Tradition; it seems that we have so little of it left around here people wonder if it ever really existed. Since Phos has been around here longer than anyone else except a janitor in the basement of building ten, we went to him to find the truth. The truth was, to say the very least, astounding. Remember all those stories you heard about Tech before you came here, well they were true. There really was a time when Deans did get arrested for participating in good old riots and water fights. It wasn't so many years ago that a freshman didn't dare walk outside his room unless he had at least a dozen classmates with him in case there happened to be a few sophomores around. But in the past few years a change has come over M.I.T. Today we are men whereas yesterday we were happy college students. The country's future depends upon science and the school's future depends upon its public relations. Therefore, we have seen the little things which tried to make Tech a college disappear until all that is left is a factory which grinds out its engineers and scientists. Hazing, riots, the Purple Shaft, even the two day line for Junior Prom tickets, they all have disappeared.
A visitor at Tech soon notices that there are few smiles walking around the campus, that people purposely avoid saying "Hello" to others they see on the campus, that students avoid instructors and instructors loathe students. But of all the campus characters the most noticeable are the pathetic ones, the students who mean well but always botch up a job, the ones who always manage to notice odd things about other people. One of these pathetes accosted us the other day. "Say!" he said. "Have you seen a character running around here?"

"A number of them." We replied. "Which one in particular?"

"He's dressed in a cowboy outfit and is running around shooting off a cap pistol."

"He went thataway." we answered with tongue in cheek.

"Thanks." he said as he turned away. He hesitated a moment, wheeled about, and said, "Oh, don't say anything about this to the psychiatrist. He's all right. He's my roommate."

We're certainly overjoyed to hear that somebody around here is all right.

A freshman humanities class was taken rather aback when in walked the only co-ed in their section, minus shoes and socks. But that was all right. She's from Tennessee.

Perhaps the most illustrious of campus characters are the bon vivant Voo Doo Board members. One of the board businessmen heard a rumor that haircuts were going up to a dollar-seventy-five. He's now stocking up on haircuts.

Every sales day we await with anticipation for the members of the M.I.T. Security Police to come running up to our booth and ask for a copy of Voo Doo, their favorite magazine ever since we once printed a feature about them. We had always known them as great fellows, people who would always help a student out of any trouble. Maybe it's because the world is all cockeyed, but we were disturbed to learn that our friends were ticketing illegally parked Vespas and bicycles.

THE WINE CELLAR INC.
Another group of students were discussing religious ceremonies. One of them told about the circumcision he had recently attended. He said that a toast was made to "Everyone here and to all no longer here."

IN POLITICS

We found the solution to the Far Eastern crisis. If Dulles will let us go, we'll make a deal with the Chinese Communists—Quemoy and Matsu for Boardwalk and Park Place.

ARISE AESTHETES

It was a labor of love for the Voo Doo publicity staff. Her curves were voluptuous (as the dime novels say) and the rest of her was nothing to miss. Roll upon roll of gluey tissue paper they patted her with. A night of drying and there she was—the Voo Doo doll, a papier mache Venus, lovely as sin itself. Early in the morning the staff carried her over to the Building 10 lobby where caressingly they placed her on her pedestal. Immediately two Building and Power men jumped on her and carried her off. The staff finally located her in a vault in the cellar, but the vault was vaulted and only one man in the whole Institute had a key for it. No one knew who that man was! But a trip to the Dean, accompanied by the Undergraduate Association President, enabled the staff to return her to her pedestal. The Dean, who loves Voo Doo and all it stands for, not wishing to cause ill will, offered to carry her back himself, but the publicity staff deferred so long as the UAP would carry her back. And he did! Thank you, Jerry!

Little Boy: Do you love me?
Little Girl: Uh—huh.
Little Boy: Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?

Fashion item: "Girls will be wearing the same thing in brassiers this year that they wore last year."

He—My girl friend is a twin.
Him—How can you tell them apart?
He—Her brother walks differently.

There is no truth to the rumor that Voo Doo is planning a parody of the Scientific-American for next month. It is not true that Voo Doo members have been seen buying all available copies of Scientific-American. It is not true that our Editor has been seen in the library reading all copies of the Scientific-American for the past twenty years. It is not true that M.I.T. professors went into seclusion when the rumor was heard at the Faculty Club. It is just not true.

