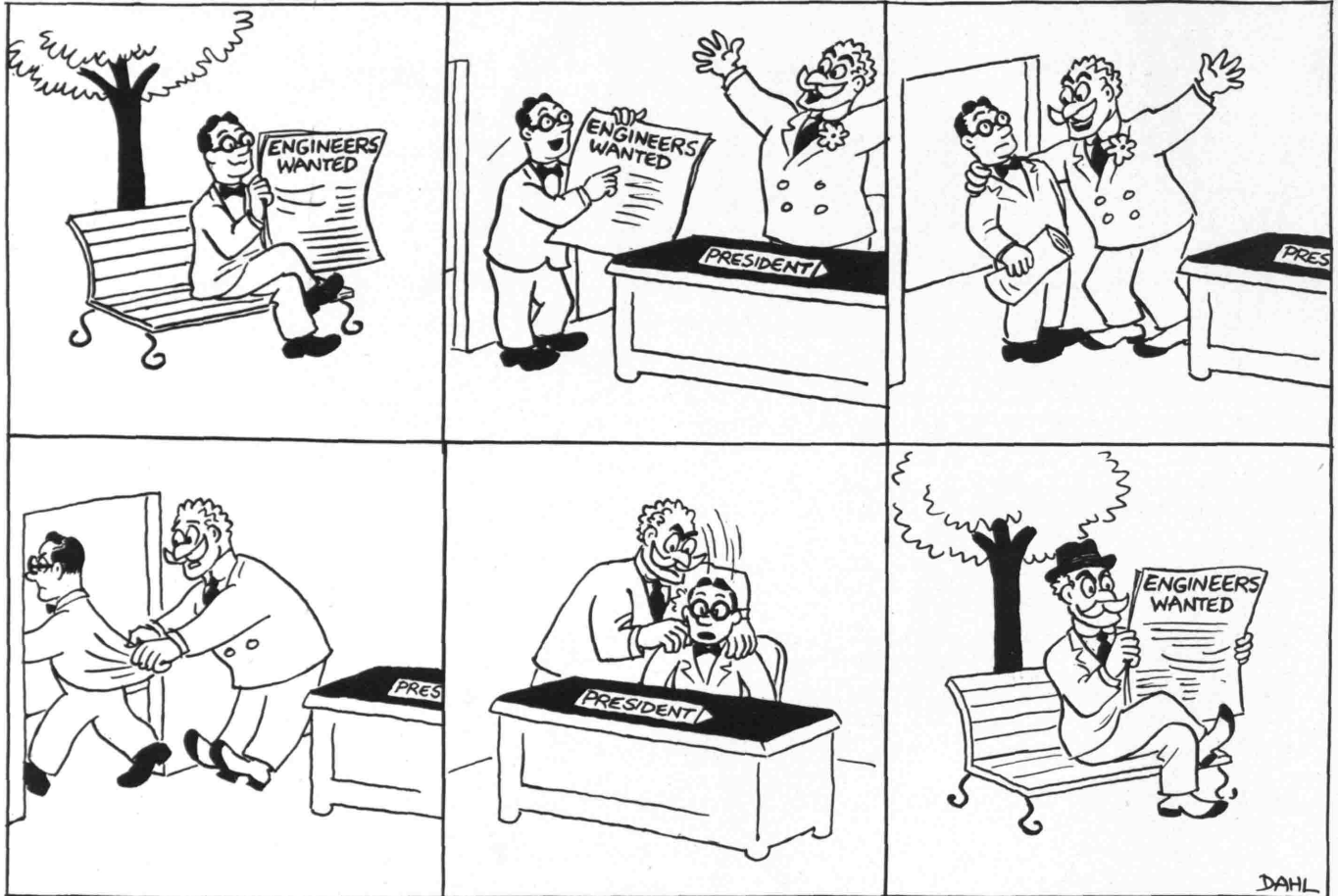


Voo Doo





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**Y**ou know that door knob at 33 Mass. Ave.? The one that's about eighteen inches off the ground? Where you have to get down on your hands and knees to enter building five? Well, Voo Doo was about to run a wing ding contest on "Was M.I.T. Originally Founded for Midgets?" So what happened? So the Institute finally raised the doorknob, that's what happened. Grrrrr!

**T**he lab notes of a diligent young student was found to contain various and sundry parentheses and brackets scattered throughout. At the bottom of the page was a small footnote which read, "Passages in brackets may be omitted without loss of generality." The footnote was enclosed in brackets.

**I**n an architectural discussion concerning our glorious chapel and auditorium, an up and coming young architect was apparently trying to give the illusion that he knew Mr. Saarinen personally. He was rambling on somewhat to the effect of, "I like Saarinen as an individual, but - "when he was interrupted by a voice from the rear. "Saarinen as an individual! I thought Saarinen was a school of thought."

**A** friend of ours in the Outing Club left his skis home one day and borrowed a pair from the club. He was a good skier - far past the stage of bone breaking, but not ski breaking. In one fall he managed to break an Outing Club ski into three pieces. He still insists that he accidentally left his skis home!

**F**ollowing an all night study session, an R.O.T.C. student staggered into his 8.30 A.M. class guided by one, half opened, blood shot eye. The captain, noticing that the cadet had already lost the battle to keep the left eyelid raised, suggested he go home to sleep and come to the 8:30 class the next morning.

"I have a conflict tomorrow morning, sir," the soldier replied. "Couldn't I just sleep through class this morning?"

**T**he closest thing to a man-made brain is an IBM computer. Recently, while trying vainly to correct its own error, one was found mumbling to itself. The machine was busily clicking out numbers when suddenly the numbers stopped while the clicking continued. It clicked and clicked and, finally, with maximum effort splurged out 00000000. Then in utter despair it cursed its incompetence with a blasphemous statement. It said, "69696969."

**W**e were always a little dubious about the advisability of having women in government, even student government, but we are now convinced. The Tech Show, this year, was invited to put on a performance at Vassar which entailed no end of lengthy correspondence. Among the arrangements decided upon was that the Show would buy a lunch and a dinner from the Vassar dining service for its entire massed personnel. Also agreed on was a profit sharing arrangement of receipts from ticket sales. Finally the Show suggested a nice healthy figure for ticket prices. Vassar replied with a figure that was a pitiful fraction of the suggested one. A panic telegram was sent to the effect that the Show's throat was being cut and that it would never be able to meet operating expenses at that price. In no particular hurry a post card returned. "Don't worry," it said, "we've cut your operating expenses; the dining service has refused to sell you dinner."

**I**n its first year at M.I.T., N.R.O.T.C. was extremely proud of their selection of cadets. The new department, however, is planning a revision in next year's recruiting policy after two of its freshman, out for crew, got seasick on the Charles.

May 1957

Vol. 40 - No. 7 Est. 1919

# VOD DOO

## Greetings Spring In New England

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BERNIE

The four of us were sitting around the office the other night congratulating each other on our glorious new positions when old Walker Memorial began to rumble and quake. When we began getting seasick, we sent one of the old Senior Board members out to investigate. We're not sure if we have this straight, but the situation was something like this:

The Tech, Tech Engineering News, Public Relations Committee, Rocket Research Society, and Foreign Students Summer Project were pulling a Great Office Switch. Unfortunately no one told poor Lecture Series Committee about the room trading. Well sir, there was The Tech moving into T.E.N., while T.E.N. was moving into P.R.C. and R.R.S. Now R.R.S. was going into F.S.S.P. who was moving into a storage closet, while P.R.C. was going to get a small corner of the Inscomm office. This was all perfectly straightforward until L.S.C. announced that it wanted the P.R.C. office. Everybody then stopped in the middle of the halls with the furniture they were carrying. F.S.S.P. took advantage of the lull in the activity to announce that it had changed its mind and was going home, but that R.R.S. could come along too and they would room together. R.R.S. however, decided that because of all its expensive equipment-not that it wanted to insult anyone, mind you--it preferred a single. Well, when somebody began accusing t.t. of stealing furniture our agent got confused and left.

We realize that when spring comes along, boys will be boys; and we are of the opinion that such activity is a good healthy outlet for these children's emotions. However, more mature considerations are causing us some concern. After all, what will happen to property values on the third floor if this slow march continues? We think we will get up a petition sometime soon that the local zoning board send them all to Harvard. In the meantime we are settling back in our Hardoy and Bertoia chairs, and taking it all quite philosophically.





# Doing the Town

Ride 'em Cowboy-

I want to look at this thing realistically. The theoretical horseman sits up straight in the saddle and points his toes in and his heels out and all that stuff. Baloney! I'm going to tell you how to ride a horse and enjoy it--so *you* will enjoy it, not so the horse will enjoy it--but so you will enjoy it--dammit, enjoy it!

