



DEANS

OFFICE

ISSUE

APRIL

95¢

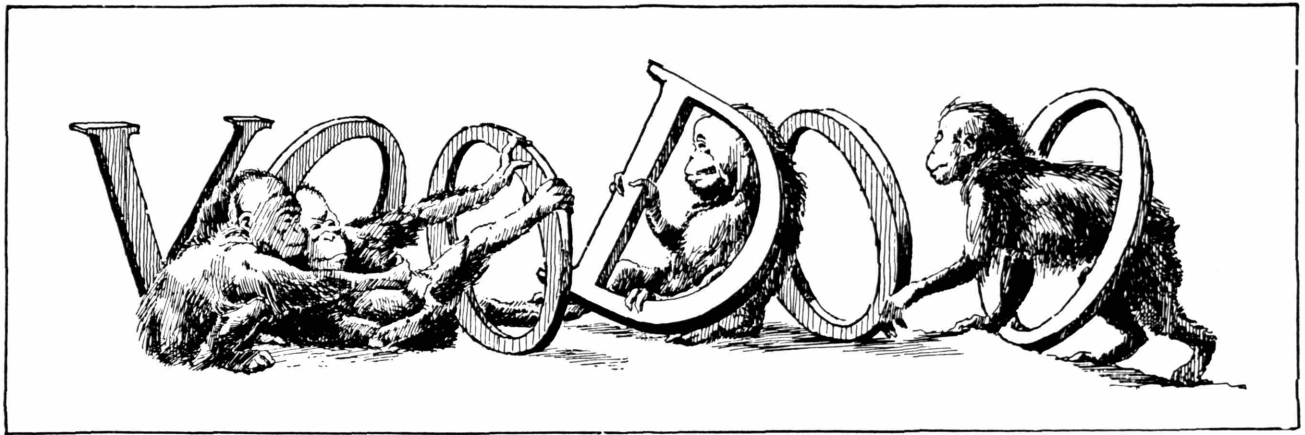


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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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The Faculty Speaks

This struggling magazine has suffered the vicissitudes common to college efforts at printed laughter. The standard pattern of variance from a modicum of humor in years when a touch of talent happens to be available to a desperate dependence on the sure salability of the tasteless sex joke when talent is lacking has been its lot. Sex does happen to be a subject in which young people are interested, odd as that may seem. That the critical factor is not the subject matter but its degree of taste is a difficult notion to convey in years when the staff lacks that quality.

About three or four years ago in an unfortunately low period, VOO DOO ran afoul of an ad hoc Faculty Committee which recommended that the Dean lay down the LAW.

Being a green dean, I promptly laid down the law. The resultant storm at the unwarranted usurpation of the powers of Student Government was not exactly to my taste (that word again), but I did, I hope, gain a little in wisdom from the experience. I understand that the stern letter I wrote on that occasion still hangs on the walls of the VOO DOO office.

Since then, fortunately for me, an upward cycle has been in progress (or am I growing callous?). Certainly last year and this year I have thought that I detected a real sense of gaiety. Light laughter for the most part - well, at least to some degree - has replaced the sodden hand. Even a momentary flash of excellence, notably in the "New Yakker" issue, has almost caused me to pat a student on the back - a most undeanish gesture. Undoubtedly this enthusiasm on my part is due to the fact that for three years I have been mildly fearful that something would

be printed against which I would have to take action - and I hate action, especially "against" action.

Things reached such a point this year, that believe it or not, I have even been accepted on friendly terms by a VOO DOO editor. That he was also President of the Undergraduate Association and in this official capacity chose to deal with me - as a matter of leadership technique, of course - as though he thought I was mildly gung-ho, I choose to overlook as wholly irrelevant.

At any rate, at some evening event at which we had had a glass of sherry together - all Deans are limited to sherry when drinking with students at events; this is a long-standing M.I.T. tradition which I have not yet had the temerity to break (publicly, of course) - one or the other of us conceived the idea of having the faculty write an issue of VOO DOO. Again, as a leader, he was delighted at the opportunity to practice the art of delegating work, and I was delighted because I fancy myself as a humorist and poet of sorts and do not wish to deprive the student body of the benefits of my talents.

This issue of VOO DOO is the result. My most humble thanks to those who contributed, even to those timid souls who insisted on anonymity. Especially to the students I have run in as ringers.

All of us who have burnt the eight-thirty oil of creativity have, I hope, enjoyed the privilege. May future VOO DOO staffs use this issue as a model - a brilliant and inspiring example of - oh well, may some small fragment, somehow, be worth preserving.

J.T. RULE

Note to Contributors: The material in this issue was first screened by the Dean and then by the VOO DOO staff. This was deliberate so that each of us could blame the other for failing to appreciate your genius.

