



*So Mild-
and they
Taste
so good!*



Camels

HOWEVER one's feelings, there is only one way to write an editorial. This is because Phos, office cat and the only constant factor in a world troubled by graduation and solemn requests from the Dean's office to up and leave, because Phos is a melancholy brute who can work his way through much of a hogshead of beer tossed with egg sans smile. It is Phos' opinion that the world as seen from our offices is going to pot: Managing boards come and go, but they come a little less competently every year. The freshmen, perhaps because they remind Phos of his ill-spent youth, make him wince. And the rag as a whole appears to be getting cleaner.

Nothing could be further from the truth. We live in an editorial world where, if nothing ever gets better, at least it doesn't get worse. The jokes are at least as good as the ones we printed in 1927, and we lifted them then from an exchange issue dated in the late nineteenth century. We are also quite as cleancut and redblooded American boys as anyone down the block, although we try to live up to our reputation as Voo Doo staffers. We are rough and blunt with the girls, steady men at the beer keg, and staunch supporters of Malden High on the football field. We do all this because we would dearly love to be as depraved as our public likes to think us. In truth, of course, we and our hairy predecessors are shy and retiring lads, and this Voo Doo is nothing but defensive armor to make the ladies love us.

A word of warning to our newer readers: We have been dragging through Boston for a number of years now, many more than we care to remember, in search of amusement. Trouble is that wherever we go we find someone who knows us, and that's why we go places less and less. Since we want you to have every advantage we have had, and since we don't want you to go into the great and wide world less scarred than we, we intend to keep you abreast of the latest in food, drink and entertainment right here in the hub of the universe. Even though you will go on drinking Scotch and Seven Up, to the eternal disgust of all right-minded people. Seriously, we love our readers, and apart from the fact that we please mostly ourselves in putting together this magazine, we take all the notice in the world of them. After all, the man with the two bits has every right to complain. As long as he doesn't complain to us, about us. Otherwise we don't love him any more, and will sell him Voo Doo only out of habit.

A. J. C. P.



Phos is pleased to announce the election of Bob Schwanhausser and Howie Schwartzman to the Junior Board as Publicity Manager and Office Manager respectively.

Cover this month by N. Champ

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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Magazine thrown together by Bugs Waldt and Ted Yoos

OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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DOING THE TOWN

RHAPSODIZE, if you will, about filet Chateaubriand à la Reine de Navarre, washed down with a superb Chateau Margaux, 1889. For them, however, what's a little more at my altitude, I cannot recommend any place more highly than The Old Union Oyster House at 41 Union Street, near Faneuil Hall. Not only is it the least crowded of the three Oyster Houses, but it preserves its old flavor without looking like an antique shop. The surroundings are congenial, and the food excellently prepared. I must mention the roast beef special dinner, which was a deciding factor in convincing me that restaurant cooking is better than the home variety. It is with sea food, however, that the place reaches its pinnacle, and if you don't like wrestling with a complete lobster, as I do, try the lobster Newburg and wait for the nightmares without carnimation. All this accompanied by whatever your heart desires in the way of drink, and brought to you by rapid and friendly waitresses. Perfectly all right for a hungry date, but I prefer that she be of the sort in whose presence I can loosen my belt a couple of notches. The check will dent your wallet about two shimmels plus or minus per dinner, with the special about a dollar and a half.

I figure that a yearly plug for the Newbury Steak House, on Newbury Street, naturally, at 279A, to be precise, is something in the nature of pleasure as well as duty. The place is most convenient (or used to be when there was transportation over the Harvard Bridge), the food is fine, and the prices very reasonable. You may expect a restaurant full of college lads and lasses — and to this day I don't know how girls can be so small and yet so nasty already — a restaurant where the service is swift, and the waitress' repartee swifter. To my mind the flavor of the customer-waitress dialogue was saltier in my freshman days, but we are apt to feel that way about most things, including

price. You may also expect a stately duchess to show you to your seat and to keep your goblet brimming with vintage water. Nat Ramin, shrewd operator of the Newbury, has a connoisseur's eye for dignified beauties to act as hostesses, and this is a point to be borne in mind when one decides where to eat. Prices teeter at the dollar fifteen mark, although you won't get a distended belly for that money, but the gravy covering steak whole and steak ground alike is superb. Which can't be said for the 1812 House, on the Worcester Turnpike past Wellesley. Despite the flowers and the fountains in the dining room, despite the fancy menu and the finger bowl, the place is no good for my money. Don't get me wrong. I am not against ceremony per se, even though I would prefer more matter with less art. But they don't give you enough to eat and their prices are an outrage. The whole place suffers from an air of being the preserve of refined Helen Hokinson ladies. Which it probably is.

I feel just the other way about the Lafayette House, halfway towards Providence. Which is only a matter of twenty miles, nothing at all when you are hungry. When that place says half a chicken on its menu, it means half of a large chicken, and the price of the dinner, elegantly served, is two and a half. I had to change a tire on the way there, and they soothed my savage breast more than adequately with a fine cocktail, at a reasonable price. Although this restaurant is in a more expensive class than the Greasy Spoon, the food and drink are very good, and so is the service. Well worth changing a tire.

— T. V. G.



If all the girls at the J-Hop Ball were laid end to end,

Tickets would have cost twice as much.



Once a man and his dog were sitting on a park bench watching the pigeons. The man reached for a cigarette and found his pack was empty. Turning to the dog, he said, "Hey, Charles, do you have a cigarette?"

"No," said the dog, "but there's a place down the street where they sell them."

"Fine," said the man, "here's a quarter, go get me a pack."

An hour later the dog had not returned, so the man went to look for him. He found the dog sitting at a bar, casually sipping a Martini.

"This is a hell of a note," said the man. "Here I've always been able to depend on you before, and now you pull a trick like this. What's the idea?"

"Well," said the dog sheepishly, "you never gave me any money before."



The little moron's watch had stopped ticking and he tried to find the trouble. Finally he took the back off it, went into the works, and found a dead bug. "No wonder it doesn't work," he said, "the engineer's dead."

"Well, I guess I might as well put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl as she went on the stage.



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."

— *Seventeen*



The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker — Why the hell can't I?

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ITS

FINEST

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Letter to the editors:
To the editor of Voo Doo
Dear Sir:

I think MIT is a fine school. We have a great gang here, but the spirit is a little weak. I'm for a little pep. Whaddya say, fellas? Let's get some of the old zip into things, huh? How about some more of those peachy rallies? Let's put more of the old school spirit into life around here. Think you fellas could put a little more pep into those issues? Let's get this show on the road, men. Let's show 'em what the old Institute can do. . . .

JACK SMITH, '53?

. . . Oh hell.

THE EDITORS

To the editors of Voo Doo
Gentlemen:

I have been at the Institute for a number of years, and I have subscribed to Voo Doo during this period because it is important, in my opinion, to know how the other half lives. My hopes, my fondest ambitions, were pinned on a little magazine, to be put out by a number of kindred souls at Technology, in a limited edition of course, and devoted to something satisfying the cultivated appetites of more sophisticated Tech men than the

run of the herd. Alas, that exquisite jewel among college publications never saw the light of day, since not one of us could type.

Since we must needs rely on Voo Doo, I would appreciate your taking up some of the more honest values which are otherwise completely neglected at this institution of so-called higher learning. Must you be so disgustingly sophomoric?

Yours etc.

MICHAEL CAMENBERT

Go play with Truman Capote, Mike.
THE EDITORS

To the Editors of Voo Doo

Dear Sirs:

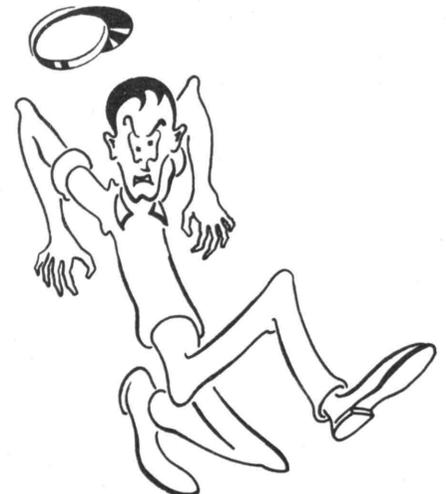
I am only seventeen, and this is my first year at college, but I have been reading my brother's Voo Doos since I was twelve, and although I have had to have much explained to me, I have enjoyed every issue tremendously. I wonder whether you might like to have me work for you. I have never been on a college magazine, but I have had many experiences.

Love,

BETTY LOU CALLET

. . . We're keeping a can of beer for you under our sack, honey.

THE EDITORS



Pale Dry

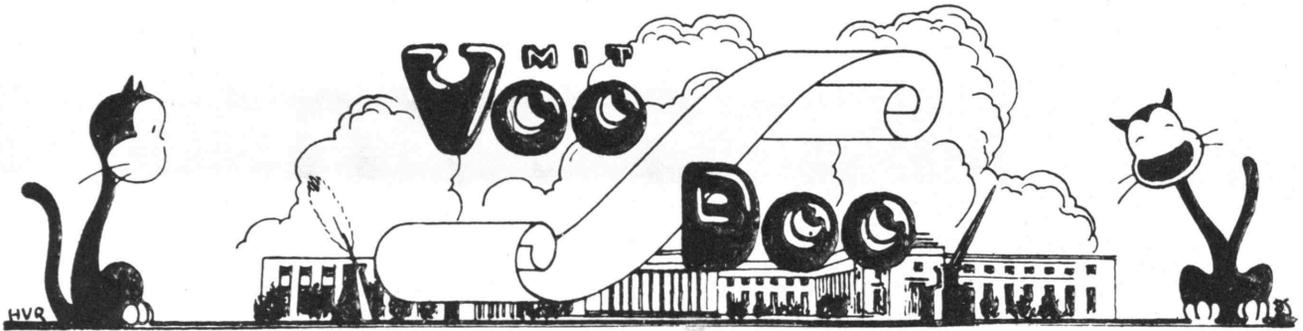
ANOTHER GREAT BEER *by* **Schaefer**



So fine... so light... so dry... so right
glass after glass after glass

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., New York



SOME time ago we found ourselves in the midst of a slew of evil-smelling factories, dumping our luggage in an evil-smelling little room, and feeling generally very dispirited. The prospect of another season at the Institute appalled us, and we bore no resemblance to the bright young things in the magazine section of the *New York Times*, who grin all over their bright young faces at the thought of going to college. Although, perhaps, we haven't given going to college a fair trial. We can't help feeling that the University of Virginia, with a water skiing course

