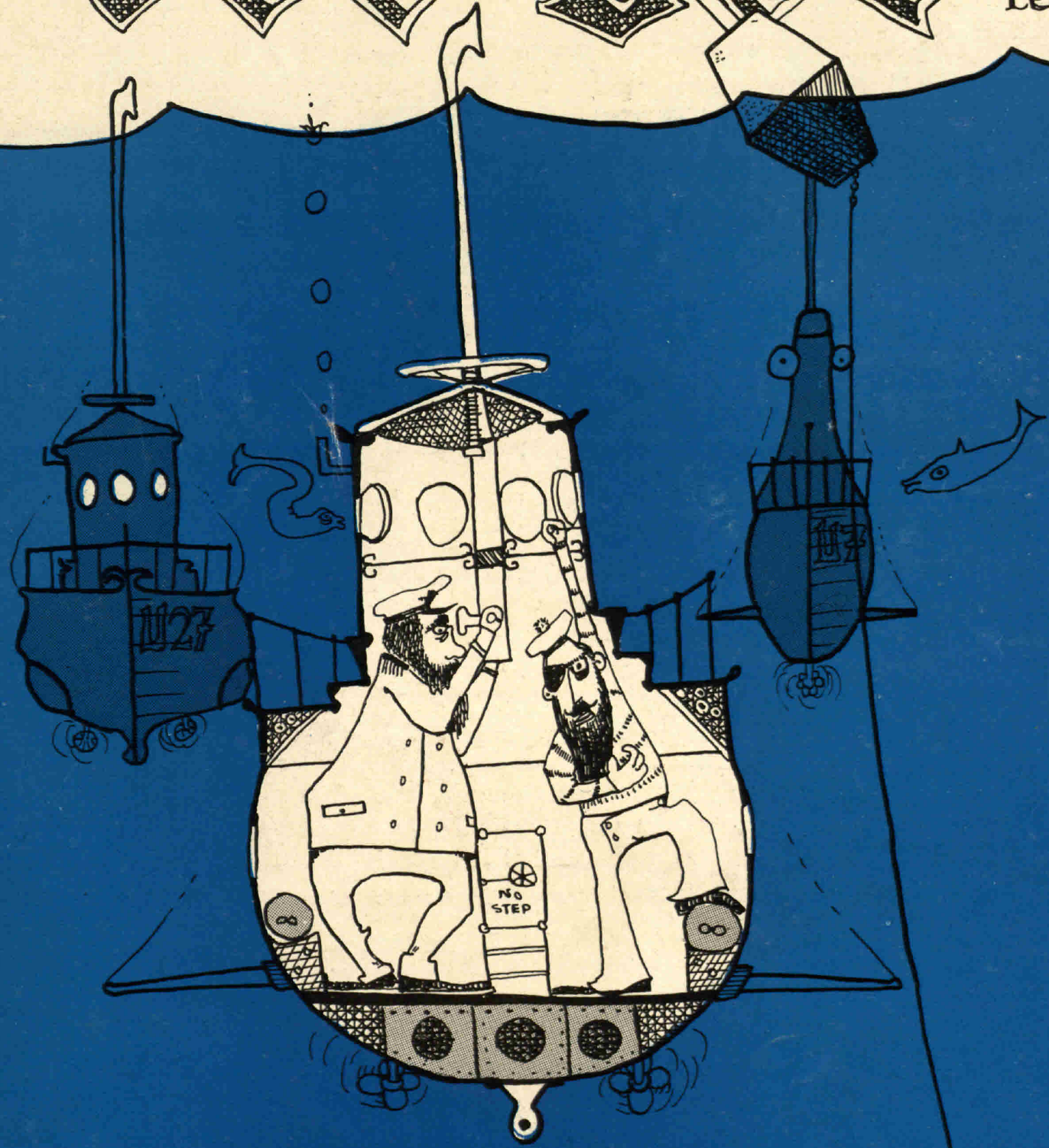


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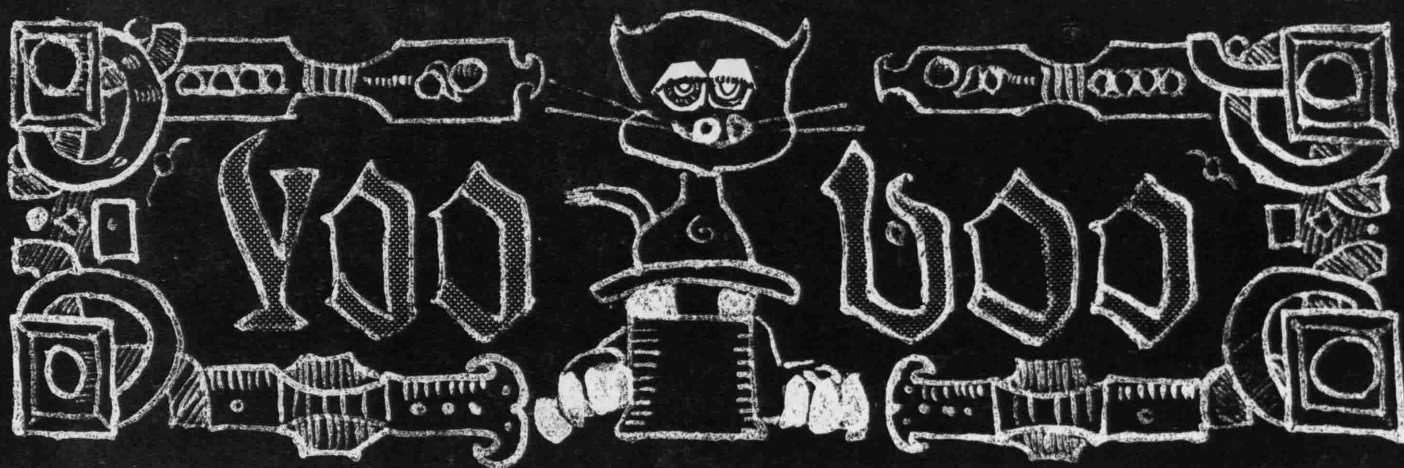


"April is the cruellest month"



-- and he's only in his freshman year at Raytheon

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It has been reported to us that in a math class two gentlemen can be seen seated side by side taking notes three times a week. They are, respectively, the ex-Editor of Voo Doo and the ex-General Manager of Tech Show. They take notes, respectively, on Voo Doo stationery with the letterhead of the board that used to run the magazine, and the blank side of mimeographed script for the Tech Show that has already been performed. We encourage this integration of the academic and extracurricular sides of student life.

We dropped by the dress rehearsal of Tech Show and were considerably cheered by a chap sitting in the front row. It seems that four or five people were running around with cameras taking pictures of the show from every conceivable angle while our hero, in the front row, was sitting calmly with a drawing pad making sketches of the principals. Automation has not conquered all, yet.

As if that weren't enough, we also passed a store with a lovely display of model railroad trains, model airplanes, and model everything else. Among the multitude of models was a model atomic cannon. In the upper right hand corner, in large, garish red letters was the inscription *real working model*.

It happened in one of the literature classes. The discussion was on the very touchy subject of symbolism in modern writing. A rather reserved student, confronted with a certain symbol in a story, explained that it most probably represents a sexual relationship, and then speedily added: "Or something like that." To this, the professor smiled, and then asked most innocently: "Tell me, Mr. Johnson, what else is there like that?"

In the heart of the winter just past we were walking along Boylston Street in Boston, opposite the Public Gardens, when we passed a cafeteria with a sign in the window. The sign read *Do not wear skates in Restaurant*.

We hate to sound vindictive---BUT! It seems that our campus newspaper The Tech, in stuffing the mail boxes in the several dorms, with great apology included notes begging for forgiveness for the "unavoidable delay" in delivering the newspapers. As we said before, we hate to sound vindictive but we suspect that the reason for the delay was the "loss" of advertising copy.

At the same Evening of the Dramashop a critique was held after the plays. Although we believe ourselves reasonably cultured we cannot help feeling that one of the student directors was pulling our legs. He stated, "The most difficult problem was instilling in the actors the desire and ability to transcend the mundane characteristics of the play, thereby presenting to the audience a cosmographical depiction of the fetadagaspury." We asked him later if he really said what we thought he said, and he said that he did. The amazing part of the story is that some bearded character in the audience actually took issue with the statement and said that he disagreed especially with the latter part.

VOL. 41 No. 6

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Charlie Gilliat
Ex-Art Editor



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The old board smirked, "But it's your job now. We're supposed to be off the hook. It's you guys what write the editorials now, Buddy."

The new board scratched its head. "It has occurred to us that expression of the wisdom you have accumulated in the past year might bring both pleasure and profit to the reading public."

"Well said! Well said, indeed!" exclaimed Phosphorus.

"You do have a point," admitted the old board.

"Fine" said the new board, filing its nails, "Now, we don't want to tell you what to say, but Spring will soon be here, so you might try something like this:

March twenty-first is the first day of Spring. March twenty-first is also sales day. Furthermore, March twenty-first is my father's birthday. Happy birthday, Dad.

"We don't understand," said the old board, scratching its head.

"It's quite simple," sneered Phosphorus, "merely a rather crude expression of the indifference of the student to his surroundings. We did something along the same line in 1948, but much better, of course."

The old board filed its nails, "But my father's birthday isn't until April fifteenth."

"Do you care when the first day of Spring is?" asked Phos.

"Well, no, not really." The old board scratched and filed. "I care when my father's birthday is, though."

"Does your father care when the first day of Spring is?" asked Phos.

