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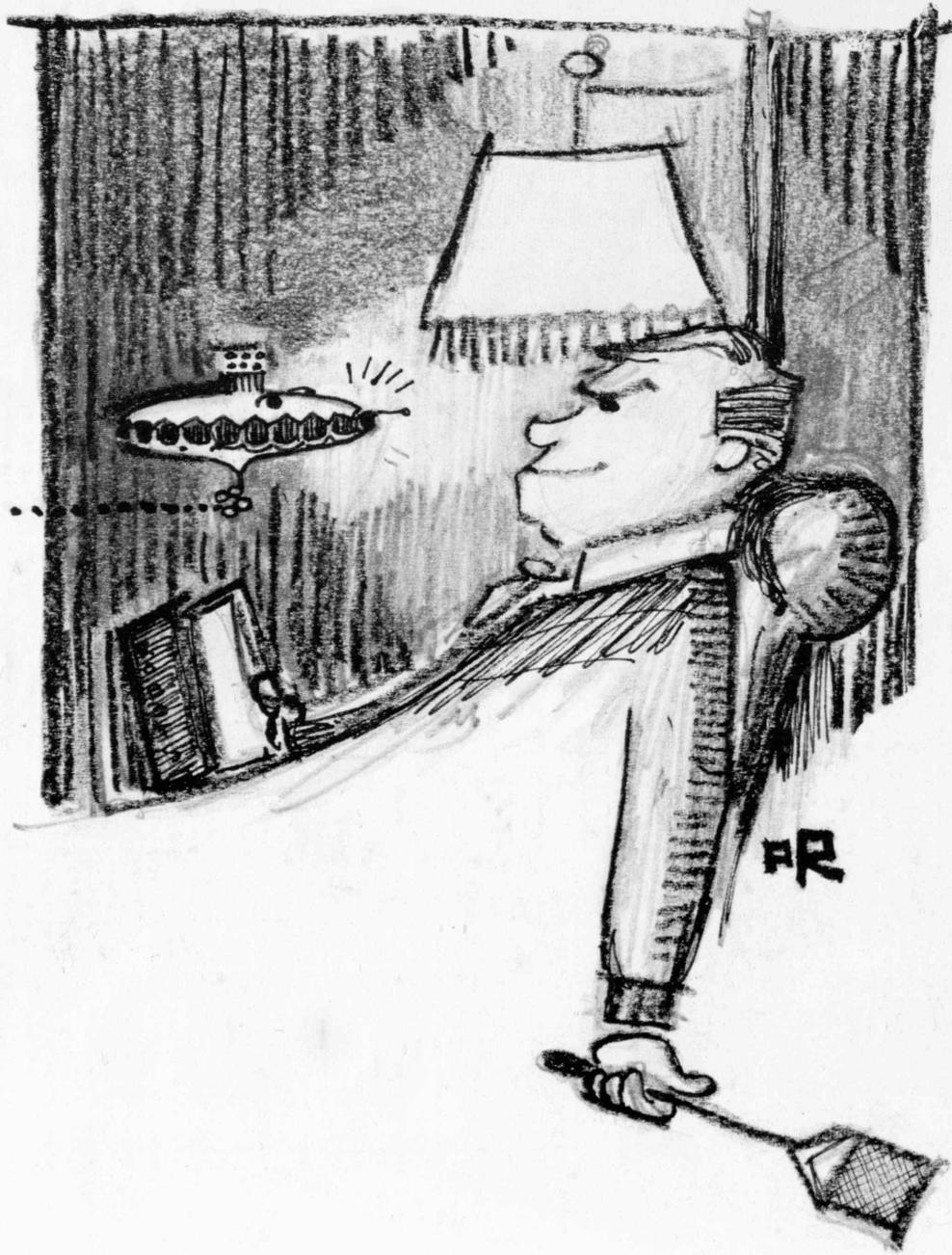
# VOODOO

SPORTS  
CAR  
ISSUE

FEB.  
35¢



MAL'S PWA



HANDS UP, EARTHMAN, YOU ARE NOW A PRISONER  
OF WAR

# VOO DOO

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For several years, Phos has been nagging us to write a political editorial, and now seems to be the most appropriate time to get the old cat off our back.

We have been reading about the early warning defense system this country has established, about the DEW line and whatall, and it seems to us that the present administration has missed the boat on at least one very obvious point. For example, what do you do if you see a house burning down? Why you run down to the corner and pull the lever in that little red box. Now, isn't the situation becoming clearer? Why should we trust our safety to firemen half asleep in their complacency twenty-five hundred miles from any missile target, when there are about one-hundred-seventy-five million able pairs of eyes right here in this country, fully capable of turning in an alarm. So we propose that the government rectify this serious error immediately by initiating a crash program of alarm-box construction. We want one on every corner, and even two on busy corners, so that any citizen, upon sighting a missile, can immediately warn the rest of the nation.

We even suggest, as a further refinement, that the retaliation missile of the U.S. be keyed by this same alarm.

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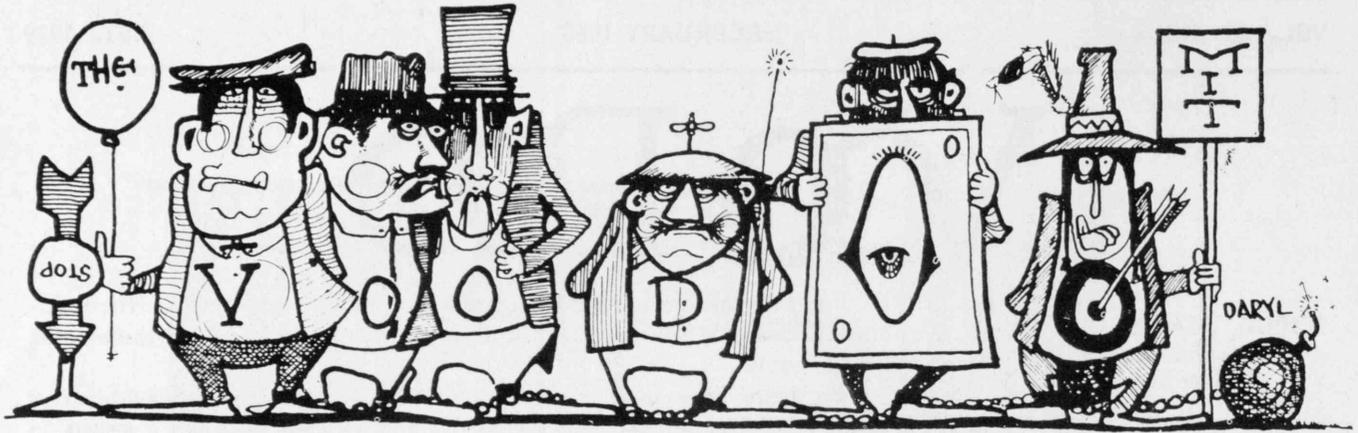
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PHOS

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**WE** HAVE more fun putting this magazine together. Just for laughs we sent a totally unprintable joke to the printer for the girl to set into type along with all the rest of the almost unprintable ones. The proofs came back yesterday with this one joke conspicuously set in bold face italics.

**I**F YOU notice members of the administration walking around as if they had something on their minds (most unusual for this time of the year or any time for that matter) it is probably the result of a totally unfounded rumor. This rumor as it reached us goes as follows: somebody thought that since the Dean's office is so dear to the hearts of the Voo Doo staff, especially the senior board, it would be a nice gesture (of defiance) to give them something. What would be a better gift than a copy of Voo Doo? Ans. 5,000 copies of Voo Doo; in fact, the whole issue! So (as the rumor goes) it was decided to fulfill a long standing wish of the Dean's office and let them write, illustrate, and put together a whole issue of Voo Doo all by themselves. Latest word from the senior board is that they would not consider the idea, especially for the April issue of this year. One question comes to mind, however, who censors the censors? We don't know, but it might be interesting to find out.

**A** friend of ours works at one of R.C.A.'s research and development plants in the area. One night, last week after much Rhine wine he agreed to put a copy of the "radar article" on the bulletin board there. (This article has never been printed in Voo Doo and cannot be for reasons which would become obvious if you were to come up to our office.

**A**N M.I.T. SECRETARY gets quite a kick out of telling everyone about the sign in a Judith Gap, Montana hardware store. "The only tool we loan out belongs to our tomcat, and he always brings it back.

