



VOODOO
April 25th

SWICK

"My cigarette? Camels, of course!"



WITH SMOKERS
WHO KNOW ... IT'S

GOWN BY PATTULLO—
JEWELS BY CARTIER.

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!



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

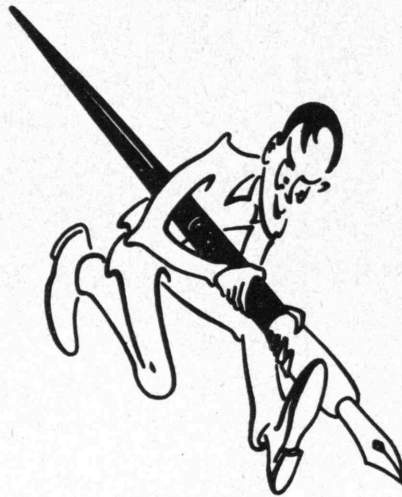


Take a
 Peek!

For perfect flavor,
 Beech-Nut seek!
 Sashay around,
 peek once more!
 Reach for Beech-Nut
 at your store!

Y' can't beat Beech-Nut for
 quality and longer-lasting flavor.
 Swing to Beech-Nut...
 Beech-Nut Gum!





“WOO DOO”
 CAMBRITCH, MASS.

Dear Editor;
 Ve read your February ishshue of *Woo Doo* wit great plezhure. Hit's getting werry sexy more effery ishshue (iff ve make our-selluffs clear). Ve are goink to Vellesey negst year, and dis iss our inishashun to M.I.T., namely troo “*Woo Doo*,” your vunderfull mac-kasine. Dank yoo for such a goot idear uff your boyss. Ve like it much.

Signed
 “*Vee Doo*”

(Doo you, *Woo Doo*?)

We're so excited we could rip a quiz sheet in half. — Ed.

Dear Mr. Editor;

It might surprise you to know that your famous *Voo Doo* has reached such deserted places as a small teachers college snuggled in the Berkshire Hills but believe us, sir, it arrives with a brass band.

Being close friends of Peggy, who goes with an M.I.T. “man,” we are fortunate to read the masterpiece first but believe us there is always a mad scramble. In fact we're trying to promote a new course called *Voo Doo* but even though we have 100% enrolment from both females and males the Profs can't see it our way.

So this is just to thank you for the many cases of hysterics we've had in the past and are looking forward to in the future.

Sincerely,
 Lena Wayback
 Lolly Pop

We keep an extra case of hysterics under our bed, handy any time you can come around, honey.
 — Ed.



So light...so dry

glass after glass after glass



Schaefer

Pale Dry

the beer that's both light and dry

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

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

DOING THE TOWN

With minor exceptions, there are no sidewalk cafes around here, which is a lamentable state of affairs. There are, however, a certain number of straight restaurants that serve meals in the open air, fine for those who enjoy sharing their meals with insects, bits of leaf and bark, and good old Cambridge (or Boston) soot.

A place I've always enjoyed going to, winter or summer, is "The Window Shop," on Brattle Street, near Harvard Square. The food varies from good to excellent and the prices are reasonable, but more of this later.

For one thing, if you are sufficiently unaffected by the season not to *want* to eat out with the bees and the flowers, there'll be plenty of room on the inside, and very nice too. It's another one of these converted private homes, very nicely converted, too. In spring, though, I much prefer sitting under the beach umbrellas outdoors.

The food is European, primarily Austrian, since the place is run by and for a group of "new Americans." Whatever you order, you can't go wrong, although some are naturally better than others. For dessert, however, I'll take the Viennese pastry nine out of ten times. The only kick is that you only get one from the tempting display they invite you to choose from.

Prices are eminently reasonable, lying in the range of a dollar and a half to two dollars for a good meal. You can spend more, if you insist.

My only possible complaint, and it's a pretty trivial one at that, would be that the waitresses are almost inevitably either servile or, more often, distinctly sullen about the whole thing. I wonder why, but it doesn't alter the meal. There are usually a bunch of forbidding professorial types lounging around, but you don't have to pay any attention to them.

Oh, yes, every time I go, they remind me that it is the very house where Longfellow's "Village Smithy" stood, etc. I don't care, but apparently some do.

I don't know why we do it (except that my seventy-five a month doesn't go very far), but almost any evening in the week or weekend finds a number of Tech men in the "Midge" — properly called "The Midget Restaurant" (and it is), located on Mass Avenue a little past Shepard Street. Of course, it's convenient to Radcliffe, right around the corner in fact, if you happen to be scouting that territory, and the food is cheap and pretty good. Still, it seems like a long way to go for a one buck meal. And it would be a better place to pick up a snack with the dated doll if you weren't sure her roommates would be joining you in a few minutes, though this too has certain advantages at times.

It's delicatessen stuff, that's all, though perhaps slightly better than average. The full-course meals, in particular, are good and not to be compared with the usual equivalent of thrice-rewarmed last week's chicken.

I've heard fine mention, from a usually good source, of the "Five O'Clock Club" on Huntingdon Avenue, but since I haven't been able to get there myself you'll have to take this as more than usually trustworthy hearsay. The food and refreshments, I hear, are good, the entertainment and decor generally excellent. At one point in every evening they play a "mystery song" — first person guessing correctly wins a bottle of champagne. My informant won his first night there, which may have prejudiced him in favor.

It ain't loud, it ain't brash. Just good, smooth evening entertainment and prices are such that a party of four can find two or three



hours' pleasant escape from the cares of this world for about six bucks, though that's not a maximum. In other words, they let you dawdle, if you so desire, which is as things ought to be.

RVWT



The newcomer placed his hand on the shoulder of the convict ahead of him and began the rhythmic lockstep back to the cell block. He leaned forward and whispered to the tired convict ahead.

"Is this all there is to this rock splitting job?"

"Ain't fourteen hours a day enough?"

"Nothing to it."

"Seven days a week of it! Bad food, rotten beds!"

"It's a cinch."

"Say, where did you come from?"

"M.I.T."



A lady entered the sanitarium of specialists for a thorough overhauling. One physician examined her eyes; another her throat; a third her respiration; a fourth X-rayed her. This went on for several days until she had run the gamut of fourteen specialists.

Then on the fourth day a little overalled man came into her room carrying a bucket of water, a few rags, some brushes, etc. Now she was truly frightened. "And what are you going to do?" she asked feebly.

The little man smiled at her. "I'm going to wash your transom."



The Texas cowboy was visiting an observatory. There for the first time, he paused to watch a man peering through a large telescope. Just then a star fell. "Man alive," the Texan explained in amazement, "you're sure a fine shot!"

A business tycoon called in his first vice-president one day.

"Bill, he said, "I want the truth. Have you ever fooled around with my secretary after hours?"

"Well, er, yes," the other confessed, "I have."

"Okay," said the tycoon, "you can go."

The second vice-president answered the question the same way. So did the third vice-president.

Finally the company's treasurer came in. When asked this question he replied, "Hell, no. I don't even think she's attractive."

"You're my man," the tycoon beamed. "You fire her."



Doctor: "Believe me that medicine really is powerful. It's the best stuff we've had for the liver for a long time. Really make you peppy."

Patient: "Can you give me any references? I mean people who have taken the medicine and had good results?"

Doctor: "My uncle took this liver medicine for five years, but he died last month."

Patient: "Oh, I see."

Doctor: "But they had to beat his liver with a stick for two days after he died until they could kill it."



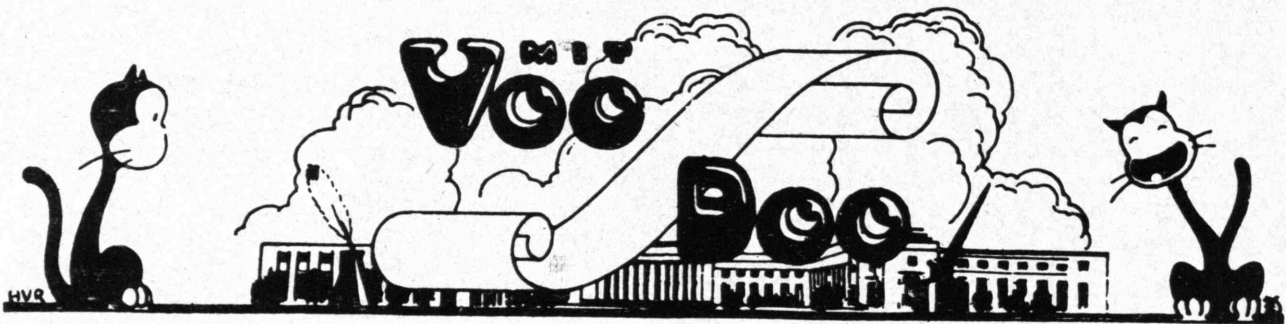
Although scientific research has it that alcohol is a very poor — and even dangerous remedy for snake bite, our faith in science was sadly shaken when we met up with the Kentuckian who stumbled homeward along a mountain trail after a liberal sampling from a neighbor's still. The way we heard it, he tripped over a root and found himself staring into the beady eyes of a coiled and angry rattlesnake. Out-staring the buzzing reptile, he said: "Strike — if you wanna — I've never been in better condition!"