"Mine does." said the new board.

"Why?" asked Phos.

"Because it's his birthday."

"Hah!" said Phos. "Hah!" he said again. "No one cares whether it's Spring or not. Everyone loves a Spring day, but no one cares if it's a Spring Spring day. It could be a Winter Spring day, or a Fall Spring day, and everyone would go right on picnicking, and riding around in convertibles with the tops down, and playing baseball, and everything like as if it were Spring, and have just as good a time as if it were Spring. Well it isn't! It isn't Spring until March twenty-first. And, dammit, you can't make it be; I don't care what the temperature is. And after March twenty-first it's Spring even if it's freezing, it's still Spring. Nobody cares what's official any more. Nobody pays any attention. Nobody bothers. Nobody.

Phos put his tail between his legs and slinked off to the beer closet, muttering to himself.

The new board filed and scratched. "Gee. My father couldn't help it if he was born on March twenty-first."

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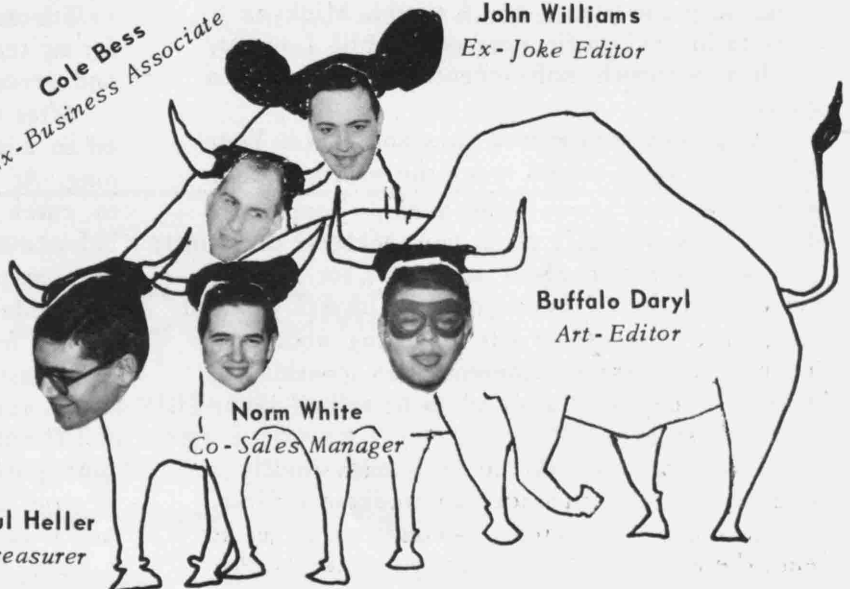
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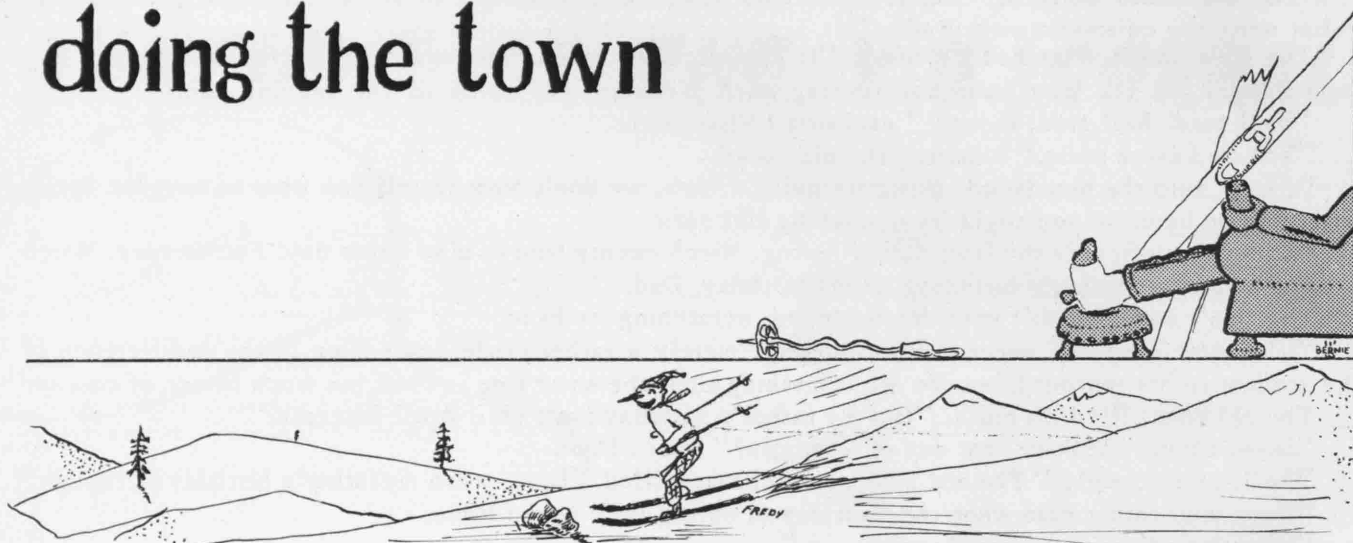


Buffalo Daryl
Art-Editor

Norm White
Co-Sales Manager

Paul Heller
Treasurer

doing the town



I suppose a certain amount of instruction is necessary to become adept at a sport but the ski instructor that taught me in my know-nothing days concerning that sport seemed to be a walking advertisement with drama lessons. He met us (when I say us I mean myself and a female that also got off the bus at that place) at the bus stop and drove us to the resort in a jeep. I was too busy with my cumbersome luggage to notice the antics of our host or the appearance of my travelling companion, but when I had settled on top on the lurching backseatful of baggage I saw that the instructor, introduced as Laurent, was beaming a "you'll wonder where the yellow went" smile at the girl in the seat beside him. Around her sun glasses her face seemed to be pleasant. Well, I returned to the task of holding my hat on my head and myself in the jeep until we reached the hotel.

Later that afternoon the ski class convened on a gentle, white slope. Being the middle of the week, only the girl, I and Laurent, slick as a shark in his ski outfit, were on the hill. Laurent, in a honey-smooth, soft-accented voice began to speak.

"You have both rented skis and boots. Your skis, standing up, should reach the wrists of your arms stretched above your head. Your boots should fit very snugly about your ankles."

I was worrying about my boots, for since I had donned them I began to think that I would spend the rest of my life clomping about on stumps. Meanwhile, Laurent was continually looking at the girl, Carol, while he talked, ignoring my existence.

"I am from Switzerland so I am naturally a good instructor (pronounced-anstrooktoor). First, you must never ski alone. Second, watch me to learn the movements. Now bend your knee slight-

ly forward and point your skis down the hill and you will move."

So I did it, and I moved. But I didn't know how to stop yet. The latter fact I realized after I was careening down the hill with Laurent in hot pursuit yelling directions at the top of his voice. A slight bump stopped me and laid me gently in a complex heap. Laurent pulled up, beaming so that the sun's reflection off his teeth blinded me. He bent down to help me up and I thought I smelled the odor of toupee glue. We herringboned up the hill and I noticed that around Laurent's belt hung his first-aid paraphernalia which consisted of a bottle of sun-tan lotion, an extra pair of sunglasses and a package of small size band-aids.

At the top he addressed Carol, "Now you may go but, of course, do not be as foolish as our friend, here. To stop, point the toes of your skis inward and tilt your feet inwards also, pushing out."

For some reason, dislike was growing in me for my teacher. Why, the cad, I bet he left a wife and seven hungry kids back home.

After we had mastered the snowplow we moved to a steeper hill where a rope tow was running. At first I thought that I would not be able to catch the swiftly moving rope and hold my balance as it pulled me up the hill, but to my own surprise, and I'm sure Laurent's also, I succeeded. Carol seemed to be getting all the breaks for she got up too without any trouble. Laurent then arrived and announced that we would now learn how to turn.

The turn consisted of moving in to the snowplow position and then shifting your body in the desired direction. Laurent demonstrated and it looked easy, so being naturally foolhardy I made the first attempt again. I started down

the hill and turned. I was graceful, a success, but I was locked in position. Again I ended a knot of humanity buried in the snow. I looked up in time to see the pedagogue and Carol go by, laughing to each other as they saw me.

That smile! The philanderer! He must brush his teeth with a brush as big as a hairbrush with buffalo hairs as bristles!

Later that afternoon, after Carol and I had sufficiently mastered the turn and stop, the two of us and Laurent set out on a short cross-country trail which took us through the nearby forests. Laurent was in the lead, turning his head back now and then to make sure we two fledglings were faring well and show us that wonderfully prominent set of teeth. A fine set of fossils for some future paleontologist. Perhaps they came out every night. I had been too busy concentrating on remaining vertically upright and stable to ask Carol what she thought of our toothy friend. Somehow the comparison to the Cheshire Cat reached my mind and at that very instant "The Smile", which had been facing us, hung momentarily in the air, and then vanished, complete with body. I stopped short to see that Laurent was flailing in deep snow, ten feet below. He had not seen the coming drop, poor boy.

I decided it was time to leave the frivolities of life since all the new education had severely burdened me, so turning to Carol I stated, rather gravely, and I thought in good taste, "'The time has come,' the Walrus said, 'To talk of many things:' " whereupon I fished out a flask of cherry brandy I had brought for just such an emergency, took a swig and offered it to my companion who delicately refused. I then suggested that skiing is not complete without the comforts of a large fireplace and cocktail lounge to finish the day, the hotel having both.

Her face then lit up.

"Capital", she replied.

