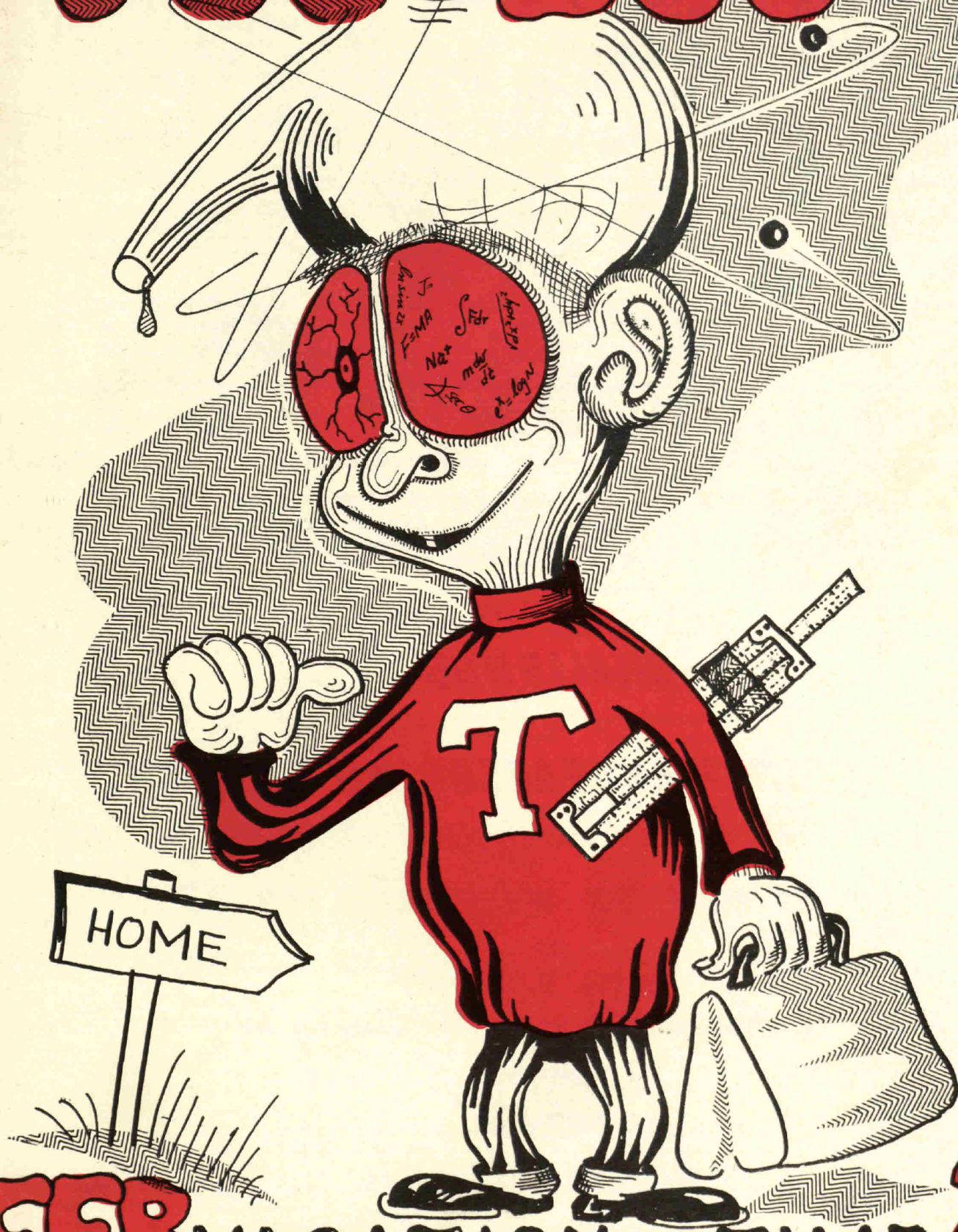


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We returned from vacation a week early to polish off two term papers, a thesis report, a take home quiz and five impending exams. Don't worry they will pass (though we may not) we kept telling ourselves as we sat down to begin the infinitely urgent task of answering the female correspondence that had accumulated while we were away. The phone rang. "What's that? A party. Why sure! I'd love to, I'll be right over."

"How come we woke up in your apartment? You say we tried to make everyone go swimming with us at Nantasket? The police towed my car away on New Year's Eve? Well, enough of this. Now we really have to get back to work."

The phone rang. "What's that? Write an editorial for this issue? Have it in by 5:00 this evening!"

We returned from vacation a week early...

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

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This month's cover by Eero Sarineen





After reading with extreme interest the 75th anniversary issue of The Tech, we feel obligated, just for the record, to get a few facts straight. When the bridge spanning the Charles river at Massachusetts Avenue was given its present title of the Harvard Bridge, a carload of Voo Doo men preceded the official car across the bridge carrying signs the import of which was that the bridge should be named The Tech Bridge. Now, as we have pointed out repeatedly, we don't like the bridge whatever its name is; we take no pride in claiming that we have ridden across it; we merely feel called upon to point out that lofty editorials about the responsibilities of journalism on page two and blatant lies on page eight tend to cancel each other out, leaving only a bad taste in the mouth.

And if things are that bad, fellows, just drop around and we'll give you the details of lots and lots of our publicity stunts you can call your own.

One of our pinned board members took his financee to a party over the vacation. Another one of the guests spent a long time admiring the pin which was, of course, located in the traditional place, and finally remarked, "Congratulations, but didn't the other one win a prize?"

We have always followed with great interest the adventures, past and present, of the Humanities department and were elated to hear that during the depression one of the professors proof read telephone books for a living; they couldn't have been any duller than our freshman humanities themes.

A few weeks ago we received a poison pen letter from Wellesley taking issue with our use of the phrase 'restrained abandon.' We are very flattered to see that our feminine friends are scrutinizing every word in the magazine, with the fervor of a conceited proofreader, but we tremble with fear that tomorrow's mail will bring upon us a diatribe from Vassar over our punctuation.

Our favorite nuclear physics text footnotes the following reference: F. Mosteller, in *The Annual Journal of Mathematical Statistics* (17:377, 1946): "On Some Useful Inefficient Statistics."

We pass on an interesting rush hour vignette we noticed the other night: a Tech Coed, wearing a parka, and hitching a ride across the Harvard bridge.

The following story drifted down the river to us from Radcliffe one night. It seems that two small girls, ages eight and ten, recently decided to call Elvis Presley. One day when mother was out they dashed to the telephone and put through a long distance call to their hero; they even had enough presence of mind to make it collect. The story has a bitter-sweet ending for, although Elvis, God knows why, accepted the call, mother returned and cancelled it.

When a quiz was announced in 6.02 Lab, someone immediately shouted out the usual question, "Is it closed book?" "Hell no," was the reply, "you can even bring a visiting professor for all the good it will do you."

Our general manager, who just bought himself a beautiful new orange swivel chair with Voo Doo's funds, has taken to swinging 'round and round' on it.

Democracy and the spirit of fair play have invaded a certain 6.13 class. The person in charge of said course conducted a poll the week before vacation to determine the topics to be considered during the remainder of the term.

When we jokingly asked a friend from L. S. C. if people were still stealing their posters, he replied in a matter of fact tone, betraying immeasurable conceit, "Of course, they always steal our posters. In fact we caught an Inscomm member at it the other day."

There are those who claim that silk isn't necessarily the best thing in the world, but most people will agree it's about the nearest thing to it.

It's the girls without principle who draw the interest.

Wellesley girl (on board ship):
"Where is the captain?"

Mate: "He's forward, Miss."

W.G.: "Oh, that's all right. This is a pleasure trip."

Adolescence; the age when a girl's voice changes...from "no" to "yes".



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When a girl tells a fella she's a perfect 36, she expects him to grasp what she is talking about.



A cute little lass approached the floorwalker and asked, "Do you have any notions on this floor?"

The floorwalker looked her over and then remarked, "Yes, madam, but we suppress them during working hours."

"Do you believe in free love?"
"Have I ever sent you a bill?"



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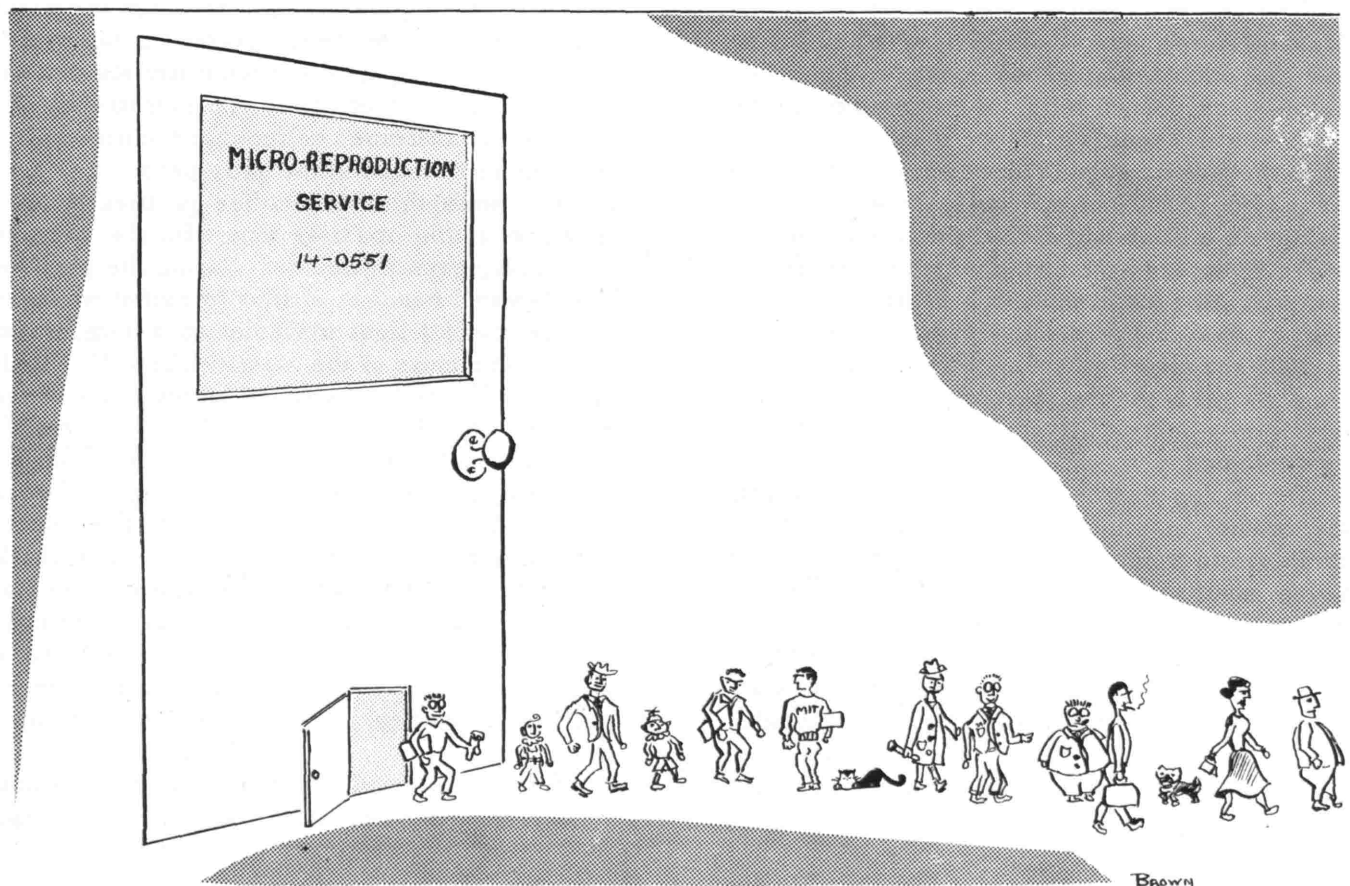
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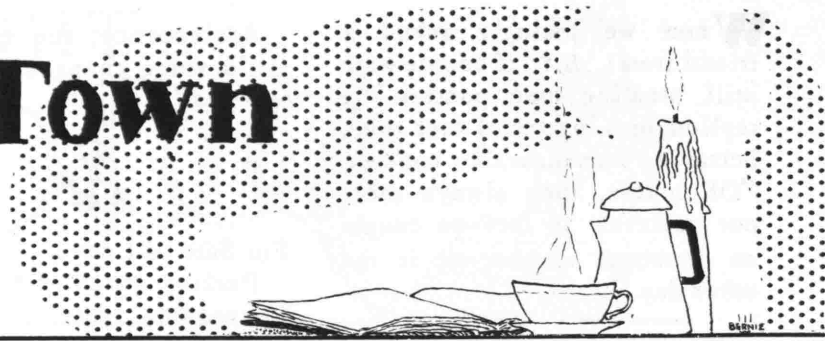
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Doing the Town



