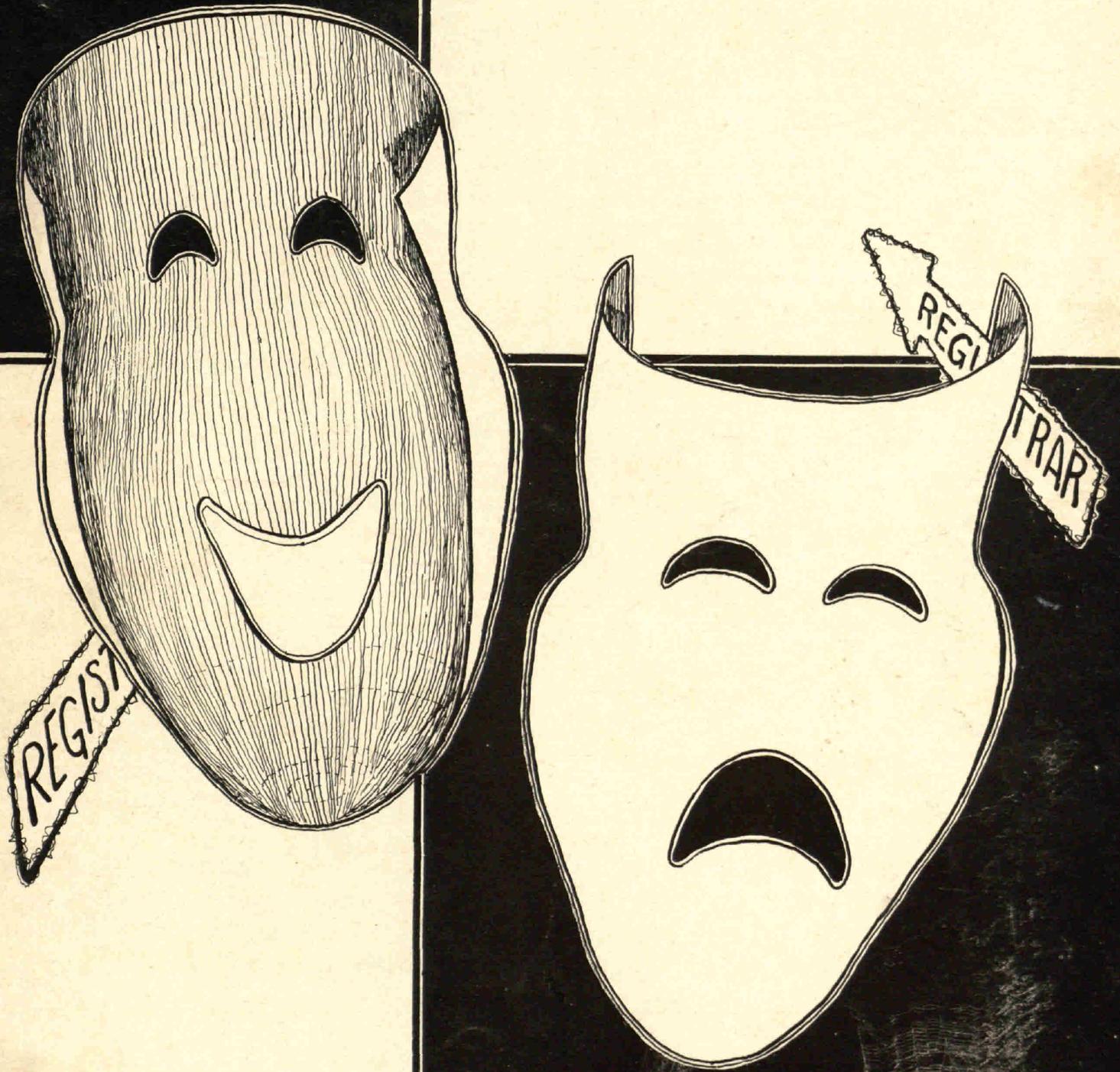
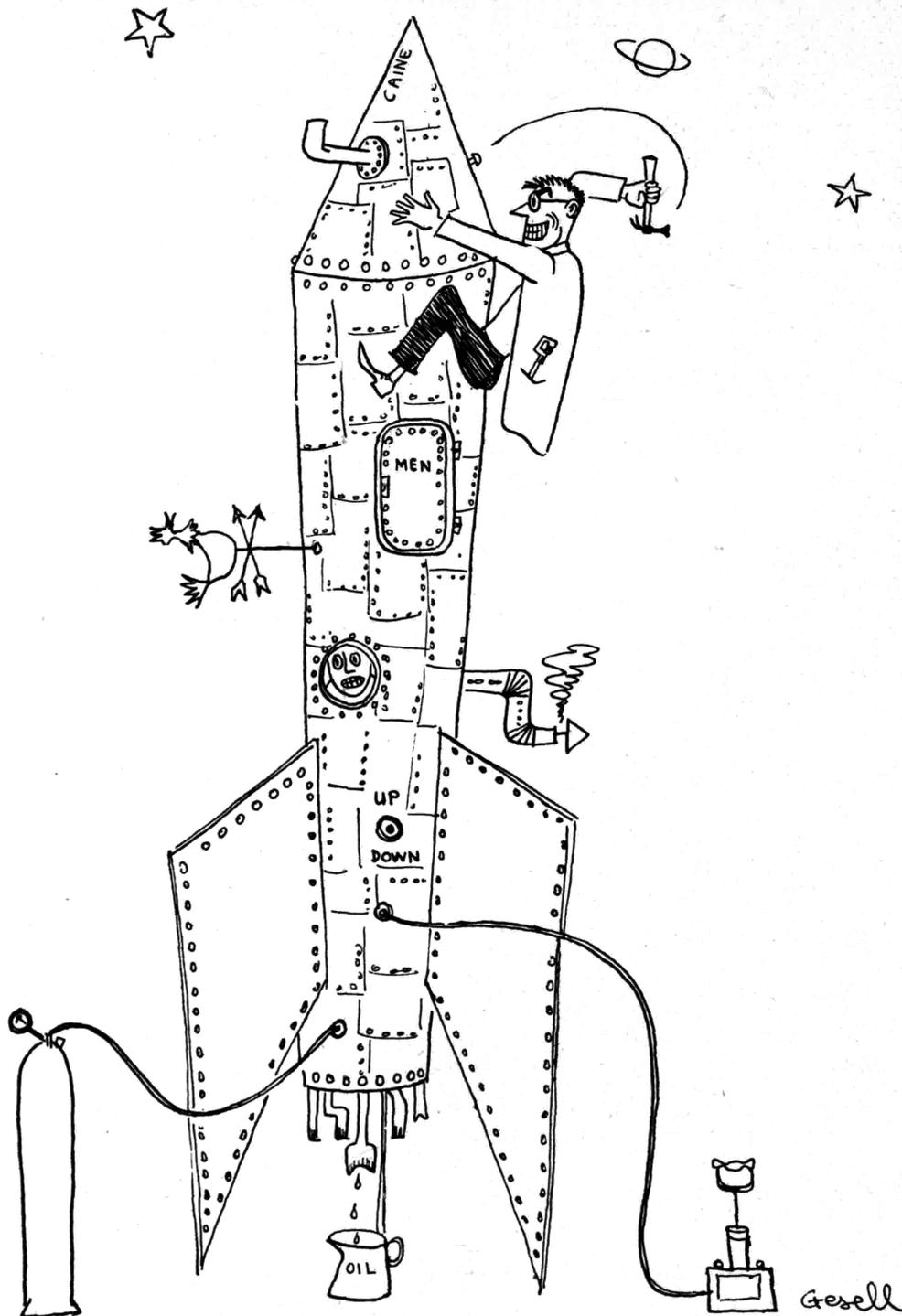


VOODOO



MARCH

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VOO DOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 41, No. 5

March, 1958

Established 1919

Winter is the season which brings snow, sleet and freezing rain, which brings damp, penetratingly cold nights outside while inside the dorm room is an equally damp and rather oppressive warmth emanating from the gurgling radiator in the corner. Winter is the season which brings skiing, skating, and sledding, not to mention the opportunity to estimate the wealth of your girl's parents by the fur coat she wears. As if this were not enough, winter, like fall and spring, brings heightened activity to Student Government.

The heightened activity this winter has taken the form of a decision to give certain of the activities among those of a variety known as "Class A," representation on Institute Committee. In view of the fact that as of the moment this is being written, Voo Doo is not among those activities being given representation, we cannot resist passing along to our readers the completely unsolicited remarks which have been made on several occasions in the hearing of unimpeachable sources by a well known cat-about-campus named Phosphorus.

"If," Phosphorus has been quoted as saying, "as is claimed by both its detractors and its admirers, Voo Doo is one of the principal representatives of the M.I.T. undergraduate body to the general public, it would seem unreasonable not to ask it to represent that same undergraduate body in this instance."

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Phosphorus

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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 Bernie W.



DARYL

"What ya from?"
"Hacker Valley, West Virginia."
"One of those jerk water towns
where everyone goes out to
meet the train?"
"Train?"



A curved line is the slow-
est, and the nicest distance
between two points.



In Paris, it's frankness,
In the New Yorker, it's life,
In a professor, it's clever:
In Voo-Doo, it's censored.



DEAR FOLKS
You asked me "What is college
like?"
I've seen it from afar.
I'll write about it when I find
A place to park the car.



Some girls think low cut
evening gowns are indecent...
others wear them.

And then there was the
orchestra leader's wife who
called her baby Encore be-
cause he wasn't on the pro-
gram.



I like an exam
I think they're fun
I never cram
I never flunk one.
I teach the course.



Jack be nimble, Jack be quick.
Jack jump over the candlestick.
Somebody show Jack to the Men's
room.



We always called a spade
a spade until we hit our foot
with one the other day.



Doctor: Why do you have
that A-58445 tattooed on
your back?

Patient: That's not tat-
toed. That's where my wife
ran into me while I was open-
ing the garage doors.



If all the cars in the United
States were placed end to end,
some fool would pull out and
try to pass them.



School-Master (pointing to a
cigarette on the floor:
Jones is this yours?
Jones (pleasantly): Not at all
sir, you saw it first."



Customer: "I'll take some
rat poison."

Clerk: "Will you take it
with you?"

Customer: "No, I'll send
the rats over for it."



Waitress (looking at nickel
tip): What are you trying to do,
big boy, seduce me?

