

DECEMBER THE MIT 35 CENTS

VOODOO



THE **Yale Record** PRESENTS **TWO** SOCK-DOLLAGE STUDENT TOURS

ANOTHER EXCELLENT CARTOON BY W. CUDAHY & ALICE



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 YALE RECORD 904A YALE STATION NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 DEPARTING NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1960

Phos was making his bed out of an old *The Tech*, and we happened to push aside the beer cans long enough to read an editorial. There was something in there about a Junior Prom scandal, and we perked up. "About time," we said, "for that rag to print an editorial about the Junior Prom mess." But, we looked and looked, and found that, once again *The Tech* had missed the point. Here they were babbling some nonsense about options, when we knew, and Phos knew, and everybody knew that the trouble was in the rancid Prom Queen election procedure.

Not fair play, we call it, to change the rules after the game has begun. After all, the rules stated that the date of any MIT junior was eligible for the contest. Why, then, was Charles R. Porter eliminated from the competition? COEDS, ARISE!! Are you not also MIT juniors? Your rights are being violated!! Down with the oppressors!!

"Charlie was ranting around the office a while ago," said Phos, "and it's a good thing he isn't going to write the editorial this time, 'cause you wouldn't be able to print the magazine."

We demand swift action by the Judicial Committee, Dean Rule, the United States Marines, or, if necessary, the Admiral himself.

t.p.h. and c.r.s.

V O O D O O

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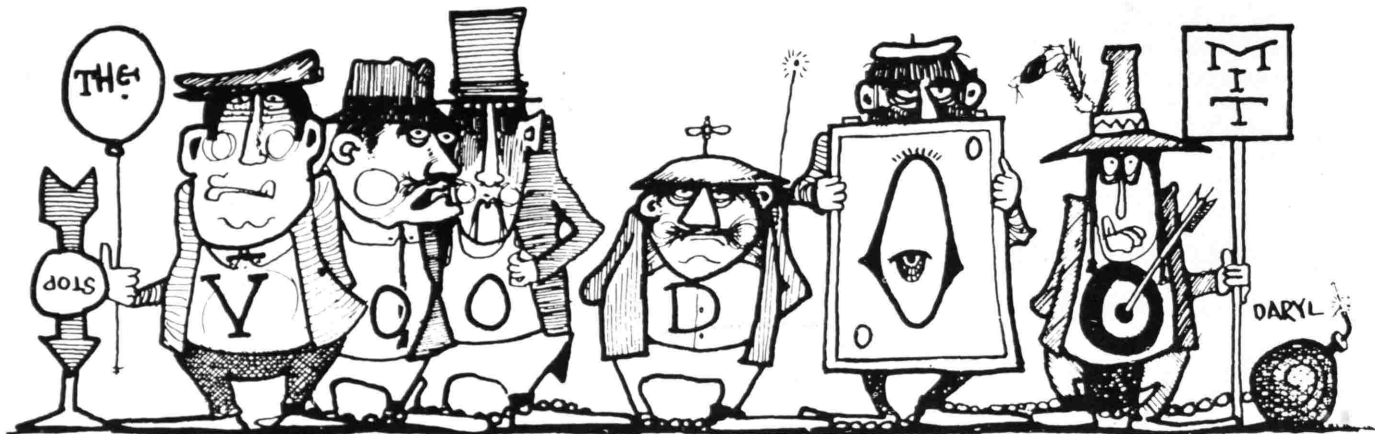
Rita
Nancy
Alice
Libby

OFFICE CAT

PHOS

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

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For those who don't know, the M.I.T. Administration is a nebulous concept which exists only in the minds of student M.I.T. haters. Everything evil which befalls the Institute or the student, anything which meets with the hater's disapproval, is blamed on the Administration. The Administration can be defined as the higher echelon of the administrators. Which is all rather tautological, but is a scientific definition. The Administration also can be defined as that body which is frightfully concerned with good public relations. Its battlecry whenever the students riot, or plan any other innocent fun, is, "What'll the Public say?" Now for a nebula which is so concerned with the Joneses the Administration is certainly failing in a respect quite obvious to everyone except, of course, these academic gentlemen (one might say that they have their heads in the clouds). Someday call University 4-6900 (reverse the charges if you are out of the local area.) Now remember that the voice you hear is a representative of M.I.T. to the Public. We understand that New England Tel. and Tel. operators are taught proper and clear pronunciation in addition to ways in which to make their voices sound pleasing. Is it impossible, then, for the Administration to train their operators likewise? Never do they say, "Thank you." Or perhaps, they do: one can't understand them anyway. Marlon Brando speaks better than they do!

One evening we called up and after waiting nearly a minute for the operator to answer, we asked

for extension 4888.

"Obbledygookgrapgrap." she answered. After a moment and a nickel, she asked, "What number was that?"

"Extension 4888. It is the Voo Doo office."

"We don't have any number like that."

"Like what?"

"Double oh double oh." she answered intelligently.

"No, no, no. V...D. We want V.D." And she hung up on us.

Not too long ago there was a Beatnik Acquaintance Party at Tech. A wild affair, besides the opportunity it gave the students for meeting girls, it also served as a useful means for cleaning old magazines out of our office. We understand that the janitors are still complaining about the shreds of paper they had to clean up. At this insane blast, Professor Greene read an original poem entitled "Ode." He made some literary and vague allusion that Simmons girls have narrow hips. A staff member tells us that this is not true. The other day he saw a Simmons girl with no hips at all.

While we are on the subject of Simmons, we must recount a recent adventure. Last month we printed a phone number only because it happened to be the girl friend of a Senior

Boarder. Girl Friend received a call from some girls requesting information on getting their dormitory phone number printed in Voo Doo. Girl Friend passed their number on to us. To be certain that the phone number was not a phony, we called it and asked for the dorm social chairman. She vehemently denied any knowledge of any such calls and begged us please not to print their number. She said that they get so many calls from Harvard students that they certainly don't want grubby Techmen calling them. So, a promise is a promise. We cannot print the phone number of Brookline House at Simmons.

Last month we had an item about the math department. This month we have two items about the math department. Evidently, not only are the mathematicians first in the pecking order, but they are also the only ones on campus with any sense of humor.

Freshmen are perfectionists. They are also naive. One always can be certain that a freshman will try to top an instructor. It cannot be done. The freshman we have in mind objected that the figure on the blackboard was not drawn in correct proportion. Professor A. smiled forgivingly and said, "The figure is all right. It's the blackboard that's distorted."

The second item from the Cartesians concerns Professor R.'s comments about the item written in last month's issue. He told his class that he was proud that after years at the Institute he was finally recognized

in *Voo Doo*. He regretted only that his name was not mentioned. So we mention Professor Reissner's name because we remember him as an inspiring teacher and because we remember him as a co-author of a classic textbook on differential equations. We remember him especially because of the latter. We are still trying to pass that course.

Just after we had written the preceding, condemning the other departments because they are not as humorous as the mathematicians, a freshmen chemistry student came rushing in with this item. Professor S. instructed his class, "The concept of normality and equivalent weights is rather confusing and quite useless, except that it's in the notes and will show up in the exams."

Late one evening, while passing through the Great Court, we ran across two obviously seniors testing their eyesight by means of the names engraved on the buildings.

Covering his right eye, one read by the light of the floodlamps, "D-A-R-W-I-N."

"Twentytwenty," the other answered.

Covering his left eye, the first senior proceeded to read, "G-A-L-"

Suddenly the lights went out.

Undaunted, First Senior continued, "I-L-L-E-O."

"Twentytwenty," said his companion as they strode off into the moonless night.

Here we'd like to mark another minor milestone in the evolution of the M.I.T. building complex. About this time every

year B. & P. finds its esthetic sensitivity injured by the existing arrangement of doors between the library and building two: let us now record for posterity (and for those of you who like an occasional smile at the expense of that unexplainable and immutable force which tears up trees and plants them 24 inches farther south, and excavates a sidewalk to change, its angle with the galaetic ecliptic by 3 27' 14"), the shuffling of doors and door jambs in this area over the last several years. By Phos's reckoning there were originally two sets of doors. The next winter's unrest brought the destruction of one set. One remained but it had a jamb: no good, that must go! And so it went: put it up, take it down, then put it up 20 feet farther on. But you adherents of the "Cyclic Theory of Existence" note: we have reached the beginning once more — there are now two sets, complete with jambs.



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Under the pretense of improving Military Facilities, the United States Government distributes billions of dollars each year among scores of greedy contractors, receiving in return vast quantities of gleaming new equipment. In a recent Congressional investigation, however, the fact has been exposed that the real purpose of this huge monetary fluctuation is so that it can release last year's semigleaming equipment to the equally greedy public. The operation is known as

WAR SURPLUS

The first physical fact that the aforementioned hacker learns while at the Institute is that the phrase "surplus equipment" is synonymous with the phrase "Elihu, Scrap Metal Dealer". Aforementioned hacker will then arm himself with a screwdriver, a pair of sheet metal shears, and fifty cents. He will cut Friday quiz plus physics lab, and then proceed through the dark dingy alleys of East Cambridge to the even darker, dingier, damper, and grey yards of Elihu, Scrap Metal Dealer.

At this point, you may be asking what can anybody buy that has a practical use. After all, yoj reason, the Army is not going to throw away good equipment, is it? Huh? Well, come on, is it?

Well, to remove this fear of futility in the war surplus game, just read the following partial list of valuable, useful, and inexpensive items — all picked up as surplus:

Last year, a fellow bought the light destroyer *Immersink* for \$3.50 and had a real blast over at the Sailing Pavilion before he was finally torpedoed by a surplus U-boat.

