

VOODOO

Jan. 25¢



"My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!"



GOWN BY ATHENA—
JEWELS BY GERSHGORN.

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!

IN answer to a special summons sent out by Phos, we hurried up to the office only to find The Cat, his head wrapped in a cold damp towel, drinking an odd-looking red concoction. Glancing over the array covering the top of the desk and noting the Worcestershire sauce, tomato juice, horseradish, Lydia Pinkham's, and raw oysters, our amazement turned to sympathy. We were more than familiar with the price one must pay to be a Man of Distinction.

"Do you have to stamp your feet?" he shouted. Swinging up on our tiptoes, we made for our desks, and eased ourselves into our chairs. "And don't pound yourselves down in your chairs!"

Realizing the strain The Cat was under, we patiently waited for the colorful cureall to relieve his torture. Phos grumbled a bit, scowled at each of us in turn, and then rising he handed each of us a mimeographed sheet of paper.

"This, gentlemen, is the list of our resolutions for 1950. I have been doing some heavy drinking . . . er, heavy thinking these last few days and I have come to the conclusion that our philosophy of life is all wrong. There is more to life than wine, women, song, and women."

"Sure," we answered, "there are integrals, Fourier series, sliderules, and entropy."

"NO, no. That's the other extreme. We must strike a happy medium."

"We know. We could have Sally Keith teach Harmonic Vibrations, give out Jakie's Dark for unknowns in Chem Lab, and . . ."

"Gentlemen, please. You are missing the entire point. We must modify our depravity and our technology, not mix them. I have decided what we need is culture. We must elevate ourselves to a higher plane. That is why I have drawn up this set of resolutions for you gentlemen to sign. What they say in essence is that henceforth Voo Doo will print only stories of literary merit, no more dirty jokes, no more beer in the office, that the staff will treat professors, janitors, men in the Military Science Department, and members of *The Tech* staff with polite tolerance, and finally that members of the staff shall attend at least two-thirds of their classes, except of course, on sales day."

"But Phos, without beer, our freshmen will quit. Without dirty jokes, the sophomores won't buy the mag. If we have to go to class, we won't have time to put out the mag, and besides who the hell around here can write stories of literary merit?"

"Now, gentlemen, things aren't that bad. And anyway, Gertrude says . . ."

"Gertrude! Who is Gertrude?" we chorused.

"She is a sweet refined feline from Sarah Lawrence I met over the holidays, and she says . . ."

"We are not interested in what she says. You aren't going to stifle us to make you look good. We'll meet resolutions with revolution. You can follow your own ideals. As for us, we are getting a case of beer, and heading for Wellesley. See you at finals."

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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“You, too, will like the fresh, minty flavor and relaxing refreshment of **Beech-Nut Gum**”



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



To the editors of Voo Doo
Gentlemen:
... Even Steven, who has switched to Calvert's. . . .

R. CALVERT.

MIT Voo Doo
Dear Sir:
... eloquent Andreii. . . .

S. RUBIN.

To the editors of Voo Doo
Gentlemen:
As man of the year I would like to nominate Soviet Foreign Minister Vishinsky. No other man. . . .
M. GROSSMAN.

Voo Doo
Dear Sir:
... Vishinsky. . . .
R. C. JOHNSTON.
Hell, who are we to argue? . . . ED.

Voo Doo, editor
Dear Sir:
... Vishinsky, for his contributions to peace. . . .

N. CHAMP.



I tried to kiss her by the mill,
 One lovely, starry night;
 She shook her head
 And sweetly said,
 "No, not by a dam site."

— Log



I took my fifth from on the bar,
 And balanced by the jug,
 I staggered down to where she sat
 And offered her a slug.

She took the bottle from my hand
 And tilted it on high;
 And by the time I grabbed it back
 She'd drunk the damn thing dry.



Two old maids went for a tramp in
 the woods. The tramp got away.



And what did the professor say this
 morning?

Nothing.

Naturally, but just how did he
 express it this time?

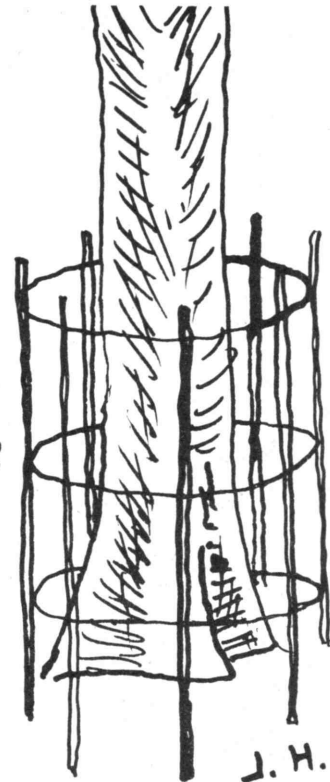
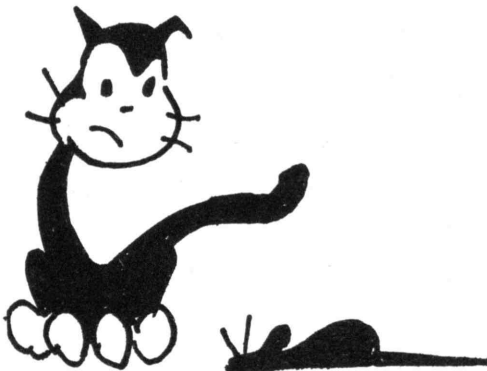


There ain't no justice in this fair land,
 I just got divorced from my old man.
 He won the kids by the Judge's decision

But the joke's on him 'cause the kids
 ain't his'n.



Ad in paper — "Daughter, come
 home! All is forgiven. We're calling
 it Diploma because you brought it
 home from college."



Then there's the one about the
 mountain boy who left his new bride
 because she was a virgin. His
 pappy said that was all right because
 if she wasn't good enough for the
 home folks, then she wasn't good
 enough for his son.



"Hey," cried Satan to the new
 arrival. "You act as if you owned
 the place!"

"I do," came the reply. "My wife
 gave it to me before I died."



Just cause your head is shaped like
 a hubcap, don't think you're the big
 wheel of the campus.



Wife (to drunken husband): "Dear,
 let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well. I'll catch
 Hell when I get home, anyway."

"So you had a date with a college man?"
 "No, I tore my dress on a nail."



Milton Berle calls Miami the land
 of milk and honey. If the prices don't
 milk you, some honey will.

— Kitty Kat



A blanket party is where they count
 all the people coming and bring half
 that many blankets.



The girl I left behind me
 I think of night and day.
 For if she ever finds me
 There'll sure be hell to pay.

— Pup



By latest physical measurements it
 has been proved that it only takes a
 fortieth of a second for the human eye
 to wink — the quickest way known to
 get into trouble.

— Pointer

DOING THE TOWN



SEEMS to be a tendency for Chinese places to creep into this department when we aren't looking, and I suppose that in general we have no right to complain. People who know — specifically a good friend of ours who was brought up in the Far East and whose house was kept by one of his father's local concubines — tell me that there is no one in the world knows how to fry like the Chinese. I spent some time during the summer in that other great home of the greasy skillet, the solid South, and hell, ain't any one can serve Southern fried coffee with the aplomb of the lass who saw me scowl at what I was trying to drink, and said, "Why, it's fresh. Made it a couple of days ago." But when you come to delicacies like butterfly shrimp (butterfly — butter fry — get it?), Mr. Wah Yuen of 20a Tyler Street, on the gaudy main drag of tourist China places, does 'em up golden brown and fit for a mandarin. Magister Wah operates from a cellar joint, possibly a little crowded, possibly a little noisy with ill-mannered occidentals, but good. No menu, you'll have to rely on memory and the spirit of adventure. Let me recommend the egg fu-yung, an omelet to warm the cockles of your heart, then shrimp with lobster sauce, for which rational men have offered goodly portions of their right arms, pork sweet and sour, and perhaps a little soup with wun tun, Chinese kreploch. A good place to show off with chopsticks, because they give you silver only if you plead with them, and show yourself up for the boor you are. Prices are very moderate, a fine dinner costing about a dollar and a half.

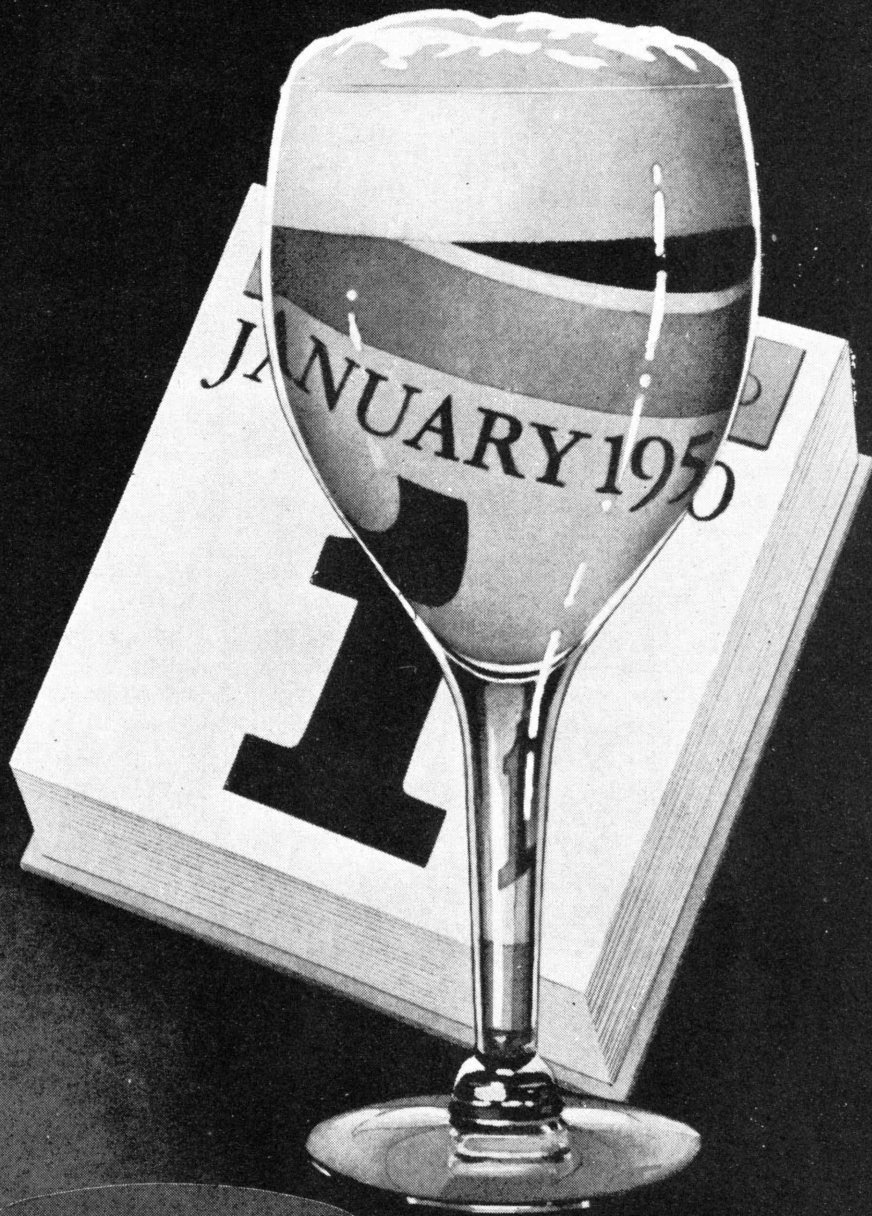
Completely different is Joseph's, at 279 Dartmouth Street, opposite the Hotel Vendome. I read about the place in a Doing the Town column written by my learned predecessor Don Fisher, and decided to try it on one ceremonial occasion because of Don's high praise. First thing I noticed was that it was much smaller than I had thought, very what they call tastefully decorated,

plenty of waiters in the old soup-and-fish making with serving dishes and the like. The decor, as a matter of fact, was a rather dull bastard tea-shop primitive douanier Rousseau, with apologetic nods to the gentlemen who used to teach Fine Arts here at Tech, but the table covers were splendid, I must admit, with good-looking china and fine silver. Both food and drinks were good, but not outstandingly so, and the prices were piratical. Excellent service, but let me repeat that here we have more of the limbs and outward flourishes of a meal than suit a young man with a healthy appetite. A good show place for the twist you can't impress any other way, but let the considerations of an empty belly and an empty purse enter into your calculations.

