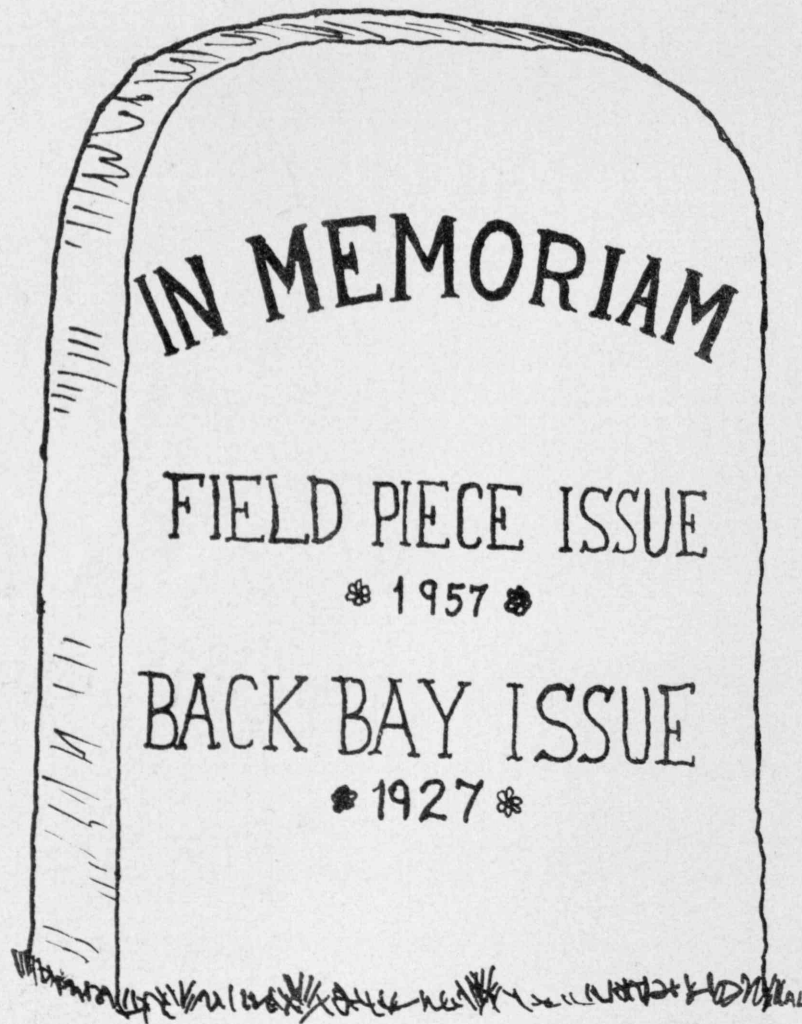


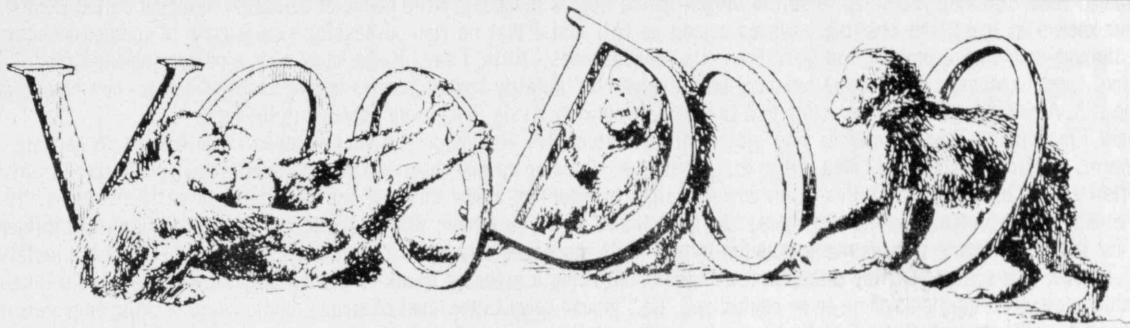
1961



TAKE ME BACK NUMBER · 35¢



•MAY THEY REST IN PEACE•



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Once upon a time, 100 long years ago, a sort of dragon called Rogers founded a little house of detention which he called Boston Tech. Little did he know - at least, the charitably-minded among us will insist that no man possessing even a grain of common decency could have gone through with such a project, had he foreseen its consequences - little, I say, did he know what a paragon among Grand Guignols his creation was to become: a concentration camp unchallenged for brutality toward inmates before Sachsenhausen - now having craftily employed the U.S. Armed Forces as an unwitting tool to eliminate its only rivals, once more supreme in the field.

This very Frankenstein among colleges was ejected from Boston when its noxious influence began to pollute the atmosphere of cultured refinement. Naturally enough, it found refuge in...Cambridge. Packing up their bags hastily and secretively, the brutal administrators of the day flew across the stinking Charles under cover of night to establish a new and more sadistic hell-hole on the site of the city dump.

Oddly enough, these outcasts of the left bank, these SS fiends of the academic world, gained more and more power and influence as conditions in the camp became progressively more horrifying. Both processes may be attributed to the increasing size of the installation, which grew, indeed, like a blob of filthy protoplasm, eventually engulfing a sizeable chunk of the riverside. Every state in the Union sent its intractable scientific intellects there to be neutralized, i.e., ground down to the level of simple, conforming, hacking engineers during a four-to-five-year sentence with extra time for low marks on the gruelling series of obstacle "courses" which the barbaric bosses call remedial "education".

Then in 1919 a group of the odder inmates decided that prison riots were no longer effective in calling the attention of the outer world to the abuses which even yet go on within the monstrous gray ramparts of "Tech" - called by the prisoners, appropriately enough, "Hell" - and so the MIT VOO DOO was born. The few people in the know prefer to count their dates from this epochal period; but Whoopgaroo, the MIT underground organization whose members are drawn exclusively from the VOO DOO staff, has not yet succeeded in toppling the savage overlords of "education" from their gold-plated thrones; consequently it is in this year that we celebrate the centennial of MIT, instead, of waiting until 2019 as we should.

VOO DOO, however, has managed in the past 40 years or so to elevate the morale of the inmates whom it represents, to a sizeable degree - although, its efforts have been somewhat hampered of late through the rising influence of a slavish Administration-backed organ known as "the tech". Claiming falsely to be itself the voice of the prisoners, it has - but you know what life here is like now. Let Phos, the magazine's patron saint, tell you how it was back in the good old days ...

— The Editor

Phos Reminisces . . .



Some of us can still remember the days of the old barracks during the war. Some of us are still taking the same courses we used to in the days of the old barracks during the war. Further back than this, only ancient loaded alumni can remember . . .

The puny little water fights our present lethargic freshmen half-heartedly slop around with are insults to the memory of the noble campaigns the boys in the barracks once fought. Tech was full of enlisted men then. They took their water fights seriously. These were men whose valiant work on the field with maria, fire hydrants, surplus fuel pumps and soggy toilet paper spoke eloquently of the courage, resourcefulness and strength of our men in the Armed Forces. They still tell of the night barracks B critically depleted the Cambridge sewer system

via siphon in favor of barracks C, who, after admiring their nine inches of slime in the morning, retaliated the next night in favor of barracks B by puncturing three water pipes and a gas main.

And the mammoth conflicts utilizing the lethal snapping towel; who could forget those? Amid the thick of the melée when it was every man for himself and the air couldn't be breathed for the smoke and the beer, and the eye couldn't see for the flying pillows, and the beds served as barricades, we remember the coolness of Grungy Albert, seated safely on one of the rafters overhead with five cans of beer ranged neatly alongside of him, shouting orders that no one listened to and dropping mattresses indiscriminately as the urge moved him.

The Tech man in those days was an individual.

If the situation arose where a neat stunt could be pulled off, it was executed with artfulness and delicacy. There was never any lack of hands to see it through.

The patriarchs tell of the undergraduate who took a room in an overly respectable Back Bay boarding house. He brought considerable ham equipment with him and would sit in front of bulky electronic apparatus late into the night mumbling into microphones and writing mysterious messages on scraps of paper. At length his landlady, a proper Bostonian from the word stop, grew suspicious. On cleaning his room she found strange formulii and equations in the notebooks on his desk, and the wastebasket contained slips of paper carrying such information as: "8:53, W1WPA, QRM 71 MC."

Thoroughly alarmed she voiced her suspicions to other tenants, and the word got around to the undergraduate.

Early one morning a few days later, he left the house as usual, bundled up in his high collared trench coat and carrying a brown briefcase. Scarcely had he closed the door under the suspicious eyes of the landlady, when a large black Cadillac with California license plates drew up to the building. Two men also in high collared trench coats got out and climbing the stairs, enquired of the landlady as to his whereabouts. She told them that the man they desired had just left and pointed through the window. There he was, walking leisurely on the opposite sidewalk. Quickly they wheeled about and ran downstairs to their car. The Cadillac made a rapid U turn and then crept slowly down the street until at last it was abreast of the young man. The two in the car jumped out and grabbed the youth. There was a great struggle witnessed by passersby and the landlady. They heard him scream: "My God, the weapon," and then all three and the Cadillac disappeared around the corner.

The police traced the license to California. Three days later they found the car and the student agreeably situated on East Campus, so he returned to the boarding house and moved out his equipment.

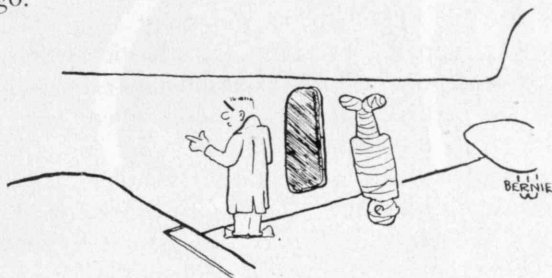
What was the spirit of M.I.T.? Let others indulge in commonplaces, we delighted in the daring comeback, the artful parry, the carefully executed ploy. We sat upon the heights of ingenuity; where others may have blundered with brute strength, there we sauntered with cunning.

The last of the Jolly Boys graduated only last year. They were chemical engineers with a passion for their vocation. We have fond recollections of the fabulous notebook; nitrogen tri-iodide, cellulose trinitrate, tear gas by the special precipitation process for better bromine yield . . .

There was the Harvard Yale game. The night before, the Harvard Stadium was planted with sticks of dynamite which, in a display of misguided school spirit, formed the letters M.I.T. The detonation was planned for half time as a refreshing contrast to the game. However, the plot or rather the lead-in wire was uncovered, and an M.I.T. student was discovered at the game wearing batteries as a lining to his jacket. The authorities were inclined to be stern about that sort of thing, but the next day it was discovered that every man at M.I.T. was carrying at least one or two batteries around with him in his daily peregrinations, for where would an M.I.T. man be without his batteries?



Remember the riots? When life became monotonous and unbearable which it does every three weeks at least, a fire would start in Burton House. The dependable Cambridge Fire Department at twenty-five dollars per engine would siren colorfully up Memorial Drive, the hi fi sets would give their all at ninety db., and it was a signal for general rejoicing and good feeling. We all would gather by the tennis courts, cheering and renewing old acquaintanceships. These sociable events have disappeared; the last Burton House fire took place ten months ago.



Last year was the unforgettable snow blockade. There were spotlights from Baker House shining on the softly falling snow; while firecrackers, pinwheels and rockets lit up the sky in brilliant flashes and made popping noises. The omnipresent hi-fi set was booming Dragnet over the starlit Charles. Snow was piled up three feet high across Memorial Drive and automobiles were piled up seven blocks long at the same place.

Baker House overflowed with spectators from all over campus, hanging from windows and the roof, and occasionally dropping snowballs to add their cheery bit to the revelry. What a reception that first

police car received! It was followed by three more police cars and a paddy wagon.

The night ended about one o'clock with the snow-plow and a firecracker that narrowly missed the sergeant of police. It was a magnificent evening.

Seniors will recall the Radcliffe panty raid that occurred in their freshman year. It was made memorable by the arrest of an Associate Dean of Students who, being engaged in quelling the riot, was arrested by the alert Cambridge Police for inciting it.

The Field Day rides are gone forever, along with the East Campus Bonfires; the former by self-legislation, the latter by apathy. Never again will a freshman be adhesive taped from head to toe, labelled "epileptic" and flown to Idaho on a commercial airliner (this character was so obnoxious that men from both classes chipped in and shipped him as far away as their wealth would permit). Never again the exhilarating walks from Marblehead, Cape Cod, or Providence. Never again the anxious hours spent in semi-nude condition on Wellesley Campus. Never again . . .

Voo Doo has its own lore, mostly unprintable.

The Voo Doo Party where a guest, feeling that the atmosphere required more darkness, short circuited the building by sticking his fingers into the light socket. The Voo Doo party at the Cambridge Boat House where a stranger and his date danced around for a while, drank a little; then climbing into a rowboat rowed out on the Charles and disappeared down the river.

We have a slightly painful recollection of last year's Atomic Explosion in the guest court. The bomb was prepared by some enthusiastic chemists who overcompensated for experimental error. The detonation occurred at twelve noon; there was a large flash of the smoke followed by an admirable imitation of a shock wave and 15 windows in the main building blew out (at \$12.60 per window).

When the Harvard Bridge was rebuilt by Governor Dever as another great link in the Massachusetts Highway System, it stood on its day of dedication as yet uncrossed. The traditional red tape was stretched unbroken across both ends. Scarcely had the Governor's car commenced to move toward the bridge when a perky Model T with Voo Doo painted on its trunk was seen to shoot out of a nearby side street. It overtook and passed the Governor, breaking the tapes at both ends of the bridge. *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*

When a Tech man was drunk and his mind was too befuddled to think of anything else, he could always grab a handful of thermite and wander off in search of M.T.A. trolleys. The more ambitious

could wander up to Harvard Yard; there the statue of John Harvard cries for a repp tie for his neck, a beer can for his knee and someone to paint his bronze shoes white. Others have driven steam rollers over conveniently located sites, such as President Conant's lawn! A cow was found chewing its cud on an East Campus roof. It was regretfully returned three days later to its irate owner with the explanation; "It looked lonely." Enterprising Architecture students when drunk liked to paint cracks on the domes of building ten.

Today, the drunken Tech man pulls telephones out of phone booths, bursts light bulbs, yells a little, and then goes to bed.

M.I.T. has degenerated into an institute of liberal arts.

Remember the automobile that disappeared overnight and reappeared in pieces at all the better fraternities? The room that was filled to the ceiling with torn shreds of newspaper, and old magazines?

One of our favorites was the physicist who one spring night decided to swim the Charles. He got himself an old inner tube which he tied around his waist with a bit of string. Leaving his bike on the Cambridge side of the Charles, he then walked across the bridge. Couples seated on the benches along the Esplanade were startled to see him halt, remove his polo shirt, fold it neatly on the grass, jump in and paddle leisurely to the Cambridge shore. Couples seated in cars along Memorial Drive were startled to see him climb out, ring out his pants cuffs, mount his bike and peddle back across the bridge to retrieve his polo shirt. He then peddled home, his inner tube flapping in the cool spring air . . .

But no more. Gone is the Tech man who realized that the whole man is half boy. Where is the spirit that was M.I.T.?

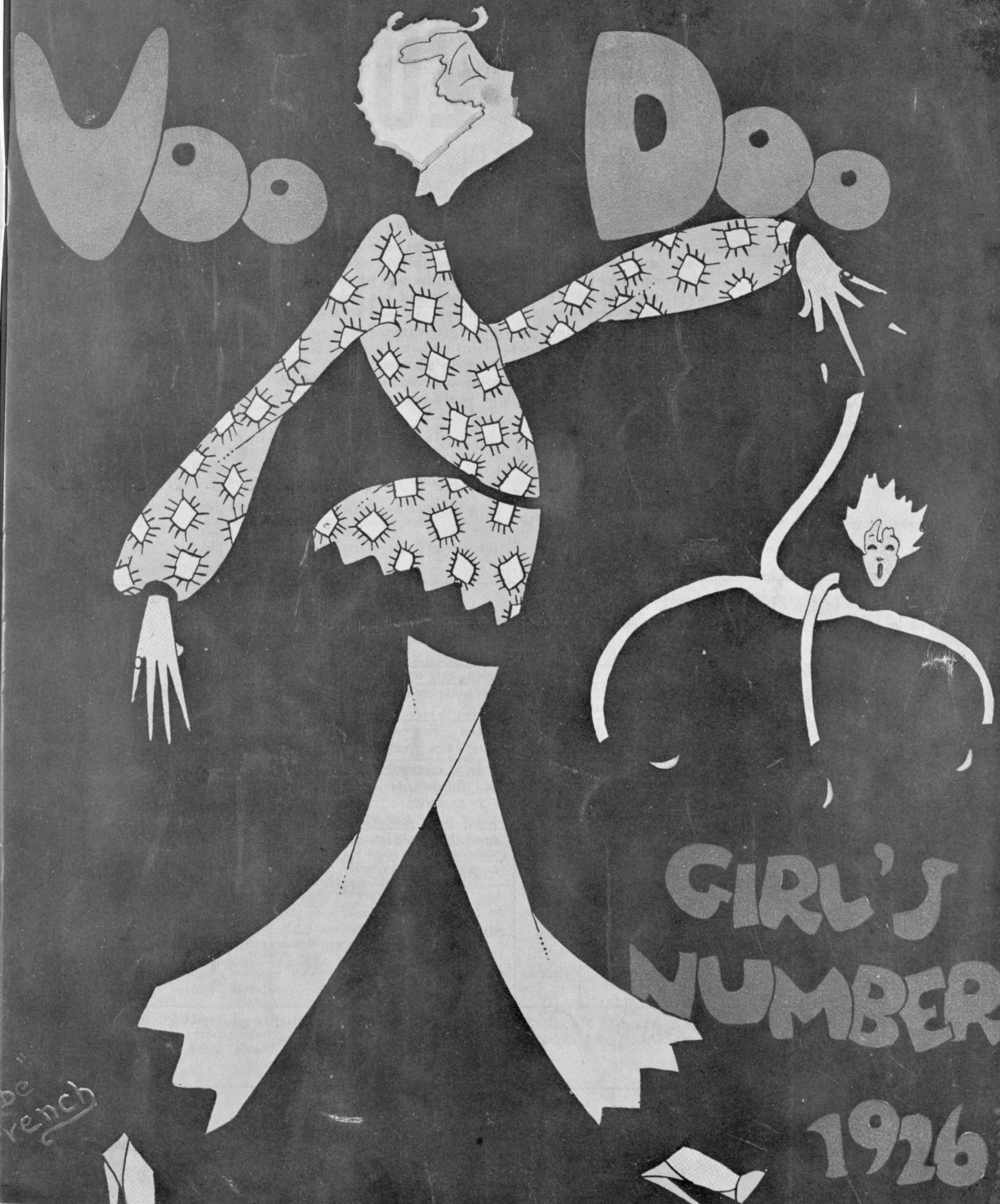
Gone? Well, perhaps a small vestige still remains. We know of men on campus today who were disappointed in the case with which the snow plow removed the snow blockade. They swore that next time the thing would be done right, and to that end have purchased a twenty-five-foot, three-inch steel cable.

But we are given the most hope by a legacy. Three years of freshmen have been filling a big bell jar with stray pennies. When enough more is gathered in that jar, whoever is in possession of it will take it down to a pet shop and purchase a young monkey. He will train it to sit still in a chair for long periods of time. He will train it to hold a pencil and to pretend to write.

Then he and the monkey will regularly attend his every lecture for the next four years.

Maybe the spirit is not yet dead. Maybe . . .

—Phil Pearle



GIRL'S
NUMBER

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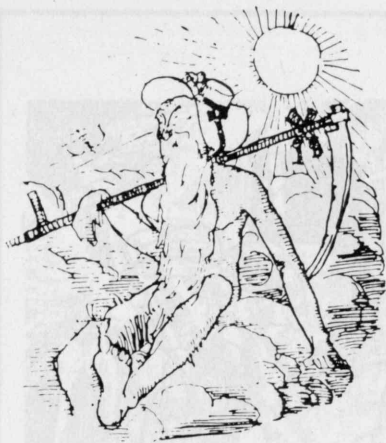
THE 20'S

The Roaring, or Thirsty Twenties--era of the hip flask and the hipless flapper, Prohibition and bathtub gin, vamps and Lon Chaney. It was the age when talkies were new and so were Eliot Norse and his unkillable, unbeatable, incorruptible Incapables; TV had hardly been thought of. Machine guns and Charleston music roared in the streets and speakeasies. Gray fedoras and big black sedans were the rage -- at least, in certain circles. And at MIT, VOO DOO was boasting over having annihilated the TEN-staff at football three years running.

