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VOODOO

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RADIATION



HAZARD

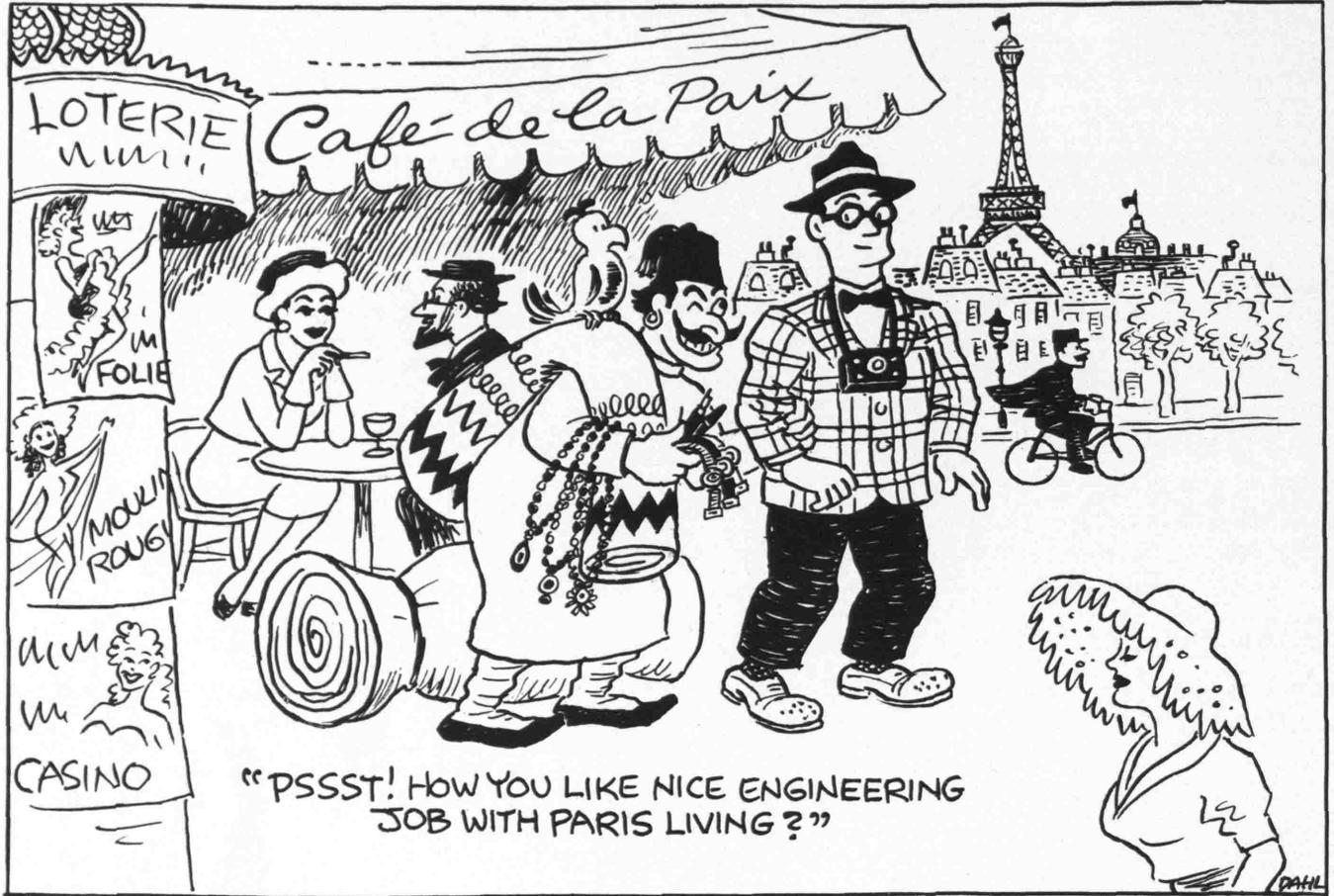
Vol 40 No 6 Apr 57

APRIL

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EH, SPORT?

by dahl



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Many editors, before laying down their pen for the final time, find it enjoyable to reminisce over times past. This we cannot do for these few words would not suffice to recount the comradery we have here enjoyed.

Ralph would tell you of the Atom Bomb in the Great Court, of Stella, Voo Doo's female nemesis, and a certain "way of life." Harry would recall the countless late nights spent putting the issue together, the midnight oil burned low, the ice box emptied. Bill would relive the parties, besting The Tech at beer-baseball, and the creative sessions. Alan would speak of the men, those we associated and worked with, our friends all; the experience gained and, after each issue, the feeling of a job well done.

And all of us combined would wish the new board and its new office all the success in the world! Phos, good luck old cat! To Voo Doo and Woopgaroo be true!

Now that is what sentimental editors might say in their final blast; but, we are "whole men" and above all that!

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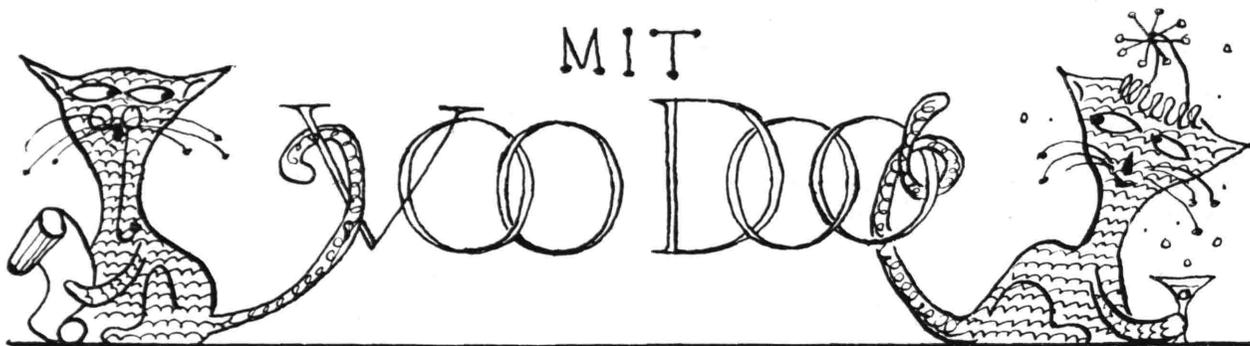
All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

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Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

This month's cover by Dick Wachsmann





In the first 8.07 lecture of the semester, the lecturer took time out to arrange the recitation hours. After polling the assemblage to determine who was planning to come when, he decided that it would be a good idea to disband the Thursday eleven to twelve section. He then asked for a show of hands to indicate which of the people originally scheduled for the Thursday eleven to twelve section would come to the Tuesday eleven to twelve section. Several hands were raised. He then asked which people could make the Tuesday two to three section, and received another show of hands. Finally, a satisfied smile on his lips after a good job well done, he declared, "I guess everyone can make one of the Tuesday sections?" One hand was raised. "You can't make the Tuesday eleven to twelve section," the lecturer asked.

"No."

"And you can't make the Tuesday two to three section?"

"Well I could; but it breaks up the afternoon."

We overheard a comment the other day which we trust is in no way typical of the local psychological state. It went, more or less, "I just saw a great movie; it was cynical, sarcastic, pessimistic, and

morbid; it left me with a rosy glow."

A friend of ours from Baker house bounced down stairs one fine morning, filled to the brim with delight at the new day. As he happily started toward his classes, he began to open his morning's mail. His spirits were slightly damped when he saw that he had received a parking ticket, but with an easy-come-easy-go shrug he put it entirely out of his mind until about two hours later when he realized that he doesn't own a car.

We understand that there was a bit of excitement at Mount Ida the other night. In one of the dorms, a house mother thought she heard a prowler and called the local police. In due time they arrived and tramped around the grounds for a while. Unfortunately, the tramping awakened several girls who immediately, and with instinctive conceit, concluded that a troop of peeping Toms were afoot; the girls then called up the State Police who rushed to the scene and rounded up the local constabulary already present. We wonder whether they held a short seminar on criminology or rushed to the nearest place where they could all lift a beer together.

We understand that one of our graduate physicists happened to spill some mercury on the pride of his MIT career, his class ring. Quickly applying his scientific knowledge, he tried to forestall the amalgamation of his gold ring by dipping it in nitric acid, but this, he felt, was too slow. We hear that he is still trying to clean his ring of gold chloride after trying to speed things up with non-selective aqua regia.

A sweet young secretarial friend of ours from the registrar's office claims that the day after the official bulletin board announced the availability of summer registration material, a clean-cut, red-blooded, Tech youth strode into the office and demanded negative registration material. When she asked him what he meant, she was told that he had already made other plans for the summer and wanted to fill out the necessary forms to announce his intention of not coming to summer school.



A visitor was riding in a taxi in Boston when the driver slowed up a little to miss a pedestrian. Apparently figuring that such unusual courtesy called for an explanation, he turned to his passenger and explained: "If you hit 'em you've gotta fill out a report."



A wealthy Texas oilman cashed a huge personal check which came back from the bank with "INSUFFICIENT FUNDS" stamped across its face.

Beneath the stamped words was the handwritten notation: "Not you.....Us."



Two physics professors give the same lecture in alternate hours. To make sure they both cover the same material they listen to each others lectures. One of these professors, while listening to the other lecture, became influenced by the students seated around him and fell fast asleep.



Tomorrow: Today's greatest labor saving device.

Professor: "If, in going down this incline, I gain four feet per second, what will be my condition after 25 seconds?"

Student: "You'll be a centipede."



Rockabye baby
In the tree top
Better not fall,
It's a helluva drop.



Bob met a wonderful girl in Vermont last summer. He had such a wonderful time that just as soon as he graduates he is going to get a job in Chile.



Who loves not women, wine and song remains a fool his whole life long.



Joe--"It says here that in California last year they grew about 2,449,900 tons of grapes."

Moe--"Drink up, man they're gaining on us."

Two nurses were getting back to the hospital late one evening and as they walked in the front door, they encountered one of the doctors "Oh, doctor, we're sorry we're coming in after hours," said one of the nurses.

"That's all right, girls," said the doctor. "I'm just going out after mine now."



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



If every boy could read the mind of every girl--gas consumption would be cut in half.



Has gooseberries got legs?
No.
Then I just ate a fieldmouse.



Because women have curves, men have angles.



Two roosters were caught in a deluge of rain. One ran for the coop and the other made a duck under the porch.

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The women of Boston University admit that academic pursuits are not the only goals of college. It is necessary to provide entertainment, but, as they are accustomed to the give and take of our modern complex society, dates with them are a wholesome relief from the pseudointellectualism prevalent on so many other campuses. If one does not desire the pointed foils of ivy social climbing, B.U. is the place to rediscover reality.

Wellesley contains a mixture of stereotyped Bermuda-shorted collegians, and mature American women who refuse to be snowed by the decorated vacuum of the martini clad set. Should you be captured by one of the latter, you will be as helpless as the farmer's daughter in the traveling salesman's hand.

In the western part of the state are two girls' schools high on the socially desirable list. As the Smith girls are desirous of high society; one must be a champion of cocktail parties and the associated art of conversation. These girls do not seek to be collegiate; they are collegiate by reputation, inclination, situation, and vocation. Although the campus is echoing with a single cliché, we cannot say all Smithies are identical. There is a violent feud going on between the slickers and the polo coaters.

Mt. Holyoke is simply where the well fed daughters of fine families live in the shadow of Smith. See the section on Wellesley; omit Bermuda, substituting the ivory tower of Amherst.

