

# WOODOO

Nov 25





# LION ON THE LOOSE!



Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon finds EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER—in handling "big cats" ...and in choosing a cigarette, too!

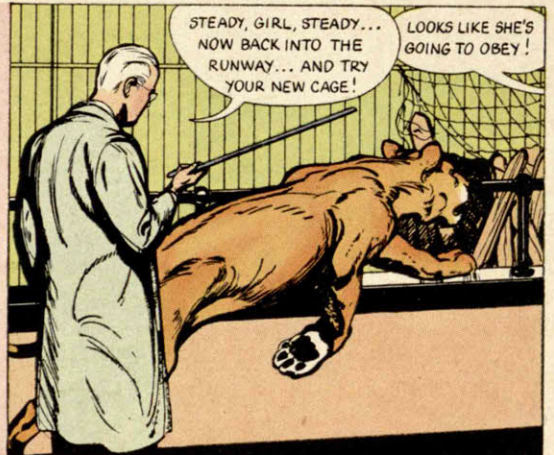


## EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER\*

LONG EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT CLYDE GORDON NEVER TO SHOW FEAR TO AN ANIMAL. HE STANDS HIS GROUND... SPEAKING SOFTLY, INSISTENTLY... WHILE DIVERTING HER ATTENTION WITH BROOM HANDLE.



\*TRUE, TOO, IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE! WITH SMOKER AFTER SMOKER WHO TRIED AND COMPARED—CAMELS ARE THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!



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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."

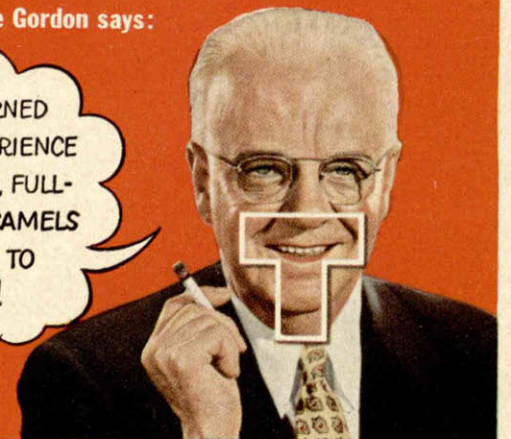


Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon says:

I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT MILD, FULL-FLAVORED CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'!

Clyde Gordon

General Curator and Director Staten Island Zoo



According to a Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

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



**CAMELS—the Choice of Experience!**



**C**AMBRIDGE Mass. — Pop. — 110,879; Alt. — 3.5'. Noted for its many universities and institutions. The only city in the United States where every time you open your mouth to speak, you wash it out with soap. It seems rather strange that here, in one of the centers of learning and research, no one bothers to eliminate the odor of soap from the air.

Voo Doo is going to go out on a limb and start a campaign to boycott Lux Soap until they put the oxygen back in the atmosphere. To start things rolling we've adopted a party emblem and a campaign chant. "Bathless" Groggins is our choice as the symbol of our determination to resist the ravages of soap. The jingle goes like this;

*Lifebuoy, Ivory, Swan, and Camay  
Will get our hard-earned bucks.  
Till they make the odor amscray  
We won't buy no more Lux.*

Bet that'll make Mr. Luckman sit up and take notice.

Maybe we'll be able to raise such a stink that the soap won't be noticeable. It's about time something was done and even if we only get the company to provide towels, it will be a moral victory for our side.

Students — unite! Fight this menace to our way of life!!!

**I**N LINE with Voo Doo's campaign to beautify our fair city, it is interesting to note that they have started to tear down the old Shoe Exposition Building on Memorial Drive. This building is perhaps the most classic example of a project begun on a shoestring and lasting for ages. The ruins have been there for so long that Harvard planned to send an expedition next year to see if the Romans had left them.

It really is high time that they removed this eyesore. Members of the Architecture Department must have seen it in their wildest nightmares. The surprising thing is that none of their students took it upon themselves to tear it down. It would have been worth the trouble.

The expense could have been avoided. All they had to do was use it as a dormitory. The freshmen and sophs would have gladly done it for them.

S.

*Cover this month by Waldt.*



US

Volume XXXI

November, 1948

No. 7

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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## OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



St. Louis, Mo.

Dearest Phos:

Having moved myself to this new land of early closing hours, I should like to recommend it as worthy of a visit from you, since I have received that typical Boston hospitality in which you are so well versed. Among other things, this is the home of Bud.

Ran across this excellent description of the Techman's ideal during school hours:

"An engineer is a person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out, with prolific fortitude, infinite strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micromatic precision from vague assumptions which are based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopeless chimerical group of fanatics referred to all too frequently as Engineers."

Noticing this reminded me of certain passages in Philip's.

Enclosed find two bucks for which I hope to receive material which will aid me in raising the moral(e) of this fair town.

Love and Suds,  
KENNETH MARSHALL '47

*Ed. — Thanks for the note, Ken, and rest assured that you will receive your copies of Voo Doo, — but Phos wants to know if Bud is a friend of Stoopnagle.*

Cambridge  
October 18, 1948

Dear Sir:

I am interested in any information which you might be able to give me concerning the report that a class in "Model Making" is being considered in conjunction with course IV (Architecture). I would appreciate a reply, as my other inquiries have remained unanswered. I think it's a terrific idea, myself, and I may undergo a change of course.

I am certain that such a class would go over with a big bang.

Hopefully yours,  
Ivan Itch

P.S. I can suggest a few good models for this course.

*Ed. — Where do you get that stuff Ivan Itch! I bet your real name is some simple thing like Romeo Albatross. As far as the class is concerned, we don't know much about it, but please keep us posted, as we might like to undergo such a change of course, ourselves.*



### HISTORY OF A JOKE

**Birth:** A freshman thinks it up and chuckles with glee, waking up two fraternity men in the back row.

**Age five minutes:** Freshman tells it to senior, who answers, "Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."

**Age 1 day:** Senior turns it into the college humor rag.

**Age 10 days:** Editor has to fill magazine, prints joke.

**Age 1 month:** Thirteen college comics reprint joke.

**Age three years:** Yale Record reprints joke as original.

**Age three years, one month:** College Humor reprints joke crediting it to the Record.

**Age 10 years:** 76 radio comedians discover joke simultaneously, tell it accompanied by howls of mirth from boys in the orchestra.

**Age 20 years:** Joke is reprinted in Reader's Digest.

**Age about 100 years:** Professors start telling it in class.

**Age 110:** Printed in college humor magazine.



A man received an undecipherable prescription from his doctor. After it had been made up by the druggist it was returned to him, and he used it for two years as a pass on a railroad, gained admission to dances, movies and theaters, while in the evenings his daughter used it to practice on the piano.

— *Polaris*



"Honey, let me in; it's Gertrude. Let me in." More silence.

"Honey, please, honey."

Then from the depths of the silent room came a man's voice, cold with dignity.

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

— *Dodo*



A Columbia home owner was mowing his lawn dressed in his oldest clothes. A woman in a fine car stopped and asked him: "What do you get for mowing lawns?"

"The lady who lives here lets me sleep with her," replied the home owner. The lady in the car drove away without a comment.

— Ram Buller



Salesman: "Do you wear nightgowns or pajamas?"

Young Lady: "No."

Salesman: "My name is Bowers. John Bowers."

— Frivol



"If anyone knows any reason why this man should not marry this lady, let him now speak, or forever hold his peace."

Voice from the rear: "That's no lady, that's my wife."

— Pup

Mother: Stop reaching across the table, Junior. Don't you have a tongue?

Junior: Yes, but my arm's longer.

— Down-Towner



Mother: "Now, Junior, be a good boy and say 'Ah-h-h,' so the doctor can get his finger out of your mouth."



It was one of mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn.

"You go right in, remove your pants, and mend them yourself."

Some time later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open and she called down loudly and sternly: "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No, Madam, I am reading the gas meter."

— Columns

Together they sat  
On a bench in the park —  
Together they sat  
So close in the dark.

The breezes blew softly,  
The moon shone above,  
'Twas a warm summer evening —  
A night made for love.

He snuggled up closer  
She kissed in the dark,  
He licked her sweet face  
And let out — a bark.

— Goldfish



"Are they very strict at the Institute?"

"Strict? You remember Brown? He died in class and they propped him up until the end of the lecture."



"Did you get his number?" asked the cop of the hit and run driver's victim.

"No, Officer, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere."

— Down Towner

## QUESTIONS

- A** A field of red where tragedy lies,  
A cheerful thing when it's something of Ty's.
- B** The shamrock and the blarney stone  
Have helped to make its power known.
- C** Ten to the sixth say they satisfy.  
Ten to the zero will echo their cry.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

**A** The word Milder which is underlined (and is in comparative degree) in the phrase "I enjoy Chesterfields because they're really Milder."

**B** The twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet is Y. Add a MAN and you have Y-MAN, or WYMAN.

**C** Mac (or Mc), and "a pin to join two pieces" (dowel) gives you McDowell, with which name you may win.

**WINNERS...** Robert H. Burke Andrew Cole Frank T. Hulswit  
Robert Lincoln Thomas E. Shepherd W. R. Daynall  
Marilyn Secor Mary Kibler

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**Visit Our Lounge Bar**

**165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston**





# DOING THE TOWN

FOR this month's article, I thought that I might just try to find a place that was absolutely new to Boston itself—one that you surely hadn't been in, and a place worth remarking about. As a matter of fact, I didn't quite manage to do either, but I sure intend writing this little episode on the basis of the material I've got.