**L**AST SALES DAY, as we sat in the sales booth, begging people to buy the Magazine, we watched with hungry glee the torridly tortuous M.I.T., secretaries slinking past us. Exclamations of "Wow!" and "Whee!" accompanied with eyeballs bulging out of our tongue-lapping faces, issued uncontrollably from our sexstarved bodies. The coed sitting beside us said, with a shrug of her shoulders, "You certainly have lousy taste. What do those horrible secretaries have that we coeds don't?" We laughed.

**A** required course for Voo Doo board members is Prof. Holland's "Comic Sensibility," often referred to as "Cosmic Sensitivity" This class is noted for its exotic theme and quiz structure, which varies constantly. Last week Prof. Holland revealed the soul-searching torture he has been undergoing in search of a quiz-theme policy which would satisfy everyone. He said that at first he asked for a term paper; but everyone complained - too much work. So he changed the requirement to a couple of themes and a quiz with 3 essay questions on it; Everyone complained. Finally in desperation, last year, he resorted to a short true-false test. During this test Prof. H. noticed one fellow (not a V.D. man) brows wrinkled, concentrating very hard on flipping a half dollar. Every time it came up heads, he checked "True;" for tails he checked "False." With admirable restraint Prof. H. decided to wait until later to comment, but it was just too much for him when a little later he saw the same fellow, his pen put away, again diligently flipping his half dollar: checking his answers!

**S**OMEONE on our staff suggested that because the waters of the Charles River are so dirty, the name ought to be changed to John.

**P**HOS took a trip down to Wheaton last weekend and while passing through Norton, Mass., noted the following sign in a window:

For Rent: Bathroom. Private entrance. Fully equipped including telephone and hi-fi. Plenty of hot water. Near bus stop. Prefer business man or Ivy-League type. Inquire within.

**N**OTICING some sleepy freshmen, Professor Waugh decided to give a demonstration that not only would they never forget but would wake them up. To illustrate a point about chemical equilibrium, he violently shook a bottle of a carbon dioxide solution commercially sold as beer. Naturally, the bottle-cap went flying into the gallery of the lecture hall, and a slight foam appeared. To further the point, the Professor again shook the bottle, allowing the now energetic contents to splatter over his clothing. Hoping that the bubbling would dynamically illustrate his point, he remarked, "Actually I'm not at equilibrium now."

**E**VERY TWO WEEKS the M.I.T. employee's newsletter, *Tech Talk*, appears in all its sentimental splendor. Written in the style of an even rosier *Family Circle* it is oh! so gushy! Life is peachy-our fellow-workers are lovely, lovely, lovely; and the Institute is a worker's paradise. Occasionally, though, this newsletter shakes away the soap-suds and manages to come up with some cruelly hard facts. "To keep MIT running, Physical Plant stocked in a few staples. Consumed during 1959: 2,340 cartons of paper towels; 35,038 bars of soap; 524 gallons of liquid soap; 1,630,853 gallons of oil; 272, 432,700 cu. ft. of gas; 26, 383, 200 kilowatts of electricity and -406,440, 700 pounds of steam." Which adds up to a lot of hot air around here.

**T**HREE CHEERS for the television industry! With any luck, it may not survive the recent scandals. Arguing the right or wrong of fixed quizshows is much too far beyond the capabilities of our mercenary minds; however, we do wish to protect the overzealous saintliness of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Although their president beating his erring breast before a panel of confessors, was probably a better show than anything on his network, he didn't have to take himself so seriously (after all, C.B.S. originated the bigmoney quizshow).

**W**E UNDERSTAND there is a movement afoot to put locks on the girls' doors up at the Wellesley dorms. The girls are resisting the change, at least until they see their new janitor.

**Y**OU won't read this in any newspaper because our correspondent from Wellesley College tells us it is strictly hushhush. Although we dare not vouch for the truth of the rumor, anyone interested in following it up is perfectly justified to do so, and we should certainly appreciate his giving us exclusive publication rights for his story. Evidently one of the dormitories had a janitor who was a mere twenty-one years of age. Being a red blooded all American male he did what anyone else would do in a dormitory filled with redblooded all American females. Unfortunately, he was caught-in the act, you might say. Our correspondent further in-

forms us that that Wellesley dorm is advertising for another janitor-must be at least sixty years old and preferably a eunuch.

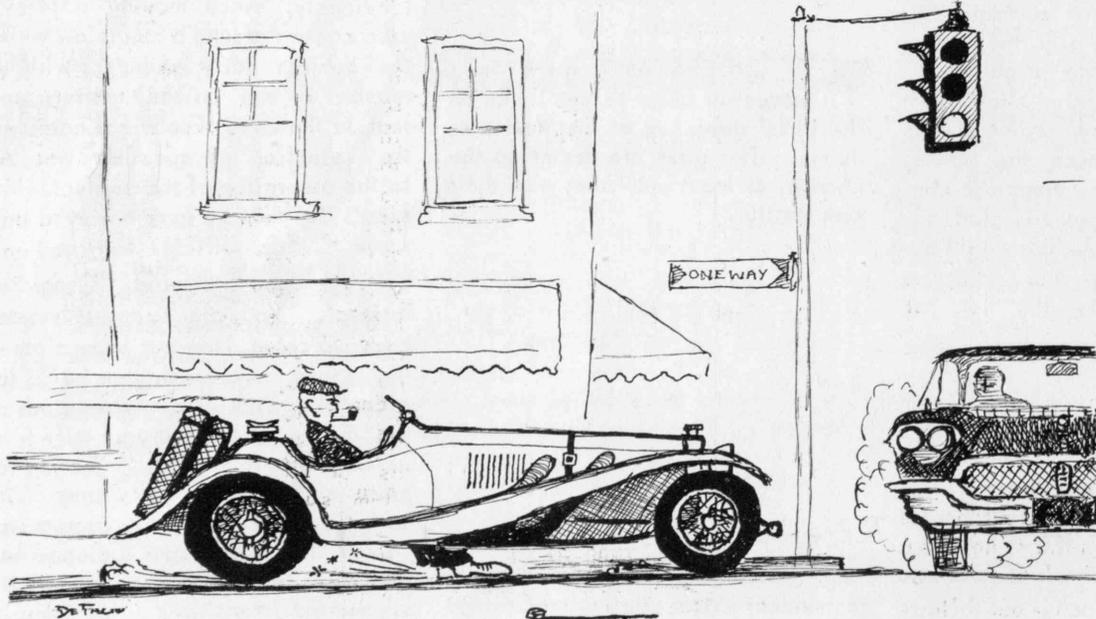
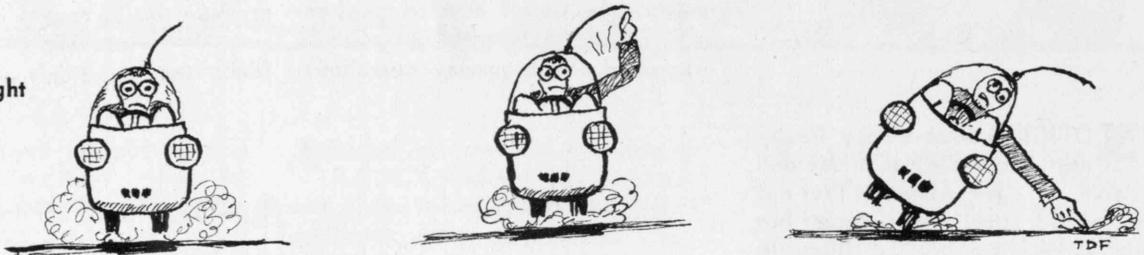
**A**S we were sitting in Litchfield Lounge this afternoon the M.I.T. secretary mentioned earlier came in and I told her that we were going to print her cat joke. She made me promise not to reveal its source so ----- we won't----- (surprised you,didn't we).

**A**fter every show of *Person to Person*, some mysterious voice left over from a horror movie informs us that the people interviewed were rehearsed (obviously, since moving a television camera around a bungalow while the subject gaily meanders without reason is not an easy matter); and that, in the case of political notables, the selection of questions was left to the discretion of the subject. How nice! Not that we ever believed that some C.B.S. official knocked on a V.I.P.'s door and said, "Congratulations! You are being televised coast to coast. Now put some clothes on, shave, and brush your hair. Incidentally, kick your mistress out of the house and have your wife join us for fifteen minutes." For a program such as the *Jack Benny Show* we are told that the program was filmed before a live audience and that their reaction was mechanically augmented (translation: we made a titter into a roar). Not to be outdone by the sincere honesty of C.B.S., the other networks will follow in hot pursuit. The anonymous voices will become the sacrosanct statements of famous preachers, viz., Norman Vincent Peale, Billy Graham, and Bishop Pike, who will be given star billing. They will tell us that Dean Martin's nose was fixed, Bing Crosby's hair is a toupee, and that Ed Sullivan really *is* dead. On *Playhouse 90*, we will learn that although she played most of the part herself, Audrey Hepburn as Jayne Mansfield was mechanically augmented.

