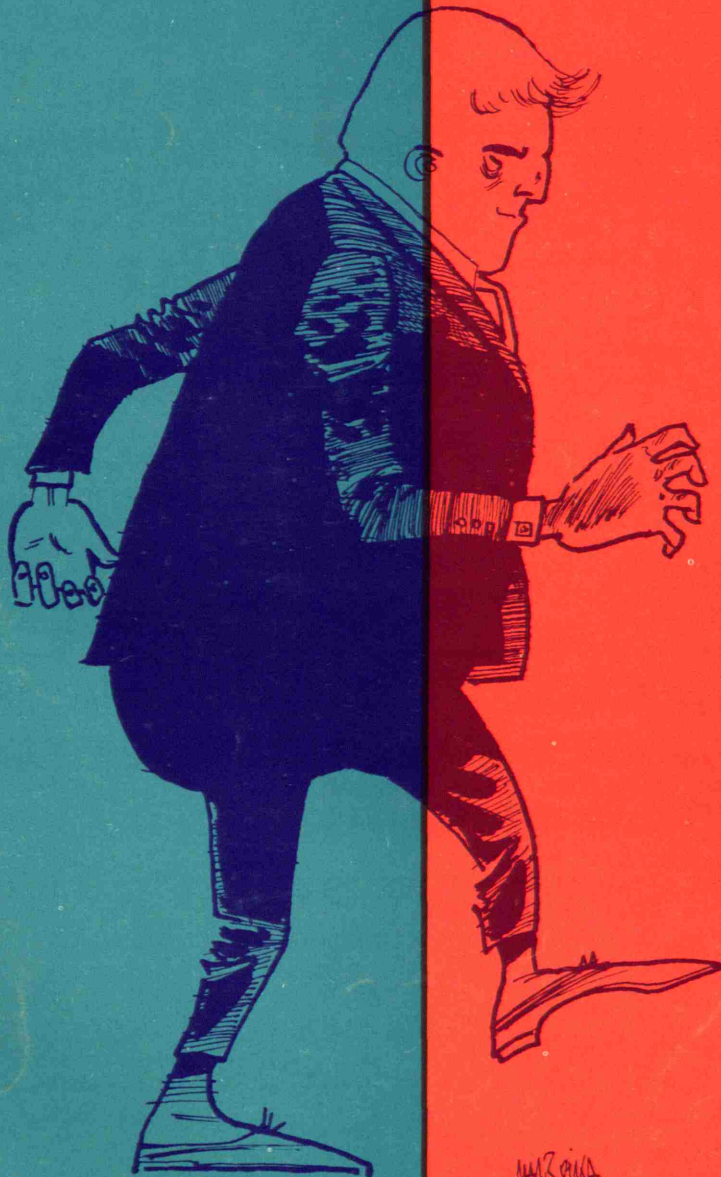
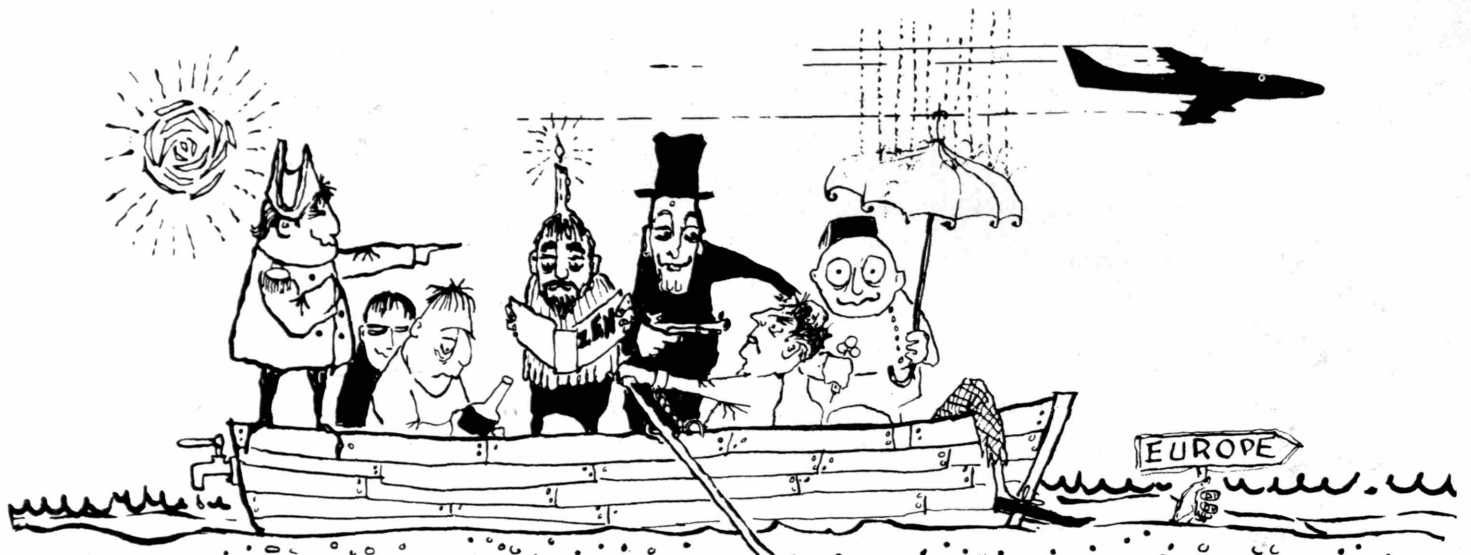


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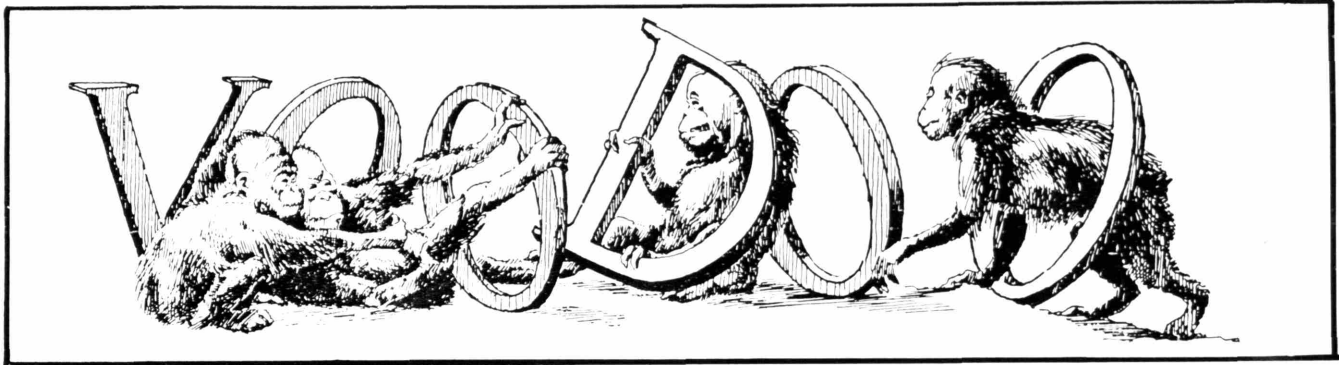
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The end is near. Within two weeks many of us will be able to look forward to a long, long vacation. Some of the lucky ones may remain, but that letter in the mailbox will bring sad news to most. "Your friends and neighbors have chosen you to represent the United States of America in our Glorious armed forces." So while you're basking in the sun down in Cuba or strolling through jungle greenery of Laos, remember that Phos will be guarding the Voo Doo beer closet eagerly awaiting your return two or three years from now.

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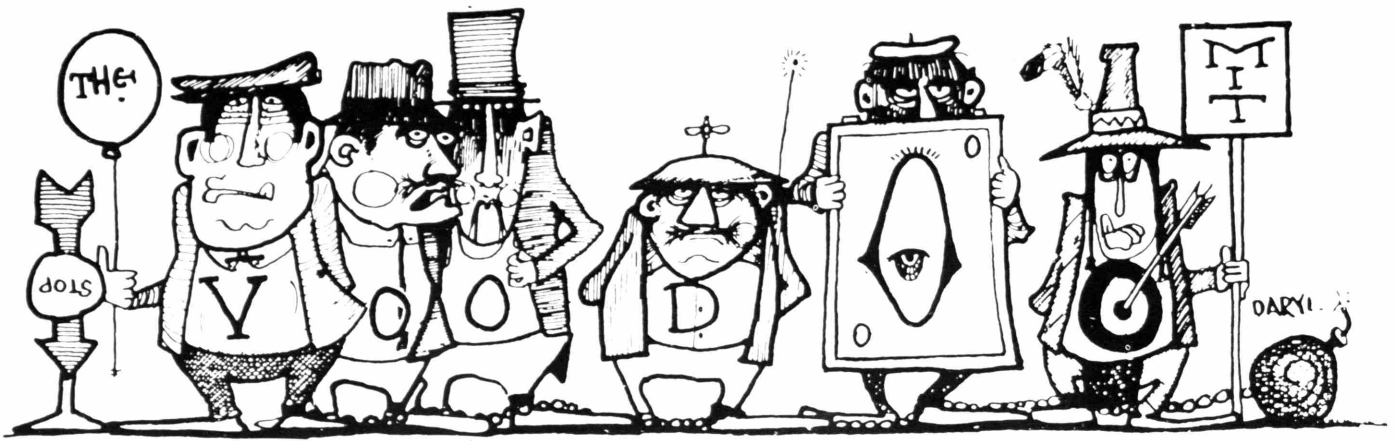
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When leaving for the recent Xmas Vacation, Norm Weeks, an East Campusite and bon vivant, decided to spread some extra holiday cheer among his close friends. He took up a collection; each of the fellows paid him 25¢... in return, Norm took out an Airline insurance policy for each of them, before boarding his homeward-bound Jet. He made it, though.

There's a very interesting phone number we've discovered, on page 976 of the new Boston (unclassified directory) If you're willing to waste a dime, call TRowbridge 6-7484.

We hear the snow was so deep out on Bay State Road that the guys in one of the houses there were getting into swimsuits and swan-diving out of third-story windows.

A Junior Board member reports that he knows a fellow who has his cloud chamber filled with vodka. Is this disloyal?

A crowd of grubby Tech tools stood around the old entrance exams which were posted opposite the reserve room. Peering at the English section, one asked, "Hey, who wrote CHILDE HAROLD?" No one knew, but someone ventured to remark, "I don't remember his name. I do know it was the same guy who wrote OZYMANDIAS, though." Honest! It really happened.

Recently, while passing through Harvard yard, we overheard two Radcliff girls discussing the recent elections.

"You know," one said, "voting for the first time is like losing your virginity."

"I wouldn't know", replied the other, "I've never voted!"

Did anyone notice that the Great Dome was blushing just before Christmas? Seems that some pledges covered the floodlights with red cellophane late one night, and for four days the Dome was salmon colored after dark.

We were delighted to discover that someone has done the literary world a

service it has needed for some time... a translation into *Latin* of A.A Milne's "Winne Ille Pu" Honest! What's more, we hear that it's going to be required reading for all Harvard students.

A junior board member came back from the Xmas Vacation to discover that the weather had finally provided him with a solution to the Ames St. towing menace; his car's tires were each solidly frozen in three inches of ice, which had been but a puddle when he left. We imagine that the reason the Cambridge Gendarmes didn't even ticket the car was that they were too busy laughing at the sight.

Rumor has it that Jay Stratton and Nat Pusey are planning to run for president and vice president in 1964. They figure it is the only way they can get their faculty members to work for them.

While visiting a local supermarket recently, Phos picked up an entry blank for a contest that a soap company was running to advertise its bath soap. Along with a lot of garbage about rules and prizes, the blank had a picture of two stary-eyed "young matrons" with tooth-paste smiles. One of them - called Marge - was saying to the other, "Joan, I'm so jealous! How do you manage to have such a lovely complexion?" All the contestants had to do to write a good reply for Joan.

We found that all the answers that the staff thought up were unprintable but we

figured that some of our readers might come up with some interesting replys. Therefore, if you have any ideas, pass them along to us. If we can print them we will, but at any rate we'll laugh.

Have you heard about the new navigation aid developed by the Instrumentation Lab? It is called the tates. It is like a compass except that there is no magnetism in the needle. The needle never points in the same direction twice and so he who has a tates is lost.

