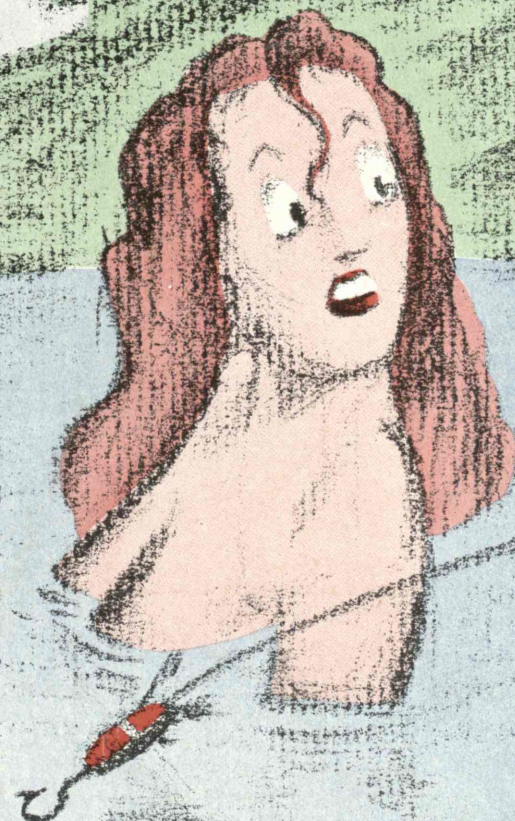


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VOO DOO



APRIL, 1948

25 cents

WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE
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BECAUSE
EXPERIENCE IS THE
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Champion
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He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats—57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the famous Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them—for mildness, for cool smoking, for flavor. I learned from experience that Camels suit me to a 'T'!"

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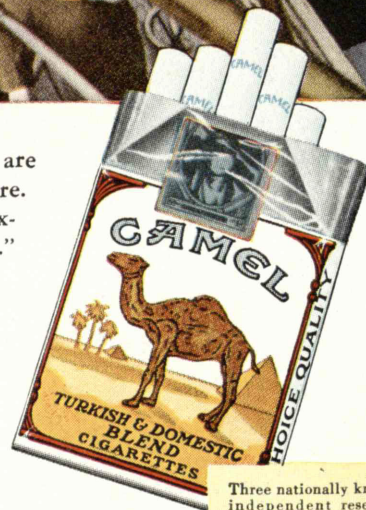
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ALL OVER America, more people are smoking Camels than ever before. Millions of smokers have found by experience that Camels suit them to a "T."

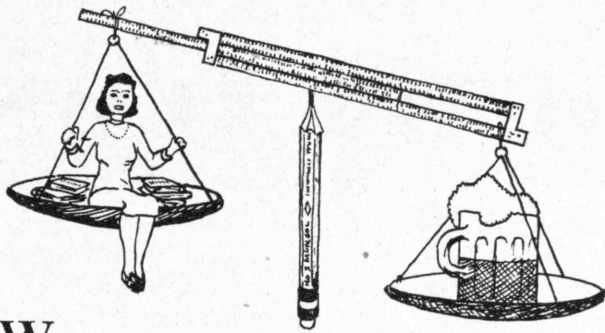
Try Camels yourself. Compare them—for mildness, coolness; for full, rich flavor. Let your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—tell you why Camels are the "choice of experience."



Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

According to a Nationwide survey:
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WOMEN, Phos, we are going to talk about women this month. A pity, too, for some of our readers, duped by that capitalized word, will mistakenly read further. We are sorry, but what we have to say is meant only for seniors, or those who think like seniors.

The love cycle of the Techman is oftentimes as follows: *Freshman*: He came here to study. Stays in some Saturday nights just for that purpose! Does not know any girls anyway. Goes to a few acquaintance dances; has a couple of not-so-hot blind dates.

Sophomore: He does not believe in brownbagging all the time. Rarely makes a pretense of staying in on Saturday nights. Meets a couple of pretty nice girls and in spring-time is very nearly going steady with one.

Junior: A little dissatisfied with the one girl, he continues to go out with her but tapers off, wishing he could find some one better.

Senior: He does not know any girl he really wants to take out. Goes to acquaintance dances and on blind dates with little success. Discovers Jake Wirth's dark beer.

The cycle rarely runs in just this way. Some men find contentment. Most seniors, though, know few girls they would miss if never seen again.

What is wrong? The difficulty, we claim, lies greatly with the college girl. We often find her well-dressed, of keen mind, better schooled sometimes than ourselves, but with little ambition (save marriage) and limited maturity. One betrayal of this is her affinity for posters, theater programs, menus, ash trays, beer mugs, all trophies of her gentle harlotry. (No, we do not think men are quite so bad.) A more serious criticism is that college girls often seem to lack that store of evaluated personal experience that supplements formal schooling, and is so apparent in many college men of today. To be sure the men are older and more widely experienced than ever before, but the girls are not helped much by their one o'clock permissions, their signing in and signing out, their pleasant grassy campuses, their summers at the shore or working in their fathers' offices.

We are not trying to show that this is bad. It does not bother many college men, just a few seniors. We ourselves will continue to be driven out by our hormones on Saturday nights to pleasant sensual extravagances. We might even hope to meet a girl we could like.

But when it's understanding that we want, or thoughtful argument, we'll join our buddies, settling all the troubles of the world, at Jackie's, over dark.

L.

Cover this month by Waldd.

Volume XXXI

April, 1948

No. 4

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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DOING THE TOWN

FOR the second month running, I've got a place for you to look into if you have a little extra change. The Terrace Room of the Hotel Statler. Early in the game of reviewing I made up my alleged mind that I wouldn't give a place as big and bustling as this a write-up, but I broke my own rule once and can break it again.

The Terrace Room will cost you a little dough. The drinks are not exorbitantly high in price, but you will be rocked with a cover charge starting at nine o'clock. This amounts to one dollar per person. It may be that you will find the show worth while for that price. I'm not at all sure that I did.

Presented first was a fairly good looking young feminine in a handsome evening gown who sang several numbers to the accompaniment of an inoffensive orchestra and a middle-aged inebriate. I'd call a drunk a drunk, except that he was really not obnoxious, simply over-bibbled. Of the four or five songs the girl sang, at least one was good, but the others weren't overly.

A magician there was who worked too fast for normal folk, to say nothing of the calmly stuporous people that I noticed about me. He produced and caused to disappear enough corks to stopper all the Erlenmeyer flasks in the Institute in about fifteen seconds flat. Ye Gods but he rammed through that routine. Next he did the same thing with seven baby chickens. The above-mentioned bibbler's wife (I suppose) demanded to know what was with "les pauvre petites poulets" but never got an answer — he was going too fast. Very clever and very good.

You can e. d. and be m. at this, one of the few night spots I've seen that behaves like a regulation night spot. The crowd is nice, the food would be good if I didn't have to pay for it, the drinks are served promptly and come to you well chilled, and the orchestra s all right, too.

In order to avoid all traces of ambiguity, I would like to conclude by stating that I recommend the place for a good evening, but take cognizance of the specific remarks above. Also, look like you're going to tip the guy who convoys you to your table.

JOHN FISHER



There was a tremendous clap of thunder and two hens ran for the hen-house while their friend the rooster made a duck under the front porch.

Having gotten her breath, one hen asked: "Why didn't he come in here?"

The other hen: "Aw! He's chicken."

— *Scripts and Pranks*



Teacher (to class): "Now I want you to write your names in your books."

Course XV: 'What! and kill the resale value!'

— *Juggler*



The drunk tiptoed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed, smiling at the thought he'd put one over on the wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes and there stood his wife glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter dear?"

"You were drunk last night."

"Why, darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put the adhesive tape all over the bathroom mirror?"

— *Dodo*



Grace: "Do you know what chemical warfare is?"

Lois: "Yes. Chemical warfare is waged between blondes and brunettes."

— *Polaris*

Professor (after final exam): "Well, what did you think of this course?"

Student: "I thought that it was a very all-inclusive course. Everything that was not covered during the year was covered on the final exam."



— *Spartan*

The old-fashioned girl would take two drinks and go out like a light. The modern girl takes two drinks and out goes the light.



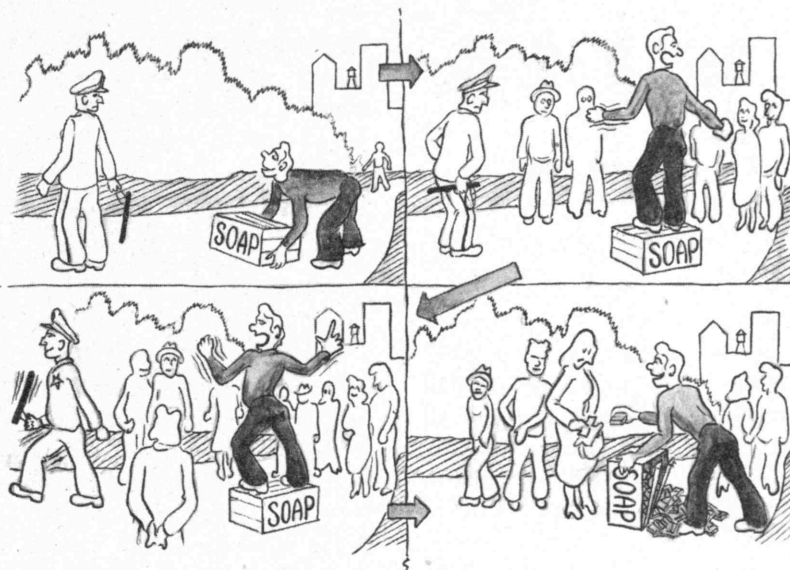
— *Sundial*

The girl cousin from the city had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but stood gazing at the flowing stream, apparently lost in thought.

"What's she waiting for?" asked her hostess-aunt, who was watching.

"Dunno," wearily replied her husband. "Perhaps she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."

— *Walaugan*



Mother: "Every time you stay out so late I get another gray hair."

Daughter: "Geeminy, mom, you must have been wild. Look at Granny's hair."



— *Trussbuster*

Many a man has made a monkey out of himself by reaching for the wrong limb.

— *Pup*

The English teacher took a piece of chalk and wrote on the blackboard, "I don't have no fun over the weekend." "Now, James," she commanded, "how should I correct that?"

"Get yourself a feller," suggested James.

— *Sundial*

Meet me at Jimmy O'Keefe's

Here's where Joe McCarthy met the press

Here's where Dad took the whole family to dinner and actually smiled at the reasonable check

Here's where "Boy meets Girl"

Here's where you meet your friends

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Back-Talk

Thank You Note

To Phosphorus, the most erudite of felines:

Greetings:

Yesterday a group of your office boys descended upon my august presence like the Biblical plague of locusts. They seemed to be laboring under the delusion that my office is "messy." I carefully explained to them that they were gazing upon a very elaborate system of filing. I am not at all sure that any impression was made. But alas! and alack! that is such a common experience with teachers that I was not surprised.

Upon leaving they presented me with a gimmick. A careful study of the inscription on said gimmick furnished the information that it is a

"Decontamination Apparatus." Again I must deplore the lack of understanding displayed by these office boys of yours. Can it be that they do not know that everything to be found in the office of any experienced prof at M. I. T. is absolutely inert and aseptic. (Note the lecture material sometimes emanating from such offices.)

After they had left I did notice a slight odor which seemed to come from a pile of literature at the back of my table. Further investigation proved that the aroma was arising from two old copies of Voo Doo. These have been duly treated with the decontamination apparatus and the air has been restored to its customary mustiness.

I much appreciate this gift and shall preserve it so that it may be used on future issues of Voo Doo as they appear.

Please tell the boys that I appreciate their acquaintance. I am sorry that I

cannot look forward to meeting them in class sometime in the future. My subjects are presented only to Juniors and Seniors: I retire in June, 1949.

Best wishes to you Phos and here is a toast to you. May you have a long and catty life with many descendants to keep your grave green.

IRVING H. COWDREY

New Angle

Dear Mr. Yanciunas,

Only now has your scholarly discussion of "What Holds Him Up?" come to my attention, which demonstrates the unwholesome isolation in which a pedagogue lives, moves, and has his being.

