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Алдыңғы

the MIT VOO DOO

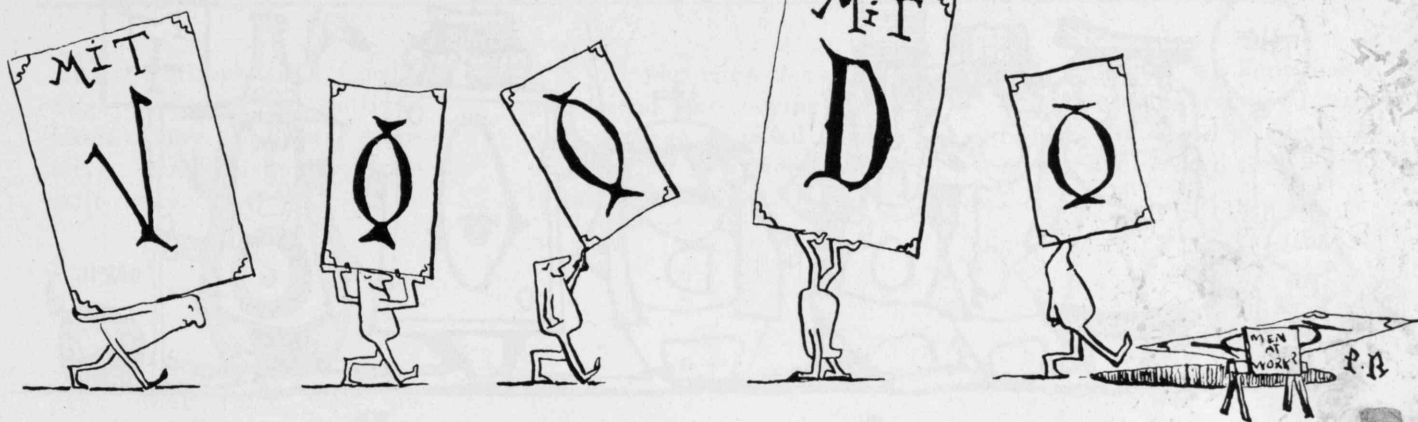
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Have you noticed something missing lately?—Something like “2.69” under the words “Cumulative Rating” on the term reports. Well, it—along with hazing, water fights, and the Junior Prom lines—has disappeared. This is why hundreds of Tech tools could be seen in the corridors furiously pushing their slide rules. They just wanted to find out what their ratings were. Maybe the Institute had good reason for dropping these meaningful little numbers from the reports. Yet why are they still retained in a little cubbyhole in the depths of Building Seven? Everything from scholarships to jobs to a good spot at the magazine rack at the Tech Drug is a function of “ye olde cum.”

But, you ask, why should Voo Doo be interested in scholastic standing in this of all issues, a liquor issue. It's this way. Each year we awarded a six-pack of beer to the person with the highest reciprocal cum. All we can do now is to gaze wistfully and thoughtfully at Phos who is over the corner killing off the six cans of Bud which were to be awarded to this year's winner.

dew; lel

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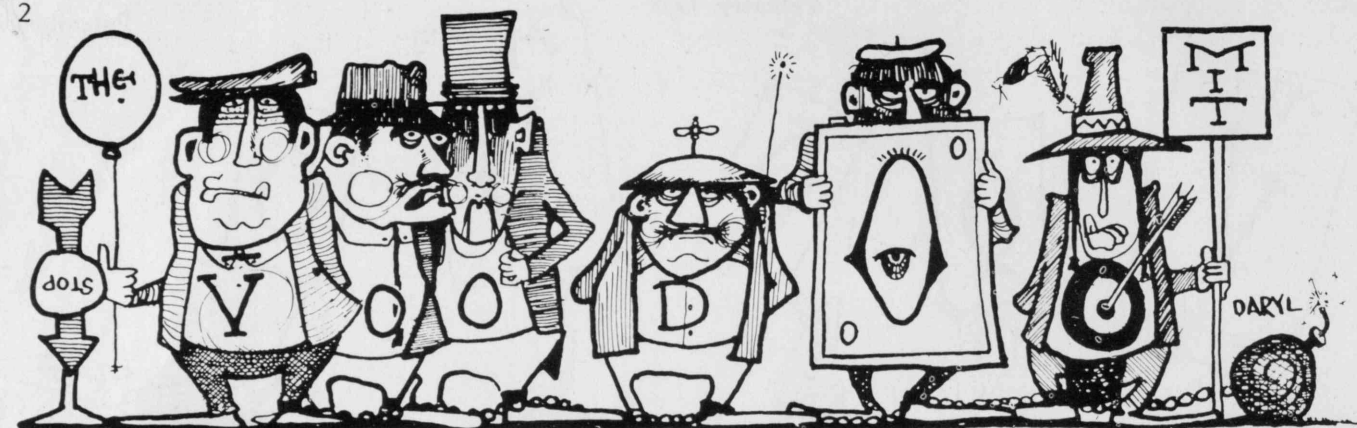
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All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office will receive careful consideration.

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This Month's Cover by P. Rubenstein



Icicle growing at M.I.T. is a new sport rivaling billiards for popularity. Patience string, rubber tubing, and an open window with a ledge below are all that are required. The artistically inclined utilize different-colored inks to produce beautiful multicolored stalactites or stalagmites depending on the method. But on every shiny walking stick some mud must adhere. The Deans do not appreciate these statues of crystal. At the People's Commune of Senior House a truly monstrous beauty standing ten feet high and approximately a foot in diameter was produced by devotees who nursed their baby through twenty-four hours of sheer Hell. As soon as a dean noticed the icicle, two maintenance men were quickly dispatched to remove, by any method, the icicle. For three hours the pair vainly attacked the beauty with a crowbar—they tried from the inside, from the outside, from the bottom, from the top, but nothing could dislodge or loosen the icicle. For another hour they sat and pondered their fate. Finally, they left a note for the residents of the unit involved to have the icicle removed within the hour or else. We chuckled gleefully as we saw the residents melt the ice with blowtorches until there was nothing left but a two-inch iron rod bolted securely to the wall.

Amusing is the clinging dilettante who asks his idol who inspired him to his greatness. To prevent any further inquiries we wish to credit all our success to Mother, without whose gracious acquiescence we wouldn't be around to be even non-great.

Someone called Kresge Auditorium and asked the secretary if there were a religious service at the chapel that night. "Yes, there is," Secretary answered. "Do they charge admission?" caller asked. Only the price of a soul.

Last issue, *Voo Doo* had a centerspread in which an M.I.T. student spent Reading Period with the company of two wonderful women on a Florida beach. We were only kidding, honest. We really didn't think anyone would take our advice, but someone did. A co-ed left for Florida on Wednesday afternoon and returned Sunday night. She's not with us now.

Well, it was bound to happen. Two of our members decided to drive to New York. Half-way there one of them remembered that he had forgotten his wallet. It is difficult to eat in *Sardi's* with only thirteen dollars.

Being intellectual we often peruse the Boston Yellow Pages in order to find evidence for existence. The prime necessity for existence—food—led us to the Restaurant section. Immediately following Restaurants, Japanese we found Resuscitators. Oh, well.

Experience is half the fun of life; the other half comes from telling about our experiences. We do not envy the experience one M.I.T. student had. During the mid-term vacation he decided to see a play in New York. He sat down in his seat and shortly thereafter noticed that there was an inordinate amount of high-pitched giggling and inane garrulity surrounding him. He looked around. Women to the right of him; women to the left of him; women to the rear of him; women to the front of him—everywhere he looked there was no man. He was at Ladies Night at the Theater, the night when all the social butterflies from New Jersey and Westchester leave cold cuts for the hubby and sitter for the baby and leave for the world of culture awaiting them for six bucks and the cost of train fare. The M.I.T. student said there was more talking in the audience than on the stage. The play: *The Country Wife*.

Mr. Sullivan is a Cambridge lawyer. Mr. Sullivan likes to buy underwater property. Mr. Sullivan has gone stilt-crazy.

Ah! For a return to the days when there was no hustle and bustle and people took pride in their work, the days when responsibility and conscientiousness were common. Everyone had boarded a plane at Logan Airport. The plane started its engines and taxied down the runway. Upon revving up his motors the pilot was taken aback when inexplicably they spluttered and stopped. After the plane was taxied back to its berth, a dignified uniformed Organization Man, smilingly entered and swallowingly told the passengers: "There will be a delay of forty-five minutes. We forgot to put gas in the plane."

A noted psychologist once remarked that M.I.T. students in general suffer from extreme paranoia. The attitude of M.I.T. students that the Institute is "out to get them" is evidence of this paranoia. It is his opinion that the Institute presents a cordial, homelike atmosphere for the student, that professors are friendly and certainly are not out to "get the student." Oh, yeah! If this be true, then will somebody tell us why the M.I.T. bulletin board had the Grade Report announcement directly above the announcement of the availability of Summer School Catalogues

A girl who tries to talk her boy friend into buying her a silk night-gown usually ends up with her boy friend trying to talk her out of it.



First-year-man: "Why do the janitors at this college wear uniforms?"

Second-year-man: "So we tell them from the Administration."



"So you had a date with a college man?"

"No, I tore my dress on a nail."



Remember, girls, it takes a good swimmer to say "No" in Venice.



The kid's parents asked him what he wanted for his birthday.

"I wanna watch," he said. So they let him.

An engineer we know has a broken arm he received from fighting for a girl's honor. It seems she wanted to keep it.



Lust is the child of the mind, and as such, can be controlled; not by suppression, but by directing its energy into worthy channels.



Said a voice from a parked car: "What were you drinking tonight, rubbing alcohol?"



