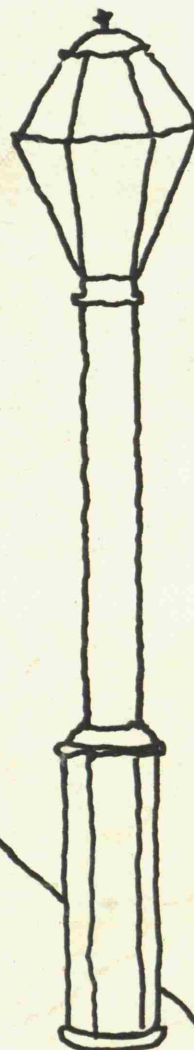
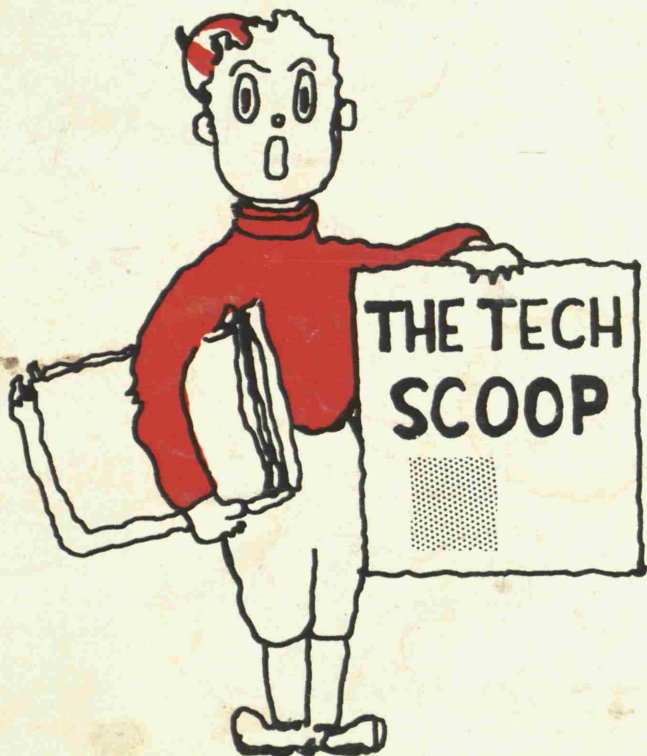
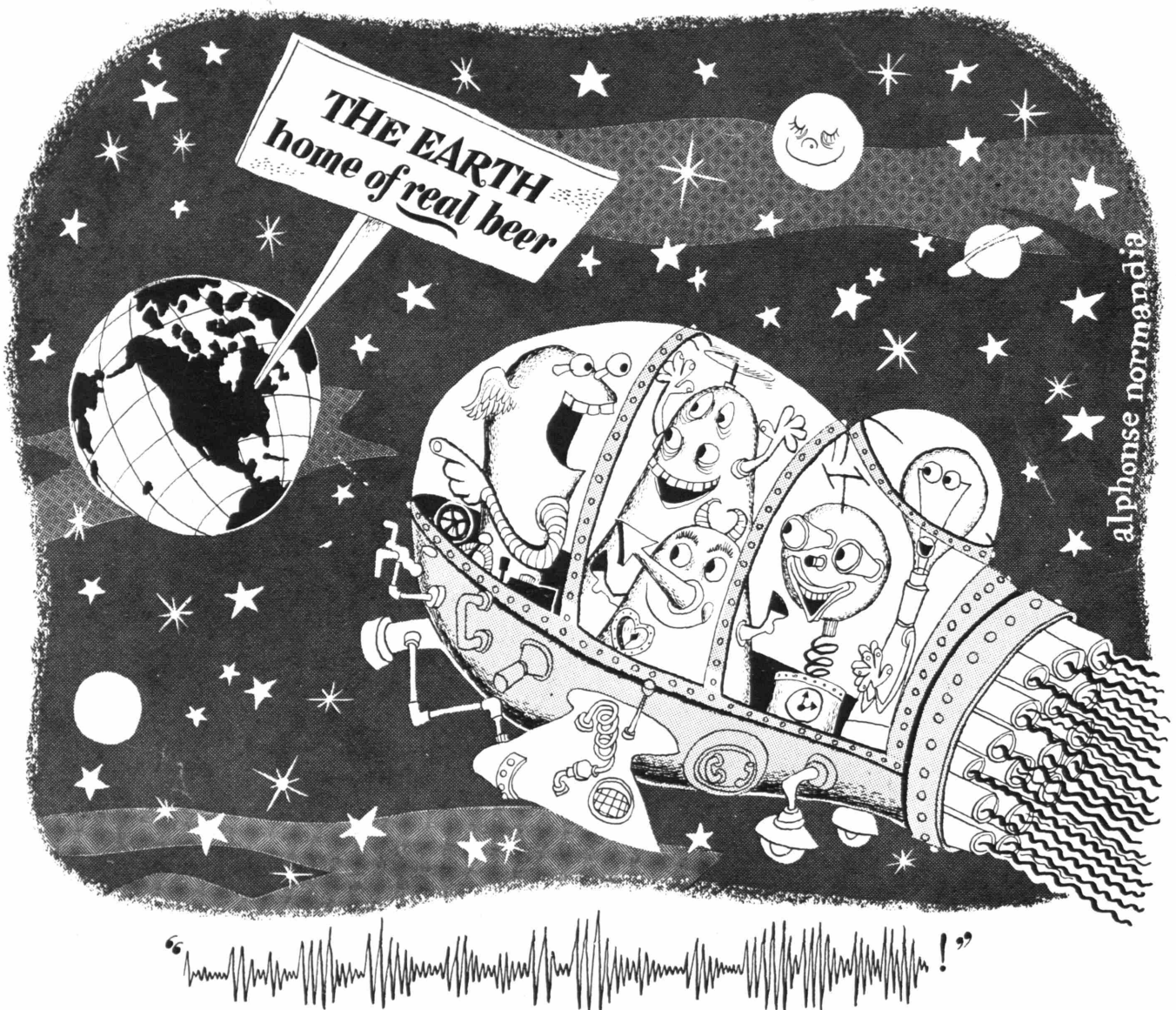


Voo Doo



Nov. 25¢



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Phosphorus

As the rooster said to the hen, as he produced an ostrich egg, "I don't want to complain, you understand, but I just want you to see the work they're doing in some parts of the world." We feel somewhat the same way as the rooster. A good portion of this magazine's circulation can be traced directly or indirectly to freshmen. (Some of the young lambs even send subscriptions to their parents, I'm told). For this reason we are reticent to say anything critical about this year's crop of young American wholesomes. Nevertheless, if we may venture a financially intimidated opinion, we think that in some ways the class of '57 has been unduly critical of the Institute. Instead of being duly grateful to the Institute for its wonderful benefits, they have responded with a certain blase cynicism beyond their years. Having paid nine hundred dollars a year for the privilege of being taught 5.01 by grad. students barely past intellectual puberty, they complain about teaching standards. Having paid a nominal sum for a spacious room with a view of a Heinz sign or a pickle factory, they talk of lack of sunshine and of sub-minimum housing standards. Living under the Institute's policy of liberal, adult open-house hours and humanized personal relations with the dean's office, they complain of bureaucracy and regimentation.

As an example of an enlightened and more duly respectful attitude toward higher education, we reprint the following letter—reprinted word for word, so help us God—from the *Sagamore*, the newspaper of Brookline High School. Again, like the rooster, we aren't complaining, we just want you to see how appreciative some people can be. Substitute M.I.T. for B.H.S. and read on kiddies!

Dear Editor:

I am a freshman at Brookline High School this year. A week is a short time to form opinions but I think some of your readers might like

(Continued on page 24)

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

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This month's cover by Leonard



Doing the Town

DRAWING on a fresh Corona-Corona and sipping old, tawny Hunting Port, I gaze over the satisfying beltline bulge, and focusing upon nothing at all, reflect placidly on Boston cuisines. It is an important consideration for those who regard their meals above mere calories and vitamins, as well as a necessary one for the many who, fortunately or unfortunately, do not continually hie themselves to the campus dining facilities. Moreover, it is a problem rarely given thought beforehand, and consequently usually ends in a confusion of urgency and necessity. Too often the ill-timed, "Where do ya wanna eat tonight?" leads to some miserable greasy spoon.

