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# SECRET

NOVEMBER

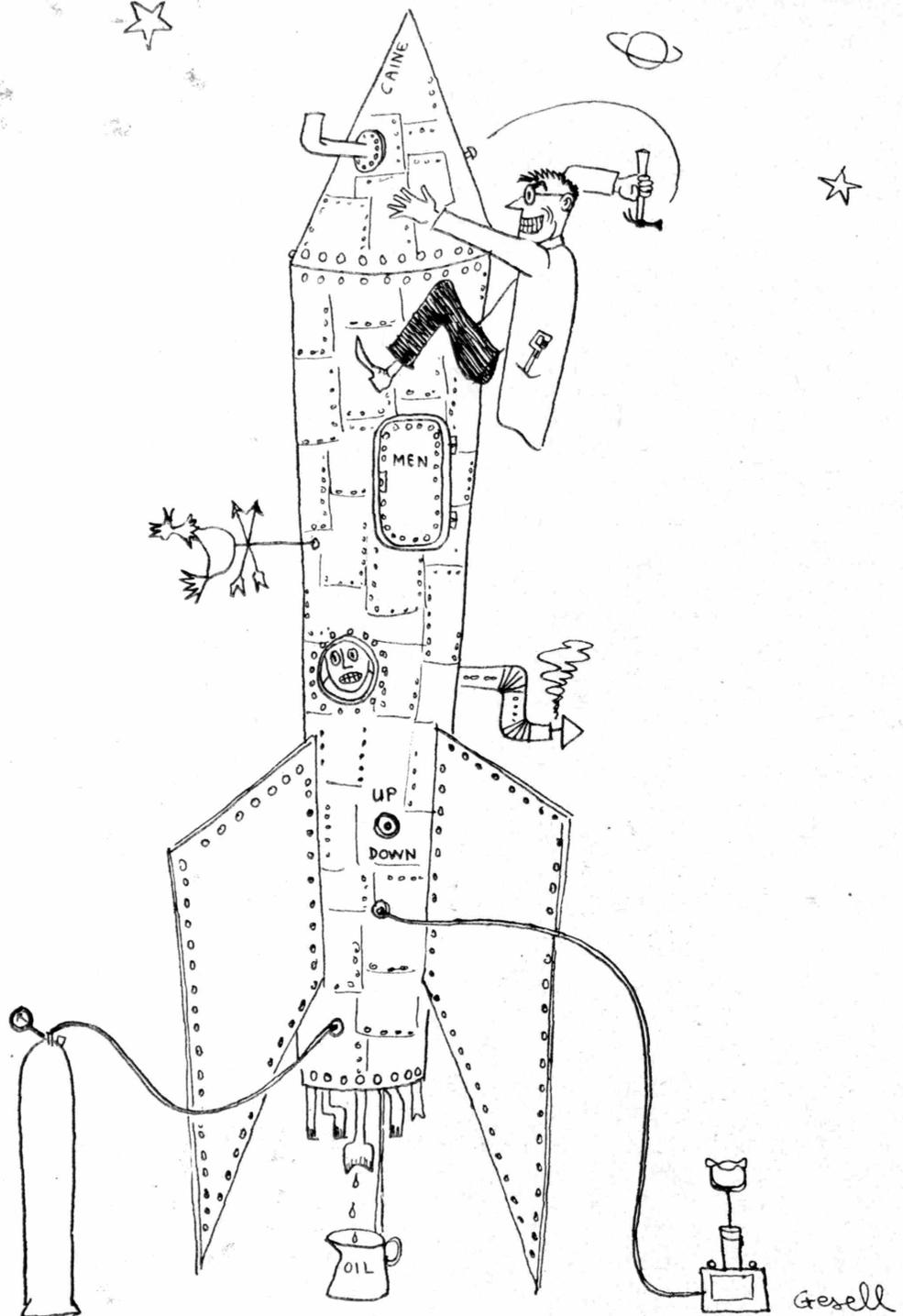
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We weren't sure if our liver could take it, but, as usual, we wandered back for another year; and, as usual, we found that the Institute had a whole mess of surprises for us. Like for instance tennis courts and a new building full of physicists, not to mention a simply cunning little lecture hall with spotlights that, at the flick of a switch, will all focus on the lecturer and house lights that will shine at any desired intensity. And like for instance a lot of shiny new cars marked M.I.T. Police all filled with people marked M.I.T. Policemen. The presence of these people worried us a bit, but we met one at activities midway. He was very pleasant; we gave him a magazine; and as he was walking away we overheard him saying to a frosh, "Yeah, I'm just a freshman too." We were slightly less worried until one day we happened to be at Harvard, where the campus cops are not freshmen, and unwittingly disobeyed some restriction about where you can drive and were stopped by a man with a Harvard badge. "All you young bastards think you run the place...", he said. This started us thinking.

Among the things we thought about were our freshman year when we had half our clostestorn off by some sophomore in a glove fight, and our sophomore year when we tore off half of some

freshman's clothes, and our junior year when we stood with a girl and shouted (impartially) encouragement to sophomores (and freshmen) to wrestle purple (and orange) gloves away from freshmen (and sophomores). This year we will have an extra Saturday afternoon to study in. Then we thought about coeds. We've never actually gone out with one and don't suppose we shall and really shouldn't be worried, but nevertheless were somewhat saddened to hear that, for the first time, freshman coeds have hours - and pretty unreasonable ones at that. We're not sure what it all adds up to, but we rather wish that the Institute had waited until we left before it inaugurated some of these improvements.

We did find one small ray of sunshine among the somber and sobering clouds, however, one night about two o'clock, walking with a girl with reasonable hours, when we decided to test the mettle of our new guardians of the peace. The two of us meandered into the great court, sat down on the grass and affectionately waited. Soon we were rewarded; a uniformed gentleman came and made the rounds. Honest Injun, he methodically looked under and behind every bush in the place and then left, never giving us a glance.

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This month's cover by Charlie Gilliatt



**V**OODOO.—Hello. Is this the office of The Tech? Well, this is the chairman of the freshman activities midway committee. I'm calling in connection with this afternoon's midway. It seems that there are pieces of The Tech strewn all over the Cage and we were wondering if you, would send someone over to pick them up. How's that? You say you don't have any authority to send anyone over? What? You say Voo Doo littered the Cage with The Techs? Well Voo Doo men are down here right now picking up their Voo Doos. How's that again? You say old Voo Doos are worth more than old The Techs?...Hello?...Hello?....

**H**ark! Ye lily-livered folk who abhor the merrie humour in ye olde Voo Doo; ye who snub its Freudian literature. Heed thine error whilst thou peruseth this sterling piece of wit composed by one worthy Voo Doo-type ghostie writer:  
 Charmian: Well, if you had an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?  
 Iras: Not in my husband's nose.

Shakespeare,  
 Anthony and Cleopatra,  
 Act I, Scene I.

Inexperienced, demure,  
 Shy, unsullied, sweet, and  
 pure;  
 All this you, 'tis plain to see,  
 Of necessity must be.



You heard a lot of talk  
 about the good will. That's  
 strictly bunk, friend. They  
 will not.



If at first you don't suc-  
 ceed, try, try again. Then  
 stop. After all, there's no  
 use being silly about it.



"Oh, here's the place  
 Mother told me to stay away  
 from--I thought we'd never  
 find it."



Roomie One: "C'mon, get  
 cleaned up and I'll get you a  
 date."

Roomie Two: "Yeah, and  
 suppose you don't get me a  
 date?"

Better not tell a girl her  
 stockings are wrinkled--she  
 might not have any on.



Politician: "Congratulate  
 me dear, I got the nomination."  
 Wife: "Honestly?"  
 Politician: "Why bring  
 that up?"



Looking up, naive surprise  
 Showing in blue, startled eyes  
 As the prof, with proper care  
 Lays the facts of life quite  
 bare.

You will pardon me if I  
 Smile at you, so sweet and  
 shy;  
 You can fool the rest, no doubt  
 But my roommate took you out.



To be college bred means  
 a four year loaf requiring a  
 great deal of dough and plenty  
 of crust.



"I cured my child of biting  
 his nails."  
 "Oh, yes, how?"  
 "I kicked his teeth out."

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# Doing the Town

Where to go fishing---

...Man, this is living. One hundred and forty miles from the nearest city, in the bush and already confronting a native in rubber boots, britches, flannel shirt and battered hat; not to mention his weatherbeaten look and the tobacco he chewed.

My French was best.

"Bonjour, monsieur."

"Bonjour."

"Est-ce que c'est ici Grand Lac Kiamika?"

"Oui."

"This is the place," I announced to the other two.

"Est-ce qu'on peut louer un camp ici pour aller a la pêche?"

"Oui."

"C'est combien chaque personne par jour?"

"Trois dollars."

"Three bucks per head per night. Cheap enough." My companions nodded in agreement.

The native's face brightened as he spoke, "We have also electricity, indoor plumbing and I can sell you some basic foods such as milk, butter and eggs-besides, of course, minnows and other fishing equipment."

I was sure that my ears were in good hearing condition but I hopped on one leg for a while to get the water out anyway. I replied rather incredulously, "Beg pardon?"

"Furthermore adequate boating facilities will be provided and I shall furnish you with Forest Travel Permits. I assure you that..."

\*\*\*\*

We were going to use minnows for bait so we followed the rural one into the woods at his beckoning. From a mountain stream water was channelled onto a sluice which ran into a screen-covered, rectangular, wooden tank where the minnows swam. Apparently much time and effort had been spent in caring for the small fish. While the erudite rustic filled the pail I queried, "Do

you catch them full-grown or do you get them young and breed them?"

"I buy them," he replied.