A reminder again to Techmen that your on-campus swill joints are not the only purveyors of cheap food in the Greater Boston area. The Fenway Delicatessen, on Boylston Street across the road from Mass. Station, serves wonderful suppers, wonderful sandwiches, and damn good coffee, and you can gorge of a weekday evening without crossing a dollar. That ain't a bad scheme unless you intend to grow old in Massachusetts out of spite, in order to collect some of that five per cent you spend on meals over a buck. Soup, meat, and desert and coffee runs to roughly ninety-five cents, which puts the Fenway in the price range of Walker even with the carfare thrown in, although the brisk walk across the river will give dormies an appetite. Qualitywise there is little comparison, because the Fenway makes it the way mother does, and mother is pretty good in my case. Can you hear me, mother? Sandwiches, too, are excellent, and there is nothing better to whet your sluggish appetite than Nova Scotia smoked salmon (lox to you) and cream cheese on a roll. My only regret is that the place does not serve beer. But they tell me milk is better for you, and more fun to produce.

— R. V. G.

Start the year light

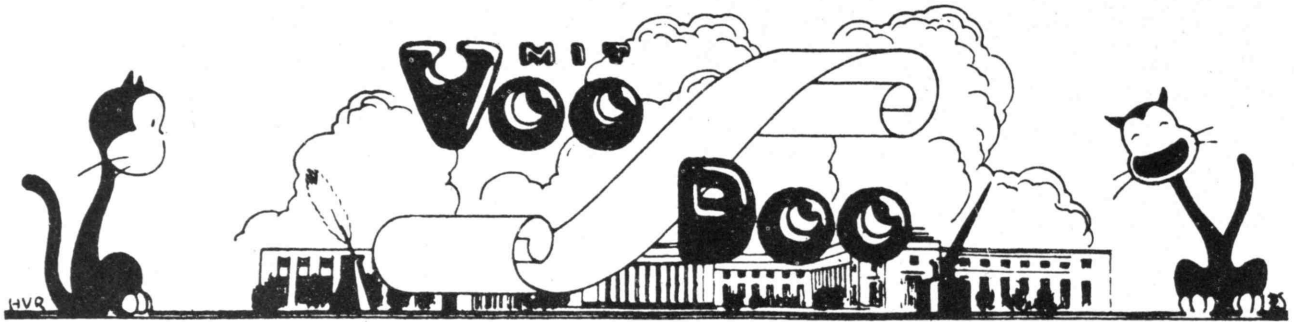


The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., New York

Schaefer

Pale Dry

the beer that's both light *and* dry



IT may not lie within the realms of etiquette to wonder whether deans ever go out of their minds, and we, of course, have never entertained such scurrilous opinions. This year Voo Doo is a dignified journal not much given to libel. But we are collectively scratching our editorial head about the introduction a certain gallant general got recently when he was to address those who cared to listen on "Fear for Breakfast." Most of us took that to mean "My Life and Loves in Berlin," and those of us who remember the place as one of the finer outdoor documentary movie sets built by the RAF and the Eighth Air Force looked forward to a talk by someone who was in a position of greater responsibility and greater rewards than we were. Not so the learned gentleman who introduced the general. It wasn't that he took too long. It wasn't that he stole the general's thunder. It was that, with a great deal of amusement bubbling out

of him, he talked about the general and the football he had played in his younger and spryer days. The man said nothing definite beyond the fact that the young would-be general's team was a pretty good one, and not like Holy Cross. We don't like to kick people when they are down unless we dislike them actively and since the general's speech contained not a smidgin about football, and dealt exclusively with other outdoor sports of an even more highly subsidized, organized, and ungentlemanly nature, we have inclined to the charitable conclusion that the learned introducer clean forgot what he had set out to say, and came forth with this specimen of academic double talk. We tried to clear the matter up with the general, but they wouldn't let us near him.

NEVER let it be said that our citizenry is devoid of imagination. One of our minions trailed a man we know to

a 6.18 lab a few Mondays ago, and the fellow concerned was clearly fried to the gills. As he entered the hintercaverns of Building 10, he stopped by a dynamometer, looked at his wristwatch to check the time, and then carefully adjusted the hand on the dynamometer dial to five of the hour.

NOTES from our private card file on the general madness — little old lady observed on a windy street corner in downtown Boston, shaking a collection box and mewing plaintively, "Help Cancer!"

IT may take us a long time to catch up with the news, but when we do, we get our teeth in it and find the stuff between the lines, the truth behind the news. It was pointed out to us last April that not one Techman in a hundred knows where Huntingdon Hall is. After the Churchill Convo, *Life* magazine, an esteemed contemporary which had the place loaded with unshaven photogs carrying a fortune in liberated German cameras and equipment (one type even had a hollow-cheeked fraulein carrying his gadget bag), let us repeat that *Life* magazine spoke of the bustling crowds or some such stuff in famed Rogers Building on the severely Roman MIT campus. Point we're trying to make is that no one on the scene had the foggiest notion of where famed Rogers Building on the MIT campus happened to be. Some stranger, finally, pointed out that the lintel, if that is the term, over the entrance at 77 Mass Ave bore the inscription WILLIAM BARTON ROGERS, FOUNDER, and that famed Rogers Building was none other than good old

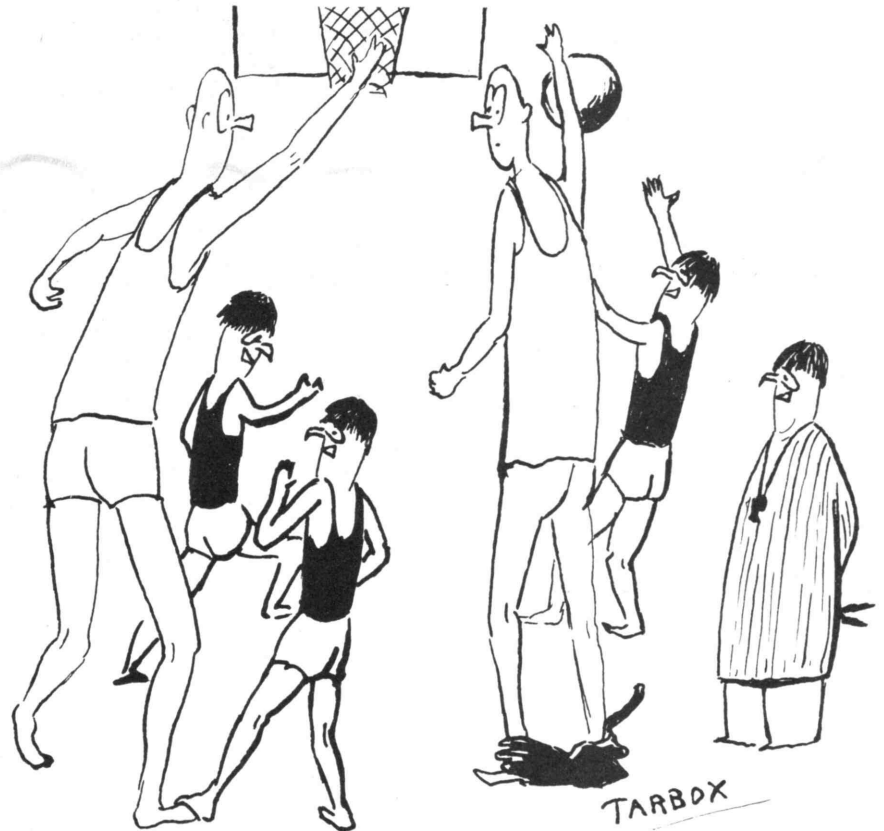


"A couple more drinks . . . you gaze at her . . . fade-out into maternity ward scene."

Building 7, home of deans, card indeces, and surrealist exhibitions. We wouldn't bring this matter up if it weren't for the fact that we recently got our hands on a little something called "Student Life at MIT," which we read to find out just what we do here at Tech. And what was old hat to us wasn't to the johnny who is our press agent. Because he, too, refers to Rogers Building. That's twice in one year, and indicates a trend, to our way of thinking. By all means let us call the buildings around the place by suitable names. A Voo Doo staff has been detailed to study the situation, and has so far suggested the name of business tycoon Frankie Costello to grace the course XV offices, and general Harry Vaughan those of Military Science.

MAN living in the Senior House reports that he is engaged in a desperate race against Father Time and the maintenance men of Mr. Baldwin's staff. He feels that if he can get that nude on the wall finished before the thick layers of dirt and old paint crumble, he will be able to shore up the wall somehow, and keep on looking at the lady forever. He also figures that if she turns out good enough, the men from the office will refrain from painting her over when they come to smear yet another layer of paint over the grease and soap flakes on the wall. Our local artist has not progressed beyond the picture's secondary sex characteristics, but he shows definite promise, and we incline all the weight of our position behind him in his fight for excitement at night.

THE coming of December saw the going of Charles ("99 4/10 % pure") Luckman, boy wonder of meatless Tuesdays and the solium business. Iriumagnate Luckman ordered the move to New York in his usual aggressive manner, shifting scores of Lever-staffers who had just bought homes in the Cambridge area. Scowled Luckman, "Get homes in New York by



December First." The effect of the move on the radio and television show business has yet to be determined, but Cambridge air will remain as polluted as before, the Lever plant, with separate entrances, we are told, for boys and girls, remaining here.



He came in through the window
As the innocent maid lay dreaming.
Her pretty arms beneath her head
Set his vicious eyes a-gleaming.
With a sudden spring he reached her;
She awoke with a violent shriek,
And smashed the darned mosquito
That bit her on the cheek.



And then there was the mountaineer who put a silencer on his shotgun because his daughter wanted a quiet wedding.

A recently discharged navy captain was home dozing peacefully in front of the stove. The door of the stove blew open and flames shot out.

"Fire," shouted his wife.

The captain leaped to his feet, grabbed the cat, shoved it into the oven door, slammed the door shut, opened up the draft and called up the stove pipe.

"Ready Two."

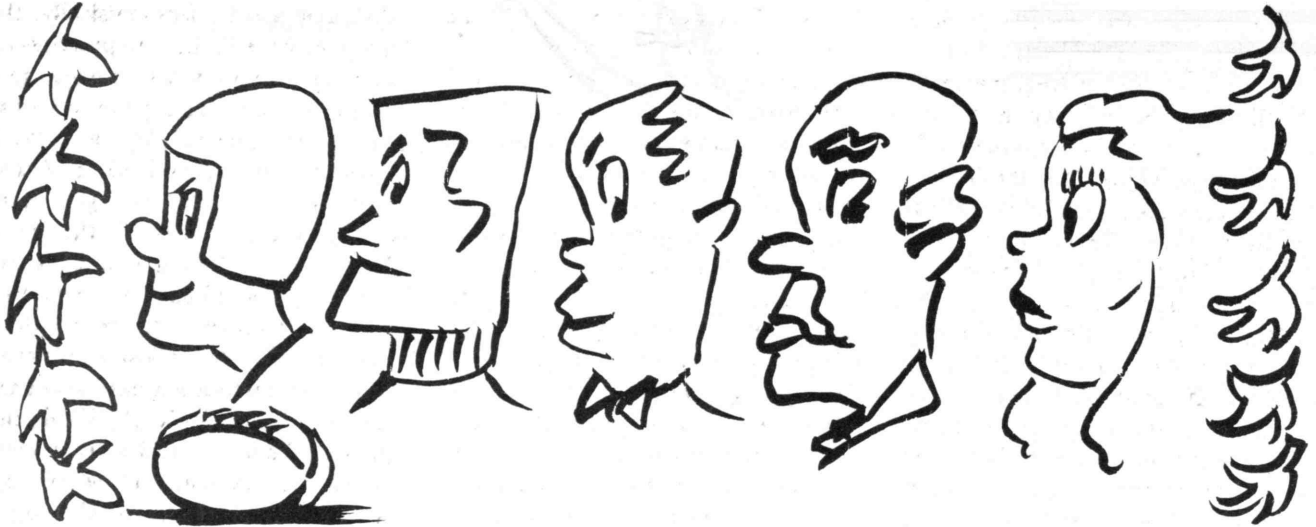


Judge: "So they caught you with silverware this time, eh? Just whom did you loot?"

Plunderer: "Two fraternity houses, your honor."

Judge: "Call up the downtown hotels, sargent, and distribute this stuff to them."