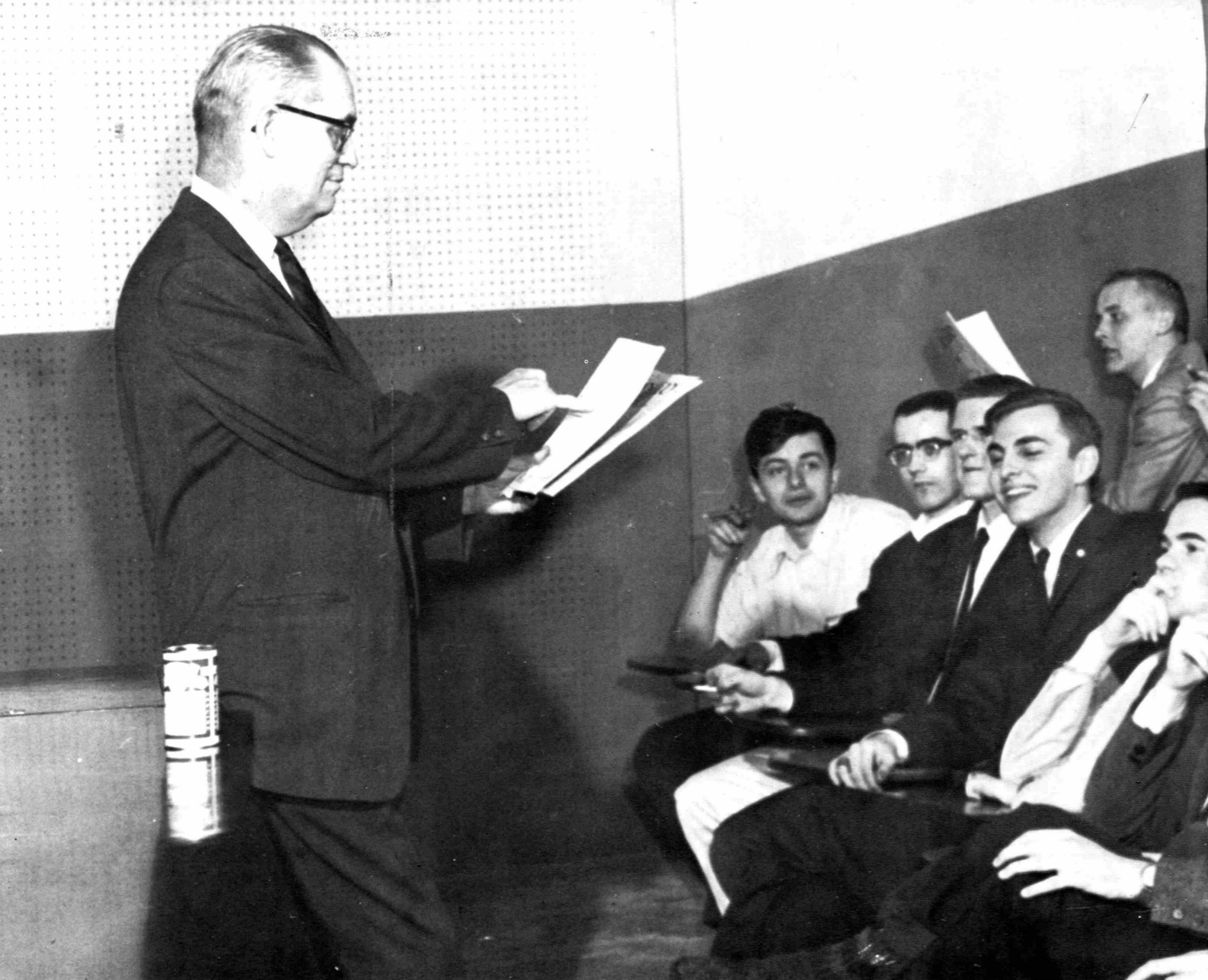


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All material submitted with a stamped self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office will receive careful consideration.

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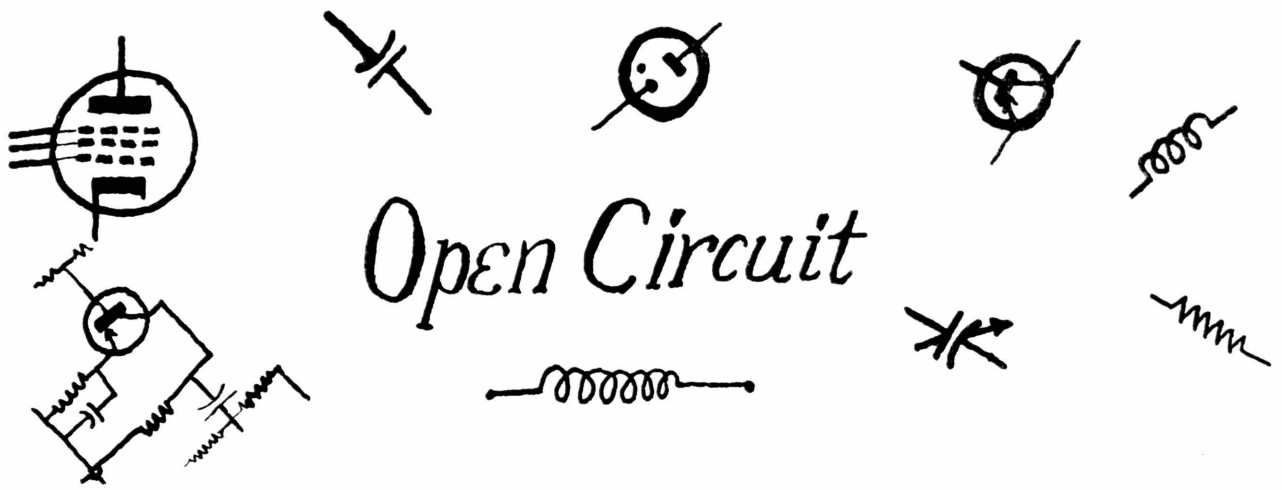
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A blank, a void, a nothing. A nonentity. That's what I am, a nonentity. Charming young professor's wife, who has been entertaining her husband's students in her twelve by sixteen living room. Whew, I'm tired. Smile prettily now and say goodbye, Mrs. Nonentity.

"You're welcome, Bill - it was 'Bill' wasn't it? And you're Mel? G'night. Let's see that's four of you. Where is Charlie, Goodbye, Charlie - no that's Jim's overcoat; this one's yours. 'Bye, come out again, won't you? Jim, dear. I'll wait up for you . . ."

There they go, all of them crammed into the Chevy, and still talking about co-sines, and equations, and that "momentum," What the devil is momentum? I hope the Chevy has enough of it to get Jim into Boston and back home again . . . home to his little nonentity of a hostess.

Eight hours getting ready, and for what? What did you expect? . . . Set up this equation, gents: Me, female, 29, housewife, happily married to Assistant Professor James C. Conroy, mother of one child: them, male, 19 or 20, Sophomores, no children - well, none to speak of anyway. What got across? Three helpings of casserole, rolls, salad, ice

cream, coffee. Did you think it was going to be Tea and Sympathy? Candide?

His haunted eyes watcher her hands as they moved with delicate precision over the tea tray. "White butterflies," he thought - "One lump or three, Mr. Perkins? she murmured in that delicious voice. "Five, and one in my throat," he muttered, ardently kissing her long, pink-tipped, well-manicured fingers. "No, no, Anthony, dear boy," she whispered, again in that delicious voice, "not my wrist - that's an oven burn; not the soft pulse in the curve of my elbow - (the blood-bank tapped it so recently)...Home you go, Tony dear, or you'll be late for supper," His black eyes picked up the glow from the fire, but she pulled away. "Oh with you to the Commons Room, and let the Chips fall where they may..." How soige, how chic, how sophisticated, how mature, how kind, kind face --

and how my feet do hurt. Tea for two and two for tea, but at buffet for seven, I'm the blank purveyor of food. I'll pick up and stack and wash the dishes in the morning. What time is it anyway? Oh my God we forgot about Tommy's eleven o'clock. His bed will be soaked . . . once he gets cold, he's going to wake up and cry if I don't get him

changed. I'll go up stairs and do him now, and take off this Living Playtex...whew, that's better . . . Hmmm, not bad. Might be twenty eight. Not a co-ed eighteen perhaps, but at least a well-preserved twenty eight. 28 delicious flavors. Landmark for hungry Americans. Did I put the icecream back in the freezing compartment? . . . Where's my bathrobe?

They're supposed to be bright boys. Very very bright boys. The Hope of America's Future. Bursting Buds on the Bouch of Technology. Da-da-da-da -- Da daa! . . . Their grades are probably fantastic: that's this "cum" that began and ended every effort at conversation. Grade point record on a scale of five. The thermometer read anxiously every morning, like to see if you're pregnant. . .! Why five points? Three were enough at A.U. When did I get my 2.5? I was dating George . . . must have been nineteen that spring. George, philosophy and classics, setting up hypotheses for everything from what is infinity to why we lost Saturday's football game over the dirty oilcloth at Rikki's Place, globs of mustard, hanging like Christmas tree lights on that scratchy little beard:

Is infinity absolute or is the absolute infinity? No, George,

that's the ablative absolute, simply, absolutely, ablative . . . (hysterics here) . . . Mine with pickles and catsup please, medium rare. The girl at the next table? She's Susie Mc Ginnis, very, very dative . . . (hysterics) . . . Well, nominative for the Senior Prom Queen, I suppose. Oh, George. I am not Possessive . . . Genitive! No, I'm not either. George, you're a case, an absolute ablative CASE . . . You have? On me? You are sweet, but I'd call it Vulgar Latin . . . George, stop it, that's vulgar English George, not here, with the WHOLE CAM-PUS looking on . . .

