

VOO DOO



NOV.
2 BITS

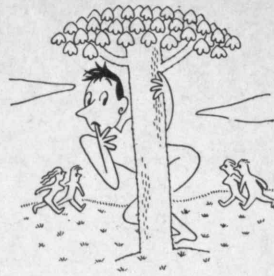
WHAT ARE THE ODDS?



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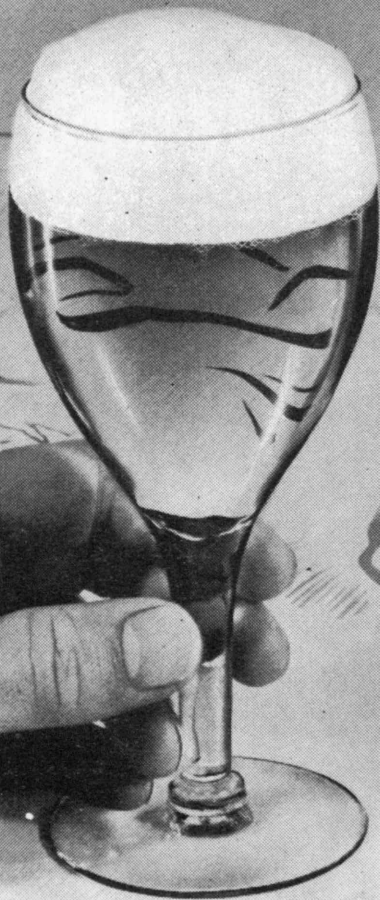
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Make it clear...make it *Schaefer*

After chasing a proctor for three blocks down the hallway to hand in a quiz a few weeks ago, I decided it was time to drop in the Voo Doo office for an early morning brew. As I entered the office Phos looked up from a competing rag, which he was reading, and waved me over to the desk where he had mounted himself on a pile of The Techs. At first I thought he wanted to show me that a useful purpose had been found for this "newspaper." However, this was not the case. He was more concerned over what he was reading.

"Look at this, Bill," he started, "a genuine parody on M.I.T. These mags are getting funnier every year."

As I peered over his shoulder I spotted some real pretty pictures—all in color, too. "See, that's us," Phos exclaimed. "You should read what they have to say."

I scanned the article and then stood in bewilderment. "Are you sure that's about us, Phos?"

"Of course. Don't you recognize the three prize electronics students?"

Taking another look at the picture, I noted the faces a little more carefully. "I guess you're right, Phos, but the one on the right sure looks like Kukla."

"No, that's Bob Briber!" Phos affirmed, "I do see that similarity though. Look at that grin on Dr. Killian's face. I bet he was planning to hook Bob up in parallel."

"Boy, I'd love to see the data that team compiled. I feel like bringing over some of my data so we all can have a good laugh."

"Technology is a place for men to work, not for boys to play," Phos quoted as he waved two blondes back into the closet. "Here's something that surprises me. Did you know that M.I.T. scientists have produced more drastic weapons than open book quizzes?"

I could hardly believe the words. It must be true though. I mused since the other facts in the article were reported so accurately. "Maybe this story has something to it after all, Phos. You know I never thought of Pritchett Lounge resembling the atomic age except for the blasts of 'Come-on-a-my-House' which have shaken our office at times.

"Well, I better get back to that gee-whizz atmosphere again. Phos, I think it might be a good idea if I take this mag. Then I'll be able to re-read the article after each quiz. So long, boy!"

"Adios, Buck!"

W. W. D.

Volume XXXIV

November, 1951

No. 7

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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cover this month by "Emjay" Friedenhtal



DOING THE TOWN

Something different for a change — having had Durgin-Park (justifiably) lauded loud and long, and Locke-Ober mentioned (go there **only** when your parents are here, unless you can afford it—a meal there takes the better part of a ten dollar bill), maybe some other less boosted, but just as worthy places should be brought to light.

One of these is Chez Dreyfus, a really fine little French restaurant on Mass. Avenue above Harvard Square (1640). This place has no street frontage, and you must follow a rather inconspicuous arrow around to the entrance in back, but it's well worth the trouble. The prices run from \$.99 to about \$3.25, with most things in the one-fifty to two-and-a-quarter bracket. The service is fine, and the food is excellent. The roast stuffed duckling is superb. A reasonable wine cellar makes it a swell place for a special date, without breaking yourself for a month. Incidentally, if you like game, this is one of the few places that serves (in season, of course) partridge, pheasant, venison, and bear steak. Eat early (before six-thirty) and avoid the Harvard men, who form long lines thereafter.

