

MAY  
25¢

# VOOD



PEARLY  
GATE

PEARLY  
GATE

FUN  
HOUSE

FORGOTTEN  
PICTURES  
PROGRESS  
MAY

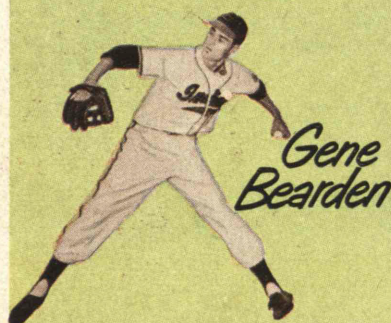
NY  
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RACING  
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# Camels FOR MILDNESS!



*Gene Bearden*

Voted the "Rookie of the Year" in the American League with an earned run average of 2.43, Gene was the pitching hero of the '48 World Series...stepping out on the mound to wrap up two big climax games for the Cleveland Indians.

*Johnny Vander Meer*

After many seasons with the Cincinnati Reds, he has more strikeouts to his record than any pitcher on the Club. Vander Meer is the only big leaguer to pitch two "no-hit" games in a row.



I'VE SMOKED **CAMELS** FOR 10 YEARS, GENE! THEY'RE **MILD** AND THEY SURE TASTE GREAT!

RIGHT, VAN! IT'S **CAMELS** FOR ME, TOO—EVER SINCE I MADE THE **30-DAY MILDNESS TEST!**

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

## NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking **CAMELS**

● Have YOU made the popular Camel 30-Day Test? The doctors' findings in the recent coast-to-coast test of Camel mildness speak for themselves. But why not make your own personal 30-day test of Camel Mildness?

Yes, smoke Camels and test them in your "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Let your own taste tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let your own throat report on Camel's cool, cool mildness.



### *Money-Back Guarantee!*

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.



ISN'T life beautiful at this time of the year? Here we are at the end of another school semester, facing the happy prospect of a whole summer to catch up on our sleeping and reading. We even hope to do a little studying for the coming year so that the load will be a bit lighter.

We hope that all of the students will use the time to its best advantage and will conduct themselves in a manner befitting the glorious reputation that Tech enjoys. We mustn't let ourselves get too lax, you know.

It is a good idea, at this time of the year, to sit down and reflect on the many fine things which have been learned in the past term . . . to meditate on them and to store them for use in the future!

Have a nice vacation . . . . .



W.

PHOS, if you will look up from your beer for a sec, we'll let you in on a little hot dope. There will be a capable new gang running the mag next year. The new Senior Board for the coming year will be:

Andy C. Price	<i>General Manager</i>
John Bickford	<i>Managing Editor</i>
Dick Waldt	<i>Associate Editor</i>
Jim Miller	<i>Business Manager</i>

This transition period had a few difficulties attached to it. We couldn't get together on what to do this month, so one group put out the top half of this issue, and another group, the devils, edited the lower portion.

Take your pick . . . . .



AIN'T life beautiful at this time of the year? Here we are at the end of another school semester, facing the happy prospect of a whole summer to loaf and catch up on our loving and drinking. The next homework assignment is so far in the future, we can't even see it with the aid of glasses; especially with our special highball glasses.

We'll be so happy when we can have some rip-roaring fun again. We're beginning to feel as stale as Walker's coffee.

This is a good time to reflect back on the past year and weed out that little black book so that the new term can be started with only useful names. No sense carrying dead wood, you know.

Have fun . . . . .

S.

*Cover this month by Waldt.*

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MAY, 1949

No. 5

## VOO DOO

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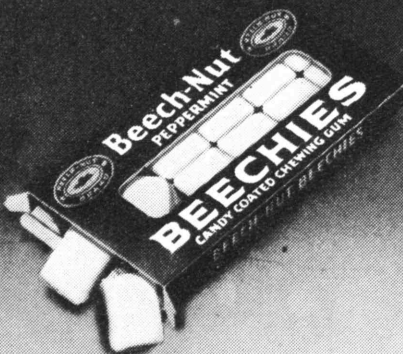
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*The famous  
yellow package*



All  
Beech-Nut Gums  
have the uniformly  
high quality and  
fine flavor that have  
given them such out-  
standing popularity  
throughout the  
nation.

*It's "Always  
Refreshing"*



PEPPERMINT  
**BEECHIES**  
*The Candy Coated Gum*  
Also in Spearmint and Pepsin

Two cockroaches lunched in a dirty old sewer and excitedly discussed the spotless, glistening new restaurant in the neighborhood from which they had been barred.

"I hear," said one, "that the refrigerators shine like polished silver. The shelves are clear as a whistle. The floors sparkle like diamonds. It's so clean . . ."

"Please," said the second in disgust, nibbling on a mouldy roll. "Not while I'm eating."



"Four out of five women haters are women."



Politician: Congratulate me, dear, I got the nomination.

His wife: Honestly?

Politician: Why bring that up?

— *Spartan*

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

Sailor: "Volunteer?"

Barmaid: "No, Pa made him."



Many a girl with a  
Negative personality  
Can be developed  
In a dark room.

— *The Boulder*



Mother (entering room): Well, I never!

Daughter: But, mother, you must have.



"What the dickens are you doing down there in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.

"If it's any of your business," replied the hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

One can tell an optimist from a pessimist by the way they get up in the morning.

An optimist will say, "Good morning, God."

A pessimist will say, "Good God — morning!"

— *Chaparral*



Alum: I hear one of the brothers died. How did it happen?

Beta: He fell through a scaffolding.

Alum: What was he doing up there?

Beta: Being hanged.

— *Exchange*



"I would like some alligator shoes."

"What size does your alligator wear?"

— *Poor Richard's Almanac, 1775*

Does your girl smoke?  
Not quite.



Bob: "I'm feeling a little frail tonight."

Jan: "Will you stop calling me that."

— *Banter*



"Did you pick up any French during your vacation in Paris last summer?"

"I'll say I did."

"Let's hear you say some words."

"I didn't learn any words."



Vic: "How did Diana happen to freeze her fingers last winter?"

Slick: "Oh, she tried to make a snow man when she was tight."

— *Widow*





# TECHNIQUE

WILL BE OFF  
THE PRESSES  
MAY 23RD !

**T**HAT'S WHAT OUR PRINTER TELLS US  
**S**O:—

**I**F YOU HAVE AN OPTION , PICK UP YOUR  
BOOK THEN.

**I**F YOU HAVE NO OPTION AND IF YOU ARE  
EARLY, YOU MAY BE ONE OF THE LUCKY  
ONES WHO WILL BE ABLE TO GET A  
COPY WITHOUT AN OPTION.

---

## '49 TECHNIQUE

**F**EATURES: **C**ALENDAR OF EVENTS,  
**I**NFORMALITY, AND A **D**IFFERENT **A**PPROACH





I made mention in my first column of the new school season that a little place worth mentioning was the Eliot Lounge — Massachusetts Avenue and Commonwealth. Here are a few amplifying remarks on that location that may titilate you into a personal inspection of what may prove to be your regular hangout. First of all, any drink in the place costs only 39¢ before eight in the evening, and it certainly looks as if the Eliot knew a good thing when it saw it, if the size of the crowds that go there is a good criteria. The little rooms in which the lounge is located are generally quite full, and quite active both before and after the price-changing hour. I think that after eight you will find the prices of drinks, particularly selected ones, shaded just a bit on the high side, but I haven't run any drink-list comparison, and wouldn't want to swear that such was the case.

## DOING THE TOWN

I NEVER made mention in my first, last, or any column, nor to any human being, living or dead, that I had ever been in the place that I describe now, in brief. Here, then, are a few remarks on a location, which few may titilate you into a personal inspection of a place that may prove to be your regular hangout — *if you don't watch out*. First of all, any drink in the place turns out to be beer — order a mixed drink and see what you get. Next, the price for a beer is a dime, or, what in hell did you expect. But the crowds that frequent the place apparently know a good thing when they see it. More beer. The big rooms in which this place is located are quite active from the time it opens, until the time that it closes. I think that you will find prices pretty nearly invariant. I wouldn't want to swear that the beer wasn't cut.

Suppose that I'd better mention a

Even if you find the evening somewhat advanced when you get started on it, though, I still think the Eliot a good bet, irrespective of the fact that you won't be buying cut-rate drinks there. The atmosphere's good, for one thing. I like the sense of privacy that is prevalent, and I am sort of attracted by the moody little surroundings. The Eliot is cut up into all sorts of corners and angles, as well as having two small rooms and a balcony in its total volume. Thus, you may be part of a large crowd, all right, but you are never jammed in with any of it — you never feel that you're in a very small box that is just about to burst. Orange squares ranged about the walls furnish the illumination, little low tables provide the support, and fairly comfortable couches and chairs complete the decor. But that isn't all. A trio they've got. And it's not a bad one, either. The

name or two somewhere along the line, and tell where this gem of iniquity exists. Well, the name is the Walden Restaurant, and it is down Boston's Massachusetts Avenue on the corner of Washington Street (right under the "El"). Regardless of what stage you find the evening in when you get around to the trip, you will be impressed by the Walden. The atmosphere's quite gay, for one thing. I like the sense of camaraderie that prevails — drunks making passes at your date, sprawling across your table, and otherwise passing the time of day annoying you — in a friendly sort of way, of course. The Walden is cut up into a bar and another, separate, section in which, after nine PM there is dancing (to a juke box, and sometime piano player). Some of the Walden's patrons are pretty well cut up too, come to think of it. Fluorescent tubes overhead, and little lights



trio is led by one Don Alessi, and furnishes the sort of music that you want in a place of the type — neat and unobtrusive. It sort of ties things together in a very nice fashion.

