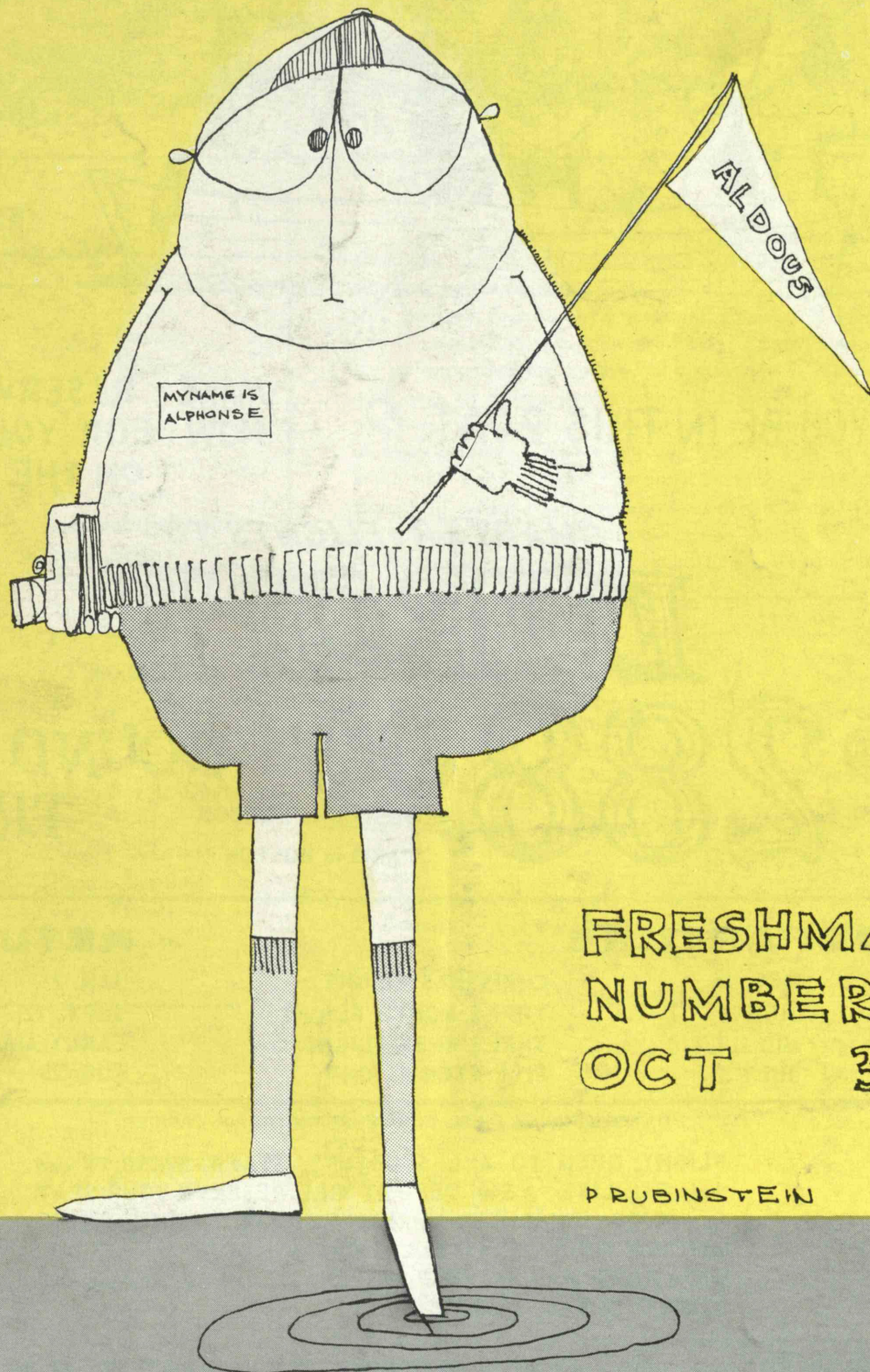


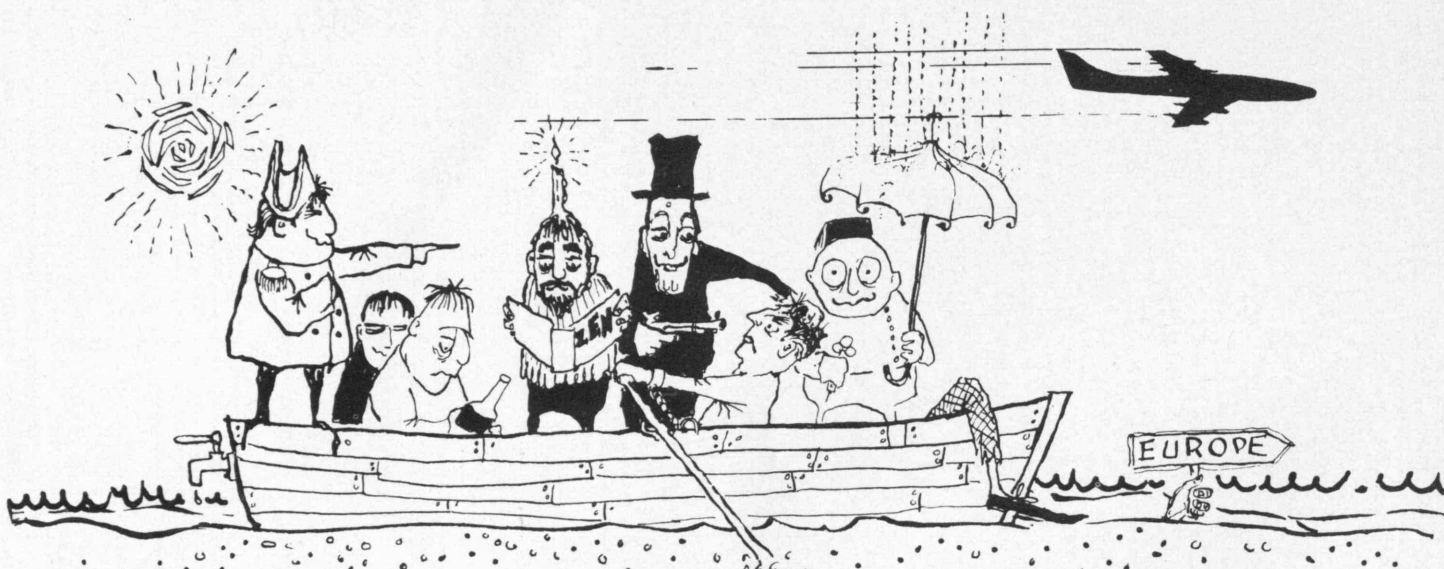
VOODOO



FRESHMAN
NUMBER
OCT 35

CENTS

PRUBINSTEIN



WILL YOU BE IN THIS BOAT ?

MAKE RESERVATIONS
NOW FOR YOUR SEAT
ON THE ...

CHARTER FLIGHTS TO

EUROPE

\$288.00

**ROUND
TRIP..**

BOSTON to LONDON

PARIS to BOSTON

DEPARTURE

DEC. 16

JUNE 7

MID JULY

JULY 21

CHRISTMAS FLIGHT

THREE MONTH FLIGHT

THREE WEEK FLIGHT

FIVE WEEK FLIGHT

RETURN

JAN. 2

SEPT. 12

EARLY AUG.

AUG. 25

DATES PENDING FINAL CONFIRMATION BY AIR CARRIER

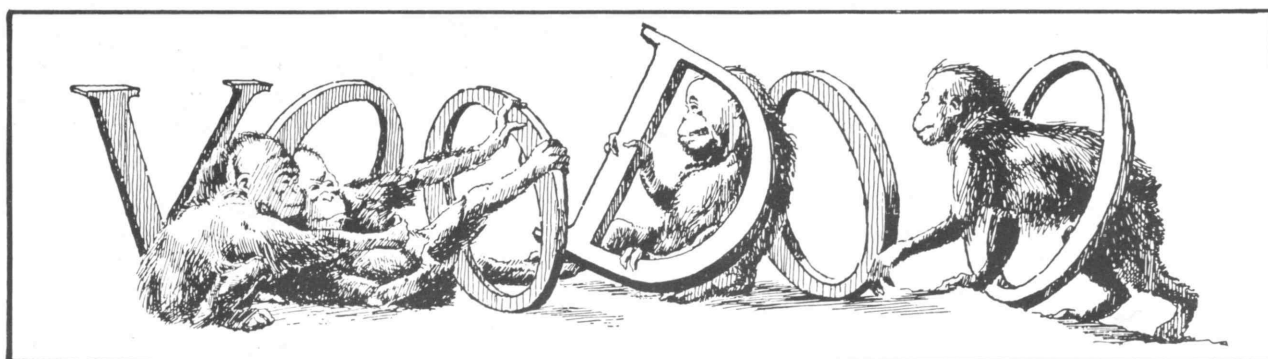
FLIGHT OPEN TO ALL STUDENTS, STAFF, FACULTY and their FAMILIES. A \$40. DEPOSIT WILL RESERVE YOUR SEAT on MAJOR SCHEDULED AIRLINES, FOUR ENGINE, PRESSURIZED SUPER CONSTELLATIONS and DC7.C'S. ACCOMMODATIONS SIMILAR TO FIRST CLASS. FREE MEALS and DRINKS. 66 LBS. LUGGAGE.

CONTACT:

PHONE

RE4-0391

**CHARTER FLIGHTS SERVICES,
1801 BEACON ST.,
BROOKLINE 46, MASS.**

**SENIOR BOARD**

<i>General Manager</i>	— Norm White
<i>Managing Editor</i>	— Marsh Greenspan
<i>Editor</i>	— Bob Nagro
<i>Business Mgr.</i>	— Stan Rosenblum
<i>Art Consultant</i>	— Paul Rubenstein

JUNIOR BOARD

<i>Sales Manager</i>	— Al Cameron
	Lorenzo Freccia
<i>Joke Editor</i>	— Dave Stein
<i>Make-up Editor</i>	— Ernie Rogers
<i>Circulation Mgr.</i>	— Tom Morgenstern
<i>Publicity Mgrs.</i>	— Karl Gentili
	Al Shiner
<i>Social Chairman</i>	— Art Katz
<i>Features Editor</i>	— Bob Hirschfeld
<i>Literary Editor</i>	— Greg Gabbard
<i>Ad Manager</i>	— Chandler K. Coyle
<i>Art Editor</i>	— Maris Peika
<i>Office Manager</i>	— Howie Kessler
<i>Governmental Rep.</i>	— Frank Ansuini
<i>Treasurer</i>	— Jerry Katell
<i>Comptroller</i>	— Bill Margetts

<i>Whoopgaroo:</i>	<i>Office Kat</i>
Bill Alexander	Phos
Dave Weisberg	<i>Kittens:</i>
Sonny Cohen	Miss America
Tim Hart	Judy
Charlie Porter	Suellen
Chris Sprague	Betsy
	Tina
	Nancy

Yes, our price has gone up, but then hasn't everything? Mounting production costs have forced us into it, and all we can say is we're sorry.

But we're not ones to want something for nothing, so you'll be getting a bigger and better magazine for your money. We've expanded the number of pages and filled them, we hope, with lots of things you'll like. All the old standbys are back and there's a bunch of very promising new staff members hard at work already. We've revived some old features and started some new ones. There'll be more cartoons, more photo features, more and better (and you know what we mean) jokes, and lots of special aids to the prospective "Whole Man" (see ticket on this page). In short - it looks like a good year!

STAFF

Art:
John Burdsey
Peter Cordeshook
Ken Jones
Chez Dorr
Sue Rothkopf
Martha Leibesman

Features:
Ernie Hoffman
John Banzhaf
Tom DeFazio
Edwin L. Pragla
R.C.L.

Photography:
Boyd Testus

Joke Staff:
Phil Schmidt
Gary Schmidt

Literary:
Solon
Joel Schindall
Gordon Wasserman

Makeup:
Bob Jahncke
Bruce Strauss
Andrew Campbell
Tony Mack
Doug Moffitt
Rich Weiner
Dave Pope

Advertising:
Bill Klehm
Paul Wehrenberg
Susie Evans

Circulation:
Dr. William Harvey
Charles Benet
Harry Movitz
Allen Teach
Stu

Treasury:
Art Samburg
Lenny Chess
Bob Blumberg
Carla T.
Judy R.

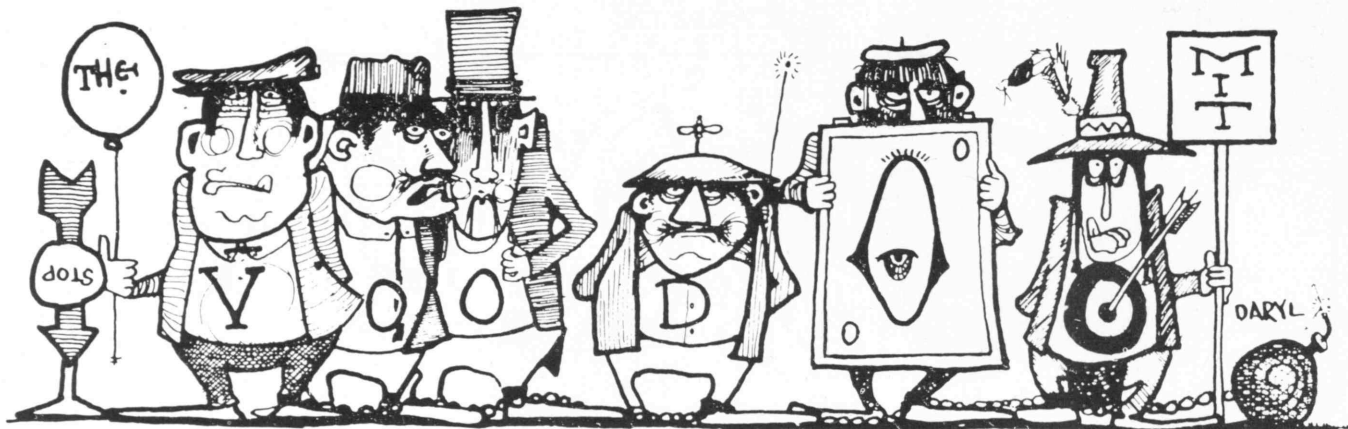
Subscription:
Dave Manchester
Ann

Publicity:
Jeff Hogge
Bill Dichlter
Geo.
and Many Others

Procurement:
Annie Falick
Beany

Sales:
Paul Lambert
Larry Kazanowski
Stu Rooney
John Meyr
Hal Pettigrove
Bill Gadzuk
Dick Kirkpatrick
Gary Stone
Carl Dover
Bob Budney
Jim Kotancheck

All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration. We cannot acknowledge, nor can we guarantee the return of, unsolicited manuscripts. Copyright 1960, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts. Office hours: 4:30 to 5:30 p.m., Monday through Friday. VOO DOO is published monthly from November through June. Thirty-five cents per copy. Subscription: \$2.50 for eight issues: \$69.00 in Pago Pago. Published Oct. 21, 1960. Oct. copy inserted. Entered as second-class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Represented for national advertising by Don Spencer, College Magazines Corporation, 420 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.



