

VOODOO



March, 1947

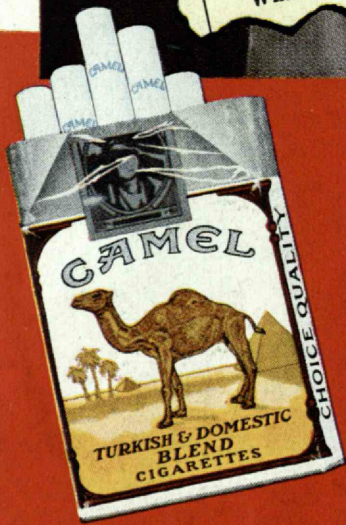
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1945 NEWS ITEM
Cigarette Shortage
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Crowds Queue Up... Millions
Try Different Brands... Smoke
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Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

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According to a recent Nationwide survey:

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When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!



Your "T-Zone"
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T for Taste...

T for Throat...

that's your proving
ground for any cigarette.
See if Camels don't
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to a "T."



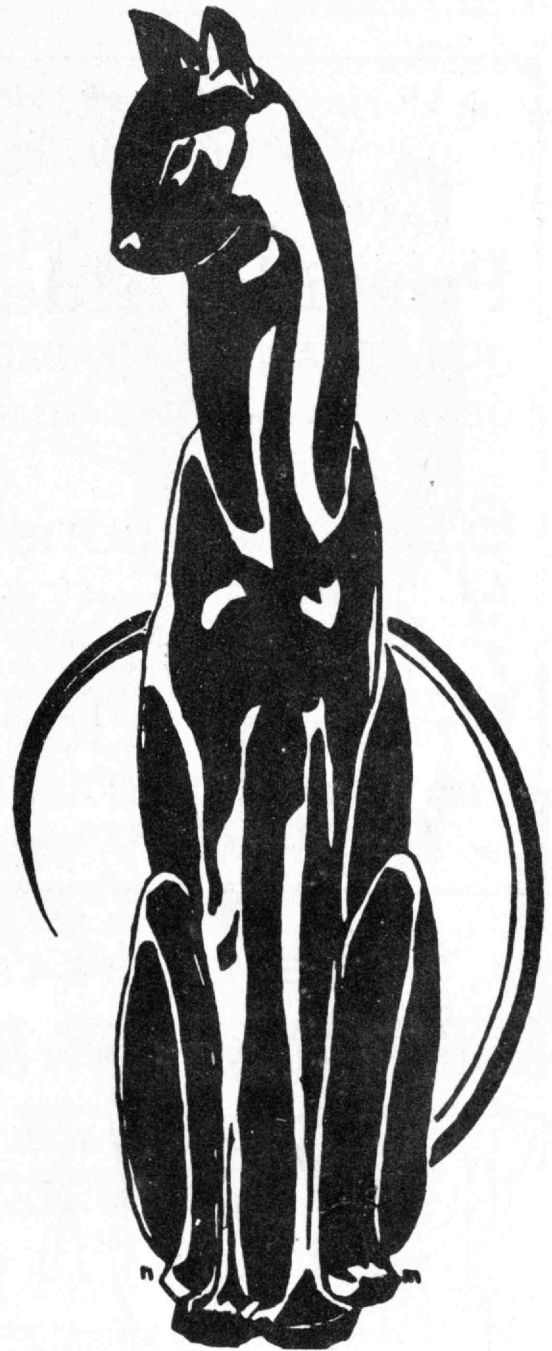
Voo Doo

MARCH, 1947



WHAT'S WHERE

Voo Dooings	8
Cheeking with Barefoot Boy	11
A New Approach to an Old Subject	12
Ink Blot Test	13
How to Use a Slide Rule	14
Manor for Murder	16
Dream Analysis	17
The Cleaver's Edge	18
Witch Doctors at Tech	19
Corn	20



Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Published by the Senior Board for the Students of
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from October to May
Subscription \$2.00 for Eight Issues

Office hours: 4 to 5.30 P.M., Monday to Friday
Member A. C. C. E.

Entered as second class matter at the
Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

Volume XXX

MARCH, 1947

No. 3

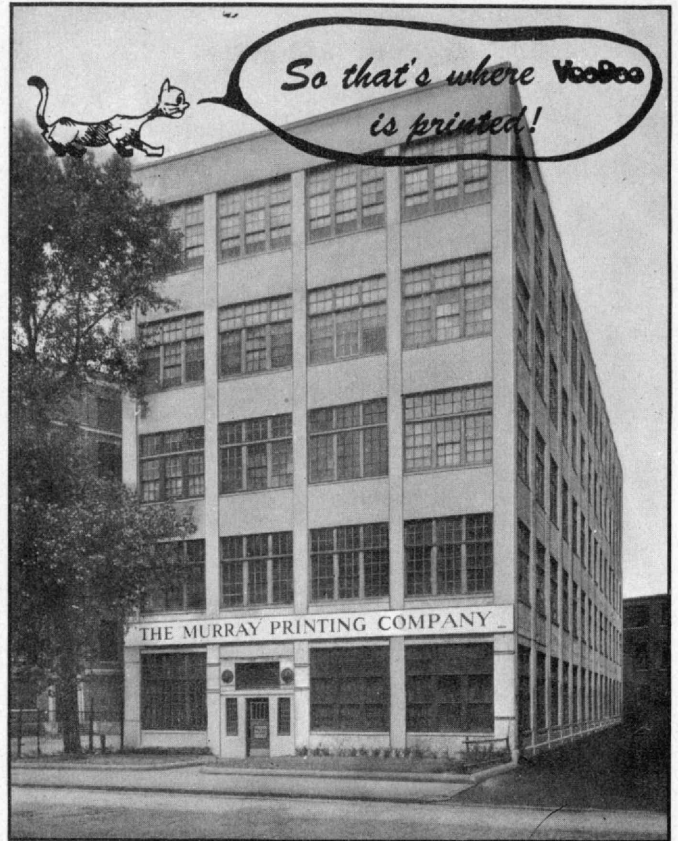
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CARTOON CONTEST
 PRIZES FUN PRIZES

Priscilla Alden
 (ICE CREAM AT ITS BEST)
 Offers Four Western Malted Milks
 For
6 Best Cartoons 6

Send Originals to Contest Editor,
 VOO DOO, Walker Memorial

Priscilla Alden
 189 HARVARD STREET
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THIS MONTH'S CARTOON CONTEST WINNERS

GRETA BERMAN
ED HEBB

PAT HILL
CHUCK MORTON

JAMES WARREN
J. WALDSTEIN



"... and now let me introduce Mr. A. B. Verr, our noted authority on dams!"

"Yes," said the undertaker, "college boys are the easiest. They are generally stiff when I get them."



"Don't you know any better than that?" she demanded indignantly after he had stolen a hurried kiss.

"Sure!" he replied, "but they take more time."



"Now, son," said the infuriated father, "Tell me why I punished you."

"That does it," said Junior, "First you pound hell out of me and then you ask me why you did it."

We heard about the tipsy pre-med the other night who called up Dr. Wasserman of national fame and when the good doctor answered the phone our inebriated friend said, "Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman?" The voice said "Yes." Our friend said, "Are you positive?"

— *Ski-U-Mah.*



He says he knows you wouldn't, You tell him that you couldn't, And all in all you shouldn't, But eventually you will. Burma Shave



She: "How was your party last night?"

Voice on Phone: "We're having a swell time."

— *The Los.*

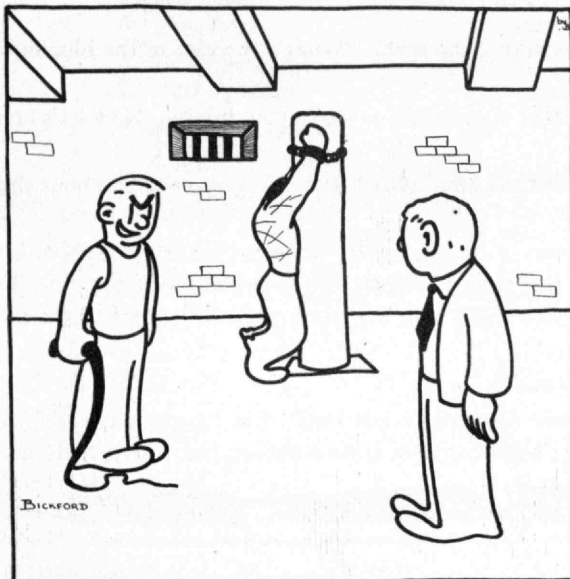


Associate Editor: "Let's not allow any more jokes about sex, drinking, and profanity."

Editor: "Yeh, I'm tired of turning out this mag, too."



CONTEST WINNER



"He's decided to pledge."

A Box of Life-savers for the Best Joke!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Life-savers. Jokes will be judged by the Editor.

Are you
Maeb eht no*



You are, if you get tongue-tied when you meet a cute cookie! Or worse yet, if you stoop to "weather talk!" Get on the beam right, fellow! Start off from third base! Offer that choice bit of calico a yummy Life Saver. She'll be keen on them (and you).

* "On the beam" backwards



P. S. Just in case this friendship ripens - Life Savers keep your (and her) breath kissably fresh!

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

Remember when a guy told a girl a naughty story and she blushed? Nowadays she memorizes it.

Submitted by *Mona Smith*,
Tower Court West,
Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

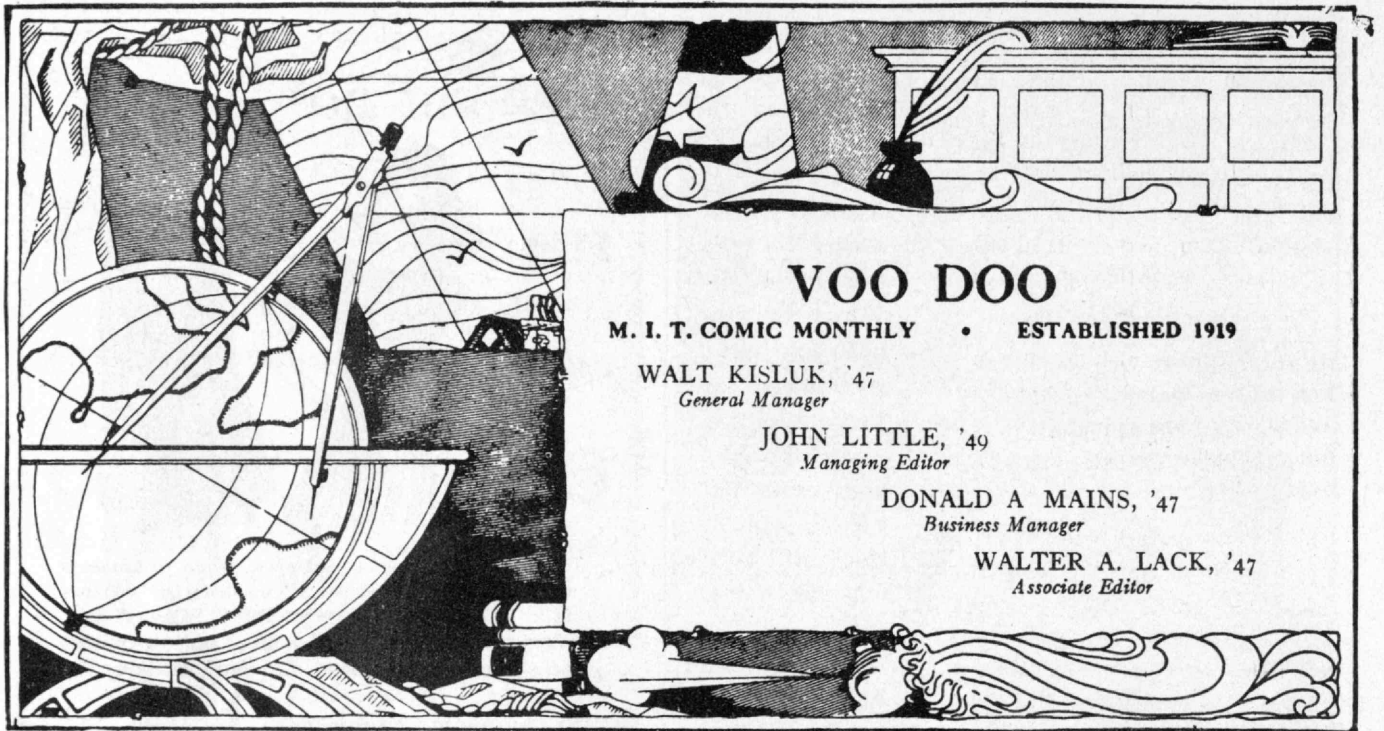
DUTCH CLEANERS

JOHN KIELY, *Manager*

High Quality Cleaners

One Block from M.I.T. North of Railroad Track on Massachusetts Avenue

233 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE



WE sat at our desk and wondered what gauche thoughts possessed the Cat. For a half hour now his usual garrulousness and alacrity were conspicuously subdued: he merely sat on his usual perch across the room and stared at us with glum foreboding. Unexpectedly, surging with animation, he leaped to the window and drew the shade, then turned, landed clear across the room, and flipped the light switch. A strange yet soft blue glow filled the office. The Cat sat haunched looking fixedly and insidiously at us.