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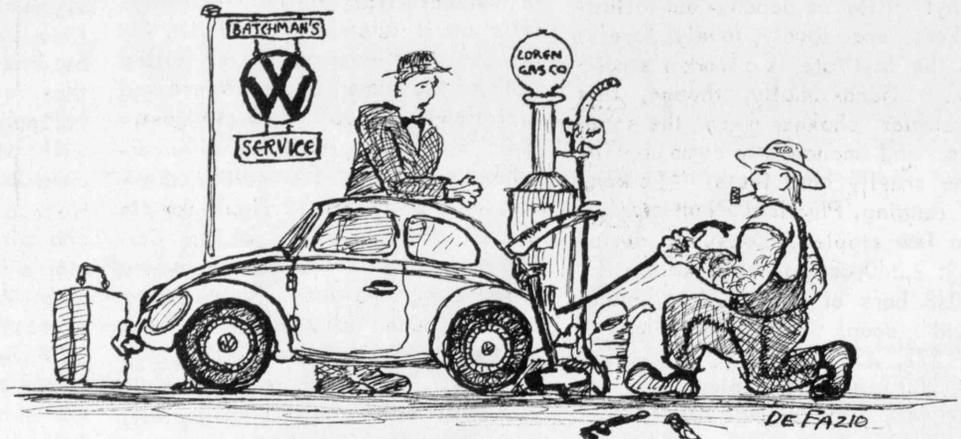
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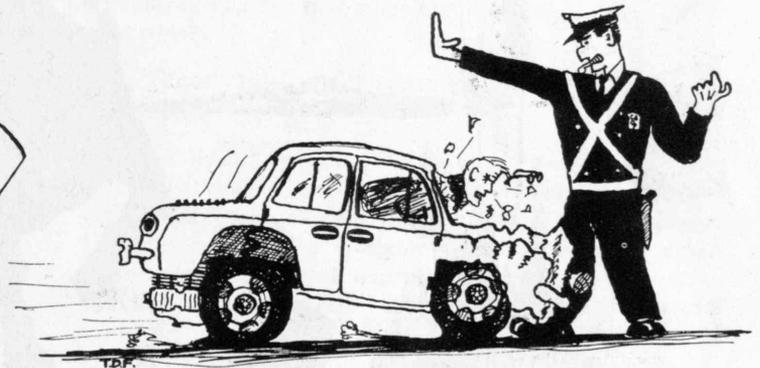




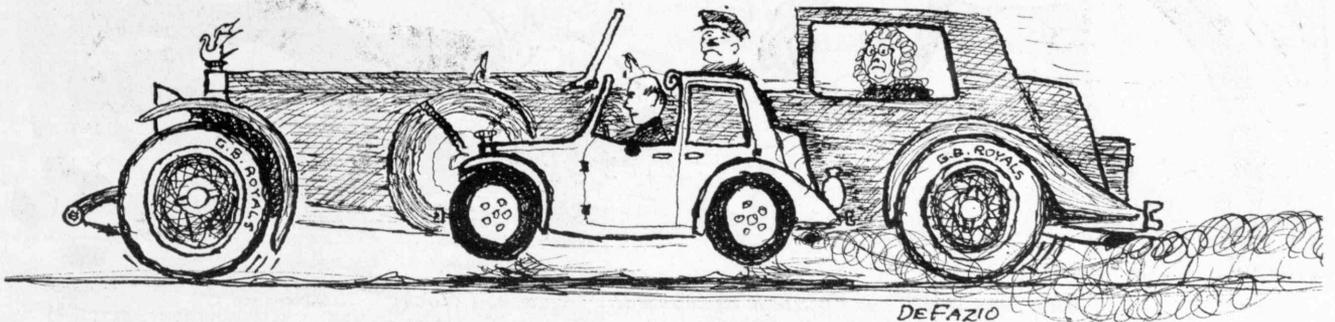
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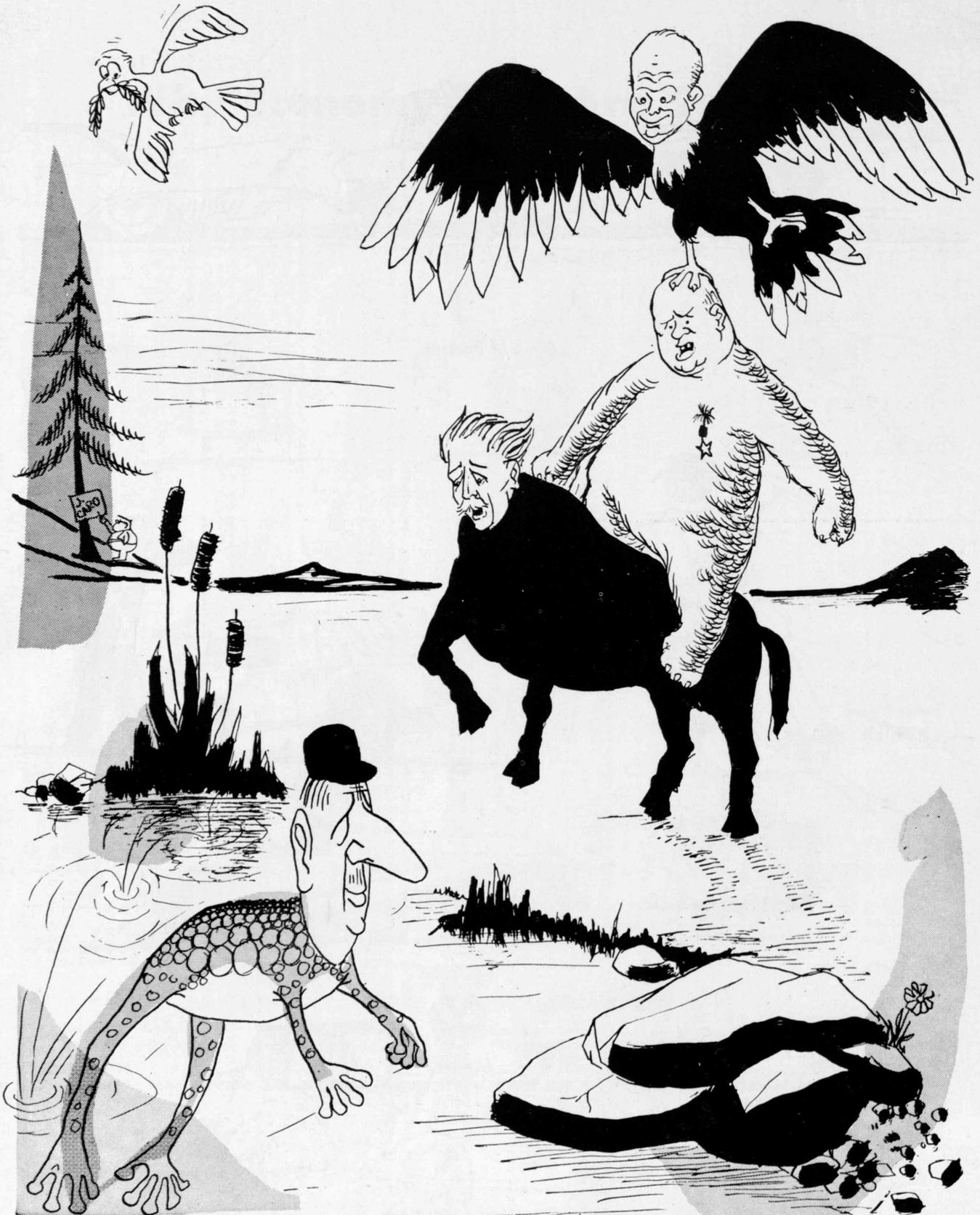
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*“What was that?” one of them whispered. “A cuckoo clock?” another suggested. “A frog?” they all screamed in unison, as the Bear grabbed the Bull by the neck, and the Eagle sat on the Bear’s head.*

# A VISIT AT THE VET'S

by D. B. Mann

ONCE UPON A TIME, several suffering animals met in the veterinarian's office. There was Ike the Bald Eagle, Hal the Bull, Charlie the Frog, and Nicky the Bear. Because each one thought that he was suffering more than anyone else in the world, none would talk to the other; each sat silenced by self pity, searching all the catacombs of his imagination for the causes of his pain.

