

VOODOO

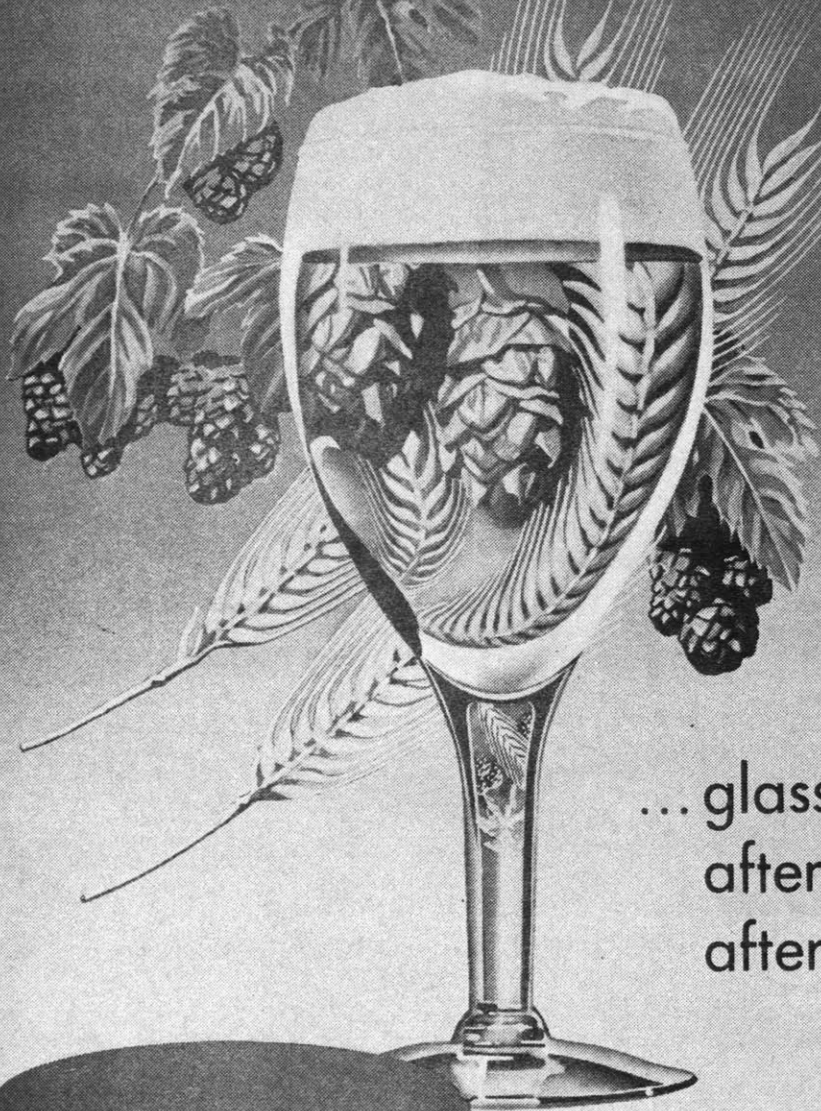
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



INDOCTRINATION ISSUE ...

OCT '50

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

As the summer's dust resettled, we peered thru the cobwebs to perceive a goblet of a glowing purplish liquid. It was all that served to distinguish Phos from the office litter of rusty beer tins, Open House paraphernalia, and make-up circa 1937, upon which he was sprawled. Noticing our entry, he drooped an eyelid and muttered, "lo."

"Migawd, old boy, has the summer's isolation diluted your vinegar? You, imbibing medicine?"

"Quiet! Silence, pipsqueak, the only medicine that could cure my illness is three thousand miles away." This elixir is a remembrance of a petite Scandinavian lass who taught me that the Midnight Sun is useful for more than mere illumination. Ah, those evenings, overlooking the "Paris of the North" and sipping what is called, Parfait Amour. Potent; quite potent, especially for blondes."

"How did you, get to Europe? What brought on such reveries?"

"All in a life's passing, yes, yes." "Why when Sally from Pigalle came . . ." "Back in June I was partaking a few with the gobs in a quayside cabaret, Atlantic Avenue it was. I helped bid bon voyage till my capacity was far exceeded. Somehow I staggered back with them to the ship. Before I quite came to, the ship was half a day out en route Copenhagen. The mate gleefully put me to work swabbing decks; eleven days worth, # @ *! ¶ ! it."

"So, you were well readied for that clean land of butter and eggs."

"Pshaw, Kitten fodder. Ran across a pal of the Claßs of '28 soon after being tossed ashore. Never finished out his freshman year, but sporting a 'Tech is Hell' banner and exclaiming of the invincibility of the MIT trained man, he talked his way into the position of Rodent Control Engineer. The firm he attached himself to just happened to be a brewery, but then he was an ex Voo Doo publicity man.

Anyhoo, with his OK and by spoutin a little of the technical terminology I'd acquired through association with Course XV men, I persuaded the functionaries to partake of my services. By maintaining a scientific aloofness and occasionally poking knowingly into the vats and pipelines, I got through two months unrevealed. One day a director woke up to the fact that my input far exceeded any useful output. Before I could utter a final Skoal, I found myself output at the bitter end of a wooden shoe."

After this astute survey of the European political situation, Phos issued us from the office. We understood his nostalgia. Just a few minutes later, our keyhole ear was warmed by his purring of the poignant strains of "Wilhemina From Copenhagen."

H. S.

Phos is pleased to announce the election of Allan Hoffman, Bob Hardy, and Jerry Hathaway to the Junior Board as Make-up Editor, Treasurer, and Office Manager respectively.

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

Copyright, 1950, by the VOO DOO Senior Board.
 Published by the Senior Board for the Students of
 the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
 Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.
 Office hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday
 Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy.
 Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago.
 Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

"This month's cover by Paulling"

DOING THE TOWN

A splendid place to go when the chill winds whistle around your ribs and you feel that you must have some solid food to keep winter at bay is Jacob Wirth's place on Stuart Street just east of Tremont. Jakey's dark beer is famous, of course. It's a good beer, albeit a little too watery to curl one's hair, comes in handsome seidels and should make you belch teutonically, and with great violence. Food comes in all sorts of Kraut ways such as bratwurst, pig's knuckles mit sauerkraut and, on Wednesdays only, sauerbraten. All of it heavy, and all of it good, with the lonely exception of the potato salad, which is prepared in the German fashion and doesn't tickle my fancy in the least. But that's a matter of personal taste. Prices put Jake into the medium range, from a buck and a half up, and the service is fast, willing, and friendly in the extreme. Lots of local color, and not a bad place to take a girl to when she wants to see a real beer joint.

Again on the restaurant side, I have one place in particular which should appeal to everyone. It is the Restaurant Du Barry on Newbury Street in the vicinity of Exeter Street. They specialize in a French cuisine and put out remarkably excellent food for the low prices which they charge. The atmosphere is quiet and conducive to the enjoyment of your meal. A very taste-full dinner may be had for well under 2 dollars including soup, beverage and dessert. If you ever find that you have to take her out to dinner and you're on the impecunious side, before she gets any big ideas about where to eat, you come out with, "I know the neatest little spot . . . loads of atmosphere. . . ." It's as simple

as all that and I'm sure that you won't be disappointed.



You are, we assume, hungry. You are, we assume, poor. All that, and if you like a change, too, visit The Nile, 52 Hudson Street, just off Stuart Street behind Washington. You can drink there, but the food, Levantine or not, is good enough to stand on its own merits. Outstanding is the green salad, the chicken stuffed with rice — God only knows the Egyptian name for it, but they speak English there — and, so help us, the strawberry shortcake. The quality of the coffee is such that thrifty housekeepers have been known to ask for its source, and if you like things served on a skewer, and don't mind using your fingers on a chicken, kofta mishwi is your meat.

Arab League atmosphere is provided by some of the records in the juke box, leavened, however, by a homegrown maestro or two. The service is rapid and friendly, and the check should hover around two dollars for a real belly-bloater. Dishes are a la carte, and you take your pick to suit your purse. The place is utterly respectable, and is suitable even for the virginal. We know.



There are seven films on my recommended list, and four of them were made at home, sufficient evidence, I think, that the boys can do it if they put their minds to it. Perhaps even more significant is the fact that two of the three foreign films were made by the same writer-director team, which tends to show that if good men are given their heads something interesting results. Usually.



In reverse order, the films are these: 'Destination Moon' first of all, at once the dullest and most interesting film I have seen in a long while. It is rather like watching a training film of a fascinating military operation. There are the same frantic attempts at a plot, the same stereotypes, the same warmed-over humor, and the same pedestrian pace. From a scientific point of view, however, the film is first rate, and of the highest interest — the sort of film one should make sure of putting into a time capsule so that our descendants can say, There's nothing new under the sun.



'Specter of the Rose' second, written by Ben Hecht about the ballet of whose leaps Nijinski said, "I jump, and then I just stay up there for a while." To use words like surrealism, symbolism, allegory, and the like, is almost akin to shouting Communist! from the roof tops. These are labels easily pronounced and then proved with considerable difficulty. At the risk of frightening away the lackheart, let me say that all in this film is not what it seems, and that a certain amount of thought is required of the audience for its complete enjoyment. As for those who never think



'The Third Man' and 'The Fallen Idol', both written by Graham Greene, were directed by Carol Reed, who also made "Odd Man Out" and 'The Way Ahead.' A man from whom one begins to expect the finest, and by whom one is not disappointed. 'Idol' is the story of the impact of murder on a little boy in an empty house.

Much as I dislike juvenile performers, I must confess that Reed has wrung a splendid performance from his principal figure. His cameraman, a craftsman of great polish and talent, has a flair for wet cobblestones at night which he demonstrated first in 'Odd Man Out' and in 'Idol', and which, I suppose, is almost the leitmotif for 'The Third Man,' an admirable and nostalgic entertainment set in the new Vienna. There is much skulduggery and melodrama strung on the thin notes of Anton Karas' infinitely sophisticated zither, and Orson Welles, Joseph Cotton, Trevor Howard, and the incomparable Alida Valli give of their best in a film which is always two steps ahead of the blase.



'City Lights' is a classic. Although I close to burst my britches laughing when I saw it for the second time, I find it difficult to call it a comedy. Few Chaplin films, I think, can properly be called comedies. 'Monsieur Verdoux', say, much rather 'han 'City Lights.' All this notwithstanding,

it remains one of the finest films I have ever seen, and the more I see it the more I see. You will not dare to make your peace with the world and face your grandchildren calmly if you have not seen 'City Lights.'

R. V. G.



When I'm wearing strapless things
Instead of buttons and bows
I notice my short boy friends
Are always on their toes.



A girl from East Mesalia, Ohio had never seen an elephant. When one escaped from the circus she telephoned the chief of police in great excitement.

"Send some policemen quickly," she cried. "There's a big animal out in my garden and he's pulling up cabbages with his tail."

"What's he doing with them?" asked the chief.

"If I told you," she replied, "You'd never believe me."



Women blush not in reflection of what has happened, but in rosy anticipation of what may.



TWINS PRECIPITATE RUPTURE



The following article is reprinted in its naked entirety from the recent pages of THE TECH.

By JAY FLEISHMAN

Season in the Sun — Wilbur Theatres.

This piece sired by the drama reviewer for the New Yorker, Walcott Gibbs, augurs well for the incipient theatre season. It has wit and possibly wisdom in its humorously condescending tale of a writer's misguided try at the profound.

That the show would be like a few pages culled from the author's weekly would have been an obvious pre-performance conjecture, and in fact it proved to be as neat and

tidy as a column — of *New Yorker* fiction.

