and I figured out that if I took her out to eat after the play Saturday I wouldn't be able to eat Sunday so I decided to bring her up to my room afterwards and we could talk or dance or something. I happened to read in a book that week (not your book, this was my own; I bought it at the Coop and can even show you the sales slip) that it is fashionable to have a thin volume of poetry lying around. It gives you something to talk about and makes the whole atmosphere more sophisticated. But with my friend and all, I've been around enough math majors to know that they aren't interested in much of anything besides math, and especially not modern poetry.

So I went around to my friend and told him my problem. He decided I should have a thin math volume lying around and said that Steenrod was just the book because she couldn't possibly have read it yet and wouldn't understand it so she couldn't tell whether or not I understood it. It's sort of like my Sunday School teacher used to say to us, you tell one small lie and pretty soon you're telling more of them and you keep getting more and more involved until a library you've always been on friendly terms with be-

gins sending you nasty letters.

Well anyway I was going to buy a copy of the book but then I got to thinking that it had to look like I'd read the book a lot and a new copy wouldn't look like I'd read it all all, so I borrowed a copy from you.

And now you understand how it all happened. You'll be glad to know that it worked like a charm she was impressed no end. As a matter of fact she got interested in the book and she's trying to read it. We're more or less going steady now and three or four times a week I bring her down to school and we study together or just talk or read Steenrod together. I don't understand much of it but she doesn't either so we're pretty happy and I guess I won't be able to return the book for a while. I hope you understand my situation and after all you're a big library and have a lot of books and Steenrod can't possibly mean as much to anyone else as it does to me.

Best Regards,

Vic Teplitz

M.I.T. Science Library
December 13, 1957

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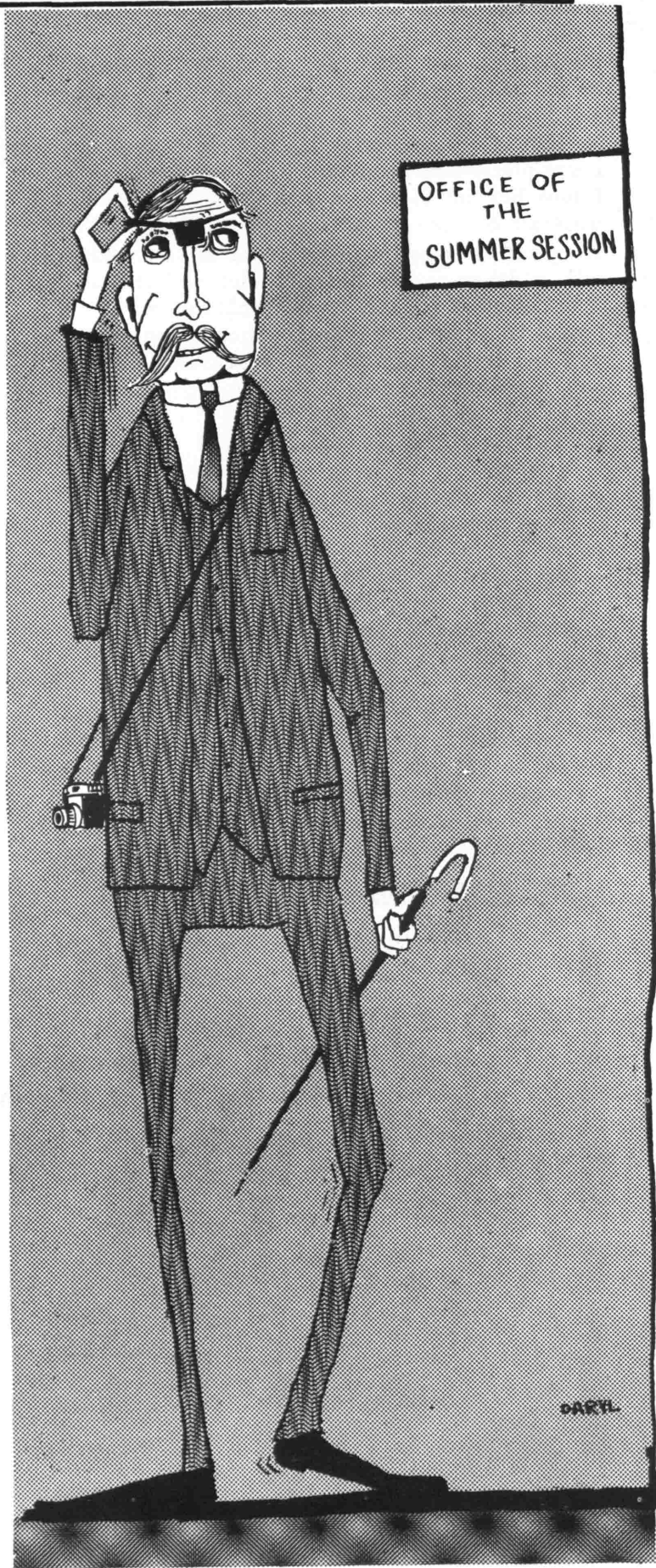
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WHAT'S THE SHOVEL FOR?



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An entry in an old, time-scarred ledger, made more than a century ago, states in simple terms that "F. Schaefer arrived here October 23, 1838, with a cash capital of \$1.00." To which the hand of history would undoubtedly add, "And a stout heart, a capacity for work and a determination to succeed in the New World."

This youth of twenty-one lost no time in getting started. With a cash capital of \$1.00 he couldn't very well afford to! And on November 5 we find him hard at work in the small New York brewery of Sebastian Somers.

Things went well. On June 6, 1842, Frederick Schaefer's younger brother Maximilian, sailed into busy New York harbor. Together the two young brothers worked, planned . . . and dreamed.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Less than two years later their dream came true. Despite the look of Philip Hone, former Mayor of New York and famous diarist of the day, who wrote, "Business of the city, confidence impaired, other personal property, taxes nearly doubled, tenants running away, and the city out by the bankrupt Schaefer brothers had the capacity to build a brewery of Sebastian Somers' hardships and have a successful business chase, as the old ledger tells us: "The business commenced . . ."

The first advertisement was placed on 19th Street, Broadway.

Chances were that the Schaefer brothers scribbled their advertisement on a garden counter. It began with a flapping sign, cabs, gongs on their chimneys, smiths at the anvil, grazed, pigs waddling.

Two big events occurred in the history of the Schaefer brothers started their business. One was the introduction of Croton water to the people of New York City. At last the city would no longer be dependent for its water on tanks and wells and penny-a-gallon peddlers. The ceremony celebrated the opening of the Croton Aqueduct. It was the No. 1

event of the year 1842.

But a second event, though unheralded, was also to mark 1842 a memorable one. From the start of their own little business, Schaefer brothers introduced a new York a new kind of beer, the Schaefer lager beer.

