



ART SHOP

ART SHOP

Voo Doo

MARCH 25¢

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



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!**



The Cat was really rushing around the office when we pushed our noses in for the monthly show-up. "What the hell's going on here," we shouted, grabbing The Cat as he went whipping by. "What are you trying to do, wreck the office?"

"Wreck the office! Why you sad sacks, I'm putting out the issue. Do you think I can sit around here all month till you boys decide to show up and give me a hand. I have other things, more important things, to do than put out the rag."

"More important than putting out the rag" we echoed, stunned by this heresy. "Why, Phos, the mag is your blood. Without it you wouldn't exist. What could be more important?"

We quickly realized we had made an error, for Phos had gotten that philosophical look. It always amazed us how The Cat could look philosophical with a beer can in each paw, but we had no doubts that he could preach hell fire and brimstone using the same equipment.

"I'm surprised at you boys," The Cat said, taking a quick swig. "What you say is very true, but would I also be existing if I had no ancestors? Do I not owe my noble forebearers a debt of gratitude? Would it not be wrong to ignore the day set aside in remembrance of our great past and is celebrated throughout the world by we Irish . . ."

"Irish! No really Phos, you know you couldn't get by a 'grandfather's clause' in order to vote."

Phos slowly emptied the left hand keg, wiped his chin with his rear left paw and smilingly said, "Gentlemen, you're fired. But before you depart forever let me inform you of the great injustice you have done to the famed O'Phosphorus family."

"My family goes back before the time of written history. Outside of ruling Ireland there was nothing note-worthy until St. Phosphorus drove the snakes out of the Isle. Actually it was mice, but you of course can realize how these things get confused in being handed down by word of mouth. That gave us the idea of driving out the English too. And the story of our family is synonymous with that great struggle, Phos Parnell, Pho De Valera are names that shall never be forgotten in Eire's history. Unfortunately most of the family were lost in the great Easter Rebellion. Done in by those dirty English Bulldogs. As far as I know I and 'Dev' are all that's left and he doesn't even know that I escaped. I still have my I.R.A. uniform and someday I shall return and receive my due homage. But until then I must be satisfied to be the Marshal of the St. Phosphorus Day parade."

Not knowing quite what to do with this inflamed sincerity of a distended imagination, and still smarting about our dismissal, we slunk out of the office knowing full well all would be forgiven when we showed up at the parade shouting, "Erin get your bra," or whatever it is.

A. C. P.

Cover this month by Grandma Moses

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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DOING THE TOWN

Tech men with discerning palates who may want to blow themselves and the lucky lassie to a truly fine meal — and can afford it — should hie themselves and said lassie off to 96 Winthrop Street, near Harvard Square, just a few steps from Boylston Street, to act like gourmets for the evening. The place, the "Club Henri IV," is really a club, so you have to become a member. However, you shouldn't find it too difficult and the little card will cost nary a sou.

The decor is clean and bright, but nothing much, basically American, I suppose. The staff and the cuisine are French, though the menu is bi-lingual for the benefit of we who know not the difference between "poulard bressane" and "poule au pot," whatever the difference may be. The portions are moderate but many and if you don't enjoy it you should go back to Walker. Incidentally, I felt that the management would probably feel hurt or insulted if wine, from their apparently well-stocked cellar, were not ordered. As for what to order, you probably couldn't go wrong whatever you asked for, with the possible exception of one or two dishes Americans habitually shy from, such as snails, which I tried, and which I found very good. French coffee, which is offered as an alternate to American coffee, is of course another thing. I liked it and it took me right back to dear old Paris — but I can't recommend it because I remember what I thought of it before I acquired the taste for the stuff.

But, as I intimated above, go well-heeled, for you're going to pay. If you cut corners like mad and make no attempt to glut yourself, you could probably escape with a tariff of between three and four dollars, but a complete meal would cost, I estimate, eight or ten dollars apiece, complete with wine and all. Conceivably, it could cost more. See what I mean? Three of us struck a medium and did well on five apiece, tax and tip included. It was well worth it.

If you still want to go and want to call them about this membership business, the number in UNiversity 4-4180.

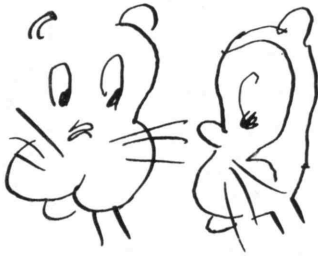
For another brand of continental food, and another sort of price, you could do worse than follow my footsteps to the "Italian Canteen," down on Hanover Street just a grapefruit's throw from the open-air market below Scollay Square. The specialty, of course, is pizza, plain and fancy, from sixty-five cents up. When I'm down there, mingling with the local populace, I generally make a meal of it, including a bottle of ale or two, for about a dollar and a half, roughly. I like pizza of any kind, and theirs especially, but my favorite at this time is pizza with mushrooms and anchovies, tray-sized. But it's all good.

Several of my friends claim to like the "Circle Lounge," out at Cleveland Circle, but I don't. The reason I mention it, though, is because the food is pretty good. What gets me down is the decor. The lighting is well up in the red, though you may not quite realize it until you realize that the end of your cigarette glows white, which may or may not excite you one way or another. But the walls are decorated with representations of monstrous flowers that could be nothing if not carnivorous. After one drink I was ready to spring for the door and safety if they made a move, and I can hold more than that. That and a few other details sent me away.

In all fairness, though, the service was pleasant and the food rather good. You can pay from about \$1.50, for scallops and the like, to a reasonable \$2.40 for one of the largest nice-looking pieces of roast beef we've seen in a long time. I ate well, if unhappily, for \$1.80. If you can put up with those damned flowers you might as well go, though.

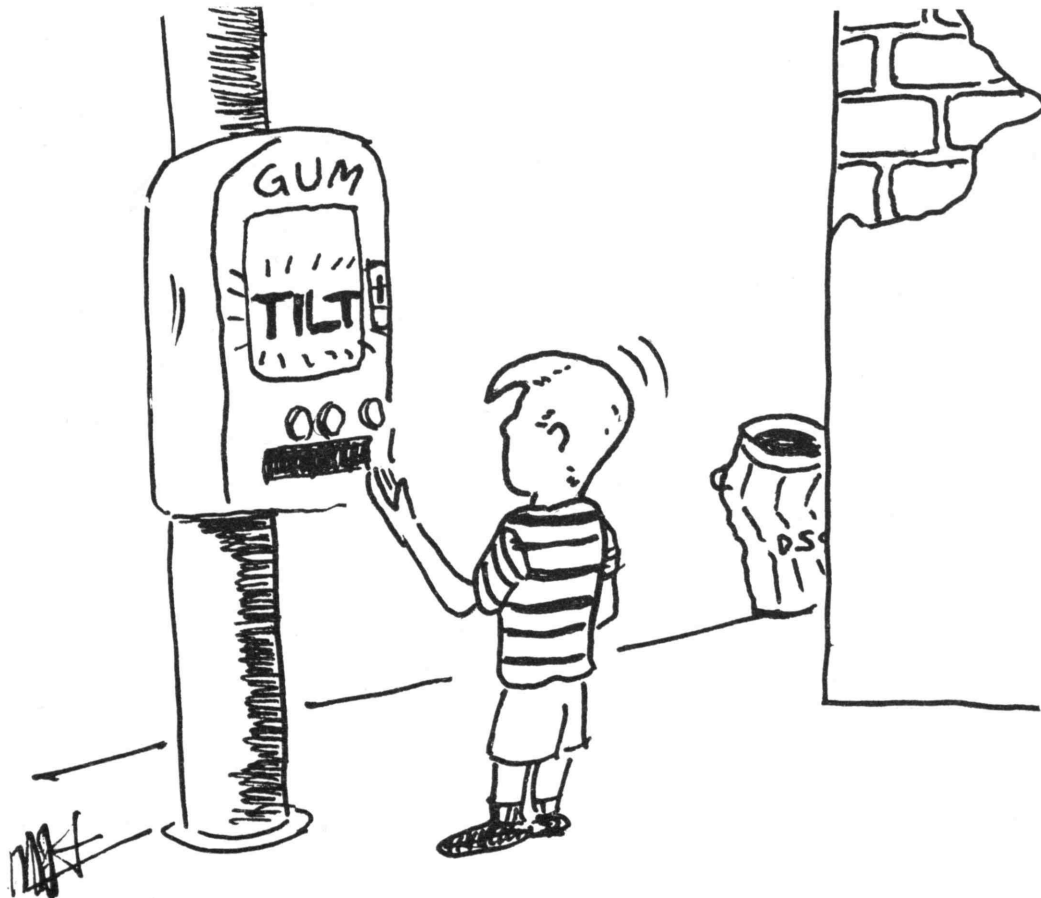
RVWT





A woman was driving her car along an Airline Highway at 60 miles per hour when she noticed a motorcycle cop following her. She pushed the car up to 70 and then noticed two cops trailing her. Not to get caught she upped the speedometer reading to 80, and this time there were three bike cops trying to catch her. Suddenly she spied a gas station so she pulled up in front of it and dashed into the ladies' room.

Ten minutes later she ventured out and there were the three cops waiting for her. Without batting an eyelash, she said coyly, "I'll bet you thought I wouldn't make it."



A preacher recently received a recommendation that he resign, from his parishioners. Needless to say, he was rather bitter and so at the close of the final sermon, he said, "I won't say 'goodbye' because that's too ordinary. I won't say 'farewell' because that's a word when friends take leave of each other. I won't say 'au revoir' because I don't know what it means. But as I sashay down the aisle for the last down, I want to call your attention to the sprig of mistletoe hanging on the end of my coat-tail."

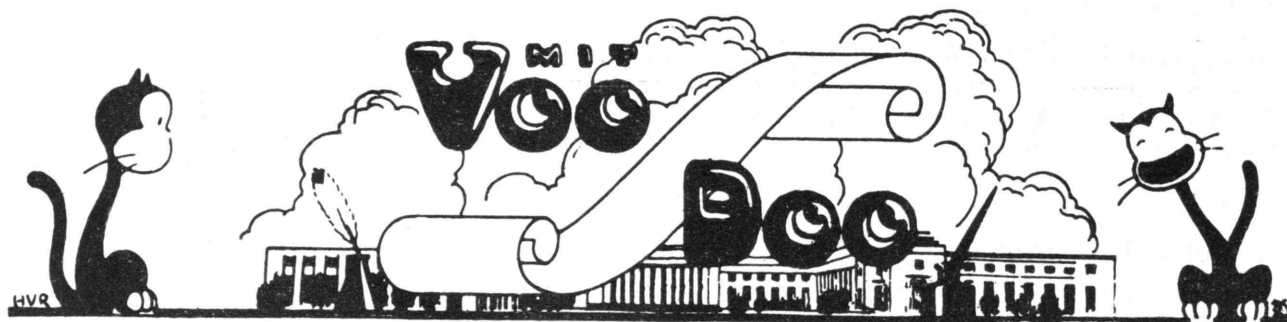


"For two pins, I'd park the car."
"Here take these. My hair will come undone anyway."



The bride's girl friend was asking her what was the biggest thrill in the whole proceedings.

"Well, there's lots of thrills," said the bride thoughtfully. "First, when we went to the license bureau, then when the minister pronounced us man and wife, and it was a real thrill signing the register Mr. and Mrs. But by far the biggest thrill was thumbing my nose at the house detective."



Several of our friends in Course VIII had a rather nasty turn a few weeks ago. One of the professors turned on them in lecture. The prof, one of those several known for an appearance of humility before a class. This time, after modestly mumbling his way through much of the lecture and dithering deferentially on the board, something happened. "Now, if you don't mind, gentlemen, I'd like to put something on the board," he said, and a glint grew in his eye as his Wheaties took effect. "I'd damn well like to see you stop me!" he snarled suddenly at the now-covering class. Several of the more self-worshipping souls in the class fell into a slough of despondency for several days.

