

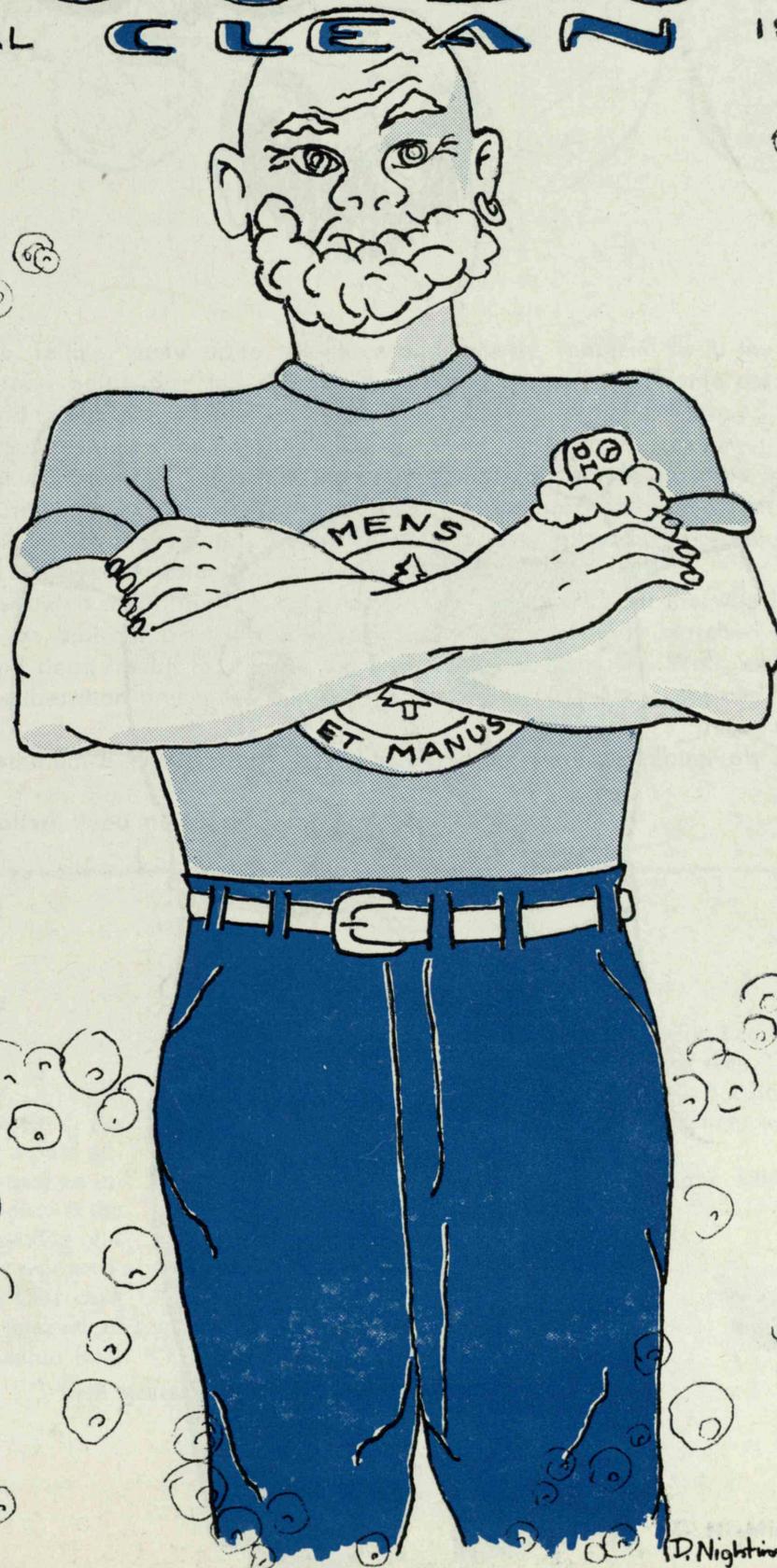
ENTERTAINMENT FOR VIRGINS DECEMBER 35 CENTS

