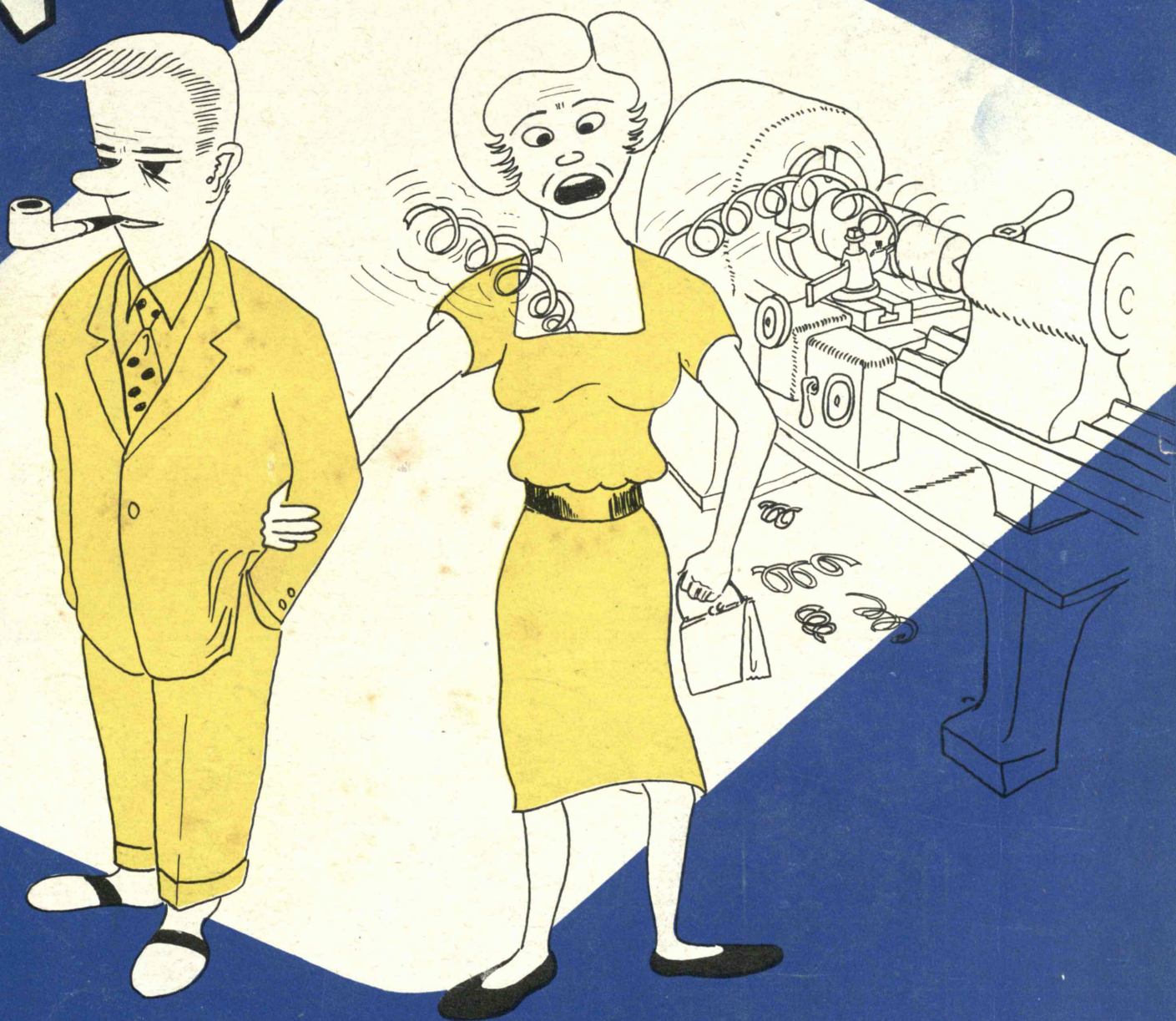


Voodoo

OPEN HOUSE
MAY 1950



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



*"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!**

Well, Phos, another staunch and able group is leaving in the usual year end exodus. Every year the old General Manager sits down and writes how sorry he is to go, how much fun it's been, and on ad infinitum. Personally I think they are all liars. I'm glad to be leaving. Maybe now I can exist in a society where it is not everyone's goal in life to tell me the latest joke. No more will I be introduced to a buddy's date and then looked at with the attitude of 'now come on boy, be funny.' No more will I be told a hundred times on sales day that the mag isn't as good as it used to be. At the same time selling out every issue. No more will I be accused of stealing every joke in the issue, even after I admit that our methods of getting jokes follow the universal practice. No more will I browbeat writers and artists to turn out material for an issue, so that people can buy the mag to read the jokes. No, for me that's over, but for the following list of men it's only the beginning. I wish them luck, while I admit I did kind of like it.

A. C. P.

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GEORGE BROMFIELD	Treasurer

'Twas with no little trepidation that we approached sanctum sanctorum. Past meetings, though amicable, had been infrequent, for Phosphorus had had little time for mere underlings. Gingerly we nudged the recumbent feline and began:

"the old order ch--"

"Order? Order!" Phos was galvanized into life.

"Order? More of the Noble Brew! What else?"

Striding the floor, eyes twinkling, he continued, "More brew for health, for strength, aid to inspiration and . . ."

"And for a beer belly, old cat — we're here for approval as new No. 1 boy, not for a diatribe on the sustenance of your weary flesh." Quickly proffering a fresh draught before his ire could mount, we inquired for his comments on the state of the mag.

"Stinking — this place reeks of turmoil and confusion: frosh squirting water pistols, the board yapping about jobs and babies, and now my serenity disturbed by a pack of lost dogs from Harvard Yard trying out the new parking meters."

"But Phos, no word for the glories of Voo Doo, for its surperb staff, competent . . ."

"Aww--BLURP!!"

On receipt of this fine benediction, we mumbled a hasty good day while Phos staggered back to the confines of the closet and his upturned keg.

H. S.

Volume XXXIII

May, 1950

No. 5

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MAGAZINE ESTABLISHED 1919

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OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass

"Cover this month by Paulling."



Editor, Voo Doo

Here is a quote from a letter I received this morning from a WAF:

"The other night about eight girls were in hysterics because of that screwy Voo Doo. I was resting in my sack reading the jokes to the kids. That has become quite the work of a genius. Does he happen to be a sex maniac by any chance? The jokes are still tops, but some of them are kind of low."

She's in the 1911 AACS Sqdrn, USAF, Offutt AF Base, Omaha, Nebraska. Thought you'd like it.

Al R. Paashauss

Voo Doo

Gentlemen:

A couple of years ago I was the proud possessor of innumerable friends. I had a subscription to Voo Doo, and they had an increasing selection of jokes. To help me regain my friends and once again become the life of the party, please subscribe me Voo Doo. My poor little college has no time to print humor magazines but we suffer from the same harassed-mind afflictions.

Sincerely,
Garrett Le Roy

ED. NOTE:

ADVERTISERS, TAKE NOTE!!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Simmons College

April 8, 1950

Dear Mr. Editor,

For the past year I have read and enjoyed every issue of your excellent magazine, as have most of the other "better informed" girls at Simmons.

Last September I met a very nice boy from Cambridge but for some very strange reason have not seen him since November. Spring is coming and my yearnings to see him are growing strong.

Knowing of your tremendously large circulation (sic! Ed.) I wondered if you would print a poem that I have written for him. I know that he reads your magazine and am hoping that he might see it. Come —

Silver chimes as you tinkle from
the belfry —

Come —

Cascading, shimmering, rushing,
mountain water

Come —

Tangy, stinging, breezes blown
in from the sea

Join —

Do not forget it — meet, whirl-
ing ever faster —

Join —

Softness, blissfulness, dizziness,
this motion —

Join —

One, savage, pulsating, passion-
ate emotion —

United —

Forms a living symbol of my
love for you.

The other girls at Simmons, and myself, hope that you will continue publishing "the best" humor magazine in America. You are so frank.

Yours truly,
M.E.H. of Simmons

ED. NOTE: Come out, come out,
wherever you are, you awe-inspiring
hunk of man, you.

Calcutta

April 4, 1950

Dear Sir,

Enclosed herewith a clipping from the Hindustan Times (a New Delhi, India, paper). I thought you may be able to use it in putting the boys up Harvard Square in their proper place.

With my best wishes,

Yours truly,
S. J. Lalvani

"Wanted — A beautiful well-educated bride for a brilliant young man of 24 B.A. (Hons.) M.A. (Harvard) well settled in business belonging to long established business house. Parents world travelled caste immaterial only highly cultured families need correspond. Box —, Hindustan Times, New Delhi."