OUTDOOR SPORTS & IVY



WHEN Stefan Garvin and Alan Postlethwaite, two English graduate students in the metallurgy department, initiated the MIT Rugby Football Club in the Fall of 1948, they were looking for a relaxed form of exercise as well as another excuse to flourish the rather bizarre eccentricities of which our cousins are justly suspect. The club germinated from an idea sown by an earlier issue of *Life* magazine, which had carried an article about Rugby Week in Bermuda, scene of much collegiate and tropical festivity in the middle of winter. Garvin and Postle thought that a trip to sunnier climes might be a splendid idea in the midst of snowstorms, and for this purpose they called into being the club, writing, as they watched prospective members trickling in, to the Rugby Week Committee in Bermuda, with which they had some sort of connection through the father of another MIT student. Thus it was that when the reply from the committee arrived, declining to invite an MIT team because the application was a little late, the nucleus of a team had been formed and practices could be held even though there was no chance to visit Bermuda in 1949.

The club at that time had no rigid organization beyond the fact that Garvin and Postle acted as co-captains of the team whenever it turned out to a practice they had called. Its membership consisted in the main of British and Empire (in some cases, ex-Empire) students of the Institute, and a surprisingly large number of them turned out for practices, and later for matches. There was considerable dissatisfaction, however, about the fact that the club had attracted only those who had played it before at British schools and universities. It was felt that if there were to be any continuity and permanence in the club's existence, great efforts would have to be made to interest Americans and preferably undergraduates who would be at the Institute for some time, in the sport. It was also true that the Britons, who came in all shapes and sizes, were not all equally suitable or eager for competition.

Two matches were scheduled during the season, both against Harvard, where Rugby football was flourishing during lulls in the football season, and where several players from the varsity football squad turned to rugby during the spring term in order to keep in shape. There are fifteen men on a

rugger team, and no substitutions are allowed during the sixty minutes of almost continuous play. MIT found it difficult, therefore, to field a complete team on each of the two occasions, and indeed, two other proposed matches, against Yale and against Princeton, had to be cancelled for manpower reasons. During the first game against Harvard MIT played with only fourteen men, and the final score of 26-0 for Harvard provides no true picture of the closeness of the game. After a disastrous initial fifteen minutes, the battered Techmen caught their second wind and held Harvard substantially for the rest of the game, threatening to score as the match finished. Harvard had a distinct edge in weight and physical condition, but the ferocity of the playing of key engineers more than made up for this fact. The second game against Harvard was played a little later in the year, in blazing sunshine which made hard running an exertion, and again MIT lost, playing this time with several Harvard men to fill gaps in the line-up,

The club at Harvard had been organized some time previously by some Britons at the Business School, and had attracted the attention of

many Harvardmen from the varsity squad and from the intramural teams. It was sparked by Peter Manning-Smith, an earnest fellow who made a perfect club secretary, and had as coaches two or three Englishmen at the Business School who had been Rugby Blues and Internationals — that is, they had played in the Oxford-Cambridge game, or for the national English, Irish, Welsh, or Scottish teams. Most of the Harvardmen took the Rugby club rather seriously, because they were after official recognition by the Harvard University Athletic Association. This would mean that they would get financial aid from the university in their more ambitious ventures — games against MacGill University in Toronto, and against Stanford on the West Coast. To this end they obtained the skilled services of Dwight Nishimura, then manager of the varsity football team, who was able to guide them in the rather intricate courses of university politics. The Harvard club made every effort to lend its activities the air of dignity it thought might impress the Athletic Association, and the result was unusually excellent staff work and organization for each game. There was good publicity and surprisingly good attendance; special programs were printed for each event; and large scale entertainment was organized after every game. The effect of cramming a number of large men and their women into close quarters led to an overconsumption of martinis and beer, and to some damage to the Business School, Lowell House, one unfortunate apartment on Beacon Street, and the Durgin Park Restaurant. MIT shared in these activities to the extent that Garvin and Postle were called upon several times to referee Harvard games, with others tagging along for the parties afterwards.

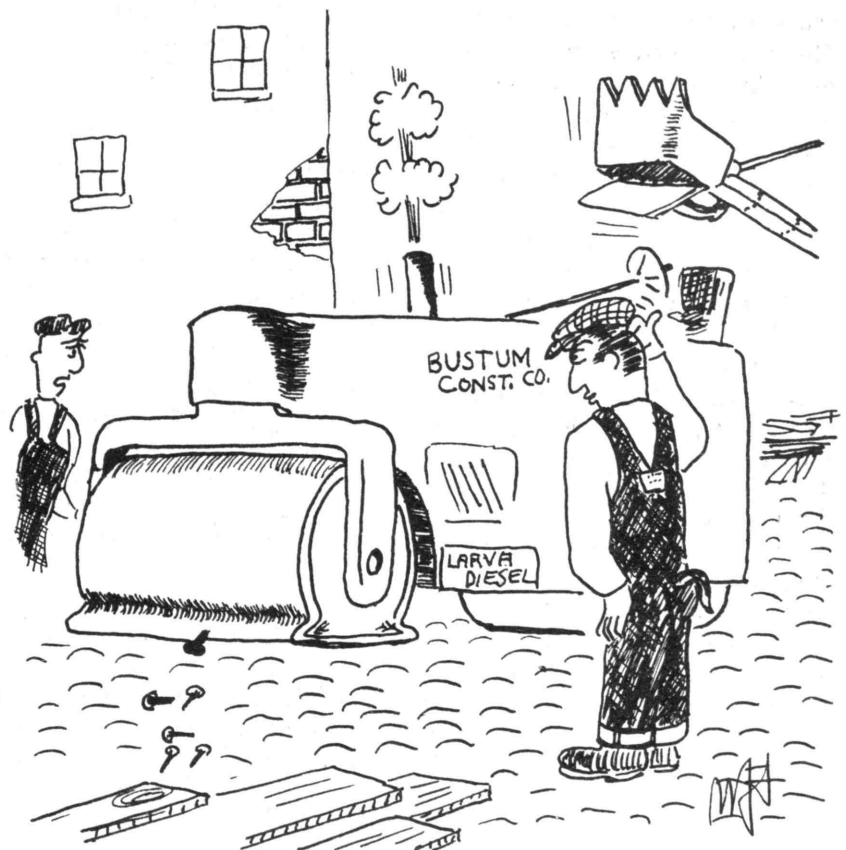
MIT was invited to play a match with Yale on Derby Day, and when it was found that the Institute could

not raise a team, the fellows were invited down for the weekend merely to join in the universitywide celebrations. The party that made the journey to New Haven came back to Boston at an average speed of eighty, the driver of the car explaining that his passengers were too tired and too drunk to care. Derby Day celebrations had started out with beer squirting from water pistols and had progressed to the pouring of beer out of opened cans over one's neighbors. One hapless Techman was thrown into the Thames for good measure. A certain relief was generally confessed to later over MIT's inability to field a complete team, because the Yale team, mostly men from the varsity football team, was reputed to make up in savagery what it lacked in knowledge of rugby rules.

The situation in the Fall and Spring of 1949-50 should be much more promising. The club has been reinforced by a number of football players from various Graduate House intramural football teams, and the emphasis

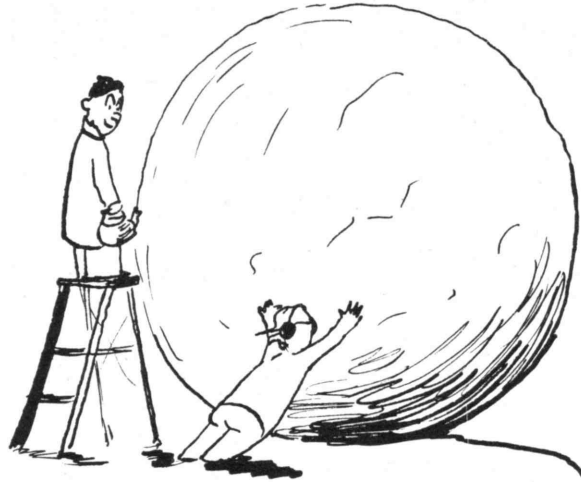
has now been thrown on a more businesslike aspect of the sport: Where the majority of British students played the game a little lackadaisically, the new men have brought to practices an attitude of more sport, and less fun. Rugby has become a game to win as well as a game to play, and much might be said on both sides of that question. There has been a good turnout at practices, although the hoped for element of undergraduates is still lacking, and a full team was organized for a match against Princeton, which was well played but lost to a better team. An application has again been sent to Bermuda for Rugby Week, and the club hopes to send a team there in February, examinations permitting. A schedule of games is also being arranged for the Spring, with matches against Harvard and others. A spectator at a recent practice pointed out that this was the only Institute team to play against Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. It may mean that Techmen still want to get to Bermuda.

BERP

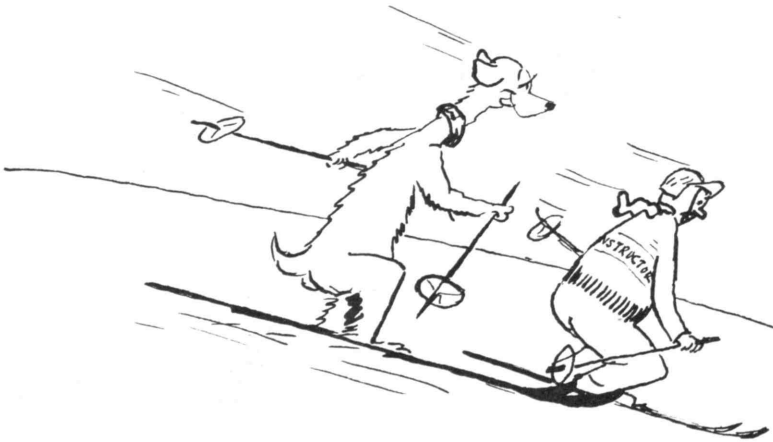


WINTER CAN BE FUN!

Are you the type that sits at home and knits when the deep snows fall and the north wind flaps the shingles? Be a *Winter sport!* We whenceforth present a few ideas that may increase *your* Winter fun.

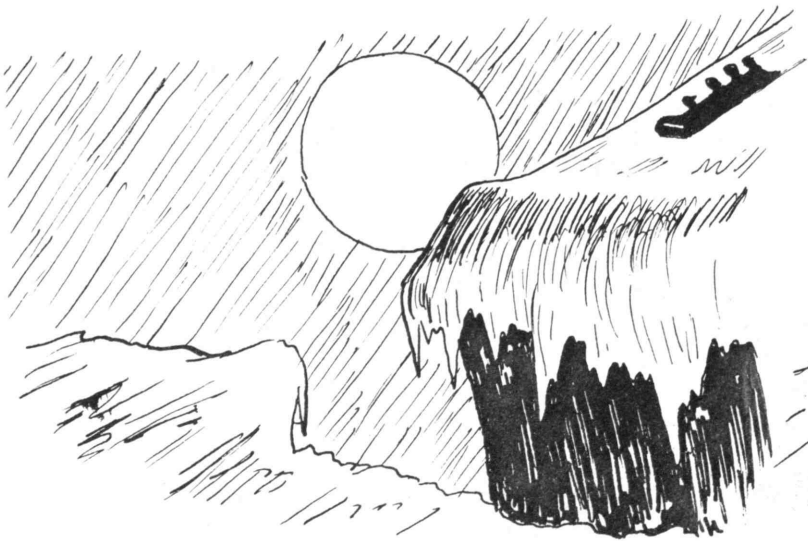


Don't ice it, it might hurt someone.



I said your *left* foot dammit; can't you do anything right?

The hell I'll throw you the rope!



Hang on for a little bump!



TARBOX

MAN A LA MODE



Now that you've had time to recover from the flash and flair of those Christmas cravats (those that you're not wearing with secret pleasure) and you have worn for Aunt Scabrous, for the last time let us pray, that puce-and-vermilion shawl she gave you, it behoves you, gentlemen, to consider your wardrobes for the coming seasons. God knows, we want you pigs to be well-dressed, and the National Haberdashers Association even more than we.

A couple of years ago those boys, not content with dashing habers, decided in favor of Boldness, which we think is just ginger-peachy. Boldness it has been and Boldness it will be this year. Be Bold. Be Bold as all hell. Show 'em you're that dynamic, successful, self-assured, et cetera individual *Esquire* loves. Cut loose, swing high, wide and handsome. The new wide-point collars are just the thing.

Not Bold enough yet? Then a Bold tie, as bright and assurance-lending as an incendiary bomb in a vat of children, should lend you that necessary air of maturity. Aside from "air of maturity" and such phrases, the ads don't tell much of the effects of this program of sartorial supermanism. But we can read between the lines, and on that basis we predict the effects will be striking. Strange and hot-eyed women will no doubt molest you in the MTA cars and your girl will leave her suitcase in your room or, if married, your wife will destroy the living room furniture. In fact, practically all of the furniture. As the sale of Bold collars and neckties goes up, we shall expect the Simmons Company

to do a booming business, and movies to install reclining chairs. Such, we gather, should be the effects of Boldness.