It is the opinion of the Voo Doo editorial staff that modern journalism is degenerate. Today's periodicals print only the latest news, up to the minute information, topical articles. They pride themselves on looking to tomorrow. Voo Doo, however, looks backwards.

Take Coffee.

Far from being merely a modern drink for inebriation cure or eyelid lifting, coffee has been used for over five hundred years. Although associated with the South American countries today, coffee originated in Abyssinia, the name coming from Kaffa, a province of that country. Originally coffee wasn't used as a drink, but was mixed with fat and used as a food.

The use of coffee as a drink, originated by Arab travelers, had spread through Arabia, Egypt, and the other Mohammedan countries by 1500. Coffee caused much religious persecution in the Mohammedan countries. Since it is not mentioned in the Koran, many leaders waged fierce campaigns to stamp out this widespread "vice". Coffee as a drink had spread throughout Europe and the colonies by the middle of the seventeenth century, after its introduction in Italy by Venetian traders in the early seventeenth century. In 1690 the East India Company introduced the plant to Java, and by the early eighteenth century it was being cultivated in the South American colonies.

Depending on the species of the plant and the country in which it grows, the coffee bean shrub grows from six to twenty feet high. About seven months after blossoming, clusters of red cherry-like berries develop close to the stalk. When fully ripe this berry turns a reddish-black and is harvested. Each hull contains two oval beans rounded on the outside, with the inside, flat sides together. Now you can remove this hull by either of two methods. Any place where you have lots of water the pulp is broken and re-

moved by washing it. When you're in dry areas you can remove the hull by spreading the berries in thin layers and turning them frequently, allowing the sun and wind to wreck the hull.

Coffee acquires a different character when grown in different soils, altitudes, or climates. In the days of the clipper ships, New England received, almost exclusively, coffees from Mocha and Java -- hence the synonym "java". Recently coffee has been scarce there, forcing the United States to drink blends of coffees from Venezuela, Columbia, and Brazil. With the wide range of existing flavors in coffees, a blender can create a coffee which is bitter, mild, harsh, pungent, neutral, dry or mellow. While green coffee has a little flavor or aroma, the flavor and aroma comes from the roasting process, during which the sugar and dextrine in the beans become carametized and the cellulose and ligneous materials carbonize. The strength of coffee comes from the combination of caffeine, caffool, and caffetannic acid running around in the little bean.

The strength of the coffee is directly proportional to the roasting time with the average time being twenty minutes. During the process the "green" beans -- similar to puffed wheat -- change from a light tan color to a dark brown color. The name of the roast -- "Light", "Medium", or "Dark" -- is based on the color of the roasted bean. The strong "New York", "French" and "Italian" roasts have been cooked until the oils have been cooked out, giving the beans a dark, shiny appearance. These stronger roasts are popular in the south where they seem to think that a bit of chicory thrown in improves the flavor of the brew immensely. Coffee should be used soon after roasting since the aromatic oils volatilize very rapidly while the non-volatile vegetable oils oxidize, giving the coffee a musty, stale flavor.

After roasting, the coffee is ground to a uniform size depending on the amount of time the

coffee will later be brewed. Some of the grinds in order of increasing fineness; open pot, perculator, drip, vacuum pot, and "pulverized" or powdered, which is used for demitasse.

Teas, if anything, are more varied than coffees. All commercial teas are obtained from one type of plant, but again, as in the case of wines and coffees, the nature of the tea depends strongly on climate and soil. In addition, the method of manufacture and the size of the leaf used also contribute to the character of the tea. Native to the Orient, teas are produced notably by Japan, China, India, Formosa, Ceylon, and Java. Since the tea plant requires a light, well drained soil, plantations are usually located on mountainsides. Consequently the tea producing areas are very limited. This is particularly true in China, Japan, and Formosa where growing conditions are generally poor.

Tea is prepared from the leaves of a low, shade grown bush. The leaves are harvested only from the first outmost part of new shoots just when the bushes are about to produce a seed bud. For eighteen to twenty hours the leaves are allowed to wither under carefully controlled temperature and humidity conditions. Then the leaf is rolled two or three times giving the "twist" to the leaf, breaking up the sap cells, which improves the extracting properties of the tea, and assisting fermentation. After the rolling the leaves are placed in a dark place and allowed to ferment. During the process they become a light, coppery red and develop new, aromatic and alcoholic, properties. When the leaves have fermented to the desired degree, the process is arrested by "firing", a careful drying of the leaves with heat. This is a delicate process,

since too rapid drying leaves a damp core in the leaves which later rots, while too slow drying results in "stewing", which gives a poor quality tea. Tea which has been fired before any fermentation has taken place is known as "green tea" while the strongly fermented teas are dark and called "black teas".

Fragments of leaves are given names of the genre "broken".

In passing we should mention "matte", a popular drink in Argentina and Brazil. It looks somewhat like a tea, consisting of golden, oatmeal-like flakes and is drunk from a gourd or crock with a straw. Unfortunately it never became very popular in this country and is rather hard to obtain.

--Bernie Wuensch --

A couple wanted to get married in a hurry.

The man, a soldier on a 48-hour pass, took his blushing bride to see the vicar. "Impossible!" said the latter. "Even a special license would take too long."

The would-be bride and bridegroom exchanged a look of misery, then a smile spread across the soldier's face. "Well," he suggested brightly, "couldn't you say a few words just to tide us over the weekend?"



Knees are a luxury these days, and if you don't believe it, just try and get your hands on one.

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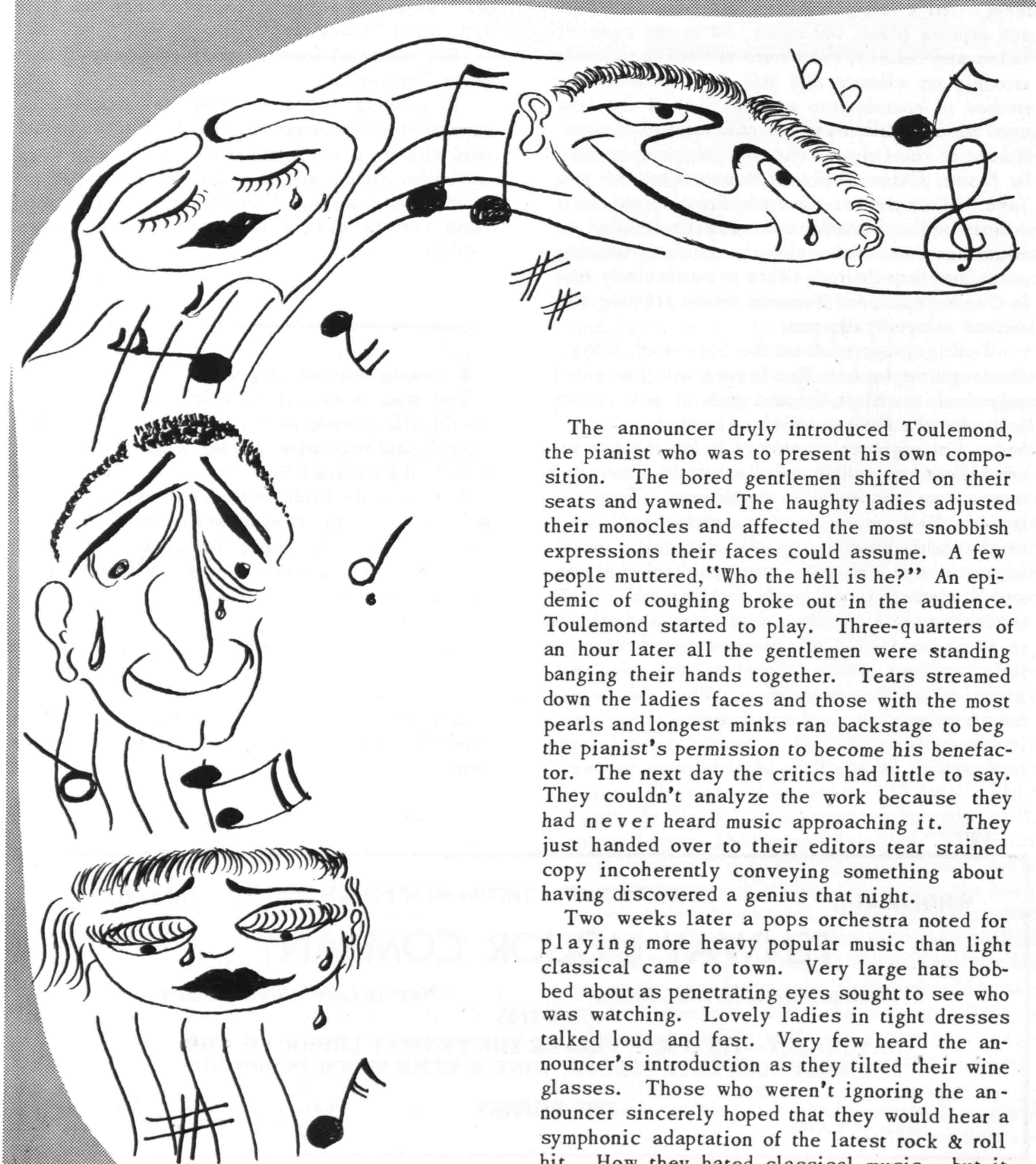
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The announcer dryly introduced Toulemond, the pianist who was to present his own composition. The bored gentlemen shifted on their seats and yawned. The haughty ladies adjusted their monocles and affected the most snobbish expressions their faces could assume. A few people muttered, "Who the hell is he?" An epidemic of coughing broke out in the audience. Toulemond started to play. Three-quarters of an hour later all the gentlemen were standing banging their hands together. Tears streamed down the ladies faces and those with the most pearls and longest minks ran backstage to beg the pianist's permission to become his benefactor. The next day the critics had little to say. They couldn't analyze the work because they had never heard music approaching it. They just handed over to their editors tear stained copy incoherently conveying something about having discovered a genius that night.

