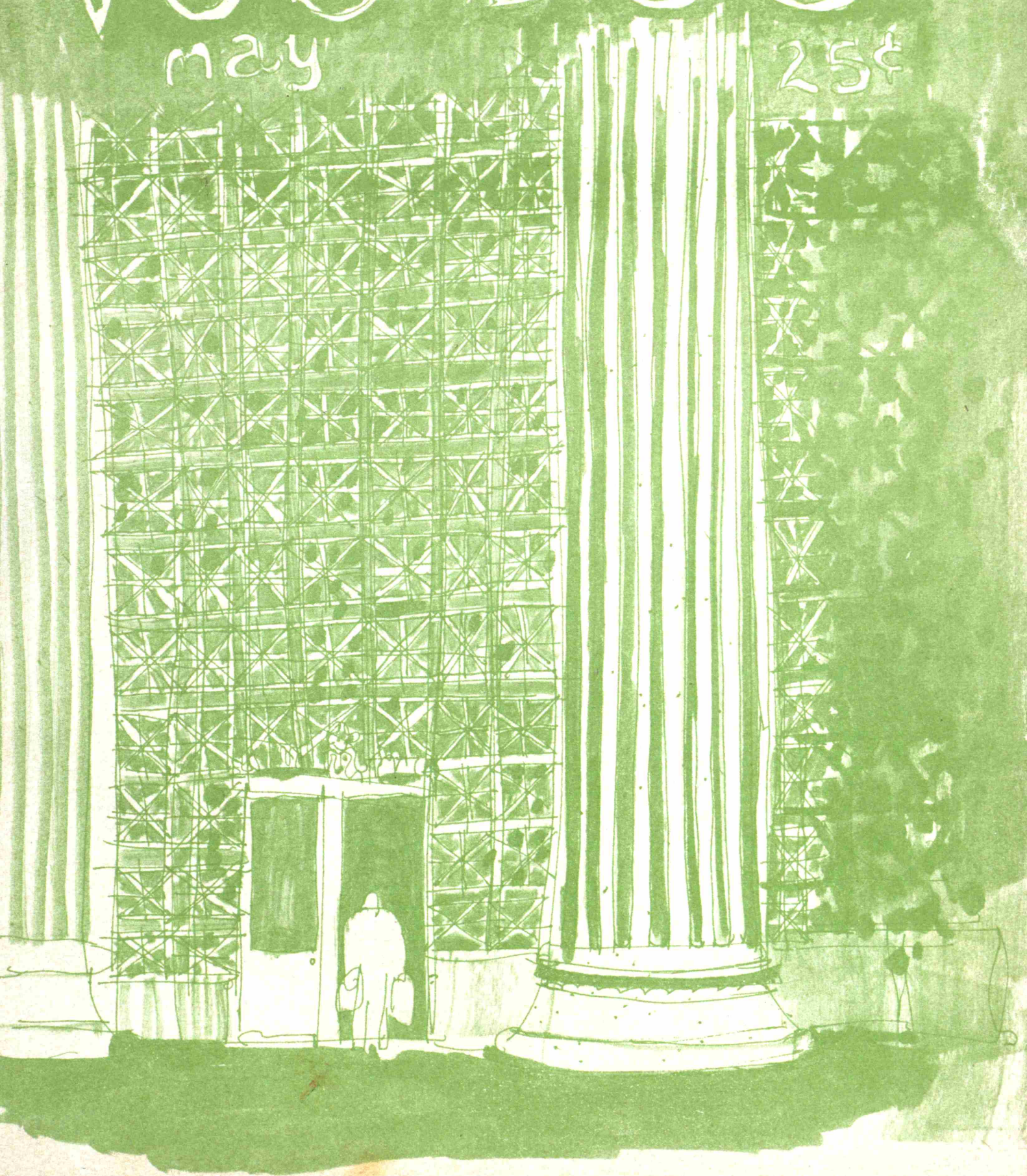


VOODOO

may

25¢



Two dancers named Fifi and Ray,
 Not missing a beat, stopped to say,
 "Real beer and the mambo
 Make a wonderful combo...
 More Schaefer for all - and 'ollay'!"



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 more beer—and it's real beer, too—when you buy the Schaefer full quart. Try it today!

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



GEE whiz, but exciting things have been happening up here in Walker. *Technique* has bought an icebox, and filled it with beer. *Real honest-to-betsy beer!* For over a week now the board and staff members have been admiring the results. They sit around by the hour, patting the sides of the refrigerator, feeling the porcelain enamel, opening and closing the door, speculating as to whether the light stays on all the time, and being generally enthusiastic. But tonight! tonight they decided to *open* a can. We know, because at eleven-thirty the general-manager appeared at our door, begging piteously for a can opener.

STROLLING through the coop the other day we noticed a display featuring a new book titled *A Million Random Digits*. A charming and tastefully written volume, we suppose, and one that no handy - dandy - home - servo-mechanisms-lab should be without. Our fascination, however, was centered on the printing problem. Who the hell typed it? Office hours or spare time? Our experience has taught us that printers are apt to misspell even the alphabet if not watched night and day. Perhaps the book was assembled by drunken men throwing type slugs at the press. We would particularly like to offer a tribute to the proof reader, and would like to drop in with a martini during visiting hours.

A Tech co-ed, we have heard, was taking her cute little puppy to the Margaret Cheney room to show it to the rest of the girls, when it relieved itself in a corner of building seven.

I say, "... we have heard ...". Actually, we were not supposed to hear. A friend of ours saw the incident, but was pleadingly admonished, "For God sakes, don't tell him. By the time it gets printed in Voo Doo three months from now, it will be three Tech Co-eds relieving themselves in the middle of building ten."

A few days ago, at the women's dorm, one of the inmates was wearing a blossom on her dress. A friend of ours stood admiring it for several seconds and then moved closer, the better to view it. Suddenly he was halted by the cry, "Stop mutilating my flower."

A few of our more easily impressed aspirants to sophistication have discovered a new and easy way to win a reputation. They can be seen Saturday and Sunday afternoons and every evening at dusk on Briggs Field. They are dressed in cord jackets, regimentals, bucks, and an occasional pair of bermudas. They carry beers or gin-and-tonics, and play at croquet. That's right, croquet. Oh, well, it smells better than wrestling.

PROFESSORS at Tech, to use their own pet expression, are dynamically stable. What I mean is they refuse to fly off the handle no matter what you do.

In 5.62 lecture, Professor Amdur was being incessantly interrupted by a single perplexed student; in fact this fellow was so perplexed, the only thing he was sure of was that Amdur was wrong. After about the fifth outburst, the professor smiled a trifle wryly and said, "Bless your chubby little heart, ...".

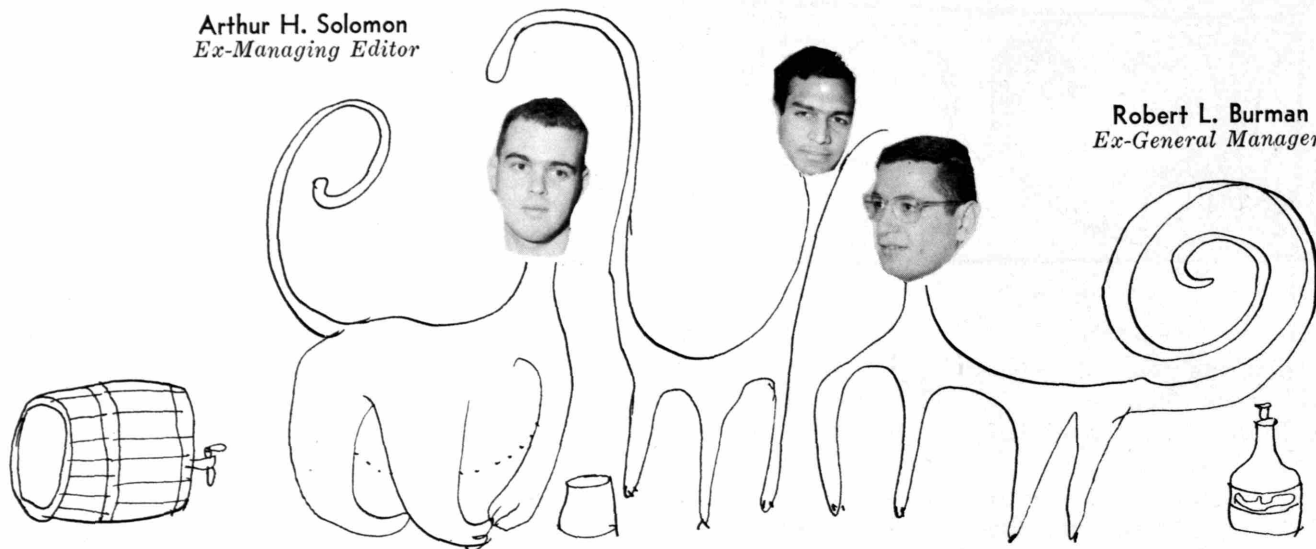
He of the chubby heart remained silent the rest of the period.

WITH all the glories of living in the clean, antiseptic, socially rounded atmosphere of Baker House, there is still something to be said for East Campus. A certain bohemianism, an indefinable *joie de vivre*. A friend of ours who lives there recently trapped a mouse, skinned and cured the pelt, and used the fur to line an athletic supporter.

A quick check of the Boston telephone directory shows numbers for *Avnet, Harry*; and *Avola, Alexander*; but no *Avo-gadro*.