SPACE

Use of space in the next few years were eventful. The Pony Express made its first completely cross-country run. The first transatlantic cable was laid. Oil was discovered in Texas. And then came a

to force the Schaefer brothers to extend their own extension. The following year a large four-story building was erected on the north side of 51st Street, containing some of the first re-laying machinery ever used in this country, which permitted the erection of storage houses above ground. The next few years were eventful. The Pony Express made its first completely cross-country run. The first transatlantic cable was laid. Oil was discovered in Texas. And then came a

Schaefer's Union. Federal good Max George G.

ala event in Schaefer— was fifty style of the was recorded see reproduced —a milestone century of served little gnomes beer and amusement of several of the steam train puffery on what is now venue.

OF QUALITY

those days read *Franklin Weekly*. On June 15, 1875, the title, "The Virtues of Schaefer weekly featured Schaefer Brewing Co. in picture. "It will surprise the article states, "that of the same firm that in- beer in New York are and that the firm is flourish- ter degree than ever before."

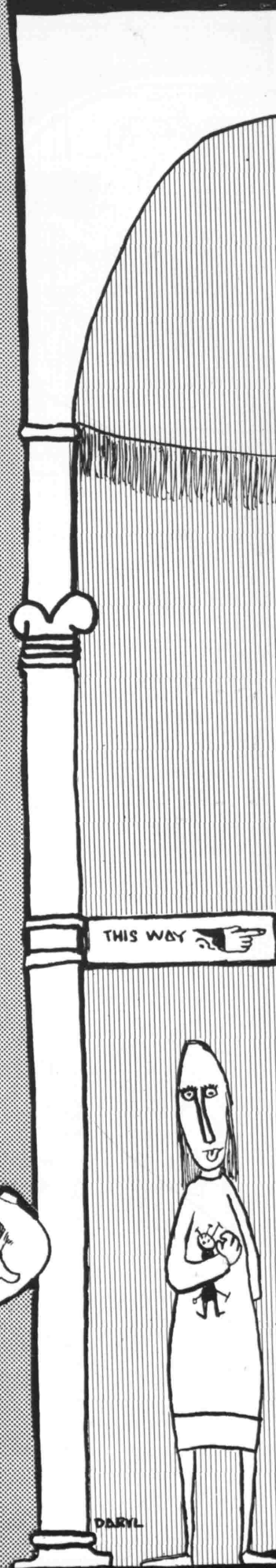
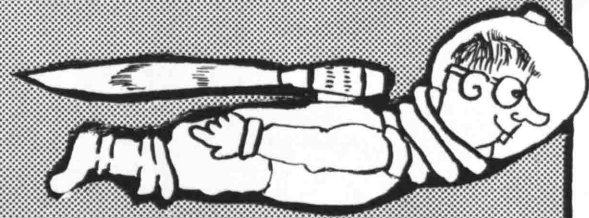
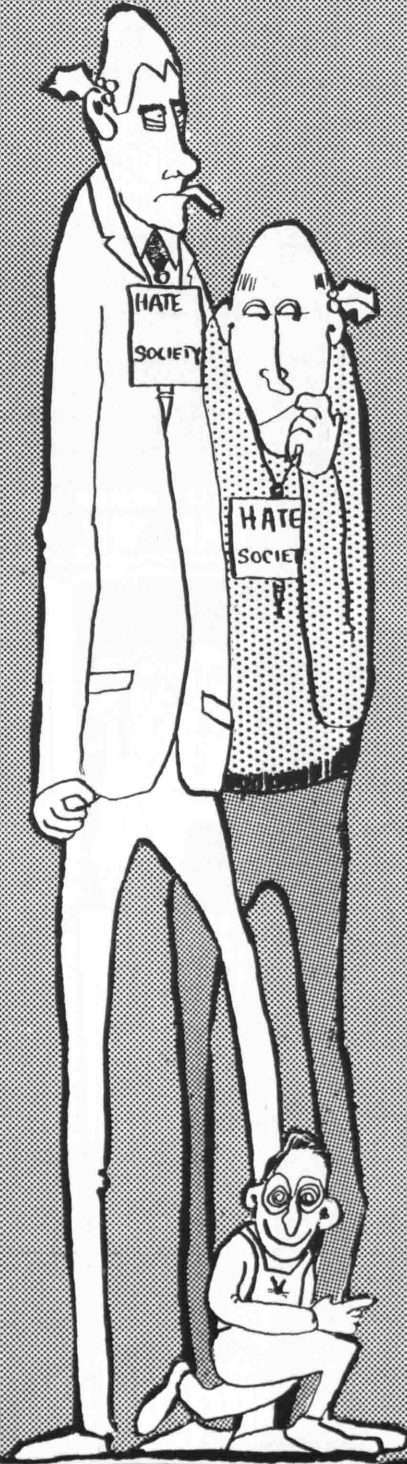
g of Schaefer Lager Beer, this popular weekly reported, "It has a reputation of fifty years' standing and is the standard of the trade."