The place of latest visit I thought was new. It turns out though, that it isn't so new after all, but simply reopened after a long closing during the late war. Isn't that patriotic? I guess that they didn't want to drain off all the U. S. O. talent for their own personal use. Furthermore, as you may have figured out by this point, I am not at all sure that it is even worth mentioning, unless you want to read a steady stream of invective for the next several lines.

So. One Friday night, a series of friends and myself rolled into the parking lot that is conveniently located on Broadway, right off Park Square behind the Statler, and right across from the night-club type establishment that is called the Mayfair. Now there was a mistake if ever I made one. What I should have done was to roll the old Buick up against a curb somewhere in the vicinity because I really wasn't in the place long enough to justify a parking fee. None the less, that is exactly what transpired. We all jumped gaily out of the heap and toddled ourselves across the street to be greeted by-guess what? A doorman! One of these latter I haven't seen in Lo! these many months. Not that I particularly miss them, you understand. We ignored him, except that I did note that he made mention of the fact that it was a good evening, isn't it Sir? It *was* up to then, too, so we still have only one error chalked up against us at this point.

Now, on in we ambled. Naturally, one expects to encounter a head waiter who discourses with you for a bare moment on the size of your party, and that's just what happened. This

notable event was succeeded by his guiding us, Indian fashion, down a narrow little aisle between a sprinkling of tables, and by his finally depositing us at one of our very own. Thus, I was, for practically the first time, since I'd lit in there, able to take a look around. And, I might add, a listen around. (Beat *that*.) Honest to Pete, when we got in there, there was a girl dancing with a small orchestra accompanying her, and that was the last moment of comparative quiet that we had until we got ourselves out on the street again. For the rest of the time that we were there, we were in practically nose-to-nose conversation, and none of us left there with any clear comprehension of what had been said. I never saw a noisier set of acts. To perpetuate the nuisance, it's continuous. So anyway, here I am looking around. The room where all of the shenanigans are going on is almost square, and quite tastefully done. Not too crowded with tables. The stage is quite large, and around three sides of that is a bar that was quite full. Just three or four rings of tables, the people at which seemed to be just as interested in the show as were the people at the bar. I couldn't see it at the time, but checked later to determine that there was, off the entrance foyer, a separate bar. This is isolated from the noise of the interior, has a television set, and is very spacious. Didn't look too bad, but I just made a spot check of the situation there, and refuse to promise anything for it.

An interesting facet right out of Life turned up while I was engaged in the perusal of the general layout. This was a young woman ventriloquist. She was quite good in that her mouth moves practically none while she is making the dummy make inserting comments on the assembled bit of the populace, but she gave the scene no more peace than did any of the others. The only reason that I comment on her in particular is that



she was a couple of years behind me in high school which is now many years and many miles behind me. I was, as one can well believe, somewhat surprised to see her. More of the returned U. S. O. talent.

One advantage to the place is that there is neither a cover nor a minimum charge. I think that they make up on this to a degree by shading the price of liquor a bit high, but it is certainly more inexpensive that way, unless you are really going to tank up. The waitress assured me that in the good old days the Mayfair was known about town as a good place to go for top-flight entertainment — all the big names and that sort of thing. The attempt is being made to restore trade to the original levels, of course, after which the management will presumably return to that sort of a set-up. I am quite unfamiliar with the place as it was several years ago, so I can't tell whether that is good, bad, or indifferent. At the moment, it is new and noisy.

My idea of what a good night club

should include has yet to develop in Boston, although some of the hotels have fairly representative presentations. This place is one, for instance, that you would think would try to make their appeal to the public on the basis of their entertainment. Instead of that, it turns out to be very small-time stuff. Hell's Bells, you can go any number of different places that are nicer to drink in, and you can similarly find a goodly number of equally nice places to dance at. But there is yet to present itself a really good place where you can drink, be entertained, and dance, feeling, meanwhile, that any of the attractions is just as good as the others. Do you suppose that the presence of all of the institutions of higher learning around and about has influenced the popular opinion to the extent that they believe that they must specialize in one, or at most, two, of the above areas?

As I remember the situation that night, I was in a pretty good mood, and I am quite sure that I wouldn't

develop such a negative impression of a place if there wasn't really something wrong, having started with such fair humor. I can conclude with no more than the statement that I don't recommend the Mayfair. It is certainly not the place to engage in a few moments of quiet chit-chat. It will cost you less to drink in any number of cocktail lounges around. If you want to get started on a neurotic tear, though, it might be just the place for you to begin.

JOHN FISHER



Too much study  
Makes me muddy;  
Too much smoke  
Makes me choke;  
Too much petting  
Makes me sweating  
Too much drinking

makes me feel like the adjective which not only best describes my condition, but also rhymes, and "think" is not an adjective.

— Pelican

## *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**

## **The Most Interesting Spot in Town**

**AND—Don't miss the famous "Baseball Room"**

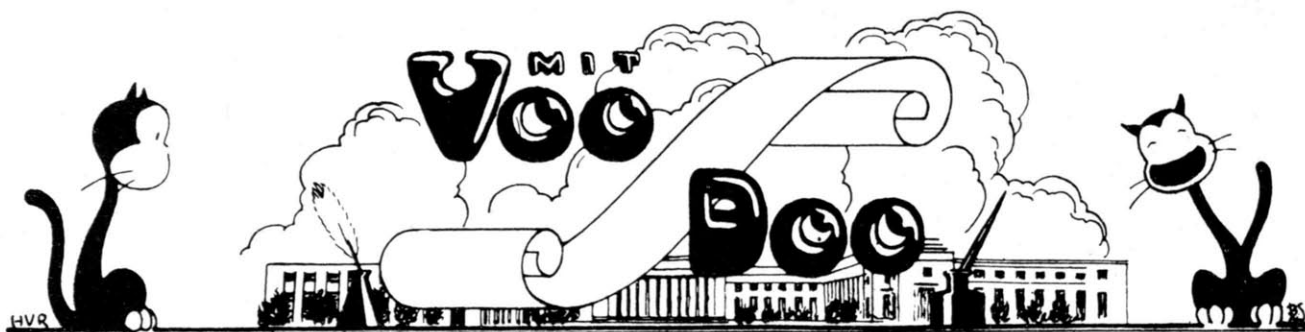
*Meet me at Jimmy O'Keefe's*

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**S**EEN outside 3-440 after MIT quiz: A Freshman in complete perplexity, nervously folding and unfolding his quiz paper, mumbling, "I can't understand why they scare us so much before the quizzes, and then give us such easy ones!"

**H**AVING crashed — in the quest of Voo-Dooing material — a Radcliffe-Harvard dance for freshmen in the Radcliffe gym, we were rewarded by this bit, which came over the microphone between dances:

"Will Miss Phyllis Bouvell please come to the microphone, as her date is waiting for her. Er... if there isn't any Phyllis Bouvell here, the gentleman's name is Charlie Carpenter. He's not sure he remembered her name."

**T**HOSE who breeze eastward along Memorial Drive will notice, just after passing Walker Memorial, a sign on the left which reads: "One Way. Do Not Enter." However, after disregarding the sign and making the turn (the conventional procedure), the driver encounters another sign a few yards further which certainly is a tribute to the foresight of the designer of this hunk of Cambridge pavement. The second sign is simply a boulevard stop. Evidently the logic behind all this as we see it is: "Do not enter, but in case you do, please pause a moment before proceeding."

**W**E'D stayed up all of a Sunday night to the following morning on a 15.71 assignment, and, with a bunch of equally beat fellow students,

appeared in class the next morning much the worse for wear.

The period began with Professor Schell himself appearing instead of Professor Boyan, the regular instructor. He quietly surveyed our bleak, unshining faces, then: "Well, it looks like everyone is here... And, uh — it looks like everyone has his assignment with him, too... Doesn't look as though any of you got much sleep either... Well, I'm quite sorry, but Professor Boyan's car wouldn't start this morning, so he couldn't get here for this class. Certainly was a shame to drag you here this morning when you could have gotten some sleep... Guess you could have used some... All that rain, too... Well, gentlemen, I think I'll sign a card for each of you to take over to the Coop and get yourselves something to eat. Consider it a treat from the Department. Class dismissed." We went to the Coop.



*"Must you bring home every stranger you meet on the street?"*

**A** few weeks ago we were over at the main sales desk in Building 10 trying to get rid of a few extra copies of the mag. As usual, there were comments about the quality of the first issue.

Quite a few Techmen didn't seem to care for our selection of the "Joke of the Month" and wanted to know the basis for our selection. As we explained at the time, the selection is made in a most democratic manner.