First off, you've probably heard a lot of noise about not letting the horse know you're afraid of him. The same people who tell you this also warn that you can't fool a horse--if you're scared of him, boy, he'll know it. Well, now, obviously the only thing you can do is actually not be scared of him. Aw, be reasonable. If you've never been on a horse before, maybe never even seen one except on television, let's face it, you're gonna be scared. Now, what you ought to do, is stop worrying about what the horse thinks of your bravery and start thinking about staying on his back. Like for instance that big pommel in front of the saddle, you know, the thing everyone tells you not to hang on to; well, what the hell did they go and put it there for if you're not supposed to hang on to it. After all, let's not confuse the issue just for the sake of confusing the issue. You grab on to that handle and hang on for dear life.

Well, now look, let's take this thing from the beginning. The first thing you've got to do is get up on the horse's back. You're supposed to climb up on the left side. The horse doesn't like it when you climb up on the right side. This is a *priori* knowledge--but being the materialistic person that I am, until someone shows me a horse that can demonstrate to me that he can tell his right from his left, I'm just not gonna believe it. So there! Trigger never seems to mind when Roy Rogers hops up over the tail end. What really puzzles me is that Roy Rogers never seems to mind it either. Good old iron assed Roy. Anyhow, what you're supposed to do is twist the stirrup so that it faces the front end of the horse, place your left foot in it, and swing your right

foot over. Ridiculous! Even if your left leg is long enough to reach the stirrup, you'd have to be a gymnast to swing the other foot over. You just grab ahold of that good old pommel again (heaven help the man with an English saddle) and clammer up the side.

All righty. So now you're in the saddle. The next thing that's probably going to happen is that the horse is going to move--and he's going to move in a direction you don't want him to move in. Now don't panic. You just hold on tight--hold on to anything that's around to hold on to--and duck down low so you won't bump your head when the horse goes into the stable, cause that's where he's goin'. Don't bother to yell "whoa," because the horse sure as shootin' doesn't know what "whoa" means. If you want to yell something, Yell 'help'. Actually, the horse doesn't know what that means either, but it'll make you feel better.

Well, now let's analyze the situation. You're sitting on the horse and the horse is in the stable eating hay. The best thing for you to do right about now is get off and lead him outside.

Well, sir, you've already won the first stage of the battle. You got on the horse and you got off him again--and all of your own free will. He didn't throw you. Now some people will tell you that you're not a good rider until you've fallen off three times. These are all people who have fallen off three times. Some other people will say you're not a good rider until you've fallen off five times. These are all people who have fallen off five times. Get the picture? Actually, the truth is, you're not a good rider until you've fallen off three hundred and seventy seven times. That's what the actual truth is. Now I just happened to have fallen off exactly--well, anyway, there's no reason to rush this falling off business. That'll come in due time.

Well, now let's assume that you've mastered this business of getting on and off the horse. O.K., get on the horse. Good. Now kick him. Don't worry; you won't hurt him. Besides, he'd kick you if he had the chance. From here on in

things get pretty easy. When you want the horse to go, you kick him; when you want him to go faster, you kick him harder; when you want him to turn right you pull on the right rein with your right hand; when you want him to turn left you pull on the left rein with your left hand; when you want him to stop you pull both reins with both hands at the same time; it's as simple as that. With a little practice you'll have fallen off three, five, or three hundred and seventy-seven times; and you're ready to go on to more advanced techniques--such as posting.

Posting consists simply of your going up when the horse goes down and your going down when the horse goes up. Of course this creates an intermediate position where you and the horse are in actual contact. This is a very uncomfortable position and should be avoided. The only time you should post is when the horse is trotting, because that is just as uncomfortable when you don't post as when you do post so you might as well. You may have noticed that in all cheap western movies the cowboys (Indians too) never trot. They always either walk or gallop. This is because the riders don't know how to post. But you do. Don't you!

There's one more thing you ought to learn real well in order to be a really good horseman. You ought to learn how to jump. That's a rather misleading statement. You don't have to jump at all. It just goes back to the very first thing you learned - hang on - the horse will take care of the jumping end of it. Now this may turn out to be a little harder than it seems. Most people fall off when a horse jumps. The whole trick to it is keeping your wits about you. Don't let go! I would go into greater detail, but as I have, as yet, never been able to keep my wits about me when my horse was jumping, I really don't know too much about it.

Well, sir, about the only thing left now is rop-

ing cows. This is the most horrible sport imaginable. But it's pretty good if you're having trouble with those three hundred and seventy seven trips to terra firma. The cow can usually do a pretty good job of unseating you from your horse. This, of course, is only true if you succeed in roping her - and now you're dreaming, boy, so you might as well forget the whole thing. Besides, there really aren't very many cows roaming the streets of Boston these days, so you probably wouldn't be able to find one to rope anyhow. And even if you did, your horse would probably be scared to death of it and run away.

So, now, you just set yourself down in that little old saddle, grab hold of that little old pommel, and ride 'em cowboy! And dammit, enjoy it!

Several years ago a group of biologists at a famous eastern university decided to conduct and experiment on artificial insemination to find if this type of thing had any adverse effect upon the offspring.

After months of secret preparation they procured 100 women volunteers.

The experiment went well and all 100 women conceived.

Only . . . .80% of the offspring were, in some small way or another, found to be imperfect.

MORAL: Spare the rod and spoil the child.



Two lobbyists met at a party in Washington "How's business?" one asked the other.

"Well you know how it is," said the other. "This business is like sex. When it's good it's wonderful. When it's bad, it's still pretty good."

**WHOLESALE**

**(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)**

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Students—Whether A  
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There was a young girl named Anheuser,  
Who said that no man could surpriser,  
But a fellow named Gibbons untied her Blue  
Ribbons,  
And now she is sadder Budweiser.



A lot of girls waste time wrestling with their  
conscience when they should be learning jujitsu.

A wealthy fraternity boy pulled into New York one day and headed for a hotel where he was to meet a blind date. Noticing a beautiful girl sitting by herself in the hotel lobby, he registered with supreme confidence, as Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, and then strolled over to make her acquaintance. After the week-end, he prepared to leave the hotel and asked for the bill.

"Ah, yes," smiled the clerk, "That will be \$150!"

"\$150!" echoed the youth. "What's the idea? I've only been here two days!"

"That's right, sir," the clerk said smoothly, "but your wife has been here a month and a half."



Brand-new bridegroom: "What's the idea of chopped lettuce and carrots for breakfast?"

"I just wanted to see if you ate like a rabbit, too."



Kid Brother: "Give me a nickel or I'll tell Dad that you held hands with my sister."

Boy Friend: "Here you are."

Kid Brother: Give me a quarter or I'll tell him you kissed her."

Boyfriend: "Here, pest."

Kid Brother: "Now give me five dollars."



Chaplain: "I will allow you five minutes of grace before your execution."

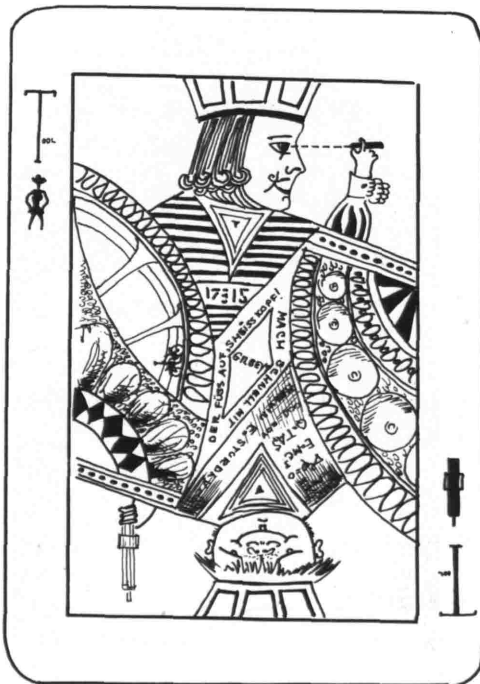
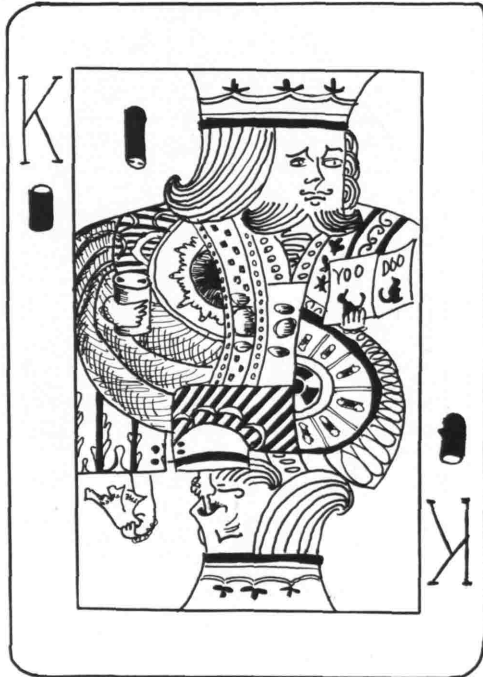
Condemned man: "Well, that's not very long, but bring her in."



