

# VOO DOO



MARCH, 1948

25¢

ALL OVER AMERICA... THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!

# More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!



I SMOKED  
MANY DIFFERENT  
BRANDS AND  
COMPARED—IT'S  
CAMELS WITH ME!

I'VE TRIED  
OTHER BRANDS  
—NOTHING SUITS  
MY 'T-ZONE'  
LIKE A CAMEL!

CAMELS  
ARE THE  
'CHOICE OF  
EXPERIENCE'  
WITH ME!

CAMELS SUIT ME  
BETTER ALL WAYS.  
THEY TASTE SO GOOD  
—THEY SMOKE SO  
MILD AND COOL!

*Jerry Ambler*

RODEO  
BRONC-RIDING STAR

*Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead*

HOLDER OF NATIONAL  
WOMEN'S FISHING RECORDS

*Cecil Smith*

INTERNATIONAL  
10-GOAL POLO STAR

*Mary Reilly*

TABLE-TENNIS  
STAR

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!



**T for Taste...**  
**T for Throat...**  
That's your  
proving ground for  
any cigarette.  
See if Camels don't  
suit your "T-Zone"  
to a "T."



• All over America, the story's the same! With smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "Choice of Experience"!

Try Camels in your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—and you'll see why! Compare Camels for rich, full flavor; for mild, cool smoking—and you'll agree with the millions of smokers who say Camels suit them to a "T"! Let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS  
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

"PHOS, you demented muse! What should we write about this month?"

"Something lofty," answered the cat. "I just ate a fourth floor mouse from building ro."

"O.K. Phos, what's wrong with the world?"

"Not enough beer in it."

"And what do you think of ERP?"

"I think it's a poor contraction of 'burp.'"

"Who do you want for president?"

"Wendell Willkie."

"Do you think the communists will overrun China?"

"Who cares?"

"Phos you have the true spirit of a Techman. And what cure is there for the woes of the world?"

"We are all too fallible," said Phos seriously. "We need something bigger than ourselves to guide us."

"Phos you've got religion!"

"Hell no. I'm a Techman; I think we should build a super-duper electronic brain which is more intelligent than the human mind. Then we could bring all our problems to it. Simple."

"Yeah, Phos."

THE other day we were at an informal dinner and meeting of the Institute Committee at Dr. Compton's house. Present were Compton and most of the deans plus miscellaneous administration and corporation men. We were very glad to have an opportunity to exchange views with them and wish these meetings would happen more often.

One thing, however, struck us as ironic. We personally believe that not one Techman in ten averages as much as three hours a week on extracurricula activities. Yet while most Techmen were safe at the studies in their cubicles, the men who run the school assured us that employers looking for graduates first check a man's scholastic rating to see it if is reasonable and then pass on to his activity record, to which they attach great importance. It seems to us ironic that employers should emphasize something which in most cases represents so little time, and that the students, so mad for the knowledge which will bring them the dollars, have missed the materialistic aspect of the activities.

ANYBODY interested in going out for Voo Doo should come up to the office in Walker any afternoon about five o'clock.

RICHARD EDGAR WALDT (signs himself Bugs) has drawn all this year's covers plus several art features and cartoons. He draws with his right hand and believes that good humor is "psychological." The best example of what he means is his cartoon feature on finals in the January issue. We consider this feature, with its struggling, amorphous figures, to be as good as anything any college mag has offered for some time.

L.

*Cover this month by Waldt.*

Volume XXXI

March, 1948

No. 3

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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## OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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# DOING THE TOWN



NOT too long ago, I managed to pass myself off as being a responsible person, and borrowed an automobile from one of my buddies. A car is a luxury to which I am not accustomed and I determined, accordingly, to make the best of a very transient situation. And thus it was that I hauled myself out to The Meadows, the very lush (for Boston's environs) nitery that was originally backed by the money of one Vaughan Monroe. You know the routine: Route 9, on the Turnpike — The Meadows: it's just out of Framingham, and there is very little possibility of getting lost, so why bother with the details of the trip out? It takes about a half to three-quarters of an hour to get out there if you drive cautiously.

When you make the grand approach, two possibilities present themselves. You can simply steer into the parking lot and set your heap down in one corner of it, or you can drive up to the main entrance, whereupon a little man rushes down to greet you, hands you a check for the car, and drives off with it. What *he* does with it I don't know — he might lend it to one of his friends, for all I know.

Check room on the right as you enter. Or maybe it was the left as you enter. Maybe you had better check that yourself when you do enter. The grand ballroom, or whatever they call it, is directly ahead. Now. Once inside, One (unless he is a particularly obtuse One) will notice two or three touching little items. First, the dance floor is slightly below the level of the tables, and is surrounded by a sort of a fence. This permits one, when sitting next to this fence, to gaze directly into the eyes of the dancers. It also permits the dancers, standing up, to gaze directly at what *You're* doing. This is a noteworthy point of confusion. It will save you considerable embarrassment, unless you don't embarrass easily, to just get the Hell up and dance when

the music starts. I recommend the dance floor as being exceptionally well kept, and not too crowded, either.

Second, the entire outfit is panelled with pine boards, a type of decoration that suits me. It makes everything so homey, don't you think? So do I. Three (and it may take you a bit of a time to arrive at this conclusion), the crowd is best characterized as "mixed." That simply means that anyone who has a car available may precipitate to that locale, and you know what that means, these days.

Might mention that there is a five-dollar per couple minimum there. About a half-hour before closing time, the waiter will approach you, more than likely, and suggest that if you don't believe yourself capable of drinking up the minimum, you eat it up, for the minimum applies to food expenditures, too. Don't be sucked into this trap if you do think that you are near the limit. The sandwiches that are served are huge open-face affairs, and cost upwards of a rock and a half. Thus, you and the young lady can spend three skins in the twinkling of an eye, and in my book, that's two Southern Comfort Manhattans apiece.

Go out there prepared to spend a little dough. I think that you'll like it, by and large, and if you are in the mood for a little out of the ordinary Boston run, I would be willing to put my neck out by recommending it as a good place to go.

**SINCE** The Meadows is so far out, and because it typifies one entertainment level that may not appeal to all for a casual date, let me mention one other spot in the review this time. I have spent many a good evening in a little joint known as "Alpini's," which is just up past the Kenmore Theatre across the railroad bridge, going out Beacon Street. They have a five-man combo there, the Zardé Brothers, and while I would be the first to admit that these boys don't

match many high and mighty outfits, I still would like to say that I do get a kick out of them. You can get food there, as well as drink. The dance floor is small, but the crowd is generally not too oppressive on it. I don't exactly know why I do like it. The cost of drinking there is just as great as it would be in a better location, but I feel it to be more congenial, less commercial, and altogether more relaxing than many another joint with which I have entangled myself. If you haven't been up there, let me recommend this one, too, as being a place to go and have some fun. Some day I'm going to find out if those Zardés are really brothers.

JOHN FISHER

Impelled by a Courtship Room advertisement which pictured the waitresses in cellophane skirts we set out for the Myles Standish. These skirts worn by the Standish's girls turned out to be black and thoroughly opaque. Their red and black striped

bodices are no more transparent. Other colors, in case anyone wants to paint the scene on our say-so, are: lips, red; hair, brown; and faces, orange.

We went to the bar where the big fat barkeep asked for proof that we were 21. We showed him our Naval discharge card. He read it through three times and found that the birthday was not on it, something which we actually didn't know. We pulled out a membership card to the Worcester Taxpayer's Association, but that didn't prove we could drink either. Finally, a driver's license proved that we had blue eyes and were 21.

We had a beer and looked the place over from in back of the piano. (The orchestra is pitted in a doorway between the Courtship Room and the bar we were in.) Nothing much, except some cleverly illuminated pictures on the walls.

Then around the corner which sports J. S. Waterman & Co., Funeral Directors, to the Somerset. The

waitresses and headwaiters in the Currier and Ives Room were standing around as stiffly as Coop barbers, with nothing to do, so we went upstairs to another cocktail lounge which was one-third full. The Men's Bar had about ten men and a woman sitting at the bar, all looking rather lonely.

It was a Friday night and the Somerset looked desolate. The Balinese Room had four or five dozen Americans in it, which was the only activity in the hotel.

Recently we were talking with the fellow who runs the Currier and Ives Room and the Balinese Room, trying to arrange a small dinner. (He is a continental and pronounces Currier and Ives to rhyme with "carry knives.") He thought the Somerset's prices were all rather reasonable. We told him about three friends who brought their dates to the Balinese Room and left without \$48. "Did zey have dinner?" he asked. We told

*Please turn to next page*

## LONDON WINE COMPANY

1298 BEACON STREET, BROOKLINE  
COOLIDGE CORNER



WE CARRY SCOTCHES, CANADIAN WHISKIES,  
BOURBONS, CHAMPAGNE, IMPORTED  
CORDIALS, BEER AND ALE

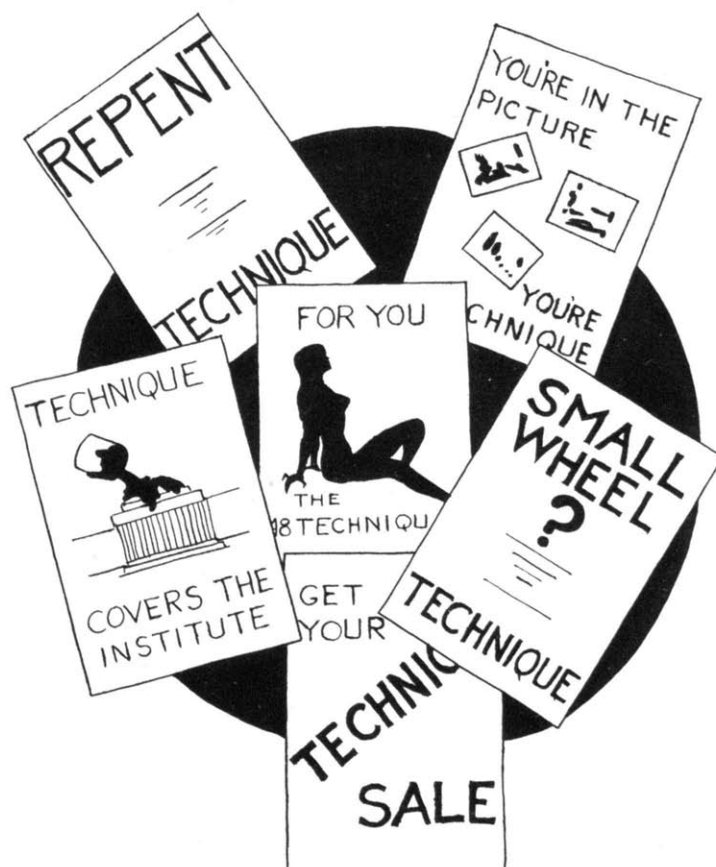


ANYTHING YOU LIKE  
AVAILABLE TO YOU  
DROP IN AND SEE US



Open Daily 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Telephone LOnwood 6-2800



*Continued from preceding page*

him they had. "Oh well. Do you think zat is expensive. Dinner and staying all night?"

