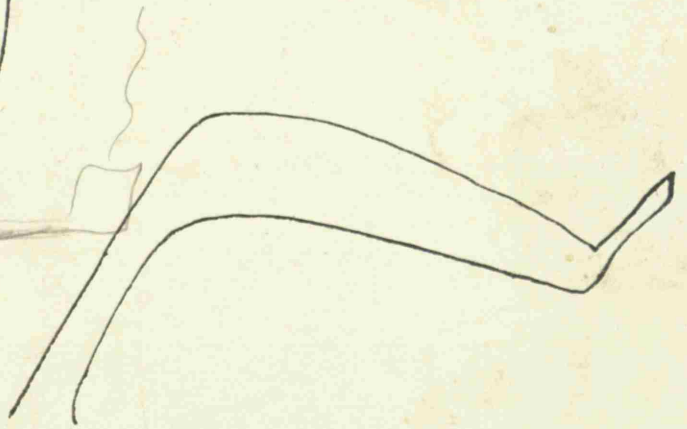
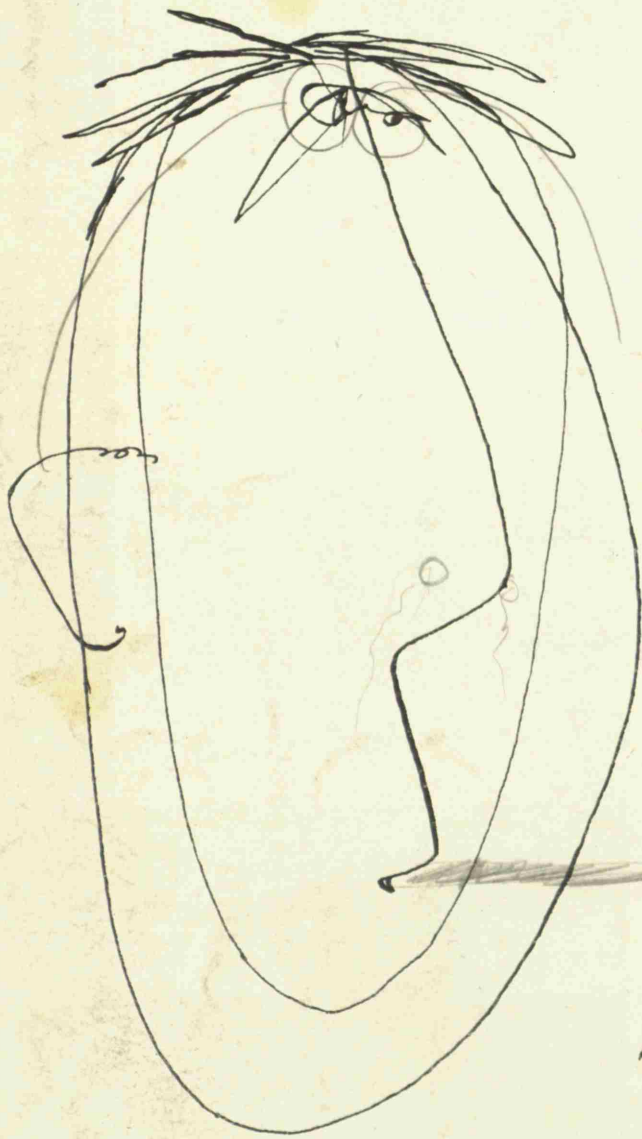
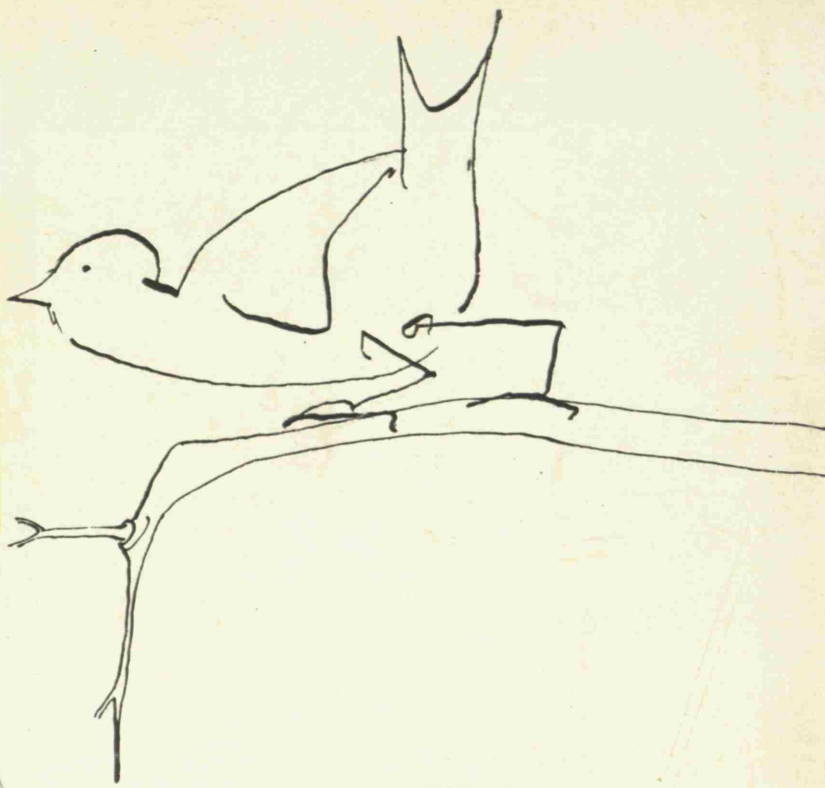


VOO
DOO



MARCH 25th



An ice-skater fella named Ken
Tasted Schaefer one evening and then
He skated and wrote,
"Perfect flavor"—unquote—
Again and again and again!

Perfect flavor
Perfect flavor

With Schaefer, you get the one difference in beers today that really matters: flavor. Schaefer has an exciting, satisfying flavor that's all its own. And remember, flavor has no calories.

For real enjoyment—real beer!



You get two full glasses in the half-quart Schaefer can—all real beer! Try it!

THE F. & M. SCHAEFER BREWING CO., NEW YORK

VOO DOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 38, No. 3

March, 1955

Established 1919

That ubiquitous, though oddly comfortable slough of gloom that passes for winter in these regions is rapidly giving way to the equally ubiquitous slough of perverted optimism that whoever is in charge has the colossal gall to palm off as spring. The signs are unmistakable—the snow and sleet of winter are departing in favor of the characteristic drizzle that will always be spring in Boston, the market prices on used convertibles are going up, and the travelling crutch salesmen are fatuously counting their season's blood money as they take their reluctant leaves of the northern ski resorts. A futile light-headedness appears in some of the more impressionable amongst us in contemplation of warm-weather joys that will turn cold, and warmed-over romances that are best left drowning in winter's melted snow.

We note that the delirium has already settled in the addled pates of our colleagues in the basement, who have elected, for some unfathomable reason, to devote their best grammar and punctuation to a righteous crusade against, of all things, mysterious secret societies! Actually, though, we cannot in all fairness blame the vagaries of these eager misanthropes entirely on any vernal phenomena.

For the sake of the record we note, without comment, an item appearing near the middle of our ink-smeared T. C. A. blotter: "Spring Vacation . . . March 28-April 3." We also note, as a not so curious coincidence, the following memo scrawled in a frantic hand at the bottom of this same blotter: "March 28-April 3 . . . Get thesis started, for *\$#!&! sake!"

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la!