The veterinarian's nurse, a slick chick, couldn't help noticing their mutual disdain. Although not the kind of chick who was easily ruffled, she found that silence in an animal filled room was a bit disconcerting. The longer the silence lasted, the more disconcerted she became, until finally she found herself with a bad case of nerves. As her nervousness persisted she found difficulty in focusing her too long eyeballs on the bills she was typing. Like any female who finds vanity her *raison d'être* and hesitates to advertise any physical defect, the chick refused to wear glasses for her myopia. So she had to look closely at her record book, pick her head up, and almost smother the typewriter with her passionate breath, her myopic genuflections somewhat like a pecking motion.

Hovering above the disconcerted secretary, Ike the Bald Eagle, forgetting himself in the pecking provoked hilarity, made like any common pigeon. This disturbed the chick no end, especially when she found that she had no handkerchief.

"Like man why don't you come down to earth?" the chick wanted to admonish the jittery Eagle, but because she knew that Ike suffered from an inferiority complex, she just smiled up at him and announced, as she had done an hour ago, "The Doctor will see you soon."

Heartened by the sight of Ike's magma, the other animals tittered; then they chuckled; and then they all laughed. Hal the Bull slapped the redfaced Nicky on the back, Charley the Frog jumped around gleefully, but Ike the Bald Eagle glumly perched and sat on a pallid bust of Pallas just above the office door. Antagonism melted away in the hearty laughter.

"Nobody likes me. Why doesn't somebody like me?" Ike repeatedly muttered until his self pity mirrored itself in a glum countenance which dampened the spirits of the other animals.

"Oh! Don't be silly, dear." Hal soothed the Bald Eagle. Why I love you."

"Some consolation!" Ike retorted. "We all know about you."

"But at least I'm trying." Hal remarked over his shoulder as he threw a look of sarcasm at the Frog.

"You have never suffered the way I have—none of you." Ike said, while flying back and forth. "Do you know what it is like to one day look in a mirror and see yourself bald, while hundreds, thousands, millions of others parade thick locks before you, taunting you because your chromedome is unappealing to women?"

"Your tale is heartrending, honey." the Bull mocked.

The Bald Eagle, ignoring Hal's remark, continued: "But a toupee could cure my baldness. What really disturbs me is my lack of control. I, a majestic eagle, feel like a Common pigeon. Why the other day, as I flew over a city, I heard someone curse, 'That damn pigeon!' And I try so hard to *make* people like me. I don't want to be respected, I want to be liked."

"Really, girls." the Bull chortled. "Why don't we all cry on three?"

"I could sympathize with you, Ike, because nobody likes me," the Bear said, "but to tell the truth, I really don't care. It's my gas you see. How can I worry about others when my stomach is so upset. That damn neighbor of mine, the cormorant, thinks he's a dragon and can pester me into obeisance. I, a mighty bear, subordinated by a skinny runt of a cormorant, who can't even swallow the fish he catches. 'I am a powerful dragon,' he exclaims, and then he pokes me in the belly when I'm eating. Preposterous! That a flighty bird should give me gas pains! Preposterous!"

"Even you, Nicky," Ike interrupted in a dejected tone, "have a prejudice against birds. Everyone thinks we're flighty and don't know where we're going."

"Come, come, Ike. I meant nothing of the sort. Only cormorants with delusions of dragonblood annoy me. My goodness, you go flying up to the summits so much I can't keep enough track of you to care. Birds?"

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Who cares about you jokers up in the clouds when I can have the whole earth as my domain?"

"My, my! But you are sadistic, Nicky." Hal said. "You're certainly not alleviating Ike's feelings of inferiority. My, my! How sadistic you are! How darling!"

"Oh, let him talk!" Ike said. "That's all he does anyway. It's not his gas that bothers people, it's his fat mouth."

"And such a lovely one." Hal the Bull added.

"Beware! You inflated cow! I wouldn't mind throwing you around the world." the Bear exploded. "You impotent Porterhouse!"

"Really!" the Bull exclaimed. "If you only knew how I have suffered. Oh! How horrible my life is! I am a monument to impotent decision and decisive impotence. All my actions are masochistic at one time and sadistic at another. How I yearn for consistency."

"You suffer from verbosity." the Bear sneered. "No, no, no, no, no!" Hal pleaded. "You don't understand; you could never understand. It is devastating to derive pleasure only when playing with the bulls rather than with the cows."

"Damn that Eagle!" the Bear yelled, as he wiped his eye. "Goldurn it! Ike stop flying around!"

"The injustice life has saddled me with!" the Bull continued, speaking more to soothe his self pitied self than to explicate on the ravages of his malady. "Once I was the best bull on the farm. Oh! My how the other animals envied me! I was powerful and costumed in glory. But now! Now!" Here he paused to wipe a tear from his eye, a tear which really didn't exist, no matter how hard he tried. "Now everyone calls me Queenie. Me! A queen."

"At least you have hair." Ike the Bald Eagle pouted.

"And you don't have gas!" the Bear added. "Sometimes it gets so bad I feel as though I'm going to explode."

"But you are strong men." Hal said in a futile effort to minimize their maladies. "You have men to aid you. What do I have? A matriarchy! Vacillating females all around me. No wonder I have more fun with the bulls: a man feels silly with a woman who is stronger than he is."

"My gas!" said the Bear.

"Down with milk of magnesia." said the Eagle.

"Girls." called the Bull.

The Bear rushed over to him. Ike the Bald Eagle hovered over him. The slick chick ran screaming insanely from the room.

"I have the solution to our problems." The other two animals pressed close upon him. Hal beamed. "We can kill ourselves."

"Foolish." said the Bear.

"Disgusting." said the Eagle.

"Gay." said the Bull.

"Croak, croak." said Charlie the Frog.

Bear, Bull, and Eagle clung to each other in mock fear. "What was that?" one of them whispered. "A cuckoo clock?" another suggested. "A frog?" another guessed. "A frog?" they all screamed in unison, as the Bear grabbed the Bull by the neck, and the Eagle sat on the Bear's head.

"Croak, croak." Charlie repeated, his billiardball eyes filling with tears. "Croak, croak." he said, his flaccid neck puffing in and out.

"Watch out, girls." the Bull said. "He may bite."

"Croak, croak." the Frog said. "He wanted to tell them to stop making jokes at his expense, but alas! he couldn't say anything except, "Croak, croak." because he had lost his voice.

Having been interviewed and examined by nearly every reputable veterinarian in the town, Charlie had despaired of ever speaking again when all of them told him he had lost his voice through frivolous, wild, and irresponsible behavior—he had jumped around too much. But what is a frog who can't jump? A fishy snake with legs.

When Charlie heard that if anybody could cure him, this veterinarian could, he again took hope and started the series of visits of which this is the last. He decided that if he weren't cured this time then he'll just have to grow accustomed to his affliction. He doesn't like the idea of everyone ignoring him because his croaking sounds like a fledgeling asserting itself, but he'll accept it, hoping that if he jumps around enough and makes enough noise people will notice him.

"Come on, Charlie." Ike said. "Stop jumping around. The veterinarian will cure you."

"Of course he can."

"Frankly," the Bear continued, not acknowledging with even the slightest nod of his head the Eagle's interjection, "I myself don't believe in the veterinarian. However, I do find the concept of one useful for herding the sheep."

"Well, for my money," contradicted the Bull, "the fact that we can even think of a veterinarian means that there is one."

"Speaking about money," Ike said, "when are you going to pay back the loans I gave you? I'm broke."

"I thought they were gifts." answered the Bull. "Besides, if it weren't for me, where would you be?"

"What do you mean?"

"What would you throw without me around?" the Bull reminded the Bald Eagle.

"My dear friends." the Eagle said. "It is with great pride and humility I come before you today. Not many are accorded the honor you have so graciously given me. And so I remind you that for a chicken in every pot, and a mongrel by every fireside, a tax on every income, and a hair on every head, it's time for a change. Thank you. Thank you."

"We're not going to applaud, Ike." the Bull said. "And for godsake, stop politicking. You've had your chance."

"Say, did I tell you all about the gossip I heard?" Without waiting for them to acknowledge his question, the Bear continued, "I heard that a close relative of the veterinarian was a rabblouser. He and his gang ran around stirring up trouble."

"What happened to him?" the Bull and the Eagle said.

"Oh! They hanged him or something like that." the Bear remarked casually.

"Heavenly!" the Bull exclaimed. "Simply divine."

Ike was about to say something when he was interrupted by the slick chick, "The veterinarian is free now. Who was first?"

"I was." said the Bull.

"Croak, croak." said the Frog, jumping up and down.