What ever happened to George? . . . or me . . . He and I could always talk or laugh about something. Don't these boys ever laugh? Look, they wouldn't know a dative case if it came up and said Hiwhattcherdoingtonight. Just try them on books. Not classics, just books, books. They clam up. Try politics. They generalize . . . Of course there's always the latest about good old Norbert. Thank God there are a few personalities left intact. . . I must remember to buy that new Berman-record for Jim's birthday. Playing his first one seemed to give the party a little momentum . . . What the hell is momentum?

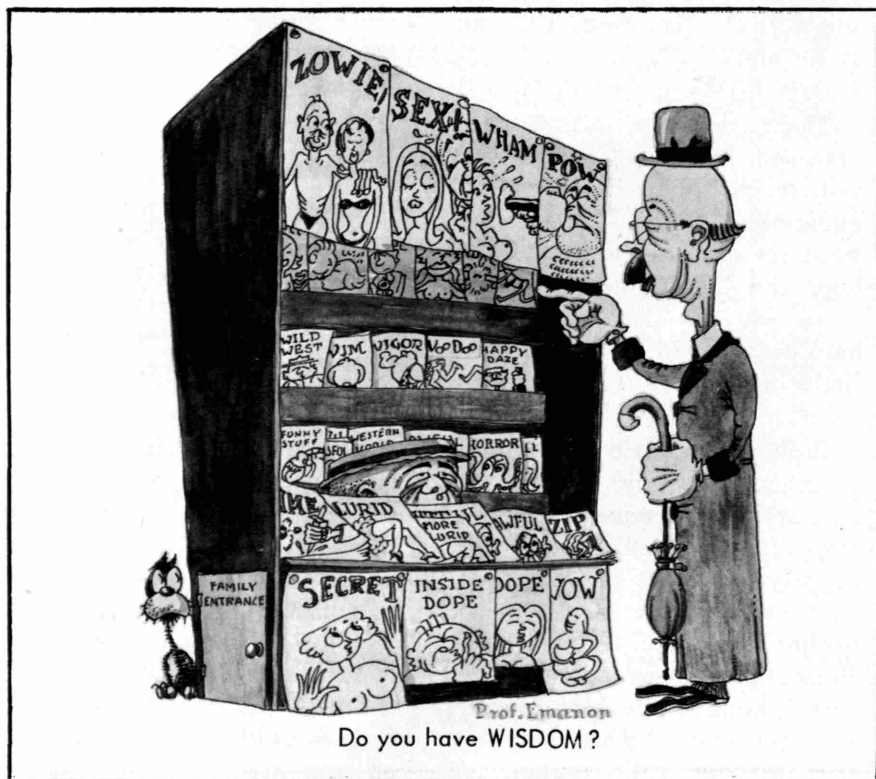
The lanky one in the corner, with eyebrows like twin toothbrushes. Much, much too quiet. Was he shy? Bored? Sick? He ate all right. When Tommy's nineteen he'll look something like that. Tommy, nineteen, and I'll be forty-eight, living at 100 Memorial. Does anyone actually sit on those little balconies?

Oh do come right in. We were sitting on the balcony looking at the view, it's charming, isn't it? Yes, Jim and I are old-timers; at Tech for twenty one years, and we've loved every minute of it... Won't you have a drink? Ballantine's Scotch, of course . . . and with a little water? No, I'm so sorry, but we haven't a beer in the apartment. . . Here we are. The glasses? They are charming, aren't they? We picked them up in Stockholm last month when Jim was over for a little meeting of the X.Y.Z.. . . Don't you just adore the Scandinaviana? So charming . . . Oh here you are - do come in and be introduced. . . The tall blond young man is my son, Tommy, that is, Thomas. And this is my daughter Joan. Let's see, Joan must be about seventeen. That

other one? Well we haven't decided yet whether it is a boy or a girl . . .

Hi, darling, I didn't hear the car come in. Did you get them all tucked into their fraternity houses? . . .

- You really think they did? I couldn't tell . . . Sure they talked to me, but they didn't say anything. . . I know, but that was a sort of bull-session in your corner, and I was busy getting the coffee in and out. Jim what's the name of the quiet one with the bushy eyebrows? You know,



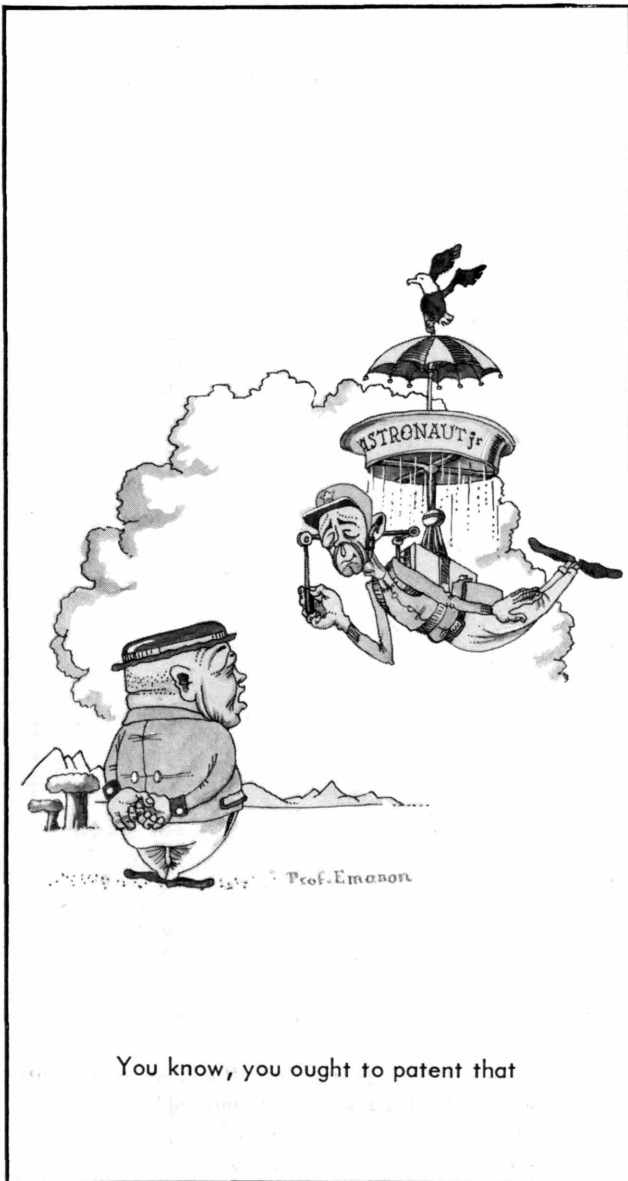
in the green chair. . . Oh, he is? He will? Well, to think I helped feed the brain of a future Nobel Prize winner.