—A. H. S

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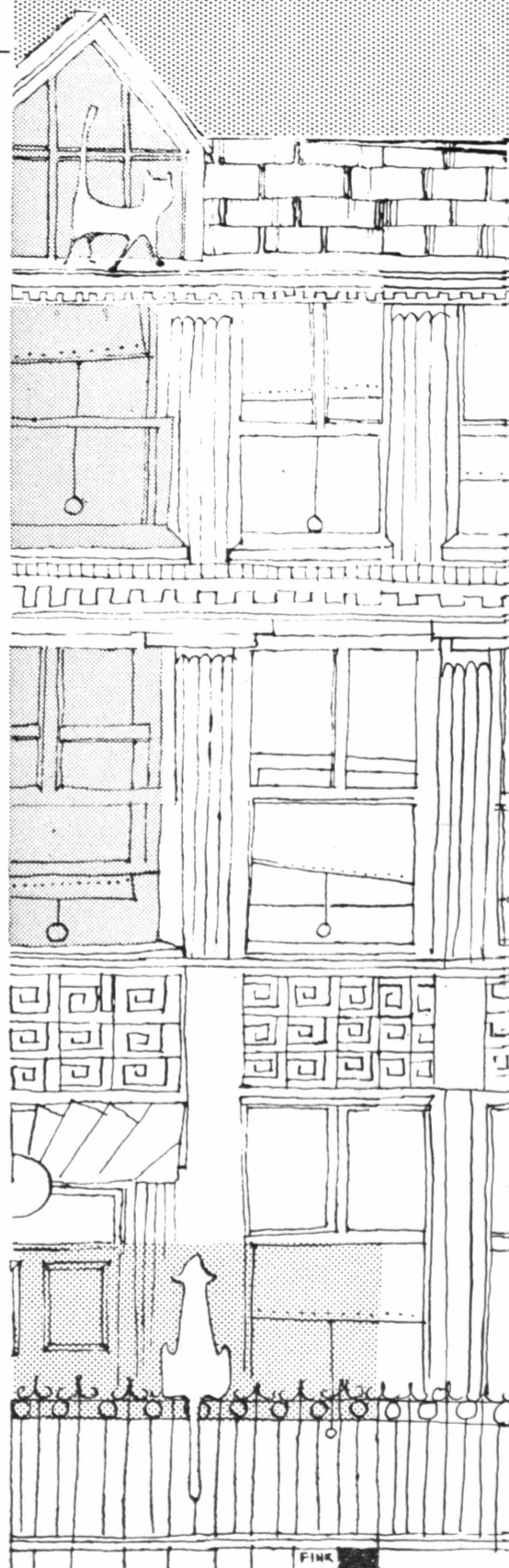
Office Cat

Phosphorus

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This month's cover by Fink





A special meeting of the Baker House Astronomical Society was called. A new star had appeared on the horizon in the person of a green Buick, parked across Memorial Drive. Even the ten inch reflector was brought in-to play.

After ten minutes of enjoyable star gazing, the firmament opened to reveal a police car which screamed to a halt directly opposite the green Buick. Two policemen, imbued with the spirit of the law hurried out of their M.D.C. mobile and rushed over to the green Buick. The Astronomical Society observed the minions of the law do a sudden doubletake, after which one of the policemen, blushing, retired while the other stood with his side to the car staring at the far horizon talking out of the side of his mouth to the occupants of the green Buick. After about five minutes of this, during which both policemen were seen mopping their foreheads repeatedly, the M. D. C. roared away.

The green Buick itself left ten minutes after.

COORDINATION is still not perfect at the Institute. Walker Memorial, a few weeks ago, scheduled a weight lifting contest in the gym right over a square dance which consequently spent the evening under a rain of plaster.

WE have been informed of the existence of a pretty young miss of twelve, whose family has the misfortune of being one of the parties sharing a four party line. The young lady, it seems, picks up the receiver occasionally, finds the line in use, and slams the receiver down again, exclaiming, "These idiotic teen-agers."

THERE'S a new personality tending the desk in the music library. A few days ago, we went up to the desk and asked for "Cavalliera Rusticana", stating also that the needle was in the room already so she needn't bother looking for it. She looked at us as if she hadn't heard. We don't know, maybe she hadn't. We speak in a low voice; people often don't understand us. We repeated our request. Still she stared at us blankly. We picked up the reservation sheet and pointed to our name under "Room Two". She looked at our finger and the sheet.

"That's you?" she asked incredulously.

"Uhhuh," we said, rather self-consciously.

She paused, staring at us for ten seconds or so. We were beginning to feel rather uncomfortable.

"Oh, all right," she said and went into the back to get our record.

Oh, hell, we don't know.

IT has come to our attention that there are some among our vast unseen audience who wonder how the stories that are printed in Voo Doo are selected.

There is a man on our staff (he says he's a man) who owns (nobody else wants it) the title of *Literary Editor*. (Actually, he's illiterate; but then so are the rest of us).

When a story arrives at the office it is handed to him amidst much bowing and shining of shoes. He then looks at the words. If they look funny, he laughs and we send the story to the *New Yorker*. This pays for beer. If it looks like it would be funny to Englishmen, we send it to *Punch*. This furthers Anglo-American relations. If it looks risqué, he sends it to his girl. This is the only sex she gets. (He says he is a man.)

If he doesn't like the looks of the words, we print it in Voo Doo. This policy has increased our circulation to over 5,000. Now we can have a party.

EVEN the seniors know defeat when they come in contact with the terrifying institution of the acquaintance dance. We know of one who "dropped by" and thought he was doing fine with a young Simmons Miss until they announced a ladies' choice and she blithely said "thank you" over her shoulder.

WE hear that there are those who wonder why there should be a phony name on the Senior Board.

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

Horrors, horrors, little boy!
Whence came yon horrid little toy?
It came perhaps from a vending machine
Capriciously placed in a public latrine.



Pa loved Ma,
Ma loved Men.
Here lies Ma,
Pa's in the pen.

A self-made man is usually an example of unskilled labor.

PERSONAL

Dear L:

I have killed your brother.
We are now even.

Signed,
F.



A philosopher is a man who can look into an empty glass and smile.

Adam: the first man to be awarded the oak-leaf cluster.



Did you hear about the sleepy bride who couldn't stay awake for a second?

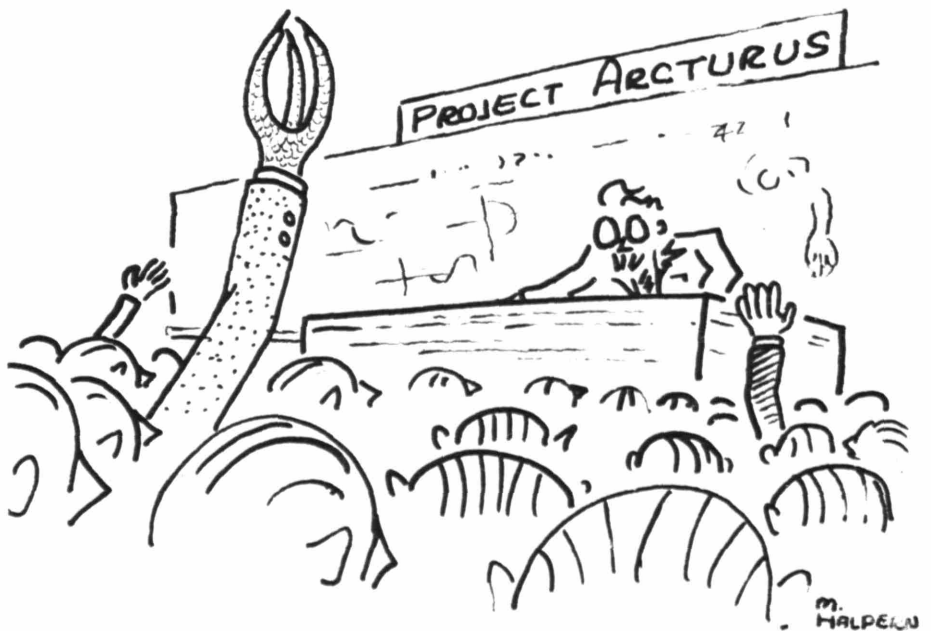


It's amazing what some women get away with, and still keep their amateur standing.



He: Darling, I love you as no one has ever loved before.

She: I can't see much difference.



WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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Special Attention to M.I.T.
Students—Whether A
Bottle or A Case

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"For the Hell of it"

Thackeray S. Rand was well aware of his imminent death. In fact, those who knew him well realized that he strongly desired to die. Not that he didn't have anything to live for, what with all the money he had. It's just that he felt that he had so much more to die for. He had not led the life which a Puritan could condone or tolerate, and he was very proud of the fact. However, his religious puttering had convinced him beyond the shadow of a doubt that Hell exists. And being convinced that the place existed, he was determined to get there—Nor could any living man convince him to the contrary. He had his own ideas on what Hell was like. Furthermore, he felt that he was morally obligated to do something about the place.

The doctor warned him for the last time and left. The indomitable Mr. Rand leaped out of bed, ran to the phone, and called a fast little number. Needless to say, this final orgy resulted in death—as Mr. Rand had, no doubt, expected. Unfortunately, the poor girl he was with was scared out of her wits, and didn't know what to do. When found by a servant, she was in a very bad position indeed.

The soul of Mr. Rand was overjoyed at having called the shot, so to speak; for it was promptly called for by a messenger and quickly escorted to Mr. Rand's choice of afterlife. Needless to say, much paperwork was involved, and it was some time before the proper position was found for Mr. Rand by the placement bureau. But what continued to annoy him was his inability to arrange for a conference with the head of the corporation. But, having all of eternity on his hands, he felt that everything would work out in due time.