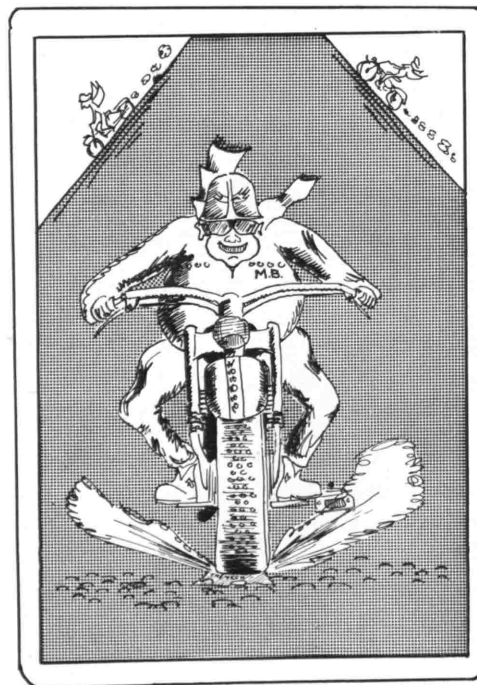
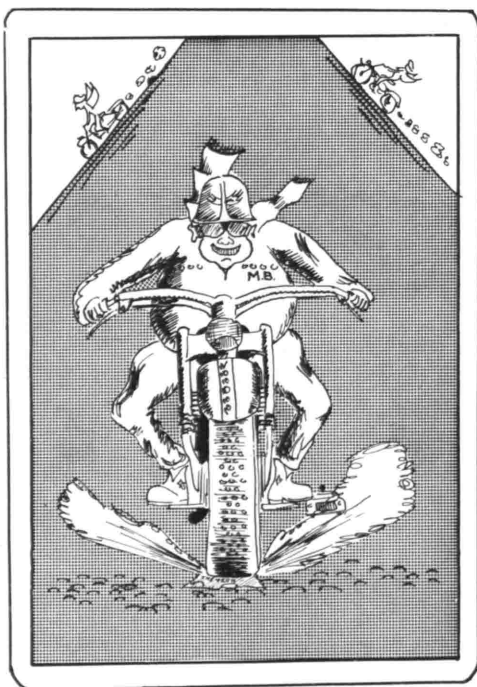
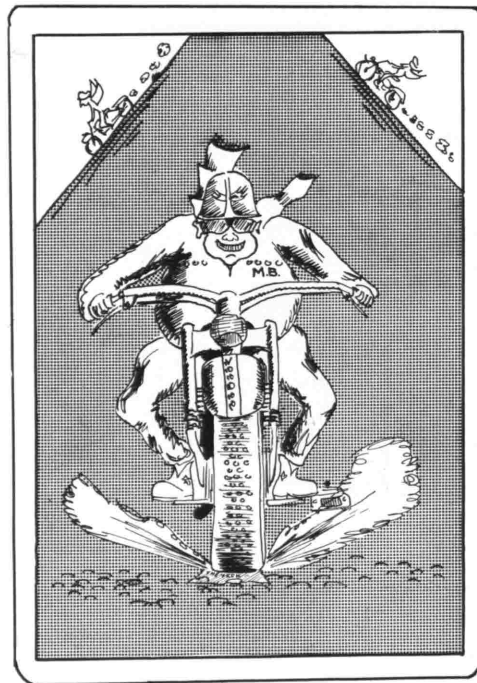
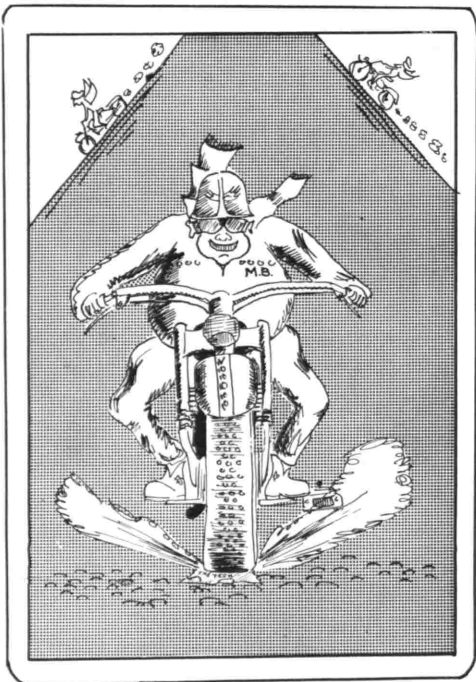
A half-stewed customer had finally been promised a beer from a skeptical bartender with the stipulation that he was sober enough to do twenty-five pushups, and was on the tavern floor busily carrying out his part of the bargain when another drunk straggled to the door.

The newcomer stumbled over to the performer and carefully scrutinized his calisthenics, then gave a short laugh and said, "Heck, buddy, you might as well quit. She's gone!"

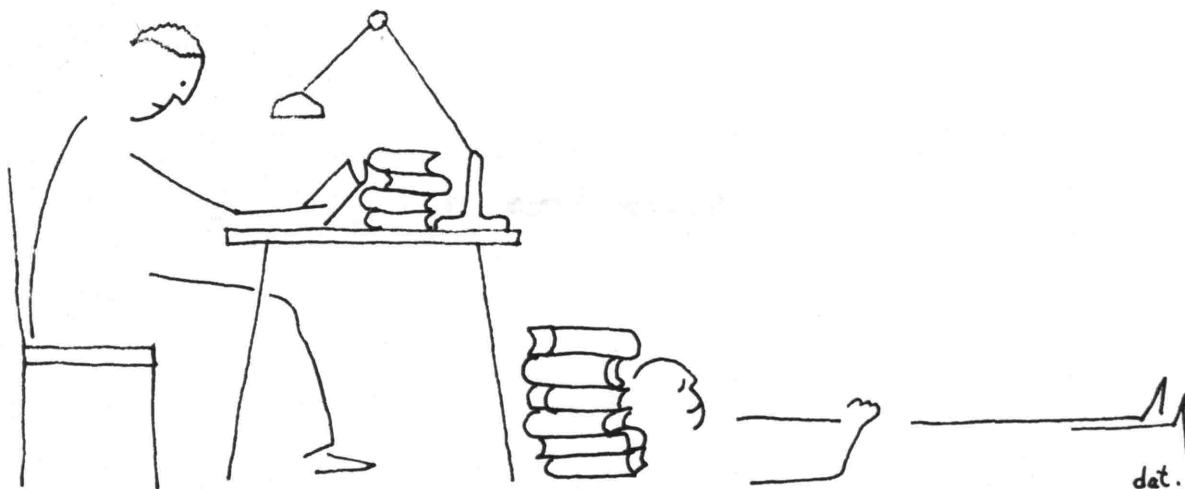
Are you tired of playing pinochle with the same grubby, old cards? Then cut out these new, improved VOO DOO approved playing cards.







# ...LIKE THUNDER



Hi, Bob, How are you? Really? Well, that's too bad. But you're all ready to begin writing up the lab? Good, I'd kind of like to get through early. Have you done anything on it yet? Well, it doesn't matter; a fraternity brother of mine took the course last year, and I've got his lab report. We ought to be able to copy it in about twenty.....What's that? You don't believe in.... Yeah, I see, professional integrity, sure. Well, let's get started. I should draw the seventeen graphs? Uh, Bob, what are you going to.....Oh. You'll do the theory. O.K., but let's hurry. Well, I finished the first graph. What's that? You think we should have used a high gain bypass filter? Then we wouldn't have burned out the what? Bob, did you ruin an oscilloscope? Have you any idea how much those things....You found out; it'll only be thirty-nine dollars each. No, Bob, I will not give you any money at all tonight. Let's finish the report. Bob, I finished the graphs. Have you got the theory all written up? The hell you say! Oh. I understand; well, have you got it all straight in your mind now? Yeah, I'm hungry too. Why don't we finish the lab and then you can eat to your heart's content....But Bob, it's one o'clock...You can't think on an empty stomach. Well, now that your little stomach is satisfied it shouldn't be long at all. Mesons, what about them? Oh, second order effects due to perturbations of the wave functions. You're perfectly right, Bob, we shouldn't refuse to do a little extra work, but still, it is getting late....

Really? A Significant Contribution to Modern Physics? It took Newton twenty years to make a significant contribution. Huh? What? Who, me? Sleeping? Of course not, I was just, uh, making rapid mental calculations...You want to see Fermi's original paper? No, I haven't got it. But the library is closed...But Bob, there are laws in this state....I AM NOT GOING TO BREAK INTO THE LIBRARY. That's right, Bob, even to make a significant contribution to modern physics. Look outside, Bob. No, I am not referring to the pretty pink color. Yes Bob, a sunrise sure does have aesthetic appeal, but under the circumstances I don't feel able to appreciate it to the fullest. Couldn't you hurry a teensy weensy bit? I have a nine o'clock class. I know I can cut it; I usually do, but to be perfectly blunt I don't like this lab and I don't really want to spend all this time....Well, maybe you're right, I don't have your professional integrity. You've finished...Yes, you certainly did do a splendid job. No, Bob, I don't think you'll get a Nobel prize. No! No! No! It isn't true, Bob, both labs were not due today. Only the first one. Where does it say so? You're going to do the theory, Bob?