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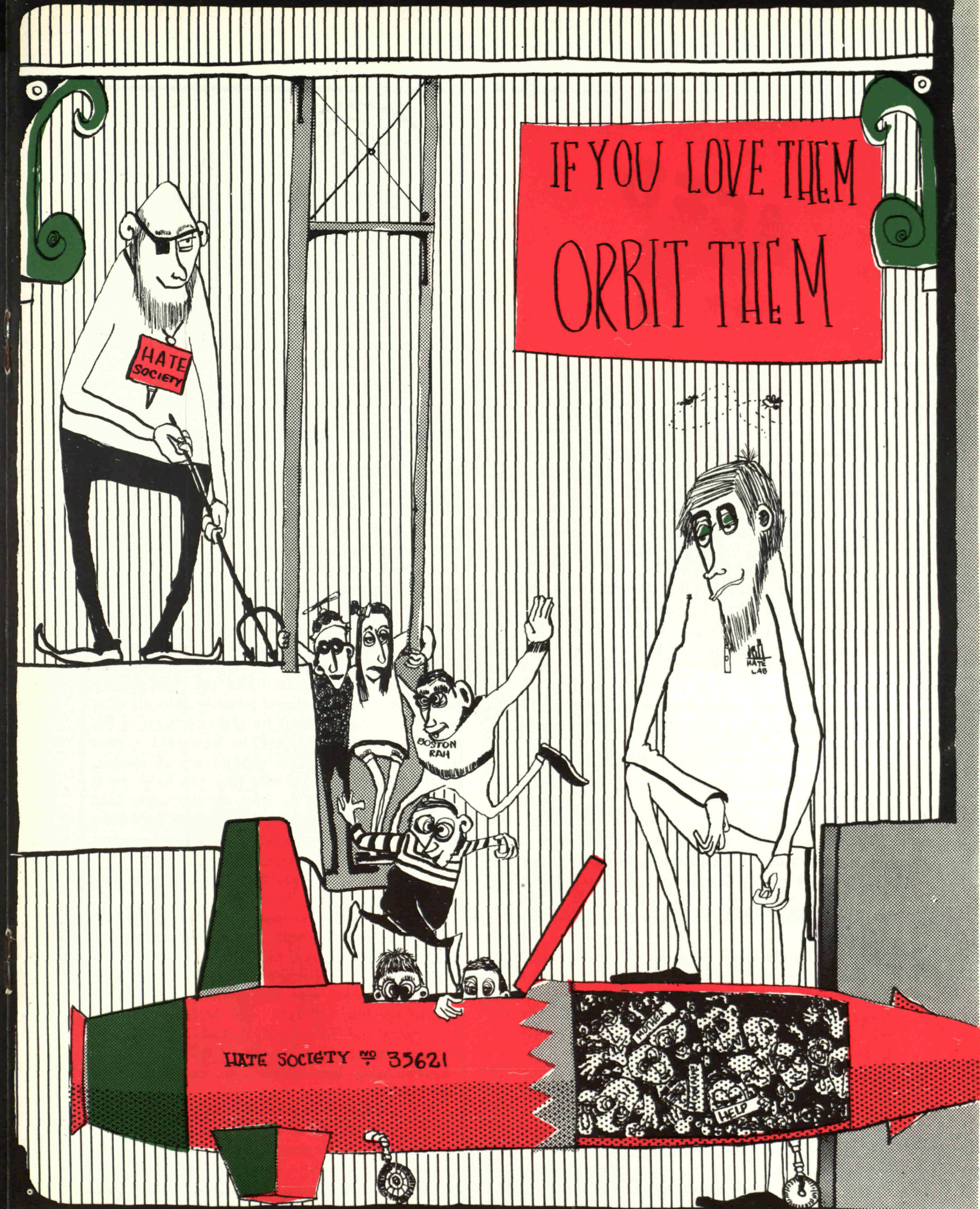
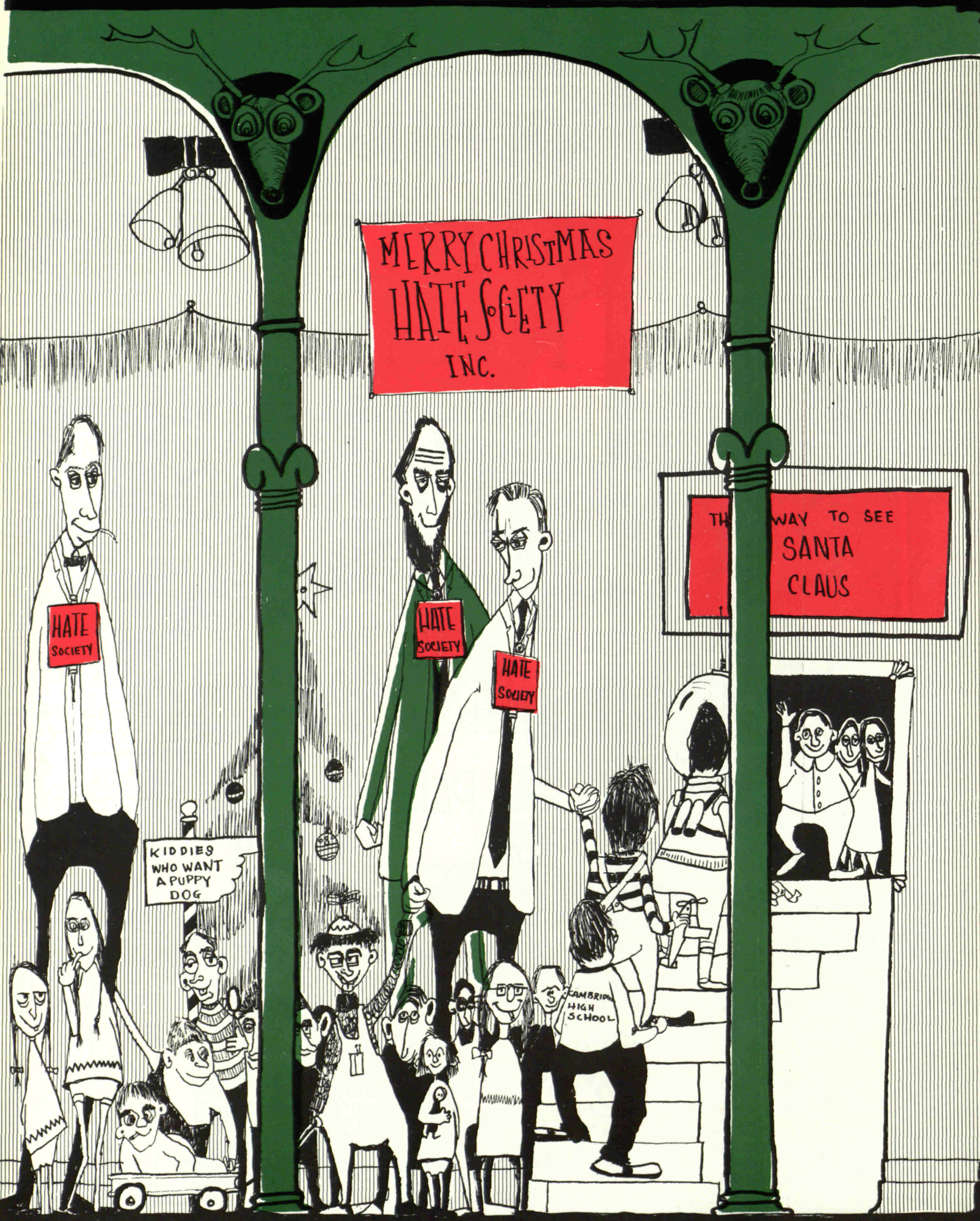


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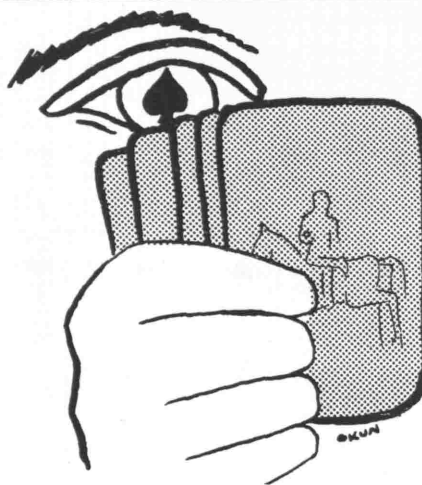
THE VOO DOO
"HATE"
SOCIETY
PRESENTS
The (etch) ANNUAL
"KIDDY"
CHRISTMAS
(WOW) PARTY (GEE)



DARYL



ACED



"Whose deal?" asked Max.

"Always the one who asks," retorted Andy.

"Ha, Ha!" Max said bitterly. He shuffled and dealt out a hand of seven stud. He glanced at his hole cards - a duece and a trey - and then at his rapidly dwindling pile of chips. "Dammit," he thought, "this 'friendly' game of poker is gonna cost me my shirt."

