

# VOODOO

FEBRUARY 25¢



STOD

DEAR SIR:  
WE REGRET  
YOU HAVE  
FLUNKED  
OUT OF MIT

# The Mating Habits of the Virus



Here's a virus, which actually doesn't look any more like this than a biology professor. Less. But then, not many people *do* know what a virus looks like. They only know what it does.

It sits around all day long, tireless as a bill collector, waiting for someone to invite it in. Then it goes to work like mad, multiplying all over the place, creating colds, pneumonia, fever, and various other unpleasanties.

The virus is easy to invite. As a matter of fact, it's there to begin with. Just lower resistance enough and wham! There's the old virus at work.

And the best way to lower resistance is to wander around in the rain and wind without a hat. Honest. Your head is the number one target of the virus. Nature *wants* you to protect your head. And the primary function of a hat is *protection*.

It keeps the snow and wind and rain off your hair, it protects you from cold weather and hot weather, too. And don't forget. Hats are as important to your appearance as they are to your health. Any way you look at it, it's smart to wear one. And today, hats are made better—and styled better—than ever before.

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We were laughing and talking briskly as we climbed the stairs to the Office. Another term was finished, and ahead lay new worlds to conquer. Much had happened in between, however, and some changes would be necessary. A couple of the boys had taken off for the hills. Some of our fellow sufferers had been relieved of their burden of labor by executive order. Interest in matters at the Factory-on-the-Charles was at a new peak, and at the same time a low point. We must consult Phos the great and all-seeing for advice on the work ahead.

The Cat was found leaning against the door of the beer closet. "It's about time you guys got here," he shouted at us as we walked through the door. "Some guy changed the lock on the damn door and I'm about to die." The awkward situation was soon rectified and He was once again happy and contented.

We began to get into the business at hand, namely, getting the Word from Phos. "Since we're the new whipping boys, we felt that we should consult you before we go out and do as we please. It may not be easy, but we're willing to work. We're also brave, loyal, thrifty, courteous, kind, obedient, and all the rest."

He began by draining his beer and emitting one hearty belch. "Well now, let's see. Your job is to incite spirit, promote good old-fashioned humor, live it up, wash behind your ears, and keep the hell out of the way."

"Is that all? Surely there must be something else. Since we're now big wheels, you should have some hot poop for us; some inside stuff."

"That's just what I meant before," He mumbled through foam-flecked lips. "There isn't any hot poop." His tone then became bitter. "And don't you go giving me that big wheel stuff. I've seen lots of big wheels come and go in my time. Take for instance a couple of kids named James M. and Paul A. Take for instance a kid named Harry S. Take for instance those two guys who took off for the north woods. Big wheels all of them. It's all right for you to be big wheels if you'll stay out of the way. Otherwise we won't be able to get anything done around here!"

We were considerably deflated. The thrill was gone. We meekly asked the Cat if there was anything else.

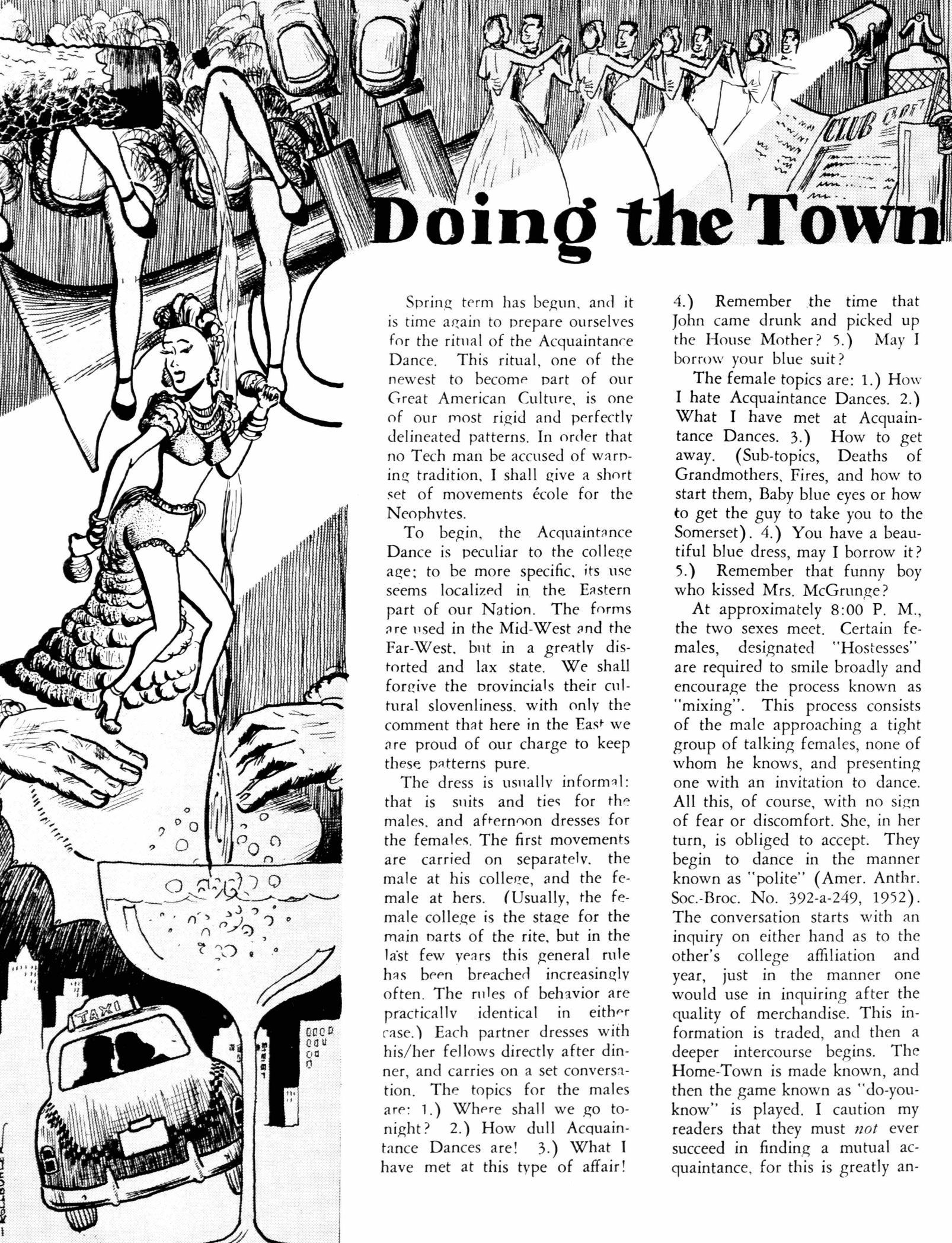
He thought. "Lessee . . . oh yes. One of you guys make damn sure that I get a key to the beer cooler before I, too, go north."

M. J. F.

*This month's cover by Stod.*

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# Doing the Town

Spring term has begun, and it is time again to prepare ourselves for the ritual of the Acquaintance Dance. This ritual, one of the newest to become part of our Great American Culture, is one of our most rigid and perfectly delineated patterns. In order that no Tech man be accused of warning tradition, I shall give a short set of movements école for the Neophytes.

To begin, the Acquaintance Dance is peculiar to the college age; to be more specific, its use seems localized in the Eastern part of our Nation. The forms are used in the Mid-West and the Far-West, but in a greatly distorted and lax state. We shall forgive the provincials their cultural slovenliness, with only the comment that here in the East we are proud of our charge to keep these patterns pure.

The dress is usually informal: that is suits and ties for the males, and afternoon dresses for the females. The first movements are carried on separately, the male at his college, and the female at hers. (Usually, the female college is the stage for the main parts of the rite, but in the last few years this general rule has been breached increasingly often. The rules of behavior are practically identical in either case.) Each partner dresses with his/her fellows directly after dinner, and carries on a set conversation. The topics for the males are: 1.) Where shall we go tonight? 2.) How dull Acquaintance Dances are! 3.) What I have met at this type of affair!

4.) Remember the time that John came drunk and picked up the House Mother? 5.) May I borrow your blue suit?

The female topics are: 1.) How I hate Acquaintance Dances. 2.) What I have met at Acquaintance Dances. 3.) How to get away. (Sub-topics, Deaths of Grandmothers, Fires, and how to start them, Baby blue eyes or how to get the guy to take you to the Somerset). 4.) You have a beautiful blue dress, may I borrow it? 5.) Remember that funny boy who kissed Mrs. McGrunge?

At approximately 8:00 P. M., the two sexes meet. Certain females, designated "Hostesses" are required to smile broadly and encourage the process known as "mixing". This process consists of the male approaching a tight group of talking females, none of whom he knows, and presenting one with an invitation to dance. All this, of course, with no sign of fear or discomfort. She, in her turn, is obliged to accept. They begin to dance in the manner known as "polite" (Amer. Anthr. Soc.-Broc. No. 392-a-249, 1952). The conversation starts with an inquiry on either hand as to the other's college affiliation and year, just in the manner one would use in inquiring after the quality of merchandise. This information is traded, and then a deeper intercourse begins. The Home-Town is made known, and then the game known as "do-you-know" is played. I caution my readers that they must *not* ever succeed in finding a mutual acquaintance, for this is greatly an-



ticlimatical.