Mr. Rand was finally given a shovel and set to work at a furnace. Inasmuch as the temperature had to be maintained at a rather high level, it should be understood that the work was not at all easy—nor very enjoyable. But, as Mr. Rand had predicted, the tide of events soon turned his way. The soul of a famous American coal mining labor organizer showed up—and things really began to pop. Naturally, the

labor organizer was sent to work in the mines. And, just as naturally, he soon had all the poor souls in all of the mines organized. Then, as the saying goes, all Hell broke loose. A strike was called to get better working conditions and shorter hours. Never in all the years of existence had such a thing ever happened. Of course, never before had a soul with the ability of this labor organizer's soul been called down to the Nether regions. Nevertheless, he and his followers were prepared to hold out indefinitely.

When the temperature dropped to 40,000 degrees Centigrade, Mr. Rand was told to go to the Devil. He was ushered into a beautiful office, the door of which had the name, *Fallen Angel*, blazing on it. The floor was of the finest anthracite, while the walls were done in sculptured bituminous. The furniture was modern and done in sulfur, and very delightful. Mr. Rand was offered a seat. He sat down and eyed the gentleman behind the white hot desk, sizing him up. He was a smallish, frail-looking chap with close cut hair and horn-rimmed glasses. He was very clean shaven and had a beautiful smile. He wore a beautifully tailored charcoal suit.

"As you know, Mr. Rand, I have been placed in an untenable position by one of your former countrymen."

"I am well aware of the state of affairs, sir, being a shoveler sixth grade. But I believe I have the answer to your troubles."

A heated discussion followed, with Mr. Rand finally convincing the Devil. Of course, he demanded quite a price for arranging all the details.

Mr. Rand is back on earth again. He has been reincarnated in the form of a very healthy—and very virile young man. Ask any of his friends and they will tell you that he hasn't aged a day since the day they first met him. And it's true; he hasn't. He is the president of a huge company. No doubt you've read about the investigation concerning it. Nobody can figure out exactly what happens to all the oil he buys.

—John Ross

The two young newly-weds, Eddie and Sally, had just entered the bedroom of their little motel bungalow. Eddie gathered Sally into his strong arms, gave her a mischievous wink, and said, "Well, I guess we'd better get ready for bed." Blushing a little, she answered, "Yes, you're right. You change in the bathroom, and I'll use the bedroom." "O.K.," he said, and disappeared into the bathroom.

When Eddie emerged in his silk pajamas, he discovered Sally in a sheer black negligée already in bed. A bit nervous, he slid into the bed also. The two lay there quietly for a minute, and then Sally reached over and softly touched his arm with her warm hand.

"Eddie," she said tremulously, "I've been thinking about this night for a long time, and there's something I'm just dying to do . . ."

"Yes, what is it?" asked Eddie in a half whisper.

"Let's have a helluva pillow fight!" shouted Sally, kicking him smartly onto the floor.



A certain prof is a sworn enemy of co-education. "It's impossible," he asserted, "to teach a boy mathematics if there's a girl in the class."

"Oh, come, professor," objected someone, "surely there might be an exception to that."

"There might be," snapped the prof. "But he wouldn't be worth teaching!"



Sarah: "I bet that man was embarrassed when you caught him looking through the transom to watch you undress."

Sue: "Gosh, yes. I thought he'd never get over it!"

An Easterner went fishing with a Texan and landed a huge tarpon.

"How big do you suppose he is?" asked the Easterner.

"About fifteen inches," replied the Texan.

"Fifteen inches! Why man, he's longer than that."

"Oh, that's the old way," replied the Texan.

"Down here we measure the distance between their eyes."



Brown's party was a roaring success except in one respect—there were no napkins. The store was sold out of paper ones and the linen ones hadn't come back from the laundry. So Brown mounted a chair and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are no napkins but at frequent intervals a large wooly dog will pass among you."



A well-known businessman, shopping for a parrot to present to his wife on her birthday, found a feathered specimen that exactly suited his fancy. However, the clerk tried to discourage his choice by explaining that this particular parrot came from a house of questionable repute.

Seeing nothing particularly derogatory about that, the businessman persisted in his choice and, on the evening of his wife's birthday, when all the guests had arrived for a party in her honor, he proudly produced the fine parrot and uncovered his cage.

The parrot took a look around, blinked its eyes, and then remarked: "Hmmm—new girls, but the same old guys."

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NELSON'S MOBIL GAS STATION

KENDALL SQUARE ROTARY

INDISCRETIONS OF AN AMERICAN MADAM and other tales

She sat there before him, a plea in her eyes;
Her hot breath betrayed her anxiety.
But he stared unmoving to her vast surprise
And the loss of his slight notoriety.

His face was a blank while hers was aquiver
Of arrows with tales undeniable.
The tingle of night imparted a shiver
To the source of her promise reliable.

She thought: How I wish he would make his move quickly
(As dilemma gave way to demoralization);
Can it be that he's playing this game just to trick me?
(And her heartbeats grew wilder with stark consternation).

Yet shrewdly she ventured: I don't want to jar you
(For in matters of sex she was blessed with omniscience)
But tell me just what type of operator are you?
His reply was: A linear operator with constant coefficients.

Woman of fortune out on a spree
Doomed from here to maternity;
God make more of them just like she. Rah, rah, rah.

or
Maidens of virtue's vicinity
Bound to endure till infinity;
God cast a plague on virginity. Rah, yah, rah.

Whatever happened to me, she said,
From the time that I passed out?
And he: Don't trouble your pretty head;
You've no more to worry about.

The sixth brought man, the seventh rest,
But man did loneliness evince.
So God made woman as a test;
Not God nor man has rested since.

Praise the Lord Who eyes won't give us
To sieve ourselves as others sieve us.

Constance, why are you so changeable?
Why make life so disarrangeable?
Brave attempts to reach stability
All result in vain futility.
I don't ask that you rest completely
But try to do things more discretely.
Your fickleness is my remonstrance,
My continuously variable Constance.

It isn't all the things you've got
That makes affection grow;
It's just the things that you have not
For which I love you so.

TRAGEDY IN BLUE

Oh baby I have passion cramps for you;
The seat of my emotions has turned blue:
Since you are gone my tongue neglects to eat;
The part of me you own forgets to beat;
You've raised its fever to a potent heat,
Which won't be gratified till next we meet.

When you left, my peace departed;
Please come back and get love started.
Oh baby I'm insane about you;
I cannot sleep when I'm without you:

My mind won't rest for it is filled with dread
That you have graced another's sleep instead;
The thought of you tiptoes with me to bed,
But thought cannot replace your worth inbred:
It does not bring me back your maidenhood,
The things you are that I have found so good.

Please return the purity
That made our love a surety.
My vital organ will vex sore
Till you return to me once more.

TULERY AND TOMFULERY

Sing a song of B fields, a hip flask full of rye,
Four and twenty brownies baked in a pie;
When the pie is ashes, we'll all get roaring drunk;
The average will be lowered and then I may not flunk.

I need your advice on a problem, Inspector,
Which right now my mind is disjoynting.
Cross an E with an H and you get an S vector
But clue me, which way is it poynting?

"How could you let Henry induce you to do
Such a careless deed with your virginry?"
"I couldn't resist him, alas, oh, how true,
There is so much induction in Henry."

*Variations on classic American themes
popularized for the masses*

There once was an ogre named Grath
Who molested young girls in his path;
He beat up old ladies
Till even in Hades
They grieved for the cruel rapes of Grath.

There once was a miser named Schwalms
Who begged in the streets without qualms
Till someone discovered
His riches uncovered
And that was his farewell to alms.

Don't ever suspect that you'll suffer a dearth
If a farmer's daughter instead of a Radcliffe girl you find.
It Isn't a question of lower or upper birth:
Remember no matter what your angle of vision, love is blind.
But in the one case you're guaranteed peace on earth
While in the other the most you could ever hope for is a little peace of
mind.

So God worked on it for a few million years
And finally evolved a monkey into a man
And he made him a little brighter but a trifle less spunky
Which is his shortcoming because woman with kisses or tears
Or promises or a certain way of looking can
In less than five seconds make a man into a monkey.

Lament of a Tule

I'm bewildered, I'm perplexed;
What will happen to me next?
I'm in a strait
To know my fate:
The girl I love is oversexed.

Lament of a Four-Year-Old Boy

So I'm too young to know the tricks;
She thinks my head is filled with bricks.
Too good for me
Or so thinks she:
The girl I love is over six.

Nap to Jo

They say that two in love are one
Within each other's heart;
A unifying love we've spun:
We're just a Bonaparte.

