

**V O O**

**D O O**



**May Issue 35¢**



*"So I said to him: 'Census taker or not, it was none of his damned business.'"*

# VOO DOO

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The trouble with the whole world right now is that all the birds we know are in the library, tooling for finals. But we're not bitter, even when we see lots of other college studnets busy living it up along the banks of the Charles and other assorted places. We don't mind because we know we're getting a better education than they are. Honest! Despite all the talk about "Stratton's Tool or Die Works" we're kind of proud of the reputation this place has for hard work and well-prepared graduates. So we're going back to our books, at least for a few minutes, after telling ourselves it's worth it. And anyway, it'll all be over in a couple more weeks.

Spring has sprung,  
The grass has riz,  
I wonder where  
The birdies is.

— Homer

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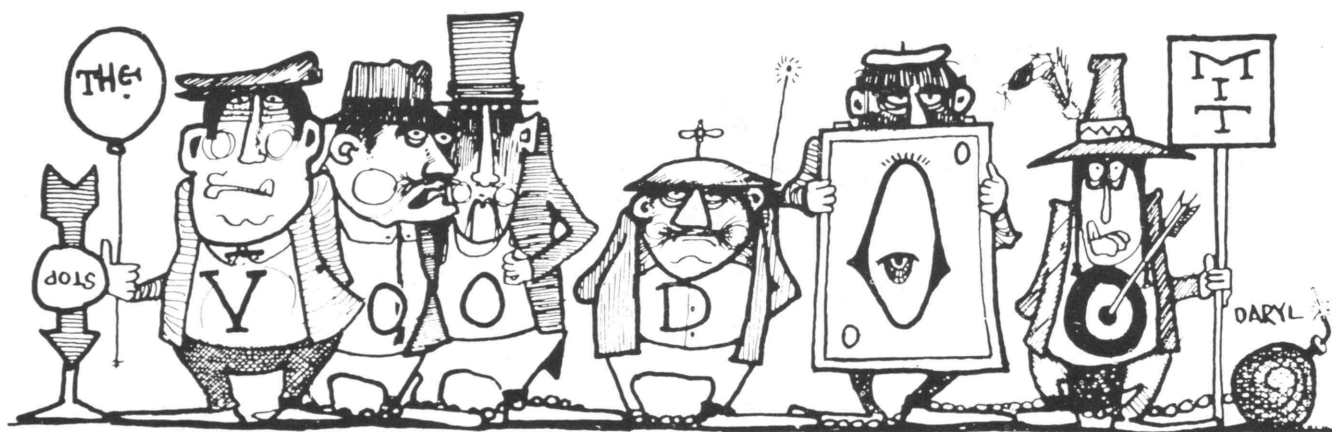
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"Many thanks to Our Publicity  
Consultant ...Mark Dichter"

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Always one to recognize humor when we see it around the campus, we think that special mention should be made of the vending machine suppliers in the area. Some time ago we noted that the Coop was giving out matches advertising a High School correspondence course, but recently we also found that the machines in the electrical engineering labs dispense matches plugging "Learn to be an electronic technician" and cups which say, "Don't monkey with electricity."

We must also extend our congratulations to the MIT Safety Committee for their fine work. (No, they are not a Voo Doo flying squad as has been widely rumored.) We chuckled when we saw the first of the decorated posts several months ago, and now that their work has begun to spread, we want to add our official approval. Such decorations, with their quaint names and sayings, add a certain note of charm to the campus, while keeping such nearsighted people as The Tech reporters from

bumping into the strategically placed posts. We feel that the Institute ought to hire these artists for such other useful painting jobs as putting bright stripes on the parking lot police booths and white lines down the middle of the corridors.

**W**e once heard Existential-  
 ism defined as a boy and a girl  
 on a Vespa (Lambretta?) dis-  
 cussing Sartre. At the time we  
 wondered idly how they could  
 discuss anything over the noise  
 of the traffic. Then President  
 De Gaulle exerted his influence,  
 and the streets became quiet -  
 at least in Paris. Now we no-  
 tice that technology has come  
 up with a more workable solu-  
 tion to the problem: one indus-  
 trious Techman has outfitted  
 his scooter with two white crash  
 helmets, one for himself and one  
 for his Tech coed, and both  
 equipped with a fighter pilot's  
 intercom.

A member of the staff, an avid Course XVI man, recently took a cute economic major from Simmons to a big formal. After the dance the two returned to

his room, where he casually offered her a drink and put a suggestive Johnny Mathis record on the hi-fi. Turning the lights low, he joined her on the couch. She snuggled up close, put her head on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "If we have total disarmament, what will happen to all the aeronautical engineers?"

It seems there are some questions that the Institute doesn't teach you how to answer.

A Junior Board member has discovered a sure-fire method for distinguishing Tech tools from people. Just locate a pretty secretary welking down the hall and follow her, watching the eyes of the boys who pass by. Tools plod along with their eyes fixed on the floor about a yard ahead of their feet. Others' sort of...well, they shift.

**T**he Senior Board is happy to announce that C.R. Porter is married. He seems to have taken the hint from his mother and followed in her footsteps. (See the March issue of *Voo Doo*)



Last fall, an O.I.T. (Old Institute Tradition) went by the boards when 2.001 and 2.002 were changed to 2.01 and 2.02. Phos was a bit nostalgic the other day and suggested we find out the story behind the change, so we did a bit of digging around, checking noted authorities and old dusty catalogues. It seems that several years ago, in the spring of 1953 to be exact, a secretary was typing out the copy for the June edition of the Institute Catalogue. She hit a couple of keys too many and 2.01 and 2.02 suddenly became 2.001 and 2.002. As soon as the numbers appeared in print they became revered as O.I.T., as are all numbers in the catalogue, and from that day onward no one questioned their existence. We were somewhat disillusioned when we found out the story, for we had always considered the Institute as an authority second only to God. But we chalked it up to experience and went out to get another beer.

One of the boys in Baker House, being somewhat out of pocked last week, invested his last six bits in a telegram home. It Read:

No mun, no fun, your son.  
Next day he received the following wire in return:  
Too bad, so sad, your dad.

One graduate student instructor we know is contemplating a system which he thinks should get him a couple of A's next term. He is going to register for every course he is teaching. He figures that if he registers for a different section than his own, and the other section in-

structor registers for his section, they will each give the other an A. Considering the system around here, we doubt that anyone will find out. We foresee that next term this instructor will get an A in every course he teaches.

After a recent Inscomm meeting which considered the problems of EPIC, we heard one of the members mutter that they ought to change the name from Emergency Public Integration Committee to Special Emergency Public Total Integration Committee. We wouldn't know.