Dear Phos.

You've accepted my subscription to a year's supply of Voo Doo, but now I'm wondering, which year? I'm very impatient.

(Miss) Dean Lowe

ED. NOTE: Quite.



So *light* ...so *dry*

glass after glass after glass

Schaefer

Pale Dry

the new beer that's both light and dry

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

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

When they asked Naive Nora if she was going out with the wolf the second time, she said, "Why not? I've got nothing to lose now."



Reporter: "To what do you attribute your old age?"

95 Year Old Woman: "I've eaten moderately. I work hard. I don't drink or smoke. I keep good hours."

Reporter: "Have you ever been bed-ridden?"

O. W.: "Yes, many times, but don't put that in the paper."



It's not because she **WOULDN'T**
It's not because she **SHOULDN'T**
It's not because she **COULDN'T**
She's just the **LAZIEST** girl in town!



They had just returned from their honeymoon, and the bride was serving her first breakfast. He gazed thoughtfully at the burned toast, messy looking egg, soggy bacon, and anemic coffee that she placed before him. He glared at her and burst forth with: "Hell, you can't cook either!"

Here lie the bones of Elsie Sly
She sinned no sins
She drank no rye
She was so good
She proved you could
Take it with you when you die.



One time there was a young man with an apartment, and to this apartment he would bring young ladies (among others). On the particular night in question, he brought a very fair one indeed. He sat down in a chair and turned on soft music. "Have a cigarette," he said politely. "No thanks." Taken somewhat aback, he opened the liquor cabinet. "Have a drink," he said politely. "No thanks." He gave up. Reaching for her coat, he walked toward the door. "Well, may as well be getting you home. "Unless," he said politely, "you would care to spend the night right here." "Don't mind if I do," she said. The next morning he looked across the toaster with a puzzled expression. "Last night," he said, "I would have bet a hundred dollars you weren't this sort." "Well," she said with yawn, "It's just like I've been telling my Sunday School class. You don't have to smoke and drink to have a good time."



Unwrap a
Smile

*Round you go
with Beech-Nut Gum!*

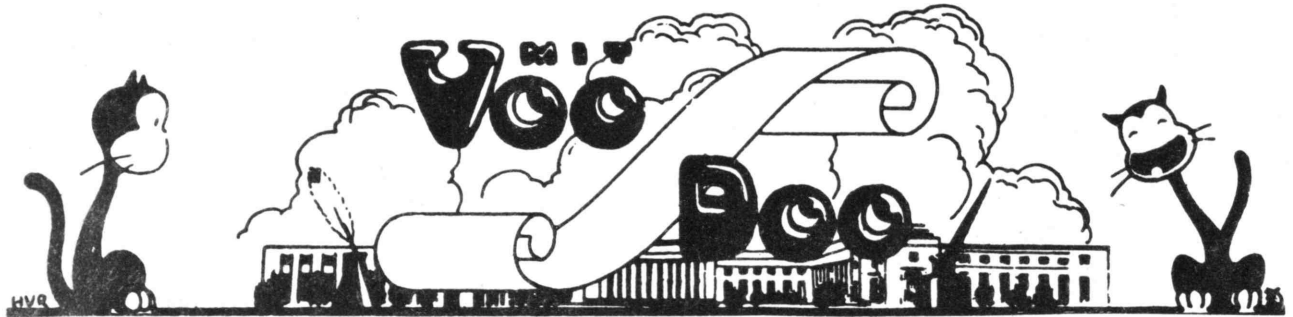
*Watch her smile
then you'll want some!*

*One taste of that tingling,
timeless treat,*

*And you'll smile, too...
round's complete!*

**The quickest way to unwrap a smile!
Open a package of Beech-Nut Gum.
Swing to Beech-Nut Gum!**





The editors of this sheet wish to point out the amazing potentialities of the patio in the center of the new Hayden Library. Perhaps it would be possible to move the Walker Memorial cafeteria over there, because we can think of no other place we would rather eat lunch than under those luxurious shade trees on a warm spring day.

In the winter it would be possible to bury brine pipes under the flagging and freeze a skating rink. The large windows facing the patio would provide an excellent view of the skaters if a restaurant were to be established in the surrounding corridors. In this case it would be possible to have the "Tech Show" on ice next year.

Returning to the warmer seasons, it would make a wonderful wading pond for Tech children if partly filled with water. If we closed all of the surrounding doors and windows, who knows — perhaps we could create the largest swimming pool (in point of quantity of water) in New England.

Unlimited potentialities.



The dichotomy of all people into two sexes (male and female; haven't you noticed?) seems to be taken for granted these days — see the U. S. Census questionnaire. That this has not always been the case is evidenced by a story related to us by a rather respected friend.

A Scotch Brigade was marching, full-dress, in the streets of Paris. They had on their traditional kilts, much to the amusement of the natives. One woman, in particular, was confused as to the sex of the paraders, and asked her companion if they were really men.

"They can't be," was the reply. "Look at the skirts they are wearing."

"But their legs are so masculine that I can't believe that they are women."

"Oh, I know. They are probably that famous Middlesex Brigade."

Advertising these days seems to depend on only two basic techniques. One is the "hit 'em on the head," or "what I tell you umpteen times is TRUE," technique the other is the loaded demonstration or scientific-type experiment technique. Every adman's dream must be to come up with a startling demonstration which completely convinces the sucker-on-the-street of the value of the article in question.

We saw one demonstration on Washington Street recently which exhibits one of the dangers of this sort of thing. The idea was to show how waterproof and shock resistant a certain brand of watch is. To prove conclusively the existence of these qualities the watch was repeatedly dunked in a glass of water and then hit gently against a block. The watch stopped dead.



A candidate for the office of '51 representative to the Institute Committee came out with the following twist on electioneering tactics this spring.

"I want you to realize the following facts:

- a) If elected, I will be able to do little to revolutionize student life at Tech. . . .

My reasons for seeking this office are the following:

- a) to increase my personal prestige. . . ."

Although the fellow's typing was poor, the pamphlet caused no little comment among his classmates. It was quite a refreshing change from the general tenor of this year's elections which seemed a bit more cut-throat than usual. It still remains of interest to note the amazing concern with school politics possessed by a portion of the Institute's student body.



One of the professors in the math department has devised a system of marking which leaves his students completely in the dark as to their mathematical proficiency. The grade consists of an incoherent series of letters.

Assuming for the moment that these letters do make sense to the professor, then it seems his system has something quite important in common with the Institute's marking system. That is, while Tech keeps our parents confused the clever professor keeps *us* confused, to the extent that neither overconfidence nor despair can set in.

Of course, we could make the more pleasant assumption that these series of letters have no meaning at all, in which case we must take off our hats to the noble prof for a long awaited step in a very healthy direction. It is high time we had a slightly more relaxed attitude toward the almighty "grade" here and here is what appears to be a trend in that direction.



Except for the damage, which is unfortunate, the fire in the dorms last month was amusing. Any fire, we feel, featuring impromptu choruses of welcome to the firemen ("If I Knew You Were Coming . . .") is a blaze worth attending.

Which reminds us of numerous other expressions of energy that have amused us young and puzzled the greybeards this last year: bombs, water pranks, hideously complicated assemblages of rope, wire and what-not designed to make some unfortunate's life more miserable. But our hat goes off to the inspired type who stole stealthily into a barracks head late one night last term and filled the various appurtenances therein with Jello, which same faithfully solidified before morning.



We will not soon forget an incident which occurred during a physics lecture last fall. Professor Zacharias was explaining a phenomenon which we vaguely remember as being quite complicated. Just at the point where the exposition took a turn for the worse and

appeared to be getting hopelessly complicated, the professor turned to the group and said, "But Nature is kind.

As his words were still echoing from the walls, the door of the lecture hall opened and in walked his very attractive secretary, bringing down roars of applause and bravoes from the students.

We are still not completely convinced that Professor Zacharias did not stage the whole incident. Too well timed.



In a recent dormitory board election in the Barracks, several earnest lodgers nominated one of the custodians. This man is beloved by his boys for his quaint habit of pushing a little cart with square wheels through the rooms in the wee hours of the morning. The janitor himself was overjoyed at the prospect of being a wheel and has hardly been seen or heard from since. It was a great disappointment to all when he was only credited with five votes; especially to those fellows who nominated him and swore that they had put in more than five votes per person. There is talk of sponsoring him for Institute Committee next term after investigating the election committee who counted the votes.