Down near the Chinese section flows the Nile, a reasonable Syrian restaurant. Exact address is 52 Hudson Street, off Kneeland (which is really Stuart Street farther down, named this way to confuse you by the MDC). You can walk it in 5 minutes from South Station, assuming that you go in the right direction,

something which does not usually happen the first time. Don't lose heart—for about \$1.35 you can have two skewers of excellent lamb, intermixed with tomatoes or onions or both, (or neither). Take rice, not FrFrPot with your dinner, and be careful with extras, because everything's a la carte, and things mount up. If you feel like experimenting, try Laban or Labanee, respectively a sort of high cream cheese, and sour cream. An acquired taste, but good when you get used to it. The coffee is good, either Syrian (Turkish) or American, and if you've never had Baklava, try it, unless you are very averse to sweets.

If you're really hungry, the place to try one weekend is a smorgasboard, and in the winter, try the Smorgasboard (proper), straightforwardly named, because it's the only one in town serving hot food. In the summertime Ola's is nicer—the cold smorgasboard is just as good and the desserts are better. Anyway, the former is at 19 Province Street, between School and Bromfield Streets. (Get off at Park St., find Bromfield, walk downhill, School is parallel to Tremont.) For \$1.25 you can stuff yourself, you glutton. Don't order dinner—it's a needless addition to a straight smorgasboard.

An elaboration on the above is the Viking, strictly dress-up, and very good for a date. This place is at 442 Stuart Street, near the John Hancock Building and Copley Square. Not cheap,

and the accent is different—the smorgasboard has been relegated to the position of a very fancy collection of h'ors d'oeuvres and is subsidiary to dinner, which is very much in order, and very good. The roast beef is wonderful, and desserts are fine too. Soft rugs and a hat check girl (don't wear one) add atmosphere, but don't sit on the wall side of the table if you can help it—the benches, though leather, are too low, and get uncomfortable quickly. Figure between two-fifty and three for a good dinner.

Enough of restaurants, November is here—what are you going to do about Christmas presents? Fear not—comes an (abbreviated) shopping guide to lead you on.

Perhaps the most well known store in the entire city for handsome gifts is Shreve, Crump & Low, at Boylston and Arlington Streets. They handle the best of everything, from silver to leather and back again. Don't be frightened by the advertisements for diamond necklaces in the paper — downstairs they carry a large number of fine gifts in the two-to twenty dollar range, and you can pick up some fine Scandinavian glass at low prices. Don't go in dungarees, shop intelligently, and you will be rewarded with beautiful mer-

chandise, excellent service, and people who don't ask for your registration card if you write a check.

Close behind Shreve come two other fine stores, both in the immediate vicinity, and both with the same name, although there is no relation. The first is Bigelow Kennard, at 384 Boylston—look at the china and glass upstairs, and especially at the lucite paperweights and bookends with small sea organisms molded into them, these are exceedingly handsome, and come in every price range from \$1 to \$75, depending on size and complexity. The other store of the aforementioned duo is Kennard & Co. (John S.) at 15 Arlington Street. They specialize in diamonds and fine silver, but are still lookable and in some cases reasonable.

The entire vicinity of these stores is excellent shopping territory, perhaps much more so than Washington Street, and the Big stores. Among the other excellent places are Gelotte (Cameras, 284 Boylston) and the Book Clearing House, across the street from Bigelow Kennard, which sells LP's from an incredibly large stock at a flat 20% off, and also handles good and unusual books, plus the standards, at reasonable prices. Almost exactly in back of the Clearing

House, one block north on Newbury Street (No. 40) is the best damned toy store in the city, F. A. O. Schwarz. Even if you don't buy anything (you probably will) go upstairs and play with things, it's a half hour enjoyably spent, and nobody tells you not to touch. They have toys for all ages, and many unusual ones that you will find nowhere else.

A little farther up on Newbury Street, near Copley Square, is the "art district", not Greenwich Village, but many stores selling handicraft and nice things in general. Among them are Rapsons', on Dartmouth Street (282) just where Newbury comes into it. They carry modern strictly — furniture, stainless, small mobiles (which one can observe and copy), and inexpensive and unusual ceramic ashtrays which make ideal gifts. Look at the clocks, and the magnificent wooden bowls (expensive)—this is a small store with much in it. (PS—Proprietor is Tech's Ralph Rapson — code-signer of Eastgate, etc.)

The shopping district continues a little farther West on Newbury Street, and includes many outstanding little shops (Notable—Courtyard Silversmiths, 284 Dartmouth, with handworked silver bowls and jewelry). The

Continued on next page

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Continued from preceding page

whole Copley Square district is fair game, and you can walk around and find the Studio Shop, The Arts & Crafts Guild, S. S. Pierce, and others by yourself.

Another fine place is the Bromfield Street - Washington Street area, again away from the department stores, this time North of the Mob. Don't miss Stoddards, at 374 Washington, which sells every kind of cutlery known to man, and a lot of good semi-hardware to boot. They have all kinds of German made manicure equipment and some scissors which fold to a harmless inch and a quarter and have to be seen to be appreciated. Not fancy, but excellent stock and service. Around the corner, at 60 Franklin Street, is the finest leather and luggage shop in the city, the London Harness Shop, which, like Shreve's, doesn't ask for your driver's license, and which carries a magnificent collection of leather goods, priced

accordingly. Up North a little way on Washington Street is David P. Ehrlichs, a world famous pipe shop—they have the largest and handsomest collection of carved Meerschaum in existence, and sell excellent pipes and tobacco. Service is leisurely, and if you're uncertain enough about your tobacco, you'll be invited to have a free pipeful of almost any brand, on the house. Keep walking, and you'll come to the Radio Shack, which needs no comment by this time, and right across the street, Wilkinson's, a real old time hardware store, with an unbelievable inventory, and much fine cutlery.