During the Summer, we were leafing through the magazine section of the Sunday *Philadelphia Inquirer*, when we came upon the following item. It was a weekly feature entitled, "*Fun for Young Uns*," subtitled "*About the House Fly*."

"A good indoor and outdoor summertime sport is swatting flies. Not only will you develop the muscles of your arms and legs, but you will be getting rid of a terrible disease carrier. Kill one fly and you kill a million, for one female fly can lay 500 to 2000 eggs at a time. And in a few weeks the new flies are ready to have families of their own.

"The fly is an insect that can fly 50 to 60 miles an hour. It lives in garbage and filth and carries the filth along by its hairy legs and the sticky pads of its feet. Then it flies into our homes, walks upside down on our ceilings, settles down on our food and rubs its front pair of legs together, dropping the filth on our food. Or it mixes the food with its saliva, leaving millions of germs.

"So keep your screen door shut and your eyes open. And when you see a fly, swat to the left, swat to the right, swat the fly dead with all your might."

We never got to see the following week's feature, but someone told us it was a treatise on torturing housepets.

Have you seen the large boulder about ten miles from the end of the Mass. Turnpike? It sits in the middle of a large barren field and painted on it in large numbers is "1620".

A man-about-town and world traveler we know tells of the following incident which he swears really happened to him several years ago.

He was visiting the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago where they have on display a captured German submarine. He wondered about it, so he went up to a man who was standing nearby and asked, "Is this a U-boat?"

"No, was the reply, 'I'ma just a visit here myself.'"

A few weeks ago, the gas in Freddie Fassett's home was off temporarily. Reliable sources tell us that he appeared at the East Campus Office, and asked the amazed attendant where he could borrow a hot plate.

While passing a store having a going-out-of-business sale we noted a sign which said, "If you don't step in, at least wave as you pass by."

Another sign we saw, this time on the back of a large semi truck, said, "If you can't stop in time, wave as you go under."

Statistics show that a person will exert himself 176 times as much to put something in an empty stomach as in an empty head. Bet you didn't think eating was so hard - at least here at Tech.

A friend of ours down in Washington noticed the following sign on a door in one of the government buildings;

415

General Services Administration
Region 3
Public Building Service
Buildings Management Service
Utility Room, Custodial

It was a broom closet.

We are glad to see that culture is not completely dead among Techmen. A junior board member passed the place where the builders of the new Burton Housedining hall have bricked up the hall windows the other day, and saw that someone had pinned up a sign on one of the tiers of concrete blocks. The sign read. "For the love of God, Montresor!"

The same junior board member saw a peculiar sight in the West Campus parking lot. A Volkswagen driven by a girl, headed for Grad House, stopped at the chain which blocked the exit. A tall fellow jumped out of the front seat, and held the chain up. The girl calmly drove under the chain, the fellow got back in, and the little car drove away.

A recent Course III exam has shown that the students in the department don't know their brass from their elbow.

We heard that if all the steaks that were barbecued by amateur chefs during the summer were laid end to end, we would have the world's largest track.

Many of you have been told that M.I.T. is a factory. This is not true, it is only a disparaging comment made by outsiders and it is obviously false. In a factory you only have to work eight hours a day.

One of our operators snuck into *The Tech* office the other day, and returned the following information; a photograph of an illustrious past editor of *Voo Doo* (C.R. Sprague, Esq.) holds a position of honor on the mantelpiece of the fireplace in the office. There are no moustaches added, no nasty comments - just the photo. How come, boys; finally seen the light?

We were scanning through one of our stolen copies of *The Tech* a couple of weeks ago and we came across a picture of twelve of the Freshmen coeds. To our surprise, we noted that a couple looked somewhat attractive, and thanking the Admissions office for it, we checked the names under the picture. Sure enough, true to *The Tech* form, the caption contained only eleven names. We know *The Tech* could never have the information, but maybe one of the new coeds knows - who's the missing girl, and, which one is she?

We were very interested when we saw the new format of *The Tech* this year. Now that they have reduced their size to 11 x 14 inches several of our friends have suggested that they may be trying to gain a little following by trying to look like *Voo Doo*. We do not think this is the case, however, because we think that this is just the beginning of a trend. Next year they will be down to 8½ x 11, the following year to 3 x 5, then postage stamp size, and four years from now they will just fade away into oblivion. We must say, though, it is a shame to see them go. It has been so much fun dumping on them.

Just out of curiosity, a female acquaintance of ours from B.U. called up the M.D.C. last week, and asked them, in all seriousness, what their *Approved Parking Places* were. (Come now, you know exactly what we mean.) So here, as a public service, is a list of Parking Places where the cops won't bother you:

1. Memorial Drive (of course)
2. Beacon Reservoir
3. The Fenway
4. Brattle Street
5. Boston Common
6. Boston Public Gardens
7. Harvard Square

Honest, sports fans, this is an authentic list.... even the last place named, although we would imagine that even if the cops don't bother you there, someone else might.



Doing the Town

Beginning to get fed up with Walker food? We can't blame you, we quit along time ago. But if you are, or if you just want a little variety in your meals, why don't you start investigating the restaurants in Boston. Being a large city, and an East Coast seaport to boot, it has a large variety of eating places catering to all tastes.

Now, where to begin? First you have to decide what sort of food you want. This can be quite a chore if you have to do it every night, but might we suggest that, since you've probably been eating American food for most of your life, you should try something foreign. Of course, you could go to an Italian place, and there are a lot of good ones, but why not something more exotic?

About the most exotic food we can think of is from the Middle East. For instance, down at 52 Hudson St., the Nile offers Syrian and Egyptian food to those who go for the food and not the atmosphere. The food is good, especially the shishkebab, and the prices are reasonable. It is in a crummy neighborhood, however, and it is not the place to snow a date with soft lights and sweet music, but if you want to show her that you are a gourmet, that's the place. Another Syrian restaurant, this time with more atmosphere but also higher prices, is the Casbah. Like all good eating places, it's on the second floor, and is located in the heart of the entertainment district at Tremont and Stuart Streets. It has the same sort of food as the Nile but is a lot more convenient for after-dinner excursions.

A close cousin to Syrian food is Greek food, and with a large Greek population, Boston offers several good places. Most of them are centered in the area around the intersection of Tremont and Shawmut Ave. (Incidentally, if you plan to do much eating out you better get yourself a map!) Traditionally, Greek restaurants are not the cleanest places in the world, so

you'd better be a little careful of your choice. But aside from that, most of the little places in the area are pretty good. The best one, and also the only one that could be classed as moderately expensive, is the Ammonia, right at the intersection of the two streets we mentioned. It is clean and modern and it definitely caters to the theater crowd who have only a few blocks to go to see their shows. Another one which is a favorite with Tech men is the Athens-Olympia at 51 Stuart. It, too, fits the same pattern as the others, although its prices are between the average and those at Ammonia.

If you like Far Eastern food, of course, there's always Chinatown. For those who don't know, it comprises a few blocks around Tyler, Hudson, and Beach Streets, right next to the Expressway. We won't try to recommend any special place, because everyone has his own favorite, but try them all (they don't all have a central kitchen despite popular opinion). If you want something less plebian than Chinese cooking, why not drop in at the Sukiyaki Room at 377 Massachusetts Ave., near Symphony. The prices are a little higher, but then how many times have you had Japanese food? And if you want to impress some little lady, you can suggest sukiyaki or tempura. Both are pretty common Japanese dishes, but they're both good and a very few people would know that they aren't special.

While we're on the subject of Eastern food, we'd better mention the Polynesian Village in the Somerset Hotel on Commonwealth Ave. and the South Seas at 21 Harrison Ave. Both feature all sorts of exotic food from the South Seas (ofcourse!) and they're worth going to once. But you'd better take your rich uncle, because he is probably the only one who will be able to afford the check.

After you've tried all the places we've mentioned, you probably will be ready for some good old European cooking. There are several

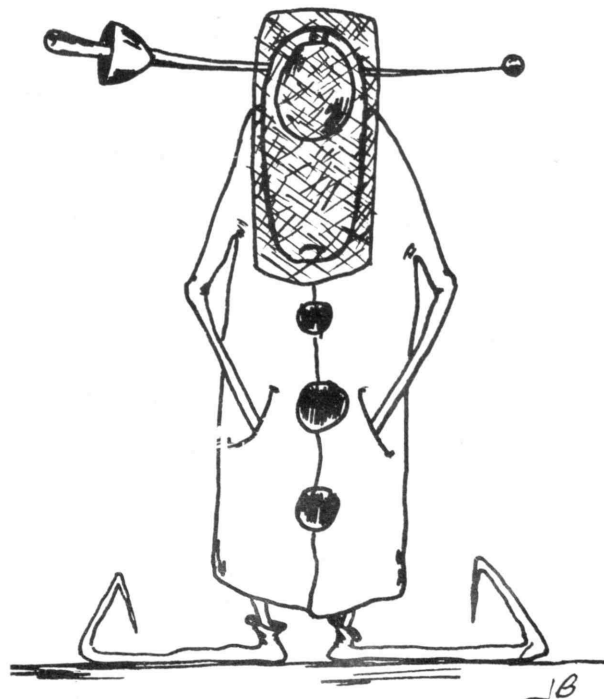
Scandinavian restaurants which will fill the bill quite nicely and will fill you quite nicely, too. They all feature smorgasbord, allowing you to stuff yourself at a really nominal fee. The most popular is The Smorgasbord at 19 Province St. It's up stairs in the middle of an obscure block, but is a good place to bring a date because the decor lends a nice atmosphere and the check will leave something in your wallet for afterward. Another good place, and one that's close to the theater district, is The Norseman at 99 Broadway. It features a more Norwegian spread, but the policy is the same and the food excellent. Ola's, at 14 Carver St., is still another worth mentioning, although everything that can be said for it can also be said about the others. They all serve dishes other than the smorgasbord, but until you become a regular you might as well not bother with them.

For central European cooking, it's Jake Wirth's at 31 Stuart St. The prices are a little high, but they serve very good German food in a real brauhaus atmosphere complete with sawdust on the floors and Bavarian waiters. Every Wednesday they serve sauerbrauten, which everyone should try at least once. It, too, is convenient to the theater district, and if you don't want to go somewhere else after dinner, they serve real dark German beer. If you don't want to go all the way in to Boston for your German food you can drop up to Harvard Square, to the Wursthau. They have several good German dishes which we would recommend, even though the place itself is not one of our favorites. Also, if you want something more than just a restaurant, you can try Steuben's at 114 Boylston St., or the Bavarian Hofbrau at 96 Dartmouth St. They both feature dancing along with the dining, and some entertainment too, but the prices are, of course, higher because of it. The former is really more of a nightclub, but the latter is a brauhaus in the traditional sense.

We've just about covered all the better foreign type restaurants in Boston with the exception of the Italian and the French places, and they are really too numerous to mention. For the former, we would suggest that you check with your friends since like the Chinese places, everyone has his own favorite. We like Edelweiss at 197 Green St. near Central Square for convenience and low prices and for being a good place to take a regular date; Jenny's in the North End for authenticity, low prices, dirt, and complete lack of suavity; and Mala-

testa's, across from the Original Union Oyster House, for having the best food in town. As for the French restaurants, about all we can say is that most of them are good. The Social Beaver lists almost all of them, as it does with varying success for many other eating places. For a start, try La Duchesse Anne or DuBarry, both on Newbury St. at 224 and 159 respectively. Neither is high class or expensive. The former invites you to bring your own wine, but both serve better than average food and allow you to try your hand at your high school French. After you have tried them, Maitre Jacques for a date (Berkeley and Commonwealth) or Chez Lucien (121 Massachusetts Ave.) for another of the type mentioned previously.

We haven't mentioned American restaurants, nor have we mentioned all the restaurants in town, of course, but we've tried to give you some idea of the possible places you can try that are a little different. We may write about some more places later in the year, and there are always the Yellow Pages, if you really want to eat your way through college. Now all we can say is "Happy eating!"



After exhaustive studies, the VOO DOO staff has concluded that much valuable time is misspent by Freshmen in writing up Physics Lab Reports. The following article is our answer to this problem and our gift to the Class of '64...

THE UNIVERSAL FRESHMAN PHYSICS LAB REPORT

Instructions to User: This report is designed to be handed in for any lab encountered in Freshman Physics. It contains all the ingredients of a good lab report: it is vague and nebulous; it has plenty of hairy graphs; it contains a wealth of superfluous information, etc. Merely staple your own data sheet to the following pages, hand the report in, and use the time saved to laugh at some back issues of VOO DOO.