WHOLESALE

(The House of a Thousand Specials)

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Next to Loew's State Theatre

FREE DELIVERY

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

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Always Plenty of Ice Cubes

Party Planning
PARTIES

Nothing taxes a Tech man's pockerbook more than the exorbitantly high cost of socializing his girl, provided he is one of those rare Tech men who have experienced the other kind of people. Not that one wishes to add fuel to the fires of snobbery and ridicule with which the Harvard students consume the Tech men, i.e., their erroneous impression that Tech men have apoplexy every time they operate a slide rule, or that test tubes inspire chemistry majors to expend more of their energy in the laboratory. Nor does one wish to contradict the preceding impressions, nor even correct them just a little. One merely states that there are some Tech men who, in their halycon pre-Institute days, experienced, if only once, the other kind of people known as women, or girls in the specific case. If at any time in their lives they experienced women then they also experienced the excruciatingly painful phenomenon known as being broke, flat, utterly, and starvationly. A girl prefers to voraciously consume money rather than food; she prefers to see a trashy modern movie at the most expensive theater in town rather than see a classic in some small art theater which hasn't charged more than a fifty-cent piece in all its years; she prefers the big dance, where only sardines could be happy, rather than an entertaining interlude in one's apartment, fraternity house, dormitory room, or automobile. In short, even if it means having an absolutely boring evening a girl will go so long as she thinks her escort is spending infinitely large sums of money on her.

One has three alternatives, namely, one can take out girls who care little for the expensive side of life, which girls we shall call cheap; or one can refuse to socialize at all, which creature we shall call tool. I being a member of the large confraternity which despises cheap girls and cannot comprehend any type existence like that of the tools and since I also enjoy expensive things, or at least things which appear to be expensive, I cannot accept either of the two alternatives so far stated. To me, and to the others who feel as I do, there is only the third alternative left --- to be a party-goer or a party-giver.

"Every party has a pooper, that's why we invited you --- party pooper, PARTY POOPER!" Make no mistake about it! Every party must have a pooper. He's the guy who won't play spin-the-bottle, post-office, or monopoly because he things they're childish. He's the one who wants to make out when everybody is raising hell, or wants to raise hell when everybody is making out; the one who plays Julie London records early in the evening and Xavier Cugat records long about the time the average temperature has risen twenty degrees even though the furnace has broken, the time when grasplings for air and frequent cries of "Don't." and rare cries of "Do!" pierce right to the very core of one's abdomen. Party poopers are not to be confused with clods, the ones who spill food and drink on the floor, who stick fingers in cakes; the one who picks up every sandwich in the plate, tears the bread apart, exclaims, "I hate sandwiches!" and ceremoniously dumps them all back onto the plate. One never invites clods.

The chief use for party poopers is psychological. When each girl compares this poor
soul to her date she thanks Emily Post that her date is not that bad, in fact, is so good compared to the pooper. If you're unfortunate enough to be a pooper, if you're the one who never thinks that a party is a gasser when everybody else does, then you, too, should become a party-giver. Be the Elsa Maxwell type. Instead of a physical infirmity you have a psychological one, but they're both equally as effective. As an Elsa Maxwell type people will pity you and try so hard to make your feeble attempts successes that they will be. You're the one who invites the clod so that compared to him you're so much better. If you're both a party pooper and a clod --- why not give up?

The most enticing aspect of a party is its ability to provide a top-notch evening in return for a small investment. Contrary to generally accepted opinion, parties are the most inexpensive form of entertainment which gives the appearance of luxury, wealth, MONEY. One enterprising Tech man has a party every week. He has no friends, wouldn't invite them anyway even if he had them, and he takes out a different girl every week. His parties are the talk of girl's dormitories so he takes out girls who live at home or in their own apartments. Monday evening he calls up a girl and invites her to a party to be held in his apartment Saturday evening. His parties are short, rarely more than an hour (depending on the girl). His date is usually dismayed that they're the only couple there, but he doesn't mind.

Now you don't have to go so far as he did, although it could prove interesting. The surest bet of all is to have a regulation type, real ball type, inexpensive type, party. First you need some liquid refreshment, some nectar of the distilleries. Now don't go running out to buy the most expensive kinds of liquor just to make an impression. Play it cool. Buy one bottle of really top-notch booze, say bourbon, and then some bottles of disgustingly cheap booze, say bourbon. Hide the cheap stuff. Shield it with some bottles of disgustingly cheap booze, say bourbon. Hide the cheap stuff. Shield it with the good stuff. Encase it in a neon-lighted showcase if you have to, but show it! Hidden behind a bar, mix the drinks with the poor bourbon. Most people won't know the difference, will probably remark about how they like really good bourbon. If some party pooper remarks that he's drunk better horse urine, do no ... do not! ... make some remark about his knowing better than you, or that's why his teeth are so yellow, or something like that; instead, tell him he has a bad taste in his mouth and to try some pretzels (they can be bought a day old or in broken form for much less than regular retail price at any cookie factory). If the guy persists in disparaging your choice of liquor, accuse him of being a clod and kick him out; however, do not kick out his girl friend. This is all that's really needed for a party (cheap liquor and stale pretzels). As soon as everyone gets polluted, Nature will take over and whatever you do, for godsake, don't interfere with Nature!

If you're more the party-goer than the party-giver type, before you go be certain you're not being invited because you're a party pooper. Then be absolutely certain that the party will not cost you anything. Beware of the buddy who comes up to you and says, "Why don't you drop up the room t'nite fer a little brawl, huh?" This is the guy who, as soon as you enter the door, says that the party cost a little more than he thought it would and wouldn't you slip him a couple of bucks just to cover it, huh?