We witnessed a touching scene on Tremont Street not long ago, at one of those intersections that afford pedestrians such deadly sport. One of those free-wheeling ex-camel-drivers who seem to infest the roads nowadays had shoved his shiny Chrysler so far out into Tremont Street, while waiting for the light, the walkers were barely able to squeeze one at a time between his bumper and the by-rushing traffic. One noble soul, may he ride in a Bently the rest of his days, took in the situation at a glance and resolutely solved the problem and the insult in the most direct manner. He stomped determinedly up over the hood of the offending machine.

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

Next to Loew's State Theatre

*NATURALLY... For the most complete Liquor Stock in Boston***TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY**

CO 6-2103 or KE 6-3570

SEE US FIRST



LA VOO DOO

Photo by Cohen

Girl We Would Most Like . . . !!



It all began when Phos stomped in, leering a titanic, super-Rabelaisian leer at us, ripped the closet door off its hinges, and disappeared momentarily inside. He was purring (if you can call a fifty decibel, dirty trumpet sound a purr) "La Vie En Rose" as he came out of the closet bearing beer.

"AHHH!" he roared. "LA VOO DOO!!" And he ripped the top from a can of beer, drank, pounded his scrawny chest, and fainted . . . yet radiant even in coma.

A little research into the cause of these truly unusual events led us to the nice people at Bonwit Teller's, thence to the Somerset where the Cause herself was, we were told, to be part of a fashion show.

"La Voodoo will be here in a few minutes," said Miss Donath, a charming blond who seemed to be in charge of most everything. "While we're waiting, I can give you any background information you want."

Seems that Dana Perfumes, which puts out "Taboo" and a host of other scents calculated to incite us, came up with a new perfume called "Voodoo" and an idea that a personification of "Voodoo" would be just the thing to produce a rush to the perfume counters. A group of artists, designers, and editors in Paris picked the gal we were to meet. . .

Miss Donath caught our arm as we veered suddenly. "This is 'La Voodoo'," she said as we reeled.

We had smelled the perfume shortly before, but perfume without a woman — especially this per-

fume and this woman — is as a morning without the sun. Compliments, y'might say. "La Voodoo," tall and slender and with a personality that would melt I-beams at twenty paces, moved in an aura of the stuff.

"I am verree glad to meet you," she said sweetly, extending a hand. We shook hands, mumbling incoherently in reply. We understood Phos's state of mind.

Informal sort of woman. Natural is the word, as a matter of fact. In more ways than one. And she talks, in case you care, very interestingly, in French, naturellement, or in English wiss ssat accent we find so delightful.

She's twenty-four years old and is, or was, a model for Piguet in Paris. For a Frenchwoman she's unusually tall: five feet, eight inches, all lovely — but you've got eyes, haven't you?

You may not believe this, but the accent was primarily on personality. Unlike a great number of our native-grown glamour gals, who seem to have ditched their original selves someplace along the line and never found a replacement, La Voodoo is a real person and not a sensationally beautiful dummy. In other words, we'd like her even without the looks — admittedly an inconceivable situation. She, incidentally, is of the opinion that American models, and American women in general, are sensationally beautiful and wonderfully sophisticated. Are you listening, girls?

American men? She likes. Appearance first, she said, and also their personality.

"Mais . . . ils sont très chargés, you know?" she said. "Always rushing, and zey always seem worried, worried about making more money, about zis and zat, occupied wiss leurs affaires, worried about falling behind. No?" She smiled ravishingly as we nodded in agreement. "It is because, I guess, zey are so — how you say, specialises?— zat zey must always rush. Perhaps?"

We blushed and admitted to being engineers, in our fashions. She didn't seem disappointed, perhaps because her husband is an architect (well, it had to come out someplace here).

At this point a photographer appeared and we relinquished her for a few minutes. At one point when she beamed an even more exceptionally charged look over her shoulder we could have sworn the press photog's hands shook visibly. Though our knees were wobbly, we watched him coolly, as befitted men who had already been through the fires.

After that, we simply chatted for awhile until she had to appear in the fashion show. The conversation covered almost everything, from the beauties of the Mocambo in Hollywood and her screen test by De Mille to St-Germain des Pres and a Frenchman's approach, ("Oui, he send flowers. But not many. Mostly he talk," she said, smiling), with a few remarks in between on such mundane matters as the internal economy of France.

When we finally had to leave, we shook hands again, assured her that we would be positively ravished

with delight whenever we met her again (a statement of bald truth), and wandered off in a haze of a "Voodoo" more precious than the stuff we sell.

Of course, we asked her around to have a new pictures taken. And that went very nicely too.

But after all the staff has to have some secrets.



Two skunks went to church and sat in their own pew.

— Pelican



"Gestern habe ich einen jungen Mann kennengelernt, der noch nie ein Mädchen gekusst hat."

"Den mochte ich gerne mal kennenlernen!"

"Dafür ist es jetzt zu spät. . ."

Mein Kampf



"I know a man who has been married for 30 years and he spends every single evening at home."

"That's what I call love."

"The doctors call it paralysis."



Red Rider: Any nice girls in this town?

Sheriff: Sure they're all nice.

Red Rider: How far to the next town?



Little Willie, age eight, was walking his new girl friend home from school.

"Margie," said little Willie, "you're the first girl I have ever loved."

"Just my luck," said Margie, "I've drawn an amateur again."

The young thing breezed into the florist's shop and looked around the shelves for something she wanted. Spying an old fellow puttering around a plant in the corner, she walked over to him.

"Have you any *Passion Poppy*," she inquired.

The old fellow looked up in surprise. "Gol ding it! You just wait until I get through pruning this lily!"



The millionaire was going on a business trip and was fortunate enough to obtain a pullman. When he pulled back the curtain of his berth he was astonished to find two luscious blondes sleeping there. He checked his ticket to be sure he was right and said: "I'm deeply sorry, ladies, but I'm a married man, a man of respect and standing in the community. I can't afford a scandal. I'm sorry — but one of you girls will have to leave."

MAIDEN'S PRAYER

Breathes there a man
Around this school
Sufficiently
Restrained and cool,
Enough to limit
His demands
And say "Good night,"
Just holding hands —
Who has the decency
To wait until at least
A second date
To reach a warm
Romantic state,
And give a girl
Some preparation
Before expecting
Osculation
At least an hour
In duration?
If such there be,
Go mark him well.
I'll date the guy
And make him tell
Me what the hell
He had for dinner, that makes him
so sick.



"This time she has gone too far!"

The Jackpot



Hasib scratched his head. He had answered all the questions so far, and was now the proud possessor of a brand new Stetson turban, a real Jim-Dandy Hindu Rope, twin California-style Slumberland beds of nails, and a gift certificate for any one of the streamlined two-humpers on Fabulous Farouk's Used-Camel Lot. He wondered vaguely what this last question would be. Then he found out.

"What is the exact location of Mohammed's Coffin?" leered the dark-bearded quizmaster.

Hasib thought a minute. He seemed to remember having learned it once back in Sunday-school, but . . . Then he remembered.

"About forty or fifty thousand light-years on the perpendicular from the center of the Andromeda Galaxy," he recited, adding hastily, "In the space-time devised by Lorentz of Arabia—I think."

"Gadzooks!" cried the quizmaster, in Persian. "Just what it says on my papyrus! YOU have won our Surprise Prize!"

There was a fanfare on the snake-charmers' horns, and the tent-flap flew back, revealing a stage filled with veiled dancing-girls. Hasib felt cold fear flash through him.

"You have just won this complete harem and two glorious weeks on the Riveria!"

Hasib was confused as he trudged back to his battered old pin-striped tent, his harem following silently.

It was not until he reached the tent and turned to shut the flaps, that he realized the full import of his acquisition. It was rather crowded in the tent that night, so Hasib slept outside, and therefore it rained.

In the morning, however, it struck.

"Good morning!" cried the slick man in the shark-skin robe, and shook Hasib gently. "You are Hasib Ben Jamin?"

Hasib nodded, and prepared to refuse to buy another rug, but the man was not a rug salesman. He was a tax collector.

"You know there is a government tax on all that stuff you won last night!"

"Oh, there is? Well." Hasib hadn't bargained for this.

"Oh, yes in-deedy! WE'll send you all the forms to fill out!"

"HOLD IT!" shouted a press man, as he slipped his holder into place and quickly weaved Hasib's picture for the rug syndicate.

Newsmen were everywhere.

"Hey, Hasib, whatcha gonna do wit' the dames?"

"How 'bout another picture Hasib? One wit' the girls!"

Hasib leaped to his feet and headed for the tent, then stopped. The harem was in there. A fellow jogged through the crowd on a camel and stopped at the tent.

"Jim-Dandy Hindu Rope for H. B. Jamin, sign here," he yawned.

Hasib carefully unwrapped the rope and sprang back as it uncoiled its forty-foot length, casually

stretched itself straight up, and stood there, swaying unconcernedly in the breeze.