Not to muddy the argument with unnecessary words, but merely to point out a few other hypotheses, I am writing you. It might be, for example, that I emerged from the shadow of my undergraduate days, still leaning on polar coordinates. Or it might be that instead of retiring to lick my wounds I am struggling to stand up again after some of the unkind blows life has dealt me, but never quite made it. Or perhaps, being a rebellious Puritan, I am endeavoring to counteract the effect of my Puritan ancestors, who leaned over backward, or at least stood straight as a poker though lacking its occasional warmth.

Then again, perhaps I was born in a lean-to, and not being lean in other respects, am now reduced to leaning forward. There are those who claim that as the famous Tower of Pisa leaned that Galileo might drop his cannon balls, so I stand at angle Theta in order to drop pearls of wisdom.

Personally I don't believe any of it. To me the explanation of this unique and mysterious condition is simply the cumulative effect of having faced the personal magnetism of M. I. T. students for almost thirty years.

Very truly yours,

F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN



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

The January issue carried an essay which put forth many possible causes for the forward tilt in Professor Magoun's stance. Professor Magoun's reply and the letter from Professor Cowdrey bring us to agree with a recent article in the Saturday Evening Post, which said, "We have found that professors are at their best when confronted with a nonsensical situation, and that they top it with even more extravagant nonsense."

Professor Cowdrey, winner of our Messiest Office Contest, was awarded a decontamination apparatus, stirrup pump, and a stick with a nail in it, intended to serve as a combination paper-picker and marshmallow-toaster.

February 20, 1948

Dear Sir:

This letter is in regard to your hilarious (?) article on the Tech Secretaries.

I have made an extensive research and have found out that no one at Technology (professors, Tech men, instructors, etc.) has the opinion that you do. They said, and I quote, "Tech Secretaries are the prettiest, most intelligent and have the best personalities of any other group of secretaries."

Perhaps one of your staff members had an unfortunate experience with a Tech Secretary — she probably told him off — hence, the bitterness in the article.

I would like to see how Technology would function without the present secretaries. I'm afraid everyone at Tech would have to go to Cal Tech, for I am sure that Technology would fold up.

We secretaries have been very lenient with Tech men — have always been very cheerful when they finish an exam — to boost up their morale, always type up anything they want done at any time, listen to all their troubles and give advice, when asked. FROM NOW ON, WE'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE BEING EXTRA NICE TO A TECH MAN, ESPE-

CIALLY IF HE'S ON THE Voo Doo STAFF. HARVARD — HERE WE COME!

Sincerely,

(Speaking for the M. I. T. Secretaries — Magnetic, Intelligent, and Triumphant gals.)



The girl who used to go to the city and stop at the YWCA now has a daughter who goes to the city and stops at nothing.

— Sundial



Male: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself wearing so little clothing?"

Fem: "Don't be silly. If I were ashamed of myself, I'd wear more."

— Show Me



A new mink coat can sometimes be made out of an old goat.

Soph: "My gawd, but I'm thirsty. Frosh: "Wait a minute, and I'll get you some water."

Soph: "I said thirsty, not dirty."

— Widow



"Big boy, you're like a locomotive when you hold me this way."

"You mean I puff and wheeze?"

"No, I mean you're on the right track."

— Technology



"One Committee member pointed out that a pedestrian who had offended 10 times as a jaywalker would have to pay \$365 for the 10th offense, each successive fine being double the previous one, under terms of the bill."

— Boston Globe

Exponential students of the world, arise.



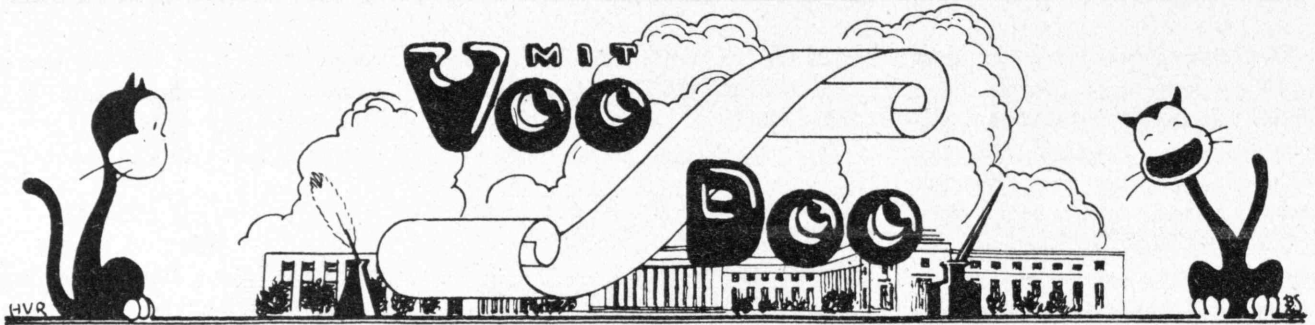
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DUKE C. WILLARD
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"Have a pack of Dentyne. It's fine after meals!"



"Just as I reached my boiling point I gave the chef a pack of Dentyne. That got me out of the royal stew fast! Naturally—because Dentyne's keen, delicious flavor always makes friends fast! Dentyne also helps keep teeth white!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only By Adams



ONE of Course XV's professors may get more foresighted in the future, but his peak probably was during his days at Williams College. One spring day he found himself with twenty-five dollars more than he needed to last him until the next allowance came from home. Hitting on a unique investment plan, he went to the package store and loaded his car with a half dozen cases of beer.

Because he did a lot of horseback riding, he was familiar with the woods around Williamstown, near Smith College, and near Vassar. With his car he covered the territories where he rode most frequently and left caches of beer in twenty-five or thirty spots. He would put four or five bottles in a stream, or under rocks, or behind stumps.

During that spring and summer, whenever he got thirsty, he would stop his group near a cache, climb off his horse, and say, "Excuse me, I think I'll get a drink." In a few

minutes, he would reappear carrying some bottles of beer dripping with cool spring water. It surprised his companions considerably, he says. He didn't get to drink them all that summer, but it was worth the investment.

AT the All Tech Sing, the m.c. announced that a last minute program substitution would be made. Instead of *Finlandia*, as printed in the program, *The Volga Boatman* would be sung. Judging from that, our tipster says, "I guess we know what the official MIT policy is."

BOB LEWIS handed us a matchbook cover from Boston Garden-Boston Arena, two places you can't call sissy. In fact, on one edge, probably just as it was dictated by a fat, cigar smoking promoter, are the words, "Close Cover Before Strikin."

ONE of our men reports trouble in the house where he lives. One of the girls living there began chasing him around with a drain plunger. He finally made his room, slammed the door in time and held it. His roommate, hearing that Mary-Jean was after him said, "Why don't you get the Larvex sprayer?"

"Why don't you. I can't move or she'll come in."

The roommate got the atomizer, but passage to the wash basin was barred by plunger-bearing Mary Jean. Looking around for substitute ammunition they saw a bottle of beer and filled the atomizer with that. They moved back from the door. Mary Jean advanced with a cry of triumph only to get a faceful of beer.

She backed up quickly and ran down the hall, but soon was in a corner, surrendering.

SAME old story.

Prof Crout of the math department was approached outside his office by a student who asked if he was coming or going. Prof Crout had to admit he didn't know.

A BUNCH of students were sitting around the Commons Room in Building 1, when Walt Wagner walked in. People looked up and said, "Hi Walt" and Walt said hi right back. But Jock Suthland was reading *Life* and didn't even notice Walt, so we asked him how come he was getting so snobbish or taciturn. He finally did look up and said, "Silence . . . uh, silence breeds familiarity."



"Sure, it gives you the new look, but I have to have my suspenders."

TWO of our board members visited Jake Wirth's for supper one Friday night and over their bratwurst and beer were attracted by two girls about four tables away. They decided they would meet the girls. Over their dessert of beer, they made plans. First, one of our men walked to the table and graciously asked for the use of their catsup. The girls recognized this as a romantic act, since tables all around our men had bottles of catsup, but they preferred a bottle fifty feet away. Then our two men composed a note which read:

March 19, 1948
Jake Wirth's

Dear Catsup-Relinquishers,

Would you care to join us over a round of Dark? Don't you think this has been a snowy winter?

Yours truly,

The romantic note worked, and the fellow that works in the clothing department of the Coop will attest that later that night the editors and the Katherine Gibbs girls were having a merry time in *The Tam*, around the corner from Jakie's.

WHAT is the official MIT policy? Beyond a doubt, most of Tech's students are Republicans, and most of the faculty, too. When the question came before Institute Committee of confirming the MIT Students for Wallace Committee as a Class B activity, most of our junior legislators said that the initials *MIT* should be dropped from the name. Instcomm felt that the group did not represent the majority of Tech students, and that use of the name of MIT would reflect on the politically conservative reputation of the school.

Certainly Wallace would be the worst man possible to elect as president. John Ciardi, head of the Harvard PCA, spoke to MIT's Wallace group and said that Wallace



"Junior, stop dragging your feet!"

would not be elected in the coming election. Even he did not say that Wallace is a good man, but Wallace is a convenient symbol to use in collecting liberals together in a bunch.

But whether Henry Wallace would make a better prophet or egg man is not the question; should the Wallace Committee be allowed to say they are from MIT? Why not?

Most of Dr. Compton's opinions (for ERP, UMT, birth control) are personal ones, but to the public he is not just a free-wheeling political sage, the-Bernard-Baruch-of-men-under-six feet, but Mr. MIT in person. Shouldn't the students be able to carry into political battle the prestige of their being from MIT, too?

WE have a man working part time on poultry news around Tech, who reports that the Institute has failed to chase away any pigeons. For years a crowd of pigeons living on the piazza of Building 7 has made life hazardous for lounging students and complicated for the sweeper. A month ago our man noticed that the Institute had installed two artificial owls under the eaves. The owls are made of white plaster and have fluorescent red eyes and so far have failed to impress our pigeons.

A couple of months ago *Life* photo-

graphed some owls of the same species in San Francisco and Philadelphia, where the owls were scaring the be-Jesus out of all the pigeons. At Tech, though, the pigeons are more at home with scientific fakery and may be seen on a windy day, nestling up against the base of the red-eyed scare-pigeons.

WE know a secretary who likes to hear off-color stories but it makes her blush. When a student starts telling her a story or reporting on a footnote in the Kinsey Report, she snaps off the fluorescent light so she can't tell that her face is red.

ONE of our freshmen, Jim Nolan, hadn't been around the office for a few days after Club 50. We almost called up the Bradford, asking that if they found him would they please send him back to MIT. He finally turned up, though, with his story. He and his girl had stayed up all night and Saturday morning they walked into Jim's freshman physics lab, he looking like a debonair physicist in his tuxedo and she in an evening gown. The instructor acted like a good host and entertained the girl most of the hour while Jim did his experiment.

THE OLDER DAYS

IN the court of King Arthur there roomed and boarded many noble and daring men, lauded in the centuries since by romanticists, writers, and liars. But as many as were glorified were forgotten and ignored. One of these was a tiny midget, named Hilary, who was jester to the King and short story teller to the entire court. While all the knights were out killing dragons and rescuing fair damsels from distress, tiny Hilary would bring laughter and joy to those remaining in the castle.

But Hilary was envious of the knights. He too wished to sit at the King's square table and rescue girls.

(At this point, I might explain the square table. In January, Arthur announced the budget for the year, and allotted expenditures of only 78 pounds for the carpentry shop. Edward, the castle handy-man, declared, "Only 78 pounds! I'll have to cut corners." And not another round table came out of his shop.)

At a meeting of the Knights of the Square Table one spring day, the dues were collected and Arthur asked if there was any new business. Hilary spoke up, making it plain that he

wished to pull brave deeds and rescue fair maidens in distress and be a regular knight. After much talk pro and con by the knights, Arthur called for order and said that since summer was approaching, the days were getting longer, and it would be permissible to accept a short knight. "Done," said the knights. "Check, K.A." and Hilary's wish was to be fulfilled.

Sir Hilary immediately raced to the tailor shop, where Charles the metal-smith measured him for a suit of mail and armor. The new knight was so excited, the tinsmith could hardly take his measurements. He cut and soldered the pants and coat, then fitted a large No. 10 preserved peaches can for a helmet. Sir Hilary didn't stop to be galvanized, but rushed out to collect the rest of his equipment. Sir Galahad lent him a Boy Scout knife. "You can use the big blade for a sword," said Galahad, "and the can-opener for in-fighting." As for a mount, the ordinary horses were all too large. It was finally decided to furnish him with a Great Dane, who was to serve as his steed.

