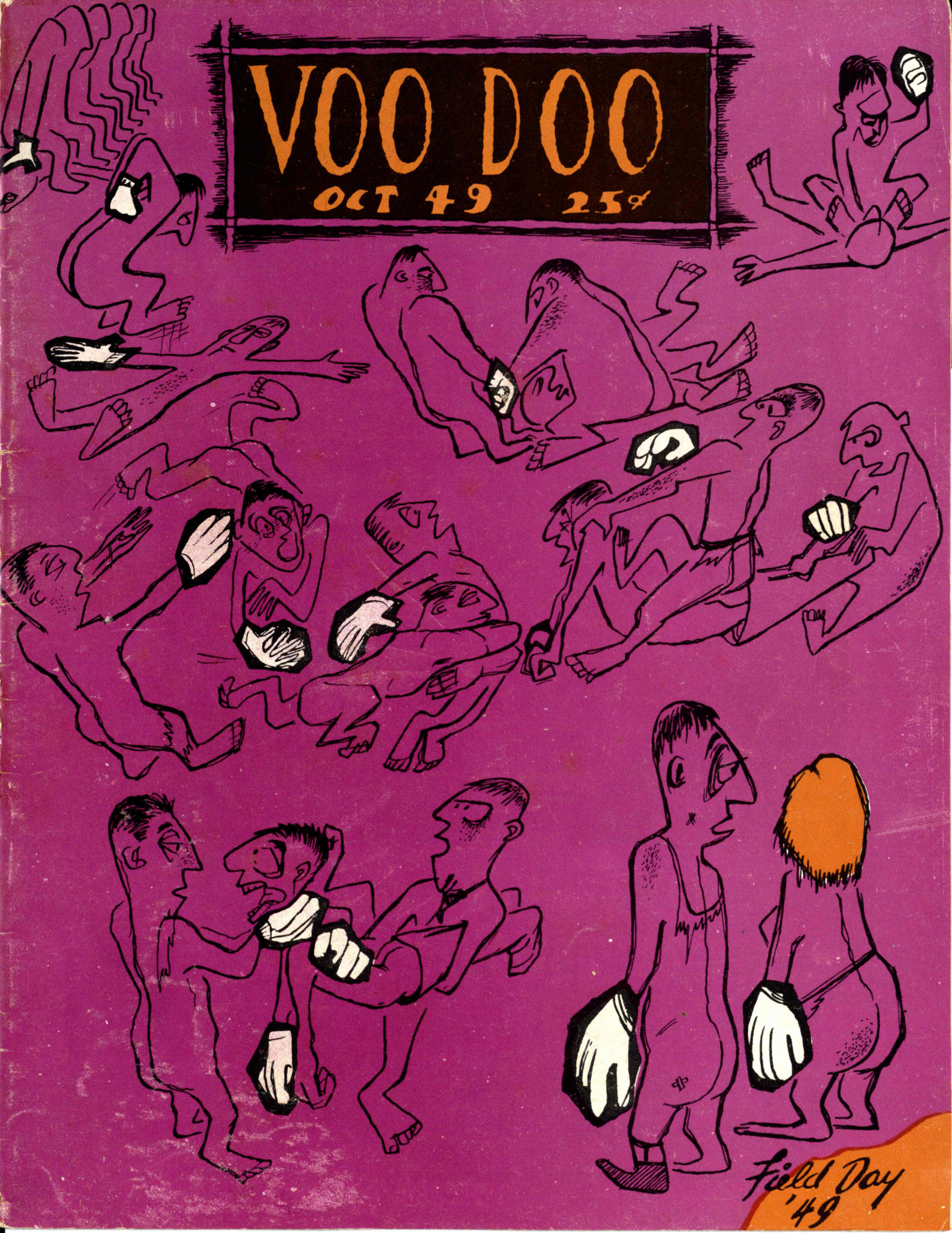


# VOODOO

OCT 49 25¢



Field Day  
'49





*"My  
cigarette?  
Camels,  
of course!"*

GOWN BY  
MARY MEAD  
MADDICK—  
JEWELS BY  
REINAD.

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

# Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are **SO MILD** that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and *only* Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported



**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!**



AS we entered the office the other day, we were somewhat taken back to find Phos sitting in our chair with the telephone balanced on his shoulder, a can of beer in each front paw, and a cigarette dangling from his over-crossed posterior pedal extremity.

The picture of feline comfort, but it seemed entirely physical since all we heard was a series of plaintive but amorous "But, darling's." We listened in rapt wonderment, hoping to pick up a few pointers for our own deficient telephone technique. But our hopes were dashed when Phos suddenly downed the beer, burped into the telephone receiver, and hung up.

"The hell with the female sex, you treat them nice and what do they do? They turn you down in your hour of need."

"Need?" we echoed, in the face of this blast, a bit overcome by the fact that The Cat could be turned down.

"Well, I just had a couple of beers, and I was feeling a bit. . . . Enough of that, what can I do for you boys? Want to come out for the rag? What are you doing walking around without your freshman ties on? Join me in a beer?"

Hurriedly answering yes to the last question, we settled ourselves comfortably, and in our best casual manner informed Phos that we were the new staff. We nonchalantly admitted that we were going to carry the mag to new heights by our creative genius.

"Heights-schmeights. I've been watching new staffs coming in for thirty years and I'm still drinking beer. Now don't tell me that if I stick with you it will be Napoleon Brandy. I've heard it all before, and besides I like beer. Ready for another?"

Apologizing profusely for our slowness, and wiping the haste-caused drippings from our shirtfronts, we accepted the proffered brew. Deciding that we couldn't impress The Cat, we attempted to make the conversation more natural by bringing up sex. But all we got was a twelve decibel increase in breathing and a far-away look from Phos. Changing the subject to Freshmen, we were able to return him to the present as he queried us about the Class of '53.

"Phos, they seem to be about the wildest group the Institute has seen in a long time. Why down at Freshman Camp they threw everybody in the lake. For some unknown reason they seemed confused as to who was the sophomore class president, so rather than take chances they threw everybody in. Sure lots of spirit in those boys. Let's hope they don't become brown-baggers, but come out and support the activities around here. Voo Doo could use any and all that have any type of talent, from creative to business, down to just plain hell-raising."

"But how about the ones who have absolutely no talent?" asked The Cat.

We smiled knowingly, winked, and replied, "They can join The Tech." A. C. P.

Cover this month by Waldt.

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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## OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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# DOING THE TOWN

**BOSTON**, like most other large cities, offers tourist and resident plenty of opportunities for eating strange and furrin' food. When I first came to the big city, I knew nothing about foreign dishes, and I set out, bag of gold dust in my hand, to learn all there was to learn. I ate many types of food—Italian, Chinese, Norwegian, Syrian, Turkish, and Bostonian. There are other kinds that I have yet to try. I keep going back to some of the places I've been so often, though, that I find less and less time for more exploring.

One of the places I've visited most often is the Hon Hung Low Restaurant in Chinatown. Boston's Chinatown is small compared with those of New York or San Francisco, but what there is of it is interesting. There are ornate, large eating palaces like Ruby Foo's Den and The Good Earth, but I've stayed away from these. Glass brick and doormen frighten my wallet no end. Me for Hon Hung Low.

To get to this Oriental place of food, one stands on the corner of Washington and Stuart Streets, with his back to Tremont Street, and starts to walk down Stuart Street. Every time you come to a street or alley, pause, turn slowly to your left, and look at the panorama before you. The streets are dark and quiet, until, after about three blocks, you reach Chinatown, with its blaze of Neon lights. There are only two streets in Chinatown, both parallel to Washington. Hon Hung Low is on the first street you come to, right on the corner of Stuart Street. It's not a fancy place, and doesn't seem to get much trade with Occidentals, but it's really worth trying. The waiters speak very little English, so don't go there if you want the menu explained. No American dishes are served, but several hundred varieties of Chinese food are. I usually look around for something that sounds different, point to it, wait and see what comes. I have never been disappointed.

Don't order a full meal a la carte unless you are a brother to a horse. I did this the first time I was there, and by the time I'd finished the boiler full of soup, the egg rolls, and a few other "appetizers," I was ready for desert. Since then I order merely a main dish, and let it go at that. Tea comes with every meal, in fact is usually brought in before your order is taken. Bread or rice also comes with any order. The waiter will ask you which you want, so, when he says something, answer "bread" or "rice," and don't try translating. He'll understand, even if you don't understand him.

There are several Chinese dishes, all available at the Hon Hung Low, that I would recommend. First comes Pineapple Guy Que, which consists of the usual Chinese vegetables covered with wonderfully cooked chunks of chicken, and large slices of pineapple, also cooked. The whole dish is covered with a delicious pineapple sauce. I have a weakness for pineapple, which may account for my fascination for this dish. Try it sometime.

Another favorite of mine is lobster, Chinese style. I only tackle one of these when I'm feeling bold, because the Chinese, in my opinion, go out of their way to make lobster eating difficult. First they hack up the beast, leaving him in his shell of course. Then they put him in a bowl and completely cover him with a very tasty, and messy sauce. To eat the lobster, one must dig around in the sauce until a piece of claw or something is found. Then get this out and separate the meat from the shell. With fingers, knife, fork, and girl friend this is tough! I don't have the guts to try it with chopsticks. But all work is rewarded by a really satisfying feast. The sauce can be eaten plain, with the lobster, or on rice. Any way you take it you'll like it.

A third dish that I like is Green Pepper Chow Yoke. This consists almost entirely of green peppers, and





has a kind of slippery taste. Then there is Moo Goo Gai Pan, which is another chicken dish, and Char Shu Din which is anybody's guess. The main ingredients of most of these dishes are Chinese vegetables, pork, and chicken, mixed in countless ways. Each dish tastes different, but the difference is often subtle. There is nothing "hot" or violent about any Chinese dish I've had yet, except for a light-colored sauce that comes in a little dish with egg rolls. Watch out for this, it rivals anything the Italians or Mexicans produce for liquid fire. The darker sauce in the other little dish, also with the egg rolls, is sweet and gentle, and very good.

The only desert served at Hon Hung Low is a small, but by that time sufficient, dish of candy. This confection is similar to Turkish Paste or to the interior of our own jelly bean species; it is covered, at Hon Hung Low, with a coating of cinnamon seeds, which are not hot, but are very good.