Suits, too, will be designed to do wonders for your bent frame. A pad here, a stitch there and even when you're Boldly plastered you will shine in the dark, you'll be streamlined, and girls will feverishly rip the clothes off your sodden frame as you lie there, as clean-lined as a grey-hound in gabardine.

Toiletries, we see at a glance and a snort, are a must. Faces will be shaved clean and then chemically tempered to give them that weathered, he-man texture that has been hitherto reserved to fine leathers and those who had the time to dip their faces daily in brine. Horses will love you. Women will be overawed, as you bear down on them, by your almost nail-proof skin. Only another reason to Be Bold!

Along the same line, frankly-labeled perfumes and other "after-shave" lotions are enjoying new popularity. The trend is this: first you wash, then you dab on just a bit of parfum to overcome some of the effect. Some of these scents are purely masculine, others have just a suggestion of that mysterious something that *drives women mad*. Among the former are such odors as "Ripe Venison," "Battle ground," "Old Cayuse," and a creation hastily exported from Italy for American customers, "Sporco." In the latter class, those reknowned for their effect on the ladies, bless 'em, will be the great preponderance of scents, of which we only have time and space to mention a few, such as "Crime d'Amour," "Errol's Peril," "Fixation," "Rapier,"

"Stud," and "Man-O-War," as well as many imported scents such as "Chanson Bold," "Je Peux," "Bagarre Intime," "Lie Down," and, in that typically Gallic mood, "Vite Vite Vite."

Hair tonics, to give your head that poetic yet manly, buccaneer-like, storm-chiseled shape, will also be Boldly scented. On the ultra-masculine side will be such as the simply-labeled "Horse" and "Crud." To appeal to the women, there will be a host of scented tonics such as the trio "Must," "Lust," and "Thrust," "Boing!" and the subtler "Tropical Unga-Unga."

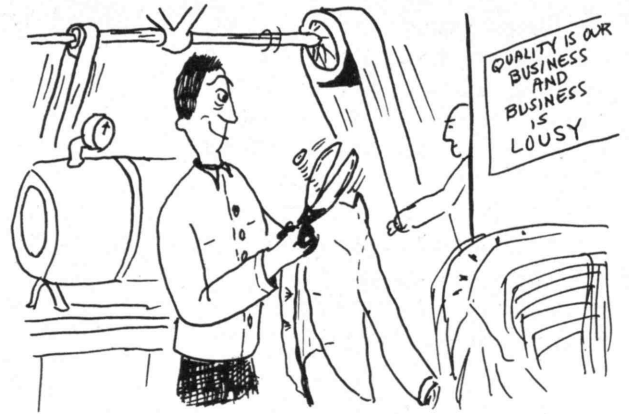
There. That ought to wise you up, get you hep, man, to the new and the good in men's fashions. Be Bold! Take out that gnawing sense of inferiority, you cravens, and don the external stigmata, (sartorially speaking) of masculinity. Get a cavalier swing in your walk, a firm grip in your fingers, and that Bold Manner in the subway. The new man is the self-confident man, Bold in his assurance, strong in his confidence in himself, his wind, his clothes, his natural elegance, and his smell. Be Bold! The Bold Man is the admired man, the successful man, the loved man, the bon vivant, and the wearer of bright neckties and wide collars. Be Bold! Take out your desk and put in another bed with all the assurance the new styles will give you. Love your mother, idolize your girl-friend, despise your mistress, snigger at Voo Doo, hate the reds, God bless America, 53 skidoo, and in all things, *Be Bold!*

FAP

All Good Shirts Must Come to an End



Unsuspecting customer brings in shirts. Special instructions: Don't iron too hot, not too much starch, etc.



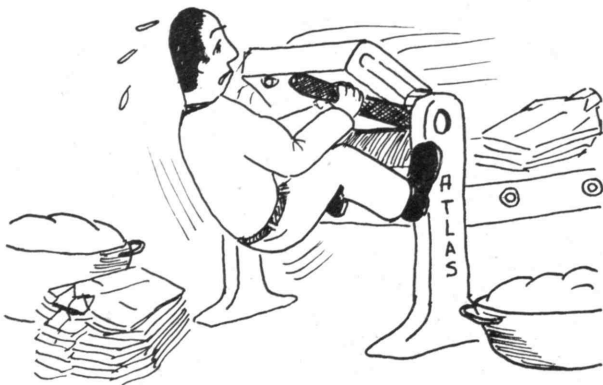
Considerate laundry carefully removes all objects which would interfere with thorough washing.



The latest scientific knowledge is applied to insure a clean wash — only the most up-to-date detergents used.



An expert carefully applies starch as per the individual instructions.



The shirts are finished by skilled men using modern pressing and folding equipment.



The owner proudly returns the finished product and humbly collects his modest fee.

During the summer she had meant everything to him. Every time he was down and out, he had only to turn to her and she would fill that empty feeling he suffered. She offered him her all and asked naught in return. And then that night . . . he hadn't meant to stay out so late. He took off his shoes and started to tip-toe down the hall. He didn't deserve any cheerful welcome, but there she was even then . . . all in white like a dream. No sooner had he touched her than he realized a change had come over her. She stood there quivering. He'd never seen her that way before.

"Jeez, what makes you so hot tonight?"

Then he slammed the refrigerator door and tramped wearily to bed.



Two mosquitoes were resting on Robinson Crusoe's arm. "I'm leaving now," said one, "I'll meet you on Friday."



"Daughter, why did you take so much time saying goodbye to that fellow?"

"But, Mother, if a boy takes you to the movies the least you can do is kiss him goodnight."

"I thought you went to the Stork Club."

"Mother!"



"What shall I do? I'm engaged to a man who just simply can't bear children!"

"You mustn't expect too much of a man."

— Old Maid



1st Student: "Did'ya pass trig?"

2d Student: "No, I flunked. . . . My teacher thaid I didn't know math from a hole in the ground."

"What lovely antique furniture! I wonder where Mrs. Smith got that huge old chest?"

"Well, they tell me that her mother was the same way."



The mother of triplets was being congratulated by a friend. "Isn't it wonderful," said the mother; "it only happens in one out of 15,875 times!"

"Well, isn't that just too remarkable," her friend replied, "but I don't see how you find time to do your housework."

—Medical Journal



She: "Do you consider my legs long?"
He: "Only when I get a chance."



"Let's make a date for Saturday."

"I have an engagement Saturday."

"Make it Sunday."

"I'm going out of town Sunday."

"How about Monday?"

"Oh, damn it; I'll go Saturday."



"Mother," queried little Ambrose, "is it correct to say 'water the horse' when he is thirsty?"

"Why, certainly, dear."

"Well, then," said Ambrose picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."

Once there was a traveling salesman. He was new to the job — but he had heard a lot of jokes about farmers' daughters. So when it got late, instead of stopping in town, he went to the nearest farmhouse. The people were very hospitable; they invited him to spend the night. They had a daughter! And as usual there were only two bedrooms, one for the old couple; and the salesman was told to sleep in the daughter's room.

About nine o'clock they all went to bed for a good night's rest. The next morning the farmer got up, his wife got up, the salesman got up, and the daughter got home from college.



"Well, Miss, are you the farmer's daughter?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, I'm selling brassieres."

"Brassieres, what are they?"

"My name's Wonka; Warren G. Wonka."

—Chappie, 1695



When a fellow breaks a date, he usually has to.

When a girl breaks a date she usually has two.

— Old Maid

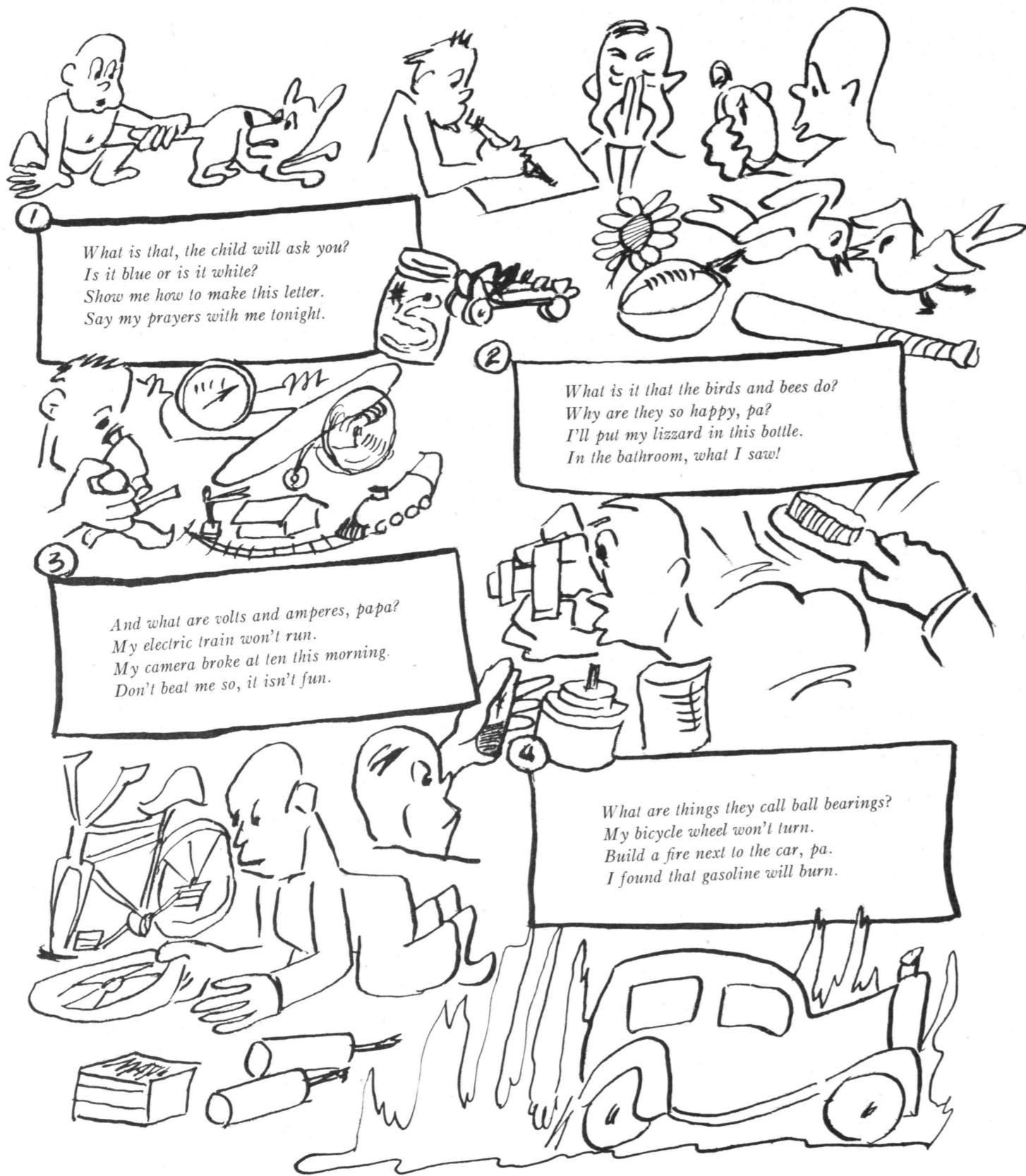


"Hell, yes," said the Devil as he answered the phone.



"Ever see a hound-dog's ear?"

A PORTRAIT OF THE STUDENT IN HIS YOUTH



1
What is that, the child will ask you?
Is it blue or is it white?
Show me how to make this letter.
Say my prayers with me tonight.

2
What is it that the birds and bees do?
Why are they so happy, pa?
I'll put my lizzard in this bottle.
In the bathroom, what I saw!

3
And what are volts and amperes, papa?
My electric train won't run.
My camera broke at ten this morning.
Don't beat me so, it isn't fun.

4
What are things they call ball bearings?
My bicycle wheel won't turn.
Build a fire next to the car, pa.
I found that gasoline will burn.



5
What's the thing they call a student?
Here he plods along each day.
Softens impersonal relations
By draining all his hope away.

6
What's the form of a quadratic?
Why's the grass so green today?
Experiments and competition
Build up interest, lead the way.

7
What a shame he did not sooner,
Learn his search was not complete.
Inspired work requires the seeing
Of the ends we have to meet.