Sir, a terrible, terrible thing has happened. What? Of course we wrote up the reports; that's what I'm trying to tell you about. A terrible, terrible thing. My partner, sir, he had the reports with him, and you see he, well what I mean is that this afternoon they found his body washed up on the shore.

EMPLOYMENT APPLICATION--HUMANITIES DEPARTMENT  
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(first) (both middle initials) (1st part of last) (hyphen) (last)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date of birth? \_\_\_\_\_ Married? \_\_\_\_\_ Divorced? \_\_\_\_\_ Separated? \_\_\_\_\_ Single? \_\_\_\_\_ Living in sin? \_\_\_\_\_

In case of emergency notify \_\_\_\_\_  
(name) (address) (telephone) (relationship)  
(strained?)

By Whom were you referred to MIT? \_\_\_\_\_

Have you ever worked at MIT? \_\_\_\_\_

Have you ever heard of MIT? \_\_\_\_\_

| EDUCATIONAL  | NAME | MAJOR SUBJECT | ENTERED | LEFT | GRADUATED |
|--------------|------|---------------|---------|------|-----------|
| Kindergarten |      |               |         |      |           |
| Grade School |      |               |         |      |           |
| Prep School  |      |               |         |      |           |
| Harvard      |      |               |         |      |           |
| Post-Grad    |      |               |         |      |           |

PERSONAL DATA

POINT SCORE

- |   |            |
|---|------------|
| 1. Number of sport jackets with leather elbows    | 2 pts each |
| 2. Can you speak with an Oxford accent?           | 6 pts      |
| 3. Do any of your ties match your jackets?        | 3 pts off  |
| 4. Your sox?                                      | 8 pts off  |
| 5. Do you have or could you get a shaggy haircut? | 6 pts      |
| 6. Graying temples? Could you have by September?  | 32.4 pts   |
| 7. Can you quote original authors in Greek?       | 5 pts      |

## EMPLOYMENT APPLICATION--HUMANITIES DEPARTMENT MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

8. French? 5 pts
9. With a nasty smirk? 25 pts
10. Would you be embarrassed teaching co-eds? 69 pts off
11. Do you actually know what you are talking about most of the time?  $10^{23}$  pts off
12. Can you play the guitar passably and sing "'Barbara Allen'" and other old esoteric English folk songs in a loud but croaking voice? 17 pts
13. Do you earnestly want to bring culture to the barbarians here?  $9.1 \times 10^{31}$  pts
14. Do you ever button down your button-down collar? (experimental, no score)
15. Can you draw a passable vector diagram representing the path to the "eternal good" or "golden mean?" AxB pts
16. TILT!!! Go back to no. 3.
17. Do you feel that you can "speak the language" of the scientist here? You know, things like, "We have the equation hope equals good," or, "We must find the integrated feeling of the epoch." 2.718 . . . pts
18. Do you smoke a pipe? at<sup>2</sup> pts
19. Do you know  $e$  equals  $mc^2$ ? (it's fashionable) n pts  
-1
20.  $F = ma$ ? (bourgeois, known only to engineers, nothing ethereal about it) n pts
21. Are you a whole man? If not give per cent.
22. Can you find deeper, deeper meanings? Give depth in Angstrom units.
23. Can you find still deeper meanings? Give shovel capacity in furlongs<sup>3</sup>
24. Do you? If so, why? If not, why not, eh? K pts
25. Have you ever? (no excuses accepted)  $(k-n)^2$  pts
26. Do you play squash?  $mv^2$  pts
27. How does she feel about this? BINGO
28. How do you feel about this? umg pts
29. Ever?  $cv^2$  pts
30. Have you ever grown a beard? HALT!
31. Did you dye it? DO NOT PASS GO
- n (THE question; multiply your score times this, all or nothing.) Do you carry your books in a dingy green laundry bag?  $3 \times 10^{23}$  pts



# DAMN DRAMA MAJORS

She ripped the door open and threw herself into his arms sobbing wildly.

"Oh, Farcy, what can I do, what can I do?"

"Now, now, sweetheart, calm down and tell me what's wrong." Farcy purred.

"Oh what shall I do, what shall I do?" She sobbed louder.

"Well stop crying, Tootsie, and tell me what the trouble is."

"It's terrible; it's terrible." She bawled as loud as she could.

"O.K., just take it easy, Honey. What's bothering you?"

"Oh, it's awful; what can I do?"

"Dammit, what the hell's wrong already?"

She stopped crying, sat down on the floor by the coffee table and munched nervously on the salted peanuts in a dish by the ash tray. Three listeners had gathered in the living room to hear the problem.

"Well (chomp - chomp), you know the junior prom tonight?"

She waited for an answer.

"Yeah, I know."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"And you know the party we're giving afterwards."

"Yeah."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Well, we bought the liquor and everything, you know."

"We know, we know! So what!"

A roommate's hand soothingly clasped Farcy's shoulder. "Patience boy, patience."

"Patience," mumbled Farcy. "Go on dear. What happened?"

"I just came from the Cindersoot Hotel and the man (chomp - chomp) said we can't have - we can't - we --" She dropped a peanut on the floor and bawled louder than ever.

"We can't what? Dammit, spit it out!"

"We can't have boys in the room!"

The listener's all laughed. She cried louder.

"What good is a party without boys? And we spent all that money on the liquor. And there's no place else we can have it. What can I do?"

What can I do?" She slumped on the rug, whimpering.

Everyone meditated silently for a few minutes. Then Farcy handed her a peanut and offered assistance.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll go over to the Cindersoot and register a room in my name. That way the room won't be on the floor reserved for girls and no one will know there's a party there."

Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped. She jumped up, knocking the peanuts into the ash tray.

"Oh, would you, Farcy? Would you really?" She threw her arms around him again. "Oh, Farcy, would you? Would You?"

"For crissake, girl, I said I would so I will!"

"Patience, boy, patience."

"Patience."

"Thank you, Farcy. Thank you." She reached for a peanut and noticed they were all in the ash tray. "Oh, dear."

"There's more in the kitchen cabinet," said Farcy, and stumbled out of the room muttering under his breath, "- these damn drama majors."

The desk clerk at the hotel eyed Farcy up and down. He studied the register. Farcy's address was about three blocks from the hotel.

"What do you want a hotel room for? You live right around the corner."

The question caught Farcy off guard. He thought the clerk could have at least extended him the courtesy of trying to conceal his suspicious attitude.

"I - uh - well, that is - we - er - we're lending our apartment to some friends for the weekend." Farcy grinned at the clerk. He wanted to say, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"No baggage?" asked the clerk.

"My roommate's parking the car. He'll bring it over later." Farcy was getting into the spirit of things. If this self-appointed private eye wanted a fight, boy, he'd get it.

"O.K." The desk clerk closed the register and turned away.

"Uh - how about the key?"

"Oh, well, I'll give you the key when you bring your luggage." This boy was sharp.

"I'd like to see the room." Farcy was sharp too.

The clerk was somewhat impatient with Farcy's obstinence. "It's a fourteen dollar room and you're getting it for eight bucks. Believe me it's a nice room."

"Well I'm rather tired. I'd like to lie down for awhile until my roommate gets here." The wheels in Farcy's head were really grinding away.

The clerk handed the key to the bell hop and, as a final gesture of contempt, told him to show the gentleman to his room. Farcy and the clerk glowered at each other and the bell hop rang for the elevator.

The room was small but it would have to do. Farcy nodded to the bell boy.

"Thanks," he said.

"You're welcome." The bell hop sort of hung around.

"Well," Farcy rubbed the back of his neck. "Sure is a nice room, isn't it?"

"Yep," said the bell hop. "Sure is." He leaned casually on the bed post. There was an uncomfortable silence. "Nice day, isn't it?"

"Yep," said Farcy. "Nice day." He shoved his hands into his pockets and looked around the room. "Sure is a nice room." He felt a quarter in his pocket. "I won't," he thought, "I won't; I won't give it to him. Besides, it's a lousy room."

"Yep," said the bell hop. "Sure is a nice room."

"All right - all right!" Farcy almost said it out loud. He pulled his hand out of the pocket. The quarter was in it. Boy, that desk clerk was sharp.

The bell hop smiled. "Not even a hat box," he thought. "It's a good life."

Farcy handed him the quarter. "Not even a hat box," he thought. "I wish I was dead."

After the bell hop left, Farcy sat down and cursed. "Damn drama majors." He waited in the room for about ten minutes and then sneaked out the back way.

"If this party's a flop," Farcy silently vowed on the way home, "I'll burn that damn hotel to the ground!"