On the way out, we said to the doorman, "Business is pretty slow tonight." "Yeah," he said, reluctantly honest.



"Hello, Joan, watcha doin' next Saturday night?"

"Gotta date."

"And the next Saturday night?"

"Gotta date."

"And the Saturday after that?"

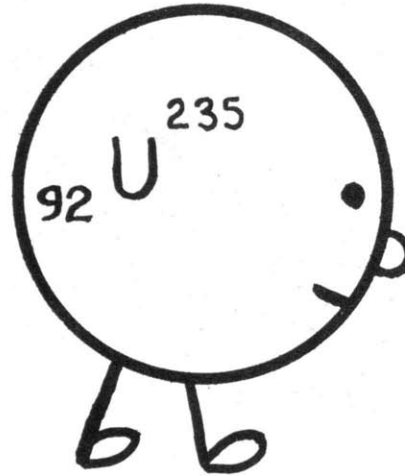
"Gotta date."

"Good gawd, woman, don'tcha ever take a bath?"



— Columns

Proverb of the day: Never run after a woman or a streetcar. There will be another along in a minute. Those after midnight, though not as many, go faster.



*Let's take the afternoon off and go fission.*

The hardest age to get a baby to sleep is nineteen.



"If you don't raise my salary," announced the minister, "you can all go to hell."

"How did the wedding go off?"

"Fine, until the minister asked the bride if she would promise to obey. Then she said, 'Do you think I'm crazy?' and the groom, in a dazed condition, said, 'I do.'"

# CAFE DE PARIS

*Real Home-Cooked Food*

*Reasonably Priced*

**Luncheons and Dinners**

**NEW BAR JUST OPENED**

**165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston**



The man took the object of his affections to attend an open air opera on a beautiful clear and warm summer evening. During the first act, he found it necessary to excuse himself. He asked an usher as to where the men's room might be found.

"Turn to the left and walk down to the big oak tree and there it is."

The man did as he was told. In due time he returned to his seat.

"Is the second act over?" he asked his girl.

"You should know," was her haughty reply. "You were in it!"



— *Scottie*

A few short years ago,  
When shady jokes were told,  
A co-ed blushed a fiery red  
And thought the man most bold.

And now upon the campus,  
There are so few who frown.  
When she dashes for a pencil  
To copy the joke down.



— *Chaparra*

Sherlock, the famed detective arrived on the scene of the crime. "Hell," he said, "this is more serious than I figured. This window is broken on both sides."



"How did you like that last kiss?"

"I didn't."

"But kisses are the language of love."

"Then cut the baby talk."

— *Pelican*

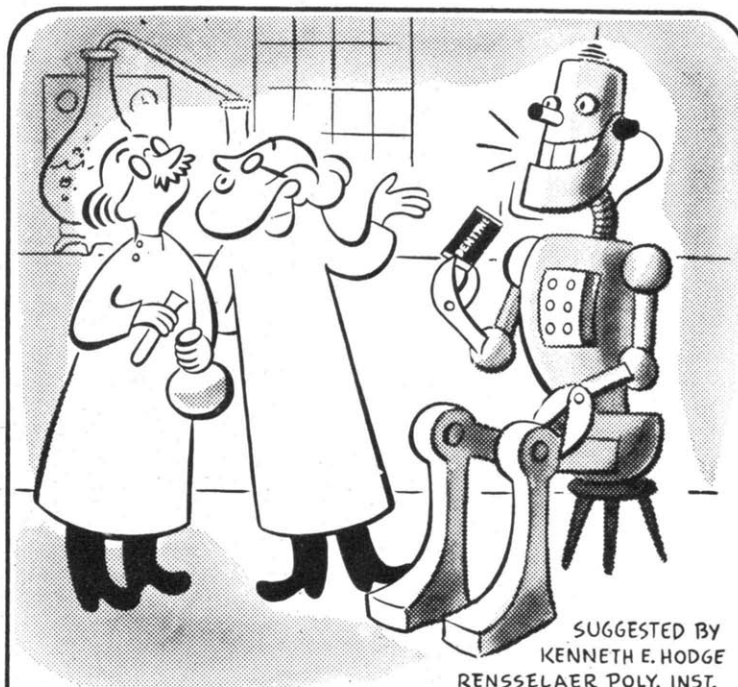


A tricky girl, I'll tell the world  
Is little Minnie Marters,  
An inviting smile on rosy lips,  
But mouse traps on her garters.

— *Masquerader*



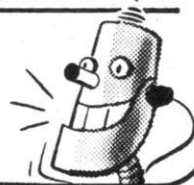
She's only an aspirin maker's daughter but boy you should see her bayer.



SUGGESTED BY  
KENNETH E. HODGE  
RENSSELAER POLY. INST.


**"I also installed tasting equipment  
so he could enjoy Dentyne Chewing Gum!"**

"Wire me for sound, and I'll tell the world—  
Dentyne's delicious! With each mechanical  
munch and muscle, I really enjoy Dentyne's  
refreshing, long-lasting flavor! Dentyne is  
keen chewing gum! Helps keep teeth white,  
smiles bright!"



Dentyne Gum—Made Only By Adams

## Bostonian Nor-Mocs

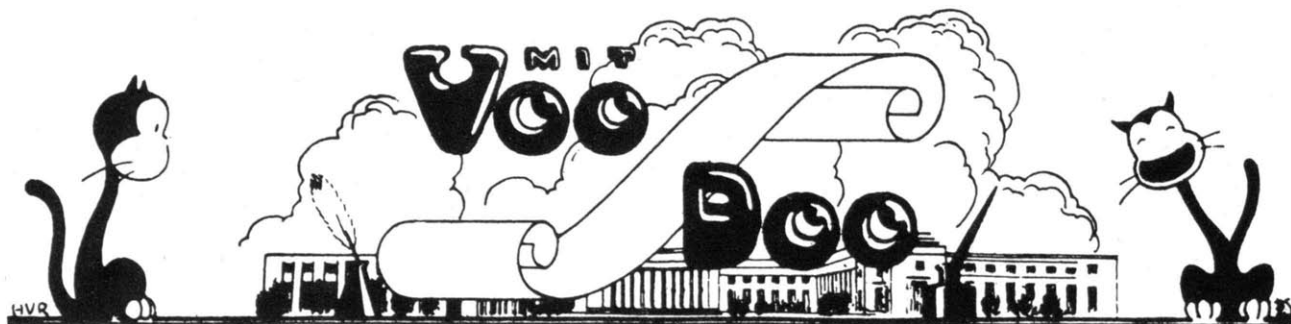


*A Fine Quality Casual for Everyday All-Around Wear*

**\$9.95**

**The Technology Store**

**PATRONAGE REFUNDS TO MEMBERS**



**H**ERB RIDGWAY, a Course XIV student, was trying to park his ramshackle Ford in the Bexley Hall parking lot in time for the ten o'clock class. After going up one row and down another, the best he could find was one of those spaces that you think might be wide enough. His passenger got out to help and had directed Herb most of the way in when he yelled for him to stop: a rear fender, ripped and protruding, was in danger of clawing the next car. The one directing said, "I'll hold your fender in, go ahead Herb." He pressed the fender in with his foot and the car eased forward, just clearing the bumper of the next car.

The amazing part of it is that all of the fenders are equally flexible and when you slam a door, the body appears to be plastic. Maybe with enough help, Herb could press his Ford into the shape of a Buick.

**I**N the December issue, we mentioned that Professor Dawes of the E. E. department told a class that he once owned the automobile plates bearing the numbers 271828, the Napierian log base "e." The Registry of Motor Vehicles writes to tell us who has "e" for 1948, as well as who has the other great number, 314159.

Felix L. White, 18 Sycamore Street, Millbury (a town outside of Worcester) has license plates numbered 271828. He drives a 1936 Ford tudor sedan insured for liability in the Century Indemnity Company.

Extra good fortune has come to the little lady who lives at 163 Washington Street, Leominster. She drives a 1937 Oldsmobile sedan insured for liability with the Travelers Insurance Company. For one year her car will wear the proud numbers 314159. Ladies and gentlemen, Doris E. Loughlin.

We don't know Felix and Doris, nor do we know if it was just luck that gave them the license plates coveted by engineers and scientists. And we're not going to make damned fools of ourselves writing to find out.

**T**HE other day, Rosemary Hunnell, the secretary in the Walker Memorial Office, wanted to get the Voo Doo office. Referring to a list hanging near the telephone, she dialed the number.

"The Monastery of St. Mary and St. John," was the answer. Yep, thought Rosemary, I've got the Voo Doo office.

"Let me speak to Brother Pluto," she said.

"Brother Who?" said the man's voice.

"Come on, let's have the General Manager." She paused. "This is the MIT Voo Doo . . . isn't it?"

"No, I'm sorry. This is the Monastery of St. Mary and St. John. 'Brother Pluto!'" Laughing lightly, the good Father hung up.

Rosemary checked her tampered phone list with the phone book, and found the numbers coincided — KIrkland 7-7330, the number of our religious neighbors at 980 Memorial Drive.

**P**ROFESSOR WEINER was observed on the second floor of the women-forbidden barracks, with a girl, ambling along in his inimitable manner. Wonder if he thinks it's still a Radiation Lab?



"He says they're developing pictures."

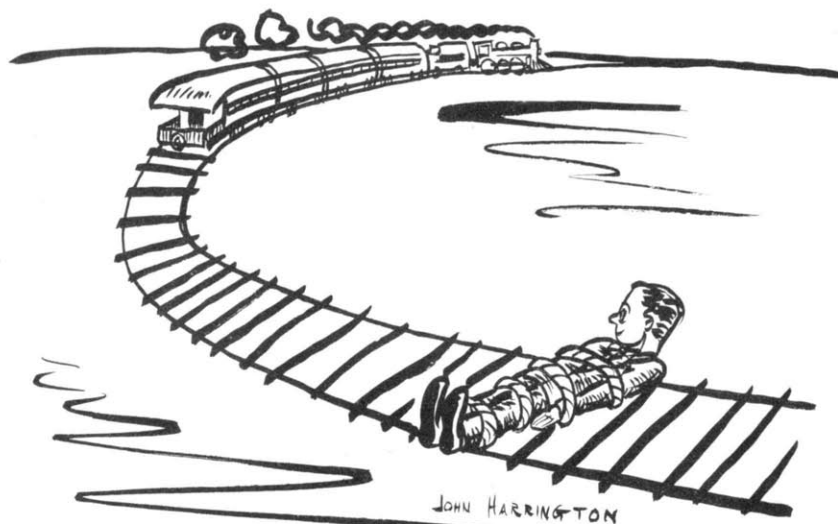


**I**N the middle of the night, a fellow came into our room and woke up a roommate to tell him that he had just been elected into Tau Beta Pi, the national honorary engineering society. Our roommate was elated. "Today is certainly a maxima on the curve of life," he said.