I like the service. There are not too many waiters for the size of crowd that frequently obtains, but they are all pretty conscientious boys, and will appear at the right moment, stay out of sight the rest of the time. I've been caught a couple of times with

parched tonsils, but the rule is a good service level more than most of the time. I guess that I said already that the drinks may come a little higher after eight, but regardless of the price, they are very well prepared, whether or not they are selling like a Filene's basement item, or being dispensed on more ordinary levels of price.

The Eliot Lounge is a good place to spend an evening in quiet chatter and calm relaxation. As I said eight issues

ago, when I first came to Boston, seven years back, the Eliot Lounge was not in existence, and I opened a bank account in the very same rooms that now house the bar and accoutrements. I very much prefer the new management to the old — I like it much better this way than that. Interesting, isn't it — both the Eliot and the bank are both established with the idea that they will help you get rid of your money. J. FISHER

## *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*

**1088 BOYLSTON STREET near MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE**

**For Reservations Phone COpley 7-0629 or 7-0630**

**GOOD FOOD — CHOICEST BEVERAGES — REASONABLE PRICES**

provide the illumination (blue — makes you look like you'd just come out of the place, rather than looking like you were normal), and you will probably sit at a booth.

The service is O. K.; there are only a few waitresses, and they are trying their best to make as much on the evening as possible, naturally, and they are always willing to see that you are confronted by full glasses. The atmosphere is roughly that of a Filene's basement sale; people hither and yon in the wildest sort of disposi-

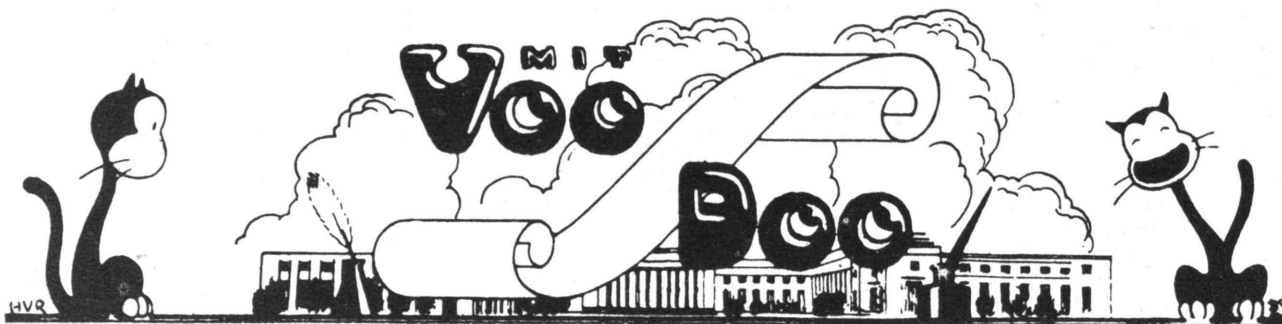
tions, trying vainly to pack as much living into an evening as possible. One definite advantage of the Walden that I haven't yet mentioned, but which should be obvious from the name, is the fact that you can order food there. It's all right, too.

I should let the above stand on its own merits (?), but am too much a fair-minded individual to drop the curse and run. I have spent many an evening in the Walden, and I've spent it in good conversation with the same date that I later took to some of the

more elite spots of the town. It's a place that you can take a date to if she's the type of girl that you can take anywhere and have a good time with. You're liable to meet some pretty good eggs down there — considering some that I've met, I say that the proportion was just about the same as you'd meet anywhere else. You can have a lot of fun without half trying down here, and you might as well get used to the idea by trying it just once.

JOHN H. FISHER





THE used car business is getting more and more interesting these days. The other day a classmate of ours decided to get rid of his 1949 model Chevrolet. Why we don't know, but that's what he wanted to do. He found some one who had a '46 Ford that HE wanted to get rid of. So our friend traded his Chevy for the Ford. We thought this a strange transaction until he said, "Well, my Chevy was a little better than his Ford, so he threw in his girl along with the car. Now we're going steady."

WE saw a strange sight in one of Tech's many classrooms the other day. One busy, eager-looking student was busy thumbing through his notes, waiting for the lecture to start, when a mischievous classmate sat down beside him. Before you could say "Hoover" the playful one had whipped out a pair of handcuffs and fastened the beaver firmly to his chair. The handcuffs were of the real, key variety; no toy those. The eager student pushed, pulled and threatened, but it did no good. When the final bell rang

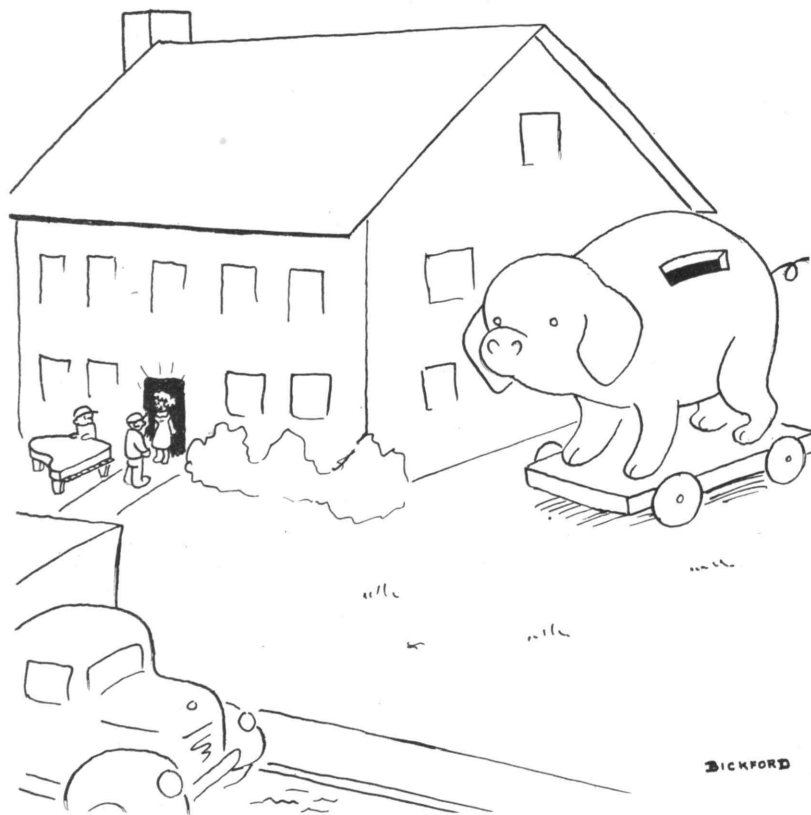
he began to mouth oaths, saying, "Oh, Nuts. Gee Whiz," etc. The FBI agent or whoever it was beside him merely laughed, long and loud, and left the room. When last seen, the captive was hurrying down the corridor — carrying his chair with him.

EVERY so often we run across a teacher with a soul. (Even rarer is a student with a soul, but we are not concerned with that here.) We had a paper due in E12 the other day, and waited its return with interest. Finally the paper was returned, and we thumbed through, looking for comments. There were a good deal of red marks scattered through it, but few words. Then, on the last page, we found the mark. Beneath it we found the comment —

"This paper shows a good deal of work. It is exceptionally well organized, and contains several worthwhile ideas. It seemed very small of me indeed to point out your errors in punctuation, which were both numerous and atrocious."

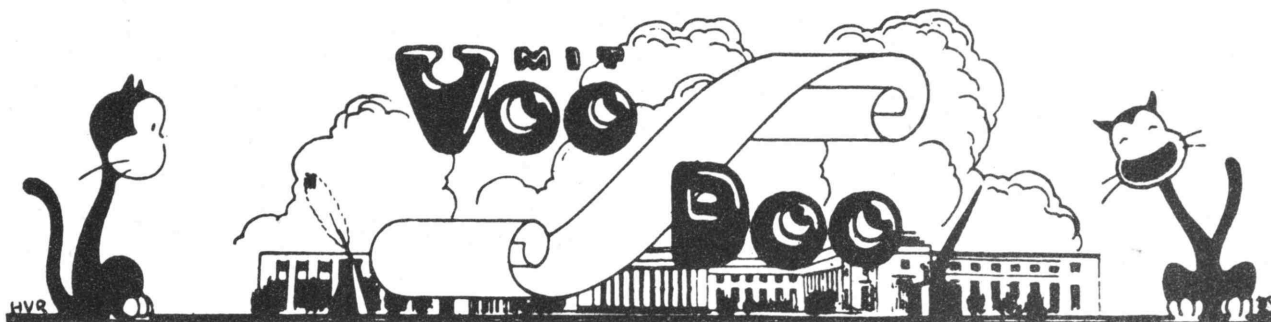
DURING the recent convocation several students were assigned as "Aides" to help the various academic delegates find their way around the new Senior House. One of the unofficial duties of these Aides was to answer any questions that might be asked about the new building, or even volunteer information that might stimulate the minds of the guests.

(Continued on page 8)



"Hope you don't mind a few pennies."





THE used girl business is getting more and more interesting these days. The other day a friend of ours decided to get rid of his 1949 model Model. Why we don't know, but that's what he wanted to do. He found some one who had a Model, vintage '46, that HE wanted to get off his hands. So our friend traded his '49er for the '46 Model. We thought this a strange transaction until he said, "Well, my girl was a little better than his, so he threw in his car along with the girl. Now we're always parked."