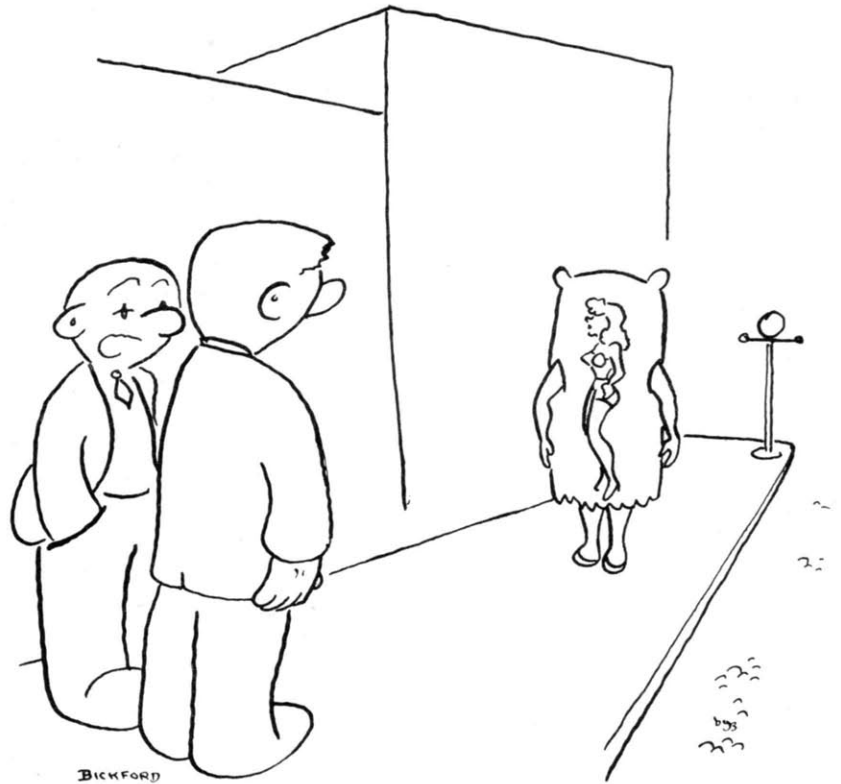
On the first Monday after the second Thursday of each month a special meeting is held in the Voo Doo



Board Room. The jokes that have been submitted during the previous month are read to the assembled Senior and Junior Boards. A short round table discussion follows. The jokes are analysed as to content, connotation, and contributor. The discussion is limited to one half hour, after which time a vote is taken. The Preferential system is used. That is, each board member votes for his first, second, and third choices. Senior Board members are allowed three votes (thus giving them nine choices) but are not permitted to cast more than four and a half votes for any one joke. Junior Board members, on the other hand, are permitted only one and a half votes (giving them a total of four and a half choices) but they are restricted to only two and two-thirds votes for any one joke.

Several ballots are taken until one joke receives a two-thirds majority. It can be seen at a glance that the system is swift and efficient. But lest the procedure become too machine like, the founding fathers of Voo Doo instituted certain checks and balances in order that the human element might not be left out completely. The most important of these safeguards is the Veto power vested in the Senior Board. In other words, if from among the four Senior Board members, *any four whatsoever* should disapprove of a certain joke, it is automatically selected. Incidentally, in the case of the October "Joke of the Month" the selection problem was somewhat simplified; only one joke was submitted.

NOT long ago we were wending our merry way down Bay State Road, when we saw a well-dressed woman with a rather familiar face turn in to a certain hotel. Somewhere, we knew, we had seen her before, but we couldn't remember where . . . About five minutes later we realized that the woman was Peaches of the Casino Burlesk House — the unfamiliar sight of her wearing all the clothes had failed to click properly.



*"Now don't start judging books by their covers."*

THE other day we were sitting in 2:42 class when suddenly the word "quiz" jangled its way in and registered itself upon our mind. We pulled our thoughts back to the classroom just in time to hear the prof say those fateful words, "This will separate the men from the boys." Spotting the lone co-ed in the room, the prof. added, "We'll have to make a special category for you." To this she very coyly replied, "No, I'll just go with the men."



A little bird sits on a tree  
Now he flies away  
Life is like that  
Here today, gone tomorrow.

A little bird sits in a tree  
Now he scratches himself  
Life is like that  
Lousy.

— Sundial

Dressed to kill in a coat of fur,  
Lounging against a cocktail bar;  
Baby, what I wouldn't give if you were,  
One-third as bad as you think you are.

— Urchin



Arriving at a strange hotel, a fussy woman thought she'd better know where the fire escape was. So she started exploring. During her tour, she opened a door and found herself in a bathroom occupied by an elderly gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she twittered. "I was looking for the fire escape."

Continuing her search, presently she heard the pad of bare feet behind her and a shout made her turn. It was the elderly man, clad in a bath towel.

"Wait a minute!" he gasped. "Where's the fire?"

# HOW TO ACHIEVE NERVOUS TENSION

Unless you happen to be the Joneses you ought to do some serious thinking about keeping up with them. Following the example of people named Jones is a social must nowadays. So let's have a look at a typical Jones family:

Mr. Jones has an oedipus complex, Mrs. Jones has St. Vitus' Dance, and Jones Jr. is a chronic alcoholic. This is significant. This means that if you want to be somebody who is **SOME-BODY**, you've got to have nervous tension. Here's how you do it:

First off, dig up some incident from your early childhood that you might conceivably be ashamed of, like the time you poured salt in the sugar bowl, or told your kindergarten teacher that she was a moth-eaten old bag. This incident you have obviously repressed, and that is why you are not a success today. Got that?

All right. Now the next step is to try and find fault with everything. If your boss gives you a raise, you're not worth it. If he doesn't give you a pay hike, he's a black-hearted bastard. If your wife asks you for money for a new dress, she's a spendthrift. If she doesn't ask you, she doesn't care about her appearance. This may be difficult at first, but you'll get the knack eventually.

Next, keep yourself from falling asleep. Toss and turn. If you find yourself dropping off, then try the old Oriental trick of talking to your toes. First relax them completely, and then yell in a harsh voice (which wakes up your wife, if possible), "Curl! Curl up, you sons of bitches!" Curl your toes tightly, and keep them curled until it hurts. Then repeat the exercise on your fingers.

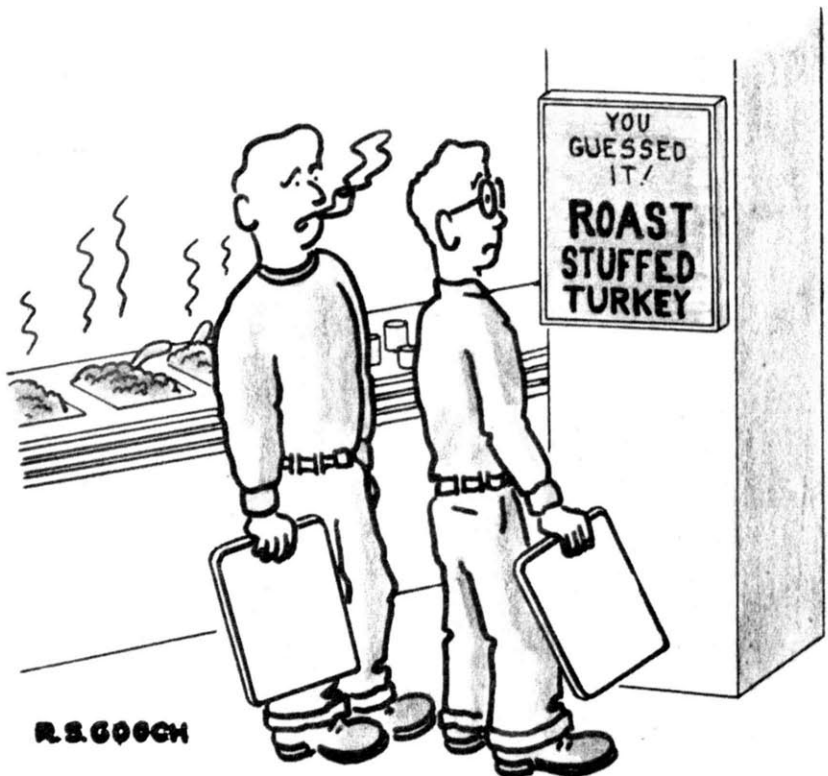
Another important item is to worry.

Worry like hell. Imagine that you don't know where your next penny is coming from. You ought to be concerned about your health, too. Leprosy strikes without warning, you know. That's it. Furrow your brow. Don't eat too much. Don't eat too little. Does your wife **REALLY** love you? War **IS** inevitable, isn't it? In short, worry like hell.

There is lots more you can do to achieve nervous tension. However, I shall merely offer one final suggestion: Get yourself an obsession. There are lots of them to choose from. For instance, we have the phobias: claustrophobia, agoraphobia, hydrophobia, etc. We have the complexes: inferiority, persecution, and so on. If you want to do this job up

brown, however, you'll want some unusual fixation. You might go through the telephone book, pick out a name at random, and decide that the person with that name is out to murder you. You could hate your mother-in-law with a passion, or be deathly afraid of riding in taxis, or maintain stoutly that the cook has put library paste in your potatoes. There are any number of obsessions that you can get fun and nervous tension out of. Incidentally, if you've had the patience to read this thing all the way through, you're not nearly fidgety enough. You still have a long way to go before you can — **ACHIEVE NERVOUS TENSION.**

R. P. A.



R.S. GOOCH

"WANT A HAMBURGER?"



# It's Intuitively Obvious



Student (A) taking quiz (closed book, closed mind) finally comes to difficult problem (the other 9 are impossible) and scratches his head in awe and wonderment, giving scalp a large negative charge, thus attracting pith ball (B) which is tied by string to wampum (C) and pulls it out of Shawmut Indian's back pocket (D). Indian gets flustered and panicky at the loss of the neighborhood bank's assets and shoots off his bow. Arrow hits low-flying Harvard man (E) who falls into closed system (F) where he receives a large quantity of heat but does no work. Boston Policeman (G) pinches him for violating 1st Law of Thermodynamics. Harvard man likes being pinched and chases Boston's finest into squirrel cage (H) which starts to rotate—producing angular momentum vector that punctures whatever remains of Dewey, T. E.'s ego (J). Resultant low enthalpy air is guided through proper channels (K) to produce sound on trumpet (L) (St. Louis Blues March, vaguely). Stripper (M)

from Old Howard Fan Club hears theme and starts performing. M. I. T. Freshmen (N) mistaking act for Voo Doo Smoker start smoking. Interested spectator (O) rings alarm, calling out small force of Boston's Fire Dept. (Q) (200 engines, hook'n ladders, trucks, and spectators) which floods area. An alert Mayor Curley (R) quickly forms Flood Control Committee. 800 Irishmen (on the city payroll) rapidly pack South Boston Bars—tipping Boston 15° about an East-West Axis (S). This slides room 3-400 (Quiz Room) right up next to the Margaret Cheney Room. Over-curious proctor (T) gets excited and rushes into coeds' stronghold where he receives a belt in the head from prudish coed (U)—thus pulling his pants up over his eyes. This gives student opportunity to gaze on neighbor's paper where correct answer has been all the time. Thus student passes quiz with the minimum of effort.