According to a leaflet distributed by Uncle Sam, the following highly useful items are among those sanctioned for release to the public:

Cemetery, Mortuary, Dental, Chaplain, Athletic and Survival equipment; Garbage; Cooked and Trap Grease (Special buying option to Walker); animals; feathers; goggles; fruit and egg cases; kitchen and laundry supplies; and, as every self-respecting hacker knows, Electronic Equipment.



And everyone remembers the time the 5th Regiment of the Massachusetts National Guard was auctioned off by mistake to a little, grey-haired old lady, who only used them on Sundays.

Nobody will forget the minor sensation caused when two overworked, frustrated Tech tools picked up a Radio Direction Finder Transmitter, and landed three Boeing 707's in the Charles.

Of course, we all remember the chap who invested two bucks in a 10 KVA microwave transmitter, and then used the monstrous tubes as hot plates (naughty, naughty). He also got a big kick out of aiming the parabolic antenna at assorted urchins who wandered by his window, inducing in them temporary sterility.

The peak was reached last year, however, when a slightly used Patton tank was purchased for a piddling five dollars for use during Field Day, after being adapted for hydrodynamic warfare, of course.

But even with this large turnover of surplus artillery, Voo Doo was unable to find one surplus dealer who would sell us a Field Piece. It seems that the Army does not release them to the public!

Eric Hoffman



MILTON



on Life Savers:

"Sweet is
the breath"

from *Paradise Lost*, *The Beautiful World*, line 1



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"Darling, sometimes you're so masculine and other times you're so effeminate. How is that?"

"Well, I suppose it's hereditary. Half my ancestors were males, and the other half were females."



A little old lady saw a drunk walking aimlessly on the street. "My good man," she said, "why don't you take the streetcar home?"

"No ushe!" replied the drunk. "My wife wouldn't let me keep it in the houshe."



One day pappa robin came home to his nest and found a big blue, speckled egg. Naturally, he was quite pleased with Mrs. Robin. The next time he came home, he found another big blue, speckled egg. Again he was quite pleased. However, when he came back to his nest the next day, he found a red egg. "What's the meaning of this?" he demanded.

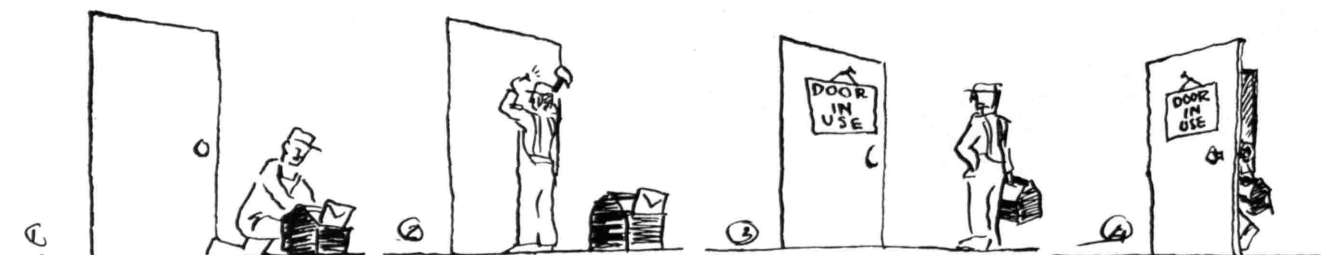
The female robin replied, "Oh, I just did it for a lark."



The bride of a few weeks noticed that her husband was depressed.

"Gerald, dearest," she said, "I know something is troubling you, and I want to know what it is; your worries are not your worries now, they're our worries."

"Oh, very well," he said. "We've just had a letter from a girl in New York, and she's bringing us into court for a paternity suit."



WINNER OF LAST WEEK'S "CURLY-Q"
CONTEST WAS 34R. OLD STEVEY



STEVEY
SCHWAB

SCHWAB. STEVEY GOES TO MISS
PRIZDALE'S COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL.
CONGRADULATIONS, STEVEY

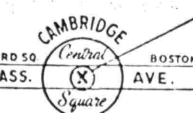
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MEN ONLY READ THIS

Out of ninety thousand women, there will be
eighty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-
four who will read this. The other six will be
illiterate.



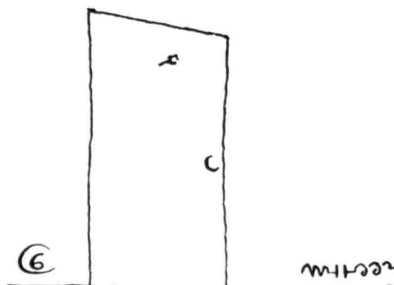
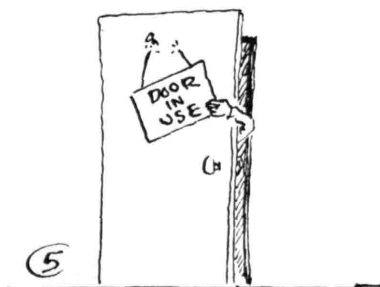
It has been conclusively demonstrated that the
beating of tom-toms will restore the sun after an
eclipse.



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DON WHISTON
AND FRIENDS

FOR NEWS, SCANDAL, AND JEAN PIERRE

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Before he left for Boston, a college student was told that he just had to try some scrod when he got to college, as Boston had a wonderful reputation for fish. He had just come out of a long freshman orientation meeting and was really hungry, so he hailed a taxi, jumped in, and said, "Take me to a place where I can get scrod."

"Well," said the driver in a surprised voice, "A lot of people have asked me the same thing, but it's the first time anyone ever put it in the past participle."



A boastful Englishman was holding forth to friends in New York City on the merits of his watch. At last one of the Americans decided he could stand it no longer.

"That's nothing," he interrupted. "I dropped my watch into the Hudson a year ago and it's been running ever since."

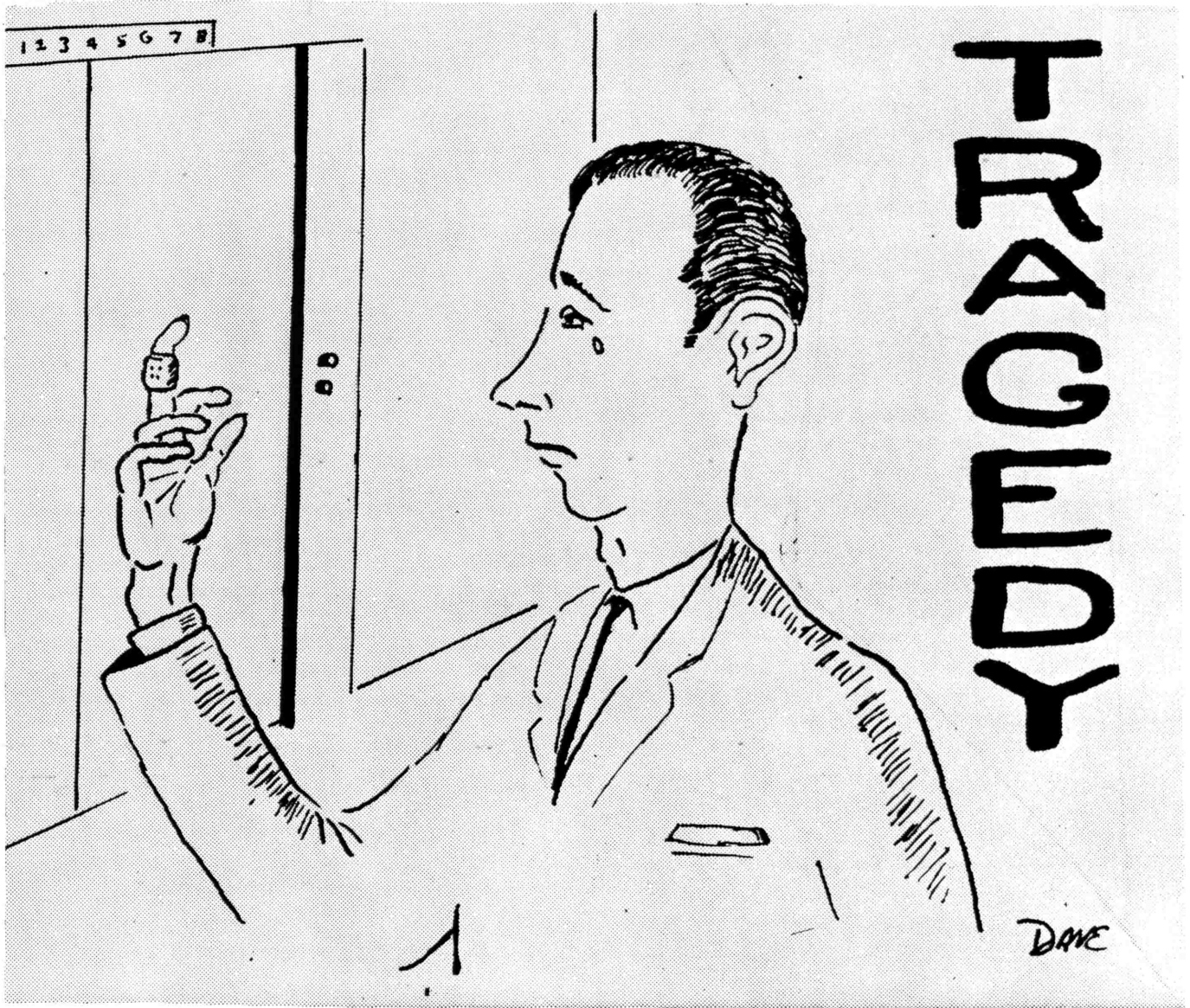
The Briton was taken aback. "What!" he exclaimed. "The same watch?"