"What dya mean you, you leaping lizard!" Ike bellowed.

"Take me, take me." said the Bear.

Deciding to take advantage of his wings, the Bald Eagle attempted to fly over everyone's head, provoking the Frog into jumping up at him and the Bear into yelling, "Good God! Ike! Why don't you carry a bag with you."

"Damn glorified pigeon!" said Hal as he tried to bull his way past everyone.

"Watch who you're shoving, you kosher prokchop." the Bear said while pulling at Hal's tail.

The Frog kept on jumping up and down with a "Croak, croak." The Bull yelled at the Bear, the Bear yelled at the Eagle, and the Eagle lost control of himself. Only the slick chick managed to escape the ensuing flood—of invective.

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It happened in Tibet. The family had been without meat for weeks and when the father came home one day dragging a yak which he had killed there was great rejoicing. The mother carefully prepared the animal and placed it inside the crude opening which served as an oven. The whole family then set out to round up the neighbors for a great feast. It took longer than expected. As they returned and approached the hut they saw a great smoke pouring forth. The mother ran toward the hut, shouting in great anguish, "Oh, my baking yak!"



Q: Did you hear what happened to the man who didn't know the difference between putty and vaseline?

A: His windows fell out.



"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"That's quite possible, sir, the chef used to be a tailor."



The honeymoon couple had retired to their cosy hotel room. Once there, the luscious young bride turned to her groom and asked haltingly: "Darling, will you still love me now that we're finally married?"

"Oh, sure," grinned the new husband, "Matter of fact, I always went real big for married dames."



The visiting general had chewed out just about everybody on the base. Now he sent for the latrine orderly. When the latrine orderly, a private, appeared, the general yelled at him for several minutes about his inefficiency. The private turned on his heel without saluting and started to leave.

"Private," shouted the general, "do you realize what I can do to you for what you've just done?"

"Sir," replied the soldier, "I am a private. This is the northernmost base in Alaska and I am a latrine orderly. Just what more can you do to me?"

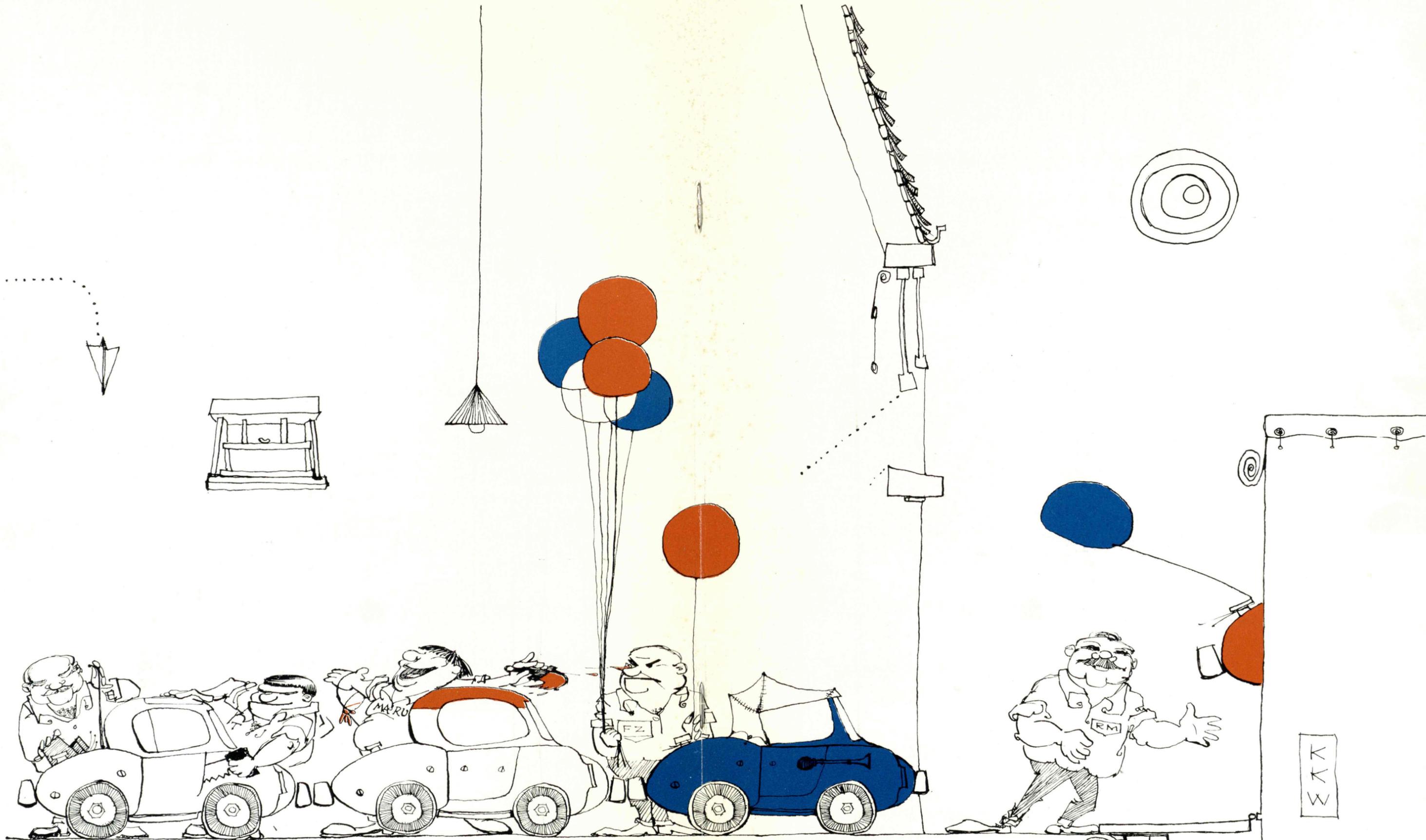


DAS HOME OV

KUTEN KLUNKER WAGEN
---------------------------

COMPTROLLER

DAS HUFFENPUFFENERR.....DAS BODDY CLOMPERR.....



... DAS KLUNKER GESHTÜFFERR ... DAS PAINTEN GESPLOSHERR ... DAS INSPECTIONER HUF VEHICLES .. DAS GETÖSSERR  
 UND  
 DAS ENTRY HINTRODUSSERR

When the owner of a newly opened diaper service offered a tempting bonus to the route man who had done the most in the way of getting customers to build up business at the end of a year, all the drivers reacted with expected zeal and ambition except one who, at every opportunity, busied himself with clearing away litter and otherwise tidying up a large unused lot adjacent to the laundry. Almost to the point of firing the man for lack of interest in his work, the owner strode over to the lot just in time to catch the supposed "holdout" painting the final letter on a huge sign which read: "FREE ALL-NIGHT PARKING."



- Q: What problems might you run into if you ever met a girl made of anti-matter?  
 A: You might not know whether you were coming or going.



Two buddies who hadn't seen each other since they served together in Korea met by chance in a bar. After much drinking and reminiscing about old names and places, they swore eternal friendship and fidelity. Never again would they lose track of each other — and they toasted the occasion with round after round. Finally, they made a tearful vow—that they would meet together at the same spot on the same day, every year—no matter what might intervene. And in this alcoholic blur, they passed out—each swearing lasting friendship.

One year later, on the appointed day and hour, one member of the pair walked into the same bar and there spotted his pal hunched over a large drink.

"Old buddy!" he screamed happily.

"Hi," said his friend, a little dazed.

"Am I glad to see you!" He pulled up a stool, and ordered a drink. "I was sure you'd forgotten about the date we made a year ago, when we left this place!"

"Huh?" said the friend. "Who left?"

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The Telephone

*(As a fifth-rate Jack Kerouac  
might have written it had he come  
to Tech and written for Voo Doo.)*

Greeble greeble  
Not "ring"  
Just greeble greeble  
That's the telephone  
The telephone is a guy called Melvin.  
He wasn't always a telephone  
Used to be in course eight  
Cum five-oh cum  
That was ante  
Not Saturday evening post

He used to be happy.  
Used to spend his evenings happily working physics problems  
with Olga, his Tech co-ed girlfriend who was also in  
course eight.

Alphas, Betas, Gammas, Thetas,  
Deltas, Zetas...rows of Rhos.

Free from care  
His only tv, time times velocity  
He thought the ivy league a unit of length so outdated  
as to be overgrown.  
His philosophy, F - ma  
He thought that art was three letters of a four-letter word.

Saturday someone put sand in his sliderule.

Weeping, he ran to see Julius.  
He's at Jim's, said the techretary  
They're at Van's said another  
They were.

