



Rene-Obere...

So light... so dry

glass after glass after glass



Schaefer

Pale Dry

the beer that's both light and dry

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

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

This uncertain March is just another month nearer June, when deferments run out. Poets, in another time, used to rave about it (harbinger of spring and all that). Now, while the land, unmindful of our troubles, gets ready for April; young bloods moan fitfully, thinking of Korean winter, or worse. There have been other, better times, but we'd rather not think of them, for some reason. An unpleasant summer distracts us.

Phos, confronted with the unnerving prospect of having to defend his country, swings from an intensified version of his usual debauchery (Gather ye roses while ye may . . .), to maudlin mooning, to wild activity to get himself a commission where he feels he will be most valuable — a cozy spot in the Air Force, of course. If he succeeds, he will go in a fine glow of patriotism and the country will be richer one fly-boy.

This uncertain March comes at the end of an uncertain winter, weatherwise as well as in other ways. Perhaps spring, and then summer, will come as a relief, as a measure of security. For, after all, we don't have to decide whether or not we should have a spring this year. For that matter, induction and/or whatever awaits us, may come as a relief, an end to our indecision without our having had to make a decision.

In older, admittedly less enlightened times, men performed deeds of derring-do just for the hell of it and it was considered de rigeur to duel before breakfast in futile defense of some broad's honor (one abstract idea which still remains, sort of), and to live out one's life in pursuit of some hopelessly unattainable ideal. Nowadays, of course, we don't have to look very far for trouble, so we dedicate our days to the pursuit of ways to avoid it. And if The Authorities decree that we shall serve then, the gods Chance and Influence willing, we may nobly serve trying to prove that an enemy is better killed from five thousand feet than by another man facing him over a stretch of earth. But, we hope to find an Essential Job, or some other dodge, so to avoid the nasty business that involves killing and seems, to many of us, to be without point, meaningless, perhaps futile.

Perhaps its all for the best. There's nothing, it seems, we'd care to crusade for, and we don't know any broads whose honor we'd bother to defend. For that matter, we don't know what honor is and neither do our girls, so let's skip it. Virtue, of course, has something to do with beds . . . but it's probably irrelevant,

Fortunately, as we said before, there's spring, willy-nilly. Still flows the brew, the fields will be warm and odorous again, and perhaps we can persuade another pretty damsel to help assuage what one J. Boswell called the Cyprian fires. (Her mother would object (if she knew), but then she's from another time and, besides, she's not 1-A.) There's plenty of amusement about.

As we said, it's a very uncertain March.

VAN

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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## OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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"Phos extends his congratulations to Stan Benjamin and Fred Cohen on their election to the Junior Board."



## DOING THE TOWN

It's all been useless. In spite of frantic consultations with your course adviser and your draft board, and all your efforts to flunk the physical, you leave for camp tomorrow. Money no longer means anything to you, so when dinner-time manifests itself you remember the old nutmeg about the last meal and, with a half-intelligibly muttered "wotthell" you take off.

Where?

If you're an absolutist, you might try the Club Henri Quatre, located in a small innocuous-looking building at 96 Winthrop Street, a block or so along Boylston Street from Harvard Square. The H. Q. is an eating club, and its membership is restricted to anyone who cares to indulge. The process of joining is instantaneous, and there are no fees or other extras. Oddly enough tables may not be reserved; you may have to wait in line after about 7:00.

Here you will be paying for the food and not much else. The surroundings are in excellent taste, but no potted palms or union waiters duly costumed. Instead you will be served by young women supplied, according to old Parisian tradition, with short skirts, bare legs, and thick French accents. The menu is restricted to a few specialties, with other dishes varying from day to day. Meals (a gross word) are predominantly a la carte, and, as you doubtless have guessed, by no means inexpensive. The filet mignon, which here means more than just a special cut of beef, is 3.25, but soup, appetizer, a fish course, vegetable, and dessert plus the inevitables will bring that to 8.00 or more. Or you might have Poule au Pot, a decidedly unusual

stuffed fowl, at 2.75 for entree. By cutting down on side dishes, you may be able to dine for a good deal less than 8.00 without any subsequently recurrent hunger pangs; but since you may not be dining in the grand manner again for quite a while, you may as well indulge to the fullest. One of the great fascinations of such a meal there's that word again is the afterwards memory of it, such recall being all the more pleasant if there were congenial friends along to embellish the time with conversation, which in its turn was embellished by the glow of wine, of which more later.

As appetizer the hors d'oeuvres have much to recommend them. These are not the insignificant canapes often served under that name, but more closely resemble a hearty, though faultless, smorgasbord. Then fish, either sole, salmon, or snails, then the entree, with a side dish of monstrous asparagus served cold in vinegar and oil dressing, then dessert and demi-tasse. Nothing banishes the anticipation of impending K-rations (or Walker meals) better than crepes suzettes, extremely thin pancakes cooked in a mixture of sugared liqueurs and served in flaming brandy, an inspiring sight when dining room lights are extinguished, as they invariably are.

The wines are of highest quality, but since they are imported by the owner, they are a good deal less expensive than in most restaurants. Dinner wines come by the full bottle, except for a couple of American burgundies.

Or at least that's the way things were. I haven't been there for a hell of a long time myself.

Then there's Locke-Ober, the hub's finest exponent of "continental cuisine" — predominantly French, with a good deal of emphasis on style. It's on Winter Place, an extremely narrow alley running between Winter Street and Tremont Place about a block from Park Street subway entrance. Maybe you'd better ask a policeman.

Unless you really made a killing at the bursar's office, and are taking a date, you would do well to eat in the men's cafe, which is one of the few places where good food is served in an atmosphere free from the shrill undertones and lipstick-stained cigarette butts of female Boston urchins, and where terminology of an Anglo-Saxon cast may be employed with a relatively free conscience, as long as you don't mind the presence of the lusty old Rubens nude on the left-hand wall. If you relish the company of women, or a woman, go upstairs; not quite so simple or masculine, but reputedly adorned by the tenor ministrations of a singing waiter, and usually crowded. Food and service are the same upstairs or down. Service is courteous, unobtrusive, diplomatic without being snobbish, with about as many of the traditional frills as you'll find. The food makes up in perfection for what it sometimes, but seldom, lacks in imagination.

I've always been partial to the Wiener Schnitzel a la Holstein, sort of rich uncle to a veal cutlet, festooned with anchovy and fried egg. The curried capon is excellent, through not hot at all, and the roast turkey is surprisingly good. Desserts are a delight in every way; in warm weather they serve a melon concoction called Coupe St. Jacques that is more cooling, mole for mole, than liquid hydrogen.

The tab will be between three and five dollars for dinner ordered with a reasonably free hand, but there's no reason why you shouldn't

have Lobster Savannah or planked steak, explicitly, if not obviously, higher.



If you happen to be around Copley Square you might stop in at Joseph's, across from the Hotel Vendome on Dartmouth Street. Joseph's used to have a fine reputation in its own right, and since Locke-Ober took over I hardly think it's become any worse. The surroundings are modern but elegant, food and prices very nearly the same as those at Locke-Ober. I had frog's legs there not long ago; very fine, tastes much like chicken. You may enjoy three or four waiters working over you; if you prefer your nutriment in liquid form there's a reputable cocktail bar on the premises.

But maybe you haven't been drafted. There's always the Tech club sandwich at Prichett.

#### SIVIN



Wife: "Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

Hubby: "Shut up. This is a better carriage."

— Gargoyle



J.R. PAULLING  
11

A husband and wife were asleep. About 3:00 a.m., the wife dreamed of secretly meeting another man. Then she dreamed she saw her husband coming in. In her sleep she shrieked: "Heavens! My husband!" Her husband, awakened by her shriek, leaped out the window.



On a Jamestown, N. Y., movie-theater marquee:

"ONE RECKLESS MOMENT"

AND

"BABY MAKES THREE."



She: "Do you know what they're saying about me?"

He: "What do you think I'm here for?"



Did you hear about the student who transferred to Harvard from MIT and raised the average of both schools?

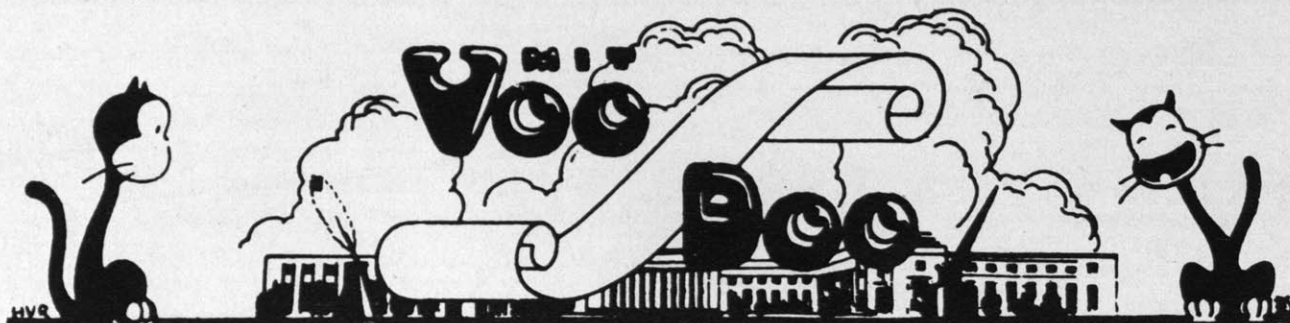


First fisherman: I hear you went fishing with your girl last week.

Second Fishermen: Yes, that's right.

FF: Catch anything?

SF: Don't know yet.



## VOO DOO EXCLUSIVES

Washington: Open letter to Maj. Gen. T. Tittlespoon MacDuff whose wife just gave birth to a five pound baby boy: "Do you think it is fair for you to have fun while our boys are fighting over there in Korea?" . . . And never mind what MacBeth once said . . . .It has come to my attention, through very confidential sources, that Harry intends to reopen a haberdashery shop on the back porch in order to make enough on the side to pay his taxes . . . Two of J. Edgar Hoover's top boys followed a dark, sinister looking figure in a slinky black gown twenty blocks yesterday before discovering that it was a supreme court justice . . . Latest dirt: The White House cat had kittens . . . but the White House has only one cat!! Another blunder on the part of the administration! . . . A certain Pentagon Admiral, who shall remain nameless, when informed that a case of beri-beri was discovered in Korea and was asked what to do with it, replied: "Give it to the Marines; they'll drink anything." . . . Housing situation getting quite acute here as is shown by the following which appeared in the Washington Daily Bungle: "E. 23rd St., One-family coal bin, sootable for three; Dirt cheap. \$600.