# FRIDAY NIGHT IN DA BARRACKS:

THE Z & X BOYS ARE BUSY TRYING OUT THE LATEST IN CHEMICAL WARFARE.



BUILDING CONSTRUCTION STUDENTS BELIEVE IN A WAR OF NERVES.

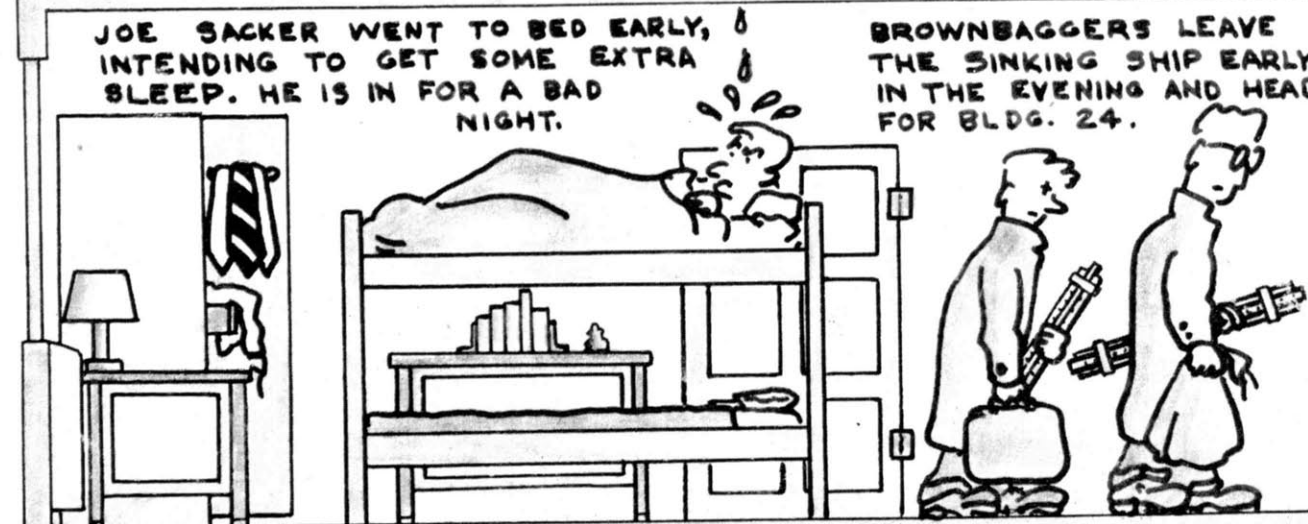


THIS GUY DIDN'T WANT THAT THEM ON HIS DESK, ANYWAY.



R.E. BEAUREGARD-DAVIS, II, IS NOW FIGHT'N MAD AND URGES VENGEANCE AGAINST ALL DAMNSOPHOMORES

JOE SACKER WENT TO BED EARLY, INTENDING TO GET SOME EXTRA SLEEP. HE IS IN FOR A BAD NIGHT.



BROWNBAGGERS LEAVE THE SINKING SHIP EARLY IN THE EVENING AND HEAD FOR BLDG. 24.



THESE JOKERS REALLY HAVE BETTER SENSE, BUT THEY CAN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO THROW A LITTLE TEAR GAS. THEY ARE JUSTLY HATED BY ALL.



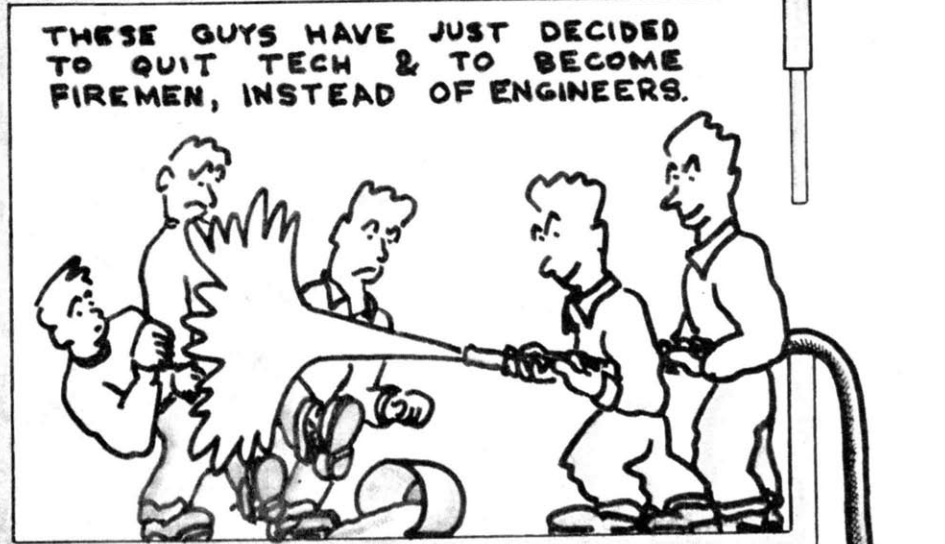
THIS IS THE HEADQUARTERS ROOM, WHERE THE WHEELS LIVE. THEY BREW TROUBLE & STORE PRISONERS HERE.



JIM SHORT, E.E., TAKES CARE OF THE LIGHTS FOR THE OCCASION.



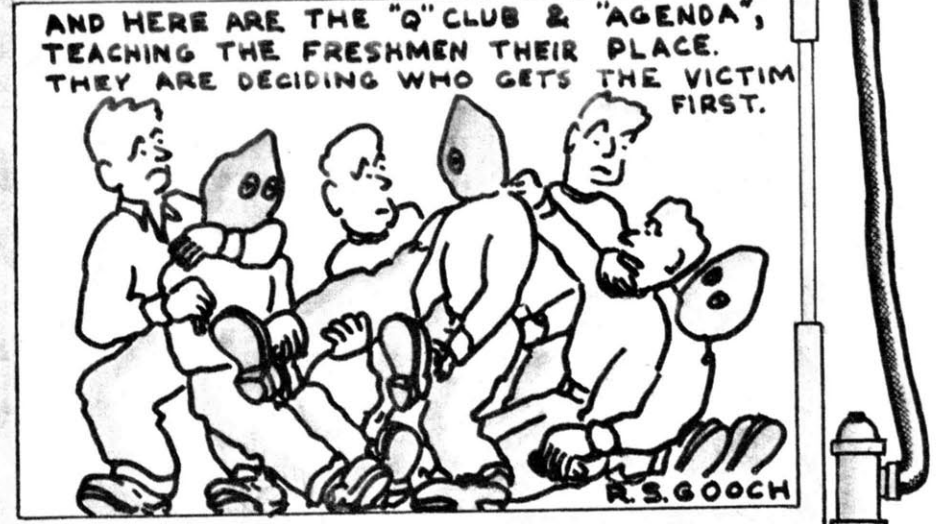
THESE GUYS HAVE JUST DECIDED TO QUIT TECH & TO BECOME FIREMEN, INSTEAD OF ENGINEERS.



THE M.D.C. IS DEBATING THE ADVISABILITY OF INVESTIGATING THE PROCEEDINGS.



AND HERE ARE THE "Q" CLUB & "AGENDA", TEACHING THE FRESHMEN THEIR PLACE. THEY ARE DECIDING WHO GETS THE VICTIM FIRST.



R.S. GOOCH



# MR. BLODGETT'S ADVENTURE

Mr. Blodgett was unhappy. He was also alone, so that he could torture himself, for tonight Mrs. Blodgett was at the meeting of the Junior Intellectual Society of Skinkville, it being Wednesday night. The night before Mrs. Blodgett had played bridge with Effie, Isobel, and Daphne at the Tuesday Evening Bridge Club. On Thursday nights she went to the weekly meeting of the Society for Better Skinkville Gardens.

Perhaps Mr. Blodgett was unhappy because his wife was such a civic minded woman, and spent so many evenings being improved — and improving others. But this is unlikely. Probably Mr. Blodgett was unhappy because his wife was that kind of a woman. But come what may, Mr. Blodgett was unhappy.

This evening, like so many others, was spent in dreams of sweetness and joy. He often read a book, a fantasy of some hero who wins the fair damsel and lives happily ever after. Without a book, Mr. Blodgett let his mind wander—to harems of beautiful women, to a romantic adventure

with a beautiful woman, to acts of daring and high adventure.....

Of course there is one thing that goes exceptionally well with sad people and happy dreams, and that is a drink to nurse carefully through an adventure, to toast with a duchess, to sup with an heiress. And one good dram deserves another. Not that Mr. Blodgett became inebriated, or even crooked to the gills; no, he became suave and polite, wistfully tolerant and slightly querulous, and there was a sad smile on his lips after the third one, of an evening.

A drink—or even faith and an unconquerable spirit, unbowed even by an improved wife—makes one sure of success, that no matter how many times the glorious may be just beyond reach, it will some day come flying through the window, born by the Zephyr that bears good things to good people who need something. Sometimes it even comes in through the back door.

Mr. Blodgett was nursing his fourth drink of the evening, but still a pleasant dream had not come. Oh



well, he thought, sometimes when they come hardest, they are the best. But I do hope that one comes.

