

MOOZ, W. E.

Voodoo

IN THIS ISSUE—EXCLUSIVE:  
VOO DOO  
EXPOSES THE GRASS PLOT!

FEB 25¢





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FROM the very beginning, the plan looked like something out of *Time*. Secret documents, clandestine meetings and all the ingredients of a spy melodrama were included. It has been several years since the first overall plot to remove our institute's grass was first conceived. For just as many years it went unnoticed. After all, who would notice that the institute took out another lawn? Schools always need lawns to build more facilities.

The theme behind the thinking that went into this plan isn't new. Divide and conquer. The campus was split into small indefensible segments so that the final phase would come quickly and unexpectedly. Look back at the old institute bulletins. Notice all the grass? Now look at a 1949 catalogue. See the difference? They are even getting cocky about it and are announcing where they will strike next.

The plot was hatched in the Architectural Department headquarters, a notably radical organization, and it was here that the plans were perfected. The whole affair was not a haphazard hit-or-miss proposition, but shows a rather diabolical genius behind it. Some of the plans were bizarre, but most have definite indications of a common-sense logic not usually attributed to this group. For instance, they planned to cover up the lack of grass in the same way that it was camouflaged at the last World's Fair. The concrete walks were to be painted green so that the less observant student at the institute would never know about the diminishing grass area until it was too late. The scheme was abandoned when the masterminds decided that while it might successfully fool their sense of sight, when they sat down, the cool, analytical mind, so prevalent at the school, would soon deduce that something was definitely out of place.

The planners were very clever about this whole affair. They knew that as the empty area was decreased, a howl would be raised about the lack of parking space for students' cars. Oh, they were thorough . . . they solved this problem by raising the tuition so that the number of cars would gradually be reduced as the students sold their automobiles to pay for same!

Now everyone knows that grass gives a pleasing odor to the air, and these insidious devils were no exception. They pondered and thought and pondered some more . . . then one of their number came up with the following plan: An agreement was signed with Lever Brothers whereby the soap company promised to pollute the air with a specified amount of soap fumes if the institute would give their president the soap concession for the men's rooms. The success of this agreement is all too obvious to anyone who has a nose — and most people do.

But the masterminds did not reckon with the curiosity of a cat and now the whole dastardly plot has been dug up by Phos.

The solution is simple. We must rally and fight this latest threat to our way of life. Parliamentary means were tried but a filibuster in the Institute Committee prevented that body from reaching a solution. No one knows where it will lead if it isn't stopped now. Voo Doo is starting a Guerrilla band which will go around in the

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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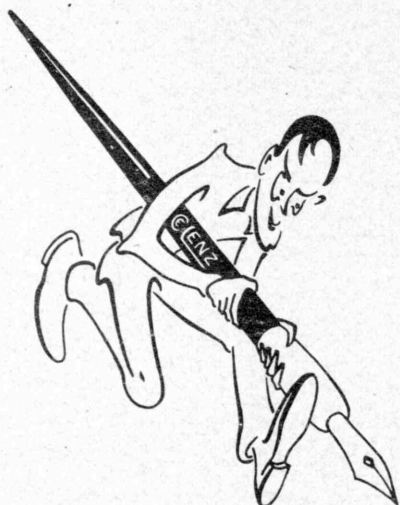
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dead of night, planting new grass in the bare spots. Your nearest recruiting station is the Voo Doo office. Come on and join up — let us once more feel the green grass under our feet. Back to the grass!

Cover this month by Waldt.

S.



Dear Editor:

I waited avidly for your last issue of Voo Doo to arrive, only to discover upon arrival that the whole issue was printed upside down. I am sending your no good for nothing issue of 00A 00D back.

Irate Reader

*Editor: Stop opening your mail at the wrong end.*

Ithaca, N. Y.

Voo Doo,  
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Doo,

I recently came across one of your issues while repairing some outdoor plumbing, and I haven't seen anything so filthy since my room mate changed his socks.

I feel this will bear looking into since Cornell was never like this.

Enclosed is two dollars, please send me Voo Doo for the rest of this year and this year's back issues. How else could I spend two dollars and have more fun? — No, I'm sorry. Inflation has hit Ithaca, that's gone up.

Would-be reader

*Editor: Watch out Sears Roebuck, here we come!*

Graduate House  
Cambridge, Mass.  
January 20, 1949

Dear Editor,

The enclosed manuscript is the result of a bull session held about a

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

month ago in the Graduate House. In a moment of exuberance I made a bet that I could get an article published in Voo Doo.

You've just got to help me win this bet. If you won't publish this thing, it means that I will have to keep trying, and I just don't have the time!

Written about a month ago, I put it aside to let it age some, and recently I revised it. My roommate, who has a low opinion of undergraduates, thinks that the humor is in many spots so subtle that it takes a graduate student to appreciate it. If this is so, then perhaps this will increase your circulation over here.

At any rate, if you can use it, you are welcome to do so, gratis of course; if you want to mutilate it, do so, but if possible I should like Footnote 7 left as is. If it is not your policy to accept unsolicited manuscripts, then of course I will lose my bet. However, today I talked with a couple of your salesmen in the hall, and they said that there is no fixed rule about this, if it were good enough for the mag.

Yours most respectfully,

HARRY F. DAVIS

*Editor: Footnote 7 — Hi, Betty!*

Box 311  
Florida State University  
Tallahassee, Fla.  
January 8, 1949

Dear Voo Doo,

I have grown up hearing about Tech humor, first from my Dad, M. I. T. Class of 1917, and now from Jim Staples, Class of 1950, who has been sending me Voo Doo. However, of all my experiences — with Voo Doo, that is, I have never been more disgusted with the joke of the month than I was with the one in your November ('48) issue. Your Wellesley gal doesn't seem to be much on the ball, in fact if I were she, I'd take it on the "Lamm" (pun intended). I

hope maybe you'll print this joke that I'm submitting and let people realize that Florida State University (Tallahassee, Fla.) is really on the beam.

A little boy, aged six, came to his father with this startling statement. "Daddy, Mawey and I wanna get mawied." This is what followed:

"Well, son," he gulped, "this is a serious situation. When two people get married they have to have a place to live."

"Don't wowwy Daddy, we got dat all figgered out. Mommie said we could wive in da gawage."

"What about income? It takes money to stay married son."

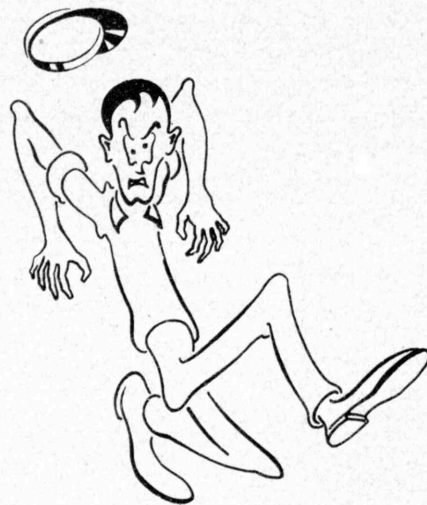
"We got dat all figgered out too. Mawey has an allowance and I have an allowance and weis a going to the movies every Satiday aftnoon an we will eat Sunday dinner at her house, O.K.?"

"Son, one more thing. There is always the problem of children."

"Oh Daddy, we got dat all figgered out. Every time she lays an egg, I'll step on it."

DOT SCHOONMAKER

*Editor: Sorry, we only print original jokes. Besides, Wellesley's closer. And smarter too; see this month's winning joke.*





We love the football season. Aside from its many other blessings, it's the only time of the year when a fellow can walk down the street with a blanket on one arm and a girl on the other without having people ask so many damn fool questions.

— The Old Maid



"Did you give our daughter that copy of 'What Every Girl Should Know'?" asked Dad.

"Yes," replied Mother, despondently, "and she's writing a letter to the author suggesting a couple of dozen corrections and the addition of two new chapters."



They say that if you don't drink, smoke, or run around with women, you'll live longer. Actually, it only seems longer.

— Octopus



"Me slept with Daddy last night," said the small child to the kindergarten teacher.

"I slept with Daddy last night," the teacher corrected.

"Well, then," said the child, "you must have come in after I went to sleep."

— H H



Many a woman thinks she bought a gown for a ridiculous price, when in reality she bought it for an absurd figure.



A girl we don't know got a job with an advertising agency — giving away little boxes of candy to the public. She's just finished her first day's work when she met an old friend whom she hadn't seen in quite a while.

"Oh, Madge," said the friend, "I've just heard the news that you're going to get married."

"Yes, I am, in January," said Madge.

"How wonderful! What are you doing now?"

"Nothing much," said Madge, "just giving away free samples."

— Ram Buller

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# DOING THE TOWN



Among the top ten occupations that I wouldn't expect this job to lead to, that of book-reviewer certainly places. Yet an event of singular interest caught my attention in the week past, and I am afraid that the taint is on me, for I intend writing a few words about a thesis just submitted. It bears a title that I remember only vaguely (you know how those things ramble on) but it has to do with the presentation of information on what it takes to establish good customer relationships in places that serve liquor. It was prepared by a student named Anatol W. Bigus of the you guessed what department under the careful supervision of Professor Pigors. It won't be available in the library until much later than publication date for this article, so I have, in a word and my own inimitable manner, secured a beat. (Thanks to Ronny Green for the word.) Bigus, it appears, is a lad whose record in the booze-tracking department is not only extensive but intensive. He apparently has a deep, abiding, and Kinsey-like interest in the habits of the liquor-liking portion of the population — he's been collecting data for the paper for Lord knows how many years, as you'd guess he'd have to.

The author starts off with a couple of statements that anyone starting a bar will find instructive; why people drink (social value, mostly) is one, Prohibition is Evil is another, and moderate drinkers need not fear for their health is still another. He breaks into a classification of the components of good establishment-customer relationships at once, isolating ten major considerations directly under the influence of the owner of such an establishment, and also classifies drinkers (for the purposes of the thesis) into three groups. These three turn out to be people who (1) come into a bar (add to this word, when you see it in the article

from now on "or hotel or lounge or tavern") unaccompanied, who drink by themselves, and leave without any companion, (2) come into a bar without a friend, but who subsequently leave with one (HA!) and (3) arrive with a friend and depart with the friend after having spent their time entirely with him, engaged in small talk and moderate drinking. The ten components are these; food, entertainment, the quantity-quality-price relationship, bar manager, bartender, help, and the degree of the help's satisfaction, atmosphere, outside appearance, arrangement of the bar, and one other that I've forgotten. (It might have been location.) A pretty good set, don't you think?

Well, the thing is very interesting. Unfortunately, from my point of view, no names are named, nor is the finger pointed to places that (for instance) I could use for material. It is, as stated, primarily written for guidance of a person that might want to start a bar, or who, already owning one, wanted to find out how to increase his total revenue. There are two interesting points to bring out in this respect — first, no bar should ever be so interested in profit-making that it will serve an inebriate (this is against the law in most states, including Massachusetts) and second, there's no specific recommendation that can be applied in most cases, due to the inter-relationships between the categories. The guide is now available, though.

I did take the time to see why the Savoy is so very prosperous these days, on the basis of Bigus' material. The conclusion is that the place is one of the best examples that one could find, for my money. But notice particularly that the last sentence is qualified, and here's one of the rubs in the application of the thesis for the purpose mentioned (Bigus brings this out) — when you start to survey such an establish-



ment, you've got to know what you want (or are willing to stand). Thus, I don't want the bartender to talk to me at all in that place, accordingly, I don't care whether he's a good, bad, or indifferent person. As long as he's competent at mixing and fast in serving my waitress, he's all right. He might not appeal to anyone who made a habit of standing at the Savoy's bar—I don't do that, so one category automatically receives a paucity of attention from me.