VOODOO

SPECIAL

CLEAN

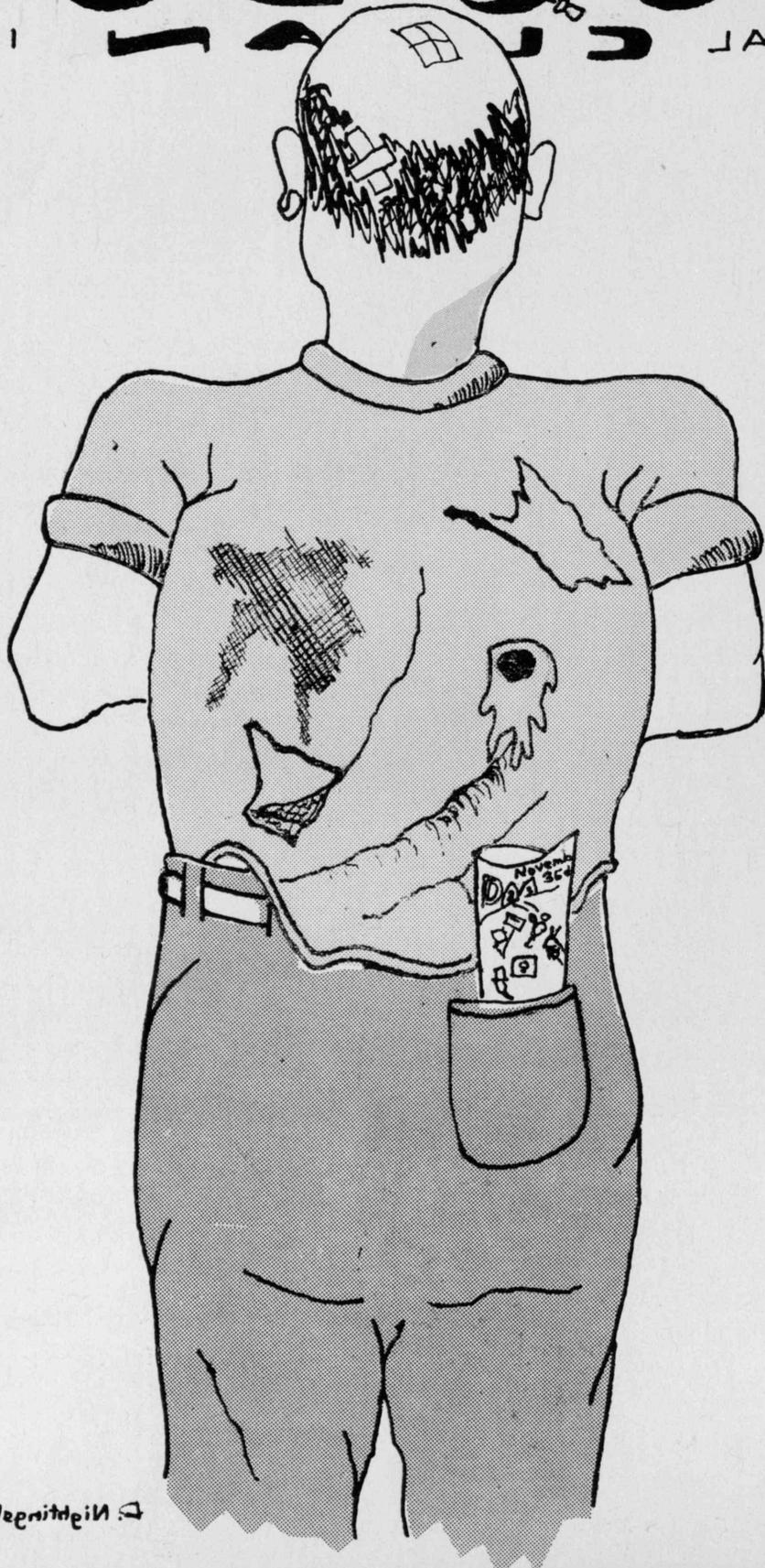
ISSUE



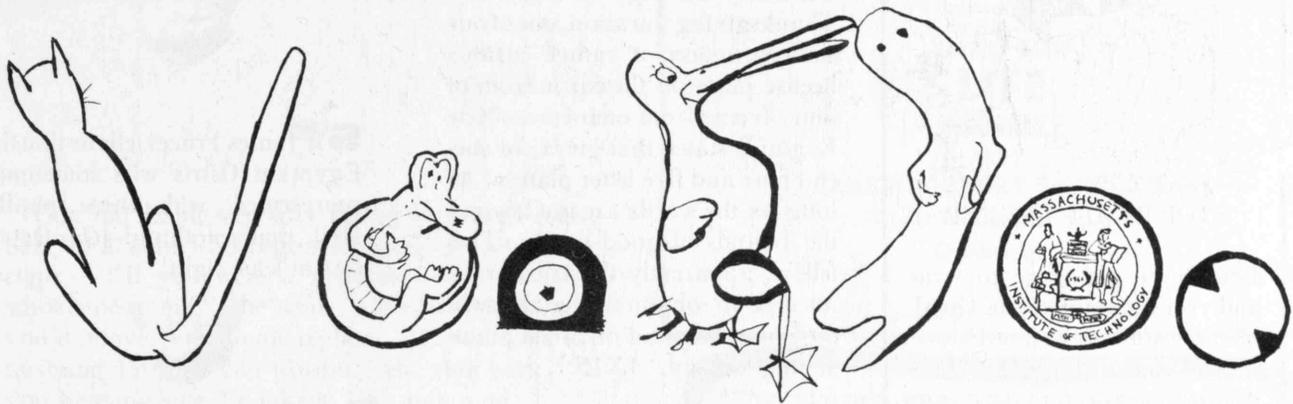
ENTERTAINMENT FOR VIRGINS DECEMBER 30 CENT 25

WOOD

ISSUE



D. Nittinze



Last month, a wee fellow came up to the office and soberly inquired as to the whereabouts of Mr. Phosphorous. Upon being directed towards the Beer Closet, whence came assorted burps and meowing, he confronted the incorrigible old cat, and asked:

"When are you going to come out with a *Clean* issue?"

Phos almost choked on his platter of brew, and replied that there must be some mistake...*VooDoo* would *never* print a *Clean* issue. Unfortunately, one of our more impressionable staff members overheard this conversation, and immediately began running madly around the office, singing, "We're going to print a *Clean* issue, we're going to print a *Clean* Issue."

We led our poor misguided staffer quietly, but firmly, to the infirmary...but the wee little man siezed upon the occurrence as indicating a definite editorial policy, and proudly marched out of the office, convinced that he had done his bit to elevate the Image Of The Institute. Well, we can't disappoint him, so after much deliberation and a few foul words from Phos, Ye Editors decided to print a *Clean* issue.

As we were leaving the office, Phos, sadly resigned to our determination, plaintively asked, "But who was that little man?"

"Why Phos," we replied, "you must know him, he's the....."



We were over at the Coop the other day, (this is not a paid advertisement) when we spied an interesting gadget on display at the stationery counter, consisting of a heavy-duty hypodermic type needle with a push-button CO₂ cartridge attached. This marvel of Technology is supposed to be a

Power Corkscrew...you push the needle through the cork on your favorite bottle of *vino*, press the button, and *whoosh!* (Just how much *whoosh* we're not yet certain.) While we were standing there, explaining to a friend about a bottle we had opened the night before with a hammer and screwdriver, a pleasant saleslady asked us if we wished to buy the opener.

"No," we replied. "It costs too

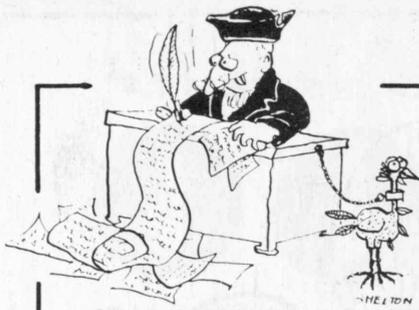
much for a corkscrew."

"Well then," she said, "anytime you have a bottle to open, bring it over here and I'll open it for you."

Allright, fellows, who'll be the first?



Dean Wadleigh: We hope you enjoy this issue of VooFoo.



STOP RIGHT THERE!!

You have an urge to write and you're envious of the Good Life we lead here at VooDoo—Right? Right.

You're writing a crank letter to the Cambridge Police to release your pent-up artistic drive and get even with us for leading such a Good Life—Right? Right.

Have you ever considered coming by our spacious Walker Memorial offices any old Wednesday night and taking out your frustrations in print, releasing all them old pent-up artistic impulses and *sharing* in the Good Life? No—because you're lazy. Right? Right. Well, we've got the absolute, most fantabulous, super-colossal DEAL FOR YOU, YOU OLD SPORT, RIGHT HERE. Now you can release your pent-up artistic drive and enjoy the Good Life (if only vicariously) with minimal sweat. Just fill out the blank below and send it in with \$2.80 and an essay (10,000 words or less) on "Why I Would Like To Release My Pent-Up Artistic Drive And Live The Good Life." Right? Write.