The president of one of our fraternities known for its social life and drinking capacities of its members, made the supreme sacrifice cramming for a course recently. He went to Dewey Library on a Saturday night. His efforts were rewarded when two of our all-knowing undergraduates, while taking their dates on a tour of the Institute for some fool reason at that hour, lauded his perseverance in stage-whispered comment: "Some of the more socially outcast find it preferable to come here on Saturday night rather than advertise their misfortunes by staying in their rooms." At subsequent parties the incident has haunted the victim like the spectre at the feast.

We squired a charming but not too bright lassie on the Grand Tour around the Institute not so long ago. We love to hear those oh's and ah's. "That's Professor Wiener," we said at one point, indicating the learned gentleman. "Him?" she said incredulously, "the man with the mechanical brains?" Somehow the phrase stopped us for a moment. "I mean, gee," she said, wide-eyed, "he doesn't look much like a monster at all." That stopped us for keeps. We squeezed her hand reassuringly and took her up to Prichett Lounge. She thought it just too cute for words.

Freshman recently fell heir to a room in the old Senior House whose walls bear a Steam Chart on which someone has carefully lettered "Concupiscence Index — Analysis Statistically Applicable to 82% of Women," so help us. Most of the terms, he reported in camera with some upperclassmen, seem to be fairly clear, but "entropy" and "enthalpy" have him badly puzzled.

Our boy Myron, just returned from Schenectady, dropped into our room a few weeks ago to see how things were doing. Quiet and normal, we reported, as we sat back inhaling the sweet Cambridge air, redolent of Rinso. We were interrupted once by a bomb under our door, and once by shrill feminine squeals from a nearby room. As we were about to leave, an explosion rocked the building and the lights

were out for a few minutes. And before we left, we carefully calked the door against the rising tide of water in the hall. Myron agrees that the place is as nice as ever and it's great to be back.

We humans have always had quite a taste for blood and violence, the gorier and the crueller the better. Phos, though he will never admit it, is rather gentle under the shield of his lecherous, beer-stained exterior, and perhaps our stay in Walker has affected us that way. At any rate, from time to time we find ourselves somewhat disturbed by the frankness of those who like their inhumanity served up rare. We remember, not so long ago, that a lot of people around home were avidly reading a detective novel in which, if memory serves us correctly, seven people were most brutally put away with, one a little old lady who was bludgeoned with a five-pound hammer. But what reminded us of that was an advertisement we saw not so long ago for a movie in Boston, that thing called "Guilty of Treason." Among other things that ad-writer commanded us to do, was "SEE the young innocent girl flogged and tortured!" Nothing we'd like better.

Advice to young organizations: take a cue from a club recently formed here and elect a secretary

to the executive committee, preferably as, you guessed it, secretary. A lot gets done and committee meetings are much more lively.

We got a letter from an old college humor magazine man they keep around the Cowles Publications offices, suggesting that it would be a clever and original idea to put out a parody of "Quick," the poor man's "Time." We considered it, but our printer is all out of the very soft paper that would be appropriate.



It was the first date.
 "Cigarette?"
 "No thank you. I don't smoke."
 "Let's go down and sip a few."
 "I'd rather not. I never touch liquor."
 "Well, let's go out on the heights for a while."
 "No please don't. I want to go out and do something exciting, something new."
 "O.K. Let's go to the dairy building and milk the hell out of a couple of cows."



Outraged wife: Couldn't you think of anything better than coming home in this drunken condition?
 Erring husband: Yes, m'dear, but she was out of town.

— Yellow Jacket



A co-ed trying to maneuver her car out of a parking space banged into the car ahead, then into the car behind, and finally, pulling into the street, struck a passing delivery truck. A policeman who had been watching approached her. "Let's see your license," he demanded.
 "Don't be silly, officer," she said. "Who'd give me a license?"

— Syracusean

Gypsy Rose dressed very thin.
 Gypsy Rose sat on a pin.
 Gypsy Rose.



He: "I suppose you dance?"
 She: "Oh yes, I love to."
 He: "Great! That's better than dancing."



And then there was the little girl who swiped her mother's corset and then couldn't wear it — no guts.

— The Log



"Look here, Billy, were you peeking through the keyhole at your sister and me last night?"
 "No, I couldn't; mother was there praying."

— Ranger



The barber had cut him, nicked him and gashed him. "Give me a glass of water, please," gasped the victim.

"You aren't going to faint, I hope?" asked the barber in alarm.
 "No," replied the victim. "I just want to see if my mouth still holds water."



"There's a watchbird watching us."

"MTA TYPES"



The rich man who still wants to save money.



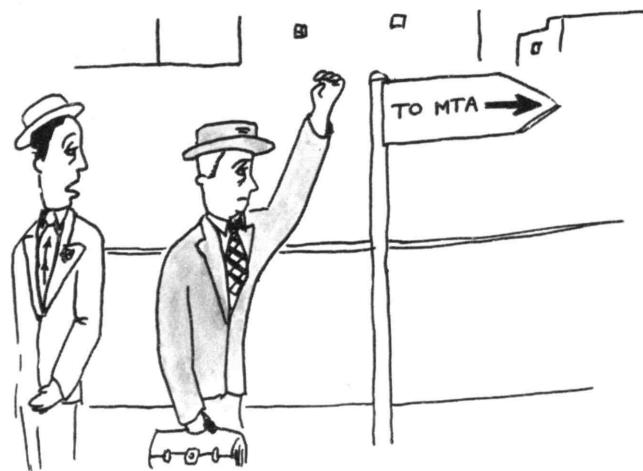
Joker with newspaper taking up enough space for ten people.



Sir Galahad gallantly offers his comfort to the sexier sex.



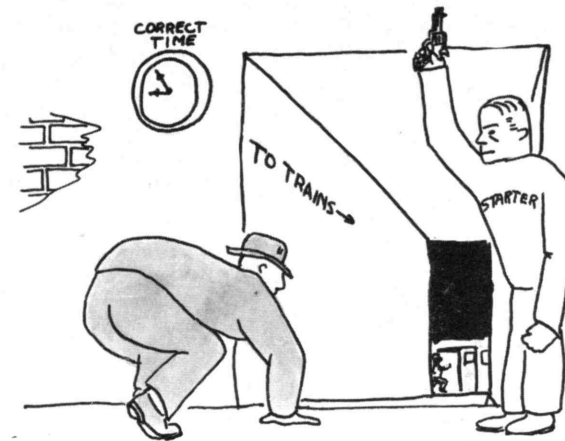
Busy woman shopper who disregards package delivery service because it's so bothersome.



Perpetual strap hanger — hasn't been able to get a seat in fifteen years, and from that has obtained this strange occupational deformity.



Frigid working girl, afraid to speak to anyone, sits quietly as if on her way to the final judgment.



Last minute dash man. Always allows just enough time to squeeze between the closing door of the car. One of these flashes miscalculated a little and missed a train by inches. Needless to say, the experience left him rather crushed.



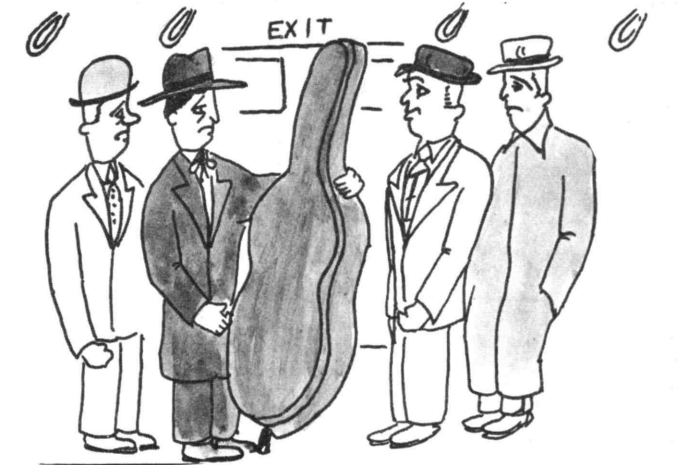
Woman brings dog into car. Insists he's house broken and really friendly. The dog disproves both statements in succession, much to the joy and comfort of the other passengers.



The bull, who singlehandedly smashes all opposition to his exit. Usually operates best between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. when no one else has enough strength to fight back.



Infrequent user of transit facilities is alarmed at hike in fare. During rush hour stops for fifteen minutes to give her opinion of how things should be run. This helps the fare collector exercise his ulcer.



The musician with his small instrument usually winds up right in front of the door that everyone wants to use.



And here's the friendly drunk who works you into a corner and bores you to death with his problems. Of course, then there's you and I.

EMJAY



Everybody Swing!

Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!

Swing on down
and getcha some!

Swing to the taste
that lasts so long!

Swing to Beech-Nut...
come along!

Y' can't beat Beech-Nut Gum
for quality 'n' refreshment!
Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!



Breathes there a man so much
abnormal
That he can't be stirred by a low-
cut formal.

—Goblet



The scene was in the reading room
of a large public library. A saintly
looking man was reading birth and
death statistics. Suddenly he turned
to the man on his right and said,
“Do you know that every time I
breathe a man dies?”

“Very interesting,” replied the
stranger. “Why don't you try Sen-
Sen?”

—Pu



1st Drunk: “Shee 'at fly crawling up
the wall?”

2d Inebriate: “Thas no fly. Thas a
Lady Bug.”

1st Drunk: Migawd, man, what
marvelous eyesight.”

—Exchange



There was a young girl from Peru,
Who decided her loves were too few;
So she walked from her door,
With a fig leaf, no more . . .
And now she's in bed with the flu.

—Pup



The judge had seen all kinds of
cases like this one. Man and wife
just couldn't get along together. Care-
fully he asked the woman why she
wanted a divorce from her husband.

“Well, your honor,” she answered,
“for three long years I've had to wash
his back every Saturday night.”

The judge blinked and asked incred-
ulously, “Do you consider that suffi-
cient reason for divorce?”

“No,” the wife replied, “but last
Saturday night, his back was clean.”



TOAST

Love and be loved,
Kiss and be kissed;
If you never indulge
You'll never be missed.

—Yale Record

The battleship was in port and
visitors were being shown around.
The guide exhibited a bronze tablet
on the deck. “And this was where
our gallant Captain fell.”

Said the little old lady in the
crowd, “Well, no wonder. I nearly
tripped on the damned thing my-
self.”



A Chicagoan visiting in Oklahoma
was telling a native of the raging
blasts for which his Windy City was
famous. The native was bored and
impatient. He finally broke in.

“Don't you folks in Chi have crow-
bar holes in your houses?”

“What's a crowbar hole?” asked the
northern windjammer:

The native showed him several
houses with a three-inch hole in each
side.

“We check the weather every hour
through 'em,” he explained.

“Just stick a crowbar through it.
If it bends we know the velocity out-
side is normal. Of course, if it breaks
in two we stay in the house.”



A man went to a physician, com-
plaining of prolonged headaches. The
doctor told him to stop smoking.

“I have never used tobacco in any
form.”

“Well, then stop drinking.”

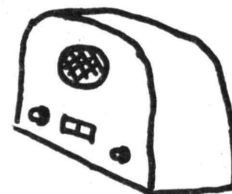
“I am a total abstainer.”

“Late hours, then, and fast women.”

“I am always in bed by nine. I
am a bachelor and live with maiden
sisters. Now, seriously, what causes
my headaches?”

“I don't know,” said the puzzled
doctor. “Maybe your halo is
pinching.”