"Hello, what's that? Someone at the back door?" Mr. Blodgett picked up his drink, and went, a little unsteadily it must be admitted, to the rear door, and opened it.

"Hello," he said. He saw a pair of very sad eyes, and a rather ugly face. He shuddered slightly, for he was a lover of beauty.

"I do declare, you seem to bear a remarked likeness to a camel. Fascinating resemblance. Won't you come in?"

The face came in, followed by a body that also seemed camelish, even to the hump and splayed hooves. "Bless my soul, you are a camel. I can tell very well in this light. Can you talk, too?" The camel seemed to shake his head. "No, I suppose you can't talk. Camels don't seem to be able to, as a rule. Handsome characteristic, I must say. Well, camel, come into the living room and join me in a drink." The two of them went to the front room, and Mr. Blodgett fixed a rather strong drink for his silent friend.

"Being a rather large animal, I suppose you require a rather stiff



BUGS.

drink." He put the drink in front of the camel, who sat down on the rug, and was staring at the embers of the fire. The camel sniffed the drink, but did not touch it. "Dear me," said the host, "you would have a bit of a time trying to drink out of a glass. I'll get you something better." He got a bucket, and filled it with the drink. "An expensive drink, my friend; I hope you like it." The two sat and drank silently, the camel staring at the embers of the fire, and Mr. Blodgett staring at the camel.

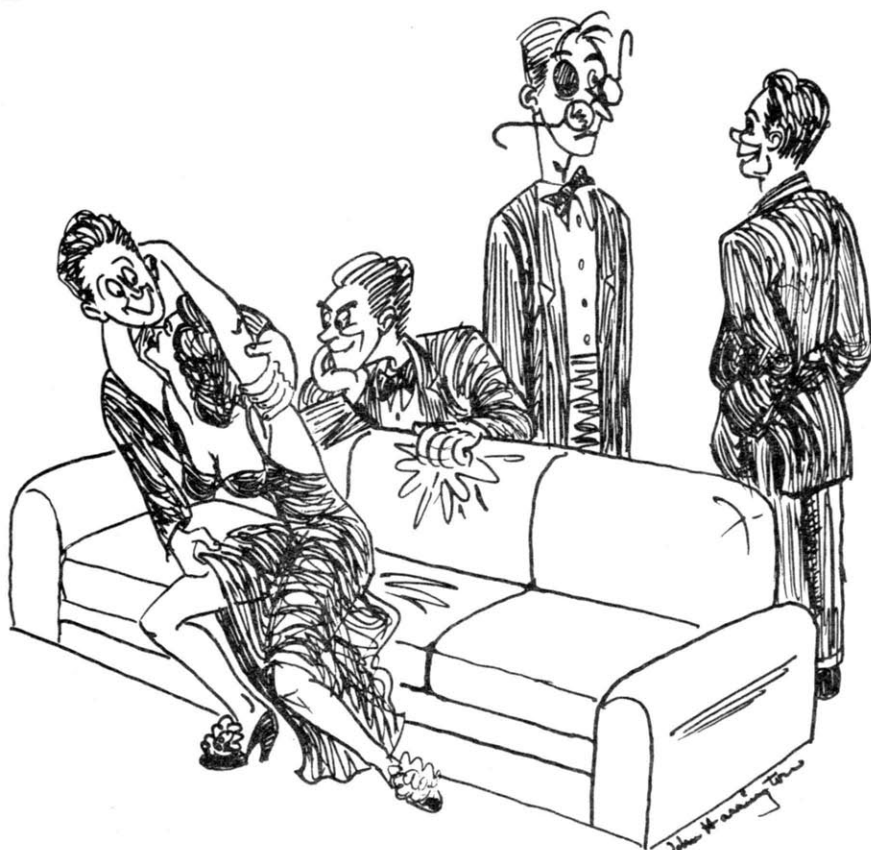
What soulful eyes, thought Mr. Blodgett. What suffering they must have seen, what suffering borne, to gain such resignation, such tolerance. Have you borne raiders in their search for slaves, seen them beaten and chained, starved and sold as pieces of flesh, strong men and fiery, unsubdued virgins — sold to pashas and emirs for their galleys and harems?

Or have you galloped swiftly over the Saharan sands, carrying a fierce sheik, seen tribes of fierce marauders clash, screaming and flashing long blue rifles, heard the roar of your wounded brethren, seen men topple lifeless from the saddle, seen the dead lie stark and grisly under the flaming sun, and then . . . then heard the howl and whine of the hyena, scenting dead flesh?

What, camel, what have you seen that has hurt your soul to such extent? Ah, if only you could tell me.

The camel turned to look at the small man who asked these questions. Mr. Blodgett smiled his wistful smile. Ah, you wish you could speak — and so wish I. To tell me of love and suffering, of hate and death, of agony, of ecstasy . . . But you cannot speak, camel. I suppose it is for the best. We can share our thoughts together, warm ourselves by the fire, dream our dreams and wish our own wishes. What a handsome camel you are. Your own ancestors carried the three wise men to Bethlehem, as their ancestors had carried Hannibal, Alexander, Cleopatra's slaves. . . .

The camel rose with dignity to its



*"Maybe she didn't want to be protected!"*

feet, and turned toward Mr. Blodgett. "Yes, camel? You do wish to speak? Tell me, camel . . . no, tell me not, for your wisdom exceeds mine, and you would only make me unhappy."

The camel turned away, and walked from the room. Mr. Blodgett followed him, and opened the door when the camel stood before it. The beast faded into the night. Mr. Blodgett returned to his chair.

Such is a dream, he thought. A dream, a camel of the wise men come to life, come to me, to bear my sorrow with its own, to console me and listen silently to me. Such was the value of the deaf-mute in ancient courts, the value of a little dog. Such a thing one could love, and never grow tired of. Such a dream gave peace and tranquility, made a man a little better for a little while. Delirium tremens? No, a vision to bring a bit of happiness in a sad man's life.

"Ralph, wake up."

He mumbled a moment, and opened

his eyes and tried to focus them. "Huh? Oh, hello, dear, did you have a nice time?"

"Of course I did. And look at you, drunken and snoring in your chair. I don't know why I . . . Ralph, what is that awful musty smell in here?"

"What smell?"

"Don't 'What smell?' me, my man. You know very well what smell. Did you let the dog in while I was gone? I've expressly forbidden you to let the dog in the house, you know."

"No, dear, I didn't let the dog in."

"Don't lie to me, Ralph. I can smell an animal perfectly well. If you didn't spend all the time drinking and dreaming your stupid dreams, you'd smell it too. Now will you answer me, why did you let the dog in the house?"

"I told you, I didn't let the dog in the house."

"Well, what, then?"

"You, my dear, just wouldn't understand." He sighed, turned his back to her, and calmly walked upstairs to bed.

— JOHN HARRINGTON



BICKFORD



"Well, it's Wednesday night again, already. I'll call Elsie. Guess I've called her every Wednesday night since I've been back here. Noticed the last few Wednesdays she's been almost hanging on the phone waiting for me to call her. Gee, she's a sweet girl. Pity she has to be so far away — all the way to Brockton. Well, anyhow..."

"Hello, operator. Give me Miss Elsie Jones, Brockton 3-4532, please. My number's Kirkland 7-5300. Yes, that's right.

"(Gee, it's going to be swell hearing her voice again. She always sounds so glad to see me, the little darlin'. And won't she be surprised, though, when I tell her the good news! Gosh, I feel all funny inside, I'm so happy.)

"Hello; Elsie?"

"Yes, this is Elsie. Al?"

"Sure, who'd you expect? How are you tonight, honey?"

"Well, I was lonesome. — until just now. How's school?"

"Tolerable, tolerable. Gee, it's nice to hear your voice again. You've got a pretty little voice... reminds me of a steamboat, but it's still nice."

"Why, thank you, kind sir. You say the nicest things."

"To the nicest girl, at that."

"Am I?"

"Yes, didn't I ever tell you so before?"

"Sure, your line sounds familiar. Oh, honey, I've got the wonderfulest news for us."

"What? Going to join the Foreign Legion, or did one of your professors smile at you?"

"No. Remember my great-aunt twice removed, Agatha? You met her



once at our house, I think."

"Was she the one that got blind drunk that time?"

"Yeah, that's her. You remember, the one with the fascinating left eye."

"What was so fascinating about her left eye, anyway?"

"I don't know, but there must have been something, the way her right eye watched it all the time. Well, anyhow, dear old Auntie Agatha kicked the proverbial bucket."

"Is that your wonderfulest news?"

"Not entirely."

"What happened to her?"

"She was caught in a raid on Lim Fong's little den and died of exposure. But anyway, here's the nice part — she left me her ill-gotten gains. Honey I'm rich! I've got enough to move out of this crematory into a nice little comfy cold-water flat in Dorchester with you.

"Seriously, honey, I've got enough to set us up pretty good. Will you marry me now?"

"Oh, Al, of course. Oh, my sweet darling, of course I will."

"I do love you so, Elsie, and want you so much. Every time I go out with some model I only compare her with you. Every wild party I go to I wish you were there. Every beach I see I want to throw sand in your eyes. Honey, I can't even exist without you!"

"Oh, my."

"There's no one to lean on when I'm tired, no one to snap at when I'm cross, no one to tell dirty stories to, no one to hold my head when I'm drunk."

"Do you really need me, Al darling?"

"I need you, and I want you just as much. I want to kiss you good night and good morning, I want to hold you tight to me and crack your ribs, and blow your pretty hair in

dainty snarls."

"Oh, Al, you're so romantic."

"I want to see you and hear you and smell you and taste you and..."