VooDoo, Walker Memorial
304, MIT, Cambridge 39,
Mass.

Dear Phos: I would like to release my pent-up artistic drive and lead the Good Life. Please send me the next 8 issues of VooDoo anyway.

Name _____
Phone (if female) _____
Address _____

While driving back from Thanksgiving vacation, one of our staffers noticed a rather curious license plate on the car in front of him. It was from one of those New England states that gives out special four and five letter plates. (As long as the words are not beyond the bounds of good taste.) This fellow, apparently thwarted in his attempt to obtain a certain two-digit number, had obtained plates saying, simply, "LXIX".

SOVIET VIRGIN LANDS SHORT OF GOAL AGAIN

Special to The New York Times
MOSCOW, Nov. 12—The virgin lands of Kazakhstan, one of the Soviet Union's key grain growing areas, have failed for the fourth consecutive year to fulfill the grain delivery plan, announcing the newswire, Pravda, the Communist newspaper, said.

Have you noticed, around 5 p.m. weekdays, at the awful intersection of Mass. Ave. and Manorial Drive, that the fuzz have given up standing at the northeast corner, trying to stop the hundreds of cars which make left turns despite the sign. Apparently a mere cop has no more effect on the rush-crazed Bostonese than the sign...so now they have to block the lane with a Fuzzmobile sitting crosswise, with gumball machine flashing wildly. And even with this heroic attempt to stem the tide, we still saw one fellow nonchalantly pretend to begin a right turn, make a fast left, and escape into the sardine-packed line crossing the bridge.

Sir James Frazer tells us that the Egyptian Osiris was sometimes represented with three phalli. Hell, that's nothing!—Our Osiris has at least eight!

East Campus politics has always been a faithful source of a peculiar breed of humour. The Right Thinkers of East Campus, the die-hards who at this late date have still failed to internalize the *Spirit of East Campus*, are still getting some good laughs over a piece of legislation recently proposed at a House Committee meeting. It seems members proposed that further damage to the (infamous) East Campus fence be repaired from House Committee funds so that the residents would see that "the money is coming from their own pockets." The motion died for lack of a second and was swiftly followed by a motion to adjourn. Why don't they?

A board member wishes to thank M.D.C. Officer Roche for an entertaining, if expensive morning, including a tour of one jail cell, a paddy wagon, and the "jug", all for making a wrong turn. We realize the M.D.C.'s high regard for M.I.T. students, but for that amount of trouble, the least the Officer could do is get run down, or something.

The two old maids got tired of using candles. So they had their home wired for electricity.



This old battle-axe was sitting in a hotel lobby next to a man who began smoking a very strong cigar. "If you were a gentleman you wouldn't smoke near me," she said. "If you were a lady, you'd move," the man replied. "If you were my husband I'd give you poison," she shot back. "If you were my wife, I'd take it," the man said.



Three men, named Smith, Jones, and Rheingold, all died at the same time. Rheingold was a millionaire, but Smith and Jones had just enough to get along on. Smith and Jones, consequently, were buried in ordinary graves, but Rheingold was entombed in a magnificent mausoleum.

Three days after the burials it began to rain furiously. It poured and poured. The rain began to seep into the graves of Smith and Jones, but Rheingold's tomb was quite dry. The ghosts of the three men were talking the situation over. Smith said, "Water's pouring into my grave, I'm soaking wet." And Jones said, "Yes, my grave is drenched, too." And Rheingold said, "Ah, but my bier is the dry bier."



"Say, do you think it will be all right if I ask Jane for a kiss tonight?"

"You don't order rootbeer in a speakeasy, do you?"



She: I'm perfect.
He: I'm practice.

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"The finger was now crooked, trying to catch his collar, and hot blood was dripping down his neck. He ran and ran, his legs going around with the ridiculous speed of a bicycle wheel. . ."

(from Dreams by Lisa Goldstein)

All this and more in **tangent**
(including THE FAUCET HEAD
which is not by AYN RAND),
on sale Monday, 17 December.

the

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SALAD AND HOME MADE BREAD YOU
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A TECHNOLOGICAL

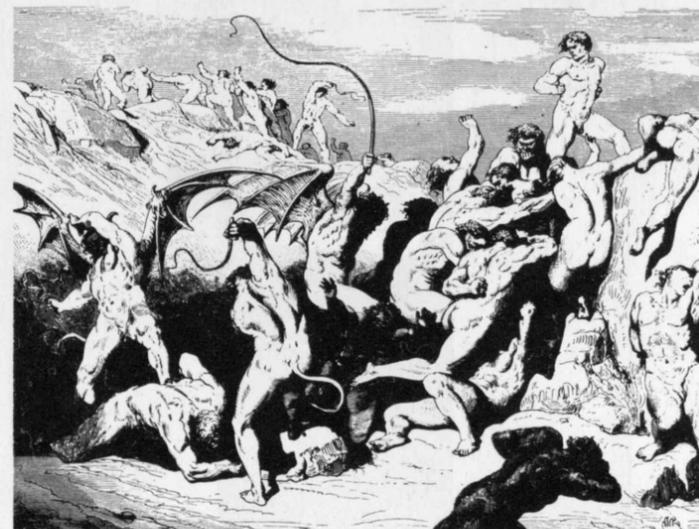


TALE

from tablets found during excavations

In the beginning there was chaos. But after many eons the serpent did come to middle earth and did come there to die. And from his body did come the land upon which men walk. And from his blood did come that thing called the River Charles. And near to that did come from the hatred of His Mind that thing which all men abhor which is named by the mystic letters M I T. And it came to pass that a great priest named Rogers did with His consort Emma Savage and with the help of the horned God found this abomination upon the face of the Earth which is called the Institute of Technology for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts which through the magical powers of a second Great Priest of Darkness did pass over the River Charles to the township of Cambridge in Massachusetts. And then did the builders come and erecting a great Pagan Architecture upon the bank did create that which is known as The Physical Plant.