Of course I have not at all mentioned the beauty of the countryside, the firs in their glistening, white robes and the snow capped mountains. But that is not new and has been better described before. Besides, any travel folder will show it to you. It did make up for the early difficulties of learning to ski.

Sid Altman

"Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."



If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.



Two herrings were at a bar for a couple of snorts. After a minute one of them disappeared.

"Say, where's your brother?" asked a bystander.

"Hell," replied the herring. "Am I my brother's kipper?"

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A GUIDE TO THE TEACHING OF HUMANITIES AT M.I.T.

Dear Sir:

Welcome to the staff of the Humanities Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In order to make your stay here more enjoyable, we have tried to anticipate some of your questions and answer them to help you to accustom yourself to the rigors of teaching in a scientific school. We intend these to be merely a means of preparing you for a new experience. It should be emphasized, however, that the Department believes in the freedom of the individual, in his habits and in his beliefs. Thought control is practiced only in extreme cases. Here, then, are a few simple rules to follow in order to become a "stout fellow" in the M.I.T. family:

1. Dress - This should be casually formal, a subtle blend of Ivy League and Edwardian rakishness. The coat should be of a high quality tweed, preferably a conservative brown. Patched elbows are optional for the beginning academic, inescapable for the old-timer. Your tie must be of expensive rep. Button-down collar and class ring complete the ensemble. Note that the absence of a tie clip can be an asset, especially on a windy day, when it creates that fresh "tell us, anyone?" impression.

2. The entrance - Your entrance into a classroom should be completely casual. Good timing is important. Be late, but not by more than five minutes, since the classroom has a tendency to empty rapidly after this time. A sheaf of exam papers in one hand adds to a good dramatic entrance. Never look at the class, but appear to be more concerned with the Great Outdoors. This gives you the sensitive, nature-lover look. Byronic poses are a must. The straddled chair, the foot-on-the-radiator and arms-folded with wistful gaze are quite acceptable.

3. Your attitude - At M.I.T., sarcasm is the keynote. A well practiced sneer is an invaluable aid in crushing a student. Remember, the boys here are engineers and have no aesthetic values. Emphasize the fact that you have been in the business for so long that they cannot possibly

hope to comprehend the finer things, and that you, in your limited time, can only scratch the surface.

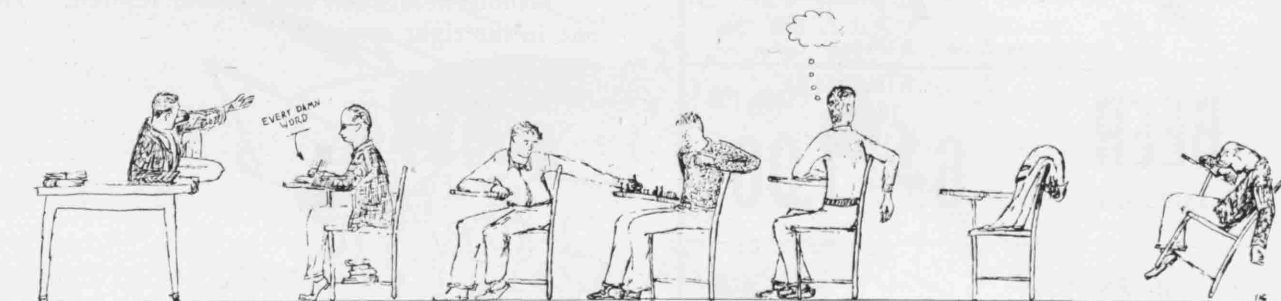


4. The pedagogical position - Research has proved that, on key points, the Buddha position is most efficient. This position is assumed as follows: feet crossed, Indian-fashion, on the desk, with pipe or cigarette in one hand, text in the other. The head is rigidly fixed, eyes staring beyond the wilderness of students into

the finer land. (Students realize that, in this position, you are a god and all that you say is truth.)

5. The pipe and/or cigarettes - One is a must. The pipe smoker has an advantage in that he is definitely Ivy. However, cigarette smoking can be made less expensive by consistently borrowing from the students. Better to borrow from those in the front rows, as they are usually more cooperative than those in the rear.

6. Controlling the class - Here at M.I.T., the class is divided into three sections: the "lovers", the "indifferents" and the "haters", (and sometimes "baiters"). Generally, they sit in this order, from front to back. Play them off against each other. Use the back rows for early opinions and the front rows to pick them apart. No one has found a use for the indifferents, so try to ignore them. If you have a student from a former class (as you will in advanced courses), use him for the party line. He can be molded easily, since he already thinks he has a sure A. Very often there are a few students who enjoy the musical sounds of their own voices. If you have a cold or hangover, such sounds can be very soothing, and you can kill the period off rapidly by calling on these students.



7. Sex discussions - The college boy is obsessed with sex. Starting such discussions automatically makes you one of the boys, and discourages doubts in the other direction. Snide references to the presence of a coed in the class, and such remarks as "Guess we'll have to clean it up a little this term", add a tremor of excitement to the class. Freud can be found in any work and played up to give new depth to any situation. Some students may even be so curious as to read the assigned work.

8. Themes - Never assign a definite topic. Mentally stipulate a minimum length, multiply it by three, assign it, and you will receive, generally, the original amount. When marking, a simple letter grade, with some obscure, illegible comment, suffices. This system is in keeping with the tone of mystery found throughout the field. Give lots of surprise quizzes on Saturday mornings. You don't have to mark them, as general policy is never to hand them back. In determining the final grade, refer to the Humanities Department record sheet on which a slotted grade appears in the upper right corner. This grade has been determined statistically by an IBM machine, thus saving a lot of needless bother. Certain students object to being placed in this "slot", and will follow you around in an effort to influence your judgment. They are known among the faculty as the "moaners" and are to be avoided. Suggested methods are prolonged coffee breaks during consultation hours, a great deal of sarcastic conversation, and some fast walking down the halls. (Here is where those sneakers come in handy).

9. In general - Avoid scientific analogies. The boys will jump all over you if you slip up. Some instructors have even imagined the sounds of grinding knives as they were about to use such an analogy.

In closing, I should like to quote a precept from the charter of the A. U. A. I. club here at Tech:

"The purpose of the Humanities program at M.I.T. is to expose the student of science and engineering to the Fine Arts, and to induce in him the realization that Art is, and always will be, infinitely superior to science."

By M. F. C.

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I recently heard about three student nurses who were very late getting back to the hospital one night. As they were slipping in, they met three interns coming out. "Shh," they said, "we've been out after hours."

"That's okay," replied the interns, "we're just going out after ours."



The Senator needed a secretary and a psychologist invited him down to watch the examination of candidates for the job.

The psychologist called in the first girl and asked: "What's two and two?" Her answer was prompt: "Four." The second girl thought for a moment, suspecting a catch, and said, "Twenty-two." The last applicant answered: "Four, but it could be 22."

After they had gone the psychologist said to the Senator: "Those tests were very revealing. The first girl had a conventional mind: to her, two and two is always four. The second girl has imagination; she realized it might be 22. The third girl is a combination of both; she's practical and has imagination. Clearly she will make the best secretary. Now, which would you like?"

Without hesitation the Senator replied, "The one in the tight sweater."