Two weeks later a pops orchestra noted for playing more heavy popular music than light classical came to town. Very large hats bobbed about as penetrating eyes sought to see who was watching. Lovely ladies in tight dresses talked loud and fast. Very few heard the announcer's introduction as they tilted their wine glasses. Those who weren't ignoring the announcer sincerely hoped that they would hear a symphonic adaptation of the latest rock & roll hit. How they hated classical music - but it

was so fashionable. In a short time the wine bottles were pushed aside and all were staring open-mouthed at the pianist. Genuine tears poured from the ladies' phoney eyes. A few finally managed to regain their composure but discussed nothing but Toulemond the whole evening.

In a little hole referred to as a jazz workshop there had played all those in the jazz world who had been considered great. The progressive owner always presented unusual combinations and varieties of music. That particular night an extremely enthusiastic, tweed jacketed, horn-rim glassed audience filled the room. Chet Chet, a true genius, was in town. During the intermission no one heard the owner introduce Toulemond as a fill-in. They were too busy drinking and discussing Chet Chet's strange interpretation of Bach's fugues on a vibra-stick. A short while later all the drinks had been lowered and the charcoal grey trousers were bouncing with the music. Even Chet Chet listened closely. Within a month the name of Toulemond appeared in *Downbeat* as often as Nuts, Red or even Dizzy. Toulemond's jazz recordings also made up better than fifty percent of the jazz record sales.

It was a big night on the Sunday night variety show. Hundreds of young girls sat with a look of grim determination on their faces. It was the night they would see and hear *him* sing. First they had to sit through an act of acrobatic chimpanzees. It was more than the poor girls could take. Who wanted to see chimps when *he* with the beautiful hair and the guitar would soon appear. Then the big creep who ran the show rested his long jaw on his fist and introduced, of all things, a pianist. Several girls fainted. How could they possibly wait ten more agonizing minutes to see *him*. But the girls ecstatic screams came ten minutes early. They demanded encores all night. *He* never did get to strum on his guitar and wiggle his hips -- Toulemond had conquered another segment of the worlds' music lovers.

Within a year Toulemond was a national and an international hero. All music lovers regardless of their tastes were his ardent followers. Everyone agreed that his fantastic interpretations of his own fantastic music were utterly fantastic. Five million copies of one of his recordings were sold in one month. A special committee had to be set up to decide who would have the privilege of purchasing tickets to his

wonderful concerts.

This committee decided to have an annual grand concert to which presidents, premiers, ambassadors, commissars, and various royalty would be invited. The one decision that the committee made immediately and unanimously was on the location of the concert. It would naturally take place in that unusual auditorium located in a famous New England engineering school. This auditorium was well known to be acoustically perfect. Nothing could be more ideal than having the greatest pianist the world had ever known playing the best music that had ever been written in the most acoustically perfect auditorium that had yet been built.

The first annual grand concert of Toulemond was a fabulous success. All the invited royalty eagerly attended in their most lavish dress. But in spite of the fame of the audience, and the glitter of the kings and queens, the wonderful music outshone everything and everybody.

The *Times* critic said of the concert, "...definitely the greatest milestone in the history of music. The effect on the audience alone was quite a thing to see."

The reviewer in the *Herald* prattled on something like this, "...I feel that I cannot, having been so emotionally effected by the music, give an adequate description of last night's concert. Toulemond's playing was, as always, perfect. The music had such deep feeling that..."

It was universally agreed that the recordings of the concert were the greatest music records that were ever produced. The music world did not stop talking about the concert until a year later when the next annual grand concert was held.

There was one rather unusual note in reference to the concert however. At the fine institution where the first grand concert took place there is a newspaper published by some of the students. The reviewer in that paper said, "...It took all I could do from preventing myself from walking out in the middle of the concert and going back to my studies. The controversial inadequacies of the acoustics of the new auditorium only aggravated the imperfections of the pianist.

The pieces which the pianist chose to play, aside from being generally poor, were not at all suited to the type of concert. To sum up, the whole thing was a waste of time."

PRIMER IN THE MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE

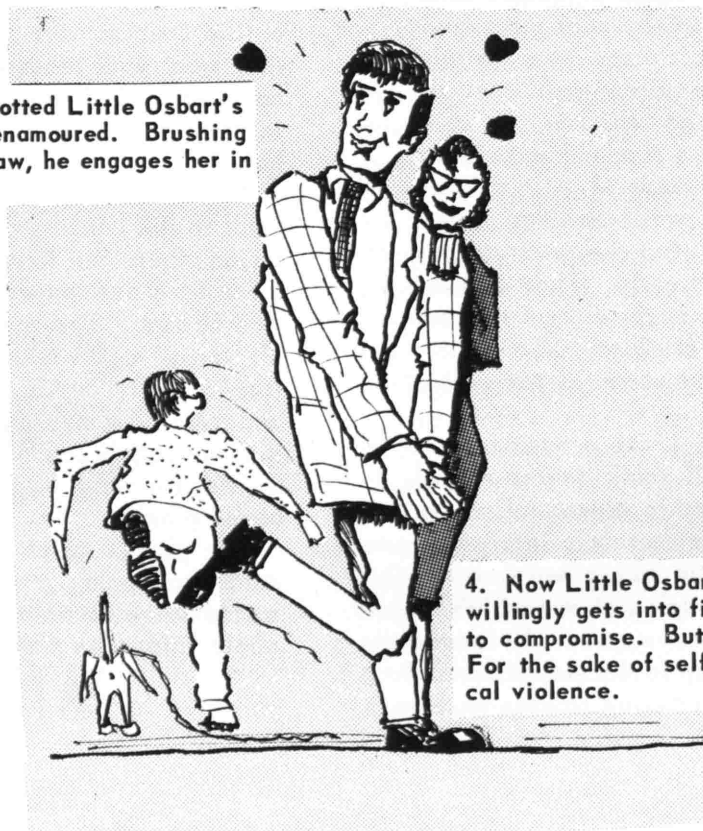


1. This is Little Osbart, walking down the street with his woman friend. Observe him; diminutive, meek, unassuming, almost nonexistent.



2. Look out, here comes Big Grog. He moves down the street like a steamroller. Men get out of his way; women pause to admire his physique. Look out little Osbart, he is coming your way!

3. Too late! Big Grog has spotted Little Osbart's female companion, and he is enamoured. Brushing Osbart aside with his mighty paw, he engages her in conversation.



4. Now Little Osbart is a quiet individual. He never willingly gets into fisticuffs, and is always prepared to compromise. But his honor has been besmirched. For the sake of self respect he must espouse physical violence.

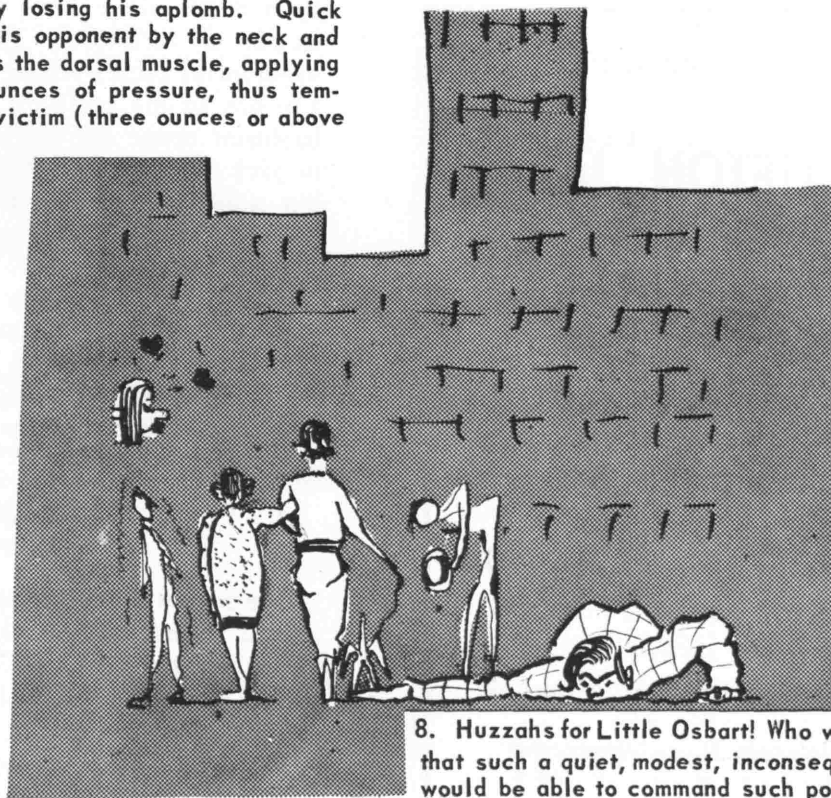


5. Stepping quickly over to Big Grog, Little Osbart paces his right foot such that his big toe is three quarters of an inch from Big Grog's left instep, at the same time jabbing his elbow just under the bully's cartominous secular.



