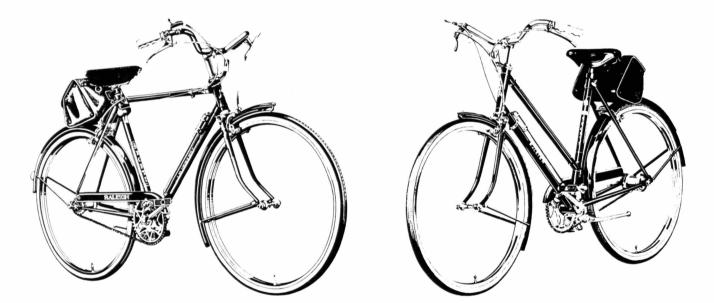


THE BICYCLE BY WHICH OTHERS ARE JUDGED

RALEIGH





SPECIAL

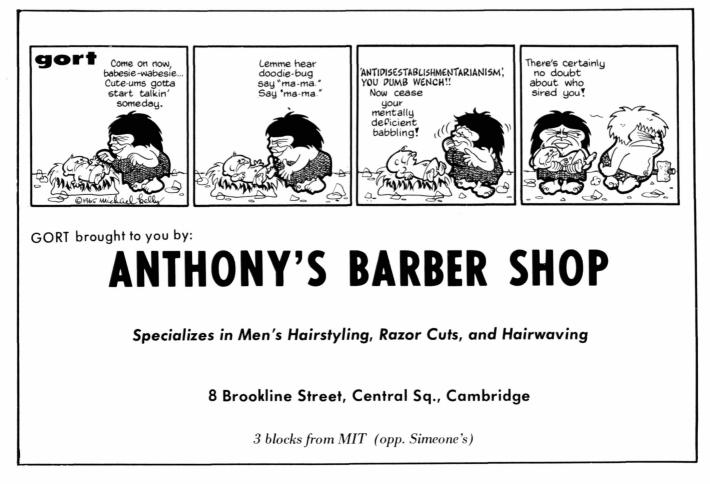
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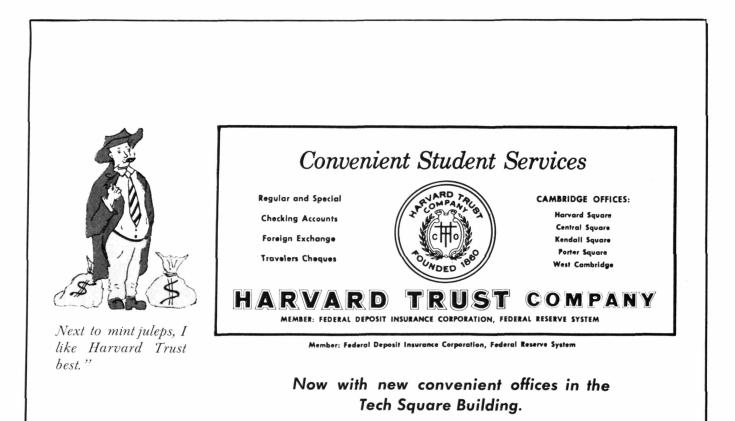




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Vol. 49 No. 1

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At last they've left. I thought they never would. I thought they were just going to stand there, looking over my shoulder, until I thought of some clever way to say that VooDoo is published monthly, November through June (and in August) and copyrighted this November, 1965, by the VooDoo Managing Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts — until I turned out my 500th postal information blurb since I was taken captive during a raid on the The Tech office around the turn of the century. But they've left, and I have a few minutes to tell you, dear friend, all the things I've wanted to say but couldn't these long years that I've spent reporting the cost of single issues, which is 40 cents for this one, and subscriptions, which are now up to an outlandish \$3.00 (8 issues). And if I have to write that bit about Pago Pago once more, I think I'll die! Please, dear friend, if anyone reads this postal information, please, tell everybody around that Voo-Doo's offices are now in the M.I.T. Student Center, Cambridge 39, and tell them, most of all, that subscriptions ARE entered as second-class mail at Cambridge, Mass., 02139, and please hurry, there isn't much Footsteps!! They're coming back! . . . and most of all, dear readers, remember that subscriptions are available in Pago Pago for the mere pittance of \$69,00 hah, hah, hah, hah,

VOODOOINGS

ast spring we took a poll of all the college humor mags on our mailing list as to their opinion about the best mag, feature, cartoons, etc. We are somewhat happy to announce that our competitors placed us third (they only missed by two). They also thought our jokes were the best of all (they *all* steal from us), and the ill-famed "Gayboy" parody was considered the fifth best single issue. (They *had* to pick us for something - we started the poll!)

Back a couple of months ago, one of our distinguished staffers was up at Canobie Lake Park enjoying a performance of that old-time rock-n-roll great, Jerry Lee Lewis, and managed to con the WBZ disc jockey running the show into letting him backstage to talk to Jerry Lee. In the brief interview that followed, our intrepid roving reporter learned that long-haired Mr. Lewis feels no sorrow at having become a relative shorthair among rock singers, saying that the advent of such groups as the Beatles, Rolling Stones, and Hullabaloos has gotten kids'parents (but not his hair) off his He feels his continued back. success in the entertainment field has been due to his showmanship, rather than primarily to his singing...and put on a great show he does. Don't miss him at the Armory next week.

One of the things we'll miss when we move into the new Stud. Center is our staff's favorite game: "Stack-Up-a-Bunch-of-Empty-Beer-Cans-On-a-Table and-Throw-Chairs-at-Them." Just this month, two of our staff members got engaged (You'd never expect to find romance connected with *VooDoo*, would you?). Actually, to correct any misconceptions (no pun intended), you should know that one of them (*only* one) is a girl. She's Bonnie Gerzog, our Coeditor, and the other is Mike Levine, our General Manager. Phos may be a Godphather yet. Congratulations, kids!

Gee Aren't Boston Operators Fun'' (a true drama)

CAST

Me — man about town - Tom Enger

Operator – voice of automaton

Telephone – little black box and associated noises

Scene: in a phone booth

Me-(takes dime and inserts it into phone) Phone - ding. ding. Me - (dial. dial. dial.) Op. - Your call please. Me - 483-1999 Phone - Brrr.

Op. - (pause) Ten cents more for the first three minutes.

Me - (inserts coin)

Phone – ding. ding.

Op. - (dial. dial. dial.)

Op. - I'm sorry, they do not seem to answer.

Me — Hmm. She must be out of town this week-end. Oh well, how would you like a date tonight then?

Op. - No thank you, I guess not.

Me - Why not ?

Op. - I just don't like your type.

Me – What type is that?

Op. — Well, what would happen if some day *I* weren't here?

Me — That sounds fascinating — how many operators *are* there in Boston?