Sir Hilary climbed onto the Great

Dane and rode forth. He passed over the courtyard cobblestones, over the oaken drawbridge, and into the open country, wearing his suit of armor, his jack knife sword, and a lance he had borrowed from the courtyard paper-picker.

Hilary had not ridden far when a storm arose in the East. The little knight became uncomfortable. His joints were beginning to creak. His metal suit was getting rusty. His collar squeaked each time he tried to look back, so he kept on. If only he had taken a minute to be galvanized at the tailor's. But he was brave and continued on his way.

The storm became more furious. He was now a very wet knight. He tried to get shelter beneath a nearby lipton tree. But alas, it was no use. The tree was poor shelter and the storm became worse and worse. He spurred the Great Dane on so that he might find an inn that night.

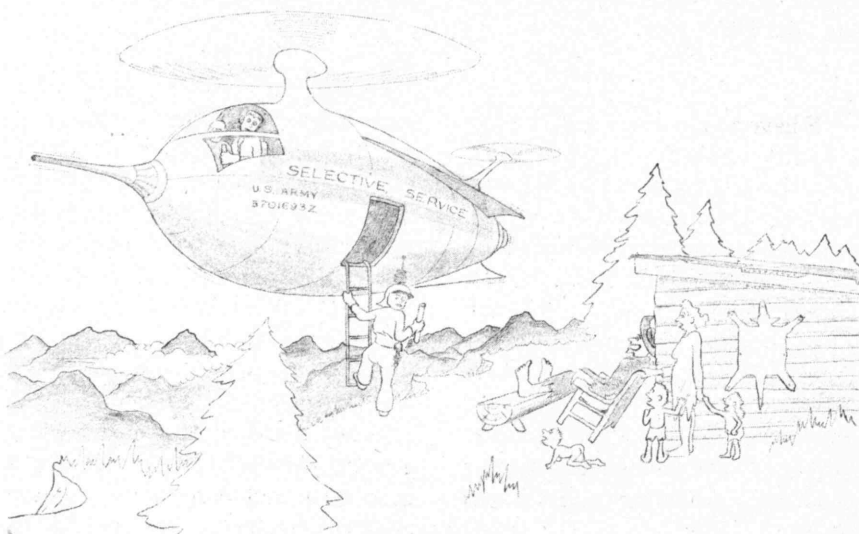
It was not until he was thoroughly soaked and the rain was coming down in torrents that he found the inn he sought. The keeper opened the huge door and greeted him with a hearty laugh. "Ahoy," said the tiny hero, "I am a knight of King Arthur's court. I am doing brave deeds and rescuing my daily damsel. Have you shelter for me?" The innkeeper shook his head.

The tiny knight was sad. He turned slowly and walked out the door. He was about to mount his Great Dane and ride nowhere. "Wait," said the innkeeper. "Is that your steed?"

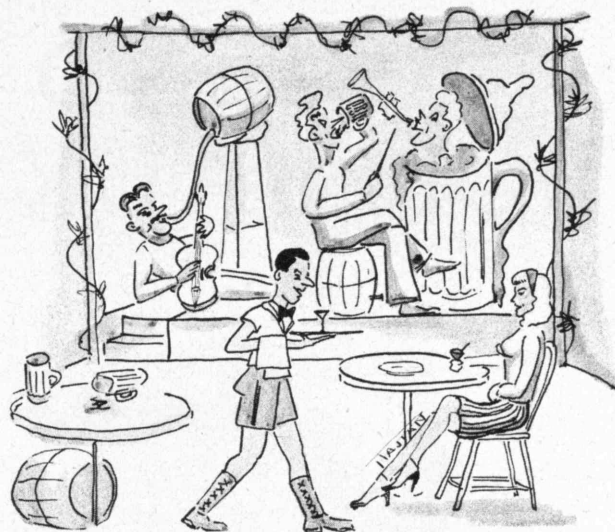
When the knight nodded, the keeper felt compassionate. "Come back," said he, "I couldn't send a knight out on a dog like this."

Thus the midget knight was saved and for many years he continued to do brave deeds and rescue fair damsels in distress.

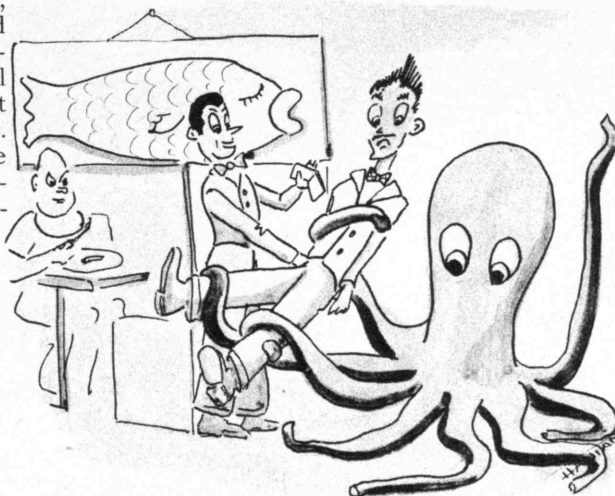
S. J.



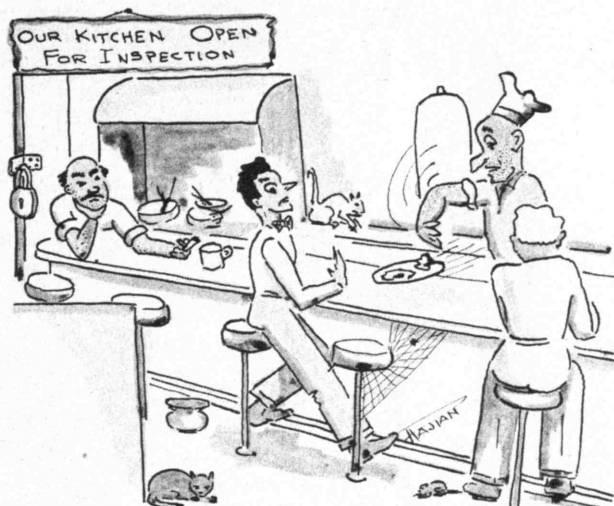
"... Yeah! Propellers and all!"



For an evening's atmosphere, try that old Cherman beer parlor, Pretzelplatz, pictured above (artist's conception). Your date will undoubtedly order roast turkey and manhattans. Music is by the Three Steins (Goldstein, Rubinstein, and Finkelstein).



EATING OUT?



If you are not in the mood to go into Boston to eat, there is always the local Greasy Spoon. (This name is really inappropriate; there is no reason for singling out the spoons.) An establishment offering an interesting diversion from picking the cactus needles out of your Western. They are all the carefree and fascinating socialites from East Cambridge. The motto of the Greasy Spoon is "Cleanliness is next to Impossible."

For fresh (see above) seafood you should eat at the Deep Sea Dive. You drink ten glasses of their brine and you are still thirsty. It is a perfect place to take a mermaid.

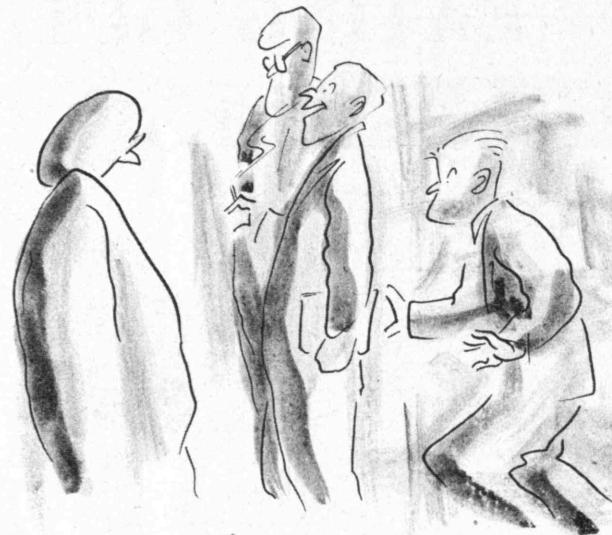


If you are a practiced spaghetti schlupper, you may enjoy the Old Venice. Featuring an atmosphere that makes you yearn for that old gondola, the Old Venice is uncrowded but inexpensive. Shown here on the wall is the famous leaning tower of Pizza. Our only objection to the place is that the spaghetti sometimes gets out of hand.

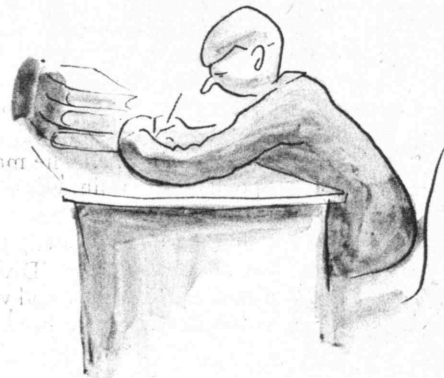


The Shanghai-La has that subtle oriental touch about it. Chopsticks and blissful solitude are the order of the day. Although the waiters are not always in full view, they somehow make their presence felt. One word of caution, however: Don't sit near the dragon — he's got bad breath.

FRIEND OR FAUX?

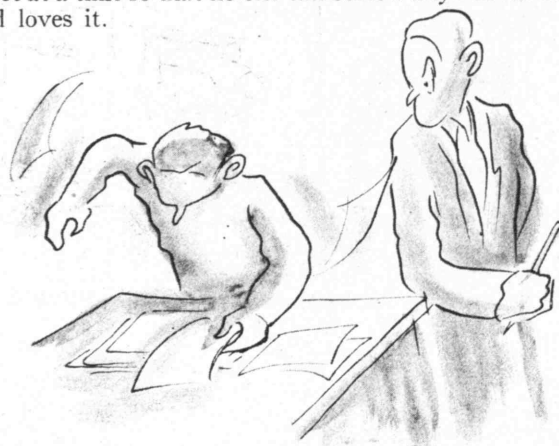


The roadblockers. Just when you are hurrying down a corridor, five minutes late to a quiz, you get caught behind these leisurely Course XV men, who have finished class for the day. Every time you move out to pass them you run into either an oncoming professor or a showcase.

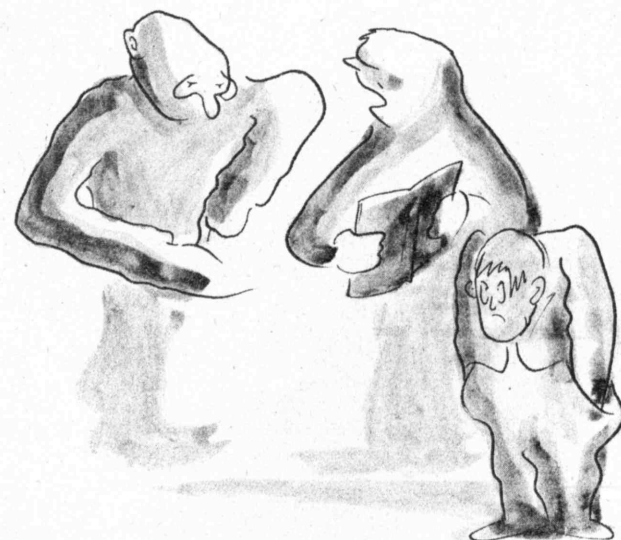


The brownbagger (more recently converted into the green-bagger by a dye-manufacturing lobby in the Coop). He carries the worries of the world on his shoulders and half the books. He likes to correct the professor's grammar and demands explanations of the intuitively obvious.

Isolationist. He keeps his paper covered on quizzes. He carries only one pencil and buys graph paper one sheet at a time so that no one can borrow any. Lives alone and loves it.