A few final tips—dress well when you shop, it pays off in service. Have some general idea what you want, and express your ideas quietly and intelligently. If possible, shop in your own fields, that is, buy things that you know something about. Despite the advertisements to the contrary, it is good policy to stay

away from perfume (not a worthwhile investment for your money), flowers by wire (exorbitant, and not worth it), women's underthings, negligees, etc., and as a matter of fact clothing in general, unless you are absolutely sure of size, color preference, etc. If you are sure, try a cashmere sweater — expensive, but a handsome gift for anyone, or gloves — there are French and Swiss ones available in combinations of knitted wool and leather that are perfect for driving, warm and light. If you mail presents, do it early, and insure everything—some stores will mail for you, but insist on punctuality of arrival or you won't get it.

Hot water with a little lemon juice in it is good for tired feet, Sloan's liniment is available at any drugstore, and while the unused portion isn't returnable, maybe this blurb will help you to use less than the whole bottle.

E. M. G.

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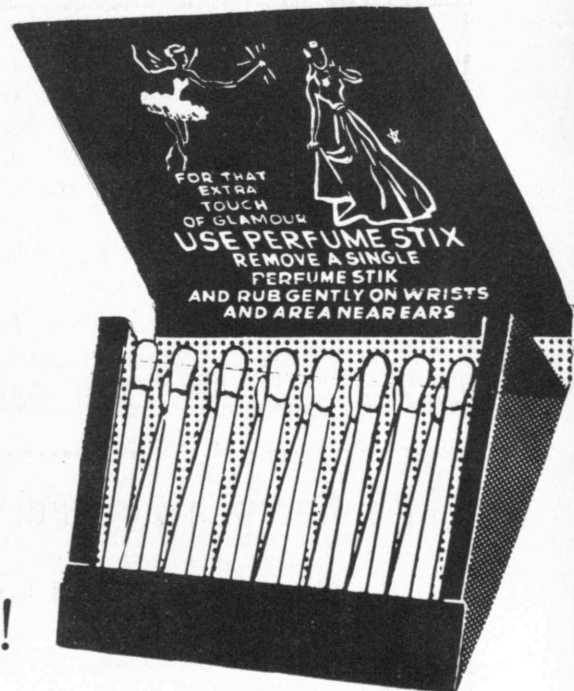
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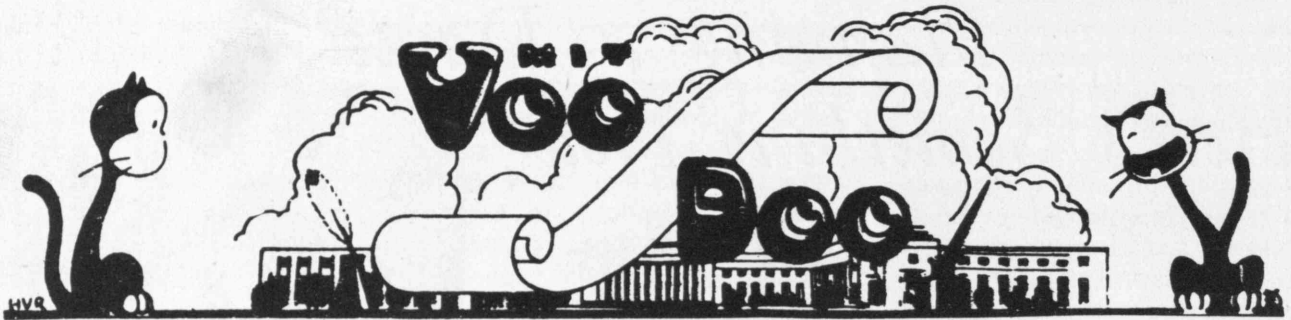
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A couple of weeks ago we wandered into the Hobby Shop and observed, just inside the entrance, an awesome contraption about six feet high, that appeared to be a cross between the Catacombs and a large plywood privy. Cautious inspection revealed nothing, but numerous bangs, noises and muffled profanity kept issuing from the inside, almost as if the thing were inhabited. Fascinated, we hung around, and sure enough, after a short wait, a sweating Techman appeared, laden down with hammer, screw driver, and a handful of large wood screws dripping glue. "What is it?" we ventured. "Baffle for a Jensen G-610", muttered the carpenter, as he disappeared, still dripping, into the dark plywood maw. Cave Minotaur.