Late that night sirens wailed. A crowd gathered to watch the excitement.

"Looks like arson," said the police chief.

"Yep," said the fire chief. "Looks like arson."

Max

\* THIS WORD SHOULD BE "DON'T" BUT THE SAP WHO WROTE THE FIRST PART OF THIS AD CAN'T SPEAK TOO WELL...

ARG

YOU STILL ONE OF THE FEW(?) PEOPLE LEFT AT TECH?

WHO

THIS LINE JUST RUNS DOWN THE PAGE AND YOU GUYS WHO READ IT ARE OUT OF LUCK

DOESN'T HAVE A

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LIKE WHO DOESN'T HAVE A TECHNIQUE FOR SHELLING CLAMS OR WHO DOESN'T HAVE A TECHNIQUE FOR PEELING GRAPES OR WHO DOESN'T HAVE A TECHNIQUE FOR HA:: (GOOD GRIEF WE CAN'T PRINT THAT!) ...

IF SO BE SURE TO PICK UP YOUR OPTION AT THE TECHNIQUE OFFICE ANY AFTERNOON AFTER 2:00 BRILLIANT STANDARD TIME (HARD TO READ, DARE I SAY?)

BOY, THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO WILL WRITE THREE OR FOUR LINES OF TRIVIA JUST TO FILL UP AN EMPTY SPACE AND PRETTY SOON NOW YOU SLOBS ARE GOING TO STOP READING THESE BLURBS JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE HERE.





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**L** and **L**  
**O** Casual **O**  
**G** Shoes **G**  
**Y** **Y**

**S** **S**  
**T** **T**  
**O** **O**  
**R** **R**  
**E**

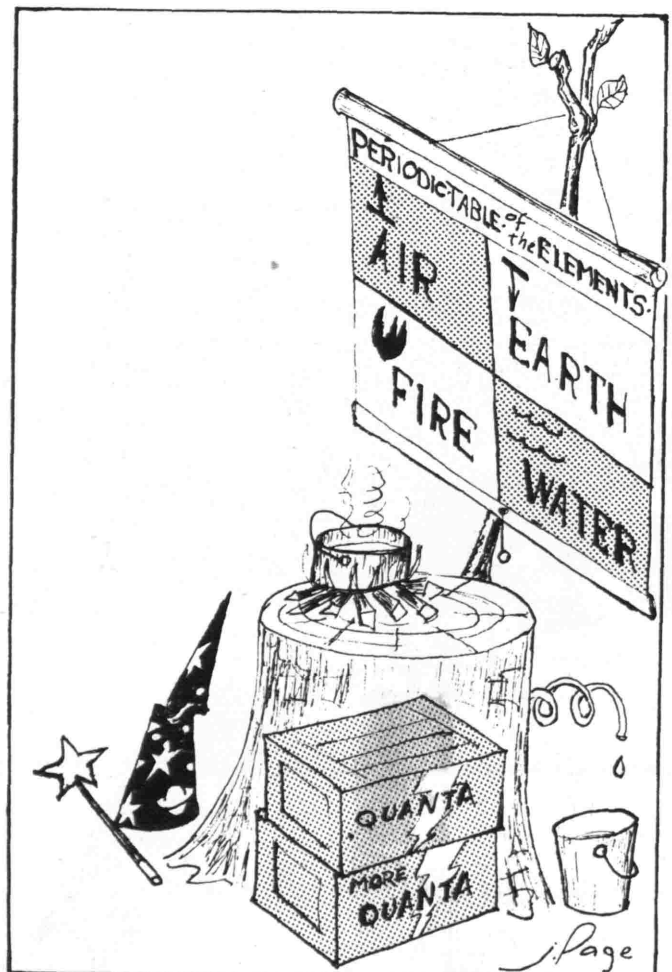
Shop Where You Get  
A Patronage Refund

A six-foot-four hunk of man with a five-day growth of beard on his face barged into a Denver saloon, shot out the lights in the chandelier, tore a telephone directory in half, then tossed off six straight scotches without pausing to take breath. Sweeney had never seen anything like it in his twenty years of barkeeping. "I don't reckon I ever seen you around here before," he said admiringly. "Where ya from, stranger?"

The uninvited guest spat squarely into a cuspidor fourteen feet from the bar and growled, "I'm down from Cripple Creek. They threw me out of the mining camp there because I was too effeminate."



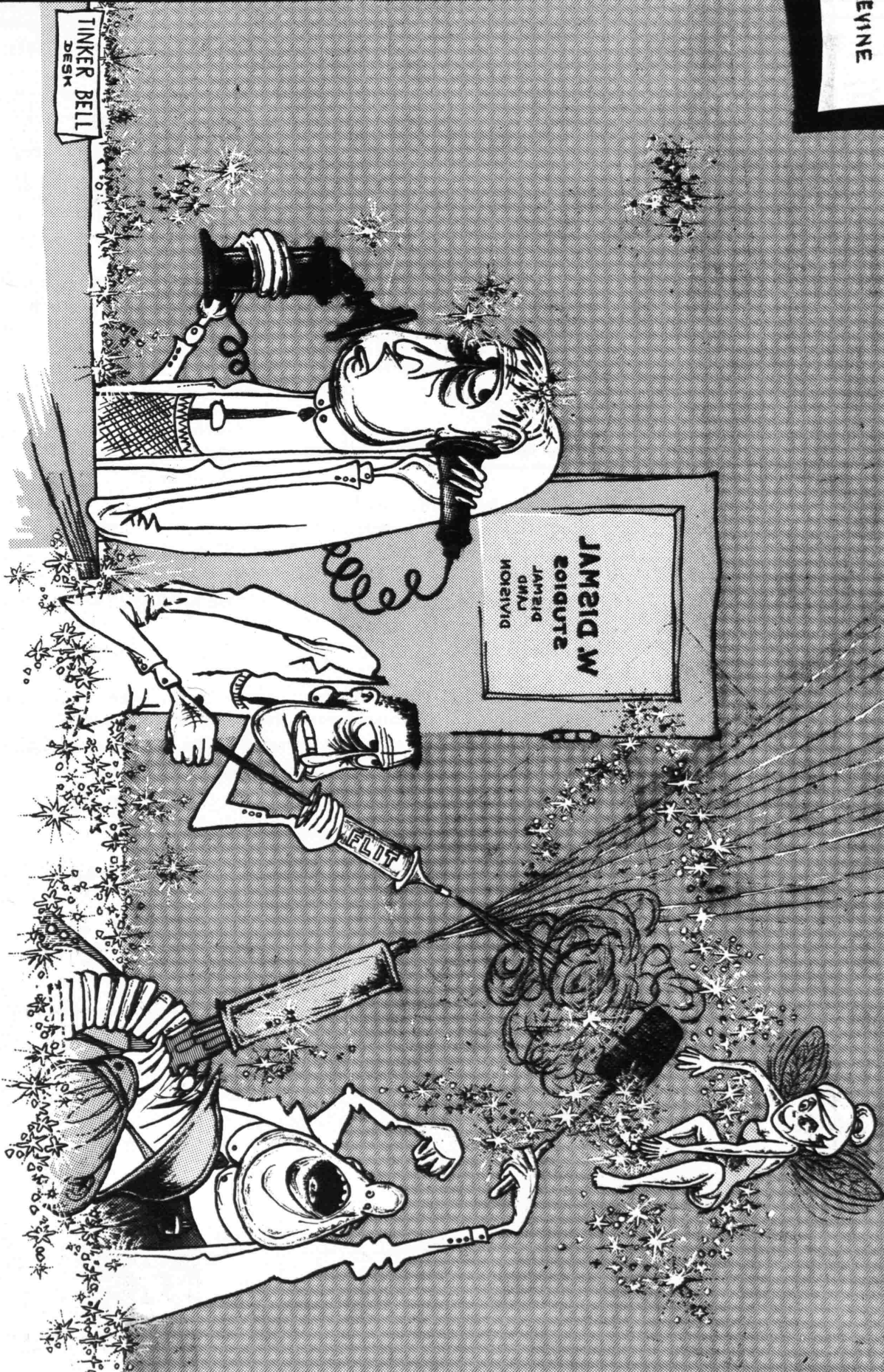
What a day! I lost my job, I lost my billfold, my wife ran away with the electric light man, the Yanks lost to the Senators. It's unbelievable, leading by three in the eighth and they lost to the Senators.



Page



IF YOU'VE  
NEVER BEEN  
HIT BY A FELT  
BRICK, YOU  
HAINEN'T LIVED.  
... LEVINE



"But Walt, we're already waist deep in stars, and we can't shut the little bastard off!"

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Hickory, Dickory, Dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock.  
The clock struck one,  
And bashed his brains out.



An economics professor  
claims that sex is so popular  
because it's centrally located.



"So you want to be a life-guard here eh? How tall are you?" Six feet, eight inches, sir." "Can you swim?" "No, but I can wade to beat hell."