At Simmons one finds girls who are trying to

get the social life of "Female Ivy League" without the snobbery. These girls want to be collegiate and are, therefore, anxious to partake in all the activities of modern youth. They are well adjusted to the fast living modern world and require a faster living Tech man to better them at their own game.

Most of the girls in junior colleges frankly admit their man-catching intentions. This honesty and sincerity is impressive in contrast to all the evasive reasoning the four year college girls attribute to the same task. Those who prefer a good American girl who will appreciate them, should direct their dating to the junior colleges where the girls' purpose is the compliment of what the family desiring man seeks.

Radcliffe is the little world on the other side of Harvard Square. While in the youth of collegiateness they desire the ivy covered football, but upon maturity recognize the advantages of those who satisfy the requirements of whole men. As two thirds of a whole man is better than an isolated arty half, Cliffe dwellers are learning to appreciate us. However, competence in the unliberal arts of classical academic pursuits is a minimum prerequisite, but those who have it, have it made.

Brandeis, though a coed school, for our purposes, is less coed than the Harvard-Radcliffe combo. As it has none of the ivy covered history desired by many collegians, we find girls of high academic talents untainted by pseudo-intellectualism. Be prepared, however, for a fast talking, quick witted girl who is a match for the best, and prefers techmen. There has been a recent infiltration by a rising country club set, but these are usually tameable.

Clutter your new big black book with bits of stock from these store rooms and try a few from each. One is sure to satisfy.

Harry Flagg, Mike Brenner and Hal Smith filed charges against Voo Doo concerning its "Field Piece" article appearing in the March issue.

The Senior Board of Voo Doo wishes to apologize to the Institute and to any whom it offended for the publication of the article which we now realize to constitute a serious mistake in editorial judgment.



"I opened the hotel room door and saw one of the most beautiful girls that I have ever seen, on the bed."

"What did you do?"

"The only thing I could do---- called the manager and had her thrown out. What would you have done?"

"I would have done the same thing that you did, but I wouldn't lie about it."



A true lover of music is the man who, upon hearing a soprano voice in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.



Bill and Ellen were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest, the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah, me," sighed Bill, "That's what I'd like to do."

"Go ahead," said Ellen, "It's your horse."



Private Andreyovitch rejoined his Russian infantry battalion after a vacation in Moscow. "What is the first thing you did when you saw your Petrushka?" asked his pal, Ivan.

"I won't tell you that," answered Andreyovitch, "but propriety allows me to tell you the second thing I did."

"What was that?" asked Ivan.

"I took off my skis."

hupho!hupho!hupho!hupho!hupho!

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EVERYTHING**

but

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ON ITS BELLY**

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"Paw, tell me how you proposed to maw."

"Well," said Paw, "it was like this, son: we was sittin' on the ground out behind the barn and she leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"Then I whispered 'the hell you are.'"



Divorce--What happens when two people can't stomach each other.



A young fellow once took his dainty grandmother to see the roadshow tour of "Tobacco Road." After the first two profane acts, the little old lady was groping under her seat.

"What's the matter, Grandma?" asked the boy.

"Oh," she said, "I've lost my goddamn program."



Mother's Day--Nine months after Father's Day.



A marine disembarked in San Francisco after two long years in the Far East, and was greeted with appropriate ecstasy by his beautiful young wife. Alone at last in their room at the hotel, they were disturbed by a sudden clamor in the hall, and a cry of "Let me in."

The marine jumped four feet into the air and exclaimed, "I'll bet it's your husband." The beautiful young wife answered angrily, "Don't be silly. He's thousands of miles away somewhere in the Pacific."

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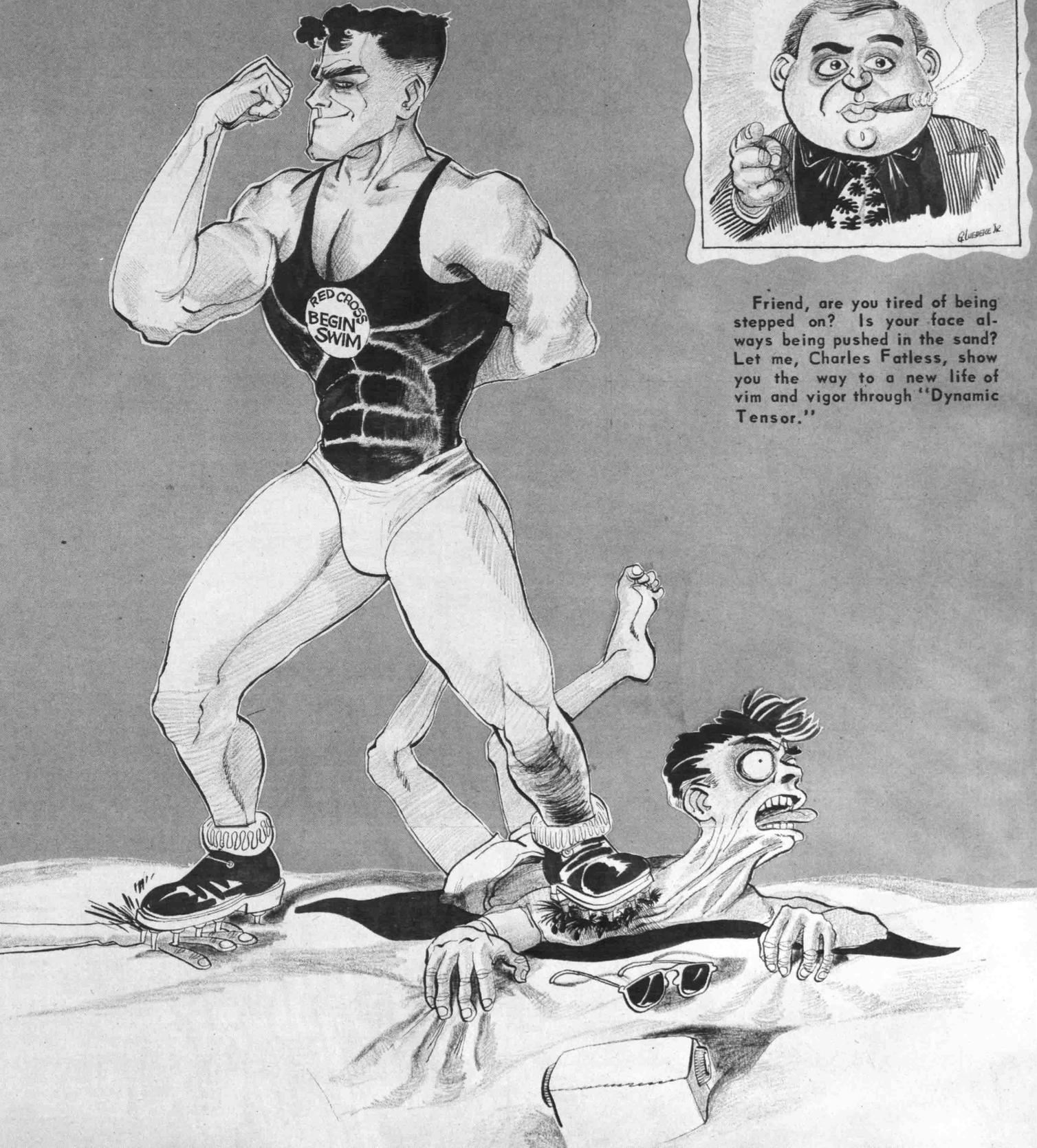
KENDALL SQUARE ROTARY

CHARLES FATLESS

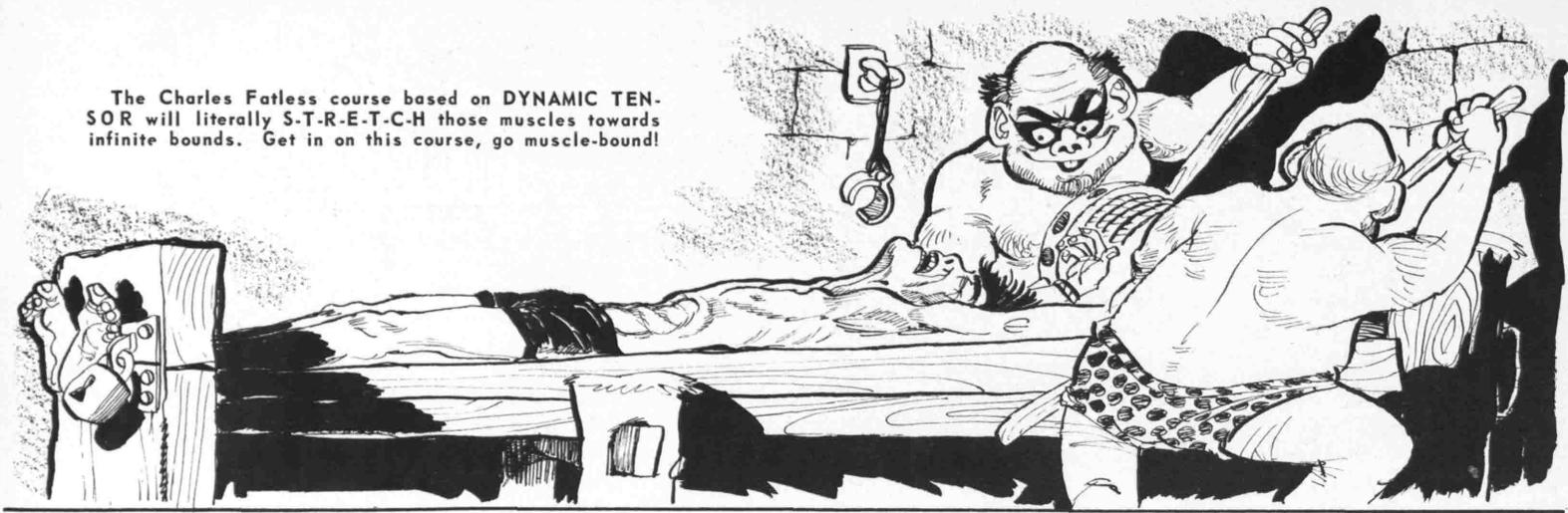
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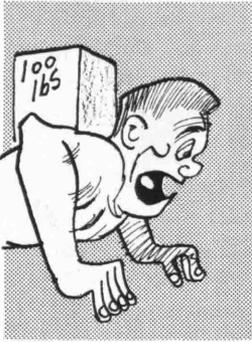
Charles Fatless basic weights and gym equipment kit.

Doubles as a french-fry slicer.

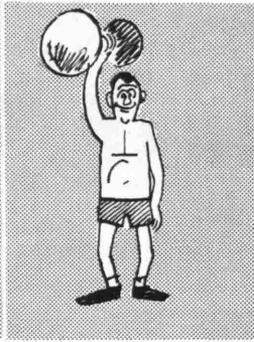
Simple machine based on Dr. Inkhard's theory of static tension. Compute forces on pulleys A and B.

WLO

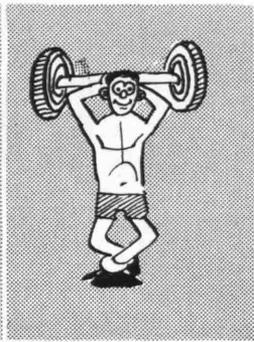
"Here are some of my sample exercises"



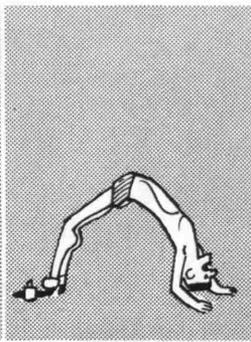
For powerful hands, do this twenty times a day.