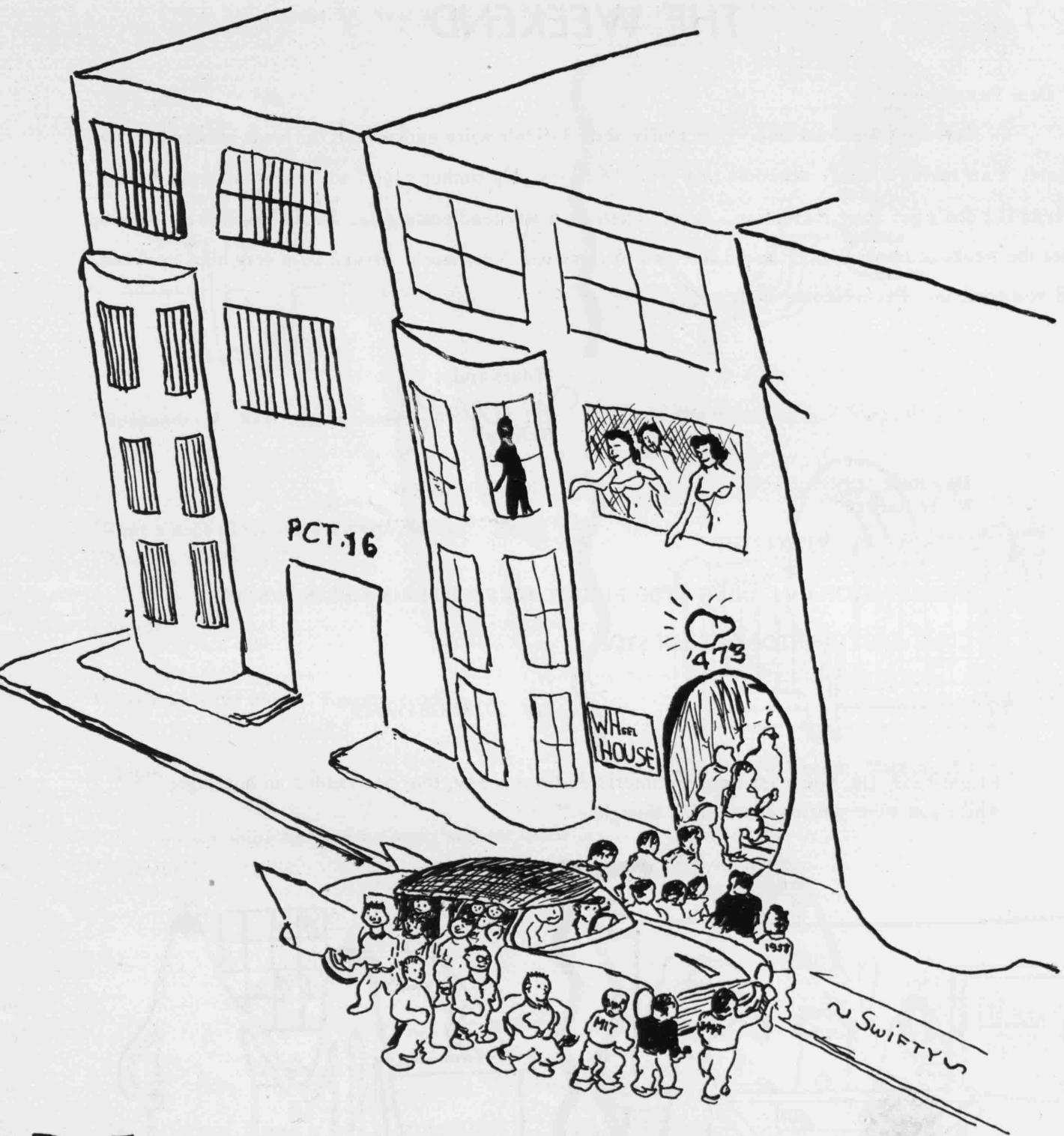


The bartender noticed that his customer had a big carrot behind his ear, but he decided not to mention it. "Probably just waiting for people to ask him what it's for. I'll fool him," he thought.

For twenty-seven consecutive days the customer appeared always with the carrot behind his ear. Then, on the twenty-eighth day the routine varied: a banana had replaced the carrot! The bartender could stand it no longer. "What's the idea of that banana behind your ear, fella?"

"Couldn't find no carrot today," explained the customer.

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THE WEEKEND

"Dear Penelope,

How are you, I am fine. I am really sorry I didn't write earlier, but the work is very hard up here. I am taking a heavy schedule this term, 56 hours. My mother says I will have a nervous breakdown if I don't get some recreation. Soon. There is a weekend coming up. Would you like to come up for the weekend coming up. I would like you to come up. Very much. It will be a very nice weekend. If you come up. Please come up.

Yours truly,

Murray
Murray"

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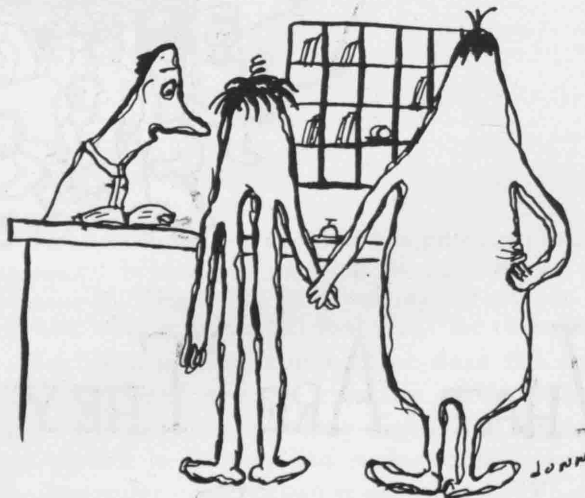
COME MEET ME STOP PLEASE STOP

PENNY 27181828459045

"Flight 423? Oh, you must mean Foshteris Airlines - why, that one landed an hour ago, while you were waiting here, sir, I thought - "

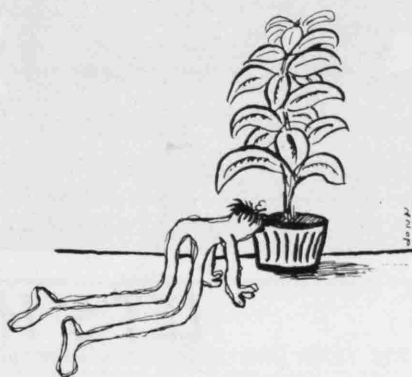


"You're in luck, sir; the last vehicle in the place."



"But I don't want the Bridal Suite!"

"But be reasonable, how would your mother ever find out? She won't call the hotel."



"Suspenders? What suspenders?"

"Oh, you come from.....? Shay, do you know....."

"What a nice place for a picnic, Murray!"

"Where's the food?"

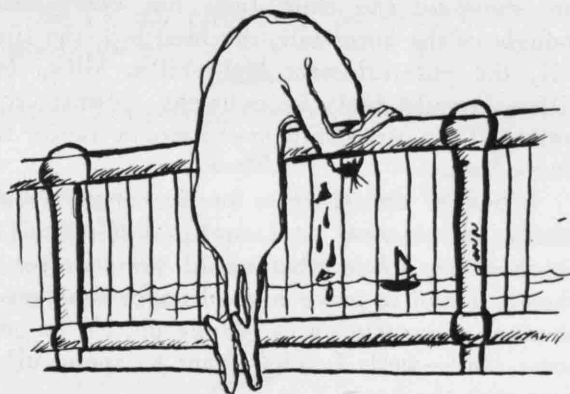
"Food?"

"Don't we have any? .. I mean, food?"

"Nope."

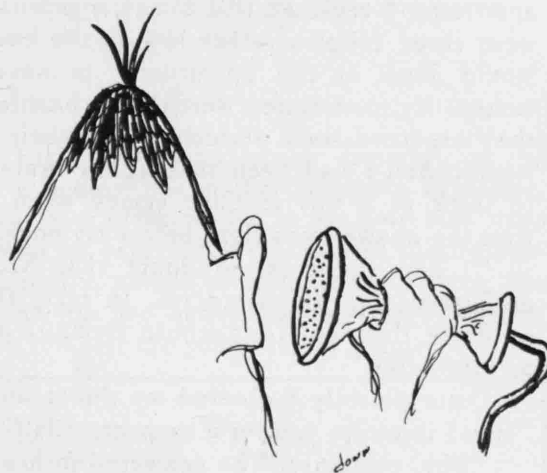
"How are we going to have a picnic without food?"

"Murray?"

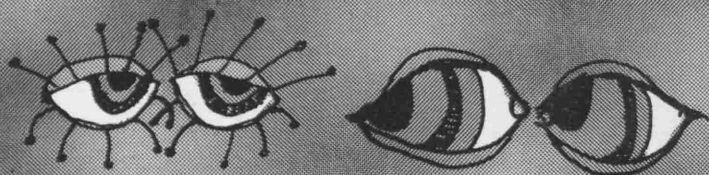


Crew Races: Morning After

"Well, Penny, it was a very nice weekend.
Have a nice flight."



"Oh, hello, Penny, gosh, it's nice hearing from you! How was the flight home? Yes I know it's three weeks and I haven't written. What? You are?" (Click)



LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Everybody got dates with girls in town. Me? I had to be a wise-guy and invite my hometown girl---some two hundred miles away! Lucky for me she paid the train fare, but every time I thought of the hotel bill, the food bill, the liquor bill, the entertainment bill---bills, bills, damn bills---I could feel the cobwebs growing in my wallet. This girl could spend money faster than Uncle Sam.

I bought the tickets for the show about a month in advance so I really didn't feel any pinch there. But what could we do after the show? I had to make a good impression on her because a vacation was coming up, I'd be going home, and---well, I didn't want to spend all my time with the boys.

During one of the usual bull sessions at the apartment, I realized that I was a genius. Here were three fellows rather low in the cash who would jump at the opportunity to save some money. My room-mates weren't the bashful type: they expected some dividends from their investments. And I had been racking my brain trying to think of a way to save money when all the time the answer was right before my nose.

"...and there is no doubt that Nietzsche definitely was an aristocrat. In fact, there is no doubt that, on Nietzschean terms, I also am an aristocrat."

Quite politely I cleared my throat and said, "May I interrupt you for a moment, Adolf?"

"Why, certainly," he answered in his affected manner. "Although I can see no reason why you don't wish to share in the fountain of knowledge which springs so effortlessly from my magnificent breast." He laughed. "Private joke, Dwight, old boy. Private joke."

"What is it," I began as if it was a riddle, "That we all would like, but haven't the money?"

"Shoot pool!" cried Willie.

"Get drunk," said Ray. "A wonderful lost weekend."

Adolf wrinkled his brow and slightly shook his head from side to side. He took a long and accentuated puff on his pipe and began, "The answer is more obvious than you---and I use the term loosely, very loosely---*gentlemen* can see. Dwight obviously does not want athletics nor a drunk. He obviously is referring to the fact that what we desire so sanguinely is a woman." He knocked the tobacco out of his pipe and snorted with contempt. "We obviously don't have money to entertain women in the royal fashion they should be---ah! shall I say entertained again---, and Dwight obviously has a solution."

I felt shy in the shadow of such a display of intellectual catharsis. With the fortitude gained from knowing that my idea was excellent, I dared to answer, "Yes, I do have a solution."

With bated breath they awaited my answer---even Adolf was speechless. "We," I said, "Should have a party."

"Magnificent suggestion, Dwight. Magnificent!" said Adolf.

"Eight ball in the side pocket," ecstatically Willie exclaimed, his hand pushing an imaginary pool cue.

"I'd rather get drunk with Millie," Ray said.

"But you can, my humble herdsman, you can." Adolf broke in before I could speak. "Obviously, any party we shall have shall be a regular orgy."

"And we can have it here." I added.

"Here?" they all exclaimed together.