When white men discovered this country, the Indians were running it. There were no taxes. There was no debt. The woman did all the work. And white men thought they could improve a system like that.



As the saying goes, whether you're rich or poor it's always nice to have money. Whether you're handsome or ugly it's always nice to have a face. Whether you're a male or a female, it's always nice.

Many a young tomato is cultivated by an old rake.



"Here's to you, may God bless you and keep you. I wish I could afford to."



Many a college boy in the flower of his youth has become a poppy.



Thought of the month: A pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a can of beer.



Drunk (lying on sidewalk):  
I'll climb this wall if it takes me all night."



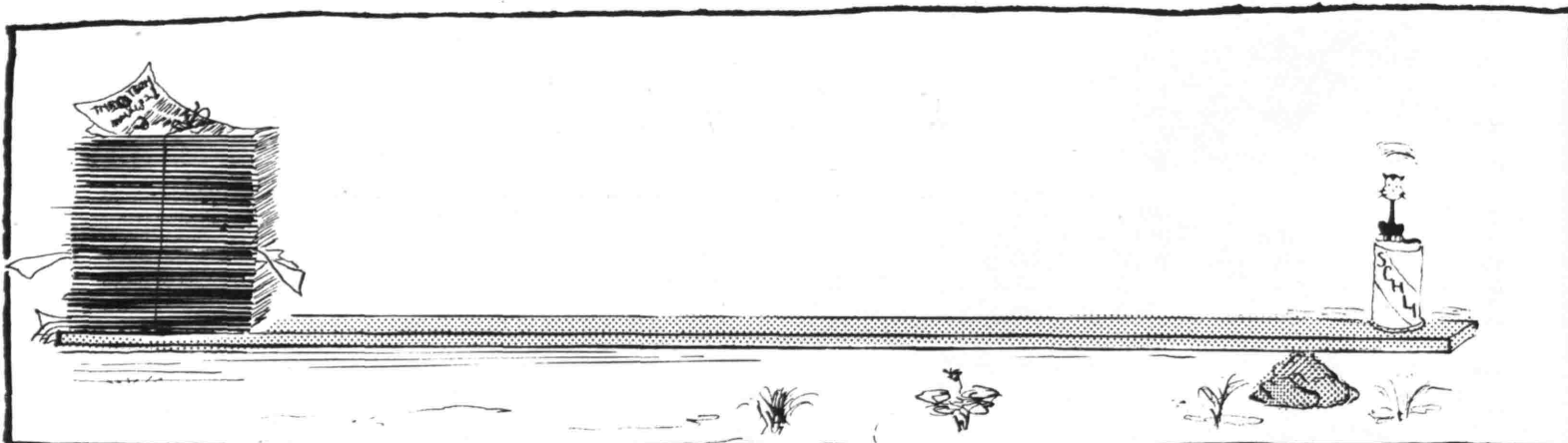
Sig: "What do you mean I have baby hands?"

Chi O: "They're beginning to creep."



Father (to daughter, coming in at 3 a.m.): "Good morning, child of Satan."

Daughter (sweetly): "Good morning, father."



Two camera bugs were draped over a Paris bar discussing their experiences of the day.

"This morning in the Bois de Bologne I noticed an old crone huddled beneath a bundle of rags," one shutter bug said. "She was hungry and homeless. She told me she was once a countess but lost all her family and money and now was a wretched old woman with nothing to live for."

"The poor thing," said the other photographer. "What did you give her?"

"Well, it was sunny," the first replied, "so I gave her f-16 at 1/100."



A parrot was sitting in the salon of a luxurious steamer watching a magician do tricks. The magician served notice that he was going to do a trick that had never been accomplished before. He pulled up his sleeves and then proceeded to make a few fancy motions. Just at that moment the ship's boiler blew up, demolishing the ship. About five minutes later, as the parrot came to, floating about the ocean on a piece of debris, he muttered "Damned clever, damned clever!"



The scene was in the reading room of a large public library. A saintly looking man was reading birth and death statistics. Suddenly he turned to the man on his right and said, "Do you know that every time I breath, a man dies?"

"Very interesting," replied the stranger. "Why don't you try Sen-Sen?"



"What was the hardest thing you learned at college?" asked the proud father.

"How to open beer bottles with a quarter," said the son.

## Charlie Mun

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## An Era Of Erasers

*This is the first in a series of educational and enlightening articles paying tribute to some of America's little-known but vital industries. In the spotlight this month is the expanding industry of eraser manufacturing.*

*Erasers as we know them today are the product of many years of research designed to keep up with the needs of an expanding economy. The evolution of the eraser was a slow and tedious process, starting in the pre-civilized world. As man began to write on the walls of his cave and frequently made mistakes, so arose the need for a way to correct these mistakes. Here is the very first eraser in its most primitive form.*



*The next stride in early communications was the advent of sand-writing, and as pictured below, its corresponding method of erasure.*





One of the most fruitful tasks of the Dark Ages was the meticulous copying of books in longhand by the monks of that time. The elaborate style of each letter left little tolerance for mistakes of any kind. Erasers were of the all-or-nothing type in this case.

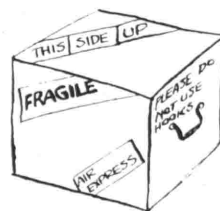


Little known to the public are the various types of erasers. Only one-half of the total eraser production are at the end of pencils. Some of the new forms of erasers are:

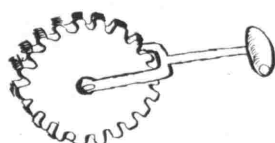
THE EZYGRIP



THE CUBIC FOOTER



FOR DOTTED LINES



THE CLIP ON



From cave man to assembly line is the evolution of the mighty eraser. Entire kingdoms and countries have been saved by one big rub of an eraser. Some of history's greatest speeches may never have been presented if erasers were available. The eraser plays a large part in modern life too. It is estimated that the average literate American uses fifty-three different erasers in the course of a lifetime. Where would we be without erasers on pencils, erasers for blackboards, and erasers to write music by? Ponder this question the next time you enter your corner drugstore for your nightcap. Then bravely walk up to the counter and ask the man for one dozen big, bouncing, genuine Indian rubber erasers. Erasers--the backbone of America's industrial empire.

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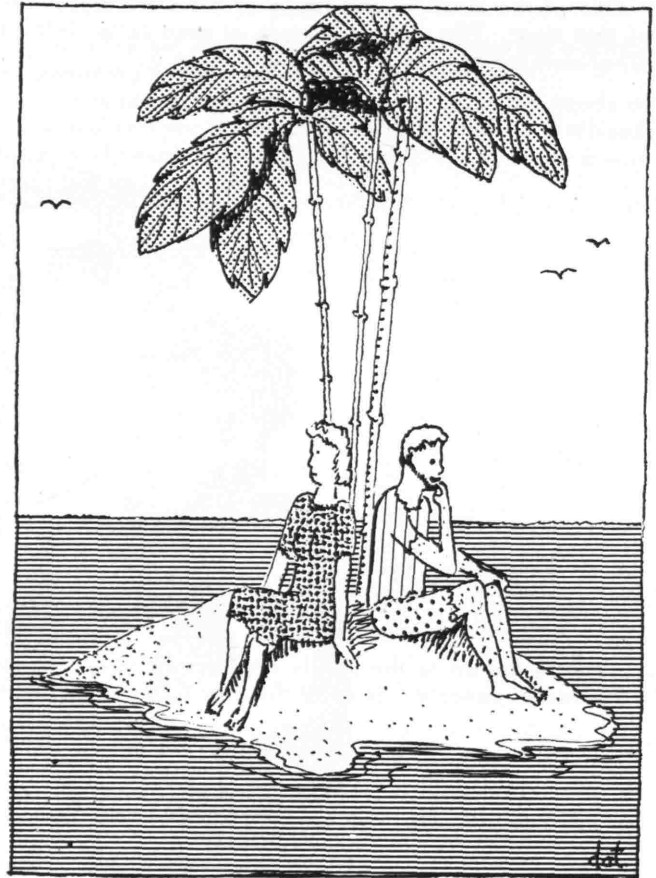
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So you go to B.U.; do you know...?

Wee Willie was walking with Wanda, his brand new girl, on the way home from grammar school. Both were eight years old.

"Wanda," said Wee Willie with worshipping eyes, "you are the first girl I have ever loved."

"Dammit," said little Wanda, "I've drawn another amateur."



"Sir, you gave the same quiz last term."