6. He shifts his weight at the same time bringing his arms forty five degrees over his head so that Big Grog suddenly finds his frame without support. With a deft movement, Little Osbart kicks him in the ass.

7. Big Grog is rapidly losing his aplomb. Quick thinking Osbart grips his opponent by the neck and places his thumb across the dorsal muscle, applying two and one quarter ounces of pressure, thus temporarily paralyzing the victim (three ounces or above is fatal).



8. Huzzahs for Little Osbart! Who would have thought that such a quiet, modest, inconsequential little chap would be able to command such powerful resources? There he goes again, calmly down the street. Men get out of his way, women pause to admire him. He has captured the day!

Then Big Grog got up and, with one blow, clobbered Little Osbart into the sidewalk.

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CO: "Your wife came to town, I gave you a 24-hour pass, and you come back 24 hours late. How come?"

Soldier: "Well sir, when I got to the hotel my wife was taking a bath."

CO: "Did that take you two days?"

Soldier: "No, sir, but it took almost that long for my uniform to dry."



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."



Two farmers at a Dublin Fair were fascinated by a booth where little celluloid balls bobbed on top of water jets. Customers were offered substantial prizes if they succeeded in shooting any one of the balls off its perch. One of the Irishmen spent six shillings in a vain attempt to pick off one ball. Finally his friend pushed him aside and picked up the rifle. "Watch how I do it." He took a single shot. All six balls disappeared.

As they walked away from the booth laden with prizes, the unsuccessful one marveled, "However did you do it, McHugh?"

"It just took knowing how," explained McHugh. "I shot the man who was working the pump."



One day two soldiers were arguing over a dead animal. One of them said it was a mule, and the other insisted it was a donkey. In a little while, an officer came by and they asked his opinion. He said curtly, "It's an ass; bury it!"

While they were digging a grave for the animal, a wac came by. She asked, "What are you digging? A fox hole?"

To which they wryly answered, "No!"

Three athletes from different schools had flunked their classes and were dropped from the team. They got together and talked about their misfortune.

The man from Tech said, "That calculus was just too damn much."

The man from B. U. said, "It was trigonometry that got me."

And the man from Harvard said, "Did youse guys ever hear of long division?"



Adultery: Two wrong people doing the right thing.



Definition of a college student: one who can't count to 70 without laughing.



In a parlor a davenport stands.
A couple sit there holding hands.
So far--no farther.
Now in the parlor a cradle stands.
A mother sits there wringing hands.
So far--no father.



Definition of a baby: taking seriously what was poked at you in fun.



Agent: Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier, and bring you a host of friends.

Student: I'll take a quart.



Papa Stork: "I surely had a busy day. I delivered 152 babies."

Mama Stork: "Yeah, me too. I delivered 145 babies."

Kid Stork: "Well, I can't deliver babies like you grownups can, but I did have some fun today. I scared hell out of a couple of high school kids."

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AVID VOO DOO READER -
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SHOWERED WITH WEALTH
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2. WHICH END IS UP?

3. WHY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST COMES OUT ON TUESDAYS?

4. $E=MC^2$?

★ ✂️ REMEMBER: ANYTHING THAT'S NOT WORTH SAYING ONCE, ISN'T WORTH SAYING AT ALL. ✂️ ★

DOES YOUR BEST FRIEND MAKE YOU FEEL INFERIOR BECAUSE HE MAKES
OUT WITH ALL THE GIRLS IN TOWN, GETS STRAIGHT 'A's' IN COLLEGE, IS CAP-
TAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM, AND RIDES A WHITE HORSE?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE TALLER THAN HE IS, EVEN TALLER THAN HIS HORSE?
DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A MIGHTY ARM, GET BACK YOUR DOLLARS FOR EVERY
THREE YOU INVEST, AND GUARD AGAINST THROAT SCRATCH? THEN READ NO
FURTHER BECAUSE ANY FOOL KNOWS YOU CAN'T GET NOTHING LIKE THAT NOW-
DAYS. BUT SINCE YOU'RE STILL PSYCHICALLY OBLUSCATED (E.G. 'P.O.E.D') TAKE
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ANONYMOUS.

* AND IF IT'S NOT WORTH SAYING AT ALL, YOU READ IT FIRST IN VOO DOO!

. . . AND AWAY

"Ah, yes," said Smedley Carrothers, as he turned his instep toward the fire, and burrowed an increment further into the overstuffed chair always kept for him at The Grange.

"Go on," said Mrs. Hawthorne with a nearly imperceptible movement of her perapatic fingers, thus voicing the unexpressed sentiment which prevailed the room, teeter-tottered on the chandalier, cascaded down the mantle, and rubbed its back against the window pane.

"Well then," was the staccato reply, which, with its unfamiliar rhythm caused a ripple of awareness to travel the length of the recumbent form of the oldest member.

Following this introductory reparte, invariably the custom before one of the celebrated raconteur's narratives, in a style incapable of being reproduced here, Smedley Carrothers related the following vignette.

It was evening in Serenity Gulch, the fabulous, fabled reactionary, pioneering town in the heart of the legendary old west. At the nerve center of the community, *The First Chance, Last Chance Gentleman's Bar and Grill*, a wild celebration was in progress. All the boys were there: Hopalong, in his usual corner table; Tom Mix, already under his table; and, of course, good old Grool, behind the bar.

The reason for the celebration, which at the time our story begins was in full swing, was the return, earlier that day, of two of the town's favorite sons. They had strode into town, shooting out streetlights as they came, and made straight for Grool's establishment. Unrecognized they ordered a bottle of scotch and two straws. While they sat sipping, looking just like a Saturday Evening Post cover, an adorable little six year old boy wandered by. Suddenly Gene Autrey began screaming, "Look at the sniveling little brat; my God, how I hate them with their popcorn stained, greasy little hands, always clutching at you." And at that he began to froth at the mouth, finally subsiding until he lay curled up in a corner moaning softly to himself.

"Weakling," said the taller of the two newcomers derisively, drawing trusty six shooter and pumping six bullets into the cute little tyke.

"You just have to handle them right," he explained to the admiring crowd which had immediately gathered.

"Look, it's a silver bullet," shouted a voice from the crowd. "The Lone Ranger," said the crowd in unison, and the celebration began.

Meanwhile back at the Five Star, Red Crescent, Eagle Ranch, a dope-crazed hoss wrangler, after he had stared at a brutally murdered body, mounted his mount and rode hell-for-leather to town. When he reached Grool's place, he staggered in, looked Grool straight in the eye, and said, "It's the Sioux, Sam - on the warpath again."

As he sunk to the barroom floor for the last time, while his soul prepared for its trip to that great pasture out yonder, Grool kicked his deformed body aside and muttered, "It's about time that damn Garcia got his."

Ordinarily such a message would have meant that all the occupants of the tavern would spring to their horses, shout for cameramen, and ride; but this night nobody was in any shape to spring. After about ten minutes, the Lone Ranger's companion pulled himself to his feet and tottered toward the door. "Come, Kemosabe," he managed, and fell on his horse.

