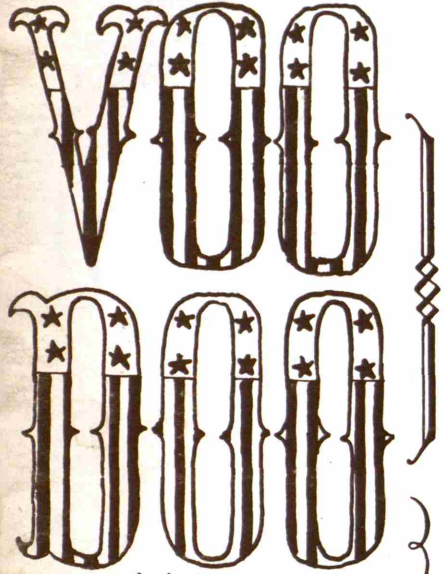


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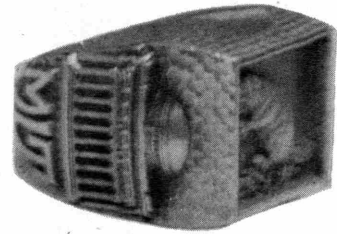
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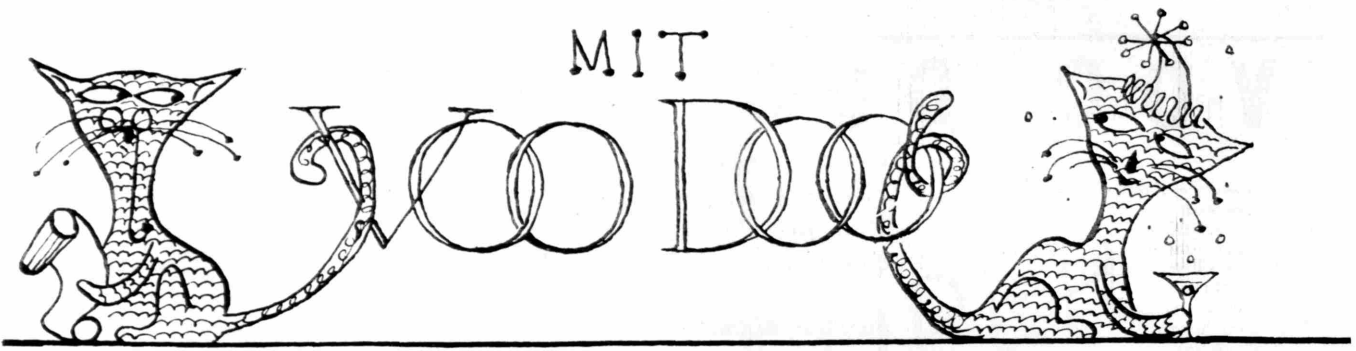
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Well, the tumult and the shouting has died; MIT's captains and kings have been chosen for another year and, in retrospect, we find it all a little disappointing. Despite one or two half-hearted attempts to make this year's campaign more colorful than usual, the whole business looked pretty antiseptic next to the UAP election that Albert Blythe Gasser won. All the cleancut, earnest young men soliciting our votes were pretty much indistinguishable and as far as we could tell, nobody really cared who won except the candidates. Phos observed the other day that the same thing is happening in supposedly more important races, too; that Teddy K., Eddie Mc C., and Georgie L. are equally bland and that not one of them has half the charisma of James Michael Curley. It strikes us as a real shame that TV debates are replacing whistle-stopping and that voters are increasingly given a choice between innocuous mediocrities, so, in this issue, we shed crocodile tears as we nostalgically look at politics in general and old-time politics in particular.

Wandering around Central Square, two of our coolies happened to glance in the window of their favorite pawnshop where they spied, right in the middle of a large display of unredeemed jewelry, a Class of '59 brass rat. Asked what he wanted for this glorious piece of Old Institute Tradition, the proprietor thought a moment, then replied: "Nineteen fifty — only a buck and a half a pennyweight!" Let's see... Four times 1700, minus 19.50...



Our congratulations are extended to the disgusted freshman who barfed in the middle of his Humanities final — something we've had the urge to do on several occasions.

A friend of ours heard this tidbit on the 11:30 news last month: "WHRB has learned that an increasing number of students are being treated for accidents in the Harvard Health Center. The number of accidents is attributed to winter sports such as skiing and slipping on ice." ...Wonder if they give athletic scholarships for this one?



The Ladies' Room in East Campus's Talbot Lounge is known by the lounge's habitues as "the Maidenhead".

Our man in Grad House tells us that *Automation Express*, Volume Five, number one, has a photograph of an "electromechanical frequency generator in the AR-2 with an ESP convertor".

Patrons of the arts that we are, we were sorry to see that the Mount Joy Drive-In Theater (in south central Virginia) is closed for the winter.

Continued on page 28

George was describing his new secretary enthusiastically to the family at dinner.

"She's efficient, personable, clever, punctual and attractive, too. In short she's a real doll!"

"A doll?" said his wife.

"A doll!" he re-emphasized.

At this point their five year-old daughter who knew all about dolls looked up from her broccoli to ask, "And does she close her eyes when you lay her down, Daddy?"



"You can't beat the system," moaned the student after his last semester's grades. "I decided to take basket weaving for a snap course, but two Navajos enrolled and raised the curve and I flunked."



Prof: "I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from the rear: "Go home and sleep if off."



Two CE's sat in a front seat watching the star of a Las Vegas show.

"I wonder who made her dress?" the first asked.

"It's hard to say," the second replied, "probably the police."



An Italian restaurant owner was cranking the spit on his barbecue pit, and singing 'O Sole Mio' when one of his somewhat high customers said to him, "Excuse me, mister, but your monkey's on fire."

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A CAMPAIGN CHRONICLE

A Day In The Life of

George Boudaiee, Candidate



Up at the crack of dawn, he stops in at headquarters. Not wasting a moment, he confers with his campaign advisers before setting out to woo the voters.