—Dave Markowitz

... Shakespeare



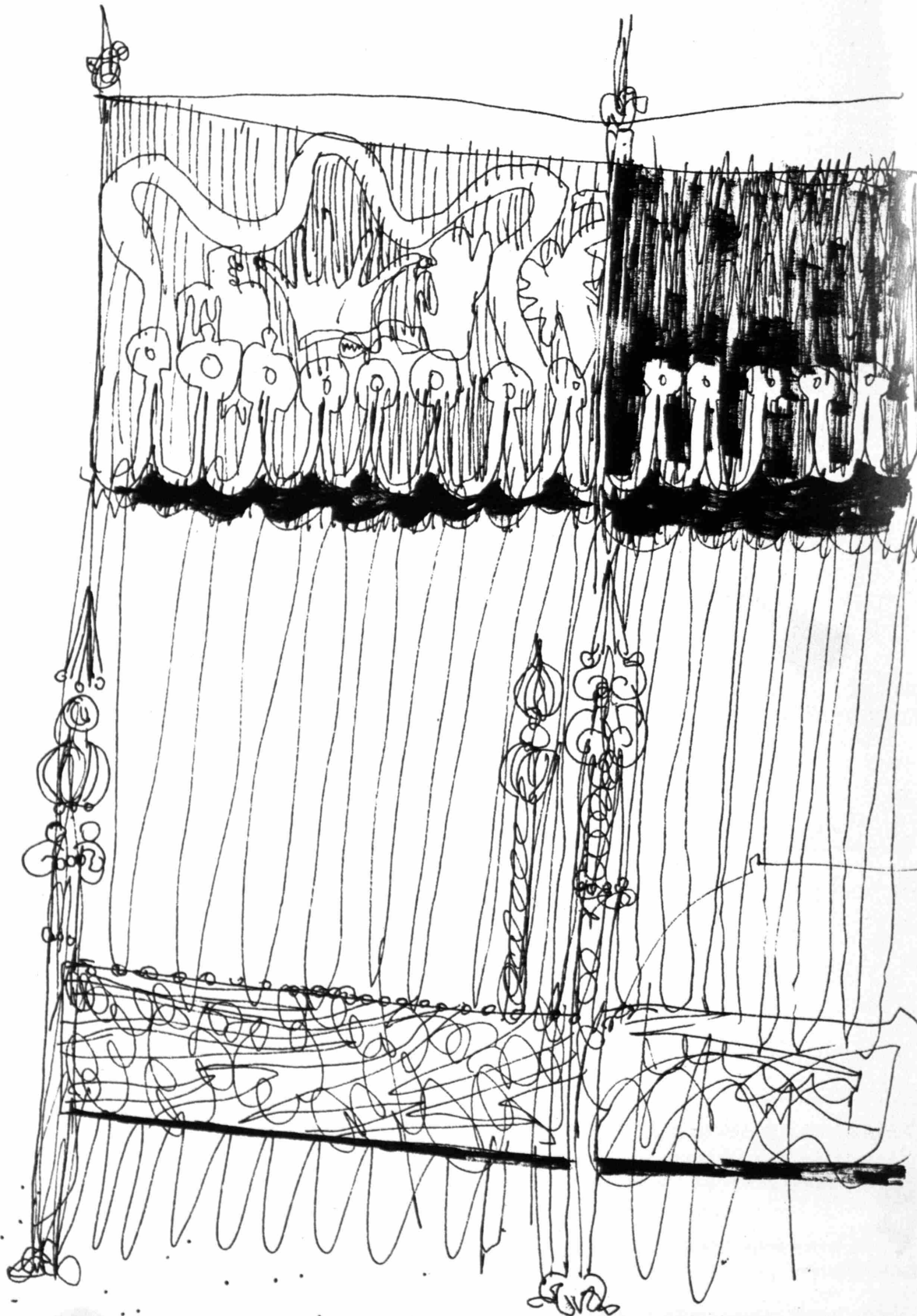
on
Dates

Prepare, madam, prepare. - *Love's Labours Lost*, Act V

Give me thy hand—I do begin to have bloody thoughts. - *The Tempest*, Act IV

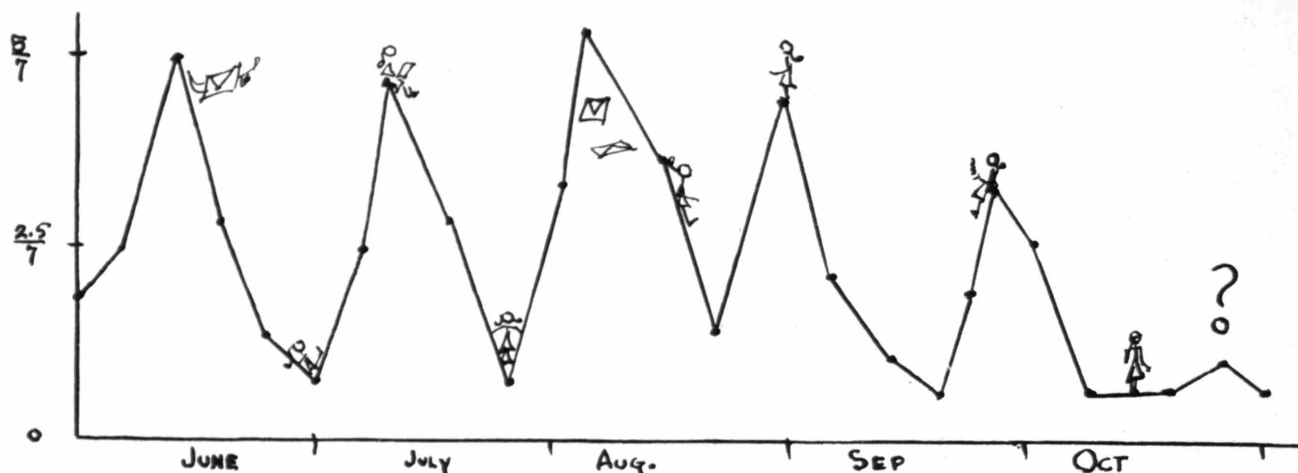


O horror! horror! horror! - *Macbeth, Act II*





STELL-L-LA-A-A!!!



A friend of ours told us this story and of course we didn't believe it, so he got us the data, we checked—and we'll be damned if every word of it isn't true.

Our friend—let's call him M— is an easy-going fellow; a little naïve perhaps and the possessor of a cum that is a bit too large for his own good, but otherwise quite a nice person to associate with. Therefore, we were pleased when, last spring semester, he announced to us that he had fallen in love with a Boston girl. We listened to his raptures as long as we could stand it, and then threw him out of the room. This did not faze him in the least, so we made a mental note to stay as far away from him as possible, as long as his love affair lasted.

However, it was still going full blast when the spring semester ended. Sorrowfully they bade each other farewell after pledging all sorts of sentimental trivia; subsequently M— embarked for his home which is in New York, and during the summer they exchanged a fairly lively correspondence.

Upon returning to Tech for the fall semester, he found that the girl (let us call her J—) had neglected to write him that he was transferring to Smith College, and consequently had left a week before, for Northampton, which is about ninety miles west of Boston. Quite put out, he, nevertheless, applied all his resourcefulness in attempting to scrounge automobile rides from his friends who never had any intention of wasting gasoline to heed the pleas of this careless Horace Greeley, being extremely satisfied themselves with the local products.

Failing this, he was forced to content himself with continuing the correspondence, and soon brought us and himself to nervous prostration with alternate fits of elation and depression as the letters came or didn't come. It was at this time that we resolved once more to keep away from him, and applied ourselves diligently to the task. People with

$$S_n = \frac{P_n}{S_n - S_{n-1}}$$

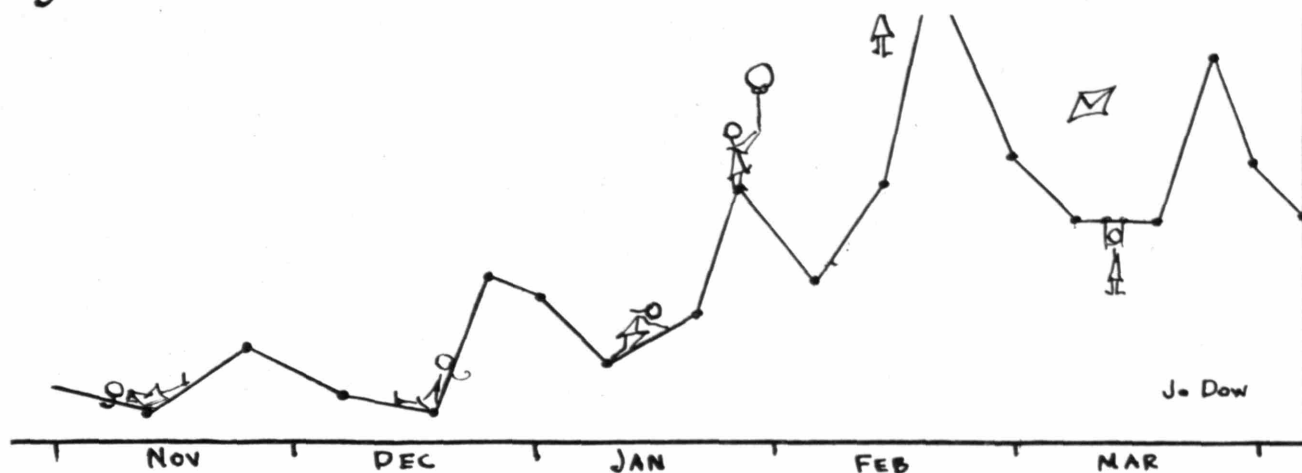
cars were not safe around M—; a crafty look would enter his eye at the mere sight of a motorscooter.