Qualitative Scheme for The Analysis of Flappers by A. D. Noids

After having haunted your dreams nightly for ten weeks, you should ask her, <i>Are you a socialist?</i>					
Yes She is hope- less. Take care to treat her especially cold. Then discard her.	No. This opens a wide field of possibilities, which should, however, not be allowed to coagulate. Add at once: <i>May I see you tomorrow?</i>				
	No. Upon standing for a while you will find yourself rejected. A confirmatory test is, however, highly advisable. See Table XIII.	Yes. Be very careful in the future. Treat her with a dinner. Then add in moderate quantities questions about love. Ask yourself: <i>Is she responsive?</i> (*)			
		No. Be not discouraged, but go over the above procedure once more at a suitable time on a suitable occasion.	Yes. Be careful to confine the topic to smaller circles, especially to her and you. Bring it down as far as possible, taking care, however, not to go as far as a proposal. Then take her out for a walk. Ask her: <i>Are you enjoying the walk?</i>		
			No. Re-precipitate the crisis by using a taxi.	Yes. Sit down on a bench. Then gently sling your customary line. Warm carefully. It is highly advisable to ask: <i>Do you love me?</i>	
				No. Evaporate as fast as possible, leaving no fumes or dust behind you.	Yes. You have obtained a satisfactory stage of the analysis. Confirm your estimation by applying the ring test.

(*) If at this stage of the analysis she does not become sufficiently lively, it is advisable to add one half pint of 60 per cent alcohol, preferably C_2H_5OH .



Voo Doo's Calendar for March 1923



- 1—Th. —1915 Major Pendleton tells first story and achieves success.
1923 King Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb excavated. Scientists applaud.
1937 George Washington's tomb excavated. Americans aghast at sacrilege.
- 2—Fri. —Louis Derr breaks New Year's Resolution again. Says "Hot Dog."
- 3—Sat. —1887 Walton chain of restaurants founded.
1888 Castoria invented.
- 4—Sun. —1890 Doctor Wiener born.
1941 Architect passes Applied Mechanics. Professor Holmes resigns.
- 5—Mon. —1891 Doc. Wiener disputes Einstein.
1865 Balzac issues first edition of snappy stories.
1923 Jo Sumner falls off platform.
- 6—Tu. —1923 No communication in Tech from J. S. Ward.
1923 Dolores signs as model for life class.
1923 Resignation in Course IV jumps to 1198.
- 7—Wed. —1923 Jo Sumner falls off platform.
1807 Professor Armstrong tells Perfection oil stove story first time.
- 8—Th. —1927 Street car appears on Massachusetts Avenue.
1922 Skater on Tech tennis courts falls through and is drowned.
- 9—Fri. —1923 Person from California attending Beethoven concert fails to be reminded of the West Coast climate.
Jo Sumner breaks record by not falling off platform.
1924 Jo Sumner breaks neck by falling off platform.
- 10—Sat. —1889 Marconi invents radio.
1923 10,000 bores give radio concert.
1921 R. O. T. C. adopts unique disguise.
1867 Mr. Jenney tests eggs and darts on Boston Library.
- 11—Sun. —1921 Petronius discovered by Columbia student.
1919 Crocus blooms in great court.
Faculty action bars all foliage—Professor Drisko resigns.
- 12—Mon. —1920 Civil Engineer investigates stresses in Brooklyn Bridge and decides the bridge is safe.
- 13—Tu. —1971 Harvard team wins victory unaided by services of Greater Boston Boy.
1492 Columbus discovered cribbing.
1912 Mechanical engineer decides in thesis that Henry Ford has invented an economical motor.
- 14—Wed. —1927 Tech Engineering News publishes issue without amusing its staff with childish contraption.
1924 Republican party goes democratic.
1907 Expression "Down Maine" first heard by Southern.
- 15—Th. —1956 Knickers abolished by Harvard Choral Society.
- 16—Fri. —1940 Lloyd George plans comeback.
47 B.C. Cassius released from jail, result of hunger strike.
- 17—Sat. —1924 Thos. Ryan goes broke on Wall Street for tenth time.
Becomes head of economics department.
- 18—Sun. —47 B.C. Cicero writes snappy article for Roman Tribune on red-haired women.
1900 Windstorm — New Haven train service deranged.
Snakes driven from Ireland — arrive at various American colleges.
- 19—Mon. —1923 New term begins.
Boston moved to Washington due to coal shortage.
47 B.C. Caesar Assassinated in Forum.
1923 Red Sox trade bat-boy and park to Yanks for a framed replica of the 1922 pennant.
- 20—Tu. —1900–23 Eddie Miller loses voice in boiler explosion.
1900. Low temperature causes interruption of New Haven train service.
1897 Scott Fitzgerald born.
- 21—Wed. —1923 First day of spring — blizzard sweeps New England — New Haven train on time.
1922 Woods and Bailey compete on parallel bars for Harvard. Tech lose.
- 22—Th. —1908 W. Franklin and Bary McNutt write book on Physics.
1918 Book revised to include diagrams of cat falling on four feet.
- 23—Fri. —1950 Simmons girl refuses invitation to eat at Copley.
1925 Leonard Passano cuts class — loses his sneakers.
- 24—Sat. —1923 Eight seniors refuse to wear flat hats.
1923 Eight seniors leave Tech.
- 25—Sun. —1923 Jo Sumner censors what Abelard says.
St. Swithin's day all day.
1906 Scotchman drops nickel in collection box by mistake. — Thought it was a telephone slug.
- 26—Mon. —1942 Freshman tips hat to Senior.
1923 Construction begins on New Dorms.
1900–23 Students vote for 'varsity football team.
- 27—Tu. —1923 Dr. Moore reports 3500 cases of spring fever and one case of Gordon Gin.
1923 Denton Massey announces loss of important box.
1923 Marjorie Pierce prepares to go to France. France prepares for Marjorie Pierce's visit.
- 28—Wed. —1925 Faculty votes against 'Varsity football team.
1963 Student laughs at Voo Doo joke.
1922 Copley Derby won by seniors in Hack No. 1.
1858 John Stuart Mill burns Carlyle's books.
- 29—Th. —1923 Penfield Roberts drops cigarette in corridor.
Professor Tyler tests tobacco for first time.
Professor Emerson seen without a smile.
2912 Congress adjourns after accomplishing something.
- 30—Fri. —1999 Man seen operating machine in engine lab.
2000 Arch. Department moved to Cambridge.
2001 Page & Shaw converted to smock factory.
- 31—Sat. —1923 Last day of month this year.
Mike Hoar collects from Nap Boutellier. Gets new derby.
Faculty supply of vote 10 blanks depleted.
Eight more weeks till finals.

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"What do you think of that woman?"

"Well, her clothes are against her."

"Yes, that's what I liked about her."



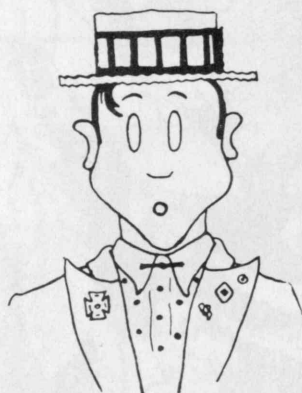
"What kind of a time did you have at the banquet?"

"Wot id was a punk parteh. Wen de waiter'll bring in chicken evreh bodeh from de guests maiks it a diving in wit de knives and forks — I got my hands all cut opp."



THE FIRST VOO DOO

PHOSPHORUS WELCOMES THE FROSH WITH A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE



BE SURE TO WEAR ALL YOUR HIGH SCHOOL AND CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PINS. WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT A BIG MAN YOU WERE IN YOUR HOME TOWN. AND DONT FORGET THAT WE HAVE A C.E. SOCIETY HERE ALSO



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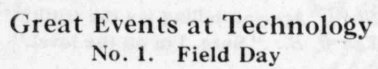


DONT FORGET THAT THE PROFS ARE YOUR SERVANTS IN REALITY. TREAT THEM AS SUCH AT ALL TIMES



ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE, NEVER STUDY. IT IS DETRIMENTAL TO THOSE THINGS FOR WHICH ONE REALLY COMES TO COLLEGE

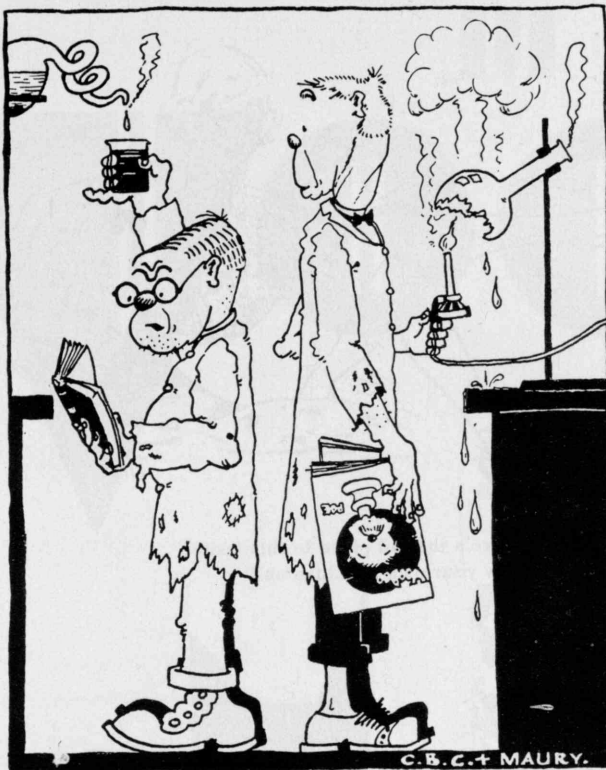
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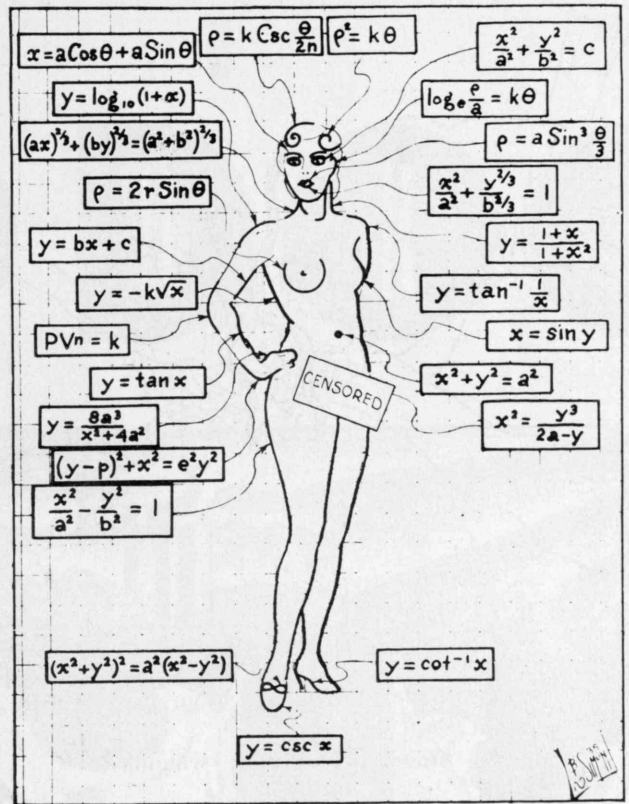
Huckamp



She: "Are you telling me the truth?"
The C. E.: "Sure, I'm on the level."



COURSE X:—"How do you make Ethylene?"
DITTO WIT:—"Feed her at Walton's."



Visual Reference Guide for Graphical Solutions.
(No Hudson's Manual is complete without one.)

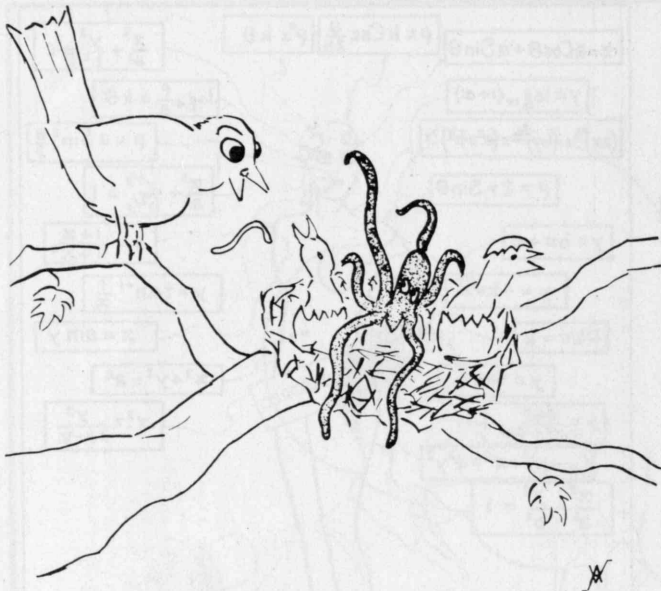
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"Where's the tail piece to this issue?"
 "Draw your own conclusions."

1st Stude: "Whadaya doin' to-night?"

2d Stude: "I dunno; whadda you?"

1st Stude: "I dunno."

2d Stude: "Who else will play?"



SENIOR
X

WEEK
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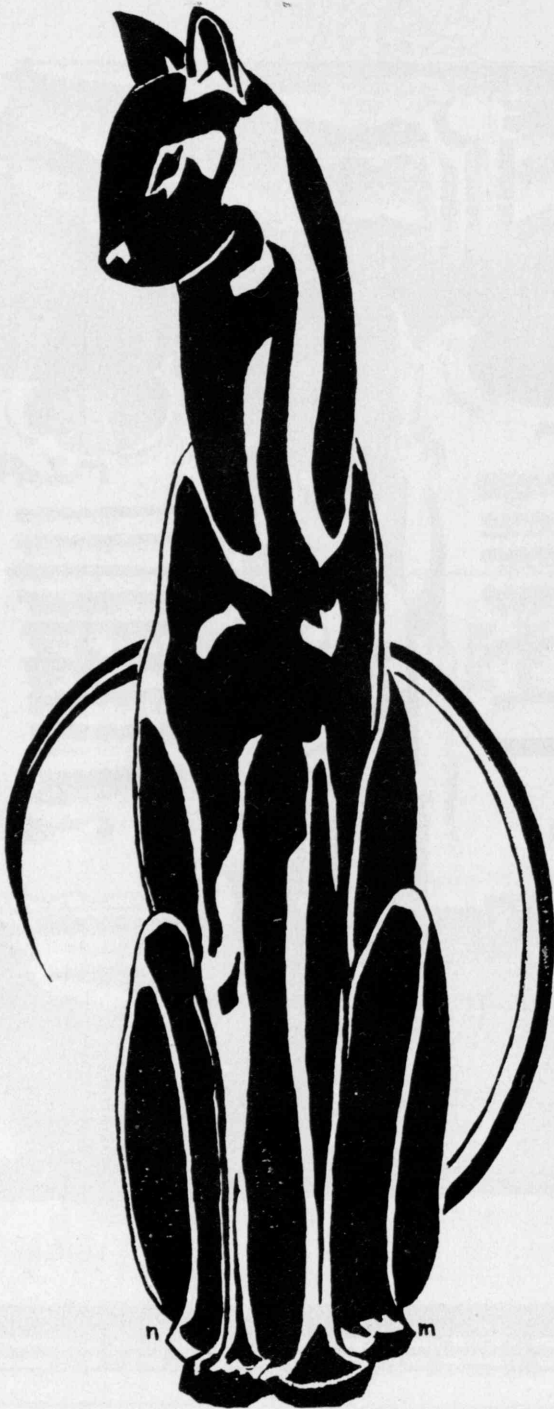
W I T V O O D O O



WICKLINE

DRY NUMBER

THE 30'S



They called it swing in the Thirties. Glenn Miller and talking movies swung along together. Beer and booze were back - legally - and better than ever; the boys in the fedoras had to syndicate and go legit. Machine guns were roaring, now, in Europe. And the magazine? VOO DOO was printing articles like this:

MERRY CHRISTMAS 1937

Now is the glad, glad Holiday season, with old St. Nick epitomizing the spirit of the day with his happy refrain. "Give, Give, Give, to the Red Cross." Giving is in the air, everybody is giving. The Japanese are giving the Chinese great stores of munitions, bayonets, and fighting spirit, while the Chinese, in that happy Christmas reciprocity, are in return giving many miles of their precious land. In Spain, air mail deliveries of bombs and bullets are the rule on both sides, and here the inter-family spirit is particularly exemplified. "It is better to give than to receive - and safer." The Russians, the Fascists, the Nazis, are giving the whole rest of the world good cause for worry, and in return the rest of the world is giving these peculiarly unified people advice and threats. Everybody is giving something. Here at the Institute the professors are giving quizzes. Maybe the fellow sitting beside you is giving you a cold. And Phos, super-extra giver that he is, is giving you VOO DOO. And a Merry Christmas to all.

WHY I HAD TO KNOCK MY HUSBAND OFF

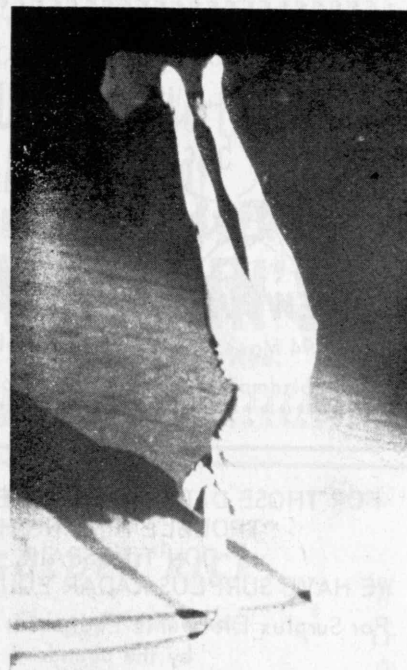
As Told by That Famous Night-Club Singer

MAMIE MUDDMUGG

Better Known as Dolores Duplex

Well, I might as well give you the whole story and get it over with. My husband and I met at the Swifty Club before we were married. He wasn't really my husband before we were married but I just had to call him that so's you'd know who I was talking about. Anyway I was singing there at the time which was usually quite late in the evening, and my boy friend was playing the bull fiddle in the band (we used to call it slapping the dog-house.) But to get on with what my lawyer refers to as my tragic story, Clarence (that was my husband's name) used to be so kind to me before we were married. He used to take me home after work and he was so nice to me it was almost sickening. Anyways we finally got married after a courtship of

several days and I happily changed my name to Mrs. Clarence Twush, cheerfully expecting my husband to be the same sweet boy he was before our marriage. Aha, that is where poor little unsuspecting me was to receive a great shock. I came home one night to find him with the furniture all on the ceiling and occupied by dragons and snakes. Well, naturally I had to say goodbye to my pals Joe and Herman out in the hall (they brought me home), and when I opened the door the first thing Clarence did was to accuse me of being drunk. Well, I told him it was enough to make anyone drunk the way he had the whole place turned upside down, but he insisted that everything was just the same as when I left. I didn't argue with him



much because I had a little touch of rather acute indigestion which was bothering me at the time.

As time went on Clarence became more and more unbearable; his language became positively frightful. One time when he came home and found me giving a party for a few friends he broke out into a stream of oaths that he knew would shame me in front of all those men. He was always saying, "Oh darn it all why the heck do you have to do such things?" Well, after a while I just couldn't stand it any longer and told him that I was going to divorce him. He took it bravely for a while and tried to give the impression that he took it as a joke. Finally the thought of losing me made him desperate and finally drove him screwy if I may say so. He used to take our bouncing little baby for long runs through the woods and upon returning would dribble the kid down the hall and shoot the kid through the transom. This practice had a bad effect on the bouncing qualities of the little one and the neighbors began to complain when he used to miss the transom and sometimes hit the house next to us.

Oh why go on, I bumped him off.