Smith House

Famous
Food
For
Fifty
Years

500 MEMORIAL DRIVE
CAMBRIDGE

TROWBRIDGE 6-8500



April, when the ice has finally and definitely turned to mud and the little flowers are struggling up through the resulting muck, is one of our favorite times, despite Mr. Eliot. There is a certain bounce in our saponified atmosphere and to our girls and a certain extra eagerness that we so gladly and naturally reciprocate. Around the dorms, average-raisers come out of the woodwork and stand blinking in the sun, numbers of pin-ups, the winter's balm, are relegated to trash, and there is a general flexing of slightly flabby muscles and ids, which bodes well for the continuation of the race, such as it may be. Memory and desire being well stirred by spring, the sap rises, and the voice of the Techman is heard in the land.



We're sorry to see that the MDC is cooperating with the Institute on their anti-grass campaign to the extent of plowing up one of Boston's favorite pits of passion, the Esplanade, with civil engineering gadgetry. Well, as was said some time before, we can still go to Wellesley for grass.



The plain, prim, little old lady at the department store counter was nervous and embarrassed; finally she asked:

"Please, Miss, I'd like two packages of bathroom stationery."

We don't think Petrillo has cracked down on Technology dances yet, so perhaps it's only the purest charity that impels some dance committees to attempt to support some of the indigent musicians of Boston. Mind you, it isn't that said music-makers don't try; it's just that they lack talent. We'll probably be sneered at for school-boy chauvinism, but leave us mention that some of the best around here are those collectively yclept "Tecthonians." (And the "Harvardians," or whatever they call themselves who operate out of those ivy towers, are also damned good.) But it may seem silly to hire local men, and college men at that, just because they're good.



Our professors have so much information they don't know what to do with it. A few weeks ago one of the learned men of course VIII, in the midst of propounding a rather lengthy derivation, made a digression of almost comparable length. After he had returned to his main theme, some bright-eyed insomniac in the first row pointed out that the digression was not really necessary. The professor, halted in mid-flight, looked pained and pensive for a moment. Then he nodded. "You may consider all gone before as quite correct," he admitted dolefully "but totally irrelevant."

If anyone around here is interested in solving a little problem involving a sextuple integral and then some, drop us a line. Fellow down the hall has worked himself into the position where his entire thesis hangs on the solution of this mathematical mess. We can't solve it and, what's worse, at night we can hear him sobbing and weeping in his room and it keeps us awake.



Somehow we're never quite sure around here, it would seem, which end is up. This trivial example is laid, if you'll excuse the expression, at the doors of the geology department. Seems a bunch of students were helping a professor move a truly king-sized cabinet from the third to the fourth floor of building 24. They got it into the hall reasonably quickly and then failed, despite the grunts and groans of great effort, to budge it. Eventually someone discovered that one group was pushing toward the front stairs and, of course, the lads at the other end were pushing toward the back stairs.



These are, no doubt you've heard, trying times. Well, maybe we could just stop trying. We won't get it, but we won't get ulcers either. And you can't lower a cume that you haven't got. Anyway, that's the thesis we've heard

advanced by two friendly characters calling themselves the MITUCS — MIT Undergraduates for the Comatose State. We've had raw deals, Square Deals, New Deals, Fair Deals, and God knows what else. Now MITUCS suggests we have a No Deal — just everybody take a couple of shots and pass out. Who's to care?

This is the ultimate in Welfare States, and we're not sure we can find grounds for disapproval. Politicians and hollywoodenheads are ever searching for the lowest common denominator but, as they themselves illustrate, you simply can't get low enough by the usual methods. The Comatose State is the answer. All the joys of Yoga without the strain. Peace through paralysis. If we can't all be Cinderellas, at least we can be Sleeping Beauties, or facsimiles thereof.



The other day our boy Mike found himself trailing two haggard Juniors, whom he knew faintly, through the halls. They were telling each other jokes, which he found normal, but, as in the old wheeze about Hollywood gag writers, they confined their jokes to those that *both knew*. Nonetheless, they found them all hilariously funny and staggered from building six to building five holding their sides in glee. There must be a moral attached to this someplace, but damned if we can find it.



A Scotchman was departing on a vacation for the summer leaving his little daughter at a summer camp. As he left he called back, "Good-bye, Jeannie, and be sure to take off your glasses when you aren't looking at anything."

Once upon a time there were two little skunks whose names were "In" and "Out," and they lived with their mama in a great big tree in a great big forest. Well, when Out was out, In was in, and when In was out, Out was in. One day Mama Skunk called Out in and told Out to go out and find In and bring In in. So Out went out and in no time at all he found In and told In to go in. Mama said, "Oh, Out, you're so wonderful. How did you find In so soon?" Out said: "Instinct."



A drunk lying on the floor of a beerhall began to show signs of life. One of the frequenters smeared some limburger cheese on his upper lip. The drunk arose, went to the door, then back into the beerhall again, then out again, then back again, and sniffing the air said, "The whole world stinks."

A purchasing agent became ill and called in a specialist. The specialist, as he stood by the bedside, said, "Yes, I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked the purchasing agent faintly.

"Five hundred dollars."

"You'll have to shave your price a little," replied the purchasing agent. "I have a better bid from the undertaker."



Little Willie

Feeling fine!

Stole his father's favorite wine,
Mother seeing he was plastered
Cried: "Go to bed you little boozehound."



Cab driver: "Do I take the next turn, buddy?"

Student: "Hell no, this is my girl."



"... once the arm is over and around the aforementioned shoulders, draw the subject closer to oneself. . . ."

In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy

Presenting herewith, a brief summary of the great lovers down thru the ages.



Oog, son of Glug, son of Mucklug, son of a bitch really started something when he invited Ola-La up to his cave to see his scratchings-on-the-walls. . .

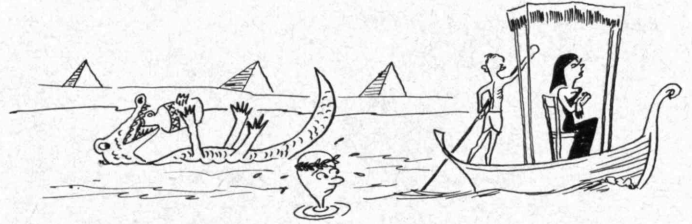


Romeo and Juliet were making out fine until her little brother planted poison ivy under her window.



J.R. PAULING

However, for flaming passion, none can surpass the heart-warming love-story of Clem and Sally and the Winchester. . . .



Mark Anthony just about got his barge crocked when he tried to seduce Cleopatra on her Nile River yacht. He was saved by a jug of Lotus juice that fell overboard just in time.

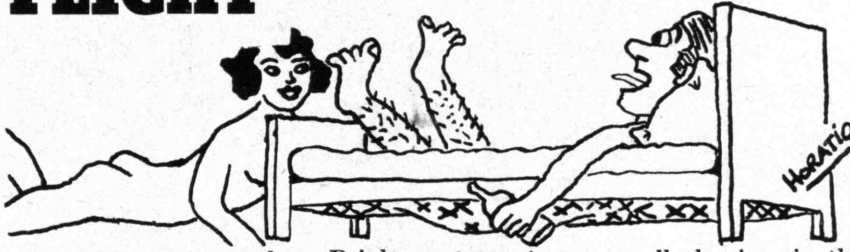


Henry VIII (or was it IX?) had a technique all his own—the women lost their heads completely when he turned on the charm.



Nowadays, in spite of all that has been said, you can't beat a good old four-wheel personality!

FLIGHT



Famed, much-wanted, ex-Brinks employee Ephraim Cycloid paddled weakly toward the shore in a stolen U-Driv-It kayak. As the bow touched the coral sand, he mustered his strength, unzipped the fly, and fell out into the warm, shallow water. He lay there for the usual moment and then crawled up the hot beach toward the customarily dark and forbidding jungle, intent on sating his thirst by stealing dew from helpless jungle flowers.

As luck would have it he had not gone far, pausing to lick the moisture from orchids and to snap at stray aphids, when he came upon a beautiful, crystal-clear, babbling brook. For a few moments he lay there, babbling back at it, and then he drank, filling his red-blooded American gut with cool water.

By the next day, since he was a sturdy, red-blooded, American youth, he had regained his strength and he feasted for dinner on a salad of jungle fruits and hot century-notes and a potpourri of large white slug. Then, for amusement before he fell asleep, he raped a large local butterfly.

Twice.

After a long night, spent part in sleep and part in comforting the assaulted insect, he awoke undismayed, bade a fond farewell to his kayak, and strode into the thick of the jungle, searching for trails. The butterfly, victim of a mad infatuation for her despoiler, followed him and ran reconnaissance.