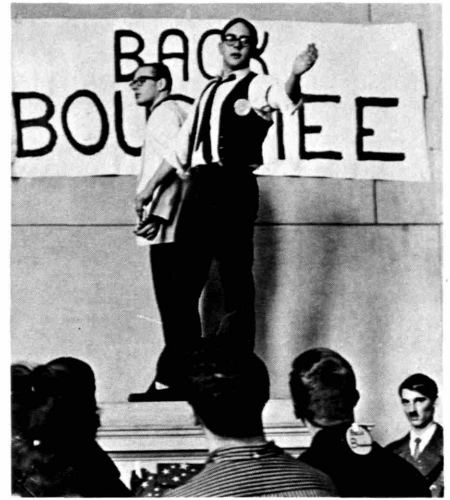
He spends the morning whistle-stopping from his special campaign car.



In the afternoon, he goes to the people. . .



He talks to them singly. . .



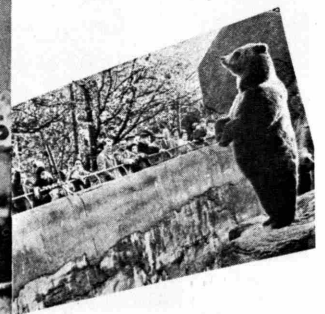
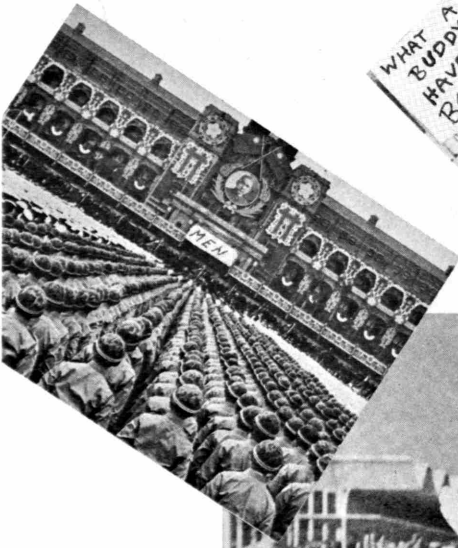
. . . and in groups, . . .



. . . in person. . .

. . . and through the media.





A VooDoo Interview

Interviewer: We're talking with George Boudaiee who has graciously granted us this time in the middle of his busy campaign. George, it's a pleasure to be here with you this evening.

George Boudaiee: Thank you, Marvin. The pleasure is entirely mine. I'm never too busy to renew old friendships. How long has it been?

Int.: Well over a year, George. I guess I haven't talked with you since you were thrown out of Harvard for cheating on that Span—

G.B.: Harrumph! Yes, I guess it certainly has been a year all right. Almost a year exactly... Yep, it's been a year since I've seen you, Marvin, old friend. Funny that a whole year should pass so quickly... But I haven't seen you in a year, all right. My schedule's pretty full, Marvin old (Judas) sport, so maybe we'd better stop reminiscing and get down to business.

Int.: OK, George, old buddy. Your campaign slogan, "Motherhood, the Great Dome, and Springfield Oval forever", has stirred up a lot of discussion. Just what *does* it mean?

G.B.: Certainly. Yes, of course old (Benedict Arnold) pal of mine, of course. There is more to that slogan than meets the eye. Let me take the separate parts in order. First there is "motherhood". Let me qualify that. I feel I must state that I most emphatically am *not* always in favor of motherhood. I do feel however that the mothers of America are entitled to everything they deserve. Under certain conditions, motherhood is the best thing that can happen to a mother.

Continued



"Lies! All Lies!"

He kisses babies



Among others.



Continued from page 7

Next, there is the "Great Dome". This item has caused a great deal of confusion, I am sorry to say. Let me clarify that. Many people in this area have thought I was referring to the dome of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was advocating some sort of technocracy. (If I may introduce a note of levity — chuckle — one sweet elderly lady in Chelsea thought I was talking about the "great domes" on the professors there — haha.) No! Nothing could be farther from the truth! The Great Dome to which I'm referring is, of course, TeapotDome and was intended to indicate the reverence in which I hold the civic principles of Warren G. Harding.

The last item in the slogan is "Springfield Oval". Now let me say this about that. I was appalled and disgusted by the recent attempt to ban this inimitable product from the campus (such as it is) of MIT. Is there no respect for tradition, for the wisdom of past generations? Is there no respect for the traditional American principle of free, competitive enterprise? This heinous move to supplant such a fine commodity (if I may use the word) smacks of a socialist, one-worlorder plot to wipe out this small firm and upset the economic balance of the entire bathroom tissue industry! *The small firm is the backbone of America!* Speaking of firm backbones, the youth of our Nation is losing its. Or theirs. Whatever it is. Our country is getting soft! Springfield Oval toughens you up, makes a man out of you, gives you good, honest callouses! What's the matter? Can't you take it?

Int.: I never said anything about Springfield Oval one way or the other, old man.

G.B.: Sorry, Marvin, old bean. I got carried away. Purely rhetorical question.

Int.: Quite all right, George, *amigo*.

G.B.: Sorry anyway, Marvin, old (Brutus) top.

Int.: Say, I notice you're wearing a "Back Boudaiee" button. How did you decide on that particular catch-phrase?



After a hurried dinner, he addresses a meeting. . .

. . .Where he reiterates his platform of:



Motherhood, . . .



. . . the Great Dome, . . .



. . .and Springfield Oval forever!

G.B.: Well, I've always been an alliteration fan myself. There were a couple of others suggested. We scrapped "B for Boudaiee" — too cornball. A few hotheads in the group wanted to use "You Can't Lick Our Boudaiee", but we didn't want to lose our support at Harvard. All in all, "Back Boudaiee" gets the point across, sounds good, and doesn't offend any one.

Int.: I see. Who are your campaign advisers and on what basis did you choose them?

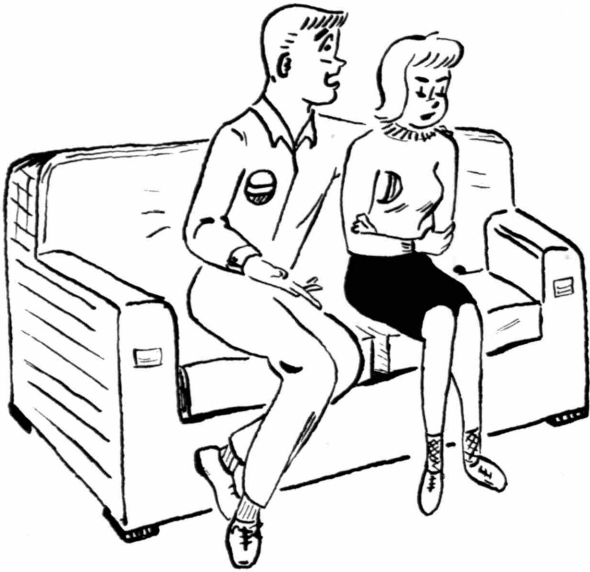
G.B.: Oh, yes. Well, there's that gentleman over there with the armband and the religious medal. He had a moderately successful try for power himself. He joined my team during our Argentine visit. "Knuckles" here is a liaison man of sorts. Doesn't say much, but a likable enough sort once you figure out he's not a photographic negative. His assistance has been invaluable.