Op. - I'm in Cambridge.

Me – Hey, that's even more convenient. What's your name? Op. – Operator.

Me - I had a hunch you'd say that. That's a coincidence, a lot of my friends call me that too.

Op. - I had a hunch they probably did.

Me – Well, may I at least have my dimes back?

Op. -Nope.

Me — Oh come on, the Telephone Company has thousands of dimes, they don't need mine. Besides, you weren't worth twenty cents.

Phone – (sound of coin returning)

Op. - Do you have any other calls you wish to make ?

Me – Yes, but I think I'll try another operator. (extracts coins and hangs up)

FINI

From transcript Courtesy East Campus Lust Com.

The most pitiable freshman we've heard of so far is the one who received both his pink "Go to E-19" card *and* his draft notice on the same day.

O ne unexpected side-effect of the Sigma Alpha Pi farce was the large number of freshmen who have been showing up in 10-250 at 5:00 every Tuesday and Thursday for Prof. Obelgerst's class in 5.4328T. The number who attend the (nonexistent) class has been decreasing each week, but there are still a few who show up. The ones who *aren't* attending will be surprised when they turn up with "incompletes" on their grade reports !

4

Speaking of Freshmen, one was gullible enough to list Sigma Alpha Pi as his term address.



D. R. BLANK

Lyndon's 'Girl' Couldn't Come

(Continued from First Page) Courtenay hurried into the

parish hall and came running

Over at Stop 'n' Shop they have a line clearly labeled "Check out - TEN items or less". When a student-looking person tried to get through this line, with about thirty items, the checker reportedly asked him, "You must be a college student are you from MIT and can't read, or from Harvard and can't count?" Kudos to the little lady who sits in the book section of the Coop and makes you leave your books there. She must be afraid that someone will leave his books over with the Coop's books, and they'll sell them and make some undeserved profit. We wouldn't want the Coop to take advantage of us, would we?

ومحكم

ESQUIRE **Barber Shop** OF BACK BAY

90MASS.AVE

CORNER OF COMMONWEALTH

FOR THE BEST IN HAIRCUTS Featuring IVY LEAGUE CUTS RAZOR CUTS MEN'S HAIR STYLING

CONVIENIENT to the MIT FRATERNITIES!

Appointments KE 6-6113



BAKER'S SHOES of Cambridge

Better shoes for men, women, and children.

For children:

BUNTEES CHILD LIFE STRAIGHT LAST & ORTHOPEDIC SHOES

For women:

EDNA JETTICKS BASS WEEJUNS OLD MAINE TROTTERS EDITH HENRY HILL & DALE

For men:

NUNN-BUSH CROSBY SQUARE E. T. WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER JACK PURCELL TENNIS BASS WEEJUNS CLARKS OF ENGLAND

We specialize in corrective fitting.

Your Doctor's prescription carefully filled.

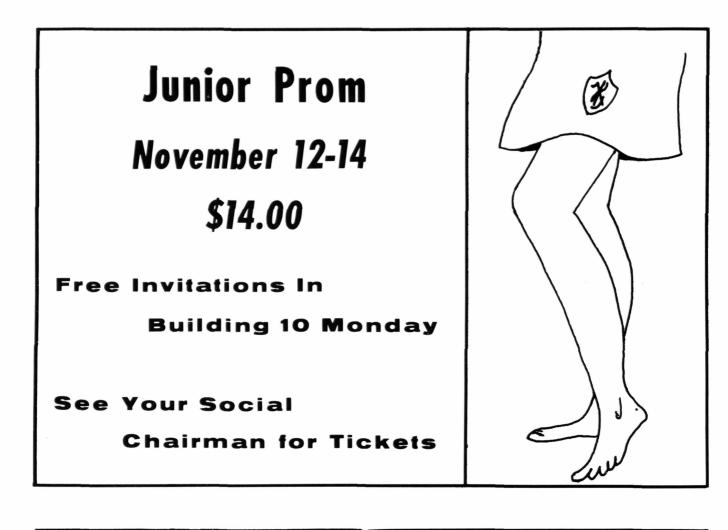
We carry a complete line of SELVA dance footwear, leotards, tights, and accessories.

Sizes for men and women to 15.

All widths to EEE.

Hush Puppies for Men, Women, & Children

> BAKER'S SHOES of Cambridge 521 Mass. Ave. Central Square EL 4-8883





1252 Massachusetts Avenue Harvard Square KIrkland 7-8600

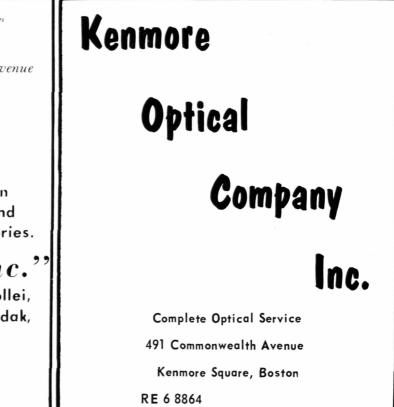


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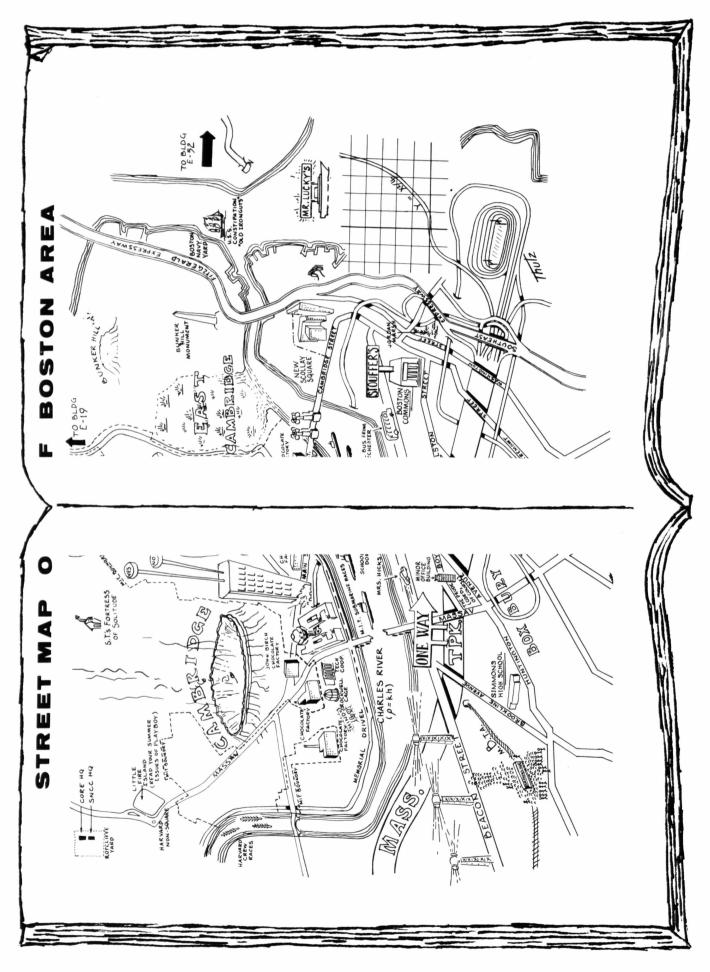