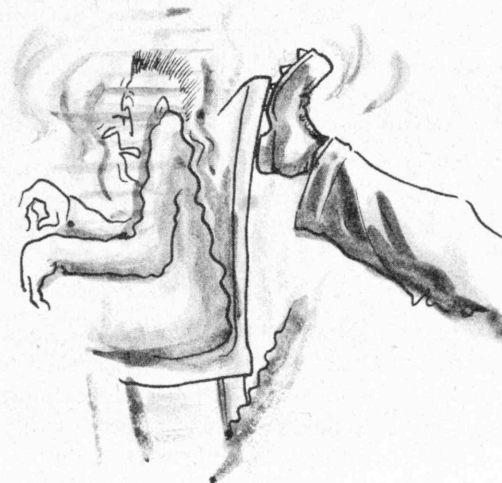
Forgetful student. When you lend him your homework, he forgets to bring it to class. When you have not done your homework and intend copying his in class he says he forgot to do it. You get the last laugh when he walks into a quiz he has also forgotten.



Recapitulators. These experts in quiz autopsy produce acute mental agony by discussing the s.o.b. exam just taken. The consensus of discussion indicates your own answers are a little less than ridiculous and should be worth a little less than zero.



Obnoxious student. He carefully selects the seat directly behind you in each class and proceeds to keep time to the instructor's harangue with his hob-nail boots. He delights in catching you tipping back in your chair for then he can adroitly upset your balance for the class's amusement.



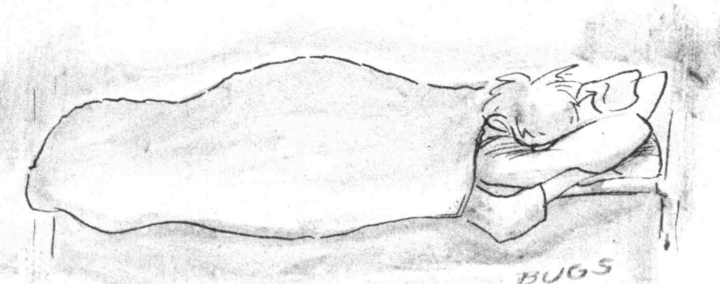
The interested student. You can identify him because he is the fellow who rushes up after lecture and gives the instructor a quiz. Also he does the optional parts of the 8.04 labs.



The locust. After you have settled down for a solid evening's studying before the quiz, your jovial classmate comes in and settles down on you with his problems. Would you just help him out by answering this one little question? Then he dumps his books in your lap and waits for you to do his work, while he reads your magazines and eats up your food.



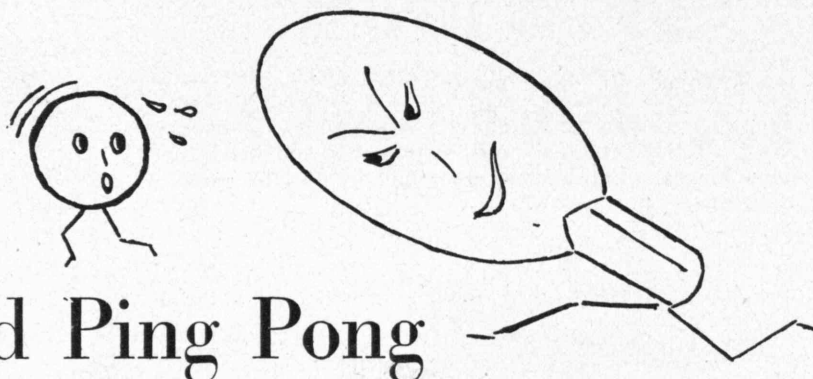
The disinterested student. He tries to take an impartial objective view of the subject. He attempts to remove all chance of human error by dissociating himself as an unbiased observer; he goes to sleep.



And then there's YOU.

BUGS

Another in an interminable series on national sports. The first article was on bridge, the second on pedestrian polo, and now . . .



Understand Ping Pong and You Understand America

IN every non-un-American home there may be found a big, six-legged green thing, seldom confused with a tomato bug, called a ping pong table.

The sport caused by the table is not named so much for the inventor of the game, as for the characteristic sound of the bouncing ball. This sound, of course, varies with the position of the observer.

As an example, you can hear the

fundamental sound, *ping pong*, when the ball bounces on your side of the table. At the same time your opponent hears the opposite sound, which is rendered verbally by the words *g'nip g'nop*. Thus we find that only half the time is the self-styled ping pong player playing ping pong. The other half of the time he is playing *g'nip g'nop*.

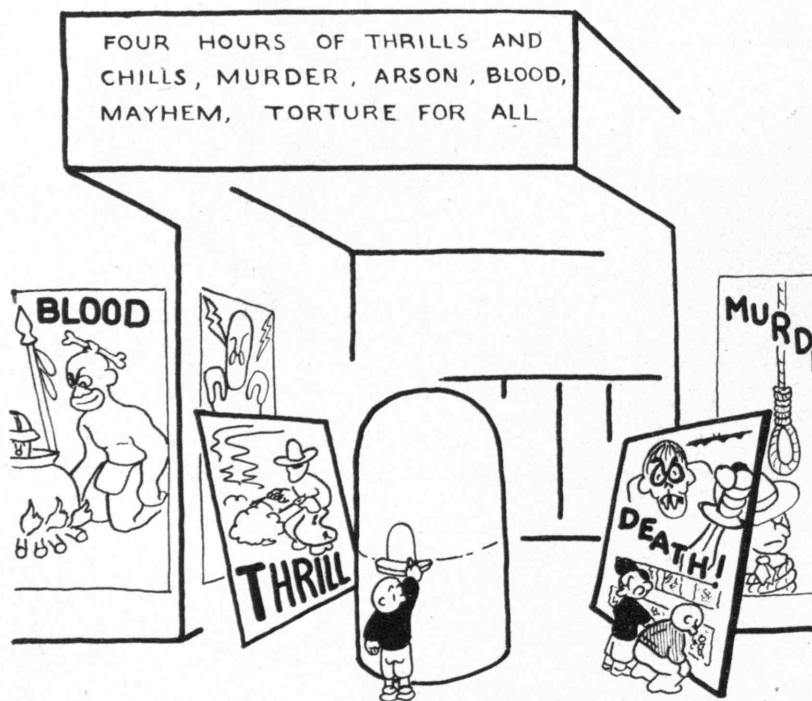
Since the only basis for naming the

game is the sound of the bouncing ball, what happens when there is no sound? I remember an 8.02 professor saying that sound is merely a jiggling air wave banging on an ear drum. For example, he said, suppose a tree falls in the middle of a forest with no one listening: then you don't really have sound. In the same way, what would you call a game of ping pong, played in a deep forest with nobody around to listen?

How to Stop a Ping Pong Game

Unfortunately, I have never heard or witnessed a silent ping pong game. I study next room to a ping pong table and I hear a continuous *ping pong . . . g'nip g'nop . . . ping pong*. If you ask the people to stop they'll just want one more game, so I suggest a positive, though cruel, method for stopping the game. Race into the room, catch the ball as it goes over the net. Then swallow it. If you don't have an appetite, you will just have to ignore the sound.

Perhaps a short list of equipment would be good here. You require a paddle, a smooth hollow golf ball (often known as a widjet), and, if conditions permit, a table, and, if table permits, a net. The idea of the paddles is to strike the widjet with might and main and scream of pain in accordance with the rules of the game. The widjet's function is to provide a handy way for the spectators to



"Don't waste your money, kid. This one's got love stuff in it."

follow the game. Another use of the widjet is to disappear into as many nooks and crevasses as possible to furnish resting time for the contestants. The widjet has an affinity for the underpart of sofas, the backs of doors, the chassis of radio, spectators' laps, and, if the door is open, other rooms.

These contestants, incidentally, fall flat on their faces when the ball rolls away. This is often construed by a great portion of the public to indicate that the players are searching for the widjet. What is actually the case, is that the players are explaining what has happened in the game to their midget friends who cannot see onto the table.

The primary function of the table is to provide a playing surface, a set of boundaries, and a sun-shade for the midgets or widjets as the case may be. A secondary service provided by the table is as an excellent guest bed.

The other piece of equipment is a twenty-five mesh net, which is either too tight or too loose. It has no good

will purpose, and may easily be set fire to by a defeated player.

Any number of people may play this game providing they are two or more. However, it has been discovered that with more than four score and seven people on a table, the table generally buckles. The optimum number of players is either two or four. In certain unusual cases three people may play successfully but under no circumstances is the game capable of being played by one peop.

Once the ball is set in motion there is no point to the game until some one fails to return a hit. The person receives no credit for good serves or good returns; points are marked against him when he fails. This is the *academic* or *Institute* method of scoring.

The game nominally ends when one player, or peop, or team has lost 21. The judges have the final decision in case of a tie.

S. J.

Prof: "Young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy?"

Student: "Can I? Say, you ought to have seen her last night."

— *The Rebel*



One Coed: "Why don't you wear that lovely lingerie you got for your birthday?"

Second Same: "Oh! I'm saving that for a windy day."



Use Lumpo Soap. Doesn't lather. Doesn't bubble. Doesn't clean. Just company in the tub.

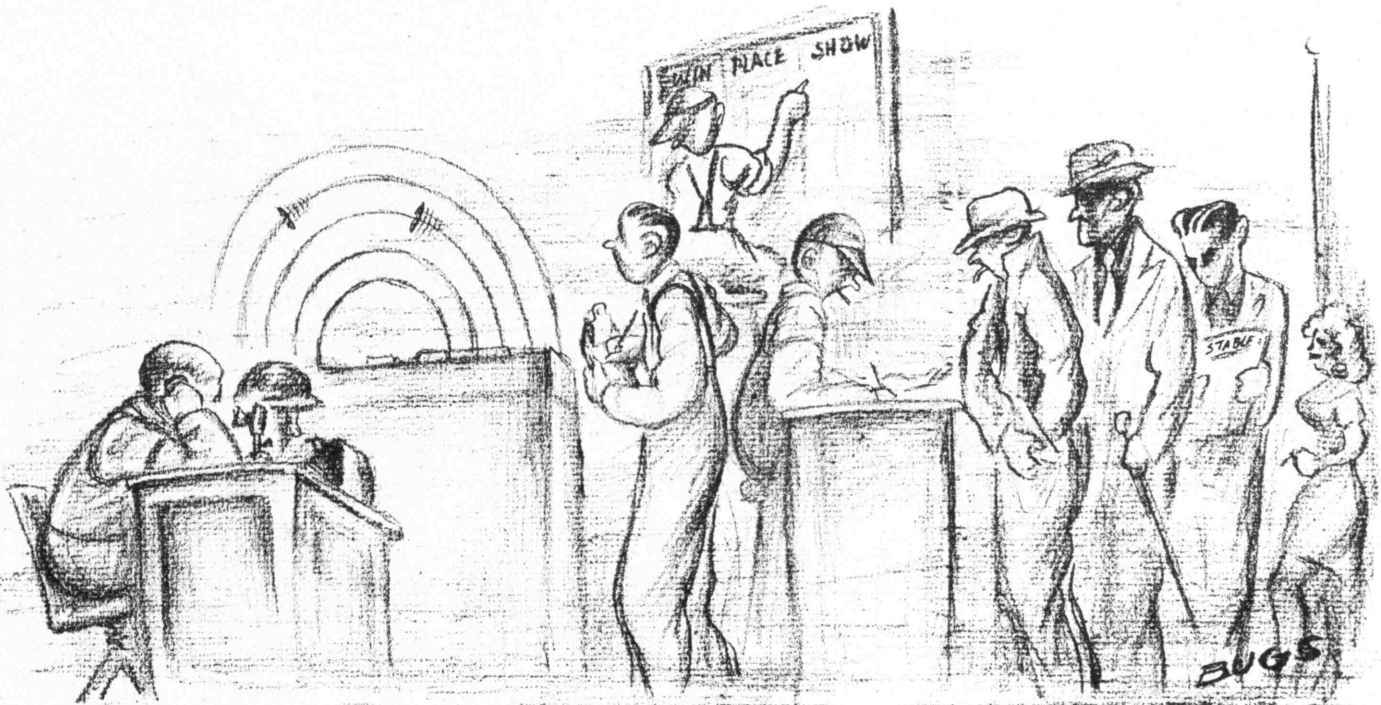
— *Pointer*



He gazed admiringly at the beautiful dress of the leading chorine.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."



