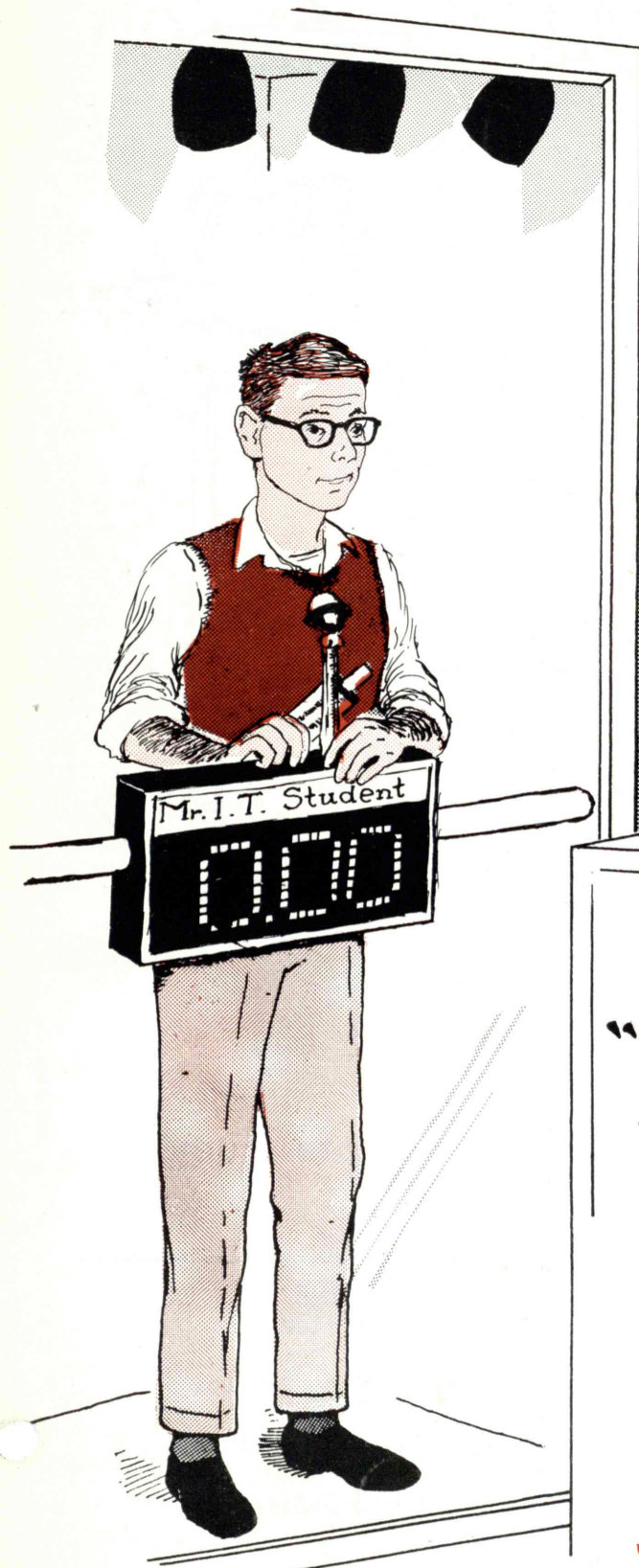


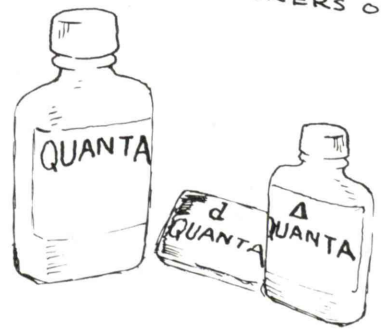
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

A cartoon illustration of a man in a suit and tie, holding a piece of paper that says "25¢" and a rolled-up document. He is standing behind a podium. Behind him is a large board with various course numbers and titles, some of which are crossed out with an 'X'.

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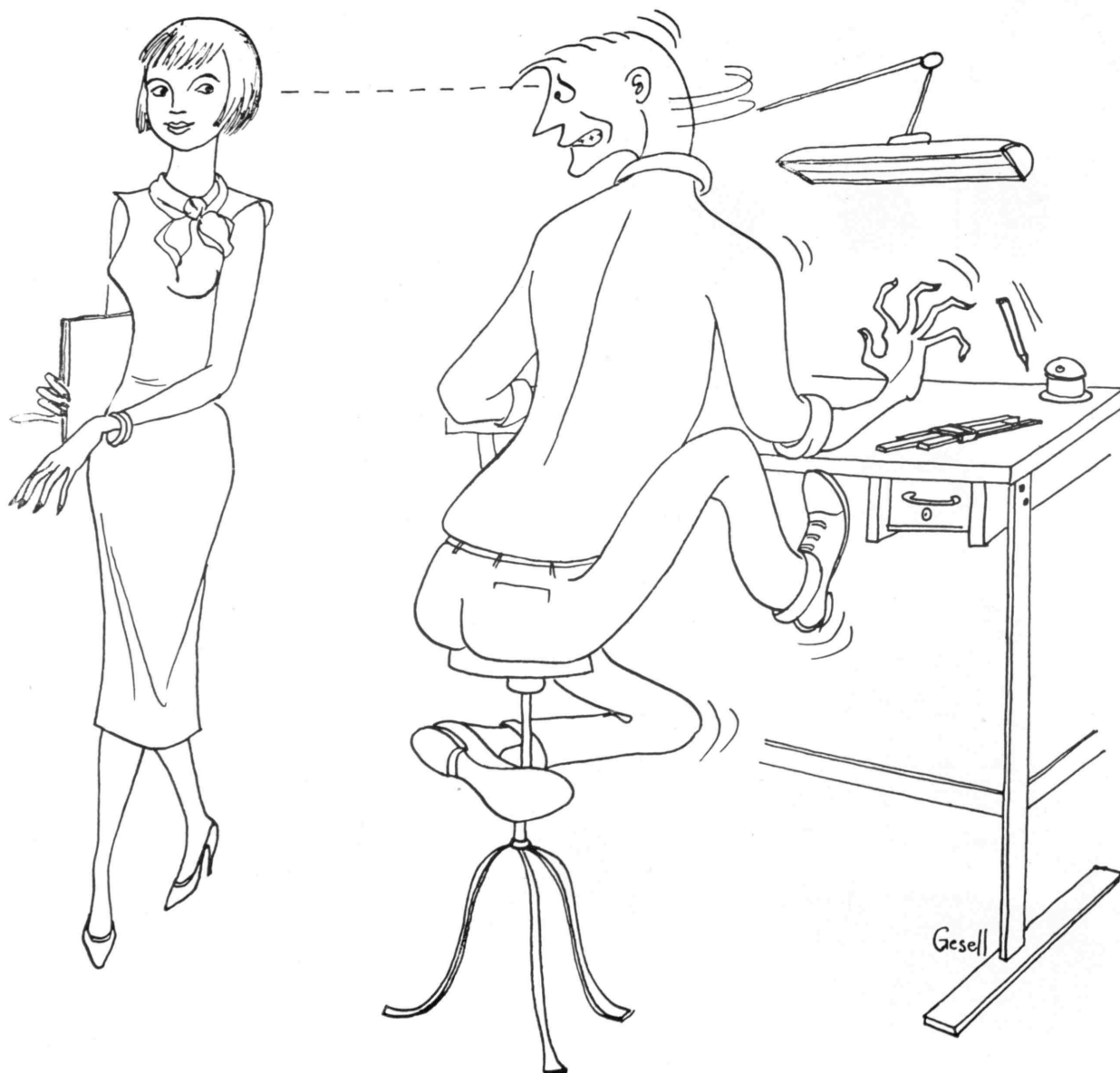
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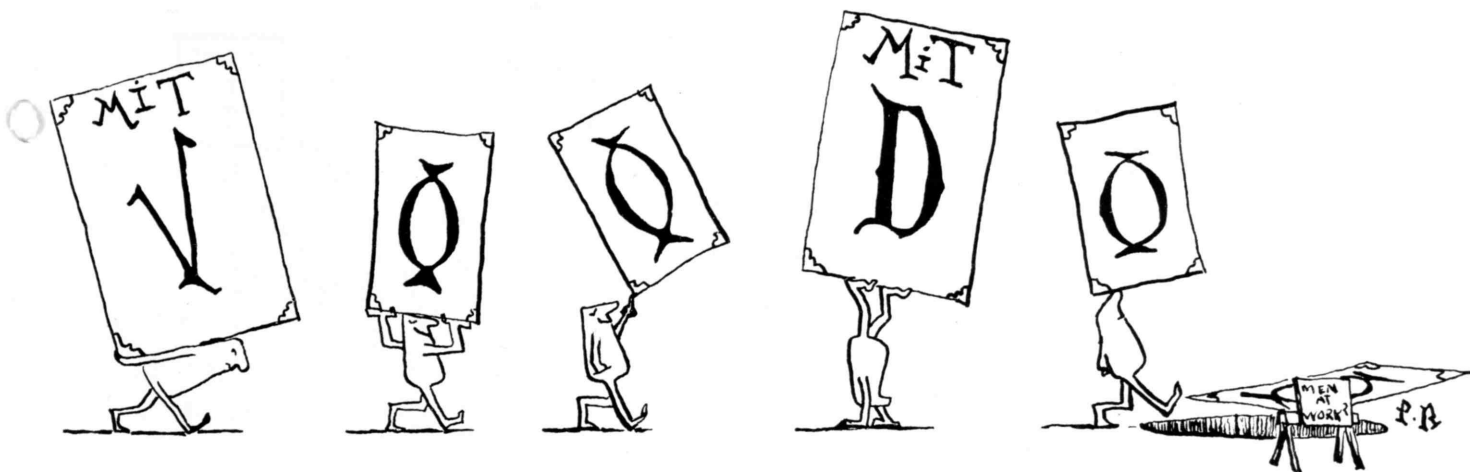


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Phos and I just walked into a lounge, and there's a group of people here, singing folk songs. Students from messy dorm rooms, graduates from messy apartments, secretaries from clean apartments, they just sit around, relaxed, singing, playing guitars and banjos and harmonicas, and having fun. At least for a while the overdue work, the term papers, the exams, and other worries are partly forgotten. It is nice to see people get together and just have fun. Lately, one only sees two people get together for very private fun, or a big crowd get together for noisy, boisterous, imprivate sort of fun.