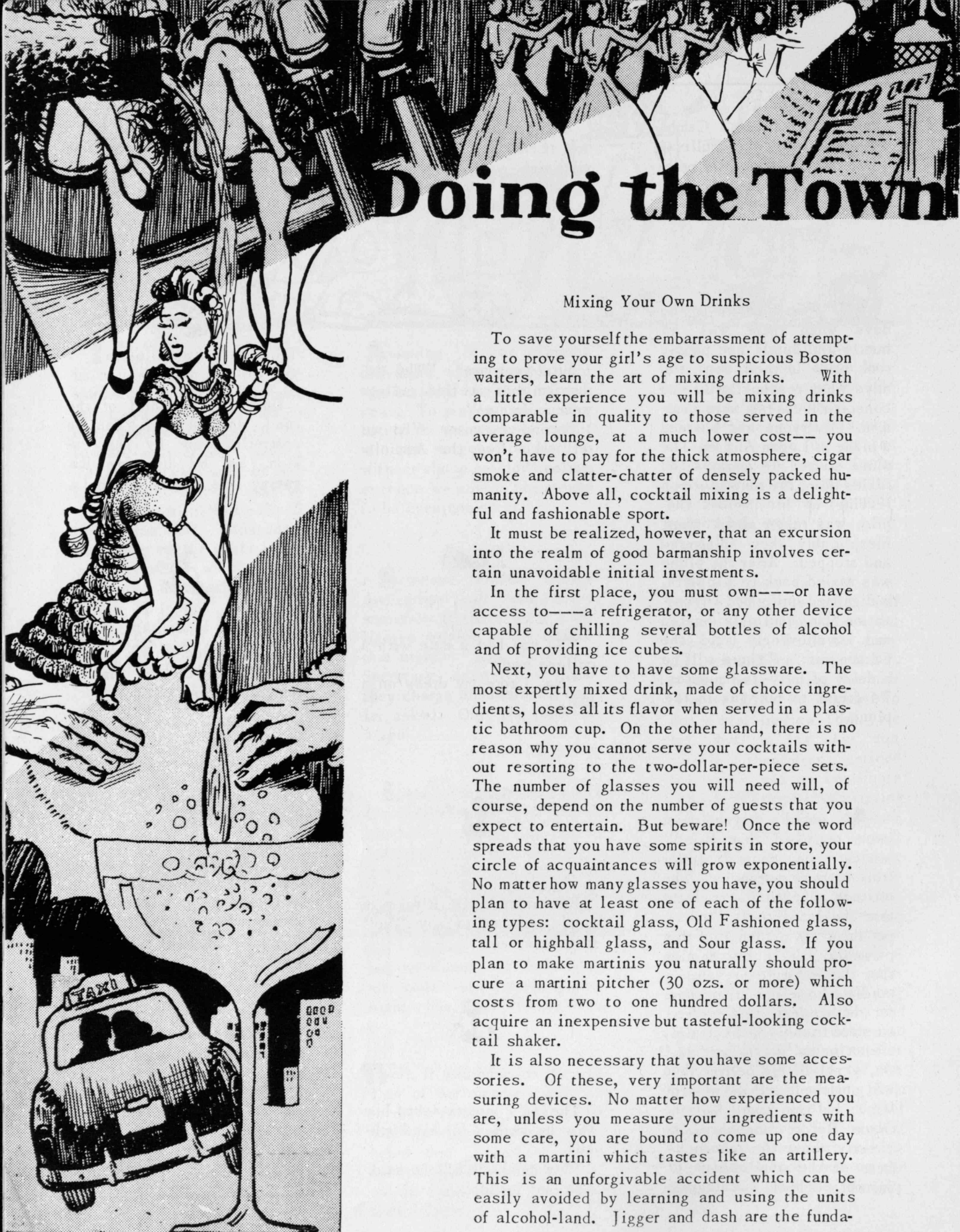
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Doing the Town

Mixing Your Own Drinks

To save yourself the embarrassment of attempting to prove your girl's age to suspicious Boston waiters, learn the art of mixing drinks. With a little experience you will be mixing drinks comparable in quality to those served in the average lounge, at a much lower cost—you won't have to pay for the thick atmosphere, cigar smoke and clatter-chatter of densely packed humanity. Above all, cocktail mixing is a delightful and fashionable sport.

It must be realized, however, that an excursion into the realm of good barmanship involves certain unavoidable initial investments.

In the first place, you must own—or have access to—a refrigerator, or any other device capable of chilling several bottles of alcohol and of providing ice cubes.

Next, you have to have some glassware. The most expertly mixed drink, made of choice ingredients, loses all its flavor when served in a plastic bathroom cup. On the other hand, there is no reason why you cannot serve your cocktails without resorting to the two-dollar-per-piece sets. The number of glasses you will need will, of course, depend on the number of guests that you expect to entertain. But beware! Once the word spreads that you have some spirits in store, your circle of acquaintances will grow exponentially. No matter how many glasses you have, you should plan to have at least one of each of the following types: cocktail glass, Old Fashioned glass, tall or highball glass, and Sour glass. If you plan to make martinis you naturally should procure a martini pitcher (30 ozs. or more) which costs from two to one hundred dollars. Also acquire an inexpensive but tasteful-looking cocktail shaker.

It is also necessary that you have some accessories. Of these, very important are the measuring devices. No matter how experienced you are, unless you measure your ingredients with some care, you are bound to come up one day with a martini which tastes like an artillery. This is an unforgivable accident which can be easily avoided by learning and using the units of alcohol-land. Jigger and dash are the funda-

mental units, a jigger equaling 1.5 ounces and a dash equivalent to 6-8 drops. To measure the jigger the half-jigger (pony), four-jigger (split), etc. are used. Many casks and bottles equipped with devices that let out a dash at a time are available, but it is an unnecessary expense to get one---unless you really wish to booze it up in grand style.

A very handy tool to have around your bar is the ice-cube tongs. A simple fork, or better still, a narrow teaspoon will usually solve all your olive-picking problems, although tools especially designed for the purpose are available for the discriminating few. Swizzle sticks are a necessity. These consist of a slender rod topped by a small sphere or an elaborate figure. They are available in many designs and materials. The short swizzles are for Old Fashions, the longer ones for tall glasses. Have some of both types on hand.

This is all you need---except, of course, the spirit of the whole thing, namely, spirits.

Gin should be the first on your list. The most famous brands are *Beekeeper's*, *Burrough's House of Lords*, *Fleischman's*, *Gilbey's*, and *Seagram's Golden*. These are 90 or 94 proof.

Next you will want some whiskey. *Whisky*, not to be confused with *whiskey*, hides under the alias of scotch which is made in Scotland. Those who know claim that any scotch is superior to the best whiskey in mellowness and flavor. This may be true, but anyway, whiskey is divided into rye and bourbon. These are distilled from mash containing at least fifty-one per cent rye grains or corn grains, respectively. While bourbon manufacturers proudly indicate this fact on their labels, few brands claim to be true ryes; instead they are called "blended".

Best twelve-year-old scotches are *Chivas Regal* (86 proof), *Haig and Haig Pinch* (86.8), and *Martin's DeLuxe* (86.8). Famous six-year-olds are *Haig and Haig Five Star* (86.8) and *Vat 69* (86.8).

Popular bourbon brands are *Canada Dry* (86) and *Old Taylor* (100). Good blended brands are *Canadian Club* (90.4) and *Seagram's VO* (86.8).

Vodka is a colorless, nearly tasteless liquid, distilled from potatoes, wheat, or rye. Almost any cocktail made with gin can be made with vodka. The best brands are *Smirnoff*, *Wolfschmidt*, and *Samovar*---all available in 80 or 100 proof.

Rum is distilled from fermented molasses or sugar cane. It is available in many shades of a brownish yellow color, the darker varieties re-

sulting from addition of artificial flavoring and caramel. Rum comes in a variety of proofs, from 80 up. Very popular are *Jamaica Rum* by Myers in 97 proof and *Puerto Rican Rum* by Bicardi in 80, 86, 89 proof.

Below is a list of cocktails, including instructions for their preparation. Famous old standards are marked (F), peculiar names or novel combinations followed by an (I). Wherever quantities are given explicitly they are for one serving; wherever only fractions are given, you can determine the exact quantities to fit your glassware by a little experimentation. Unless otherwise specified all glasses are cocktail glasses. More recipes (thousands of them) await you in the professional literature.

GIN BASE

Alexander (F): 1/2 gin, 1/4 creme de cacao (brown), 1/4 cream. Shake well with ice, strain into a cocktail glass. Varieties: a) Brandy instead of gin, b) Creme de menthe instead of cacao. Very sweet - excellent for the (hesitating) ladies.

Artillery (I): 2/3 gin, 1/3 sweet vermouth, 2 dashes angostura bitters. Stir (do not shake) with ice, strain. Decorate with a twist of lemon peel.

Bronx (F): 3/4 gin, 1/4 dry vermouth, juice of 1/4 orange. Stir with ice, strain. Varieties: less gin, more vermouth for sweeter drink.

Caruso (F): 1/3 gin, 1/3 dry vermouth, 1/3 green creme de menthe. Shake well with ice, strain. Excellent for the ladies.

Gin Daisy (F): 2 teaspoon grenadine, juice of 1/2 lemon, 1 jigger gin. Shake well with ice, pour, ice and all, into a tall glass. Fill to 3/4 with soda, decorate with cherry. Good for the ladies.

Hula-Hula (I): 2/3 gin, 1/3 orange juice, 1 dash curacao. Shake well with ice, strain.

Martini (F): 4/5 gin, 1/5 dry vermouth. Stir with ice, strain, decorate with an olive. Varieties: a) less gin, sweet vermouth instead of dry for sweeter drink. b) Gibson: very dry martini with pickled onion instead of olive.