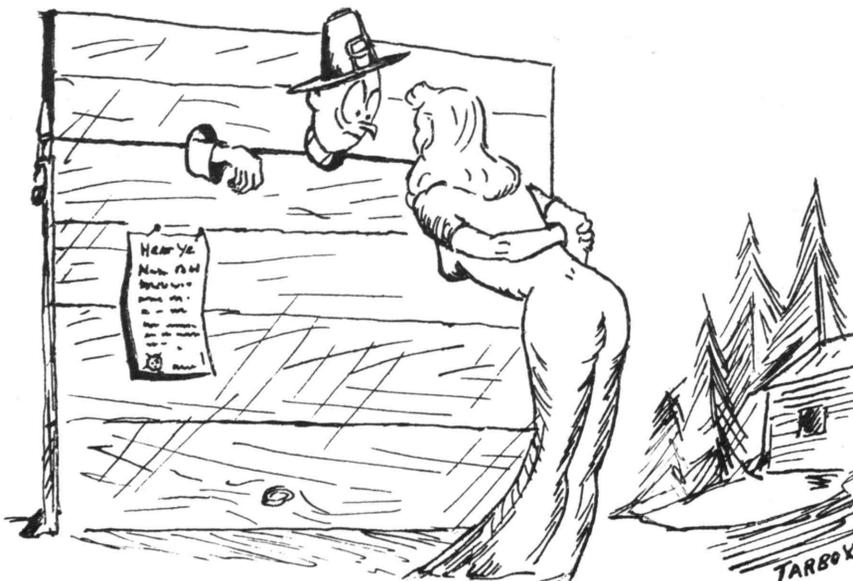
or two at Miami U. has much to offer a young man who is looking for an education. Be that as it may, we found ourselves in bleak Cambridge, with some curious rises in the subway fare, and some curious doings on the Harvard Bridge — we are traditional rather than chauvinist, and will call the bridge by the name with which it entered life when Paul Revere booted home his first winner at Suffolk Downs. All our women had gone and would not return, we didn't have any money or a room mate with a convertible any more, and the whole thing

appeared to be nothing but a huge obscenity. As we walked over to the dorm office to pick up our accumulated bills, some bright lad set off a fire cracker just under our feet, and we laughed and laughed, because we knew we were home.

FELLOW we know spent some time digging ditches, and he was comparing professional notes with one of the men working on the new library when a Techman walked by, eyes glazed, shoulders hunched, legs jerking spastically. "Where did they dig up this zombie?" asked the construction worker. Our friend shrugged his shoulders and muttered something about there but for the grace of God...

SCARSDALE matron we happen to know asked us during the summer whether sex was really as important to young men as she gathered from 'The Naked and the Dead'. Because she is also a good friend of the family, we hedged, but it is our private belief that sex is a greater thing than television, and that there is nothing like it for selling magazines.

A FRIEND of ours who could fall into a straddle trench and come up in faultless evening dress, holding a brimming glass of champagne, tells the following story. Seems he had a summer beach home, at Malibu, of course, and straight from the gods. The fly in the ointment being the



Want me to read to you, darling?

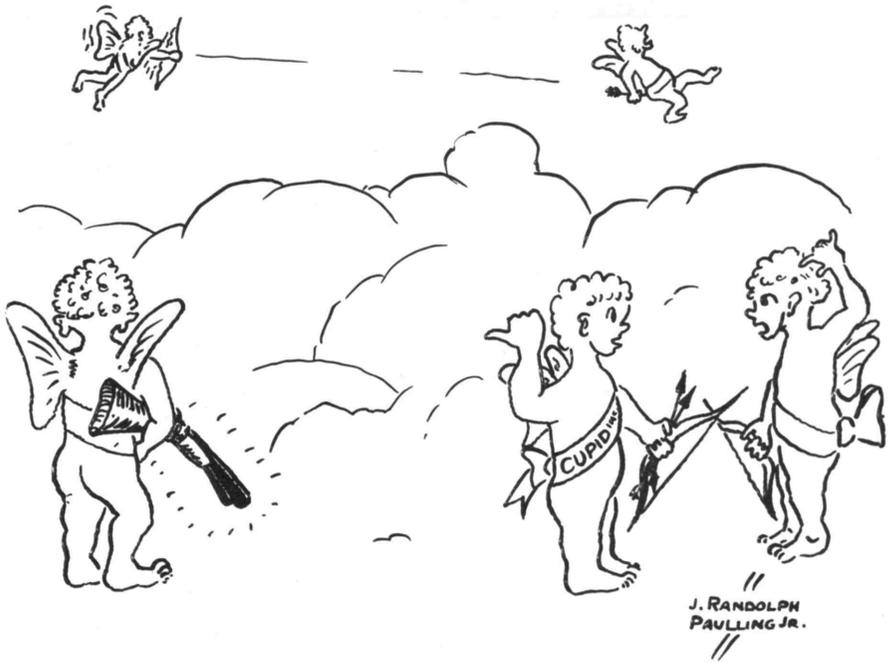
neighbor's two children, repulsive brats who made foul noises all day and threw sand in people's faces. Proud papa, who let them romp all day in the water, evidently fancied himself as a scientific and romantic figure, because he sealed a message giving his name and address into an empty Vat 69 bottle, and cast it out to sea, expecting to be called by a Formosan lass with a penchant for fat and balding fathers of two annoying children.

What with all this tremendous send-off, the bottle floated about fifty yards and landed on our friend's beach, where he promptly suffered the disappointment of his young life on finding it empty. Little daunted, however, he decided to give his neighbor a run for his money, mailed the embottled message to a young lady he knew in Honolulu, and asked her to send it back as if it had been picked up by one of the local Kanakas.

Two days later the note arrived at Malibu with a Hawaii post mark. The neighbor, who is now considerably worried about swift and inexorable tides, lets his children swim only at certain times of the day, under strictest supervision.

WE feel that freshmen are already suffering from an overload of well-meant advice. All we have to say to them, therefore, is this: Don't miss the 5.01 lecture where they make an explosion to wake up the boys in the back rows. And don't miss the 8.01 lecture during which Professor Sears spins giddily on a piano stool, alternately extending and withdrawing his arms.

DORMITORY policy appears to have changed once again, to the effect of excluding upperclassmen from the dorms. Even the senior house is full of freshmen. If there are any upperclassmen who feel discouraged at this latest turn of events, let them take hope from something we saw last May.



"He just got damn fed up with all this kid stuff."

Shuffling along the crowded corridor of Building 8 at about ten o'clock, we saw the door of one office open, and a sleepy and pyjama-clad researcher reaching for two quart milk bottles which stood by the door. We feel sure that many of the dustier offices in the hidden reaches of buildings 3 and 20, for example, could be turned into desirable residences, and we know of a course XV senior who is ready to give mortgages at reasonably usurious terms.



In a kick, it's distance.
In a cigarette, it's taste.
In a rumble seat, it's impossible.



Errol Flynn and Charlie Chaplin have collaborated on a new novel which will be out just any old time. The title is "On Whom the Belles Told."

The magician walked down to the footlights and asked a young lady to step up on the stage.

"Now, as a climax to my act, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am going to saw this young lady in two, right before your eyes."

The crowd cheered and stamped its feet.

"As is customary before doing this trick," he continued, "I'd like first to make sure that you all want to see —"

A thundering "Sure!"

"And there are no objections to my performing —"

A "No" rocked the house.

"The girl's sorority sisters — do they object?"

"Not at all, to be sure."

"How about you," he asked turning to the girl. "Do you mind being sawed in two?"

The girl shook her head.

"Well, then," the magician said.

And he sawed the young lady in two.

We all thought it was funny but the police made quite a fuss about it.

— Octopus

TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY



THERE are some might think my friend Alan something of a playboy. Nothing flatters him more: there is nothing he would rather be. Or be thought. Alan isn't exactly rolling in money, but what he has he spends freely and curiously, going without the necessities in order to indulge in a luxury or two. "We are at the Institute," Alan is apt to say, "to learn how to think. That is why I do my best to think, originally and after my own fashion." And he will sink into the leather armchair he found at an auction in Somerville and draw deep puffs from his pipe of an extremely evil smelling tobacco which he proclaims is nectar and ambrosia, and better than Prince Albert. You get the idea: Alan has decorated his room with murals of his own designing, and over the window hangs a mobile, whose essence is the body of a man dangling from gallows, with one or two obscenities issuing from his mouth. Alan claims that this is the focal point for all the girls at the parties he throws. And the sad thing is that he is right.

His habits notwithstanding, Alan is by no means a fool, works better and less than most I know, and has organized himself a bible of finance cases, which, he claims, covers every case book in the library. He is, of course, in course XV. I like Alan, and I need his bible badly. Which ex-

plains my trip to his room this fine Saturday morning, at the end of the first week of the Fall term. I have finally gotten all my courses squared away, and with a sound forecast of my finance course I will be able to start my social life with a light heart.