The problem is quite simple. Paragrapher George Crane suddenly finds neither future nor aesthetic solace in the clever tidbits he has been submitting to his editor. Convinced that the nefarious influence of New York City has perverted his callow idealism to the realities of journalism by the twin vices of urbanity, booze and babes, he summons his efforts towards producing a novel that will expose the sins of the metropolis. This attitude and the summary rejection of his old cronies and habits precipitates a rupture with

his wife. His sorrows are subsequently allayed by the consolations of a gorgeous young thing, whose childlike innocence and angelic sweetness are only matched by her demure acquiescence. When these complications are resolved our hero has discovered that the weaknesses of our country gentry are just as virulent as those of his fellow burghers, and the quiet, upright nature of their lives, which passes for respectability, is attained only through refusal to face facts and partake of the joie de vivre.

The playwright, a critic himself, adheres with considerable success to the traditional critic-to-author dictum, "write about what you know." This is illustrated by the substance of the comedy which centers about a contributor to a periodical (not unlike Gibbs' relationship to the *New Yorker*), his editor (modelled after Gibbs' own), Fire Island (where Gibbs does his sunning) and sex (which is common property).



Some girls are like radios . . . subject to change without notice and very little on after midnight.



She: "Why did you turn out the lights, dear?"

He: "I wanted to see if my pipe was lighted."

— Technology

Scotch Gent: My lad, are you to be my caddie?

Caddie: Yes sir.

Scot: And how are you at finding lost balls?

Caddie: Very god, sir.

S. Gent: Well, look around and find one and we'll start the game.



The neighbors were complaining of the racket Mrs. Jones' husband was making. "All the time he goes around cackling like a chicken," they griped.

"I know," Mrs. Jones said. "We get tired of it too. Sometimes we think he's not in his right mind."

"But can't you do something for him? Can't you cure him?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose we could. But we do need the eggs."



"I don't think the man upstairs likes Johnny to play his drum."

"Why?"

"Well, this afternoon he gave Johnny a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum."



The car was crowded and the conductor was irritable.

"Where is the fare for the boy?" he snapped, as the father handed him one fare.

"The boy is only three years old."

"Three years! Why, look at him. He's seven if he's a day."

The father leaned over and gazed earnestly at the boy's face. Then he turned to the conductor.

"Can I help it if he worries?" he asked.



"How can you keep eating at the fraternity house?"

"Oh, I just take a tablespoon of Drano three times daily."



During the war period, when anyone in a skirt was persuaded to become a nurse's helper, one of these flippity young things had just given medicine, fluffed the pillows, and performed necessary chores for a male patient.

The sweet young thing had not yet acquired the terms used in nice polite conversation at the hospital. She did not know, for instance, that it was ethical to use the word "vase" instead of "urinal."

As she was leaving the patient's room, he suddenly asked, "Will you bring me a vase?"

In the doorway, she turned, apparently studied the question, and then said, "Sure I will, how large a bouquet do you have?"



"The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar is so tight I can hardly breathe."

"No, that's your shirt all right, but you've got your head through a button hole."



A pretty young girl named Goring, Found married life very boring.

Her hubby, named Ned, Believed in early to bed And in two minutes flat he was snoring.



All Join
Hands!

All join hands with Beech-Nut Gum!

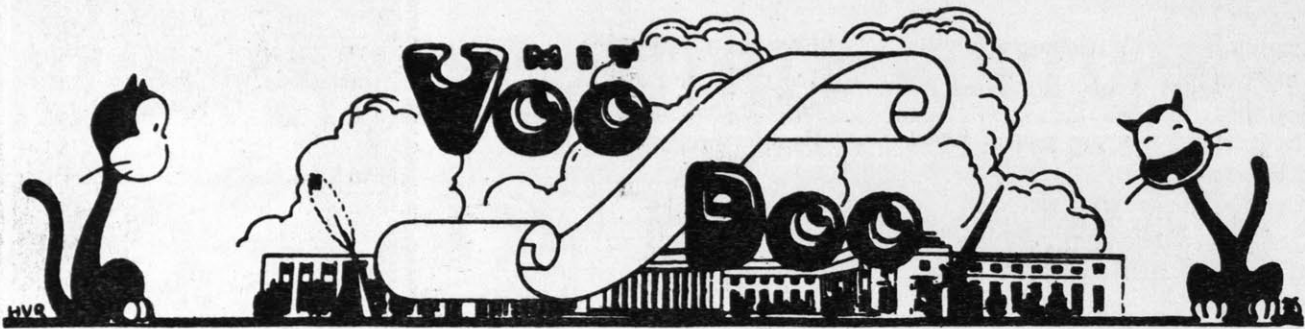
Circle around and reach for some!

To enjoy its fresh coolness, don't be slow!

Swing to Beech-Nut, Do-si-do.

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





VOO DOO is now on the mailing list of this publication!

Fall has returned to MIT again, and we have noticed a strange reversal of the usual cycle. Back in my hometown, when spring comes the grass grows and when fall comes the grass fades.

At MIT, though, when spring came last year, we tearfully watched the grass disappear under a deluge of buildings. This fall, however, when we returned to the hallowed halls, we were pleased to find new croppings of grass in places where there used to be unsightly and little-used parking lots. At this rate, the Institute shall again develop a beautiful campus which will be fully appreciated by those of us who have no cars.



A new advertising slogan appears to be cropping up among the old reliable merchants of Cambridge. Its breathtaking connotations give much food for the imagination. We have seen it used by a North Cambridge lumber company and a Central Square cleaning establishment who say they give "Sudden Service." We can only hope that we are not buried under a load of lumber delivered suddenly, and that our clothes are not cleaned before we have a chance to take them off.

A new thrill has entered the life of the man-in-the-shower. The nylon shirt! No longer must he kowtow to the mores of the present civilization which call for disrobing before entering the shower. Fully clothed in a shirt made from this wonder material he now steps into the shower to the great amazement of his compatriots, explaining as he does so that he is doing his laundry. Rah for Technology.



An interesting phone number came to our attention recently through the pages of THE TECH. The number, Circle 7-8646, the interest, lust, females, companions. Here's your chance young men of technology. The MIT Women's Dormitory is open for business, or so we gather from their recent advertisement in the above mentioned rag.

There are thirteen of them, so it says, and some of them sound interesting. For instance, one of them says she came to Tech because she has to get a husband some way. Interesting, but degenerate. Another is a musical lover who plays violy in some orchestra. The third is studying meteorology because she loves flying. Is she really in the right course or school?

One of the missguided youngsters says that while waiting for her study at Tech to end she plans to work for THE TECH. Why wait, come work for VOO DOO.

One comment which we would pass ordinarily, but having sunk so low already, may as well include, was "I was interested in VOO DOO until I read the jokes." We're not interested in you either, dearie.



A rather astonishing publication came to our attention recently. It is a very depressing rag called the CLIPSHEET and is published by a temperance board in the Nation's capital. It is apparently put together by a well-meaning group of gentleman who hope to overwhelm the reader so completely with the horrors of drinking that he will have nightmares. As an example, the following is just one sixth of the list of headlines crammed into sixteen square inches of newsprint:

"Drunken Father Falls on Infant Girl and Smothers Her"

"Boy, 6, Runs to Get Beer; Hit by Truck"

"Baby Giveaway in Bar, Lands Mother in Jail"

"Nineteen-Months-old Baby Dies from Drink of Whisky"

The point is well-taken but the method is not.

We did find some refreshment, however, in the form of a different approach to the situation. The first was a mention of certain small insects whose fore and aft sections, when separated with a knife, began fighting each other. This apparently demonstrates the natural meanness of living beings. The other is the following item in the CLIP-SHEET which doesn't really demonstrate much.

"Tossing Gal's Pup in Her Salad Jails Romantic Drunk", reads a Bloomington, Indiana dispatch. A drunk wandered into the lady's kitchen and added her puppy to the salad she was mixing. The police added him to the day's roster."



As you all know, the woman as well as the parking situation has gotten critical during the last few months. The Institute had done everything in its power to alleviate the situation, but to no avail. It is now evident that strict measures will have to be taken in order to assure equitable distribution for every member of the Tech family.

Starting in November, all residents of the dormitories will undergo alterations (Voo Doo has a list of Boston churches employing male sopranos). All members of the staff will be issued black and blue MIT stickers which they will wear in the appropriate position. The

Graduate House will be a semi-controlled zone, in which periodic inspections will be held in order to insure that only authorized women are around. No women will be allowed to be kept overnight. This rule has been made to facilitate the changing of bed-sheets.

Otherwise, everything is just dandy around here.



The wife of a Kansas farmer got involved in a conversation with some Bostonian dowagers and the conversation eventually got around to ancestry. "In Boston, you know, breeding is everything," said one of the dowagers.

"Is that so?" queried the farmer's wife. "In Kansas we think it is important, but we also have other interests."



The stagecoach was crowded and the elderly spinster felt her small purse being snatched from her hand. She turned quickly and thought she saw a low-looking character slip it into his trouser pocket. Indignant, she jabbed her hand into his pocket, gasped and then fainted.

"Say!" demanded one of the men on the stagecoach, "what do you have in your pocket?"

The character arched his brows, shrugged and said, "Who's got pockets?"

A very distinguished city gentleman once desired very earnestly to become expert at equestrianism. He went, therefore, to the surrounding countryside, struck up an acquaintance with an aged farmer living thereabouts, and from said farmer purchased what he thought was a fine steed.

On his first Sunday ride, the gentleman happened to be riding through an open field whose only cover was a large, solitary tree, standing in the center of the field. Canter along, the gentleman was quite astonished to perceive his horse heading directly for this large tree, and even more mystified when he and the horse collided with the tree.

The distinguished city gentleman arose, brushed himself off, and made straight for the house of the farmer, who lived nearby. He accosted the agrarian, saying, "This horse just ran straight into the only tree in the middle of a large, open field. I think he must be blind."

"Naw, t'ain't that," said the farmer, "he just don't give a damn."



Two army officers met on the street one day and one of the chaps had a row of medals across his chest. The other one remarked:

"Where did you get all of those?"

"Gunnery."

"The-hell you say. Why, I had it three years ago but I never got decorated."