VOO DOO Exposes Metallurgy Department Vice Den in Building 7

The Return of Paul Revere

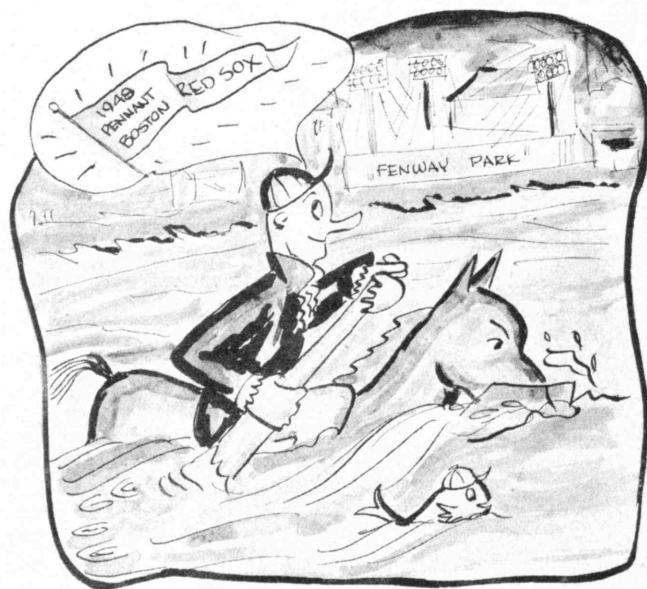


He said to his friend, "When they disembark
Light the towers of Fenway Park;
One if by bus, and two if by train —
The Red Sox are coming! (Hope it don't rain?)"

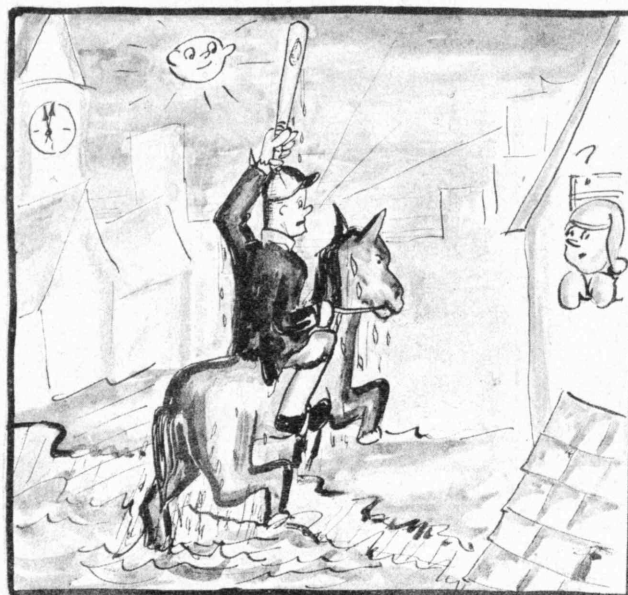
Listen, you ball fans, and you shall hear
Of the recent return of Paul Revere;
On the eighteenth of April, in forty-eight
Up from the grave he came to state
That this is Boston's pennant year.



Then he said "Good night," and with muffled bat,
Silently rowed to Charlestown flat;
Then up on the towers he saw the light,
And visions of pennant gleamed ever bright.



At midnight he rode into Medford town
And wakened the folk for miles around:
"Man the bleachers! Fill the stands!
Welcome Ted with big brass bands!"

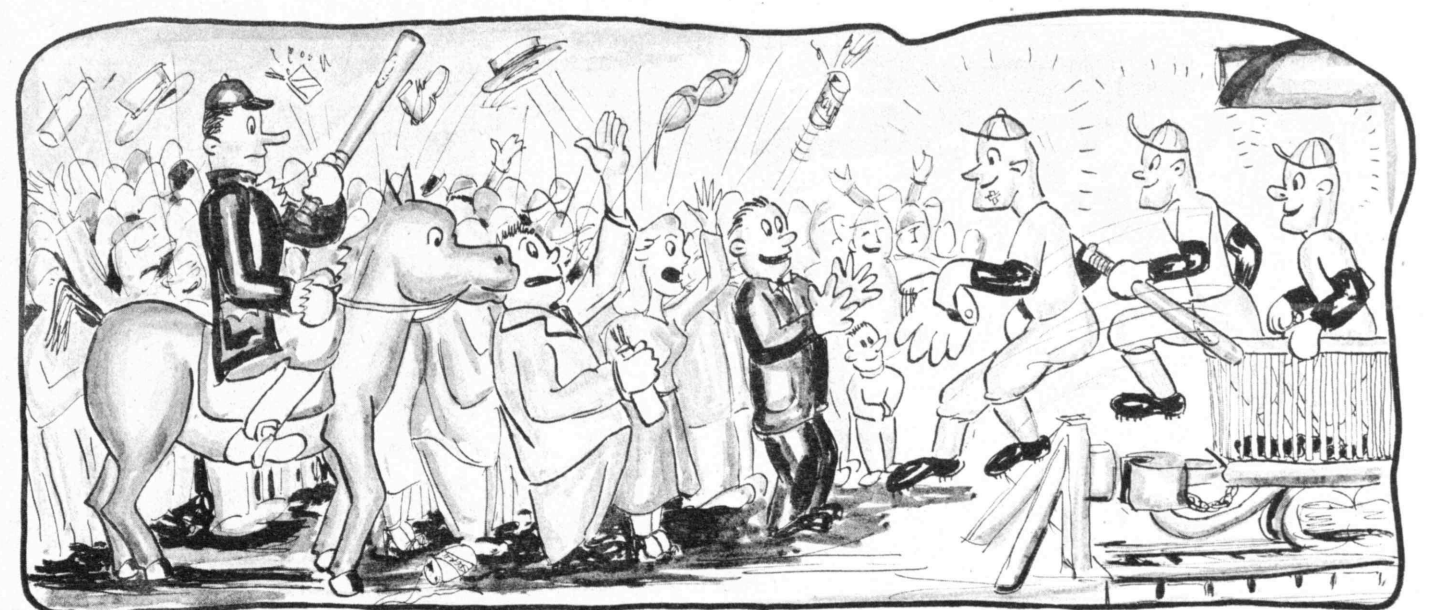


"The Red Sox are coming! We'll win the flag!"
And onward he spurred his tired nag —
By one a.m. he reached Lexington
And gathered rooters one by one.



In Concord he spoke of Stephens and Spence;
How Doerr would batter the left-field fence;
Ferriss and Harris would be ablaze —
Today they open against the A's.

So on through the night rode Paul Revere
And so through the night went his cry of delight:
"The Red Sox are coming! Get out and cheer!
Today's double-header will start the fight;
The Red Sox are coming! This is our year!"



Walt Cortright



Sex Life of the North American Brownbagger

ED FLITCH did not see the figure standing behind him, as he sat at his desk. Flitch was unable to see the figure behind him because he had no eyes in the back of his head. Flitch was just an ordinary Tech man. Besides, he was asleep.

The figure, however, saw Flitch, and, with a normal reflex action, leapt backward. In doing this it alighted in a sitting position in a small trash receptacle, producing a sound like that of a popping cork. The noise had a stimulating effect upon the sleeping Flitch.

"Could you repeat that question again please, sir?" murmured Ed

sleepily.

"Greetings from the Future, O Man of the Past. . . Here, would you help me out of this wastebasket," exclaimed the Figure, struggling to arise.

"Who you?" inquired Ed conversationally.

"I am Prythnajarix of Throjynx, but you may call me Prythnaj," came the reply. "Help me out of this wastebasket."

"Are you a freshman?" asked Flitch.

"No, why?"

"Well, I need help from an 8.01 man for this 2.011 homework."

"Bah, primitive man, I will perform this prehistoric child's play in the flicker of an eyelash," exclaimed Prythnaj, popping free of the basket.

Two hours and forty minutes later Prythnaj heaved in the towel. He said, "Are you certain that the block doesn't accelerate through the center of the earth at 3.1416×10^{23} feet per second squared?"

"Yup, but don't worry about it. The prof probably won't be able to do it anyhow, and he'll just skip over it. What did you want anyway? A man doesn't come thirty-five light years for nothing."

"I desire your assistance, Man of the Past."

"Yeah? How can I help you?"

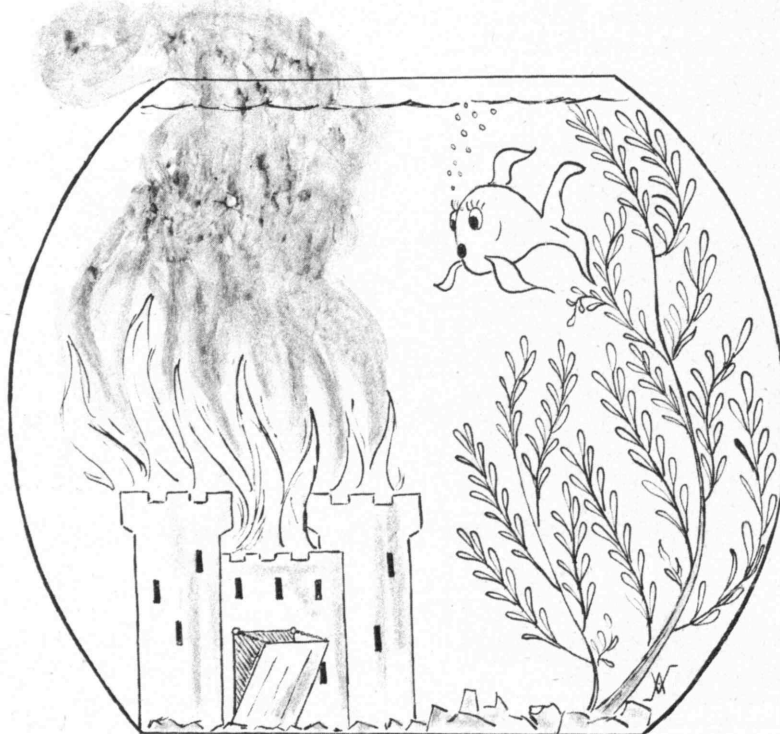
"Here is my story, O Tech man," began the little man of the future. "In the land of Throjynx there is being waged a most unfortunate war. For three years we have been fighting the women of Throjynx in the War of the Skirts."

"Sounds right interesting," murmured Ed Flitch, dabbing his chin dry. "Proceed, O Man of the Future," said Ed getting into the swing of things and nonchalantly lighting a cigarette. In doing so, he ignited his eyebrows.

"Three years ago the women of Throjynx decided to wear their skirts six inches above the knee. This precipitated the war."

"How so?" asked Ed, now nonchalantly dousing the blaze which raged across his forehead with the contents of a handy ink bottle.

The little man from Throjynx indignantly stomped his foot. "We men



of Throjynx will not stand for this style of wearing skirts six inches above the knee."

"Whaat? You, my friend, have the wrong attitude. Why I think that six inches above the knee is a *swell* idea."

"Perhaps you do not fully understand. The women of Throjynx, for the past thousand years, have not worn anything at all."

"Oh," came the response.

"Now, O Tech man, after three years of war the men of Throjynx are becoming frustrated, and —"

"You mean . . . ?" gasped Ed, sucking in a lungful of gaseous medium and swallowing his cigarette.

"Yes! The scientists of Throjynx have examined all time and space and have concluded that Tech man should be the most frustrated creatures which ever have or will exist. What is your method of avoiding this terrible frustration?"

"Mac, this is going to hurt. You see," he looked sadly out of the window at the four o'clock blizzard which had just begun on time," we are not only supposed to be the most frustrated creatures in creation, but we most definitely are. There is only one solution to your problem, Mr. Throjynx, and that is to call off your war. That is my advice to you, so go on your way, make the best of your predicament, and may God bless you . . . Women always win anyhow . . . Six inches . . ." he spat bitterly.

Prythnaj's shoulders drooped. With bowed head the little man extended one hand up into the air, closed it in a fist, and giving a downward yank, flushed himself into the future.

All was quiet within the room, except for the dull thud of snowflakes from outside. As the melancholy atmosphere once more returned to the room, Ed Flitch, Tech man, heaved a heavy sigh, flicked an inky tear from the end of his nose, and, turning again to his work, fell asleep.

JOHN BEDELL



"Coop number, please."

A very small boy came home dejectedly from his first day at school.

"Ain't goin' tomorra," he sputtered.

"And why not?" his mother asked.

"Well, I can't read and I can't write, and they won't let me talk, so what's the use?"