**I**T is a peculiar trait of every city person, including probably an MIT administrator, that when he visits a chicken farm, he invariably asks the owner, "How many chickens do you have?" It is usually the first question the city man asks and he doesn't want any approximations. He doesn't want to know that the farmer has "maybe 35 hundred altogether"; he wants to know exactly, correct to the last significant chicken. Now, the farmer doesn't like to add in chicks, or fryers that he is about to market, and he doesn't know how many hens he has, but the city man passionately insists that every chicken of any age now living on the farm be counted. He thinks the farmer is lazy if he doesn't know.

The other day, the tables turned. We, who raised an undetermined number of chickens in our high school days, wanted to find out how many offices there were in the main buildings of Tech so that we could have some Messiest Office Contest certificates printed. There is a determinable number of offices, we believed. However, no one knows. We called Buildings and Power, who referred us to the Registrar's Office. We were shuttled around the Registrar's Office and sent to the Schedules Office. No one could give us even an approximate number and the Schedules Office didn't know whether there were nearer 500 or 1,000 offices. We called up the President's Office and the secretary couldn't find how many Professors there were.

We sincerely hope that our MIT officers will accept the fact that a farmer has a "flock" of chickens and press him no further.



"Whew!"

**A**T one of this season's track meets, Wayne Carter of the Tech team was the favorite in the 60-yard high hurdles. He came in second and was quite disappointed. Thinking that perhaps he had jumped too high over the hurdles he went up to Coach Oscar Hedlund and asked, "Oscar, what did I do wrong in that race?" Oscar thought hard, with his hand on his chin. "Wayne, I think it was mostly a matter of speed," he said finally.

**H**ERE'S a sign copied from a Dorm bulletin board:

Lost — Silver cigarette lighter in Walker Memorial.

Very little cash value

No sentimental value (Course VIII)

But I need it to light my cigarettes.

**A** CORRESPONDENT says, "Here's a rather silly procedure from *Qualitative Chemical Analysis* by Noyes and Swift, page 349." The quotation reads, "If Cl is present add 1N AgNO<sub>3</sub>, 0.1 ml at a time, shaking and heating the solution after each addition, until no more precipitate forms. Discard the mixture."

Then our anonymous writer asks, "Why so much trouble to throw the stuff out?" Frankly, we don't know.

**A**S this deadline was coming on, President Truman spoke opposing GI Bill benefits for men taking ball room dancing, photography, flying, and horseback riding (by mail). We hope President Truman will not take away any of our Course XV men.

**T**HE Pepsi-Cola Company tells us that no one from Tech has won anything in their Easy Money Contest. That's too bad, because we sent in some very good lines for their captionless cartoons. Remember the one with two deep sea divers watching a mermaid drinking a bottle of Pepsi-Cola? Some of our captions were:

*Be Hell if she demanded Pepsi-Cola with ice.*

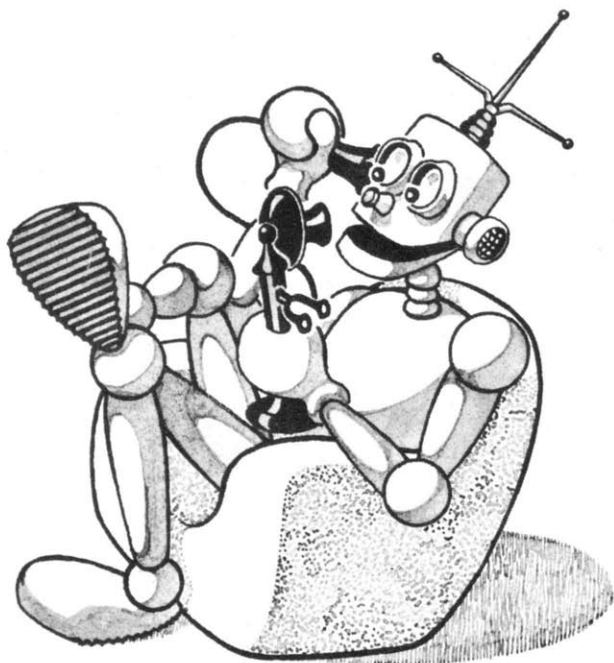
*I don't care if she does only have one knee; if she drinks Pepsi, that's good enough for me.*

*Hats off to Pepsi-Cola!*

And Dick, our roommate suggested one:

*She wants to know if you need anybody to stir up Pepsi-Cola vats.*

**W**E got up one morning, sure that everything was going to go wrong. It started that way anyway, with things going wrong on the first possible occasion. We stripped the threads on our toothpaste cap.



©

©ENZ

*"When I die I want to be chromated."*

**T**HE other day the fellows around the office started talking about the easy jobs they would like to get. The easiest, probably, was one man's wish to be an obituary writer for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

**T**HE house mother at Barnard Hall, a Radcliffe dorm, offered the girls the choice of having men guests in for Sunday evening supper or wearing blue jeans at the table. They voted for blue jeans. Apparently the majority of Radcliffe girls would rather be comfortable than nurse the dim hope that they might persuade a man to come for supper some year.

**G**LENN MACKEY, one of our staff men, showed us the wrapper for a circular which finally reached him in Building 22. It read: Glenn Mackey, M. I. T. Dorm., Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

**F**REE Calvert ad: *Christian Herald* says that one of the latest Calvert ads quoted a Mr. Henry Kopf as "having switched to Calvert because it tasted better." A *PM* reporter found Kopf "in a fifth-rate saloon in Union City, New Jersey." The distinguished man said: "I didn't get nothin' out of it. Me and Louis Setti, we were sitting here drinking. So while we were drinking, the agent of the Calvert Company, he comes in and says, 'Did you ever try Lord Calvert?' So we says, 'No.' So he says, 'Have a drink on me.' John (the bartender) didn't have Lord Calvert, but he did have Calvert Reserve — that's a little cheaper — and we found out it was a very good drink. Then he asks me and Louis our names and addresses and we gave it to him. I'm a whisky drinker. I'd drink any whisky just as long as it was whisky."

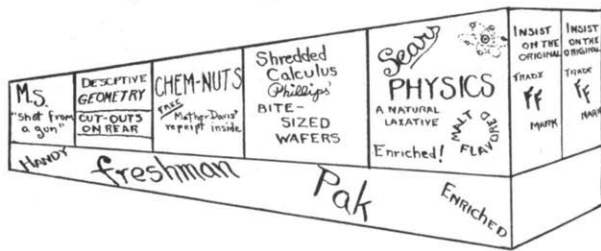
The preceding paragraph was taken from the Methodist *Clipsheet*, a temperance paper.

**F**ROM time to time, W. B. Bradbury, the national advertising agent for all college humor magazines, writes to Andy Price, our advertising agent. Sometimes the letters fall into the hands of the literary staff, which irresponsibly prints them in the magazine. The latest letter from Bradbury says, "We are working closely with the Hat Research Foundation. They know that few college students wear hats. They don't know how to change this habit. Any suggestions from you? We will make good use of your ideas, and they may result in adding a new big account to college magazines."

Umm, there ought to be some way Give hats away? Nope. Let them wear hats in classrooms? That would solve the biggest hat-wearing problem, what to do with your hat once you are in school. Shave everybody's head free and embarrass them into wearing a hat? Nope. Hey, Bradbury, have they tried advertising in Voo Doo?

**A**S a matter of fact, we went over to the Coop and asked how hats were selling. Felts aren't doing so well, but a lot of students are buying those tan cloth hats. The salesman couldn't tell us what we should call that type of hat in the magazine, but suggested "Maine hat," "knockabout hat" or "tan cloth hat." It surprised him to be selling them, because the rest of the world just wears them during the summer, but you could see dozens of them on Tech heads on the stormiest days of the winter. In the last couple of months, the Coop had sold 100 of them and the salesman estimated that there are about 500 in use. He attributed their popularity to the fact that a tan cloth hat costs only \$1.98, so that you can throw it away when it gets dirty or misshapen. From a look at the headgear scene, though, we would estimate that no one ever thinks his is dirty or misshapen enough.

# THE SIX MOST PROMISING INVENTIONS OF 1948

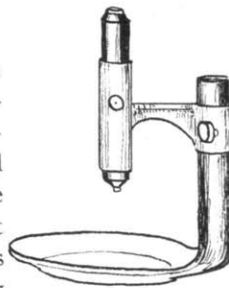


1. The Food Technology Department has recently announced its latest development in progressive education. By a secret process they have succeeded in transforming textbooks into nutritious and delicious food. Although excesses are still sickening, it can no longer be said that "it goes in one ear and out the other."

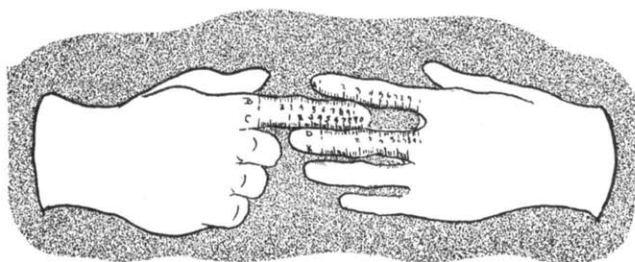
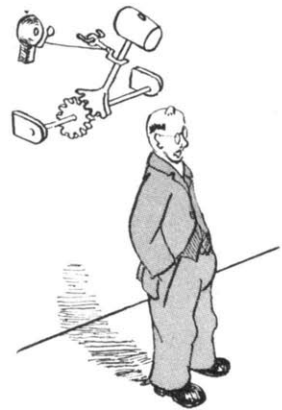


2. A startling new device which has just been perfected will revolutionize the century-old exam procedure. The machine writes in the operator's own handwriting as he dictates. Particularly useful to students in the more liberal courses, the machine is guaranteed to produce at least fifty per cent more bull than obtainable by present methods

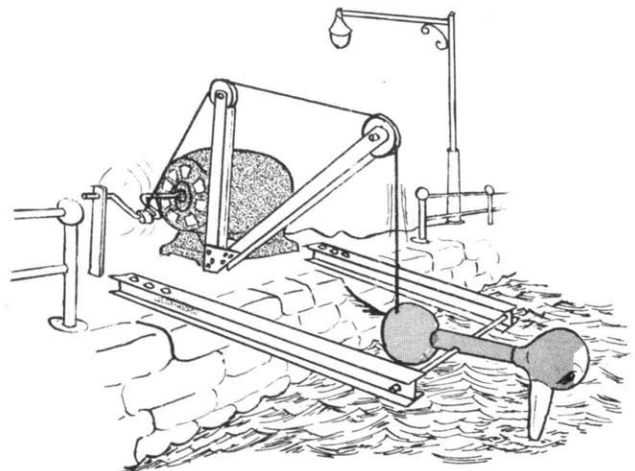
3. The Walker Lounge will soon begin the use of this new plate. Developed during the war for the OPA, the plate is designed to help combat the upward spiral of inflation. By skillful focusing of the viewer, the consumer is led to believe that he is getting his money's worth. It is expected that these new plates will pay for themselves in the first week.



