

19.02	Desc. Meteorology	3	Willet	Armory
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25	Special Examinations			8-205
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26	12.832 Elem. Geophysics	3		33-411
28	16.11 Flight Vehicle Aerodyn. & Dyn.	3		See last page
30	18.02 Calculus (Except Sections 1,2,17,18)	1		7-438
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34	18.02 Calculus (Sections 2,17 only)	1		
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38	18.14 Numerical Analysis	G		
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42	18.654 Adv. Meth. App. Math. G			
44	22.71 Mat. for Nuc. React. G			
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FRIDAY, JUNE 1
1.30 P.M.

2	2.01 Mech. of Solids	2	Cook	Armory
4	2.252 Gas Dynamics	3	Erickson	Armory
6	2.272 Fluid Dynamics	4	Erickson	
8	6.01 Int. Circuit Th.	2	Rose, Stevens	26-100
10	6.15 Elec. & Magnetic Prop. of Matter	3	A.C. Smith	Armory
12	6.30 Comm. & Control Circuit Theory	4	Gullemin	50-340
14	7.04 Develop. Biology	3	Bell	50-340
16	6.053 Int. Nuclear Phys. 3,4	4	Eng	50-340
18	18.55 Integral Equations	G	Crout	26-100
20	18.652 Int. to App. Math.	4	Lin	8-205
22	Special Examinations			

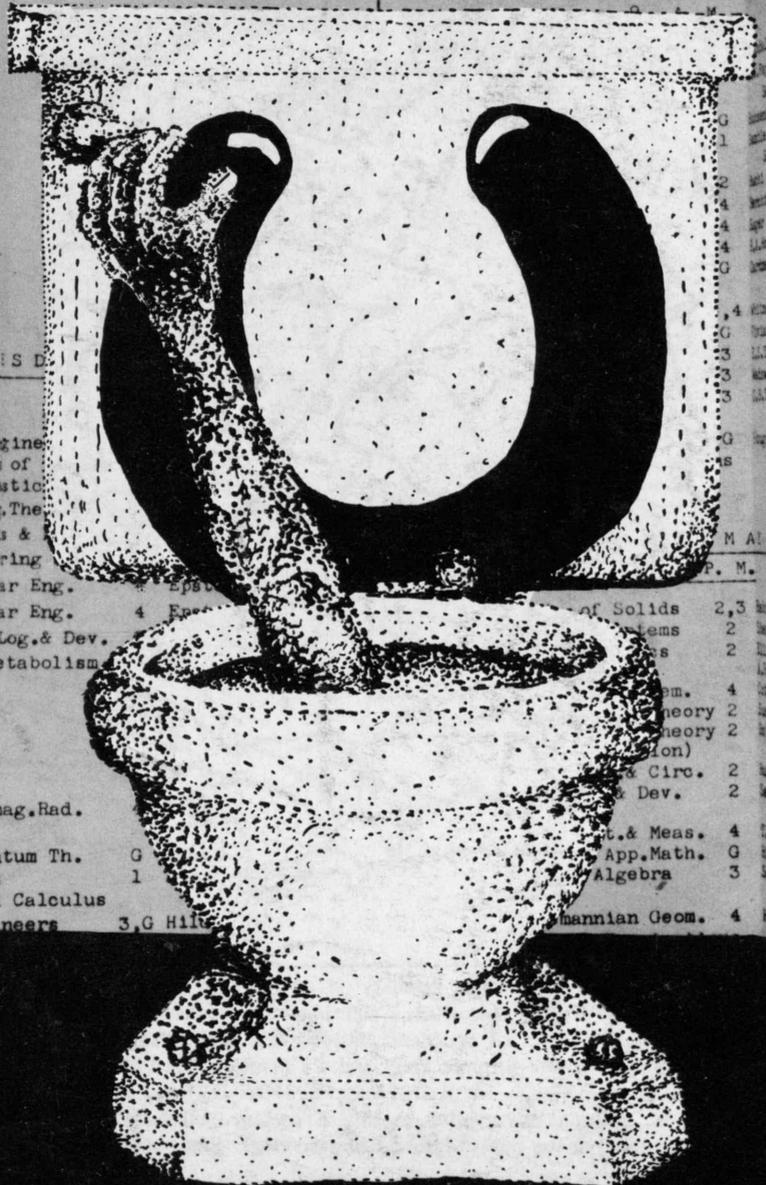
THURSDAY, MAY 11

SATURDAY, MAY 26
1.30 P.M.

3	Lane	5-310
5	Conhartog	1-350
6	Synch. Myer	5-217
7	Sewitz	5-499
8	Sewert	26-100
9	Sewert	Armory
10	Li. Gould	5-218
11	R.A. Howard	7-438
12	R.A. Howard	7-404
13	Macmillan	1-450
14	Mar. Dupont	5-495
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16	Levinson	26-100
17	Molien	5-307
18	Lorenz	5-307
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20	Gendzier	1-312

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9 A.M.

1	1.30 Ball Engine	5-210
2	1.228 Physics of and Plastic	5-218
3	2.481 Adv. Eng. The	5-217
4	2.781 Analysis & Engineering	5-310
5	6.76 Molecular Eng.	33-411
6	6.302 Molecular Eng.	7-438
7	6.555 Therm. Log. & Dev.	5-307
8	7.58 Inter. Metabolism	5-307
9	8.04 Physics	1-350
10	8.04 Physics	33-411
11	8.71 Electromag. Rad.	See last page
12	8.702 Quantum Th.	G
13	18.01 Calculus	1
14	18.06 Advanced Calculus for Engineers	3, G Hill



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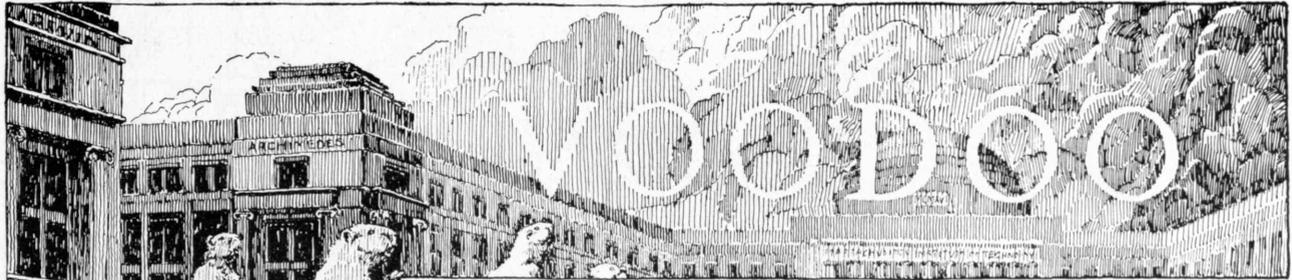
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ISSUE
MAY-1962

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&
mesr.



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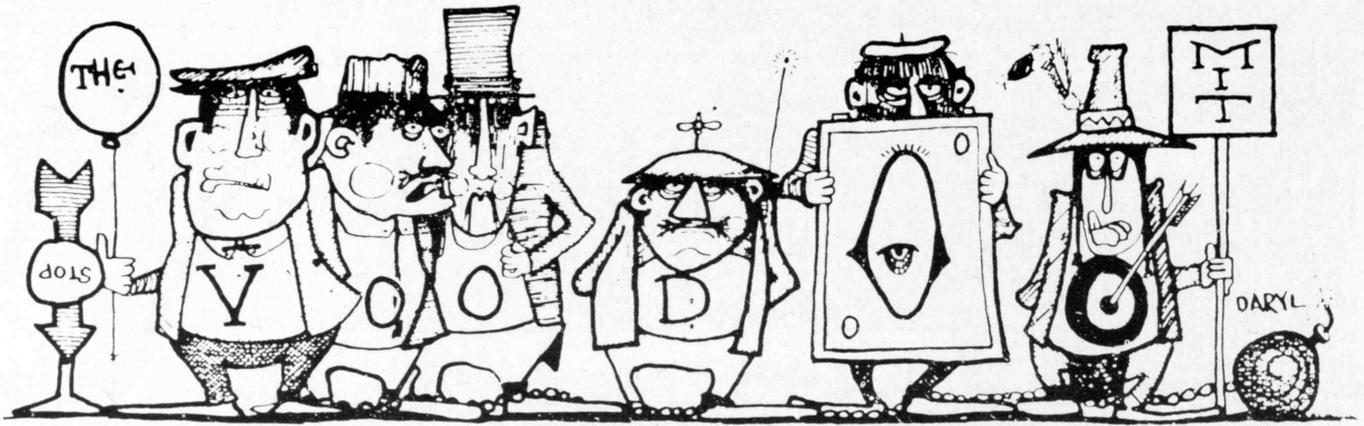
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The Finks are watching me. The Finks are watching you. The Finks are watching everybody! Yes, Judcom is getting swell-headed, again, as the sap begins to run and the firecrackers and water-balloons begin to fly. (Especially if one of their august personages is wetted during such sport.) Last week, Six, yes Six of them forced their way into some innocent's room after a series of rather innocuous explosions, and grilled the poor lad until he 'fessed up. This sort of thing must be stopped at once. Namely, we remind our dormitory readers that:

1. You may lock Judcom out of your room; they may enter if accompanied by the Security Force, but not otherwise.
2. When surrounded by the Finks under fire, you are not bound to answer any questions on the spot. At a hearing, perhaps, but not at the scene of the "crime".
3. When accosted by these pseudo-uprights, invoke the Geneva Convention, i.e., tell them only:
 - a. Your Name
 - b. Serial (Sequence) Number
 - c. Rank (i.e., Sophomore, Course XIX)
 - d. Demand your Rights to see your attorney.
 - e. If you feel so inclined, you might utter a few epithets on their ancestry, dietetic habits, or ultimate destination in the nether regions. Do so at your own indiscretion.
4. Although it will be very difficult to keep up with the vast (well, at least half-vast) numbers of weekly injustices perpetrated by the Finks, Phos has offered to print your side of the story, especially if it is a particularly ludicrous miscarriage of "justice". Since the tech appears to be the official organ of Finkdom, somebody has to print the truth about these self-centered, pseudo-pious individuals. After all, just think of how life would be if the Fuzz not only had the power to arrest you, but to judge you as well! Aarrghh!

- E.L.P.

Do you remember: A Cat named Midnight, who always said "nice"? Big John and Sparky? Kowabunga? Captain Video? Rocky King and Mabel? Phineas T. Bluster? Rootie Kazootie? The Lone Ranger and his send-away-for Pedometers? Sky King? Hoppy? The Ceesco Keed and Pancho Life with Luigi? My Friend Irma? Plastic Man? Ten cent Mad Magazines? Dagmar? The Texaco men and their hubcaps? Pinky Lee? Froggy the Gremlin (Hi'ya kids, hi'ya hi'ya)? Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, with the same old V2

taking off? Isn't it a SMALL world? The Crypt Keeper, the Vault Keeper and the Old Witch? Digger O'Dell? Henry Aldrich? Kukla, Fran, and Ollie? Milton Berle's MAAA-AAKEUP? The Tons of Fun on Howdy Doody? Gunga, the Indian boy (question: what was the name of his elephant?) God Comics? Gabby Hayes and his Puffed Wheat Cannon (Back away from your Televisionary, boys and girls)? Winkie Dink and You? Industry on Parade? Herb Shriner and his home movies? Bishop Sheen? You are there? Mr.

Peepers? What in The World? "and a five pound wedge of Fatchamatta's Mazzaroni Cheese"?

Remember the old bowling alley in the basement of Walker? We were wandering around the other day, and found it unlocked, so decided to enter and reminisce a bit. The place has changed, sad to say Dingy, dark

(that's not much of a change), cluttered with the artifacts of walkercoolies latest fiasco, Ass. Ball, and most interesting of all, the walls are literally covered with soul-rending proclamations from none other than the head coolie himself, Jurin Toomer, painted in those selfsame hues of Dayglo that have made his nauseating style of lettering so unpopular, and so slavishly copied by lesser coolies. We know he did it, because it says so, in his own handwriting, right next to the door. Poor fellow has finally cracked up, what with the fence being destroyed and whatnot...we have sent one of the Institute Headshrinkers down there, to analyze this poor lad's malady, upon which we will report next issue. Incurable, we hope.

A Board Member was out sailing for the first time this season, and, since the day was sunny and pleasant, decided to cruise along the Boston shore, to observe the couples, lonely secretaries, Suited-up businessmen and other sun-worshippers that dotted the shoreline. As he was about to give up this idle observation, he noticed three girls in *Bikinis* on a Blanket. Never expecting such a sight in staid old Boston, he was transfixed, and didn't notice that the wind was getting stronger. It took fifteen minutes to right the boat. The water, we are told, is still cold.

Over in the Physics Labs, the other day, we noticed a gallon jug of rather sickly looking Vacuum-Pump oil. Just because we're snoopy characters, we looked more closely at the hand-written tag attached to its' neck The tag read: "Laboratory Report No. 580351 Your Horse has Diabetes."

We suspect that Pile-Driver operators, being such specialized men, must have fringe benefits in addition to high pay. We saw an afternoon "coffee break" in which the entire crew proceeded to guzzle cans of (what appeared to be, at that distance) Beer! When they were done, and were about to resume work, they put the empty cans in front of one of the monstrous caterpillar-tracks that move the giant Pile Driver. Then they drove the unlikely vehicle over the cans... a new variation on the time-honored custom of Beer-Can Squashing!

We have watched with interest the evolution of the image of the graduate tutor. Earlier this year, an attempt was made to sell them to East Campus as a means to the end of social, cultural, and academic salvation. Saner elements in the East Campus House Committee prevailed and the idea was flushed. Now, it seems, unless the Judicial Committee becomes more "effective", the Institute says it will move tutors in anyway. Now they are being represented as fire-breathing ogres who will enforce all the rules. Why wasn't this aspect mentioned before, huh?

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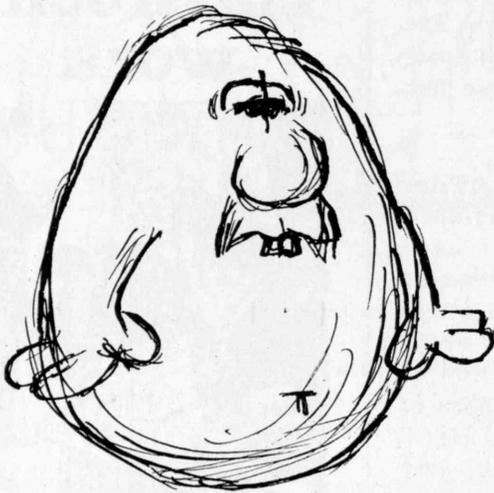


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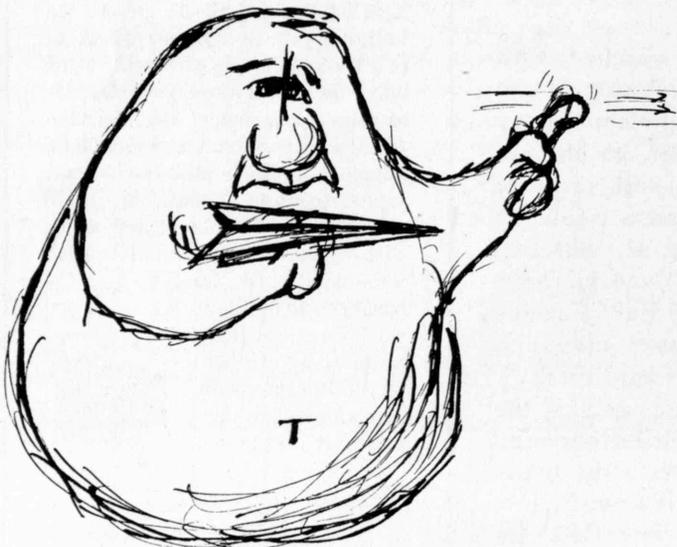
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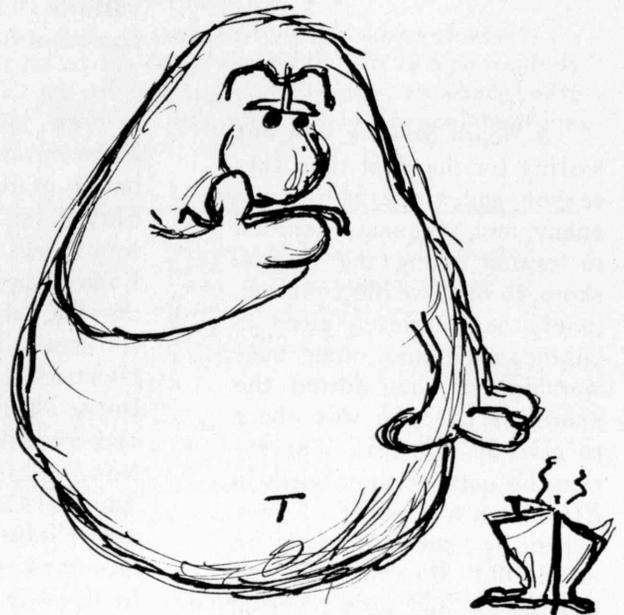
...by Abba Weinstein