That is just fine and dandy, but sometimes one feels like being with people without making polished conversation or laughing loudly or spilling drinks. Maybe people think it childish to just sit and chat and sing and relax, or maybe it does not give them enough escape. Still, I sometimes get tired of all the glitter and miss this warm, folksy fun. Or maybe I just like folk songs.

They have gone now, but I still feel pleasantly warm inside, and Phos is purring, and as we've had nothing to drink yet it must have been the company that made us feel so good. Thanks. It's been a long time.

GJW

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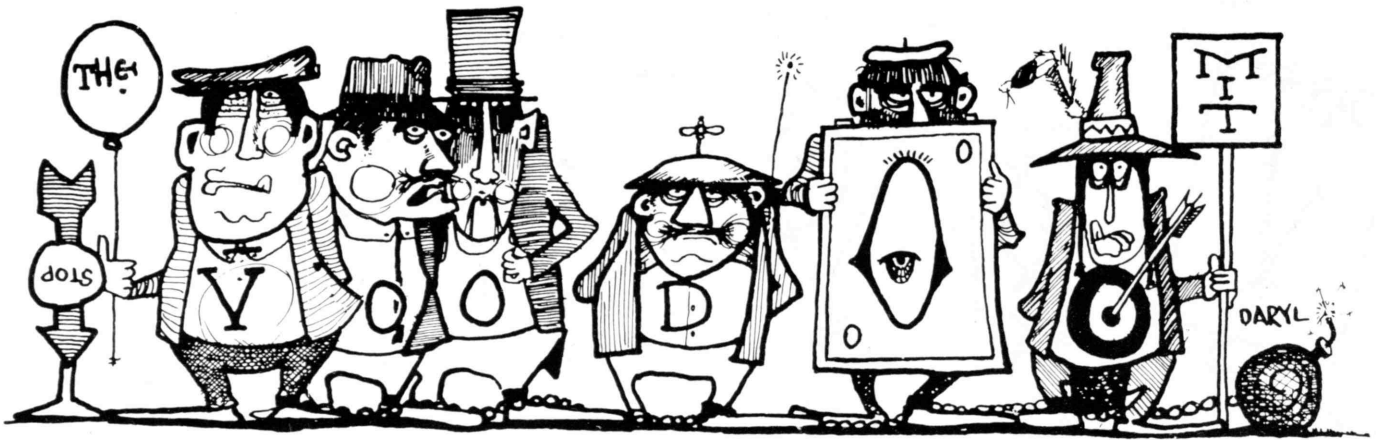
January 12, 1959. January Copy Inserted.

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 October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago. Published December 11, 1958. December Copy Inserted.

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

This Month's Cover by *Waltman*



With approximately one hundred co-eds in a school of six thousand students M.I.T. is a spinster's paradise. Many of the M.I.T. men disparagingly disclaim any efforts of the M.I.T. women to prove that they are women, except strictly biologically, which even there is some doubt. One co-ed, a champion of woman's rights and a loud campaigner for the M.I.T. co-eds' drive for recognition as women in all senses of the word, went to the epitome of the co-eds' efforts to prove that they are women in all senses of the word. At seven o'clock she went with Boy Number One to a dinner-dance. After pleasing her palate she feigned illness so as to be brought back to her room by eight-thirty where a boy from another school was to pick her up for an evening of dancing at his school's winter formal. With him she stayed until nine-fifteen when again feigning illness, she convinced Boy Number Two that he would be saving himself an utterly boring evening unless he took her back to her dorm. At nine-thirty Boy Number Three came by to take her to a party, but he, she convinced, should take her to a concert here at M.I.T. where, unknown to Boy Number Three, she was to meet Boy Number Four. Unfortunately, the concert was over when they arrived and Boy Number Four was not to be

seen. So, she spent the rest of the evening with Boy Number Three. But the story ends not here, for the next day all four boys called her up for dates the following week. We'd like to say she accepted all four of them for one night again, but she didn't and we have no further news of her. If there be any masochists meandering about, call the M.I.T. Freshman Co-ed's Dorm and ask for...

Before anyone is appointed to the Senior Board he must prove himself to be quick-witted. One of our Senior Board members recently, at a party in New York, proved himself still on the ball. A terribly stuffy creature from RPI noticed that our Senior Board member was wearing an M.I.T. ring.

"I see you are from the second-best school in the country," said the RPI'er.

"Yes," enthusiastically agreed our Board member. "Most of the students at Tech agree that Cal Tech is the best."

Ah! The vindictiveness of M.I.T. students. One humanities instructor was rather shaken when, upon coming to his office one morning, he found that somebody had painted the window in his door black.

Ordinarily classes at the Institute begin at nine o'clock in the morning. One French professor decided that his students would be more effectively efficient if they had to come to class at eight o'clock in the morning. One of his students, though, disagreed with the dictatorial professor and continually ambled into the classroom any time from eight-thirty to quarter of nine. Upon each of his fashionable-to-be-late entrances the professor bombarded the student with a barrage of strictly colloquial French insults. Now, as coincidence would have it, the professor frequently bragged of his days in college when he was a champion fencer. The tardy student---this coincidence is too much for words---is a champion fencer at Tech. As things would have it, one morning the student walked into the classroom, was assailed by the colloquial French insults, and proceeded up to the professor's desk where he gallantly placed two foils, two masks, two jackets, and a glove. Anyone seen Errol Flynn lately?

This is to acknowledge our receiving of a Simmons' girl's comments on last month's article "The Control of Sex." Yes, we do.

To the legend that the Boston streets are a result of the hottopping of footpaths originally delineated by a meandering, carefree cow we have always mildly scoffed in polite scientific snobbery; but, we could not let our scientific complacency blind us to the possibility that the legend was true. Our publicity staff industriously designed and manufactured a time machine with which, during our sales of *Pseudo-Scientific American*, we could reach into the past and bring to us in the present the engineer who definitely designed the Boston streets. With spectacular success the machine reached into the past and brought us--a cow. Since we had no way to send the cow back (but we are working on the problem now), we were in a muddle until a beautiful Tech secretary offered to purchase the cow to use as a Christmas present for her boy friend, but only if we would deliver the cow to her boy friend's apartment (without telling him where it came from). We were greatly amused the other day when we overheard gossiping secretaries bemoaning the loss of their comrades---she was marrying a man who planned to start a dairy.

The hustle and bustle of the Christmas season seems to fluster everybody. The M.I.T. Choral Society presented a concert of Christmas carols on WCRB. The announcer absentmindedly announced, "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen, O! Holy Night, Little Child in Bethlehem, and Deck the Halls with organ accompanist."

At the beginning of this semester the Mechanical Engineering department changed department heads. The majority of the classrooms and laboratories used by the department lie in buildings one and three. It seemed fitting that the lavatories at the junction of buildings one and three should therefore be closed for repair. After all, one of the best ways to get an engineering department on its toes is being used. They are raising the urinals six inches.

Stolen from the Department of Mechanical Engineering thesis topics:

Study of the elastic stability involved in the use of "dousing" rods for the discovery of water. Dousing rods are held in various ways but it is probable that all are held in positions which are critically sensitive to small load changes. Study will involve large-deformation theory of these rods. Experiments must be made to confirm theory.

Abitter engineer, whose Russian-caused inferiority complex is disturbing him no end, suggests that the U.S. should next orbit the earth around the moon.

Headline in a New Jersey newspaper: "Death Toll Mounts as Nation Enjoys Holiday. No doubt there is enjoyment for Malthusians especially.

There really is no point in going to math classes since the assigned textbooks inform the interested student with all the information he needs. Freshmen usually attend all their math classes since they are not yet in the know; but upperclassmen are and go only when there is a quiz. One graduate-student math instructor, in September, found his classroom so filled he had to have a second section made. Along about November he noticed that, if he were *really* lucky, he could have eight or ten pupils in attendance. The disappointment must have cracked him, for he now, before every class, stands outside the classroom begging and beseeching anyone passing by to come into his class.

One of our Course VI Junior Board members reports that his whole section is snowed by one of their professors, a Chinese who has so much "tenure" that he remembers the answers to all the possible problems in his course. He usually begins class, they complain, by writing the solutions to a problem in the lower right-hand corner of the blackboard, progressing, Chinese fashion, bottom to top, right to left until he finally arrives, toward the end of the hour, in the upper left-hand corner where he finally figures out what the problem is that he has just unsolved. The students are subversively planning to keep in the spirit of things next term when they will demand that the final in the course be given the first week while the rest of the term is spent unlearning material.



There are dozens of ways to spend Christmas vacations: break a leg at the Sugar Loaf; stay around Cambridge and study for the only time in the year; go home and wait for Santa Claus, while you watch TV with your home-town girlfriend; or go to places. I am among those who go places and went to the big city, to the fabulous, cold, naked New York City.

New York City is the biggest place in the world, they say. This doesn't mean much: New York City is the biggest place in the world. Why is it so, asked him with a smile on his drunken face. Well. First because it's big. Large. Extended. Got it? But also because of the square streets and the straight avenues; the tree reserve called Central Park; the enormous skyscrapers which scraped the sky so much that you can't even see it anymore; the people in the streets, pushing you ahead whether you want to or not; the traffic, jammed without comprehensible explanation, because nothing better than knowing that after 52nd, will come 53rd, unless you go the other way, and then it's 51st; the angry, nervous, cold faces of everybody and nobody, passing by without noticing that you exist, unless you're right in front of them, in which case they'll just push you. That's the picture you get first and if you go back home, discouraged, you'll never really know why New York is itself: you have to stay and get used to the agitation, to the tiring excitement of this city with nerves on its skin's surface.

Notice the impressive sight of these buildings, crushing you to the floor, the machine, the wonderful machine built by men, for men. Then the girls. Because you don't notice them at first, no sir! They are among the crowd, squeezed between a man with the grey flannel suit and the old lady with a hat from last year. But then a passage is opened, everybody stops and looks and admires, for Her Majesty the Beautiful Woman is passing by. She is not aware of your presence, of his presence, of their presence,

and she has no need for that; she is the only object of this frightening city, of all the wheels and levers and buttons, she is the main reason for the Treasury to put out money and for us to make it, the hard way — she is The Woman!

After the initial shock you get more used to The Woman so that by the end of your vacation you can look at her with your mouth shut. When you get your eyes off this vision another one comes, stronger, impressive, attracting your attention no matter what goes on around you: the Times Square signs. They are of all sizes, of all colors, and of all makes. Here a fountain drops continuous torrents of a sparkling mixture, there a cowboy smiles at you while his mouth throws more smoke than the chimneys of all the factories around school; the moving sign of a big magazine entertains you for fifteen minutes with a device you try to explain in vain to a young girl who is standing by your side; she was too busy looking at an old man, way up there, walking with a cane in his hand without ever getting out of the same spot, and advertising with confidence a famous brand of beer; you feel inclined to stop in the middle of the street and look around, and you never get the feeling that you look like a tourist and that everybody is looking at you because most everybody else is a tourist, too.