And then did this great magic become known by the mystical letters B and P. And then was the B and the P deified and with His consort, The Inscomm, He did create the houses for His servants which were engraven upon the Holy Book under the Titles of The Baker, The Aged Burton, The Senior, and The Parallels of the East, and with them was a housing converted from an ancient Temple which was named The House of the Graduate, and these Names were graven forever. And then it came that the Servants were called to dwell in these Sacred Piles and they were named Students. And these Students did come to do homage to the Gods named Science and Technology, and through direction to the demi-Goddess named The Humanities, and The Lord of The Sacred Bull, and the Great God Who was known as The Whole Man. But then it came to pass that a great Evil came over the land in the form of a Great Cat who was called by the Black Name which mortal men call Phosphorous and did form a society which was first called by the name of Whoopgaroo, but was in later times called The Voo Doo. And from this Name did good men tremble and The Gods did almost despair. But then did come a knight from the East who was called by the name of The Tech who



did engage to become a Prophet of the Gods and did servethem well. And the Yellow Prose did come, forth and bring the minds of men back to appropriate



matters and the Sacred Rituals did continue in the House of The Gods. And then was the Voo Doo in great difficulty to do its evil. But then did the servants of the Voo Doo discover that Thing called Beer and shortly after that Thing called Scotch and many more Marvels and then was the student insidiously



turned from the Pristine Path to The Paths of Darkness. And then did the Voo Doo create that Thing called The Female (against which the Gods formed that which is called The Hours of the Open House, but it was of no avail) and did further corrupt the Student. And then did the Voo Doo create that Thing which is Worst of All which was named The Ability to Laugh at That Which is in Authority and the Gods trembled in fear. But then the Gods created those things which are called Finboard and Activities Committee For Reform and that Greatest God of all called Poor Sales and did predict that the Evil Force should be no more before the Time of The Festival of The Third Century.

LOOK UPON MY WORKS YE MIGHTY AND DESPAIR.

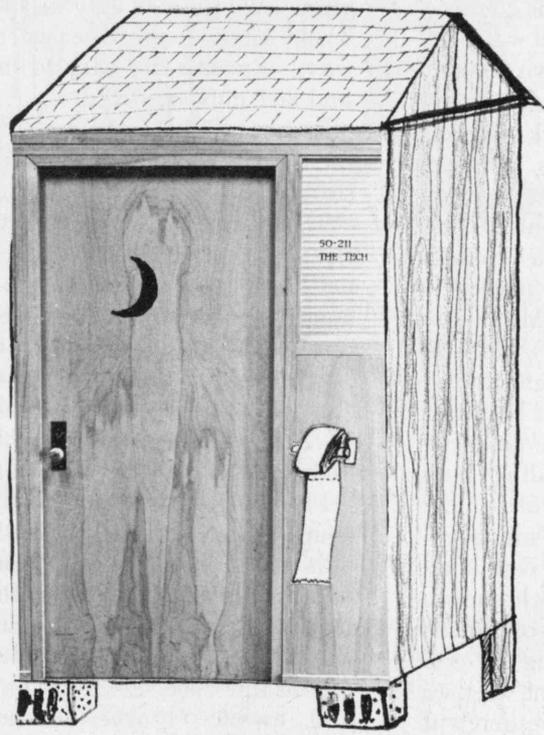
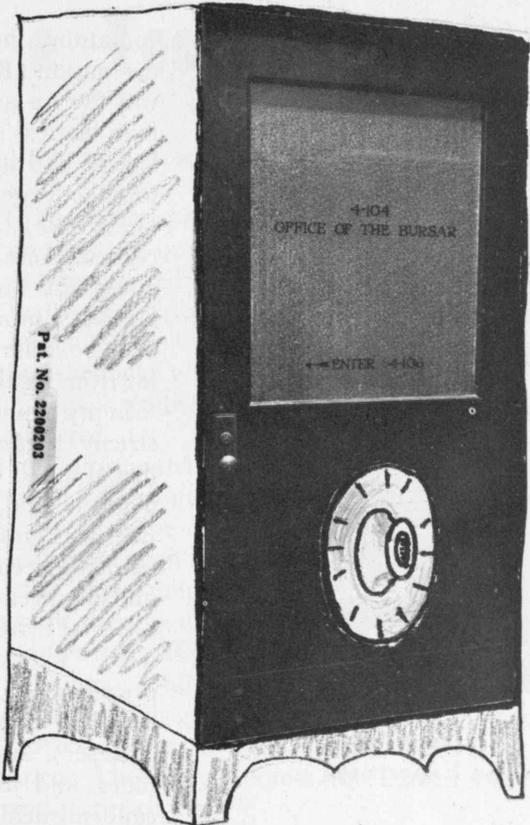
E. Fra. Iacobus.

PORTAL PILFERING

The last time we can remember a door being stolen, it ended up being chained to a statue of John Harvard. The latest escapade of that stalwart group has resulted in some rather appropriate relocations. Doors may be reclaimed by presenting due evidence of authority at the Voodoo Office.



Faint, illegible text at the top left of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.





— An Experiment

Faced with an appalling dearth of printable material, we've decided to try a column. Consequently, with this issue, one of our more egocentric Junior Board members is beginning his memoirs.

I had the rare (these days) good fortune to grow up in a dry county. This particular *rara avis* was (and, for all I know, still is) located in the mountains of East Tennessee just eight miles from the soggy Virginia border. I say "good fortune" because I had many advantages during my fairly mis-spent youth which are denied to those less fortunate souls who mis-spend *their* youth in more permissive climes. First, some background. Tennessee has a "county-option" system of liquor licensing, which, in practice, means that about eighty counties are dry and about seven or eight are steeped in iniquity. Until two years ago, Tennessee had the distinction of

containing the largest dry city in the nation (Knoxville), kept that way by an aroused electorate led by a fearless mayor (who, reliable legend had it, was also one of the top bootleggers in the Eastern end of the state). But that doesn't concern us here. I was reminiscing about my boyhood in a town of 20,000 a hundred miles northeast of Knoxville and Godknowshow far from legal liquor in Tennessee.