ABSTRACT

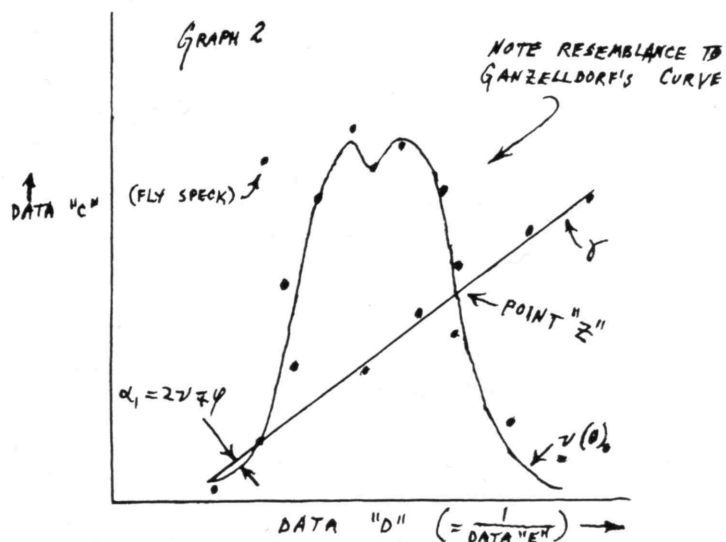
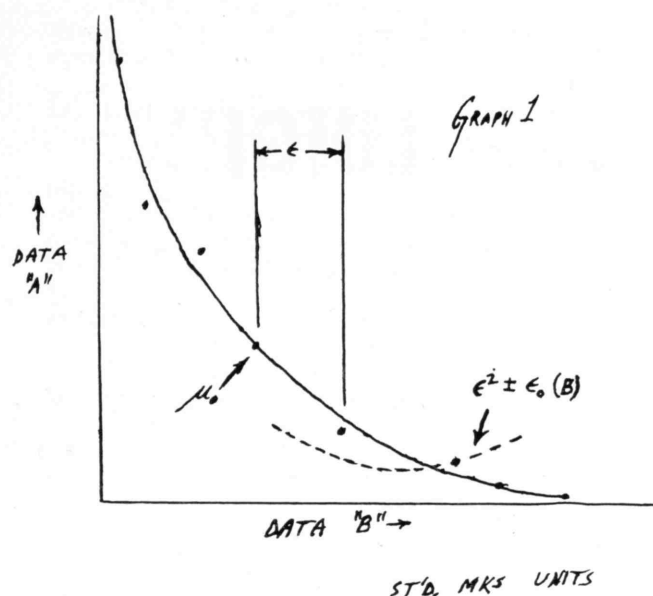
The purpose of this experiment was to investigate the validity of the physical concepts set forth in the instruction sheets, and to instill a deeper understanding of the coincident theory now being more formally presented in the class - and lecture-rooms. The results obtained were fairly reasonable (See Discussion) considering the inferior quality of the equipment used, some of which would suffice to provoke Newton himself into violent fits of laughter. There was quite a bit of interaction between set-ups; it was observed that if the head in Building Seven was flushed it would increase our data readings by 14.5 per-cent. However, the lab was successful in familiarizing the student with the apparatus associated with the classroom theory.

PROCEDURE

The equipment was set up per the instructions. When it was desired to make additional or corrective measurements, the appropriate measuring devices were relocated to facilitate this. Due to the inferior quality of the equipment, much time was spent replacing missing screws, and in general trying to get the apparatus working. Measurements were taken as specified in the instruction sheets, and will be referred to from this point as datum "A," datum "B," etc. for convenience. Where possible several trials were run to minimize random error and to point out repetitive, non-random, error-producing environments (See Warzek & Grovetch, Error Analysis).

CALCULATIONS

The pertinent calculations were simple and straightforward, with no major deviations from the mathematical method outlined in the instruction sheets. Due to the inferior quality of the equipment used, slide rule accuracy was considered to be more than sufficiently accurate, but logarithms were used in critical spots when necessary. The applicable calculations being made, the results were plotted graphically.



DISCUSSION

The data and results obtained from the lab are displayed graphically. These graphs are virtually self-explanatory, and so I will elaborate no further. The accuracy obtained from this lab was limited due to the inferior quality of the equipment used and to the crudeness of the measuring devices.

Our use of several trials, whenever possible and practical, helped reduce error (See Procedure). All in all, the results coincided about as closely as could be expected with the physical theories and predictions expressed in class. Obvious sources of error, of a non-random and rectifiable nature, were detected and virtually eliminated. Malfunction, drifting, instability, and the general inferior quality of the equipment used, of course, could not be compensated for.

My conclusion, then, is that the lab did help to clarify and illustrate vividly some of the physical principles currently being investigated in a more academic fashion in the classroom.

— Eric Hoffman

The 1960-1961 season at the CHARLES PLAYHOUSE Opens October 5

"Streetcar Named Desire" — Tennessee Williams

"Waiting for Godot" — Samuel Beckett

"Cocktail Party" — T. S. Eliot

"Waltz of the Toreadors" — Jean Anouilh

"All My Sons" — Arthur Miller

SEASON MEMBERSHIP PRICES

Five Plays for the Price of Four

5	\$3.30 seats	Good for all performances	\$13.20
5	\$2.90 seats	Good for all performances	\$11.60
5	\$2.40 seats	Good for all performances	\$ 9.60
5	\$1.80 seats	Good Tues., Wed., Thurs. eve., Wed and Sun. matinee	\$ 7.20

With each membership you save 20% over the box office price!

Performances Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri. eves at 8:30 p.m. -

Sat. at 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. - Wed. matinee at 2:30 p.m. - Sun.
matinee at 3 p.m.

Your choice of seats and performance

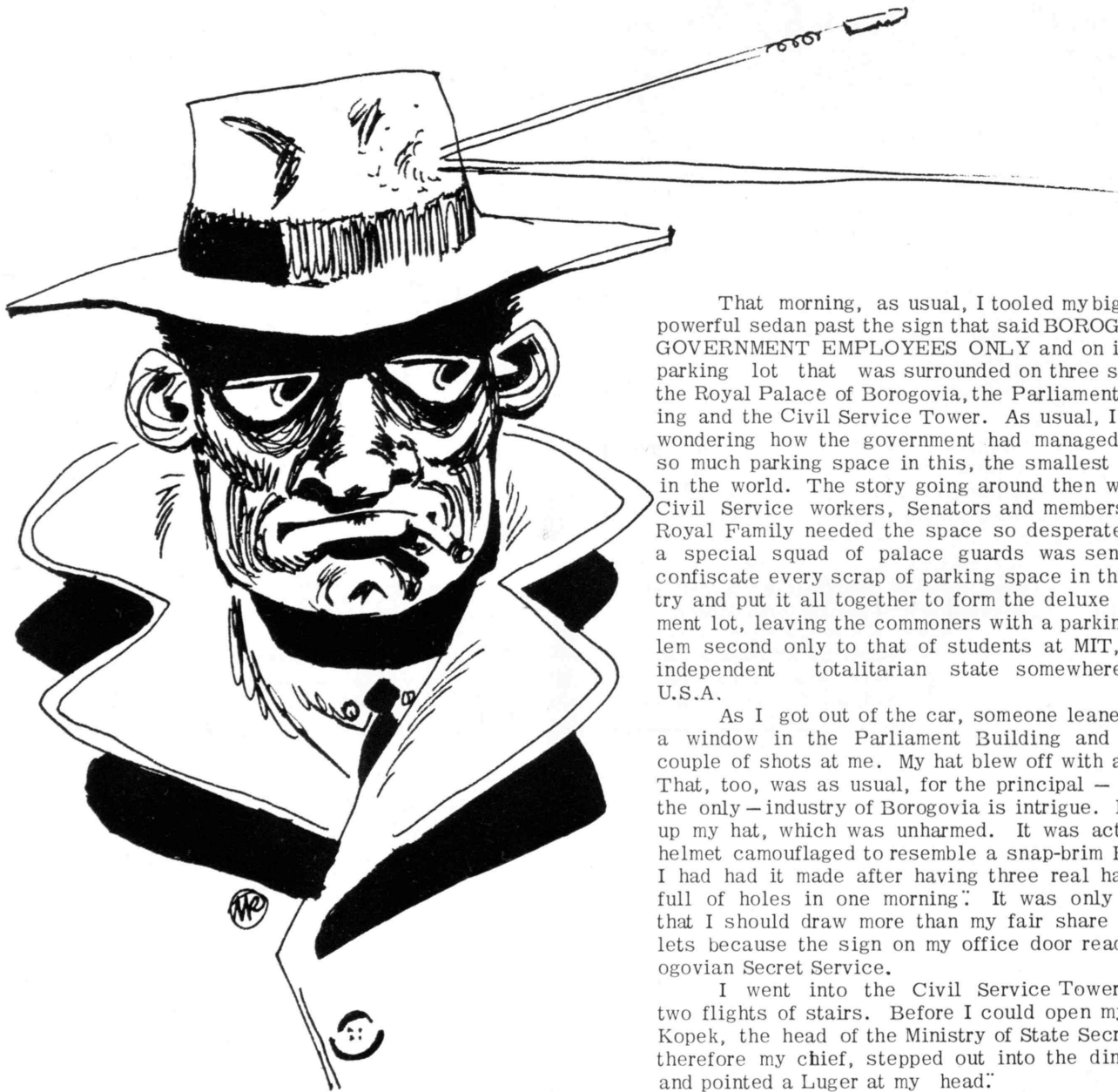
FOR INFORMATION CALL

Norm White
Ki 7-3233

Art Katz
EI 4-2843

"DROP THAT GAT, LUIGI"

— G. N. GABBARD



That morning, as usual, I tooled my big, black powerful sedan past the sign that said BOROGOVIAN GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES ONLY and on into the parking lot that was surrounded on three sides by the Royal Palace of Borogovia, the Parliament Building and the Civil Service Tower. As usual, I parked wondering how the government had managed to get so much parking space in this, the smallest country in the world. The story going around then was that Civil Service workers, Senators and members of the Royal Family needed the space so desperately that a special squad of palace guards was sent out to confiscate every scrap of parking space in the country and put it all together to form the deluxe government lot, leaving the commoners with a parking problem second only to that of students at MIT, a tiny independent totalitarian state somewhere in the U.S.A.

As I got out of the car, someone leaned out of a window in the Parliament Building and took a couple of shots at me. My hat blew off with a clang. That, too, was as usual, for the principal — indeed, the only — industry of Borogovia is intrigue. I picked up my hat, which was unharmed. It was actually a helmet camouflaged to resemble a snap-brim Fedora. I had had it made after having three real hats shot full of holes in one morning. It was only natural that I should draw more than my fair share of bullets because the sign on my office door read "Borogovian Secret Service."

I went into the Civil Service Tower and up two flights of stairs. Before I could open my office Kopek, the head of the Ministry of State Secrets and therefore my chief, stepped out into the dingy hall and pointed a Luger at my head.

"Hold it," he said. "Let me see your gun."

Puzzled, I handed it to him. He scrutinized it, then gave it back and put up his own. "I'm satis-

field," he said. "It's a real Luger, all right"

"What's up?" I asked.

"Just a loyalty check. We have a tip that the Mauser Lobby is at work again, and I want you to stop it. Step into my office, and I'll brief you."

Kopek sat down behind his battered old desk and lit up a battered old pipe. With a frown upon his battered old face he began to elucidate:

"You know, of course, that Borogovian law forbids the use of any pistol other than the standard 1908 Luger in the internal industry of the country." I nodded. "What is not generally known is that many individuals advocate the use of the old military Mauser — that fantastic-looking pistol with the magazine up in front of the trigger guard.

"Now, the Mauser is a fine old weapon, very much of a spy-type gun. But, while a Luger is a Luger, the Mauser company makes and has made a great variety of hand weapons. In consequence, if Parliament made the use of Mausers legal, Borogovia would soon be overrun by all models of Mauser pistol. This of course, would completely ruin the excellent intrigue-type atmosphere our country provides, which is maintained to a great extent by our exclusive use of the most popular spy-type gun, the Luger, — and which is responsible for attracting so many spies from all over the Balkans, and even from as far away as Egypt, to keep the local industries running.

"Well, my boy, these Mauser enthusiasts have organized into a group called the Mauser Lobby—"

"Hold on!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean that bunch of doddering old fools who hang around the cloakrooms in the Parliament Building trying to buy the Senators?"

He nodded sharply. "Right. But that's a front for the real organization of subversives, headed by a man known only as Luigi, supposedly a representative of a large Italian firearms company.

He waved at the door. "That's all we know" he said. "Go get 'em."

In the hall I hesitated, wondering what my first step should be. At length, I decided to go back to my office and think.

When I went in, there was a man in my chair. He was dark and swarthy, and wore a black felt hat and black raincoat. On his knee he held a big military Mauser, pointed at my head. He smiled at me and said, "My name is Luigi."

"Sit down," he continued. "Take off your trench coat and be comfortable."

"I never take off my trench coat," I told him stiffly. "It's my badge of office." But I sat down, merely to mollify him.

"Then, he said, "you are of the Borogovian Secret Service?"

"I am the Borogovian Secret Service," I replied with dignity, "and I don't understand how you discovered the location of my office, which is a top state secret."

"I looked up the address in the phone book." I nodded: that was logical. "But do not try to dupe me," he went on. "I wish to speak with the entire secret service. Please call in your subordinate agents."

"But," I protested, "I have no subordinate agents. I alone am the secret service."

"Ridiculous!"

"Listen," I said wearily. "I'm telling you. I, my personal self, am the whole works. I am the whole works. I am the wheels, the engine, the fan belt, the chassis, and the gadget that squirts oil into the engine."

He snorted, got up, walked to the door. I noticed that Luigi clanked when he walked. If he was indeed associated with an arms company, he was taking full advantage of their services.

"You are pleased to make jokes," he chided, gently. "I will contact you when you are in a more serious mood."

He slipped out. I snatched the Luger from my shoulder holster and rushed to the door. As I expected, Luigi had disappeared into the mazes of the Civil Service Tower. But he had left behind him a clue, in the form of a railroad ticket stub dropped on the floor. Jubilantly, I drove down to the railhead and bought half a dozen identical tickets. I was prepared to ride the rails for days in search of the elusive Italian

The ticket, as it happens, was for one of those peculiar tourist rides available only in Borogovia: it allowed the bearer to board the Balkan Express as it entered the country and ride until it left the country. This is not quite as silly as it sounds. Due to the formation of the tracks, the Express entered Borogovia from the south and, turning west, chugged its weary way all around the circumference of the roughly elliptical little nation in order to approach from the northwest as it returned to the point of entry. Only in this way could the switch be turned that allowed the train to get onto the westbound track to Gluggany, the country northwest of Borogovia.