Orange Blossom (F): 1/2 gin, 1/2 orange juice. Shake well with ice, strain. Good for the ladies.

Pink Lady (F): 1/4 grenadine, 3/4 gin, white of one egg. Shake well with ice, strain. Variations: less grenadine, add apple brandy in equal parts to gin, add lemon juice. Excellent for the ladies. Hint: to separate white from yolk, punch two small holes at opposite ends of egg, let white leak.

Tango (I): 1/2 gin, 1/4 sweet vermouth, 1/4 dry vermouth, 2 dashes curacao, juice of 1/4 orange. Stir well with ice, strain.

Tom Collins (F) juice of 1/2 lemon and 1/2 jigger gin. Shake well. Strain into a tall glass with ice cubes. Decorate with orange or lemon slices and cherry.
Good for the summer evenings.

WHISKEY BASE

Dixie (I) 1 jigger rye, 1/3 teaspoonful sugar, 2-3 drops Angostura bitters, 1 dash lemon juice, 1 dash curacao, 1/3 teaspoonful white creme de menthe. Shake well with ice, strain. Garnish with mint leaves.

(A conversation starter)

Manhattan (F) 2/3 whiskey, 1/3 vermouth (dry or sweet, for dry or sweet manhattan), 1 dash angostura. Stir with ice, strain. Decorate with cherry. (Good for grown-up ladies who can take a somewhat dry drink)

Old Fashioned (F) Fill old fashioned glass with ice cubes. 1 lump sugar, 1 dash Angostura, 1 teaspoonful water. Muddle thoroughly to dissolve sugar completely. Fill to half with whiskey. Decorate with slice of orange or lemon. Serve with short swizzle stick.

Ward Eight (F) 1 jigger whiskey, juice of 1 lemon, 2 dashes grenadine, Shake well with ice. Strain into a Sour glass. Decorate with slice of orange and cherry.

Whiskey Sour (F) 2 jiggers whiskey, 1 teaspoonful sugar, juice of 1/2 lemon. Shake well with ice, strain into Sour glass, decorate with cherry.

Highball (F) 2 jiggers whiskey, ice cubes, club soda to fill. Tall glass. Serve with swizzle stick.

RUM BASE

Bee's Kiss (I) 1 jigger rum, 1 teaspoonful honey, 1 teaspoonful light cream. Shake well with ice, strain.

Cuba Libre (F) 1 jigger rum, juice of 1/2 lime. Pour into a tall glass with ice cubes. Fill with coca cola. Decorate with a slice of lemon. Serve with swizzle stick.

Daiquiri (F) 1/2 jigger rum, juice 1/2 lime, 1 teaspoonful sugar, Shake well with ice, strain.

Fox Trot (I) 2 jiggers light rum, juice of 1/2 lime, 1 teaspoonful sugar. Shake well with ice, strain.

Naked Lady (I) 1/2 light rum, 1/2 sweet vermouth, 4 dashes apricot brandy, 4 dashes lemon juice, 2 dashes grenadine. Shake well with ice, strain. (Excellent for the lady who has at least had 4-6 cocktails. Highly suggestive.)

XYZ (I) 1/2 dark rum, 1/4 Cointreau, 1/4 lemon juice. Shake well with ice, strain.
(Conversation starter.)

VODKA BASE

Bloody Mary (F) 1 jigger vodka, 2 jiggers tomato juice, 1/3 jigger lemon juice, 1 dash Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Shake well with ice. Strain into a large Sour glass.

Volga Boatman (F) 1 jigger vodka, 1 jigger cherry brandy, 1 jigger orange juice. Stir with ice, strain.

LIQUEUR BASE

After Dinner (F) 1/2 apricot brandy, 1/2 curacao, juice of 1/2 lime. Shake well with ice, strain, decorate with twist of peel.

Grasshopper (F) 1/3 green creme de menthe, white creme de cacao, 1/3 light cream. Shake well with ice, strain. (Very sweet).

Multicolor Cocktail: Carefully pour along side of glass any combination of the following, in that order: First: creme de cacao, creme de menthe, apricot liqueur, peach liqueur, cherry liqueur, anisette, cointreau liqueur, kummel, apricot brandy, sloe gin, cognac. - last.

Cecil Pick Me Up (I) 2 jiggers brandy, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg yolk. Shake well with ice, strain, fill with champagne.

Chicago (I) 1 jigger brandy, 1 dash curacao, 1 dash angostura. Stir with ice, strain.

Stinger (F) 2/3 jigger brandy, 2/3 jigger creme de menthe, 1 pinch red pepper or a dash of Tabasco. Shake well with ice, strain.

Side Car (F) 1/4 Cointreau liqueur, 1/2 cognac, 1/4 lemon juice. Replace Cointreau by whiskey, rum, gin or vodka for variations. Shake well with ice, strain.

O.S.

VOO DOO INVITES ITS READERS TO

WIN A FIN

from

LIMERICK LAUGHTER

A New Monthly Contest Sponsored and Judged by the Voo Doo Staff on Behalf of our Back Cover Advertiser

Put a little sunshine in your life. Put some cash in your pocket. Enter the monthly Voo Doo "Limerick Laughter" contest. It's easy. It's fun! You have three chances to win every month you enter. Here's how the contest works:

Each month, Voo Doo will award \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty L&M cigarette pack. Another \$5 will be paid for the best limerick submitted with an empty Chesterfield pack, and a third \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty Oasis pack. Ten (10) honorary mention limerick winners each month will receive Happy Talk game, the new hilarious word game.

Write your limerick on any subject you choose. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to accompany each limerick with an empty pack of L&M, Chesterfield or Oasis cigarettes.

This contest is open to all MIT students and faculty members. Entries must be mailed or delivered to the Voo Doo office, and limericks for the March contest must be received by March 10. Names of the winners will be published in the next edition of the Voo Doo.

So enter now and keep entering each month. The samples below show you how easy it is to write a winning limerick.

*A coed that Tech won't forget
Once was requested to pet
Said she with a grin
I'd love to begin
But I need some prerequisites yet.*

*O pity the plight of Farouk
Once a king now not even a duke
But he still gets big pleasure
In true kingly measure
With a Chesterfield in his Chibouk.*

*An astronomy student named Lars
Discovered while studying Mars
With an L & M smoke
He could always evoke
A great deal more taste and it's low in tars.*

*A maiden who'd never been kissed
Kept wondering what she had missed
'Til she smoked an Oasis
And just on that basis
She settled for its Menthol Mist.*



L & M is Low in tar
with **More** taste to it.
Don't settle for one without the other.



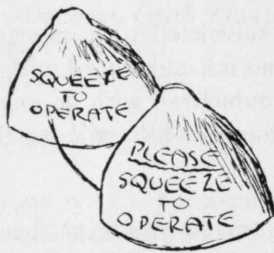
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Big Clean Taste of Top Tobacco



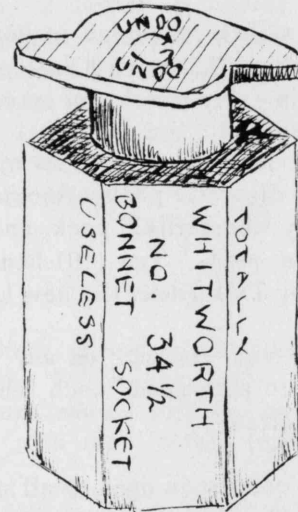
MENTHOL-MILD OASIS
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FLASKS FASHIONABLE

The very latest word in fashion this spring will be the occasional accessory, both in the home and apparel; thus, the trend will be characterized both by the occasional dress of the sportsman, and the occasional piece in the living room. In general, styling will be to suit the occasion rather than the function.....



A practical solution to your figure problems; this patented flask has two large compartments for your favorite drinks. If you can hold your liquor, you will be in great shape indeed.



One (or more) for the road: Available in either metric or English sizes.

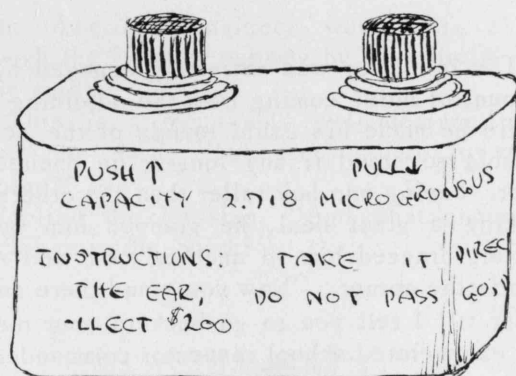


Around the Quad.....



For the music lover.

Breakdown is no problem to the owner of an Old Mrs. Boston condenser; 90 proof dielectric assures full capacity.

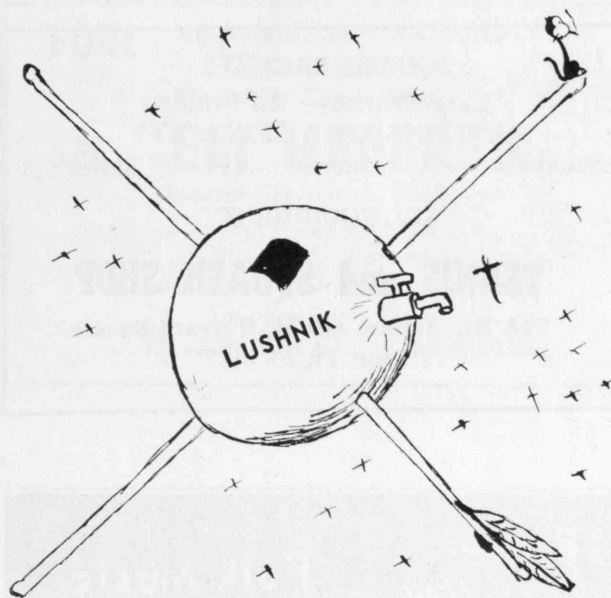
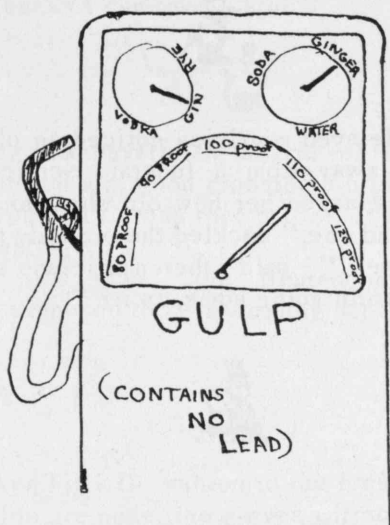


AND IN BRANDY



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You heard a lot of talk about the good will.
That's strictly bunk, friend. They will not.