GOOD UNTIL APRIL 25, 1961



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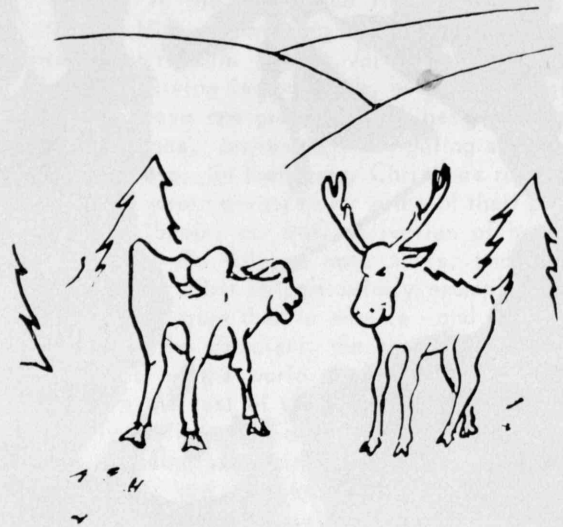
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"Been waiting long, sir?"



"Gimme a bite."
"Gnaw."

GOOD UNTIL MAY 25, 1961

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LIFE WITH GOTTLIEB

Nobody knows how many billions of human beings inhabit the earth. Perhaps a million or so live in or about Boston. Several odd thousands attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of which we are on speaking terms with about one hundred. Think of the mathematical odds, the combinations and permutations.

Who do I live with? Gottlieb?

Six feet two of sin, bones, and disease, Gottlieb is the prototype of all that is loathsome and incompatible. Gottlieb has a small collection of black-widow spiders and keeps an octopus in the wash-basin. Every night he locks himself in the pantry to get his instructions from Mephistopheles.

The following is a brief sketch of the normal day with Gottlieb.

6.50 a.m. I am awakened by sounds of hacking, hawking, and spewing from the adjoining bed. Gottlieb is having his morning consumption. The room is soon permeated with hordes of ravenous bacilli and micro-organisms. I can hear the soft humming of their voracious little teeth as they champ away at the walls of my lungs. I lurch into the living room, atomize a quart of lysol, and collapse on the couch.

7.00 a.m. I am dreaming of a litter of armadillos playing leapfrog in the chandelier. I awake to the sound of bone rattling against porcelain. Loud thumps ensue. Gottlieb is taking a bath.

7.10 a.m. Gottlieb emerges from the bathroom, a threadbare and haggard Venus Anadiomenad,

a gnarled and bony Phoenix dripping fetid water on the living room rug. Salvatore Dali should know what he is missing.

7.15 a.m. Gottlieb is pouring breakfast. I am watching, rapt and eager, when a low moan emerges from beneath the armchair. Scraping and bumping follow. A gartered and hairy leg protrudes from below. I fling aside the chair to encounter the repulsive features of Gottlieb's crony, Alphonse Hoofschnabel. I am put in mind of a day in my youth when, hiking through the swamp, I lifted a large, flat stone to espy a fat, white slug thereunder. Our limacine friend opens one swollen and bloated eye, belches reproachfully, and returns to intellectual obscurity.

8.30 a.m. Routine discussion of futility of attending classes.

9.00 a.m. Gottlieb and I are now resplendent with baggy clothing. My hair is combed; Gottlieb's skin well polished. Hoofschnabel is swept into a neat pile. We sally forth in quest of our respective vehicles.

9.30 a.m. We discover mine. It is attached to a fence. We debate whether to leave part of the car there or take part of the fence along. We resolve to let fate decide. The result is a little of both.

9.50 a.m. Gottlieb's car; eureka! He wipes a bit of nerve-tissue from the door handle and climbs in. Several glands are lying on the seat; these he contemptuously disposes of. I accommodate by removing part of a stomach and

someone's battered appendix from the hood. We race to the nearest bar.

10.00 a.m. Lo! The Esplanade.

11.00 a.m. Discussing our 11.00 class over a beer.

12.00 a.m. Discussing our 12.00 class over a beer.

12.00 noon. Lo! Hoofschnabel. And a Hoofschnabel rakishly attired in Gottlieb's blue serge pants and my last clean shirt. Gottlieb and I console ourselves with the thought that into every life a little Hoofschnabel must fall. We watch in awe and genuflection as he dunks his doughnut in a cup of gin.

1.25 p.m. We rush back to the apartment for the daily icebox derby. This derby is practically unique among sporting events. It is based on the competitive estimation of refrigerator travel during excitation. Let me explain.

Gottlieb has procured for us a phenomenal piece of refrigeration mechanism; every day at 1.40 p.m. it indulges in an epileptic orgy. The technique of icebox derby is to mark the initial position with a piece of chalk on the floor. Estimates are recorded. Then all dishes, bottles, glasses, and other smashables are removed from the kitchen and the door locked. Gottlieb, Stempf, and Hoofschnabel crouch behind the daybed in abject reverence of the cosmic forces soon to be unleashed. At 1.40 sharp a wild shriek of primeval exultation assails our ears. We cower. Billows of soot and brimstone seep through the tran-

som. Earth and cosmos shake in a spasm of physical law unshackled.



At last the cataclysm is spent. Muffled sobs of agonized mechanism alone remain. Gottlieb gingerly tries the door. We encounter a shambles of metal parts and powdered masonry. Gottlieb's guess of six feet wins. We return the still shuddering machine to the origin, sweep up the floor, and indulge in a stiff sedative.

2.00 p.m. Time for lunch — Hoofschnabel pouring.

3.00 p.m. Routine discussion of inadvisability of exposing ourselves to the jibes of professors at afternoon classes.

4.00 p.m. Gottlieb is getting "that look." He condescendingly declares that if I will get my woman and Hoofschnabel will get his, he, Gottlieb, will get another bag. Hoofschnabel and I are not exactly men among men, but Gottlieb is not even a mouse among mice. We squat on his head and stomach and amuse ourselves by playing at "she loves me not" with the sparse hair on his concave chest. Gottlieb's chest is so sunken that every time he takes a deep breath he gets hunch-backed.

4.30 p.m. We have dug up two dates.

5.00 p.m. Still only two.

5.30 p.m. Hoofschnabel leaves for the Old Howard.

6.15 p.m. My date accounted for, Gottlieb descends upon Wellesley like the wolf on the fold. Vanishes into a stately brick edifice.

6.30 p.m. Gottlieb emerges with Amnesia Flatbush (bound and gagged) and deposits her on the front seat. Amnesia turns to greet us. I wince. My date is staring in sheer incredulity. Amnesia is like a breath of foul air.

6.45 p.m. As we roar off, Amnesia adjusts her hair and teeth. Suddenly Amnesia emits a charming, ear-piercing little gasp. We have to go back to Wellesley. Amnesia has forgotten her eye.



7.30 p.m. Supper in the Statler bar.

8.00 p.m. Routine discussion of inanity of preparing for classes we don't go to.

10.00 p.m. Back at the apartment. Gottlieb is making unnecessarily obscene noises into the telephone in response to the fourth consecutive complaint. Hoofschnabel, who has meanwhile oozed in, screams something into my ear about bigots who can't tolerate a little innocent fun. Amnesia, who is executing a horri-

ble variety of voo-doo drum dance on my desk, screams some similar remark.

11.30 p.m. The party is dissolved by three ganglions of the management bearing revolvers and bull whips.

12.30 p.m. Dates safely in arms of waiting house-mothers, Hoofschnabel inserted head first in waste basket, Gottlieb and I prepare to retire. We brush the beer bottles off the beds.

1.00 a.m. Sleep that soothes the tattered bosom.

1.05 a.m. Lights on. Gottlieb wants a drink.

1.09 a.m. Sleep.

1.15 a.m. Gottlieb lands on floor. Thumping and thrashing. Snakes again.

1.20 a.m. The pause that refreshes.

1.37 a.m. Swishing noises, several crashes, followed by noises of breaking glass, and a splat right over my head. Bats. Gottlieb returns to bed, pushing the corpses on the floor.

1.50 a.m. Sounds of a fire siren winding up nearby. Good, Hoofschnabel is asleep.

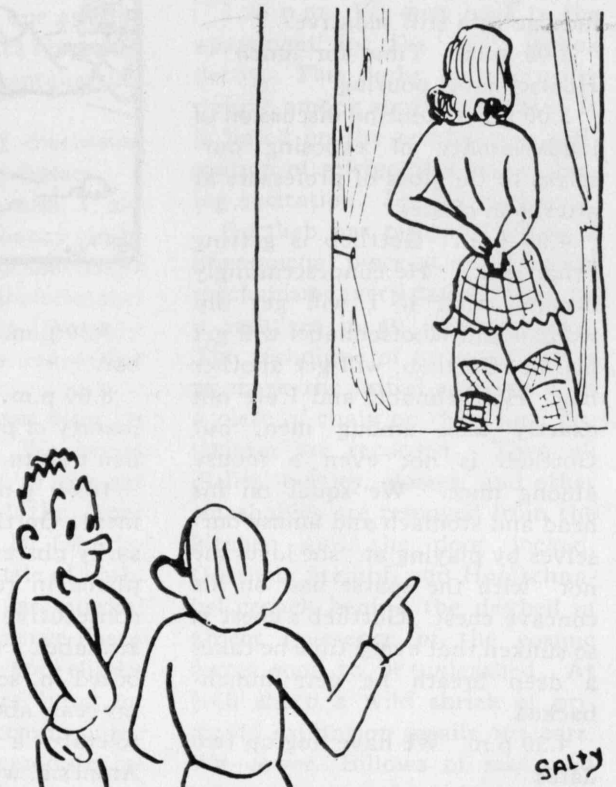
2.00 a.m. Noises reminiscent of a freight train loaded with empty tin cans sideswiping a cattle train. Gottlieb is in the arms of Morpheus. I sleep.





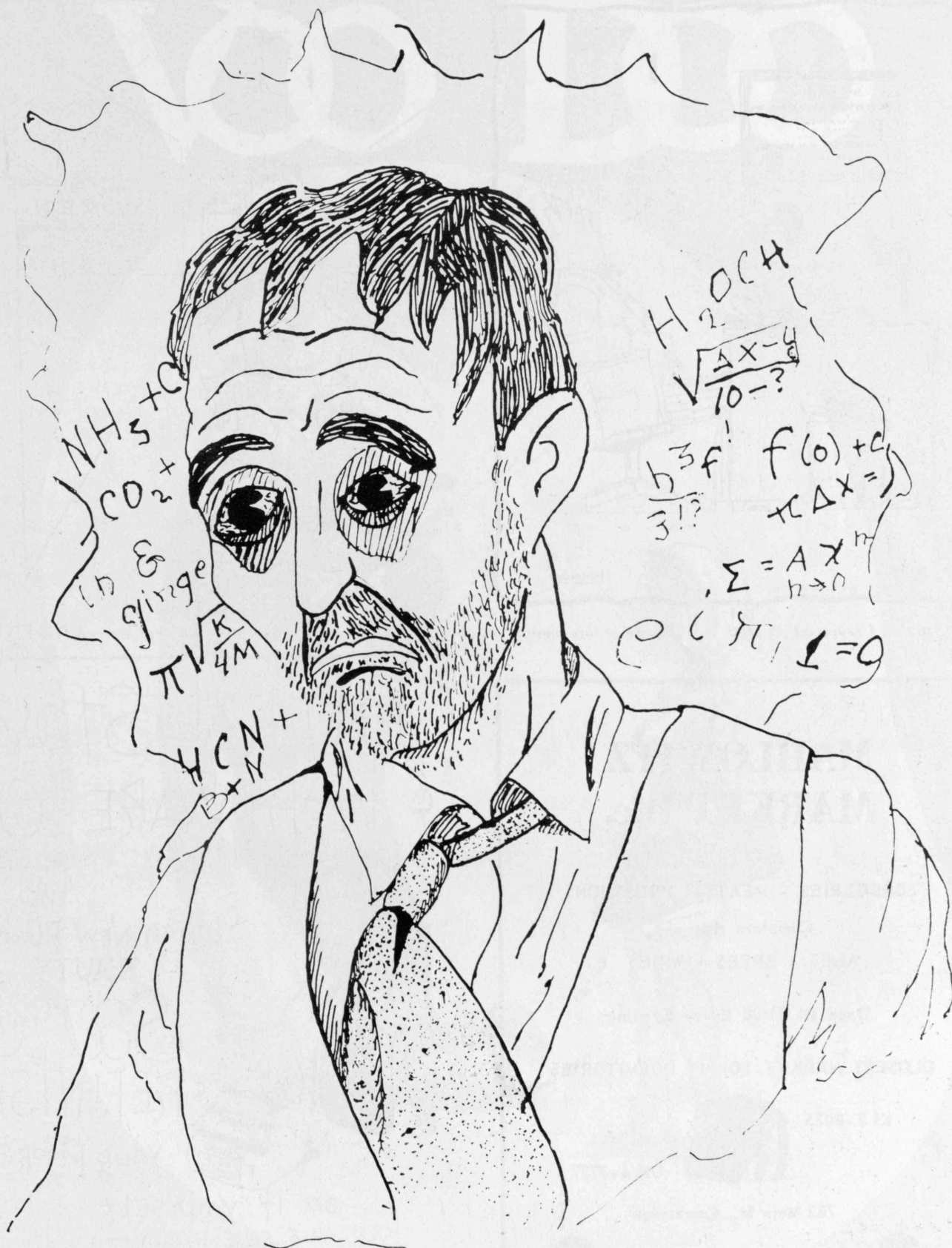
Cop: "Have you read the traffic rules?"

Motorist: "Yes, what would you like to know?"



"Play that on your Lampoon!"

SALTY



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Voo Doo



April, 1947

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THE 40'S

The machine guns of the Frantic Forties roared in the no-longer-so Pacific, while back home you had to have a ration card to get into a bop session. Taking a hint from the overseas action, the boys established Murder, Inc. The heyday of Pittsburgh Phil preceded that of the unions. Gable was blitzing the box offices while other blitzes were in progress. The U.S. discovered two new secret weapons: the atom bomb and Betty Grable. TV entered the experimental stage. And meanwhile, back at the mag...



"Now students, notice the excellent streamlining of the undercarriage."

Instructions on Writing a Textbook—

By an M. I. T. professor who prefers to remain anonymous.

In writing a textbook, one must first choose a subject which is straightforward and not very complicated; in short, a subject in which there is far too little confusion among students. Next, consider the practical applications of the subject and determine the page on which you will refer to them with a footnote. Then take the remaining material and sort it at random into twenty-five buckets. Call each bucketfull a chapter.

Make the title of each chapter as impressive as possible. (You can really wow 'em with a big, hairy title. BESSEL'S FUNCTIONS¹ is a good one — it would even frighten a schoolgirl of four. Organize the material of each chapter in such a way that you cut down the number of sections, paragraphs, and equations to about twice what is necessary. Assign each equation a simple reference number, such as the first number on the corresponding page of the telephone book. Another thing: never write down an equation without referring back to at least five or six others. For instance, below equation (11.25-3/619/27) you will say, "From (9.37-5/926/44), (76.83-1/909/3), (225.10-7/764/2), and (1.18-6/385/94)."

The equations in each chapter should gradually lead up to one fundamental equation. Give the name of the fellow who derived it,² and end each chapter by saying, "This fundamental equation is of theoretical interest only, as we shall see in a later chapter." In this later chapter, you derive another fundamental equation and say, "Of course this reduces to the equation of the previous chapter for the trivial case. More complicated cases are beyond the scope of this book." (One can avoid the boring



repetition of this phrase by saying "— will be found in, —" and give a reference.³)

As for the derivations themselves, if you cannot locate a proof less than a page long, say "This can easily be shown." When you can find no proof whatsoever, write "It is intuitively obvious," or "Brief consideration will demonstrate." In the course of your derivations, leave out as many steps as possible. Use the steps which have been left out as problems for the end of the chapter. Diagrams should always be drawn using three coordinate axes, three rotated axes, and twelve reference angles. Use Greek letters at all times, especially groups of them which rhyme, like beta, zeta, eta, and theta, or xi, pi, phi, chi, and psi. The students will be charmed by the poetic quality of these combinations. One student of mine, in fact wrote the following two-line poem on an exam paper:

"I η p_π,
And heaved a dψ."

At the end of the last chapter, write an apologetic paragraph which should run something like this: "This text is

by no means complete. If we have left out anything, it is not because of insufficient space or because we have attempted to avoid mathematical analysis, but because we deeply hope that the reader wishes to look in other sources for further material." You might casually mention that the last word on the subject will be found in your other book.⁴ (There are exceptions to this type of ending. One of my colleagues, for instance, has closed with the stirring words, "The factor 2 is introduced because the cylinder intersects the sphere below as well as above the xy-plane.")

The completed manuscript should be sent to McGraw-Hill for publication. The price should vary inversely as the number of pages.

It is wise to change your notation every year, so that a new edition is necessary. This scotches the second-hand book market. (Note: If you aspire to a greater buying public than MIT students alone, a picture of an atomic bomb explosion on the frontispiece might dupe a few outsiders. With the object of expanding circulation, some authors have suggested titles like PHYSICS FOR THE PEASANTS, or THE CHEMISTRY OF THE COMMON MAN, but these are not recommended. The Un-American Affairs Committee might list your book as subversive literature.)

1: Of course the chapter doesn't have to have anything to do with Bessel's functions. No man can be naive and write a textbook.¹

2: This is always Newton or Lagrange.

3: The standard references, which may be mentioned quite frequently, are "κρυε φυσικα," by βρυω Δηνκοε, and "Φαγοβ," by Γολμνωξξ.

4: Of course, you should write another book.

1: Even my footnotes have footnotes.

As told to R. A.



LOCARNI

As a matter of fact, I never got through 8.03 either.

First Simple Nimrod:
"Hey, don't shoot! Your
gun isn't loaded."

His partner: "Can't
help that, the bird won't
wait."

-1920



If every boy could read the
mind of every girl--gas con-
sumption would be cut in
half.



Question on recent ex-
amination paper: "If the
president of the United
States died, who would get
the job?"

Little Joe's answer:
"A Democratic undertaker."

-1944

"How'd you get along with your
wife in that fight the other night?"

"Why she came crawling to me on
her knees."

"Yeah, what did she say?"

"Come out from under that bed,
you worm."

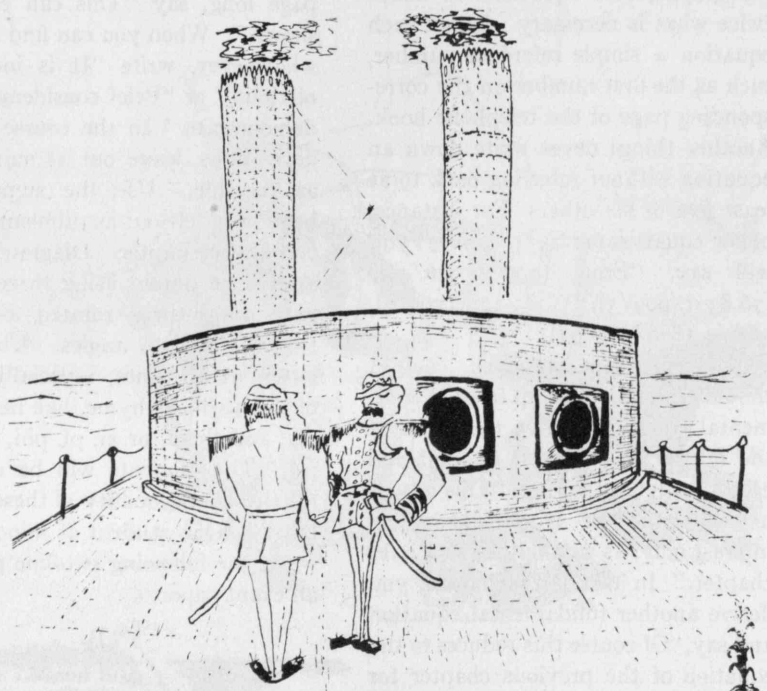


First Dog: "Have you a family tree?"

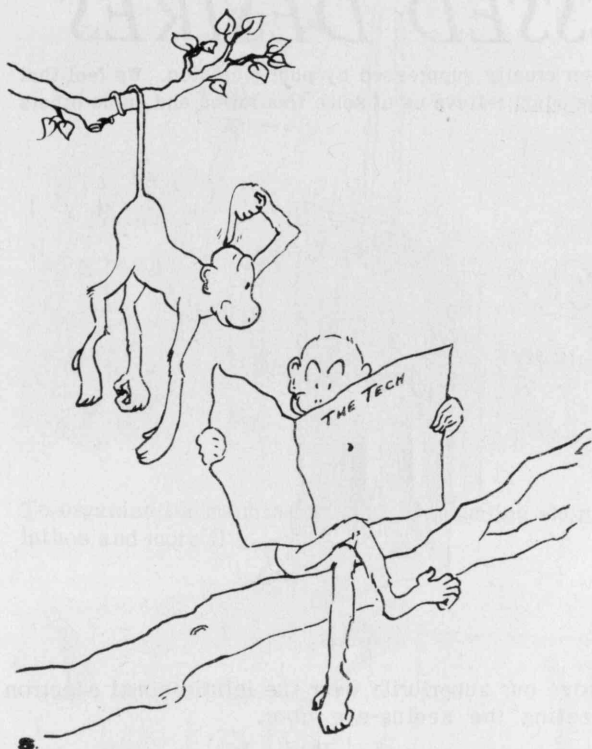
Second Dog: "No, we aren't par-
ticular."