There is a great deal of friendly, and almost unconscious competition to dance with the more physically attractive women. When the period known as "intermission" or "refreshments" approaches, every male is in competition to be dancing with the best looking female so that he may safely ask her if she wishes a little-something-to-drink?

The male is required to carry a small note-book, or piece of paper, on which to note female's names and addresses. Whether or not he plans to use this information, he must ask it, for if he did not, the female would be hurt, and he would lose face with his fellow males who had obtained more names.

The ritual's next period comes when the larger group has separated by sexes, and the process known as "cleaning up", or "Going Home" is performed. The purpose of this period is conversation in a set vein, and that vein is obviously "What a time and what a bunch of drips but that one in the corner wasn't bad".

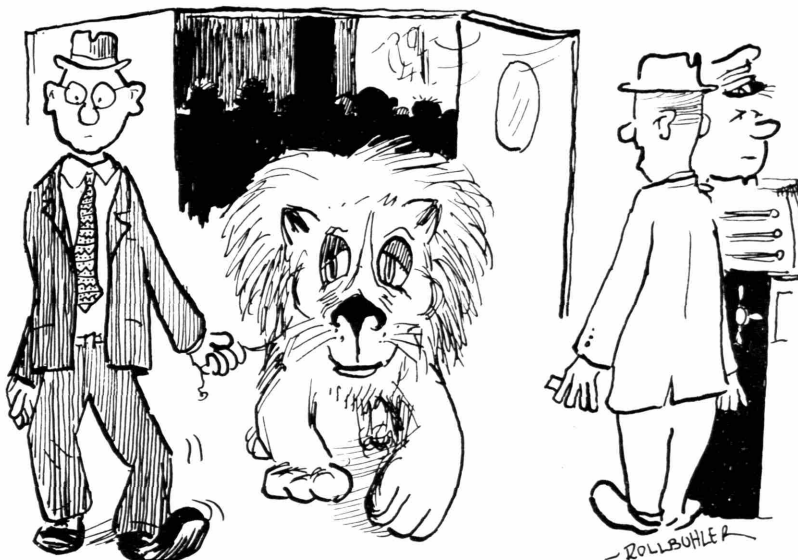
Let a word to the wise be sufficient: Arrange your own party, go the the Acquaintance Dance, and ask the first attractive girl you find to accompany you to it. She'll be happy to go. Wouldn't you?

—J. F. K.

## NOW PLAYING

# 3-D "BIKINI DEVIL"

## A LION IN YOUR LAP, A LO



An Indian ordered a sandwich at the local lunch counter. When it arrived, he picked it up and peered between the two slices of bread.

"You slice um ham?" he asked the waiter.

"Yes," answered the surprised waiter.

"Ugh," grunted the Indian, "you pretty near miss him."

A recently discharged navy captain was home dogging peacefully in front of the stove. The door of the stove blew open and flames shot out.

"Fire," shouted his wife.

The captain leaped to his feet, grabbed the cat, shoved it into the oven door, slammed the door shut, opened up the draft and called up the stove pipe.

"Ready Two."

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OUR Managing Editor, brilliant lad, took H55 for four months, and now retains only the following excerpt from the text:

Joseph Bramah, an exceedingly fertile genius and one of the few who reaped the fruits of his inventions during his lifetime, invented the water closet in 1776.

AS an indication of the inroads that television has made on our lives, we noted the following incident recently at a movie house. The second feature of a double bill, a particularly wretched episode, had just finished. A woman in the row in front of us stood up and stretched. Suddenly she looked around, startled and hurriedly sat down, remembering that she was in a motion picture theater, not home watching television.

ONE of the staff got the shock of his life the other day when he walked into the first floor head in Building 1. It seems one of the booths is completely bricked up, floor to ceiling. Recovering from the shock, he finished his business and left as quickly as possible. As he passed out the door, he could hear a faint voice calling through the brick, "For the love of God, Montresor!"

SEEN recently in the Aero Department:

"Announcement:

16:60 Aero Problems, Advanced 2:0:2

Problems of Supra-Atmospheric Flight.

This new course, offered for seniors and graduate students, will cover coordinated subject matter related to the design and construction of orbital vehicles."

Maybe with field trips to the moon?

OUR Literary Editor was sitting in the office recently when he saw a group of the local female gentry parading around in the hall. He turned to the rest of the editorial board in the office and said, "Watch me scare the pants off these kids." He called to them and much to his horror, they ran into the office and began to assault him—their intentions we never did discover. Before they left, they destroyed half of the copy for the month and grubbed all of the cigarettes in the place. This incident has branded the individual with the nickname of "Lover". Anyone who doesn't believe us can come up to the office and discuss the matter with "Lover" who is still hiding behind the filing cabinet.

WE would like to dispel once and for all the baseless myth that food in Walker is no good. We ate there last night, and the meal was inexpensive and good. We forget what they called it, but they served it on a shingle.

A man took his very talented dog into a producer's office and put it through an hour long routine of quoting Shakespeare and singing difficult operatic arias with perfect pitch.

"Pretty good!" said the producer after it was all over. "Let's see her legs."



Hickory, Dickory Dock.  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one,  
Which so surprised the mouse,  
that he entered a state of shock and ended his days, a raving rodent in a mental hospital.



"What did you say this morning Professor?"

"Nothing."

"Of course. But how did you express it this time?"



PICTURES HOLLYWOOD  
DECIDED NOT  
TO PRODUCE

Nobody Rates like Ameliorates  
(sequel to Nobody Sees Her  
Like Julius Caesar).  
The Case of the Hydraulic Lift  
(that's a Jack, son).  
She Was Going to be a Mamma  
Rabbit or The Case of the In-  
grown Hare.  
The Hot Electric Circuit (For  
ever Ampere).  
Murder in the Swamp or A  
Marshmallow Drama.



*What a cunning little bastard*



Two drunks in a mid-town bar were discussing life. "I had the darndest dream last night," said one. "I dreamed that suddenly about one thousand funny little men were dancing on top of my body. They had pink caps and green suits and funny red boots that curled up in front."

"Yes," agreed the other, "and there was a tinkly little bell at the toe of each of the boots."

"How do you know?" asked the first one in surprise.

"There are a couple of them still sitting on your shoulder," said the other.

A doctor once told a patient, "The thing for you to do is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."

After a week the man returned to the doctor's office. "How are you feeling?" asked the physician. "Worse, if anything."

"Did you follow my directions and drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning?" asked the doctor.

"I tried my best," replied the patient, "but I couldn't keep it up for more than fifteen minutes at a time."

**WHOLESALE**

**RETAIL**

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## Oh Deep Is The King

translated from the Geek by  
Anthony Aardvark

(SCENE: *A nondescript ATHENIAN market place. As usual, there is a large chorus, doing things Greek choruses are expected to do. At the center of the stage there is an altar; a bleating LAMB is optional, but adds wonderful realism.*)

CHORUS: This is the festive day we have awaited—  
the feast day of the famous Pelvic Oracle.  
But, furthermore, to cap the celebration,  
today our king returns from distant journey,  
beladen with the treasures of the Asians;  
in truth, our monarch has gone Asiatic.  
But, hold! Into the harbor steams a trireme!  
'Tis he! All hail to thee, our good King Sauerkraut!

(SAUERKRAUT *enters, out of breath.*)  
SAUERKRAUT: Stout fellows! I am touched that  
you, so patient,  
await my glad arrival. But be off, now!  
I call the day's festivities to order!  
(*Exit* CHORUS.)  
Now, where can be my faithful servant, Rastes?  
Ah, there you are, you blackguard.  
(*Enter* RASTES.)

Tell me quickly,  
the whereabouts of lovely Frigidaia,  
the handmaid of my wife's that I so worship,  
I could not stay from Athens any longer,  
for fear someone would tell her about chastity.

RASTES: Little blue king  
go blow thy horn—  
the sheep's in thy meadows,  
the cow's in thy corn.  
And where's Frigidaia?  
In spite of thy reaping,  
she's under the haystacks,  
with somebody sleeping.

SAUERKRAUT: Enough, you lying knave!  
Begone!  
RASTES: No. Rather,  
give ear to what the stars have named your future.

Today shall be a day of mixed emotion;  
the while the crowd rejoices you shall suffer,  
discovering you sleep with one related—  
thy wife, to be exact.

SAUERKRAUT: Good Zeus in heaven!  
Be off before I call the guard to drag you  
off to the penitentiary.

RASTES: Nay, wait yet.  
The entrails of the oxen tell another!

SAUERKRAUT: If oxen's entrails spoke as much  
as you claim  
twould bankrupt all our local kosher markets.

RASTES: Desist! Their warning is, indeed,  
portentious.

Catastrophe shall strike the city over,  
beginning with the royal household.

SAUERKRAUT: Cease thou—  
I've had enough of your fool talk already!

(SAUERKRAUT *beats* RASTES *to death with a shillelagh.*)

RASTES: Beware the Ides of February,  
Sauerkraut!

SAUERKRAUT: Now I must off to find my  
Frigidaia,  
unfaithful with another in the haystacks.

(*Exit* SAUERKRAUT. *Enter* CHORUS.)

CHORUS: Why, here is Rastes, lying in his lifes-  
blood;

an augury that pestilence will strike us!  
Take arms—go kill all children and old people;  
forbid the plague should strike down those  
defenseless.