"No," replied the other, "the Hudson."



It was imperative that she impress him on this, their first date. She was nearsighted, so nearsighted that people laughed at her. Boys would rather laugh at her than date her. Tonight *he* would arrive and sit on the porch with her. She took a small needle from her sewing kit and placed it between two branches of a tree located fifty yards from the porch.

That night, in the dim light of the half moon, she proclaimed, "There's the needle I've been looking for." She rose with the regal dignity of a British queen, walked slowly across the porch, down the steps, and tripped over a cow.



The day was October 16, 1959. Panting slightly from the long arduous trek from his classroom, George Frantz grasped the heavy brass handle of the front door and, placing his lean muscular shoulder to the heavy wooden frame, swung the door open. Glancing deftly into his mailbox as he passed it, he quickly crossed the green tile floor of the capacious lobby, paused for a drink of water and then, skillfully stabbing the button on the wall, summoned an elevator.

Almost before his lithe, tanned finger left the polished concave surface of the switch, a metallic rumble and the opening of the massive black door announced the arrival of the car.

Stepping briskly into the vehicle, he faced the controls. With an expert hand, he set the device for the fourth floor. Then, leaning back against the steel wall of the accelerating cubicle, he reflected on the day's events. It was only that morning that he, with little hope of succeeding against the many others, made the second team. Now an expression of joy spread across his face as he recalled the coach's words, "Keep at it, boy. You're the stuff champions are made of."

So absorbed was George in his thoughts that, when the elevator reached his floor, he did not notice that the door had opened. He was jolted into awareness, however, when he heard it slowly sliding shut. His reflexes razorsharp, his hand shot out with lightning speed to press the button that would reopen the door.

An instant after his arm began to move, his fingernail touched the button — but on the side, not on the top! It was too late! His valuable finger slid down the edge of the plastic cylinder and was painfully impaled on the unyielding brass plate.

George stood in the elevator's yellow light, grimly clutching his injured member, enduring not only the physical suffering from his mangled digit, but a far greater pain — the knowledge that he would never defend in the heat of a tiddlywink match the honor of Harvard.

VOO DOO PRESENTS FORGOTTEN ATHLETIC AWARDS

Maybe a few of you clods have noticed that the brand new athletic center is now open. Perhaps you noticed it when you went over to work out or perhaps to take a shower or more probably, when you went over to buy an orange drink from the machine. In any case, you must have noticed the many shining trophies and athletic awards scattered about in gay confusion. Well, Voo Doo is all in favor of athletics and awards, and that sort of nonsense, but we feel that several very important M.I.T. record holders were left out, in the hurry to get the building up. Therefore, in order to provide a fitting memorial to these unsung athletes, Voo Doo presents this article.



ORIC GREASMER - EAST CAMPUS RESIDENTS AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

Oric not only won the pool set up by his floor mates but also set an all time record by breaking all 9 dormitory regulations within two days after they were issued.



IDONT GIVEADAMN - FIRST PLACE IN THE ALL CAMBRIDGE AUTO DRAG RACES.

On the night of Dec. 3, 1952, Idont outran twelve MDC squad cars, four Motorcycles representing the Cambridge Police Force, and the entire M.I.T. Physical Education Department, pursuing on Bicycles, in a brave attempt to escape the Physical Education requirement. At present, he is also champion of the Wheelchair Dragstrippers Association.



"BOUNCY BOTTOM" BUTTERMAN - DY/DX AND A.A. HIGH BOARD BOUNCING CHAMPION

After a rather unhappy childhood, due to frequent spankings, Bouncy discovered, when he slipped on a diving board, that he could bounce higher than anyone had ever before bounced. He is presently employed, on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, in the Alumni Swimming Pool, where he replaces burned out light bulbs in the ceiling.



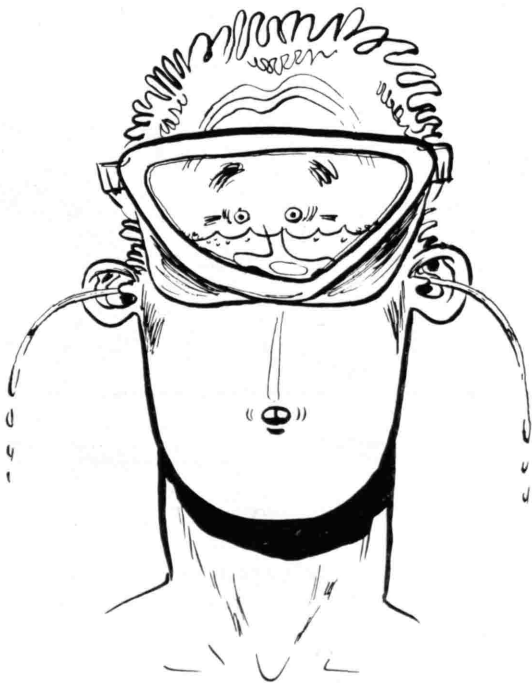
ARCHIBALD FURD – OUTSTANDING DEMONSTRATION OF ENDURANCE AND CONTROL

Archibald is the only person ever to remain completely awake and alert through fifteen successive Chemistry Lectures in overheated Room 10-250. Needless to say, however, he wasted so much time at lectures that he failed the course miserably.



DON CHELET – FIRST PLACE IN THE CAMBRIDGE DRIVING CONTEST

In ten minutes of truly inspired driving, Donny amassed a record which has never been approached by any other driver, even when dead drunk. His record of twelve red lights, seven stop signs, two wrong way rotaries, nine one way streets, five bicyclists, and one urchin earned him a permanent position on the Traffic Planning and Safety Commission.



JOHN BANZHAF – UNBELIEVABLE RECORD IN BREAST STROKE SWIMMING COMPETITION

During 6 months of swimming competition, John was disqualified twelve times in succession for an illegal frog kick. Most remarkable of all was the fact that he was disqualified three times before touching the water.

FOURF ROGERS

Outstanding Record in Breast Stroke Competition. Full details of this feat of athletic prowess are not available for publication.

John Banzhaf



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around at Pangloss lookin at the books -
like they could read or somethin - in
walks this character with M.I.T. all over
his briefcase mumbling somethin about
Voo Doo - out comes his slide rule and
a doll and some long pins - even the
divinity students looked worried, it being
Halloween and all. Hell, I'd given him an
ad too.

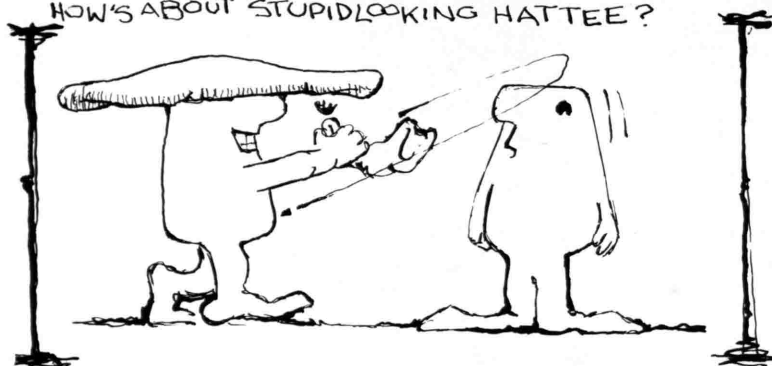
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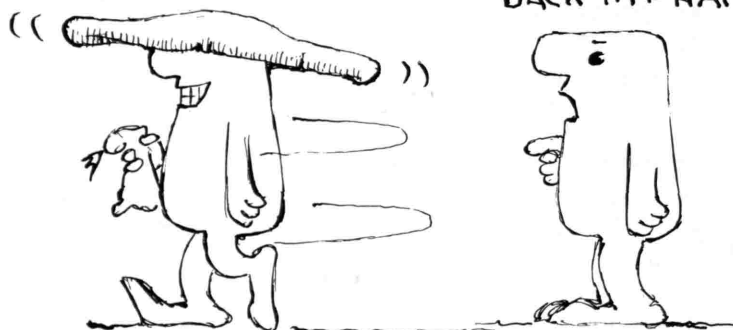
94 Mass. Ave. - 279 A Newbury St.
Back Bay, Boston

ALLO JOE YOU GOTTEE SOMPIN TO
CLEAN? DIRTY SHIRTEE? HOLEY SOCKEE?
HOW'S ABOUT STUPIDLOOKING HATTEE?