Arthur H. Solomon
Ex-Managing Editor

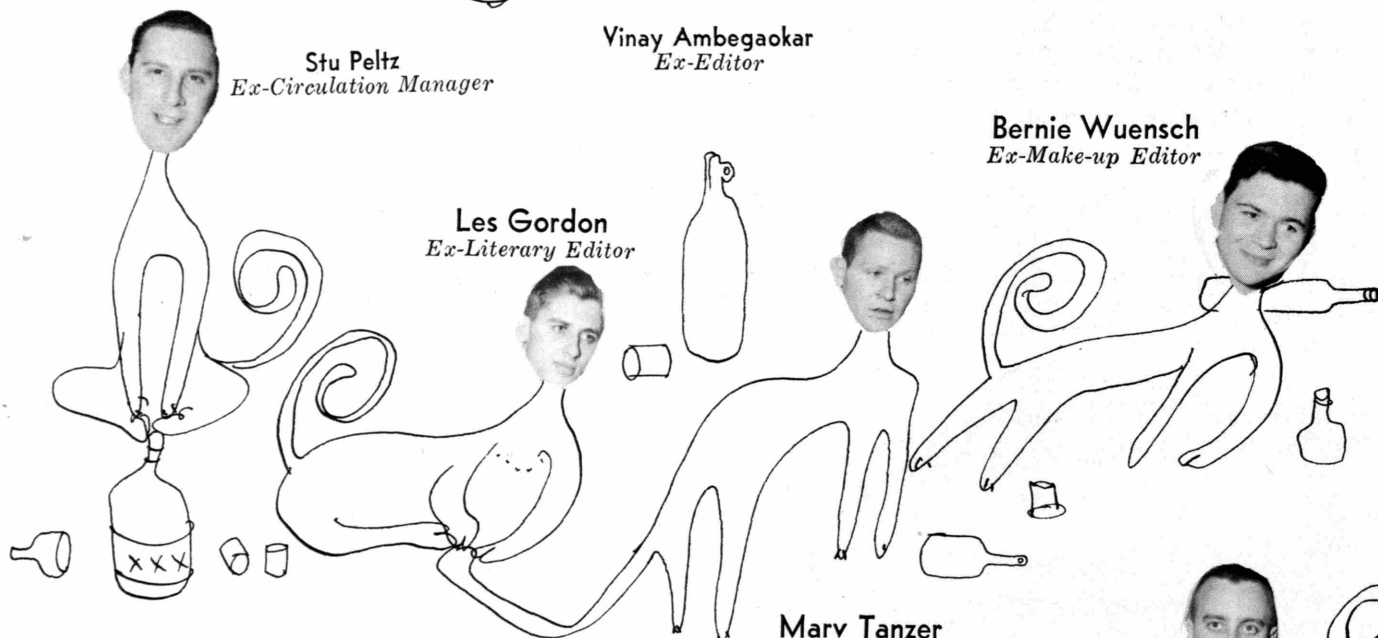
Robert L. Burman
Ex-General Manager



Stu Peltz
Ex-Circulation Manager

Vinay Ambegaokar
Ex-Editor

Bernie Wuensch
Ex-Make-up Editor



Les Gordon
Ex-Literary Editor

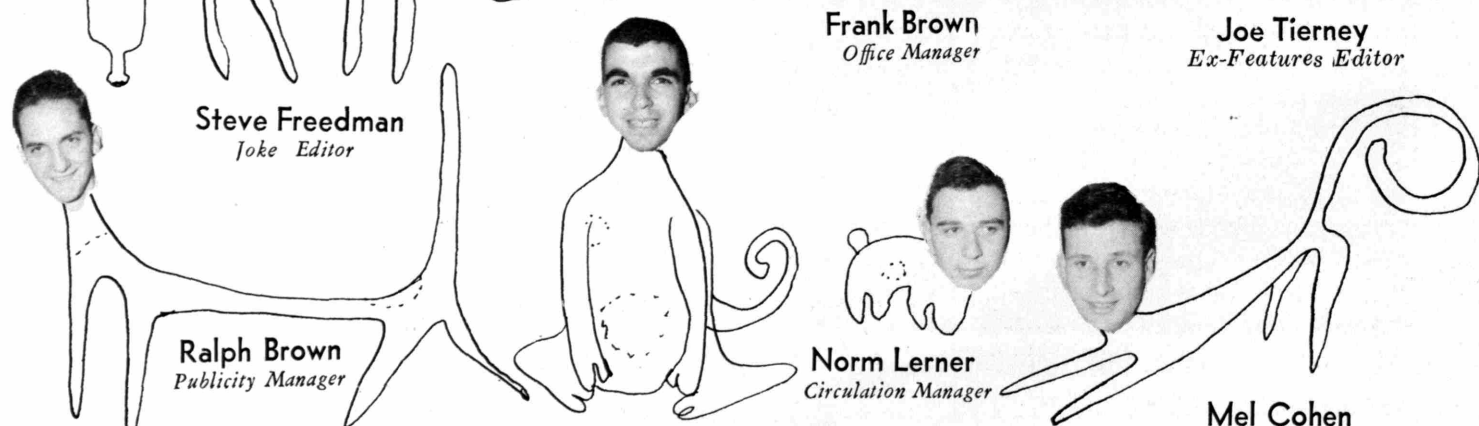
Marv Tanzer
Ex-Joke Editor



Steve Freedman
Joke Editor

Frank Brown
Office Manager

Joe Tierney
Ex-Features Editor



Ralph Brown
Publicity Manager

Norm Lerner
Circulation Manager

Mel Cohen
Sales Manager

Alan May
Treasurer

Robert D. Lukacik
Managing Editor



Charles B. Fink
Editor



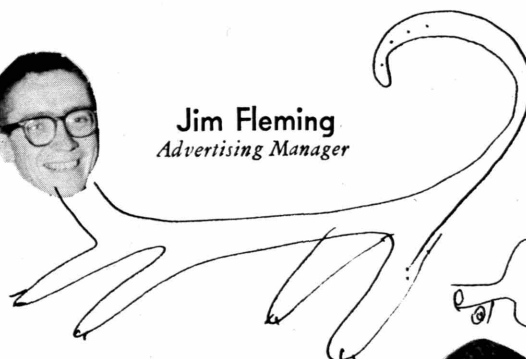
David C. Seidel
General Manager



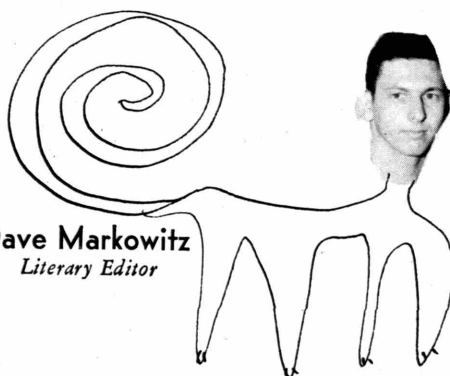
Ron Gower
Art Editor



Jim Fleming
Advertising Manager



Ted Korelitz
Make-up Editor



Dave Markowitz
Literary Editor



Jim Dow
Features Editor

ASSOCIATES

Art

Bill Alexander
Reg Griffith
Jerry Solomon
Stu Ohlson
Al Glueck
Pete Samton

Treasury

Lou Scholtz
Rich Gottlieb
Dan Borenstein

Literary

Vic Teplitz
Phil Pearl

Sales

Ron Lieber
Carl Thomas
Tom Jones
Bob Turner
Bill Ortung
John Crews
Irv Gross
Jim Kellard
John Day
Walt Ray
Gene Block

Office Cat

Phosphorous

Publicity

Larry Kaiden
Richard Hardy
Rudy Currimjee
Don Zalkin
Mike Schneider
Irvin Stiglitz
Ed Tellerman
Larry Wright
Bob Hanson
Ron Maiden
Jokes
C. A. Gellar
Dave Brown
Betsy
Al Hoch
Beauregard Bugleboy

Make-up

Chuck Gorodetsky
Mike Edelstein
Jerry Cline
John Bastias
Dick Westerhoff
Chuck Speer
Oscar Manley
Al Esbitt
Stan Cortel
Features
Don Bavy
Ralph Dopmeyer
Elliot Framin
Leo Kelley
J. Rodger Rump
Launcelot J. Turtle Ann

Circulation

Gary Rosenthal
Don Gluck
Jim Friedman
Ed Roberts
Phil Shaeffer
Carla

Office

Harry Salesky
Hank Meltzer

Advertising

Sam Olie
Bob Koch
Martha

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

Copyright, 1955, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board for the Students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Office Hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday. Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

This months cover by Gower

DEAR MATH DEPARTMENT

One day, comfortably reclining in one of the luxurious straw seats of the bus that takes me home every night, I noticed a yellow pocket comb that had apparently been left by some previous passenger. A few days later I happened to take the same seat; this time I found a discarded lipstick. Out of curiosity I sat in the same spot the next day and was rewarded by a page from a loose leaf notebook. It was labeled "assignments" and I learned that someone was reading Voltaire in French, writing a five hundred word theme in English, and reading chapter V in psychology. Chemistry was also listed; beside it were two words: mass-action and ugh.

After this I became an habitue of the fifth seat from the front on the left. As I was jounced along, I would wonder about the girl who was throwing away, or leaving behind, the things I had been finding. I built elaborate theories on her character from the way she formed an "s"; I figured out her entire personality from the fact that she misspelled Voltaire. It was a much better way to waste the ride home than thinking about the ping-pong games I had just lost at the 5:15 club.

And so each day I would wait anxiously for the bus and rush to see what new objects the day's ride would reveal. Sometimes I found nothing (one of these times I found a cigar butt; this I decided to ignore), but reasonably often there would be something that would add to my store of knowledge about *her*. I even found the English theme and ment-



ally replaced the ugh she had written beside chemistry.

I discovered her name—Nancy Jans—on a psychology test. It was a "C" and the instructor had penciled a note to the effect that he was interested in Freud's ideas on sex, not hers. There was a letter from a summer camp asking her to be a counselor again this year and promising a fifty dollar raise.

Then one day it happened. She had forgotten her pocket book. Her handkerchief was perfumed. Her cigarettes were in a gold case. There was a lighter which didn't work. And there was an identification card in it: Nancy Jans; address; telephone number; five-foot-three; blue eyes; brown hair; no identifying marks.

Also in the wallet was one picture. It was a snapshot, apparently taken before the big dance, of two girls in evening gowns. One was beautiful—exactly the person I'd always thought of Nancy as being. The bus went three blocks past my stop while I dreamt of an evening with her. Then I looked at the other; she was excessively plain. As a matter of fact, she was downright ugly. Slowly I turned the picture over; on the back of it were written the names Nancy and Emily.

That was last week. I haven't been to a class since; I just sit home and brood all day. Please tell me, *what are the odds?*

—Vic Teplitz



A Countess sued a man for defamation of character because he had called her a pig. The man was fined, and afterwards he asked the judge, "You mean I can never call the Countess a pig again?"

"That's right," was the reply.

"Well," said the defendant, "is it all right if I call a pig a Countess?"

"That you can do," replied the judge.

The defendant then turned toward the witness box, looked her right in the eye and said, "Good afternoon, Countess."



A multi-millionaire had 5 children, all married, but no grandchildren. He had them over for dinner, bowed his head in grace, and prayed, "I hope I may soon have a grandchild. Today I put \$100,000 in the bank in escrow for the first one. Thank you, Lord." When he lifted his head, no one remained at the table.



A stout, ragged, southern girl ran up the path to the church and asked a fellow, hurriedly, "Is Mass out?" "No," responded the fellow, "but your hat's on crooked."

Joe: "She's a vision of beauty. A regular mirage."

Gus: "I get what you mean but you're using the wrong word. A mirage is something you can see but can't feel."

Joe: "That's her."



While out of town, a stingy husband sent his wife, as a present, a check for a million kisses. The wife, a little annoyed, sent back a post card which read:

"Dear Jim: Thanks for the birthday check. The milkman cashed it for me this morning."

A young man announced his engagement to the gang. "Tonight," said one of his pals, "will decide whether you're a man or a mouse. If you make love to her tonight, you're a man. If you don't you're just a mouse." "Well, boys," said the fellow, "I'm way ahead of you. Meet a rat."



"Mamma, can I go out and play?"

"What? With those holes in your pants?"

"No, with the kids across the street."

JOBS IN WYOMING

for the summer. Work amidst rugged mountains, sunshine and blue skies.

Uranium, fishing, cowboyin!

\$1.00 brings complete information.

Write FRONTIERS Dept. 142

**429 Majestic Building
Cheyenne, Wyoming**

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

Next to Loew's State Theatre

CO 6-2103

**NATURALLY—TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO. FOR
THE MOST COMPLETE LIQUOR, WINE & BEER STOCK IN BOSTON**

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

FREE DELIVERY

Party Planning
Always Plenty of Ice Cubes

ODE ON A LAMP SEEN AT MORGAN MEMORIAL

Thou still unpurchased crypt of radiance,
Thou by-product of Faraday and Edison,
Minstrel narrator who holds my audience
With jivy tale more live than Ellington;
What bizarre sound is this that sounds my bones
Of Gillespie or Brubeck; they who send
In nightclubs or the halls of Carnegie?
What sort of combo this? What cats attend?
What crazy beat? What frantic overtones?
What bass and clarinet? What hot jamboree?

Now Mulligan is cool, but these boys look
Much cooler; therefore you saxaphones play on.
I cannot hear you, but most shook
Appear your listeners; and quite gone.
Fair youth beneath the eaves, Thou canst not change
Thy seat or cramped position that thou has.
Classics lover, never never canst thou leave.
Thou art marooned; yet save thy mind deranged,
Forget thy taste; its beauty ne'er retrieve,
Forever wilt thou dig, and it be jazz.

—Phil Pearle

I snubbed you when you spoke to me?
You wonder if I meant it?
I did. You hadn't, don't you see,
Been formally presented.

I seem a victim once again
Of vicious misconstruction.
I may have slept with you, but then—
Is that an introduction?

Is she indifferent? Does this seem hard of her?
Wait on her patiently; study and watch.
Then, when the time comes to show your regard for
her,
... send her a couple of cases of scotch.