Sobbing, entreating, Mel cried out, "They put sand in my sliderule!"  
Julius looked at Jim.  
Jim looked at Van.  
Van said, "The whole man..."  
Jim said, "The whole man??"  
Julius said, "The whole man!"

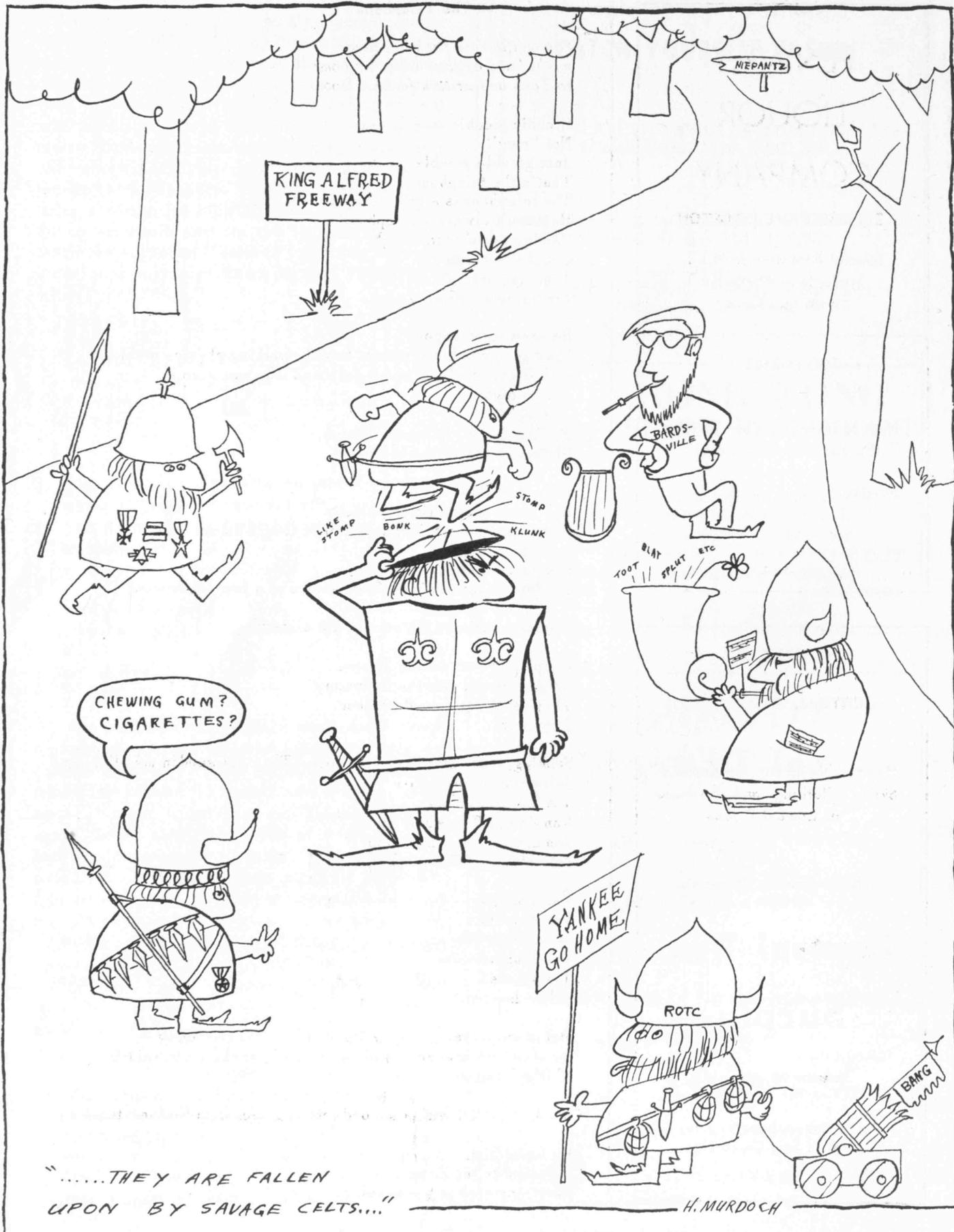
Van grinned.  
Jim chuckled.  
Julius snorted,  
Van laughed.  
Jim shouted.  
Julius howled.

Mel stood there, staring at them, his world crumbling.  
He stumbled unevenly back to his dorm, seeking the solace  
of Olga's arms.

She had run off with a second-rate engineer from Northeastern.

We found him,  
crouched in the corner,  
the phone cord in his navel.

Peter S. Miller



KING ALFRED  
FREEWAY

NEPANTZ

LIKE STOMP  
BONK  
STOMP  
KLUNK

BARDS-  
VILLE

BLAT  
SPILUT ETC

CHEWING GUM?  
CIGARETTES?

YANKEE  
GO HOME

ROTC

BANG

".....THEY ARE FALLEN  
UPON BY SAVAGE CELTS...."

H. MURDOCH

# Ye Head-Lesse Knight Rideth Again

Translated from ye

UERIE AVNCIENT MANVSCRIPT

by G. N. Gabbard

**SYNOPSIS:** Young Theophobius, surnamed The Clod, setteth out on a knightly quest, seeking to find the fabulous list of one-hundred-thirty-five sins compiled by four northern bishops (or to compile his own list), in order to find out what he is missing. Although his armour was too big, he remedied this by punching eyeholes in cuirass and fastening protective lide over neck opening. So far he hath acquired a policestation daybook (stolen from Sir Dome, King Arthur's representative in the village of ? ), which listeth thirty-nine sins of all kinds. Now Theo., accompanied by Runferth the Crooner, alias the Bard Sinister, rideth on to find the other ninety-six.

WITH THEO., the Bard conferreth over a road map of northern England, but our hero doth not see so good through his eyeholes. He recommendeth the high road through Herefordshire, wherein Good King Winklehof reigneth.

"Nay," saith Runferth. "Tis too near the Feast of St. Stephen, when strangers be not safe in Hereford. The shire hath a constitution allowing anyone whatsoever to assassinate the king during this feast, so that Good King Winklehof must need always look out on the Feast of St. Stephen."

Runferth believeth not in taking chances, and so the two companions travel around Hereford, through Longhornshire and the County of Jersey. It is while passing through Guernsey that they are fallen upon by savage Celts, who spring from the forest.

Now the wild preRoman tribesman doth not often attack wayfarers. It is obvious that these have been attracted by Theo.'s curiously headless aspect. The young knight flippeth his lid and poketh out his head to parley with the Celtic Chief. The latter regretteth the necessity, but they must slay Theo. unless he knoweth the answer to an old Celtic riddle expounded thusly: "When the great god Julius did walk abroad, scattering on the earth the magic waters wherefrom sprang all peoples, he sprinkled at a certain place the Great Waters which produced the Celts. What remarkable new ingredient did he put into this water to make it so special?"

Theo. thinketh of a dandy answer, but, though highly witty, it would insult the Celts no end and besides could not be printed anyway. He answereth with the obvious: "Alka-Celtzer."

"Thous art right!" saith the Chief. "You may be set free if it pleaseth me to let thee go."

"Doth it so please you, O! Noble Warlord?" asketh Theo.

The chief speaketh on as if not hearing. "Now it so happeneth just now that I am selling subscriptions to the Druids' *Trade Journal and Weekly Oracle* at two dollars American the year (104 issues)."

"I will buy one," quoth Theo., who knoweth when he is licked, and forthwith payeth off in Roman Quartermaster Scrip. The Celt Chief giveth him a receipt and, after politely pointing out the way to the King Alfred Turnpike, fadeth into the forest.

Runferth wisheth to avoid further such annoying delays. "Thou must needs avert vulgar curiosity," saith he to Theo. "Verily, thou needest a head." Luckily the Bard is a fair sculptor; he taketh clay from the roadbank and moldeth a passable pate to set upon Theo.'s lid.

Our heroes march onward, unaware that they have entered the realm of the most cruel and unfriendly giant east of Wales--the notorious Grimgut. Unaware, that is, until the mighty oaken club of Grimgut descendeth unexpectedly to demolish Theo.'s spurious head. Theo. sprawleth upon the high road and looketh up at his grim enemy, who seemeth to tower to the skies; however, Theo. attributeth this appearance to the perspective of his low position. He leapeth up shouting, "Thou canst not do this to me!" He doth not draw sword, though, for he seeth that Grimgut *doth* indeed tower to the skies.