Attention *Boston Globe*: M.I.T. scientists accidentally crossed yeast cakes with falsies . . . Harvard Prof. says that we must not be fooled by inflation . . . Draft situation getting worse. I have it from

my sources that one local board had to paste two midgets together . . . One draftee tried to get an exemption because he had been troubled by flat feet for years. He kept getting tickets from traffic cops for speeding. . . Zstetter Z. Zsterling has written me of his plan for drafting men in alphabetical order!

Well, Congress has finally got moving, and it looks as if they mean business (as a result of my blistering column of two weeks ago). Yesterday, it passed a bill allowing Margaret to open the daily sessions of Congress with the singing of arias from *La Boheme* . . . Advice to the House: Madam, ten dollars for fifteen minutes is *too much!*

Copy editor, *Chicago Tribune*: If you check, you will find that Norby F. Sogssnesmer, who has been on the Quiz Kid program for twenty years, is a seventy-three years old midget Ph.D. . . . Attention Aberdeen Proving Grounds Ordnance Officers: G. I. Private awoke at night and found new use for helmet under bed.

Moscow: Stalin's pipe has had automatic stoker installed . . . Mrs. Bandeley, wife of Assistant Secretary of the Seabees was surprised to find out that red corpuscles were not the second rank in the Russian army . . . Lorenzo Calif.: Good Humor Man, Mersely, mistaken for a surgeon, performed an emergency roadside appendectomy using a Lucky Stick as a scalpel . . . Hollywood: Mary Really has once more

filed suit for divorce. It seems to me that out there, they keep the bouquets and throw away the grooms.

Attention America: Mystery Melody is . . . **YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!!** . . . One of Washington's physical culture magazines ran this add: "Would you like to test your muscles? Try this sample exercise. Clasp hands over head and place feet together on the floor. Now bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Then by sheer force of your muscles, haul yourself up, bend to the left, then to the right, and sit down slowly on the floor to the right of your feet. Twist sharply left, then right, crossing feet at the same time. Stick with it and let us know the results." The next day a letter came in. It contained one word: "Hernia."

I am pleased to report that it has just been calculated *that 78% of my correct predictions have come true!* And now for my **PREDICTIONS OF THINGS TO HAPPEN!** . . . In order to top competitors, Gypsy Rose will remove outer layer of skin . . . Burlesque Houses in Boston will close because of shortages of raw material . . . Dick Tracy will NOT be drafted . . . Eighteen year-olds will *by this time next year be nineteen years old!* . . . **AND MY SCOOP OF THE WEEK:** Tutti-fruitee with cherry-maple syrup.

Phil Stark



J. R. PAULLING...

**ENGINEER'S CORN TEST**

Connect 20,000 volts across a pint. If the current jumps it, the product is poor.

If the current causes a precipitation of lye, tin, arsenic, iron slag or alum, the whiskey is fair.

If the liquor chases the current back to the generator, you've got good whiskey.



Sympathy is what one girl offers another for details.



To the woods, to the woods  
No, no, no.