—Pelican



RADIUM

SALES MANAGEMENT



What the hell, there might be something in it, he thought cheerfully, and it shouldn't hurt to try. Saying which Jay dissipated a small cloud of doubts, lighted the cream-white candles, and started the small fire in the waste-paper basket converted to a brazier. The fire hissed and filled the room with an unpleasant odor, reminiscent of human ashes, while Jay carefully read the invocation in what he felt would be, if anything, an effective tone. He was starting on the second paragraph when he was interrupted.

"Must we?" a silk-suave voice said. "And besides, your pronunciation is rather off."

His voice did not fit him at all. He was rather short and thin, but distinguished looking — in his way. And definitely very evil.

"I had supposed," Jay heard himself saying coolly enough, "that the entire procedure was necessary and even then not without the chance of failure." Jay watched him closely, overjoyed at his success.

"It used to be so, but then we had more business and fewer employees in the past. I haven't heard a call like yours once in a decade." There was a wraith of human wistfulness in his voice. "A representative of Beelzebub should have come," he continued, "but I am known for my interest in antiques."

"Well, now that you're here, what can you do for me?" Jay said. "I've taken 15.61 in preparation for this, but perhaps you don't follow our common law."

"Not exactly, but there should be no trouble." He placed his gloved fingertips together reflectively. "All our contracts are binding. We can supply almost anything, from a passing grade to a quick death." He smiled a contented salesman's smile.

"And the payments?"

"Can be managed to suit the buyer. We always endeavor to . . . ah . . . please. Do you have any specific requests at this time?"

"No, I'd like time to think it over. One shouldn't jump right into these things, of course. The payments . . . are they as described in the literature?"

"On the same order. But we have modernized. You have no idea of the improvements and refinements made possible by Freud. Well, since you'll need time to think, I shall leave you."

There was a knock on the door. Jay turned to the room where his visitor had been, doused the fire in the brazier, and kicked the rug over the pentagram before opening the door.

"Here, Jay, I picked up this quiz for you. The class average was 86." Chuck handed him the paper apologetically.

"And that bastard gave me a 30. I wish to hell he'd drop dead."

"At your service," said his caller, no longer Chuck.

"Well I'll be damned!"

"Precisely," the visitor said in a silk-suave voice.



ERIK

March 1 — "for sale: Slightly used farm wench in good condition. Very handy. Phone Lg. 2222. A. Q. Smith."

March 2 — CORRECTION:

Due to an unfortunate error Mr Smith's ad last night was not clear. He has an excellent *winch* for sale. We trust this will put an end to jokesters who have called Mr. Smith and greatly bothered his housekeeper, Mrs. Jones, who loves with him."

March 3 — "Notice: My W-I-N-C-H is not for sale. I put a sledge hammer to it. Don't bother calling Lg. 2222. I had the phone taken out. I am NOT carrying on with Mrs. Jones. She merely L-I-V-E-S with me. A. Q. Smith."

— Laff

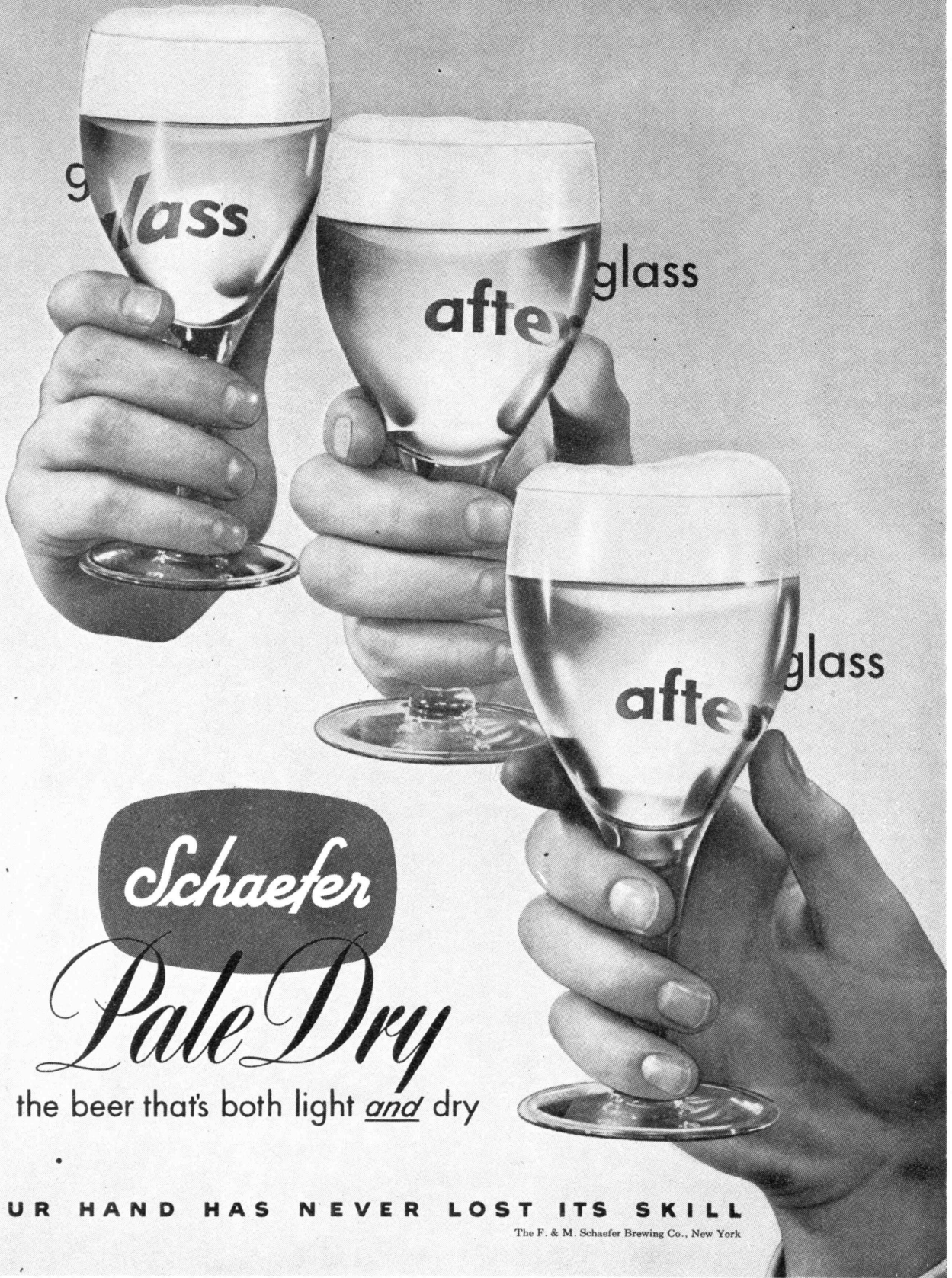


Mr. Schmidt had trouble with his daughter. He sent her to an ultra-fashionable girl's school and enrolled her in an extra-special class in etiquette. When graduated, she plunged into society. One morning he found her crying hysterically. One the previous evening, it seems, she had attended a dance, met a very handsome and charming young man, and gone for a ride in the park that had disastrous results. "So," cried papa, "who is this scoundrel, this wolf in sheep's clothing? Tell me his name."

When she shamefully admitted that she didn't even know his name, Schmidt's patience was at an end. "After all your lessons," he screamed, "you still not having the courtesy to ask, 'With whom am I having the pleasure?'"

— Octopus

So fine...so light...so dry...so right



Schaefer

Pale Dry

the beer that's both light *and* dry

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

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

HT HT

TIN



The drunk tiptoed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed, smiling at the thought he'd put one over on the wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes and there stood his wife glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter dear?"

"You were drunk last night."

"Why, darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put the adhesive tape all over the bathroom mirror?"

— Dodo



"Watt-hour you doing there?"

"Eating currents," the apprentice said, "anode you'd catch me at it."

"Wire you insulate this morning?" asked the boss.

"Leyden bed. Wouldn't that jar you?"

"Can't your relay-shunts get you up?"

"Amperently not."

"Fuse going to do that every day you can go ohm," said the boss, and the circuit was broken right there.



Driving his date home the long way the other night, one of Duke's loverboys was pleasantly surprised when his date suddenly turned to him and said:

"Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

"Yes indeed," was the breathless answer.

"Well then, slow down because we're going to drive right by the place."

— Duke & Duchess

STAND BY!

Her feet went into the air,
Her face turned crimson red;
She felt both cold and wet,
And she wished that she were dead.
Now the moral to my story
Is never sit down abrupt,
Always look behind you —
The seat may still be up.



First Communist: "Nice weather we're having."

Second Communist: "Yes, but the rich are having it too!"

Once up a time, il y avait un homme qui avait un chien nomme Abner. Quand l'homme faisait une promenade avec son chien, les gens disaient:

"O Voila l'homme and Abner."*

*(Unanimously voted by Voo Doo staff as being the worst pun of the year.—Ed.)

O o
"JOE SENT ME!"

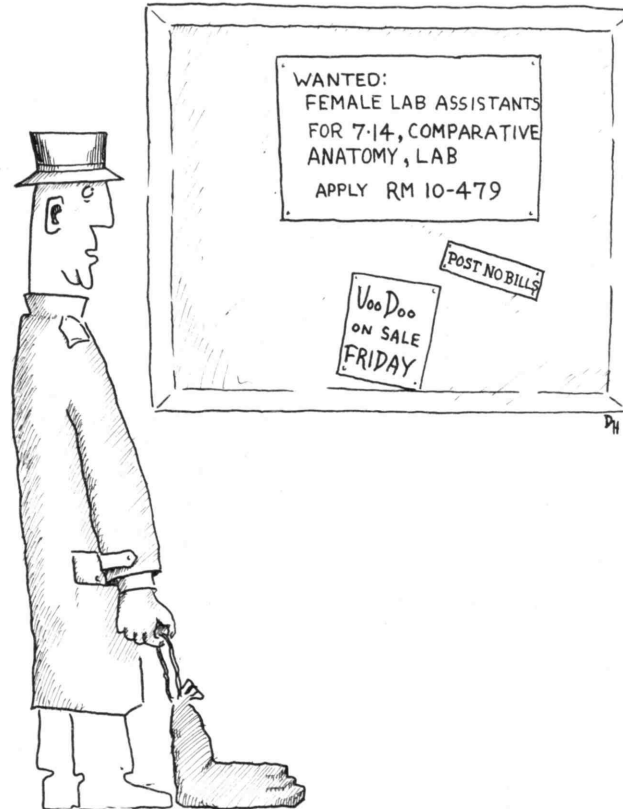
The bus driver charged a lady full fare (10c) for her son. He had on long pants.

At the next corner a small boy wearing short trousers, paid only half fare (5c).

At the next stop a girl mounted the bus and the conductor didn't charge her anything. Why?

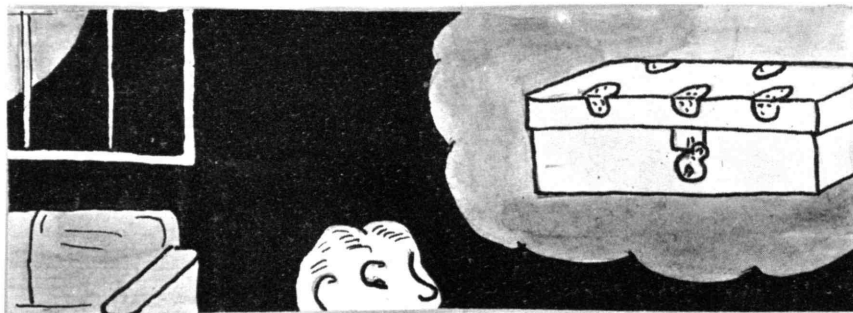
You have an evil mind . . . the girl had a transfer.

— Masquerader



Another cooperative course??