On the day after Christmas vacation, a few techmen were noticed waiting outside the quiz room in Walker. When questioned if it was common that quizzes be given immediately after vacation one replied, "I don't know, but I'm not taking any chances".

The latest concoction, at local saloons appears to be the "Cuba Servile"... it's a "Cuba Libre", but it's made with Vodka and Coke.

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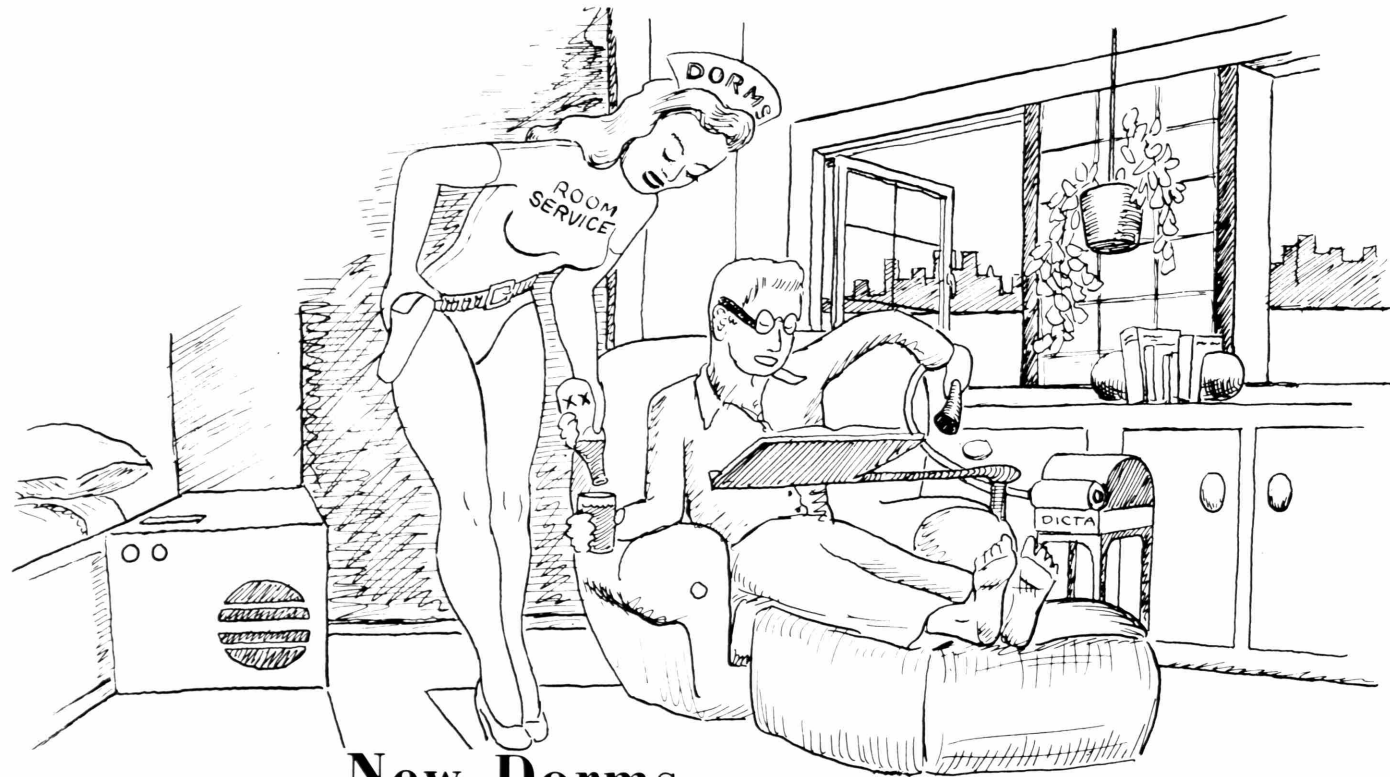
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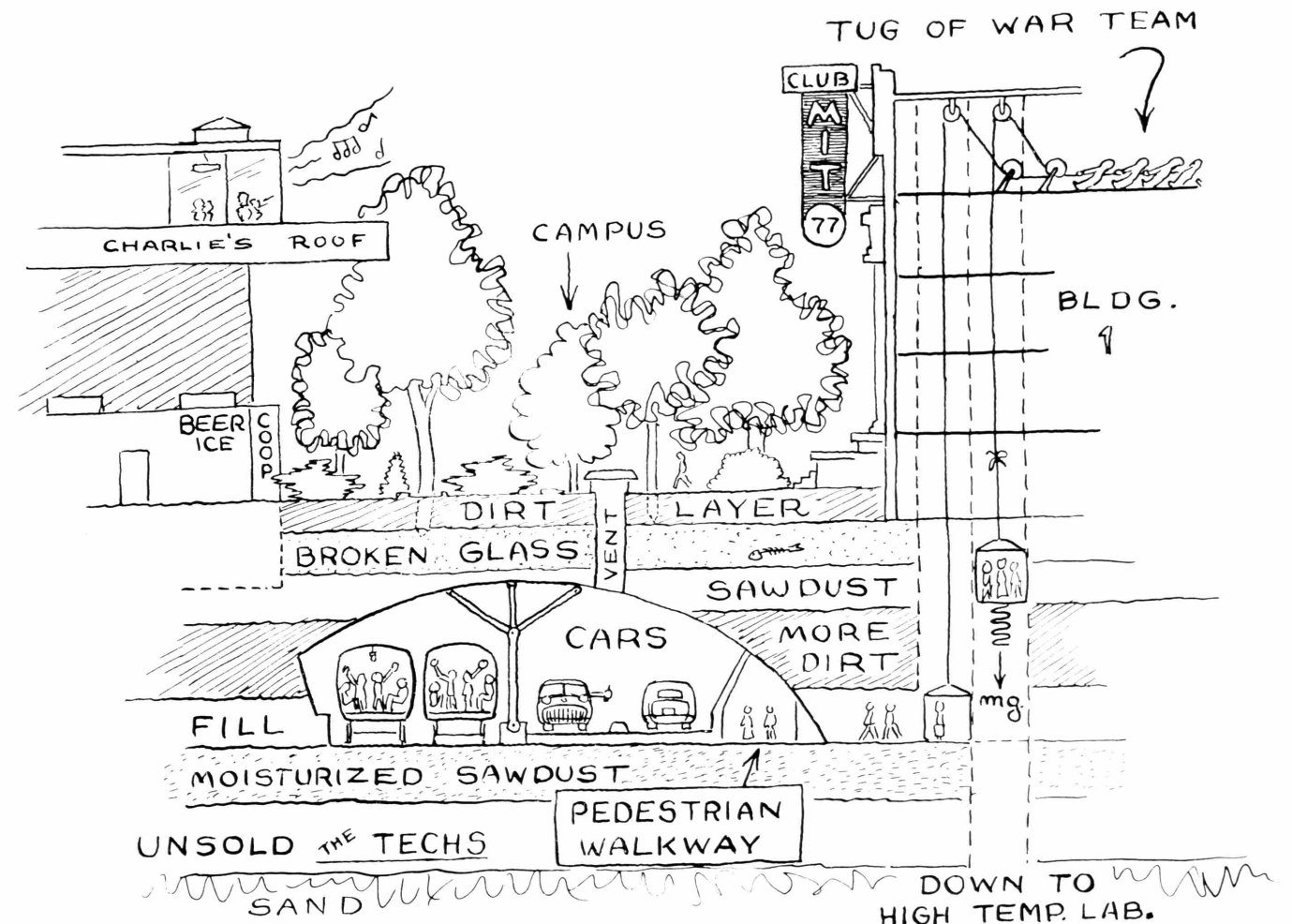
Mirror, mirror, on the wall, what's the fairest Campus of them all...well, that's highly debatable. Certainly not grungy old Tech! But what of the future? The yet unpaid astronomical tuitions, the anonymous gifts from Billionaires who haven't been born yet? Why of course! For a nominal fee (they're afraid to name it), the Insitute proposes to effect another in its endless series of face liftings.

Due to the unfortunate fact that a few of us won't be around to see it, Phos has done some research (bless his bibulous heart), and predicted....

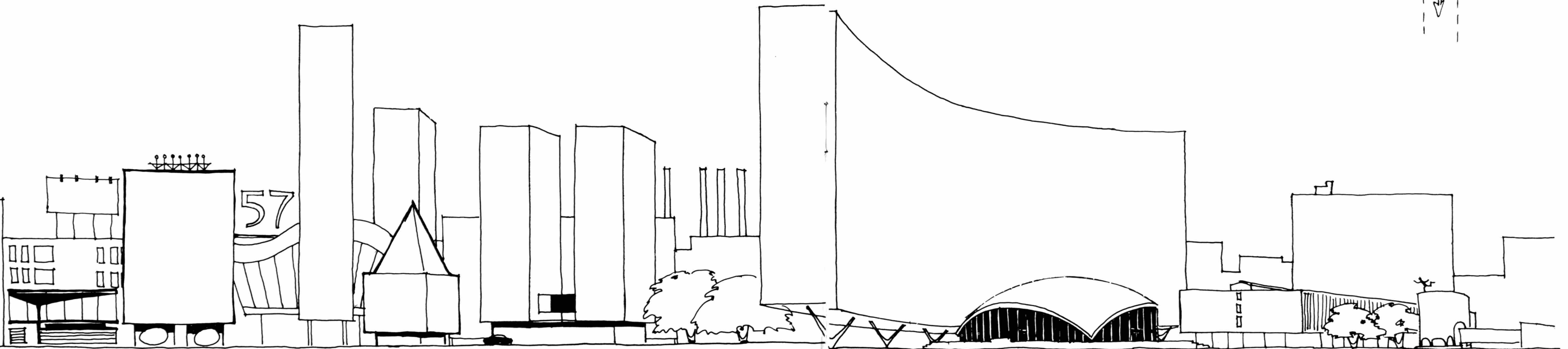


New Dorms

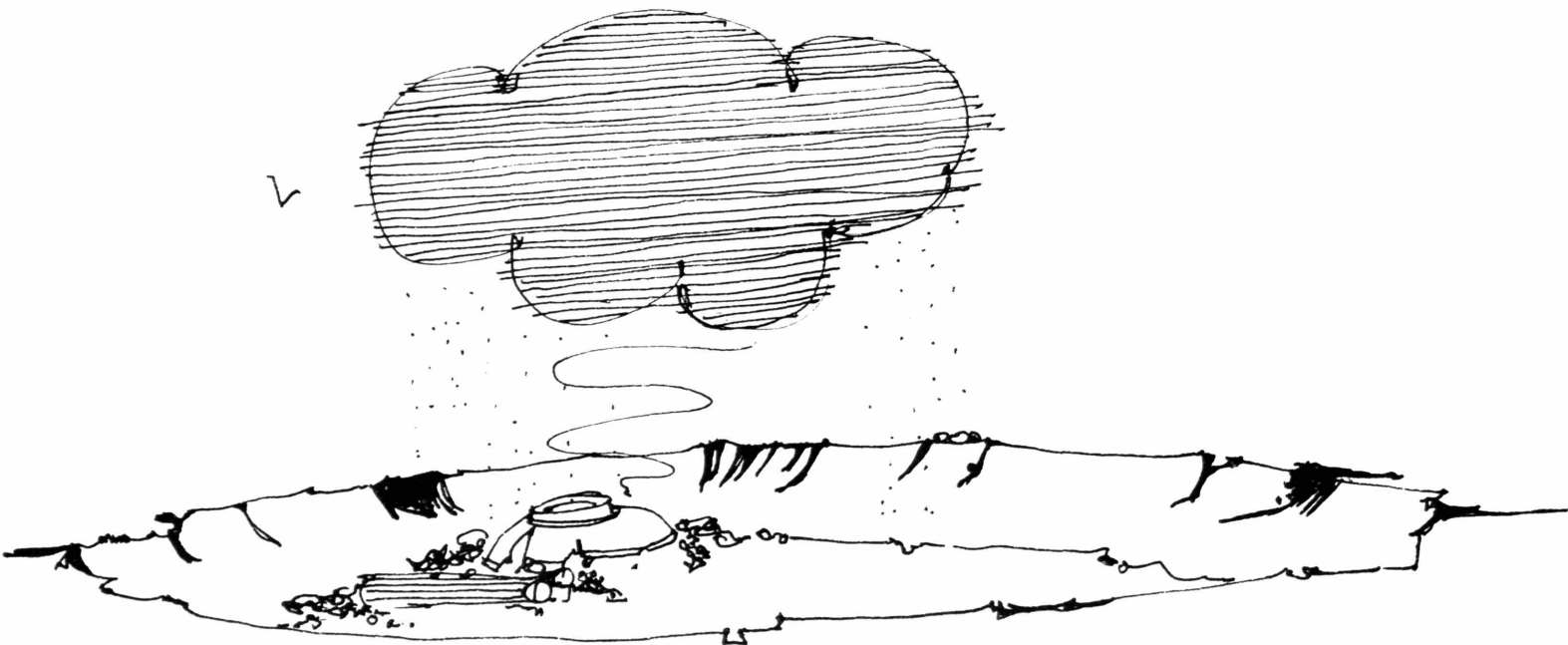
THE SECOND CENTURY



Mass. Ave. Goes Underground



Or Then Again, Maybe ...