\*\*\*\*

The rowboat was crowded, especially with the two motors, six gallons of gas, raincoats, fishing equipment and lunch, not to mention copies of "Mad" magazine, "The Odyssey" and "A Table of Random Digits." We were floating away from shore when we realized that the water pouring in over the gunwales was not due to large waves but to the fact that the boat was an inch below the surface...

We lightened our load.

\*\*\*\*

Having run out of gas after a short sight-seeing trip, we refueled. I was sitting amidships. George pulled hard on the starter cord and landed in my lap, cord in hand. Okay, so I was wet. I would like to see the person who can change motors in the middle of a lake and not fall in at least once.

\*\*\*\*

Lunch time. Wow, it was hot! Out came the peanut butter sandwiches and the beer. The sandwiches were good but my mouth felt like a desert after a hot wind when I had finished eating. Naturally, the beer would take care of that.

Where was it? Not in my pockets. I remember leaving the can-opener in a place where I kept important things. Where, where? You cannot open beercans with fingernails.

By this time my companions were considerably irritated. The shiny cylinders seemed to mock us by being so darn inscrutable and unopenable.

Oh, no! In the first-aid kit in my raincoat, resting on a faraway shore as part of the lightened load, that's where it was.

Was it my imagination or was my tongue really swelling in my mouth?

\* \* \* \*

"All right, wise guy, we're all dying of thirst. You tell us how we save ourselves," my "buddies" chirped in unison.

"Simple," said I, "we're on a lake. That means water. Just bend down over the side and drink."

"Unh, unh. You know as well as we do that most of these lakes are polluted."

"Don't be silly. We're miles from civilization. This is fresh, virgin country, untouched by man. Listen, sit on the other side of the boat while I drink."

I knelt down and lowered my head over the side towards the water just in time to get hit squarely on the side of the nose by a floating beer bottle...untouched by man, sure...I drank deeply.

\* \* \* \*

No, I could not kill a minnow. Absurd, I am a pacifist; but this is the wilderness and we must fish to survive. What about the three docile salamis waiting for us at the cabin?...One deft movement; there, the hook is through its back. There you go, my little innocent. Swim to your heart's content. Excuse me, I feel sick...

\* \* \* \*

"Over to the shore more, George. That's it. When I get it draped over the log you hit it with an oar, Don." I barked my orders sharply, "Woof woof."

"Okay, now hit it."

I feel sick again. Finally, we lifted it manually into the boat. It was a pile, about two feet long but not too good for eating.

I was sure it was still living. Lying in the bottom of the boat, heaving irregularly it glared at me through dead eyes. God, what have I done? I shall be sent to the lowest level of the Inferno. Next Sunday at church I must remember to make a very generous donation.

\* \* \* \*

On our way back to civilization we confronted, by chance, another native and offered our nau-seating prize to him as a token of our friendship. He eyed the mangled head as if it were an enigma and then looked at us distrustingly. He spoke, "You don'wan' it? Wal', I guess we feed it to de bear."

Three together: "The bear?!!"

The bear sat on his broad posterior in some dark slime, oblivious of his surroundings. Two brown eyes peered myopically over his snout as it waved through the air and snuffled occasionally. Periodically he would turn his head in a sophisticated fashion in an attempt, perhaps, to contemplate his navel from a different viewpoint.

This submersion in deep intellectual thought would have lasted indefinitely had he not realized that it was time for his daily sustenance. He immediately sprang up, grunted, stretched, whimpered and after having satiated himself on a ration of nourishment tossed into his pen, he returned to his original yogi position in an attempt to reach Nirvana. He resembled a Harvard man.

\* \* \* \*

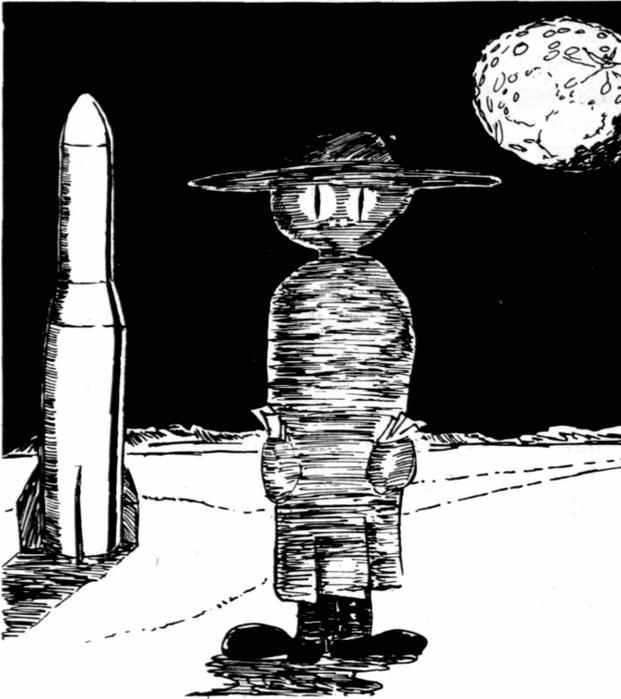
A cool night breeze refreshed us as we walked down the dirt road. On both sides tall trees rose. Some were bare and gnarled, standing out eerily against the light of the full moon. The road was wide but we kept bumping into each other at the center. In the bushes a sudden rustling and twig-cracking broke the silence... some people will say we ran. I say we leisurely trotted back to the cabin - It was good exercise.

\* \* \* \*

...These students are very funny people, thought the rural type as he watched the car leave. They do many strange things; catch fish and do not eat them, and I suppose I will never know what it is to try to figure out the equation of a fish hook. Eh bien, they pay well. It is lucky that Pierre gave me those lines in English to memorize. Now I shall be able to pay for the child Marie is expecting. What number is this one? Ah, oui, it is the twelfth.

---Sid Altman

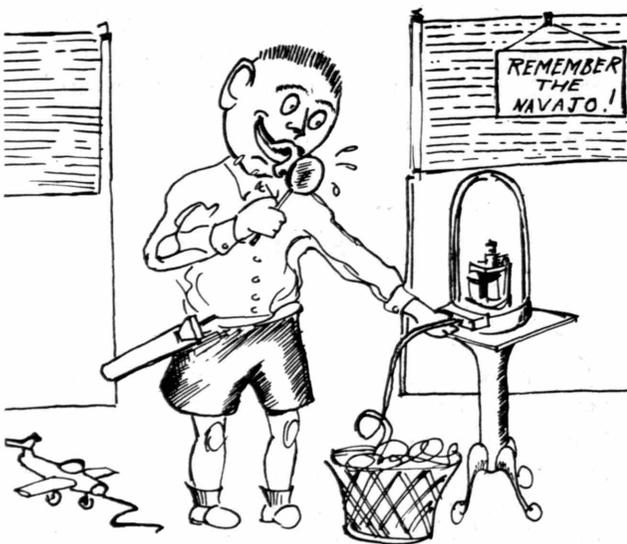
Voo Doo takes great pleasure in presenting an intimate, behind-the-scenes, bird's eye view and thumbnail sketch of that part of American industry whose most pressing problem is: Should the cost-plus-fixed-fee contract be replaced by the cost-plus-percentage contract?



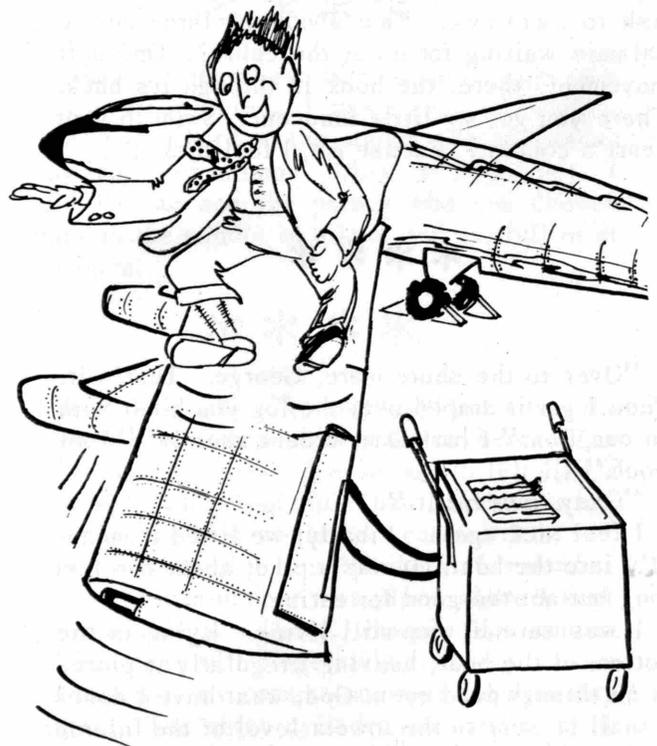
This is a picture of a vice president. It is a 1/10th of second exposure of his soul taken at f/7 during the full of the moon. We cannot show his face because we break out in a rash every time we look at it.



Look at the nice personnel manager. If you ask him politely, he will give you an important job in a key position if any of his brothers-in-law should retire.



Here we see a supervisor. He is very important; he is a member of management. He makes decisions; right now he is deciding which of the company's competitors to buy stock on. We would do the same if our credit were any good.



This is an expert on vibration. He would be known as simple harmonic Pete to his friends, if he had any. "There may be a slight resonance at 386.68 cycles," he is saying. The wing has just fallen off.



