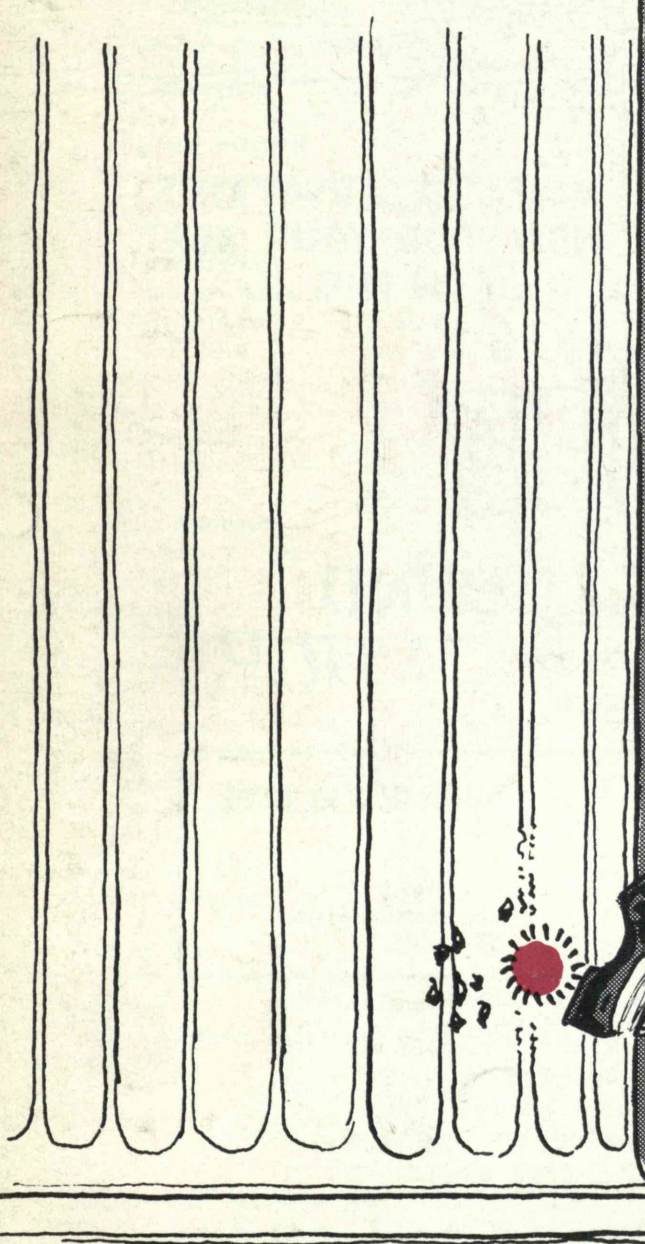


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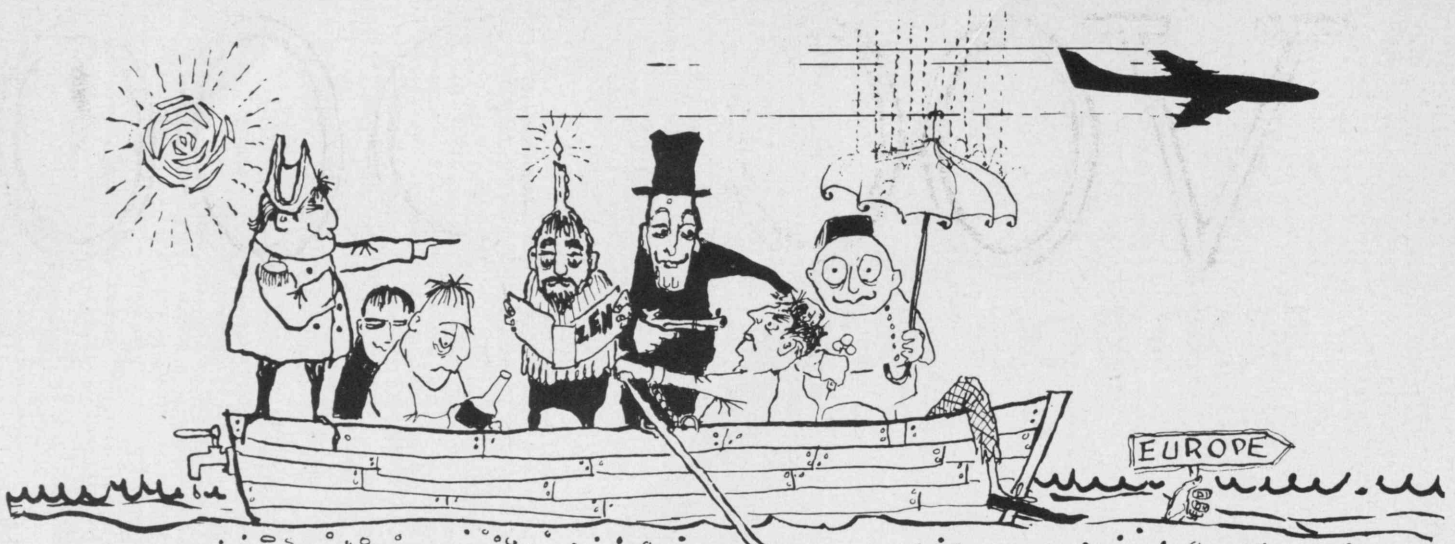
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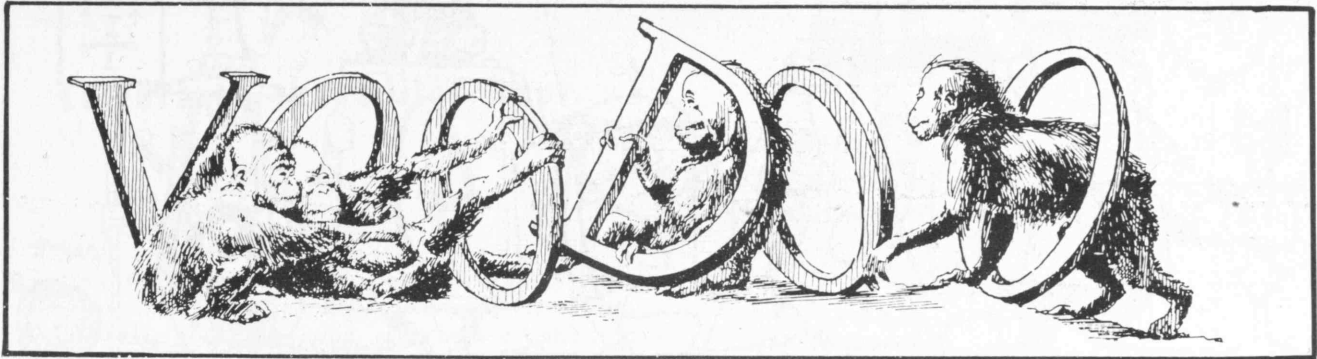
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Have you seen the *Boston Herald* supplement devoted to M.I.T.? Have you perused its 180 pages of advertisements and bare-faced propaganda? Did you behold the snide remarks about a former Voo Doo staffer marrying a the tech potentate? And did you notice, that throughout this praiseworthy publication, there was not one, no, not one, dissenting word? We of Voo Doo actually sent in some contributions to the Herald along this line, but, of course, they refused to print them.

We therefore feel it our duty to raise our voices in protest, for, without doubt, nobody else will do so during the Centennial Year. You may hide this issue in your bookshelf during the year... you may put on your finest and most impressive false front... but above all, remember that TECH IS HELL!

RAH

Copies of this stirring editorial may be obtained by forwarding 35¢ plus postage to Voo Doo, Walker Memorial, Cambridge.

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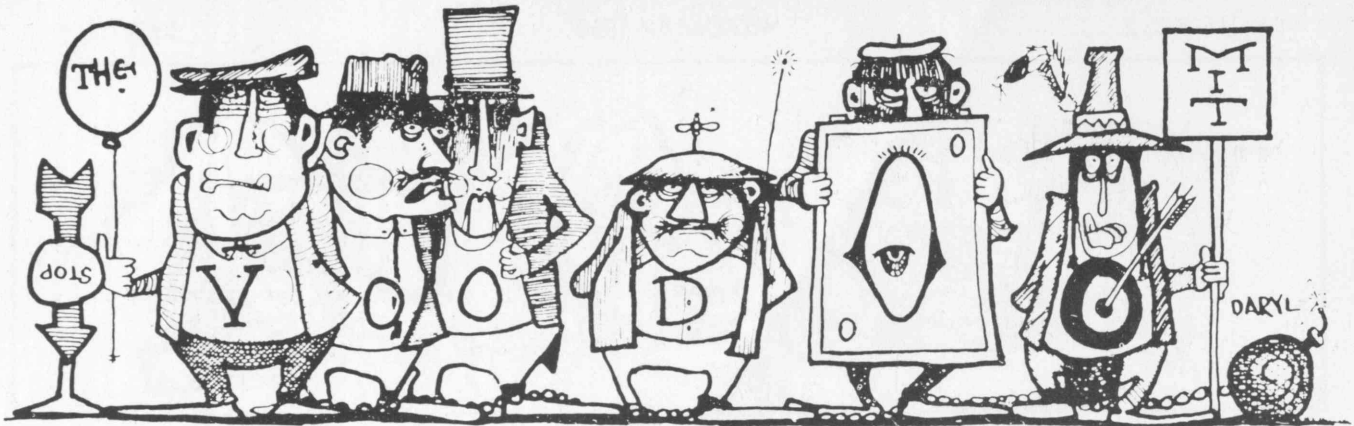
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The American Clothiers' Institute has revealed that the average American woman's waist is 28 inches, and that the length of the average American man's arm is also 28 inches. There is Justice in this world!

