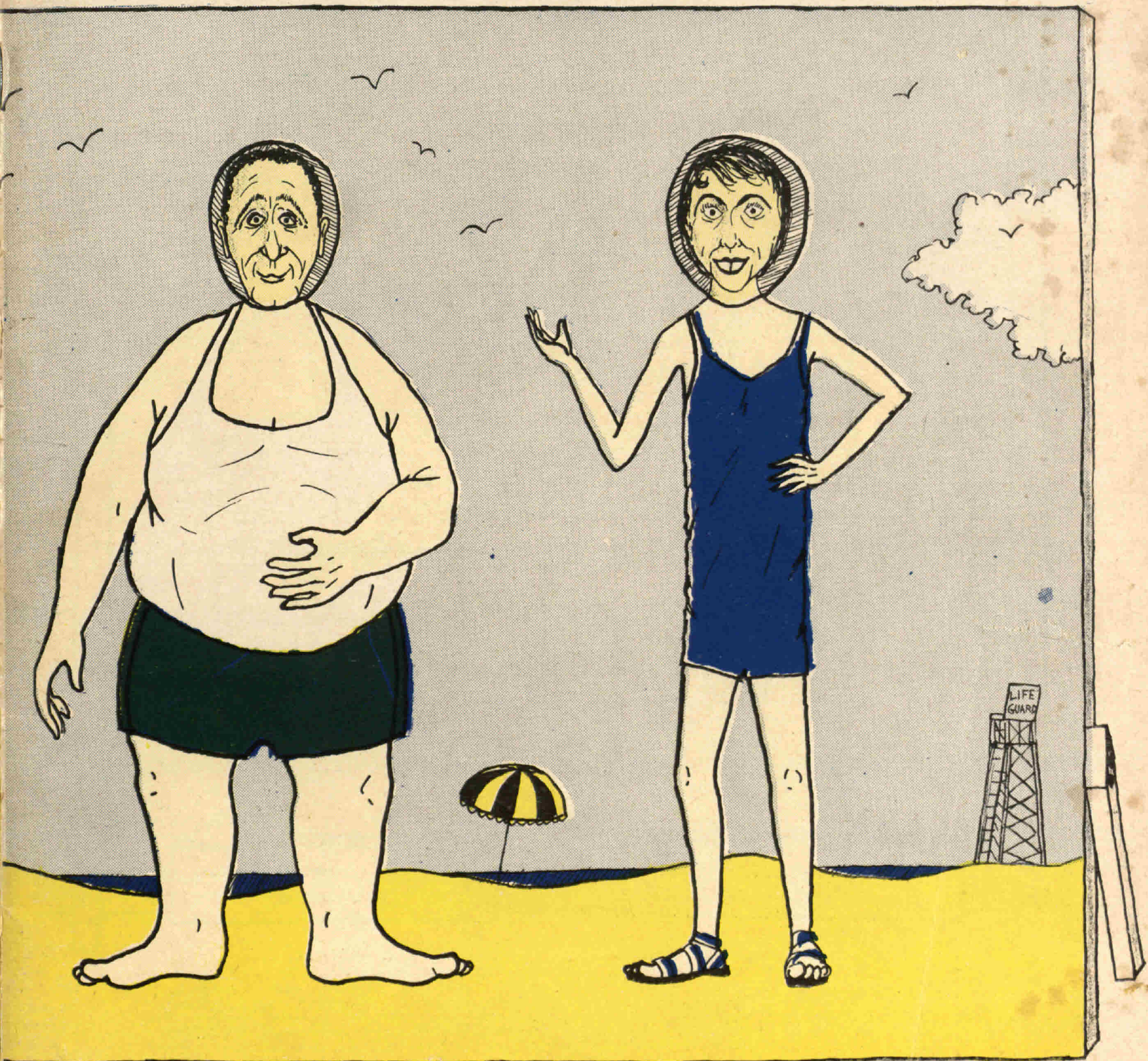


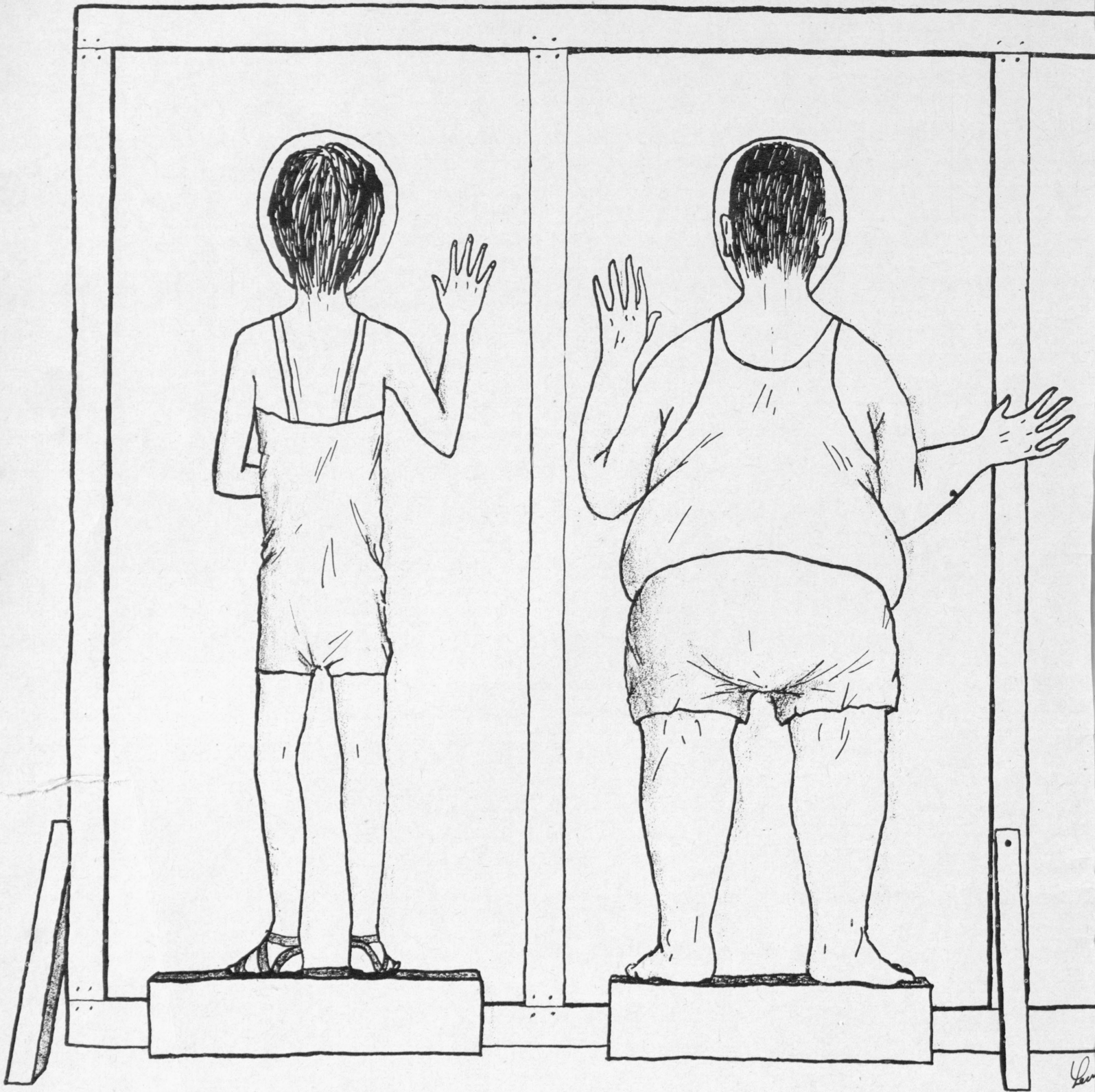
Voo Doo

25¢

NOVEMBER



Levio



Tradition; it seems that we have so little of it left around here people wonder if it ever really existed. Since Phos has been around here longer than anyone else except a janitor in the basement of building ten, we went to him to find the truth. The truth was, to say the very least, astounding. Remember all those stories you heard about Tech before you came here, well they were true. There really was a time when Deans did get arrested for participating in good old riots and water fights. It wasn't so many years ago that a freshman didn't dare walk outside his room unless he had at least a dozen classmates with him in case there happened to be a few sophomores around. But in the past few years a change has come over M.I.T. Today we are men whereas yesterday we were happy college students. The country's future depends upon science and the school's future depends upon its public relations. Therefore, we have seen the little things which tried to make Tech a college disappear until all that is left is a factory which grinds out its engineers and scientists. Hazing, riots, the Purple Shaft, even the two day line for Junior Prom tickets, they have all disappeared.

dew

SENIOR BOARD

George J. Whiteman **David E. Weisberg** **Stuart Brody**
Business Manager *Managing Editor* *Editor*

JUNIOR BOARD

Chris Sprague **Tim Hart - Jack Kerber** **Al Wasser**
Features Editor *Sales Managers* *Publicity Manager*

Paul Heller **Ira Jaffee** **Paul Rubenstein** **Larry Laben**
Treasurer *Circulation Manager* *Art Director* *Advertising Manager*

Wilson Smart **Don Silverman** **Mel Snyder and Bernie Wuensch**
Office Manager *Literary Editor* *Whoopgaroo Representative*

ASSOCIATES

SALES STAFF	ADVERTISING STAFF	PUBLICITY STAFF	ART STAFF
Tom Traylor	Mitch and Sue	Larry Schmer	George Luedeke
Ken Kotubski	N. S. B.	Rex Thomson	Dick Krasin
Carl Josephy	Sandle	Terry Wolfe	Henry Okum
Mike Leis	June S.	Howie Kessler	Bill Bison
Don Tanaka	Rich Salant	Jim Dodson	Bill Geoghegan
Ron Agronin	GG	Paul Fornee	JOKE STAFF
Steve Flaker	Ann Tigone	Al Shiner	Handy Snippers
Marty Gruber	Fay Cooper	Ron Stegen	Bill Wycherly
Rita	OFFICE CAT	Staniel	Giorgio
Susie	Phos, what den?		Arthur F. Sake
Ron Feldman		TREASURY STAFF	W. A. Reuther
Polly Adler		Steve Waltman	Dave Stein
Jim Poitras		Ed Linde	KITTENS
Leo Gagen		Merrill,	Bonnie
Luigi Guiseppi	FEATURES	Lynch,	Patsy
3-to-1 Kennedy	Thomas Defazio	Pierce,	Rumpy
LITERARY STAFF	Bob Hirschfeld	Fenner, and	Saul
Jerry Kaiz	Ernest Gudath	Miss Beane	Amy
Jean Pierre Frankenhuis	Bob Rose	PROCUREMENT STAFF	Peggy
Diana	R. C. L.	Omri Serlin	
Joan	Irma the Body	Paul Schottler	
Donna	Epy	Richard Becker	
Mr. Parkinson	Tempest Storm	Adelbert Ames	
	Gail	Hon. James M. Curley	
		Michael Patrick X. Shapiro	

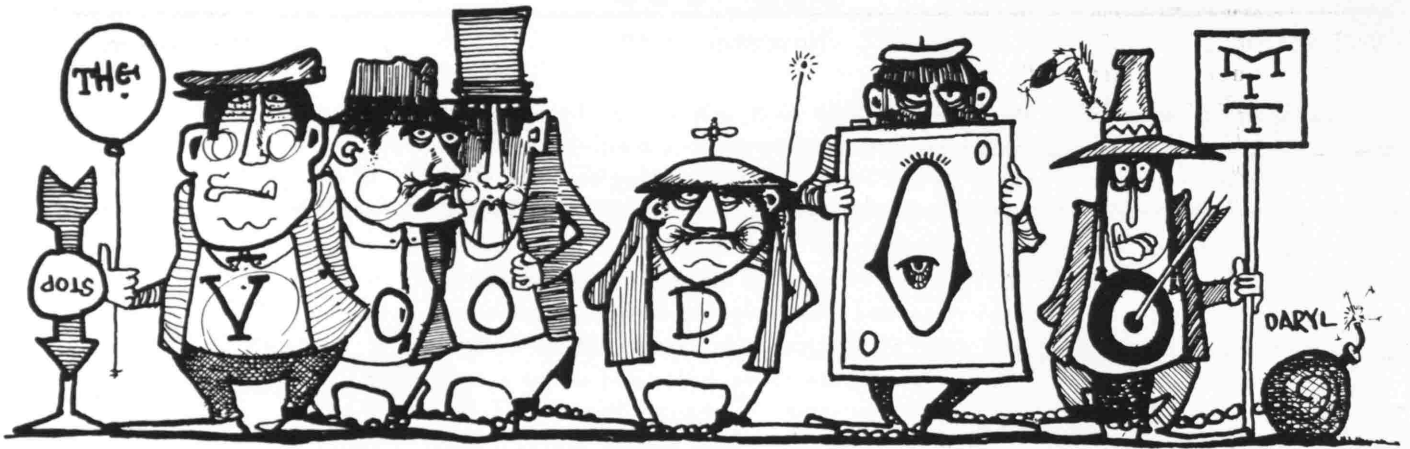


All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office will receive careful consideration.