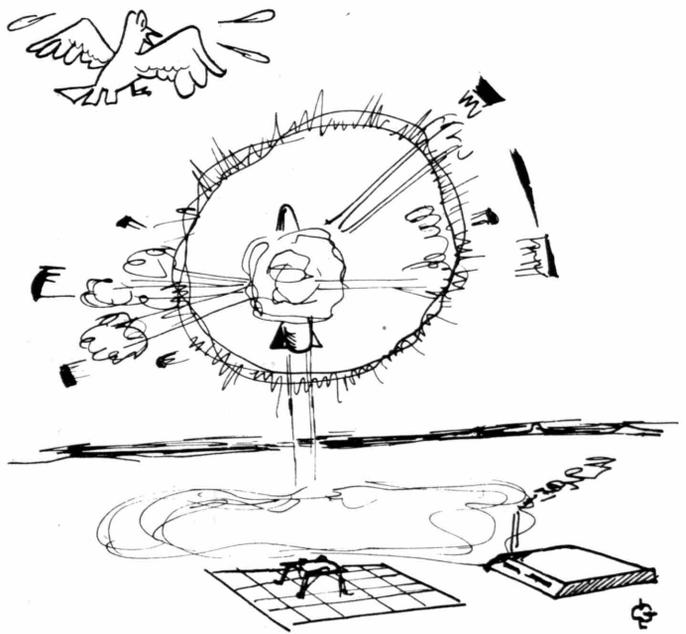
*This man is from production. He will spend all this week correcting the mistakes the design group made last week. Next week he will build himself a boat.*



*It is très chic for an airplane company to keep a theoretical physicist. This man is an expert on relativistic quantum mechanics; he is helping the assistant to a civil engineer add long columns of numbers on a broken desk calculator.*



*Here is the janitor on the fifth floor of the engineering building. He should be sweeping up all the top-secret documents on the floor but he likes to build model airplanes. When he finishes the model, the company will steal it and show it to the airforce. The airforce will give the company \$137,000,000. The company will give the janitor a gold watch.*



*Let us all put our fingers over our ears in order to escape the overpowering whoosh of the rocket as it takes off, the piercing shriek as it hurtles through the air, and the loud boomas it malfunctions.*

**Teplitz and Gilliatt**

The father of a pretty co-ed asked her boy friend to see the basketball game over the family television set. When the boy friend arrived, he brought a jug that obviously contained a mixture that included alcohol, and during the game he took a nip now and then. At last the father could stand it no longer.

"Young man," he said, "I'm forty-seven years old, and never in my life have I touched liquor."

"Well don't get no ideas, pop," the student snarled. "You ain't gettin' any of this."



Last week when I blew into Cheyenne I had a nice time with the hotel clerk, who says to me, "How did you get here?"

"Just blew in with a load of cattle," says I.

"Where's the rest of them?" says he.

"Down in the yards. I ain't as particular as they are."

The temperance lecturer asked his audience: "Now supposing I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey; which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery.

"And why would he take the water?" asked the lecturer.

"Because he's an ass," came the reply.



Some kid signed up for ROTC, and the first thing he did was fail to salute the commanding officer.

"Do you realize who I am?" the officer fumed. "I'm in command here. I command a thousand men."

"You got a good job," the young man answered, "don't louse it up."



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 Here's to love and unity  
 May there always be plenty of tourist courts,  
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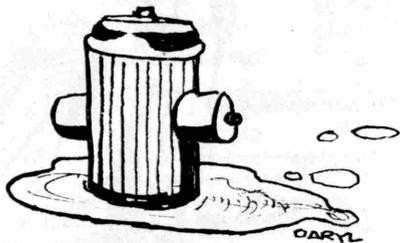
A Garland Girl, absent unexcused overnight  
 from her dormitory, called the housemother early  
 the next morning.

"Don't pay the ransome, Miss Somers, I es-  
 caped."



Attention! You can cure your room-mate of  
 snoring by good advice, co-operation, kindness-  
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Customer-"Do you have notions on this floor?"  
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 to suppress them during working hours."



## "DAZOR" AND "FLEXO" LAMPS

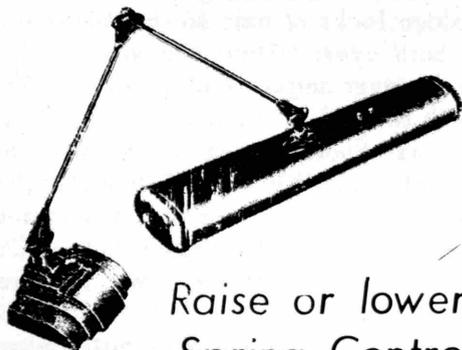
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There hadn't been a killing in Belch Gulch since the new marshal drove the cattle rustlers off the Bee Bop Bee ranch. It was sort of a misty, foggy morning and the townspeople were having a quick whiskey for breakfast at Benson's Saloon. The saloon is called Benson's Saloon because Benson owns it. Just like the hotel is called Benson's Hotel because he owns that too. Benson also owns the general store (Benson's General Store) and Benson's Bank. Benson, by the way, is the sole proprietor of the Bee Bop Bee ranch which, unlike most western stories, is not resisting the progress of the railroad--Benson's railroad, of course. But the real corker of the story is that Benson is a goody.

The best looking girl in Belch Gulch is Emmy. She's a show girl at Benson's saloon and is known throughout town as Benson's girl because she and Benson are engaged. Her father is a teller at Benson's Bank.

Well, a misty, foggy morning always forms a perfect setting for a stranger to come riding into town on a black horse--and sure enough here he comes!

He double parked his cayuse in front of the saloon and meandered on in. The breakfasters at the bar momentarily forgot their whiskey and stared at the stranger as the swinging doors, swung behind him. He needed a shave and he needed a bath. When he smiled, everyone knew where the yellow went. But he didn't smile very

often. Just a sardonic smirk every now and then.

The stranger carried three guns. He spotted Emmy sitting on the bar. His eyes crept from her dainty little foot dangling above the floor, slowly up her sleek, smooth shin to a dimpled knee. They rested here for awhile and then continued along a shiny, pink thigh to a blue and yellow garter. Emmy grasped a handful of red velvet swirling from her bustle and tossed it over her leg. Their eyes met and the stranger grinned. "So that's where the yellow went," thought Emmy. She threw her head back, shuffling the golden locks of hair so that she could see out of both eyes. Then she snubbed her nose at the stranger and smiled at Benson, who was sitting at the end of the bar. The stranger whipped his six-shooter out of its holster and blew Benson's hat into his beer. He then flipped the gun back into its holster and meandered over to Emmy. He put his face close to hers and said "How's about you and me gittin' together for a quick whiskey?"

Emmy slid down from the bar and strutted away without a word. But the stranger caught her arm, whirled her around and pulled her close against his body. He pinned her arms behind her and pressed his alcoholic lips against her clavicle.

Impressively, Benson stood up. "Now see here!" he said.

The stranger let go of Emmy and faced Benson, "You say somethin'?"

"Now see here!" Benson repeated, and cleared his throat. "You can't do that to Emmy. She and I are engaged."

"You're a yellow bellied skunk," said the stranger, and grinned.

"So that's where the yellow went," Benson thought, and he reached for the pistol in his vest pocket.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Benson lay dead on the floor with three holes in his head.

But little did the stranger know that the bartender had slipped out the back door, and, right at this very moment, was running down Main St. toward the jail house.

"Marshall Burp, Marshall Burp, the stranger done just shot Mr. Benson."

He burst into the sheriff's office and, panting for breath, braced himself with both hands on the Marshall's desk. "Marshall, the stranger done shot Mr. Benson. Yuh gotta do somethin'."

Spoon in hand, Quiet Burp looked up from his breakfast. "Soon's I finish my Cheerios."

By the time Quiet got to the saloon, the stranger had cleared everyone out except Emmy. Frightened half to death, she was backed up against a wall as the stranger slowly came toward her. The room was strewn with bits of red velvet.

The Marshall shoved through the swinging door. "That there's jest about enough outen you, stranger."

The stranger wheeled around and saw before him that pedestal of law and order, the indefatigable Quiet Burp.

"You shoot Benson?" Quiet stared at the stranger.

"He drewed a gun on me." The stranger was kinda nervous. "I done it in self-defense. Them folks seen it. He drewed first."

Deputy Matt Bastardson stepped out of the crowd. "He's right, Quiet. Benson drawed first, but the stranger provoked it."

The stranger smiled, "You ain't got nothin' on me Burp."

"So that's where the yellow went," thought Quiet. "Mebbe I can't hang yuh," he said, "But I'm givin' yuh 'til sunup to git off this channel and stay outa my network."

The stranger's hands hung at his sides, twitch-nervously. "You ain't tellin' me what tuh do, Burp."

Marshall Quiet Burp looked hard at the stranger, "You're a yellow bellied skunk."

The stranger went for his gun. Bang! Bang! Bang!

Emmy had watched Marshall Quiet Burp with yearning admiration. "He's so brave, courageous and bold" she thought. But she knew her yearning was in vain, for, when the smoke cleared, as always, Marshall Burp would return to his jail for another bowl of Cheerios, leaving Deputy Bastardson to tote the stranger's body to the morgue. He'd give not a single thought to the voluptuous maid whose virginity he had just prolonged. He would turn quietly, and without a word, stroll proudly out of the saloon.

But this time, such was not the case. Emmy was to witness an event which she could scarcely believe, for when the smoke cleared, even the cameraman was amazed:

In a pool of blood the Marshall lay dead.  
And the stranger took Emmy to bed.

---Max



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PARTY  
PLANNING

Little boy watching milkman's horse: "Mister, I'll bet you ain't gonna get home with your wagon."

Milkman: "Why?"

Little Boy: "Cause your horse just lost all his gasoline."



Boy looking for an apartment. Just a small place large enough to lay his hat and a few friends.



The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired country boy to work stacking wood beside the whizzing circular saw. As he started away, he heard an "ouch" and turned to see the country lad looking in a puzzled manner at the stump of a forefinger. Rushing back, he asked what happened.