WHOLESALE

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

RETAIL

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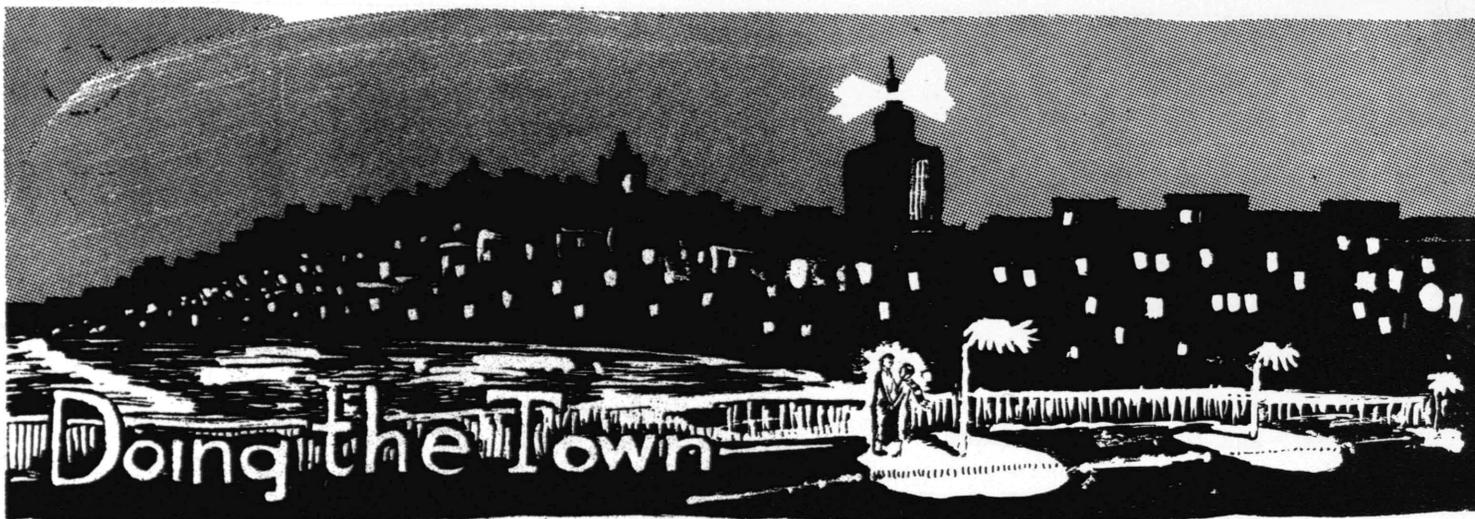
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The Demise of Fanueil Hall

Many were the times my aimless soul drifted down toward Dock Square immediately to be attracted by the manless and intangible aura surrounding Fanueil Hall --- the meeting-place and market-place patriotically constructed by Peter Fanueil and donated to the future citizens of Boston to consecrate as a shrine and as a market place. The odour of freshly rotting meat wafted its way delicately through the cobblestone streets and over the hundreds of green push-carts surrounding the Shrine until it finally pushed its acrid smell deep into my bulbous nose. Hundreds of white-clad butchers rushed hither and thither, blood-stained hands staining blood-stained clothes. Heads of sacrificial lambs and brutally murdered cows stared hopelessly at me through the dirty windows of the ground floor of Fanueil Hall. Stomachs, tongues, steaks, and chops; bowels, intestines, ribs, and eyes; salamis, bolognas, frankforts, and blood; oranges, apples, lettuce, peas, carrots, all made their appearance when in season in boxes, trucks, and lying rotting on the streets. But the last time I went to the Shrine I had the premonition that I could never again see its pristine beauty. Outraged citizenry had listened to the mockeries of ignorant tourists for the last time. Again the cry had issued forth: the markets must go; Fanueil Hall must look as the historic shrine it is.

Perhaps the passing of Fanueil Hall as a wholesale market-place cannot be grieved too ardently, for the Bostonians must present an immaculate shrine for the tourists to gaze at; but, a shudder passes through me as I consider the repercussions of this dastardly cleansing of the Hall.

Durgin Park which advertises proudly as being in the "shadow of Fanueil Hall" is known to

all palatable palates throughout the country, and --- who knows? --- perhaps the world. But Durgin Park has dared to retain its antique atmosphere. Will bare incandescent bulbs be allowed to shine upon no-longer-used gas jets, or will gaudy, modern fluorescent lights blind the dazzled patrons as they suddenly see the food they could only taste for years? No, the tourists must be catered to. Or perhaps the Board of Health, in the interests of tourism, will condemn the marvelous open kitchen which all who enter the restaurant must see and cannot help browsing through as hairy Gargantuas diligently throw patties of butter on dirt-encrusted overalls. No longer will people be seated indiscriminately to sit with the man who every Friday night brings his own fish to be cooked by the manager and he alone of Durgin Park; or to sit with the garbage man who parked his truck outside during lunch hour and came up to feast upon a New England boiled dinner; or to sit with "Mamma Pasquale" who washes floors for a living and never took a bath in her life. Tourists are particular people and do not want to be forced to sit with people below their station or who they don't know. An escalator will replace the rickety stairs over which perilous descent many have felt as Sir Edmund Hillary felt on top of Mount Everest. The kitchen will be enclosed and cleansed so that no dirt can add flavor to the food. Freshly painted walls will traumatically shock the usual patron who forgot his dark glasses. Windows will be cleaned so light can enter and customers can see the ramps of the Central Artery and, if positioned favorably, can see the magnificent Fanueil Hall shining proudly in the sun with thousands of bronze plaques dedicated to the organizations who selflessly gave of their time and money to preserve the original beauty of Fanueil Hall.

But worst of the changes to Durgin Park will

be the absence of the Saturday-noon M.I.T. student. Will any decent tool, his beard black and dirty, be seen in the cleanliness and orderliness of the new Durgin Park? Will the new management allow dungarees, engineer's boots, and slide rules to be worn in the new private dining room? No, Durgin Park cannot survive without the grungy Techian. His contribution to the antique atmosphere is immeasurable.

The reconditioning will be forced by the re-enshrining of Fanueil Hall. It definitely cannot remain in its delapidated and singular condition while Fanueil Hall has been reconditioned.

And what will happen to the slippery, cobble-stone streets? A smooth asphalt or concrete surface will be required so that the tourists need not jounce about in their five-hundred h.p. cars, and of course buildings will have to be torn down to provide parking places. All the future generations will see will be Fanueil Hall and Durgin Park now used as a control tower for landing helicopters and as the home of an IBM which will automatically compute the best place for John Brown of Iowa to park his car. Thousands will be rushing to see the new Fanueil Hall. And what will happen to the fixtures on the present cobble-stone streets? All gone will they be. Work horses, their backs sagging and their tails swishing away the gigantic flies which flit about them, can't trot over smooth concretes or asphalt: they need the cobble-stones to tickle their feet which in turn causes them to "carry on."

Where will the wholesalers who were displaced work? Will a depression ensue, and will the Bostonians starve because there is no place for the jewels of the garden to be processed and sold to the retailers? Will blood and spoiled cabbage no longer fill the streets with their peculiar odours?

Oh, Peter Fanueil, arise from your confining grave. Chase away these miserable tourists and their dollars. Will you allow the do-gooders to desecrate your shrine to the ideal of American capitalism? Arise, Oh Peter! Save the butchers and their environs; the dead calves and lambs; the vegetables and the salamis. Thwart the march of modernism and return us to the age-old belief that anyone, yes, anyone can meet over a wholesale market and not be driven away by the stench of foul carcasses. Fanueil Hall and Durgin Park must live again and again in their fine original

form dedicated to the proposition that all men are created as lovers of dirty streets and restaurants.

D. B. Mann

Mary: How is it Bill never takes you to the movies any more?

Helen: Well, one evening it rained and we stay-home.



The great Aphrodite by Phidias
Once shocked the ultrafastidious
And certain old aunties
Then dressed her in panties,
Which made her look perfectly hideous.

Haven't you
seen
this ad?

Shut up
and
Cha-Cha

LEARNING HOW TO DANCE IS NO PROBLEM
KNOWING WHAT, WHEN, AND WHERE
IS A LITTLE HARDER

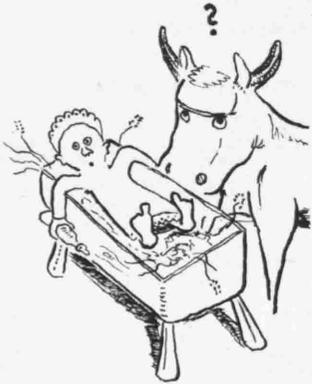
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THE TRIUMPH OF INDUSTRY



Abercrombie Snithelwaite grew up on a farm.

And a bad farm at that.

There was very little food for the animals.

And even less for the people.

The water supply was pretty poor, too;

The pipes were rusty

Which made the water rusty.

For twenty two and a half years Abercrombie drank the
rusty water.

After a while he creaked when he moved, but he didn't
have tired blood.

He was also a man of iron.

One fall he went out to shear the sheep

(Shearing sheep is a pastoral custom at sheep-shearing
time)

After the sheep were shorn, Abercrombie looked at the
pile of shearings

The wool, that is.

It glittered

But was not gold.

The sheep had been drinking rusty water, so, of course,
it was

Steel wool.

Abercrombie grew rich, very rich,

Richer and richer,

But not smarter.

After his first million he had his plumbing fixed.

No more rusty pipes,

No more rusty water,

So, of course, there was no more

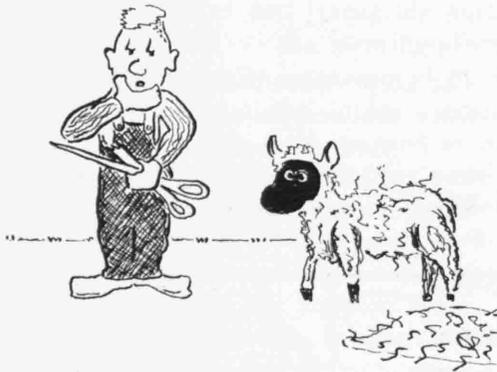
Steel wool.

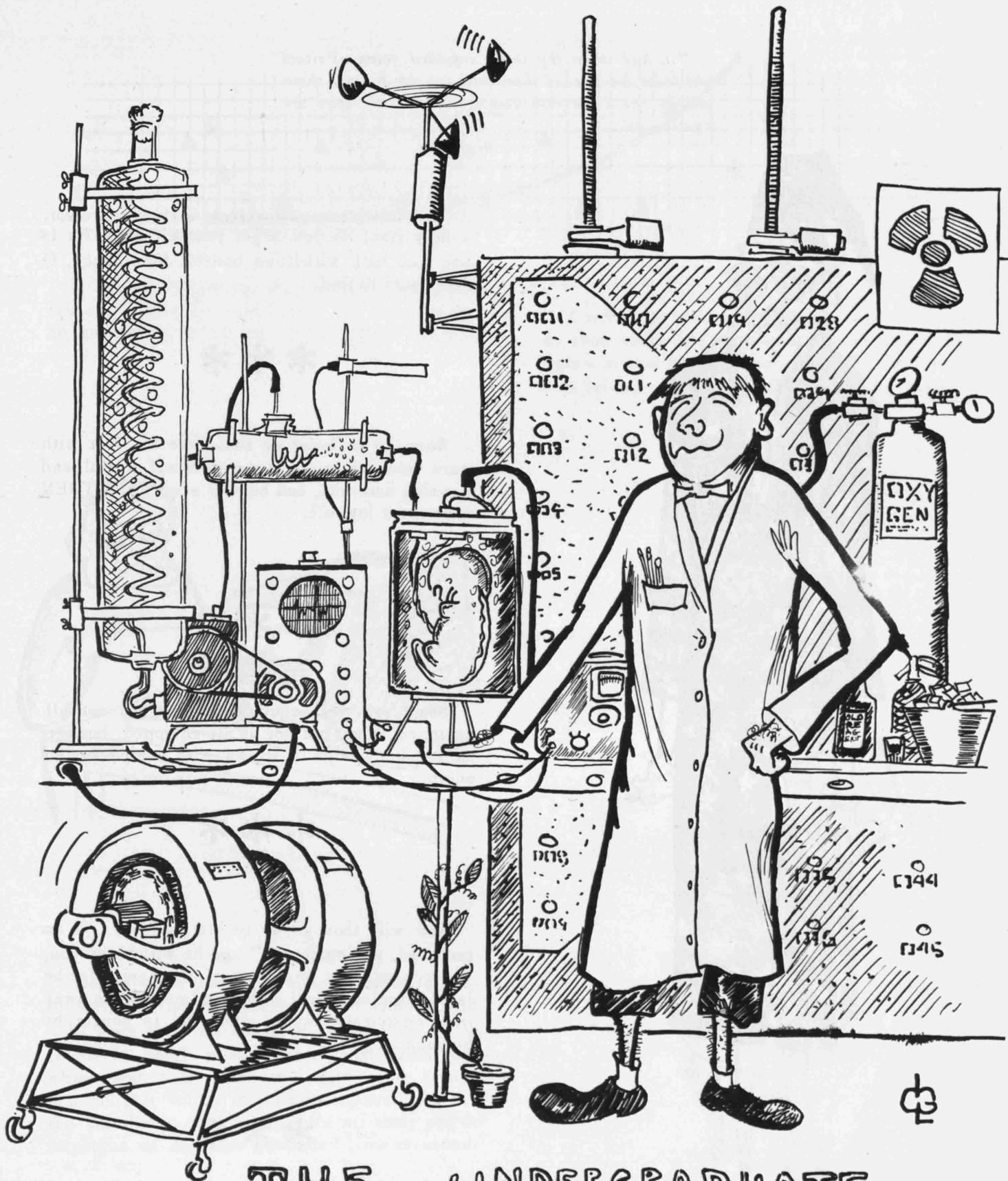
Abercrombie Snithelwaite died a pauper on a farm.