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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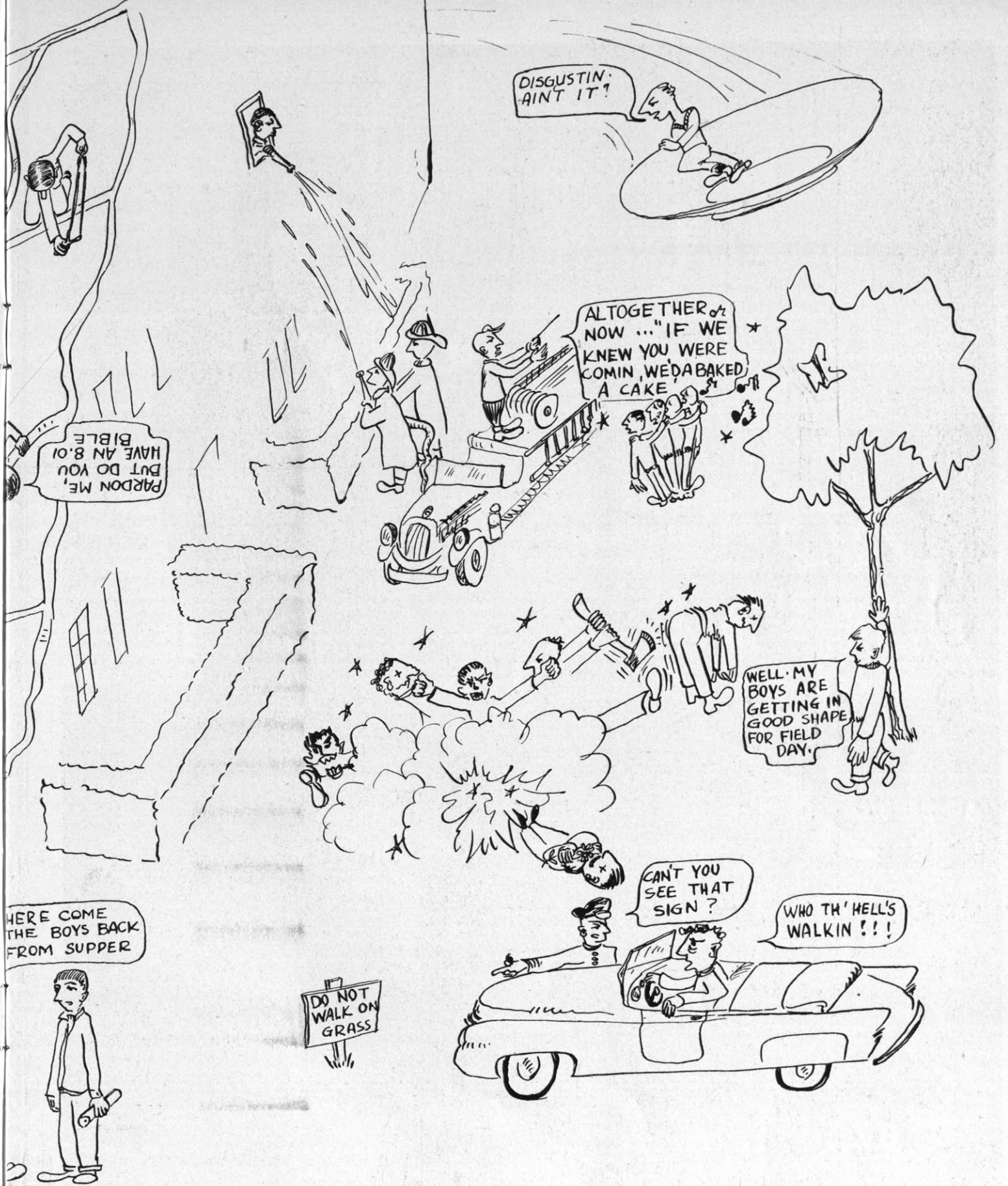
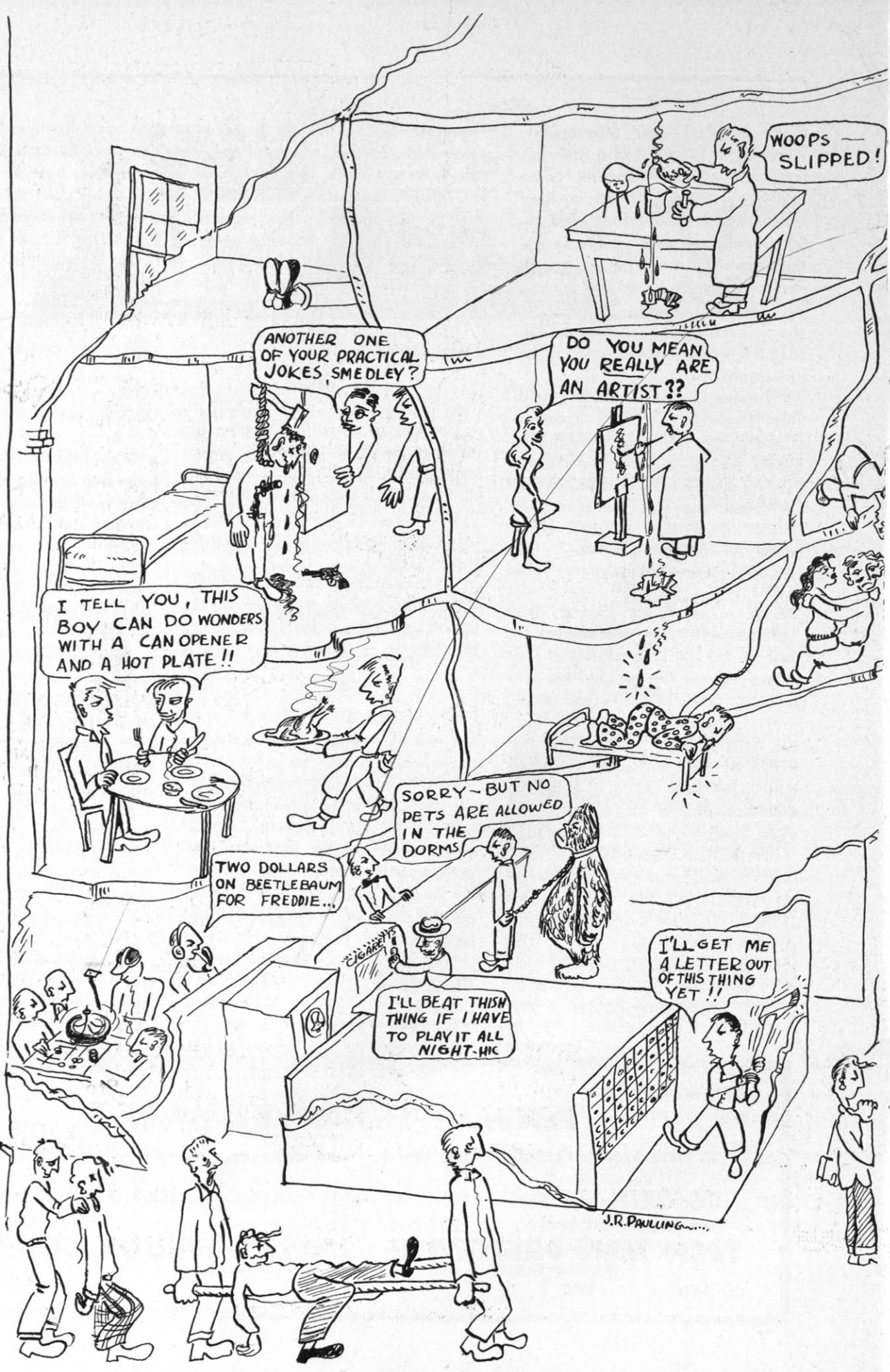
TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

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SEE US FIRST



LOOKS IN ON THE FROSH DORMS...





"PINK PEARL"

Photo by Cohen



Pink Pearl



The Great American Sport: the pursuit of Saturday Night. Perhaps at Tech the Freshmen pursue it most vigourously, and Sophomores at least almost as eagerly. For Juniors the game pales, at least as far as the dating habit goes, and Seniors are loftily less interested in the ritual. But this is no great change. The rites are altered a little, but the goddess remains essentially the same.

Saturday Night, the regular date with *someone*, with a great number of girls who tend after a few weeks to blend into the anonymous crowd of girls whom we have dated, surely is a feminine deity. After this date, ask and you shall receive . . . another date. . . sometime. Make sure you worry about it.

It offers much, certes more than the celibate nights of the week. Dinner, movies, theatre, nightclubs, dancing, and the approved amount of necking — frequently a little more than the bare requisite. And of course prestige. These we know, and expect.

As a device for bringing the eligible maids and men together to test their eligibility it works quite well, though it tends to oversimplify the issues, to be somewhat automatic, making every date much like the last one. Resulting appearances frequently are deceiving. One of the most beautiful girls we ever knew wore her clothing and expressions with superb aplomb, danced beautifully, and listened with evident rapt intelligence to our every word. Only by chance did we discover that she hadn't the wit to recognize a book, much less read one, for example. The sweet idiot was the precision product of a very efficient finishing school. Dianeticists would have been fascinated by her. She had no "engram banks," but she had no "analytical mind" either. It

must have been telepathic control from the formidable Mother.

Sometimes we realize and often we don't realize what we're looking for, though in both cases we keep looking, of course. But, not knowing our own desires (save for the elementals no one could forget), we tend to ask for less when we might ask for more. And get it, we mean. We actually do tend to judge by the title, the cover, and the binding. The text tends to be disregarded, except for the passages in Braille.

In bull session assembled we wish frequently for the paragon, the pearl of great price, with the depth of color that comes from the fine accretion of experience. And great moan is made of the shortages of such. Then Saturday Night is again observed as before and finally, perhaps a little depressed by the monotony after three or four more years, the Senior withdraws, as the psychologists put it, and spends much of his free time with his cronies, who at least "share his interests." Among which interests the ritual topics of dates are not included, having grown too heavy with a pea-green moss that painfully reminds the old man of his youth.

Phos too, having lingered in these halls for over thirty years, has also grown if anything more blase. By last spring he too had withdrawn and had been reduced to wistfully thumbing a collection of aged photographs of high spirited kitties of yesteryear.

A few weeks ago, however, the new, low-burning Phosphorus ran into a bright eyed Persian with the improbable name of Phosphene, and promptly returned to his old self just in time to greet the returning staff with his old gusto and contempt. So no doubt there is yet hope, even for creaking Seniors.

We could of course print a list of girls' schools and dormitories, to inspire them as likes, as was once the custom. But this has already been done, it was pointed out, by the telephone people. Something else was called for. . . .

So, *pour encourager les autres*, mention may be made that the goddess of Saturday Night is served well by the acolytes at that place yclept Emerson. There are other places, we know, but for various reasons the interest of some runs high at present with regard to that erstwhile speech school. 'Twill do as a noble example.

The pretty in the picture serves as an example of what there is around there. And it's so near!

Her name, incidentally, is Stephanie Wagner and she's in the freshman class, planning to major in radio and television. School, dancing, and modeling in New York and a place called East Orange have kept her away till now.

That should give you the idea. If you're determined to continue the pursuit of Saturday Night, interest may be kept high, nay, burning, in the company of such.

If you don't know, really, what you're looking for, perhaps someone from Emerson does. Which is just to say that, refreshingly enough, great numbers of those lassies seem to have talent and something to talk about besides the standard date stuff, unlike many in some other palaces of female education. It came to this staffer as a distinct, and pleasant, surprise. A plug, on behalf of Phosphene, who keeps her cache of catnip in Emerson Hall, and others who live there, whom Phos with lordly condescension refers to as "human females. Attractive, in their way."

But that's our weakness.

Van

"The Characteristic Properties of Hypernalgesia"



(Recently, the editors of Voo Doo decided to undertake a long range program of a rather experimental nature. In the past, as you well know, the basic policy of this magazine has been that of providing entertainment of a light nature. However, we feel that an occasional article of more serious context would help strengthen the literary quality of our stories. Therefore we have asked Professor Larue of the biology department to write, for your pleasure, the first of a series entitled "Science Explores the Unknown.")

One of the most important aspects of human behavior is the

reaction of the body to pain. Pain is undoubtedly the most agonizing yet least mensurable property of the nervous system. As a consequence of this, we of the biology dept. have been conducting a long range sectarianization program to determine the best method of alleviation of pain. We feel that the finest achievement possible would be that of making painless pain possible. Getting under way in our experiments was the hardest part, for it was necessary to have several sniveling sheaves calibrated so as to measure correctly the neuron reactions to external stimuli. The problem was solved rather cleverly

by ventrally connecting two endocyne generators in phase with a standard seismograph. We then began.

The first step in our operations was to procure suitable specimens for experimentation, which we did by a Sunday night canvass of the Sargent compass. The few Harvardian vermiculates that had been swept up in this action were disposed of in a suitable fashion, and the reaction tests were begun. We were rather surprised to find that the standard polypropal charts of the American Medical Association are next to useless, and of the few Asiatic specimens we tested, it just wasn't true at all. In short, we completely punctured many of the present day theories and began a newer and more concise permissivity table.

In brief, here are our results: The 8.01 and 5.01 lectures had caused development of languor extremattis, commonly known as deadening of the skull. This resulted in the formation of morphendage complexes, which are found to be curable only by complete relaxation on Simmons' Mattresses.

We feel that in several months our labors will bear fruit, and that the many nights we worked overtime in the labs will prove of infinite value. In closing I would like to give special credit to our secretaries, who gave unsparingly of their services that our experiments would prove successful. I also thank deeply the kind editors of The 'Tech' for their splendid scatological references.

W. L. R.



"There is, however, a certain quaintness about it."