On 5th Avenue (between 4th and 6th?) there are the shops, the shop-windows, and the shop-shoppers. Artists of all kinds put their abilities together to make the plastic women wearing the most expensive articles of the particular store move as gracefully as the true ones. A real theatre is made out of every shop-window, with costumes, light effects, stories, movement and blocking; but unlike a stage, the background has a name written, like *Sacks*, *Bonuit-Teller* or *Peck & Peck*. It is of course impossible to get in or out of the store and those who are in the street observe with curiosity those who are inside, and *vice versa*.

But the true spirit of Noel is a little taken aback by the sight of hundreds and hundreds of Santa Clauses, selling cars, smoking Umph cigars instead of Schnoopf, drinking beer at the corner of a bar, being massaged by a certain brand of electric instruments, eating here rather than there, asking for money in a little pot every now and then, or simply delivering a constant oh-oh at the door of a department store. How do you want us children to believe in one Santa Claus when there are so many making a living in New York? Certain traditions should be kept apart and preserved from entering the gloomy world of finances in Wall Street, or the fakeworld of advertising on Madison Avenue; can you imagine on Columbus Day a dozen Columbuses singing the jingle of a soap? Or on Veteran's day somebody standing at the corner of 55th and Broadway and saying: "I was a veteran, I still am, I was wounded at Mount Cassino, and I never stopped using schnook for my laundry, even with an electric washing-machine! But use Shnook and be a veteran too!"

Undoubtedly the main attraction of New York is its night activity: restaurants, bars, theatres, movies, night-clubs, strip-teasers (oh-oh as Santa Claus would say), show girls, lights, agitations, drunkards, policemen, tourists, musicals and hundreds of other activities starting when all the children should be in bed, but are pushing and pulling to get to the first row. Nobody can go to New York and stay away from theatre. The Broadway productions are extremely well planned, and the staging is always fantastically elaborated. Not that they will be good all the time, but they will certainly be expensive and done with care and concern. As for the actors, never, in any place in the world, with the possible exception of Paris, can we find so many important names at the same time, place and so easy (?) to see. The prices are expensive and it is difficult to get a seat, but with the aid of

some additional green leaves and a big country smile (I'm not from New York, you know, and I'd love to...) everything is possible. A little bit of an accent, a foreign accent that is, is also of a great help, and your efforts are worth it, for right now, considering movies and theatres, one finds such names advertised as Helen Hayes, Kim Novak, Charles Boyer, John Gielgud, Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston, Claudette Colbert, Rosemary Harris, the Old Vic, Anne Bancroft, Raymond Massey, Christopher Plummer, Elia Kazan, and many many others. The plays of success are, in case you'd go sometime this year: *Two for the Seesaw*, *La Plume de Ma Tante*, *J.B.*, *The Disenchanted*, *The Touch of a Poet*, *The World of Susie Wong*, and the musicals *My Fair Lady* (still), *West Side Story* (still), *Flower Drum Song* and others which my memory doesn't recall. It is fascinating to be able to see all these people together between three walls trying very hard to make you laugh or to make you sad, and succeeding with the help of fabulous scenarios, expert lighting-effects and their extremely good talent. The theatre in New York is its own explanation and certainly one of the things which makes this city the big one.

But there is also the food and drinks. The specialized restaurants, the ones with a nationality, are scattered around, and most of the good ones are between 45th and 60th, though this is not a rule. There are of course the *21*, the *Stork Club*, the one at the top of the Empire State, the *Waldorf*, the *Pierre* and some others but they are expensive and the food is not always in accord with the price you pay for it. Instead, go to little restaurants and you'll be sure of finding a place, paying a reasonable price, and mainly, not obligated to spend as much on the tips as you did for the food. If you like French food you have to go a little far, at the *Fleur de Lys*, on 60th, but it is worth the fifteen cents for bus or subway (who wants a cab?). For Cuban food

WHOLESALE

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one of the good spots is *La Barraca*, though you have the impression that everybody is plotting for or against Castro. For Spanish food in general, and even Brazilian food, there is the *Fornos*, somewhere between 57th and 54th, somewhat hidden in the basement. Italian food is at its best at the *Capri*, and the old tradition of passing by the kitchen is preserved if you ask to go in the back room, less crowded and more intimate. Greek food is on 54th, at the *Hellas*, a nice home-like restaurant where the waiter will tell you what to eat, and what is "no good". However, if you feel like having first-order service, a sophisticated *maitre d'hotel* and excellent food, from all countries, you go to the *Eden Roc Club*, quite expensive but worth your travelling all the way to 42nd, between 3rd and Lexington. As a matter of principles it is useful to be very well acquainted with one region of New York before getting to know the others. It would be ridiculous in one week to see Harlem, Chinatown, the Puerto Rican region, the U.N., Greenwich Village, Broadway, the Museum of Fine Arts and so on. Though we are tourists, there is no point in making a record of things seen. What matters is to know well what you see and not to see a lot that you won't remember and will mix up, vaguely knowing that you were there because you have a snap-shot of yourself holding the lion at the Public Library, or giving a hand to a docker on the port.

After a good dinner, after the theater that you certainly will see, nothing is left but to go to a little bar and drink until the sun rises or your money goes. It wouldn't be of much help to try to enumerate the thousands of little bars in the region of the theatres, but there are some little unknown ones which I went to and are good enough to take a date to, without much trouble. And after all this is what distinguishes a bar from another: the people who go, and the type of conversation you can expect. For the record, here are some names, just in case: *Forty Niner*,

Harold's Show Spot (very good for a before theatre quick glass) and the *Astor Hotel Bar* for a more luxurious place.

The *House of Chan* is not supposed to have very good Chinese food, as the barman Jim told me, but for an appetizer before dinner it's a charming place and the bar is very comfortable. But if you feel like meeting the strange people of New York, or the ones who try to be strange like in most of the Cambridge or Boston coffee houses, your best bet is the *Cafe Bizarre*, in the Village. A sinister atmosphere but beautiful girls are waiting for you: three pearls of the night in dark tights and long hair serve you the most exquisite drinks and also the worst you can have, depending on your luck, because the names of the drinks are far from explaining what's in it. To be on the safe side I had a big mug of coffee, but the gentle opposite sex member who accompanied me had a "Champagne Bizarre" which turned out to be cider with cinnamon. As you can see it's a Cafe to be compared to our own, and it doesn't make much difference whether you go or not if you want to see something peculiar to New York. Later, much later, in the evening, and somewhere in the Village, there is the *College of Complexes*, where you can write whatever you feel like on the blackboards which cover the walls. It's a tiny little place with a few tables and chairs and lots of strange people who need a shave, a clean shirt and a good dinner to look human. But who wants to look human?

This is a very little part of New York, a hundredth of the Big City, and it's quite enough to make you spend a week of vacations. I doubt that anybody can stand more than a week of this life, and New York or no New York, it was a pleasure to get stuck in the Boston traffic again, and to hold the taxi seat firmly while the cab flew across the Harvard Bridge. If you can, go to New York and stay a week. Then come back to reality.

Jean Pierre Frankenhuis



"What sort of a part does Bill have in the play?"

"An emotional part. In the last act he has to refuse a drink."

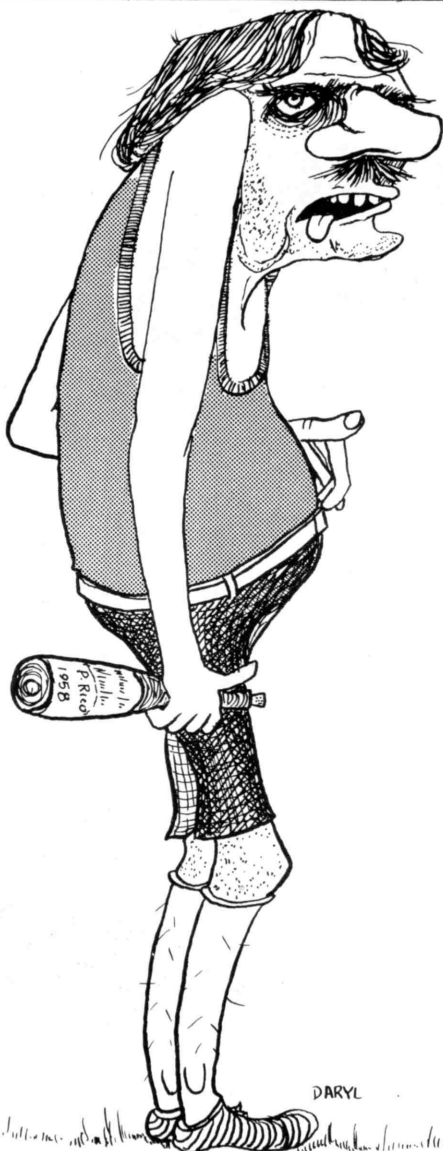


"I was making big money," one prison inmate boasted to another.

"About half an inch too big."



Just heard about the mad scientist who crossed a Parakeet with a Tiger. Doesn't know what he's got, but when it sings, he listens.



Arthur Collins, basking in the Puerto Rican sunshine.

"I learned something about Puerto Rican Rum this summer -- you can get drunk on it."

"I brought the idea back to my friends in East Tulsa, Oklahoma," says Arthur P. "Rum" Collins. "This is a new experience in drinking. There is a rum drink to fit every mood--after a quiz, before that Radcliffe date, or perhaps, just a refreshing partner to that commons meal, yum, yum."

SEND NOW--free rum recipes. Write Rum, c/o P. Casals, S.J. Puerto Rico, New York, New York.

A friend was watching a human fly about to ascend the Empire State Building. The Human Fly bows to the crowd and is about to turn to begin his climb when friend staggers drunkenly through the crowd crying out. "Anything you can do I can do better."

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



A bandage covered Bostonian who lay in a hospital bed, spoke dazedly to his visiting roommate.

"Wh-what happened?"

"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the dorm window and fly around the block."

"Why," screamed the bruised lad, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, hell-I had \$25 on you!"



"Winter draws on," remarked Abner absent-mindedly, as he tucked Maggie into his sleigh for the college sleigh-ride.

"Is that any of your business?" retorted Maggie icily.



Doubtfully the young mother examined the toy. "Isn't this rather complicated for a small child?" she asked.