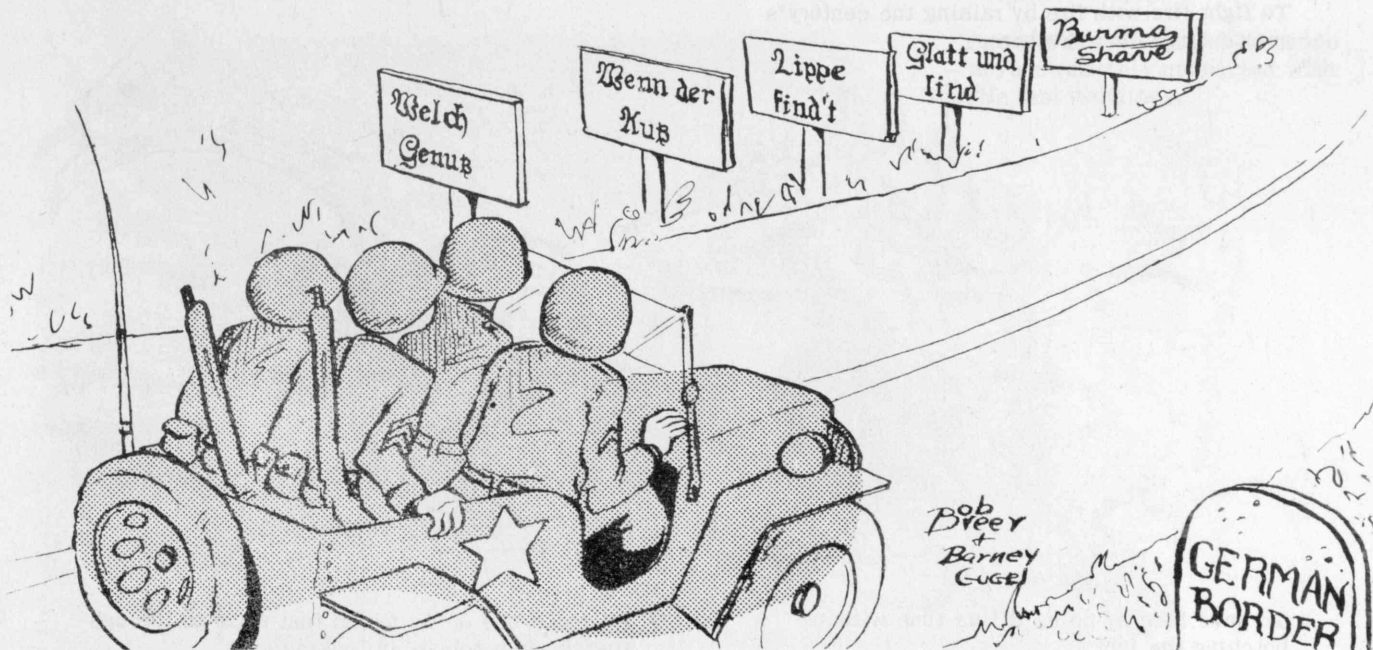
Our grandmothers believed that
there was a destiny which shaped our
ends, but the modern girls place more
faith in girdles.



THIS IS MONITOR...GOING PLACES
AND DOING THINGS



LOOK, MA, JUNIOR'S BEEN
MADE EDITOR OF THE SCHOOL
PAPER.

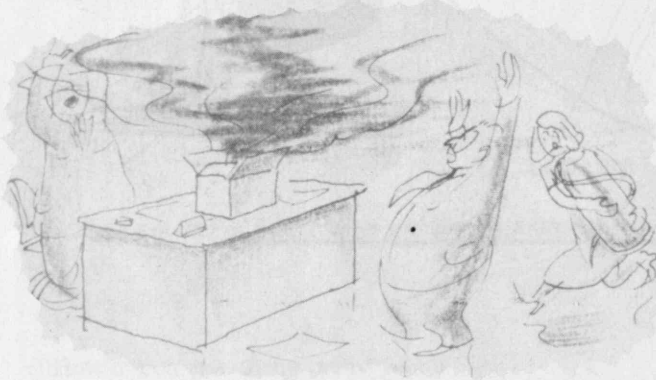


do you have *SUPPRESSED DESIRES*

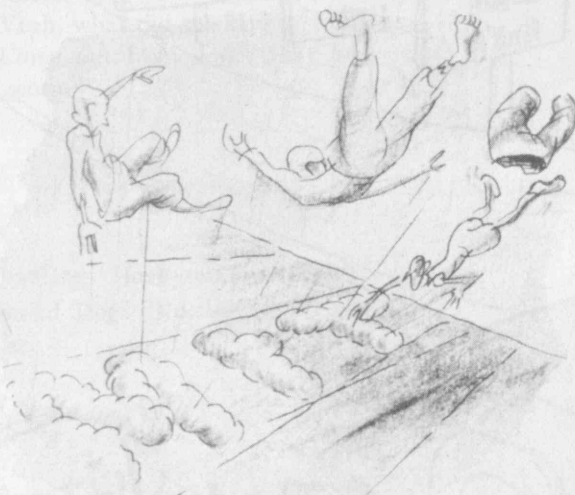
We of the press have long harbored many desires which have been cruelly suppressed by public opinion. We feel that we are not alone in this. Perhaps the mere declaration of our ideas might relieve us of some frustration and guide others relieving themselves. For example, we have long desired —



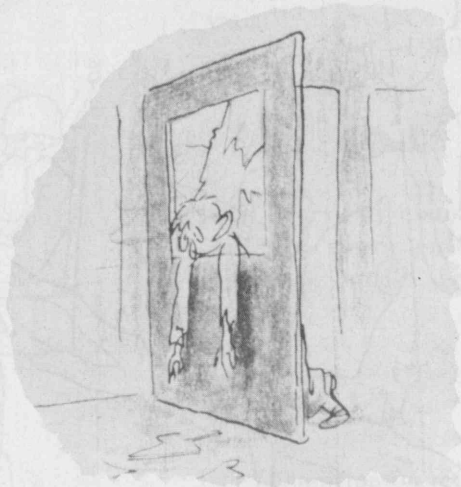
To throw a lighted match at Professor Sears when he is filled with hydrogen.



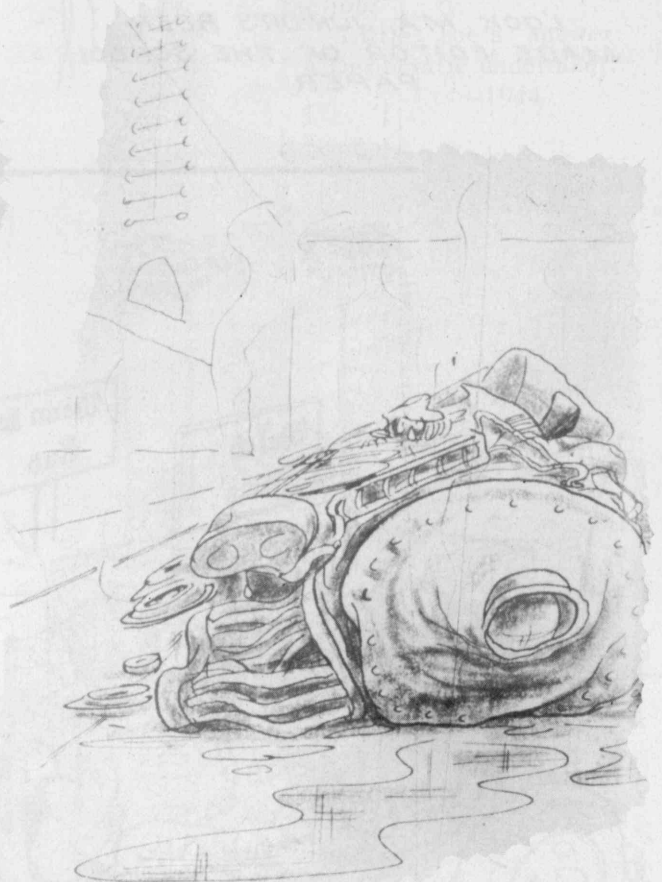
To fight fire with fire by raising the century's greatest at Lever Brothers.



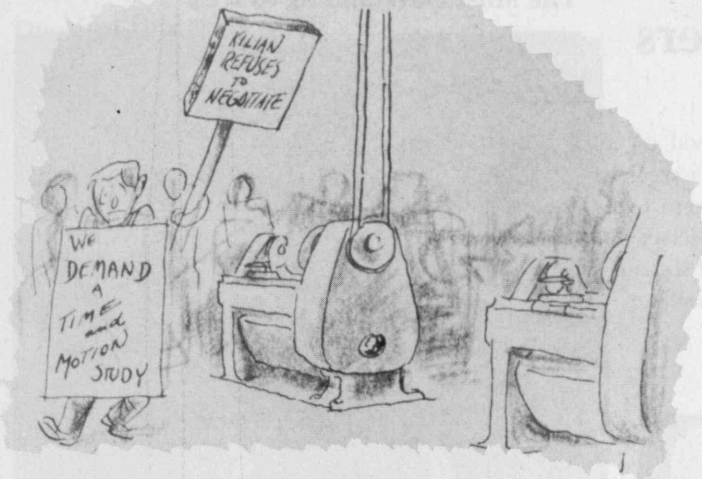
To save face by doing it this time without botching the job.



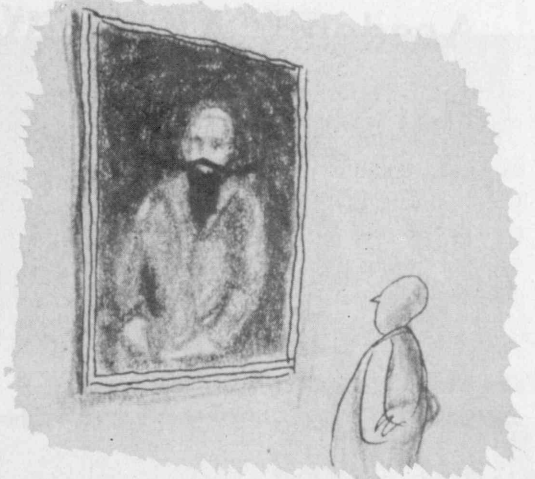
To prove our superiority over the infinitesimal electron by beating the seeing-eye door.



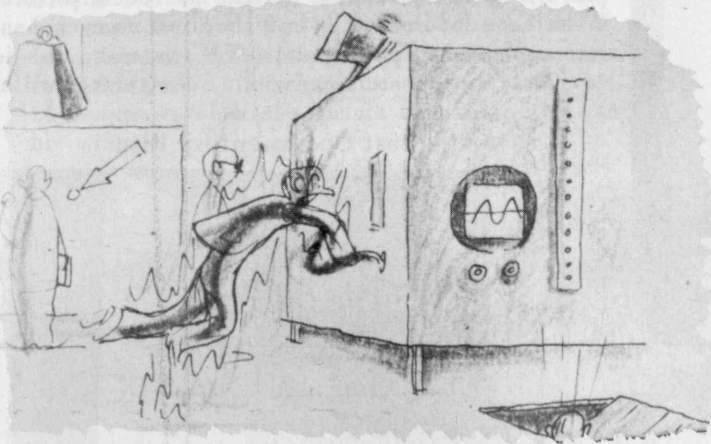
To derail one of the trains that must go through 10-250 when nobody is looking.



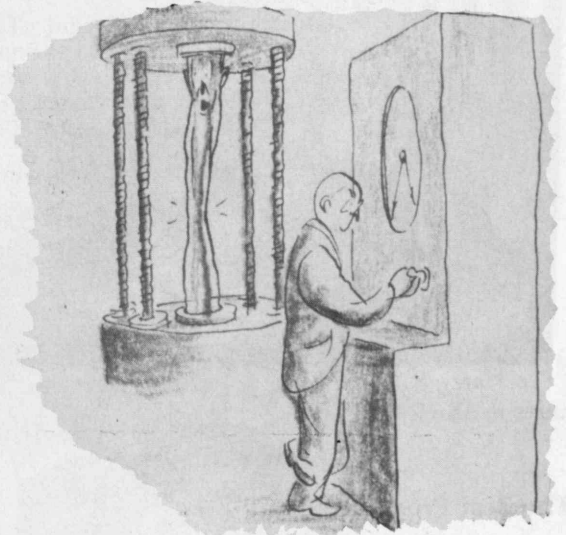
To organize the machine tool lab, demanding shorter lathes and more H's.



To paint a hideous black moustache on the famous Building 7 Compton portrait.



To run our own exhibit in building 7 teaching people not to push buttons.



To run a tensile test on someone – anyone remotely connected with tensile test machines.



Academy Award Winners 1947

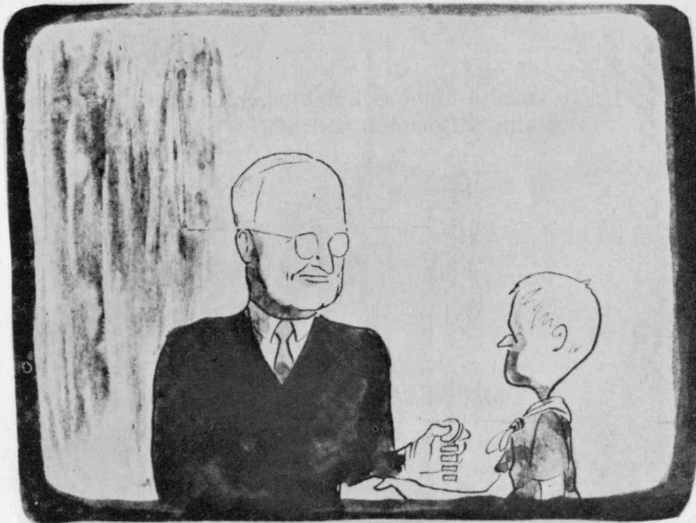
Ed. Note: We sent a correspondent out to Hollywood on an expense account to cover this year's Academy Awards. We received the following material, three days before the awards were to be given. Some of our editorial board doubted its authenticity, but we are printing it instead of leaving the pages white, for fear someone would have used the blank paper to take lecture notes on.

The Most Outstanding Actress



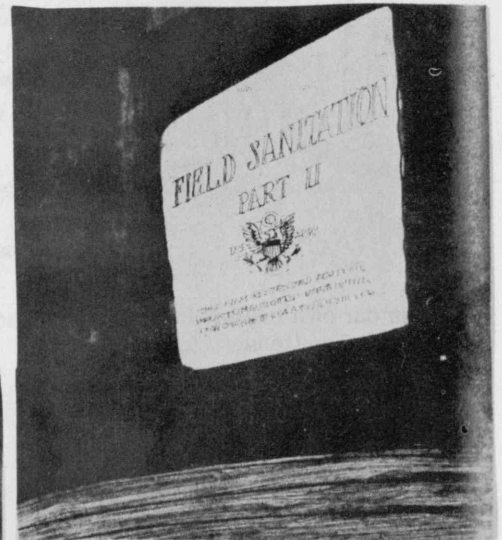
The Academy Award went to Barbara Build for displaying such a prominent part in her recent picture, "The Crowded Bodice." In it she plays a psychoneurotic atom bomb physicist, a WAC veteran, who is cast away on a desert island with a Communist guerilla.

The Most Realistic Character Portrayal



To Harry S. Truman for his extremely true-to-life performances in Movietone News.

The Best Documentary Film



"Field Sanitation," a new release by the U.S. Army, has unusual drama and swift action. A "must go" for everyone.

The Best Producer



Ludwig "Solomon" Langbipper of Colossal Colloids. He owns vegetable farms, poultry farms, dairy farms, shoe factories, textile mills, all producing voluminously. Their combined output, however, cannot keep up with Lud's expanding family. Mrs. Langbipper, still in the hospital after having twins, was asked to comment about her husband's production genius. She said, "It was that damn 15.70."

The Most Deserving Actor



This year's award goes to Harry Handout. Not just a bum actor, Harry is really pitied by his friends for his pathetic salary of \$2,000 a week. His wardrobe, cheapest in Hollywood, consists of Salvation Army rejects. Unlucky in love as in everything else, Harry was recently deserted by his mistress when she caught him making love to his wife.

The Most Cooperative Actress



To Julie Joy, whose warmhearted willingness has won the hearts of all who have come in touch with her. When interviewed at a Beverly Hills estate given to her by a friend, Julie commented, "It pays to be cooperative."

The Best Director of Westerns

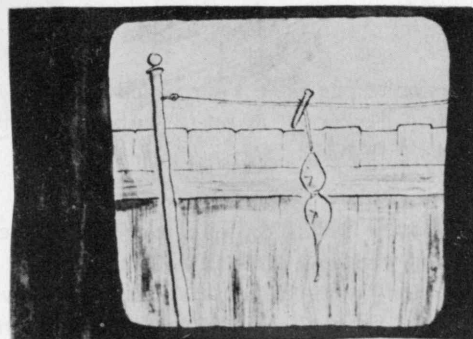


Director William "Wild Bill" Szyntlek received the coveted award posthumously for his work in western films. Incidentally, the former Mrs. Szyntlek will become a bride for the eighth time tomorrow morning. She and Karl Marx, Hollywood funny man, will spend their honeymoon at Bill's funeral tomorrow afternoon.

The Best Hippopotamus

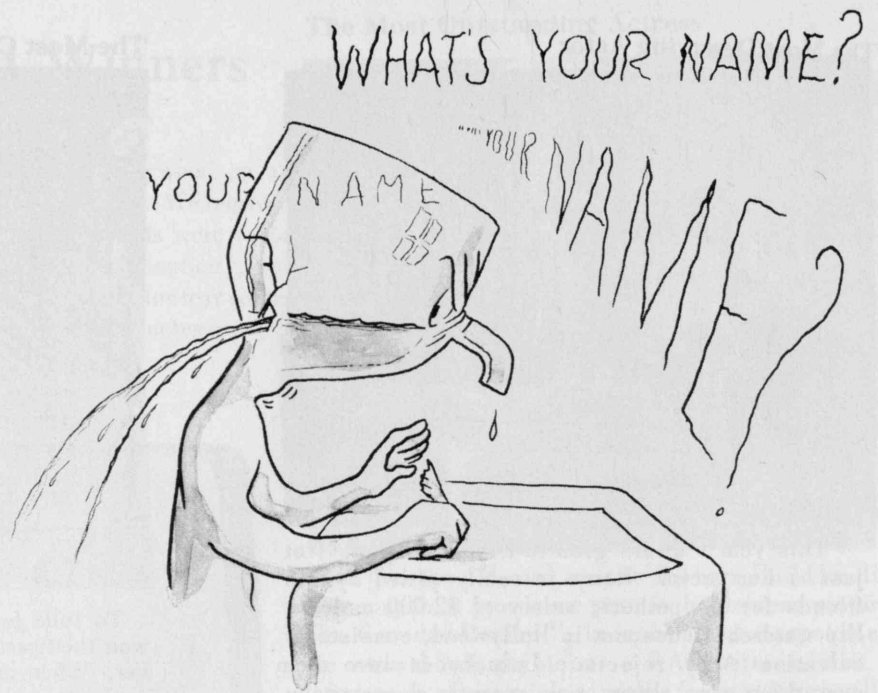


The Best Supporting Role

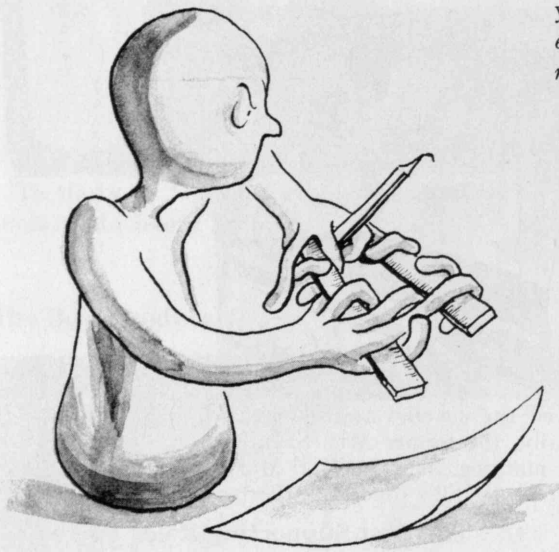


In a surprise move this award went to a previously unsung performer. Everyone agreed, however, that as Hollywood soared to new heights this performer had provided a lift to those that needed it.