You're not a party pooper, you know everybody who is going to be there, and there definitely is no charge. You may think you are ready for the party but not yet, not by a long shot. Be certain the party will have the proper atmosphere. Why go to a party with a great bunch of people only to find the room a filthy hole in the basement underneath the subbasement underneath the bowling alley; or a room where the occupants rival pigs for sloppiness? Why? Especially when there are so many really classy places for you to have a party. There is only one exception, and that is when there is a fireplace in the apartment. There is nothing better than a fireplace for a party. Psychologists haven't fully explored the phenomenon yet, but it is a definite fact that girls are more passionate when there is a fire than when there is not. Perhaps it is because they see the fire as a rival and want to be hotter than it, or because anything in heat gets them going, but we don't know for sure. Anyway for a really wild date, have a fire. Yuh!

Well, there you are. You know all the rules of the game now. The most important thing to remember is that you should not go if you're invited because you are a party pooper. If you are the party-giver type, why'n't you invite me? I'm a clod!
We've heard of many self-made men, but how about self-made women?

Read the ads, dammit!

Senior: Remember when a woman says "no", she means "maybe". And if she says "maybe" she means "yes".

Freshman: I know, but what does she mean when she just says "phooey"?

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?" "She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."
Tiny daughter: "Mama, what are men?"
Mother: "Men are what women marry."
T.d.: "We don't get much choice, do we?"

And then there was the deaf mute who fell into the well and broke three fingers screaming for help.

A famous dive near the Loop in Chicago was raided by the police, and such guests and entertainers who hadn't effected their escape via the windows were hustled into the patrol wagon. Miss Veronica Vere de Vere pushed everybody aside in her obvious desire to be first into the wagon. "What's the rush?" asked a cop. "I know what I'm doing," replied Miss Vere de Vere. "The last four raids I had to stand!"

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."

"I've got a perfect news story."
"What? Man bites dog?"
"No, Bull throws Congressman."
ON THE SNOWING OF

HUMANITIES INSTRUCTORS

After a time here at the institute, you will find yourself in one of three divisions of opinion about our Humanities Course:

1. "It's great... I like the readings... I like the instructor...I'm generally thrilled..."

2. "Well... I suppose it's good for me... but I don't really enjoy it and my instructor sort of bores me... but I suppose I really need it and I'm trying to do my best..."

3. "What a fake... I'm really disgusted with the whole thing... the readings are miserable... my instructor is a total nothing and the whole thing is a 'cocktail conversation for engineers' course anyhow... I'm disgusted..."

I leave a fourth type out of the analysis. He need not concern us here, but is the person who has merely given up and should concern himself with his own work and at least get back up into one of the above classes.

Well, now, young man... jump up on my knee (gently, gently, I'm not as limber as I was when a freshman) and I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail. Your opinions of the course, favorable or adverse, are probably due, in the most part, to your instructor. Thus, before going on about how to snow instructors, perhaps I should give you the poop on the instructor himself.

I will not start by saying that humanities instructors fall into various types, since they do so no more than do most Harvard students. Had I the space and information, I would like to analyze each instructor individually. The Harvard Crimson, for example, prints a book each year with individual commentary on the various instructors at that school. I can only give you some general warnings. Even if specific information on each instructor were available, you would find it very difficult to all switch out of his class.

As you may have found by talking with your friends, humanities instructors aren't all bad. Why it is that you have a miserable instructor (no matter who you are) is beyond the scope of this report. Even though it is now too late, be it known that next term you will probably be able to change your assigned humanities instructor by pestering your adviser almost to his yield point, tactfully. This article will tell you how to produce, some convincing evidence concerning why you should not take a certain teacher (to help convince your adviser) and give you a good standard to use in forming your own opinion.

Since you bought this magazine to read some humorous, uplifting material, and not primarily the results of my M32 project, I will outline the various generalized types of humanities instructors in the approved humorous fashion. You will find that they can be generally, but incorrectly, divided into two groups. To facilitate discussion and prevent prejudice concerning word choice from obscuring the important details, I will call the two groups by the arbitrary names: "good guys" and "bad guys".

Do not attempt any assumptions based on the semantic connotation of these words for every word, no matter how innocuous and well chosen, will have some semantic connotation for someone. For example, the "good guys! will not have white hats and short sideburns and will not win in the end. Instead, they will probably be dismissed by the ever-benevolent Department. Well, first, the "good guy" syndrome:

APPEARANCE: Neatly but not ostentatiously dressed...socks match...hair trimmed...carries no Harvard bag (usually)...known to smile sincerely at students...could often be mistaken for a Mechanical Engineering grad student...