Look, here's Queen Salamandra come a'running!  
Assist us, Lady, help us fight the fever.

(*Exit* CHORUS. *Enter* SALAMANDRA, wailing.)

SALAMANDRA: Oh, rue the day King  
Sauerkraut I married!  
For, rushing blindly in amongst the haystacks,  
he found the one with me, not Frigidaia.  
He stabbed my eldest son, who was my lover,  
and violently raped me, but in doing so,



uncovered the old birthmark I identified  
as that of my lost brother, whom, it turns out,  
is just the man I married! Oh, my children,  
given me through divine intervention,  
lest you should live to know this awful story,  
I sacrifice you on the holy altar.

(Enter CHILDREN. SALAMANDRA cuts their  
hearts out.)

But still my magic powers will not fail me!  
I'll transform Frigidaia to a jackass  
and give King Sauerkraut a life of blindness.

(SALAMANDRA turns into an owl and flies off.)

(Enter CHORUS of MEN.)

MEN'S CHORUS: The women have resisted our  
advances  
and raised a solid front against our amours.  
For our part, raising was a mite too easy,  
so now we go to tear the fronts of some of them,  
that are not quite so solid.

(Enter CHORUS of WOMEN.)

WOMEN'S CHORUS: There they are, girls!  
With battle swords withdrawn, they wait our coming.  
At last we've come to give them such a tussle,  
they shall not soon forget! Begin the combat!

(In the ensuing battle, ALL are slain. Enter  
SAUERKRAUT, astride a JACKASS.)

SAUERKRAUT: Alas, I find the citadel deserted,  
save this poor animal, who serves the purpose  
to ride me to a happier land.

(Enter SALAMANDRA, as an OWL.)

SALAMANDRA: Thou dreamer!

You shall not see to know a happy ending.

(SALAMANDRA flies at his eyes, tearing them  
out.)

SAUERKRAUT: Cruel Fate! that thou should  
finally deprive me  
the last thing I can call my own in Athens.

SALAMANDRA: Indeed! Thou hast for constant  
consolation,

sweet Frigidaia, to fulfill your wishes,  
upon whose back you ride until the doomsday.

(SAUERKRAUT rides off, and over a precipice.)

Divine revenge! Now, I alone remaining,  
enjoy the restful peace of empty Athens.

(In swoops an EAGLE, who devours the OWL,  
and is transformed into the god, ZEUS.)

ZEUS: I hid among the stacks with Frigidaia,  
and heard of much corruption in the city.

The truth has out, and all the sinners punished.

So, by this, gentle listener, take my warning:

Live always clean, and brush thy teeth with Ajax.



Shows up every year at this time

She: "If you try to kiss me I'll scream."

He: "Not with all these people around."

She: "Well, let's go to a quieter spot."



First Cow: "Where are the rest of the girls?"

Second same: "They're over in the other pasture  
having a bull session."



1st Korean Vet: "And there we were on top of  
that shell torn hill, fighting for our very lives, odds  
200 to one."

2nd Korean Vet: "Boy, that must have been  
rough."

1st Korean Vet: "You said it! That was the mean-  
est Chinaman I ever saw."



Deep Southern boys like to neck and Hector was  
no exception. "Honey, would yo' mind if ah kissed  
yo' all?" he asked softly.

"Ain't my lips enough?" angrily snapped his date.



Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame shook as I looked into her blue eyes. Her body trembled as our lips met and I could feel my chest heaving, my chin vibrating and my body shuddering as I held her to me. Moral: Never kiss your girl in a second hand car with the motor running.



You can pick your nose  
And you can pick your friends,  
But you can't eat your friends.



He: "May I kiss your hand?"  
She: "What's the matter? Is my mouth dirty?"



American History Prof.: Now who made all the dams?  
Class: Roosevelt.  
A.H.P.: And who made all the parks and reservations?  
Class: Roosevelt.  
A. H. P.: And who made the forest, streams and trees?  
Class: God.  
A.H.P.: Damn Republicans.



I am interested in:

University credits ☐

Resident study at a foreign university ☐

Special countries or areas ☐

(Specify) \_\_\_\_\_

Out in California we learned long ago that there is a vast difference between a politician and a lady. For instance, if a politician says "yes," he means "maybe"; if he says "maybe," he means "no"; if he says "no"—he's no politician.

On the other hand, if a lady says "no," she means "maybe"; if she says "maybe," she means "yes," and if she says "yes," she's no lady.



Then there's the absent-minded co-ed who left her negligee in the bathtub and slipped on a cake of soap.



An old maid, after years and years and years, was invited to spend the evening with a man. The next day a friend asked her how she had enjoyed the evening.

"Fine—It was the first time I ever knew you could have fun without laughing."

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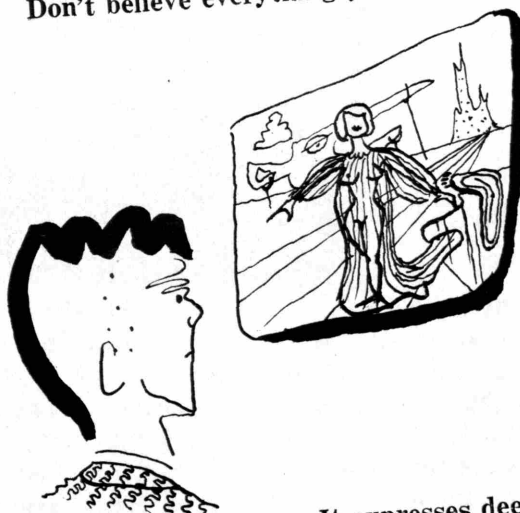
# THE Foreign MOVIE



Don't believe everything you read.



Be sure to bring a hankie.



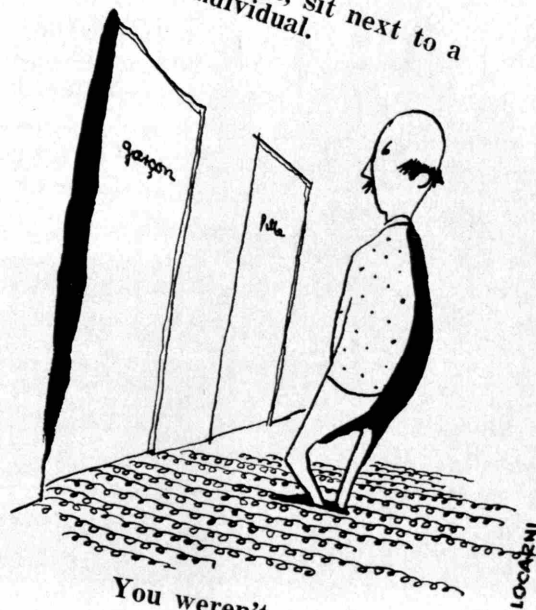
Notice the symbolism. It expresses deep meaning. (I hear.)



For the subtler meanings, sit next to a bohemian looking individual.



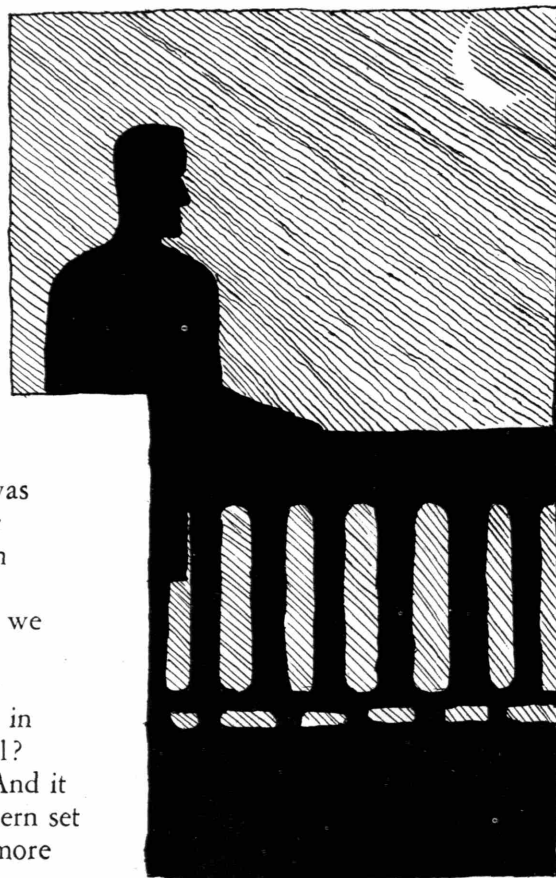
You aren't the only ones who have to put up with sub-titles.