ACTIVITIES ACTIVITIES SOCIAL BEAVER MISSED Here for all you innocent little freshmen, is a list of little-known student activities at MIT which somehow got omitted from the listing supplied by the Social Beaver, revealed now for your edification and amusement. Anyone interested in joining any of these should attend the supplementary Freshman midway to be held tomorrow evening in the Benja- min A. Worthington room, 7-107.	 ALPHA Leadership, friendship, and thervice – these are the PHI bywords of Alpha Phi Omigod. We get together for a gay old time every Thursday evening in our cute little green-and-yellow uniforms in the locker room at DuPont. Join us. 	 CHEST The MIT Chest Club is back again, to shoulder CLUB another round of tournaments, and forge ahead. Keep abreast of notices concerning our meetings, if you can stomach them. Come well-armed. MITTE We play in the streets. 	DEBATE Our close-knit circle of friends provides many op- SOCIETY portunities for contact between members. Sometimes we hold joint meetings with Alpha Phi Omigod.	OCIETY We show rare exotic foreign films, the kind men like. LECHER A lusty organization of raunchy men looking for the SERIES good things in life. Join us and lecher self go. AMITTEE
	A IMO	COMW	MASS. DEBATE MASS. DEBATE MASS. DEBATE D. F. Nolan, MASS. DEBATE SOCIETY	EILM S

R		iny ists ists ore	of	se- the to	no no
	Zoomer Squadron takes off.	Needless to say, Voo Doo is an incredibly funny humor magazine, featuring the best of MIT's artists and writers. And naturally, all the money we make goes to "charity", so go back and buy five more copies. And tip the salesman. Generously.		Sigma Alpha Pi, the freshman class honorary, se- lects each year the 450-500 men who have been the most outstanding on the left side of the freshman class listing. While there is no physical mark to testify to	election, performance of good deeds and a sober countenance are a sure sign of a SAP. TS. Aunt Bonnie Gerzog, President. Echaipfak. There is no more honor in MIT.
		000 000	ZOOMER SQUADRON	SIGMA ALPHA PI	
PARAPSY- Parapsychoepistemology is a science, although the CHOEPIS- authorities around here won't admit it. It is devoted TEMOLO- to explaining the unexplainable. In other words, it GICAL is a crock. Interest in parapsychoepistemology is RESEARCH world-wide; there are nuts all over the place. GROUP Our aim is to improve our aim. Our drill-master, PERISHING a German exile from Argentina, is very dedicated to RIFLES the military way of life, and has taught us many valuable things. Join us, and learn new expressions, like "Achtung," and "Siegheil."	RACKET Dedicated to getting it up there, we are currently RESEARCH working on improving our tools so as to achieve SOCIETY 200 pounds of thrust.	SOCIALIST We advocate socialism, and service – your service SERVICE to us. We plot to overthrow law and order, and COMMITTEE fight with the Young Republicans, Young Demo- crats, and Young Americans for Freedom. Some- times we infiltrate the Civil Riots Committee and pass out subversive literature in Building 10. Join	us and become draft-exempt. TANGERINE Our "unusual" literary magazine appeels to the fruitier side of the MIT bunch, with pungent articles bearing the seeds of culture to the harren soil of	WIT. YEARBOOK MIT has a technique. So do all other colleges. Our technique is different; it is called the "royal screw".	THE RECH This miserable rag is hardly worth reading, let alone working on. Our motto is "Yesterday's news to- morrow." Distributed weekly in your nearest Springfield Oval dispenser.

And exceedingly stupid. The typical B.O. girl has often been compared to a rhinoceros - fast, but ugly, with prominent horns.	SLUMMONS The Slummons campus is abundant in mild-manner- COLLEGE ed, conservative, upper-middleclass virgins. The girls love mixers, love Techmen, love each other, and have clean white teeth. They love their mothers, are kind to small animals, and go to Church on Sundays.	WEALTHLEY Wealthley girls love to ride horses, play polo, dress COLLEGE well, attend the theatre, and marry Harvies. But don't be discouraged; since they are located out in Brisbane, Utah, a convenient nineteen-hour drive from MIT, they never see any men and hence are horny.	CAUNDLER This two-year sexatarial school has, without a doubt, JUNIOR the ugliest, stupidest, most spoiled collection of girls COLLEGE in the known Universe. They are for the most part high-school dropouts whose wealthy parents have sent them to Boston to catch a husband. If you see one approaching, run for your life.	MI. FIDA No bunch of dogs here. Known for their interest in JUNIOR rowing, Mt. Fida girls have earned for their school COLLEGE the nickname of "oarhouse on the hill," and are re- puted to be among the fastest at their chosen sport of crewing.	M.I.T. Contrary to popular opinion, there are girls at MIT. They can be distinguished from the boys by the fact that they shave.
GIRLS' SCHOOLS IN THE BOSTON AREA.			"Why Dave, what a lovely set of cans you have." Uncle Davy and Uncle Bobby would now like to further edify you "frosh" by giving you the "hot poop" on some of the "girl" schools" around here. Oinkoinkoinkoinkoinki.	ROTCLIFFE Illegitimate offspring of Haahvaahrd, Rotcliffe, COLLEGE sometimes called the "Cliff" or the "Rot," abounds with pseudo-sophisticates, would-be folksingers, and girls with lots of culture (mostly bacterial). Rot- cliffe's mixers, or "Jelly-Ups" as they are sometimes called, are definitely "in" for the MIT group.	BOSTON B.O. is populated solely by jocks. The girls are, al-OMNIVARSITY most without exception, short, fat, large, and ugly.

9



RESTAURANTS

Boston boasts more good food than it really has, and eating out can be as many different experiences as you like. The following list eats it.