A thoroughly saturated drunk was fumbling with a bulky ring of keys in the doorway of a house when he was accosted with a suspicious minion of the law. "Hey, are you sure this is your house?"

"Shertainly," replied the drunk indignantly, "jusht wait a shecond and I'll show ya." Finally, almost miraculously, he happened on a key that fit the lock and magnificently waved the officer inside. "Shee, thish ish my housh, come on in and I'll show ya."

The inebriate wobbled into the house and started going from room to room turning on lights as he went. "Shee, thish ish my living room, all mine: And thish here is my library, and there is my kitchen. Now I wantcha to come upstairs with me."

The amused cop followed the drunk up the stairs, where the latter flung open a bedroom door. "Thish ish my bedroom, offisher, and see 'at woman in 'at bed? Well, 'at's my wife, all mine! And shee 'at feller in bed with her? 'At man, offisher, is ME!"



Minister: "My good man, do you keep the ten commandments?"

Drug Store Clerk: "No, but we have something almost as good."



The boy and girl were at the carnival. Whenever the boy asked her what she wanted to do, she always replied, "I want to be weighed." So they would go to a weighing booth; the man would guess her weight, miss, and they would win a prize. Near the end of the day when they won enough candy to compete with Fanny Farmer, the boy asked why she always wanted to be weighed. She murmured, "Cause I wove you."



The young techretary kicked her shoes into the corner, unbuttoned her blouse, let it fall to the floor, eased off her skirt, then her slip, bra and panties, slipped into bed, read for a while, and went to sleep.



Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I get the heaves
Just thinking of you.



Two pretty girls were being squashed in the crowded elevator. One of them, unable to even turn around, asked her friend to look back of them and tell her if the man standing there was handsome.

Her friend, with some difficulty, managed a furtive backward glance then whispered, "Well, he's young!" - "Look, Dearie," the girl said with a trace of irritation in her voice, "I asked if he was handsome, I can tell he's young!"



And then there is the widow who wears black garters in memory of those who have passed beyond.



Editor's Note—

This being the beginning of MIT's second century, Phos thought it might be good to look ahead to 2060 and see what the president of the Institute at that time, Norman White III (What's so silly about that?), might have to say in his yearly President's Report. This is what the staff came up with after looking into its crystal ball.

Norman C. White, III
President
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
My Card

The President's Report

It is with great pride that I find myself able to report the progress of the Institute over the last one hundred years. We have come a long way from that small, uncrowded campus along what was, at that time, the beautiful Charles River. We have made great strides and we envision even greater ones in the future.

The size of the staff has grown over the last one hundred years from a mere 13,500 people located in Cambridge and at Lincoln Labs, to 273,562 stationed all over the world. The locations of our divisions include Cambridge, Lincoln Labs, Washington Labs, Jefferson Labs, Adams Labs, Madison Labs, and 30 others. The most distinctive is the Phosphorous Laboratories located in a satellite, 669 miles above Boston. This satellite is kept stationary over the city by a combination of correct speed and altitude, and mainly because it is tied to one of the flagpoles in the Great Court by a long rope. It is used for such diversified projects as high vacuum research, balloon blowing, and spying on BU girls through their dorm windows.

On the other hand, our student enrollment has gone from 3500 undergraduates and 300 graduate

students in 1960, to 432 graduate students and 3 undergraduates at the present (At least we think we have three undergraduates. We are not sure because we have not heard from two of them for several months.) We feel that this represents a healthy, trend because, as everyone knows, a student-staff ratio of 1:625 is guaranteed to create the best of all possible whole men.

Along this line, our efforts to create whole men have been spectacularly successful. There are more MIT men in the New York City Center Ballet than graduates of all other schools combined. Furthermore, the non-professionals have benefited too because, by requiring the completion of 27 terms of work for a BS degree, we have been able to require such courses as Interpretative Dancing, Lyric Poetry as Exemplified by the Works of Ogden Nash, and Talking to a Wellesley Girl I & II. The fact that a recent survey has shown that now the most common use for a sliderule at Tech is in stirring mastinis has proven that our efforts have not been in vain.

To further this aim, part of the \$66 billion to be raised in the Third Century Fund will go toward the

purchase of Yale University. The buildings of that institution will be moved, intact along with all its professors, to a site to the East of Bldg. 26. This will provide the Ivy League atmosphere which is so necessary if a school is to turn out culturally well-rounded individuals.

We have made great progress in revising our curriculum to keep up with the changing times. In carrying on the trend started in the 1960's, the Institute now offers only one undergraduate degree and requires no specific engineering courses. Majors are picked at the beginning of the second term of the Senior year, thus allowing students sufficient time to try different areas to see if they enjoy them, and the majors cover a very wide range of topics, almost as many as at Harvard. For example, three students graduated last year with majors in Harmonic Oscillators, and another majored in the History of Alchemy. At present, the number of majors exceeds 750, although no accurate count has been made, and it is hoped that the number will continue to increase.

In this area, we are happy to be able to state that, as a result of the concerted effort of the faculty over the past few years, no student is able to take a course from any person with a rank higher than instructor. As a result, the faculty was able to publish 5,278,674 papers last year, which resulted in not only further exploding the frontiers of science, but also in having the American Physical Society building condemned as a garbage dump and having its director arrested for operating a refuse collection firm without a license. Furthermore, it is reported that no student has ever seen a person of professorial rank in the last five years - a true separation of research and teaching.

Our government contract work has been going along quite satisfactorily in the past few years. We now hold 78% of all government R&D project contracts and, by price cutting, we are continuing to force our competition out of the business. Our domination of the market has become so strong that recently the Pentagon was incorporated with the MIT Corporation holding 51% of the stock, the U.S. government holding 26%, and several generals and admirals holding the rest. Also, almost everyone on the staff has been able to line his pockets with the proceeds from consulting jobs which, although they kept these people away from the Institute 86% of the time, have produced nothing more than an increase in the number of openings for secretarial help in the Boston area.

Work is progressing satisfactorily on our program for new dormitories for the Institute. The architects for these buildings are among the foremost in the world. Their creations, while daring, show great imagination and foresight. An example of this is the building shaped like a giant meat grinder designed by Y. Iep. This shape was chosen to blend in with the present architecture of the Institute (This is always a consideration.) and it will be located directly behind and over the Earth Science Building, the building which began this trend toward kitchen cabinet architecture by looking like a vegetable grater.

The administration devoutly believes that small living groups are most desirable and it is attempting

to begin a program whereby all students will live in groups of three, each with a separate building, dining hall, and house mother. Unfortunately, however, space considerations have forced the latest program to consist of buildings housing 5-6000 men each. The most interesting of these is a tower 5763 feet high and three feet square. It enables us to obtain a density of 7,533,000 students per square mile, a new high. In addition it is a dual-purpose structure since up one side of the building will run a forty story neon sign which will flash DOWN WITH HARVARD seven times a minute.

Considerable economics have been realized through the use of new techniques and materials, and it is believed that the students will soon be among the most comfortable in the country. Each room will have smooth walls of stainless steel with cement floors and ceilings. The furniture will consist of two clothes hangers with magnets attached, a 5x2 ft. slab of foam rubber for a bed, and a desk made of a piece of plywood and two orange crates. All rugs and draperies have been eliminated and everything will be painted a uniform shade of battleship gray.

As for the future, we have great hopes. Several months ago we started the Third Century Fund to raise \$66 billion for expansion and improvements. The largest share of this will go toward buildings because, after one hundred years of complaining, professors are now the most highly paid people in the country (except, of course, for recording artists). Another large share of the money will go to set up a number of heredity professorships. In this way, many of the older men around the Institute will be able to stop working and will still be guaranteed a monthly paycheck. Still other portions of the money will go special projects like raising my salary and redecorating my house, and hiring fifty extra men for the security force to provide protection (and also sell it, for that matter).

Most of the money allotted for buildings will go for parking structures. Ever since the Charles River was roofed over, along with Massachusetts Avenue and B.U., to provide space for a Pizza stand, the Institute has been expanding out over the river. The increasing size of our campus and our staff has continued to present a parking problem, but with these parking garages our problems should be solved. By building five structures, each 87 stories high, we can take care of all those cars which will be displaced by the new buildings and by the playpen being built for my children. Thus, at an expense of only \$52 million we will not only make up for all those spaces lost but we will actually add five new ones!

Since the listing of staff changes has gotten so large in recent years that it fills a book the size of the telephone directory, we are eliminating it from the report. However, I would like to point out that, although we still do not have a Chancellor, we have appointed three new Vice Chancellors, the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth. These men will be used to fill up the vacant offices in Building 542 and the fact that they are all relatives of mine has nothing to do with their appointment.

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Mamma Mia! What Pizza!



"I'll pay you ten dollars," said the artist to the shapely native girl, "if you'll let me paint you."

The girl's eyes gleamed, but she said, nothing for a minute.

"Easy money," the artist said.

"Easy money, yes," the native girl agreed, "But how I get the paint off afterwards?"



Three attractive young things were discussing over their afternoon coffee just what sort of a male they'd most like to be shipwrecked on a desert island with.

Said the first, "I think I'd settle for a marvelous talker, a man who can keep me from getting bored."

"You've got a point, dear," said the second, "but I'd rather have an all-round man, a man, who could trap food and know how to cook it."

Said the third, "I think I'd prefer an obstetrician."



A girl of our acquaintance was shopping in her neighborhood market and found herself behind an austere dame at the meat counter. This member of the local elite requested with much dignity that the butcher make some suggestion for her dinner menu.

"Of course," said the butcher, "how about a nice ox tongue to be served with spinach?"

"What?" exclaimed the haughty one. "Do you have the nerve to suggest that I eat anything that has been in a cow's mouth?"

"Well, madam," came back the butcher, "what did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"Eggs. Why?"



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Oh, George, let's not park here

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A bachelor friend of our defines the ideal wife as a beautiful, sex-starved deaf-mute who owns a liquor store.



The expectant father paced the hospital waiting room.

"Say, this is our first child," he said to the relaxed veteran slouched in the corner reading a newspaper. "How long do you have to wait, after the baby is born, before you can - uh - resume marital relations with your wife?"

"Well, that depends," said the seasoned sire, "on whether she's in a ward or a private room."



Baby Ear of Corn: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Mama Ear of Corn: "Hush, dear, the stalk brought you."

Sophomore: "How did you happen to come to Harvard? I thought your father was a Princeton man."

Freshman: "He is. He wanted me to go to Princeton and I wanted to go to Yale. We had an argument and he finally told me to go to hell."



The minute men of today are the ones who can make it to the refrigerator and back with a beer and sandwich while the commercial is still on.