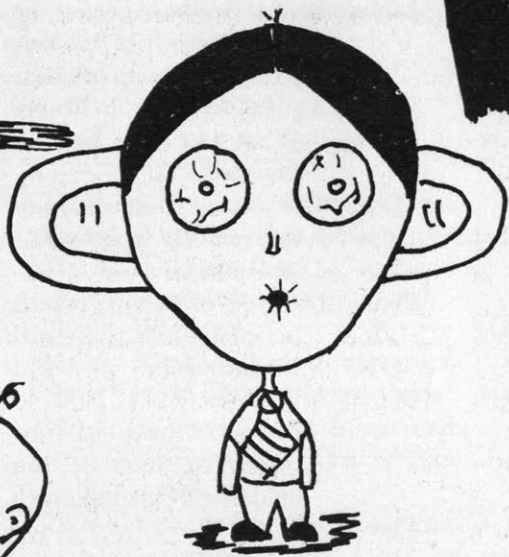
The Freshman As Seen By:



Upperclassmen



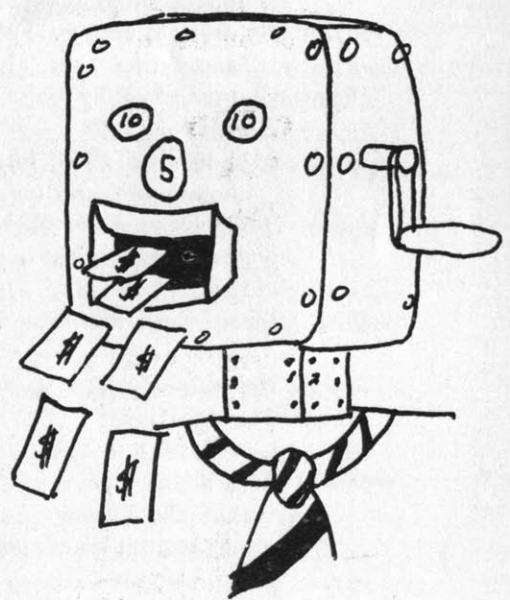
Himself



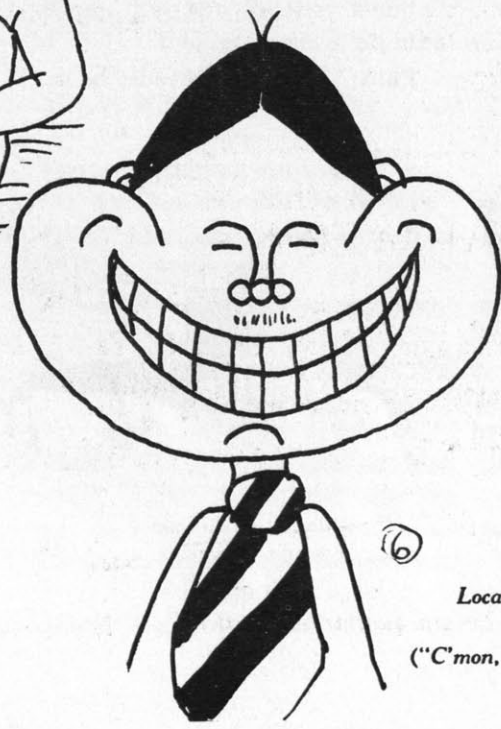
Professors ("But sir, I don't understand...")




Mother



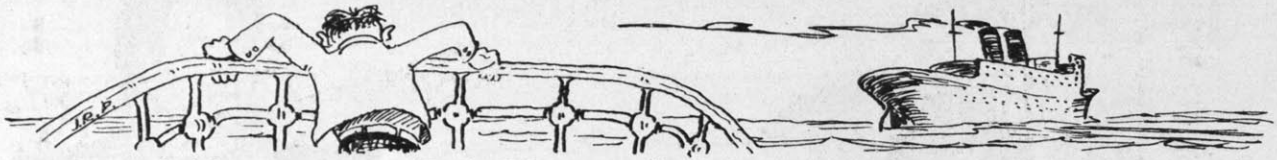
The Institute



Local College Girls
("C'mon, babe, let's dance!")

BY 

MR. ARBUTHNOT, THE CLICHE EXPERT, TESTIFIES ON THE EUROPEAN VACATION



Phos: It is wonderful to see you again, sir.

Mr. A: Enchante, I'm sure. Just enchante!

Phos: Did you have a good time abroad, Mr. Arbuthnot?

Mr. Arbuthnot makes a rolling of the eyes, so expressive, and that so French shrug of the shoulders.

Phos: Ha, ha. I think I understand. I wonder whether you might care to give us some of your thoughts regarding a vacation spent in Europe?

Mr. A: Only too delighted. What is it you would like to know?

Phos: First of all, sir, you went by ship or by plane?

Mr. A: By ship, of course. French Line.

Phos: Oh really? Why not Cunard?

Mr. A: My dear sir! The food is abominable, and besides, the Queens are the biggest ships in the world. How American!

Phos: I see. And how was your trip?

Mr. A: Rather amusing.

Phos: The departure?

Mr. A: Gay and hectic.

Phos: As a whole, you would say that the French passengers and the crew were . . .

Mr. A: Delightful, sir. Utterly delightful.

Phos: And your compatriots?

Mr. A: I am a citizen of the world, sir, a spirit unhampered by narrow and nationalistic boundaries.

Phos: Nonetheless, the Americans were . . .

Mr. A: Somewhat noisy.

Phos: Your reaction?

Mr. A: I kept myself aloof.

Phos: What course did the trip take?

Mr. A: We stopped at Southampton, and thence to Le Havre.

Phos: The English coast was, of course, shrouded by . . .

Mr. A: Fog? Good heavens, no. You must try to keep your cliches up to date.

Phos: You landed, then, in France. What was your first impression?

Mr. A: The customs officers were marvelously courteous and efficient.

Phos: Did you have any trouble in communicating with the natives?

Mr. A: A little at first. Now, of course, I have to force myself to think in English rather than in French.

Phos: And so . . .

Mr. A: To Paris!

Phos: Of course you visited . . .

Mr. A: The Left Bank? Bien entendu. Had a marvelous time there.

Phos: I suppose it must be so . . .

Mr. A: So bohemian, yes.

Phos: And how did you feel?

Mr. A: As if I were coming home.

Phos: Like meeting old friends?

Mr. A: Indeed. The place was swarming with Americans.

Phos: And they . . .?

Mr. A: I managed to avoid them in the obvious tourist places.

Phos: What places, sir?

Mr. A: Tourist traps like the Louvre and the Eiffel Tower.

Phos: You saw *the* sights, of course?

Mr. A: Yes, I went to Pigalle. A dull place.

Phos: How so?

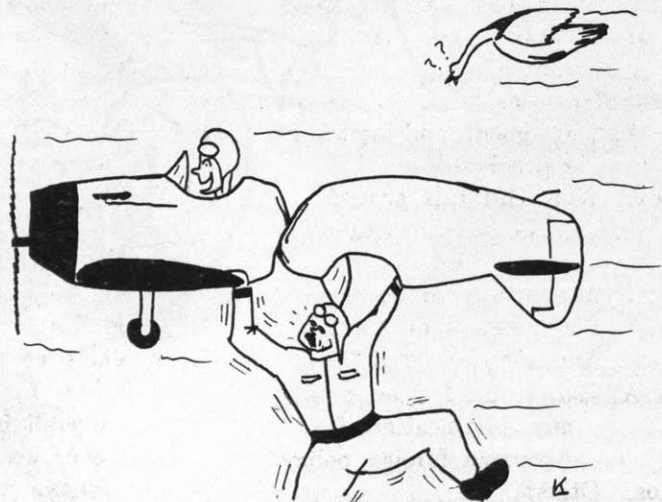
Mr. A: Nothing but dives, one worse than the next. Naked women, you know, and dirty shows.

Phos: Your parents, I believe, doted on that sort of thing in their day.

Mr. A: In their day, I understand, it was fashionable.

Phos: You have, perhaps, a . . .

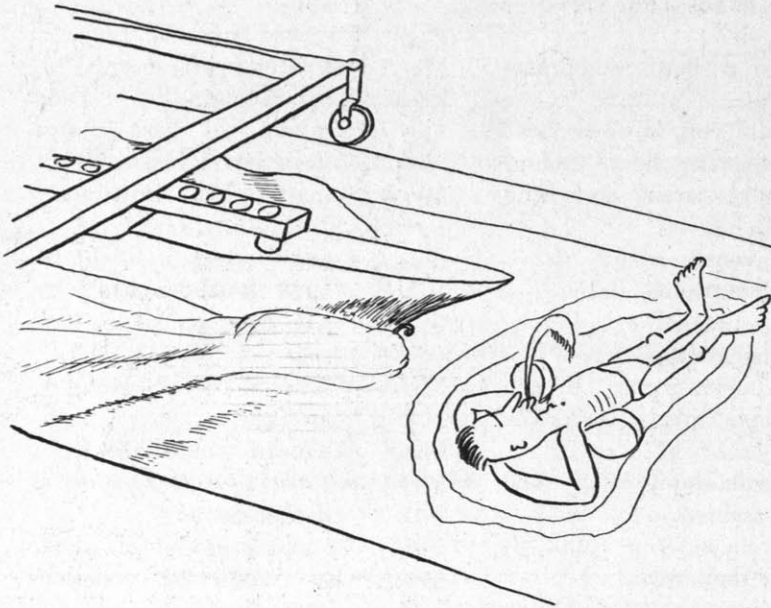
Mr. A: A new conception of ethics?



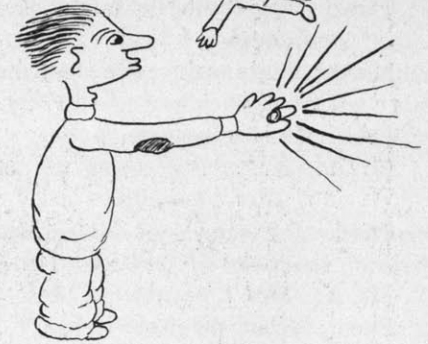
"How's this for a twist?"