- Virgin Park (30 Noparking St.) At 11:30 on Saturday morning, perhaps the wisest move a Techman can make is to go back to bed, because Virgin Park will be crowded as hell. Specializing in long lines, ugly short-tempered waitresses, heavy water pitchers, Virgin Park brings a bouquet of greatness waffing over the Boston skyline, so go eat there.
- **Or Elsie's** (71 Mount Aspirin St.) is the home of the renounced roast grief special (50 burps). A photograph of Elsie being hanged appeared at the New York World's Fair. So if you're in the mood for battling your way to the ridiculously small counter, go eat there.
- So if wich shop catering to the upper crust Chewish bourgeoisie. If you can tell the difference between a bagel and a beagle, go eat there witch extends itself in space-time to the limits of the Lagrangian hyperbolic Machiavellian universe. It's Their biggest sand-& Moron's (Calvin Corner, you need a refresser course in sand-Brooklyn) is an expensive sand a Prince of a sandwortch. watches, go eat there. already yet. Toke
 - Slimione's (21 Brooklineandsinker St.) specializes in mastroianni soup, pascetti with grease balls, and of course, that favorite Italian dish, cellabrezzimescaliziscalotpinimussolini with butterscotch sauce. And remember that Italian-a cheese is-a good-a cheese. So go eat there.

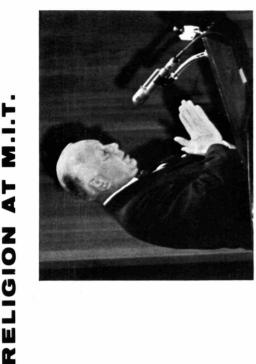
Lobsmell Dining Hall (Student Center, Mass. Ave., Cambridge) is best known for its fine view of Mass. Ave., its soft chairs, and thick wooden tables. Some students have, from time to time, been observed eating there, but this is a privilege reserved only for the rich. Each additional sentence in this paragraph costs us 15 cents. Plus tax.

HISTORY

In 1630 Boston was a lot younger than it is now. It was surrounded by the sea, you see, and had many ships sailing hither and thither. Much of Boston in those days was under water, and by the same token, you can get a ride on the MTA. There were many Pilgrims, Indians, and Puritans scurrying o'er dewy hills 'n' dales. Scurry, Pilgrims, scurry.

Freedom Tale – Go ahead. Take a walk. A long walk. Stare at hordes of incredibly dull historic sites. Start at the Park St. station of the MTA, right where Paul Revere started from. Just keep walkin. Sooner or later your feet'll get tired. Just like cars. They're tired. The route you choose will be a route that chews. And it's all free to the first 100 people who write in.

The Boston Common – was where there were cows before there were people. But modern Bostonians are full of bull. They used to let the cows loose from the Common and wherever they didn't walk, people built houses. This accounts for Boston's well-laid-out intersections of today. No moooos is good news. So go eat there.



RELIGION AT ... M.I.T.

We at MIT are very religious. God, are we religious. And religion has been given a more prominent place at MIT this year – namely the old activities' offices in Walker. Besides fulfilling the fundamental role of spiritually developing the massless minds of the mindless mass of students at Tech, religion also functions as a stepping-stone to the socio-ethical, religio-moral, cheerio-cereal stratus of the psycho-cultural foundation of the school.

The home of religion at MIT is, naturally enough, the Chapel. The Chapel provides a place for quiet or silent meditation. But meditation must have an object; and an object must have a subject, which brings us to the subject of the Chapel moat, whose glistening water sparkles effervescently in the afternoon sunlight. Originally built to breed eels for the biology department, the moat took on a new meaning when the Chapel was built in the middle of it. It now serves as the sumbol of the socio-ethical, religio-moral, radio-serial isolation separating man from the Universe. Amen. It was a foggy morning, and the fishing smacks off Gloucester nosed their way out of the harbor. Suddenly a sailor in one hailed another: "Hello, John, I have news for ye."

"What is it?"

- "Wife had a baby, a boy."
- "What'd he weigh?" the other voice called.
- "Four pounds," came the reply, through the fog.

"Hell, you hardly got your bait back !"

(gab)

It was quite a swanky bar in the best part of town. The new arrival ordered a bottle of beer. Paying with a dollar bill, he was surprised when the young bartender gave him ninety cents change. When questioned about it, the bartender said that a dime was all he was charging.

The customer being rather hungry, and pleased with the apparent low prices of the place, ordered a ham and cheese sandwich on rye. "That'll be fifteen cents," said the barkeep. The customer's eyes widened — "I can't understand it. How can you sell stuff so low?" he asked.

"Listen, buddy," said the bartender, "I just work here. I'm not the boss. He's upstairs with my wife and I'm doing the same thing to him down here."



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65 Mass. Ave.

Corner of Commonwealth

Finest lines of Prescriptions, Cosmetics, and School Supplies

 $\mathbf{KEnmore} \begin{cases} \mathbf{6-0222} \\ \mathbf{6-0223} \end{cases}$

Free Prompt Delivery From 1 P.M. to 10 P.M. Daily

FENNELL & CO., INC. 59 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.

(Corner Mass. and Commwith Aves.) Boston, Massachusetts

Purveyors of fine Wines & Liguors since 1878

A chap who worked as a Fuller Brush salesman tells this tale. One day he knocked at the door of a suburban house and a little girl came out.

"Is your mother engaged ?" he asked pleasantly. "Engaged, engaged in what?" the mop answered.



Daughter: "I took Charlie into the loving room last night, and -"

Mother: "That's 'living' dear." Daughter: "You're telling me!"

"Why yes," said the professor, "at an early age I was told about the birds and the bees and I feel it had a great effect on my life."

"How?"

"Until I was twenty, I went out with sparrows."

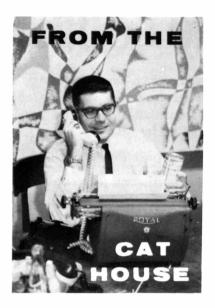


And then there is the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to the bank, was asked to endorse his check, and wrote: "I heartily endorse this check."

THE VOO DOO COUPON COUP

The discount credit card is the newest member of that family of gimmicks which save you money on things you would never buy in the first place. However, as a service to the new freshmen, VOO DOO has prepared its own special peachy-keen discount cards which allow one to save green stuff on the many goods, bads and indifferents available in the Boston area. (This offer void where prohibited by loss.)





LEADER

Every word of the following account is absolutely true.

OF THE

It is about people who are not in the Pepsi generation.

LAUNDROMAT

There's a laundromat somewhere on Shirley Ave. out in Revere Beach. There's a machine that vends bottles of Coca Cola in that laundromat. And on the wall, over the machine, there's an ad for Coca Cola. I *wanted* that ad.

The ad is made out of cardboard. It is about 3 feet long and a foot and a half high. It is a full-color photograph of a handsome young man trying to help a young lady to her feet, after the young lady had taken a spill on roller skates. She is sitting on the floor hoping that the young man will offer her a Coke as soon as possible. Well, anyway, you have to see it to really appreciate the thing.