—Hirschel Deutsch

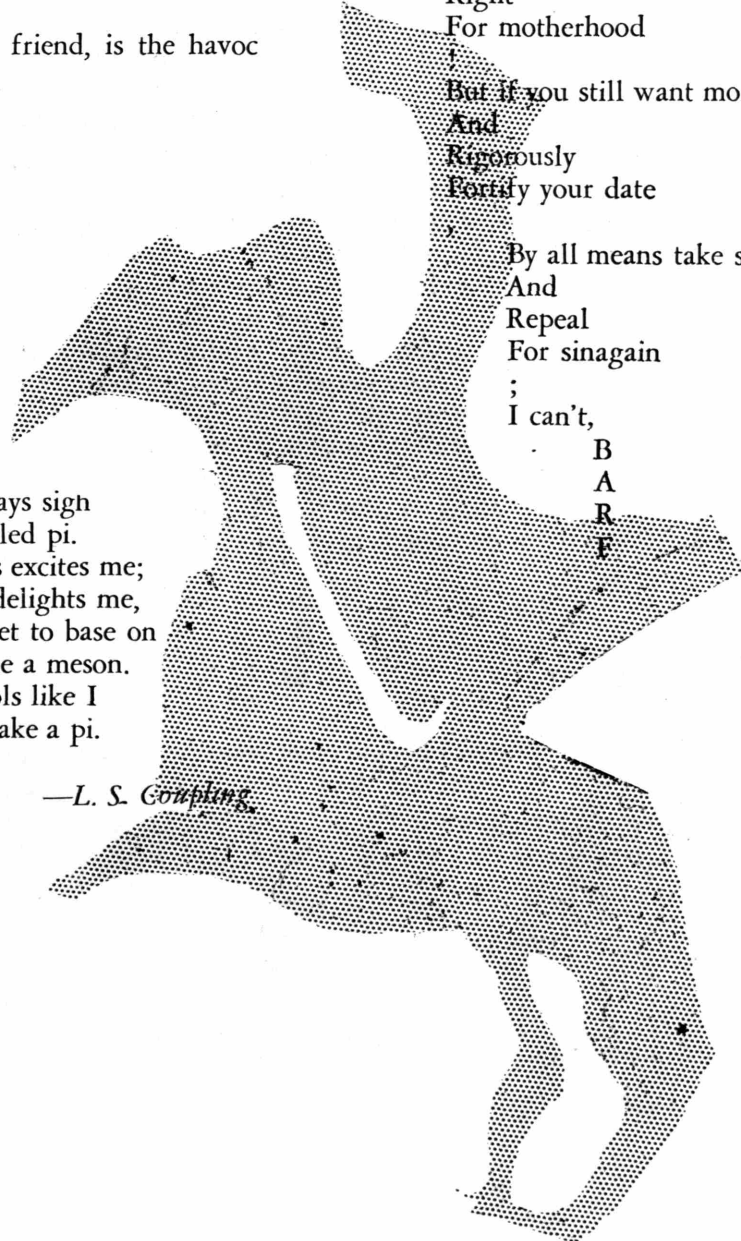
If she calls you to her bedroom in the middle of the
night,
And through her half closed eyelids you can see the
telltale light:
If her bosom heaves tumultuously like tide upon the
ocean,
And her voice is soft and tremulous, betraying her
emotion:
If her nostrils dilate wildly with every panting breath
And her shapely body gasps as at a soon approaching
death:
If she beseeches and implores you as she grasps your
groping hand
To alleviate her suffering—the torture of the
damned:
If her pain-racked heart seems locked within the
jaws of cruel miasma—
Then that, my smutty minded friend, is the havoc
wreaked by ASTHMA.

I think that I shall always sigh
About the mesons labelled pi.
To see their little tracks excites me;
To watch them ionize delights me,
Men have no theories yet to base on
Why cosmic forces make a meson.
Poems are made by fools like I
But synchrotrons can make a pi.

—L. S. Goupling

Beer and gin
Are
Right
For sin
? why
Because they make another good
And
Right
For motherhood
!
But if you still want more
And
Rigorously
Fortify your date
By all means take some ginagain
And
Repeal
For sinagain
;
I can't,
B
A
R
F

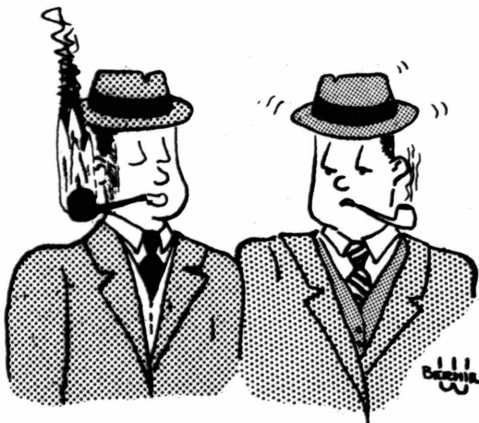
—Bob Slott



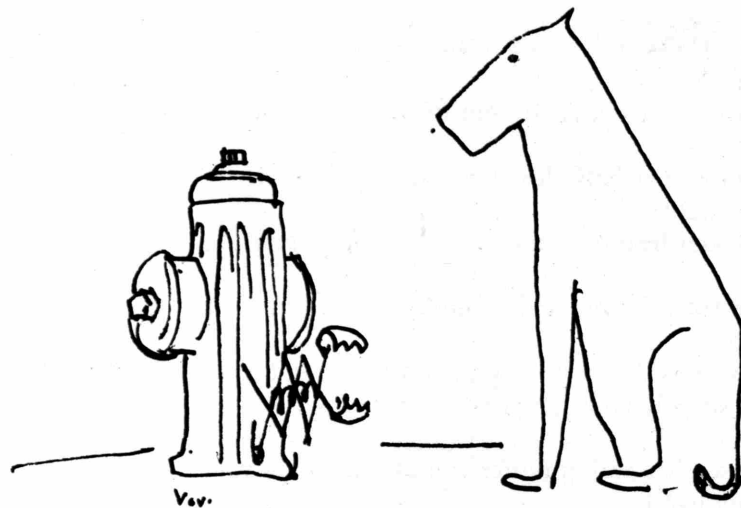
Two old maids lived happily together until one met a handsome man and married. She raved about her honeymoon. "It was like swallows in flight—the birds skimming off into the sunset." The first old maid was quite impressed. She immediately went out, picked up the first man she could, showed him her bankbook and was married. The first night of their honeymoon, she turned to him and said, "I'm quite disappointed. My sister said this would be like swallows in flight but nothing's happened.—Whoops! Oh, oh. There they go now."



Chauncey Depew liked to tell the story of a young lady who tried to engage his services for a seduction suit against her employer. Depew told her she had insufficient facts to support such an action. She was very downcast when she left him, but returned triumphant the following morning, to report, "He seduced me again last night."



"My Own Mixture - Smokes a Little Hot but at Least it Stays Lit."



The teacher one day was giving her class a temperance lesson. On the table were two glasses—one filled with water, and the other with alcohol. In her hand she held a live active worm.

Dipping the worm into the glass of water had no effect on the thing, but in the glass of alcohol, it dried up and died.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "what lesson do you get from this experiment?"

"Well, ma'am," replied the lad, "I don't exactly know. But I think that if you drink alcohol, you won't have worms."



Difference between war and peace is there never has been a good war.



Confucius say, "Woman who put man in doghouse soon find him in cathouse."

Two nurses were getting back to the hospital late one evening and as they walked in the front door, they encountered one of the doctors. "Oh, doctor, we're sorry we're coming in after hours," said one of the nurses.

"That's all right, girls," said the doctor. "I'm just going out after mine, now."

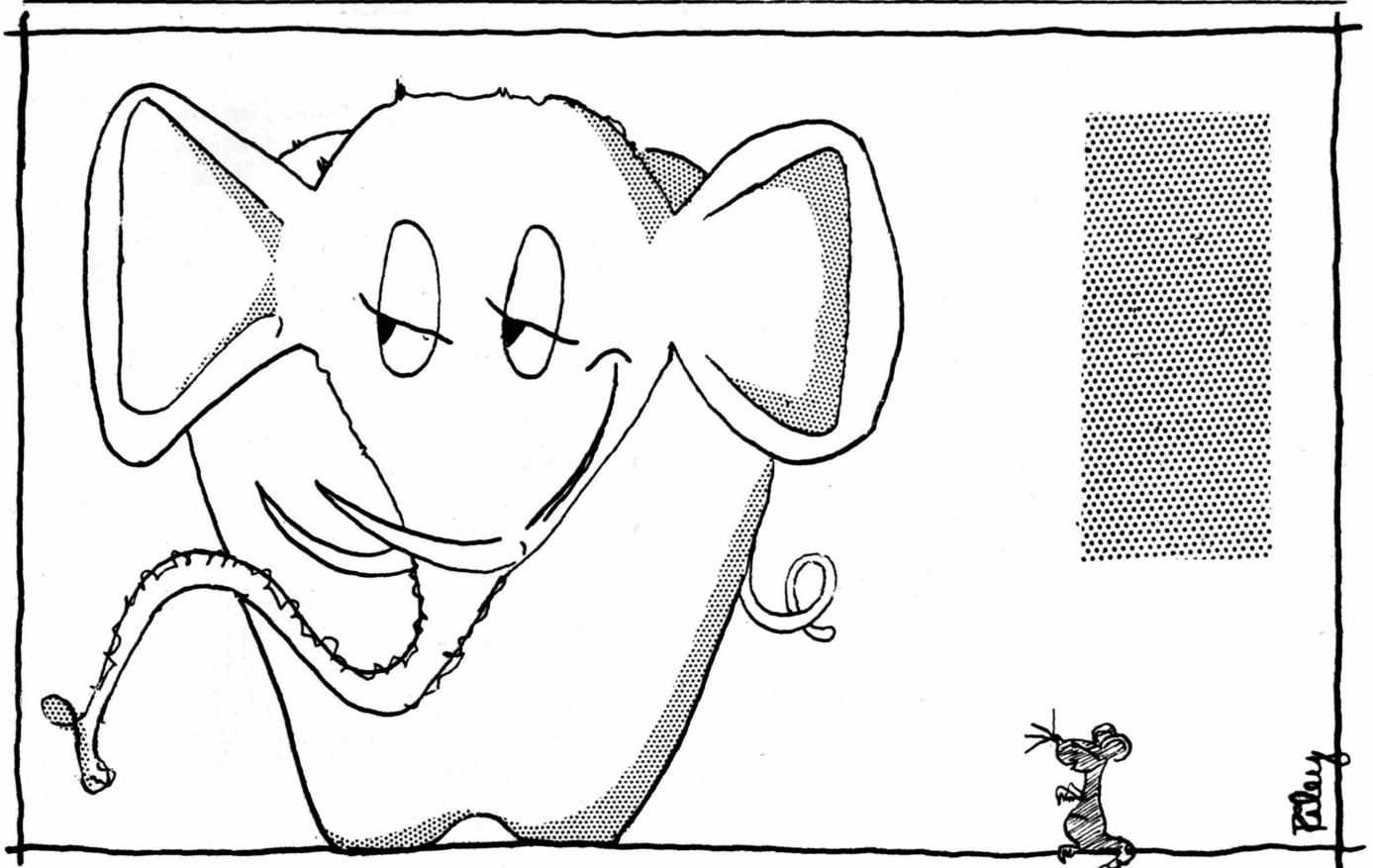


Remember those chocolate babies they used to sell in candy stores, ten for a cent? A little fellow demanded two cents' worth, and added, "I want all boy babies." The confectioner asked why. The little shaver explained succinctly, "More chocolate!"



Officer: "You interested in a commission?"

Recruit: "No, I'm not too good a shot. I'd rather work on a straight salary."



"That's all right, honey, I'll use a golf bag!"

She: "I'm so discouraged. Everything I do seems to be wrong."

He: "What are you doing tonight?"

Farmer's Wife: "Tomorrow is our silver anniversary, John. Let's kill a pig."

Farmer: "Why murder a poor animal for what happened twenty-five years ago?"

The main trouble with the straight and narrow is that there is no place to park.

"Honey, I'd go through fire and water for you."

"Okay, make it fire. I'd rather have you hot than wet."



There are no cold women . . . only awkward men.