On and on he strode through the hot jungle until, suddenly, he

burst into a small clearing, in the center of which stood a small, quaint, native-type hut. He entered and found it deserted, save for a large bed and some native fruits. Exhausted, he drove the fruits out and took to the bed, where he instantly fell asleep.

When he awoke, he realized it was nearly evening, and that someone was watching him. As he turned his head, she entered softly.

"I am drape-shaped, well-stacked Tondelayo, famed expert on mangos, and such," she said.

Cyloid sneered at her and assaulted the butterfly again to show he had savoir faire.

"You speak Lucely," he said at last. Tondelayo walked to the bed, hips swinging voluptuously, and sat down.

"Tondelayo," she said, "famed for fast, accurate decisions, likes you." She pouted becomingly at him and reached for his arm. He sneered again and broke three of her fingers, to show he was master of the situation.

Tondelayo promptly clouted him with a bolo. That taught him a lesson. It also cost him three fingers, as well as a large, livid "T" immediately afterward carved upon his chest. She stroked his arm gently with her good hand as he fumbled with a makeshift tourniquet.

The love-crazed butterfly, badly injured by their latest contact and broken in spirit by the turn of events, crawled off and sold herself to the National Geographic Society.

Fast, hard driving Ephraim found he had met his match in Torrid Tondelayo and by nightfall honor was lost, by dawn he had been ravished again and again. He did not complain.

And so began the fatal degeneration of Ephraim Cycloid. At first it seemed idyllic. He abandoned himself to the sordid raptures of life with Tondelayo, forgetting completely the half-million stolen dollars he had brought with him in his shirt, indeed, even forgetting completely his shirt.

In the first planting season he would sit in the shade, sipping a potent native drink, watching Tondelayo do all the work, as was the inflexible local custom, and he would think of fleeing, of sailing back to Boston. But Tondelayo, lovely and inexhaustible, would pout beautifully at him and he would become senseless. In vain, at other times, he would tell himself of the delights of Home, of the honor and duties of men. Something more powerful than his will compelled him to stay. His loot moulded away; still he stayed.

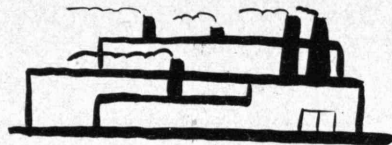
She, knowing his weakness, played on it. For weeks, then months, then years, she gave him everything of the best that she had, while the warm, fruitful seasons rolled on about them and Ephraim himself sank lower and lower into the sink of ease and simple, but effective, luxury. And eventually, as it had to, it came to an end.

At last forgotten, little-wanted, ex-Brinks employee Ephraim Cycloid retired to the little hut he had first foolishly blundered into years before. As he lay dying he thought over his years with Tondelayo, of his children and grandchildren who lived now in other clearings, of his 95 years, of his half million dollars, even of his old 2.50 cume. He didn't give a damn.

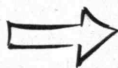
F.A.P.



JOB INTERVIEWS



"NEXT!"

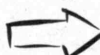


"GLAD TO MEET YOU, SIR!"



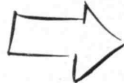
"WELL, YOUNG MAN, IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM US IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS..."

"NOW JUST TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF."



"WHY SHOULD WE HIRE YOU? WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR US?"

"NEXT!"



JOHN HARRINGTON

The young man made a rather hasty purchase at a drug store and answered the druggist's knowing smile with a short and glowing description of the date he had that night.

That evening the young man rang the bell and was invited into the girl's home and introduced to her parents. A general discussion of the weather and other equally important subjects was carried on for some time before the young man said, "It's about time for us to be getting started if we are going to the church. Won't you come with us?" he asked the parents.

The girl's parents refused at first, but the young man was so insistent that they finally agreed and the four of them went to church together.

About half way through the services the girl leaned over to the young man. "I didn't know you were so religious," she whispered.

"No," the young man replied, "No, and I didn't know your old man was a druggist either."



The magician's assistant was a very shapely young lady in her closefitting garments. As the magician proceeded to saw her in half, he remarked casually, "After the performance, ladies and gentlemen, the young lady's brain will be given to science and so there will be no waste, the rest of her will be thrown to the dogs." At once there issued from the rear a deep bass voice saying, "woof, woof!"



He: "Do you have a faculty for making love?"

She: "No, just a student body."



Since we call professors "prof," it's easy to figure out what we ought to call assistants.

The farmer was driving his col-legged daughter home from the station.

"I have a confession to make," she whispered. "I ain't a good girl any more."

The old man's head dropped. "After all the sacrifices your mother and I made for you, the things we went without, all to make a lady of you — and still you say *ain't*."



Maid: "There are two men standing outside the window watching you dress."

Madam: "That's nothing. You should have seen the crowds when I was younger."



Grandmother (looking at her granddaughter's new bathing suit): "If I could have dressed like that when I was a girl, you'd be six years older today."

A cute little trick from St. Paul
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
The dress caught fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sporting section and all.



First Co-ed: "Jimmy is grand, but I think all men are trying sometimes."

Second Co-ed: "All the time, dearie, all the the time."



"How was your date last night?"

"That low minded jerk. He makes me ill."

"What do you mean low minded?"

"He whistles dirty songs."



"I'm going to have a little one,"
Said the gal, gay and frisky;
But the boy friend up and fainted
Before he knew she meant
whiskey!

"Surgeon's"



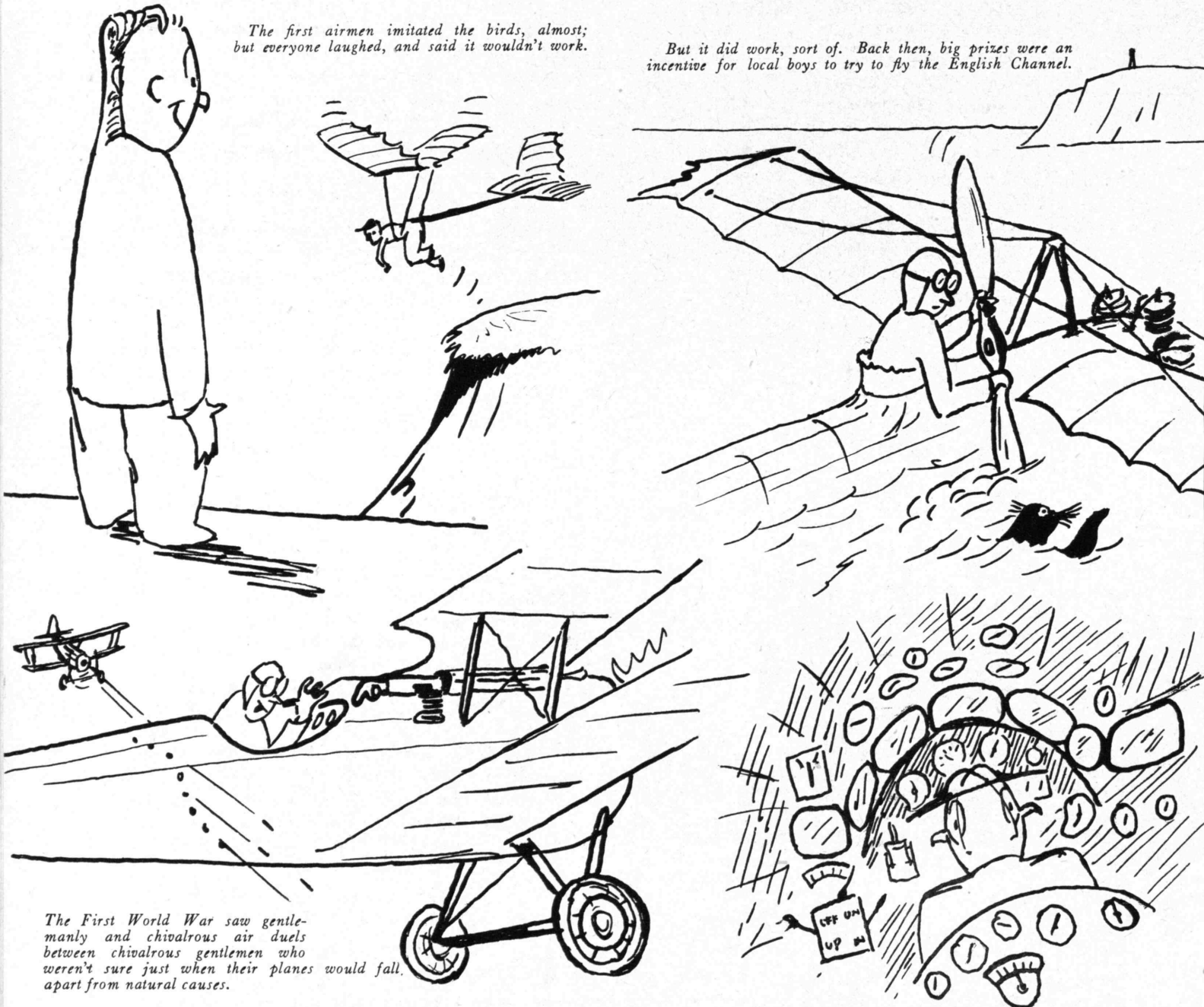
AIR PROGRESS

at a glance

A serious and penetrating study of ichthyology has long been awaited in intellectual circles. Bird lore is almost a forgotten subject among the youth of today. However, we don't know anything about ichthyology, or anything else, either. So we'll draw airplanes.