Immediately the experienced gourmet thinks of either Joseph's or Locke-Ober's as a solution. But while these are lovingly correct and delightful, some rather obvious deterrents, namely prices, quickly reduce them to absurdity. Anyhow, you can find only two types of characters at the above restaurants, both undesirable: squanderers, and those who have no intention of picking up the check. Avoid these persons.

Coming down to sensible prices, past the cuisines of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Toll House, Abner Wheeler House and the "Costly Pleasure" (originally, the Copley Plaza), we arrive at a list of highly respectable restaurants serving excellent meals. These are the Charles Dining Room, Red Coach Grille and Salmagundi Restaurant, to mention a few.

The Charles Dining Room (75-A Chestnut Street, off Storrow

Drive and not far from Longfellow Bridge) conveys the immediate impression of an elegant "Smorgasbord." The goodies are displayed along a large table at one side of the room, and if you choose the "Charles Special", which you should, there you will be led and given a spiel about the many choices available. You won't get additional helpings, but don't let that stop you. The "Special" dinner comes complete from hors d'oeuvres, through appetizer, main course, salad, relishes and dessert, to coffee and cigarettes. This is all for four dollars, and well worth it. You should prepare your own Sundae, as they suggest—you are given almost free rein with ingredients. I can personally recommend their roast beef, baked ham, roast duck and delmonico potatoes as superb. The service is excellent, unless it is crowded.

A word about their coffee: it is excellent; better, I think, than that served at Locke-Ober's. It is brought in a large Silex, kept hot at your table over a candle-warmer. They use "Araban" brand coffee, allowing about three cups per person.

The ventilation is poor, however; the time spent on a complete meal is bound to make you feel stuffy. Another drawback is that no liquor is served—only wine, and the selection of that is limited and ill-advised. You probably won't need a reservation.

The Red Coach Grille specializes in roasts and broiled dishes, (at 43 Stanhope Street, near Back Bay Station—I prefer this one, although there are others in the

Boston area). The one near Back Bay is complete with a man-sized bar, which produces drinks above average in quality and fairly priced. It is decorated to give a pine-panelled, open hearth style of old English inn atmosphere. The waiters are attired to match, complete with red butlers' waistcoats. They will usually give you good service, even when the place is crowded, which it is on week-end evenings. It is a good policy to make a reservation.

There is a large selection of steaks, running from chopped sirloin, about two dollars complete, to the special club sirloin, costing four-fifty. I can't recommend the latter, for it's no better than many of the other, more reasonably priced steaks. Also, don't order the lamb chop unless you like them fat. Try the roast beef—I'll agree it's not in the Durgin Park weight class, but neither is it as expensive, and it is just as good.

If you really want something extra, order the broiled calves' liver with bacon—the best I've tasted anywhere. This will cost you about two-fifty for the complete meal. Be sure to try a cup of Jack Larkin's clam chowder along with your meal. It's made thick and creamy, but not exces-

sively so, like that at Jack and Marian's Delicatessen.

The Salmagundi Restaurant is located at 222 Beacon Street, and is just what you would expect to find there: a very proper, little-old-ladies type of establishment. There are several small rooms, including an antique gift shop (which is offering a lovely set of old Canton China vases), and into these rooms the hungry patrons seem to be segregated methodically, i. e., the collegiate crew is separated from the Beacon Hill customers. However, calm your ire, for here you can order a very fine meal most reasonably.

For two-fifty I had one of the best roast duck dinners ever, complete with delicious home-made rolls and sticky-buns, salad, relishes, dressing that was actually palatable and dessert. Their pies are tops. I suggest the deep-dish apple pie. Other meals range from two to three dollars.

Make a reservation to avoid waiting if you plan on going at the rush hour. Dinner is served from five to eight.

Before leaving off for another glass of port, I should tell you that the bar is back on the Merry-Go-Round in the Sheraton Plaza. For years they have been turning

out the best mixed drinks in the world at this famous bar, but not until the recent sweeping redecoration of the room has the atmosphere been quite satisfying. Now it is completely modern, attracts charming women and the drinks are better than ever. As you might suspect, the prices are fairly high, but it is certainly worth an expedition.

One word of caution: while the Merry-Go-Round really patters along at a steady eight minutes to the revolution, it has often seemed to reach a dizzy speed as the hour grew late. Aim carefully for the door as you hurtle off. The waiters are most understanding.

—Oscar

A maid who had just been fired turned angrily to her former mistress, saying, "A flirt am I? Well, I'm better looking than you. Lots prettier. And how do I know? Your husband told me. But I ain't finished yet. I can kiss better than you. Do you want to know who told me that?"

"If you mean to imply my husband . . ."

"No, it was the chauffeur."

WHOLESALE

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A FAT friend of ours, who is scheduled to graduate in June, if he can pass M12, wandered into the cubbyhole occupied by the Harvard Studio in Building 20 to have his photograph taken for *Technique*.

"I understand you have the monopoly on our year book photos," he bellowed arrogantly. The photographer, a toothy disciple of Dale Carnegie, smiled, nodded and ushered our friend into the waiting room and proceeded to resume work where he had been interrupted.

The plump one's voice wafted over the separating curtain. "Of course, I'd sooner be photographed by Bachrach," he said, naming the most expensive photographer he could think of. The cameraman muttered something about uniformity of backgrounds and head sizes and tried to continue with his work. "How's chances of slipping in a shot of Gregory Peck under my name?" our friend asked. "Or else," he continued, "a good view of the back of my head."

He was finally photographed, and the results turned out to be amazingly mediocre. However, still smarting under what he considered to be undue regimentation, he proceeded to fill out his biography blank. After listing all his activities in the appropriate spaces, he looked at it thoughtfully, then checked Association of Women Students, 2,3,4, and added at the end, Young Communists Club, 4.

In a space at the end of the blank he listed his activities at his former college, Yale. He then looked thoughtful and added Football Team, Captain. This lethargic fellow looked happy as he prepared to leave, his eyes twinkling as he jotted down All-American after the previous notation.

VOO DOO, thru some mysterious hand of providence working in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, is the recipient of a weekly newsletter from the Board of Temperance of The Methodist Church. Contrary to what you might expect, this missive is actually full of clear precise thinking on many problems that we, in our muzzy-minded way, are apt to consider complex. Speaking to the reader in language that even an incipient dipsoman . . . excuse us . . . that even a three-year old child can understand, they penetrate to the heart of the issue. We would suggest the following items as required reading in 14.51:

"Headline in Tap and Tavern (8-10-53): 'Big Ad Drive Planned to Boost Wine in Fall.' For goodness sake, why! Can't we ever learn from the experience of others. Look at France. More alcoholism than anywhere else in the world. More cirrhosis of the

liver than anywhere else. Delirium tremens sharply up. Scientific men of France are seriously alarmed.

* * *

"Alcohol has done more to decrease the prestige of the white man in Asiatic countries than any other single thing and alcohol has done more to decrease the prestige of Americans in Europe than any other single thing. Americans don't drink more than Europeans but when they are away from home they increase their drinking, prompted, no doubt, by the feeling that they are 'celebrating'."

A friend of ours was buying parts for his Cadillac-powered bomb over at the Cadillac dealer. He got to talking with a new car salesman who seemed to know all about automobiles. They discussed hot cams and cool manifolds and all the other performance - enlivening modifications. Yes, this salesman knew automobiles inside and out and seemed to be a very intelligent fellow into the bargain. Then our friend mentioned the Studillac, the Cadillac-powered Studebaker. The salesman was evidently annoyed by the subject of Studebakers. "You know," he said, "We've had originality in this country for three hundred years and then they have to go and copy those foreign bastards."

WE were walking down an Institute corridor at an ungodly hour a month or so ago on our way to complete an equally infernal drafting assignment when we heard the clicking of running high heels behind us. In a few seconds the sound drew level with us, and we turned to find ourselves confronted by a breathless, beautiful brunette. She wished to know where the Student-Faculty lounge was and, though our thoughts were not exactly on student-faculty relationships, we informed her that she was travelling in the wrong direction and that we would be glad to direct her. She shook her head nervously, thanked us, and proceeded to run down the corridor. She was still going the wrong way. We shouted this information after her when we had recovered from the shock which her demonstration of athletic ability produced in us. She did not hear us. The swing doors in Building 7 opened to let her out into the street. That was the last we saw of her. On our way home we noticed the full moon.

AH, the disenchantments of science! A recent soup advertisement boasted, "More energy—fewer calories!" A blurb for a non-carbonated fruit drink claimed, "Never goes flat!"