MANNER: Speaks conversational rather than literary English...explains new terms in his speech un-condescendingly...asks students for their opinions...organizes material and time for each class session...reads material before coming to class...has interesting opinions of his own and says that they are opinions...gives no deeper meanings and asks none...does not engage in great interdepartmental sport of co-ed baiting.

ASSIGNMENTS, THEMES, AND GRADING: Assigns rather more themes, but somewhat shorter...such topics as: "What do You think of Antigone and what she did?"..."Try to write a dialogue in which you explain to Socrates why he
is wrong about Menon's slave boy (if you think he is wrong) or back him up (if you agree)"... and other nuclei of great themes in which you can expound at length on your views, if you have any views... he marks such prosaic things as spelling and grammar and the clarity of expression of your theme... if he doesn't like your writing, he will usually tell you how to write material which pleases him and leads him to giving higher grades.

He often has some secret project such as a two-volume biography of Daniel Boone or a study of pre-cambrien frisian poetry which soon will be published. Students who got poor marks from him still like him.

If you have an instructor who generally fits this outline, my congratulations. But, what of all you other people who are sitting there, downcast? You mean you have a teacher fitting the "bad guy" syndrome? (snicker!!) Rough!

APPEARANCE: Whatever it is, he is generally trying to look like something else... (a) Young men who are trying to look older (rimless glasses, graying (?) temples, methodical and contemplative speech, suit with matching vest, meerschaum pipe)... (b) Old men who are trying to look younger (bow tie, sport coat, lascivious leer)... (c) Men of indeterminate age who are trying to look grubby. This presumably gives them that "inner directed" and "I don't give a hoot what other people think about me" look.

MANNER: Hail—fellow—well—met look surrounding icy, fixed grin (a facial contortion which only this type of person can do. Try it yourself and you'll see what I mean.)... Occasionally executes drill routines (raise eyebrow, elevate nose; sneer!!)... refers to student as "Mister Doe" ("Well, Mister Doe, a very interesting point, (smirk!) but you will find this same symbolism is used in the entire range of Classic Duodenal Greek Poetry, something you people here couldn't possibly be expected to know, so you can't be correct.")... tells dirty jokes now and then to awaken the class and embarrass the unfortunate co-ed... he seems quite hurt that you are no more interested in modern religious philosophy than he is in advanced calculus.

ASSIGNMENTS, THEMES, AND GRADING: First, let us clear up a misconception... most of these instructors do not "give a few A's and B's and flunk the rest". This sort of information is usually mental compensation made up by one who flunked. The instructors usually mark in the mid-range, and, in particular, the "bad guy" syndrome includes a furtive question in a "conference" as to what your mid-term marks are, theme topics are assigned such as:

cont. on next page
"Analyze Plato's Psyche"..."Compare and Contrast Alcibiades and Venerable Bede"..."The, Nineteenth Century was not content to think in the narrower terms of the Eighteenth Century, but must refashion its thought to suit the Romantic style. Evaluate this statement on the basis of your readings this semester. Be specific. Avoid empty generalizations." (Actually quoted from the assignment sheet of a real teacher who left the stencil in the mimeo room of the humanities department, where it is now on exhibit. The italics are mine, though.) ... topics so general and open to such different interpretations that he can always say, "You just don't seem to get the idea, Mister Doe?"... never stoops to marking grammar and construction on papers, which come back with such comments as: "Your theme is like the rumbling of far-off thunder"... "your ideas are very interesting, but too flip"... "intriguing presentation, clever style, see me, D-"... and other little gems of constructive criticism which really put you on the track to clear writing (?) These comments, incidentally, are usually weakly scribbled along the edge of your erasable bond with a blunt 9H pencil. I know one, extremely proud fellow who would not stoop to asking the instructor what he had written in the margin, as all the other people in the class were forced to do, and thus went thru two years of H without ever finding out what his instructors thought of his papers, except by looking at his final marks.

By the way, the "bad guy" is also writing a book, but his is a newer and deeper analysis of what Eliot is really saying, and will be published shortly under the title "God, Man, and the Universe".

Now, presuming you are one of the people of opinion 2 or 3, (and if you aren't you're probably not reading this far anyhow) you will be interested in two things about your prospective instructor: how "good" is he, and how do his grades run? The pleasant combination of these two features doesn't always occur, however, so the obvious conclusion is for the type 1 or 2 student to choose a teacher primarily for his "goodness" and let marks be a secondary consideration. Conversely, the type 3 student should seek out the easy marker at all risks and forget about teaching quality. The type 3 student is usually so firm in his conviction that the whole course is a complete waste, that four good instructors will leave him with much less of a warm glow than four A's.

Now comes the climax...the background—music heightens... the freshman and sophomore registration officers clutch at their collars, the Dean of the Department starts trying to find out who wrote this disgusting article... and I tell you my secret methods, passed down from generation to generation by those of the family loyal to our secret oath to stamp out the last of the Evremonds at any cost to ourselves.