Of course, the thing that I do go down there for is the music. As I've mentioned more times than one in this column, I think that the brand that they are putting out at present is extremely good. It's Dixieland, and the group that plays is led by a young man who was trained by Sidney Bechet in the art of the soprano sax. Incidentally, there is now a fan club dedicated to the purpose of promoting this "... greatest representative of the younger generation in Jazz to-

day." "... who has chosen to play in the New Orleans tradition, thus giving new life to a great music field that seemed doomed to pass from existence." I quote from the Bob Wilber Dixieland Jazz Club of Boston dedication (so-called) which was, I strongly suspect, composed by a new member of the Tech Family. Or, Hurray for Activities!

Back to the original premise, and point of consideration, that of the entertainment down at the Savoy. They shape up very well, one sees on the "entertainment" basis, and again, from my point of view. At any rate, thesis material or no, I find the place most satisfying, and I earnestly recommend it to your attention. Go down Massachusetts Avenue to Columbia. The Savoy is back on Massachusetts Av. about a half a block towards Tech. Have fun.

— JOHN H. FISHER

First son: "Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Writes out check.)

Second son: "Father, I got into trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Writes out check.)

Daughter: "Father, I did something dreadful last night"—

Father: "Ah, now we collect."  
— *Metropolitan Life*



Jack and Jill fell down the hill,  
A stunt that's mighty risky.  
If water made them act like that,  
I think I'll stick to whiskey

— *Down-Towner*

## *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"**

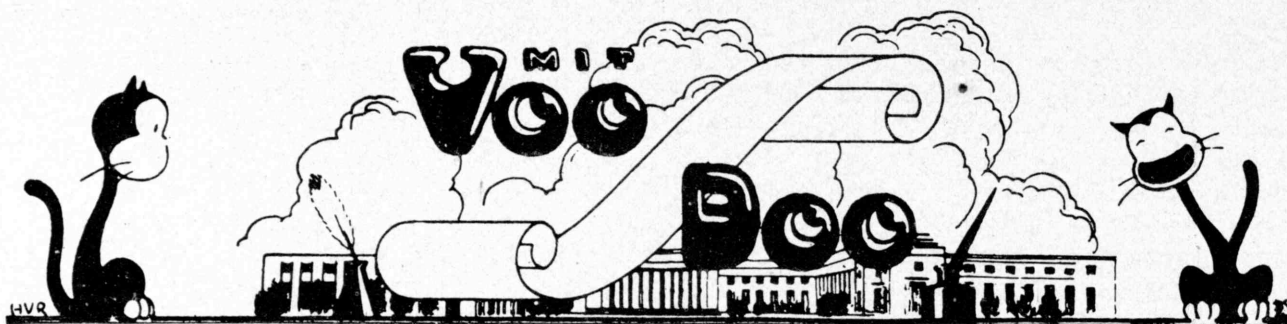
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ONE of our classmates recently found himself, with his date, parked across the street from her dorm. They were having an animated conversation when our friend looked up and saw a sign glaring down at them; the sign read GO SLOW CHILDREN. With a world full of Deans and Constabulary, life loses its flavor.

AN English Instructor reports that while correcting the Ell Term papers last week he came upon a footnote referring him to an inscription on the wall of the men's room in building four. Unfortunately he failed to mention what the subject was.

WE notice that the registrar's office has put peppermint flavored musilage on the envelopes used to return registration material. What's the matter boys? Has that increase in tuition given you a guilty conscience?

IN 15.41 the other day, Professor Tucker was discussing corporate officers' titles, and how little they really meant. As an example, he compared Vice Presidents of (1) a large corporation like Bell Telephone, and (2) a small operating company like a water company. Somewhat rhetorically he asked what we thought the latter would get as salary, to which someone sitting in row E quickly responded, "twenty-five an hour and all the water he can drink."

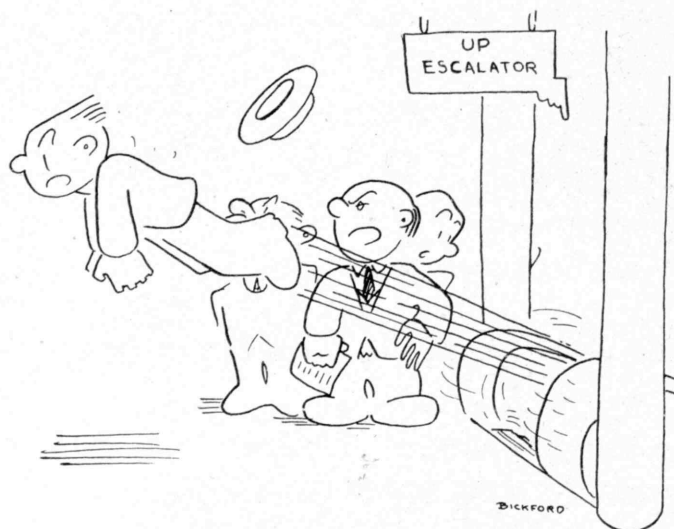
ONE of our men walked past Dr. Ashdown's office the other day. The piles of paper were rising in canyons on each side, and the path between the cliffs was getting visibly narrower. "After exams," Dr. Ashdown is reported to have said, "I think I will get a steam shovel to clean out our office." A hearty amen, and a memo to some other instructors of our acquaintance.

OUR man swears that this is true. He claims that he was in the Tech Pharmacy minding his own business, when Norbert Wiener walked in, reading a letter. The learned doctor ordered a frappe, still reading his letter, took the metal beaker and the glass to a table, and sat down still reading his letter. Without taking his eyes from the paper, Wiener poured. All over the table, onto the floor, not getting a drop into his glass. Norbert took a good look at his letter, lifted the glass, and tried to take a hearty draught. Noticing that the glass was empty, he appeared a trifle astonished, got up, and left still reading his letter, apparently satisfied that he had drunk the frappe. Our man went on minding his own business, and vows to keep away from cybernetics.

SPEAKING of the freshmen, a proctor of 8.01 exams reports this one. He was walking down the aisle when he heard a student mumbling to himself, and he went over to listen. It sounded something like this. . . .

"Boy, this is tough. Let's see — divide by the number of letters in the instructor's name, and subtract the number of children he has. Hmmn, it still don't look right. I guess I better divide by my coop number and add my social security. I'll be nineteen next month so I'll play it safe and divide by 18 and 11/12. Ah! Now all I have to do is integrate between tuition and carfare and I'll have it."

Strangely enough he was accurate to four places and even Norbert can't explain it.



"Damn it! It's broken again."



THE Parker Pen Company has placed in our coop a mechanical advertisement which is designed to intrigue those of us who are capable of recognizing ingenuity. Whether or not this device has boosted Parker sales remains a matter of debate. It has, however, multiplied the number of questions which the coop girls must answer in an average day.

The display consists of two pens connected by rods to horizontal, contra-rotating discs. These two discs are resting on circular platforms which are connected by rods to a vibrator. Thus vibrations are transmitted through the rods and discs and give the pens constant rotational motions.

This much information was easily obtained in conversation with the slightly bewildered girl who recollected the word "vibrations" in the Parker representative's explanation.

Proudly, and with what was perhaps the air of a professor of elementary physics lecturing to freshmen, she damped the vibrations of the lower rods with her hand and stopped the rotation of the pens. Further interrogation embarrassed her, so we climbed up on the counter and investigated.

The secret of transforming the vibrations in the lower discs to rotation in the upper lies in pads of felt resting on the lower discs. The fibers of this felt are inclined  $45^\circ$  from the perpendicular and lie tangent to circles concentric about the centers of the discs. Thus as the lower discs vibrate, each of the fibres gives the upper disc a rotational impetus. In the same way that a hair brush with crooked bristles will "walk" when dropped on a table, the upper discs, and hence the pens, will rotate and cause passing students to take notice.

We explained this to the wide-eyed girl and then left the coop, confident that she would remember little more than the word "vibrations."



THE spirit of free enterprise seems to be dying rapidly here in America. Recently, however, we did hear of one noble soul who was doing his best to preserve it. It seems that the watchman at the new Senior House was charging fifty cents for a guided tour of that architectural masterpiece. A note of interest is that *The Tech* ran a feature article on the "Senior House" about this time. We wonder what their cut is. A second note of interest is that the assistant manager of a local dining service was one of the customers of this enterprising watchman, and now wants his money back. A final note of interest is that there is now a new watchman guarding the new Senior House. We told you free enterprise was dying.

IT has often come to our attention that an automobile license plate has many functions other than those originally intended for it. The most obvious of these functions is that of memo pad for the forgetful.

Two men who apparently have things more important than addresses and telephone numbers to remember are Paul Winsor and Albert Collins of Boston and Watertown respectively. The numbers appearing on their plates are 314159 and 217828.

The addresses of these men, if necessary, are:

2 Summit St., Boston  
69 Chapman St., Watertown

A FRIEND of ours, with matrimony in mind, phoned an old friend of the family who is a minister to make an appointment for the hopefuls to come see him. Our friend, who had been careful to say nothing concerning the nature of the visit, was rather taken aback, however, when the voice at the other end of the phone, mumbling as a notation was made in the appointment book, said pretty much as follows: "3 P.M. Sunday, Mary and John, about a rabbit farm." (Names are fictitious, obviously.)



# GRASS PLOT BARED!



OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT  
October 1, 1948

Dear Jim:

Here's the poop on the grass situation as it was decided at the Corporation meeting. The lawns are getting out of hand; we can't mow lawns and build teak wood railings at the same time. There is one plot around one of the flag poles which can only be kept sparse by luring hurrying Course XV men away from the paths. The Corporation has decided not to mince any words: Every blade of grass must disappear from the Institute grounds; this should be one of the objectives of your first "five year plan." You are authorized to take any steps, repeat any steps, necessary to implement this order. It must be anticipated that there will be public opposition to this move. Department heads have been advised how to deal with any overt hostility from the student body. I advise special security measures against any attempts by VOO DOO to go underground. We expect that the more radical elements infesting station WMIT will be forced out by the projected rise in the tuition fees.

The Corporation has every confidence in your ability.

Sincerely,

X

P.S. Pardon the typing as I had to do it myself. Memorize this, and then destroy it. Good luck, boy.

## Incriminating Documents

## Discovered in Walker Pumpkin Pie by VOO DOO Agents



ONCE UPON A TIME, EVEN BEFORE THE FIVE DOLLAR FINE WAS INVENTED,  
THE NORTH BANK OF THE CHARLES WAS CONSIDERED A NICE  
PLACE TO LIVE — NOW IT IS CALLED CAMBRIDGE!