We were thoroughly surprised by the blue hue but decided to discourage the Cat's whimsicalness by inattention. Next thing we knew, Phos was perched on our desk.

"Stare into my eyes," he commanded in a masterful drawl. "You will make your mind passive and cast away all your thoughts. You will think only of sleep. You are growing tired. Your nerves are tired and they are resting. Soon you will be asleep. You have no will power left. You . . ."

"What in hell do you think you're doing, Phos?" we asked, breaking the spell. "What's the idea of the blue lights and all this crazy talk?"

"Dammit, be quiet! I'm trying to hypnotize you. The blue light is supposed to make you drowsy. Now let's start again. Where was I?"

"You were trying to drain us of our will power — only we don't have any to start with. But never mind about that. What's this business about hypnotism?"

"Just getting in shape for the Soph Prom tonight. The only way a cat can invade these parties around school is to sneak in a back window. I'm tired of that; furthermore, I've got a date with a smooth blonde-haired tabby tonight. I'm going to saunter into the prom through the front door just like everyone else. Why I'll just hypnotize the guy at the door and he'll think that I'm Gregory Peck! I won't even have to pay!"

"Sounds pretty good, Phos, but are you confident that it will work?"

"It's foolproof. I got myself into one of the Technology Matrons' Teas with it last week. I had everybody convinced that I was President Compton. They thought it a bit strange when I sipped my tea from a saucer, but with a little more practice . . ."

"You should definitely master this technique, Cat, for the social calendar is really loaded with activities this term!"

"And you'll see Phos at every one! Why, tonight I'll be gliding to Claude Thornhill's music at the Soph Prom. Then, on May ninth I'll be tintinnabulating with Terpsichore and Bacchus at the IFC weekend. Of course, the weekend before that I'll be viewing the Tech Show. And during Senior Week I'll be right in there raising hell with the graduating class. Naturally, in between these superlative affairs, I'll keep in social trim at all the dorm parties, activities dances, trips to Tech Cabin, and fraternity house brawls. What a grim life for a budding feline socialite!"

We compared the total cost of the affairs that the Cat had mentioned with our lowly budget. "Cat," we asked, "is it easy to learn this hypnotic method? Do you suppose that we might be able to use it for, say uh — charity?"

"Whose charity?"

"Well, our own, for instance. Would it be possible for us to saunter into proms without paying a ticket price if we shared the secret of your technique?"

"The easiest thing in the world! And for a few extra rations of beer I'd consider teaching you the fine points of the art. Just don't let the Institute Committee hear of this or they will undoubtedly pass a motion prohibiting cats from teaching hypnosis."

Eager to start with our first lesson, we left the office to get the Cat the extra beer. As we walked along Memorial Drive, we mused over the innumerable potentialities of the Cat's method.

We could walk into a prom without buying a ticket. All our drinks would be on the house. We could convince our date that her solitary gardenia was a corsage of three white orchids. We could make her think that our motorcycle was a 1947 Cadillac convertible. Through our power of persuasion we could even make her believe that we were Alan Ladd. Alas, if only through auto-hypnosis, we could believe that she was no Murgatroyd!

Cover this month by Ellis.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Box 291
Olivet, Michigan

Dear Phos:

How about my January V. D.
You have my money What more
do you want, beer in your egg?
Reprovingly,
F. FIRESTONE.

Ed. Note: Did we print a January issue?

Stephens College
Columbia, Missouri.

Gentlemen:

On the early part of this month, I sent you \$2.00 for a year's subscription to your magazine, Voo Doo, requesting that you start the subscription with the January issue.

I have waited three weeks in vain. What can be holding up my copy? How can I live without it? Please for the sake of my well being start my subscription immediately.

Thank you.

Sincerely,
MARIANNE SHIRLEY

Ed. Note: Maybe we didn't print a January issue! But just have patience and January 1948 will be here before you know it.

Lasell Jr. College
Auburndale, Mass.

VOO DOO
M. I. T.
Cambridge, Mass.
Dear Ed.:

My boy friend sends me a copy of Voo Doo every month. There's nothing wrong with that, I like Voo Doo very much. The trouble is I don't get a chance to look at it. First thing I know my room-mate or one of my other "pals" has devoured it leaving no traces whatsoever. Everyone in the house reads my copy of Voo Doo except me. Isn't there something you could do to remedy the situation?

Please try,

MARGE.



Ed. Note: As I see it Marge, there are two ways out of your dilemma: either you can persuade your boy friend to send a copy of Voo Doo to all the girls in your house, or each one of them can get a boy friend. Incidentally the Dorms phone number is KIRKland 5300.

State Teachers College
Upper Montclair, N. J.
Sewer 304
Russ Hole

Voo Doo m'Love

Put yourself in my place (RRRR-UFFFFF... girls' dorm) and then imagine my surprise upon seeing a letter I wrote last November... and which had already been published once... in the latest issue of V. D. Since I am not 100% opaque I came to the conclusion that you must want to hear from Celia again, if you appreciated her efforts so much as to make the same mistake twice. You can see I'm not hard to convince... hence, this new letter to you. HOW ARE YOU? It's been over a year since it was my privilege to be up at M. I. T. (Vocabulary is as yet limited. Am only a junior.) Do you think SEX is here to stay? Do commit yourself.

Aside from the moral, decent, etc.,

for awhile, ... how come my subscription is running out? ... or was that pretty little piece of propaganda just a reminder to save up our next three months allowance to gather together the two bucks? If you are able to check on this, would you please? ... cause my last offering to the cause was for the next ten issues. Counting October 1946 I have received but six. (From Jan. '46 to May, plus October '46) Cross my heart. (Though broken.) Honest!!!

Well, my roommate grows impatient, so I'll dash over to him. The poor boy is frustrated at this point. Do behave yourselves.

Love and Smacks,
CELIA CESSPOOL

Ed. Note: As for the reprinting of your previous letter, we are not surprised. Anything can happen on make-up night. Once somebody left his notebook in the office and we printed up his lecture notes. (It was not so bad though — they were Magoun's Marriage Lectures.)

As for your subscription, you still have several issues coming to you, but the only way we seem to be able to get you to write us is by threatening to cut off your subscription.

And as for sex being here to stay, we can only say that our circulation is increasing rapidly.

The Yellow Jacket
Georgia School of Technology
Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Sir:

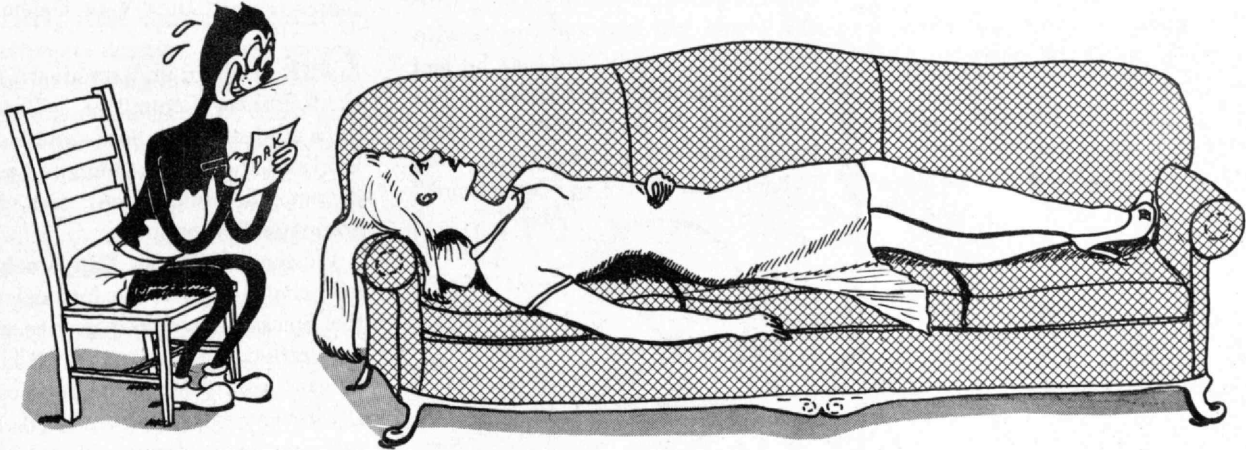
I wish to congratulate you on your fine magazine. Personally, I consider your publication to be consistently the best college humor magazine in the country. It has about the nearest thing to original humor that can be found in a magazine of this type.

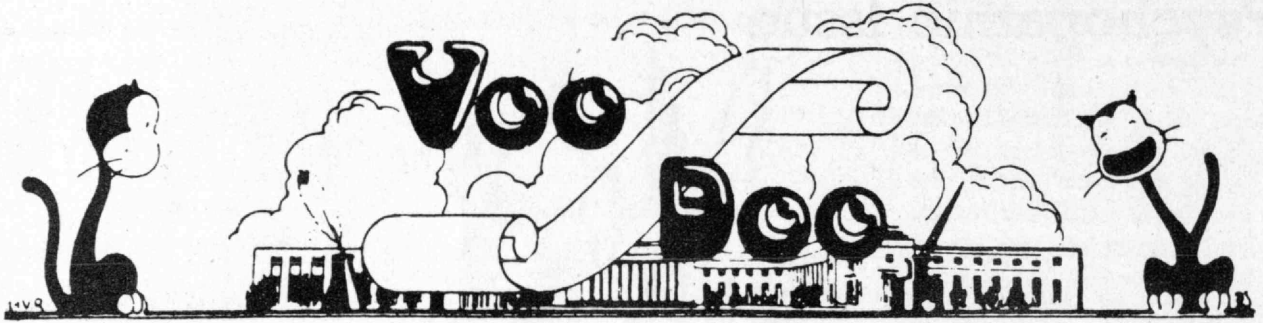
Again, let me congratulate you on your exceptionally fine magazine.

Most sincerely,
AVREA INGRAM, JR., *Editor.*

Ed. Note: Of course, they wanted us to do something for them, but at least this letter was not mimeographed.

Psychopathic Issue





JUST to show that Harvard has nothing on Tech profs when it comes to obscurity and pedantry, here's what an ex-prof said in writing about Packaging: "For instance, the grip afforded to convivially uncertain hands by the slightly concave side of the bottles containing certain brands of alcoholic liquors materially reduces their breakage and the consequent wastage and embarrassment."

WILL the *Tech* please assign a man to see who has apparently endowed the Institute with two thousand gallons of light green paint.

FROM the *Boston Herald*:

The question came up when a reporter phrased the query to Taft three times.

Twice, the Ohio lawmaker replied: "I am definitely not a candidate."

As he somersaulted across the room?

BEFORE The Tech grows obsessed with reform, the gallant staff of Voo Doo petitions that Wellesley and Vassar Streets remain just that.

A WELLESLEY girl, acting as voluntary editor said, "That should be in Voo Doo." Meekly obedient, we repeat the story.