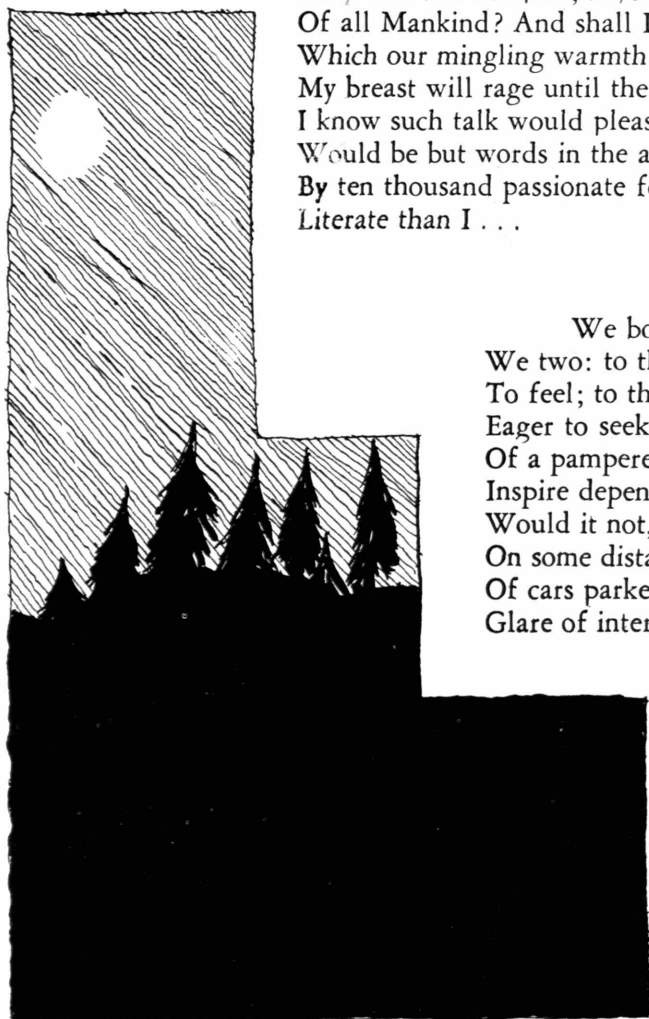
You weren't — anyway.

## MARILYN

You're gone; and in the stillness I remain.  
 Thoughtful. And yet in peace; my thoughts upon me  
 As the placid caress of a twilight lake on the grassy,  
 Sloping shore where once we sat and idly  
 Talked. No pallid memories torment  
 Me in my reverie: of golden skin,  
 And fragrant hair, and laughing eyes. A curious  
 Realist am I, that scarce six months  
 Before would have torn my hair and beaten at  
 My brow at this great tragedy that had  
 Befallen me. And so I think . . .



What was  
 Our brief affair? And shall I say that our  
 Two spirits soared to some celestial realm  
 And there united midst the feasting of  
 The Gods? And shall I say that this that we  
 Have felt sets us apart, beyond the reach  
 Of all Mankind? And shall I say the fire  
 Which our mingling warmth has kindled in  
 My breast will rage until the stars do fall?  
 I know such talk would please you not. And it  
 Would be but words in the accepted pattern set  
 By ten thousand passionate fools so far more  
 Literate than I . . .

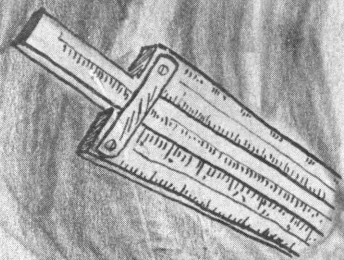
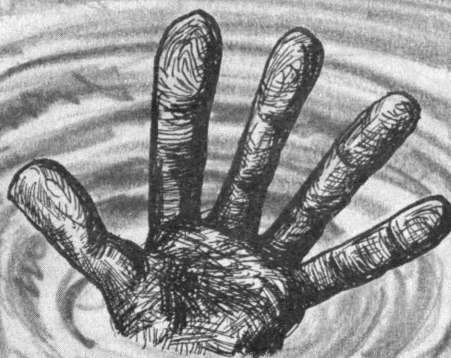


We bowed to biology,  
 We two: to the urges of the body eager  
 To feel; to the urges of the restless mind  
 Eager to seek its own communion; to the urges  
 Of a pampered ego eager to know it could  
 Inspire dependence. And it would be presumptuous,  
 Would it not, to hope that we had stumbled  
 On some distant bliss in one of a row  
 Of cars parked in darkness save for the distant  
 Glare of intermittent neon signs?

Briefly we met, and then we went our separate  
 Ways. Each perhaps the richer for  
 The experience, yet neither's parting in any way  
 Impairing of its peculiar charm. We dedicated  
 Our moment, you and I, not by casting  
 It into the pink clouds of Mankind's enraptured  
 Hopes and dreams, but in its unpretentiousness:  
 The pure inextricability of young passion.

—Amby

# ONUS PROBANDI



by Harold Kaplan  
RJR

The lettering on the door said,  
Research  
Gubble  
Brilt  
Flomer

It was obsolete, of course. I was here to argue with Pheese, my former chemistry instructor. I knocked, but there was no answer, only a muted scratching; so I turned the knob and stepped in.

I nearly stepped out again, because of the thick cloud of hydrogen sulfide in the room, but the thought of my cume strengthened my courage. I couldn't see Pheese, but I figured he might be behind some of the crazy banks of glass piping, so I just said to the room in general, "Mr. Pheese, are you here, sir?"

The vague scratching got louder. It seemed to come from the five-ton hydrogen sulfide generator over in the corner, above the washing vat. I strolled over to it and yelled into the wide exhaust aperture, "Hey, Mr. Pheese, are you in there?"

A muffled voice replied, "Shove the red crank around."

I found a red crank on top of the huge mechanism, right next to the entrance hopper, and gave it a push. Something clicked inside, and with a little whirring sound the crank began turning without my further aid. The scratching was replaced by a series of baritone grunts, and Pheese, accompanied by a large new cloud of hydrogen sulfide, was squeezed head first out of the exhaust aperture, to fall between the smooth round twin tanks of the generator into the three-foot deep washing vat.

I wondered vaguely how a man of Pheese's diameter could pass through the aperture without

being extruded to a length of twelve or fifteen feet, but even before the sound of the splash had died away, Pheese climbed, dripping, out of the vat. He quickly turned some valves, and the whirring crank stopped.

"I'm here to talk about the mark you gave me, sir," I said.

"Open the window for Pete's sake!" he yelled.

By the time I got the ancient window open, he had wrung out his hair and sat comfortably on the rim of the vat.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Kaplan."

"Oh yes, I remember now; you didn't do very well on your exam as I remember. Good thing you came along when you did; I was stuck in the hopper."

"I thought I'd got an A on it."

"Your exam, A?" he asked grinning. Then he closed his eyes and began laughing deep belly-laughs, punctuated by occasional high giggles.

When he stopped to suck his wind back in, I asked, "What mistakes did I make?" This started him laughing again; he laughed and laughed and my questions didn't stop him; deep rumbles, nanny-goat sounds, high squeaks.

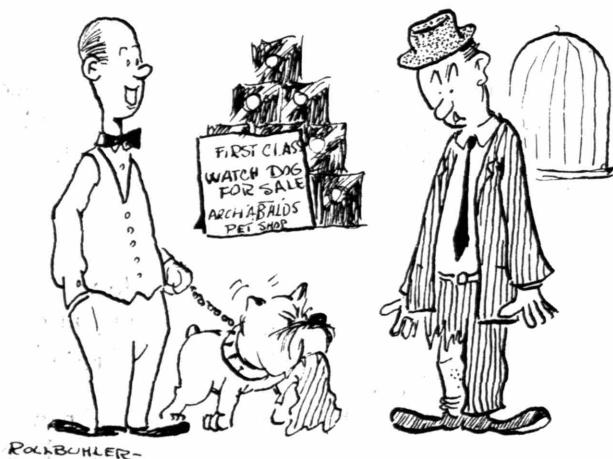
At last I got fed up; I kicked him from his perch, and before he could scramble back out of the vat I pulled the chain of the washing valve down as far as it would go. The rush of incoming water swirled Pheese around the vat several times, and he was washed down the drain with a loud bubbling sound long before the automatic timer could choke the input valve.

Then there was no sound but the quiet running of water into the vat supply tank for the next washing.

A butler in a Bostonian household was most determined that his son receive a college degree from MIT as he himself had. "My own history demonstrates clearly the value of an education," he pointed out.

"When but a lad, I applied for the position of footman to one of the wealthiest dowagers in the city. 'In my service,' she said, 'you must wear a uniform with breeches; it is necessary, therefore, that I see your ankles.' I lifted my trousers. She seemed favorably impressed and went on.

"The knees also appear prominently when one wears formal breeches. I had better see them too.' Once again she approved and then is when my education stood me in good stead. 'Madam,' I intoned with the dignity and savoir faire one learns only in the best schools, 'and now may I be permitted to show my testimonials?' The job was mine—and you see where it had led me! Now will you go to M.I.T.?"



"Proof enough?"

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"Do you accept Travelers Checks?"

A young lady, with a touch of hay fever, took with her to a dinner party two handkerchiefs, one of which she stuck in her bosom. At dinner she began rummaging to right and left in her bosom for the fresh handkerchief. Engrossed in her search, she suddenly realized that conversation had ceased and people were watching her, fascinated.

In confusion she murmured, "I *know* I had two when I came."

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The traveling salesman found himself far out in the country. It was bed time, and he was very tired. On coming to a farm house, he stopped and asked the farmer if there might possibly be a place he could sleep that night.

The farmer frowned thoughtfully, then replied that he didn't have a spare room. However, if the traveler would like to go upstairs and sleep with the red-headed school teacher, it was perfectly all right with him.

The salesman drew himself up and said, "Sir, I will have you know that I am a gentleman."

To this the farmer answered, "So is the red-headed school teacher."



Father: "Why do you have dates with that girl?"

Son: "Because I want to."

