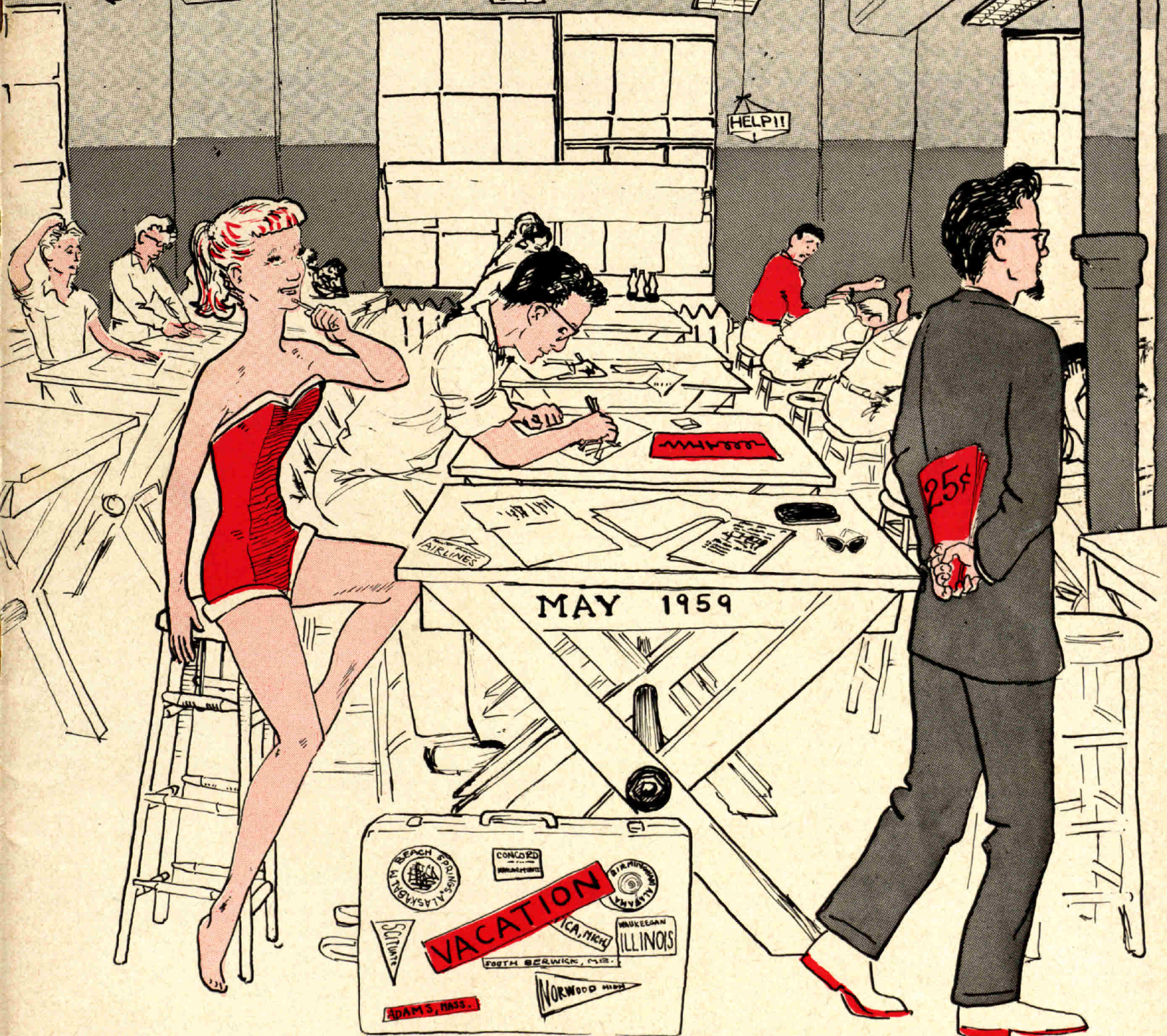
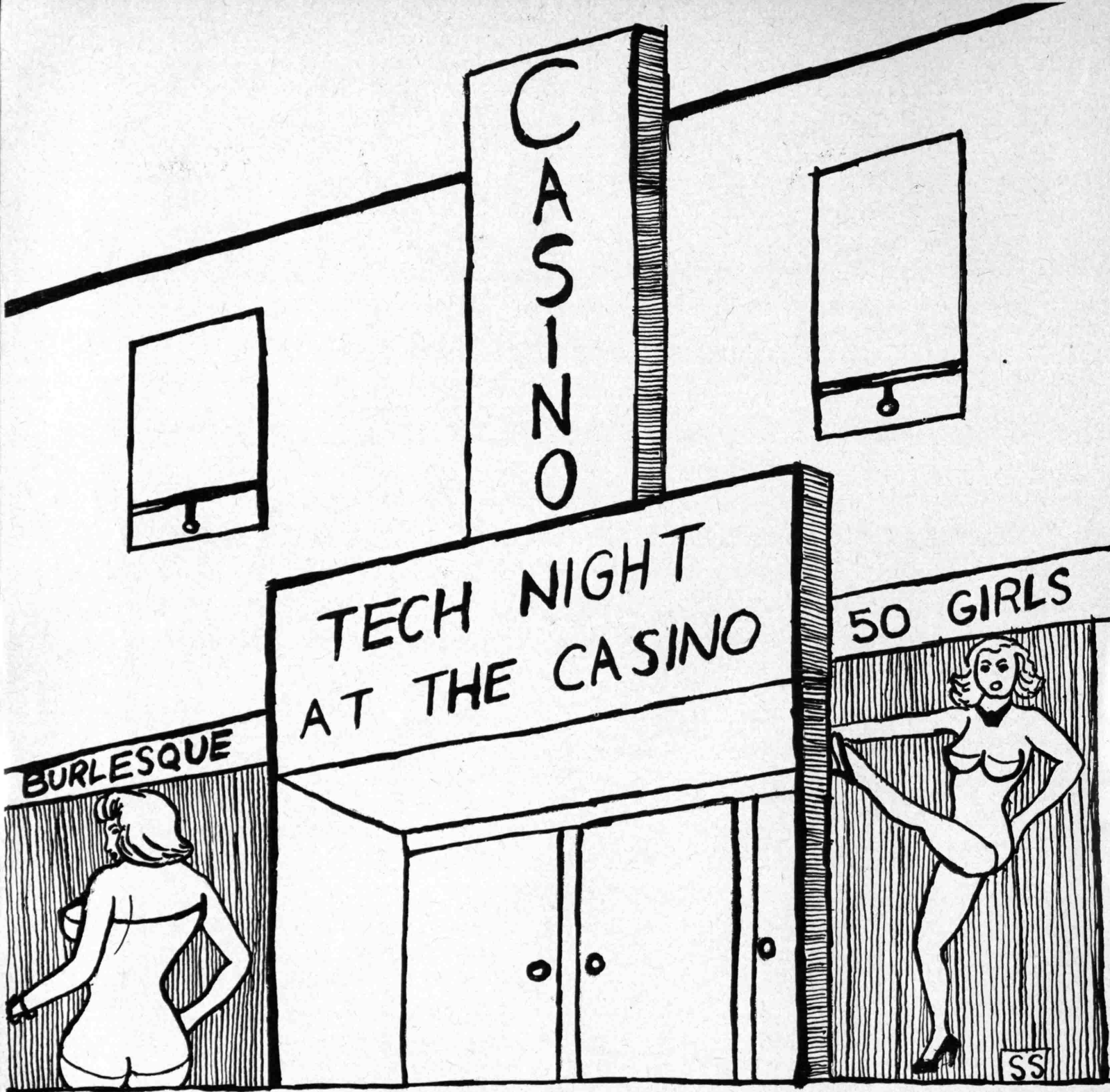


WOODDOO



LET'S SEE HOW FAST WE CAN GET AWAY ISSUE ➡



Call APO
for TICKETS

THIS COUPON

Worth (50¢) Towards

TECH NIGHT at the CASINO

Tim Hart
General Manager

Charlie Porter
Managing Editor

Chris Sprague
Editor

Paul Rubenstein Dave Stein
Art Editor Joke Editor
Ernest Gudath Marsh Greenspan
Features Editor Make-Up Editor

Jack Kerber Ken Kotovsky
Sales Manager Publicity Manager

Rich Salant Mike Leis
Ad Mgr. Subscription Manager

Ira Jaffee Steve Waltman
Circulation Manager Treasurer

Stan Rosenblum Don Silverman
Office Manager Editorial Consultant

ART

Steve Tafien
George Luedeke
Dick Krasin
Bill Seaman
Selig Saltzman

FEATURES

Thomas DeFazio
Bob Hirschfeld
Bob Rose
Edwin L. Pragma
Don Dilworth

MAKEOUT

All the nice Lesleyans
Marlene

SALES

Don Tanaka
Ron Agronin
Jim Poitras
Bill Klinebecker
Walt Colby
Deloss Browne
Neil Doppet
Mike Reid
Lenny Rubinstein
Pete Swick
Chet Riley
Jim Snyder
Bob Shildkraut
Tony Caserta
Jay Slavitz
Hank Schleinitz
Al Cameron
Bob Brady
Bob Miller
Ruric Hallaby
John Rollwagen
Ray Laub
Will Taylor
Carl Fredrichson

PROCUREMENT

Fagan
Howie Kessler

LITERARY

Jerry Kaiz
Jean Pierre Frankenhuis
Jerry Smith
Greg B. Gabbard
Jose Lestychenko
D.C.L. S.A.L.
D.R.S. J.G.H.

JOKE

Phil Schmidt
Arnie Falick

PUBLICITY

Larry Schmer
Rex Thompson
Jim Dodson
Ron Stegen
Gary Goodman
Steve Flaker
Steve Bliss
John Hansan
George (take it slow)
Judy A.
Ellen D.