— Polaris



"Oh, what a funny looking cow," the chic young thing from New York told the farmer. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied, "why a cow does not have horns. Some are born without horns, and some do not have them until late years in life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns. The reason this cow does not have horns is that it is not a cow at all, but a horse."

1st Co-ed: "Did you show your thesis to Professor Brown yet?"

2d ditto: "Oh my God! Do I have to?"

— Spotlight



Grandma (looking at her granddaughter's new bathing suit): "If I could have dressed like that when I was a girl, you'd be six years older today."

— Pup



The teacher had forbidden all of the pupils from eating candy and chewing gum in class. One day she became quite suspicious when she saw a large lump in little Jimmy's cheek. "Jimmy, are you chewing gum or eating candy?" she asked.

"Nah," replied Jimmy, "I'm just soakin' up a prune to eat at recess."

— Pelican

No Cause for Tears

IT WAS still snowing, gently but insistently. Great, soft flakes, wet crystals which melted at first when they reached the ground, but began after an hour or so to build up into little drifts and hummocks. There was no wind, no frost, only the wet snow. Thompson strained and tried to wipe the damp from the end of his nose, tried to clear his face of the snowflakes that had melted at first, but were now icing his skin, covering him, making him more and more one with the snow-covered ground. Ashes to ashes, Thompson thought, but he was too wet, too cold, to take pleasure an apt phrase.

He strained, but he could not reach. His left arm dangled limply over the open door of the car, and there was too much weight on his right for him to move it. Two tons of beautiful automobile, they had advertised, and every ounce of shining steel, of floating power, of unitized frame and independent suspension, was pressing down on his middle and on his right arm with a great pressure, with a great pain that came in gusts and left him panting, almost crying with relief, when it had passed.

Thompson looked at Helen. Helen in the corner of the front seat, curled up negligently, relaxing, a gash bloody across her white forehead. Her head hung so limply to one side that Thompson figured her neck must be broken. Alas, poor Helen, I knew her well, he soliloquized. Better, perhaps, than her mother would have liked. Well enough, it seemed, to kill her. How easy it was, he thought, to kill a person. So many places for the organism to go wrong — to grow wrong, or not to grow at all to die by cancer or by gangrene.

The great pain came and Thompson braced himself, fought it, tightened nerve and muscle in opposition. But the pain came, and more and yet

more, engulfing and crushing and throbbing and tearing, and Thompson let go. Let himself be swept away by the racking spasms, let his nerves be touched by a gentle finger, not rough in a crushing hurt any more, but gentle in a pain that thrilled every cell in his body as the wine glass responds to Caruso's note. He felt himself a little sliver of naked sense, feeling everything, a sliver that diminished with each furious assault of anguish. Thompson felt himself dwindling, melting away and leaving not even a grease spot where he had stood.

The pain had done its worst, and Thompson, the old, the entire — Thompson of flesh and blood was gone. The pain continued, but what remained could not be hurt. Lump of flesh, lump of clay, white fluid in the nerves and the marrow consumed in his bones. Thompson shuddered and sucked at the snow on his face. Like a child, he thought, helpless, needing so much, able to do so little. Even when one is whole and mended, how like a child. Able to urinate alone, perhaps, but without the big mother withering and knowing not why. Dying, he thought, under a car. Caught by a machine which he had acquired to pander to his pleasures. Crushed by a car or killed in debauch, he thought, it made no difference. The vice, the social disease, the pursuit of pleasure, they all ended in mortification of the flesh. Beat it with whips and scorpions now, he thought, and save your pleasure for the Kingdom of God. Pleasure, or just relief after the pain abates?

Helen groaned. She was alive, then. Pity poor Helen, doomed to die of internal hemorrhage, of concussion, of exposure, of shock. Helen, he thought, that fine machine for making children, was broken, and the repairs would take a hundred years.

The angel would take her by her right hand, and would guide her across the razor sharp bridge where a slip meant damnation, and a Voice would say,

"Taken in fornication, and lacking faith, this beautiful Helen died because of him." And a Finger would point at Thompson, and Helen would lie limp and relaxed, with a gash bloody across her white forehead. Thompson prayed.

"What are you mumbling?" Thompson looked. Helen had her eyes open.

"I am praying," he said, "praying the Lord's prayer. For a soul that will be in anguish." Helen smiled. She might well smile, Thompson thought, most of the car lay on him. Yet she smiled and he smiled too, grateful that she found no cause for tears.

"Helen," he said, "it was prophesied that I should die in drunken orgy. By a prophet often proven wrong. And wrong again about my death. Helen, dear," and he felt ridiculously melodramatic, "kiss me once more, like Nelson and Hardy. We expect this day that every one will do his duty."

Helen stroked a face already stiff with the coming death, and cried a little.

ROBERT V. GARVIN

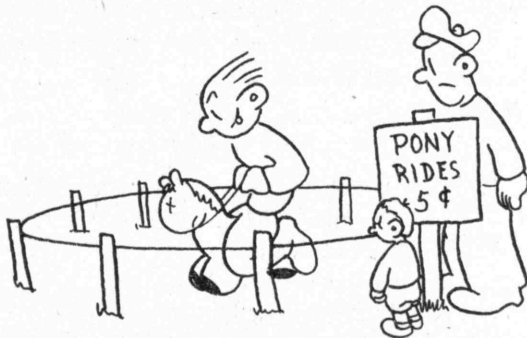


HEAVY DRINKER

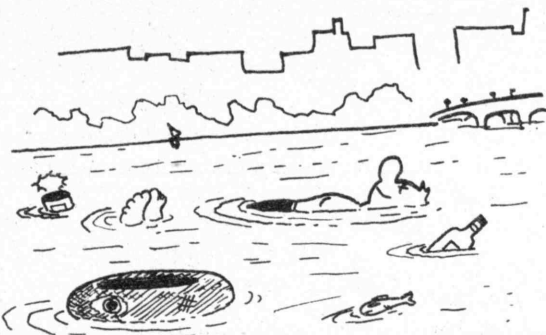
SEE CAMBRIDGE FIRST



Ardent anglers can indulge in their favorite sport right within the city limits without having to resort to the expense of a boat and guide. With good luck at the right time of day, a skillful fisherman can catch his limit of sea serpents, red herring, and Charles River salmon.



If it is thrills, chills, and spills that you are looking for, go to the Cambridge Rodeo. A valuable prize awaits the man who can stay on Thunderbolt Throckmorton for at least ten seconds. And by the way, don't laugh at the little urchins who keep feeding benzidine to the ponies, they are the local bookmakers.

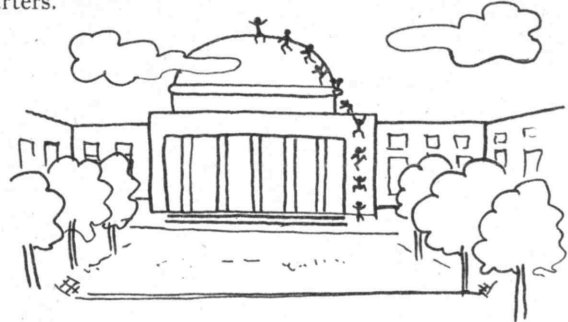


No, this is not the beach at Wakiki, it is a picture of the cool crystal clear waters of the Charles. Imagine floating down the river breathing in the soothing salt air, fragrant with the faint odor of Lux.

During the coming vacation, students, intent upon enjoying themselves, will travel to the far corners of the nation. Blinded by the advertised glamor of Bermuda and Lake George, they are passing up one of the most unique spots in the country — Cambridge-on-the-Charles.



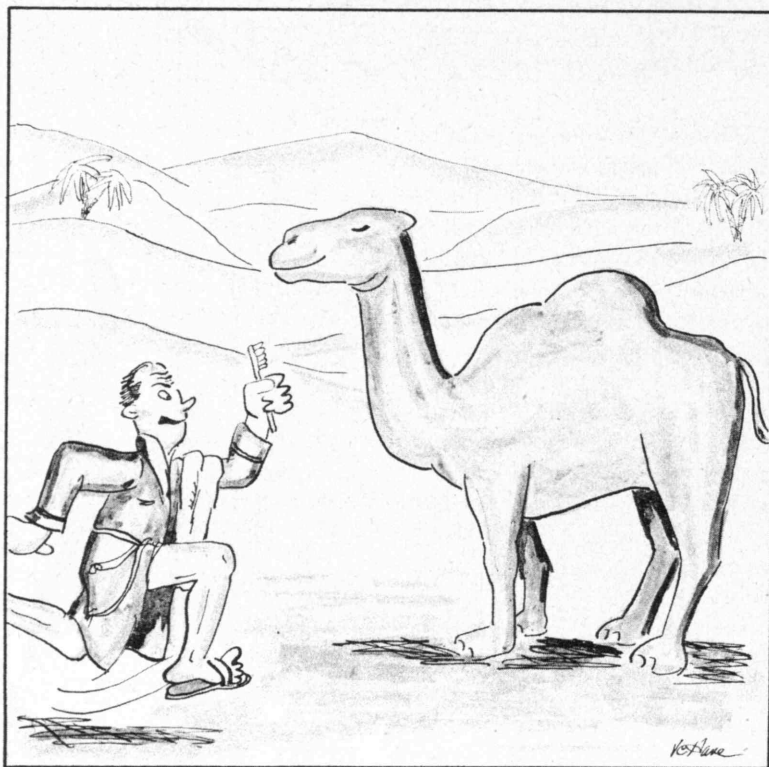
At the Mass. Institute of Tech. can be found some of the best game hunting in the world, including such rare specimens as the Professor Emeritus and Secretaries Fabulous. Nothing is as thrilling as picking up the scent of a chem prof or of flushing a covey of English instructors while clustered about a secretary in the department's headquarters.



The dome of building 10 offers a challenge to mountain climbers with soaring ambitions and high hopes. The reward for these struggling adventurers is the finest view of the NECCO factory in all New England.



Cambridge also offers shuffleboard players, swordsmen, and match cover collectors pleasant ways to earn extra cash during their vacations.



"Where the hell is the men's washroom?"

A lady bought a parrot from a pet store, only to learn that it cursed every time it said anything. She put up with it as long as she could, but finally one day she lost her patience.

"If I ever hear you curse again," she declared, "I'll wring your neck."

A few minutes later she remarked rather casually that it was a fine day. Whereupon the parrot said, "It's a hell of a fine day today." The lady immediately picked up the parrot by the head and spun him around in the air until he was almost dead.

"Now then," she said, "it's a fine day today, isn't it?"

"Fine day?" sputtered the parrot, "where the hell were you when the cyclone struck?"

— Wampus



And then there was the little girl who swiped her mother's corset and then couldn't wear it — no guts.

— The Log

1st Drunk: "Shee 'at fly crawling up the wall?

2d Inebriate: "Thas no fly. Thas a Lady Bug."

1st Drunk: Migawd, man, what marvelous eyesight."

— Exchange



When the beautiful model asked her boy friend if he was sure it was she and not her clothes he was in love with, he replied: "Test me, darling."

— Syracusan



He (looking at decollete evening gown) — "You could show a little more discretion."

She: "You men are never satisfied."

— Drexler



"It's the little things of life that tell," said Dora as she dragged her kid brother out from underneath the sofa.

— The Log

March 1 — "for sale: Slightly used farm wench in good condition. Very handy. Phone Lg. 2222. A. Q. Smith."

March 2 — CORRECTION: Due to an unfortunate error Mr. Smith's ad last night was not clear. He has an excellent *winch* for sale. We trust this will put an end to jokesters who have called Mr. Smith and greatly bothered his housekeeper, Mrs. Jones, who loves with him."

March 3 — "Notice: My W-I-N-C-H is not for sale. I put a sledgehammer to it. Don't bother calling Lg. 2222. I had the phone taken out. I am NOT carrying on with Mrs. Jones. She merely L-I-V-E-S with me. A. Q. Smith."

— Laff



Date: "If you kiss me I'll scream."

Deke: "But there's no one within hearing distance."

Date: "Then what are you scared of?"

— Pointer



A dashing young fellow named Spice, Devoted a lifetime to vice, He ruined the morals Of thousands of gorals With never a thought as to price.

— Pelican



Beta: "Are you sure Boutwell was drunk?"