First, we will assume that most humanities instructors have 100 to 150 different students per academic year (corresponding to 2 or 3 classes a term). This will not generally be the case, but it gives us a standard sample size for convenience. Now, equip yourself with a student directory, four colored pencils, and copy of the form shown in Figure 4 for each instructor you wish to rate.

Go to each junior and senior you know, and ask him to make a mark in the square which fits his grade and opinion of the instructor in question. Have him use a different color pencil for his H 11, 12, 21, and 22 instructor, and mark the student's name in your directory.

You should try to get a minimum sample of 50 people before you can start to draw any implications from the information. If you can, shoot for more than 150. With this many people helping you, you will need the marked student
directory to aid your memory and be sure that you are sampling without replacement. Caution; be sure you allow only students who have actually had the instructor in question to mark the sheet concerning his prowess. *(We just want the jacks, ma'am!)*

Now, to read this chart, which we will call a "cut set", since it tells you which class to cut, look for the clusters of big numbers. If there is a hump or large-number cluster along the major diagonal of the matrix (didn't notice that it's a square matrix, did you?) you should hesitate to draw any profound conclusions about the teacher from your own chart. Check someone else's cut set for the same instructor. In fact, let me state that any straight line of clusters except one which is strictly horizontal or along the diagonal should cause you to cast serious doubt on the reliability of your sample opinion. However, assuming we have excluded this spurious form you can classify the cut sets as follows:

Note particularly the upper left hand corner. If the major cluster is there, grab him.

Note the whole left side if you are hot for a good mark and hate the course.

Note the top two rows if all other teachers are taken or if you are the Course XXI type (interested primarily in the instructor and used to low marks by now).

Remember that one chart, if well constructed, is worth more than 100 opinions. It might even be a good idea to ask the student what his opinion and mark are without letting him see the chart, since he might be swayed by the marks which are already there (a well known phenomenon in pollstering, even when using such unbiased samples as techmen). And save your cut sets to be passed on to the next generation with such other heirlooms as your old quizzes and lab bibles.

In the future this column will consider how to snow the instructor if you are stuck with a "bad guy". We will consider the use of math symbols in humanities papers as a foil and a ruse, and we will introduce some more advanced applications of the cut set to writing themes which will up your mark by two or more grades. We will also introduce another graphical method called the tie set which will enable you to tie the instructor during class arguments, with a bit of co-operation from the rest of the class. Remember, at all times, that this antagonizing of poor humanities instructors can be carried only so far until very bad effects for everyone set in, so please exercise caution, extreme caution.

Well, off my knee and to bed now, little one (good grief, the child has permanently ruined my crease, not to mention the weakened condition of the joint). Take heart, make many cut sets in preparation for next term, and wait for the next exciting installment. If you have a good humanities instructor, appreciate him more in the future and treat him right, 'cause a good man is hard to find!

*Fletcher Preston, III*
GREAT THEORIES THAT ALMOST MADE IT

There's many a slip 'twixt the idea and the Law. To prove this, we've been searching through the trashcans of some great men of science, and have found...
You might as well live it up now, because chances are, you will have to live it down later.

Two mice were crouched under a table in a theater dressing room, with the chorus girls getting ready for the next act.

"Have you ever seen so many beautiful legs?" said one.

"It means nothing to me," said the other, "I'm just a titmouse."

Read the ads, dammit!

A bunch of fellows were discussing what the most important part of the body was.

"Why, the brain is," said Graham. "Without a brain, you wouldn't be able to see. You'd have no nervous system. In fact, you wouldn't be able to live."

"No," said Anderson, "the heart is the most important. Without a heart you'd have no circulatory system, and you wouldn't be able to stay alive for a single second."

"You're all wrong," said Jones. "The most important part of the body is the navel."

"How come?" was the immediate question.

"Well," he answered, "Without navel, I'd have no place to put the salt when I eat it in bed."

If she looks young, she's camouflaged
If she looks old, she's young but dissipated
If she looks innocent, she's deceiving you
If she looks shocked, she's acting
If she looks languishing, she's hungry
If she looks sad, she's angling
If she looks back, follow her.
A COURSE IN TRANSFORMATIONS:

EACH YEAR, HUGE CROWDS OF FRESH-P ASED HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE DRAWN INTO THE SAVAGE HALLS OF THE INSTITUTE, AND SOMETHING ELEVEN-DIMENSIONAL HAPPENS FOR IN A MERE FOUR YEARS A GENIUS IS TRANSFORMED INTO A MEGAMATIC WIZARD, AND THEY BECOME THE ODD PEOPLE YOU SEE SHOPPING ABOUT THE HALLS, FOR EXAMPLE, LET'S FOLLOW THIS GROUP (LEFT OVER FROM A RECENT WIZARD'S WORKSHOP) IN THEIR HOMES...

FIRST DAY - PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION

HE: "... A GIRL?!!?! " HERE?"

FOUR WEEKS LATER....