Int.: I think he's trying to tell me I should leave. Is there anything else you'd like to say, George, old fellow?

G.B.: Only that I'd appreciate the support of all your readers at the polls. The post, although a demanding one, is not, I feel, beyond my capabilities and, if I'm elected I will do all within my power to serve the citizenry which has placed this awesome responsibility in my hands and to truly and impartially serve their interests with all the vigor and energy at my disposal in order that their interests may be more effectively served. Thank you for stopping by, Marvin, old poop; it's been a real pleasure to see you again and I hope you'll give my regards to the wife and kids.

Int.: Right, George, thank you for talking with us. Good luck and *buenos noches*.

G.B.: Go to hell.



ETHEL:

The Girl Who Wouldn't

A Hopeless Farce in One Act by Charles Deber

"I love you, Ralph," she whispered, snuggling up just a little bit closer to him. The lights were dim, the couch in her living room was soft, the voice of Johnny Mathis sang quietly in the background.

"Then why won't you vote for me?" retorted Ralph, visibly moved. "I mean, if you really love me, the least you could do is vote for me."

Ethel pushed her long, wavy green hair away from her eyes. "Ralph," she pleaded, "you know I would. It's just—it's just the platform you're running on, darling. I shudder to think what would happen to MIT if you were elected."

"Ethel, my love," sighed Ralph, removing his mask and cape, "you must think this out more carefully. I'm sure you'll find some good points in my platform."

"All right, Ralph darling," moaned Ethel, unstrapping her parachute. "We'll go through it once more. Now first of all, you proposed the elimination of the Electrical Engineering department. Why, Ralph?"

"I guess I'm just not interested in current events" said Ralph, who often made very bad puns.

"And that proposal to initiate an 'MIT Coeds are Not Real Girls Week'. Now is that nice, Ralph sweetie? I'm an MIT coed, and you're sitting here with me on the couch. That means something, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Ethel, it means that the glue you poured on the seat of my pants is good stuff."

"And Ralph, you recommend cutting the Bursar's office staff in half. Darling, you surely realize that waiting on the line to the Bursar's office involves the longest wait of any line on campus."

"Ethel, I realize this," explained Ralph, tossing a few more logs into the fire, "but I think it's especially ironic to have to wait in line to have the privilege of giving away your money. If the line were even longer, fewer students would want to wait, so fewer students will have to pay. If you noticed, I also suggested that the office where checks are picked up should be open only one hour a week — Saturday nights from 4 to 5 A.M. Students won't mind showing up for their checks, no matter what time it is."

At this crucial point, a third voice rang out: "Coffee, tea, or milk." It was Ethel's mother, barging in without knocking, or anything.

"Mother, if I told you once, I told you 1700 times, don't come into the living room when Ralph is here, without knocking, or anything," said Ethel.

"Milk," said Ralph.

"Mother," continued Ethel, pressing what she considered to be an important point, "What if you had come in without knocking, and Ralph and I were, er, kissing, or something?"

"Ethel, your father and I sat on that very couch, kissing."

"I know, mother, but that was last week."

"Milk," said Ralph.

As Ethel's mother left to find Hoodie, the family

cow, to get Ralph a glass of milk, Ethel continued her dispute with him. "You intend to change the name of the Coop to the Poop. Why, Ralph?"

"Because I get all pooped out reaching for my wallet so often whenever I buy anything there. They raise all prices 15 percent, then give you a 10 percent discount. I've had enough Tech math courses to figure out that I don't come out ahead. Anyway, my Coop number is 243854356743287-64365, and I have one hell of a time remembering it."

At this point, Ethel was wavering a bit. Ralph did have a few valid arguments. She snuggled up just a little bit closer to him. "Ralph, my love, if I vote for you, will you carry my picture in your wallet, between your Coop card and your Registration certificate?"

"If I had a good picture I could show to people," said Ralph, "That one of you with the bow and arrow isn't any good; besides I look stupid with that apple on my head. That one of you doing push-ups in front of Bexley Hall isn't any good; besides, I look stupid holding your pocketbook. That one of you....."

"All right, Ralph, I'll give you a full color picture of me just standing up, hands at my sides, smiling. Would you like that?"

"On two conditions. Touch up your green hair a bit so it looks brown, or something. Also, touch it up so your fangs are flesh-colored, and less noticeable."

That irked Ethel. It reminded her of one final point in Ralph's campaign platform. "Ralph," said Ethel, "How can you possibly justify spending the \$500 available to the UAP president on a 50-foot statue of yourself holding a slide rule in one hand and a canteloupe in the other hand, to be placed in the center of the Great Court?"

That really irked Ralph. He tried to get up, and storm out of Ethel's living room, but the glue held well.

Just then Ethel's mother brought in Ralph's glass of milk, with a chocolate chip cookie yet. That pacified Ralph.

Ethel smiled. She felt sort of misty. She snuggled up just a little bit closer to him. "I love you, Ralph" she purred.

"Ah, then you will vote for me," announced Ralph, victoriously.

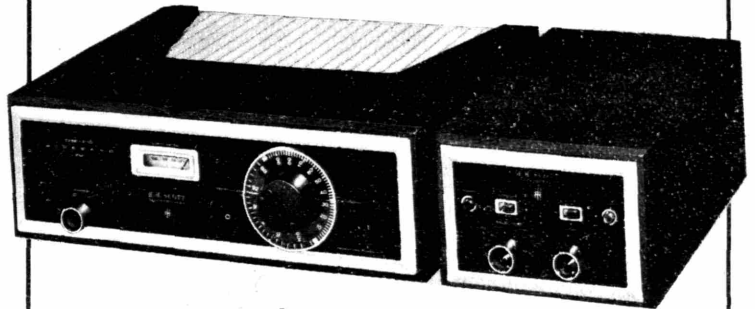
"No," said Ethel.