Delt: "Well, he was carrying a manhole cover and said he was taking it home to play on his victrola."

— Scottie



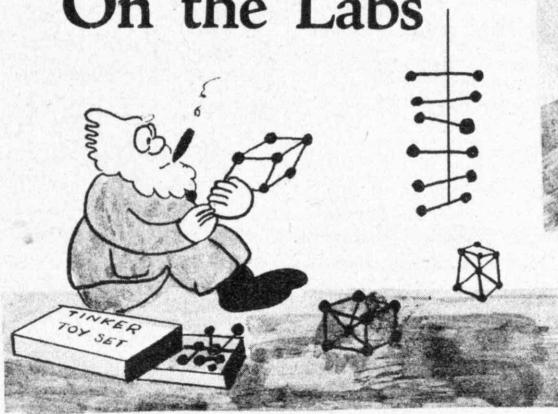
"Oh, here's the place mother told me to stay away from — I thought we'd never find it!"

— Pointer



Throughout the year we sit in class like this, but when it comes to exam time, wetrytositlikethis.

Keeping Tabs On the Labs

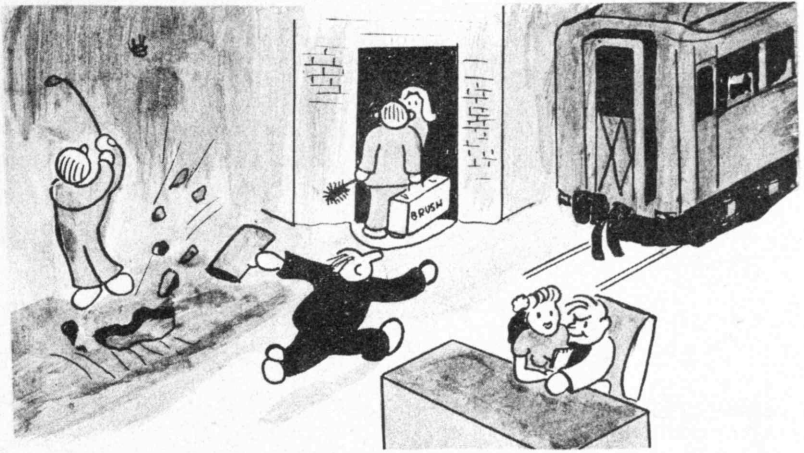


Nuclear Physics Lab. Shut up in his laboratory like a cloistered oyster, the physicist attempts to reduce the most complicated phenomena to the simplest possible contradictions. For example, we have the billiard ball theory of the nucleus, the ambiguity principle, and the Tinkertoy molecule.

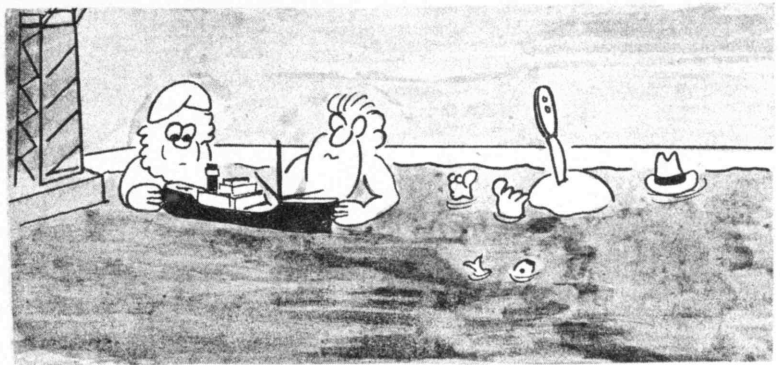
Marine Lab. A couple of old soaks from the Naval Architecture Department are shown determining experimentally whether or not Ivory Soap floats. They are hoping completely to dissolve the problem of marine transportation.



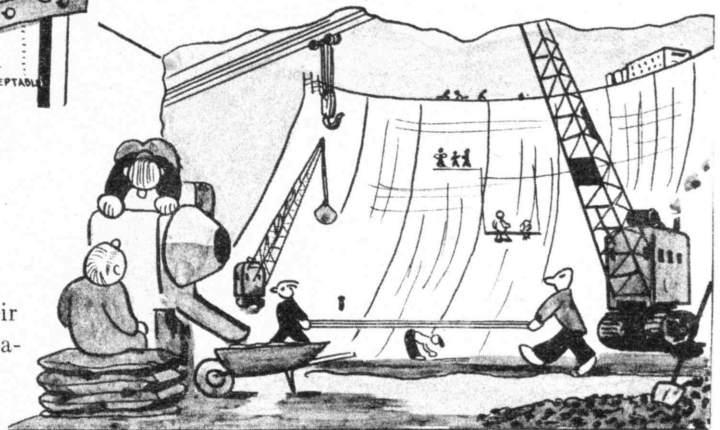
The Dam Lab. Here the eager beavers get their practice. It is faintly reminiscent of that son-of-a-bitch lab that we have on Saturday mornings.

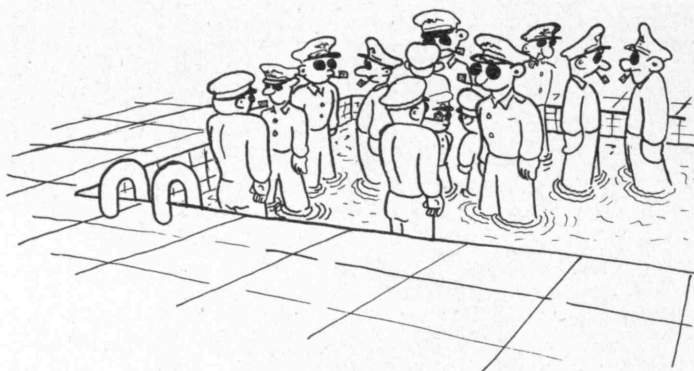


Business Engineering Lab. A must for all future executives, this lab includes such subjects as: "Catching the 5:15," "Secretarial Relations," "The Role of the Fuller Brush Salesman in a Capitalistic Society," and "A Golf Course."

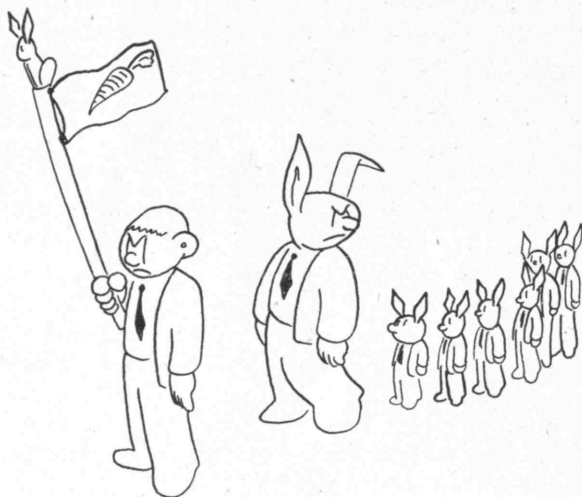


VOO DOO Testing Lab. Out of this hallowed sanctuary comes some of the best humor of the year. By means of special equipment the staff is able to separate the weeps from the laughs. Due to sabotage, the instrument has not been in operating condition lately.





The military glamour of a potential candidate is apt to produce a nationwide fad amongst imitators. For holding rallies, swimming pools are better than beaches; you don't get sand in your shoes.



The Vegetarian Party has lots of lettuce in its campaign fund. The New Mealists, so-called, are campaigning for a year of Meatless Tuesdays, with such slogans as "Get rough with roughage," and "Chickory in every pot."



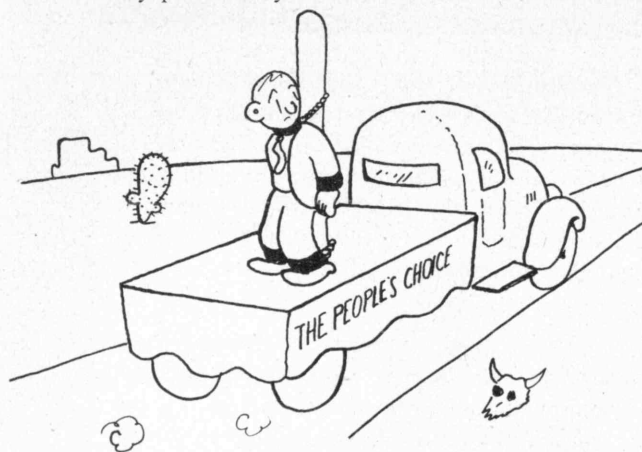
A wide-awake group is touring the old South, trying to stir up the younger generation to the problems and pitfalls of the modern world. Over forest, field, and curbstone, in drawing room and hunting lodge, the cry is heard: "Cry God for England, Harry, and St. George."

So You're Going to Hold a Political Party—

—well, before you rush into anything, just examine the stuff being pulled this year. You may pick up some useful hints.



In these troubled times, it is becoming increasingly evident that there isn't anyone who knows all the answers. But the only group which claims to know none of them is the Know-Nothing Party, which recently has reappeared on the scene. Composed chiefly of nobodies, they have no one they particularly want to run for President.



Some popular candidates are reluctant to run. This unhappy figure, acting under the guidance of his creditors, is making a political tour of the countryside. His comment is, "Gee, I didn't know so many people wanted me!"



There is one political party that we know of that has more candidates than Truman has advisors. It is rumored that if all these candidates attend the convention the delegates will have to meet in the lobby. So many hats are in the ring that the management is no longer responsible.

One of the freshmen took in a strip tease this vacation and next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.

"After I left the show last night," he exclaimed, "my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."

The doc looked him over, thought a minute, and then remarked, "Try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show — you won't miss much."

— Dodo



"Beautiful creature, in spite of protests on your part, I'm going to lock the door of this apartment, swallow the key, then make wild and passionate love to you."

"Well, why waste so danged much time telling me about it?"

— Sundial



He: "Shall we go to the movies?"

She: "We don't have to. Mother and dad are going."

— Exchange



"I was upset when Jack kissed me."

"Hell, you've been kissed before."

"Not in a canoe."

— Spotlight



She: "Darling, I'm so discouraged. Everything I do seems to be wrong."

He: "M-m-m, what are you doing tonight?"

— Bitter Bird



You've read that passage wrong, Miss Adams — It's "all men are created equal" — not "all men are made the same way."



Blonde: "My sister calls her boy friend 'Old Man River!' "

Maid: "Because he's always at her door?"

Blonde: "No, because he keeps creeping up higher."

— Mis-A-Sip



Burglar: "Please let me go, lady, I ain't never done nothing wrong before."

Old Maid: "Well, it's never too late to learn."

— Pup



"So you want to kiss me! I didn't know you were that kind."

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that."

— Colms

Moe: "Why do you always go out with girls who wear glasses?"

Smoe: "I breathe on them, and then they can't see what I'm doing."



Housemother: "When you came home last night, you said you'd been to the Grand, now you say it's the Metropolitan."

Suspect: "When I came home I couldn't say Metropolitan."

— Pointer



"What would you do if I kissed you?"

"I'd yell."

Silence. A kiss. More silence.

"Well?"

"I'm still hoarse from last night."

— Will



I was charmed by the look in her eye,
By her nightingale voice I was smitten,
And her beautiful figure, oh my!
By her glorious hair I was bitten.
She's really the charmingest girl, sir,
In her arms any man would find bliss, sir.
But what struck me most about her
Was her hand when I started to kiss her.

— Green Gander

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"Wake up, Charles — I think we've been drifting."

A blessed event came into the Jones family, and Papa Jones went off to the hospital to visit the new addition. He was a bit pre-occupied by the problem of how to stretch the allotment check, and so walked right into the room marked "Delivery." The nurse was horrified.

"Don't you know better than to come into this room?" she asked. "You're not sterile."

"You're telling me!"



Little Mary Smith while walking dutifully to church which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying in the grass. So she picked it up like a good little girl and took it into her house and fixed its wing. When it became well and strong again, she let it fly away into the big blue sky. Now, you lugs, let's see you try to make something dirty out of this.

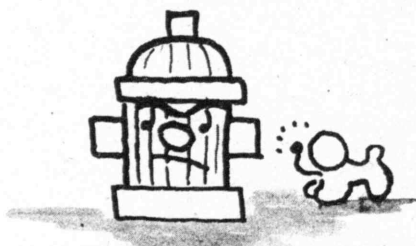
— Pelican



Little Nicky, five years old, was walking along the street with little Joan, four. As they were about to cross the street, Nicky remembered his mother's teaching.