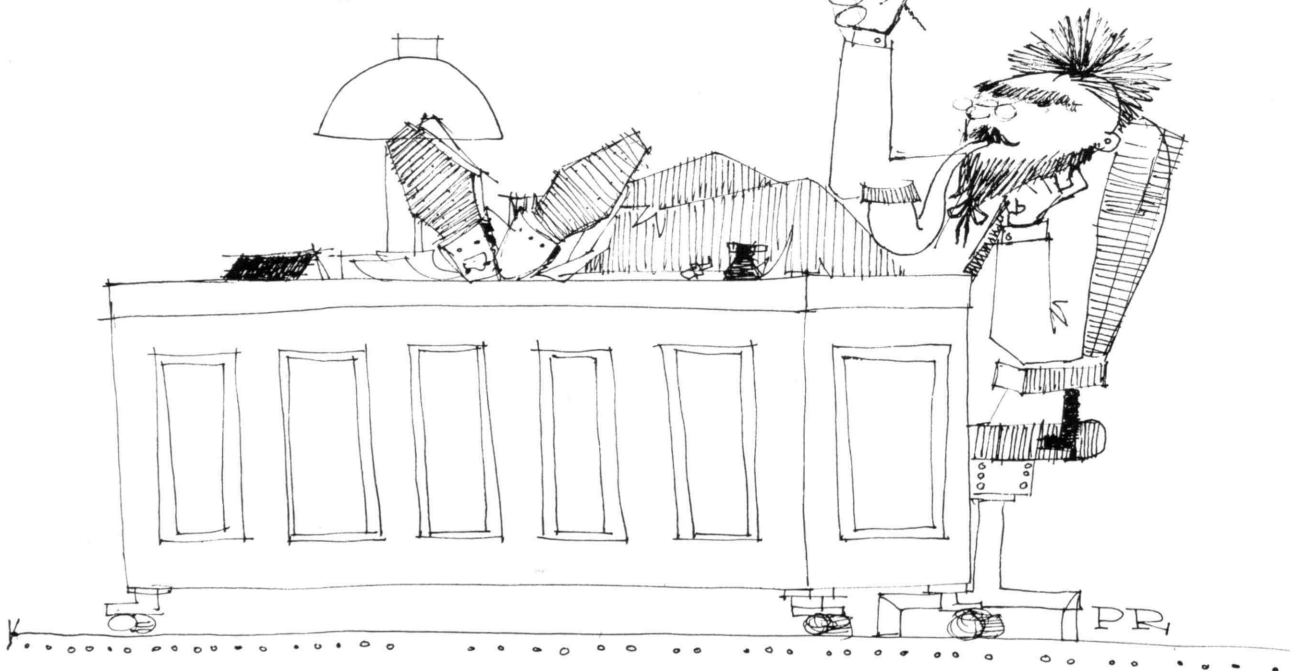
True story of the month: A fellow we know who is in England reports that he walked up to a Briton at a bus station and asked him, "Could you tell me where Piccadilly Circus is?" The Englishmen replied, "Yes, I could," and calmly got onto the bus.

The Senior Board notes without comment the engagement of ex-editor Chris Sprague and The Tech, Chairman, Linda Greiner.

Last sales day a little old man from Physical Plant with a broom in his hand stepped up to one of our sales stands and said, "You guys really ought to reform. The jokes you print are really terrible and I don't see how you get away with them." We got a special kick out of the comment because that was our Dean's Office issue.



# THE FINISHING TOUCH



There is, I have always maintained, no more relaxing place than the basement of the main building. True, you may at first be depressed by the sickly lighting, the peeling paint of unutterably disgusting colors, and the pipes and heating vents which form a tangled mess on the ceiling and remind you that you are indeed in the bowels of the Institute. But after being carried hither and thither at the irresistible whim of the crowds which swarm the upper halls and finally being deposited somewhere a mile away from the locale of your next class, you find something remarkably appealing about the blessed emptiness and silence down there.

I was strolling through the basement of Building Five, idly amusing myself by reading the signs on the doors as I passed when suddenly an unfamiliar one caught my eye:

5-016  
**MELVILLE GROGAN, ESQ.**  
Professor of Criminology

Opening the door, I discovered a neat room containing several new filing cabinets and a large desk. Behind the latter sat a dark, wiry man in a black suit and tie, chewing on a cold pipe.

"Hello," said he. "You must be the fellow in Course XIV who wants to write a thesis on the use of the sub-machine gun in American crime."

Hesitantly, I explained that I had looked in only out of idle curiosity. He invited me to sit down. I complied, remarking that I had not known that MIT had professors of criminology.

"Only has one," he replied genially. "I am unique here, unless you count my two assistant professors. Right now I'm agitating for my own department."

I ventured to state my opinion that criminology should come under Dept. XIV.

"Not my kind of criminology," he smiled. "It deserves one of its own - the Department of Criminal Engineering."

He glanced at his wrist watch. "The other fellow probably won't show up today, so if you care to listen, I'll elucidate." And with that he began to tell me his story:

"Before I became aware of the possibilities presented by MIT I was merely an ordinary Boston racketeer, although highly placed in the ranks of crime. Then I read a newspaper article about the Institute, became interested, and did some research. Immediately, I saw that unlimited

opportunity beckoned. I regretfully took leave of my associates in the mob and removed to Cambridge with my two lieutenants, Monk and Rico.

"My first step was to ask for a professorship. Naturally, my request was indignantly refused, whereupon I began my campaign.

"I had several hundred pocket gophers shipped in and, one dark night, loosed them on the Great Court. By morning not a blade of grass was left. In a few days the hedges started to go. B. & P. (as the Physical Plant was known at the time) was powerless in the face of the rodents' audacity, which was such as to induce them actually to climb up on the desks to leer at students.

"When maximum disorganization had been achieved by this method, I struck again. This time I robbed the cashier's office in broad daylight. I timed it carefully to coincide with the Voo Doo sale so that Building Ten would be full of interested bystanders. Many students stood there and cheered me on, but kindly desisted when the security guard showed signs of being awakened by the noise.

"As the Administration remained stubborn, I swung into the next stage of my campaign. For several days I paced the halls, pinpointing the position of the bursar's office. Then one night I sneaked into the basement of Building Ten and affixed a bomb to the ceiling at just the right spot. Next morning at 7:30 Room 10-180 mysteriously exploded, strewing the halls with wrecked filing cabinets and scraps of paper. Still the obstinate powers of the Institute refused me, even when I kidnapped the President and held him for ransom - the ransom being, of course, my professorship. In disgust, I released the poor man unharmed.

"It was, by then, obvious that extreme measures were called for. So I stole the Great Dome."

"God!" I exclaimed in stunned admiration. "How did you do it? And where in - where in the Institute could you hide it?"

He smiled. "How - well, that's my secret. But as to hiding the thing, it was simple. I merely made off with several of the large pillars in the Building Seven lobby, set them in a hollow circle, put the Dome atop them, painted the whole mess blue and donated it anonymously to MIT as a Van de Graaf generator."

"And you got your professorship," I said.

"Yes indeed." He lit his pipe. "The Administration finally made a deal with me. I am now a full professor, but am under contract not to kidnap Institute personnel, rob or blow up Institute offices, or steal the Great Dome. Also, I had to return the Dome and the money from the cashier's office, redecorate the bursar's office, and exterminate the gophers. You may have heard the legend that for years past the Great Court was just so much bare dirt. It's true. The little beasts did a thorough job.

"I also returned Buildings 20 and 17A, which I had previously stolen, and a few math and humanities instructors - it seems that no one had missed either group."