14 As I stared at this ad, I

glanced around to see who was in charge of this laundromat, but nobody was in sight except an overweight teenage girl doing the family wash, which, I must say did not surprise me at all, since what would one expect her to be doing in a laundromat? My very first inclination was to steal the sign, just the cardboard out of its metal frame. But, alas, no kleptowashiac am I, or, perhaps more accurately, I'm just plain chicken, so I decided to ask somebody if I could have it.

At this point a little old man with glasses, wearing one of those things around his waist that holds lots of change, and probably also a couple of banana peels and gum wrappers, sauntered in and began checking out the washers and dryers, and picking up an occasional stray sock. Years at MIT have taught me to recognize authority when I see it, and thus I concluded that this man was indeed in charge of the laundromat.

"Sir," I said to him, approaching gingerly, "I have had my eye on that Coke ad on the wall, and I think it's kind of cool, and I was wondering if I could possibly have it."

He looked at me, as if to say, "He has asked me for something," but the elderly fellow didn't know what I was asking for.

"The Coca Cola ad – over the vending machine – I wonder if I could have the cardboard with the picture of the girl on roller skates."

He looked at me again, then glanced over at the ad, then back at me again. All this took about ten seconds. Then he spoke for the first time. "It stays right where it is," he said.

"But sir," I insisted, "when the Coke man comes today or tomorrow to refill the vending machine, he'll surely have another copy of that ad, or another one — they have hundreds of them — he won't mind at all, I'm sure."

"It stays right where it is," he repeated. I think I went on talking, but it didn't matter, for this Bostonian was no longer listening. During the entire conversation, he said exactly 24 words, twelve of which I have related above. The other twelve were: "It stays right where it is. It stays right where it is."

I walked out of that laundromat, wistfully eyeing that pert princess being offered a bottle of Coke by a would-be suitor.

Upon discussing this bizarre incident with a quick-thinking friend a few days later, there evolved the conclusion that this was indeed an exercise in human nature, and that I didn't handle this elderly gentleman correctly at all.

"You must go in there and tell him that you are an artist by profession, that you want to use that ad in an exhibition of pop art, that you will be glad to give his laundromat official credit, and that you are sure he will be kind enough to give you the ad. It can't fail."

For some strange reason, I found myself back in this laundromat about a month later. I breathed a sigh of relief. The sign was still there. I looked around for the little old man, but there was nobody in the store except four young men with red, yellow, green, and blue hair, respectively (they were an avant-garde rock 'n' roll group called The Rainbows, although perhaps they might have called themselves the Four Hues), drinking Coke, and an elderly lady checking out the washers and driers. *She* was apparently in charge that day.

"Madam," I said *extremely* gingerly, as I strode up to her with my lie well-rehearsed, "I am an artist by profession..." I told her a lengthy story, even more elaborate than my articulate friend had outlined.

She glanced over at the sign. Her mind sounded like a washing machine as it ground out a reply. She said, "If it were up to me, I would gladly give it to you, but you'll have to ask my husband."

Her husband! Oh, no, the gentleman with the six-word vocabulary! At least 10 more minutes of insisting had her wavering on this point, but in the end, I walked out again without the sign, having no time to wait until her husband got back. To make matters worse, a little girl outside the door, where a crowd had gathered, asked me for my autograph even though my hair was brown. I said, "Thank you, but I'm afraid I'm not one of *them.*"

I have just written a letter to the Coca Cola Company outlining this sad state of affairs, and requesting a copy of the ad. Will the man who reads the letter rise to the occasion, and be able to handle a situation which is at least an inch off the beaten track that he's used to ? Or will he stay right where he is ?

– Charles Deber



Boston's First & Only Banjo Au-Go-Go Room(2 Bands) Dancing Tues. Wed. Thurs. to Barry & The Remains Also Singing with Banjo Band Friday, Saturday & Sunday (Sunday Happy Hour 7–8 P.M.)









"Mr. Oak, you are a wise old man, can you tell me whether I am a son of a beech or a son of a birch?" The old oak looked down at the little tree with great sorrow and said, "I am sorry that I can't tell you whether you are a son of a beech or a son of a birch, but there is one thing I can tell you your mother was the finest piece of ash in this neck of the woods."

A Boston policeman waved a lady motorist over to the curb and complained, "Madam, why have you no red light on the rear of your car?" "Officer," she answered angrily, "it is not that kind of a car."

1

If the local drug stores have been wondering at the increase in Clearasil sales — The freshmen at East Campus have contracted bronchial acne from the Brigham factory air.

Do you think you cadaver commit necrophilia?

Did you hear about the guy who took his girl up to his room to show her his *Technique* but gave her *VD* instead?

L.

A woman sat in my waiting room, watching a 3year-old child while she talked to the mother. The child sat very quietly, and finally the woman turned to him.

"My," she said beaming fondly, "I wish I had a little boy like you."

"Well," countered the child, "why don't you get pregnant?"

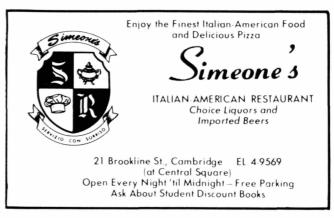


This party at a Columbia fraternity house was moving along smoothly with the lights turned low and the hi-fi tuned down. The sophomore noticed a female alone in a corner so he slowly crept up on her, embraced her and kissed her before she could make a move.

"What nerve," the girl muttered. "How dare you!"

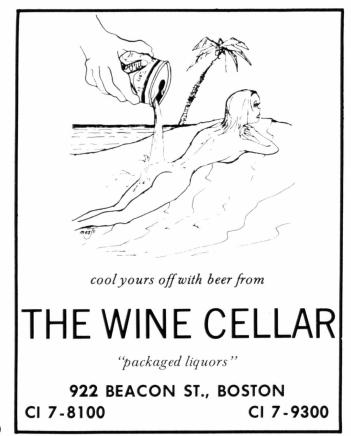
"Excuse me," said the sophomore, "I thought you were my sister."

"You lunkhead," she snarled back, "I am your sister !"









A beautiful Hollywood model was upbraiding her young brother because he was continually in debt. "Look at how well I'm doing," she protested. "Why can't you follow my example?" "You don't seem to understand, Sis," he said, "that it's just what's making you rich that's making me poor!"



Don: "Do you know what good clean fun is?" Lynn: "No, what good is it?"

Ś

Meyer rushed up to Jake in consternation. "I hear you are going to marry Becky Goldberg," he said. "Don't do it. Everybody in Yonkers has had her."

"Well," said his friend, "is Yonkers such a big city?"

Two clergymen had churches on opposite sides of a small village. Each resided within the confines of the other's parish, and, to reach their respective churches, they rode bicycles. On Sunday morning, after services, they met at their favorite spot on the hill in the center of the village to speak to one another.