EAT YOUR HEART OUT -

TECH HELL

SHE: "GOOD MEN... SO WHAT?"

SECOND YEAR-

EVERYBODY: "WRAUGHT, WRAUGHT!"

THIRD YEAR

AND, AT LAST, COMMENCEMENT - WITH ALL ITS CEREMONY AND SPLENDOR.

FOURTH YEAR - JUNE 4, 3 AM

THESES

PROFESSIONALISM
The Sad Story of Laurencius Dipfield

Having closed the door of the Irving Somer Society with an expression of utter scorn, Laurencius Dipfield walked down the narrow corridor of the building, carrying under his arm a little package covered with brown paper. The Irving Somer Society provided support and help to small-time inventors, so long as their discoveries were worth the investment of a beautiful secretary, a sarcastic bell-boy, and a powerful director; the three having had different and elaborate rapporta with each other, the least of these enough to disturb emotionally the master of one of those houses illuminated by lamps of some peculiar red color. But the Irving Somer Society has very little to do with the story of Laurencius Dipfield so we might as well let it fall again into the darkness it needs to operate in.

Let us concern ourselves with Laurencius Dipfield’s life, his discoveries and his inventions, for the man who walked out of the Irving Somer Society in such an angry mood is one of the most interesting characters his land-lady, Mrs. Lopdeer, has ever met. But we will talk about her a little later, land-ladies never being a good introduction for any story concerning a great genius such as Laurencius. His mother had been a wise woman, having loved her husband for his qualities and never for his money. After having inherited all of her husband’s properties, including the factory of electric instruments and domestic utilities, she went to the little house they had built in the country to live in the retirement necessary and advisable for a young widow. Three years later Laurencius saw for the first time the blossoms of spring grow on the trees in the alley leading to the porch.

His childhood was spent in the gardens of the house where he collected plants, sticks, stones, and bugs. His favorite game consisted of mixing these items in all possible and disgusting ways: killing the bugs, smashing the
plants, stirring with sticks or covering the remaining living or dead parts of his collection with the stones carried from the garden. During the spare moments of his active and interesting life he managed to go to school where he learned how to tickle the young girls of his age and to tackle the younger boys of his class. He also learned a fair amount of biology, subject of his main interest, since bugs and plants were the only instruments attainable at less than half a mile's walk from his room.

When he was twelve years old he met a young farm girl named Harriet who worked in the kitchen. In his search for new products in which to immerse his living martyrs of his science, Laurencius felt the need of going so low as the kitchen, having then the enjoyable surprise of meeting that flourishing aspect of our subsidized agriculture. Half an hour later she left her stove and the delicious cake she was cooking to climb three by three the steps of an adventurous career in pastoral prostitution.

No records are left from this moment of Laurencius's life, the next information we can find about him being several years later. He is now a man of considerable importance in the world of lunatics --- his way of expression improved with later scientific observations so that his knowledge allows him to live comfortably in a dirty room at the top of rumbling stairs going from the first floor, where Mrs. Lopdeer lives, to the fifth floor, where the sun shines first and the snow cools better. Mrs. Lopdeer is a widow; and as a widow she shelters three cats, a canary, one radio, and two carpets from the last century, her only valuable record from a period of heroic and happy bohemian life. Her best asset is that she likes Laurencius and helps him in whatever she can by strengthening his reputation among the neighbors or by paying his bills to the butcher, since she is afraid of losing such a good occupant in the arms of irrefutable Justice.

The object of his journey to the Irving Somer Society was the little package wrapped in the brown paper: a bottle labeled, closed, and containing a strange liquid, not too light, not too clear, but an attractive amber color. The name on the label? We beg you not to laugh or to carry an ironic smile throughout the rest of our story because you should respect the genius, the intelligence, and the perception of our hero. The name that threw Laurencius out of the office and made the beautiful secretary explode into a cascade of metallic giggles was Love Essence. Before entering into the climactic details of Laurencius's future, reactions let us make the statement that the Love Essence is a perfectly honest invention, having all the qualities implied by its name; and we quote Mr. Dipfield himself, "After many years of desperate wonderings I came across this surprising formula based on experiences with rabbits, rats, monkeys, and cows. The action of this Essence has also been tested on human beings from the most different sexes with astonishing success. Whenever this liquid is sprayed in a room, in presence of animals or human beings of opposite sexes, a strong reaction of desire will strike them, and the need for a more intimate interrelation will soon be irresistible." And Laurencius added, "I invented this Essence because I believe in human loneliness and . . . ." The remainder of the speech is of no interest to our readers, the words contained in it having the common peculiarity of all scientific words in that they create a bored attention and a discrete need for sleep.

Laurencius walked out of the building with a determined expression on his face. He would show them, he would let them know what a good chance they had missed by refusing to help him. He would throw his Essence on people, on big crowds, in order to watch the confusion and to be able to enjoy the success of his failure. He took a bus to go home and thought of starting there the most successful of his experiments. Unfortunately, the money he had left didn't allow him to go that far so he stepped out of the bus in front of the railroad station and decided to go in.