Several Tech Coeds have confessed to attending mixers masquerading as girls from Simmons or B.U. Beware!

We understand that last sales day our gorilla frightened several Techretaries. We are rather surprised to hear this, as these young ladies had impressed us previously as being made of sterner stuff. After all, they should be accustomed to being drooled over by lecherous Techmen; why boggle at a gorilla? There isn't that much difference... At any rate, Voo Doo means to make amends. If the Damsels offended by our bibulous beast will send their names and office numbers to us, the ape will make a personal apology to each and everyone, sans suit. Perhaps, also, they can tell us afterwards whether he is less frightening without it. We've had trouble deciding, ourselves.

Other denizens of this Bastille-sur-la-Charles took our noble monster in stride. As a matter of fact, one hardy

bearded member of the outing club actually growled back. The gorilla was nervous for the rest of the day. He is really a timid soul at heart.

We noted with interest the appearance of an East Campus bed on the Great Dome, J.P. Weekend. We don't know who it belonged to, but we did note numerous pigeons roosting on it.

While looking through an Olde Historie of Boston, we finally clarified something which had been puzzling us about Commons for some time.. "The Charles River was discovered by Charles Mulligatawny!"

Have you eaten at a restaurant on Commonwealth Avenue frequented by B.U. students, and commonly referred to as the "Crumpled Kresge"? Some of us do, rather often... but the manager (and sometime cashier) of that establishment is a real clod. He has persistently annoyed us by refusing to allow us (we go in groups of 4 or 5) to pay individually for our fare. Therefore, on the day this issue comes out, we plan to eat there, and afterwards pay this gentleman (?) with the exact legal maximum of pennies, nickles and dimes equal to our check. In the interest

of better service, and general hacking, we advocate that you do the same.

A senior board member was reading through his 6.252 notes the other day, when he encountered this statement: "If the following seven equations are solved simultaneously and Condition (26) is imposed, it is found that Condition (25) results." At that point, he says, he decided to quit for the day and go to bed.

Professor Greene emitted one of his more profound remarks while discussing the episode of Dido and Aeneas in his 21.13 class: "Unlike Dido, gentlemen, some women are willing to love and leave - but they are frequently expensive."

We are glad to hear that the roof of Kresge weighs 1500 tons. But really - on the front page?!

Frustrated readers have been coming up to the office and weeping on our shoulders, piteously begging us to tell them the missing caption on last issue's cartoon. For the benefit of them and other bewildered tools, we will now reveal the great secret:

"How'd you do in the poker game last night?"

Now tell us - do you think it was really worth it?

Letters to the Editor Dept.

(As you have no doubt observed, all the high-class magazines like *Scientific American*, *Time*, *Mad*, *Pornographic Science-Fiction*, etc., have a Letters to the Editor Column. We decided that if we want to make *Voo Doo* a high-class magazine, we'd have to have one too. We also would need a few dozen other things like good writers and more customers, but that's beside the point. So here is our first attempt at such a column. If you want to send any letters to *Voo Doo*, deposit them in the convenient circular metal receptacles located in various places in the Institute buildings. We make up our own letters.)

Dear VD:

I think your magazine is nasty. Why do you have to be so nasty to everybody? You're always saying nasty things about Tech coeds, *The Tech*, *TEN*, Tech coeds, the faculty, freshmen, Tech coeds, Harvard, Cal Tech, RPI, Carnegie Tech, Georgia Tech, and Tech coeds. Why can't you print something nice about somebody once in a while?

— *A Tech Coed*

Dear Tech Coed:

Now when have we ever said anything nasty about Georgia Tech?

— *Ed*

Dear VD:

Your magazine is the greatest! When I opened the October issue and saw the ticket to the Huxley lectures, I thought it was just a joke. But I presented it at the door anyway. The man told me to go back to my room and turn on my radio to WTBS. I heard Huxley perfectly! Thanks a million for a very worthwhile lecture.

— *Grateful Freshman*

(Note: The blank spaces in the following letter represent unprintable words. — *Ed*.)

Dear VD:

— *The Tech*

Dear *The Tech*:

Flattery will get you nowhere.

— *Ed*

Dear VD:

We don't mind your reprinting of our jokes, but would you please at least give us credit?

— *The Harvard Lampoon*

Dear Lampoon:

Sorry. We only sell for cash.

— *Ed*

Dear VD:

From even a superficial observation of your magazine it is obvious that you have a tendency to frequently committ errors of spelling, punctuatian and usage. Are you cognisant that this sort of thing hardly should ever be put out. And also your publication is one of the most obcene still extant. To briefly sum up; I believe that greater caution on your part should be exorcised.

— *Irate Humanities Instructor*

Dear Irate:

We shall try to always use your standards to keep up to.

— *ed*

Dear VD:

You are without a doubt printing one of the finest magazines known. You provide the touch of humor so sadly lacking in our world today. I have just been reading the October issue, and have observed the improved quality of your cartoons, the originality of your jokes, and the outstanding talent shown by your writers. Keep up the good work, *Voo Doo*! MIT needs you. America needs you!

— *Anonymous*

Dear readers:

Now do you see why we make up our own letters?

— *Ed*

Dear VD:

I've been hearing rumors that you plan to put out a humorous issue sometime this year. Is there any truth in this?

— *Curious Junior*

Dear Jr.:

That's what we *plan* every time!

— *Ed*

— *Doug Hoylman (letters and all)*



Doing the Town

Go, if you will, to the great rusty holes that gape in the Earth's surface around the Great Lakes. Go to the vast iron ranges of the world. After due refining and processing, take several tons of American steel, or a somewhat smaller amount of the European variety. To this lump of ferric raw material you have gathered add such things as plastics, leather, rubber, chromium, aluminum - a list, in fact, that stretches as long as a Back Bay rat's tail - and that's a long list, buddy.

Add to these physical assets the cumulative discoveries and technical innovations up to the present from that point in the dim recesses of time at which lower-case man becomes capital-m Man, swung down out of his tree, and donned a pair of leafy BVD's. (We understand, from a usually reliable source, that the first guy to do this grabbed poison ivy instead of fig leaves, and ran off to become the missing link. He did stop scratching long enough to sire a child, though, which is where the expression "Son-of-a-itch" comes from. Later on, this young man changed his name to Epithicanthropus Erectus, which means - well, never mind what it means - but his contemporaries knew what it meant, and thus he was forced to leave his native town of Piltdown and move to Java, where he invented coffee. However, he fell into a tar pit one day while driving under the influence of caffeine. So much for him.

Take the power from our mighty rivers, our awesome waterfalls with their white waters thundering into space. Take the heat from burning coal, gas or oil; or that from irritated atoms - turn water to steam and with this power and this technology weld the raw materials into a chariot

of the roads; the symbol; yea, the lifeblood, of Detroit; supporter of the nation's economy; the automobile.

Possessing the shining, sleek motor car, take a patriotic upstanding sturdy American citizen; a noble creature, spiritual heir to the founders of our nation. Follower and believer of the great mean of American history. Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Jackson, Mazerowski, here stands civilizations highest product.

Now, idealistic one, bring these things together on the streets of the Hub of the Universe, and what do you have? A Boston Driver. Disappointing, eh? Now that we have him, let us study him, for only by knowing our opponent may we hope to triumph over him. And who among us can truthfully say that the Boston driver is not his enemy? (Or perhaps we should say enema...) Not one of us. You there - the Boston Driver who is reading this article, are thinking, "I certainly am not an enemy of my peer group, the B.D.'s." - You're living on a cloud, fellow. The worst enemy of a Boston Driver is another Boston Driver.

You may ask, "What is it that separates the Bostonese from the ordinary automobile operator in St. Louis, or Cincinnati, or Oshkosh?" It is simple. The Boston Driver has carried the American code of the road to its logical extreme. Instead of a co-operative effort to create the maximum good by moving with optimum safety and speed, driving in Beantown is to the average Bostonian what a pro football game is to Big Daddy Lipscomb. You are trying to simultaneously stop your opponents dead in their tracks while setting them up so that your team advances.

In any city in which there are automobiles you will find an occasional car making a quick left turn, just as the light changes, or deliberately blocking traffic to make it through an intersection, but nowhere do you find the lack of hypocrisy, the singlemindedness of purpose as in the capital city of Massachusetts.

There are several basic rules without which an inexperienced driver may find himself stranded, cowering at the corner of Mass. Ave. and Memorial Drive until he starves, or the Charles freezes over and he can take his chances on foot across its execratory expanse.

Rule No. 1. Remember good guys finish last.
(If at all.)

Rule No. 2. Drive as though there was nothing else on the road.

Rule No. 3. (Probably the most difficult to learn,

but most essential and the mark of a true Boston Driver.) Give the impression that you do not see your opponents (other drivers) while in reality have a 360 degree grasp of the scene. Be able to tell whether the other guy sees you or is trying to fake you out.

This last involves the peripheral vision of a star basketball and the nerves of a lion-tamer. Therefore, remember not to drink before you drive, but if you do drink, don't stop until you are too sozzled to stand and barely to sit upright in your auto. It's your only chance.

Abiding by these simple reminders, any person of reasonable intelligence can become a terror on the roads and a true son of the Commonwealth.



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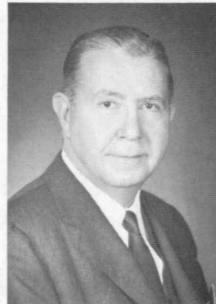
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VOO DOO BUREAU OF

James R. Killian, Jr.