I grinned, "I'll have to remember that: all you have to do to bring the Institute to its knees is steal the Great Dome."

"Oh, that's not really what did it, it was only the penultimate stroke. The Corporation shrugged off the loss of the Dome, albeit un- easily. It was my next stratagem that made them scream for mercy."

I couldn't imagine what could be worse than stealing the Great Dome. "What was it?" I asked breathlessly.

He smiled with quiet pride. "I jammed the lock of every men's room in the Institute."

- G. N. Gabbard

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CENES

AT THE

INSTITUTE



"I have a 5.0"



"Sorry! It's 2 o'clock, and the Bursar's Office is closed."



"I've got an idea, Let's raise tuition!"





"Don't you think this initiation has gone far enough?"



"Stop griping! Every coxswain gets thrown in the river after a race!"



"... but I have a 12:30 curfew."

# THE STATUS SEEKER

On the night of November fifth a vigilante committee swooped down on a poor soul in East Campus and accused him of breaking the most sacred of all commandments. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Institute in vain." With vengeance in their eyes, they proceeded to tear the creature apart mentally. Now, the specific reason for the action of this committee took root many years ago.

To the few who knew him in Portsmouth, N.H., Charles Marvin, a studious youth with great ambition, showed promise of becoming a great scientist or engineer. He worked hard to attain his goal of gaining admission to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Unfortunately, when the judgment time for high school seniors came, poor Charles was passed over; however, Charles would not take this lying down. He had told everyone that he was going to go to Tech, and nothing could or would stop him - even the admissions office.

He went to Lowell Tech to make up his high school deficiencies. All the while he told his friends and relatives that he was going to the Institute. His friends had no reason to doubt him, for he was a fairly intelligent boy. Before long he was mingling with the tools of Tech, and he even fooled a few into thinking he was one of them.

And then it happened! Charles met The Girl. She was intelligent, attractive, rich, everything a fellow could want. Her family felt he was worthy of their daughter, for he had told them he was going to the Institute on a full scholarship. He was even working on highly technical research projects in Chemical Engineering. He had attained the highest goal of all - a 5.0 cum. Yes, the girl's parents approved of him.

Students looked up to Charles. He could always be consulted in Talbot Lounge. He wasn't taking the regular Chem. E. courses because he had got advanced standing in them by studying at other colleges. He had done the equivalent of Chem. E. labs at home, where he supposedly had a ten thousand dollar chemistry set.

When Charles reached what was supposedly

his junior year he invited his girl to the Junior Prom and ordered a 1961 ring.

But Charles couldn't fool everyone. Fred Howard, a Chem. E. junior, was suspicious of him. He couldn't believe that anyone could be so smart as to advance stand 5.611 lab. Fred also noticed that Charlie carried a humanities book two days in a row, and Fred knew that humanities classes were held every other day. He passed the word of his suspicions and did some more checking up on Charles. No other Chem. E. junior could remember seeing Charles in any of his classes. Charles had forgotten to submit a schedule card to the information office this term, and, to top it all off, he wasn't listed in the new student directory.

Fred told another friend, Frank Carter, about Charles Marvin. Frank and some of his friends were interested in meeting this fraudulent student. They formed a vigilante committee, cornering poor Charles in an East Campus room. They fired questions at him and found that Charles could not correctly define entropy.

With fire in their eyes, they began to twist the knife they had just stabbed him with. They made him confess and tear up his phony bursar's card. With sweat beading his brow and moisture in his eyes, Charles agreed to leave the sacred campus forever. His life was ruined! He would have to tell his girl, his parents, and his friends that he had had to leave Tech.

The committee stalked off, pleased with members their work. "He put on a good show - while it lasted," they said, and laughed heartlessly over a cold beer in the *Voo Doo* office.

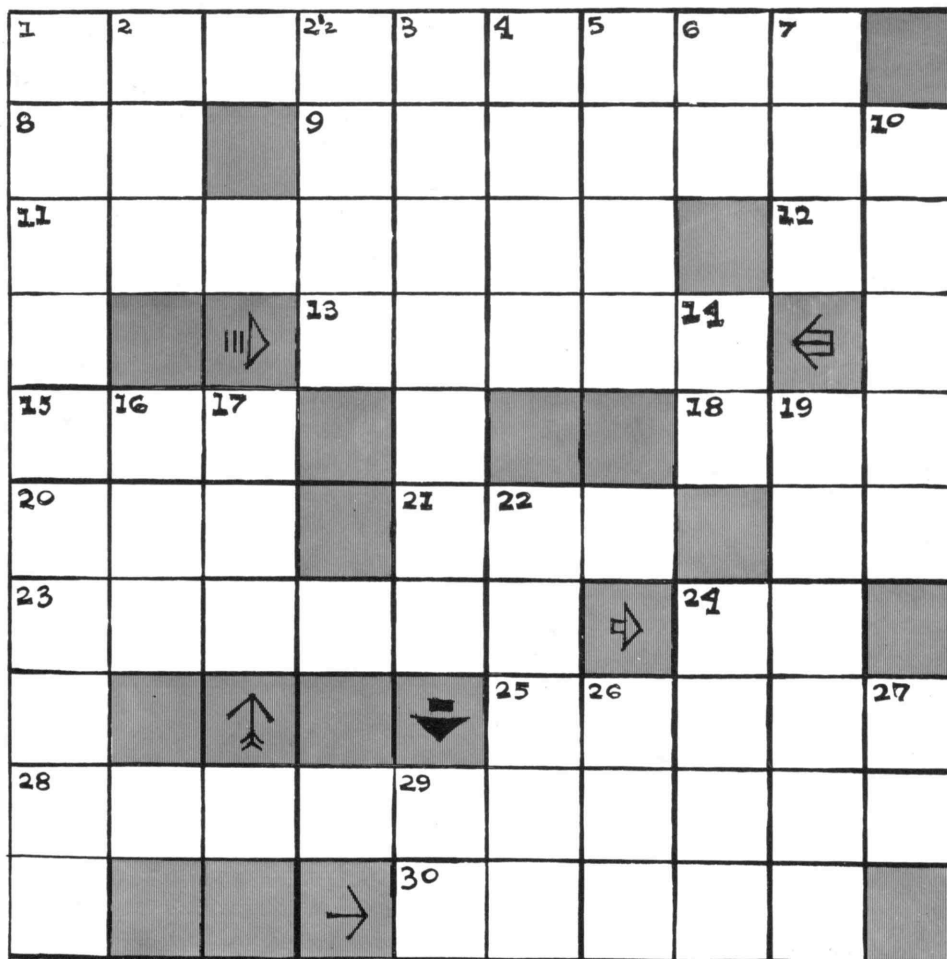
But it seems that Charles has had the last laugh after all. He is still putting over the same illusion on his girl and his family. He hangs around Talbot lounge, and wanders around the Great Court carrying no books heavier than humanities paper backs five days a week. And the worst of it is that Frank and the committee can't do a thing about it.

How did Charles do it? Simple: he merely enrolled at B.U. and got a job with Tech Show.