To the woods, to the woods  
But it's dark in there  
To the woods, to the woods  
But mother says I musn't  
To the woods, to the woods  
I'll scream, I'll scream  
~~~~~  
To the woods, to the woods



The doctor came out of the bedroom to the anxious wife. "Frankly," he said, "I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"I don't either, Doc," the wife replied, "but he's nice to the kids."

— The Yale Record



Footpad: "Hands up, or I'll shoot!"

(Drunk elevates one hand.)

Footpad: "Get'em both up!"

Drunk: "Hic — why should I — hic — I'm half shot already."

— Leigh Burr



There was a young lady named Ransom  
Who was loved three times in a hansom  
But when she asked for more  
Came a weak voice from the floor  
My name is Simpson not Samp-



"The inner check," said the philosophy teacher, "can be applied as well to our everyday lives. Observe, for example, the fly that has just lit on the end of my nose. I do not lose my temper; I do not swear; I do not blaspheme; I merely say, "Go away, fly." GOWDAM, IT'S A BEE!"



ROTE-DE-RO

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

SEE US FIRST



### SATISFIED CUSTOMER

Dear Sir:

If you think you can get away with this revolting practice, you'd better have your head examined . . .

Last June you contracted to supply me with high-grade wrapping paper and all-purpose bathroom tissue in monthly lots . . . 't is now January, 1951, and I've yet to see a scrap of the aforementioned paper . . .

However, I could be placated out of court if your end of the bargain is carried out immediately. . . Further, if my health and comfort are restored to their pre-June level I might regain the use of my right hand and fabricate some more of the pen scratches that saved many a Voo Doo of yesteryear from the embarrassment of blank pages. Anyway, heed my warning.

Bugs

Devotees of Voo Doo will recognize above former Voo Doo cartoonist "Bugs" Waldt, who, like Marley's ghost, has returned to his old haunts, dragging with him the spirit of Christmases past. —ED.



### PLYMOUTH, AGAIN

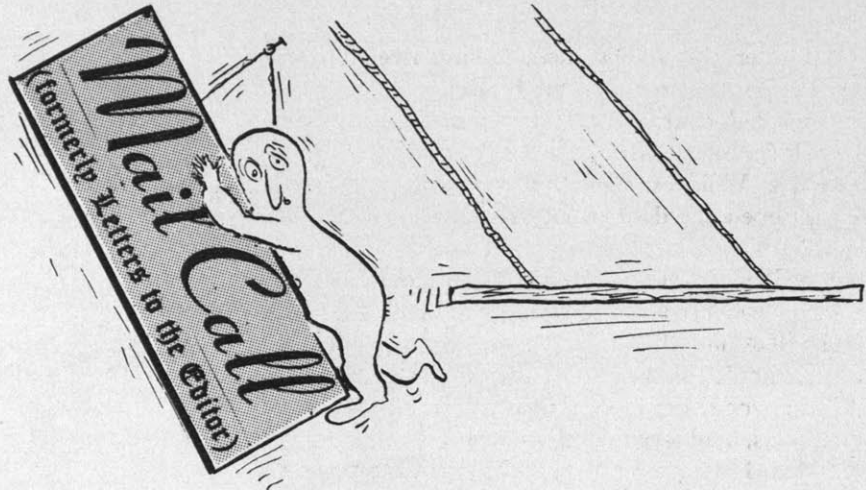
Dear Editor,

The joke on page nine of Dec. '50 issue, about Plymouth, was either too dirty or too clean for us to understand.

Us means whole dorm and sorority. Explain!

J. L. and D. H., Oregon State

I'm glad you asked me that. —ED.



### VOICE OF METEOROLOGY

Dear Sir:

I am writing to inform you that in your January issue on page 16, you have published a cartoon, about the practices employed in the meteorology department, which might be misleading. I realize that in recent weeks there has been on occasion a group of students gathered about an optical instrument, which is a theodolite, not binoculars, on the roof of Building 24.

However, you wrong us, sir, when you imply that we use the theodolite to check the color of the light on the John Hancock Building in order to make our forecasts. I will have you know that there is not a man in the Meteorology Department who cannot see the light with his unaided eyes.

You are probably wondering what the purpose of the theodolite is. As you know there are sorority houses and a few young ladies' dorms across the river, and if a meteorologist is one who can look at a girl and tell weather, he should get lots of practice looking.

I hope this will clarify the misunderstanding.

Respectfully yours,  
Qualen Quagen

Oh, yeah. Theodular. Sure. We knew it all the time. —ED.

Dear Sir:

May I submit the following few verses for your most entertaining magazine. Despite the fact that I never had the distinction of attending M.I.T., I have, nevertheless, managed to develop a perverted sense of humor, as these following verses may indicate:—

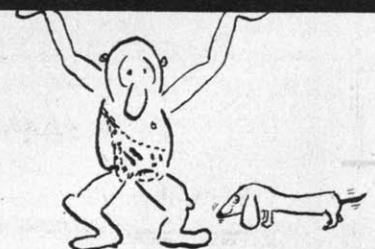
George M. Cobb

An old, old tale of a pretty gal  
A-milkin' by the barn  
A stranger 'pears upon the scene  
So full of doubtful charm.

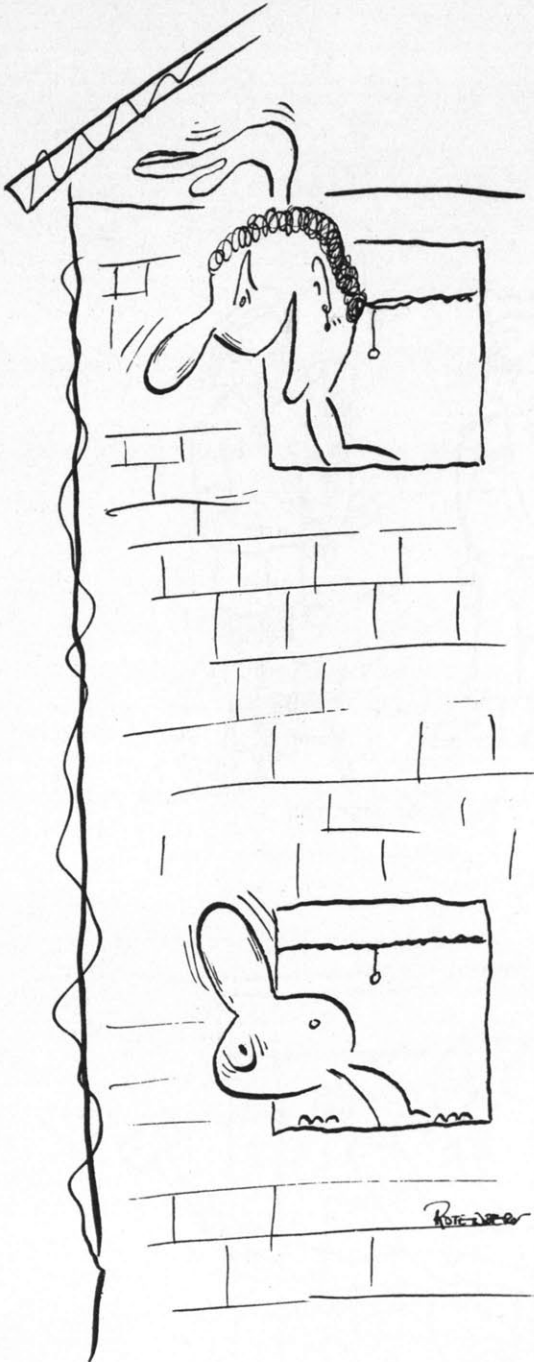
"It is but rarely" claims this dude  
"I chance upon such beautee"  
The bashful maiden coyly smiles  
And keeps on with her duty.

She remembers well the things she'd read  
Of girls — well, not so prudent  
As her new, found pal gives out with pride,  
"At Haarvard, I'm a student".

A-listenin' at the open door  
Her Maw decides right now —  
"Come in the house, at once" yells she  
And also — "BRING THE COW."







**BOUQUETS**

To the Editor:

The January issue of your scintillating publication arrived here today and it was more than welcome . . . However, we have but one complaint, and that is that poor Phos is getting a reputation. I don't think any tom cat could be such a DOG . . .

I also have a subscription to the

Lampoon (That's nature spelled backwards), and I think you will have no trouble in gaining popularity over it. Your stuff is all above their little pointed heads, anyway . . .

Goodnite all you dolls,  
Mount Holyoke, '54

Gentlemen (?)

Due to frustrating circumstances beyond-our-control-damn-it, we have become avid readers of your recent literary endeavors . . .

Voo Doo Advocates of  
Mary Low Hall,  
Colby College  
Waterville, Maine



Harvard undergrads have petitioned in vain to lift the ban on entertaining female visitors in their dormitory rooms. Their plea to the effect that "if we can't have the girls in our rooms we have to take them out which is something we can't afford," was regrettably turned down by Dean Robert Bender.

However, the Harvard plight has not gone unnoticed. The Cigar Institute of America, a trade organization intent on popularizing perfectos on the campus, had a suggestion to make which could not only "take the sting out of the edict but open up new avenues of pleasure for the undergrads."

The organization sent a quantity of cigars to the boys along with the Kipling admonition which not only pooh-poohed eight o'clock curfews but pretty well relegated women in general into a not so special category. "A Woman Is Only A Woman — But A Cigar Is A Smoke!"

At last reports, the cry at Harvard had been changed to "Bring on the dames — and more cigars!"

**A Miss  
is as good  
as a Mile**



**-but Cigars are  
a Man's Smoke!**



**You need not inhale  
to enjoy a cigar!**

# You too can beat



*get into public office,*



*Lie about your age,*



*head for the hills,*



*flunk the physical,*

# the draft if you



*become emotionally unstable,*



*get in the upper half of your class,*



*get dependants,*



*find an essential occupation.*

LOCARNI

# MALICE IN ARMYLAND

At 8:45 a.m. Monday morning, George Ipswich, an average student at M.I.T., tied his tie in preparation to leaving for school. He stood before the mirror and put the finishing touch to his tie, made sure everything was proper, opened the door to which the mirror was attached, and stepped out.

George had a momentary feeling of vertigo, and when his head cleared he found himself in the "Land of Brass Turnips." His clothes were not the same. Where he had been wearing a jacket, was now a shirt of chain mail. When he moved his legs, his pants clanked; they were now interlocking armor plate.

George turned and looked around, trying to get his bearings. He was in a forest, not of trees, but of large brass turnips. To the right of the nearest turnip was a dirt path. Logically, the best thing to do was to follow the path, because it should lead to a place where he might find some people. At the moment he wasn't too sure that he wanted to meet anyone in this crazy place, but being a "social animal" and also in a jam, he went clanking off down the path.

Suddenly, a beaver jumped out of the underbrush and asked George the time.

"It's 9:00 o'clock," said George.

"My, my. I'll be late for the song fest" said the beaver, and went running down the path singing, "beaver, beaver" to himself.

"Wait a minute! Where am I?", yelled George, but by this time, the beaver was out of sight.

An extremely puzzled George Ipswich wandered on for several minutes, when he came upon a group of men dressed as he was except that their suits of mail were red in color, while his was orange. They were armed with swords and there was a horse grazing nearby.

"Hi there," said George.

"Who are you and where do you come from?"

"George Ipswich, M.I.T.!"

The men held a hurried conference and then the largest one, apparently their leader, spoke, "Do you red or white? Use no cryptic remarks."

"I don't know," said George, and looking at his armor, added, "I guess I'm orange, sort of midway between red and white."

The "red men", having little sense of humor, thereupon grabbed George and tied him up.

The group mounted their horse and proceeded down the dirt path which led into a larger path and then to a road with two lanes of "red men" traveling in opposite directions. George dozed a while and awoke as they approached a castle. The castle was a beautiful miniature only four feet high. The "red men" dismounted and untied George. Then they got back on their horse and sped off along the path they had come on.

George stretched to loosen his cramped muscles and then started to investigate. On one side of the castle he found a platter of food, labeled, Walker Special. Feeling a little hungry, he picked up a fork that was lying nearby and took a bit of the food. As he swallowed it, he became dizzy and the landscape seemed to swim before his eyes.