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 November 13, 1958. November Copy Inserted.

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

This Month's Cover by Roger Lewis '62



CAMPUS CHARACTERS

A visitor at Tech soon notices that there are few smiles walking around the campus, that people purposely avoid saying "Hello" to others they see on the campus, that students avoid instructors and instructors loathe students. But of all the campus characters the most noticeable are the pathetic ones, the students who mean well but always botch up a job, the ones who always manage to notice odd things about other people. One of these *pathetes* accosted us the other day. "Say!" he said. "Have you seen a character running around here?"

"A number of them." We replied. "Which one in particular?"

"He's dressed in a cowboy outfit and is running around shooting off a cap pistol."

"He went thataway." we answered with tongue in cheek.

"Thanks." he said as he turned away. He hesitated a moment, wheeled about, and said, "Oh, don't say anything about this to the psychiatrist. He's all right. He's my roommate."

We're certainly overjoyed to hear that somebody around here is all right.

A freshman humanities class was taken rather aback when it walked the only co-ed in their section, minus shoes and socks. But that was all right. She's from Tennessee.

Perhaps the most illustrious of campus characters are the *bon vivant Voo Doo* Board members. One of the board businessmen heard a rumor that haircuts were going up to a dollar-seventy-five. He's now stocking up on haircuts.

Every sales day we await with anticipation for the members of the M.I.T. Security Police to come running up to our booth and ask for a copy of *Voo Doo*, their favorite magazine ever since we once printed a feature about them. We had always known them as *great fellows*, people who would always help a student out of any trouble. Maybe it's because the world is all cockeyed, but we were disturbed to learn that our friends were ticketing illegally parked Vespas and bicycles.

BULL-SESSIONS

Somebody a few years back made a survey trying to find out what was most often discussed in the student bull sessions. We don't know the result, and don't really care to know. One thing is certain however, the bull sessions are going as strong as ever. Topics range from science to religion, from girls to sex, from anything to everything. All that is needed for a bull session is three participants—two who actually participate and argue and the third who usually just listens. We are usually in the third party. Two of the bull sessions we attended yielded the following:

Out of one very fertile stint came the following plot to finally get even with the Institute. Yes folks, at 12 midnight on November 17th, every undergraduate at Tech is going to walk into the Great Court and return all their chemical lab non-returnables. Aha! It is expected that there will be a pile of old equipment approximately three feet deep covering most of the Great Court and will take at least a day to remove. Who says they are non-returnable?

Another group of students were discussing religious ceremonies. One of them told about the circumcision he had recently attended. He said that a toast was made to "Everyone here and to all no longer here."

IN POLITICS

We found the solution to the Far Eastern crisis. If Dulles will let us go, we'll make a deal with the Chinese Communists---Quemoy and Matsu for Boardwalk and Park Place.

ARISE AESTHETES

It was a labor of love for the *Voo Doo* publicity staff. Her curves were voluptuous (as the dime novels say) and the rest of her was nothing to miss. Roll upon roll of gluey tissue paper they patted her with. A night of drying and there she was ---the *Voo Doo* doll, a papier mache' Venus, lovely

as sin itself. Early in the morning the staff carried her over to the Building 10 lobby where caressingly they placed her on her pedestal. Immediately two Building and Power men jumped on her and carried her off. The staff finally located her in a vault in the cellar, but the vault was vaulted and only one man in the whole Institute had a key for it. No one knew who that man was! But a trip to the Dean, accompanied by the Undergraduate Association President, enabled the staff to return her to her pedestal. The Dean, who loves *Voo Doo* and all it stands for, not wishing to cause ill will, offered to carry her back himself, but the publicity staff deferred so long as the UAP would carry her back. And he did! Thank you, Jerry!

There is no truth to the rumor that *Voo Doo* is planning a parody of the *Scientific-American* for next month. It is not true that *Voo Doo* members have been seen buying all available copies of *Scientific-American*. It is not true that our Editor has been seen in the library reading all copies of the *Scientific-American* for the past twenty years. It is not true that M.I.T. professors went into seclusion when the rumor was heard at the Faculty Club. It is just not true.



Little Boy: Do you love me?

Little Girl: Uh-huh.

Little Boy: Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?

Fashion item: "Girls will be wearing the same thing in brassiers this year that they wore last year."

He-My girl friend is a twin.

Him-How can you tell them apart?

He-Her brother walks differently.

WHOLESALE

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

RETAIL

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

Next to Loew's State Theatre

FREE DELIVERY

NATURALLY TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO. FOR
THE MOST COMPLETE LIQUOR, WINE & BEER STOCK IN BOSTON

Special Attention to M.I.T
Students Whether A
Bottle or A Case

CO 6-2103

Always Plenty of Ice Cubes
Party Planning



PARTIES

Nothing taxes a Tech man's pocketbook more than the exorbitantly high cost of socializing his girl, provided he is one of those rare Tech men who have experienced the *other* kind of people. Not that one wishes to add fuel to the fires of snobbery and ridicule with which the Harvard students consume the Tech men, i.e., their erroneous impression that Tech men have apoplexy every time they operate a slide rule, or that test tubes inspire chemistry majors to expend more of their energy in the laboratory. Nor does one wish to contradict the preceding impressions, nor even correct them just a little. One merely states that there are some Tech men who, in their halycon pre-Institute days, experienced, if only once, the other kind of people known as women, or girls in the specific case. If at any time in their lives they experienced women then they also experienced the excruciatingly painful phenomenon known as being broke, flat, utterly, and starvationly. A girl prefers to voraciously consume money rather than food; she prefers to see a trashy modern movie at the most expensive theater in town rather than see a classic in some small art theater which hasn't charged more than a fifty-cent piece in all its years; she prefers the *big* dance, where only sardines could be happy, rather than an entertaining interlude in one's apartment, fraternity house, dormitory room, or automobile. In short, even if it means having an absolutely boring evening a girl will go so long as she thinks her escort is spending infinitely large sums of money on her.

One has three alternatives, namely, one can take out girls who care little for the expensive side of life, which girls we shall call *cheap*; or one can refuse to socialize at all, which creature we shall call *tool*. I being a member of the large confraternity which despises cheap girls and cannot comprehend any type existence like that of the tools and since I also enjoy expensive things, or at least things which appear to be expensive, I cannot accept either of the two alternatives so far stated. To me, and to the others who feel as I do, there is only the third alternative left --- to be a party-goer or a party-giver.

"Every party has a pooper, that's why we invited you --- party pooper, PARTY POOPER!" Make no mistake about it! Every party must have a pooper. He's the guy who won't play spin-the-bottle, post-office, or monopoly because he thinks they're childish. He's the one who wants to make out when everybody is raising hell, or wants to raise hell when everybody is making out; the one who plays Julie London records early in the evening and Xavier Cugat records long about the time the average temperature has risen twenty degrees even though the furnace has broken, the time when gaspings for air and frequent cries of "Don't." and rare cries of "Do!" pierce right to the very core of one's abdomen. Party poopers are not to be confused with clods, the ones who spill food and drink on the floor, who stick fingers in cakes; the one who picks up every sandwich in the plate, tears the bread apart, exclaims, "I hate sandwiches!" and ceremoniously dumps them all back onto the plate. One never invites clods.

The chief use for party poopers is psychological. When each girl compares this poor

soul to her date she thanks Emily Post that her date is not that bad, in fact, is so good compared to the pooper. If you're unfortunate enough to be a poop, if you're the one who never thinks that a party is a gasser when everybody else does, then you, too, should become a party-giver. Be the Elsa Maxwell type. Instead of a physical infirmity you have a psychological one, but they're both equally as effective. As an Elsa Maxwell type people will pity you and try so hard to make your feeble attempts successes that they will be. You're the one who invites the clod so that compared to him you're so much better. If you're both a party pooper and a clod --- why not give up?

The most enticing aspect of a party is its ability to provide a top-notch evening in return for a small investment. Contrary to generally accepted opinion, parties are the most inexpensive form of entertainment which gives the appearance of luxury, wealth, MONEY. One enterprising Tech man has a party every week. He has no friends, wouldn't invite them anyway even if he had them, and he takes out a different girl every week. His parties are the talk of girl's dormitories so he takes out girls who live at home or in their own apartments. Monday evening he calls up a girl and invites her to a party to be held in his apartment Saturday evening. His parties are short, rarely more than an hour (depending on the girl). His date is usually dismayed that they're the only couple there, but he doesn't mind.

Now you don't *have* to go so far as he did, although it could prove interesting. The surest bet of all is to have a regulation type, real ball type, inexpensive type, party. First you need some liquid refreshment, some nectar of the distilleries. Now don't go running out to buy the most expensive kinds of liquor just to make an impression. Play it cool. Buy one bottle of really top-notch booze, say bourbon, and then some bottles of disgustingly cheap booze, say bourbon. Hide the cheap stuff. Shield it with lead if you have to, but hide it! Prominently display the good stuff. Encase it in a neon-lighted showcase if you have to, but show it! Hidden behind a bar, mix the drinks with the poor bourbon. Most people won't know the difference, will probably remark about how they like really *good* bourbon. If some party pooper remarks that he's drunk better horse urine, do no---do not!---make some remark about his

knowing better than you, or that's why his teeth are so yellow, or something like that; instead, tell him he has a bad taste in his mouth and to try some pretzels (they can be bought a day old or in broken form for much less than regular retail price at any cookie factory). If the guy persists in disparaging your choice of liquor, accuse him of being a clod and kick him out; however, do not kick out his girl friend. This is all that's really needed for a party (cheap liquor and stale pretzels). As soon as everyone gets polluted, Nature will take over and whatever you do, for godsake, don't interfere with Nature!

If you're more the party-goer than the party-giver type, before you go be certain you're not being invited because you're a party pooper. Then be absolutely certain that the party will not cost you anything. Beware of the buddy who comes up to you and says, "Whyn't yuh drop up the room t'nite fer a little brawl, huh?" This is the guy who, as soon as you enter the door, says that the party cost a little more than he thought it would and wouldn't you slip him a couple of bucks just to cover it, huh?

You're not a party pooper, you know everybody who is going to be there, and there definitely is no charge. You may think you are ready for the party but not yet, not by a long shot. Be certain the party will have the proper atmosphere. Why go to a party with a great bunch of people only to find the room a filthy hole in the basement underneath the subbasement underneath the bowling alley; or a room where the occupants rival pigs for sloppiness? Why? Especially when there are so many really classy places for you to have a party.