You've GOT To Hit That Final

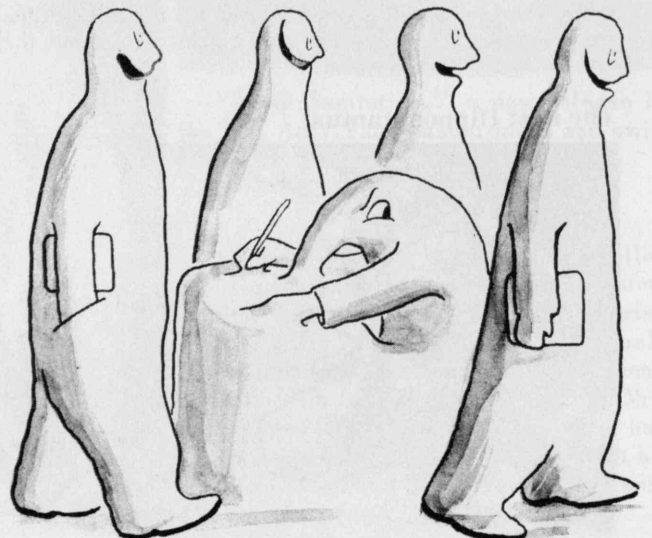


You think you know it all. You're filled to the brim. But as you put your pencil to the paper, *your head splits open. Your knowledge spills out. All of it. You can't think of anything. You can't even remember your name. Your head is empty. Empty.*

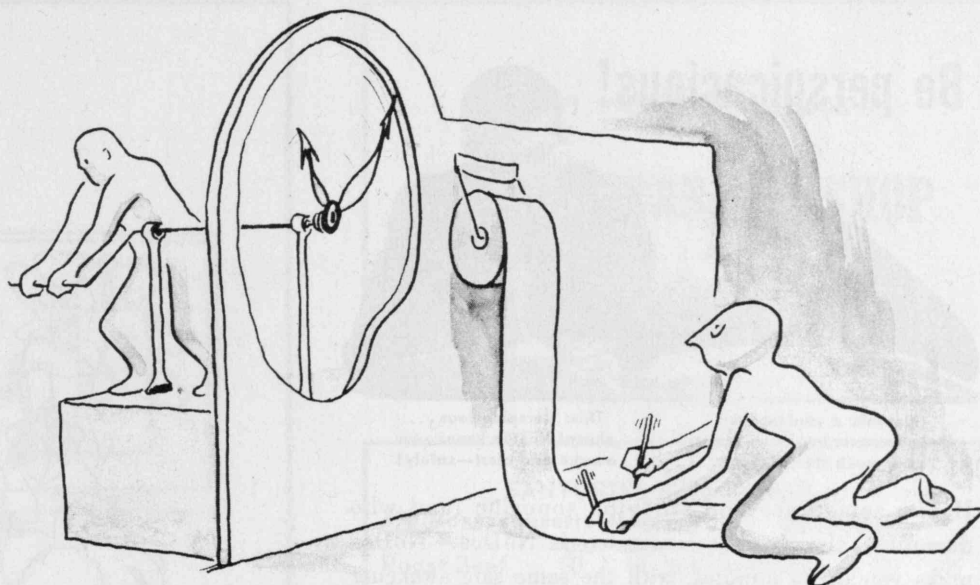


You're panicky. Your pencil breaks. *Your slide rule jams. You've got to get the answer, but you're seized by panic. PANIC!*

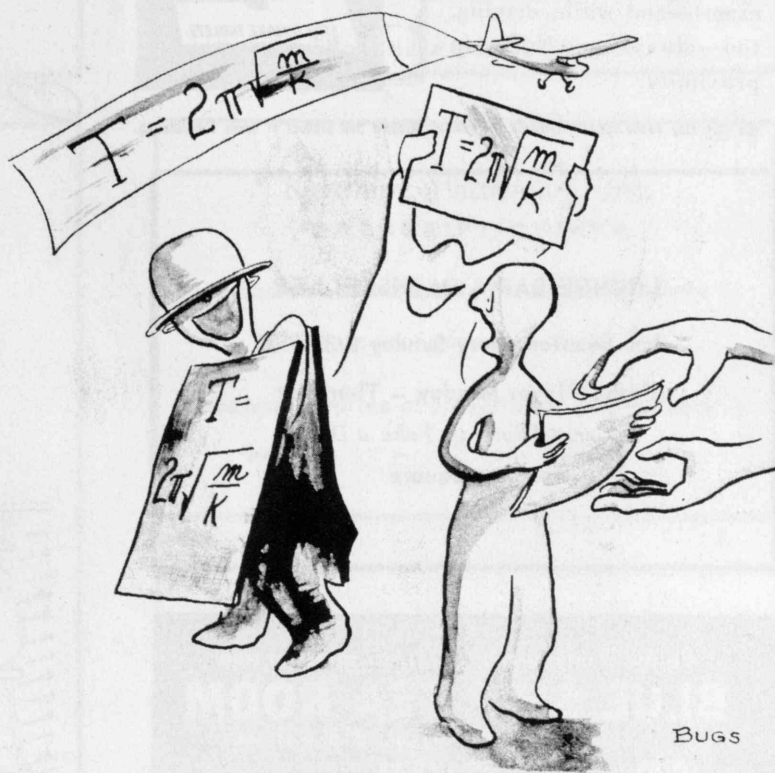
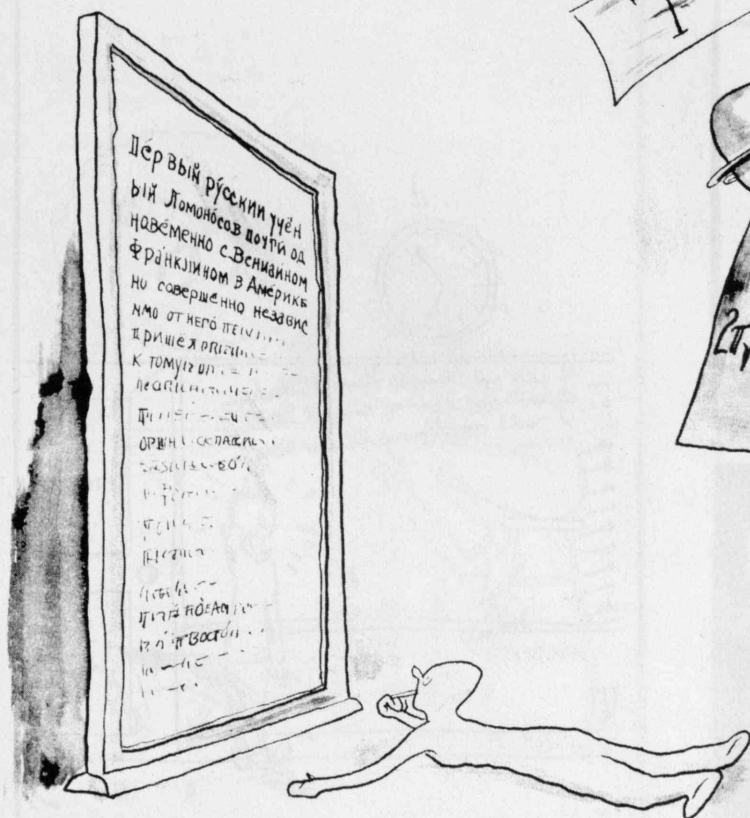
You're finding the quiz tough. But the guy in front of you walks out after an hour and a half. He's smiling! Another guy walks out. *He's smiling! They're all walking out and smiling!* You're paralyzed. *You're glued to the desk! You can't move!!*



Time is running out. It's running out fast. You've written five pages, but you have eleven more to go. *You have got to work fast. Time is running out. You haven't got a chance. You've got to work fast!*

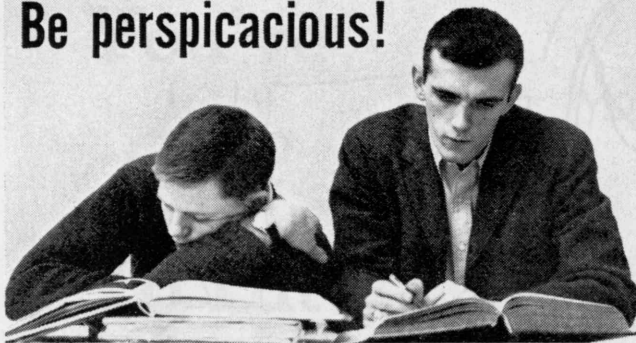


Good God! This is the section of the book you haven't studied. *It's Greek! Worse than that, it's Russian!*



You're about to hand in your paper. And then you remember. *The formula! THE FORMULA YOU NEEDED.* But it's too late. *You didn't remember the formula!*

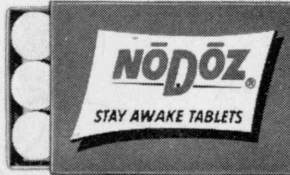
Be perspicacious!



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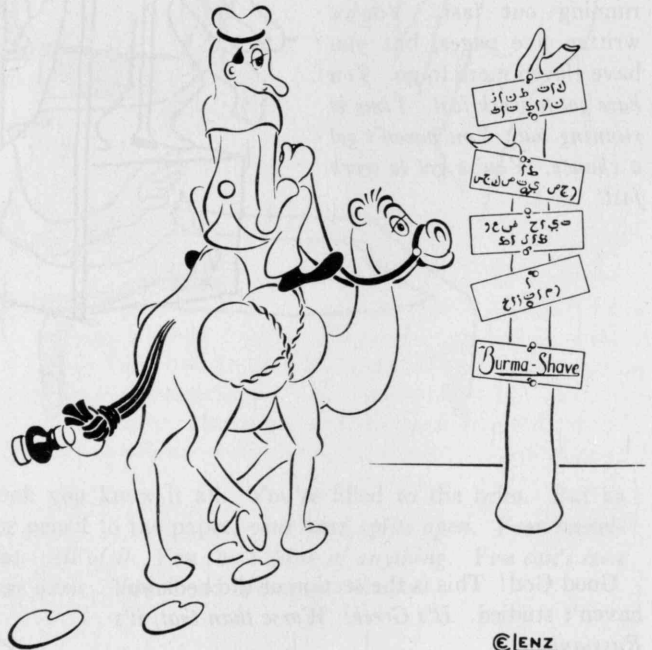
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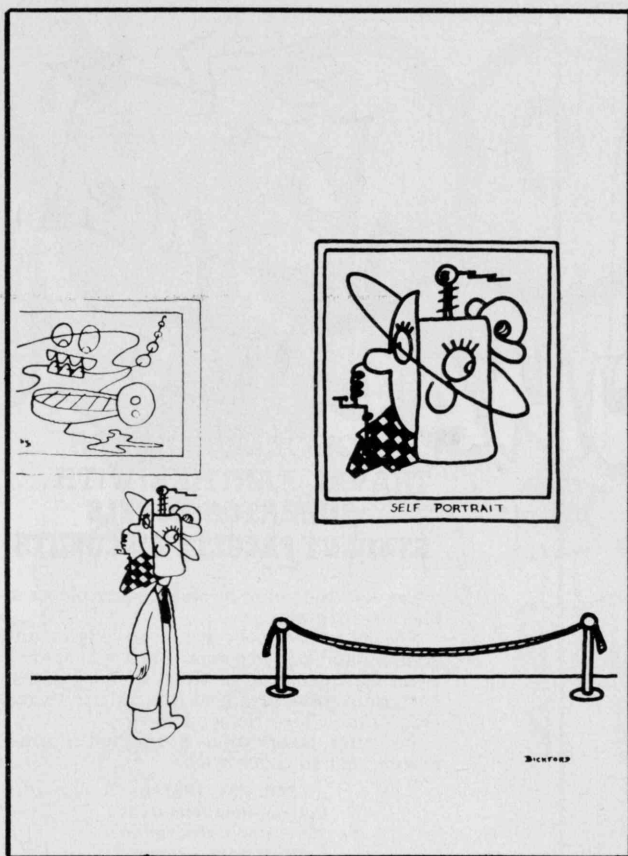
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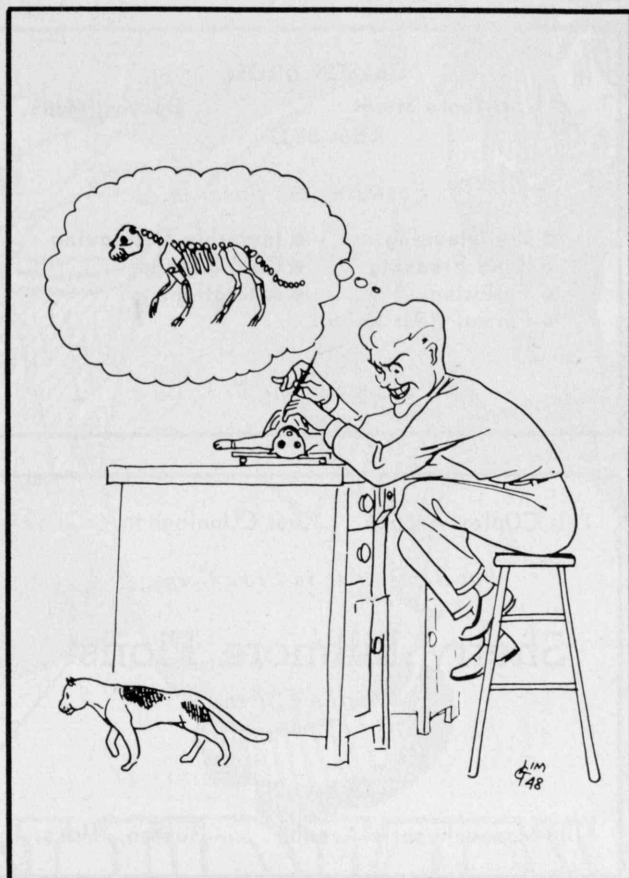
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Regular	40	30	White Meat Tuna	50	35
Italian Cold Cuts	50	35	Egg Salad	40	25
Imported Ham	50	35	Crabmeat	60	40
White Meat Turkey	75	50	Lobster	75	50
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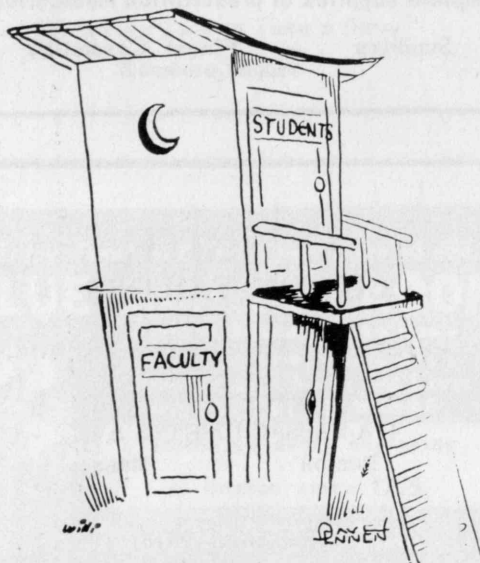
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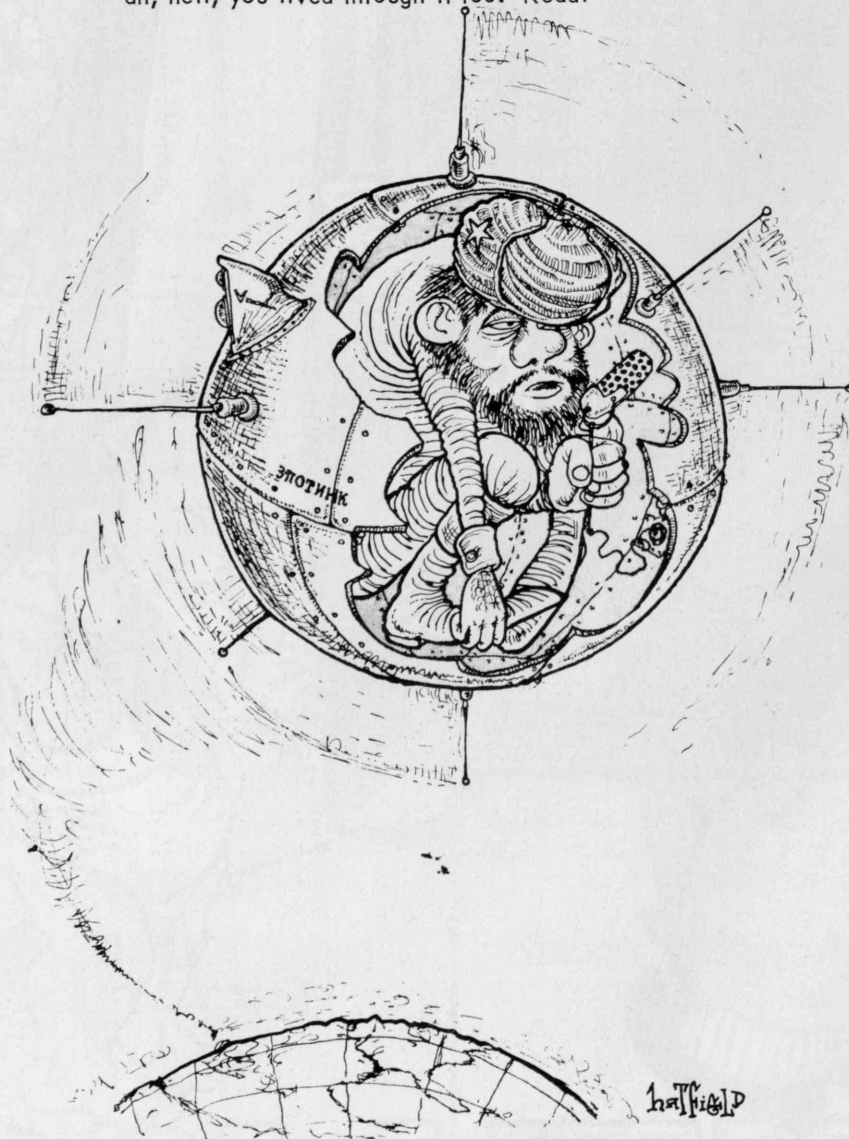


PURITY ISSUE

25¢
STOD

THE 50'S

The rise of the Cold War in the Even-More-Francitic Fifties prompted the U.S. to discover two more secret weapons: the H-bomb and Marilyn Monroe. Neither remained secret for long. Submachine guns were outlawed to ease the ears of the nation, and were replaced by rock 'n' roll. TV entered the tyrannical stage; the boys, having lost Pittsburgh Phil, entered the unions. Cinemascope and sputniks gave us new views of the world. Daryl, Hatfield and, Rubinstein gave us here a new outlook on art. Ike gave us a new outlook on golf. Castro... ah, hell, you lived through it too. Read!



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

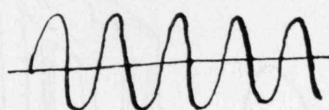
Sine of Love

I saw her as a most beautiful conglomeration of ellipses, parabolas, and sine waves in perfect symmetry as she slithered into the living room. I sat confidently on the sofa sketching free body diagrams as she sat down beside me. I felt the firm pressure of her thigh against mine. I would judge its modulus of resilience to be about 0.034 in-lb. I felt her warm breath (approx. 102.4° F.) on my cheek as she said, "Have I kept you waiting long, Zerxes?" "Only 34 minutes and 16.2 seconds," I replied as I subconsciously estimated the tensile strength of her sweater to be at least 4000 psi. She ran her soft hand through my hair (generating some 3×10^2 statcoulombs) and asked, "What did you bring me?" as she eyed the long object in my pants pocket . . . "Oh," I said quickly, "That's not for you, that's my slide rule," as I withdrew it and dramatically and adeptly flicked the ash from her cigarette with the slide. "Are all engineers as strong, calm, and romantic as you are, Zerxes?" I was mentally computing the acceleration of my heartbeat to be at least 14.7 thumps/sec². "Of course they are," I said as I thought—Engineers—Romantic?—Even I had learned in GE 711 that a woman is nothing but a slow moving man with a lower specific heat and a higher center of gravity . . . She might hypnotize some men with her curvilinear attractions, but not me—an Engineer!