SO LONG, CHOP CHOP AND
ALL THAT JAZZ

HEY GIMME
BACK MY HAT

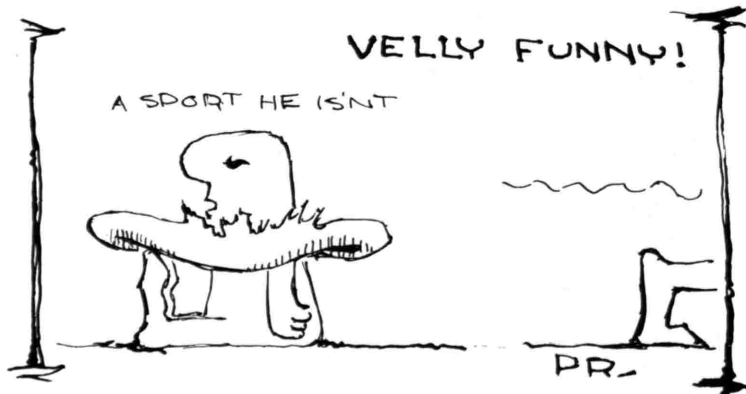


YOU GOTTEE TICKEE?
OF COURSE NOT, YOU DIDN'T GIMME ONE
SOLLY, NOTICKEE NO HATTEE

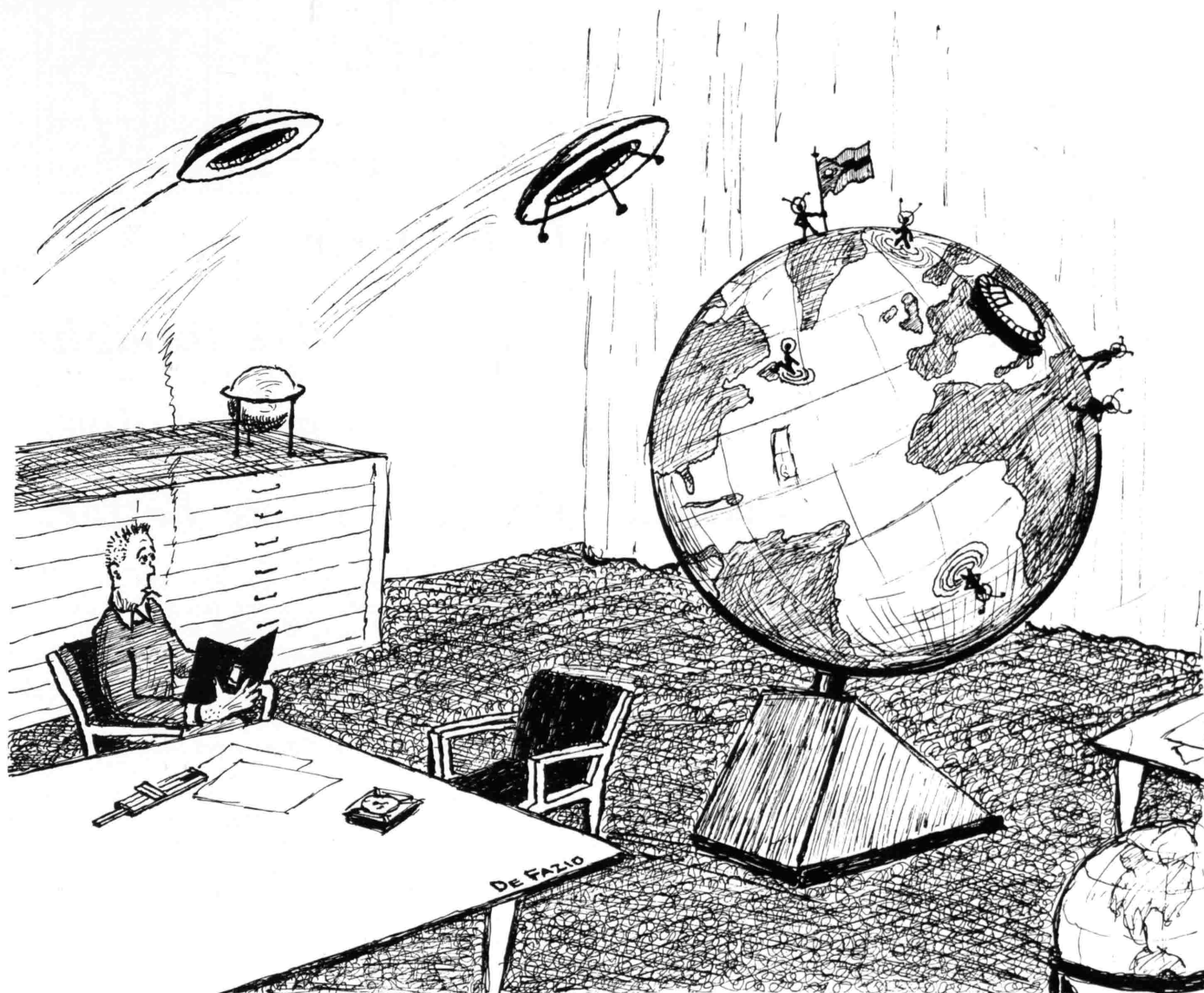


VELLY FUNNY!

A SPORT HE ISN'T



PR-



A tourist stopped at a combination service station and general store in the back country. While his car was being serviced, he noticed an old-timer lying in the sun, holding a short piece of rope. The tourist walked over to him and asked what he was holding.

"It's a weather gauge, son."

"How can you possibly tell the weather with a piece of rope?" the tourist questioned.

"It's easy," replied the old man, "if it swings back and forth, it's windy. When it gets wet, it's raining."

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come to

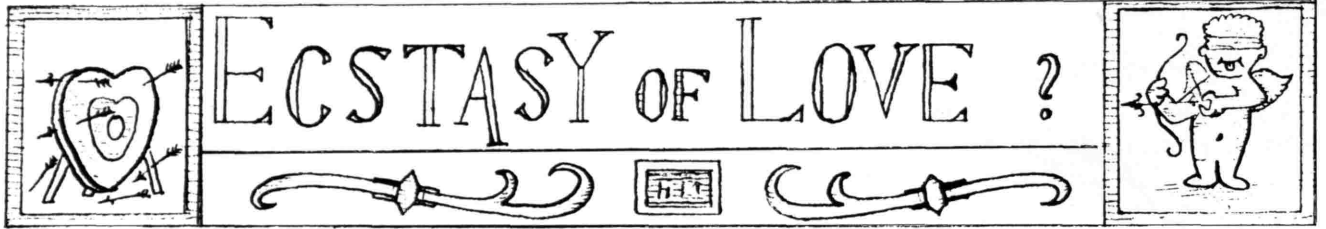
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by jeffrey k. levinger

*Some guys thought
Connie was a real dog,
but Ralph Donahue knew better.*

A

**S
A
T
I
R
E**

Riding home on the bus, Ralph Donahue sadly thought about Connie. Sweetest thing in the world, he said to himself, and the hardest to leave.

He had tried to explain to her that it wouldn't be long 'til she could join him. Yet she refused to listen to him. Her attitude was a choose me or the new job but not both, not if you have to leave Brownsville. He knew why, too. The friends she had grown up with were here. And yet the same applied to him. He had friends here, but he knew that they could both make new ones in Chicago. There was so much he could do for her if they did move. With the new job he could afford to buy her a new house, and a new convertible for rides in the country. It was just that she couldn't come right away, not until he at least had time to adjust to the new job.

Connie needed the change. She had become too bent on security: she had lost her sense of adventure. That was what had attracted him. The impetuous, spur of the moment escapades she was ever intent on.

It wasn't as though he were married to her. If he wanted to, he could leave her in Brownsville and never call her to Chicago. But he couldn't do that because he didn't want to ever lose Connie. He loved her and wanted her. Tonight he'd have to talk to her again. If she refused to compromise he'd have to stay in Brownsville.

As he walked up to the cottage from the bus stop, Connie came running to meet him. He called out, "Hi, beautiful!" as she gave him a provocative look in return. "C'mere

you!" he said. But she was in a teasing mood and just backed away a few feet, grinning from ear to ear. So he chased her till she stopped. She turned to him. He hugged her tight and told her how he loved her. Then they went inside.

After dinner they relaxed for a while from the tensions of the day. Soon, however, Ralph began again to think of the new job and how he could persuade Connie to agree with him. She appeared to be watching television with interest, but he knew she wasn't really paying any attention.

"Connie honey," he called softly. "Come here."

She came over to him rather warily, and he felt futility rise in him.


"I have to take that job. It's important to me, it's a step in the right direction." Her big brown eyes implied that that step was going away from her, but she said nothing.

She sat down and looked at him, waiting. Looking at her, Ralph couldn't think of anything to say that he hadn't already tried. She is really beautiful, he thought. She ought to understand if she really loves me.

As his mood turned sadder and more lonely, Connie stood up and slowly paced back and forth across the room, as though she knew she had hurt him. She had to make up her mind!

Suddenly she walked over to him, and he knew it was going to be all right. He leaned toward her expectantly, thinking how wonderful she was. Connie jumped up and ecstatically licked his face, her tail wagging furiously with love.

M.I.T. Again Turns The Fan On

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been developing, unbeknownst to the community as well as to the nation, its own "Man in Space" program, in conjunction with neither the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, nor the Pershing Rifles. This project is designed to facilitate and expedite direct space exploration, and since M.I.T. lets no one beat them to the punch (especially the U.S. government), it naturally is undertaking this plan wholeheartedly, establishing an extensive training and research program. Seven men, technically termed "Astrojocks," have been engaged in this top secret project for an undisclosed length of time. They were carefully selected by the Institute on the basis of personal recommendations, College Board scores, school ratings, emotional stability, Krauss-Weber scores, and swimming ability. Each of these "Jocks" is considered to be ideally suited for this, the most challenging task of our time. Each is cognizant of his responsibility and importance to mankind as well as to M.I.T. But mainly, each is unaware of what he is getting himself into. Here, now, is an interview with one of the "Astrojocks," Sequence No. 81269, as it was recorded by our personal correspondent, Hiram Young: 

I AM STANDING HERE WITH ONE OF THE M.I.T. ASTROJOCKS WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED IN THE HIGHLY RESTRICTED "MAN IN SPACE" EXPERIMENT. YOUR NAME, SIR?

IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I WAVE?



①

I SEE FROM YOUR SECURITY BADGE THAT YOUR NAME IS SEQUENCE NO. 81269

THAT IS INTUITIVELY OBVIOUS TO THE MOST CASUAL OBSERVER!

NOW WOULD YOU MIND TELLING US TO WHAT SORT OF TESTING AND TRAINING YOU HAVE BEEN SUBJECTED OVER THESE PAST FEW MONTHS?



②

WHEN YOU ARE ALL ALONE AND UNDERGOING SPACE TRAVEL TESTS AND SUCH, WHAT DO YOU GENERALLY THINK ABOUT?

SEX, WHAT ELSE?

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED! DO YOU FEEL ANY QUALMS ABOUT BEING PART OF AN UNPRECEDENTED AND UNTRIED EXPERIMENT WHICH MAY VERY WELL BE UNSUCCESSFUL AND PROBABLY AFFECT YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE?



③

NOT AT ALL! YOU SEE, I WENT TO M.I.T. AS AN UNDERGRADUATE!

DO YOU HAVE ANY REGRETS ABOUT THIS?

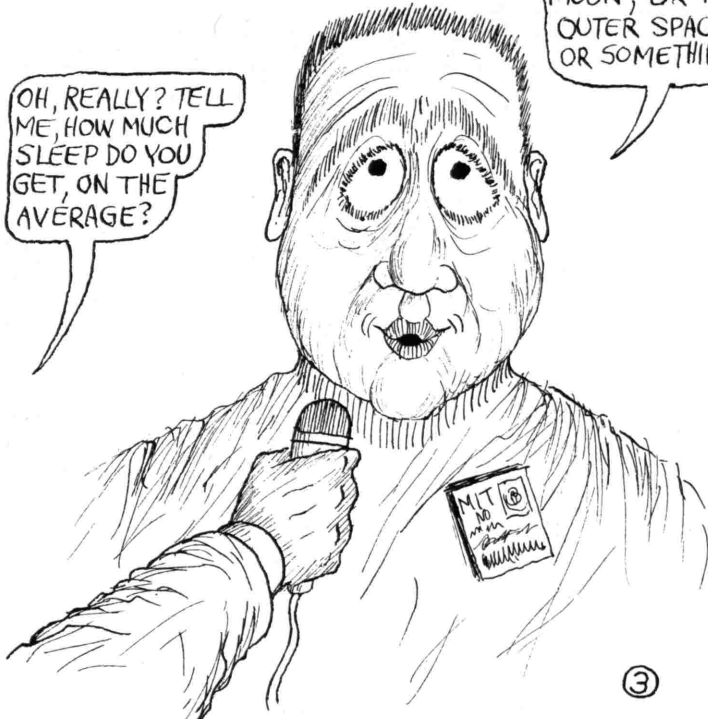
IT ONLY HURTS WHEN I LAUGH !!!



④

WHY, I WOULD ENJOY THAT. FIRST OF ALL, WE HAVE NATURALLY BEEN PUT ON A VERY STRICT AND EXACTING DIET, CONSISTING OF 15 MEALS EACH WEEK. GREAT AMOUNTS OF THOUGHT, TIME, AND EXPENSE GO INTO THE PREPARATION AND SERVING OF THESE MEALS, FOR THEY SIMULATE THE FOOD WHICH ONE MIGHT HAVE TO CONSUME SOMEWHERE LIKE THE MOON, OR IN OUTER SPACE, OR SOMETHING.

OH, REALLY? TELL ME, HOW MUCH SLEEP DO YOU GET, ON THE AVERAGE?



③

I'M INCLINED TO DISAGREE WITH YOU!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IT ONLY HURTS WHEN I LAUGH!



④

OH, I SEE. WHAT DO YOU THINK THE RESULTS OF THIS PROGRAM WILL TURN OUT TO BE?

WELL, IT MIGHT YIELD A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF INFORMATION AND DATA CONCERNING MAN'S RESPONSE TO VARIED SPACE CONDITIONS..... THEN AGAIN, IT MIGHT NOT!



⑦

I EXPECTED THAT. AT ANY RATE, I SEE OUR TIME IS UP. I WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU, SEQUENCE NO. 81269, FOR ALLOWING US TO TALK WITH YOU, AND I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO THANK THAT GREAT CITADEL ON THE CHARLES, M.I.T., FOR GIVING US THIS OPPORTUNITY. SO, GOOD LUCK TO YOU, ASTROJOCK!

CAN I WAVE NOW?



⑧

H.M.S. TECHNOCRACY

A comic opera in two overt acts, with profuse apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan.

ACT ONE SCENE ONE

SCENE. — Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Technocracy. Assorted DEANS, led by BOSUN JOHN discovered cleaning doorknobs, erasing mistakes, polishing apples, etc.

CHORUS

We run the Institute
And the Institute's a beauty
We are prudent and astute
And attentive to our duty.

We are thinking men and free
And quite devoid of fe-ar
In all the M.I.T.
None are so great as we are.

(Enter the CAPTAIN. DEANS cringe.)

RECIT.

CAPT. — Gallant Deans, good morning!

DEANS — Sir, good morning!

CAPT. — I hope you're all quite well.

DEANS — (Relaxing slightly) Quite well, thank you, sir.

SONG — CAPT.

CAPT. — I am the Captain of the Institute
ALL — And a right good Captain, too.
CAPT. — You're very, very good, and be it understood
I command a right good crew.
ALL — We're very, very good, and be it understood,
He Commands a right good crew.
CAPT. — I can teach a Physics course
And though it fills me with remorse
I can heave an erring student out.
I've never gotten mad
At a crotchety old grad
And I'm never, never touched with doubt.



ALL — What, never?
CAPT. — No, never!
ALL — What, never?
CAPT. — Well, hardly ever!
ALL — He's hardly ever touched with doubt!

DEANS — So we'll give three cheers and three times three
For the sterling Captain of Technocracy, etc.

(Enter a MINOR DEAN — out of breath)

MINOR DEAN — Sir, the Admiral's limousine is pulling up out (pant) front.

(Flurry of activity as the DEANS line up at attention in two parallel files with CAPT. at head of one file.
ALL salute as ADMIRAL, ASSISTANTS, ADVISORS, and FRIENDS enter.)

SONG — ADM.

ADM. — I'm the Admiral of Technocracy
The mentor of engineers-to-be
Whose praise America loudly sends
AAF. — And we are his Assistants, his Advisors and his Friends.
And we are his Assistants, his Advisors, and his Friends.

ADM. — When in my limousine I ride
My bosom swells with pride
And I don't care how much the U.S. spends
AAF. — Neither do his Assistants, his Advisors, nor his Friends, etc.

ADM. — But when the A-Bombs blow
I always go below
And seek the protection that a Blockhouse lends
AAF. — And so do his Assistants, his Advisors, and his Friends, etc.

MINOR DEAN — Sir, Great Sir, please tell us how we may become Admirals, too.

ADMIRAL — (sniffs loudly) Certainly, anything for one of the underdeveloped.

SONG — ADM.

ADM. — When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy for a plumbing firm
I sharpened up their pencils and I drank their beer
And soon decided to be an engineer

CHORUS — He soon, etc.

ADM. — An engineer I never was to be
But still I'm the Admiral of Technocracy

CHORUS — An engineer, etc.

ADM. — At sharpening pencils I was so fine
A Technocracy scholarship soon was mine.
I worked so long and diligentlee
I eventually won a bachelor's degree.



CHORUS — I eventually, etc.

ADM. — In course 15 was my S.B.
But still I'm the Admiral of Technocracy

CHORUS — In course 15, etc.

ADM. — My degée it was so shiny and new
They said we've got a home for you
At Technocracy I had such fun
They soon called me to Washington

CHORUS — They soon, etc.

ADM. — And while in Washington, glory be,
I was still the Admiral of Technocracy

CHORUS — And While, etc.

ADM. — So students all, whoever you may be
If you want to rise to the top of the tree
Get yourself on a politico's list
And you'll soon be a famous scientist,

CHORUS — And you'll, etc.

ADM. — And as a famous scientist you'll be
Still the Admiral of Technocracy.

CHORUS — And as, etc.

ADM — Well, that's the way it's done.

(ADM. turns on his heel and stalks out to head.) EXIT ADM.

(MINOR DEAN looks out window, exclaims, and points. ALL look out window.)

RECIT. — CAPT.

But look, what student is this who spastically spins a noose
And hangs it from the flagpole in the court, slack and loose?
Bosun John, avault, to the rescue! He must not die!
He hasn't paid his tuition, and costs are very high!

(Exit BOSUN JOHN hurriedly.)

END OF SCENE

SCENE TWO

SCENE — The great Court. STERLING E. GOODFELLOW '60, hanging from an ill-made noose.

BOSUN JOHN — What ho! What are you doing up there?



SEG – I'm trying to kill myself.

BOSUN – Why?

SEG – I'm supposed to be (choke) eloping today, but my girl is three hours late!

BOSUN – Cruel girl! Who is she?

SONG – SEG

A suitor, lowly born,
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond denying,
Has dared for her to pine
At whose exalted shrine,
A world of wealth is sighing.
Oh pity, pity me!
Our captain's daughter she
And I that lowly suitor.

(With an audible gasp, STERLING E. GOODFELLOW faints. BOSUN JOHN cuts him down.)

BOSUN – Now, now, my boy, don't take it so hard. After all...