I don't knock at Alan's door. Much might be argued about the etiquette of my omission, and the dire consequences thereof. But the radio is playing, and I figure that I can walk in without knocking. Not for the first time, I have to stop to admire the decorations of his room — the posters from the Pilgrim Tract Society, the smugly smiling African godling, the curious creature on the ceiling with the oversize secondary sex characteristics. Also Alan, of course. He is lying on his side on the bed, and clad in his wrist watch and a pair of boxer shorts, and a heat lamp is warming the small of his back to a cosy pink. This heat lamp must have cost a lot of money. Because it came equipped with an attendant, dressed in one of Alan's sweat shirts and a pair of pedal pushers, who is massaging Alan's back with more vigor and enthusiasm than one would expect from a professional masseuse. For a moment there is silence, and then she says, "Oh," and Alan says "Damn," and I say "Hot ziggety damn," and I mean every word of what I say. I am already calculating for how long I would have to starve to get such a heat lamp when Alan, who is always quick to recover,

sits up and smiles at the broad. "Peter," he says, "I would like you to meet Candy Wright, who is an old friend of the family, and who came up to Boston last night with my parents, partially to see the town, and partially to see me." And before I can get in a how do you do, Candy, he goes on, "And there are a couple of things I want to tell you about the finance assignment. Might as well give 'em to you while I get dressed. Mind turning your back or leaving for a minute or something, Candy?" Which is plain silly, because the young man is wearing his shorts, and presumably wants to put on more clothes. But Candy goes outside, according to plan, and Alan leans over and whispers in my ear that his mother has evidently formed long range plans about Candy, plans of which Candy approves wholeheartedly, and that he is supposed to take Candy out tonight, but that he already has a date with Barbara, whom I know very well, and who is twice as smart as Alan, who keeps him more or less quiet during term time, and whom I might have expected to see scratching his back. "Why don't we," he hisses, "go on a double date tonight, me taking out Barbara, who is already briefed about the whole affair, and who will behave accordingly." Again, before I can say anything, Alan whispers, "Well, I'm glad that is arranged," and begins to climb into some clothes.

Alan's folks are charming, and they

take us all out to dinner, Candy looking very sweet and virginal, and Alan and Barbara playing footsie under the table. Which I know because I get kicked for being in the way. By Barbara. Alan is using his father's car, and we amble out to a place somewhere, where they have a nice band, and have ourselves a surprisingly good time. Alan is drinking very moderately, bourbon and soda, Barbara and I take the usual bourbons on the rocks, and Candy drinks cokes. With every appearance of enjoyment. Comes the witching hour of one o'clock, and it is Candy's turn to make the trip to the john. I am fingering my glass and thinking of the foulness of the world in general, and of poor Alan trying to make out with sweet seventeen, or at the most eighteen, in particular, when I see Candy standing in front of me, and staring rather fixedly at the far corner of the dance floor. Where it is rather dark, but where we can see Alan and Barbara engaged in a friendly and obviously high minded pursuit.

Which is as old, I am told, as the human race. Candy mutters something about a she-wolf, and at once Barbara and Alan rejoin us at our table, Barbara looking not a little triumphant, and Alan rather downcast. Candy thinks it is getting a little late for her, so first we drive over to Barbara's dorm, where I take her inside and she winks at me, and then I drive to the hotel, with Alan and Candy in the back seat. At the hotel Alan bids me a regretful farewell, boots me out of the car, and drives off into the night. For which I will remember him in my prayers.

On Sunday morning I am about to turn over and sleep another hour when I hear my percolator bubbling, and a somewhat dishevelled Alan strengthening himself at my table. I sit up with some difficulty. "How did you make out with Ladies Home Journal last night?" I ask him, and he grins like the Cheshire cat. Only a little more lecherously, even though he is obviously very tired. "Nothing like

making them a little jealous," he says, and slurps coffee, black. I am surprised. I am more than surprised, I am dumbfounded. I have known enough girls, I used to think, to be able to form some sort of a rough estimate. And Candy had looked and behaved like a prototype for Louisa May Alcott. But you can never tell. I pull on some clothes, splash my face with cold water, finish the coffee, and follow Alan to his room. I still want that bible.

As I get close to his wing of the Senior House, I hear someone cursing. In a very professional manner, and in the sweetest feminine accents conceivable. There is a crash, and as I enter Alan's room without knocking, I see him lying on the sack, looking rather foolish, and Barbara standing over him with a smashed port bottle in her hand. Fortunately empty. But, as someone wiser than I has said, there's nothing like making them a little jealous.

— PHIZ

FRANK ELBERY says
Winter can be rough on your car!

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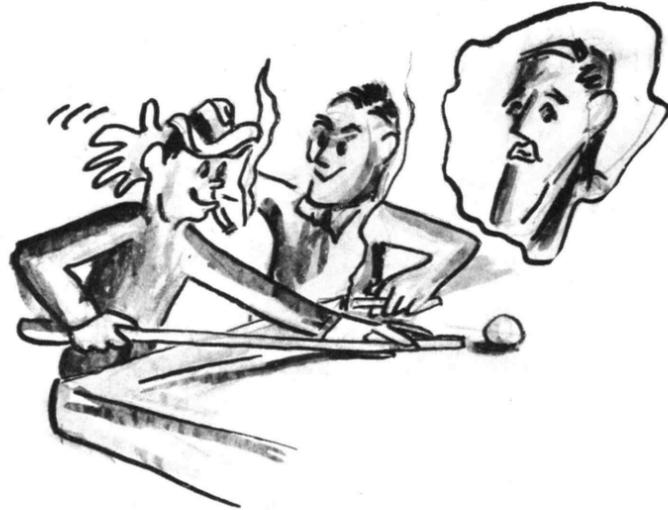
165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

IS THERE?

When a child is young and feeble
And susceptible to fable,
Parents, teachers tell him clearly
There is a God, Child, love him dearly.
And all this, child, is very true.
He's like a watchbird watching you.



Soon the child in adolescence
Finds that some of this is nonsense.
Shuns the thought of church and Sunday,
Seeks the liberty of Monday.
Spends his time in vulgar joking,
Like a chimney, soon starts smoking.



College scientist and truth-seeker
Without proof is much less meeker,
Raises hell, loves without limit.
If there's a God, well then we've had it.

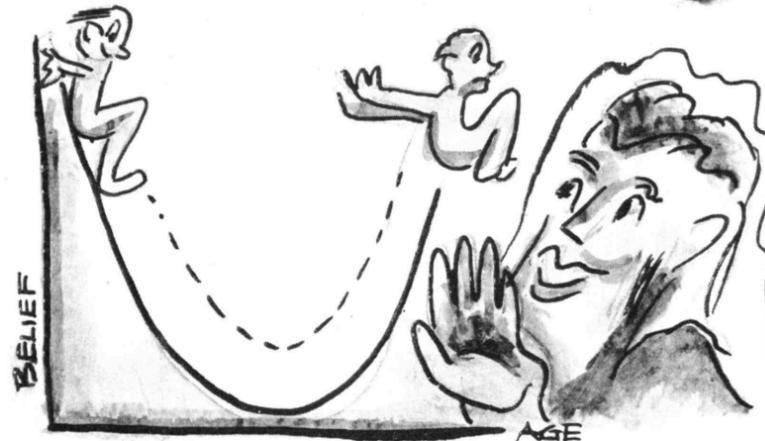


Church and marriage have close meaning,
Or at least that's what she's screaming.
And then there is the other faction
Which puts its college thoughts in action.



The kids come quickly and why bother,
Teach them ethics just like father.
Send them back to where I started,
God is what the church imparted.

As our stomachs sink down lower
We begin to think it over.
Play it safe, belief perchance
Is just eternal life insurance.



Thinking over what has happened,
Now old, we smile, and yet are saddened.
Life and thought are just a function.
Integrated sans compunction.
Without fact, but still historic
Belief's an inverse parabolic.

If we've had it, now's the time
We stand in death's employment line.
Waiting for the final answer
To the quiz we cannot master.

The consolation seems to be
In Hell, the Devil may know me.



THE CLICHE EXPERT TESTIFIES ON WOMEN

Mr. Arbuthnots testimony

- Phos Mr. Arbuthnot, what is the basic tenet of our American way of life?
- A That the world is ruled by sweet and undefiled American womanhood.
- Phos What do you mean by world?
- A An area bounded by Berkeley, 57th Street, the Rue de la Paix, and Hamilton, Bermuda.
- Phos Are all American women alike?
- A No indeed. But we may divide them into two basic types.
- Phos And these are?
- A On the first hand, the sweet and undefiled American girl from down the block. She fairly glows with an outdoors type of beauty, and is very like your sister.
- Phos What is your opinion of this type?
- A She is frigid.
- Phos And the other?
- A On the other hand, we have the sweet and undefiled American girl from down the block. She fairly glows with an outdoors type of beauty, and is not in the least frigid.
- Phos Does she —
- A Heaven forbid!
- Phos What, then, does she do in the evening?
- A She sits by her hope chest, fingers her sterling silver and her beautiful sheets, and yearns for a husband.
- Phos Does she have anything in particular in mind?
- A Certainly. Her Prince Charming must be six feet tall, weigh 180 lbs., look like a baby, be a son of a director of Du Pont de Nemours, nephew to Howard Hughes, and possessed of a four hole Buick.
- Phos Is our American girl content to dream of her husband to be?
- A Of course not. With something of the spirit that opened the West, she sets about getting a husband who will meet her specifications.
- Phos How does she prepare herself for this monumental task?
- A She does incredible structural things to her anatomy. This to confuse the man, whose only idea of what a woman should look like is from the SA-TH volume of the encyclopaedia.
- Phos And then?
- A She anoints herself with musk. This makes her desirable.
- Phos And is this enough?
- A Not quite. She also learns to tell dirty jokes in a low voice.
- Phos How does she acquire such a voice?
- A By eating the olives from martinis. The residual gin does the trick.
- Phos And when the man is irresistibly attracted?
- A She steps coolly to one side.
- Phos Gad, does the American man stand for this?
- A He does not. He gets rough.
- Phos What happens to the woman then? How will she save herself?
- A Please, Mr. Phosphorus! After all, she is wearing a girdle.
- Phos But dammit, how can she remain sweet and undefiled?
- A She knows that, whatever happens, Woodbury's soap will wash away the stain, and Jergens Lotion will keep her skin smooth for the next time.
- Phos In other words, the man is attracted, and then repelled?
- A Exactly. In many cases he does not even begin to scratch the surface of her makeup.
- Phos Does this not leave an opportunity for much deception? After all, if the man stays at arm's length, he cannot know what is gold and what glitters.
- A That is perfectly true, and for this reason many women put on more than musk to attract men, knowing that their little deception will go unnoticed.
- Phos Let us forget for the moment that er, that —
- A That sex reared its ugly head?
- Phos Exactly. Thank you, sir. I wonder if you can explain what is meant by the American double standard?
- A Certainly. This means that first the man provides for the woman. Then he entertains her.
- Phos And she?
- A Is neither satisfied, nor entertained.
- Phos What is it makes foreign girls so inferior?
- A They have smaller bosoms, shorter legs, and they don't talk so loudly.