The comedian's son said, "Daddy, I want to have a man-to-man talk with you. Tell Mother to leave the room." Daddy was surprised, but Junior insisted on the deep talk and Mother left. Junior asked, "Daddy, where do I come from?"

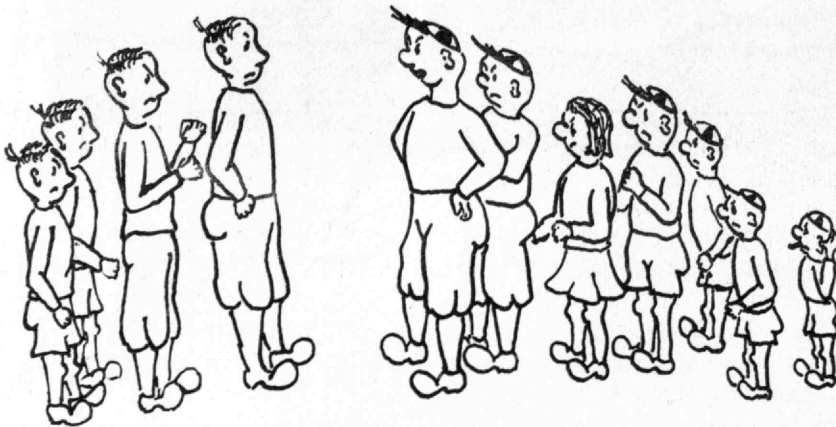
After three hours of painful explanation of the facts of life starting with the flowers and bees and ending with the FACTS Daddy felt that he had done justice to Junior's question, but Junior said, "I know all this Daddy, but Joe across the street comes from Philadelphia. Where do I come from?"

A GIRL we know on the back side of Beacon Hill found a good discourager for predatory males who try to follow her. One cold night when she had forgotten her gloves, she put her hands in her coat pockets, an unladylike act that left a married-life bulge on her front side. One glance as she passes under an arc-light, and the men seek less fertile grounds.

"WAR is forgot" notes. Kitchen gadgets and free pen and pencil sets (pen point — one dollar) were back from war at the Sportsman's Show. At the New York motor boat show, Hall-Scott had on exhibition its new motor, named the "V-12 Defender."

OUR newborn undergraduate Public Relations Committee will make Tech students seem flesh and blood to local and hometown readers and would correct the impression that MIT graduates just happen.

We send Chairman Ken Brock the following notice, to be forwarded to the *Brockton Enterprise* in case we're not drafted into Tau Beta Pi: "Richard Stevens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Stevens of 27 Gifford Road, now studying chemical engineering at MIT, has been invited to join the Harvard Cooperative Society, a group of Cambridge intellectuals and students, and including many eminent scientists and teachers. The invitation came as a surprise to him, Stevens said, and was surely undeserved. In the Society's Technology quarters, members attend frequent luncheons for general discussion."



"Yeah! An' my ol' man is better'n yours!"

IN a back hallway was an unofficial exhibit — a wooden platform on a couple of poles surmounted by a rough wire cage about three feet square, looking, as though it had been built hurriedly to carry away a small-sized electrical engineer, snarling and hissing.

WE have always been a firm believer in making school work as simple and concise as possible. It has always been a definite source of joy to us, for example, when Dingee condenses 8.01 and 8.02 into one neat, compact list of formulae, or when Prof. Hitchcock gives us a short-cut method of solution which enables us to pass the M21 final. When we get to our junior and senior years, however, we find that there are few members of the instructing staff who are willing to give us even a hint as to what we are studying and why. Therefore, we feel that special commendation should be given those faculty members who explain some of the more difficult aspects of the course to the befuddled students. One of the more obliging members of the chemical engineering department deserves some sort of medal for guiding his pupils over the rough spots in 10.31. The other day, one of the brownbaggers who managed to stay awake in class asked the aforementioned professor a query with reference to the fact that the view factor of a small isolated sphere in a long pipe is zero. "Why, the reason for this," said the professor with a look of benign contentment on his face, "is that if you look down a long, straight, horizontal pipe, you can see a long, long way." We had to agree with the prof on that point.

LETTER from one of the companies looking for Tech graduates:

"Dear Sir:

We were glad to have the opportunity to meet you recently at 'M.I.T.', but was sorry that our time was limited. . . ."

And our days is numbered.

ONE of the exhibits to lure freshmen into Metallurgy, if it doesn't scare them away, was a balanced wheel of an alloy, magnetic when cold, non-magnetic when hot. A magnet placed above a flame is to drive the wheel in a clockwise direction. Theories gang aft a'gley, however, and with a slight push, the wheel spins just as well in the opposite direction.

IN our Baedeker of local drinking spots, we seem to have missed the "Prosperity Bar" in Cambridge. The front sign reminds us that the bar is "Just Around the Corner."

"A tree-goal splurge by te Harding family in te first period was enoug to give te Boston A. A., wic is composed of former college stars, a 4-0 win over te Boston Junior Olympics at te Arena last nig't."

— *Boston Globe*, November 27

Bluntly, the Pics got the "h" knocked out of them.

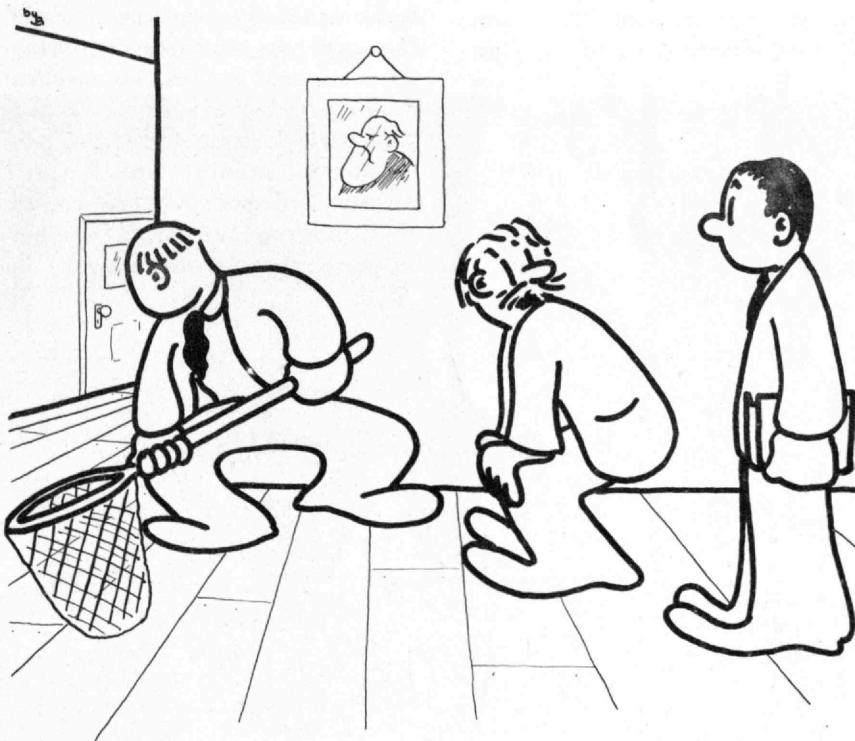
THE other evening we were sitting at the bar in the Napoleon club when we noticed a rather gnomish face peeking around the corner of one of the windows. As soon as the face noticed that we were looking it darted back into the shadows. It wasn't long before the beady eyes were cautiously looking into the club again. Again they disappeared into the shadows, but a few seconds later the gnomish face with an exceedingly slight body attached slipped through the rear door to the club. Immediately he came over, stopping in front of us with his hands placed defiantly on his hips.

"Well, I'm in. What are you going to do about it?"

Completely taken aback we managed to stutter, "Why didn't you come in the front door?"

Looking completely astounded he replied, "Oh, is there a front door? I thought this was a private party, not a nasty old night club!"

Continued to page 10



"We've got to get somebody in Course VII."

A RECENT *The Tech* column started to discuss art. But apparently the trip en route to the Modern Art Museum proved more exciting, for half the column was devoted to a discussion of the best way to go by El.

We might counter with an equally illuminating critique on a movie: "Best Years of Our Lives" at the Esquire is a poignant, moving story, probably best approached by a Dudley Street trolley. Three veterans have problems. Another unusual feature of the show is that all seats are reserved. If you should be at Park Street Station, take a Jamaica-Arborway car and get off at Symphony for the show of your lives.

FOR years we've thought of talking to a prof, but either they travel in twos, like MP's, or are speedy enough to be out of the classroom before we can fight our way up to the front. Anyway, what would you talk about.

The first day of this term we saw a prof smile and were on guard. Others came right out and said, "I'd like to know you men." And they did make a try. However, the old, dull profs that said it are back to reciting at the walls or blackboards, and they will prevent Tech from getting soft. If it got out that a Tech man knows his profs, we'll be the laugh of the ivy colleges.

If good relations do set in what incentive would there be to graduate. Today a man studies diligently to get out of the cruel, hard institute into the softer, friendlier world.

THERE are plenty of characters around school and two such recently went on a letter-writing spree. The cause was the "Atomic Bomb Ring" offered by the manufacturers of Kix cereal. Using the most authentic-sounding words they could find or fabricate, these two wise guys composed a letter to the Kix people. In it they insinuated that the ring was a fraud, challenged its underlying physical principles, and charged the company with duping little kiddies. In conclusion they demanded some samples of the material for testing.

Apparently the letter caused some confusion at General Foods, for it was not for some time that they received an answer. Then the letter was from the vice president, who said the ring was endorsed by many scientists and, besides, his children liked it.

We are not taking sides in this, but we want to say that, when a party gets dull and some one turns out all the lights, we always get out our Atomic Ring and show it around.

THICK-BLOODED Admiral Byrd, who is forever going to extremes, went South for the winter, past the sunny harbors a weaker man would have docked at, as far as he could go without heading north. Now he hollers up and suggests turning the Antarctic into a planetary pantry, an ice box for surplus food to be thawed and eaten in lean times. Even if the penguins or Argentinians don't get hungry first, Little America is a trifle far away for a mid-drought snack. No thanks, we'll leave the oranges in the desk drawer and keep our surplus cokes on the fire escape until next month, then put them in the tank back of the commode.

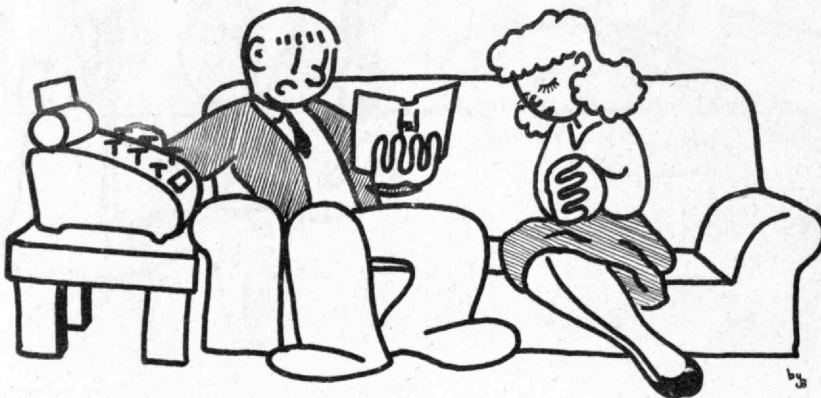
WHILE strolling through Back Bay during the early morning hours last Sunday we were accosted by an inebriated gentleman who wanted to know where the police station was.

"The police station?" we replied. "Do you mean the Back Bay or the Boston Police Station?"

"Good God!" said the drunk. "Are we in Bosh-ton?"

INCLUDING a sandwich in the Voo Doo office, we went to two literary luncheons last week. The second was for John Gould, Maine author of "Farmer Takes a Wife" and editor of the Lisbon Falls *Enterprise*. Mr. Gould, dressed in a baggy suit and mussed shirt, gave a talk on how it felt to be an author and how he runs the *Enterprise*.

The policy of his paper is that everybody deserves to get his name in the paper once in a while, even if he's honest and hardworking. For example, when it came time for Jim Martell, an unadventurous dairy farmer, to have a story in the paper, Gould wrote that Jim "had a cat that had nine kittens." Mrs. Fowler called up from East Durham to say that her cat had nine kittens too. Mr. Gould was sorry but he'd used that story. Oh, her kittens had more toes than Jim's. The next issue carried the news.