Andy bet a dollar on his ace showing and Max folded. He was beginning to resent the fact that Andy, his best friend, was the big winner.

The next hand was five card draw. Max was dealt an ace-king high. He looked at his cards in despair. "Hell," he thought, "if I could only break even I'd never play poker again-it's not worth the sweat."

"Hey.....," he started, but broke off abruptly. He had noticed that the ace he held in his hand --the ace of spades--was chipped, and he was about to call for a new deck; but he changed his mind. He, himself, did not know why. He threw in his hand, a little disgusted with himself for not saying anything. "What are you planning to do, cheat your friends?" he asked himself. But still he couldn't bring himself to mention the marked ace.

Three hands later, Max had the deal again. He dealt five card draw and pulled a bust to a pair of aces. He was debating whether or not to go in, when he noticed among the discards the marked ace of spades. He could easily have picked it up, giving himself trip aces and an almost sure pot. He was really tempted. Then he looked up and saw Andy. God, he couldn't cheat his friends. He folded his hand and tried to erase the picture of three aces from his mind.

Another hour passed and Max was losing even more heavily. He was down roughly three times what he could afford, even if he lived on

oatmeal for the rest of the month. It was his deal again and he chose seven card stud. After the sixth card was dealt he knew his luck had changed. He had a pair of nines in the hole and two sixes and a nine showing. A full house. He bet high, not even bothering to look at his opponents cards. Everyone folded, except for Andy, who not only saw but raised. Then Max saw Andy's cards for the first time. They were the ten, jack, queen and king of spades. Worried, that Andy had a straight flush, he glanced at his own hole cards and saw the nine of spades. Andy needed the ace to beat him. He saw the raise and raised again. The pot was getting huge, but Max was almost positive that all of it would soon be his until he glanced down at the top of the undealt pack. The first card -- soon to be Andy's -- was the marked ace of spades. Max felt sick. If he lost this pot he'd be in serious trouble. If he won, on the other hand he'd break even for the night, and all he'd have to do to win was remove that ace of spades. The temptation was overpowering.

"I'll be robbing my best friend!" his mind screamed in protest, "I can't do it."

Then Andy raised again, and now Max lost all control over himself. He slid his chips into the pot and withdrew his hand -- with the ace of spades. He flicked his eyes down as he pushed the card into his pocket. It was the ace of spades, all right. He dealt out the last two cards and bet heavily. Andy -- betting on a flush, Max assumed -- saw and raised. An overwhelming feeling of guilt made Max just see the bet.

"You lose," Andy coolly said, turning over an exact duplicate of the card Max had tucked safely away in his pocket.

....Sidney Handel

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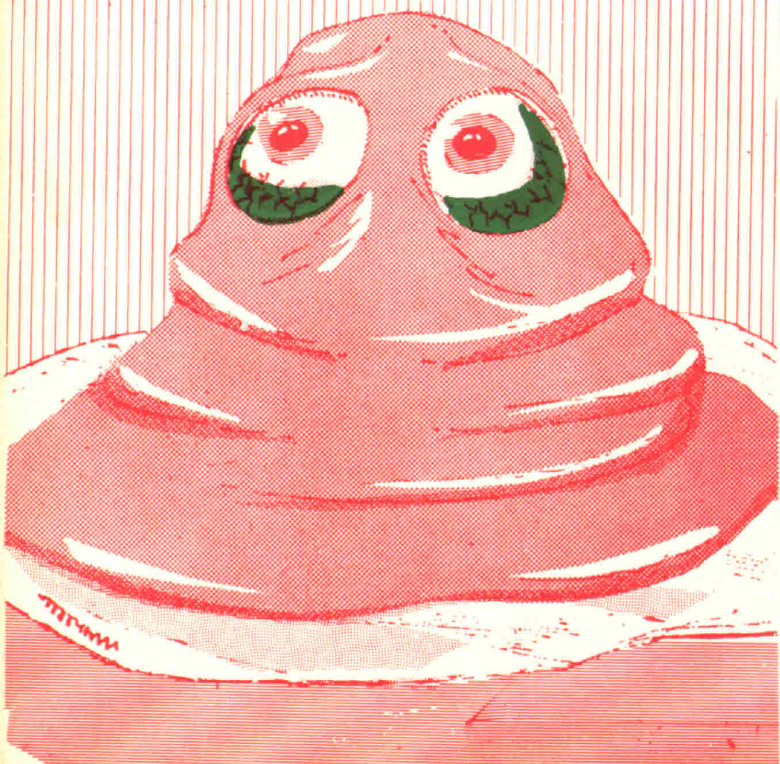


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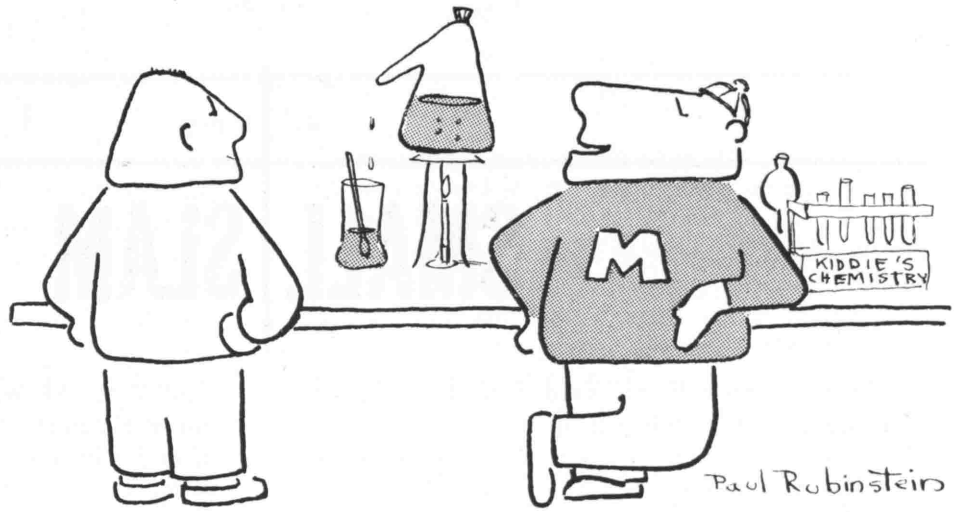
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MOMMY, IT'S ME!