THIS IS A TECHMAN



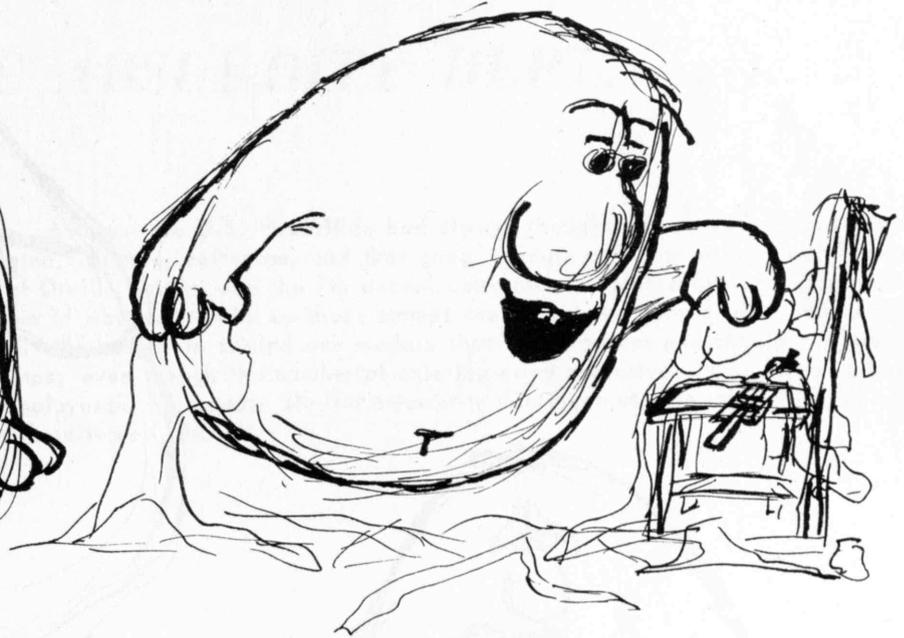
HE IS ALWAYS CAREFUL TO
ANALYZE EVERY
SITUATION BEFORE
TAKING ACTION...



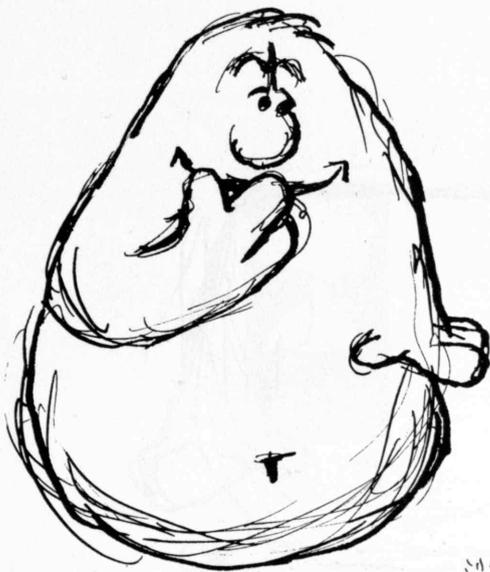
IN ORDER TO BE
ABLE TO EXPLAIN
HIS FAILURE,



HE IS SOCIABLE



THE TECHMAN IS
NEAT



HE IS ENDOWED
WITH A RARE
SENSE OF HUMOR

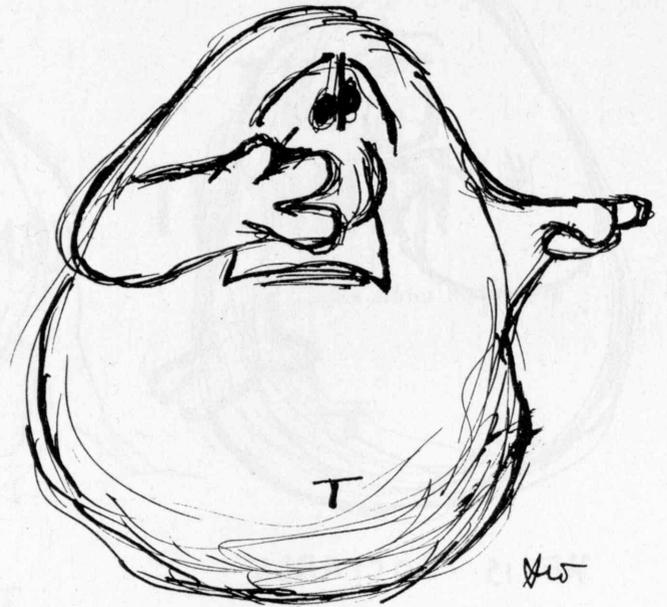


"BAZZ FAZZ"

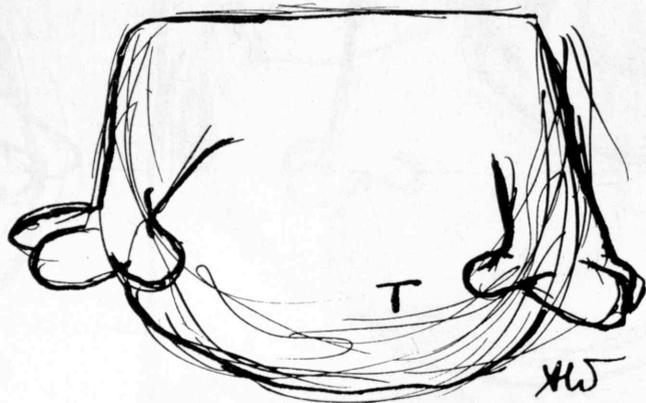
continued.....



COMMONS.



"A LOED"



IN SHORT, HE IS A
WHOLE MAN.

PHILATELIC ABSURDITY DEPT.

Patriotism is a wonderful thing. At least the U.S. Postoffice has always thought so; we have, in addition to the usual stamps picturing Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, and that gang, stamps commemorating Paul Revere's Ride, Project Mercury, The Flight of Orville Wright, and the 7th annual convention of Matzo-Ball Manufacturers of America. But lately, the imagination of whoever thinks up these stamps seems to have gone amok. As examples, see the reproductions printed below. We hasten to remind our readers that these *cannot and should not* be used in lieu of genuine U.S. Postage Stamps, even though the number of existing commemoratives is so large as to make recognition a real chore for postal employees. We repeat: *Do Not* attempt to use these stamps in lieu of real ones. We hear that S & H Green Stamps work quite well, though.



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A young engineer got a job in a remote mining camp. On his first day off, he approached the foreman and said: "Say, what do you guys do around here for amusement?"

The foreman replied: "Well, all of us usually go over to the mess shack and watch Sam, the cook, drink a gallon of whiskey, gasoline, and red pepper juice. Funniest thing you ever saw. Why don't you come along?"

The young engineer was obviously shocked. "No thanks," he said. "I don't go in for that kind of amusement."

"Well," answered the foreman, "I sure wish you'd come. We really need six men for this thing."