In my county, honest liquor was strictly *verboten*. I mean it was illegal to sell it, buy it, transport it, drink it, and, yes, even *possess* it. Beer was, in theory, legal, but you needed a license from the county—and the licensing board was composed of three people, two of whom were, for awhile, Baptist lay preachers. Lots of luck. Except for the Elks, Eagles, Mooses (Meese?), and other bestial fraternities and the pink stucco hulk euphemistically called a "country club" (That place needed a "country club" like Manhattan needs an "urban club".), which the sheriff and his boys ignored, no place in the county sold beer over the counter. There were a few scurrilous restaurants with dingy back rooms (and waitresses of dubious morality) which sold "tall boys" for fifty cents a can. (One of the big rites of passage back home was when a cocky 16 year old finally persuaded a patronizing 18 year old to take him to one of these places. Once you'd gone there with someone trustworthy you were *in*, I mean you were *accepted*, you were a Man among Men.) A few small-time runners sold beer (and sometimes hard stuff) at their homes. Keeping track of which houses in "Niggertown" or on "The Island" (one of several white slums) were housing these dealers was a full-time job, but somehow whenever two or three were gathered together, at least one in the group knew where we could get a

cold six-pack. It was really mystical—just like a few years earlier we all knew when it was yo-yo season.

After we started shaving, we could pass for 18 at the scenic roadhouses in Virginia. Thinking back, the Shamrock Club, the Overbrook (known to us for some obscure reason as "the Ovary-Nook") and The Line were pretty dingey places, but at the time they had all the illicit glamor of pre-Castro Havana. Ah, many's the evening we spent drinking from quart bottles of 3.2 and talking big about how we'd proposition the waitress, but 1) we didn't have any money, 2) she was ugly as sin, or 3) she was probably diseased, anyway. Excuses are easy to make and face must be saved.

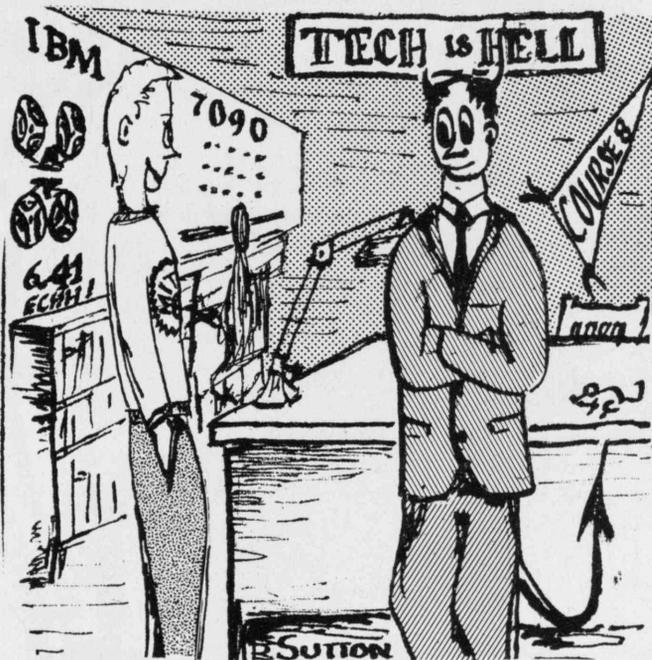
At about 18 we could pass for twenty-one at the state-run liquor stores in Gate City and Abington (Virginia), but that was sometimes risky. Not only did the Tennessee tax cops set up roadblocks, but sometimes the salesmen in the liquor stores had deals with constables in Tennessee and called them with the license plate numbers of Tennessee cars they'd seen in their lots. That was really rotten.

I haven't even mentioned moonshine. That stuff came out of the hills in gallons. The moonshiners and the Baptists had an absolute majority, which is why the county was dry in the first place. I drank moonshine once. *Once*. It was raw and awful. I never touched it again. (A few weeks later I read about one of the periodic raids on a still—They'd been putting chicken droppings in the mash to make it ferment faster. Yecch.)

See what I mean about advantages? It was a hell of a lot of fun, and a real liberal education. Nothing like that in Beantown, boy! I could wax philosophical about the benefits of minor law-breaking, but I'll spare you that. Maybe next issue.

— Reed

"A Hell of a Test"



The Freshman was paying no attention to the clock because he was studying, furiously, desperately, and futilely. He was studying for The Final.

In front of him was the assignment sheet, a full one-third of the homework problems yet to be crossed out, a good portion of those already crossed out accompanied by hastily made question marks. The Freshman had no one to blame but himself. "If only I had gone to at least *some* of the recitations. No! I had to play it cool and get my quizzes back from the instructor's secretary. Now there's Hell to pay!" he muttered to himself.

At this moment he heard a very urbane voice from somewhere behind him say: "It's twenty seconds too fast. I always arrive exactly at twelve, Greenwich Mean adjusted, of course."

Turning around the Freshman saw that he was being addressed by a man in his late thirties. The Visitor was about 5'10", of very lean build, and wore his jet black hair in a closely cropped crewcut. The Visitor wore a very well-tailored charcoal-grey suit, and a conspicuous bright yellow tie. As he moved towards the Freshman, black valise in hand, the Freshman saw that behind the Visitor, had appeared an IBM punch card machine, humming softly to itself. Seated in the operator's seat was a strikingly beautiful young woman with a flawless dark olive complexion. The Visitor reached over and touched the clock; it stopped. After what seemed to the Freshman an infinite wait, the

Visitor put down the clock, and its second hand resumed motion.

The Visitor placed his valise on the Freshman's desk and sprung open the silver catches. He took out a vividly colored brochure and placed it on the desk; he removed a clipboard whose sheets he scanned carefully. Finally he spoke again: "You are No. 623324?" he asked with a tired sigh.

"Yes," replied the Freshman, more than a little bewildered.

"Unfortunately for you, young man, as things now stand you are going to flunk this morning's final. Perhaps I can be of service to you. If you will kindly glance through the brochure on the desk, you will see how I am prepared to alleviate this condition nine, count them yourself if you like, nine different ways. Rather than offer each of these improvements separately, I have combined them into one package plan, 9 improvements guaranteed to increase your number of correct answers by a minimum of 100 $\frac{3}{4}$ for one low price. I believe you know who I am; mine is an old and respected firm."

"This is 1962" thought the Freshman. "I am sitting in my room studying for the final. Perhaps I have fallen asleep. There is nothing special about twelve o'clock. No harm can come to me in a dream, I will agree to pay the price. If I act cool in the dream, the man will go away. I hope the broad is still here when I wake up."

"All right," said the Freshman, "I'll pay your price. It wasn't much good to me around here anyway."

"Fine!" said the Visitor. "Make the cheque payable for \$17 to Diable & Assoc."

The Freshman was caught completely unprepared. "But I thought you dealt in..., well you know."

The Visitor chuckled to himself. "Young man you're sixty years behind the times. They were never very large, you know, but around the turn of the century they became so small that I stopped collecting them altogether even though the number was increasing every year. It just wasn't worth the effort.