- Perhaps. Not that our evenings in Montmartre were wasted. One lad in our group was somewhat shy about girls, and we took him to see all the shows.
- Phos: You think he might have been . . .
- Mr. A: That way? We had our suspicions.
- Phos: It is, of course, . . .
- Mr. A: A terrible thing to say about anyone.
- Phos: It could not have been mere shyness about girls?
- Mr. A: Don't be absurd, sir.
- Phos: What precludes it?
- Mr. A: Modern psychology allows no such thing.
- Phos: How unnatural would such behaviour be?
- Mr. A: As unnatural as a deep affection between mother and son, for example.
- Phos: That would be?
- Mr. A: A Complex.
- Phos: And a lasting affection between father and child?
- Mr. A: A Fixation. We thrashed the whole matter out . . .
- Phos: Where?
- Mr. A: At a boite called 'Le Polichinelle Dans Le Tiroir.'
- Phos: Featuring?
- Mr. A: A negro guitarist.
- Phos: Singing what?
- Mr. A: American folksongs.
- Phos: What did you drink?
- Mr. A: French beer.
- Phos: How was it?
- Mr. A: Very good, and quite inexpensive.
- Phos: What did this prove?
- Mr. A: That not all Americans are millionaires.
- Phos: And over your beer?
- Mr. A: We talked it all over.
- Phos: And some of you?
- Mr. A: Had a hard time finding any justification for American foreign policy.
- Phos: Others?
- Mr. A: Held hands. Some, even, . . .
- Phos: Yes?
- Mr. A: Held hands and kissed.
- Phos: How, sir?
- Mr. A: Quite without embarrassment.
- Phos: Most of you, however, . . .
- Mr. A: Sat on the floor around the guitarist, and sang with him.
- Phos: His favourite song?
- Mr. A: My Texarkana Baby.
- Phos: And yours?
- Mr. A: Strange Fruit.
- Phos: How about the French people themselves? The boys?
- Mr. A: So clever about things. And so assured.
- Phos: The cause, you think, is that they have . . .
- Mr. A: A thousand years of culture.
- Phos: What does that do for them?
- Mr. A: It gives them a maturer outlook.
- Phos: While we . . .
- Mr. A: Must still find ourselves.
- Phos: How about French girls?
- Mr. A: So clever about things and so assured. Very attractive.
- Phos: You mean that they can also be . . .
- Mr. A: The best of good companions? Of course.
- Phos: Yet how do they maintain their opinions in an argument?
- Mr. A: Without excessive vehemence.
- Phos: Retaining what, sir?
- Mr. A: Their essential femininity.
- Phos: Our girls soon learned, I suppose?
- Mr. A: To do without makeup? Yes, very soon.
- Phos: Although they must still have seemed . . .
- Mr. A: Somewhat brittle? Yes.
- Phos: These are delicate matters, Mr. Arbuthnot. As an overall impression, however, would it be wrong to call your visit a sort of . . .
- Mr. A: Reversal of the Gauls' invasion of Rome? Very apt.
- Phos: We may be young, but . . .
- Mr. A: We're eager to learn!
- Phos: Encouraging, that. Your return to these shores must have been . . .
- Mr. A: Something of an anticlimax? Inevitably.
- Phos: I can see how it might be hard to understand why we here concern ourselves . . .
- Mr. A: With such trivialities? It is, sir, it is.
- Phos: We need, you think, . . .
- Mr. A: A little of the continental detachment.
- Phos: To shock us out of what?
- Mr. A: Our provincial complacency.
- Phos: Evinced particularly, don't you think, by our attitude towards . . .
- Mr. A: The atom bomb? An excellent example.
- Phos: Illustrating what?
- Mr. A: A triumph of the material over the intellectual.
- Phos: You must concede us, sir, . . .
- Mr. A: That we're good engineers? The best.
- Phos: But completely without a grasp . . .
- Mr. A: Of the aesthetically satisfying or the morally beautiful.
- Phos: The statement constitutes what, sir?
- Mr. A: An indictment.
- Phos: The terrible thing, of course, is that . . .
- Mr. A: We refuse to realize it.
- Phos: Whereas . . .
- Mr. A: A people like the French,
- Phos: Who are nothing if not what?
- Mr. A: Eminently reasonable.
- Phos: They are what?
- Mr. A: A logical nation.
- Phos: At any rate, the French . . .
- Mr. A: Realize it.
- Phos: They must also be . . .
- Mr. A: A diplomatic race? Inevitably!

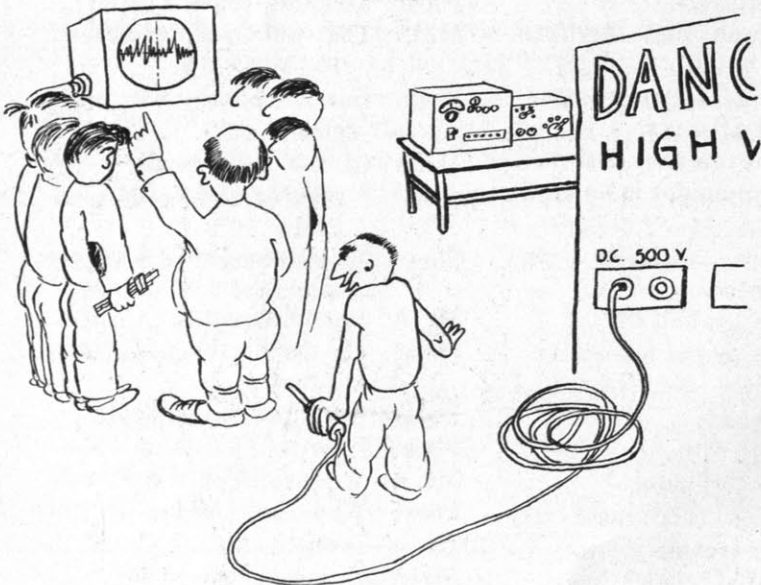
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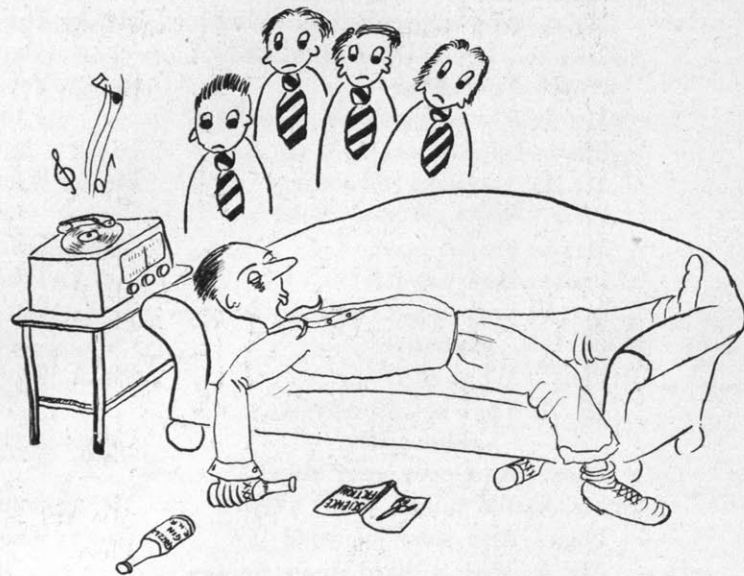
For swimmers who dislike crowds and the wide expanse of Tech's number on pool, try the recently built natorium across Vassar St.



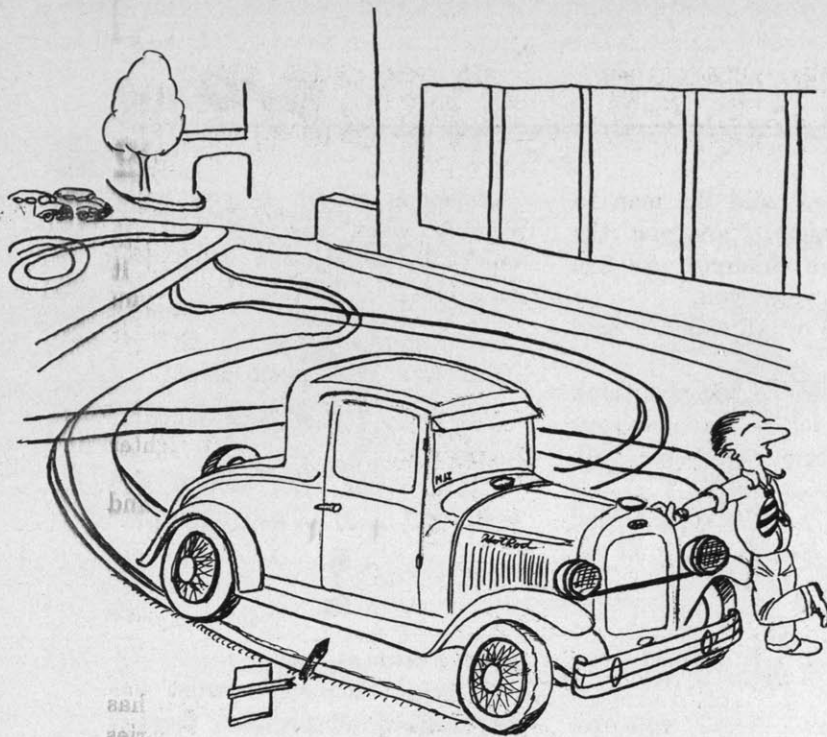
Individualists! This is the Atomic Age! Everyone needs something radioactive — bombard a ring or a wrist-watch while at Tech. Impress your friends — sterilize your enemies.



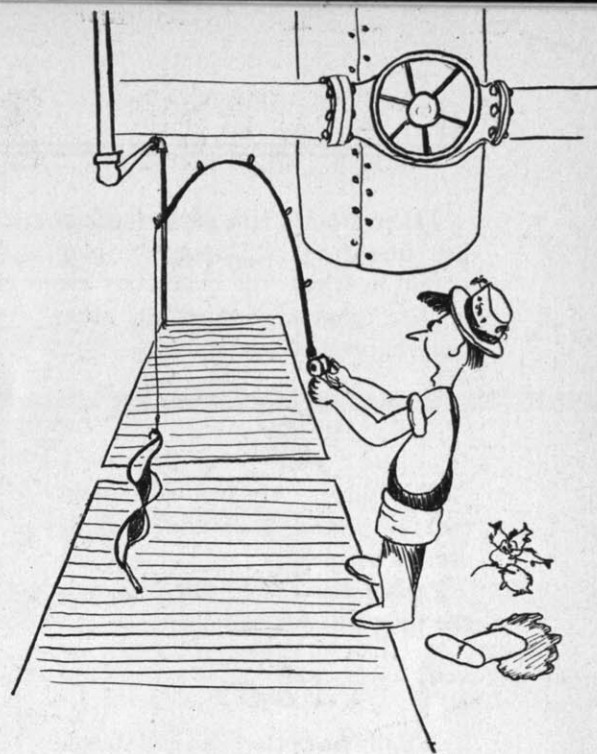
Jokers! Shock your instructors into submission, break down their resistance — show what you know of current events. Play draft-board and induct them into iridescence in 10-160.



Socially inclined? Meet your upper-classmen and look for guidance among these towers of strength and knowledge. Learn pertinent facts about Boston: the "cultural center", the New Ritz, best beer — "Gansett," prettiest college girls — Radcliffe, etc.



Let's have some school spirit! The facts: (1) Tech presently needs greater parking facilities; (2) For years that damned invincible growth, GRASS, has overgrown our campus — use some initiative!!



Recognizing the fact that the Charles River would dishearten the most avid of anglers, Tech has gone to great lengths to provide a well-stocked reservoir for those of us so inclined. To prevent outsiders from getting in on this deal, the reservoir is covered by a grating and the surroundings made to look like a steam lab. Bring your tackle, some beer, and a girl, and make a day of it . . . Well, make something.



Again we are blessed by nature's treasured pageantry of seasons. Autumn's clear skies, vividly colored foliage, and invigorating temperatures are now here. Nature lovers, enjoy it all by ambling up the Charles on a Saturday afternoon when Harvard is playing at home. Take some wire, a big battery, and some Prima . . .



"All the world loves a lover." Why should Techmen be different. Play "catch as catch can" in the main corridor. While at Tech you'll probably lose your sanity, ambition, and money—start now on your virginity.

Taken from a test paper in English literature: "A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins and other supernatural characters.



Old Lady: "Are you really content to spend your life walking around begging?"

Panhandler: "No lady, many's the time I wish I had a car."



A Pullman porter who had started out on an all-night trip, had his run canceled unexpectedly. Returning home, he took a look around the house and then began to strop his razor vigorously.

"What you doin', Jackson?" his wife inquired.

"If those shoes stickin' out from under the bed ain't got no feet in them, ah is gonna' shave."

"Pardon me," said the man to the blind beggar, "are you the father of these children? All five of them look like you."

"Yes, they're all mine," said the beggar.

"Well, my friend, do you think it's sensible for a man in your position to bring all these children into the world?"

The blind man shrugged and said: "Can I help it if I can't see what I'm doing?"



Grandpappy: "Doc, you remember that 'vitality' medicine you gave me last week?"

Doctor: "Yes, what about it?"

Grandpappy: "I accidentally dropped it in the well."

Doctor: "Goodness, man! You're not drinking the water, are you?"

Grandpappy: "Heck no! We can't even get the pump handle down."



"Oh John, we're both saved — What more could you ask for?"

Advice to co-eds: If you write illegibly when you sign out, it won't be so obvious when you come in.



"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

"Bring your wife around and we'll see."