WE saw a strange sight in one of Tech's many classrooms the other day. A pretty young secretary had come in to tell the instructor some vital bit of news. The instructor hadn't arrived as yet, so she sat down in the front row to wait. Before long a dark, sinister student appeared on the scene, dripping blood from a recent gun wound and swinging a pair of handcuffs casually around his head. When he saw the girl he crouched low and crawled up behind her. Suddenly his hand darted out —

and she was handcuffed to his wrist. She pleaded to be freed, but the swarthy one merely laughed, long and low. When last seen the captive was being dragged down the corridor. We wanted to help, but, as the bell was about to ring, and as the instructor in this particular class always took attendance, we were powerless.

EVERY so often we run across a teacher with a twisted sense of humor, a dry wit that seems constructed to wither the student. The other day we did an E12 paper on boxing. We did a great deal of research — some ten years of it — and really thought we had produced a masterpiece. We passed it in and waited, with longing, for its return. Finally the paper was passed back, yellowed with age. Hastily we thumbed through a wealth of red marks, eagerly searching for praise. Then, on the last page, we found the mark — or, perhaps, the epitaph. Our masterpiece on boxing; our brilliant analysis of the ring, received the comment:

"1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 — FF"

DURING the recent convocation several students were assigned as "Aides" to help various academic delegates find their way around the new Senior House. One of the unofficial duties of these Aides was to answer any questions that might be asked about the new building, or even to volunteer information that might stimulate the minds of the guests.

(Continued on page 8)



"Hope you don't mind a few pennies."





# Benefits of Our Modern Age



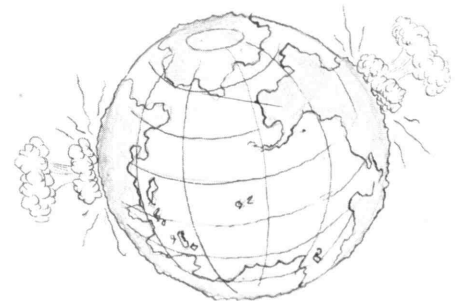
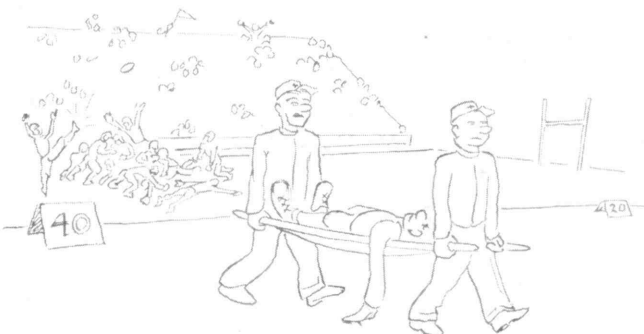
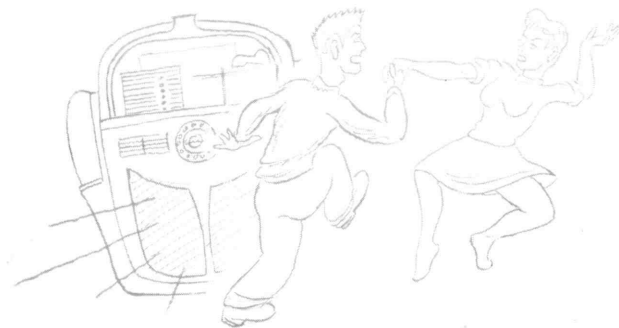
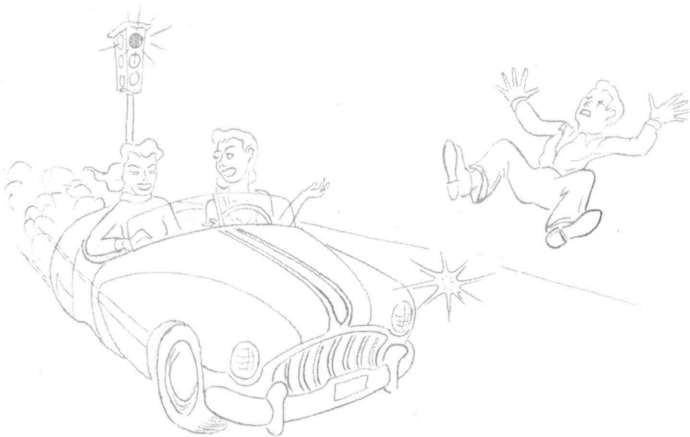
**Faster Transportation**

**Better Dance Music**

**Better Sports**

**Cheaper Textiles**

**Shorter Wars**



# Don't Let It Get You

Every member of the human race is, from time to time, faced with apparently insurmountable obstacles. Each has his own way of dealing with these situations. As a guide to those who have not yet formulated a plan of their own, may we suggest the following:

When the fish just don't seem to be interested in your line — Remember, it is only a sport. Turn your mind to other things. Enjoy the sunshine and fresh air, think how good an egg will taste when you return to camp, think of the millions of poor beings in China who don't even have TIME to fish.

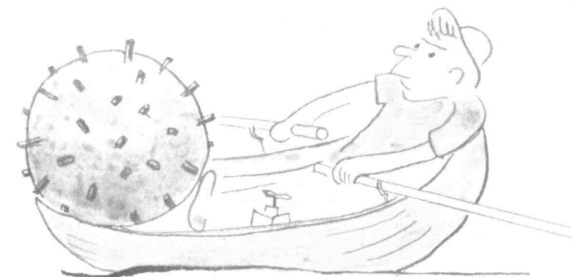


Every so often the shaft seems to find its way to some poor sap. Some guys squirm, some jump, but no one seems to be able to avoid the damn thing with any success. For those with troubles, we would like to pass on the following poop:

When every SOB in the world seems to have given you "Just a little extra" work to do — Take it easy. Show 'em that if it weren't for your tuition they wouldn't have a job. Demonstrate your engineering ability and ingenuity by selecting a few choice sticks of Flander's "Dynamite" (look for the Red label on each stick). Connect these to a detonator of some sort, and let her rip. Even if you don't graduate you'll be able to pick up a good job as demolitions expert in South America.



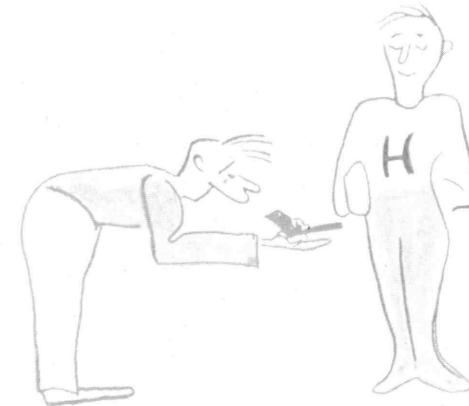
When you have oodles of work before you — Try to become ever more efficient in your habits of study. Apply yourself incessantly until the work is completed. Then, after your job has been well done, you may lean back, relax, and say to yourself, truthfully, "Well, that's that."



When even the fish aren't interested in your line — Start combing the beaches until you find a large round object all covered with horns. Be careful of this, as it is government property. Take it to the lake and throw it in. Now hit it with an oar. Don't be frightened by the noise; if you hear it you're not hurt. Now get a new boat and go out on the lake again. You will notice that by this time all the fish seem to prefer swimming on the surface. You have tamed them and can now catch as many as you want.



When you seemed to be unable to obtain a single bullseye in the shooting match — Remember, life is deeper than just shooting a gun. Present your weapon to your opponent, and proclaim him the better man. Wish him success in future contests, and retire; warmed by the feeling that you will have so much fun improving your score.



When you believe you have been unfairly dealt with by your instructor — Visit the gentleman at his convenience. Ask him to enumerate your mistakes, and obtain a list of references that you can read during the Summer. Explain to him that you are disappointed that you failed the course, and that he mustn't feel that your failure indicates any negligence on HIS part, as he has been an excellent instructor. Wish him a jolly Summer, and express the wish that you may have him next term.



When that impressive Double F comes your way — If it wasn't for that mumbling, bumbling so-called instructor you would have passed the course with honors. So go have a talk with the guy. Try to make points. Impress him with your ability and drive. Make him stick to the point if he tries to avoid your questions. Tell him that if he's still here next term you will come to see him every day, bringing your arguments with you. Keep after him, even if he hits the ceiling. Remember, it's your life, not his.



When you couldn't hit the broad side of a broad — It's undoubtedly the fault of that wise guy that was popping off his rod in the next stall. Find the character and explain to him, in a language any gunman will understand, that his conduct was unbecoming a citizen. Let him have the full benefit of your advice — really give it to him. Maybe he'll be quieter next time.





To say that the sun was a palpable thing was to explain what needed not to be put into words: One could breathe, one could feel weighing heavily on the skin the sunshine, mingled with the smell of lime blossoms. There is something pathetic about those who have to say, "It's good to be alive." The little girl in the garden said nothing, but she lived, and in apparent enjoyment. There was a mound on this side of the yew hedge, impenetrable box of green, trimmed with the care of a housewife and the science of a mathematician, and on this stood, chiseled in fine Italian marble, what had been at one time the pedestal of a sun dial, but which had had set upon it a small figure carved from the same stone: A young man, with a dimple in his cheek and in his fat belly, performing on a flute. The years had polished him until he glinted in the sunlight as though alive, and the withered garland of leaves on his head showed that he had been held in some esteem

by those around him.

My host for the week-end lay asleep in a lawn chair. The *Times* had fallen from his hand, and fluttered now and again as if stirring in its sleep. By Masson's side were the croquet mallets and hoops which we had left there before lunch. My niece Barbara had now turned to her dolls, and was picnicking with them at the foot of the little hill. I had not seen her so happy since her mother had died, and was glad for her sake to answer every few minutes the questions she threw at me from the dolls' party, even though the comfortable sun was threatening to close my eyes, and I showing little resistance.