When his head cleared he thought that the castle had grown larger, but when he glanced at the plate of food he had been eating from, the plate was over six feet high. Just then the gate across the moat came down and George started to cross it. Two "red men" suddenly appeared and prodded him along at a rapid rate. He was ushered into a grand hall, at the end of which

was a huge throne, upon which sat the red queen.

Beautiful red hair and a figure that would make the "red men" jump! There was no doubt in George's mind why she got such ready obedience.

George looked up into her sweet eyes and muttered, "What can I do for you?"

She looked down at him with compassion and said, "Who the hell are you? You look like an agent from the white queen. Off with his head!"

"Your highness. Have pity on me. I am a stranger. Why am I here?"

"What did you say? You asked a question! Who do you think you are? I have issued directives telling the people everything. There is no need for questions. Our community queendom has all the answers. Off with his head!"

"Wait. Maybe I can help you. I am a course 15 man and know a lot of answers. Let me offer you a gift of several answers."

"What is course 15! Off with his head!"

"Course 15 is Business Administration. Keep my head on!"

"You lout. You cursed in my presence."

"What did I say?"

"Business!"

"What?"

"Take him along — he will make a good issue before the United Queendoms."

George was prodded by two "red men" who seemed to have sharpened their spears in the intervening time, and they set off to the meeting place of the United Queendoms. The meeting place was reached after a day's travel and it was a large low building. As they entered, the red queen nodded to one side of the auditorium and

they all nodded back in unison. The queen and her court took their places in the front of the semi-circle of chairs and George was seated to one side.

On the dais was the white queen, dressed in everyday clothes, but still gorgeous. She was in the middle of her speech.

"... and we want nothing better than to have a state of peace, for all queendoms in Turnip Land. There is plenty for all and no need for aggression. A certain party is trying to disrupt our way of living and force us into submission. We must all do our best to make Turnip Land a peaceful place and resist this aggressor.

The presiding officer, a gentleman in green armor, turned to the gathering and spoke. "The next thing on the agenda is the claim of the red queen that the white queen is an aggressor.

The red queen rose and went to the podium.

"I shall prove that the white queen does not want peace, but wants the red queendom."

"Hear, hear" the left side of the auditorium.

"Yes, and here is the proof. Bring forward George Ipswich. He is example number one. Look at his orange uniform. A cheap imitation of our beautiful red armor, made by the white queendom's spies.

"Hear, hear" (The same group).

The white queen jumped up. I have never seen this person before. He is probably some poor stranger who has gone astray and is being intimidated by the red queen.

"Bitch," cried the red queen, "He is one of your spies and you know it."

"Ladies, ladies" said George, "Don't fight. I have no idea how I got here and all I want to do is go home."

"Sit down, please," said the presiding officer.

"And shut up," said the red queen, "You are an issue."

"But I don't want to be an issue. This place is crazy."

"I don't give a damn," said the red queen.

"Hear, hear," cried the same group.

"You stop intimidating him, said the white queen, "Let him speak. We know how you hide the truth from your subjects. We want freedom and peace for all."

"We also want peace for all," said the red queen "And we're going to give everyone a peace. Our armies are ready to liberate all those that don't want to be liberated. That is all we wish, peace and freedom. Under our system everyone is equal."

"Yes, we know that. No one has anything!!"

At this the red queen's minister of peace jumped up and challenged the white queen's minister of peace

to a duel. They went to the center of the auditorium and drew their swords.

George rose and yelled, "Stop, don't fight. I don't want to be the cause of bloodshed."

"It's a matter of ideology," said the red queen.

"Let me speak," asked George, "I can solve all the problems."

At this outburst the presiding officer spoke harshly to George. "You must leave. You are out of place, AND YOU DON'T HAVE ANY PORTFOLIO!!"

"No portfolio!" cried everyone in the auditorium. They all turned and stared at him. George shrank under their stares until he was no more than a dot on the floor. One of the red queen's guards walked over and ground the dot into the floor.

When George came to, he found himself in a hole with no way out. So he stayed there.

*Frank J. Leeds*

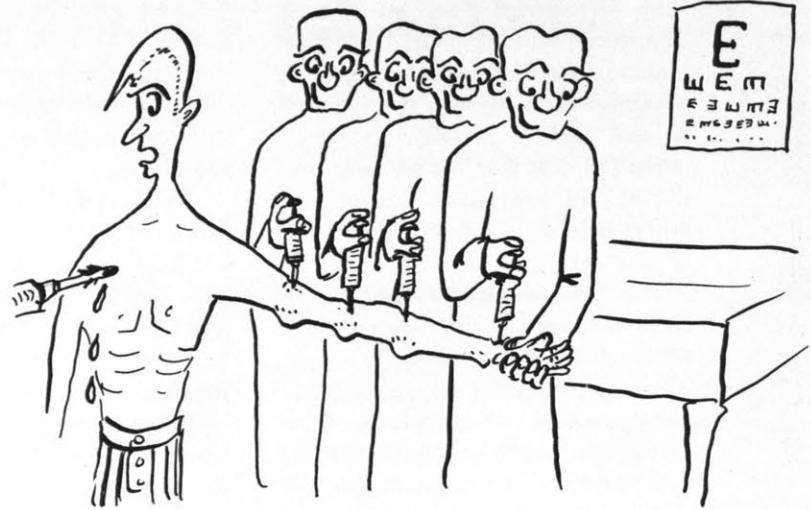


"He's right"

# JOIN TODAY YOUR ARMY OFFERS YOU



A genial home-like relationship within your unit; †

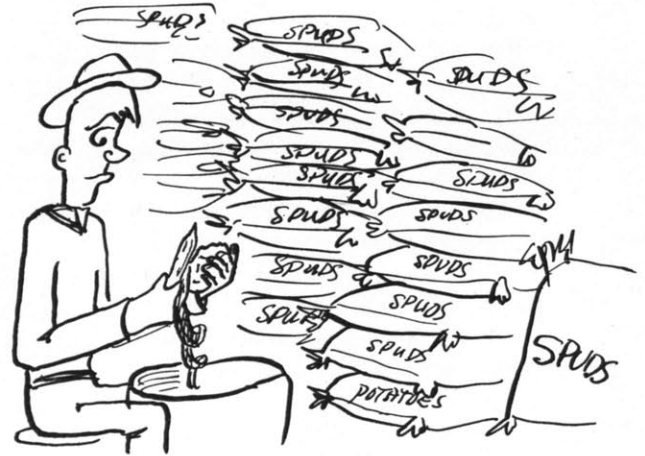


The best care that medical science can offer; ‡

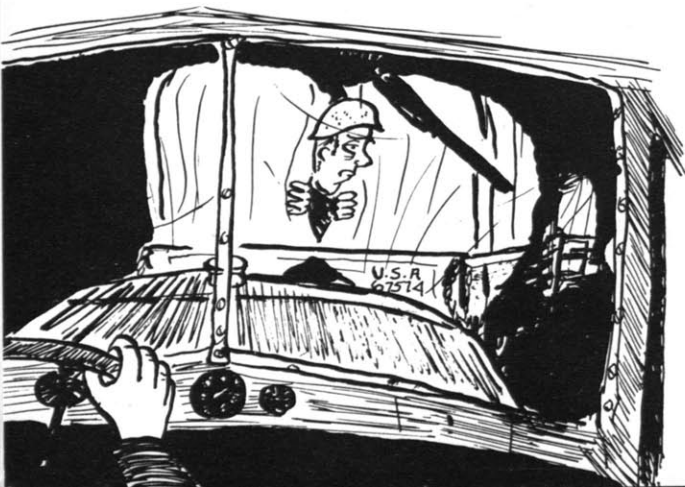
Extensive opportunities for advancement through comprehensive aptitude tests; †



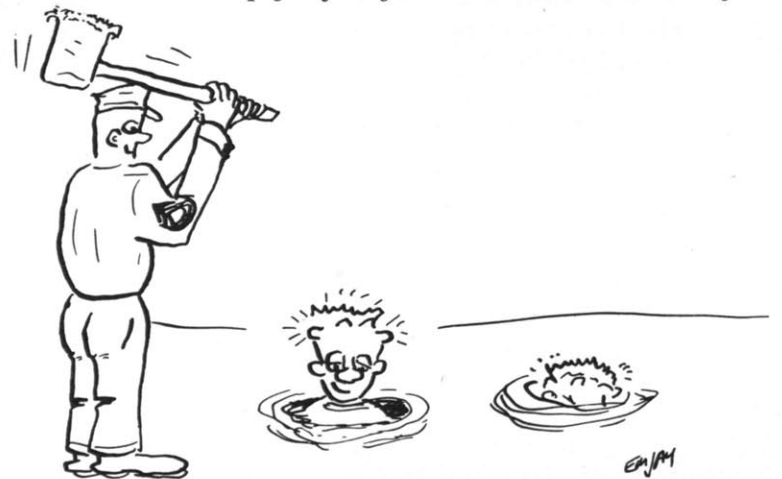
Advanced training in varied professional fields of your choice; ‡



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Let us help you find your niche in the U. S. Army. ‡



EMJAM

## Reverie

He walks alone in the chilling slime,  
Green, pulsating, rapacious slime,  
Sucking, expanding, odious slime;  
He slipped and fell into the fetid slime.



The bloated tendrils smothered him in slime,  
In nauseous convulsion, he retched in slime.

It undulated over him in eager waves of slime;  
With his last gasp of life he gargled slime . . .

And then handed in his examination paper.

—Gordon Edlin

Newlywed Recruit, (honey-mooning in the West)  
wired to his C.O.: "Please give extension of furlough.  
It is wonderful up here." C.O. replied: "Extension  
refused. Return immediately. It's wonderful any-  
place."

Co-ed: "I had a date with an absent-minded prof  
last night."

Co-ed No. 2: "How do you know he's absent-  
minded?"

Co-ed: "He gave me a zero this morning."

As one strawberry said to the other: "We wouldn't  
be in this jam if we hadn't been in that bed together."

—Spartan

Customer: "You made a mistake in that prescrip-  
tion I gave my wife. Instead of quinine you used  
strychnine."

Druggist: "You don't say. Well, then you owe me  
20 cents more."

Q.: What do they call a one-legged virgin?

A.: Hop-a-long Chastity.



America's FLAVOR-ite  
from coast to coast



still only 5¢

Can you beat this? \$100 in cash prizes!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

### LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. 1st contest closes March 31st, 1951. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

She was only the butler's daughter, but oh, how  
she'd like to be maid.

## CHARLIE The - Tech - Tailor

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Press your suit — Remove spots

Dry clean your clothing

Mend your clothes — Sew buttons

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# THE WRECK



CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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VOL. LXXI BOOK IV

Chapter VII Part 4

Second Edition

PRINTED ON  
SOFT PAPER

CO-EDS . . . . Page 4

RAPE . . . . . Page 7

RIFLE TEAM, SET  
NEW RECORD . . Page 34

# ROTC CALLED

## DESTROYER TORPEDOED IN TOWING TANK

### Seniors Held for Prank

After an all night siege of questioning, three course Eight seniors broke down and confessed to the torpedoing of the destroyer S. S. Splotzkados, in channel number five of the towing tank, last Friday. Despite all efforts to keep news of the disaster from the press and public, the gaping hole in the side of the tank building and the ensuing flooding of Kendall Square aroused the suspicion of hordes of keen, analytical Tech students. Police tried to maintain order for several hours, but a milling mob of three hundred students pressed forward on the dry roof of building twenty chanting "IF we knew you were comin' we'd a' baked a cake".

Meanwhile your THE WRECK reporter sneaked past the Institute gendarmes at the Dean's office and brought out the following official statement from the accused.

"It was wonderful — We approached the building at exactly three in the morning-ebb tide, you know, — and bound and gagged the watchman at the outside door. While two of us waited in the narrow doorway with our sixteen-foot, eighteen-hundred pound missile, the third went ahead to make the coast clear. At a pre-arranged signal, the two of us gently lowered our baby onto a set of ball-bearing roller skates and noiselessly trundled it into the tank room. We waited in the shadow of the palm trees while our scout waylaid the last remaining guard and buried the body in the sand. We reassembled, the four of us, and made final plans for the *piece de resistance*. It was a beautiful night — the moon was shining through the palm fronds, and in the distance the gentle music of the native balalaikas could be heard. With leering grins we realized that this was the "Psychologische Moment." We lifted our eager missile to our shoulders and started for channel number five. When we arrived