Hon Hung Low gets so little of the

tourist trade that I doubt if you could get a pair of chopsticks there. Regular knife, fork, and spoon set is furnished instead. If you want to try chopsticks, my advice is to buy a pair for a quarter at any one of the shops in Chinatown, take them off into a corner, and try them there. If you want them furnished "free," just order a meal at one of Chinatown's fancier restaurants, and ask the waiter to replace your fork with chopsticks. He will—and you'll be there all night.

Stay away from Chop Suey and Chow Mein when you go to a real Chinese restaurant. Those dishes, while perfectly good, are native with Chicago, and are merely imitations of the real thing. Pick instead one of the dishes I have suggested, or pick a nice sounding name; you can't go far wrong, and you can have a delicious, and unusual meal.



Then they were married and lived happily even after.

— Commentator

Men seldom elope  
With girls who take dope.



An American found himself sitting next to two Englishmen on the deck of a steamer one day. One of the Englishmen was extremely hard of hearing.

"I say," said the first Englishman, "have you been to England?"

"Yeah," answered the American.

"What did he say?" asked the second Englishman at the top of his voice.

"He says he has been to England. Have you been to Suffolk?"

"Yeah."

"What did he say?"

"He says he has been to Suffolk. Did you meet Lady Smythington-Chives?"

"Oh," said the American, "that old bag."

"What did he say?"

"He says," answered the first Englishman, "that he knows mother."

— Rammer Jammer



M. I. T.  
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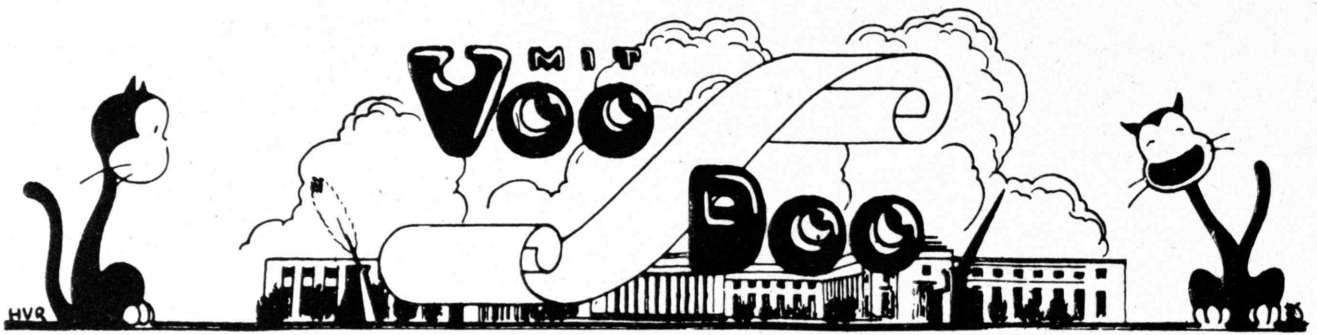
*Tax Included*

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 2

8.30

CAMBRIDGE LATIN AUDITORIUM





THE Summer just over was a long and hard one for most of us; a time for extra study, for extra work. Two gay young blades, however, members of last year's Freshman class, decided to ignore the warnings of future depressions, job scarcity and 2.40, and determined to cross the country by auto. Being adventurers of the first water, they chose the back alleys and hill country whenever possible, staying off the highways. They will always remember the trouble this decision caused them in Montana or Kansas or some similarly dismal place — I can't recall exactly where. Anyway, it was with relief that they entered California, for they had heard many beautiful stories of its glories. They soon found themselves, however, on a winding dirt road that seemed to go nowhere, and take a long time doing it. They drove for hours, determined to see the thing through. (They both had had ancestors in the British Regulars.) Finally the road ended, coming out on a decent highway. At the end of the road was a large sign, facing the highway. They twisted around and read, in large red letters, the words, "THIS ROAD IMPASSABLE."

THE incoming class has a lot to learn about Tech and about its professors. (What they profess, unfortunately, is beyond the scope of this magazine, but we try, in this column, to keep the students informed about their surface activities.) The other

day, for example, one of our better men (we have them, you know) stopped to listen to a conversation between two learned men. He didn't recognize either man, but, as they both had white hair and were carrying books, they must have been learned and must have been professors. This follows from that or vice versa, as the Greeks used to say. Anyway, the conversation, as reported to us, went along as follows:

"MacGregor, you've written a lot of books, and each one has had a lot of editions. You've been a consultant most of your life. You've earned a lot of money, and now you're getting ancient. Why don't you spend some of it, have yourself a good time. You know, you can't take it with you."

"I can't! Then I ain't goin'."

LEAVE us face it, M.I.T. has quite a reputation among employers. This fact was revealed for the millionth time this summer by an ex-classmate of ours who was forced (probably by subversive elements) to leave school after exams last term. He went out into the world, saddened by the fact that he would never be a Tech sophomore. The first thing to do, he reasoned, was to get a job. He approached a possible employer and asked to be hired. The man said that he looked kind of young, and asked what experience he had had. "Well," our hero replied, "I'm just out of M.I.T." The employer made boy-genius noises in his throat, and hired the lad.

ONE of the things we found sufficient time to do this summer was take a trip to Maine. We drove through about five states to get there, and were often amused by the roadside signs we saw along the way. Somebody seems to be getting around a lot, putting signs on everything. The crowning blow came in New Hampshire or western Maine, I forget which. A small rock — perhaps five feet high and ten long — was lying so close to the road that its bottom edge had been sprayed with tar. A small tree grew beside this rock — and the whole business was located at the edge of a large, uninspiring hayfield. Painted on the rock, in large letters, were the soul-thrilling words, "LOVERS' ROCK SINCE 1783."

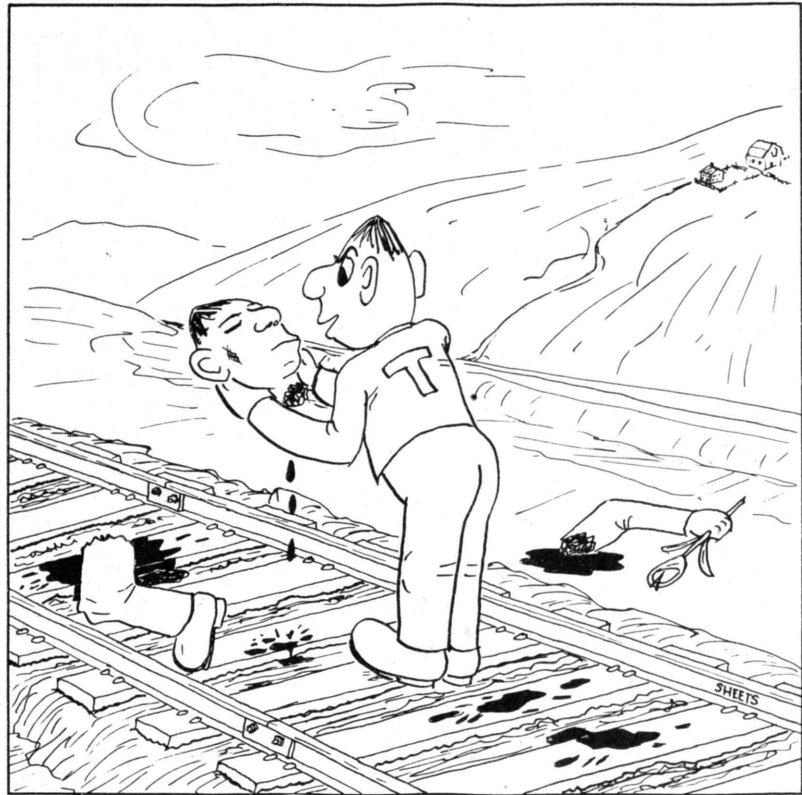
WE heard a sadder tale about someone who didn't make out so well this summer, though. It seems he got a job on a road crew, in an effort to build himself up, forget books, and stay in the sun — and because it was the only job he could find. His first job was to operate a small machine that paints lines in the middle of roads. The machine worked all right, and it wasn't long before his mind had wandered off somewhere. Suddenly a shout from a fellow member of the crew made him realize that he had just painted a nice solid line on a very long, straight stretch of road, an obvious place for a dotted line. Now it's easy to change a dotted line to a solid line, but he saw no way short of dyna-



mite to change the solid line to a dotted one — so he left it alone. The following week, however, he was driving along the same road, when misfortune crashed upon his shoulders. He had reached the long, straight stretch, but found himself behind a very slow driver. Visibility was excellent, there was nothing coming the other way, so he passed the slowpoke ahead of him, crossing his own solid line to do it. No sooner had he gotten into place than a grim gentleman, blowing a siren, motioned him to the side of the road. He talked, he pleaded, he explained that he himself had put that line there, that it was a mistake; but it was to no avail. He got the ticket.

**T**HE other day a friend reported to us that the collapse of civilization is imminent. He had reasons, too, or at least a reason. It seems he had been telephoning a long-distance girl friend from a pay phone. The day had been hot, so, while he went through the preliminary negotiations, he had left the door open. Finally the operator asked for a quarter, and he knew the moment he'd been waiting for had come. With quarter in hand he began to close the door on the phone booth, preparatory to feeding the machine and carrying on some courtin'. As he closed the door, it squeaked loudly. The operator, hearing the squeak said, "Thank you. Go ahead, please."

**W**E were having tea with a professor the other day. (We weren't really, but it's a handy way of starting another professor paragraph.) During the second cup, the man loosened up a little (it must have been the warm sugar that did it) and started to talk about the recent inauguration of President Killian. It seems that the Convocation hadn't been half as spectacular as the show that Tech put on when it was moved from Boston to Cambridge, way, way back before



*"Well speak up, Elmer — are you hurt?"*

prohibition. The professor we were talking to was definitely on the heavy side, so we listened with a definite Voo Dooings ear when he said, "My most vivid recollection is of a pageant on the great court. Even though I weighed in at a little over two hundred pounds, I was asked to be a wood nymph, and do a little dancing in bare feet. The great court at that time was covered with pebbles and gravel, not grass. After that ceremony, I swore off wood nymphs for life."