Even on that slow train, it is a short haul. But tourists sometimes get double for their money, when the switchman dozes and the Express chugs right past the westbound track and goes around again.

As the Express pulled up that evening — only four hours late, for a miracle — I caught a glimpse of a swarthy face at a coach window. I swung aboard quickly, thrust my ticket at the conductor, and ran for that front coach. Alas, Luigi was no longer there. I raced through the train, alert for a flash of white teeth against dark skin. At last, convinced that my foe had gone into hiding, I settled down to enjoy the ride.

The Borogovian countryside, though beautiful, is lulling, and soon I had fallen into a doze. I awakened to find dusk drawing rapidly on. Astonished, I realized that by now the Express should be well into the wilds of eastern Pressia. Had I slept through the last stop? Then I saw the sunset clouds of gun-metal blue, found only in Borogovia. The answer was plain: the switchman had overslept again! But then I consulted my watch, and discovered, to my dismay, that the amount of time elapsed since the beginning of the trip was far too great to have been occupied by a mere two trips around Borogovia, even at the slowest speed of which the Express is capable short of a complete halt. We had traversed the circumference of the country at least three of four times. Even as I stared through the window beside me, the train was approaching the switch. Peer as I would,

however, no switchman could I descry, and the whistle sounded mournfully as we swept past the westbound track and swung again into the circum-Borogovia route"

Only once in the railroad's history had the Express gone around Borogovia three times. Four times was unthinkable. Suddenly, I saw the light. Luigi had left that ticket stub deliberately, to lure me on to the Express. Then he had boarded it somewhere before it entered Borogovia, let me see him at the window, and got off on the other side. Obviously, he had also incapacitated the switchman and thus doomed the Balkan Express to circle Borogovia until some astute conductor discovered the trouble. Of course, there are no astute conductors on the Express; the best of them is a veritable imbecile, and the engineers are little better. A sudden suspicion struck me. Leaping from my seat, I ran back through the train until I reached its end. It was as I had feared - no dining car. This must be part of Luigi's diabolical plan; unless I could persuade someone to stop the train, I would starve to death!

There was only one thing to do. Jamming my metal hat firmly onto my head, I climbed onto the rear platform rail and jumped. As I flew through the air, I braced myself for the shock. Imagine my surprise to find that there was none! I had overlooked in my excitement, the fact that the Balkan Express at its most rapid never makes more than four miles per hour. However, it was lucky that I had retained my hat, for I had fallen squarely atop a rail"

Throwing away the irreparably dented headpiece, I walked toward a light which shone about 50 yards away. A little shack stood there. No other houses were in sight. Cautiously, I peered into the lighted

window. Inside, Luigi paced the dirt floor, on which lay a wooden crate big enough to hold a gross of Mausers. Luigi clanked whenever he moved, and his clothes fairly bulged. It occurred to me that he must be taking advantage of his employers, indeed.

I had been thinking of ambushing Luigi, but decided, instead, to employ more direct methods. I went to the door of the shack and knocked. Immediately, the Italian answered my summons; he gaped at me for a moment, then commenced to make futile, indecisive gestures with his hands. Leisurely, I drew my Luger and pointed it at his head. It was as I had thought: with so many guns on him, Luigi had been totally unable to decide which one to grab for.

Luigi put up his hands and smiled at me. But instead of speaking, he suddenly bolted and ran. Regretfully, I levelled my Luger at his fleeing figure and squeezed the trigger. The shot shattered the peaceful Borogovian night. Luigi staggered, fell, and got up again. He started running again, as fast as before. The next shot had the same result. The excess of firepower which had slowed his draw was now aiding his getaway: the guns hanging about his person rendered bullets harmless but for the impact.

Shrugging, I turned to the crate. As I had expected, it was packed to the brim with Mausers. The question was what to do with them.

The question still haunts me whenever I think of that box full of beautiful guns, hidden near the railbed where I buried it that fateful night. I can't use them or even sell them until to do so is legal. And that means I have to become a Mauser Lobbyist.

If Luigi reads this, I hope he will contact me soon. The address is in the Borogovian telephone directory.

MAHLOWITZ MARKET Inc.

GROCERIES - MEATS - PROVISIONS

Complete line of

ALES - BEERS - WINES
PARTY PLANNING ICE CUBES

Open til 11:00 Every Evening

CLOSEST MARKET TO MIT DORMITORIES

KI 7-8075



UN 4-7777

782 Main St., Cambridge

FREE DELIVERY

SHELLEY

on Life Savers:



"So sweet, the
sense faints picturing them!"

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



Still only 5¢

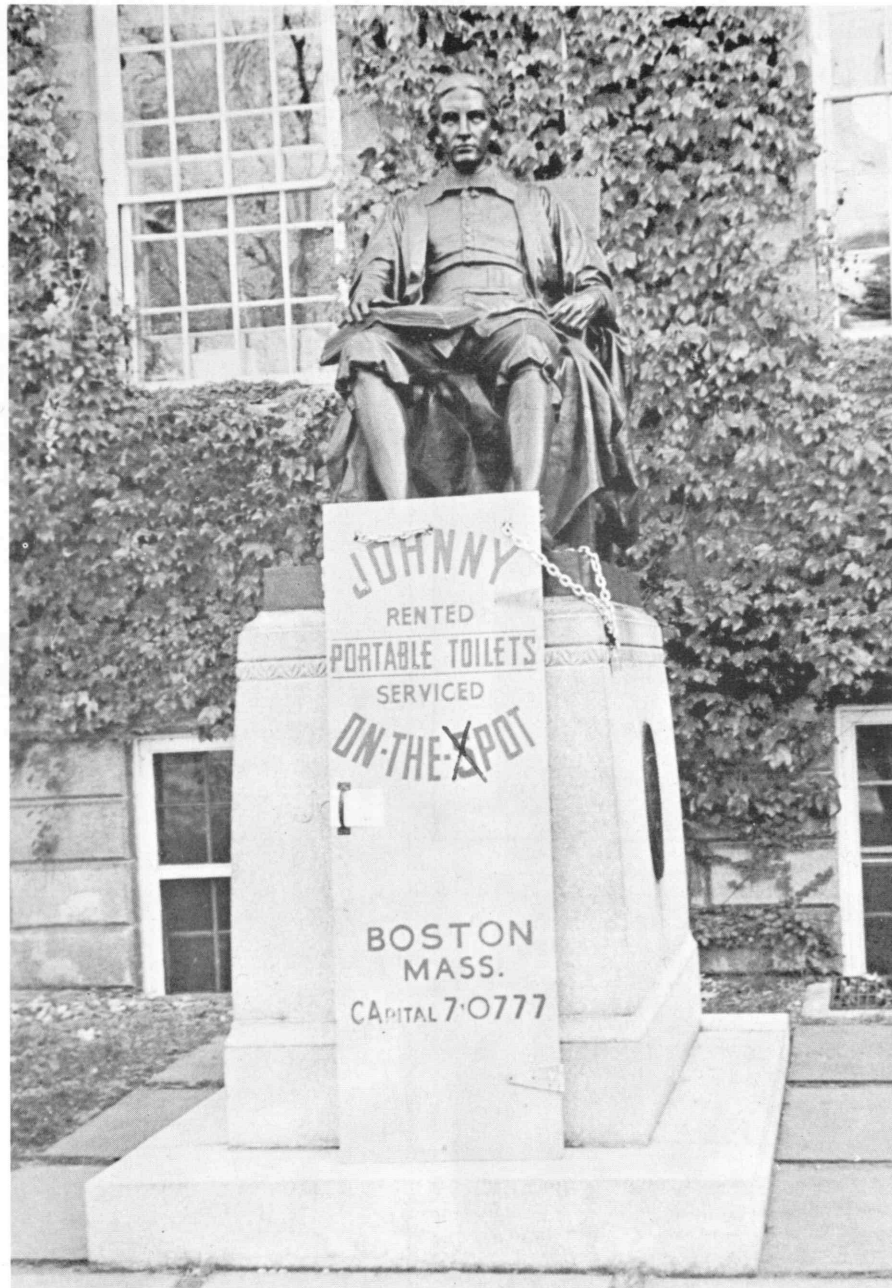
HARVARD YARD – October 12, 1960

On the lawn in the Yard, at 11 in the morning, sat 8 Tech Tools, in ties and jackets, reading Humanities books and impersonating Harvard students. A stalwart member of the Harvard Campus Police stood unknowingly by. Two persons appeared, carrying an object wrapped in an East Campus sheet.

The cop walked over to one of the impersonators lounging on the grass, and said, You're not allowed to sit in the Yard....you'll learn, after you've been here a few years, that the Yard is Sacred."

Just as the word "Sacred" passed from his lips, a click was heard....a lock had been closed, and two persons were seen to calmly walk off with only the sheet, and quietly disappear.

A passing Harvard Professor was heard to remark immediately afterwards, "Poor John Harvard!"



UN 4-3741

OPEN MON. THRU WED. 11:30 A.M. TO 11:30 P.M.
THUR. & FRI. 11:30 A. M. TO 12 MIDNIGHT
SAT. 11:30 A. M. TO 12:30 A. M.
SUN. 12 NOON TO 11:30 P.M.

JOY FONG

Chinese and American Restaurant
AIR CONDITIONED

ORDERS PUT UP
TO TAKE OUT

447 MASS. AVE.
CENTRAL SQ.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Charlie Mun Laundry

Complete Laundry Service

88 MASS. AVE
BOSTON

Telephone
KE 6-9472

Quality Cleaning at Lower Prices

DUTCH CLEANERS

233 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
CAMBRIDGE

(off Necco's)

TROWBRIDGE 6-5662

PICK-UP & DELIVERY

STORAGE

REPAIRS & ALTERATIONS

Expert Shoe Repairing

Fast Service on all Items

• PARKAS
• SUITS

• SPORTCOATS
• SLACKS

*Top Quality Merchandise
at minimum prices.*

JACK FINN'S

493 Massachusetts Ave.
Central Square
Cambridge

A young ensign had gotten married and was given a month's leave to go on his honeymoon. When his time was up his commanding officer received a wire saying IT'S WONDERFUL HERE, REQUEST TEN DAYS EXTENSION OF LEAVE. The C.O. promptly replied IT'S WONDERFUL ANYWHERE. RETURN TO THE SHIP.



A man eating in a restaurant discovered a fly in his soup and called the waiter over. "Waiter, what is this fly doing in my soup?" demanded the irate customer. The waiter studied the fly carefully and then replied, "I would say he's doing the backstroke, sir."



A honeymoon couple made up their minds that no one was going to find out that they were newlyweds. They carefully removed all the rice from their hair and clothing, removed the just-married sign from the car, and went so far as to scuff their brand new luggage on the pavement to give it that traveled look.

The thing was working out fine - no one in the hotel lobby had taken the slightest notice of them - until the groom stepped up to the desk and said in a loud voice, "We'd like a double bed with a room, please."



STUD SERVICE -- LA 3-4043



Familiarity breeds contempt - and children

- Mark Twain

That's a good one, thought the glamour gal, when the handsome man-about-town invited her up to his apartment to see his orchids. But she decided to go anyway. The rest would come later, as it usually did when a wolf asked her up to his quarters.

So, up to his apartment she went. Sure enough, the room was full of orchids. "Well I'll be darned," she exclaimed.

"Do you like orchids?" he asked.

"I suppose so," she replied, wondering when he'd get down to business.

"If you do," the fellow said happily, "I'll show you my bedroom - there's some really beautiful ones in there."

"This is it," thought the girl. She eagerly entered, and lo and behold, orchids, again. She exploded. "Listen, you jerk, if you must know, I didn't come up here to look at orchids."

All of which just goes to prove that you can't lead a horticulture.



The father was visiting his son at the fraternity house. As he was leaving, he said, "Tell me one more thing. Why do you have a woman's shoe nailed up over the door? When I was in college we always used a horse shoe."

"Gosh, Dad, that's just what it is!"



Alice and Tom, unable to get a room anywhere else, finally consented to spend their wedding night with Alice's parents in their one-room apartment. After half an hour in their curtained off half, Alice was so embarrassed she whispered to Tom, "Let's leave. Even if we can't go anywhere but the park, it will be better than this."

Tom agreed and quietly opened a suitcase on the bed. He put in a shirt and a change of underwear. Alice overfilled the suitcase with her things and then tried in vain to close it. Tom quietly suggested, "Why don't you try getting on top of it." When that failed, Alice whispered, "Why don't you try it on top." Exhausted, Tom gave up, panting "It won't work." In desperation Alice whispered, "Why don't we both try it on top!"

At this point, her father pulled back the curtain and exclaimed, "This I've got to see!"

"WON'T YOU DANCE WITH ME?"

Boston Ballroom & Cambridge Dance Studios Special Get Acquainted Offer!

10 LESSONS 5.00

NO CONTRACT

This may be the beginning of a happy new experience for you. Call us by telephone or come in for a personal chat.

SPECIAL STUDENT RATES

**2 Can Learn for Price of 1
TRIAL LESSON \$1**

**BOSTON BALLROOM
DANCE STUDIOS**

169 Mass. Ave., Boston.
Mass. Diagonal opposite
Sherry Biltmore
Copley 7-4554
OPEN 1 to 10 P.M.



**WRITTEN GUARANTEE
CERTIFICATE**

**CAMBRIDGE
DANCE STUDIOS**

580 Mass. Ave., Central
Square, Cambridge.
Plenty of free parking.
UNiversity 4-6868
OPEN 1 TO 10 P.M.

ELSIE'S

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

The famous Special Roast
Beef Sandwich

KNACKWURST - BRATWURST

with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad

71 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

ELSIE and HENRY BAUMANN

EL 4-8362

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

TECH MEN PREFER

BOYER'S BOTTLED LIQUORS

480 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE
Opposite Moller's

FREE DELIVERY

ICE CUBES
GALORE

TR 6-1738

PARTY
PLANNING

ATTENTION: OUTDOOR MEN

Parkas, Clothing and Footwear
Camping and Sporting Equipment
at Lowest Prices

Central War Surplus

433 Massachusetts Ave.
Central Sq., Cambridge

THE FRESHMAN LETTER

The following communication, apparently written by a freshman to his family, was discovered by a 21.01 instructor among the first papers he received from one of his classes. Because it gives us a lucid insight into the mind of one of our newly-arrived freshmen, VooDoo has reprinted it below, in the hope that our readers will find it of interest.