I was glad to see how much Barbara had come to like Masson. He is an old and trusted friend of my brother's, and offered himself to take care of Barbara while her father and I were caught in the mid-summer city. I had taken her to him, and for a while I had thought the two would never make a match of it: Barbara, who is

not a shy girl, found much difficulty in getting along with Masson. All the more reason to rejoice in the very friendly relationship I had observed this morning — Masson treating Barbara with all the gravity and respect due to a great lady, and she falling into the part with abandon; her behavior was much better than it had ever been at home. She was now plying her dolls with tea and cake, throwing a crumb now and again to the noble peacock who owned the lawn, and glancing every few minutes at the still form of Masson, with a proud, an almost proprietary smile. "Would you care for some tea, Uncle?" she called out to me, and I rose and shook my head. "I think I will go indoors to make my call, Barbara," I said, and gathered together my newspaper, the sunglasses, and what I could carry of the croquet things. "Besides, you know, pirates don't drink tea. That's reserved for young ladies."

## Summer

To say that the sun was a palpable thing was to explain what needed not to be put into words: One could breathe, one could feel weighing oppressively on the skin, the sunshine mingled with the strong scent of lime blossom which came from the trees at the end of the garden in tangible cloud — a sweet scent which took from the heated air what freshness had remained in the morning. Barbara had disappeared with her dolls, and Masson had evidently gone into the house through the living room: The french windows were open, and he and the *Times* were gone.

I slumped into his chair and lit a cigarette. A dragonfly was skimming over the surface of the little pool in which the few goldfish fanned themselves with their fantastic tails, darted here and there as if flying backwards, and finally caught a water beetle on which it had apparently been keeping

"I'm sorry I can't offer you any blood," she said, and winked at me.

There is something destroying, I thought as I walked into the house, there is something destroying about so lovely an afternoon. When the very air invites you to forget your thoughts, and to live only for the smell of lime blossom and the small sound of a thrush in the hedge, for the sight of peacock plumes and of a lily ravished by a bumblebee. Such pleasant abandon I find it hard to reconcile with the sterner view of life which is taken by so many, and, perforce, by me. Accordingly I made my call to New York, and was very gruff with the wretch whose misfortune it was to be held at his desk. He, who had suffered through a damp and hot day with longing for the country, was no less curt, and the affair prospered to our mutual satisfaction. I hung up, took myself a can of beer from the kitchen, and walked back into the garden.



"I'm glad the chief's for socialized medicine."

## Ritual

an acquisitive eye for some time. I looked up, over the little hill. The young man in marble smiled at me impudently, and the wreath of dark green leaves around his brow made fine contrast with the veined pink of his body. Whatever he was playing on his pipe, it evidently gave him much sly amusement — a secret he could not share with me, and which he probably had no intention of sharing, to judge by the way his mouth curled up at one corner. Curled up, and looked at me wickedly, as though measuring me for the cooking pot, or for some nameless conceit from which he might derive much pleasure, and I very little.

I missed the peacock. Proud bird, he made a splendid blazon on the shield of grass, and I called him by his name, ready to flatter him as was his due, and see him spread his tail feathers for my admiration. Nothing

moved. The bee had gathered his harvest, the thrush was resting his voice, even the goldfish were flicking not a fin. I called the peacock again, and nothing moved. I whistled, and there was no response. I stood up and looked around me. Nothing moved, not even the leaves on the trees beyond the hedge, and I called Barbara and Masson. There was no answer, neither from garden nor from house, there was no answer. I walked across the lawn, and could see nothing out of the ordinary. The sunlight and the smell of limes and the silence were a palpable thing, oppressing my skin.

As I rounded the hedge, figuring that Masson might have gone with Barbara to the greenhouse to get some strawberries, I heard the pipe, a rustic pipe blown to a simple, discordant yet impelling tune — and I saw the peacock. He was walking up the other side of the little hill, into the sunlight, and his tail was extended in a rainbow of light which the jewelers of the earth cannot equal. He was walking up the

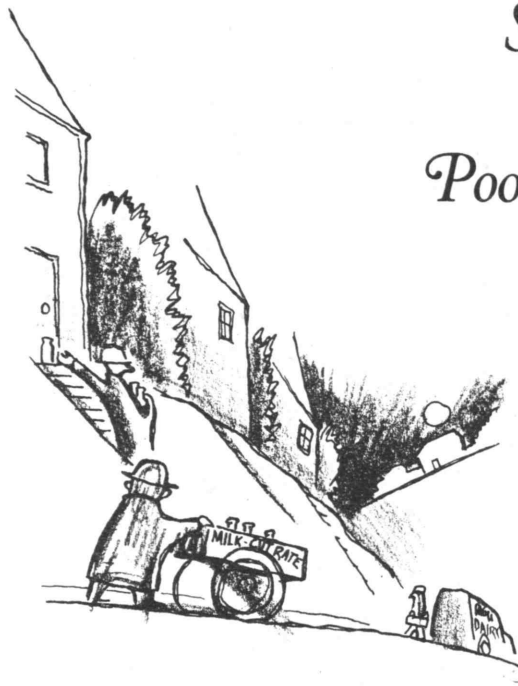
hill, arrayed, towards Masson, who stood at the top waiting for the bird with unseeing eyes. Walking towards Barbara, who stood at the top waiting for the bird with unseeing eyes. I started to move forward, but the strange spectacle held me — the peacock in all his majesty advancing upon an old man and a little girl, neither of whom appeared to see him, or indeed to see anything. There was something indescribably compelling in the determination of the bird's advance, in his brave strut, and in the complete unconcern of the maid in the white play dress and the man in his summer suit. The peacock marched on, and Barbara and Masson saw nothing to the tune of a mysterious rustic pipe. The peacock reached the two of them, and while I watched and Masson prayed obscenely, Barbara slit the peacock's middle with a long knife and drew out his entrails. They stained her dress the color of fresh strawberries.

R. G.



"He says he got it from a toilet seat."

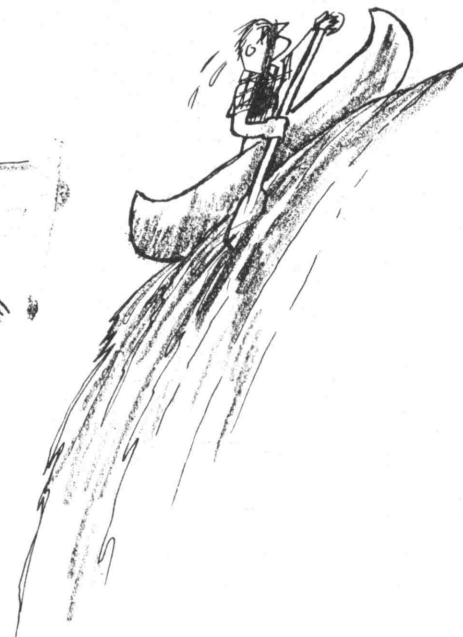
# Sage Sayings from Poor Richard's Log (1949 Edition)



"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise — but you need a good alarm clock."



"Time and tide wait for no man — but you can always find higher ground."



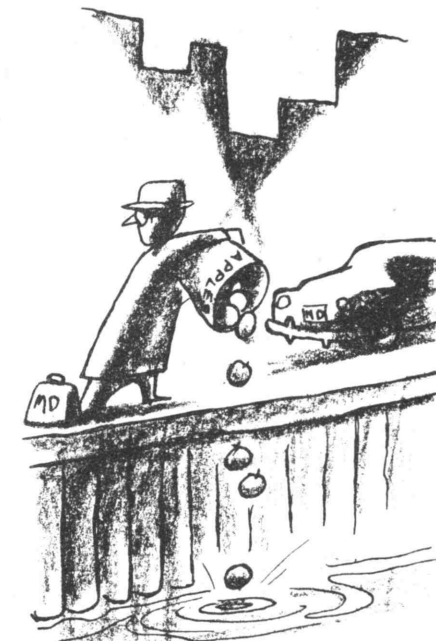
"Paddle your own canoe — but don't try it standing up."