For development of Latt and pectoral muscles.



Thigh and abdomen development.

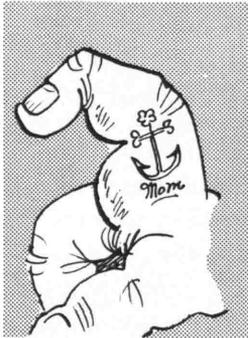


For shoulder and lower back muscles.



For longer and stronger calf muscles.

RESULTS OF THE ABOVE EXERCISES



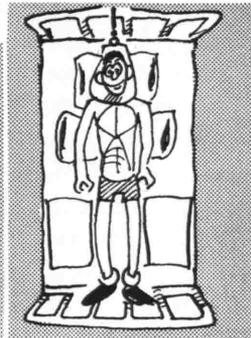
No more writer's cramp.



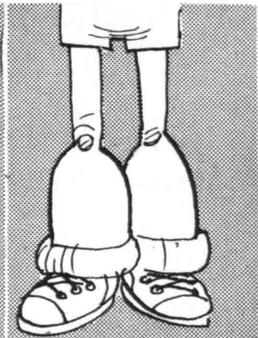
Excellent for cracking walnuts.



Oh well.



Severe spinal dislocation.



You too can look like Popeye.

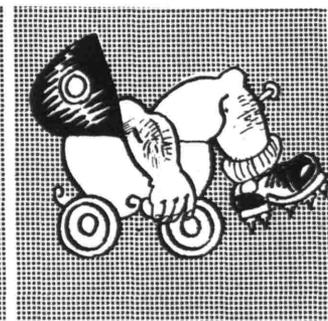
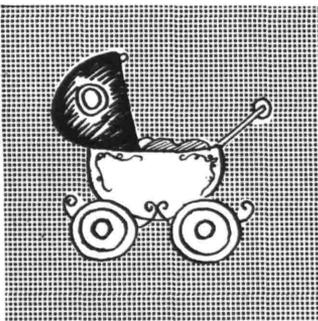
TESTIMONIALS



I used to be a fifty-five pound playmate.



Now look at me!



Once I was a bouncing ten-pound baby, the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Bunyan, Box 32, Montana. Now, thanks to Charles Fatless, I am a 250-pound overgrown slob.



AUNT AGONY

Oedipus, known to the underworld as "Eddie the Cat" (no relation to Phosphorus) got involved with a gun moll and wound up with four children: Eteocles, Polyneices, Aunt Agony, and Ismene. They were raised in the true rock 'n roll spirit, but the two boys each went their separate ways, Eteocles joining the east side mob, known as the "Sloppy Cyclopes", Polyneices joining the west side "Centaur's".

When the gang war season opened the two brothers attacked each other, switch blade in one hand, zip gun in the other. Their motorcycles slammed head on adding two names to the morning obituaries. The black leather jackets were stained with blood but the zippers were salvaged (The battle is known historically as the "Rumble on the Peloponese".)

The head of the syndicate, "Cagey Creon", quietly dumped Polyneices' corpse in the East River so that Eteocles could cop all the glory in the headlines. This idea didn't go over too big with the two sisters, who loved both brothers dearly and felt they should share the publicity equally. Ismene, knowing that messing around with Creon was buying a one way ticket to eternity, was too chicken to squeal, but Aunt Agony was determined to dredge the river. She wasn't afraid of "Cagey Creon" because she had an ace in the hole. Creon's right hand man, Haemon, was stuck on her, and he pushed a lot of weight with the boss.

While snooping around the river Aunt Agony was picked up by a couple of Creon's henchmen and hustled over to the hideout. Normally she would have been bumped off on the spot, but Creon had a soft spot for Haemon's girl so he just slapped her around a little and told her to nose out. Aunt Agony threatened to tip off the press and insisted that she would dredge the river in respect for her brother's honor as a hoodlum. Creon tried to convince her that she was just upset and in a few days would forget the whole thing. He told her to hop over to Zeus' Bar and Grille and drink it off.

Determined to defy the syndicate, Aunt Agony slipped back to the river to search for brother Polyneices' body. But Creon was on his toes. His boys were casing the area and they spotted Aunt Agony's poles and nets. They bopped her on the head and totted her back to Creon.

Creon was furious. "I'll fill you so full of holes you'll look like a sieve!" he stormed.

Aunt Agony rubbed the lump on her head. "Aw, shut up, you old windbag."

With that Creon really popped his cork. He screamed at the top of his lungs. "You'll make a swell cadaver for some medical student!"

A nod to his henchmen and Aunt Agony was dragged to the old quarry. This was the secret bump off spot for enemies of the syndicate. The quarry had been deserted for years, and the buzzards and vultures always conveniently devoured the corpus delecti. Aunt Agony stood bravely as they ventilated her with their tommy guns. Cagey Creon himself was on hand to make sure no one slipped up.

Just as the perforated remains of Aunt Agony were being dropped into the quarry, a big, black limousine (standard syndicate staff car) drove up and Haemon stepped out. He had been unexpectedly paroled and had received a hot tip that his sweetie was being fed to the birds. Upon witnessing Aunt Agony's lifeless body hurtling downward toward the bottom of the quarry, Haemon lunged at Creon. He was quickly snared by henchmen and calmed down with brass knuckles. Realizing his career was at an end, he glared at Creon and grinned.

"You'll get yours." he said dramatically and then wrenched free of his captors, plunging headlong into the quarry to join his beloved in the bellies of the vultures.

There was a long silence. "I wonder what he meant by 'you'll get yours'?" thought Creon.

In answer to his question, four squad cars wailed up to the quarry and the homicide boys took over.

"Cagey Creon" was led away to spend the next ninety-nine years in peaceful meditation and solitude.

"How about going out with me Saturday?"
 "I have a date for Saturday."
 "Then let's make it Sunday."
 "I'm going out Sunday, too."
 "How about Monday?"
 "All right, dammit, I'll go Saturday."



Doctor: "Is the college boy in 312 regaining consciousness?"

Nurse: "Yes, he just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."



The expression "Lover's Leap" has effectively been described as the distance between twin beds.



The lady won the jackpot on the big quiz show, and was so shocked it killed her. The sponsors, though, good sports that they were, kept their word and shipped her body to Bermuda for two weeks.



"Do you want to spoon?"
 "What's spooning?"
 "See that couple over there, that's spooning."
 "Hell, if that's spooning, let's shovel."



"I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."
 "Maybe, you're a bottle of milk."



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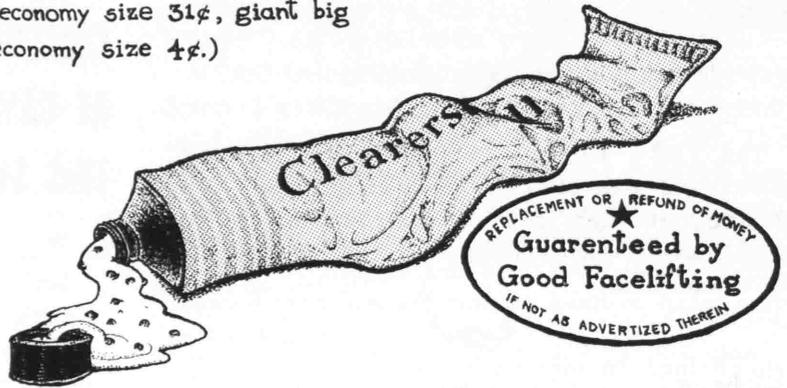
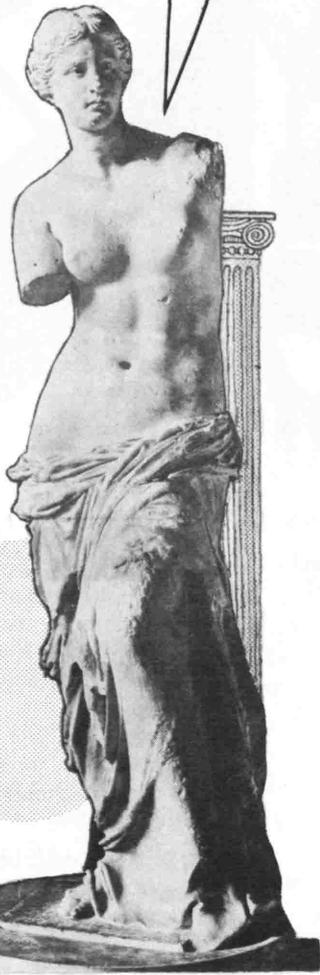
SKIN COLORED... HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS... SO NATURAL THAT NO ONE CAN TELL YOU HAVE IT ON... SO NATURAL THAT IT EVEN HAS FAKE PIMPLES LIBERALLY SPRINKLED THROUGHOUT... SO NATURAL THAT YOU LOOK JUST AS UGLY AFTER YOU USE IT AS BEFORE... SO NATURAL THAT WHO WOULD WANT TO BUY IT?... SO NATURAL... SO WHAT?

"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!" WRITES GREEK SOCIALITE, GLENDORA 'BABY DOLL' BAEDECKER, OF MELOS, GREECE (SEE PHOTO). NOW YOU TOO CAN BE AS FREE FROM PIMPLE WORRIES AS MISS BAEDECKER! IN SKIN SPECIALISTS' TESTS ON 300,000 PATIENTS, 9 OUT OF 10 SPECIALISTS REPORTED THAT AFTER GIVING THE TEST'S, THEY WERE DEFINITELY OLDER*. **CLEARERSTILL** IS GUARANTEED TO WORK FOR YOU AS IT DID FOR THE SPECIALISTS OR MONEY BACK.

*MUCH OLDER

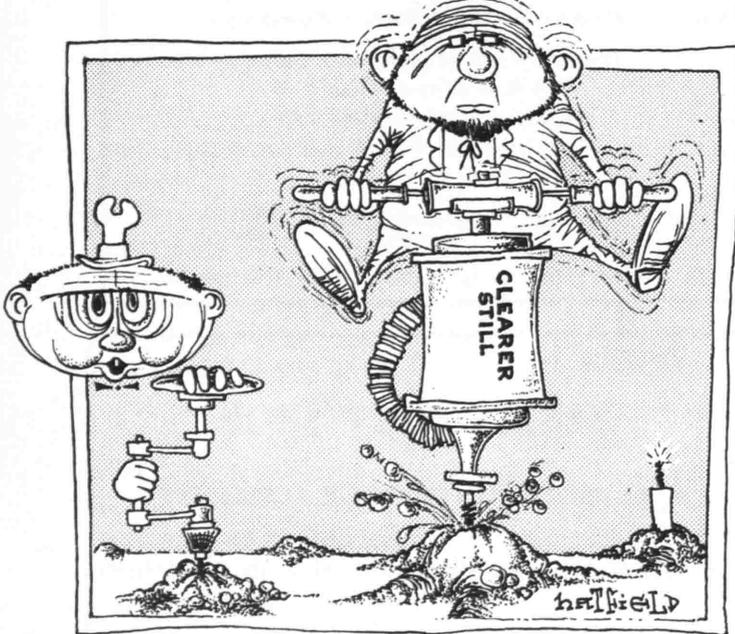
Only 98¢ at all drug counters
(economy size 31¢, giant big economy size 4¢.)