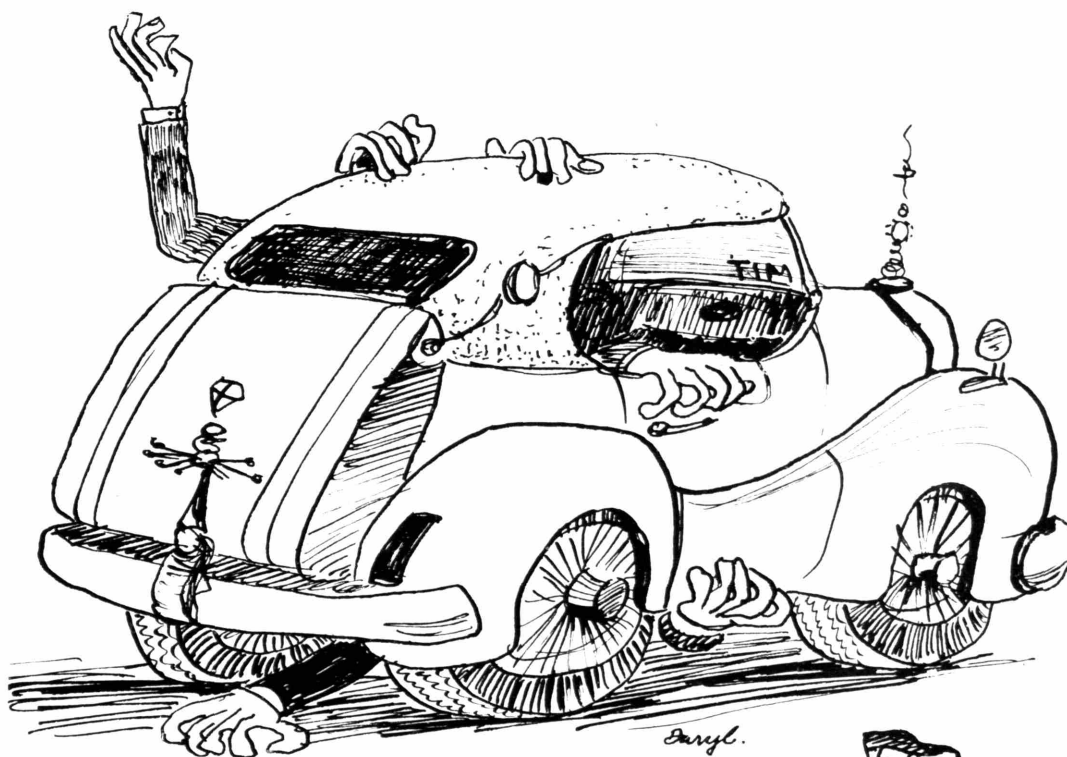


She: "How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"

He: "About twenty minutes."

She (proudly): "It only takes me ten."

He: "I wash."



~ I BELIEVE WE ARE OUT OF GAS ~

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufueng

by
T. S. Flunkout

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!

Let us go then, you and me,
When the morning is spread out against MIT
Like a freshman paralyzed upon a final;
Let us go, through certain half-swept corridors,
With muttering janitors
Or bathless boys in one-month cheap wool shirts
And sawdust-muscle, jock-strapped extroverts;
Halls that follow like a tedious derivation
Of atomic acceleration
To lead you to an overwhelming question...
Oh do not ask what it is,
Let us go and take our quiz.

In the room the proctors come and go
Talking of Avogadro.

And indeed there will be time
For the professor who pads along the asile
Smiling and gloating on his hellish quiz:
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a poop sheet to solve the problems that
you meet;



NOTES

TITLE: *Prufueng (G.)*: exam.

EPIGRAPH: Dante, *Inferno*, Canto III, line 9. This motto was engraved above a famous gate. Need we say more?

1. *You and me*: poetic license.

6. *One-month...shirts*: vide Atlantic Monthly controversy of last year.

11. What it is: What it is, is this – F equals which one of the following? a) –F. b) ma. c) am. d) pm. e) EST. f) EDT. g) NRT. h) your grade. i) none of the above.

14. *Avogadro*: good old Amadeo, whose number comes up on every quiz along with yours and mine.

19. Poop sheet; any freshman ignorant of the uses of this ingenious device may ask the nearest upperclassman for an explanation.

32. *The middle of your knee*; dictated by the exigencies of rhyme. This spot is not recommended for such use; the ankle is usually better, as the sock hides the formulae until they are needed.

36. *"I dropped a cigarette"*: too bad if you don't smoke.



5

10

15 There will be time for answers you compile,
And time for all the distributors' hands
That lift and drop a quiz before your seat;
Time for them, but not for us –
And no time for the hundred indecisions,
And for the hundred errors and revisions
Before the clock ticks out a terminus. 20 25

In the room the proctors come and go
Talking of Avogadro.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and "Will they see?" 30
Time to look back and bend over and stare
At the shaved spot in the middle of your knee –
(They will say: "How that boy is cheating yet!")
The formulae, in blue ink smeared with sweat,
Those physics formulae – as usual, all wet – 35
(I will say: "Sir, I dropped a cigarette!")
Do I dare
Change Newton's universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a next peek
will reverse. 40

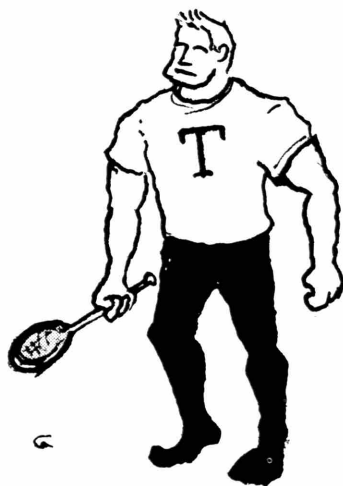
For I have known them all already, known them all –
 Have known the lectures, recitations, labs,
 I have measured out amperes with coffee spoons;
 I know the voices weeping over data sheets
 Beneath the screaming from a farther room. 45
 So why should I resume?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow
 halls
 And watched the smoke that rises from the fags 50
 Of sleepy tools in shirt-sleeves, leaning over
 oscilloscopes?...

I should have been a pair of ragged urchins
 Scuttling across the dirt of Harvard Square.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
 Would it have been worth while, 55
 After the commons and the water fights and the
 slushy streets,
 After the textbooks, after the quizzes, after the
 wiret that trail along the floor –
 And this, and so much more? –
 It is impossible to solve this problem!
 But after a magic lantern threw the data in curves

upon a screen: 60
 Would it have been worth while
 If one, unplugging a wire or erasing an equation,
 And turning toward the students, should say:
 “That is not it at all,
 That is not what Joule meant at all.” 65



No: I am not Isaac Newton, nor was meant to be;
 Am an MIT student, one that will do
 To wash a bottle, plot a curve or two,
 Kowtow to the prof; no doubt, an uneasy molecule, 70
 Deferential, glad to be recluse,
 Politic, cautious and vermiculous;
 Full of formulae, but a bit obtuse;
 At times, indeed, almost meticulous –
 Almost, at times, the Tool.

I grow cold...I grow cold 75
 I shall wear the bottoms of my shoes half-soleed.

Shall I part my hair at all? Do I dare to wash
 my feet?
 I shall wear Bermuda shorts and walk out in the sleet.
 I have heard the autos honking, on the street.

I do not think that they will honk at me. 80

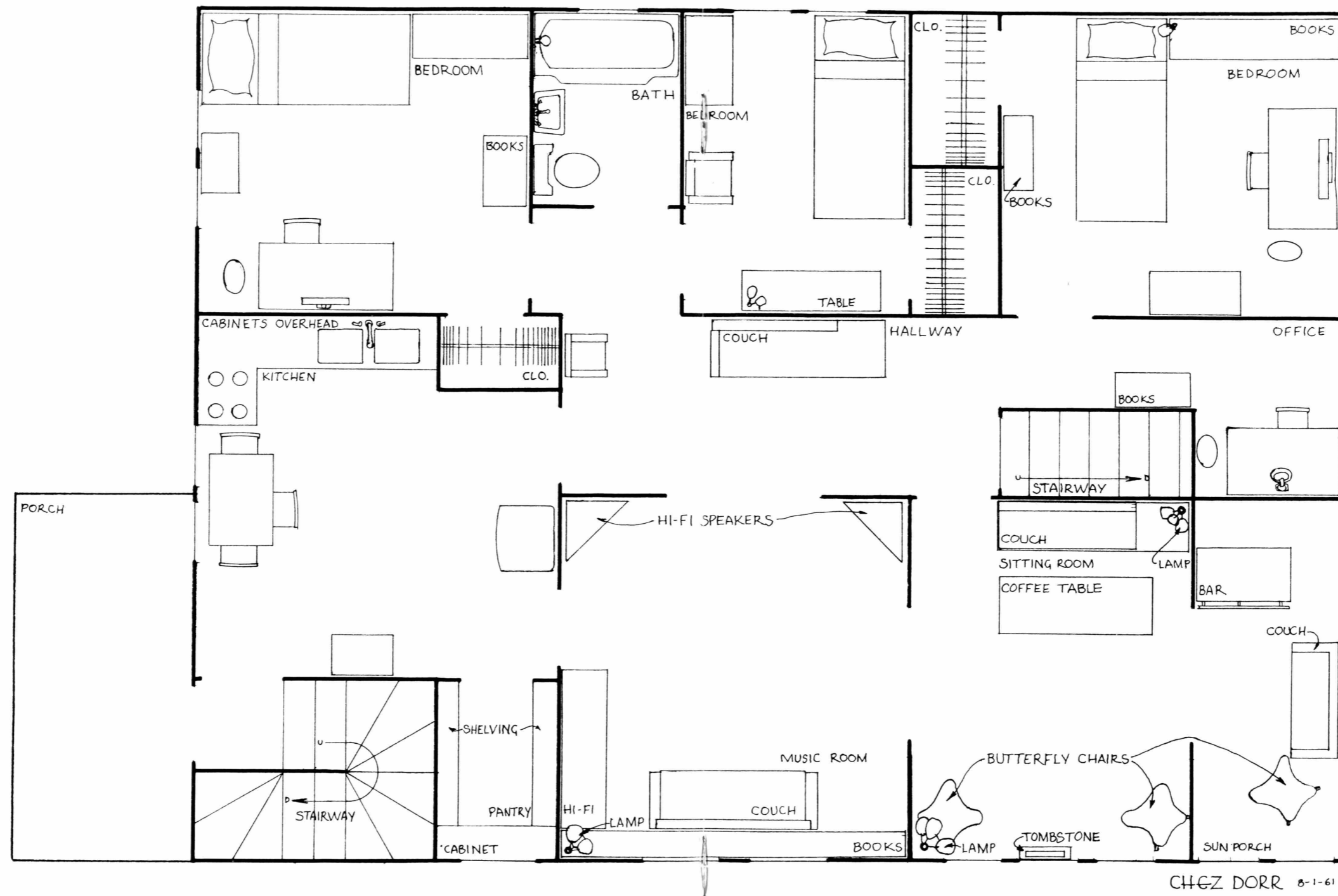
I have seen them crawling homeward on the Ave.,
 Braking with curses hurled upon my head
 When chance turns all the lights to orange and red.

We have lingered in the rooms of MIT,
 By finals screwed, with faces drawn and pale, 85
 Till proctors take our papers, and we fail.

43. *Coffee spoons*: Lab equipment has been improved very slightly since Mr. Flunkout left for Harvard. (Prof. Ingard bought a set of plastic measuring spoons.)
 62. *Erasing an equation*: In reality this is unlikely. The Prime Directive of the faculty forbids erasure of anything, once written down on the blackboard.
 69. *Molecule*: rhymes with tool, see?
 70. *Deferential*: no, that is not a type of equation.
 71. *Vermiculous*: yes, it means what you think it does.
 75. *Cold*: the Prime Directive of B&P is “There shall never be enough heat – except in May.”
 77.8. *Shall...sleet*: you can see the fellow is a conformist within the limits of MIT.
 80. *I...me*: good way to get run over.
 81. *Chance*: yes, Virginia, now you know what makes the pretty lights blink.

Voo Doo Presents..