And a bad farm at that.

He was probably a blood relation of the guy who

Killed the goose that laid the golden egg.





THE UNDERGRADUATE
THE SIS

"... And when thy three unfolded years of ritual and feast are passed there will... I say to you, there will be ope'd the ribboned door that leads upon the mystic way... "

Mechtbild



And dost thou now select, a thesis advisor, a holy man, do you beget yourself unto. He is one who hath withdrawn himself from hence, O he is hard to find.

* * *

When he is found do thou laube his feet with tears and otherwise make yourself useful and pleasing unto him, and he will accept you. THEN make great joy, olé.

* * *

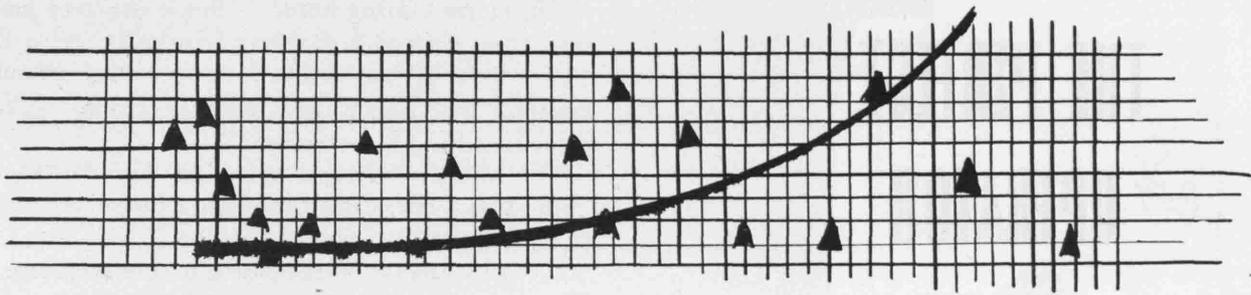
Some are well equipped, some are not all equipped, some are not at all equipped, but the path of knowledge is strewn with equipment, so equip.

* * *

And wilt thou go up to him and say, "I am prepared, yea equipped," and he will bless you, yea you will not see much of him again, for he is contemplative and doth spend many hours away from customary haunts where he is sought by by such as ye.

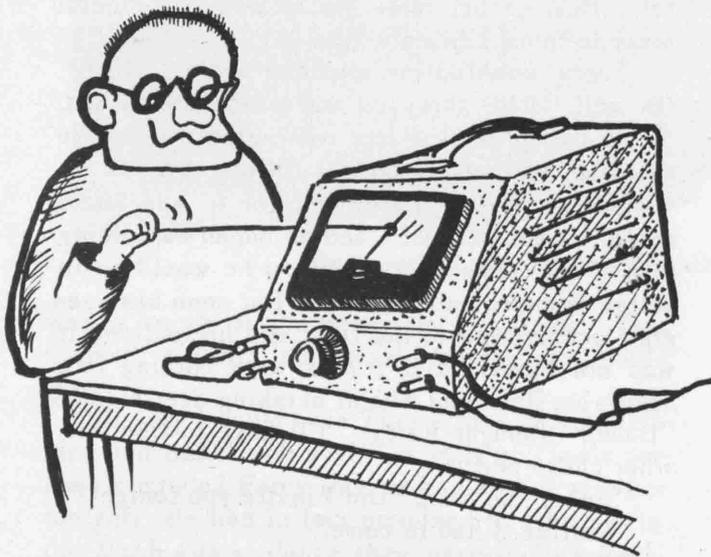
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But fear not and data take; for the wise take data when they can while the fool attempts to understand.

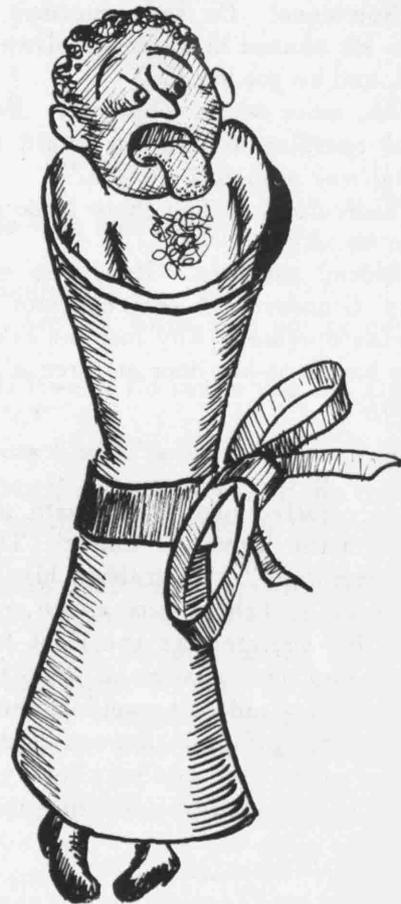


It were bright for thee to know that these matters cannot be understood, nay they cannot be understood at all nor comprehended neither.

Correct thyself, thy ways and written works do thou unfix and reassemble according to thy lights, almost until the moment of thy judgement; well looked upon is he of an improving nature.



Depart from sack, in sober fashion clothe thyself, thy lips and pocket seams annoint with ash; seek thou the house of paper, there to do research; which meaning is to find again that which was lost. Each man doth come across himself that which was known before, and yet the knowledge doth not dim for all that, yea it brightens as doth the burnished lamp rerubbed.



"... AND when thou dost receive the scroll, fall on thy knees and give praise, make great joy, ole."

THE PERFECT OPERATOR

Flintworth took a long slow puff on his pipe and slowly let the smoke drift out of his mouth.

"No, Whimsby," he said at length. "You can't chase the girlies and be a real operator. There's more to it than that."

"Of course," replied Whimsby. "To be a real operator you've got to catch them."

"No, that's not enough. You've got to make the girls chase you."

"Nonsense! Do you remember Melvin Hillston? He chased his woman halfway around the world, and he got her."

"Ah, quite so Mr. Whimsby. But if he were a real operator his woman would have chased him halfway around the world."

"Ridiculous! Then there is no true operator in the world."

"Indeed there is. Have you ever heard of Farcy Glanders? A real operator - a smooth, swinging operator. Why just the other day there was a knock at his door at three o'clock in the morning."

* * * * *

Farcy rolled out of bed with an effort and turned on the lights. "Cheez! Three o'clock in the morning?" He grabbed his bathrobe and drug it along behind him as he trudged to the door. He squinted as the light from the hall poured into the apartment. His bathrobe still dragged at his side. He couldn't see in the bright light but his olfactory senses told him that the creature in the hall was very lovely. He breathed deeply and mentally priced the perfume. It was cheap.

"Yeah?" he said.

The girl was leaning against the wall across the hall, impatiently tapping her foot on the thick rug. She was slightly surprised at finding Farcy in his pajamas. "Kind of rushing things aren't you?" She smiled.

As his eyes adjusted to the light Farcy recognized the girl. "Suzie - what are you doing here at three in the morning?" No wonder the perfume was cheap. He had given it to her.

"What am I doing here?" Suzie stopped smiling. She shifted her pelvis impressively to the other side of her spine. It was a very smooth motion, but Farcy was awfully tired. "You invited me, lover, remember?"

"I did?" Farcy wrinkled his forehead. "Oh yeah, I did, didn't I? Gee, I forgot all about it. Well - uh - c'mon in I guess."

"You guess! Well. that's a fine welcome," The foot was tapping again. Suzie shoved her body away from the wall with a push of her rump and stood up straight. Farcy stepped backwards to prevent a very pleasant collision. "Perhaps I should leave and come back tomorrow," she snapped in a huff.

Farcy brightened. "Yeah, that's a great idea. Why don't you do that?"

"Oh!" gasped Suzie. She spun on her heel and scampered pertly down the hall to the elevator. Despite her furor she retained a graceful sway in those heavenly hips.

Farcy wrinkled his forehead again. "Hunh? Oh well." He shrugged and went back to bed.

At four o'clock Farcy was again trudging to the door, bathrobe dragging. "Now what?"

It was Babs. Farcy thought it was Suzie again, - same perfume - and he began explaining that if she came back tomorrow he would be in better shape to entertain her. But soon his eyes grew accustomed to the light and he realized it was not Suzie. Babs's hips were nothing like Suzie's but Babs had a habit of taking deep breaths. "Damn," thought Farcy, "I'll have to find another cheap perfume."

"Babs," he said, "Did I invite you tonight?"

"Darling, I had to come."

"Oh, no! Sweetie, you can't just bang on a man's door at four in the morning every time you're bored."

"But-but Farcy, aren't you glad to see me?"