Father (suspiciously): "Want to what?"



St. Peter was interviewing applicants once at the pearly gates and came upon an especially young and pretty girl. "Did you, while at any time on earth, indulge in necking, petting, smoking, swearing, or dancing?"

"Never!" she replied very emphatically.

"Then why haven't you reported up here sooner? You've been dead for a long time."



Biggest lie we ever heard was the newlyweds singing, "Oh, How We Danced on the Night We Were Wed."



"We just wanted to try it for size."

Epitaph on an old maid's tombstone: "Who says you can't take it with you?"



They say girls are minors until they are eighteen; then they are goldiggers.



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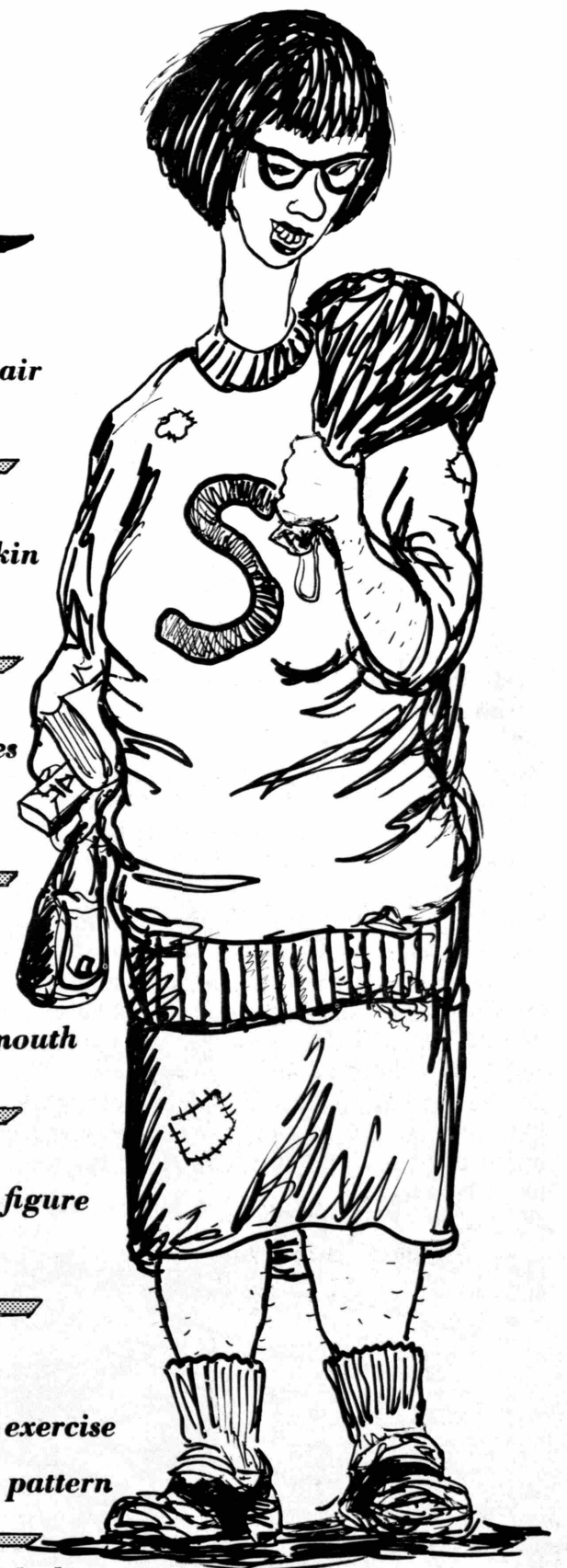
# the All Tech Look

Recently one of our large picture magazines ran an article on the grooming habits used by Americans to achieve their "All American Look." Voo Doo, feeling this article had not gone far enough, presents herewith a description of the epitome of the "All American Look"—"THE ALL TECH LOOK."



An American Tragedy, the result of four years of development at Tech.

hair	Has rugged wind blown effect, sometimes mistaken for sheep dog style.	Sometimes left behind in the rush for class, and when it's worn it isn't much of an improvement.	hair
skin	Shaves at least once a month and takes shower when caught in the rain—realizing importance of good grooming.	Uses it to point her pencils. Shaves daily with Mennen.	skin
eyes	Bloodshot from good whiskey, and women, and poor lighting at the Burleque. Usually half closed, except in lecture, when fully closed.	Eyes hidden by 25x glasses, which is just as well.	eyes
mouth	Has two toothbrushes—one for polishing shoes, other for many mixing drinks, uses Schlitz's mouth-wash.	Also has two toothbrushes. One for each tooth.	mouth
figure	Develops wrists opening beer cans. Gets strong arms pushing sliderule. Has alert, vital, "All American" look enhanced by beer, coffee and Walker food.	None to speak of. Spine approximates curve of an indefinite integral,—very indefinite.	figure
exercise pattern	<div> <div>Step 1</div>  <div>lies flat on stomach</div> </div> <div> <div>Step 2</div>  <div>riser's entire body by arms</div> </div> <div> <div>Step 3</div>  <div>collapses</div> </div>	Opening mouth wide to yawn. Done once an hour during the school day.	exercise pattern
clothes	Very informal. Popular brands are Dover St. Mission and Scolloy Sq. Specials.	Baggy sweaters and tweed suits, both illustrating fashionable Sag design.	clothes



# NO FINER SERVICE

By Amby

It was a clear night and, though there was a slight swell, the sea was calm and the great liner ploughed majestically through it. The promenade deck was quiet, the ring quoits were not ringing, the shuffleboards were not shuffling; even the well modulated throbbing of the engines seemed hushed. The deck was almost deserted, but deck chairs drawn up in twos, and an occasional tinkle of laughter carried on the warm salt breeze testified to the enchantment of the stars. Below, the buyer for the department store snored as he slept, and the three school teachers clutched their cameras and dreamt about dashing young Frenchmen. On H deck the steward was rifling small change in the cabins, and the bar keeper poured some water in the gin and listened professionally to the little fat man's story of woe. In short, all was as it should be.

Peter stepped out on to the deck. He was enchanted. He had just examined the ship's printing press. They were printing tomorrow's paper, and the little machine was really very cleverly contrived. He was a little disappointed. He had seen everything. He had examined the ship from stem to stern. On the first day he had made friends with the ship's engineer. He knew all about the engines and even about the automatic pilot, about how the ventilation system worked and why the little light came on when the life saver was thrown into the sea. He put his elbows on the railing, disconsolately, tossed a piece of orange peel into the sea and almost automatically started his stop watch . . . 28 knots, just as he had expected. He wandered over to the stern and looked down at the churning waters. Then he perched on the railing, wedged his feet behind the lower bar, so that he wouldn't fall off, and happily began doing a sample problem about the torque in the drive-shafts.




He didn't see her when she first came up to him, and he was a little annoyed when he first heard her voice. She was saying something in French, it sounded like very poor French. Peter didn't know any French. He said so. She blushed prettily and asked where C deck was. She was standing on it. She said "Oh," vaguely, and climbed up on to the railing beside Peter. He finished his problem and put his pencil away. He became aware of her. She was really very attractive; the sun had tanned her skin to a golden perfection, and the moon for an instant captured a single unruly strand of hair. He kissed her, at first experimentally, then more vigorously. Peter was ecstatic; he let go with his feet and lost his balance. She pressed a little button on her watch and waited for the splash . . . 50 feet, roughly.

The torque in the drift shaft was impressive. Peter was in seven pieces, unless you counted the little one; but that was of a different order of magnitude anyway.

A rural letter carrier in England who covered his route on foot always cut through the fields from one village to the next. One day he climbed a fence and started for the far side of a large field, when an enormous bull charged toward him. By the time he reached the fence on the far side, the bull was at his heels. The man hurled his pouch across the fence, then threw himself over the rails, landing in a heap on the sod, out of reach of the animal. He lay still for a few moments, trembling, cold sweat on his brow, his eyes tightly closed, emitting a few groans. Then a stranger, who had witnessed the excitement, said, "'E almost got you that time!"

Said the letter carrier, "'E almost gets me *every* time!"



"Never pat a polar bear, until it's a rug." 



While his playboy aspirations burned, a manufacturer's representative in the Midwest found that his pockets weren't exactly bulging with money. He'd have to get a raise, that was all. Three letters to his boss in New York brought no reply. Finally, in desperation, the representative wired:

IF NO RAISE GRANTED ME WITHIN TWO WEEKS COUNT ME OUT.

Back came a wire:

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN.



A tomahawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake without hair there is an Indian with.



Girl drives up to a filling station in a rush, leaps from her car, and remarks: "My hands are so dirty, I'm about to pop!"



The great big beautiful car drove up to the curb where the cute little working girl was waiting for the bus. A gentleman stuck his neck out and said, "Hello. I'm driving west."

"How wonderful," said the girl, "bring me back an orange."

Two inmates of the asylum were talking together. "I've made up my mind," blurted one suddenly, fixing a look of decision on his face. "Tomorrow I order my legions to invade England. History will never say that Julius Caesar faltered in pursuing the Britannic campaigns."

"England, eh?" mused the other thoughtfully. "Well, Julius, if I were you . . . and, incidentally, I am—"



Willie: "Gad, what a nightmare I had last month. It was terrible, awful, nerve-wracking."