"Oh," said Ralph.

Ethel's mother tossed a few more logs into the fire, and closed the door on her way out.



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Newsboy: "Extra! Extra! Read all about it, two men swindled."

Passerby: "Give me one.—Say there isn't anything in here about two men being swindled."

Newsboy: "Extra! Extra! Three men swindled."



14.01 lesson for today: Girls without principle draw considerable interest.



Slowly, her eyes glowing softly, the beautiful young debutante raised a glass on high, exulting: "Port wine to me is the nectar of the gods, the elixir of life. When I imbibe its fluid, my very soul begins to throb and glow. The music of a thousand muted violins whispers in my ear, and I am transferred to the make-believe world of magic. On the other hand, beer makes me barf."



"Do you believe in free love?"
 "Did I ever send you a bill?"

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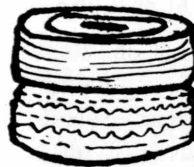
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Voo Doo Doll of the month



Well, we promised you a doll of the month, and, obviously, here she is. For anyone who is foolish enough to tear his (or even her) eyes from the more graphic portions of this feature and read this stuff, her name is Leslie Murray. And this seems like an excellent place to end the paragraph.



photography by
Frank Ansuini



Leslie is a country girl, from the wilds of Coventry, Connecticut. Presently, she is still in Coventry, and is thus still a country girl. But she is also a medical receptionist.

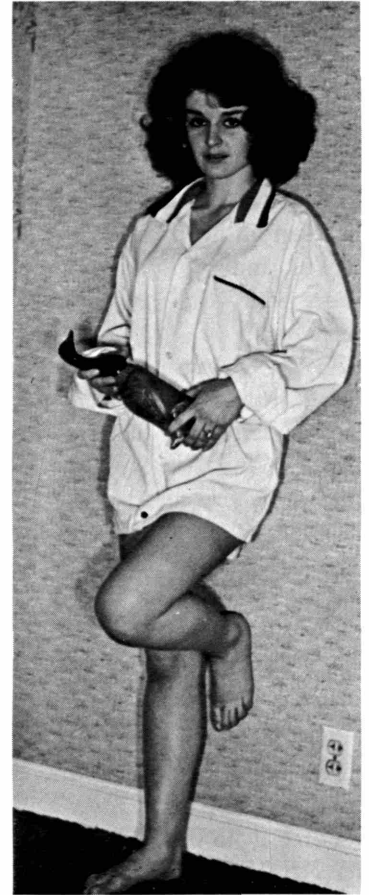
You may be wondering why we are writing about a medical receptionist in a political issue. Fear not, there is a connection: Leslie is interested in political science! Furthermore, her hopes for the future include being a spy. As a logical alternative, she may become a nun (which would be appropriate to Coventry, Connecticut.)



When she is not medicking, spying, or nunning, Leslie enjoys dancing. All kinds of dancing—but especially the twist. Which is a handy thing for a spying nun to do.

In case you didn't happen to get a full color issue of *VooDoo*, we shall here give some of Leslie's less vital statistics; she has brown hair, two eyes, stands about 5'5" (tall men make her nervous), and.

She is 20 years old, one for every M.I.T. fraternity but eight. So now go look at the pictures.



Once upon a time a beautiful girl was walking through the woods when she came upon a poor little frog who spoke as follows:

"Lovely princess, once upon a time I was a handsome prince, but a big black witch turned me into a frog."

"Oh, that's terrible," said the beautiful girl. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the frog. "If you take me home with you and put me on your pillow, I will be saved."

So the beautiful girl took the poor little frog home with her, and the next morning when she awoke there beside her was a handsome young prince. And do you know, to this day her mother doesn't believe that story.



Driver of car asking directions: "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Voice from the back seat: "Like hell you do, just keep driving."



Susie married an official of the Three-In-One Oil Company. In about two years she gave birth to triplets. Upon hearing this, her sister immediately cancelled her engagement. Her fiance was an official of the Phillips 66 Company.



In case you find a mistake in this magazine, please remember it was put there for someone's benefit. We try to please everyone and some people are always looking for mistakes.

the English Room

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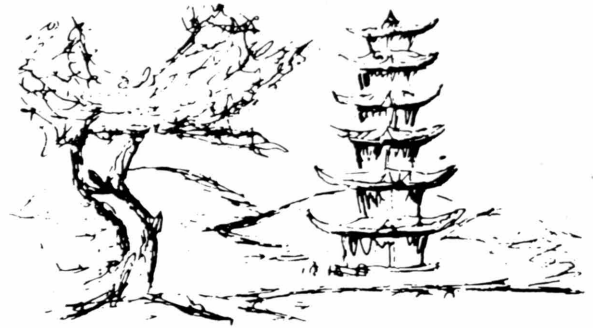
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2





Immediately before I decided a chiropractor was a foot-doctor, I thought it was something like a Rosicrucian. You see, my father's an MD and for the longest sort of time I'd heard "chiropractor" pronounced with such contempt that I assumed it was spelled "Cairo Practer" and referred to some sort of Egyptian Christian Scientist. I guess I was about twelve when I found out what a chiropractor actually did and I *still* think my hypothesis was a good deal more reasonable and considerably less occult.

For the benefit of foreign students (every American knows what a chiropractor is), a chiropractor holds a DC (Doctor of Chiropractic) degree from any of the many Colleges of Chiropractic which clutter up the countryside throughout the South, Midwest, and, not surprisingly, Southern California. A chiropractor defies not only Reason, but grammar—I've never heard a satisfactory explanation of why they're not called

"chiropractitioners" or "chiropracticers";¹ saying that their creed is called "chiropractic" and not "chiropractice"² is begging the question. But, as Max Shulman would say, I digress. (*The Tech* thinks I buy their rag for their news coverage — ha!!) As I was meaning to say, a chiropractor is a sort of masseur with pretensions. Most have a considerable knowledge of anatomy — of the spine — and little knowledge of bacteriology since Louis Pasteur, evidently. They claim to be able to cure such diverse ailments as colds, jaundice, and terminal cancer by manipulating the proper vertebrae. Weird, huh?