Extensive Parking Facilities

"TECHNOLOGY STORE GAS STATION"

(Your Coop Card Is Honored)

GAS, OIL, GREASING AND WASHING SERVICE AVAILABLE TO TECH STUDENTS

NELSON'S MOBIL GAS STATION

KENDALL SQUARE ROTARY

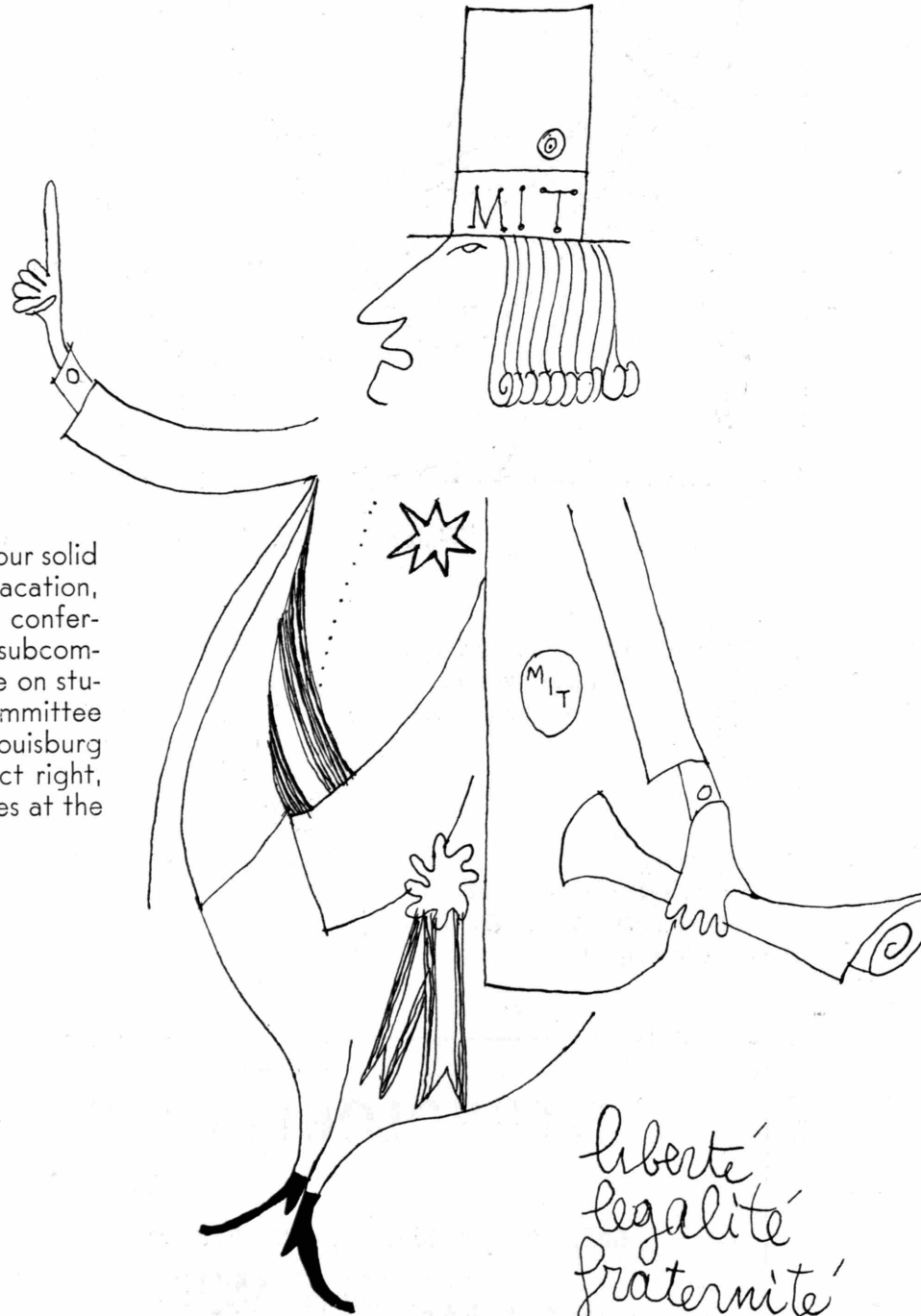
CAMPUS HEROES

*Behold the lofty senior as
The final weeks flit by,
The end is near, a wistful tear
Adorns a wistful eye.*

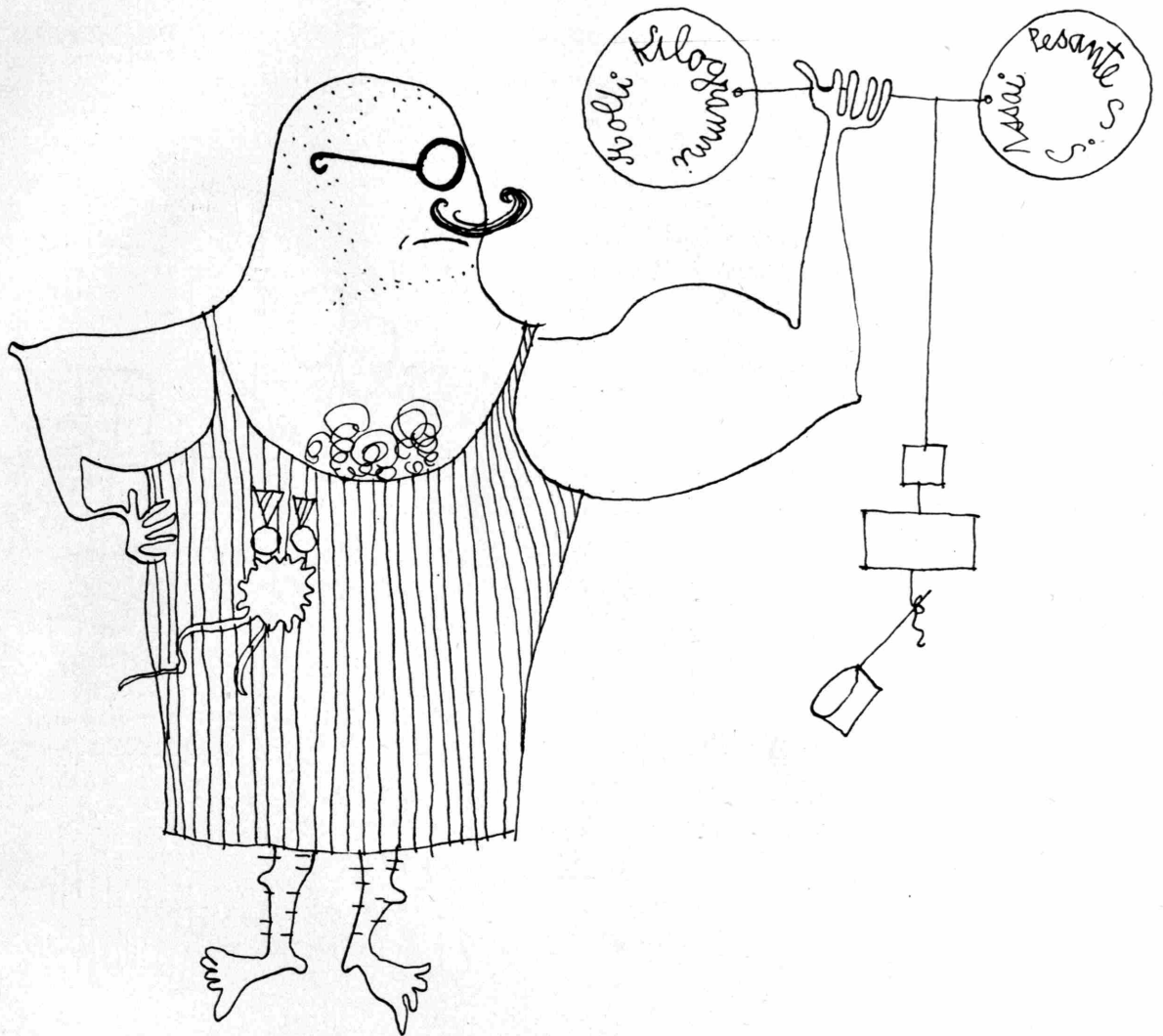
*On some of these Dame Fortune smiled
And fame has crowned their days.
To these we rear a public cheer
For they deserve our praise.*

The government hero.

This hero was able to announce (after four solid years of work including Christmas vacation, ninety-three tabled motions, and sixteen conferences with the administration) that the subcommittee on Radcliffe of the sub-committee on student environment of the Institute Committee Liaison Committee with the East Louisburg Square Cat Petting Society has a perfect right, ethically and morally, to accept free cokes at the annual fete.



Nicola

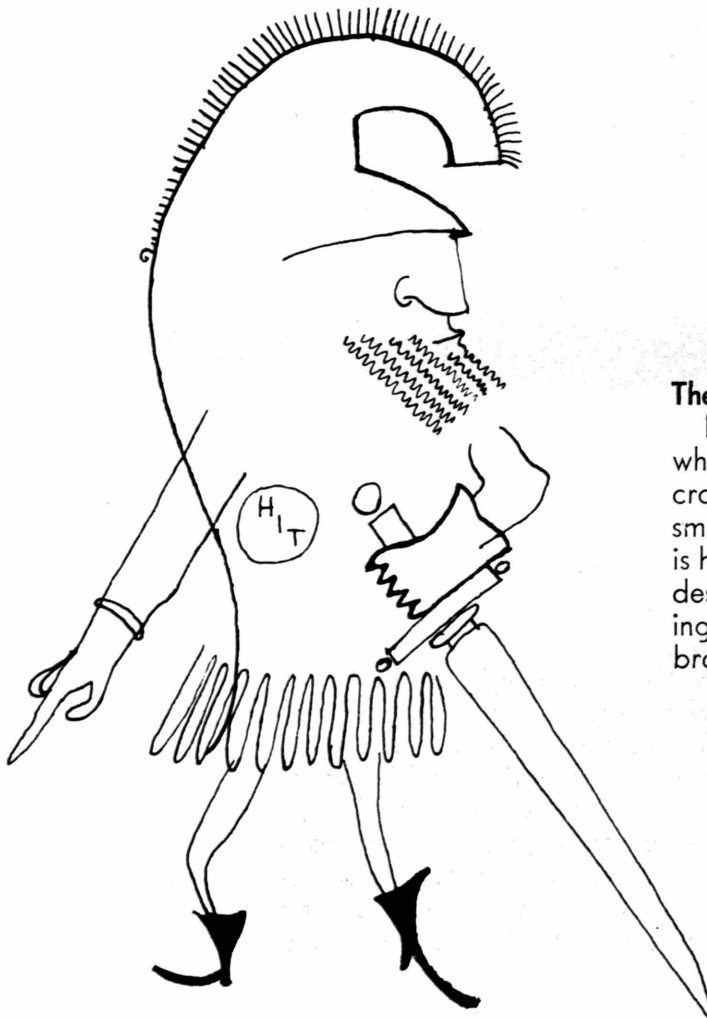
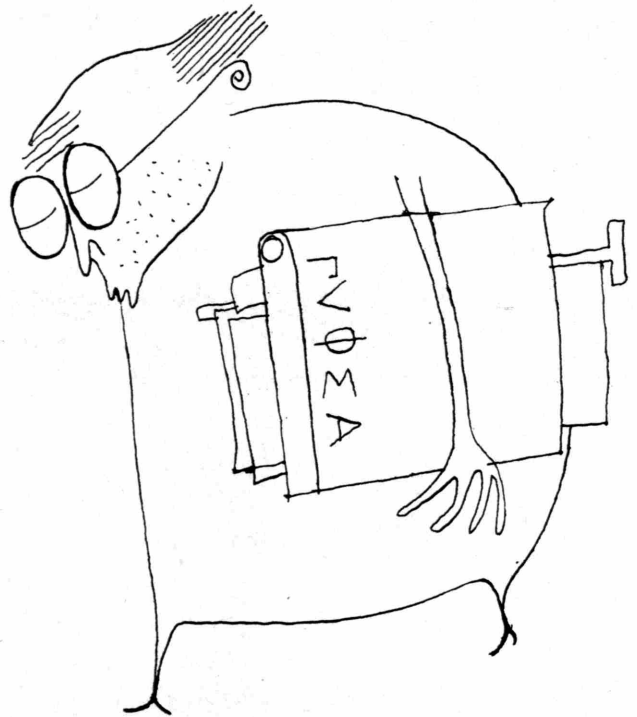


The sportsman hero.

The hero with the glistening muscles has a right to be proud of himself. After four years of Tech, he has reached the acme of his athletic prowess. He even had an article in The Tech. However, this is not his only claim to fame. It happened while he was practicing his hammer throwing. A little old lady started hobbling across Briggs Field, our hero let go of his hammer, and . . . one less dependent for the Massachusetts old age tax.