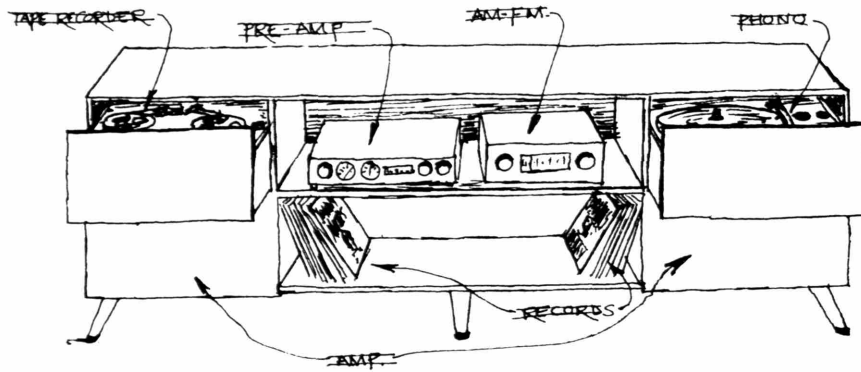
THE TECHMAN'S APARTMENT



While we do not really believe that the apartment pictured on these pages will be the home of the typical Techman of the future, we feel that it is a possibility. In fact, for some people this is not a dream of the future but a reality of the present. The drawings are based on the apartment occupied by three MIT undergraduates (all Voo Doo men, of course) and although some liberty has been taken with some of the accessory equipment, the layout and furnishings are accurately reproduced. Far from being out of the reach of most of us, its cost is comparable to that of the dorms, and considering its advantages we would like to recommend to the administration that it be used as a plan for the future.

The apartment is the second floor of a two-family house, and with eight rooms, front and backdoors, and a back porch it provides quite comfortable accommodations for the three occupants. It is designed to be the best possible set-up for studying, entertaining, housekeeping, and just plain living. Three separate bedrooms and study places insure the maximum privacy for the occupants, but when a party is called for the apartment can accommodate fifty to seventy-five people. The bar, hi-fi, and couches provide the perfect set-up for small intimate gatherings as well as large blasts, and the kitchen is equipped for almost any occasion. Even the inevitable housekeeping is so easily done that the transformation from end-of-the-week mess to pre-Saturday-evening spotlessness takes less than an hour.

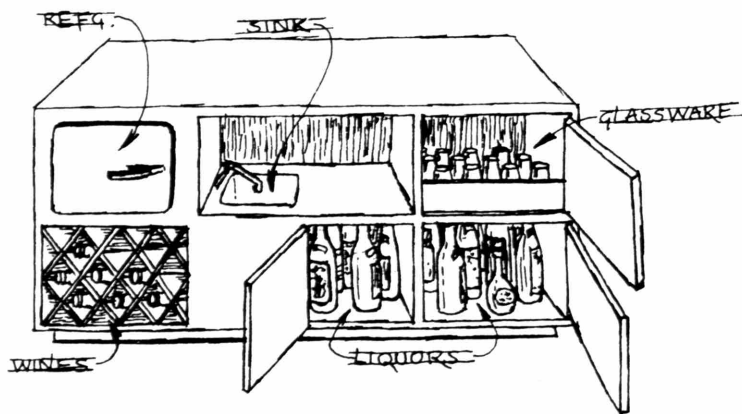
Techman's Apt. (Cont.)



DETAIL-HIFI



DETAIL-KITCHEN



DETAIL-BAR

Chez Dorr 6-1-61

ODE TO A BOTTLE

by Ronald A. Wilson

Yonder stands the bottle.
Only a body; possessing only size,
Only shape, only color – alas,

It lacks life. No soul: no heart.
But
In that Bottle felicity ferments;
Harbors happiness, yields youth.

Only a liquid in the Bottle,
Yet in each drop a myriad of universes.
Every dream, every hope, every paradise,
Every despair.

And when the Bottle has lost its nectar:
Gone its last consummate drop;
There still stands the Bottle.
Empty, void, lifeless, soul gone.



I fell in love with a girl named Charlotte.
Despite the fact that she was a harlot.
Perhaps intrigues by her fair name,
I forgot her home was of ill fame.
Yet I can look all life with glee;
What hundreds paid for, I got free.



The man and wife observed this dame
And each had different thoughts on same.

The wife upon her bonnet gazed;
The man the lady's curves appraised.

She quickly priced her satin sheath;
He wondered what was underneath.

The wife thought: "Why, her bust's a fraud!"
The husband: "Brother, what a broad!"

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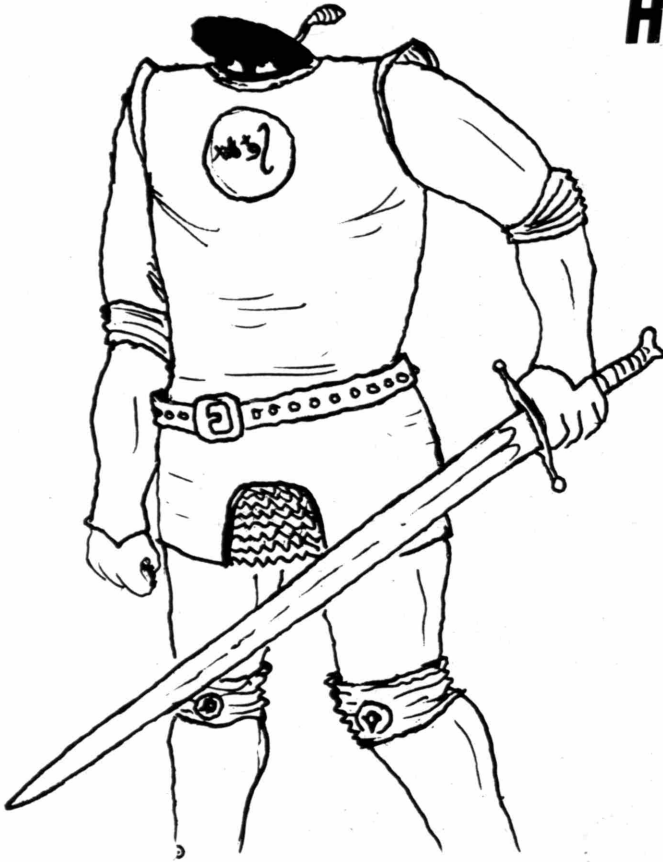
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YE RETURNE OF YE

HEAD-LESSE KNIGHT

by
G.N. Gabbard



SYNOPSIS: Young Theophobius, surnamed The Clod, setteth out on a knightly quest to compile a list of all the 135 sins, in order to find out what he is missing. His armour is too big, so he puncheth eyeholes in the cuirass and putteth a lid over the gorget. After encountering Jutes, Celts, a dragon escaped from a zoo, Red Ethel the witch, the giant Grimgutz and Cold King Ole's band of Angles, he hath acquired a companion - Runferth the Crooner, also known as the Bard Sinister - and a stolen police station daybook listing 39 assorted sins.

OUR STORY: Now it cometh to pass that Theophobius' funds reacheth a low ebb indeed, for he hath ventured onto the high road with naught in his purse but the pittance which his late father hath managed to save out of the loot of twenty years of diligent highway robbery - being four shillings' worth of Roman quartermaster scrip, one Andalusian crown, and ninepence in small change. The latter hath gone to various innkeepers, wine vendors, and tollbridge or turnpike collectors; the former, to a Celtic chief for a years' subscription to Druid trade journal. There remaineth of the family fortune only the Andalusian

crown, which is a counterfeit (albeit a good one). "Now must we two fare to Chicago," quoth Theo, "for there dwelleth Harold the Tribune, the last of the Romans. He is a great and good nobleman who will sympathize with our cause and finance our expedition hereafter out of the great wealth which he commands as Viceroy of Kent."

"Nay," saith Runferth. "Though we have scoured England and the Scots be too penurious to spend money on sin, there yet remaineth Wales. Deep within the forests of that wild country liveth a holy hermit hight Mundas. Mayhap he can aid us in this matter of the 96 sins that we must run to earth ere we rest."

And so the two friends turn their horses east. After many weary weeks of travel, Runferth remarketh suddenly, "We be near the Welsh border, surely; for only there may one espy such sights as this." An unclothed maiden of heavenly form and face leaneth on a tree beside the road just ahead.

"A nymph!" exclaimeth Theo as he flippeth his lid and poketh out his head in order to see better.

The nymph doth not remark, "My, what big eyes thou hast, Grandfather!" as well she might, but instead stretcheth out her arms imploringly and saith, "Oh, please, sir knight, dismount thyself and aid me. A great rough brute of a woodsman even now cutteth down the tree wherein my life dwelleth." Theo complieth with alacrity, ignoring Runferth's warning that this may be but a robbers' ruse to lure him into the forest. The knight and the supposed hamadryad disappear into the underbrush, from which in a moment issue crashing sounds as of two large bodies thrashing together on the ground. Runferth, hearing grunts of physical efforts and screams of mad passion, wondereth whether he should go to help Theo; but a moment later the young man emergeth from the brush and mounteth his horse as if drained of strength. He weareth a sheepish grin. All of which goeth to show that it is hard to distinguish between a nymph and a nympho.

Presently the two reach the Welsh border, where they are stopped by border guards at one of King Arthur's customs sheds.

Theo looketh over the list of dutiable articles and declareth that neither he nor Runferth hath any silk, perfumes, spices, wines, laces, carpets, jewels, eggs, or opium. They have passed through when one of the guards calleth after them to ask if they have any money, which is also dutiable. Theo and the bard run; the guards pursueth.

Theo maketh better time when chased, and before the day is half over they have passed Caer Les, Caer Ful, Caer Free, Caer Worn and Caer Taker, with the border guards left far behind. At length they pass through Caer Rymebacktooldvirginia, only to find the bridge across the Barf River blocked by a mob of pike-bearing townspeople.

"Halt!" shouteth the leader. "Wouldst cross this bridge to seek converse with the holy hermit Mundas?"

"Aye," replieth Theo.

The leader grippeth his pike more tightly. "Wit ye well then that the hermit hath ordained that no knight cross to see him until that knight hath had a stab at subduing the monster which threateneth the security of our peaceful countryside."

"All righty," agreeth Theo. "Give me the low-down."

The townspeople eagerly explain that a horrendous monster is ravaging the countryside and imperiling the status of their quaint little village as a first-ratetourist attraction. It seemeth that a man in Durham who runneth a cattle stud farm hath brought his prize bull south to show him off at a local county fair. The bull, which is of incredible size, unfortunately hath escaped from his pen and hath since become public enemy number one under the name of the Bull of Durham.

"How doth the beast ravage the countryside?" inquireth Theo.

It seemeth that the Bull, unable to alter his former habits, hath been not so much ravaging the countryside as ravishing the area's cows. If he is not stopped soon the villagers will be eaten out of house and home by a horde of voracious young cattle.

Theo and the bard ride off through the tangled Welsh forests in search of the monster. Suddenly Theo asketh, "What is that smell?" Runferth peereth through the underbrush and saith, "Behold, here is a great and smelly shambles atop which lie many dead soldiers."

"It must be a battlefield," surmiseth Theo, dismounting to go over and look with Runferth. But he seeth only a huge clearing piled up with the garbage of many generations, including acres of empty beer and whisky bottles. In the midst of all standeth the gigantic Bull of Durham.

Theo explaineth a plan he hath and creepeth away through the bushes. Runferth commenceth to sing an ancient lay, hoping to draw the bull's attention away from Theo so the knight can attack from the rear. However, things do not go as planned, when the bull heareth the bard's song, he snorteth with fear or possibly disgust, and runneth away at full speed.

Theo regaineth Runferth's side just as the bull cautiously returneth. "Sing again, quick!" quoth he. But Runferth is offended by the bull's reception of his performance, and refuseth to sing again. The

bull chargeth on into the Durham road as the two border guards, still in pursuit of our two heroes, trot into sight. Two problems are solved at once as the bull chaseth the guards toward Durham.

Theo returneth to the village in triumph and, crosseth the bridge to enter the dark and dismal cave of Mundas. Inside, a bearded ancient sitteth at a crude oaken table, staring into space.

I dislike to interrupt thy meditations," saith Theo respectfully, "but I would fain obtain a list of the 135 sins."

"Nay," quoth the holy hermit. "Thou canst, want it for no good purpose except perhaps to avoid the erros written there, and a simple lad such as thyself would never think of most of them in any case."

The hermit remaineth obstinate in his refusal, and so Theo turneth to leave, crying in his despair, "It seemeth that I must bribe a bishop after all!"

"Hold on!" saith the hermit in a new voice. "Why didst not thou say thou wert prepared to pay money?" Theo returneth, and Mundas reacheth down three or four heavy leather-bound tomes from a shelf. Taking parchment and a pen, he commenceth to write, occasionally referring to one of the books. At length, he finisheth the list with a flourish. "There! That's all I can give thee, because one volume of the set be missing."