**A**NOTHER subject of interest to the Freshman class is the Tech Co-ed. By watching this column at all times, the active student can learn a great deal about this form of life. For example, we can warn you NOT to ask a Co-ed why she chose Tech. (Especially if you are trying to make points.) She has already been asked this question by several hundred other leering males, and is rapidly getting tired of it. As soon as you ask this question, she merely classifies you as

another fur-bearing animal, and sets you aside. Of course I have known people once who LIKED being thought of as fur-bearing animals, but I think it's the exception rather than the rule. Anyway, just come to see us if you have any problems or questions. We can refer you to the proper course or department.

But getting back to the story we had in mind. A Tech Co-ed we know well enough to speak to, once told us this tale. She was introduced, by her mother (very proper we thought) to an elderly lady. This lady questioned the young girl about young girl sort of things for some time, finally asking, "And where do you go to school?"

"I go to M.I.T."

"Oh, M.I.T. Good school, yes. Very nice. Hard they say. But you young people are hard-working these days. Yes M.I.T.'s a good school. You'll find a nice girl, settle down some day, and be successful."







WHAT a shame that M.I.T. hasn't started a college fad. T'aint as if this emporium for the dissemination of unintelligible ideas could rightly be confused with a college, but it could initiate fads. We have never been any closer to a spontaneous display of verve than battery-toting — an outgrowth of the bomb-plot — and this was anti-climax. There should be some spectacular doings around here — something to shock the be-jesus out of the college world and simultaneously prove to all good matriculators everywhere that our brand of insanity is, at least partially, coincident with theirs.

A few years back they were swallowing goldfish by the school. The boys up the river got notoriety (at the expense of the goldfish) and entrenched a reputation for exceeding biliousness. People may argue about where this swallowing deal started, but we all know that it went over big. All over the country participants in higher learning swallowed. Gastric gyrations were rampant. But the Massachusetts Institute of Technology cuddled closer to the Charles, said nothing, did nothing.

An enterprising gentleman consumed a mouse a la boa constrictor. One died, the other is confined to his nest. Notoriety! Notoriety! And the Massachusetts Institute of Technology got none of it.

Hundreds of the simple pleasures have been indulged in by campus style-demons — for example wearing garters outside your pants, or shaving the hair off your cranium and growing it on your face, or walking on your hands, but these are almost foolish when you stop awhile and consider. We need something that everyone can do and that costs nothing.

## QUIET PLEASE



A new fad is gripping the nation. It is sensational. It can kill you. It is a sure cure for a dull gathering.

Picture a party. The hostess is looking for the guest of honor who has gone upstairs for a minute. One gentleman — less his shoes — is sleeping on a sofa half his length. There are only two people playing charades now. She is Lady Godiva, and he can't figure her out. Looks like a low ebb. Could you combat the dilemma? The answer is simple. Everyone must kneel in a circle, inhale, and wait. This is better than anything, and right now hundreds of learned people are indulging.

They hold their breath until they are black in the face; then they pass out.

Although this beats eating goldfish, there are certain little problems. Assuming that you can be revived, you may have symptoms indistinguishable from d.t.'s. You may need to be chained or jacketed. But what fun.

Let us take this cue. We needn't go hog-wild; all we need do is accept the subtle inference. Let's just keep quiet — you know — shut up. We'll breathe all right (around here it's worse

than holding your breath), but we can stop talking. Answer questions in class, outside, no talking.

Think of the effect if everyone in the Institute refused all verbal tete a tete; if a man talked, he was stared down. Think of the blissful peace in building ten. Think of Walker without the complaining (except for gastric complaint which you can't stifle). Just think of the supreme peace.

If communication became necessary, it could be handled via sign language. Everyone knows a few communicative signs with his hands, and generally, these popular signals are sufficient. If more became required, they could be originated, standardized, illustrated, and posted on bulletin boards.

The whole escapade is so startlingly simple, and restful, and salutary. Our Massachusetts Institute of Technology can open its doors to exceeding peace by continuing to say nothing but by using no words.

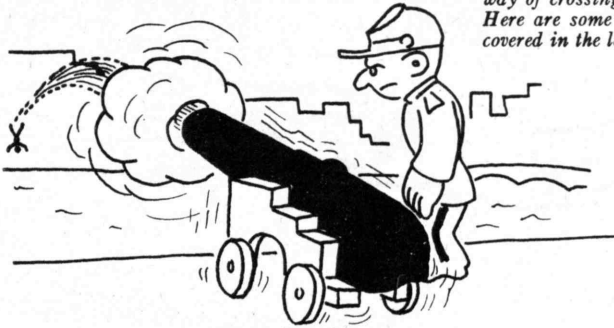
*Note: For purposes of continuity the author omitted the fact that the world's record for goldfish consumption is held by an M.I.T. man. He ate somewhat in excess of forty of the teleosts.*

LOCH NESS.

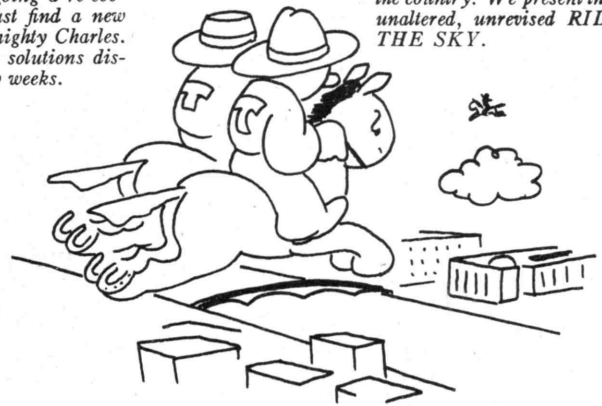
# ENGINEER! BRIDGE THAT GAP!

Now that the Massachusetts Avenue Bridge is undergoing a re-cobbling, the student must find a new way of crossing the mighty Charles. Here are some of the solutions discovered in the last few weeks.

One of the first solutions soon swept the country. We present the original, unaltered, unrevised **RIDERS IN THE SKY**.

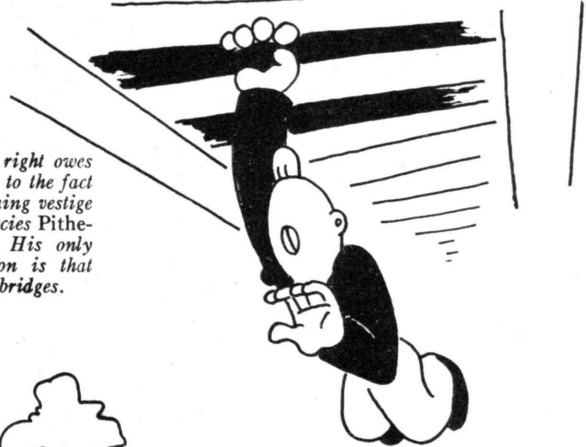


The new problem in river crossing didn't dismay Captain Arah Phelps, the last active member of the 18th Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, famed veterans of Cold Harbor and Harper's Ferry. Taking a cue from Harper, Captain Phelps set up his own ferry. The only drawback to his system is that black powder occasionally soils the customer's shirt.

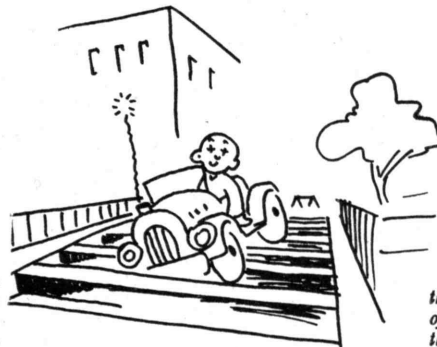


This young husky, one of the leading Channel swimmers of the 1949 season, welcomes the closing of the bridge. He feels that if more people had to swim more often, the world would be a lot less.

The gentleman on the right owes his river-crossing success to the fact that he is the last remaining vestige of the once flourishing species Pithecanthropus Robustus. His only comment on the situation is that fingers were made before bridges.



Some guys, probably physicists, still are making the ole college try under power. It is rumored that three seniors in Course Eight are even working on a thesis along these lines. Their experiments are supposed to reveal the maximum number of I-beams that can be crossed by a body having an initial velocity equal to its weight in tons.

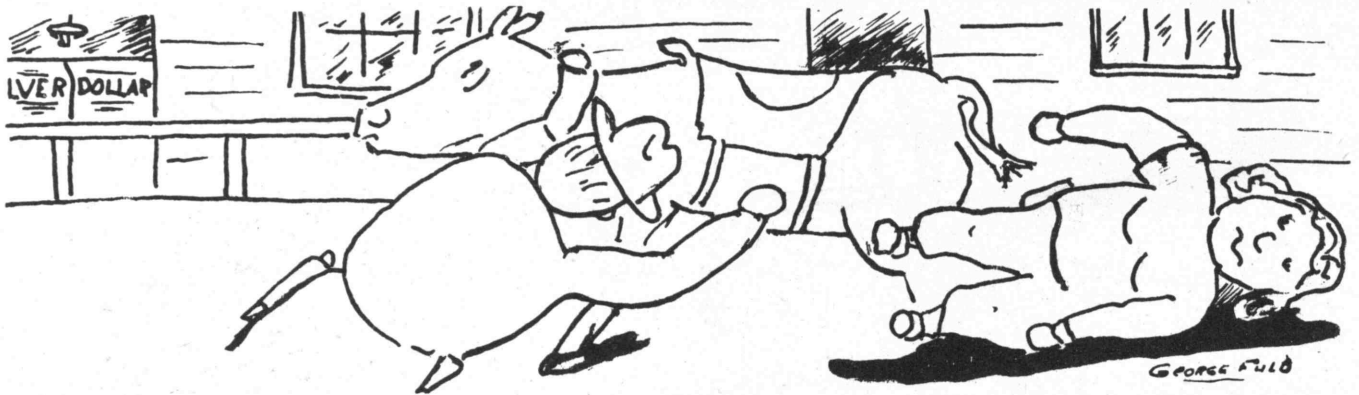


The common herd, however, has merely reverted to the pre-bridge era, and has adopted a large assortment of water-going craft. It is with these masses, we feel, that the greatest hope for the future lies — for, some day, they will become so thick upon the broad waters of the Charles, that the gap between Boston and Cambridge will once again be bridged.





# The Rugged Gulch Incident



STONY BEACHER was, like most western heroes, a man distinguished from all of his contemporaries by his superiority as a rootin', tootin', quick shootin', scootin', high-falootin', rip-roarin', bronc bustin', hard-drinkin', rock-fisted, rough'n ready cow puncher of the wild'n wooly land of calluses, known to those of us who thumb the pages of the pulps as the Great American West. Stony was a tight-lipped man, tall and lean, his face at all times an unreadable blank, and, despite his aversion to small talk, the few things he did say occasionally made sense.