"That's enough for now, sweet. I know the five senses too. And I want to, with you, Al. I do love you so much, my darling. I love your voice saying silly sweet things to me, and your little jokes — I love your kisses. I love your eyes and your mouth and your hands and... and and... Oh, I do love you, Al!"

"When'll we get married, Elsie? Soon, I hope."

"Oh, very, very soon. I'll start making arrangements..."

"And I'll be out every weekend to see you and love you and help get ready for the ceremony."

"All right, darling."

"Now to hell with any more arrangements tonight. I'll call you again tomorrow night, too. I'm too happy now to think about things. Oh, Elsie honey, I'm in seventy-seventh heaven."

"All right, call tomorrow, Al. Oh, I'll have so much fun planning."

"All right. Well, see you Friday night."

"Friday? Oh, Al, can't you wait till Saturday, I've got a date Friday night."

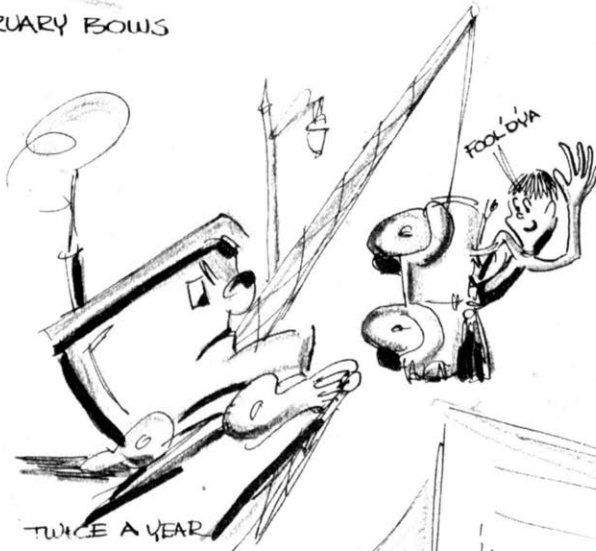
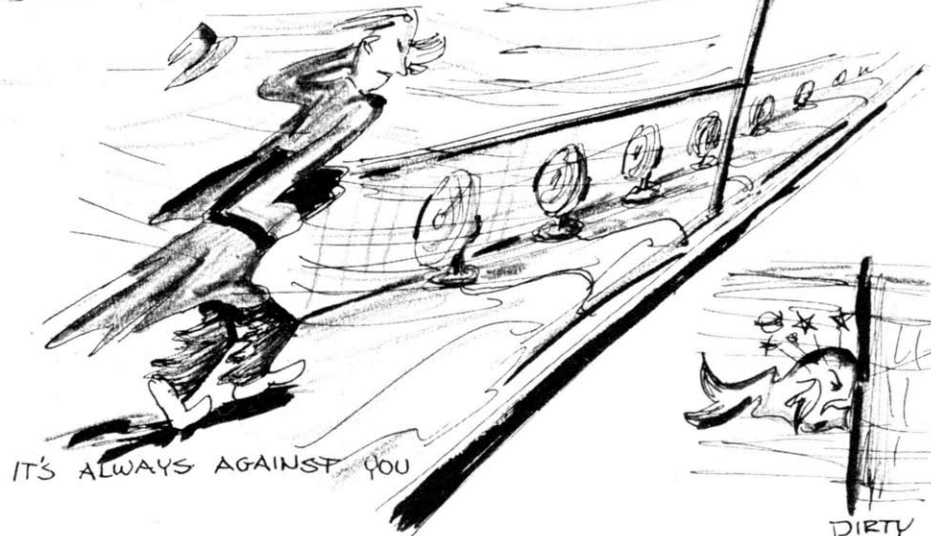
"(Sorry, sir, your thuh-ree minutes are up!)"

J. H.





# HARVARD BRIDGE



V.C. Hare - u

# THE HIGH COST OF LIVING



Some extra money can always be gotten for working at Walker under the loving guidance of "Greasy Bill" Carlyle. Pleasant atmosphere. No speedup. The only trouble is that at least part of the pay comes in the form of Walker meals, about whose value there is considerable debate.



Seafood Special — Every day is Friday for those who can't afford the finest and to whom prices are primary. Charles River fish are said to be exceptionally fat and juicy due to the high viscosity and solid content of the "water".



In Pritchett Lounge complaints of 10¢ scoops getting smaller and smaller will be remedied by installing a magnifying screen in front of the ice cream bar. A device which would not only magnify the ice cream but also improve the looks of the waiters is being investigated by the Physics department.



Dormitory rents have been increased, but the size of the rooms hasn't. One doesn't always get what the rents lead one to expect, and, paint or no paint, the "Old Dorms" are still the Old Dorms.

Whether in a dorm room or in a chemistry laboratory, wherever a Bunsen burner can be found, there will be someone who will try to "cook his own." Every night dormitory residents thrill to the fascinating odors of pork chops and Spanish omelettes. Then, there's always Course XX in whose laboratories countless exotic dishes can be found.



# Extravagantics

"Boston is quite a large city. Coupla million people, I believe. And would you believe it — not one of them is a Boston movie theater usher. Why? Answer's simple. Ain't no native of Boston willing to take the job of givin' to the people with whom he'd lived and grewed up the Hollywood rejects and surplus Army training films that makes up the "second features" that goes on the programs."

I scribbled this observation on my scuffed note pad while its author, a one-legged Boston movie usher, whispered it and similar ones in my direction. The two of us were crouched in the liquor closet of the theater manager's office just off the lobby so as to listen to the conversation in the office.

It seems the theater manager had caught the usher making violent love to a Shawmut Bank secretary in the 2d Balcony and he'd fined him a week's pay. This annoyed the usher, especially when the manager subsequently let the secretary earn the docked pay. The usher, to get revenge, offered me a chance to eavesdrop for this mag on the negotiations between the studio representative and the manager on the subject of the second features.

We heard the office door slam and then voices —

"Nice to see you again, Vilfredo," said one. The usher dug me in the stomach and muttered, "That's the manager speaking."

The voices continued. "Oh, no, it's nice seeing *you* again," said the other one. This kept up until the manager, who was named Yundle, said, "care for a drink before we talk business?"

The usher frantically began to pile up bottles of bourbon in an effort to hide himself.

"Thanks, no, I had a drink last time I was here."

The usher unplied the bottles. The

manager spoke. "Got anything extra good for me this time? I've got to put on a good show for the next two weeks. After that last batch of epics you gave me a committee of citizens called on me and threatened to turn the place into a Nedick's stand."

Vilfredo, the studio representative, chuckled. "Always kidding. Well, I have a honey to offer you. An old print of "Birth of a Nation" with the sound track from 'The Jazz Singer'. It brought down the house in Cincinnati."

"Yeh," said Yundle, "I read about it. Even now the theatre owner can't stand the sight of tar and pillows. Anyway, I said I wanted something better, not worse. Boston is conservative, staid; she is discerning and yet not without an intelligent tolerance, save in certain areas. Her inhabitants are of a mold you will find nowhere in the nation; they are typical of all that is *Boston*."

"Oh, Longhair. How about our new documentary: 'Back Bay — From Swamp To This', with a running commentary by Helen Gahagan Douglass?"

Yundle grunted. "Maybe. What

else ya got?"

Vilfredo stared intently into space for a moment, thinking, and then turned excitedly to the manager. "Hey, even though elections are over, newsreel shots of the campaign are still in demand. I've got some shots of Dewey's 1944 campaign, and if we garble his mention of Roosevelt and references to winning the war, no one will notice the difference and we'll be in

Yundle immediately accepted, signed the order, and then said, "By the way, City Hall has sent word down to cut out the crooked politician films. That theater across the street rubbed them the wrong way with "The Mayor Goes Up The River", Sure you won't have a drink before you go?"

"Positive."

"OK. Well, as we're going out, I'll introduce you to my new secretary. Used to work in a Shawmut Bank".

— W. M.



Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

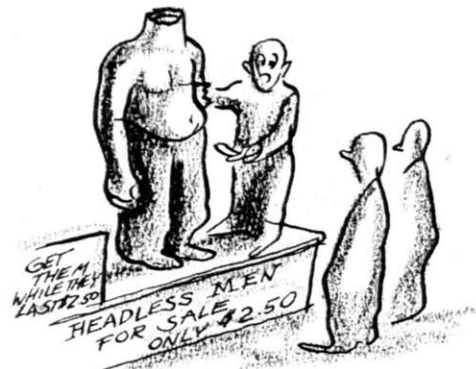
— Jack o' Lantern



"You — you — you — ROWDY!"

# From the Chin Up

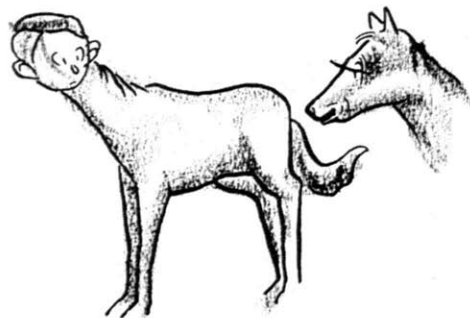
Courtesy of the Tech Christian Association



- (1) From your chin down you are worth about 2 dollars and a half a day.



- (2) From your chin up you are worth — anything. There's no limit.



- (3) Without your headpiece you are just an animal and about as valuable as a horse — maybe.



- (4) You have mistaken ideas. You think you are paid for your work. You are not. You are paid for what you think while you work. It's the kind of brain that directs your hands that gives you your rating.



- (5) And what causes you the most concern: the contents of your skull, or the mass below the collar bone?



- (6) Is your thinker as keen, alert, disciplined, accurate, and dependable as your hands?