At a party in the Old Senior House a while ago one of the residents pulled an amusing trick that he had learned way back in his high school days. His high school history teacher was fond of waiting until the last few minutes of a period and then suddenly asking a question. Whoever answered the question first would have a checkmark put after his name in the teacher's roll book, and these checkmarks helped to make the final grade. This tactic was extremely unnerving, so one night all of the

students got together to figure out a defense. Deliberating for a while, they determined that the next day's question would be "What countries made up the Triple Coalition?" They divided themselves into three groups, planning to shout the answer all together. Sure enough, the teacher asked the question, and the combined sound of "Russia! Prussia! Austria!" was so shocking that he never asked sudden questions again.

Have you visited the Little Metropolitan? Several characters in the Grad house have turned their john into a small art museum. No pornography—the real McCoy, complete with some signed originals, a well stocked nautical wall, and some handsome prints. They even have credits "On loan from the — Collection", etc. In addition, this rare head has a phone immediately adjacent to the throne, and a speaker that broadcasts classical music. Last we heard, they were thinking about a catalogue. Sears.

There is a professor in the chemistry department with a ready answer for any student who argues that he "understands the work, but just can't get the answers." He leans back in his swivel chair and tells about the freshman who worriedly approached his physics in-

structor with this same statement. The instructor took out the freshman's homework paper so as to help him be more specific. The freshman pointed to the first problem and said, Now, take this one. I understand how to do it, but just tell me one thing. Do I integrate or differentiate?"

Having been hounded around by title-happy club and lodge members, and especially by the Massachusetts State Highway Forge, er, Board, (did you hear the opening of the new stretch of route 128?), we decided to fight back. A little research brought this beauty to light, and you can use it to squeeze some dough out of your old man, if you have a good memory and a straight face. From James Elroy Flecker's "Hassan", Act III, Scene III: "The Holy, The Just, The High-Born, The Omnipotent, The Gardener of the Vale of Islam, The Lion of the Imperial Forests, The Rider on the Spotless Horse, The Cypress on the Golden Hill, The Master of the Spears, The Redresser of Wrong, The Drinker of Blood, The Peacock of the World, The Shadow of God on Earth, The Commander of the Faithful, Haroun ar Raschid ben Mohammed Ibn Abdullah, Ibn Mohammed Ibn Ali ben Abdullah, Ibn Abbas, The Caliph of Bagdad." Anybody you know?

TECH SHOW 1952 PRESENTS



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Fan Dancer: "Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me where the scar won't show."

Doctor: "Okay. Stick out your tongue."



Before she left for college, Mary's ma told her to pick nice clean friends. Boy! Has she picked them clean!



As the train came into the Chicago stockyards, a woman opened her bottle of smelling salts. Suddenly the car was filled with a terrible odor. "Lady," said a little boy, "Would'ja please put the cap back on that bottle?"



She: "Who's your tight-lipped friend over there?"

He: "He ain't tight-lipped, just waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."

C. P. O.: "What has 24 feet, green eyes, and a pink body with purple stripes?"

Boot: "I don't know. What?"

C. P. O.: "I don't know either, but you'd better pick it off your neck."



Columbus was the first Democrat—he didn't know where he was going, he didn't know where he was when he got there, and he had to ask for money before he started.



"Daddy, I saw Mama kiss the ice man this morning."

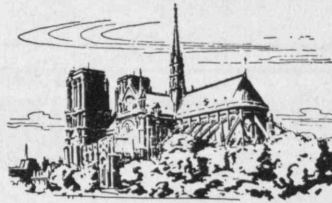
"Ye Gads! She wastes time with him and we owe the grocer \$10."



Girl: "Isn't that a beautiful butterfly on my knee? It must think I am a flower."

Friend: "That's no butterfly, it's a horsefly."

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C-11

A recent poll taken to determine the main reasons why men get up at night brought the following vital statistics:

- 10% to raid the ice box.
- 15% to visit the bathroom.
- 75% to go home.



"Carry your bag, sir?"
"No. Let her walk."



A kiss: A mouth full of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud.



Teacher—Jimmy, are you eating candy or chewing gum?

Jimmy—Neither; I'm soaking a prune to eat at recess.



Chaplain: I will allow you five minutes of grace before your execution.

Condemned man: Well, that's not very long but bring her in.



She: "I see by the paper where nine professors and a student were killed in a wreck last night."

He: "Poor chap."



"Who's that?"

"Girl I used to sleep with."

"Shocking! Where?"

"Physics lecture."



"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"Why, no, I rather enjoy them."



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"The drinking fountain stuck."

ROLLBUHLEA

2.851

Five-Thirty.
It is still and empty
Here in the toolroom, coolroom.
The tall wheels are silent,
(Having nothing to do and nowhere to go,
They do not talk, like idle people.)
The machine squats comfortably on the floor
And muses, a study in steel.
Its great body has been painted grey
(Carefully, by men who feel the kinship),
And its wheels are glistening rings of silver
Polished by years of turning.