NOTE HOW THIS SIGN CLEVERLY TAKES UP ALMOST ALL THE SPACE IN THIS BOX, THEREBY FILLING UP WHAT WOULD NO DOUBT OTHERWISE BE A BIG GAFING-HOLE IN THE PAGE

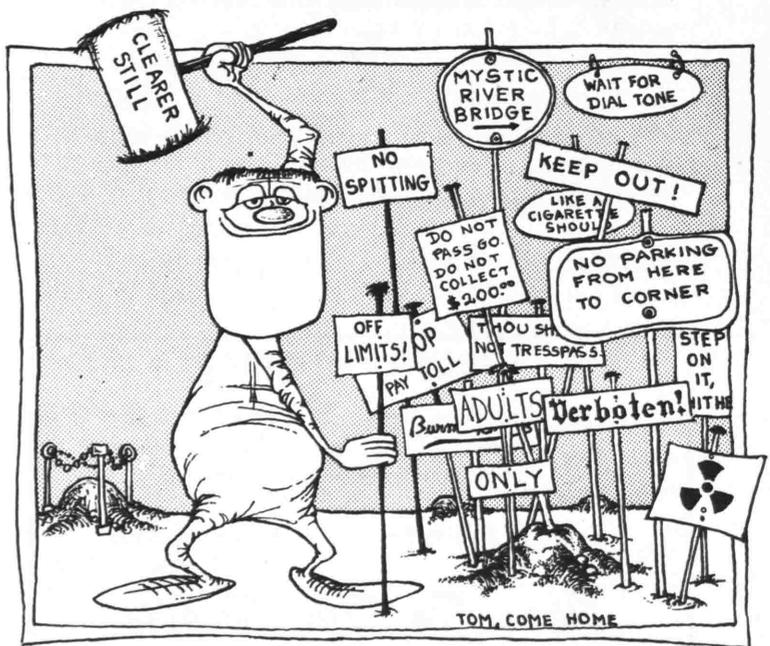


Clearerstill WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR ...

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF SKIN TISSUE ENLARGED 5,000,000,000 1/4 TIMES (THE TISSUE, NOT THE PHOTOS) SHOW HOW!



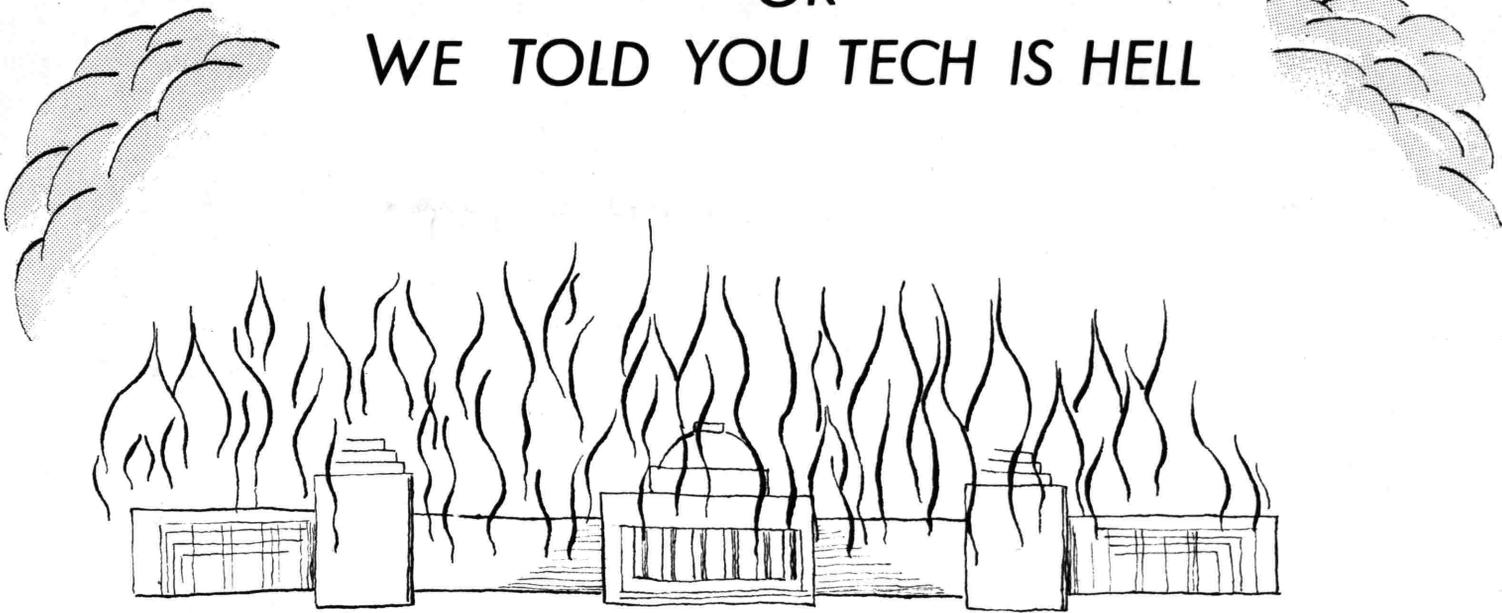
1. PENETRATES PIMPLES... CLEARERSTILL'S PNEUMATIC ACTION BREAKS UP AND DEMOLISHES AFFECTED SKIN TISSUE, PERMITTING CLEARERSTILL'S MEDICATION TO EAT YOUR GUTS OUT.



2. ISOLATES AND STARVES PIMPLES... CLEARERSTILL'S "HANDS OFF" ACTION STOPS GROWTH OF BACTERIA BY REMOVING OILS THAT PIMPLES FEED ON, ALSO STOPS GROWTH OF EVERYTHING ELSE BY REMOVING FATS, PROTEINS, AND CARBOHYDRATES THAT YOU FEED ON.

SPECIAL OFFER : SEND NAME, ADDRESS, AND FIVE DOLLARS TO: DON HATFIELD, BOX 117 - 3 AMES ST., CAMBRIDGE 39, MASS.

THE CAMBRIDGE INFERNO OR WE TOLD YOU TECH IS HELL



At the mid-point of his youth, Dainty loses the right road, and finds himself at the foot of a high mountain, at the summit of which stands Harvard. As he tries to climb this hill, he finds his progress blocked successively by three beasts, the College Boards, the interview, and The Ivy League. He is especially beset by this latter until the arrival of Phosil, the local M.I.T. guide. Declaring that he has been sent through divine intervention, Phosil tells Dainty that he will guide him to salvation, but that it will be necessary to change their route and to pass through Hell. Dainty agrees, and Phosil leads him on the way to salvation.

Shortly after starting their trip, the pair come to an automatic portal above which a blinking neon sign glows, bearing the message: "ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE." After passing under this gate, Dainty and Phosil find themselves in a sort of vestibule to Hell. They are in the abode of the lukewarm, those Humanities majors from course 21 who are acceptable to neither side. M.I.T. refuses them because they are not zealous enough; Harvard abandons them because they do not meet up to their code of wickedness. As they leave the vestibule, a tremor (caused by the collision of two trains in 10-250) shakes the earth and Dainty loses consciousness.

Upon awakening from his sleep, Dainty perceives that they have reached the region of the damned. They are at the first circle of Hell. The two are in Limbo, the abode of those who have desire without hope. This is the domain of those who are doomed to continuously eat commons meals throughout eternity.

Dainty and Phosil descend to the second circle of Hell. At the entrance is Frisor, who examines the cumes of the damned and determines to which circle they must go. This second circle contains the souls of the course 4 architects. They are condemned because the intensity of their blind fury caused them to be sentenced to an extra year in the Inferno.



VESTIBULE



HUMANITIES MAJORS
COURSE 21

- Norm Dore -

1ST CIRCLE
(LIMBO)



COMMONS

2ND CIRCLE



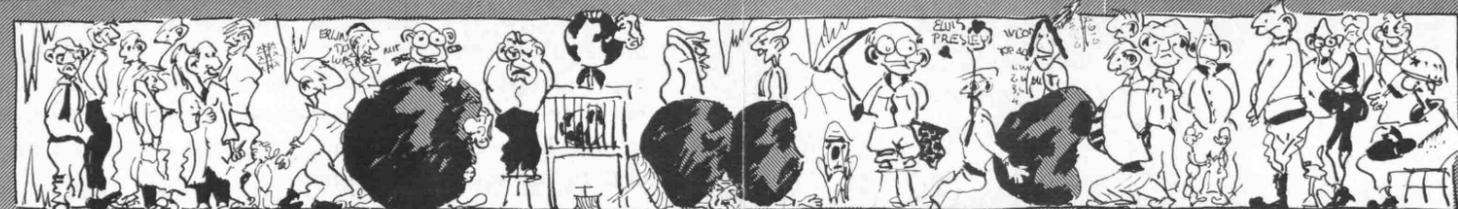
ARCHITECTS

3RD CIRCLE



CHEMICAL ENGINEERS

4TH CIRCLE



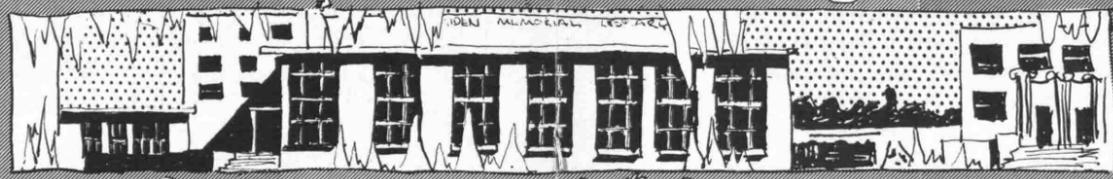
GEOLOGISTS & METALLURGISTS

5TH CIRCLE



NAVAL ARCHITECTS

6TH CIRCLE



CITY OF DIS

7TH CIRCLE



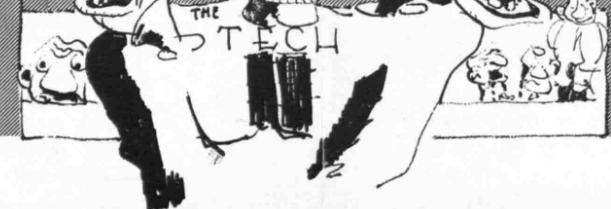
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

8TH CIRCLE



SANITARY ENGINEERS

9TH CIRCLE



METEOROLOGISTS

Sliding down a chimney flue, the pair of adventurers find themselves in the third circle, where they are greeted by Stoichio, the guardian of this circle. Here the gluttonous Chem. Engineers are punished. They are lying in a dense slurry with snow perpetually falling on them, not knowing what to stir next.

Sedimento is the custodian of the fourth circle, which contains both misers and spendthrifts, the geologists and the metallurgists. These sinners, in two files, roll big rocks with their chests. After preceding about half the circumference of their circle, the two groups meet and scuffle; one taunting the other with the question, "Why do you study fossils?" and the other asking "Why do you make so many worthless alloys?" Dainty mentions that this is the largest group of rockheads that he has seen so far.

The two travellers cross the circle and reach a stream which leads them to the 5th circle. This stream becomes a swamp, the swamp of the river Nyx, filled with Naval architects, whose sighs cause the surface of the swamp to bubble. They are busily working on a huge submarine, which they must constantly build and tear down again, until their guardian, Capt. Nemo, sees fit to pass them.

Having arrived at the entrance to the city of Dis, which is the library proper, the pair find the door closed and their way blocked by librarians. These librarians would permit Phosil to enter but want Dainty, who, they realize does not have a registration card, to return. Accompanied by drum roll and fanfare, the divine messenger arrives to open the door, and under cover of a huge cloud of cigar smoke, lets the two wanderers slip in.