MOONLIGHT WONDER



She threw back the curtains from the double window and turned to the light switch, her fingers resting upon it.

"Do you mind?" she said. "Let's live by moonlight. It's so much nicer."

"All right." He smiled hesitantly at her and the room fell dark.

"Look," she said as she sat down beside him, "here comes the moonlight. Where there had been her apartment, and then darkness, a room grew from the darkness, black and silver, a protean gloom whose edges glistened subtly, and a bright patch over the floor where the light fell and fell, George and Stephanie waiting and watching until their faces, changed by the reflected light, seemed clear again.

She put her head on his lap and smiled up at him. "Isn't it nice?"

"Yes," he said. A phrase of a laugh floated up from her.

"What are you thinking, cheri?" There was the suggestion of a pout in her voice.

"Nothing much," he said ruefully.

"About the past, darling? Were you thinking about the past?"

"I was, in a general sort of way." And he felt memories and emotions, thoughts that he did not want to think, begin to come up in him. Stephanie pouted invitingly, he began to bend his head down, and then for some reason he stopped. "The past," he said, "in a general sort of way."

She smiled, a bit of sympathy, a bit of reprimand, and much of a confidence that seemed to be of her flesh, and stroked his cheek gently. "Why, darling?"

"I don't really know." He grinned, as if he were about to shuffle his feet in the embarrassment of much opportunity. Her face, resting gently above his lap, gleamed, and her eyes glistened. He looked up, away from her lips and the half-hidden neck, looked over her and out the window, noting the black shadows of trees beside the window. They were pines, he knew, but the closed, warm room kept the odor from him and their shapes were blunted, amorphous. The moonlight is deceptive, he thought, it looks clear and bright, but it can't show me a difference between a pine tree and an old prop, abandoned on some stage. And suddenly memory returned to him, and he surged to his feet, gently lifting her head from his lap as he did so.

"The past," he said softly, as if he were irritating her mind from within. "Johnny," he said, "and the year zero."

"Cheri!" she said reproachfully from the couch. Then she shifted, her clothes whispering in the dark, and held her arms out to him in the softness of the moonlight. "Georgie," she asked huskily, "what do you want, Georgie?" Her voice dropped, a tone vibrating earnestly within. "I love

you, darling, isn't it clear?" She paused and her voice sank to a strained whisper. "This is now, Georgie. I love you."

"I knew a girl in Germany once," George said. "Her family was Jewish, but she concealed the fact and she managed to live, and live well enough. And she was drafted, during the war, and sent to work at Auschwitz and, though she tried to avoid that duty, when they finally said go, she went. Later at Nuremberg she was only a witness, for she had been drafted and prisoners of the camp reported that she had been as kind as she could have been, as kind as the rules and officers would permit. She never fled the camp, and she never fought against it, but the courts cannot expect everyone to be a hero or a martyr."

He turned and stared at her. She carefully removed her blouse and folded it over the back of the couch, silently. He turned, staring at the tree beyond the window.

"I met her again in Zurich, something changed. She was in love."

"Darling Georgie!" she pleaded from behind him, and then her voice fell to the thickened tones of remembrance of nostalgia for things past. "That is gone, darling," she said. "The world has changed since then, and so have we, and the past years are gone and dead. Everything changed, Johnnie is gone, and he might as well be dead, to me."

"You say 'this is the world,'" George said softly, "and I must adjust to it.' And we all do, and we live that way." He paused and touched the window with his fingers. It was cold to his touch "Except Johnnie," he said, "who said a big no when it would have been far more politic to say a little yes, and avoid a dented skull, or worse."

He felt Stephanie get up and walk barefoot across the floor. She stood behind him and held his waist gently in her hands, breathing over his shoulder. A chill ran down his back and he trembled.

"Darling," she whispered against his ear, "you want to say 'integrity,' don't you? That we should be more stubborn, and have opinions strongly?"

"Yes." He nodded a stiff affirmative.

"But, Georgie, we can't help what other people did any more than we can help what they will do. And we have to live with them and change with them." She nuzzled his shoulder gently as he stared ahead. "I loved Johnnie, but I changed, and I don't think he ever will. Georgie," she pleaded softly, "we have to swim with the rest, and enjoy ourselves, and not worry." She backed away from him. "We should enjoy ourselves," she said quietly. "It doesn't mean anything."

George turned and looked at her. She stood away from him, nude in the beam of moonlight, and her flesh glistened in the light, a pale gleam like burnished steel molded into marvelous curves and planes, and as cold, to his still-wondering eye. He wondered at last if it meant anything to say yes or no, to take anything seriously.

She walked gracefully toward him, holding her hands out. "Only this night matters, doesn't it, really Georgie, only this night?" She smiled, lips parted, and reached a hand toward his face. She stood in the only beam of light, shining like night's desire, and the rest of the room — for all he could see, the rest of the world — was dark and gone, smoothed out by the deceptive clarity of the moonlight.

"Only tonight," she whispered, and touched his cheek. "What else could there ever be?" For an instant, George thought of every morning later, hiding memories under the pillow, and every night, but Stephanie said again: "What

else could there ever be?" He wondered and then paused. He dropped his head and took her hand in his.

"You have a wonderful argument," he said "Now I'm serious," he said. She giggled throatily.

VAN



The dimmer the porch light, the greater the scandal power.



The village fair was all agog over its annual spelling bee. One by one the contestants dropped out until two remained, the town lawyer and the stableman. Everyone waited breathlessly for the word which would decide the match. It came.

"How do you spell 'auspice'?" The stableman lost.



ANTIMONY



Two street urchins were watching a barber sing a customer's hair. "Gee," said one to the other, "he's hunting them with a light."



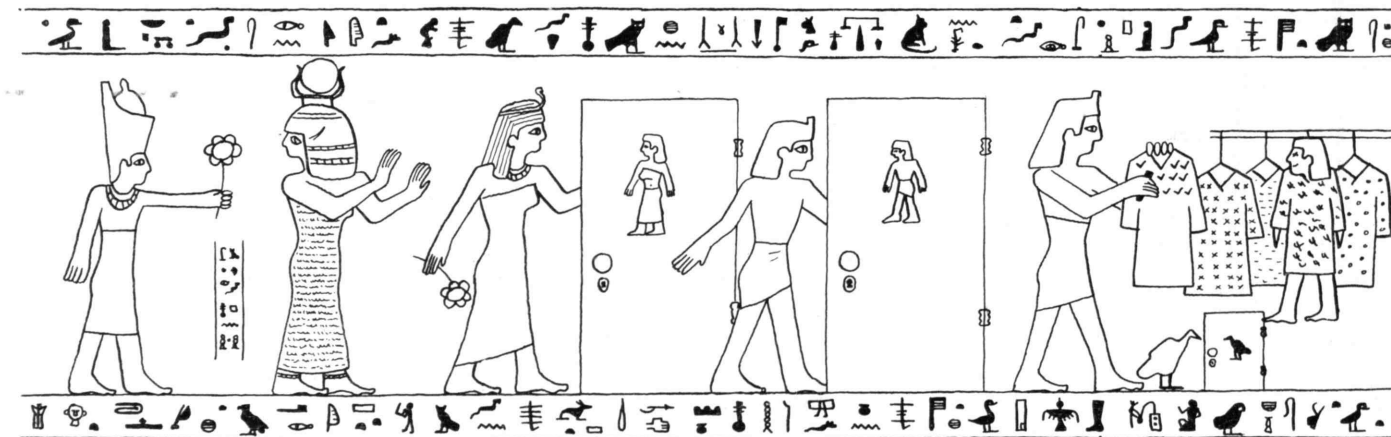
BUGS

"ACTIVITIES BALL"

Not so very long ago, as long agoes go, the tomb of Amenthmes IV was discovered near Karnak in Egypt land. It was, of course, opened without delay, and tourists were let in. One of the many interesting sights awaiting tourists was the so-called Ball Room, whose walls were covered with the series of paintings reproduced on these pages. We felt that this series would be of timely interest to the Techman, and so we had them copied and printed. Without further ado, then, we give you — Amenthmes IV's ACTIVITIES BALL.



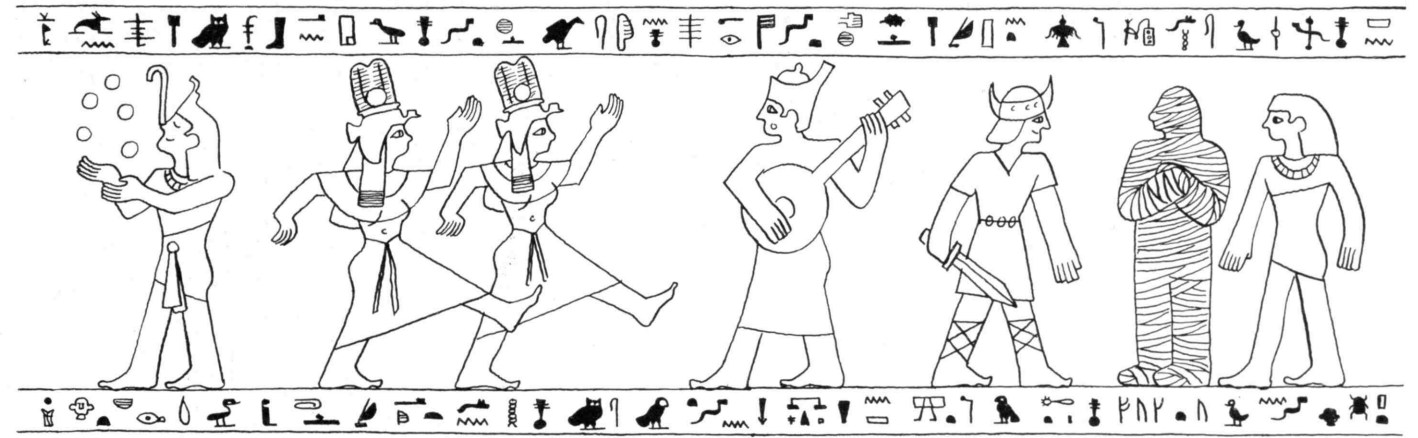
This first panel shows various important guests arriving at the palace. We detect, in the usual order, a member of the TECHFLYINGCLUB, a Sargeant girl (with date), a member of the faculty, and the Association of Women Students.



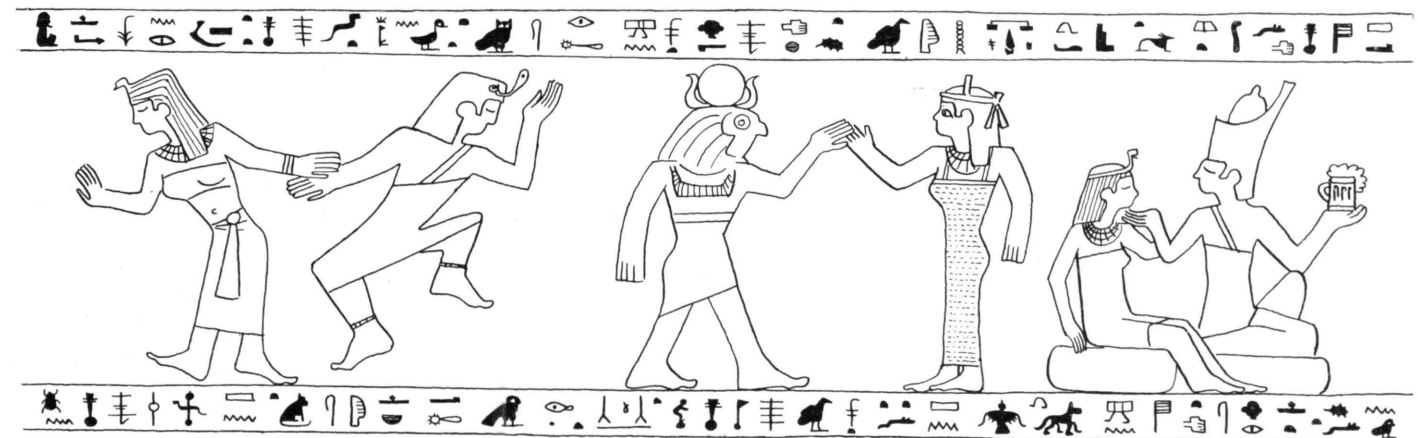
This second panel shows the guests preparing for the dance. Flowers are passed around carelessly, several people make phone calls, and coats are checked.