As he told us later, it was about the middle of October when the letters became more distant both in tone and frequency. He could be seen late at night in the billiard room playing himself ninety point games with a ferocity that was only equalled by his activity at the pinball machine.

One cold dateless Friday night early in November, when the last message he had received was a two line exposition on a soiled postcard postmarked two weeks earlier, he lugged out a box that contained all her letters, and poured them out on his desk.

In moments of stress, the greatest minds respond with all their pent up brilliance. M— brooded for half an hour. Then, somewhere in his mind—who knows? The creative genius is an impenetrable essence.

First he wrote down the postmark date of each letter in chronological order. Next he counted the number of pages in each letter and wrote this number down next to its corresponding date (see table 1). Third he counted the number of days between successive letters, and wrote them down in a third column. The fourth column contained the number in the second column divided by the number in the third column.



$$T_P = \frac{1}{T} \sum_{i=1}^T S_i$$

Next he acquired a sheet of graph paper, and on the abscissa he scaled off the days between his first and last letter. On the ordinate he placed a linear scale that would include his maximum and minimum fourth column values.

Then he plotted his data. Where he had received a large amount of letters in a short period of time, or where the number of pages per letter was unusually large, there the graph showed a peak. Where the reverse was true, there the graph showed a trough.

After connecting the points and drawing a continuous curve through them, he observed that the graph revealed a number of fascinating properties. There were five definite peaks or maxima, the first occurring in mid-June, the last in early October. The five peaks were separated by an average time abscissa value of 28.25 days.

Our friend thought about this for a while, and noted that after the final peak, the curve took a decided dip and levelled off for the remainder of the plotted values. He took out those letters which corresponded to the mid-October decline. Rereading them, he discovered in the letter that was responsible for the last peak, a small reference to a week-end spent at Williams College.

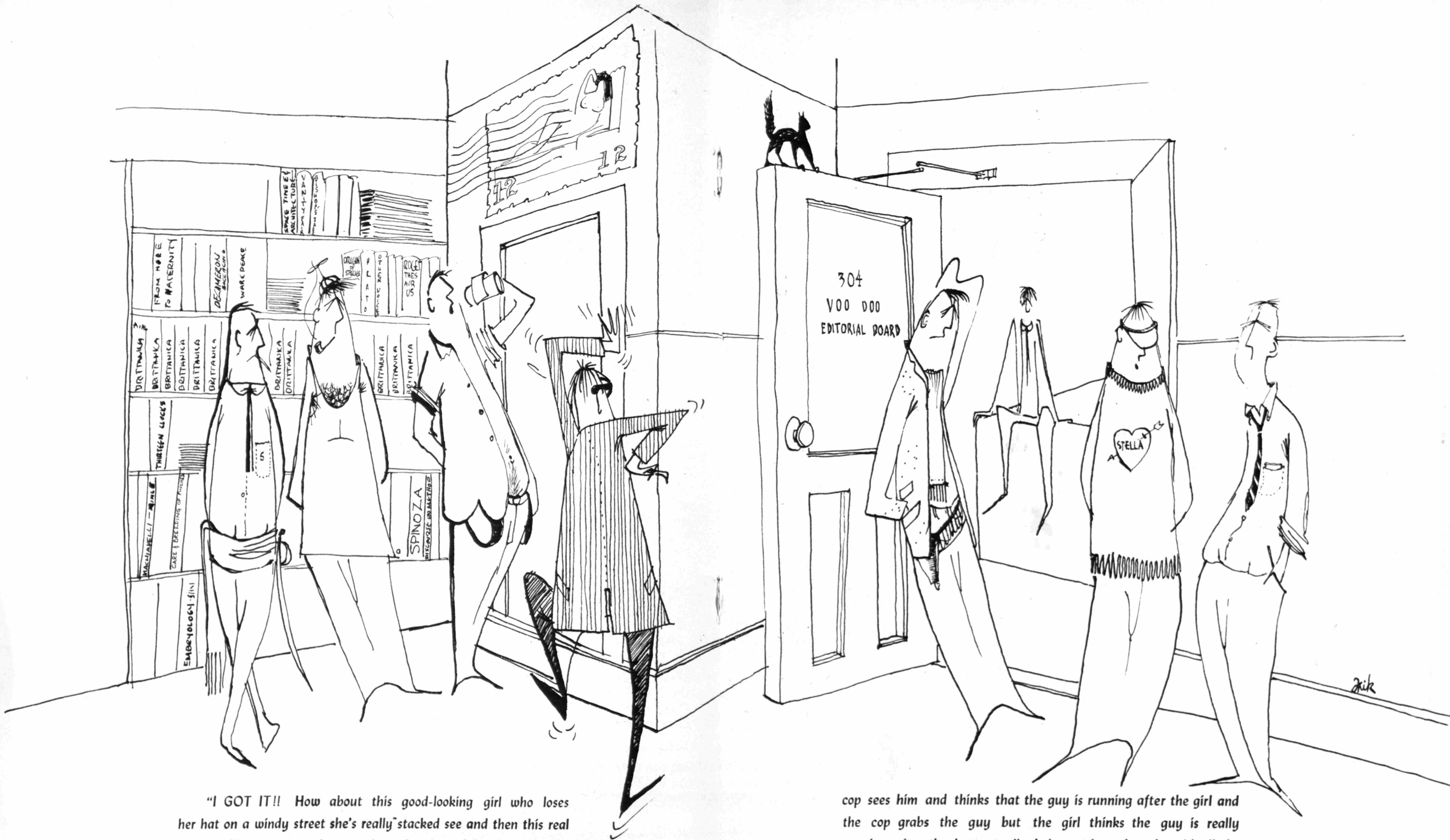
Our friend thought some more. Someone else, somewhere else, he surmised, was getting the benefits of those 28.25 day maximas.

M— tacked another sheet of graph paper onto the first and with the help of a calendar, continued plotting those peaks as they should theoretically occur every 28.25 days until June.

Then, working on a theory of forced resonance, for the next three months, he mailed one letter only, exactly one week before the predicted maxima was to occur. Right after his first letter in late November, the curve began to improve; the slope went from apathetic to positive. By the third letter in January, the curve was almost back to normal. In late February, he preceded the maxima with a personal visit to Smith which caused the largest peak hitherto to rear its statistical head.

Now it is March. Our friend is more easy-going than ever, a little less naïve than previously, and still possess a cum that is a trifle too large for his own good. His bookcase contains a large Computation Notebook filled with graphs and formulii. In grey pencil he has predicted the curve two years in advance, in blue pencil he has the actual curve plotted out, and in red pencil he modifies the grey curve as additional data comes in. He has altered the original method—now the graph utilizes words per day instead of pages per day. Many new variables such as his visits to Smith are being considered and weighted in words per day units. There are many details to be ironed out, and the standard deviation calculations are a bit thick but we have every confidence that M— will continue his researches with the same fine spirit that has marked his previous work.

We of Voo Doo stand humbly before the mighty power of the scientific method.



"I GOT IT!! How about this good-looking girl who loses her hat on a windy street she's really stacked see and then this real sharp-looking guy sees her running after it and he runs after her only it looks like he's running after the girl instead of the hat but he really is running after the girl this is the switch see and then a

cop sees him and thinks that the guy is running after the girl and the cop grabs the guy but the girl thinks the guy is really running after the hat actually he's running after the girl all the while and the girl explains it to the cop and the cop goes away and the girl goes away and the guy runs after the girl again and . . . ?"

"Something Different"

Any resemblance to persons living or dead is probably because most of this really happened.

Dear Mom,

Well, it's finally happened. Your only son has been smitten by the love bug. Boy, it's just like you said, really great. I suppose you're probably just dying to hear all about it. Well, it all started last Monday night.

I was lolling about the house, lackadaisically amusing a few of the house urchins with my famous interpretation of Sidney Greenstreet doing a torrid strip number, when I felt a hesitant tap on the shoulder.

"Yes, my lad," I said, looking up benignly.

I found to my surprise my bosom buddy (37½ to be exact), Carlisle-Pierpont (known affectionately around the house as Money Bags, possibly because of his penchant for dating rich girls), shuffling his feet with a general hangdog air about him.

"Come now, Pierpont lad, you've been up to something," I said sternly.