DICKFORD
AND
BROWNING

"How do I love thee. Let me count the ways."

Cheeking with Barefoot Boy

EVER since we first read Max Shulman's hilarious book, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek," we have been quietly rewording his lines for our own use in Voo Doo. It was therefore with alarm that we learned that the book was being made into a musical comedy and that it was coming to Boston. Our alarm was soon replaced, however, by a sly hope that perhaps Mr. Shulman himself would come to Boston and that we might, by some ruse, induce him to fill up a few pages of Voo Doo. Accordingly, we plotted carefully and finally cornered him in his hotel room on the morning before the play opened.

We found Mr. Shulman interesting, friendly, and not at all funny. In fact, he said that humor was very difficult to write. His experience with college humor starts at the University of Minnesota, from which he graduated as recently as 1942. While there, he studied journalism and, of course, became entangled with the humor magazine, *Ski-U-Mah*,

and was editor during his senior year.

He said that he originally had no thought of writing a book on college life, but he did on the suggestion of a member of the publishing firm, Doubleday Doran. Three months between graduation and army induction were then spent churning out "Barefoot Boy with Cheek," a satire on life at Minnesota. The book was put on the market without publicity. The enthusiasm of the critics seemed to vary geographically, the Midwestern reviewers generally treating the book more favorably than the Eastern. One theory about this is that most of the Eastern critics thought Minnesota was a small ice cream drink.

Be that as it may, "Barefoot Boy" has snowballed its way along until now it has sold a half a million copies and is being produced as a musical comedy. The show seems to have an excellent chance for success. It went over at a preliminary run in New Haven and is now doing well in Boston. We learned from Mr. Shulman that Boston is the acid test for a

show before opening in New York. Apparently, if you can make the Beacon Hill spinsters, the George Appleys, the M. I. T. boys, Wellesley girls, Harvard profs, and Irish politicians all laugh at the same lines, anyone will laugh at them.

Chasing down a point that interested us, we asked him if he had any particular ax to grind. He answered that it was a comedy and not much to take seriously, but he admitted that Yetta Samovar and her Communist friends take quite a drubbing. Similarly, the play shows his prejudice against liberal arts education, especially as typified by the student wasting four years' time and money while waiting for nepotism to set in.

We finally asked Mr. Shulman what he thought about college humor. He said he had definite views on this: college humor is bad. Editors of college comics, he said, generally write material that makes each other laugh, but that has little appeal to anyone else. When pressed for a statement about Voo Doo, Mr. Shulman said: "Send me over a stack of copies — I'm pressing some leaves."



A scene from *Barefoot Boy with Cheek* showing classroom at the University of Minnesota. Catalogue free on request.

A New Approach to an Old Subject

THE other night I'm out on the town when who do I meet in a bar over on Boylston street but my old pal and classmate, Jerry Doyle. It's one of those dives that has got what Jerry calls atmosphere — meaning that the joint is bright enough so you can see how old she is, and dim enough so you can make your approach under cover of darkness. I hadn't seen my boy since finals last term, so over I go to chew the fat. Right away I can tell he's down in the mouth about something — which don't make sense to me, because he has the most gorgeous woman I have ever seen in all my life.

What I mean is, how could anything ever get a guy down for very long when there's someone like Babs around to console him? You must know who Babs is — she's secretary for Prof Pebblewert, the comedian who teaches 2.999. The Prof thinks he gives the most popular course in the school, but the fellows just sign up so they can keep finding excuses to see Babs all the time. And why not?

She's slim and graceful, with golden air and a come-hither look in her eyes, and the only things I've ever noticed that fit tighter than her skirts are her sweaters. Not that she's a showoff — on her all sweaters are just naturally tight.

With a woman like that, who could stay gloomy? But there Jerry is, staring into his glass like it was a crystal ball. It's none of my business, but I ask him what the trouble is anyway.

"It's Pebblewert" he says, "that no-good son of a bachelor of science Pebblewert. He gave me a double F in 2.999."

"In 2.999? That stupid course? Hell, that's even easier than 14.864, The Theory and Function of Oriental Cutlery. How come you loused up a snap like that?"

He sighs, and orders another shot. "Well, I dunno myself for sure. Guess I'll go in and see Pebblewert tomorrow and ask him. Maybe I can get him to raise my grade."

We both know it isn't likely, but I

nod and tell him I'll come along for luck.

The next day is bright and sunny — almost like the start of spring. We go up to Pebblewert's office the first thing, and there is Babs typing away. Jerry grins at her.

"Hi, honey. What sort of a mood is your boss in today?"

"Oh, so-so. Are you going to see about your grade?"

He nods.

"Well, lambie, you just walk in and do your best. Gee, honey, but I hope you make it."

Jerry smooths back his hair, squares his shoulders, winks at her, and disappears into the inner office.

I listen, but I can't hear a word — only the mumble of voices. Ten minutes later out comes Jerry, his head bent in defeat. You don't have to be a psychoanalyst to know he's been down for the count. Quick as a bunny, Babs is at his side.

"Jerry, honey, he didn't change it?"

"Uh-uh. Not a chance. Not even one rotten point."

"Honey — did you explain — did you tell him what it means — that you can't graduate this June — did you, baby?"

He just shakes his head mournfully. It's heartbreaking to watch. I'm about to slide out and leave them together when Babs stamps her foot and heads for Pebblewert's holy of holies.

I do my best to overhear the proceedings again, but nary a murmur can I decipher. Jerry sits there and stares vacantly at the ceiling. I light a butt, finish it, start another. I'm on my tenth when Babs comes, slowly shutting the door behind her. There's a dreamy look in her eyes.

"Well?" the two of us yell together, like a couple of trained seals.

"He's going to give you an L. I don't see why you had any trouble with him in the first place. He's

Continued to page 24

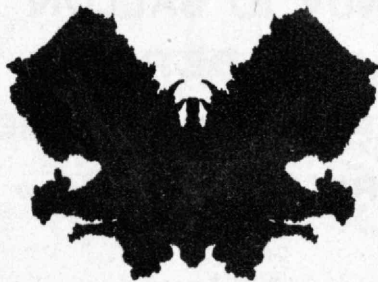


Are you completely *unhappy*?
Take our

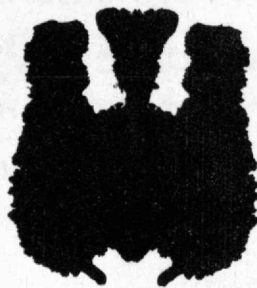
Ink Blot Test

and discover in yourself lots more neuroses, all delightfully new and exciting.

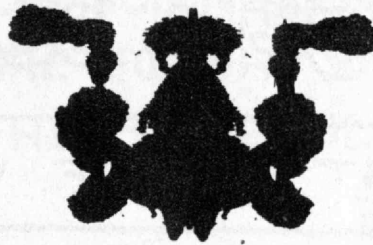
Just decide which description best fits the ink blot and note the letter beside your choice. Determine what letter is most often your choice and look at the end for your diagnosis.



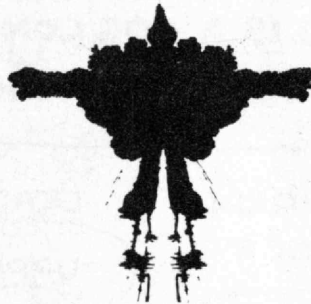
1. (a) Two whales scratching each other's backs and eating bananas.
- (b) An ink blot.
- (c) A gorilla with its head split open by a meat cleaver.
- (d) A beautiful girl.



2. (a) Mussolini and double with fur caps, speaking to Marie Antoinette with an upswept hairdo.
- (b) An ink blot.
- (c) Lucky Pierce and friends.
- (d) A beautiful girl.



3. (a) Hot and cold water faucets with hot faucet dripping slightly and the drain half closed.
- (b) An ink blot.
- (c) A banshee holding two smouldering time bombs.
- (d) A beautiful girl.



4. (a) A large twin-tailed plane flying through a small cloud and followed by vapor trails.

- (b) An ink blot.
- (c) A turkey recently run over by a steam roller.
- (d) A beautiful girl.



5. (a) A Wellesley girl protesting that she has not a thing to wear.
- (b) An ink blot.
- (c) A witch uttering a curse.
- (d) A sack of potatoes.

DIAGNOSIS

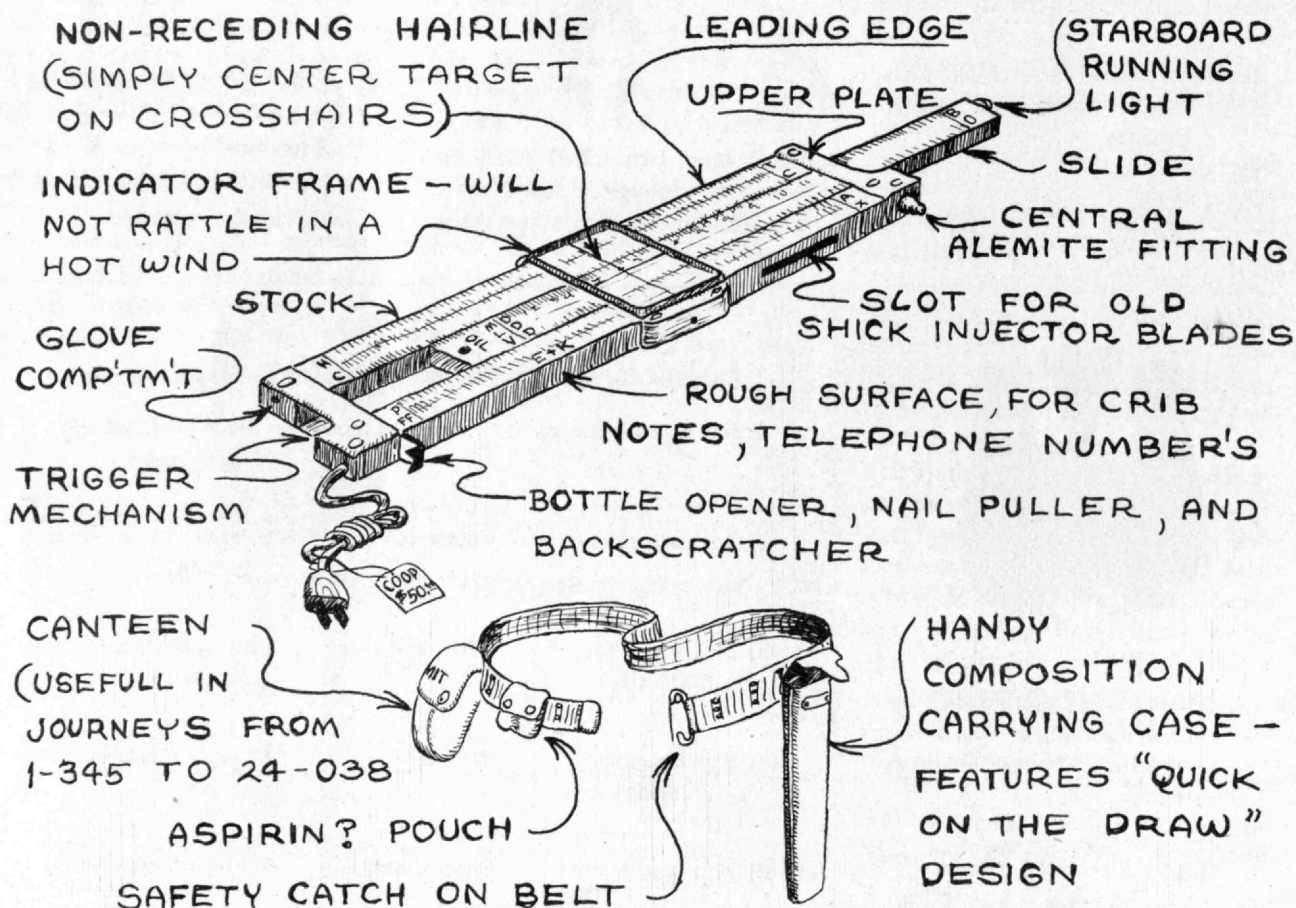
The letter that was most often your choice is the letter opposite your case.