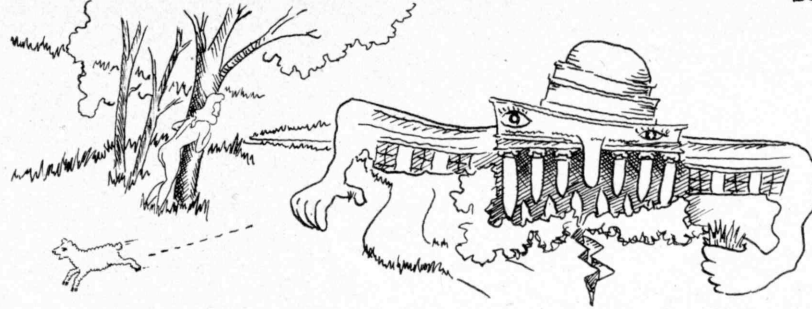
# HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

## THE HISTORY OF THE INFAMOUS PLOT

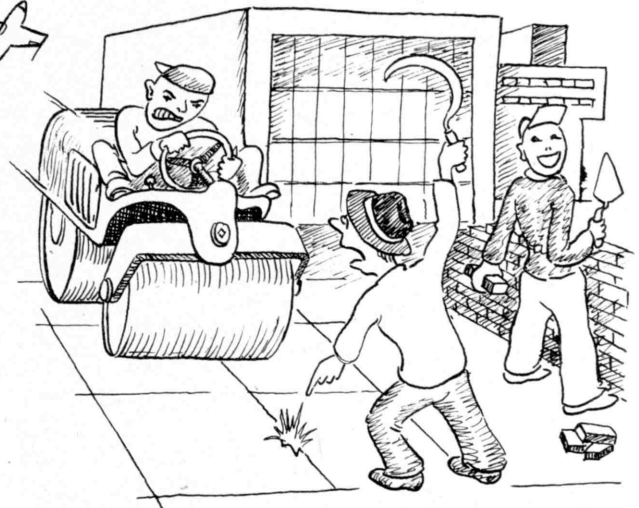
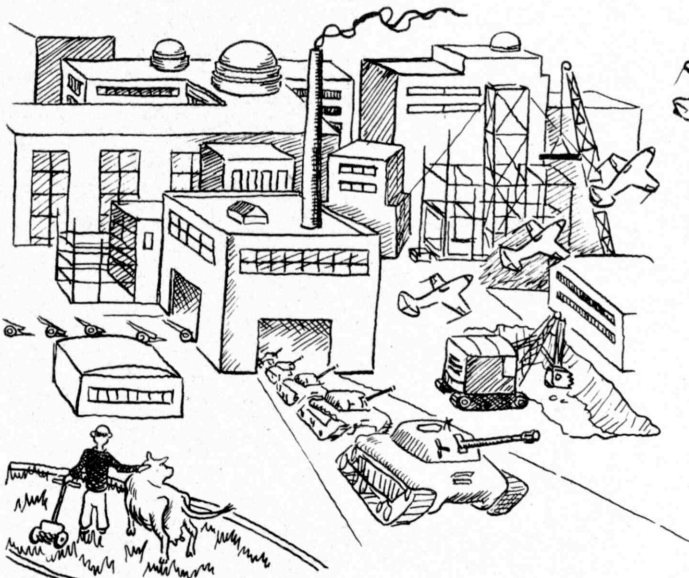


AS WE SAID BEFORE, THIS WAS  
ONCE CONSIDERED A PRETTY  
NICE PLACE. THERE WERE ENOUGH  
TREES AND GRASS FOR EVERYONE, BOYS AND GIRLS AND LAMBS COULD FROLIC AND GAMBOL  
IT WAS A VERITABLE HEAVEN OF GRASS

BUT THEN IN 1916, A HORRIBLE EVENT  
HAPPENED; LITTLE LAMBS RAN  
FRANTICALLY AT THE SIGHT. FOR A  
CREATURE MORE MONSTROUS THAN  
THE MONSTERS AND MORE BEASTLY  
THAN THE BEASTS GREW AND BEGAN  
TO COVER THE GRASSLANDS.  
MACLAURIN'S MONSTER WAS BORN!  
THERE WAS NO STOPPING IT.  
STEADILY, YEAR BY YEAR, MACLAURIN'S  
MONSTER GREW AND ITS TENACLES  
COVERED UP THE GRASSLAND, BIT  
BY BIT, ACRE BY ACRE, NOTHING COULD STOP IT.



THEN CAME THE WAR, AND 'GUNS INSTEAD OF BUTTER' WAS THE SLOGAN  
WONDERFUL GRAZING LAND ALONG THE CHARLES WAS CONVERTED TO SERVE THE  
PURPOSES OF THE NEW TECHNOLOGY. FAMINE CAME TO THE BEASTS AND MONSTERS  
OF THE GRASSLANDS.

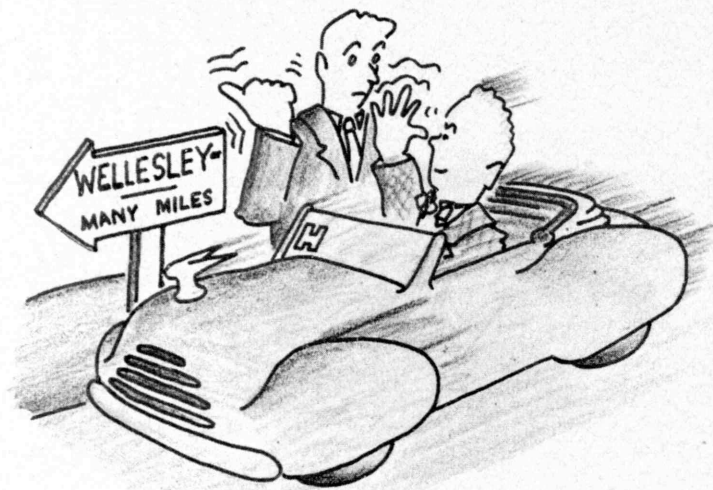


ALAS, THE END OF THE WAR DID NOT MEAN THE END OF THE INVASION  
NOTHING COULD STOP MACLAURIN'S MONSTER. TO THE CRY OF "GOD FOR  
KILLIAN, TECH, AND ASPHALT" THE DESTRUCTION CONTINUED. THE INSTITUTE  
HAD BECOME A LABYRINTH SUCH THAT THE LITTLE MONSTERS THAT STILL SURVIVED  
GOT LOST IN THE HALLS AND WERE MADE COURSE VI INSTRUCTORS.

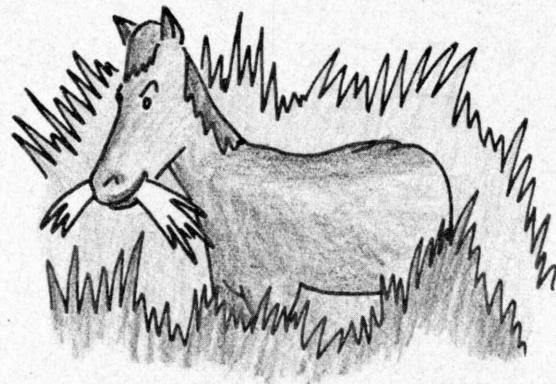


# "GREEN PASTURES"

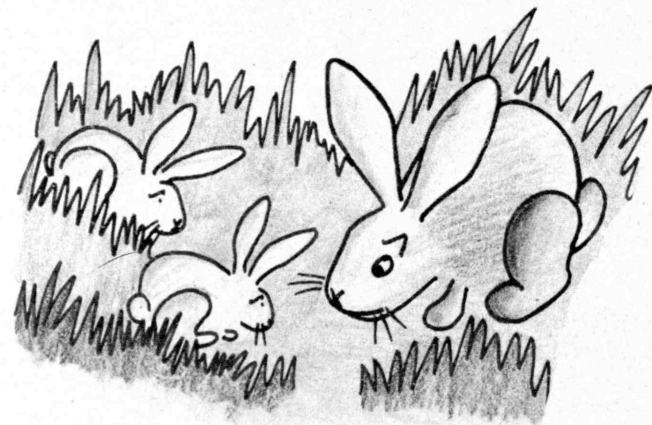
## "THE ADVANTAGES OF GRASS"



There would be no need to go all the way to Wellesley for grass.



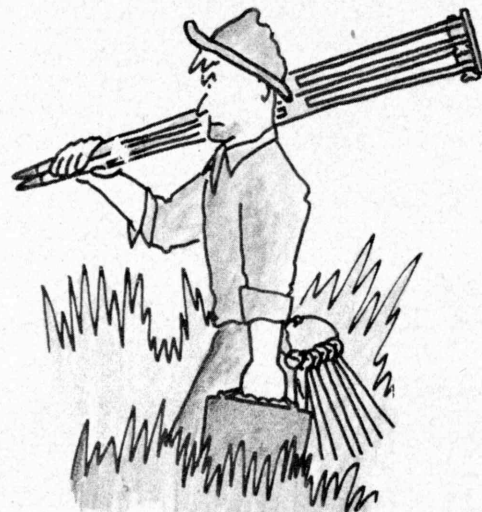
Solves the parking problem; everybody rides horses and leaves them to graze.



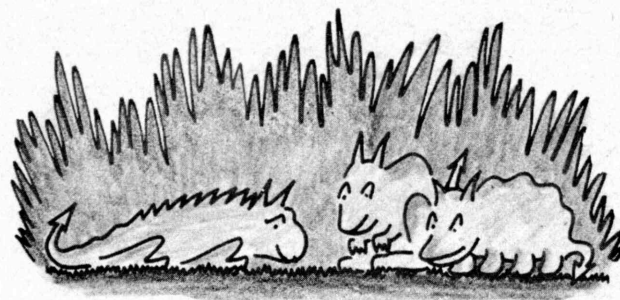
As a home for wandering animals, the grass wins for the Institute the valuable political support of the S.P.C.A.



Something to roll on after quizzes and chem labs.



Convenient field trips for civil engineers.



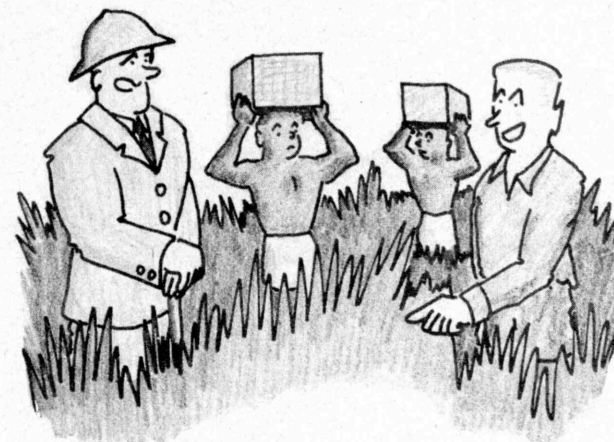
Above all, a haven for grass monsters.



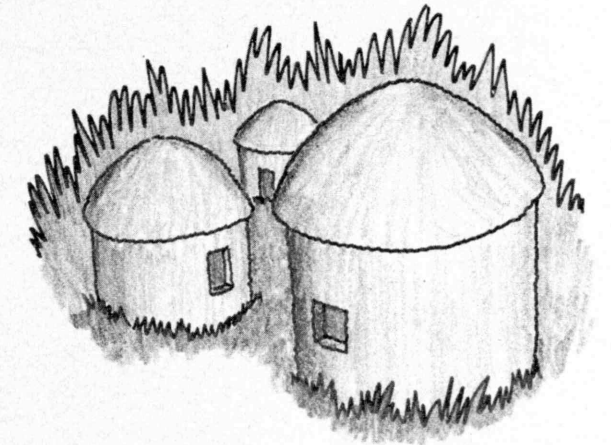
Furnishes employment for mowing-machine operators and clippers of all sizes.



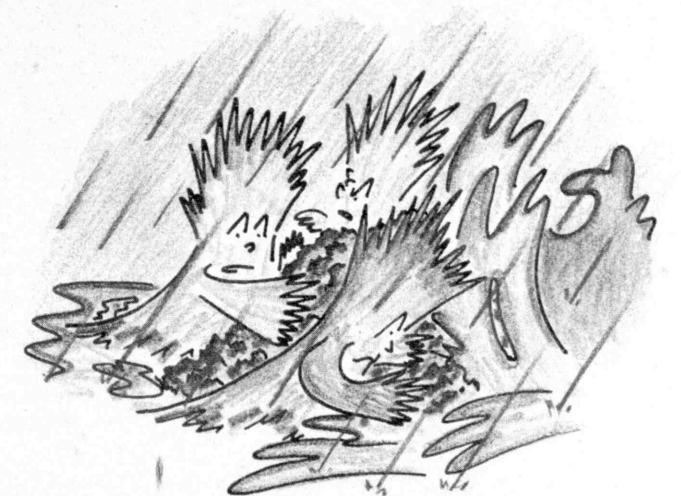
A plentiful supply of grass makes it unnecessary to eat at Walker.



Senior House watchmen could turn an extra dollar by giving guided tours to the Tech grasslands.



Solves the housing problem.



Grass would keep valuable Technological topsoil from being washed away into the murky depths of the Charles.