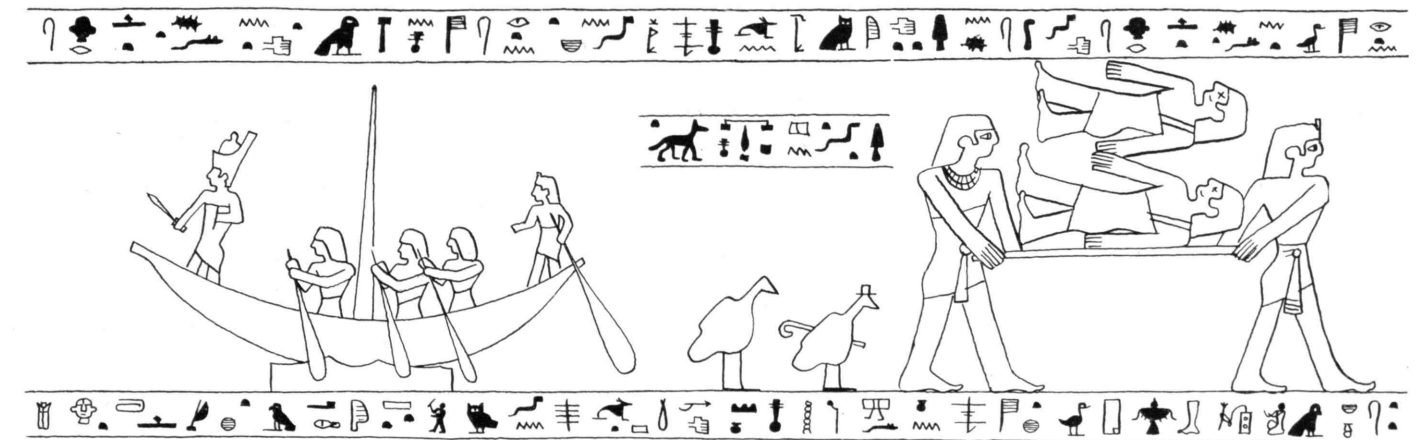
This panel shows a male guest greeting the receiving line, a rather flashy couple dancing, and a view of the orchestra, the far-famed Delta Boys.



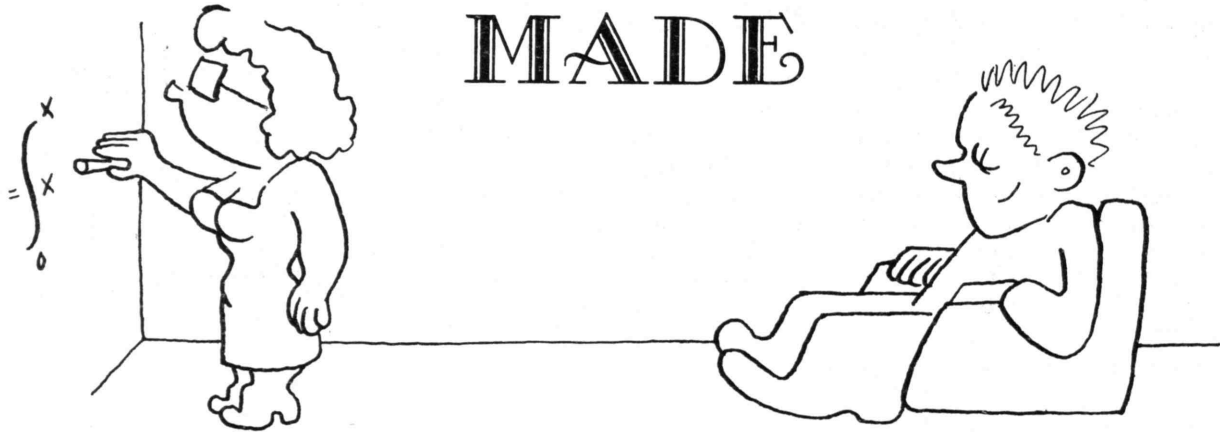
As the name indicates, an ACTIVITIES BALL is a place where there is more activity than ball. This panel shows some of the numerous entertainers that performed during intermission. Various members of the Tech Show appear, as do members of the faculty. Apparently Amenthmes was quite a gay blade.



Intermission is now over, and dancing has begun again. Close examination of this panel, and comparison with a present-day promenade, would appear to indicate that there is indeed, "Nothing new under our son."



The final panel in this series shows the guests departing for their respective pyramids. And so must we, dear reader, depart for ours, as the evening sun sinks low over the mangificent glory of mighty Egypt.



MADE

Women are nice people. Now, this is no startling new discovery, I admit, but some fellows do seem to take it for granted. Have you thought what would happen if women lost their sense of humor? I shudder at the very thought! A girl has to have a sense of humor to love a fellow like you or me — unless she feels kindly toward all dumb animals.

How many pretty men are there? Offhand I can recall only two — one was a professional acrobat and

the other danced at the Old Howard. Just look at yourself. Hair all mussed, chin looking like a Fuller brush. You haven't pressed your pants since last September. Well, don't cry; I look worse than you do. There is not much that will be done about this situation either. Men have been slobs for centuries and it is not very likely that they will reform in the near future.

The fact that women do love men is even more amazing when one considers that, while he wants

his girl to be well-groomed, witty, and anodyne for all his griefs, he himself is more often than not a self-centered bore. How often do you tell a really funny story? — go ahead, admit it. And if she happens to tell you how mean her English prof was, don't you wish she'd shut up and let you get back to making love? I do.

For those who still don't believe that women are wonderful for being so easily satisfied in men, I'll offer an illustration.

Jack was my room-mate last term. Most likely you have seen him wandering along the corridors — the short fellow, slightly on the heavy side (he has a little roll of flab flowing over his hipbones that always reminds me of ripples on a calm pond). As far as knowledge is concerned, it just never got along well with Jack. No matter how hard he studied he just did not absorb anything. Before each quiz he would load up on benzedrine and hope that a night's cramming would get him through. Each term he managed to eke out a high enough rating to keep him here a while longer. Jack also has the ability to make the best joke putrid. In short, he is a no-talent. But I like him; maybe because I appear so well in contrast that it feeds my ego.

One Friday night we went to an acquaintance dance for the "Tech family." If you've ever been, you know what sort of a madhouse they can become. That night the ratio of women to men was particularly unfavorable, and

--- CORRECTION ---

The story that was credited to J. B. in the February issue of VOO DOO was really written by A. P.

I resolved to grab the first girl that came along. Jack and I made a circuit of the room. No luck. The second time around we flushed two latecomers. Immediately I pulled one onto the dance floor, leaving Jack on his own. As usually happens to me, I was cut in on before the girl gave me her name and address. I was forced back into the melee. By midnight the competition had wearied me and I staggered back to my room and collapsed on the bed. About three Jack bumped into the dresser on the way in and woke me up.

"Where the hell have you been till now?"

His face was one broad grin. "Man, what a girl I met! Built! She's out of this world. And smart? She sounds like an associated tutor!"

He went on like that for half an hour until I congratulated him finally and told him to let me sleep.

Next morning he was the same way. He liked her and she liked him, and the whole world was one big mug of beer.

Jack saw a lot of the girl during the term, and every morning when he came home from his date he told me how wonderful she was. It became a sort of ritual. From his description of her she was a research assistant. What he had in common with an intelligent girl like that was beyond my understanding. "Maybe she's the motherly type," I could only mutter to myself.

As usual, Jack narrowly escaped flunking out. This term, though, he gave up his room in the dorms. Now I could sleep better, but somehow I missed his babbling.

I saw him occasionally in the corridors and we chatted about old experiences. For a while he was a little reticent about telling me what he was doing this term and I did not press him. After several meetings, I came to realize that he did not carry any books. Now that is very much not like Jack. The only way he has been able to survive here has been through furious study. At last I

was overcome with curiosity and asked: "How come no books? You given up studying?"

He smiled. "Me? I've got nothing to worry about this term. I'm a cinch to pass."

"How come?" I laughed. "Do you have an electric slide-rule?"

"Do you remember that girl I met last term?" he asked casually.

"She's my math instructor."

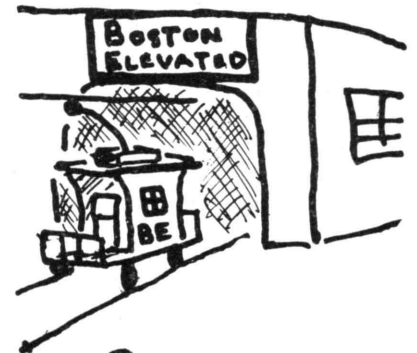
G. R.



At a party recently a professor felt that he had partaken rather freely of the champagne and determined to be careful and avoid showing any of the usual signs of tipsiness.

When they arose from the table, someone suggested that the hostess exhibit "the latest addition to her family." She agreed and presently the nurse appeared with a dainty pink basket containing twins. The prof was nearest, and, mindful of his determination, he steadied himself and said, as he gazed into the basket, "What a beautiful baby!"

— American Optical Association



CARBON



"Is Mary the home-loving type of girl?"

"Naw, ya gotta have a convertible."

— Urchin

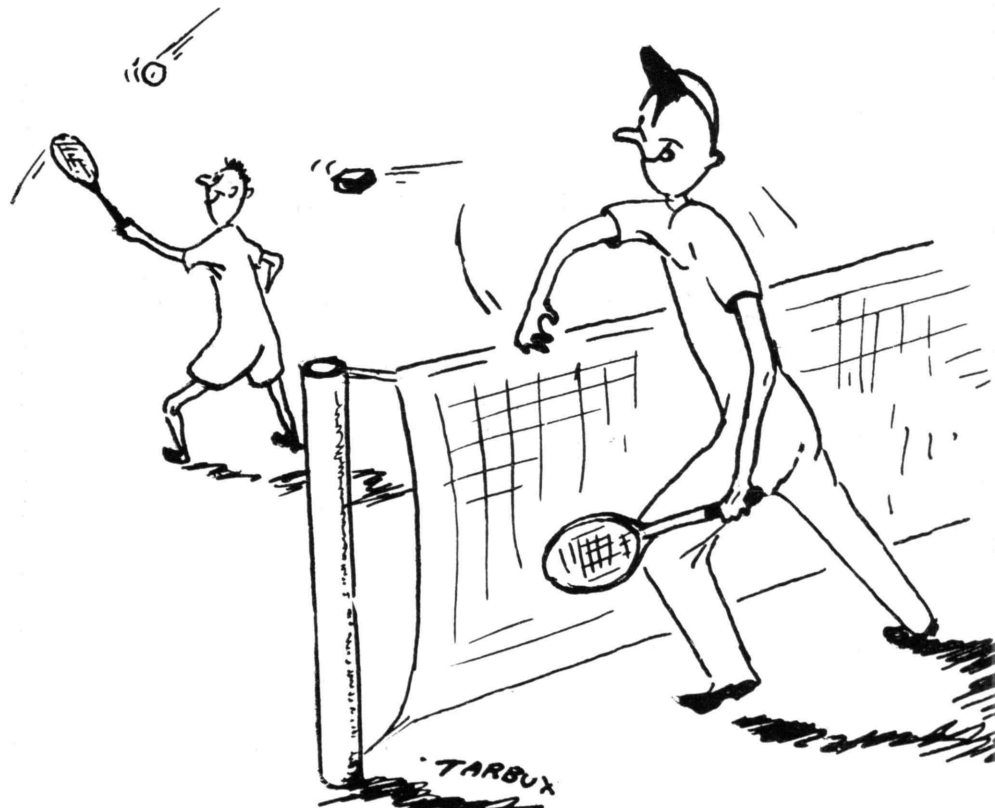


She: "I'm a good girl."