Alias: Big Jim

Title: Chairman of the Corporation



24567034

Record: Leader of the gang and front for some of its operations, though seldom in the vicinity when they are pulled off. Expert in explosives (Exploding Frontiers of Science, etc.). Suspected of communist affiliation through connection with an organization called the National Security Council, on some list at the Justice Dept. Known to be an insider in several bank jobs (Fed. Res. of Boston, etc.) and a member of several local "clubs".

Personal: Very elusive and difficult to find as is usually running from or to something. Often travels abroad when pressured. Spent several years in reform school (MIT).

Julius A. Stratton

Alias: Jay

Title: President

Record: Active leader of the gang. Another explosives expert. Has spent time abroad, but Mafia connections have not been established. Known to be the operator of a big house in Cambridge, and has great influence with certain municipal officials. Is reported to be operating a \$66 million con game involving a nationwide group of businessmen.

Personal: Also very elusive. When questioned is evasive and uncooperative. Has posed as a college professor (Physics and Elect. Eng.). Travels extensively on gang business. Often seen accompanied by attractive blondes.



43586097

John T. Rule

Alias: Jake

Title: Dean of Students



32111007

Record: Strong arm man and executioner of gang. Runs protection racket for certain groups and keeps records of all gang affairs. Has been involved in the printing of questionable reading matter, and is known to supervise a magazine which is considered pornographic. "Eliminates" victims of gang when their output is not satisfactory.

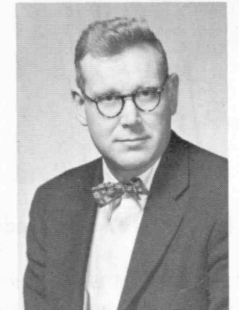
Personal: Likes big black cigars, slouch hats, and good bourbon. Goes for high living in plush apartments.

INVESTIGATION- 10 MOST WANTED MEN

Robert J. Holden

Alias: Parson

Title: Assoc. Dean of Students



12530984

Record: Mouthpiece and aid to Jake Rule. Has been involved with many activities and still keeps up with some. Is primarily an "idea" man for the group but has been called upon to do some of the dirty work at times. Adroit confidence man with a great capacity to guide people down the wrong path and have them enjoy it.

Personal: Has posed as a minister, hence the alias. Is known to have an inclination to "talk" with a minimum of prompting.

Frederick G. Fassett, Jr.

Alias: Freddie the Mad Hatter

Title: Dean of Residence



56321000

Record: Is in charge of running the houses that the gang owns, but also acts as mouthpiece when members are picked up. Has been implicated in several arsenic poisonings, all using tea as the poison carrier. Definitely direct all mass executions for gang, usually preferring to feed victims poison while they are eating dinner together. Often directs gang raids and sometimes loots raided areas of valuable appliances which he is accused of selling later.

Personal: Is known to like instigating raids, hot-dog roasting over open fires, and chasing fire engines. Very sociable, throws large parties and often uses this for gang purposes. At times he uses young girls as "assistants". Is a known "tea" addict.

Gordon S. Brown

Alias: Tinker

Title: Dean of Engineering



67888001

Record: A mechanic and electrician, he handles the technical work for the gang. Has dabbled in explosives, but is primarily a confidence man, where his greatest successes have been with wealthy institutions. Has a large bureaucratic organization under him which actually carries on most of the work of the gang.

Personal: Has a psychotic compulsion to build offices and fill them with his friends. Constantly tries to expand his organization and has achieved such confusion that each separate group under him seems to be doing the work of every other group.

B. Alden Thresher

Alias: Bat

Title: Director of Admissions

Record: Recruiting officer for the gang. Often puts the finger on candidates to be worked over by the group. Is known to have contacts all over the country, and he often calls them together to "give them the word". Confidence man who sells services at costs in the range of \$6,000 or so.

Personal: A dart board addict; it is claimed that he chooses gang victims by this method. Known for his ability to measure up a candidate quickly, and for his knack of being able to sell a person something he should not want.



10000086

Thomas P. Pitre

Alias: Thumbscrews Pete

Title: Assoc. Dean of Students

Record: Infamous loan shark; he uses this to get victims within the clutches of the gang and then holds them with his financial power. Once under his control, victims seldom have a chance. A torture expert with a great variety of methods, and infinite variations of modus operandi, so that it is often impossible to tell how he will react.

Personal: Inscrutable. Often has no obvious reasons for his actions. Seems to get sadistic pleasure from watching his victims squirm under torture. It can be assumed that he breaks little children's balloons and kicks dogs.



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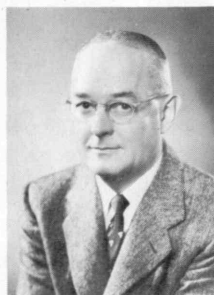
C. Houlder Hudgins

Alias: Hodge

Title: Chairman of Discipline Committee

Record: Financial wizard of the gang and also a strong arm man. Is known to have financial dealings in many parts of the country and has operated on his own for many years. Runs the gang's meeting places. Often recommends victims for execution or punishment and leads the gang's strong arm "committee". Has had union dealings and is an organizer.

Personal: Enjoys putting people "on the carpet". Has a reputation of respectability due to his Beacon Hill address and membership in high clubs. Likes gardening but this may be a front for poppy farming.



98098765

Roy Lamson

Alias: Duke

Title: Head of Course XXI

Record: Known to have been affiliated with another gang in Western Mass. During war was a spy (side unknown). Has been a jazz musician and probably picked up a number of customers through this. Known to have high level contacts. Recently has been in the printing business, and has produced several theatrical productions.

Personal: Ivy league type. Shows considerable ability with the clarinet. Professes to be an expert on literature and will demonstrate his ability at the drop of a hat.



7776666

When the ventriloquist visited his friend on a farm it was only natural for the farmer to take him out to the barn at milking time. There the ventriloquist amused himself by talking to the cows and having them "talk" back to him.

It was entertaining to say:

"Well, Brownie, and how are you?" and have a voice seemingly come from the old cow in reply:

"Oh not so bad. Of course I don't like this dried up hay as much as the fresh green grass we used to get, but I'll get along."

So it went down the row of stanchions.

The hired man, tending the milking machine, opened his eyes wider and wider as this went on. Finally he dropped the equipment and dashed toward the barn door. But he stopped just long enough to grasp the ventriloquist by the arm and plead in an agonized voice:

"When you come to that little red heifer at the end, mister, don't believe a damn word she says!"



Then there was the girl who ran all the way home one night because she was being chaste.



After 2 hours defensive in-fighting in a parked convertible Ginger managed to protest to her date, saying "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"Naw" he answered, reaching for her again, "what good is it?"



Then there was the man on the flying trapeze who caught his wife in the act.



A young man about town approaching a cigar counter behind which stood a cute young thing, said: "Do you keep stationery?"

Said the cute young thing: "Yes, up to a certain point, then I go all to pieces."

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If not in ask for my "mother"

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I DON'T LIKE THE THIRD GRADE EITHER

by DICK HOLMES

MICHIGAN STATE SPARTAN



I never have liked grade school. In fact, I hate it. I especially hate the third grade. If you want to know the truth, I don't even think there should be any third grade. Kids should go directly to the fourth grade from the second, or work for a while until they're old enough to go. They'd be a whole lot better off. The third grade is useless. You don't learn anything. You don't even do anything.

Take me, for instance. I was in the third grade all last

year, complete waste of time. The only really intelligent person I met all year was the janitor. He was a nice fellow, and very rational, if you know what I mean. I used to raise my hand to go to the lavatory about nine or ten times a day, just so I could go see him. The teacher, Miss Josephs, used to call me the Sieve. "All right, Billy the Sieve," she'd say, and open the door for me so I could leave. I told her I was too weak to open it myself. I said I was neurotic and hated door-knobs. When I'd get back I'd hit my head against the door so she'd know I was there.

Miss Josephs used to get awfully mad about things I did. She used to send notes home telling my father about my actions. I'd give them to Frankie Kowalski, who lived next door, and he'd write her back, two or three pages, in Polish. Frankie had good handwriting. Since my last name is Marshall, Miss Josephs would get awfully confused. Sometimes I used to cut myself on purpose and bleed all over the note. Then I'd put bandages all over my face, and limp into class and tell her my father said he was awfully glad she'd written. Old Miss Josephs used to have fits.

Sometimes when we were supposed to be reading to ourselves, I'd catch her looking at me. Not doing anything else, just looking at me. I'd give her this long, real suave look, and then fall flat on my face on the floor. I used to do it all the time. Old Frank Kowalski used to stand up and yell, "He's dead, he's dead," and all the girls would scream. All girls ever do is scream. If they're not screaming, they're crying or talking about boys. Anyhow, old Frank would yell, "He's dead," and Miss Josephs would come running back where I sat, or rather lay. It was quite a long run because I sat in the last seat of the last row.

At first, she had tried to put me in the first seat of the first row, right in front of her desk but I told her I was terribly farsighted. I used to back up this story by talking very sincerely to some object about ten feet to her right. I'd call it Miss Josephs and smile and nod at it. She finally put me in the back row. The only person who sat within five miles of me was my best friend, F. Scott Franklin, and he usually wasn't around. He never came to class. He probably cut more classes in the third grade than anyone else ever did. His dad had bought off the Truant Officer, so it didn't matter. Old F. Scott hated Miss Josephs. John F. Dillenger had a better third grade attendance record than he did.