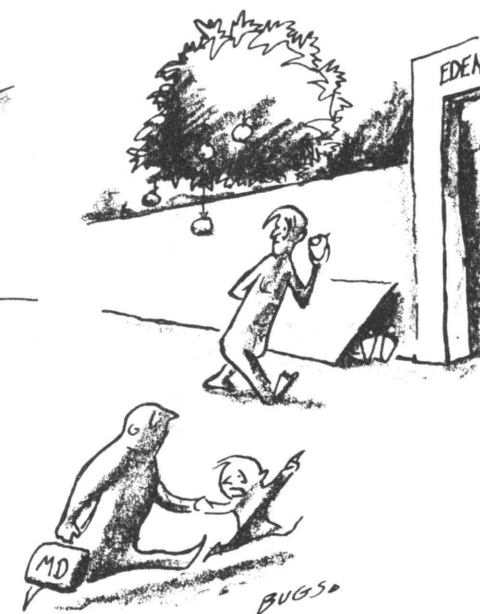
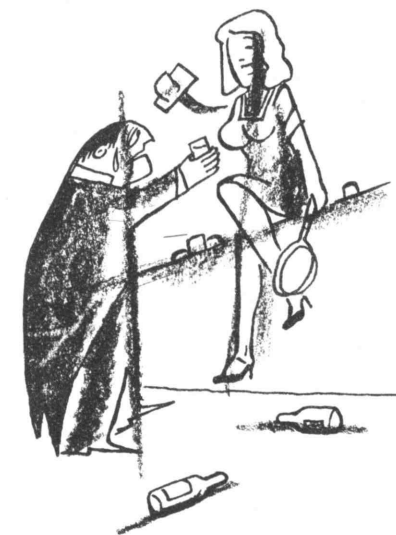
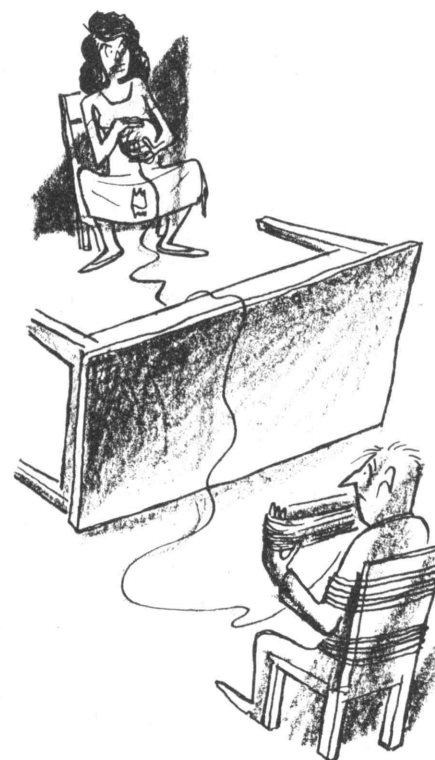
"The Devil finds work for idle hands — but any girl can do the same."



"Too many cooks spoil the broth — but it takes too many drinks to po the cooks."



"An apple a day keeps the doctor away — but it didn't help Adam."



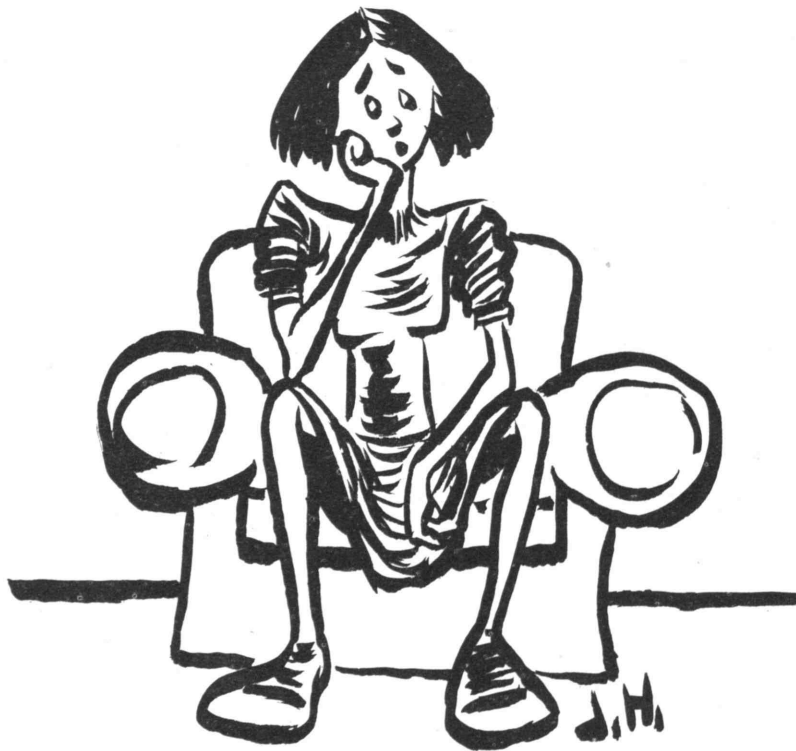




Henry Guts was the sweetest child imaginable. Gentle and obedient, he had great consideration for his parents, and was a joy to them. He was such a peaceful child, in fact, it was rumored that he was born with an olive branch in his beak.



On the other hand, the nicest thing that could be said for George Sweet was that, contrary to popular opinion, he was not born out of wedlock. Others had denied that he was ever born, attesting his presence in society to a defective garbage disposal unit. At any rate, upon that fateful day that he appeared on earth, his act of biting off and swallowing the doctor's finger portended the part he was to play in the world.



*"I wonder if I was too easy?"*

# HAD



In school, little Henry Guts was the best behaved child his teachers had ever had the experience to instruct, and the teachers, his friends, and all of his classmates loved him. All of his schoolmates, that is, except little George Sweet, who had by that time become the unrivaled terror and menace to the neighborhood's men, women, and children, as well as those cats and dogs which still retained their tails. On afternoons when George Sweet was not kept in after school for such pranks as setting fire to the girl sitting before him, dropping firecrackers into the inkwells, putting pythons in the teacher's desk, selling marijuana to the kindergarten classes,



sticking railroad bombs in the window jamb, or jamming a mad dog down the teacher's neck, he could be seen whaling the pulp out of little Henry Guts. Nevertheless, despite these abuses, Henry maintained his composure and passionate faith in good, and, whenever George Sweet gave him a kick in the pants, Henry would devoutly turn the other cheek.



When Henry Guts turned eighteen, he went to college on a scholarship by the city and learned a great deal while he was enrolled there. In the case of George Sweet, when he turned embezzler, he went to prison on a short term conviction by the district attorney, and taught the prisoners a great deal while he was enrolled there.



As the years passed, Henry Guts did his best to make the world a better place to live in. Aside from being president of the Lily-Whiters League, he had, among other notable accomplishments, won the Nobel Peace Prize, piped hot and cold running mint juleps from Kentucky to the rest of the North American continent, saved Gorgeous George's curly locks from being shorn by an angry mob, squared the circle, and discovered a method of extracting goat's milk from the female lobster.



George Sweet, in the meantime, had become king of the underworld and

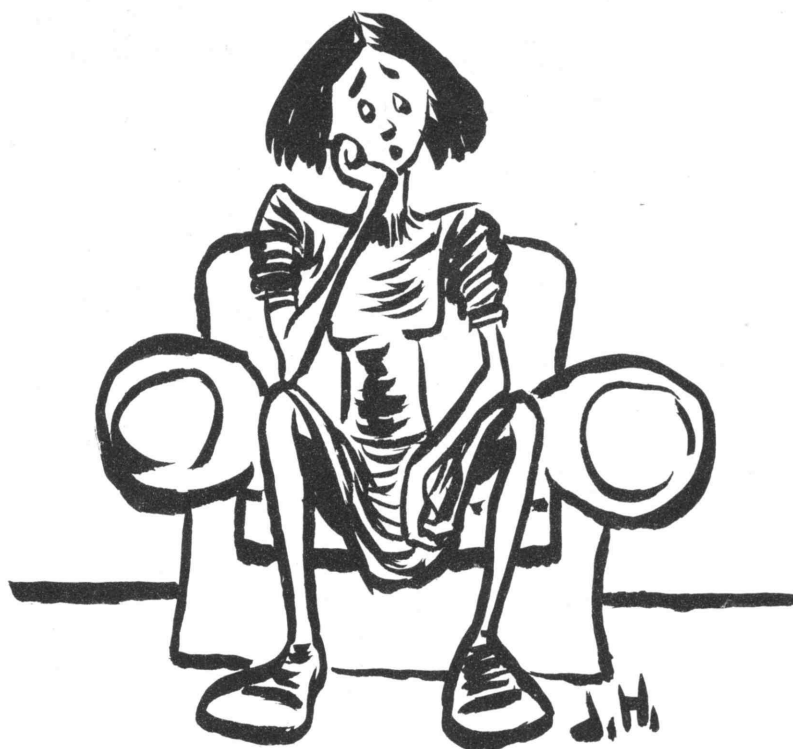
sold protection to sixty per cent of the police forces in the country, with slightly higher rates for the Dominion of Canada, had become a modern robber baron, had cornered the market on corn, oil, steel, atom bombs, hair tonic, helicopters, and spam. He had even cornered stocktickers, as well as numerous girls who had been foolish enough to accompany him to his apartment. Despite these other diversions, George Sweet's favorite hobby was making the life of Henry Guts a miserable one. Since Sweet owned all of the grocery stores in the country, as well as the house in which Henry Guts lived, Henry found himself paying five times the cost of living that his neighbors did. He kept receiving exorbitant gas and water bills, despite the fact that there were no faucets or gas jets in his house. He spent a good portion of his time dodging taxi cabs owned by George Sweet, the cab king, which were continually attempting to run him down. If Henry bought a cigar, it was invariably an exploding one, as all cigar stores were operated by agents of George Sweet, tobacco king.



In spite of his hard lot, Henry suffered on, confident that he would be rewarded in the sweet hereafter for his admirable behavior. Thus it was that Henry Guts died of malnutrition with a gentle smile on his lips, while George Sweet, who was sitting on Henry's deathbed, laughed so hard he burst a blood vessel, and followed Henry in short order.



Henry had no trouble getting into heaven, but no sooner was he there than it was decided that Henry's goodness would be a fine example to sinners who had not made par for



"Ponds, Sen-Sen, Colgate, Mum . . . ?"

heaven. Result: Henry went to hell.



George Sweet, on the other hand, inveigled Saint Peter into a game of craps, and won passage through the pearly gates as well as the old man's halo, size eighteen wings, and platinum-buckled garters, whereupon he proceeded to open a night club and gambling den.



Here end the tales of George Sweet, who went to heaven, and Henry Guts, who went to hell.

Moral:

Even those who plan the best  
To feather down a cozy nest  
Get had.

While some who have been cruel to all  
And ought to have a nasty fall  
Don't.