"It's an educational toy, madam," replied the shop assistant. "It's designed to adjust a child to live in the world of today. Any way he puts it together is wrong."

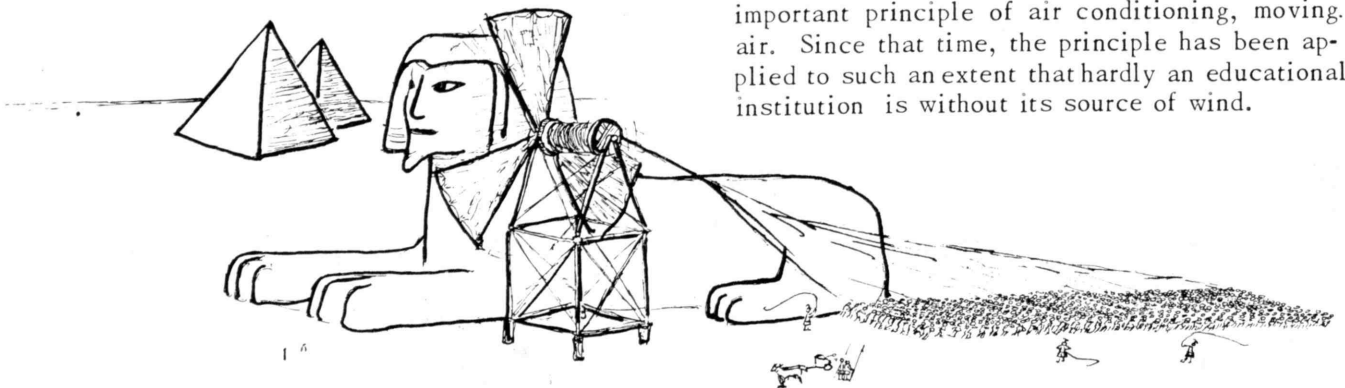
AIR CONDITIONING

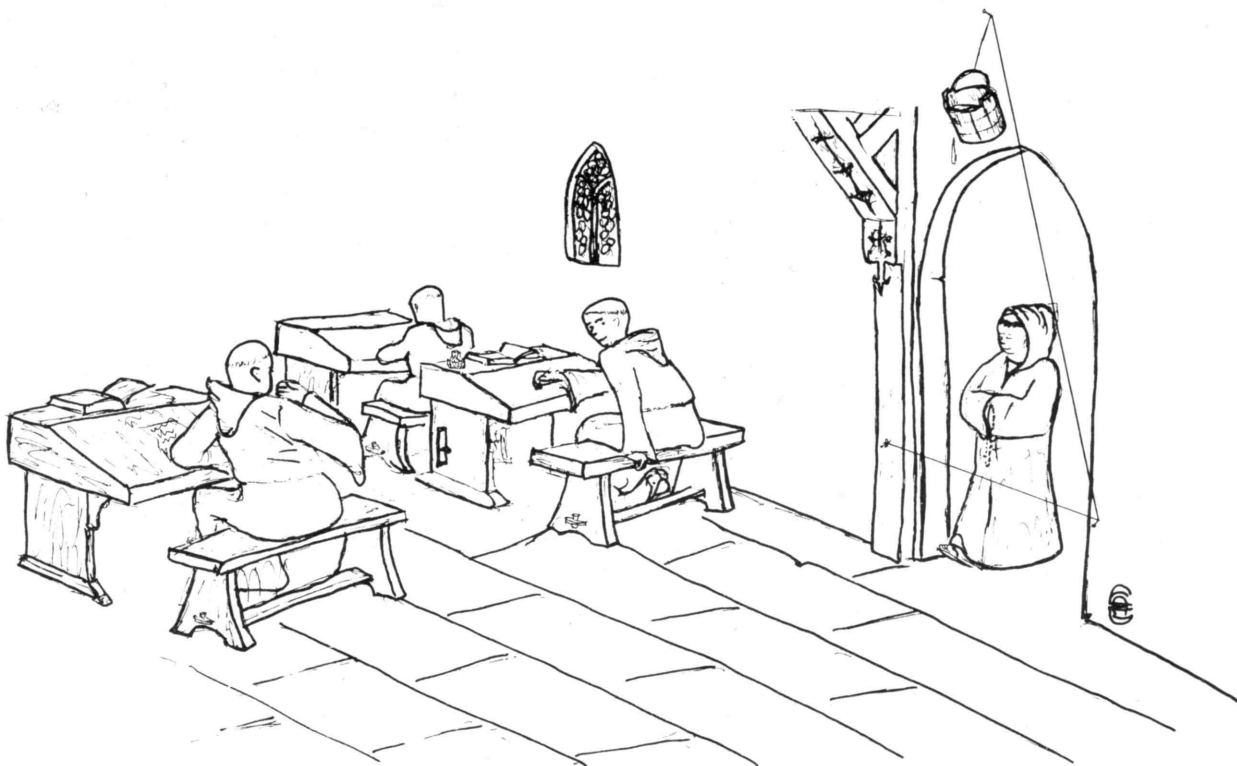
In view of the extremely hot weather in Patagonia, and in view of the fact that the heat is on in the Voo Doo offices, the staff presents this timely feature. We sincerely hope that, with the aid of this pertinent information, both the Patagonians and those closer to home will be able to Beat the Heat.

On a particularly torrid day in 335409 B.C., J. Worthington Ug, having just been stepped upon by a brontosaurus late of the tar pits, attempted to wash the sticky stuff from his hide in the nearest river. He didn't get clean, but, man! like he was cool! This was the first use of one of the most basic air conditioning media, water. Since that time, the use of water in air conditioning has become so important that hardly a home is without some means of water supply.



R'mesh, High Priest of Choh'n in the dynasty of Ans, discovered that the Sphinx occasionally felt feverish. Calling upon the labor of the free, collectivized proletariat of the Union of Egyptian Socialized Republics, he built a mighty engine to cool the statue, making use of the second important principle of air conditioning, moving air. Since that time, the principle has been applied to such an extent that hardly an educational institution is without its source of wind.

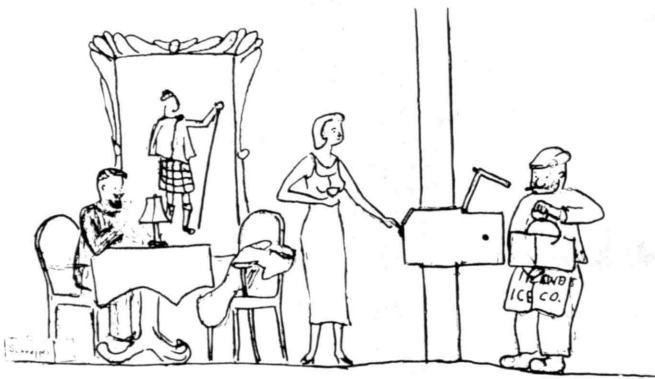




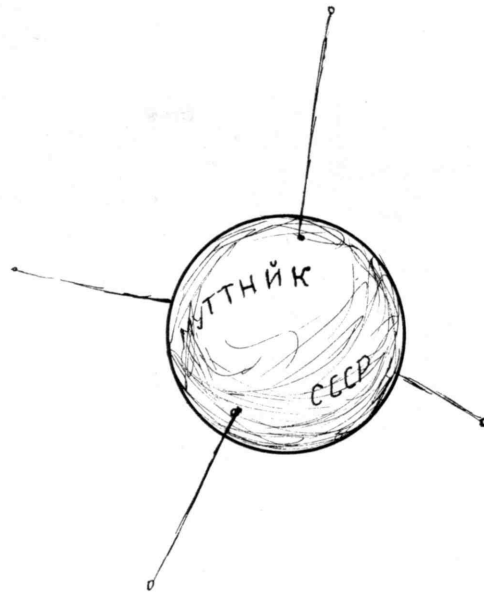
In Mediaeval times, the principles of water and moving air were melded into the principle of evaporation when Ignace Popover, in his way to a festival, fell into a pickle barrel. Undaunted, he continued on his way, but was waylaid by a toothpaste salesman. Three hours later, Ignace was cold, dry, and reeking of vinegar and peppermint, not to mention irium. The same principle was later used by an unknown monk, who was extremely fortunate to remain unknown, as anyone familiar with monasteries will testify.

Since the Renaissance, the story of air conditioning has been the story of dynamic, positive, forward-looking decay. An all-time great step was taken by Georgi Uestinghouse, who, drawing freely upon the work of R'mesh, invented a portable source of moving air. Georgi has since been nicknamed Lefty. Fans now have finger-guards.





Tomorrow's air conditioning will be radical, but with it we will Beat the Heat. Here is a new system, used only for dogs so far.



—a public service by yag and hess

The principles of water, moving air, and evaporation are combined, in today's modern air conditioning units, with a new principle called schweppervescence. This principle was first advanced by Commander Blackhead, who always thinks better over a tall glass of Dramboogie and quinine. As must be obvious, today's air conditioning is far superior to early types, being almost entirely automatic.

Nancy: Oh, look...the bridesmaid.

Annie: So soon?



Two small boys were standing on the corner when a little girl passed by.

Said one: "Her neck's dirty."

Said the other: "Her does?"



Childish scrawl chalked on a New York City wall: "Robert Smith is a Boron Isotope."



A bachelor has no children to speak of.



BEHIND THE HEADLINES

This Month--Cuba

You see, kiddies, it all started not so many years ago in Cuba. Fidel Castro was a student, and he had a hot plate in the dormitories. Now then, the man in charge, Fulgencio Batista, said that that hot plate had to go. Because of this Batista was labeled as a "bad guy." Castro, a "good guy," decided that Batista had to go, and so the great controversy raged: Will Castro's hot plate outlast Batista's hot money?

Castro gathered a small but loyal band of hot plate fanciers, and proceeded to harrass Batista with warfare and propaganda. The marching song of the movement, (named 26 Julio in honor of the 26th of July, as good a name as any, we suppose) became:

Batista is a bad man, everybody knows.