Dear, Mom, Dad, Calvin & S.O.B.,

I am sorry that I have not had a chance to write you in the last three weeks, but I've been awful busy. Now that I'm writing you I hope you'll stop trying to reach me by telephone all the time.

I spent my first few days here at freshman orientation. We went to a lot of interesting lectures in the Kresge auditorium, which looks like one half of the top of a bikini. Boy what a place! The seats are pretty soft and lighting is indirect so that most of us were able to catch up on the sleep we missed during Rush Week. For the guys who couldn't sleep there were lectures. Right off I met my advisor and he invited me to his home for dinner. Boy was I surprised, that is until he told me that since the dinner is paid for by the institute he always manages to turn a neat profit by careful selection of the food.

The next big event was a freshman luncheon. Since I took the precaution of bringing some sandwiches with me, I wasn't as hungry as the poor guys who had to eat what was in those little white boxes. Boy was it funny to see all those guys sitting there trying to eat without a table! Imagine, 800 guys and no tables at all; every sneeze destroyed a lunch.

That night there was a big activities carnival in the same room where we had our luncheon. All the M.I.T. activities were represented and they all asked me to sign a list, except the yearbook which asked for money. Well, I've always had a weak sales resistance; now I'm always getting letters asking me to fly planes and whatnot. Sometimes my roommate complains.

Nights I've been going to mixers at various schools for girls. Since M.I.T. is the only real men's school around here (sometimes the girls in desperation date Harvard "men") you really have to fight them off. And those girls live pretty well ~~too~~ too. At Boston University they live in new dorms and everything is new except the beds, which are hard like they were old. In contrast at Lesley the beds are new (foam rubber) while the main houses are old. I have not had a chance to visit other girls' schools in the area because one really needs a car, however I plan to visit as

many as possible because it is so broadening.

The second week I was here I started classes. First I had a physics lecture which was really exciting, everybody watches the blue blackboards go up and down, which is really cool. The professor for the class is really a young looking guy, in fact he is still at the age where he plays with trains.

I also have a chemistry lecture several times a week. For this class they give you a complete set of notes, which means I can sleep later than usual two days a week. We also have a math lecture twice a week. Dad was all wrong when he said this course might be tough. We just sit around and listen to the professor crack jokes about the real number system and then they give us a test which everybody passes.

I also have a language class in German. One of the upperclassmen I know says that this subject really pays off. He studied it for three years and when he was in Germany last summer he could ask a girl for anything.

Meanwhile I am also studying all about the Greeks in Humanities. You thought it was bad when Joan had to marry Bob just before they graduated high school, well some of those Greeks did things which makes what they did seem like shaking hands.

By the way, I remember that you expressed concern that I might not learn how to use my new checking account properly. Well maybe this might happen to kids at other, inferior schools, but not at M.I.T. Here they've got a neat system where you pay extra for everything so that the student can learn to budget instead of just paying one big bill. Paying for linen, athletic cards, lockers, key deposits, freshman weekend, refrigerators and other things has really kept me on my toes.

Well dear family, I must close now as I must get up early in order to get the seat near the cute coed in our class at recitation.

Your son,

Alphonse

P.S. You were right about the food. Please send a hot plate and some recipes.

The same instructor informs us that he has just uncovered a letter received by this same freshman, from his parents. Look for it in the coming issue of VooDoo.



A Short

History of Boston

Every fourth grader knows the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620, and there begins our tale. Shortly after their landing some of them ventured into the area that is present-day Boston, chased out the Indians, and set up housekeeping. Their new home was actually a peninsula (the Shawmut Peninsula after a bank of the same name) which was connected by a narrow neck of land to the mainland at Roxbury. It was surrounded by marshes and mudflats which seemed even dirtier and smellier than the edges of Boston today, but it featured several nice coves and a fine harbor. Many people have since suggested that the best thing these early settlers could have done would have been to cut the neck, float the peninsula out to sea, and sink the whole thing; but they saw great possibilities in the area and refrained from any such action.

Their foresight paid off, at least for them, and Boston soon became the largest and most prosperous town in the American Colonies. It was a busy trading center and its inhabitants carried on many trades. The more prosperous merchants were generally engaged in rum running, smuggling, slave trading, and other interesting pastimes, but they never let their business get in the way of their Sunday churchgoing, which had great importance in those times. Every Sunday you could find all the most prominent people in town sleeping through sermons by such illustrious preachers as the Mather family (Cotton, Increase, and Whatsa).

On the other hand, there were many who did not bother to get up Sunday mornings because they were too tired from their carousing of the night before. Boston, being a port town, had its share of sailors, crooks, and bums who took full advantage of the many services offered by its inhabitants. It is impossible to repeat exactly what went on since this magazine must be passed by the Post Office Dept., but suffice it to say that the area which is not the foot of Beacon Hill was once a hill called Mt. Whoredom. (Yes, Mrs. Cabot, it's true.)

As the colonies grew, so did government intervention by the British. The king began imposing taxes and regulations, the most famous of which were the Stamp Acts, and the colonists began to complain. In fact, to hear of the furor over the Stamp Acts, one would think that the stamps were being put on the behinds of every man, woman and child with a hot iron. The shouting continued even after these acts were repealed, and it reached a peak when a tax was put on tea. The result was, of course, the Boston Tea Party, which, according to the most recent historical evidence, was a party held by a group of Indians disguised as patriots to celebrate the Fourth of July.

Ed. Note — Any newcomer to Boston will find it steeped in history; so much so in fact that it seems to be living at least 50 years behind the times. Therefore, as a service to the incoming freshmen and anyone else who is interested, Voo Doo presents this short history of the city.

Things grew worse and the British soldiers started using the colonists as targets for rifle practice. (Heaven knows, they needed the practice.) For some reason the people of Boston did not take to this and they began to say nasty things about the British. It is probably true that most Bostonians could not have cared less, but the Hancock - Adams crew of smugglers saw it as a way to get out of paying taxes, and the local JD's (The Sons of Liberty yet!) saw it as a good excuse for a fight, and between them they could make a lot of noise.

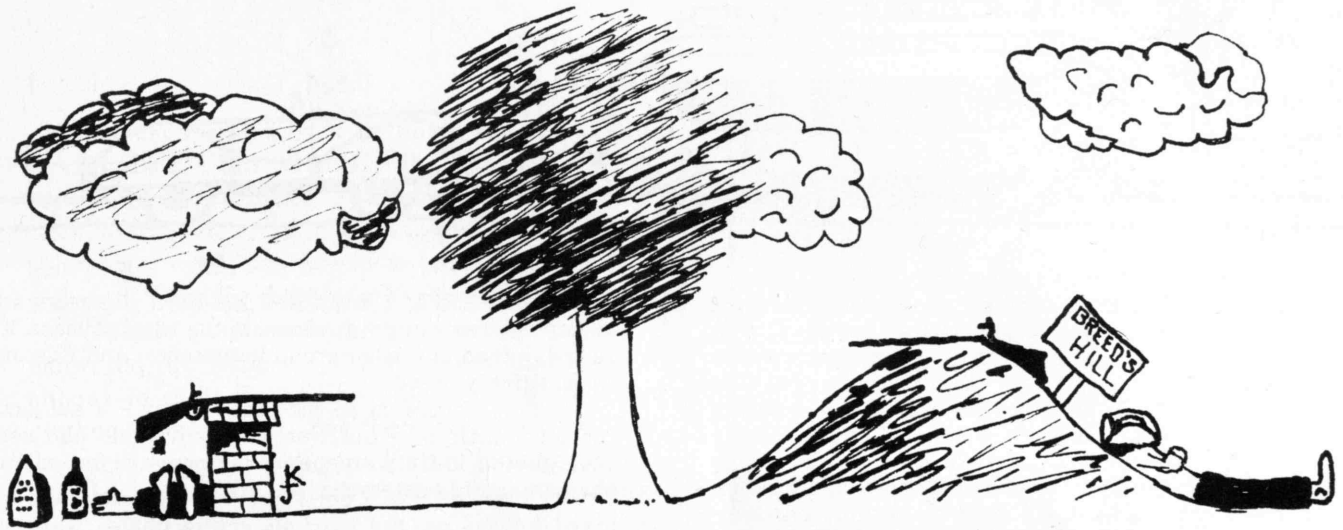
The fight came in April 1775 when a British general with no sense of humor decided that this rebellion nonsense had gotten a little out of hand. He sent some of his troops out to Concord to confiscate some illegal hotplates or something, and Paul Revere in the guise of John Wayne took off to warn the countryside. Actually, this Revere guy was a phony, since he never did get to Concord and was almost captured in the attempt, but one of his ancestors paid off a poet named Longfellow who wrote a lousy poem about him and made him a hero.



(He is the eighteenth century version of the Wild Bill Hickock T.V. success story of our day.)

At any rate, some of the Americans did get out to repel the British troops. They hid behind stone walls, as everyone knows, and picked off the soldiers with guns, rocks, slingshots, and beer cans (many of which can still be found around Lexington), and the British beat a hasty retreat. General Washington soon arrived with reinforcements for the Americans, bottled up the British in the city, and then sat around for about a year drinking the left-over

peninsula and pour the dirt into the many coves that made up the shoreline. These coves proved to be too shallow, unfortunately, and instead of getting rid of Boston all the work merely added to the land area. Rather than quit while they were ahead, though, the diggers and dumpers persisted and what were once grubby tidal flats soon became grubby garbage dumps. On top of all that, to keep as much of the garbage within the confines of the harbor the city fathers dammed up the Charles, forming the Charles Basin as a giant sewage treatment plant.



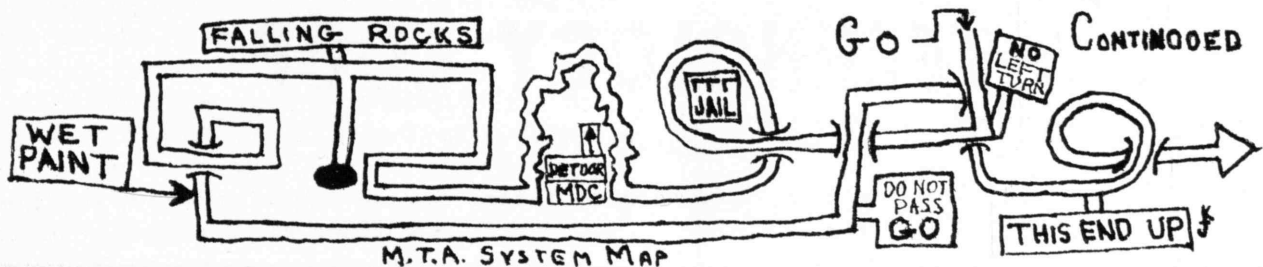
beer. One of his forts can be seen in the area behind MIT's West Campus. It is behind the potato chip sign, next to the glue factory, and it, too, contains some of the original beer cans. The British ventured out once to fight the Battle of Bunker Hill (everyone today knows that the battle was fought on Breed's Hill; why everyone back then did not know this remains a mystery). They got a very impolite reception and left town in a huff. Washington, meanwhile, had run out of beer, so he left also, and nothing was heard from Boston for many years.

Elsewhere the world marched ahead but, thanks to several illustrious organizations like the DAR, Boston ignored this advance. Except for the immigration of millions of Irish and Italians whose presence has only lately been recognized, nothing of note happened in the city for a hundred years or so.

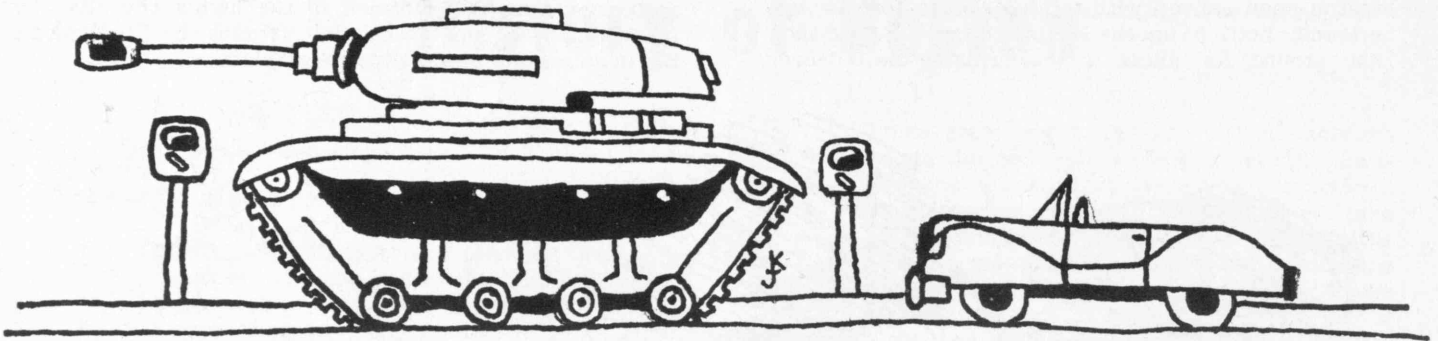
One movement, however, deserves mention not because of the great things it might have accomplished. Early visionaries saw that the best thing that could be done for Boston would be to dump it into the harbor. Consequently, shortly after the Revolution, they began to chop down the hills of the

This land "extension" was carried out in many places, notably in what is now South Boston and in Back Bay. It was in this latter area that William Barton Rogers opened a factory called the Massachusetts Tool or Die Works; later destined to move to another ex-dump, the waterfront of Cambridge. Although, contrary to public opinion, his original building is not still standing, a similar one now houses Bonwit Teller on a plot which adjoins the one he used. This was once the Museum of Natural History and some of the old fossils can still be seen roaming about.