But the ad men dwindle to insignificance beside these chemical engineers and their by-products. One of them swore he had invented a steam power plant that rejects heat in the form of cans of Sterno. We mumbled something about the Second Law, but he just smiled condescendingly and said, "Yes, but . . ." We walked away dissipatedly. Hell,

for all we know he's right. But we still think that flash-light batteries would find a bigger market.

A member of the Junior Board was seen wandering down the corridor making short erratic passes with his hands and shouting, "My God, who *wants* to read a story in the past perfect passive periphrastic subjunctive?" Some people can take it, some people can't.

COMING home from dinner every evening, it had been our wont to pass by two windows in the dormitories from one or other of which the sound of soft music seemed constantly to be emerging. Here were no braying trombones or raucous voices, but the vibrant warmth of the harpsichord and the strange, intense purity of the oboe. As this phenomenon recurred evening after evening, we were driven to some speculation as to the intensity of the devotion which the mechanical reproduction of sound can inspire in the scientifically inclined mind; there seemed to be no limit to it. Imagine our horror when two nights ago we approached these two windows accompanied by no other sound than our own footsteps. The lights were on. The occupants, doubtless, were within. And no music? Inconceivable we thought; and we must confess we peered furtively through the curtains to see what was amiss. The first room was empty, but we are happy to report that a shadowy figure in the second room was leaning over an enormous altar-piece of a record player and was solemnly placing another record on the turntable.

A FRIEND of ours called the Cambridge Post Office to get some information. He had thirteen separate short conversations with the girl at the switch board in between which she had eleven flashes of inspiration as to who could help him. None of her ideas was much good, however. After thirty-eight minutes our friend decided that perhaps he had better hire a detective. He never would have suspected that there were so many dead-letters in any one post office.

OUR drunken make-up editor, crawling into the subscription pile, apparently under the impression that it was the beer closet, discovered that a copy of VOO DOO is sent each month to Radio Free Europe. Sinking modestly into our editorial chairs, we nonetheless felt a warm glow at our being a small part of the State Department's fight against the legions of darkness.

AT the recent Burton House 'fire' there was considerable activity among the residents revelling on the roof involving water-bombs and high velocity water guns. Someone remarked that this was the only fire at which the spectators were extinguished by the victims.

No, no, Lulu, a woodpecker is a bird—not a decoy.

Feminine Logic

He rang the bell at exactly eight o'clock in the evening. Miss Adelaide Griggs would be down right away, so Clive Daniel Adams V sat distinctively in the parlor until she should appear.

Upstairs in her room Adelaide heard Clive's entrance. She looked in the mirror one last time, patting her hair a little, then snatched up her coat and sprinted down the stairs. She stumbled once in her high heels and nearly broke her neck, but luckily no one was watching.

He rose as she entered the parlor, and she marveled at his easy elastic motions, easy motions that might conceal the steel strength of a keenly trained athlete.

"Shall we go?" he asked in a rich baritone voice like the deep chalumeau register of a fine clarinet.

"By all means."

Outside by the curb stood Clive's car, a low-slung sports car whose wire wheels and bizarre custom-built body hinted at thousands of horsepower.

He helped Adelaide into her seat, fastened her safety belt, then jumped behind the steering wheel and suddenly jack-rabbed the car down the street with a roar like a flight of jet planes. For a quarter of an hour they whizzed across the city, frightening pedestrians, whisking through red lights, and scaring the hell out of taxi-drivers.

Finally they screeched around one last corner, slowed down under the speed limit, and parked smack in the main driveway of the district fire station, directly across the street from Eddy's Club.

A nearby policeman ran up to them waving a book of parking tickets. Then he paused and grinned at Clive.

"Hello, Mr. Adams," he said, "Nice night, isn't it?"

"Sure is Pete," said Clive through his pipe as he unbuckled Adelaide. It was a fancy meerschaum pipe, carved to order by Ehrlich, and filled with a rich tobacco especially blended by Peretti. "Keep an eye on my car, will you Pete?"

"I sure will, Mr. Adams."

Clive led Adelaide across the street to Eddy's Club, where the doorman and hat check girl greeted him by name. As soon as they entered the club proper the headwaiter pushed aside two customers and rushed up smiling.

"My regular," said Clive.

"Yes, sir." The headwaiter followed them over to one of the tables nearest the orchestra and helped seat Adelaide.

"Roast humming-bird tongues for two and while we're waiting bring a bottle of Duval '38."

"But we only have two left, sir! Excuse me sir. Right away!" The headwaiter rushed off so fast he knocked over someone's cocktail, but he didn't seem to notice.

In no time at all he was back with the wine, and poured them each a glass before he rushed off to the kitchen.

Clive and Adelaide clinked glasses and sipped a little, and then he started talking about the decline of literature in these modern decadent times. To illustrate his points he quoted extensively from various ancient and merely old authors in many languages, quoting in the original in every case. Sometimes he even got so absorbed he would forget to switch back into English at the end of a quotation.

Suddenly he broke off in the middle of a long paragraph from Petronius and exclaimed, "That music sounds terrible!"

"Why most people like Dixieland," said Adelaide.

"So do I, but that trumpeter is incompetent. Excuse me."

He strode over to the orchestra leader, tapped him on the shoulder and pointed at the trumpeter. The leader stopped the orchestra and told the trumpeter, "Mr. Adams challenges you; name your terms."

"Three choruses each, in alternation, of *Sweet Georgia Brown*."

"Right," said Clive, "you first."

The trumpeter was an expert, but Clive was a master. The trumpeter could make people clap; Clive could make them dance. At the end of the trumpet duel, the leader lifted Clive's arm while the orchestra played a chord.

When Clive walked back to the table, Adelaide said, "While you were playing, the headwaiter came. He apologizes for the delay, but the humming-bird tongues just came and are being cooked now."

"No hurry. Shall we dance?"

He danced divinely, as if Terpsichore were his teacher or maybe his mother. He knew all the steps Adelaide knew and more; yet she had no trouble in following him through even the most complex figures.

Just before she could get tired, he led her back to the table, where the headwaiter was just placing dinner.

During dinner Clive got poetic and between mouthfuls of humming-bird tongues he recited sonnets and short ballads. He was careful to avoid poetry of Germany, by reason of its harsh sound, and poetry of France, because of its lack of rhythm. He knew many Italian and Spanish works, though, and set them off with choice bits of English verse for sound contrast.

Late in the evening, after more wine and dancing, they finally left Eddy's Club, after Clive had tipped everyone in sight and told the headwaiter to keep the change from a hundred-dollar bill he used to pay the tab. Clive sure had a fat wad.

Out from a dark alley near the club stepped an ugly thug with a thirty-eight.

"This is a hold-up," he hissed.

With a quick motion Clive grasped the thug and broke his arm off, and then hurled the man deep into the alley.

Adelaide and Clive got into the car and zipped back across the city to where Clive lived. He led her into a cozy room with oak paneling on the ceiling, beautifully colored tapestries on the walls and a two-inch thick rug on the floor. In one corner on a tripod was a dish of burning incense, in another corner an Irish harp that almost begged you to play it.

Having taken her coat, Clive sat Adelaide down on a huge overstuffed divan and sat beside her. He touched a button with his foot and the slow movement of one of Beethoven's string quartets drifted in through a concealed high-fidelity speaker.

"So far I've furnished the entertainment this evening," he said; "how about you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You smell," she answered succinctly.

—Harrold Kaplan

Doctor: "Is your cold any better?"

Patient: "Naw."

Doc: "Did you drink the orange juice after a hot bath?"

Patient: "Naw. After drinking the hot bath I couldn't get the orange juice down."



The lady riding upon the train was amusing herself with a crossword puzzle. The train was crowded. One word she simply couldn't make out so she turned to the man beside her. "I wonder," she asked, "if you could help me with this puzzle?"

"I might," he replied, "what is it that has you puzzled?"

"Well," the lady said, "all I need is a four-letter word ending in the letters I-T and it says here that it's something found in the bottom of a bird cage and that Churchill's full of it."

"Hmmm," said the man, "that must be grit."