"Yes, sir," he replied tremulously. "I-I-well, some of the gang tough-uh-you've been studying so hard lately, so uh so!gotyouadate," he hurriedly squeaked, breaking for the door.

"You did what!" I roared. "Twenty lashes for your insolence. Stop him, somebody."

But my rash moment of anger passed quickly, and the next day, away from all disturbing influences, in the peace and serenity of my 8.03 class, I reflected. "Might not be so bad. Old Pierpont does have good taste in girls. Guess I'll give it a try."

Kindly telling Pierpont that he could come out of his hole now, I waited till he came out of his hole after some gentle prodding from the toe of my shoe, and then reassured him with a pleasant, "Oh, there you are, you scurvey little slob. Describe this girl to me before I wring your greasy little neck."

"Well," he started hesitantly, "they had a beauty contest out at Bradsely and she won second prize."

"Good, good," I said, chuckling lasciviously, my equanimity restored.

"The only trouble is," he added meekly, "that everybody else tied for first."

I sighed. It was going to feel good stomping this little wretch into the ground. I tried again. "Well, perhaps you can tell me the young lady's name," I asked with deceptive kindness.

"As a matter of fact," he whispered, beginning to back away, "as a matter of fact, it's Rutabaga Roe."

I don't feel it necessary to go into my feelings at

about this time; suffice it to say I was not too pleased. Anyway, I was feeling understandably queasy that Saturday night waiting in the lobby for Miss Roe. (For convenience sake we will hereafter refer to Miss Roe as Baga. Certainly no reflection upon Miss Roe's looks or character is intended.)

Then, she appeared. The minute I saw her, I knew it. This girl was different. Now, don't get the wrong idea. She didn't have a face like a leprous water buffalo or anything like that. She was lovely, really lovely. Just sort of well-you-know-different.

The ride back to the house was really a laugh-packed riot, just chuck full of hoorawrious ha ha's like this:

She: M.I.T. Isn't that that school by some water? I remember the last time I came this way I passed some water and someone said, "That's M.I.T."

Me: (cleverly) No, you must be thinking of some place else. I haven't passed water all day.

She: (Obviously not getting it and trying to pretend that she did) And I'll bet you had a leak in your canteen. So you said to your guide, what'll I do, Pierre?

Me: Huh!

That sort of thing. All the way back. All sixty-five minutes. Just sort of feeling each other out, you know. (No, no, it's not the same thing, Mom.)

I thought to myself resignedly, "All right, so she's not very sharp; so she doesn't catch on very quick. So what? Girls don't have to be sharp anyway."

As we were parking the car, I thought, being the notorious roué about the campus that I am, that it was about time to make a routine play for her affections. Going into the opening gambit of my time-tested and oft copied line, I said brightly, (suppressing a retch) "Gol-ly, but that's an awfully cute name you have, Baga."

Blushing prettily, she gushed, "Oh, do you really think so? It's really a very interesting story about how I got that name. You see, Daddy was stationed over in Saudi Arabia during the war and when he heard that I was born the first thing he said was 'Pyan Kyan' which means 'Leapin' Lizards' in back woods Hindustani and so from then on they called me Rutabaga and don't you think that's just the cutest little story you ever did hear?"

"Sure," I said, yawning politely.

As we were going into the house, she said flatteringly, "I hear M.I.T. is awfully hard. Are you sure you wouldn't like to go upstairs and study? I'm sure I'd be all right down here."

I assured her that those stories she'd heard about M.I.T.'s hardness were lies spread by Harvard and smiled complacently to myself. Boy, this girl was really hot for me. Imagine worrying about my grades after knowing me only an hour.

Once inside, she commenced fumbling about under my coat and pawing my freshly laundered shirt. "Looking for something?" I asked politely.

"Your pin, of course," she replied.

"Oh-yes," I said with a nervous laugh, "how silly of me." Several of the nearby waifs about the house seemed to think of something amusing about this time, for they broke out in a chorus of uproarious "Haw Haw's" until a venomous look from me sent them cowering into a corner.

"Were they laughing at me?" she asked plaintively, dropping her lashes.

"Why of course not, dear," I assured her gallantly. As we talked, I noticed that she kept staring at a point about two feet over my left shoulder. At first I suspected that there might be something really intriguing sitting on my left shoulder, and after assuring myself that this was not the case; I thought that perhaps for some obscure reason she had decided she's rather not look at me. Actually, it turned out that she thought she *was* looking at me. Seems she had forgotten her glasses.

Dinner passed rather uneventfully, the high spot of the meal coming when Baga insisted that we eat on the floor. She expressed the opinion that the stags were lucky because they could sit on the floor whenever they wanted to. Then before I had a chance to get out a sputtered "Huh?" she flitted on.

"I'm from Washington. The nation's capital, you know?"

I wearily acknowledged that I had known and decided to get drunk.

After about an hour of the stomping and shuffling which I like to optimistically call dancing, Baga blithely suggested that we sit down and take a load off her feet. Then, comfily ensconced on a nearby pile of empty beer cans, she suggested that we talk seriously for a while. When I obligingly concurred, she began.

"You know, I'm different from other girls."

"Oh," I said, scratching my head doubtfully and taking another careful look at her. Taking a sip of my TC, I hazarded a, "Yeah, uh, well, I'm different from other boys."

"How are you different," she snapped quickly.

Thinking a moment, my trigger like brain snapped the answer. "Oh, pick something. Just different, you know." Then, after a quick sip of my TC, I maced in with a, "Uh-how are you different?"

"Well, I've always wanted to do different things," she whispered, smiling at me in what I fondly imagined to be a sensuous manner.

My eyes gleaming wickedly, I forgot to take a sip of my TC as I said, "Yeah, well, I've always wanted to do different things too."

"What kind of things?" she fired back.

"Oh, you know. Uh—you do know, don't you?" Then, "Just pick an arbitrary something, and that will do nicely," I finished weakly, cursing myself for chickening out. Then, hopefully, "Uh—what kind of things have you always wanted to do?"

"Well, one time I saw a cow and I wanted to milk it," she said brightly.

"Oh—sure," I said, losing interest and taking a few quick sips of my TC. "Well, I've always wanted to milk a cow, too," I added lamely and then we sat there and watched the conversation wither and die.

You know, I really admire a girl that can talk seriously. I think that's really keen. A girl that doesn't josh around all the time. One that can be serious when you want to be serious. I wanted to be serious.

"Oh, stop it, silly," she giggled.

"Aw."

"Now you stop it. This minute. I mean it. I'm different from other girls, you know," she said primly.

I said, "Yeah," and muttered, "Damn," to myself and took a sip of my TC.

I consider it unnecessary to bore you with a blow by blow description of the rest of the evening. I think a simple "we talked" covers it pretty well.

The ride back was equally uneventful, broken only by the sound of scuffling and giggles from the front seat. Then, as we pulled up in front of Brad's, I leaned over for my good night kiss.

Suddenly she came alive in my arms. With hot, pulsating lips she kissed me again and again, her quivering body molded to mine. With an ecstatic moan, she moved her lips down and began to nuzzle my neck. I felt a sharp pain in my throat and something warm and sticky began running down my neck. Somehow, her face took on a sinister cast as she whispered throatily, "Blood! I love blood."

I don't know what it was about her. I guess it was just that she was—well, you know—different.

Yours truly,

Fradley

—Ralph Hadac

Advice To Authors

Would you like to get ahead, be admired and respected by your friends? Would you like hordes of women flocking around you, hugging and kissing you wherever you go? Would you like to be quoted by great men, be separated from the common crowd? It can happen, you know. Yes, happen to YOU. Is there any surer road to success than that marked by the pen? The author is at the pinnacle of our society. He drinks the best scotch (by the case), tours Europe and Africa, and has three wives. He hobknobs with earls and is coddled by countesses. Les femmes throw themselves at his feet begging to be immortalized in cold black print and to rest for eternity between calfskin covers. Think of all the men who were made by the printed page, Plato, St. Augustine, Hemmingway, Spillane. You can be one of them. All you need to start is a pencil and a piece of paper.

Style is the key word. To succeed at the game you must have a style that gets to your reader. You must burrow inside him, tug at his guts, make him cry, get him to pull the trigger. What would Spillane be without his hot blood, hot forty-fives, and hot women? Another Child's Garden of Verses, that's all. Give them what they want. Cram it down their throats, and they'll cram your pockets with money.

The next most important thing in writing is to publish as soon as you can. You must put your writing before the public, so that they can recognize your genius as soon as possible. There is a certain alleged humor magazine on this campus that will publish almost anything. So, for all budding writers in the local area, the problem of publication is solved.

Now that you have decided to write, you must carefully scrutinize your readers and find out what their hidden desires and frustrations are. Once these are known to you, you can write what they want in the way they want it. The author of this work has carefully gone over many of the stories which have appeared in the above mentioned humor magazine and which have met with public acclaim. He has found the style and content of a story that will guarantee anyone immediate success. This story will be henceforth referred to as the ideal story.