<i>Name of your disease</i>	<i>Have you tried</i>	<i>Your predicted life's work</i>
(a) Idiomorostupidity	Course XV?	License plate manufacturer
(b) Neuropsychoinkblotity	Ball-point pens?	Idea man for a homing pigeon
(c) Psychoneuromorbidity	Reefers?	Nursery school teacher
(d) Mac, you're nuts	Everything?	MIT undergraduate

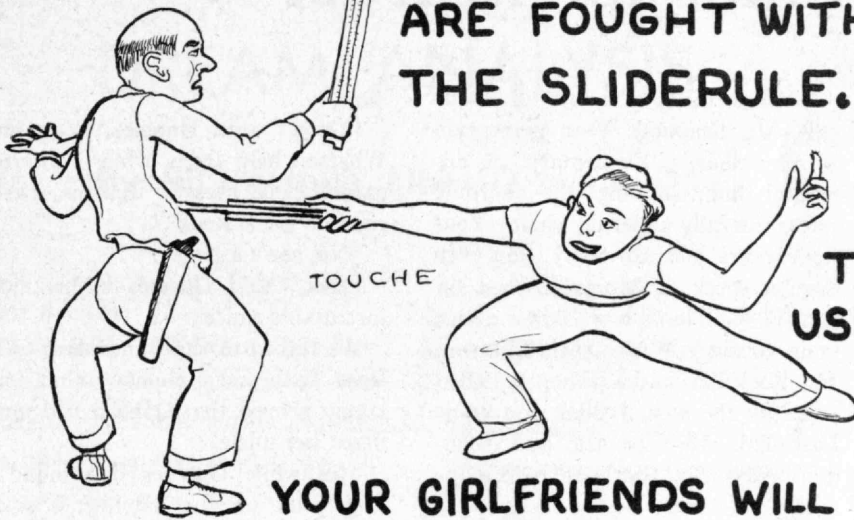
HOW TO USE A SLIDE RULE

GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR SLIPSTICK

YOUR SLIDE RULE IS YOUR BEST FRIEND. TREAT HER LIKE A BUDDY. NEVER ALLOW THE OPERATING TEMPERATURE TO EXCEED 300°(K). USE ONLY NS 1350 GREASE, AVAILABLE IN HANDY 10 GALLON CANS AT YOUR NEAREST ORDNANCE DEPOT. ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS A LOG LONG SIMPLEX POLYPHRASE MADE OF THE FINEST SELECT MOISTURIZED BALSAM.

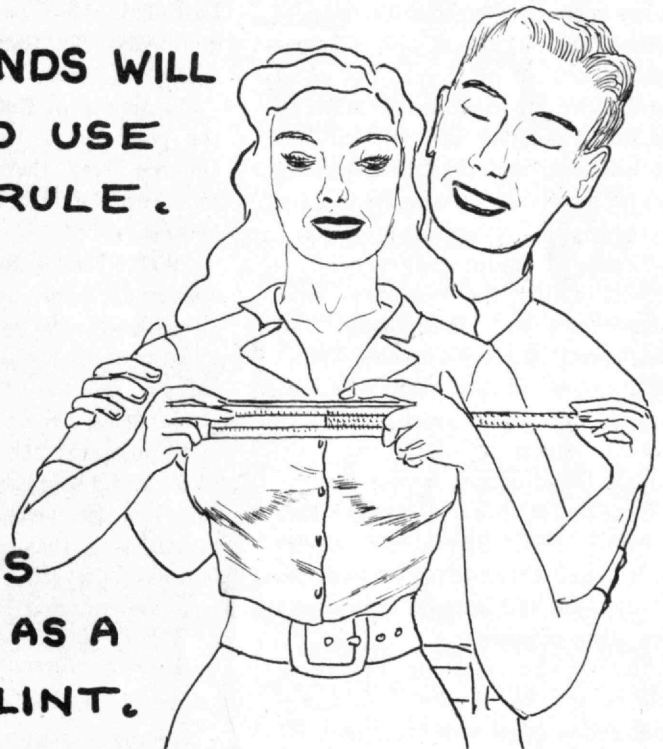


**THE BATTLES OF SCIENCE ARE
ARE FOUGHT WITH
THE SLIDERULE.**



**THE SLIDE MAY BE
USED TO TAKE HEADS
OFF DIME ALES.**

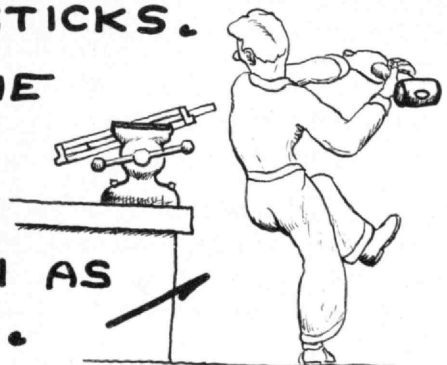
**YOUR GIRLFRIENDS WILL
WANT TO KNOW HOW TO USE
YOUR SLIDE-RULE.**



**TEACH THEM! EMERGENCIES
SEE THE SLIDERULE USED AS A**



**SPLINT.
EVEN CHEMISTRY PEOPLE
USE SLIPSTICKS.
SHOULD THE
SLIDE
STICK,
LOOSEN AS
SHOWN.**



A Manor for Murder

PERMIT me, his humble chronicler and companion, to modestly relate another adventure of that great man and bloodhound, Shearedlock Gnomes

It was a bleak and rainy morning when Gnomes called my home and asked me kindly — his actual words were “Come, slave!” — to come to his lodging, as he had a case that might require my slight personal services. When I arrived, and stood in my customary position three paces behind the doghouse, and Gnomes neatly polished off a quart or so of cocaine, he condescended to relate to me the astounding tale.

“But first,” he said, “permit me to run off for about ten minutes to solve a couple of minor baffling mysteries.”

“Yeah,” I replied spiritedly.

Well within the appointed time Gnomes was back, murmuring, “Trivial, trivial,” under his breath. “Why, Watson, one of them even had a clue. Now, we’ve got to catch a train to Rook’s Manor. On the way I’ll explain the situation to you.”

Once on the train Gnomes unfolded the story to me. Spreading it nimbly on his lap he read it to me, word for word, as he had jotted it down on a tiny scrap of paper.

“Early this morning, Watson, even before I had finished breakfast, a young man burst into my room. He was well-dressed, but panting with exhaustion. ‘Aha,’ I said, ‘you are Roger Rook, and have come for me because the police are baffled about your father’s murder. He was killed last night by a hatchet, they say; but it was really an axe, for hatchet murders are too common for this very uncommon murder. My fee will be immense, and I can start in an hour. Yes, you had better return right away, to comfort your cousin Ophelia. Is there anything more you would like to know?’

“‘How did you know all about this, Mr. Gnomes? Your perception is marvelous.’ ‘Elementary,’ I answered him, slipping the morning paper carefully under my chair. ‘Your appearance tells all. Why, you even have a speck of Moravian dust on your lapel. That’s how I knew about your cousin.’ With that, Watson, Mr. Rook left, and I promptly called you. By the way, I think you know Lashroud. He’s on the case — undoubtedly why they are baffled already.”

We arrived at Rook Manor to find the police in a tizzy, from which Gnomes freed them. “Now, Lashroud, what evidence do you have,” he said.

“Well, Mr. Gnomes,” Lashroud answered, “it isn’t much, I admit, but all we have so far is the hatchet that killed poor Sir Edward, and his niece, Ophelia, who was caught in the midst of murdering her uncle.

“Who caught her.”

“A tramp who happened to be passing by. He heard a scream, and looked into the window and saw Ophelia butchering her uncle. My men are quizzing him further right

now.”

“Good,” said Gnomes. “You and Watson help them, while I interrogate Ophelia myself. Tell me, Lashroud, is she a Rook?”

“No, she’s a honey.”

“Aha,” said Gnomes in his most inscrutable voice.

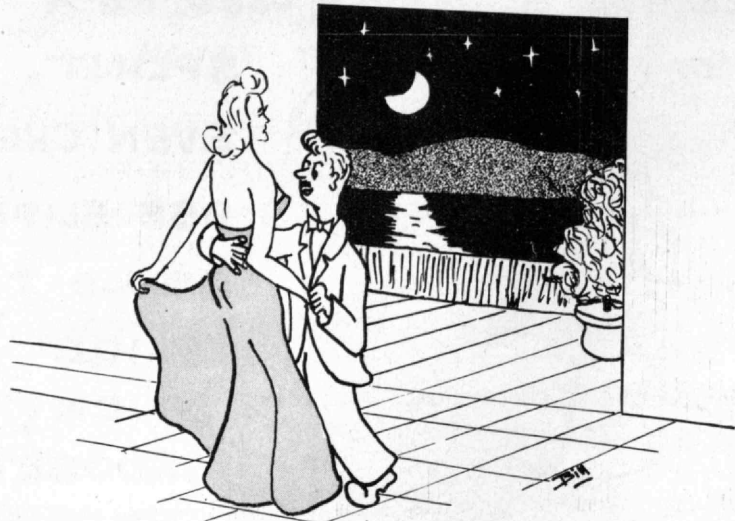
We talked to the tramp, and to at least Lashroud’s clumsy mind, the tramp proved that Ophelia had murdered her uncle.

Meanwhile Gnomes had found a fingerprint on the hatchet; a small delicate, fingerprint, which Gnomes promptly smudged, unknown to me, of course, for Gnomes never divulges his professional secrets. He had already questioned Ophelia. She had been to receive all of Sir Edward’s vast fortune, including his priceless collection of match covers. But Sir Edward just wouldn’t die. For years he lived, depriving Ophelia of those priceless match covers.

“Aha,” said Gnomes, as she kissed him for the fourteenth time.

We returned, and Gnomes met us at the door, wiping his handkerchief over his face. There seemed to be a

Continued to page 26



“Yes, the view is rather nice, isn’t it!”

A page straight from the files of that noted psychologist
and dream analyst

DREAM ANALYSIS

By SIGMUND FRAUD, M.A.D.

1st dream:

The patient's story: One night last winter I was stranded out in the middle of the Maine woods. I slept on a table in an open shelter without any blankets in a temperature of 40 degrees below zero. I had a horrible dream.

In it I was frozen into a big cake of ice and was being delivered to my own house by the ice man. It was nice and warm inside the house, but I was quickly put in the refrigerator where it was very cold. I stayed there until nightfall, when I was broken up into ice cubes to be used for making cocktails. I remember being dropped into a cocktail shaker . . . falling, falling, falling. . . . Then I woke up, having fallen off the table onto the floor of the shelter.

The interpretation: SEX was obviously the cause and motivation for this dream. The patient was far away from home and worried about his wife. He feared that she was carrying on with the ice man. This explains the patient's being delivered to his own house as ice. His being chipped up into ice cubes symbolized how broken up he was about his wife's faithlessness. Falling into the cocktail shaker shows his worry about her falling in love with the ice man. The whole

dream, therefore, was a straightforward manifestation of sex.

2d dream:

The patient's story: One afternoon my young son asked me to play baseball with him, which I was only too glad to do. Although I had once been quite good at the game, I now found myself clumsy and helpless. I made quite a fool of myself before my son. I could not seem to hit the ball at all. It occurred to me at the time that I should go off somewhere in private and practice for a while. That night I had a very queer dream.

In it I went off in secret to a ball park to practice baseball. There was a pitcher and I was batter. He threw and threw, but I could not bat a one. Suddenly I noticed that the whole park was filled with people and everybody was laughing at me. Then I shrank down to the size of a baseball. The pitcher picked me up and tossed me to a batter who drove me for a hit. . . . Then I woke up because somebody was shaking me.