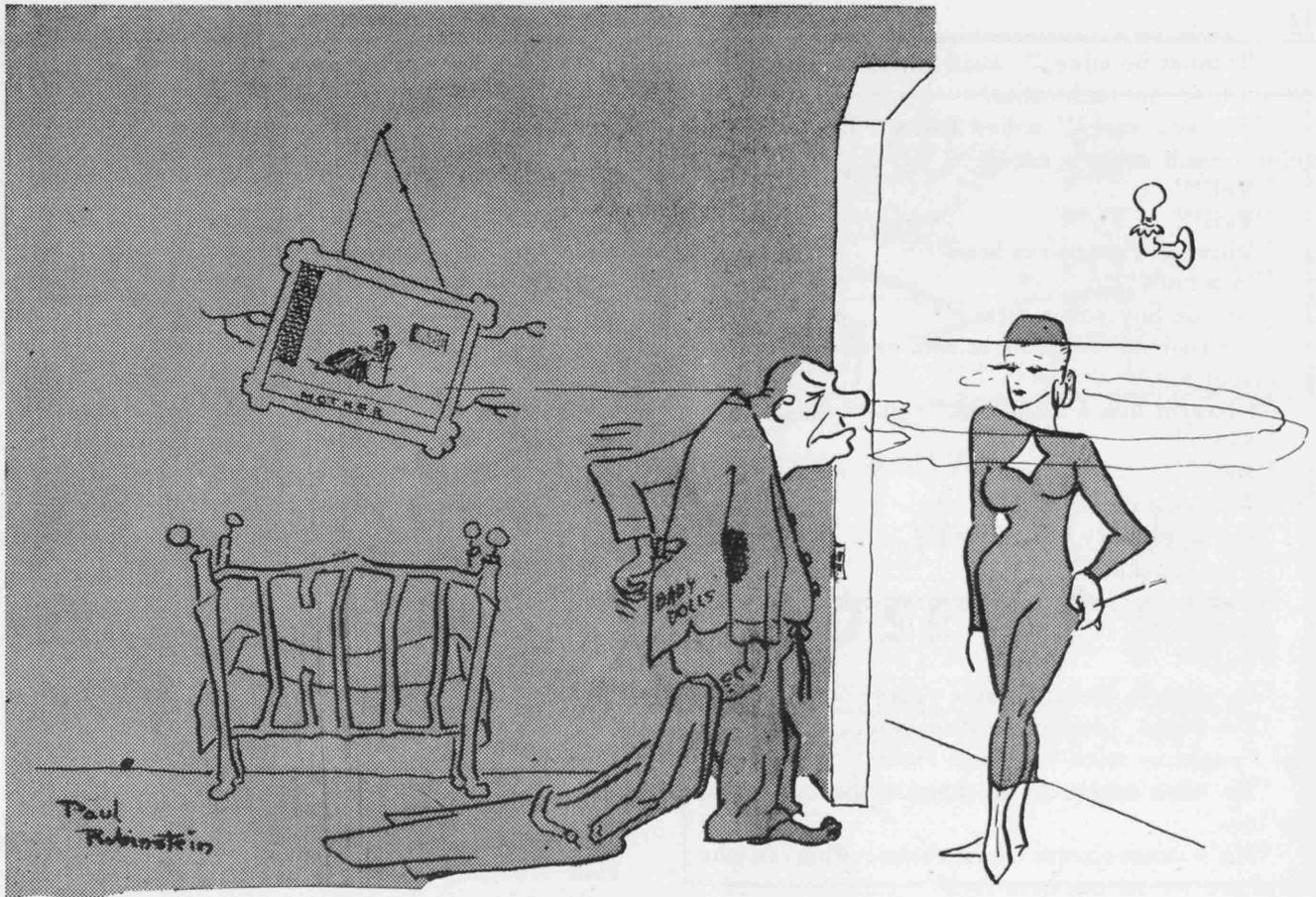
"Well, yeah, sure honey, but I've had an awfully tough day and I'm really very tired."

"Farcy, it's important; I've got to talk to you."

"Tomorrow, Toots, come back tomorrow, good night." He closed the door and sank back into bed.

* * * * *

The following evening Farcy considered the possibility of both Suzie and Babs coming back as he had suggested. He thought it highly improbable that they would both show up, but, nonetheless, he thought it wise to formulate a scheme with which to handle them both simultaneously in case of emergency. He had a tremendously clever plan almost worked out when there



... He breathed deeply and mentally priced the perfume. It was cheap.

was a knock at the door. It was Tina. Tina flashed a smile that would curdle any man's blood.

"If only I could take Tina's face and Suzie's hips and Babs' - oh well." A sniff of Tina's perfume reminded Farcy that he had a date with her tonight. He had in fact promised to take her to the Mardi Gras. Since they were in New York, this completely eliminated the Suzie-Babs dilemma and Farcy happily left town with Tina.

Later, much later, when Babs arrived, she found no one to answer the door when she knocked. She wasn't at all surprised, for Farcy was often late for appointments. So Babs opened the door with the key that Farcy had included with the perfume and made herself at home. When Suzie arrived and knocked on the door it was opened by Babs.

"Hello," said Suzie, "Is Farcy around?"

Babs smiled coldly, "Why no, he isn't. Are you his sister?"

"No, just a friend, Are you the maid?"

"Not exactly, I'm waiting for Farcy. I have sort of an appointment."

"I beg your pardon! I have an appointment with him tonight."

"Well, he probably wanted me to meet you.

Are you his mother?"

"Really! Are you quite sure you're not the maid?"

"Quite. If I were, I'd invite you in. But I'm not, so I won't."

"Thank you, I will." Suzie did, and hipped over to the couch and sat down. Babs breathed to the chair on the other side of the room and settled into it.

The two girls eyed each other in silence for a while. Then Suzie decided to establish her claim to Farcy on the ground that she had known him longer than Babs. "How long have you known Farcy?" she blurted out suddenly.

Babs reddened. "Well-uh-actually I just met him last week."

"Hah!" stormed Suzie. She stood up. "I met him eight days ago." She sat down again and wiggled her hips.

Then Babs decided to establish her claim on Farcy on the grounds that he had showered her with gifts. "Farcy gave me a bottle of perfume," she said, and breathed deeply.

Suzie's foot began tapping. "He did? That's funny, he gave me perfume too."

Babs breathed again - and again. "Is that your perfume I smell or mine?"

"It must be mine," said Suzie. The girls came closer to each other.

"Are you sure?" asked Babs. They sniffed behind each other's ears.

"Well!"

"Well!"

"Where did you meet him?"

"In a bar."

"Did he buy you a drink?"

"Uh-no-I sort of bought him one. Where did you meet him?"

"I bought him a drink too."

"Well!"

"Well!"

"Where is he now?"

"He's probably on a date."

"That stinker!"

"You know, I think we've been taken."

"Well!"

"Well!"

"My name's Babs, what's yours?"

"I'm Suzie, pleased to meet you. I think you and I ought to stick together, Babs."

"We sure ought. That bum is the lowest of the low."

"He's even lower than that. What in the world are we sitting here for?"

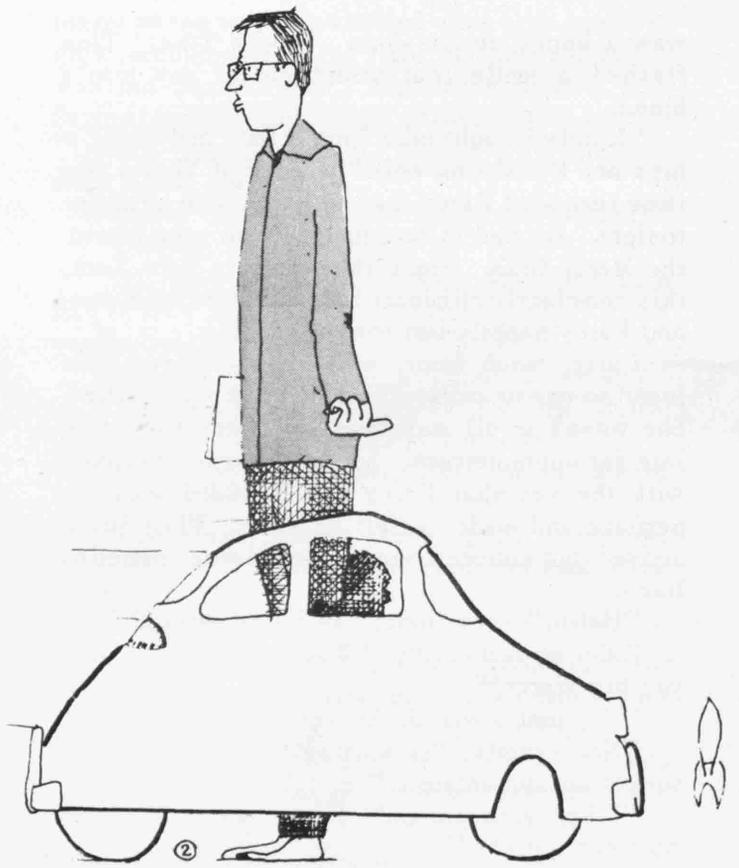
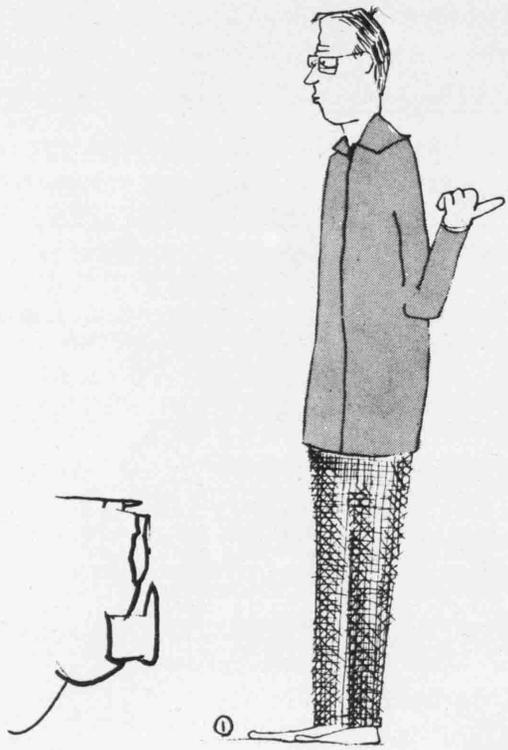
"You said it; let's go find a different bar."

So arm in arm Suzie and Babs turned their backs on Farcy and wriggled and breathed right out of his apartment.

* * * * *

"I say, Flintworth. This certainly doesn't constitute an operator."

"But it does, Whimbsby, it certainly does. For when the ladies parted at the bar to tread their separate paths, each vowed solemnly to the other never to see Mr. Glanders again. And each, being satisfied that she had successfully convinced the other that Farcy was a bum, stealthily returned to his apartment. They now sit in Farcy's apartment, suspiciously watching each other, waiting, waiting..."



GOOD UNTIL MARCH 21, 1958

THIS COUPON Worth
50¢ Towards Any
STEAK DINNER
 "Happy Birthday, Pat"

NEWBURY'S STEAK HOUSE
 94 Mass. Ave. - 279A Newbury St.
 Back Bay, Boston

March 1 - "For Sale: Slightly used farm wench in good condition. Very handy. Ph. Lg. 222 A.Q. Smith."

March 2 - Correction: Due to an unfortunate error, Mr. Smith's ad last night was not clear. He has an excellent winch for sale. We trust this will put an end to jokesters who have called Mr. Smith and greatly bothered his housekeeper, Mrs. Jones, who loves with him.

March 3 - Notice: My W-I-N-C-H is not for sale. I put a sledge hammer to it. Don't bother calling Lg. 222. I had the phone taken out. I am NOT carrying on with Mrs. Jones. She merely L-I-V-E-S with me. A. Q. Smith.



The job seeker explained to the personnel man that he had studied at Princeton for two years, two at Yale, had done post-graduate work at Harvard, and taken a two-week course at Vassar?"

"What did you learn at Vassar?"

"That I'd been wasting my time in the Ivy League."



Jack: "Last night I finally persuaded my girl to say 'yes'."

Jake: "Swell, old man, when's the wedding?"

Jack: "Wedding?? What wedding?"



On an Easter Sunday a youngster filled the chicken coop with eggs dyed every color of the rainbow. The rooster took one look at the brilliant display, ran straight out of the coop, and killed the peacock.