There is only one exception, and that is when there is a fireplace in the apartment. There is nothing better than a fireplace for a party. Psychologists haven't fully explored the phenomenon yet, but it is a definite fact that girls are more passionate when there is a fire than when there is not. Perhaps it is because they see the fire as a rival and want to be hotter than it, or because anything in heat gets them going, but we don't know for sure. Anyway for a really wild date, have a fire. Yuh!

Well, there you are. You know all the rules of the game now. The most important thing to remember is that you should not go if you're invited because you are a party pooper. If you are the party-giver type, whyn't you invite me? I'm a clod!



**HONG KONG
CHINESE RESTAURANT**

CHOP SUY SPECIAL LUNCH 11 A.M. to 3 P.M.
SPECIAL DINNER 5-9 P.M.

Open Fri. & Sat. 11 A.M. to 1 A.M.
Sunday Through Thursday
11 A.M. to 12 Midnight

ORDERS PUT UP TO TAKE OUT
AIR CONDITIONED

1236 Mass. Av. Cambridge
UNiversity 4-5311

**MAHLOWITZ
MARKET Inc.**

GROCERIES - MEATS - PROVISIONS

Complete line of
ALES - BEERS - WINES

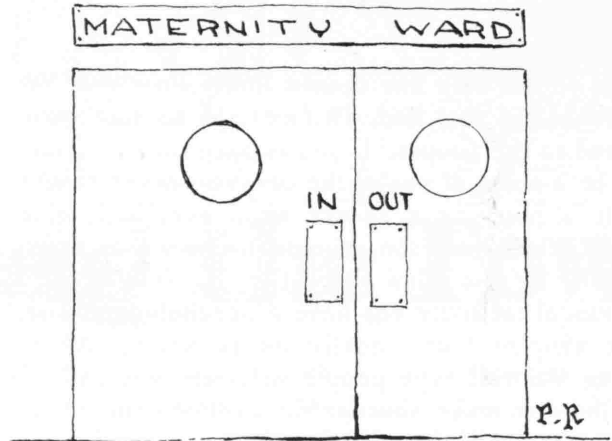
Open til 11:00 Every Evening

CLOSEST MARKET TO MIT DORMITORIES

KI 7-8075  UN 4-7777

782 Main St., Cambridge

● FREE DELIVERY ●



We've heard of many self-made men, but how about self-made women?



Read the ads, dammit!

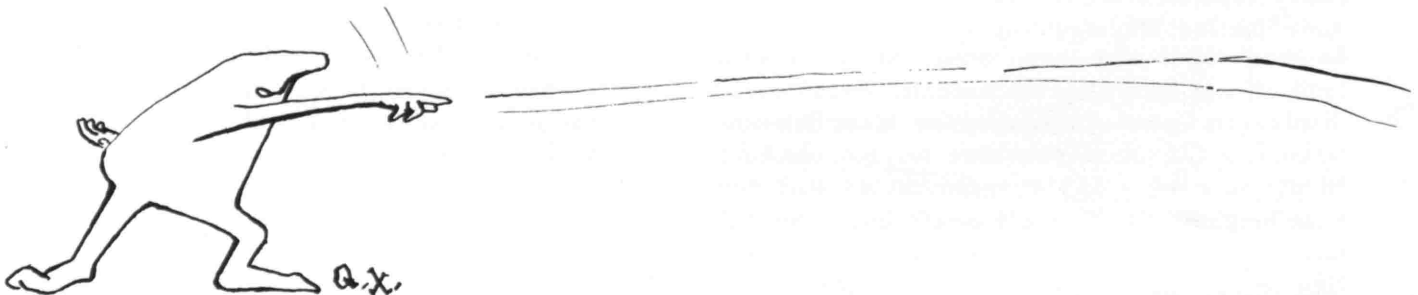


Senior: Remember when a woman says "no", she means "maybe". And if she says "maybe" she means "yes".

Freshman: I know, but what does she mean when she just says "phooey"



"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"
"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."



Tiny daughter: "Mama, what are men?"
 Mother: "Men are what women marry."
 T.d.: "We don't get much choice, do we?"



And then there was the deafmute who fell into the well and broke three fingers screaming for help.



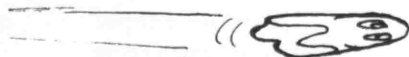
A famous dive near the Loop in Chicago was raided by the police, and such guests and entertainers who hadn't effected their escape via the windows were hustled into the patrol wagon. Miss Veronica Vere de Vere pushed everybody aside in her obvious desire to be first into the wagon. "What's the rush?" asked a cop. "I know what I'm doing," replied Miss Vere de Vere. "The last four raids I had to stand!"



Little boy watching milkman's horse: "Mister I'll bet you ain't gonna get home with your wagon."
 Milkman: "Why?"
 Little Boy: "Cause your horse just lost all his gasoline."



"I've got a perfect news story."
 "What? Man bites dog?"
 "No, Bull throws Congressman."



Charlie Mun
Laundry
Complete Laundry Service

88 MASS. AVE
 BOSTON

Telephone
 KE 6-9472

Souvenirs - Studio Cards
SPECIAL!
VOO DOO DOLLS
COMPLETE HEXING KIT-
DRIED BLOOD, PINS ETC. ETC.
COLLEGE SPECIALTY SHOP

6 Holyoke Street, Harvard Square

Circle 7-7949

Folk Music

Cafe

Y
A
N
A

Coffee House

778a Beacon Street
 Boston, Mass.
 Opposite Kenmore Theater



ON THE SNOWING OF



HUMANITIES INSTRUCTORS

After a time here at the institute, you will find yourself in one of three divisions of opinion about our Humanities Course:

1. "It's great... I like the readings... I like the instructor...I'm generally thrilled..."
2. "Well... I suppose it's good for me... but I don't really enjoy it and my instructor sort of bores me... but I suppose I really need it and I'm trying to do my best..."
3. "What a fake... I'm really disgusted with the whole thing... the readings are miserable... my instructor is a total nothing and the whole thing is a 'cocktail conversation for engineers' course anyhow... I'm disgusted..."

I leave a fourth type out of the analysis. He need not concern us here, but is the person who has merely given up and should concern himself with his own work and at least get back up into one of the above classes.

Well, now, young man... jump up on my knee (gently, gently, I'm not as limber as I was when a freshman) and I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail. Your opinions of the course, favorable or adverse, are probably due, in the most part, to your instructor. Thus, before going on about how to snow instructors, perhaps I should give you the poop on the instructor himself.

I will not start by saying that humanities instructors fall into various types, since they do so no more than do *most* Harvard students. Had I the space and information, I would like to analyze each instructor individually. The Harvard Crimson, for example, prints a book each year with individual commentary on the various instructors at that school. I can only give you some general warnings. Even if specific information on each instructor were available, you would find it very difficult to all switch out of his class.

As you may have found by talking with your friends, humanities instructors aren't *all* bad. Why it is that *you* have a miserable instructor (no matter who you are) is beyond the scope of this report. Even though it is now too late, be it known that next term you will probably be able

to change your assigned humanities instructor by pestering your adviser almost to his yield point, tactfully. This article will tell you how to produce, some convincing evidence concerning why you should not take a certain teacher (to help convince your adviser) and give you a good standard to use in forming your own opinion.

Since you bought this magazine to read some humorous, uplifting material, and not primarily the results of my M32 project, I will outline the various generalized types of humanities instructors in the approved humorous fashion. You will find that they can be generally, but incorrectly, divided into two groups. To facilitate discussion and prevent prejudice concerning word choice from obscuring the important details, I will call the two groups by the arbitrary names: "good guys" and "bad guys".

Do not attempt any assumptions based on the semantic connotation of these words for every word, no matter how innocuous and well chosen, will have *some* semantic connotation for *someone*. For example, the "good guys! will *not* have white hats and short sideburns and will *not* win in the end. Instead, they will probably be dismissed by the ever-benevolent Department. Well, first, the "good guy" syndrome:

APPEARANCE: Neatly but not ostentatiously dressed...socks match... hair trimmed... carries *no* Harvard bag (usually)... known to smile sincerely at students... could often be mistaken for a Mechanical Engineering grad student...

MANNER: Speaks conversational rather than literary English...explains new terms in his speech un-condescendingly...asks students for their opinions...organizes material and time for each class session...reads material before coming to class...has interesting opinions of his own and says that they are opinions...gives no deeper meanings and asks none... does *not* engage in great interdepartmental sport of co-ed baiting.

ASSIGNMENTS, THEMES, AND GRADING: Assigns rather more themes, but somewhat shorter...such topics as: "What do *You* think of Antigone and what she did?"... "Try to write a dialogue in which you explain to Socrates why he

is wrong about Menon's slave boy (if you think he is wrong) or back him up (if you agree)"... and other nuclei of great themes in which you can expound at length on your views, if you have any views... he marks such prosaic things as spelling and grammar and the clarity of expression of your theme... if he doesn't like your



FIG.1 - 'YES - I-MIGHT-BE-WRONG' TYPE

writing, he will usually tell you how to write material which pleases him and leads him to giving higher grades.

He often has some secret project such as a two-volume biography of Daniel Boone or a study of pre-cambrian frisian poetry which soon will be published. Students who got poor marks from him still like him.

If you have an instructor who generally fits this outline, my congratulations. But, what of all you other people who are sitting there, downcast? You mean you have a teacher fitting the "bad guy" syndrome? (snicker!!) Rough!

APPEARANCE: Whatever it is, he is generally trying to look like something else... (a) Young men who are trying to look older (rimless glasses, graying (?) temples, methodical and contemplative speech, suit with matching vest, meerschaum pipe)... (b) Old men who are trying to look younger (bow tie, sport coat, lascivious leer)... (c) Men of indeterminate age who are trying to look grubby. This presumably gives them that "inner directed" and "I don't give a hoot what other people think about me" look.



MANNER: Hail-fellow-well-met look surrounding icy, fixed grin (a facial contortion which only this type of person can do. Try it yourself and you'll see what I mean)... Occasionally executes drill routines (raise eyebrow, elevate nose; sneer!!)... refers to student as "Mister Doe" (... "Well, Mister Doe, a very interesting point, (smirk!) but you will find this same symbolism is used in the entire range of Classic Duodenal Greek Poetry, something you people here couldn't possibly be expected to know, so you *can't* be correct.")... tells dirty jokes now and then to awaken the class and embarrass the unfortunate co-ed... he seems quite hurt that you are no more interested in modern religious philosophy than he is in advanced calculus.

ASSIGNMENTS, THEMES, AND GRADING: First, let us clear up a misconception... most of these instructors do *not* "give a few A's and B's and flunk the rest". This sort of information is usually mental compensation made up by one who flunked. The instructors usually mark in the mid-range, and, in particular, the "bad guy" syndrome includes a furtive question in a "conference" as to what your mid-term marks are in other subjects for fear that his marks may be too far out of step and call attention to the situation.. theme topics are assigned such as:

cont. on next page

cont. from page 9

"Analyze Plato's Psyche"... "Compare and Contrast Alcibiades and Venerable Bede"... "The Nineteenth Century was not content to think in the narrower terms of the Eighteenth Century, but must refashion its thought to suit the Romantic style. Evaluate this statement on the basis of your readings this semester. Be specific. *Avoid empty generalizations.*" (Actually quoted from the assignment sheet of a real teacher who left the stencil in the mimeo room of the humanities department, where it is now on exhibit. The italics are mine, though.) ... topics so general and open to such different interpretations that he can always say, "You just don't seem to get the idea, *Mister Doe!*"..... never stoops to marking grammar and construction on papers, which come back with such comments as: "Your theme is like the rumbling of far-off thunder"... "your ideas are very interesting, but too flip"... "intriguing presentation, clever style, see me, D-" ... , and other little gems of constructive criticism which really put you on the track to clear writing (?). These comments, incidentally, are usually weakly scribbled along the edge of your corrassible bond with a blunt 9H pencil. I know one, extremely proud fellow who would *not* stoop to asking the instructor what he had written in the margin, as all the other people in the class were forced to do, and thus went thru two years of H without ever finding out what his instructors thought of his papers, except by looking at his final marks.