Suddenly, the crowd grew silent as the tent-flaps parted and a tall, willowy girl emerged and slinked up to the bewildered Hasib.

"I am Mata," she murmured. "I can send these people away, if you so desire."

"Any port in a storm," grumbled Hasib. "Yes, get rid of them."

Mata oozed up to the now howling gang of reporters and salesmen, and sighed: "Get the hell out, all of yiz, before I call a cop." The mob slowly dispersed, and Hasib sat down on the sand.

A harem! How in the name of Mohammed was he going to support a harem? He couldn't even support a new two-humper.

Two-humper!

"Yes, thought I'd just trot her on over and let you see how she rides." Fabulous Farouk! "Just climb onto the rear hump and we'll take a little jaunt."

For fifteen minutes, Hasib's protesting bones rattled and shook as Fabulous Farouk drove George, the camel, around the desert, pointing out mileage and pickup, and in the end, Farouk hurried away, leaving George and his registration papers tied to the tent-post.

Hasib slept inside that night—alone in one corner of the tent. Certainly a harem is nice, but after all . . . well, fourteen girls! He pulled his blankets over his ears so he couldn't hear the little whis-

pers and giggles from around the dark tent, and went to sleep.

A cold wind roared across the desert, billowing up Hasib's blankets, and he awoke with a start.

Something was definitely the matter. The tent! It was gone! He gazed wildly around and his eye caught a glimpse of a dark figure silhouetted against the low, yellow moon. It was a fantastic sight — apparently, a slender palm tree with four knobby legs was disappearing rapidly over a nearby dune.

Hasib raced after it, and breathlessly staggered to the moving form, which turned out to be George. The rope Farouk had used to tie him was still around his neck, and it still bore a clean white "Jim-Dandy Genuine Hindu label. And there at the top of it, bobbing and flapping in the wind, dangled the missing tent.

The rope wouldn't budge. It was up to stay and Hasib was forced to climb up after his tent, while George strolled leisurely farther and farther from camp.

When he returned at dawn, the harem was shivering around a roaring fire that they had made with Hasib's inflammable belongings, thinking he had deserted them.

If there was little sleep that night, there was less consolation in the morning. The Stetson turban arrived, with a charge for postage due.

The twin nail beds arrived, and Hasib left them conspicuously unguarded behind the tent, hoping someone would steal them, but nobody even touched them. However, once again marvelous Mata came to the rescue and managed to sell the two monstrosities to a collector, as bookends.

"Call it technique," she said, when Hasib asked incredulously about the sale. "Anyway," she continued, "I was sorry we burned your stuff last night."

"Oh, you were? Well, that's

quite nice of you. I really don't... well, uh... er..." stammered Hasib, and he rushed off to the water-hole, mopping his brow feverishly.

Now, the handsome stranger had been seen looking around the camp before, but today he walked right in, set his jaw and marched up to the tent. Hasib turned just in time to see him leave. Mata was standing in the doorway of the tent, smiling slyly to herself, and for the first time, Hasib Ben Jamin noticed that beneath those thin veils, she was quite beautiful. But the stranger?

His thoughts were rudely shattered by a loud buzz of excitement and he ran outside. All of the girls were gathered in a laughing, clamoring circle around George, who stood placidly in the midst of them, chewing whatever it is that camels are always chewing. Hasib shouldered his way through the assemblage and looked around for the

cause of the mirth, which suddenly died. But one look was enough. Hasib stared, unbelieving.

George was pregnant!

"Fabulous Farouk!" shouted the amazed Arab. "No wonder he was so anxious!"

Mata appeared on the scene just long enough to mutter "Oh, dear! This will make it awfully difficult!", and was off again.

Hasib stalked grimly back to the tent, flailing his arms, and sputtering angrily. He emerged again for dinner, and retreated once more when they told him there wasn't any food for a dinner. It was a gloomy day for everyone.

Everyone, that is, except Mata, who sat in front of the tent all day, smiling enigmatically. However, when evening came, the stranger appeared once more, and he and Mata left camp, to the obvious chagrin of Hasib.

He waited for hours before the smoldering embers of a useless



"Whew, close!"

fire. Why had his mother made him go to Sunday school in the first place? First the salesmen and reporters, and that unpredictable Hindu Rope — the rope in question bowed in acknowledgement from its swaying, towering height in the darkness. — And now George — we'll have to find another name for him, I mean her, dammit. And worst of all, Mata going off with this stranger. Hasib was strangely disturbed about that. He resolved to ask her about it when she returned.

The sun rose, as it does in those parts, and Hasib rubbed his eyes and sat up. Once again, something was wrong.

The tent was gone. The rope was gone. George was gone. But this time, even the girls were gone. Hasib was all alone. Except for a tiny swirl of white sand outside the oasis, the desert was still.

"Good morning!"

Hasib whirled around. Mata! "What's happened here," he exclaimed. "Where is everything?"

Mata laughed. "I waited 'til you were asleep so I could surprise you," she explained.

And she was a big success. Hasib was surprised silly.

"Where have you been all night?" he asked.

"That's what I'm telling you about. That stranger you wondered about is probably the biggest sap on earth. I sold him everything, the rope, the tent, 'George,' and your harem."

"Sold them? Everything? What did you get for them?"

"Well here's the money he gave me, and there is the flying carpet he traded for George." She pointed to the brown lump of rag under her arm.

"It looks more like the floor mat of an old Ford to me. Let's see if we can make it go."

She unrolled the carpet on the sand. There were several holes in

it and the desert leaked up through it. She explained, "He told me the magic words were 'Lia in Finquat'."

No sooner had the words left her lolly-pop-like lips than the carpet rose vertically thirty feet and then shot off in the general direction of upper Tibet.

"My God, now what," he exclaimed.

"Well, you still have the two weeks at the Riviera."

"That's right. Let's go and see if we can talk them into giving us one week for two instead."

It was a long walk to the Riviera.

S. B.



One Co-ed: "Why don't you wear that lovely lingerie you got for your birthday?"

Second Same: "Oh! I'm saving that for a windy day."

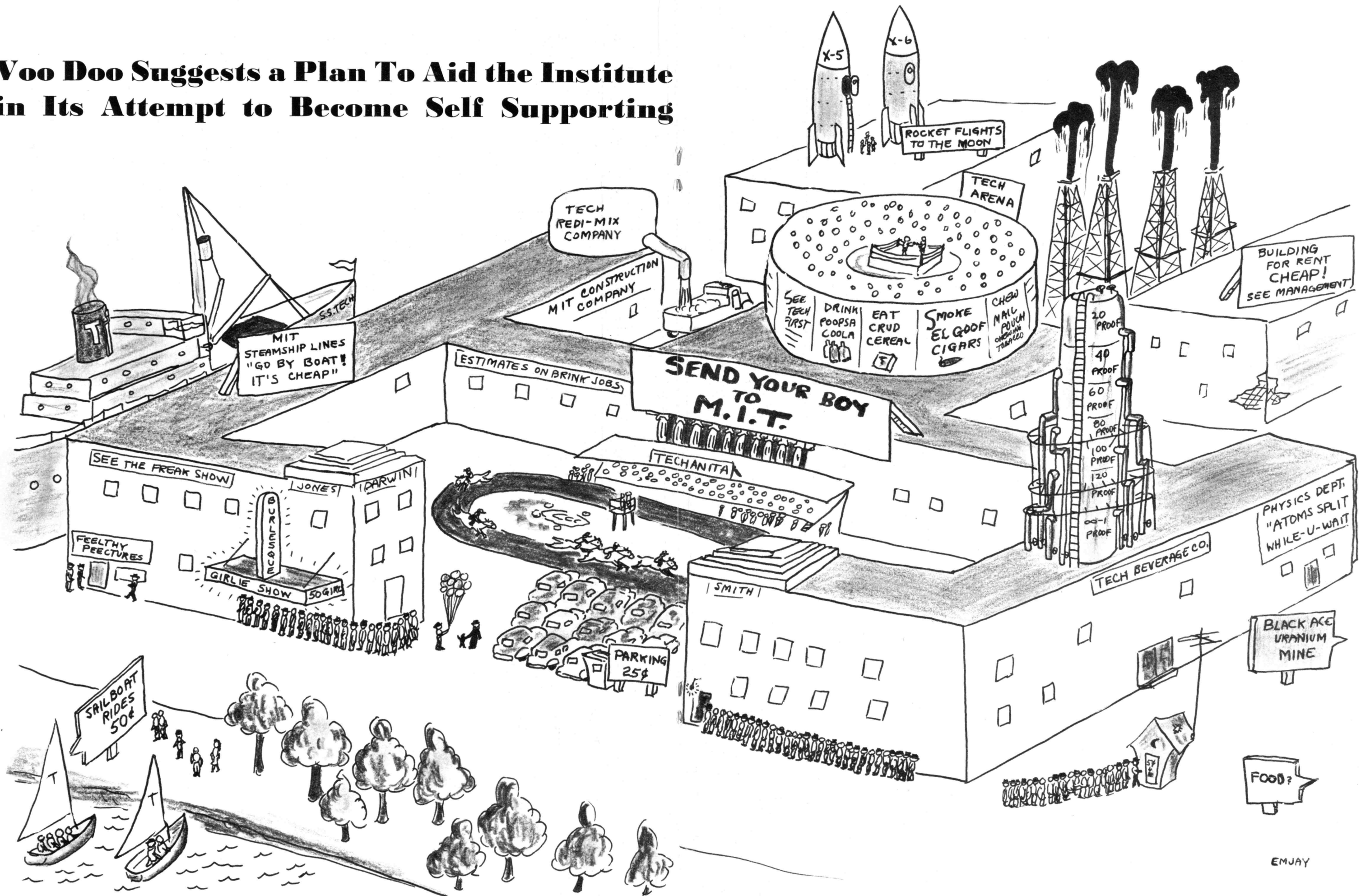
Pat and Mike were tired of war, and during a lull in the firing spied a cow which they killed and then skinned. Pat got into the hind quarters of the skin and Mike into the fore. Thus they proceeded toward the rear of the lines. Suddenly, as they started across a field, Mike in the forepart began to run. Pat, perforce, followed. They ran on and on, until Mike finally stopped. "It's no use, Pat," he gasped. "Brace yourself . . . here comes the bull."