Anyhow, Miss Josephs would finally arrive at my seat all out of breath and mad as could be and immediately began to shake me. "Get up, get up, Billy," she'd say at the top of her lungs. I wouldn't pay attention to her. Frankie Kowalski would keep yelling "He's dead, he's dead," and then would start reciting some important sounding medical terms. Frankie had a medical textbook at home and used to read it all the time. He didn't understand it, but he read it just the same. Old Frank's smart. He memorized all the important sounding terms in the book and every time I'd fall on the floor he'd explain my condition to Miss Josephs and the class. Give that guy anything with printing on it and he'll memorize it. Cereal boxes, candy wrappers, anything. He's a whiz. He'll probably be the World Authority on Telephone Books someday.

Anyhow, as I was saying, Miss Josephs would be shaking me and yelling at me and I'd finally get up. I'd moan a little

and then turn these blood-shot eyes at her. She'd be awfully mad, but this would calm her down. I've probably got the most blood-shot eyes you've ever seen. Anytime I want, I can make myself look like I just came back from the Dead, or drunk a coke too fast, or something. I just swallow real hard. I don't know why but I think it has something to do with the time I fell out of a tree.

But blood-shot eyes or no blood-shot eyes, Miss Josephs used to always call the principal, Old Doc Sherman. He isn't really a doctor, not any more than Frankie Kowalski is. He's just a doctor of education, and that's not much. A moron could get a degree in education. Not many people call old Sherman "Doctor." He likes to keep the common touch. In fact, outside of Frankie and me and F. Scott Franklin, nobody calls him that, and we only do because of F. Scott. Old F. Scott calls him George Washington's personal physician. He's always calling people things that don't mean anything, or at least don't mean much. Sherman idolizes George Washington. He's in love with him. He's got five pictures of him in his office. George Washington crossing the Delaware, George Washington at a desk, George Washington on top of his horse, George Washington at the side of his horse, George Washington in front of his horse.

His wife, old Mrs. Sherman, used to be president of the school P.T.A. That's Parents-Teachers Association. Everybody who's anybody belongs to the P.T.A. They asked my father to join but he told them to go to hell. Anyhow, when old Mrs. Sherman was president (they've got a lousy kid in the second grade, so she qualifies) the P.T.A. had its annual meeting to decide what gift to give the school. They give a gift every year; a radio, basketball equipment, new stair railings for the old ones I fell through last fall. They always vote on it. The whole rotten school believes in democracy, secret ballot, no less.

Anyhow, nominations were made from the floor, and a lot of people nominated a lot of things, and Old Doc Sherman stood up and nominated that they present a picture to the school. After everybody had quit talking and arguing, they voted. Doc Sherman's idea won by over fifty votes. Since there were only forty-two people at the meeting, everybody was puzzled. But Mrs. Sherman was appointed to buy the picture anyhow and the next day it was presented to the school. George Washington in back of his horse. Old Doc Sherman seemed ill at the presentation, though, and finally made an announcement. He said he stuffed the ballot box. "I cannot tell a lie," he said. "I will resign." But the P.T.A., ever loyal, wouldn't allow him to, and took a vote of confidence instead. The Doc won by fifty votes.

There were forty-two people present.

So, I knew what kind of a guy I was dealing with. A crook. I mean not a real crook, but a kind of one. He's the type who would steal gum from his own kid. I mean I saw him do it once. He was out on the playground, holding Bradley's, that's the kid, coat. Bradley was playing kickball. He's probably the worst kickball player you've ever seen. I could be blind and have no legs and still kick twice as far as he could.

Anyhow, I was playing kickball, too, not playing seriously, just kind of casual like, when I happened to notice

what Old Doc Sherman was doing. I have this remarkable ability to see all sorts of things at the same time. There could be murder going on in front of me, and arson in back, and I'd never miss a thing. I'd probably be the best witness the Police Department ever had. Anyhow, I saw old Sherman put his hand in Bradley's coat pocket and pull out some gum. One stick. I bet he chewed that gum for ten minutes before Bradley came over to get the coat. The poor kid put his hand in the pocket to get the gum and didn't find it. He got this real worried expression on his face and started looking in all the pockets. He almost tore the coat apart. And here's his father, right beside him, chewing the damn gum all the time. That's really a rotten thing to do. I mean I don't really like Bradley or anything, and he is a lousy kickball player, but I'd never take gum from him—candy, maybe, but not gum. A fellow has to have some honor.

But I always knew how to handle Old Sherman. I had him all figured out. A materialist, an American materialist. The minute he'd come into the room I'd start jumping up and down. "A vision," I'd yell. "I had a vision." The Doc would stalk up to Miss Josephs and me. "These are the times that try the souls of men," he'd say. "I'll take command, Miss Josephs." That guy always pretended he was at Valley Forge or somewhere.

But I'd keep jumping around. "A vision," I'd repeat. "A vision about George Washington." That would stop him. "About who?" he'd say. "George Washington," I'd repeat, "the Father of our Country." He'd lean forward. "Yeah? What about him? What was he doing?" Anytime you'd mention George Washington, Sherman would be all over you. "Where was he? What'd he look like? Tell me."

He was the one who was raving now. I would just stand there looking real intelligent. I'd adopt this extremely mystical look and narrow my eyes. I always look mystical when I narrow my eyes. "He was standing all alone by a river," I'd intone. "He had something in his hand, a silver dollar." At the mention of money, Sherman almost collapsed. He was breathing awfully fast. "I saw it all very clearly," I went on. "He threw the silver dollar across the river. It landed on the opposite bank, under a tree. The river was very familiar." Old Doc nearly died now. His eyes were as big as saucers. I spoke very slowly. "It wasn't the Potomac. It wasn't the Delaware. It was our own Duck Creek."

This floored him. Duck Creek is right behind our school. It used to be pretty good fishing, but now it's mostly sewage. I used to spend most of my Saturdays there but I don't any more. It smells too much. He was mumbling and there was a glaze in his eyes. I guess he really believed me. What he didn't realize was the whole story was a phony. Not only my story, but all the others. George Washington never threw a silver dollar across Duck Creek. He never threw a dime across it. George Washington never threw anything across any river. He was too aristocratic. If you're aristocratic you don't show your emotions. I mean, when you're a Somebody, anybody at all, you don't just walk up to a river and throw something across it, especially Duck Creek. Let other people do it. But Old Doc Sherman didn't know this. Sometimes he was really dumb. He'd believe anything I told him. Anything. As long as I mentioned either money or George Washington.

For days after I'd told him about these visions he'd be out looking for that silver dollar. Sometimes he'd even be digging for it. He said you couldn't tell what had happened to the coin in two centuries. Old Doc Sherman and his magic shovel.

Sometimes I used to get all these ideas about what I could do to him. For a while I even planned to dress up like George Washington and go talk to him. While he was digging on the banks, I was going to drift up to him in a boat, uniform and all, and ask him, real low-like, if this was Trenton. He probably would have had fits. The only trouble was that I couldn't rent a uniform. I was too short. Anyhow, I probably wouldn't have looked very realistic, if you know what I mean. Who ever heard of George Washington being three and a half feet tall.

Well, that just goes to show how useless the third grade was. We didn't learn anything, and all we did was fuss around. And we never got in any trouble either. I could handle Old Sherman just by telling him stories about George Washington. He'd always go rushing out of the room mumbling and forget all about punishing us. In a way, that was when we had the most fun. After he'd leave, Frankie and F. Scott Franklin and me would start acting real patriotic. We'd throw all the Hessians out of the room, Charley Schmidt and Eric Lowendorf. They were out of the class more than they were in, those days. But we never touched the Tories ourselves. That is, I

was, and F. Scott Franklin was, and Frankie Kowalski tried to be. He couldn't really be, though. No background. Nouveau riche. Sausage money. Don't get me wrong. I liked him immensely, and still do, but in some ways he was only a climber. F. Scott and I were the true aristocrats.

Come to think of it, I guess that was what caused all the trouble with Miss Josephs. She was actually a very nice girl, cute and all that. She used to date this real swell guy. One day, when she kept me after school, he bought me four Cokes. But she was strictly middle class. A State College graduate, and that's what F. Scott and I couldn't stand.

My whole family is Ivy League. My mother graduated from Bennington, and my father was thrown out of Yale. Both my uncles were Eastern. The drunk one went to Amherst for seven or eight years. The other one graduated from Princeton. But if you think that's exclusive you should meet F. Scott's parents. They didn't even go to college. They were tutored. Mr. Franklin says he wouldn't go to a college with more than five students. Says he couldn't stand knowing more people than that. He speaks four foreign languages, but mostly he just says hell in English. He's a good friend of my father's. Neither of them like anything.

Mr. Franklin says there are only two correct things to be in life, a piano player and a walker. He plays the piano all day long. If he doesn't do that, he goes for

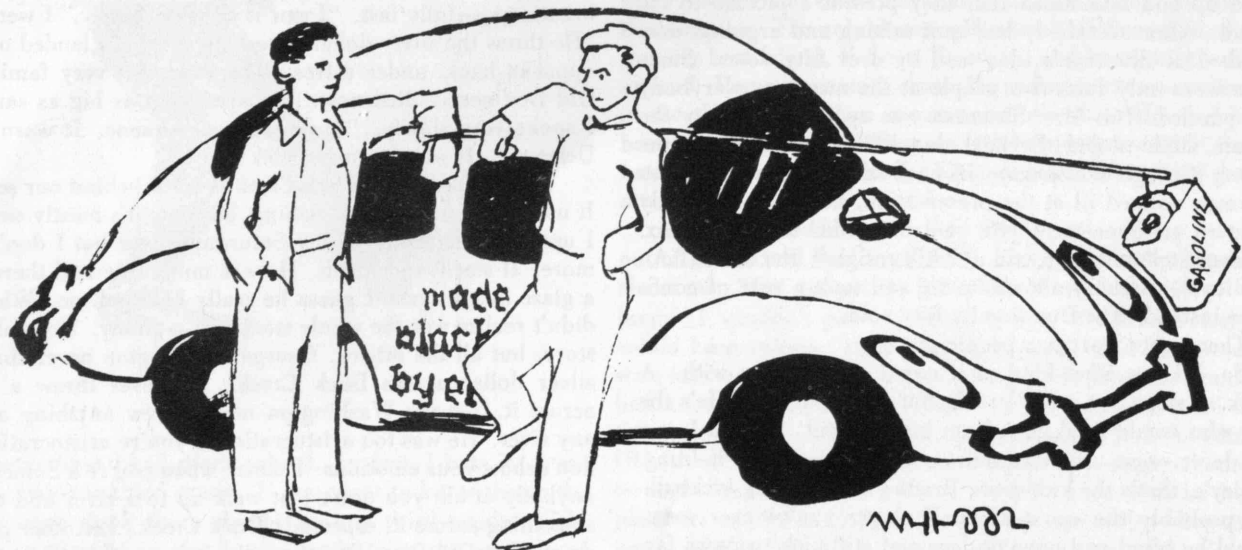
long walks. He always takes popcorn with him on his long walks. For the natives, he says.