By the way, the "bad guy" is also writing a book, but his is a newer and deeper analysis of what Eliot is *really* saying, and will be published shortly under the title "God, Man, and the Universe"

Now, presuming you are one of the people of opinion 2 or 3, (and if you aren't you're probably not reading this far anyhow) you will be interested in two things about your prospective instructor: how "good" is he, and how do his grades run? The pleasant combination of these two features doesn't always occur, however, so the obvious conclusion is for the type 1 or 2 student to chose a teacher primarily for his "goodness" and let marks be a secondary consideration. Conversely, the type 3 student should seek out the easy marker at all risks and forget about teaching quality. The type 3 student is usually so firm, in his conviction that the whole course is a complete waste, that four good instructors will leave him with much less of a warm glow than four A's.



2B *I AM VASTLY
AMUSED WITH MYSELF!

Now comes the climax...the background-music heightens... the freshman and sophomore registration officers clutch at their collars. the Dean of the Department starts trying to find out who wrote this disgusting article... and I tell you my secret methods, passed down from generation to generation by those of the family loyal to our secret oath to stamp out the last of the Evremonds at any cost to ourselves.

First, we will assume that most humanities instructors have 100 to 150 different students per academic year (corresponding to 2 or 3 classes a term). This will not generally be the case, but it gives us a standard sample size for convenience. Now, equip yourself with a student directory, four colored pencils, and copy of the form shown in Figure 4 for each instructor you wish to rate.

Go to each junior and senior you know, and ask him to make a mark in the square which fits his grade and opinion of the instructor in question. Have him use a different color pencil for his H11, 12, 21, and 22 instructor, and mark the student's name in your directory.

You should try to get a minimum sample of 50 people before you can start to draw any implications from the information. If you can, shoot for more than 150. With this many people helping you, you will need the marked student

directory to aid your memory and be sure that you are sampling without replacement. Caution; be sure you allow only students who have actually had the instructor in question to mark the sheet concerning his prowess. (*We just want the facks, ma'am!*)

Now, to read this chart, which we will call a "cut set", since it tells you which class to cut, look for the clusters of big numbers. If there is a hump or large-number cluster along the major diagonal of the matrix (didn't notice that it's a square matrix, did you?) you should hesitate to draw any profound conclusions about the teacher from your own chart. Check someone else's cut set for the same instructor. In fact, let me state that any straight line of clusters except one which is strictly horizontal or along the diagonal should cause you to cast serious doubt on the reliability of your sample opinion. However, assuming we have excluded this spurious form you can classify the cut sets as follows:

Note particularly the upper left hand corner. If the major cluster is there, grab him.

Note the whole left side if you are hot for a good mark and hate the course.

Note the top two rows if all other teachers are taken or if you are the Course XXI type (interested primarily in the instructor and used to low marks by now).

Remember that one chart, if well constructed, is worth more than 100 opinions. It might even be a good idea to ask the student what his opinion and mark are without letting him see the chart, since he might be swayed by the marks which are already there (a well known phenomenon in pollistering, even when using such unbiased samples as techmen). And save your cut sets to be passed on to the next generation with such other heirlooms as your old quizzes and lab bibles.

In the future this column will consider how to snow the instructor if you are stuck with a "bad guy". We will consider the use of math symbols in humanities papers as a foil and a ruse, and we will introduce some more advanced applications of the cut set to writing themes which will up your mark by two or more grades. We will also introduce another graphical method called the tie set which will enable you to tie the instructor during class arguments, with a bit of co-operation from the rest of the class. Remember, at all times, that this antagonizing of poor humanities instructors can be carried only so far until very bad effects for everyone set in, so please exercise caution, extreme caution.

Well, off my knee and to bed now, little one (good grief, the child has permanently ruined my crease, not to mention the weakened condition of the joint). Take heart, make many cut sets in preparation for next term, and wait for the next exciting installment. If you have a good humanities instructor, appreciate him more in the future and treat him right, 'cause a good man is hard to find!

-Fletcher Preston, III

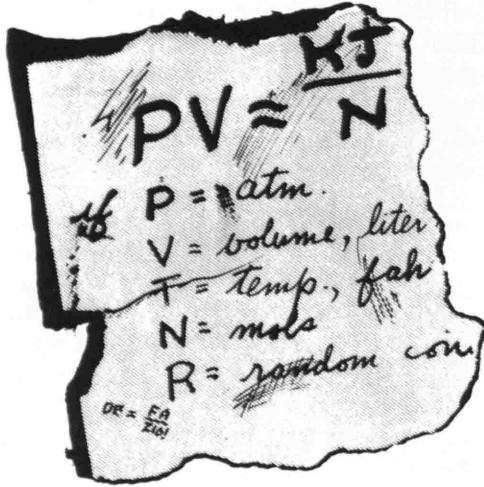


NAME Prof. George Jones
 SAMPLE SIZE 190 students
 BS none BA Ohio State
 MA U. of Utrecht PHD none
 COMMENTS Five or six 10³
word papers, one quiz.
Much constructive criticism, but
friendly. Undemanding, but
marks down late papers.
General opinion - good! even
great!

MARK G- PINN	A	B	C	D	F
GREAT BONE!	14	67	1	5	3
GOOD	22	37	4	2	0
FAIR	1	2	7	6	1
POOR	2	3	0	1	0
UG!	1	0	2	0	9

GREAT THEORIES THAT ALMOST MADE IT

There's many a slip 'twixt the idea and the Law. To prove this, we've been searching through the trashcans of some great men of science, and have found.....



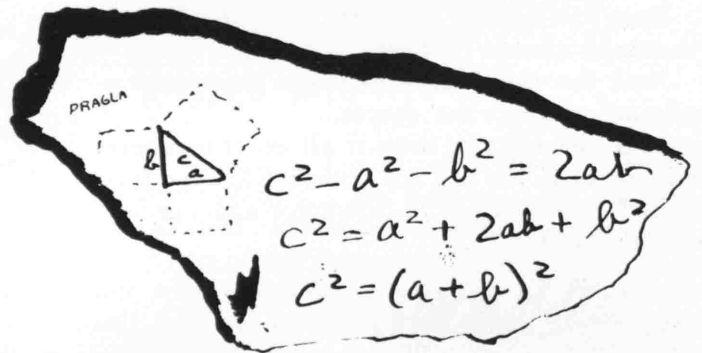
Gay - Lussac



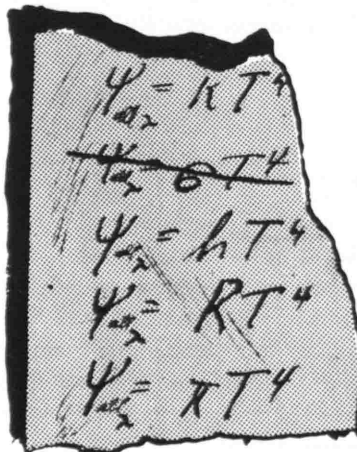
Newton



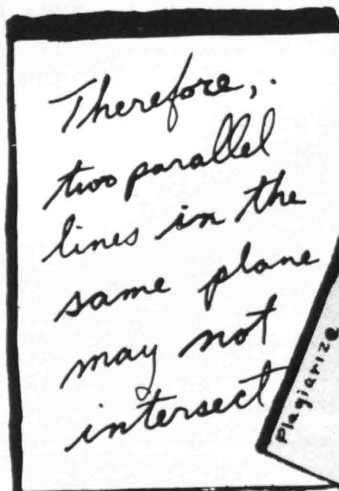
Einstein



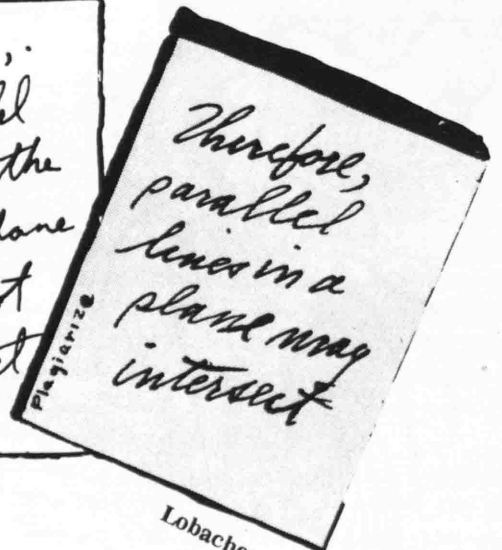
Pythagoras



Stefans



Euclid



Lobachevsky

You might as well live it up now, because chances are, you will have to live it down later.



Two mice were crouched under a table in a theater dressing room, with the chorus girls getting ready for the next act.

"Have you ever seen so many beautiful legs?" said one.

"It means nothing to me," said the other, "I'm just a titmouse."



Read the ads, dammit!



A bunch of fellows were discussing what the most important part of the body was.

"Why, the brain is," said Graham. "Without a brain, you wouldn't be able to see. You'd have no nervous system. In fact, you wouldn't be able to live."

"No," said Anderson, "the heart is the most important. Without a heart you'd have no circulatory system, and you wouldn't be able to stay alive for a single second."

"You're all wrong," said Jones. "The most important part of the body is the navel."

"How come?" was the immediate question.

"Well," he answered, "Without navel, I'd have no place to put the salt when I eat it in bed."



If she looks young, she's camouflaged
 If she looks old, she's young but dissipated
 If she looks innocent, she's deceiving you
 If she looks shocked, she's acting
 If she looks languishing, she's hungry
 If she looks sad, she's angling
 If she looks back, follow her.

SQUASH RACKETS
 Large Variety - All Prices
 RESTRINGING A SPECIALTY
 Sneakers ... Shorts ... Shirts ...

SKI EQUIPMENT

TENNIS and SQUASH SHOP

67A Mt. Auburn Street, Harvard Square
 Phone TR 6-5417

Gift certificate

Free

Value \$15
 towards any Dance Course



Cambridge
 dance studio

580 MASS. AVE.
 CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

This certificate good for 2 introductory private
 dance lessons, for one or two persons.