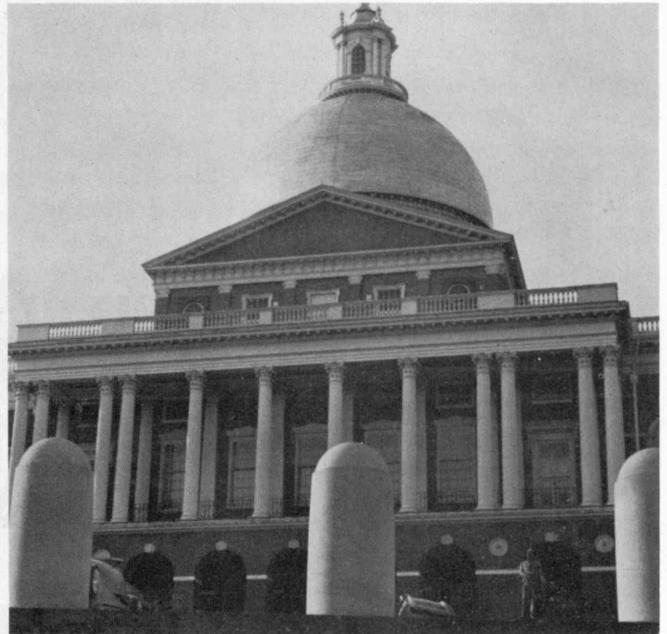
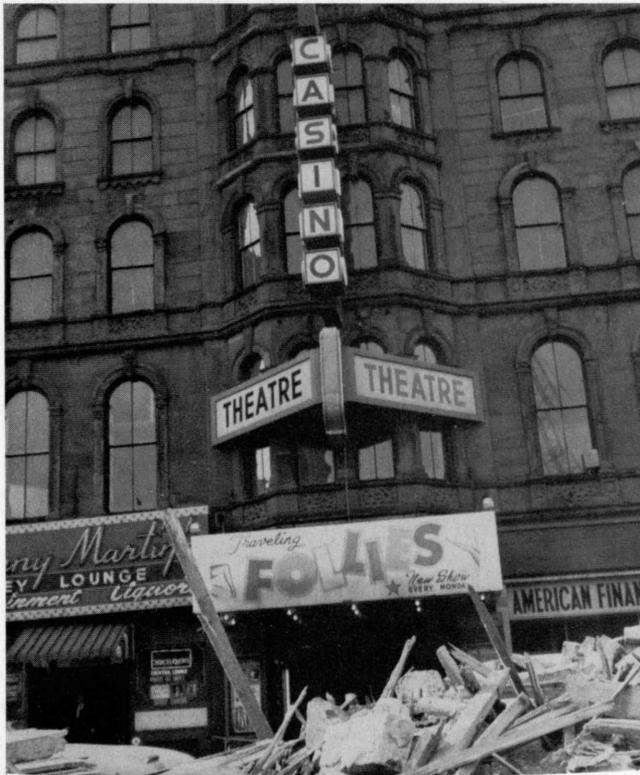
"Why is that?" asked the new man.

"You see, some of the boys have to hold Sam. He don't go in for that kind of amusement either."



An old maid in Florida has a place that never had a palm on it.





Elegy on a late decision of our noble city council to dis-renew the license of an old establishment.

or, If they want to tear down historic landmarks the State House is only a couple of blocks away.

Sitting deprived within my dismal room,
I weep for the Casino; it is dead.
Never again will I kill Saturday
Revelling in its passion-laden gloom,
Nor ever again emerge tumescent, gay,
Anticipating dreams in fevered bed.

Palace of dark and mellow sexfulness,
Where freshmen from the Institute went blind
From blinking not for fear to miss a grind
Or artful dropping of a bra, with bump;
Where spielers of the artful smutty jest
Came on to rest your eyes from rump to rump.

O, it was a place where the righteous feared to tread;
For fear some other finks would see them there -
Therefore "Immoral! Scandalous!" they said,
"\$1.75 for this vicarious sex
Is too damn cheap - the dames, besides, too bare."
And so old Scollay Square they filled with wrecks;

With progress only as their lame excuse
Demolished they the house where revelation
Of thirty-six, twenty four, thirty-six
(Approximately) was the normal situation.
Moralists, being themselves but dried-up sticks,
Insist on squeezing out of life all juice.

- G.N.G.

ARCHIE



— by John Reed

I was lying on my bed, wishing I were somewhere else, when the door opened and closed. I turned my head - slowly - and saw the hare. Now I've seen rabbits before, all kinds - white ones, brown ones, wild ones in their natural habitat, and lab animals in cages (which I suppose is their natural habitat)- but I had never seen one like this. It was three feet tall, wore horn-rimmed spectacles on its pink and somewhat runny nose, and it was standing by the door very casually (almost *condescendingly*, I thought) regarding me over the rims of its oversized glasses.

I toyed with the idea that maybe it really *was* there, but discarded it for the hypothesis that sleep-starvation had at last caught up with me. I tried to resume my bitter contemplation of the ceiling, but I could still see that damned rabbit out of the corner of my eye. I decided to see if anyone was standing outside the door, but hesitated when my hand reached the knob. "Let's not be foolish about this," I thought.

I looked down inadvertently when the rabbit, whom I had been studiously ignoring, tugged on my pants leg. I was standing on his foot. "Sorry...." I mumbled. He looked at me with distaste for a moment, then walked over and began examining my bookshelves. I sat down and sheepishly began to watch him. He removed an 1876 edition of Heywood's *Proverbs* I had purchased at a church bazaar because I liked the binding. I hadn't read it.

"I'll be goddammed!" he said in a very human voice.

I sat up. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said, 'I'll be goddammed'. I didn't expect to find this bigoted polemic in *your* bookshelf. This is the original source of the expression 'mad as a march hare'. This son of a bitch was writing in the sixteenth century and he started it all! I'd like to tell him to take his march hare--" He proceeded to spell out succinctly what Heywood could do with his march hare.

It sounded unpleasant for both the hare and the unwitting epigrammatist.

I considered ignoring him again, but decided I had already compromised my position by speaking to him. "Please go away. My pink elephant has an appointment in a few minutes."

He looked at me for a moment with something approaching disgust. He bared his enormous incisors and bit my leg.

He bounded from one side of the room to the other as I clumsily pursued him, barking my shin in the process. When I collapsed on the bed to nurse my injured limb, the rabbit regarded me with great interest and amusement.

"So! You didn't believe I was real, did you? That's a greater insult than calling me mad! But, I'll let it pass-- this time."

"Damn decent of you", I muttered through clenched teeth. "Who are you?"

"My name is Archibald Phineas Leporidus, I am a march hare, I am not mad, and you may call me Archie."

Still smarting from my encounter with the coffee table, I said something which has since slipped my memory. It was obscene-- I remember that.

"I am told you are politically active. Is that correct?"

"I ignored his question. "How do you talk?"

"How do I talk?" Of all the stupid asinine... How the hell do I know! How do you talk? All march hares talk!"

"They do?"

His whiskers twitched in inarticulate rage. "Of course, they do! Haven't you ever read *Alice in Wonderland*? Carroll may have slanted everything else, but at least his march hare could talk!"

"Well.....alright. But what does this have to do with my political activity?"

Archie calmed down a bit. "Oh yes. You're in CORE, you've been in sit-ins, the whole bit, right?"

I shrugged. "Why deny it? You're not from HUAC, are you?"

He ignored my facetious question. "I've come to ask you to participate in an endeavor of deepest significance for our time." He sounded as if he had it memorized. "From earliest times, throughout the ages, into the present so-called enlightened era--" (He cleared his throat pompously.) "--there has existed a group, a minority group, an oppressed minority group--" (He was warming to his subject.) "which has suffered the slings and arrows of discrimination without a word of protest. I refer

to the march hares. They--"

"Now, wait a--"

"Shut up." He paused. "As I was saying, before I was so rudely interrupted, the march hares have suffered not only the indignation of being called 'mad' by such hate-mongers as your Heywood--" (He glared at the book which he still held in his paw.) "--but they have been hunted down and killed-- and eaten!" He shuddered and looked at me disapprovingly when I coughed to hide a smile.

I felt compelled to try to defend mankind. "Well, I think that's only rea--"

"Shut up. Furthermore, some were deported to *Australia*, of all the god-forsaken places, where they were hunted down by the descendants of *criminals* and, moreover, hunted with a viciousness far surpassing that of Europe. Besides", he pouted, "we've always gotten a bad press. I refer you to Lewis Carroll."

"I suppose--"

"Also," he interrupted, "we have been perpetually confused with those promiscuous, common *rabbits*, who, as we all know, are nothing more than animals!" He assumed a confidential air. "Now heaven knows I'd be the last to condemn a little hanky-panky." He winked and *leered*-- a remarkable expression for a hare. "In fact, in my younger days...." His pink eyes clouded wistfully. "Ah, but that's all water under the bridge, as they say." He chuckled, straightened his glasses, and resumed his oratorical tone. "As I was saying, those rabbits carry things to an extreme. Furthermore, by being confused with them, we hares are forced to bear the stigma associated with the *Easter Bunny*! Talk about prejudicial stereotypes! That's far worse than the pickinny! What the hell kind of thing is that for a grown hare to have to live down?" He seethed quietly over the indignity of it all.