Mr. Franklin got drunk with F. Scott Fitzgerald one night at the Plaza, and says it was the finest thing that ever happened to him. The whole family is named F. Scott. There are two girls and a boy, even the dog. He is quite literary, though. During the last war he became a citizen of Iceland. He says his whole life revolves around getting this special literary award from Iceland. He hasn't learned the language yet, but he says when he does he's sure to win. They haven't had a good writer since Eric the Red.

When he and my father get together they're awfully funny. They belong to an exclusive club. They're the only members. It meets every day, and all they ever do is sit around and curse Bing Crosby. My father says the worst thing that ever happened to the Christian religion was to have Bing Crosby sing "Silent Night." Both of them swear they're going to punch him. My mother calms them down, but they just start over again.

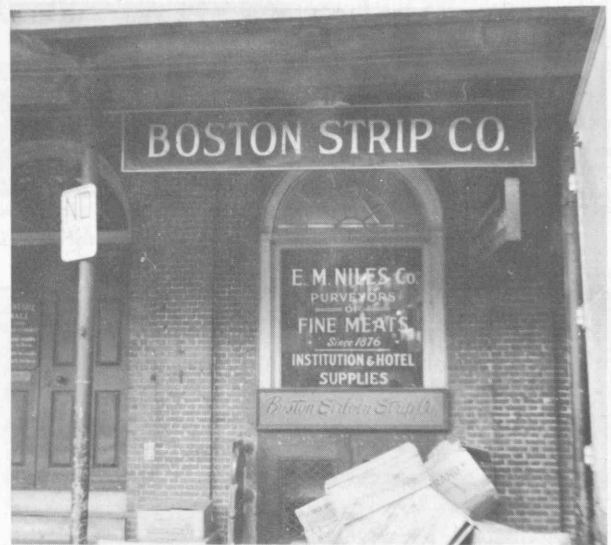
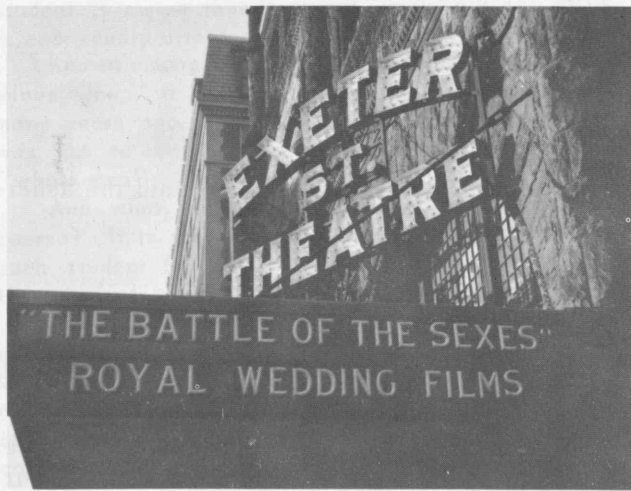
My father says the only time he ever liked any Crosby was when Bing was four years old. He says no one should ever be any other age than four, or maybe six. The only people in the world who aren't phony are that age. Everybody becomes phony after the second grade. My father hates the third grade.

I don't like the third grade either.



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 sister is coming home with the crabs."



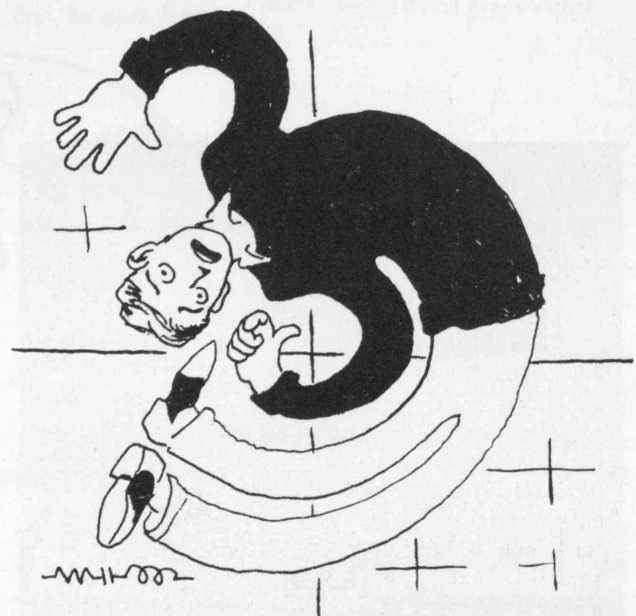
Fashionable women are trying to get the most
 out of evening gowns.



"I have two down in front," said the usher-
 ette, as her strap broke.



Remember those chocolate babies they used
 to sell in candy stores, ten for a cent? A little
 fellow demanded 2¢ worth, and added, "I want
 the boy babies." The confectioner asked why.
 The little shaver explained succinctly, "More
 chocolate!"



GOOD GRIEF! I'VE BEEN MAP-
 PED INTO THE COMPLEX PLANE!

Aha! We Thought So! Dept.

COURSE * -1

* "LIKE IN "MINUS"
THE COURSE NOBODY KNEW ABOUT

Down in the basement of Building 9, is the carefully guarded office of an Institute Course that is one of the best kept secrets of modern times. Not one student is aware that it exists, yet every one of us is enormously affected by it.

Known among a select group of Deans as "Course Minus One," it was introduced into the curriculum many years ago, back in the days when the crusade was on to convince the world that MIT educates the "whole man".

And what, kind reader, is the purpose of this course? It is the attempt of the Institute to prepare each student for life in the cruel "outside world." It is, in fact, the Institute's Obstacle Course!

Headed by fiendish Professor Svenson Crew, and given unbridled say over all other curricula, "Minus One" is responsible for the numerous daily tribulations experienced by us all. Take, for example, examinations. Did you know that all quizzes from all courses must be taken to Building 9 before marks can be affixed, and they can be handed back? Professor Crew has a staff of competent mathematicians, whose sole responsibility it is to lower everyone's grade by 10%. Naturally, if you are in danger of flunking the course, your grade is lowered by a larger percentage, depending primarily on how you part your hair. It was this staff which made the recommendation that quizzes be graded in round-table fashion, so that you couldn't argue with your instructor about mistakes. Likewise, it was at Professor Crew's insistence that Freshmen quizzes were changed to Mondays this year.

It was after a careful study, which determined that the largest demand for money at the Bursar's office on weekdays occurs at exactly 3:27, that Bursar's hours were restricted to 2:00. Although classes are held on Saturdays (another recommendation of Minus One), the Bursar's Office remains closed, so that all of us, at one time or another, may gain the worldly experience of being penniless over weekends.

The Security Farce is not directly employed by Professor Crew, mainly because its express purpose is to provide a supplement to campus humor and practical jokes, e.g., the recent filling of the East Parking Lot Security Farce booth with trash. Speaking of parking, it might be interesting to note that only one-fourth of the cars seen daily on the Institute lots are actually used for transporting Institute personnel. The other $\frac{3}{4}$ are driven onto the lot each morning from adjoining vast Cambridge lots, simply to fill room. Students are thus given valuable worldly experience in fighting for inadequate Cambridge parking spaces.

Svenson Crew's sphere of influence extends also into that redoubtable organization, B and P (Note to Frosh: There is no such thing as Physical Plant; in fact, there is no Campus Patrol, either, much to our relief.) Notice the immutable law that one of every pair of double doors in the Institute must remain locked; also notice that there is no apparent way of determining beforehand *which* door is locked. (Voo Doo recommends that each time you encounter such doors, you should unlock the locked one.... it only takes a few seconds.... only two levers to throw ... any Voo Doo man can show you how.)

Dormitories are another prime example: the sheets are intentionally made 6 inches shorter than is necessary to properly tuck the corners under; mailboxes are stuffed with "pernicious" notices regarding Dorm Rule violations. In addition, the "Dorm Rule of the Month" club has been in operation for some time ... there are now approximately 87,000 existing dorm regulations, each of which has the full support of "Minus One." This is to acquaint the student with the sad fact that Freedom and Liberty in the outside world aren't always what they're cracked up to be.... there's always Boston type politics to contend with.

The huge fees squeezed annually out of students are dictated by the "Obstacle Course" so that they will become more prudent in the spending of money. The Institute doesn't want you to throw away your money after you leave.... at least not until you've paid off your student loan, and given the school a whopping endowment. They might even name a building after you. O horror!

All student extra-curricular activities (except, of course, Voo Doo) are wholeheartedly endorsed by "Minus One", for they do an admirable job of keeping many from studying: *The Tech* is pointed out by Professor Crew as going so far as to deteriorate the already meager mental capacity of its staff and readers.