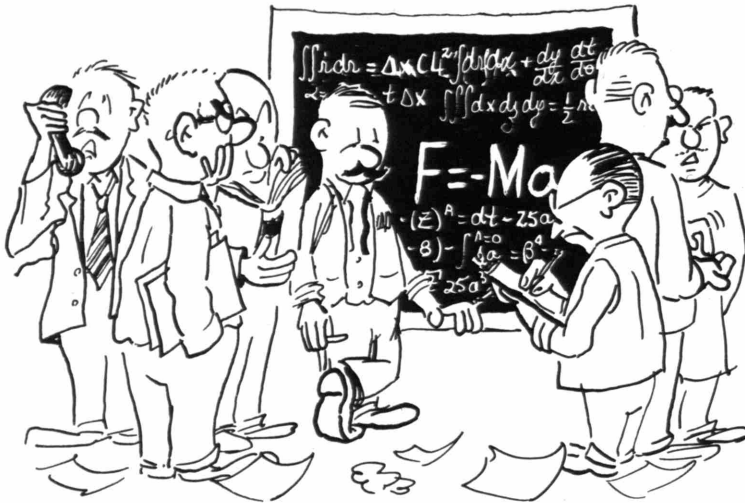
"So it is," exclaimed the lady, "do you have a pencil with an eraser?"



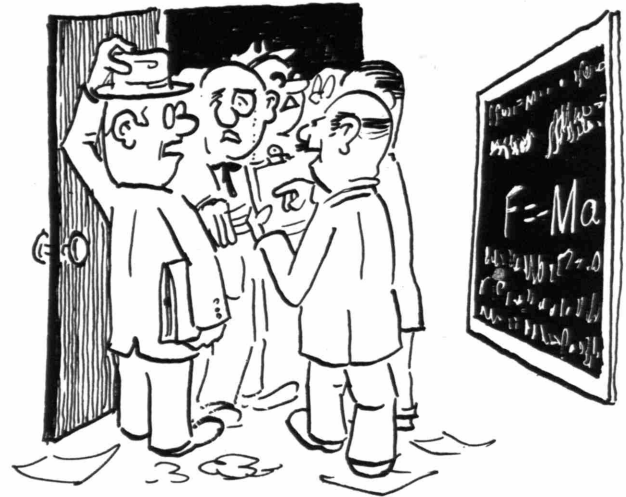
He was driving her home from the dance. It was past midnight, very dark, the road was lonely and so was the driver. Suddenly, the car stopped, the young man got out, looked the car over, turned to the girl and said, "What a break. The gas tank seems to be full of water, and we can't move a foot."

The girl gave a sigh, and said, "Come inside. This has happened to me before. All we have to do now is sit and argue for a while and the water turns right back into gasoline."

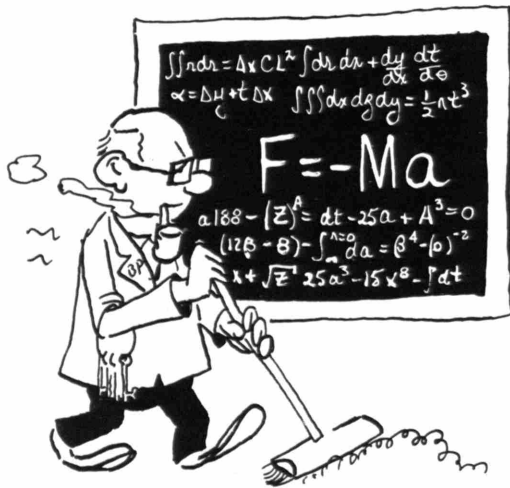
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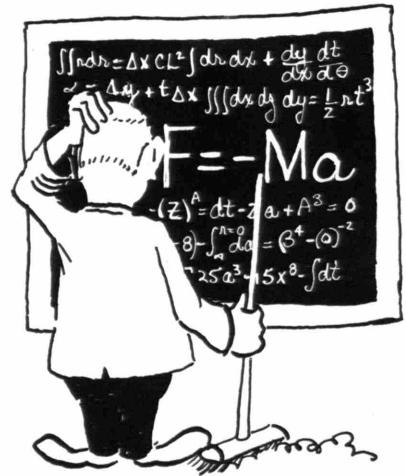
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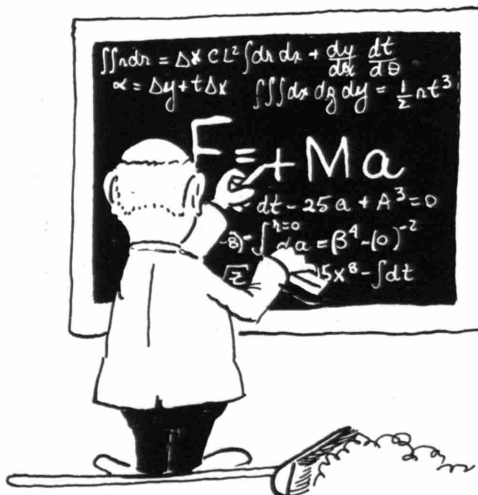
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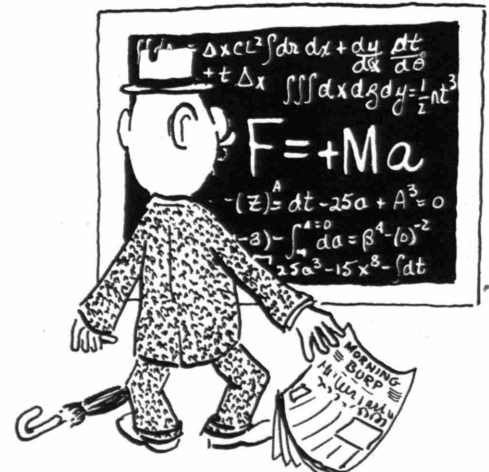
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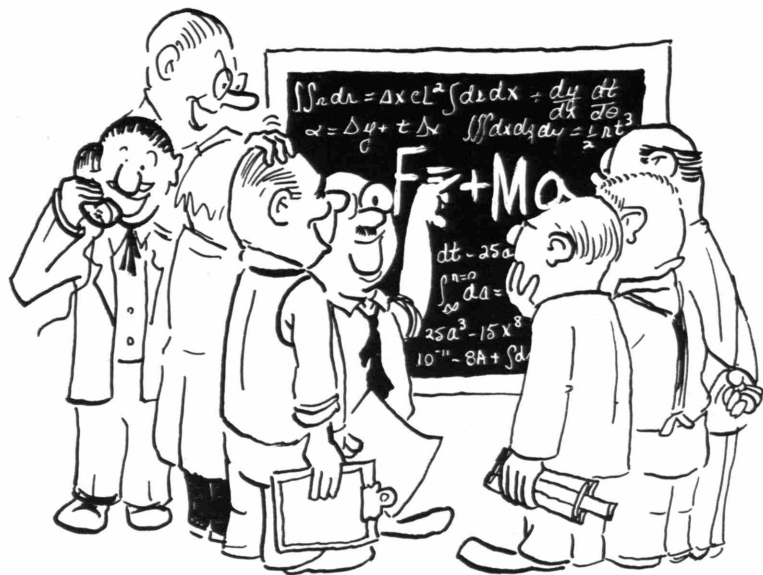
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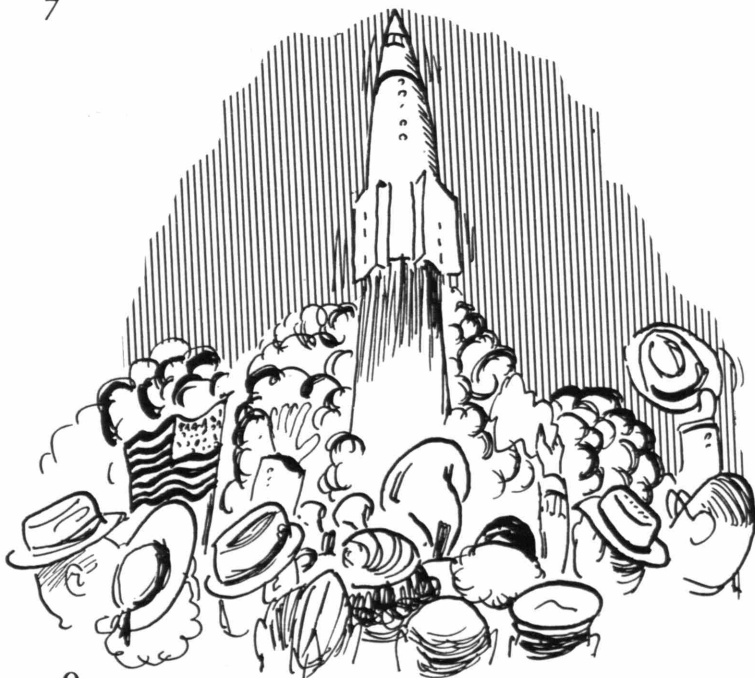
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12



A musician was practicing on his saxophone late at night when the landlord came in. "Do you know there's a little old lady sick upstairs?" asked the landlord.