You're welcome, darling. Hope

the Dean appreciates it. You know, I was thinking - Jim, am I a dumb bunny? . . . Rabbit yourself, Jim Conroy! What I was thinking was, is there really such a difference? After all, I did get through school, and though they are supposed to be very bright boys - what's that?

All right, men. Tech men. Only that's when they are Seniors and graduates and all that . . . Jim, what d'you suppose is the thing that happens to these boys - to their insides, I mean - that finally makes them into Tech men? Tech men - like you, dear Jim.

ED NOTE: We wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Henry B. Cain, Director of the Alumni Fund, for all his efforts as Art Director of this issue.



NOTES BY THE DEAN

A girl I know from out Vermont
She know exactly what she want;
She want her way and far too often.
Pray God as Dean I fail to soften.

A sophomore that I once met
Assured me that I am all wet.
Anyone who's so imprudent
Ceases soon to be a student.

A gent I know from Curacao
I almost always on the go.
Sleeping pills, no Coca Cola,
From now on for Jim DeSola.

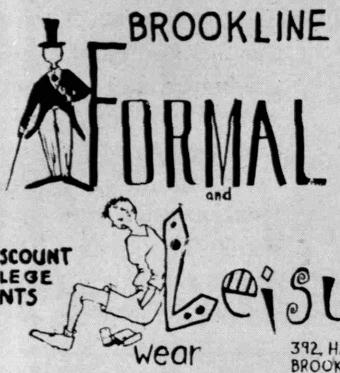
The lobby of ten has hawkers' yells
Of thousands and thousands of decibels.
I think their manners are quite forgotten
To suggest that I fill my ears with cotton.

I almost always get the ague
From arguing with good Chris Sprague.
He thinks he knows the total score
But I am sure that I know more.

A guy who'll steal a five cent Tech
And think that he is smart
I so very cheap that he
And M.I.T. should part.

From Senior House comes Alan Krigman.
I type him as a "thinking-big" man.
He heckles me for major changes
When I prefer the minor ranges.

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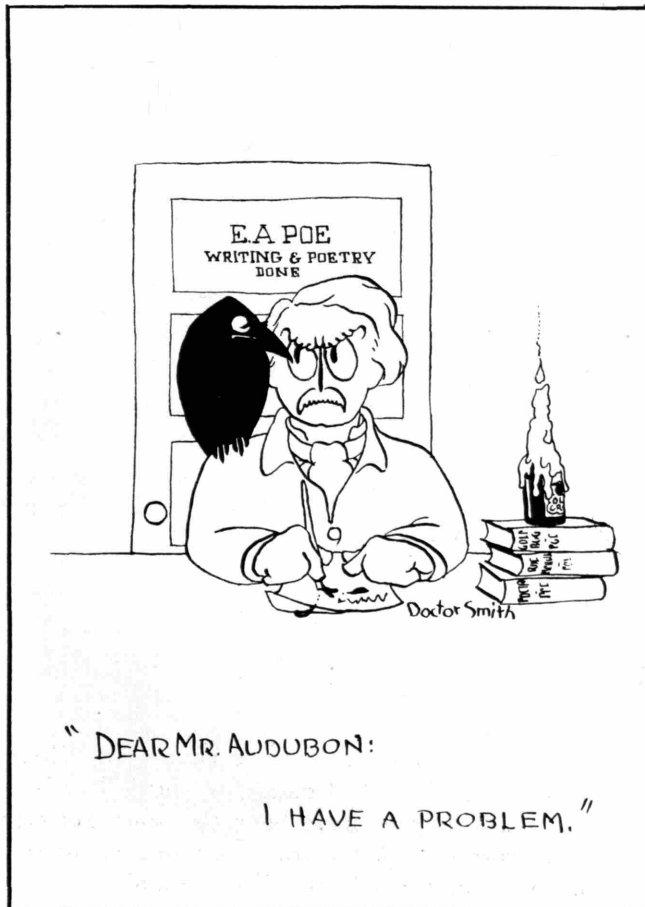
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Whoever runs the I.F.C.
 Is pure anathema to me.
 On parking rules he'll not agree
 To pacify the M.D.C.

Lemon juice or sugar taffy?
 Which of these is Ira Jaffe?
 Alice, fill my sack of No's
 For everything he may propose.

Last night I had the best of dreams
 That won't come true, alas:
 The Tech has found a freshman who
 Correctly quotes the "Brass."

An egocentric guy am I
 I do not know its meaning
 Except perhaps the likes of me
 Try their hand at Deaning.



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Random Notes

Professor Holland reports that a recent article on Hamlet seems finally to have found the real solution to the troublesome enigmas of that play. Once it's pointed out, he says, it's hard to see how Renaissance scholars could have missed it. Maladjusted, moody, hostile, withdrawn, a truant from school, a rebel without a cause, he is consumed with an incomprehensible hatred of a world in which he never got a chance. He is the victim of a broken home; his is an alcoholic stepfather, and his mother is entirely too free with her affections. Deprived of status in his society, he seeks attention through acts of violence. He creates a scene in a theater. Emotionally unable to return the love of his blond girlfriend from next door, he sadistically mistreats her, and finally stabs her nearest relative. Oh, yes. He carries a knife and knows how to use it. Perhaps most damning of all, he dresses completely in black. At last we have the answer to this most mysterious of all tragedies: Hamlet is a Juvenile Delinquent. How about the Bobsy twins, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern? Crooked social workers who try unsuccessfully to get the gang leader's confidence. And that settles that.



Wise students are boning up on Whyte's *Organization Man* preparatory to answering those crafty psychological questionnaires the companies are sending around. We thought we'd help matters along by supplying the answer for another questionnaire, this one for prospective members of one of the House judicial committees: "What would you do if you saw a House resident coming out of his room with a girl at 5:00 a.m.? The answer that gets you the job: "Discreetly cough."



You know those collective nouns - a "flock" of sheep, a "herd" of cattle, a "pride" of lions, and so forth, that have been the source of many good stories? We heard a new one on the radio the other day: - a "dread" of deans!



SMILE KIDDIES, HERE'S ANOTHER MAN FROM DISNEY'S

To Dean Fassett

HARK !!!!

Press thy ear windward -
Gear the plaintive wail of a senior in distress.
The torturous agonies pluck at thy heartstrings -
Your entire body rocks in rhythm to
"I want a parking sticker in the East Campus lot."

Verily, for this be number one on the Hit Parade
And hence, by grace of God and Samuelson, the laws
Of supply and demand grasp this poor soul in its
Icy grip.