"Sure," I answered. "We all have dates for the show. None of us has money to treat the

girls to a good time after the show unless the good time is here."

"I hate to throw a wet towel, Dwight old man..."

"Supplies?" I said. "We can distill our own. As for food, we'll lift it from Niki's. He'll never notice us the way he's always watching his workers, waiting for them to make mistakes so he can fire them, or send them to work in his cold cellar."

"I'm still getting drunk," Ray affirmed.

"I terribly hate to remind you..."

Patience at an end, I screamed, "Adolf, shut up!" Then, when silence was mine, I continued in a dignified and quiet manner, "Look. I have a date and it's costing me a fortune. I worked for that money and I figure that she should work for it, too. The only way she can earn the exciting evening I'm going to give her is if we have a party---a nice, quiet party with just the four of us and our dates." Then I added with a flourish, "Agreed?"

"Yes," said Willie.

"Yes," said Ray.

"Well, although I rarely consider the possibility of there being an absolute, I...."

So it was that four happy couples sat through a rather boring play which was boring to the gentlemen because we couldn't wait to get back to the apartment and have the party. Liquor, food, and even a big cake which we splurged to have made because we thought it would add some class. The place had been decorated and the lights had been masked so that a soft glow emanated from a few---and they were few---corners.

The evening was a success! The party? Well, we had become so enthused over the idea of the girls' earning the entertainment we provided for them that we just didn't have time to sample any of the goodies; in fact, we really couldn't have been said to have had a group party. The girls? Well, they understood the situation.....

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He was a bit shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I'm sorry I offended you," she said.

"Oh, I'm not offended," he said, "I'm going for more flowers."



Rooster: "I'm getting tired of chicken every day."



He: What would you say if I stole a kiss?

She: What would you say to a guy who had a chance to steal an automobile but only took the windshield wiper?



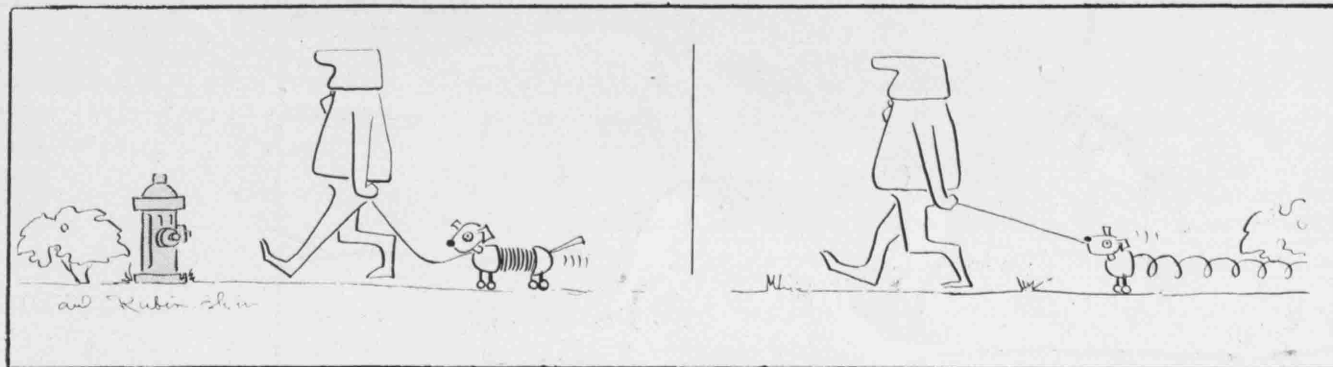
"My gawd, but I'm thirsty."

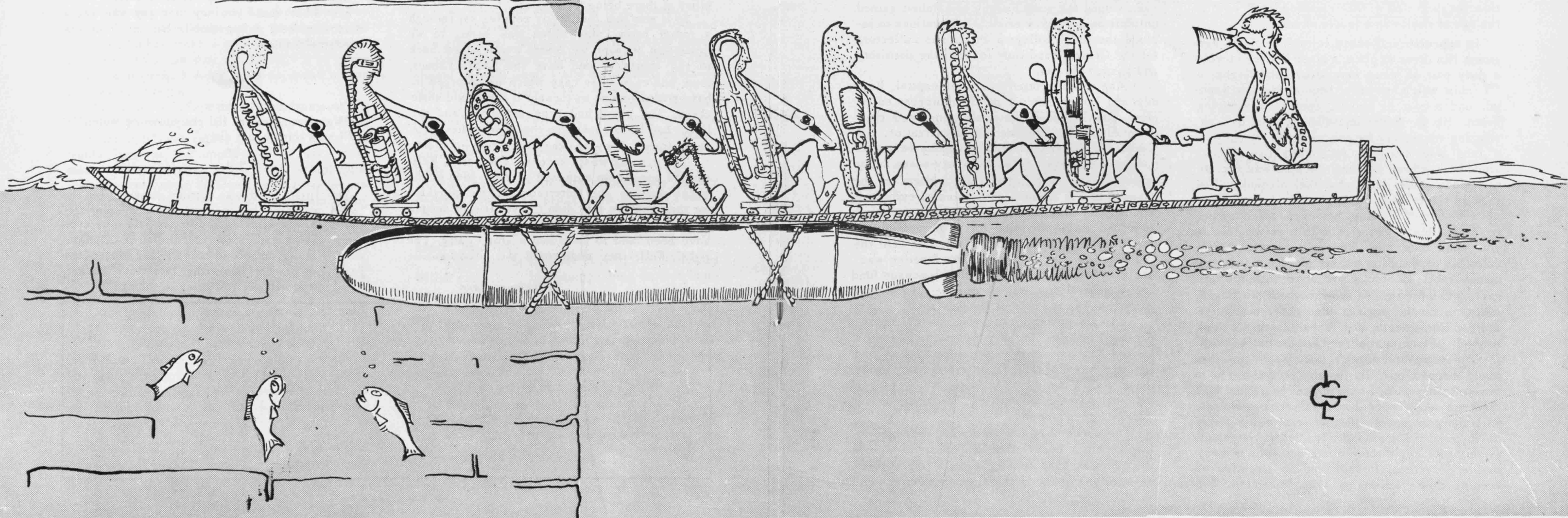
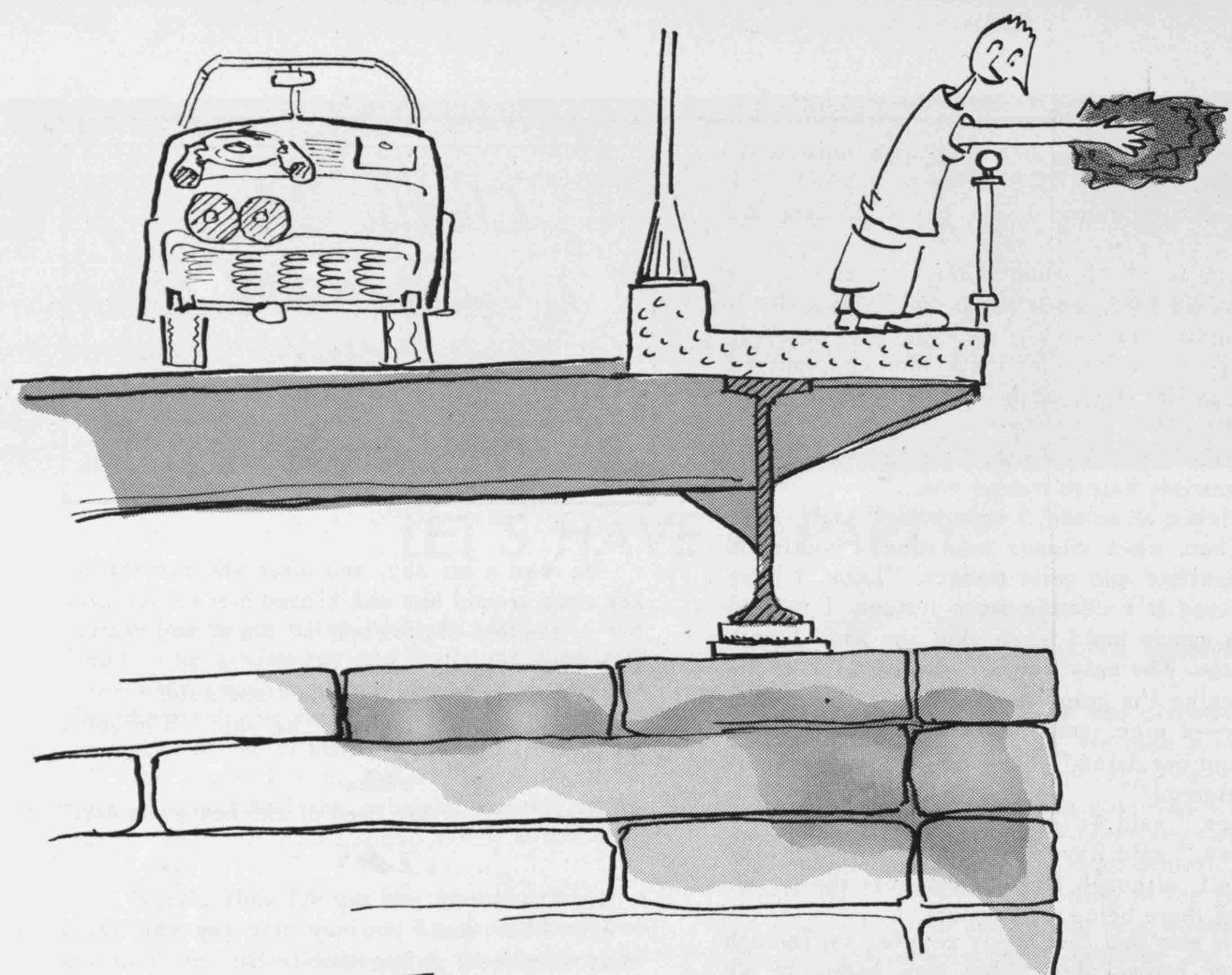
"Wait a minute, and I'll get you some water."