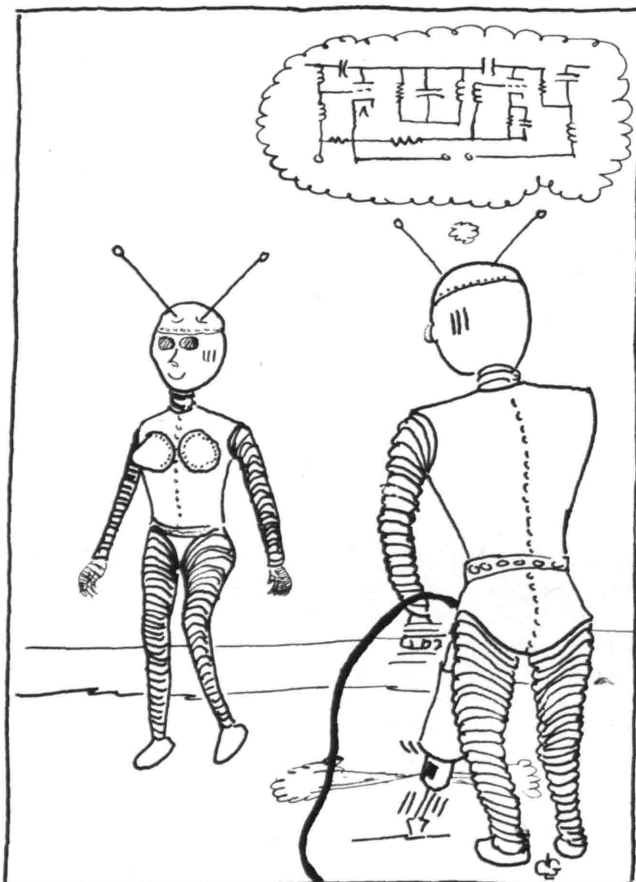
"That's all right," answered the prof. "I've changed the answers."



Junior: "Daddy, what's a sweater girl?"

Daddy: "Why . . . er, ah . . . a sweater girl is a girl who works in a sweater factory." (After a moment's pause): "Where in the world did you get that question?"

Junior: "Where in the world did you get that answer?"



# Martinis for Elihu



The moment I opened the front door I knew I was in for trouble. Not that the guy, standing with his foot in the door, was very big. On the contrary, he was pretty small and skinny. I'm over six feet and, if anything, a little stocky. It was the gun in his hand that bothered me.

"Is my milk bill overdue again?" I inquired sweetly.

"Huh," was his brilliant reply, one of the beads in his beady eyes jumping a little.

"Well, I'll take care of it tomorrow," I said, gently disengaging his foot and preparing to slam the door shut.

"Huh, hold it," he said, waving the gun in my face. "If you act smart I'll fire this gun. It'll make powder burns on you at close range," he added uniquely.

I didn't slam the door. Powder burns, I thought. Burned flesh. I just can't stand the smell of burnt flesh. Especially mine. This would take a little handling.

"If you put it that way," I replied, counting

the pimples on his face at the same time, "I'll pay it right now." He had 23 pimples and two black moles. Or was it 22 pimples and 3 black moles?

"Enough of this milky business, Cad, you know why I'm here. You and my wife..." He waved that nasty gun again. What did he think it was, a baton?

"In that case," I said, as congenially as possible, opening the door wide, "come in. Why didn't you say so in the first place?" I gave him a close look as he walked by me. It was 23 pimples and two moles after all.

I have a nice little place, if I must say so myself. It has the usual bachelor apartment's equipment. There was a Castro-convertible couch, two Castro-convertible chairs, and, an heirloom from my grandfather, a straightbacked Chippendale love seat. It's when I look at the latter that I realize things *were* tougher in the old days. Of course, there was a bar and a couple of mirrors. On a coffee table I had spread out some knick-knacks and cigarettes. I had promised Jane a quick date at two. At times, I do wish the census bureau or someone would even up the population balance. As W.H. Auden so well put it, this is indeed an "Age of Anxiety" for the American female.

"I didn't catch the name," I said, following him into the living room. "Cigarette?"

"Eh? Er, thank you." He laid the gun down on the coffee table and sat back on the couch. I felt a little better. My mother had always told me a gun on the table is worth two seconds to scam. Something like that anyway. "My name is Bonaparte. Elihu Sam Bonaparte. Sometimes known as Sam Elihu Bonaparte, though," he continued, scratching his head.

"Related to the first or second emperor?" I asked. "Or Both?" Anita, Anita Bonaparte, I thought. That's the one. The little stinker; I never believed it was her last name.

"Neither, I don't think..." he began, still scratching his head. I noted the double negative right away. Bad grammar always hurts my ears. And speaking of ears, the way he was scratching his made me wonder about his sanitary habits.

"Hey, what's this business? Are you trying to make a fool out of me?" He picked up that gun again.

No try at all, I thought. Some of one's best witticisms have to be restrained at times, you know. He was conducting that orchestra in back of me again.

"Watch out. It might go off."

"Yeah, it might, Cad. And," he started brightly, "at close range it'll..."

"Make powder burns," I finished for him. "We went through all that already." I took a deep drag on the cigarette. Burnt flesh. I decided to change the subject.

"So you're Anita's husband?"

"Yeah," he growled. "I'm Anita's husband." Fascinating conversationalist, this Bonaparte.

"Poor chap." I let out the bait. "Have a drink?"

"Sure, what you got?"

I winced at his sentence structure, but managed to choke out: "Oh, any gin, rye or bourbon drink you can name."

He grabbed vulgarly at the first one. "Gin. Make it a Martini."

This was going too far. Double negatives I can forgive, but Martinis in the afternoon! Where was this Bonaparte brought up, in a stable?

"Nobody, but nobody," I said controlling my voice with an effort, "drinks Martinis in the afternoon. Not until four o'clock at the very least. Would you like a Gibson instead?"

"Okay, okay, make it a Gibson. What's the difference, anyhow?"

"Well, for one thing," I said, chipping my words short (he had put the gun on the table again), "you put an onion, not an olive, in it." I decided not to go through the rest. The ignorant savage probably didn't even know what biters were. I mixed the drinks and gave him his.

"May you have the courage to continue with the cross you have to bear. I drink to you, poor chap." "If at first you don't succeed, try, try," I thought. Hmmm. I mix an excellent Gibson if I do say so myself.

It took a while, nonetheless.

"Poor chap, poor chap," I mumbled, blowing bubbles in my drink.

"Say, what's this poor chap business?" Finally. He scratched his head. Must recommend him to a good barber I thought. But to the matter at hand, he was biting.

"You said that you were Anita's husband, didn't you?"

"Yes, I am," he said, jumping up and grabbing that horrid gun again. "My name is Elihu Sam (Sam Elihu) Bonaparte and you not are to see my wife anymore."

"Are not," I corrected automatically. "You told me your name already and don't you worry, poor chap, I really have no inclination to see her

again."

"Huh?" He was thunderstruck and sort of collapsed back onto the couch. He lay there crumpled up like one of those ragdolls little girls, innocent little girls, play with. You know, the innocent age, between one and four. After that...

"Why aren't you going to see her again?" he asked, a sly gleam reflecting among the beads.

"Well, after all, you're married to her. You ought to know." Anita wasn't particularly beautiful. She had an attractive face, spoiled by a too pert nose, and a better-than-fair figure. While nature, on the whole, wasn't overly kind to her, I have to admit she kept everything she had in fine running shape. But her hair. It was that old fashioned long kind that you love to lose yourself in. Oh, yes, it was blond. Blond all over. Looking at her husband, the unappreciative savage (Martinis in the afternoon!), I now realized why she said the things she said. "Your face," she had breathed softly in my ear the night before last, "its so smooth."

"Know what?" he asked suspiciously.

"How she smells, of course. You know, the thing your best friend won't tell you. All that stuff." I felt a little grand. "Don't you do your duty as a husband?"

"Sure do," was his reply. "I'm the best damn provider any wife had. Make over a hundred a week as a plumber." Really, he was a little dense.

"B.O.! She has B.O.." I was forced to say.

"I never noticed," he said ruefully. He scratched his head again. A regular steam shovel I thought. What's he doing, digging for his brains?

"Well, you ought to attend to it, old man. I mean, poor chap." I put my fingers on my nose significantly. The things one has to do at times!

"It won't be easy, Mr. Cad." (Mister! That was more like it.) "She can be very temperamental. She's very particular about her person."

"I know," I thought, "bet she hardly lets you near it." "Well, its your problem now, Sam. Or is it Elihu?"

"Sam," he said. He was getting an idea. I could tell: he scratched his head madly with both hands and his eyes looked like a wild marble game. "Say, could you tell her?" He was hooked.

"Would love to, but I just made a promise to you. Never see her again, wasn't that it?" I finished off the Gibson and pondered the onion lying in the glass. He would need help. "Of

course, if you insist." Just enough. "But, no," I finished, "never break my word is my creed. I promised my mother."

"Just once," he begged. There was an actual whine in his voice. The sport went out of it then. It had been too easy.

"Sorry Sam. Just can't do. Now if you would do me the pleasure of leaving, I'm expecting a guest at two." I led him to the door, noting that in his confusion he had left his gun on the table.