The inspector was extremely annoyed by the amount of noise coming from the adjoining room while he made his usual rounds of the school. Unable to stand it any longer, he opened the door. Seeing one boy taller than the others and talking a great deal, he grappled him by the collar, dragged him to another room and stood him in the corner. "Now you stand there and be quiet till I tell you to go back to your room!" the exasperated school inspector commanded.

A quarter-hour later a small head appeared around the door and a small quivering voice asked:

"Please, sir, may we have our teacher back now?"



"Do you think you're Santa Claus?"

"No—why?"

"Then keep your hands off my stockings."



An eagle-eyed mortician noticed an old crone shuffling away from a funeral service at his parlor, and asked her how old she was. "One hundred and one," cackled the old lady proudly. "Well, well," said the mortician suavely. "Hardly worth going home, is it?"



Coed: Could I try that suit in the window?
Clerk: We'd rather you go use the dressing room.

Then there was the ghoul who sent his girl a heart for Valentine's Day—still beating.



An American engineer was being shown through the Moscow subway by his official Red Army guide.

"This is a remarkably well designed subway," he said, "but aren't there any trains running?"

Replied the Russian, "And what about the lynchings in the South?"



"So your brother is a painter, eh?"

"Yep."

"Paints houses I presume?"

"Nope paints men and women."

"Oh, I see. He's an artist."

"Nope, just paints women on one door and men on the other."



"Why did you leave your girl's house so early last night?"

"Well, we were sitting on the sofa, talking, and all of a sudden she turned out the lights. Well, I guess I can take a hint."



During maneuvers an officer of the umpire staff spotted a platoon crossing a bridge. "Hey there, you can't cross that bridge, it's supposed to be destroyed."

"Oh, it's okay," the lieutenant answered, "we're supposed to be swimming across!"



The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the limbs of all the shameless trees;
No wonder the corn is shocked.

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ALBERT BLYTHE GASSER III

This is a fictionalization of a true story. In the case of true historical figures, incidents involving them are as true as can be ascertained from existing historical data. Some fictionalization was necessary to protect the guilty and the unwitting.

It was a Boston December day, cold and windy but with no snow, when Miscellaneous Plaidchild, a homeless waif, scratches at the door of a Beacon Hill apartment. Pleading with the owner for food and warmth she noticed a handsome male sitting in a corner of the room---it was love! Fortunately the owner was kind and let Missy in.

Within a year Miscellaneous Plaidchild was pregnant. There is nothing so grotesque as a pregnant female. And yet, the happiness obtained from the ultimate realization of femininity, so intangible, makes the pregnant female a thing of Beauty---Beautiful! To look forward to the day when, no longer a nullipara, she can suckle her young, wash him, love him, caress fills the pregnant female with happiness. Yet, she may be grotesque, but it is a grotesqueness of Beauty.

Gestation passed and Missy had ner children---quadruplets. After a week, three of them died from anemia. Only one, a fighter from his first day, survived and thrived. Albert Blythe Gasser III, his name. Legally he was a bastard (his father some transient vagrant bum), but he was so perfectly formed, so masculine, and even at this early time in his life so self-sufficient, that his legal status was a mere anti-climax to Divine Intervention. Gallantly, Arthur Wrontzian Gasser, the one whom Missy had fallen in love with, adopted Albert and married Missy so that Albert could have the advantage of a father, the love of a happy home.

Here we must pause to tell the little we know about Missy's life between her arrival on Beacon Hill and her pregnancy. We know that she immediately fell in love with Arthur Gasser, but other than their characters we know nothing about their life during this tempestuous period. Although we do not know what actually happened we can surmise fairly accurately what transpired.

Arthur Gasser was an unemployed writer. Greatness was available to him if only he could find the desire to achieve it, if only he could receive the push. Missy did not understand fully his greatness. She did know that because of his greatness she could never fully comprehend him, but more importantly she could never own him completely. He loved her, too, but his love was in fits---hyphenated. At one

moment he was completely hers, the next he was a stranger. Missy had greatness, but she refused to accept it. She was a gifted poetess, an excellent artist. To her, greatness could not be achieved in art, which was frivolity, but in being the power behind someone else, in being the omnipotent shadow of a great man. She wanted to marry Arthur, to be his legal mistress, but she could not be insistent---he had to be the one.

Probably one evening she could not wait any longer, frustration was gripping her, so she asked, begged, Arthur to marry her. Some bitter words were exchanged, he left her, she decided to seek revenge. Missy was cute and personable so she probably had no trouble in finding another to take Arthur's place. To relieve her frustrations she probably had an affair with someone and became pregnant. Most likely, upon hearing the news, Arthur, because in his strange way he did love Missy, then offered to marry for her sake and for Albert's.

Now Albert had a father; however, because his parents couldn't support him he was offered to foster parents. Although only a few weeks old, Albert understood why he had to leave his home and this separation did not seem to affect him greatly.

His foster home was unlike his real one. He landed among a group of really high-flying Bohemians. Instead of milk he was given liquor; food was the bits of cheese and bread, hot dogs and hamburgers he could scavenge from their sparse dinner table. But his foster parents, even though they could not supply a good material environment for Albert, loved him and sheltered him---he asked and wanted for nothing more.

One of his foster parents, a Mr. Raoul Agronin, told us: "Albert came to us as we were groping for existence. He helped us realize it, for it was not until we were drawn out of ourselves and thereby realize ourselves, our existence. Albie drew us out with his cute antics, Funny, we didn't realize it then, but Albie was a politician right from the start."

A friend of Agronin, who used to participate in contemplation sessions with Agronin, a Mr. Maximillian Walsh, told us: "Al used to play with a light bulb. He'd jump up on top of it, it'd start rolling---right under his feet---so

that he'd be thrown to the floor. But did he quit? No, sir! Not Albie! He'd get right back up on that light bulb and fight it! Yes, sir! Fight it!"

A Mrs. Dorothy Leven, wife of one of the highest flying Bohemians in the group, said: "Well, let me tell ya. This Albie kid, a real looker right from the start, comes up to me---crawls right along the floor---and kisses my feet---geez! That was great! Ya know! Not that I like guys falling down at my feet, but geez! He was cute and it certainly felt good to see him down there---at my feet. He'd look up at me with his big grey eyes, well, geez! I just melted. How was I to know then he was gonna be great. Really liked that kid."

So, Albie grew. Public school, high school, finally college.

He was refused admission at Rensselaer, Cal Tech, Stevens, and Boston University. M.I.T. and Harvard accepted him. Although Albie's ambition was to graduate from M.I.T. he decided that his first two years of college should be spent pursuing the liberal arts. So, he went to Syracuse University. His record there was splendid. He was a top scholar; however, he yearned so earnestly and forlornly for the gay life of the engineer that he was unhappy at Syracuse. So he went to Tech.

Friendly M.I.T. was just where Albie belonged. The smiling faces of her students made him smile, too. The cordiality of the Deans and the Faculty made him feel at home. When he went to the dining hall for lunch he was amazed at how friendly the people were, how when he sat down at a table the others made him feel relaxed and a part of the group; now-where could he see anyone eating alone; everywhere people were enjoying their superb meal while spirited and interesting words were exchanged even among strangers.

Rather than live with his foster parents on Beacon Hill, Albie decided to live on campus so he could be a participant in the marvelous collegiate spirit of M.I.T. Albie found a room in Senior House. Immediately, destiny took charge.

Undergraduate Associate Presidents for years had been vacillating tools of the Administration. The refuse of the Institute student body, the UAP's represented the students like *Popular Science* represents Lincoln Laboratory. Albert Blythe Gasser III decided, like the Republicans, that it was time for a change. He decided to run for UAP.

Michael Lice, Albert's campaign manager, told us: "My boy was a little wavering; he hon-

estly didn't think he could do it. But the kid's a natural born politician. He's a fighter. He ain't gonna let anybody get in his way. You just touch the kid and he snarls and tries to bite your finger. Of course he ain't perfect. Naturally the kid got some liabilities. For instance, he ain't really toilet trained very well. Why there was the time, we was visiting the Dean, and Albie decided...."

"Albert Blythe Gasser III, Write-in Candidate for UAP."

"Albert Blythe Gasser III, Challenges All Candidates to a Tree Climbing Contest."

"Albert Blythe Gasser III, Has More Hair on His Chest Than All the Other Candidates Combined."

"Albert Blythe Gasser III Hates Dogs."

"Albert Blythe Gasser III Loves Cats."

"Vote For Albert Blythe Gasser III, the Candidate Who Will Fight for the Students."

"Albert Blythe Gasser III, Hundreds cheered him. He found support among fraternity men, dormitory men, and commuters. Never before has a candidate so quickly and powerfully united the opposing campus factions.