Joe: "Gee, that bad? What happened?"

Willie: "Well, there I was in this huge bed with satin sheets and silk covered pillows, and right beside me was Ava Gardner, writhing in passion with nothing between us but hot breath."

Joe: "This is a nightmare?"

Willie: "But on the other side of me was Marilyn Monroe in the same condition."

Joe: "Willie lad, take it from me, that was no nightmare . . . What's a matter, boy, you lose something? I can't see anything wrong with a dream like that."

Willie: "Oh, yes, there was. I was Marjorie Main."



First Egg Nog: Let's go possum hunting.

Second Egg Nog: Naw, I ain't lost no possums.



Outside the toy animal factory the storm raged furiously. Inside the machines were silent. The enraged owner dashed up to the foreman. "Why aren't you turning out the usual quota of toy animals?"

The foreman drew himself up to his full height. "Sir, I would not turn out a dog on a night like this."



One of our elder professors can't wait until the lecture permits him to define a fairy. Hereafter students will recognize such a person as someone who likes his vice versa.



Granddaughter was cleaning the tool shed when she came across a partly used gallon can of gasoline. The family was of meager means, so she thought that it would be a thrifty thing if she could find some use for the gasoline. There was no car in the family, but there were many things which could be cleaned by the gas. Granddaughter decided to clean the privy.

She scrubbed the walls, the door, and the *dessus de toilette*. Everything was spick and span.

No sooner had Granddaughter finished than Grandpappy came down the path toward the privy. His glasses were perched on his nose, his pipe was cocked in his mouth, and the catalogue was tucked firmly under his arm. Just before he entered, he struck a match to light his pipe. A deafening explosion filled the air.

Granddaughter rushed to the scene. The privy door was blown off. The walls were blackened and shattered. She found Grandpappy sprawled in a clump of bushes about fifty feet from the site of the explosion. His glasses hung from one ear, a pipe stem drooped from his mouth and the catalogue, torn and battered, was still tucked under his arm.

"Grandpappy," she screamed, "what happened?"

"I dunno, Granddaughter," he replied, "it musta been somethin' I et."



"I broke my kid of biting his nails."

"Yeah. How?"

"I knocked his teeth out."

Minuteman: A fellow who double parks in front of a house of ill-repute.



Professor: "Can anyone give the derivation of the word 'auditorium'?"

Student: "Yes, from the word audio, hear, and taurus, bull. A place where you . . ."

Professor: "That will do."



Angry Father: Your conduct has made you the talk of the town.

Daughter: Yes, but how long will it last? Some fool aviator will fly around the world or something, and I'll have to do it all over again.

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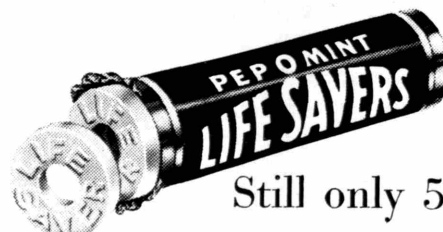
## ELIZABETH BROWNING

on Life Savers:



"Takes the breath of men away"

from *Bianca Among The Nightingales*, STANZA 12



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During a recent Vice Crusade in New York three gold diggers were arrested. They were all squawking about their innocence, but it had very little effect. The Judge finally silenced them and got down to the business of the day. He looked at the first girl, and she rolled her eyes and exhibited her legs. "What's your business?" the Judge demanded.

"Oh, my business!" she cooed, "I'm a dressmaker and this awful cop . . ."

"Thirty days," interrupted His Honor.

The second girl was called and she tried the weeping stunt. "Oh, your honor, I'm a respectable mother and a dying baby . . ."

"Thirty days," rasped the Judge.

He didn't waste much time on the third. She was called to order and the Judge asked, "What's your business?"

"I'm a whore," she answered.

The Judge looked relieved. "How's business?" he asked.

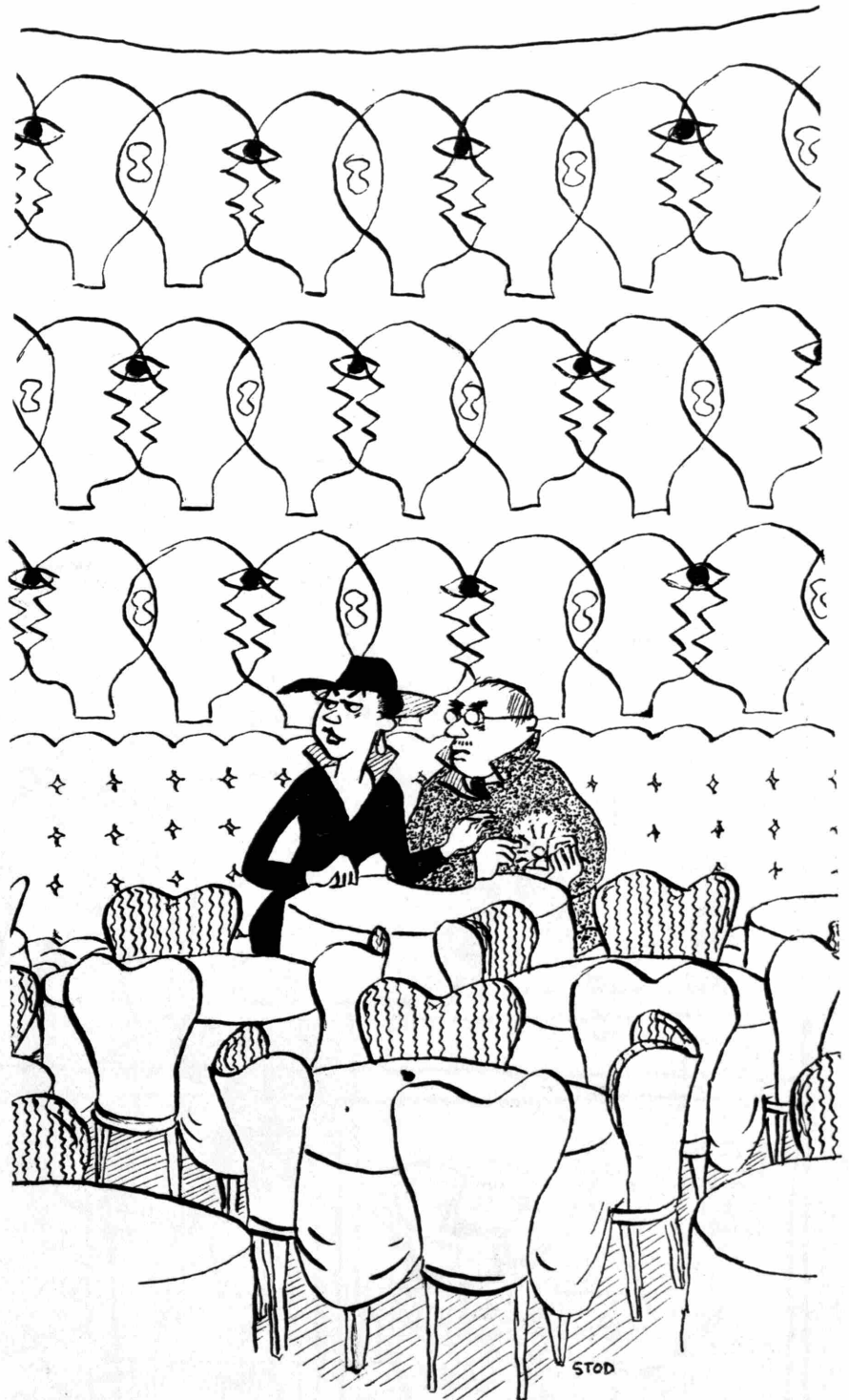
"Just lousy," she said, "what with all those dressmakers around."