"And if you were at all well-informed; you would know that the place I come from is the epitome of democracy. It corresponds exactly to the majority's conception of it. So from year to year we've gone from system to system. First it was classicism, with those drafty togas, then everything rigidly set up with formal codes, finally after a rather barbaric era fol-

(Continued on page 24)



C L E A

Hi there, you beady-eyed Voo Doo reader. Get those raunchy thoughts out of your mind. Look back, way back, and try to remember...how much fun it was being a "little kid" (circa 10-12 years old).

You may say, in the light of all the "fun" (yum yum) you're having *now*, that being a little kid wasn't really *that* much fun. But it was. Think of how uncluttered your 12-year-old mind was with facts of life you began to learn at about the age of thirteen (i.e., girls are not just soft boys).

Every twelve-year-old has an insatiable desire to be instantly older—to be one of the "big kids." Like, for instance, the older guys are always on the punch ball court. And you're only twelve. So you can't play with the older guys. If they happen to need another man, and do choose you in, all you have to do is drop one ground ball, and you're "chucked."

With punch ball out of the question, you turned to

ness, certainly not to watch the picture. You went to the movies to get thrown out. By the usher. Forcibly. You brought boxes of rice, which you threw off the balcony. You brought water guns and squirted the adults. (Real diehards, those Saturday matinee adults.) You hated to sit in the children's section after they made you pay adult's price, after you told the lady in the box office you were six years old. (It should be mentioned that the grungy audience which attends the weekly 30 cent movies at Tech, does not differ appreciably from the rowdy Sat. mat. kids).

Of course, when the older fellows went to the movies on Saturday nights, they didn't watch the picture either. But they had a different reason. For them, it was the Young Lady Season—a Season which begins at about the age of fourteen, and never quite ends.....

Another thing. It is absolute sacrilege for a ten-year-old boy to admit he likes a girl. Wow, is he a sissy.

N S I N G O F T H E M I N D

more mundane, sophisticated games. You played hide-and-go-seek (better spelled "hidingoseek") and you were in trouble if you were last to yell, "NOT IT." And you could never decide whether it was, "First one tapped is IT", or "Last one tapped is IT", so you adopted the empirical rule, "First by day, last by night."

Then, of course, there were "seasons". Oh, you know, not like summer, winter, that kind of season; I mean, "Seasons." Like, the Yo-Yo Season, the Water Gun Season, the Flipping-Picture-Cards Season, the Bottle Cap Season. (See how many you can think of.) Man, you were "out of it" if you didn't have the liveliest Duncan Yo-Yo in the neighborhood. (Members of more recent generations will look back fondly upon the Davy Crockett Season and the Hula Hoop Season.)

Going to your local movie theatre on Saturday afternoons was quite stylish in those days. But, good-

Note the following conversation, between twelve-year-old boys, overheard on a bus:

First Boy: I hear Bobby likes Iris.

Second Boy: Yeah? She's his girlfriend?

First Boy: No, stupid. Don't you know there's a difference between just liking somebody, and having a girlfriend? A girlfriend *kisses* you.

Third Boy: But I heard that Iris kissed Bobby.

First Boy: Yeah, but that was only on the right cheek!

Hold it, hold it. Look what's happened. You start off, trying to write a clean, friendly, family-type article, but what do you wind up talking about? Girls. I guess us Voo Doo writers are all alike.

Now, admit it. Don't you wish you were twelve again?

-Charles Deber

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TYPICAL WELLESLEY GIRL

WANTED:

- Must be willing to drive 31 miles through rainstorm for blind date.
- Must live in Beebe Hall.
- Must have Merrill for middle name.
- Call any Ivy League College:
- Harvard, Yale, MIT, Babson, etc.

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"Would you give me a quarter for a sandwich?" asked the panhandler.

"Let's see the sandwich!" was the reply.



A young lady went to her doctor, complaining of nausea in the morning, abdominal pains, and a disruption of her monthly schedule. Having completed his examination the doctor gently asked, "Have you been intimate with any boys recently?" To which the girl replied, "Oh no, doctor, I'm afraid of boys, really. I don't even go out on dates." The MD repeated his question in a fatherly tone, and the girl again firmly denied having anything to do with boys. The physician suddenly stood up, walked to the window, and gazed out expectantly at the sky. "Doctor," quailed the girl, "Is it -- is it serious?" "Well, no," replied the medic, "but the last time this happened a star appeared in the East!"



"Mother, will college boys go to Heaven?"

"Yes dear, but they won't like it."



A drunk staggered into a bar and bet the barkeep five dollars that he could show him something that would amaze him. The barkeep quickly covered the bet, whereupon the souse took from his pocket a mouse, a cricket, and a piano about two inches high and set them on the bar. The mouse began to play "White Christmas" while the cricket, perched on the piano, sang the lyrics in a clear soprano. The dumbfounded barkeep handed the drunk the stakes, admitting that it was the damnedest thing he had ever seen. "Well," said the inebriate, "I'll tell you the truth; there's a trick to it. That cricket really can't sing a damn note; the mouse is a ventriloquist."

Voo Doo Doll
of the
month



One of Papa Heintz's 57 varieties is pictured on these pages. This morsel goes by the name of Sarah and comes by way of Ohio State University. She's working at the Smithsonian Institute here in Cambridge, but isn't particularly wild about Boston. She wouldn't say anything except that it's "going downhill" -- which is pretty bad when you consider where it started. Right?



The 21-year old *artiste* is planning to fold up things at her Harvard Square abode and split for Europe when she gets the money. *Bon voyage*, Sarah -- nice knowing you.



photography by -

Majar

A Coed's Complaint About the Cost of an MIT Education

Gather 'round children and listen to me.
I'll tell you a story about MIT.
A place where they riot over Commons and such
And 1700 is too goddamn much!

What?!
Too goddamn much!
Too goddamn much!
1700 is too goddamn much!

Well I remember the day that I came.
I thought the tuition would still be the same.
I took out my money to pay them the bill.
They said, "Fifteen won't do, but seventeen will."

CHORUS

Mother, dear mother, oh what shall I do?
My pocketbook's empty, my dollars too few.
Why did you ever allow me to go
To a place where they'd charge me so goddamn much dough?