But fate proved fickle. Somehow Albert was not officially recognized as an M.I.T. student. Somewhere in the Registrar's Office there reposes a manila envelope with Albie's registration material waiting to be processed but because of some clerical mishandling it cannot be found. Albert Blythe Gasser III, for whom life had been so harsh, again met with defeat because of the foibles of someone other than himself. But Albert smilingly shrugged off this defeat and promised his supporters that he would return to the political scene the following year.

And so to Albert Blythe Gasser III, who has gone down in history with Phosphorous and Lance Meadowbrook, we dedicate this dissertation so that the truth shall be forever known.

During his campaign for UAP rumors persisted that Albert Gasser III was really a kitten. Nothing more need be said about such pernicious rumors.

D. Bernarde





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Two men were sitting in a bar. "Albert," asked one, "after you drink a lot, does your tongue burn?"

"I don't know, Sam," replied the other. "I've never been drunk enough to light it."



The army was camped next to a jungle river, and a private sent out to get some water. He soon returned saying, "Sir, there a big crocodile in the river, and I'm afraid to get any water."

"Nonsense," replied the lieutenant. "That crocodile is probably four times as scared of you as you are of him."

"Well, sir," replied the private, "If that crocodile is only half as scared of me as I am of him, that water ain't fit to drink."



The undertaker regarded the deceased in the coffin with severe disapproval, for the wig persisted in slipping back and revealing a perfectly bald pate. He addressed the widow in that cheerfully melancholy tone which is characteristic of undertakers during their professional public performance:

"Have you any glue?"

The widow wiped her eyes perfunctorily, and said that she had.

"Shall I heat it?" she asked. The undertaker nodded gloomily, and the widow departed on her way with the glue pot.

But the undertaker shook his head, and regarded her with the gently sad smile to which undertakers are addicted, as he whispered softly.

"I found a tack."



A pink elephant, a green snake, and a gigantic purple spider walked into a bar.

"No, no," yelled the bartender, "You're early. He hasn't come in yet."

A college girl with a very small puppy in her arms attempted to board a train in a small Missouri town. The conductor saw the dog and denied the girl entrance to the coach unless she took the pup to the baggage car. The girl walked down the train a ways, unbuttoned her coat and blouse and tucked the little dog inside. All this was observed by a lady passenger through a window of the car.

Once again the girl attempted to board the train, this time with success, since she was not within sight of the conductor. Unfortunately, the girl with the dog took the seat ahead of the woman who had seen her hide it.

The train pulled out of the station. In a few minutes the girl commenced to wiggle around nervously in her seat. As she twisted this way and that the woman could not help but find amusement in her evident discomfiture. Thinking to tease the girl about her hidden secret, the woman leaned forward, tapped the girl on the shoulder, and inquired:

"What's the matter? Isn't he housebroken?"

"Don't know about that," answered the girl grimly, "but I don't believe the little cuss has ever been weaned."



Prof: "Are you cheating on this exam?"

Student: "No, sir, I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper."



In the dark of night two safecrackers entered a bank. One approached the safe, sat down on the floor, took off his shoes and socks, and started to turn the dial with his toes.

"What's the matter?" said his pal. "Let's open the thing and get out of here."

"Naw, it'll only take us a minute longer, and we'll drive those fingerprint experts nuts."



She was only the butler's daughter, but how she enjoyed being maid.

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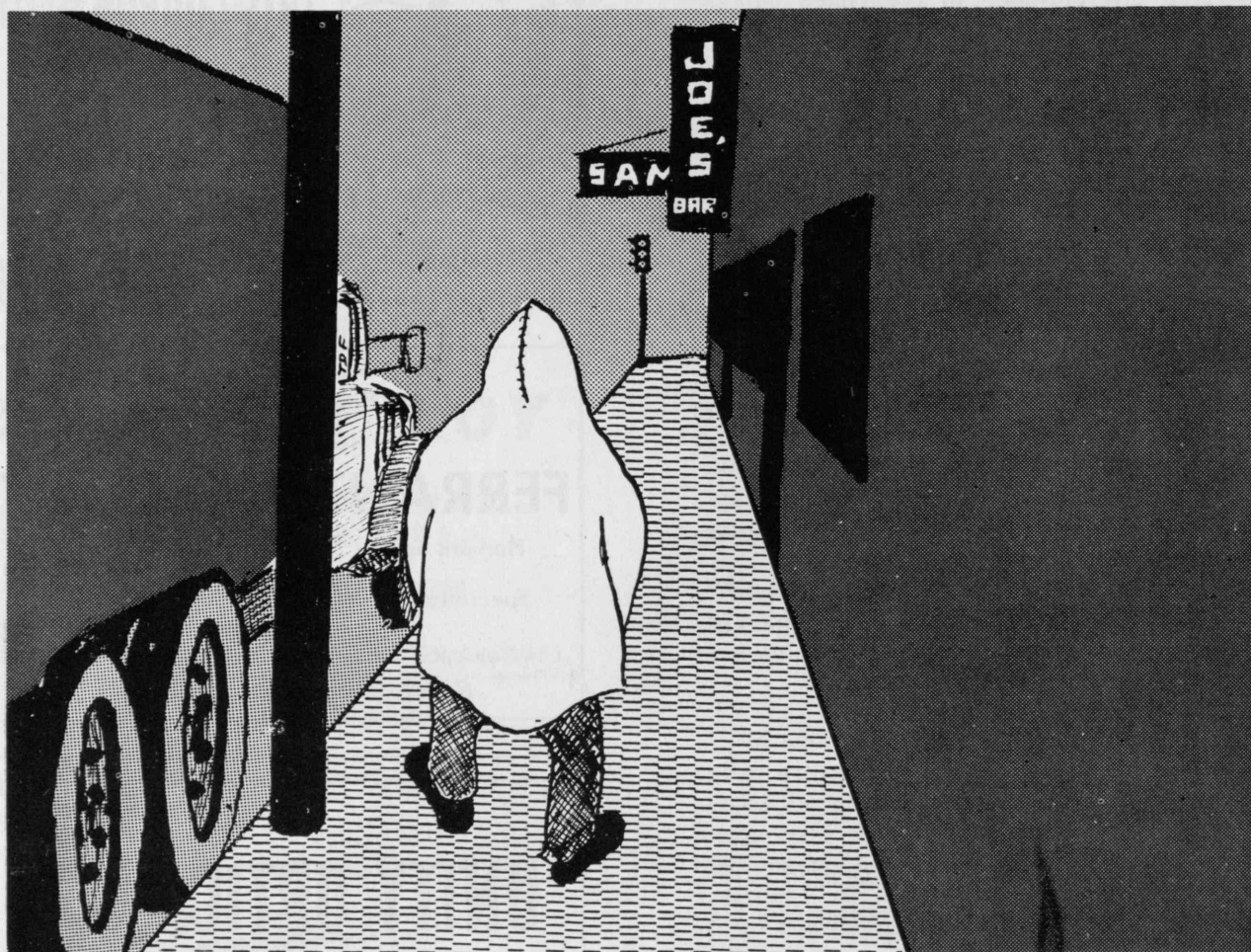
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HOW DRY I AM



It was cold and my throat was dry. I felt that I would never get home unless I had something to drink; something to warm my insides; something to slip smoothly down my throat, stinging my tongue as it flowed. I noticed a red neon sign flashing on and off just ahead. It was in the window of a rather rundown building. The sign advertised *Hakenbaker Beer* thirty times a minute, alternating with *Joe's Bar* in green neon, also thirty times a minute.

I had the money jingling in my pocket, ready to jump out and pay for a drink. I had willing feet to carry me across the threshold and into the den of drink, but I was under age a little less than a year. When I was in New York several years ago, and was only sixteen years of age, I flashed my driver's license in a bar and was admitted instantly. Two years later, twenty four hours before my eighteenth birthday, I couldn't get in to save my soul. That was New York at eighteen

and this is Boston at twenty.

I was slightly hesitant about entering *Joe's*. Then I decided the hell with it, so in I went. I sat down and figited for a few minutes. Joe came over, a big fat man with bad breath. I looked down at my fingers and nervously opened and closed my hands. Stammering, I squeaked, "I'll have a scotch and soda."

Joe looked at me and a few seconds later he coldly asked, "Buddy, ya got 'dentification or somethin' that gives yer age?"

I slipped off the bar stool and struggled out the door, hearing a few of the barflies laughing in the background. Completely shamed, I decided that all that was necessary is a display of self-confidence, no hesitation, complete certainty.

Sam's dive was coming into view and Sam was advertising *Schloshanhoger Ale* in red neon. I shoved the door open, stamped the snow off of my shoes, said something about it being a dam-

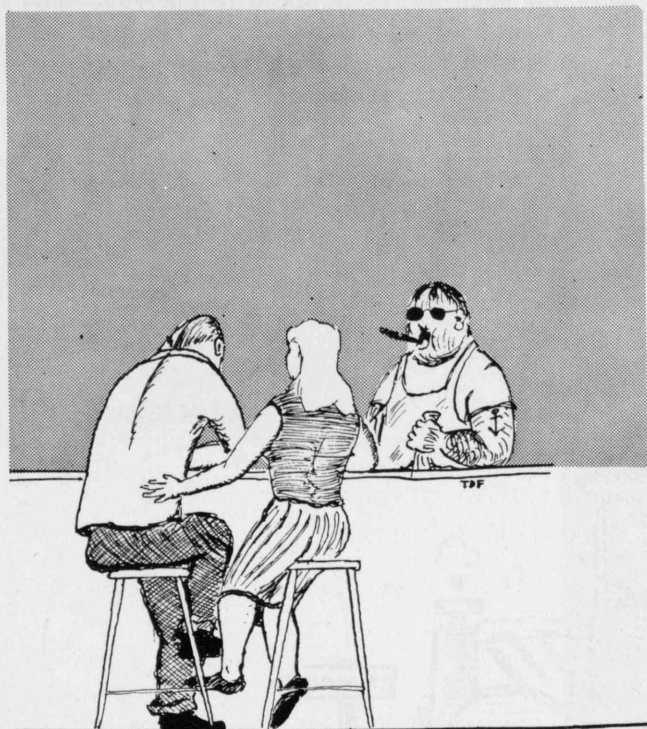
nedable night and climbed on a bar stool.