(Continued on page 92)

## WARE HALL SECEDES FROM DORM SYSTEM

At the last meeting of the East Campus House Committee, a motion by Ware Hall's elder statesman Ed, Renier, that the committee appropriate a sum of money to move Ware Hall one foot from Atkinson, (on the grounds that Atkinson is unduly noisy) was defeated. Disgusted at this obvious bias against Ware residents, Renier threw in the towel. (it was starched and nearly maimed the chairman) and left in a huff drawn by two black panthers. It was very impressive. One minute later the residents of Ware appeared in force and both of them threw the Committee out of Ware Lounge and over a low wall into the President's garden.

### Convocation Votes to Sacrifice '55 For Nat. Defense

Last week an Inscm-sponsored convocation of under graduate students met in Rockwell cage to consider methods of contributing to the mobilization effort. After much deliberation, marked by frequent charges of unconstitutionality by a group of known Architecture majors, a motion was overwhelmingly adopted to "volunteer" the incoming class of 1955 to the various services. (Of the expected eight hundred freshmen, seven hundred-ninety-five are destined for the infantry, while the remaining men are to be distributed equally to the various other branches.) When the motion was adopted, a group of wild Baker House men leapt to the podium, hoisted '52 prexy J. J. Mongoloid to their shoulders and triumphantly paraded him around the cage. The short but intense celebration, paralled only at the national political conventions, was brought to a close when the band played "High above Cayuga's waters" and Mongoloid was blanket-tossed into the rafters.

In the last few days, however, the admissions office has reported an unexplained drop in admission applications. Director T. A. Brainerd called a special conference of district secretaries to discuss the phenomenon. The cost to the Institute would be enough to force cancellation of the Metallurgy, Biology, and Auditorium projects, since their funding rested entirely on the class of fifty-five tuitions.

The formal declaration of secession was printed in large grey letters on a purple background, and sent in to the Dorm board. It is now on exhibit in Ware 203. Their first official act was to promote the porter to Head porter, and elect honest Al Erickson as Housemother and Chastity chairman.

Their second official act was to give WMIT twenty minutes to pack up and leave. At present they are sewing a flag which portrays a cat sitting under a red light.

### MIT To Give Up Big Time Football Retain Notre-Dame, Army, and Rindge Tech on deflated schedule

Speaking at the annual football, hockey, and karoso coaches dinner at Hoboken last night, Athletic Director Grappler Ivan announced the cessation of "big time" football activities at M.I.T. Quoting a corporation directive, Prof. Ivan explained that a "soft" schedule was planned to enable Tech athletes to take advanced and graduate courses in Military Science. The modified program retains the Notre-Dame, Army, and S.I.T. games, eliminating the traditional annual Turkey Bowl game with Saugus High. Ivan stated that these teams retained were chosen for their proximity, and not in any attempt to weed out the hard teams. He said that while the retention of the Army and Notre-Dame games would add fuel to the already bitter anti-M.I.T. feeling among the Sanity Code schools, the inclusion of Rindge Tech leaves the Institutes reputation for "knock 'em down, hit 'em hard" rough and ready athletics intact.

## COMMUNIST FRONT ORGANIZATION BY SEN. McCATHARTIC

In his latest press conference the Senator yelled, "ROTC organizations are lousy with dirty stinking reds", and dramatically waving a roll of what he claimed was "documentary evidence", he demanded that they be wiped out.

Feeling that actions are stronger than words, the M.I.T. ROTC responded as a group to demonstrate beyond all possible doubt their efficiency as a fighting unit. At a hastily called meeting in the Rockwell cage, the general staff worked out tactical plans while their men synchronized watches. This was to be an all-out maneuver and hundreds of fighting troops blackened their faces in anticipation of the night's work. Chanting the "Battle Hymn of thee public", they kissed the Rockwells goodbye, and marched out with a look of grim determination on their grimy faces. This was it.

At the predetermined micro-second, the Corps of Engineers dashed forward and dynamited the Harvard Bridge, completely disrupting the supply route to Arlington and points West. The maneuver was very successful, the Engineers losing only a squad of freshmen, who were running across the bridge to mine the Esplanade Highway. Encountering heavy resistance, the Engineers beat a hasty retreat down Mass. Ave. to Bldg. #7 where they isolated themselves by smashing the electric eye.

As things began to quiet down, the Air Corps took of from Briggs Field and strafed up and down the river, sinking several small vessels and the Yacht Club dock, to say nothing of scaring a dozen musicians out of their shell.

The Chemical Corps avenged past indignities by attacking a soap factory with gas. This was almost a failure, since all soap company employees are equipped with gas-masks, but a few HPS

(Continued on page 13)

### NOTED PLAYBOY ESTABLISHES SCHOLARSHIP

### TARRY NATION FUND FOUNDED

THE WRECK is pleased to announce the founding of the "Tarry Nation Scholarship" for worthy students, by the famed grandson of the late Miss Nation, Harold Flynn. The renowned playboy and yachting enthusiast has donated one of his many business enterprises to the Institute, the National Rubber Specialties Company, with the stipulation that the profits be used to finance the academic and extra-curricular endeavors of several M.I.T. students. The text reads:

"The proceeds of this fund are to be given to six young

(Continued on page 77)

## UN OUTLAWS "THING"

### THE "THING" CLAIMS VETO PRIVILEGE

After a stormy session of debating, the General Assembly voted to outlaw the use of the "Thing" in warfare. The "Thing" defended itself eloquently from its honorary seat on the Security Council, almost swaying the horrified delegates with its foam-

ing obscenities. Despite this moving exhibition of oratory, the Assembly pulled itself together long enough to pass the motion. With tears streaming down its face (I think they were tears) (I think it was its face), the thing crawled out of the hall leaving only a few retching interpreters, a shallow trail of slime, and a loud "Veto" echoing through.



# IT'S A SPORTING WAR,



"Mukka Hai"



"... 91-92-93"



# ISN'T IT?

# EXTRACTS FROM ARMY MANUAL 124 C-41 MISCELLANEOUS SITUATIONS

This manual is the thirteenth in the 1949 series of field manuals, and goes into effect February 23, 1951. In as much as previous manuals have not covered all the situations in which a soldier may find himself, this present manual is designed to fill the gaps.

## WHAT TO DO:

If you accidentally bump into your C.O. going around a corner. Remember *not* to apologize. Wait for him to address you, since he is of higher rank. Then threaten to write to his wife, telling her all the news and gossip.

If you accidentally shoot a second lieutenant while cleaning your rifle. Your must start over again, since the discharge dirties the barrel.

During peacetime it is customary to report the matter to your corporal, but this rule is suspended in time of war.

If you fall off your transport ship in mid-ocean. Start swimming (see AM 23 ICU) in the direction of the ship while calling for help. If you are not picked up within 45 minutes, you may file a complaint with the corporal of the guard.

If you draw one to a fourflush and don't make it. Keep on betting; remember that one of the fundamental rules of strategy is *offensive*.

If the language manual does not supply a foreign translation of the particular phrase which you have in mind. Make use of gestures, since they are well-nigh international. If she still doesn't under-

stand, take out your billfold.

If you get a rock in your shoe while on the march. Take it out at the earliest opportunity; it may injure the leather.

If your buddy won't speak to you, and you think he may be dead. Rattle some dice in front of his face and place a dollar on the ground. If he doesn't fade you, he's dead.

If you find yourself in an enemy chowline. Don't get alarmed; there is no cause for worry. Nothing could be worse than U. S. Army food.

Harold Kaplan



Testimonial from an old southerner on a new medical discovery.

"Mah wife used to be the most mournful looking creature in the deep south. She had neither energy nor ambition. Why, she didn't even have strength enough to hoe a row of cotton. But now, after only two bottles of the amazing new "Sadacol," she's really picked up. Why, right now she's the best dad-gummed hoe-er in this part of the country."



"John"  
"Marsha"  
"John"  
"Marsha"  
"John"  
"Marsha"  
"???"



Joe: "A woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Moe: "I say it's her eyes."

Ike: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