8
What a bitch! This problem's got me.
Just like horse work anyway.
Better read a two-bit novel.
Get culture, slave another day.

9
MORAL THOUGHTS
we

VCHance

UP IN ATKINSON



SOMEWHERE a door slammed and George wallowed, with a premonitory shiver, above the surface of sleep. A woman's footsteps came down the hall, each step as distinct and sharp as the snap of crystal stems. George came fully awake and rolled over to face the door. Lila hesitated a moment outside before she entered, quick and angry, and slammed the door shut with an angry backhand motion.

"Morning, honey," he said.

"Don't you honey me, you . . ."

"Bastard?" he offered coolly.

"If you insist," she said acidly.

"What the hell were you trying to pull last night?" She walked toward his

bed. "How long do you have to know a girl before you sleep with her?" she snapped sarcastically.

"Oh," he said. He suddenly began to sit up. "Hey, wait a minute! I didn't . . . hey!" Lila snatched the first blanket off him and threw it to the floor.

"Talk!" she snapped.

George clutched the remaining bedclothes about him, his aplomb suffering badly.

"Damfino what about, honey," he said defensively. "My God!" he yelped, clutching futilely at the blanket as Lila wrenched at it. She ripped it from his fingers and threw it after the first one. George curled up under

the sheet and looked at the sheet and at her and at the blankets on the floor and back up at her.

"Alright," he said softly, "I will pack my few little belongings and my pictures and my paper dolls and I will go to a hermitage. You can't win. I will never touch another woman as long as I live."

"Shut up, you clown," she said. "Now talk." He looked up at her and shuddered under his sheet.

"You're out of your mind," he said unhappily. She curled her lip back at him and reached for the edge of the sheet.

"Alright alright alright!" he said feverishly, holding tightly to it. "I'll talk, Lila. I'll babble like an idiot. If I don't you'll probably get this sheet and then start tearing my hide off in strips." Lila nodded in hot agreement. "Whadda you want me to say? Give me a chance, will you? for God's sake."

"Give you a chance?" she said.

"Honest, Lila, I didn't mean . . . I mean, if I'd known . . ."

"What," she snapped. "If you'd known what?"

"Oh me," he sighed, sinking lower in the bed. "Oh my."

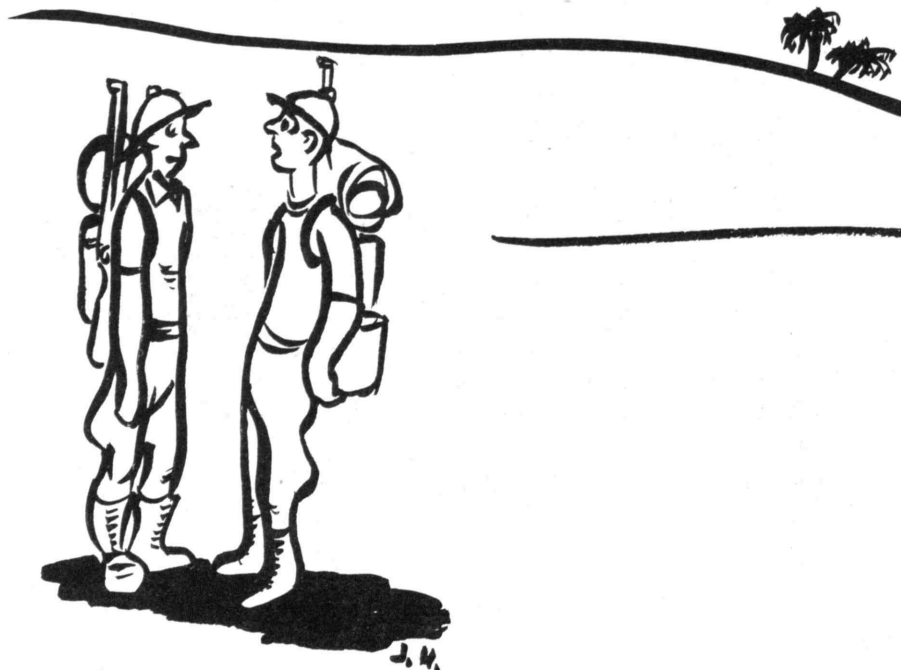
"Look," she said. "I'll help you. We met at a party a mere three weeks ago. Right?"

"Right," he said softly. "But it seems like a longer time." She moved back to his bureau and leaned against it.

"You liked me and I liked you. Right?"

"Right," he said, relaxing a bit. "Look, Lila, can't you see I . . ."

"Shut up, you bum." As he shrugged himself back under the sheet



But this is the address she gave me!

a more tender expression came over her face. She walked over and sat on the edge of the bed as George watched her warily. "I'll go on," she said. George shrugged and relaxed a little, but still warily.

"After that," she continued, "we saw several shows together and a couple of afternoons we sat around and talked, isn't that right?"

"Um-huh."

"And we were pretty happy," she went on, more softly. "I thought it was something good, something real for a change. Something . . . well, honest." George opened his mouth and she put her hand lightly over it before continuing. "Then you asked me to a party last night and I accepted, of course. You didn't think I was drunk last night, did you?" she asked suddenly sharply. "That I didn't know what I was doing?"

George shook his head in a gloomy negative.

"Then we left the party and we came here," she said. "To your room." She fingered the edge of the sheet as he watched her. "We danced for awhile and you kissed me and we sat on the bed and after a little while I told you I loved you." She stopped him again before he could speak. Her fingers over his mouth, he looked mutely up at her. "You told me you loved me too. I put my head back on the pillow and I looked at you sitting there and I was very happy." She stamped her foot against the floor in a little angry gesture.

"Then what did you do?" she said flatly.

"But Lila," George started again, "I didn't mean to . . ."

"Oh God, George," she said tightly and nervously, clenching her little fist about the corner of the sheet. "I thought we understood each other." George nodded in bewilderment.

"Then what," Lila said feelingly, "what more do you want? An engraved invitation?"

RIP

WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS MADE OF?

What are little girls made of? No doubt you have often wondered that yourself. Well, here we go. One girl is composed of enough glycerine to furnish the bursting charge of a naval shell. And then they say that she belongs to the weaker sex. Nothing very weak about a naval shell, says I. So just remember that, men, when you have your next date.

The amount of lime in one of your little chicks is sufficient to whitewash a chicken coop. Thus their ability to wash the slate clean and start all over again.

No wonder women have been called the chief gossipers in this world of ours, no matter how unjustly. Do you realize that any one of them contains the equivalent of 1,400 cubic feet of oxygen?

Magnesium enough for ten flash-bulb photos enables a woman to see right through the stereotyped lines that men try to put over.

The clinging vine type of female is readily understood, now that we know she is composed of enough glutin to make five pounds of glue. Even our slimmest maidens contain enough fat to make ten bars of soap, so they say; and enough sulphur to rid a dog of fleas.



A motor cyclist, in an effort to keep warmer, put his coat on backwards so that the back would better protect the chest. As he sped down the highway a car dashed across his path from a side road and the cyclist was thrown into a ditch. The police came along and one of them attended the prostrate cyclist.

"How is he," asked one cop.

"What a shame!" replied the other. "The poor lad had his head turned around and by the time I got it straightened out he was dead."



QUOTATIONS ON QUIZZES

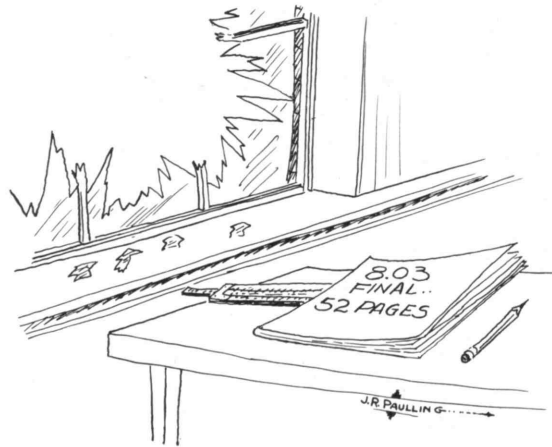
*The quizzing season swoops upon us,
Fills our hearts with well-earned awe,
Here are bits of consolation,
For those with mind and temper raw.*



*It is a comfort to the unhappy to have others in misery also.
— Spinoza. (Let's all drown our sorrows together.)*



*Mediocrity has no greater consolation than in the thought
that genius is not immortal. — Goethe. ("It ain't human!")*



*ILLEGITIMI NON CORBORUNDUM. — Anony-
mous. (Don't let the bastards get you down.)*



*With good intentions Hell is proudly paved. — William
James. (Also with old 8:03 finals.)*



*Little strokes fell great oaks. — B. Franklin. (This is
what "Strengths of Materials" lab can do to you.)*

IDLE THOUGHTS ON W. S.



"THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED. IT FALLETH AS THE GENTLE RAIN FROM HEAVEN...."



"ALAS, POOR YORICK, I KNEW HIM WELL."



"WHEREFORE ART THOU, ROMEO?"



"BUBBLE, BUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE, WITCH'S BREW AND CAULDRON BUBBLE!"

JOHN HARRINGTON



WINTER MORNING

"Give me strength," thought Philip, and adjourned to the bar. The place was swarming with good-looking girls. Hundreds of them, cute. Cute as hell. And all attached. The place was swarming with young men too. In its way the show had been good. Good songs, pleasant voices, talented dancing, clever book, and many pretty girls. Five bucks the cheap night rate. For tickets. And the proceeds to charity, organized by upper East Side ladies for lower East Side ladies. Upper East Side ladies whose issue was cavorting on the stage in an almost professional manner. And the price of the dance afterwards is included in the fin for the ticket to the show. It's for a good cause, Philip. Yes, mother. Merry Christmas.

Phil looked around for Sumner Johnson, who had been going to fix him up. Hell, it wasn't Sumner's fault, and there were plenty of girls, only they were all spoken for or something.

"Merry Christmas," Phil said, and addressed himself to his glass.

"Merry Christmas yourself," the woman down the bar said. "Why aren't you in there having fun?"

"And a happy new year to you." Phil raised his glass to her and gulped.

"Ah," she said, "you young people don't appreciate what fun you have."

"Ah," Philip replied. "Let me get you a drink." She smiled and nodded.

"Look at these kids here," she said.

"Young and good-looking, well off, cheerful, fed, and totally inexperienced

in suffering or hardship." Phil handed her the glass, and drank to her again, examining her over the top of his drink. Late thirties or early forties, well-kempt, well kept, well dressed. Pleasant in appearance, remarkably pleasantly shaped. Can I help it if I have a one track mind, thought Phil, and rolled a little tart whiskey around his mouth.

"And you?" he asked. "You have it so bad?" And he flicked his eyes over the upholstery, over the clothes and the jewels.

"When I got out of college," she said, "things were pretty rough. We didn't have things like this, dances and so on."

"Where did you go to college?"

"Barnard. I'm Ann Lowndes." She held out her hand smiled. and Phil smiled and took it. Held on to her hand. Smooth and warm and capable.

"I'm Philip Winn," he said, and he rubbed his thumb across the back of her hand.

They took their drinks to a table, and another round, and another. They talked about this dance Ann had organized, about her social work, about her ambitions. They talked about movies and books and sex and plays and New York. For a while they danced, and Ann was a big woman, not very light on her feet, and they stood very close and shuffled around in the dark. It may have been accidental. Mostly they sat and



"Yes, this will give you a medical for your final."

drank, and Ann talked, smoked innumerable cigarettes, chomped popcorn. They were holding hands and rubbing knees under the table, and they laughed up at the waiter when he brought them drinks with the laughter of a secret slightly shared. Slightly sozzled. They danced again, and they were marvelously limber and adventurous, supple-waisted and light-footed. They drank, and they had a sandwich, Ann with her shoes off sliding her foot up and down Phil's leg.

"It's time to go," she said, "I've got to go." Phil struggled out of his chair and looked at her.

"I'll drive you home," he said. "If you like."

He helped her on with her coat and they went outside, to the slush on Madison Avenue. There was a wind blowing, biting, cold, and passing cabs threw up snow as disgusting as vomit. Ann caught her breath and bundled up in her fur, held her hat with both hands.

"Women ought to carry muffs to keep their hands warm," yelled Philip. "Look good and keep warm."

"We've got something better," Ann cried, and squinted to keep out the knife edge air.

"What's that?" asked Phil, and held open the door of the car for her. Ann waited until he was inside, and showed him.