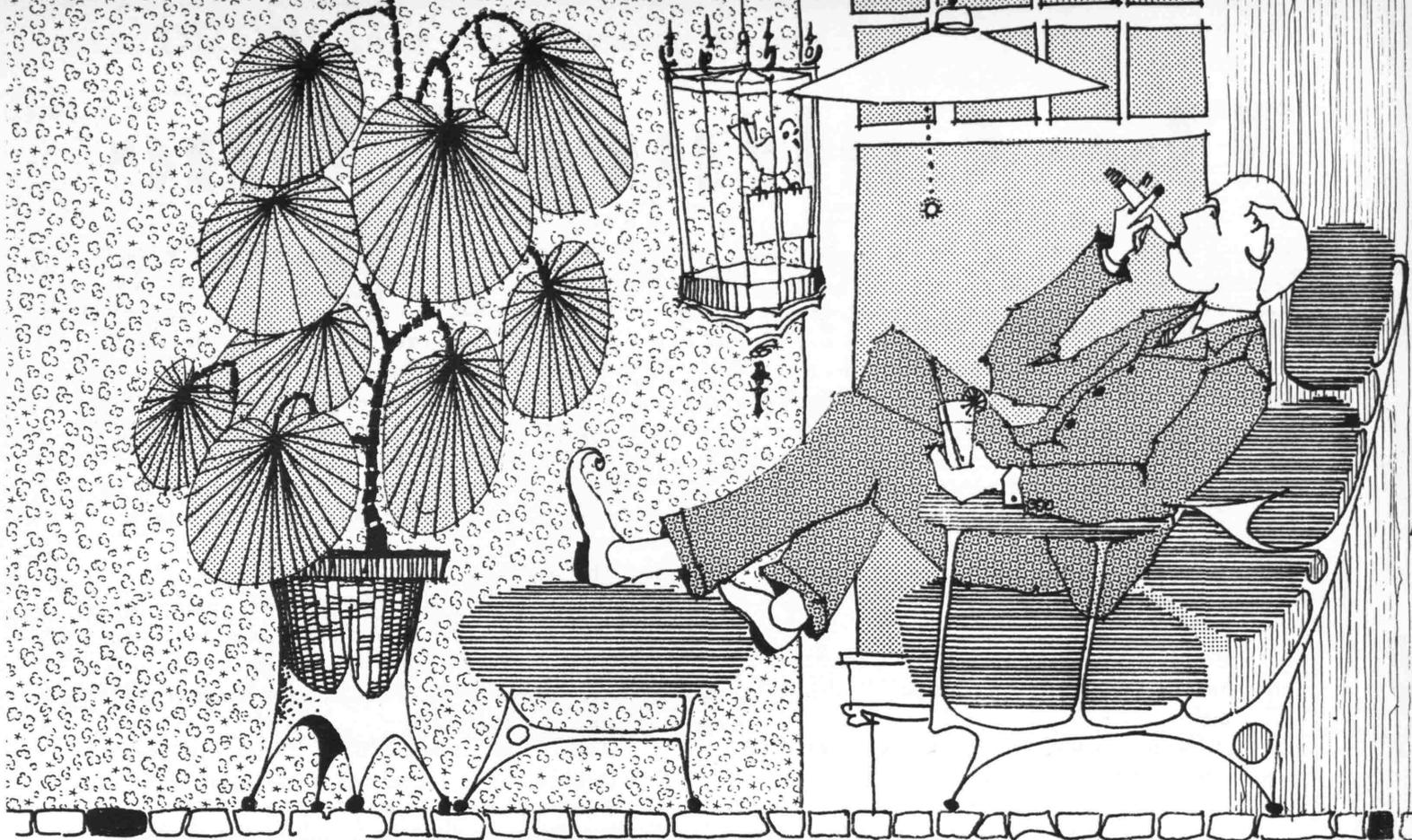
Dainty and Phosil pass on to the seventh circle guarded by the monster Farad. Here they visit the Electrical Engineers on the extreme limit of the 7th circle. The course 6 men are seated sadly, weeping, brushing the flakes of fire from themselves and lifting themselves off the hot sands with their skyhooks. Dainty recognizes none by their faces, but he does recognize several by the coat of arms on their slide rules.

Dainty returns to Phosil, who has stayed with the monster Farad, and together these two are lowered by Farad to the eighth circle. Passing into this circle the pair are disgusted by the stream of organic matter spewing forth from the outlet of an old sewer basin. Immersed in this stream of filth are the sanitary engineers who have been literally flushed by the outer world.

Now Dainty and Phosil visit the plain of lowest Hell, composed of the ice of the Charles. In this region meteorologists are immersed up to their necks in the ice, heads bent downward. This is their punishment for having predicted fairer and milder winters.

As the pair advances, Dainty notices two men in one hole of ice. These are the general science teachers, the sowers of discord, one of which is gnawing on the skull of the other.

Now the travellers approach the last and lowest region of Hell, a deep dark pit inhabited by a hideous 3-faced monster. For each face of this monster corresponds a pair of pages, the flapping of which are responsible for the intense cold of the ninth circle. This hideous Monster, the tech, has in its 3 mouths, the mangled forms of impartiality, wit, and sincerity. Shuddering at the sight of this dreadful beast, Dainty asks Phosil which way to turn. Solemnly, the faithful guide replies that they can only retrace their steps because there is nothing lower than the tech.-----



blackman

RUGGED OUTDOORSMAN CRAIG WILDING

*Relaxes With His Favorite Pick-Me-Up-
A Highball Made With The Aristocrat of Fine Whiskeys*

"When I was trekking along those lonely roads, from civilization, I had to bed down for the night on the cold wet ground under the bridges and viaducts. Then I switched to Culvert's. And was I glad I tried Culvert's. It's drier, much drier."

Yes, men, you, like Craig Wilding, can be a man of extinction. Furthermore, scientific tests have proved conclusively that Culvert's cannot rust your inner piping! Contains no water. Nothing but good ol' Alcohol.

*Culvert's--- For the Knowledgable man.
Contains no whiskey--- 200 proof.
Get a fifth today--- Embalm your friends.*



The Cultured One

The air was filled with the sounds of a Saturday night. A raucous song drifted along from the shower room followed closely by the angry buzz of many electric razors scattered throughout the floor. Excited voices called and replied to each other, releasing the pent-up tension of the week. Drifting off into a reverie of despair Bob cursed himself for not having made definite plans earlier. The desire for feminine companionship and physical contact was inundating and overwhelming him.

Ringling violently, the telephone broke the spell that Bob's feelings had cast. An ember of hope flared up.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Bob? This is Art. Remember the party that we were throwing tonight?"

"Yes."

"Well, it seems that the female turnover was greater than was anticipated."

"Oh."

"Norm went over to a nurses' dorm and pulled the usual stunt. You know, social chairman and all that stuff. We now have half a dozen nurses as well as the girls from Radcliffe. How about coming up and helping the cause?"

Over the telephone Bob could hear the voices of many girls, creatures of the opposite sex, as it seemed to strike him. His heart and body went out to his friend in need, so he sacrificed the evening.

"Sure, I'll come Art. I'll be up in about fifteen minutes. But remember it's only because I'm such a nice guy that I'm doing this. So long." Bob reached for his bathrobe as he put the receiver down.

The shower was short and refreshing. Then came the glossy shoes, the crisp, white shirt and the charcoal gray suit as Bob dressed hurriedly. He saw his reflection in the mirror - Mr. Ivy League. Regaining his composure, the anxious one strode out of the room, hopped up two flights of stairs and walked into Art's large, noisy triple.

Soft lights glowed here and there and shadows moved around the room, but the atmosphere was not right. From one corner a hi-fi emitted the sounds of a brassy singer while a few couples danced. The girls were still chatting nervously and the boys were weighing their chances of future, more intimate relationships. Bob sought out Art, he did not want to be bothered with the preliminaries.

"Hey, Art."

"Oh. Hi, Bob. I want you to meet Betty. Betty- Bob."

"Hi, Bob."

"Hi," said Bob impatiently, "say Art, could I speak to you alone for a moment?"

"Okay. Be back in a minute, honey."

"Listen, Art. I'm in pretty bad shape. Which one is fast, very fast?"

"Well, if it's that bad-- the one over there in the corner, the knowledge is empirical, she's a sure thing."

"Thanks. See you."

She was standing near a window, gazing out. At first all he noticed was that she had long, dark hair and that she was about two inches shorter than he was. The animal passion rose in him. She turned.

"Hello. My name's Bob. What's yours?"

"Debbie," she exclaimed, taken aback.

"Where are you from?"

"Radcliffe. I'm a literature major, a freshman and I think you're cute."

"A lit major, huh?" The mind was working now. Bob was a well-read boy who sometimes wondered why he had not gone to Harvard. He liked Russian and British literature. Evidently the intellectual approach might work in this situation. "Have you read much of Tolstoi?"

"I enjoyed 'Anna Karenina' very much but I thought that 'War and Peace' was a bit too involved although...." and she rambled on, extolling Tolstoi and his intimate understanding of life.

When she stopped for breath Bob realized that this was a brilliant girl who probably did not have many chances to discuss her higher thoughts. He asked her if she would like a drink. She consented. Bob looked around and saw that the room was quieter. The brassy voice was now soft and mellow. The dancing space was crowded and a thin veil of smoke hung over the room.

Glasses in hand they discussed Pushkin, Chekhov, Gorki and then on to the modern British authors. Soon Debbie became more receptive, realizing that in Bob she had found someone who could satisfy her and answer her questions. She now appeared soft and warm. Her full, well-shaped body was satisfying to the eye and inviting. Bob was a graceful dancer and knew it. Putting down his glass he drew her into his arms. They danced slowly and

Continued on Page 27

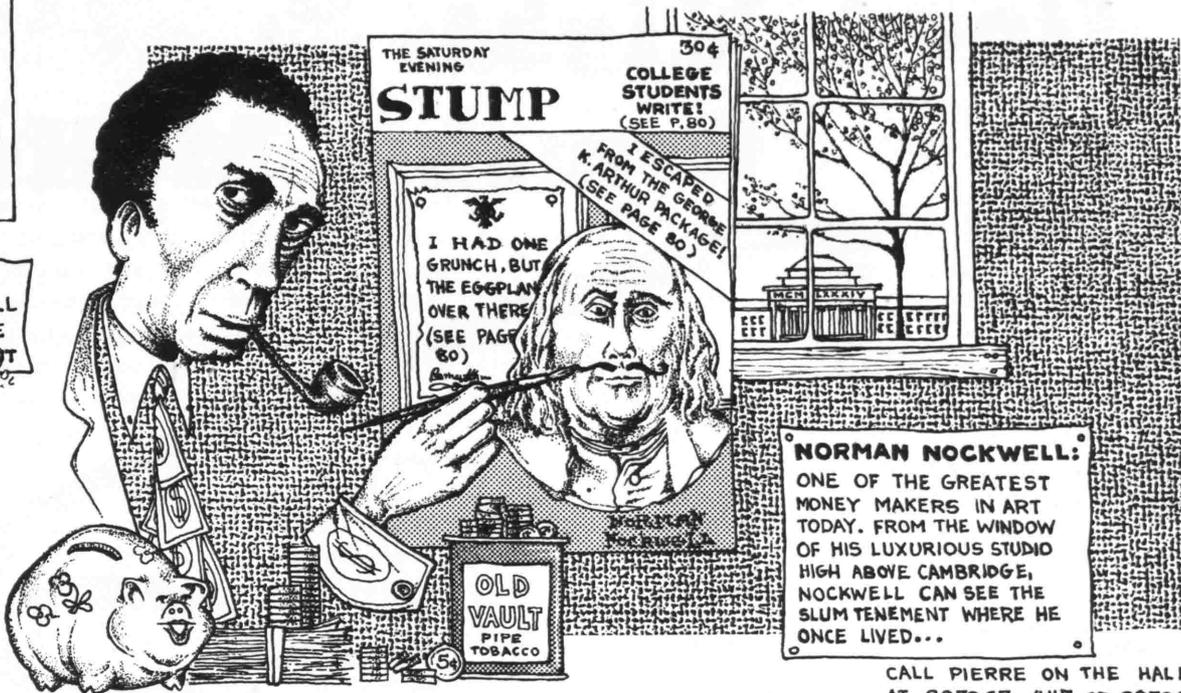
THEY DREW THEIR WAY TO EXCESS SUCCESS...