"That's okay," quoth Theo, snatching the parchment, "because this is all I can give thee." He tosseth the counterfeit Andalusian crown on the table, and runneth.

The list of Mundas containeth 103 sins; with the 39 in the daybook this makes a total of 142. Theo thinketh he hath discovered seven new ones until Runferth beginneth to compare the list with the book and cross out duplicates. The corrected total turneth out to be 134 - just one short of the goal.

Theo returneth to ask the hermit about this last missing sin. Although Mundas cannot tell him what it is, he produceth a small book written in Latin and pointeth out a certain passage:

Sterco, ergo, sum.

"Thou canst not read Latin, canst thou? No? I thought not," quoth the crafty Mundas. "Well, as thou canst plainly see, this is a prophecy saying that whoso would attain to the final sin should ride a dog."

"A dog?" asketh Theo, taken aback.

"Aye," returneth the hermit. "So thou needest a dog. Now it so happeneth that I have a large dog in a pen back here..."

Theo tradeth his horse for Mundas' St. Bernard dog, which is fortunately broken to the saddle, and rideth off toward Chicago. Runferth ploddeth along behind, for that the beast cannot carry double.

"I understand not," museth Theo, "how that single phrase of Latin maketh it necessary for me to bestraddle this ognominious steed."

"Simple," quoth Runferth, gloomily considering the prospect of fallen arches. "It was dog latin."

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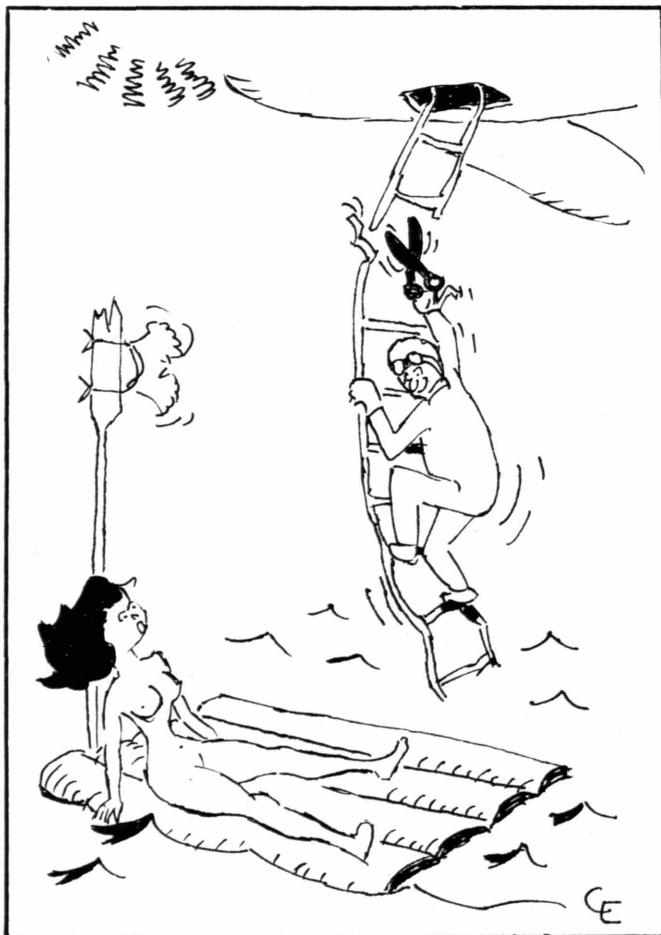
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A German, an American and a Mohammedan soldier had been lost in the desert for several weeks when they came upon a beautiful, but naked, woman. There was an American flag tattooed on her arm, so the American exclaimed, "By the great American flag, I claim her."

Closer inspection revealed a swastika tattooed on her breast, and the German shouted, "By the sign of the Third Reich, I claim her."

The Mohammedan concluded the argument with, "By the beard of the prophet, she's mine."



After the wealthiest man in the world passed away at a ripe old age, he was mourned on the front pages of newspapers throughout the world. On a New York street corner a short bespectacled fellow in a rather worn gray flannel suit seemed particularly broken up by the news. He clutched the paper to his chest and cried unabashedly, "He's dead. He's dead."

"There, there," said the news dealer, trying to console him. "You mustn't carry on like that sir. We've all got to go sometime. He wasn't related to you, was he?"

"No," sobbed the man. "That's just it."



If all the coeds in the world who didn't make out were gathered into one room, what would we do with her?



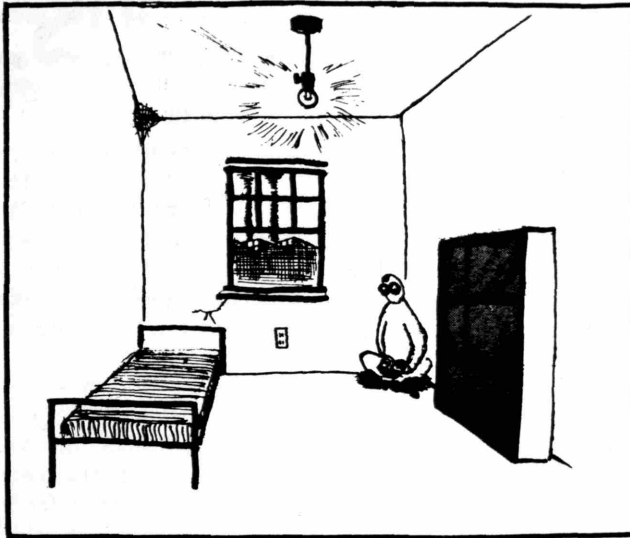
There was a young lady named Ransom
 Who was loved three times in a hansom.
 But when she asked for more
 Came a weak voice from the floor
 My name is Simpson not Sampson.



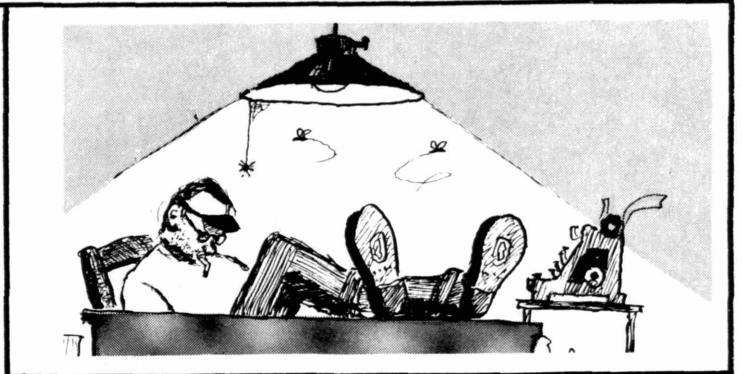
"I am suffering from sexual anxieties which resulted from several traumatic experiences in my childhood," said the young psychology major to his date.

"Please bare with me."

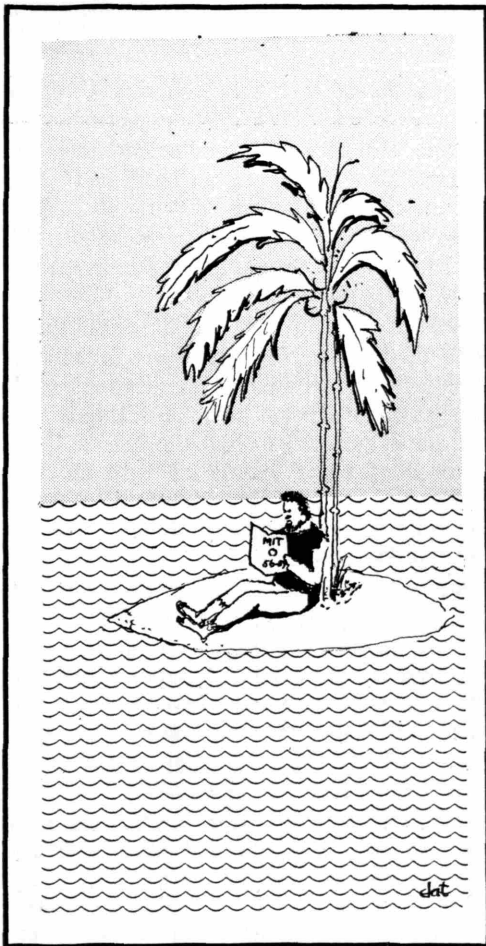
How To Study For Finals



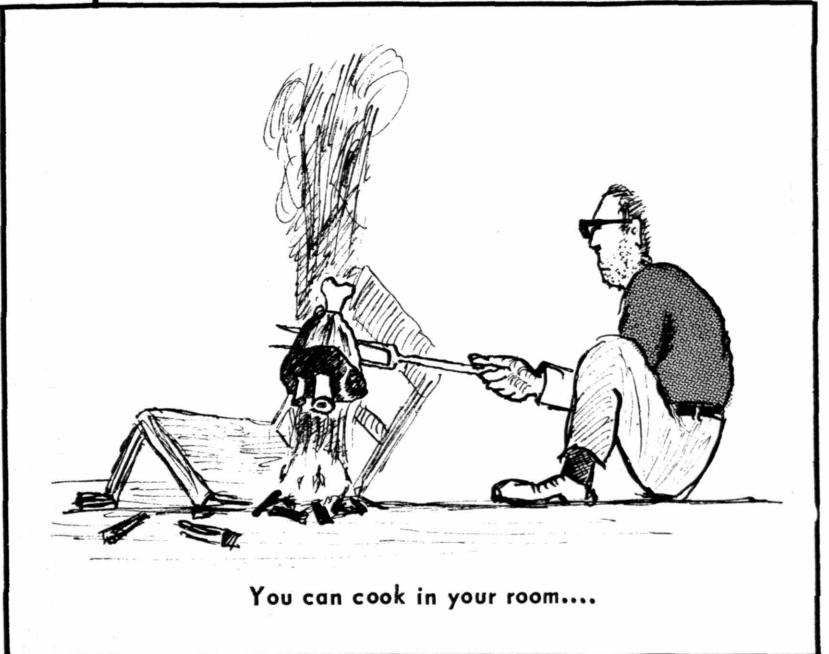
Some claim an empty room is best...



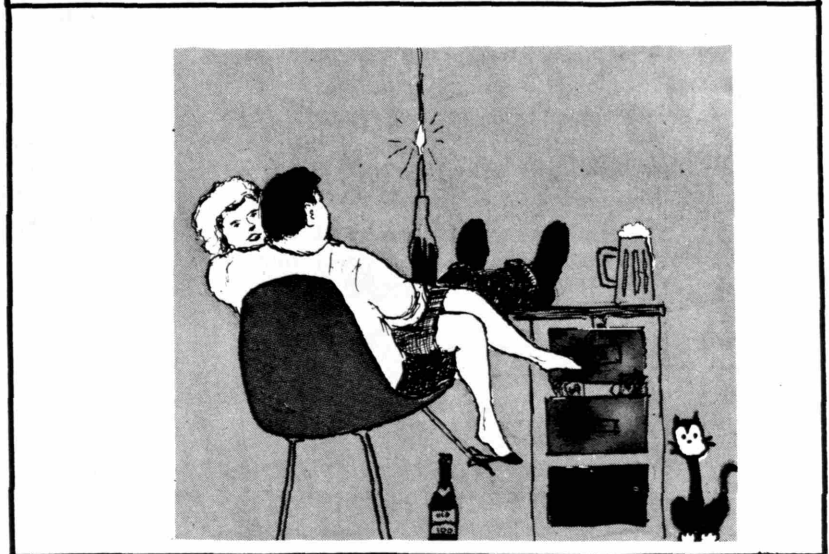
Beware the sleeping sickness....



If you really need seclusion....



You can cook in your room....



But Voo Doo recommends....

The Art of Sleeping in Class

In the course of every student's schooling, he realizes that his studies are interfering with his college education. This cannot be allowed. Since attendance in class is required, however, various innocent subterfuges must be employed to allow the student to use his time to the fullest extent. The eleven o'clock 21.11 class is often most useful as a period of quiet slumber to remove that who-let-the-canary-roost-in-my-mouth-feeling left from last night's big party. Also, a class is often the best place to grab those last preparatory forty winks before the approaching all-night fling. For those who feel that they must study, occasionally a minor subject has to be sacrificed for those of vital import. Consequently, the student sometimes must sleep in class.