SUBSCRIPTION

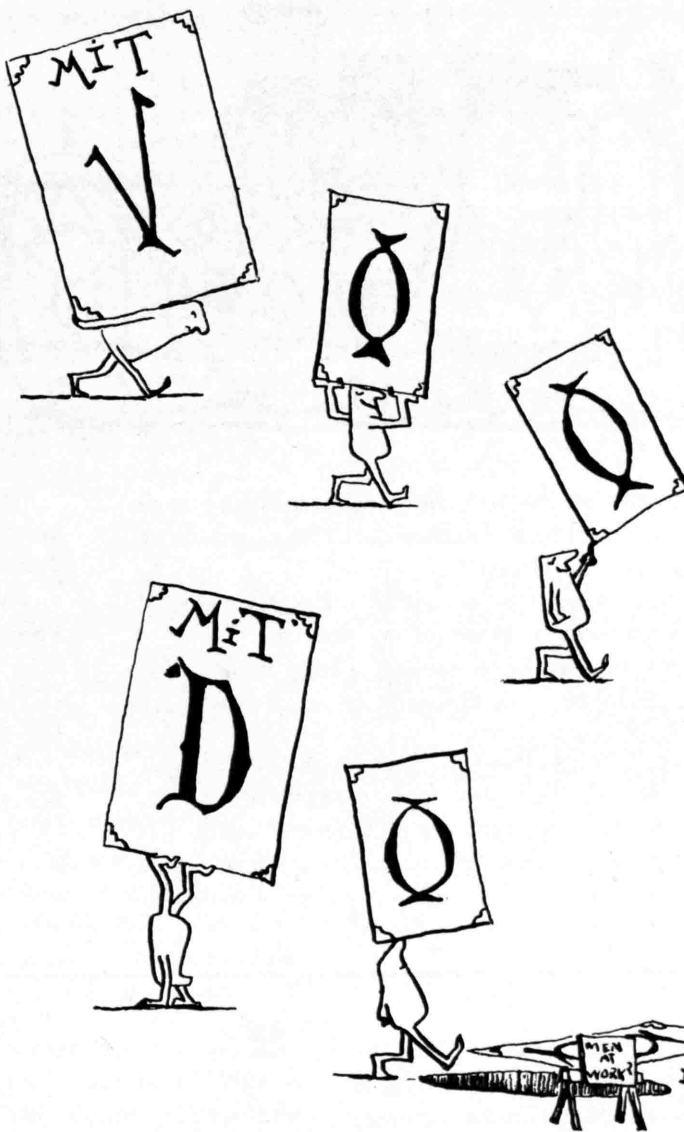
Karl Josephy
Bill Levine
Sue
GoD
Joycie
CCC

TREASURY

John Castle
Ed H. Linde
Sheldon Razin

ADVERTISING

GC and FC
Joan
Sam Forshtearress
Rex Marshall
Anita
Steve Tafien



VOL. 42 NO. 8

MAY, 1959

Established ?

CIRCULATION

Dr. William Harvey
Tom Morgenstein
Al Loss
Bunny Fishman
Gigi Wilson
Marsie

WHOOFGAROO

Mel Snyder
Bill Alexander
Bernie Wuensch
Stu Brody
Dave Weisberg
George Whiteman
Larry Laben

OFFICE CATS

Phos
Al Gasser
in memoriam

BUSINESS ASSOCIATE

Lane Brandenburg
Ira Leff
Robert Jay Tove



KITTENS

Rita
Gail
Alice
Marge
Marla

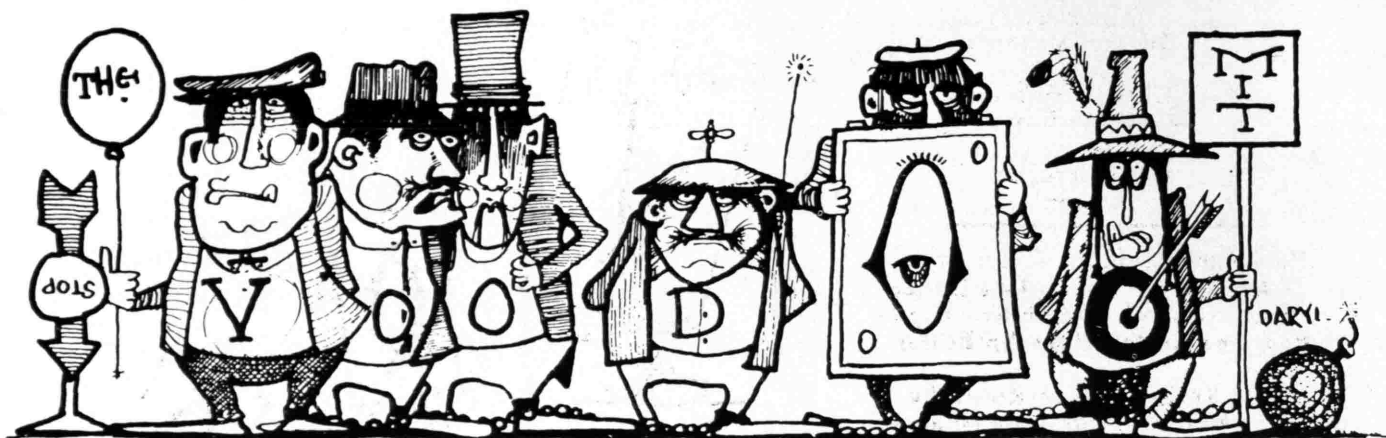
EL 4 9597

Joyce L.
Nurd?
Judy W.
Ann K.
Freddy H.
Sally Silver
Elaine W.

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

Copyright, 1959 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 Paga Paga. Published May 22, 1959, May Copy Inserted. Published 8 Times a Year.

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



Phos was on the window-ledge, mourning some lost love. I almost screamed, "Phos, put down that scotch and listen!"

"Okay, okay, I'm not deaf. I'm listening." He took another swallow of my scotch.

"Phos, you've been around a long time. Tell me, is there any consistency in what the Insti-does?"

"Sure," said Phos, "just look at tuition. Every two years, just like clockwork, up it goes. Now, room rent is a different story. It always goes up, but you never know when. You just know it's going up sometime—sometime sooner than you expect. most likely."

"But remember," I objected, "they weren't very consistent when they griped about *Voo Doo* sales at open house."

Phos smiled. "That's a different kind of consistency. They consistently try to ignore *Voo Doo*, but sometimes they can't. They seem to think that Tech students are capable of reading *Voo Doo* but the public isn't."

"It's a rotten world," I said, reaching for the scotch.

"Enough to drive a man to drink," said Phos, as he skipped away and killed the bottle.

C.R.S.

Overjoyed to hear that the outdoor life is not defunct at M.I.T. An out-of-season hunter decided to practice by smithereening a spotlight on top of one of the buildings. His second shot went a bit wild smashing a well-known professor's new plate-glass window.

The Tech wrote a scathing, angry, bitter, biting, poorly written editorial about the sinfulness of stealing their newspaper from their stands. Well, we think they should feel flattered. Don't they realize that hundreds of students are suffering the qualms of guilty consciences and censure by their comrades only because they think so highly of *The Tech* that money, filthy, dirty lucre, is an insult to this *New York Times* of the engineering schools?

Here it is again, gang! Reader response was overwhelming! Hundreds begged us, pleaded with us, not to do it again. But we are heartless, cruel, sadistic! Hold on to your tweetters and woofers and frams, for the record-title game is on the air.

Bobby Darin took his girl to the pool. One thing led to another. "Please, *Judy, Don't Be Moody.*" But she didn't listen, the pool was there, and, well, *Splish, Splash.*

Pat Boone told us that *For a Penny* he would sing *The Wang Dang Taffy Apple Tango.* We gave him a smile of pity instead.

Frankie Avalon told *Venus*, "*I'm Broke.*"

There is still hope for you acquaintance-dance villains, for the Everly Brothers are

Devoted to You, Bird Dog.

David Seville evidently decided to pronounce judgement on one of his own songs *Alvin's Harmonica is Mediocre.*

And poor Thomas Wayne had a *Saturday Date—Tragedy!*

Two world-shaking events have shook the world. Seniors have realized that time is running out on their theses; and daylight saving time has embarrassed the subway which always seems to operate on standard time. In some sequestered lab in some sequestered part of M.I.T., a senior was haggardly toiling through the night on his thesis. Unfortunately, this had to be the night daylight saving time went into effect. Taking a break he went into the corridor to catch some fresh air and

some water at the fountain. Looking at his watch he saw five o'clock while the corridor clock read six o'clock. "Boy is this school hard. Not only do they give you twenty-four hours of work a day, but they give you only twenty-three hours to do it in."

Ah! Well! Friction between the scientists and the humanists is destined to continue. A recent speaker at a humanities colloquium philosophized, "All scientists are basically wrong. As a matter of fact, the more wrong they are, the better scientists they make." Sour grapes! Sour grapes!

Most students find physics difficult because they cannot picture the concepts, cannot relate new situations to familiar ones; however, a good instructor can alleviate this difficulty by conjuring analogies between less familiar material and more familiar experiences. Professor Kraushaar was momentarily stumped when one of his freshmen asked him to explain compression wavefronts. Realizing the student probably found difficulty in visualizing the wavefronts, Professor Kraushaar asked, "Well, have you ever seen the Rockettes? Then imagine them on the Little Theatre stage."

Miscellaneous Plaidchild, mother of the illustrious and the late Albert B. Gasser, suffered an untimely death at the hands of a two-hundred pound Great Dane. Sympathy cards addressed to the *Voo Doo* office will be forwarded to her nearest relatives.