From the Gastric Distress viewpoint, "Minus One is doing an admirable job of operating the Commons System. Weekly menus are devised in the depths of Building 9 and pre-tested on caged animals to determine their effectiveness in reducing student morale. Crew and his henchmen are at present agitating for the introduction of "Force Feeding", i.e., compulsory Commons, at those Dorms not already stricken. Let the Student beware!

By this point, true patriots will have risen in anger and be pounding their fists upon their decrepit desks. It will do you no good to look for Building 9.... it is buried and bomb-proof, beneath building 10. Professor Crew has made sure you can't get in, through the one double-locked door leading to his haunts. But you'll be able to find the door, easily enough, for over it hangs a small sign, which reads,

ILLEGITIMUS CARBORUNDUM EST

By E. L. P.

Zuckerman was bored waiting all alone on the platform for a train. He put a penny in, stepped up to the scale. Out popped a card which read, "Your name is Jonas Zuckerman. You weigh 156 pounds and you're going to Westport." Zuckerman couldn't believe it. He tried again. The message was the same. Thining to trick the scale, Zuckerman took off his coat, shoes, hat, emptied his pockets and stacked them in a neat pile and stepped on the scale again. The card popped out. It said, "Your name is Jonas Zuckerman. Without your coat, hat, shoes, and nothing in your pockets you weigh 150. And you're still going to Westport." Zuckerman, couldn't believe it. He threw on his clothes and rushed down the street where he was able to find a cooperative elderly gent who returned with him. When Zuckerman put a penny in the slot the old gentleman stepped on the scale. Out came a card. It read, "Your name is Edward Johnson. You weigh 126 and that damn fool Zuckerman missed his train."



A race horse is an animal that can take several thousand people for a ride at the same time.



He pulled his car over to the side of the lonely road and listened intently for the engine for a few minutes. Finally he said to his shapely blonde companion, "I wonder what that knocking could be?"

"Maybe," she suggested, "it's opportunity,"



"Where you goin', Clem?"

"Town."

"What's the matter with that wheelbarrow?"

"Broke."

"Who broke it?"

"Hired man."

"Same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last year?"

"Yep. Clumsy, ain't he?"

We heard an old friend complain the other day that the trouble with life is that by the time you know your way around, you usually don't feel like going.



The mother-in-law was indulging in the self-endowed prerogative of all mothers-in-law — poking her nose in where it didn't belong.

"I suppose you and William are becoming a little concerned about having no children after having been married this long," she wanted to know.

"On yes," replied the daughter-in-law sweetly, "we've spent many a sleepless night over it."



She was not the kind of girl you meet at a U.S.O. dance, so the G.I. inquired cautiously: "You don't shrink from kissing a man, do you, Honey?" - "Hell, no!" she answered. "If I did, I'd be nothing but skin and bones!"



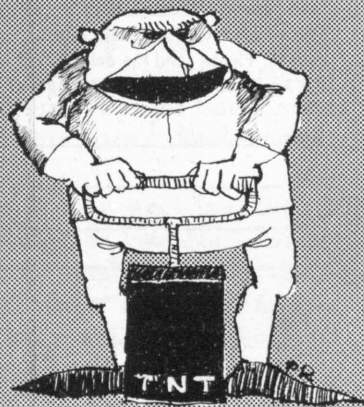
Some guys are just lucky. One who was especially so was the fellow who got cast ashore on a desert island with six beautiful girls, all of whom were determined to make the best of their sad plight.

After some dickering, it was decided that each girl would have one day of the week with this swain, who would be given Sundays to recuperate from the wearing grind. This arrangement worked fairly well for a while, but even with his day off the pace began to tell on the male castaway.

Then one day he was walking down by the beach when he spotted a raft offshore with a fellow on it. Overjoyed at finding this unexpected help, the islander jumped up and down excitedly waving his arms and yelled, "Hello, there!"

The figure on the raft got daintily to it's feet, started waving a lacey handkerchief, and cooed "Well, hello-o-o there!"

The other sat down wearily and said, "Well, there goes my Sundays!"



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The earthman stepped out of his spaceship after arriving on Mars only to be confronted with a beautiful Martian girl, standing perfectly nude, stirring a big pot. When asked what she was doing, she replied, "I'm making a baby!"

"That isn't the way we make babies where I come from," the earthman said, "Let me show you how it's done on earth."

After showing her, the Martian said, "Well, where's the baby?"

"Oh, it takes nine months," replied the earthman to which the Martian replied, then why the hell did you stop stirring?"



"Say, Kitty, how did you make out in that strip poker game last night?"

"Oh, I showed them a thing or two."



Did you know that the definition of a fifth columnist is a groom in a four-poster bed?

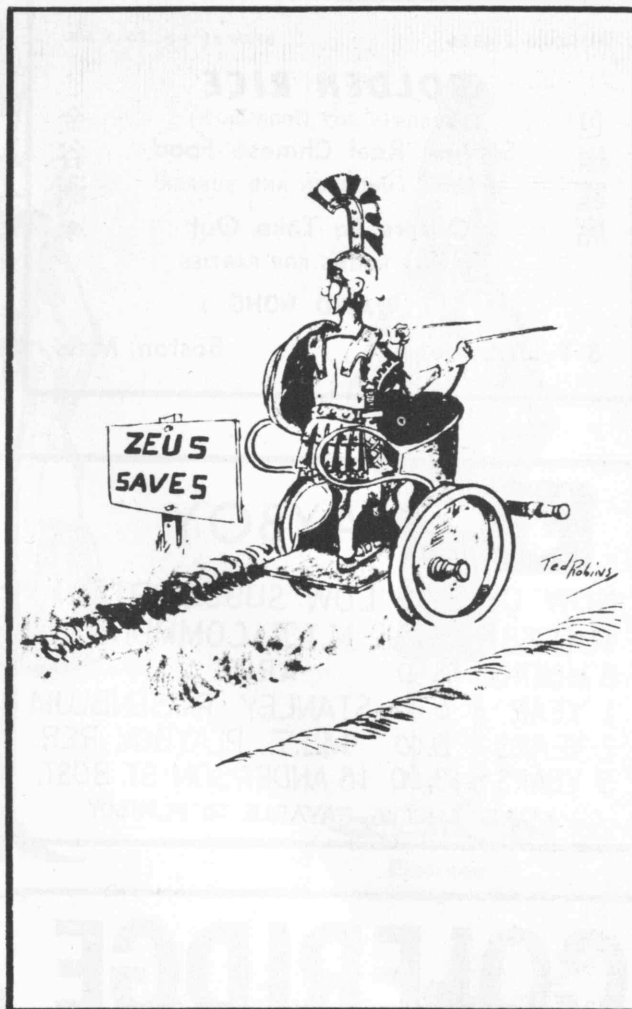


The Captain called his sergeant into his office. "Murphy," he said, "I just got a telegram that private Smith's brother just died. Now I want you to go tell him, but remember to be tactful, when you tell him."

So Murphy went into the barracks, "Smith," he roared. "I'm supposed to tell you that your brother died." Needless to say this came as a great shock to him and he had to be taken away for a few days rest.

The next week the Sergeant was again called into the Captain's office. "Murphy, I have another job for you. Brown's father died and I want you to tell him. But for God's sake, Murphy, use some tact this time. Remember what happened to Smith."

Again Murphy went into the barracks. "All right everyone, on your feet and outside." When they were all outside he lined them up and yelled "I want all those who have fathers to take one step forward - not so fast Brown."



"Say when, darling," he said as he poured a glass of beer.

"Okay," she replied, "right after the next drink."



How does a deserving girl get herself a mink? The same way the minks do.



A lovely young lady was having her house painted, and when she got up one morning she noticed a spot where her husband had leaned against the door jamb.

She called downstairs to the painter, "Would you come up here a minute: I'd like to show you where my husband put his hand last night." "If it's all the same to you, lady," he replied, "I'll just settle for a glass of beer."

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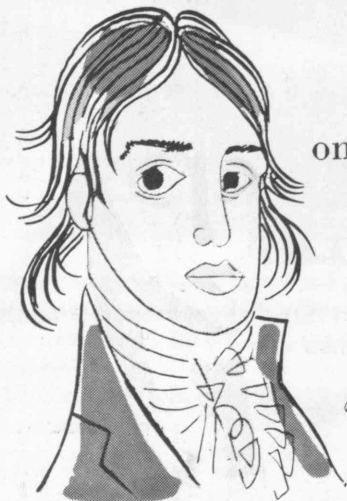
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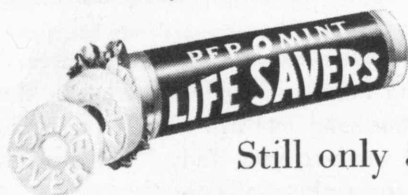
COLERIDGE



on Life Savers:

"'Tis sweeter
far to me!"

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



Still only 5¢

The school teacher was complaining rather bitterly to Milly about the behavior of little Randy.

"He's always picking on boys that are smaller than he is and beating them up," she said."

"Lord, said Milly," "that boy is just like father."

"And several times I've caught him in the cloakroom with one of the little girls," continued the teacher.

"Just the sort of thing his father would do!" exclaimed Milly.

"Not only that, but he steals from the other children."

"The very same as his father. Lord, I sure am glad I didn't marry that man!"



Have you heard about the lawyer who sat up all night trying to break the widow's will?



The Ski Trooper had just returned from the war, and was being interviewed. "How does it feel to be home?" queried the interviewer.

"Wonderful, wonderful!"

"Tell me, what was the very first thing you did when you got home?"