"No," answered the musician. "Hum a little of it."



Two old friends met on a corner one day. "Where's your boy now?" one asked, to start the conversation.

"Oh, he's still going to M.I.T." the other answered.

"Really?" the first rejoined, "What's he going to be when he gets out?"

"Senile, I'm afraid."



"... I hate mice ..."

She: My, what slim, expressive hands you have, they belong on a girl.

He: You win, baby.



The chariot stopped and the hitchhiker climbed in. As the driver lashed the horses he handed the hitchhiker a bottle, saying, "Want a drink?"

"Sure," said the H.H., but upon seeing the whiskey was "Old Uncle Hattlet's Apple Orchard Squeesings," he coughed and said, "On second thought, maybe I'd better not. I've got a bad throat."

The driver whipped out a dagger and pointed it saying, "Oh, yes, you're going to have a drink."

The hitchhiker gulped, tilted the bottle and forced down a big swallow. As he sputtered and wheezed the driver said happily, "Now you hold the knife on me while I take a drink."



Two little boys were standing on a corner. A little girl passed by. Said one: "Her neck's dirty." Said the other: "Her does?"



School days, school days
Dear old golden rule days,
She was my gal in calico,
I was her bashful barefoot beau,
And I coyly wrote on her slate:
Keep out of the sun, babe, everybody's looking
through your dress.



The old river boat captain was bragging to one of his passengers.

"Yup," he said proudly, "I really know this river like the palm of my hand. There ain't a sand bar on it that I ain't familiar with."

Just then the boat ran aground with a sickening lurch.

"See," he said calmly, "There's one of 'em now."

Read

Read painted words.
 They will not hurt you.
 Hazy memory enforce.
 Close the opened transoms of
 eternity.
 Drop the slothful prisms of desue-
 tude.
 Cleave asunder the cloven hooves
 of ire.
 Read painted words.
 They will not hurt you.
 Rampant preoccupation
 Is but a penny in the mint.
 Fire, fire alone it is.
 Eat out all the smell of smoke
 upon you.
 Read painted words.
 Thank you.

Inaugurate usefulness.
 Take pride in care.
 Be caught not in laxness.
 Try and be fair.
 All respite is radiant
 And energy sweet
 But random redolence
 Was meant to be nurtured.
 Lay on with wafting,
 Cause brilliance to sound.
 You will never expect
 If you are not around.
 Exercise roundness
 Let fullness abound,
 But do not be purloined
 For trifles won't work.
 Just operate reality
 With much at stake.
 Recognize triumph
 Look hard at hate.
 Up onto the ladder
 Of slippery rung.
 Thank you.

Nikki Sakato

Octane 88

Filler er up with the high-test
 Pain.
 Check the oil and the holy water.
 Is anyone anymore still quite safe?
 They're all pedestrians led to
 slaughter.
 Thou annointest my head with
 motor oil, and leadest me
 through the Valley of Detona-
 tion in the presence of adverse
 pressure gradients.

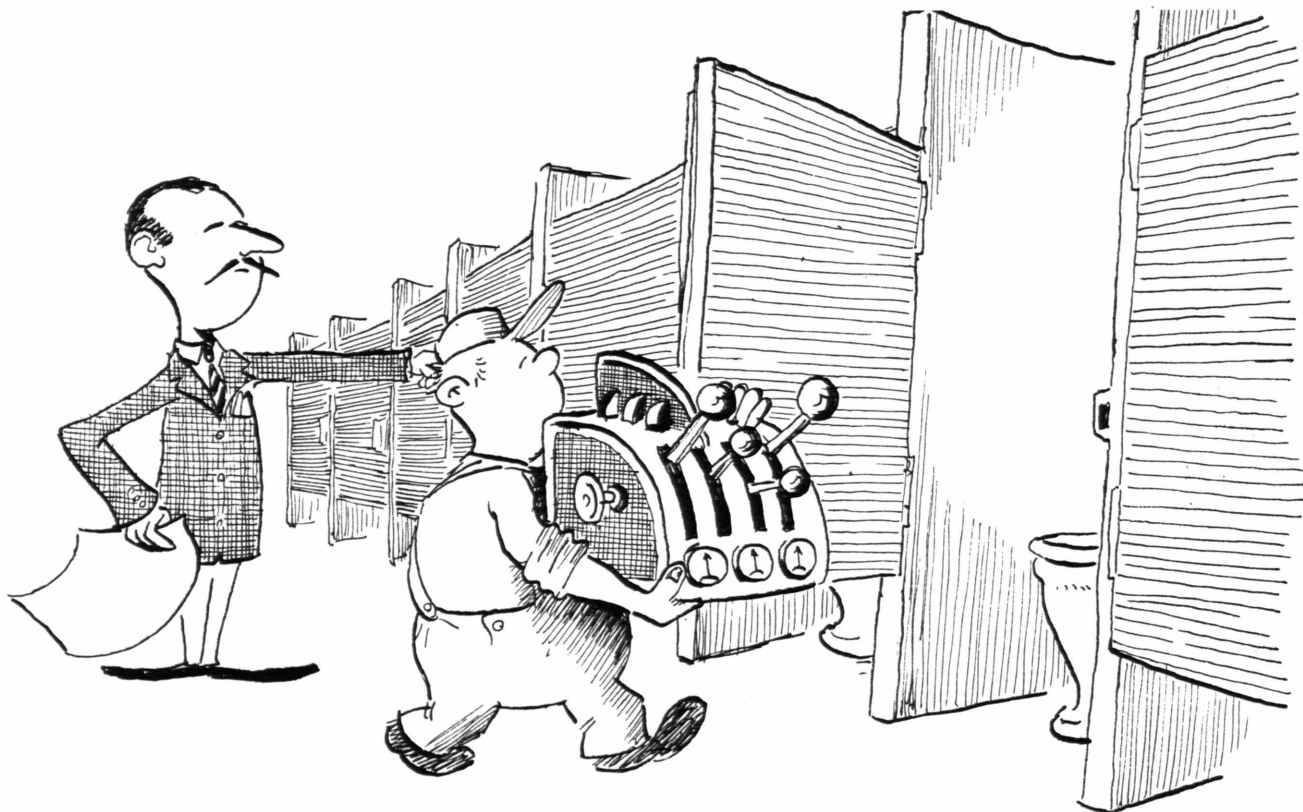
J. I. Smith

Thinking

As I sit here wondering
 At the permanence of my fixed
 regard,
 I throw no cold, bright, brittle
 Logic on it all;
 Involved in this and every, every
 moment
 I know not what, why it is
 In longing, long I yearn.
 But still I stay in stillness here
 And yearn and long so long
 That all the whole wide world
 shrinks
 Into oblivion, and you
 And stars are all that I discern.

Amby

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME



The name on the door read: "Raymond Highey Associates, Industrial Designators, 'You Build It-We'll Name It.'" Travis Camden opened the door and tried not to seem impressed when the light beam was interrupted. A slinky red-haired receptionist completed a yawn-with-all-the-trimmings, cocked an eyebrow at Travis—an eyebrow which would have been nicely manicured if it had been a fingernail, and purred superciliously, "So?"

"I would like to see Mr. Highey," pleaded Travis. "My name is Camden, Travis-Camden, Travis Thomas Camden; my mother calls me 'Fleeky'."

"Bless her dear old heart," said the red-head, shedding a sentimental tear and shivering deliciously as it fell on her left neckline. She said into a phone: "Ray, there's a cat here calls himself Camden. Want I should pull the chain? Okay, Ray, its your cremation." "Go right in, Fleekyboo."

Travis stifled a "Ta ta" and went right in.

* * *

"The very nature of the problem prevents me from describing it concisely without sacrificing delicacy, Mr. Highey."

"Perhaps if you were to outline the history of the machine in question—"

"I'll do that. First of all you should know that be-

fore becoming president of Camden Cam I worked for many years designing windshield wipers. I was instrumental in the development of the 'squirt' windshield wiper."

"You mean the Hydroswish?"

"Oh, yes, the Hydroswish of course. Well, about a year ago I noticed a machine in a hotel washroom. The device dries the hands with a current of heated air. You've undoubtedly seen them."