- Phos Wretches. How can they be happy so?
- A You have hit on the problem of world recovery. But with the generous help of the American people, girls the world over are becoming more and more like their more favored sisters.
- Phos You mentioned something before about our girls' dissatisfaction with their entertainment. What do they do about this?
- A They organize their own. This usually takes the form of debuts.
- Phos Pardon my ignorance. What is a debut?
- A It is the Cinderella daydream of a ten year old carried into reality. Our girls carry through their years of adolescence vague yearnings for elfin theatricals. These yearnings are satisfied at debuts.
- Phos And the men?
- A Few of them care for fairy ring-around-the-roses. They stay at the bar.
- Phos The first encouraging sign. I take it that this debut more or less introduces a virgin to the assembled tribe?
- A Exactly. After it, she remains a virgin for the rest of her life.
- Phos I don't quite understand. You mean she — even if she —
- A Nothing defiles our wholesome American womanhood!
- Phos I had never thought of it in quite that way —
- A You never will, sir. That accounts for the restlessness and enterprise of American men.
- Phos You mean we men might live a more serene life if we could —
- A Without any doubt.
- Phos What, then, prevents this?
- A It is against the rules.
- Phos Please explain. What is?
- A Doing unto a woman as she does unto you.
- Phos What happens if one breaks this rule?
- A One must face the scorn of society.
- Phos And society consists of —
- A You are absolutely right, Mr. Phosphorus.
- Phos Thank you, Mr. Arbuthnot, for your very enlightening talk; although I must confess that my heart is heavy at the thought of all this injustice.
- A The love of a good woman, Mr. Phosphorus, will soon fix you.

— Biz



Most girls attain their ends through lack of exercise.

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of the shop.

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

Condemned man: "Fine, bring her in."

— Ohio Green Goat

HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT DID THE SPHINX REALLY SAY?



"Gosh I'm lonely—wish I had a Life Saver!"



...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:

Mandy: "I can't come to work tomorrow, Ma'm, my lil' boy is sick."

Ma'm: "Why, Mandy, I thought you said you were an old maid."

Mandy: "Ah is, Ma'm, but Ah ain't one of 'em fussy kind."

*This month's winning joke submitted by
Jean Purrington, 345 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.*

The Greeks Had the Worst of It

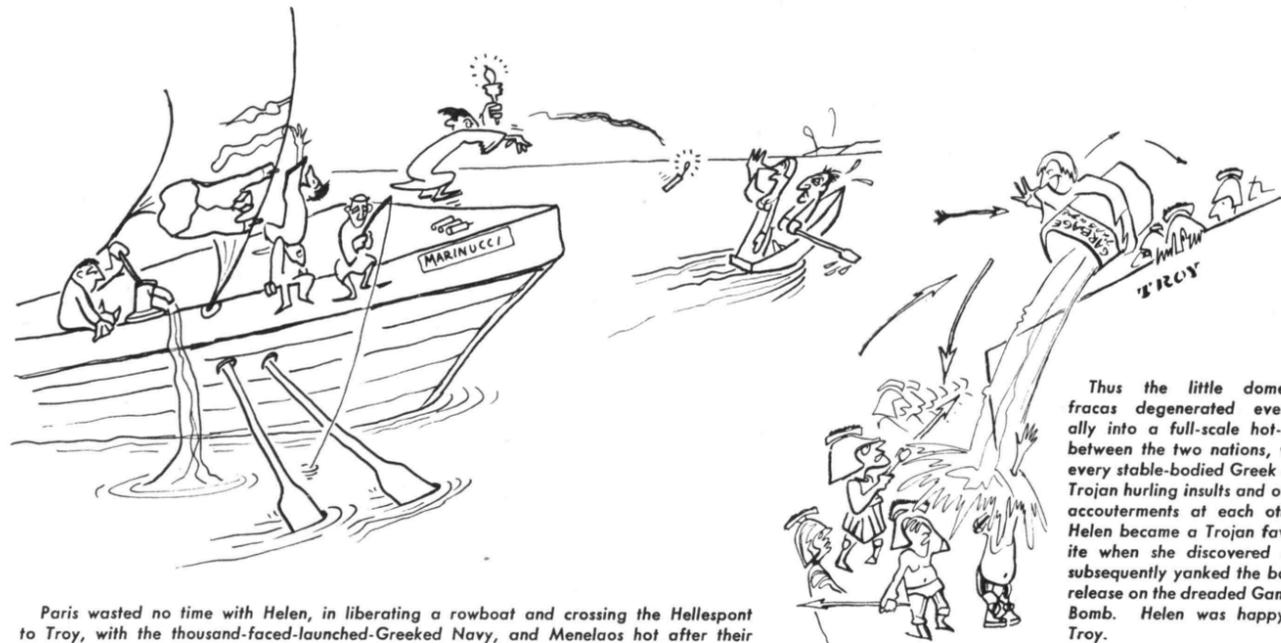
Nobody around Tech can read Greek, we hear, beyond translating fraternity mottoes. It's a shame too, as many of our Old Howard subtleties were originated by the Greeks. Further, most translations of Homer's oft quitted *Iliad* are quitted too oft by the average reader because of aridity. Therefore, we present our own reading of the classic.



Gods in Homer's day had a little more substance than now, and their tastes were somewhat more Californian, so we start with a beauty contest. Paris (The Plastered) from Troy was seated as judge. He had to pick Miss Olympus of 1949 (B.C.) from Athena (Goddess of Wisdom and something of an intellectual), Hera (Goddess of Hera and a pretty damn strong woman), and Aphrodite (Goddess of Beauty and a pretty damn sexy woman). Bribery was rife, and Aphrodite promised Helen (another pretty damn sexy woman) and god-knows-what-else to Paris. On the strength of the god-knows-what-else she won.



Since Helen was legally attached to Menelaos, the Greek, Paris was forced to operate. Visiting the fabulous Menelaos residence on the South Shore, Paris disguised himself as a travelling itinerant-salesman, and proceeded to drink his host under the table. While matching pennies with a band of gypsy ants, he found Helen making book with the aphids, and made a way with her. . . . When Helen woke up she wasn't with the guy what brung her. But she didn't mind, she was that way.



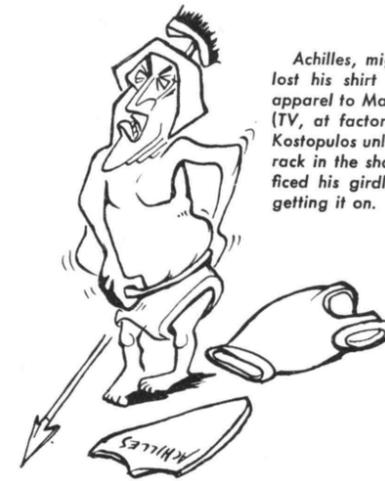
Paris wasted no time with Helen, in liberating a rowboat and crossing the Hellespont to Troy, with the thousand-faced-launched-Greeked Navy, and Menelaos hot after their respective tails.



Thus the little domestic fracas degenerated eventually into a full-scale hot-war between the two nations, with every stable-bodied Greek and Trojan hurling insults and other accouterments at each other. Helen became a Trojan favorite when she discovered and subsequently yanked the bomb release on the dreaded Gamma Bomb. Helen was happy in Troy.



As the war war on, the Trojan spirits sank to the lowest level in the vats . . . even Vat LXIX was empty. Priam, King of the Trojans, called fifth his jolly crew to a MONSTER RALLY at the Emvee Square Garden for a poop talk. Said Pundit Priam in his dirt-shaking, off-the-cuff style, "Repeat after me: Shout it clear; shout it loud. . . . We are Priam's Left-Hand Crowd. B . . . A . . . S . . . T . . . A . . . R . . . D . . . Bastard, bastard, bastard!! Go out and fight, men!!!" With that, the bastards went out and fought.



Achilles, mightiest of the Greeks, had no head for odds and lost his shirt and various other pieces of tin-plated wearing apparel to Mad Man Kostopulos, the second-hand Trojan Vendor (TV, at factory-to-you prices) in a crap game. War-Profitteer Kostopulos unloaded the suit to Hector, a Trojan, off a plain pipe rack in the shadow of the Trojan Wall. Hector, who had sacrificed his girdle to the Bow-string Effort, experienced difficulty getting it on. Besides it itched.



It was a C-O-O-O-O-L-D winter, that winter, and Achilles froze his—heels off, so he ordered a new outfit from I. J. Hephaestus, the Olympian Blacksmith. Hep, short on steel because of an industry pension hagggle, turned to the next best source: beer cans. Unable to purchase empty beer cans, even on the gray market, Hep emptied two full cases and lost three toenails filling the order.

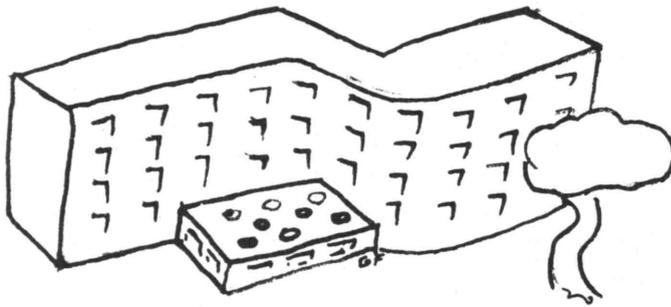


The Trojans, never known to look a gift-horse in the mouth, figured they had a stud with no fee when they dragged the Greek-built horse inside their hitherto exclusive stockade. Little did they know that this stallion was peculiar to its species, and was heavy with Greek. Labor commenced after night fell, and Ulysses, the mendicant Greek midwife, unlatched the latch that unloosed the lads who sacked the city. Thus fell Troy.