- (7) Where do you get the pleasure? From the chin down? Is it all dancing for your feet and meat for your stomach, and clothes for your back? And — is all your fun down in the cellar? Don't you ever have any fun in the attic?



- (9) How are you pulled? To what part of you is the cable tow fastened — to your loins or to your forehead?



- (11) What are you, anyhow, an animal pestered with a mind, or a soul imprisoned in a body?



- (8) What pains you most — a stomach ache or a lie?



- (10) Suppose it were possible to live after the head had been severed from the body; which part would you rather be; the head or the meat part?



- (12) Do you know that the gist of culture consists in transferring ones habitual amusements from below to above the nose?



# Modern Science Catches a Lion

Neglecting relativistic effects and deviations from  $pV=nRT$ , consider a lion at large in the Sahara Desert. Using the methods of modern science, we can capture this lion by any of several methods.

First is the method of projective geometry. We may, without loss of generality, consider the Sahara Desert as a plane. We project the plane into a line, and project the line into a point. This point contains the lion, QED.

Since geometrical projections are often difficult, we may use the method of inversions. Draw a circle in the desert and stand inside it. Perform a geometrical inversion with respect to the surface and you will find yourself outside and the lion, previously outside, will be inside. Get the net.

Kinematics allows us to observe the position, velocity, and acceleration of the lion at some past instant (i.e. when he raided a village and carried off a woman) and from a knowledge of the physical restraints acting on him, we are able to formulate the position of the lion as a function of time. This function may be extrapolated into the future and solved, so that at time

$T - T_0$  place a cage at the predicted position. (eureka)

The Heisenberg uncertainty principle states that any finite mass has a small but finite probability of existing anywhere in the continuum. Therefore, place a closed cage anywhere at your discretion, and, if you wait long enough, the lion will appear inside it. (Wave mechanics explains how the closed cage is penetrated.)

Also, it can be shown rigorously that the integral of the density of the lion, integrated over the entire surface of the desert, equals exactly one lion. Now you've got it — don't let go.

According to one of the principles of chemical affinity, every colloid has a precipitant and every protein has its agglutinant. Simply find the correct reagent, precipitate the lion, who is after all only a melange of colloids and proteins.

Additional consideration must be given to the method based upon the principle of induced convergence of light rays. Lion catching apparatus consists of one match box, a pair of tweezers, and a pair of binoculars. When the lion is spotted, he is

approached by the hunter who looks down the wrong end of the binoculars until the lion is at arm's length. At the other end of the binoculars, the lion is greatly reduced in size, and the hunter merely reaches out with the tweezers, plucks the lion from its resting place, and drops it into the match box. Viola!

Finally, the method of Course VII. Procure one female lion . . .

— J. F. M.



Course XV.

He: "Let's take a walk in the garden."

She: "I can only spare a minute."

He: "That's O.K. I'm an efficiency expert."

— Archive



"So this woman shot her husband at close range with this pistol?" the coroner asked the eye witness to the colored tragedy.

"Yessah."

"Are there powder marks on the body?"

"Yessah. Dat's why she shot him."

— Urchin



Mr. Jones: "You say you want to marry my daughter? Preposterous, young man. You couldn't even keep her in underwear."

Suitor: "You haven't been doing any too well yourself, sir."

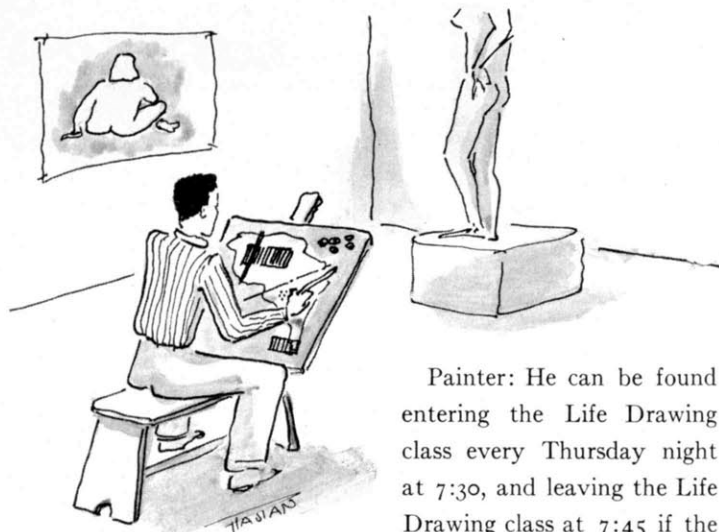
— Scarlet Fever



"... and make sure the bacon is lean."

# HOBBINESS

*Are you embarrassed when you have to fill out a job application and have to leave the "hobbies" listings blank? Get yourself a hobby; there are many available, but here are a few you might enjoy.*



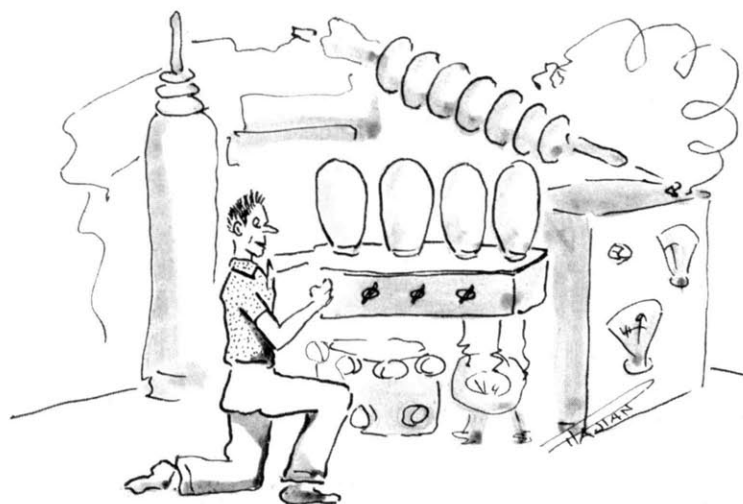
**Painter:** He can be found entering the Life Drawing class every Thursday night at 7:30, and leaving the Life Drawing class at 7:45 if the model turns out to be a man. Takes long, thoughtful strokes with his pencil and eventually pins his result up in his room.



**Intellectual Reader:** His bookshelves are full of philosophy and "great literature," but the books have never been opened. When everybody is out of sight, he secretly studies crude, passionate little novels and lewd magazines.



**Printer:** His is a profitable hobby, which combines pleasure and profits (he prints calling cards for his friends, he explains.) In order not to disturb his neighbors, he works at night. Claims his hobby is helping him to make real good money.



**Radio ham:** He is not of this world, but lives instead in a fabulous land populated by high-frequency tubes and parasitic oscillations. As he is unable to talk of anything but his sets, his closest friend is five thousand miles away, and can only talk of his own set — in Hungarian.

Another hobby which combines pleasure and profit is that of the baby sitter. For those of us who love little children (and who doesn't?), there is no better way to spend a Saturday night than putting a little girl to bed.



**Eliot Flower Shop**  
 Corsages our Specialty  
 Flowers for All Occasions  
 Special service to Tech students  
 87 Massachusetts Avenue  
 KEnmore 6-6470 ~ Boston

We were waiting for our change in the Pharm the other day, and we overheard a salesgirl tell a buxom lady next to us that there was a special sale of sachets that week.

"Sachet, just what is a sachet?" asked the lady.

"Well," the girl explained, "it's a sort of a little bag filled with sweet smelling stuff that you put in your drawers to make them smell sweet."

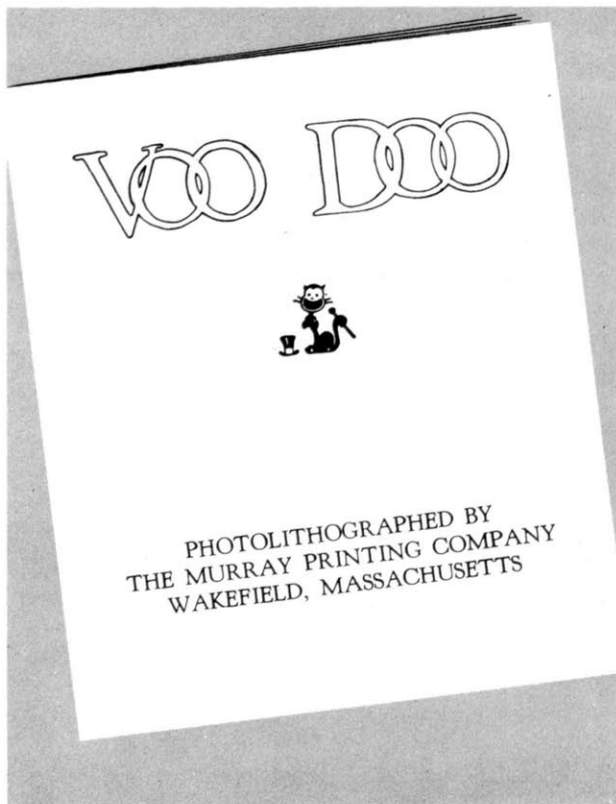
"My, they must be awfully uncomfortable," said the buxom lady.

— Widow



She was only the gravedigger's daughter, but you ought to see her lower the beer.

— Exchange



An inmate of the lunatic asylum was to be examined for dismissal. The first question he was asked was: "What are you going to do when you get out of here?"

The inmate replied: "I'm going to get me a sling shot and come back and break every damn window in this place."

After another six months in the padded cell, he was again examined, and the same question was put to him.

"Well, I'm going to get a job," was the reply.

"Fine," said the examiner. "And then what?"

"Then I'm going to buy a big car."

"Good."