4. The Student-Faculty Committee has disclosed its most recent attempt to improve conditions about the Institute. This automatic device guarantees that lectures will be ended at the bell.



5. Keufel and Esser have disclosed this, their newest brainchild. These handy gloves with their convenient slide rule scales fill a long empty spot in the Techman's wardrobe. The gloves will come in all sizes, and will be equipped with either trig or deci-trig scales. Watch for them at the Coop.



6. This highly efficient heat engine is still in the process of development, but the Thermodynamics Department has high hopes for its success. Operating on the same principle as the familiar "Dip-Duck," the mechanical wonder may be seen in the experimental stage just to the left of the boathouse. Professor Schneider, the inventor, has predicted that within a year these machines will line every body of water in the United States, and will provide enough power to toast three slices of bread for every man, woman, and child in the nation.

# The Wrap-Around Fender

MY memory of one motoring scene doesn't particularly date me; I can remember a neighbor driving his car slowly down the street, the hood up and a mechanic lying in the valley between fender and hood, ear cocked at the motor. You would see that and know that Mr. Jenkins, who lived three houses up, was worried about an erratic burp in his motor.

With today's cars (commonly advertised as Tomorrow's Cars) the scene is obsolete. First, with the hood up, Mr. Jenkins could no longer see to drive. Second, if he could see, the mechanic would be in danger of decapitation if the car went over a bump hard enough to make the enormous hood fall. Third, the days when you could hear trouble are gone; the motor is silent, sick or well (signalling the end of Gus Wilson, the *Popular*

*Science* auto wizard). Lastly, the mechanic couldn't find the fender to lie on.

The fender is the big thing. A car is nothing but two large fenders separated by a sofa. To get at the sofa you crawl in by way of an opening in the fender. You can see the omnipresent fender on postwar cars like Hudson, Studebaker, Packard, and Kaiser. Starting at the headlight, the fender continues monotonously past the hood, front door, and rear door. A little bump announces the rear fender, which flows past the rear wheel. In the Lincoln and new Cadillac the rear fenders even go past the trunk, making the car look like a bi-tailed duck.

## Where's the Door?

In the middle of this fender expanse is a door handle or two. Turn the

handle and an enormous section of the side begins to move outward, taking with it much of the fender. This thing called door is really a heavy square wall. In my high school class was a boy with perpendicular ears whom a classmate described as, "Full face, he's like a Ford coming at you with both doors open." That was a cute insult in the 30's but, considering the size of car doors, would amount to calling the boy a monster today.

Not that doors are any easier to get through now than they ever were. I nearly always lose my hat going into a car no matter how much I seem to bend over. A door should conform slightly to the way people are built, higher than they are wide. The square Buick door, for example, is useful for people who like to curl up like a ball and roll into the car, or people who carry a console radio on their person, but few normal people can make use of its squareness. If Buick makers could only make the doors a little higher, they would make me happy and could sell a few extra in the construction of Frank Lloyd Wright cathedrals.

The normal person suffers abrasions about the head on first trying to enter his postwar car. To save the finish I suggest a little practice; instead of using the front door to your house, climb in and out a living room window that opens onto the piazza.

The Hudson makers claim that they have solved this embarkation problem with the car "you step down into." I cannot imagine how you can step down into a car unless the bottom is under the level of the street. No matter how the Hudson people do their trick, they only delay the work until you are getting out. As a logical corollary to their slogan, the Hudson is also the car "you climb up out of."



*"I'll have an overdose of sleeping tablets, please."*

**Appearance and Futility**

The biggest fault with dressing up the design, is the inaccessibility of any part of the car you are interested in. In the last couple of years I have watched gas caps, radiator caps and hub caps disappear into the sheet metal balloons which make up a car. Nothing is on the surface except two doorknobs and a trunk handle. To get at the motor, the mechanic must perform a soda-jerker's stretch. Of course, whenever the designers remove anything they substitute a complicated consolation. In this year's cars I imagine there is room in the engine compartment for a mechanic to stand in there. (Small catwalk around the engine available at slight extra cost.) There's a small boy next door. I'm going to see if he won't fit under the fender where I can hand him the chains to put on.

The one other bug I can think of right now is the little fountain on the Buick and Cadillac that squirts water on the windshield whenever you want to show it off. A fellow was demonstrating his to me the other day, but because of some pressure difficulty the water stream went straight into the air. He had to go faster and faster so that the wind would blow the stream back onto the windshield. I thought the squirter was very nice and told him so, and that it's a comforting gadget to have around in case the windshield catches fire.

The postwar car is here. Now we can settle back and watch them come out year by year with the same hulk, but with the cigarette lighter march-



*"Stop, Edgar! You'll give the baby gas!"*

ing to and fro across the dashboard as automobile styling requires. Remember the Detroit watchword: appearance and futility.

J. V. Y.



Mrs. Box: "Yes, our furniture is very antique. This bed, for instance goes back to Louis XVII."

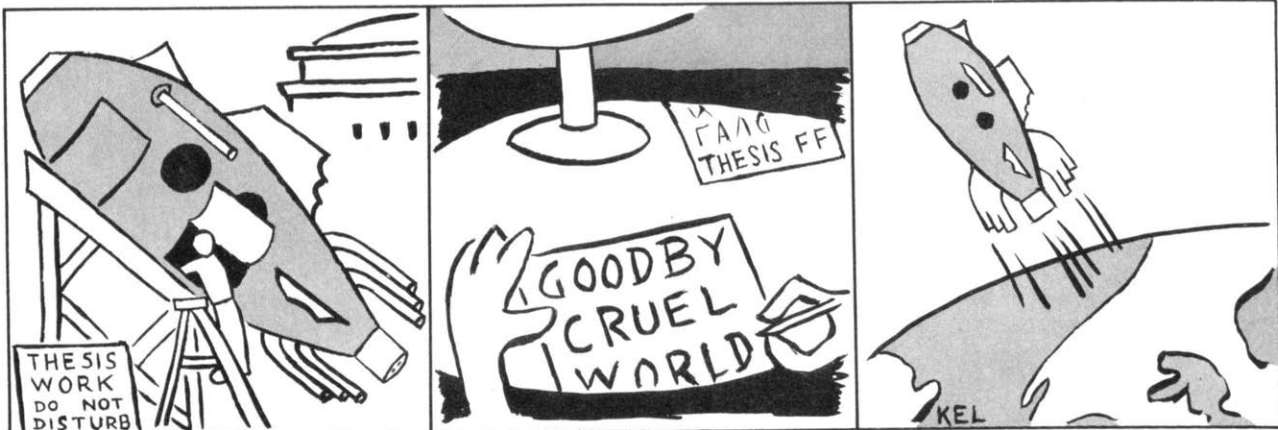
Mrs. Knox: "Oh, well, don't feel so bad; our whole living room outfit goes back to Cohen the 30th."

"Do you smoke?"  
 "No, I don't smoke."  
 "Do you drink?"  
 "No, I don't."  
 "Do you neck?"  
 "No, I don't."  
 "Well, what do you do?"  
 "I tell lies."

—Sundial

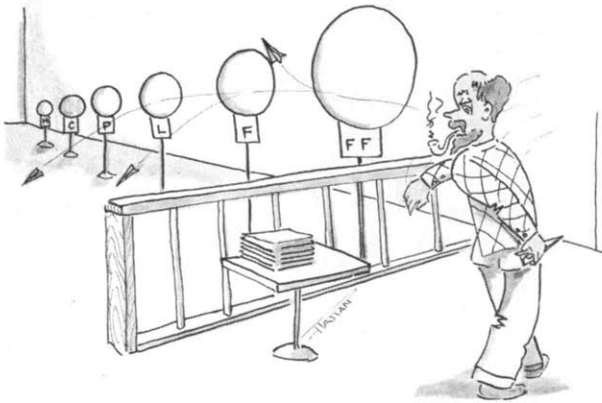


She: "Adieu."  
 He: "You do?"



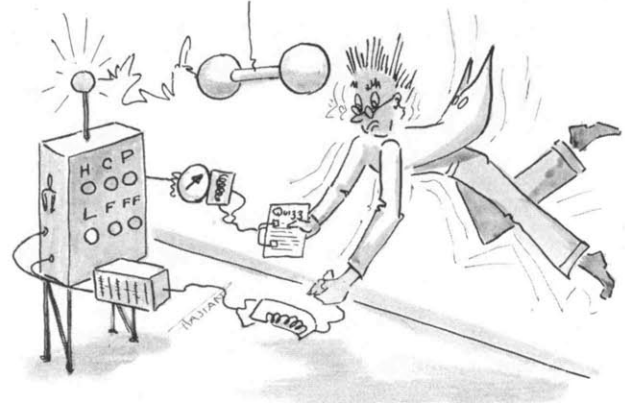
# Oh, Goody! Another Quiz to Grade!

Professors just love to grade quizzes. It is even more fun than lecturing in four colors of chalk. The latest fashions in quiz correction are shown here.



An aeronautical engineering prof, combining his paper grading with his experimental research, is shown giving the bird to his students' latest efforts. This system has not been used since the day the prof improved his/design to such an extent that an entire class received an H.

Advice: *Get lots of surface.*



The E. E. Department grades quizzes by the charge conducted between the plates of a capacitor. The professor pictured is visibly shocked by the shortness of the paper being tested.

Advice: *Lay it on thick.*



Paper grading being a weighty problem requires exact measurement. Your mark, of course hangs in the balance. One professor sneezed in the right-hand balance pan and lowered the class average forty points.

Advice: *Use leaded bond.*



Some instructors put particular stress on quizzes. Based on the assumption that the stronger a student's arguments are, the better his grade should be.

Advice: *Apply strips of scotch tape to the rear of paper.*



This conscientious soul returns his tests ten weeks after they are taken, marked to the third decimal place. He gives 2.000 points extra if the student titles him "Professor" at the top of the page. Latin quotations, locks of blonde hair, and equations in invisible ink are regarded as good sport.

Advice: *Change your course, kid, change your course.*



Ho hum. . . . Take 'em as they come. . . . H-C-P-L-F-FF---H-C-P-L-F-FF---H-C-. . . . bzzzzmphtknofftzzzzzzzzzz.

Advice: *Hand your paper in first, seventh, or thirteenth, etc.*

*A scientist looking for an I.Q. unit deserts his experiments to record the fascinating adventures of a subject.*

# Gaston, Boy Amoeba

## From Gaston to Jello

Gaston was unique in other ways. He was a socialist and had convinced all the local diatoms<sup>2</sup> that all evils were traceable to the beastly capitalistic radiolaria.<sup>3</sup> I told him that his socialistic inclinations were probably due to his own laziness. I called him a jellyfish, which he took as a compliment.