Menelaos, who was popular with the Trojan women, and accustomed to their battle cry, "Menelaos . . . Menelaos . . . Getum . . . Getum!!!" was in for a rude crock when he liberated Helen and got back to Greece. Helen had become the arm that launched a thousand dishes, and Menelaos was the most crocked man in Greece. The Greeks Had the Worst of It.

NEW NEW DORMS



SO here I sit, staring at the walls of my old room and wondering would I be killed by the blow if all the layers of paint fell off on me. The walls are a sort of old tombstone grey and I have decorated them in the worst of taste with a rather gaudy selection of "Esquire Girls." Moreover, the radio won't work, the beer's all gone, I'm alone, and the "Esquire Girls" look like pictures. I could go over to the new dorms on Mass Avenue, but I'm not going to. I'll stay right here for awhile and stare at my dirty walls.

They're pretty sharp, you know, those new dorms. You can tell just by looking at the outside that a lot was learned from building the Senior House only a year or so before along Memorial Drive. I didn't get a room there myself, as you can see, but I've seen quite a bit of the place and I could go there now, visiting Joe, a friend of mine who lives there. Or lived. Somehow, I seem to have lost him.

Joe's room, like all the other rooms, was slightly terrific. An almost perfect example of the "machine for living" idea. The architects tried to take *everything* into account when they designed it and they pretty much succeeded. Still, of course, I can't find Joe.

You know, they were so proud of that building that all the occupants got little pamphlets about it. Something like an army manual, but with

SA — sales appeal. Joe and I spent several nights sitting in his room, or walking around, talking about the place, examining the well-appointed room or looking out the window at the view.

"It says here," Joe said, gesturing with the handbook, one of the first times I was there, "that each room, no matter where it is, has exactly the necessary volume for one man to live in."

"Do tell," I said, brushing my fingertips against the opposite, pleasantly-colored walls.

"The Kinsey Reports," Joe said cryptically.

"What?" I said, forgetting my contemplation of the satisfactory texture of the chair covering.

"They used them, I mean. And more. Designing this building."

"Yes, yes?" I looked around the room with new interest. It looked harmless, I guessed.

"Well . . . stuff like a note that, according to Frobisher-Cafard . . ."

"What's that?"

"Who cares? ' . . . skin looks best against a background of gold, or golden-tan, or bright red.'"

"The walls," I murmured superfluously, "are red. Bright red." On a sudden impulse I rushed to the closet and put out the bed coverlet.

"Yes," said Joe, looking sheepish.

"The pattern is called 'Golden Tiger.'"

"Oh, my."

"Yes, indeedy." We let our imaginations kick that one around for a while.

"Women must leave the building before one AM," Joe quoted.

"Uh-huh."

" . . . unless fees for the extra breakfast have been paid." he finished shamelessly. We were silent for a short time.

"How times have changed," I said. I tilted my very comfortable chair back against the head of the bed. The lights went out. Fumbling around the headboard I finally found the switch and put the lights on again. Joe leafed through the book.

"Kinsey researchers have established," he said after a few seconds, "that women prefer darkness. . . ."

"Oh. How convenient."

Joe rushed on, flipping the pages at random. "Music is supplied to each room through concealed speakers. Controls are located inconspicuously near the top of the desk area." He moved to the desk, picked up several books that had been dropped there, and pushed the button.

"Very catchy," I admitted, as the room was filled with the music of a well-orchestrated, though mongrel, fox-trot. "Swell for dancing."

"Three selections are offered."

He pushed another button. This one resulted in Flamus' "University Concerto," reeking with ivy and scholarship. For a moment I was overwhelmed with a desire to do my back homework, but I fortunately found enough strength to stumble to the desk and depress the third button. There was a silence, but one that made you wait.

A single odd note sounded, like a kiss on the nape of your neck.

And another pause. My nerves began to twitch. Then the music began in full swing.

Have you ever heard the "Overture to an Id"?

Joe looked at me, walked over to

the desk again, turned the volume up, picked up the outside phone, and dialed his girl friend's number. As he waited he adjusted the volume of the music to be audible over the phone.

She answered and Joe began talking to her, softly, and with that music in the background. . . .

As I crept out the door, he was still talking to her and nodding, a simpering lecherous expression on his face. . . .

On my way out, I ran into a classmate and stood in his doorway for a few minutes, talking about the next weeks' homework. He had the "University Concerto" on. I tore myself away.

And on my way out again, I saw a third man, through an open door, talking softly into a telephone. I knew what he was saying. He was licking his lips and I could hear the "Overture to an Id" playing just loud enough to be audible over the phone.

The next week, Joe had myself and my date and his girl friend for dinner. The meal was delicious and Joe, who was getting to be quite the pedant on this sort of thing, amused us vastly by naming the qualities and quantities of specific nutritional elements in each course, triumphantly totaling them up with the coffee.

The girls thought the whole place was wonderful. They particularly liked the lighting, which was indirect and very flattering.

Looking around I observed that, perhaps as a result of the influence of the decor of the building, there seemed to be none of the usual creeps one runs into amongst the undergraduates. Everybody had a haircut and a shave. Ties predominated. And, most odd of all, no one seemed to be rushed and yet the meal finished within a half hour, at which point almost everyone very properly had coffee, or tea. Very well-mannered. The whole scene might have stepped out of the pages of some magazine's "college section."

"Where's Harry the hophead? Doesn't he live here?" I asked,

referring to a charmingly unbalanced nut I had known last year.

"Of course," Joe said. He pointed to a man sitting three feet from me.

"Him?!" I almost shouted. "Wearing grey flannels and tennis shoes and a necktie?"

"Of course."

I looked more closely. It did sort of look like Harry.

"Hi!" I said.

"Hi! Howsa' boy? Haven't seen you in a coon's age." And he clapped me lightly on the back. I clapped him on the back and grinned emptyheadedly, turning back toward my table.

"Tell me, Joe," I asked. "What do the brownbaggers do around here?"

"Same as the rest of us." He grinned proudly. "We all get our work done and then we have discussions or go out. Everything's down to a system, just like the building. Great, isn't it?"

"Peachy-keen."

And so things went. The next week Joe asked, in the interests of efficiency

and, therefore, also more play time, et cetera, et cetera, that we work and sleep Sunday nights rather than fritter the time away in some dive in Scollay. Three other guys asked the same thing.

So all right. It's good to get a little discipline in your life. I've been getting quite a bit of work done, now that my buddies are hitting the books with such praiseworthy regularity.

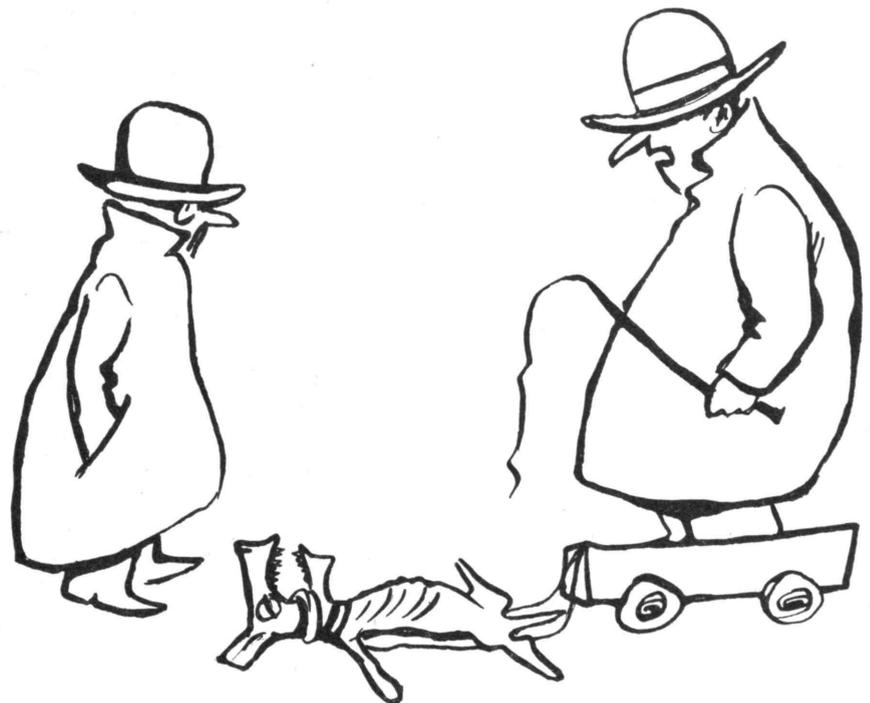
Everything's been better, surely.

I take my dates over there, to the New Dorms. We have a dandy time. We sit and talk with other couples, oh, all about new night spots and football games and popular songs and, inevitably, two or three times a week we get going on religion or politics and argue so heatedly we almost forget to go to bed.

And we play bridge. For small stakes of course.

I even take my clothes there to be cleaned. They do a swell job. Particularly on my new grey flannels.

My girl and I sometimes stay up for a while to watch the teevee. Before



"Damn dog died."

we wander dreamily off to one of the perfectly-designed little nooks (the couch is upholstered in tiger-skin and the nook is private) built into the building. Oh, we have a dreamy time.

* * *

But right now I'm back in my dingy old room in the old dorms. Alone.

I'm going to take the big step, the plunge. If it isn't too late.

I'm going to go out tonight and get filthy drunk for about two days.

Miss two days' classes. At least.

Use a pay phone.

Stay up much too late playing chess with the mad mathematician who hibernates in the room down the hall.

Go to hell on wheels.

If it isn't too late.

Because I forgot Joe's room number.

But I remembered the floor, the eighth. So I went up there and started looking at the name-plates on the doors.

Each door has a number and that's all. Now I remember that I noticed it the first day. Just numbers. And eighty rooms to a floor.

So I stood in the hall and yelled

"JOE!!"

And all twelve doors within sight flew open and Joe looked out and I could hear the "University Concerto" playing.

They were all Joe.

I took off down the hall, yelling "Joe!!" a couple of more times. Then I turned around and ran all the way back to the elevator. I must have passed fifty men, all Joe, and all looking out of the same doors, like fifty prints from the same negative.