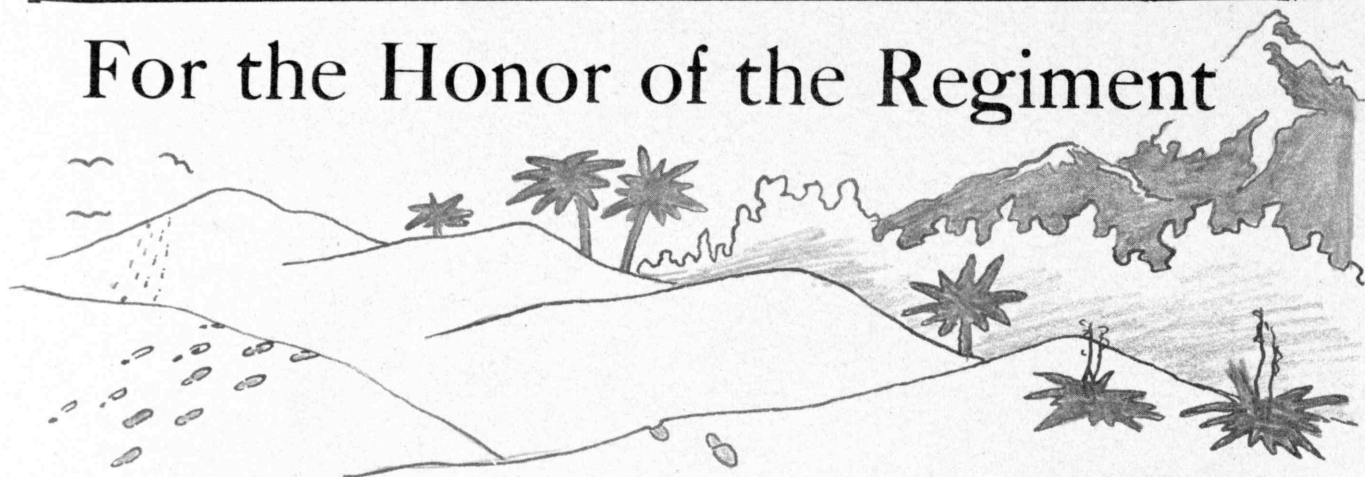


R.S.600CH

And a grass skirt for your girl . . . !



# For the Honor of the Regiment



Early in the spring of 1948, an expedition left Cape Town, Africa and headed North, seeking to locate a "Singing Idol" that was rumored to be owned by a native village located in the heart of the Turasi Swamps. Leading the expedition was Sir Keith Ashton of the B.B.C., His Majesty's First Grenadier Corps, and the W.P.A. We pick up the expedition as it begins to force its way into the jungles of darkest Africa.

"Sir Keith! Sir Keith Ashton! Where are you, sir? Tally Ho and all that sort of thing. Sir Keith?!"

"Cranston, for heavens' sake, its past four. Be a little quiet can't you man. What is it?"

"A native has just arrived from Lower Sitbah with an interesting piece of news. He says he knew Sir Marlowe in '29."

"No!"

"Yes."

"No."

"Quite."

"Fascinating bit of news Cranston. Show the fellow in."

*An exhausted native is brought into Sir Keith's tent. They go through the native greetings in the proper order, dancing the ceremonial "Greetingschum" dance, signing their name in blood on a bit of papyrus, etc. Then Sir Keith begins to question the native.*

"Ask him his name, Cranston. I'm a little rusty on Sitbah dialect."

"All right, Sir Keith. You there, capo fet staranta?"

"HEY tanta sarra, yumumbositua. Hey HEY!"

"Well, Cranston, what is it? What did he say?"

"He said, 'George.'"

"Eh? Oh, quite. Ask him if he has any news for us, something that might aid us in our search for the Singing Idol."

"George! Listen. Zulu pom. Bulu pom. Hulu pom. Kanta kanta kanta zut. De baba de baba de baba and chilawa tickle the drumba. Bom tiddy. BOM?"

"Zit!"

"What is it Cranston?"

"He says he has important news, sir. He says that Sir Marlow is dead, and that our relief column has been destroyed. It seems that the natives of Sitbah and Turasi have risen against us. Something about worshipping the Singing Idol and not wanting us to see it."

"Beastly nuisance, Cranston. Well, have the fellow's name entered in the honorary ranks of the First Corps, and dismiss him. Tell him to return to Lower Sitbah and await further news."

"Fetsy be detsi you retsi."

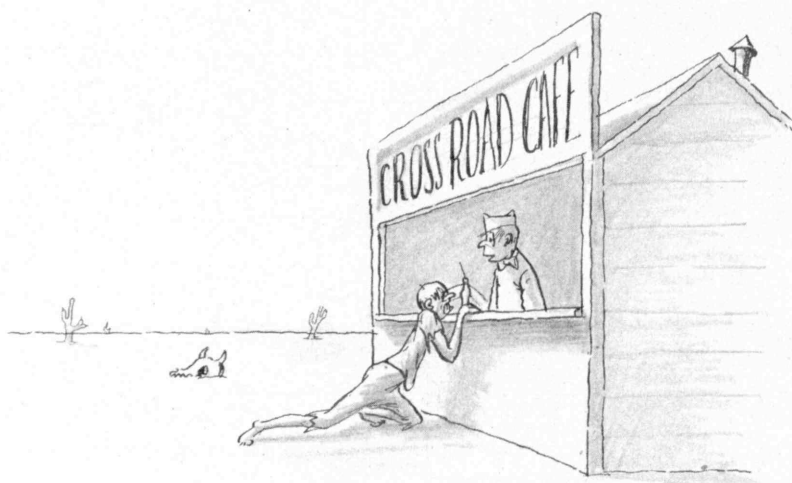
"Cheep de goomo."

"He says that he'll be killed if he goes back there, Sir Keith."

"Well tell him he must do it. Honor of His Regiment, and all that."

"We must be on our way, Cranston, on our way."

*The expedition pushes on. Native ambushes become frequent, and porters begin to desert. Sir Keith and Cranston fight on. Finally only Sir Berrybarry and three others are left with them. Then one morning, a few miles from the southern edge of the Turasi*



"Is it to take out Mac, or will you eat it here?"

*Swamps —*

"Cranston. Wake up. I say, Cranston, it's nearly 4:30, we must be off."

"Umph, mmmn, poohff. Eh? Oh, quite. Good morning Sir Keith."

"Good morning. Good morning. Wake up Sir Berrybarry and the Others. We must be off."

"Very well — I say, Sir Keith. Something amiss here."

"Eh, quite. What is it Cranston."

"Sir Berrybarry and the Others are dead, sir. They seem to have been stepped on. Beastly mess."

"Oh, dear. Irritating, irritating. I say, Cranston, what's that over in the corner of the tent."

"Where. Oh, it's an elephant of some sort. Large, isn't it."

"Quite large. What's he doing, Cranston?"

"I say. This is a bother. He's charging us, Sir Keith."

"Well, kill him, Cranston. I'll fix breakfast. We must be off."

"Perhaps I should help you, Sir Keith?"

"Not necessary. Kill it, Cranston. It IS rather large at that, isn't it."

"I say, Sir Keith, I —"

"Cranston! Attention!"

"Yessir."

"Kill it, and be done with it man, the poor thing's still charging."

"Yessir."

"Then join me outside. We must be off."

"Yessir."

*(Finally they force their way into the felid Swamps of Turasi. They are gone for weeks. When next we see them they have just returned once more to the southern edge of the Swamp.)*

"Singing Idol, indeed. The nerve of that person. What did he say his name was, Cranston? I didn't catch it."

"Sinatra, Sir Keith. Frank Sinatra."

"Quite. Sinatra. Singing Idol indeed. Not a word of this to his majesty, Cranston. Not a word. Singing Idol. Bah."

J. H. B.



*"Is it really that rough at Wellesley?"*

Student in Co-op: "How much is this paper?"

Ivey: "Seventy-five cents a ream."

Student: "It sure is!"



ME: "Do you know what knee action is in a car?"

Coed: "Yes, and don't you try it."



"George," said the young co-ed in a nervous whisper, as she pushed him away, "you'll have to wait; you must give me time."

"How much?" asked the love-sick youth. "A week, a month, or even a year?"

"Don't get impatient, little boy," answered the coed, "only wait until the moon gets behind the cloud."

— American Boy

Precocious five-year-old girl: "I know all the Facts of Life."

Friend: "Why, I'll bet you don't even know who made you."

First girl: "You mean recently or originally?"

— Fillers



"I'll take a honeymoon sandwich."

"What's that?"

"Hot chicken and no dressing."

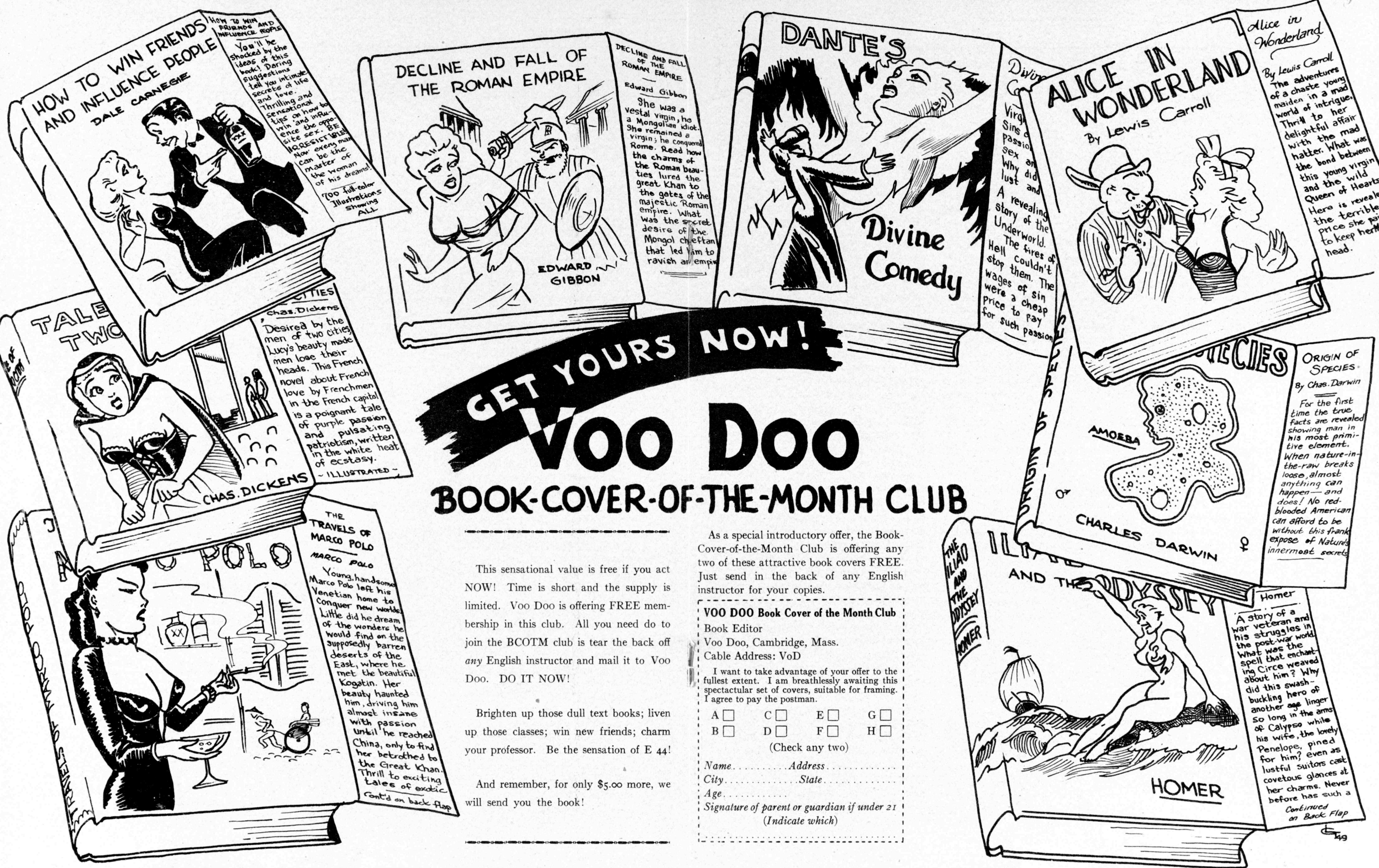


Girl (to boy friend reading to her from a book): "Didn't you skip something between 'he took her in his arms' and 'the morning cast a rosy glow'?"