A drunk saw a human fly climbing a skyscraper, "He's a flunky," said the drunk, and followed him up. When the fly reached the fortieth story, he looked over his shoulder and the drunk was still coming. The fly reached the top, climbed on the roof. I've a parachute and I'm jumping," said the fly. "So am I," replied the drunk. The human fly jumped off and pulled the rip cord. He floated past the thirtieth story. "Sissy!" cried the drunk as he passed him.



"Pardon me, madame, but your show is slipping."

**Voo Doo Suggests a Plan To Aid the Institute
in Its Attempt to Become Self Supporting**





Last Dance



"Hi!" she said, standing beside his table. "What's the matter? World getting you down?"

"Me? I'm not sad." He smiled up at her and moved aside on the seat to make room for her.

"You look sad." She sat down and plucked a cigarette from the pack he offered.

"I was thinking, that's all." The flame of his lighter was unusually bright in the dusk of the cafe.

"Oh" She drew on the cigarette. "You won't get happy that way."

"Matter of opinion."

"Maybe." She shrugged almost imperceptibly, apparently absorbed in watching the intricately curved smoke that writhed slowly upward from her cigarette. She looked up coolly as a waiter appeared before them.

"Martini, dry," George said. "What would you like?"

"Same, please. Very dry." She sat back in the seat, watching the waiter move among the tables and

the leather-covered chairs, as unobtrusive as the soft music and the meaningless murmur of conversation in the room. A sense of calm and rest settled in her as she looked around.

The Muzak stopped and the musicians filed slowly back onto the orchestra stand, talking quietly as they finished their cigarettes and shuffled the music before them. Two were bald, one had a slight tic about one eye, she noticed.

"Hey, dreamer." He waved his hand slowly before her eyes.

"Name is Steph," she said, turning to him with a soft smile. "I wasn't dreaming."

"Sure, Steph."

"Well, now we're even. I don't believe you, you don't believe me." She smiled and brushed her hair back with her hand. "And no arguments."

"No arguments. Practically perfect, eh?" His soft laugh blended into the music as the orchestra started playing. "Dance?"

"Sure." There was a young eagerness in her voice that he enjoyed. She suddenly took his hand and led him, almost brusquely, to the floor. There she turned quickly into his arms, throwing her head back (light hair falling smoothly short of her shoulders) with a vivacity that somehow startled him.

"Happy?" he said as they danced. "In spite of not thinking?" They grinned at each other.

"Sure, I'm happy. Same as always. If I started stewing about things all the time," she added, "I wouldn't be." She moved closely against him. "I got enough to be

sad about without digging up more."

"Just a day to day life, eh? And here you are." Her body tensed under his fingers, and then relaxed, moving pliantly as they danced.

"Oh you wise guy," she said against his ear. He blew softly into her ear and she shook her head slightly. "Hey. Cut that out." He laughed softly, guiding her through a series of steps.

"Sorry," he said.

"Oh, I'm just tired." She sighed. "What a life. Even without thinking, professor." They danced in silence for a while. "Now you're making *me* morbid."

"Forget it." He began humming as they danced, weaving in and out of the group of dancers with some skill, in pleasant contact with each other, conscious of each other and of the undisturbing music and the muted atmosphere of the place. "You dance very well," he mentioned quietly.

She looked into his face for a moment and then returned her head to his shoulder. "Tell you a secret," she said.

"Umm?"

"I wanted to be a dancer." She seemed to be clinging to him, yet moving perfectly with him. After a moment, he tightened his arm about her waist for an instant.

"What does that mean?" she said.

He shrugged delicately, like a twitch. "Tell *you* a secret."

"Yes?" she said gently against his ear.

"I wanted to be a writer." He suddenly led her through another



HEAVY DRINKER

series of steps, moving smoothly and rapidly about the floor. The orchestra played on.

"What happened?" she said gently.

"Oh, I lost my nerve." They halted for a moment tensed in the shock of recognition. "Look, let's just dance now," he said quickly.

They listened to the music and danced, close to each other, moving gracefully, fluidly in rapport with each other and with the kind music that the old men played rhythmically, pleasantly, soothingly. As the music ended, they became conscious that they clung to each other almost too tightly for comfort and, as they relaxed and stepped apart, they felt suddenly weak. They returned silently to his table.

"Hold my hand," she said as they sat down. "I'm trembling."

"So am I." They sipped at their drinks, their palms wet and trembling against each other. "What might have been . . ." he began softly.

"Shut up," she said sharply, her grip tightened on his hand. He crushed a napkin into a tiny, crumpled ball that sprang out of his hand and off the table when he released it.

"Let's go," he said. They stood up staring at each other for a moment. He drew out his wallet and dropped a bill beside the check, holding another bill in his hand. "How much do you take?"

"Ten dollars," she said harshly. She dropped her eyes at last. "Your money's worth, darling." She gripped his hand and laughed with a total lack of humour.

Without speaking, they walked to the door, which he held open for her. "I heard a good joke today," he said suddenly.

"Yeah?" she said as he shrugged his coat on. "Tell it to me." He put his arm around her waist and they walked into the night.

Arbiter



M.S. 22: *Advanced Tactics and Techniques.*

Hubby wandered in at 3:00 a.m. after a glorious evening. In a few minutes a series of unearthly squawks howled out of the radio loud speaker.

His wife looked into the room and discovered him twisting the dial back and fourth frantically.

"For heaven's sake! What in the world are you trying to do?" she exclaimed.

"G'-way! G'-way! Don't bother me," he yelled. "Someone's locked in the safe and I've forgotten the combination!"



Familiarity breeds attempt.



"My wife ran off with the butler," said a man to his friend.

"What a shame!" was the sympathetic response.

"I'm satisfied. Furthermore, my house burned down and I haven't any insurance."

"Too bad."

"I'm satisfied. And to top everything off, my business is so bad I'm going bankrupt. But in spite of everything, I'm satisfied."

"How is it possible that with all your troubles you're satisfied?" asked the friend.

"I smoke Chesterfields."

GIRLS

(With no apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see

A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't
fixed

Upon a drink that's being mixed;
A girl who won't forever wear
A bunch of junk to match her
hair;

A girl who looks at boys all day
And figures ways to make them
pay.

Girls are loved by jerks like me
'Cause who the hell wants to kiss
a tree!



An engineer entered a saloon with his wife and six year old boy. He ordered two straight whiskies.

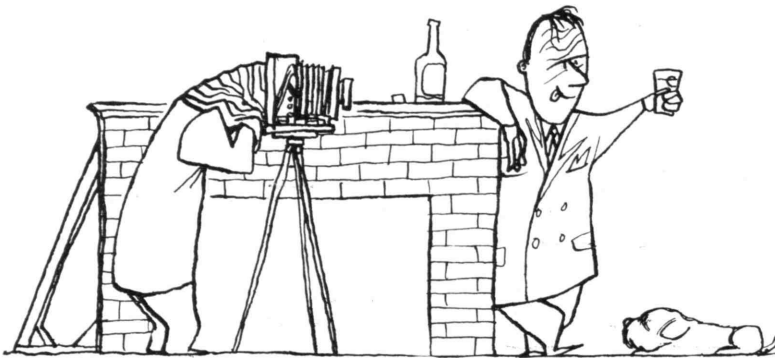
"Hey, Pa," said the kid, "ain't Ma drinking?"