Unfortunately, as is the way of the world, the student is often balked in his attempt to achieve his goal. Problems arise that make it difficult for the student to wrap himself in golden slumber. The most prevalent of these is the structure upon which the student is required to sit. Contrary to rumor, these chairs were not taken directly from medieval torture chambers, but they are uncomfortable even when one is awake; and when one is asleep, he finds that he needs the talents of a contortionist. The best remedy for this situation is for the student to bring either, his own chair or a pillow. Unhappily, both of these are much too obvious, and the student must learn to adjust his frame to the chair's contours, even at the risk of permanent deformity.

Another particularly taxing problem is lack of silence. Light sleepers usually have the most trouble when the lecturer's soporific voice is shattered by a rasping verbal exclamation point. Furthermore, the occupants of adjacent chairs are not always considerate towards sleeping classmates, and one or the other is usually the possessor of a very noisy, scratchy fountain pen that makes No-Doz seem unnecessary.

For the nervous student who worries about his grades, there is the problem of participation. Some times, instructors (especially Course XXI types) are inspired by all the fiends of hell to call on a student and, unreasonable as it may be, they always expect answers. The nagging worry that he might be called on will keep a student awake even away from the classroom, thus increasing his hours of red-eyed sleeplessness.

Devices for sleeping in class are commonly divided into two categories: simple, or beginner's, class and the advanced-amateur class. There is no professional category for the simple reason that no one has ever reached the pinnacle of perfection. Let us begin with the simple class.

One of the more obvious approaches to the sleeping-in-class-without-getting-caught situation is to select a seat in the nethermost regions of the room. This works very well for students who have not been saddled with an alphabet-mad teacher who has a filing cabinet mind. In this case, the ruse works only if the student's name is something like Zobrowski.

Appearance is always important in achieving any goal, and classroom sleeping presents no exceptions to the rule. On those sleepy days, the beginning sleeper should appear dressed conservatively and wearing dark glasses to mask his eyes. Hand-painted ties, pork-pie hats and red, orange, and purple argyles will not further the student's aim at all. On the other hand, the student should not go overboard and dress too conservatively. Solid black gives a funeral effect, and may lead to questions about who died, again defeating the student's purpose.

The student should also practice, for 45 minutes each day, exercises that will strengthen the forearm muscles. This is vitally needed because the approved attitude is to rest chin in hand and lean gracefully on one or both elbows. Lax or weak muscles will lead to such embarrassing incidents as falling out of the chair or thwacking the chin on the desk top as the elbow gives way.

For the student with advanced amateur standing, the techniques for combatting classroom insomnia, are more complicated. It must be mentioned, however, that any student attempting to use these devices must be an experienced psychologist, able to judge human character and endurance with an accurate eye. A study of the instructor whose class is to be used for dozing is essential and must be made in advance of the day of rest.

One of the more popular devices, and one that is being used by an increasing number of students, is the I-am-a-deep-pool-of-silence technique. As the semester progresses, the student becomes less and less talkative and more and more reticent until the teacher completely forgets his existence. If, however, the student is so gregarious that he cannot restrain himself under any circumstances, he must learn to intersperse days of silence with his more verbose ones. In this way, the professor will become accustomed to occasional silences and will not notice a day of snoozing. A word of caution about the first method must be mentioned; once in a while, a student will run across an instructor who is interested in silent, timid students; and the more reticent the student becomes, the more the instructor

will try to draw him out. The only way to combat one of this type is for the student to be exceedingly vociferous on the few days preceding the day of slumber, so that the teacher will become bored with his senseless chatter.

For the artistically inclined, the following method is particularly interesting and will afford hours of enjoyment in preparation. The student merely has to paint eyes on his eyelids. This is a very good method, for girls, because eyeshadow may be used and then wiped off after class. But the student must be very careful to avoid a staring effect which might cause the professor to wonder is said student is sick and call on him to find out.

As was mentioned in the list of simple devices, dressing conservatively and wearing dark glasses - on the day of drowsiness is imperative. But for the advanced amateur, this is not a once-in-a-while thing. He dresses conservatively ALL the time and wears dark glasses every minute. This constancy does not give the teacher any suspicious thoughts as to what is going on behind those dark glasses every Thursday at 9:00 A.M.

By far the most effective of methods is rumour-spreading. For this technique, the student needs a few good friends who can be persuaded to perpetrate a small hoax. These allies approach the instructor with the sad and tearful tale of Jim Zobrowski's plight. Woefully they relate the story of Jim's heartbreak. His girl friend broke up with him and now he can't eat or sleep, and so on. The friends plead with the professor to refrain from calling on poor old Jim until he gets over his traumatic experience. Then "poor old jim," who hasn't gone steady for the last four years, is free to snooze in class for quite awhile. The only drawback to this device is the fact that it cannot be used more than once. After two tries the professor begins to get wise to the tale and may surprise the student right in the middle of a dream.

The last of the advanced amateur devices is one that takes a little help from nature. The week before the day of rest, the student should come down with a very bad case of laryngitis, and croak through his classes. Then the teacher, out of natural kindness or a reluctance to have his ear drums shattered by the characteristic squeak of that malady, will leave the student in solitude and dreams.

It must be kept in mind that all the above-mentioned techniques may not work, for they depend entirely on the skill of the practitioner. Many students have tried and failed and are now doomed to eternal wakefulness in class. These are merely guideposts or springboards to give the student ideas of his own.

We know, however, that no student will ever stoop to such dishonest practices, but will be ever-alert, and bright in every class. This run-down of the basic techniques is meant to be an aid to new, inexperienced teachers who may run across the baser type of student. To these uninitiated, we say keep alert and let the eyelids droop where they may.

- tex & Poss

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A experiment was recently conducted in artificial insemination of humans. Out of fifty babies conceived by this process, forty-seven were malformed. Moral: Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child.



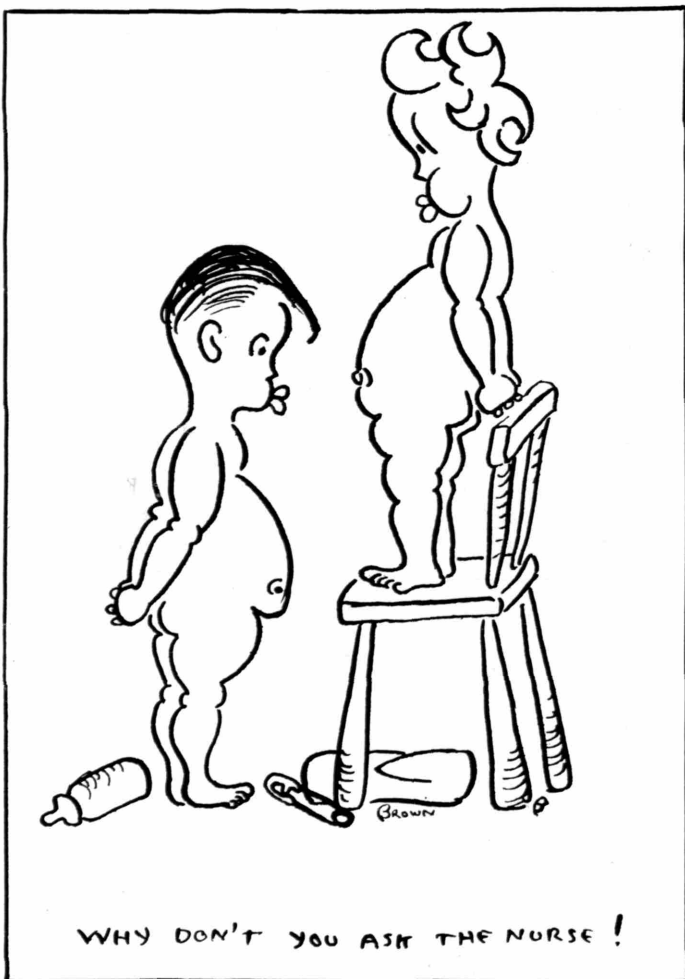
CEDRIC: I say, old Thing, what is the difference between funny and fanny?

FREDDIE: Simple, old Chap: You can feel funny without feeling fanny but you can't feel fanny without feeling funny!



He: You're just like a sister to me.

She: Migawd! What a home life.



It seems there was this restaurant where the manager was very strict. All day, he would watch the waitresses, and if he caught them loafing, or if they broke anything, he took it out of their pay.

Well, one particularly busy day, one waitress had been rushing from the tables to the kitchen and back again, for hours. She was the nervous type anyway, and with the boss always watching her, she was really nervous. While she was clearing one of the tables, she accidentally knocked the sugar bowl onto the floor, breaking it.

Looking up, she saw that the boss hadn't seen her, so quickly she picked up the pieces of bowl, and put them into a wastebasket. However, the cubes of sugar were still scattered all over the floor. In desperation, she picked up the sugar, and dropped it down the front of her dress. A little while later, a man came in and sat down at the table ordering a cup of coffee. When the waitress returned with the man's coffee, she remembered about the sugar. The conversation went something like this:

"Sugar in your coffee sir?"

"Yes, please."

The waitress reached down the front of her dress and extracted two cubes, placing them in the cup of coffee.

"Cream sir?"

"You wouldn't dare!"



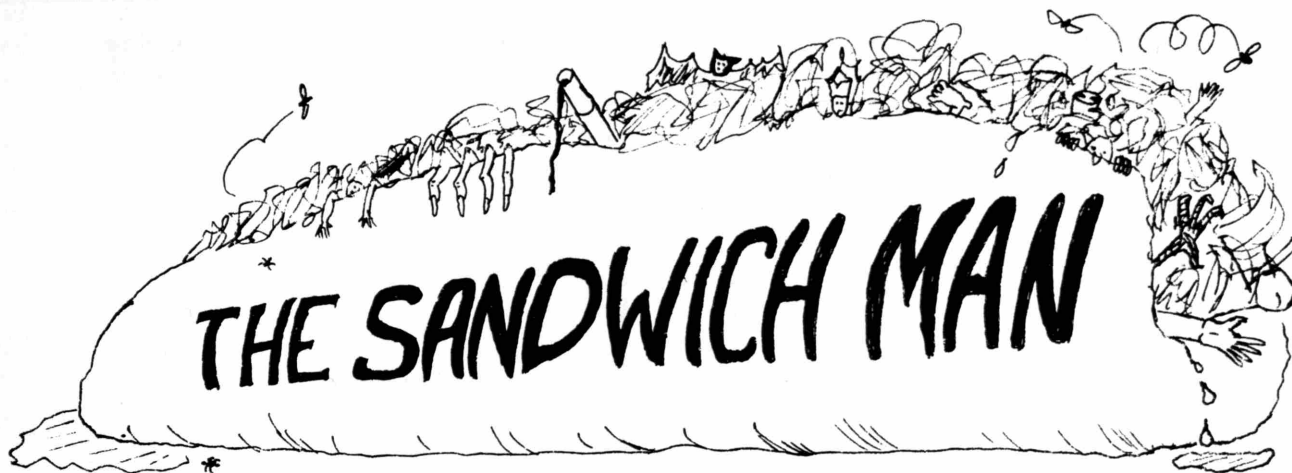
Have you heard about the forgetful bee? He forgot where he laid his honey.



The analyst was concerned about the results of the Rorschach Test he had just given, for the patient associated every ink blot with some kind of sexual activity.

"I want to study the results of your test over the weekend," he said, "then I'd like to see you again on Monday."

"Okay, Doc," the man agreed, and then as he was slipping on his coat, he said, "I'm going to a stag party tomorrow night. Any chance I might be able to borrow those dirty pictures of yours?"



Ever since the Earl of Sandwich protested to Parliament that "certain personnes have made use of mie title for the purposes of notarizing a moste delicious forme of eatable," the attention and sali-bary glands of the world have been focused on the sandwich. One inevitable outgrowth of this new food preparation has been the emergence of a most interesting socialogical character, the sandwich man.

On the surface the sandwich man seems content with his place in society. He speaks nostalgically of his sexual conquests while he peddles his wares among the tools of M.I.T. He always has a ready smile and quick line of patter for forcing his wares upon the overstarched eaters of Institute food. Unlike his arch rival, the sandwich machine, he does not run out of change and carries such esoteric creations as lox and bagels. While he cannot boast of multicolored guide lights, the merry gleam in his eye whenever he makes a sale is enough to warm the coldest heart.