From Pravda:

A great Russian scientist has just refuted all previous theories concerning the hearing of fleas.

Recently, before a distinguished audience, he placed a flea in his right hand and ordered it to hop to his left. It did this several times. Then he pulled off the flea's legs and again ordered it to hop. It did not move.

"This proves," said the scientist, "that a flea becomes deaf when its legs are removed!"



A well-known lecturer arrived in a large city and was invited to dinner by a socially prominent widow. He was not able to get out of it and so he went. The hostess took a fancy to him and kept him after all the other guests were gone.

She suggested that he remain all night and said that she was sure he would be comfortable. He could wear her late husband's pajamas.

The lecturer put on the pajamas and then noticed there was only one bed and the widow was in it. Undismayed, he climbed in beside her, saying, "Madame, your husband's pajamas fit perfectly and I wonder if, along with them, I might assume his bed privileges."

"Why, yes," the lady answered, surprised by his boldness.

So he rolled over and went to sleep.

"Do you mean to tell me," the judge said, "that you murdered the poor old woman for a paltry three dollars?"

"Well, judge, you know how it is. Three bucks here and three there—it soon mounts up."



"Where did you get that black eye?"

"In the war."

"What war?"

"The boudoir."



Once a man and his dog were sitting on a park bench watching the pigeons. The man reached for a cigarette and found his pack was empty. Turning to the dog, he said, "Hey, Charles, do you have a cigarette?"

"No," said the dog, "but there's a place down the street where they sell them."

"Fine," said the man, "here's a quarter, go get me a pack."

An hour later the dog had not returned, so the man went to look for him. He found the dog sitting at a bar, casually sipping a Martini.

"This is a heck of a note," said the man. "Here I've always been able to depend on you before, and now you pull a trick like this. What's the idea?"

"Well," said the dog sheepishly. "you never gave me any money before."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"They can't draft me! I've got an Academic Deferment."



EMJAY

A simple countryman saw a gaudy-plumaged parrot on the roof of his cottage.

He climbed to capture it.

The parrot looked at him and said sharply, "What do you want?"

The countryman touched his cap. "Beg pardon, sir. I thought you were a bird."



Judge: "Your profession?"

Witness: "Agricultural expert."

"What was your father?"

"A farmer."

"And your grandfather?"

"A peasant."

There once was a spinsterish prude
Who dreaded to bathe in the nude.

A bath in the dark

Still made her feel stark,

So she had her whole body tatoood.



A young lady, telephoning a music store, was connected by mistake with a garage.

"Do you have 'Two Red Lips and Seven Kisses'?" she asked.

"No," answered the garageman, "but we have two tom cats and seven kittens."

"Is that a record?" she asked.

"Well, lady," said the garageman, "we think it is."

Charlie Mun

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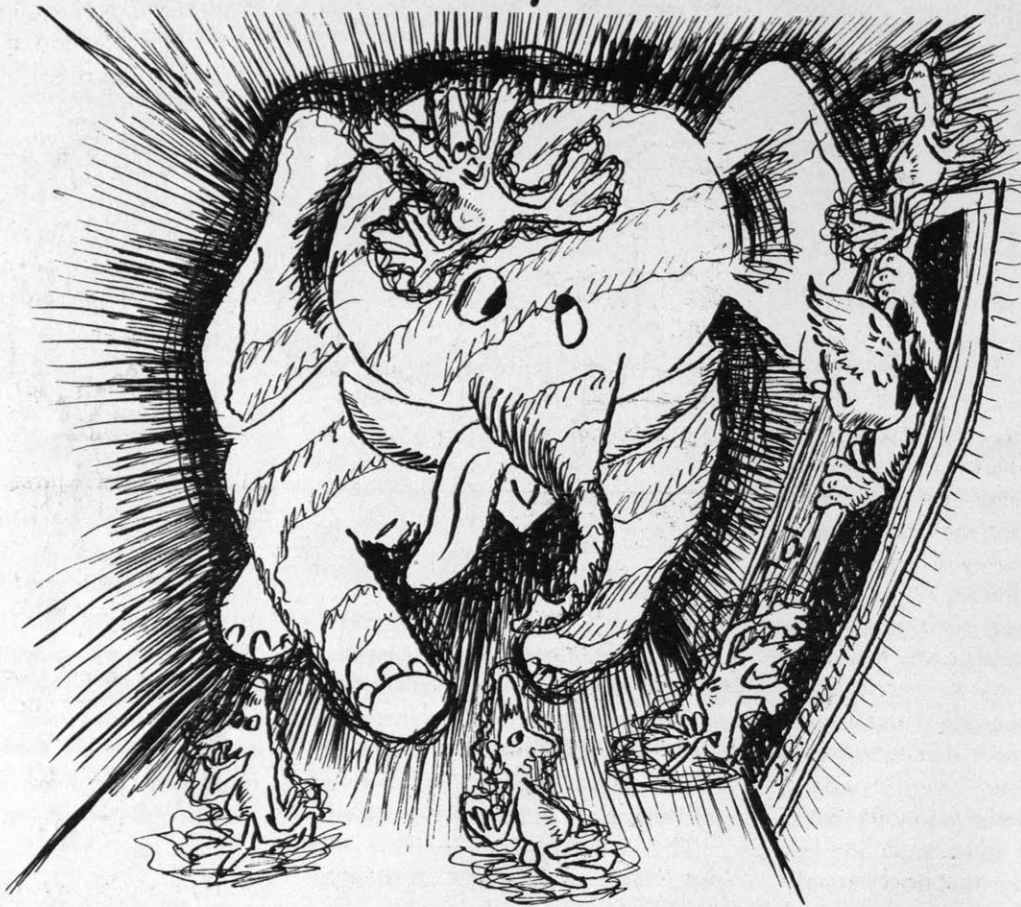
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BOB BUTTERS

CO 6-2968

Oliver's Elephants



Oliver had never touched a drop before he came to college. And that is a good thing, as you will see. It has been quite some years now since Oliver, Jim Thornley and I roomed together in the ivy-covered walls of MIT, not far down the river from an old red-brick speakeasy named after John Harvey or someone. I remember now, we called it "The John" for short. Those were the days.

Well, I never forgot that first night that we talked old Oliver into coming with us for a little snort before we hit the Carleton Club dance — Ah, Carleton.

It seems that Oliver hadn't planned to drink anything, he just came along to watch us. But he had that old scientific curiosity so I let him taste my gin fizz. Only taste it mind you. Well, after he tasted it, Oliver said he didn't

like it, so I ordered one for myself and he had a whiskey sour.

Before long Oliver squirmed around in his seat, poked me in the ribs, and pointed awkwardly behind himself. 'I shee n' elephant," he said, and I grunted.

"Jim, I shee n'elephant, n'ish pink!"

"Uh-huh," quoth Jim.

"How 'bout that," muttered the bartender, staring out the window.

"Must be a Shriner's convention in town," shrugged one of the customers.

I looked around casually and choked on my gin. There actually was a pink elephant out there! Jim and I quickly decided we had had enough, paid the man, and hurried out through the back door.

The night was brisk as I struggled into my raccoon coat and clambered aboard Jim's low-slung Stutz. But

as we roared away I heard the resounding clomp of ponderous feet. Upon looking back I dimly perceived a huge African elephant cantering amiably behind us. And he was undeniably pink! He caught up to us at a red light and I resigned myself to his distracting company. Thus we drove on, while our peppermint-colored mammoth trotted beside us over sidewalk and lawn, crashing nonchalantly through fence and hedge, happily wagging his trunk with which he trumpeted as we passed through intersections.

Oliver sat serenely beside me, singing "He floats through the air with the greatest of ease . . ." Only once he looked back at the lumbering giant. "My pet," he shouted over the growl of the Stutz.

By the time we got to the dance,

Oliver had sobered up, and as we climbed out of the car, I noticed that the elephant was no longer with us. An irregular trail of broken hedges, imprints on the lawns, and broken branches marked his recent passage, but as far as I could see the street was empty.

All that week we avoided mention of the incident. But the following Monday night an eclipse of the moon occurred, and you know what that means. Before the eclipse Jim and I were already well plied with rust-speckled bathtub gin. When Oliver walked in, we greeted him with merriment and a seltzer spray. His only response was to dry his glasses with a handy towel and announce calmly, "I shall be in the next room — studying."

And study he did, for a while. But when our noise reached a certain level he could resist no longer and came out to help us kill the beverages. He was much more successful at this and soon was walking endless zig-zags across the room and then disappeared out the door.

Suddenly there was a familiar, yet terrifying sound. Oliver's pet was with us again and had just sounded off in the hall. I lept for the door. Everyone had crowded out of their room and was looking excitedly at the strange picture before them.

There, uncomfortably crammed into the small fourth floor passage was the hugh elephant. But this time it was not pink — it was striped violet and yellow. Standing nearby, stroking its trunk, was Oliver flask in hand, oblivious to everything.

Oliver tipped the flask, and as he lowered it from his moist lips, half a dozen other creature whom I had not noticed before clambered up the leviathan's trunk, perched briefly on its head and then were off again into the crowd. Each one had a little bald head and two

arms which joined just under the head leaving no room for a neck. They were bright green.

"Good evening, Gennelmen," murmured Oliver, and each creature waved a little hand in return.

Once again, under the influence of alcohol, Oliver's imagination had run away with him, and us.

We soon got to expect the creatures every time Oliver drank a little, but I never think back on these incidents without being a little surprised at myself for seeing such odd beings.

S. B.



Study as you will the flea,
You cannot tell the he from she;
The sexes look alike, you see;
But he can tell, and so can she.



The lost-and-found department of the Transit System reported a telephone call from a coed who said she had left a package containing a brassiere on a bus.

"What bus?" asked the transit-company employee.

"Size 36," replied the girl.



"Carry on!" cried the vulture as he spied the dying horse on the desert.



The doctor was visiting Rastus's wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. As he came up the walk he saw a duck in the front yard.

Doctor: "Whose duck is that?"

Rastus: "That ain't no duck, Doc. That's a stork with his legs wore off."

Typographical error: Professor Snarf is again active on the campus after having been laid up for several days with a bad coed.



Then there was the girl who went out with the president of the Schick Company and wound up with a little shaver.



Three student nurses were very late in getting back to the hospital one night. As they were slipping in they met three internes coming out. "Shh," they said, "we've been out after hours."

"Shh," replied the internes, "we're going after ours."



Girls are like newspapers: They have forms, they always have the last word, back numbers are not in demand, they have great influence, you can't believe everything they say, they're thinner than they used to be, they get along by advertising, and every man should have his own and not try to borrow his neighbor's.



A farmer approached a friend who was working with hammer and nails on some pieces of wood.

"Heard your wife's been pretty sick," said the farmer.

"That's right," his friend admitted.

There was a few minutes of silence. "That her coughin'?" sud-asked the farmer.

"Oh, no!" cried his friend, throwing down the tools. "This here's a henhouse I'm makin'."

ESSAY ON MAN

Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and cuss and stay out late at night. They don't go to church much, either. Perhaps they would if they wore pretty bonnets. Men and women both sprung from monkeys, but the women sprung further than the men did.



HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT PAUL REVERE REALLY SAID



Hurry up, everybody! A shipment of Life Savers just arrived!



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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:

It was at the cinema, and the feature was one of those steamheated affairs with a sultry La Marrissh creature looking hungrily at a handsome duck of a Gable. After some minor plot preliminaries, the hero and heroine went into a terrific clinch. Fully five minutes passed. Suddenly a small childish voice piped up from the audience: "Mummy, is now when he puts the pollen on her?"

This month's winning joke submitted by Ruth Huber, 1505 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

The bride spoke from the luxurious depth of the bridal bed: "Oh darling, I can hardly believe we're married."

Silence . . . she speaks again: "I can hardly believe we're married at last."