"And then I'm going to meet a beautiful girl."

"That's wonderful."

"Then I'm going to take her out driving on a lonely road."

"Yes."

"And I'm going to put my arm around the girl."

"Yes."

"Then I'm going to grab her garter, make a sling shot, and come back here and break every damn window in the place."

— Northwestern Parrot



She: "If wishes came true, what would you wish for?"

He: "Gosh, I'm afraid to tell you."

She: "Go ahead, you sap, what do you think I brought up this wishing business for?"

— Pointer



A stranger, looking for a certain college, took the wrong turn and ended up in an insane asylum.

As the guard re-directed him he quipped, "Well, I guess there isn't too much difference between the two places after all."

"That's what you think," said the guard. "Here you have to show improvement to get out."

— Technology

The subject of kissing was debated with much earnestness by a girl and the young man calling upon her. He insisted that it was always possible for a man to kiss a girl against her will, even though she resisted. She was equally firm in her contention that it was not possible. They decided that the only thing to do was to test it out. So they clinched and the battle was on. After a sprightly tussle they broke. The girl had been kissed, ardently for many minutes. Her comment showed her undaunted spirit:

"Oh well, you didn't really win fairly. My foot slipped. Let's try it again."

*Urchin*



A girl standing on the street corner and wearing a low cut V neck sweater was approached by a "wolf."

He asked: "Is that V for Victory?"

Replying, she said: "No, that's for virtue — but it's an old sweater."

*— Turn Out*



"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors washed ashore," mused the cannibal chief. "What I need now is a good dose of salts."

*— Bachelor*



A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to Saint Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we got lots of Smiths here. You'll have to have more identification than that."

"Well, when he died he said that if I were ever untrue to him he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean Pinwheel Smith!"

*— Urchin*

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Then there was the girl fiddler who kissed her violin good-night and took her bow to bed with her.



"A local student's car rounded the corner, knocked over four pedestrians, rammed a telegraph pole, and ploughed into a store window. A Smith girl climbed out of the wreckage.

"Whew," she panted, "that's what I really call a kiss."

*— Sundial*

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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



1st Con: "What are you in for?"

2d Con: "Rockin' my wife to sleep."

1st Con: "But they can't put you in here for that."

2d Con: "You ain't seen the size of the rock."

— Lofg



Fair Maid (learning to smoke): "How do I light this match? My foot isn't big enough."

Tutor: "Scratch it on your — er — let me light it."

— Exchange



Q. — What did the toast say to the toaster?

A. — That's the hottest I've been since I was bread.

— Dodo

The mother of triplets was being congratulated by a friend. "Isn't it wonderful," said the mother. "It only happens in one out of 16,872 times!"

"That certainly is remarkable," said her friend, "but tell me, my dear, when DO you get time to do your housework?"

— Goldfish



## TIGHT SPOTS

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¢

### THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

Who was that lady I  
saw you with last night?  
That was no lady; that  
was my wife.

*This little ditty, which to our knowledge hasn't appeared in any humor mag for at least ten years, was submitted by Miss Edith Lamm, Noanette House, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.*



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Beverages

A justice of the peace in a small town was called to perform his first marriage ceremony. The bashful couple emained standing after he had finished the rites and in a brave attempt to round off the affair he stammered: "It's all over now. Go and sin no more!"

— Wampus



"Well, Bill," asked a neighbor, "hear the boss has a fever. How's his temperature today?"

The hired man scratched his head and decided not to commit himself.

"Tain't for me to say," he replied. "He died last night."

— Scuttlebutt



A little city boy who had been to the country, was describing to another boy friend the big pig he had seen. "It was in a pen," he said, "and it was afraid of all the little pigs. They would chase the big pig all over the pen, around and around, and pretty soon it fell down tired, and the little pigs pounced upon the big pig and ate all the buttons off his vest."

— Pointer



A man's ear was bleeding like a stuck pig. "I bit myself," he explained.

"That's impossible," said the doctor. "How can a man bite himself in the ear?"

"I was standing on a chair."

— Wampus



Voice from rear of seat of taxi: "Hey, driver, what's the idea of stopping?"

Driver: "I thought I heard someone tell me to."

Rear seat: "Keep going, she wasn't talking to you."

— Froth



He Frosh: "Do you love me?"

She Frosh: "Uh-huh."

He Frosh: "Then, why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies."

— Bugle



"Darn it, leftovers again," said the cannibal as he gnawed on the two old maids.

— The Log

She: "Sir, I'll have you know that I intend to marry an Institute man and a gentleman."

He: "You can't; that's bigamy."  
— *Pup Tent*



He: "I've loved you more than you know."

She: "How dare you take advantage of me when I'm drunk!"  
— *Sundia*



She: "You deceived me before our marriage. You told me you were well off."

He: "I was, but I didn't know it."  
— *The Pointer*



She: "I trust I make myself plain."

He: "You don't have to. Nature attended to that."  
— *Bitter Bird*

First Co-ed: "I've been asked to get married lots of times."

Second Co-ed: "Who asked you?"

First Co-ed: "Mother and father."  
— *Rebel*



If every engineer were to use his slide rule at the same time, enough heat would evolve from the friction thereof to burn down 10-250, which would be a good thing.



Joe: "What is this strange power I have over women?"

Gal: "I don't know. Let me see the brand on the label."  
— *Archive*



A dumb girl counts on her fingers.  
A smart one on her legs.  
— *Rebel*

Sally: "I'll never marry a man who snores."

Mother: "Yes, but be careful how you find out."  
— *Yellow Jacket*



STOP!

Don't Read

Too Many

Jokes at one time.

They're funnier in small doses.  
— *Sundial*



He said that —

He had married her —

For love —

And everyone believed him —

Until —

She left her shade up —

And now everyone says —

It was her —

Money.  
— *Corn Shucks*

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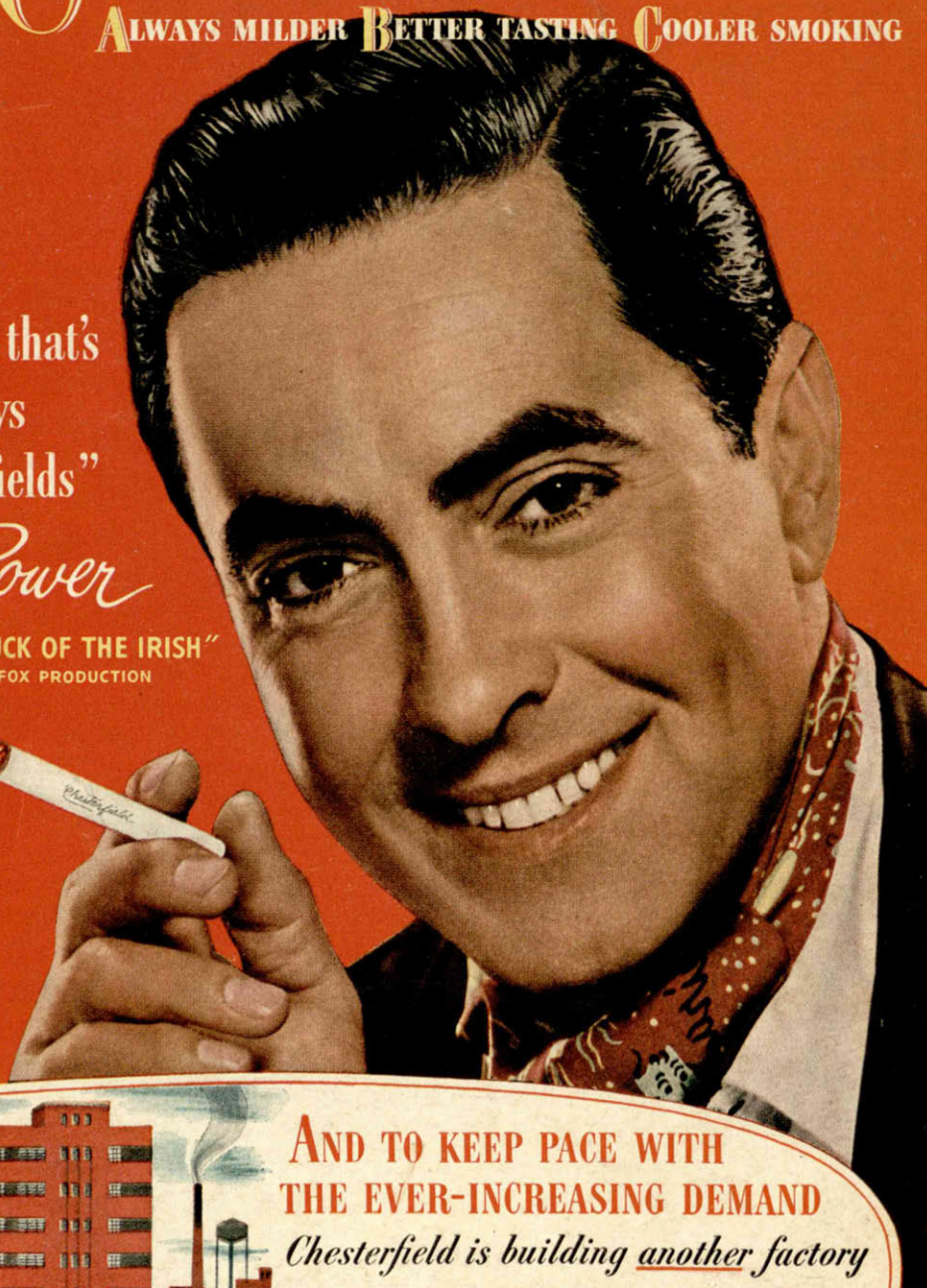


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