He walked on ahead of me, his tiny, carbuncled head hanging down. He looked like a little puppy dog. For a moment, I felt sorry for him. At the door, he suddenly turned and said: "Well, look, I take you off the promise. You can see her all you want. But, then, you'll take care of the B.O.?" All my sympathy vanished. What a gross individual. Once mentioned, and that because of necessity, we could use euphemisms from then on.

I assumed a hesitation. "Will you come around here with guns anymore?"

"No, no," he pleaded. "Not as long as you'll take care..."

"Show her a couple things about her person," I interrupted as graciously as possible.

"Show her a couple of things. Yes, do show

her a couple of things."

I considered again.

"Look," he said, a desperate edge in his voice, "I'll pay you ten dollars a week regularly and twenty-five extra when you take her out."

"Its a deal," I said wearily as possible.

"Oh, you won't be sorry," he called gayly as he waltzed down the path.

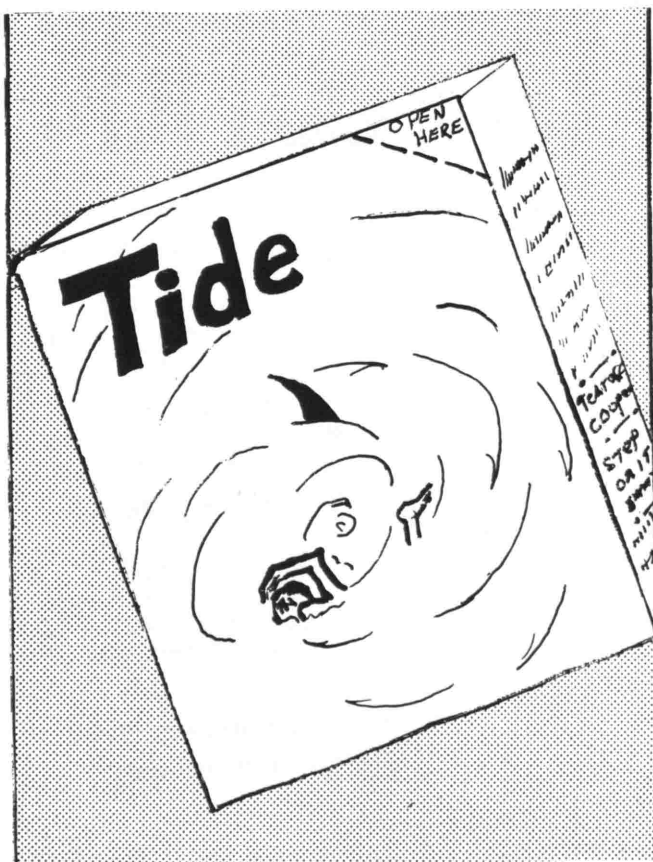
"Don't forget your gun," I called after him. I went back to the living room and got it for him.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mister Cad." He was actually fawning. "Say, did you know it'll make powder burns fired at close range?"

"No kidding, Sam Bonaparte," I said. "Really, this is too much," I thought. He must have overdone his ROTC training or something.

I closed the door and went back into the living room. I sat back into the Chippendale and thought about what I had done. Finally I came to a decision. Anita had seen the last of me. Long haired blond or no long haired blond, I won't let any husband think I was doing him a favor. There was something perverted about it all. Poor Sam, I thought. I walked over to one of the mirrors. Poor Anita.

- Bob Jaffe



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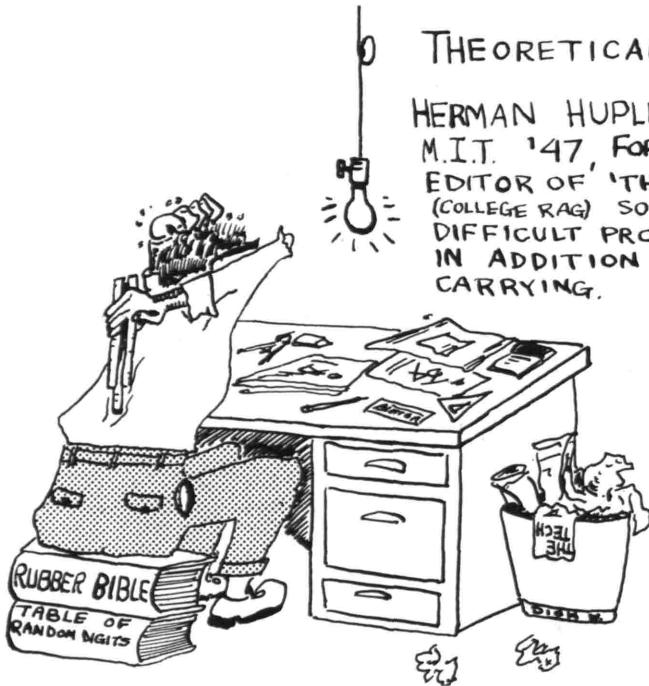
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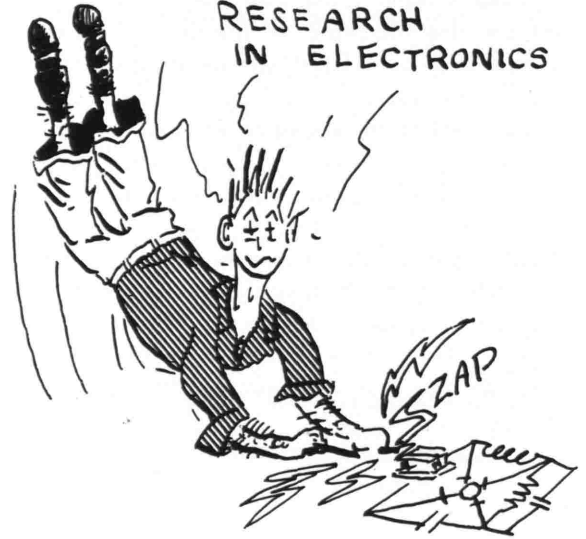
# Where Will You Fit In ?

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HERMAN HUPLINGER  
M.I.T. '47, FORMER  
EDITOR OF 'THETECH'  
(COLLEGE RAG) SOLVING  
DIFFICULT PROBLEM  
IN ADDITION WITH  
CARRYING.



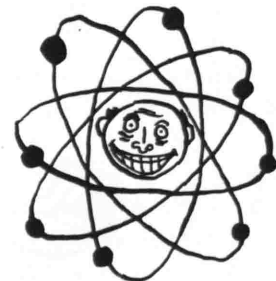
## RESEARCH IN ELECTRONICS



# GENERAL DIELECTRIC

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EDITOR OF VOO DOO  
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B.S. B.A. M.S. PH.D. G.M.M.



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He sat down in a chair and turned on soft music.  
 "Have a cigarette," he said politely. "No thanks."

Taken somewhat aback, he opened the liquor cabinet. "Have a drink," he said politely.  
 "No thanks."

He gave up. Reaching for her coat, he walked toward the door. "Well, may as well be getting home. Unless," he said politely, "you would care to spend the night right here."

"Don't mind if I do," she said.

The next morning he looked across the toaster with a puzzled expression. "Last night," he said, "I would have bet a hundred dollars you weren't this sort."

"Well," she said with a yawn, "it's just like I've been telling my Sunday school class. You don't have to smoke and drink to have a good time."



Party girl: one who thinks babies should be seen and not had.



A certain doctor tells this story of a precocious youngster. When the five year old was brought to his office for an examination, the nurse took the little girl behind the screen to undress her.

Then noticing the mother was pregnant, the doctor teased the lady. "My, my," he said, "looks as though you have been eating too much lately."

The little girl stuck her head from behind the screen, looked critically at the doctor and said, "That's what you think."



Blonde: "Would you call it mental telepathy if we were thinking of the same thing?"

1st Classman: "No, just plain good luck."



A famous professor once said "Very few women like to sleep on their stomachs, but most men do."

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Wisdom: Knowing what to do next.

Skill: Knowing how to do it.

Virtue: Not doing it.



The Shah of Iran was having a large international diplomatic banquet to which many noted dignitaries were invited, among them a Chinese potentate, a Shan.

During the course of the affair, the Shah learned that the Shan was susceptible to epileptic seizures. Quickly realizing such an occurrence at his banquet might have great effects, the Shah ran to inform his servants of the possibility. However, before he got back to where he left the Shan, a servant ran up to him and exclaimed, "Master, master, where were you when the fit hit the Shan!"



Have you heard about the smart cookie who went around selling Girl Scouts?

The local artist's ball was a wild affair. Some local citizens complained to the police about the nudity. The artists declared, however, that all the costumes had some artistic significance. The police had some doubts about the "significance" and the night of the ball they had a detective at the entrance checking. The detective was a bright one and he could understand what the wild outfits were supposed to signify. He did have his doubts when a beautiful brunette entered. She wore absolutely nothing but a pair of black gloves and black shoes.

"Now wait a minute, Miss," he said to her. "Don't tell me you're supposed to signify something in those?"

"Why, officer," she answered indignantly, "I'm the five of spades."



"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then please hold this bottle while I tie my shoe."

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