AND SO CAN YOU!

ERRATUM:

CONTRARY TO THE STATEMENT IN THE PURPLE FOSTER, THE WORLD DID NOT COME TO AN END, AND NO GENERAL SATISFACTION WITH THE QUALITY OF THE WORLD WAS EXPRESSED.

HIT THIS SIGN WITH A BASEBALL AND WIN 5 FREE YEARS OF MENT



CALL PIERRE ON THE HALL PHONE AT 307067-447 OR 307067-379

You can be as rich and famous as Norman Nockwell. You can even be as rich and famous as Lecture Series Committee staff artist Ernest Vortney-Bentz. In Ernest Vortney-Bentz's own words ...

"ONCE I WAS AN UTTLE NOTHING WHO LIVED IN A SLUM TENEMENT IN CAMBRIDGE. THEN I JOINED LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE AND STARTED DESIGNING POSTERS. NOW I'M AS RICH AND FAMOUS AS L.S.C. STAFF ARTIST ERNEST VORTNEY-BENTZ, ONLY I STILL LIVE IN A SLUM TENEMENT IN CAMBRIDGE, AND THE TENI HAS GONE UP UNFORTUNATELY, I NEVER COULD DRAW WORTH A DATON, AND THE ONLY REASON I'M RICH AND FAMOUS IS THAT I TALK IN THIS RIDICULOUS STYLE OF LETTERING."

Become rich and famous! Take Lecture Series Committee's free Art Talent Contest! L.S.C. can rocket you from complete obscurity to comparative oblivion! If you think you have art talent, enter Lecture Series Committee's Free Art Talent Contest. Just design a poster for the L.S.C. movie "1984", which will be shown on Thursday, April 18, 1957, in Room 10-250.*

CONTEST RULES

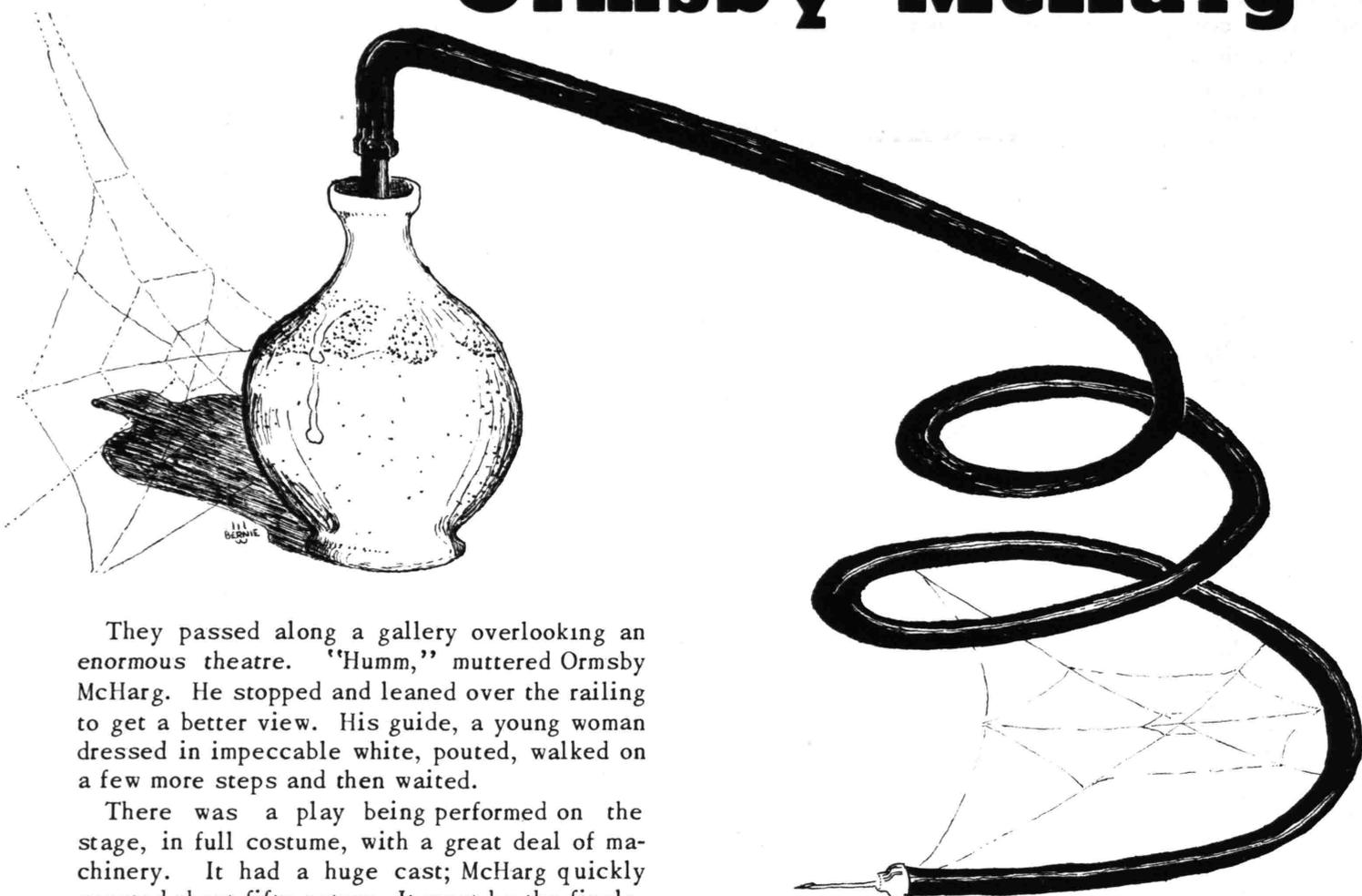
1. Draw only on outside of 11" x 14" paper.
2. If more than one color is planned, please limit number of colors to one or more.
3. Something (By George, we knew we'd have to have something for Rule 3).
4. We want to emphasize the fact that we prefer art work to a lot of writing, but we can't think of a clever way to say it, so the hell with it.
5. Something else.

6. Contest open to everyone! Students, faculty, deans, presidents - everyone! Everyone throughout the world, but L.S.C. members, Norman Nockwell, and others.
7. All entries and entrants become the property of L.S.C. We're taking over the world, boy!
8. Address all entries and entrants to L.S.C. 320 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.
9. Contest closes Wednesday April 10, 1957.
10. This rule is for you clods who haven't laughed at the other rules. This is your big chance. Laugh now!

FIRST PRIZE! \$25.00
 SECOND THROUGH Nth PRIZES: NOTHING AT ALL.
 (N+1)th PRIZE: THERE IS NO (N+1)th PRIZE.

*(Do not design a poster for the L.S.C. movie "1957", which will be shown on Thursday April 18, 1984. April 18, 1984, does not fall on a Thursday. Sorry.)

Good Night, Ormsby McHarg



They passed along a gallery overlooking an enormous theatre. "Humm," muttered Ormsby McHarg. He stopped and leaned over the railing to get a better view. His guide, a young woman dressed in impeccable white, pouted, walked on a few more steps and then waited.

There was a play being performed on the stage, in full costume, with a great deal of machinery. It had a huge cast; McHarg quickly counted about fifty actors. It must be the finale, he thought.

"Dress rehearsal?"

His guide ignored the question.

"Dress rehearsal?" McHarg repeated.

She focused her cold grey-green eyes upon him. There was something haughty, something supercilious in her look. Yet, McHarg, realized suddenly, noticing the remains of a pout around her lips, there was something, for lack of a better word, mischievous too.

No," she said, "it's a regular performance."

"But, but look at the place," McHarg expostulated, "there's not a soul watching it!" And indeed the theatre was empty. The tiers, piled boxlike on top of each other as in the Met, were all dark and quiet. The silent orchestra, usually squirming by this time with its wealthy overdressed clientel, looked even more forlorn in the reflected half-light from the stage.

"Very keen observance, Mr. McHarg. Very keen. But it is a regular performance, you see." She started down the gallery again. "We're wasting time," was thrown over her shoulder when she saw McHarg still standing.

Ormsby McHarg shook his head sadly, took one more look, and followed her. He felt for the actors playing to an empty house. He had once wanted to be a "thespian" as he liked to term it. But his fiancée, later his wife, had convinced him a wallpaperer's trade had more security.

They left the gallery and came upon a descending grey stone staircase. The lighting was poor and half way down the first flight McHarg tripped. He caught himself in time, however. Wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, he wondered how far they had to go. As if she could read his thoughts, the young woman

abruptly said: "You can begin relaxing now, Mr. McHarg. We're nearly there." She turned off at a tiny landing then and opened a great black corrugated iron door with a key that hung on a chain around her neck. She was very deliberate about pulling it back in place.

"The key to your heart," he said smiling.

"Were you trying to make a joke, Mr. McHarg?" The words were accompanied by the coldest stare he had ever received.

"Er, no, no," was his stuttered reply.

The door led into a massive high-ceiling room shapped and furnished like a hotel lobby. It had hotel furniture, hotel austereness and the hotel lighting. And filling the padded leather couches and overstuffed chairs were the shadowy supine figures of men and women. At first he wasn't sure, but soon his eyes became accustomed to the room's peculiar gloom and he saw the black tubing coiled about their chests and plunged into the neck of the dirty green bottles filled, some more than others, with fluid; his wife had told him about it, they had arrived. But she hadn't told him everything.

"It's filling," he said pointing to a dirty green bottle by the side of a pale young man.

"Of course," she said.

"They're all filling and nobody's around. Where are the attendants?"

His guide was impatient. "Look, Mr. McHarg," she said, "I can't explain everything, you know. Come along now."

"But its filling," he said and bent down next to the pale youth. There was a thick layer of dust on the bottle.

"And it'll fill until the bottle is full. Then it stops," she hissed into his ear. "Now come along. I don't have all day."

McHarg shrugged his thin shoulders, rose to his feet, and followed the young woman. Picking his way among the still occupants of the great room, Ormsby McHarg wondered where they were going to put him. The place was so crowded! There wasn't an empty couch or chair. But his guide, leading him into an alcove, opened the door to a long sooty white passageway. "Down here, please," she said.

"Where are we?"

"In the private section."

"Where?" he repeated, quickening his pace, trying to catch up to her.

"The private section. For those who'd rather

be alone. Your wife told us all about it, Mr. McHarg. You're not changing your mind, are you?"

"Oh, no, I'm not changing my mind. Don't you worry about Ormsby McHarg, miss. Nosiree." So, his wife told them, he thought. That's nice. A great woman, his wife. Always was the great arranger. That's swell.