"This is ridiculous", I said, "What does it have to do with me?"

Archie looked at me contemptuously. "Aren't you concerned by the injustice of the situation? Organize! Form a committee to prevent discrimination on the basis of genus! The SPCA is too slow! Trying to take it through the courts! Apply the techniques of non-violent resistance to this campaign! Don't just stand there-- Get a mimeograph and a mailing list and get to work!"

I looked at him calmly as I reached behind the door, picked up my shotgun, and blew his head off. I had rabbit stew for supper. The hare brained old bastard was stringy.

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An attractive cow-girl was travelling from Ft. Worth to Houston, Texas. On the same train was a northerner. (This was obvious because he was carrying a briefcase that had his name on it.)

The northerner struck up a conversation and proposed a rendezvous at a Houston hotel.

"We'll not only have lots of fun, he said, but I'll give you five dollars."

The cow-girl rose her eyes flashing, but before she could answer, a tall, lanky cowboy pulled out a revolver from a hidden holster and shot the northerner dead.

While the gun was still smoking, he turned to the others in the car and shouted, "Well, now, are there any more damn Yankees here who want to raise the price of women in Texas?"



She: Do you want to stop the car and eat, sweetheart?

He: No, pet.



Did you know that the best way to cut off a cat's tail is to repossess his Jaguar?



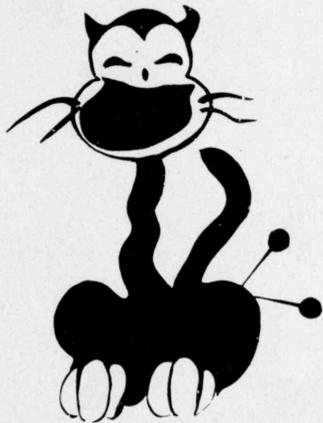
She had planned to get her driver's license before the wedding so that she could share the driving on their honeymoon, but she became so absorbed with wedding details that she never got further than making application for a beginner's permit. On the day itself, shortly after the couple had left the reception, the bride reappeared at the front door. "What happened?" asked someone, as a hush fell over the guests.

"Oh, nothing," said the bride, heading for the stairs. "I just forgot my learner's permit."



Your Lucky Number is:
218382625

Voo Doo Doll of the month

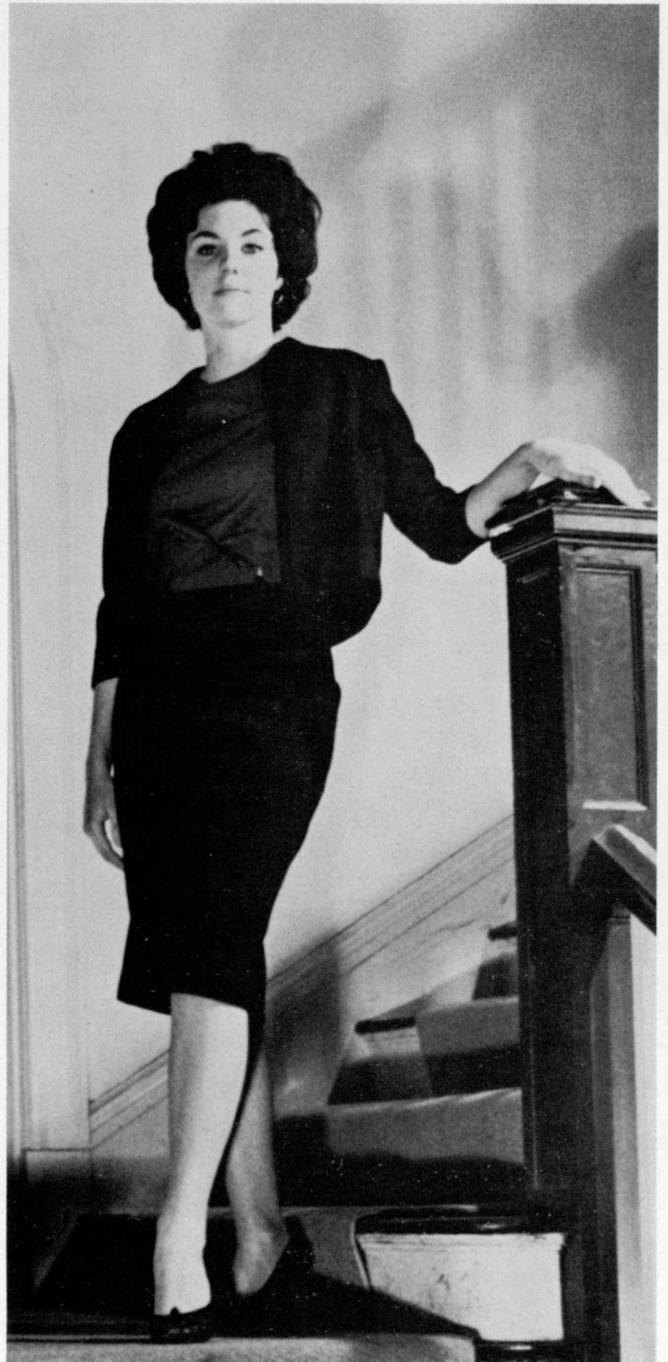


This month we took to cradle-robbing and the result was seventeen-year-old Leslie Dalton. Leslie and her family reside in Weymouth where she attends Weymouth High School.

We met Les at a high school mixer and upon speaking with her she expressed an interest in furthering her education at M.I.T. whereupon we graciously volunteered to conduct her on a tour of the buildings. We also showed her some of the living groups so as to better prepare her for Rush Week. We had our photographer accompany us on this tour to capture a future "Techman's" first reaction to M.I.T.

photography by

Art G.

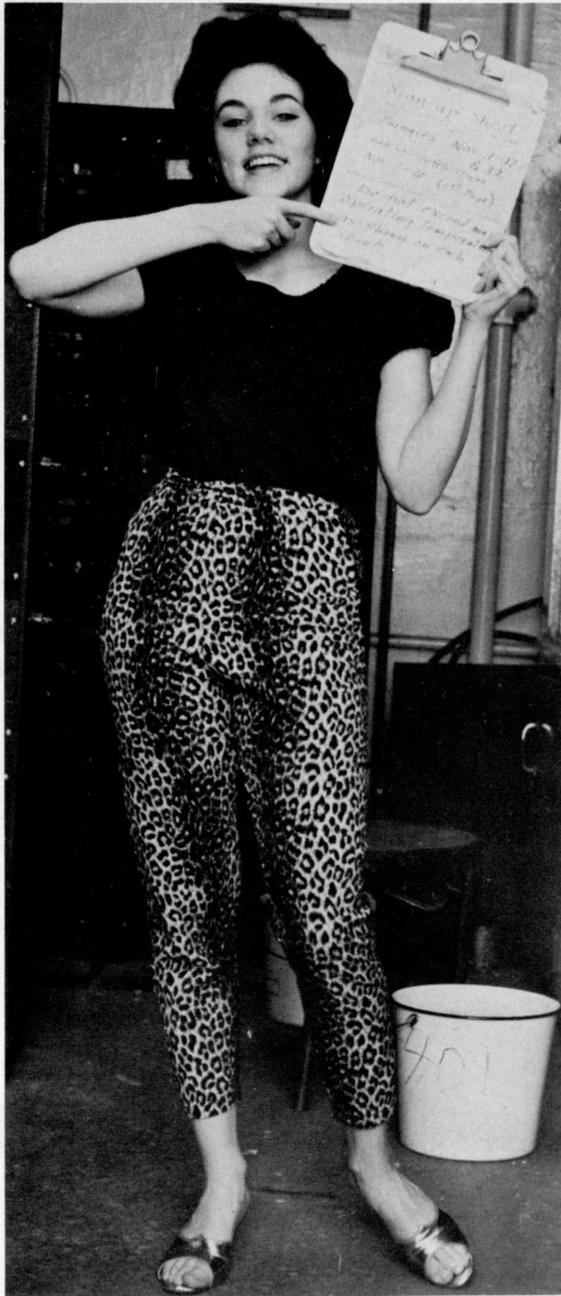




Les is currently registered with the Hart Agency and is also modeling hair styles and cosmetics for Revlon. She is 5'5", and although a trifle shorter than the average fashion model, we feel that the combination of her ebony hair and large blue eyes fully atones for this.