Mike: "What's the use of sitting here and lying to each other?"



# The Induction

“... So live, that when thy summons comes...”

— *Thanatopsis*.

With trembling sliderule-calloused fingers he picked up the gaunt yellow envelope. His name glared dully back from beneath the colorless rectangle of cellophane. He glanced fearfully to an upper corner of the envelope. There, in small coffin-colored letters it read: “Penalty for use (then a scratched out line and under that) 27 months in the U. S. Boy Scouts or payment of the national debt.” The suffusing purple tint left his face. It wasn’t term marks after all! Sudden realization caused him to change color like a chameleon. This was worse! This was an invitation to a party where they ate dried pills instead of ice cream and where they spun rifle bolts instead of the bottle.

With the courage of a Harvard professor invading the Radcliffe dorms, he ripped the envelope open. There, in a flowery luring script was written: Please report to (Ed.’s note: They have since

closed the place for sanitary reasons and we have deleted the address for protection). “Ah well,” he sighed philosophically, “there’s worse things.” He spent an hour trying to think of some.

The next morning he inquired of several conversing gentlemen where the address could be located. They laughed the healthy, guileless, asphyxiatory-wheeze of 4F’s, saluted smartly, and told him to follow the crowd. He followed the crowd and ended up pricing lingerie in Philene’s basement. That didn’t seem like the right place so he hitched up his Roy Roger suspenders and moved on. After padding the neighborhood cop and treating the boys in the fire house to mint patties, he was directed to a sunken, foul-smelling basement door. He knocked as instructed: 6 long, 4 short, 7 medium, 5 heavy, and 8 light. Later he heard a grinding and rending of rusty gears mingled with the labored grunts of Volga Boatmen. The door swung ponderously inward. Over a ten foot moat of frothing oleum, he faced a nonchalant figure holding in check two snorting, pawing, oil-

starved Sherman tanks.

“Sam sent me,” he croaked hastily.

“Which Sam?” came the rumbling question.

“Which Sam? Which Sam?” he thought feverishly. “It wasn’t cousin Sam or Sam the butcher, or, no her name wasn’t Sam

The two blistered, acid-scarred monsters began to move forward.

“Uncle Sam,” he screamed across in desperation.

“Throw him a rope, boys,” the voice ordered with sneering disappointment.

After fording the licking, snapping cauldren hand over hand, he was catapulted into a fabulously furnished catacomb. As he recovered from his Tarzanic experience, he absorbed the wonders about the room.

Over his head hung an immense Harry shaking a massive fist defiantly at swarms of little Joes coming locust-like over a foreboding horizon. His other hand was tenderly raised over the heads of frothing, snarling, khaki-clad youngsters. In another corner sat a small group of men, comfortably strapped to floor-welded chairs, listening to a collection of Margaret’s bird-like arias. Slot and coin machines were splashed lavishly along the walls. There was one exceedingly popular booth that gave you your choice of four different movie stars if you hit the jackpot. The walls and ceiling were dotted with such announcements as:

Today’s special — Amputees excused.

Needed: Inspector for rebel WAAC Regiment

The Army moves on its stomach; fallen arches no hindrance to promising career.

By this time he was given a number and told, “When your number’s up, go through that door.”



Suddenly the door flew open and a pale, macabre-faced youth ran out, clutching his neatly severed left hand in his right.

"They don't want amputees, fellows," he shrieked victoriously.

He was quickly followed by another who boasted to his disinterested listeners, "They turned me down! Said I was crazy because I drank all those little bottles and told them it was ginger ale. Did I fool them! I knew damn well it was beer!"

His number was called. With stalwart erectness, he wormed through the door on his stomach. He faced a bulbous, bald, stubble-chinned ogre sitting behind a large Siberian ebony desk. In one arm he held a snuggling morsel of femininity whose official title was medical secretary. In the other hand was a six-root hypo with harpoon attachments.

"Injections first, son."

The arm whipped back and out; the needle fizzed through the air, grinding its way through his shoulder and burying itself in the door beyond. A hollow tube led from the needle to a fire extinguisher. After everything was pumped in, he said, "Now that didn't hurt a bit, did it?" as he gently placed a bear trap around the shoulder to hold the shattered bones in place. "Let me test your eyes. Ah, two of them. Good!"

The secretary wrote: Auditory hammer normal; metabolism sound.

The medic reached under the desk and came up with a steamy, mushroom-smothered, juicy steak. He narrowed his eyes with Pavlov shrewdness.

The secretary wrote: Secretion extraordinary; subject to fits.

Next a door opened, and a maiden clad only in nature's blessings and beautiful like a finely chiseled antique emerald walked slowly into his bugging vision, and out of it again.



LOCARNI



The secretary wrote: Reflexes slow; appetite normal; vision excellent; height 5' 8".

"Tell me about your childhood," the medic purred.

"Well, I was born at an early age..."

"Stop! You obviously have a paranomic meglomaniacal lycanthropy with intermittent dementia praecoxes. My boy, yours is a delicate case. If you were a thick head, we could put you in the tank division; if you were a numb skull, we could put you in the artillery; if you were a fat head, we could put you in the culinary corp, but you seem to have no special qualifications. Wait! Let me see your teeth. Ah ha! Perfect. Sergeant! A new recruit for the K-9 corp.

Gordon Edlin



Two English gentlemen were standing waiting for someone to come from the powder room. A moment later two women walked out. The first Englishman said, "Oh, I say, what do you know about that. Here comes my wife with my mistress."

The second Englishman said, "By jove, you took the words right out of my mouth."

He would make an excellent soldier — just the type — strong, courageous, ready to step into peril never stops to question orders, he just carries them out. You know — a tech man.



"Does your husband still find you entertaining after a year's marriage?"

"Not if I can help it."



It was not a fast lecture,  
It was not a slow lecture,  
But a half-fast lecture.



A little girl was sent to the drug store for something to stop palpitation. Since it was a long walk to the store, and the girl had a short memory, here's what she said to the druggist: "Mother said she wanted something that will stop population."

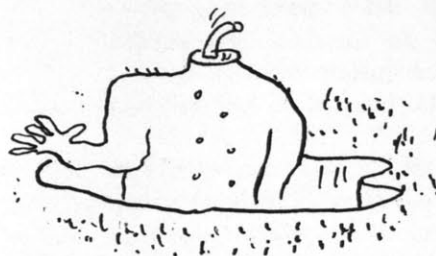


Low Neckline: Something you can approve of and look down on at the same time.

# Battle Field Types



**WOUNDED HERO TYPE.** *This guy got the purple heart when a can of beer exploded in his hip pocket during the heat of battle.*



**INQUISITIVE TYPE.** *This Joe ingeniously stuck his helmet out of the fox-hole to ascertain if he was still under fire.*



**HORATIO-AT-THE-BRIDGE TYPE.** *A killer at heart, this boy wanted to hold the island single-handed until MacArthur returned. The general attended the funeral.*



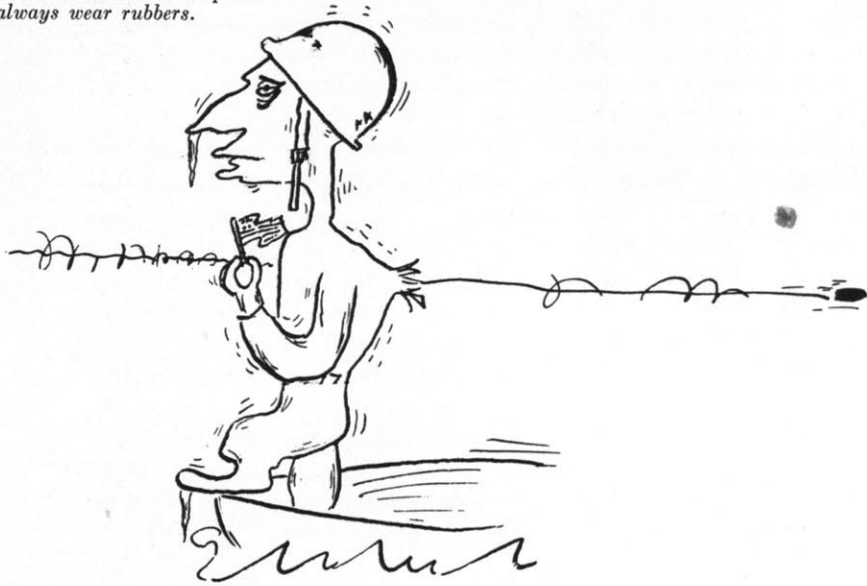
**THE PRACTICAL JOKER.** *Born with a remarkable sense of humor, this lad became famous when he shot the Captain during inspection arms, for a gag. He always used to say that he'd die for a good laugh.*



**THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.** *His mother told him to keep his feet dry, and the sergeant told him to always wear rubbers.*



**EAGER BEAVER.** *This guy got a charlie horse from stepping forward to volunteer.*



**GEORGE WASHINGTON TYPE.** *This is the fellow who is always anxious to preserve the traditions of the fathers of the country.*



**5.00 TYPE.** *He promised the Dean he'd keep up with his studies while serving out his leave of absence.*



**THE METAL SERGEANT.** *He's got gold in his teeth, silver in his hair, and lead in his pants.*

# The Little Man Thinks Out Loud

A short time ago I happened across a little book telling all about what I should do if an atom bomb falls on my head. Well, I appreciate the information, and I think more little books like this one should be written, but I haven't waited all this time to prepare for an emergency, no sir, I've been preparing for a long time. You see, I have a weak stomach, and not much is needed to upset it. Gee, for a while there a few years back I used to have to run to the nearest john if one of my friends so much as mentioned "Munich treaty," "I. G. Farben Industry," "veto power," or "nationalism." This was a sort of a silly thing to do, I admit, but I must have some kind of allergy.

With the great new post-war period coming up I figured that I should prepare to enjoy the fun, so whenever anybody started talk-