SEE SEGAL FOR SPECIAL RATES TO TECHMEN

SEGAL'S BODY SHOP

"SINCE 1917"

APPRAISER OF AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

**SPECIALIZING IN BODY
 AND FENDER REPAIR**

**REFINISHING ON
 FOREIGN AND AMERICAN CARS**

TOWING SERVICE



306 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DOWN THE RAMP OF THE
 TECHNOLOGY GARAGE

Tel. KIRKLAND 7-7485

A COURSE IN TRANSFORMATIONS:

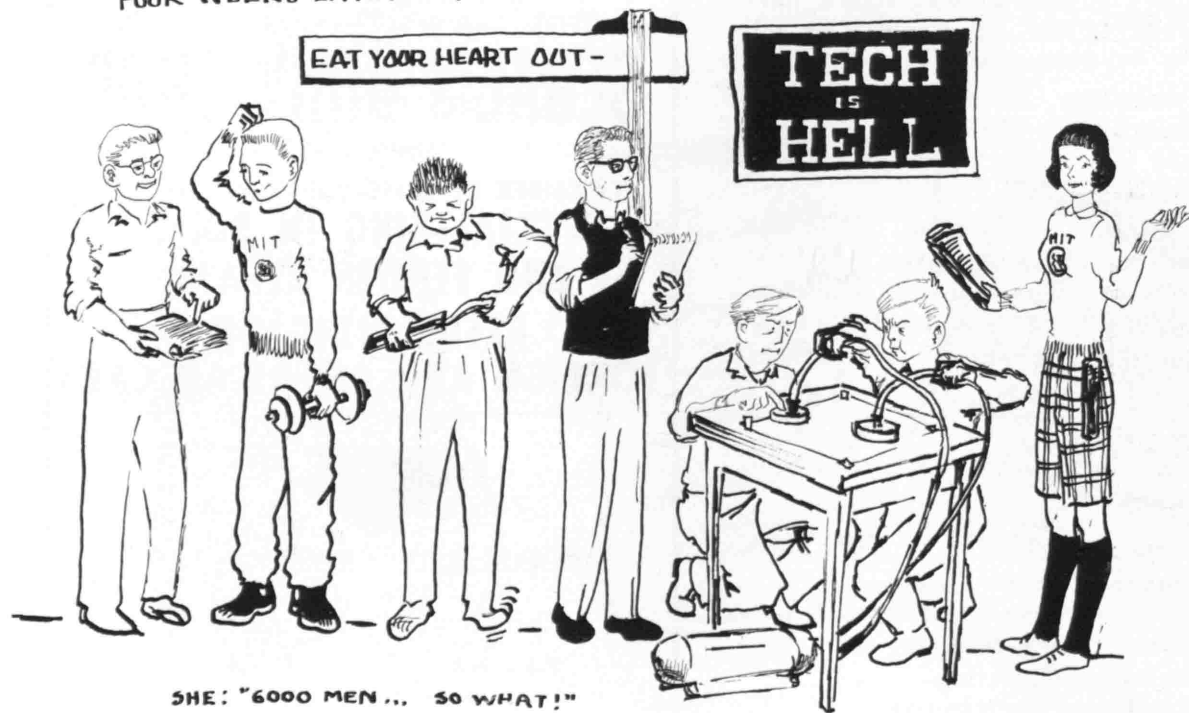
EACH YEAR, HUGE CROWDS OF FRESH-FACED HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE SUCKED INTO THE GAPING MAW OF THE INSTITUTE, AND SOMETHING EXCEEDINGLY STRANGE HAPPENS. FOR IN A MERE FOUR YEARS A WONDEROUS TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE, AND THEY BECOME THE ODD PEOPLE YOU SEE SHUFFLING ABOUT THE HALLS. FOR EXAMPLE, LET'S FOLLOW THIS GROUP (LEFT OVER FROM A RECENT FRESHMAN SURVEY) IN THEIR WOE...

FIRST DAY - PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION -



HE: "... A GIRL!?!?! ... HERE?"

FOUR WEEKS LATER -



SHE: "6000 MEN ... SO WHAT!"

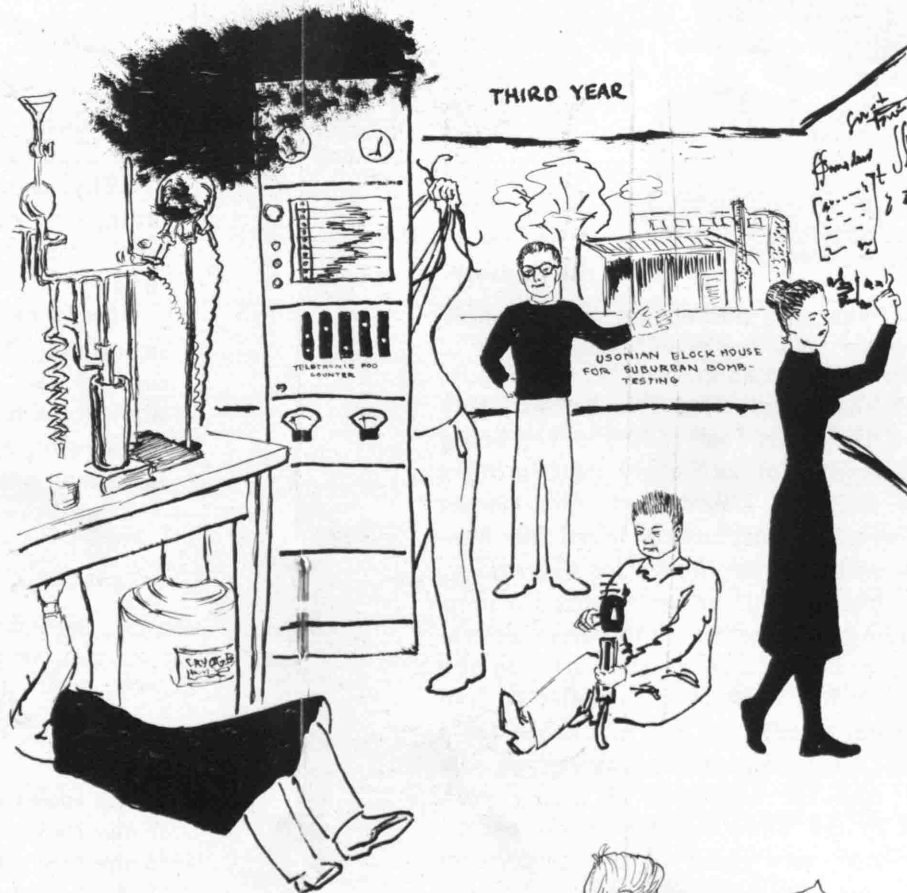
SECOND YEAR -

DRAY CENTER SPREADS FOR VAC DOG LIKE ME
IT'S FUN - BUT - IT'S TIME CONSUMING
AND EXPENSIVE - IT WASTES GOOD PAPER



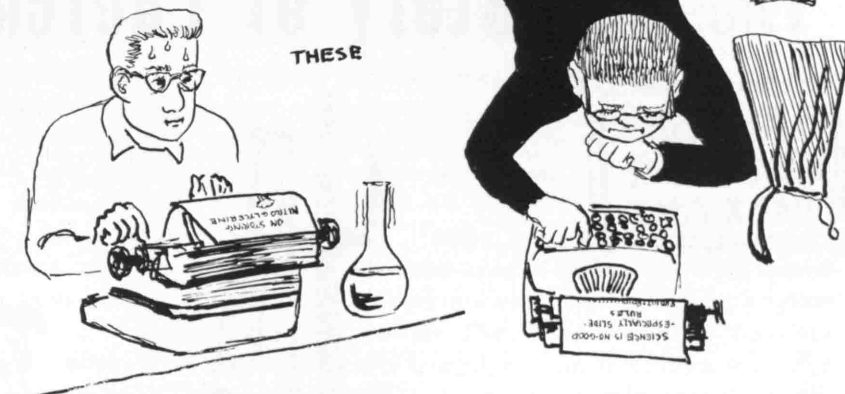
EVERYBODY: "WROUGHT, WROUGHT"

THIRD YEAR

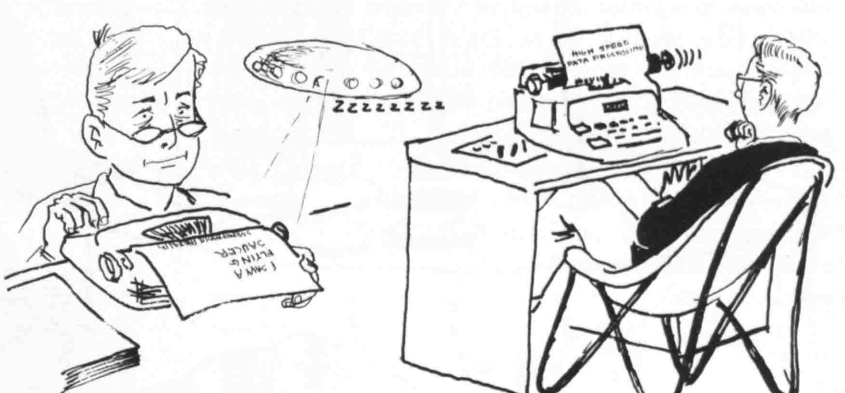


"PROFESSIONALISM"