"I dunno," said the boy, "I stuck my hand out like this and...Well I'll be damned; there goes another one."



A wolf lounging in a hotel lobby perked up when an attractive young lady passed by. When his standard "How-de-do" brought nothing more than a frigid glance, he sarcasmed, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

"I couldn't be," she iced. "I'm married."



An Englishman, an Arabian and an American were standing on a street corner in Casablanca when a spectacular Oriental beauty sidled by.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Englishman.

The Arabian murmured a fervent, "By Allah!"

And the American said, softly, "By tomorrow night."



A soldier who had been abroad for three years and heard that he was being shipped home, wired his girl, "Better take some tetanus shots, honey, I've gotten rusty."

The sergeant strode into the barracks and shouted, "O.K., you lazy bastards fall in, on the double!"

The soldiers grabbed their hats and lined up all except one, who lay in his bunk blowing smoke rings.

"Well," roared the sergeant.

"Well," said the soldier tapping ashes from his cigar, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"



"Why did you take so much time last night saying goodbye to that fellow?"

"But mother, if a guy takes you to the movies, you ought to at least kiss him goodnight."

"I thought you went to the Stork Club?"

"I did."



The coed who had just been married spoke from the luxurious depth of the bridal bed.

"Oh darling, I can hardly believe we're married."

Silence...she speaks again.

"I can hardly believe we're married at last."

No sound...

"I can't believe we're married at last."

Finally, in a voice contorted with rage and frustration, the groom finally speaks: "You will, if I can get the damn shoelace untied!"



An office girl went into her accustomed self-service restaurant on her lunch hour and found all the tables taken. Finally she sat down at a table with a very proper and dignified old lady. They ate in silence, exchanged not a word until the office girl finished and lit up a cigarette.

The old lady gasped "I'd rather commit adultery than be seen smoking in public."

The office girl nodded. "So would I, but I only have half an hour for lunch."

GOOD UNTIL NOV. 7, 1957

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A SNACK TO A FULL COURSE DINNER

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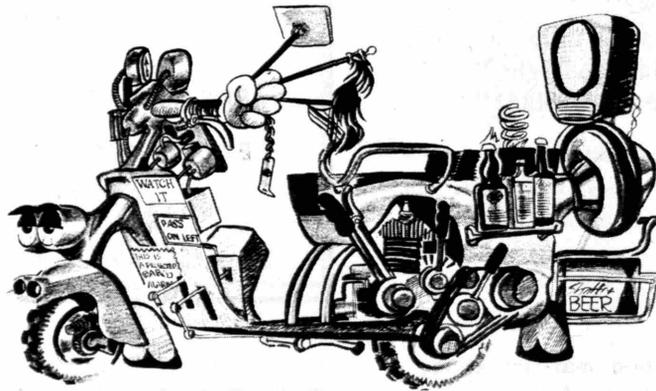
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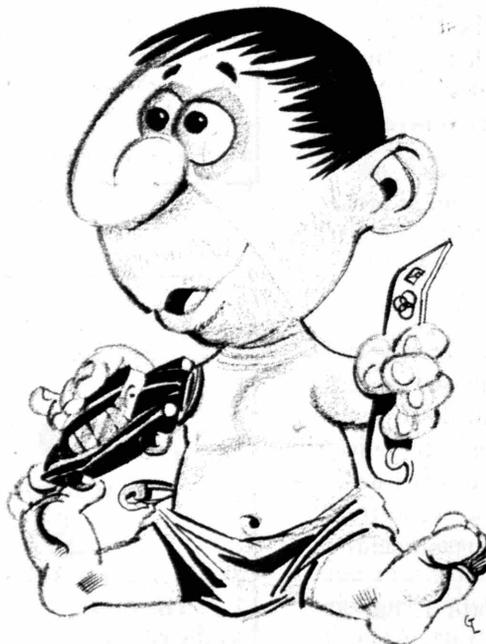
## THE BIG NEWS OF NOVEMBER!

Voo Doo's new Products Division takes great pleasure in announcing, not just a new automobile, but a new means of transportation, a product tailor-made especially for the lower-middle-class college student. After countless minutes of-uh-research and development, involving expenditures of (well, at most only) 2¼ billion dollars from our beer fund; Voo Doo points with pride to the final result. Displayed for the first time anywhere, it is the excitingly different, breathtakingly new--

## VOODSEL!

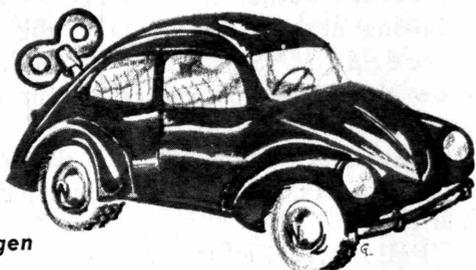


Yes, folks, here it is; the very finest our elaborate and diligent staff of designers, engineers, and free-loaders could produce!



Our Staff

**Definitely Voo Doo's answer to the parking problem. Our solution to the traffic menace all over the country! Created only a very short while ago in our secret labs underneath the Harvard Bridge, the Voodsel encompasses the best qualities of the popular Volkswagen, and the durable and smooth riding qualities of the high-priced Boxy-8 depicted below.**



Folkswagen



Boxy 8

**Here are some of the excitingly new futuramic ideas incorporated in the Voodsel:**

**The answer to the parking problem is solved by means of an intricate series of levers and flaps which enables the Voodsel to be folded up into its own glove compartment, hence saving all kinds of space.**

**No need to worry about towing, if you do happen to get a parking space for the Voodsel, it can be rigidly fastened to the street by means of an oversized post arrangement.**



**The Voodsel also has few traffic problems. Besides its compactness of size, it is equipped with a full power radar set for detecting distant traffic jams.**

**The price of the Voodsel is only \$170.76 (slide rule compartment and autronic oogah horn extra)**

**Come in now, and see the beginning of a new era of transportation. The Voodsel is on display at your local Mock Truck dealer. The Voodsel rides again!**

--Stu Brody

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You don't have to go to college to know that after  
 eating, drinking and smoking, the best  
 breath fresheners of all are



still only 5¢

Three freshmen upon entering Rickey's to sit at their usual table found it to be occupied by an oldish woman. Upon debating what to do about the situation, they finally decided to embarrass the woman into leaving.

Sitting next to the old lady, the first frosh proceeded, "Say, John," he said, "did you know that I was born three months before my parents were married?"

"Why, that's nothing," said the next one, "I was born six months before my parents were married."

"Fellows, replied the last of the hungry men, "I was born without my parents being married."

The old lady finally looked up from her table and pleasantly said, "Will one of you bastards please pass the salt?"



Husband: "After I get up in the morning and shave, I feel ten years younger."

Wife: "Why don't you shave before you go to bed?"



And then one day she turned and saw that he was smiling at her! She smiled back at him! No, he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before!

"Smile like that again," he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed.

"Just as I thought," he said. "You look like a chipmunk."



This happened after World War III, when atomic bombs had killed every last human being. After three or four days, when the dust and debris had settled, a couple of monkeys came out of their cave and solemnly surveyed the desolate landscape. After several minutes the small monkey turned to his friend and said, "Well, honey, shall we start the whole thing over again?"

Rumor has it that manufacturers of a certain feminine garment are currently making only three kinds: The Russian type, the Salvation Army type, and the American type. The function of the Russian type is to uplift the masses, the Salvation Army type to raise the fallen, and the American type to make mountains out of mole hills.



Shapely gal: Honey, you don't mind if I wear velvet instead of silk do you?

He: No, darling, I'll love you through thick or thin.



An ex-Pfc recently married an ex-Wac sergeant and on the honeymoon he realized the ambition of every enlisted man.



During the first years of World War II, when Hitler was getting ready to lead one of his armies into action, his valet told him, "Whenever Napoleon led his men into battle, he always wore a red suit. That way they could never tell if he had been wounded and was bleeding."

"Quick," the Fuehrer ordered, "go get my brown pants!"



He: "I'd like a single room for my wife and myself."

Clerk: "Yes, sir, we have one on the fourteenth floor."

He: "Is that all right with you, dear?"

She: "Yes, mister."