SONG – BOSUN and SEG

A Tech student is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird.
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.
His nose should pant and his lip should curl
His features should attract any healthy girl
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

(STERLING E. GOODFELLOW sighs.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

SCENE – The quarter-deck of H.M.S. Technocracy. The CAPTAIN and DEANS discovered looking out window.

(Enter CRUNCH COURTENEY '63)

CRUNCH – (Pulling CAPTAIN to side) Captain, I think you ought to know that your daughter is eloping with Sterling Goodfellow, the fellow down there in the court, with a noose around his neck.

CAPT. – What? A lowly student? Why, that's too bad! It will not do!

(Exit CAPT.)

END OF SCENE

* * * * *

SCENE TWO

SCENE — The Great Court.

(BOSUN JOHN helps STERLING E. GOODFELLOW to his feet. ENTER DAUGHTER with suitcase. DAUGHTER and SEG embrace. BOSUN JOHN smiles.)

SEG — You're late. I was worried.

DAUGHTER — I was busy.

SEG — Oh.

(SEG picks up suitcase. They start to leave.)

(Enter CAPTAIN, DEANS, followed, at a respectful distance, by MINOR DEANS.)

CAPT. — Halt! How dare you run off with my daughter? I shall thrash you! Both of you! (Pulls ceremonial Mace from back pocket and raises it to strike SEG.)

(Enter ADMIRAL.)

ADM. — Hold! Do Not Strike That Man! (CAPT. steps back, sheepishly.)

SONG — ADM. and ALL

ADM. — He is an engineer
For he himself has said it
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an engineer,
ALL — That he is an engineer.
ADM. — For he might have been a Broker
Lawyer, Doctor, Joker,
Or perhaps a Minister
ALL — Or perhaps a Minister.
ADM. — But in spite of all temptations
Of other occupations
He remains an engineer
ALL — For in spite of all, etc.

CAPT. — Of course, you are right. I was a clod. (sincerely) I give you both my blessing.

(SEG and DAUGHTER embrace. ADM. shakes hand of CAPT.)

SONG — ALL (smiling)

He is an Engineer
For he himself has said it
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an engineer
That he is an engineer.

(Exeunt ALL into beautiful sunset — CRUNCH stalks off with foot in mouth.)

CURTAIN

Cornelius and friend
Illustrated by YAG

A man died and found himself in a vast expanse where he was exceedingly comfortable. He rested awhile on a big soft bed that he found, but soon grew bored. "Is there anybody here?" he yelled.

A voice answered him from nowhere, asking, "Is there anything you want?"

The man asked for food and music. No sooner had he wished for these things than they appeared before him.

He was having a glorious time eating and sleeping, but after a few weeks he realized that something was missing. So he shouted at the voice. The voice answered, "Is there anything I can get you?"

"Yes there is," replied the man. "you can get me a girl."

"I'm sorry," answered the voice, "but that's the only thing I can't get you."

The man said, "That's terrible. I'm sick and tired of all this; I'd rather go to hell!"

"Where do you think you are?" exclaimed the voice.



"I've finished with that girl."

"Why?"

"She asked me if I danced."

"What's so insulting about that?"

"I was dancing with her when she asked me."



"What did you say when Jack threatened to kiss you?"

"I told him I'd just like to see him."

"And then?"

"Well, Jack always tries to do what I like."



A visiting clergyman was giving an address to the Tufts' student body. For each letter of the college name he made a subdivision in his talk. "T" for Truth, "U" for Understanding, "F" for Faith, "T" for Triumph, and "S" for Scholarship. He spent a full twenty minutes on each subject.

As they made their weary way to the exit, one student remarked to another, "Darned good thing we aren't attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology!"

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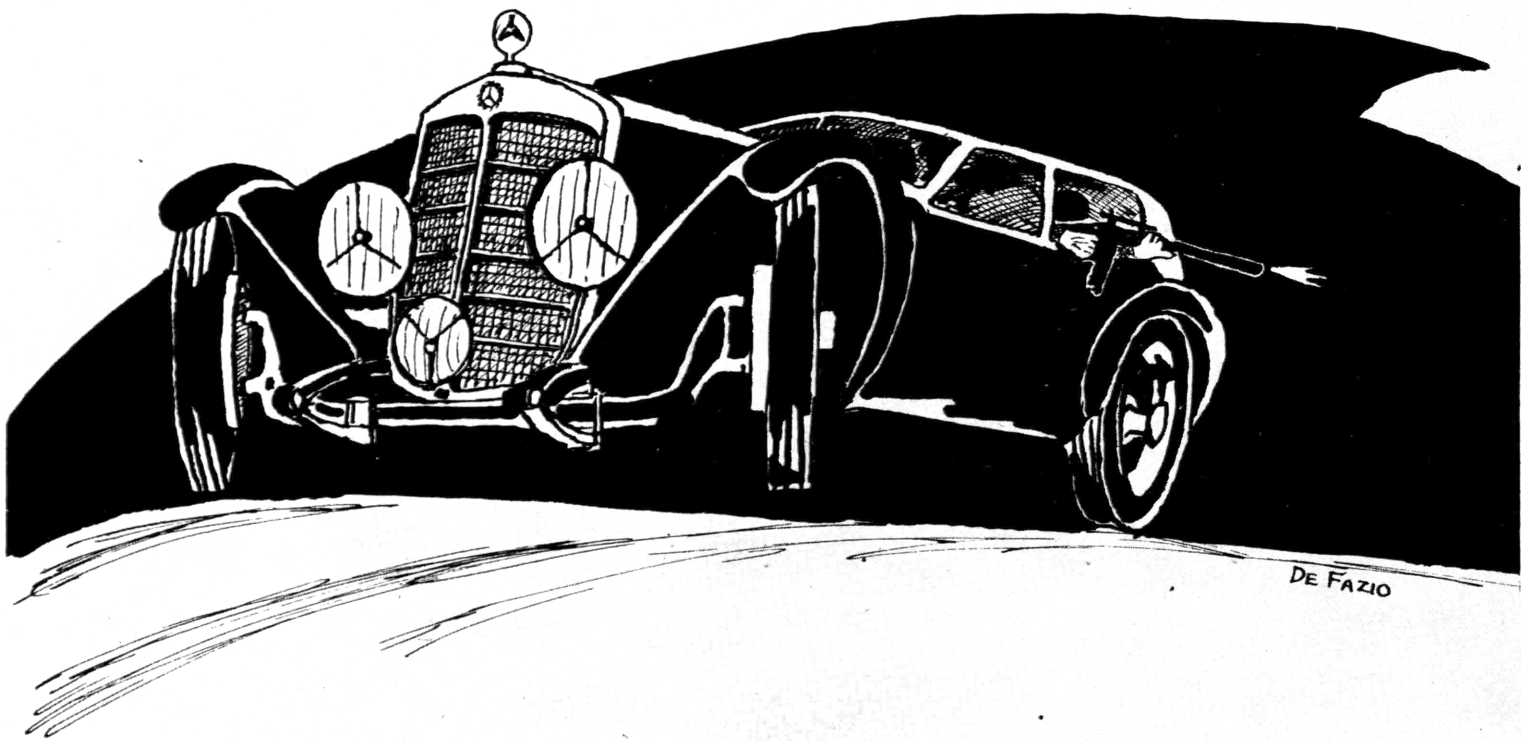
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THE

PUBLIC

PRINCE

by G. N. Gabbard

Just another American tourist in Borogovia, I was strolling cheerily about the streets of Slytiov in a loud sports shirt, snapping pictures of the quaint old houses. By sheer coincidence, I happened to be on the spot when the Borogovian crown prince, Rudolf, was assassinated.

I got some good pictures of that, too.

When I went to my room at the hotel the next day, there was a fat man in it. He had a Luger. He also had a mustache, a fez, and a tall, thin companion; but I didn't notice them so much because the Luger happened to be pointed at me.

"What's up?" I squeaked bravely.

The fat man had an oily voice. He said, "I regret the necessity, but we must deprive you of the no doubt excellent photographs you took yesterday at the scene of the unfortunate demise of the late lamented Rudolf. You see, I was present there myself. In fact I engineered the assassination. True, it was at the behest of certain individuals high in the ranks of the Populist Party, but I had Rudolf assassinated less with the intention of fulfilling their aims than of achieving my own ambitions. That is why I cannot allow those photographs to remain undestroyed, for it is possible that I may be shown in them in a most compromising position. It happens that I am a distant cousin of the Borogovian royal family, and now that Rudolf is out of the picture, I am the crown prince of Borogovia."

The tall man drew a Luger and

cleared his throat. "What is it, Sergei?" asked the fat man, evidently surprised.

"You are not the only distant - cousin extant," said Sergei softly as he fired. The fat man fell, bleeding all over the cheap hotel rug. Sergei smiled thinly. "Now I am the crown prince of Borogovia!" he said as he left.

This was becoming interesting. Fortunately, knowing that the Balkans were a hotbed of intrigue, I had had the foresight to bring along the proper equipment, just in case. Quickly, I drew from my trunk and donned a snapbrim hat, a trench coat, and shoulder holster containing a Luger. I reached the lobby before the Crown Prince Sergei was out of sight, and followed him out into the rainy night.

We had walked about a block, I about four paces behind him, when a black sedan drew up even with the man I was shadowing. Thunder echoed in the narrow street, almost drowning out the sound of a gunshot, and the lightning flash revealed Sergei crumpled in the gutter. A medium-sized man, a smoking Luger clutched in his hand, emerged from the car to look down at the bloody corpse. Then he looked up and saw me watching. He raised his Luger.