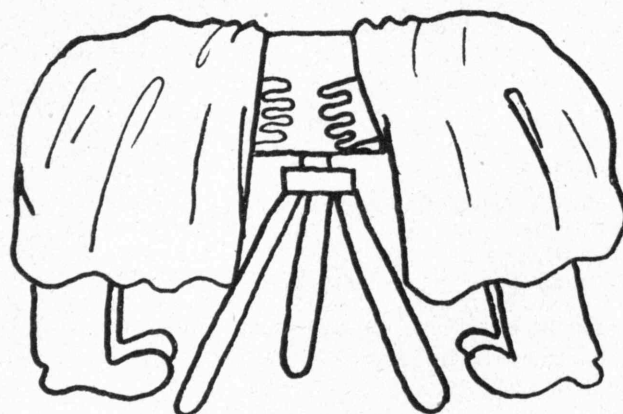
"Let me hold your hand," he offered gallantly.

"Okay," replied Joan, "but I want you to know you're playing with fire."



The little child was sitting demurely on the couch watching her mother smoking a cigarette. Her little nose was wrinkled and in her pale blue eyes was an expression of disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto: "Mother, when the hell are you going to learn to inhale?"

— Bitter Bird



A young lady was on a sightseeing tour of Detroit. Going out Jefferson Avenue, the driver of the bus called out places of interest.

"On the right," he announced, "we have the Dodge home."

"John Dodge?" the lady asked.

"No, Horace Dodge."

Continuing out Jefferson: "On the right we have the Ford home."

"Henry Ford?"

"No, Edsel Ford."

Still farther out Jefferson. "On the left we have the Christ Church." A fellow passenger hearing no response from the young woman, tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Go ahead, lady, you can't be wrong all the time."

— Ram-Buller

How Much Farther, William

"YOU are young, my son William," the old man said,
"Yet your looks would indeed make one gape.
You're bent nearly in two, and the hair on your head
Would not quite make a wig for a grape."

"My youth is long gone though my years are but few,"
Said the youth in a faltering key,
"And the reason for this, which I gladly tell you,
Is that I'm sweating at M. I. T."

"You are young," said the man, "as I mentioned before,
But your face is uncommonly flat.
It's flatter, in fact, than our living-room floor.
Surely there's no accounting for that."

"I was leaving the building. My day's work was o'er,"
Said the youth in tones nowise endearing,
"When smack! — in my face — that electrical door,
A good sample of Tech engineering."

Said his father, "Your pallor I hardly would choose,
Or is it some fad or a fashion?
Why's your face so addicted to hideous hues?
Why is it now green and now ashen?"

The lad answered, "My stomach gets no rest nor sleep.
I've an ulcer that's really a corker.
Every day I am forced, though it makes my flesh creep,
To eat at a place called the Walker."

"I would like to know more of this place that you're in,"
Said the man with his fatherly air.
"Is there, perchance, any semblance of sin?
Is their marking of quizzes quite fair?"

The youth slowly replied, keeping hot tears in check,
"When Gabriel's horn blows some day,
If ever you've even been inside of Tech,
You might just as well stay away."

LARS-ERIK WIBERG





"I don't care if it is the latest style hat — it's too suggestive!"

Fraternity man to other fraternity man: "Where's your pin?"

Other Frat man: "Haven't got it."

1st frat man: "Lose it?"

2d frat man: "Nope."

1st frat man: "Broken?"

2d frat man: "No, but I guess you might say it's busted."

— Growler

Gosh, that girl is built like a house. She's plastered, too.

— Colgate Banter



It was intermission at the fraternity dance and everyone came inside to rest.

— Sundial

An English prof tells the story of a friend traveling to California years ago. When he stopped driving for the night at Flagstaff he was introduced to an Indian who allegedly had the best memory in the world.

"Ask him any question," the friend was urged and he queried the Indian: "What did you eat for breakfast on Oct. 14, 1929?"

The Indian answered: "Eggs."

The man scoffed: "Oh, everybody always has eggs for breakfast. That Indian has no memory at all."

Eight years later the man traveled westward again and at Flagstaff he saw the same Indian. He greeted him, grunting: "How."

The Indian answered: "Scrambled."

— Kitty Kat



"Fine car you have there, Jones. What's the most you've gotten out of it?"

"Nine times in one block."

— Pup Tent

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The bus driver charged a lady full fare (10c) for her son. He had on long pants.

At the next corner a small boy wearing short trousers, paid only half fare (5c).

At the next stop a girl mounted the bus and the conductor didn't charge her anything. Why?

You have an evil mind . . . the girl had a transfer.

— Masquerader



An old fellow was crossing a busy intersection when a large St. Bernard ran past him and bowled him over. The next instant an Austin car skidded around a corner inflicting more serious bruises.

Bystanders helped him to his feet and someone asked if the dog had hurt him much.

"Well, not exactly," was the reply, "but that can tied to his tail sure did the damage."

— The Log



THE BALLET
BY
JOHN HARRINGTON

Definition of a professor: One who talks in other people's sleep.

— Eliot



A pal of ours landed a soft job. He's in a bloomer factory now, pulling down about two thousand a year.

— Carolina

Prof: "Open your books to page 64. (Rustle of books all over the room.) Dunby, begin reading at the top of the page."

Dunby: "Send five dollars check or money order for special album of French photographs. Limited offer, act now."

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AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You're all agog! You meet your super dream boy when you're movie bound! And you start to feel guh-guh-guh! Don't do a fadeout! Don't resign from the human race! Just rush up and offer him yummy Life Savers. Maybe he'll go to the movie, too.



STILL ONLY 5¢

A Box of LIFESAVERS 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 Lifesavers. Jokes will be judged by the Editor.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

Did you hear about the absent-minded office manager who pulled his typewriter down into his lap and began to unfasten the ribbons?

*This month's winning joke submitted by
Roy Quam, '50, 65 Hopedale Street, Allston, Mass.*



Bob met a wonderful girl up in Vermont last summer and had such a good time that as soon as he graduates this spring he's going to get a job in Peru.

— Log



This may be the machine age but love is still being made by hand.

— Mercury

WHAT THE GIRLS OF ALL NATIONS SAY THE MORNING AFTER

Italian Girl: "Now you will hate me."

Spanish Girl: "For this I shall always love you."

German Girl: "After awhile, maybe we go to beer stube, jah?"

Swedish Girl: "I tank I go home."

French Girl: "For Zis I get a new dress, oui?"

Chinese Girl: "Now you know it isn't so."

English Girl: "It was rather pleasant."

American Girl: "My God, I must have been drunk."

What did you say your name was?"

COMMENT: "Frankly, we think the point of this damned joke is rather vague."

— Ski-U-Mah



The boy and girl were at the carnival. Whenever the boy asked her what she wanted to do, she always replied, "I want to be weighed." So they would go to a weighing booth; the man would guess her weight, miss, and they would win a prize. Near the end of the day when they won enough candy to compete with Fanny Farmer the boy asked why she always wanted to be weighed. She murmured, "Cause I wove you."

— Minnesota Technology



He was teaching her arithmetic, because it was his mission. He kissed her once, he kissed her twice, and said, "Now that's addition."

And as he added smack by smack in silent satisfaction.

She sweetly kissed him back and said, "Now that is subtraction."

So he kissed her and she kissed him and without any explanation,

They both smiled and said, "Now that's multiplication."

Now Dad entered upon the scene and made a short decision.

He kicked the lad three blocks away and said, "Now that's division."

— Midnight Oil

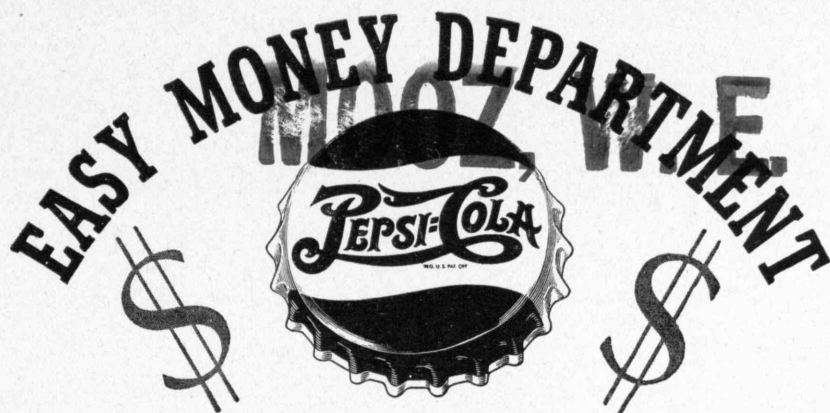


I was weekendening with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident, I happened, one day, on the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat, I immediately sought out my host, who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up out of his book and regarded me for a moment.

The English are a phelgmatic race.

"Skinny old thing, isn't she?" he remarked.

— Rebel



As the late, great Gertrude Stein might have said—but didn't—"a buck is a buck is a buck." And bucks—up to fifteen of 'em—are precisely what Pepsi-Cola Co. kicks in for gags you send in and we print.

Just mark your stuff with your name, address, school and class, and send it to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co.

We pay only for those we print. Yes, you collect a rejection slip if your masterpiece lays an egg on arrival.

Will we hate you for mentioning "Pepsi-Cola" in your gag? Au contraire, to coin a phrase. It stimulates us. Even better than benzedrine. So come on—bandage up that limp badinage, and send it in—for Easy Money. Then just sit back and cross your fingers.

— DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

\$1 apiece to Herbert W. Hugo of Northwestern Univ., Richard M. Sheirich of Colgate Univ., Tad Golas of Columbia College, Bob Sanford of Notre Dame, and Jo Cargill of Bates College for these. And when we think of what a dollar used to buy!

Mushroom—the girl friend's front parlor.

Dime—a buck with taxes taken out.

Ounce—one-twelfth of a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

Funnel—faster way of drinking Pepsi.

Ghost writer—writes obituary notices.

* * *

Suffering from the shorts? Here's your answer—one buck each for any of these we buy.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



A very special contest—for cartoonists who can't draw. If that's you, just write a caption for this remarkable cartoon. (If you can't write, either, we can't do business.) \$5 each for the best captions. Or if you're a cartoonist who can draw, send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

December winners: \$15.00 to: Kathy Gonso of Michigan State College; \$5.00 each to: Alex. H. Veazey of Philadelphia, Leroy Lott of Univ. of Texas, and Robert A. M. Booth of Univ. of Colorado. Not a conscience in the crowd!

LITTLE MORON CORNER



Here's the character study (and we do mean "character") that dragged down two iron men for Mauro Montoya of Univ. of New Mexico:

Our own inimitable Murgatroyd (better known to his intimates as "Meathead") was discovered a few days ago carefully holding a large bucket beneath a leaking faucet. Naturally he was asked the reason. "Duuuuh," replied the outsized oaf, with his customary ready intelligence, "I'm collectin' trickles for the Pepsi-Cola jingle!"

Arthur J. McGrane of Duke Univ. also raked in \$2 for his moron gag. So can you, if yours clicks. Just be yourself!

HE-SHE GAGS

Three bucks apiece went out to Mammon-worshippers Bill Spencer of Hardin-Simmons Univ., Nick G. Flocos of Univ. of Pittsburgh, Shirley Motter of Univ. of Cincinnati, and Carson A. Ronas of Brooklyn, N. Y., respectively, for these bits of whimsy:

He: O. K., stupid, be that way.

She: Don't you call me stupid!

He: O. K., ignorant.

She: Well, that's better!

* * *

She: I'm thirsty for a Pepsi-Cola.

He: Okay, let's sip this one out.

* * *

He: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

She: No, it's terribly exasperating. He just grins.

* * *

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: At least we're better off than those two empty bottles on the sidewalk.

She-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: How do you figure?

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: They've been drunk since yesterday, and we're still on the wagon.

* * *

\$3 each—that's a lot of bonanza oil! But that's the take-home pay for any of these we buy.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

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I started raising tobacco.

"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since I started raising to-
bacco. I know they're made of mild ripe tobacco because that's the
kind they buy from me."

J. Hogan Ballard-

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