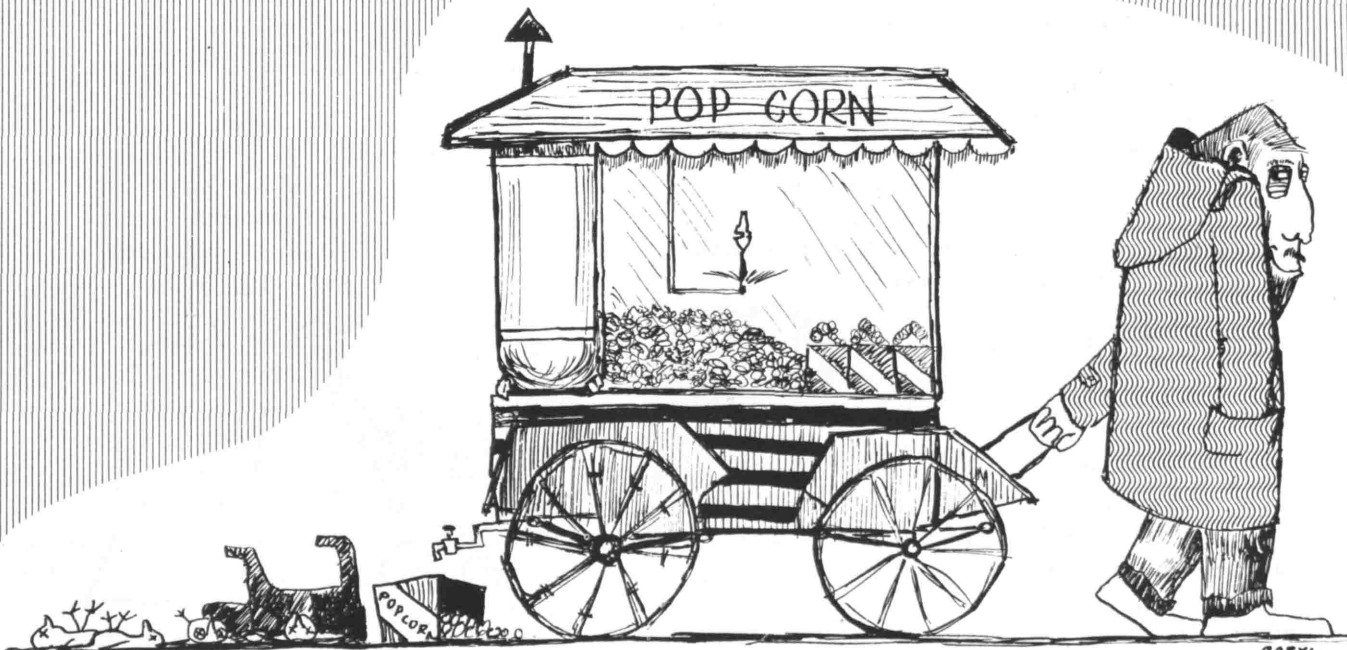


Paul Robinson

It's very good with just a twist of lemon.



Well, I guess it's time to get on the stick.



PARYL

I LOVE A PARTY

SMALL SLAM

"Fine, Mattie," he said into the phone, "I'll meet the five thirty train."

"Three no trump," he said, holding his hand over the mouthpiece and the receiver slightly away from his ear, lessening the strain on his long suffering ear drum and allowing us to hear a feminine voice screaming not particularly sweet nothings.

About the time he finished playing the hand - down three tricks, doubled and vulnerable - they said goodbye to each other. We suggested he ask the operator what the charge was for a three quarters of an hour phone call to New York. With a sickly smile he said he really didn't want to know. "Where is she going to sleep?" I asked.

"One club," he said, "She can have my room, I'll use the couch.

I thought about this for a while; the one strong impression I've formed of Ed since the four of us took an apartment is that there is a boy who appreciates his sleep.

"Gad!" I exclaimed with awe, "You must really like this girl; two hearts."

"Three clubs. She's pretty nice when you get to know her," he explained.

"Five spades," Jim said suddenly. Sid and I set them five tricks this time. They lost a four thousand point rubber at a tenth of a cent a point.

Sid told me that he was paying the five bucks he owed me with his share of the winnings. Ed refused to pay on the grounds that no one with a partner who bids five spades on a three card spade suit headed by the four is obligated to pay bridge debts. Jim refused to pay on the grounds that Ed refused to pay.

Friday and Mattie came. Ed told Sid to get ice at the drugstore while he went to the station. Sid told Jim that he, Sid, had got the ice two weeks ago and it was his, Jim's, turn. Jim forgot.

Ed brought Mattie back from the station. We all acted particularly suavely and it would have been the most sophisticated cocktail party of the semester but for the fact there was no ice and Jim was drinking warm scotch from a torn dixie cup. Sid suggested we play bridge. Mattie

said that she wasn't too crazy over the game but she'd play just to be friendly. Jim offered, after Ed kicked him, not to play so Mattie could take his place. She played slightly worse than Jim who has never quite learned the difference between bridge and cribbage.

Ed ground his teeth and the scowl which had begun to appear when he found out about the ice got progressively darker until finally they got up to leave.

As they left she asked who won. "They did," Ed said.

"They probably cheated," Mattie whispered.

When I got back from my date, I found Ed drinking warm scotch from the torn dixie cup. It was beginning to leak. "Shh," he said.

"Where is she?"

"Sleeping, she has a headache."

"Have a nice evening?"

"Visited some friends at Harvard."

"What'd you do?"

He took another drink, "Played bridge," he said grimly.

We decided to go out and get something to eat. Ed crept into the bedroom to get his keys. He almost managed to creep out again; but he knocked over her suitcase. She turned over and



said an unladylike word.

"How about a corned beef sandwich?" he asked, as cheerily as circumstances permitted. She repeated the same word. Ed had another drink; and we left.

Dawn broke. Mattie got up and went out. We slept on. Finally Ed woke up. He got all excited. Jim soothed him by explaining that he hadn't lost a girl, he had gained a suitcase. Sid got twenty dollars from Ed and went out to buy fifteen dollars worth of food for the dinner party.

Ed put various pots in, on, and around the stove. We sat down and waited. Ed and the pots simmered. We played a few hands of bridge. Ed and Jim were partners. After a while Ed and the pots boiled. Finally Mattie came back and asked Ed for five dollars to pay the cab driver. Ed is a man of iron; "Good grief," he said quietly and went downstairs to pay the man.

We went out to get our dates. We came back, mixed drinks and served hors'd'oeuvres. The girls giggled. Mattie said the caviar was too salty. Ed served the clam bisque. The girls giggled. Mattie said it was too watery. We continued in like fashion through the broccoli with hollandaise sauce, the lobster Savanna, and the potatos au gratin. We started on what we had thought would be the piece de resistance, the banana foster. Ed cut up bananas in a large shallow dish. He poured rum and cognac over it. A girl giggled, he lit the alcohol. Four girls giggled; Jim lit a cigarette; Ed snarled at Jim; and Mattie broke a nail. The flame went out and Ed put ice cream into the dish and served. The girls wouldn't eat the bananas because the alcohol taste was too strong and wouldn't eat the ice cream because there were too many calories.

The apartment began to reek of slowly decaying, cold, half eaten lobster. Sid suggested we play bridge; Mattie walked out of the room; and Jim's date said she wanted to go home. We tried putting dance music on the phonograph, which suddenly began making strange and rather unpleasant noises, so we carried on a somewhat strained conversation for a while.