There was traffic on the streets, mostly taxis bursting at the seams with revelers, and few pedestrians. All the lights down Madison were red at once or green, and the city looked black and somber and splendid while it was devoid of people. As long as it was devoid of people. There are no streetwalkers in midtown Manhattan, thought Phil. The streets are too impersonally elegant. Unlike, he remembered, the splendid and sunny Champs Elysées, where at another time a beautiful and expensively dressed woman had seen him look at her, had sedately lifted her skirt and smiled an invitation. Something ridiculous on



"... And this is our coarse weave."

Thirtyfourth Street. Somber and elegant the city, because there was no light, because these were the houses of commerce, of money, of trading. Not of people. That, perhaps, why they gleamed finest when there were no people.

Phil turned into Seventeenth Street, found her house, parked in front. He doused the parking lights, and looked at Ann.

"You've left your motor running, Phil," she said. And looked away. Phil swallowed.

"May I come up for a drink?" he asked.

"I'd love you to." She reached across, and stroked his wrist. Phil stretched out his hand and turned off the ignition.

While Ann was putting away the coats, Philip mixed drinks, and took the two glasses over to the closet. Ann turned to look at him and he bent down and kissed her, spilled a little of the drink, almost upset her into the closet. They laughed, and she took a glass and laid a finger on her lips.

"Come and look," she said, and went to a door. She opened it a little, and Phil looked in and watched the little girl sleeping. On her belly, completely relaxed and limp, breathing quickly. He looked at Ann, and she smiled and Phil scratched the back of her neck and her ears.

"You know, Phil," she said, "I'd love to have you as my guest tonight." And she linked her arm in his and looked at him almost frightened.

"I never frighten ladies," Philip said.

It was greying a little when Philip put the car away, and close to misery. The most miserable hour of human life. Napoleon spoke of early morning courage. It's a rare virtue. New York looked at her worst, cold, dirty, dirty. The doorman was sleeping in his little cubicle as Phil came in and let the wet, cold, dirty, dingy air in with him. Philip was laughing as he climbed into the elevator. Mother will be pleased, he thought. I'll have an appetite for breakfast.

BIZ

The Last Fling

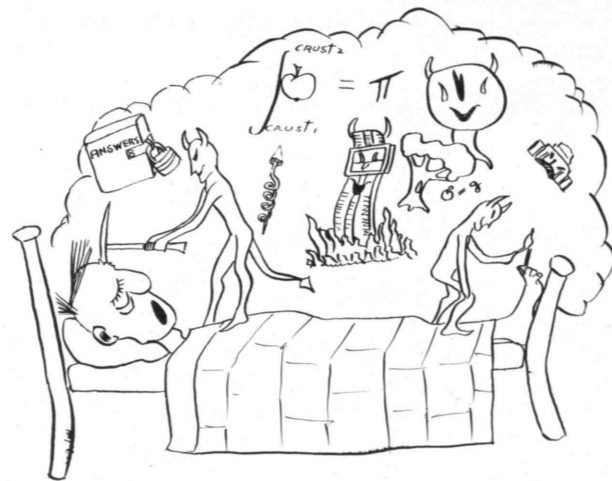
One of the aspects of M. I. T.'s singularity is the consideration they have for the student in preparing the finals schedule.



Finals are spaced so that the students are in tip top condition throughout, and just as keen for the last as they are for the first.



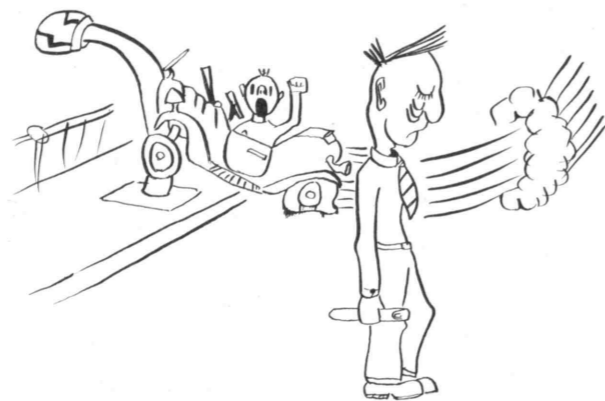
After a good night's sleep, the realization of breakfast starts you off on the right swing.



Rest is a major consideration. The schedule is arranged so that loss of sleep is an unknown condition to Tech men. After all, restful slumber is all-important.



It is really a great feeling to wake up bright and cheerful, ready for that last final.



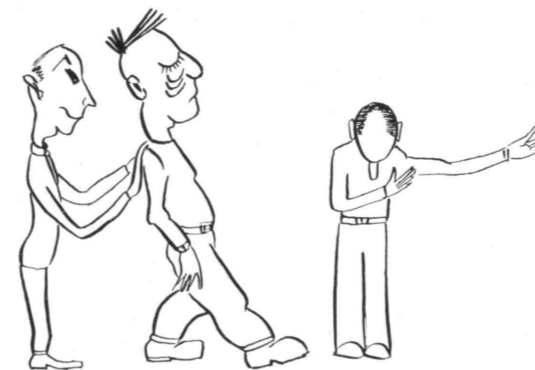
There is nothing like a brisk walk across the Harvard bridge. The last conditioning touch before tackling the last one.



First glance at the exam shows you've reviewed everything necessary.



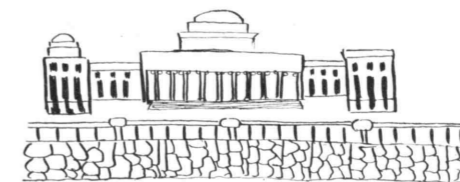
Physically fit and mentally alert, you can buzz right through.



The amiable, courteous, and trusting proctors even escort you out when it is all over.



Stimulated and rejuvenated with thoughts of a long vacation, you are prepared for anything.



Tracy Liff

Who the hell are you kiddin' anyway?

*The Advantages of a Relatively
Lower Nervous System*

I wish I wuz a Protoza
 In a dish of water,
 And could do the thing Protoza do,
 Like a Protoza ought'a.
 Nothing on earth would worry me.
 No politics eratic.
 Protoza don't give a Damn,
 Republican or Democratic.
 And if perchance I got that urge,
 I wouldn't need permission,
 Wouldn't even need a mate,
 Binarily I'd Fission.
 And when I'd pass a Protoza,
 I'd yell out "Hey there fella"
 And he would pass and greet me,
 With a beat of his flagella.
 I'm tired of peering in microscopes,
 Getting the *man's eye view*,
 I wish I wuz a Protozoa,
 Looking *Up* the tube at YOU.



"I had to run into a fence to avoid hitting a cow standing in the road," the lady motorist explained to the judge.

"Was it a Jersey cow?" he asked.

"I wouldn't know," she replied. "I didn't see its license plate."

— *Urchin*



She used to be the belle of the town, but somebody tolled on her.



Seems as though a little girl was talking to her mother:

"Oh, Mama, I saw the nicest man today."

"Who was he, dear?"

"He was the garbage man, Mama."

"And why was he so nice?"

"Well, he was carrying a can of garbage over his head to the wagon; and while he had it over his head the bottom came out and the garbage fell all over him, and he just stood there and talked to God."



"Come up to my room and I'll show you my alpha particle graphs."

And speaking of davenport, the guy who invented them must be an awfully rich fellow — we understand millions have been made on them.



A man six-feet-eight applied for a job as a life guard.

"Can you swim?" asked the official.

"No, but I can wade to beat hell."



An Englishman returned to his home from a trip to America and was telling his friends of odd American games. "And they have one of the queerest games they play in the movie houses. I think they call it Oh Hell."

"How do they play it?" "Well, when you go in, they give you a card with a lot of numbers on it and during the intermission a man yells out a lot of numbers. Then someone yells 'Bingo,' and everyone else says, 'Oh Hell.'"

— *El Burro*

"We're going to give you anything you want for your last meal."

"Could I please have some champagne?"

"Sure — any particular vintage?"

"Yes — 1985."

— *Yale Record*



With all the formals coming up, an appropriate question:

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Orchids are ten bucks

Would dandelions do?



Deacon: Where are the bride and groom? They disappeared almost as soon as I married them.

Bridesmaid: They're upstairs getting their things together.

Deacon: What! So soon?

A British sailor dancing with a young thing in a very low-cut gown at the Canteen Dance, blurted out politely, "Beg pardon, Miss — is the V for Victory?"

"That's right," she said sweetly. "But the bundles are not for Britain."



A couple went to a hotel and, after cleaning up, forgot to turn off the faucets in the tub. A short time later the guest in the room directly under them opened his window, stuck out his head and hollered upstairs to attract their attention.

"Hey you up there!" he shouted.

The fellow upstairs opened his window and stuck out his head. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Turn off those faucets! It's pouring down here! What the g—d—h—is the matter with you?"

"Stop your cursing," the upper returned. "I've got a lady up here."

"And what the hell do you think I have down here — a duck?"



His arms have been around more curves than a bathtowel in a sorority house.



ROTC Student: "I haven't pencil or paper for the examination."

Sergeant: "What would you think of a soldier who went into battle without his gun or ammunition?"

ROTC Student: "I'd think he was an officer."



They were having just one more at the bar when an old friend, previously quite normal, came through the door, walked up the wall, across the ceiling, down the other wall and disappeared out the door. There was a moment of stunned silence, then, "What in the world's the matter with that guy?"

"Yeah, he didn't even speak to us."

ODE TO END ALL PREVIOUS ODES

"I love you, dear" — she told him, And with that removed her dress.

"You're everything I'd ever want, I really must confess.

You're so good to me, dear love, So tender and so sweet" —

And as she spoke, her dainty slip Came tumbling round her feet.

She whispered: "Only rest assured That you will never lose" —

And slid her hose from shapely legs And placed them in her shoes.

"My darling, I'm so much in love I cannot give you more" —

And slid her brassiere from her arm And dropped it to the floor.

"A burning love like ours

You never will need doubt." —

She dropped her stepins from her waist And from them she stepped out.

"Remember I belong to you,

I'm yours and yours alone; Good night," she whispered softly —

And then hung up the phone!

"Yes, this is a very nice little apartment, but I don't see any bath."

"Oh, pardon me! I thought you was another of those university boys who want a place just for the winter."

— *Wataugan*



He who laughs first told the joke. He who laughs last edits the humor magazine.

— *Polaris*



He: "Why is it the most important men on campus always have the best looking girls?"

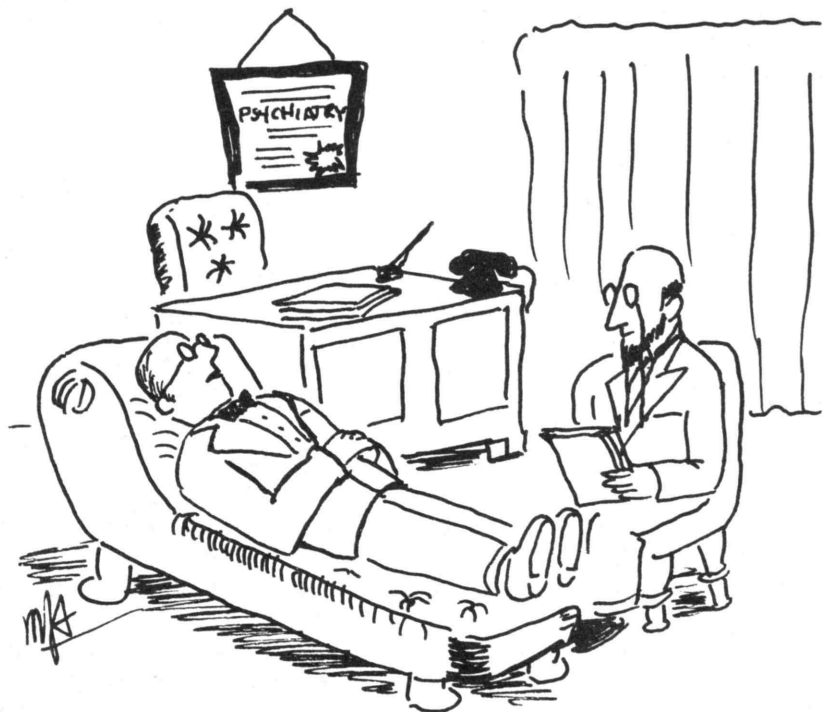
She: "Why, you conceited thing!"

— *The Spartan*



The apple of the average man's eye is usually the little peach with the prettiest pear.