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

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

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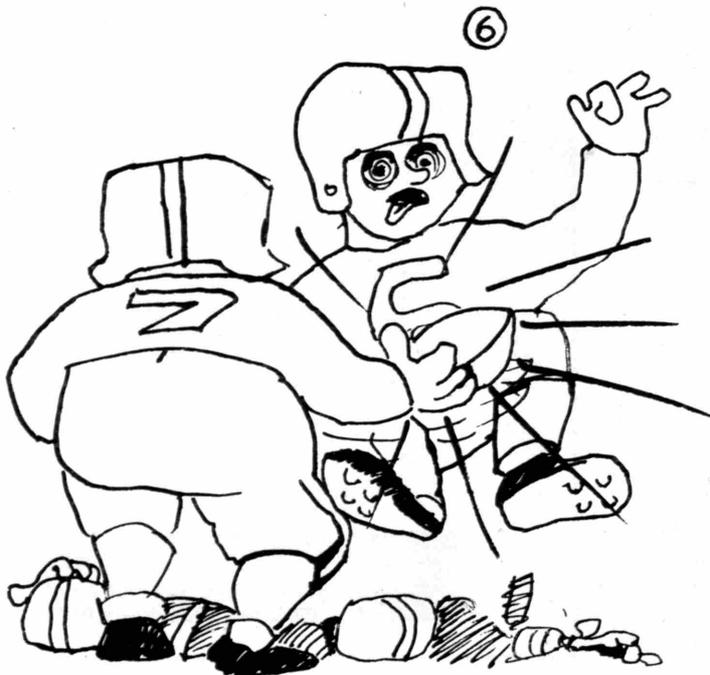
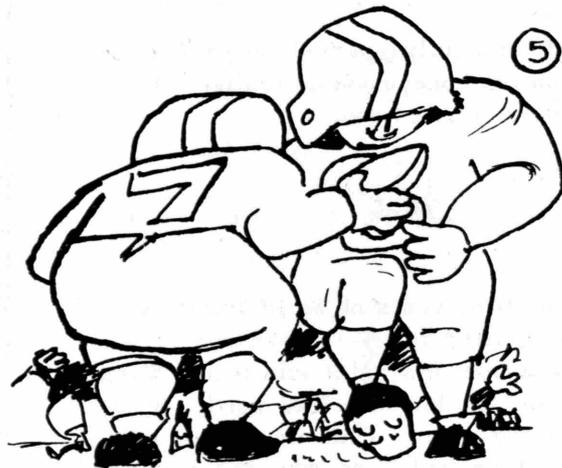
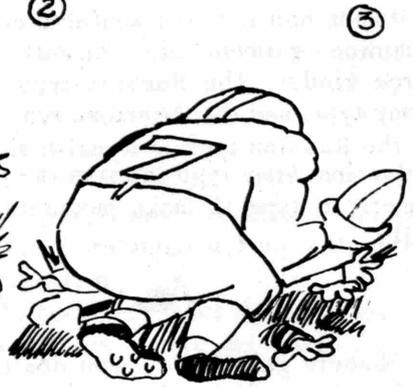
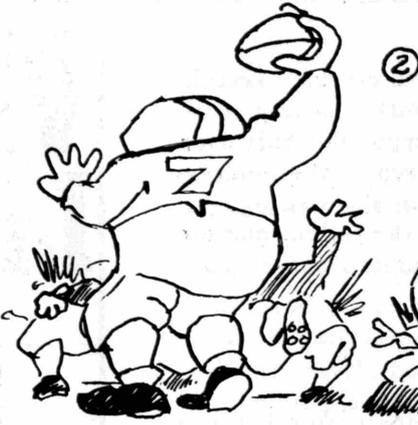
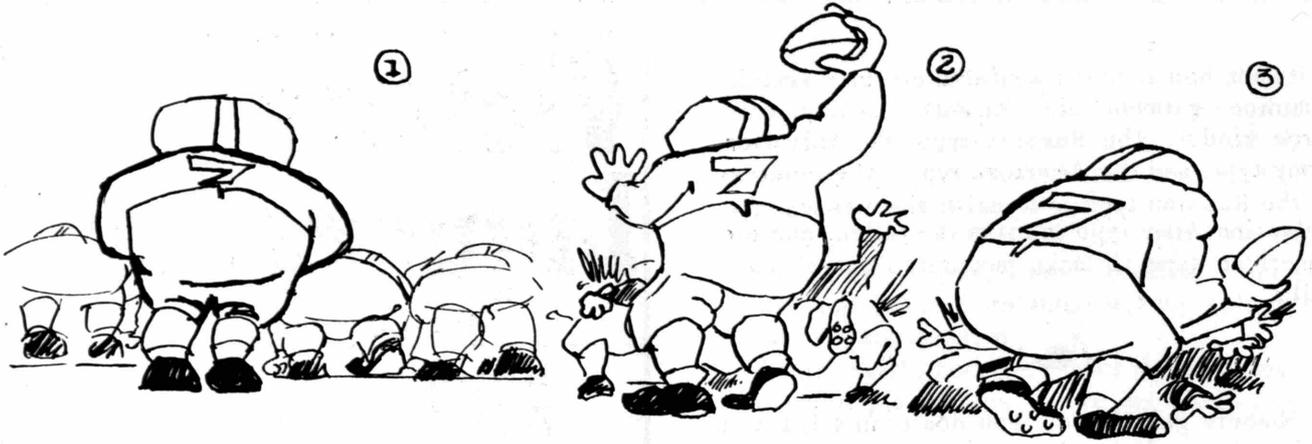
Everybody's  
Looking At  
**Lambretta**

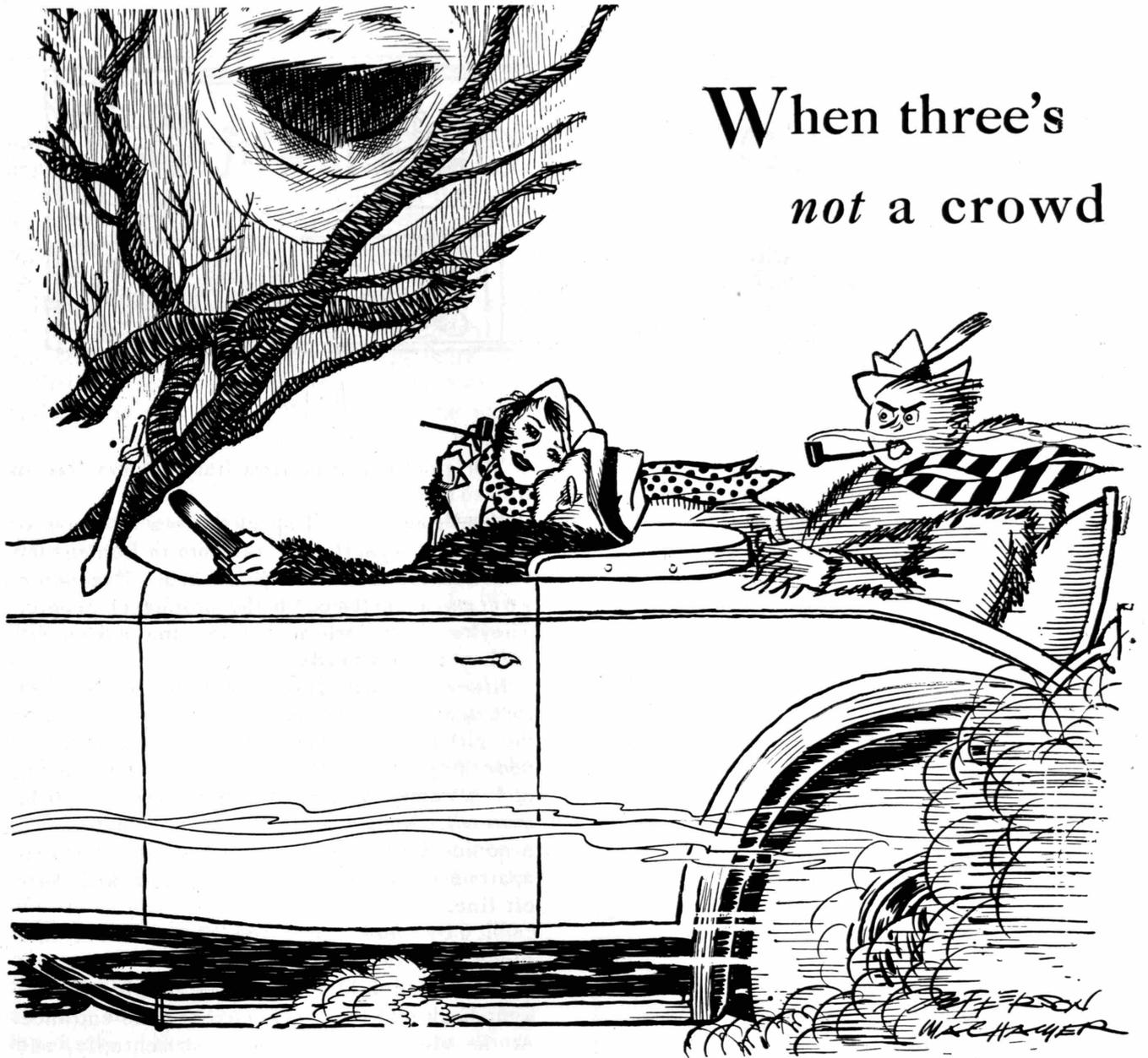
And Lambretta is as inexpensive to buy as it is to run. Time payments. Minimum insurance costs. Come in and try one, today.



**The BICYCLE EXCHANGE**  
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# THE BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR





When three's  
not a crowd

When there's an important selling job to be done, after hours, on some moonlit roadway, or shadowy campus drive, nothing gets you off to a better start than one of those new sport roadsters being built by Chevrolet.

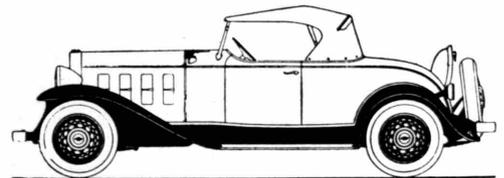
The front seat has plenty of room for the great American blonde, *yourself*, and several tons of raccoon coat—as well as a second blonde, if you believe in numbers. Then, if some offensive male decides that he'll go along too, there's a pleasantly remote rumble seat, where he can be placed in cold storage indefinitely.

In addition—with Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling, you can let the car practically drive itself. Chevrolet's six-cylinder motor runs so noiselessly that you can put across your personality without using a gold-lined megaphone.

And just as the Chevrolet Six never cramps your technique, it never cramps the allowance, either. Gas, oil, and servicings can be paid for, with plenty of change left over for cover charges and refreshments. And as for first-cost—well, bless your soul—just snap on the bifocals and take a look to the right!

## NEW CHEVROLET SIX

*The Great American Value for 1932*



*The Sport Roadster, \$495*

Twenty beautiful new models,  
at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.



The dimly lit hall with its cavernous look was crowded by the time he arrived. As he stepped into the hall, he paused a moment and glanced at the reflection in the glass door. "Suitable", he mused. Certainly, the black-suited figure did not possess a jaunty attitude. If anything, it gave the appearance of the calmness and self-possession of an undertaker.