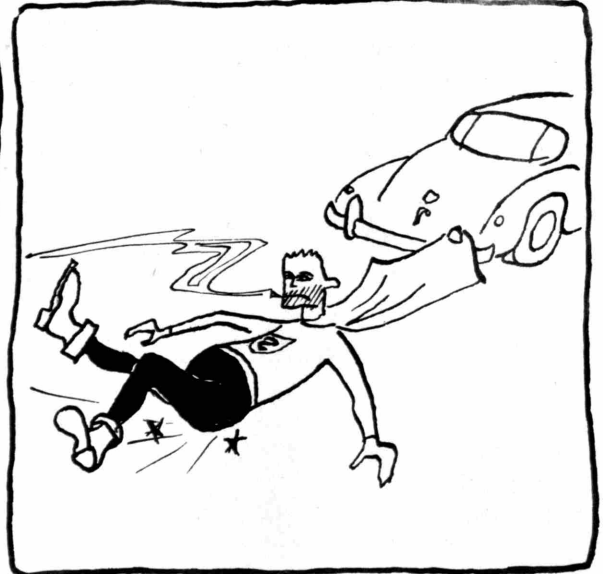
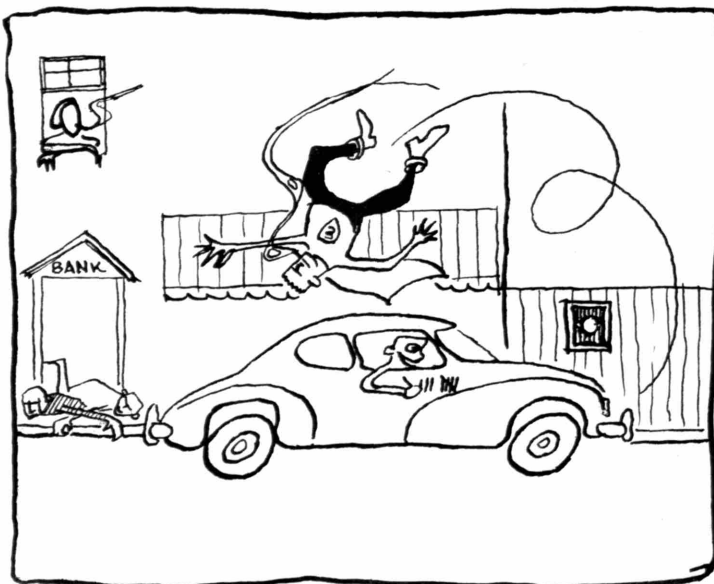
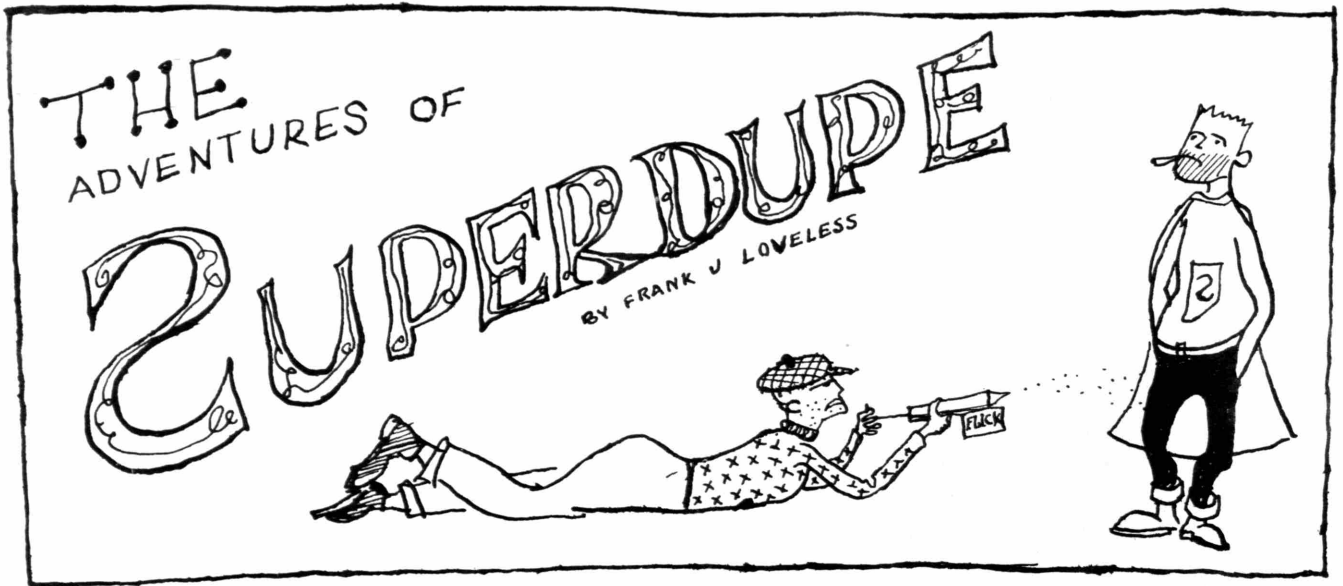
It was good of you to ask me,  
But no, I must stay here and  
Make sure no one steps on the  
Ants—they are so small and  
helpless.



There once was an actress named  
Hucer  
Whose agents all wished to se-  
duce her,  
The public went wild  
When she had her first child,  
And now she's become a pro-  
ducer.



"Hide it - - - I have a feeling there's  
Someone watching us"







The door to door peddler looked doubtfully at the huge animal lying on the front porch. "What breed is your dog?" he asked the little old lady rocking nearby.

"I don't really know," she answered, "my nephew sent it from Africa."

"It's the queerest looking dog I ever saw," observed the salesman.

"It was a lot queerer looking," said the old lady, "before I cut it's mane off."



Sign for Smith Brothers cough drops in a New York subway:

"Take one to bed with you."

Wag's inscription: "I wouldn't sleep with either of them!"



Stopping at the first farm house on his famous midnight ride, Paul Revere cried:

"Is your husband at home?"

"Yes!" came back the reply.

"Tell him to get up and defend himself; the British are coming." At the second, third, and fourth house the same conversation was repeated, but at the fifth house it went something like this:

"Is your husband at home?"

"No," came back the reply.

"Whoa!"



"Does your Papa play golf?"

"No. He learned to swear like that when he was in the Army."



"Uh, Mr. Blackburn," stammered the bashful young man, "may I . . . uh, that is . . . uh, will you let me, uh . . ."

"Certainly, my boy, take her. You're a fine lad and I want you to know that you can have her with my every blessing."

"Have who?"

"My daughter. Weren't you trying to ask me for her hand in marriage?"

Uh, well, not exactly. I wanted to know if you could lend me ten dollars until payday."

"Don't be silly. Why you crazy young fool—I hardly know you."

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Two Indians had watched with much interest the building of a lighthouse on the rocky west coast. When it was finally completed they sat and watched it every night. A thick fog came rolling in one night and the siren blew continuously.

"Ugh," grunted one Indian to the other. "Light shine—bell ring—horn blow—but fog come in just the same."



Bride: "You mustn't expect me to give up my girlhood ways all at once."

Hubby: "That's all right. Go on taking an allowance from your father just as if nothing had happened."



Two small boys put their grimy hands side by side on the counter.

"Mine's dirtier'n your'n," said one joyfully.

"Huh," said the other, "you're two years older'n me."



"So you and Fred are getting married," exclaimed a friend of the bride-to-be. "Why, I thought all along it was just a flirtation."

"Yes," smiled the girl, "So did Fred."



A castaway from a wrecked ship was captured by cannibals. Each day his arm was cut by a dagger, and the natives of the island would drink his blood. Finally, one day, he called the king, "You can kill me and eat me if you want to, but I'm getting damn sick and tired of being stuck for the drinks," he protested.



Monkeys have such a good time because there are so many of them, and there's so many of them because they have such a good time.



The young couple came into the dining-room on the fifth day of their honeymoon. The waiter approached them for their order.

"You know what I like, honey, don't you?" queried the bride.

"Yes, I know," stammered the husband, "but we have to eat sometime."



**"But I AM the last man on earth."**

Telling some brides what they should know on their wedding night is like giving fish a bath.



After his diagnosis of the boy the doctor said: "I'm not sure what ails this child, but I can give him some pills that will throw him into fits, I'm Hell on fits."



An American woman traveling in France was at a party one night and she was introduced to a former Russian Grand Duke. Trying to make an impression on him, she showed him a long chain of malachite beads, a semi-precious gem stone, which she had purchased on her trip abroad.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she said, running the green beads through her fingers. "And they cost me a fortune," she added confidentially.

"I know," agreed the nobleman sarcastically. "My mother had a staircase made of it."

A soldier was showing a scantily-dressed visiting movie actress around the rifle range.

Suddenly a volley of rifle shots rang out. The gal grabbed the soldier in her arms and hung on, terrified.

When she had recovered somewhat, he took her arm and started to lead her from there.

"Where are we going now?" she asked.

"Let's go over to the artillery range, Babe," he replied.



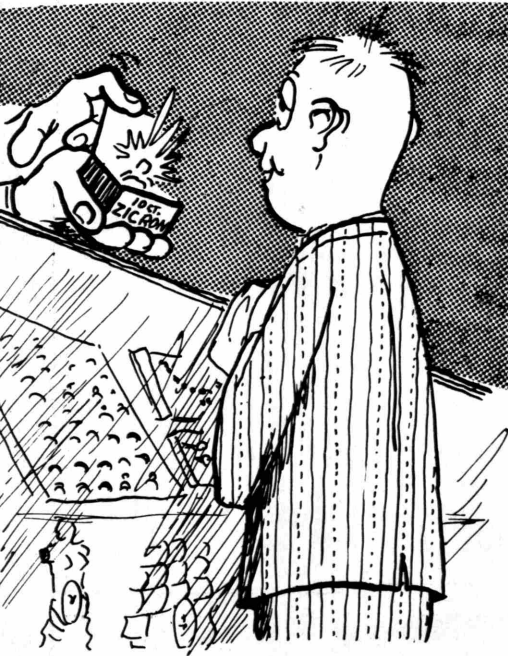
Mrs. Henpeck (sarcastically): "I suppose you've been to see a sick friend, holding his hand all evening!"

Husband (absentmindedly): "If I'd been holding his hand all evening, I'd have made money."



**"Do I get an 'E' for today?"**

# My Love



ROLLBUHLER





**"There goes the ace of spades. What can we do now?"**

The oldtimer, looking bent, weary and dejected, hobbled painfully up to the bar.

"What's the trouble?" asked a kindly acquaintance. "You look bad."

"It's yoorz," moaned the oldtimer. "I've got a bad case of yoorz."

"What's yoorz?" asked the puzzled friend.

"A double Scotch, thanks."