"I said thirsty, not dirty."



The little child was sitting demurely on the couch watching her mother smoke a cigarette. Her nose was wrinkled and in her pale blue eyes there was an expression of childish disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto: "Mother, when in the hell are you going to inhale?"





IT ALL STARTED WITH A LOCAL LEMONADE STAND..

This is the story of Rodney Urchin who made his way from the slums of Cambridge to a place of renown in the circles of Boston society. Coming from the slums was not the only thing against Rodney, for he never knew his father; in fact his mother never was quite sure who his father was either. Some people may think that this type of environment breeds delinquent children, but remember that there are no bad children, only bad parents. Because Rodney's mother never loved him, she usually left him alone all day, and then she had guests in during the night. The neighborhood was tough, and Rodney learned to fight for his life early. Rodney made it through this tough period of his childhood and now at the age of twelve is a leader of men.

In appearance, Rodney is typical of his age group. His dress is plain, a black leather jacket, a dirty pair of jeans worn around the thighs, a "T" shirt which has never been changed or washed, and a pair of spiked, steel-toed stomping boots. He is quiet, unassuming, and has an amazing vocabulary for one so young. Rodney is a long way along in developing lung cancer since he has been smoking since he was six. He is a dope addict and a habitual alcoholic. His face is rather badly broken out and dirty. It is questionable if Rodney has ever taken a bath; it is possible to detect him in a crowd even if you can't see him. Rodney's idiosyncracies color his personality and set him apart from the human race. He picks his nose with his fingers, picks pimples on his face with his fingernails, picks the dirt out from under his fingernails with his teeth, and, when he doesn't think anybody is looking, he bites his toe nails.

The story of Rodney's success is one that could happen only in America. At the age of seven Rodney pulled a daring series of pool hall stickups and framed his loyal brother Hubert. With the promise of a bag of jelly beans a day for the rest of his natural life, Hubert consented to serve Rodney's three-month sentence to keep the record clean. Rodney had no intention of keeping this promise, so when Hubert was let

out of the Reformatory he became Rodney's partner.

Being enterprising youths with a flair for the original, Hubert opened a lemonade stand. Rodney became the mastermind of this project and began stealing lemons from the neighborhood grocery store. The brothers expanded and took one Charlie Brown into partnership with them. The three began applying strong arm methods to the lemonade business. They originally confined this method to forcing all the neighborhood kids to patronize their stand, but there were too many kids in the neighborhood. So they expanded, and instead sold protection to all the other lemonade stands in the area, forcing them to buy hot lemons from Rodney and to split the profits with the "syndicate." Soon Rodney expanded operations to include Cambridge and outlying areas.

At the age of eleven, Rodney noticed that there was an increasing number of fund raising campaigns going on and adopted this as the syndicate earning power. By passing empty beer cans around the gang Rodney and Hubert gained only pittance, so they expanded operations to include the local colleges. Posing as collectors for the George Fund they invaded the dormitory and passed the can.

Using this ill-gotten wealth as capital, Rodney and Hubert set out on their biggest enterprise, and the one which would bring about their downfall. Rodney founded an organization, the Cambridge Urchins, which even today bears his name and has now spread to twenty-seven major cities. Their motto is terror and torment for the masses and is founded on a creed of evil-mindedness and torture. Rodney wrote the constitution and made provision for a dictatorship of three, Rodney, Hubert and Charlie, to rule the organization. Among organization function was the contributing of lemons to the lemonade fund and a general spy network through all the back streets and in the area of Simeone's.

Rodney's downfall came when his girl friend, Freeda Lishness, began a movement to form a Ladies Auxiliary of the Cambridge Urchins and initiated a few of their favorite projects. Among these was a series of lessons, which Freeda personally conducted entitled "Madame, conduct your business properly."

The success of her enterprise depended on the Urchins' cooperation and assistance, but Rodney was busy forming a dope ring. Freeda came to one of the Urchins secret meetings and



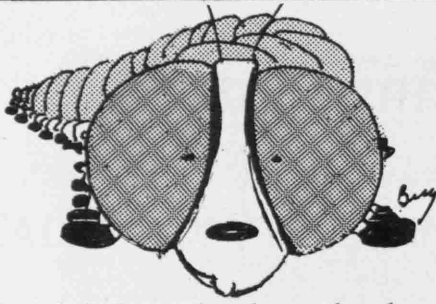
made a passionate plea for support. Rodney and Hubert were away and Charlie attempted to have her ejected from the meeting. In the ensuing struggle Miss Lishness accidentally pulled a switchblade on Charlie and fatally injured him.

When Rodney returned he violently reacted and promised an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. He kicked the Ladies Auxiliary out of the organization. The girls refused to have anything more to do with their boy friends, who were all members of the Urchins, until they left the fold.

The three dictators found themselves alone and friendless just at the exact moment a gang war was scheduled to break out over the rights to an opium source. Caught in the middle, Rodney did what was natural, he ran for his life.

Today at the age of twelve, with his whole life ahead of him, Rodney is starting over in Cuba, where he is studying under the tutorship of Castro. He hopes one day to return to the States as a professional assassin.

Jerry Kaiz



Right foot, left foot, other foot, other foot, other...

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It was the sleepy time of the afternoon. The prof. droned on and on formulae, constants, and figures. A Ch.E. Student sitting in the second row, was unable to restrain himself and gave a tremendous yawn. Unfortunately, as he stretched out his arm he caught his neighbor squarely under the chin, knocking him to the floor. Horrified, he bent over the prostrate form just in time to hear him murmur, "Hit me again, Sam, I can still hear him."



Little Johnny wrote on the blackboard: "Johnny is a passionate little devil." The teacher reprimanded him severely and told him to stay after school for an hour.

When Johnny got out that night all of his friends were waiting to hear what punishment he had received.

"What did she do to you?" asked one little boy.

"Well, I ain't saying, but it pays to advertise."

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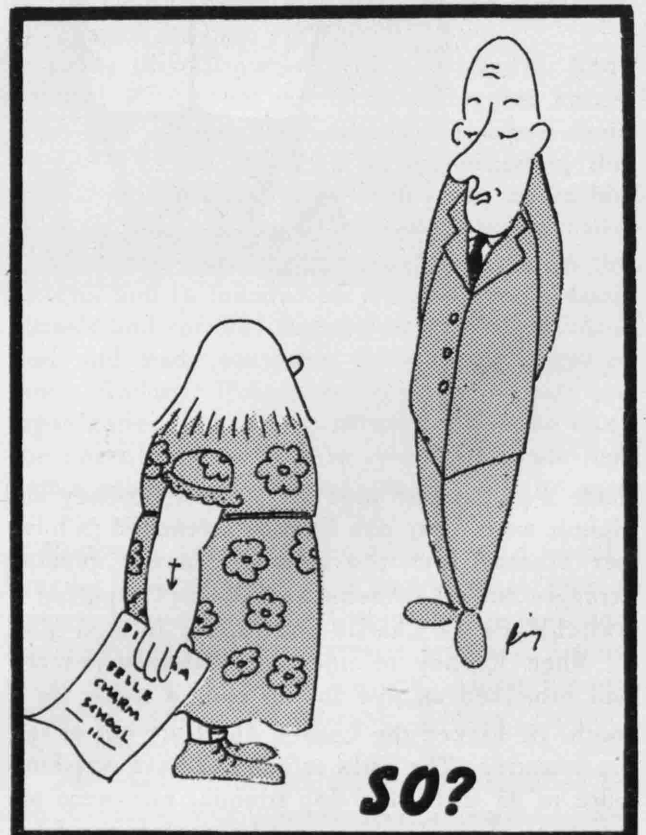
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SO?

A lovely young thing had just been brought into the hospital for an operation. The doctor examined her and told her to undress and prepare for the ordeal. She did so and climbed on a wheel table, after which the nurse covered her with a sheet and left.

Presently down the hall came a man clothed in white. He paused when he came to the girl, lifted the sheet, then dropped it and went on his way. Behind him came another white clad figure who did the same, and then a third who repeated the action.

"For heaven's sake," cried the nervous girl, "when are you going to operate?"

The third man in white cleared his throat and answered, "Damned if I know lady, we're just the painters."



"Mother, can I got out to play?"

"Yes, daughter, but not with little boys; they're too rough."

"But, Mother, if I find a nice smooth little boy, can I play with him?"



Coroner: "What were your husband's last words?"

New Widow: "He said, 'I don't see how they make a profit on this stuff at a dollar and a quarter a fifth'."



During World War II, a little old New England spinster passed away in London, where she had been living for several years.

Her nearest kinsman - a nephew - ordered her body to be shipped back to America for burial in the family cemetery.

To his horror, when the casket arrived, he beheld instead of his aunt, the majestic features of an English general in full uniform, complete with decorations.

Back came a cable: "Give the general a quiet Presbyterian service. Your aunt interred today with full military honors, six brass bands, and saluting guns."



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Then along comes the male crab going like this.