With the advent of the twentieth century, two new things appeared on the Boston scene. The first of these was the automobile, an invention which was destined to produce no physical change in the city for fifty years after its introduction. It provided a new source of dirt and a new reason for police graft, and, thanks to the enlightened city governments which held power, caused no dislocations for new highways or parking facilities such as occurred in other cities. After all, what was good



More History of Baahstan, Natch -



enough for the original settlers cows should be good enough for the present-day settlers' cars. It was only with the introduction of the atom bomb and the ICBM that Boston recognized the automobile, and this new recognition is destined to make great changes in the city over the next three hundred years.

The other new thing to appear on the scene was Michael Curley. As mayor of Boston, confidant of presidents, author, illustrious patriot, adminis-

trator, and crook, Curley and his boys did more to make Boston's city government the tangled mess it is today than any other group in history. And Boston is justifiably proud.

This brings us to the present day - a subject for other articles - but from the above one can see that Boston is truly steeped in history, and buried in the garbage of yesteryear

—Bob Nagro

SPECIAL BUY

TAKE YOUR PICK OF 3 LABELS

WESTMINSTER - VERVE - VOX

CLASSICAL AND JAZZ

List \$4.98

NOW \$2.98

TECHNOLOGY COOP

40 MASS. AVE.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Premier Lummumba was flying from the Congo to the United Nations recently, and at dinnertime the stewardess came around with the menu. He looked over the selections on it, then threw it down with disgust. "Nothing here interests me," he stated. "Isn't there anything we could get for you that you like?" questioned the stewardess.

"Well, I'll take a look at the passenger list," came the reply.



The husband wasn't at home so the wife's lover called. But suddenly the husband's key was heard in the lock. The lover rushed into the clothes closet. As the husband entered the house, his small son began to point to the closet and cry: "Daddy, there's a bogey man in there."

"There's no such thing as a bogey man," answered the father. "I'll show you that there's nobody in there." And he proceeded to open the clothes closet door. But there stood a man. The husband was very angry and after looking at the man for a moment, yelled: "Haven't you anything else to do with your time but go around frightening little children?"



She fell with a sigh into his arms. Her head tilted backward and their lips met. She turned her head slowly, then spoke: "You understand, don't you, that I've never done a thing like this before?"

"My, you certainly inherited a lot of talent."



It was a beautiful evening, the stars were out, and there was a beautiful moon. He helped the girl out of the car, and went to her door with her, her arm in his. They stood gazing at each other in silence for a while, and then he said:

"Listen, I've done everything for you that you wanted to do tonight. I took you to dinner; I took you to the theater. You wanted to dance and so I took you to the Statler; and now you're going to do something for me or I'll break your neck for you"...and he would have done it, too.

GOOD UNTIL Nov. 23, 1960

THIS COUPON Worth

50¢ Towards Any

DINNER OVER \$1.76

NEWBURY'S STEAK HOUSE

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

Charlie-the-Tech-Tailor, Inc.

"Est. 1918"

71 Amherst Street

EL 4-2088

Opposite Senior House and Dorms

Press your suit

Have

Mend your clothes

Him

Sew on Buttons

Dry clean your clothing

Laundry Service Available

Shoe Repairing

N.B. He is noted for the finest work at the lowest Prices

Hearing Aids - Contact Lens
Service
Prescriptions Filled
Glasses Repaired

Unity Optical Co.

Abe Wise, Licensed Optician

31 Massachusetts Ave.

COpley 7-1571

Special Prices to MIT Community
Nearest Optical House to M.I.T.

LAUN-DRY-IT

Cor. Mass. Ave & Marlborough Street

Laundrette - Cleaning - Shirts -
Flat Work

KE 6-7667

This Coupon worth 20¢ towards any
wash load.

Good until Dec. 1, 1960

KNOW YOUR SOLICITOR

In view of the increasing hordes of coolies who seem to be knocking on our door these days, we thought that Voo Doo readers might find these under-the-thumb-nail sketches of various types useful in preparing an adequate defense against them.



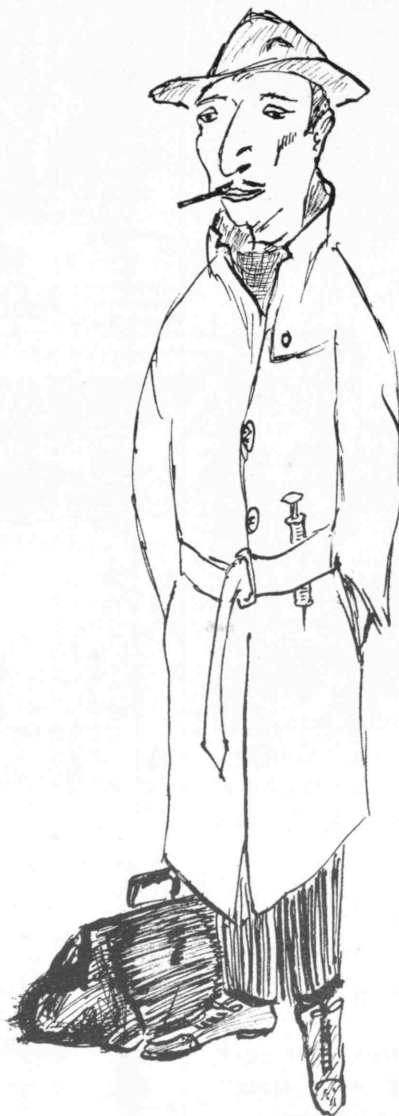
SANDWICH MAN

General Appearance: Short, stocky, extremely well fed.

Identifying Traits: Mobile appendage, with 4 square wheels.

Sales Pitch: "Sandwich-eeeees! Bolognasalamihamswisson rye, white and shingle! Sandwich-eeeees!"

Suggested Defense: Start telling him, in a loud voice, how nauseous you felt after eating one of his Verbot enwurstsandwich-eeeees last week. Throw him out.



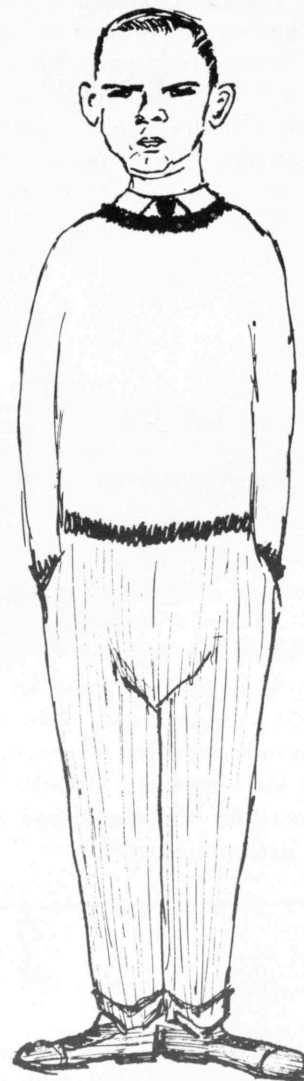
DOPE PEDDLER

General Appearance: Thin, weaselly looking, wearing large trench coat.

Identifying Traits: Has large hypodermic syringe imbedded in arm.

Sales Pitch: "I'm a traveling representative of Homberg Infirmary."

Suggested Defense: Show him the curious little flowers you've been growing in the flowerpot on your windowsill. Give him a discount price. Then throw him out.



STUDENT STOOL PIGEON

General Appearance: Fine, up-standing features....looks like he could do no wrong to man or beast.

Identifying Traits: Is everyone's friend, including Security Force, Cambridge Police, and Administration. Makes a point of noticing your illegal hotplate, girlfriend, or any other Dorm "rule" violation. Makes friendly suggestion to dispose of them.

Sales Pitch: This is just a friendly visit....mind you, it wouldn't bother me....but several people have complained to me that you've been....but don't take this wrong.....I'm too nice a guy to let it bother me, but...

Suggested Defense: Throw him out. Repeatedly.



POLITICIAN

General Appearance: Cagey looking; wears loud clothes and smokes fat cigar.

Identifying Traits: Stentorian Voice, overbearing manner, is personal friend of The Tech Editor.

Sales Pitch: "I'm fighting complacency and corruption, and V.D."

Suggested Defense: Vote for Al Gasser.



RELIGIOUS FANATIC

General Appearance: Faraway look in eyes, halo around head.

Identifying Traits: Sheaf of literature in left hand; mechanical tally counter in right, to keep track of the number per day he's converted to Antipropseudomultideism.

Sales Pitch: "I'm making a survey....."

Suggested Defense: Whip out your own sheaf of literature, and convert this unstable individual to Antiantipropseudomultideism. A command of obscure Biblical quotations is helpful. Throw him out.



NEWSBOY

General Appearance: Grubby Cambridge Urchin, replete with zip gun, machete, and order blank.

Identifying Traits: Cannot read.

Sales Pitch: "Say, buddy, I'm selling cheap subscriptions to Life, Time, The Tech, The Butterfly Feeder's Journal, and The Harvard Lampoon...all for only \$500.00 a year, including protection..."

Suggested Defense: Take him down to the room of the Religious Fanatic. Throw him in.

By Edwin L. Pragla

SQUASH RACKETS

Large Variety - All Prices
RESTRINGING A SPECIALTY

Sneakers ... Shorts ... Shirts ...

SKI EQUIPMENT

TENNIS and SQUASH SHOP

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

See Segal for Special Rates to Techmen

Segal's Body Shop

"Since 1917"

Appraiser of Automobile Accidents

**SPECIALIZING IN BODY AND FENDER REPAIR
AND REFINISHING ON ALL MAKES OF CARS**

306 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Down the Ramp of the Technology Garage
Tel. Kirkland 7-7485

THERMOELECTRIC DEVICES, INC.

302 A Mass. Ave., Cambridge

12-3 Afternoon

Surplus Electrical and Optical Equipment

UN 4-8644

for

**SURPLUS ELECTRONIC'S
AND RADAR EQUIPMENT**

see

Eli Heffron and Son's, Inc.
321-329 Elm St., Cambridge
EL 4-8572

Special Service to Tech Men

8:00 - 4:00 Weekdays 8:00 - 3:00 Saturdays

Ask for Eli, Ben, or Jason

The guy and doll were flying low through the countryside when the guy brought the car to a screeching halt. On their left in a grasing field there was a cow and an amorous bull. The guy put his arm around the girl's middle and murmured softly, "Boy, would I like to do the same thing."

"Go right ahead," the girl said, "I'll wait here for you!"



There's nothing wrong with a Tech Coed that a good double shot of estrogen wouldn't cure.



The young married couple lived right across the street from a widow, and when the husband ran over to borrow anything, it usually took him longer than the wife thought it should. One time, while he was over there, the wife called the widow on the telephone and after considerable delay, the widow answered.

"I'd like to know," said the wife burning with jealousy, "why it takes my husband so long to get something over there!"

"So would I," said the widow, "and this interruption isn't helping any!"



"I'm sorry but I won't be able to see you anymore," she said, "My family thinks you're too uncouth."

"What?, don't I bring you candy when I come to the house?"

"Yes, but ..."

"And don't I always compliment your mother on her new clothes, and don't I always talk to your father?"

"Yes you do..."

"And don't I always hold the door for you?"

"Yes..."

"Then what's all this uncouth crap."

Seasonal Jokes

After the 1960 Democratic Convention, Stevenson was supposed to have remarked, "Well at least I accomplished one thing at the convention. I disproved the old adage that any American boy can become president."



"Mr. Nixon, is it true you were born in a log cabin?"

"No madam; you're thinking of Abraham Lincoln; he was born in a log cabin. I was born in a manger."



Washington proved that a rich man could be president. Lincoln proved that a poor man could be president. Truman proved that the common man could be president. Eisenhower proved that you really don't need a president at all!



When Teddy Roosevelt was president he had the slogan "Speak softly, and carry a big stick". Eisenhower has revised this to, "Speak softly, I'm putting."

After the 1952 election Stevenson was quoted as having remarked, "A funny thing happened to me on the way to the White House."



"John, what do you want to be when you grow up?"

"President, daddy."

"No John; when you really grow up."



These election polls are very accurate. They poll farmers, workers, businessmen, everyone in fact, from the man in the street right up to the President of the United States, Thomas Dewey.



When Eisenhower was still in the Army he was preparing for a big battle. He asked his valet what clothes he should take with him. The valet replied, "Well, when Napoleon went into a big battle he used to wear a red uniform so if he were injured his men wouldn't be able to see the blood stain and get scared."

"Great idea," replied Eisenhower, "Better pack my brown pants."