On occasion we used to have fun together. When I was washing test tubes, I would make a soap bubble, he would slide in and up he'd go. When the bubble broke against the ceiling he would catch on to the plaster and walk down to the sink for another ride.

... but there is a sad end to this happy story. It happened so suddenly. One day I went to take Gaston for a bubble ride and he was gone. Thinking that perhaps he was just being coy, I looked in the sugar bowl, in the coffee can, everywhere, but no Gaston.

Finally, on a tip from a passing paramecium I searched the street in front of my house.<sup>4</sup> With deep grief, I must tell you that it was there I found him. Álas, just a blot of protoplasm with a smell of alcohol on it. I reverently drew a circle around him and inscribed *requiescat in pace* on the concrete amid my bitter tears.<sup>5</sup>

With somberness I threw away my notes and to this day there is no unit for I.Q.

PHIL CLAYTON

*Illustration by the author.*

1. Hayr says: 2 amoebas = 1.3 amoeba.
2. Who were formerly split into diatomic factions or fissions.
3. Who denied it in a press statement.
4. Warren Avenue. Incidentally, most amoebas have pseudopodia, or false feet. This is a good device, for when one amoeba steps on another amoeba's foot the latter can say, to avoid strained relations, "It wasn't my real foot anyway." Pseudopodia are called, colloquially, "glubs."
5. That is the dramatic ending. If there is enough demand we can have a case of mistaken identity, with the real Gaston just having gone out to sow his wild oats. Then we'll have more adventures of Gaston.

SOMEBODY asked me last year what I thought of microscopic life. I have been trying to ignore the question because it is difficult for me to relate my experiences in this small field. It always brings back memories of the late Gaston.

Who was Gaston . . . ?

Well—allow me to start a little beyond the beginning. My interest in microorganic life first materialized when I read a paper from the Union for Research Psychiatry, having mistaken the URP (excuse me) treatise for that day's *New York Times*. The article brought out the point that we direly need a unit for the measurement of intellectual capacity. You see, when you take an I.Q. test you get a grade of, say, 40. 40 what? That's just it; no units.

We need a unit, so I began to think: what has a unit intelligence. Well, one day while talking to a business administration student, it hit me. The amoeba! Perhaps we could rate a man as having an intelligence of, say, 3000 amoeba.

I set out to find an amoeba and give it a few tests so I could brief it when the time came to submit it to the Bureau of Standards and the men in charge of I.Q. That began my troubles. I went from door to door asking people if they had any amoeba to spare that they could give me or sell cheap. All the people acted strangely, so I suspect most of them were rather attached to their amoebas and would just as soon sell them as a pet dog or child.

## Trapping Amoebas

After setting some specks of Jello out in the back yard and arranging them casually as though it was just a group of amoeba talking, I caught some gregarious amoebas who came to see what was up. The jig was, because I scraped them into a test tube and took them inside. Then I was shocked to discover something that was to upset the whole scheme.

Every one of the amoebas, I found, has a distinctive personality and a unique intellect. I had to try a new approach in the hope of measuring these organisms. I couldn't just assemble a desktop full of amoebas and fire questions at them. I couldn't test a large group of them and take the average because I didn't know



*Gaston was a socialist . . .*

how much two amoebas are better than one.<sup>1</sup> I set out to find a median amoeba with an average intellect.

That is how I first met Gaston. He was sent to me by the *Sociedad Frenelico para Amoeba*, an association. They were supposed to send another amoeba, an average amoeba, but he became scientist-shy so they sent Gaston instead. He was far from a median amoeba. He was an extrovert, a flamboyant kid with attractive contractile vacuoles, who had been thrown out of the house when he started keeping company with a rich virus, the exotic virus "x."

It was Gaston who first said . . . well, he didn't exactly say it; I used to dip him in ink and let him write his messages. Anyway, the first time he tried this he wrote with a dramatic firmness, "Dis is de nuts." It was a nimble performance with Gaston hopping out to where the i's were to be dotted and then gracefully skidding across the "t." Gaston, midnight-blue-black all over, would hop into the ink eradicator for a quick sponge, then roll over on a blotter.

# Springtime in Harvard Yard



Rudnac 15" w/k. 96

BICKFORD



# I Had a Hat When I Came In

## An Ode to an Ode

OH Heaven's myriad little stars;  
Oh planets, Venus, Earth, and Mars;  
Oh Milky Way and twinkling bars;  
Oh Nuts!!

To Apollo's chariot in the sky;  
To Mars, his battle axe on high;  
To Daphne and her leaves that sigh;  
To HELL with it!!

Why don't poets write like men  
In down-to-earth and common terms  
And not remain a mystic ken  
That write ideal but unreal perms.

Oh shaving cream and auto wrecks;  
Oh bawling brats and a dull-edged knife;  
Oh sex and sex and sex and sex;  
Oh things that go to make up life!

To leaky pens and poker decks;  
To ice cream cones and a nagging wife;  
To sex and sex and sex and sex;  
To things that REALLY count in life!

JOE GLASGOW

## How to Raise a Debutante

WHAT with the dearth of news, debutantes are more popular than ever before. The most fiery UN debate cannot match a coming-out cotillion in columns of type devoted to it. To be the parent of a debutante is socially desirable. Fathers and mothers of debs are almost as frequently photographed for the pages of *Life* as Faith Healers, suicide victims, and two-headed babies.

The first pre-requisite for raising a deb is to sire a baby girl. For this purpose, we would recommend getting married to a woman who is accustomed to posting things in her diary with ticker tape. For further instructions and details we refer the reader to the Eugenics Publishing Company.

Have the small girl christened Cerise Pamela Gonzales Van Bydlo, and give her in addition a frightfully cute nickname like "Boobsie" or "Jiggles." The first thing to teach your daughter is Conversational French. A Berlitz course is quickest, but for Society page releases, report her charming chit-chat with the French maid. (If you have

no French maid, *Life* will let you borrow one which it maintains as a prop for this sort of thing.) Following this, teach her the English alphabet, so that she may in later life be able to locate the Republican line on the voting machine. Teach her to discriminate in political affairs. Good: Taft, Dewey, Vandenburg. Radical: Stassen, and other Democrats.

As your daughter grows up, imbue in her the importance of having a variety of interests, preferable doing things easy to photograph. Show her how to sit primly at the wheel of a station wagon. Enter her Pekinese annually in the Westminster Dog Show. Have her seen frequently with horses and lifting a tennis racquet. (On these occasions, it is important that she be wearing something distinctive — either decollete or a sweater.) Cultivate her natural desire to write a non-fictional novel dealing with the underprivileged Mississippi sharecroppers. Proofread the manuscript occasionally to see that she uses other names for Mississippi towns than Oyster Harbor, West Hampton, Westchester, and Brookline.

Select the newspaper publisher who owes you the greatest sum of money and persuade him to run a column by your daughter called "Panting With Pamela." A final suggestion is to have your daughter do bit work for the Scarsdale Settlement House, sell tickets for the Vincent Club, or perhaps enroll in a widely publicized Red Cross project where she will be pictured rolling bandages. If she really gets interested in her Red Cross work she may even want to work nights unrolling the bandages for the next day's work.

Eventually Jiggles will be ready for college. This is the period during which she will meet suitable men. If you live in New York, send her to school in Boston, and if you live in Boston, send her to school in New York. A Junior College is preferred; if she hasn't hooked three dozen suitors by the end of two years, hire them, because she'll never get them alone.

Her suitors should be limited to Yale graduates or ex-husbands of Lana Turner. Marry her off to the suitor with the greatest financial aptitude. (Several excellent financial aptitude tests may be found in Hoyle.)

During all this time you must have your tails handy. If your daughter's life isn't silly enough for *Life*, there is still *Look*, and, going down the social ladder, the *New York Times* and so on.

After Cerise Pamela Gonzales Van Bydlo has entered into holy matrimony, tuck her scrapbook away in the attic, get yourself a bracer, and relax, brother, relax!

R. A. AND G. P.

*Professor Cowdrey hasn't got around to tilling this original poem which he read as a footnote to one of his classes.*

First came the earth with many creatures  
Then followed man with added features.  
He had a nose — an honest chin  
And muscles made so he can grin.

Better than all who followed after  
He has the added gift of laughter.  
Lord! — save that poor unhappy gent . . . !  
Whose bump of laughter is a dent.

#### ABBREVIATED EPIC

Students of Calculus quickly discover  
Their home-work is not something  
trivial;  
When sometimes they look upon  
Phillips's book,  
They think it more drivel than de-  
rivial.

JOE GLASGOW

### Small-Talk Lounge

**W**ELCOME, to the first monthly column of the Small-Talk Lounge. And a fond farewell to all you self-winding 5.0 men who have already consumed today's allotment of spare time reading these first few lines.

My friends, inasmuch as this is the first appearance of the Lounge, the discussion today will be even less to any point than succeeding sessions. I shall be content today to tell you why the Lounge has been organized and what the sessions will be like.

You remember the posters that hung all over the place with the big, black headline, "No final exam in a course in Rocket Theory." (The poster failed to mention that this is a prerequisite for course 77-B, Rocket Practice; instructor in charge of course, Rogers, B.) Anyway, the appeal that this course has is a freedom from worry. But they didn't get me with that routine. After all, who's worried about final exams, except a few melancholic students. In March anyway.

The appeal that the Lounge caught me with is a freedom from irritation. Many things irritate me, but the irritation I can really localize and scratch at is the irritation I get from English and History papers. But I'm getting ahead of my story; let me tell you of the real birth of the Lounge.

One miserable New England day about two months ago I was in the Coop waiting my turn to purchase some paper — physics paper, math paper, English paper. My attention was taken by the behavior of the man in front of me.

He was shaking violently like a man who'd been on the wagon for a couple of days, and he looked that bewildered. The only thing that didn't fit this diagnosis was an incessant snickering that emitted from somewhere behind an idiotic grin. My curiosity as to what sort of creature this was soon became alleviated, for, when the salesgirl approached, he interrupted his snickering just long enough to say, "A package of Voo Doo paper, please." She answered him sweetly, in a manner becoming a Coop girl, "Beat it, bum, you know there ain't no such thing."

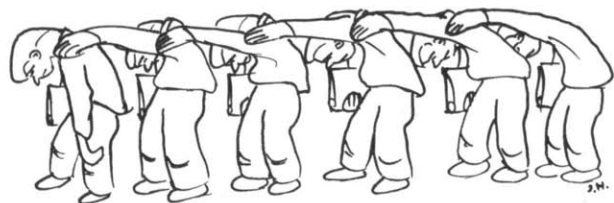
And there it was, the birth of the Lounge. For days I could think of only one thing — no Voo Doo paper. Why, with no special paper, I could write across the whole page and not leave any margin. Imagine! no margins; I thought of all my old English papers, margins replete with terse comments — *Meaning? Substantiate? Why?* Now if I should slip up and leave a little room and someone squeezed in a comment, what of it? *Meaning?* "I regret that my writing is above a level you can comprehend." *Substantiate!* "Don't have to; write for Voo Doo, you know." Pure Joy.