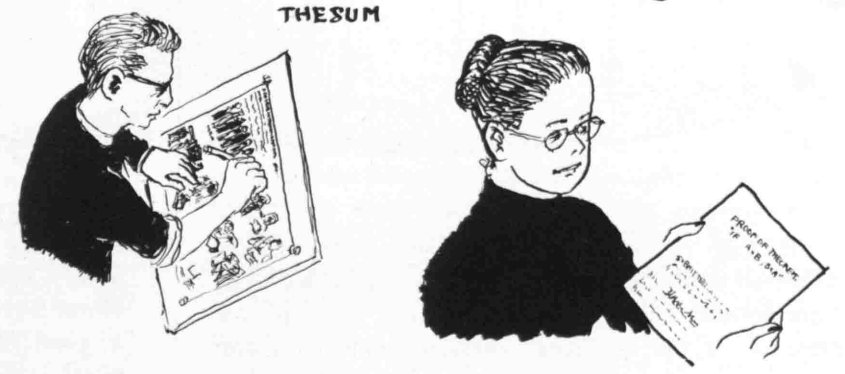
FOURTH YEAR - JUNE 4, 3 AM



THESE



THESIS

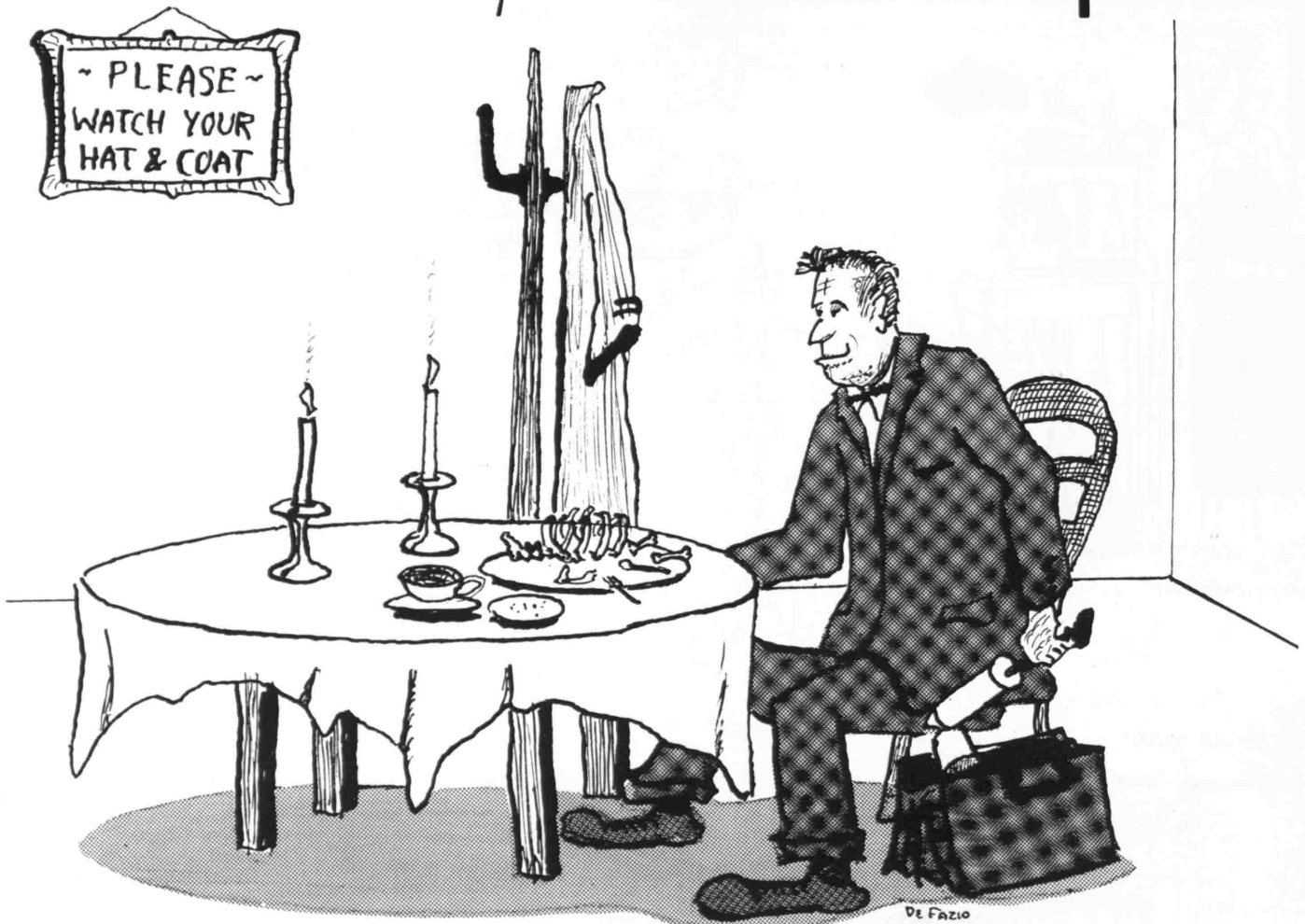


THESUM

AND, AT LAST - COMMENCEMENT - WITH ALL ITS CEREMONY AND SPLENDOR -



The Sad Story of Laurencius Dipfield



Having closed the door of the *Irving Somer Society* with an expression of utter scorn, Laurencius Dipfield walked down the narrow corridor of the building, carrying under his arm a little package covered with brown paper. The *Irving Somer Society* provided support and help to small-time inventors, so long as their discoveries were worth the investment of a beautiful secretary, a sarcastic bell-boy, and a powerful director; the three having had different and elaborate rapports with each other, the least of these enough to disturb emotionally the master of one of those houses illuminated by lamps of some peculiar red color. But the *Irving Somer Society* has very little to do with the story of Laurencius Dipfield so we might as well let it fall again into the darkness it needs to operate in.

Let us concern ourselves with Laurencius Dipfield's life, his discoveries and his inven-

tions, for the man who walked out of the *Irving Somer Society* in such an angry mood is one of the most interesting characters his land-lady, Mrs. Lopdeer, has ever met. But we will talk about her a little later, land-ladies never being a good introduction for any story concerning a great genius such as Laurencius. His mother had been a wise woman, having loved her husband for his qualities and never for his money. After having inherited all of her husband's properties, including the factory of electric instruments and domestic utilities, she went to the little house they had built in the country to live in the retirement necessary and advisable for a young widow. Three years later Laurencius saw for the first time the blossoms of spring grow on the trees in the alley leading to the porch.

His childhood was spent in the gardens of the house where he collected plants, sticks, stones, and bugs. His favorite game consisted of mixing these items in all possible and disgusting ways: killing the bugs, smashing the

plants, stirring with sticks or covering the remaining living or dead parts of his collection with the stones carried from the garden. During the spare moments of his active and interesting life he managed to go to school where he learned how to tickle the young girls of his age and to tackle the younger boys of his class. He also learned a fair amount of biology, subject of his main interest, since bugs and plants were the only instruments attainable at less than half a mile's walk from his room.

When he was twelve years old he met a young farm girl named Harriet who worked in the kitchen. In his search for new products in which to immerse the living martyrs of his science, Laurencius felt the need of going so low as the kitchen, having then the enjoyable surprise of meeting that flourishing aspect of our subsidized agriculture. Half an hour later she left her stove and the delicious cake she was cooking to climb three by three the steps of an adventurous career in pastoral prostitution.

No records are left from this moment of Laurencius's life, the next information we can find about him being several years later. He is now a man of considerable importance in the world of lunatics --- his way of expression improved with later scientific observations so that his knowledge allows him to live comfortably in a dirty room at the top of mumbling stairs going from the first floor, where Mrs. Lopdeer lives, to the fifth floor, where the sun shines first and the snow cools better. Mrs. Lopdeer is a widow; and as a widow she shelters three cats, a canary, one radio, and two carpets from the last century, her only valuable record from a period of heroic and happy bohemian life. Her best asset is that she likes Laurencius and helps him in whatever she can by strengthening his reputation among the neighbors or by paying his bills to the butcher, since she is afraid of losing such a good occupant in the arms of irrefutable Justice.

The object of his journey to the *Irving Somer Society* was the little package wrapped in the brown paper: a bottle labeled, closed, and containing a strange liquid, not too light, not too clear, but an attractive amber color. The name on the label? We beg you not to laugh or to carry an ironic smile throughout the rest of our story because you should respect the genius, the intelligence, and the perception of our hero. The name that threw Laurencius out of the of-

fice and made the beautiful secretary explode into a cascade of metallic giggles was *Love Essence*. Before entering into the climactic details of Laurencius's future, reactions let us make the statement that the *Love Essence* is a perfectly honest invention, having all the qualities implied by its name; and we quote Mr. Dipfield himself, "After many years of desperate wonderings I came across this surprising formula based on experiences with rabbits, rats, monkeys, and cows. The action of this *Essence* has also been tested on human beings from the most different sexes with astonishing success. Whenever this liquid is sprayed in a room, in presence of animals or human beings of opposite sexes, a strong reaction of desire will strike them, and the need for a more intimate interrelation will soon be irresistible." And Laurencius added, "I invented this *Essence* because I believe in human loneliness and" The remainder of the speech is of no interest to our readers, the words contained in it having the common peculiarity of all scientific words in that they create a bored attention and a discrete need for sleep.

Laurencius walked out of the building with a determined expression on his face. He would show them, he would let them know what a good chance they had missed by refusing to help him. He would throw his *Essence* on people, on big crowds, in order to watch the confusion and to be able to enjoy the success of his failure. He took a bus to go home and thought of starting there the most successful of his experiments. Unfortunately, the money he had left didn't allow him to go that far so he stepped out of the bus in front of the railroad station and decided to go in.

The usual crowd was trying to go somewhere while the numbers and names on the boards tried not to let them. Laurencius walked to the center of the station where the information booth was hiding itself among hundreds of people in want of time, destinations, or human contact, this last need being predominant among the members of the *Pickpocket Club*. Laurencius felt that his hour had come. We do not mean that he was ready to die, but that his hand was ready to spray. And he did: Then he ran in the direction of one of the doors and stayed there, waiting for the reaction to come. For the first five minutes nothing happened and Laurencius became nervous and impatient, ready either to spray more of his liquid or to walk out and throw him-

self in the deep waters of the charming river shining outside under the clean sky of May. As these poetic thoughts crossed his mind a big roar coming from the middle of the big hall struck his ears with the song of triumph. From everywhere men and women came running to see the strange and repellent scene played by other men near the information office, now entirely unobscured to the sight of whoever might need it. On the floor, heads, arms, and legs, in effervescence, were agitating in frantic movements in a thirst for pleasure which has never been described before. And so it will not be described here for fear of reducing our story to an exciting, but not recommendable, orgy.

Seeing the success of his drug, Laurencius walked out with pride, his chest filled with the good air of the late spring. There wasn't any need to worry anymore about the value of his discovery or the validity of his biological concepts. He even felt hungry but had to walk home to ask Mrs. Lopdeer for some money. The landlady, delighted with the confidence he had shown before toward her generosity, opened the barriers of her selfish kingdom to the young man and lent him an appreciable amount of her savings. Laurencius spent most of it in an expensive restaurant where he found an early afternoon newspaper. The incident in the railroad station had made the second page, the first one being occupied by an important comment about the meeting of the twenty-seven big powers of this world. But there was a picture, and that was enough to make Laurencius feel happy and self-conscious of his power. He smiled, inviting thusly the headwaiter to bring the bill. After paying it and leaving the tip Laurencius noticed that the restaurant had enough men and women to create an appreciable confusion, or at least an amusing picture. He squeezed the pump of desire and walked rapidly out, now being sure of the consequences of his enjoyable experiment. He followed for a while the banks of the river, and when he felt tired, as much by the emotions of the day as by his long walk, he called a taxi and went home by means of this expensive and cursive transportation.

The evening papers repeated on the second page the events of the railroad station but used the entire first page, with pictures and headlines, to describe the "Deplorable incident repeated this afternoon in a famous restaurant." The headwaiter had died trying to stop the customers from reacting as their instincts had led them. He was Greek.

Feeling like the master of the world Laurencius decided to spend what was left of Mrs. Lopdeer's economies on a theater ticket. No words are needed to describe what happened during that famous Broadway play. The only comment made by a critic who was sleeping in the third row, at the moment of wildness, was, "I wonder how the play finishes."

This story would amount to no more than a long and fastidious enumeration of all the places assaulted by the terrible smell of the *Essence*, and, since we do not wish to make here a list of famous restaurants, museums, theaters, movie houses, or kindergartens affected by the *Essence*, it will be enough to say that the twenty-seven big powers of this world were reduced to four by exhaustion; that the stars of the entertainment for the big masses lost their contracts and left their houses, cars, and maids forever. One of them returned to his original work as a truck driver where he is more successful than ever.

The British parliament couldn't receive the monarch for fear the deplorable incident would happen there; the French government fell fifty-three times in a week; in the United States, the Middle West was invaded by thousands of people building skyscrapers everywhere in order to shelter the enormous increase of population. Jobs were scarce, food went to astronomic prices, and *The New York Times* reduced its Sunday edition to three hundred and thirty-four pages.

.....

Under a bridge spanning the river, in front of the railroad station, lies a man. He has been looking for a job for three months without success, and he hasn't been able to find any food for the last five days. The only meal he had was given to him by the new headwaiter of a famous restaurant, but the man had no courage nor strength to go back. His poor condition is a reflection of the actual situation: no employment, no food, no houses - all consequences of the tremendous increase in births. The man slowly dies, his eyes looking at the river, a smile crossing his tired face is his last remembrance of a happy and amusing past. In his hand, opened and facing the sky, a little bottle labeled *Love Essence* slowly slips between his fingers, the river below