Herb Thaler sent us part of a post card from his draft board; the other part contained his 2-S deferment. What attracted his attention was a practical joke played by his board. Instead of the three-cent stamp we commoners must use, there was the cancellation stamp prominently and incongruously displaying, "Pray for Peace." This Mr. Thaler is doing.

Nobody is perfect. Even scientists will concede this. So there is no point in a chemistry instructor continually explaining the inadequacies of Bohr's model of the atom. Of course, he concedes the chemists are not doing any better than the physicists in correcting than the physicists in correcting its deficiencies, "But the chemists haven't been idly sitting around," he concluded. "They've been criticizing the physicists."

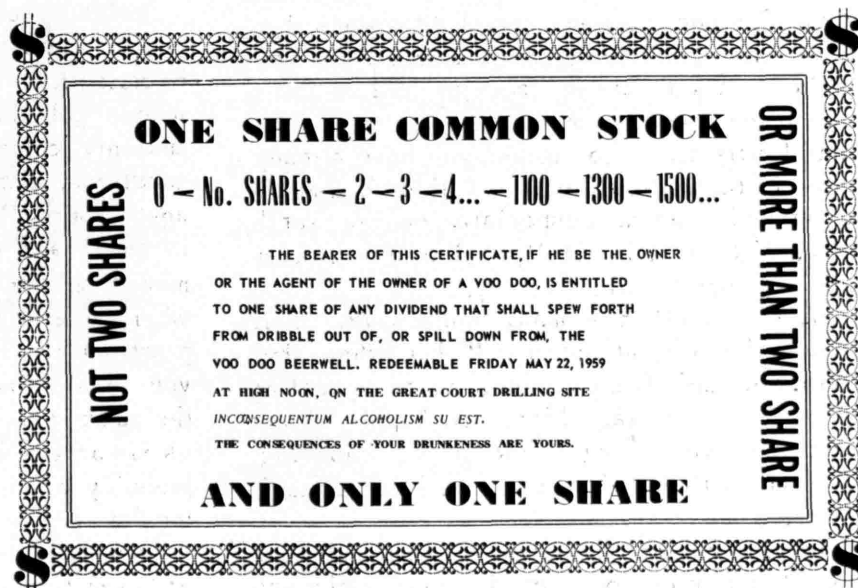
Our office was draped in funeral black the other day. A former Board member tearfully told us that he had ac-

cepted employment with the *New York Times*, not because he wanted to, but because "they pay better than *Voo Doo*." Crocodiles, anyone?

Walking through Harvard Yard the other day our curiosity was aroused so we accosted this something and asked, "Pardon me. Do you go to Harvard or Radcliffe?"

An ex-Senior Board member met Professor Wiener in the hall the other day. The Professor inquired as to the whereabouts of Room 6-120. Receiving an answer Professor Wiener then asked in which direction he had come from before he stopped to ask directions. "Building 10." the Ex answered. "Oh!" the Professor exclaimed. "That means I've had lunch already."

In *Rogue* magazine there was a reference to Professor Norbert Wiener of the Minnesota Institute of Technology (M.I.T.). The price for fame?





DOING THE TOWN

A Guide to Various Houses

With exams completed and a few days left until commencing the voyage home, you will want to capture as much of the Boston social life as you can—for this may be your last year, even if you are not a senior. Then again, you may plan to remain in Boston for the summer because that job did not come through so you might as well go to summer school. Boston, however, offers, with the start of the Art Festival on the Common, so many social diversions that, whether in a few days or a few months, you cannot hope ever to see or to enjoy half of them; in fact you would do well to concentrate on one kind of attraction. So, unless you have already tasted of their pleasures, the various houses in and around Boston, especially on the North Shore, will enthusiastically welcome your company and your "tourist" money.

Boston itself has many houses of, shall we say, "historical interest," but when the weather warms, Boston wanes as an appealing place to be. Any taxi driver will happily direct you or take you to any house of your choosing, and some will probably recommend one of their favorites.

The North Shore, however, with its multitude of sandy and rocky beaches, its many parks and lakes, offers the most for your time. It extends from Revere (some consider its southern terminus

as Winthrop) to Gloucester-Rockport (some consider its northern terminus as the Massachusetts-New Hampshire border). It encompasses such famous cities as Salem, Beverly, Marblehead, Gloucester, Rockport, Essex, Manchester, and Peabody (which I mention only because it is my home town). Every one of them has houses you need not fear to enter, and some have been immortalized in literature.

Salem offers the most. Its *Witch House* is simply fantastic: it is not worth patronizing. Recruits from the local high school, dressed in quaint colonial costumes, do the honors. A matronly colonial is available to answer any questions, dispense souvenirs, and help you in any "tourist" difficulties. The house itself is small and rather nondescript. It has been moved so many times that now it stands nowhere near its original location. Located practically in the center of the business district you should find no trouble locating it. During the summer, on fine days, the high-school hostesses sit on the doorstep or on the lawn. This is probably a come-on and a failure at that—these local farmgirls are pretty bad.

Nathaniel Hawthorne immortalized the *House of Seven Gables*. This house is more attractive and more fruitful for information and enjoyment than the *Witch House*. Also, it has never been

moved and is within a few houses of a beautiful view of the oil tankers in Salem harbor. Unfortunately, there usually are not many appealing hostesses (guiding usually handled by local crones). Sometimes, however, they may have a few local chicks to entertain you, and at this house, when they are there, they are all right.

While in Salem you must visit the old Captains' houses, magnificent mansions financed by salty, Salem pirates who settled down in their old age to lives of respectability. Hypocritically, these same captains usually were leaders in the local churches, probably because they donated so much of their pirated treasure to these edifices. Nevertheless, their houses, with their quaint *widow's walk's* grace many streets in Central Salem.

For further information about Salem, write to the local Chamber of Commerce in the Hotel Hawthorne.

Peabody has no houses of national fame and I mention it again because I was asked to by the Chamber of Commerce. While driving through Peabody (on Route 128) on the way to Gloucester, stop at the nation's largest shopping center and spend some money. They need it.

In Gloucester-Rockport you will find a treasure of houses. Rockport features the paper house—yes, Virginia, the house is made out of paper—and many other types running from artist's shanty to millionaire's mansion.

Also try to get out to see some of the many lighthouses which dot the waters of Cape Ann. A sawbuck greasing the palm of any Coast Guard officer will solve all problems of transportation to and from. If, which is doubtful, the gentle art of persuasion is not working well for you, search around for a local fisherman who will take you out to one; or else try to get into a tour (these may have been discontinued) which includes a visit to one of these guardians of the shoals. Contrary to populous opinion, lighthouses are not manned by social outcasts, hermits, and the like. Instead you will find that America's finest sacrifice their time selflessly to aid the seafarers. Family men (whose families are somewhere in California where they are suing for desertion) and M.I.T. vending machines which couldn't cope with the real world faithfully tend the lamps of life (which happen to be electronic rigamarole designed by aquatic engineers from the University of Miami).

The *Hammond Estate* (Route 127), although now owned, operated, and inhabited by a Catholic order of Brothers, still retains the magnificence which the organ king bestowed upon it long before you were born. Hammond sacrificed the luxury of his cliff-ensconced, sea-overlooking chateau for the compact living of a trailer. We would have been escorted to the Danvers State Hospital, but he was referred to as an eccentric *millionaire*. Anyway his house, although not he, is standing and many of the original furnishings remain (except for the few bric-bracs which were auctioned away a number of years ago). The *Estate* is open most of the time for public perusal.

More information about Gloucester-Rockport will be furnished upon request by the Gloucester Chamber of Commerce, Tourist Bureau.

From Gloucester take Route 127 toward Beverly. On this road you will run into the mansions which grace the rolling hills and plush landscapes of Manchester, Magnolia, Wenham, and Beverly Farms. In Beverly you will encounter *Endicott Junior College*. If you visit any of its houses before the second week in June and ask for "Sally Lush" you will find your wishes satisfied and your prayers answered. After this date the girls will be gone, but the campus is worthwhile investigating for its beauty or for casing for future endeavours.

Beverly, Danvers, and Marblehead feature the houses of noted poets. Don't bother. Marblehead houses Eugene O'Neill's house, somewhere (I could never find it. Maybe it isn't there.), and I understand this is an interesting sight. My brother's house is also in Marblehead and it definitely is not open to the public; however, you may drive past it if you wish.

On the Peabody-Lynnfield line (actually in Peabody although they say Lynnfield), at the junction of Routes 1 and 128 (North), is the *Town Lyne House*. The only claim to fame this house has is its food. Actually the food is expensive, sparse, and edible. But the atmosphere is nice. The service is excellent. Beware! Gentlemen are requested to wear coats. So if you won't be embarrassed by semi-nudity, this is a good place to have your last meal before returning to Boston.

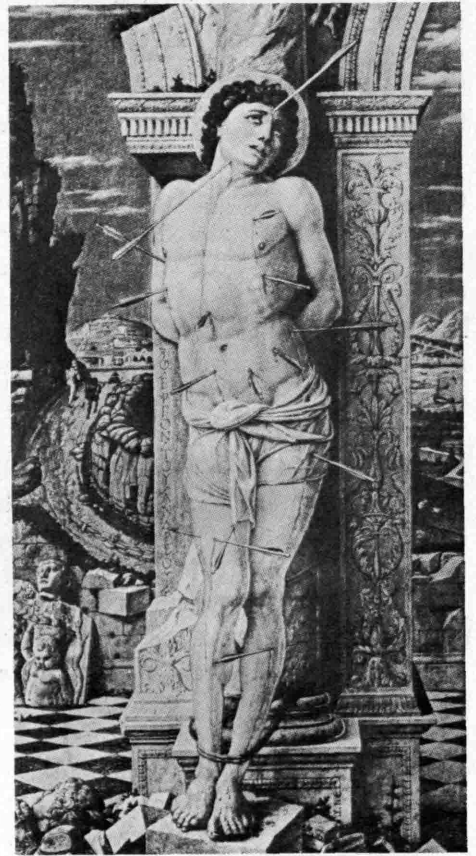
Next month's issue of *Voo Doo* will feature an expose of houses in Boston itself—and we mean *houses*.