The interpretation: SEX was obviously the cause and motivation of this dream. You noticed that the patient wanted to practice in *secret*. This meant that he was madly in love with his *secretary*. The fact that he was at

bat and could not hit the ball showed that he was just batty about the girl. The sudden presence of all the people in the park laughing at him showed that he feared that some one would discover their love affair. However, when he was a ball and was batted, it indicated that he still wanted to make a hit with her. The whole dream, therefore, was a straightforward manifestation of sex.

3d dream:

The patient's story: This was the most terrible dream I ever had. It was awful:

I was chasing a beautiful and negligibly clad girl down Tremont Street. The only trouble was that I had a rope around my neck and every time I almost caught up with her, the rope would pull tight and my head would come off. A little while later, I was laboriously cutting my way through the brick wall of a girls' dorm with a pen knife. I worked furiously; the giggles of the girls inside were tantalizing me to the point of insanity. Finally I broke in, but I was met by a whole troop of police who had been inside waiting for me and playing a record of girls' giggling. Seconds later I was being accused of the Black Dahlia murder. I fled in terror with a knife in my back. I was running toward a seductive girl who took leisurely steps backward but always stayed ahead of me, no matter how hard I ran. Finally I collapsed and three ugly amazons came and clubbed me into unconsciousness.

The interpretation: This was a perfectly normal dream with no particular significance. I have them all the time myself.

SIG. FRAUD

The Cleaver's Edge

A METALLIC clang, like a splash of cold water, alerted students for the start of another physics lecture. The lecturer took his place and amid various attitudes of repose cleared his throat for the long drone. The seat next to mine had habitually been vacant, but today its occupant bounced gingerly in.

His slightly treble voice addressed me, "Howdo, name's Reginald Frump. Have you a cigarette? Missed the name. Light?"

"I hadn't said — Bill Smith — Nantasket, Mass.," I answered the scrawny youth in the next seat.

"Aren't these lectures a frightful bore. Main reason I preferred Tech is because women distract me. (I'm afraid that I chuckled.) It isn't that I'm not favorably disposed towards them; it's simply that I'm seeking the higher ideals in life."

"A good average?" I quipped.

At this point the professor became part of an intricate circuit and let fly a yelp.

Reggy chirped on, "Only this summer I met a woman who taught me the ideals for a unique philosophy of

life. She was of hardy Afghanistanian stock — a firm believer in life's simple pleasures. Of an afternoon we would frolic on a plateau throwing a discus, actually discs, or racing a llama.

"This wasn't near Cincinnati?" I queried.

"It was in the Bavarian Alps where I had been vacationing. This woman and I soon returned to the United States where she soon took employment with a large tomato canning firm — pasted labels I believe. She still clung to her tenets of sobriety and moderation. But my faith in her code was undermined when she was cited as a key figure in a turbulent beer house brawl."

By this time the front eight sections of blackboard had taken on a whitish hue. It was then, and to my amazement, that this frail lad bolted from his seat and shrilly called attention to an error on the third blackboard section. The professor turned a livid green and with a deft stroke obliterated the adjacent five panels. Reginald yawned.

"You know I had an interesting time. . ." I started.



"Now this coat is 100% virgin wool."

"Well I decided to put my abilities into more dynamic channels than merely entertaining women," Reggy continued. "The idea suddenly struck me upon overstepping my bounds with this little lass. Man has made the fair sex appealing to the sight, captivating to the scent, and now all that remained was to make her delectable to the palate. Six months ago I patented a tatty-fruity lipstick I was going to have flavored lipstick, pardon the expression, on every tongue. My slogan campaign was to include: Try Frump's Pepper brand — men go for spicy women; With Maple Sugar lipstick, men drool over you — literally; Our Garlic brand is breath-taking; Wear Tabasco lipstick and watch a burnt boy play with fire again; The discriminate gentleman chooses a woman of his taste.

"Did the flavor last?" I gibed.

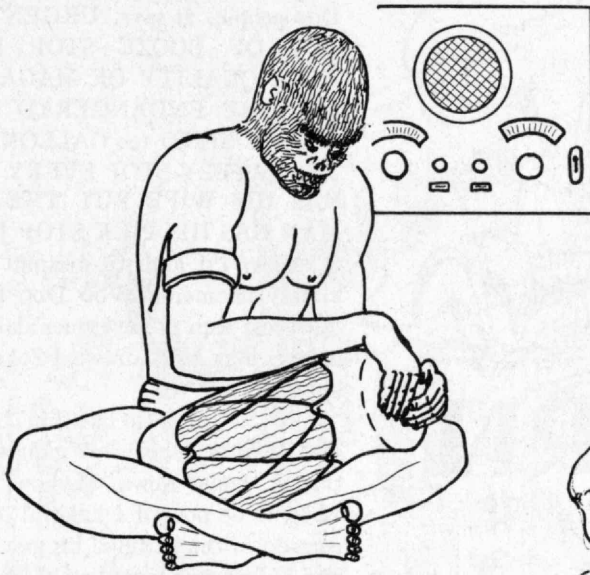
"Within the limits of endurance. The results of some extensive testing had bolstered my — er — spirits considerably. And yet, one wind-swept morning soon afterwards, I met a gorgeous Russian who changed the entire course of my life. That vodka is potent stuff. Three days later I found myself still in the arms of Patrifska. Ah she looked seductive as she poured out the liquor of the Volga. She convinced me that lipstick manufacture was too abject for a person of my talents, between passionate kisses. Quite overwhelmed by her powers I lamely asked if she knew how to make an atomic bomb. She said, 'Certainly, to make an atomic bomb first you take. . .'"

THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPH ON HOW TO MAKE AN ATOMIC BOMB HAS BEEN DELETED FOR REASONS OF SECURITY

"She then drew me close and whispered that my eyes flashed fire; my teeth sparkled like seltzer; and my lips were, to her, magnets.

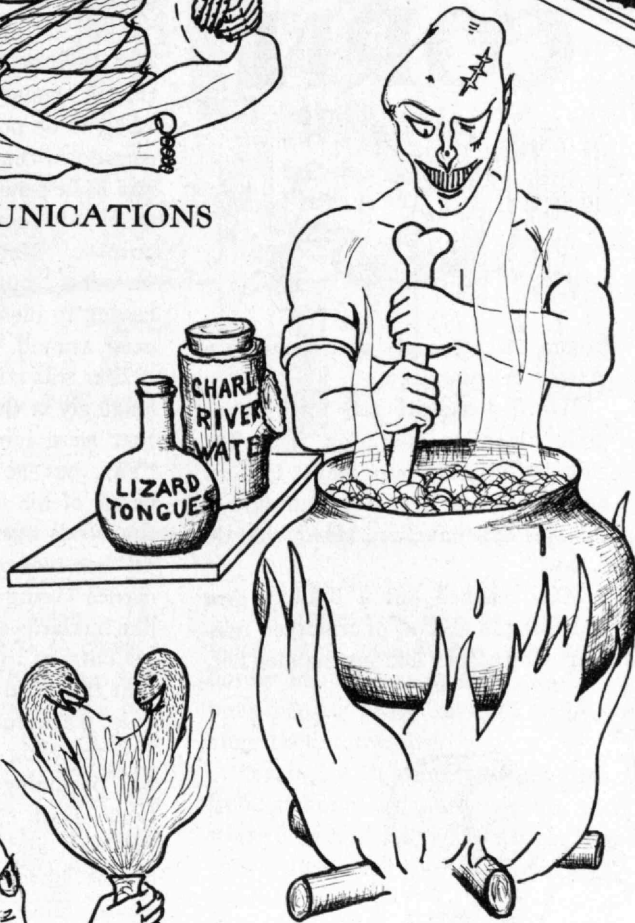
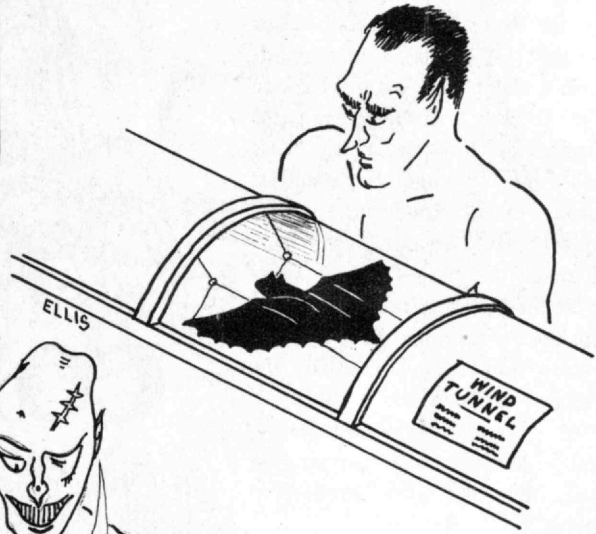
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Voo Doo WITCH DOCTORS AT TECH



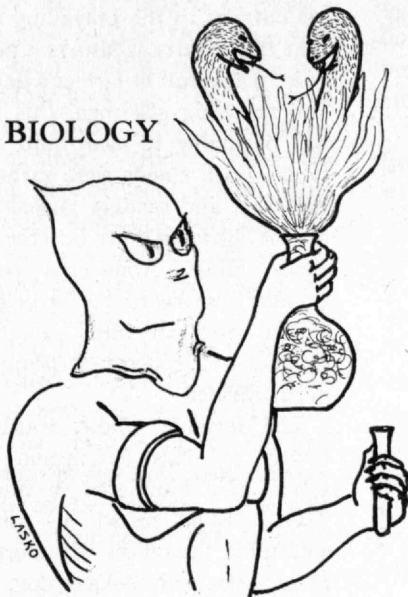
COMMUNICATIONS

AERONAUTICS



CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

BIOLOGY



AF AFTER GRADUATION

LASXO

THE date was the first part of 1947. I found myself at the crossroads of life. On the road to the right a small sign said, "Tennessee State College for Women, 11 miles". How frightening! Of course, I turned left and soon a short walk brought me to a large thicket. Usually, thickets have individualistic tendencies. This one had a very strange odor emanating from its midst. Squeezing through the underbrush, I wasn't greatly surprised when my gaze met a large copper boiler with a spiral pipe leading from its apex to a smaller tank nearby.

On the ground near the apparatus, amid numerous jugs and a couple of cages of possums, lay two lanky, bearded fellows who were carrying on a rather lengthy and intellectual discussion.

"Waal."

"Naow, ah don't know."

"Gosh a mighty, Zeke, we'll take it to Maw, she's done been through the third grade and can read might nigh anything, cep'n the fourth year reader."

"I swow, Ebbe, yo brainwork air really transmogrifying, les do thet."

Having thus reached a rational conclusion, "Ebbe" rolled over onto his stomach and, with the skill of an inveterate hog-caller, succeeded in bringing "Maw" waddling to the scene. She shook her nearly-bald



broom threateningly and spoke in a rather peeved voice:

"Lawd a mussy, you lazy scoundrels air allus pestering me. Th' chittlins'll probly burn whilst I'm out here. What do you want, anyhow?"

"This here envelop, Maw, what do it say?"

Maw reached out a brawny arm and tore the end off of crumpled telegram which Zeke had just handed her.

"Waal, bless my bones, this here's a telegram from them interlectual Voo Doo people. It says, 'URGENT AM OUT OF BOOZE STOP FEAR HIGH QUALITY OF MAGAZINE WILL BE ENDANGERED STOP PLEASE SEND 100 GALLONS IMMEDIATELY STOP EVERY MAN HAS HIS WIFE BUT THE ICE-MAN HAS HIS PICK STOP JOKE'

"Maw, I'd hate to disapint them killinly hoomerous Voo Doo fellers, but I just seen th' revernuer alaboring up this here hill," drawled Zeke very lethargically.

"Aw, he cain't do nawthin' by himself. He'd need his whole gang to tear this ol' boiler down, anyhow," said Ebbe as he poured a handful of seed corn down the barrel of his gun. This was Ebbe's own invention of which he was justly proud. It served a twofold purpose. Not only did it pepper intruders, but it saved him from having to plow when planting season came around.