But on a certain Sunday, one of them came along, walking up the hill. The other asked:

"What happened to your bicycle?"

"I'm not sure — but I'm afraid one of my parishioners stole it from me. But I don't know how to discreetly get it back," replied the walking clergyman.

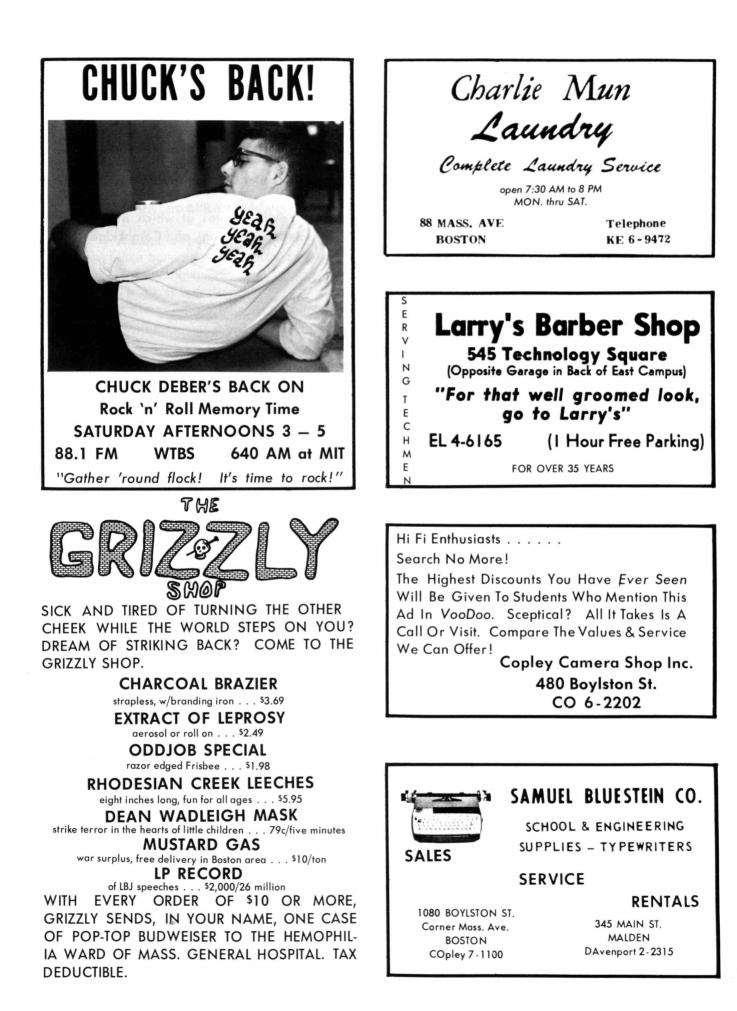
"No problem at all," replied the other. "One of my parishioners stole my bicycle once, and all that I had to do was preach a fire and brimstone sermon the following Sunday. I began going through the Ten Commandments, and when I reached 'Thou shalt not steal,' I boomed out the words and scowled at everyone in the church. The next morning my bicycle was returned."

"That sounds like a fine idea; I think I'll try it," answered the friend, and walked on home.

The following Sunday both met at the top of the hill riding their bicycles.

"How did it go?" asked one. "I see that you have your bicycle back."

"Well," answered the other, "it worked, but not exactly as you had suggested. I started my sermon, glared at the congregation as hard as I could, and began to repeat the Ten Commandments one by one. But when I got to 'Thou shalt not commit adultery', I suddenly remembered where I left my bicycle."



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Sing a song of statics, The Mass. Ave. traffic jam. Sing of one more structure That fills asphalted land. When the jam is total, The corporation finds It has another parking lot for building 69.

Lamb Chop Sticks

Commons had a little lamb. The meat was hard to find. And every time a student ate Some lamb was left behind. (repeat till used up)

Reflections on Ice Breaking

(with apologies to Ogden Nash)

Modesty's calmer. But obscenity's warmer.

Weather or Not

Freshman showers Mean first quiz hours.

Hickory Dickory Dock A relativistic clock. A rhyme which we see At velocity v Begins merely, "Hickory Dock."

NOOSERY RHYMES

for impressionable wags)

In a Union, There is Strength

(but no office ready yet)

A name is illegal to patent So a building is named after Stratton. The question is why The name now describes A glass and concretinous carton.* * In Bostonian, this rhymes.

Heads or Cocktails?

Liquory daiquiri glug My roommate's on the rug The glasses clink, Another drink Burma shave.

To arms! The red coeds are coming!

Georgie Porgie, fairly high, Kissed the girls and made them sigh. But when the Coeds came to play Georgie Porgie ran away.

Little Miss Porker, sat down in Walker Drinking her curdled whey. It^{was} a tough test But the "food" got the best And carried Miss Porker away.

> Ken be virile, Ken be fine Ken use the famous "riot line"

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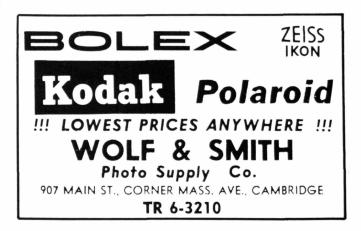
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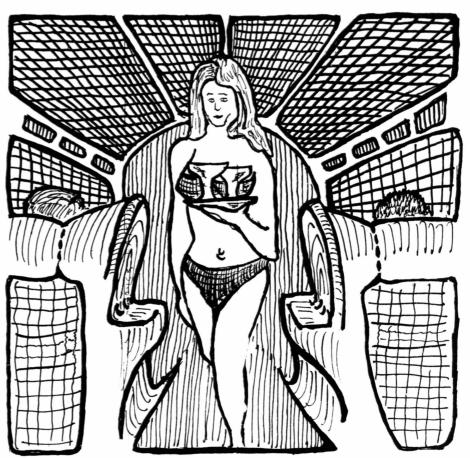
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Sigma Alpha Pi

FRESHMANHONORARYFRATERNITY77 Massachusetts AvenueM.I.T.TauSigmaChapterCambridge, Mass. 02139

A funny thing seems to have happened to some of the freshmen on their way to Tech this year. It seems some dastardly crew promulgated a hoax upon them, and were it not for a certain Dean, they might have been thoroughly led astray.

No doubt you are familiar with the Evil Deed in question — Sigma Alpha Pi.