- Stan Rosenblum

# WASTE YOUR TIME DOING VOO DOO'S

## CROSSWORD MATRIX



Across

Down

1. "Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only ——— can make a tree."

8. An International Debate Society

9. The noise made by a Boxe.

11. Real Hair

12. 6th. Note on the Musical Scale

13. Mystic tongue of the computers.

15. A type of Dog.

18. Nautical Posterior

20. Just as easy as sixteen down.

21. What you can get at Scollay Square.

23. Vaunted instrument of torture.

24. If you don't get this, you're out.

25. Equivalent of a 4.6 Term Rating.

28. Fundamental Law of the Institute.

30. What we used to think Shad Roe was made of.

1. The future of the Nation rests in its' hands.

2. Former Idol of Freshman Coeds

2 1/2. Little Boy's Athletic Organization

3. Cause of Scholastic grief.

4. Largest on-campus portal Fraternity.

5. Million

6. A Figment of Freud's imagination.

7. Nothing at all.

10. The feeling you have the morning after,

14. Twelve across, sirrah!

16. ——— for the road.

17. Dumped into Harbor by Indians posing as Bostonians

19. Coming soon! Don't miss them!

22. Printed by the tech.

24. Alaskan Beer is naturally ———.

26. One of a succession of laughs.

27. This is a real gasser!

29. The answer to this one is .....

(See page 22 for solution)

# Strapless Evening Gowns

by CHARLES E. SEIM, C.E.  
*Reprinted From California Engineer*

SINCE the beginning of recorded history, the human being has worn some type of clothing either for protection or warmth. However, the present trend among the "fair sex" is to wear clothing not for protection or warmth, but solely to attract the attention of the opposite sex. To be more specific, it is through the use of clothing that the female most effectively catches the eye of the very appreciative but totally unsuspecting male.

A variety of methods are employed to bring about this libido awakening infliction on the poor male. One very popular method employed by the female is to wear transparent, or seemingly transparent, cloth to good advantage in certain areas. A common example of this type of clothing is the transparent nylon blouse. Another powerful attention-gathering device is the tightly fitting garment. A well-known example of this type of weapon is the sweater. Yet another provoking method is by actually reducing the amount of body area covered by cloth. A good example of this method is the modern bathing suit. A delightful device which has sufficiently aroused the notice and curiosity of the masculine sex is the use of durable but fragile appearing clothing which gives the impression that at any moment the garment will slip down or that, better yet, certain parts might slip out of place. The best example of this method of attract-

ing the attention of the weak and susceptible male is the strapless evening gown.

Effective as the strapless evening gown is in attracting attention, it presents tremendous engineering problems to the structural engineer. He is faced with the problem of designing a dress which appears as if it will fall off at any moment and yet actually keeping it up with some small factor of safety. Some of the problems faced by the engineer readily appear from the following structural analysis of strapless evening gowns.

If a small elemental strip of cloth from a strapless evening gown is isolated as a free body in the area of plane A of Fig. 1, it can be seen that the tangential force  $F_1$  is balance by the equal and opposite tangential force  $F_2$ . Also the downward vertical force  $W$  caused by the weight of the dress below plane A is balanced by the force  $F$  acting vertically upward due to the stress in the cloth above plane A. Therefore, since the algebraic summation of vertical and horizontal forces is zero, and no moments are acting, the elemental strip is in equilibrium. But consider an elemental strip of cloth isolated as a free body in the area of plane B of Fig. 1. The two tangential forces  $F_1$  and  $F_2$  are equal and opposite as before, but the force  $W$  due to the weight of the dress below plane B is not balanced by an upward force  $F$  because there is no cloth above

plane B to supply this force. The algebraic summation of horizontal forces is zero but the algebraic summation of vertical forces is not. Therefore, this elemental strip is not in equilibrium—but it is imperative, for social reasons, that this elemental strip be in equilibrium. If the female is naturally blessed with sufficient pectoral development, she can supply this very vital force and thereby place the elemental strip in equilibrium. If she is not, the engineer has to supply this force by artificial methods.

In some instances the engineer has made use of friction to supply this force. The friction force is expressed by  $F = fN$  where  $F$  is the frictional force,  $f$  is the coefficient of friction and  $N$  is the normal force acting perpendicularly to  $F$ . Since for a given female and a given dress,  $f$  is constant; then to increase  $F$ , the normal force  $N$  has to be increased. One obvious method of increasing the normal force is to make the diameter of the dress at line C, Fig. 1, smaller than the diameter of the female at this point. This has, however, the disadvantage of causing the fibers along line C to collapse and if too much force is developed the wearer will experience undue discomfort.

As if the problem were not complex enough, some females require that the back of the gown be lowered to increase the exposure and correspondingly attract more attention. In this case the horizontal



forces  $F$  and  $F_2$  are no longer acting horizontally, but are acting downward at an angle  $\alpha$  with the horizontal as shown by  $T_1$  and  $T_2$  of Fig. 1. Therefore, there is a total downward force equal to the weight of the dress below plane B plus the vector summation  $F'$  of the two inclined forces  $T_1$  and  $T_2$ . But this vector sum  $F'$  increases in magnitude as the back is lowered because  $F' = 2T_1 \sin \alpha$  and the angle  $\alpha$  increases as the back is lowered. Thus the vertical upward force  $F$ , which has to be supplied for equilibrium is greatly increased for low-back gowns. Also since there is no cloth around the back of the wearer, the force acting through the elemental strip B, perpendicular to the vertical axis of the female, is greatly re-

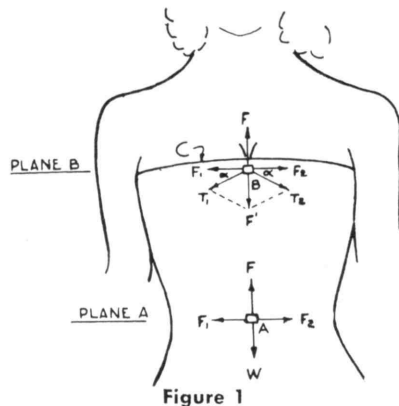


Figure 1

duced and it is this force which keeps the evening gown from falling forward, away from the wearer—attracting attention by this method is considered unfair tactics among females. Therefore, for very low-back evening gowns the engineer has to resort to bone or wire frameworks to supply sufficient vertical and perpendicular forces.

If the actual force supplied is divided by the minimum force that is required to hold the dress up, the resulting quotient defines a factor of safety. This factor of safety should be as large as possible, but here the engineer runs into the difficulty of keeping the frameworks light and inconspicuous. Therefore, a compromise must be made between a heavy framework and a low factor of

safety. With ingenious use of these frameworks, the backs of strapless evening gowns may be lowered until cleavage is impending.

