IN MEMORIAM

FIELD PIECE ISSUE
• 1957 •

BACK BAY ISSUE
• 1927 •

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE.

-1987?
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**Subscription**
- The House
- The Animal
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 secretly, 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 Reminiscences . . .

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 mêlée 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 formulæ 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.

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 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 Lemb 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 rep 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 pedal 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 ease 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 possesson 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
Voo Doo

Girl's Number

1926
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 Noose and his unkillable, unbeatable, incorruptible Incapables; TV had hardly been thought of. Machine guns and Charleston music roared in the streets and speakers. 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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>After having haunted your dreams nightly for ten weeks, you should ask her. Are you a sociable?</th>
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(●) 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 C₂H₅OH.
1—Th. — 1913 Major Pendleton tells first story and
achieves success.
1925 King Tut-Ankh-Amen’s tomb excavated. Scientists
claiming.
1937 George Washington’s tomb excavated. Americans
short at services.
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.
1947 Fulton invents radio.
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.
1907 Professor Armstrong tells perfection of 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.
1943 Jo Sumner breaks record by not falling off platform.
1944 Jo Sumner breaks neck by falling off platform.
10—Sat. — 1889 Marconi invents radio.
1923 10,000 boys give radio concert.
1921 R. O. T. C. adopts unique disguise.
1907 Mr. Jenney tests eggs and darts on Boston Library.
11—Sun. — 1921 Petronius discovered by Columbia
student.
1919 Course bloomed in great court.
1919 Faculty action bars all foliage—Professor Disko resigns.
12—Mon. — 1920 Civil Engineer investigates stresses
in Brooklyn Bridge and decides the bridge is safe.
1947 Columbus discovered erasing.
1914 Mechanical engineer decides in thesis that Henry Ford
has invented an economical motor.
13—Tu. — 1971 Harvard team wins victory unaided
by services of Greater Boston Boy.
1942 Columbus discovered erasing.
1914 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 con-
traption.
1924 Republican party goes democratic.
1907 Expression “Down Maine” first heard by Souther.
15—Th. — 1956 Knickers abolished by Harvard
Choral Society.
16—Fri. — 1940 Lloyd George plans comeback.
1947 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 snaply article for
Roman Tribune on red-haired women.
20—Tu. — 1923 Eddie Miller loses voice in boiler
explosion.
19—Mon. — 1923 New term begins.
Boston moved to Washington due to coal shortage.
1923 Caesar Assassinated in Forum.
1923 Red Sox trade bat-bye and park to Yanks for a framed
 replica of the 1922 pennant.
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 McNeill write
book on Physics.
1918 Book revived to include diagrams of cat falling on four
feet.
23—Fri. — 1950 Simpsons girl refuses invitation to
eat at Cupby.
1925 Leonard Passion eats class — loses his sneakners.
24—Sat. — 1923 Eight seniors refuse to wear flat hats.
1923 Eight seniors leave Tech.
1906 Scoville measures the heat of collection box by mistake.
Thought it was a telephone slug.
26—Mon. — 1942 Freshman tips hat to Senior.
1925 Construction begins on New Dorms.
1909—23 Students vote for “yarsity football team.
27—Tu. — 1923 Dr. Moore reports 3500 cases of
spring fever and one case of Gordon Gun.
1923 Denton Massy announces loss of important box.
1923 Marjorie Pierce prepares to go to France. France pre-
names for Marjorie Pierce’s visit.
28—Wed. — 1925 Faculty votes against “yarsity foot-
ball team.
1963 Student laughs at Voo Doo joke.
1929 Copley Derby won by seniors in Hack No. 1.
29—Th. — 1923 Penfield Roberts drops cigarette in
corridor.
1921 Professor Tyler tests tobacco for first time.
1921 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 smoke factory.
31—Sat. — 1923 Last day of month this year.
Mike Hoar collects from Nap Boutelier. Gets new
derby.
Faculty supply of vote 10 blanks depleted.
Eight more weeks till finals.
FARE, LIQUOR STORE TO MIT
(EVEN NEARER BY PHONE)
WITH THE KINDS OF LIQUOR, BEER, AND WINE
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"Well, her clothes are against her."
"Yes, that's what I liked about her."

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"What kind of a time did you have at the banquet?"
"Was it a punk party? When the waiter's bring in chicken every body from the guests make it a diving in with the knives and forks—I got my hands all cut opp."
THE FIRST YOO DOO
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NEVER NEGLECT A CHANCE TO TELL US OF YOUR MIGRATORY MILITARY SERVICE IN THE HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS—STUDENTS KNOWN AS "FEDERAL BOARDERS" ARE ESPECIALLY IMPRESSED.

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

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The C. E.: "Sure, I'm on the level."
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1st Stude: "I dunno."
2d Stude: "Who else will play?"

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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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ELSIE and HENRY BAUMANN
EL 4-8362

March 1961
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 washbasin. 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 primordial 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-
COP: "Have you read the traffic rules?"

MOTORIST: "Yes, what would you like to know?"
SHADES OF ROOM 3-440

March 1961
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M.I.T., Voo Doo
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 Functions 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; 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.)

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 ρx.
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. (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.

2: This is always Newton or Lagrange.

3: The standard references, which may be mentioned quite frequently, are “κρυφή φαντασία,” by βενω δινόσ, and “θαυμα,” by Γολιμνοές.

4: Of course, you should write another book. As told to R. A.
"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 particular.

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

At 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.'"

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

Question on recent examination paper: "'If the president of the United States died, who would get the job?'"
Little Joe's answer: "'A Democratic undertaker.'"

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

M.I.T., Voo Doo
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 prove our superiority over the infinitesimal electron by beating the seeing-eye door.

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 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 Realistic Character Portrayal

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

The Best Producer

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

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 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 Best Documentary Film

"FIELD SANITATION"

PART II

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

Director William "Wild Bill" Szyntek received the coveted award posthumously for his work in western films. Incidentally, the former Mrs. Szyntek 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 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 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're 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!
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Voo Doo

JANUARY

PURITY ISSUE

25¢
The rise of the Cold War in the Even-More-Franctic 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!
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 $3 \times 10^4$ 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/sec. "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

Sine of Love
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**

March 1961
A new art form has recently appeared which threatens to rival apple-dunking and scrabble as the national pastime. DROODLES have become the new popular craze. Yoo 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. 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

March 1961
"Nearly everybody in Philadelphia reads the Bulletin."

"... and when you, the glorious mothers of tomorrow, emerge from these halls of learning, steeped in the traditions of culture and learning..."
I'm tolerant, benevolent;
    I lend a kindly ear to quacks.
Altruistic, idealistic,
    I sympathize with maniacks.
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 fa-
ther 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 stand-
ing here shivering in a freezing hall with open house hours just be-
gun 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 EJoy 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 lo'sily?

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 Roe-buck 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.
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.

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) 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.
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 in addition they be fostered and encouraged in the manner of right and proper living and the principles thereof properly inculcated to the end that they may be kept from evil environments guarded against training we shall rear another race of men who will make better and more enlightened use of the ultimate benefit of mankind.

Charles Hayden
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M.I.T., Voo Doc
--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 illuminate the 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...
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