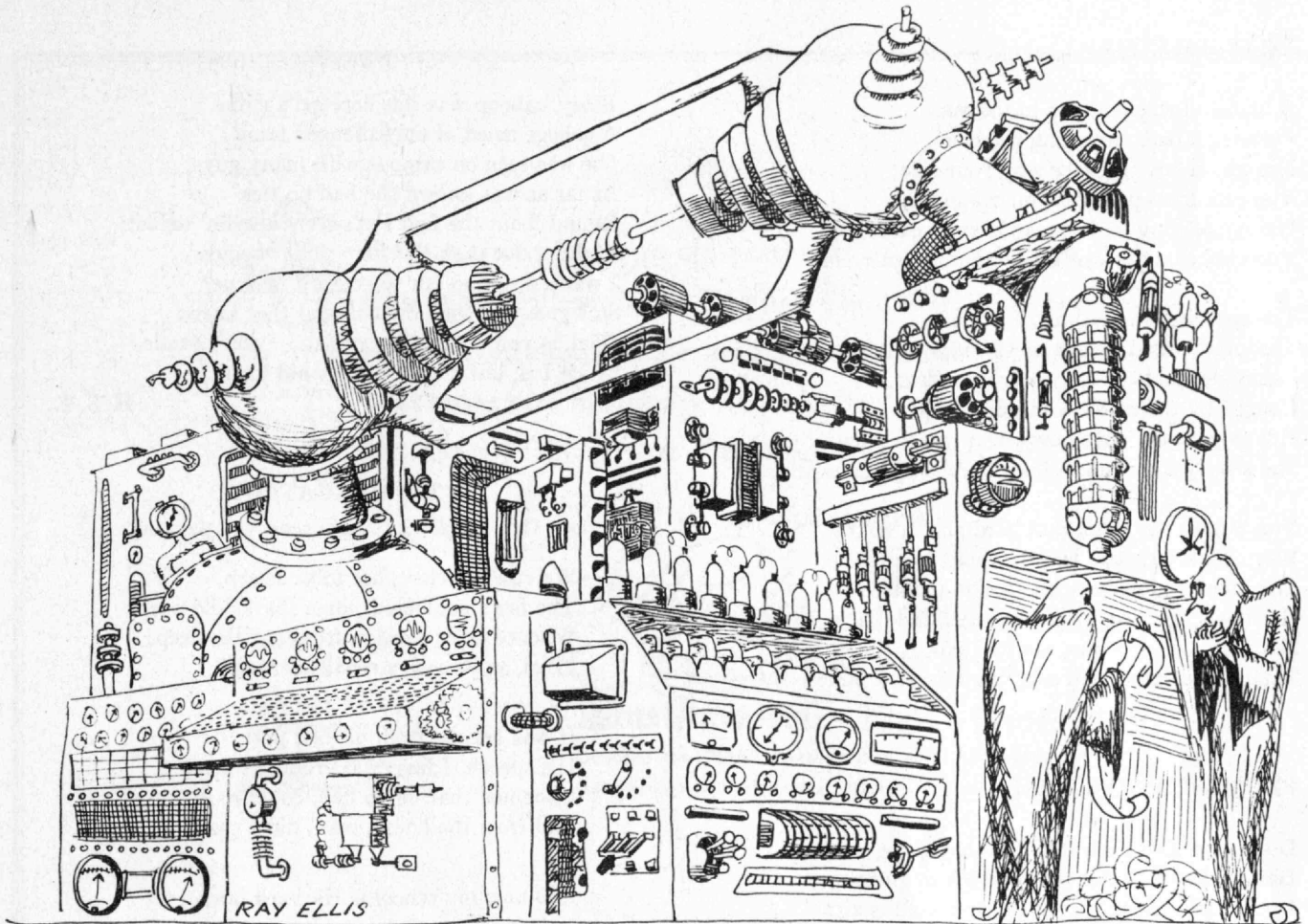
Zeke was still unconvinced, looking longingly at the brown and white jugs that were lying around, he replied, "Yas, but he's probly got a whole passel of his men ascoutin' for us in the woods over yonder. I calate thet jus' one toot of that police whistle he carries 'l bring 'em all flocking around like buzzards at a picnic."

Contrary to the prevailing opinion that the country is always a peaceful, quiet place, full of farmer's daughters and traveling salesmen, this locality was beginning to seem quite portentious. Dark clouds were gathering in the West and sending jagged streaks of blue lightning down into the nearby Black Hills. Amid the peals of thunder was heard the shrill screams of the crocktaw birds, sounds that resembled a concert of peanut vender's whistles.

The revenue officer, waiting patiently for this description of the scene, now blundered in and said, "Ha!" Ebbe raised his rifle and splattered the officer with corn. The noise attracted Zeke's dog, which



"A Radcliffe girl never dates the same man twice!"



"Yes, this proves it: two point one out of three can have a better complexion in just fourteen days. . . ."

crawled out from under the house and joined gleefully in the fracas. The revenuer was encouraged to climb a nearby tree by the frolicsome pup which was playfully tearing the officer's leather boot to shreds. Maw ran into the house yelling something about burning chittlings. Ebbe was throwing jugs of "squeezin's" down the hillside. And Zeke, who was tired of the fuss, was amusing himself by shaking around the dried pea in the revenuer's whistle.

Soon the dog tired of the sport and walked slowly off down the hill with a barrel of beer clamped between his jaws. The revenue officer climbed down from the tree and seemed rather flustered as he tightened the belt around the remains of his tattered pants.

Zeke was the first to speak:

"Ah guess you aims to tear this boiler down, offisuh, but you won't hardly hev time to go down and get your men an' bring 'em back up hyar afore thet storm hits."

"Yeah, by th' time you get back from gatherin' all your men up, the storm'll be hyar an' you'll all get lost out in the dark," chortled Ebbe with fiendish glee.

But the officer was not to be frustrated, no Tech man, he. "All I have to do is blow this whistle, and the whole force will come running this way. They don't know where this still is, but they will when they hear my whistle," he chuckled as he put the whistle into his over-sized mouth. (Poor Voo-Doo; no 100 gallons. We will now observe one minute of

silence.)

The officer's cheeks puffed out and the whistle emitted a shrill note, not the familiar huttering sound but a scream that blended into the background with the jumbled noise of the shrieking crocktaw birds. The revenuer's face became even redder, he threw his whistle down, said something about sabotage, cursed like hell, and stalked off down the hill.

Zeke settled back on his haunches, "By the time he gets back hyar t'mor-rer, thet still'l be asettin' in the cave on the side of Hawkin's Hill. Boy, will he be disgruntled."

"Yep," grunted Ebbe in approval, as he casually flipped a dried pea from his hand. It rolled under a clod of dirt to repeat its life cycle.

P. S. C.

YOUR PIPE SIR

A billow of smoke drifts to the air,
Forming a halo, crowning her hair.
Her glance inviting, she's by your side;
You puff from passions you cannot hide.
Her enchanting voice beckons you near;
You choke, and groan like a grinding gear.

The enticing aroma draws her close;
Through filtered breath flows love's chant verbose;
Desire descends from eyes crystal clear;
Caught by the mood, you want to endear
Her to you; the time now seems ripe — then
She lets fly a scream — been burned by the pipe.

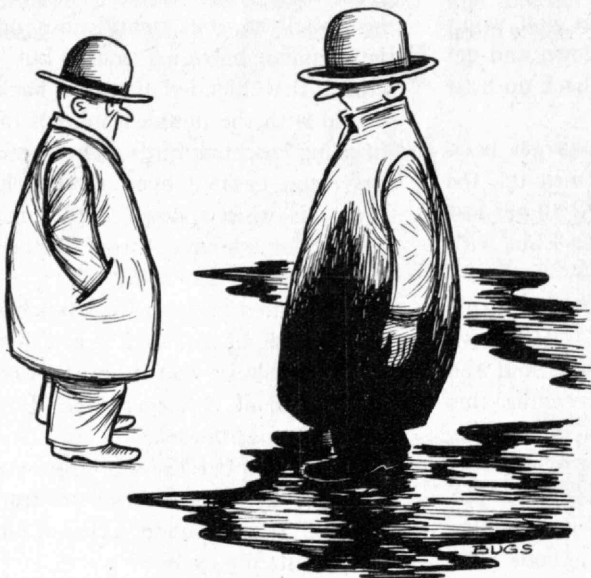
You bite at the stem, puff hard and in spurts;
War clouds pass by, and the topic reverts.
The pipe's red embers, the fuel of passion;
Her lips spark fire, in keeping with fashion;
Her face soft by yours, her hair downy fluff;
Taking your pipe, you ask, "Say, want a puff?"

H. S. K.

FROM BED TO WORSE

Daisy was a damsel, sickly as they come
Daisy asked a doctor why she felt so glum
Doctor said to Daisy, "What you need is air."
Now dawn finds our Daisy, tangled in her hair
Breathing at the window, half attired at best
Daisy still is sickly, but in popular request.

H. S. K.



"My pen leaks."

BESSY

Bessy Laboop was this here gal's name,
A college co-ed of unchallenged fame.
She was seen on campus with many guys;
As far as was known she had no ties.
Round 'bout the first she's seen wheelin' twins;
Right about then this here rumor begins.
I wanted to find out — could it be true?
So I goes and asks the only gal that knew:
"Gal, is you a bachelor woman — don't evade."
"Well I is, but I ain't a fussy old maid."

H. S. K.

TO MURGATROYD

Or a co-ed's kiss may send you packing

We cuddled close, her folks asleep,
The fire smouldered, some sparks did peep;
Whence came a voice, from out the deep:
"Lad, as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

It was her pa, from his bed post,
His speech, I fear, was crude, at most.
I boomed that he, in hell, could roast;
And from the house, man, did I coast.

And now my school is Harvard fair;
I must admit, the reason's rare,
But from this day I'll use more care,
And stay far from a Tech prof's lair.

H. S. K.

NUDE IN CARTESIAN COORDINATES

Curious how the mind will wander.
Watch that Techman over yonder —
Rapt attention for Descartes,
Smiling lips and pounding heart.
Think what cosine curves suggest,
To one with 'magination blessed!
Is this gently rounded line
Drawn to frustrate me and mine?
Is it rather that I ought
To conceal my inner thought?
Should I lock it in my breast,
Spirit fettered, soul repressed?
Nay, I don't care in the least.
Let the curve arouse my beast.

R. V. G.



Picture after picture in old yearbooks at the best known schools and colleges in the East prove how *long*... and photographs in today's undergraduate and alumni publications prove how *consistently*... Brooks Brothers have been a familiar and favored part of the traditional scene.

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Veteran of the South Seas: "While in the Marshalls, I saw the screwiest bird. It lays square eggs and talks."
She: "Oh yeah? What does it say?"
Vet: "Ouch!"



A lady opening her icebox spies a drunk there.

Lady: "What are you doing in my icebox?"

Drunk: "This is a Westinghouse, isn't it?"

Lady: "Yes."

Drunk: "I'm just Westing!"

— *Idjit.*

"I'm a fraternity man and a gentleman."

"You don't look like twins to me."

Drunk: "Taxi?"
Driver: "Yes sir!"
Drunk: "I thought so."

— *Fripol.*

School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days,
She was my girl in calico,
I was her bashful, barefoot beau,
And I wrote on her slate,
Keep out of the sun, babe, everybody's
Looking through your dress.



Mark Antony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Servant: "She's in bed with laryngitis."

Mark: "Damn those Greeks."

He dropped around a girl's house, and as he ran up the steps he was confronted by her little brother.

"Hi, Billy."

"Hi," said the brat.

"Is your sister expecting me?"

"Yeah."

"How do you know?"

"She's gone out."

— *Tiger.*

"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the vard.



Prof: "What are the names of the bones in hour hand?"

Pre-Med.: "Dice."

— *Yellow Jacket.*

A New Approach

Continued from page 12

terribly sweet, and really kind of cute. I never noticed before."

"Sure" I say.

"He explained it all to me", she continues, "all about the work a professor does, and how little the students appreciate his tireless, unending efforts on their behalf, and the challenge it is for a man of science to reduce his knowledge of natural and physical phenomena to the level of young, ill-equipped minds. It must be terribly hard for men like that — and I must say you boys don't help any, being disrespectful and only caring about passing the course."