She ground to a halt. "Here's your room, Mr. McHarg." They were standing before a small white door, barely set off from the white wall of the passageway. It was numbered 42. He made a false start toward the doorknob, but halfway there his hand hesitated and then fell back to his side. He looked around him avoiding the young woman's eyes. The next room down was numbered 41.

"You know, Miss, I think I would like room 41 instead. You see, I'm 41 years old and a bit superstitious...."

"Here's your room," she said. "Number 42, Mr. McHarg."

"Bet there aren't many people that come here for the first time at 41, huh?"

His guide started to give him one of her long stares, but suddenly she broke into a giggle. Though it was quickly suppressed, the result was a very curious, almost distorted smile. Oddly enough, McHarg noticed that she had buck teeth. Something mischievous, he repeated to himself.

"Well," he said, trying again and this time successfully grabbing the doorknob. "Its sure quiet here."

"Of course," she said. "Why shouldn't it be? Here it is, Mr. McHarg, here's your room."

He opened the door. The room was bare as a cell. There was just one piece of furniture- a bathtub. On the floor beside it, in an open box, was the black tubing and a dirty green bottle. His bottle. Like the rest of the place, the lighting was bad.

"Are you ready, Mc. McHarg?" she asked.

"Huh?"

"Please, Mr. McHarg." She was almost pleasant. "I have other work to do tonight. Now get into the tub and I'll but the tubing on. You'll be surprised how quick it all is. Really surprised." She stood by the tub, waiting, a tolerant smile on her face.

Ormsby McHarg had difficulty fitting into the bathtub. He knew it would be too small for him. His wife always got things too small. It was because she was always wanting him to lose

weight. He was five feet four inches tall and weighed only a hundred and thirty pounds but his wife still wanted him to lose. "Too fat," she would say when they got in bed together and turn away from him. "You're too fat. And when you stay in the sun too long you burn. You know what you look like then? A bottle of beets. Yeah, a little round bottle of beets. Stay away."

"Look away?" he said. "Did you say 'look away' just then?"

"Its better. You know, what you don't see, doesn't hurt," she said. "Turn toward the wall please."

He squinted at the wall. It was rough and had many bumps in it. A terrible plastering job, he thought automatically.

The young woman's touch shocked him. Her fingertips were as cold as metal frozen in ice. She was efficient though and a moment later he felt the warm tubing around his chest. Then she tied his legs together.

"The others weren't tied down," he said as she strapped his hands to the side of the tub.

"What, Mr. McHarg?" She pulled his wrists tight.

"The others...."

"Oh, not everybody gets tied down," she

broke in. "Not everybody. But, then, not everybody asks questions like you."

"That my wife didn't tell you, huh? That I ask questions, I mean," he said twisting his head so he could see his guide standing by the door. Watching him turn, the young woman lost control of her expression again. The former haughtiness melted away. Suddenly she looked very young indeed, almost like a little girl. A real impish naughty little girl. She even had her hands in back of her in "that awkward way."

"Is anything the matter, Ormsby McHarg?" she asked. "I like that name, by the way."

"Thank you," he said. "Oh, nothing." That wasn't true. "Say, should I call when the bottle is full?"

The young woman persisted in looking like a little girl. She giggled, "Don't bother. No need," and turned to go. In the hand she had behind her back, as she walked out of the room and into the passageway, was a dirty green bottle.

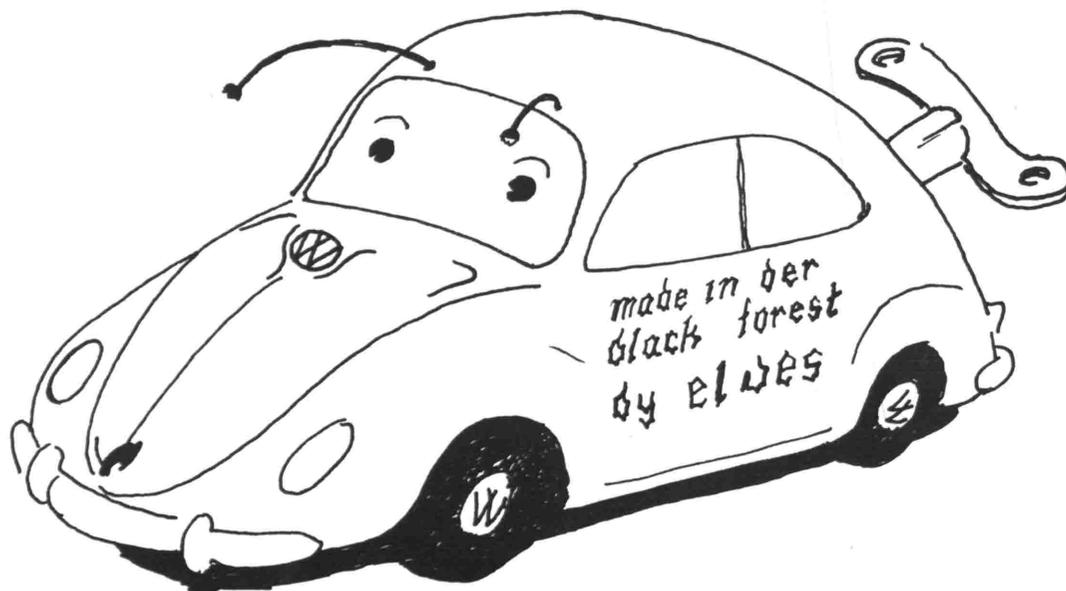
"Goodnight Ormsby McHarg."

Still giggling, she closed the door.

Then he began to scream.

He didn't scream long.

---Bob Jaffe



In the days of Queen Elizabeth, 'tis said, some of the ladies liked to curl up with a good book, while others simply preferred to curl up with one of the pages.



A long skirt is like prohibition, the joints are still there but they're harder to find.



There's a story going around about a bank examiner in Australia who found a certain bank completely deserted and the four tellers playing poker outside under a tree. To teach them a lesson, he tripped the bank alarm. Not one of them moved, however, a bartender emerged from the saloon across the street with four beers.



She was only an aspirin maker's daughter, but boy you should see her bayer.

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TOPPER

KING SIZE
16 oz.

6 FOR 1.00

BLENDED
WHISKEY

JOCKEY CLUB
86° 51% STRAIGHT
49% G.N.S.

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FULL
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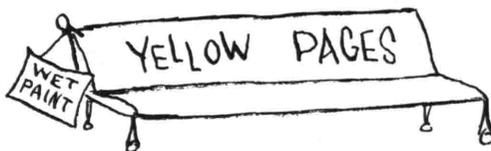
Real Contest (Honest)



YELLOW PAGES

YELLOW PAGES?

YELLOW PAGES?



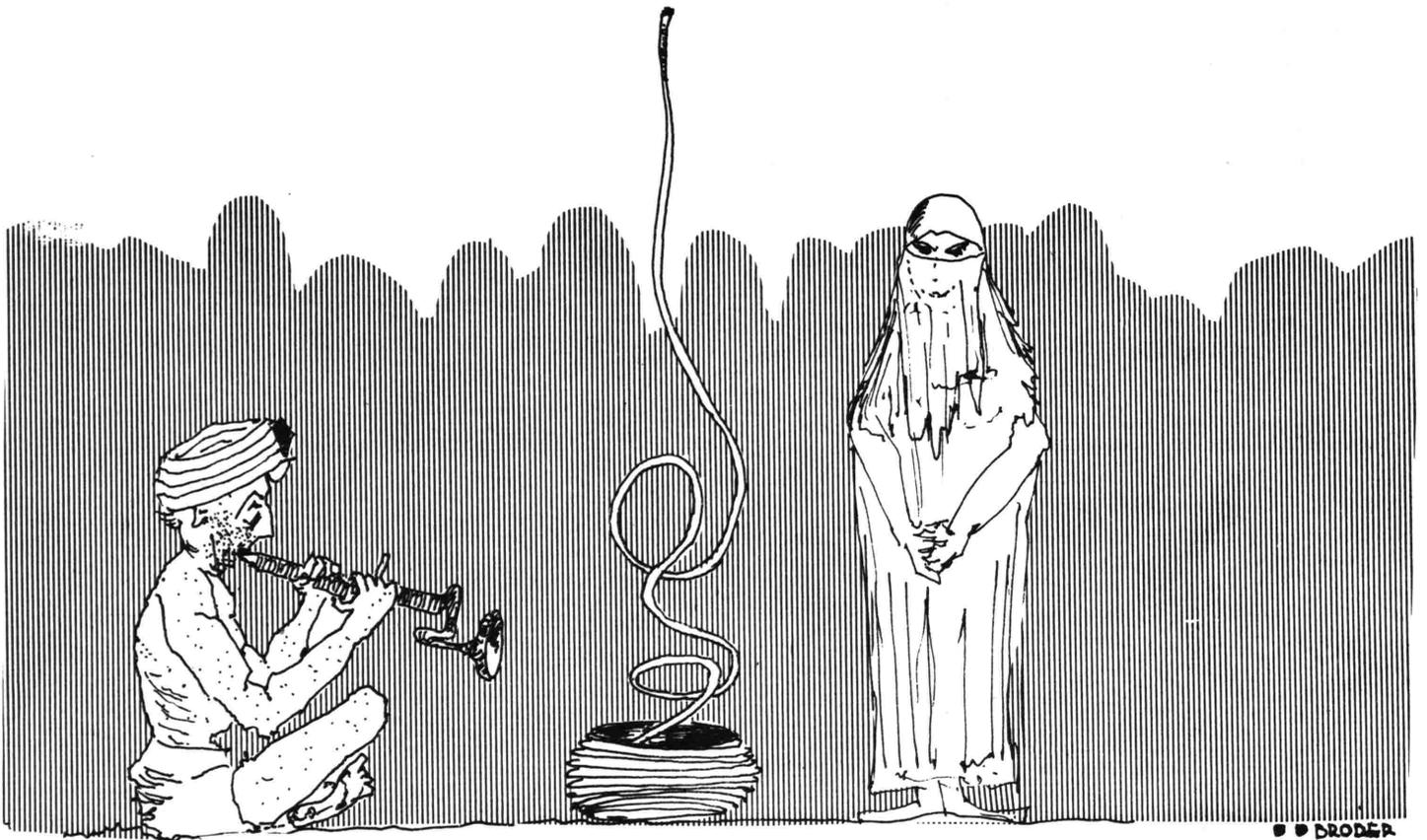
OH WOLLEY SEGAP!

Well, all kidding aside, Voo Doo is having some kind of literature contest and this is the ad for it.

RULES

1. Submit light fiction, humor, satire.
2. Put a title, but not your name, on your entry. We don't have to give so many prizes that way. Seriously, put your name, address, school and title on a separate sheet.
3. Contest is open only to all college freshmen, even MIT Freshmen.
4. First Prize \$25.00. Also only prize.
5. Material should be 1500-2500 words, or 3 furlongs in length.
6. Submit before 11:59 P.M., April 15, to: Wolley Segap, Voo Doo, Walker Memorial, M.I.T., Cambridge, Mass.