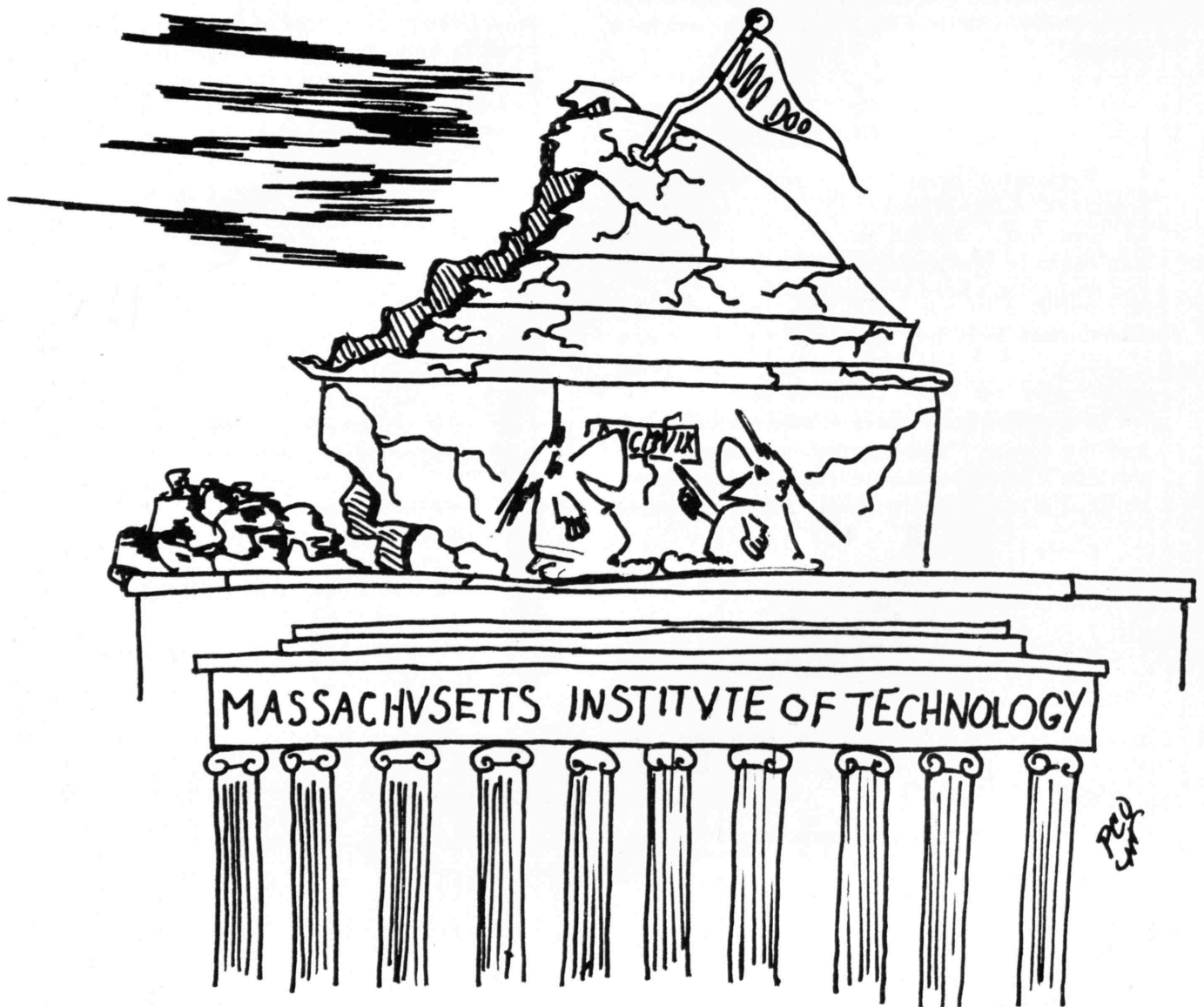


JB

It was back in the days of the war and a large troopship had just pulled up to the dock. On board the G.I.'s were yelling to the people on the dock. One G.I. was carrying on a conversation with his wife. He would say "FF," and she would retort vehemently, "EF." This went on for some time. Finally a bewildered Joe turned to the G.I. and said, "What's the trouble between you two?" "Oh," said the G.I. "she wants to eat first."

Two patrolmen who were going out on dates made a deal. Each would leave his car radio on while they went parking so the other could hear all the conversation. One of them stopped off to buy some sandwiches to take along. While they were parking, the policeman gave his date a sandwich. However as he was handing it to her he dropped it. Not fazed in the least, he brushed it off and handed it to her. Indignantly she remarked, "You don't expect me to eat that dirty thing, do you?"

Pleaded her date, "Say sandwich, damn it, say sandwich."



I THINK WE OVERDID THIS PUBLICITY STUNT !

A History of Truth:

Before I proceed, I'd like to explain to those Tech tools who haven't had time to keep up with current happenings that there IS a Presidential campaign going on this year, and that the candidates happen to be Vice-President Nixon and Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts. I advise those of you who don't know what the Presidency is, to go back to grade school.

I begin with the election of 1884, when the chief Republican slogan was "The Democratic Party is the Party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." This slogan will be, perhaps, a bit bewildering to us today, since there appears to be nothing derogatory about it. However, believe it or not, rum and rebellion were looked down on in 1884, though they are of course among our highest ideals today. (Incidentally, the part about rum was allegedly inserted by the makers of Old Crow.) "Romanism" is a little puzzling. One may think it refers to Catholicism, but actually the Republicans thought the Democratic candidate was Julius Caesar. Another noteworthy slogan of this period, referring to Cleveland's illegitimate son, was "Ma, Ma, where's my Pa?" It is understandable, however, why Cleveland didn't support his son — the boy wanted to go to Harvard.

The 1900 campaign slogan, "A Full Dinner Pail," is an excellent example of how misleading some campaign slogans are. It does not refer at all to an abundance of food. The Republicans had frequently been criticized for spending too much money on facilities for the Army. They therefore used this slogan to try to tell the public how they planned to remedy the situation. A nefarious plot was hatched to buy old dinner pails at a ridiculously low prices and use them in the building of latrines.

In 1916, while World War I was being fought in Europe, the Democratic slogan proclaimed, "He Kept Us Out of War." Many people did not know who "he" was. Some even thought the phrase referred to Kaiser Wilhelm. Actually, the slogan was a remark made by Mrs. Wilson about her relations with her husband. "The President and I have had very few fights," she said. "By doing the dishes every night, he kept us out of war."

Woodrow Wilson had been an intellectual President, and though the Republican candidate in

The Campaign Slogans

1920, Warren G. Harding, was a clod (he had once been a reporter for *The Tech*) he wanted to give the impression that, he too, was intelligent. He coined the slogan "Return to Normalcy." People who tried to look the word up in the dictionary couldn't find it, and were thus immediately impressed by Harding's extensive vocabulary. In reality, Harding was merely plugging a book of his. He had previously written a novel, similar to *Peyton Place*, about a New England town called, Normalcy. The wife of the mayor had been raped one night by the chief of police, but the mayor couldn't help her, so Harding's story went, because he was out raping the wife of the town's minister. At the end of Harding's tale, however, there were still some virgins left in the town, so Harding decided to write a sequel called, "Return to Normalcy." Harding, incidentally, once tried to imitate his characters with his secretary in the Senate chamber.

The current slogan in 1924, was, "Keep Cool with Cal." If we consider Calvin Coolidge's other statement, "The Business of America is Business," the slogan is easier to understand. The summer of 1924 had been very hot, and Coolidge was merely promising the people that, by telling air-conditioner manufacturers that they would make more money, he would convince them to lower their prices.

During the next campaign, Coolidge's slogan was "I do not choose to run for the Presidency in 1928." Coolidge meant that this time he would not miss his train, and thus would be able to ride during his campaign. Unfortunately, people misunderstood him, and we wasn't even nominated.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was running for a third term as President in 1940. His party's slogan, "Don't Change Horses in the Middle of the Stream," was merely a profound comment on the intelligence of the candidates, implying that one horse was as good as another. The slogan originally read, "Don't change asses in the middle of the stream," but Eleanor censored it. The Republican slogan, "No Third Term!" also pertained to the intelligence of the candidates. "No Third Term" referred to the fact that in the binomial expansion of $(x + y)^7$ which Roosevelt had worked out as a homework assignment in high school, the third term was missing. Thus, the

(Continued on page 28)

IF THE SOUND OF YOUR HI-FI
infiltrates your neighbors' rooms
Make them (and yourself) happy
by playing



VANGUARD

Recordings for the Connoisseur

Some new releases



THE WEAVERS AT CARNEGIE HALL, Vol. 2

VRS-9075 (mono) & VSD-2069 (stereo)



ODETTA AT CARNEGIE HALL

VRS-9076 (mono) & VSD-2072 (stereo)

ODETTA SINGS CHRISTMAS SPIRITUALS

VRS-9079 (mono) & VSD-2079 (stereo)



JOAN BAEZ

VRS-9078 (mono) & VSD-2077 (stereo)

Send for the Vanguard catalogue of indispensable folksong recordings featuring Leon Bibb, Alfred Deller, Cisco Houston, Erich Kunz, Paul Robeson, Martha Schlamme, Germaine Montero and others
Dept. U, Vanguard Recording Society Inc.
154 West 14th St., New York 11, N. Y.

Campaign Slogans

(Continued from page 27)

slogan implied, Roosevelt was of inferior intelligence.

By 1952, the Republicans were desperate, after 20 years of Democratic rule. The slogan "Time for a Change" attacked the supposed immaturity of the Democrats. The Democratic administration, so the slogan implied, had wet its diapers and it was "Time for a Change." The Republican formula for victory, K_1C_2 , also shows how desperate the Republicans were. Though historians believe that the formula referred to Korea, Communism, and Corruption, this is not true. In actuality it is a false formula for drypton carbide, the result of long researches by Republican chemists (who had studied at Harvard, by the way). The Republicans believed krypton carbide to be the kryptonite which could defeat the Democratic supermen. The G.O.P. almost lost the election, however, because it had forgotten about Batman and Robin.

And so we finally arrive at the present year. The chief Democratic slogan this year consists of a picture of Nixon with the caption, "Would you buy a car from this man?" The implication is that Nixon is dishonest. The reasoning behind his implication is easy to follow when we realize that Nixon is dishonest because he is not a used-car salesman and one therefore couldn't buy a car from him.

In the past, we have seen campaign buttons of the type which say "I Like Ike," or "I Hate Roosevelt." Such buttons will appear this year. The Republican buttons will probably read "I Like Pat" or "I Like Checkers." If you're a Democrat, you'll wear buttons saying "I Like Jackie" or perhaps "I Like Money."

by Gordon Wassermann

Note: The editors of Voo Doo take no responsibility for the political opinions expressed in this article. The author, we hear, is voting for Albert Blythe Gasser III.

Prof: How many revolutions took place in France during this period?

Soph: Four

Prof: Enumerate them.

Soph: One, Two, Three, Four.



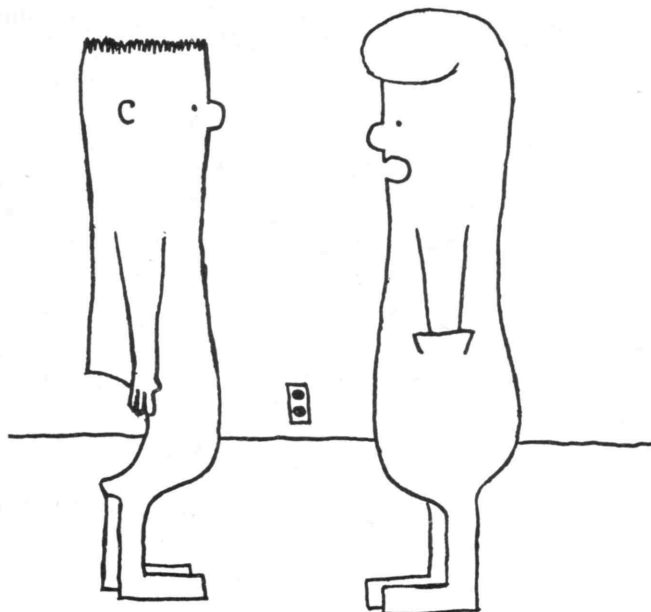
Some
girls are
built like
this one

Others
are
more
like
this

But they usually end up like this.



Overheard: "I asked her if she wasn't doing anything that evening and she said she wasn't so I took her out and sure enough - she wasn't



JK

HARVARD UNDERGRADUATE TEACHERS

The high schools of Newton, Brookline, Somerville, Cambridge, Boston, Belmont, Lexington, and Wayland want volunteers to help teach classes. The volunteer must put in roughly TEN HOURS a WEEK for the entire academic year. The volunteer must have, near DEAN'S LIST standing and honor grades in the field in which he wishes to teach.

In the past, volunteers have assisted teachers by doing research, taking over classes, supervising labs, handling special sessions, and coaching small groups.

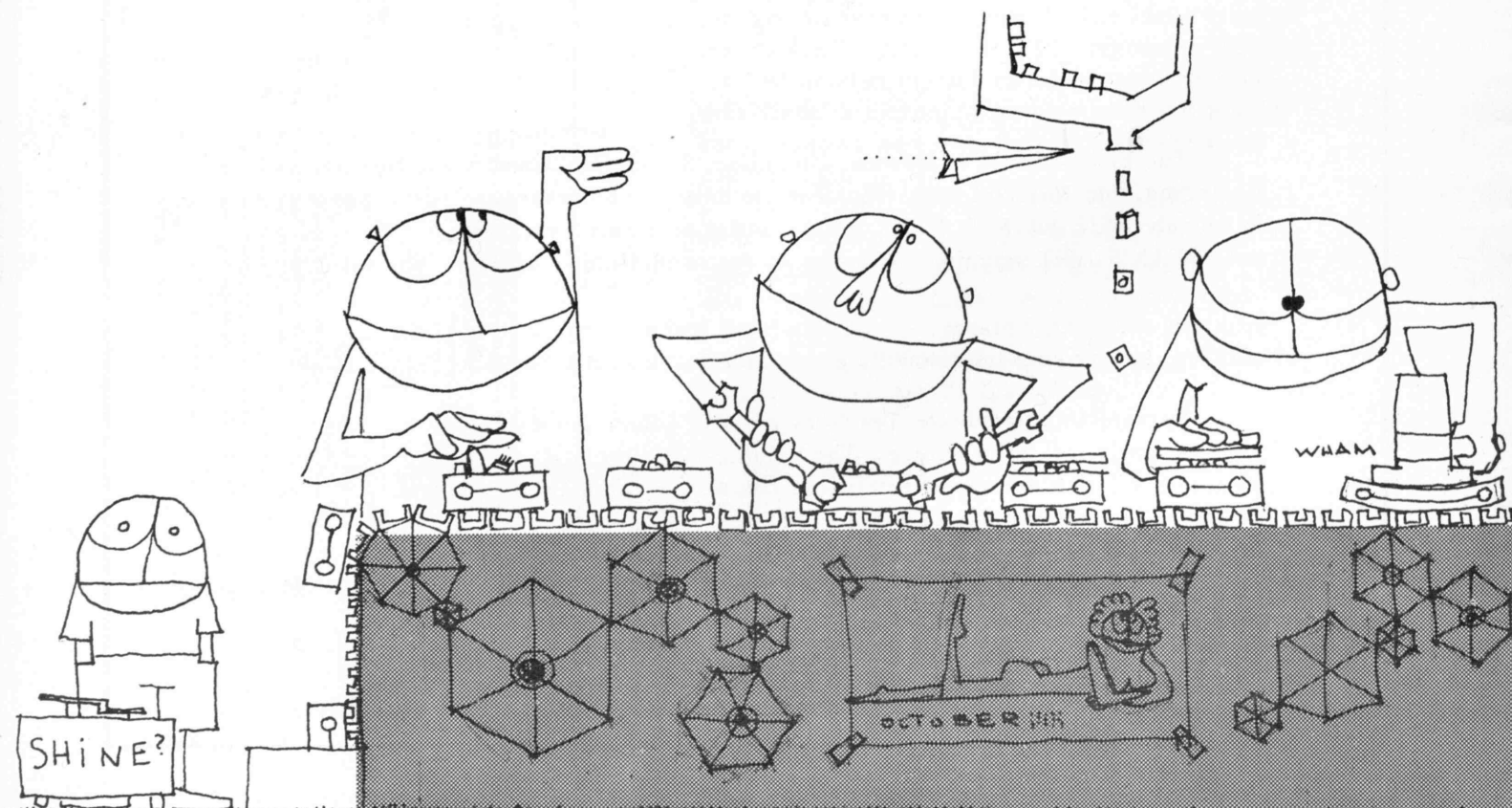
Harvard Undergraduate Teachers recruits volunteers and sends their names to the high schools of their choice. The volunteer and the high school teacher work out the volunteer's duties and responsibilities. Usually, a volunteer will be allowed to do what he proves himself capable of doing.