The ideal story begins in a Tech dormitory room,

preferably 12 by 16 feet. It is imperative that the room be in the worst possible shape. Signs of profuse smoking and drinking must be present. Use phrases like: "Empty beer cans carpeted the floor" or "The air was heavy with the odor of burning sliderules and stale cigarettes." It is nice to have the hero's homework lying neglected in the corner or have a diligently studying roommate in the corner. This adds a note of contrast and increases the general intensity of the atmosphere. If either of them appears in the ideal story, they must always be in the corner. The reason for this is not clear to the author at the moment, but it is only a minor point anyway.

The delineation of the ideal hero is quite rigid. He must first be an undergraduate of M. I. T. in rather mediocre standing. Two days' growth of beard and signs of dissipation must adorn his visage. Steps are taken to indicate that he is rather well liked by women. Say things like: "Sylvia had just left him, but what the hell did he care? She was a slut and he knew plenty like her, Lizzy, Sheila, Penny, Sue, Jane, (long list preferable) . . ."

There is no specific plot for the ideal story. Actually, it doesn't need a plot at all. However, we suggest that one be used because it allows the writer to connect the end with the beginning. During the main part of the story a reference must be made to machinery of some sort. The reference may be either complimentary or derogatory. An example of the former type is: "Herman had just succeeded in inventing a still that produced 110% alcohol and could be concealed in a dormitory closet with practically no effort at all." An example of the latter type is: "Herman fanatically stomped on the offending hi-fi set until nothing was left but a twisted grid and a 47 megohm resistor." One of the cleverest ways of introducing this necessary reference to machinery is to make one of the secondary characters a robot. Such as: "Before drowning himself in the Charles, Herman's genius roommate had built him a universal Tech-tool robot called Norobot. Norobot attended all Herman's classes and did all his homework so that Herman's mind was left free to contemplate the lower things in life which he truly loved because they were so much fun."

Sex seems not to be a terribly important feature of the ideal story. This is unusual considering it is one of the most talked about subjects today, both in and out of literature. A dull steady atmosphere of impending intercourse, or something even less exciting will suffice for the whole of the narrative. The proper phrases to use are: "Herman had a date for that evening," or "He had just received a letter from his old girl who was coming to see him." Women seldom appear in person in the ideal story. The mention of machinery or mechanical methods seems to be the thing that really excites the reader.

The importance of the ending cannot be over emphasized. For this, the reader has diligently been dragging himself through the preceding pages. He expects something big and he deserves to get it. The ending of the ideal story should not be funny, clever or moral. There is only one word that should describe it, upsetting, gastronomically, that is. If you can make the reader belch up his dinner, you have achieved the epitome of ideal endings. If all else fails, there is nothing like Mickey's trick of spilling a little blood and guts to soften him up.

There you have it, the sure road to success. Just start writing and you'll be famous in no time. Remember, if Boccaccio could do it, so can you.

—Jim Dow

A recession is a period in which you tighten your belt.

A depression is a time when you have no belt to tighten.

When you have no pants to hold up it's a panic.



Salesman: "This model has a top speed of 130 miles per hour and she'll stop on a dime."

Prospect: "What happens then?"

Salesman: A little putty knife comes out and scrapes you off the windshield."



They laughed when I stood up in the canoe, they didn't know I was too cheap to tip it.

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Announcements of the professor's new book and his wife's new baby appeared almost simultaneously. The professor, when he was congratulated by a friend upon "this proud event in your family," naturally thought of that great achievement which had cost him the greater effort and modestly replied: "Well I couldn't have done it without the help of two graduate students."



"Here's a picture of my father at a Sunday School picnic."

"Which one's your father?"

"How should I know?"



Two small mice were crouched under a table in the chorus girls' dressing room of a big Broadway show.

"Wow," exclaimed the first mouse, "have you ever seen so many gorgeous legs in your life?"

"Means nothing to me," said the second. "I'm a titmouse."



We understand that manufacturers of brassieres are currently making only three kinds: The Russian type, the Salvation Army type and the American type.

The function of the Russian type is to uplift the masses.

The function of the Salvation Army type is to raise the fallen.

The function of the American type is to make mountains out of mole hills.



The Indian kept raising his hand and saying "chance" each time a tourist passed by. Finally one of them asked him, "Why do you keep saying 'chance' when all the other Indians say 'how'?"

"Me already know how. Me just want chance."

The teacher was explaining to the grammar school students the merits of owning a yearbook and having one's picture in it.

"Just think," she said, "Thirty years from now you you can look in this annual and say, 'There's Johnnie Smith; he's a judge now. And there's Mary Allen; she's a nurse. And there's . . .'"

"And there's teacher," came a voice from the back room, "She's dead."



Thinking she recognized her husband, a lady in a suburban train left her seat and put her arms around a man sitting several seats ahead. Naturally she was greatly embarrassed when the man turned around, and she saw that he was a perfect stranger.

"Oh, pardon me," she stammered, "but your head looks exactly like my husband's behind."

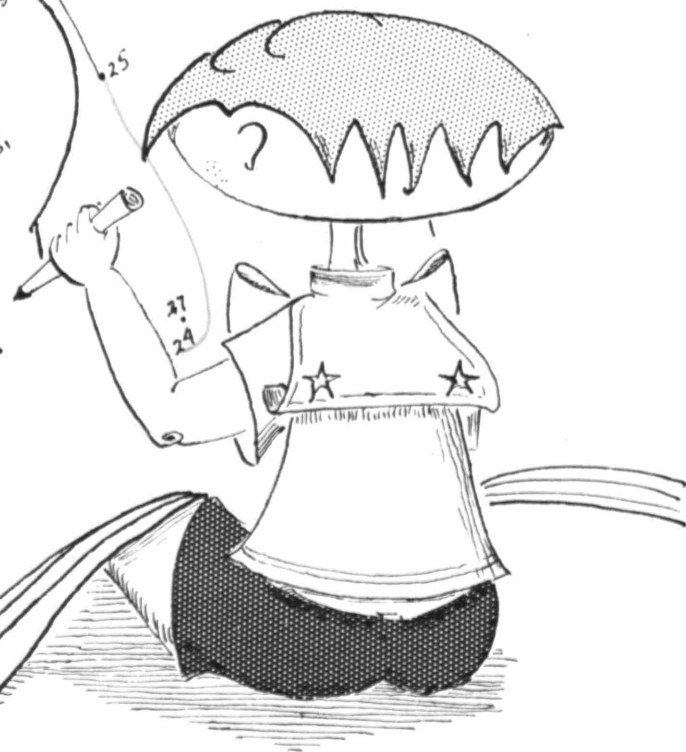
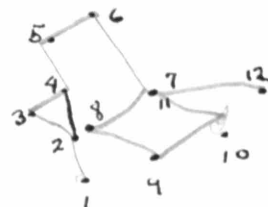


Don't go in the stable, Grandma, you're too old to be horsing around.



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"Il faut être à Boston pour trouver dans le vieux
port un restaurant-tea-room où l'on joue les
grands chefs-d'œuvre de Beethoven, Chopin et
Liszt—et où le menu porte cette remarque: 'On
est prié de parler doucement pendant que le
piano se fait entendre.'"

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A man entered a drugstore and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Do you want them put in a box, sir?" asked the clerk, as he was counting them out.

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the customer. "I was thinking of rolling them home."



The little old lady over the crib: "Ooo you look so sweet I could eat you."

"The hell you could," the baby muttered. "You haven't any teeth."



Wabbits have a funny face,
Their private life is a disgwace,
Oo'd be surprised if oo but knew
The awful things that wabbits do,
And often, too . . .



"Di'ja shce me come in da door?"

"Yes."

"Never shaw me before in ya life did'ja?"

"No."

"Howja know it was me?"



"Cheer up, friend," said the parson to the dying editor, "You have a bright future ahead of you."

"That's whats bothering me," gasped the editor. "I can see it blazing."



They're serving their country in airplanes,
They're sailing far over the sea.
Oh, hang out that service flag, Mother:
Your son's in the ROTC.



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



Mother is the necessity for convention.

Little Miriam came home from kindergarten one day, and discovered her white-haired grandmother sitting in her rocking chair and knitting a very tiny sweater.

"What ith you making, Grandmommy?" asked Little Miriam.

"A little something to keep you warm this winter, heartstring," Grandmother answered tenderly.

The next day when Little Miriam came home, she again found Grandmother sitting in her rocking chair and knitting on the same tiny sweater. "What ith you making, Grandmommy?" asked Little Miriam again. "A little something to keep you warm this winter, heartstring," Grandmother repeated sweetly.