The late afternoon sun comes through the win-
dows
And rests on the grateful steel.
A grey gold giant, half as old as thought,
The machine basks in the soft warmth
And contemplates.
Deep inside, beneath the iron skin
The mighty heart lies, silent, but not stilled.
The nerves are quiet too,
There is no brilliant blue fire coursing through
them.
The great arteries are not filled with throbbing
rippling liquid
(The golden-green lifeblood lies in still thick
rivers
And reflects the massive serene countenance of
the machine.)

The huge servant sits happily and thinks
"Tomorrow is always my birthday."

E. M. G.

Orange Pekoe

Given rhythm,
Given time,
and seasoning,
An Artist.

Aphrodite,
who plays the organ
and doubles on trombone,
Sat still as I unscrewed my kneecap
And poured tea.

Manny Rotenberg

Missionary

It snowed today
Tiny prophets of a forsaken cause.
The practical men grumbled;
The children laughed with joy.
The whole town was an absolving white

Tomorrow it will melt.

Gerald Rothberg

Trilogy

I

Love is but the name of you,
And its thoughts my thoughts of you,
And when at night I return
to the land of no-time,
My god is you.

II

It came with the coming of the tears,
the monsoon, Separation.

Molten love slid smoothly,
softly, silently over the cheeks
my lips, my fingertips had known so well;

hovered on the downtilt of your chin, and fell,
scattering our past in droplets on the floor;

vanished in the warm night air and left
the frail, parched husk of "nevermore".

III

Walking.
Darkness calling.

Walking.
Darkness calling.

Darkness and the no-moon.
The no-moon calling.

Step after step after step after step

The no-you calling
Step after step—

Gerald Rothberg



The offices at the new SEP plant are designed to stimulate only the highest caliber thinking. The editorial board, pictured above, include the author of a well known recent article on M.I.T., Mr. Robert Yodel, working by the window.



Publisher Walter D. Filler frequently is called away from the Post offices on special missions. However he devotes as much time as possible to his crucial job.



The Saturday Evening Post is produced in a spacious plant with all the modern facilities. The above panorama shows the printing department, where two members of the staff have just finished printing another stirring issue on a revolutionary new press.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE WOULD LOVE IT HERE

Ordinary humans are uncomfortable at the Curtis Publishing Company. For in this "arsenal of words" men work and write in a "leaping lizzards" atmosphere, unique in American Literature.

When it was announced last winter that American forces in Korea were threatened with elimination of their beer ration by several prominent temperance groups, the news had the effect of a

long-delayed echo in the offices of the Saturday Evening Post. Abstinence was only one of several fearsome notions developed by SEP during the interim years between World War II and the present crisis. The last war had proven only too well how inadequately we had morally equipped our fighting men. During the war when more pressing material was to be written, an immense backlog of ideas was stored to be unleashed on the sinning American male. With the end of fighting, we entered the cold war, which Post writers judiciously have termed "World War 2- $\frac{3}{8}$ ", and more than ever before was the need for moral reform so great. To equip our future soldiers was the mission of SEP.

Project Bryn Mawr

This was not to be an easy task. More than once the traditional methods of analysis were disbanded for the radical. A case in point was "Project Bryn Mawr". A few months ago a major crisis arose, whose exact nature cannot be revealed here. Let it suffice to say that crucial questions of moral conduct with regard to loose living in general were involved. The customary methods of attack had failed for weeks to produce a satisfactory result. Then an ingenious and unheard of plan was adopted.

A large group of the most proper men in the country were assembled at a small country club near Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. It was the motto of this group that if the problem was to be solved at all, it must be faced squarely, not by a conference of balding old men across an oaken table, but by a group of balding old men actually grappling with the causes of the menace. The demon had to be fought on his own grounds, as much as this was repugnant to the men involved. Preparations were well under way when the experts arrived. A large but undisclosed amount of various grain distillants had been ordered from a private source; the golf course and all the gardens were thoroughly raked to remove any sharp twig and stone which might impede the progress of the experiment. Finally, an equally large group of young ladies, chosen for their character, background and calendar from a near by (undisclosable) source, was ready and waiting to put out their best efforts to make the program a successful one.

Throughout the entire two weeks of the experiment not a single philosophical phrase was uttered. The group had no official leader, but the driving spirit to see it through more than balanced this lack. When a man faltered, a colleague

would commonly spur him on with, "Here, y'a old walrus have some of mine!" And when the old walrus mistook which of his he meant, no effort was made to quell the aroused tempers; for the crux of the experiment was realism. The spirit of make believe had been left at the conference tables. Now the group was inspired by that grand old proverb (Psalms: XII, 32), "Make hay while the sun shines!" The experiment occupied every hour of the day and night and even meals were taken on the move. As hard as this is to believe, even more astounding feats of physical endurance were accomplished. Biological processes which were formerly the only ones of which the experimenters were ever conscious were neglected, so great was the urge to endure every vile passion which might be encountered by the straying American. Needless to say, such a stress was not without its penalty. Fortunately, little or no solid food was consumed by the group, so relief could be obtained in the field without the use of elaborate facilities.