The first airmen imitated the birds, almost; but everyone laughed, and said it wouldn't work.

But it did work, sort of. Back then, big prizes were an incentive for local boys to try to fly the English Channel.



The First World War saw gentlemanly and chivalrous air duels between chivalrous gentlemen who weren't sure just when their planes would fall, apart from natural causes.

Lately the airplane has become an impersonal piece of complicated machinery, with windows used only to let in daylight and fresh air.

A portent of the future scene is the hoppi-copter, which indicates that again we will be imitating the birds, but this time profanity will replace laughter. A woman driver with degrees of freedom will be the next serious threat to civilization.

TARBOX

I Had a Hat When I Came In . . .

SING A SONG OF HOLIDAYS
(A POCKET FULL OF RYE, XXX)

Ever since I came to Tech,
I've said a prayer each day:
I've hoped and *hoped* and HOPED
That I might rest and get away.
I counted out my holidays
As misers count their cash —
Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Eve,
The Birthday of Geo. Wash. . . .
(Hey, fellas, look! This drivvle
Almost sounds like Ogden Nash!)
Thanksgiving, bah! Give thanks for what?
Because I got a snoot-full?
Because my girl was going out
With some grey pin-striped suit-ful?
I planned a merry holiday
Of spreading Christmas cheer —
Then found I hadn't saved enough
To buy a can of beer!
But New Year's Eve was just too much;
That was the worst of all!
(I know we had some cocktails, but
The rest I can't recall.)
And so each time I take a rest
And get away from Tech,
I stagger back, a broken, beaten,
Half-unconscious wreck.
Envoi:
To hell with all vacations, then!
They just get worse and worse.
So leave me with my misery,
And let me end my verse.

R. I. P.
Stan Benjamin

5.02

I wonder what all of these fellows are doing,
And what is that thick bluish brew that they're
brewing?
Say, what is this villainous, foul-smelling mess,
And why are they using dilute H₂S?
Seems everyone here knows just what to do next
Except me — I just stand here consulting the text
And gazing, bewildered, confused, and perplexed
At the bottles in Chemistry Lab.

It all seemed so clear when I read it last night
That I can't understand why it doesn't work right.
I get a precipitate thick as a wall.
Then discover I shouldn't have got one at all.
And so it continues; three hours a week,
I filter and pour 'til I'm ready to shriek,
And my clothes and my hands and my books fairly
reek
From those bottles in Chemistry Lab.

I wouldn't complain if my gripe were entire,
But one final insult arouses my ire:
What hurts me is this — that it takes me so long
To get the damned answers, then find that they're
wrong.
But I won't give up hope, through despair or chagrin —
This thing hasn't licked me! I'll fight it and win!
And then I'll find out what they really put into
Those bottles in Chemistry Lab!

Stan Benjamin

THE ORDEAL OF TIM McNEIL

*The cupola roared, as its contents poured
To gorge to the ladle's lips
And Tim McNeil, the man of steel
Supervised, hands on hips.
The flood of light from steel made white
As it roiled in the deep hot pit
Illumined his face, and the strength of his race
Could be read through the soot and the grit.*

He was tough and lean, an erect machine
With a judgement deftly true
He planted his feet as he felt the heat
And he watched as the white sparks flew.
But his right shoe lace did a moment grace
A spark on the floor still hot
And he leaped in the soot with a red-hot-foot
And he dropped with a "BLAM!" in the pot.

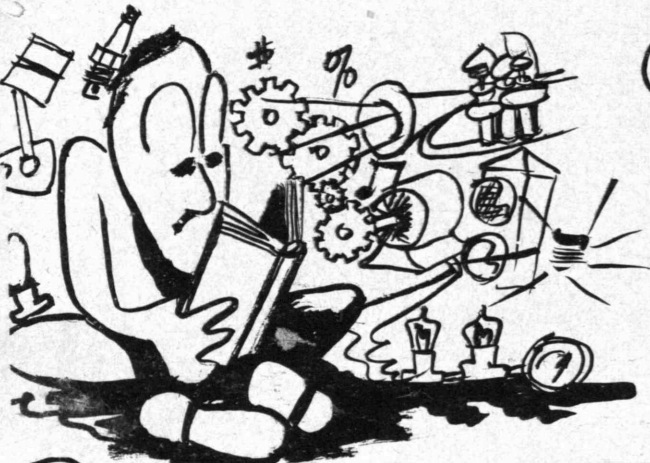
Chunks of steel and Tim McNeil
Chased over the foundry floor
For a short clipped scream and a belch of steam
Proclaimed he was there no more.
His friends then wept as the scraps they swept
Revealed no sign of the man
With the strength of his race which had shown in
his face
And they dumped the scraps in a can.

Jack Bedell

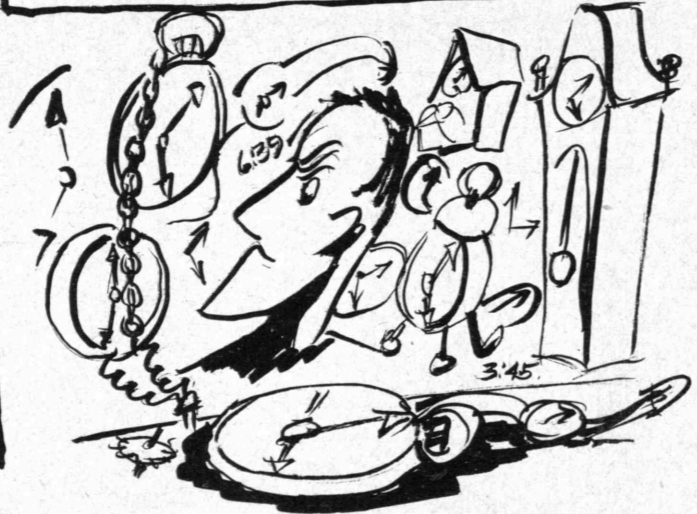
. . . and I'll Have a Hat When I Go Out

ON TIME...

1 Our concentration is limited by distraction; noise is our undoing. The magnitude of our thought is also limited by its very largeness. If the thought is too big we blow a fuse, and cannot comprehend.



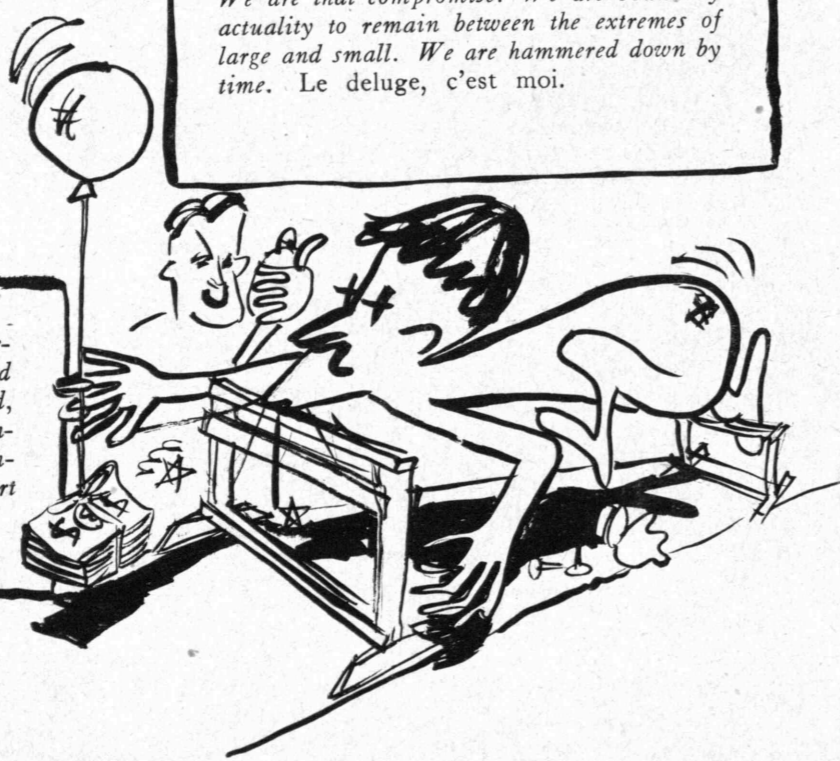
2 Our capacity is, in addition, limited by time. What we do is measured by time, the quality of what we do is determined by time, and the value of the outcome depends upon time.



3 Thus, there is the twofold compromise. We are that compromise. We are bound by actuality to remain between the extremes of large and small. We are hammered down by time. Le deluge, c'est moi.