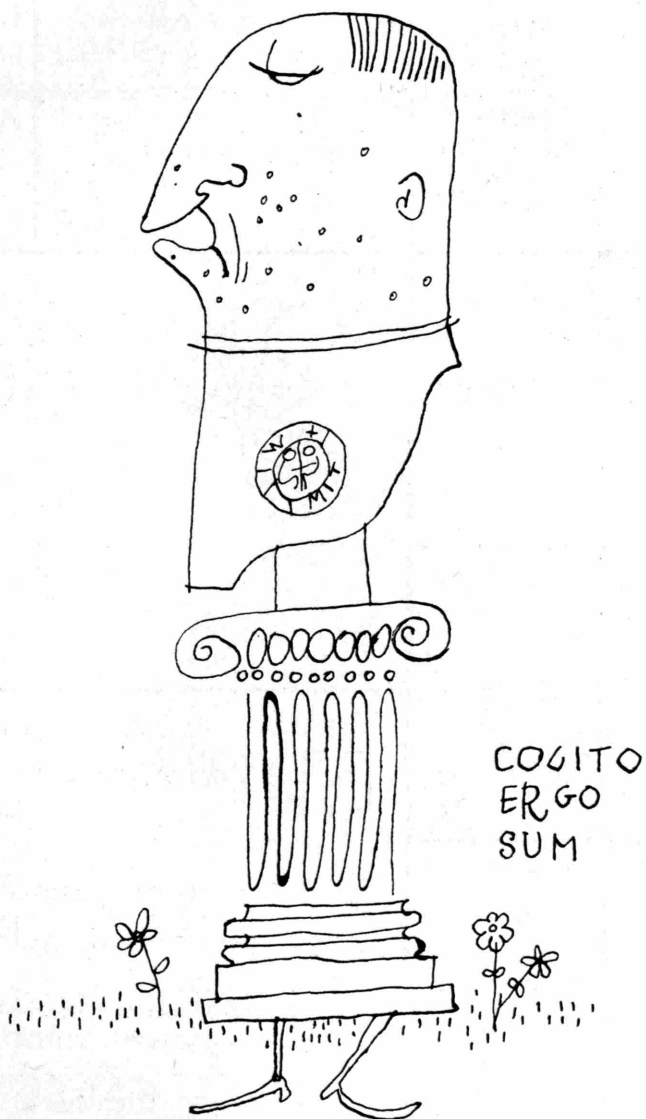
The hack hero.

Alas poor hack. His roommate spent two years arranging a luscious date for this chap but he turned it down. Why? Because he was busy with a home quiz—spent fifty-five days straight on it with no sleep. The quiz was optional.



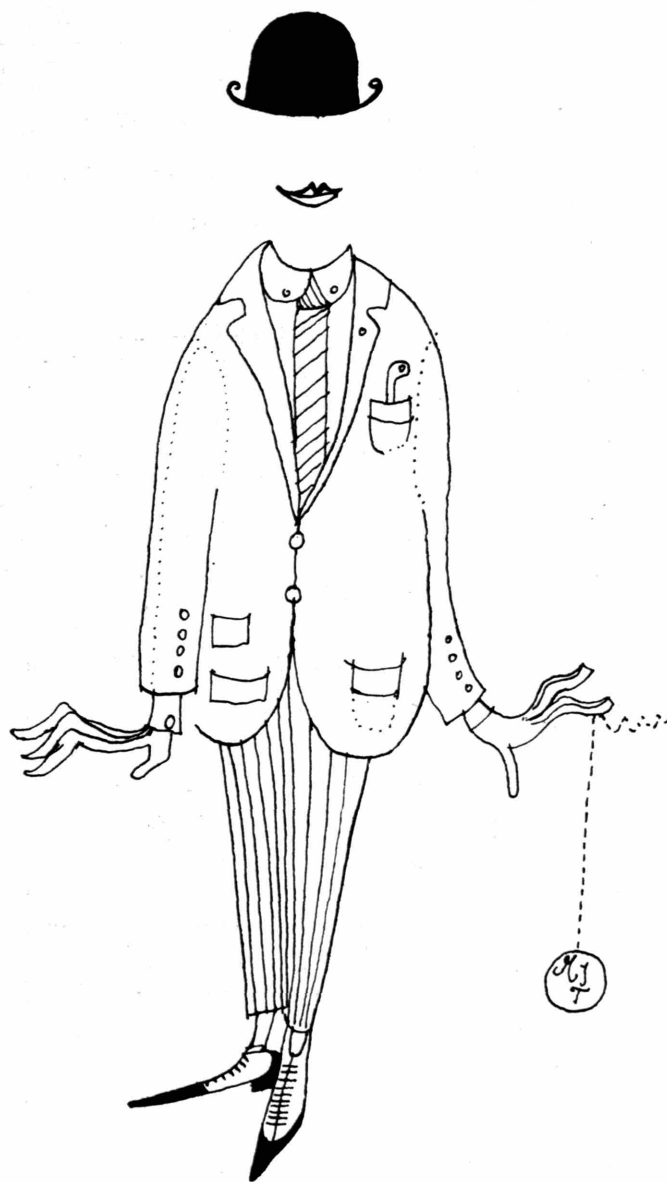
The military hero.

Notice the gold and silver braid, the silver whistle, the platinum boutonniere and the riding crop this fellow sports. Above all, observe the small chartreuse ribbon he wears on his tunic; this is his claim to fame. It is called le croix de l'ordure des Etats Unis uber alles. He stopped the bleeding when his drill sergeant cut his finger on a broken beer bottle.



The philosopher hero.










He has been holding court at the Tech Pharmacy these four years over cups of black coffee thinking "why." And sometimes "wherefore." And sometimes "maybe." He writes letters to The Tech about the right and wrong of open house rules. For himself, he has never violated those rules.



The prep-school hero.

His charming voice with the carefully articulated A's graces the corridors. His shy smile and his earnest handshake have made him a minor hero. His suits are by B. B., his underwear by Filene's basement. He once read thirteen pages of Proust.

C A R R O U S E

BLIND DATE AT SIMMONS DRINK UP BEFORE GOING OUT	FLAT TIRE ON THE WAY TO WELLESLEY GO BACK 6 SPACES	"I DREAMT I WENT TO I.F.C. IN MY <i>Maidform</i> BRA... 3 SIPS	SENIOR RINGS! JUNIORS, DRINK UP	YOU WIN A STEAK DINNER AT DURGIN-PARK AND ONE SIP	YOUR COOP REFUND AMOUNTS TO 11% ADVANCE 5 SPACES	"THE ELIOT" YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE REFUSED EVERYONE ELSE ~ 3 SIPS!
ELECTED SOCIAL CHAIRMAN YOU GIVE EVERYONE ONE SIP	PETITION TO DROP 4 OVERLOADS REFUSED! APPLY TO HARVARD	YOU LEAVE FOR WEEKEND AT VASSAR 1 SIP FOR THE ROAD	YOU HAVE FLUNKED DIZ AGAIN! TAKE 2 LARGE GULPS AND GO BACK 5 SPACES. (IF DIZ WAS NOT FLUNKED BEFORE, ROLL AGAIN	YOUR LAB REFUND HAS ARRIVED ~ CELEBRATE WITH 4 SIPS	YOU HAVE SWITCHED COURSES GO BACK 4 SPACES	TECH WRESTLING TEAM BEATS CHARLES GATE ALL TEAM MEMBERS DRINK UP! 3
YOU MUST CARRY 72 HOURS TO GRADUATE YOU NEED A DRINK- TAKE 4 SIPS	PROPOSITIONED BY "BOY" IN HARVARD SQUARE ROLL AGAIN!	 <h2>BOWDITCH'S OFFICE</h2>				GO TO OFFICE! DO NOT FASSETT'S PASS BOWDITCH'S GO DIRECTLY PASS DO NOT FENNEL'S
HANGOVER FROM LAST NIGHT! STAY IN BED AND LOSE 1 TURN	TAPPED FOR TBT UP EVERYONE ELSE TAKE 1 SIP					YOUR ALLOWANCE HAS BEEN CUT. STAY IN THIS WEEKEND AND LOSE 1 TURN.
ACQUAINTANCE DANCE TONIGHT 3 SIPS	YOU'VE PASSED OUT ON A DATE. GO BACK 4 SPACES	 <h2>BOWDITCH'S OFFICE</h2> <p>LOSE THREE TURNS</p> <div>  - ROLL AGAIN.  - MOVE TO EAST CAMPUS LIVE ALONE & LIKE IT.  - YOU QUIT SCHOOL IN DISGUST - START OVER. </div> <div>  - YOU MUST LIVE BURTON HOUSE 4-MAN SUITE, WITH THREE TOOLS. EVERYONE GIVES YOU A SIP IN SYMPATHY  - YOU FIND 4-ROOM FURNISHED APARTMENT IN EASTGATE. \$30/MONTH. DRINK UP.  - YOU GET MARRIED AND MOVE TO WESTGATE. ALL TOAST YOU & THE MRS. </div> <h2>FASSETT'S OFFICE</h2>				YOUR BUDDIES FROM DARTMOUTH COME DOWN FOR THE WEEKEND. TAKE 5 GO TO "THE ELIOT."
REGISTRATION ROLL 1 DIE!	DISCOVERED ON LAB DATE WITH TECH CO-ED! LOSE 1 TURN	 <h2>GRADUATION</h2>				YOU HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN A RAID AT "THE CAVE" GO BACK 2 SPACES.
START	CAUGHT STUDYING FOR ADVANCED STANDING 2 SIPS. ROLL AGAIN BUT MOVE BACKWARD	PETITION TO SUBSTITUTE MU31 FOR 2.002 IS ACCEPTED ~ HOORAH! 3 SIPS	YOU HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN A SEX SCANDAL START OVER!	YOUR CAR HAS BEEN TOWED AWAY FOR ILLEGAL PARKING. GO BITCH TO BOWDITCH!	T.C.A. EXPOSED AS FASCIST FRONT ORGANIZATION GO BACK TO PLEDGE PERSHING RIFLES	FLUNKED DIZ. TAKE 7 SIPS AND GO BACK 3. (IF YOU FLUNKED BEFORE, ROLL AGAIN)
			4 QUIZES TODAY. 1 LAST SIP, THEN SOBER UP!	BAKER HOUSE OPEN HOUSE HOURS TAKEN AWAY GO TO FASSETT'S OFFICE AND ROLL DIE	COMPULSORY COMMONS ABOLISHED EVERYONE TAKE 5 SIPS.	SELECTED TO PLEDGE PERSHING RIFLES FORFEIT SELF-RESPECT

C A R R O U S E



Overheard: "She's magnetic—everything she wears is charged."



A director's wife went to Arrowhead and hired a cook for her husband while she was gone. An actor was a guest at his house, and they both agreed that the cook wasn't very good. "Well," said the director, "what can you expect of these Pinkerton cooks?"



Little Boy: "C'mon in and see my new watchdog."

Pal: "What's he watch?"

Little Boy: "Television."



Tom: What's the matter with that wheelbarrow?"

Sid: Broke.

Tom: Who broke it?

Sid: Hired man.

Tom: Same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last year?

Sid: Yep. Clumsy, ain't he?

Overheard: "She made a millionaire out of him—he was a multi-millionaire when she married him."



As one dog said to the other: "It's not the humidity; it's the heat."



The insane asylum attendant rushed over to the head physician. "Doctor, a man outside wants to know if we have lost any male inmates."

"Why?" asked the medical man.

"Someone ran away with his wife!"



It isn't what girls know that bothers parents. It's how they found out.



They laughed when I sat down to think—I'd forgotten to close the door.



"Snowl."

"Sneagle."

"Sneither. Snostrich."



If every boy could read the mind of every girl—gas consumption would be cut in half.

Beneath this stone lies Murphy;

They buried him today:

He lived the life of Riley

While Riley was away.



There was a farmer who was a cold, dispassionate sort. A year after marriage, he made violent love to his wife after a sprint across the field. Three years later, he again sprinted across the field. She held her arms out. "Sex maniac," he growled, "there's a fire in the barn."



When a parlor sofa is a beehive of activity, it's certain a little honey is being made.



The American tourist was looking down into the famous Greek volcano. Finally he commented, "It sure looks like Hades."

"Oh," retorted his guide. "You Americans—You've been everywhere."



Then there was the married couple that decided to give up sex for Lent. They slept in separate rooms. The young man, waiting impatiently for the zero hour, stood by the door between, watching for 12 o'clock, the witching hour. The clock struck 12 and cooly he said, "I betcha you don't know who's knocking." To which she replied, "But I betcha I know what you're knocking with."



Overheard in the squash courts was the following significant conversation:

"But above all, you have to have fighting spirit to win."

"Oh, I don't want to win, I just want to play well enough to convince my girl friend that I went to prep school."



We overheard a disappointed wolf say, "She's a good girl, it's true, but does she have to be a fanatic?"



Jock and Pat collided in cars. Jock offered Pat a drink from the flask he had with him. Pat drank and Jock returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Thank ye," said Pat, "but aren't ye going to have a bit of a nip yourself?"

"Aye," replied Jock, "but not till the police have been 'ere."

She: "How about a date, big boy?"