Contrary to what the young knight saith, within the limits of the license issued to Grimgut by King Arthur, which alloweth the giant to waylay travelers, commit homicide, eat people, and otherwise terrorize the region in his capacity as a licensed giant, Grimgut doth possess the right to do whatever he liketh to Theo. In this case, Grimgut is so astounded that his eyes poppeth out at the sight of a man thus surviving a blow of his club. He decideth to use stealth and cunning, and so inviteth Theo. and Runferth to his dark castle for dinner.

The motive of the giant in going thus is unfathomably deep and dark. He lureth the two companions to his den *not* in order to boil them for breakfast next morning nor to imprison them in a foul dungeon until they starve nor even to add their skulls to his extensive collection. He purposeth much worse: he wisheth to involve Theo. in a crooked game of strip poker.

Grimgut is surprised when our hero showeth up after dinner with a new head. Runferth, it seemeth, hath discovered more clay somewhere.

When it developeth that Theo. winneth every hand, that gargantuan monster must needs at last stake his precious club. It appeareth that Theo.'s father, the wellknown Weffolk road agent, hath trained him never to be caught without at least five aces in his gauntlet.

Grimgut is most surprised when upon triumphantly turning up a hand of four aces, including the ace of spades, Theo. showeth a royal flush--also including the ace of spades.

With his trophies Theo. departeth rather hurriedly. Fortunately, Runferth hath had the foresight to saddle their mounts beforehand, and the giant's naked feet are no match for horses' hooves. Even so, the two are relieved to fall in with a Band of Angles who drive Grimgut away with dum dum arrows. (These lethal woodenheaded bolts hath been outlawed except for use against giants.)

The Angles insist that Theo. and the Bard accompany them to a feast their ruler, Cold King Ole, the Shivering Saxon, giveth that night. The two do not appreciate this, as they have heard no good things about Cold King Ole from the very few guests who have survived his feasts. But, the Angles outnumber them.

In the great mead hall of the East Anglian Elks' Club, Cold King Ole sitteth at the head of the table mainly because this putteth him nearest to the fireplace. Nonetheless, he calleth for musicians to play his favorite violin trio in hopes that it may warm him up some. It doth not, so he calleth for his bowl. House carles lug in a huge log chopped from the trunk of a single tree, and toss it onto the fire.

Increasing warmth maketh King Ole more cheerful; and he at last calleth for his pipe. Theo. becometh nervous, for he sitteth in the place of honour at the King's right, and the fire melteth his head. Meanwhile, household slaves, with great pomp, carry in a velvet cushion. From it Cold King Ole warmly taketh a heavy lead pipe and basheth the head of his favorite guest. Alas, his favorite guest is Theo. The pipe sinketh into the melting clay of the false head and sticketh inextricably.

The young knight is outraged at the breach of hospitality, not knowing that it is a tradition in the camps of the Angles (except for the Obtuse Angles, who hath never accepted its authenticity). He expresseth his resentment by rising to his feet, albeit somewhat tipsily, and walking out, followed by Runferth.

A great silence descendeth upon the banquet hall.

A length, a greybearded warrior expresseth the thoughts of all. "That must have been a god, forsooth," saith he, "for do not all gods have feet of clay? And did not this one have also a head of clay? So it is written in the *Book of Ravens' Ravings*." He was very drunk.

"God or no," quoth Cold King Ole, glassyeyed, "he hath swiped my best goldplated lead pipe. I hope he will accept it as a fit offering."

And indeed it was so. Theophobius pawned King Ole's gold pipe in the next village and with the proceeds bought a new songbook for Runferth and a new marked deck for himself. And so Theophobius learneth the moral that man's capacity for sinning is limited only by the Angles he encountereth.

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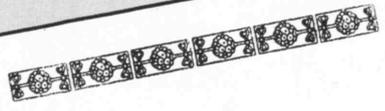
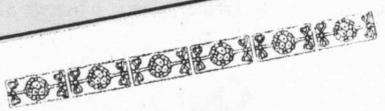
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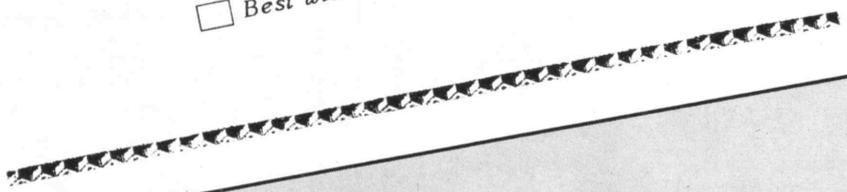
I hope that you will forgive me for using this form of letter, but it does save time and they keep me so busy here at M.I.T. that I'd never be able to write otherwise.

- I am well and happy
- I am well and unhappy
- I feel lousy!
- a. Cold
- b. Hangover
- c. Broken .....Skiing
- d. Homesick
- e. All of the above

- Wish you were here
- Wish I were there
- When are you going to write?
- Finances are under control
- School is sure expensive!
- Please wire me \$           right away

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- With all my love,
- Sincerely yours,
- Best wishes,



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An expensive Hereford bull had quit doing his family duties. The owner was downcast. He went to the veterinarian, who provided a supply of large tablets and prescribed that one be given every 12 hours for four days.

The bull resumed his family duties and even crashed through the fence to meet some of the neighbors' cows.

The farmer told a friend about the success of the treatment.

"What did the vet give him?" he asked.

"I don't know but it tastes like charcoal."



A rather anxious fellow was driving a rather uncooperative girl back home after a date. Several passes had already failed to yield any encouraging results. Finally, getting tired of the excuses and rebuttals, he slowly came to a stop on a deserted country road. Backing away from him angrily, she exclaimed, "If you think that you can pull the 'no-gas' story on me you've got another thought coming."

Said he, "This is not the 'no-gas' story, this is the 'hereafter' story."

"What do you mean, the 'hereafter' story?" she asked.

Explaining, he said, "If you're not hereafter what I'm hereafter, you'll be hereafter I'm gone."



"Waiter-hic-bring me a dish of prunes."

"Stewed, sir?"

"Thast none of your bishness."



"Do you make life-size enlargements of snapshots?"

"That's our specialty."

"Fine, here's a picture I took of the Empire State Building."

"Where did you go?"  
"Out."  
"What did you do?"  
"None of your God damned business."



"Why did they hang that picture?"  
"Perhaps they couldn't find the artist."



A forest ranger in New Mexico often saw an Indian riding his horse up the canyon trail, his squaw trudging along behind him.

"Why is it," the ranger asked one day, "that you always ride and your wife walks?"

"Because," was the solemn reply, "she no gottum horse."



Little Sheldon seemed to be enjoying himself thoroughly at the zoo with his father. As they were looking at the lions, however, a troubled look came over his face, and his father asked, him what was the matter.

"I was just wondering, Daddy. In case a lion breaks loose and eats you, what bus do I take home?"



A census taker was visiting the back hills of Kentucky one day, and he knocked on the door of a house way up in the mountains. A little boy answered the door.

"Good afternoon son, is your father at home?"

"No, he's tending the sheep. He stays out there all day long."

"Well, then, is your mother home?"

"No, my mother's been dead for twelve years"

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. How old are you son?"

"I'll be ten next month," the boy replied.

"Now wait a minute. You're only ten, and your mother has been dead for twelve years?"

"Yep, that's what I said."

"What's your name son?"

"Baaarry."

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NEWS REPORT: January 7, 1974

This is Connelrad at 640 and 1240 on your dial—on the air twenty-four hours a day with the latest wartime news. Your announcer is Walter G. Andersen bringing you the six o' clock report.

**LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS:** The scientists who developed the DAMD (Domestic Anti-Missile Defense) system report that it is virtually one hundred percent effective: since the United States entered the war one month ago, not a single nuclear bomb has exploded on American soil. Although both Russia and China have had similar defenses for nearly three years now, the American scientists have had time to perfect their system while the U.S. was neutral. In fact, all the defenses are now so strong that neither side has been able to make any progress since the Chinese first invaded Siberia two years ago. President Frederick D. Roseton has received sharp criticism from people who believe that if he had authorized the use of the DAMD system on Formosa, the surprise destruction of that island would have been avoided, and the United States might not have become involved in the war.

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:** An estimated thirty thousand people were drowned yesterday at a drive-in religious revival on the shores of Lake Michigan. As the crowd sat in their cars, Reverend Jackie Costers set out a little way from the shore and preached to the people while hovering above them in his helicopter. A missile, deflected by the DAMD system, plunged into Lake Michigan before rockets had completely destroyed it. The subsequent explosion of the nuclear warhead created a tidal wave that completely engulfed the spectators on shore. Reverend Jackie, however, was unharmed.

**GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA:** Since the beginning of the war, astronomers at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory have been feverishly working to take advantage of the restrictions placed on commercial radio broadcasting; because broadcasting has been curtailed, many wavelengths important in radio astronomy are now free from interference. The scientists, however, were thoroughly disheartened yesterday, when a missile headed for Pittsburgh was shot down and crashed into the newly constructed 3600 foot radio telescope. Said Dr. Alexander Schmidt, director of the observatory, "This unfortunate happening will hinder us greatly in the study of distant galaxies and will set back the development of radio astronomy at least five years."

**WASHINGTON, D.C.:** The secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Aaron Bosworth, reports that the birth rate for the past three months has risen twenty-two percent above the normal seasonal average. The cause of this increase is believed to be the reduced use of contraceptives since the announcement last year that prophylactics have been responsible for the production of cancer in chickens. Bosworth warned that the larger birth rate would bring a serious overcrowding of schools in the next few years. Geneticist Francois R. Gottlieb, nevertheless, says that the higher birth rate may be beneficial

under the present circumstances; for since the wartime nuclear radiation will produce many harmful mutations, a large birth rate is necessary to maintain a constant number of healthy individuals. Of course, a greater number of individuals bearing unhealthy genes will also be produced, but within a few hundred years, the line of individuals inheriting these genes will have died off.

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA:** California, which has borne the heaviest burden of attack from the many shorrange rockets from China, has nevertheless been able to withstand the onslaught without any major casualties. In order to insure the defense, however, a large shipment of the new Tvyerdansky rockets has been sent to supply the DAMD system. It is expected that with these rockets, the United States will be invulnerable against any attack by air.

**WEST VIRGINIA:** Tom MaChaill Jr. has just won the United States Grand Prix of Endurance in his ninety-three liter Go-Kart with a Devin Ceramic body. In doing so he set a new track record by averaging 454.362 m.p.h., an extremely fast pace for the Cumberladd track which contains 6,348 turns. This new race track, built completely around the border of West Virginia to accommodate the present FIAA formula, i.e., one-hundred liters blown or sixty-nine liters supercharged. This magnificent track located on the site of the old super-phaso-cosmo-hellavatron, a 1000 TEV cesium nucleus accelerator (now obsolete) was built at a cost of twenty billion dollars. It is expected to pay for itself in the tolls collected on the overpasses.

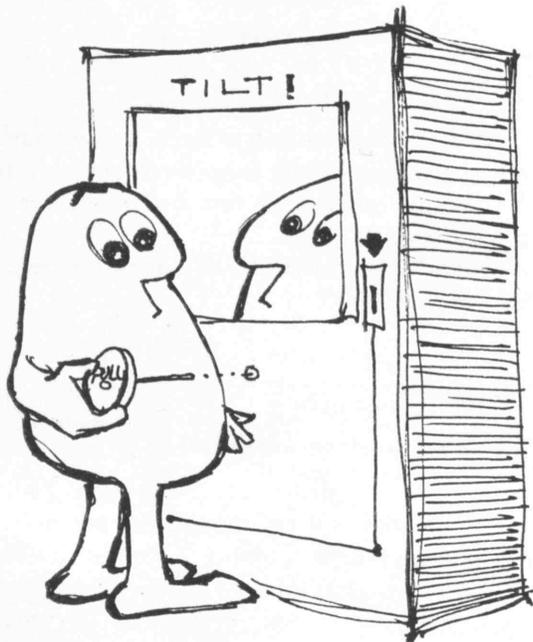
**GERMANY:** The FIAA in session today announced the new formula for 1976-1980 as: 35cc unblown and 20cc blown.

And now this is Walter G. Andersen saying Good Evening from the news headquarters here in New York. Stay tuned to Conelrad at 640 and 1240 and Conneltel on channel 42.

John Sowa

---

# MAN AND THE MACHINE ... 2



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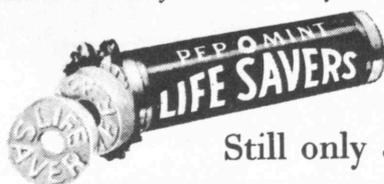
# COLERIDGE



on Life Savers:

"'Tis sweeter  
far to me!"

from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, part VII



Still only 5¢

An American hunter stopped in at an isolated bar in the interior of Africa. As he lounged at the bar, downing a strong native brew, in walked a tiny man about one foot high and immaculately dressed in a British Army uniform.

Noticing the tourist staring open-mouthed at the diminutive newcomer, the bartender remarked, "Apparently you haven't met the Major before. Speak up, Major - tell the Yank about the time you called the witch doctor a bloody fake."



"Can Sheldon come out and play?"

"You know he caught pneumonia three days ago and died."

"Can we use his sled?"



Whistler, the famous painter, was exasperated when he came home from work one day to find his mother sitting in the middle of the living room floor.

"What's the matter, Ma?" he demanded. "You off your rocker?"



The countess rose. She lifted her silver goblet and proposed a toast, "Wine is the essence of humanity. Its delicate smell fills my nostrils with sensuous aroma. When I put the chalice to my lips I have the thrill of ecstasy, and when the wine touches my lips and trickles down my gullet, I get a warm, tender feeling. On the other hand, beer makes me belch."

His wife lay on her deathbed.  
"John," she pleaded, "I want you to promise me that you'll ride in the same car with my mother at the funeral."

"Okay," sighed the husband, "but it's going to ruin my whole day."



The apple of everyone's eye is the peach with the best pear.



"I'll teach you to kiss my daughter," said the irate father.  
"You're too late. I've already learned."



A Tech man and a Harvard boy went into the men's room together. When they got through, the Techman started to leave, but the Harvard boy stopped to wash his hands. Said the Harvard boy, "At Harvard they teach us to wash our hands after we urinate." Replied the Techman, "At M.I.T. they teach us not to urinate on our hands."

What is the difference between a coed and entropy?

Entropy is always on the rise.



"Where did you get the plot of your second novel?"

"From the film version of my first."



"My wife doesn't understand me. Does yours?"

"I don't know I've never even heard her mention your name."



"Doesn't that soprano have a large repertoire?"

"Yes, And that dress she has on makes it look worse."



"What is your occupation?"

"I used to be an organist."

"And why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."

Said the professor: "If there is anyone in class today who doesn't think he knows enough of the work in this course to pass the next test, will he please stand up?" A long pause and then a lone freshman stood up.

"What, you don't consider yourself intelligent enough to pass the next test?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I do hate to see you standing by yourself."

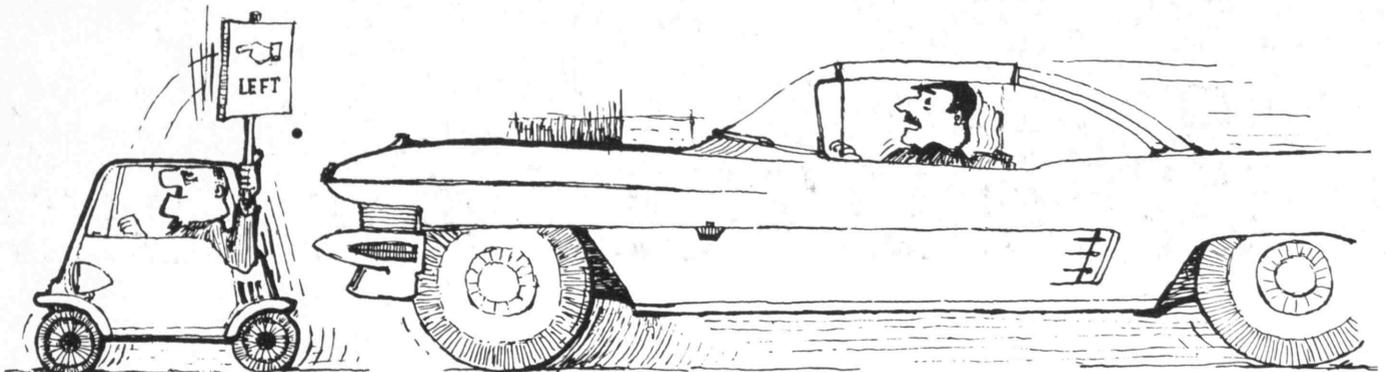


"What's the difference between a pregnant woman and a light bulb?"

The light bulb can be removed.



In rush hour traffic a man raced a woman to a seat on the M.T.A., and he sat down first. The woman eyed him disgustedly and said, "You ought to let a pregnant woman sit." Reluctantly the man gave up his seat, but became doubtful when she sat down. "How long have you been pregnant?" he asked. "About an hour," she said "and am I tired."



PR-

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