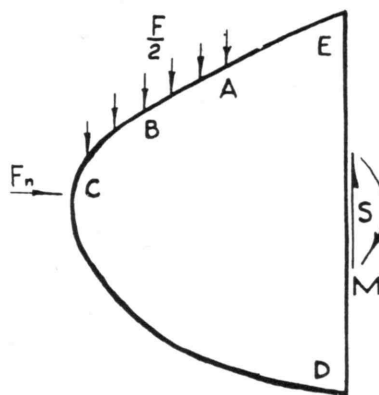


Figure 2

Assuming the female is naturally endowed to supply the vertical force  $F$  still leaves the problem incomplete unless an analysis is made of the structures supplying this force. These structures are of the nature of cantilever beams. Fig. 2 shows one of these cantilever beams (minus any aesthetical details) removed as a free-body (and indeed many such beams can be, in reality, removed as free-bodies). Since the vertical force  $F$  of Fig. 1 is equally divided between two such beams, the force acting on any one beam is  $F/2$ . This force is distributed over the beam from A to C of Fig. 2. More exposure and correspondingly more attention can be had by moving the dress line from A toward B. Unfortunately there is a limit to the distance it can be moved. If,  $S$  = bearing stress,  $P$  = vertical force  $F/2$ , and  $A$  = area over which the bearing stress acts, then

$$S = P/A = \frac{F}{2} \frac{1}{A}$$

Since  $F/2$  is constant, if the area  $A$  is decreased, the bearing stress  $S$  must increase. The limit of exposure is reached when the area between B and C is reduced to a value which causes the bearing stress to increase to the "danger point."

A second condition exists which also limits the amount of expos-

ure. The vertical force,  $F/2$ , is balanced by a shear force  $S$  acting on the area from D to E and by an internal moment  $M$ , Fig. 2. The moment  $M$  causes tension in the fibers of the beams between E and A and compression in the fibers between C and D. As the dress line is moved from A toward B, the moment  $M$  is increased thereby increasing the tension and compression in the fibers. The second limit of exposure is reached when the tension and compression stresses in these critical areas reach the "danger point."

Since these evening gowns are worn to dances, an occasional horizontal force  $F_h$ , shown in Fig. 2, is accidentally delivered to the end of the beam causing impact loading. This impact loading causes compression in all the fibers of the beam. This compression tends to cancel the tension in the fibers between E and A but it increases the compression in the fibers between C and D. The critical area is at point D, as the fibers here are subjected not only to compression due to moment and impact, but also to shear due to the force  $S$ . With the combination of a low, heavy dress and impact loading, the fibers at point D can be stressed to the "danger point."

Little is known about the elastic properties of the fibers in these beams. Such properties as the elastic limit, ultimate strengths in tension and compression, and the modulus of elasticity,  $E$ , have never been determined. That is why the critical stresses above have been referred to as "the danger point."

There are several reasons why these properties have never been determined. For one, there is a scarcity of these beams for experimental investigation. Many females have been asked to volunteer for experiments along these lines in the interest of science, but unfortunately there have been no cooperative subjects. Also there is the difficulty of the investigator having the strength of mind to ascertain purely the scientific facts.

# YOU

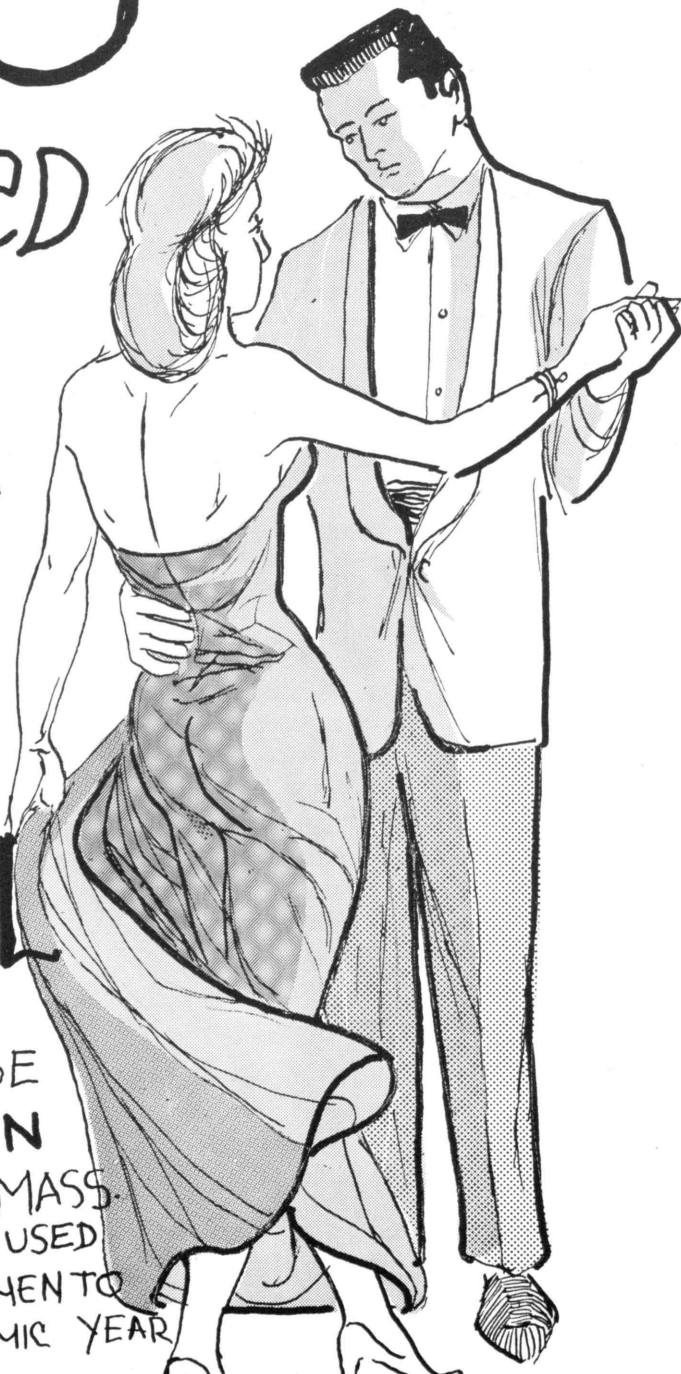
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May 14 8-12

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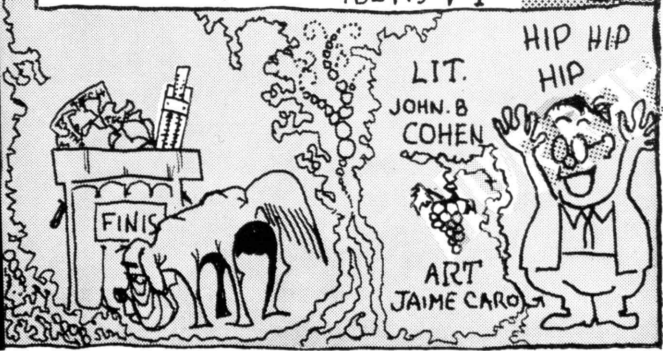
SO WE FIND OUR TYPICAL TECHMAN AT MT. RADLEY! ... NATURALLY, OUR RADLEY GIRL, WHO IS INTELLIGENT AND POSSESSES A FARSIGHTED SENSE OF VALUES, BYPASSES THE ORDINARY CHALLIS, TWEED YOUTH. SHE SEEKS THE DEEP, INNER QUALITIES OF THE MIT STUDENT...