So much for motive, now on to purpose. The purpose of the Lounge, if any, is merely the fostering of a monthly, informal discussion group. Before I go any further, I want to make one point clear: This is a Lounge for men; any women entering here do so at their own risk (in this place that's considerable risk). However, it would be rather nice to have just a few women nosing around. We might get an answer to the important question of the day, "What percentage of women frequent Men's Lounges?"

We'll have fun; we'll talk about so many things — the weather, Boston, drinking, gambling, the white slave racket and how to get started in it, *The Tech* (in very derogatory terms), and, even though their presence here is discouraged, we'll talk about women, the whys and why-nots thereof — just once in a while, you know, to show we're a part of the tradition of that grand, progressive magazine that never goes backward, always moves forward, Ood Oov.

Drop by again next month.

BILL HERTZMARK



# And I'll Have a Hat When I Go Out

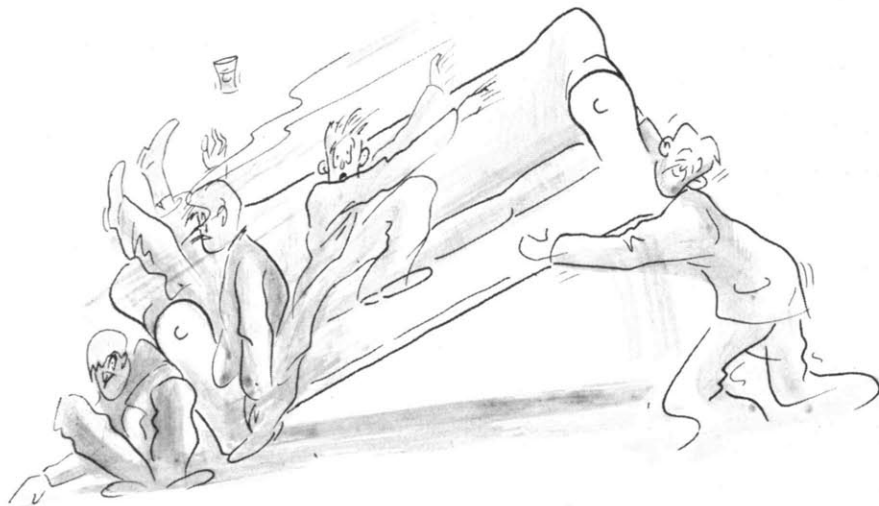
# FRIENDS



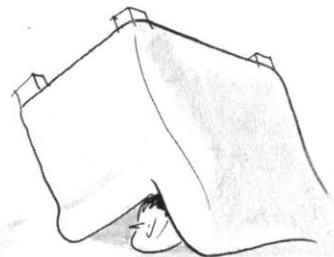
1. The generous host. He has been sampling the punch since five o'clock. Wants every one to have a good time. "Have another drink. We can't let this stuff go to waste. We'll just have to put it in the kids' lunch pails if you don't drink it. Drink it all the time myself and look at me. Aw c'mon. . ."



2. The courteous drunk. He has read Emily Post and knows the proper thing to do when introduced to a young lady. Somehow his feet always get tangled.

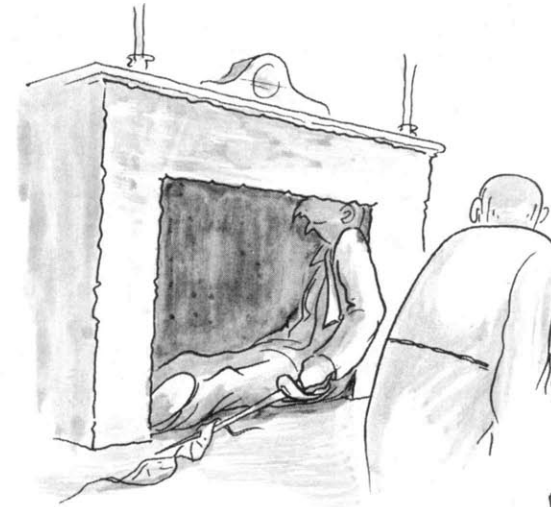


3. Strong-man drunk with a flair for interior decorating. After a few stiff ones, he apparently thinks the ceiling is the floor and begins to move the furniture into place. The thing to do is to sic him onto the radiator.



4. Automaton or female sponge. Her mother told her; her father taught her. Liquor intended to lower her morals will only lower your bank balance. If she hasn't cracked a smile by the seventh drink, switch her to ginger ale; maybe it will tickle her. If that doesn't work, forget about sex for the night, feller, give her your car keys and address and have a good time by yourself.

# OF YOURS?



5. The late-stayer. He is found on the premises the morning after in surprising locations. Will apologize profusely when awakened. No mention should be made of any peculiarities connected with his position in order to prevent mutual embarrassment.



6. The belligerent drunk. Sore at the world and plans to take it out on you. If you're a Republican, he's a Democrat; if you're a vivisectionist, he's an anti-vivisectionist; if you smile at his girl, he says you're on the make; if you don't look at her, he says you're snubbing her. If he heads for you, drop to the floor and have some one count ten over you.



7. The musical drunk. Four drinks and he's Harry Truman. Knows one half of one song: *God Bless America*. Comes in handy with his wail for breaking up late parties and leases.



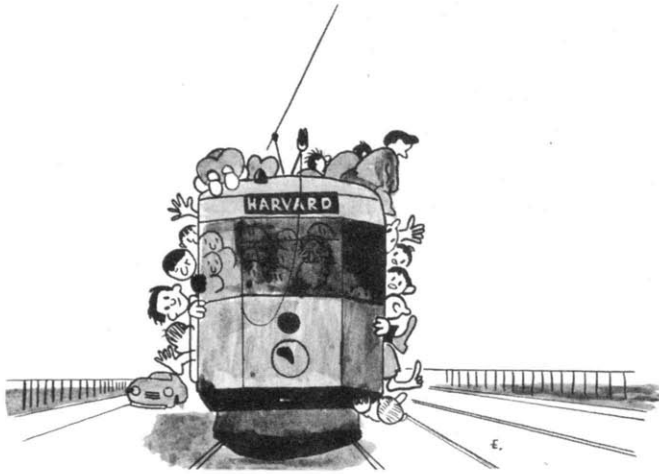
8. Fatherly drunk. Your girl is in a corner necking with somebody else, so this leech attaches himself to you and pours forth the wisdom of the ages: "Don't let it get you down, son. Women is all alike. Now when I was a traveling salesman out of St. Louis. . ."



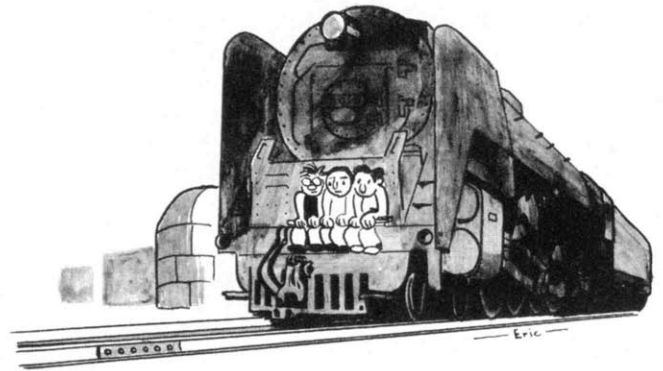
9. Pseudo-drunk. He's only drunk by his own definition. Takes advantage of a drink and a half to cover up his ulterior motives. Spouts, "I'm drunk honey, an' I can't help what I'm doin' 'cause I'm drunk an' you can't blame me 'cause I'm drunk. Gimme a kiss."

# THE TREK TO TECH

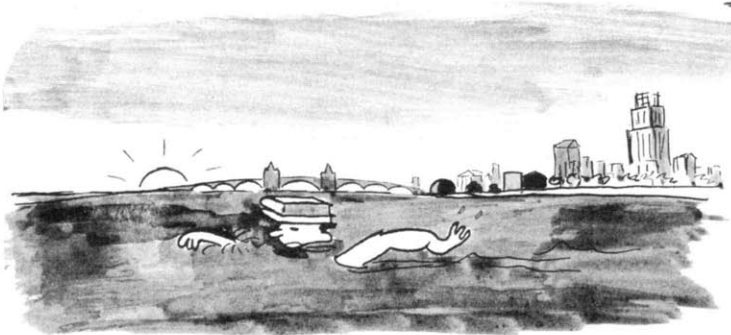
Voo Doo, ever socially conscious, surveys one of the critical problems facing the E. E.'s, M. E.'s, Chem. E.'s, and WhoopEEs of tomorrow — how in hell to make that nine o'clock class.



The Massachusetts Avenue trolleys, which leave the Boston side of Harvard Bridge every other once and a while, offer a convenient mode of transportation for those with sharp elbows and halitosis.



Out back on Vassar Street the Boston and Albany's Red Ball Express with its usual precious cargo of over-ripe bananas, second hand newspapers, and Pepsi-Cola Treasure Tops, provides daily passage to Tech's back door.

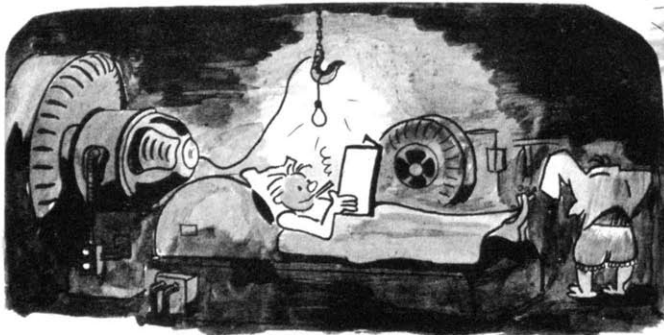


A few of the more hardy Tech men have recently attempted this dime-saving device for crossing the Charles. However, we know of one unfortunate swimmer who encountered a strong down-stream current; he was given up as dead, until happened upon by the T. C. A. in Pieroni's window, where he had been keeping a mackerel company for four days.

This method is not recommended for those carrying a heavy load.



Some of our more easy-going students can be seen urging forward their faithful donkey, *Schnell*? as they make their way to and from Tech. The problem of what to do with *Schnell* during classes was solved by enrolling him in Course XV; he's been making an ass of himself ever since.



Then again, why go home at all?