The usual crowd was trying to go somewhere while the numbers and names on the boards tried not to let them. Laurencius walked to the center of the station where the information booth was hiding itself among hundreds of people in want of time, destinations, or human contact, this last need being predominant among the members of the Pickpocket Club. Laurencius felt that his hour had come. We do not mean that he was ready to die, but that his hand was ready to spray. And he did: Then he ran in the direction of one of the doors and stayed there, waiting for the reaction to come. For the first five minutes nothing happened and Laurencius became nervous and impatient, ready either to spray more of his liquid or to walk out and throw him-
self in the deep waters of the charming river shining outside under the clean sky of May. As these poetic thoughts crossed his mind a big roar coming from the middle of the big hall struck his ears with the song of triumph. From everywhere men and women came running to see the strange and repellent scene played by other men near the information office, now entirely unobscured to the sight of whoever might need it. On the floor, heads, arms, and legs, in effervescence, were agitating in frantic movements in a thirst for pleasure which has never been described before. And so it will not be described here for fear of reducing our story to an exciting, but not recommendable, orgy.

Seeing the success of his drug, Laurencius walked out with pride, his chest filled with the good air of the late spring. There wasn't any need to worry anymore about the value of his discovery or the validity of his biological concepts. He even felt hungry but had to walk home to ask Mrs. Lopdeen for some money. The landlady, delighted with the confidence he had shown before toward her generosity, opened the barriers of her selfish kingdom to the young man and lent him an appreciable amount of her savings. Laurencius spent most of it in an expensive restaurant where he found an early afternoon newspaper. The incident in the railroad station had made the second page, the first one being occupied by an important comment about the meeting of the twenty-seven big powers of this world. But there was a picture, and that was enough to make Laurencius feel happy and self-conscious of his power. He smiled, inviting thusly the headwaiter to bring the bill. After paying it and leaving the tip Laurencius noticed that the restaurant had enough men and women to create an appreciable confusion, or at least an amusing picture. He squeezed the pump of desire and walked rapidly out, now being sure of the consequences of his enjoyable experiment.

The evening papers repeated on the second page the events of the railroad station but used the entire first page, with pictures and headlines, to describe the "Deplorable incident repeated this afternoon in a famous restaurant." The headwaiter had died trying to stop the customers from reacting as their instincts had led them. He was Greek.

Feeling like the master of the world Laurencius decided to spend what was left of Mrs. Lopdeen's economies on a theater ticket. No words are needed to describe what happened during that famous Broadway play. The only comment made by a critic who was sleeping in the third row, at the moment of wildness, was, "I wonder how the play finishes."

This story would amount to no more than a long and fastidious enumeration of all the places assaulted by the terrible smell of the Essence, and, since we do not wish to make here a list of famous restaurants, museums, theaters, movie houses, or kindergartens affected by the Essence, it will be enough to say that the twenty-seven big powers of this world were reduced to four by exhaustion; that the stars of the entertainment for the big masses lost their contracts and left their houses, cars, and maids forever. One of them returned to his original work as a truck driver where he is more successful than ever.

The British parliament couldn't receive the monarch for fear the deplorable incident would happen there; the French government fell fifty-three times in a week; in the United States, the Middle West was invaded by thousands of people building skyscrapers everywhere in order to shelter the enormous increase of population. Jobs were scarce, food went to astronomic prices, and The New York Times reduced its Sunday edition to three hundred and thirty-four pages.

Under a bridge spanning the river, in front of the railroad station, lies a man. He has been looking for a job for three months without success, and he hasn't been able to find any food for the last five days. The only meal he had was given to him by the new headwaiter of a famous restaurant, but the man had no courage nor strength to go back. His poor condition is a reflection of the actual situation: no employment, no food, no houses - all consequences of the tremendous increase in births. The man slowly dies, his eyes looking at the river, a smile crossing his tired face. Is his last remembrance of a happy and amusing past. In his hand, opened and facing the sky, a little bottle labeled Love Essence slowly slips between his fingers, the river below . . . .

Jean Pierre Frankenhuis
Cape Carnival, 3 a.m.. The tension builds up. The fumes of Oxygen and Liquid Halavah fill the air. Suddenly, with a deafening roar, the ponderous rocket begins to climb upwards. The crowd is silent as it strains against gravity. After 30 seconds the mooring rope finally breaks, and we are off. The Voo Doo Moon expedition is on its way towards the celestial body that has so long fascinated mankind. Upwards, upwards, the missile races, carrying us through the Earth's atmospheric belts; the ionosphere, the stratosphere, the bathysphere, the radiation belt, the Ivy League Belt, and the chastity belt.