THUS WE FIND A WARM RELATIONSHIP DEVELOPING AND DEVELOPING, DEVELOPING, DEVELOPING



HUH, I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE IT'S V-T



The novice golfer stepped up to the first tee and hit the ball. It was a slice but by some freak chance it went onto the green for a hole in one. The golfer stepped up to the second tee and wacked the ball again. This time the ball hooked and bounced but somehow it rolled into the cup again. The golfer was a nervous wreck as he turned to his friend, "Boy, that was something," he sighed, "I thought I'd miss that one."



I don't know what's the matter with my car today. The crankcase won't crank, the distributor won't distribute, and the piston's won't work either.



A tramp was walking past a farm very early in the morning and felt real hungry. So he walked into the kitchen of the farm house, without the farmer hearing him, and took the eggs out of the ice box. But he didn't want the farmer to know so he just made a little pin hole in each egg and put the empty shells back in the box. When the farmer came down for breakfast he took out an egg and cracked it open but nothing came out. He grabbed another egg and the something happened. When he didn't get anything out of the next egg he tried he grabbed his shot gun, ran down to the chicken house and exclaimed, "All right, which one of you damn roosters been using contraceptives."

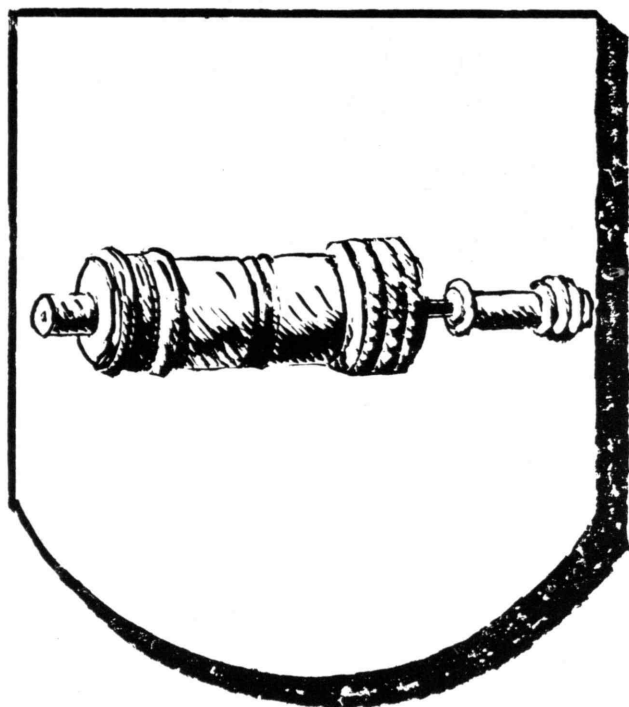


On a farm in the deep South, some visitors once left a can of gasoline. Since there were no motor driven vehicles on the farm, the Mrs. decided that the stuff must have been made to clean the outhouse with. About half an hour after she finished washing the walls with it, old grandpa made a trip to the outhouse, and seating himself, proceeded to light up one of his favorite cheroots. The explosion was heard for miles around.

They found grandpa sitting in a briar patch, charred, but unhurt. The Mrs. was the first to spot him.

"Grandpa, grandpa...what happened!"

"Dunno", the old man muttered, "Musta been somethin' I et."



*Apothecaries' banner (15th Cent.)  
bearing enema syringe symbol.*

"Man seems to have marched along the road of history, Enema tube in hand. Its invention is as much a tribute to the creative powers that distinguish him from his lesser relatives as that other invention - the wheel."

"Louis XIV is reported to have had more than 2,000 enemas himself, often having one administered while conducting court business."

"But it was not until the 20th century produced the plastic squeeze bottle that enemas were able to achieve their present state of simplicity and elegance."

Our marvelous twentieth century!!!!!!  
(*The Enema: Indications and Technics,*  
*C.B. Fleet Co. Inc., Lynchburg, Va.*)



Hale and hearty at the age of eighty, the old man startled everybody by his continuing clarity of thought and physical well-being. "To what do you attribute your great good health in your eightieth year?" asked a reporter. The man replied cheerfully, "It's because I never smoked, drank, or touched a girl - until I was eleven years old."



# Voo Doo SPENDS A PERFECT SUMMER.

As the warmth of the outdoors increases, and the rain of dew-filled spheroids hurled from the roofs of East Campus dribbles to a mere shower; as the glory of spring subtly turns into the placidness of Summer; as finals creep upon us — the haggard seeker after the wonders of science suddenly realizes that soon he will be released from his stifling, temporal dorm room, and will return in triumph (or perhaps defeat) to whence he came, to frolic for a too-short time during his Summer Vacation.

We realize that the average tool, by the end of May, has completely forgotten how to enjoy himself. He looks forward to long hours of sleep, real food (the edible kind), and perhaps seeing the home-town girlfriend. But this gentle, toolish fellow doesn't really know what he wants to do this summer, does he? Of course not. Therefore, we have laid out a program to be followed rigorously from June until the beginning of next term. If anyone is smart enough to take our meager suggestions this summer, let us know.

- June 4. Drag yourself to the airport, or the bus station, or whatever. Place yourself on selected transportation. Write the name of your home town on a piece of paper, pin it to your shirt. You'll be asleep when you get there.
- June 5. Have someone at home pick you up at the station and take you home. You remain asleep throughout.
- June 6. Sleep...dream...aha! That's how you could have solved that hairy problem on the Physics final...have someone feed you...still asleep.
- June 7. Wake up. Eat. Keep mumbling..boy, what a final!
- June 8. Wake up. Read an old Voo Doo. Laugh. Read an old *The Tech*. Go back to sleep.

June 9. You are on the road to recuperation. You may sit up in bed. Smoke, if you like. Have a shot of tequila. Wow! What was that stuff? Have another shot of tequila.

June 10. Hangover. Feel bad.

June 11. Grades come in mail. Feel worse.

June 12. Get out of bed, dammit!

June 13. This is Monday. Look for a job.

June 14. This is Tuesday. Look for a job.

June 15. This is Wednesday. Look for a job.

June 16. This is Thursday. Have another shot of tequila. Boy! Have a date with good old Sandra, from down the block. She is neither old nor good.

June 17. Go out with the old gang. Ride around looking for trouble. Don't find it. Have another shot of tequila. Well, maybe two. It's not so expensive. Wanna Drag Race? My Simca against your grungy volkswagen. I can beat hell out of that roach!

June 18. Saturday morning. Raise bail. Get out of jail. What happened last night, anyway? Have tow truck dispose of Simca. That's okay; the Volkswagen got creamed too. Have some more tequila.

June 19. Boy, that tequila is good!

June 20. You know, if you shtarted drinking like thish, at good oldt Massachusss-ssetss Institution of Technolology, you'd flunk out! Thash right. Have shum tequila.

June 21–September 10.....Can't remember...was fun, though. What a hangover. Boy, that tequila tastes bad. What a hang-over.

Sept. 19. Yep, you guessed it. It's a fate worse than death. Back to the Institute. What ever happened to the summer? Back to the old Greasy Grind. Buy books, take notes. Buy *Voo Doo*. Tool.