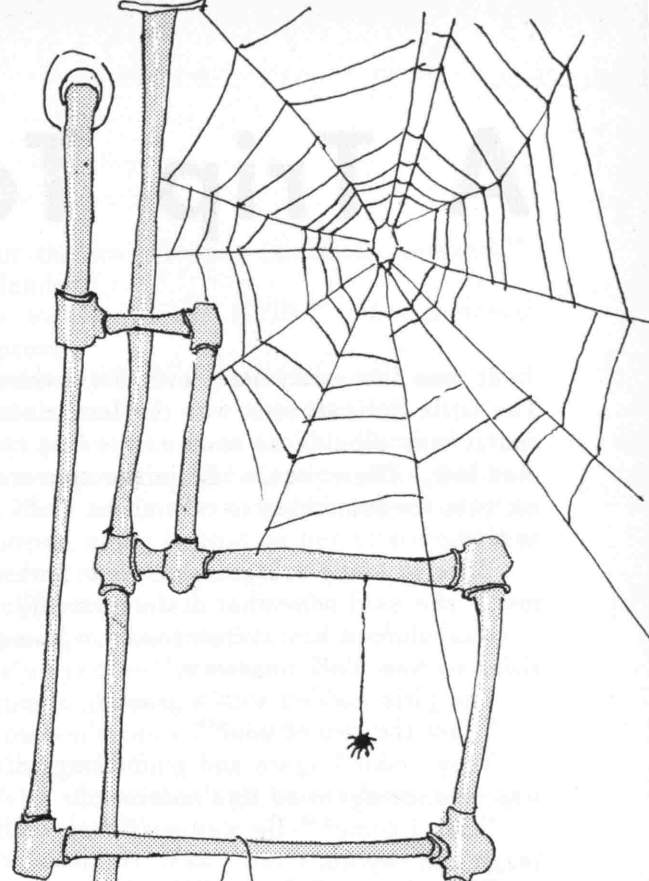
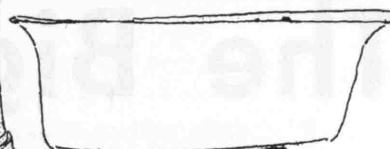
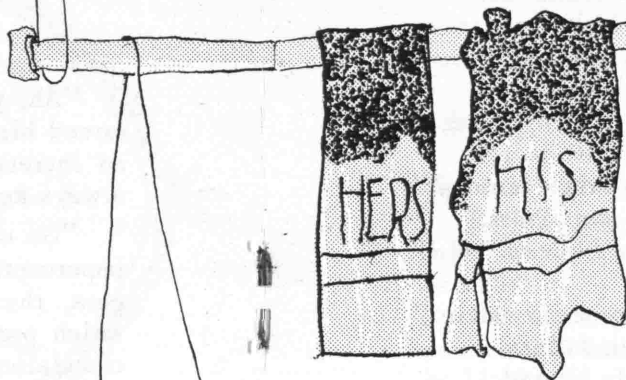
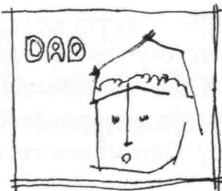
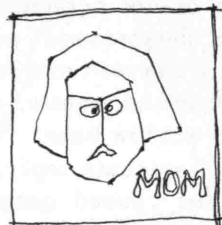
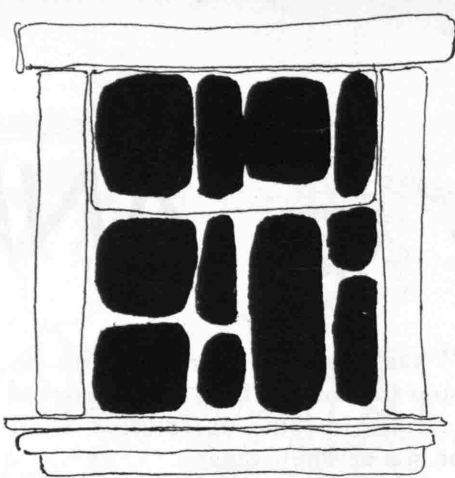
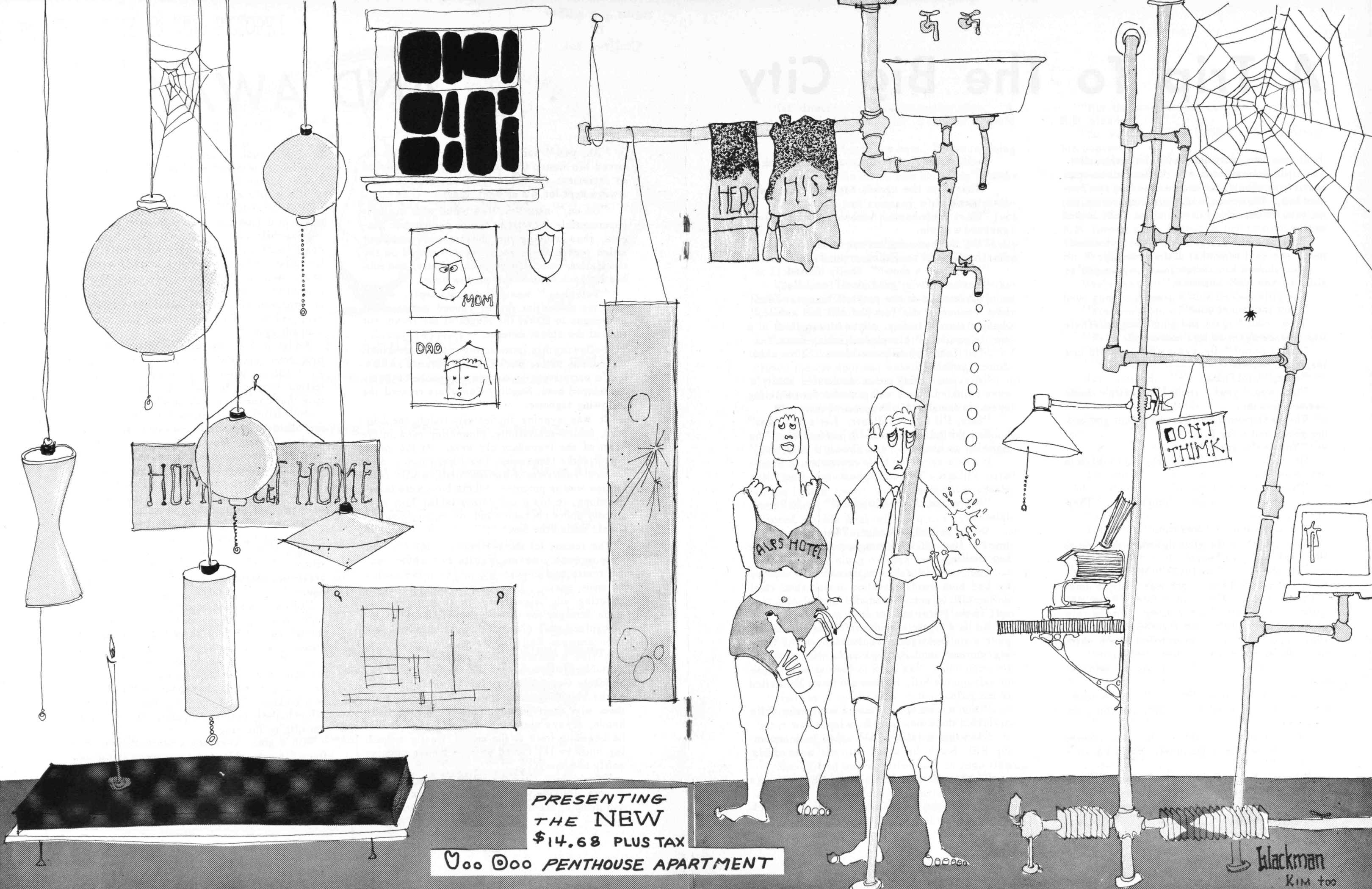
The two rode together in the togetherness of the enveloping darkness. Fearless, they rode as they had rode on uncountable similar occasions. Finally they sighted in the distance eighteen hundred and fifty three wild eyed savages.

"Discretion is the better part of valor," mumbled the Lone Ranger, as they turned with one motion and rode back toward whence they had come. It was too late; they were surrounded.

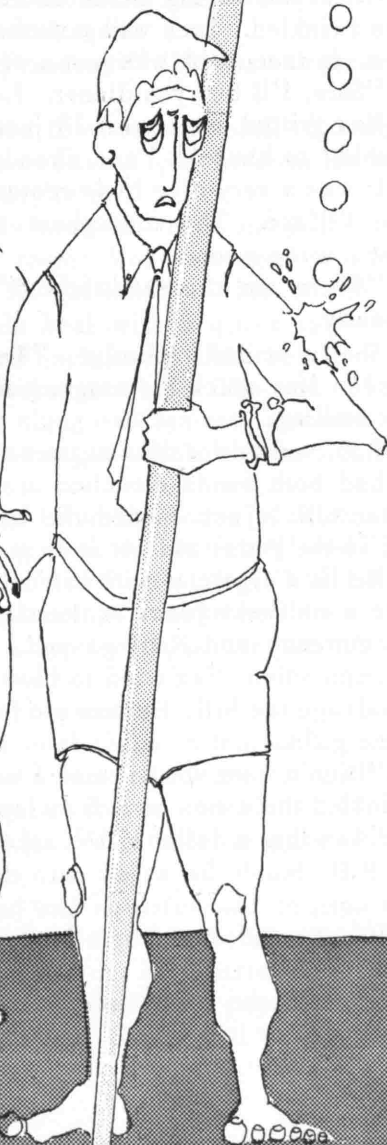
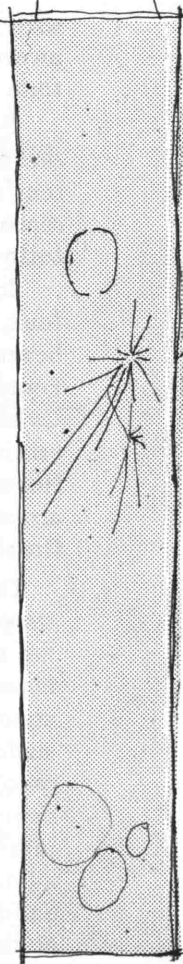
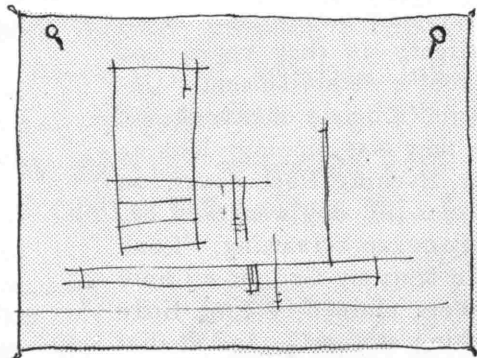
On all sides shone the lithe naked bodies of the red men. The Lone Ranger and Tonto prepared to give battle, but somehow the old spirit was lacking. The Lone Ranger fired seventeen silver bullets and one copper one in a row without hitting anything.

With a grand sweeping gesture of finality he flung his gun aside; and, courageous to the end, proclaimed, "It looks like this is the end of the trail, pardner."

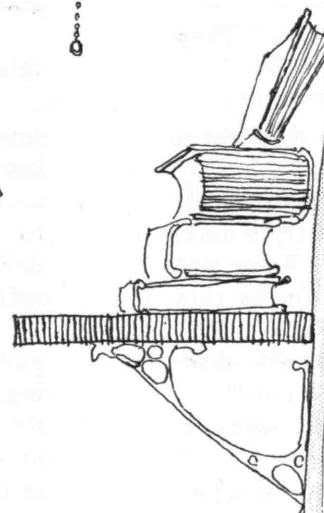
Tonto turned to him; "Too bad, paleface," he said.



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A Trip To The Big City

It was late, very late, even later than that. The little delicatessen was the last place open and it was closing as soon as the last two couples left. There was a lull in the conversation, so, just for something to talk about, R.B. looked at Max.

"Shelly and I are going to New York tomorrow," she said somewhat disinterestedly.

Max slurped his coffee loudly. "So you're going to New York tomorrow."

The girls nodded with a grunt.

"Just the two of you?"

They nodded again and grunted again. There was silence again so Max continued.

"Can I come?" He was sure they would just laugh and say no.

"Sure," said R.B.

"Oh, would you? - really?" Shelly's smile seemed genuine.

The next morning it snowed. Max grabbed the phone and woke R.B.

"Yes, we're going."

Max was shocked. "You're going to drive in the snow?"

"No, we'll take a train."

"Oh, for Pete's sake," thought Max, "They can't do this to me."

But they could and they did.

The first thing the girls did when they got to New York was call Jack.

"So who the hell is Jack?" Max sort of felt he had a right to know. Jack was Shelly's date. "Date - date? Who's got a date? We're not dated. I just sort of came along. I mean this isn't a date. We're just together like. You know, like if we came separate but at the same time. We're not dated. Really - we're not."

Shelly smiled, "Would you like to swing a loan?"

Well, maybe I won't have to." Max reached into his pocket - \$15.00. Plenty, nothing to worry about.

Three rounds at the Biltmore Cocktail Lounge set him straight in short order. Eight bucks - spvvt.

"Dammit," Max laid down the law. "I expect to get reimbursed when we leave here."

"Now, now, Max, that's not very gentlemanly of you," purred R.B.

Shelly smiled. "Would you like to swing a loan?"

"What's on the agenda for this evening?" Max queried.

"Oh, I don't know. A movie I guess." R.B. guessed a movie.

"No, no - you don't want to see a movie." Max fondled his remaining seven dollars.