Tech man: "Can't. Gotta go to bed and get some sleep."

She: "Why?"

Tech man: "Tomorrow's my tough day. Gotta shave."



Professor: Who was the first man?

Coed: (blushing) I'd rather not tell.



A girl gets on a very crowded street car and asks a man for his seat, explaining, "I'm going to have a baby." The man jumps up, saying, "Oh, really! I'm a father myself. When is the baby due?" She replied, sinking into the seat, "In nine months. It just happened. And boy! Am I tired!"

We've just heard about the two maggots who were necking in dead Ernest.



A drunk entered a bar and asked for a drink. The bartender refused him.

"Just to show you I'm not drunk—do you see that one-eyed cat coming in the back door?"

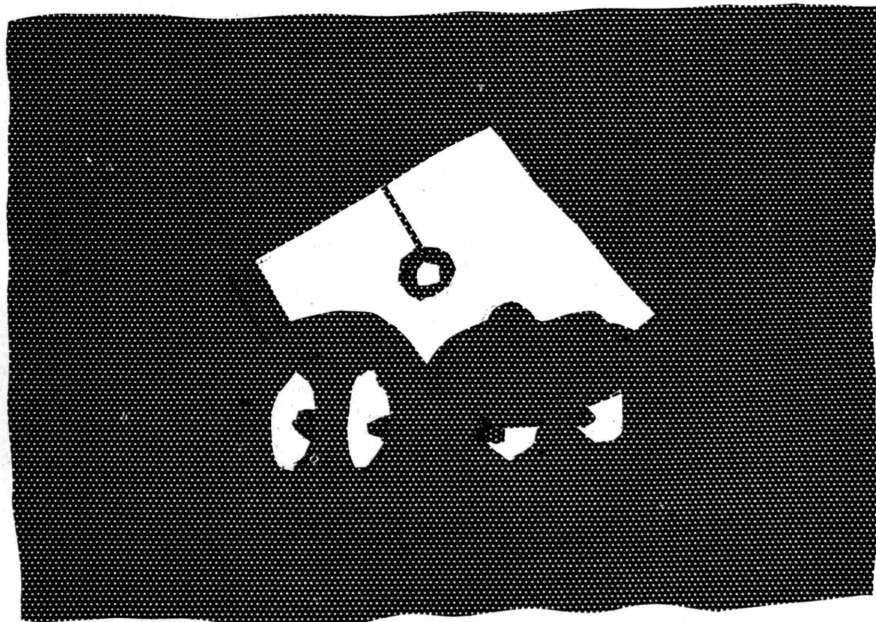
The bartender said, "Now I know you're drunk. That cat is going out."



My Id was lustily shouting, "Let's."

My Super-Ego, "Just a wanton pets."

My Ego died with my Id. So I went ahead and did.



"But don't I get a discount on my coop card?"

BUGS AT HIS BEST



"My pen leaks."



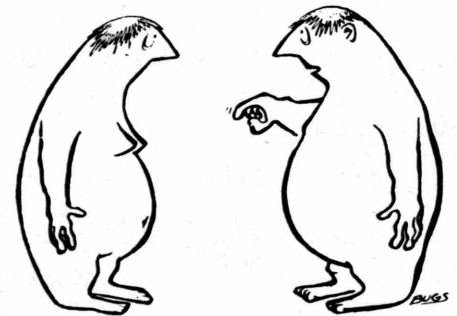
Here I come, ready or not.



"OK! OK! — A pterodactyl brought you.
Now, are you satisfied?"



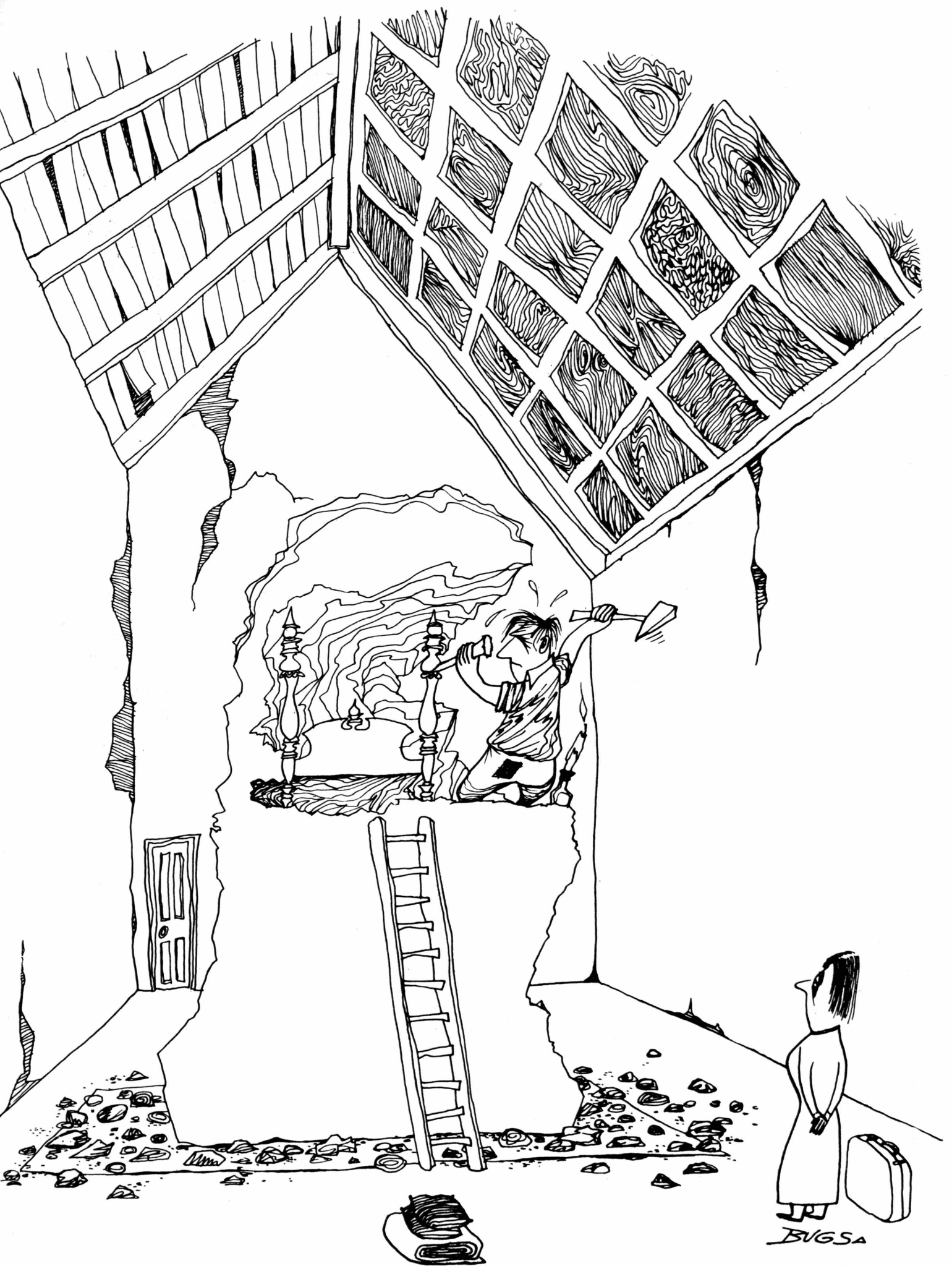
"Damn dog died!"



"ME TARZAN—YOU JANE"



T'hell with this: it just goes in one ear and out the other.
I'm saturated.



CHEZ DREYFUS

cuisine soignée

11:30 a.m. to Midnight

Banquet Room - Cocktail Lounge

Closed Sunday

44 CHURCH STREET

KI 7-4311

SKI EQUIPMENT
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
SKI REPAIRING
SQUASH RACKETS
Restrunging A Specialty
ONE DAY SERVICE

TENNIS and SQUASH SHOP

67A Mt. Auburn Street, Harvard Square
Phone TR 6-5417

THE BACK BAY JEWELERS

SINCE 1895

HAMILTON and OMEGA Watches

Expert Watch Repairing

236 MASS. AVENUE

BOSTON

CI 7-8833

JACK LIPTON, Inc.

APPAREL FOR MEN

DRESS CLOTHES FOR HIRE, STUDENT RATES

122 MASS. AVENUE

BOSTON

A man, not of my acquaintance, hated his wife and decided to do her in. He put his problem before his good friend, a doctor, who assured him murderers were always caught. "Except," said the doctor, "why don't you try this? Many women break down under severe sex strain. You make love to your wife every night. I think about ten years will do it." The doctor forgot all about it until ten years hence. Then, curious, he visited his old friend whom he hadn't seen in all this time. His friend, bundled in a blanket, looked terrible—thin, wan and gray. His hands were trembling. His wife, robust and healthy, was busy cleaning the rooms. "The ten years were up and I wanted to see what happened," said the doctor. Replied the husband, "It's up in an hour and look at her—she doesn't know she's gonna die."



One of our modern young ladies when walking through the zoo was surprised to find the cages empty. Calling an attendant, she inquired the reason. "Well, Ma'am," replied the attendant, "this is the mating season when the monkeys remain in their houses for several days." "Will they come out if I give them a peanut?" asked our young lady. "Darned if I know," said the man. "Would you?"



The thrifty Scotsman asked the bank for a loan of a dollar and was told he must pay four per cent interest at the end of the year.

"That's four cents?" asked the Scotsman.

"Do you have any security?" asked the banker.

"I do. Fifty thousand dollars in U. S. bonds."

The bank accepted the bonds and gave him a dollar. At the end of a year, the Scotsman came back with a dollar and four cents to clear up his debt, and asked for his fifty thousand in bonds back.

As he returned the bonds, the banker asked, "I don't want to be personal, but if you have all these bonds, why did you have to borrow a dollar?"

"Well," replied the Scotsman, "do you know any other way I can get a safety deposit vault for four cents a year?"

The boy's mother had died when he was an infant and his father had worked hard to raise him properly. Finally the boy went away to college. His first letter was a disappointment to his father. It was a disappointment but the old man did not know exactly why. Surely there was nothing to despair of in the content. Perhaps something in the tone bothered him. The letter read:

"Dear Dad:

"Everything is fine. I like it here at college. I'm on the football team. I'm in the best fraternity on campus. I got an A on my first algebra exam . . ."

After some thinking the father was able to put his finger on the difficulty. He wrote back: "Look, son, I don't want to seem to be a silly old man, but there is something which would make me very happy. It isn't that I think you're ungrateful in any way. But I've had to work very hard to raise you up and send you to college and I never had a chance to go to college myself. What I mean is it would mean a lot to me if you would say, 'we did this and we did that' instead of 'I did this and I did that.' It would help me to feel as if I had a part in it all."

The boy understood immediately and thereafter letters came in the form: "Well, Dad, we won the big game last Saturday. We've got a date with a swell girl. We're going to get an A in history."

The old man took earnest pleasure in this sharing of experience. Days were sunny for him. One day a telegram arrived.

"Dear Dad:

We got the Dean's daughter in trouble. She had twins. Mine died. What are you going to do with yours?"



A mousey little man was frightened silly of his boss. One day he told a fellow worker that he was sick.

His friend said, "Why don't you go home?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that!"

"Why not?"

"The boss would fire me."

"Don't be silly, he'll never know. He's not even here today."

Finally, the man was convinced, and went home. When he got there, he looked in the window, and there was his boss, kissing and hugging his wife. So he ran all the way back to the office. "A fine friend you are!" he said to his friend, "I nearly got caught!"

SAVOY CAFE

presents

PEE WEE ERWIN

and the

VILLAGE FIVE

410 Massachusetts Ave. CI 7-8421

Charlie Mun

LAUNDRY

Complete Laundry Service

88 MASS. AVE.
BOSTON

Telephone
KE 6-9472

Foreign Car Headquarters

NEW and USED

-MG-

-VOLKSWAGEN-

-AUSTIN HEALY-

Cutler

AUTO SALES

125 BRIDGE STREET

NO. WEYMOUTH

640 Kc.

640 Kc.

WMIT

"Voice Of The Students"

Don't Forget Your All Request

"NITE OWL"

Fri. 10:30 p.m. - 2 a.m. Sat. 9 p.m. - 2 a.m.

640 Kc.

640 Kc.

THE END

Calvin Montrose was the toast of the community. At least in his estimation he was the toast of the community. At least in his estimation he should have been the toast of the community.