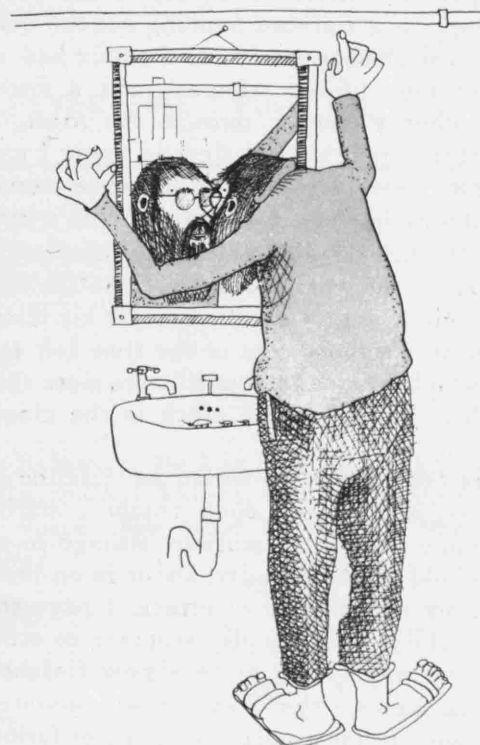
Who's impotent!



I spent all night on my
makeup, then along
comes a rain.



The board of health wants me for delousing?
At last official recognition.



Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is fairest of
them all?

CONFESSIONS OF A FRESHMAN QUIZ PROCTOR

I am a freshman quiz proctor. You all know me. Even in street clothes you'd recognize my complacent smile. I don't work for money. You couldn't pay me enough to go through what I go through, I do it for kicks.

Don't get me wrong. Not everyone can be a freshman quiz proctor just like that. It takes years of training as an undergraduate by other quiz proctors to obtain that certain cynical outlook on life so necessary for proctoring.

I like to get to my quiz room just before the quiz is supposed to begin. It heightens the air of tension, and fills the student's stomachs with butterflies. Several minutes before that, I have been practicing in front of a mirror the "smile of knowing" that gives the students the private knowledge that they've flunked the quiz before they've started. I hand out the quizzes individually, to give me a chance to make an upsetting remark to just about everyone, such as; "I'm sorry, but books, papers and coats are not allowed on the desks during the quiz." Or, "You two will have to separate." I run an honest quiz room.

This usually rattles them enough so that they forget to put their name at the top of the paper. By the time I have finished handing out the quizzes to the last chafing students, the quiz has already gone into fifteen minutes, and a muted sense of urgency surges through the room. At the point that it reaches full fledged panic I usually interrupt everyone to point out some minute incorrect detail in the quiz which wouldn't have made a difference anyway, but which completely derails most of the trains of thought. As the students struggle to retain equilibrium, I hit them again with an announcement of the time left for the quiz, which is usually five minutes more than that which is shown on the clock in the classroom.

By this time the weak-willed have fallen by the wayside, and are left open mouthed, staring off into space. The more stalwart manage to regain a foothold on their sanity, and it is on these that I use my second line of attack. I pace the aisles stealthily, occasionally stopping to stoop over someone who seems to be almost finished. It always amazes me that they are so consistent in their response: the sudden stoppage of furious writing, pencil halted in mid-equation: the slow ascension of blood up the back of the neck; the furtive look to my face for some sign of reassurance, and the look of utter defeat as they see

there the carefully practiced sneer denoting complete contempt. As I walk away it never fails that I hear the scratch, scratch of their pencils X-ing out the laboriously derived equations in a frenzy of last ditch attempts to recoup their imagined mistakes. Most of them have the answers right the first time. I never bother to look at those who don't. It's no fun.

Of course I have the most fun with those who have burning questions to ask. I particularly enjoy the ones who snap their fingers for attention when they raise their hands. I usually let them snap for a half a minute or so before I notice them (distracts the others around them more that way). Generally these are in the middle of a row of seats so I have to disturb all those before them to get there. (The ones along the aisles don't have any questions as I've already taken care of them by my staring method.) Naturally, the questions they have for me after I get there are completely unfathomable. I generally answer them with a smug "do what you think is best" or a baffling, "try it and see how it comes out." I make it a point to retain an emotionless face so as not to betray the fact that I tried the quiz half an hour ago and couldn't do it.

Around this time the first of the smart alecs start to hand their papers with fifteen minutes to go in the quiz. Everyone invariably watches his progress as he comes up to me with his paper and starts toward the door. Just after he leaves I show the paper to my fellow proctor, point to it and we both laugh together. I like to look up quickly to catch those glazed eyes going back and forth between the paper in my hands and their own papers. Almost simultaneously requests for more paper spring up around the room. As I casually make my way around the room I can see in my mind's eye the spasm in the class.

Then the time of triumph arrives when the bell rings and I announce the end of the quiz, snatching papers out from under busily moving pencils. I sort the papers into arbitrary groups and bring them to the simian section for them to be marked. Self-satisfied I go back to my office where I climb back on my perch. As the blood rushes to my head once again the tingling sensation heightens the anticipation of another freshman quiz.

J. S. R.



I'VE GOT THAT GUY OVER THERE CONDITIONED. EVERYTIME I PUSH THE BUTTON HE FEEDS ME.

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Voice from rear: Oh Death, where is thy sting?



A man ambled into a tennis tournament and sat down on a bench.

"Whose game?" he asked. A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied

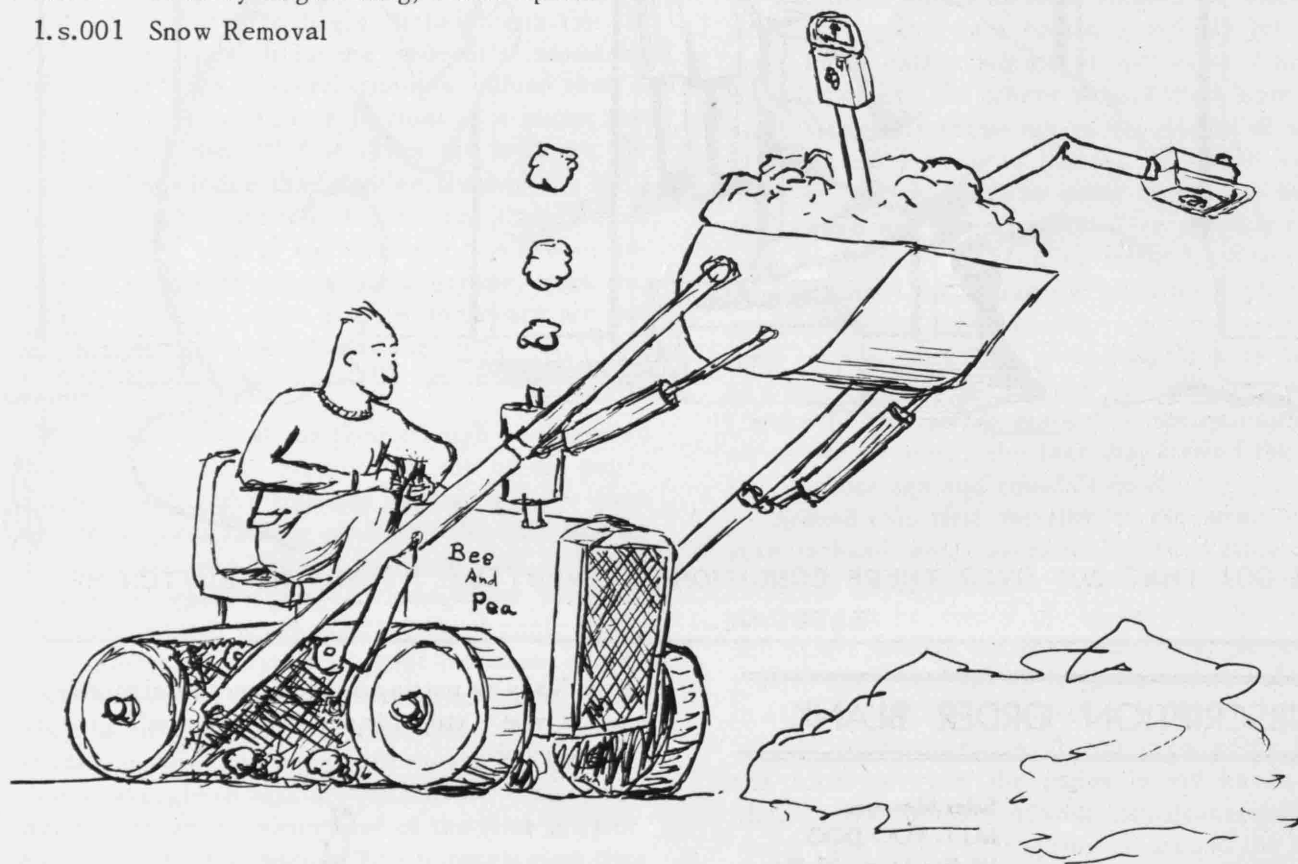
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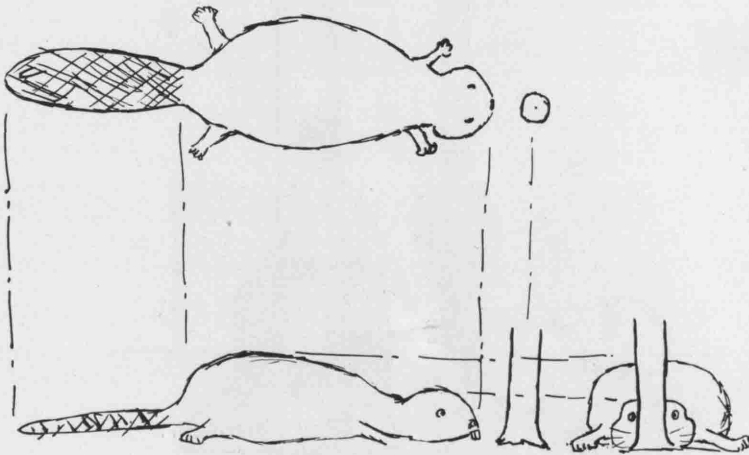
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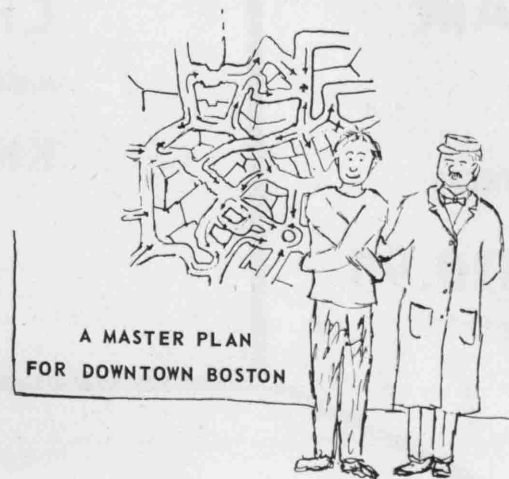
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14.013 Elementary Embezzlement