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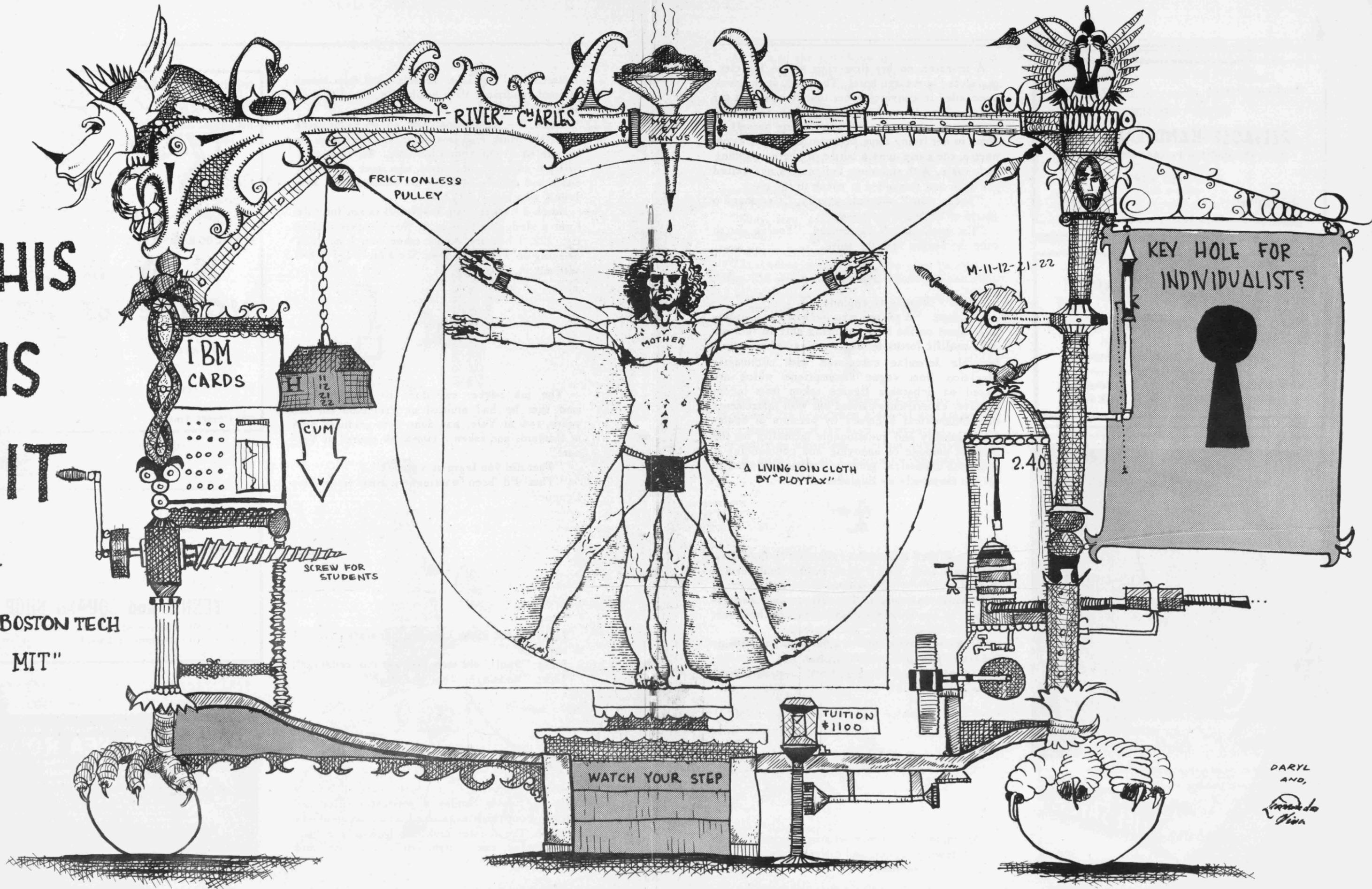
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You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath-fresheners of all are



A spinster, on her first visit to the big city, registered at a large hotel. The clerk at the desk succeeded in convincing her that it was best for her comfort and convenience to engage a whole section of rooms. As she was making herself at home in her living room, bedroom, bath, and kitchenette, she came upon a bottle of bitters standing on a table. With righteous indignation she called the desk and demanded to speak to the clerk.

"Young man," she said angrily, "I've found a bottle of bitters in my rooms!"

"I'm sorry lady," he replied. "You've got to take the bitters with the suite."



Prof: "What is an engineer?"

Student: "A person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude innate strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micromatic precision from vague assumptions which are based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopeless chimerical group of fanatics referred to all too frequently as Engineers."



A frightened householder reported to the police that he'd been struck down in the dark outside his back door by an unknown assailant. A young policeman was sent to investigate and soon returned to headquarters with a lump on his face.

"I solved the case," he muttered.

"Amazing fast work," his superior complimented him. "How did you accomplish it?"

The young cop explained, "I stepped on the rake, too."



An engineer is a man who is educated in the art of developing new and different ways of making the same mistake.

At 10 a.m. the telephone at the reception desk of a large hotel rang frantically.

"What time does your bar open?" someone asked.

"At twelve noon, sir," answered the hotel clerk.

At 11 o'clock it rang again.

"Say, Mac, what time dosh your bar open up?"

"At twelve noon, sir." This time the clerk was emphatic.

At 11:45 the telephone rang again.

"Shay, fren, pleesh tell me (burp) . . . scuze me (burp) . . . pleez tell me when dosh yer bar open up."

"At twelve noon, sir," the clerk answered.

"But I'm afraid that in your condition you won't be allowed to come in."

"Come in? Hell, I wanna get out."



The inexperienced young backwoods teacher scratched his head when a school kid asked him for a definition of the word "alabaster."

Finally he admitted, "I'm not downright sure, but it might be an illegitimate Mohammedan."



The newly-elected Kentucky Justice of the Peace had hardly got used to wearing shoes and sitting in an office when an awkward, blushing couple confronted him and demanded that he perform the marriage ceremony.

The J. P. stumbled through his lines and pronounced them man and wife. Then as the couple continued to stand before him, he guessed that they wanted some sort of a religious blessing.

"God bless you," he said solemnly. "Go home and sin no more!"



He: "Gosh but I'd like to make all of your dreams come true."

She: "I'll slap your face if you do."

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Have Press your suit
Him Mend your clothes
Sew on Buttons
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Laundry Service Available

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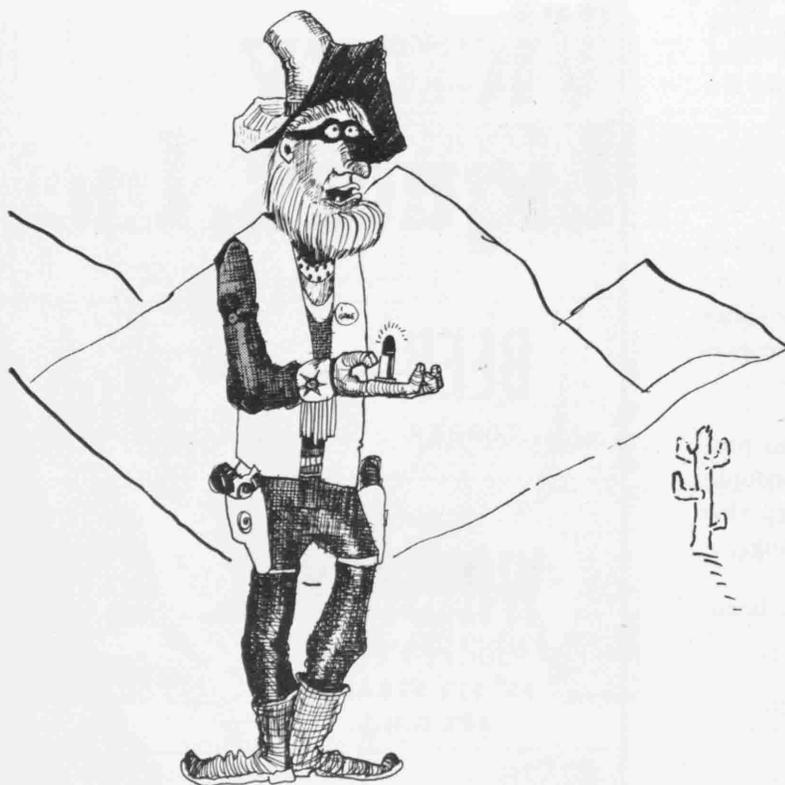
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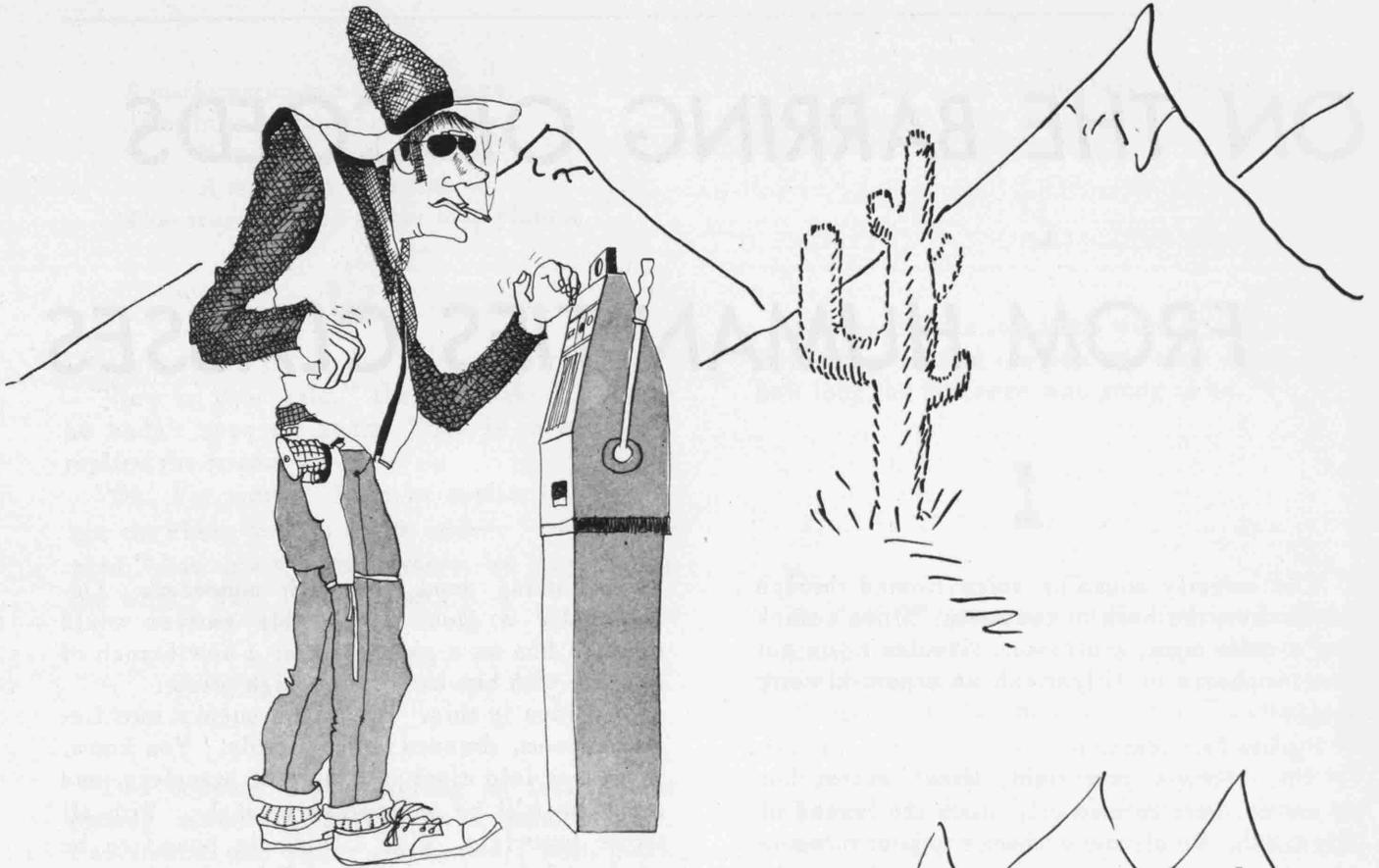
Damn R.O.T.C.