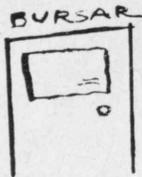
CHORUS

Daughter, dear daughter, alack and alas
I had the same problem when I went to class.
But with all the Tech tools who wander the halls
1700 should be nothing at all.

CHORUS

I tried to obey my dear mother's advice,
But the proceedings were not very nice.
I tried very hard but my looks are such
That 1700 was too goddamn much!

What?!
Too goddamn much!
Too goddamn much!
1700 is too goddamn much!



Ed Gershuny



Fun For The Feeble-Minded Dept.:

Here it is, sports fans! VooDoo has come up with a new game, which requires the very minimum of expenditure: one used newspaper, a rusty razor blade, some glue, and sense of humor. In this day of Madison Avenue effluvia, you'll be able to find a wealth of material in almost any publication. (Even the tech) To get you started, we present part of an evening's doodling. (There are some things we just couldn't print.....you'd be amazed at the stuff appearing in innocent ads these days.....or maybe it's our warped minds.)

Can I, at My Age

IN ONLY 10 SECONDS

DOCTORS SAY:

IT WILL BE

**EASY WITH A
REVOLVING**

ORBITAL BALL BEARING

POWER TOOL

Free

TAIL

WITH EVERY AUTHENTIC WESTERN

Buffalo

WEDDING

BREAKS THROUGH THE

BREAKTHROUGH

BARRIER

**Cellar-Dwelling
Bruins Seek**

STAINLESS STEEL STRAP

My Mommy's a



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What A
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The
**Morning
After**

**WHAT ARE YOU
LOOKING FOR?**

Well, you won't
find it in
this issue

—The Editor

COLERIDGE



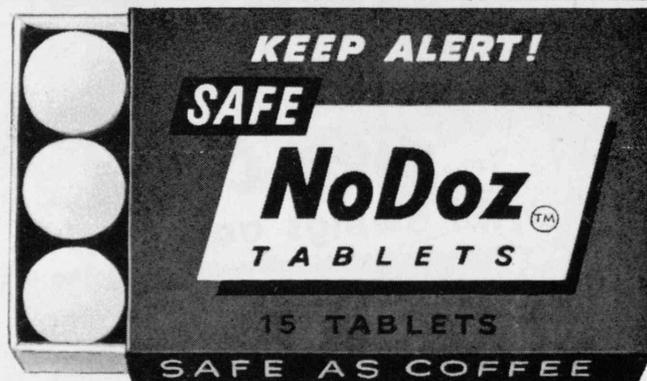
on Life Savers:

“’Tis sweeter
far to me!”

from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, part VII



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A soldier who had been abroad for three years and heard that he was being shipped home, wired his girl, “Better take some tetanus shots, honey, I’ve gotten rusty.”



Girl, writing to her college student sweetheart -- “Thought you would like to know that I haven’t been sick for three months.”

College student answering -- “That’s fine. We’ve all had the flu here.”



Two men got on an elevator and as the door closed, one said to the other, “Say, you went to Harvard, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I did. How could you tell?”

“Oh,” said the first, “I could tell by the nice clothes you have, the proud way you carry yourself, and by the educated look you have.”

“Well thank you,” the second said. “You went to MIT, didn’t you?”

“Yes” replied the first. “How could you tell?”

“Well it was easy. I saw your class ring when you reached up to pick your nose.”



Mountain girl: “Doctah, Ah cum to see y’all about ma Grandmaw. We gotta do somethin’ ’bout her smokin’.”

Doctor: “Oh now Elviry, don’t you worry about that. Lots of women smoke.”

Elviry: “Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw inhales.”

Doctor: “I still wouldn’t fret. Lots of women inhale.”

Elviry: “Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw don’t exhale.”



The total number of children born as triplets is always divisible by three.



All the peanut butter consumed in the U.S. in one year would cover the MIT campus to a depth of three feet.



The amount of hot air produced in one week of Humanities classes at MIT would supply the German Zeppelin fleet for 1231 transAtlantic flights.

In 1960, 3395 men were convicted of forcible rape, while not one woman was charged with the same crime.



If all the virgins in the world were laid end to end, there would be none.

The yearly Charles River whitefish catch would supply Walker Memorial with the menus for seventy-two consecutive Fridays.

Although cattle also have a gestation period of nine months, the results are, in most cases, markedly dissimilar from those of humans.



There is 15 cents worth of electricity in a lightning flash.

The nickels taken in by The Tech dispensers in one year would supply the VooDoo staff with beer for 7.6 minutes.



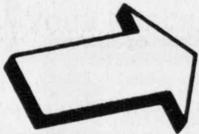
If all the toilets in the U.S. were flushed simultaneously, the resultant flow would submerge the Institute's 115 acre campus to a depth of 15 feet.



If all the students who have flunked out of MIT were placed end to end, they would reach from Cambridge to Canaan, New Hampshire.



If all the 45 rpm records produced in the U.S. in one year were melted down, a 20 story high statue of Conway Twitty could be produced from the vinylite.



If all the Springfield Oval used this weekend were placed in front of Dean Wadleigh's office, it might take him some time to get to work Monday morning.

REMEMBER COMRADES— THE GOAL IS NOT NECESSARILY TO WIN.

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NOT LIKELY, I'LL ADMIT, BUT JUST
 SUPPOSE..... EVEN THAT WOULD
 PUT THE CAPITALIST DOGS 100 YEARS
 BEHIND....

....WHAT WITH MARTIANS
 THROUGH GEORGIA.....



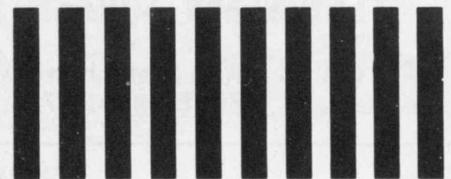
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 Bar Maid: "Well, make up your mind."



An engineering and an arts professor were talking at a faculty tea. "I had a peculiar one today," said the arts professor. "I asked who wrote *The Merchant of Venice* and one of the fellows replied, 'It wasn't me, sir.'"

"Ha, ha," laughed the engineering professor. "And I suppose the rascal had done it all the time."



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(Continued from page 9)

lowed by a feudal period, we evolved into what I still consider the highest form, Early Industrial Revolution. Unfortunately, around 1917 a new bunch came in and denounced us all for being petty bourgeois and all. Since then things have never been quite the same; what with Five Year Plans and quotas. It finally got so disgusting that I started spending all my free time in wonderful Boston, where I feel more at home. Unfortunately the cost of living here is very high, so I have to work nights."