No sound . . . "I just can't believe we're married at last."

Finally, in a voice contorted with rage and frustration, the groom speaks: "You will, if I can get this damn shoe lace untied!"



Judge: Where's your husband?

Defendant: Ah ain't got no husband, Judge. He's been dead for ten years.

Judge: But are those all your children?

Defendant: Yes sir, dey's all mine.

Judge: But your husband's dead?

Defendant: I know that, but ah ain't.



He: Shall we sit in the parlor?

She: No, I'm too tired, let's go out and play tennis.



—naturally

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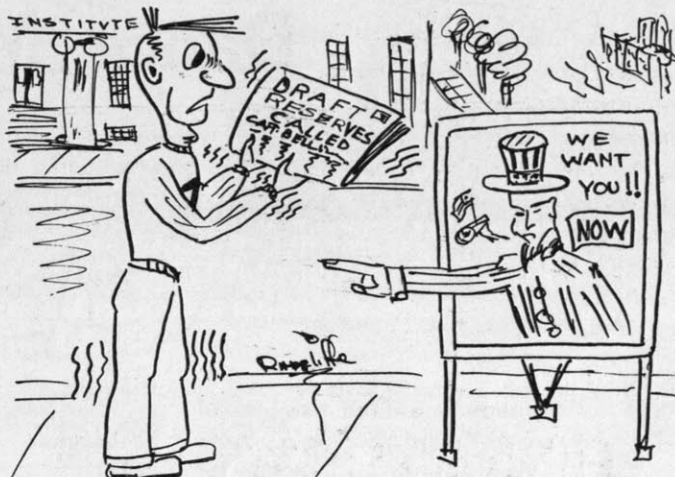


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Greetings...



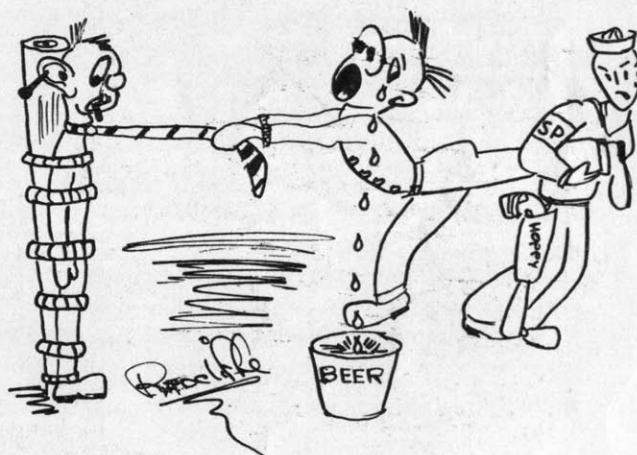
What could be more blissful — my pipe, the Iliad, and Wild Bill G...



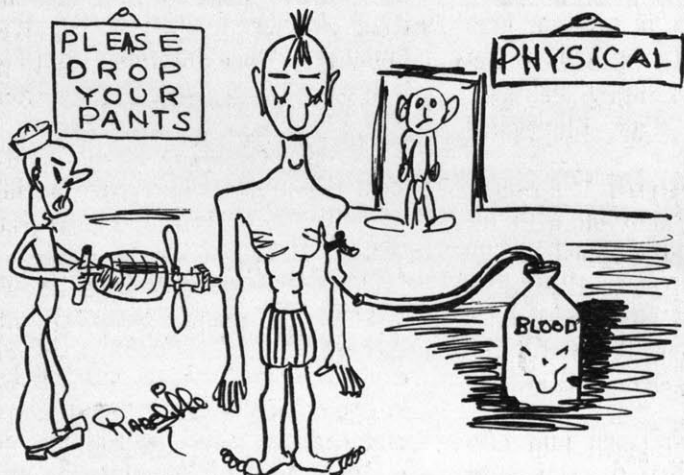
No!! This can't be true!!



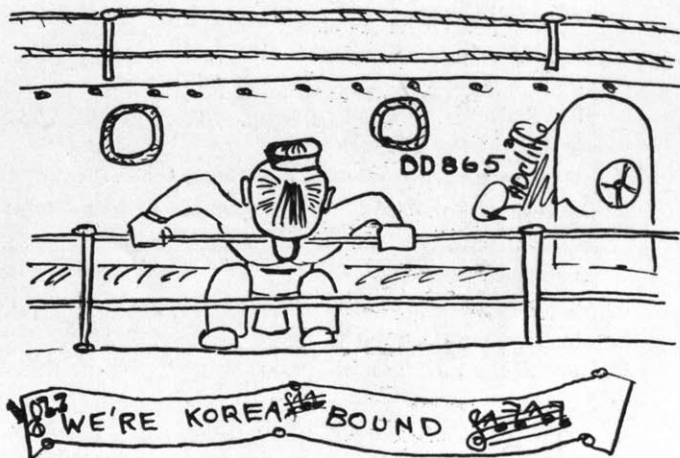
I'll beat this rap — But, Captain, I'll be chicken... I mean, a good Looie!



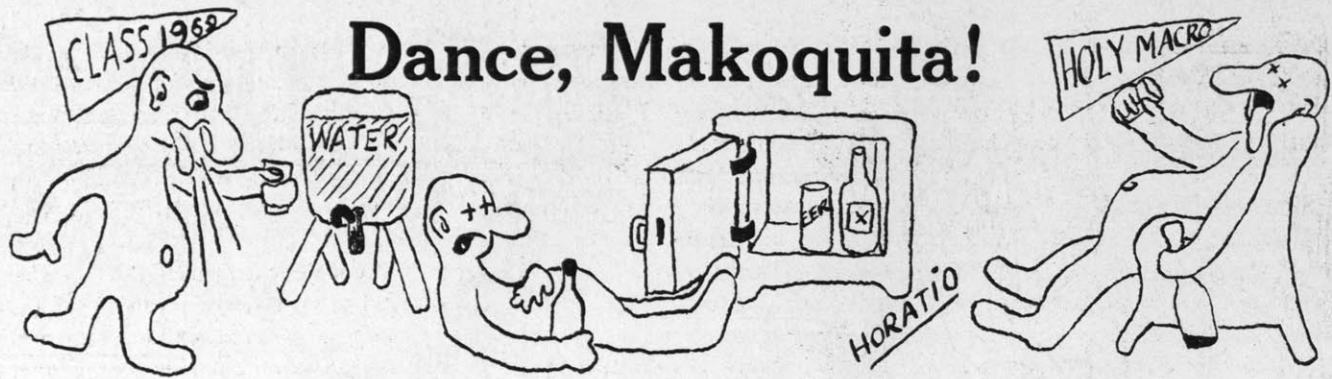
Leggo — you'll hurt this poor frosh.



Alas, I've had it.



It has been a while...



"Autumn is a mad tumbrel of gay colors," said Finnegan. "pre-saging the sombre, doleful hues of winters' waste."

He wouldn't stop. Harris poured a pitcher of ice water over him, but it had no effect, except to wash his hair down over his eyes.

"Autumn is mine and I am autumn's, gay and doomed. The last roses of a beautiful youth . . . I mean summer," he said, "soon to be one with the snows of yesteryear." He sniffled. "When I summon up remembrance of things past . . ."

I slapped his face. It didn't help any. He leapt to his feet. "I cry for madder music and for stronger wine!" he shouted, peering fanatically through his dripping locks. "Gaiety! Life lived to a pitch like a taut string ringing! Song! And laughter! Youth, ah youth," he cried, flinging his head up and throwing a fine spray around the room "Youth must have its fling before old Time, the executioner, has with his microtome the last sweet instant of it sliced away." He turned toward Janie and sprawled over a chair. "And made us mean and frugal with the bitter harvest of our years," he continued as he lurched to his feet. "Come, sweet and twenty . . ."

Janie gave a little shriek and bounded up as he crashed onto the couch and lay there, wagging his head sagely at the floor.

"Why don't you reason with him?" Janie said.

"No use," I replied. "I know Finnegan. Finn!" I shouted at him.

"MacCool Alcool." He got to a sitting position. "Joyct for play-sure, fallow Drabliners, leaf us be gay as autumble, lave us unbandon oursylphs horribaldry to the grape, the grope, and never a gripe, autu-multuously . . ."

"Finnegan!" Janie said sharply. "Yes?"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself!?"

He looked shrewdly to right and left and then leaned forward confidently. "Thou hast dove's eyes," he said dramatically. "But no matter; 'twill come to the worm i' the end. Oh, bitter, bitter, bitter," he intoned, dropping his head in his hands.

"I swear," said Harris, "if he doesn't shut up I'm going to break his silly head."

"We Hungarians have a song for it," said Finnegan, and he began to sing dolorously in a minor key.

Harris carefully opened a can of beer and with insane deliberation poured it over Finnegan's head.

Finnegan muttered "stronger wine" and then went on with his song. Suddenly he stopped. "You see?" he said. "Nos morituri . . . We must LIVE!" he roared. He sprang to his feet, tottered for a moment, and pitched forward on his face.

Harris and I dragged him into the bathroom, filled the sink with

water, and began dipping his whole head in it.

"Mother, mother," he said as he was pushed under for the third time. After a few more dips we made sure he was still breathing and laid him out on the couch. He stared glassily up at us, saying nothing. We stared equally glassily at him, at a loss for words or action.

"What a party," said Harris, after a few minutes.

I agreed with a grunt.

"Welcome back to college," said Janie. "Some party. Within a half hour after you started everyone was blind drunk, but really blind. The best part of it was Finnegan playing that twelve string guitar."

"He did?" I exclaimed, staring at him. "The dirty dog must have learned how this summer."

"In one summer? He couldn't."

"Oh, yes he could. You don't know him. Last summer he took up ceramics and did quite well at it, if I may understate it. We found out when he began getting letters from Picasso starting "Mon cher Finn."

"What does he do in the summer?" Janie asked. "Spend the whole time working on a project like that?"

"God, no," said Harris. "This summer, for instance, he spent three weeks with an archeological expedition to Yucatan, two weeks in Paris, apparently singing in some nightclub, a month as skipper of a Greek fishing boat which he ap-

parently won gambling . . . Do you get the idea?"

Janie nodded, staring at Finn recumbent. "Do you suppose he's right?" she said.

"Right about what?" I asked.

"Why, about this 'eat, drink, and be merry' stuff."

"Oh, no," said Harris, almost desperately.

"I couldn't stand it," I agreed. I glanced at the subject. He was leering at me, showing his teeth horribly. "He's back," I said, bracing myself.

Harris said an obscene word. He too was leered at. He went over to the bookcase and picked up a bottle of gin.

Finnegan leered at Janie and she suddenly jumped to her feet.

"That's a helluva way to look at a girl!" she said wildly.

"I'm sorry," Finnegan suddenly said in a perfectly sober tone of voice. He sat up on the couch, smiling winningly at Janie. "Just a joke." After a few moments, she relaxed and smiled back. Harris walked around behind him and stood looking out the window.

"Let me show you something," Finnegan said, carefully imitating sobriety. "These characters have seen it, but you haven't." He fished in his pockets, finally pulling out a polished gold coin. He held it out toward Janie, shifting it slightly in his hand. "From Tangany," he said. "Said to possess magic qualities and to function, if correctly used, as a key to power in anything. . . ."

I looked at Janie. She was already thoroughly hypnotized, her eyes fixed on the coin that Finnegan shifted in his hand. Behind him I saw Harris wrap the bottle carefully inside a towel.

"Come Janie," said Finnegan, "Let us go seek . . ."

Harris clubbed him firmly on the back of the neck with the wrapped bottle and he pitched to the floor.

"Poacher," said Harris. "I thought you'd try that one."

We picked up Finnegan and carried him into the bedroom. After we had put him to bed and were back in the living room with a fully conscious Janie, Harris suddenly turned to me.

"You know, I've been thinking."

"Yeah?"