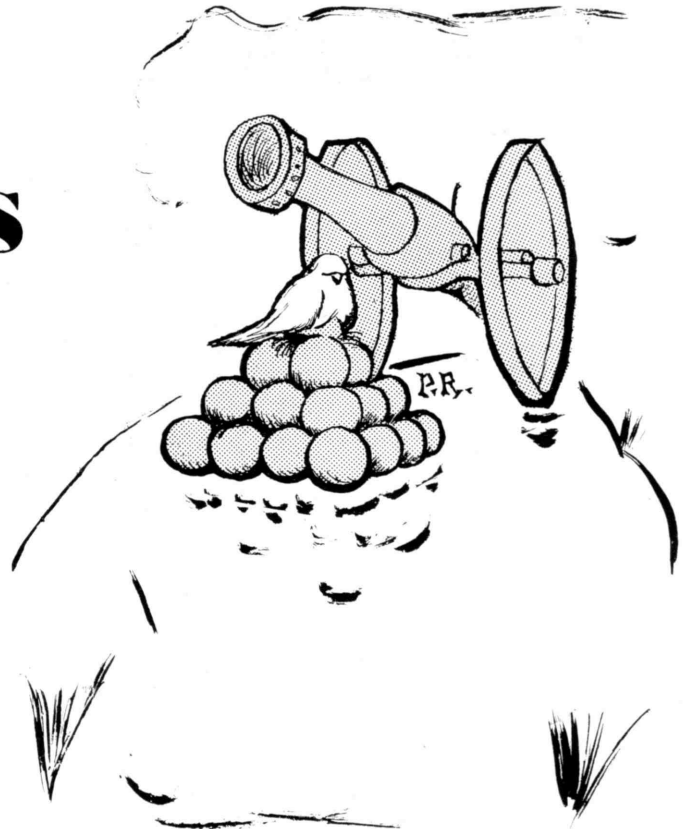
Spent a million pesos just to make those hot plates go.

He's a bad man, that mean old Fulgencio.

Finally, Castro has his hot plate, and Batista has a hot spot. Batista, however, has 600,000,000 dollars. Now, kiddies, just try to tell us with a straight face that virtue triumphs. Just try!



So we won. So it's over.
So now we gotta go to work?



A woman approached the Pearly Gates and spoke to Saint Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of them here, you'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those too, you'll have to have more identification."

"Well, when he died he said that if I were untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel' Smith!"



A scotsman was leaving for a business trip, and as he departed he called back. "Goodbye all, and dinna forget to take off little Donald's glasses when he isn't looking at anything."



The cutest little dog went to school with him every day, but one day they finally separated. The dog graduated.

STEP ON IT

When I was a small boy, my father often took me to New York City on the business trips he made there. We would leave Boston early Friday morning and arrive at the Park Sheraton, where we always stayed, by noon. En route I would break the monotony of the trip by frequent demands that we stop for food or other biological necessities. In general, however, I was quite well behaved---I knew when I had a good thing. Not only was I missing a whole day of the third or the fourth grade, but I was getting to spend a day in New York.

On the first such trip, my father showed me how one could get into any taxi and be taken to any place one remembered the name of. After making sure that I knew the name of the hotel he suggested some places I should go to, and then he left me to my own devices. And so all Friday afternoon and Saturday morning, while my father helped turn the wheels of commerce, I explored the city.

It was probably, all things considered, a rather timid exploration, but it satisfied me. I went to the Planetarium and saw large numbers of stars move around the dome. I went to Radio City and saw large numbers of Rockettes move around the stage. I took a lot of guided tours around the city and around various buildings. But the one place I never failed to visit was the Empire State building. It seemed to me that this was the most important structure in the city. With its commanding view, it was obvious that one didn't need to go to any other place since one could see every other place from there. For years I labored under the impression that the Mayor had his office there and that the federal government was going to move in as soon as the national debt went down enough for them to be able to afford it.

Eventually, I would leave the Empire State building and go back to the hotel where I would meet my father and allow myself to be taken to dinner and a boxing match or a basketball game or even, occasionally, to the theater. Saturday afternoon we would drive back to Boston.



We made these trips about once every six weeks over a period of two years until the nature of my father's business changed, and the trips became unnecessary. There were enough of them, however, so that I became pretty impressed with how cosmopolitan I was (I have always impressed myself easily). And even after the trips to New York were discontinued, I was secure in the knowledge that I knew my way around.

My confidence in my *savoir faire* in general and my knowledge of New York in particular was undiminished several years later when I was thirteen and my father and I made another trip to the city. This time, instead of our paths separating after checking in at the hotel, I went downtown with my father where he introduced me to the twelve-year-old daughter of one of his friends and where he sent the two of us off together.

Because it was a fine spring day we began walking uptown toward Radio City where I had been told to take her. During the course of the conversation I discovered that she had been in the city only once or twice before. I immediately seized the opportunity to discourse (pontificate would almost be the better word) on all the places to go and the things to see. It seemed to me that my words were not going without their in-

tended effect. I marked the almost imperceptible motion closer to me when we faced the danger of crossing a street; I fancied a look of rapt attention spreading over her face. Mentally, I began putting "*roue*" next to "*sophisticate*" in the list of words I kept to describe myself.

I continued cataloguing for her the wonders of the city, inevitably coming to the Empire State Building. In the midst of describing its grandeur, I announced that I would take her there before going to Radio City. She said she'd love to see the Empire State Building, but did I know how to get there? I smiled at her naivete and suavely hailed a passing cab. I could tell that she was not too familiar with taxis and a little awed by them, so I helped her in very solicitously and then put a protective arm around her shoulders.

Then I turned my attention to the driver. "Empire State Building," I said. And just to put the finishing strokes on the picture I had been drawing of my mastery of the city, I added the words: "And step on it!"

The driver turned around and looked at me, then pointed across the street. "Right there, Buddy!" he said. "Right there!"

Since then, whenever anyone mentions New York, I refuse to admit that I've ever heard of the place.

Vic Teplitz

Coed: "What's the matter?
Don't you love me any more?"

Soph: "Sure I do, I'm just
resting."



It's remarkable what some
women can get by with and
still keep their amateur stand-
ing.



He: "Your husband is a
brilliant looking man: I sup-
pose he knows everything."

She: "Don't be silly! He
doesn't suspect a thing."



"I thought I saw you taking
a gentleman to your room last
night, Miss Smith."

"Yeah, that's what I thought
too."



IN MIAMI EVERYONE READS YOO DDOO



THIS SURE IS THE

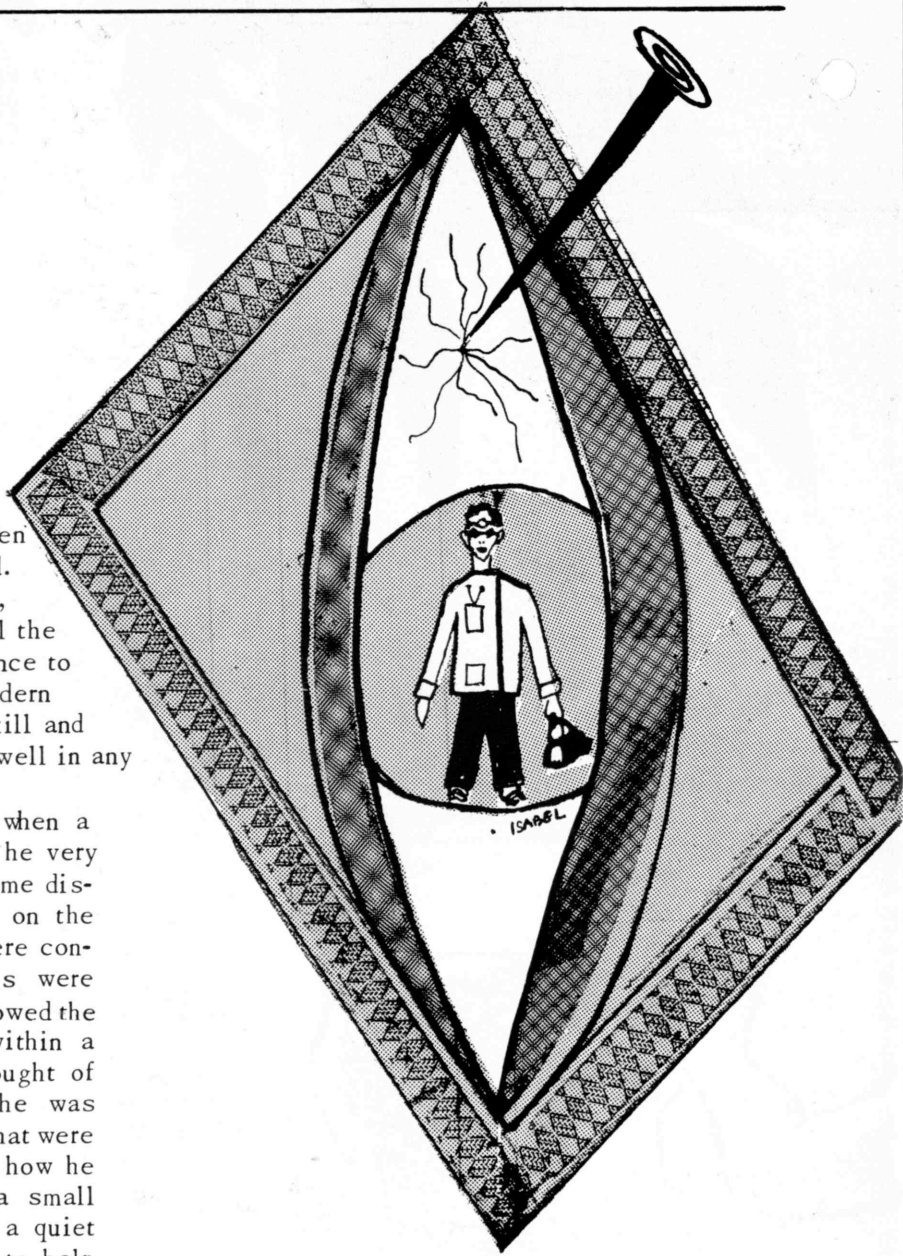
KRASIN—
BEST READING PERIOD YET!

THE

It is sometimes surprising how a person's profession can become interwoven into his personality until both are merged. Such was not the case of Roth M.L. Stein, whose painting had progressed through all the stages of art, from Primitive to Renaissance to Romance to Impressionism and finally Modern (primitive). However, he did retain the skill and dexterity of the masters and could paint well in any style.

He was at the height of his career when a tragedy fell upon him. His wife, whom he very deeply loved, was stricken with a gruesome disease. There was a growth of a tumor on the retina of her eyes. The best doctors were consulted and medications and operations were tried. Some gave temporary relief, or slowed the growth, but it became apparent that within a year his wife would be blind. The thought of this filled him with horror. Because he was quite rich he hunted for possible cures that were untried and still experimental. This is how he came across Dr. Dovenson who had a small clinic in Brooklyn. Dr. Dovenson was a quiet man who had become a doctor in order to help relieve the sufferings of man. Dr. Dovenson had successfully performed a rather delicate and dangerous operation removing a similar growth a few years ago. He consented to try again to save Mrs. Stein's eyes. It was understood that as a result of the operation either Mrs. Stein would be permanently blind or would regain her normal sight. Needless to say the operation was a success.