"Sure," says Jerry.

"He said it was really his fault for not making it simple enough so absolutely *anyone* in the class could understand. Honestly, he must be terribly intelligent. I never appre-

ciated him before — how kindly he is, how rich in the simple, warm qualities of manhood, and how very lonely he is, with only the great minds of the past for company."

"Sure," we say together.

"But a lot of good is going to come out of this little mixup, Jerry. Arnold — I mean Prof. Pebblewert — and I are going to completely rewrite his outlines for 2.999. Honestly he's so enthusiastic, he can't wait to begin. We'll start tonight and work like real MIT beavers. Of course, I don't know a thing about science and all, but he says that's just the sort of a fresh viewpoint he needs. Arnold says he intends to revise completely his entire approach to the subject —"

That's when I up and leave. After all, how much of this can man stand? But way down deep something tells me that Arnold's approach to the subject is practically foolproof.

M. D.

Out in California we learned long ago that there is a vast difference between a politician and a lady. For instance, if a politician says "yes," he means "maybe"; if he says "maybe," he means "no"; if he says "no" — he's no politician.

On the other hand, if a lady says "no," she means "maybe"; if she says "maybe," she means "yes," and if she says "yes," she's no lady.

— *Wampus.*



They lay side by side upon the couch. Both were deathly white. This can't be censored because . . . They were . . . two pillows.



"Call me a taxi."

"Okay — You're a taxi."

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"Yes!" came back the reply.

"Tell him to get up and defend himself; the British are coming." At the second, third, and fourth house the same conversation was repeated, but at the fifth house it went something like this:

"Is your husband at home?"

"No," came back the reply.

"Whoa!"

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The Cleaver's Edge

Continued from page 18

I pressed her tenderly saying, "Aw stop slingin' the bull", and passed out. Three days later I found myself still in the arms of Patriffska. It was then that I decided upon my lifetime career — I would become ambassador to the Soviet. (She still had six sisters in Russia.)"

About this time the professor was flipping switches madly, scrawling incomprehensible Greek symbols on the board, and splattering the first five rows with gems of wisdom. I scratched my head. Reginald yawned.

"Say Bill have you another package of cigarettes, this one's empty. What did you say your girl's phone number was?"

"I didn't — Hull 2248 — but as I was saying. . ."

"Do you have a nickel, Bill?"

"Sure, here. Listen to this Reggy, it's a scream. . ."

But at this point Reggy gingerly

bounced out of the lecture hall and I haven't seen him or my girl since.

H. S. K.



Barmaid: "Oh yes, I married a man in the village fire department."

Sailor: "Volunteer?"

Barmaid: "No, Pa made him."



Famous last words: I don't know why you spent all that money and then drove 'way out here, because I don't allow boys to kiss me.

— *Sundial*.



And then one wonders what Mahatma Gandhi would have done if he were Sir Walter Raleigh rescuing Queen Elizabeth from the mud puddle.

You made hay

While the sun was bright,
 I sowed wild oats
 By the moon at night.
 Your hay is stacked
 In bundles neat,
 But the lingering taste
 Of oats is sweet.



Love is one game which is never called on account of darkness.

— *United States Coast Guard Magazine.*



Gentlemen prefer blondes, but the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it, too.



Here's to a long life and a merry one
 A quick death and an easy one
 A pretty girl and a loving one
 A cold bottle and another one.

— *Sundial*.

A Manor for Murder

Continued from page 16

red substance all over that face. "Arrest that man for murder," said Gnomes, pointing at the tramp.

"But Gnomes," I cried, "the tramp proved to us that Ophelia did it."

"Fiddle faddle, Watson. Just look at the footprints by the window. The front pair are only toes, where the man stood on tiptoes to climb into the window to kill Sir Edward."

.....

A few days later, in looking over the rotogravure section of the paper, I noticed that the tramp had been hanged.

"How did you ever deduce it, Gnomes," I asked.

"Elementary, my dear Watson. I knew the moment I met Ophelia. She was so soft and delicate; she couldn't have committed such a foul murder." With that I had to be contented, for Gnomes had resumed playing the "Jupiter Symphony" on his banjo.

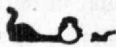
I. H.



Wife: "What's wrong, John?"

John: "My razor won't cut at all!" growled a voice from the bathroom.

Wife: "Don't be silly. Your beard can't be tougher than linoleum."



Wisdom — Knowing what to do next.

Skill — Knowing how to do it.

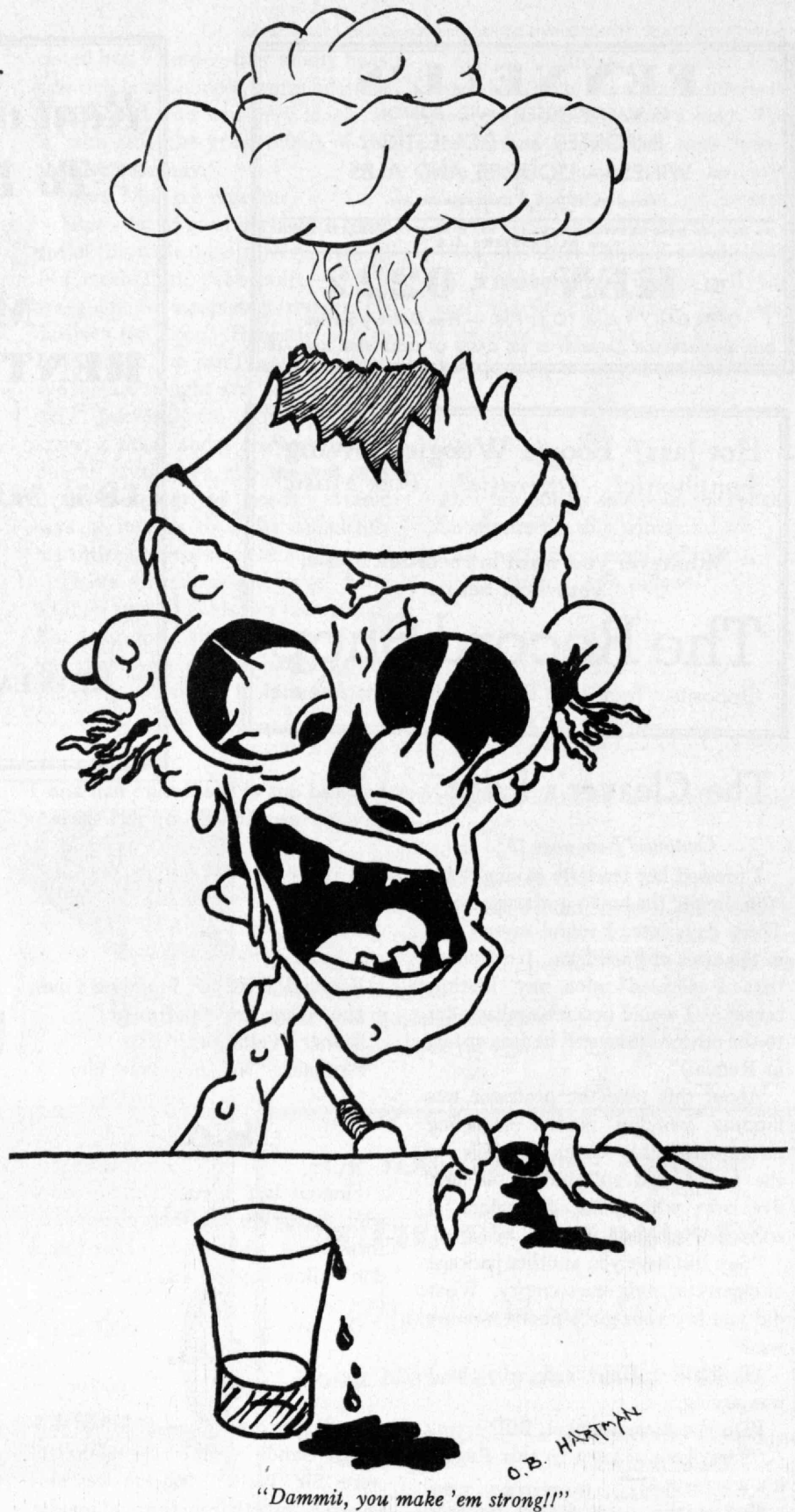
Virtue — Not doing it.

— Log.



And then there was the man on relief who was so accustomed to having things done for him that he went out and married a widow with three children.

— Scarlet Fever.



"Dammit, you make 'em strong!!"

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The little old gray woman bent over the cherub in the cradle.

"O-o-o-o. You look so sweet I could eat you."

Infant: "The hell you could, babe, you ain't got no teeth."



He: "I'm a bank examiner."

She: "Well, I'm no bank."

— *Nautilus.*



"Doc," said the mountaineer, "I want you should fix up my son-in-law. I shot him in the leg yesterday and lamed him up a mite."

"Shame on you shooting your own son-in-law!" scolded the doctor.

"Wal, doc," rejoined the mountaineer, "he warn't my son-in-law when I shot him."

Mr. Suburg kissed his wife a fond farewell as he was about to catch his morning bus. But, for the first time in five years, he missed it. Thinking to surprise his spouse, he tiptoed into the kitchen, and implanted a tender kiss on the back of her neck as she was washing the dishes.

"Good morning," she said, "I'll have two bottles of milk and a pint of cream."



A Pullman porter who had started out on an all-night run had his trip cancelled. Returning home unexpectedly, he took a look around the house, then took out his razor and began to strop it vigorously.

"What are you doing, Sam?" inquired his wife.

"If those shoes stickin' out from under the bed ain't got no feet in 'em, ah is gonna shave."

Tech: "Have some peanuts?"

Co-ed: "Thanks."

Tech: "Want to neck?"

Co-ed: "No!"

Tech: "Give my peanuts back."



A cousin of Siegfried Sassoon

Once wiped out half a platoon
By making them choke
On a horrible joke

Which he clipped from the *Harvard Lampoon.*



"Did you mark that place where the fishing was good?"

"Sure, I put an 'X' on the side of the boat."

"That was silly — suppose we get another boat?"

Active: "They tell me that you pushed a wheelbarrow down the street last night right after our fraternity party. Is that right?"

Pledge: "Yes, sir! I was pretty well crocked."

Active: "Well, how do you think I feel over the possible loss of prestige that your actions may have brought upon our fraternity?"

Pledge: "I never thought to ask you, sir. You rode in the wheelbarrow."



Son: "What is an optimist, Pop?"

Pop: "An optimist is a man who thinks his wife has stopped smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house."



The lady of the house was entertaining her bridge club when the pattering of tiny feet were heard on the stairs. She raised her hand for silence. "Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their good night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. . ."

There was a moment of silence — then shyly, "Mamma, Willie found a bedbug."

A man and woman walked into I. J. Fox, and the man asked to see the most expensive fur coats in the store. Mink was finally selected which required a few alterations. The salesman said the coat would be ready after the week-end, so the gentleman wrote out a check and departed with a beaming female companion.

Fox's followed up on the check and found no account at the bank under the gentleman's name. Monday morning they called up the gentleman and began to bluster.

"I know, I know," said the gentleman, "but thanks anyway for the best weekend I ever had."



He: "Do you know what virgins dream about?"

She: "No, what?"

He: "I suspected as much."



Student: "Why didn't I make roo on that history exam?"

Prof: "Do you remember the question 'why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?'"

Student: "Yeah."

Prof: "Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect."

—naturally

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ADVERTISING INDEX

	<i>Page</i>
Brooks Brothers	23
Cafe de Paris	28
Camels	IFC
Chesterfields	BC
Dutch Cleaners	3
Fennell's	25
Guy Ormandy	24
Harvard Trust Company	28
Lafayette Radio	24
Life Savers	3
M. I. T.	IBC
Mount Auburn Renting Service	25
The Murray Printing Company	2
Priscilla Alden	2
Record Shop	25
Red Cross	27
Stanley Harris	28

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