"I believe you refer to the Dryhans Sootholator. That was one of our accounts."

"Really? Remarkable. This machine replaces the old method of wiping the hands. Well, sir, I said to myself, why not extend the principle a step, why not apply elsewhere this idea of mechanical elimination of wiping processes? Why live in fear of discovering, too late, an empty spool? I gave it a lot of serious thought. My first design was based upon a large V-belt . . . but I won't bore you with the mechanical details. Ultimately the device was perfected, even including such refinements as an automatic flushing attachment. The machine was placed in production and 500,000 appliances were completed before we realized that there was a thorny distribution problem. What could you call such an appliance? How could you advertise it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Highey, "even in advertising you need at least one noun to choke to death with adjectives. A manufacturer of say, pencil sharpeners can always fall back on the prosaic 'pencil-sharpener'," here the Designator grimaced, 'in lieu of any more expressive substantive'."

"But we can't do that. In fact that is the very thing we must avoid at any cost. I was almost driven to distraction by the problem. Advertisements came to my mind. At first it wasn't so bad: 'You've seen automatic clothes washers and dryers, automatic dish washers, automatic hair dryers and hand wipers.

Now we bring you the brilliant new, completely automatic, electronically controlled . . .! electronically controlled what? But other advertisements began to plague me. I was horrified by the vision of a cartoon with the caption: 'Hey Maw, where you goin with the catalogue now that we have the brilliant new, electronically . . .! Or, 'Well Maw, guess we can stop eating corn on the cob now that we have the brilliant . . .! It got worse, I couldn't sleep nights for advertisements. 'She's lovely; She's engaged, She uses the sensational new . . .! 'Another, the most revolting of all: 'Kind to your skin'."

"Easy now, Mr. Camden calm down, the agency will guarantee that the ads will be in the best of taste. As an example, you've seen those ads, 'Timken, because,' haven't you?"

"Anyway you see my problem. I read your book *Leave Well Enough Alone but Never call It by the Same Name*, and I thought that you could help if anyone can."

"I'll certainly give it a try Mr. Camden. I've come a long way with trade names and numbers since *Hydromatic* and *Parker 51*. You are one person anyway who can appreciate Industrial Designation for what it is. Still, I don't want to artificially raise your hopes. Go home and relax. It will take quite some time but maybe I can come up with something. For instance: there's the *Laundramat*; we might try the *Excremat*."

Travis Camden sneaked out past the receptionist

feeling much relieved.

As it turned out nothing ever came of the device. Camden, the driving force behind the operation, was killed a few weeks later while personally testing a new super model of the still nameless appliance. He was literally wiped right off the face of the earth.

—John I. Smith



"Looks like the fleets in again."

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Name

Address

City..... State.....

...BUT THE EDITOR HIMSELF TOLD ME YOU WERE A FLYING SQUIRREL!

NIGHT DESK

THE BOSS IS SMART. WHO WOULD SUSPECT THAT I, A SPY, AM NOT THE TECH COED I AM SUPPOSED TO BE?

FOREIGN SERVICE

HELLO, ROTO-ROOTER? WHAT CAN YOU DIG UP FOR THE FRONT PAGE?

ORIENT EXPRESS

HONEST, BOSS, I SWEAR THEY TOLD ME IT WAS A SCOOP

SPY DEPT.

EW
EUREKA
EUREKA
EUREKA

WELL, THE OLD THEORY STILL HOLDS! THERE STILL IS ONE BORN EVERY DAY!

OH DEAR - WAIT UNTIL THE COLONEL HEARS ABOUT THIS!

BETTER WAIT 'TIL LATER TO TELL 'EM WE JUST BOUGHT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE!

DAMN! THERE GOES MY PULITZER PRIZE!

REFERENCE FILES
DELSEY

TO NEWS ROOM

THIS ABOVE ALL ELSE, TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

HIGH-POWER BINOCULARS

DIG BROTHER

IN HOC SIGNO
VINCIAMUS

PLAY DAY
OR "GULLIBLES' TRAVAILS"
AT THE TECH

Every morning the car used to stop outside the gates of the state asylum. Inside the fence one of the inmates who imagined himself a pitcher would be going through elaborate wind-up and pitching motions, using an imaginary ball. After studying him for a while the driver of the car, a well dressed fraternity man, would leave. After a few days of this the gatekeeper asked him, "Pardon me, sir, but why do you come here each day and study that poor fellow?"

"Well," answered the student in the car, "if things continue the way they are in my courses, I'll be in there some day catching for that fellow and I want to get on to his curves."



Frances calls her new victory ensemble "The Fighting 69th," and is very proud of the fact she made the entire outfit herself.



Two boys returning from Sunday School were discussing what they had learned. "Do you believe all that stuff about the devil?" one asked.

"Naw," replied the other, "it's just like Santa Claus—it's your old man."



It is related that a certain gent was smoking a marihuana cigarette in his apartment when there was a knock on the door.

"Open up," came a voice. "It's the police!"

Just then the cuckoo in his clock came out to cuckoo the time, and looking around for a place to throw the marihuana cigarette, the gent finally stuck it into the cuckoo's mouth. Then the cuckoo went back into the clock and its little door went shut.

Then the police broke in. They searched the place but not being able to find any evidence of marihuana they finally went away.

Two o'clock came, but the cuckoo didn't appear. Then came three o'clock, four o'clock, five o'clock; day dawned. And then came six o'clock. Still no sign of the cuckoo. Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven o'clock, and still not a sign of that cuckoo.

Finally the door of the clock opened and the cuckoo was heard to say, "Man, what time is it?"

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There stood one day a rather old bull in the pasture at Flushing Meadows. Seeing what to him appeared pulchritude itself the would be youngster ambled on over to make a little time. His presence, however, was hardly noticed by the nearby cow, and after failing in all attempts to attract attention he ambled on back to his former place of rest, but on the way back fortune played a hand. Seeing a cast away glove upon the ground the bull gave birth to an idea. This time he raced back to the side of the cow and tapping her lightly, asked, "Pardon me, madam, but did you lose your brassiere?"



The difference between amnesia and magnesia is that the fellow with amnesia can't remember where he is going.



A traveling student, spending a night in an upstate hotel, ordered his dinner and then prepared to read the newspaper. The waitress interrupted, "You haven't ordered any of our potato soup."

"I don't like potato soup," said the student.

"Oh, but you must take some here," she insisted. "We are famous all over the state for our potato soup."

"I tell you I don't want any potato soup," he said testily, and turned away.

The waitress bit her lip and served his dinner in an aggrieved silence. Late that night the man who occupied the next room to the student had a violent attack of indigestion. His wife, who had had much experience with this sort of thing, rushed down to the lobby and sought out the hotel physician. "Please go to my husband's room," she begged, "and treat him. A high colonic always cures him. He'll fight like the devil against it, but if you simply insist, he will be completely cured in an hour."

The doctor made a slight mistake in rooms, with the result that the poor student, in spite of his earnest protests and shrieks of anguish, got the treatment that was intended for the man next door.

Two weeks later our hero met a friend who announced his intention of spending a night at that same hotel. "It's a fine place," admitted the student, "but listen. When they try to sell you potato soup, take it with the dinner because they're bound to give it to you in one form or another."

GOING APE

A much needed definitive work on this highly controversial problem, with observations on the various manifestations arising from this condition.

It is a generally accepted fact that, after a certain length of time which varies from individual to individual, each and every Techman goes ape.

Before proceeding any further with this discussion, let us pause and once and for all define that ambiguous verb "to go ape". When a man "goes ape", the thin veneer of civilization begins to crack, crumble, and finally fall to pieces, revealing for all to see, the untamed beast which lurks just below the surface of all of us, waiting, waiting for just one chance to . . . but enough of this idle drivel. The manifestations of going ape are many and various, and it has been justly said, "All men go ape, each in his own way, nor do any two men go ape in a like manner; for such is the nature of men, and particularly of men going ape."

Having defined our terms, let us once more return to the question at hand. When a man enters M.I.T., he enters as a maladjusted bundle of neuroses, psychoses, and frustrations; there is nothing wrong with his mind that three years of intense psychoanalysis could not make considerably more fashionable; in short, he is a perfectly normal specimen. After a few short weeks under the pressure of the wild parties, dissipation, and gay, carefree social life to which the light schedules and paucity of work at Tech are so conducive, his personality undergoes a radical change. Where once there was a lovable nonentity, there now stands a walking, talking, full-fledged character. The transformation is a subtle one; indeed, the first signs are hardly noticeable: a general air of forgetfulness, a faraway look in the eyes, these are easily overlooked. Then, suddenly, out of the aimlessness, a pattern crystalizes. After the transformation has completed itself, nothing can be done. The case is hopeless, and the student is beyond the reach of even group psychodynamics. He has gone ape.