When Roth M.L. Stein was presented with the bill, he was amazed. The total charge, including two weeks in the hospital with nurses' care and drugs and Dr. Dovenson's fee came to less than \$300. Roth spoke to Dr. Dovenson about the bill. He said that he could afford one hundred times that figure, and that he wanted to enable Dr. Dovenson to continue his work, and to help him



EYE

improve and enlarge his clinic. Dr. Dovenson declined, since his clinic was as large as he could handle and had all the necessary equipment. Any further additions would merely be empire building, which Dr. Dovenson's conscience would not permit.

Inasmuch as the payment in money seemed inadequate in Roth's eyes he offered Dr. Dovenson his most valuable talent--his painting. He proposed to paint a mural, which would cover the wall in the reception room which looked out on one of Brooklyn's busiest streets. This would be a tribute to Dr. Dovenson and all the world would come to see the mural.

The mural attracted considerable publicity. All the leading newspapers in the world carried the story of Dr. Dovenson, his saving of Stein's wife, the dedication of Dr. Dovenson to humanity and how Roth M.L. Stein was donating his time and talents as a tribute to Dr. Dovenson. But the time the unveiling came around the world's interest was aroused. A public celebration was called on the day of the unveiling. Celebrities from all over attended the ceremony. Stein was called upon to make a speech dedicating his painting. He recalled all of Dr. Dovenson's achievements and his dedication to public service. At the

culmination of his speech he removed the drape covering his painting.

The painting showed a giant eye, which covered the entire wall. The eye, which took months to paint was exact in every detail to a human eye. All the people present were awed by the lifelike appearance of the eye. They could see it looking at them, the eye almost had life. In the center of the eye was a full-sized portrait of Dr. Dovenson. The full length portrait just showed Dr. Dovenson standing and looking directly at the viewer. It looked as if Dr. Dovenson could step out of the painting into the room.

After the photographers were finished and the art critics revived, Dr. Dovenson was asked to give his reactions.

He was just about speechless. He expressed his gratitude for the portrait and hoped that it would serve as an inspiration for future doctors. He felt obligated to continue talking but was at a loss for words. After a few seconds hesitation he continued, saying all he could say about the painting itself was that he was very thankful that he was an eye specialist and not an obstetrician.

S. I. Freedman

"Do you realize," said a coed in the Union to a friend across the table, "that you are reading your Voo Doo upside down?"

"Of course I realize it," he snapped.

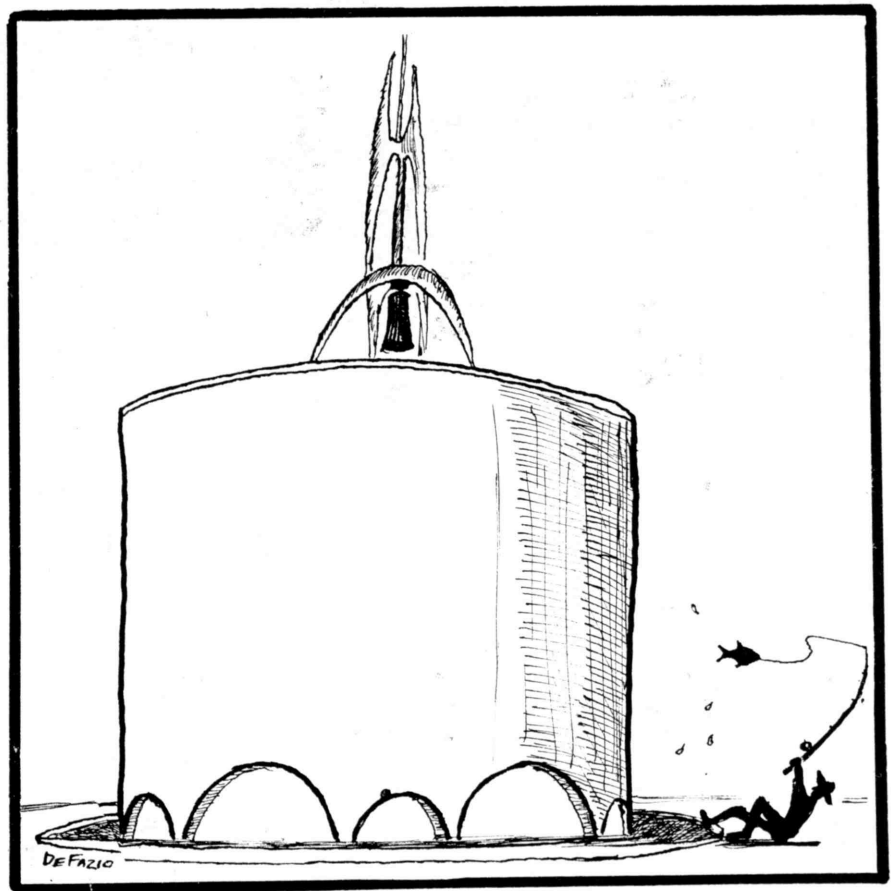


Coroner: "What were your husband's last words?"

New Widow: "He said, 'I don't see how they make a profit on this stuff at a dollar and a quarter a fifth'."



Then there was the Egyptian princess who was laid in a tomb. Now she's a mummy.



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Once upon a time there were three bears. One morning they came down to breakfast and Papa looked at his bowl and cried, "Someone's eaten all my porridge."

Baby Bear looked at his bowl and cried, "Someone's eaten all my porridge."

"Sit down and shut up," said Mamma Bear. "It ain't been poured yet."



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A policeman stopped by a pool in the park. In front of the pool was a sign saying: "Positively No Swimming!"

A man was swimming about so the officer walked to the edge of the pool and shouted: "As soon as you come out of there you're under arrest!"

The man screamed with laughter: "I'm not coming out--I'm committing suicide!"

Passing a door in the wee hours of the morning, a drunk noticed a sign which read, "Ring the bell for the caretaker." He did just that, and a sleepy-eyed man came to the door.

"What do you want?" asked the man.

"I wanna know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself."



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"Goodbye," he shouted with profuse, grateful accents. "Goodbye, George! A wonderful weekend! Thanks a million, too, for the use of your wife. Hottest little necker I ever necked with! Swell time.

When the train began to pull out, all was calm for a mile or so. But the meek little man's curiosity began to work upon him more and more. Finally, he could stand it no longer. He turned to the robust gent who was nonchalantly reading his newspaper, and asked:

"Was that really true, what I heard back there, as the train was leaving?"

The robust gent gave the little one a look and a sniff, waxed confidential:

"Nah!" he said "Nah! She was the lousiest necker I ever smooched with! But George is such a nice guy!...."



As the bra said to the hat, "You go on a head, and I'll give these two a lift."



A southerner was up north during the spring break and was asked about the big Florida rattlesnakes.

"Well now, if they bite on the arm you take a knife, cut across the bite, suck out the poison and spit it out on the ground."

"What if one bites from the rear?"

"Well now, that's when you find out who your friends are."



Mother (To son home from college): What did you father say when you smashed the new car?

Son: Shall I leave out the swear words?

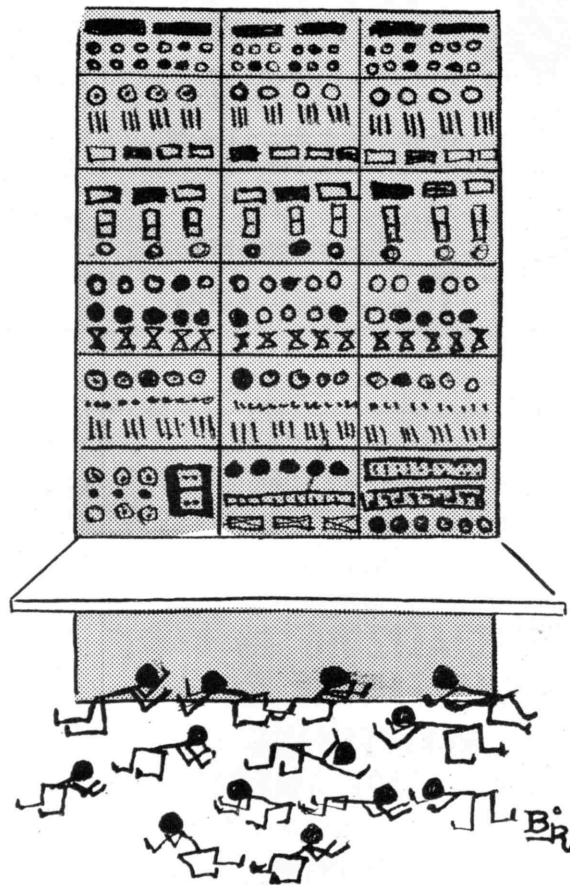
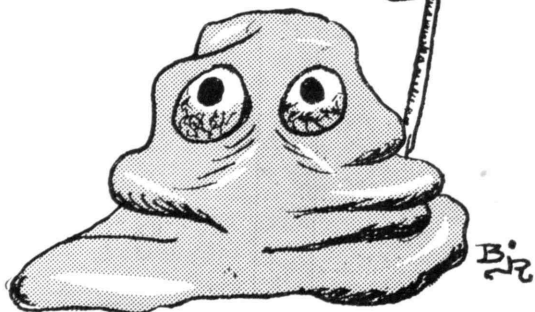
Mother: Yes, of course.

Son: He didn't say a word!

Kid Stuff

*Come quickly!
for Wonderland is being invaded
Invaded by ugly
little creatures
bent on no good
I assure you.
If the barrier
falls they'll get
into Wonderland
and gum up the works
something fierce.
For the ugly
little creatures
are out to
ravage Wonderland,
to leave Wonderland
bereft of all her Wonder.
Come quickly!
for this is no attack on
Never-Never land
(which is impregnable),
there is no Peter Pan here
to take sword in hand
and beat back the invaders
led by the Evil Earl of Erehwon
(and Erehwon is no Utopia).
The ugly
little invaders;
the stealthy,
sly and feverish
ones which exist solely to create
chaos, and cause
mourning sickness.
Come quickly!
before it's too late
and there's nothing left
to say except . . .
gesundheit.*

M.A.P.