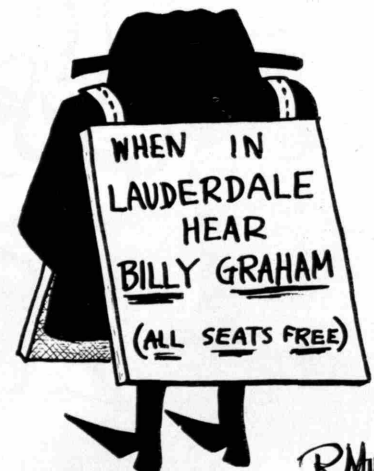
What brought all this up is an article I saw the other day saying that the Colleges were graduating fewer chiropractors every year. It strikes me as a shame that the once-ubiquitous DC is about to fold up his spinal charts and silently steal away, that a discipline (using the word loosely) which has stood firm in the face of the determined onslaughts of Science for so many years is at last crumbling from the attacks of so ignoble a foe as improved public education. Chiropractors are amusing and relatively harmless— They may even work for the good by allowing the mentally retarded who patronize them to die off. But my real concern is for the children. I mean, *really*, now that the Chamber of Commerce has taken Santa Claus away from them and the mental health people have pushed through sterile sex education in the second grade, it's getting so there's nothing left for kids to marvel about.. It's reached the point where there's nothing mysterious and awe-full any more and, while chi-

1 or "chiropracticians" or "chiropracticists"

2 or "chiropractics"

ropractic is a poor substitute for Father Christmas and Where-Babies-Come-From, it's a step in the right direction. Understand, now, I'm not advocating calculated ignorance for the Youth of America, it's merely that mystery was sometimes delicious and, indeed, ignorance *was* sometimes bliss and I hate to see everything inexplicable being explained or abolished. And chiropractic is pretty inexplicable, all right.

--Reed



R. M. W. M. E.

Irving was troubled by a tapeworm and was losing weight rapidly. Nowhere could he find a doctor who could rid him of it, and he was in the last stages of despair when he found a specialist who said, "Sure, I get rid of tapeworms easy. All you got to do is come to me each evening for eleven consecutive days, and each time you come, bring an egg and a cookie."

Irving was desperate enough to follow the doctor's instructions, and he returned the following evening with an egg and a cookie, which the doctor administered respectively in violent suppository form.

This procedure continued for ten evenings, and finally, on the eleventh, the doctor again administered the egg, but he held back the cookie. Instead he picked up a hammer and held it in readiness.

Suddenly the tapeworm emerged and said, "Where the hell's my cookie?" Clonk.



Course XXI type: "What do you think of *War and Peace*?"

Course Sixer: "Well, there never really was a good war."

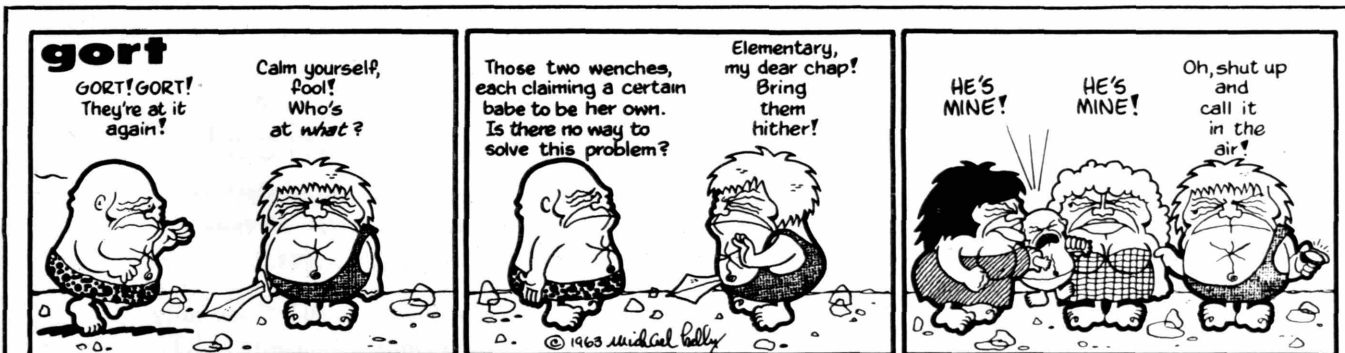
"Mommie, Why do girls wear sweaters?"
 "Well, Jonnie, there are three reasons; the first is to keep warm and the other two are obvious."



Papa Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"
 Mama Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"
 Baby Bear: "Barf."



Too many people are spending money they haven't earned to buy things they don't need to impress people they don't like.



GORT Brought to you each month by:

Anthony Salvati Barber Shop

CELEBRATING ITS GRAND OPENING THIS MONTH.

Tony, formerly of the Esquire Barber Shop,

Specializes in Flat Tops & Ivy League Cuts.

8 Brookline Street, Central Square, Cambridge

Corner of Mass Avenue

3 Blocks from Tech (opposite Simeone's)



"Howdy, Isaac, How's your back today?"

A grad student we know had a broken arm from fighting for a girl's honor. Seems she wanted to keep it.



The board members of the Cordial Catsup Company were wowed by the idea their ad agency had come up with for their billboard campaign. It showed a husband type seated before a delectable steak in a smart restaurant, and a pretty young waitress in a tight-fitting uniform was handing him a bottle of catsup.

"This is great," said the prexy of Cordial Catsup, "but remember, our appeal here is to housewives, so let's clean that title up a bit. *What does she know about your husband that you don't know?* is too suggestive."

A week later the billboards were attracting attention all over the country with the caption: *"He gets it downtown — why not give it to him at home?"*

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

Charlie-the-Tech-Tailor, Inc.

"Est. 1918"

71 Amherst Street EL 4-2088

Opposite Senior House and Dorms

Have Press your suit
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 Avenue

COpley 7-1571

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

GYRO STABILIZED BOMBSIGHT

Complete bombsight, 28 volt DC operated. With attached reflex sight assembly. A gold mine of precision gears and complex mechanism of use to the experimenter. A multitude of the finest in optical components may be salvaged. Ready for use condition.

\$22.50

New catalog of electronic military surplus available shortly. Send for yours now.

Meshna 19 Allerton St., Lynn, Mass.



SNOWED AGAIN

“Ridiculous”, he growled. “All the goddamn students traipsing in and out of the repair shop, day after day, and what do I have to show for it? Whose money do they think they’re spending? Chrissake, Sam, that gets me. It really does. And what good does it do? Hah.