He: "Who asked you?"

She: "No one."

He: "Then no wonder you're a good girl."



Dry Beans

Like colored television and the hydrogen bomb, water has recently come into public domain as a fit subject for conversation; in fact, New York's water shortage has induced some rather unique quips. Possibly because the situation is practically unassailable by man and his newly-vaunted scientific wonders, the whole thing seems to us just a little bit awesome. Voo Doo, the inveterate speculator, wonders just what would happen if Boston dried up.

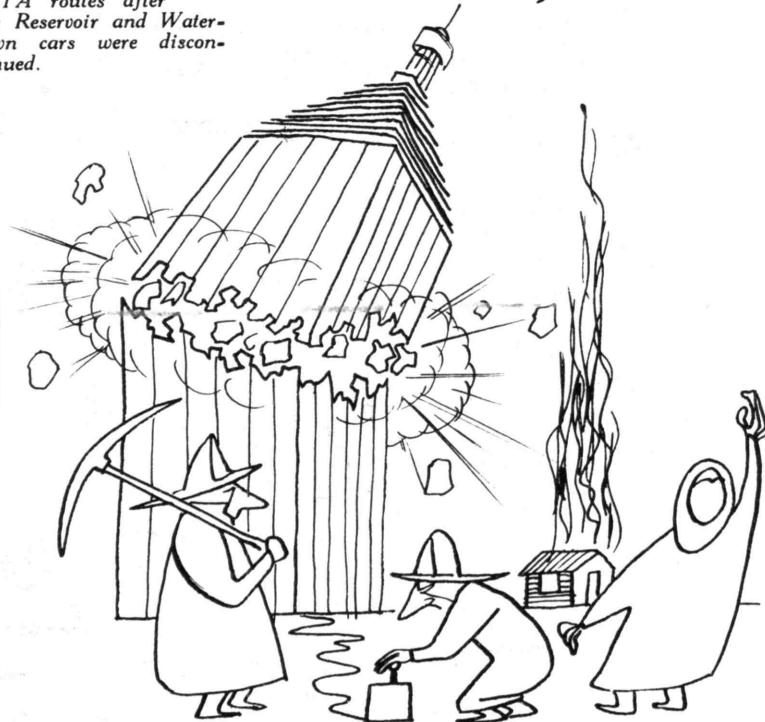


Dried-up water mains would serve as new MTA routes after the Reservoir and Water-town cars were discontinued.

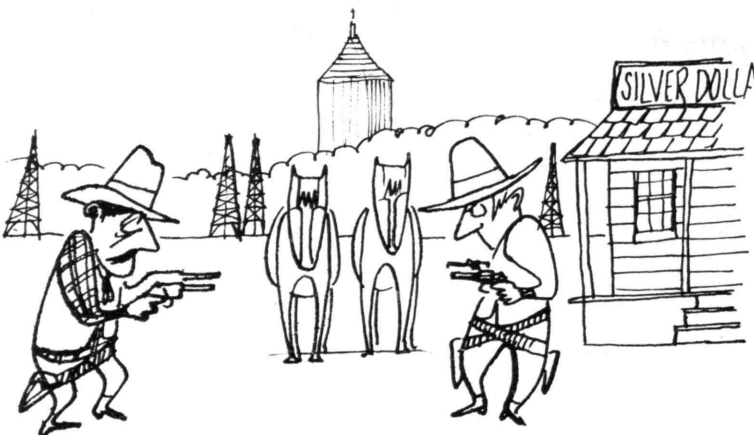
Of course we'd have water-easies.



Downtown offices would replace water-coolers with beer-coolers.



With no water for its hoses, the Fire Department would resort to heroic methods to halt the spread of local conflagrations.

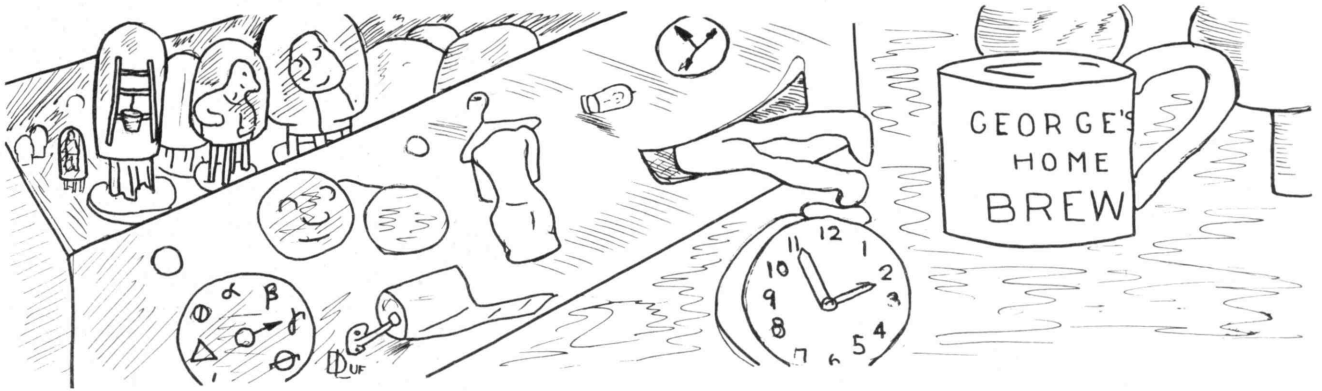


With such a premium on water, wildcatting water-drillers, in the best tradition of the Texas Oil Fields, would invade the Esplanade with their lusty spirit of free enterprise.



Fraternities would hardly notice the difference, until some wag thumbed past the Record comic pages.

Interior Decoration



Harris is mad, surely, but he's productive. If you stick with him and step lively, you'll have a lot of fun and you probably won't get killed. Life is rarely dull with Harris. And who am I to quibble at eccentricities?

If it was ill-advised of him to rig the van de Graaf generator to discharge one evening through the barracks room next to his, you must admit it was clever. And who can but laugh at this prank of floating primacord down the sewer, even if a quarter-mile of Cambridge street was turned into a rather unsightly trench. Harris is not malicious, just mad. And as I said, he is productive.

You may know that Harris, whilst flunking M11, read "Cybernetics" and promptly decided, typically enough, to build himself a high class analyser.

"But this one," he said ecstatically, "will solve each problem completely, physically, in addition to symbols and graphic solutions."

"You mean? . . ." I said breathlessly.

"Yes! When I say 'my problem is a shortage of beer,' it will get me beer. And when I say, 'I need a date,' all will be attended to." His eyes rolled comically behind his thick lenses.

I did not laugh. The others did, but I, to whom Harris long since gave the only electronic, perfectly controllable poltergeist in the world, I did not laugh. I remembered

how I had once mis-set it and as a result had been bodily hurled from my room three days running.

Harris finished George, as he calls the assemblage of tubes, old coat-hangers, and other junk, last week and we've been running tests on it for the last six days. George redecorated our rooms and filled the closets with well-chilled beer, just for a starter. Warming to his task, he produced predictions of quizzes to come which have proved remarkably accurate this week. He then constructed, over a period of a day or so, some sort of mental-wave gadget that obviates study.

True, there were kinks at first. The first time Harris and I asked George to solve the eternal problem of the woman shortage, George blandly produced a pair of aged Siamese twins from a Tibetan morgue.

Scotch was served once with Seven-Up and once, rather disconcertingly, our plebian request for hot dogs was interpreted all too literally. However, we laid these and sundry other little mix-ups to his relative immaturity and lack of experience, educating George and reaping the benefits. We calmed down the enthusiasm, no doubt inherited from Harris, which had led him to answer vigorously every one of our requests. Just after he was finished, I carelessly made a remark in regard to a recently failed quiz. George's over-helpful attitude caused frightful

embarrassment to the professor responsible for the question, in that George carried out my unthinking statements to the letter, and I fear I had been unusually graphic in description. Since then, however, we have matured and modified his attitude somewhat, though not too much. Who knows, there may be another quiz like that one.

Why is the plumbing gold? Oh, just a whim of George's. The room is full of them. The rug, for instance, is a fur much like chin-chilla. You know, it'll never wear out, George tells me? It seems to be alive. George has made all sorts of things for me.

For instance, here in the closet. See the stairs leading down? No, I'm sorry I can't take you down there now. It's an apartment, off in some other dimension or something. I . . . ah, hello, Yvette. I see you've grown turquoise hair tonight. Very becoming.

Isn't she? Fantastically beautiful. Perfect, I believe, in every way. Every way. She'll be back in a minute and you can talk to her. Of course, she adores me madly.

Where did she come from? Oh, George made her. For me. To replace some of my things that Harris used to make George. Isn't she the most beautiful alarm clock you ever saw?

RIP

tired of
runnin' dry?

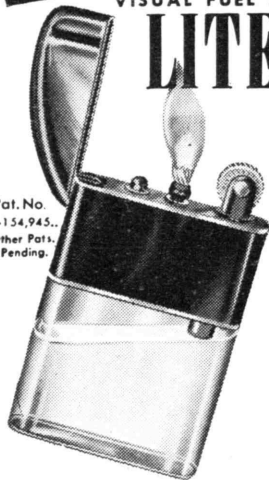


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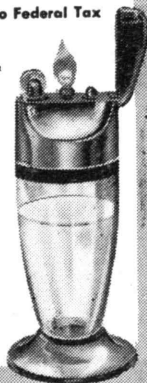
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A touring American go-getter noticed a lazy Indian chief lolling at the door of his wigwam.

"Chief," remonstrated the go-getter, "why don't you get a job in a factory?"

"Why?" grunted the chief.

"Well, you could earn a lot of money. Maybe thirty or forty dollars a week."

"Why?" insisted the chief.

"Oh, if you worked hard and saved your money, you'd soon have a bank account. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Why?" again asked the chief.

"For Heaven's sake!" shouted the exasperated to-getter, "with a big bank account you could retire, and then you wouldn't have to work any more. . . ."

"Not working now," pointed out the chief.



A woman lay very ill. Having brought up a clever orphan girl, the sick woman called the orphan to her and said: "I shall soon leave my little children motherless. They know you and love you and after I am gone I want you and my husband to marry."

The young woman, bursting into tears, said, "We were just talking about that."

The wife recovered.

— Philnews



In the dark of night two safe-crackers entered a bank. One approached the safe, sat down on the floor, took off his shoes and socks, and started to turn the dial of the safe with his toes.

"What's the matter?" asked his pal. "Let's open this thing, and get out of here."

"Naw, it'll only take a minute longer and we'll drive those fingerprint experts nuts."

A college professor had checked out of his hotel and before getting more than a few blocks away realized that he had left his umbrella. Returning to the hotel and approaching the room he had just vacated, he learned that a newly wedded couple had taken the room.

They were in the baby-talking stage, and as the professor pecked through the keyhole, he saw the groom kiss the bride's tiny mouth, and heard him say:

"Whose 'ittle mouth is that?"

"Yours," she cooed.

"And whose 'ittle nose?" he continued.

"Yours, darling," she assured him.

"And those 'ittle hands?" he asked, kissing them.

"Yours, of course, dearest," she replied.