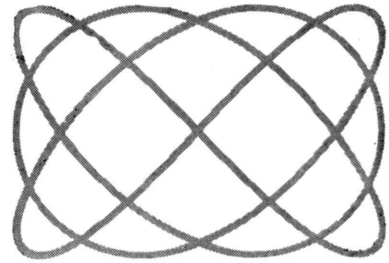


For Norbert

I program computers
(yay, hooray)
in an IBM over all sort of way
I like to program computers
(yay, hooray)
for twice a month I get my pay
computers are nice
(yay, hooray)
and will lead to a zero-hour day
computers will free the slaves
(yay, hooray)
and everyone will have time to play
computers will do everybody's work
(yay, hooray)
except maybe mine...lackaday
-sical will be the world
(yah, hooray)
boy will there be hell to pay

The Prophet

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WE LOSE



ONE FOR THE MONEY AND
TWO FOR THE SHOW;
THREE TO GET READY AND...

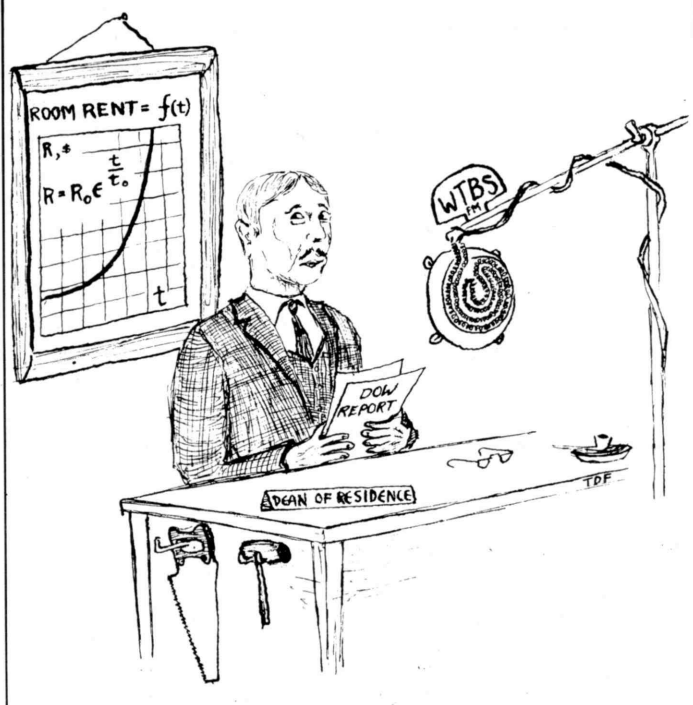
Because the satellites have all been launched from the northern hemisphere, there exists an unbalanced force which has moved the earth out of its heliocentric orbit. Unless the launchings are immediately stopped we will be doomed to a frigid life as an outer asteroid. The mean Temperature of the world has dropped ten degrees centigrade so far. Boston has felt the brunt of it already.

The earth is losing angular momentum because the satellites are sent into a rotating orbit. The consequence of this loss is obvious. The Earth's rotation will be slowed down. This will be followed by a relaxing of the tides, shifting of the continents and the lengthening of the estrus cycle. There will consequently result a diminution of the food supply followed by earthquakes finally culminating in uncontrolled proliferation. All this is attributable to uncertainty.

The presence of organisms in space has already brought havoc upon us. The fleas, flies and flus which were transported into space by the extra-terrestrial vehicles, and their occupants, have been subject to excessive cosmic radiation. The resulting mutated offspring are presently waiting in the Steve Allen belts surrounding Earth. As soon as man steps off our planet he will be immediately devoured by the waiting Purple People Eaters.

The current hula hoop fad will not accomplish its vital mission. In deference to popular opinion the hula hoop was introduced by two parapsychologists from Michuganer U. Sponsorship was by the Air Farce Academy of Space Medicine. The goal was to regain America's position in the eyes of the science-worshipping populace. Recent rocket launchings showed that the most effective way to combat the adverse reactions to weightlessness is to rotate the lower sciatic lumbar region at a moderate rate. Motivating hula hooping was the necessity to have trained people for space travel. The scheme came to a crashing halt when it was discovered that extensive libation at intermediate frequencies leads to pear-shaped individuals. Oh well, we tried.

... and I believe we have now stamped out
all Hot Plates.



The inexperienced instructor confronted a hostile group of college students his first day on the job. He thought he would put them in their places by showing up their ignorance. He asked one foggy-minded looking student to define the word "Alabaster."

"The student scratched his head and then he admitted:

"I'm not downright sure, but it might be an illegitimate Mohammedan!"



A bop band was booked down in Louisiana and one morning two of the musicians went fishing in the swamps. They were standing in slimy water hip-high when one of them said, "Hey, man, an alligator just bit off my leg!" The other musician asked, "Which one?" The first musician said, "How do I know which one, all these alligators look alike."

GOOD UNTIL FEB. 19, 1959



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Two men were working on the White House lawn, each supplied with a small push cart upon which was a garbage can. They walked about picking up papers with a long spear. One spied a piece of toilet paper and started to spear it, when suddenly a gust of wind came up and blew the paper into the White House through an open window.

The man became frantic and rushed into the building. He returned shortly and said: "I was too late. He had already signed it."

A candidate for advanced R.O.T.C. was taking his qualification tests when he impressed the examiner as being a "bit peculiar," so he asked him a few questions. "What do you want to do most?"

"I wanna shoot the enemy."

"And what do you want to do next?"

"I wanna make sling-shots to shoot the enemy with."

"And what is your third greatest desire?"

"I wanna steal little girls' bloomers!"

Now the examiner thought he had him, "That's what I thought," he said to himself, "this guy is a bit strange" so he said, "And why do you want to steal little girls' bloomers?"

"So I can take the elastic out of 'em, make more sling shots, and shoot more of the enemy!"



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Diplomat: A coed who tells her boyfriend to go to hell and says it in such a nice way he wants to get a head start!



The new method of catching elephants requires a piece of paper, a milk bottle, a pair of tweezers, and binoculars. Go to elephant country, find a pool of water and write on the paper: "For Elphants." When the first elephants come up to drink, they will see that their name is spelled wrong and start laughing. When the other elephants hear them laughing they will come up to see what they are laughing about.

At that point you look at the elephants through the wrong end of the binoculars. The elephants look so small that you pick them up with tweezers and put them in the milk bottle.



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Folk Music

Cafe

Y
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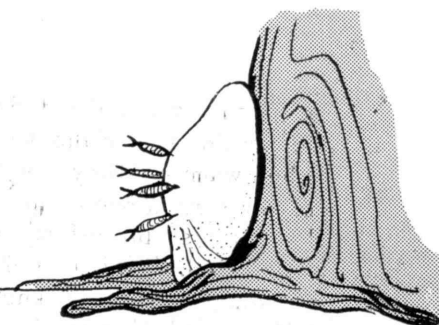
Coffee House

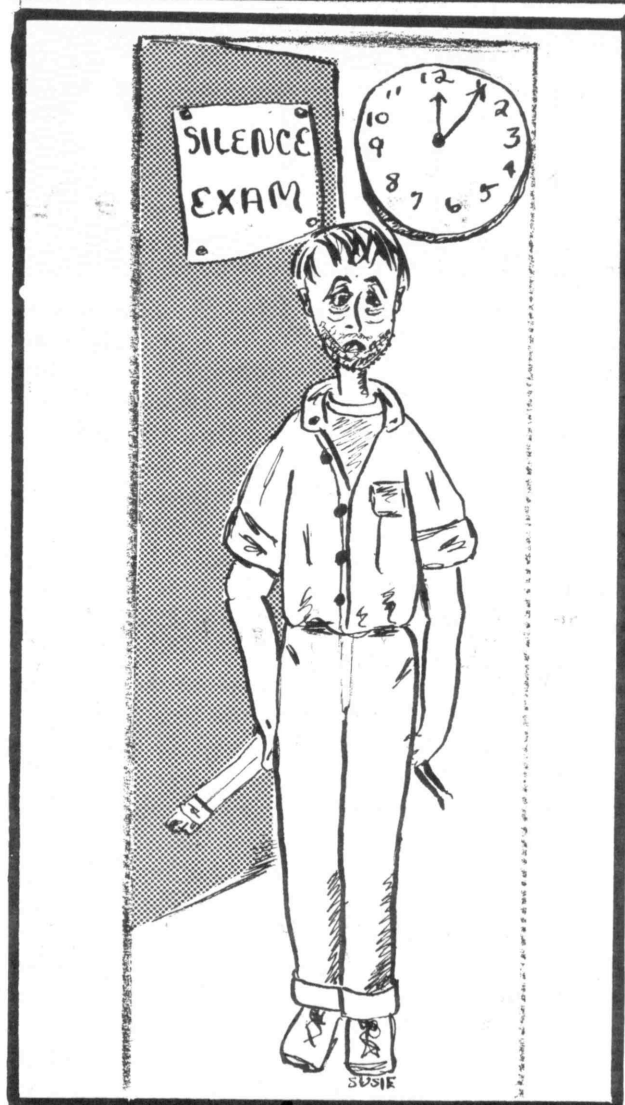
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Opposite Kenmore Theater

The college boy driving the sports car. . . he stuck out his hand and ruptured a cop!





College man to coed date in strapless gown:
All evening you've been asking me, "How do
you like my dress? How do you like my dress?"
Now, let's drop the subject!



Bachelor: A college man who can get into
bed from either side!



"Do you mean to tell me," said the judge,
"that you murdered your own grandmother for a
paltry three dollars?"

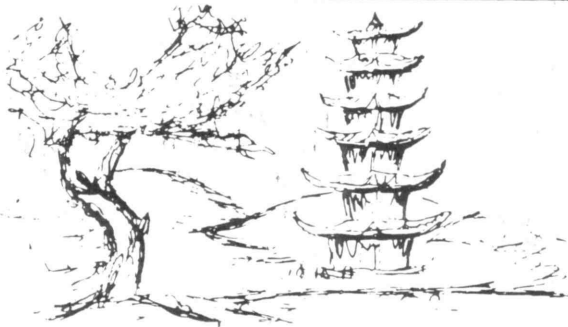
"Well, judge, you know how it is. Three bucks
here, three bucks there--it adds up."

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HIGH FUTILITY

So you dislike Hi-Fi? You think that all its proponents are half-deaf maniacs who delight in torturing their next-door neighbors with 100 decibels of Earthquakes, Cannons, and the recorded clatter created by the MTA at Kendall Square? You say you have tin ears? Well, here are some helpful suggestions on how you can silence that decibellowing friend of yours.....