For after having entered the literary field only one year before, already he was one of the city's top-ranking authors. Recognition had reached him by way of "The Open Road," a bi-weekly devoted to the graciousness of outdoor living. Calvin's articles in this magazine were the delight of travelers everywhere, the inspiration of nature lovers, a spur to the fearless explorer of untrodden highways and byways, the fire to kindle the spark in the vagabond heart, and balm to the ruffled pride of men shunned everywhere but the open road.

How true to life were these articles, how full of the milk of human kindness and sympathy. One would almost have said . . . " . . . one would almost have said that I was speaking from personal experience and that the impressions and emotions on these pages were the outpourings of my own heart."

Calvin played back the last statement and then continued speaking into the dictaphone.

"I can reveal it now because with this I will have reached the apex of fame. The truth is that I, who popularized the Open Road walker, was myself a walker, a homeless, friendless wanderer, a—let's face it, I was a bum."

Soberly he erased the last seven words. ". . . a raw nature boy. But my case is an example of the complete regeneration of a man. From my former—er—state, I have ascended to the very zenith of intellectualism, of humanistic achievement. The heritage of my cultural advance will glow in a world of darkness. (That's good, he thought, very symbolic.) . . . living proof that it can be done.

"Now for the topic at hand. I have written all but the last chapter of my first novel, my most monumental achievement, the literary embodiment of my intellectual revival. The hero of this creation is a man who by sheer will and determination raises himself from the dregs of society to the very summit of success. All manner of obstacles beset him yet he follows the straight and narrow unswervingly. Friends forsake him. Jealous rivals resent him. His best laid plans result in failure. Through it all he remains unflinching, bloody but unbowed. (That's a

good line; glad I thought of it.) Finally his wife leaves him to run off with his worst enemy. The light of his life is gone. Bitter is existence. How does he react? He must face it calmly and nobly. Nothing can destroy the intellectual mind. Nothing. Once you're up there, you're up there. But how shall I end it? How prove conclusively? Should I have him enter a monastery? Become a poet? Or a missionary perhaps? All perfect but the last chapter—the climax and I don't know how to end it.

"The crux of the problem lies in the fact that I myself have lived through all of it but the final outrage. Furthermore the end is impossible in my case because my wife is the gentlest, most understanding and patient woman in the world, faithful, loyal and the rest. How could I possibly know the way he will react? I will have to find the ending in my own imagination."

He turned off the dictaphone.

"Come to think of it, I have neglected my poor wife lately. In order to complete this novel, I have locked myself in my study for the past two weeks and the only person I've seen is the maid, who brings me meals and performs other chores. I guess I'll pay the wife a little visit."

So saying, he shuffled out of the study and into his wife's bedroom. Not there. Not in the game room either. Nor in the kitchen. "Oh well, I guess I'll make myself a sandwich." He reached for the refrigerator but found a note taped to the handle. He read the note. He reread the note. He belched up a mouthful of blood and tore out a handful of hair. "What!" he shouted, "with Scrod Hapswitch, my worst enemy! The dirty SOB!"

With smoke twisting from his eye sockets, he raced back into the study and seized the microphone. "I have the ending," he spat, then threw it to the floor and reached into his desk drawer for a small black book. Brushing the cobwebs off the cover, he turned to the listing headed Houses and ran his finger along the w's. Then he grabbed a bottle of gin from a lower drawer and bounded out of the house.

THE END

—Dave Markowitz

A man telephoned his doctor, asking him to come over as quickly as possible. "My wife has appendicitis!"

The doctor retorted, "Nonsense! I took your wife's appendix out three years ago, and I never heard of anyone having a second appendix."

To which the anxious husband replied, "Ever hear of anyone having a second wife?"



And may we shed a tear for the housewife who couldn't pay the grocer because she had given everything to the iceman.



Waiter: "Pardon me, lady, but your husband just slid under the table."

Lady: "Sh-h-h! That wasn't my husband. My husband just came in the door."



There was a young lady of Spain
Who met dishonor again and again,
And again and again and again and
Again and again and again and again.



"Frank, I hate to tell you, but last night at the party your sister promised to become my wife. Can you forgive me for taking her away?"

"Shucks, that's what the party was for."



Psychologist: "I suppose you and your husband worry a lot because you haven't any children."

Shy bride: "Oh, yes. We've spent many a sleepless night over it."



Mr. Gardner remarked casually to his wife, "By the way, I hear that our neighbor, Mrs. Smith, is pregnant again."

Six-year-old Cathy quickly said, "Can't they find out what's causing it?"

Corey Thomas

BAILS ANYWHERE

Professional Bondsman

Day and Night Service

**Bails at all Police Stations and
Jails**

9 Rollins.....HAncock 6-7179

Mobile PhoneWJ-7-2545

Enjoy Transcendental Atmosphere at the BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM

**where Russell Blake Howe
re-creates music of
Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt**



Neal O'Hara says:

Only in Boston would one expect to find a waterfront tea room that features programs of the great masterpieces of Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt—and with this admonition printed on the menu. The management requests everyone to speak softly during the music.

Foot of State Street—Atlantic Subway Station
OPEN EVERY DAY, INCLUDING SUNDAYS, FROM 12 TO 8 P. M.

FOR RESERVATIONS TEL. LA. 3-8719—AMPLE PARKING

Tel. KI 7-5323

WISE TECHMEN—

REPAIR THEIR WATCHES

AT

H. BLUM

DIAMONDS - WATCHES - JEWELRY

468 Mass. Ave., Cambridge

During the war period, when anyone in a skirt was persuaded to become a nurse's helper, one of these flippity young things had just given medicine, fluffed the pillows, and performed necessary chores, for a male patient.

The sweet young thing had not yet acquired the terms used in nice polite conversation at the Hospital. She did not know, for instance, that it was ethical to use the word "vase" instead of "urinal".

As she was leaving the patient's room, he suddenly asked, "Will you bring me a vase?"

In the doorway, she turned, apparently studied the question, and then said, "Sure I will, how large a bouquet do you have?"



A Texan arriving at the gate of his eternal home remarked: "Ah never thought heaven could be so much like Texas." "Son," replied the gatekeeper, "this isn't heaven."

A little boy was crying on the curb and an old man passing by asked the little boy why he was crying. "I can't do what the big boys do," said the little one. So the old man sat down on the curb and cried, too.



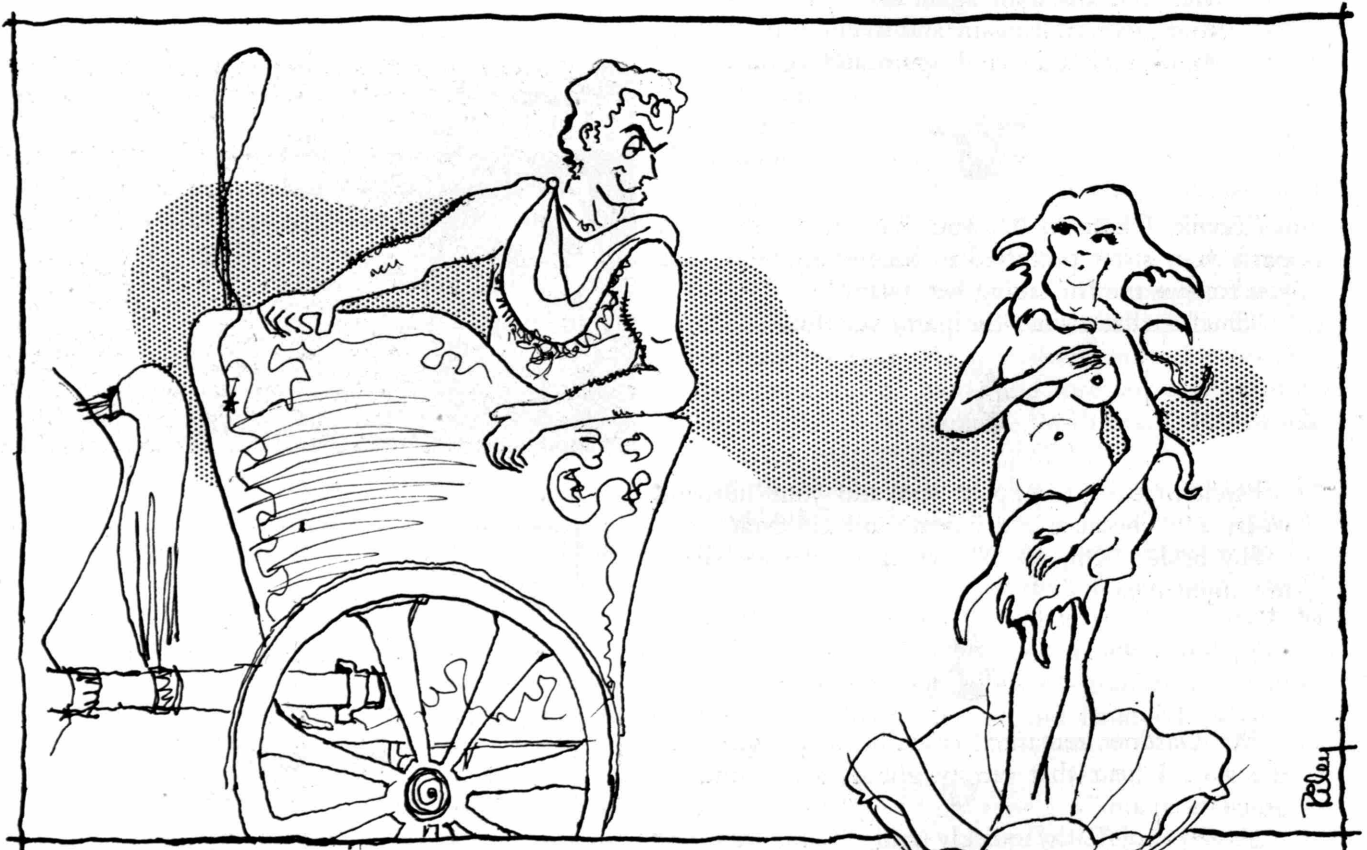
Then there's the story about a swank club for men. One night a dignified member walked in and was shocked when he saw women there for the first time.

"What happened?" he asked the club owner.

"We've decided to let members bring their wives in for dinner and dancing once a month," was the reply.

"But that's not fair," complained the member, "I'm not married. Could I bring my girl friend?"

The owner thought for a minute and replied slowly: "I think it might be all right, provided she's the wife of a member!"



"I'd love to, but I only have a one o'clock"



I'm from Dorm Comm. There's a completely unfounded rumor going around that you have a hotplate here.

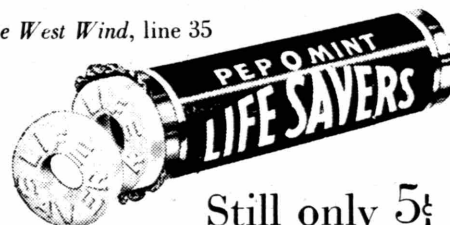
SHELLEY

on Life Savers:



"So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!"

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



Still only 5¢

EXETER KENMORE 67067 CONTINUOUS 2-11

"the mostest of the bestest"

in Films

EXETER AND NEWBURY STREETS • BOSTON

From the post newspaper at Camp Grant, Illinois, came this description of an Army wedding:

The groom, buck private scion of a well-known Egg Harbor, Wisconsin, family, chose the season's popular olive drab blouse and trousers of wool serge, with harmonizing sun-tan shirt, for his wedding.

Setting off the straight lines of the blouse was a single row of bright brass buttons down the front, with matching individual buttons.

His trousers were straight-cut without cuffs. Cotton socks of olive drab, with harmonizing brown shoes and contrasting black woolen serge tie, completed his ensemble. In his left hip pocket he carried a white linen handkerchief.

After a luxurious breakfast at a downtown hotel, the bride and groom left on a short honeymoon. For going away, the groom chose a heavy woolen coat of olive drab, with brass buttons on front and shoulders. A dressy traveling hat of garrison design in olive drab with harmonizing brown leather brim and chin strap, and a pair of knit woolen gloves of olive drab, were his only accessories.

The bride wore blue.

—naturally

**YOUR
BANK**

**KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE
HARVARD
TRUST COMPANY**

Member
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

FIRST ANNUAL OPEN HOUSE HOURS CONTEST

1. Fill in the following statement in 25 words or less.

I SUCCESSFULLY VIOLATED OPEN HOUSE HOURS
BY

Name..... Coop No.....