The Freshman decided not to pursue the matter any further. After all, a 1 per cent commission was a lot less than the "price" he had been willing to pay. He wrote out the cheque and handed it to the Visitor. The Visitor handed it to the young lady, who punched out an IBM card and a special form as a Receipt. When the Freshman looked up from examining the receipt, across the top of which was printed "This Service Deductible As An Operating Expense For Income Tax Purposes" his visitor and the pretty assistant had vanished.

He had slept so soundly the Freshman had almost missed the Final. He gave the problems a cursory glance; why, some of them almost looked trivial. Three hours later he left the quiz room, confident that while he had not gotten every answer right, he had done at least as well as class average.

A week later the Freshman received his grades. He had flunked the Final. The IBM printer had faultlessly typed him a message saying he had a full year to figure out why.

The professor sipped at his martini while the cocktail party buzzed around him. The hostess, a pretty young thing with orange-red hair was asking him a question: "Professor, If those boys are all so terribly bright, how do you manage to keep them working so hard?"

The Professor chuckled to himself. "It's really quite easy Mrs. Evans; we pit them against each other by marking on a curve. Last semester about 15 per cent of the class was flunking going into the final. But everyone did very well on the final, so well in fact I checked to make sure the answers hadn't leaked out. The grades were 100 per cent better than before; if I had marked on some absolute scale, they would have all passed and become complacent. I simply used their final grades to raise the curve 100 per cent, and sure enough, I was able to flunk about the same number I always do."

-Solon

Bachelor: A guy who comes to work every morning from a different direction.



A woman of the world left New York for Sao Paulo to have a good time. She attended a carnival and danced around the streets at night. Next day she went to a bank and asked the teller:

"Is this 5,000 reis?"

"Yes, Madame," the teller assured her.

"Will you give it to me in American money?"

He gave her 57 cents and she stared at it for a long time.

"And I gave him breakfast too," she said angrily.



Women are like lessons in geography:

16 to 20: Like Africa, torrid and unexplored.

20 to 30: Like Asia, wild and unpredictable.

30 to 40: Like Europe, they take anything they can get for nothing.

40 to 50: Like the U.S., they'll give away anything they have.

50 to 60: Like Australia, it's there, but who gives a damn.



Fashion note: They are wearing the same thing in brassieres this year.

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That was the knock-kneed girl you introduced me to last night.



They had been sitting on the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour. Then—

“Suppose you had money,” she said, “what would you do?”

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood, and proclaimed, “I’d travel.”

He felt her young, warm hand slip into his. When he looked up she was gone ... In his hand was a nickel.



The man who invented the sofa must be very rich now: millions have been made on it.

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

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



She: “How about a date big boy?”

Student: “Can’t. Gotta go to bed and get some sleep.”

She: “Why?”

Student: “Tomorrow’s my tough day. Gotta shave.”

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A well-known orthopedic surgeon was being conducted through a hospital ward on a trip of inspection. His host showed him a patient and said, "That child limps because his right leg is shorter than his left. What would you do in this case?" "I'd probably limp, too," replied the doctor.



"Why do you take milk baths?"
 "Can't find a cow tall enough for a shower."



A man came into an agent's office the other day and announced proudly: "I'm a terrific act. You got to book me. I'm a dwarf."

"A dwarf?" said the agent. "My goodness, you're five feet ten."

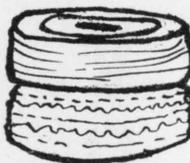
"That's it," said the guy excitedly. "I'm the tallest damn dwarf in the world."



An elderly Chinese who was not yet educated in the ways of American finance went to a bank with a \$100.00 draft that he had received from a wealthy relative in the old country. The teller handed him \$98.75. The Chinese stood there obviously puzzled, so the teller went on to explain that money in America and money from another country was not always the same. It depended on the fluctuation in the market. Sometimes it would be higher and sometimes it would be lower.

About two weeks later the Chinese gentleman was back again with another \$100.00 draft and this time the teller handed him \$97.50. Again he hesitated before leaving, so once more the teller tried to explain the principle of fluctuating values.

Two more weeks passed and the Chinese was there for the third time with a \$100.00 draft; he was given \$96.85; and the teller was about to go through his routine when the Chinese stopped him and said "I know, fluct again."



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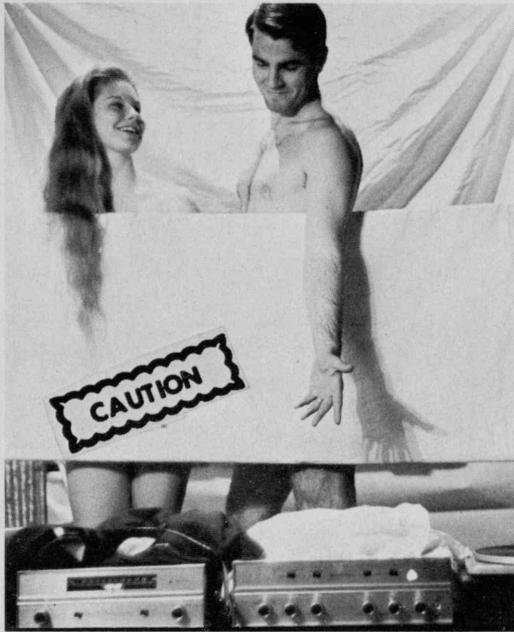
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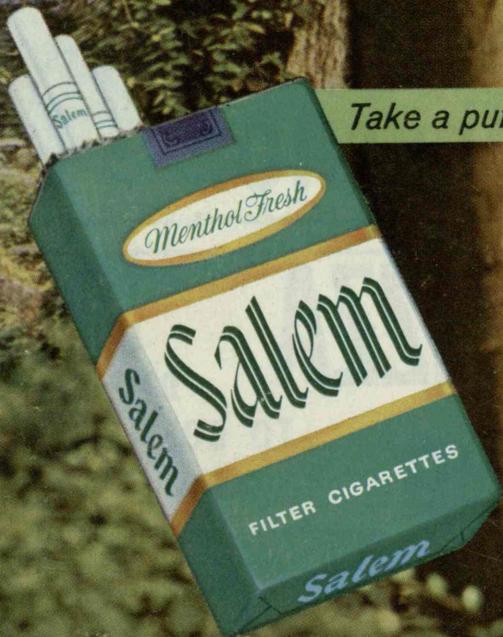
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