A highly select group of 500 freshmen was chosen (at random, naturally) as subjects. In mid-August, each of the lucky freshmen received a letter, printed on the impressive stationery reproduced at the top of this page. The letter said, in effect, that said freshmen had been elected to membership in S.A.P. and . . . Based on your record of high school achievement and the qualities . . . you have manifested . . . your acceptance into Sigma Alpha Pi represents your acknowledged place as one of the future leaders of the class of 1969" They were further informed that there would be a formal induction September 21 at 5:00 in 10-250, and that they should fill out the enclosed questionnaire and return it to Joseph Berres at the address given (which brings us to another pertinent question: Who is Joe Berres? Hoo-hah!) Among the society traditions they were to observe was (1) not to discuss this with anyone, and (2) to wear a mobius strip attached to the breast pocket at the induction ". . . as a symbol of continuity and scientific curiosity"

Enclosed was a card to remind them of the induction (they were to bring it along), and a questionnaire, alluded to above. The questionnaire asked for such trivia as name, address, birthdate and all the other incomprehensible garbage they ask for on every goddam form you fill out at Tech. There was also an essay question and some space to write an answer. More of that later.

Well sir, the response was truly warming to our black little hearts. Of the 500 frosh contacted, 343 responded. Many were quite carried away with deserved pride; letters came back air mail special delivery; parents wrote special notes of gratitude; at least two aunts wrote specially to Joe Berres to bless him; several hometown newspapers we know of carried the story; alumni whose sons made SAP phoned the deans to thank them for this innovation at Tech. And 326 freshmen wrote how honored they were.

326? What, pray tell, happened to the other 17 respondees? Well, two turned down the honor for personal reasons (there's some in every crowd), and 15 saw through the thing.

In general, the 15 who caught on wrote humorous answers to the questionnaire. In many cases, also dirty answers. It seems that the best question was "Basis of Admission to MIT." Answers ranged from "bribed admissions officer", and "mistake" through "my charming personality", "luck", and "Capacity to hold liquor" to "I must be doing something right!" Best answers under "dates" (of military service) were "generally willing" and "Thursday". The only noteworthy answer under "citizenship" was "poor".

Among the photos sent by the Favored Fifteen (we asked for a recent photo to be included) were 3 Alfred E. Neumans, an Everett Dirksen, an ape, and a drawing Xeroxed from *VooDoo*. Some also sent letters telling us they caught on, as "Dear SAP,/ T.S." or the guy who said he couldn't attend the initiation because ". . . I have a previous engagement to attend a briefing with the Beta Sigma chapter of Rho Omicron Tau"

Then there were the answers to the essay "What value do you think an honorary nonprofessional organization could be to you in the present and future plans?" Among them: "It depends on the size of the medal it gives." "Vanity of Vanities . . ." "I don't really think that I'm a sap, but I guess that's just TS for me!!! By becoming a member of an honorary nonprofessional organization in one's freshman year, one starts college off on the right foot. The honor gives the confidence needed to do well" ". . . It isn't often that a boy can be blessed with the opportunity of joining the Tau Sigma chapter of . . . Sigma Alpha Pi" and "As an MIT man, I believe that this organization and a roll of toilet paper"

"One would think that the nature of your question would concern the benefits that an honorary nonprofessional organization could provide for the Institute rather than the benefits for oneself. Yet con-

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OPPOSITE THE PRUDENTIAL

sidering the second question rather than the first, one might say that an organization of this nature could provide its members with a feeling of pride and self-confidence and a desire to continue displaying "the qualities of leadership, scholarship, and integrity" which were learned and developed during their years prior to enrollment at the Institute; for recognition of one's achievements by others most certainly is a source of inspiration to achieve higher goals. On the other hand, though, an "organization" which wants to "have some fun" at the expense of some SAPs who are experiencing a time so marked by many apprehensions and worries is certainly one whose membership does little credit to the institute which they attend, but rather presents a picture of a highly cynical group of people who find a great amount of enjoyment in taking advantage of others who have some conspicuous defect in their personage over which they are powerless. I personally would find very little value in associating with such an "organization" and would decline an invitation of being made a sap by a group of SAPs.

The previously stated implications are strongly put; and if they are true, I remain adamant in my views. If not, then I extend to you my humblest apologies."



S.A.P.s

"This question posed an insurmountable barrier until I had reread your vivid description of this organization in the letter enclosed with this form and discovered that my pet wire-haired terrier had also been so honored. From talking with Maximilit (my dog), I discovered that until we had joined your society he had been a failure in life. He had always been mistaken for one of God's feline creations, but after receiving his due recognition from your society rose to immediate success. He now lives in a 34room mansion, has all his business transacted by his personal secretary (who also happens to be his chef), and was recently named to the President's Council on Physical Fitness. Since these accomplishments coincide quite formidably with the goals I had already set for myself, I view your society as the only plausible means to the ends I seek from life, among them being a doctorate in my chosen field. Beyond any shadow of a doubt, your society will, to coin a phrase, enable me to go a long way.

"As Browning so brilliantly states it in Andrea Del Sardo:

'Ah, but a man's breaches, should exceed his ass, or what's a haven for?'

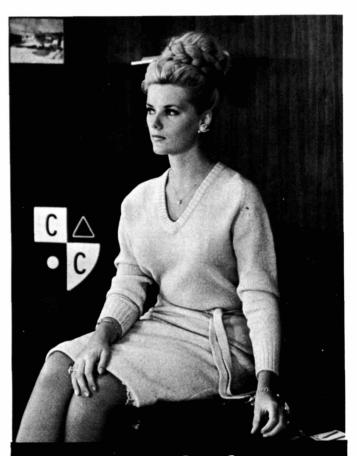
"But the die has been cast, so let us part then, you and I, when the evening is spread out against the sky! like a freshman etherized upon a table; Let us $go \ldots$

"P.S. My cup runneth over with sap, so tough *** to you if you get stuck."

Now for the good part; the replies sent by the 328 who fell hook, line, and sinker. Now, mind you, these replies are in dead earnest, and we haven't fudged the quotes at all. Honest! These are the actual words of the class of 1969.

Naturally, most of the questions had straightforward answers, and the pictures, while humorous, are best not printed. A few exceptions: "Date of Birth," for one freshman, was St. Louis. Surprisingly enough, only four wrote dates in 1965. For "Citizenship", several were generalized "Americans", several replied "yes", and one replied "Houston, Tex." In the space for "Basis of Admission" several put question marks, one told how MIT was the best school, and at least 100 told how superlative they had been in high school.

Some also sent requests, mostly to forgive late replies. Five were wise enough to request further information. And then there were the following two letters:



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"I am not quite clear on the definition of "formal" induction. If it means a tux, I am afraid that, since I do not own one and cannot discuss this with anyone who might know where to rent one, I may not be able to attend."

And, of course, there were the answers to the essay on the value of SAP. The vast majority wrote some truck about valuable associations, and how great it will look on job applications. But some wrote it more charmingly than others. Here are some excerpts from various replies:

"I feel that it would be to my advantage . . . so as to have associations with the leaders of my class and friendships gained would be valuable" ". . . providing a chance to meet other people who are somewhat similar, and giving these people something in common."