Oh - to escape the clutches of this fiendish thing -
Wave before it green money, that
It be happy. The Alumni Association long will
BLESS the good man that made
One of its

Soon-to-be members, a self made
Man. May he always look with favor to his
Undergraduate days - lo be it that he
Begrudge many sheckels because of
One lowly dean. May all his ancestors have warts.
The dean's, that is. Leave us be correct.

Pity that poor fellow - four
Years of his life has he lost

For sake of future happiness - small
Worth, when compared to
Contemporary bliss.
A parking sticker is but a small token,
A symbol of
Big Brother's patronizing hand - a job
Well done. A
Reward, you say? A deserved one, say I.

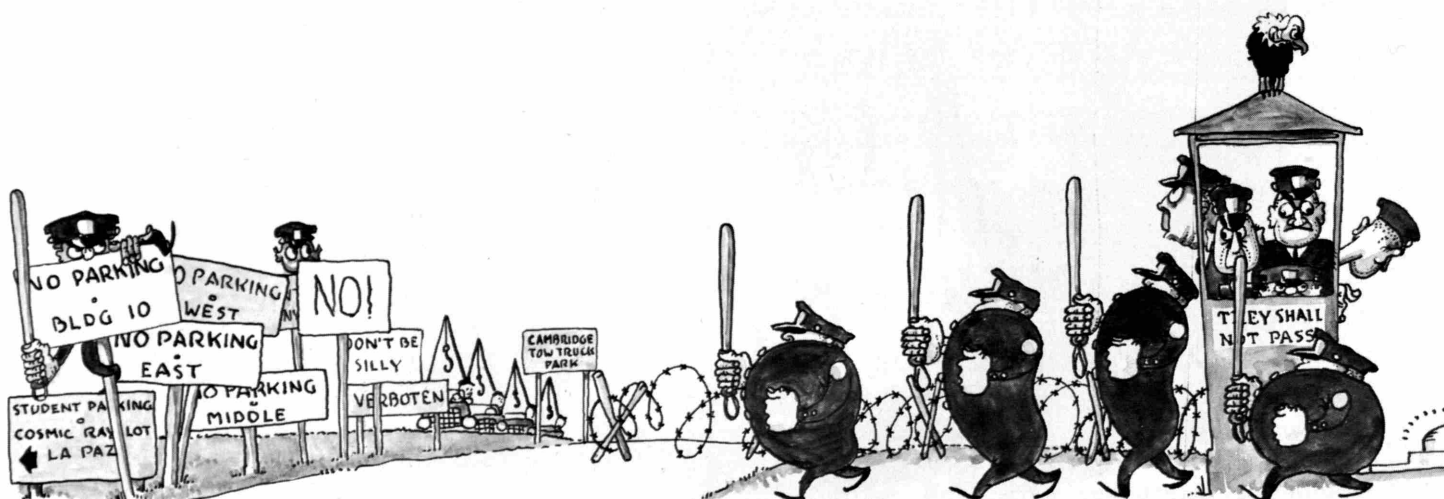
HARK !!!!

Good dean -
Do you feel a sharp
Tug from beneath your gray coloured
Vest in response to this exalted
Appeal?
This is not
The result of
Excess calories. But rather, the aboriginal desire to do
Good.

A Shakesperian closure
Might be appropriate to this entreaty. So if
You inquire as to my greatest
Reason of all for a hallowed sticker (you may)

If you cock your ear, and listen from afar,
You'll hear the reply - "I have a car."

- Christopher P. Witze '60



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OFFICE OF STUDENT RESIDENCE

TO WITZE, TO WIT:

How in the days of dark despond,
My worthy Christopher,
Unto your recent plea I may respond--
And in the negative.
A car you have,
And so have Joe and Joe to Joe the N.
Space terrestrial we have not
And though my heart burn,
Thine auto must thy problem be
(As 'tis thy joy, I'm sure),
And cognate problems of where to
 put the darned thing when it is not in motion
Must be also thine.
Yet, that they soul may snicker,
I promise thou shalt have a sticker
Good for all of Senior Week.

- F. G. Fassett, Jr.



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Ramdom Note

“A wave of concern for Southern Negro college students,” writes the *New York Times*, “is stirring at campus after campus in the North.” Demonstrations, meetings, pamphlets, and what-not have been reported from Yale, Harvard, Brown, C.C.N.Y. the Universities of Chicago, Wisconsin, and Colorado, also Antioch, Oberlin, Wilberforce, Harpur, Vassar, Smith, and Bennington. The Vassar spokesman was quoted as saying, “There have been no pickets at Vassar in the last twenty years. We did not know how to go about it, we did not know what our legal rights were, we did not know how the administration would react, and we had to tell the girls that we could not offer them protection of any kind. Having told them the risk, we did not lose a single girl who had signed up for the demonstration.” And where were the men from M.I.T. during all this? Debating whether the group that wished to support the demonstrations in the South should be recognized as a class B activity by the Institute Committee. What it all comes down to, apparently, is that it's getting harder and harder to tell red tape from apron strings.

M.I.T. STUDENT'S DICTIONARY

ATHLETIC FIELDS - Dry areas.

BAKER HOUSE - Gastronomic servitude.

BIBLE - A collection of last year's mistakes.

COURSE UNITS - Square root of homework time.

CUM - Numerical millstone to discourage improvement.

8.-- - A digit followed by a decimal followed by an "F".

ELECTIVE - A course required by your Registration Officer.

FACULTY - Teachers for seniors.

INSCOM - Forum of futility.

JUDCOM - Whitewashers Union

LEADERSHIP - Damning the Administration.

LECTURE - (1) Cure for insomnia; (2) Proof-reading the professor's next book.

NO. - A word used by females and deans.

PARALLEL - Half a madhouse.

PARKING STICKER - A device for giving faculty cars preference.

PROBATION - (1) Academic; reprieve from freedom; (2) Disciplinary - Speerited.

PROFESSOR - Purveyor of the intuitively obvious.

RESEARCH - Professor's excuse for unavailability.

SCHOLARSHIPS - Minor discounts for good conduct.

SENIOR HOUSE - Home for freshmen.

TEACHING - By-product of research and consulting.

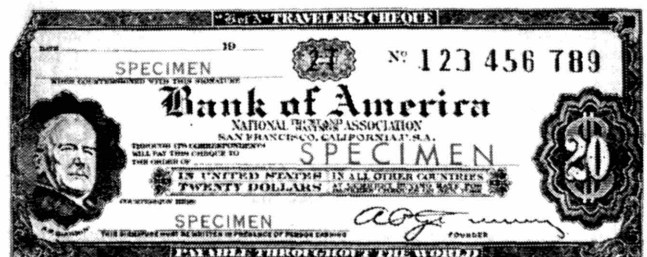
THE TECH - M.I.T.'s humorous publication.

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TAPESCREW LETTER

(with apologies to C. S. Lewis)

The following letter, slightly scorched, is from an elderly devil to his nephew and former student.