"Say, young fellow," called the impatient professor, through the transom, "when you come to an umbrella, it's mine."



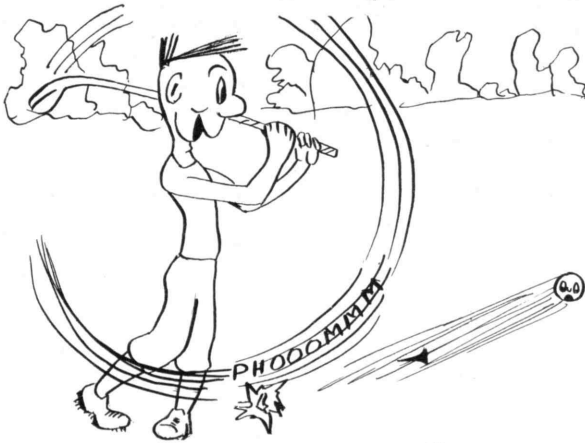
MAGNESIUM

An asylum patient who had been certified cured was saying good-bye to the director of the institution. "And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well," said the patient, "I have passed my bar examinations, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics so I might try acting."

He paused for a moment, deep in thought. "Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

"It Happens Every Spring"



A man came home one evening and raved about his new secretary. She was so efficient and good looking besides.

"Really a doll," he said.

His little daughter spoke up, "Does she close her eyes when you lay her down daddy?"

— Ram-Bulle.



"Look," he said, "you've taken a homestead, so you know all about it. Tell me about the law that governs it."

"Well," said the friend judiciously, "I don't remember the exact wording of the law but here's what it amounts to. The government is willing to bet you one hundred and sixty acres of land against fourteen dollars that you can't live on it five years without starving to death."



And then there was the Scotchman who lost his bonnet in a cow pasture and tried on seven before getting the right one.

— Columns



Wolf: "Hello, baby."

She: "I'll have you know I'm nobody's baby"

Wolf: "Gad, you must feel sheepish at a family reunion."

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For further information and descriptive literature, write to addresses given above.

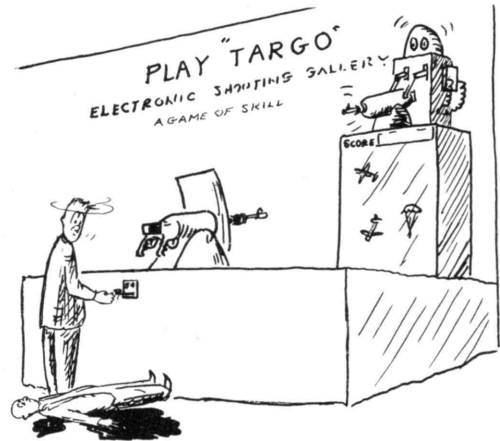
*price includes all expenses

TILT!

The slot machine has played an important role in shaping our lives — it is a symbol of all the five cent fun, fortune, and foolishness that has made America great. Now approaching technological and psychological perfection, the slot machine should ultimately replace night baseball as night baseball has replaced sex. Forthwence are presented some of the latest developments in this great indoor sport.



The Infirmary has stopped giving out medical excuses, seemingly for no reason at all; but watch for the official announcement of this nickel-grabber, now being perfected behind locked doors.

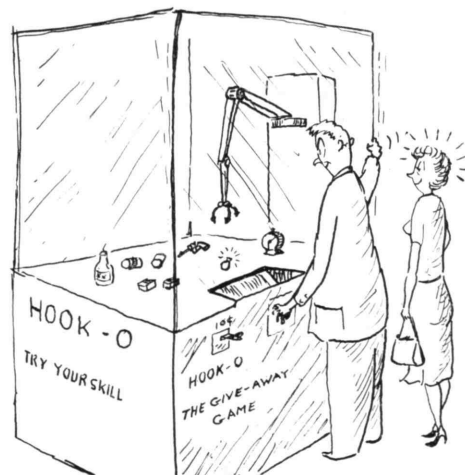


The electronic Tommy Gun has long been a favorite in the nickel arcades, but the manufacturers noticed a falling off of business as more and more veterans came home, instead of the expected rise. They decided that a certain element was missing from the once-popular game, and this variation was the answer.

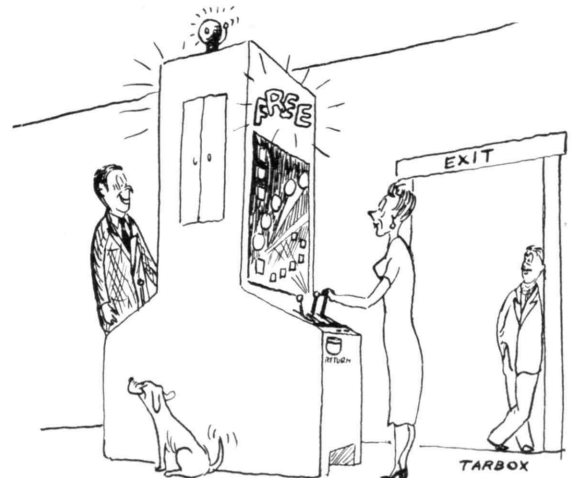


The automatic picture machines are marvels of engineering complexity, and they occasionally get out of hand. Under the stress of continuous operation, one of them cracked completely. Obeying some deep-seated impulse brought on by frustration, it lashed a nickel-pusher to the stool and did an oil painting.

And way out in Reno, a Nevada state senator dropped a snide remark in the legislature about Reno's "Divorce Machine." Picked up by an enterprising slot machine maker, the remark evolved into a bell-ringing, light-flashing whiz-bang all electric judge. At its first trial the machine demonstrated remarkable insight when it awarded custody of the children to the family dog.



The merchandise-vending gismo has always been popular, with its display of valuable prizes that are yours for the hooking, but have you ever gotten more than a package of dry gum out of them?



TARBOX

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, Ma'am, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"



"Shay, bartender, hash Shmith been here?"

"Yes, about an hour ago."

"Am I with him?"



He had been to a stag party and his wife wanted to hear all about it.

"Well, one rather odd thing happened. One guy got up and left because somebody told a risque story."

"How noble," said the wife. "What was the story?"

A SLIP

She: Never, never kiss me that way again!

He: Sorry, A mere slip of the tongue.



A certain businessman had the habit of leaving his umbrellas at his office. One morning as he was going to work he sat next to a young lady in the trolley car, and as he rose to get off he absent-mindedly picked up her umbrella. She said, "Pardon me, but this is mine." The man was quite embarrassed for his foolishness.

That night he decided to take all his umbrellas home with him. When he got into the car there sat the same young lady. She leaned forward and said in a low tone: "I see you did pretty well today after all."

"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes, and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

"Yeah, and what's in the third bottle?"

"Gin."

— Gargoyle



Her dress was tight —
She scarce could breathe;
She sneezed aloud,
And there stood Eve!



A dashing young fellow named Spice,
Devoted a lifetime to vice,
He ruined the morals
Of thousands of gorgals
With never a thought as to price.



"Your girl is spoiled, isn't she?"
"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."

— Blot



First Bride: Does your husband snore in his sleep?

Second Bride: I don't know yet, we've only been married three days.

— Rammer Jammer



EUROPIUM

1 STURMEY-ARCHER VARIABLE SPEED GEARS — the original and best — for leveling tough slopes and rough roads.

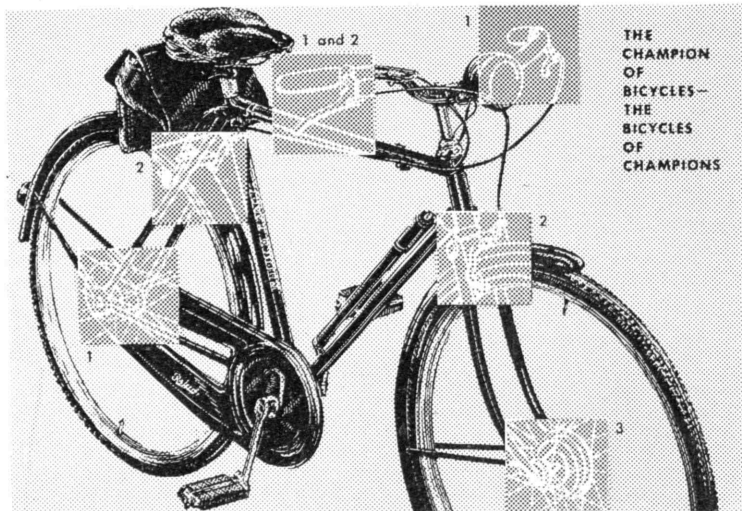
2 TWO-WHEEL INDEPENDENT SAFETY BRAKES — for quick, smooth stops, for "controlled cycling" regardless of terrain conditions.

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BRITAIN'S FOREMOST BICYCLE

3 CAR-TYPE DYNOHUB LIGHTING SET — night-piercing light, generates without loss of energy through friction.



THE CHAMPION OF BICYCLES — THE BICYCLES OF CHAMPIONS

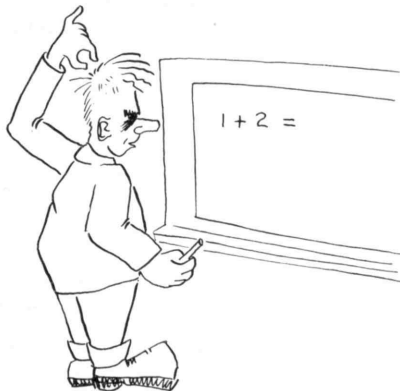
Raleigh dealers from coast to coast give quick, efficient service. For the nearest dealer's address — for free illustrated catalogue — write to RALEIGH CYCLE DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. C, 669 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

"It is Obvious that"....

In keeping with the campaign to better student-faculty relations, Voo Doo herwith presents a few representatives of the teaching staff of this great institution. We hope that this step on our part will help in uniting the students and faculty as one big happy family.



Associate Prof. D. T. Booze, showing up for his Monday morning Ec 362 Class— Labor relations in the Obstetrical trades— looks like he has had a busy week-end.



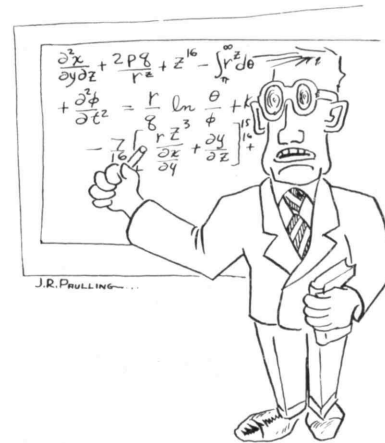
Benjamin Valvin Duckworth, Instructor of M6-7/8, differential equations for Course XV, famous for his immortal words, "I'm sorry that I don't remember the method of solution just now, but I'll look it up and bring it to class in the morning." He is known to his friends as B.V.D.



Prof. Escanda Pescadores Clarke, instructor in 15.707, cubic production of good things for fewer people, who romantically suggests that you buy a chance on the date of the Charles River ice breakup. Also sells nine month life insurance policies.



Prof. K. P. Spuds, of the Physics department, our typical absentminded professor has been for years approaching absolute zero asymptotically. The young lady in the background is his secretary which goes to show that there ain't no justice.



Prof. Integral Quadsworth, the expert in the mathematical statistics of spotted cubic structures, reports on the chances of getting an "H" in M6702.



The terror of Tech is "Titanic Tessie" local agent of the Post Office Department at the Office of the SB & P. She may be induced to sell two three cent stamps for a nickel. In addition to handling small pieces of mail, she takes care of all lost articles, and you may be sure of finding a warm smile waiting for you there. Probably the only place such an item is available at Tech.

“You’ve read that sentence wrong, Miss Adams, it’s all men are created equal, not all men are made the same way.”