Lots of people didn't know Stony by sight, but folks in the town of Rugged Gulch, Colorado sensed something in the air the afternoon that Stony rode into the town, a breeze at

his back, and they hurried into their respective hovels to avoid the trouble that they smelled brewing.

Stony rode his horse down the main street, entertaining himself in true cowboy fashion by delivering a few healthy punches to several unwary cows as he passed. Halfway down the street he entered the Silver Dollar Saloon, the largest structure in the dusty cattle town. The atmosphere of the place, Stony noticed immediately, was definitely unwholesome. Most of the men in the place were staring at him. What the trouble was Stony didn't know, but he made a mental resolution to find out. He went over to the bar and the bartender looked him up and down. "What'll ya hev, stranger?"

Stony eyed him levelly. "Whiskey,"

he murmured softly, and dismounted from his horse.

He tossed the drink off, and the bartender leaned over the bar and whispered, "Been in town long, stranger?"

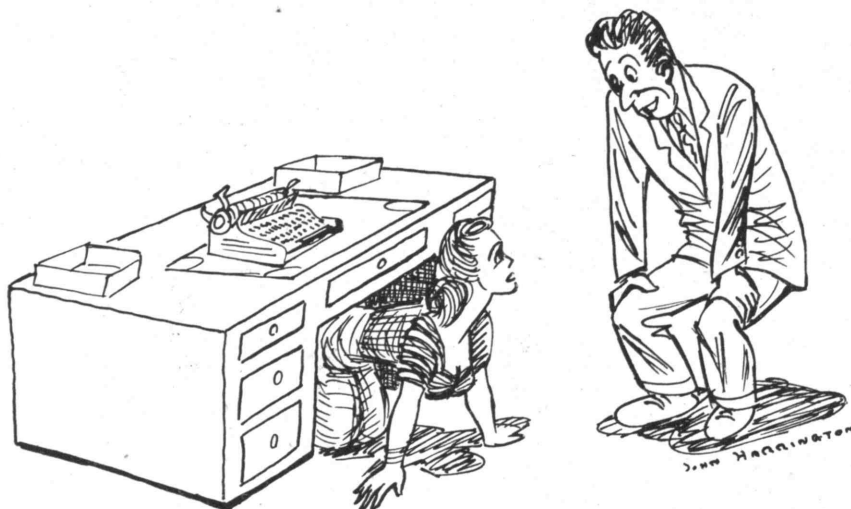
Stony looked him up and down. Then, "Nope."

The bartender leaned still further over the bar, getting his necktie in the finger bowl. "Then I'd advise you to clear outta town before yore luck runs clean out, stranger. Clyde Snead, the boss of this here town, sez he'll shoot down the fust stranger he sees around here. They's been a deal of hoss thievin' goin' on around these parts lately, an' he figgers it's bein' done through someone from outta town."

If the bartender thought that Stony scared easily, he was dead wrong. Stony gave no sign of being impressed whatever by this piece of information. "I don't scare easy," said Stony, calmly picking himself up from the floor and picking his teeth with a splinter. Stony didn't scare easily.

It was as Stony started to put a few leading questions to the bartender regarding the man named Clyde Snead that a wild-eyed youngster in an old prewar Western Union suit came rushing into the place breathlessly. "Say," he yawned, "Miss Sally Brady's hoss is runnin' away with her agin. Bet he dumps the damn fool in the mud, per usual."

The boy then broke into a ribald western ballad, accompanied by a few



"I know I told you to get down to work, but —"

old prospectors, but Stony had heard enough. He whirled around and danced out the door instantly. The sheriff, who had just given him a hot foot, claimed for years thereafter that never had anyone jumped so fast for the cause of chivalry.

Out on the street, Stony's face was inscrutable as he saw what appeared to be an ox drawing a covered wagon bearing down upon him. A second glance revealed that in actuality it was Miss Sally Brady, astride her runaway.

It was a tense moment, but he knew what to do. Swiftly, he stepped aside, and, in a rapid sprint, his whipcord muscles straining mightily, he brought the animal down with a flying tackle. Miss Sally Brady let out a scream like a mountain lion, and plunged into a mud puddle.

As Stony arose, Clyde Snead, a tall thin man with a black handlebar moustache, slapped him on the back. "Stranger," he said with a voice like a sick mule, "Thankee fer savin' my hoss. Seems like Miss Brady was a-fixin' ter steal it, just like it appears she's been stealin' ever'body else's. By gosh, if I was thet gal's pa, I'd cut her allowance fer this. . . . Hev a see-gar?"

Stony eyed him levelly, his face an unfathomable mask. "Nope," he replied softly, yanking large handfuls of horsehair out from between his teeth.

Miss Brady, now arisen and dripping with mud, suddenly threw her arms around Stony. "Oh thank you fer savin' me, stranger. I might hev broke my damn fool neck."

Stony wiped mud out of one eye, and soberly stared through it at her.

She continued, "Marry me, stranger, an' we can live with my rich hoss thief pa."

Stony blinked, and through the mud he softly bubbled, "Nope."

"But why?" she wept, her face a miniature of the Johnstown Flood.

"Fat girl," replied Stony gently, "I love you more'n a twenty dollar



**"THE BOSS SAYS TO HURRY UP WITH THIS STUFF FOR THE M.L.T. BURSAR'S OFFICE."**

steer, but I got a hankerin' fer to go."

"Fer to go where?" she wailed in anguish, inciting a herd three miles from town to stampede.

Stony swung around to outline his profile against the sunset, and extended his arm majestically. "Over . . .," he murmured, with a touch of awe in his voice, "yonder."

"But what'll you do yonder?" she pleaded anxiously.

He smiled at her benevolently. "I'll be makin' coast-to-coast personal appearance tours across the country. You see . . ." he turned away and looked out across the barren landscape with a touch of awe again in his voice, ". . . I'm Stony Beacher."

Sally Brady's mouth dropped open, agog. Clyde Snead's mouth also dropped open, agog. Even Stony's horse, emerging from the Silver Dollar Saloon, was a bit agog, but then he was also very drunk.

With a melancholy air, Stony mounted his horse and rode off into the horizon, wailing a sordid version

of "The Cowboy's Lament," and with him went the strange atmosphere which, for a short time, had enveloped the town of Rugged Gulch, Colorado. Sally Brady, staring after him, was heard to murmur mournfully, "Who in Hell is Stony Beacher?"

J. B.



She: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"  
He: "No, I hate hospitals."



"Pop, give me a dime."  
"Not today, son, not today."  
"If you'll give me a dime, I'll tell you what the iceman said to mamma this morning."

"Here, son, quick — what did he say?"

"He said, 'Lady, how much ice do you want this morning?'"

— Yale Record



# 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

# Registration without Representation

*Notes on Re-up day by a standee, with a few true-to-death sketches.*



*Long lines. . . . Everybody looks for the shortest one, then stands in it. . . . Two guys carried out — feet exhaustion. . . . Asked to be excused for the men's room, but the quota was filled. . . . Rather die than lose my place in line; the guy in front of me did both — in succession.*



*Got my picture took. . . . Watched the birdie drool. . . . Hope the blinding green light doesn't make my face look like my face.*



*Took the medical. . . . Wrong corridor or something and all those people with clothes on walking around. . . . the damn bottle stank, so I poured it down the drain and filled it up again at a drinking fountain.*




*The guy in back of me in the Cashier's Line was an ape, I think. . . . Got in different sections, though.*

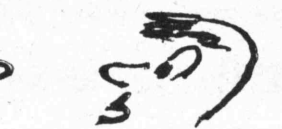


*All through now. . . . V.A. screwed up or something. . . . Said my benefits ran to 49/100 of this term. . . . The secretary was sympathetic, though. . . . Gee, I guess engineering isn't the only job in the world. . . . It's so damned confining anyway.*





# Quizmanship



## How to Keep The Class Average Down

SOME of our readers are perhaps familiar with Mr. Stephen Potter's comprehensive studies on "Gameship: How to Win Without Actually Cheating," and "Lifemanship, the Art of Intimidating the Experts." It is our intention here to extend the fundamental principles established by Mr. Potter to one of the most possessing problems confronting the student: "How to Keep Class Average Down."

As everyone knows, there are in every class two, three, or sometimes as many as five persons, who, either through brains or brownbagging, consistently get the highest marks. The fact is, they make everyone else look stupid. It is time something was done about this by the students. Quizmanship is the answer.

The fundamental maneuver is the Direct or McGillicudy Stymie. (So named for one of its originators, Professor Direct or McGillicudy.) You merely corner one of the Average Raisers with a problem, and make sure he doesn't solve it. Since it is psychologically important to the Average Raiser to solve ALL problems, this will virtually destroy him.

For example, say you are eating lunch with a group of students in Walker. About three quarters of the way through the meal, you turn to the Average Raiser, and say, with great respect, "Say, would you show me how to do a skeedle-dum stressed lever problem" (or whatever you happen to be studying).

He says, "Which one do you mean?"

You describe such a problem as quickly and incomprehensively as you can and end with, "How do you do that, hunh?"

The Average Raiser then says, "Well, let me see," and looks around

for a paper napkin to write on. *But you have previously removed all the paper napkins from the table!* This essential gambit breaks his line of thinking.

After he has the paper, he apologetically asks you to repeat the problem. And you do, with a sufficient number of As-I-Said-Before's and You-Know-What-I-Mean-of-Course's. Once he has the problem you leave him alone to work on it, and turn to the rest of the people at the table and start talking about sex. It will also help if you can knock over half of a glass of milk on his work.

Despite these distractions, the Average Raiser will certainly progress; you must realize you are up against some rough characters. It is therefore necessary, at appropriate moments, to say, "How are you coming," or "I know how to do the problem if you assume that two-ton girder is weightless."

In an emergency, if he seems to be solving the problem, you can always say, "Oh, I just remembered, there's a second skeedledum connected down here, too, and that first one is counterclockwise, not straight."

Well, you can see the method; the essential thing is that when it is time to leave for class, the Average Raiser has not yet solved the problem. You might mention that it was all right, you didn't really expect he could do the problem without a lot of hard study. After class he will have forgotten enough details so he cannot solve it, and so a vague uneasiness is permanently installed in his mind.