D. B. S.

Artist's Nightmare



I'll take it right here.



These finals are killing me.



I don't know Freddy. What do you want to do?



5:15 Club dances are all right.



I told you these outing
club trips are O.K.



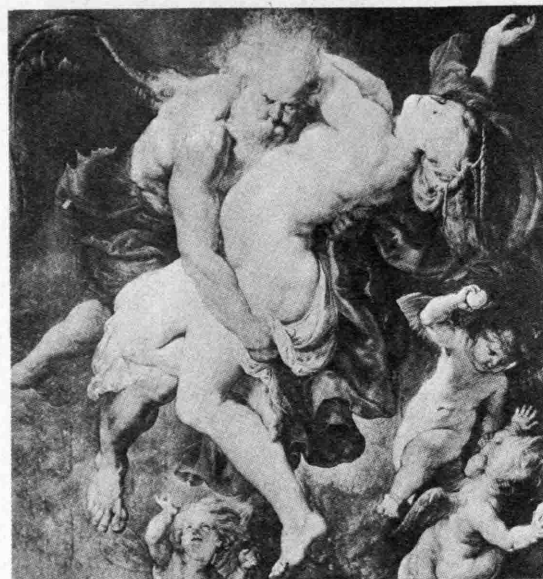
Third parking violation



Go do it on somebody else's shoulder
or I'll wring yer neck!



**You didn't expect me to let
you drop that course, did you?**



One! Two! Cha-cha-cha!



We like pledges to show a little respect in this house.

The hired girl had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but she stood gazing at the flowing stream, apparently lost in thought.

"What's she waiting for?" asked the farmer's wife, who was watching.

"Dunno," wearily replied her husband. "Mebbe she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."



"How did you learn to kiss like that?" she asked in ecstatic tones.

"I used to siphon pimentos from olives," he replied.



A comely co-ed met her aunt downtown on Saturday night and was given her aunt's paycheck to take home. On the way home she was held up.

"Help! Help! I've been robbed!" she cried. "Someone has taken my aunt's pay!"

A policewoman quieted her. "Cut out the pig latin, girlie, and tell me what happened!"



"Darling! Why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin?"

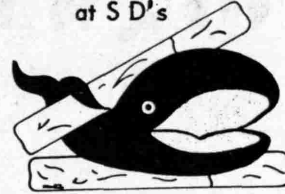
"All the boys say it turns their hands green."



A Texan has a small farm with just a few sheep. One day his wife, while dyeing some bedspreads blue, had a little lamb fall into the bucket of dye. A passing motorist saw the lamb with the blue fleece and bought it for \$50. So the Texan figured he had a good thing going and colored some more lambs which brought big profits.

"Pretty soon," he recalled, "I was coloring them pink, blue, yellow, green, lavender and you know—now I'm the biggest lamb dyer in Texas."

Jonah Q. Tool says after eating
at S D's



"You get a **WHALE** of a sandwich at

SID'S DELICATESSEN"

391 Washington Street

Brighton, Mass.

Enjoy Transcendental Atmosphere at the

BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM

where Russell Blake Howe

re-creates music of

Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt

HISTORICAL T WHARF

Shown on every engraving

of Boston since 1725.



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

See Segal for Special Rates to Techmen

SEGAL'S BODY SHOP

"SINCE 1917"

APPRAISER OF AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

SPECIALIZING IN BODY

AND FENDER REPAIR

REFINISHING ON

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN CARS

TOWING SERVICE



306 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DOWN THE RAMP OF THE
TECHNOLOGY GARAGE

Tel. KIRKLAND 7-7485

SO YOU WANT TO GET A JOB?

Part I

The Interview

You have been sent an engraved calling card, requesting the honor of your presence at an interview to be held at the office of Reginald Caustic, III, exclusive employment agent to the Ramrod and Reamer Engineering Co. In preparation for this event, you decide to shave off your tool beard, clean yourself up, and attire yourself in your latest conservative Red Flannel suit. To further improve the impression which you would like to make, you even attend language classes, to correct that objectionable Bahstan accent which has lately been creeping into your speech.

Finally, the great day comes; you confidently stride up the walkleading to the great and impressive edifice wherein is housed both the administrative and Ramming and Reaming facilities of your intended employer. Groping your way through the halls, you finally come to this employment office, and walk in.

Mr. Reginald Caustic III greets you with his most amicable sneer. He is wearing an old sweatshirt and dungarees; in his left hand is a can of rather low quality brew; on his right forefinger can be discerned an almost completely rusted Ring, with a likeness of a rodent inscribed upon it. You suspect that there may be some common bond of heritage between you and this despicable creature, but you are afraid to inquire.

"What are the divisions of Hell, according to Dante?" he asks in a perfect monotone. When you regain consciousness, several minutes later, he is still staring at you, with his unblinking bloodshot eyes.

"An excellent answer," he remarks. "You left out the Forest of the Suicides, but otherwise, you did rather well."

"Huh?" you mutter, still in a state of shock, musing on the tricks which the human mind can play.

"Now that you've answered the preliminary question, tell me why you want to work for R. & R. E. . ."

This is a question which you have carefully prepared for. You withdraw a three page reply, written much in the manner in which you used to write humanities themes. Handing a carbon copy to Mr. Caustic, in order that he may more fully enjoy the literary content of this work, you proceed to read.

"That will be enough of that," he interrupts. "We'll file your reply with all the others." He throws his copy onto a pile in a dimly lit corner of the room.

"By the way," you interject. "Is that an M.I.T. ring which I see on your finger?"

Mr. Caustic becomes pale in the face, and commences to foam at the mouth. He manages to usher you out of his office muttering, "Here's an application form for you to fill out. Don't call us; we'll call you."



HONG KONG CHINESE RESTAURANT

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

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

ORDERS PUT UP TO TAKE OUT
AIR CONDITIONED

1236 Mass. Av. Cambridge
UNiversity 4-5311

CROSBY'S HOBBY CENTER

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

MATERIALS FOR ARCHITECTURAL
AND ENGINEERING MODELS

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

SO YOU WANT TO GET A JOB?

Part II

Qualifying Exam

Using the special pencil, blacken the space corresponding to the correct response on your answer sheet. You are not expected to answer all questions in the time allowed. Work quickly and do not spend too much time on any one question. Your score will be the number correct minus the number left unanswered.

1) How can the government best reduce unemployment, eliminate inflation, and provide all manner of good for the American people?

- By outlawing labor unions.
- By subsidizing businessmen who fight labor unions.
- By forbidding men to join labor unions.
- By making labor-union leaders subject to capital punishment.
- All of the above.

2) Which of the following has done the most harm to the good people of America?

- The U. S. Constitution
- The Bill of Rights.
- The Declaration of Independence.
- The Wagner Act.
- Franklin D. Roosevelt.
- Both D & E.

3) If 2 labor-union leaders cheat the workers of \$3 million in 2 years, how much would 160 labor union leaders cheat the workers in 10 years?

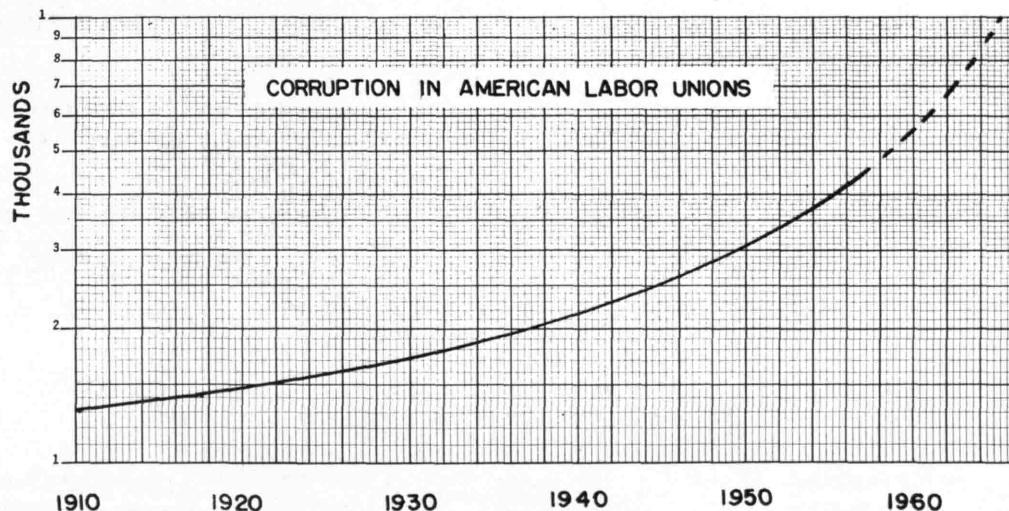
- \$160 million
- \$1,200 million
- \$12 billion
- \$3,650 billion
- All of the above.

4) DISHONESTY is to LABOR-UNION LEADERS as

- CRIME is to CRIMINALS
- LYING is to LIARS
- STEALING is to THIEVES
- TREASON is to TRAITORS
- All of the above.

5) Imagine that you are discussing an important subject with a man who is completely unreasonable and who will not try to understand your point of view. Write an essay of at least two-thousand words on one of the following topics.

- Labor unions ought to be abolished.
- The National Association of Manufacturers is the savior of America.
- Labor unions have been sent by God to punish mankind for its sins.



Study the above graph (note that corruption is measured on a logarithmic scale). What can you infer about labor unions?

- Labor unions have always been corrupt.
- Labor unions are constantly becoming more corrupt.
- Whereas the number of labor-union leaders increases in an arithmetical progression, the amount of corruption increases in a geometrical progression.
- The helpless workers and the honest businessmen are being ruined by ruthless labor-union leaders.