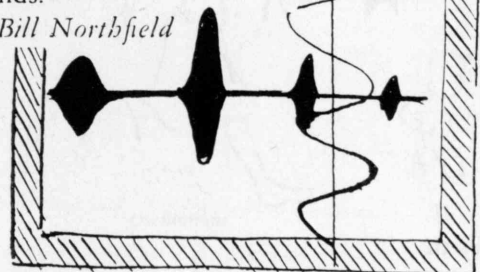
I observed her coldly (114.7° F.). She leaned over and kissed me lightly—I glanced down at my lapel only to see a molten mass that had once been my Tau Beta pin. She watched in admiration as I casually put the lighted end of my cigarette in my mouth and blew the smoke from between my toes.

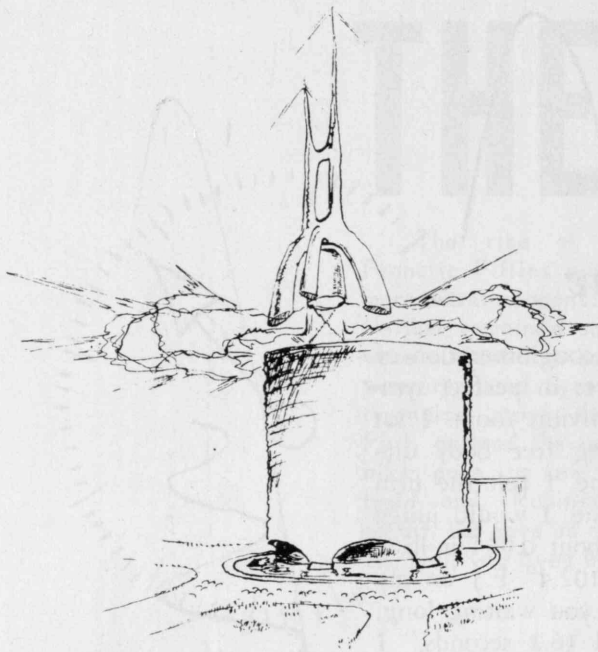
. . . I rose with a masculine air of indifference and stalked from the room on my hands.

—Bill Northfield

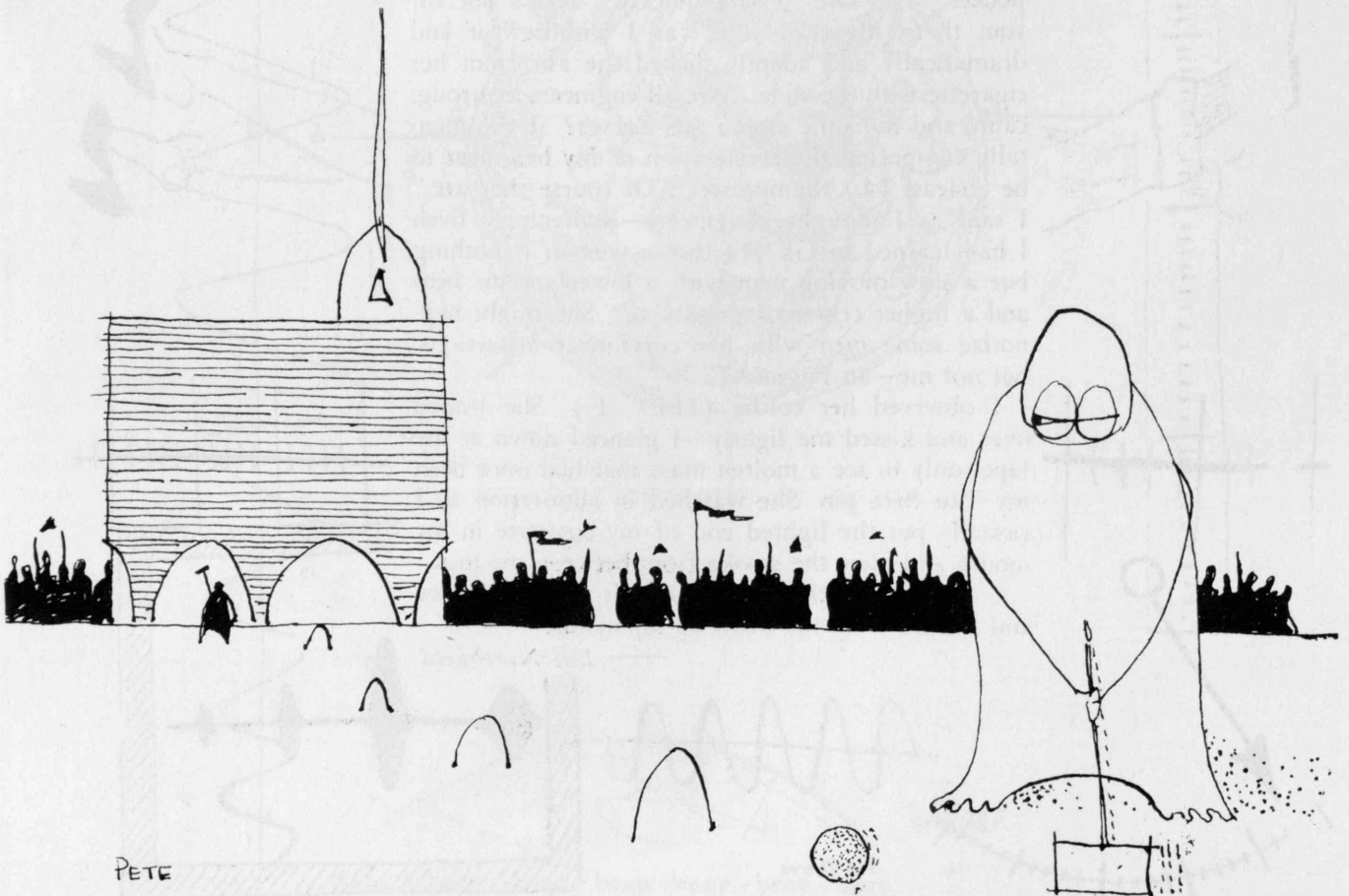
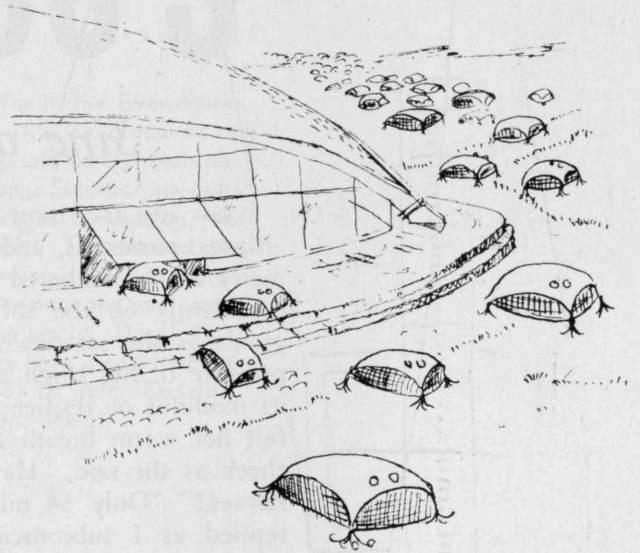


Jim Dow





☼



PETE

DEFINITELY

SPEAKING

Engineering, like other fields of study, finds it unnecessary to use classification and symbolism for a medium of exchange of ideas. Below are listed some helpful terms for Frosh considering entrance into Course VI.



Excitation



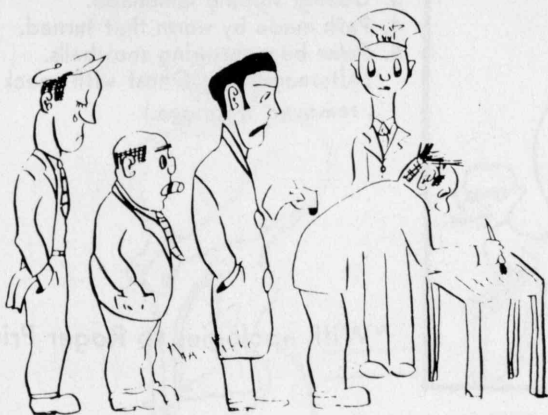
Resistance



Conductance



Resonance



Inductance

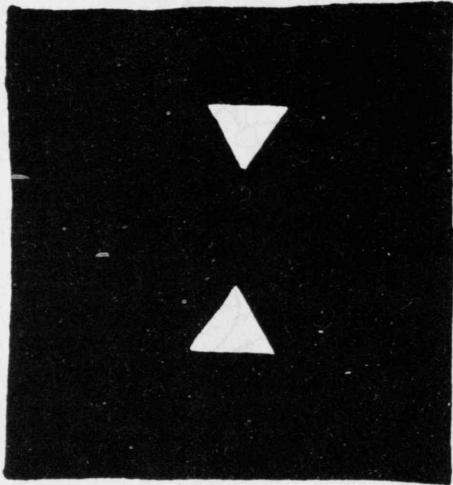


Oscillations

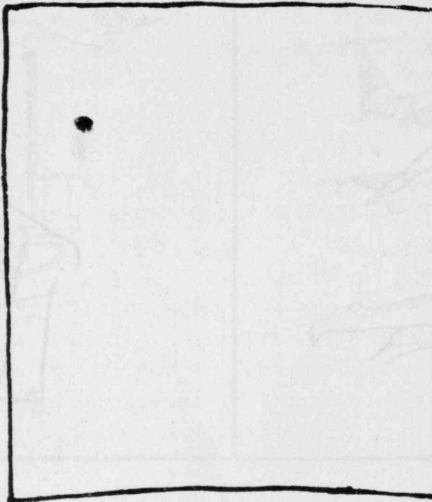
Two cliffs

DROODLE-OO

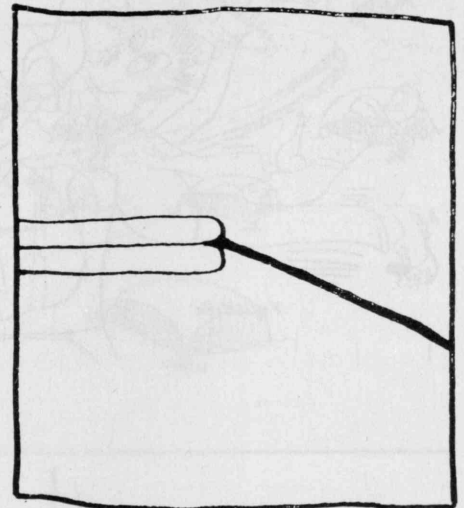
A new art form has recently appeared which threatens to rival apple-dunking and scrabble as the national pas-time. DROODLES have become the new popular craze. Voo Doo invites you to test your perceptive powers on these. The answers are printed right-side up down in the far corner, but some of the DROODLES may be upside down, for all we know.



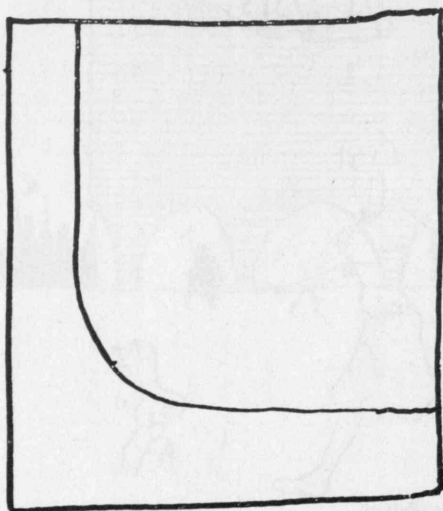
1



2



3



4

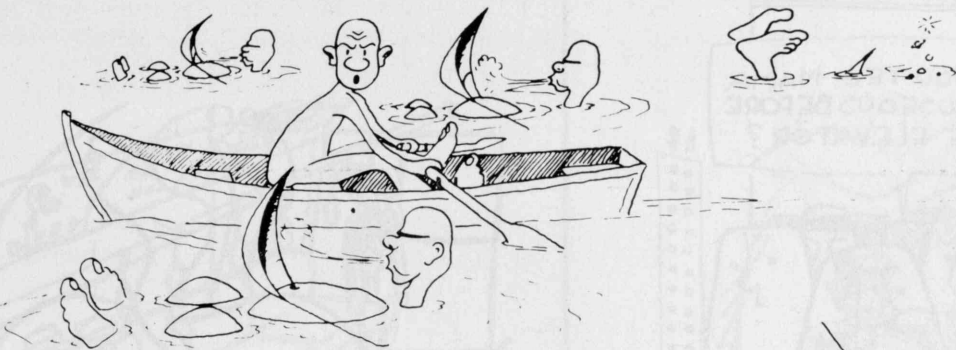


5

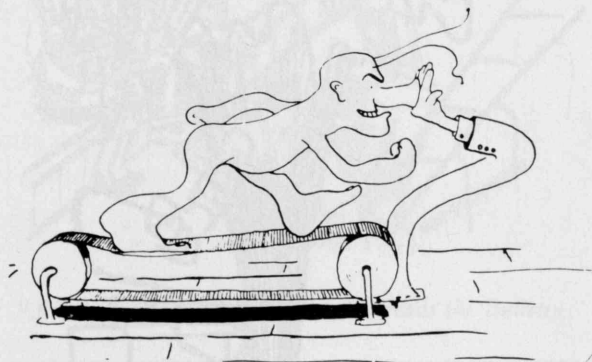
1. Top of beer can as seen from inside.
2. Ghost with speck in eye.
3. Ubangi sipping lemonade.
4. Path made by worm that turned.
5. Polar bear throwing snowballs.
(Alternate title: Ghost with speck
removed from eye.)

*With apologies to Roger Price.

ALL I AM, I OWE MOTHER



WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT ?



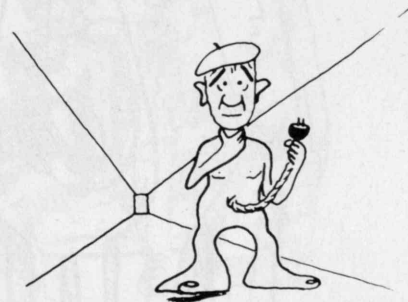
NOTHING CAN STOP ME !



WHAT A MESS I'VE MADE OF MY LIFE



I AM THE TRUTH



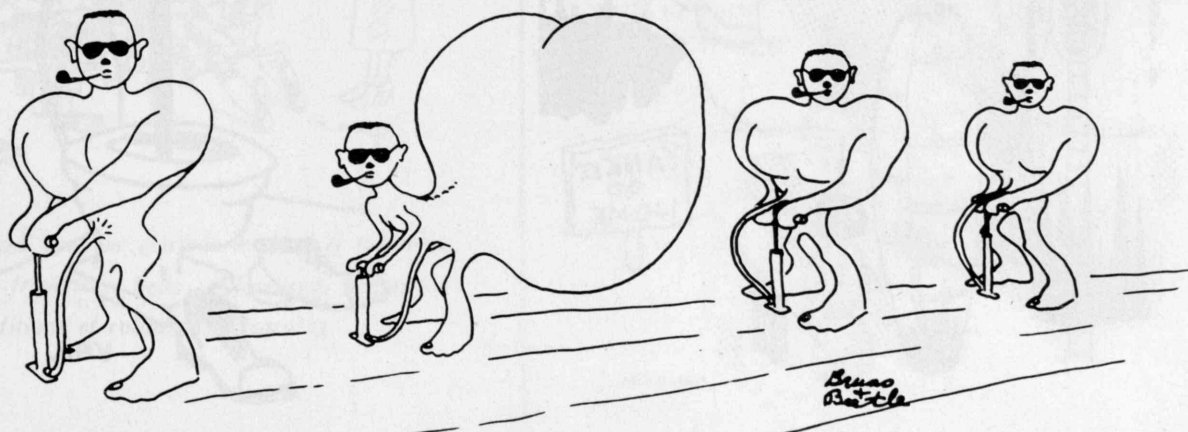
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD



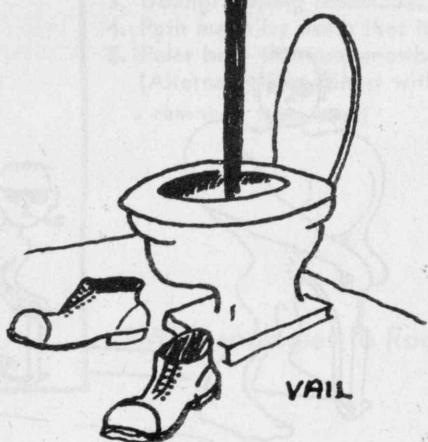
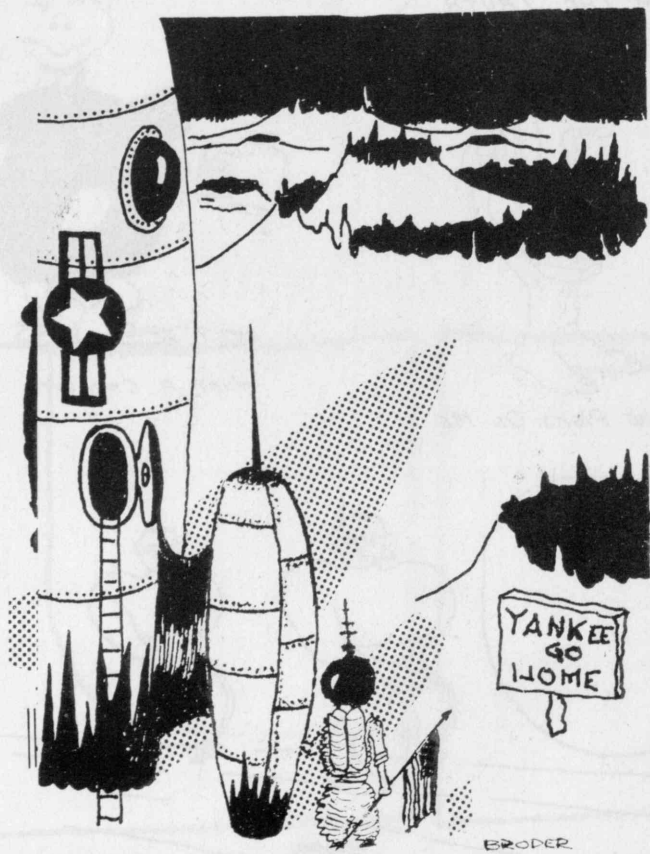
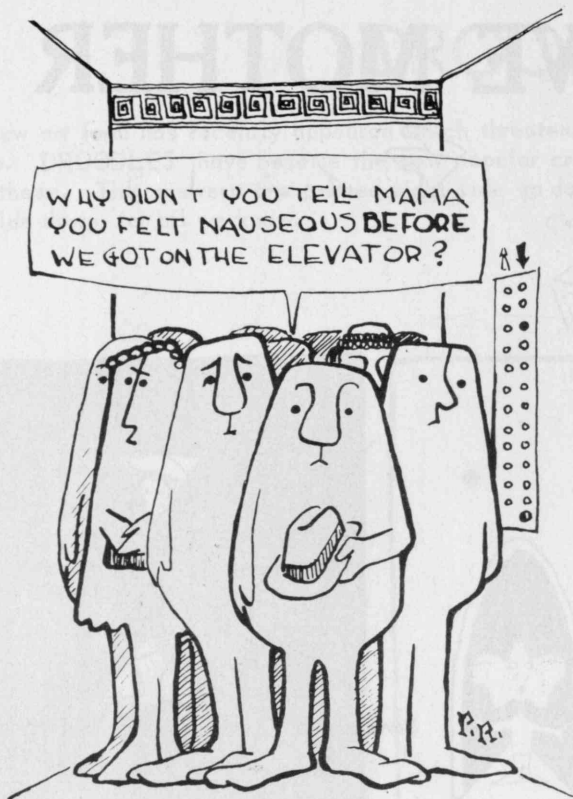
EVERYONE PICKS ON ME

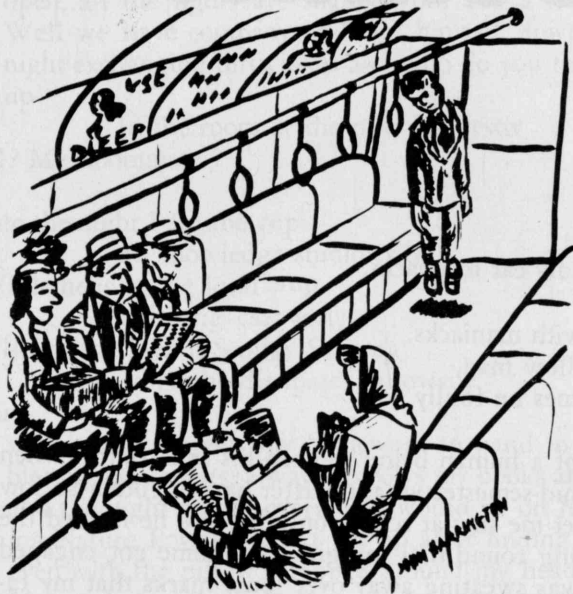


WHAT A CAPACITY !