After 23 hours, we finally reach our destination; we are about to achieve man's age old dream.....we are about to see the other side of the moon...............
OPERATION BACKSIDE
DARYL AND
BRADSTREET'S
REPORT ON INDUSTRY

I got my job through "The Tech."
Please God, make my design work.

I am a superior intellect; I have an engineering degree from M. I. T.; my IQ is 175 plus. Is there anything else, master?

Car payments, food bills, rent, insurance, pay off student loan --- what do people from other schools live on?

That settles it! I'm going back to my father's pizza factory!
I heard you picked up some French when you were on vacation last year."
"Yes, I did."
"Let's hear some words."
"I didn't learn any words."

Grace: "You gotta hand it to Marvin when it comes to petting."
Stella: "What's the matter with him—too lazy?"

The soldier was reading a letter from his wife and there was a look of shock on his face.
"What's the matter?" asked his friend. "Bad news from home?"
"Yes, kinda," the soldier said. "I guess we've got a freak in the family. My wife writes:
"You won't know little Willie when you come home. He's grown another foot."

Voo Doo announces the 2–3 plan as follows: Attendance at M.I.T. for two years, flunk out, and go in the armed services for three years.
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What do you mean she's a real loser? How would you know?

I settled rather weakly onto his bed, feeling quite flustered. As I pulled at my collar, I could feel my face reddening. His thumb was hooked in the second drawer of a filing cabinet and in his other hand he held a white card covered with meaningful symbols.

He smiled and turned to me, saying "It's right here in black and white."

I could feel the breeze generated by his waving the card in front of my face. Choking, I asked, "Are you sure?"

"Yep."

"Why didn't you tell me before I made the date?"

"You didn't ask me. I can't read minds, you know."

"Maybe there was a mix up." I said haltingly. "Maybe," came the reply in an I-know-there-wasn't manner.

"But I've got to leave to pick her up in fifteen minutes. I can't cancel it because other people are depending on me for rides."

"So, maybe you'll like her."

Now I was pacing up and back. So this was my great friend from back home, an upper-classman at the girls school. She said she had a nice friend to fix me up with. What kind of a dirty trick was this? She had told me she was a "great kid!" My friend with the file swore she was a bitch, a real loser, zero! Worst of all, I had to take her out! I couldn't break the date! I swore that this would be my last blind date. Then I swore that this would be my last date, period. I was through with women. Tricky bastards, I thought to myself.

I hopped into the car with my friends, gunned the motor and took off. I soon discovered that news travels fast. This made me feel worse.

John returned with his date, blonde and stacked — full of personality. Sam picked up his girl and gaily returned to the chariot. I glanced at them and decided that here were two winners in two tries. Then my turn came around and I found it hard to get out of the car. My hands were sweating, and I had difficulty breathing. Then I rationalized, maybe this was a grand practical joke.

By this time I was at the front door of the dorm. Grasping the handle I pushed my way in. Then I suddenly felt quite foolish, as I stood panting, in front of the desk.
"Is Anabelle Klutz in?"

The girl at the desk closed her paperbound novel and in a very annoyed tone of voice asked, "Who 'ja want?" I noticed that she was chewing her gum rather noisily, which was probably the reason she hadn't heard me the first time.

Weakly I stuttered, "Anabelle Klutz."

She started to laugh. She had tears in her eyes. She turned to a girl signing out and half whispered, half laughed, "A caller for Annabelle Klutz."

I was slowly moving toward the door, but I knew I would never make it. I could feel twenty pairs of eyes staring at me. Every whisper, I was sure, was laughter.

Then I heard the P.A. system announce to those who didn't know, "Annabelle Klutz, you have a caller."

I stood in a corner, in the shadows, praying. There were footsteps on the stairs. Then they sounded like millions of footsteps. Girls stood quietly in the doorways of the lounge, looking at me and more were swelling their ranks every minute. Then a cry arose from their midst. "Here comes Anabelle!"

Without looking, I helped somebody on with a coat and rushed out of the dorm to the car.

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At 1:30 I returned to the dorm, parked my car in a lucky space I had come upon, and then shuffled slowly in.

Five or six of my friends were sitting in the lobby. They turned and with their gaze followed me in. A bold one ventured, "Did you have a good time?"

With a sheepish grin on my face I approached them. Nodding yes, I slumped down into an over stuffed chair.

Curious, they leaned toward me. "Was she a loser?"

"Ugly as sin."

"Personality?"

"None."

"Intelligent?"

"Couldn't even discuss Donald Duck!"

"Are you going to ask her out again?" Everyone burst out laughing.

"I already did." I casually replied.

Somebody gasped, "Why?"

I stood up, stretched and started to leave. I turned, smiled sweetly and said, "Nympho!"

- ZiaK

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"What, with those holes in your pants?"
"Naw, with the kids across the street."

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"No, what?"
"Daddy."

Read the ads, dammit!

"May I sit by you"
"promise not to pet"
"un-huh"
"promise not to kiss"
"uh-huh"
"you must work for The Tech"

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