John Sowa

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 June contest must be received by June 3. 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.

*He fell to the street with a scrunch,
The blame could be fixed to the punch.
From his mouth there did pour
Three gallons of gore.
I guess he had commons for lunch.*

Al Krigman

*An obscure young Techman named Hector
Met a good-looking girl and necked her.
Said he with a laugh,
"Although I like math,
I'd rather love you than a vector."*

Bostwick F. Wyman

*If you think you can drink without fear,
A quart and a half of warm beer.
And are full of wit,
Can write some good lit,
Then join up with Voo Doo next year.*

Bob Stein



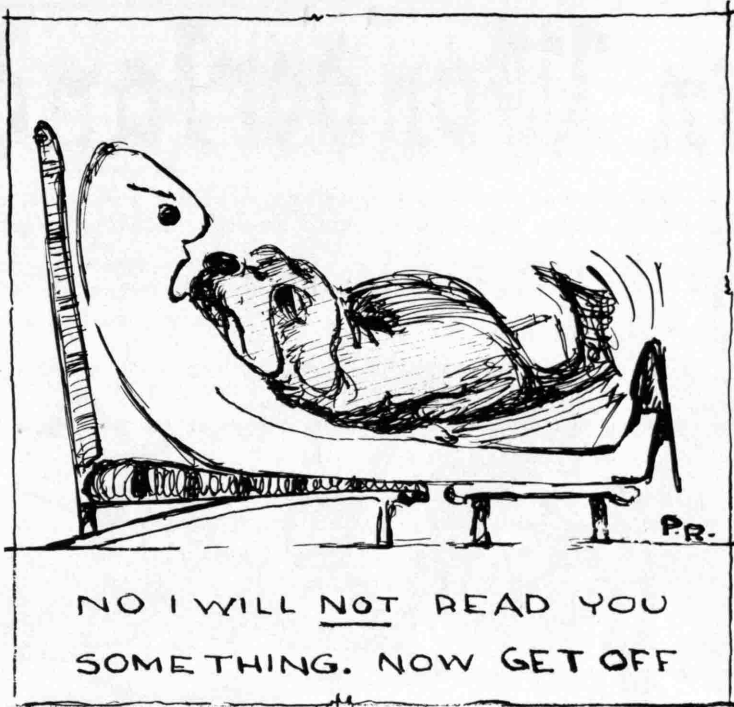
L & M is Low in tar
with **More** taste to it.
Don't settle for one without the other.



CHESTERFIELD KING
Nothing Satisfies Like the
Big Clean Taste of Top Tobacco



MENTHOL-MILD OASIS
Delightfully Different
— a Refreshing Change



The dean of women at a large coeducational college recently began an important announcement to the student body as follows:

The President of the college and I have decided to stop petting and necking on campus."



Nothing robs a man of his good looks like a hurriedly drawn shade.



Stop calling EL 4-9597.



She laughed when I sat down at the piano—but when I came over to the divan, she got scared as hell!

I know some coeds who are so ugly that if they played Lady Godiva at All Tech Sing the horse would steal the show.



"Do you dance?"

"I love to."

"Well, then, let's love by all means."



Heard of a woman who got rid of 200 pounds of fat in three days. She divorced him.



Mary had a little skirt,
'Twas cut above the knees;
She never went to work in it,
But wore it just to teas!



The Bard in Wonderland

In the greate Foreste, wherein appeareth a Tea-Table of most wondrous proportions, bedeck'd with pots, cups and saucers in riotous profusione. Thereat sitteth Madde Hattre, Marche Hare, and Dormouse, drinking. Hautboy attendeth.

Enter Alice

Hat. No roome, most fair and virtuous maid!

Alice Verily, thou speaketh falsehood, knave.
Here before me, in most copious plenitude,
See I the empty fruits of the cup-maker's trade.

She sitteth

Hare I then to thee offer that on which the Vintner
maketh his travail; yea, have some Wine.

Alice Unless my young world-weary eyes deceive me,
O! Hare! I see not that which thou offer'st me.

Hare Pity 'tis; we have nought.

Alice Then, O! slave! Were it not civil for you to make
Such a vain offer. Avaunt!

Hare Avaunt thyself! Yet the wisest judge of Verona
Would us entreat of thy selfsame uncivility,
For thou wast not asked to partake of our
company
Nor our fare!

Hat Thy golden locks warrant the merciless
scissors, maid.

Alice Impertinence...thou rogue and peasant slave!

Hat. Here is a mystery for thee, nuncle:
Why be the Raven like unto a Writing Deske?

Alice O! Now begin I to see through this foully
appointed plot;
He meaneth but to question me in riddles!
This I must consider. . . .

Hatter withdraweth magnificent timepiece from waistcoat pocket.

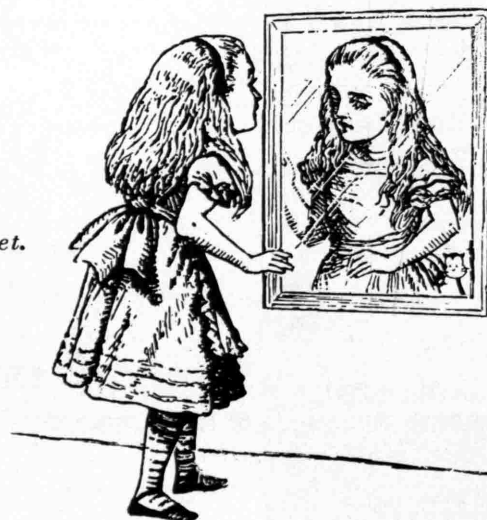
Hat What day of the month be it?

Alice If I have not in my computations err'd, 'tis
the fourth.

Hat Then is the watch two days wrong! Here is the
Truth of this at once; were it but a fortnight ago,
I, being of greater mind, had told this most unwise
Rodent (*Menaceth Hare with Spoon*) that the
Butter were not suited well to the works.

Hare Verily, it were the best butter!

Hat. Look to't; therein must be unwelcome crumbs,
which on
The bread-knife thou didst unknowingly trans-
port.



Hare But it were the best of butter! See there:
The ever-dormant Dormouse maketh again his
Perpetual journey unto the arms of peaceful
Morpheus.

Hatter poureth hot Tea on Dormouse's nose

Dor. Of course, of course; yet had I full intention of,
On some felicitous occasion, voicing that
Selfsame thought.

Alice What, O! most erudite Hatter, is the answer to
thy
Mystery of the Black Winged Raven and the
tiresome
Writing Deske?

Hat. Forsooth, I know it not.

Hare Nor I.

Alice Fie, knaves, thous makest. . . .

Hat. Enough, enough. Now must the Dormouse tell
us a story,
Afore he again sleepeth.

Hatter again poureth tea on Dormouse's nose

Hat. Wake thyself, mouse. . . . a tale needeth telling.

Dor. 'Tis a tale told by an Idiot, full of sound
and fury, signifying nothing.

Hare We asked not thy qualifications; it needeth
telling.

Dor. 'Twas on a barren heath, foul air dispos'd,
In a Treacle Well did live encloas'd,
Three sisters, who most Witch-like seemed.
And this asleep I lately dreamed.

Alice But what lived these creatures on, pray tell?

Dor. By faith, the treacle in the well.

Alice Why, then, they would have surely died.

Dor. Verily, 'twas so. . . they're dead.

Alice But I don't think. . . .

Hat. If thou thinkest not, then ope not thy mouth.

Alice Enough, enough; if this Tea-Party have method
in it,
Yet 'tis madness. Adieu (*Exeunt*)



Hatter and Hare attempt to put Dormouse in Teapot. Alarum. Flourish, with Tucket and Hautboy. Curtain.

Bob Hirschfeld

SO YOU WANT TO GET A JOB?

PART III

Job Application

(Ramrod and Reamer Engineering Co.)

"Better things for better living through Money"

Name: _____ Address: _____

Position Desired: _____ Salary Desired: _____

Male _____ Female _____ Other _____ Cumulative Scholastic Average:

5.0-4.9

Veteran: Yes _____ No _____ 4.8-4.7

4.6-4.5

College or Institution Attended: _____

Health: _____

Diseases (the truth!): _____

Organs Removed: _____

Have you had any attacks of Epilepsy, Asthma,
or Actue Thelignomorphosa? _____

_____ Why? _____

Do you have any bad habits? _____

Any good ones? _____

Tell us in 100 words (exactly) why you are
applying for this job: _____

Tell us in 7 words (exactly) why you feel you are
asking for too much salary. _____

Have you at any time been a member of any of the
following subversive organizations:

Communist Party

Hitler is Not Dead League

Cincinnati Reds

Walcott 5th Floor

The Tech

Have you had any previous experience in the handling of Radioactive Fungus Preventive Styrofoam Epoxy Jello? _____

Give size and location of burn received from this compound. _____

Give at least three references who are not relatives.

| Title | Author | Page | Paragraph |
|----------|--------|-------|-----------|
| 1) _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| 2) _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| 3) _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |

Draw up three duplicates of this form, and give them to your references, who must each draw up three copies, etc. etc. etc.

I hereby affirm that I am myself, and not another person.

(Signed)





VISIT

Dr. Xarkov crawled from beneath the wreckage of the rocketship. Brushing the dust from his long, gray beard, he gazed around at the alien landscape of the planet upon whose blue-tinted sward his spacecraft had so unfortunately been flattened.