As I was rubbing my hands together, warming them, I felt a slight pressure against my leg, and a warm soft hand on my shoulder. The intoxicating smell of some cheap perfume began to suffocate me and I attempted to move over but not fall off the bar stool. Then came a hoarse, throaty "Hello, I'm Nina, and I'm thirsty."

Sam walked over. Nina softly whispered, "We'll have two House Specials."

She rubbed her leg against mine, and alipped her arm around me. I looked at her for a second, and decided that she was about seventeen years old. Then, she said, "Sam, aren't you going to ask for an I.D. card, I'm underaged you know, and so is my friend." I slipped off the stool and grabbed my coat. As I was half way out the door I called back, "The hell we'll have two house specials." It was then that I realized that I was underaged and a coward to boot.

Across the street I spotted *Dave's Tap*, and some of my friends just about to enter. I hurried over to join them. We all walked in and sat down at a table in the back, in the darkest corner. A waitress, who looked like hell came over and asked what we wanted. "Beer's all around." came the



reply.

"Are ya all over twenty one?"

One guy pulled out his school registration card and this was readily acceptable even though there was nothing but a signature on the card. The next in line produced a social security card that was also accepted. And so on until she came to me. She then asked me, "Are you over twenty one?"

"Yes."

"Ya sure?" she said as she rapidly chewed her gum and drooled on her filthy uniform.

"Yes." came a confident reply.

"I'll get in trouble if yer not."

"I'm old enough."

She looked at me for a second and then left. She shortly returned carrying five beers. One of my pals, laughingly called out, "Now why don't you tell her the truth."

"Dave!" she screamed.

"Good-by," I called, and sailed out the door.

Enough of this nonsense. I came to the *Good Food Super Market* and went into the Liquor Annex. I quickly picked out a bottle of cheap scotch and walked to the counter. Just then a rather large policeman entered and stood near the door, carefully watching me. I had already paid the clerk and he handed me a bottle shaped bag, twisted at the top.

With uncertain step, I walked to the door and as I was about to push it open, feeling guilty as hell, and probably looking it too, the police officer stuck his hand out.

He opened the door with one hand and helped me across a patch of ice with the other. He opened the door of the squad car and helped me in. He glanced at me queerly as we rode to the station. Maybe it was because I kept muttering, "You can never win."

Ziak

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YAG AND HESS THRU FLORIDA

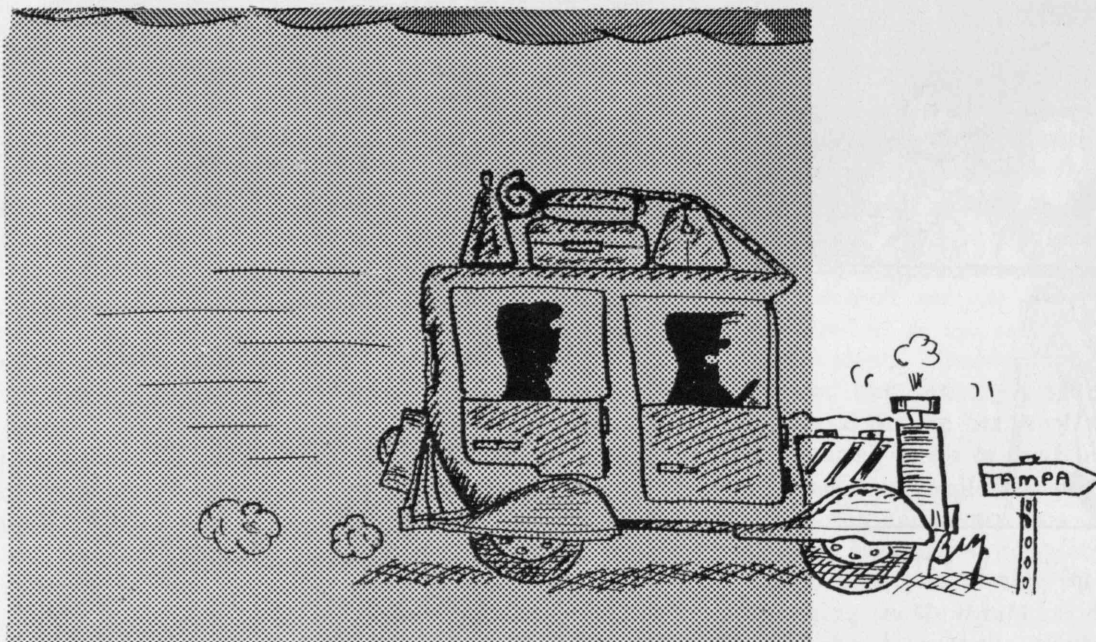
In keeping with its policy of informing its readers on matters of importance, Voo Doo this month sent two of its correspondents on a hazardous safari through the South, target—Florida. Here is their report, uncensored, unexpurgated, and unreliable:

One of our number had a Friday afternoon final, and departure was delayed until late afternoon. After hectic packing, griping, and general backbiting, four grubby techmen finally got out of Boston in the middle of the evening rush hour. One was dropped, complete with baggage, at one of the exits on the Merritt Parkway. The last we saw of him, he was striding purposefully down a country road, carrying a suitcase in one hand and a five-string banjo in the other. His last words, as he disappeared into the gloom, were, "Just call me Pete Seeger." We never saw him again, but we understand that he is very big in Greenwich Village, where he is writing pre-civil war American folksongs.

In Delaware, we discovered that the license plates of the car were due to expire in twenty-four hours. We didn't like the idea of driving

with expired plates, but there was no help for it, so we 'phoned Boston at 2 a.m. and had the new plates sent to Tampa. However, we thereafter became very conscious of the movements of any police cars near us. And there were lots around in Maryland. By actual count, there are more cops than people in Maryland. We saw seven police cars in one mile of road, but they all ignored us.

All the way through the Carolinas and Georgia we listened to WCKY, Cincinnati. "And for just one dollar, we are going to send you a fantastic offer, 105 gospel songs, with words and music in shape notes. And we will also send you 'Ten Steps in a Drunkard's Life!' See him take his first drink, his second drink, see him get thin, see him commit suicide, see his grave. And also we are going to send you a book called 'For Women Only,' which contains 76 questions and answers, such as 'Is it sinful to cut your hair?' This is the most fantastic offer in history. Send one dollar to Don and Earl, WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio." Voo Doo recommends this offer to all of you.

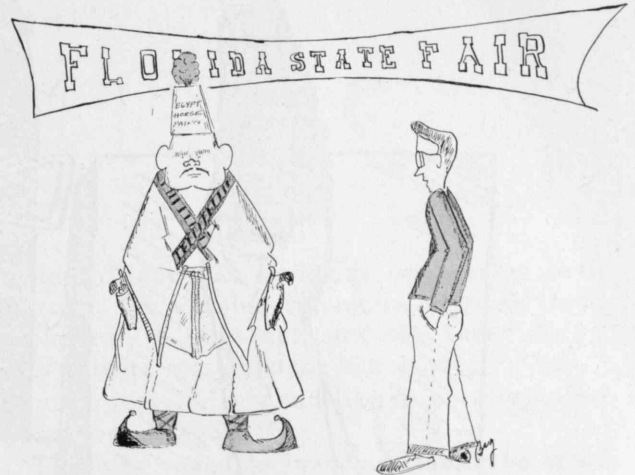


Hey! This must be the State line.

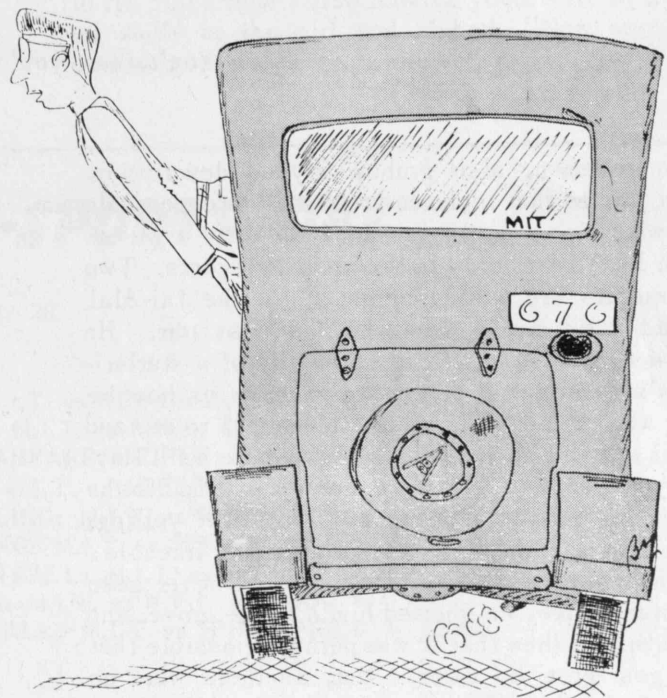
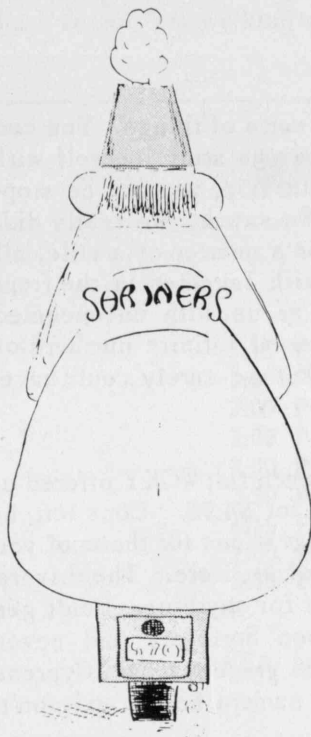
At a coffee stop in Georgia, the cuckoo clock on the wall cheerily chimed five, to which a little boy remarked, "Hey, it's seven o'clock." We just grunted. At that hour of the morning two hours more or less doesn't matter a bit.