— Edwin L. Pragma

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## LINUS THIGBEE

It was many and many a year ago,  
In an institute by the 'C',  
That a Techman there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Linus Thigbee;  
And this Techman he lived with no other thought  
Than to find the square root of 'Z'.

He was wild and his theory was wild,  
In this institute by the 'c';  
But he worked at his work - so much work -  
This theory of Linus Thigbee;  
But work so modern that the less able at Tech  
Coveted his square root theory.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this institute by the 'C',  
A wind blew in through a window, chilling  
Our studious Linus Thigbee;  
So that his thesis advisor came  
And bore away the 'Z',  
To shut it up in the Dean's Office  
In this institute by the 'C'.

The math majors, not half so happy in Eighteen,  
Went envying Linus Thigbee -  
Yes! that was the reason (as all tools know,  
In this institute by the 'C')  
That the steam had gone off in his room that night,  
Chilling and killing our Linus Thigbee.

But the theory it was stronger than the theories  
Of those who were older than he -  
Of many a Ph.D.  
That neither the profs *who brought in the wind*,  
Nor the coeds across the 'C',  
Can ever dissever the 'Z' from the soul  
Of the studious Linus Thigbee.

For the dome never gleams without bringing tools  
dreams

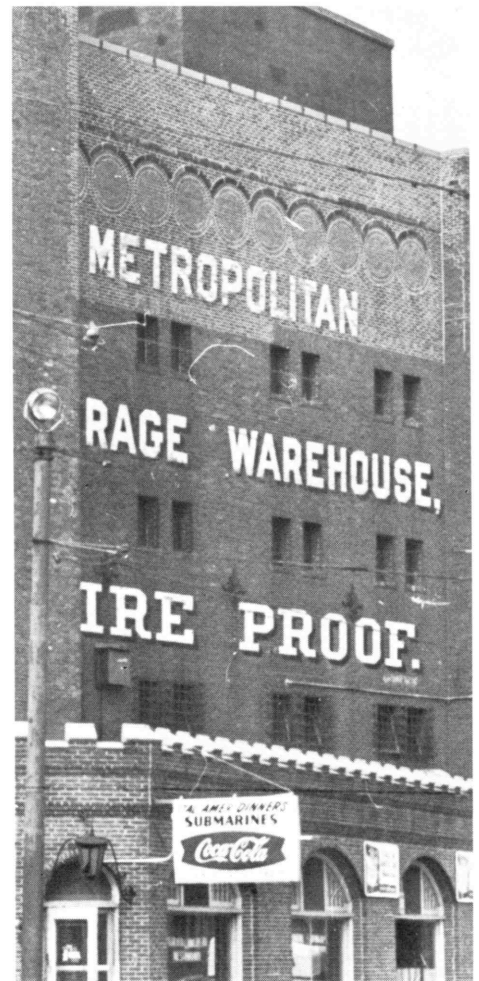
Of the studious Linus Thigbee;  
And they utter wild cries when they think of the  
size

Of the cerebrum of Linus Thigbee;  
And so all the night-tide, they freeze by the side  
Of their hero - their leader - their joy and their  
pride,

In his sepulchre there by the 'C',  
In his room by the smelly 'C'.

- Judith Kimball  
with apologies to E.A. Poe

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"Doctor," she asked anxiously, am I finally cured?"

"Yes Miss Jones," replied the analyst. "I feel that we finally have your kleptomania under control and you can go out into the world like anyone else."

"Oh Doctor, I'm so grateful," said the woman. "I don't know how to ever repay you for all you've done for me."

"My fee is ample payment," said the analyst. "However, if you should happen to have a relapse you might pick up a small transistor radio for my son."



A bra manufacturer who sells his product under the slogan. "Every Girl Wants EMBARGO" was asked why he picked "EMBARGO" for a trade name. "At first glance you may think it's foolish, he explained, "But spelled backwards, it has tremendous sales appeal."



A new maid turned up at the Vanderbricks to help at the big dance. "From seven to eight," Mrs. Vanderbrick instructed her, "you are to stand at the ballroom entrance and call the guests' names as they arrive."

"What jolly fun that will be," enthused the maid. "I know a couple of beauts!"



A Boston policeman waved a lady motorist over to the curb and complained, "Madam, why have you no red light on the rear of your car?" "Officer," she answered angrily, "it is not that kind of a car."



Little Boy: "Daddy, get me a drink of water."

Daddy: "Just a minute son."

Little Boy: (After a short wait) "Daddy, please get me a drink of water."

Daddy: "Just a minute son, just a minute!"

Little Boy (after another wait): "Daddy, if you'll get me a drink of water, I'll shake the bed for Mama."



Down in the mountain country of the south they were trying a rape case and the victim was on the stand.

"Now, young lady," the prosecutor began, "please tell the court in your own words of your experience. First, can you identify the man?"

"That's the one," the girl pointed.

"And when did this occur?"

"As I remember, it was last June, July and August."



The co-ed came into her room at night and reported, "I went out with a millionaire from Detroit last night, and what do you think he gave me? Five hundred dollars!" "Zowie," jeered the girl from down the hall. "That's the first time I ever heard of a \$498 tip!"



A kindly Cadillac owner spied the driver of an old Model-T Ford in difficulties at a roadside and offered to tow him to the nearest garage. Along the way, he forgot all about his tow, and ran his speed up to ninety miles an hour with the Ford careening madly in his wake. A state trooper set out in pursuit, but was soon outdistanced. He phoned a side-kick twenty miles ahead and warned, "Get the driver of a green Cadillac coming your way. I'll bet he's doing a hundred." "Okay," was the reply. "And that isn't all," added the first trooper. "I don't expect you to believe me, but there's a loon in a Model-T Ford right behind that Cadillac, blowing his horn like crazy and trying to pass."



The difference between lovers and husbands is like day and night.



With a half hundred people looking on, he stepped up to the ball, took a mighty swing, and missed. Again he addressed the spheroid, swung and whished the air. A third time he tried, but to no avail. The crowd became highly embarrassed. But not so our hero. With a nonchlant smile he turned to the assembled multitude and remarked, "Tough course, isn't it?"

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# THE TELEPHONE

(a farce in 1 act)

SCENE: Anywhere, U.S.A. A room in an upper-middle class house. Prominent in center stage is Mr. Bell's demonic invention. The time is sometime in Early June. Enter Al Garp carrying suitcases. Al is a young man dressed in wrinkled khakis and a sweat shirt emblazoned "M.I.T." He is unshaven and weary after a two day bus ride following a week of finals. He deposits the luggage just inside the door, and which an inarticulate cry rushes for the phone. He hurriedly dials and almost as rapidly hangs up when he hears the busy signal. He then dials again.

VOICE OF OPERATOR. What number are you calling, please?

Al: PO 3-1141

Operator: I am sorry, but that number has been changed. Please consult your new directory. With an anguished cry our hero drops the receiver into its cradle and grabs for the directory. In his rush, he rips out several pages, which flutter to the floor. Once again he dials.

VOICE FROM TELEPHONE (that of a young girl about twelve).

Hello.