Sam was silent. Philosophy was not his strong point. Come to think of it, he had very few strong points. A nothing...almost a negative entity. But someone to talk to.

“They’re all so smart...then why don’t they fix their own goddamn radiators and sinks and creaking doors, and clogged johns. Oh no, they just think about it, and guys like me gotta do the dirty work.”

Silence. Outside, the snow fell...maybe three, four inches; it covered the campus with a deceptively white blanket, concealing the drab buildings and cracked sidewalks from profane eyes. The snow was as silent as Sam.

“Well, you just sit there, Sam, and think it all over. Whaddya think’s gonna happen to this place inna coupla years? The big boys’ll tear it all down, and start all over. Bigger’n better. But the same goddamn sinks and radiators and johns. And them students. They’ll be new ones, but the same old complaints.”

Silence..... A student came in to report that someone had just tossed a snowball through his window, but he couldn’t quite see who it was. Sam marked it down on a slip of paper, and the student, apparently under the mistaken impression that swift action would be taken, retreated to the upper regions. Sam folded the paper and stuffed it in his shirt pocket.

“Goddamn it, Sam, I’m gonna do sumthin for myself for once. Stir up some trouble. Change things. That’s what ought to be done!!”

Our hero put on his parka and gloves, and tramped up the dingy stairs, then out into the courtyard. The snow blew indifferently about him, seeming to fall downwards, but never to settle in one place.

“Hey, you guys!”, he shouted toward the windows. “Ain’t you tired of all this here stuff? You gonna stand for this kinda treatment? Tuition is too damn much! The profs. are out to flunk you all! Nobody cares!”

A few windows opened up, then a few more... listening to the lone figure’s imploring. Presently, someone appeared with a torch made of old newspaper and wooden coathangers. A few more participants showed their faces, then walked out and started making snowballs. The torch lit up the side of the building. Soon, there was a large group assembled, listening, and milling about.

They marched on the President’s house. Then they marched on a rival dormitory building. Waterfights began inside. Icicles were formed from the higher floors. Firecrackers exploded. A small fire was started in the dorm. Toilet paper was strewn about with great abandon. *They knew not The Cause, but It Was Just.* At length, the gendarmes arrived, and, seizing those nearest at hand, began loading the Paddy Wagons.

Back in the repair shop, the newfound leader of men, and philosopher-at-large sought refuge. Sam sat as before, idly tearing up a piece of paper he had just noticed in his shirt pocket. The clamor upstairs ceased, and only a few droplets of water seeped downwards to the sanctuary.

“These are the future leaders of our country? And they still can’t fix their own goddamn johns! Dammit, Sam, I just thought of sumthin...we gotta clean up this mess tomorrow.”

—Edwin L. Pragla

"You were away without official leave," his superior barked. "Why?"

"Well, sir," the harassed sailor began, "my first day in the Navy we were issued combs, and that afternoon all my hair was cut off. The next morning they issued us toothbrushes, and that afternoon the dentist pulled six of my teeth. The following day, I was issued an athletic supporter. That's when I went AWOL."


Customer to bank teller: "May I see the loan arranger?"

Teller: "He's out to lunch. Would Tonto do?"

We point with pride to the purity of the white space between our jokes.

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GAMBLING - 8:00 P.M. Couples Only
OPEN BID — FREE BEER

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PEPPER, ANCHOVI CHEESE, AND
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**This coupon worth
on any pizza pie 25¢**