Our first real surprise came in Northern Florida. We stopped at a little gas station, where we saw two fantastically grubby hitch-hikers. They had spent the previous night under a semi trailer in a field. Since we knew them, we decided to give them a ride. Yes, it's true, they were techmen, and after we dropped them we picked up two more,



Howdy, Mr. Dillon!



Hey! You look intelligent!



You're sure you're 21?

also techmen, also grubby beyond description. Just proves that techmen are readily recognizable anywhere.

In Florida we took in the sporting events. Two characters are worthy of note. At the Jai-Alai fronton, we met a man who had a system. He showed us a ream of papers worthy of a statistician's thesis, and proceeded to show us how he had won 39 out of 41 nights. (Send \$5 to us, and we'll cut you in, because it works quite well. Maybe you can use it on the horses.) And at the wrestling arena, a sweet old lady kept yelling, "Tear his arm off, Billy." She was very likeable.

The third member of the party had never seen an orange tree. We showed him a whole grove, and he admitted then that it was perhaps possible that oranges grow on trees. But, as there were no grapefruits in evidence, we had to put up with a running stream of abuse on the order of, "A grapefruit is just an orange with pituitary trouble." He still doesn't believe in grapefruit trees.

In Tampa, you see all sorts of things. You can get steak on a sword, you can stuff yourself with yellow rice and chicken for 85¢, you can be stopped by police car 69 (We saw it, we really did. We drove beside them for a quarter of a mile, all three of us collapsed with laughter in the front seat, the cops looking at us with unconcealed curiosity), and you can steal infinite numbers of pirate flags (we didn't, but we surely could have filled the car).

The return trip was uneventful; WCKY offered us a complete fruit orchard for \$4.98. Cops left us alone. We offer some suggestions for those of you headed south. Stay out of St. Pete. The drivers there are completely unfit for anything. Don't get taken for a ride in Tarpon Springs. And never eat in a restaurant marked grade B. See Cypress Gardens, but leave your camera home, and don't trip on the smudge pots.

Next month we're going to Alaska, so beware.



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A drunk was blissfully lying in the gutter one night as a Priest walked by. "My good man," said the clergyman. "Don't you know that drinking is a serious sin?" Pointing up the street to a brightly illuminated brewery, he added, "If you were the biggest drinker in the world, you still couldn't consume all that brewery makes."

"I know, Father," replied the drunk, smiling. "But I've got 'em working nights!"

A six-year-old child from New York was visiting in the country. The farmer's wife took her for a tour around the place. She showed her the garden, the chickens, the stables, and finally they arrived at the pig pen where an enormous sow reclined in the sun.

"Big, isn't she?" asked the farmer's wife.

"No wonder," the girl replied, "I saw her yesterday and she had 10 little pigs blowin' her up!"



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

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

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

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

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

WINTER ALL-SPORTS DAY

FEB. 28

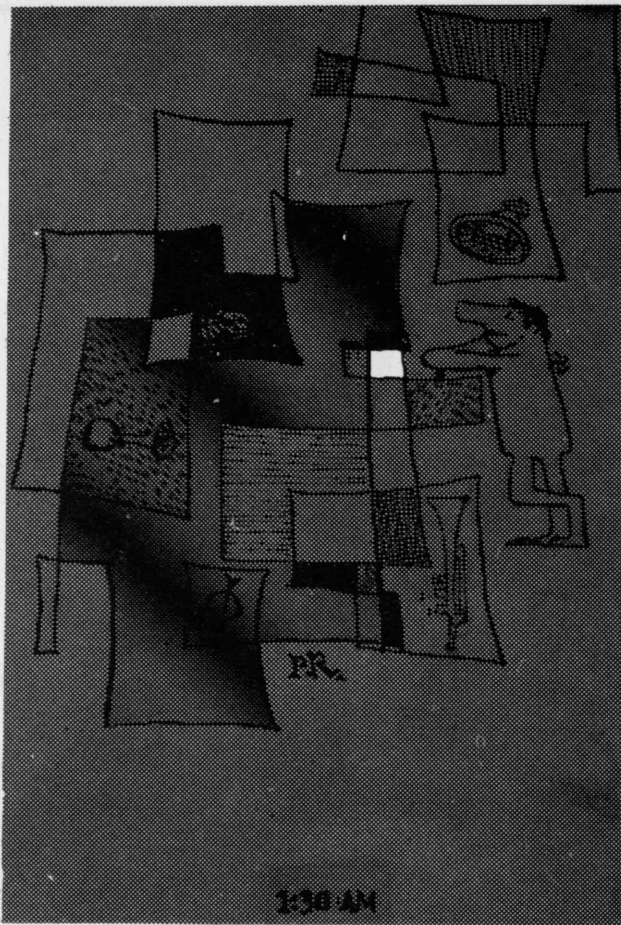
- 1:15 PM - INDOOR TRACK: M.I.T. vs NEW HAMP. (V & F) - CAGE
- 2:00 PM - VARSITY HOCKEY: M.I.T. vs W.P.I. - RINK
- 2:00 PM - RIFLE: M.I.T. vs HARVARD - RIFLE RANGE NEAR POOL
- 2:00 PM - VARSITY SQUASH: M.I.T. vs ADELPHI - POOL
- 2:00 PM - FRESHMAN WRESTLING: M.I.T. vs SPRINGFIELD - CAGE
- 3:30 PM - VARSITY WRESTLING: M.I.T. vs SPRINGFIELD - CAGE
- 6:15 PM - FRESHMAN BASKETBALL: M.I.T. vs SPRINGFIELD - CAGE
- 7:00 PM - VARSITY SWIMMING: M.I.T. vs W.P.I. - POOL
- 8:15 PM - VARSITY BASKETBALL: M.I.T. vs SPRINGFIELD - CAGE

- - - -

FEB. 28

(STEP ON IT, SUGAR)

FEB. 28



Radio trumpet wailing---
Occasional commentary by the pianoforte.

Listening---
Too tired for bed.

Just here.

Jazz age with car horn---
No go.

Stop! Go! Turn Right (Not in Boston)! Stop!
Sure: Anything you like.

"At the sound of the tone it will be 1:30 AM."
Who Cares?

Smooth jazz, cool jazz,
It's all jazz; that's all.

No more blues?
Don't be absurd---

Too many car horns.

Letter from draft board today---

Crazy World.

Jack was just lining his putt on the eighteenth green when a long, slow-moving line of cars passed by on the near by road, a hearse in the lead. Jed was no little bit surprised when Jack solemnly dropped his putter and removed his hat dolefully to stand at attention until the line had passed.

"Jack," he said sincerely, "let me shake your hand. That was the most sincere, admirable gesture I've ever seen."

"Yes," Jack nodded sadly, "And to think in 3 days we would have been married 25 years."



He: "How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"

She: "Two, and the name's Daisy."



1st Student: "Did you pass trig?"

2nd Student: "No, I flunked. My teacher said I didn't know math from a hole in the ground."

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LANDED 1841 & CLARK NEW BRITAIN CONN.

The Freshman's father paid his aspiring son a surprise visit. Arriving at the dorm at 2 a.m., he banged on the door.

A voice from the second floor called, "What-dya want?"

The father answered, "Does Chester Griffith live here?"

The voice answered, "Yeah, bring him in."



It happened aboard a trans-Atlantic liner. A steward was walking along the promenade deck with a large bowl of soup when the ship rolled exceptionally hard and he dumped the entire bowl onto the shirt front of a passenger sleeping in a deck chair. Thinking fast, the steward awoke the man and said, consolingly, "I do hope you're feeling better now, sir."



"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

"Yeah, and what's in the 3rd bottle?"

"Gin."



"Can I help you?" inquired a helpful bystander, as the drunk tried to fit his key into his door lock.

"You sure can," replied the drunk. "Just hold the house still while I put the key in."

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Bourbon....

Vinegar & Honey ?

Surprise your friends, astound your roommate, pass go, even collect \$200 with *Voo Doo's* extra special exotic cocktails garnered from the far reaches of the um, *Voo Doo* office. No doubt you all know that a Phillips Screwdriver is just a mixture of Vodka, orange juice, and Milk of magnesia, and that a Tired Bloody Mary is Tomato juice, Vodka, and Geritol. But did you know that Vodka and gasoline is a molotov cocktail (stir well before throwing) and that Castor Oil and Gin is a really QUICK Gin Fizz? Or did you know that Grenadine, Gin and Licorice are the essential ingredients of a Shady Lady? Or that an Old Fashioned is really made with Earth, Fire, Air, and Water? Of course, one cannot fail to mention a very popular college concoction, the Clodhopper, which is a little creme de menthe, creme de cacao, and light cream, strained through an old shoe. And the old time favorite, a Whiskey Sweet and Sour, consists of Bourbon, Vinegar, and a dash of honey, yum. (Yes, we do sit up nites thinking up these things. Unfortunate, isn't it?) The up and coming cocktail set will appreciate a stimulating mixture of whiskey, vermouth, dash angostura, and a little Spanish uh cherry, otherwise known as a Latin Manhattan. The well rounded beer drinker could try Schlitz-on-the-Rocks, commonly called a Schluder, or he might prefer a brew of rye, curacao, creme de menthe, bitters, with some sugar and lemon juice, and glue, a delectable delight listed in the handbook as the Sticky Dixie. (No comments) Of course, the really top drawer urbane man, courtesy of the back cover of Playboy, is quite discriminating and may be interested in such rare drinks as brandy with creme de menthe, a dash of Tabasco, and a little Air Wick thrown in, to give the famous Stinker. But the most popular among the *Voo Doo* connoisseurs is a mixture of $\frac{1}{4}$ grenadine, $\frac{3}{4}$ gin, the white of one egg, shake with ice, and add a red pepper, the Hot Pink Lady! Hummm!