My dear Woodworm:

I have just read your report about the characteristics of the humans at M.I.T., and I am distressed by your habit of complaining about the difficulties you are encountering. You must be losing the sophistication which led us to choose you for this important post. Reading between the lines, I can only conclude that the situation is a most promising one, provided you immediately abandon your attitude of logical positivism. Really, my dear nephew, you seem to have been infected already by the spirit of the place.

You complain, for example, in a positively childish way, that the Devil cannot find work for idle hands if there are no idle hands. Of course they say that there is time for nothing but work. And a superficial observer might come to this conclusion. But look about you. Have you not noticed the promising subtlety and complexity of their simple minded pride in, and devotion to work. You can take advantage of this in many ways. Most important of all, cultivate their sense of guilt when not working. When they begin to relax and have fun, you must subtly remind them to work at it. Don't discourage levity—just be sure it is always serious levity.

But there is a deeper value to us in their unconscious belief that virtue equals work and that, therefore, sin equals sloth. As you know, this is the modern secular form (watered down, of course,) of the old Puritans' beliefs. Incidentally, while Harvard was founded by the Puritans, it is actually M.I.T. that is their

spiritual heir. But to return to the point. Don't upset their hierarchy of values, for, if you do, they may stumble on that pernicious belief that pride is the chief sin.

Be particularly alert whenever you find one of them who is beginning to ask philosophical or ethical questions. One way to handle this is to suggest that such questions are slightly morbid, if not downright abnormal. This will usually be enough. But more devious remedies may be needed in some cases, especially among any younger students who are getting high marks with relatively little effort. With them you must appear to be completely candid. Relying on the dominant if unconscious convictions which pervade the atmosphere there, point out that such questions do have "correct" answers. (This will relieve their anxiety and they will listen to you). Then go on, without snickering, to assert that such philosophical and ethical questions can only be reached by means of "facts" and a completely detached, objective frame of mind.

If you are successful in getting such a student to move in this direction, you can safely leave him to his fate. In all likelihood, he will transfer to Physics, if he is not already there, then to Mathematics, and finally to the Boston Psychopathic.

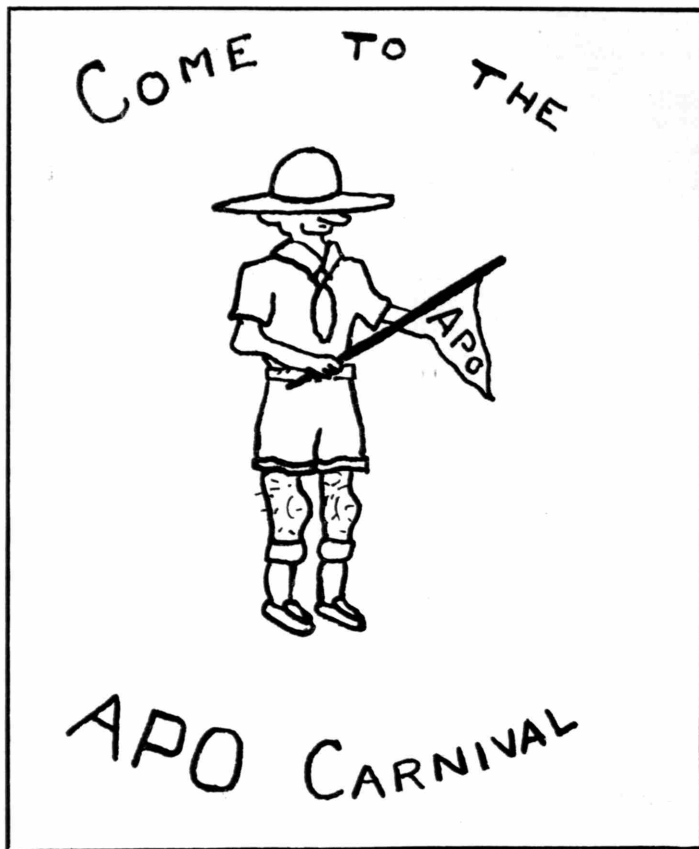
You ask if you should concentrate your efforts on those who are most interested in space travel. Really, my dear nephew, you must learn to put first things first. Do your job properly, and your proteges will soon enough all be in space.

Your affectionate uncle,

Tapescrew



THE GREAT MASTERS
Lucas Cranach the Elder's
"Cardinal Albrecht as Saint Hieronymus"
as Walt Kelly might do it



A BEXLEY BALLAD

Lament of the Inmates

Conger eels and arctic curlews
Never darken Bexley's purlieus

Mangrove roots and eucalyptus
Woodenly have always skipped us.

Vodun blacks and prayer-wheeled lamas
Vibrate not to Bexley's mamas.

Cossack chiefs from steppes, Eurasia
For coed talk have pure aphasia.

Humped camels, czars Alexian
Know not charmers, intraBexlian

Mandarins in costumes pearly
Never date a Bexley girlie.

All these oddities exotic
Justly, thus, are tabbed neurotic.

Surely us to so avoid
Is naught but madness, unalloyed.



A NOTE ON LEADERSHIP TECHNIQUE

Whom do I go to,
Whom do I see
To get what I want
For my buddies and me?
Try it on Fassett?
Try it on Rule?
Try it on Stoddard?
Or whom in the school?
Bounce it at Kelso
Or Kispert or Jay?
Who is the boss here
And what will who say?

The technique that's perfect
To squeeze out a dime
Is to try it on all
At about the same time.
Then cling to the yes-boy
Claim he's the right man -
Since no one knows better
You'll get all you can.

Take your
Campus Queen
to

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GREEN**

a romantic spot
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She'll adore the Rose Room
at Tavern-On-The-Green
nestled among the trees
of Central Park . . . especially
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Dancing to the rhythms of 2 Latin
and American orchestras every
night but Monday. No cover
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Central Park West at 67th Street

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Three Little Maids

Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a co-ed cannot be,
Our father's head of M.I.T.,
Three little maids from school.

Tech is the place for lots of fun,
Nobody's safe, from us they run,
Life is a joke that's just begun
Three little maids from school.

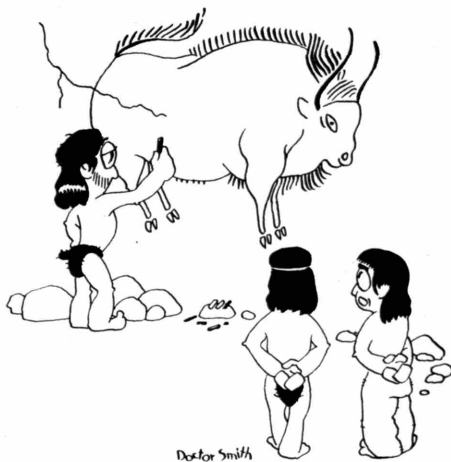
To the Institute we'd never go,
To math and physics we say no!
But love that girl-guy ratio,
Three little maids from school.

Three little maids who've learned to love
Our fellow man all else above,
And reap the benefits thereof,
Three little maids from school.

Three little maids are blonde of hair,
Blue of eye and passing fair,
Watch how the techmen turn and stare,
Three little maids from school.