"Membership in 'varied' organization tend to increase personal and professional stature" (sic) (Sick).

"... help me become more than a name in a classroom, more than the pseudo-student who does nothing but eat, sleep, and study ... I will be very proud to say that I am a member of Sigma Alpha Pi."

"An honorary nonprofessional organization could be of value to me in developing my interest in cybernetics, *i.e.* problems concerning communication and feedback in animals and machines"

"It gives the individual an opportunity to meet people with whom he may wish to know after graduation"

"... a society for a group of piers (sic)...." "In an honorary ... you learn to become one of the group. Our world is too large to stay apart"

 $\hdowname{``}.$. It reminds one of how past doubts have been

overcome by courage, determination, and plain hard work $\ref{eq:started}$

"Don't know. Don't really know what it is."

"... Better confidence usually means better success"

"... Association with the bias of other fields makes possible the free use of seemingly unrelated analogies which is of great value in the creative process."

"... an acknowledgment of my superiority, and therefore helpful in seeking future positions." (!) "... I believe a leader, because of his vision, has an overwhelming responsibility not to be praised by his fellow man for his God-given talents, but to be his servant"

"... if my image of this organization fits yours, I should be proud to become one of you ... (One question: The letters of your fraternity spell 'SAP'. This can't be mere coincidence, can it? ...)"

"Thank you for the invitation to join Sigma Alpha Pi but, for personal reasons I do not wish to join this honorary fraternity."

"... Therefore, it is important that one should belong to a nonprofessional honorary organization \ldots ."

"The values of an honorary organization in relation to myself as an incoming freshman lie in the very connotations of the words 'honorary' and 'organization'...."

"... would be a splendid preparation for any similar societies made possible by the confidence you have placed on (sic) me."

"... But it is more than an honor, it is a privilege (sic) ... "

"Any association of individuals, whether this is taken to mean casual personal acquaintance or national government, can be regarded as a necessary evil or one of the greatest goods . . . that man should rise higher through culture than through the evolution it replaced. In the first case the purpose of human associations . . . is supposed to be security . . . An honorary organization necessarily involves the first purpose"



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		issues					
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". . . It also acts as a goal, so that I may set high standards, and be rewarded, for achievement, by being included in the group."

"... could provide the initiative for its members to become not only the social and academic leader of the class of '69, but of the world."

"... one's membership may remind him that a considered activity (sic) is not one which he can justifiably participate in. As a reward, the recognition one's membership bestows may open otherwise unaccessible (sic) avenues of success to the sincere, responsible member. Indeed. Initiation into ... Sigma Alpha Pi is a possible harbinger of good fortune."

"... You, in selecting me, have recognized a potential for leadership \ldots ."

"... It would be an honor to associate and serve with those in Sigma Alpha Pi (especially the Tau Sigma chapter) and to be recognized"

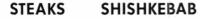
"... My conscience will continually be burdened with the sense of responsibility which I feel has devolved upon me as a result of the election to such an organization ... Again, I will have added incentive to continually reach higher and higher for the stars, which are the sumbols of beauty and truth in life on earth."

"... If I can show various people who will be interested in my graduate work that I am thought of rather highly by my associates, they will certainly be willing to extend themselves for my sake"

"The greatest value of such an organization would lie in brotherhood and a greater loyalty. The manifestation in the most practical terms is the ability each member will have to see others facing the same problems and to work out collective solutions.

"But the most important manifestation lies closer to the original abstract. It might be called an awareness of a common binding force that is greater than the combined diversity of the members. For the unconsuming power of any organization founded on abstracts is that the members can only gain through it. For even when they give of their knowledge or express their leadership or by their integrity inspire others, they enhance their own qualities and surrender nothing away from themselves, though all there gain by the expression. This is the ultimate strength of any abstract that draws bits of mankind

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together. Simultaneously the man becomes a part of the cause and the cause a part of the man, both gaining.

"It is in the abstract that we can see through the choking confusion of the now imperative specialization that threatens the totality of scope of the human being. This awareness of the intricacies of each individual field and the value of each person's own field to the entire concept and the utter worthlessness without the concept, as science most probably, most beautifully, and precisely expresses through all the nuances of structure, individuality, and blending, is a part of the fraternity of those connected with science. Ideally this awareness can be expanded to the broader scale of what might loosely be called the fraternity of mankind superseding the specialization of nationality, occupation, religion and a thousand other forces. These forces are not simply and purely devisive forces that must be destroyed but necessary and individualistic qualities the devisive overtones of which must be controlled or overruled by a greater loyalty, as I see it. Hopefully following the example of science this broader theme shall emerge, lest there is submission of every individual into a mere replaceable clog with no unique value of its own.'

"... Although I do not believe the next statement to be necessary, I am inserting it to insure the safety of my R.O.T.C. Scholarship ... I do not wish to become affiliated with any group which seeks to deprive any United States citizen of his Constitutional rights; which seeks to discriminate against any United States citizen because of his race, color, or creed; which advocates the change or overthrow of the Government of the United States of America through any but Constitutional means, or which seeks to aid any foreign power or dignitary in the propagation of any doctrine which is contrary to the Constitution of the United States of America."

End of article 🕇

Two Jokes 👃

At a fancy State Department party in Washington, the butler announced, "Dyu Yew Ngo, the Prime Minister of Kalifranistan." A voice in the back of the room yelled, "No, but hum a few bars of it and I'll fake it."

A critic and a famous Shakespearean actor were discussing the works of the bard, and the critic asked, "Do you know that, according to many interpretations, Shakespeare intended us to believe that Hamlet actually had sexual relations with Gertrude?" The actor replied, "No, but hum a few bars of it and I'll fake it."

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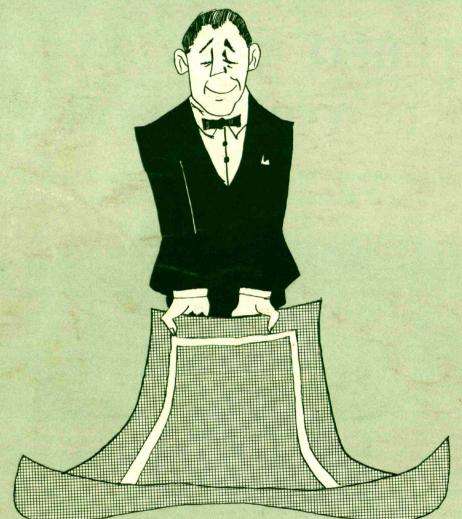
by Dean Johnson '67, Joe Hall '67, Randy Haviland '66 Paul Manners '67, John Kronenberger '66



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