Stu Brody



A lady bought a parrot from a pet store, only to learn that it cursed every time it said anything. She put up with it as long as she could, but finally one day she lost her patience.

"If I ever hear you curse again," she declared, "I'll wring your neck."

A few minutes later she remarked rather casually that it was a fine day. Whereupon the parrot said, "It's a hell of a fine day today." The lady immediately picked up the parrot by the head and spun him around in the air until he was almost dead.

"Fine day?" sputtered the parrot, "Where the hell were you when the cyclone struck?"



Three bears came home from a walk. The baby bear went into the bedroom and ran back out crying, "Someone has been sleeping in my bed!" Then the momma bear went into the bedroom and ran back out crying, "Someone has been sleeping in *my* bed." Finally the poppa bear went into the bedroom and after a long time emerged and said, "I'm not talking while the flavor lasts."

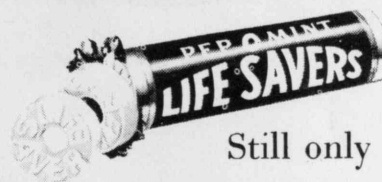
COLERIDGE



on Life Savers:

"'Tis sweeter
far to me!"

from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, part VII



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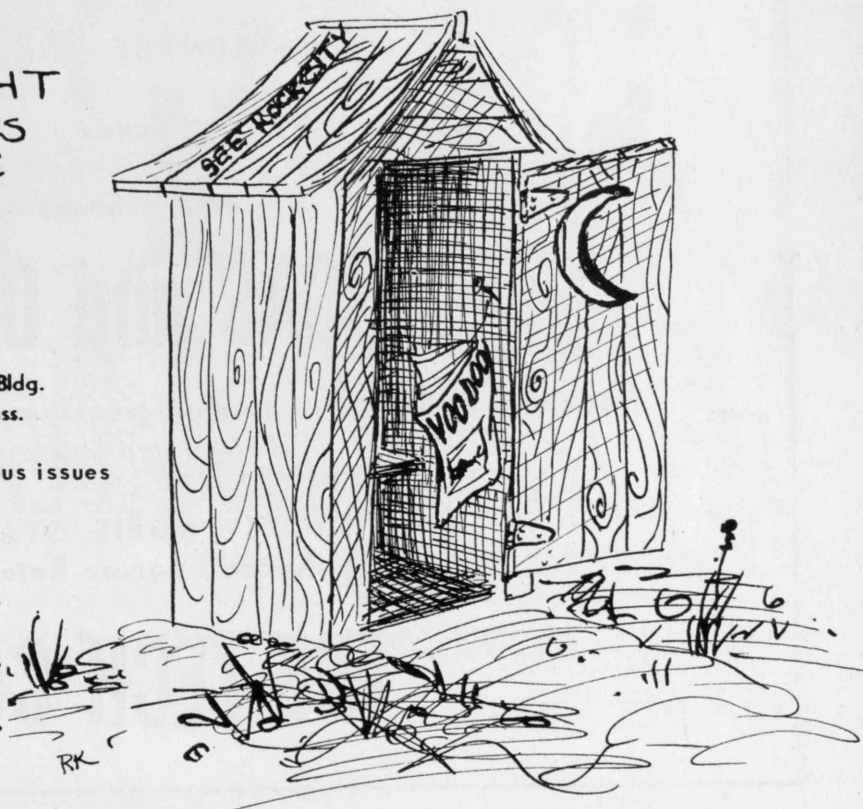
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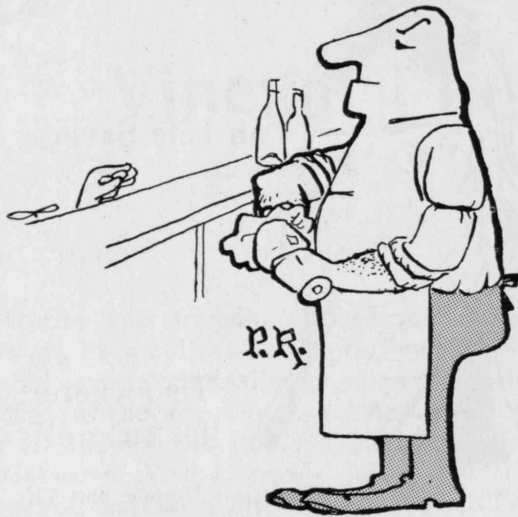
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"Say, how did you cure yourself of coughing?"
 "It was easy. I drank a quart of castor oil every day, and I'm afraid to cough."



Earlier that day an elephant escaped from the Barnum and Bailey Circus as it passed through a small Kansas town.

That evening a foreign born old lady who did not even know what an elephant looked like, telephoned the police station, very much excited.

"Come over right away," she gasped. "One-a-big-a animal she's a in my garden-a pulling up-a my cabbages-a with-a-his-tail."

"What's he doing with them?"

"If-a I'm-a tell-a you, you would-a never believ-a me," she answered.



As he was dying, a Scotchman said to his life-long friend. "McPherson, promise me you'll bury me with my expensive bottle of whiskey."

"All right," replied McPherson, "But do you mind if I filter it through my kidneys first?"

COOP

PATRONAGE REFUND

Saves

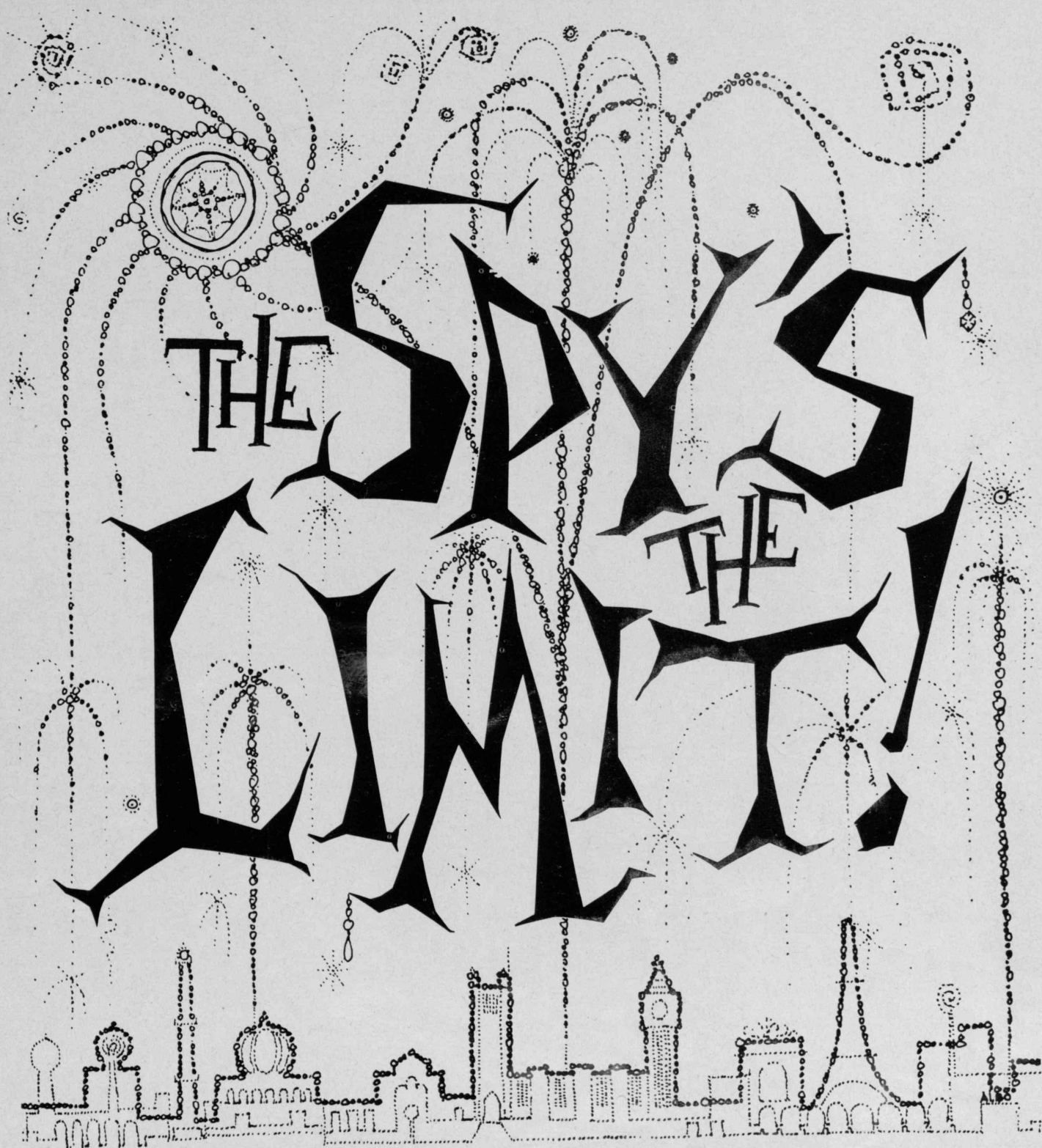
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READ ALL ABOUT THE BIG LIMERICK CONTEST. SEE PAGE 7