We had in our class an expert Quizman named Josh Swenson. I remember one interesting piece of quizmanship he pulled on Waldo Bilge, a particularly obnoxious Average Raiser.

At ten o'clock, the night before the final, Swenson first went into Bilge's room and said, "Waldo, you gotta show me how to do this problem. Professor Sink gave it to his section the last day of class, and told them they'd better know how to do it."

Waldo, of course, had finished his studying, and was ready to go to bed and get a good night's sleep before the final. Although he really knew the course cold, this sudden onslaught brought doubt to his mind, and he tried the problem. Naturally Swenson had rigged it so that the answer said that the mass of the earth was twenty-eight grams — negative. After Waldo had worked on the problem about thirty minutes, Swenson, who had been trying to help him, suddenly slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand and shouted: "Oh, I see how it's done. How simple! How could I have been so stupid. Thanks a million, Waldo," and dashed out of the room.

The next morning, a half hour before the quiz, Swenson answered a soft knock on his door, only to find Waldo, eyes bloodshot, clothes disheveled, hair uncombed.

"Please show me how to do that problem," pleaded Waldo.

"Oh, I never study right before a quiz," said Swenson. "I figure if you don't know it by then, you never will."

It was calculated that this one bit of Quizmanship dropped the class average enough so that four borderline cases received P's instead of L's in the course.

In factual courses the technique is similar but one variation deserves mention. Average Raisers in these courses obtain their good marks by being able to pick out what is impor-

tant and memorizing it. Therefore the night before the quiz you take your book down to the Average Raiser's room and help him learn the facts with a little drill.

You: "How do you spell tetraphenylsuccinonitrites?"

He (startled): "I don't even remember that?"

You (casually): "Oh, that's from footnote on page 163; he talked about it in class. You'd better check that." . . . and so forth.

Of some value in Quizmanship is the Indirect Stymies. This includes such techniques as borrowing slide rules, putting your feet on the Average Raiser's chair during the quiz and pushing slightly, chewing gum loudly (though this may irritate the wrong person) and other such methods.

An interesting variation of the Indirect Stymie was introduced by Quizman Jim Straly of Course X when he cut all the pockets off all the pants of Leon Milch before the quiz. Although Leon easily carried the necessary supplies to the quiz in his green bag, he failed the exam completely.

Some observers have remarked that quizmanship is unfair to the Average Raiser. We do not think so. It is like Robin Hood, robbing the rich and giving to the poor — giving the mass of the students a boost. Furthermore the Quizman takes no knowledge away from the brownbagger, he merely reduces the effectiveness of this knowledge at a critical time when it is likely to do the most damage. This can hardly be considered unfair.

Finally I would like to leave you with a word of warning that Quizmanship is tricky and sometimes backfires. I remember one case where a Quizman and his best girl (a stunning creature) were both taking the same course. The Quizman persuaded his girl to sit next to a particular Average Raiser during a quiz and distract him. On the day of the quiz she wore what many considered to be quite a tight skirt and quite a low cut blouse. The unexpected result was that most every one in the class (including the Quiz-

man) could not concentrate for watching her lean over her paper, and flunked. The Average Raiser, on the other hand, being exceedingly nearsighted, could not even see her.

Furthermore, the girl stunned by the Average Raiser's unconcern for her body, fell madly in love with him. Using true feminine intuition she wore perfume at subsequent classes and he, really smelling her for the first time, fell quite in love and they were married. Though it is admitted their marks fell off somewhat, the whole episode must be considered rather poor Quizmanship.

J. D. C. L.



A stew weaving up the street, staggered into the beauty parlor.

"Hellow," he said, "Ish thish er beauty shopsh?"

"Yes," replied the attendant.

"Well, bring out one," said the plastered one, "I'm lonesome."

— Flame

She wiped her mouth and looked at me

With eyes of bloodshot blue,  
And sweetly murmured in my ear,  
"Shay, I could go for you!"

She held my hands; she strok'd my hair;

She called me "Babe" and Honey;"  
She fondly kissed my neck and lips,  
And watched me spend my money.

And when we both had had enough  
To float a ship at sea,

I whispered in her mug-like ear,  
"Hey! Will you marry me?"

She looked at me with saddened eyes  
My heart began to sink.

"I'm shorry, Bub," she softly said,  
"But I hate guysh who drink!"

— Syracusan

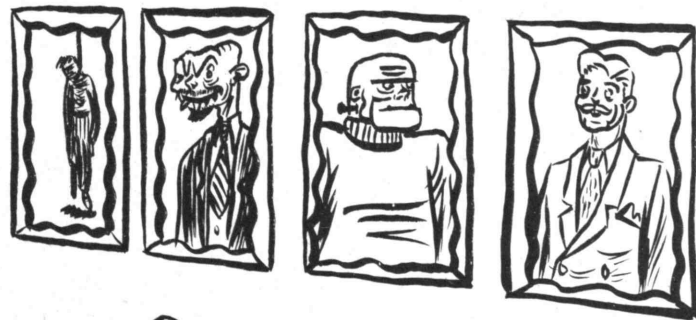


"How do you feel this morning?"

"Fine."

"Guess I've got the wrong number."

— Sun-Dial



"and that's Uncle Wolfram — he was the white sheep of the family."



# Is it not time ...

To all Course XV Men:

We are all now aware that the economic tide in the affairs of men has turned. Too many of us, however, do not carry this analogy to its logical conclusion.



↑ We want to determine the precise activities appropriate to the time ahead. We must indeed fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run.



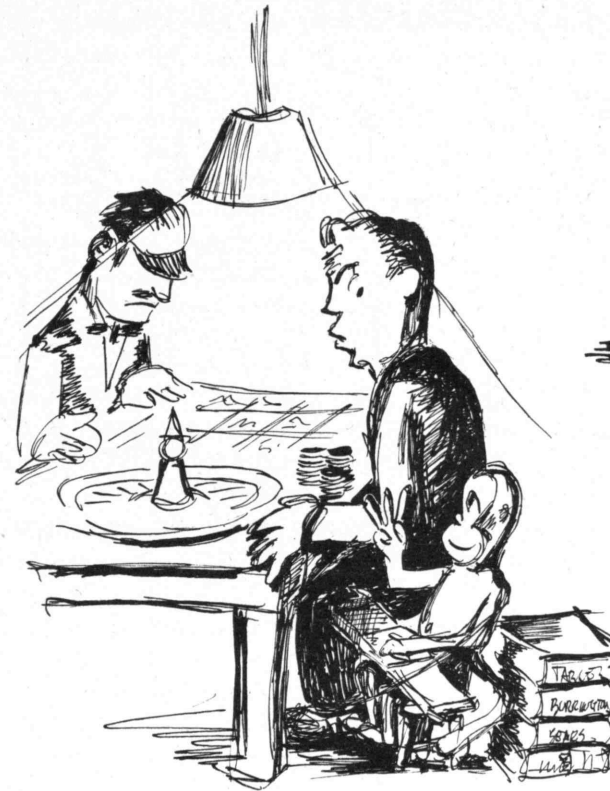
← We must have quality, not quantity production. Is it not time for us to bring all of our performances to that single standard of quality which we have best maintained during the past years?



↑ Is it not time to develop those unusual virtues inherent in our own personalities, and learn to reflect them more clearly in our behavior?



← Is it not time for us to learn more about the deeper fundamentals of human behavior, so that we may deal more effectively with the world about us?



↑ And finally, is it not time for us to withdraw from less important fringe activities and confine ourselves to objectives more directly related to our special abilities?



↑ Is it not time for us to safeguard and strengthen our good fortune by husbanding our resources?



The tune of the times now dictates that we give greater thought to what we exclusively should do in the future — that we confine our efforts and thoughts to whatever we can accomplish best and most expeditiously in the terms of intrinsic cost to ourselves.

We should accept the implication of this inexorable arithmetical principle. Perhaps the emotional color most appropriate to the times is that of thankfulness that we have a future in which to do and think instead of drawing upon our capital assets, as in the last few years.

I am a teacher. My trade is to elicit thought. It is true that we are moving rapidly into new times, with new problems and new opportunities. My admonition is to remember:

← "In endings are beginnings found."

Yours for the future,

# Jasper's Wonderful Education



**JASPER LUNCKEDDE** was born in the cold, cold tundras of uppermost Alaska, if Alaska has tundras. Siberia has tundras, I know, but Jasper wasn't born there. Anyhow, he was born and brought up. The years passed, spent far from the taxes and turmoils of civilization, and before you could count to 79,841,001 by ones, it was time for Jasper to make his mark in the world.

"Jasper," said his father, "I want you to go to college so you can have the things I never had."

"But paw, you got a sled, huskies, gun, igloo, and three fur suits. What else is thur?"

"You must learn for yourself, son. You will go to MIT and learn the finer things of life. You will learn that  $F$  equals  $ma$ , which is physics."

"Is thet eddication, paw?"

"No, I just told you it was physics. Now, I've already written thirty-six various emeriti and it is all arranged. You will go tomorrow." So Jasper went to MIT.

The first thing Jasper did in Boston was to visit a fraternity. "This is the Delta Fromma Botum fraternity, Jasper," said the rushing chairman.

"Yuh? What's a fraternitty?"

"It's a group of boys living together as brothers. Would you like to be a brother?"

"You'd better not let paw find out

if I did. He'd horsewhip maw." That was the last Jasper saw of the fraternity.

Jasper went to the barracks, where his new home was to be. "Hello," said one of his roommates. "I'm one of your roommates, and my name's Mikhail de Ongrian. I'm from Hungary."

"Yuh, so'm I. My paw allus said I wuz strickly from Hungary. Git's cold in winter, don't it?"

On registration day Jasper became registered. "Am I all registered now, Mister?" he asked.

"Yes, all of you is registered."

"Gee, my greatest thuh-rill! Paw tol' me about this. Now I kin vote. Gee, this guy wuz sleepy. He fell asleep right on the floor. It's good I allus git twelve hours sleep."

On the way back to the barracks Jasper met a girl in the hall. She was a secretary, and she was very sexy. Jasper stared.

"Are you staring at me?" asked the sexytary.

"Yuh, I want tuh ask yuh a question."

"Well, I've heard it before, and the answer's no!" Jasper walked on, but he was confused. "Gee, she wuz smart, answering my question even before I asked it. But I still don't see why her legs don't git cold in winter."