"Don't tell me," I said, "let me guess. Now you're the crown prince of Borogovia."

He smiled, white teeth flashing in a dark face. "You must be one of us. Would you like a lift to the *Blue Mallard*?"

I nodded. The *Blue Mallard* was a local bistro rumored to be a hangout for spies.

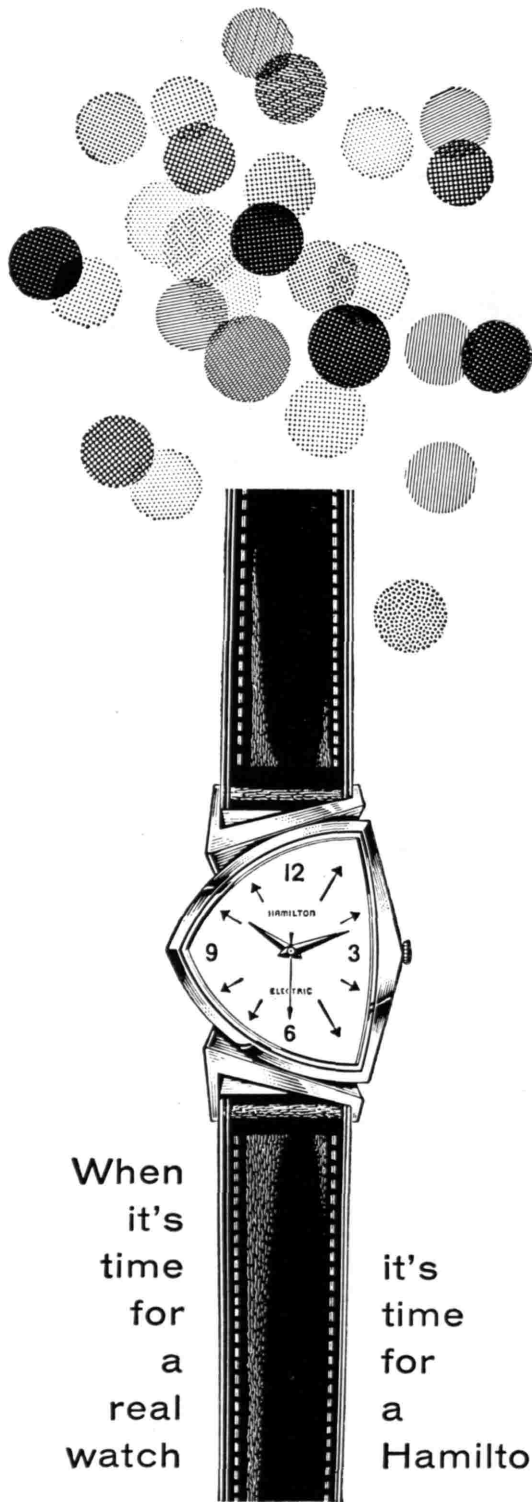
In the car, the new crown prince introduced himself as Maxim. I gave him my favorite alias, Demetrios. He grinned and offered me a cigarette, chuckling, "A coffin nail for Demetrios." I scowled. I had been about to make that joke myself.

At the *Blue Mallard* Maxim got me settled at a good table and left. I supposed he was headed for the back room. Luckily, I had seen an old British spy movie made on location right in this very nightclub, and so I knew just where to find the proper secret panel. A brief trip through a hidden tunnel, and I emerged behind what felt like heavy draperies.

Peering out, I saw Maxim lying at ease on a couch while a lovely girl in evening dress stroked his cheek. "Your Maxim is a true genius, Olga", he was boasting. "When the Populists approached me about the assassination of Rudolf, I immediately saw my opportunity. I contacted Boris, knowing the fat fool would kill Rudolf in the hope of becoming Crown Prince himself. I also assigned Sergei to assist him, knowing he, in turn, would eliminate Boris as soon as Rudolf was out of the way. Then, I knew, he would head for the royal palace...and so I ambushed him."

"You know everything, do you not, Maxim?" crooned Olga adoringly.

"Yes, and it is because I make a point of knowing everything that I am now the Crown Prince Maxim."



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it's
time
for
a
real
watch

it's
time
for
a
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Olga smiled enigmatically and opened the drawer of a nearby table. "But there is one thing you do not know, Maxim." She took a Luger from the drawer. "There is one more distant cousin." She fired.

"Now I am the crown princess of Borogovia," she gloated over Maxim's twitching corpse. It seemed to me that every man, woman, and child in Borogovia was a distant cousin of the royal family. The position of Crown Prince was rapidly attaining the status of a public office.

Here we go again, I thought, as a distinguished looking man with a military bearing entered the room with a Luger in his hand.

"Emil!" screamed Olga. "You were reported dead!"

"As a great American humorist once said, 'The report of my death was greatly exaggerated.' " smiled Emil as he fired.

Still smiling, he looked down at Olga's twisted corpse. "Now I am the crown prince of Borogovia!" he said.

I stepped out from behind the curtain. "But you're not the only distant cousin of the royal family left." I said.

He covered me with his Luger and took mine from its holster. Carefully, I brought out a genealogical chart I always carry with me, and showed him how, being of the American branch of the family, I was not in line for the job of Crown Prince.

"But," said he, "how can I be sure you won't inform on me to King Stefan anyway?"

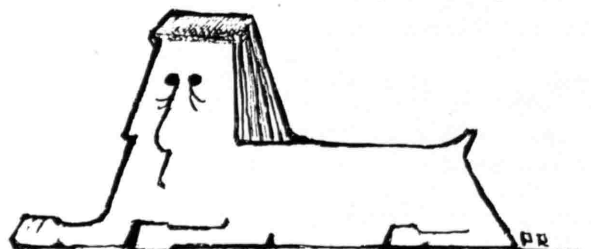
"Do me a small favor," I proposed, "and I'll give my word of honor not to."

"Name it," he said.

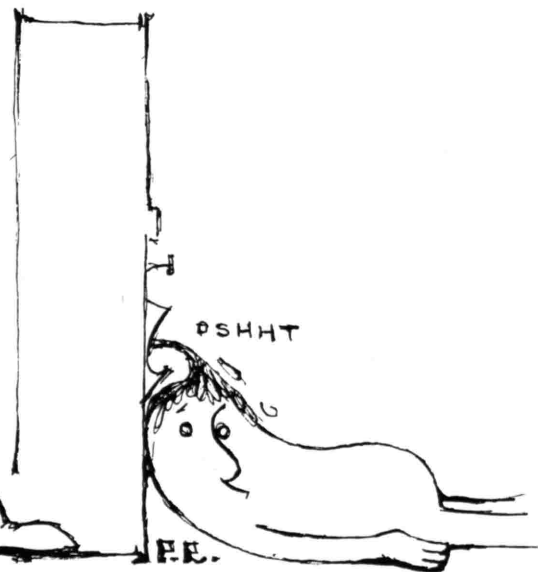
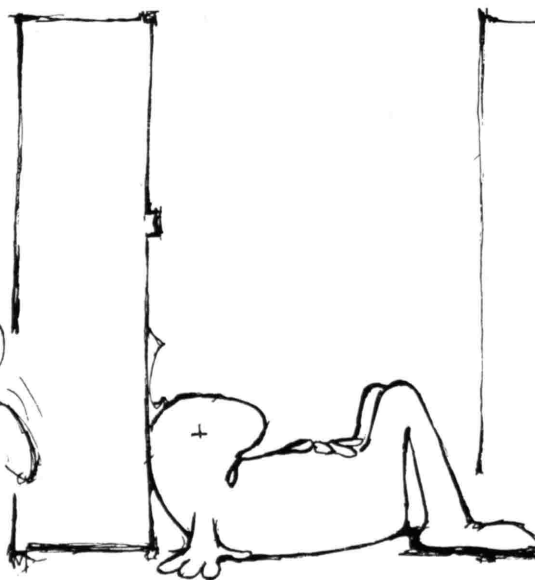
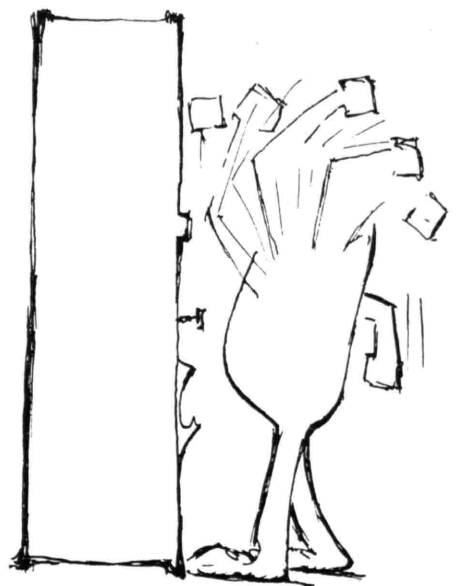
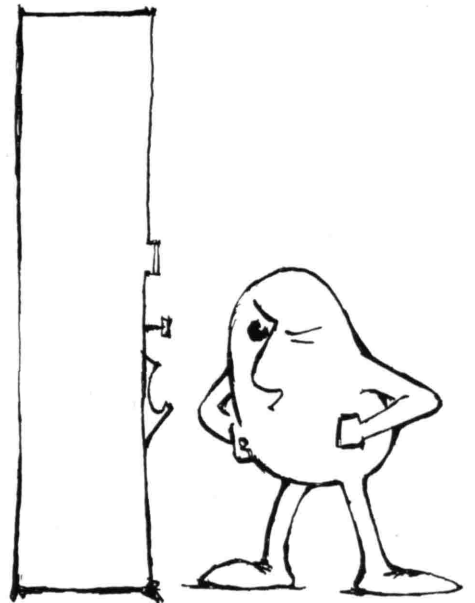
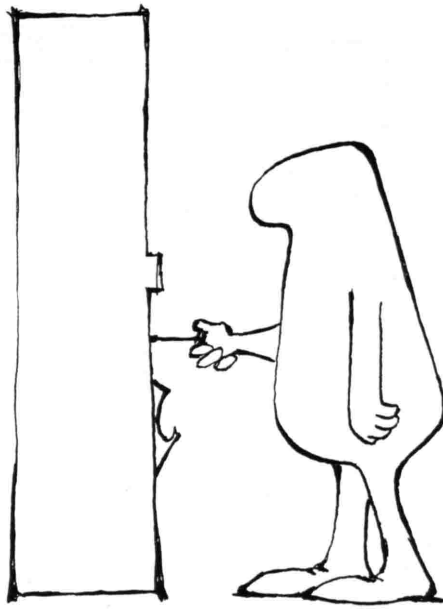
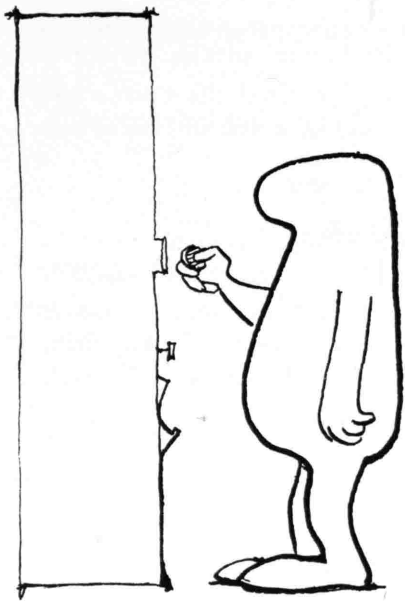
First I explained to him the strange Borogovian laws governing royal ascent. Again I had to assure him that I could not possibly ever be the Crown Prince. Then I named the favor I wanted of him.