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20.0001 The Dill Pickle in Literature

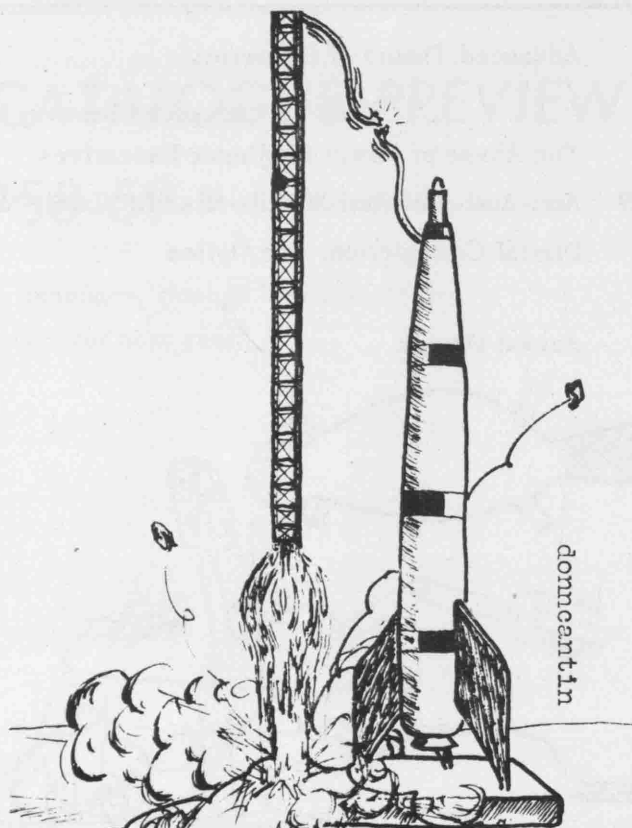
21.0001 Literature in the Dill Pickle

YAG and HESS, by definition

The mamma broom and the
papa broom had a little whisk
broom and they could not
understand it because they
had never swept together.



Did you ever hear the story
about the farmer who was
milking the cow on the side
of the mountain? He slipped
and fell and would have gone
down 500 feet if he didn't
have something to hang onto..
the poor cow saved him but
the neighbors thought it was
an air raid.



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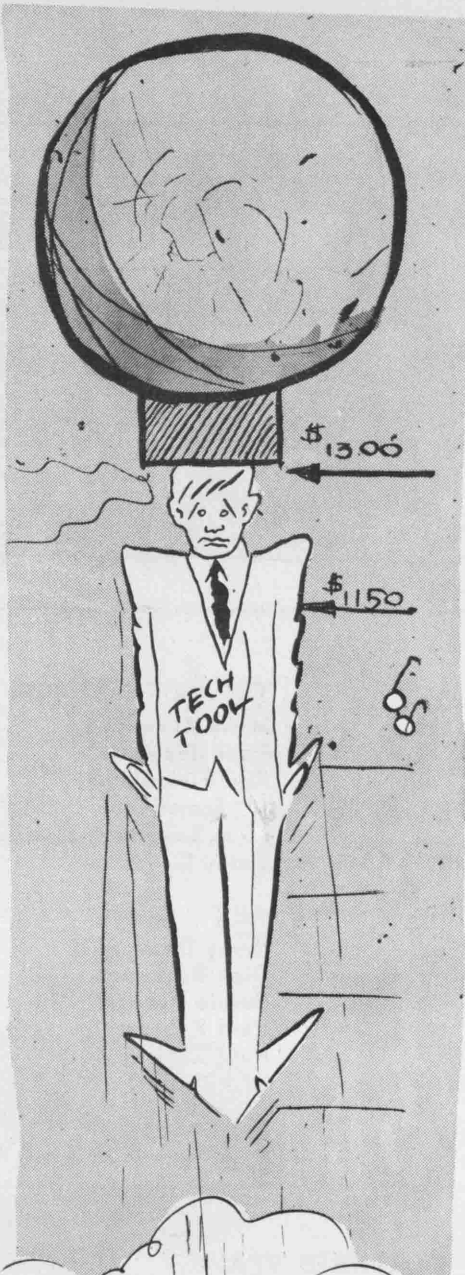
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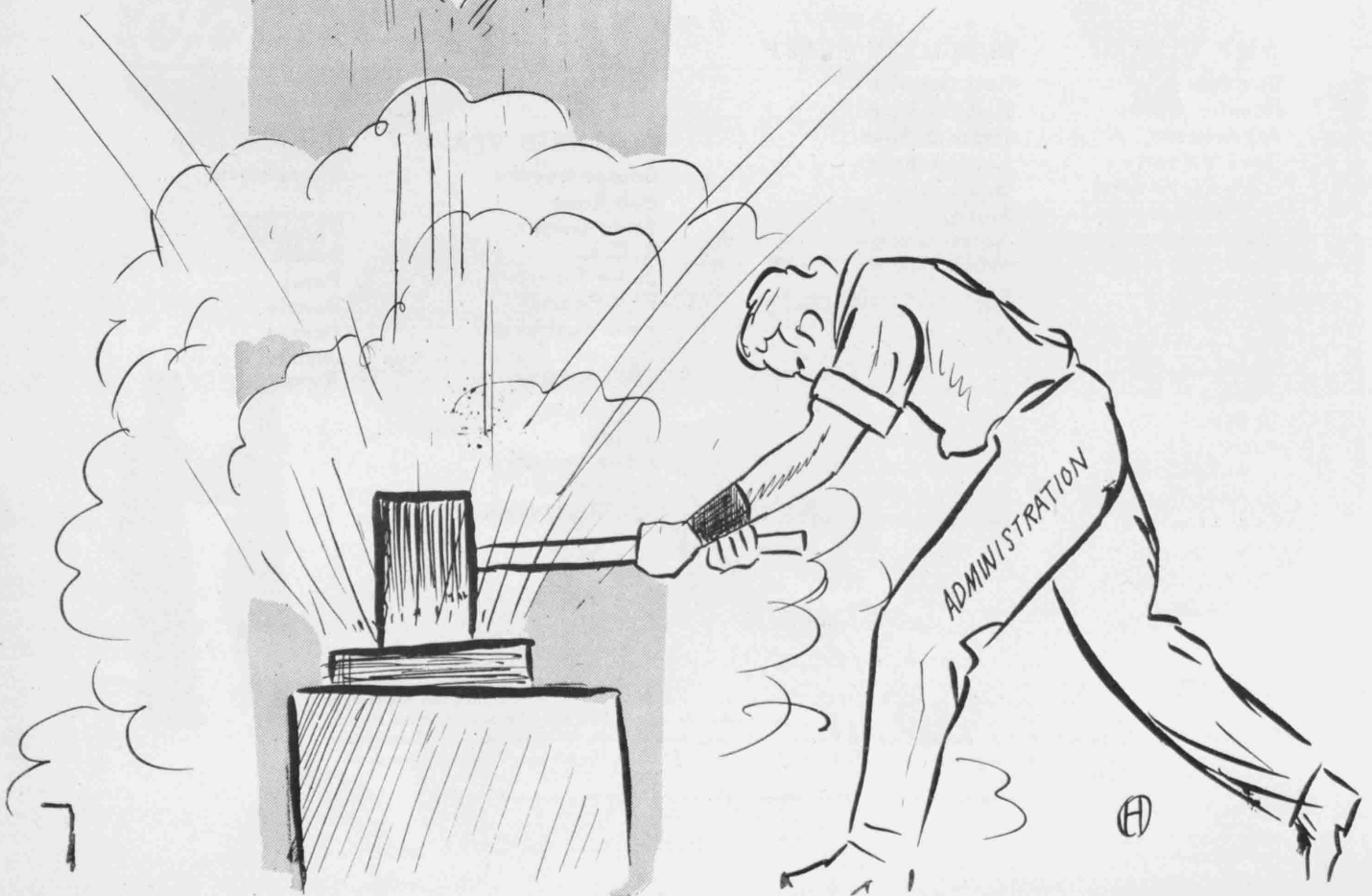
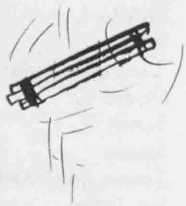
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