# Massachusetts Institute of Technology

## CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY  
offers the following Professional Courses

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Architecture

City Planning

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Chemistry  
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Food Technology — Five Year Course  
General Science  
Geology

Mathematics  
Options: Pure and Applied Mathematics  
Industrial Statistics  
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### SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

Aeronautical Engineering  
**Building Engineering and Construction**  
Options: Heavy Construction  
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Courses: Based on Physical Sciences  
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Civil Engineering  
Group Electives:  
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Industrial Relations

Electrical Engineering  
Options: Electric Power  
Illumination Engineering  
Electrical Communications  
Electronic Applications  
Electrical Engineering  
Co-operative Course  
General Engineering  
Marine Transportation  
Mechanical Engineering  
Options: General Mechanical  
Engineering  
Engineering Science  
Automotive Engineering  
Mechanical Engineering-  
Co-operative Course  
Metallurgy  
Options: Metallurgy  
Mineral Dressing  
Meteorology  
Naval Architecture  
and Marine Engineering

The duration of each of the above undergraduate Courses is four academic years, with the exception of Architecture, Food Technology (Five Year Course), Physical Biology, and the Co-operative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years. In addition to the Bachelor's degree, the above five year courses, with the exception of Architecture, lead also to the Master's degree.

Graduate study, leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees, is offered in Ceramics and in most of the above professional Courses.

A five year Course is offered which combines study in Engineering or Science, and Economics. This leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the professional field, and to the degree of Master of Science in Economics and Engineering or Economics and Natural Science.

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions. The Catalogue for the academic year will be sent free on request.

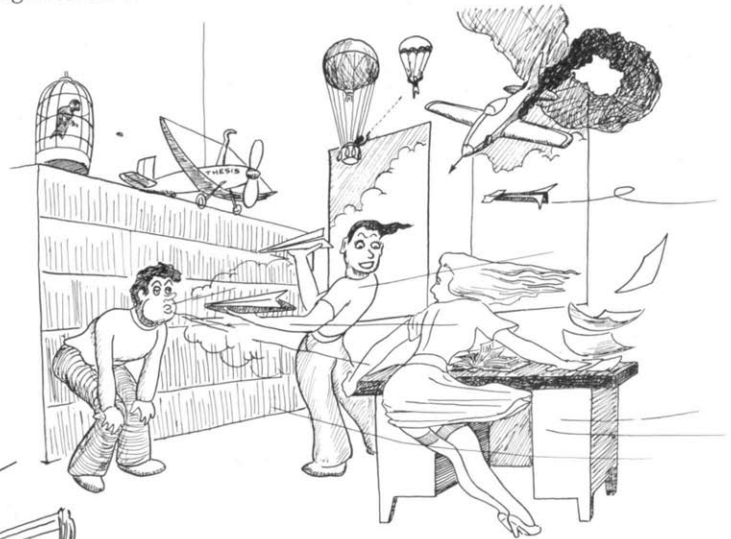
# A Guide to the INSTITUTE LIBRARIES



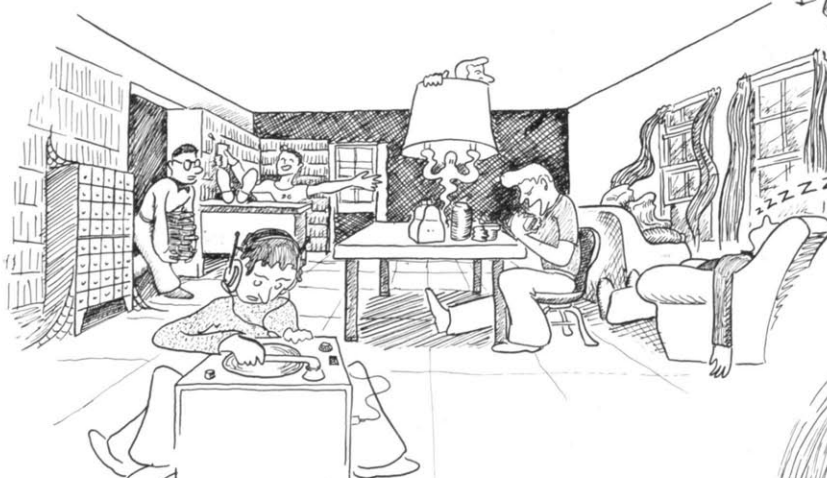
2. *Dewey Library*. This contains material of interest to business and administration majors. All drinks 29 cents before 6 p.m.



1. *Architectural Library*. The left wing of the Institute. A good hide-out for anyone needing a haircut or a shave. Erector sets available on overnight reserve.



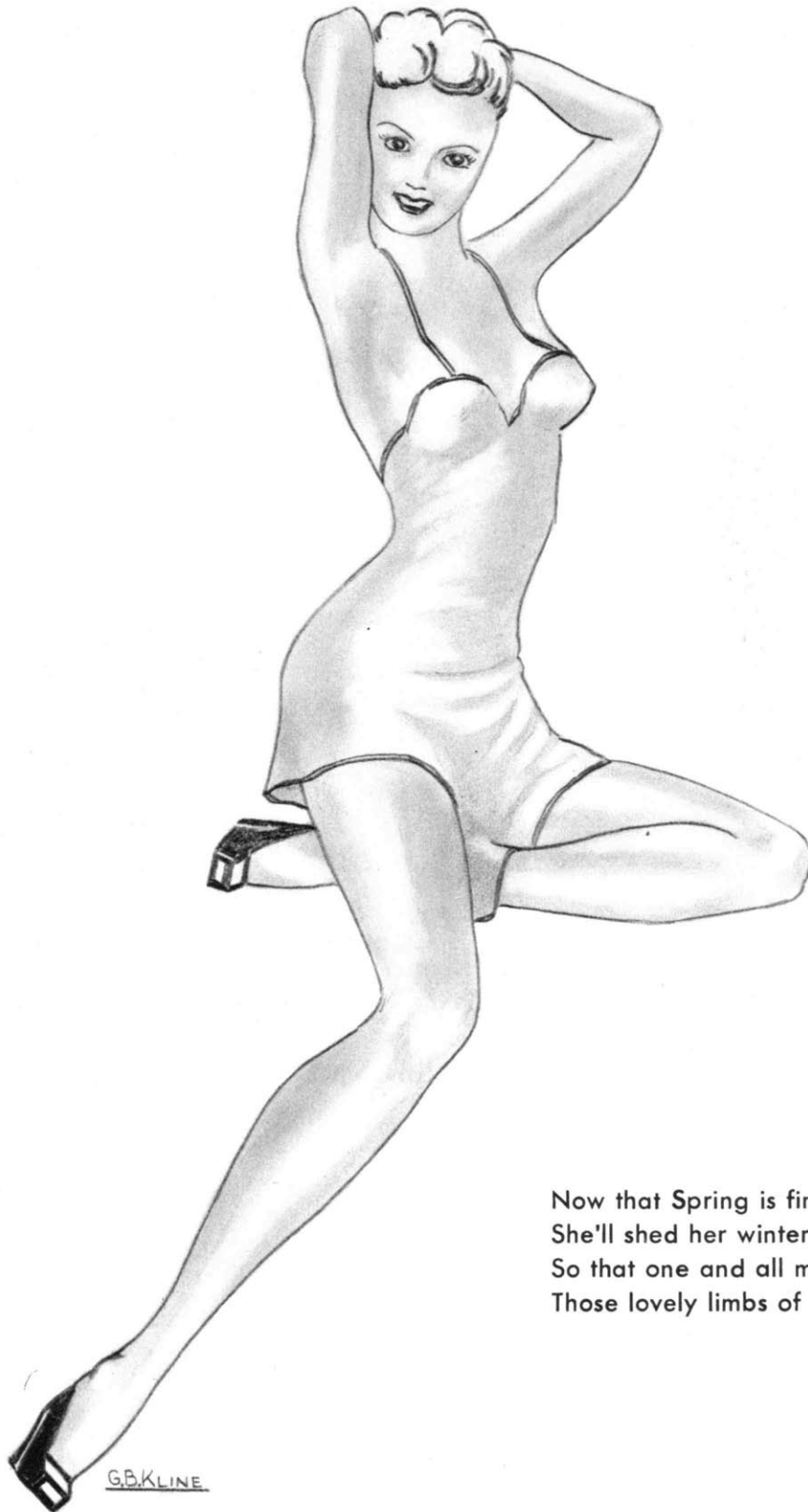
3. *Aeronautical Library*. "There I was at 40,000 feet, flat on my back, Zeros coming in at 12 o'clock, and me with a class at one. . . ." Current copies and bound volumes of *Air Trails*, *Smiling Jack*, and *Model Aircraft News* on file.



4. *Walker Library*. Noted for its fine collection of last month's magazines. Spitting off the balcony prohibited during the lunch hour.



5. *Lindgren Mining Library*. Ideal for those who want to go deep into the subject. Limited number of copies of *Mine Kampf* and *Bessemer Mucho* available.



Now that Spring is finally here,  
She'll shed her winter furs;  
So that one and all may cheer  
Those lovely limbs of hers.

# Smith House

Famous  
Food  
For  
Fifty  
Years

500 MEMORIAL DRIVE  
CAMBRIDGE

TROWBRIDGE 6-8500

Football Coach: "What's the matter with youse guys? You look like a bunch of amateurs."



She was the type who softly murmurs sweet nothing doings in your ear.  
— *The Log*



"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he erased the board.

— *Utah Unique*



Over cocktails, glances seem so sweet, How will they look over shredded wheat?

— *Carolina*



"I hear," he said hopefully, "that you have a propensity for petting."

"A dirty lie!" she cried. "All I have is a davenport!"

— *Claw*



Girl: "I want some real kissproof lipstick."

Clerk: "Try this. It's a cross between an onion and a bichloride of mercury."



"Why the toothbrush in your lapel?"

"It's my class pin — I go to Colgate."

— *Dodo*



"Glasses definitely help to cure that tired feeling," declares an oculist. "The trouble being, of course, that most people can't afford to keep filling them."

"I didn't know she was a golfer when she asked me to play around."

— *Scottie*



Heaven protects the working girl, But Heaven, I fear, is shirking. For who protects, I'd like to know, The fellow whom she's working?

— *Pup Tent*



English Prof: "What is a metaphor?"

Frosh: "For cows to graze in."

— *Aggrieved*



You never can tell how a girl's going to turn out until her folks turn in.

— *Spartan*



Familiarity breeds attempt —



Bookstore Salesman: "Young man, you need this book. It will do half your college work for you."

Freshman: "Fine. Give me two!"

— *Urchin*



"What lovely antique furniture! I wonder where Mrs. Jones got that huge chest?"

"Well, they tell me her mother was the same way."



I was abroad myself for two years but a psychiatrist fixed me up.

— *Mercury*



"Oh, darling, I've missed you." And she raised her revolver and tried again.



# TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You meet heart-throb #1 as you enter the Cake House with a dolly on each arm. Don't goof off! Don't get "discumbobulated"! Just pass yummy Life Savers all around. They're wonderful little tension-breakers. Before you know it, that week-end date's yours.

THE CANDY WITH THE HOLE



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:

She: "How was your party last night?"  
Voice on phone: "Oh! We're having a swell time."