The next morning I read in the papers about the mysterious assassination of King Stefan IV. I gloated.

Now I was the king of Borogovia.



M.I.T. Voo Doo





A college student looked up from his books and asked his roommate, "Say, what do you know about the French syntax?"

"Gee, I didn't know they had to pay for their fun."



"Frances was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they? Six of them recognized it at once."



A college boy was roaring down the highway at 95 mph, when he was stopped by a cop.

"Okay buddy, let's see your license."

"I don't have my license," the college boy replied.

"All right, wise guy, what's your name?"

With that the driver calmly took out a piece of gum, unwrapped it, rolled up the tin foil into a little ball, and handed it to the policeman. "I guess this silver bullet will tell you who I am."

"Didn't you hear me pounding on the floor last night?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the downstairs neighbor, "we were making a lot of noise ourselves."



Diogenes was looking for an honest man in New York. "What luck?" asked the wayfarer.

"Oh, pretty fair," replied Diogenes. "I still have my lamp."



"Would you consider it improper if I kissed your hand?"

"No, but I think it would be decidedly out of place."



"Son, I don't want to see you going with that wild girl any more."

"Aw, heck, maw, she ain't wild. Anybody can pet her."



"Shay, pardon me, offisher, but where am I?"
 "You're on the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street."
 "Never mind the details. What town am I in?"



"Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?"
 "Do you need help?"



"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he erased the board.



"Did you make the debating team?"
 "N-n-n-no. They said I w-w-wasn't t-t-t-tall enough."



"The first time you contradict me, I'm going to kiss you."
 "You are not!"



They're planning to divide Alaska into two parts. Now Texas will be the third largest State in the Union.



He placed his hands over her eyes, and said, "If you can't guess who this is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."
 "Jack Frost, Davy Jones, Santa Claus."



"Well, how was the burlesque dance?"
 "Abdominal!"

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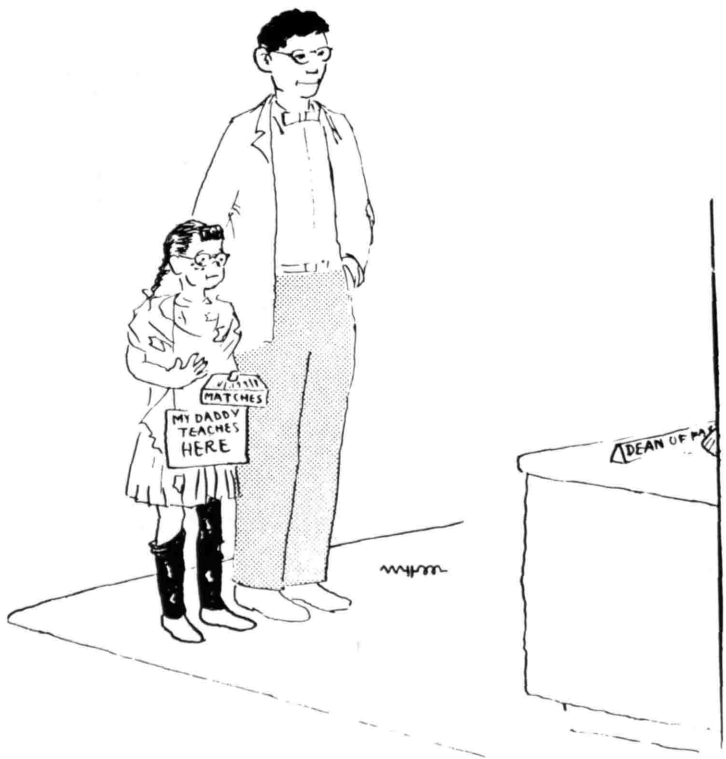
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The English language is a funny thing. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes, and she'll adore you. But just try telling her that her face would stop a clock!



The aviation instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded, "And if it doesn't open — well, gentlemen, that's what is known as jumping to a conclusion."



We're giving you that raise, Binks, but keep your daughter out of the Main Lobby!



Sometime in each student's career at Tech, he receives at least one letter from a member of the fair sex (or unfair sex, as some would have it). As a public service, we have scrounged through the magnificent array of Institute wastebaskets (available to all discerning lovers of good literature), and uncovered the following authentic gems:

you. I hope you are well
and are enjoying yourself
as best you can in your
circumstances!
I've already had two

Dear Degenerate Darling,
Tonight, as we sit alone, reminiscing
about the wonderful times you have
shared with us, longing for your lovable
and kind disposition, we wish you were not
here. It is so quiet here without your
noisy, immature motorcycle. It should
always be like this. Sometimes you

Life is dull! dull! dull! Nobody
bates me. And I'm going to cut my
hair! No kidding. I am going to

Glen + asked a bag at
school and his brother to
come over to dinner next week.
Won't worry! Glen + talked

new. My parents shall ~~never~~
know. Thank God! (Don't you
dare write and say a word about

up. I didn't think they were
going to so soon. But they did and
it's up there. You were in bed
when it was I bet. at least
you better have been.

I could hardly wiggle my
toes, much less lift my
leg two feet in the air.
Hell, needless to say I

The only tough thing here is the work. I'm
taking Civilization (a combo. of English
and History), Biology (Ugh!) Intermediate
Spanish and Public Speaking. It's
murder!

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On a pleasant Sunday afternoon an old German and his youngest son were seated in the village inn. The father had partaken liberally of the beer, and was warning his son against the evils of intemperance.

"Never drink too much, my son. A gentleman stops when he has had enough. To be drunk is a disgrace."

"Yes, Father, but how can I tell when I have had enough?"

The old man pointed. "Do you see those two men sitting in the corner? If you should see four men sitting there, you would know that you were drunk."

The boy looked long and earnestly. After a time, he said in puzzled tones, "Yes, Father, but there is only one man in the corner."



A Hawaiian was teaching her friends how to do the hula.

"It's easy," she maintained. "First you put a crop of grass on one hip. Then you put a crop of grass on the other. Then you rotate the crops."



Two students were passing a residence where one of the occupants had forgotten to lower the shade.

"That girl's not a bit shy, is she?"

"Well - not exactly - but she's certainly retiring."



A gentleman was much surprised when the good looking young lady greeted him by saying, "Good evening." He could not remember ever having seen her before.

She evidently realized that she had made a mistake, for she apologized, and explained:

"Oh, I'm so sorry. When I first saw you I thought you were the father of two of my children."

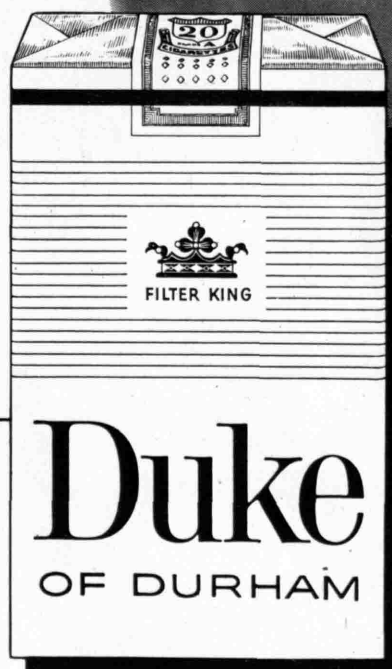
She walked on while the man stared after her. She did not realize, of course, that he was unaware of the fact that she was a schoolteacher.

M.I.T. Voo Doo



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