Jostled by the entering students he followed them into the room. He slowly looked about and smiled as he saw the groups of girls chattering. At the other end of the hall occasional loud tones emerged from the clusters of boys.

"Typical acquaintance dance, and I'm here to become acquainted." The smile became larger as he thought, "A collector must find specimens."

Music from the small four-man band began to permeate the room. Soon occasional boys drifted away from their respective groups and bravely, with an almost swaggering air, approached the cliques of girls, and, after a few moments took with them a partner to the now-filling dance floor. The figure in the black suit began to take notice of the girls standing in the corners of the darkened room. He approached one of them and asked her if she would care to dance. In the darkness her blonde hair and pale face stood out. He thought again to himself, "Careful, she's a collector's item." When she smiled and nodded agreement, he took her out on the floor. As the music played, they talked. He found out that she was from a local girl's school. Yes, she was a freshman, and no, she didn't like Boston. When the band stopped, he led her over to the empty chairs on the deserted terrace.

Quite solemnly he asked,

"What's your name?"

"Lucy"

"Where are you from, Lucy?"

"Originally I came from Italy. I now live in New York."

"Oh", he said, "I spent quite a while out of the States myself. I was born in Borneo and came to the U.S. four years ago. I've never gotten accustomed to the crowds of people. They're always around and so many of them with such wonderful heads."

His voice sank quite low as he mumbled the last sentence to himself. He looked quickly at the girl to see if she noticed. The girl had something else on her mind. She was looking at him carefully, almost as if he were a bug to be mounted. Nonsense, he thought, I'm acting like a novice at this business. I'll invite her to my apartment for a drink and everything will come off fine.

"Lucy, how would you like to leave this place and have a drink?"

She smiled at him again. The couple rose and went back into the hall, toward the entrance. At the glass door he paused momentarily, and then followed the girl as she picked a coat from the rack. Outside, the Boston night had brought fog to the city and the street lights glimmered hazily through the murkiness. The pair, she in her black rain coat and he in his dark suit walked along the street until they reached a three story brick apartment. "I'll bet", she said, "that your apartment is on the third floor."

"Your quite right. I have the top floor to myself. It's comfortable, and I and my guests can be alone."

She gave a nervous laugh, and as if to relieve her tension, she patted her pocketbook. They reached the top of the stairs. The door opened as he touched it, and the girl went inside as he turned on the light. The only furniture in evidence was a large couch, two lamps, and a table. Lining the walls were a row of bookcases with the covering glass painted black. Above the

bookcases masks of grotesque features peered down at the couple. In the far corner so as to be hidden from any visitor standing in the doorway was a group of long knives. To the girl, light reflected from the polished blades appeared as streaks of brightness.

He helped her off with her coat and then went to the kitchen. When she heard the rattle of glasses, the girl quickly gained composure.

"Please let me fix the drinks. I've had experience in that field. You can get the ice."

She lifted the two glasses from the kitchen counter and carried them into the room.

"You'll find either scotch or bourbon on the top of the bookshelves." His voice came from the kitchen.

She selected one of the half filled bottles and carried it over to the glasses on the table. With her back to the kitchen door she carefully poured the amber liquid into each glass. Her pocketbook was on the couch. She crossed the room rapidly and hurriedly opened the purse.

"I'll be out in a minute with the ice."

The pocketbook slipped from her hand. She gathered it up and quickly went through its contents. At the table she put the top on the now empty bottle and placed it next to its fuller companion. She paused a moment and looked at the blackened bookcase.

"Interested in books?" He stood at the doorway.

The girl went back to the table without answering and selected a glass and offered the boy his drink. Taking a large swallow of the drink, the boy in the dark suit seemed to gain courage.

"You'll see the contents of my bookcase. I'm quite proud of them. For a collector of my standing only the best deserve a place. Although the earlier specimens, I admit, show a lack of originality."

The bookcases stood open. In each of them, placed with care, were several life-like heads.

"Notice the early efforts of my collecting career. Here are the aboriginal heads. Perhaps a bit crude, but they provided practice and technique.

He gestured at the second case.

"These heads show improvement. This head I took from a drunk on the Bowery. See the life in those eyes. It's a technique I've developed myself," he exclaimed proudly.

Turning to the girl, he softly muttered, "This third case is empty now, for I shall put only the

most beautiful heads into it. Yours, my dear will be the first."

He went to the far corner, reached up to the wall and selected a long knife.

"The perfect instrument for a perfect head."

As he turned a sudden pain gripped his insides. He groped for support against the wall, then fell.

The girl walked over to his prone body.

"I'm afraid your collection will remain unfinished. I poisoned your drink."

The still figure did not hear her last words.

"I'm a collector myself."

She bent down and took the knife in her hand.

"Unfortunately, my collection is rather small. I can collect only from men."

---R.H.F.

for that well-groomed look—

## LARRY'S BARBER SHOP

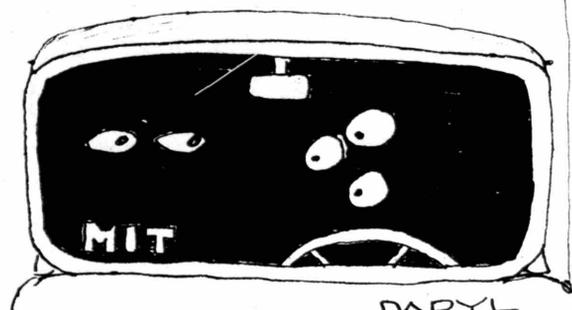
opp. Bldg. seven entrance

## Charlie Mun Laundry

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---Oiving White

This month's equipment: The Voo Doo Sunday Preview Hi-Fi System as described elsewhere. Let's get right into the reviews.

Schlurpnik, Symphony no. 4; The Grand Union Philharmonic with Veiner Raisoni. (Emery LP4-0001) \$.98  
Raisoni reads this work with vividness and restraint reminiscent of Huzzanga. For 98 cents, can you go wrong? The sound could be better, but with the Voo Doo Sunday Preview Hi-Fi System, you won't be able to hear the distortion and surface noise. In fact, you won't hear anything.

Inquisition, a Baker "Streetside Recording;" Recorded at the racks and pits of the recent Inquisition in Spain. (Baker RR-T453) \$5.95

What Realism! What Agonized Sound! What Lovely Highs and Lows! The screams, the cracking of bones the rumbling of the wheels, the creaking of the ropes, the squeaks of the thumbscrews make this a disk to warm the heart of any connoisseur of realistic sound. Buy this.

Sex, a collection of Voo Doo stories set to music; Oscar Brody, vocal and guitar. (Sexongs LP-1) \$4.69  
Strictly a party record, this one has some musical merit, i.e. the stories are set to nice tunes---hymns, mostly. Steal this.

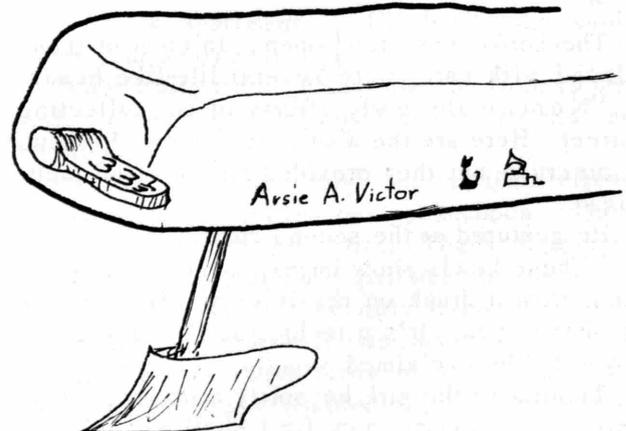
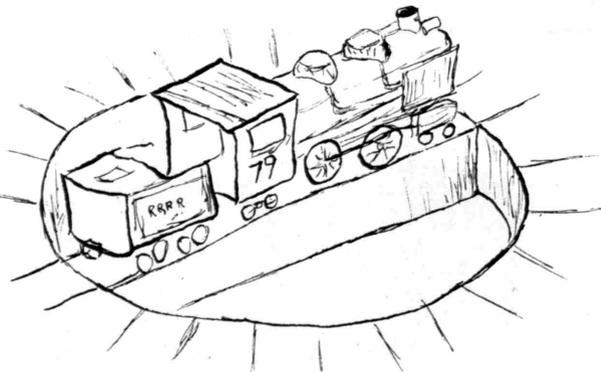
I Can Smell It Now, The Tech stories set to music; S. Petersburg, vocal and guitar. (Tech LP-1) \$3.98  
Banal. Buy it; immerse it in boiling water; make a vase out of it.

Beethoven, Symphony no. 9; Larry Welt and his Stale Ginger Ale Combo. (RPI-4449) \$.59 (..and in New York, call JU2-8953)

Larry Welt has done a great job whittling Ludwig's two-hour classic down to fit on an eight-minute Extended Play Record. Alice Long brings great experience as a burlesque-house queen to the soprano role. Sell this.