Bruce
Bottle





"Nearly everybody in Philadelphia reads the Bulletin."



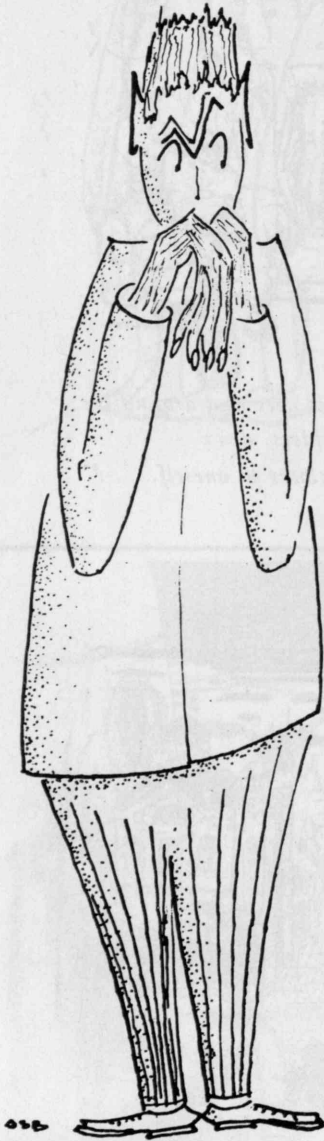
"... once the arm is over and around the
aforementioned shoulders, draw
the subject closer to oneself. . . ."



"... and when you, the glorious mothers of tomorrow,
emerge from these halls of learning, steeped in
the traditions of culture and learning . . ."



my roommate



I'm tolerant, benevolent;
I lend a kindly ear to quacks.
Altruistic, idealistic,
I sympathize with maniacs.
I've always loved my fellow man,
forgiving times he foully acks.

But

it's asking too much of a human being to keep his self control when he comes back from mid-semester vacation after having gotten so low a cum that the dean let me stay at school only because he needed the money and after having found that my girl back home got engaged to some guy while I was sweating away over lousy marks that my father took one look at and said no car this term and I come in dog-tired from a long boring trip on a noisy dusty train which left me with a splitting headache and who do I find has thrown all my clothes out of my closet and replaced them with his own, shoved my bed into the darkest corner of the room, crammed the bookcases with his books and taken the best desk

not to mention both towel racks?

My Roommate.

I suspect that his philosophy
is conscientious misanthropement.
His mentality has undergone
a retrogressive development.
Last week when from the shower I
assayed a feeble gropement,

I found

he'd left ten minutes before ingeniously locking the door behind him knowing damn well that I was already late for a date with the one girl who spits blood when I'm only two seconds late and I'm standing here shivering in a freezing hall with open house hours just begun and female voices echoing down the corridor and coming closer with me planted smack in the middle wearing nothing
but a bar of soap lent

By My Roommate.

Oh ecstasy, propinquity,
my love is growing restiv.
Her beauty lies not in her eyes;
her pulchritude is breastiv.
While dancing she caresses me
in manner most suggestiv.

So

I take her up to my room and it's only 11 o'clock and I turn on the radio while she turns off the lights and the music is soft and romantic and she's dancing so close to me that if she was any closer she'd be behind me and she's leading me towards the couch while I'm saying to myself tonight's the night when all of a sudden the door flings open, all the lights are snapped on, and a hearty voice booms out Well we have company and sits himself down for the rest of the night exchanging dirty jokes and who do you think takes her out and up

to the room at the next big festiv

Al? My Roommate.

Into the night I sip the cup
of knowledge studiowsily

While he is at the local pup
imbibing carowsily.

His favorite area is Scollay Squarea
where he dissipates callowsily.

But

who is it who steals my homework to hand in to his instructors, bibles my lab reports, always borrows my books and never buys his own, and the night before every quiz would sit on his desk all night singing Nature Boy if I didn't get up after finding it impossible to sleep even with the pillow wrapped around my head and cram everything I learned since the beginning of the term into his dense skull between midnight and six in the morning sustaining myself with so much No Doz and black coffee that I'm so doped up for the quiz that the Greek symbols look like English to me and I erase pencil marks with the point of my pen and then who gets A's while I get C's and is sure to graduate suma cum laudely while if I graduate at all,
it will be sumwhat cum lovsily?

My Roommate.

So I steal hubcaps from Cadillacs:

I cultivate a cult of hate;

So I kick small dogs, mislead the blind,
and frequently prevaricate;

So I teach girls under five to curse
and beetles I decapitate.

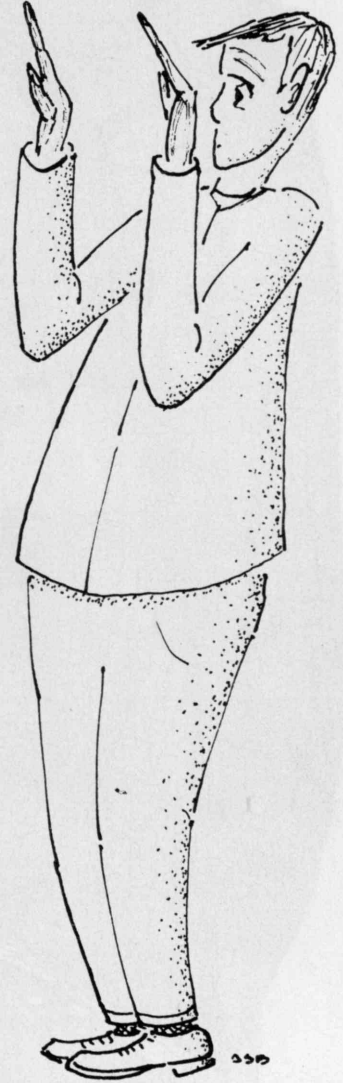
Well

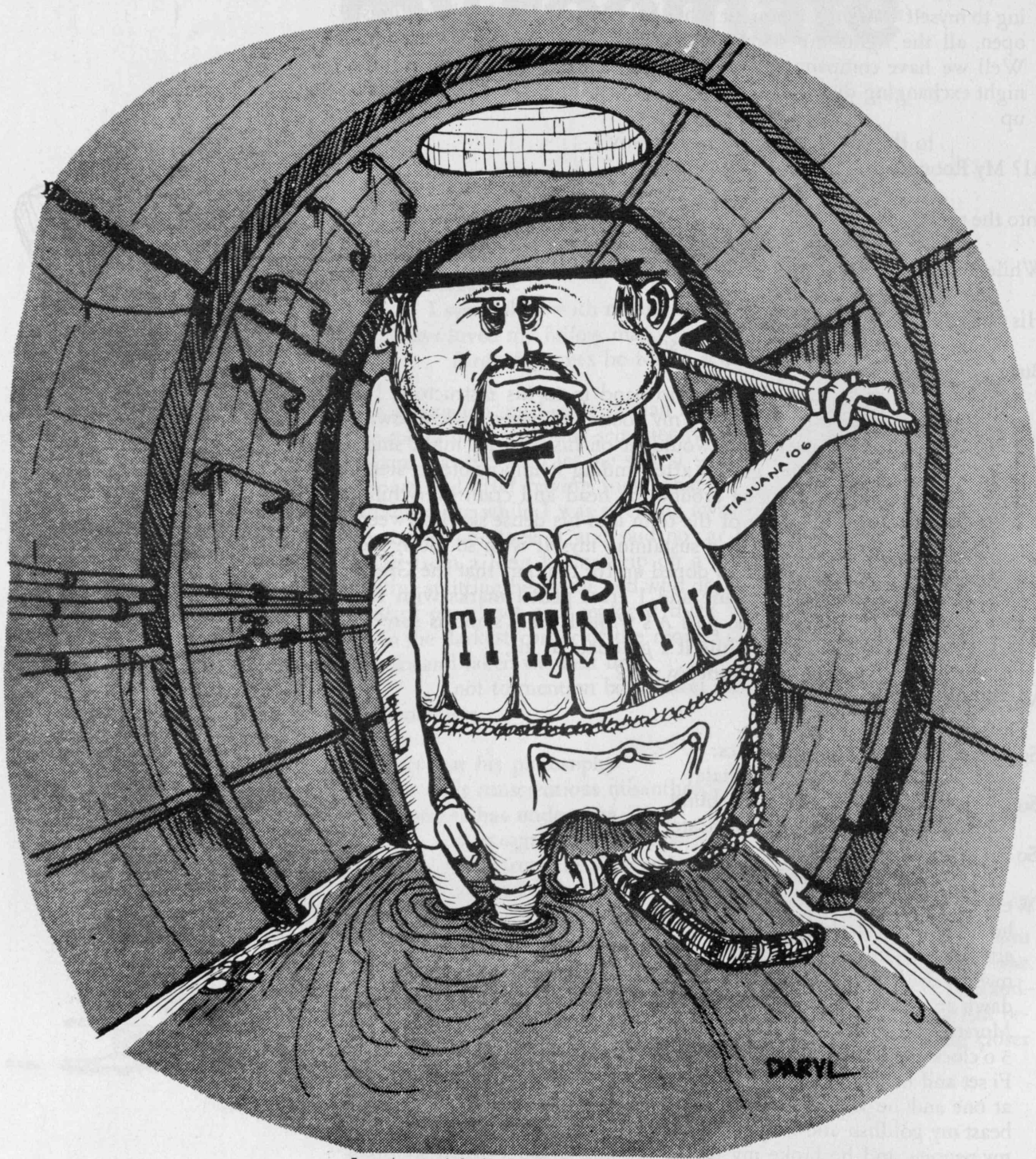
he wears all my clothes and uses my razor and dulls my ice skates and splinters my skis and when I start out for the launderette with my laundry he flings me his to do also and he comes in just before dawn and wakes me so he can describe his billiard shots and he sends Morse code signals to his girl friend at Charlesgate with my lamp at 3 o'clock in the morning and he scratches my records on my own Hi-Fi set and he has to listen to the fisherman's news service every night at one and he keeps his pet snake warm in my bed and feeds the beast my goldfish and he plays pitching pennies out the window with my pennies and he broke my leg in football practice when we were on the same team and he sends poison-pen letters to the dean in my name and as soon as I get my switch-blade knife from Sears and Roebuck who do you think

I'm going to assassinate?

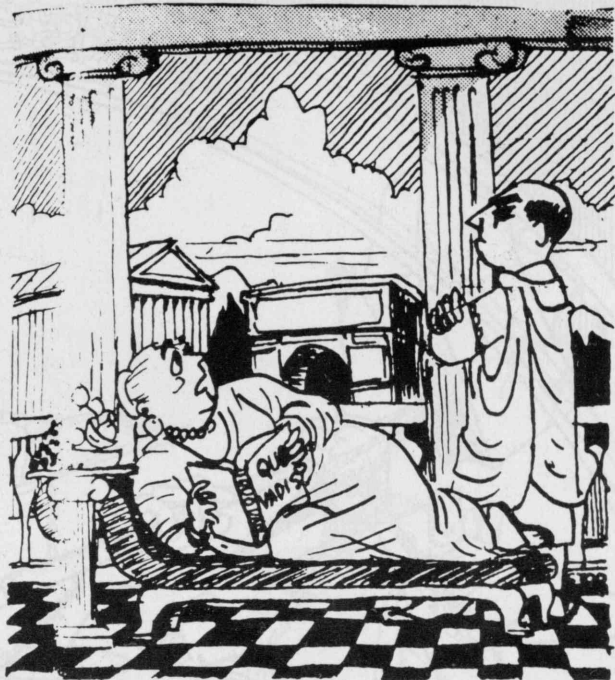
MY : * | & (.. æ) ROOMMATE.

—Dave Markowitz and Phil Pearle, roommates

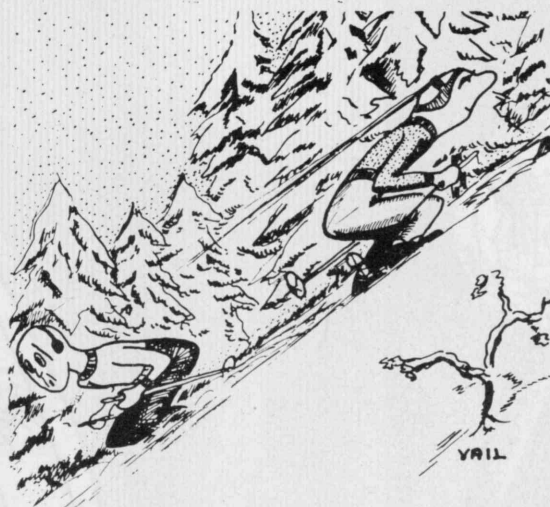


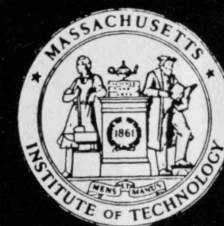
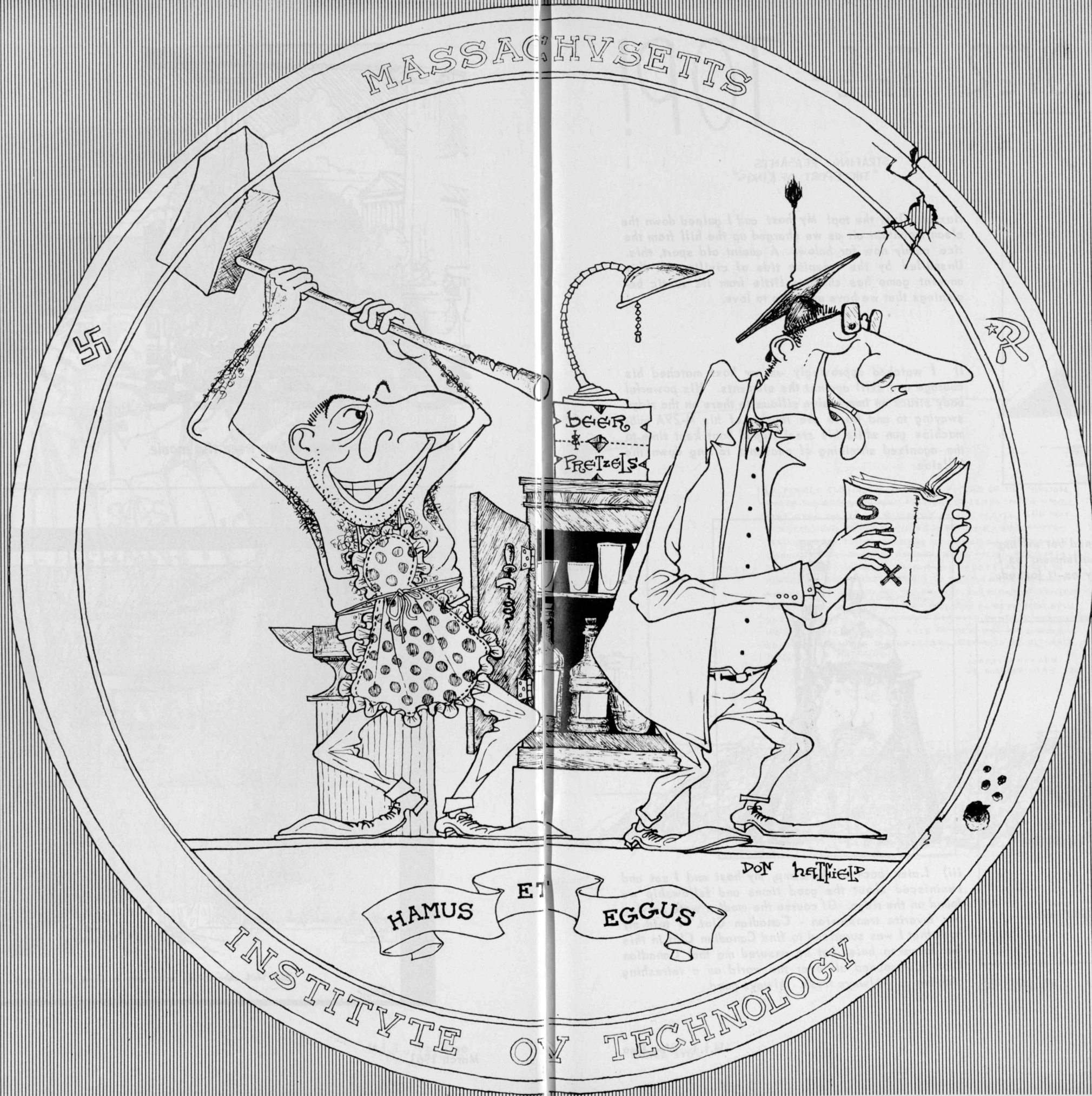


I got my job through "The Tech."



I always read the book before I see the movie.





HUZZAH! OVER THE - TOP!

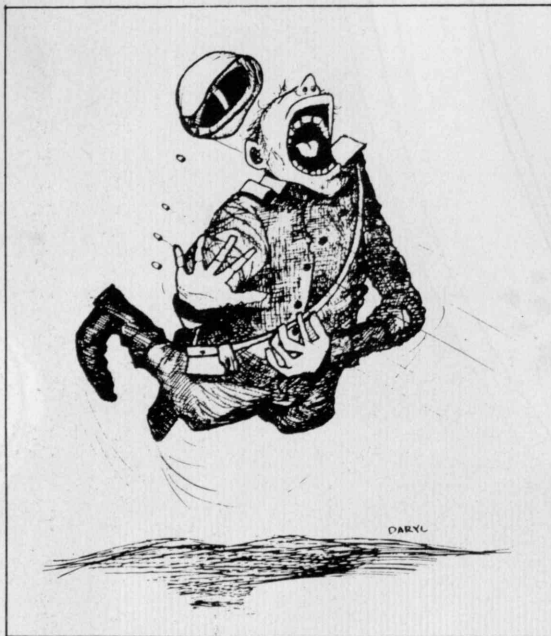


STRAFING PEASANTS "THE SPORT OF KINGS"

Huzzah! Over the top! My host and I gulped down the clean mountain air as we charged up the hill from the rice paddy now far below. A quaint old sport, this. Unspoiled by the creeping tide of civilization this ancient game has changed little from its rustic beginnings that we have all come to love.