But this, the sandwich man most tools learn to love, is only a surface character, conforming to the standards of society only by forming a tough opaque outer character. Underneath this, the true sandwich man abides. Here we see a soul harrassed by an ever-consuming doubt in his own usefulness, a desire to better his station (and his profits) in life, and struggling to conquer meaningless ethics. Here is a man living from day to day with only an ever-weakening mind to dampen a thousand daily erotic and biting tortures a day.

First let us discuss the feeling of uselessness and doubt. On his way out of the Institute the sandwich man will often pass a sandwich machine. Here he sees the personification and crystallization of his foe, and only here does he realize the full significance and power of this fantastic mechanism. For here is a device that offers peanut-butter sandwiches, beef bulkies, salami, egg salad, gream cheese, lunch meat, and bologna and pickle specials. Here is a device which forgets the change and often the sandwich and

thus makes a better profit. Standing there in the dim glow of its "empty" light he realizes that only the limits of technology keep it from distributing submarines through the too narrow opening; that the necessary modifications and the spout for fruit punch are all within the grasp of the not too distand future. And so the sandwich man may talk of the day when students will refuse to buy machine sandwiches, he may chuckle over the sales lost by an earlier purchase at the Hayden Library, but all this is a thin facade, to cover the pains of insecurity deep in his breast. And so as he walks off into the darkness he thinks to himself: Can they really make one that will walk around telling off-color jokes, can a machine ever replace my gentle pound on the dormitory door?

And what awaits the sandwich man when he arrives at the domestic closet which he shares with his wife, the baby, and his college friends? For by definition the sandwich man is an impoverished grad student who holds three jobs and sells sandwiches in the evenings in order to buy semi-log paper, an illegal hotplate, a monster key, and other miscellaneous things, such as sandwich edge trimmers so that his family can eat at a nominal expense. The sandwich man's family life is not too happy; his wife still remembers the day when he got stuck with eighty-five lox and bagel sandwiches during Yom Kippur, his college friends chide him because he serves nothing more intoxicating than two day old fruit punch.

Furthermore, his friendly boss, Rudolph the Sandwich Czar, has insisted that he stay away from Bexley Hall for his own protection. Thus, even in this his last futile attempt at social intercourse, he is thwarted.

And so life for the sandwich man has been reduced to an endless repetition of insignificant acts: Wrap the tunafish sandwiches in a The Tech (preferably on an ad page where the quality is better) find the weight of the unknown add saltpeper, mix 5000 ml. of 0.00004 normal fruit juice of pH 2, and toddle into the unknown. What indescribable horrors await this brave but futile effort? Will they bend his whistle epoxy his basket to the floor, or tell his wife....

— Solon

The voluptuous redhead was walking down the dimly lit street when a man jumped out of the bushes.

"Give me your money," he demanded.

"I d-don't have any," she managed to reply.

"Give me your money or I'll search you!" he threatened.

She replied that she didn't have any, then gasped as he made a tentative search.

"You better give me your money now," he said menacingly, "or I'm going to really search you!"

"But I don't have any," she protested, almost in tears.

So he really searched her.

"I guess you were on the level," he finally muttered angrily, "you don't have any money on you."

"For heaven's sake," she wailed, "don't stop now. I'll write you a check."



"Daddy, give me a dime."

"No"

"I'll tell you what the milkman said to Mommy."

"Here's a dime. What did he say?"

"He said: 'How much milk today?'"



Did you hear about the sleepy bride who couldn't stay awake for a second?



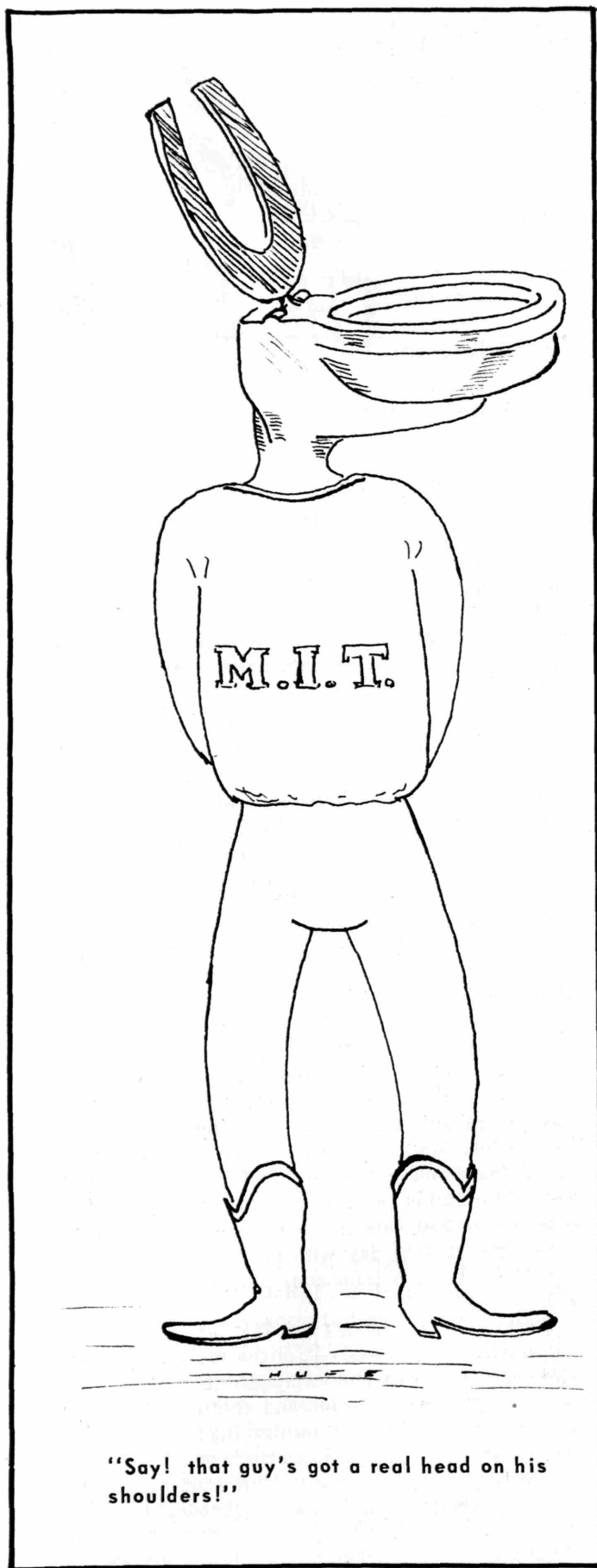
"So you want to marry my daughter, eh, young man? That's ridiculous. Preposterous. Why, you couldn't even keep her in underwear."

"You haven't been doing too well yourself, sir."



"There's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith."

"What's the name of the other leg?"



"Say! that guy's got a real head on his shoulders!"

THE DESTRUCTION OF M.I.T.

the story behind the headlines

by Doug Hoylman

February 24, 1987

Everybody in the country knows that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the leading college in its field for over half a century, today lies in ruins. Although no official explanation was ever given, most people have assumed that the catastrophe was due to some radical new research project which went astray. But this is not the case. I know that the destruction of MIT was due to one individual, who did nothing but say a few words to a few people. I know that is the truth, strange as it may seem, for that individual is a friend of mine. His name is Harvey Klinker. I say "is" rather than "was" because Harvey survived the catastrophe; in fact, he was over a hundred miles away at the time. How is this possible, you ask? This is the strange story of Harvey Klinker.

Harvey was a clod. This is not my opinion, but a fact; Harvey himself admits it, as do his parents, his friends, and his former teachers. His IQ was 80 or thereabouts. He had a habit of flunking tests, but more often than not his teachers passed him just to get rid of him. When Harvey finally graduated from the eighth grade at the age of 19, someone suggested to him that he go to a local school for Manual and Industrial Training, known humorously in those parts as MIT. Well, Harvey, being such a clod, naturally got his schools mixed up and sent in an application to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Up to this point there is nothing too surprising in the tale of Harvey Klinker. The astonishing part is that, although our hero had never even attended high school nor fulfilled any of the other basic requirements, he was admitted to Tech. One theory is that a secretary in the admissions office read his application, thought it was hilarious, and passed it on to someone else with a note, "Read this and see what you think." The note was considered a recommendation from that secretary, and Harvey somehow slipped on by the rest of the department and was sent a notice of admission. It was a series of accidents which had dire consequences.

As you may have guessed, Harvey was not cut out for life as a Tech tool. He pursued his studies valiantly, but was forever showing his ignorance. On one occasion, when asked he would like to study abroad, immediately he replied, "depends on who she is." When asked if he could solve integra-

tion problems, he said, "That oughta be done by the Southerners theirselves." Within two weeks he was the laughing stock of the Institute. But he stuck doggedly to it until the end of the first term, when the grades came out. Harvey had an F in every subject except calculus, in which he had a G. He was the first student in Tech history to be given a G, but then he was the first student in Tech history to get a minus thirty per cent on the final. Attached to his grades was a small card on which was printed, "Your absence is hereby requested at MIT for the spring term." Even Harvey could figure out what that meant.

He had been laughed at, insulted, and now thrown out. Even a clod has his honor, and to Harvey that meant revenge. Now while Harvey was completely ignorant, he was not completely stupid, and eventually his vestigial brain formulated a plot.

It is impossible to attend classes for four months without learning something, and Harvey, clod though he was, had picked up one important fact; You must never divide by zero under any circumstances. The first week of the new term Harvey attended classes as usual, and in conversations with other students complained, "What kind of a free country is this? They won't even let you divide by zero! That's discrimination!" (He didn't know what the word meant, but it sounded impressive.) Harvey Klinker was sowing the seeds of revolt.

Within a few days Harvey left for his home town, a small city in New Jersey and read the newspapers or, rather had the newspapers read to him. "MIT Students Sign Petitions to Drop Rule." "Mysterious 1/0 Symbols Painted on Boston Churches," "Cambridge Cops Quell Cafeteria Chaos." "Tech Students March on President's House." "MIT Students Revolting, says Prexy: Extremely so, Agrees Harvard." "Historic Charles River Red with Blood." "MIT Splits Down Middle - Conservative, 'DBZ'." "Dormitory, 2 Frats Wrecked." "Mass. Inst. of Tech. in Total Ruin."

Harvey is now attending the school of Manual and Industrial Training in his home town. The surviving members of the MIT faculty and administration have unanimously decided that, if and when Tech is rebuilt, students will be permitted to divide by zero if they so desire.

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Arriving home unexpectedly from a business trip, the husband found his wife in bed with his best friend, in what may be delicately described as a compromising position.

"See here," exclaimed the husband, "just what do you two think you're doing?"

"See!" said the wife to the man beside her. "Didn't I tell you he was stupid?"



REVIVAL OF CORSETS HINDERS GOOD
FEELING



Admiral Perry gives a lot of credit for the discovery of the North Pole to his dogs.



She was, without question, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life. He gulped down the last of his martini and, without hesitation, walked to where she sat at the end of the bar.

"You must forgive my rudeness," he said, "but when I beheld you sitting there, all wrapped 'round in white fur, the lights dancing in your hair like stars, I had to speak to you. I've never gazed upon such beauty before. I want to lay Manhattan at your feet, buy you jewels, exotic perfumes, and a thousand other wonderful things. If you bid me welcome, we will fly this very night to Paris, then on to Venice, Rome, India, and finally Egypt for a trip down the Nile."

The young lady was utterly taken with this handsome stranger who stood before her, hair prematurely graying at the temples, dark suit cut exactly so. She was quite literally speechless and could only manage a breathless "Yes, yes..."

"Then go prepare yourself, my Juliet, my Venus, my Helen of Troy. When you are ready, call me at the number on this card. My Rolls Royce will come for you and take you to my plane."

"Is this your private number at your town house or country estate?" she sighed.

"Well," he said, "it's actually the delicatessen downstairs, but they'll call me."

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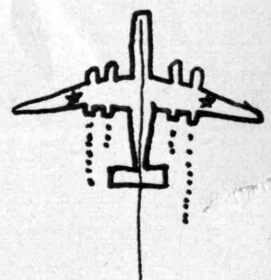
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