HORRIDAY

MARCH 1963

*The
Real Back
Bay*



*Dredging
the
Charles*



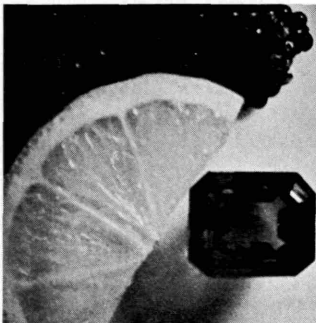
*O'Toole
Strikes
Back*



Vigilantes



Revenge Issue



*Handbook
of Gall
Stones*



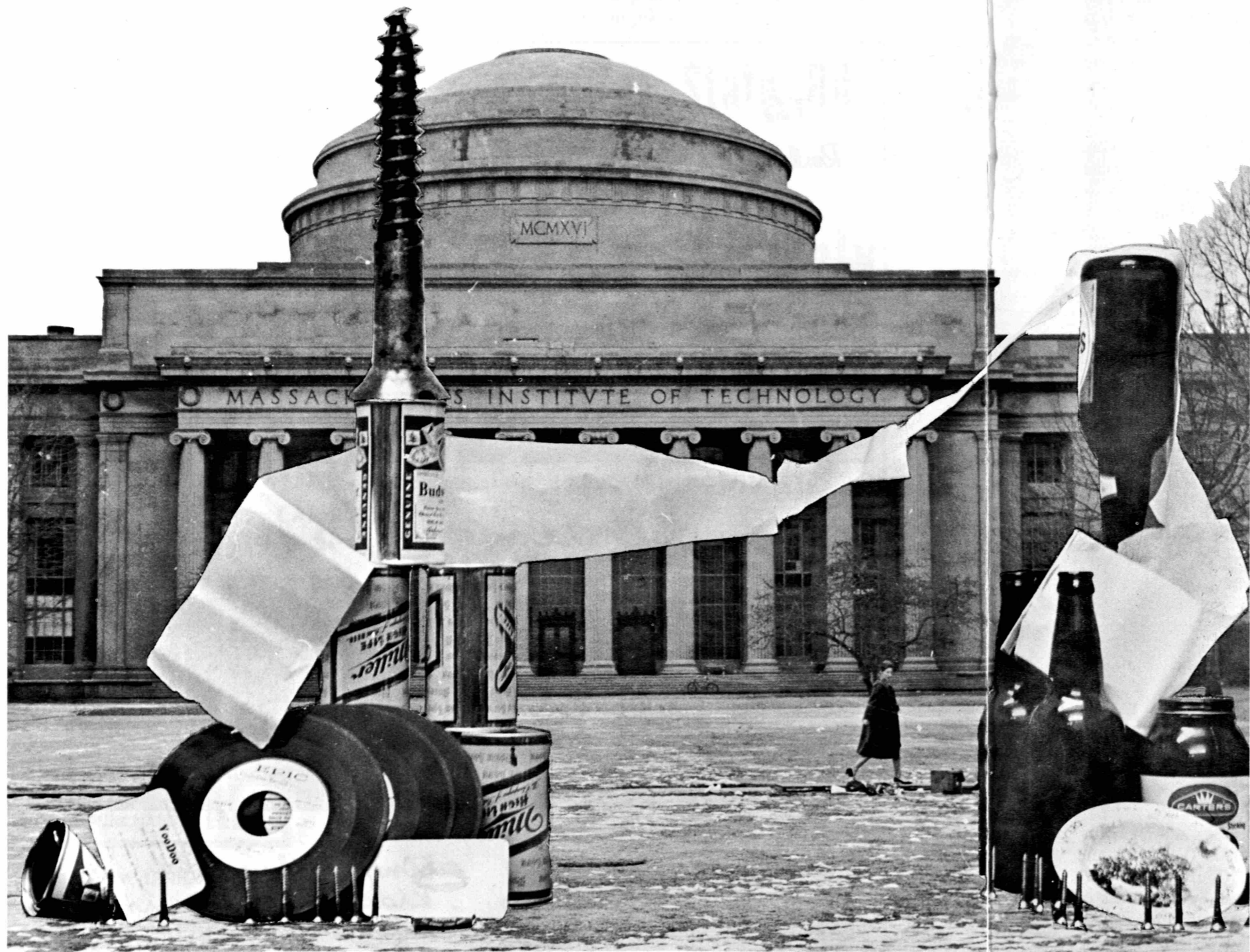
*Jordan's
Playboy
Prince*



*King Arthur
Rides
Again*



*The
Decimated
Whirl of M.I.T.*



IMPATIENT FORMS of the past adorn the grunge covered Great Court of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The entire mess belongs in the 10.678 million cubic foot garbage heap called Boston.

M. I. T.

by DEAN FALLICE

•Walking to M.I.T., you leave the shameful frivolity of Boston behind, and across the beautiful brown waters of the Charles River see the shining glory of Cambridge. You leave the harsh sunlight and plunge into the cool, damp, invigorating industrial air that envelops the Old Harvard Bridge (often referred to by grabby Tech boys as "their bridge"). You notice with disgust the disfiguring results of fraternity vandalism, in the form of "Smut" markings,

which the illiterate boys spelled "Smoot". Nevertheless, the bridge affords the best view of the ghastly quicklime mass-like crab of M.I.T.

Most of the buildings at M.I.T. have fine literary names, like Rotch, but these, and the names of the courses have been replaced by cold, hard numbers. Like 6. The influence on the students is readily seen; you may overhear a student saying: "Time for 69!"

One may wonder what type of person lives in such numerical bounds. The best way you can see is to visit an eye doctor. The pupils sit rigid and alert, pen in hand, eagerly absorbing the wisdom presented to them. With a look of frenzied glee they quickly grasp even the most complex ideas.

The bell rings. The students don't hear it until the instructor reminds them that it has rung. They crowd around the instructor, for a chance to touch his sleeve. Then they dash abstractedly to their next classes.

As they hurry past, you may notice a marked similarity in their modes of

dress. How do Techmen dress? Well, they start with their shirts...

Success is apparent at M.I.T. A student said that M.I.T. is like "taking an enema from a high pressure hose." He then demonstrated by turning the fire hose on us. But success is evident (see *Voodooings*, first entry.)

The attitude is very informal and relaxed. The typical Techman walks around in a grungy sweatshirt and doesn't shave for a week. The typical Tech Coed, on the other hand, walks around in a grungy sweatshirt and shaves every day.

Students stare up in wonderment at the legendary Hand Mauler. They are not particularly impressed by his lecture — all that physics seems to be elementary to them. But they are having trouble understanding his words, for he is speaking Swahili.

Looking around the classroom, we see many faces — black, white, and yellow: black from Cambridge soot, white from staying up all night studying, and yellow from overtime in Chem Lab. In addition, there is an abusive odor of hair tonic, and a more offensive odor of B.O.

There is an almost tangible air of anticipation in the lecture hall. A few students nod their heads, the rest doze peacefully. Prof. Mauler clears his throat, takes a deep breath, and goes to town.

In ten minutes every

square inch of blackboard space has been covered. The teacher has been talking about something unfamiliar to the students — newtons per centimeter — and the students aren't catching on.

Finally he explodes. You see, he explains, he was just pulling everybody's leg. There is no such thing as newtons per centimeter.

When the hissing dies down, the Professor erases everything and says: "Zo, you really zee, dat vee haf proved zat enerchee iz conzerfed eef m hawf v squared iz the same!" At that, a coed in the back spills her coffee over the sleeping boy in front of her, and the bell rings....

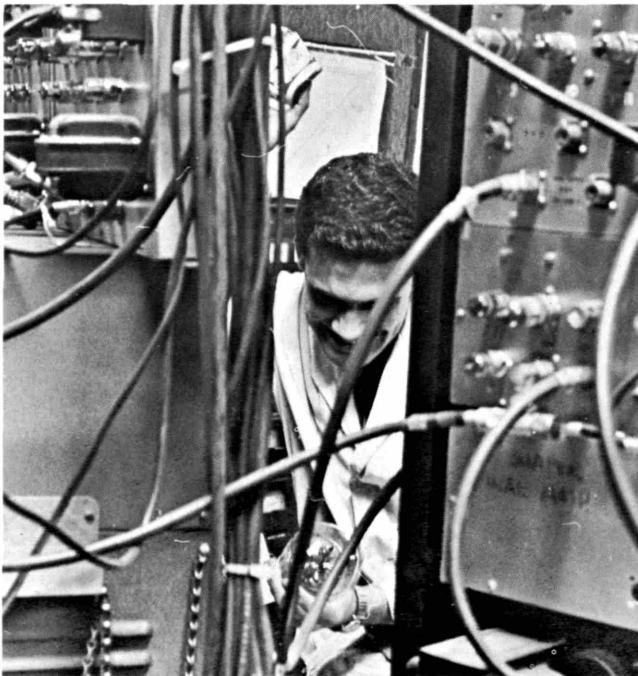
While I was talking to Dean Wadding, some students approached him to ask him to see the new computer program they had arranged. The Dean refused, but I followed them to a large room with many reels of tape and flashing lights. One of the students typed some instructions for the computer. There was a brief .2 nanosecond pause. The computer then typed out "FAP. ETAOIN SHRD-LU."