### VOO DOO SUNDAY PREVIEW HI-FI SYSTEM

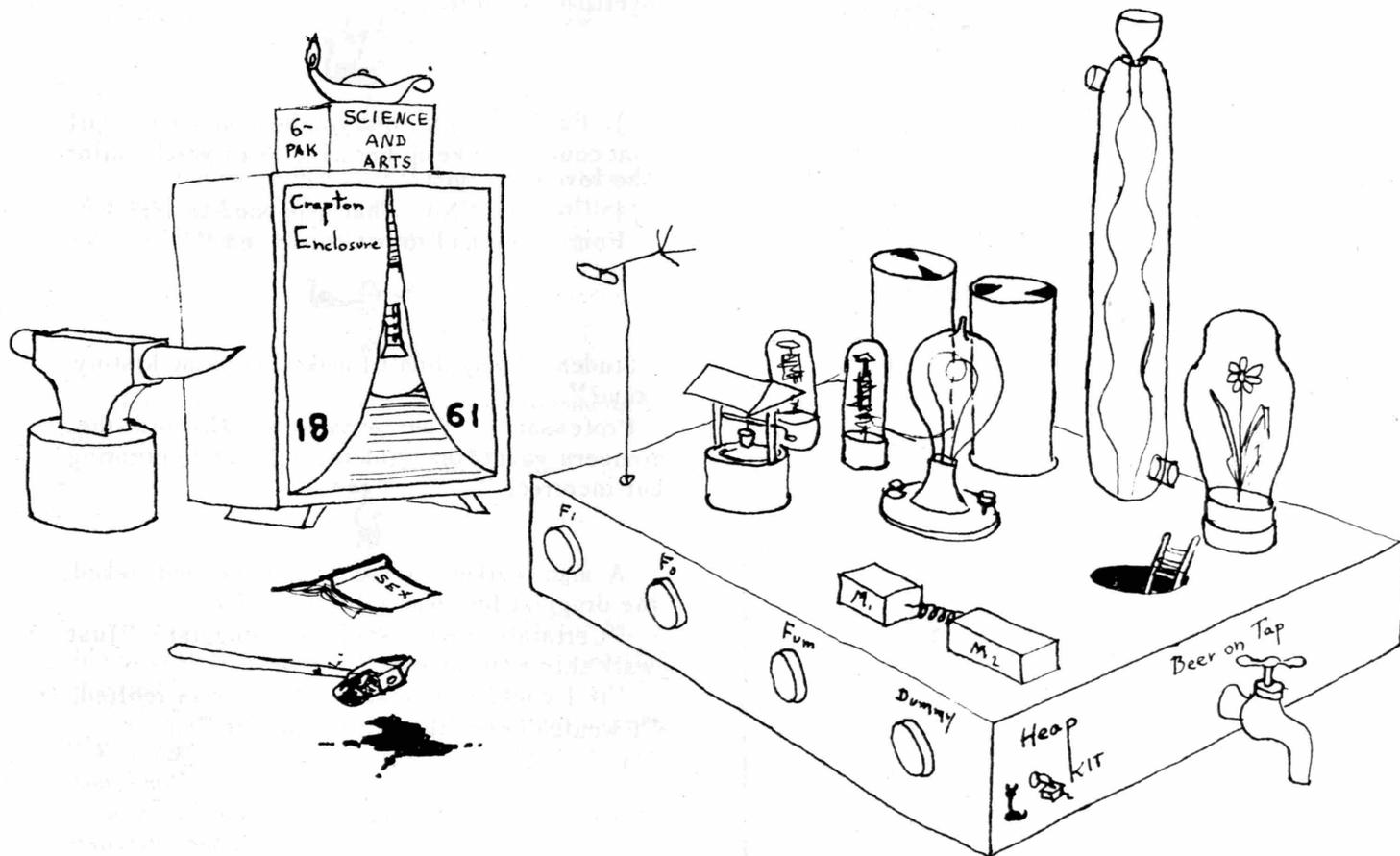
Turntable and Arm: World-reknonned Innggardd special turntable. Rumble, wow negligible (less than 50%). Five speeds: 16, 33, 45, 73, 78, hike. When used with Voodaboom cartridge, arm tracks at less than 454 lbs  
Inexpensive attachment available to allow its use by physics professors in demonstrating conservation of angular momentum.



**Cartridge:** New Voodaboom cartridge is the product of years of intensive research carried out in the beer closets of Walker Memorial. Three volt output assures adequate signal strength. Supplied with dual cactus styli for maximum safety. Response essentially negligible over audible range, and off only 40 db at 70 cps and 12,000 cps.

**Amplifier:** Well-designed Micronitrodimethylmegawatt basic amplifier of moderate power delivers 100 watts clean and 50 watts dirty. Total distortion less than 32.4% at full output. Hum and noise 6 db below full output.

Circuitry is extremely simple, resembling a partially expanded 30th order determinant. Novel push-push-pant output uses single 100 watt light bulb. Chassis of tough, tanned pigskin, laminated with lead foil. A quality amplifier. Doubles as a percolator.



**Preamplifier:** Highest quality preamp at a substantial saving, made possible by the fact that this unit has no tubes. Three controls on preamp case: on-off volume, and two dummies, but unit looks very impressive on your bookshelf. Sturdy cardboard construction.

**Speaker and Enclosure:** Mighty Voodaboom speaker is a superbly constructed acoustic-suspension unit with four-inch vanilla cone and 68 ounce magnet. (N.B.: This resembles cheap speakers sold at much lower prices. Do Not Be Fooled! Mighty Voodaboom is different because of unique construction, including patented BassBoostVents, Resembling moth-holes in the cone.) Supplied with bookshelf-size (5"x8"x4"). Cralsen-style expotential enclosure, constructed of finest clipboard masonite. Hum, distortion, program, virtually inaudible.

**Price:** Extremely reasonable price of \$74.00 at any music store. Dealer will generally give a \$5.00 discount if you mention Voo Doo.

---Chris Sprague and Ernie Gudath



Hear The **SATELLITE SIX**  
*DIXIELAND that's W-A-Y out, Man!*

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**TECHNOLOGY DAMES**  
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**KRESGE AUDITORIUM MONDAY EVE 8 P.M.**

Finnegan came home plastered even later than usual one night and for his wife, it was the last straw. She hauled him into the car and drove out to the distillery on the edge of town. The factory's lights were ablaze with the night shift working at full capacity. "Finnegan," said Mrs. Finnegan, "maybe this will prove to you they're making the stuff faster than you can drink it down"

"Maybe so," said Finnegan to Mrs. Finnegan, "but you'll have to admit they've got to work overtime to do it."



J. Fox "Say Joe, did you hear about the girl that couldn't make up her mind as to which sailor she loved the most?"

J. Craven: "No! What happened to her?"  
 Fox: "She had to put out to sea."



Student: "Why didn't I make 100 on my history exam?"

Professor: "Your answer to 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness,' was interesting but incorrect."



A man walked into a drug store and asked the druggist for some talcum powder.

"Certainly sir," said the druggist. "Just walk this way, please."

"If I could walk that way," the man replied, "I wouldn't need the talcum powder."



"What precaution do you take against infected water?"

"We boil it first, sir."

"Good."

"Then we filter it."

"Excellent!"

"And then, just for safety's sake, we always drink beer."



"Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?"

"Surprised? The gun damn near fell out of his hand."

For you that don't know the difference between prose and poetry, here is an explanation:

There was a young Lady from Glass,  
She went into the water up to her knees.

That's prose.

If she had gone any deeper, it would have been poetry.



Firth-Mortery: "Terribly sorry to hear you buried your wife last week, old boy."

Wathleywood: "Had to...dead you know"



All too well-known is the story of the wealthy man who spent \$1000 to rid himself of halitosis, only to discover nobody liked him anyway.



"Why the black shroud on your roommate's bed? Did he die?"

"Black shroud, hell--that's his sheet."



An 80-year-old man came to his doctor for a blood test and medical examination before getting married.

The doctor checked him over and then asked, "You mean at your age you really want to get married?"

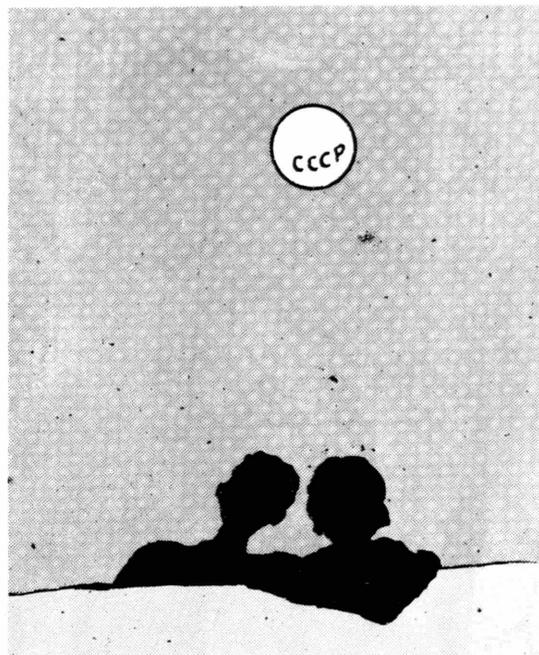
The old man replied, "Well, I don't want to exactly, but I've got to."



Did you know that in a kick it's distance in a cigarette it's taste, and in a sports car, it's impossible.



The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down that keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck.