The next day school started. In

calculus the instructor asked if any one understood limits. Jasper raised his hand. "One of muh frien's tol' me. He said it approached zero decreasing inversely to thuh quantity of rum. Rum's a game, ain't it?"

Then Jasper went to chemistry. In that class the instructor asked how far the students had previously gone. "I know whut  $C_2H_5OH$  is," said Jasper. "It's whut my paw rubs on my back to fix backaches, and drinks to fix stomach aches. My paw's awful smart, but he's got a turrible weak stomach."

After chemistry Jasper went to drawing. "Whut fur do I hev tuh draw these lines fur?" he said.

"Young man," said the instructor, "you are here to get a wonderful education. Therefore you will draw those lines and be happy." Jasper drew the lines. "Lookit," he said finally. "I've drawn all thuh lines. Now I am eddicated almost."

That completed Jasper's first day at school, except for ROTC. For reasons of military security and morale I won't discuss his adventures there.

The week passed quickly, if not quietly. On Saturday Jasper's roommates asked him to go to the show with them.

"Like where they hev Mickey Mouse?"

"Sort of, but we're going to the Old



Howard.” Jasper went along. “I bet those girls git awful cold,” said Jasper. He knew they were girls because he could read the sign — 50 Beautiful Girls 50 — but they didn’t have girls’ clothes on. Later the lights came on. Jasper grinned. “Oh, goody, now it’s Mickey Mouse, maybe.”

With pity and compassion, Jasper’s friends gently hit him on the head with a convenient brick. And in a slight daze, Jasper spent four long years at MIT, until finally they threw his diploma at him and told him to go back to his tundra. Which he did.

“Yep,” said his father, whenever he was asked, and sometimes when he wasn’t. “My son Jasper’s got a wonderful éducation. Why, he’s only in his twenties, and he’s got more than I ever had. Not only has he got a sled, huskies, gun, and an igloo of his own, but he has *four* fur suits. That’s what MIT did for Jasper!”

J. H.

Little Nicky, five years old, was walking down the street with little Joan, four. As they were about to cross the street, Nicky remembered his mother’s teaching. “Let me hold your hand,” he offered gallantly.

“Okay,” replied Joan, “but I want you to know you’re playing with fire.”

— *Old Maid*



The stronger sex is usually the weaker sex, because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

— *DoDo*



She started to speak, my captured heart warmed,  
For her voice was like thrushes that chirp,  
So I breathlessly waited as her pearly lips formed —  
A good, healthy, old-fashioned burp.

Farmer: “Be this the Women’s Exchange?”

Woman: “Yes.”

Farmer: “Be you the woman?”

Woman: “Yes.”

Farmer: “Well, then. I think I’ll keep Maggie.”

— *Ram-Buller*



So learn to fry an egg, my boy;  
Then list to freedom’s bell.  
If wifey says, “I’m going to mother,”  
Tell her to go to HELL.

— *Ranger*



A great big beautiful car drove up to the curb where a cute girl was waiting for a bus. A man stuck his head out and said:

“Hello, gorgeous; I’m going West.”

“How wonderful; bring me back an orange,” she replied.

— *Goldfish*

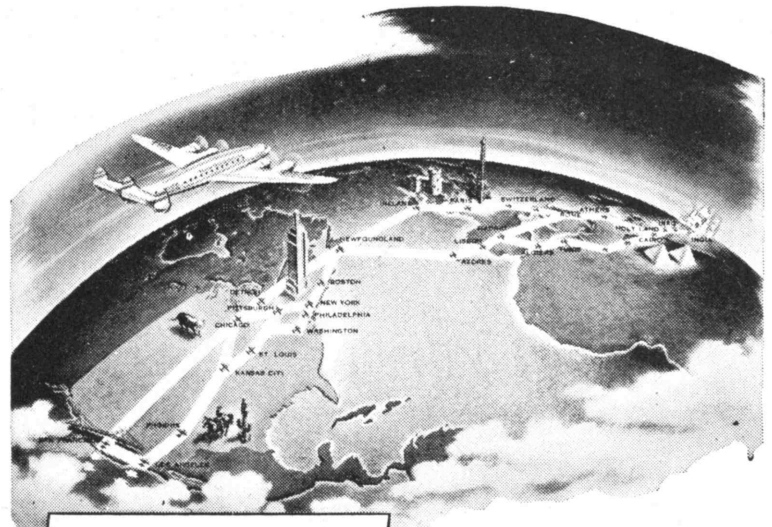
# TWA Announces REDUCED OVERSEAS STUDENT FARES

**35-50 per cent savings  
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Now, students from 12 through 21 planning to travel and study abroad can go by de luxe TWA Skyliner at big savings. Starting October 1, 1949, fare reductions of 35 per cent will be in effect for TWA round-trip ocean crossings. Once students arrive in Europe, they become eligible for a reduction up to 50 per cent for travel to and from distant points, even as far as Bombay. Tickets are good for one year.

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# Take the Cash



Pen, sliderule, to class and away!  
Rescue my theses before this hot day  
Brightens to blue from silvery gray.

Stride past the students asleep as you'd say.  
Many's the friend there will listen and pray,  
"He's a damn fool to clamor that way."  
Pen, sliderule, to class and away.

Dash through the grim portals; show no dismay.  
The instruments ready, brook no delay  
Ne'er falter nor fear life's great array.  
Pen, sliderule, to class and away.

Who speaks of life with its habits so gay  
Laugh when you talk of humanities. Nay!  
I've better counselors. What counsel they:  
Pen, sliderule, to class and away!

Cambridge Bud Stoff stood for his Prof  
Bidding the rest of the bastards to scoff,  
And pressing his fingers close to his head  
Would see the heretics soon drop dead.

Marshalling his figures 50-score strong  
Great hearted scientists singing this song:

God for King Killian! Conant and such  
To the devil that prompts them their treasonous clutch.  
Engineers up! Lips from the cup,  
Hands from the women, nor bite take nor sup  
'Til you're  
Marshalling your figures 50-score strong  
Great hearted scientists singing this song.

Thou wert once a student locked in sweet  
Embrace of learning's lighter years; and yet  
You hold the power of Kronos' son to mete  
Out partial judgment on our younger set.

Have the years so soon upon your shoulders  
Weighed; or hath Eros in his flighty way  
Spurned your overt glances. Have you left  
All hope behind, or do embers smoulder  
Within your jaded soul. Yet hope we may  
That you of pity ne'er survive bereft.

That gentle brush that paints the world so fair  
Scarce penetrates your hardened shell. There now  
Amid the stygian blackness of your lair  
You propagate the pains to which we bow.  
Amongst the cackling of your garish crew  
We beg on suppliant's knee to furnish  
Proof of wrongs. Must solace in golden grain  
Be sought to bring oblivion. Beshrew  
You that you must leave to sordid anguish  
Those beneath, while fellow graduates gain.

Once did she hold New England in her fee  
And was the safeguard of rich stores: the worth  
Of Boston did not fall below her birth.

Boston, youngest child of prudery  
Who was a righteous city, clean and free;  
No book seduced, no progress violate.  
And when she took unto herself a mate  
She must espouse a Mayor Curley.

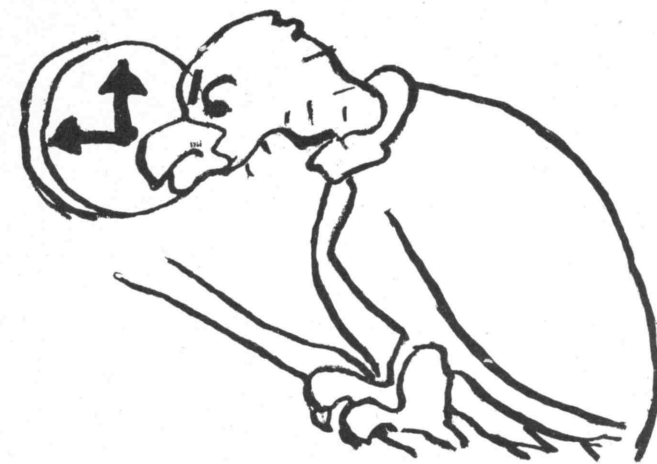
So now that she has seen the riches fade  
The textiles vanish and the machines decay  
Yet shall some tribute in reward be paid  
For watch and ward who rule the day.



It is a youthful engineer  
And he stoppeth one of three  
"By thy pallid face and jaundiced eye,  
Now wherefore stoppest thou me."

He holds him with his shaking hand;  
"There was a quiz," quoth he.  
"Hold off! Unhand me, bard of doom."  
Eftsóon his hand dropped he.

"The class was massed, the papers passed  
The proctor gave him sign  
The deed was done, and we were one  
Right at the dot of nine."



The passerby he beat his breast  
Yet he cannot choose but hear  
And thus spake on that youthful man,  
The bright-eyed engineer.

"All in a hot and stuffy room  
The bloody sun at ten  
Right in my orbs perforce did shine  
And drove thought from my ken.

"Answers, answers everywhere  
And all my brain did shrink.  
Answers, answers everywhere  
Of one I could not think.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone;  
Or so it seemed to me  
And never a soul took pity on  
My dreadful agony.



"Beyond the given time I sat,  
I watched the time tick on  
Nor peace there was to see the rest  
And know I must be gone.

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee thou passer-by;  
He passeth well who learneth well  
And shuns the Scotch and rye.

"He passeth well who learneth well  
All things both great and small,  
For the good prof that teacheth us  
He taught and flunked us all."



— and Let the Credit Go



The World Traveler  
 ... Has Only a Few Memories Left



1↑ "You have an honest face. How c an you lose?"



2↑ "Dammit man, I want meat, not potatoes!"



3↑ "and here is 'sunset,' the work of an old master."



4 "Got some dollars, bud? I got lotza Guilders."



5 "Mais, non, mam 'zelle, vin rouge is not an aphrodisiac."

6 "Hold it madam, — five dollars for the two, please."



7 "Feehly pictures? But no, classical exhibitions!"



8 "and mom, guess what. I brought back ten Swiss watches."