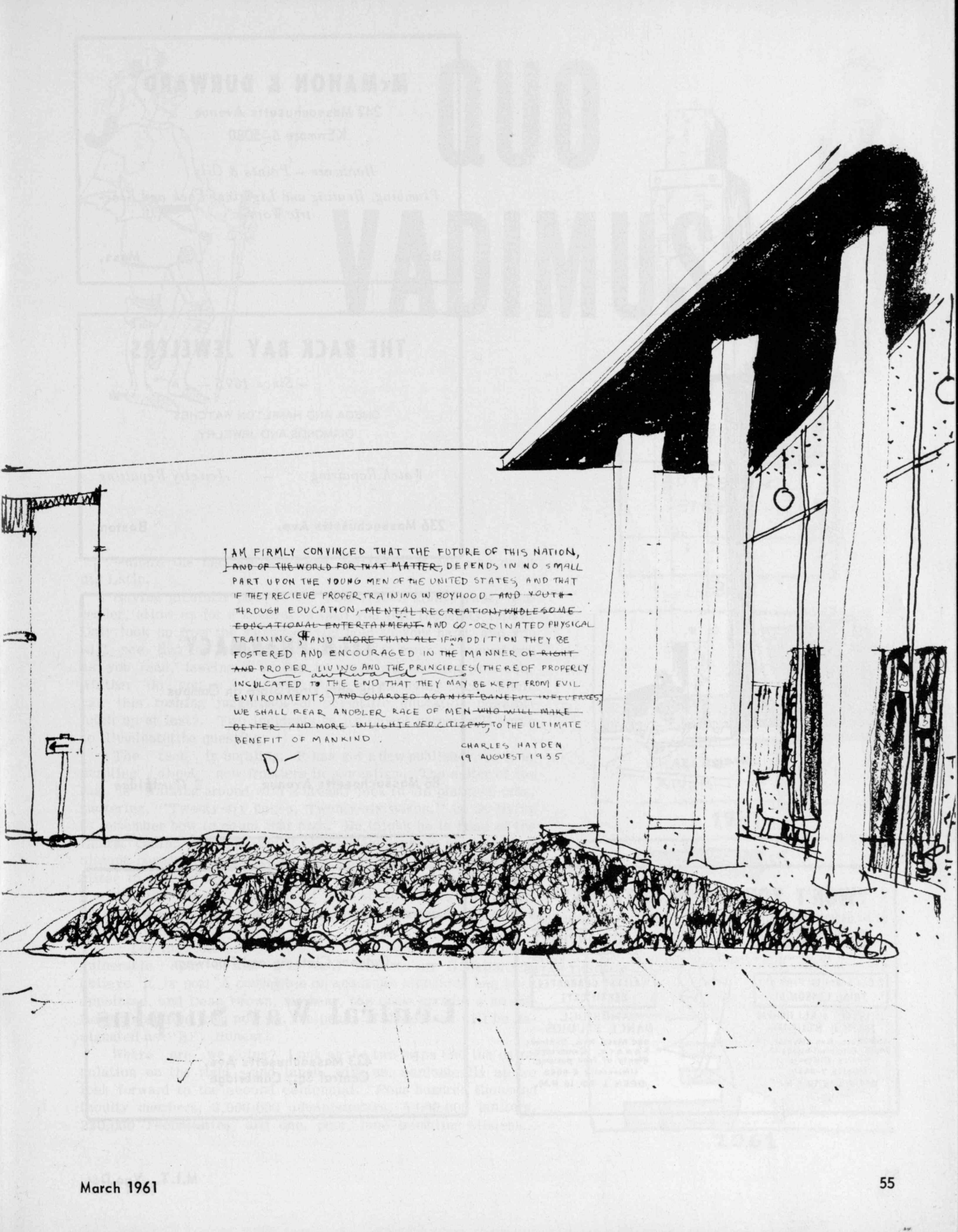
i) I watched approvingly as my host matched his courage and skill against the elements. His powerful body struck an impressive silhouette there on the ridge, swaying to and fro to the rhythm of his M-29A sub-machine gun while his steel tipped boot kept time to the agonized shrieking of peasants rolling down the hillside.

ii) Soon it was my turn to try my untrained but willing hand. Every muscle screamed for nourishment as I roared over the top! It wasn't as easy as it looked.



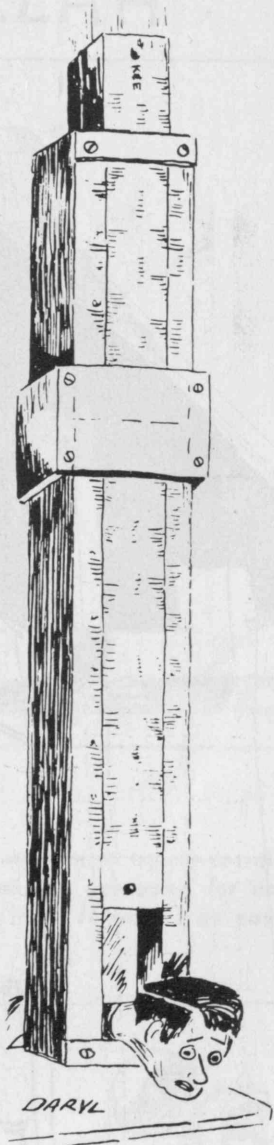
iii) Later, back at the camp, my host and I sat and reminisced about the good times and fellowship we found on the ridge. Of course the medics were serving our favorite transfusion - Canadian Clot. I told my host that I was surprised to find Canadian Clot in this God-forsaken hole, but he assured me that Canadian Clot is renowned all over the world as a refreshing pick-me-up.--Always fresh. Always good.

A Voo Doo PUBLIC SERVICE MIL DAY 1958



I AM FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT THE FUTURE OF THIS NATION,
AND OF THE WORLD FOR THAT MATTER, DEPENDS IN NO SMALL
PART UPON THE YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THAT
IF THEY RECEIVE PROPER TRAINING IN BOYHOOD ~~AND YOUTH~~
THROUGH EDUCATION, MENTAL RECREATION, WHOLESOME
EDUCATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT AND CO-ORDINATED PHYSICAL
TRAINING, AND MORE THAN ALL IF IN ADDITION THEY BE
FOSTERED AND ENCOURAGED IN THE MANNER OF RIGHT
AND PROPER LIVING AND THE PRINCIPLES (THERE OF PROPERLY
INGULCATED TO THE END THAT THEY MAY BE KEPT FROM EVIL
ENVIRONMENTS) AND GUARDED AGAINST BANEFUL INFLUENCES,
WE SHALL REAR AN OBLER RACE OF MEN WHO WILL MAKE
BETTER AND MORE ENLIGHTENED CITIZENS TO THE ULTIMATE
BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

D-
CHARLES HAYDEN
19 AUGUST 1935



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QUO VADIMUS



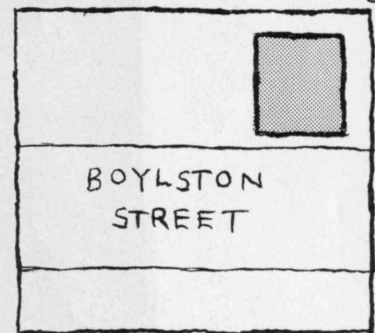
--Where the hell are we going, for those of you who don't dig Latin.

Having gleefully pawed over VOO DOO's grungy past, dear reader, allow us for a moment to lead you into the misty future. Only look up from the magazine you hold in your hand, and you will see that the Institute has continued to move on around you as you read, leaving it to you to catch up as best you can. Whither do you go as you ride along on its unruly back! Where can this rushing juggernaut of scientific education possibly fetch up at last?. Two incidents in its recent career will serve to illuminatethe question:

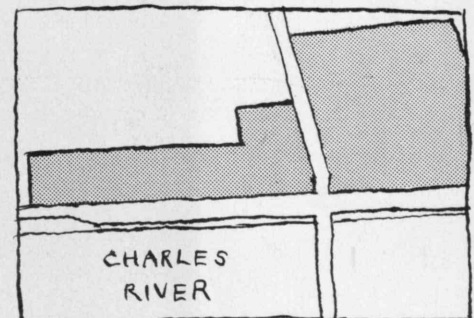
The tech is burbling. It has got a new publisher, so it is burbling about new frontiers in journalism. The editor of the rag is walking around with a dreamy look in his platinum orbs, muttering, "Twenty-six pages, Twenty-six pages." he is trying to remember how to count that high. He thinks he is head of the Hearst chain. Ha, Ha. But it is less laughable to note that this blatant parody of a newspaper has persuaded the Finance Committee to pay for delivery of the tech to every room in East Campus for three weeks. One ray of light strikes the eye, however; on one floor, 41 out of 43 residents have voted utterly to spurn the yellow sheet.

The Institute has felt a pinch in its pocketbook - the most vulnerable spot of all. Too many students are flunking out, believe it or not! A committee on academic standards has been appointed, and Dean Brown, we hear, has come up with a magnificent solution: from now on, the peaks of the curves will be designated as "B" Honest!

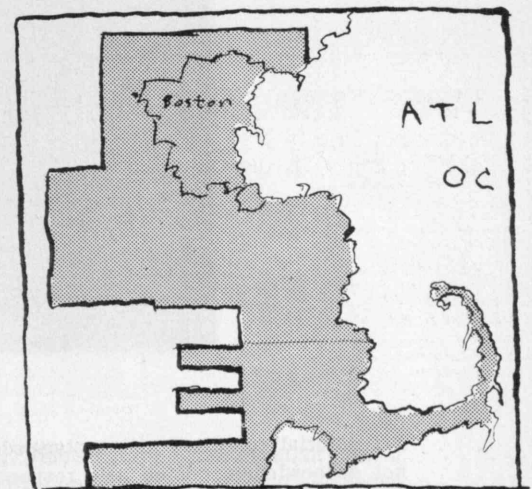
Where are we going? Look at the two maps and the extrapolation on the right - and laugh, with us, sardonically as we look forward to the second centennial. Four hundred thousand faculty members, 3,000,000 administrators, 5,000,000 janitors, 230,000 Techretaries, and one, poor, lone trembling student...



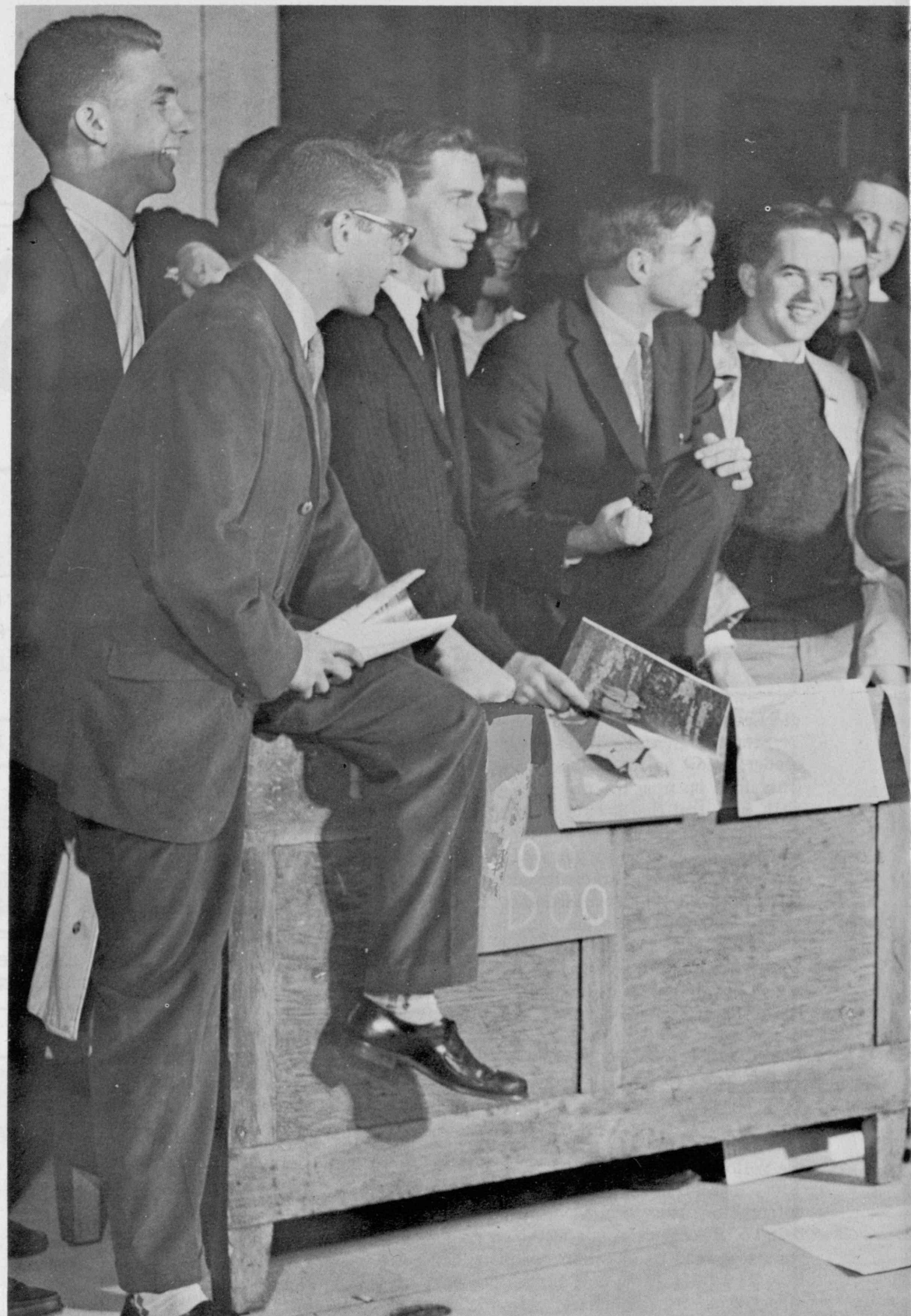
1861



1961



2061

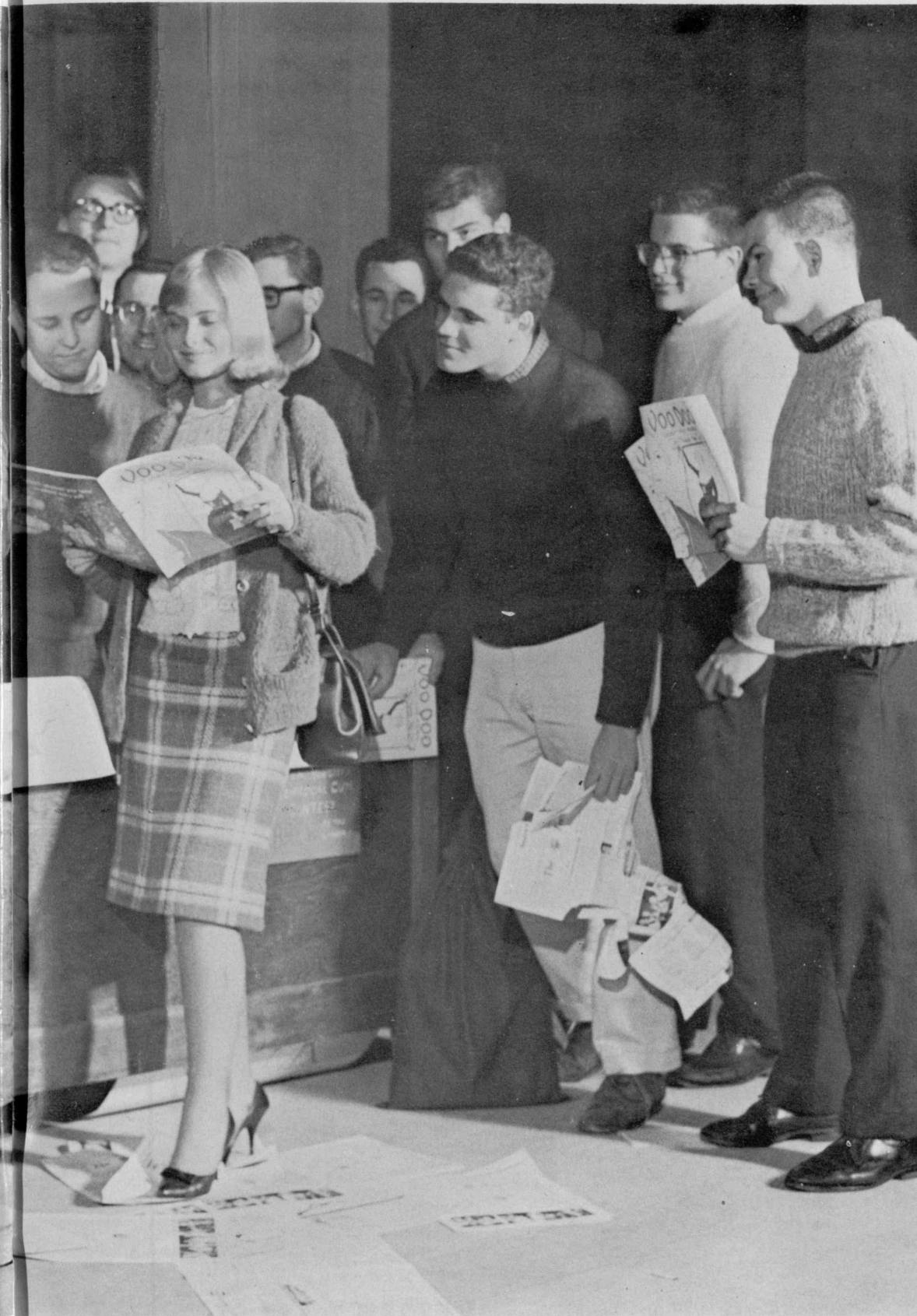


The VOO DOO Staff

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In All its Glory

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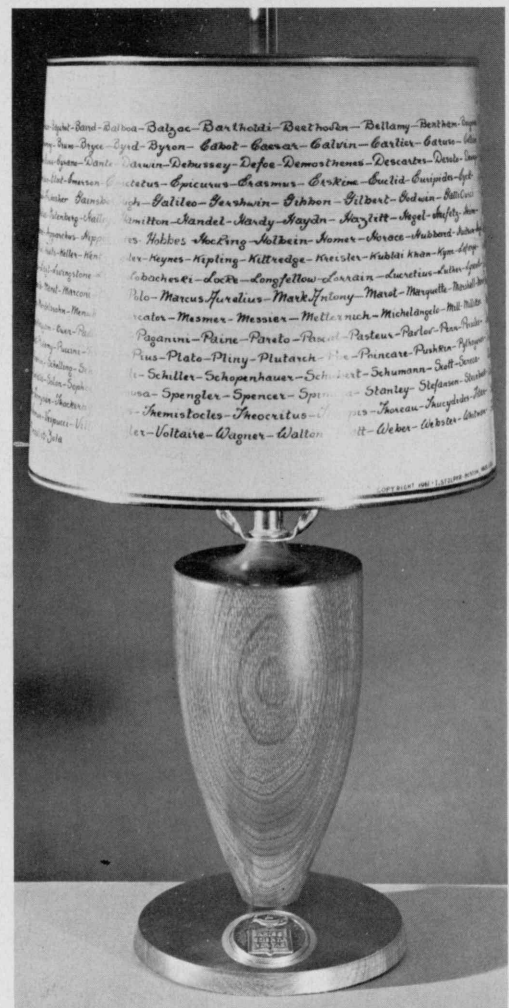
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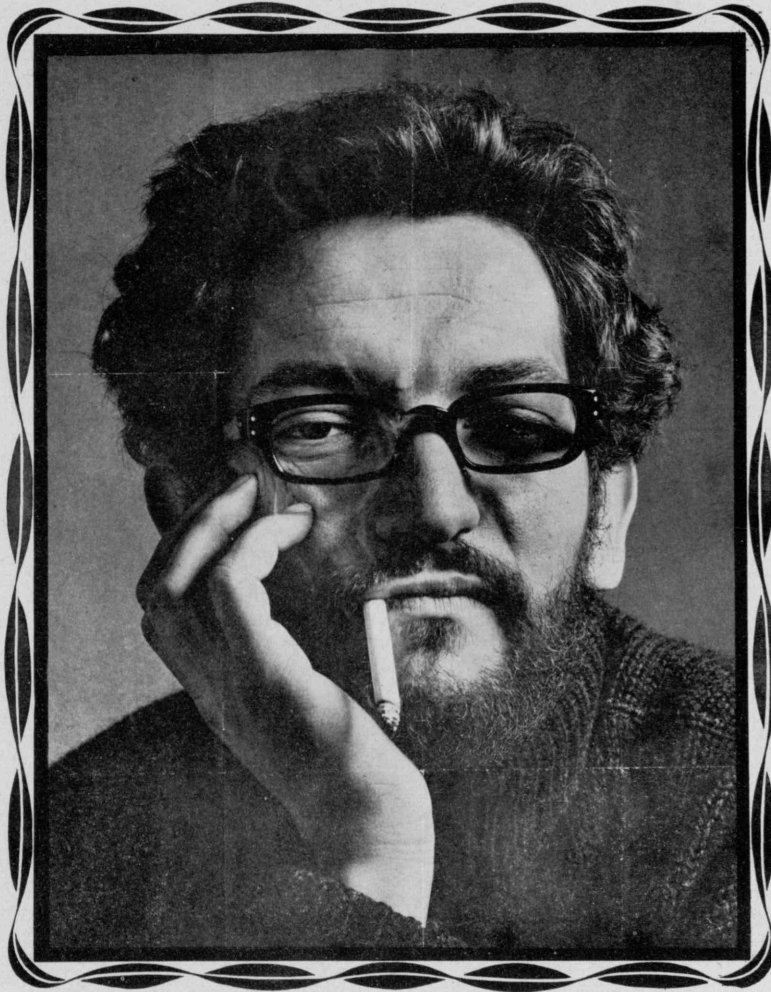
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