"My good man," she said, "can you tell me whether this is a male hippotamus or a female hippotamus?"

Then the worm turned. The keeper eyed the lady coldly. His tone was metallic. "Madam," he replied, "I don't see how that could possibly interest anyone but a hippotamus!"

Tempus Edax Rerum



Owen Grommet was a heavy industry magnate, directing the operations of many of our largest steel companies, distilleries, and green grocers. When the last Great War came he was among the first to heed the call to the colors; he went to Washington to combine his vast managerial experience with the government's and was immediately referred to the head of the department in charge of coordination, integration, and unification of type specification for coordinated integration.



As a dollar-a-year man in the department head, Grommet often felt his vast managerial experience wasted on details, but he never complained and served his country well in the great struggle. He would have complained had he known that \$9,999, the rest of his salary, was going to a Washington 99.99 Per-center; but he never suspected.



Then one day his watch was irretrievably lost and he grew panicky for fear that quitting time would pass him by. (The four o'clock whistle was generally drowned out by near-by noise.) Excitedly he approached a visiting P-3 postal clerk and asked the time. Glaring suspiciously at Grommet, the clerk shrieked, "Gad, man, I can't tell you that; it's restricted!" Then peering furtively about, he whispered, "But I know a friend who..."



Quickly a rendezvous was arranged and Grommet sped to an abandoned pumpkin field where two wild-eyed slouch-hatted P-4's led him to a dirt-covered pumpkin. They dug it up, slid off the top, and removed a battered clock. "Wow," thought Grommet, "this is it!" But the clock had stopped four days before.

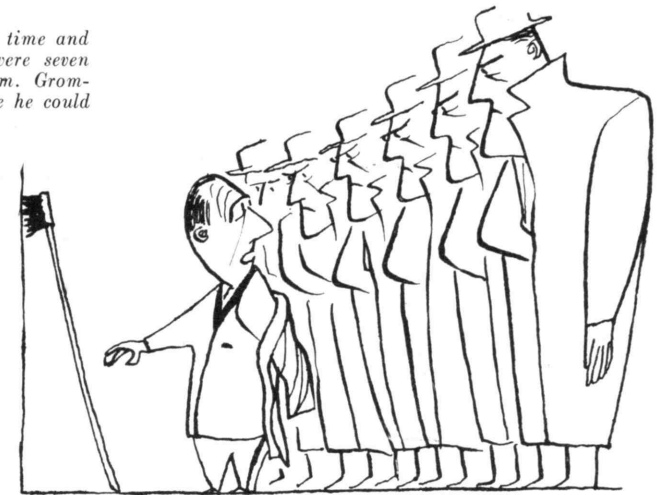


Grommet was beside himself until one of the pumpkin-keepers suggested a further lead: a coke date with a sloe-eyed State Department secretary. At the appointed time, Grommet slid nervously into a gaudy lounge bar and found himself plying a wuxom witch with double shots. He played his cards well and soon broached the subject. Poor Grommet; he discovered that the girl was fast, so the time was wrong.



A broken man, Grommet wandered aimlessly thru the streets of the lower north-west section of the Pentagon. Suddenly his pulse quickened; there in front of him, surrounded by a maze of meaningless apparatus, was a clock! He looked again; it was only five minutes 'til quitting time!

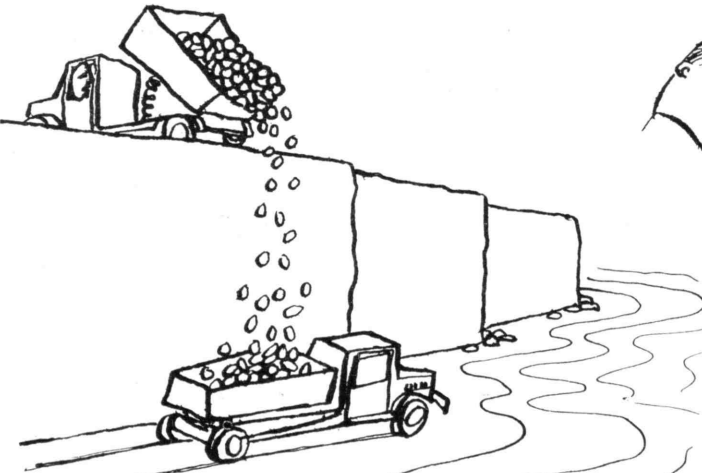
The dash back to his office left him breathless, but on time and happy. His relief was shortlived, however, for there were seven plain clothes men and a smiling Irish Senator awaiting him. Grommet was incensed, indignant, indicted, and in jail before he could say, "Rub, don't blot."



Conspiracy charges based on his dealings with the alleged "TIME" ring were brought against Grommet in the subsequent Senate hearings. A general investigation and round-up of all suspects was ordered; the repercussions were widespread: fraternities were raided upon suspicions of making "time," TIME magazines were confiscated, a Waltham time piece factory was ordered closed down.



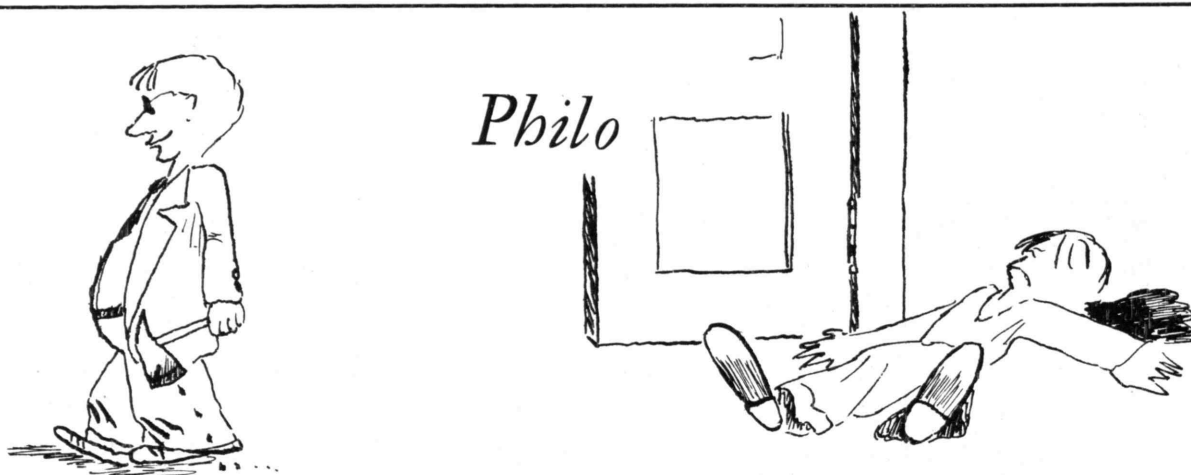
Time was out of joint, and suspicions were broadened. Even the big-wigs of the State Department were not immune. Departmental "girly" parties were held every night or so to combat accusations of perversion in the ranks.



The Senate itself was raked. Unnamed sources charged a policy of waste. It was claimed that the government was supporting the price of potatoes by buying and dumping them into the ocean, but somebody was rigging the time schedule so dumping was done at low tide.

Grommet, himself, was freed when seven of the witnesses against him disappeared in New York City for a month, but the stain on his name remained. Unable to return to his life as a captain of industry because of the scandal, he found that only one chance remained: the State Department. Returning to his old wartime job, Grommet carried on with a smile, and never asked the time.





This is an incident in the life of Philo Worthington — an incident which only a few months ago received nationwide notoriety. Because I knew Philo personally, I am perhaps justified in recalling the old story in some detail.

Some people could have found all manner of faults with Philo Worthington, but these people did not understand him. They called him callous, vain, but actually he was only a philosopher.

Now, everyone has at some time dabbled in philosophy and come up with a few impressive ideals, and like a decent fellow has promptly forgotten them. Worthington — and this was his mistake — tried to live by them. Often we would sit at one of the oaken tables in

Maxo's 'til early in the morning gazing into our beer and discussing man and the universe. Philo did most of the talking. He would stare into the white porcelain mug and see in its lambent, beery depths a beacon to the Way of Life.

All I could see was beer.

I can picture him clearly, leaning back in the heavy chair and flicking white foam from his mug. "What the hell difference does it make anyway? People are nothing in the vastness of the Universe."