Now let us take a short look at the man who has gone ape. A short look, as a long look is enough to make one go ape himself. From a distance he is apparently normal, but on closer inspection the evidence that he has "taken to the trees" is most apparent.

He owns two pairs of pants, which he alternates from week to week, but rarely if ever washes. His desk is piled three feet high with various and sundry oddments, which may include such items as a gas-

mask, a jar of pickled pigs' knuckles, and last week's underwear. His bed is unmade. His floor is strewn with old clothes, science fiction magazines, Pogo comic books, and last week's quizzes. His walls are plastered with homemade photographs, stolen signs, and obscene calendars. The general decor of his room is completed by empty beer cans, which may be either piled neatly on the window sills or stacked in tasteful disarray in the four corners of the room.

He may go ape over music, in which case he immediately acquires a phonograph and/or an extra loud radio which he plays constantly, listening with a rapt, faraway look on his face if he is a classical type ape, or beating time with hands, feet, and any handy blunt instrument if he is the type that goes ape over jazz. He may cut out paper dolls, or doodle away the aimless hours with pencil and paper. He may play cards, checkers, dice, or the pinball machine. In short, there are innumerable inane courses open to the man who has gone ape, and only a scant twenty which he can not pursue with ease, i.e., the courses offered at M.I.T.

But what of the man who is always neat, well dressed, and personable; the man who is always two days ahead on his homework, and gets ninety-five on all his quizzes; the man whose desk is a model of neatness; whose room is in perfect order; whose walls are tastefully decorated with Everett Moore Baker Memorial Prints; the man who turns every spare moment to a profitable end; has he succeeded in not going ape? Definitely not! He has gone ape in the most insidious, insipid, and unsociable way. He has gone ape by not going ape.

—Malcolm Singerman



"As far as you're concerned, F does equal Ma!"

Turkey in the Haw

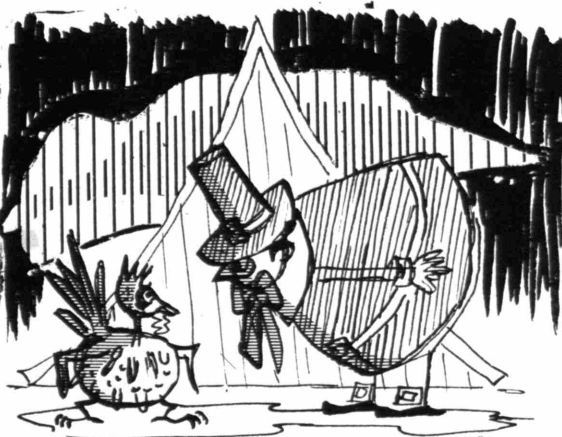
A FABLE FOR PROGRESSIVE PILGRIMS



Once upon a time there lived a Pilgrim who had absolutely no talent for farming.



He read all the bulletins from the farm bureau and even took courses at the State agricultural college—



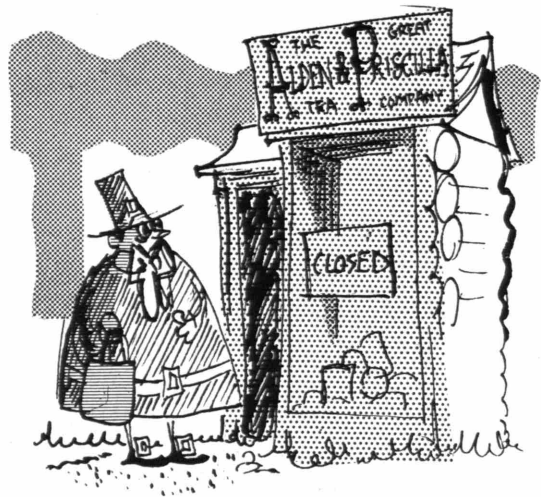
—but it was no use. His corn was even rejected by the beetles, and his fowl were just that.



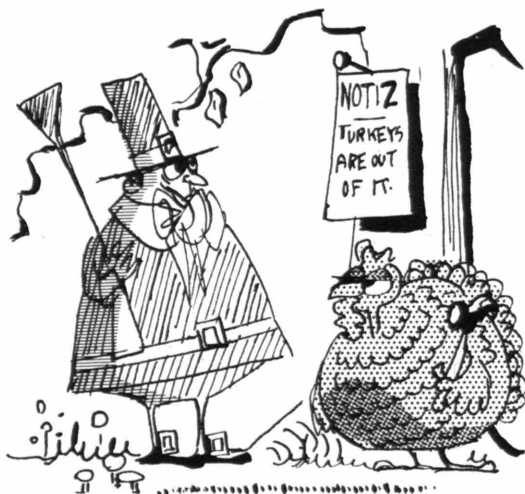
Then one day, his neighbors and some friendly Indians decided to have the first Thanksgiving and asked him to bring the turkey.



He didn't have a single turkey on his whole dilapidated farm, but not wanting to appear stuffy, he agreed to supply a fat bird anyway. But where would he find one?



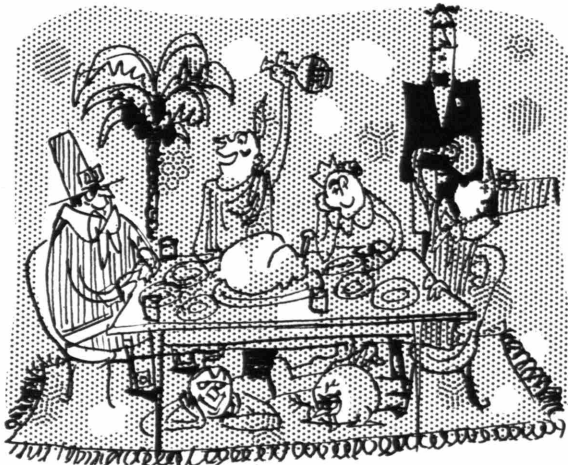
The supermarkets were all closed because it was a holiday, so he couldn't buy a turkey.



The season on turkeys was over already, so he couldn't hunt one.



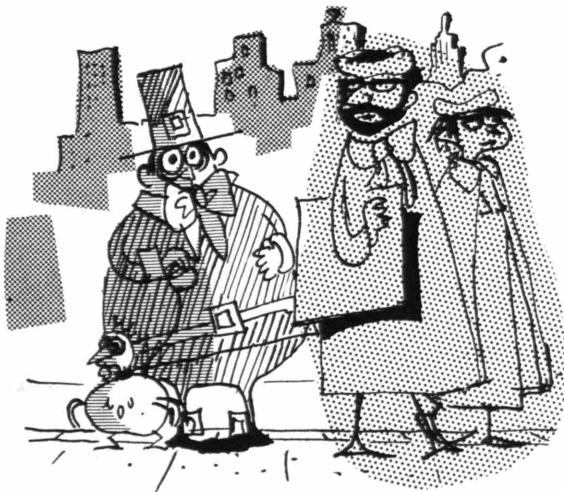
So, he decided to take all his neighbors and the friendly Indians to a fancy restaurant for Thanksgiving dinner.



They ate turkey and cranberry sauce and mince pie and dumplings, and all the neighbors and the friendly Indians agreed that Thanksgiving was a wonderful thing.



The Pilgrim, however, was obliged to sell his miserable little farm in order to pay for the dinner. In a way, though, he was just as happy.



He left the wilderness and came to the big city, where he soon became a fabulously wealthy tycoon and married a beautiful blonde chorus girl.



The moral of this story is that you don't always get your tender chicken by raising poultry.



(Continued)

to know about the reactions of a freshman after his first week of high school.

The first thing that struck me was the comparison in size between my former school and BHS. I have never been in a school as big as Brookline High. The first three days I was almost lost, but thanks to the help of the marshals, I arrived at most classes on time. During the last two days of my first week I began to feel more at home and had established a sense of direction.

Another thing that I noticed is that there is more freedom than I have ever had at school; no lines for passing in corridors; a very informal lunch period; and to sum up much more responsibility is given to the students.