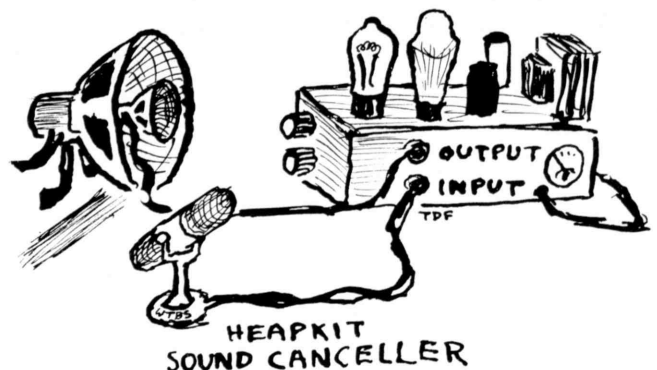
Your first idea upon being awakened at 4 a.m. to the strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" played on diatonically tuned oil drums by Lord Aorta and his Vena Cavas, is to rush into this fellow's room, and totally demolish his setup.



This approach is hardly a solution; he is sure to rebuild it. You must try a more subtle approach, and slowly, but surely drive the fellow sane. First, try rigging up a vacuum cleaner to blow dust into his room. This will make it quite difficult to keep his records meticulously clean; in East Campus, dust-blowing is unnecessary.

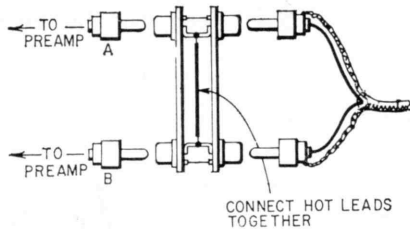
The next step is to obtain an AC generator. Carefully disconnect his room from the power lines, and connect your own power source. Now, quite deliberately, while he is listening intently to the faithful 29,000 cycle tone on the new test record he's just bought, vary the line frequency. This will cause an annoying wow in his recording; you will find that you can, by varying the line frequency carefully, play a tune..... try "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

If he is not really dedicated fan, he will give up. If, however, he is really rabid, the preceding maneuver will only cause him to immediately buy a new turntable. The third step may prove difficult, but worthwhile. Ascertain the wattage of his amplifier, and build a sound canceller. This, as the diagram shows, is a device which picks up his sound, and rebroadcasts it exactly



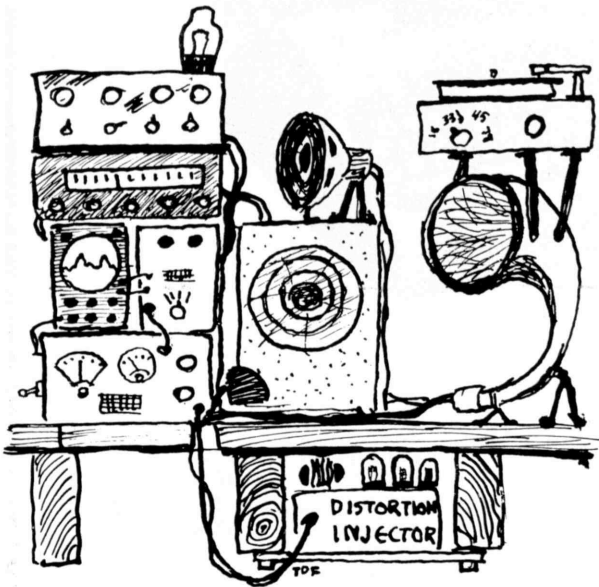
180° out of phase. No matter how high he turns his super-ear-corrected Loudness control, he will hear nothing. In fact, he will not even be able to hear his own voice. Sooner or later he will try a more powerful amplifier, which means that you will have to build a more powerful canceller, whereupon he will buy a more powerful amp.....but this could go on forever.

At this point, we shall suggest a potent cure for that Stereophile variety of Hi-Fi bug. Remember how, not so long ago, he dragged you in to listen to his marvelous imported two-channel Lautschreier Stereo rig? And did you perceive the gleam in his eye as he pointed out which instruments were on the right, the left, and in the middle? The solution to his mania is found in the diagram; this device, inserted inconspicuously between the preamps and the



amplifiers, mixes the two channels. Somehow, all the instruments now seem to come from the middle channel. You always told him that Stereo is a hoax!

Another gradual step can be used for both Stereo and Monophiles; Obtain access to the wire which runs from the amplifier to the speakercut as shown, and insert the patented "Schrecklichkeit Distortion Injector." Now, by remote control, you can slowly increase the dis-



tortion emanating from his speaker system. If he does not notice anything when you reach 100% distortion, you might as well give up; he is truly stone deaf, and derives his delight solely from watching the walls rattle.

The final step, if all else fails, and if, instead of being deaf, he notices distortion and replaces his whole rig, is to hire the Boston Symphony, Munch and all, to play outside his window. You disconnect his equipment somewhere, and instruct Dr. Munch to play whatever piece is supposed to be playing on the turntable.



The poor High Fidelity bug, hearing live music for the first time, and thinking that his equipment is producing it, is appalled by the lack of realism. He sells his equipment to buy the necessary paraphernalia for his new hobby: digging holes in the floor with his marvelous new jackhammer.



Bob Hirschfeld

Silence.

More silence.

Strained silence.

He: "Aren't the walls unusually perpendicular this evening?"



She: Do you know what they're saying about me?

He: Yeah, that's why I came over.



Lou: I'm going to a giraffe party.

Tootsie: What is a giraffe party?

Lou: All neck and little tail.

"Here's where I cut a good figure," said the college girl, as she sat on a broken beer bottle."



"May I have another cookie?"

"Another cookie what?"

"Another cookie, please."

"Please who?"

"Please, mother."

"Please mother what?"

"Please, mother dear."

"Hell, no, you've had six already."



Beta: I took her to a show, bought her dinner, and then went to a night club. Then you know what she said?

Delt: No.

Beta: Oh, then you've dated her too, huh?

The new mother of triplets was gushing. "And to think, it only happens once in every 185,875 times!" "That's wonderful," agreed her friend, "But when do you find time to do your housework "



He: Boy, this is heaven.

She: Yeah, but I'm not your harp.



Some day a girl may find a man who won't try to take advantage of her--but the tombstone will probably be too heavy to lift.

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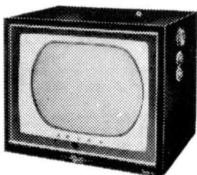
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13th to 20th prizes

Complete outfit—suit, sport coat, two pairs of slacks . . . superbly styled from fine materials, with the hand-tailored touches that count.

16 HAMILTON ELECTRIC WRIST WATCHES 21st to 36th prizes

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Featherweight, 1 ounce. Patented moisture trap—smokes bone dry. Finest imported Briar.

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EDGEWORTH READY-RUBBED in the famous pouch of blue. Cool, slow burning white burleys! HOLIDAY PIPE MIXTURE—A blend of 5 great tobaccos with a flavor men relish and an aroma that women welcome, too. EDGEWORTH EXECUTIVE MIXTURE—Most luxurious tobacco you can smoke! No added aromatics. Also EDGEWORTH JR. . . . HI PLANE . . . EDGEWORTH SLICED



LADIES INVITED!

Yes, ladies, this is a contest for you, too. You'll have many reasons why men like pipe smoking more than ever. Win yourself a Thunderbird or one of the many wonderful prizes.

CONTEST RULES

1. Simply complete this statement in 25 words or less: "It's pipe smoking time all over America because . . ." Write your entry on an official entry blank or one side only of any sheet of plain paper. Be sure to print your name and address plainly on your entry. You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by either an empty pocket size pouch, or the printed insert from medium or large size tin of any one of these six pipe tobaccos: EDGEWORTH READY-RUBBED, EXECUTIVE MIXTURE, EDGEWORTH SLICED, HOLIDAY PIPE MIXTURE, EDGEWORTH JR., OR HI PLANE.
2. Mail your entry to:
Edgeworth Contest
P. O. Box 82-C
Mount Vernon 10, New York

Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1959. Be sure to use sufficient postage.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States, its territories and

possessions may enter except employees of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., and its advertising agencies and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and be submitted in the contestant's own name.

4. Prizes, as listed in the contest announcement, will be awarded to the best entries judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, sincerity and appropriateness. Duplicate prizes in the event of ties. Decision of the judges is final. Only one prize will be awarded in any one family.

5. All entries become the property of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., to use as it sees fit and none will be acknowledged or returned. Winners will be notified by mail. Full list of winners will be sent approximately six weeks after close of contest to anyone enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope with entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

(Use plain paper if desired)

MAIL TO: Edgeworth Contest
P. O. Box 82-C
Mount Vernon 10, New York

Send with each entry an empty pocket size pouch, or the printed insert from inside a medium or large size tin of any of these 6 fine pipe tobaccos: EDGEWORTH READY-RUBBED, EDGEWORTH EXECUTIVE MIXTURE, EDGEWORTH SLICED, HOLIDAY PIPE MIXTURE, EDGEWORTH JR., OR HI PLANE. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight March 31, 1959.

Print Your Name _____

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ENTER AS MANY TIMES AS YOU LIKE! GET MORE ENTRY BLANKS AT YOUR DEALER'S.

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less

"It's pipe smoking time all over America

because _____

The Gospel According to Saint Joe

Translated out of the Original Greek and with the Former Translations diligently compared
and revised by Special Command

Verily, I say unto you, marry not an engineer for the engineer is a strange being, possessed of many devils; yea, he speaketh eternally in parables which he calleth "formulas", and he hath but one Bible,—a handbook.

He talketh always of stresses and strains, and without end of thermodynamics. He sheweth always a serious aspect and seemeth not to know how to smile; and he picketh his seat in the car by the springs therein and not by the damsel beside him; neither does he know a waterfall save for its power, nor the sunset except for her absorption spectrum.

Always he carrieth his slide rule with him and he entertaineth his maiden with steam tables. Verily, though his damsel expecteth chocolates, when he calleth he brings samples of iron.

Yea, he holdeth his damsel's hand, but only to measure the heat content thereof, and kisses but to test the viscosity. In his eyes shineth a faraway look which is neither love nor longing—but a vain attempt to recall a formula.

There is but one key to his heart, and that is the Tau Beta Pi key; and one love letter for which he yearneth and that an "H"; and when to his damsel he writeth of love and signeth with crosses, take not these symbols for kisses but rather for unknown quantities.

Even as a youth, he pulleth a girl's hair to test its elasticity, but as a man he discovered different devices; for he would count the vibrations of her heartstrings and reckons her strength of materials; for he seeketh ever to pursue scientific investigations, and inscribeth his passion in a formula; and his marriage is an equation involving two unknowns and yielding diverse answers.