The same routine continued every day for several weeks, until finally one afternoon, the snow began to fall. When Little Miriam came in, she went directly to her grandmother and said, "Deawest Grandmommy, the snow ith falling. When ith you going to finish my wittle sweater?"

"Damn, you're an impatient brat," said Grandmother, and poked out Little Miriam's eye with the knitting needle.



There was a neurotic from Natchez
Who wrote in weird Freudian scratches.
Her Doc was impressed
'Til she finally confessed
That she wrote with her toes and burnt matches.



Some small children were discussing their origins.
1st Boy: "Pop bought me in the department store."
2nd Boy: "My folks got me from the doctor."
Little Girl (shyly): "My folks were too poor, so I was home-made."



In Boston, folks go in for reading—
And place great emphasis on breeding—
It's all quite fun
Where e'er it's done
With pauses now and then for feeding.

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"Why not
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A man went into a restaurant and ordered whole wheat bread. The waitress brought white. Next day he again ordered whole wheat bread, and again the waitress brought white. This went on for a week. At last he decided that the only way to get what he wanted was to ask for the opposite. So, having ordered his lunch, he added, "And some white bread, please."

The waitress looked puzzled. "But aren't you the man who always has whole wheat?"



Mother: "Son, I don't want to see you going around with that wild girl any more."

Son: "Heck, Ma, she ain't wild, anybody can pet her."



A group of farmers were crowded around the post office window to get their mail, when one of them stalked up and shouted: "Any mail for Mike Howe?"

The post office clerk, a stranger in the community, glared at him over the rims of his spectacles and shouted back: "No, not for your cow nor anybody else's cow."



Three slightly deaf old maids were motoring to London in an old noisy car and hearing was difficult. As they neared the city one asked, "Is this Wembly?"

"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I," put in the third. "Let's stop and have one."



A cat was seen running wildly down alleys, up fire escapes, down cellars and what not. A neighbor knew whose cat it was and reported it. "Your cat is running around like mad." "I know," came the reply. "He's just been sterilized and he's rushing around cancelling engagements."

Old-time gambler ex-king Farouk on the flat Christian Dior fashions and what they are doing to milady's appearance: "It's like throwing away a pair of aces."



Have you heard about one of the new lecturers?
He's not a fast lecturer.
He's not a slow lecturer.
He's a rather Half-Fast Lecturer.



Exhorted by his friend to make a will, one of our local citizens did so. On his demise last week the will was opened. All it said was: "Being of sound mind, I have spent all my money."



"Lady," said the small boy, "if you give us a quarter my little brother will act like a hen."

"What will he do?" inquired the lady, "cackle?"

"Naw, he wouldn't do a cheap thing like that; he'll eat a woin."



It has recently come to our attention that a survey of the American life and people over the last fifty years has just been completed. On re-reading the final draft the author burned the manuscript and committed suicide.



If at first you don't succeed—don't try again—she'll be expecting it.



A little song entitled: The Moon Was Yellow
And I Was A Little Chicken Myself.

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He had Tarzan eyes—they swung from limb to limb.



His face was flushed but his broad shoulders saved him.



And then there was the dog who saw the sign "Wet Paint" on the bench—so he did.



She always keeps her money in the top of her dress. Yes, there's gold in them thar hills.



A neurotic person is one who has two feet firmly planted in mid-air.



My mother and father were brother and sister, and that's why I look so much alike.



A pink elephant is a beast of bourbon.

The drunk lurched to the elevator, opened the door, and stepped in. Unfortunately, the elevator was not there, and Uncle Lushwell plopped the six stories to the bottom of the shaft. Dusting himself off, he scowled and shouted, "Dammit, I said UP."



Then there was the showgirl who was so narrow-minded she needed only one earring.



Familiarity breeds attempt.



She wouldn't stay out so late if the boys didn't make her.

What's a doughnut?
A cookie with sex appeal.



FALSIES
Udder foolishness.

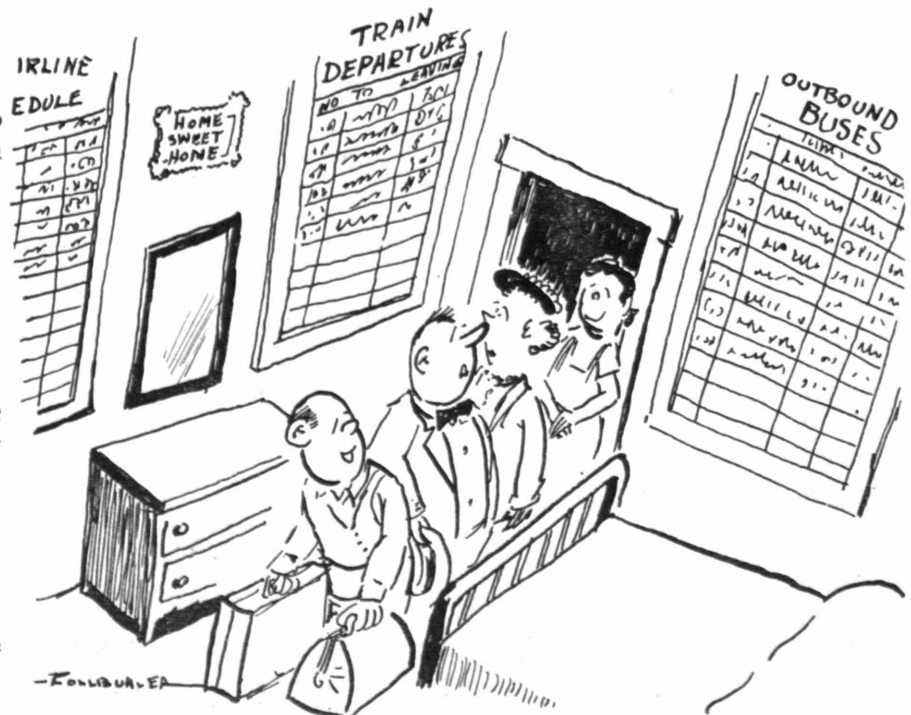


She was so excited about her low-cut gown she could hardly contain herself.



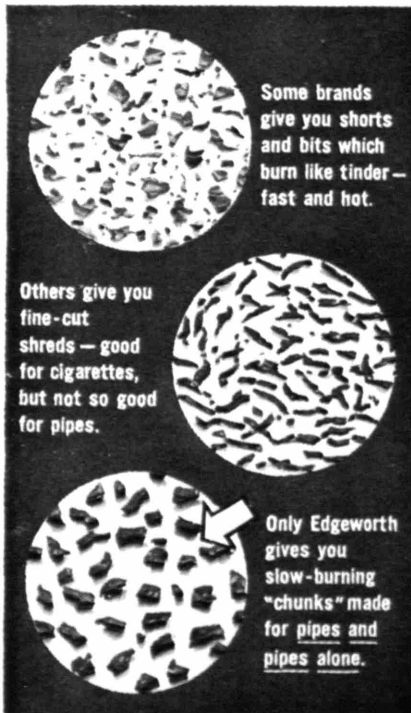
Whistler, the famous painter, was exasperated when he came home from work one night and found his mother sitting in the middle of the living room floor.

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



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—that's a Cavalier!

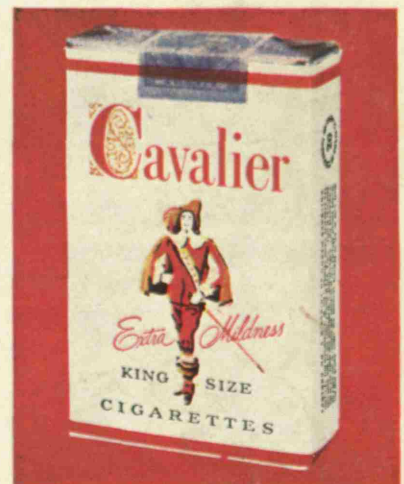


Graduate to Cavaliers! Light up and *feel* that Cavalier mildness—so light, smooth and easy! Try a pack of Cavaliers today. See if

you don't agree with thousands of smokers who compared king-size Cavaliers with the cigarettes they'd been smoking. Yes . . .

YOU CAN'T help but notice — on campus and off — smart smokers are shifting to king-size Cavaliers. Try them and find out what a pleasure smoking can be when the smoke *feels* so mild and *tastes* so good!

Cavaliers give you the world's aristocratic tobaccos blended in an extra length. There is no better natural filter! There is no finer source of delightful flavor! Today's the day. Get Cavaliers . . . get extra mildness where it counts — in the *feel* of the smoke!



CAVALIERS ARE KING-SIZE
yet priced no higher than leading
regular-size cigarettes!

See why, among thousands of smokers interviewed . . . **8 OUT OF 10 SAID**

CAVALIERS ARE MILDER!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.