And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and sofa and she reclined.





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# VOO DOO

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(Check any two)

Name.....Address.....  
City.....State.....  
Age.....  
Signature of parent or guardian if under 21  
(Indicate which)





*Editor's Note: We have often wondered whether male Vassar coeds attend summer playhouse. It appears that they don't. Here is the story of Bob Garvin, who wouldn't allow his sex to interfere with his education. Bob is a dramatics major at Vassar, and he has done a lot of writing on the side for his high school paper.*

One of the requirements of "Dramatics II & III" is attendance at the summer playhouse sessions conducted by Vassar at their experimental theater at Provincetown, Mass. When I went to Dean Burns to arrange for this, she smiled at me and told me to see Prof. Hartmann and Prof. Davies of the Dramatics Department. They too smiled, and then proceeded to dissuade me from trying to go: The experimental theater was a mile and a half from the nearest town, no arrangements were available

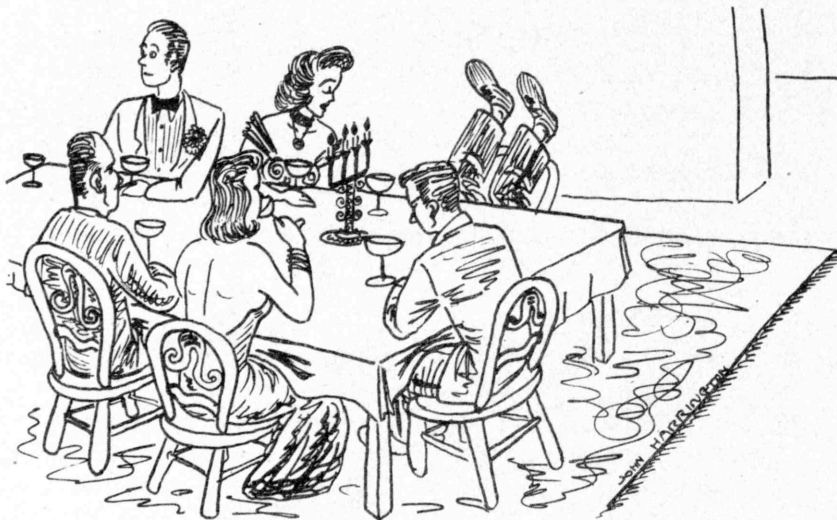
for men, and those that existed for the girls were of the rudest sort. I would be obliged to do work of a nature which I might find harmful, and so on. Why not take a regular course in limelight exposure on the campus. When I asked about getting credit for a summer course attended at another school, they told me I was welcome to try, and to go to the devil.

As a native New Yorker, I thought immediately of trying Bennington, especially as I had read that one of the Bennington coeds was going to attend their summer playhouse. I wrote to them and was refused, but a few days and some outside pressure later, they reversed their decision. I was told, however, that one of their courses in Dramatics was a prerequisite. I got the text from the library and began to wade through it, with a moderate amount of success,

although I was a little hazy about much of theatrical equipment: As an example, I did not actually handle a G-string until I reached the playhouse.

On the appointed day I stepped off the train at North Adams, the nearest point to the summer playhouse which could be reached by rail, and was met by Dave Watson, the Bennington coed who was also going out to the summer theater. I liked him at once, and we made arrangements to go out there together, wondering all the while about the reception the girls would give us. After a hectic twenty mile taxi ride in pouring rain, we arrived at Old Bennington, the site of the playhouse, to find that no one at all was expecting us. We were soon surrounded by a milling mob of girls, however, who complimented us on our bold look — half inch seams on our shirts, rugged red soles on our claret grained leather shoes. They were all wearing ballet tights, and most of them hadn't had a facial or a permanent in weeks, or so it looked to our city-bred eyes. We spent the rest of that day and most of the next "shaking down," and hoping for the rain to stop.

As soon as it cleared up, we were divided into groups of half a dozen to practice stage gestures. The girls in my group knew each other well, but my presence seemed to be a dampening factor on them. When they finally realized, however, that I could get as jealous and spiteful as any of them, that I did not blanch when they swore (indeed, I made a point of saying "darnation" several



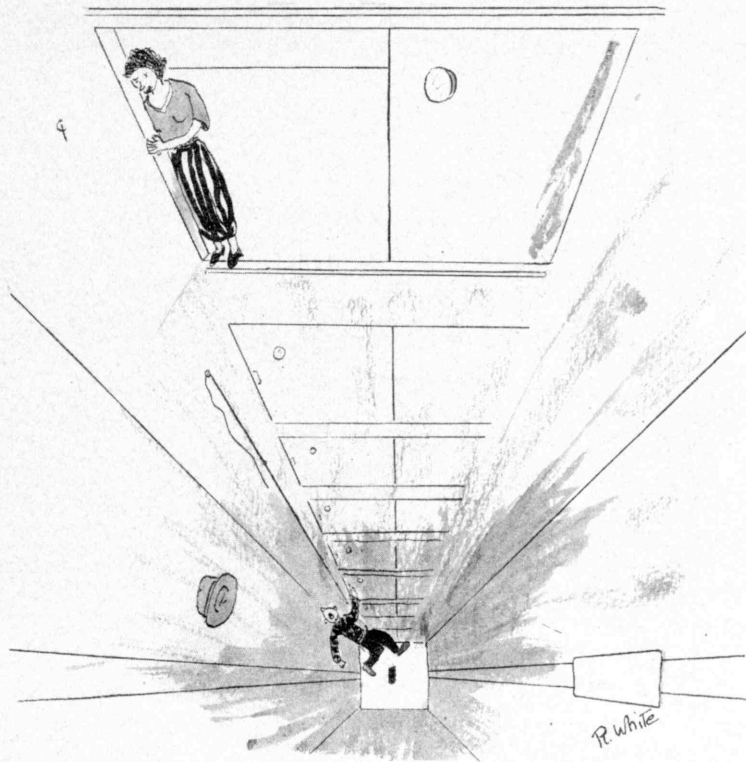
"Edgar, you're upside down!"



times, and very loudly too, to put them at ease), and that I took all the catty joshing that came my way in very poor part, they relaxed and took me for what I wanted to be — just a student actor like they. We came back to the temporary dormitories fast friends, and formed a regular hen session.

It was at Bennington that I learned to use make-up, and to this day grease paint has been my theatrical favorite. It was a little different in the advanced stage movement class. The instructor had cautioned me against attempting bumps and grinds — my bone structure wouldn't be equal to it. No obstacles could stand in the way of my determination to become an actor, however, and so I gritted my teeth and limbered up my loins. When the instructor saw me grinding, with a triumphant smile on my lips, she was horrified at the risk I was taking with my health, and made me stop. Although my sacrum and lumbar regions were sore for a few days afterwards, I had shown that I would not be licked by any difficulties imposed by my sex.

During the second week of the session we were faced by an emergency: The manager of the "Empire Vodvil" Theater in Manchester called up and said that his chorus line had gone on strike, and that he needed a large number of stand-ins immediately. I had always wanted to be in a chorus line, so I threw on a pair of pants and ran out, straight into the professor who was in charge of the playhouse. She ordered me back inside. All the girls sympathized with me, and cast around for ways of taking me with them: I covered my crew cut with a scarf, but I drew the line at donning falsies. When Mr. Howard of the "Empire" took my name, he stared at me for a few seconds, but said nothing. Followed a long and dusty ride in an old Navy bus to New Hampshire. Arrived in the theater in Manchester, some girls grabbed balloons, others huge



*"You'll be smashed to a pulp down there, dear."*

fans of ostrich plumes. I got hold of a big bunch of bananas. We went out on the stage and did with fans and balloons what one usually does on the stage, and I still remember the shouts of "take it off" which echoed through the hall as the last tiny piece of ostrich plume was thrown into the wings. All in all, a week-end we will remember.

One day back at the playhouse I was stung by a wasp. I set up a yell, and immediately had a little crowd of girls around me pouring three different kinds of antiseptic onto the bite. Talking the accident over in the lunch bar afterwards, one of the girls blew the suds off her beer at me. I threw an olive at her, someone poured a mug of beer over me, and before I knew what had happened, I had been seized by several young actresses and thrown bodily into the little pond by the site of our theater. I emerged spluttering, and made a little speech vowing revenge.

Nothing like being kicked into a

pond had ever happened to Dave Watson, but he had his share of exciting adventures. The pond had to serve for baths as well as for swimming, and whenever Dave and I went to wash, warning rockets would be sent up, and the words "Area contaminated" would be passed around.

What I liked most about the summer theater was that I could go out with girls without dating. After supper one of the girls would always be driving into town, and we'd hop into the car and go with them. We would pay for ourselves — I really prefer that — and when we'd dance, we'd do so with every one of the girls, not just with one. I realize that this strikes at the heart of modern sex regulations, but I think that man is essentially a polygamous animal, and Dave and I enjoyed ourselves tremendously. I was especially proud of being accepted by the girls as one of them. It has been a wonderful experience.

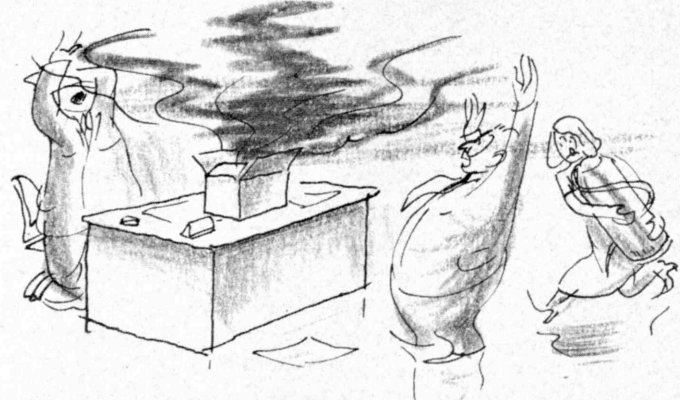


# Do You Have SUPPRESSED DESIRES?

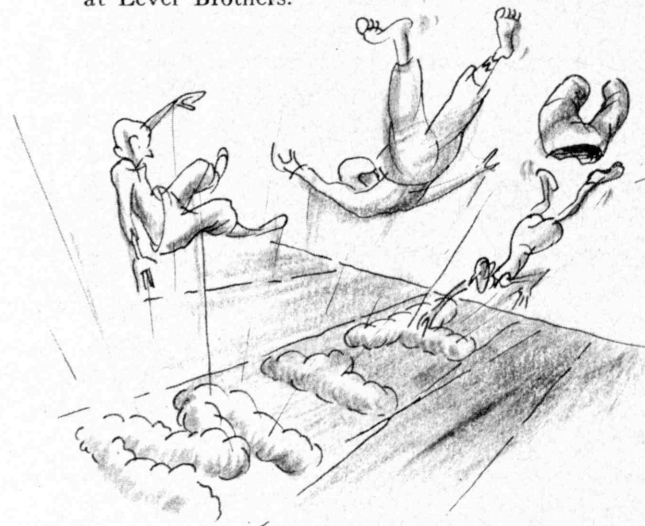
We of the press have long harbored many desires which have been cruelly suppressed by public opinion. We feel that we are not alone in this. Perhaps the mere declaration of our ideas might relieve us of some of our frustration and guide others in relieving themselves. For example, we have long desired —



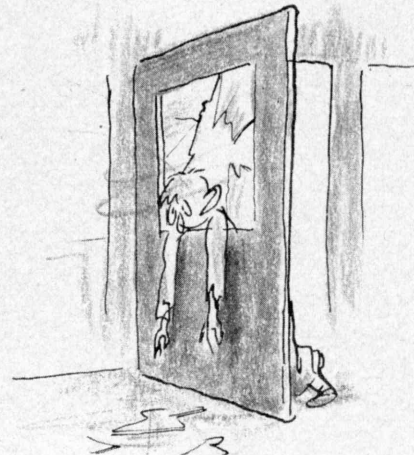
To throw a lighted match at Professor Sears when he is filled with hydrogen.