When the two weeks came to a close, a solution to the great problem was obvious. Not a philosophical word had been spoken; not a yellowed treatise consulted. But freed from the narrowing influences of archaic tradition a new solution, a new method, had emerged. It was a tired but satisfied group that left Bryn Mawr that late September afternoon, secure in their belief that they had given their all for their country.

God's Little Acre

Even such advanced methods as these cannot eliminate the need for immense personnel and material resources. In the year 1879, when the Post was first deemed suitable for delivery through the mails, the entire staff consisted of ten workers, including printers, writers, and newsboys, and occupied a small room above a tavern in one of Philadelphia's busy suburbs. At this time the magazine came into the control of three proper spinsters, who first conceived the mission of SEP. They began a broad program of expansion to bring the Post to the forefront of American periodical literature. The wave of purity and reform swept the country. One stirring issue followed another. The present publisher, son of one of the original founders, points with pride to the foremost articles in his scrap-book: "Shall we take the Marines out of Nicaragua?", "Is it proper for the President to advocate an increased population?", "The ratio of saloons to churches in British Honduras", and many others of equal import. Naturally enough, circulation rose to unheard of heights; soon SEP outdis-

Continued on page 24

The Secret

by Harold Kaplan

"Mr. Blote will see you now," stated the pretty secretary.

Frank Slud rose from the imitation leather chair and stepped across the soft carpet to the door of the inner office. Ignoring the ring on her finger, he blew the secretary a kiss and walked in. There, behind his mahogany desk slouched Mr. Blote.

"Whaddayawant?" asked Blote unsympathetically.

"Well, sir, since you're the president of a corporation owning a major-league ball club . . ."

"You want my autograph," broke in Blote.

"No sir, I . . ."

"Why not? It's a perfectly good autograph, absolutely legible and spelled right! Everybody wants my autograph. What's the matter with you?"

"I have an idea for improving baseball," said Frank Slud proudly.

"A rules change? We just got through revising the rules."

"No, it's not exactly . . ."

"Maybe you want to get rid of the reserve clause?"

"Well you see . . ."

"I get it! The idiots have started up a baseball union again, and sent you to ask for a salary raise. Nothing doing! Get out. Baseball costs too much already!"

"Exactly," explained Frank, "and I have a plan for making it cheaper."

"Siddown," said Blote, brightening. "This sounds better. How do you make baseball cheaper?"

"By eliminating costs," said Frank, seating himself.

"Splendid idea," said Blote. "I was telling Charlie just last week that we ought to do that. Now look here, sonny, I'm a busy man! Get out before I throw you out!"

"But I'm dead serious," Frank pleaded. "It can really be done. Look, what is baseball?"

"It's a game that people play, stupid."

"Not essentially. It's a business."

"I guess you're right so far."

"And the game is only incidental to the business. Now think a moment, sir, how does the average baseball fan know that a baseball game is being played?"

"He goes to the park and sees it."



"The average fan?"

"Well no," Blote admitted, "he sees it on television or hears it on the radio or reads it in the newspapers."

"Suppose a scheduled game were called off. How would he know?"

"He wouldn't see it or hear it or read about it. What are you getting at?"

"Tell me, sir, do you watch Howdy Doody?"

"Of course. Best damn program on T.V."

"Do you listen to Sam Spade?"

"Certainly."

"And you read Alley Oop?"

"Ever since I was six."

"And do Howdy Doody and Sam Spade and Alley Oop really exist and go through all their adventures?"

"Well, strictly speaking, no."

"But they are all paying propositions?"

"You aren't kidding!"

"Well, sir, this is my suggestion: fake all the baseball games. Broadcast them, report them, but don't play them."

"That's all right for radio and the sports pages, but what about television?"

"Use actors. And film everything beforehand, so you can change any errors."

"Say, that's all right," said Blote, "a ball game without errors."

"Just think of the advantages," said Frank proudly. "All the ball games in the U. S. arranged in advance."

"But," said Blote, "without ball park gate receipts, where will the money come from? I've got you there, I guess."

"The television and radio sponsors will pay. They have the money. How does it sound, sir?"

Blote's face looked blank for a second. Then he said, "Well, I always think about important things for at least ten minutes. Here, sit back and smoke a cigar while I consider the matter," as he opened the inlaid cigar case.