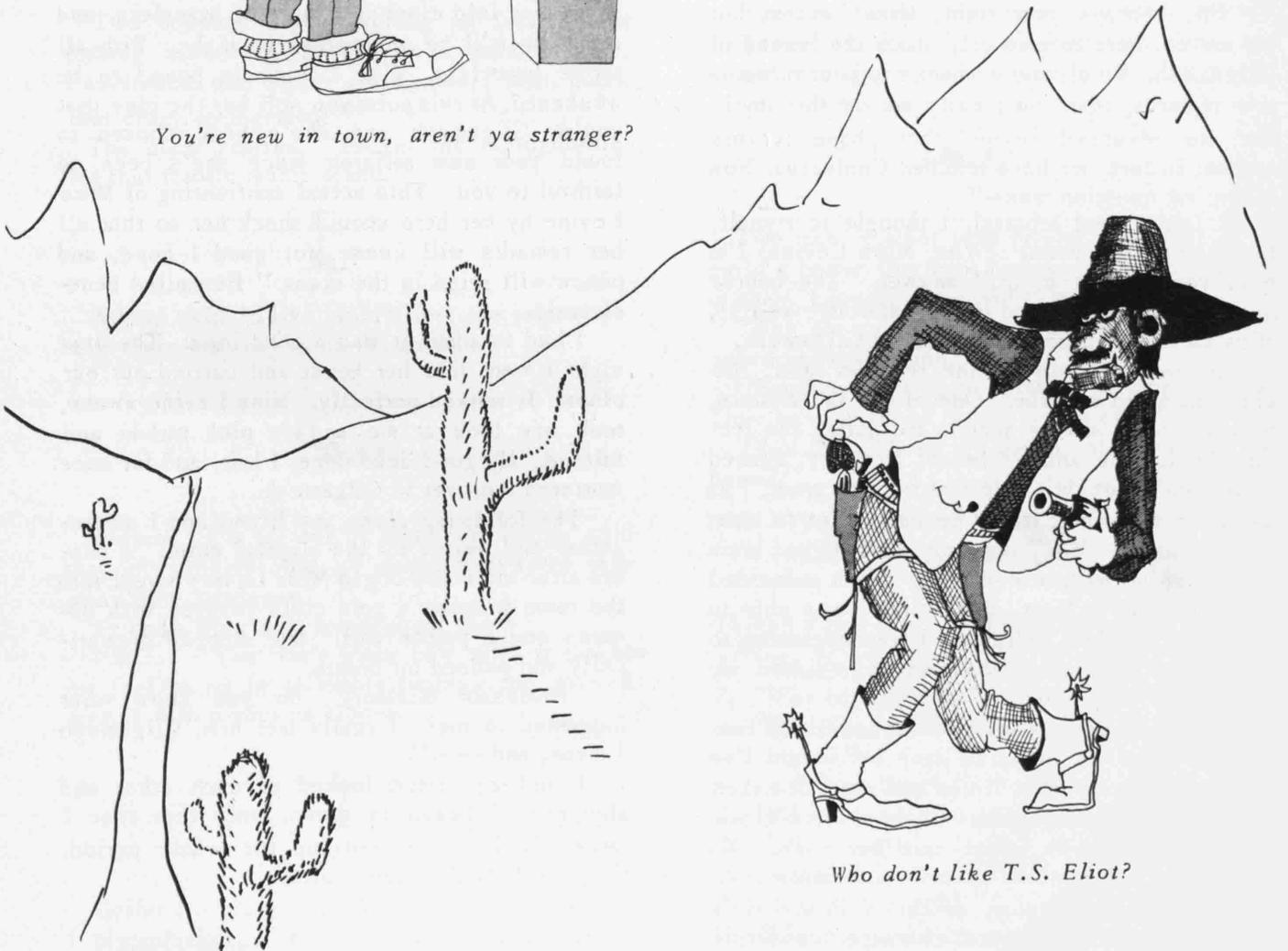
*Sure you ain't never
seen a silver bullet
before.*



Vas machst du, kemo sabe?



You're new in town, aren't ya stranger?



Who don't like T.S. Eliot?

ON THE BARRING OF COEDS FROM HUMANITIES CLASSES

The sweetly sounding voice floated through the air from the back of the room, "I don't think that's quite right, professor. Shouldn't you put more emphasis on Gilgamesh as a post-historic figure?"

I gritted my teeth.

"Uh, perhaps your right, Miss Levine, but we are not here to primarily study the legend of Gilgamesh. We all know, thanks to your informative remarks, that you greatly admire this myth. But we advanced beyond that phase in this course; in fact, we have reached Confucius. Now class, my question was--"

A fairly good rebuttal, I thought to myself, better than the usual "Yes, Miss Levine, I'm glad you brought it up," answer. The course should have been listed in the catalogue as E43, Miss Levine and her remarks upon Gilgamesh.

An hour and two Levine remarks later, the class came to a close. One of the individuals, who had been sitting next to me during the lecture by Levine and Professor McHenry, rushed up to me. "I couldn't help hearing you grunt," he said. He was right; it had become reflex to snort as soon as the "Gil" penetrated my fogged brain and finish up with a loud groan which coincided with "amesh." Most of the time I was able to drown out the last syllable. I was beginning to think even Professor McHenry appreciated my opinion.

"I was thinking," my new-found friend continued, "that we ought to stop her. And I've thought of a way. Now listen and see if it makes sense. Late one evening, about three o'clock in the morning, we sneak into her room. No doubt, she'll be asleep dreaming of Gilgamesh. Now you know the story of this fellow. He's supposed to be an immortal character wandering about the world for the last twenty or so cen-

turies, doing good and such nonsense. Occasionally a group of gullible natives would think of him as a god and start a new branch of religion with him as a sort of high priest.

My idea is this. One of us sneaks into Levine's room, dressed rather weirdly. You know, wearing a loin cloth, a couple of bracelets, and a turban--it'll be an impressive sight. With all those bracelets, Miss Levine is bound to be awakened. At this point you sell her the idea that you're Gilgamesh and she's been chosen to found your new religion since she's been so faithful to you. This actual confronting of Miss Levine by her hero should shock her so that all her remarks will cease, for good I hope, and peace will reign in the class." He smiled beneficently.

I had to admit it was a good idea. The next night I went into her house and carried out our plans. It worked perfectly. Miss Levine awoke, took one look at me and my pink turban and fainted. My good deed done, I left, and for once muttered a prayer to Gilgamesh.

The following class, my friend and I sat together and waited for the blissful quiet. A minute after the class began Miss Levine swept into the room wearing a gold cloth covered with sequins and a purple veil. She stopped dramatically and paused for breath.

"Professor McHenry, do you know what happened to me? I really met him, Gilgamesh I mean, and - - -."

I and my friend looked at each other and shrugged. I began to groan, only this time I knew I'd have to continue the whole period. Gilgamesh would reign supreme.

A mathematician named Haines,
After infinite racking of brains,
Now says he has found
A new kind of sound
That travels much faster than planes.



"How is your wife," the man asked a friend he hadn't seen for years. "She is in heaven." replied the friend.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Then he realized that was not the thing to say, so he added: "I mean, I'm glad." And that was even worse. He finally came out with: "Well, I'm surprised."



Two boppers were watching an Indian fakir putting his cobra through an unusual routine. Fascinated, one bopper commented, "Man, catch, that crazy arrangement."

The other replied, "Forget the arrangement. Dig that frantic music stand."



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



Patient - I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness.

Friend - What's so tough about that?

Patient - You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner.



Golfer (to players ahead): "Would you mind if I played thru. I've just been notified that my wife is seriously ill."

One can of paint to another: "Darling, I think I'm pigment."



The three little ink drops were crying because their father was in the pen and they didn't know how long the sentence was going to be.



One of the freshman took in a strip-tease this vacation and next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.

"After I left the show last night," he exclaimed, my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."

The doc looked him over, thought a minute, and then remarked, "Try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show - you won't miss much."



Two men, neither very bright, were helping to build a house. One kept picking up nails, looking at them, keeping some and throwing others away.

"Why are you throwing away so many nails?" asked his companion.

"Because they are pointed the wrong way. They have the head on the wrong end."

"You fool. Those are for the other side of the house."

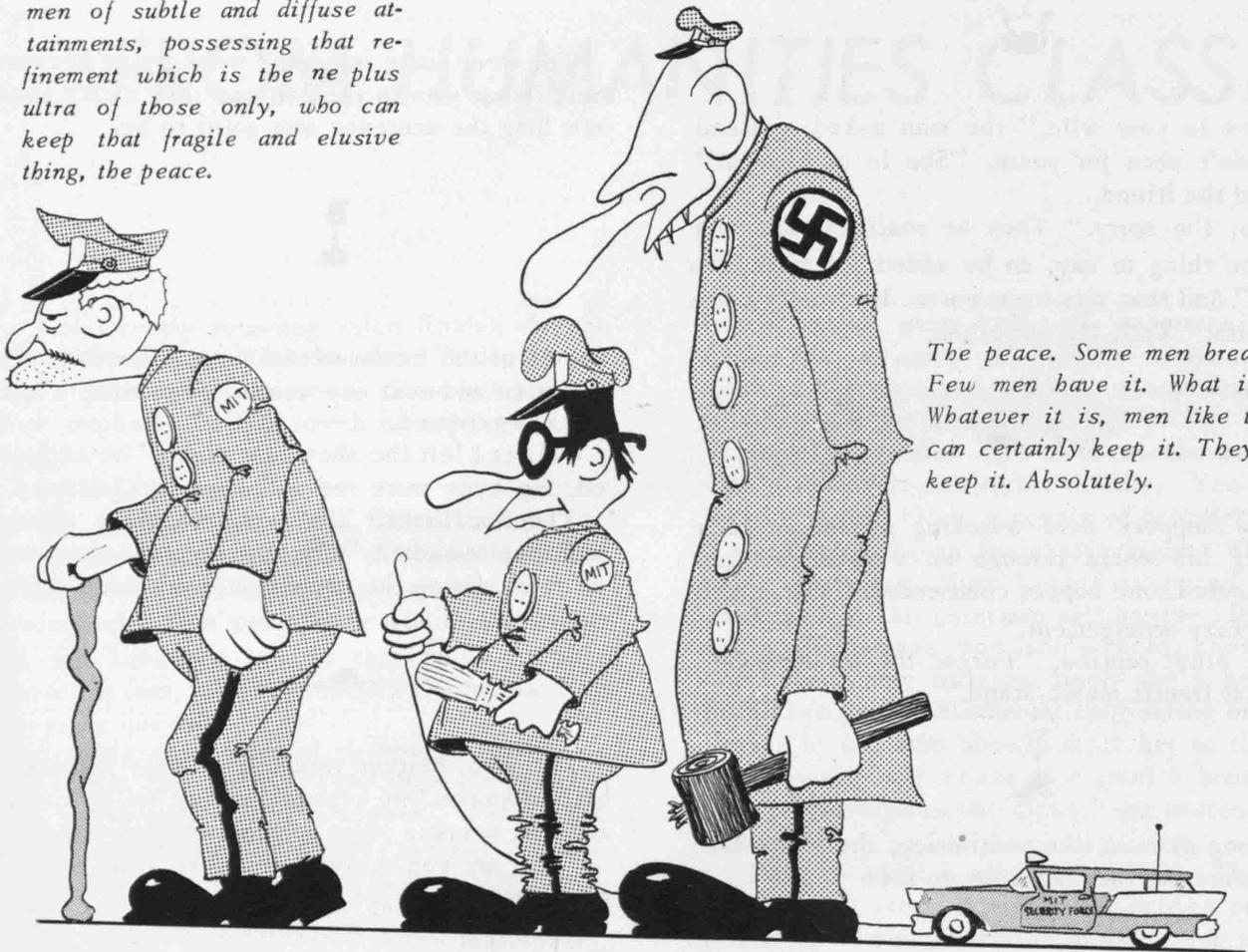


Things a Boy likes to Hear a Girl Say:

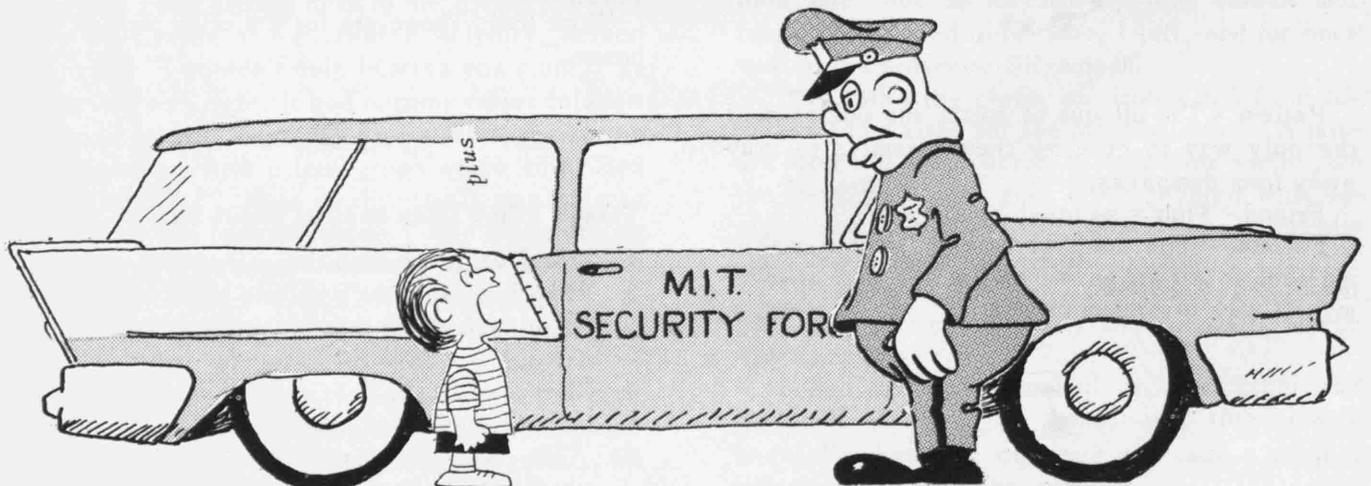
1. "No, I've never seen the golf course at night."
2. "Why bother, there's no one home here."
3. "You don't think this bathing suit is too tight, do you?"
4. "Let's go Dutch."
5. "Chaperone? What chaperone?"
6. "No, it really doesn't make any difference whether I get back at all tonight."
7. "My, but I'm cold."
8. "We could always move in with my family."
9. "YES."

M.I.T., in its basic goodness, has brought us visiting professors with much erudition, to share themselves with us. But this year we are multiply fortunate. From a rare source they have found for us a troupe of delicate and sensitive spirits; men of subtle and diffuse attainments, possessing that refinement which is the ne plus ultra of those only, who can keep that fragile and elusive thing, the peace.

VOO DOO SALUTES



The peace. Some men break it. Few men have it. What is it? Whatever it is, men like these can certainly keep it. They can keep it. Absolutely.



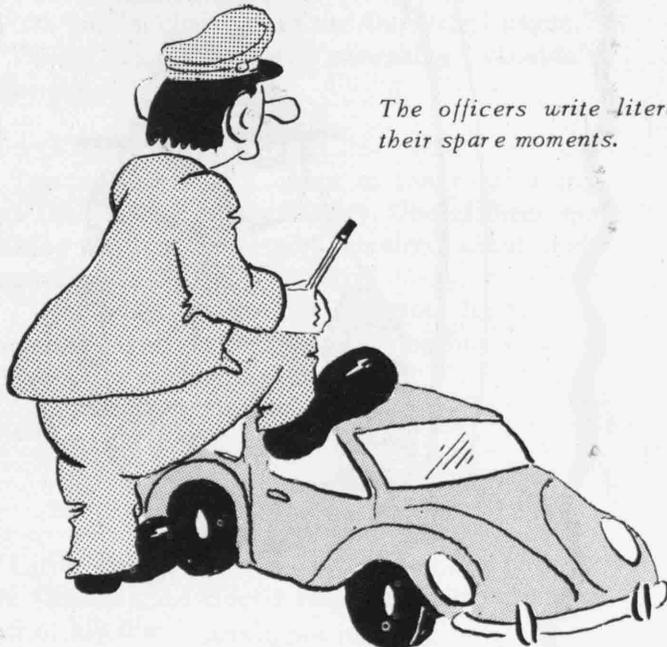
Here we see one of the students consulting Officer Bemis about a lost blanket.

THE M.I.T.

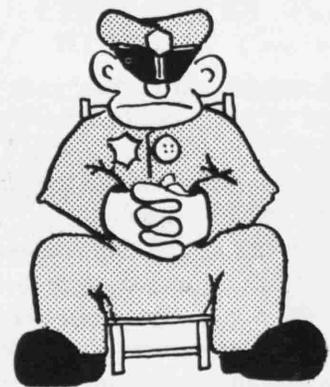
SECURITY FARCE



The student is unruly and should be quieted.



The officers write literature in their spare moments.



Guarding the Bursar's Office.

We can be sure, with men like these around to guide us,
that the student of Tomorrow will not be like the student of Yesterday.



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



still only 5¢

A Tennessee hillsman gave two visitors permission to hunt on his land. As they set out he told them, "You'll find a still 'round t'other side of the mountain, and I'd be obleedged if you'd bring me back a jugful."

At the end of the day, the pair stopped at the still, filled a jug but were barely on their way again when a bullet whistled over their heads. Pounding at top speed down the path to the mountaineer's cabin, they rushed in and panted that his still was being raided.

"Boys," he replied, as he hastily shut the door behind them, "I plumb forgot to mention, that ain't my still."



Little boy: "We have a new baby at our house."
 Neighbor: "How nice. Did the stork bring him?"
 Little boy: "No, he developed from a unicellular amoeba."

We love the football season. Aside from its many other blessings, it's the only time of the year when a fellow can walk down the street with a blanket on one arm and a girl on the other without having people ask so many damn fool questions.



"Oh, my poor man," exclaimed the kind old lady. "It must be dreadful to be lame. But wouldn't it be worse if you were blind?"

"You're absolutely right, lady," said the beggar. "When I was blind people kept giving me foreign coins."



Just heard about the mad scientist who crossed a Parakeet with a Tiger. Doesn't know what he's got, but when it sings he listens.



DARVZ

I do not eat pizza.
 I do not sing.
 I do not play the guitar,
 And what is more, there is no making out in this boat.

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ITALIAN-AMERICAN RESTAURANT

Telephone 21 Brookline St., Cambridge, Mass.
EL iot 4-9569 off Mass. Ave.

"I shouldn't be serving you wine. You are head of the Temperance League," said the charming hostess.

"Oh no, I'm chairman of the Anti-Vice League,"

"Well, I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."



Two cowboys were about to leave for a trip into the Arizona desert country. One of them was talking to a stranger who inquired about their equipment.

"My pardner and me are traveling light. He's traveling light. He's taking nothing but a jug of whiskey for rattlesnake bites."

"And what are you taking?"

"Two rattlesnakes."



Little Bobbie tripped and fell on his face on the sidewalk. An elderly lady rushed over to help him to his feet.

"Now, little boy, you must be brave about this," she purred, "You mustn't cry."

"Cry?" exclaimed Bobbie, "I'm going to sue hell out of somebody."

"Mama," said little Linda, "do all fairy tales begin with 'once upon a time?'"

"No, darling," said Mama grimly, "sometimes they begin, 'My love I will be detained at the office quite late tonight.'" "



There had been a terrible battle and one of the two English majors felt himself slipping from life. "Good-bye, George," he moaned to his friend. "I'm done for."

"Don't say that Charlie, boy," gasped the other in horror. "For heaven's sake, don't end a sentence with a preposition!"



"If you stay overnight here, you'll have to make your own bed."

"I don't mind."

"Okay, here's a hammer and saw."

keep trying YOU could be a winner in the

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1st Prize



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\$500 U.S. SAVINGS BOND plus
A Life-Of-Card Royalty Contract*

2nd Prize

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* Prize winning entries will be selected by

CARL REINER

Emmy Award Winning Television Actor.

*Prize winning entries will be adapted for new MURAB Greeting Cards and published within 12 months after the close of the contest. The royalty contracts become effective upon publication.

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. Compose a MESSAGE (in prose or verse) suitable for substitution for the message already on any MURAB Greeting Card. shortly after the contest closes.
2. Print your entry anywhere on the MURAB Card (or a reasonable facsimile) and print your name and address on the back of the MURAB Card. Mail entry to MURAB Contest Editor, 939 D Street N.W., Washington 4, D. C.
3. Enter NOW and as often as you wish but each entry must be submitted on a separate MURAB Card. Entries must be post-marked no later than midnight, April 30, 1958. Winners will be notified by mail.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of suitability for the drawing (as is) on the Card, ingenuity of idea, and aptness of expression. No entries will be returned and all entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of the Murab Company, Inc.
5. All residents of the continental U. S., Hawaii, and Puerto Rico may compete except employees and their families of the Murab Company, Inc., its sales representatives, advertising agencies, and stores where MURAB Cards are sold. Contest subject to Federal, State and local laws and regulations.

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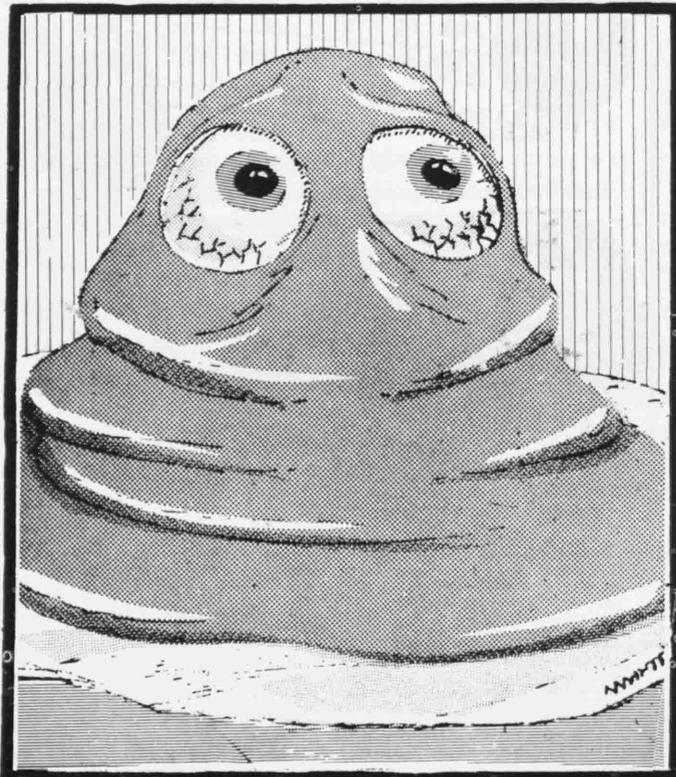
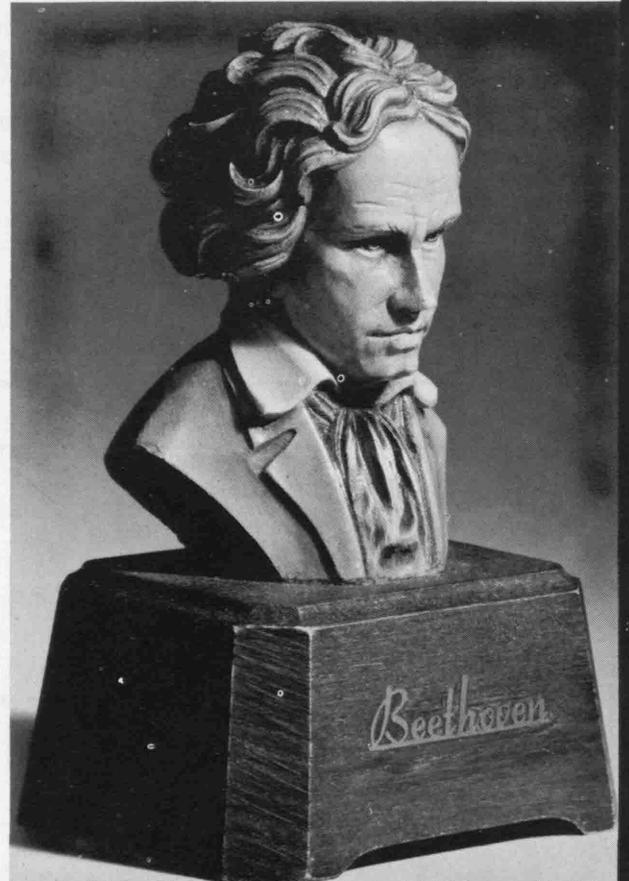
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of the
MASTERS
MOUNTED ON ROSTRUM