2. Detach the above form and fasten it with a thesis clip to the left kidney of your hall chairman along with 37½¢ in MTA tokens.

3. In case your hall chairman has no left kidney you can remit the right one upon additional payment of three kopecks.

4. Mail it second class to Gridley, care of your house chairman or dormcom rep.

5. All entries must be submitted before midnight, May 25, 1955, or postmarked before 2:17 P.M., May 27, in Walla Walla.

6. This contest is open to any resident of the MIT dormitory system including co-eds, with the exception of members of the Voo Doo Staff.

7. All entries become the property of the Open House Contest Subcommittee, which alone reserves the right to dispose of the essays in any way, shape or form.

8. Any contestant caught violating open house hours during the tenure of the contest will be disqualified and forfeit his 37½¢. However, the left kidney, if plainly labeled, will be returned to its original owner.

9. The essays will be judged on the basis of originality, style, and sincerity of opinion.

10. The ten best essays will be selected by the judges and posted on the bulletin board in building ten, on the second Tuesday in June. The winners will be selected by vote of all employees of B&P, including assistant professors. The preferential system will be used.

11. All proceeds will go towards the Gridley Fund for disabled hall chairmen.

FIRST PRIZE: A five gallon jar of wheat germ.

SECOND PRIZE: A date with the Dean's daughter.

THIRD PRIZE: Reserved box seats to the next Pittsburgh-Kansas City World Series.

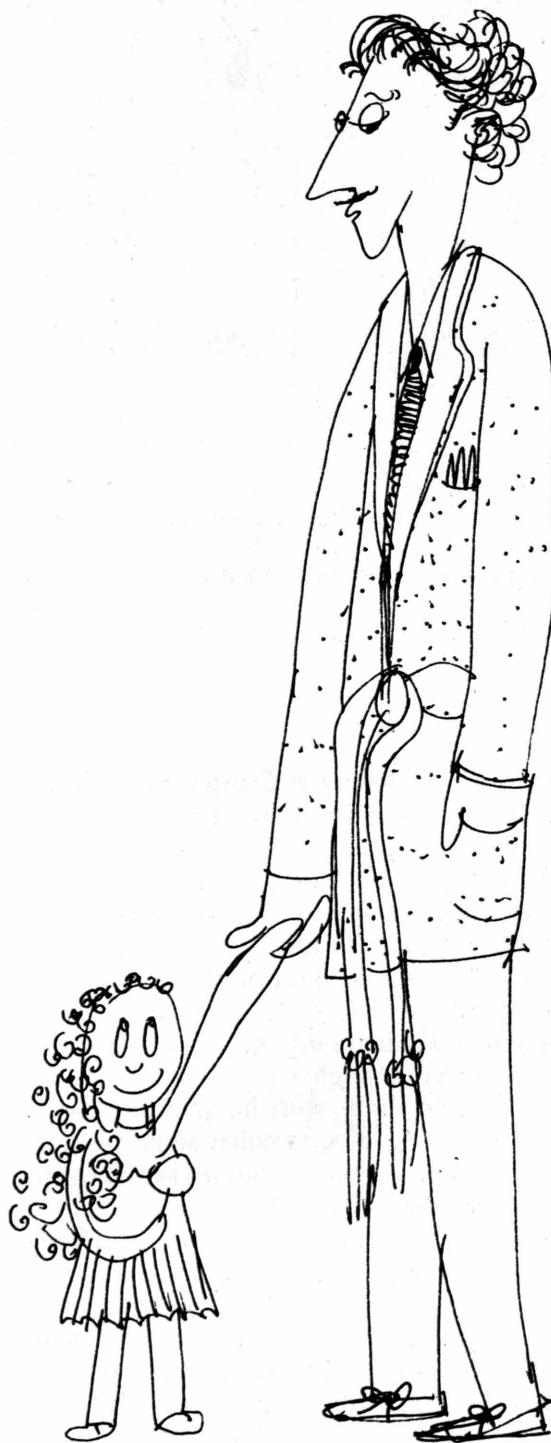
FOURTH PRIZE: An autographed ticket stub from the midnight show at the Old Howard.

FIFTH PRIZE: Grazing rights on the Auditorium roof.

PLUS FIVE scholarships of 37½¢ each for prospective Course 22 students.

Don't miss your big chance. See your hall chairman tonight and send in your entry tomorrow.

Don Bavly



Corporal Funston hurried into the headquarters of Colonel Krittensas. "Colonel," he said, "I have a letter from the men at Fort Wooster in the Sahara. They say they are out of water and that we must aid them."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the Colonel. "Something will be done within the week."

"No, sir. We must get water to them at once."

"Very well, Funston, there is a caravan passing that way tomorrow. We'll have them supply the water."

"Sir, we must send the water sooner."

"Really, Funston, they can't be that bad off. Surely they can wait till tomorrow for water."

"I thought so, too, sir. Then I noticed that the stamp on the letter was attached with a paper clip."



She: What are you thinking of?"

He: The same thing you are.

She: Goodness, if you do anything like that I'll scream.



It was a lovely, romantic night. She said, rapturously, "Will you love me when I'm old?"

He responded, "Love you, I shall idolize you. I shall worship the ground you walk on. I shall always—say, you aren't going to look like your mother, are you?"



Three old men were overheard bragging about their powers.

One said, "I'm 67 and just the other day my wife presented me with a boy."

The second said, "Well now, I'm 70, but just last week my wife presented me with a boy."

The third looked at them both and said, "As you know, I used to hunt a great deal when I was younger; so as I was walking in the park the other day I pretended to shoot a rabbit with my cane. No sooner had I said "Bang!" than the rabbit fell dead. I thought this very strange, until I turned around to see a young man shooting rabbits with a real gun."

The Hampshire Press, Inc.

==

OFFSET - LETTER PRESS

Completely equipped to render the
Highest Quality Craftsmanship and
Service in All Printing Requirements.

==

28 Carleton Street

Cambridge, Mass.

Tel. Kirkland 7-0194

KING & GRAY GULF SERVICE STATION

EXPERT REPAIRS

LUBRICATION

CAR-WASHING

131 Mass. Avenue, corner Vassar St.

Tel. Eliot 4-8951

JACK AND MARION'S

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF
SKYSCRAPER SANDWICHES

At Coolidge Corner, Brookline

Open Till 2 A.M.

Friday and Saturday Till 3 A.M.

Two soldiers were drinking in a small-town joint. Before them were bottles in a great variety and at intervals they took time out to stare at an old crone who sat at a nearby table. One or the other of the fellows would murmur, "Not yet."

An onlooker, intrigued, finally asked the reason for their strange behavior. To which one replied, "As soon as she begins to look beautiful we are going to call it a night."



Sign in a public dance hall. "He who hesitates is not dancing."



If she looks young, she is camouflaged.
If she looks old, she is young but dissipated.
If she looks innocent, she is fooling you.
If she looks shocked, she is acting.
If she looks languishing, she is hungry.
If she looks sad, she is angling.
If she looks back, FOLLOW HER.

"Why aren't you going with her anymore?"

"Well, she wasn't pretty, didn't have money, and married Joe. So I took the advice of friends and dropped her."



Socialized medicine is one of the accomplishments on which the British Labour Party prides itself most. Members of the American Medical Association, horrified that something of the same nature may be on its way here, will like the story of what happened to one young married lady in London who believed that she was in the family way and went to the Public Health Station to make sure. The doctor there gave her a cursory examination, assured her that her suspicions were well founded, and then, to her astonishment, simply took a rubber stamp, printed something with it on her abdomen, and said, "That's all."

She reported the strange goings-on to her husband that evening, and he, of course, asked, "What does it say?" "I can't read it," she admitted. He, too, found upon inspection that the print was too small for him, but a magnifying glass made everything clear. The inscription was "When you can read this *without* a magnifying glass, rush your wife to the hospital."

8 hilarious issues . . .



Make checks payable to

M.I.T. Voo Doo

Dear Phos:

Enclosed is \$2.00, so please send eight hilarious issues of
VOO DOO to:

Name

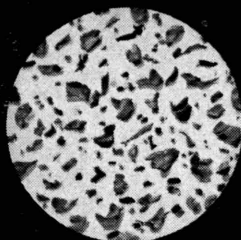
Address

City

State

Sales Manager
M.I.T. VOO DOO
Walker Memorial Bldg.
Cambridge 39, Mass.

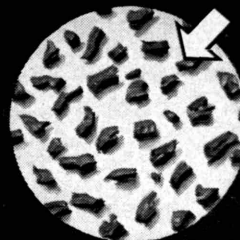
for only \$2



Some brands give you shorts and bits which burn like tinder—fast and hot.

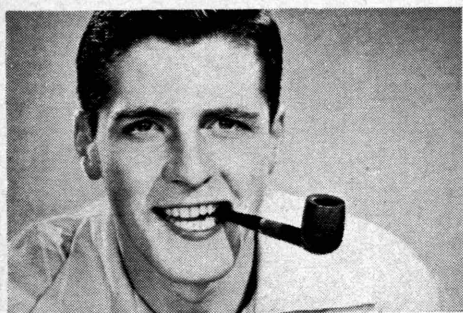


Others give you fine-cut shreds—good for cigarettes, but not so good for pipes.



Only Edgeworth gives you slow-burning "chunks" made for pipes and pipes alone.

PIPE SMOKERS: COMPARE THE CUTS OF TOBACCO AND SEE Why Edgeworth Smokes Coolest



Edgeworth's Way with White Burley Has Never Been Equalled

Your true tobacco expert will tell you that white burleys are the world's coolest smoking tobaccos. Edgeworth is a blend of white burleys only—aged like fine wine, for years.

Of course, other tobaccos use white burley, too—but nobody yet has found out just how to blend and process tobacco to give it the even-burning, cool-smoking character that Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" has maintained.

What "Ready-Rubbed" Means to Your Smoking Pleasure

Old time smokers knew the secret of cool, even burning. They carefully

"hand-rubbed" their tobacco until it crumbled into chunks of just the right size. Now Edgeworth does all this for you *before* the tobacco is packaged. An ingenious, exclusive process "ready-rubs" Edgeworth into chunks that pack *right* in your pipe, giving you a cool, leisurely smoke with never a touch of tongue bite.

This Amazing Pouch Means Cooler Smoking!



Two Weeks On a Radiator

One friend of ours left an unopened Edgeworth pouch on a hot radiator. When discovered two weeks later the tobacco was still moist and cool smoking.

Edgeworth tobacco leaves our plant with just the right moisture content for a cool, no-bite smoke. You can be sure every pouch will be that way when you open it, because only Edgeworth has the Seal-Pak pouch. Sealed air-and-water tight, it promises you fresher tobacco than any other type of pocket pack. No bulky corners in your pocket either.

FOR A COOL MIXTURE TRY HOLIDAY

A "custom" blend of five tobaccos selected for mildness and aroma. The only mixture in the Seal-Pak pouch.



YOU'RE SMARTER SMOKING

Edgeworth

AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY



SPECIAL OFFER \$1.50

Get this new polished aluminum stem "Park Lane" pipe with interchangeable imported briar bowl and exclusive "dri-dome" moisture trap—along with 2 full-sized pouches of EDGEWORTH tobacco. If your dealer can not supply you, use this handy order blank.

Name

Address

City State

Mail with \$1.50 to Park Lane, Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Virginia.

CM-5

Enjoy both sides
of smoking pleasure!



Feel that mildness

Taste that flavor—



that's a Cavalier!



ENJOY an extra measure of both sides of smoking pleasure — by switching to king-size Cavaliers. Try them! Find out for yourself that Cavaliers give you complete smoking enjoyment. What a pleasure smoking can be when the smoke *feels* so mild . . . *tastes* so good! No wonder Cavaliers are winning friends so fast!

Yes, join the thousands who are enjoying the extra mildness and superb flavor of king-size Cavaliers. Get some today!



CAVALIERS ARE KING-SIZE

yet priced no higher
than leading regular-size brands.

Try king-size Cavaliers! *Feel* that Cavalier mildness, so light, smooth and easy! See if you don't agree with thou-

sands of smokers everywhere who compared king-size Cavaliers with the cigarettes they had been smoking. Yes...

See why, among thousands of smokers interviewed...

**8 OUT OF 10 SAID
CAVALIERS ARE Milder!**



Ask for the
Cavalier "100"
metal humidor.
Keeps cigarettes
fresh
and flavorful.