ing about world situations, or politics, or fair employment practices, I drank a glass of milk and joined in the conversation. I figured this would harden my stomach so I could behave as ordinary folks do and, you know, I do believe my idea is working out. I don't wince any more at the term "isolationism," and the word "army" doesn't leave me all tense inside. Of course, I have been experiencing a bit of trouble with these new expressions like "North Koreans," or "germ warfare," or "Security Council," so if I want to keep up with progress I guess I will just have to toughen up some more.

This stomach disorder of mine can cause some unusual side effects. For example, last night I thought I would test my hardness and, boy, I can tell you the results were mighty discouraging. My friends started a conversation with "pre-

ventive warfare" and went all the way around to "preservation of freedom." Everyone else acted quite civilized, but in the middle of the talking I got gas pains, and by the time the conversation was over I could scarcely crawl into bed.

I fell asleep after an hour or so and had a very peculiar dream. It seems that a group of men were talking, just as my friends and I had been a short time before. These men were discussing the world situation — about how their country had only emerged five years previously from a tragic World Peace, the "peace to end all peace," and now, after only five years of war some foreign power was threatening to go to peace again. One man suggested dropping "The bomb", which turned out to be the love-em bomb, that makes everyone love everyone else. The victims of the bomb almost always suffer critically from "rejuvenation sickness." These poor people run outdoors and kiss their neighbors, and then everybody goes to a big community sing. The profit motive disappears and soon everyone goes skin-color blind. Naturally the civilization soon disintegrates.

The dream got even more nightmarish. The poor men were afraid they would soon be drafted into civilian life, but they figured it was worth it to save their country from those peace-mongering foreign rats.

At this point my alarm clock went off. You can tell how delirious my stomach must have made me, for me to have such a crazy dream. This morning I decided to try harder than usual to make myself a normal human being.

Jerry Rothberg



— And after this fellow died, having lived an ordinary life, he was sent straight to Hell.

The demon in charge of meeting him said he was to have a choice of punishments: I'll escort you past three rooms. Whichever one you want, you can have, but if you open the door to any room, that's the one you get."

They walked down a long corridor, came to the first room, from which came the sound of horrid screams, cries of "No—don't!"

"Well, I don't think so, no," said the man.

The next room emitted noises of clanking chains, feeble groans, and crunching sounds.

"Nor this, I believe." "Very well," said the demon, and took him to the third door.

The man listened carefully, heard a dim murmur, as of refined conversation over afternoon tea. "Come now," he said, "this sounds like not a bad way to spend Eternity. Yes, I'll take this one."

The demon smiled and opened the door. The room was a pit, full to the brim with ordure, in which various personages stood submerged up to their lower lips, each one saying in refined and melancholy tones: "Don't make waves . . ."

— Columbia Jester



A luscious blonde got a job distributing free sticks of gum, by way of advertisement, on street corners. One evening after work she ran into an old friend. "Say, I hear you're planning to get married," said the friend. "When's the big event going to come off?"

"In a few months," the blond replied.

"That's fine! And what are you doing in the meanwhile?"

"Oh," responded the luscious one, pursing her lips prettily, "I'm giving away samples."



Dear Dad,

Everything's fine at school. I'm getting lots of sleep and studying hard. Incidentally, I'm enclosing my fraternity bill.

Your son, Pudge.

Dear Pudge,

Don't buy any more fraternities.

Your pop.



She: "Oh, dear, I've got a bug down my back."

He: "Oh, cut it out. Those jokes were all right before we were married."



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**Dinners**

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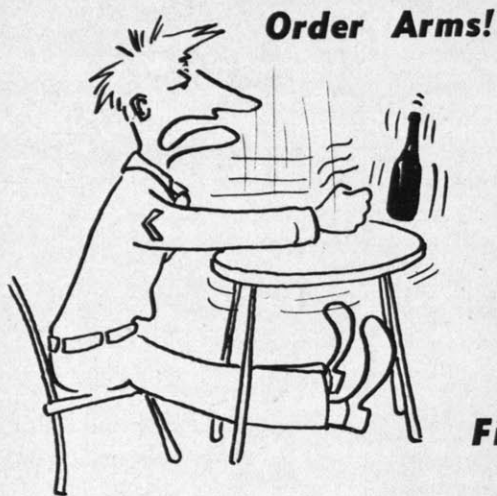
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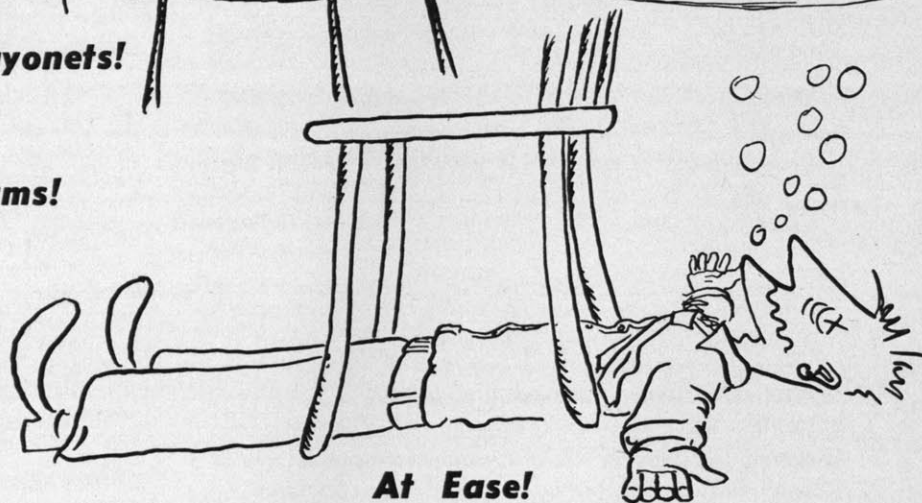
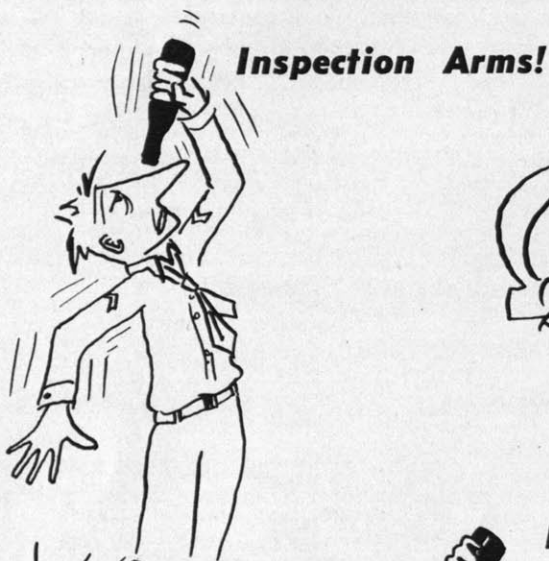


# PHOS' MANUAL OF ARMS

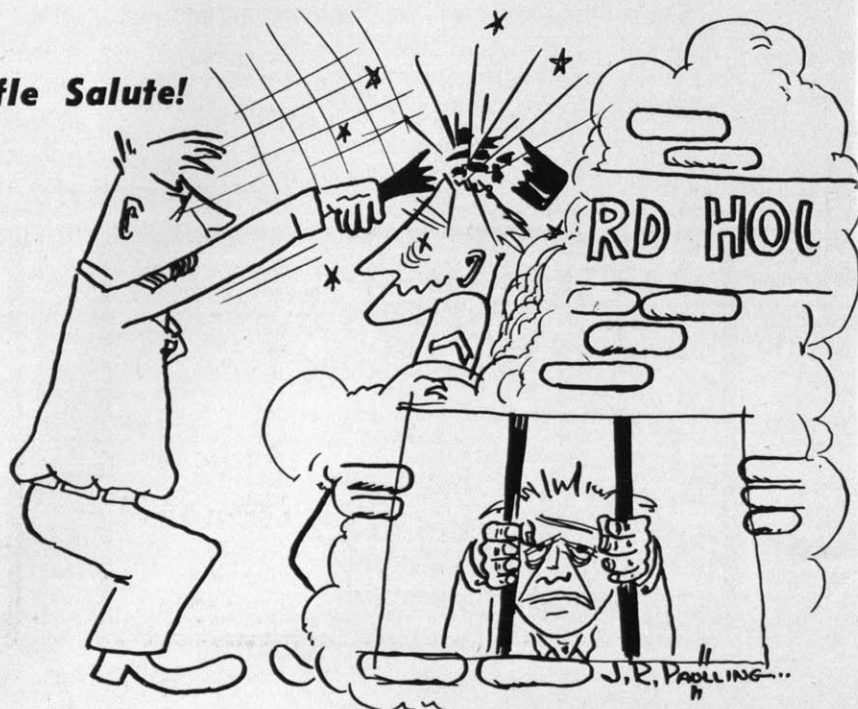
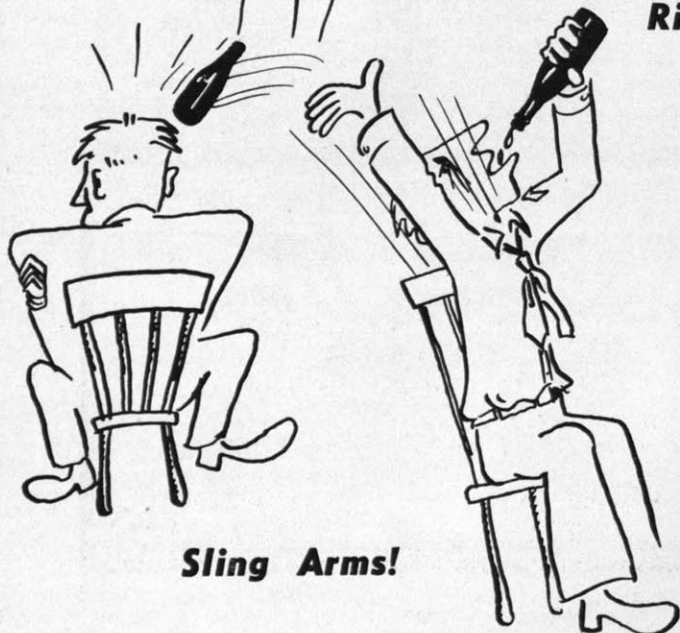
OR: YOU CAN MAKE MY WOMAN~BUT  
LEAVE MY BREW ALONE!



**Stack Arms!**



**Rifle Salute!**



J. R. PAOLING...

The scene was the interior of a saloon in the Far West, and around the table were gathered as tough a gang as could be found in Nevada. The game was fast and the stakes were high.

Suddenly the dealer flung his cards on the table, and pulled out his six-gun.

"Boys," he shouted, "the game ain't straight! Slippery Sam ain't playing the hand I dealt him."



Then there was the one about the kid whose parents asked him what he wanted for his birthday? "I wanna watch," he replied.

So they let him.



### TALE OF TWO CITIES

Outside, floods of rain are falling, making Cambridge streets appalling,

Washing cans and Jello wrappers down the gutters with a roar—

Poets claim 'tis but the spring showers making mud and pretty flowers—

While you sit and count the hours till the end of this downpour;

All you do is call up FOREcast: "When's the end of this downpour?"

Answers FOREcast, "Nevermore!"

In New York I sit unshaven, searching something I can lave in,

Haunted by the sign "Save Water" painted on a wall next door.

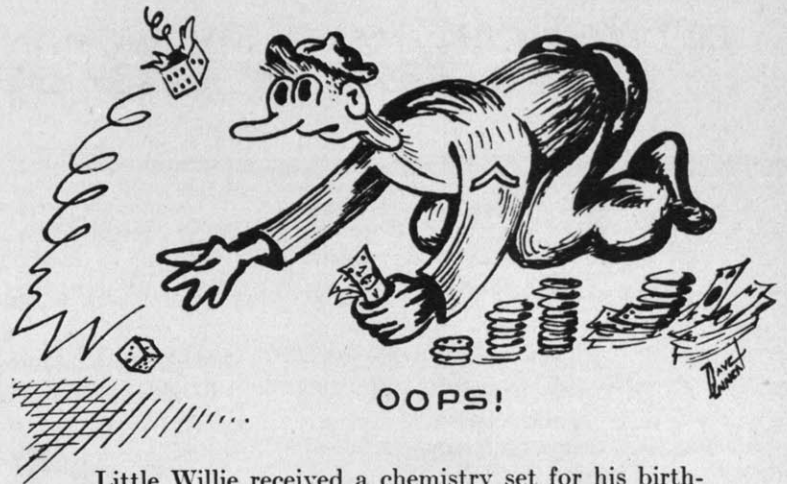
Seems all evening I'll be stinking, lasses from my passes shrinking;

But the Water Level's sinking: no more water for my corps.

Arrid, Air-Wick, all are useless; just some water, I implore!

Says O'Dwyer, "Nevermore!"

—Lampoon



Little Willie received a chemistry set for his birthday and immediately set to work. Lacking a stirring rod, he used his finger instead. A short time later his finger became stiff as a board, and he rushed to tell his father. On hearing this, his father took the mixture and told Willie that he would give him \$10 if the concoction was everything he said it was.

The next morning Willie found \$15 beside his bed and rushed to his father to ask him about the extra \$5.

"Well, son," said his father, "your mother contributed the extra money."



This is a joke told me by a gentleman. I know he is a gentleman because he came out of a door that said so.



Jimmy was assigned by his teacher to write a composition about his origin. He questioned his mother.

"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, and you, too, dear."

So, the small modern wrote as the introduction to his composition: "There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."

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## The Secret Life of Wilbur Muddy

"Did you see the papers?" squealed Abigail, "I don't know what's going to happen next. They've raised this month's draft quota again." Abigail was from Radcliffe.

Wilbur Muddy started, and his hands shifted their clammy grip on the steering wheel.

"Yeah, I saw it in the paper," he agreed.

"Gee," sighed Abigail, "Practically everybody's in the Army. It must be exciting."

"Yeah, exciting," he quavered.

Wilbur Muddy accelerated, and the hum of his tires on the road became a wavering whine. The car rattled constantly and the noise crackled into Wilbur's mind. Slowly, a blurred voice broke through the humming whine and said, "The preceding summary of world news has been brought to you by the international broadcasting facilities of the Voice of America." There was a short pause, then, "Maintenant, La Voix d' Amerique presentera les nouvelles de . . ." Wilbur Muddy turned off the set, carefully lowered it into a dark space between two joists and replaced the tight-fitting floorboards. A heavy step clattered up the rickety front porch, and a sallow, unshaven man burst through the front door.

"Muddy!" he cried, "Come quick!"

Wilbur Muddy whipped around tensely.

"Don't use that name here, you fool!" he snapped.

"Come quick!" the man insisted, "There's a car comin' up the road. It's government agents. They found us!"

"Shut up!" commanded Muddy,

"Don't lose your head."

"They know who we are. They'll get us. I told you we shouldn't have tried this. We could have stayed in the infantry, but you. . ."

Muddy slapped him across the mouth.



"Stay here," he growled, "we'll get out of this yet!" He strapped a .45 under his shirt and leaped for the door.

Once out of the shack, he ran steadily through the surrounding woods tearing through bushes, and

bounding over fallen trees. At the top of the hill, where the woods ended, he stopped running and stealthily crept behind a large boulder. A deep twisting cleft in the rocky hill formed a narrow pass through which a sandy road shouldered its way. On the edge of the cleft, the boulder was poised.

Wilbur reached the rock just in time to see the enemy car creep around the bend, its heavy-treaded tires floundering slowly through the deep sand.

Muddy sized up the situation at a glance. Wilson had been right. The car bore in large white letters the inscription "U. S. ARMY" on its hood and "Military Police" on the door. A khaki-clad arm wearing an arm-band stamped "M.P." rested in an open window.