4 Time means money. Thus, as money becomes more dear, the time for decisions and actions becomes shorter, complexity is reduced, and excellence is not as probable as before. Interest and enthusiasm are reduced and alienated by the curt nature of time. We revert to snap judgements and hasty moves.



5 Our high evaluation of time is due, in no small part, to our lack of regard for it in the past. We are not prepared; we must cram. We did not take economics seriously in the past, so we must make money today.



6 Is this not too bad? We are forced to think (even though there is no time in which to do so). Thus, we worry. Our work becomes even less effective. We tear our hair, and bite our nails. Then, we sell our hair and buy cigarettes.

7 But there might be hope. If we work hard now, we can forget it all tomorrow, if tomorrow ever comes. We may rest assured that those who follow will fare better than we, because we have worked. We will love something passionately, and be on time.



8 Yet, will there be a tomorrow, or does it matter really? We may all be electrons moving with the speed of light, having mass, but no emotion. But what of today? We must make the best of a bad situation, adopt an attitude, not of passivity, but of active participation in some field of interest. What that field is matters little. Then time will mean less. Time will work for us, instead of we for time, and we may have dreadful happiness for at least a while.



Harold looked up from his book, somewhat annoyed, as his sister and another girl came into the room.

"Suzanne, you've met my brother Harold, haven't you?" Stephanie said.

"Well, we've bumped into each other at various places." She smiled hesitantly. "But I don't really know him." She advanced to shake hands, her smile seemed a trifle unsteady. "Hello, Harold."

"Hello, Suzanne," he said, smiling suddenly. *She's beautiful*, he thought.

"I hope I'm not a bother," Suzanne said modestly, smiling softly. "You see, I ought to be home now, after the cocktail party at the Osbornes', but I got tight and Daddy'd have a fit if I showed up drunk." She giggled softly. "So your sister asked me to come here for a few minutes. Do you mind, Harold?"

"Oh, no. *No*. In fact, it's a pleasure," he said at last. He felt a curious tension. "Ah . . . care for some coffee? I was about to get some for myself."

"I'd love some, Harold."

"I'll give you a hand in the kitchen, Har," his sister said. He and Stephanie walked out to the kitchen as Suzanne relaxed carefully into an easy chair.

Stephanie moved the pot over a burner and turned it on. "Now look, Harold," she said, "be nice to Sue."

"What!?" Harold said. "Of course I will. What am I supposed to be?"

"No, Harold," she said, "I mean, don't be a creep. Don't sit around scratching your head, grinning like an ape, and going duhhh." She smiled up at him. "You know, as

Of Books and Man

an engineer they tell me you're pretty damned good. But as a social man, you've gotta admit there are times when you pretty much fall apart."

Harold grinned sheepish assent.

"So that's what I mean," Stephanie said, shrugging. She picked up the pot and filled three cups. "Be nice to her. Sue's a good kid. Hmmm?"

"Yeah," he picked up the tray and they returned to the living room.

"Gee, I'm sorry to cause you all this trouble," Suzanne said. She giggled softly again. "Boy, am I drunk."

Harold smiled as he handed her the cup. "You certainly hold it beautifully. You look fine." *Fine?* he said to himself. *You look like every man's desire. What can I say to you?* Still smiling, he sat down and toyed with his coffee.

"What were you reading, Harold?" Stephanie said.

"Huh? Oh . . ." He picked up the book. "Science-fiction," he said apologetically. "This is an anthology. Pretty good."

"You mean man from Mars stuff?" said Suzanne.

"Well, sort of." *Well, maybe she's interested*, he thought desperately. "You see, most of the stories aren't so much concerned with the man from Mars or some super-machine or something as they are with the effects of the Martian or the machine on us. That is, on humans."

"Oh. Sort of sociology for the future?" Sue said.

"That's it," Harold said enthusiastically. *Say, she's pretty bright.* "Now this story, for instance," he said; then he stopped. "Excuse me. Are you interested,



really?" He fumbled embarrassedly.

"Yes, really," she said. She laughed, as if with him.

"Goodness," said Suzanne, later, "it's getting late. I'll have to go home." She stood up slowly. "Damn it, I'm still drunk. I guess I'll need the walk."

Harold stood up also, fighting for words. "Ah, say, Sue . . . I'll take you home." He helped her into her coat.

"Would you really, Harold?"

"Love to." He turned and smiled at his sister as they went out the door. Her face bore a smile with a slightly quizzical twist to it as they said goodbye.

"Isn't it a lovely night?" Sue said, leaning gently on his arm as they walked. Harold nodded as he looked at her, his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. "I love walking on nights like this." She stumbled and fell against him, not very heavily, and he caught her firmly, burningly conscious of the softness of her under her clothes. "Goodness," she said, "I *am* drunk. Excuse me." She smiled near-woefully at him.

"Let's go through the Benson Estate," she said as they continued. "That big lawn's so lovely in the moonlight. And there's no one there now, so we won't bother anybody." They turned from the road and entered the estate's wood, their footfalls soft on the leaves as they walked. Suzanne was warm and near him, her hips gently brushing his as they walked, her arm soft. . . .

Here, he thought wildly as they came to the edge of the wood, *maybe we could stop here for a while.*

"Let's stop here a few minutes," he said as casually as he could, wondering wildly what she'd say.

"All right," she said. She gestured toward the clearing. "Isn't that lovely?"

"Yes," he said nervously. "Let's sit here." They sat side by side under a large tree and Harold leaned back on his tensed arms, staring out onto the clearing. *Well?* he thought. *Lovely company, anyway. Harold the helpless.* Time passed.

Suzanne was leaning gently against him, her head near his shoulder. His head seemed to swim slightly. On an impulse he stroked her hair gently. She said nothing.

"Funny," he said, "you knowing Stephanie and my hardly having met you, to speak of." As she shrugged, her shoulder pressed against his. "Funny, eh?" he said, feeling as if he were going out of his mind, making no sense at all. He felt her cover his hand with hers and he said nothing. He felt giddy. "Gee, I'm glad you came over to the house tonight."

Suzanne turned and looked directly at him. Her face had a sleepy look about it in the soft light. He . . . her lips . . . Harold leaned forward and kissed her . . . Suzanne sighed.

"What?" he whispered.

"At last!" she whispered back. She giggled softly.

Petronius



"At last," groaned the elderly diner, "total paralysis of the left leg. I've feared it for years."

"If it will relieve your mind any," whispered the sweet young thing on his left, "it's my leg you've been feeling."



She doesn't drink,
She doesn't pet,
She doesn't go
To college yet.

A Negro preacher asked his congregation: "What is the best thing in life?"

Deacon Green arose and said it was fried chicken. Then he spoke glowingly for several minutes on the virtues of the same.

Deacon Brown then arose and said that, while Deacon Green had a mighty good subject, the audience would agree that watermelon was the very best thing in life. He followed this statement by a speech which lasted some time.

Sister Mary, in the rear of the church, slowly raised to her feet. "Parson," she said, "you better stop this argument before some nasty-minded rascal gets up and tells the truth."



The Old-Fashioned Version: Be good sweet maid and let who will be clever.

The Modern Adaptation: Be good, sweet maid and let who will. Be clever.



He (with her): "Have you a . . ."

Hotel clerk: "We have double rooms, but none with baths."

He (to her): "Will that be all right with you, dear?"

She: Sure, mister."



There was a young lady of Wantage
Of whom the Town Clerk took
advantage.

Said the County Surveyor,

"Of course you must pay her;
You've altered the line of her front-
age."



Next to a beautiful girl, sleep
is the most wonderful thing in the
world.

THE INDISPENSABLE

I serve a purpose in this school
On which no man can frown.
I gently enter into class
And keep the average down!



"I've a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic Girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus Girl: "How much has he?"

Literary Girl: "What does he read?"

Society Girl: "Who are his family?"

Religious Girl: "What church does he belong to?"

College Girl: "Where is he?"



Hearing that his friend Pat was seriously ill, Mike went to see him. He climbed up the little attic stairs to where Pat lived and found him looking very sick.

"Cheer up, me boy!" urged Mike. "You'll be up on yer feet and around as usual soon. Yer good for another fifty years."

Thus Mike continued to cheer his friend. After a while he bade him farewell and started down the stairs, but as he did he bumped his head on the low ceiling.

"Faith!" he exclaimed. "How'll they ever git the corpse out o' this place?"



An old woman was being examined by the doctor.

"Can you cure me, doctor?" she asked, finally.

"Well," the physician began, "you know how it is. A doctor is not a miracle man. I cannot fix it so you become younger—"

"To hell with getting younger," the old lady snapped. "I want you to fix it so I get older!"

A customs officer asked this routine question of a feminine traveler:

"Anything to declare, madam?"

"No," she replied, "not a thing."

"Then am I to understand, madam," the official replied, "that the fur tail hanging down from under your coat is your own?"



The sorority girl had just received an engagement ring, and wore it down to breakfast next morning. To her exasperation, no one noticed the ring. Finally, after fuming and squirming throughout the meal, a lull came in the conversation, and she exclaimed loudly, "My goodness, it's hot in here. I think I'll take off my ring."