They all grinned uncomfortably at each other and tapped their clean-cut skulls significantly as I ran into the elevator.

"Who lives on the eighth floor?" I asked the overly-normal chap working behind the office desk.

"Numbers 801 through 880, of course," he said cheerfully. "The name would be Joe."

So, for a few minutes more, here I sit staring at the walls of my dear old room, the architectural misfit I love the best. If you want me, come and get me.

— RIP

A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Hitler.

"But who told you that you were Hitler?" inquired the attendant.

"God did," replied the inmate.

"No, I didn't either," came a voice from the next bed."



"I shouldn't care so much about the bugs, madam," said the pale, thin lodger, "but the fact is, I haven't so much blood to spare."

— Puppel



A small boy's head bobbed up over the garden wall and a meek little voice said, "Please, Miss Brown, may I have my arrow?"

"Certainly, where is it?"

"I think it's stuck in your cat."



There was a young lady of Trent,
Who said that she knew what it meant

When men asked her to dine,
Gave her cocktails and wine.

She knew what it meant — but she went.



Once there was a girl who was near-sighted, and her boy friend eternally kidded her about it. So one night she planned to show him that she was not as near-sighted as he thought. Taking a needle from her sewing basket, she craftily stuck it in the huge pine tree standing next to the porch. That night as they were sitting in the porch swing she said: "Why, honey, isn't that a needle there in the tree?" "Needle! What needle?" said he. "Just a minute, I'll get it for you," she replied. She rushed down the steps and tripped over a cow.

— American Optometrist



JOHN HARRINGTON

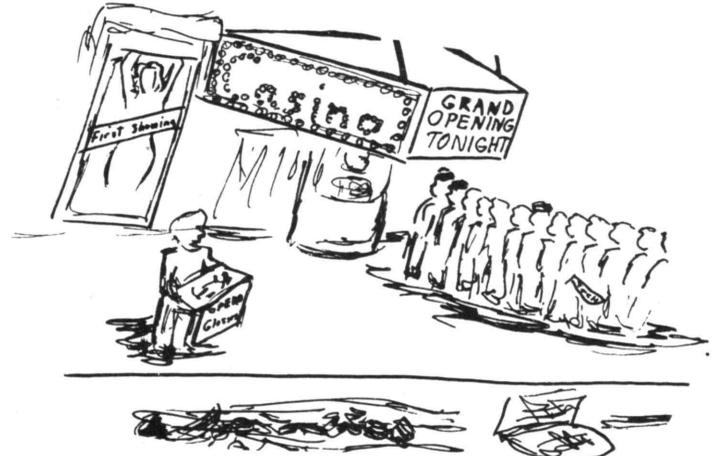
"Oh, Ulmus, how sweet of you!"

It Ain't Much Ado, It's the Way Much Ado It

Greater Boston is noted for its numerous sees to sight. Henceforth we present a primitive survey of several of the more cultural cul-de-sacs in and around Boston. Thencewith:



Wellesley Campus — *The scenic Wellesley campus, where thrill-seeking students throng nightly to view the well-developed architecture. It was here that the well-known exclamation of perfection — “Built like a brick chapel” — originated.*



Boston's Theatres — *Cultured Boston avidly supports all forms of the legitimate stage, from the heart-rending and revealing episodes of the melodrama to the refined ballet. Interpretive dancing is especially popular as it presents an outlet for otherwise inexpressible emotions.*



Colleges — *Students, weary from long hours of absorbing wisdom relax in extra-curricular activities. The seriousness with which these potential citizens apply themselves to their loving games implies much for the future of the country.*

Grandmother was a diabetic patient and, although put on a strict diet, she would not play the game, and was "cheating" all the time. After numerous violations she was sent to the hospital.

Owing to the crowded conditions, the only room available was in the maternity ward. After she had been there a few days, her little granddaughter paid her a visit and was lolling in front of the door to her grandmother's room when some visitors walked past.

"What are you doing here, little girl?"

"I'm visiting my grandmother."

"Grandmother!" said one of the visitors in astonishment. "What is she doing here?"

"Oh," said the youngster, "she's been cheating again."



Aesop: "Why do you call your dog 'Heinz'?"

Archimedes: "He's 57 varieties."

— *Confessions of an Opium Eater*



Sam'l: "Where are you going, Zeke?"

Zeke: "Town."

Sam'l: "What's the matter with that wheelbarrow?"

Zeke: "Broke."

Sam'l: "Who broke it?"

Zeke: "Hired man."

Sam'l: "Same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last year?"

Zeke: "Yup. Clumsy, ain't he?"

— *Puppet*



A woman upon forgetting the upper part of her bathing suit, folded her arms and started toward the water. A young man said, "Say lady, if you are going to drown both of those pups, give me the one with the pink nose."



"It certainly is!"

A college professor was calling roll in one of his classes.

"Robinson."

"Here."

"Rosenthal."

"Here."

"Mary Smith."

"Here."

"Wanamaker."

Chorus, "Yes."



A rather healthy gal we know fainted the other day. Took six men to carry her out. Two astern and two abreast.



And then there was the Scotch girl who was expecting her first-born.

She moved out to the country to take advantage of rural free delivery.

— *Battalion*



Little Boy: "Teacher, may I leave the room?"

Teacher: "No, Henry, you stay right here and fill up the ink wells."

— *Sundial*

He: "You do believe in free love, don't you?"

She: "Have I ever sent you a bill?"

— *Wet Hen*



The sweet young thing was touring the cement plant. She had already learned that cement was made from rock which had been excavated from the ground and sold for profit.

"But what will you do with that large hole?"

"The boss will sell that too."

"But what could a hole like that be used for?"

"Lady," exclaimed the exasperated laborer, "we could cut it up and sell it for basements."



He: "Let's play Air Mail."

She: "What's that?"

He: "That's Post Office on a higher plane."



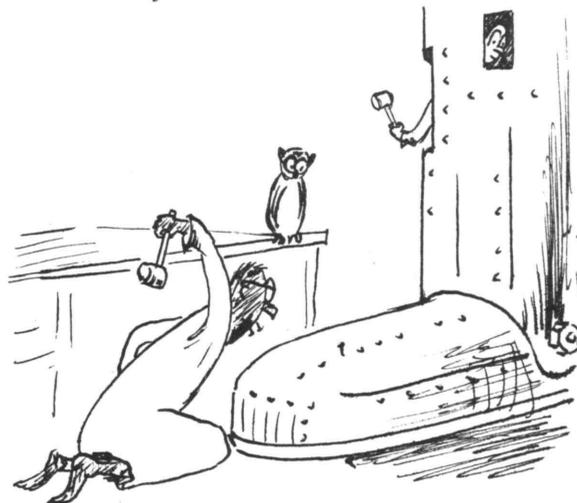
And then there's the shoemaker's daughter who gave the boys her awl.

DON'T BLAME US

In answer to the numerous requests for a mass annihilation of the VOO DOO staff, we smugly present an alibi. Don't blame us for the smut, for the prudery, for the naivete, for the bitterness, or for the lack of paper suitable for Christmas gift wrappings; the magazine, we're forced to reveal, is not our doing. The staff spends two hours a day (normal drinking period for the average Techman) packing the magazine in Postal-Inspector-proof mailing envelopes and matching quarters. In the back labs somewhere there's a machine, and here's the story:



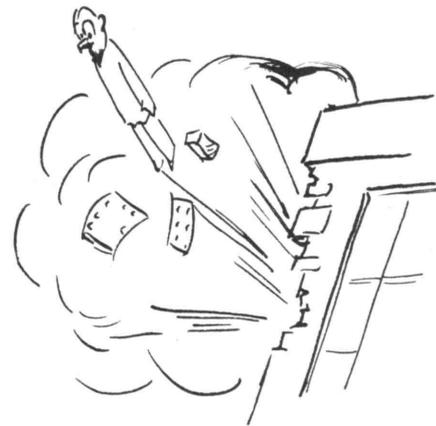
In the early Autumn of 1945, K. C. Badue, an exchange student from Haiti, enrolled at the Institute for his doctorate in voodoo. Badue had won a scholarship as winner of the Port-au-Prince Witch - Doctor-Has-the - Bones Contest.



Combining aptitude and morbidity with a suggestible biology major, Badue set about to invent a mechanized totem pole with bodily functions. This went over big with the janitorial staff.



As the thesis progresses, the machine got bigger and bigger and things started to get out of anybody's hand, even Badue's. Exhibiting a strange taste for exotic nutriment (corn cobs and what is crudely called Johnpaper) and spitting out sheets of log graph paper, the machine was hard to control. Badue tried some of his Island incantations.



The occult rites kept the iron monster pacified for a while, but one black day in February, 1947, Badue's thesis instructor dropped a copy of *The Tech* into the machine's mouth. A chain reaction occurred and most of the Institute's supply of usable tiny mahogany tubes (and K. C. Badue) were blown to smithereens.



The machine, having been impregnated with the vaporized Lux flakes from the Cambridge air, was practically indestructible and remained intact. When the monster was fed its old diet of corn cobs, however, magazines were now ejected with the VOO DOO label. Of course, a few bugs remained to work out (it ate people) but we on the Voo Doo staff were quick to requisition the machine, and with a slight adjustment it now reduces our task to one of touring corn fields and men's rooms. So don't blame us for the magazine.

I thought that I should never see
A beerless university.
A campus without Scotch or gin,
And lacking wanton women's sin.
A college without demon rum
To change each freshman to a bum.
A place of higher education,
Where parties have sex segregation.
Where gambling, vice, sin and drink
And wild, lewd parties are extinct.
Bums are made by women and beer,
But the Board of Trustees saves us
here.



Joe: "Let me have some money,
Pop."

Pop: "What did you do with the
dime I gave you last week?"

Joe: "I spent it."

Pop: "What are you doing — keep-
ing a woman?"



There are two holes in a tree, one
ten feet above the other.

There is a squirrel in the tree that
continued to run from one hole to the
other.

The first trip took him five seconds
and if he increases his speed one foot
per second, how long will it be before
he is sticking his head out of both
holes at the same time?