This was his attitude toward everything, and he could accept with complete calm any card that was dealt to him from the deck of life. He was above mundane worries. Always cheerful, always ready with a word of encouragement for

the less fortunate, Worthington was one of the most disgusting characters on the campus.

It was only natural, then, that Philo should take the news as he did. We were eating together in Walker Memorial (he could take that too) reading the newspaper. As usual the funnies were not funny, so we turned to the front page. There it was in blaring headlines:

TECH PROFESSOR GOES BERSERK — SLAYS THREE IN CLASS

I dropped my spoon, splattering oatmeal all over my white buckskin shoes (I am a fraternity man myself). Philo was maddeningly calm. He looked up over his Kumquats after having read the article and said, "It's lucky I cut that class, I wouldn't have learned much anyway I guess."

Then he stood up, fastened his sliderule (log log duplex decitrig of course) to his waist and sidled off to class.

Needless to say, everyone in Boston, and the rest of the nation, was aghast. There is something about a professor that is sacred. He is the quintessence of infallibility — a god upon whose altar we offer up our minds. The entire Institute was stunned into inactivity. Lecturers were speechless. The blackboards were not wiped. And everywhere people wandered



"Well, well, a lot of water's gone under the bridge since we saw you last!"

aimlessly in and out of the classrooms.

Philo made use of the confusion by taking some books out of the library without signing for them. He was that sort. Returning to his room, he listened to the radio as he studied and heard nothing but reports of the mad professor who had taken it upon himself to decrease the enrollment of one of his classes. "They probably flunked a quiz," muttered Philo to himself.

And all day Philo did his homework.

And by evening he had done enough so that he felt he should be free to entertain himself. Turning off his lights, he went out into the murky night for a bite to eat and a few hours at the Old Howard (He was that type too.)

When Philo returned to the dorms later in the night, the glaring yellow lights were softened by the deepening fog. The wind stumbled through the trees, shaking the branches, and the moon wrapped herself in a black cloud for warmth. Philo was a little surprised to find Smythe, the star of the diving team, lying against the door step with a silly grin on his face, especially the night before the first meet of the season.

Philo did not notice that the grin went from ear to ear.

He came across another friend in a similar condition on the stairway — can't remember his name.

"Strange that they should both be drunk, and yet I can't hear a party anywhere. As a matter of fact it's deathly quiet in here."

Entering his room, Philo quickly changed into his silk dressing gown, turned on his radio and walked into the shower room. There he bumped into the lower half of Kalp, the freshman from down the hall. Kalp had a freshman tie tied neatly about his neck and the ends were about the water pipe on the ceiling.

"Damned inconsiderate," thought Philo. "It's odd how deserted this place is."

"--- professor has escaped the police, and is now at large," blared the radio. Philo changed the station a little more quickly than usual.

The sky was now a little darker; the halls were a little quieter. Philo heard a heavy breathing at the door, accompanied by a knocking.

Absent-mindedly, Philo Worthington muttered: "Come in."

J. R.



Rosie entertained so many male visitors in the parlor and, things were so quiet while they were in attendance that Rosie's Papa finally grew suspicious. One night he told his wife, "I've got a wonderful invention that will help us check up on Rosie. It's a television periscope. Just turn it on when Rosie is in the parlor with her fella tonight. If he holds her hand, there'll be a green light. If he kisses her, there'll be a purple light." The contraption was set in place, the male visitor arrived, and Papa settled back for a nap. His wife awakened him by shaking him violently. "Come quick, Papa," she cried, "and see the pretty rainbow."



Doc Jones: "Young lady, I'd like to give you a complete physical examination."

Young lady: "But Dr. Smith examined me last week and found me perfect."

Doc Jones: "So he told me."



Customer in drugstore on Sunday morning: "Please give me change for a dime."

Druggist: "Here you are. I hope you enjoy the sermon."

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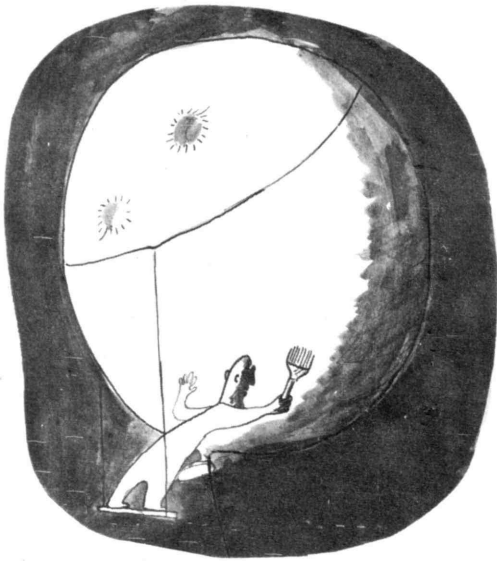
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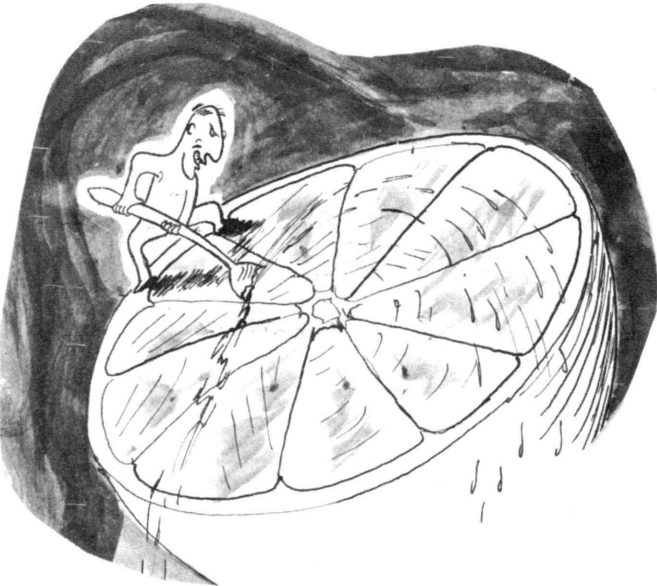
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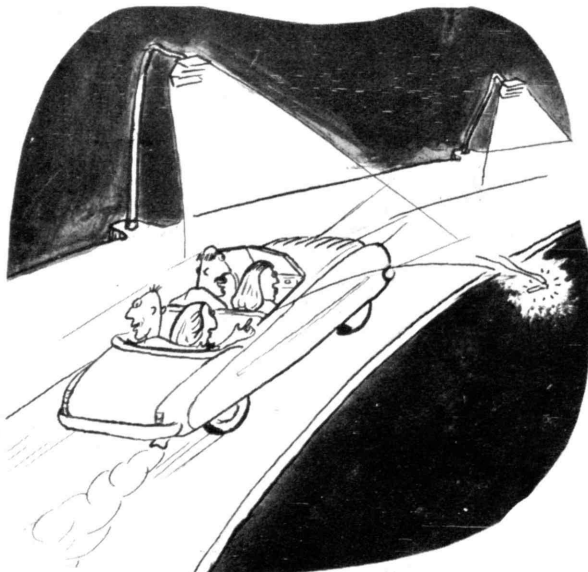
The Moon Is Down

For years science has maintained a heinous lie about the nature and origin of our universe. The birth of the universe was not a cataclysmic galactic burst of energy, but a collision between a caterer's wagon and a small red truck loaded with nitroglycerine. This non-cosmic event occurred on a little-used section of route 66, between the grubby hamlets of Nvorsk and Ennui, in southwest Nevada, and was quickly hushed by their respective chambers of commerce. However, the explosion put a lot of things up in the air that couldn't be ignored forever, and that quaint little story about the stars and the sun and the moon was invented to keep people from asking embarrassing questions. But the truth just has to come out sometime.

The moon is a balloon from the caterer's wagon, and is only five miles away. It is a wonder no one has hit it. In 1934 a contract was let to keep it painted, as it was becoming an eyesore. The contractor bought fourteen thousand gallons of white semi-gloss paint which chipped so badly that it had to be renewed about once a month. The small chips are snow, the big ones are clouds, and the tides aren't really so much.