About twelve o'clock we took our dates home; Mattie went to bed; Ed got out the scotch bottle; and the kid in the apartment downstairs came upstairs and began eating the extra lobsters. We came back from bringing the dates home and began to play bridge. On the first hand Ed and Sid got up to six no trump. Ed played the hand. All his finesses worked.

Towards the end of the play Jim noticed that he was a card short. We went to sleep.

Ed came in and woke Jim and I up. We had a flat tire; he wanted to borrow Jim's car. He came back ten minutes later; Jim's car was out of gas. Ed and Mattie went out to fix the flat. In spite of, or maybe because of, Mattie's help it took an hour and a half.

They went out to eat. Ed came back three hours later. He looked around aggressively.

"Er, uh," Sid said, "I forgot to tell you; I borrowed five dollars from your wallet this morning."

"It's all right," Ed said, but somehow I got the impression it really wasn't all right, "I had to borrow three dollars from Mattie to pay for lunch."

"Very good," Jim said soothingly, "Now she will feel she is part of the group. She will have a sense of belonging. She will lose her shyness and enjoy the bonhomie of good fellowship. She..."

"Just caught the train back to New York," Ed finished acidly.

We sat down. Sid dealt. We bid. Jim said "Five Spades."

...Vic Teplitz

Jingle bells,
Jingle bells,
Jingle all the way.
Oh, what a charge I get
From sliding on the snow.

Me and my date
On New Year's Eve,
Both getting plastered.
Who stole my bottle?

O, zhingle bellsh,
Zhingle bellsh;
Ring you damn bells.
God it's cold!

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MEN OF INSOUCIANCE

Or

An Introduction To The Scientific Method On A Level Of Complete Idiocy

Exercise II: Applied Electronics

Vocabulary

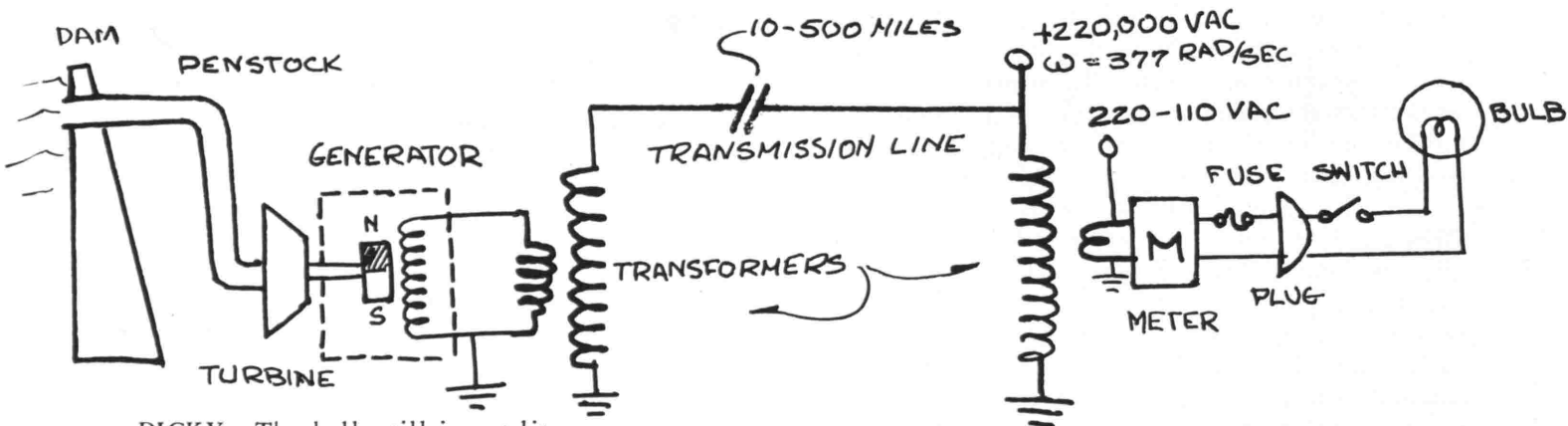
lamp *fil-a-ment* *bulb*
rel-a-tiv-is-tic *quan-tum* *e-lec-tro-dy-nam-ics*
plug

DICKY: Why is it so dark in here? The lamp will not light.

HARRY: This is a fine opportunity to apply the Scientific Method. Fetch a candle and we will analyze the situation.

DICKY: Here is the candle. What shall we do now?

HARRY: It is obvious that the filament of the bulb is not being heated to incandescence. First we must draw a circuit diagram to understand the problem. It is fun to draw diagrams.



DICKY: The bulb still is not lit.

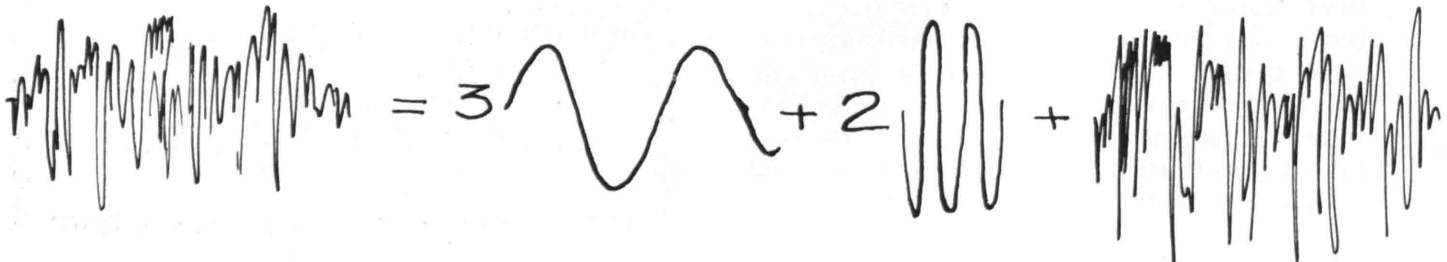
HARRY: I know, but the Scientific Method takes time. We must examine the circuit analytically. Let us apply Kirchoff's Law to this circuit.

DICKY: Nothing happened.

HARRY: It may not work right away, perhaps we had better use a Laplace Transform. That is always useful. Persistence is imperative in the Scientific Method.

DICKY: Maybe if I changed the bulb it would light.

HARRY: That is not scientific. We must investigate the consequences of changing the bulb. That would change one parameter and modify the frequency response....hmmm, what happens when we do a Fourier analysis of the waveform?



HARRY: The old bulb may have had an open circuit in its internal wiring causing a discontinuity in the current flow. You may now change the bulb. See how useful the Scientific Method is?

DICKY: Changing the bulb did not help. Perhaps the switch is off. I will turn it on.

HARRY: For God's sake be careful. You do not realize that switching on the voltage across the bulb may cause large transients in the inductively coupled filament. This will over-heat the filaments and damage them. Gad, scientific research is expensive.