THE MAHARAJA'S Wife



In the Province of Rangipur, in the Northeast corner of Indian Kashmir, during the 5th dynasty of the great Maharaja Pooshnush, is told that in the small village of Cabapole there dwelled a fair virtuous maiden, by the name of A'Allets. Her extraordinary beauty, industry, and chastity was proclaimed from the Ganges to the Yalu, from Peking to the Euphrates. And as it happens that the great and the powerful are always the last to know of good tidings, many years passed be-

fore the great maharaja knew of this fair maiden, this precious gem in the shadow of his own temples. So fervent were the stories of his enthusiastic ministers concerning this paragon of wit and charm that soon the Maharaja's ardor flamed brilliantly as the sun in summer sky.

Disregarding his advancing years, the all-highest Maharaja clapped his hands and his whitest elephants garbed in their purple trappings, accompanied by his most dashing cavalry were brought forth. He immediately set off a-

midst the blare of trumpets and the shouts of his subjects, to claim this girl as his wife.

A fortnight flew by while the feasts and rituals were planned. And soon the Maharaja and his beautiful princess ascended to the marble palace while the overjoyed populace shouted, cheered, and toasted the forthcoming heir to the kingdom of Rangipur. But months passed and no cymbals or fireworks hailed a happy announcement from the palace. It was whispered in the provinces that the Maharaja and his princess were given to long melancholy walks in the hanging gardens of the palace, and the maid-servants spread the story of pillows soaked with tears.

On a dewy morning as the sun rose in the east and flooded their chambers with pools of light, the Maharaja uttered a tired sigh and whispered to his handsome young wife, "Ah, spring of my life, the gods must be cruel to have sent to such a maid an impotent potentate. The fire in your eyes speaks of love to me, but alas!..."

"Wise and generous husband, you have been good to me beyond all reason; you have brought me into your life, and enshrined me in the temple of your heart. My every waking moment has no goal nor purpose but for your happiness."

"I shall spare no effort with the holy men," he said. "I will go now to the altars to pray for the fulfillment of our desires."

Soon after, the disconsolate princess set out to the market-place to find new spices for her husband's evening meal. As she wondered among the brilliantly colored stalls and chanting auctioneers, she noticed a shrivelled-up old man playing a strange melody on a reed. The wizened little man looked up from his playing as the richly dressed princess passed. "Alms for the love of Allah!" A carelessly-dropped gold coin answered his plea.

"Blessings on you, Princess," said the thin voice, "Watch." From out of his tunic he drew a small hempen basket and placed it on the blanket before him.

"I have no time," said the princess, and turned to pass on.

"No one learns who will not watch."

A piping wail arose from the reed, and skirled the walls of the market-place. As the old man played, the lid of the basket slid sideways to the ground, revealing a coiled rope woven of many colored fibers. The rope stirred, one end climbed out of the basket, and finally the rope stretched rigidly into the sky. The music whined in a lower key, and the rope sagged, collapsed, and again lay coiled in the hempen basket.

"Ah," said the princess, kneeling on the ground, "teach me to play."

Late in the afternoon, when the shop-keepers were closing their stalls, the princess arose from the ground in front of the wizened old man. She took with her the basket, the rope, and the thin reed pipe, and in front of old man was a small pile of gold coins.

Toward the early morning, the princess arose from her bed beside the maharajah, and knelt on the floor with the basket, rope, and reed pipe beside her. She began to play the soft melody that she had practiced the afternoon before. She had learned her lessons well, and the rope once again obeyed the melody of the pipes. Encouraged by this, she turned the pipe toward the sleeping maharajah.

Anxious for the fulfillment of her efforts to help her husband, she played all of the melodies that the old man had taught her. As the last lingering note quivered in the air, the old maharaja awoke with fire and vigor in his eyes; then, catching sight of the breathless princess, he demanded:

"Who the hell starched my pajama-string?"

---W. Alexander

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She stroked my hair, she held my hand.
 The lights were dim and low.
 She raised her passionate eyes, with sweet surprise,
 And softly whispered, "No."



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It was a tense moment in the ROTC colonel's life. What with Russia getting more uppity each day, the mock maneuvers they were on might turn into the real thing any moment. When their field radio was silenced almost ominously, he was certain that something was up. Nervously he and his staff paced up and down on a small hill near their command post. Finally a small scout plane zoomed high overhead and from it came a carrier pigeon.

Powerful field glasses followed every flap of the pigeons wings until it fluttered into a nearby coop, and the colonel raced over to get the message. He opened it with trembling hands, read it, cursed, and threw it on the ground, then walked off with his face a bright purple. A young staff lieutenant waited until he was out of sight, then picked up the message. It said, "I have been sent down for being naughty in my cage."



Conscience--That which hurts when everything else feels good.



Ideal time to have a date is in the "oui" small hours.



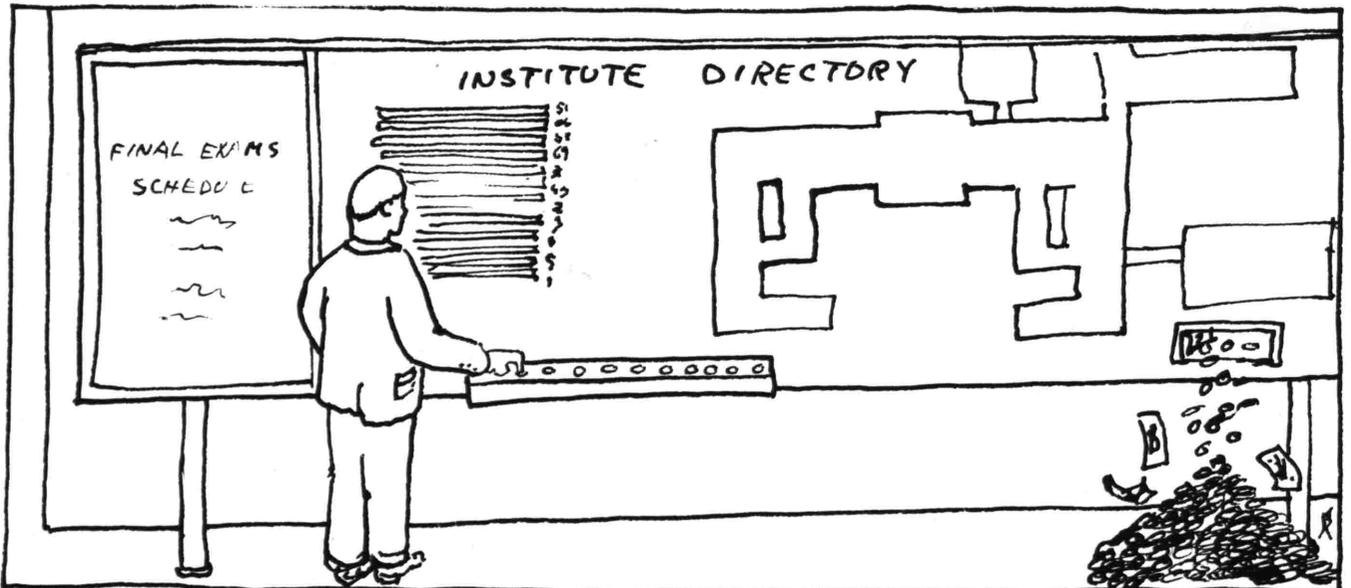
"Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her."

"Surprised? The gun damn near fell out of his hand."

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Continued from Page 18

expressively, their movements blended together. The scent of a woman activated Bob's adrenalin. The music stopped, however, so she started talking again. This time it was a series of artists and composers. She hung on every word he said, admiring him, bathing in the unfrequented atmosphere. But this was too much. Besides having a hard time keeping up with the level of conversation, Bob thought it high time that his original intentions be satisfied. He could tell from her movements toward him that she accepted and looked up to him. At this point there were only two or three couples left in the room.

"Debbie, the party is breaking up. How about coming down to my room for a while?"

"Okay, Bob. Wait 'till I get my coat."

As they walked down the stairs and along the corridor an unseen force practically pulled Bob towards her. He could almost feel the smooth softness of her body. However he wondered if she was capable of what they said about her. His fears were belied by the thought that he had her completely under control. She was still discussing the higher arts, specifically ballet. They entered Bob's room in silence. Seating himself on his bed he watched her closely. She sat down on a chair, about a yard away. Silence. He anticipated. She spoke.

"What do you think of Marcel Marceau?"

An uneasy feeling welled up inside Bob as

he replied, "He's great. Come on over here and sit down beside me."

A long, pregnant pause followed. She looked away.

"You know, Bob, since I've been here I've done some pretty low things which haven't always given me much pleasure. Tonight was the first night that I met someone intelligent and gentle, like you. I think that what we did had value and was good. So really, I don't want to spoil the first decent thing that I have done."

Another pause.

"Well, sex isn't enjoyed when it's done against the will. I guess I should have acted more like an animal."

"Yes, I guess you should have."

They put on their coats and went outside where they met some other Tech boys with Radcliffe girls. Together they drove the girls home.

Outside Debbie's dormitory he stood and watched the various couples. The Harvard boys were quiet and gently kissing their dates goodnight. The MIT boys babbled loudly, telling the girls in many words that perhaps they would call again. Bob reflected on how much more refined the Harvard students were than those of his school. He said "Goodnight" quickly to Debbie, turned, and walked off.

The pain of frustration was very great within him.

- Sidney Altman

A newly-wed filling out his income tax return listed a deduction for his wife. In the section marked "Exemption claimed for children," he penciled this notation: "Watch this space!"



"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind" said the professor, as he erased the board.



A unit of the Americans' Eighth Air Force had flown over from England to drop propaganda leaflets over Berlin. All the planes came back--all, that is, except one. After he hadn't returned in four days he was written off as a casualty.

On the fifth day, in he flew, and landed. A jeep from the control tower picked him up and whisked him to the commander's office. "Gee," he was told, "we're mighty glad to see you, boy! But, where in the heck have you been? The rest of the boys went over five days ago and dropped their leaflets and . . ."

"Dropped them? I've been sticking them under the doors."

Charlie Mun

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A poor actor who hadn't worked in years finally acquired a talented dog and went to his booking agent.

"Mr. Lazaar I got the world's smartest dog," he bragged. "How about an audition?"

"Of course not," said the agent. "Dog acts are a dime a dozen."

"Please, Mr. Lazaar, this dog can really talk," stated the actor. "Listen - Fido, what happens if you sit on some sandpaper?"

"Rough, rough!" said the dog.

"Get that mongrel out of here," cried the agent.

"Wait," said the actor. "Fido, what's on top of a house?"

"Roof, roof!" replied the dog.

"Scram," cried the agent. "He's cornier than you are."

"One more change Mr. L. This dog not only talks but he's smart. Fido, who was the greatest Yankee baseball player of all time?"

"Ruth, Ruth!" the dog answered.

"That's enough!" screamed the agent. "Out, out!" And he threw the actor out and the dog after him.

When they were outside, the dog looked up at the actor and queried, "DiMaggio?"

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed;
A girl who won't forever wear
A bunch of junk to match her hair;
A girl who looks at boys all day
And figures way to make them pay.
Girls are loved by jerks like me
'Cause who would want to kiss a tree?



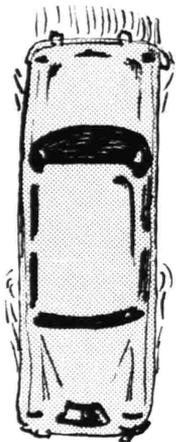
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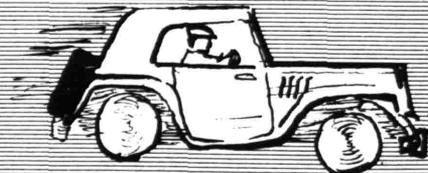
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