Les has many interests and hobbies, among them, music, dancing, painting, horseback riding, and boating. Her main ambition, however, lies in the Dramatic Theater.





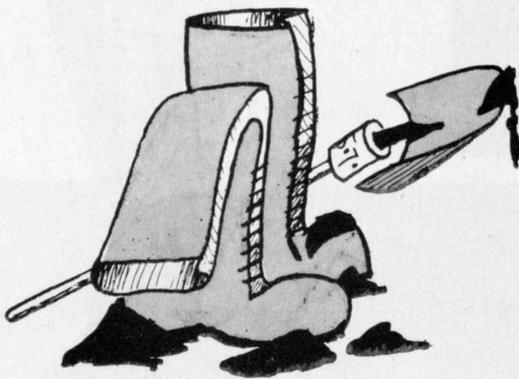
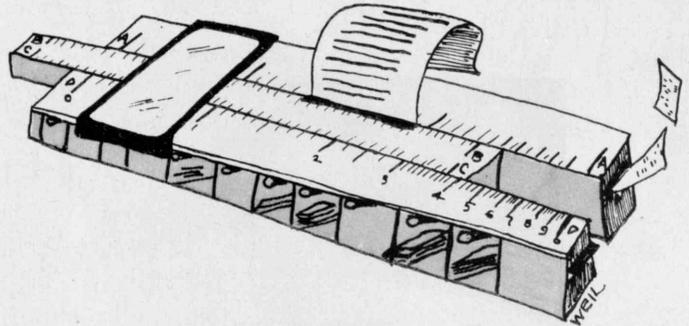
Les and horny friend.

Final Examination Kit

Including:

Electric Slide Rule

Looks externally like standard ten-inch rule. Just insert punched cards (before exam) containing all pertinent formulas; then set cursor to numbers used in exam; answer appears as complex conjugate of sinh scale reading. Beware! slide rule explodes if answer is not properly bounded. (See Sokolnikoff and Redpepper for explanation)

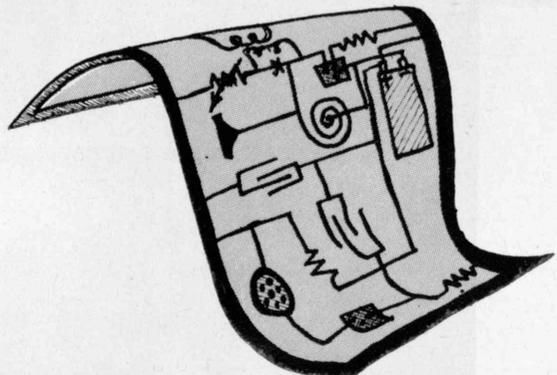


Hip Boots and Calibrated Shovel

A must for that esoteric Humanities Final. The boots are genuine latex; the shovel includes precise calibration, so that you can avoid putting too much on any one page.

Poop Sheet (where permitted)

A real boon on those exams which allow 8½" x 11" legal poop sheets, allowing you to write anything on that sheet which will fit. Instead of useless formulae, this sheet is actually a printed circuit transceiver, which enables you to communicate with a grad student outside the quiz room, who has access to solutions to all possible problems in the course. While this pilot model is admittedly a bit crude, future "Sheetsceivers" will incorporate planar television screens, whereby graphs may be traced onto the exam paper directly.





Tear Gas Capsule and Concealed Gas Mask

If, as a last resort, you find that you cannot bomb the quiz, then bomb the quizroom! This will enable you to obtain the correct answers during the ensuing confusion, wearing miniature filters in your nostrils.

The Tear Gas method is not recommended in 50-340; as this room is directly above the Dining Hall, persons taking the test may not notice the Tear Gas.

Non-Annotated CRC Tables

This is not really part of the Final Kit, we just thought we'd throw it in for laughs.

Money (supply your own, we're broke)

This is perhaps the most effective means of doing well on finals. Bribe the instructors. Heavens knows, the poor fellows need the money....



This kit is not available through regular retail channels, and is obtainable only by mailing \$34.50 (two kits for \$70.00) to :

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on any pizza pie **25¢**

A wealthy gentleman, both elderly and deaf, bought his first hearing aid. Two weeks later, he was talking with his minister, and he told him how much it had improved his hearing.

"That's fine," beamed the Reverend. "Your friends and relatives must be delighted that you can hear better."

"Oh, they don't know it yet," chuckled the old man. "I've just been sitting around listening and revising my will."



The year is 1962 and the British Government's policy of socialized medicine has been extended to include "Proxy Papas". That is, any married woman not having a child in the first five years of marriage must receive the service of a Government Man, who will attempt to be the means of her becoming a mother.

The Smiths have had no children and the Government Man is due. But instead of the Government Man, a door-to-door photographer, specializing in baby pictures, knocks on her door.

Mrs.: Oh, good morning.

Man: You probably don't know me, but I represent...

Mrs. Oh yes, you needn't explain. My husband said to expect you.

Man: I make a specialty of babies; especially twins.

Mrs: That is whay my husband said. Please sit down.

Man: Then your husband probably told you that..

Mrs. Oh, yes! We both agree it's the best thing to do.

Man: Well in that case we might as well get started.

Mrs: (Blushing) Just.. just where do we start?

Man: Just leave everything to me madam. I recommend 2 in the bathtub, 1 on the couch, and a couple on the floor.

Mrs.: Bathtub! Floor! No wonder Harry and I...

Man: Well, my dear lady, even the best of us

can't guarantee a good one every time. But, say, one out of six is bound to be a honey. I usually have the best luck with the ones in the bathtub.

Mrs. Pardon me, but it seems a ... a bit informal...

Man: No indeed, in my line a man can't do his in a hurry. (He opens his album and shows the baby pictures to her.) Look at this baby! Believe me, it's a good job, took four hours but isn't she a beauty?

Mrs.: Yes, a lovely child.

Man: But for a tough assignment, look at this baby. Believe it or not, it was done on top of a bus in Piccadilly Circus.

Mrs; Good heavens!!!

Man: It's not so hard when a man knows his job My work is a pleasure. I spent long years perfecting my technique. Now, take this baby. I did it with one shot in Alexanders' Window.

Mrs: I can't believe it.

Man: And here is a picture of the prettiest twins in town. They turned out exceptionally well when you consider their mother was so-so difficult. But I knocked the job off in Hyde Park on a snowy afternoon. It took from 2 in the afternoon until 5 in the evening. I never worked under such difficult conditions People were crowded around, 4 and 5 deep, pushing to get a look.

Mrs: 4 and 5 deep?

Man: Yes and more than 3 hours. But I had Bobbies helping me. I could have done another shot before dark, but by that time the squirrels were nibbling at my equipment, and I had to give up. Well madam. If you are ready, I'll set up my tripod and get to work.

Mrs: Tripod:

Man: Yes, I always use a tripod to rest my equipment on. It's much to heavy for me to hold for any length of time. Mrs. Smith!! Mrs. Smith! Mrs. Smith, have you fainted?



Blank spaces at bottom of pages
Send Voo Doo Editor into blind rages.

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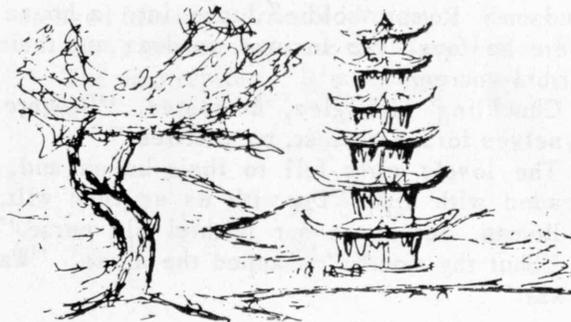
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TECH COOP

One day during a war, a tall, strong and handsome Roman soldier broke into a house where he found two luscious maidens and their matronly nurse.

Chuckling with glee, he roared, "Prepare thyselfes for a conquest, my pretties."

The lovely girls fell to their knees and, pleaded with him, "Do with us as thou wilt, O Roman, but spare our faithful old nurse."