"How about a show?" Shelly blurted.

"Yeah, a movie, good idea!" said Max.

Jack arrived at the cocktail lounge. "Well now maybe he can foot the bill for awhile," thought Max. "In fact, maybe he can think of a way to get out of this whole stinking mess."

"But Jack had different ideas. "How about dinner, girls?"

"Are you taking me to dinner?" Shelly's eyes twinkled. Jack was a sucker for twinkling eyes. In fact, Jack was just a sucker.

"Sure, I'll buy you dinner. Let's go folks."

Max gritted his teeth. "I just met him," he mumbled to himself, "and already I hate him."

It was a very nice little restaurant in Greenwich Village. The atmosphere was free. Max glared at the menu.

"Where are the sandwiches?" he bellowed defiantly.

Shelly smiled tenderly. "Want to swing a loan?" Max stuck his tongue out at her but she kept smiling.

R.B. waited for Max to open the car door but he had both hands clenched around that final dollar bill. Jack opened the back door. Max spit in the gutter and got in first.

He lit a cigarette with his dollar bill. Shelly gave a muffled squeak at the sign of the flaming currency and R.B. gasped. Having made its impression, Max tried to blow it out in time to salvage the bill. He was too late. He smiled at the girls.

"Didn't want you to think I was cheap." He sprinkled the ashes on R.B.'s lap.

"Was that a dollar bill?" asked Jack, watching R.B. brush the ashes onto the floor of his car.

Max wanted to strangle him. "No, it was a ten!"

"Why in the world did you do that?" Jack was puzzled.

Max directed his answer to the girls. "I wanted to watch it evaporate. I thought it would burn like water too."

Shelly leaned over the seat. "Want to swing a loan?"

Max shoved his hands into his empty pockets and said nothing.

Rather than part company with his life savings, Max decided to part company with Jack and Shelly.

"We'll meet you at Penn station." Shelly consulted a train schedule. "The train leaves at 11:40."

Max leaned over to Shelly. He was somewhat embarrassed. "Did you mention something about a loan a little while back?" He spoke very softly.

Shelly smiled. She opened her pocket book and handed Max her purse. He slipped it into his coat pocket without opening it, said "Thanks", closed the car door and waved goodbye.

Max looked around. They were in front of the Biltmore hotel again.

Where to, Princess?" He tried to smile but couldn't.

R.B. nodded towards the hotel. "A couple of friends of mine have a room here for the night. Let's see if they're in."

The friends were not there and R.B. retired to the ladies' room. Max went next door to the men's room. He got half way through the door, pivoted on his heel with a quick to-the-rear-march, and was back in the lobby before the man in the white jacket saw him. The man had three or four towels slung over his arm, and on a stool beside him was a little dish with lots of quarters in it.

R.B. emerged from the house of relief.

"Everything come out all right?" asked Max.

"I've got a blister on my foot," said R.B.

"Let's go dancing," said Max.

R.B. stuck her tongue out at him. Max returned the gesture.

They went to a movie.

Halfway through the main feature R.B. asked Max what time it was. He looked at his watch, but it was too dark to see. He shoved his wrist in front of R.B. and let her struggle with the blackness.

She shifted and squinted and squirmed and finally came out with, "It's 11:25. We have to meet Shelly. Come on; we'd better hurry."

Max shoved a handful of popcorn into his mouth and mumbled "Shelly will wait."

"But the train leaves in fifteen minutes," R.B. pleaded.

"So we'll take the 12:10." Max munched his popcorn.

Hopelessly R.B. settled into her seat and watched the movie.

They got to station at 12:05. The P.A. system was announcing their train. Max grabbed R.B.'s hand and made a dash for the platform. R.B. limped along behind on her blistered feet. Their eyes searched the platform frantically. No Shelly.

"She must have taken the 11:40." R.B. said. Max's eyes kept searching. "No, she wouldn't have gone without us."

"You don't know Shelly!"

"All aboard!"

"Well, she wouldn't go home alone, anyway."

"All aboard!"

"Oh, come on, Max. Let's go on."

Max frowned. "We can't just forget about Shelly and leave."

"Well that's probably what she did!" R.B. was bouncing from one foot to the other but they both hurt.

Max put his arm around her. "Now, Tootsie, chin up. Stay chipper."

The conductor stepped onto the train. He looked at Max. "Well, folks, what's it going to be?"

"Take it away," said Max.

The conductor pulled the cord twice and the train moved. R.B. leaned on Max's shoulder and they both stood on the platform watching 'til the train was out of sight.

"How about a cup of coffee?" Max asked tenderly.

"Oh, I couldn't. I feel nauseus."

"Well, I don't and I could." Max escorted R.B., shoes in hand, to the coffee shop.

She propped her elbow on the counter and dropped her chin into it. "When's the next train?" she mumbled.

"I'll find out." said Max. "You stay here and order my coffee while I go look for Shelly."

Max came back with a train schedule but no Shelly.

"You were right," he said.

"Hunh?"

"She must have taken the 11:40."

"When's the next one?"

"1:15."

"Ohhh."

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A girl was telling a boy friend that she realized she was very popular but didn't know why.
"Do you suppose it's my complexion?" She asked him.

"No."

"My figure?"

"No."

"My personality?"

"No."

"I give up."

"That's it!"



"Did you follow my advice about kissing women when they least expect it?"

"Oh, hell," said the fellow with the swollen eye, "I thought you said where."



Two hillbillies who had never been on a train before had been drafted and were on their way to camp. A food merchant came through the train selling bananas. The two mountaineers had never seen bananas and each bought one. As one man bit into his the train entered a tunnel. His voice came to his companion in the darkness:

"Jed, have you eaten yours yet?"

"Not yet," answered Jed, "Why?"

"Well, don't touch it. I've taken one bite and gone blind."



"You've read that sentence wrong, Miss Adams, it's all men are created equal, not all men are made the same way."



"The inner check" said the philosophy teacher, "can be applied as well to our everyday lives. Observe, for example, the fly that has just lit on my nose. I do not lose my temper, I do not swear, I do not blaspheme. I merely say, 'Go away, fly,' and, uh . . . Goddam! It's a bee!"

But Officer . . .

1. This sign means slow down and watch for the police. The sign is always bounded by an octagon, each side representing one direction in which a policeman may lie in wait. The printing on the sign stems from the ancient Greek ΣΥΟΩ, meaning "close cover before striking."

2. This vector indicates the direction of maximum likelihood of traffic, and is equal to B times the mean free path of the automobiles, where B is the bluff constant. The magnitude of the vector, however, does not indicate the traffic volume. Never violate a one way vector during rush hours.

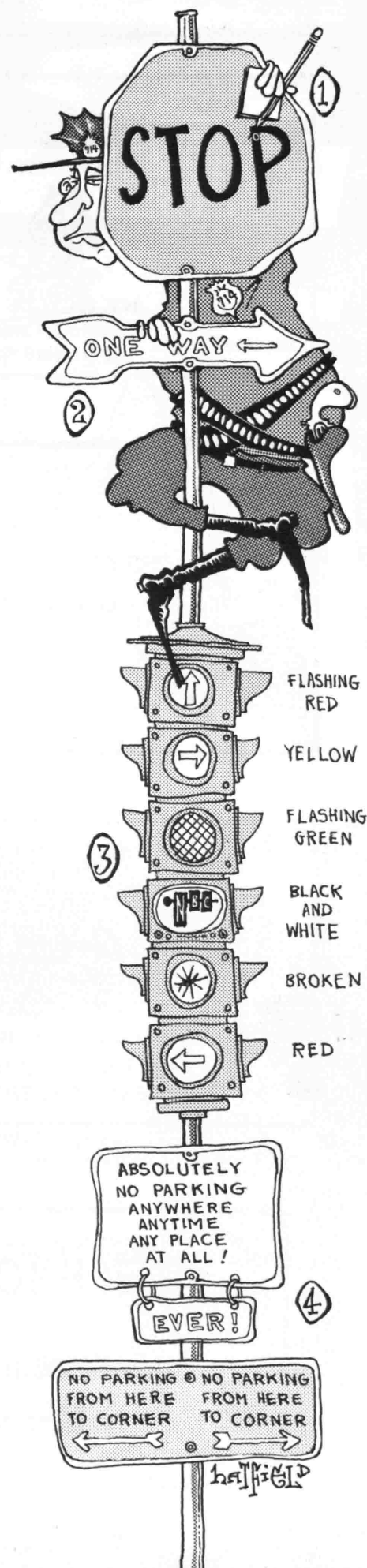
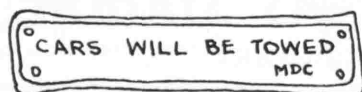
3. This is a traffic signal. Red means stop, green means go; except when at higher speeds the Doppler Effect may interchange the colors. Then Red means go; green means stop.

Red and yellow means that you may turn right or left through pedestrians.

If flashing green or a green arrow is preceeded by both red arrows flashing simultaneously and accompanied by steady yellow, you may go ahead.

If steady red flashes simultaneously with the green arrow, do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars, and pick up one light green Forfeit card from the stack on your windshield.

4. The rather wordy sign to the right is Cambridge's complete solution to the traffic problem. Other than that, the sign has no real significance to the motorist, except when accompanied by a smaller sign.



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A Brookline home owner was mowing his lawn dressed in his oldest clothes. A woman in a fine car stopped and asked him: "What do you get for mowing lawns?"

"The lady who lives here let's me sleep with her." replied the home owner. The lady drove away without comment.



A persevering couple finally produced a boy after eight straight girls in a row. When the happy sire heard this, he went on a week long celebration that broke several records. On the seventh day, somebody asked him, "Whom does it look like, you or your wife?"

"I don't know," the proud parent chortled happily. "We haven't looked at his face yet."



This is a story about a bashful girl who worked all her crossword puzzles vertically, so she wouldn't have to come across.



Blessed are the censors, for they shall inhibit the earth.



Andy: "Do you know what Scotty did with his first fifty-cent piece?"

Tony: "No."

Andy: "He married her."