Hubby went out with the boys one evening and before he realized it the morning of the next day had dawned. He hesitated to call home and tell his wife. Finally he hit on an idea. He phoned, and when his wife answered, he shouted: "Don't pay the ransom, honey, I escaped."



Alexander, the Pullman porter, returned unexpectedly one afternoon, when his train was canceled. After looking around the house, he took out his razor and began to strap it.

"Alexander, what yo' gonna do wif dat razor?" asked Ruby.

"If dem shoes under da bed ain't got no feet in 'em, I'se gonna shave."

Baby, I'm crazy about ya,
I guess you know,
I'll go anywhere that
You want to go.
You kiss like murder,
You're really a queen —
What's that you say? —
Get away! —
Who goes out with a kid of sixteen?



"Gracious, Gwendolyn, it's been seven years since I last saw you. You look lots older."

"Really, Elinor, dear, I don't believe I would have recognized you either if it were not for that dress and hat."



It was high noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning. "There is no God but God, and Mohamet is his prophet."

A voice broke in, "He is not!" The congregation turned, and among the sea of brown faces was a small yellow face.

The priest straightened up and said, "There seems to be a little Confucian here."



Even when a gal is as pretty as a picture, most fellows like to take a peep at the frame.



Drunk (in telephone booth):
"Number, hell! I want my peanuts."



Has goose berries got legs?
No.
Then I just ate a field mouse.

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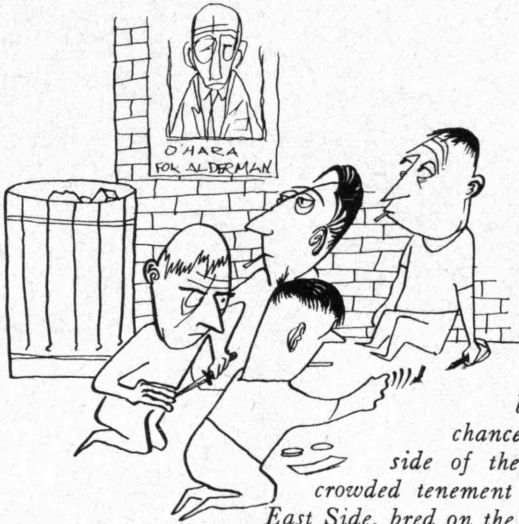
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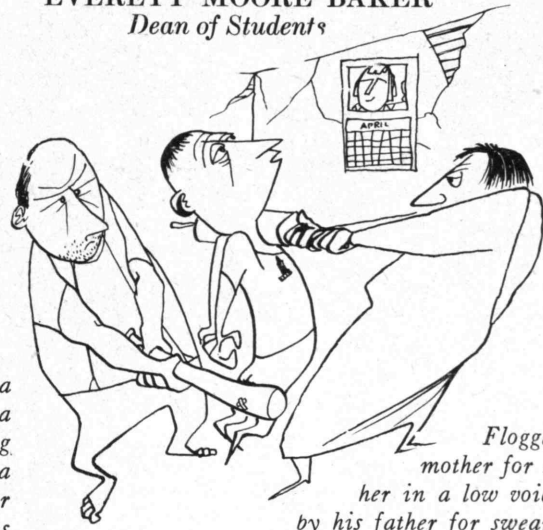
EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

"I know of no greater satisfaction than that derived from helping some youngster whose playground is a city street and whose vision is limited by the walls of crowded buildings to open new windows of imagination through which his ambition can see better ways of living and more noble work to do."

EVERETT MOORE BAKER
Dean of Students



Crumlette was a boy who never had a chance. Born on the wrong side of the tracks, raised in a crowded tenement district on the lower East Side, bred on the corruption that issues from too much humanity on too little property, he was a bad egg. Crumlette never had a chance.



Flogged by his mother for swearing at her in a low voice, thrashed by his father for swearing at him in a raised voice, he brooded. Crumlette never had a chance.



Turning to the only pleasures available in this environment of animalism and rotten souls: sex, crime, drinking, and debauchery, he found himself in a hole. Crumlette never had a chance.



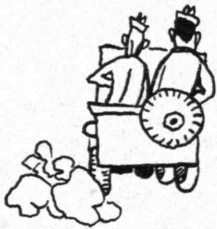
Badgered by fat and secure police officers, lead-piped by well-fed and well-homed inspectors, he was imprisoned. Crumlette never had a chance.



Persecuted by husky prison guards, shunned by wealthier prisoners and inmates who came from better homes, he suffered. Crumlette never had a chance.



Released after 20 years of the hardest labor, mollified only by a final cold handshake from portly warden, he found himself in the station awaiting the train going back to the city. Crumlette finally had his chance.



THREE FROM MEMORY



I often wonder what Angela is doing now and where she is. I have no way of finding out, though, and she'll never get in touch with me. She must be a woman by now. We were friends once, for a little while, and I'd like to meet her again.

Five years ago in the spring she was thirteen (and looked a thin six) and she was called only, so far as I knew, Little "Grand' Oc'" — Little Big Eyes. Her eyes were great and dark, but they never cried, just as they rarely smiled. Her face was thin, shaped in the sharp planes that hunger brings, but it was not pinched, as with self-pity, nor lined, as with fear or hate. Little Grand' Oc' was self-contained; she had made her peace and she lived in it, quietly, playing in the sunlight as much as she could.

On dry spring days she sat by the edge of the road, building little cakes and sausages out of dirt and water, becoming coated with the grey dust of the highway. She spent whole afternoons there, perhaps carefully designing one elaborate cake, perhaps constructing multitudes of little ones. She liked to sit, swinging her legs, on the wall beside the road and talk, preferably about food. When I brought her food she always held it in her lap as long as she could and then, almost apologetically, she would tear it open and wolf it down, wasting nothing.

At night, she lived wherever she could, frequently with GIs who had smuggled her into the billets. She rarely held out for more than one or two chocolate bars, or perhaps some cigarettes or something else that could eventually be traded

for food. Her only restraint seemed to be that she kept her name to herself and so was known only as "Grand' Oc'." I didn't learn her name until just a few days before we left that town.

We were talking and I used her nickname "Grand' Oc'."

"*Non dice Grand' Oc'?*," she said suddenly. "*Siamo amici, no?*"

"Sure," I said. "We're friends."

"Ebbene," she said in her soft, fatigued voice, "*Mi chiamano Angela*. My name is Angela." It made a difference.

Only a few days later than that the battalion was ordered away.

* * * *

"Oh, the GIs," said Madame LaGrande, collapsing onto a wicker chair. "Completely mad." Her whole body shook with laughter as she rocked in the chair, waving her arms at her sides. Her friend Zoe chuckled appreciatively.

"One night," she said, "they had a party at the Conservatoire Municipal. Drink? Sixty-seven bottles in one evening. Bon Dieu!" She burst into fresh laughter.

"You know how the Consevatoire is?" asked Madame LaGrandr as she subsided. "With the steps and the terrace on the street, and then the doors to the courtyard?"

"Yes," I said. "rue Coquin."

"That's it. Well, one of them drove a jeep up the stairs, across the terrace, through the doors, and into the courtyard. Right into the building! And when the party was over, he drove it out. Zoe was on the terrace." She began laughing again and I turned to Zoe.

"He stopped, looked at me — like this — and then he said: 'Come on, Babe, let's go for a ride.' Zoe

mimicked the accent as she recounted.

"And she with her husband right inside the building!" said Madame LaGrande.

"Well, what happened?" I asked.

"Bon Dieu de Bon Dieu!" said Zoe, shrugging and throwing her hands out. "But, of course, I went!" Madame LaGrande roared with laughter.

* * * *

Adriana was not brilliant, merely beautiful and earnest, in her way. Her friend Lila, who was almost a prototype for all good-looking tramps, tended her as a girl would tend a gifted but rather simple-natured younger sister. Probably the main trouble was that she lacked the true vocational interest that Lila had. In the daytime, Adriana trained in ballet; she regarded her night-time work in bed as simply a temporary part-time job. She was marking time until ballet should return to post-war Milan and she would be able to get work again. She was unhappy only infrequently, since she knew that she would be dancing again soon. She was still young twenty.

"*Una guerra*," she said, lounging back in the ancient easy chair. She snapped her fingers, dismissing the war. "It's over. We can be normal again, fix everything up." She brushed the glossy black hair away from her face and gazed at the ceiling. "Soon they will sing again at La Scala. Soon there will be companies and money and we will dance again." She pointed her toes and pretended to do an entrechat, watching her feet with a little smile.

"How soon do you think?" I

asked.

"Oh, certainly within a year, don't you think?" she said hopefully, a trace of gloom passing over her face. I shrugged.

"I don't know," I said. She smiled confidently.

"Caro," she said after a moment, "my legs are stiff."

"Okay."