Before we say goodbye, boys and girls, I don't want to forget our Poem of the Month. It goes like this:

Jack be nimble,  
Jack be quick,  
Jack jumped over the candlestick.  
(Well, not quite, kiddies. He walks different now.)

"I wish I had my wife back."

"Where is she?"

"I swapped her for a bottle of whisky."

"And now you realize how much you loved her?"

"No, I'm thirsty again."



She laughed when I sat down at the piano; but when I came over to the divan, she got scared as hell.



Travelling Salesman's Wife: "Bobbie, this is your uncle from St. Louis."

Young Bobbie: "Yea, for a dollar he is."



Modern girl falls into two classes, those who make a home for a man and those who make a man for a home.

A man went to the bakery and asked the baker to bake a cake in the form of the letter S. The baker said he would need a week to prepare the necessary tins. The customer agreed, and returned a week later. Proudly the baker showed him the cake and—sure enough—it was shaped like an S.

"But you misunderstood me," the customer said. "You make a block letter and I wanted script."

A week later the customer returned, and was delighted with the cake. "Exactly what I wanted," he said.

"Will you take it with you," asked the baker, "or shall I send it to your house?"

"Don't bother," said the customer. "If you'll just give me a knife and fork I'll eat it right here."



Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally, one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No, retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omlet than any hen."



Sailor's wife as he comes home at 3 o'clock—Well, home's the best place after all, isn't it?

Sailor—Well, I wouldn't know about that, but it's the only place open right now.



Famous last words: I don't know why you spent all that money and then drove 'way out here, because I don't allow boys to kiss me.



"I gotta job."  
 "What doin'?"  
 "Pilot."  
 "On the lakes?"  
 "In the stockyards."  
 "How so?"  
 "Pilot here, an' pilot there."

Little Willie was late for school and the teacher inquired as to the cause of his tardiness. "Mamma was ill, Daddy called the doctor, and I had to get my own breakfast," explained Willie.

"Well you go right home and find out what was wrong with your mother," said the teacher, "it might be contagious, in which case your presence in the room might expose me and the rest of the children."

So little Willie went home and came back in a short while. "Teacher," he said, "Mamma had a baby. And she said to tell you that if you were a good girl you wouldn't get it!"



If it hangs where it is supposed to, a gal's locket is bound to be in the groove.

"Daughter, what are you and that young man doing on the front porch?"

"We're petting, Mother."

"That's nice, children, don't fight."



"Take your hands offa me, you brute. Whatta you think I am?"

"I was just trying to find out."

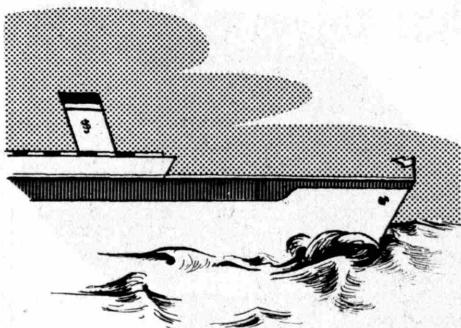


Elsie the cow was on one side of the fence, and Ferdinand the Bull was on the other side. Elsie winked at Ferdinand and he jumped over the fence to her side.

"Is your name Ferdinand the Bull?" she asked.

"No, just call me Ferdinand, the fence was higher than I thought."

# VISIT DENMARK



*For a refreshing change*

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TRAVEL AGENCY

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THE FAMOUS ARMENIAN RESTAURANT

Established 1899

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A certain Yankee householder recently laid in his winter's supply of coal. When the bill came from the dealer he noticed that it boasted the slogan: "It's a Black business, but we treat you White."

The householder wept a little when he noted the amount of the invoice, then, wiping away his tears, he bravely made out the check. But with it he sent a little note reading: "May I offer a suggestion? I think you should change your slogan to 'It's a Dirty business, but we Clean you good'."



"Why don't you answer the phone?"

"It isn't ringing."

"Must you always wait till the last moment?"



*"Dammit, can't you say anything besides, 'Nevermore'".*

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Style Shown

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Others \$9.95 to \$14.95

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## TECHNOLOGY STORE

PATRONAGE REFUND TO MEMBERS



# FENNELL & COMPANY

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Fennell and Company, founded in 1878, is one of the longest established liquor stores in Boston. During its early days on State Street in downtown Boston, it was common practice to mix the whiskies right from the barrels in the store to suit the personal tastes of their customers. Consequently, a Fennell salesman had to possess a connoisseur's appreciation of fine whiskies.

Fennell's enjoyed a respected position among Boston's fine liquor stores throughout the early history of this country, right down to the time of The Great Blunder. After Repeal, Fennell and Company moved from their State Street store to their present location at 59 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, where they have conducted their business since. Carrying on their fine tradition today, Fennell's are striving to satisfy every customer that enters their store. To attain this goal, Fennell's carries the most complete

wine and liquor stock to be found anywhere in the city of Boston. This large stock includes: wines ranging from French Bordeaux to Japanese Saki, liquors from V O to Tequila, and thirty-six different kinds of champagne, imported and domestic.

Always primed to please, Fennell and Company have started an extensive modernization program to be completed in June, 1954. For the beer drinkers, Fennell's will install a new giant refrigerator which will keep 2000 cases of beer cold at all times. Fennell's will continue to offer free ice with all purchases as well as free delivery all over Boston and Cambridge.

Throughout their history, Fennell and Company has maintained two standards. They will not stock bad liquor regardless of price or profit, and they can satisfy any customer. Visit them and see for yourself.

—adv.

## **FENNELL'S**

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**Visit FENNELL'S First  
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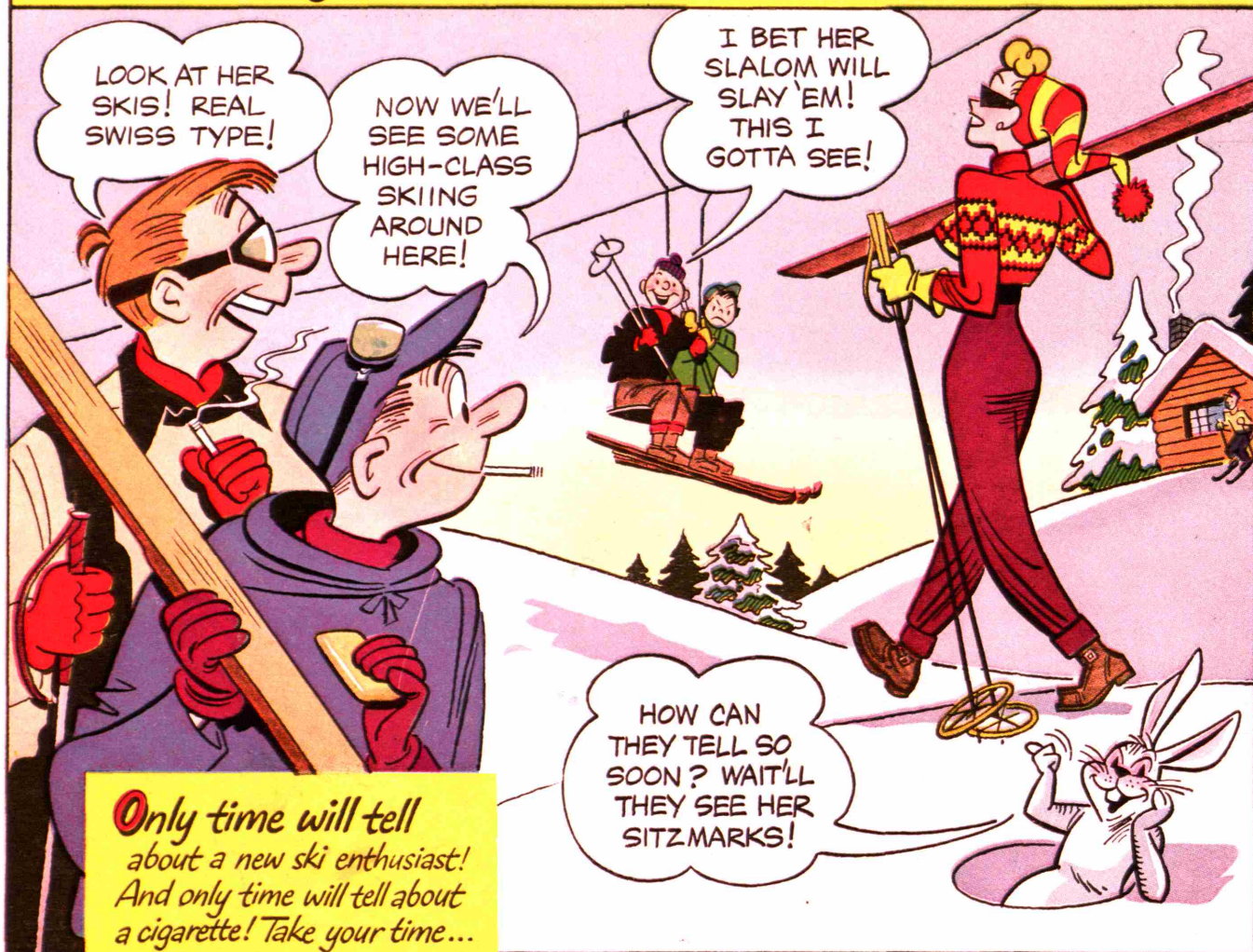
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