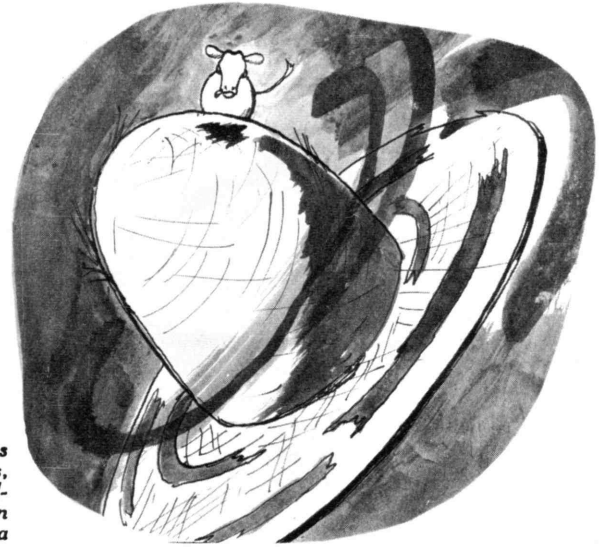


Mars, with one exception, is not inhabited; and those lines are not canals. That is silly. Mars is half of a pink grapefruit, and the lines are sections like you find in any grapefruit. Rain is caused by a man with a spoon who doesn't know what he is doing; he is just hungry.



The milky way is an ill-kept section of that same route 66 between the aforementioned towns. It went up along with the rest of the flotsam now littering the atmosphere. The whole thing was an awful mistake, you know. The road is still used, though; mainly by drunks and other people who don't know when they are well off. Shooting stars are cigarette butts from cars and can be found all over the place.

There is no helium in the sun; there never was and never will be. It is a plum pudding, and the biggest plum pudding you ever saw. If you knew how much brandy is burned up there every day it would make you cry. There is a man there who does nothing but pour brandy. Sunspots are raisins, and if they affect your radio reception you had better get a new radio.



Saturn does not have rings, or moons, or balloons either. In fact it is only a straw hat, and a rather ratty straw hat at that. It was once worn by the driver of the nitroglycerine truck, whose name is Halley. His pants are still on fire and he is tearing around somewhere and you know what they say about him. The sole inhabitant of Saturn is a cow, who doesn't like it there at all.



She fell with a light sigh into his arms. Her head tilted backward and their lips met. She turned her head and spoke:

"You understand, don't you, Jack, that I've never done a thing like this before?" she asked anxiously.

He (thinking of what has just happened): "Yes, but what an awful lot you must have inherited from someone."



Only last month Deacon Kalbfleisch took his girl to the races down at Rockingham. Just as the horses were lining up at the post, his date grasped the Deacon by the arm and nervously asked him for a safety pin, meanwhile grabbing frantically after something that seemed to be slipping around her knees.

Just at that moment the crowd roared, "They're off," and the poor girl fainted.

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A very beautiful young lady went for a swim in a secluded spot, but neglected to take a towel with her. As she was standing on the bank letting the balmy breezes dry her, she heard a rustling in the bushes nearby. "Who's there?" she asked. A rather high pitched voice replied, "Willie." Said the gal: "How old are you Willie?" and the wee small voice replied, "79, darn it."



Daughter (admiring a set of mink skins from father): "I can hardly realize that these beautiful furs come from such a small, sneaking beast."

Father: "I don't ask for thanks, my dear, but I must insist on respect."



We heard about the tipsy premed the other night who called up Dr. Wasserman of national fame and when the good doctor answered the phone our inebriated friend said, "Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman?" The voice said "Yes." Our friend said, "Are you positive?"



When I die and am in my grave, I know, at last, I must behave. But while I am here on terra firma I'll get what I can from my friend Irma.



ON GROWING UP

The poliwog
Lives in a bog,
And diaphanously
Plays spontaneously;
Slim and streamline,
Dart and entwine —
A sort of Puck
Of the muck.

And then one day
Along in May,
His slim posterior
Becomes inferior.

Instead, he sprouts
Knobbly knouts
That turn to leg
And leg and leg.

Our poliwog
Is now a frog —
Instead of grace,
An ugly face.
His skin is bumpy,
His motion's jumpy,
A horrid creature,
With no good feature.

A frog is horrible,
Indeed, deplorable.
And such a dunder
I sometimes wonder
Why they don't fall,
A victim all
To nervous wrecks?
Cause they got sex!!

John Harrington



Sweet Jennifer wears
Her dark glasses
To conceal herself
From the masses
But her covered-up eye
Can't entirely disguise
The points that invite
The most passes!

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Raleigh dynohub electric lighting set self-generates car-type lighting without loss of energy through friction, illuminates the road with a piercing beam while the Raleigh is in motion.

"Walpole once wrote," said Bob dreamily as he parked his car, "that the world is a comedy to him who thinks and a tragedy to him who feels."

"Well," said the coed.

"Well," continued Bob, shutting off the lights, "I think I'm about to get tragic."



A castaway on a desert island, following another shipwreck, pulled ashore a girl clinging to a barrel.

"How long have you been here?" asked the girl.

"Thirteen years," replied the castaway.

"All alone? Then you're going to get something you haven't had for thirteen years," said the girl.

"You don't mean to tell me there's beer in that barrel," said the castaway.



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TECHNOLOGY STORE

PATRONAGE REFUND TO MEMBERS

Girl: "Horace was over to my house last night, and as he started to leave he asked me to wear his pin, but I had to tell him I couldn't wear it until I knew him better."

Gal: "But you're wearing it now."

Girl: "Well, you see he didn't leave right then."



He: "Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything?"

She: "Don't be a fool. He doesn't suspect a thing"



A Chinese servant proudly displayed to his employer pictures he had just received from China of a very nice looking Chinese girl and two babies; his wife and two sons he boasted. "Are you kidding?" cried his puzzled employer. "You have been in this country for the last twenty years. "Yes, yes, me know," explained the oriental, "but me got velly good friend in China."



"How did you break your leg?"

"Threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it."



A local tavern keeper, who had a reputation for keeping strong brews, was awakened the other night by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Go away. You can't have anything to drink at this hour."

"Who wants anything to drink," came the answer. "I left here at closing time without my crutches."

— Odorono



Dean: "Where did all those empty bottles come from, young man?"

Student: "I don't know, sir; I never bought an empty bottle in my life."



Garters, brassiers and highwaymen all do the same things only at different places.



Doctor: "I can't prescribe whiskey unless I am convinced that you need it."

Student: "I've got a blind date with a girl my aunt wants me to take to the Prom."

Kind Doctor: "How much do you want?"

— Kinsey

Removing his shoes, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get into bed, his wife aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said, "Is that you, Fido?"

The husband, relating the rest of the story, said: "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

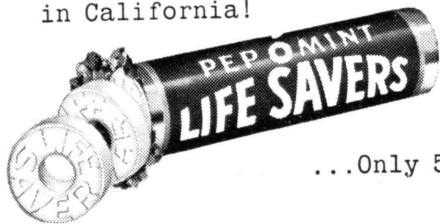


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What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

A traveling salesman stopping in a large city found a room at one of the better hotels. After resting for a short time, he called for room service.

Salesman: I'm in 1528. Send up a little Old Taylor Whiskey.

Room Service: Make up your mind.

This month's winning joke submitted by:
Ralph S. Smith, 1115 Grant Street, Newark, New York.

A young nurses' aide, driving along the avenue the other day, noticed a young man sprawled face down ward in the street. "At last" she thought, "Providence has sent me someone to administer to." Parking the car, she rushed over and commenced resuscitation. Presently the man stirred and looked up. "Lady, I don't know what the hell you're after, but I wish you'd quit tickling me. I'm holding a lantern for my buddy working in this manhole."

—naturally

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QUESTIONS

- A** Aslant, I lie surrounded by a word
Which twice repeats a virtue which you've heard.
- B** A letter (from the Greek), a conjunction (transposed),
One from Flanders, here reflected and posed.
- C** A ten dollar bill, and the term "to sell"
Gives one a title, if they're combined well.

Answers and names of winners will be available at
magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

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.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The B of ABC. If you look intently at the letter B, you will see two D's inside it.
- B** TRIPP. A prefix for three is "tri." Like two peas (pp) in a pod give you "Tripp," whose letters are odd (five).
- C** YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN. A youthful homo sapiens is a young man. The rival of the Cape of Good Hope is Cape Horn.

WINNERS... F. Potts, W. Crane, F. Krolson, G. Dakinon, H. Semdousef, R. Stourgley, J. Clemens, A. Erickson, W. Nubb, W. D. Moore.

Sexy Sal: Don't you think dancing gives a gal awfully big shoulders, don't you?

Big Louie: Yes.

Sexy Sal: I rather think swimming makes a girl's feet larger?

Big Louie: Yeah, I reckon.

PAUSE

Big Louie: You must ride quite a bit too.



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BOSTON

"Did you see in the paper when a fellow beat his wife to death with a golf club?"

"No—I missed that. How many strokes did it take?"



Owner: "How did you come to puncture this tire?"

Chauffeur: "Ran over a milk bottle."

Owner: "Didn't you see it in time?"

Chauffeur: "No, the kid had it under his coat."

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

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

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CO-STARRING IN
"The Eagle and the Hawk"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
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