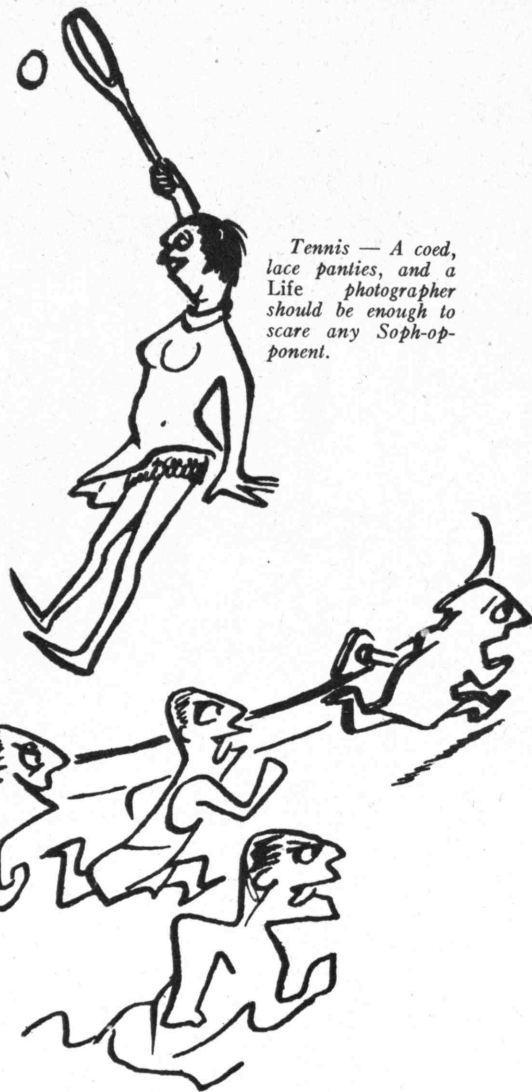
VLHARE

# TIPS FOR TEAMS

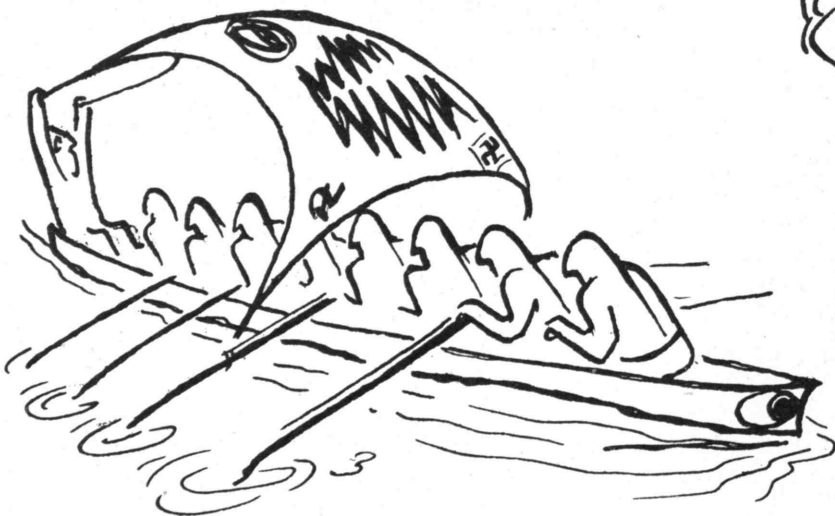
Voo Doo has consistently supported fair play in darned near everything. In view of our attitude, and considering the experienced viewpoint, the savoir faire, and the technical know-how that an extra year adds, we feel it only fair to offer advice to the Frosh for the coming Field Day till.



Tug of War — A buried anchor man is a dependable anchor man.

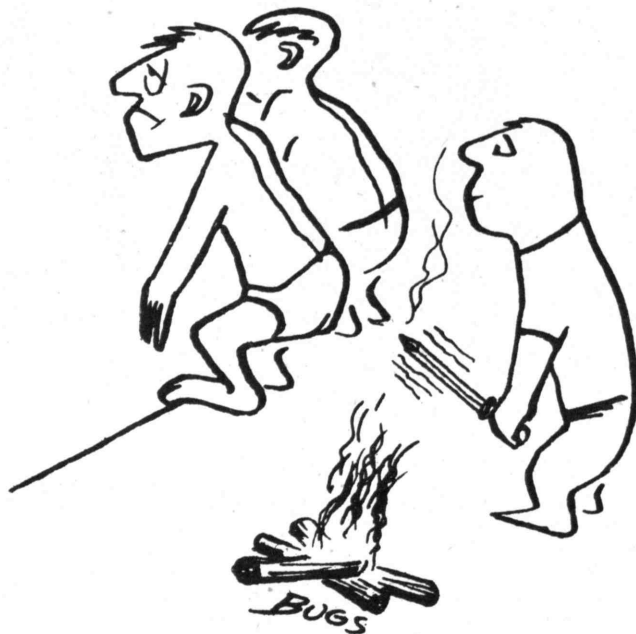


Tennis — A coed, lace panties, and a Life photographer should be enough to scare any Soph-opponent.



Crew — Don't take chances. Jupiter (Zeus) probably made book on the race, too, so stay on his side. Your best bet is a sail spun from the hind hair of ak Aconcaquan Scape Goat, soaked in the blood of a virginal Wild African Sprinkling Hound (incantations by a Rosecrucian big-wig won't hurt, either).

Track — Soph's no longer chase women so take a cue from Wonderland and give your men something to chase. Keep the team in a state of relative starvation.



Swimming — A good hot start is damn near unbeatable!



Football — While cheerleaders call 3 point 1 4 1 5 8! pull a sneak play past a confused Soph line.



His toes curled in the black soil. It was marvelous to feel the good cool earth beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a sod between his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city with loathing. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow, but that was over. He was back to his first love — the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once more he was a part of Nature. A voice called, "Dinner's ready." He sighed. Slowly and reluctantly he took his feet out of the flower pot.

— *Thoreau*



Who was that lady I saw you out-wit last night?



Minister: "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown (sleepily): "'Tain't my lead, I just dealt."

— *Yale Record*



Mark Antony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

"But Sir, she's in bed with laryngitis."

"Damn Greeks."

— *The Spartan*



"I'm entered in two contests — one for the most beautiful back and the other for the most beautiful bust."

"Aren't you excited?"

"I hardly know which way to turn!"

— *Kitty Kat*



She: "Don't you wish you were a barefoot boy again?"

He: "Not me, lady. I work on a turkey farm."

— *Country Gentleman*

"How do I know it's a bloodhound?" she asked doubtfully.

"Ambrose," the proprietor ordered, "bleed for the lady."

— *Old Maid*



"How was the burlesque?"

"Abdominal."

— *The Spartan*



"Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street like that if I were you."

"That's all right, lady. She's dead."



Teacher: "Has anyone here any Indian blood?"

Johnny: "I have."

Teacher: "What tribe?"

Johnny: "It wasn't a tribe; just a wandering Indian."

— *Chaparral*



"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"No, what good is it?"

— *Old Maid*



"Do you come from Harvard?"

"Heck, no. I'm talking this way because I cut my mouth on a bottle."

— *El Burro*



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 lavender beret. A motorcycle 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*

# Smith House

Famous  
Food  
For  
Fifty  
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500 MEMORIAL DRIVE  
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# Flavor

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the difference  
in the  
world!



And there's one  
thing you can always  
depend upon...the con-  
sistently high quality  
and fine flavor of

## Beech-Nut GUM

*It's "Always Refreshing"*

There was a young lady named Reba  
Who was wooed by an amorous  
amoeba

This wee bit of jelly  
Would crawl on her belly  
And tenderly murmur, "Ich lieber."



Famous last words:

"Well, professor, if you want my  
frank opinion . . ."

"Sure I love you, honey, it's just  
that . . ."

"There I was, flat on my back  
at . . ."

"Wanta know a real snap course...?"  
— *The Spartan*



"Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that  
never would have happened if you  
hadn't stepped between me and the  
spittoon."

— *Sundial*



"I call her 'checkers' because she  
jumps every time I make a wrong  
move."



A little bear sleeps in his bear skin  
All cozy and warm I suppose.  
I tried sleeping in my little bare skin  
And golly I almost froze.



She (in a florist's shop): "Have you  
any passion poppy?"

Old Salesman: "Have I? Just wait  
till I put these roses down!"

— *Mercury*



"And there's the man who walked  
into a bar optimistically, and left  
misty optically.

— *Log*

Don't ever try to fool your mother,  
boys. It can't be done. Remember  
the young man who pawned his nice  
suit of clothes and didn't want his  
mother to know anything about it?  
He finally redeemed them and brought  
them home in a suitcase. When he was  
busy in his room, his mother, in the  
parlor, started to unpack the suitcase.  
She found the pawn ticket in the coat  
and called:

"John, what is this tag on your  
coat?"

John lost little time in calling back:  
"Oh, I was at a dance last night  
and checked my coat."

A moment later mother came across  
the trousers tagged in the same way.  
With a puzzled tone, she asked:  
"John, what kind of a dance was  
that?"



Mary had a little lamb,  
Her father shot it dead  
And now it goes to school with her,  
Between two hunks of bread.



And then there was the E. E. who  
called his girl "Carbon," because her  
resistance went down when she got  
warmed up.

— *Doole*



He — We certainly had a big time  
last night for ten cents.

She — Yes, I wonder how little  
brother spent it.

— *Burro*



The kings of Peru were the Incas,  
They were widely known as big  
drincas,  
They worshipped the sun,  
And had lots of fun,  
But the peasants all thought they  
were stincas.

— *Wampus*



She (suspiciously): "You certainly don't act like I am the first girl you ever kissed."

He (suspiciously): "How do you know?"

— *Siren*



"If a drunk is Souse of the Border in Mexico, what is he in France?"

"Plaster of Paris."



Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,  
"To hell with school,  
I'll stay in bed."

— *Bored Walk*



Adam: "Eve! You've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again!"

— *Dodo*



An attendant in a mental home was making his evening rounds when he came upon one of the patients industriously fishing in a wash basin with rod and line.

Wishing to humor the man, the attendant asked him if he had caught anything.

"What!" said the patient. "In a wash basin? Are you crazy?"

— *Wet Hen*



Son: "Ma, what's the idea of makin' me sleep up here every night?"

Mother: "Hush, Bobbie, you only have to sleep on the mantelpiece two more weeks and then your picture will be in Believe-It-Or-Not."

— *Mis-A-Sip*



Platonic love is like being invited down into the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale.

— *Varieties*



1st student: "Did you know that my teacher talks to himself?"