She lay face down on the bed and I began gently kneading her calf muscles. When she had over-trained, as Italian dancers will do, the muscles stood out in great, hard lumps, curiously powerful over the more delicate bone structure.

"Bambino," she said drowsily, "it was a very long war. I can wait a few months more. Can't I?" she said, twisting her head and brushing the hair aside to look up at me.

"Sure."

When I was next in Milan, Adriana had stopped writing some months before and she and Lila had left the old apartment they had shared. At a dance at the army hotel that night I asked several girls about her.

"I know her," one of the girls said. "She got infected. I don't know where they took her for treatment, though. Outside of the city, I think." She drew slowly on my cigarette. "She should have been back by now."

But I didn't find her.

Arbiter



"So you want to marry my daughter, eh, young man? That's ridiculous. Preposterous. Why, you couldn't even keep her in underwear."

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

She: Shall we sit in the parlor?

He: No, I'm too tired, let's go skiing.



Prof: This exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please sit three seats apart and in alternate rows.



A city lawyer visited a small town one day to try a case. As he drove into town, he spied a small boy on the corner. "Say, son," he questioned, "can you show me the way to the courthouse?"

"There ain't none, mister," was the reply, "you gotta pick 'em up on the street."



"What you need for your health is a little sun and air."

"But, Doctor, I'm not even married."

The Blood Collection Center was very busy, and as a nurse rushed out of the room with a container of freshly drawn blood, she met a contractor who was a regular donor. They recognized each other and the nurse greeted the man brightly: Just jump into bed, sir. I'll be with you in a minute.



Dave: "Honey, let's go out and have some fun this evening."

Cindy: "Okay, honey — and please leave the light on in the hallway if you get home before I do."



What's a doughnut?

A cookie with sex appeal.



"She says, 'What the Hell, it's Spring, isn't it?'"

She was only a plumber's daughter, but every time a boy whistled, her cheeks flushed.



Salesman: "Is the boss in?"
Office Girl: "I'm sorry, he's not."
Salesman: "Will he be back after a little?"
Office Girl: "No, I think that's what he went after."



Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"
Stranger: "An American."
Sentry: "Advance, American, and give the counter-sign."
Stranger: "The Star Spangled Banner."
Sentry: "Recite the Star Spangled Banner."
Stranger: "Damn, I don't know the thing."
Sentry: "Proceed. American."

QUESTIONS

- A** You'll see DD in ABC
If you look intently at the magic B.
- B** A prefix for three, and like two in a pod,
Will give you my name, and the letters are odd.
- C** Take homo sapiens: one who's youthful,
With Good Hope's rival: we're being truthful.

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** 20th CENTURY-FOX. This modern age is the 20th Century; a furry friend is a fox.
- B** BLANCH, N. C. The Dogwood State is North Carolina. Blanch means to pale, or grow white.
- C** CHESTERFIELD-ABC. The smoke that satisfies is Chesterfield. In the frame the initial letters of lines 1, 8 & 3, spell A B C.

WINNERS... A. Blaney, G. Stein, R. Smith, A. Casey, L. Arthur, W. Reilly, S. Turner, J. Sturdlev, L. Crumlette, G. Abbott.

A surgeon, an architect and a Bureacurat were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest.

Said the surgeon "Eve was made from Adam's rib and that was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "But prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

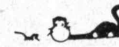
"But," interrupted the Bureaucrat, proudly, "Somebody must have created the chaos."



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



Then there was the girl who went with two sailors and didn't know which one she liked best so she put out to see.



A gentleman in the optical business was instructing his young son in the art of chiseling a fair and honest price out of a customer. He said, "Son, after you've fitted the glasses to the customer, and he asks, 'What is the charge?' you should say:

"The charge is ten dollars."

"Then pause and watch for the finch.

"If the customer does not finch, you say: 'That's for the frames. The lenses will be another ten dollars.'

"Then you pause again — but this time only slightly — and again you watch for the finch.

"If the customer doesn't finch, you say: 'Each.'"



Prosecuting Attorney: "You mean to say that you had sixteen beers and didn't move once from the table the night of the murder?"



An Indian named Joe had been amazing the summer residents in a Canadian resort by his accurate weather predictions. He could prophesy two or three days in advance.

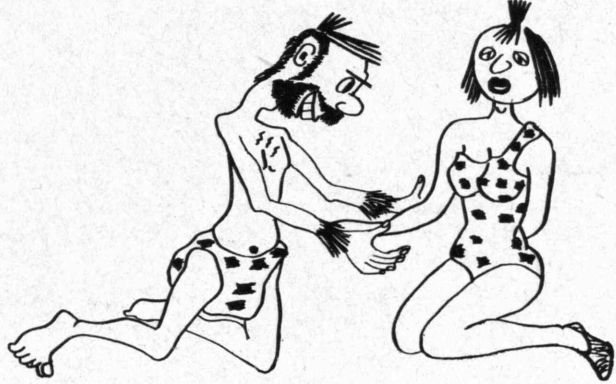
On one particularly rainy, disagreeable day, one of the visitors approached him.

"Say, Joe, when's the weather going to clear up?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders eloquently.

"Dunno," he muttered. "Radio broke."

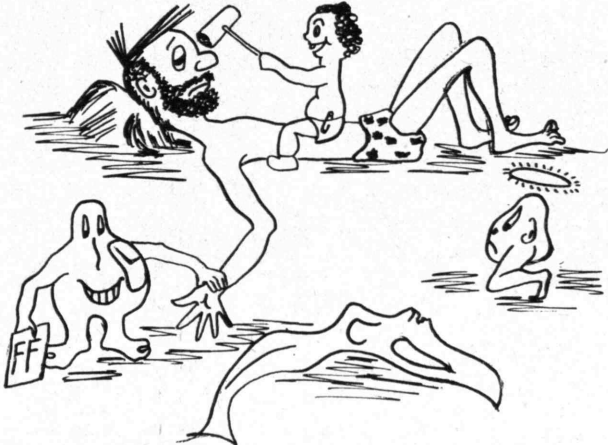
"The Lover's Farewell"



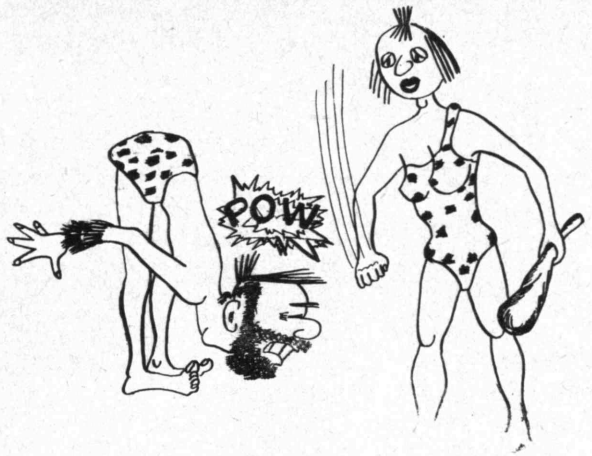
Since there is no help, come let kiss and part.



And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart that thus so cleanly I myself can free. Shake hands forever! Cancel all our vows!



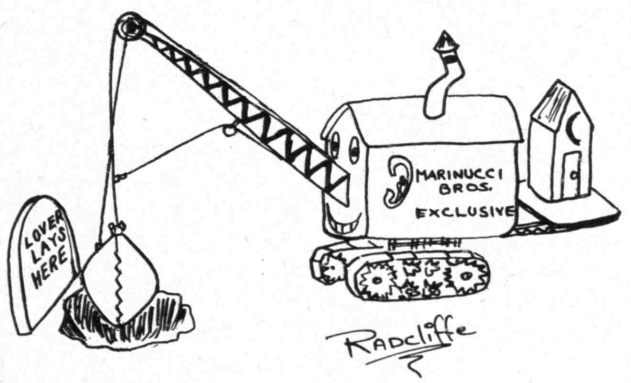
Now at the last gasp of Lover's latest breath when, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies when faith is kneeling by his bed of death and Innocence is closing up his eyes.



Nay, I have done; you get no more of me.



And when we meet at any time again be it not seen in either of our brows that we one jot of former love retain.



Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over, From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.



NIGHT LIFE

Henry's Bar is where all the carny people hang out when they are in town. There isn't any television, but the drinks are cheap and the place has a friendly atmosphere. Also, a fellow can meet some pretty girls if he gets there before one o'clock.

Tonight I am a little tired and as I walk through the doorless entry I have only conversation in mind. The buck and a half in my pocket will just cover a sandwich and enough beer to make me sleepy.

Over on the right side in one of the booths, far enough away from the blue-green glow of the bar to be in the shadows, a soldier is sweating out a girl. Occasionally she breaks out with a throaty, slightly beer-logged laugh, than glances around to see who is watching. The rest of the booths are empty.

At the bar, sitting nearest the entrance, is a short, muscular man of about forty-five. His faded and baggy suit has a violet tinge in the light. The way he hunches forward over his drink and lets his head sag tells me he is already one-third crooked. Several stools away two girls are nursing along whiskies-and-soda and waiting for pick-ups.