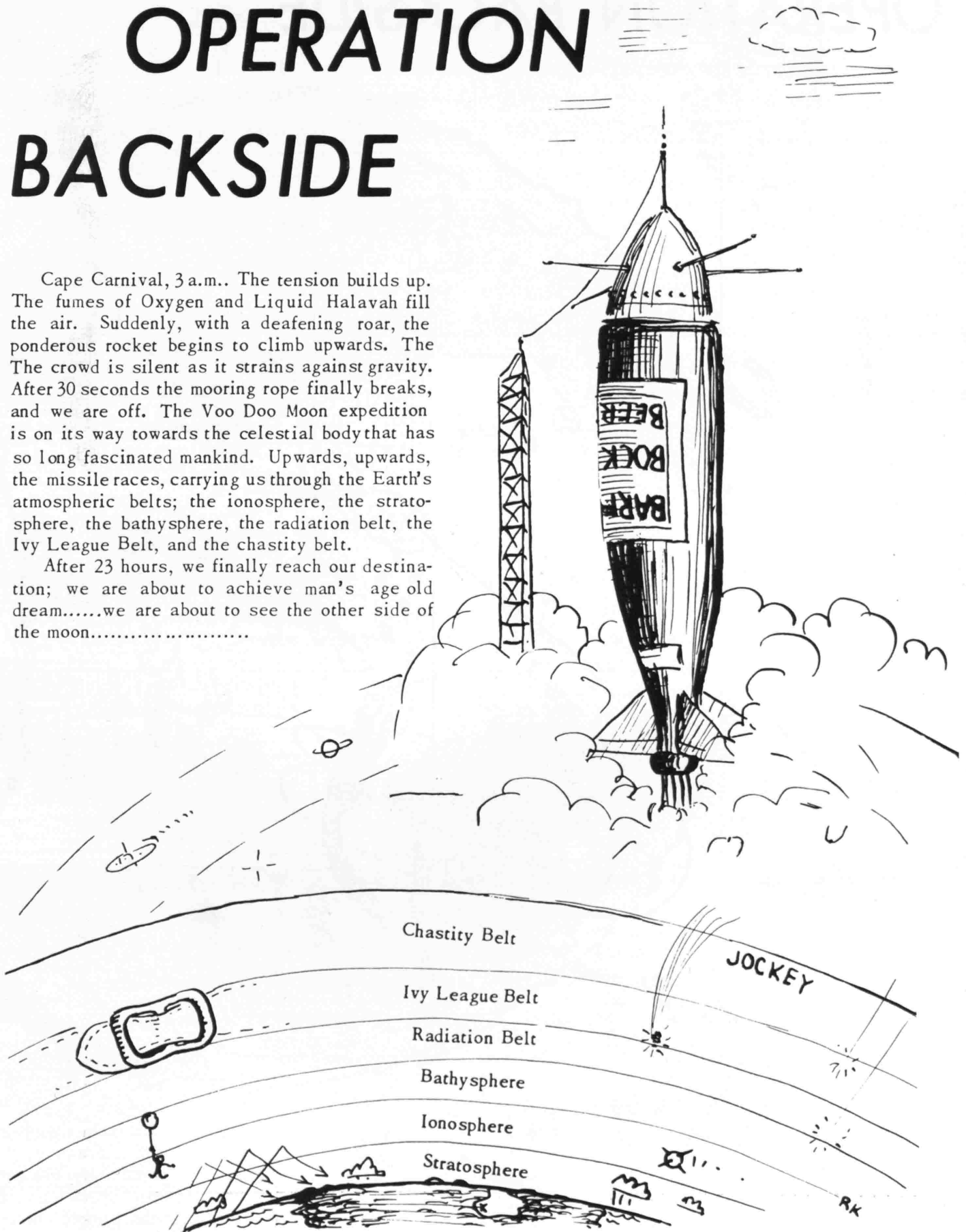
Jean Pierre Frankenbuis

Copyright by Jeane Pierre Frankenbuis and
S. B. A. T. (1958).

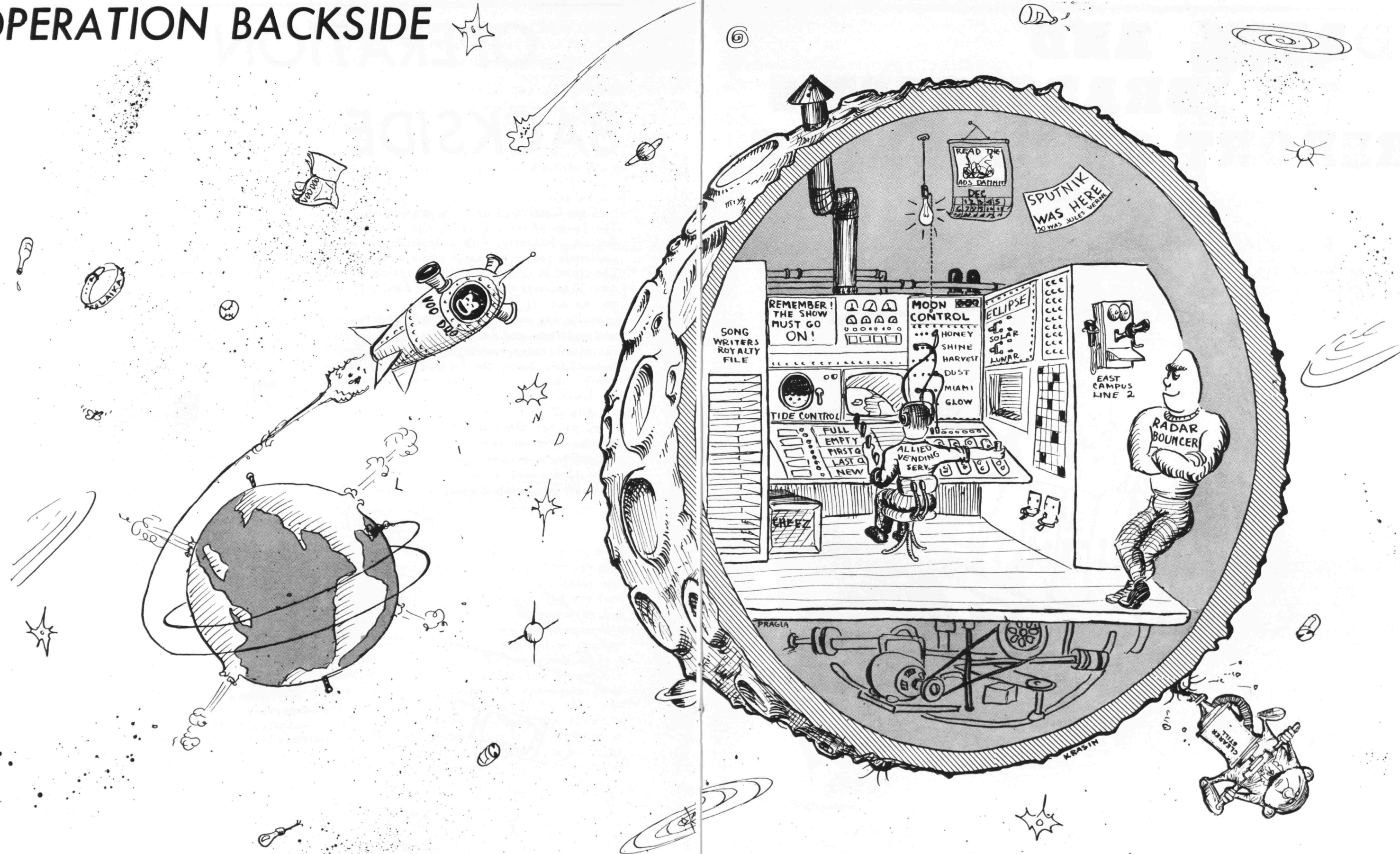
OPERATION BACKSIDE

Cape Carnival, 3 a.m.. The tension builds up. The fumes of Oxygen and Liquid Halavah fill the air. Suddenly, with a deafening roar, the ponderous rocket begins to climb upwards. The crowd is silent as it strains against gravity. After 30 seconds the mooring rope finally breaks, and we are off. The Voo Doo Moon expedition is on its way towards the celestial body that has so long fascinated mankind. Upwards, upwards, the missile races, carrying us through the Earth's atmospheric belts; the ionosphere, the stratosphere, the bathysphere, the radiation belt, the Ivy League Belt, and the chastity belt.

After 23 hours, we finally reach our destination; we are about to achieve man's age old dream.....we are about to see the other side of the moon.....



OPERATION BACKSIDE



SONG WRITERS ROYALTY FILE

REMEMBER! THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

MOON CONTROL
HONEY
SHINE
HARVEST
DUST
MIAMI
GLOW

ECLIPSE
SOLAR
LUNAR

EAST CAMPUS LINE 2

RADAR BOUNCER

FULL
EMPTY
FIRST
LAST &
NEW

ALLIED VENDING SERV.

SHEEZ

PRAGLA

KRASIN

CLEANER

DARYL AND BRADSTREET'S REPORT ON INDUSTRY



I got my job through "The Tech."



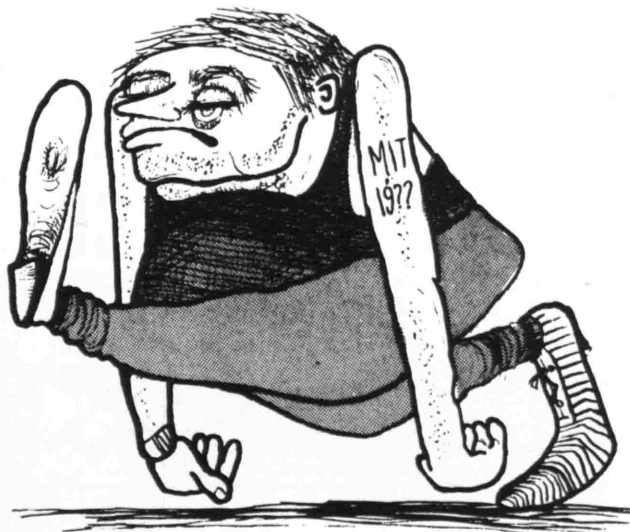
Please God, make my design work.



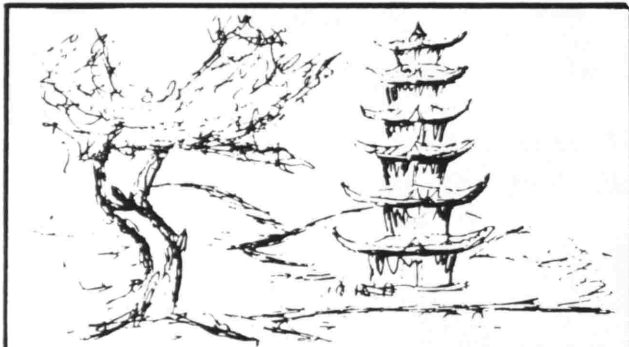
I am a superior intellect; I have an engineering degree from M. I. T.; my IQ is 175 plus. Is there anything else, master?



That settles it! I'm going back to my father's pizza factory!



Car payments, food bills, rent, insurance, pay off student loan --- what do people from other schools live on?



DE 8-8882

麗香飯店

HOUSE of ROY

Real Chinese Foods

OPEN DAILY FROM 4 P.M. TO 2 A.M.

FOOD ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

12A TYLER STREET

BOSTON 11, MASS.

Reliable Work
17 Years in Business

UNITY OPTICAL CO.

ABE WISE, LICENSED OPTICIAN

Prescriptions Filled
Glasses Repaired

31 Mass. Ave.
Boston 15, Mass.
CO 7-1571

Special Student Rates

I heard you picked up some French when you were on vacation last year."

"Yes, I did."

"Let's hear some words."

"I didn't learn any words."



Grace: "You gotta hand it to Marvin when it comes to petting."

Stella: "What's the matter with him--too lazy?"



The soldier was reading a letter from his wife and there was a look of shock on his face.

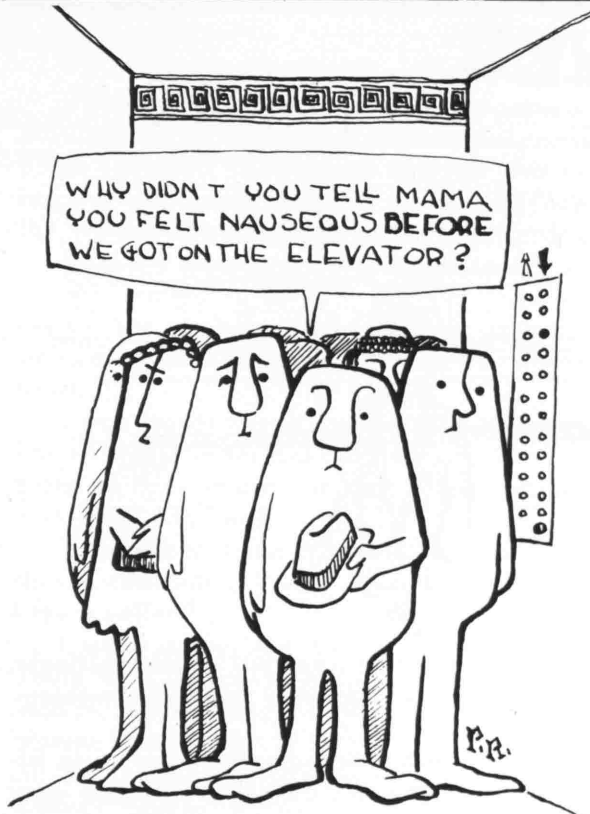
"What's the matter?" asked his friend. "Bad news from home?"