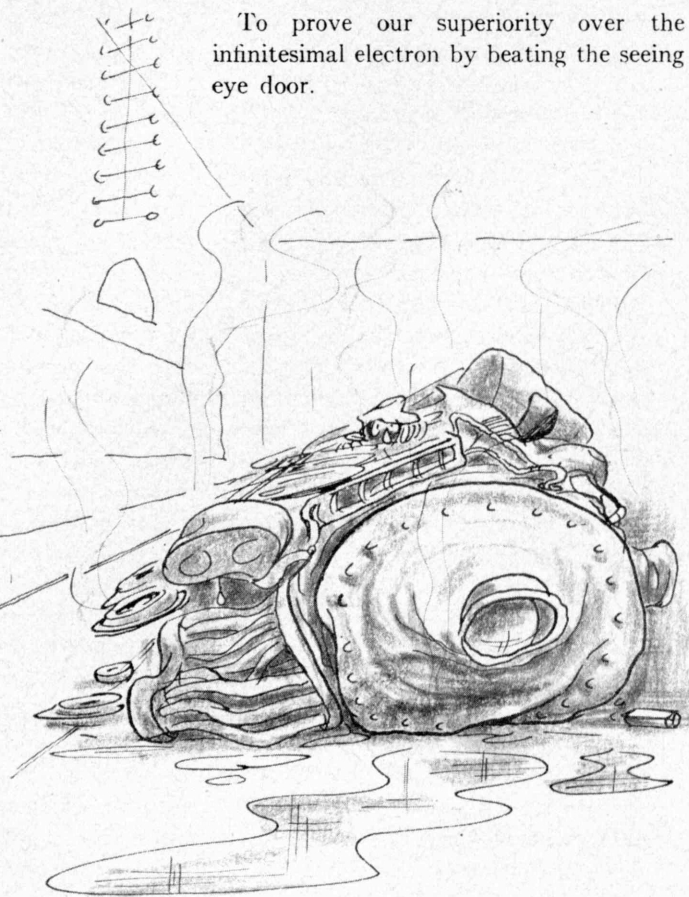
To fight fire with fire by raising the century's greatest at Lever Brothers.



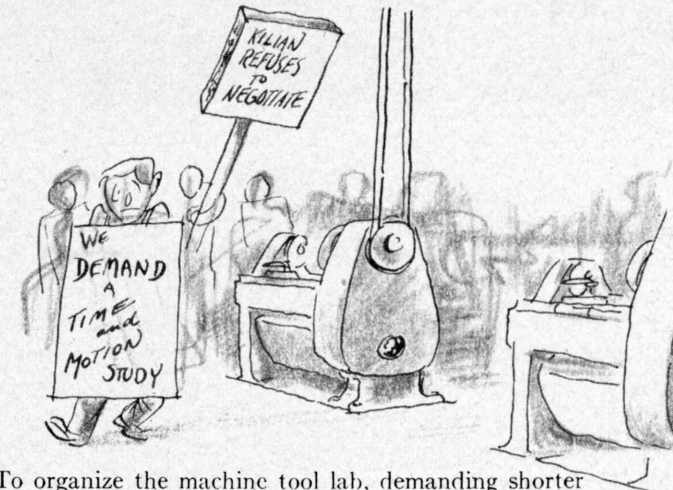
To save face by doing it this time without botching the job.



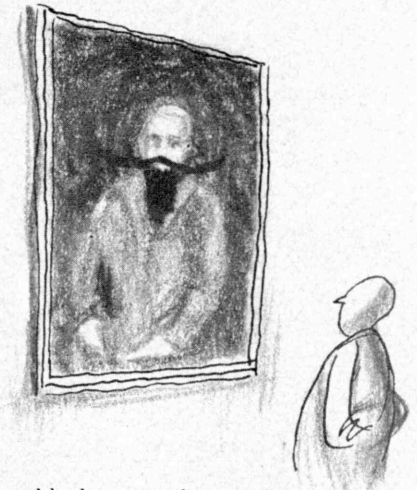
To prove our superiority over the infinitesimal electron by beating the seeing eye door.



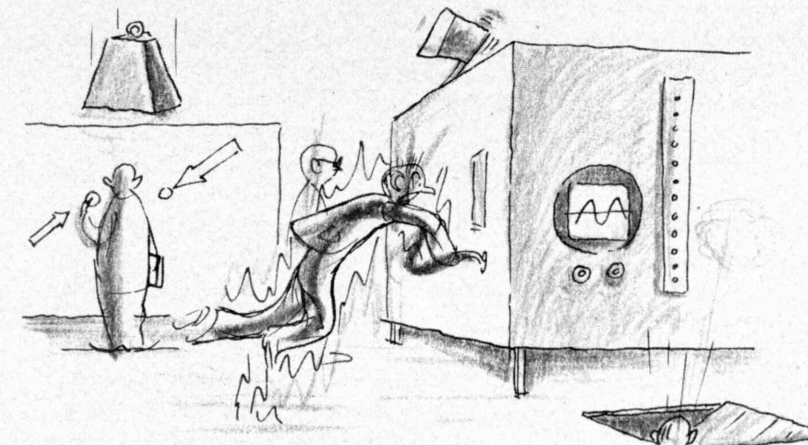
To derail one of the fast trains that *must* go through 10-250 when nobody is looking.



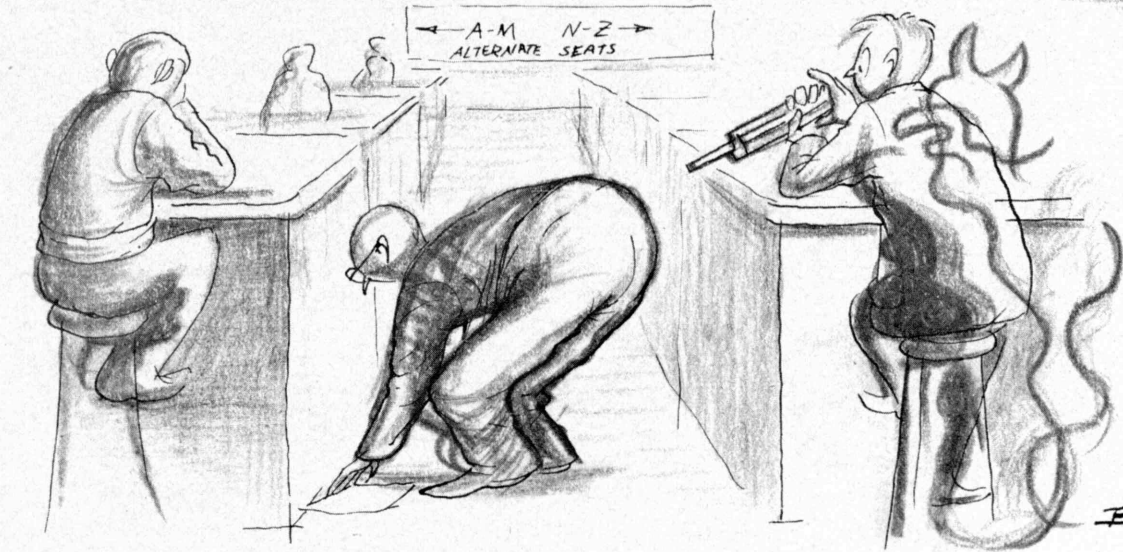
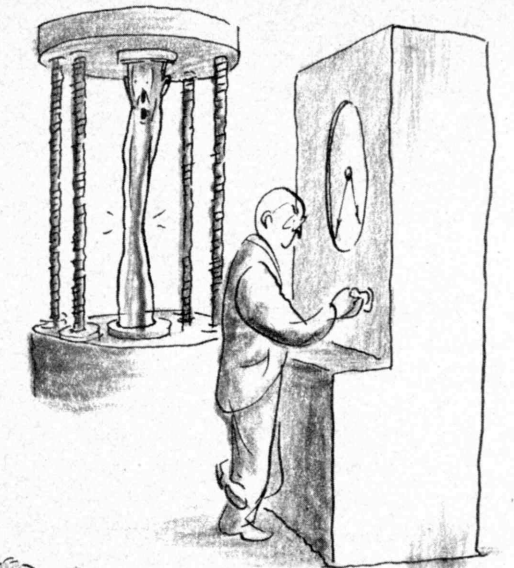
To organize the machine tool lab, demanding shorter lathes and more H's.



To paint a hideous black mustache on the famous Building 7 Compton portrait.



To run our own exhibit in Building 7, teaching people not to push buttons.



To run a tensile test on someone — on anyone remotely connected with tensile test machines.

BUGS.



# THE HUMAN TOUCH

One movement in which we heartily concur is the attempt to humanize engineering schools. If we may be allowed the temerity to suggest the Conants, the Comptons, and the Hutchins are on the wrong track, we would like to suggest a direct attack on the source of the inhumanity, the authors of technical books. It is all well and good to derive a formula by partial derivatives, but we believe with Damon Runyan's horseplayer, it is better when there is a story that goes with it. If the Professors Sears and Frank will not consider us presumptuous, we would like to offer an addition to their next work in the style of some of our lighter writers. Such as the electron theory as presented by, say Damon Runyan:

I am sitting in Mindy's putting away the gefulte fish one night when in busts the professor all excited. Of course he is not really a professor but is called that because he acts a little queer and was once a professor in a school in Ohio. The professor comes over to where I am eating and starts spluttering. Naturally, I do not ask why he is so excited, because people in this town that ask questions get a rep for being nosey which is most unhealthy. So I give him the big hello and ask him to sit down. As I say before, the professor is very excited and is making lots of chin music. All I catch though, is a few words like meson and proton. I do not wish to show my ignorance so I politely inquire what sport he is talking about. He says I do not understand he just discovers the greatest thing since pari-mutuels.

It seems a long time ago out in Ohio, the professor is working in the school and gets an idea about everybody is made of little round specs, like small billiard balls, all running around like crazy. Naturally every-

body knows this shows a crossed-wire upstairs. So they throw the old guy out. The professor claims he can do nothing as he has no proof. He tells me this many times when we are playing three-handed pinochle in Good-time Charley's joint but I pay no attention as everybody on this street claims he would be somebody if some guy or doll does not do him dirt. The professor says there is one big gap in his idea, he cannot explain why the same billiard balls make different people. This afternoon he is picking up a little change shooting snooker with a guy from Bridgeport. One of the ways the professor is keeping himself is shooting snooker, which is a game of pool, with guys from places out in the sticks. When it comes to games like snooker the professor is a curly old wolf, especially with guys from Bridgeport. The professor explains to me that maybe he shoots five thousand games of pool since he leaves Ohio and never once does he break them up the same way. Break them up is the term pool players use for the first shot after the boy racks them up. The pro-

fessor gets the idea that is why we are different, the balls are the same but we all have been broke up different. I think maybe the professor has been foolish enough to drink some of Good-time Charley's liquor and is ready for a trip to Poughkeepsie, a place up the river where they have a big nut farm. I do not wish to insult the professor as he is a popular guy and always gives me the glad hand. So I say that is okay professor but what can I do about it. So he says why you know a few newspaper scribes and can get me the rag coverage I need. I am about to deny this when in comes Waldo Winston, the newspaper guy, and he asks me how I do today. As I wish to finish my fish which is now as cold as a book-maker's heart, I call over Waldo and make with the Emily Post. Waldo is a great guy for down and out stories, human interest he calls them. He listens very carefully, then goes over to the Ameche and calls up a few friends of his at Columbia, which is a school up on Morningside Heights. He comes back all excited and says yes what the professor says is true,



*"Try cutting it with the grain."*



*"Do you suppose I could get an introduction to her?"*

but is found out years ago in Denmark. The next day in his column I see the headline "Atomic Theory Corroborated by Scientist in Pool Room." I do not think this is nice of Waldo calling the old professor names, but he also adds the Professor gets his job back in Ohio. Waldo says they are looking everywhere for him all these years, but do not case the pool rooms as they do not know about his touch in banking the three ball into the side pocket.