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BRAHMS	Brahms Lullaby
CHOPIN	Till the End of Time
MOZART	Menuet Mozart
VERDI	Aida March
WAGNER	Lohengrin's Wedding March

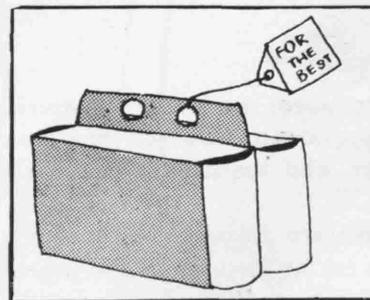
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40 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge 39, Massachusetts



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at the Voo Doo
office any
Monday at five:

I'm here representing The Tech.

Allright pledge, where is your pledge pin?

Couldn't you neglect that second quiz?

What does 'Radiation Hazard' mean?

... No, only when I laugh.

THE PLAY THEY SAID
COULDN'T BE MADE INTO
A PLAY...

TECH SHOW '58

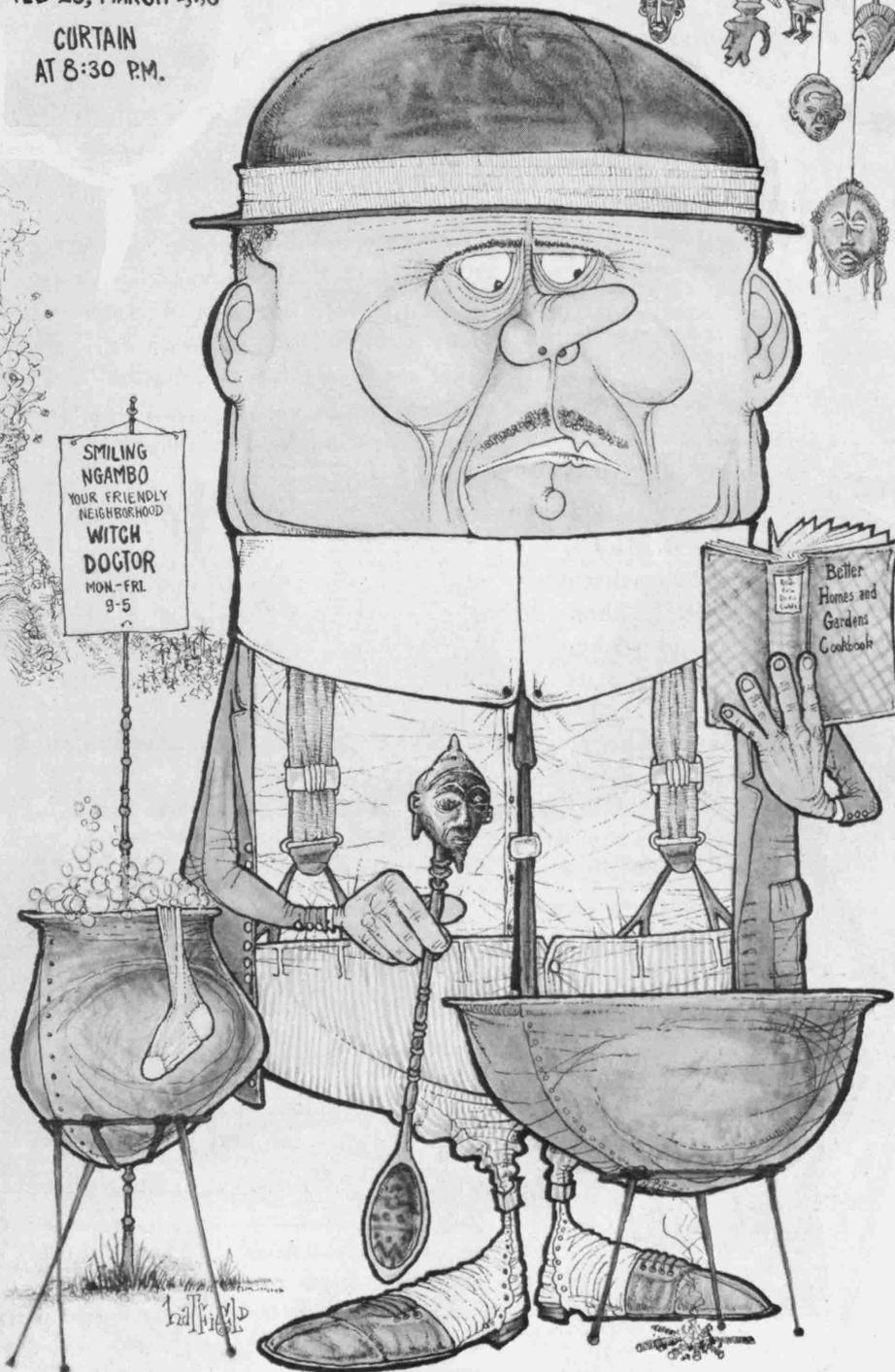
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IN BUILDING 10
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PRICES: \$2.20, \$1.80
AND \$1.20

KRESGE AUDITORIUM
FEB 28, MARCH 1, 78

CURTAIN
AT 8:30 P.M.

OUT ON A LIMBO



A limerick packs laughs anatomical
 Into space that is quite economical.
 But the good ones we've seen
 So seldom are clean,
 And clean ones as seldom are comical.



"I'm going to have a little one."
 Said the gal, gay and frisky;
 But the boy friend up and fainted
 Before he knew that she meant whiskey.



Wife (noticing lipstick on collar of spouse):
 "Where did you get that! From my maid?"
 Hubby: "No."
 Wife: "From the governess?"
 Hubby: "No."
 Wife: "From my secretary?"
 Hubby: "No!" Don't you think I have friends of
 my own?"



Once upon a time there were three coeds - a
 great big coed, a middle-sized coed, and a little
 coed - who went for a walk in the woods. When
 they came back they were very tired and wished
 to go to bed. So they went to their rooms.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," said
 the great big coed in a great big voice.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too,"
 said the middle-sized coed in a middle-sized
 voice.

"Good night, girls," said the little coed in a
 little bit of a voice.



A mixed group was discussing beauty and
 women.

"I think the most fascinating thing about a
 woman is her lips," said one man.

"I don't agree," said another, "I think it's
 her hair."

"Not at all," said a third, "it's her eyes."

A lady in the party sniffed, elevated her nose
 sharply and said, "I'm going to get out of here
 before one of you boys tells the truth."

A sweet old lady, always eager to help the
 needy, spied a particularly sad old man stand-
 ing on a street corner. She walked over to him,
 pressed a dollar bill in his hand, and said, "Chin
 up."

The next day, on the same street corner, the
 sad old man shuffled up to the old lady and slip-
 ped ten dollars into her hand.

"Nice pickin'," he said in a low voice. "Paid
 nine to one."



Three turtles decided to have a cup of coffee.
 Just as they went into the cafe it started to rain,
 so the biggest turtle said to the smallest turtle:
 "Go home and get the umbrella." So the little
 one said: "I will if you don't drink my coffee."
 "We won't," promised the other two.

Two years later the big turtle said to the mid-
 dle turtle: "Well, I guess he isn't coming back,
 so we might as well drink his coffee." Just
 then a little voice called from just outside the
 door: "If you do, I won't go."



"Did you give your penny to the Sunday
 School?" asked the mother.

"No, Ma, I lost it."

"That makes three Sundays in a row you've
 lost your penny."

"I know, Ma, but that kid's luck can't last
 forever."



A very beautiful young lady went for a swim
 in a secluded spot, but neglected to take a towel
 with her. As she was standing on the bank letting
 the balmy breezes dry her, she heard a rustling
 in the bushes nearby. "Who's there?" she asked.
 A rather high pitched voice replied, "Willie."
 Said the gal: "How old are you Willie?" and the
 wee small voice replied. "Seventy-nine, darn it."

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Brothers' Dream

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 nts running away, and debt.
 wiped out by the bankrupt
 law," the Schaefer brothers
 had the courage to buy the
 brewery of Sebastian Som
 mers. The hardships and priv
 ations that must have been
 necessary to make this pur
 chase, history does not record.
 All the old ledger tells us,
 again quite simply, is that
 "The Firm of F. & M. Schaefer
 commenced September 1,
 1842."

Broadway Opening

The first Schaefer brewery
 was located on Broadway bet
 ween 18th and 19th Streets—
 but quite a different Broad
 way from the one we know
 today.

Charles Dickens, who paid
 his celebrated visit to New
 York in 1842, describes Broad
 way as "a wide and bustling
 street which, from the Bat
 tery gardens to its opposite
 termination in a country road
 may be four miles long."
 n in a forest of s
 and flapping

ary fermentation,
 which the brew was
 at rest in cold storage—
 ch is the meaning of the
 ord "lager." It was in this
 ger period that the beer
 arified and developed its
 leasing taste and wholesome
 nellowness. The result was a
 ore palatable beer, lighter
 n body, which, unlike the still
 eers of the time, possessed a
 arkling quality and clarity.
 ager beer was served cold.

New Yorkers liked Schaefer
 ger Beer, so much so that
 1845 the Schaefer brothers
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 16th and 17th Streets.
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Old Gold

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Dear Reader—
 We took the Schaefer beer.
 We were thirsty! Sorry.
 - Press Room
 P.S.
 - it's REAL beer!



Schaefer
 BEER

America's Oldest Lager Beer

A new idea in smoking!

Salem refreshes your taste



★ **menthol
fresh**

Salem brings a wholly new quality to smoking...Spring-time-softness in every puff. Salem refreshes your taste the way a Spring morning refreshes you.

★ **rich tobacco
taste**

Smoking was never like this before! You taste that rich tobacco...then, surprise!... there's an unexpected softness that gives smoking new comfort and ease.

★ **modern filter,
too**

Through Salem's pure-white, modern filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. You smoke refreshed, pack after pack, when you buy Salems by the carton.