"Yes, kinda," the soldier said. "I guess we've got a freak in the family. My wife writes: 'You won't know little Willie when you come home. He's grown another foot.'"



Voo Doo announces the 2-3 plan as follows: Attendance at M.I.T. for two years, flunk out, and go in the armed services for three years.





"Our new power brakes are out of this world," a salesman for the Indestructible Eight told a prospective lady customer. "Now with that equipment, instead of running over a victim, you can stop squarely on top of him."



ELSIE'S

Noted for the Best Sandwiches
To Eat In or to Take Out

The famous Herkules Roast
Beef Sandwich
KNACKWURST - BRATWURST
with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad
71 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

ELSIE and HENRY BAUMAN
EL 4-8362



You know why they put, "In God we trust" on pennies? People put them in fuse boxes.

DO NOT

WRITE DAD FOR MONEY!

EARN EXTRA MONEY

with the H. B. DAVIS CORP.

NAME BRANDS CATALOG

(separate dealer price list shows your cost)

**OVER 2000 NAME BRAND ITEMS
AT LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!**

Watches, Jewelry, Diamond Rings, Cameras, Typewriters, Pens & Sets, Hi-Fi Radios, Phonographs, Appliances, Housewares, Hardware, Cookware, Power Tools, Luggage, Leather Goods, Linens, Sewing Machines, Dinette Sets, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, Sporting Goods, Toys and many others.

You earn substantial, steady profits—in spare time—with our money-making catalog. No inventory—no investment—no sales effort! The NAME BRANDS catalog is your "store" and does the selling! Just leave a copy with friends, neighbors and watch the orders roll in . . . it's THAT simple!

Over \$1,000,000 in inventory is maintained at all times, in our own 8 story building, to assure immediate shipment or pick-up, and continuous supply.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG NOW!

H. B. DAVIS CORP. (Dept. CL)

145 W. 15th St., New York 11, N. Y., AL 5-6666

"THE EDUCATED BUYER DEALS WITH DAVIS"

Enjoy Transcendental Atmosphere at the

BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM

where Russell Blake Howe
re-creates music of
Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt
HISTORICAL T WHARF

Shown on every engraving
of Boston since 1725.



Foot of State Street—Atlantic Subway Station
OPEN EVERY DAY, INCLUDING SUNDAYS, FROM 12 to 8 P.M.
FOR RESERVATIONS TEL: LA 3-8719—AMPLE PARKING

FOR: Electronic and Radar Parts
and
Electronic Components

SEE: ELI HEFFREN

Special Service to Tech Men

Tech Man's Dream

Engineer's Paradise

Open - 8:00 - 4:00 5 Days A Week

Saturday 8:00 - 12:00

321-329 ELM ST., CAMBRIDGE

A REAL WINNER



"What do you mean she's a real loser? How would you know?" I settled rather weakly onto his bed, feeling quite flustered. As I pulled at my collar, I could feel my face reddening. His thumb was hooked in the second drawer of a filing cabinet and in his other hand he held a white card covered with meaningful symbols.

He smiled and turned to me, saying "It's right here in black and white."

I could feel the breeze generated by his waving the card in front of my face. Choking, I asked, "Are you sure?"

"Yep."

"Why didn't you tell me before I made the date?"

"You didn't ask me. I can't read minds, you know."

"Maybe there was a mix up," I said haltingly. "Maybe," came the reply in an I-know-there-wasn't manner.

"But I've got to leave to pick her up in fifteen minutes. I can't cancel it because other people are depending on me for rides."

"So, maybe you'll like her."

Now I was pacing up and back. So this was my great friend from back home, an upper-classman at the girls school. She said she had a nice friend to fix me up with. What kind of a dirty trick was this? She had told me she was a "great kid!" My friend with the file swore she was a bitch, a real loser, zero! Worst of all, I had to take her out! I couldn't break the date! I swore that this would be my last blind date. Then I swore that this would be my last date, period. I was through with women. Tricky bastards, I thought to myself.

* * * *

I hopped into the car with my friends, gunned the motor and took off. I soon discovered that news travels fast. This made me feel worse.

John returned with his date, blonde and stacked - full of personality. Sam picked up his girl and gaily returned to the chariot. I glanced at them and decided that here were two winners in two tries. Then my turn came around and I found it hard to get out of the car. My hands were sweating, and I had difficulty breathing. Then I rationalized, maybe this was a grand practical joke.

By this time I was at the front door of the dorm. Grasping the handle I pushed my way in. Then I suddenly felt quite foolish, as I stood panting, in front of the desk.

"Is Anabelle Klutz in?"

The girl at the desk closed her paperbound novel and in a very annoyed tone of voice asked, "Who 'ja want?" I noticed that she was chewing her gum rather noisily, which was probably the reason she hand't heard me the first time.

Weakly I stuttered, "Anabelle Klutz."

She started to laugh. She had tears in her eyes. She turned to a girl signing out and half whispered, half laughed, "A caller for Annabelle Klutz."

I was slowly moving toward the door, but I knew I would never make it. I could feel twenty pairs of eyes staring at me. Every whisper, I was sure, was laughter.

Then I heard the P.A. system announce to those who didn't know, "Anabelle Klutz, you have a caller."

I stood in a corner, in the shadows, praying. There were footsteps on the stairs. Then they sounded like millions of footsteps. Girls stood quietly in the doorways of the lounge, looking at me and more were swelling their ranks every minute. Then a cry arose from their midst. "Here comes Anabelle!"

Without looking, I helped somebody on with a coat and rushed out of the dorm to the car.

*** *** *** *** ***

At 1:30 I returned to the dorm, parked my car in a lucky space I had come upon, and then shuffled slowly in.

Five or six of my friends were sitting in the lobby. They turned and with their gaze followed me in. A bold one ventured, "Did you have a good time?"

With a sheepish grin on my face I approached them. Nodding yes, I slumped down into an overstuffed chair.

Curious, they leaned toward me. "Was she a loser?"

"Ugly as sin."

"Personality?"

"None."

"Intelligent?"

"Couldn't even discuss Donald Duck!"

"Are you going to ask her out again?" Everyone burst out laughing.

"I already did." I casually replied.

Somebody gasped, "Why?"

I stood up, stretched and started to leave. I turned, smiled sweetly and said, "Nympho!"

- Ziak

**CROSBY'S
HOBBY CENTER**

MODEL PLANES, MOTORS, SHIPS, RAILROADS,
AND RADIO CONTROL EQUIPMENT

MATERIALS FOR ARCHITECTURAL
AND ENGINEERING MODELS

9:15 A.M. to 6 P.M. Daily Thursday Till 8 P.M.
1704 A Mass. Ave., Cambridge
KI 7-4389

NEAREST LIQUOR STORE TO MIT
(EVEN NEARER BY PHONE)
WITH THE KINDS OF LIQUOR, BEER, AND WINE

TECH MEN PREFER

BOYER'S BOTTLED LIQUORS

480 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE
Opposite Moller's

FREE DELIVERY
TR 6-1738

ICE CUBES PARTY
GALORE PLANNING

GOOD UNTIL DEC. 15, 1958



THIS COUPON Worth

Towards Any

DINNER OVER \$1.76

NEWBURY'S STEAK HOUSE

94 Mass. Ave. - 279A Newbury St.
Back Bay, Boston

PAUL'S **ESSO** STATION

THIS AD WORTH **\$.50**

TOWARDS LUBE JOB OR CAR WASH

COMPLETE AUTO SERVICE CUSTOM CAR WASH

ROAD SERVICE

Corner of Broadway ELiot 4-9392

& Sixth St., Cambridge Open 7 a.m. - 9 p.m.

922 BEACON ST. BOSTON DELIVERY PHONE CI-7-8100
case--24 cans \$3.39 case Great Lakes Beer

"Ma, can I go out to play?"
 "What, with those holes in your pants?"
 "Naw, with the kids across the street."



"Do you know what they call the man who doesn't believe in birth control?"

"No, what?"
 "Daddy."



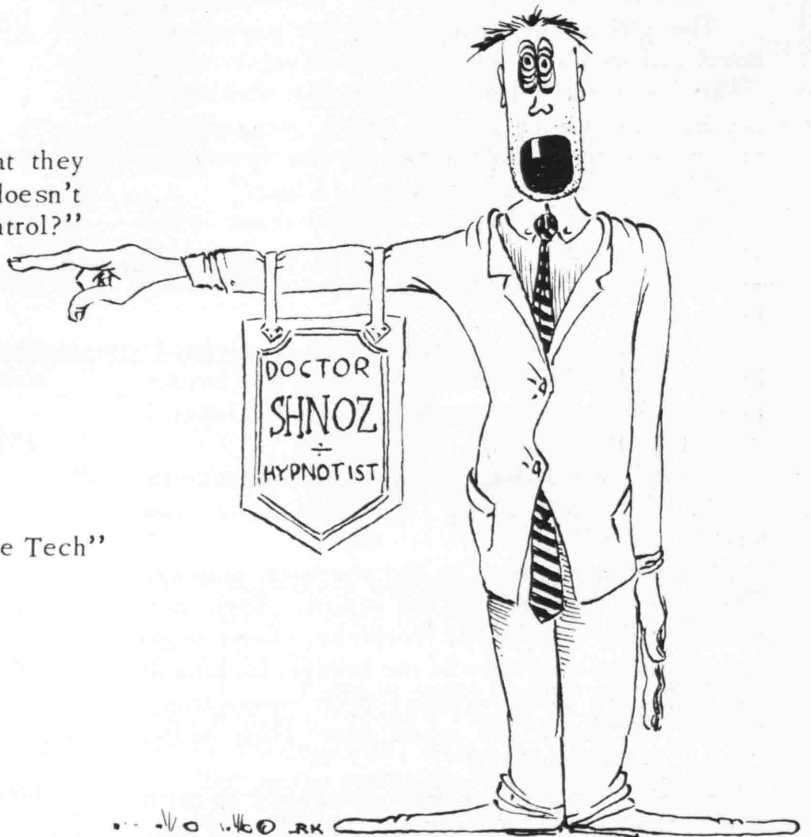
Read the ads, dammit!



"May I sit by you"
 "promise not to pet"
 "un-huh"
 "promise not to kiss"
 "uh-huh"
 "you must work for The Tech"

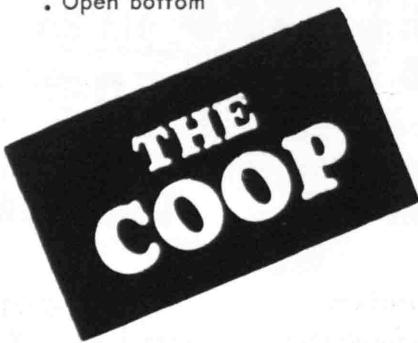


"Why do men have hair on their chests?"
 "Well, they can't have everything."



SPORTSTER

- Shell - Highly mercerized all-cotton sanforized Gaineau gaberdine.
- Lining - Deep woven Orlon pile by Timme.
- Collar - Heavy Orlon pile by Timme, zipper closure to top; also with detachable button-on hood.
- Features . Washable
 - . Sleeve tabs
 - . Two-way zipper
 - . Knitted inner wind cuffs
 - . Two lower hacking pockets with flaps, and two upper muff pockets
 - . Open bottom





At Raytheon -- you're backed up by the kind of help you need

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

A new idea in smoking!

Salem refreshes your taste



★ **menthol
fresh**

Salem brings a wholly new quality to smoking... Spring-time-softness in every puff. Salem refreshes your taste the way a Spring morning refreshes you.

★ **rich tobacco
taste**

Smoking was never like this before! You taste that rich tobacco... then, surprise!... there's an unexpected softness that gives smoking new comfort and ease.

★ **modern filter,
too**

Through Salem's pure-white modern filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. You smoke refreshed, pack after pack, when you buy Salems by the carton.