— *Technolog.*



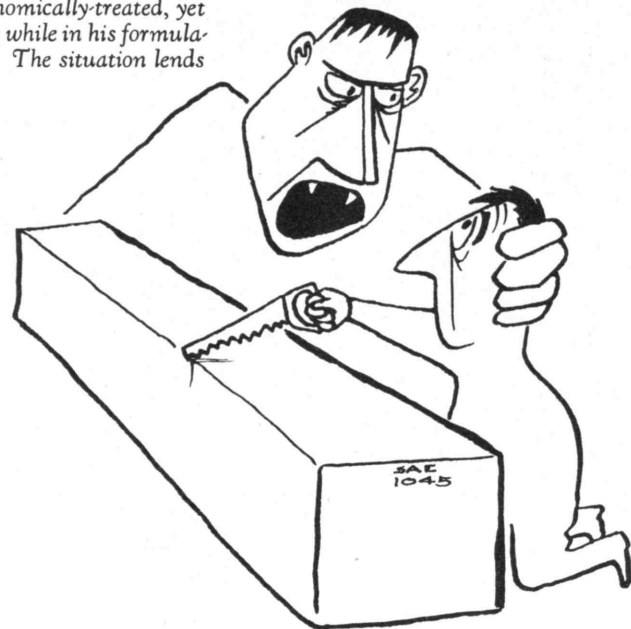
"It all began when a student told me that he understood my lecture . . ."

Whither Goest Thou?

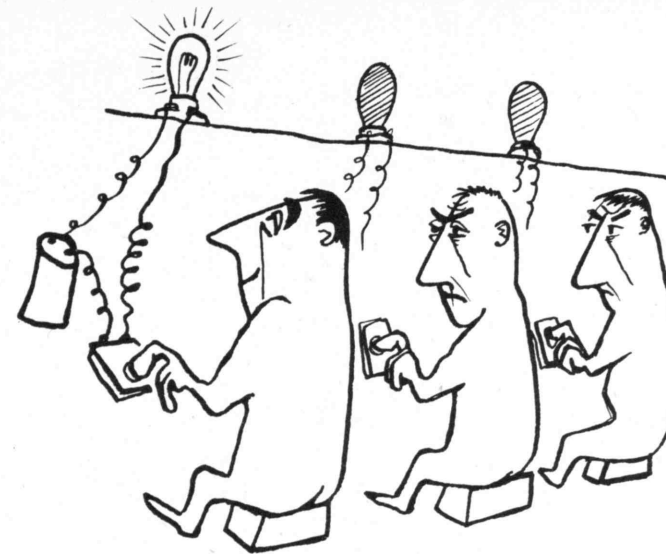
A somber chronicle is the tale of a lad at the Institute. Autonomously-treated, yet biologically-traited, the student finds it difficult to father the engineer; while in his formula-fogged eyes the instructor has a parentage easily traceable to a dog. The situation lends itself to psychosis, and in general this is what happens.



Once upon a time a high school wheel came to Tech. . . . "I'm a smart apple, see, and I hope you profs don't think ya can scare me."



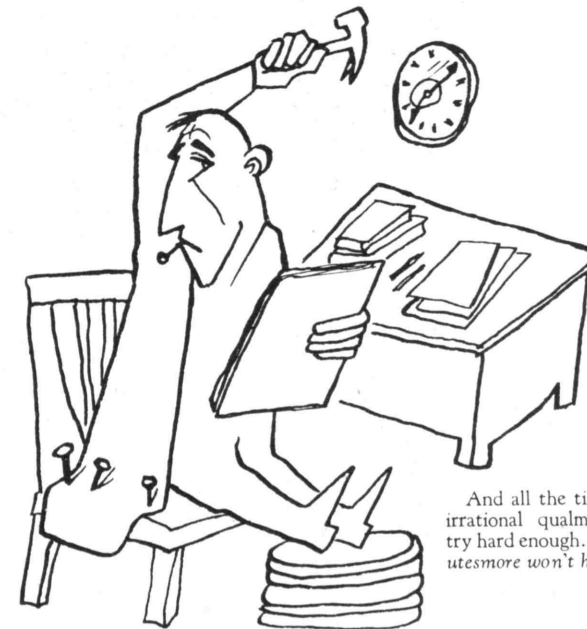
In no time at all the hot shot found his wagon fixed, when they handed out the first home assignment. The instructor said it was easy. . . . "I want them sawed into three-inch lengths and stacked neatly in the corner."



But all was not despair; there were a few triumphs. He had his hour. . . . "Look fellas, all ya have to do is press the button."



Yet gradually he was reaching a conclusion. . . . "Somehow I don't seem to fit."



And all the time there were those irrational qualms: maybe he didn't try hard enough. . . . "Geez, five minutes more won't hurt."



And exams . . . "Goddam, I feel helpless."

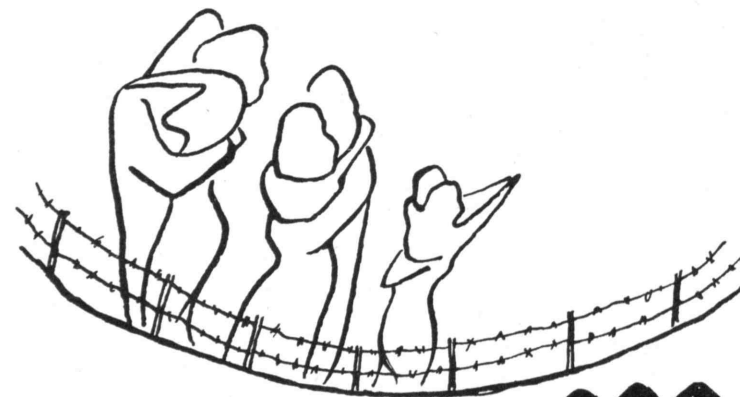


Then at last, graduation! How did I ever get this far? Why didn't I get to know my instructors? I can still hear them. . . . "I can't recommend him."

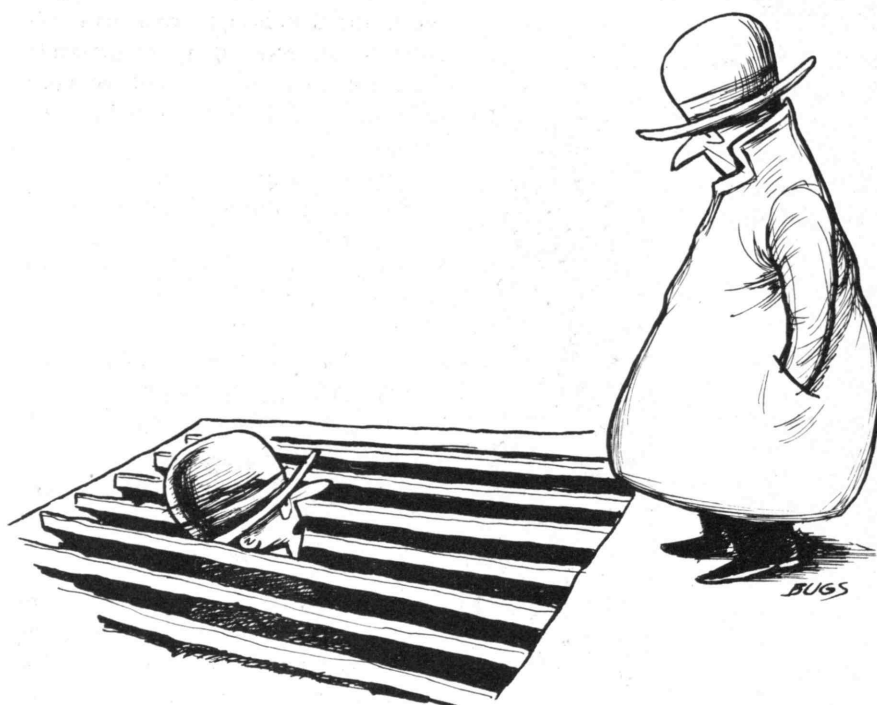
$$F_n = \frac{dE}{dJ} + \frac{dE}{da} + \frac{dE}{dr} \text{ (scribbled out)} = K \text{ (scribbled out)}$$



Continually battered, the lad retained faith in only one tenet: Professorial Infallibility. Even this was shattered one day when the instructor lost his notes and went out on a limb. . . . "then, if you divide by . . . uh . . . the . . . uh . . . actually . . . in effect . . . you . . . uh . . . well, the rest is obvious."



Naturally enough, all was not work for Jack; the dull boy played as the beast took over. It was at an acquaintance dance that beast met beast. . . . "but honestly, I'm just waiting for a slow number."



"It's a quarter."

Sailor: "You aren't getting seasick, are you, buddy?"

Recruit: "Not exactly, but I'd sure hate to yawn."



A tricky Jane, I'll tell the world,
Is little Minnie Marters.

An inviting smile upon her lips,
But mousetraps in her garters.

— El Burro



Willie, in a fit insane,
Thrust his head beneath a train:
All were quite surprised to find
How it broadened Willie's mind.



There was a young lady from France
Who thought that she'd take a chance
So: for an hour or so
She let herself go.
And now all her sisters are aunts.

You can lead a horse to Vassar, but
you can't make her think.



The chief constable in a small
Arizona mining town was also an
expert veterinary surgeon. One night
the telephone bell rang and the constable's wife answered.

"Is Mr. Johnson there?" asked an
agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband in his
capacity as a veterinary surgeon or as
chief constable?" the wife said, a trifle
pompously.

"Please let's not quibble, madam,"
came the reply. "I can't get my
bulldog's mouth open and there's a
burglar in it."

— Kitty Kat



She: "Does your husband still find
you entertaining?"

Her: "Not if I can help it."

— Colgate Banter

It was the year 99 billion B.C. The
cave man was relaxing in his cave
when his wife rushed in crying "Come
quick! A saber toothed tiger is chasing
my mother." Said the cave man,
"Heck, what do I care what happens
to a saber toothed tiger?"



There was a young man named Burdell
Who liked marijuana quite well
Till a cop smelled his breath
And strangled to death;
Now he smokes Kools in his cell.



The hillbilly, with a dizzy blonde
hanging on his arm, took the pen
handed him by the hotel clerk and
signed the register with an X. With
a thoughtful look on his face, he hesi-
tated, then circled the X. "A lot of
people sign with an X," said the
clerk, "but that's the first time I've
ever seen one circled."

"Tain't nothin' so dadburn odd
about hit," retorted the hayseed,
"when I'm a'runnin' around with
wild women I don't use my right
name."



Funeral Director (to aged mourner):
"How old are you?"

"I'll be ninety-eight next month."

"Hardly worth going home, is it?"



"Did you get home from the party
last night without any trouble?"

"Sure did, except that just as I was
turning into my street, some darn fool
stepped on my fingers."



One student is claiming that he read
in a text on primitive cultures that a
Ubangi is the only human on earth
who can seal a letter with a kiss —
after it's in the mailbox.

DOWNFALL OF THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM DEPARTMENT

(Degenerate Democracies Division)

For example, one man who had always "fought like hell when he fought, and run like hell when he ran," found himself under a flaming enemy plane as it catapulted towards earth. He was in a fox hole — he could not fight, he could not run, and because of the water he could not even dig. Although scared many times, never before had he been totally unable to act — and at this point his anxiety developed.

Chapter 18, "Emotional Maturity, the development and dynamics of personality," by LEON J. SAUL, M.D.



"This is the skull of a man who was shipwrecked for two years on a desert island with two chorus girls."

"How did he die?"



— Exchange

Beggar: "Have you got enough money for a cup of coffee?"

Tech Student: "Oh, I'll manage somehow, thanks."

— Froth



The sugar daddy and a cute chick from Minsky's were enjoying a small supper in the private room of a roadhouse. As the waiter cleared away the dessert dishes, the tycoon cleared his throat and purred, "Now, dear, how about a little demitasse?"

"I might have known there was a string attached!" she exploded.



MARRIAGE is a happy combination of the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.

— Shakespeare



A student and a professor were sharing a seat on a train. Tiring of conversation, the professor suggested a game of riddles to pass the time.

"A riddle you can't guess, you give me a dollar and vice versa."

"O. K.," agreed the student, "but you are better educated. I'll give you only fifty cents."

"All right," consented the professor, "You go first."

"Well, what bird has four legs swimming and two legs flying?"

"I don't know. Here's a dollar. What's the answer?"

"I don't know either. Here's your fifty cents," responded the student.

— Everybody's Digest

A man was perched atop one of Atlanta's buildings contemplating suicide, and a policeman had made his way to the roof to try to persuade him not to jump. "Think of your mother and father," pleaded the officer.