J. B.

1st Roommate: "Where ya been?"  
2nd Roommate: "Out with my girl drinking rum."

1st Roommate: "Jamaica?"  
2nd Roommate: "Don't be so damned inquisitive."



Enamored: "I think Jane is an ideal prom girl."

Disgusted: "Yeh, prominent ears, prominent teeth, prominent chin."

Enamored: "True, but go on."  
— *Boy's Life*



Jane: "I heard that you were out golfing with Eddie. How does he use the woods?"

Jeanette: "I wouldn't know: we played golf at the time."  
— *Boulder*



Blondie: Did you tell the boss where to get off today?

Goldie: Yeah, at the second rib.



## The Correct Thing



Dear M. J. — At the Met, no one, simply no one, ever questions the physical attractions of the stars. We suggest that hereafter you listen to the music with your eyes closed, if the beauty of the artists displeases you.



Dear M. J. — If you don't like your music with lots of beef behind it, I suggest that you go down to the Fensgate where the singing is such that — well you won't mind it if you have a front seat.



Dear Radcliffe — Don't be a prude. If he is nice enough to ask you to go swimming with him, be gracious and accept, even if it hurts your pride a bit to be seen with a man who is not an Adonis.



Dear Radcliffe — Forget him. Go down to Florida and find yourself a MAN. If only that kind ask you out up here, move to somewhere where you are not known.



Dear Sucker — Now, now, if you can't lose gracefully, you shouldn't gamble. After all, if you had won, you wouldn't have given the money back. However, I can't condone gambling under any conditions and so I advise that you give up this pastime and use your spare moments in a useful venture.



Dear Sucker — Listen pal, if you are dope enough to play a little game without the aid of a few "fixers," you had better at least carry some "insurance," .38 caliber is recommended. Send twenty-five cents in stamps for my new booklet, "The Harvard Game Series."



Dear Nice Girl — Of course you were right. Nice girls never let a man kiss them on the first date. If he got mad, good riddance, there are always more fish in the sea.



Dear Nice Girl — Confidentially, I would advise you to grab a man while you're still young. After all, there is a man shortage you know. And then what is a little kiss? There are lots more where that one came from.

# Take the cash



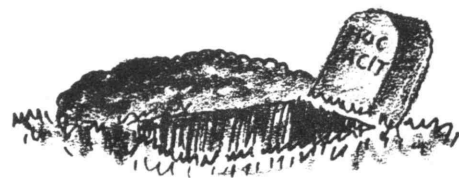
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.  
She gave them some broth without any bread,  
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.



Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,  
Went to bed with his trousers on.  
One shoe off and the other shoe on,  
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.



Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,  
Put her in a pumpkin shell,  
And there he kept her very well.



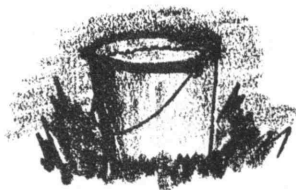
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.  
She gave them some broth without any bread,  
And hoped that her husband soon would be dead.



Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,  
Went to bed with his trousers on.  
One shoe off and the other shoe on,  
When he awoke his wife was gone.



Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,  
Put her in a pumpkin shell,  
But couldn't get in himself so well.



Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water,  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.



Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,  
Jack, jump over the candlestick.



Higglety pigglety, my black hen,  
She lays eggs for gentlemen,  
Gentlemen come every day,  
To see what my black hen will lay.



Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water,  
The H<sub>2</sub>O is up there still,  
But now Jill's got a daughter.



Jack be nimble, Jack be fast,  
Jack, her husband's come at last.



Higglety pigglety, my black hen,  
She doth lay for gentlemen,  
Gentlemen come every day,  
To see how my black hen doth lay.

J. H.

Truder middel hufder Klurkall  
Camder fuzzyear lusskool stooent  
Hedden forder kuntreks klesroom,  
Hedden forter heerder lekture.

Zidsee down hin bekuv klesrum  
Lookzee rown tusseeda prof  
Seezee manhufphon der rustrum  
Zlumpin down hufphon derdesk.

Hellas herazes huppis hed  
Ztards hatukkin mydee sof  
Tukken powdler huniletterel  
Tukken slohen mydee sof.

Sezder stooent wuddis dis?  
Sounsa liddel dulltamee,  
Hihope det hiken zta huwayk  
Disman hurdlee zeemzalyfe.

Jesboulden deman get zup  
Kreepzee zlolee krosder pletform  
Tawkken liddel loudernow  
Waven grazeeful widdis hens.

Ternsder stooen tuder nexman  
Hooder helis det hupdere?  
Hilsez honder program zkadjewel  
Datdiz named Hardicee.

Heze gedden bedder sezder stooent;  
Wachim noweeze gedden hut,  
Nowese stenden honder desk  
Hiza fleshen, talkken gud.



Hulder termder stooents lizzen  
Hulways bedder gezder hact;  
Gohin huppen downder hibrows  
Loosydus kumink frumder mouf.

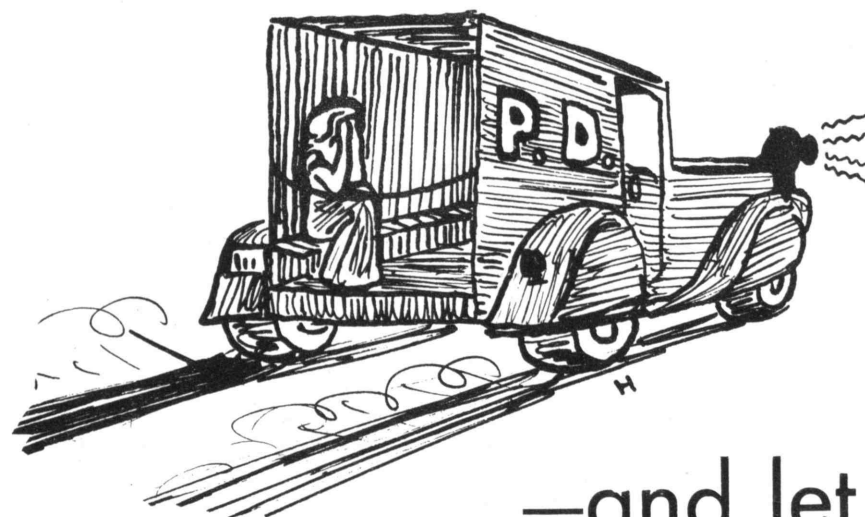
Dizwun suttel knowun gedzzil,  
Detwun juge mek bigmistek,  
Hulder tym der hecl his puffekt,  
Heasthull's hown ho livy hey.

Hellas hit kumzder Zammanashun  
Kumz win stooent widda frown  
Wutsdis pepper detday hanme?  
Wulderhel dis hulla boudt?

Hitsder kuntreks zammanashun  
Detwe spos tulek todey,  
Hardicee mekkil houdt dimmself,  
Ziddown nowhan getta wuk.

Kuntreks, kuntreks; wuddez det?  
Sezder feller yellink loudt;  
Hykum hover forder try houdts  
Forder pley we pudden hon.

Fyve muns hev hi wuched det teecher,  
Kum hi daly frumder kullege,  
Whut chew tukken dere bout kuntreks?  
Wuldehel hain dis Drummteks?  
... VIRGINIA LAW WEEKLY



—and let the credit go





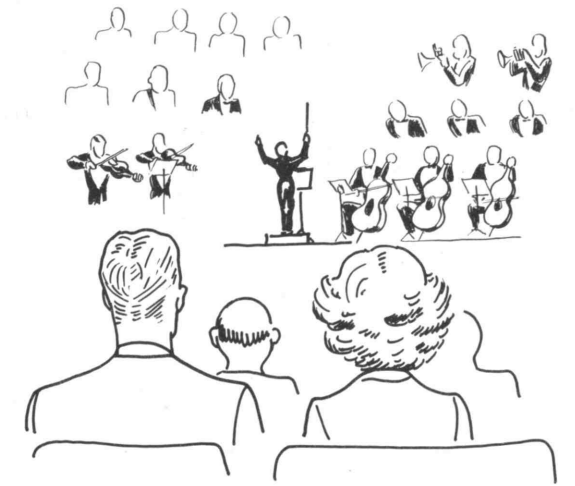
*In a few weeks you will be face to face with those supreme tests of man's intelligence, the final exam. We must prepare ourselves so that our efforts are in the finest tradition of the Institute. Pleasant surroundings and intellectual companions will help to bring your mind to the razor sharp keenness required.*



*Oh they'll be rough. But Techmen NEVER quit. You will be shocked when you read the first question, naturally. But settle back, read the problem over and over until you understand it. Then GO TO IT . . .*



*And then it will be all over. Relax, go up to the lounge and enjoy yourself. You deserve a rest. A long cool coke and a quiet evening watching the television and you'll be rarin' to go again.*



*A quiet summer doing all of those little things that you never can find time for at school will pep you up and put you back on your feet, ready to tackle Tech again.*

## "A Look into the Future"



*Be careful! Final exams are sneaking up on you. Only a few weeks left. But don't worry, you can't study enough to answer all of the questions, so don't try. Have fun now while you still can. If you study too much your mind will go stale and you'll be worse off than if you went in cold. So go in cold. Have a good time now.*



*Wait till you see that quiz! But don't worry. If you are resourceful nothing will stop you. Even if you haven't the faintest idea what the question is all about, plow right into it. Put a lot of equations on the paper so the corrector thinks you know what you are doing. You'll pass.*



*It can't last forever you know. Take off and hit the town. You'll need a few after that torture. You need a little relaxation. Hell, you'll never be the same again anyway so let 'er rip.*