DICKY: I am sorry, but it is too late. Besides, the bulb still does not light. Could it be that the plug is out?

HARRY: Do not be facetious. That happens only in funny stories, but we must be thorough in our investigation. We will look.

DICKY: The plug is out. I will put it back. Surely, the Scientific Method is wonderful.

HARRY: Yes, that will certainly provide the power necessary to be dissipated in heating the filaments to incandescence. Before you put the plug back let me see how this will affect the position of the poles and zeroes in the S-plane. It is fun to plot points in the S-plane.

DICKY: The Scientific Method is indeed thorough.

HARRY: Yes, it is. Now you may put the plug back.

DICKY: I have put the plug back, and the lamp is not lit. What can be wrong?

HARRY: Here is where the Scientific Method is superior to the trial and error method of the layman. It is obvious from my calculations that there is an interruption in the flow of electrons caused by a physical discrepancy in the circuit. Perhaps the switch was already on, and you turned it off. That would account for the lack of current to heat the filaments to incandescence. If we consider...

DICKY: Look out! I'm going to turn the switch on.

HARRY: Wait! Don't turn it on until I check my calculations. Accuracy is essential in the Scientific Method.

DICKY: Yes, accuracy is indeed essential. I shall throw the switch very accurately to the On position. There!

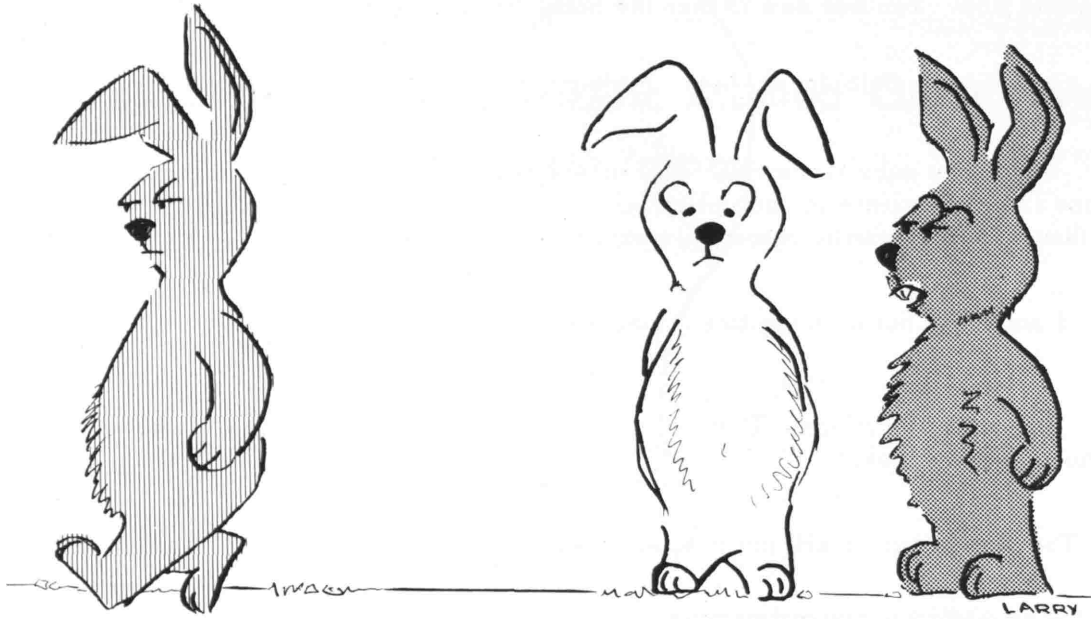
HARRY: Hmm. The absence of current flow still persists. Can my analysis have been wrong?

DICKY: What is this card dated last month from Boston Edison that says "Final Notice?"

HARRY: That is relatively unimportant. Let us next apply the Scientific Method to the crystal radio. It is independent of an external power supply.

Joe Rosenzhein
and Al Weiss.....





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Golly, Jim
I could waltz
like this
forever

Shut up
and
Cha-Cha

LEARNING HOW TO DANCE IS NO PROBLEM
KNOWING WHAT, WHEN, AND WHERE
IS A LITTLE HARDER

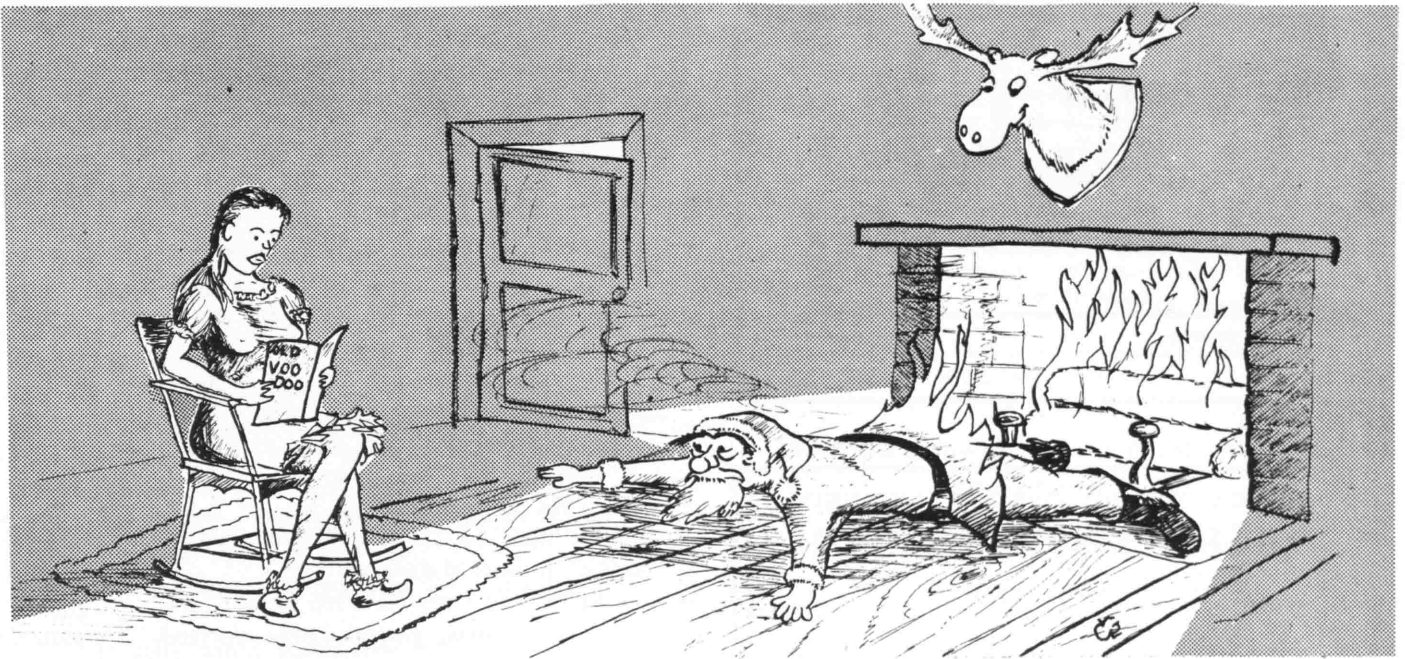
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HO HO, HO HO HO



The other night Martha was settin' in the living room knittin' or readin' or sumpin like that, when all of a sudden, plop, right outa' nowhere some guy comes bouncin' down through the chimney and lands right smack dab in the middle of the livin' room. Can ya imagine that? This character jest bounces right in -an' it was late at night, see, an' Martha, she was jest about ready to sack out. So she's settin' there knittin' or readin' or sumpin' in her pajamas - her shorty pajamas too - with her bare legs hangin' out, when this here guy all of a sudden shows up.