*This one finally arrived by pony express all the way from Marjie Nath, Mills College, Box 274, Oakland, Calif.*

**WERNICK'S**  
**TICKET AGENCY**

Located at the  
**ELIOT PHARMACY**

97 Massachusetts Ave. (at Newbury St.)

<b>Theatres</b>	<b>Baseball</b>	<b>Hockey</b>
<b>Football</b>	<b>Symphony</b>	<b>etc.</b>

Call **KENmore 6-4409**

The Gas Company in a college town inserted the following ad in the local paper:

"Wanted: Burly, beauty-proof man to read gas meters in the sorority houses. We haven't made a dollar in two years."

— *Scottie*



She: "What wonderfully developed arms you have."  
Bill: "Yes, I'm a football player. By the way, were you ever on a track team?"

— *The Log*



A Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American went to look at the Grand Canyon. They arrived at the edge and looked over.

The Frenchman said, "Ooolala, eet eez beautiful, magnificent, splendid!"

The Englishman said, "Quite extraordinary, quite."

The American spit in it.



We remember hearing somewhere or other that they had to discontinue the Roman holidays because of the overhead. The lions were eating up the prophets.

— *Covered Wagon*  
— *Chaparral, '47*



Hostess (to little boy at party): "Why don't you eat your JELLO?"

Little Boy: "I'm afraid, Ma'am. It ain't dead yet."

— *Ram-Buller*



A man came home one evening and raved about his new secretary. She was so efficient and good looking besides.

"Really a doll," he said.

His little daughter spoke up, "Does she close her eyes when you lay her down daddy?"

— *Ram-Buller*

A local tavern keeper, who had a reputation for keeping strong brews, was awakened the other night by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Go away. You can't have anything to drink at this hour."

"Who wants anything to drink," came the answer. "I left here at closing time without my crutches."

— *Odorono*

The Convenient Drug Store

Ready to Serve You

**THE MILLER DRUG CO.**

21 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

KENmore 6-2769

A certain businessman had the habit of leaving his umbrellas at his office. One morning as he was going to work he sat next to a young lady in the trolley car, and as he rose to get off he absent-mindedly picked up her umbrella. She said, "Pardon me, but this is mine." The man was quite embarrassed for his foolishness.

That night he decided to take all his umbrellas home with him. When he got into the car there sat the same young lady. She leaned forward and said in a low tone: "I see you did pretty well today after all."

—Pointer



"Now, gentlemen," said the president of the Homely Baby Bottle Co., "we have 50,000 of these feeding bottles in stock and we expect you salesmen to go out and create a demand."

—Mis-A-Sip



A long skirt is like prohibition — the joints are still there, but they're harder to find.

—Log

**FENNELLS**

59 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

IMPORTED and DOMESTIC  
WINES — LIQUORS AND ALES

Across the BRIDGE at Commonwealth Avenue

We Have On Hand BUDWEISER, PABST BLUE RIBBON,  
SCHLITZ BEERS and BALLANTINE'S ALE

JEL. **KENMORE 6-0222**

OPEN DAILY 9 A.M. TO 11 P.M. — Free Delivery Service

Our Refrigerator Capacity is 500 Cases of Cold Beer and Ale

**MAHLOWITZ MARKET**

GROCERIES, MEATS AND PROVISIONS  
ALES, BEERS, WINES

FREE DELIVERY SERVICE

Located near Central Square

Telephone  
Kirkland 6-8075

782 Main Street  
Cambridge

Marriage is a mutual partnership — with the husband the mute.

—The Log



Sign in Boston library: Low Conversation Permitted.



It is a fixed belief that the dumb girl who tried to talk her boy-friend into buying her a dress shouldn't mind too much his trying to talk her out of it.

—Scottie



"I just heard that the students have a nickname for Prof. Smith, and I think that is very nice," said Prof. Jones. "It shows a real intimacy and comradeship. I sometimes wish they would give me a nickname."

"The students have a nickname for you," said his son. "It's Sanka."

That night about midnight, after thinking the matter over many times, the father got up, went down to the kitchen and hunted until he found a can of Sanka. Then he read on the label: "More than 98% of the active portion of the bean has been removed."

*Eliot Flower Shop*  
Corsages our Specialty  
Flowers for All Occasions  
Special service to Tech students

87 Massachusetts Avenue  
KENmore 6-6470 Boston



**BEDTIME STORY**

Picture a small field, with the hot summer sun beating down on the field's lone occupant, a cow, also in this field a shade tree not very large in size. Said Mrs. Cow to herself, "I think I'll go over and lie in the shade of that tree and get out of this infernally hot sun." Buzzing around overhead was Mr. Bee intent too, on getting under the shade of the little tree. Unfortunately, both arrived at the same moment, and the following conversation took place:

Said Mrs. Cow, "If you try to get under the shade of that tree Mr. Bee, I'm going to eat you up." And retorted Mr. Bee, "If you try to get under the shade of that tree Mrs. Cow, I will sting you." Both tried to get under its branches and Mrs. Cow promptly swallowed Mr. Bee. It was just a moment or so later that Mr. Bee arrived in the cow's stomach, and noting how cool it was in there said, "I think I'll have a little nap and when I wake up I'll sting this lumbering cow." So Mr. Bee slept and slept and when he awoke, the cow was gone.



"Why do men have hair on their chests?"

"Well, they can't have everything."  
— *Kitty-Kat*



Were the boys rough at the party?  
No, not one bit.



Old Lady: "You don't chew tobacco, do you little boy?"

Little Boy: "No, mum, but I could let you have a cigarette."

— *Colorado Dodo*

**BAR BROGUE**

- Fizz* — Type of hat worn by Asiatics.
- Bar* — Large hairy animal.
- Swizzle* — Type of chair.
- Absinthe* — Cutting class.
- Gin* — Physical education.
- Drunk* — Main part of a tree.
- Goblet* — Small sailor.
- Stein* — Mark left by a glass on a table.
- Hennessey* — State where Memphis is located.
- Bottle* — A combat.
- Tokay* — Affirmative expression.
- Rum* — Singular of what a house is divided into.
- Rye* — Extremely sour taste.
- Sherry* — What Washington chopped down.
- Kummel* — Large animal with bumps.
- Set-ups* — Morning exercises.
- Bacardi* — Rear part of yard on which a house is built.

— *Old Maid*



Manager: "What's this big item on your expense account?"

Salesman: "Oh, that's my hotel bill."

Manager: "Well, don't buy any more hotels."



Freshman: "Why do the janitors at this college wear uniforms?"

Sophomore: "So we can tell them from the English Professors."

— *Scottie*



"Now that you've bought my horse, what are you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to race him."

"Bet you win."

— *Hunt's Journal*



"Hey, what's the big idea, painting your car red on one side and blue on the other?"

"It's a great idea. You should hear the witnesses contradicting each other."



"You have an advantage over me when we go out together."

"How so?"

"You're in better company than I am."

Father (to son home for Christmas)

"Son, you're taking accounting at school, aren't you?"

Son: "Sure, Dad."

Father: "Then maybe you can account for the silk lingerie you sent home in your laundry, last week."

— *Colorado Dodo*



"I call my girl 'Furnace.'"

"Why, because she's a hot number?"

"No, she goes out on me if I don't watch her."

— *Colorado Dodo*



He: "I just heard of a girl who takes a shower and dresses in three minutes."

She: "Why, that isn't so wonderful!"

He: "I'd like to see you do it."

— *Malteaser*

## If books vanished in the night

ivy-covered universities would stand as empty as the Colosseum

the doors of industrial America would be padlocked

and the shelves of the libraries covered with cobwebs.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT A GOOD BOOK LATELY?

**HOLLISTON MILLS, INC.**  
Norwood, Mass.

Man may have more courage than woman, but he doesn't get half the chance to show his backbone.

— *Wel Hen*



"Is there a factory on that road?"

"No, that's Lover's Lane."

"Then why did that girl say that she'd been through the mill there?"



Here's a toast to the girl who steals, lies, and swears — steals into your arms, lies there, and swears she loves you.

— *Hi Y'All*



The old maid called in her lawyer and explained her last will and testament. "I want to give \$3,000 to the art museum, \$1,000 to my nephew, \$1,000 to the Y.M.C.A. and \$1,000 to the library."

"What about the remaining \$500?"

"I've never had a lover, and I'll give that to anyone who will kiss and make love to me."

"I'll do it," said the lawyer. He hurried home and explained to his wife. That evening he called on the old maid.

At nine o'clock his wife became nervous and called him on the phone.

"It's all right, dear," he explained. "She has cut off the art museum and the library, and if you'll let me stay another hour, she'll drop the Y.M.C.A."

## PRITCHETT LOUNGE

OPEN NIGHTLY

7.00 P. M. TO MIDNIGHT

Including Sunday

SAME PRICES PREVAIL AS IN  
OLD LOUNGE BAR

ALL STUDENTS ARE WELCOME  
WITH OR WITHOUT ESCORTS

## DANCING NIGHTLY

WALKER MEMORIAL DINING SERVICE



# EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Forget the principle of the thing—this is money! That's right—legal tender . . . in folding quantities . . . as high as fifteen bucks—that's what Pepsi-Cola Company pays for gags and such-like you send in and we print. Procedure? Simple—send your stuff, marked with your name, address, school and class, 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.

Will getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag hurt its chances? Don't be naive, chums. We like it. So, if you should wind up with a rejection slip clutched in your hot little fist, that won't be the reason. Well, don't just sit there! Pick up that pencil—get your stuff started now. There's Easy Money waiting!

## LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for Ben Ornoff, of Univ. of North Carolina, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furore in local circles by entering one of our better bistros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to plug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.

## HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Carmody of Manhattan College; and Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ., respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking"!

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

Current quotation on these is \$3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.

## 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

**\$100.00**

## — DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whitaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Duvall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.; and James O. Snider, Baylor Univ., for these gems:

Lipstick—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people.

Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

Steam—water gone crazy over the heat.

So we're subsidizing lunacy. Okay—but it's still a buck apiece for any of these we buy.

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



Ever play "pin the tail on the donkey?" Well, this is pretty much the same idea—and never mind the obvious cracks. \$5 each for the best captions. Or send in your own idea for a cartoon. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: \$15 each to Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif. and Herbert John Brammeier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.; \$10 to H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma; and \$5 each to Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charlton of William and Mary College, and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.

ALL THESE STARS APPEAR  
IN DAVID O. SELZNICK'S PRODUCTION  
"THE PARADINE CASE"  
DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

CHARLES  
COBURN

ANN  
TODD

ETHEL  
BARRYMORE

LOUIS  
JOURDAN



WITH THE STARS  
IT'S CHESTERFIELD

BECAUSE **A** ALWAYS MILDER  
**B** BETTER TASTING  
**C** COOLER SMOKING

THE RIGHT COMBINATION...  
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

GREGORY  
PECK

VALLI

ALWAYS BUY

CHESTERFIELD