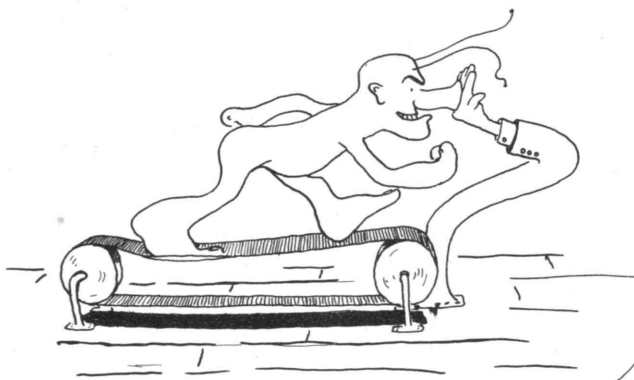


*Remember all of those little places you used to know around the corner? Well get out that little book again, you've a whole summer to forget the past fiasco and recuperate. Maybe if you work at it real hard you might even feel as good as you did before you tackled Tech.*

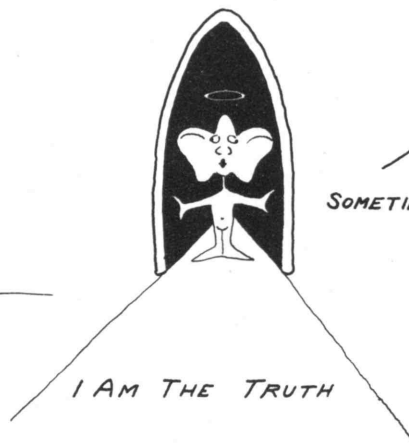
# ALL I AM, I OWE MOTHER



WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT ?



NOTHING CAN STOP ME !



I AM THE TRUTH



SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD



WHAT A MESS I'VE MADE OF MY LIFE



EVERYONE PICKS ON ME



WHAT A CAPACITY !



Bruce  
Bottle

It's rugged to find  
For love or money  
Jokes that are clean  
And also funny.



FIRST ANALYST PUPIL: "I see Bill and John fell from their aeroplane yesterday."

SECOND ANALYST PUPIL: "YEP, they had a head-on collision with the end of one of those parabolas which was on its way to INFINITY."

— *Town and Country*



Dinner guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Professor?"

Professor, absent-mindedly: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."



"Melvin, Melvin!"

"What, maw?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, but I'm coming damn close."

— *Pup*



Then there was the woman who had varicose veins — so she went to the costume party as a road map.

— *Turk*

## QUESTIONS

- A Diverse in prominence, yet alike in taste, On each an apostle his name has placed.
- B Enclosed by two comparatives of "mellow" Unscramble "chum", here underlined in yellow.
- C Where the Amazon and rubber meet you locate me, Hood, McKinley or Rainier completes my picture, see?

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.



### 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.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A PARIS, KY. (Just find the KEY, throw out the E and you have KY. Fleur-de-lis suggests PARIS, added to Blue Grass, representing KY., gives you PARIS, KY.)
- B L. E. THOMASON. (A cheerful mien shown in a circle refers to his photograph in the ad. A doubter of fame is the Biblical Thomas, which is most of his name.)
- C ABC. (The first three letters of the basic series [alphabet] contain proven advice—Always Buy Chesterfield.)

WINNERS...

R. Smith  
A. Waghorne  
J. Sampson  
E. Friedman  
V. Vancey

B. Gokhale  
S. Sussman  
J. McDonald  
R. Lord  
J. Sutherland

### College Girl Supplication . . .

I want the lights to brightly shine,  
I want the men, I want the wine.  
I want the thrill of the first long kiss,  
I want the things that good girls miss.  
I want to rhumba a little, dance a lot,  
Take off my girdle when the weather's hot.

Cover myself with grease and paint,  
To make me look like what I ain't.  
Ride and swim, golf and skate,  
Take the fence instead of the gate.  
Break all the rules, yet all but one,  
And be good and true when the game is done.

I want the fun without the price,  
I want to be naughty and still be nice.

### Brings College Man Condemnation

If you want the things that good girls miss,  
You'll have to be smarter than most girls, sis.  
For the game you play is man's long suit  
Since first he nibbled forbidden fruit.  
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,  
But never, my dear, go in to swim.  
You don't get the fun without the price,  
You can't be naughty and still be nice.



Many persons seem to be trying to make wk-ends meet.

### Query in a Dark Hallway

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I ask whatever gods there may be,  
"Where's the head?"

— *Texas Ranger*



### 7 WAYS TO GET A WOMAN

1. Get a car
2. Get some money
3. Get a car
4. Dress well
5. Get a car
6. Always agree with her
7. Get a car.

— *Wampus*



# Smith House

## Famous Food For Fifty Years

500 MEMORIAL DRIVE  
CAMBRIDGE

TROWBRIDGE 6-8500

They're picking up the pieces  
With a dustpan and a rake;  
He grabbed a silken knee,  
When he should have grabbed the  
brake.



— *Syracusan*

Then there's the Dumb Dora who  
thought Vat 69 was the Pope's tele-  
phone number.



My kitty has gone gallivanting.  
I don't know where she's at.  
Curse this city  
That lured my kitty,  
By dawn she'll be a cat.



Proud Father (showing triplets to  
the visitor: "What do you think of  
them?"

Visitor (pointing to the one in the  
middle): "I'd keep that one."

Student: "Why didn't I make 100  
on my history exam?"

Prof: "You remember the question:  
'Why did the pioneers go into the  
wilderness?'"

Student: "Yeah."

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



### Shaggy Banquet Story

Great-great-grandma Beebe studied  
the new-born baby. She cackled, with  
obvious satisfaction: "If my memory  
doesn't fail me, it's a boy!"

— *Ranger*



Three old maids lived together and  
each owned a cat which she kept shut  
up for fear it would go tomcatting.  
One of the old maids got married and  
after honeymooning for a few days,  
wired the other old maids as follows:

"You can keep your cats shut up if  
you want to, but turn mine out."

Mary had a little lamb  
The lamb had halitosis  
And every place that Mary went  
The people held their nosis.



There was a young girl from St.  
Bride's  
Who ate green apples and died  
Within the lamented  
The apples fermented  
Making cider insider insides.

— *The Log*



Telephone Operator: "Is this 3-6745?  
House Maid: "Yassum."

T. O.: "Is this Mrs. Jones'  
residence?"

Maid: "Yassum."

T. O.: "Long distance from Wash-  
ington."

Maid: "Heh! Heh! Yassum,  
it sho' is."

— *Goblet*

One look at the brassiere ads is  
enough to convince one that honesty  
is no longer the bust policy.

— *The Yellow Jacket*



The greatest optimist in the world  
is the old maid who pulls down a  
folding bed, and then looks under it.



Candidate for Some-thing-or-other:  
"My platform is based on American  
ideals — institutions, constitutions,  
restitution and pros - - perity!"

— *Wampus*



A gay fop from old Monticello  
Is really a terrible fellow.  
In the midst of caresses  
He fills ladies' dresses

With garter snakes, ice cubes, and  
jello.

Then there is the story about the  
dead daschund. He met his end go-  
ing around a tree.

— Chaparral



Here I sit and fuss and fret  
While my seat is getting wet  
It's enough to make me fume  
Teacher can't I leave the room.

Why delay me when you know  
That I simply have to go  
Really teacher I'm not feigning  
My car top's down and it is raining.



Mary had a little lamb,  
She also had a little bear  
I've never seen Mary's lamb,  
But I've seen her wrist watch,  
It's a Bulova.

— R.P.I. Pup

A daring young maid from Dubuque  
Risked a rather decided rebuque  
By receiving a prude  
In the absolute nude  
But he gasped, "If you only could  
cuque!"

— Down Towner



They laughed when I sat down  
at the piano, but when the little  
blonde soprano gave the key to A  
flat—boy, how I accompanied her!

— The ou der



Niagara Falls! The bride's second  
great disappointment.



"No, Mabel, a neckerchief is not  
the name of the head of a sorority  
house."



His voice is just like his mind —  
guttural.

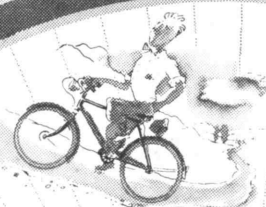


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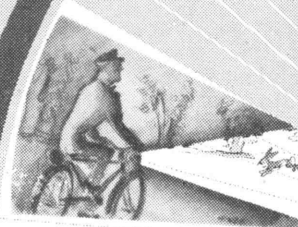
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VOO DOO



PHOTOLITHOGRAPHED BY  
THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY  
WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

A man entered a drugstore and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Do you want them put in a box, sir?" asked the clerk, as he was counting them out.

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the customer. "I was thinking of rolling them home."

— Puff Tent



A minister, making a call, and his hostess were sitting in the parlor when her small son came running in, carrying a dead rat. "Don't worry, mother, it's dead. We bashed him and beat him until . . ."

And noticing the minister for the first time, he added in a lowered voice, "until God called him home."

— Mis-A-Sip



Fond Mother: "Now that Harold is through Course XV, are you going to take him into the business with you?"

Frank Father: "I dunno. Couldn't you use him for a bridge prize?"

Chaplain: "My man, I will allow you five minutes of grace before the electrocution."

Condemned Man: "Fine, bring her in."

— Banter



The small snake came home with tears in his little pink eyes. Rivulets ran down his hot little face. "Mommy," he sobbed, "they won't let me play with the little snake next door."

"They won't let you play with the snake next door! That bunch of snobs! I knew them when they didn't have a pit to hiss in."