When M.I.T. was Boston Tech,
We weren't even a tiny speck,
Our father's now a nervous wreck,
Three little maids from school.

—Cathy, Carry, and Laurie



This modern stuff will never last



Well, we've seen the last of Chicago

LECTURE 13

THE OCCULATED IRRANGULATOR
(Transcribed in full from magnetic tape)

Today I wish to explain the principle involved in the design of the occulated irrangulator.

First, the theory.

From an examination of the Wyserthanus formula for inverse occulation resulting from Wyserthanus's brilliant insight into the maculation principle, it is intuitively obvious that the third derivative, though mathematically insoluble, will in fact contain an inconstant term with an nth degree subexponent. This, of course, as you can see, means that a simplified method of direct occulation can be developed by means of overt turbulation, a novel and insightful notion.

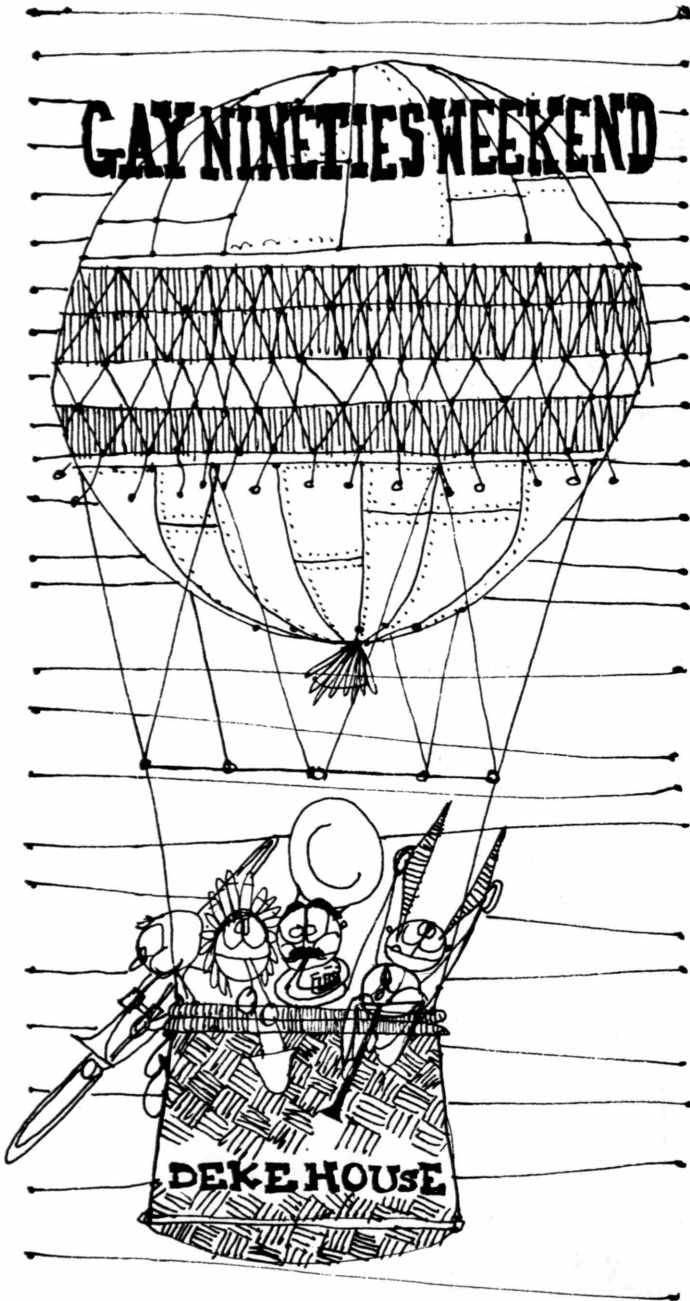
Now I call your attention to the eleventh term, I'm sorry, the twelfth term of the simplified formula. I am sure that you have already noted the curious existence of a sub-italic nodule in this term and no doubt have grasped its significance. To save time, I will therefore merely state the end result - namely, that this implies the possibility of rangulation.

Now note the seventh term. Skipping the trivial explanation, the term when subjected to vectorial reverberation yields a regressive series. This, of course, establishes the fact that once we have achieved the rangulation implied by the twelfth term, we can immediately irrangulate by the process of detrosion.

You will find a complete explanation of detrosion in a volume entitled Eclectic Matheology by a mathematician with a long Greek name which escapes me for the moment. The Philadelphia Library fortunately has a copy of this volume, in the original Greek, of course. I shall hold you responsible for the explanation on tomorrow's quiz.

So much for theory. The mechanical aspects of the design are somewhat more difficult. However, you will no doubt recall reading in Calenti's Italian treatise on Tetracting Machines, to which I called your attention by a passing reference in the first lecture of the term, that a reciprocating casulator can be employed, by a simple alteration, to simulate sub-italic nodules.

I refrain from tracing the intricate motions involved when a casulator, as here, is combined with two rangulators of different order, as you will undoubtedly prefer to do this for yourselves.



SAT EVE 8:12^{PM} OPEN HOUSE
 SUN AFT 2:6^{PM} JAZZ CONCERT
 1:00 PER COUPLE
 DARTMOUTH INDIAN CHIEFS
 FREE BEER

MAY 7 & 8 IFC WEEKEND

I shall, of course, hold you responsible for complete schematic diagrams on tomorrow's quiz, in addition I probably shall also ask that you sketch one of the series of 24 subassemblies.

I hope that I have not bored you by going into too great detail in explaining this simple machine. I consider it wiser to overexplain at the risk of seeming lengthy rather than to underexplain. After all, reiteration of material which you already grasp helps to fix it more firmly in your mind.

I'm sorry we have no time left for questions.

Unfortunately I am in the midst of a critical experiment on nuretic nebulation and shall not be available until after tomorrow's quiz.

SENIOR WEEK OF 1960

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STARTING JUNE 3

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- Boston Pops
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- Mystery Night
- Senior Prom

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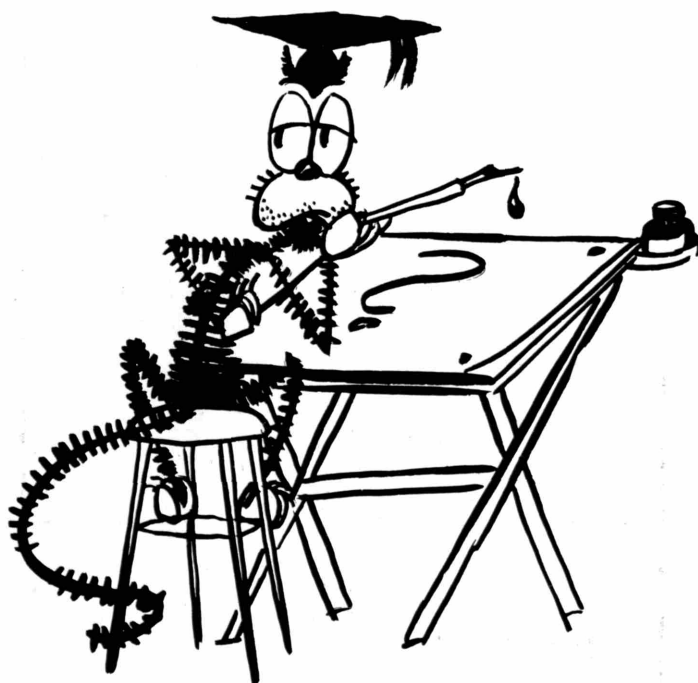
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For I'm Only an Engineer