"Shut thy mouth," snapped the nurse. "War is war."



Some fellows like tall girls, others go for those little lasses.



There's a vast difference in making a peach cordial and making a peach turn over.

"What's the difference between a girl and a cow?"

"I don't know, what?"

"Gosh, you must have some hellish dates."



The latest promotional campaign of an auto dealer proclaimed that each purchaser of new convertible would receive with it a beautiful blonde. A wealthy bachelor decided to take them up on this amazing deal, so he went downtown, and shelled out the required sum. Sure enough, the car was delivered to him with the most gorgeous blonde in the back seat, that he had ever seen. Deciding to take advantage of this opportunity, he went for a drive in the country, pulled over to the side of a shady lane, and whispered something in her ear.

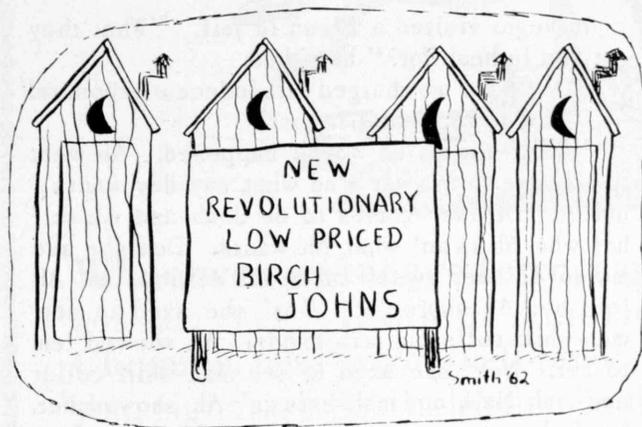
"Sorry, honey, you got that when you bought the car," she replied.

Jimmy was getting married that night, but during the afternoon he was in a car collision. After an examination the doctor informed him that he was all right except for a severe ligament laceration in a most awkward place, and it would be necessary to apply a protective covering. Thereupon, the doctor reached for four small strips of narrow wood and some bandages, and made a splint. Imagine Jimmy's disappointment on this day of all days, but there was nothing he could do about it.

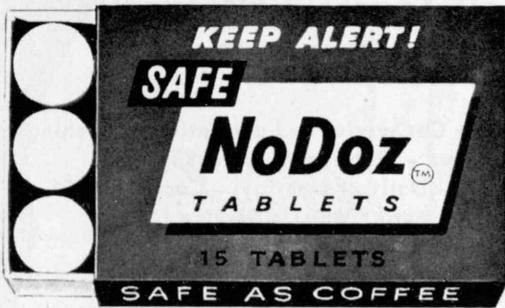
Later that night, when he and his new bride finally got to the boudoir she started to disrobe in a strip-tease fashion. When she revealed her shoulders she said, "Look, Jimmy, never been touched by any man." Then she stripped to the waist, and said, "Look, Jimmy, no other man's eyes have ever gazed upon this." This routine carried on a little longer until finally Jimmy said "That's nothing. Look at this, still in the original crate."



A Soviet satellite diplomat, stationed in a Western country, received from his foreign minister a telegraphic order to return home by the 15th of the month. He sent the following immediate reply: "Order received, am making preparations, will arrive on the afternoon of the 14th." Twenty-four hours later a new telegram came from the foreign minister: "In view of your willingness to come home, you may stay."



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you feel drowsy while driving, working or studying, do as millions do . . . perk up with safe, effective NoDoz tablets. Another fine product of Grove Laboratories.

On a windy day, a young lady was having trouble keeping her dress down. She noticed a man watching her with interest and she addressed him in an irritated voice.

"It is obvious you are not a gentleman."

The man replied, "It's obvious you are not either."



A gent was in such bad shape physically that his clergyman was called to the bedside. "You know what you are facing?" asked the gentleman of the Cloth.

"Yes," moaned the dying man.

"Then repeat after me: I renounce the Devil and all his works."

The dying man shook his head.

"This is serious," the clergyman urged. "It may be only a matter of minutes. Repeat after me: I renounce the Devil and all his works."

"Not me," gasped the parishioner. "The shape I'm in, I'm in no position to make enemies."

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sense faints picturing them!”

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



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Four men were sitting in an employment office waiting for interviews. After a short visit the first one in line was called to the desk of the interviewer. He was asked what sort of work he did.

“I’m a cork soaker,” he said

“That’s rather unusual,” the interviewer replied. “What do you do?”

“I work in a wine-bottling factory and I soak the corks before they put them on the bottles.”

The interviewer checked through his card file, but found nothing there. He told the man to come back the next day.

Then the second man was called up to the desk and asked what he could do.

“I’m a Coke sacker,” he explained. “I work in a Coke factory and sack the six packs of Cokes as they come off the conveyor belt.”

There seemed to be no opening for him, either so he, too, was told to return.

The third man, in his turn, was called to be interviewed. He was asked what sort of work he did.

“Oh, I’m a sack tucker. I worked in a sack factory and tucked in the loose corners of the sacks as they were tied in bundles.”

There were no openings for him, either, so he in turn was sent away.

The last man was then called to be interviewed.

“And what do you do?” the interviewer asked
“I’m the real McCoy.”

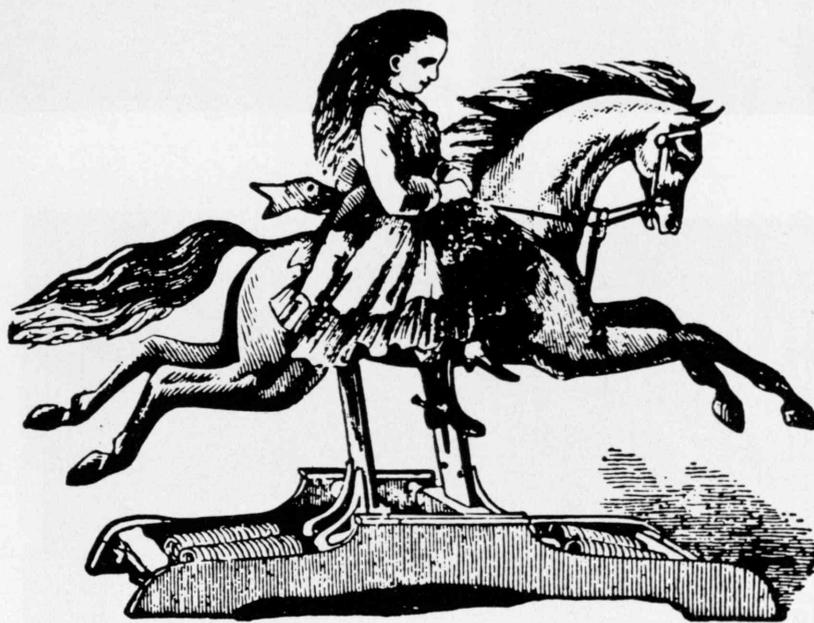


A Negro visited a friend in jail. “What they got you in heah for?” he asked.

“Dey’s got me charged with indecent exposure.”

“What in the debbil is dat?”

“Well, dis am de way it happened. Ah went to a house to answer a ad what say dey wants a butler. De lady comes to de doah and Ah tell her who Ah is an’ what Ah wants. Den she axe me do Ah keep myself clean all de time, an’ Ah told her Ah shore did. Nex’ she axed to see mah shirt cuffs and mah hands. Ah showed ’em to her. Nex’ she axed to see mah shirt collar and mah Naik and mah ears an’ Ah showed her. Nex’ she axe to see mah credentials . . . an’ right there is where Ah made mah big mistake!”