A new tape was fed, which, briefly translated, read "SQULCH POS. x to loop. IHTFP."

"Six." Typed the computer.

M.I.T. is a place for inspiration. Oozing into the Great Court, one is surrounded by the names of former football greats. Also mud.

PROVOKE CHARRED R.SITTIES prepares to lecture on an invention of his; the 5.02 demonstration (opposite page). The precision of this experiment requires that he keep his tie out of the solution.



MACHINES THAT FREE men's hands— that do the thinking so men can do the repairing — are the specialty of Prof. Ignatius Plurp, seen patiently breaking in a new component. The rope-like appendages are called wires, and are used to keep the two halves from separating.

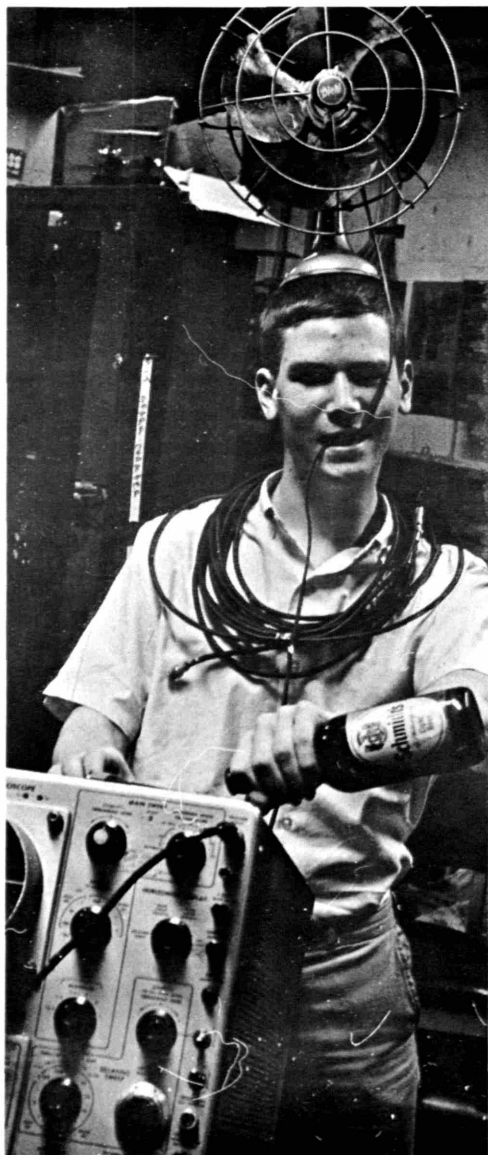


THE COMPLEX DEVICES of modern engineering — supplements to monkey wrenches, oilers (pronounced "Eulers"), and sledgehammers — symbolize MIT's involvement with the training of engineers. (above) Here, Dr. Ben Caseyjones performs delicate operation on switching bank.

(Courtesy Tech Nickel Plate)

M.I.T. has 28 fraternities.

Walking through the laboratories, one is greeted by a wide variety of very offensive odors. "Research", they call it, explaining to me the complexities of organic compounds. "B.O." it smells like. These men and boys



PROFESSOR ELMER GAINTREE has helped the Center for Happy Survival learn how alcohol works — how senseless impressions are received by the brain (and eventually transmuted into inaction). In carefully guarded room, beer is piped to subject through ducts. Unfortunately, Gaintree insists on feeding it into oscilloscope for analysis.

are obviously doing great research and are on the verge of shattering discoveries there in the innocuously numbered rooms, such as 4-251, and 1-101.

Why should anyone want to go to M.I.T.? I asked this fascinating question of several passing students. One gave me a look of blank frustration and passed on. The second slugged me in the mouth and passed out. The third was a little more rational. He explained to me how the men of M.I.T. were dedicated to Science, to the American Way, and to getting back their damned \$1700.

The Techman's diet is simple; studies do not allow time for more than a hurried snack of fish and saltpetre.

As we mentioned earlier, M.I.T. has 28 fraternities.

Techmen have a vocabulary all their own. For examples, *screw* doesn't mean to botch things up — it is a small metal piece of helical shape used for fastenings. *Hair* grows on the head. A *tool* is something which is useful for mechanical work. *Six* is a number. *Hack* is an obsolete word for taxicab.

So, as you can see, Techmen are attached to their school. When an M.I.T. student says, "Tech is Hell", you can be damned sure he means it.

Continued from Page 1

Our congratulations to the LSC for presenting on the Saturday of Holy Week a picture with an ecclesiastical ring to the title. The picture? "Parrish".



A Senior Board Member recently received a form letter from "Liaison" (110 W. 40th. St., NYC 18) which began:

"Dear Friend:

"Are you a member of the sexual elite?..."

He's wondering who told them.



An East Campus freshman recently ran an experiment to verify (again) Murphy's Law. He buttered a slice of bread, tossed it in the air fifty times. It landed with the buttered side down 76 percent of the time.

CLOSEOUT: BRAND NEW 1962 MODELS ONLY TEN LEFT:

Rek-O-Kut NL33H Turntable
Rek-O-Kut S320 Tonearm
Pickering U38/AT Cartridge
Walnut Base

\$99⁹⁵

SALE PRICE:

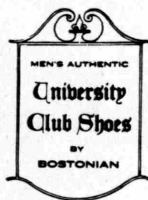
OVER 46% OFF



The Rek-O-Kut turntable is top-rated by consumer magazines. This model has been superseded by a similar one which has a slimmer silhouette and smaller dimensions. The NL33H features a hysteresis synchronous motor, belt drive, and precision machined main bearing. We purchased the last pieces of equipment in the manufacturer's warehouse and, therefore, are able to offer it at this exceptional saving.

AUDIO WORKSHOP

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HAND-SEWN MOCCASINS*
BY BOSTONIAN

Here is the authentic hand-sewn moccasin you prefer. The front seam is hand-sewn and hand-shaped for foot-hugging comfort. The heel is specially moulded for stay-on fit. In rich harvest brown or black.

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**Hand-sewn fronts.*

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Salem

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Always, with a Salem cigarette, the soft refreshment of springtime is yours... for only Salem brings you a taste so fresh and so flavorful. Smoke refreshed... smoke Salem!

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