"Haven't any."

"Think of your wife and family."

"Haven't any."

"Well, think of what your girl friend might think."

"I hate women."

"All right, think of Robert E. Lee."

"Who's Robert E. Lee."

"Jump, you damn Yankee!"



As one rabbit said to another: "You've had it."



Robert Barstow, prominent film executive died in his Beverly hills home last night after a brief illness. A widower, Barstow leaves his entire estate of \$100,000 to two brothels in New Hampshire.

— Los Angeles Examiner



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2

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Street

City Zone State

If under 18, check here for booklet A

Prof: "Give me a significant number."

Stude: "1837 and ask for Martha."



There once was a girl named Lucille,
Who was made in an automobile;
That wasn't so bad,
But what made her mad
Was hitting her head on the wheel.



Wood and Stone were standing on a corner when a very pretty girl passed by. Wood turned to Stone, Stone turned to Wood, they both turned to rubber and the girl turned into a drugstore.

Many a girl who's on the shelf
Could easily have saved herself
Numerous remorse,
If she had nabbed a wedding ring
Before she started exploiting
Her natural resources.



"Do you file your nails?"
"No. I just cut them off and throw 'em away."



Criminology Prof: "Why do stickup men wear handkerchiefs over their noses?"

Soc major: "Cuz they usually have to blow in a hurry!"

— Unique

There was a young lady of Trent
Who said she knew what it meant
When men asked her to dine;
Gave her cocktails and wine.
She knew what it meant — but she went.



Have you heard about the devil who backed into the lawnmower, then went into a liquor store because he heard that they retailed spirits?

— Log



A big-time gambler had just died. The funeral was well attended by his professional friends. In eulogy the speaker said, "Spike is not dead. He only sleeps."

From the rear came a voice, "I've got \$100 that says that he don't wake up."

QUESTIONS

- A** I'm said to be honest, in short, without guile;
Change a vowel at the end, I'm a beautiful isle.
- B** Crops of the birds, an insect that hums,
Run them together and up my name comes.
- C** We're homonyms three, and to pick us out better,
We're a noun and a verb and a capital letter.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

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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** The apostrophe in the word 'EM. Phonetically speaking, this sign of omission is found between the "E"s (these) of GIVE 'EM.
- B** Arthur Godfrey's signature shown twice in the ad. The only difference is the link between Arthur and Godfrey shown in the lower signature.
- C** CHEER. The first, second, third, sixth and seventh letters of CHESTERFIELD spell out the word CHEER.

WINNERS... J. Lee, H. Gunther, H. Spaulding, P. Jones
H. Voss, W. Philhower, B. Wolff, E. Sears, S. Arthur, S. Parsons

VOO DOO



THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY
WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

A pretty gal appeared at a party wearing a tiny silver airplane on a chain around her neck. It was a cute ornament and she was not only proud of it, but quite conscious of it. She found her dinner partner eyeing her in the direction of the silver trinket and so she asked him proudly by way of starting small talk; "Do you like my little airplane?"

"Yes," replied the young gallant by her side, "but I was mostly admiring the landing field."

— Tomahawk



Girl: "The next thing you know you'll be insulting my mother, too."

Boy: "I would, but there's no sense dragging the Civil War into this."



She was only a secondhand dealer's daughter, but she wouldn't allow much on the old sofa.

— Pranks



An enemy, I know, to all
Is wicked, wicked alcohol.
The good Book, though, commanded me
To learn to love mine enemy.

— The Log



Prof in Ethics: "I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?"

Nearly all the class raised their hands.

Prof: "That's fine. You're the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

— Ram-Buller



"But you sounded much younger over the phone!"

Pro: "No, use your brassie."

Fair Golfer: "But I don't wear any this hot weather."



Then there's Great-grandfather Mudfence J. Zimbam, who survived the war after having four horses and six nurses shot out from under him.

— Rammer Jammer.



"Daddy, how do minks get babes?"
"The same way babes get minks."



"What did your husband die of?"

"He was keeled by a weasel."

"How did that happen?"

"He was driving along in automobile and was keeled at the crossing. He didn't hear the weasel."

"Honey," she asked, "you don't mind if I wear serge instead of silk, do you?"

"No, darling," he answered, "I'll love you through thick or thin."



Then there's the sailor who treated all his girls with wine. He wanted a little port in every sweetheart.



A woman went into a drug store and asked, "Have you any Lifebuoy?"

The young man's reply: "Just set the pace, lady."

— Wet Hen.



Senior: "The girls run after my kisses."

Freshman: "So what! After mine they limp."

The moon was yellow
 The lane was bright
 She turned to me
 In the autumn night
 And with every glance
 She gave a hint
 That what she craved
 Was real romance.
 I stammered, stuttered
 And time went by
 The moon was yellow
 . . . And so was I.



If blouses keep on going down,
 Boyish eyes will need some hinges.
 For Nature just ain't got around
 Providin' for such eyeish binges.



We've just heard about the two
 maggots who were necking in dead
 Ernest.

Which reminds me of the famous
 Englishman (was it Oscar Wilde?)
 who, when asked by a woman at a
 tea why he was born in England
 instead of America, replied: "I wanted
 to be near my mother."



EDUCATION OF A COED

She learned to love,
 She learned to hate,
 She learned a car
 Would carry eight.
 She learned to smoke,
 And how to tell
 Wood alcohol
 By taste or smell.
 She learned to coax,
 She learned to tease,
 She learned a new way
 Of cooking cheese.
 She learned to neck
 And break a date,
 She's ready now
 To graduate.

— Sundial

One night a drunk staggered into a
 main stem night club and in a loud
 voice yelled, "When I drink — every-
 body drinks!" He summoned every-
 one to the bar . . . the musicians, the
 hat-check girl, waiters and guests.
 Everybody had a drink. When he
 finished his whiskey, he yelled again,
 "When I take another drink — every-
 body takes another drink!" Once
 more everyone gathered around the
 bar. They even called in a couple of
 taxi drivers, and the cop on the corner.
 When he finished that one the drunk
 took a dollar out of his pocket and
 slapped it on the bar. "When I pay,"
 he yelled, "everyone pays!"



Coed: "We must be getting home . . .
 We girls are out after hours."
 Soph: "We're out after ours, too."



"No, Miss Goody, a neckerchief is
 not the president of a sorority."

— Old Maid



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The little girl's mother had gone away to the mountains for a rest cure, and the child was left in the care of her father. When night came the little girl crawled into bed, and then called her daddy. Her father came quickly and asked his daughter what she wanted.

"Are you going to tuck me in, like you tuck mommy?" asked the child. Her father said of course he would.

"And are you going to kiss me goodnight, like you kiss mommy?" she whispered. The father replied by kissing her.

"Will you lie down next to me, like you do with mommy?" The father lay down next to his daughter.

"And now, Daddy, will you whisper in my ear like you do with mommy?" The father hesitated a moment, and then whispered, "Buzz-buzz-buzz."

The little girl opened her eyes wide, turned to her father, and then whispered quietly, "No, not tonight, George, I'm too tired."



A woman spends the first part of her life looking for a husband and the last part wondering where he is.

— *Kreolite News*



"Well, son, what did you find was the hardest thing to learn at college?"

"How to open bottles with a quarter."

Stalin was pinning some medals on his ski-troop heroes and he went up to one to get some personal information.

Stalin: "Tell me, comrade, what was the first thing you did when you came back from the war?"

Soldier: "Well, sir, I hadn't been home in four years — hadn't seen my wife — well, you know how it is."

Stalin: "Er, yes. But tell me, what was the second thing you did when you came back?"

Soldier: "I took off my skis."



Three tourists were standing on a street corner in North Africa. They were an Englishman, an Arabian and an American. Just then a beautiful woman walked by. The Englishman said, "By jove!" The Arabian said, "By the prophet!" The American just shifted his chewing gum and said, "By midnight."



We wonder why the iceman smiles so
When his glance happens to meet
The sign: "Please drive slow;
The child in the street may be yours,
you know."



Sign seen in a St. Louis store window: "Ladies, these shoes *positively* make street walking a pleasure."

"I think when William and I are married, we'll go to Bali Bali and see what it's like."

"Don't be silly, it's the same everywhere."



Lawyer: "On what grounds are you seeking a divorce?"

Woman: "I think my husband's been unfaithful."

Lawyer: "And what makes you think that?"

Woman: "Well, I don't think he is the father of my child."



He was so bashful, he took mistletoe along on his honeymoon.



Sign in nudist colony: Gentlemen playing leap frog, please complete your leaps.



Sign in a real estate office: Get Lots when you're young.



... And then there is the widow who wears black garters in memory of those who have passed beyond.

WHOLESALE

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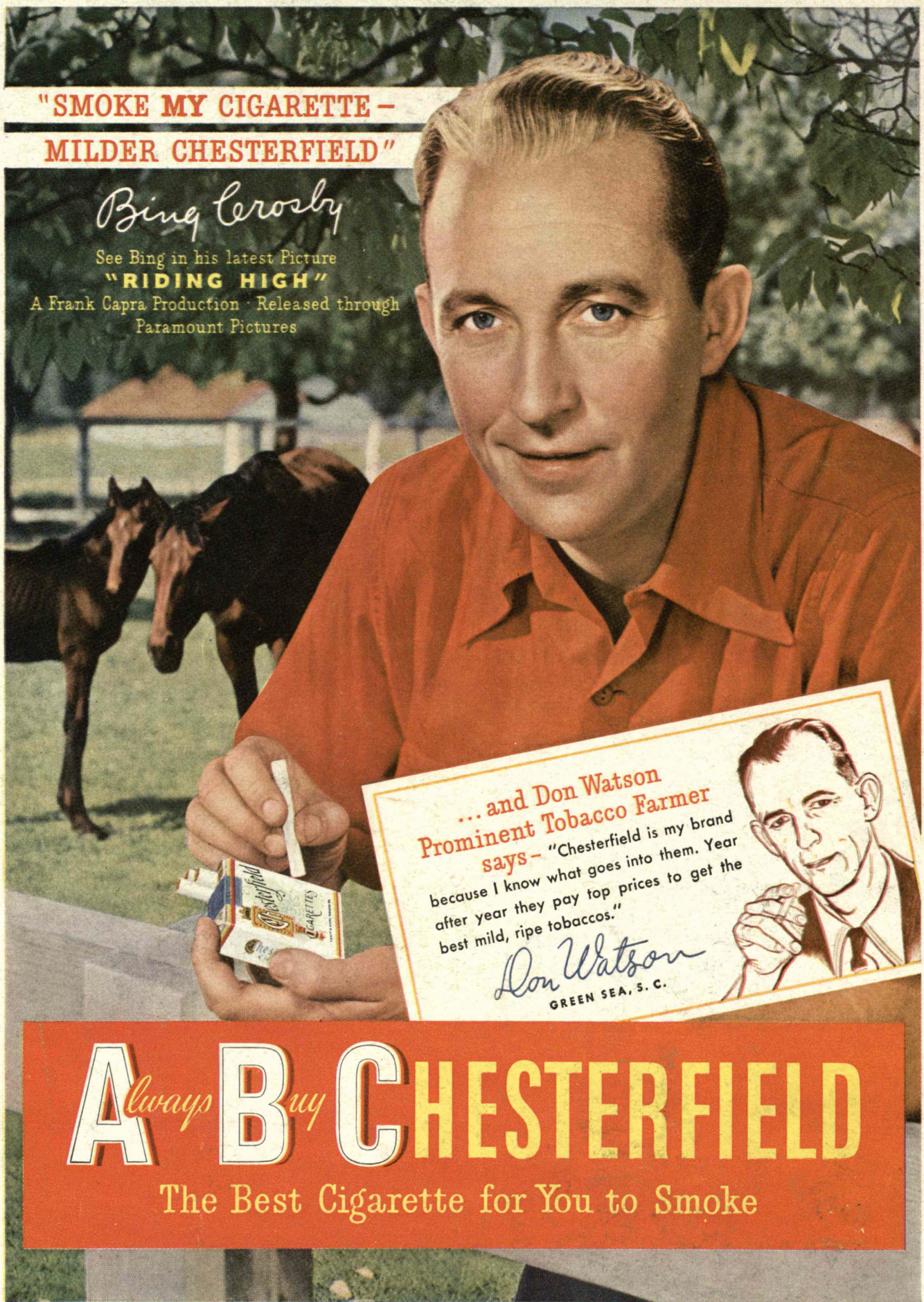
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