TUNGSTEN

The boy and girl were at the carnival. Whenever the boy asked her what she wanted to do, she always replied, “I want to be weighed.” So they would go to a weighing booth; the man would guess her weight, miss, and they would win a prize. Near the end of the day when they won enough candy to compete with Fanny Farmer the boy asked why she always wanted to be weighed. She murmured, “Cause I wove you.”

— *Minnesota Technology*

MARCH SPECIAL

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This price is for the complete job
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Labor, shoes, and retainers
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(NEAR COR. MEMORIAL DRIVE)

“Could you give a poor fellow a bite?” asked the dust stained tramp.

“I don’t bite, myself,” answered the lady of the house, “but I’ll call the dog.”



One night old man Wimple decided he’d do a bit of tinkering about the house, and took it upon himself to revarnish the seat in the bathroom. Young Johnny came home late from a party and, not knowing about the paint, got stuck. His struggles to get loose woke the old man, but their efforts were in vain. Finally the old man took the seat off and drove poor Johnny to the family doctor. The sawbones turned him sunnyside up and was about to start work, when Johnny remarked:

“Did you ever see anything like that before?”

“Oh, sure,” chuckled the doc. “Lots of times, but I’ll be darned if this isn’t the first time I ever saw one framed.”

— *Growler*



“What’s your girl’s name?”

“I’ve forgotten, but it’s something like Chiffonier.”

“But a chiffonier is something with drawers.”

“I guess her name must have been Kelly.”

— *Mis-A-Sip*



Said the rooster as he placed the ostrich egg in front of the hen, “I ain’t complaining, now, but I just wanted you to see the kind of work they’re doin’ in some parts of the world.”



A young lady was on a sightseeing tour of Detroit. Going out Jefferson Avenue, the driver of the bus called out places of interest.

“On the right,” he announced, “we have the Dodge home.”

“John Dodge?” the lady asked.

“No, Horace Dodge.”

Continuing out Jefferson: “On the right we have the Ford home.”

“Henry Ford?”

“No, Edsel Ford.”

Still farther out Jefferson. “On the left we have the Christ Church.” A fellow passenger hearing no response from the young woman, tapped her on the shoulder and said, “Go ahead, lady, you can’t be wrong all the time.”

— *Ram-Buller*

Filled with Homecoming spirits, the drunk weaved his way to his car, opened the rear door by mistake, and laboriously climbed in.

"Hey you!" yelled the officer on the beat. "You're in no condition to drive."

"Oh shtop botherin' peashful citizens. If you want to do shomething useful, whynt you catch the guy who shtole my shtearing wheel?"



"Yeah," said the sophomore, "When I first came here I was pretty conceited, but they knocked all that out of me and now I'm one of the best fellows in college."

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN



Any of you chaps have a Life Saver?



...Only 5¢

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

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

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

(In the park at night) "Listen to all the crickets."
"Crickets hell, that's zippers going up and down."

*This month's winning joke submitted by:
Alison Ulsh, 162 Riverway; Boston, Mass.*

"When I get married, I'm going to cook, sew, darn my husband's socks and lay out his pipe and slippers. What else can my husband ask for?"

"Nothing, dear, unless he was evil minded."



A girl was walking through a hotel lobby, and a sailor said to her: "Hello, beautiful."

The girl said, "I don't know you."

The sailor walked over, put his arms around her and said: "Now do you remember me?"

The girl replied: "Now . . . it doesn't matter."

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Cambridge 39, Mass. 3

Name Age

Street

City Zone State

If under 18, check here for booklet A



CESIUM



"Do you know the difference between a popular girl and an unpopular one?"

"Yes and no."

— Pup

There was a young lady from Lynn
Who thought that to love was a sin;
But when she was tight
It seemed quite all right,
So everyone filled her with gin.

— Varieties

Landlady: "You've been here two years and never complained. Why are you leaving now?"

Roomer: "I just found out you ain't got no bathtub."



"Yes, madam, what can I do for you today?"

"I'm going to get married next Tuesday and I would like to get some silk pajamas. What color is appropriate for a bride?"

"White is the preferred color if it is your first marriage and lavender if you have been married before."

"Well, you'd better give me some white ones with just a wee touch of lavender in them."



A car pulled up alongside a stranded coupe.

"What's the matter?" asked the intended helper. "Outa gas?"

"Nope," came the answer from a voice inside.

"Engine trouble?"

"Nope."

"Tire down?"

"Nope, didn't have to."

CAFE DE PARIS

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Luncheons and Dinners

Visit Our Lounge Bar

165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

QUESTIONS

- A** If you locate me, you'll see this modern age,
Add a furry friend who lurks upon the back page.
- B** Where the dogwood grows you'll find me too,
Believe me, solver, I'm pale in hue.
- C** What's the smoke that satisfies? Simple as A B C,
Look at the frame's initial lines; its slogan is in 1, 8, 3.

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** BARBARA HALE. An arrow is a "barb"; a constellation is "Ara"; hearty is "hale."
- B** THE FIGURE 4, is made by the manner in which the Stork's legs are crossed.
- C** MULLINS. To heat and spice is "mull." Add taverns (inns) and the whole answer becomes Mullins.

WINNERS...E. Johnson, M. Castalano, R. Christman, P. Beck, B. Wood, E. Sears, L. Conant, D. Allen, P. Lanning, A. Bartlett.

AND SUCH IS WOMAN

Analysis of the creature known as woman as seen through the eyes of the chemist.

Symbol: Wo

Acc. At. Wt.: 120

Physical Prop.: Boils @ nothing and freezes any @ minute. Melts when properly treated, very bitter if not well used.

Occurrence: Found wherever man exists.

Chem. prop.: Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones. Violent reaction if left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of food matter. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen.

Uses: Highly ornamental, useful as a tonic. In acceleration of low spirits and an equalizer of the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most effective income reducing agent known.

Caution: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.



It was Sunday morning. He slipped on his wife's robe and went downstairs to answer the doorbell. As he opened the door, the milkman kissed him. After giving due thought to this unusual occurrence, he came to the conclusion that the milkman's wife must have a similar robe.

— Southwestern



Virtues are learned at Mother's knee; vices at some other joint.

She reached below her dimpled knee
Into her rolled down stocking,
And there she found a roll of bills . . .
Ah me, 'twas sweetly shocking.
"Why don't you keep them in a
bank?"

Inquired a nosey prier.

"The principle is the same," she said.

"But the interest here is higher."

— Pelican



Women are like typewriters, when you punch the wrong places you get the darndest answers.



He: Would you commit adultery for one million dollars?

She: Wel-l-l, yes, I think I would.

He: Would you commit adultery for two dollars?

She (shocked): Hmmph, what do you think I am?

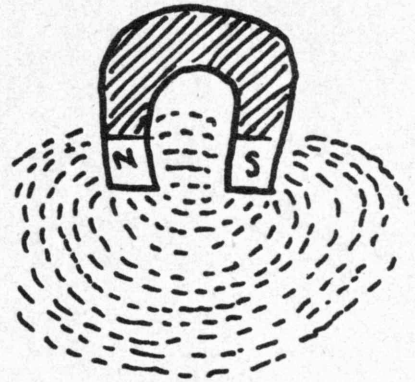
He: We've settled that. What we're haggling about now is the price.

— P49



A professor, coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest him, he angrily inquired, "Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

"No sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect it's parents."



MAGNESIUM



The subject of kissing was debated with much earnestness by a girl and the young man calling on her. He insisted that it was always possible for a man to kiss a girl against her will, even though she resisted. She was equally firm in her contention that it was not possible. They decided that the only thing to do was to test it out. So they clinched and the battle was on. After a sprightly tussle they broke. The girl had been kissed ardently for many minutes. Her comment showed her undaunted spirit:

"Oh, well, you didn't win fairly. My foot slipped. Let's try it again."



The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels has nothing on the husband who knows where the maid's quarters are.

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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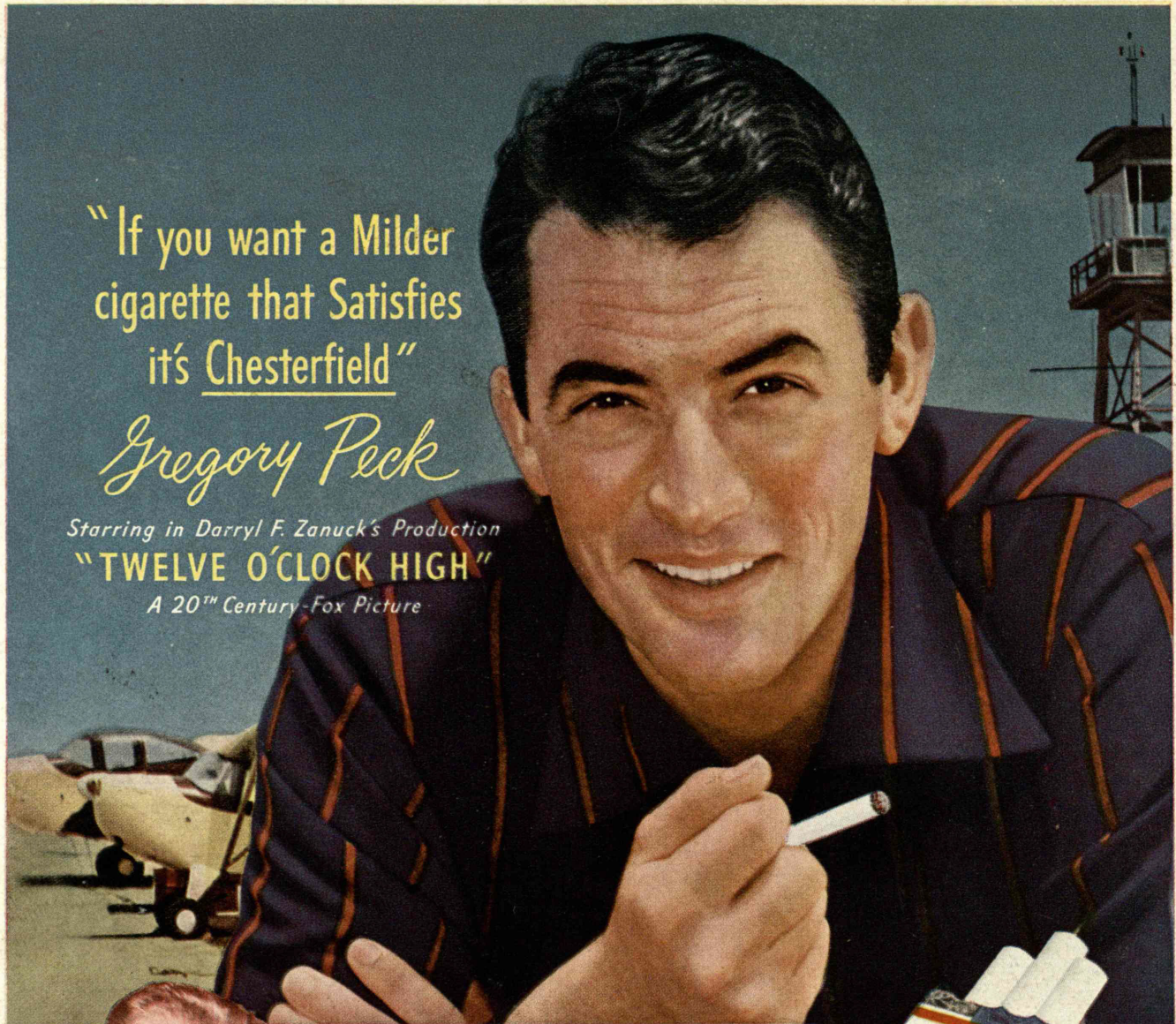
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"CHESTERFIELD Contest See Page 28"