"Maybe we *should* live with a hard, gem-like flame," he said.

I could only stare. It must have been contagious.

RIP



A couple of flyers stationed in Africa were bragging about their prowess as lion hunters. They decided to have a contest and each bought a pint of whiskey, the one who shot the first lion to get both bottles. The first took his rifle and set out in search of a lion. The second borrowed a fighter plane and took off. After circling a few minutes he spotted one, took careful aim and riddled it with bullets from the machine guns. He then went back and drank both bottles. All of which goes to prove that a strafed lion is the shortest distance between two pints.

A retired Colonel encountered his former orderly, also retired, and persuaded him to become his valet.

"Your duties will be exactly what they were in the Army. You can begin by waking me tomorrow at seven."

Promptly at seven the next morning the ex-orderly strode into his boss's bedroom and shook him into wakefulness. Then he leaned over and spanked the Colonel's wife saying:

"All right, Baby, it's back to the Village for you!"



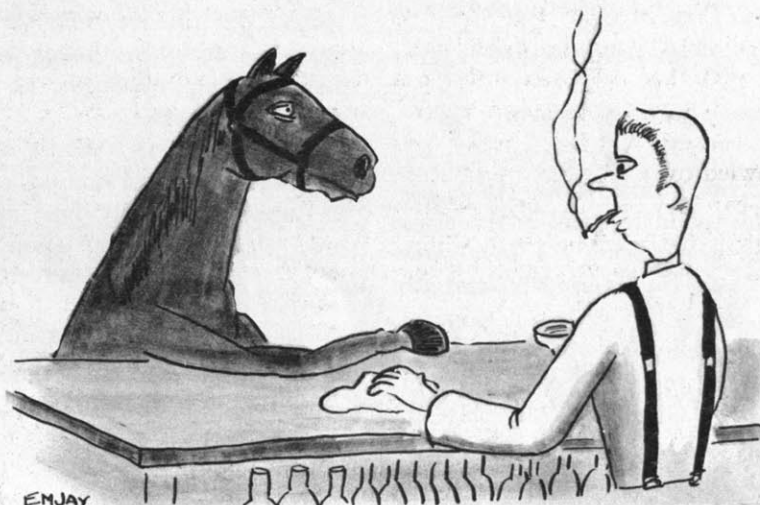
Three hermits lived in a cave and spent all day staring at the wall, never speaking. One day a stallion ran past the entrance of their cave. Six months later, one hermit mumbled, "That was a pretty brown horse."

Two years later another hermit said, "That wasn't a brown horse, it was white."

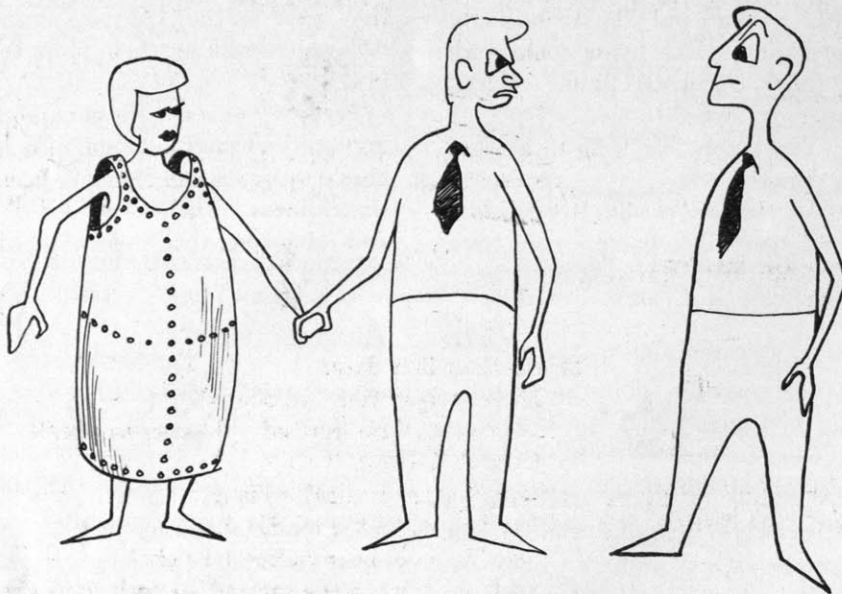
About a year later the third hermit got up and stalked toward the entrance of the cave. "If it's going to be this constant bickering," he said, "I'm leaving."

Sam'l: "Where are you going?"

Zeke: "Town."



"Gimme a people's neck."



LOCARN.

'I'd rather be safe than sorry.'

Men have been tried and found wanting — all wanting the same thing.



"Mother, what's a honeymoon?"

"That's where your father and I went after we were married."

"Was I there too?"

"Yes, dear, you came back with me."



Arriving home earlier than usual, he found his wife in the arms of his best friend. "I love your wife," said the interloper, "and she loves me. I'll play you a game of cards for her; if I win, you divorce her, and if you win, I promise never to see her again. Will you play gin rummy with me?"

"All right," agreed the husband, "and how about a penny a point to make it interesting?"

A group of prohibitionists looking for evidence of the advantages of total abstinence were told of an old man of 102 who had never touched a drop of liquor. They rushed to his home to get a statement. After propping him up in bed and guiding his feeble hand along the dotted line, they heard a violent disturbance from the next room — furniture being broken, dishes being smashed, and the shuffling of feet.

"Good heavens, what's that?"

"Oh," whispered the old man as he sank exhaustedly into his pillow, "that's Pa, drunk again."



"Did 'oo forget your wench?" the cutie lisped to the plumber fixing a pipe beneath the sink.

"No, baby," he replied, "I'll get around to you in a few minutes."

He: "Let's play that kissing game."

She: "How do you play it?"

He: "Kiss and pause, kiss and pause —"

She: "O.K. on the kissing but you'll have to keep your paws to yourself."



She: "I played strip poker last night."

Her: "High stakes?"

She: "No, just panty-ante."



Mary: "Love me always?"

Jerry: "Sure. Which way do you want me to try first?"



Employer: "Why Mandy, why do you put up with that husband of yours? I know he's a good husband, but it's you that has to earn the living."

Negro maid: "Its like this, Ma'am, I makes de livin' and he makes the livin' worthwhile."



A finished musician is Octavius Platt; He got caught playing in the wrong flat.



One day a little baby stork was very perturbed because his mother was gone all night and he asked his father about it. "Why, your mother has been making people very happy," the father stork replied. The next night the father stork was gone and the baby stork asked his mother where he was. "Your father is out making people very happy," the mother stork replied. The next night the baby stork was gone till the wee hours. When he came in, mother stork and father stork asked where he had been. "Oh, out scaring the hell out of college kids," baby stork replied.

A boss farmer saw a light in the shed. He investigated and found one of his helpers with a lantern. "What do you mean by using oil when it's so scarce?"

"Well," replied the helper, "I'm on my way to see my girl and I've got to go through the woods. I don't want to go through in the dark."

"When I went courting my wife I went in the dark," said the farmer.

"Yeah, but look what you got."



Husband: "I'll bet if you were to give the landlord a kiss or two, he'd stop asking for the rent."

Wife: "No dear, that doesn't work."



"Did you hear the one about the Scotchman who got on the trolley car and it said 'Pay as you leave'?"

"No."

"He's still riding."



Fashion note: Some women take the plunging neckline to heart.



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Getting married is a good deal like going into a restaurant with friends. You order what you want, and then when you see what the other fellow has got you wish you had taken that.



An old maid is like a fisherman — they both tell about the big ones that got away.



It was their first date.

"Have a cigarette?" he offered.

"No thanks," she replied. "I never smoke."

"Care for a drink?"

"Oh no, I never drink whisky."

"Let's go down the road, then."

"Goodness no, beer makes me sick."

"Well, let's get in the car and go park somewhere."

"I don't want to do that. Why don't we do something brand new, something exciting and different?"

"Okay," he said between clenched teeth. "Let's go out to a dairy and milk hell out of a couple of cows!"

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The inebriated gentleman staggered into the telegraph office and told the clerk he wanted to send a wire to George.

"George who?" asked the clerk.

"To George, thas all," muttered the drunk. "Jus' good ol' George."

The clerk decided the only thing to do with the man was humor him. So he said: "All right. What do you want to say?"

"Just say tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la," replied the drunk.

"But that's only eight words," pointed out the clerk. "Don't you want to add another tra la and make it the usual 10-word message?"

"No," exclaimed the tipsy one. "I think that would be very silly."



The car was parked by the side of the road under the sheltering shadow of a great oak. Slowly over the rim of the hills rose an orange moon, great and grinning, and seeming as if full of desirable things. Suddenly she slid slowly into his arms with a little sigh.

"Alex dear," she whispered, "do you love me?"

"No," came a halting reply, "but I certainly admire your taste."



"Don't worry Miss — my weakness is Liquor."

A lobbyist, who was opposing any large appropriation for a state college, approached a legislator who boasted of his self-education.

"Do you realize," asked the portly lobbyist gravely, "that, up at the state college, men and women students have to use the same curriculum?"

The legislator looked startled.

"And that boys and girls often matriculate together?"

"No," exclaimed the law-maker.

The lobbyist came closer, and whispered, "And a young lady student can be forced at any time to show a male professor her thesis?"

The legislator shrank back in horror, "I won't vote 'em a damn cent!"



The pretty young school teacher was explaining the difference between abstract and concrete to her eighth grade class.

Now, children, concrete means simply something you can see, abstract means something you can't see. Now, who can give me an illustration?

The class was silent then little Oswald raised his hand in the back. From what I gather, teacher, my pants are concrete and yours are abstract.



Clem and Zeke had been friends for 40 years. Walking along the road one day, Clem finally got the courage to say what was on his mind. "Zeke," he said, "I ain't exactly meanin' to pry but hows come you and Sary ain't got no kids?"

Zeke considered the question a while and finally answered. "Well, I'll tell you Clem. A couple of nights before we were married I made a suggestion — well, she made such a darned fuss that I ain't never had the nerve to bring up the subject again."



Lassie: "Why did you take up the piano?"

Laddie: "My glass of beer kept sliding off the violin."



The landlady brought in a plate-full of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry student boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Smith?" asked one.

"Yes, I cut them," came the stern reply.

"Oh," went on the boarder. "All right, I'll shuffle and deal!"

The magician walked down to the footlights and asked a young lady to step up on the stage.

"Now, as a climax to my act, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am going to saw this young lady in two, right before your eyes."

The crowd cheered and stamped its feet.

"As is customary before doing this trick," he continued, "I'd like first to make sure that you all want to see —"

A thundering "Sure!"

"And there are no objections to my performing—"

A "No" rocked the house.

"The girl's sorority sisters—do they object?"

"Not at all, to be sure."

"How about you," he asked turning to the girl. "Do you mind being sawed in two?"

The girl shook her head.

"Well, then," the magician said.

And he sawed the lady in two.

We all thought it was funny but the police made quite a fuss about it.



We hate to mention the gent who brought suit against his tailor for promise of breeches.



Here's to the dog that walked up to the tree. The tree said to the dog, "Have one on me." The dog replied as meek as a mouse, "No thanks, dear tree, I had one on the house."



George M. Cohan takes a worthless piece of paper and writes a song hit. He sells the copy for \$50,000. That's Genius.

John D. Rockefeller can sign his name to a piece of worthless paper and make it worth half a million. That's Capital.

A man can buy \$5 worth of steel and make \$1,000 worth of watch springs out of it. That's Skill.

A cop can take a worthless piece of paper and write your number on it and make you out ten bucks. That's your Hard Luck.

But — when a man looks for an apartment, finds just what he wants, and when the manager asks, "Have you any children?" puts on a long face and answers "Yes, but they're in the cemetery"; pays six months' rent in advance; gets a receipt, then goes out to the cemetery, gets his children and brings them to the apartment. That's Brains!



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