Al: Hello. Is Bettie there?

VOICE: Why, no. She left on a trip with a Sunday school group last week.

Al: (with a groan). When will she be back?

VOICE: About September first.

(Al looks stunned as he slowly hangs up. He sits dejectedly for a moment and then, as if the chair had suddenly changed into a seguario cactus, he leaps into the air and runs to the suitcases. Clothes fly in every direction. With a cry of triumph, he waves a small green book and leaps to the telephone. He thumbs through the book and dials yet again)

VOICE: Yes?

Al: Gayle? This is Al. How are you?

VOICE: I'm engaged.

Al: Hangs up.

(He leafs through the little book, but more slowly and much less confidently this time. He dials.)

VOICE: Battman's residence.

Al: Hello, Mrs. Battman. Is Martha there?

VOICE: Why, she got married three months ago. would you like her number?

Al: (In a weak, small voice). No thank you, it's not important. He hangs up and returns to the directory.

(He dials)

Al: Good morning, Mrs. Puffenberger. This is Al, I just got home, is Will there?

VOICE: How are you? It's good to hear from you, but you just missed Will. He left for Europe yesterday...I haven't seen any of the other boys this summer, either. Why don't you come over and have a can of beer?

Al: I'm sorry, but I have to unpack now. I'll come over soon, though. Goodbye.

(He hangs up. Then, very wearily, he rotates the dial once more.)

VOICE; Hi.

Al: Hi Charlie, this is Al. Do you think we can get up a poker game tonight?

VOICE: Damn, I wish I could, but I have to be at work at five tomorrow morning. When did you get in?

Al: That's a hell of a note. An honest bum like you lowering himself to the point of working. What's happened?

VOICE: Simple. I disproved that old theory about "lucky at cards, unlucky at love." I lost all the way around. Like I have to go now. See you around.

Al: Sure. So Long.

(He hangs up and resorts to the futile pages of the phone book again. With no sign of his former vigor, he dials.)

VOICE: Good morning. Pinkie's Liquor Store.

Al: Hi Pink. This is Al Garp. Would you deliver a fifth of Dewar's and a case of Bud to the house?

VOICE: I'M sorry, but Pinkie no longer owns the store; and since he left we don't deliver. Al. Thank you.

(He slams the receiver down, and after running through his well-stocked vocabulary, lovingly developed during many years in the cantinas of Tijuana, he dials.)

VOICE: Garp and Gaff, realtors. Mr. Garp speaking.

Al: Dad, where is my car?

VOICE: I took it in for a tune up. It should be ready tomorrow. Do you need it?

Al: No, that's okay.

(He hangs up and sits in silent contemplation for several minutes. Then with the air of a man being led to the execution chamber, he dials.)

VOICE: Campus Book Store.

Al: (using the well-tempered tones one would expect from an early Christian martyr as the lions entered the Coliseum) Do you have the *Mathematics of Physics and Modern Engineering* by Sokolnikoff and . . . .

(curtain)

- tex



A man walked into a lingerie shop and asked the sales girl for a brassiere.

"What size, please?" asked the girl.

"Seven and a half," he replied.

"Seven and a half!" gaped the girl. "You must be mistaken sir!"

"No mistake. I measure it myself."

"Well, uh, how did you take this measurement sir?"

"With my hat."



A college man walked into his room with two loaves of bread and six bottles of whisky under his arm. "Land's sake," his roommate marveled, "what in heck are you going to do with all that bread?"

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(Solution of Matrix from Page 9)

The director was having difficulty with the amateur actor with whom he was rehearsing a summer show.

"You've got to put timing and feeling into it," he said.

"Take that line where you enter and say, 'Cleopatra, Cleopatra, what have you done?' Stop after Cleopatra and take a couple of short breaths and then put some umph into 'What have you done?' Get it!"

The aspiring actor nodded. They regrouped the players, and set the scene again. Then he re-entered: "Cleopatra," he said, "Cleopatra (sniff, sniff), what have you done?"



Pastor Johnson preached long and earnestly about Jonah and the whale but that made little impression on old Mrs. Abernathy. On her way home she scoffed, "What's so wonderful about that Jonah spending three days in the stomach of a whale? My husband spent longer than that in the stomach of an alligator," "Sure'nough?" asked an incredulous stranger in town. "How long would you say?" Mrs. Abernathy did some hasty calculating, then announced, "It's goin' on three years now."



A group of girls were talking one day and one of them asked another, "Tell me, what do you think about sex?"

"Oh, it's a pain in the rear end."

"Oh, no wonder, you've been doing it all wrong."



A man walked in to his dorm with a broken arm and his friend asked him what happened. "I fell out of a window."

"Well since you're going to be out of commission for a while, why don't you give me the name of the sexy girl you've been taking out?"

The man thought for a while and replied, "Well I guess it would be all right but call up first and if a man answers, hang up, because he's probably the one who threw me out the window."

On an Alabama plantation there was once a husky farm hand who had a fantastic reputation with every lady within a radius of thirty miles. One day his boss said, "Mose, I'd like for you to visit my friend Colonel Parker's place over in Louisiana. He's got seventy-three gal's working for him and nary one man, and I told him you'd be just the man to remedy a situation like that." "Just how far from here," inquired Mose, "is that place of Colonel Parker's?" "Two hundred and forty-two miles," said the boss. "Anything you say," declare Mose dubiously, "but that's a mighty big distance to travel for just one day's work!"



The sociology prof explained to his evening adult education class how varied were the sex habits of different individuals. Just to prove his point he asked the married members of his class to tell into what category the frequency of their marital relations belonged.

A few hands were raised for the frequency of more than once a day. Still more hands went up when the prof said one to two days. The majority were from three to seven days. A sprinkling of hands showed for one week to one month.

Just to check, the prof asked for over one month. One smiling man at the back of the room raised his hand. "Just out of curiosity," the prof asked, "how often do you indulge?" The man replied, "Once a year." When questioned as to the reason for his bright smile, he answered, "Tonight's the night!"




The Shah of Budstan was once stranded on an island with no one but his jester. Now the Shah was used to a harem, so he naturally got pretty bored. "Jester," he said after seven days, "It's been a week now. You've got to do something." So the jester told the Shah some new jokes and sang him some songs.

By the end of the second week the king was really annoyed. To soothe him, the jester made up some more songs and did a few tricks for him.

Five weeks passed and the Shah was really on edge. This time the jester tried to do some new tricks and tried some juggling.

Well, by eight weeks the Shah was at his wit's end.



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MANUFACTURERS and DISTRIBUTORS of HIGH QUALITY HUMOR MAGAZINES

Dividends will be declared in  
proportion as the success of the  
Dixie Peach Palm Hair Grease  
Enterprises Incorporated.

This Stock Convertible to Pepsi-Cola Treasure Tops  
Upon Demand of Bearer

NOTE: THIS STOCK NON-TRANSFERABLE, EXCEPT FOR SHARES  
IN THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE; SOUTH SEA PEARLS, INC.,  
AND YUKON ORANGE GROVES, LTD.

This Stock Registered with S.E.C. (Swindlers, Embezzlers & Crooks)