HANCOCK 6-4179

麗香飯店

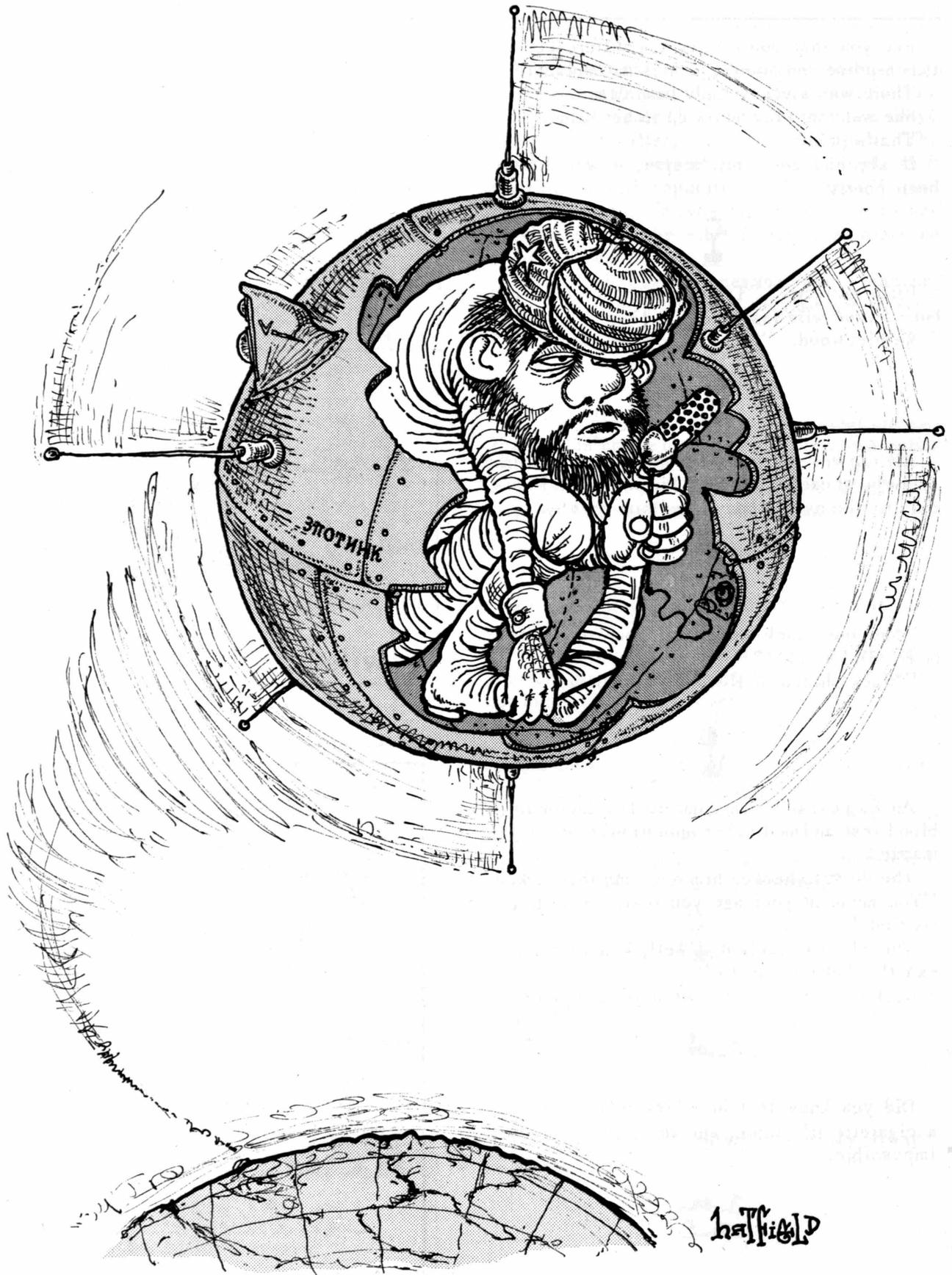
**HOUSE of ROY**

*Real Chinese Foods*

OPEN DAILY FROM 4 P.M. TO 2 A.M.

FOOD ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

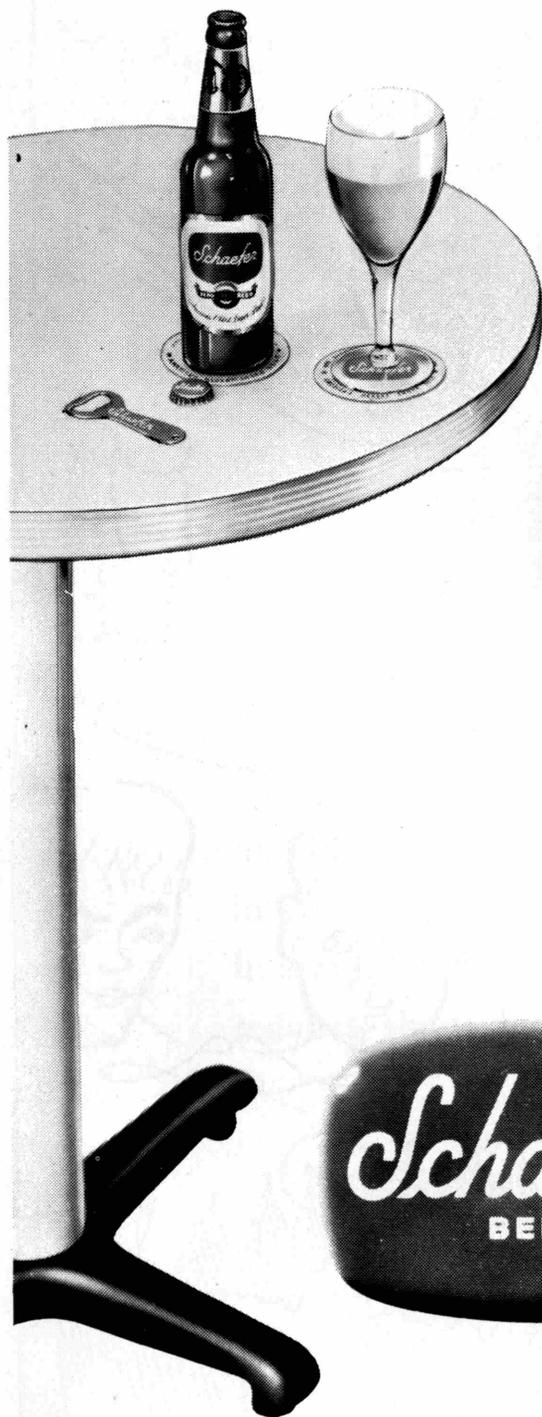
12A TYLER STREET BOSTON 11, MASS.



"... beep - beep - beep - beep - beep - beep - beep..."

For real enjoyment...

sit right down in  
this chair!



— it's **REAL** beer!

*America's Oldest Lager Beer*

THE F. & M. SCHAEFER BREWING CO., NEW YORK and ALBANY, N. Y.

There were three of them:

- Michael "Mike" Tagliehri
- Ronald "Ron" Landers
- William "Billy" Landers      Brothers

There was one of her:

- Alicia "Sweetie" Fierstein
- Susy, too.                      But she didn't count

Including one car, one dollar, and one gallon of gas.

Three  
 no  
 more  
 no  
 less

It was raining so they had to use the car. One gallon.  
 At thirty cents two hamburgers make it sixty cents.  
 Only ten cents per Pepsi so we have twenty cents left.  
 Oh, splurge and give the waitress a tip with twenty.

Only one difficulty.

Who?

- Michael: Five feet five.
- Ronald: Five feet seven.
- William: Five feet nine.

Alicia is five feet six inches tall---with one-inch heels.

Good-bye Michael.

- Ronald: Twenty years old.
- William: Sixteen years old.

Alicia is eighteen years and four months old---with three days.

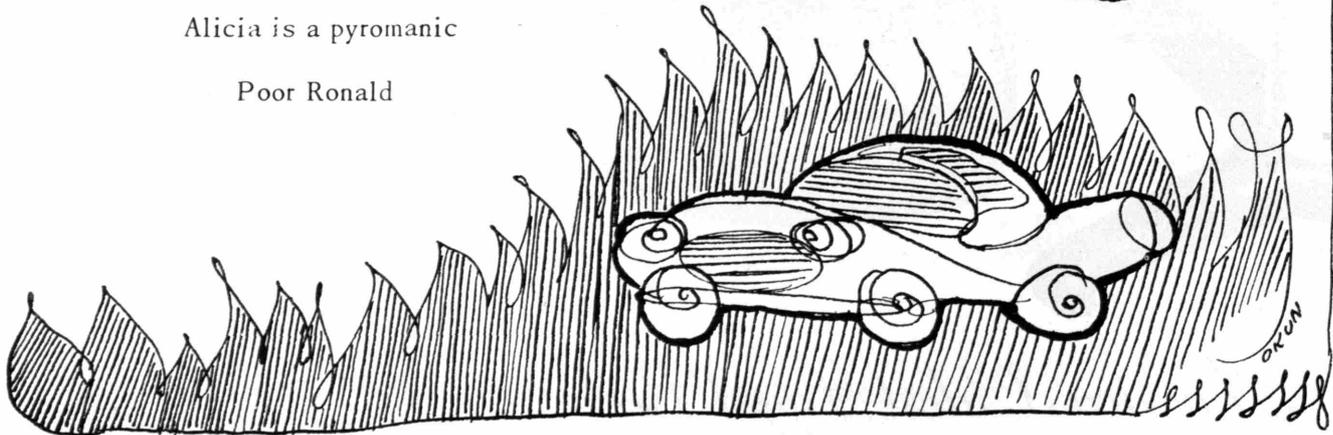
Good-bye William.

One car, one dollar, one gallon of gas---  
 one boy, one girl, one hot piece.

Alicia is a pyromanic

Poor Ronald

Three





Our "Countrydude<sup>®</sup>" sport jackets, correct for campus and town wear, in a new, lightweight wool Shetland that's loomed exclusively for us in Scotland and tailored in our own popular three-button, hooked-vent model. In a range of browns, greys and lovats; sizes 36 to 46; regulars, shorts, longs, 58.50.

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A new idea  
in smoking

# Salem...

refreshes your taste



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

- **menthol fresh**
- **rich tobacco taste**
- **most modern filter**

It's a *new idea* in smoking — a *refreshing* idea for every smoker. SALEM's pure white filter brings you rich tobacco taste with new *surprise* softness... menthol-fresh comfort... a smoke as refreshing to your taste as Springtime is to you. Next time you light up — switch to SALEM and smoke refreshed.

Smoke refreshed... smoke **Salem**