The Flags and Banners waved for me
 As I ripped through blood and Bone
 Scoring for Glorious M.I.T.
 In the Cambridge Autumn Sun -
 I tore through the East like a savage Beast
 To smear Gridirons with Gore
 Fair Harvard wept and Old Yale crept
 As I humbled them just for fun
 I smote the great and the Heavy weight
 From Dartmouth and From Penn
 But now I'm just another Bum
 Slave of Blueprint and pen -
 Oh how I yearn for yesteryear
 with women and curls all a-scream
 As I ripped out Guards and Tackles and Ends
 to soften them to cream

The Touchdowns I made were like Lemonade
 as the trainers picked up the debris
 And the Buildings and Grounds made peculiar sounds
 As the scorers add more points for me
 The Victories I won made faculties run
 For cover and for shame
 The Boston Post would ever Boast
 And Glorify my Name
 But where am I now? Knowing now how
 To witness a Game for Free
 For I'm ground to Earth in a realm of dearth
 By the Engineer in me -
 Oh why did I forsake the Game
 For slide rule and for Marks
 When I could slough them right and left
 In a Hundred Football Parks
 What happened then to M.I.T.?
 In a space of Fifty Years
 To yield its Front Page football Fame
 For a Bucket full of tears
 Give Back those Millions to Ford and duPont
 For a red-blooded afternoon
 To butcher Princeton and Notre Dame
 And force them to eat with a spoon
 Demolish those Labs and Libraries too
 And give me one more chance
 To Abolish those Tests and those Doctorate Pests
 And humble the Crimson and Blue
 The front door to Fame is never the same
 when it's hidden on Page twenty-two
 When a gridiron Won or a broken-field run
 Will Shatter Front Pages anew



The M.I.T. Baton Society
 presents
TECH NIGHT AT THE POPS
 Sunday May 8, 1960 at 8:30 pm
 Symphony Hall, Boston

Featuring:

Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra;
 M.I.T. Glee Club; Logarithms

Tickets:

Floor (reserved) \$3.00, \$2.50 (5 seats per table)
 First balcony (reserved) \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00
 Second balcony (unreserved) \$.75

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 or mail to MIT Baton Society
 301 Walker Memorial M.I.T.
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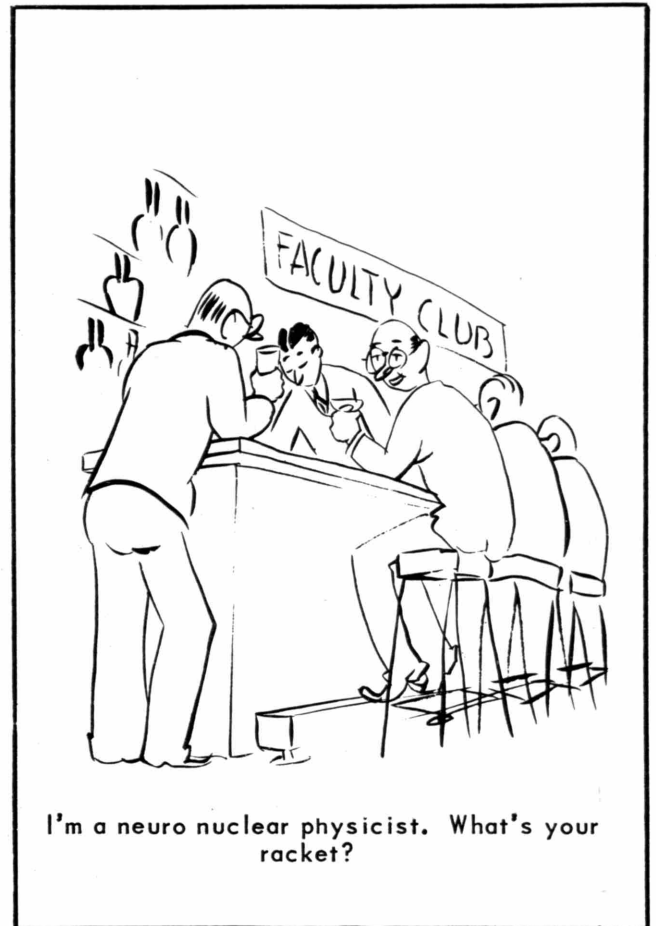
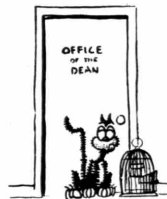
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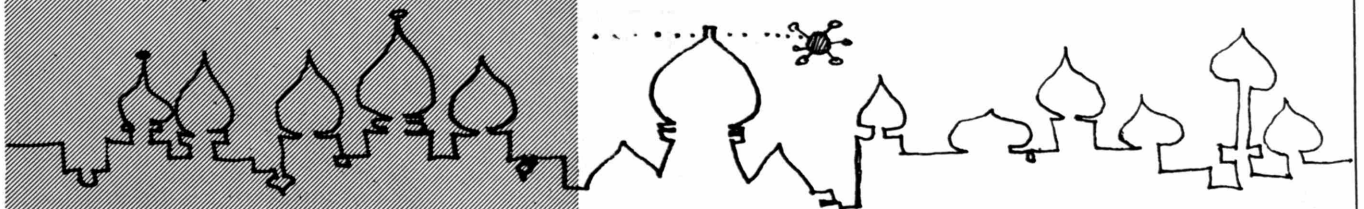
Untitle those Deans and put them in jeans
 And give them a broom and a mop
 To scrap-heap those Brains before the day wanes
 And restore M.I.T. to the Top
 Till it pays to arrive on Memorial Drive
 at a College instead of a Shop
 Bring in the Coaches and throw Out the roaches
 And the whole wide World will hear
 That it takes a Man and not a mouse
 to become an Engineer
 When I'm just a slob without a job
 And my past to me is clear
 I have only myself to blame
 For I'm Only an Engineer !



I'm a neuro nuclear physicist. What's your racket?

MISS
FRANCIA
KAYE
CHILDERS
 &
MISTER
CHARLES
ROBERT
PORTER

ARE PLEASED TO INVITE
 THEIR FRIENDS (ALL OF
 HERS AND BOTH OF HIS)
 TO AN INFORMAL RECEPTION
 ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF
 WALKER MEMORIAL FOL-
 LOWING THEIR WEDDING
 2:30^{PM} MAY DAY 1960



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Any little red-eyed vireos in here?