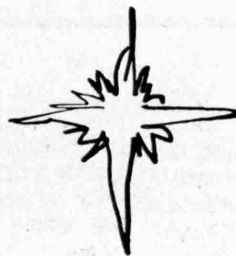
Crash Gordon thrust out his diminutive blond head. Painfully, he wriggled his broad, muscular shoulders and over-size physique through a glassless porthole, descending to the ground with a thud. Then he leaped up and frantically began to brush the dirt from his skin-tight powder blue uniform. "Darn it!" he swore savagely. "My boots will never take a decent polish again. And **look** at my lightning bolt!" He heroically held back the tears as he tried to remove the stains from his golden emblem of the Space Corps ROTC: engraved on a shield were the letters **SCROTUM**--standing for **Space Corps Reserve Officer Trained for the Ukiah Militia**.

With a well-bred sneer, Dr. Xarkov asked tauntingly, "How did you ever get to be a Pilot Third Class?"

Oblivious of the sarcasm, Crash Gordon, the boy wonder of the spaceways, answered brightly, "I was promoted from Fourth--over three years ago."

"Well, then," pursued the Doctor, turning to survey the pile of junk which had once been his greatest invention, "Why can't you land a spaceship without crashing it, Crash?"

— WIT—



To PONGO

With G.N. Gabbard

"He just likes to live up to his name, Doc." chimed in Dale Ardent as she stepped lightly to the ground from the ship, adjusting the shoulder strap of her sexy Space WAF uniform. She looked around. "This is a charming planet. What's its name?"

Dr. Xarkov sat down on a log and lit a cigar. "This is Pongo." He puffed his stogie with relish. He continued speaking after a theatrical pause, "It is exactly 1,973625667902½ parsecs from earth."

Taking from his pocket a thirty-inch slide rule, Crash calculated feverishly and at length announced, "You mean 6,43401367761543630 light years."

"Why have we come so far?" inquired Dale absently, gazing into her compact mirror and fussing with her regulation M-29 permanent wave.

"That's easy!" cried Crash. "We wanted to be the first for a change. When the Space Corps landed on the moon, we found that six stations had already been set up there by Russia, Great Britain, the U.S. Air Force, the U.S. Army, the U.S. Navy and the U.S. Marines, all unknown to each other. It was much the same with all the other planets, but Pongo is **our** baby. The Space Corps can now claim all film rights to this world."

"Eeeek!" screamed Dale, throwing her arms around Crash in a ladylike stranglehold. "Save me, Crash!"

"Dale!" said Dr. Xarkov sharply. "Snap out of it! We don't have a camera here yet."

"Besides," gasped the blue-faced hero as Dale released him sulkily. "That line was in the last picture--**Space Soldiers on Saturn.**"

"At any rate," continued the Doctor "That's not the reason I set our course for Pongo. I had to get to a planet outside the jurisdiction of the Space Corps before the matter of my membership in it came to a crisis."

"Hey! That's right!" exclaimed Dale. "With a name like yours, either you'd never pass the next FBI loyalty check or else you'd be sent to Cape Canaveral."

"That's not it. Neither one of them," the Doctor pouted (hurt because he disliked the idea of being sent to the Cape to try to hit the moon with rockets--that went out of fashion years ago, but still they try). "They were going to start enforcing the regulation against beards and mustaches." He stroked his lengthy and venerable chin-piece tenderly.

Suddenly! Pounce! Pounce! Winged and armored forms swooped down to pinion the struggling explorers of space against the ground.

"Extras!" exclaimed the surprised Xarkov, staring at their long pikes and their Viking helmets.

"No." Crash quipped. "It's Pounce Villa and his bandits."

But they were both wrong. It was the dreaded **Hawk Men of Pongo**, who marched off the intrepid earth-

men to a huge barbaric palace set in the midst of a nearby housing project.

There, as an orchestra played dramatic background music pirated from Liszt's **Les Preludes**, they were ushered into the throne room of the bald, Oriental-eyed, inconceivably wicked Ping the Mercenary, Emperor of Pongo. Bristling his villainous mustachioes, the fiend snarled, "Ha! Earthmen! You have entered Pongo without my permission and without visas, no doubt for the express purpose of carrying on espionage within the People's Republic of Pongo!"

"I demand to see the American consul." squeaked Crash.

"There is none," replied Ping. "One of you will have to engage in single combat with me to decide your fates."

"I volunteer," chirped Dale brightly. "Choose your weapons!" Ping looked at her and smiled craftily. "Wrestling!"

Crash clamped his huge hand over Dale's mouth, muttering, "Stop stealing my lines!" He accepted Ping's challenge, waving a six-foot broadsword he had luckily had the foresight to fold up in his pocket back on earth.

"Gracious me!" said Ping, who was incapable of speaking without quotation marks. "I think we had better settle this in a civilized manner by playing the native game of Pongo!" So saying, he descended from the throne and led the way to an adjoining rumpus room.

In the hour that followed, Dale and Dr. Xarkov tensely listened to the sounds of wild cries and hard-struck blows which emanated from the rumpus room. Finally, Crash staggered back into the throne room, clawing at his stomach and gagging furiously. As he fell forward on to the floor, his companions struck him vigorously on the back, whereupon he regurgitated and spewed forth a small, white spheroid; then he relaxed.

"Of course!" exclaimed Dr. Xarkov. "The national game of Pongo must be ping pong."

"Not quite," said Crash, sitting up on the floor. "It was actually

ping pongo—ping pong played with two balls simultaneously. As a matter of fact, I managed to win only by swallowing one of them so the game would be more familiar to me."

"Virtue triumphs," commented the good Doctor as the trio strolled out of the palace door. "But I wonder: was it perfectly honest of you to swallow that ping pong ball?"

Thus, engrossed in abstract philosophical discussion, the three fearless space pioneers bribed the spaceport guards and stole Emperor Ping's spaceship.

But as they blasted off for earth they could see the night side of

Pongo, which they had been unable to see when approaching the planet because it was obscured by haze. On the night side of the planet was a message spelled out by carefully planted, gigantic groves of trees sprayed with luminous paint.

Dr. Xarkov stared numbly; Dale went into a thirty day sulk; and Crash Gordon, Pilot 3/c in the SCROTC, boy wonder of the spaceways fell upon the steel deck in a kicking, howling, fist-pounding fit.

For the message emblazoned in huge letters across the face of Pongo declared: **YOU ARE NOW LEAVING RUSSIAN SATELLITE STATION NUMBER 571939.**



BYRON



on Life Savers:

"Give away thy breath!"

From *My 36th Year*, line 36



Still only 5¢

From our Editor comes an Abbyan advice to the loveless. In a moment of inspiration he asked his date if she knew the difference between seduction and conversation. "No," she suspiciously replied. "Then lie down, I want to talk to you," he answered.



Fred: For months I thought I was a fox terrier. Then I went to a psychiatrist, and he cured me.

Earl: How are you now?

Fred: Fine. Feel my nose.



Some girls like to wander;
Others like to squander.
My girl likes to ponder—
So what?
Burma Shave.

A local preacher recently announced that there are 135 sins. He is being besieged with requests for the list, mostly from college students who think they are missing something.



Girls wouldn't usually come in after curfew at night if boys didn't make them.



1st man: How was your date last night?

2nd man: Not so good.

1st man: You always were lucky.



On a picnic, little Walter strayed away from his parents and became lost in the woods. He wandered around for a long time and finally, becoming frightened, decided to pray.

"Dear Lord," he prayed as he spread his hands out fervently, "I'm lost. Please help me to find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a little bird happened to fly over and dropped something squarely into the middle of Walter's outstretched hand.

"Oh please, Lord," he begged, "don't hand me that. Really, I am lost."



He: "Where did you get that black eye? Did your girl friend's husband find you out?"

Him: "No, he found me in!"

AEP; "Ever since I moved into my new apartment, girls have been beating down the door."

ATO; "You won't let them in?"

AEP; "I won't let them out."



Down the street drove Enos with his yellow pegged pants, blue suede shoes, orange socks, purple shirt, and pink sport coat, flashing an Elvis Presley hairdo and wearing a motorcycle cap.

"Pull over!" screamed a cop.

"What's up, man," asked the cat. "I ain't done nothin' wrong."

"No," said the cop, "just wanted to hear you talk."



"Just because I have red eyes doesn't mean that I'm drunk. For all you know, I might be a white rabbit."



The six-year-old had just received a detailed lecture from his father on the facts of life, the birdsandbees, and simple biology. Papa learned back at the end of the recital and said, "Now if there is anything else you want to know don't hesitate to ask me, son."

The boy pondered a minute, then gravely asked his father, "How come they put out the *Saturday Evening Post* on Wednesday."



So You Want To Get A Job ?

PART IV

Taking the Company Test

After you have snowed the interviewer, and filled out the form, but before the company puts you on the payroll, they will give you an innocuous looking test. They will say that the tests will just help them place you in the right spot. In a way, they are right. To get the spot you want, remember one thing: cheat! That's where we come in.

Test I

The first test you will probably receive is the Value-Interest Assessment. Here we have a set of statements which can be completed by selecting from a set of multiple-choice endings. These try to find out how "other-directed" you are. The following is a selection from one recently given at Veritas University:

Select from the four possible endings, one which best describes your feelings toward the uncompleted statement.

1) I would like to have my picture appear in the paper with—

- a. Linus Pauling
- b. Dave Beck
- c. Brigitte Bardot
- d. Charlie Brown

2) My idea of a good Saturday afternoon's diversion is—

- a. watching the Red Sox lose.
- b. shredding Polyps
- c. watching the Red Sox win.
- d. making-out

3) I regard my mother as—

- a. affectionate
- b. a tyrant
- c. Jocasta
- d. fat

4) I regard my father as—

- a. a bore
- b. a boor
- c. a boer
- d. Laius

Voo Doo offers as a consolation prize to the person (thing?) submitting the printable response to these tests which proves that he is the most "unemployable" man in the world, one six pack of his choice, and a permanent position in the Voo Doo office pouring milk for Phos (who only drinks beer).