For information send or telephone your name into the secretary's desk at Phillips Brooks House, Harvard College.

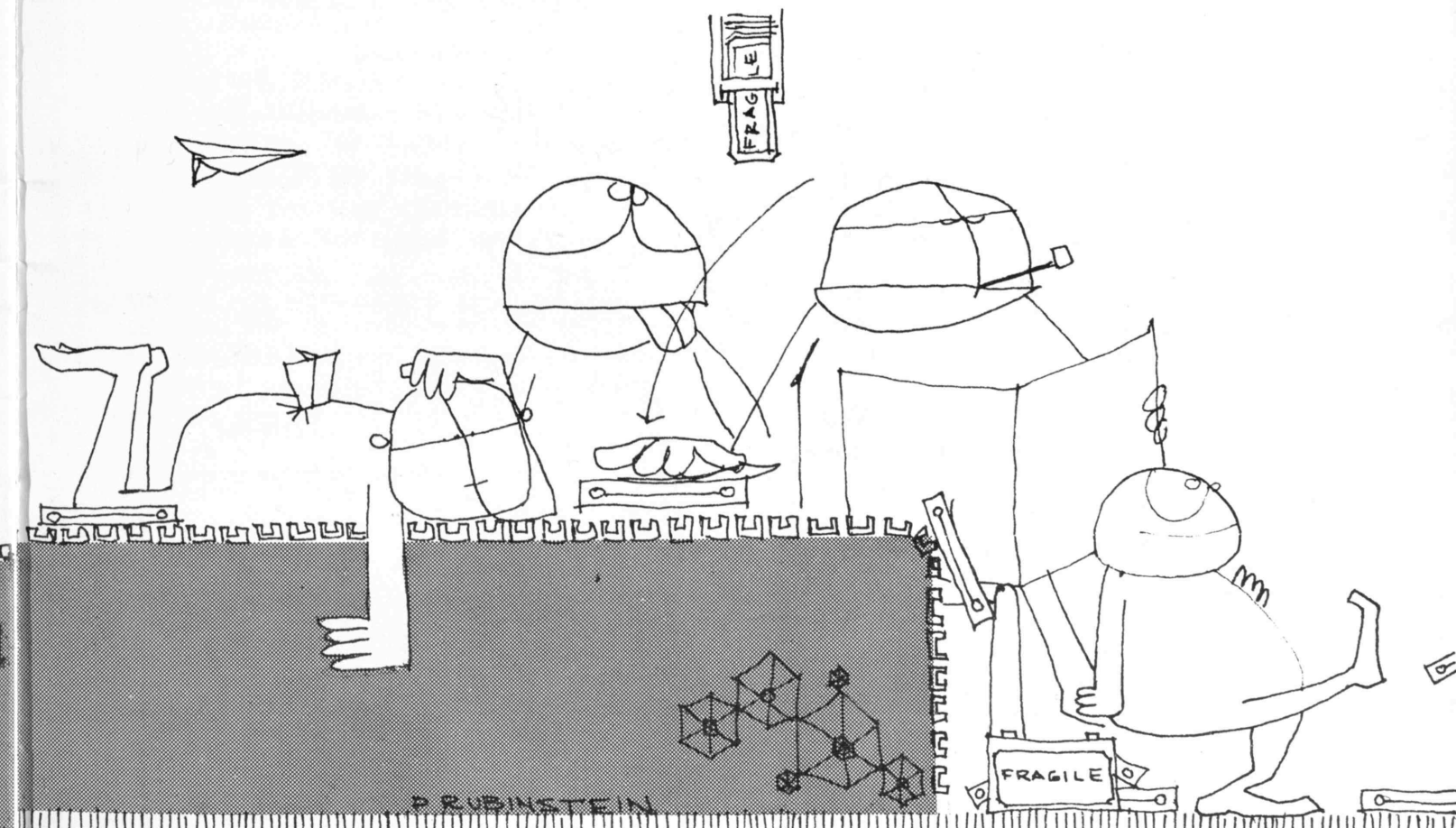
UN 8-7600

MY DAY

7:00 Punch card just as whistle blows.
 7:20 Made round of gum machines. No Gum. Lost 7 cents
 7:40 Start looking for tools left around by night shift.
 8:05 Find pliers. Grind name off and put in my tool box.
 8:15 Fellow across the room motions me to come over. Gives me some gum.
 8:25 Go to tool crib to tell attendant story. He tells me a new one.
 8:50 Went to can. Argued politics with 8 other guys there.
 9:20 Look in lunch box to see what wife packed. Eat banana.
 9:40 Went to can. False alarm.
 10:30 Drill hole in piece of metal. Hole too large. Weld hole and start over.
 Break drill. Throw metal in scrap bin.
 10:40 Go to can for smoke. Write name on wall.
 10:50 Walk across room to see what other guys are laughing at.
 10:53 Begin to realize guy gave me laxative gum.
 11:05 Go to can. False alarm. Sleep for 15 minutes.
 11:20 Plotting how to get even with that guy.
 11:25 Don't need a drink, but go for one anyway.
 11:30 Look for place to hide part made wrong way.
 11:35 Can't find any place. Toss under partner's bench.
 11:38 Look under my bench. Find part made wrong way left by night shift.
 11:40 Go to see foreman and say, "Look what some guy left under my bench."
 11:45 See female (new) employee. Go over and kid her for 15 minutes.
 11:55 See foreman watching. Pick up 45 pound piece of steel and walk away.
 11:56 See freight train going by. Count cars. Bring steel back.
 11:57 Realize it's lunch time. Look in lunch box and remember it's all eaten
 except for two meatballs.



12:00 Fix place to sleep on bench.
 12:30 Whistle blows. Go to can. Draw whiskers on picture on wall.
 12:45 Prick fingers on piece of steel.
 12:47 Go to first aid room. Wait in line while nurse takes care of 17 year old
 female suffering from old age. Nurse looks at my finger and gives me a
 vitamin pill.
 1:30 Go to beverage cooler for coke. Contact 12 guys for change. Beverage
 cooler empty.
 2:15 Go to can. Get in argument of high taxes.
 2:35 Go to my machine. See big-shot watching. Start taking machine apart.
 Big-shot leaves. Can't put machine together again.
 3:00 Hit finger with hammer while watching sweater girl.
 3:25 Decide to find out who sweater girl is. Walk over. See foreman coming.
 Go to can instead.
 3:30 Keep wondering who sweater girl is. Ask 6 guys. All want to know.
 3:45 Assistant foreman coming. Start studying blueprint intently.
 4:10 Go to can for smoke. Ask 9 guys for cigarette. Forced to smoke my own.
 4:25 Come back to machine. Some smart alec put grease on all the handles.
 4:30 Tell foreman this job hurts my back. Want job where I can sit down.
 4:35 Knock over full can of rivets. Spend ten minutes picking them up.
 4:45 Go to drink in other department.
 4:50 Start cleaning up. Put tools away. Go to can. Put tie on.
 4:55 Watch out for foreman. Watch out for asst. foreman. Watch out.
 4:56 Take apron off. Put coat on. Put apron back with string untied.
 5:00 Whistle.....Zip.....



HUBBARD 2-4966 OPEN 11 A.M. TO 3 A.M.

GOLDEN RICE
(Formerly Joy Hong Low)
Serving Real Chinese Food
SPECIAL LUNCHEON AND SUPPER
Orders To Take Out
PRIVATE ROOMS FOR PARTIES
DAVID WONG

包辦筵席 金谷酒家

8 Tyler Street Boston, Mass.

for that well-groomed look—

LARRY'S BARBER SHOP

opp. Bldg. seven entrance



Simeone's
ITALIAN-AMERICAN
RESTAURANT INC.

PIZZA
CHOICE WINES
AIR-CONDITIONED COMFORT
IMPORTED BEERS

FREE PARKING IN REAR

21-29 BROOKLINE ST. ELiot
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 4-9569

Enjoy Transcendental Atmosphere at the

BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM

where Russell Blake Howe
re-creates music of
Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt
HISTORICAL T WHARF
Shown on every engraving
of Boston since 1725.



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

A certain office manager named Joe had a heart of gold but a quick temper leading to profanity over the telephone. As a matter of fact, girls at the phone company had made many complaints about him.

One day, exasperated over several wrong numbers, Joe began to cuss out the operator. "Stop that," she said, "or I'll have your phone removed."

"Oh yeah?" said Joe. "Well you can stick it...!"

Next day, two men came from the company and were about to take the instrument away, when Joe asked if he could square matters by apologizing to the girl. They said he could, so he lifted the receiver and said, "Girlie, I'm sorry. Do you remember yesterday when I told you to stick the phone...?"

"Yes," she said icily. "Well" floundered Joe, "there's two men to take it out."



The family circle was much disturbed. The eldest of the clan, Gregory, aged 74, decided to get married. What worried his relatives was the fact that the bride Gregory selected was a young healthy 22 year old. One of Gregory's sons button-holed him and pleaded.

"Look, Pop, you must give this more thought. It's very serious. In fact, a thing like this could prove fatal!"



The lady riding upon the train was amusing herself with a crossword puzzle. The train was crowded. One word she simply could not make out so she turned to the man beside her. "I wonder," she asked, "if you could help me with this puzzle?"

"I might," he replied, "what is it that has you puzzled?"

"Well," the lady said, "all I need is a four letter word ending in the letters IT and it says here that it's something found in the bottom of a bird cage and that the governor's full of it."

"Hummm," said the man, "that must be grit."

"So it is," exclaimed the lady, "do you have a pencil with an eraser?"

PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE!

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
DON HATHFIELD

ITEM: BENTLY FILTCHHEIMER -
WEALTHY YOUNG SOCIALITE,
MAN ABOUT TOWN, AND
AND VOO DOO BEADER -
WAS RECENTLY
MOBBED
DURING HOME
TOWN'S ANNUAL
'BENTLY FILTCH-
HEIMER DAY', AND
SHOWED UP WITH WEALTH
FAME AND MISCELLANEOUS.



YOU ARE A POTENTIAL BENTLY FILTCHHEIMER!

YOU CAN BE THE SOPHISTICATED BON VIVANT YOU WANT TO BE, INSTEAD OF THE INTELLECTUAL GARBAGE FLEA YOU ARE! FOR INSTANCE, ARE YOU ASHAMED BECAUSE ...
YOU DON'T KNOW 1. WHAT IS COMING OFF?

2. WHICH END IS UP?

3. WHY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST COMES OUT ON TUESDAYS?

4. F=M?

* REMEMBER: ANYTHING THAT'S NOT WORTH SAYING ONCE, ISN'T WORTH SAYING AT ALL.*

DOES YOUR BEST FRIEND MAKE YOU FEEL INFERIOR BECAUSE HE MAKES OUT WITH ALL THE GIRLS IN TOWN, GETS STRAIGHT "A's" IN COLLEGE, IS CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM, AND RIDES A WHITE HORSE?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE TALLER THAN HE IS, EVEN TALLER THAN HIS HORSE? DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A MIGHTY ARM, GET BACK FOUR DOLLARS FOR EVERY THREE YOU INVEST, AND GUARD AGAINST THROAT SCRATCH? THEN READ NO FURTHER BECAUSE ANY FOOL KNOWS YOU CAN'T GET NOTHING LIKE THAT NOW-DAYS. BUT SINCE YOU'RE STILL PSYCHICALLY OBLUSCATED (E.G. "P.O.E'D") TAKE EIGHT ISSUES OF VOO DOO IN A FOAMING GLASS OF WATER FOR INSTANT RELIEF DO NOT DELAY! FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW (LEFT). OR BETTER YET, FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW (RIGHT).

MIT VOO DOO
WALKER MEM. BPG
CAMBRIDGE, MASS

DEAR THOS:

ENCLOSED IS \$2.50 SO PLEASE SEND EIGHT
~~incredibly funny~~ issues too, to...
~~issues from~~ issues of VOO DOO TO...

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____ PLEASE EMBOS

CITY _____ STATE _____ PLEASE RIVET

MIT VOO DOO

DEAR THOS:

ENCLOSED IS \$500,000.00
BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.
I WISH TO REMAIN
ANONYMOUS.

* AND IF IT'S NOT WORTH SAYING AT ALL, YOU READ IT FIRST IN VOO DOO!

Salem refreshes your taste —"air-softens" every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too



Take a puff...it's Springtime! That's what smokers say about Salem, because its smoke is as softly refreshing as the air of a springtime morning. Salem's special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. And its fine tobaccos make Salem the rich-tasting cigarette that refreshes your taste. Smoke refreshed, pack after pack...smoke Salem!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company