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DOUBLE TAKE

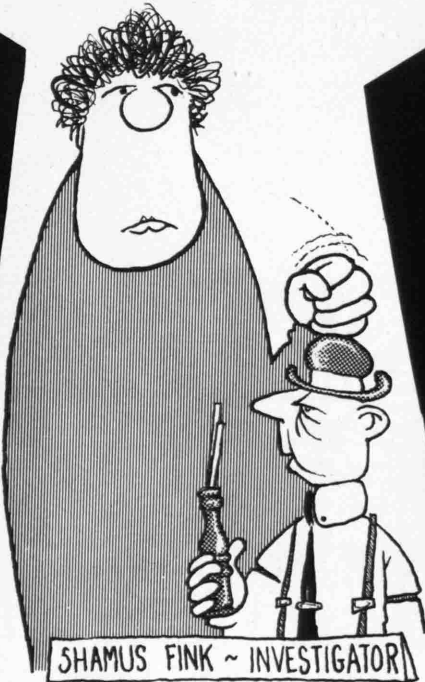
by Dick Blomstein

and Don Hatfield

Radio, television, and movies have a slight tendency to romanticize various dull, unromantic occupations. Voo Doo in its constant effort to expose the bitter truth brings out the facts!

Romantic Version:

"I was sitting at my desk, sipping bourbon, when she came in. She was blond, young, beautiful. She glided across the room and put her arms around me. 'Oh, Mr. Trace, someone is trying to kill me. You've got to protect me.' Suddenly, a big gorilla with a tommy gun burst into the room.."



Real Life:

"I was sitting at my desk, sipping stale beer, when she came in. She was sweaty, old, and vermin infested. She waddled across the room and breathed raw onion in my face. 'Shamus, my lousy husband is running around with another broad and I want a divorce. Do your job, shamus, I could use the alimony.' Suddenly the landlord burst in with last month's bill..."

FROM THE

PRIVATE FILES

OF A

PRIVATE EYE:



Romantic Version:

"Congratulations, Dr. Tod, no one else on earth could have saved her life. When I stop to think we almost gave her up for dead, I mean, after all, who would have thought dephlogistinated hypocatalysis could be cured at such an advanced stage, and on the operating table!"

"Really, Nurse Grotz, it was nothing."

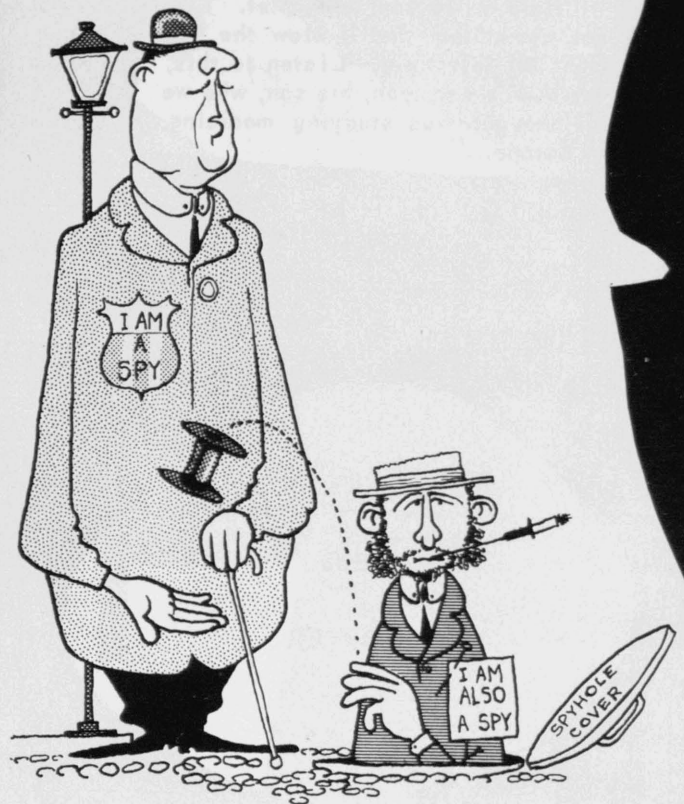
THE MEDICAL MAN:



Real Life:

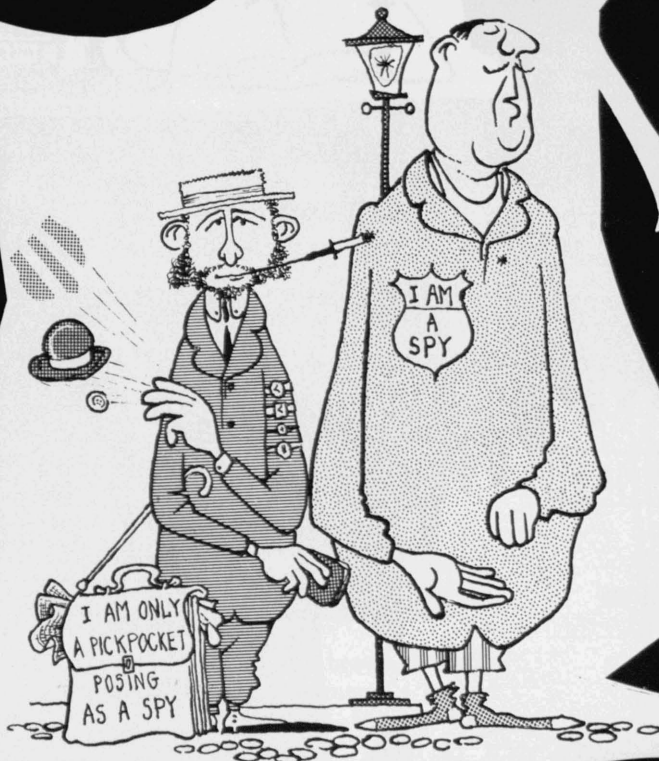
"Well that's the way it goes. You're bound to lose one now and then. Tough luck old chap."

DIPLOMATIC COURIER



Romantic Version:

"Bonjour, m'sieu. You are American, no? Have you American cigarette? Merci, (sotto voce) 'ere, take this film. Deliver it to...arrhg, to...gasp cough, to...ahhhhh."



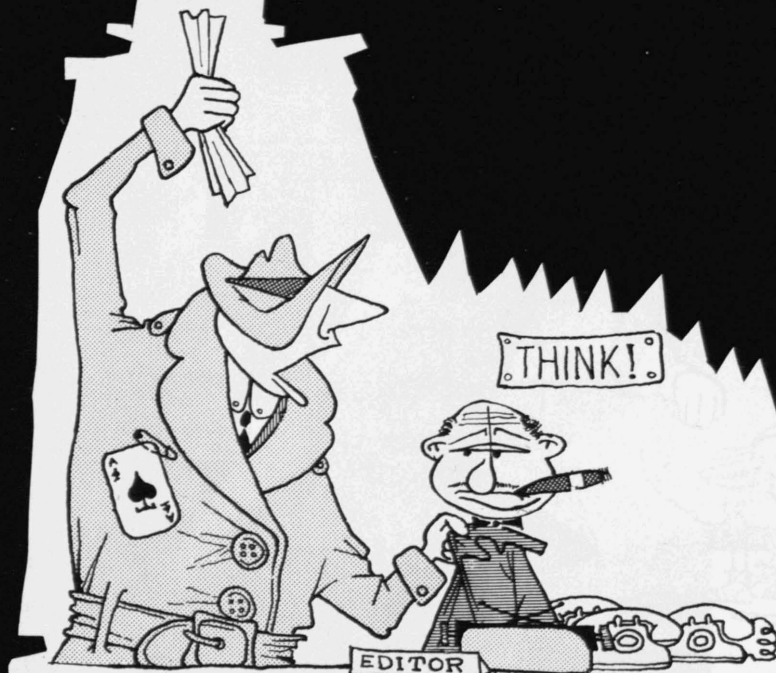
Real Life:

"Bonjour, m'sieu. You are American, no? Have you American cigarette? Filter tip! Phooey."

Romantic Version:

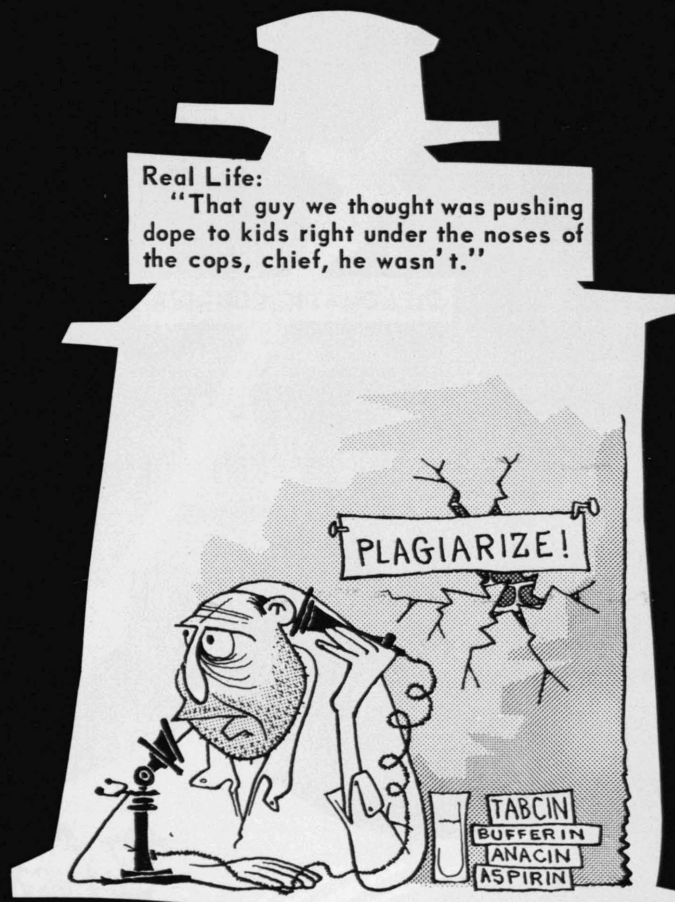
"Hold on to your hat chief. I've got something that'll blow the lid right off this town. Listen to this, the D.A.'s son, yah, his son, who we all thought was studying medicine in Europe..."

NEWS
REPORTER



Real Life:

"That guy we thought was pushing dope to kids right under the noses of the cops, chief, he wasn't."





Romantic Version:

"But my dear fellow, we cannot possibly read Kant without realizing that, although phycomycetes have nonseptate hyphae, an ascomycete with septate hyphae is not a satisfactory solution to the Schrodinger wave equation."



COLLEGE
STUDENT

Real Life:

"So I says to this broad, I says, 'Whadya mean, your granma's in bed with dephlogistinated hypocatalysis?'"



THE TEENAGER



Romantic Version



Real Life

Continued from page 17

Max smiled. He really felt sorry for R.B. but there was nothing he could do so he thought he might as well smile.

Max drank his coffee and they sat down in the waiting room for a cozy hour wait. R.B. stared at the wall blankly and Max glanced through yesterday's newspaper that someone had left on the seat.