"Well, you know, I'm a married man."

"Oh, I see. Well then, what was the second thing you did after you got home?"

"I took my skis off."



Harry was given to going out frequently at night and leaving his wife alone. He would further rub salt into the wound by bidding her farewell with, "Goodnight, mother of three," as he went out the door.

One night she decided she had had enough of this and when he grabbed his hat and said, "Goodnight, mother of three," she replied just as cheerily, "Goodnight father of one."

So now he stays home.

THE ALL COLLEGE MIXER

by Sue Rothkopf



Simmons



Emerson



Tech



Boston U.



Scollay Sq.

TECH STUDENT CALENDAR

Each year the administration makes up an academic calendar embodying the Institute's idea of how much work the students should be expected to do. Fortunately for all Techmen, however, we influential boozers of VOO DOO have our own version of the calendar, which we submit to the Powers with a casual remark to the effect that it represents the opinion of the student body. Not that the opinion of the student body counts for much with them; but by backing our calendar with all the magazines sources, against the opposition of certain Administration sympathizers on the staff of The Tech, we force the higher-ups to compromise. The result is published in the General Catalogue for you to glower at.

Since our policy is to expose the Institute whenever possible, we present here the complete and unexpurgated texts of the schedule the Administration wanted to impose on you and the one which we suggested.

OFFICIAL ACADEMIC CALENDAR 1960

- Sept 1 First term begins for freshmen.
- Sept 3
8 a.m. Registration
9 a.m. Classes begin.
- Sept 31 W. B. Rogers Day (holiday)
- Oct 2 Special Sunday classes in honor of Emma S. Rogers.
- Oct 12 Columbus Day; Course XIII seniors build replica of Pinta and sail to Spain.
- Oct 31 Course XVI seniors construct broomsticks.
- Nov 11 Grand review of ROTC students (with A-cannon).
- Nov 27 Thanksgiving Vacation.
- Dec 25 Christmas Vacation.

1961

- Jan 21 Last exercises of term.
- Jan 22 Reading period (chapel attendance compulsory).
- Jan 23
through
- Feb 4 Examination period; each student takes 26 exams - 22 in courses not studied.
- Feb 5 Second term begins

VOO DOO'S ACADEMIC CALENDAR

1960

- Sept 25 First term begins for freshmen.
- Sept 26
through
- Sept 30 Registration
- Oct 12 Pizarro Day (holiday).
- Oct 31 Halloween pranks; students steal Great Dome.
- Oct 32 First quizzes.
- Nov 11 Draft riots.
- Nov 21
through
- Dec 4 Thanksgiving Vacation.
- Dec 17
through
- Jan 8 Christmas Vacation.

1961

- Jan 13 Last exercises of term.
- Jan 14
through
- Jan 28 Reading period.
- Jan 30
10-
11 a.m. Final exam.
- Feb 13 Anniversary of Lincoln County War; students permitted to shoot sandwich men and The Tech reporters on sight.
- Feb 14 Valentine's Day; free love seminar in charge of Prof. Greene.
- Feb 15 Day of rest and recuperation.
- Feb 16 Second term begins.

Feb 22 Washington's Birthday; two days' work in one, in honor of George's industriousness.
 Feb 29 Classes are held in spite of the fact that 1961 is not a leap year.
 Mar 21 Vernal equinox; students mow grass in Great Court. If no grass, students mow gravel.
 Apr 1 Spring Fever Day; no food, compulsory doses of castor oil.
 Apr 19 Patriots' Day; Course I seniors study Concord bridge.
 Apr 25 through
 Apr 28 April showers; no one allowed to leave the main building.
 May 27 Last exercises of term.
 May 28 Reading period.
 May 29 through
 June 9 Examination period.
 June 10 Commencement Day.
 June 11 Summer session begins.

Feb 22 Prof. Greene conducts defloration seminar in honor of George's truthfulness.
 Mar 15 Julius C. Stratton assassinated by public spirited citizens.
 Apr 1 through
 Apr 16 Spring Vacation.
 Apr 17 through
 Apr 23 Patriots' Day riots.
 May 1 Maypole dances in East Campus.
 May 12 Last exercises of term.
 May 13 through
 May 27 Reading period.
 May 29
 11 -
 12 a.m. Final exam.
 12 -
 6 p.m. Beer blast at Stratton's.
 June 1 Commencement Day.
 July 1 Summer session begins.

— G.N.G.



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See! That proves that you don't read headlines. If you had noticed the clear and concise headline above, you would have naturally skipped this article and gone on to something better. Well, it may not be too late. Stop reading now, before the next paragraph.

What's the matter? Can't you stop? Where is your will power? You've already read half of this article, and yet you're still stubbornly plowing on. Can't you tear yourself away?

This article can't improve your marks nor explain the mystery surrounding M.I.T. In fact, it says nothing. You have been told to stop many times. Why do you insist on continuing? Why can't you stop? Must you read to the very end?



The sudden entrance of a wife has made many a secretary change her position.



A worker approached his boss and said that he was quitting. When asked for his reasons, he replied that the hours were too long, the pay too low, and he didn't like working for a Harvard Grad.

"When do you start work in the morning?" the boss asked.

"Nine o'clock," was the reply.

"From now on you can start at ten. What's your pay?"

"\$1.50."

"Starting today you'll get \$2.00 an hour. Now kiss me and get back to work."



Is it true that storks bring babies or is it just poppycock?

A Techman was showing a Harvard lad the new IBM 709. "This computer can answer any question," declared the Techman.

"We'll see about that," said the skeptical one from the Radcliffe Annex. "Where is my father at this moment?"

Lights began to flash, and then the machine gave its reply. YOUR FATHER IS FISHING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

"Ha!" countered the Harvard lad, "You're wrong! My father, Albert Felix Van Stuhfschurt III, is on a business trip in Los Angeles."

Boomed the 709: ALBERT FELIX VAN STUHFSCHURT IS ON A BUSINESS TRIP IN LOS ANGELES, YOUR FATHER IS FISHING IN NOVA SCOTIA.



A girl can be very sweet when she wants.



Shocked by the language used by two workmen repairing the telephone wires near her house, an old spinster reported the matter to the company. The foreman's report read as follows:

"Me and Bill was on the job. I was up on the pole and let some hot lead fall which went down his neck. He turned his face up to me and said, 'You really must be more careful, Harry.' And I said, 'Indeed I must Bill. I will see that it doesn't happen again.'"



Gas stations are going to get rich if they keep building these big cars with powerful engines. A friend was driving one of these around and was in a hurry. Finding he was out of gas he pulled into a gas station and without turning off the motor, to save time, he told the attendant to fill it up. The man promptly put the hose in and started pumping gas. After several minutes the exasperated attendant turned to my friend and said, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to turn off the motor. I can't keep up with it."

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Daughter had flounced out of the house in a hurry and as she walked to the sidewalk, mother called:

"Have a good time at the dance tonight, dear, and be a good girl."

"Make up your mind, mother."



Good real estate slogan: Get a lot while you're young.



A new sign appeared in front of a recently occupied cottage in a small New England village. It read: "Dr. Rosenblatt, Circumcisions." The community was startled and a committee called.

Dr. Rosenblatt, a mild-mannered individual, apologized profusely, explaining that he was unfamiliar with local customs and offered to change the sign. The next morning a new one appeared. It read: "Dr. Rosenblatt, Ye Olde Yankee Clipper."



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The unemployed actor came home after a day of visiting booking offices. His apartment was a shambles and his beautiful young wife was lying on the bed in hysterics. It was obvious that her clothes had been literally torn from her body.

"What happened?" shrieked the actor.

"Oh, darling!" she sobbed, "I fought and fought, but he....."

"Who did this awful thing? Who was it?"

"He came here looking for you. He said it was very important. Finding me alone and defenseless he....."

"Who? Who?"

She hung her head and in a husky voice replied, "Your agent."

"My agent!" the actor's face beamed. "Has he found a part for me?"



"Do you have another razor?" asked the customer.

"Why?" asked the barber.

"Just want to defend myself."



He took his girl out into the night air and mist.



Monkeys have such a good time because there are so many of them, and there are so many of them because they have such a good time.



It happened during the heavy bombardment of an English city in the early days of the blitz. An air raid warden ran up to the opening of a public shelter, peered in and called: "Are there any expectant mothers down there?"

After a brief pause, a feminine voice replied:

"Hard to say, sir, we've only been down here a few minutes."

PRINCIPIA INSTITUTUM

The following treatise was written by Professor of Mathematics Niebert Warner. In it he sets forth the bare, unadorned truth about the Institute, stripped down to essentials and couched in the crystal-clear mathematical logic for which Prof. Warner is famous. It was intended for the Freshman Bulletin, but was for some reason rejected.

Eventually the article was published in a small private edition for the benefit of Prof. Warner's fellow mathematicians. Several pirated editions were also issued and sold through underground channels. We of Voo Doo, naturally, are quite familiar with these channels; most Techmen, however, never work up enough interest in literature to justify the trouble and bother of hunting up and prowling around - well, around certain dingy, ill-lit corridors. More we dare not say. Administration spies are everywhere, disguised as the Tech reporters.

Now the truth need no longer be hidden from prospective freshmen. For the delight and edification of our readers, we herewith publish, for the first time in a magazine available to the general public, Prof. Warner's Principia:

PRINCIPLE I: Let us define the year 1865 as 1, and each succeeding year of classes as the corresponding integer j . Then if the number of freshmen entering the Institute in a year j is designated as N_j , we may say that N_j varies as e^j .
Corollary 1: $N_{j-1} > N_j$.