5) One place I have always wanted to go is—

- a. Durgin Park
- b. Harvard
- c. Bronx Zoo
- d. Bellevue

6) My favorite comedian on TV is—

- a. Sid Caesar
- b. Edward R. Murrow
- c. Milton Berle
- d. Milton Berle

7) I like pizza with—

- a. cheese
- b. sherbet
- c. Na-Ethyldiaminetetracetic acid
- d. women

8) I think that the cold war is good because

- a. I like wars
- b. It keeps the politicians out of trouble

9) Every time I see a woman's skirt swept up by a breeze I think of—

- a. joining the Garment Workers Union
- b. mother
- c. $E=mc^2$
- d. Blueberry pie

10) The first thing I do when I awake in the morning is—

- a. put out the cat
- b. put out the girlfriend
- c. turn off the synchrotron
- d. retch

TEST II

The VDVPD test

Then there will be a section of the test they refer to as by a bunch of mysterious initials. This is to conceal the fact that they are going to ask you some loaded questions. (The frightening array at the top of the page stands for Voo Doo's Very Dirty Personality Determination.)

Q. 1. After a hard day at the office, you arrive home to find your wife entertaining the milkman, the T.V. man, and the yard man. Your garage is on fire. A police car pulls up with your son in it. A Girl Scout comes by selling cookies. What do you tell her?

Q. 2. When are you going to stop beating your wife?

Q. 3. One day your boss comes up to you and says, "For a boob, I've certainly come a long way, Haven't I?"

What is your answer?

Q. 4. You are painting the floor. You have painted yourself into a corner. A friend calls and asks if you can go to the ball game in $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. The paint takes 24 hours to dry. What do you tell him?

Q. 4. (once more!) How did you answer the telephone?

Q. 5. You come crawling to your room after two labs. Your roommate has borrowed your hot plate, and your lady friend is still hanging around. Dean Fassett and Judcomm are stalking up the hall. A business major man asks you what kind of car your grandmother drives. What do you tell him?

Test III

The T.A.T. (Thematic Aperception Test)

What usually happens is that the interviewer throws a group of suggestive pictures in front of you, telling you that this is a test of imagination and creativeness. You are supposed to look at them and then explain what you think is going on. What he is really looking for is a peep at your psyche. Therefore, beware! The following will illustrate what we mean:

Write a story about the people in these pictures. What are they doing? What has led up to this situation? What do the people want? What will be the out-come?

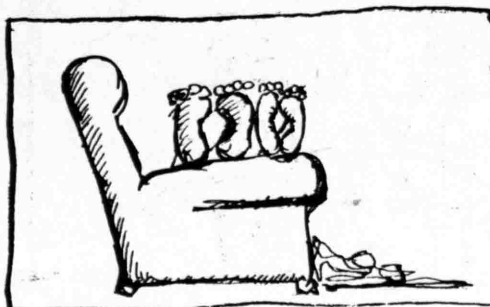
a.)



b.)



c.)



LEARN
TO

CHA CHA • JITTERBUG
FOX TROT • WALTZ, ETC.
Private • Class • Practice

16 1/2 Hrs. \$5.00

No Contracts Necessary
Call or Write for Free -
Dance Certificate UN 4-6868
2 can learn for the price of one

Cambridge
dance studio

Central Square Cambridge, Mass.

TENNIS RACKETS
Large Variety - Prompt Service
RESTRINGING A SPECIALTY
Sneakers ... Shorts ... Shirts ...

**TENNIS and SQUASH
SHOP**

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

NOW

**\$5000 SYNCHROSEMATIC VOLSIFIER
FOR ONLY \$2.98 AT:**

ELI HEFFRON'S

**ELECTRONIC and RADAR PARTS
AND ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS**

Special Service to Tech. Men

Open 8:00-4:00 5 Days a Week
Saturday 8:00-12:00
321-329 Elm Street, Cambridge

Question: What's yellow weighs 1000 lbs and flies?



The dean of the Harvard Law School was very busy and rather cross. The telephone rang.

"Well, what is it?" snapped the dean.

"Is this the City of Cambridge Gas Works?"

"No, madam," roared the dean. "This is the Harvard Law Department."

"Ah, I didn't miss it by so much after all, did I?"



Did you hear about the man whose cat got run over by a steam-roller? He didn't say a word-just stood there with a long puss.



Prosecuting Attorney: "You mean to say you had sixteen beers and didn't move once from the table the night of the murder?"



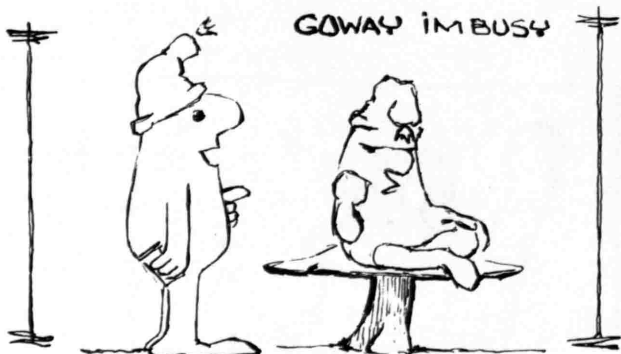
"But Winnie, don't you make a 'V' with two fingers?"



Answer: Two 500 lb. canaries.

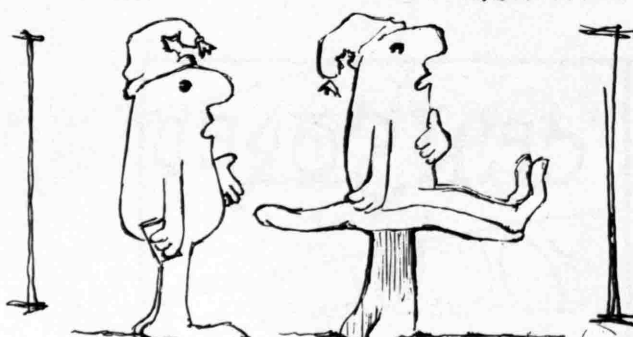
WANNA PLAY CARDS?

GOWAY IM BUSY



AW C'MON
JUST ONE GAME?

O ALRIGHT...



Question of law:

Two men Mr. A. and Mr. P. are partners in a concern which produces beer. Mr. P. is called out of town on a business trip, and in his absence, Mr. A. drinks forty barrels of beer from their warehouse.

Problem: Is A liable to P?



A famous French philosopher once stayed at the home of a horse enthusiast. The host's most famous stallion was kept in a stable adjoining the house. The philosopher asked, "If these buildings should catch afire, which would you save, me or the horse?"

"The horse, of course."

"Why?"

"Because I can't put Descartes before the horse."



First girl: I said some very foolish things to Frank last night.

Second girl: Yes?


First girl: That was one of them.



AEPi: "My girl and I had an argument last night."

Brother: "And she gave you that cut on your ear?"

Frat Man: "Yeah, I called her a two-bit street-walker and she hit me on the head with a sack of quarters."



DE 8-8882

麗 香 飯 店

HOUSE of ROY

Real Chinese Foods

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

FOOD ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

12A TYLER STREET BOSTON 11, MASS.

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

TECH MEN PREFER

BOYER'S BOTTLED LIQUORS

480 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE
Opposite Moller's

FREE DELIVERY

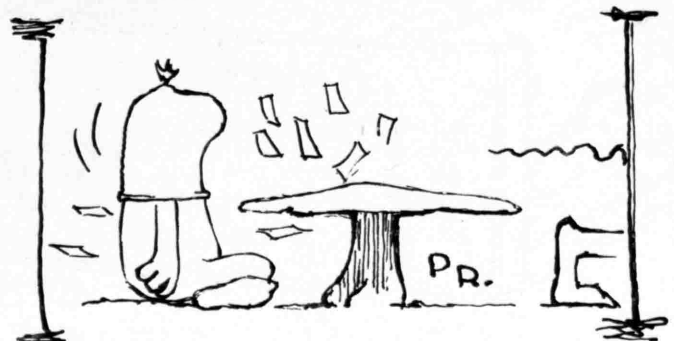
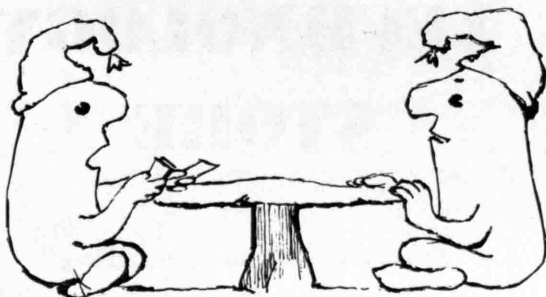
ICE CUBES GALORE

PARTY PLANNING

TR 6-1738

... WHAD'U WE PLAY?

IT'LL HAFTA BE 5 CARD STUD
I ONLY HAVE TEN CARDS



GOOD UNTIL JUNE 10, 1959



THIS COUPON Worth
Towards Any
DINNER OVER \$1.76

NEWBURY'S STEAK HOUSE

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

Circle 7-7949

Cafe

Folk Music

Y
A
N
A

Coffee House

778a Beacon Street

Boston, Mass.

Opposite Kenmore Theater

TECHNOLOGY STORE
HARVARD COOPERATIVE SOCIETY

Department

23

ACCT
NO.

38087

2904-14
May 7 1959

Date

Receipt
Number

Sold by

Amount
of Sale

Charge to

Street

Apt.

City - State

DEPARTMENT MANAGER'S O. K.

CHARGE

INSTAL.

CASH SEND

CUST. PROP.

C. O. D.

CREDIT

CASH REF.