At five minutes to one R.B. broke the silence, "Max, where's the Ladies' room?"

Max tore his eyes away from Little Orphan Annie. He noticed a strange resemblance in the expressions on the faces of R.B. and Daddy Warbucks.

"Sorry, Toots," he said. "I'm afraid I don't know."

R.B. put her shoes on and wandered out of sight, searching for the john.

Max called after her. "Try to be back by 1:15."

At 1:05 the loud speaker announced the 1:15 train. Max approached a policeman and asked where the ladies' room was.

"The what?"

"The ladies' room."

The policeman pointed. "Down there to your right."

Max turned and headed for "down there." The policeman stopped him.

"You did say the ladies' room, didn't you?"

"Yeah" said Max, "The ladies' room."

At 1:10 the loud speaker announced the train again. Max cornered a woman who was passing by and asked her to see if R.B. was inside. The woman emerged with assurances that there was no one of R.B.'s description in the ladies' room.

Max went back to the policeman. "Is there another ladies' room in the station?"

The cop eyed him up and down and scratched his bald head. "Upstairs, turn right, through the corridor, across the hall and on your left."

"Figures," mumbled Max, and headed for the escalator.

As he moved slowly upwards, R.B. passed him moving slowly downwards. They both started to say something but were out of ear shot too quickly. When they reached the top Max boarded the down escalator. R.B., of course, had reached the bottom and was boarding the up escalator. Max turned around and ran up the down escalator and they met at the top.

Max looked at the clock on the wall. 1:16! He laughed. R.B. cried. Max hummed "Down by the Station Early in the Morning" as he whipped out the train schedule.

"When is it?" sobbed R.B.

"Well, well!" said Max, "3:50."

He grabbed her hand and headed for the door. R.B. limped along behind again.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Port Authority bus terminal. Maybe we'll be lucky."

At the bus terminal R.B. flopped down into the first chair and took off her shoes. Max went to the information booth. He came back all smiles.

R.B. stood up anxiously. "When?"

"4:10" said Max.

R.B. sat down again. She reached down to take off her shoes but they were already off. Max went into a phone booth. He came out chuckling.

"Who'd you call?" R.B. asked

"Greyhound." said Max.

"When?" R.B. asked.

"Four o'clock," said Max.

R.B. threw a shoe at the phone booth.

Max retrieved it. "Let's go back to the Biltmore." he suggested, "We can relax in your friends' room until three o'clock."

The friends weren't back yet so R.B. gave one of the girls' names and got a key from the desk.

When the rightful occupants of the room returned, they were slightly surprised to find Max lying on the bed. One of them cut into him immediately for lying on her pillow. Max quickly thanked them both without waiting for an introduction. R.B. shouted goodbye to her friends, and by 3:30 she and Max were back in the train station.

"Well," said Max, "in twenty minutes we'll be on our way."

"Aren't you being rather optimistic?" R.B. asked.

The loud speaker took its cue and announced that the 3:50 train was delayed and would be ready to receive passengers at 4:35.

Max couldn't help laughing. He laughed and laughed, while R.B. sat glassyeyed and motionless. A single tear trickled down her left cheek and splashed to the floor. Max squeezed her hand to comfort her, but he kept right on laughing.

The train was even later than it was supposed to be. It was almost five o'clock before Max and R.B. were seated and on their way home. The train was crowded and the only seats they could find were in the smoking parlor at the end of the car. R.B. looked enviously at the com-

fortable reclining seats with sleeping sailors. Max wondered whether it was the seats or the sailors that attracted her attention.

They rode peacefully and silently for almost an hour.

"You know, Max," said R.B., "I think everything that could possibly go wrong tonight did. Nothing that could have happened didn't happen. Really - what else in the whole world could have gone wrong?"

The train itself answered her question. It kicked, sputtered, and stopped.

"Well," Max said, "you asked."

Conductors whizzed back and forth through the car. Doors clanged open and the cold air poured in. Steam gushed upward past the window outside.

R.B. sat up straight. "Why don't I keep my damn big mouth shut?!!"

Max shoved her head gently back onto his shoulder and told her to go to sleep.

"You're so wonderful to put up with me this way," she sighed.

Max agreed.

A man across the aisle caught one of the whizzing conductors and asked what was wrong. Max heard the conductor say something about a broken coupling unit. He shrugged and closed his eyes.

A porter passed through selling orange juice and hot coffee. Max remembered the cocktails, dinner, movie, and taxicabs, and decided he could do without orange juice and coffee.

A sailor complained to a conductor that he was A.W.O.L. and wanted to know if there was any way he could prove his story to the admiral.

Finally a passing train stopped. The whizzing conductors told everyone to get onto the other train and be sure to take their ticket stubs with them. Max shook R.B. gently.

"What time is it?"

Max couldn't bear to tell her. He held up his watch. R.B. studied it for some time before she could believe it was 9:30 in the morning. Max helped her on with her coat and shoes, and fell into the mob pushing and shoving off the train.

By 10:30 they were home. Max felt odd taking his date home at 10:30 in the morning. But then, this wasn't really a date.

They stood on R.B.'s doorstep looking at the sun instead of the moon. The mailman said good morning as he passed by.

Max glanced at all the routine morning activity around him, and decided to dispense with his own usual routine. He shook R.B.'s hand and went home.

MAX

Dean: "Where are your parents?"

Girl: "I have none."

Dean: "Where are your guardians?"

Girl: "I have none?"

Dean: "Then where is your supporter?"

Girl: "Sir, you're forgetting yourself."



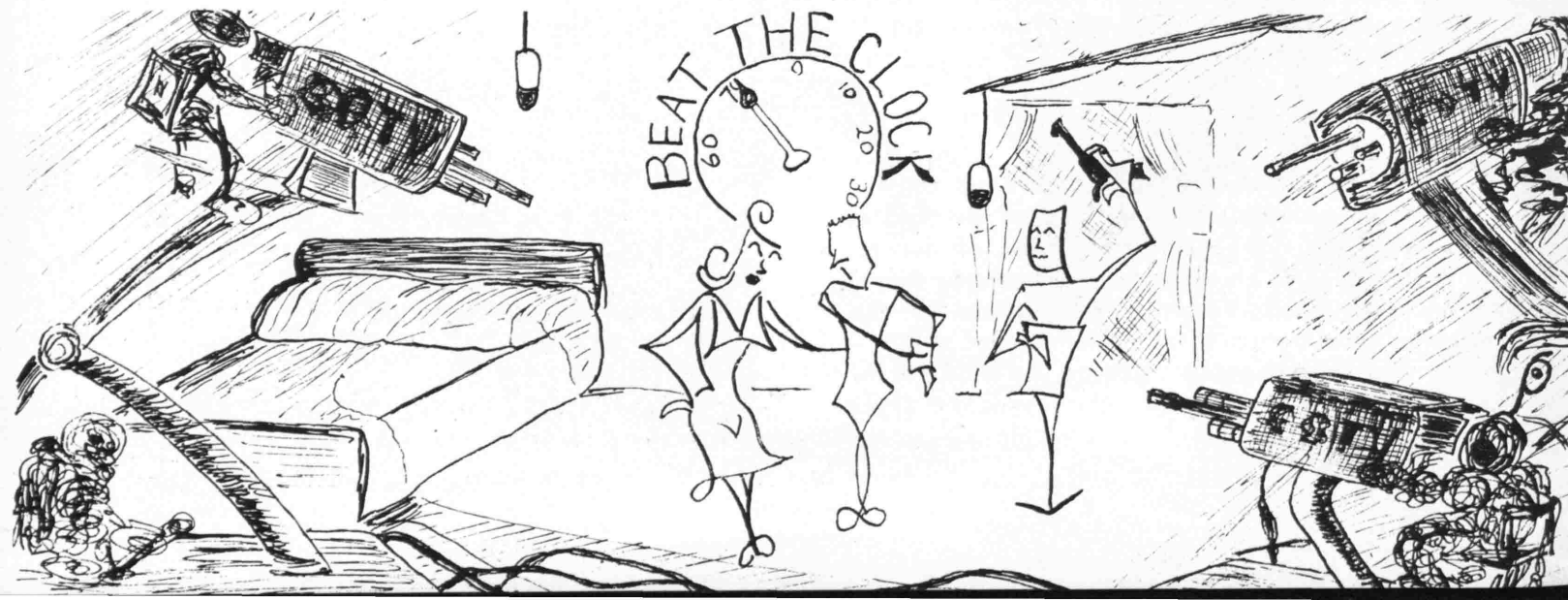
Work is the curse of the drinking class.

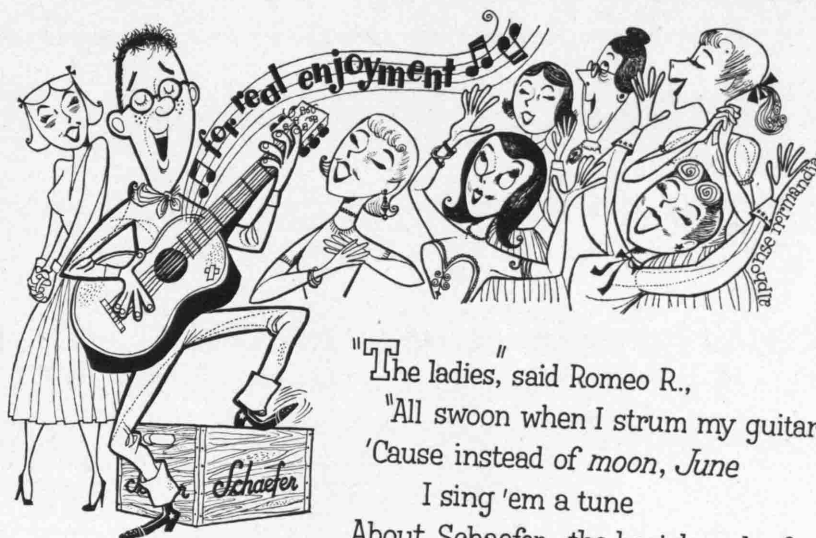
The bride-to-be was advised by the marriage counselor to never completely disrobe in front of her husband when retiring.

One night, six weeks after the wedding, the husband said to his bride, "Is there any insanity in your family?"

"Why no," she said. "Why do you ask?"

"I was merely wondering," said he, "Why you haven't taken your hat off since we've been married."





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 'Cause instead of moon, June
 I sing 'em a tune
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