The car was almost directly below the spot where Wilbur crouched. He stood up and put his weight against the boulder.

"They'll never get me," he grunted, and the boulder thundered over the edge.

"Look out!"

"Huh!" Wilbur Muddy looked up and slammed on the brakes as the rear end of a truck loomed in his windshield.

"Be careful, Wilbur," grated Abigail. "Be more careful. You want to have an accident?"

"You can't be too careful," muttered Wilbur.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Well, be careful. You almost hit him."

"Yeah, didn't I?," chortled Wilbur Muddy.

"If you had of hit him, you'd of been in the guard house before mess call," cautioned his companion.

"It's all right," said Muddy, "we're here."

They swerved hard around a corner and the jeep screeched to a halt.

Muddy dragged his shovel from the back seat and walked to the open ditch. Short, squat lengths of glazed ceramic piping were laid out in a broken line from the edge of the road to the bright wooden skeleton of a new barracks.

"Let's get a wiggle on, Wilbur." called Frank from the trench. "There's going to be a general bivouac inspection today."

Muddy stepped back as a shovelful of yellow clay flew up from the depths. An official jeep stopped nearby and the sound of voices drifted to Wilbur's ears.

"No over here, Colonel, we are laying pipeline to . . ."

Muddy sized up the situation in an instant. He quickly drove his shovel into a mound of earth and began shoveling the moist clay back into the ditch. He had dumped four shovelfuls in the dumbfounded Frank, when an official voice shouted: "Yardbird!"

Muddy looked innocently into the burning eyes of the top sergeant. "What's your name?"

"Muddy."

"Sir!" barked the army man.

Wilbur blinked. "Sir Muddy," he said blandly. He absent-mindedly scuffed his foot in the dirt, thereby kicking much of it on the shoes of the Colonel, who could restrain himself no longer.

"No look here, Muddy —"

"Sir Muddy!" corrected Wilbur.

"Muddy, what in blazes are you doing?" barked the Colonel. Muddy tossed another load of clay into the ditch.

"Beg your pardon, Corporal?"

"Muddy!" screamed the mortified sergeant. "I'll have you court-martialed for this!"

"All right!" Muddy yapped. "If you don't like the way I shovel,

do it yourself!" Muddy thrust the shovel at the surprised colonel, who lost his slightly overweight balance.

"Muddy! Muddy! Come back here!" shouted the Old Man from the bottom of the ditch. "I'll personally have you *dishonorably discharged!* MUDDY! DO YOU HEAR ME?"

Wilbur smiled thinly, and did not look back. He could hear the colonel's orderly driving off to the C.O.'s office for Muddy's papers. "Dishonorable discharge!" chuckled Muddy, "Atta boy! Tear up my papers."

"What about the papers? Watch that red light."

"Papers?" Wilbur Muddy frowned and ground the gears. It was all right. The gears were bad anyway.

"You said something about papers," insisted Abigail.

"Skip it. Gears are going bad." The light changed and Wilbur let out the clutch. The car lurched forward but a new noise came from beneath the car.

"Damn muffler," said Muddy.

"Monohan, Alfred P.!"

"Yes, sir," a timid voice echoed across the hall from the long wooden bench where Wilbur sat.

"O.K. Monahan, over there to pick up your uniform."

From outside, the *pocketa pocketa pocketa* of a gas-powered generator drifted into the hall. Muddy gnawed a nail and thought feverishly. They had checked him too carefully. Heart perfect. Reflexes good. Chest sound. Too late now to get a rupture.

"Muddy!" Muddy sized up the situation in a flash. This was his last chance, but he wasn't through yet. Carefully he stood up, patted his hair, smoothed his pants and bounced mincingly across the floor to the desk.

"Muddy?" queried the officer, eyeing him curiously..

Wilbur rested one hand behind

his head and threw out a hip. The other hand he let dangle loosely from the wrist.

"Um-hmmmm," he murmured.

The sergeant hesitated "Just a minute," he said.

Two white-clad doctors who were standing nearby huddled together and the sergeant joined them. They talked briefly and glanced at Muddy, who was trying to get the hang of fluttering his eyelashes. The sergeant returned.

"Muddy?" he said, "We're deferring you for now." He paused. "Medical reasons," he mumbled finally.

Muddy turned, hand on hip, and swayed out of the hall, straining to keep the rhythm natural. He could hear a doctor whispering, "He's one of *those* . . ."

Muddy could not restrain a smile.

"What's wrong with you?" squealed Abigail. "Look where you're driving, will you? You just about missed that cop."

COPS. — Muddy thought about it. Cops. They came pouring in the door as the alarm went off. The headlines proclaimed, the fact that a daring jewel thief had been caught robbing Tiffany's in broad daylight. Strange thing. He'd worn a hallowe'en mask and held up the store with a toy gun. Captured without a fight.

Wilbur Muddy stepped inside the stone walls of the Big House and shook off the guards. He reached into the lining of his coat and brought out a wrinkled envelope. A flight of jets whooshed overhead and Muddy glanced sardonically at the cops. Then he casually crushed his induction notice in his fist and flicked it to the wind. Alone, Wilbur Muddy stood against the wall, aloof, inscrutable, chicken to the end.

Stan Benjamin



An American sergeant in Korea went to his lieutenant and protested that he couldn't tell the difference between a North Korean and a South Korean. "It's simple," declared the lieutenant, "the next time you see a Korean look him straight in the eye and say, 'Stalin is a sonovabitch,' and you can tell by his reaction whether he is a North or South Korean."

Several days later, as the lieutenant was walking down a road, he noticed a dead and badly mangled N. Korean in the ditch. Just across the road in the other ditch, he noticed the American sergeant he had talked to. The sergeant was bloody and battered, but still alive. The lieutenant rushed over to the Sgt. and asked him what had happened.

"Well," said the Sgt. "I saw a Korean comin' at me and like you told me I stared him straight in the eye and said 'Stalin is a sonuvabitch.'"

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "and what happened?"

"Then" said the Sgt., "he looked me straight in the eye and said, 'Truman is a sonuvabitch'."

"Yes, yes", urged the Lt., "but what happened?"

"We were shaking hands when the truck hit us."



"Now look here, my man," the Army doctor snarled at the draftee, "you know very well you wouldn't come to me in civilian life with a little thing like this."

"You're darned right I wouldn't," drawled the recruit. "I'd send for you."



Dear Diary:

MONDAY:—I feel highly honored at being placed at the captain's table.

TUESDAY:—I spent the morning on the bridge with the captain. He seemed to like me.

WEDNESDAY:—The captain made proposals to me unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

THURSDAY:—The captain threatened to sink the ship if I didn't agree to his proposals.

FRIDAY:—Today I saved the lives of six hundred people.

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The medical officer was testing the water supply. "What precaution do you take against infection?" he asked the sergeant in charge.

"We boil it first, sir," the sergeant replied.

"Good!"

"Then we filter it."

"Excellent!"

"And then, just for safety's sake, we always drink beer."



Army nurse (to busy Doctor): "Doctor, what shall I do with these rectal thermometers?"

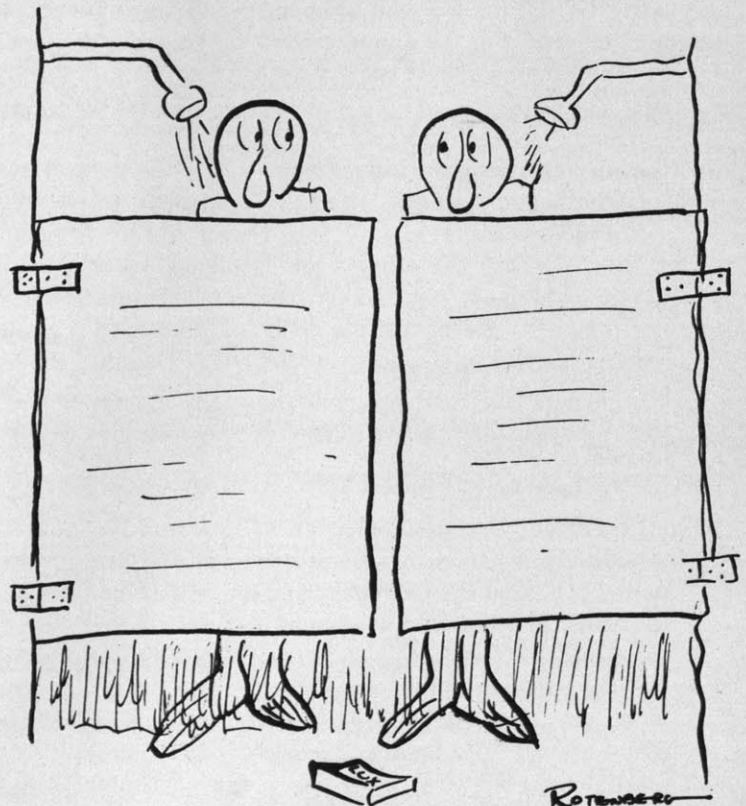
Doctor:...



An ex-Pfc recently married an ex-Wac sergeant and on the honeymoon he realized the ambition of every enlisted man.



A transport had been sunk and several life-boats were cruising about the surrounding waters picking up survivors. A completely bald-headed sailor popped up alongside one of the boats. One of the Irishmen manning the oars spotted him and with a snort of rage, brought his oar down smack on the bald man's pate. "This is no time for fooling," he said, "go down and come up straight."



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The duration of each of the above undergraduate Courses is four academic years and leads to the Bachelor's degree, with the following exceptions: (1) Architecture and Marine Transportation, which are five-year courses leading to the Bachelor's degree; (2) Food Technology (Five Year Course), Physical Biology, and the Co-operative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years and lead to the Bachelor's degree and the Master's degree.

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.

# Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

## Number 6...THE BEAVER



FOR once in his life, our fervent friend admits that eagerness can be over-done! He's alluding, of course, to all these quick-trick cigarette tests—the ones that ask you to decide on cigarette mildness after just one puff, one sniff, one inhale or one exhale! When the chips are down, he realizes cigarette mildness can't be judged in a hurry. That's why he made . . .

*The sensible test . . .* the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll *know* why . . .

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