Hotel clerk to prospective guest:
"I'm sorry, but we don't have room
service."

Guest: "Oh, that's all right."

Clerk: "You'll have to make your
own bed."

Guest: "That's all right."

Clerk: "You'll find the hammer,
saw, lumber and nails in the back
room."



In 1830, a merchant in Springfield,
Illinois, put a sign in his window,
"Boy Wanted." That day a lanky
youth came into the store and applied
for the job.

"I just came up from Kentucky,"
he said. "I've been helping my
father split rails down there. Taught
myself to read and write in front of
the fireplace. And now I'd like to get
a job here in Illinois, work real hard,
and maybe someday be President."

"What's your name?" the merchant
asked.

"Abe," answered the boy.

"What's your last name?"

"Humperdinck."



The two stood on the doorstep
Their lips were tightly pressed
The father gave the signal
The bulldog did the rest

A fellow driving his car with the top
down was wearing a bright red shirt,
a polka-dot tie, a shepherd's plaid
suit, and a lavender beret. A motor-
cycle cop stopped him and made
him pull over to the side of the road.

"What's wrong, officer?" asked the
lad, "I haven't violated any traffic
laws."

Said the cop: "No, I just wanted to
hear you talk."

— Del Monte



Pilot: "Wanna fly?"

Co-ed: "Oh-o-oh yes!"

Pilot: "Wait, I'll catch one for you."



A lobbyist who was opposing any
large appropriation for a state college
approached a legislator who boasted
of his self-education.

"Do you realize," asked the portly
lobbyist gravely, "that up at the state
college men and women students have
to use the same curriculum?"

The legislator looked startled.

"And that boys and girls often
matriculate together."

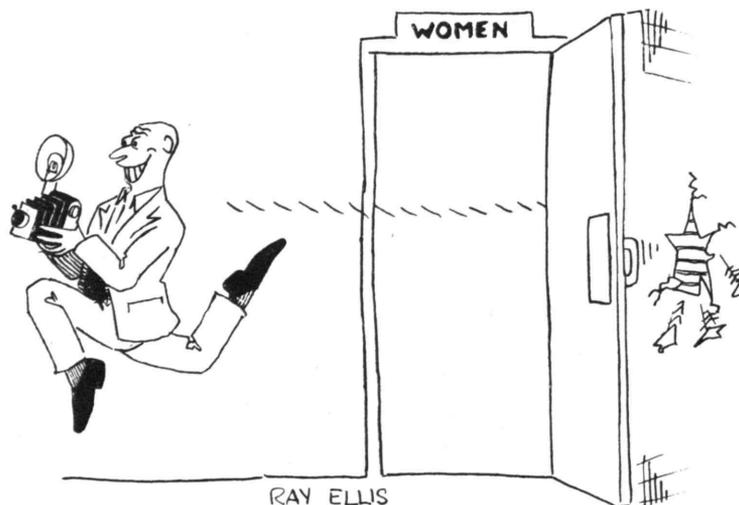
"No!" exclaimed the law-maker.

The lobbyist came closer, and
whispered, "And a young lady student
can be forced at any time to show a
male professor her thesis?"

The legislator shrank back in horror.

"I won't vote 'em a damn cent!"

— Urchin



RAY ELLIS

THE ENGINEER'S GIRL, A Check List for the Designer

Little Johnny wrote on the blackboard: "Johnny is a passionate little devil." The teacher reprimanded him severely and told him to stay after school for an hour.

When Johnny got out that night, all his little friends were waiting to hear what punishment he had received.

"What did she do to you?" asked one little boy.

"Well, I ain't sayin', but it pays to advertise."



And then there was the rooster who made a duck under the doorstep when it started raining.



A woman was shopping for a pair of pants for her little boy. "Do you want knickers with a zipper?" asked the clerk. "No, Johnnie has a sweater with a zipper and he's always getting his tie caught in it," was the reply.



"Grandma, get out of the stable! You're much too old to be horsing around."

— Fortune



Salesgirl: "Yes, our brassieres come in fixed sizes — small, medium, wow and holy mackerel."



Lulu is very disappointed in her boy friend. Since he installed a heater in his car he doesn't warm his hands where he used to.

— Pup

A lady, going to a maternity hospital, insisted on wearing a union suit so she wouldn't have labor trouble.



Mother (putting Junior to bed) — Shhh . . . the sandman is coming.

Junior — Fifty cents and I won't tell daddy.

— Pointer



"What makes people walk in their sleep?"

"Twin beds."



Old Lady to Taxidermist: "I would like these two dead monkeys stuffed."

Taxidermist: "Do you want them mounted?"

Old Lady: "Oh, no, just holding hands."



The sweet old lady was crossing the street.

She failed to see the truck marked meat.

It smacked her right hard and threw her sedately.

Does your hamburg taste different lately?



"I've stood about enough," said the humorist as they amputated his legs.



Demure Young Thing: "Oh, what kind of an officer are you?"

Officer: "I'm a naval surgeon."

D. Y. T.: "Dear, dear, how you doctors do specialize!"

— Woman's Digest



1. The overall design of the engineer's girl, while presenting a pleasing effect to the eye, must adhere to certain engineering fundamentals.

2. Simplicity of operation. Any factor which increases normal difficulties of making such a machine must be eliminated in the interest of low cost.

3. Reliability. For instant cold weather starting we recommend twin carburetors. Points must be kept impeccably clean.

4. Operating economy. In these times of high costs it is important to get optimum performance from every tank-full.

5. Performance. The use of high compression ratios is urged to obtain maximum performance in climb and on level stretches.

6. Handling Qualities. Naturally, from such fine material one expects the handling qualities of a thoroughbred — smooth, with plenty of endurance, reserve power for sprints (on ethanol and water injection), and the minimum of rolling on corners. Suspensions should be soft, with double acting shock absorbers.

7. Bearings. Factors of safety must be high enough that there is no overheating after prolonged operation.

8. Accessibility. For purposes of maintenance and repair, all parts must be accessible without difficulty.

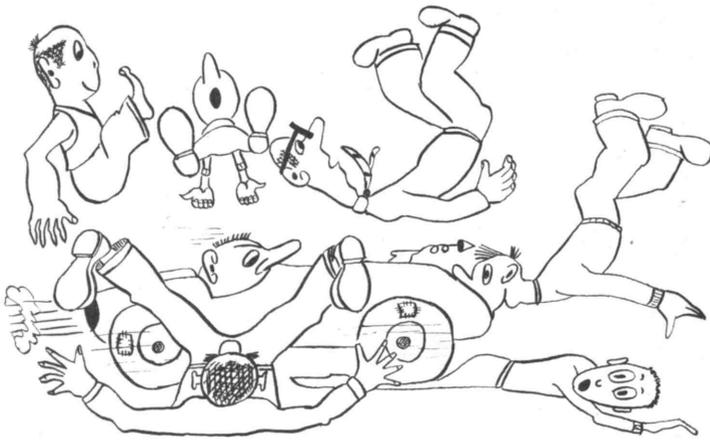
9. Racing. For matchless performance, we recommend that the machine be stripped of inessential road gear.

10. The body should be well rounded to avoid accumulation of dust, rust spots, and grit on moving parts.

11. Finally, as in any nicely packaged machine — there's got to be something under the hood. BOZ

SECRET DESIRES

Students and petagogs seem susceptible to sinister secret desires. After screening several specimens, Voo Doo has selected some to show below.



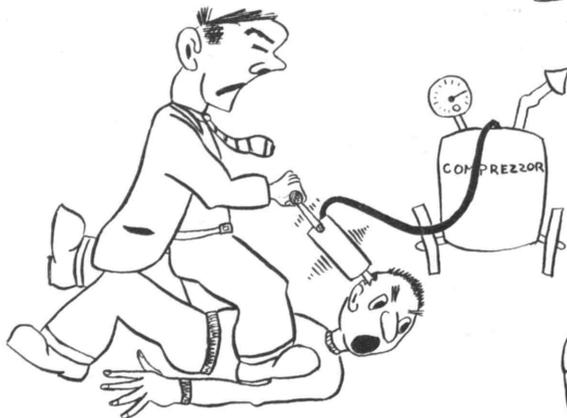
Fred's a fast freshman who has been flunking steadily for seven terms. His excuse is that he gets lost each morning in the crowds which loiter in the lobby of Building 10. His secret desire is to get to class on time. Just once.



Dormant Don, a course 17 $\frac{3}{8}$ (Engineering Termite Control) senior is still having trouble with E11. He has been using a bible for the last two years too. The only trouble is that it's his own bible. Don't think that Dormant's secret desire will be dormant much longer.



J. Adolfus Cabot, a graduate student from up the river, is having trouble at Tech. He can't get tickets to the Harvard football games any more. He still has a desire to a job on something connected with Harvard. Phos quickly grabbed his lead pipe and suggested the bridge.



This is the newest member of the English department. A graduate from Princeton, he can't understand why the tools at Tech can't pass E11. He wears a black and orange tie spotted with double F's. His secret desire is to investigate the minds of students at work.



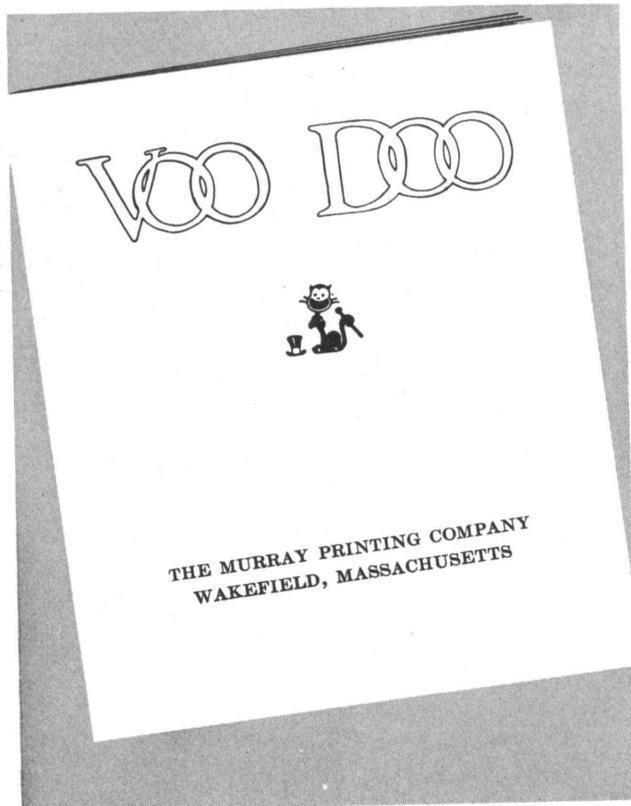
Prof. Hockelsnatch had been permutating dummy variables since the Institute landed at Cambridge. His secret desire is to give an interesting lecture or one which can be understood. He has designed small pills of knowledge for students who sleep in class.