If there was a possible objection from the English Department, the style of Stephen Leacock, late Professor of Political Science, McGill University, would surely overcome

that. An example might be Leacock explaining the cyclotron. Professor Leacock:

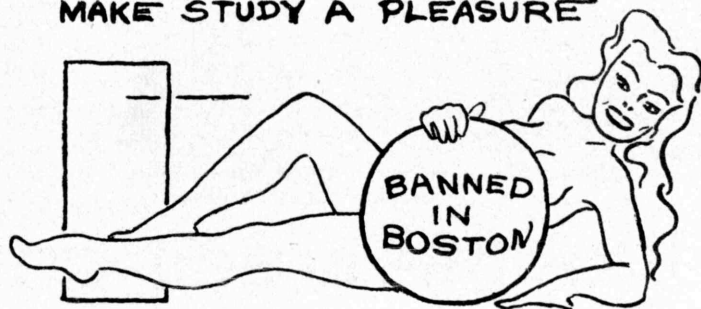
In divulging the secrets of the cyclotron I will not descend to personalities. The history of the cyclotron goes back to California, which is about the only thing that does. It was invented by two professors at the University of California, we will mention no names. They were the Drs. Lawrence and Livingston. The principle is quite simple. An electron, that is pronounced electron, is accelerated until it reaches a desired speed, when it is smashed into whatever needs smashing. A rather ingenious idea is used to speed up the

electron. A small race track is built in the form of a whirlpool. A channel is started on one side and cut through the center to the other side. The electron is started at the center, runs half-a-turn and reaches the gap. Here the ingenuity is brought into play by reversing the field with startling results. Who would think that this simple idea would produce an amazing result? Who could possibly imagine the effect of such an elementary idea? What—you could. Well I mean who else but yourself. The electron travels at an ever increasing speed and distance from the center until it is finally led off to do its work. Students interested in further exposition should consult an advanced text, notably Professor Wolfgang von Pabst's "Cyclotrons and How to Overcome Them."

This is a mere scratching of the surface. James Thurber might handle "Psyconeurotic Psyscoanalysts as Seen By a Psycopath." H. Allen Smith could be called in to do "Orifices and Weirs or Fluid Mechanics Taken by Drips." Rube Goldberg is a natural for "Machine Design, You Have To Be a Wheel." We welcome all suggestions and contributions from readers to further the campaign. The rules are very simple. Just jot down your idea on the back of an old ten dollar bill or reasonable facsimile thereof. Two fives will do nicely. Tear off the back of an English instructor and mail to Contest Editor, Voo Doo, M. I. T. All ties become the property of the editor as he had a very poor Christmas.

F. G.

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**FUNDAMENTALS OF  
"ATOMIC" STRUCTURES  
VOO DOO PRESS 1949**



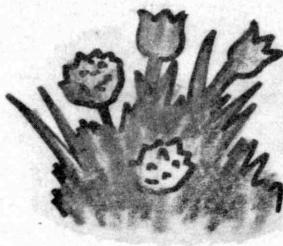
# Take the cash

## Babeard

"Some got it, some ain't,"  
Said the lecherous Saint,  
As he gleefully combed his long beard.



"There's Tulips and Roses,  
There's Jacob and Moses:  
But what man has heard of-Babeard!"



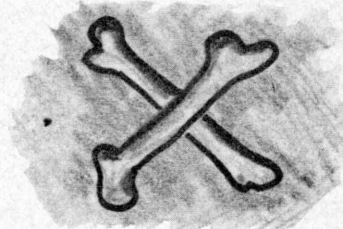
"Babeard?" we asked.  
Our minds we tasked.  
"Just what do you mean by Babeard?"



"I'll tell you," he said.  
"He's painted in red.  
A terrible sight as I've heard."



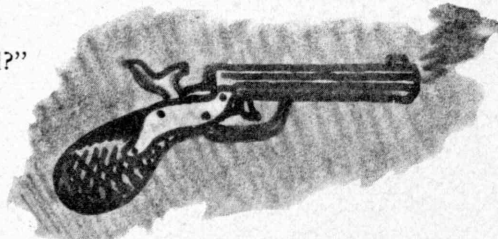
"He eats little children  
Each week by the million.  
After their flesh he has seared.



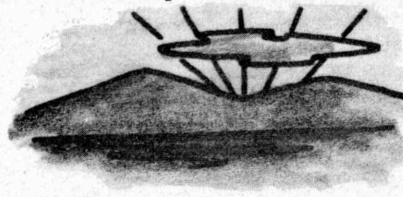
He lives in Tarbuck.  
They say he's amuck.  
Oh, Children! A man to be feared."



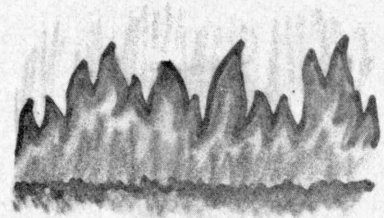
We wept at the thought.  
A pistol we bought.  
And waited for Shan of Babeard.



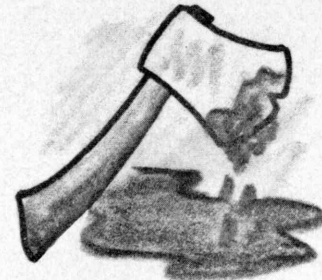
Night fell in the West.  
Lumps rose in my breast.  
When footsteps outside we heard.



Oh, fire! Oh shame!  
Sing lyre, of flame!  
Sing of the lust of — Babeard!



The awful, the dread!  
An axe in his head!  
I killed the Shan of Babeard.

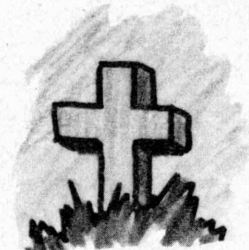


Killed him, I say.  
Killed him today.  
I killed the Shan of Babeard.



Babeard.  
Babeard.  
I killed the Shan of Babeard.

J. H. B.



# —and let the credit go

Love hasn't changed in 2,000 years. Greek girls used to sit all evening and listen to a lyre.



Statistics show that Yale grads have 1.3 children, while Vassar grads have 1.7. Which merely goes to show that women have more children than men.



She was only an oculist's daughter, but give her two glasses and she'll make a spectacle of herself.



Professor: "Young man, do you know who I am?"

Freshman: "No sir, but if you remember your address, I'll take you home."



Customer: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber: "Naw, it ain't that. Sometimes I clip off a customer's ear."



Then there were the high salaried directors who were always trying to make a little extra.



Old Maid—It says here that a woman in Omaha has cremated her third husband.

2nd O. M.—That's the way it goes. Some of us can't get one, and others have husbands to burn.



"A professor who comes in late is rare; in fact, he is in a class by himself."



The bride was so-o-o-o distressed when she found twin beds in their hotel room. She thought they were getting the room all to themselves.

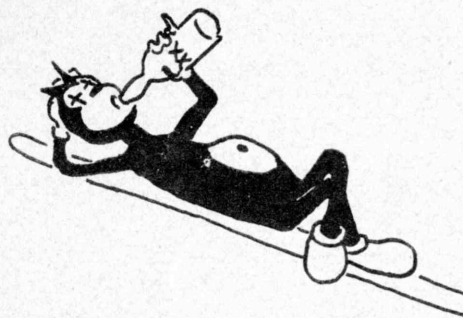


Two of three girls, who had grown up together, married, and thereafter, continually twitted their spinster friend with tactless remarks about her unhappy condition.

She laughed off their comments good-naturedly until one day they went a bit too far.

"Now tell us truthfully," they pestered, "have you ever really had a chance to marry?"

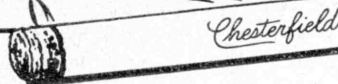
With a withering glance, she retorted, "Suppose you ask your two husbands."



## QUESTIONS

- A** It takes five letters to make THREE, They're all in Chesterfield, you see.
- B** There are three in the pack which have three in each one; Which should make about nine; in reality, one.
- C** Think of a word for a biscuit, change a letter and then You'll have a home for Daniel; but not the lion's den.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



### 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** DANA ANDREWS and C. D. ALLEN talking about Chesterfield.  
Mr. A(ndrews) says "They're mild and they taste good."  
Mr. A(llen) says "I've been smoking Chesterfield ever since they used to put them up in a cardboard box."
- B** DANA ANDREWS in "NO MINOR VICES." (The sequence refers to the number of letters in the three words of the picture title).
- C** Answer: SEMORA. Spelling backward (AROMES) you change E to A and get fragrant smells (AROMAS).
- WINNERS... S. Best R. Piller Y. Whitney B. Center  
F. Reid J. Gottlieb D. Fink S. Tigerman  
D. Gushee T. Yoos

NOW! OPEN EVERY DAY  
.. INCLUDING SUNDAYS ..

FAMOUS STEAK DINNERS  
AT

Newbury's Steak House

NEWBURY STREET AT GLOUCESTER  
BACK BAY :: BOSTON



A man was walking down the street wheeling two bicycles when he met a pal.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?" asked the pal.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," said the boy, "and we stopped under a tree to rest. After a while I held her hand. 'That's nice,' she said. Then I put my arm around her and asked her how that was. 'Great,' she said. So then I kissed her on the cheek and winked at her and she said 'Oh boy, you can have anything I've got.' So I took her bicycle."

— The Growler



"I heard you were in an automobile accident the other day."

"Yeah, I was."

"Loose tire?"

"No, woman."



"Cats, my dear," said the spinster, "I hate the very sight of them. I had a sweet little canary and some cat got that. I had a perfect parrot, and some cat got that. I had an adorable fiance, and — oh, don't mention cats to me!"

A young girl went to a doctor's office, and he gave her a thorough examination.

Doctor: "What is your husband's name?"

Girl: "I don't have a husband."

Doctor: "What is your boy friend's name?"

Girl: "I don't have a boy friend."

The doctor went to the office window and raised the shade. The young girl asked why he did it and he said:

"The last time this happened a star rose in the East, and I don't want to miss it this time."

— Rebel



Mary, bless her heart, calls her boy friend "moth" because he likes to fool around in her sweater.

— Rammer Jammer



Then there was the sweet young thing who bought a bicycle so she could peddle it out in the country.

— Mis-a-Sip



Then there was the sculptor who put his model to bed and chiseled on his wife.

## CORSAGES

Gardenias

Orchids

ARTISTICALLY CREATED  
OF FRESH FLOWERS

SIDNEY HOFFMAN, JR.  
FLORIST

HOTEL KENMORE  
KE-6-8875

OUR M. I. T. REPRESENTATIVES

BOB ELLIOTT

ED BERNINGER

## CAFE DE PARIS

*Real Home-Cooked Food*

*Reasonably Priced*

**Luncheons and Dinners**

Visit Our Lounge Bar

**165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston**

Little boy telling his mother of his recent trip to the zoo: "There were tigers and tigresses, monkeys and monkeyesses, elephants and elephantesses and bears."