2d: "So does mine, but he doesn't know it. He thinks someone is listening."

## QUESTIONS

- A** When hard times hit, you need not worry, He'll fix you up in one big hurry.
- B** Read it inverted with one minor switch, You have a device controlled by a switch.
- C** A trunk, a pause, a meadowland; You'll find them all on every hand.

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.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS IN NEXT ISSUE

## PRITCHETT LOUNGE

Where You May Relax from the Grind

OPEN NIGHTLY

7.00 P. M. TO MIDNIGHT

REGULAR DAILY PRICES PREVAIL

Complete Line of  
Hot or Cold Sandwiches and Beverages

■  
**DANCING NIGHTLY**

■  
WALKER MEMORIAL DINING SERVICE  
Second Floor Walker

Little Audrey nailed the bathroom door shut and then laughed and laughed, because she knew her father was having a beer party at the house that night.

— *Pup*



“Now, class,” said the teacher, “can you tell me one of the uses for cowhide?”

“Sure,” piped up the customary voice from the back of the room. “It keeps the cow together.”

— *Quirk*



“The offspring of a single rat,” said the biology professor, “may number several thousand.”

“My gosh,” cried the student in the back of the room, “how many would a married rat have?”

— *Rammer Jammer*



Phi Delt: “Do you smoke?”

Coed: “No.”

Phi Delt: “Do you drink?”

Coed: “No.”

Phi Delt: “Do you pet?”

Coed: “No.”

Phi Delt: “Do you eat hay?”

Coed: “Of course not!”

Phi Delt: “My God, woman, you’re not a fit companion for man or beast.”

— *Rammer Jammer*

Two pints make one cavort.

— *Yale Record*



Walking with a friend one day, a professor passed a large fish shop where a fine catch of codfish with mouths open and eyes staring were arranged in a row.

The prof suddenly stopped, looked at them, and clutching his friend by the arm, exclaimed: “Heavens! that reminds me — I should be teaching a class.”

— *Old Maid*



A young woman  
Stepped out of bed  
Slipped into her robe  
Stepped into her slippers  
Raised the shade

Uncovered the parrot  
Put on the coffee pot  
And answered the phone.

A masculine voice said:

“Hello, honey, just got a 24-hour leave, I’ll be right up!”

She hung up the phone  
Took off the coffee pot  
Covered the parrot  
Pulled down the shade  
Stepped out of her slippers  
Slipped out of her robe  
Crawled into bed and  
Heard the parrot say:

“Kee-rist, what a short day!”

— *Ram-Buller*

“F-e-e-t,” the teacher spelled out, “what does that spell, Mary?”

“I dunno.”

“Well, what is it that a cow has four of and I have only two?”

So Mary told her.

— *Rammer Jammer*



SAE: “Did you know we maintain seven homes for the feebleminded?”

Pledge: “I thought we had more chapters than that.”

— *The Spartan*



A certain school advertised:

“Short course in accounting for women.”

The next day, a note reached the school’s president. It read: “There is NO accounting for women.”

— *Scottie*



A newly-married doctor was walking with his wife when a beautiful girl smiled and bowed to him. The wife became suspicious.

“Who is the lady, dear?”

“Oh, just a girl I met professionally.”

“No doubt,” meowed his wife, “but whose profession — yours or hers?”

— *Purple Cow*

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24 hours a day — Every day

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435 MAIN STREET

Conveniently located behind Building 20  
Frank Arsenault, Manager

COMPLIMENTS OF

*Larry's Barber Shop*

Opposite Building Seven

Notice on bulletin board of biology department:  
 "We don't begrudge you dipsomaniacs a little alcohol,  
 but please return our specimens."



Philo. Prof: "Now describe to me vas iss dass Platonic love."

Soph: "Warming chairs, burning lamps, playing records,  
 sitting around a sorority house, and leaving at 10:00."  
 — *Spartan*



A none too prosperous London clergyman reluctantly accepted the offer of a commercial firm to supply his congregation with free books containing the standard hymns, with the stipulation that a little advertising might be injected. When the books arrived, the minister was overjoyed to find the books contained no advertising matter at all. But on the following Sunday he was horrified to hear the following hymn:

Hark! The herald angels sing.  
 Murphy's pills are just the thing:  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild.  
 Two for man and one for child.

— *The Scottie*



"Now move the right arm higher around her neck."

**Excellent Food  
 and Liquor**

**THE  
 ESPLANADE CAFE**

just off harvard bridge at beacon  
 serving tech men for 25 years

— *naturally*

**YOUR  
 BANK**

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Q. — What did the toast say to the toaster?  
 A. — That's the hottest I've been since I was bread.



A farmer was once phoning a veterinarian. "Say, Doc," he said, "I've got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and doesn't have any appetite; what shall I do for him?"

"Give him a pint of castor oil," instructed the vet.

Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take a pint of castor oil.

A couple of days later the vet met the farmer on the street.

"How's your sick calf?" inquired the vet.

"Sick calf! That was a sick *cat* I had."

"My God, did you give him a pint of castor oil?"

"Sure did."

"Well, what did he do?" asked the vet.

"Last I seen him," said the farmer, "he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging; two were covering up; and one was scouting for new territory."

— *Yellow Jacke*



for the best food  
reasonably priced

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### CHARLIE THE TECH TAILOR

Mend your clothes  
Press your suits  
Sew on your buttons  
Remove spots  
Dry clean your clothes  
Or even make your suit or tux

**HAVE  
HIM**

# HISTORY REWRITTEN

DAVID AND GOLIATH



"Gee, I'm nervous! Wish I had a Life Saver!"



...Only 5¢

Then there's the one about the WAC who was traveling on the train without a berth. Some kind fellow offered to share his compartment with her. Gratefully she accepted. When she had tucked herself in the compartment, the man began to undress. He took off his shirt. The WAC popped up in bed and asked, "When do we get to the next station?"

He answered, and proceeded to take off his pants. The WAC again asked, "What is the name of the next stop?"

This persistent questioning went on until the man was thoroughly disgusted. When he had finally put his pajamas on, he said:

"Say, how about you and I playing that we are man and wife until morning?"

"Fine," was the answer.

"Well, then, for gawd's sake woman, shut up!"



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

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

"Lady, we have lots of them here, you'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those too, you'll have to have more identification."

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

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith.'"

— Rammer Jammer



## 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:

Youngster: "Do you know who was the first engineer?"

She: "No, who?"

Youngster: "Adam. He furnished spare parts for the first loud speaker."

*This month's winning joke submitted by*

*Joyce Macdonald, 17A Davis Avenue, Brookline, Mass.*

Boy looking for an apartment — just a small place large enough to lay his hat and a few friends.

— *Mis-A-Sip*



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

He asked: “Is that V for Victory?”

Replying, she said: “No, that’s for virtue — but it’s an old sweater.”

— *Turn Out*



We know a gal who gave up drinking because she was afraid it might turn into would alcohol.

— *Killy Kat*



A traveling buyer had been on a trip for three months. Every few weeks he’d send a telegram to his wife saying: “Can’t come home. Still buying.” The wife stood it for a while, but when the fourth month started and her husband still had no idea of returning, she decided to do something. She sent him a telegram. “Better come home. I’m selling what you’re buying.”

Woman winding up fervent W. C. T. U. speech: “. . . and, furthermore, I would rather commit adultery than touch a drop of liquor!”

Tech man in the back row: “Who t’hell wouldn’t.”

— *Banter*



Irate Parent: “I’ll teach you to make love to my daughter, sir!

Greek: “I wish you would, old boy, I’m not making much progress.”



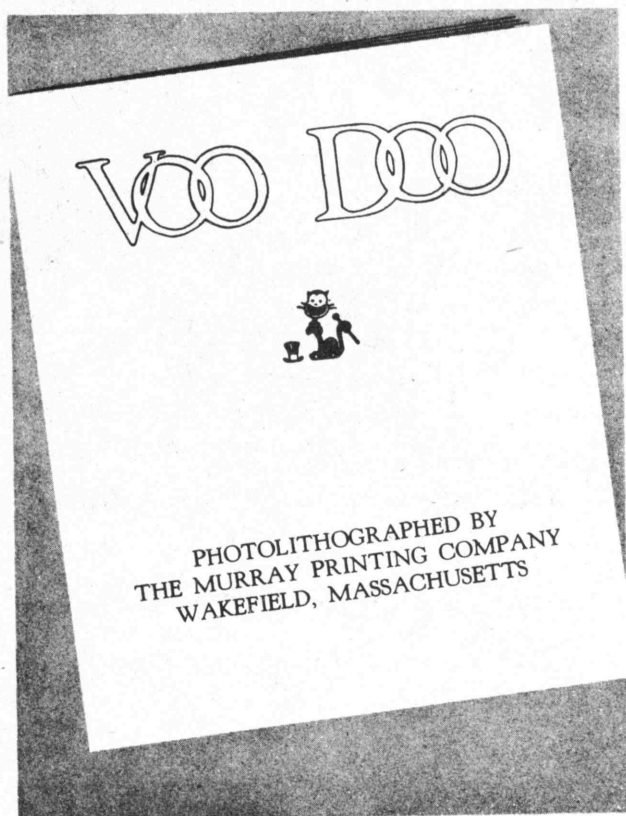
“You’ll never see me again,” she cried fiendishly as she gouged out his eyes.

— *Dodo*



“Here’s one Luther Burbank didn’t try,” said the coed as she crossed her legs.

— *Chapporal*



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"Smoke MY cigarette...  
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*Glenn Ford*

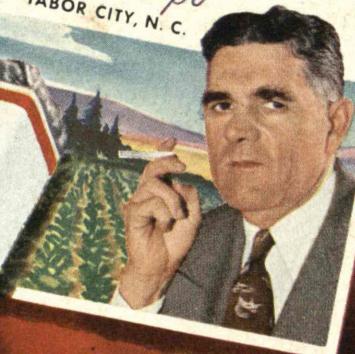
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"MR. SOFT TOUCH"  
*A Columbia Picture*



**... and Mr. Lupo Prominent  
Tobacco Farmer says—**

"I like Chesterfields better than any  
other cigarette. They're definitely milder.  
They buy clear, clean, fully ripe tobacco  
... the best I've got to sell."

*Herbert L. Lupo*  
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**A** *Always Buy* **B**

**C** **CHESTERFIELD**

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