SHAGGY-DOG STORY OF THE MONTH

The oysters found a fine new bed several miles up the Sound, and were happily packing their belongings — all except little Mary Oyster, who sat sobbing bitterly in a corner. “What’s the matter?” asked her father anxiously. “We’ll have a wonderful new home. There’s nothing to cry about.” “Oh, yes, there is,” wailed Mary. “Johnny Bass will never be able to find me now, and I love him with all my heart.” “But does Johnny Bass reciprocate your devotion?” inquired the parent. “Indeed he does,” Mary assured him. “Last night he took me in his arms at the end of the pier out there. First he kissed me here on the forehead. Then he kissed me here on the lips. And then — my God, my *pearl!*”



A fortune teller gazed into his crystal ball and told his young lady customer that something amusing was about to happen to her. Then he broke into hilarious laughter. The young lady arose immediately and hit him in the teeth. “Why did you do that?” he asked dazedly. “My mother,” she answered firmly, “always told me to strike a happy medium.”



QUESTIONS

- A** Find four letters with teeth, look for them in the name; Though not used in this sense, the spelling's the same.
B When on your back, it's cut to measure, When in a pack, it's for your pleasure.
C Cirrus, nimbus and cumulus; change one letter and then Sisal, manila and hemp; change one letter again.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a 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 MR. SOFT TOUCH.** When hard times hit, Mr. Soft Touch can be counted on to fix you up quickly.
B ROBOT. Read TAVOR (from Tabor City) inverted, with one minor switch (changing A to O) and you get Robot, a device controlled by a switch.
C CHESTERFIELD. Trunk (chest); a pause (er); meadowland (field).
 M. Kibler M. Price J. Stewart L. Conant
 H. Gevirman E. Grosser R. Abelson M. Burke
WINNERS... I. Cole E. Ganssle

In a short-story writing class, a professor told his students that a short story would always hold a reader's interest if it began by mentioning either Deity, royalty, or sex. In the first set of stories he received, there was one which started.

“My God,” cried the duchess, “get your hand off my knee!”



He: “Do you know the difference between a sewing machine and a sweater girl?”

Him: “No.”

He: “A sewing machine only has one bobbin.”



Two men and a girl were on a Pullman for California and decided to get better acquainted.

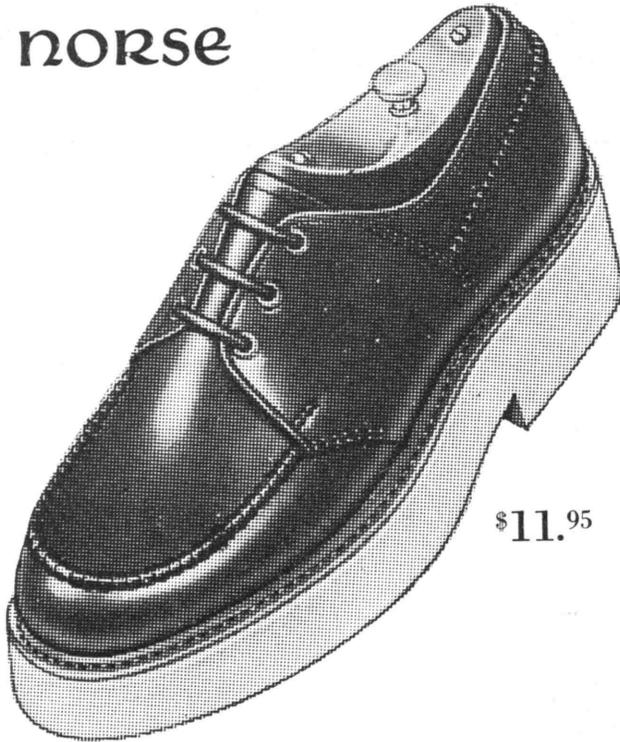
One man said: “My name is Paul, but I'm not an apostle.”

The other said: “My name is Peter, but I'm not a saint.”

The girl said: “My name is Mary.”

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natural plantation crepe rubber sole.

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DEPARTMENT OF MISINFORMATION

A new soap called B.O. is being put on the market . . . it will remove the smell of lifebuoy.

Shaggy dogs are now telling "smooth people" stories.

Students who have 7:45 classes are now carrying portable radar sets so they won't bump into buildings on dark mornings.

Henry Ford drives around in a Chrysler.

Bikini Atoll seen floating around in Lake Mendota.

Robert J. McCormick reads PM daily.

Bookstores have texts available for the following courses:

Pornography 128 (Studs Lonigan).

Pornography 606 (Forever Amber).

Pornography 1987 (Ulysses).



Jane: Why doesn't John ever take you to the movies any more?

Joan: One evening it rained and we stayed at home.



Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil, and you will be a first-class party-poopers.



He knocked at the door of my room.

"May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to college in '09," he said.

I invited him in.

"Yes sir," he said lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl terrified.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story."



One look at the brassiere ads is enough to convince one that honesty is not the bust policy.



A student nurse was heard complaining to the doctor that every time she bent over the patient to listen to his heart, his pulse increased.

"What should I do," she asked.

"Button your collar," replied Dr. Kinsey.

Mrs. Jones had just stepped out of the shower when the butler knocked on the door of her dressing room.

"What is it?" she called.

"I hate to tell you, ma'am," he said, "but your husband was just run over by a steam roller."

"Well, I'm not dressed," she said. "Just slip him under the door."



Dean: Know you? Why I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college.



"When is the only time a woman is justified in spitting in a man's face?"

"When his mustache is on fire."



Stella: "Does your new fellow like to go out to the clubs and gamble for money?"

Della: "No indeed! He'd much rather take me home and play for fun."



And then there was a garbage man's daughter who was not to be sniffed at.

Teach: "What is the shape of the earth, Willie?"

Willie: "It's round."

Teach: "And can you prove that it's round?"

Willie: "All right, it's square. I don't want any argument."



Johnny was over visiting the Chi Omegas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you will let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to and kiss you as many times as I wish."

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him: "You're kissing beautifully tonight, Johnny!"

"Johnny, Hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. John's at the door taking tickets."



Then there's the bachelor who got thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.



"People who live in glass houses shouldn't."

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288 harvard street
brookline

A Russian spent a year in America and returned to tell his adventures to his friend. "Boris," he said, "If you like it here, you should see America. You drive about in a limousine — for free. You eat dinners at the finest hotels — for free. You stay in beautiful rooms — for free."

"All this happened to you?" asked the amazed Boris.
"To me, no; but to my sister, yes!"

— Yellow Jacket



The tombstone of a genial host bears his name and the simple epitaph: "This is on me."

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ED BERNINGER

It is easy to identify the owner of a car. He is the one who, after you pull the door shut, always opens it again and slams it harder.



He was an American. She was French. He was in New York to buy furniture for his store in Tulsa. He met her on an elevator. She looked good to him. He looked good to her. He took out a pad and pencil and drew a picture of a hansom with a question mark after it. She nodded yes. They went for a ride in the park. He drew a picture of a restaurant. She nodded yes. They ate. He drew a picture of some dancers. She nodded yes. They danced. Then she asked for the pencil and pad and he gave them to her. She drew a picture of a four-poster bed . . . now, what he is trying to figure out is how she knew he was in the furniture business.



Little Boy: "Ma, I just cut off my leg in the thresher."
Ma: "Well, stay outside until it stops dripping. I just mopped the floor."



The dear vicar's wife had just died, and in consequence, he wished to be relieved of his duties, for the week-end, so he sent the following message to his bishop:

"I regret to inform you that my wife has just died, and I should be obliged if you could send me a substitute for the week-end.

— The Walaugan



A Sunday School teacher was showing her class a picture of the Christian martyrs in a den of lions. One little boy looked very sad about it.

"Gee," he exclaimed, "Look at that poor lion way in the back. He won't get any."



She: "Why did you slap him?"

Sorority Sister: "When he fascinated me, I kissed him; but he started to un fascinate me, so I slapped him."

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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Chemical Engineering Practice

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Co-operative Course

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Quantitative Biology

The duration of each of the above undergraduate Courses is four academic years and leads to the Bachelor's degree, with the following exceptions: (1) Architecture and Marine Transportation, which are five-year courses leading to the Bachelor's degree; (2) Food Technology (Five Year Course), Physical Biology, and the Cooperative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years and lead to the Bachelor's degree and the Master's degree.

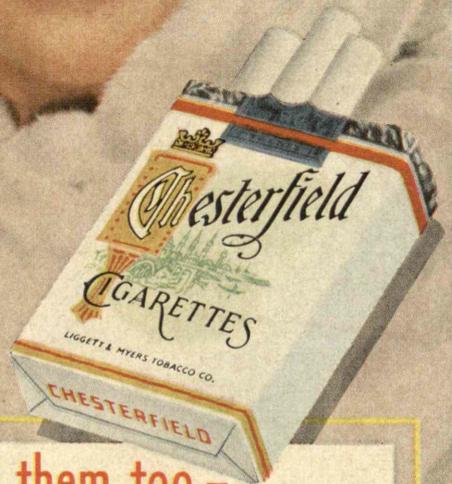
Graduate study may be pursued in Textile Technology, Ceramics, Sanitary Engineering, and in most of the above professional Courses. The Master's and Doctor's degrees are offered in most of these fields.

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

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