Corollary 2: We define the total number of students as N , and the total number of available rooms as n . This n is made up of N_1 singles, n_2 doubles, n_3 triples, etc. Then

$$N = (N_1 + 2n_2 + 3n_3 + \dots) + W.$$

This corollary defines W , which is known as the Walker Factor.

PRINCIPLE II: Let us now define k as an integer indicating the year of a student, e.g., 1 for a freshman, 2 for a sophomore, etc. Then if D is the amount of money spent by any student during a year at the Institute, $D = f_d(k, u) + c$, where u represents tuition and c is a variable constant accounting for increases in room rent and cost of meals.

But $f_d(k) = F_d(E, B, M)$, where $E =$ money spent for lab equipment and fees, B is the cost of books, and $M =$ cost of other materials. $F_d = f(E) + f(B) + f(M)$, and we may say that $f(M) = \frac{1}{2}k$, $f(E) = k$, and $f(B) = k!$.

It is a well-known fact that $u = f(t)$, i.e., that tuition is a constantly increasing function of time.

Again defining the year as j , we have $u_j = u_{(j-2)} + J$, which is constant for each two consecutive values of j . J is an unknown periodic function of time having at present the value of 200.

PRINCIPLE III: If q is defined as the quality of commons. $-(dq/dt) + (-L) = U$. This equation defines U , the Urp Differential. L is the Leftover Factor. Corollary: Where N_c is the number of students on commons, dN_c/dt is proportional to dq/dt . N_c is a constantly decreasing function of time, unless some extraneous force intervenes (e.g., the building of a new dining hall and consequent institution of compulsory commons in yet another dorm.)

PRINCIPLE IV: Defining the average cum of a class with year designation k as Q_k , we are enabled to state the most important of these principles: $Q_k = 1/k$. Corollary 1; If dM/dt is defined as progress of math study and dP/dt as that of simultaneous physics study, then at any time T , $dP/dt > dM/dt$.

Corollary 2; If T_k is the time spent in and on labs in k , $T_k = k^2$.

Corollary 3; S is defined as the Snow Index. $S_k = k^3 e^t$, where t is increasing time in the year. The unit of S is the foot-flake equivalent, a unit useful only on a relative scale with the arbitrary reference point 30. (It may be remarked in passing that the large numbers in this scale are not theoretical extrapolations, but have been actually observed and measured precisely a great many times.)

S in ft.-flake equiv. technical description of S-matrix

5	flurry
10	light drift
20	moderate snow
30	snow
40	heavy snow
50	snowstorm
75	blizzard
100	snowbound
125	snowed under
150	snow fury
200	white hell
300	new ice age

Corollary 4; G is defined as a student's grade in any humanities course, and, oddly enough, is not a function of K . Instead, $G = f(I, b)$, where I is an exceedingly odd complex variable known as the Instructor, and b is the well-known B.S. Quotient.

Now if M is the material covered in any humanities theme, p is the paper used, and B is defined as the B.S. in the theme, then $b = BM/p$. However, the calculations are complicated by the fact that M almost invariably contains some B.S., designated as B_m . The B.S. Quotient of the material itself, B_m , is defined simply as B_m/p' , where $p' =$ pages covered by the material. Therefore, $b = M(B+B_m)/p = M(B/p + b_m p'/p)$. The Screw Ratio, p'/p , is directly proportional to the grade received on the theme.

PRINCIPLE V: Tech coeds are defined as O . O is negligible in every way.

— G.N.G.

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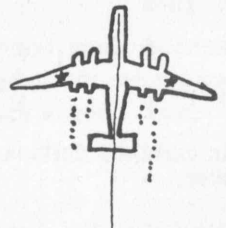
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WIZ

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MEMORANDUM

TO: ALL STUDENTS AND INSTRUCTORS

RE: STANDARD PROCEDURE INSTRUCTIONS IN DEATH OF STUDENTS

It has been recently brought to the attention of this committee that many students have been dying while attending classes for apparently no reason at all. Furthermore, the students are refusing to fall over after they are dead.

THIS PRACTICE MUST STOP AT ONCE

On or after November 15, 1960, any student found sitting up after he or she has died will be dropped from the course at once, without investigation, under regulation No. 20 - Sec 18.

Where it can be proved that the student is being held up by a desk or any other support which is the property of the Institute, a 10 day period of grace will be granted. The following procedure will be strictly adhered to :

If, after several hours, it is noticed that a student has not yet moved, or changed position, this committee will be called in to investigate. Because of highly sensitive nature of our students and the close resemblance between death and their natural studying attitude, the investigation will be made quietly so as to prevent waking the student if he is asleep. If some doubt exists as to his true condition, extending a shot of rye is a fine test. If the student does not reach for it, it may be reasonably assumed that he is dead. (Note: In some cases, the instinct is so strongly developed, however, that a spasmodic clutching reflex may occur. Don't let it fool you.)

In all cases, a sworn statement by the dead person must be filled out on a special form provided for this purpose. Fifteen copies must be made: 3 copies to be sent to Room 7-102 and 2 to the deceased. The others will be promptly lost in the department files.

COMMITTEE ON ACADEMIC ALERTNESS

THE FRESHMAN LETTER

Our absent minded freshman has again mistakenly handed in a letter to his instructor. This one appears to be from his girl...

Dear Alphonse,

I am typing this letter instead of writing it because I have to submit something real quick for our Everyday Lit class. As soon as I read this letter to the class for discussion and have it graded, I will send it to you air mail. Actually I would have written you sooner except that they really keep us busy here. You see, this year State started using an entrance examination and as a result there are two boys for every girl. This means that while the work is easy, social life takes up a lot of time.

Boy was I surprised when I was nominated by the men's dorms for "Coed of the Year." There are fifteen girls competing and the winner will be selected on the basis of beauty, intelligence, charm and poise. In order for the fellows to make up their minds about which girl should win, every girl spends one night at each fraternity and dormitory. While the schedule is rather fatiguing, it certainly is a lot more fun than staying at the women's dorm.

Remember that just before you left we had a big argument about whether or not your friend Ralph was as wonderful a guy as you said he was. Well, since I promised you I'd make sure that he got fixed up, I went out with him to learn what type of girl he likes. Gee was I surprised! You were right, he is a doll! In fact he hasn't let me out of his sight for weeks and he has such a MATURE outlook on life. Boy, you could sure learn a lot from him! Last week when I was home for the weekend I met your mot-

her at the grocery store. She told me that she just received your mid term grades. There must be a different grading system at MIT, because at State those would be failing grades and in high school you always had what we call an "A" average.

The funniest thing happened to those roses you sent me on my birthday. I was out ~~on~~ a date when they came and Julia, my room mate, thought they were from Louis, who had just ~~just~~ jilted her. When I came in the whole floor was covered with little pieces of petals and all I could find was the little card in the box. It was certainly nice of you to think of me, but next time you send flowers be sure that the name as well as the address is on the order.

I am sorry to disappoint you ^{about Xmas vacation but you} may remember I've been planning the trip to New York for a long time. Maybe if ~~if~~ you get in early next June we can see each other before I leave for Wisconsin.

Well darling, I must close now as it is nearly time for me to go to class. Be sure to try to drop me a line occasionally, but it certainly isn't necessary for you to write such a long letter as last time, after all there isn't a great need of words between old friends.

Affectionately,

Celia

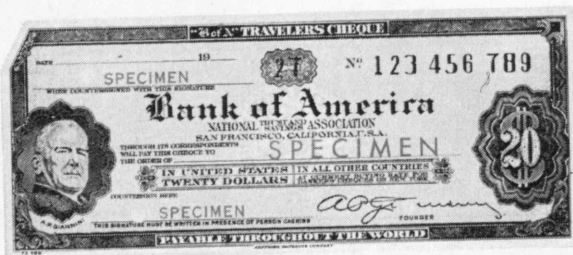
P.S. My room mate Julia has a cousin in Boston who never gets many dates, even though she's supposed to be very sweet. I gave Julia your name and address so that you two can meet each other. Let me know how every thing turns out.

The instructor and the Voo Doo staff are eagerly looking forward to more freshman epistles.



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And so we scorn the codfish,
While the humble hen we prize.
Which only goes to show you
That it pays to advertise.



The will of the wealthy, eccentric man was being read and the relatives all listened expectantly. Finally, the lawyer said: "And to my nephew, Charlie Jones, whom I promised to remember - "Hi, there, Charlie'!"



A girl married William so she'd have a Will of her own. Then there was a girl who married Richard.



The Boston man was bemoaning his bad luck. "What a day: I lost my job. I lost my billfold. My wife ran away with the electric light man. The Red Sox lost to the Tigers. It's unbelievable leading by four in the eighth, and they lost to the Tigers."



Little boy rabbit to little girl rabbit: This won't hurt, did it?



A little old lady walked into a drugstore and asked, "Do you make blood and urine analysis?"

The druggist answered, "Why, yes."

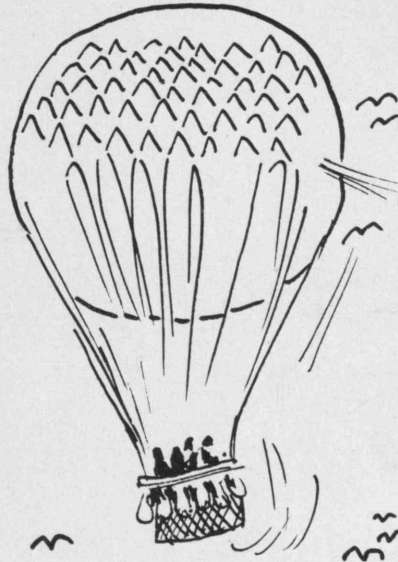
"Well then, wash your hands and make me a malted."

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