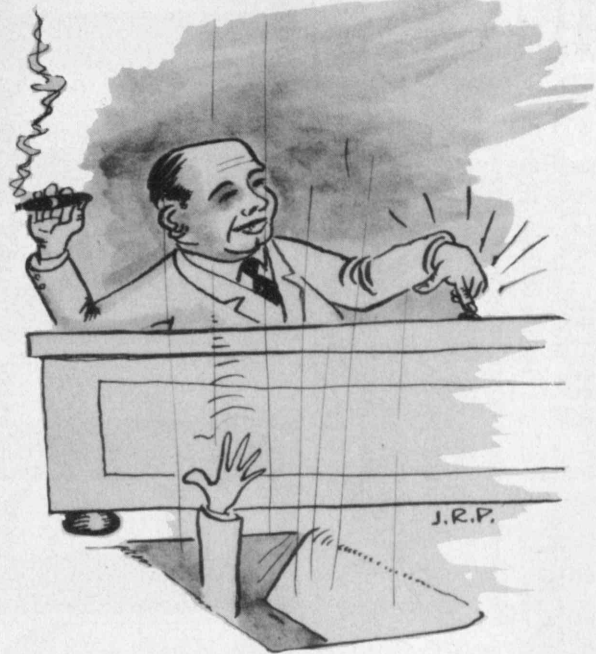
Then, as Frank lit the cigar, Blote sank back in his swivel chair, folded his soft hands over his plump abdomen, closed his eyes in contemplation, and pressed his right knee firmly against the General Catastrophe switch . . .

Frank, smoking the fine cigar, knew nothing of that switch, but in the secret fifth sub-basement of Yankee Stadium (a mere hundred miles away) the relay operators sprang into action. Hundreds of switch handles were thrown, and phone jacks were rammed into the boards like bullets, as the junior operators signalled team owners, league presidents, and the directors of such huge corporations as Atlantic High-Arc and Ballantine Ale. In half a minute it was done; all the big tycoons of baseball were plugged into the circuit and waiting, some listening on phones, some to loudspeakers, and a few, like Blote, using fake hearing aids. The Senior Operator looked to see if all the pilot lights were on, and then pressed a stud.

In Blote's office, the faithful concealed tape recorder started up, playing back the entire interview to all the tycoons on the circuit. All over the country, astounded business men spat their stogies into garboons as they listened to Frank's proposal. Frank, ignorant of all this, sat back and enjoyed the cigar.

When the recorder had finished, the High Commissioner of Baseball (in a sporting house wash-room) pressed the buzzer of his portable set for order, and then spoke into his microphone:

"You gentlemen have all heard the evidence. Mr. Slud obviously suspects **The Secret**. How do



you find him?"

In Yankee Stadium sub-basement the monitors jumped from their seats as hundreds of voices on the same circuit yelled, "Guilty!"

"So be it, Mr. Blote," said the High Commissioner. "Adjourned."

Blote, having heard the decision via his "hearing aid," released the switch, opened his eyes, unfolded his hands, and rose.

"I always said I considered important things ten minutes, and now I've come to the conclusion that it's a good idea, what you have in mind. But I'm kind of busy today. My secretary will give you another appointment."

"Thank you, sir," said Frank; "I knew you would see it."

Then, as Frank walked toward the door, Mr. Blote quickly pushed another button on his desk. A trap door opened under Frank's feet, and he fell instantly into the incinerator, disappearing forever from the eyes of men.

CHARLIE

THE TECH TAILOR

71 AMHERST ST. OPP. THE DORMS

Have Him

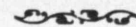
Press Your Suit - Remove Spots

Dry Clean Your Clothing

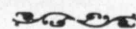
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VOL. LXXI BOOK IV

Chapter VII Part 4

Second Edition

PRINTED ON

SOFT PAPER

J.P. CANCELLED

ARCHITECTURAL CRISIS SOLVED

Opaque Water for Swimming Pool

At a recent meeting in the office of the President, a decision was reached which would finally end the dilemma over the presence of large windows on the Dorrance Biology Lab, facing the glass walled swimming pool. To avoid embarrassment to any of Tech's secretaries and co-workers in the Bio Lab who might gaze in the direction of the pool, as well as to preserve the virginal modesty of the Techmen using it, it was resolved that opaque water be used in the pool as soon as the lab is opened. The exact nature of the fluid has not yet been determined. It was suggested that water from the Charles River be employed, but this proposal was quickly rejected. It was pointed out that this would prove too viscous for normal

navigation, and that bodies do not really float in the Charles, but are held up by surface tension forces. Furthermore several Tech sailors have been attacked in recent weeks by blind, tentacled mammals which reputedly infest the murky depths of the river. These reports are as yet unsubstantiated, but the appearance of even a Charles River trout in the pool might precipitate unpleasant reactions from the more squeamish elements of the student body.

Another suggestion was that the French onion soup, heretofore served on commons meals, be thinned direct from the Walker Yats into the swimming pool. However it was decided that the broth was too spicy for the average swimmer, and would probably taste no better cold than hot.