1 Sexually Adequate
Female

1 50

THIS SLIP MUST
BE RETURNED FOR
ANY ADJUSTMENT

NET AMOUNT

1 50

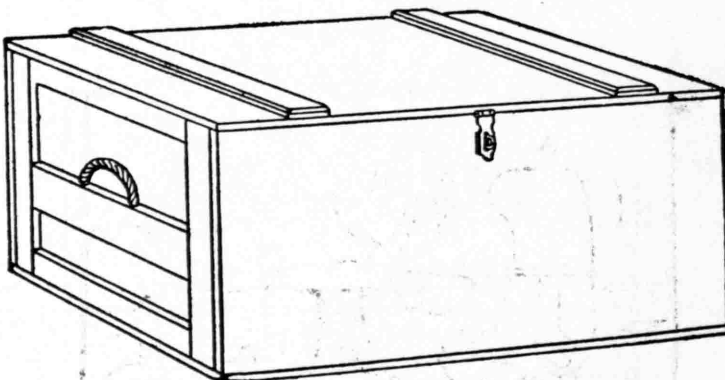
NON PAT. REF

LUX. TAX

TOTAL

1 50

AT
THE
COOP



For Shipping

For Storage and Many Other Uses

Wooden Packing Cases

13" x 17" x 27" \$5.95

15" x 22" x 33" \$7.95

All boxes have hinges, rope
handles and hasps.

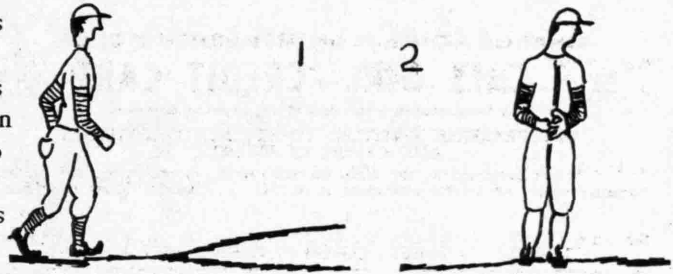
**TECHNOLOGY
STORE**

"Patronage refund to members"

Arriving home earlier than usual, he found his wife in the arms of his friend.

"I love your wife," said the friend, "and she loves me: I'll play you a hand of bridge for her. If I win you divorce her, and if you win I promise never to see her again. Will you play?"

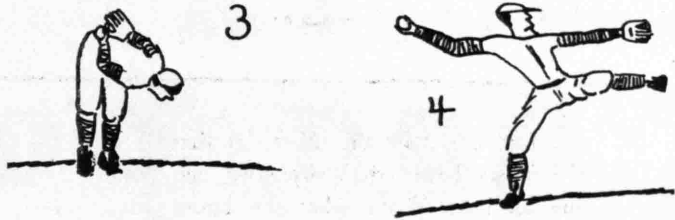
"Okay by me," said the husband, "but how's about a penny a point to make it interesting?"



The girl from Louisiana was in the hospital for a check-up.

"Have you ever been X-rayed?"

"Nope," she said "But ah've been ultra-violated."



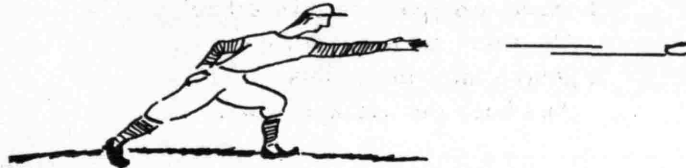
Student: "How do porcupines make love?"

Professor: "Carefully—very carefully."



A man about to be electrocuted phoned his lawyer from his death chamber. "They are about to put me in the electric chair," he said. "You are my lawyer—what can I do now?"

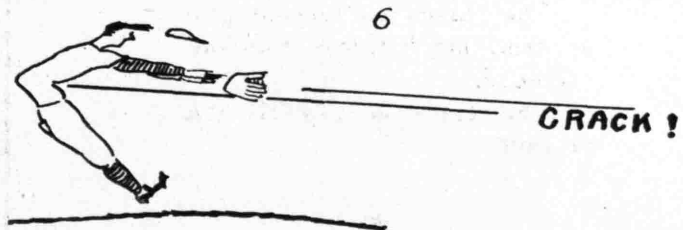
The lawyer answered helpfully, "Don't sit down."



She: There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further.

He: What's that?

She: Don't go any further.



WF

WHOLESALE

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

RETAIL

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

Next to Loew's State Theatre

FREE DELIVERY

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

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

CO 6-2103

Always Plenty of Ice Cubes
Party Planning

CHARGE-A-DATE PLAN, MEMBERSHIP CLUB
CALL GIRL--CREDIT CARD SIGN AND DINE
PLAY NOW PAY LATER
 non transferable — for deductible expense accounts

THE BEARER IS ENTITLED TO EXTENDED PRIVILEGES
 AND CREDIT COURTESIES

• • • When presented in any affiliated hotel room, motel, recognized brothel,
 executive office, or private apartment in the U. S., Canada, Texas or Mexico.

Signature (John)
 Good Only for Amounts Checked By Company VICE President

| | | | |
|---------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| \$2.00 | \$10.00 | \$50.00 | \$100.00 |
|---------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|

Stay In Your Class Company
 Ask for Receipt Approved:

*Not to be used
 for identification

CHARGE-A-DATE PLAN
 CALL GIRL REGISTRY:

checked by

I told our maid the other day that
 she kisses better than my wife, and
 she replied, "That's what the butler
 says, too."



I serve a purpose in this school
 On which no man can frown.
 I gently enter into class
 And keep the average down.



The reason the Romans gave
 up their big holidays was the
 overhead.

The lions ate up all the
 prophets.



An ashtray is something to
 put cigarettes in if the room
 hasn't got a floor.



"Oh, darling, I've missed
 you," she cried, and fired the
 gun again.

A freshman announcer at WTBS inter-
 viewed Jack Kerovac on his show.

During a fast-moving joke session,
 Jack asked if the frosh had heard the
 latest knock-knock joke.

"Knock-knock" offered Kerovac.

"Who's there?" asked the announcer,

"Argo." "A rgo who?"

"Ar, go----- yourself."

The announcer, needless to say, lost
 his show, his station card, and his WTBS
 pin. Bittered against the world, the young
 announcer came back to the station first
 to file records, then to give newscasts,
 and eventually to earn back his own guest
 show. In the meanwhile, however, he
 learned all the knock-knock jokes by
 heart.

Once more he invited Jack Kerovac to
 an interview.

"Well, he said coolly, "heard any good
 knock-knock jokes lately?"

"Sure", offered Burl, "Knock knock!"

"Who's there?"

"The Lone Ranger."

Thinking through his complete reper-
 toire, the DJ concluded that the joke was
 clean.

"The Lone Ranger who?"

"Ar, go----- yourself!"

ELSIE'S

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

The famous Special Roast
 Beef Sandwich

KNACKWURST - BRATWURST
 with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad
 71 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

ELSIE and HENRY BAUMAN
 EL 4-8362

Charlie Mun Laundry

Complete Laundry Service

88 MASS. AVE
 BOSTON

Telephone
 KE 6-9472

PAST
PUBERTY?

TRY V O O D O O

(SPELL IT BACKWARDS)

Doctors at the Homberg Infirmary recommend V.D. for all sufferers—men, women, and other Tech students. With men who know their Sex best, it's Voo Doo, 6 to 3½! (Later odds will be published as they are received.) This is what mixed up Mergatroyd La Rue of 1 Scollay Square has to say, "I like men who have V.D."

*Address To: Subscription Manager
Voo Doo, Walker Memorial,
Cambridge 39, Mass.*

*Enclosed please find \$2.00; so
Please send the next eight issues of Voo Doo to*

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....

State.....

Telephone (if female).....

MEN OF AMERICA: THE RANCH HANDS

*Live-action shots—
Saddle Mountains, Wash.*



*Driving cattle!
Desert sun ablaze!*



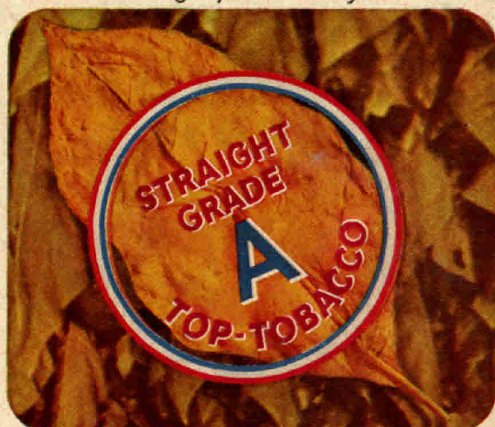
*Pounding leather
rounding up the strays!*



*Herding steers across the range
you'll find a man*



*Takes big pleasure when and
where he can... Chesterfield King!*



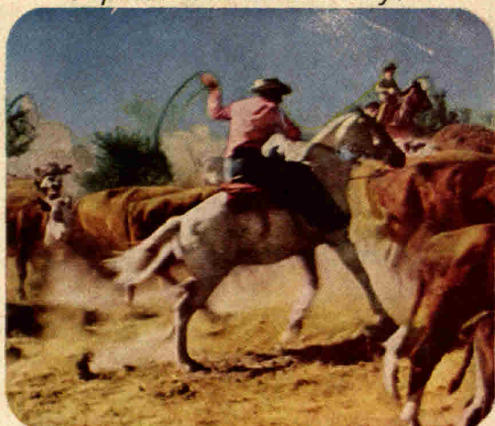
*Top-tobacco, straight Grade-A,
Top-tobacco all the way!*



*This sun-drenched top-tobacco's
gonna mean...*



*That you're smokin' smoother and
you're smokin' clean!*



*Only top-tobacco, full king-size,
For big clean taste that satisfies!*

*Join the men who know—***NOTHING SATISFIES
LIKE THE BIG CLEAN TASTE OF TOP-TOBACCO**

CHESTERFIELD



EXTRA LENGTH
top-tobacco
filter action...
tops in friendly
satisfaction!

KING