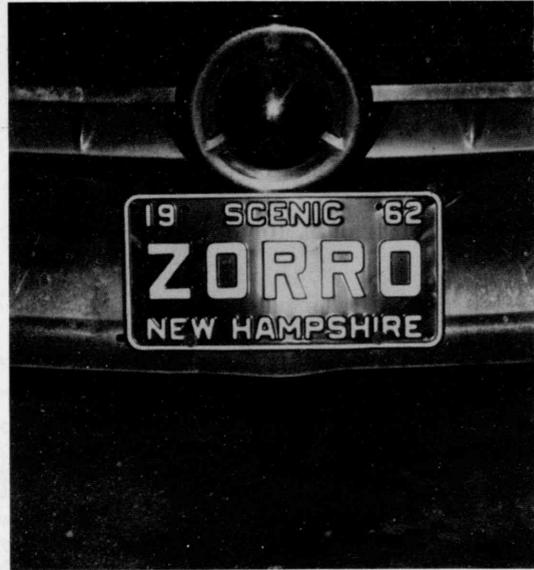
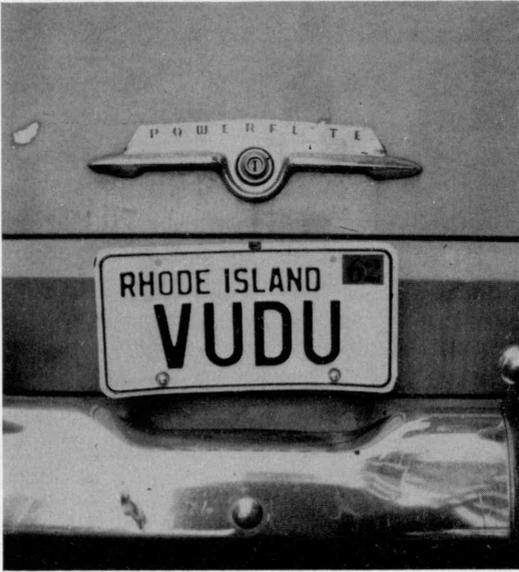


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Signs *of the* Times





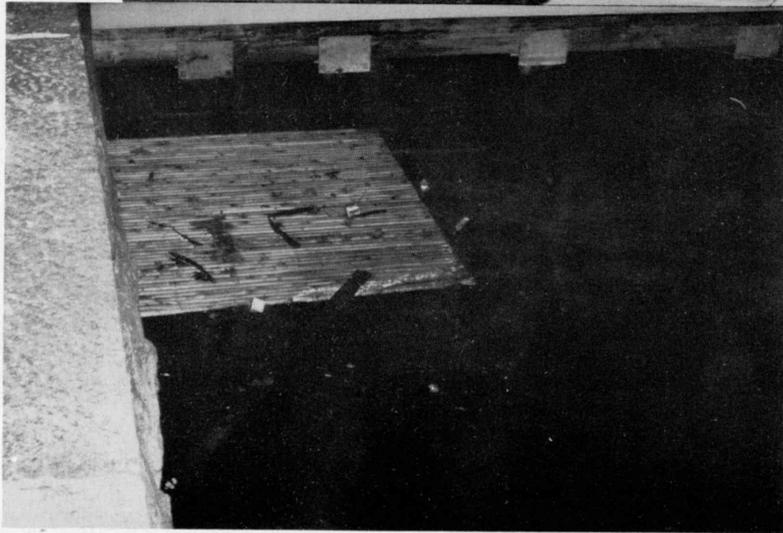


Once upon a time a raindrop named Sigmund let go of the cloud he had desperately clung to. In his descent he rationalized; things were just too crowded up there. It was dusty and I hate that urban living. Smell that fresh air. The other raindrops who were falling (a regular downpour) stopped their whistling and whatever else raindrops do and listened to Sigmund.

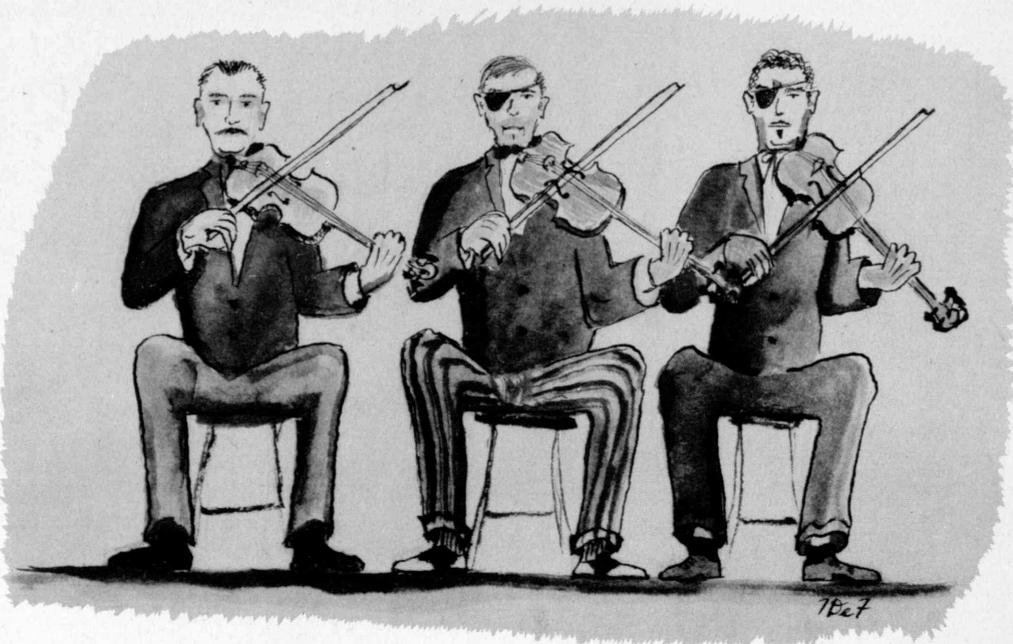
You can hardly imagine the insecurity felt by a raindrop after it has left the conformity and safety that it feels within the cloud. Suddenly it is let loose in the hostile world. Sigmund was a born leader "I know what we can do" he shouted, "when we get down to the earth we will all get together and form a lake, and everyone will be equal. Not like up in the clouds; better still we can become a river (which everyone knows is much more dynamic). Then we can control the land, and run dams or flood. We will be important, just think." Working with greater speed than is characteristic of raindrops he laid out plans for the river. He spoke so well that the other raindrops become wildly enthusiastic, agreeing to tell their friends and spread the good news.

Sigmund beamed with pride, but it was short lived, for on April 17, 1962 at approximately twenty five minutes after 10, by far the most important raindrop ever to live, hit the Boston sidewalk and was never heard of again.

P R O G R E S S



R E P O R T



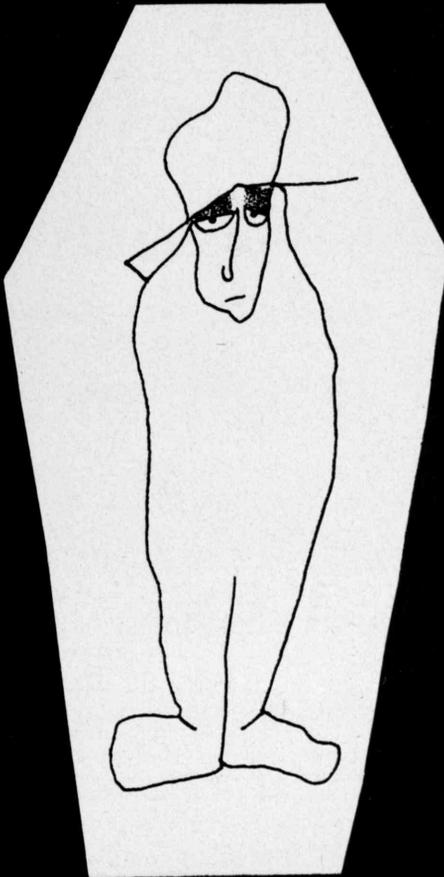
LOOKING FORWARD TO RETURNING NEXT SEPTEMBER?

Some of us will, some of us won't. A lucky few will graduate. Many others will get friendly notices from a certain Committee. Don't be too sure of yourself; Finals aren't over yet! Maybe you'll sleep through one of them!

Or maybe World War III is coming! Have you made your last will and testament? Well, have you? And who, pray tell, will be around to collect?

Yes, friends, nothing is certain in this world, except perhaps one thing....yes, there is a way to be sure of one thing in your shaky future. Subscribe NOW to MIT's Funniest (excepting certain the tech editorials) Publication! Voo Doo WILL PUBLISH EIGHT ISSUES next school year, come Rain, Shine, Plague, Deficit, or Dean's Office Manifesto! (Exception: A direct Atomic Attack on Boston will necessitate our postponement until we can set up our offices in a West Pennsylvania Cave ... a delay of a week or so.)

So be a pessimist! Maybe we'll all be dead by this time next year, anyway. Live it up! Put \$2.80 in an envelope, along with the attached coupon, and keep in contact with the only part of MIT that's worth remembering.... Voo Doo!



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