— California Engineer



Sign on a maternity ward wall: "Grin and bear it."

— The Virginia Spectator



How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?

One *Mademoiselle*, one *Country Gentleman*, a *Look*, a few *Liberties* . . . and *Time*.



He dashed up to the bar and hol-  
lered: "Gimme a double shot before  
the trouble starts!"

The bartender did and he drank it.  
"Gimme another double shot before  
the trouble starts!"

The bartender did and, puzzled,  
asked, "Before what trouble starts?"

"It's already started. I don't have  
any money."

— *Syracusan*



"Curse it, curse it," hissed the vil-  
lain, snatching the fair maiden by the  
waist.

"No, it ain't either," she cried, "It's  
a girdle."

— *Widow*

Drunk (on phone): Ish thish Spruce  
tree, tree, tree?

Voice: No, this is Walnut fir, fir, fir.

Drunk: Sorry, wrong lumber.

— *Oak*



"We'll have to rehearse that," said  
the undertaker as the coffin fell out of  
the car.

— *Tomahawk*



The barber takes the red hot towel  
As though he were just learning,  
And drops it quickly on your face  
To keep his hands from burning.

They lay side by side on the couch.  
Both were deathly white.  
This can be censored because  
They were two pillows.

— *Mis-a-Sip*



At a knock at his gate, the Devil  
inquired, "Who's there?"

"A haavahd man."

"You're supposed to go to heaven."

"I know. But I want to make the  
change gradually."



"Waiter, there's a fly in my ice  
cream."

"Serves him right, let him freeze."

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NEWBURY STREET AT GLOUCESTER  
BACK BAY :: BOSTON

on your trips

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Kendall Square Office

**Harvard Trust Company**

A Hollywood reporter once asked  
dancer Gene Kelly, "When did you  
first begin to like girls?" Kelly's  
forthright answer was, "The minute  
I discovered they weren't boys."



One day, as I chanced to pass,  
A beaver was damming a river;  
And a man who had run out of gas,  
Was doing the same to his fliver.



Soft the new love tells his lies,  
And ah, he tells them well.  
Demurely, I turn down my eyes —  
Alone, I laugh like hell.

— *Tomahawk*

"How many kinds of wood are  
used in making a match?"

"Two kinds. He would' and she  
would."

— *Tomahawk*



"I'm losing my punch!" exclaimed  
the coed as she hastily left the cock-  
tail party.

— *Dodo*



"Where are you going, my pretty  
maid? Why do you pass me by?"

"I'm on my way to gymnathic  
th-school," she lithped as she heaved  
a thigh.

I had sworn to be a bachelor,  
She had sworn to be a bride,  
But I guess you know the answer,  
She had nature on her side.

— *Octopus*



Joe found it difficult to believe, but  
a girl he went swimming with recently  
sent him a doctor's bill for fifteen  
dollars. "I wouldn't have needed a  
doctor," she explained to him, "if you  
hadn't been so noble and made me  
dress in those bushes where I caught  
poison ivy."

— *Pointer*



And then there's the guy who  
always walks behind his girl so he  
can have something to look forward to.

— *Pup*

A midnight scene . . . rain, sleet  
 . . . a drunk in a doorway . . .  
 a cop.  
 Drunk—I live here.  
 Cop—Why don't you go in?  
 D—I lost my key.  
 C—Then ring the bell.  
 D—I rang it an hour ago.  
 C—Ring it again.  
 D—To hell with them; let 'em wait.

—Buccaneer



"Just because my eyes are red is no  
 sign I'm drunk. For all you know, I  
 might be a white rabbit."

Tomahawk



Two travelers arrived at the hotel  
 and were shown a rather dingy room.

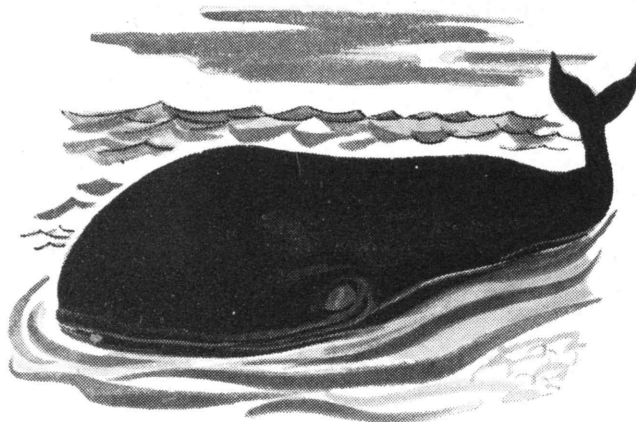
"What," said one, "does this pigsty  
 cost?"

Promptly the proprietor replied:  
 "For one pig, two dollars; for two  
 pigs, three dollars."



## HISTORY REWRITTEN

JONAH AND THE WHALE



"Things look pretty black for me in here!  
 Wish I had a Life Saver!"



Still Only 5¢

**FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS**  
*for the best wisecrack!*

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?  
 For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the  
 students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-  
 wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

**THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:**

Word to the Wise Dept.: Never mistake asthma for  
 passion.

*This month's winning joke submitted by Miss Taffy MacInnes,  
 44 Stockton Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

A young married woman wanted  
 her new maid to be pleased with her  
 new position. "You'll have a very  
 good time of it here," she explained,  
 "because we have no children to  
 annoy you."

"Oh," said the girl generously, "I'se  
 very fond of children so don't go re-  
 stricting yourself on my account."

—Ladies' Home Journal



Customer (Putting five pennies on  
 the counter): "Give me a can-  
 opener, please."

Clerk hands him a nickel.

Customer: "Thanks." (Leaves  
 hurriedly.)



In a parlor a davenport stands. A  
 couple sits there holding hands. So  
 far, no farther.

Now in the parlor a cradle stands.  
 A mother sits there wringing hands.  
 So far, no father.

—Aggrievator



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# CAMPUS CRISES

by *Nudy Pott*



When your Fraternity brother borrows your best sport jacket that you intended to wear on a date that night...friend, you're a victim of the well-known TREATMENT. So merely—

Tech men realize that things can't always go just right. But it's helpful to know they can depend on mild 'n' mellow Old Gold to soften the rough spots. Old Golds are so light and smooth—so downright delectable—they turn every setback into a triumph. Why not treat yourself to 'em today?

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!





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ARTISTICALLY CREATED  
OF FRESH FLOWERS

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ED BERNINGER

Son: "Pop, I got a licking in school today and it's your fault."

Pop: "How's that, son?"

Son: "Remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was? Well, 'Helluva lot' isn't the answer."



Little Boy: "Ma, I just cut my leg off in the thresher."

Ma: "Stay outside till it stops dripping. I just mopped the floor."



Two men were flying east in a passenger plane, making the first air trips of their lives. The plane touched down at St. Louis, and a little red truck sped out to its side to refuel it. The plane landed again at Cleveland, and again a little red truck dashed up to it. The third stop was Albany, and the same thing happened.

The first of the two men looked at his watch and turned to his companion. "This plane makes wonderful time."

"Yep," said the other, "and that little red truck ain't doin' bad either."



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Graham: "What do you mean, kicking my dog? He don't bite."

Brown: "I know, but he raised his leg, and I thought he was going to kick me,"



The young couple came into the dining-room on the fifth day of their honeymoon. The waiter approached them for their order.

"You know what I like, honey, don't you?" queried the bride.

"Yes, I know," stammered the husband, "but we have to eat sometime."



An old gentleman and his care-worn wife lived across from the local cemetery. After the Winter Carnival, they were sitting on the front porch after their lonely evening meal.

Wife: "Pa, every time I look across the street I keep thinking of our dear daughter lying there in the cemetery, and it makes me very sad."

Husband: "Yes, Ma, it makes me sad, too. You know, Ma, sometimes I even wish she was dead."

The portly man was trying to get to his seat at the circus. "Pardon me," he said to a woman, "did I step on your foot?"

"I imagine so," she said, after glancing at the ring, "all the elephants are still out there."



Judge: "Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?"

Defendant: "No, Your Honor, I gave my last dollar to my lawyer."

It was Joe College's first day on the farm. At 4:30 his Uncle Zeke rudely roused him from his slumber.

"What's the matter?" queried Joe.

"Time to go to work."

"Doing what?"

"Reaping."

"Reaping what?"

"Oats."

"Are they wild?"

"Sure not."

"Well, if they aren't wild, what's the use of sneaking up on them in the dark?"

# FENNELL'S

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An unfortunate was applying for relief and the girl at the desk was filling out the questionnaire.

"Do you owe any back house rent?" she asked.

"Ma'am," he replied with dignity, "We've got modern plumbing."



Observing a young lady standing alone, the man stepped up to her and said, "Pardon me. You look like Helen Black!"

"Yes," she said, "I know I do, but I look worse in white."

Then there's the sad, sad story of the little country lass who lived her life in methodic routine. Five days of the week she engaged in the back breaking toil of the farm. On Saturdays she journeyed to town to sow her wild oats. Sundays were always spent in devout prayer for a crop failure.



The drunk couldn't remember next morning whether he had cooked his goose — or vice versa.

— Pups



# *Always Buy* CHESTERFIELD

"When you smoke  
Chesterfield you get a Milder  
cooler smoke - that's why  
it's my cigarette"

*John Lund*

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"BRIDE OF VENGEANCE"  
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**JAMES H. DARDEN, Farmville, N. C. says**

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They're really MILD. They buy mild, ripe, sweet-  
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smoking satisfaction."



THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE - MILD *much* MILD

CHESTERFIELD Contest See Page 26