— Turnout

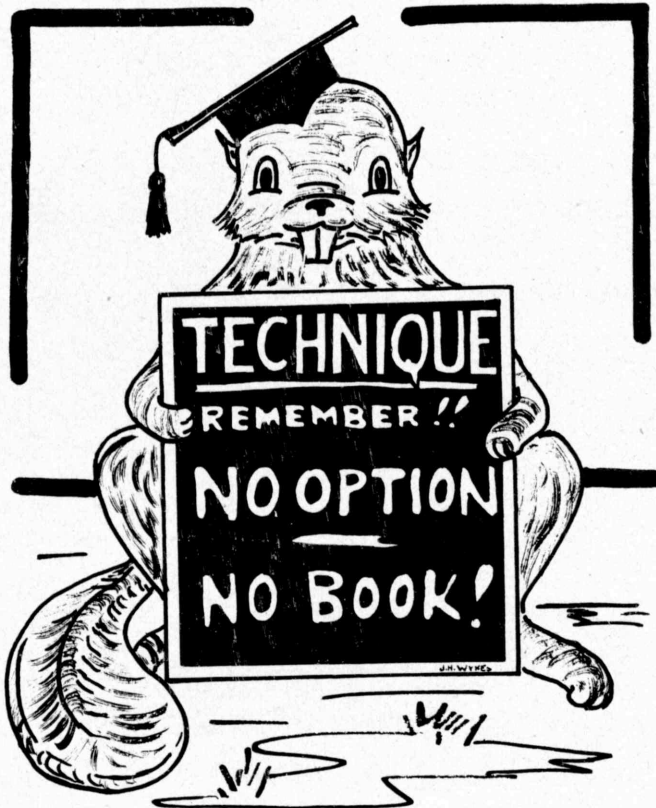


Here I lie upon my bed,  
My throat so dry, and a throbbing head  
Blood shot eyes, and a body sore,  
The morning after the night before.

Can't eat anything, lost my pep,  
Lost my money, lost my rep.  
Can't get up I feel so bad.  
Boy what a wonderful time I've had.

I never felt so bad before,  
Even my damned old tongue is sore  
When I sneeze I still smell gin,  
Gosh what a party it must have been.

Can't remember where I went,  
Don't know where my time was spent  
But boy what a time it must have been,  
For look what a hell of a shape I'm in!



## HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT WENT ON WITH NAPOLEON AT MOSCOW



Zut alors! Zeze Rooshian winters are keeling me! Quick! Geeve me a Life Saver!



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:

A little boy, aged six, came to his father with this startling statement. "Daddy, Mawey and I wanna get mawied." This is what followed:

"Well, son," he gulped, "this is a serious situation. When two people get married they have to have a place to live."

"Don't wowwy Daddy, we got dat all figgered out. Mommie said we could wive in da gawage."

"What about income? It takes money to stay married son."

"We got dat all figgered out too. Mawey has an allowance and I have an allowance and weis a going to the movies every Satiday aftnoon an we will eat Sunday dinner at her house, O.K.?"

"Son, one more thing. There is always the problem of children."

"Oh Daddy, we got dat all figgered out. Every time she lays an egg, I'll step on it."

*This month's winning joke submitted by Jean Sharp, Stone Hall, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Massachusetts.*



# FLAVOR



# AT

***First and Lasting***  
 The dependable and consistently high quality and fine flavor of Beech-Nut Gum are the reasons for its nation-wide popularity  
*It's "Always Refreshing"*

# ITS FINEST

"Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"Siphoning gas."

— *Turn Out*



Mistress: "You know, I suspect my husband of having a love affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "I don't believe it. You're only saying that to make me jealous."

— *Polaris*



There was a young lady named Banker  
 Who slept while the ship was at anchor  
 She awoke in dismay

When she heard the mate say,  
 "Now hoist up the topsheet and spanker."

— *Pelican*



"I was getting fond of Ed — until he got fresh and spoiled it."

"Isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything?"

— *Covered Wagon*



Lehigh Joe: "I just brought home a skunk."

Room-mate: "Where ya gonna keep him?"

Lehigh Joe: "I'm gonna tie him under the bed."

Room-mate: "What about the smell?"

Joe: "He'll have to get used to it like I did."

— *Goblet*



Her mother owned a bottling plant,  
 but she never had a pop.

She: "I'm afraid I can't marry you."  
 He: "Oh, just this once!"

— *Rammer Jamm*

The American Service paper, *Stars and Stripes*, quotes this official announcement which appeared, duly signed by an admiral, on the bulletin board at the U. S. naval office:

"All officers wishing to take advantage of the Stenographers in the pool will go to Room 801 and show evidence of their need."



She was only the butler's daughter,  
 but how she enjoyed being maid.

— *Mis-A-Sip*



Conscience gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet.

— *Yellow Jacket*

He: Can I take you home?

She: Sure, where do you live.

— *Jack-O-Lantern*



"Damned tweeds."

# CAMPUS CRISES

by Rudy Pott



When the Prof hands you an "F" in English Lit...boy, he's giving you the TREATMENT. That's the time to...

Tech men know that whatever the crisis, they've an ace up their sleeves to ease the blow. It's the solace of a mild and mellow Old Gold. Even when things are going smoothly, you'll find a delightful Old Gold makes life even smoother. Today, why don't you treat yourself to Old Golds . . . for the sheer, unadulterated *pleasure* of it?

For a **TREAT** instead  
of a **TREATMENT**



Give yourself a TREAT! Cheer up—light up...an OLD GOLD...for a TREAT instead of the TREATMENT!





Ah, pity the poor Exchange Editor,  
 The man with the scissors and paste.  
 Oh think of the man who must read  
 all the jokes  
 And think of the hours he wastes.  
 He sits at his desk until midnight,  
 How worried and pallid he looks,  
 As he scans through the college  
 comics  
 And reads all the funny books.  
 This joke he can't clip — it's too dirty.  
 This story's no good — it's too clean.  
 This woman won't do — she's too  
 shapely.  
 This chorus girl's out — it's obscene.  
 The jokes are the same, full of coeds,  
 And guys who get drunk on their  
 dates,  
 Bathtubs, sewers, and freshmen,  
 And stories of unlawful mates.  
 Jokes about profs and the readers,  
 Jokes about overdue bills,  
 Jokes about girls in their boudoirs,  
 And each as old as the hills.  
 Jokes about brides buying twin beds,  
 Jokes about unwanted kids,  
 Jokes about Scotchmen and French-  
 men,

Jokes about Irish and Yids.  
 The clips must be clean for the  
 mothers,  
 The clips must have sex for the boys,  
 The clips must be packed full of  
 humor  
 Or the editor raises a noise.  
 The cracks must have fire and  
 sparkle,  
 Sprinkled with damn, louse and hell,  
 The blurbs must be pure — and yet  
 filthy  
 Or the manager swears it won't sell.  
 Oh pity the man with the clipper,  
 He's only a pawn and a tool.  
 In trying to keep his jokes dirty and  
 clean  
 He's usually kicked out of school.

— Exchange



Mother: "Well, son, what have you  
 been doing all afternoon?"

Son: "Shooting craps, mother."

Mother: "That must stop. Those  
 little things have as much right to  
 live as you have."

### WHERE?

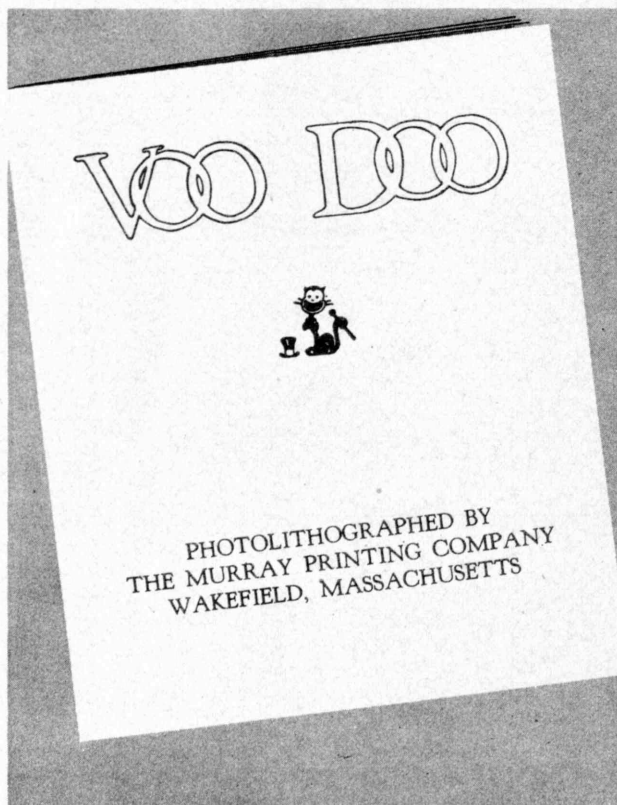
Where be the path of those in glee  
 Who, once heavy laden, now are  
 free,  
 Who now have acquired boundless  
 ecstasy?  
 Where am I to find this real lib-  
 erty—  
 Say, Bud, where's the men's room?



The sun trickled lightly through  
 cypress leaves into the crystal pool.  
 Odysseus awoke, wiped the salt from  
 his eyes and peered cautiously around  
 the bush. There in the speckled  
 light stooped Naussica, her lithe  
 body bending to and fro as she  
 dipped her linens into the limpid  
 waters. Her rosy figure was like a  
 nude Aphrodite, chiseled in pink  
 marble. For some minutes The  
 Wanderer sat spellbound, his eyes  
 riveted to the swaying body. Then  
 he loosed his tongue, for he could no  
 longer hold his peace.

"Gad," he hissed. "Double-jointed."

— The Log



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**435 MAIN STREET**

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Frank Arsenault, Manager

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**BUD SAVAGE  
 and his MUSIC**

**763 Massachusetts Avenue**

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 EL 4-2119

Home  
 PR 6-0800

Mary had a little lamb,  
Some salad and dessert,  
And then she gave the wrong address,  
The dirty little flirt.



Confucius say: "Wall Flower at  
dance makes Dandelion in the grass."



And there was the tugboat that  
committed suicide when it found  
out that its mother was a tramp and  
its father a ferry.

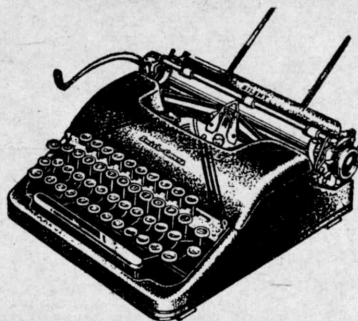
— El Burro



"I don't believe in Darwin's theory  
of evolution."

"Neither do I... I think some  
women made the first monkey out of  
a man."

— Yale Record



## PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

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### SMITH CORONA PORTABLES

Clipper \$76.85      Sterling \$87.45      Silent \$92.75  
Sterling—Tech. Keyboard \$92.75

### ROYAL PORTABLES

New Quiet De Luxe \$95.08      New Quiet Arrow \$84.48

### UNDERWOOD PORTABLES

Champion \$89.57      Universal \$76.85

### REMINGTON PORTABLES

The New 1949 Remington \$94.87 and \$100.17

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One Month \$3.50      Two Months \$6.00      Three Months \$8.50

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Always milder Better tasting Cooler smoking

"In my home,  
guests always insist on  
Chesterfields  
because they're so **MILD**"

*Joan Fontaine*  
CO-STARRING WITH JAMES STEWART  
IN

"YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY"

A WILLIAM DOZIER PRESENTATION  
A RAMPART PRODUCTION  
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MAKE **YOURS** THE **MILDER** CIGARETTE

Chesterfield buys the best sweet, **MILD** cigarette tobacco. I have been a steady Chesterfield smoker for over 30 years.

*Van W Daniel*

FARMER, RUFFIN, N.C.

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)

**Chesterfield Contest See Page 23**