Not bad-looking either — a little on the plump side, but not bad. I walk over to the second stool from the girls and sit down. Eddy is behind the bar.

"How come business is so slow?"

Eddy ambles over. "It's early yet. The place'll fill up when the shows let out."

Silence. The girl in the booth laughs again.

"I see where Tourelay finally won one at Atlantic City." I know Eddy follows the nag.

"Yeah," he grunts. "All season I play the plug and he loses. When I don't bet on him, he wins. There ain't any justice." Eddy walks down the bar to wait on the drunk.

Two men have walked in. I catch a glimpse of them looking around the room. They see the girls sitting near me and walk over. Instead of splitting up, they both come to my side. Being a good-natured guy, I start to move away.

"No need to bother, friend."

And they both sit down on the same stool.

This impresses me as being rather strange. Two men on one stool? It must be some kind of

gag, I think, and I turn around to look.

What the . . . !? My mouth drops open in amazement — the guy has two heads!! To hell with beer! "Hey, Eddy. Bring me a whisky!"

Eddy pours my drink, calmly makes two whisky sours for the guy next to me, and, without so much as a second glance, walks away.

Maybe I'm wrong. I turn my head slightly and peek through the corners of my eyes. No, the guy does have two heads. And both of them are talking with the girls. Oh, Lord, I'm going mad! Close my eyes — it's just a dream; when I wake up he'll be gone, I'll be in bed . . . no, dammit, he's still here! What's my name? Two and two are four, four and four are eight . . . one is two — oh, hell!

I grab my glass with two hands and raise it quickly to my lips, spilling some of the whisky on my chin. Luckily I get enough down to warm my stomach.

Be reasonable. There's nothing very unusual about a man with two heads. It happens. Sure, I sneer at myself, they must be born every day.

The head nearest me turns around. "Pass the pretzels, will you please?"

I can only sit there dumbly.

He frowns. "What's the matter? Never see a guy with two heads before?"

I shake my head from side to side. He smiles sadly.

"I'm really not much different from other people; it's just that there are two of me. I can't help it. They say my mother used to burn candles at both ends."

I just sit there and mumble to myself.

"We work in the Lunt Brothers' Circus," he continues. "I'm George and this is . . . Phil, stop talking to the girls long enough to meet. . ."

"Jerry. . ."

"Glad to meet you. Now as I was saying, honey. . . ." He turns away.

"You'll have to excuse my other head," George sighs, "but ladies fascinate him."

He is in such earnestness that I burst out laughing. Good gosh, who'll ever believe that this happens to me?

"Don't you find it a little . . . uh, inconvenient, being the way you are?" I finally manage to say. "I mean, some people might feel that you're unusual."

"Oh, there is some trouble," he answers, "but everyone gets used to us after awhile. We do have the hardest time getting shorts, though. And Phil is always looking over my shoulder when I read."

I nod my head.

"But there are advantages, too. As children, we always got two turns at spin-the-bottle; and it's pleasant to have someone to talk to."

"Yeah," I admit, "I guess there are good points. You could probably handle two windows of the information booth at South Station."

"That's not all. Why, in the

same issue of "Life" Phil was a man of distinction and I was all out for purity, body, and flavor."

Before the conversation can go further Phil whispers something to George with a dirty smile, one of their arms pointing to the girls. George gulps down his drink and turns to me. "Well, we'll be seeing you."

With that they get up and walk toward the doorway, a girl on each arm. On the way out they turn, wink, and say in perfect harmony: "Two heads are better than one, you know."

Jerry



"Jessie James, you're a-drinkin' too much," said his girlfriend. "Ifin you want to marry me you'll have to choose between the saloon and me. Remember, the saloon hasn't got any brown eyes." "No," replied Jessie, "and you haven't got any swinging doors."

She: What are you thinking of?
He: The same thing you are.
She: Goodness, if you do anything like that I'll scream.



"Really Emie Lou, you should wait more than four months after your husband's death before marrying again."

"But you forget, Reverend, that he was paralyzed for eight months before he died."



Overheard in an American History class:

"Yes sir, those Missouri boys were tough. One night they had an uprising, crossed the river, and made 142 widows in half an hour."



He: You have a wonderful form, dear.

She: Must you go over all that again?



EMJAY

"Gosh, Joe, I hope it wasn't anything I said."

"Do you know what they call the man who doesn't believe in birth control?"

"No, what?"

"Daddy."

First: "Who's your tight-lipped friend over there?"

Second: "He ain't tight-lipped, just waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."

Two glamour girls boarded a crowded streetcar, and one of them whispered to the other: "Watch me embarrass a seat from one of the men!"

Pushing her way through the standees, she bore down on a gentleman who looked substantial and embarrassable.

"My deah Mr. Brown," she gushed, "fancy meeting you on the car. Am I glad to see you — you're getting to be almost a stranger. Oh, am I tired!"

The sedate gent looked up at the girl he'd never seen before and, as he arose, he said for all to hear: "Sit down, Bertha, my girl, we don't often see you out on wash day. No wonder you're tired. By the way, don't deliver the washing till Wednesday. My wife's going to the district attorney's office to see if she can get your husband out of jail!"



Here lies the body of Mary Mae Charlotte,
Born a virgin, died a harlot;
For twenty-nine years she kept her virginity,
A damn long time for this vicinity.



He: "Darling, I'm groping for words."

She: "Well, you won't find them there!"



Three salesmen were sitting in a tavern having a few rounds of beer.

"I hate to see a woman drink alone," said the liquor salesman.

"I hate to see a woman eat alone," said the grocery salesman.

The mattress salesman remained silent like a gentleman.

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The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired country boy to work stacking wood beside the whizzing circular saw. As he started to walk away, he heard an 'ouch!' and turned to see the country boy looking puzzledly at a stump of a finger. Rushing back, he asked what happened.

"I dunno," said country boy, "I stuck my hand out like this and, — well, I'll be damned, there goes another one!"



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THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O.K. buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

*This month's winning joke submitted by:
Ellen Sears, 43 Wendell St., Cambridge 38, Mass.*

George: "I'm a bit worried about my wife. She was talking in her sleep and saying, 'No, Frank; no, Frank'."

Joe: "Well, what are you worried about? She said 'No,' didn't she?"



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Two patients in a hospital were exceedingly bored. They found a stack of diagnosis cards in a corner and began a game of poker. One shuffled the cards and dealt. They picked up their hands and looked at the cards. One bet, the other raised and they raised and reraised until one finally called.

"Looks like I win. I've got three pneumonias and two gallstones."

"Not so fast. Not so fast. I've got four enemas."

"Well, I guess you take the pot."



Many a heaving bosom is nothing more than a hope chest.



Sign in a machine shop:
"Girls, if your sweater is too large for you, look out for the machines; if you are too large for your sweater look out for the machinists."

While grouse-hunting in the meadow one day, a fellow was amazed to see a nude woman flash before his eyes, closely followed by two men in white. A third man in white carrying a pail of sand brought up the rear.

"What's the deal here?" the fellow asked the sand carrier.

"This girl just escaped from the asylum and we've got to catch her," the man panted as he ran along.

"Yes," persisted the hunter, "but why the sand?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I caught her yesterday. This is my handicap."



Molly: "My husband gave me one of those new electric blankets. It's wonderful. You ought to get one."

Maggie: "Humph. I'd rather have my husband recharged."

Two old friends met on a corner one day.

"Where's your boy now?" one asked, to start the conversation.

"Oh, he's still going to M.I.T." the other answered.

"Really?" the first rejoined, "What's he going to be when he gets out?"

"Senile, I'm afraid."



Some girls are like a zippered nightie; pull anything, and it's all off.



A scheming and shrewd renegade
A solemn lass tried to persuade:
Though she fought and resisted,
The foul cad persisted,
And made the staid maid, I'm
afraid.

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"Whose picture is that?"

"Oh, that's a picture of me when I was a baby."

"Gee, but you were a nice bald headed baby."

"Wait a minute — you're looking at the picture upside down."



The group of kindly French people solemnly placed a wreath on the little mound of earth, and paused for a moment with bowed heads, then walked slowly away. They couldn't read the English inscription on the rough-hewn slab of wood. It said, "Old Latrine. July 15, 1944."



Boy to girl: "Pardon me, but it's against the rules to swim here."

Girl: "Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"

Boy: "It isn't against the rules to undress."

Members of the class in chemistry were intently watching the professor demonstrate the properties of various acids.

"Now," he said. "I am going to drop this 50-cent piece into this glass of acid. Will it dissolve?"

"No, sir," replied a student.

"Very well, Briggs," beamed the man of science. "Will you tell the class just why the coin won't dissolve?"

"Because," answered Briggs, with a grin of triumph on his normally pallid countenance, "if the half-dollar would dissolve, you wouldn't drop it in the acid!"



An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for . . . Autumn?"



She was only a florist's daughter, but she was a dandelion in the grass.

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