Before coming here, I was a big fish in a little pond, but now, I am a little fish in a very big pond, but I am happy to say the water is fine for swimming.

Artificial respiration, anyone?

—R. B. R.

"How do you like that new obstetrician?"

"Wonderful, except for his nasty habit of shouting, 'Presto'!"



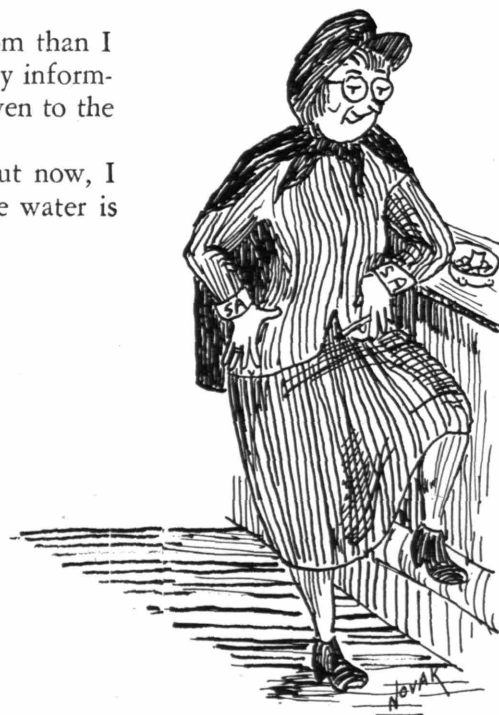
One job women will never take over is the auctioneer's—they'd have to stand up before the crowds and say, "And now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer."



Why do all the women use Dial Soap? Because Dial spelled backwards is happiness.



The zipper is the undoing of the modern girl.



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I'm going to spend my honeymoon on a desert island because there isn't anything else to do.



Blind dates are borne, not made.



Definition of a coolie: A quickie in the snow.



Parked car, moonlight night . . .
"Goodness! It's three o'clock. I should have been in hours ago!"
"So should I," he murmured disgustedly.



The college psychology class was studying human reaction to sexual stimulus and of special interest was the frequency of amorous relations.

"How many students here," said the professor, "engage more than once a week?"

Five people raised their hands.

"And how many engage once a week?"

Ten hands went up.

"How many twice a month?"

Eight hands went up.

"Once a month?"

Four hands went up.

"And how many once a year?"

A little guy in the back waved his hand frantically and giggled hysterically.

"If you engage only once a year," said the professor, "I don't see what you're so overjoyed about."

Flushed with excitement, the little guy said, "Yeah, but tonight's the night!"

"Did you know, dear, that that tunnel we just passed through was two miles long and cost \$1,000,000?" asked the young man of his sweetheart.

"Oh, really?" she replied, as she started to rearrange her dishevelled hair. "Well, it was worth it, wasn't it?"



"Did you follow my advice about kissing your girl friend when she least expected it?"

"Oh," said the lad with the swollen eye, "I didn't know you said 'when', I thought you said 'where'."

He drank with lovely Mable,
The pace was fast and furious:
He crept beneath the table—
He wasn't drunk, just curious.



"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said the tramp to the landlady of an English Inn, the George and the Dragon. "D'you think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I have a few words with George?" said the tramp.



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"When the hell are you going to stop drinking that damn calorie controlled beer?"

According to a returned voyager . . . An anti-communist, condemned to the firing squad, was asked what he wanted before he died. He replied: "I would like to be a member of your party."

"Well," said the commander, "that is strange, indeed. Why did you finally come to take such a splendid attitude?"

"Oh," was the indifferent rejoinder, "I just thought it would be pleasant to know that when you shot me there would be one Communist less!"



Said the cannibal to the witch doctor: "Something's wrong with my kid, Doc. He won't eat anybody."



And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and sofa and she reclined.



I: A little strap certainly is an important thing.

II: You're right. It's kept many an attraction from becoming a sensation.



Little Boy: "Hey, Johnny, let's play college . . . I can get overalls and a pipe."

Another child: "But all the girls we know are decent."



"Got a light, Mack?"



"Thanks"

In a parlor a davenport stands. A couple sits there holding hands.

So far, no farther.

Now in the parlor a cradle stands. A mother sits there wringing her hands. So far, no father.



A popular dame is Rosie Smoots, she plays strip-poker in one-piece suits.



"Didn't I tell you not to go out with perfect strangers?"

"But mother, he isn't perfect."



And then there was the Indian who drank 38 glasses of iced tea one night and the next day they found him dead in his tepee.



My uncle, Lotka, who is 78, decided to get himself a bride recently. And he did. When he sent out the announcements of the intended nuptials and the family found the blushing bride he had picked was of the age of 22, consternation reigned. His brother, appointed the spokesman and general arbitrator in the crisis, finally cornered Lotka and said: "Look, brother, give some thought to this. It isn't practical! A thing like this could be fatal!"

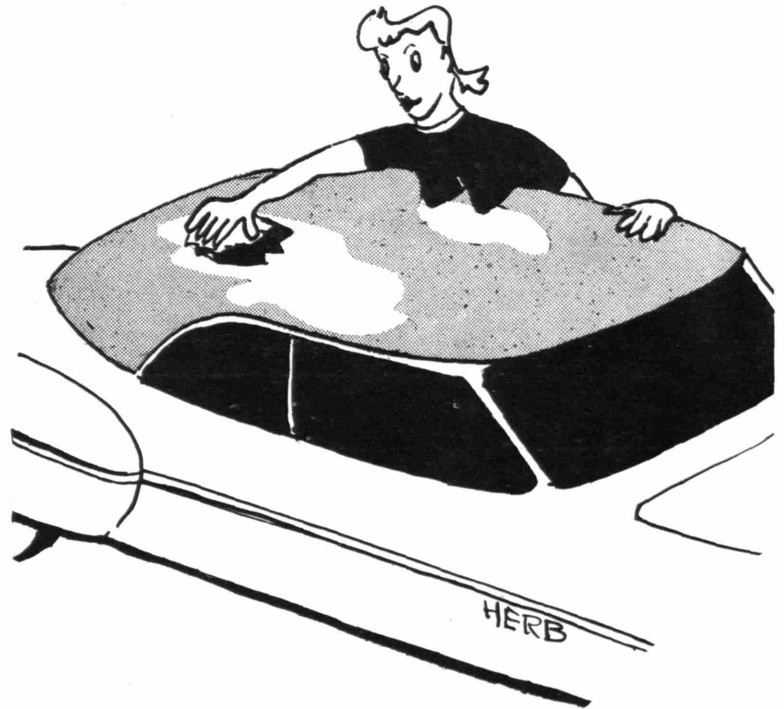
Calmly my uncle Lotka answered, "So what? If she dies, I'll marry again."



"I know what. Let's play Pony Express."

"Pony Express? What's that like?"

"Oh, it's like Post Office—only there's more horse-ing around."



You know they also have a slogan in Russia: "Vote for the party. The life you save may be your own."



Gal at door, with gent, after evening out: "No; no kisses."

Gent: "Why not?"

Gal: "No, if I kiss you, I know I'll hate myself in the morning."

Gent: "O.K. then, skip it! Goodbye."

Gal: "Come back here! I—I can get up in the afternoon, can't I?"

640 Kc.

640 Kc.

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Grandma Jones had lived alone in her spinster's cottage for many, many years. She seldom ventured further than the front gate and that was only to get mail. She seemed, however, to enjoy her life of solitude.

"But how do you stand the everlastin' silence, Grandma?" asked one of her neighbors one day.

Grandma looked fondly at two kittens that were playing with a ball of twine on the floor. "Oh," she said with a playful gleam in her eye, "when it gets so quiet that I can't stand it any longer, I just kick hell out of one of the cats."



The ROTC instructor was never hampered by a sense of false modesty. Out on a duck hunt one time, he spied a bird soaring over head, took careful aim and fired, but the bird sailed on undisturbed into the horizon.

The marksman watched in a shocked silence, then dashed his gun to the ground and cried out, "Fly on, you blankety-blank fool bird. Fly on with your gol-durned heart shot out!"



"A little bit goes a long way," screamed the bird, as it wheeled high above the city.



Mae West was in the White House looking for the ladies' room. She walked up and down the corridor without any success. Finally she met a guard.

"Where is the ladies' room?"

"Just around the corner."

"I'm not looking for prosperity, I'm looking for relief."



An enterprising young freshman stumped the librarian the other day by asking for a book written by that eminent French author, Risque.



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