Well Martha hears the "kerplop" so she looks up from her knittin' or readin', or whatever it was she was doin', an' she sees this here goofy character settin' on the floor. He was a real goonish guy - bohemian like, ya know, with a long beard an' wearin' some real crazy red outfit.

So he looks up at Martha an' he says, "Ho, ho, ho ho ho."

Well sir, she was really shook. I mean, after all, she's jest settin' there readin' or knittin' an' "Bang," here's this peepin' Tom - didn't knock or nothin' - an' Martha in her shorty pajamas.

Well, Martha, she don't get excited, ya know, so she real casual says to this guy, "Wha - who - hunh!"

An' then he stands up an' he says, "Ho ho,

ho."

So Martha, she gets kinda nervous an' calls to me, "Maxy hey Max, c'mere."

Well, like I said, it was late at night, an' I was gettin' ready to sack out too. So I was in the john gettin' washed up, an' with the water runnin' in the sink, I couldn't hear nothin'. So Martha, she's gettin' kinda teed off an' she yells real loud.

"Yo Maxy, c'mon in here an' get a load of this guy!"

I hear some noise comin' out of the livin' room, so I opens up the bathroom door an' I says, "Did you say sumpin'?"

"I'm callin' ya Maxy. C'mere." says Martha.

So I turn off the water so's I can hear better and I says, "Whaddaya want?"

Meanwhile, this here bohemian is walkin' around mumblin' to hisself, "Ho, ho, ho ho ho."

"C'mere!" yells Martha at the top of her lungs.

"You come on in here if you want me," I yell back. Martha an' me, we get along swell, see, but I jest don't like bein' tole what to do by a woman. You know how it is.

So Martha opens up her lungs with a roar you wouldn't think a female could yell an' she says, "Max! You park your damn carcass in here right quick afore I pounce on ya!"

Well now, Martha's got a real fiery temper, an' when she gets all worked up thataway I

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figger the best thing for me to do is jest kinda play along until she sorta calms down a bit. So I come into the livin' room.

When I gets into the livin' room, I sees this here character with the long beard and the corny red outfit sayin' "Ho ho, ho ho ho," an' walkin' around like he owns the place.

Boy, I ain't gotta tell ya, I was kinda wonderin' what this here goof ball was doin' in my livin' room this time of night with my wife Martha, an' her in her shorty pajamas.

So I look this guy square in the eye an' I says to him, "Hunh - wha - who - ?"

An' he grins at me an' says, "Ho ho ho."

Well, I size this here feller up real quick, see. An' he's short an' fat an' I figger I can handle him, so I says, "Who d'ya think y'are bustin' in here thataway?"

An' all he says is, "Ho ho ho."

Now I started gettin' kinda worried. I mean when a fat little twerp like this jest stands there an' laughs at ya, he allus has some sort of a angle. You know, like a zip gun in his boot or sumpin'. An' this character had big enough boots for a machine gun.

Anyways, I takes a coupla steps toward him lookin' real mad, see. An' what's he do? He reaches into his boot an' ya know what he pulls out? A machine gun. Yessir, as sure as I'm standin' here, this goony lil' bohemian whips out his sub-machine gun an' starts blastin' the place full of holes.

Well, Martha an' me, we hustled underneath the couch an' peaked out whilst our pal here riddled the cushions.

"Hey, cut it out!" I yells.

An' ya know what he says? Yeah. He says, "Ho ho ho," an' keeps right on pumpin' lead."

Now Martha, she thought the whole thing was kinda funny, ya know, with this little bohemian character shootin' up the joint, an' she figgers we might as well party it up. Anyways, she pops off with a chorus of "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer".

Well, now, jest put yourself in my place. I mean jest think: here I am under the couch with my maladjusted wife, Martha, singin' "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer" in her shorty pajamas, while some guy I never saw before is blasting holes in the furniture with a sub-machine gun, all the time blubbering out with his "Ho ho ho." Get the picture?

Sir, I don't wanna seem like a idiot or nothin' but the truth is, I didn't know what to do! So what I did do was jest sorta didn't do nothin'.

Well, nothin' much actually happened, cause after awhile there was some rumblin' an' bumpin' around up on the roof an' the fat little bohemian gets all excited. It seems he has some animals or sumpin' up there an' one of them started rompin' around when he heard Martha spoutin' off "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer." Anyways he shut off his rip roarin' pea shooter an' hustled back into the chimney. An' then, now get this, then he puts his chubby lil' finger on his nose an' "twitch - pfft!" He's gone. Jest like that - he poofed right up the chimney. An' then he stopped makin' with the "Ho ho's" long enough to yell at his animals, an' they jest took off into thin air. Ain't that jest the queerest thing now - right off into thin air. An' as he rode off into the night he yells back at me an' says, 'I'll get you yet, Buster, Ho ho ho!"

I still ain't found out who that character was or what he was doin' here or nothin'. All's I know is I got me a perforated livin' room. An' damn if my wife Martha's ever gonna set in the livin' room in her shorty pajamas again lessen I'm there to keep an eye on the chimney!

.....Max

Blessed are the censors, for they shall inhibit the earth.



Jim: "Let's not print any more jokes about sex."

Vic: "Yeh, I'm tired of publishing this magazine too."



Blessed are the censors, for they shall inhibit the earth.



Jim: "Let's not print any more jokes about sex."

Vic: "Yeh, I'm tired of publishing this magazine, too."

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We note that:

The traditional freshman-sophomore rivalry has been eliminated. An investigation is now in progress to determine the advisability of reducing open house hours in the dormitories.

An investigation is now in progress to determine the advisability of establishing parietal rules in fraternities.

Responsibility for the journalistic, moral and ethical standards of Voo Doo now resides with the Dean of Students.

(J. W. Krutch, "The Measure of Man.") At a convocation at the Institute in 1949, the M.I.T. Dean of Humanities stated that we must now recognize our "approaching scientific ability to control men's thought with precision," to which Winston Churchill, present at the convocation, commented that he would "be very content to be dead before that happens."

We think that his comment was slightly extreme.

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This month's cover by Daryl



DARYL

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Smoke Salem... smoke refreshed