FRESHMAN VANISHES

Disappearance Confirms Molecular Theory

The disappearance of E. E. Steinmetz was reported Wednesday by his roommate, Wyatt Hoppen. On the evening in question, Wyatt left Steinmetz, a potential E. E. student, tinkering with a circuit designed to couple his hot plate to the new 12 MEV generator. Wyatt, returning from his room after his usual evening meal of yogurt au jus, found only a strange acrid odor and a haze of carbon particles. Attributing the haze to the nearby factories, he closed the window and lowered the shade. At this point the Cambridge police, who were in the neighborhood investigating an anonymous phone call, saw the lowered shade, and burst into his room. When Wyatt tearfully explained the disappearance of his roommate, the cops left quickly with the fatherly advice that he should stick to women.

On a suspicion that the disappearance might have some connection with the 12 MEV generator, the Physics department was called in. They came up with an explanation of this rather elementary problem in short order. According to professor Von Quantum, all molecules at room temperature are in constant thermal agitation at velocities of several thousand miles per hour. All of E. E.'s molecules just happened to move in the same direction and he left through the window at supersonic speed. Said Von Quantum, "It could happen to anyone."

(continued next week)

ERRATA

It was erroneously reported in the last issue that Mr. J. Keelian, Cambridge, was arrested for the rape of a young lady (name and address withheld) Sunday morning, on Washington St. The editors deeply regret any embarrassment this fallacious report may have precipitated, and hereby register a correction. The incident in question occurred on Tremont Street, not Washington Street.

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VOL. LXXI BOOK IV
Chapter VII Part 4
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SOFT PAPER

J.P. CANCELLED

LEAVES \$350,000 TO TECH

FOR STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

200 Foot Granite Middle Finger for Great Court to Signify Tech Ideals.

The late Mr. Cancelled, notorious, bon vivant, fancier of wine, women and song, died of his excesses at the age of twenty-eight. An alumnus of the class of '46, he left the Institute in '43 to seek his fortune as a government inspector in a war plant. His last words were, "Paint it pink!" (Believed to be a reference to his gift.)

Upon receipt of this unusual gift, the corporation was summoned to an emergency midnight session. After a flurry of abuses, the meeting was adjourned by the Cambridge Police on an anonymous tip. Many arguments were advanced against accepting the bequest.

Dean Burnsditch complained that it would clash with MIT's modern architecture. "It would stand out like a sore thumb," Professor Seidlitz said. "Together with the two domes it would be too suggestive. A potential airplane hazard." The most convincing argument advanced for accepting the gift was that it would probably sink anyhow. It was feared in some quarters that Cancelled's will might be contested by his seventh mistress, his first and third wives, the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and "On-the-Nose-Charlie", a local business man. It is almost certain, however, that the aggrieved parties have been solaced by the executors of Cancelled's estate.

We wish to note here that the report in Clock Magazine is unfounded. The so-called "riot" of 1000 Tech students, allegedly organized by a nearby Communist cell, in which the students demonstrated for five hours, shouting "Paint it red!" was in reality only in reference to the Finger Symbol. No political ties were involved, and any such implication was just the result of rumors circulated by several disgruntled Harvard students, snubbed by the late Mr. Cancelled.

In accordance with the tradition at MIT, the authorities have submitted this problem to the Student Government groups. So far we have only the following brief statement, released by a spokesman for Inscom: "The matter is being carefully discussed, and when a definite conclusion is reached, it will be announced. Now no one can say exactly what will be done, or, for that mat-

ter, when it will be done. In accordance with our general policy, a committee, not yet specified, will meet at a yet to be chosen time and place, and discuss points whose exact nature is not fully understood at this time. The committee will make every effort to keep the student body informed of the progress in the discussions by publishing vague reports hidden in the back pages of the WRECK."

Truce Talks Terminated

Hopes for a truce in the twenty year Ware-Atkinson boundary dispute waned today as new violations of the neutrality zone were claimed by both sides. The neutral zone, a six foot section of ledge between the two dorms, had been undermined with pneumatic hammers and the surrounding ivy replaced by the poison variety. Neither beligerent would admit responsibility for this treachery.

Meanwhile on the fighting front new weapons came in to play. Atkinson cried, "Foul!" alleging that Ware had used garbage laden water, a fraudulent violation of the Rules of War, Article II, section 4.

Ware troops, mostly unseasoned freshmen, held out gallantly against Atkinson's hardened veterans of Building 22 campaigns. This last week the Cambridge Police rushed to Ware on the report that something was coming off. It turned out to be only a wall, so they lodged an official complaint with dormitory chastity chairman, M. Shoe-

(continued in Book V)

A. experiment was recently conducted in artificial insemination of humans. Out of fifty babies conceived by this process, forty-seven were malformed. Moral: Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child.



During a grouse hunt, one sportsman was shooting at a clump of trees near a stone wall. Suddenly an angry face popped over the top of the wall.

"Curse you, you almost hit my wife!"

"Did I?" cried the man aghast. "I'm terribly sorry—have a shot at mine over there."



The day after McWardlaw's wife presented him with an offspring, the proud father was seen in a drugstore buying a baby bottle.

"Man, that's scandalous extravagance," said a fellow countryman.

"It's necessary though," sighed McWardlaw. "The woman's gone and had triplets."



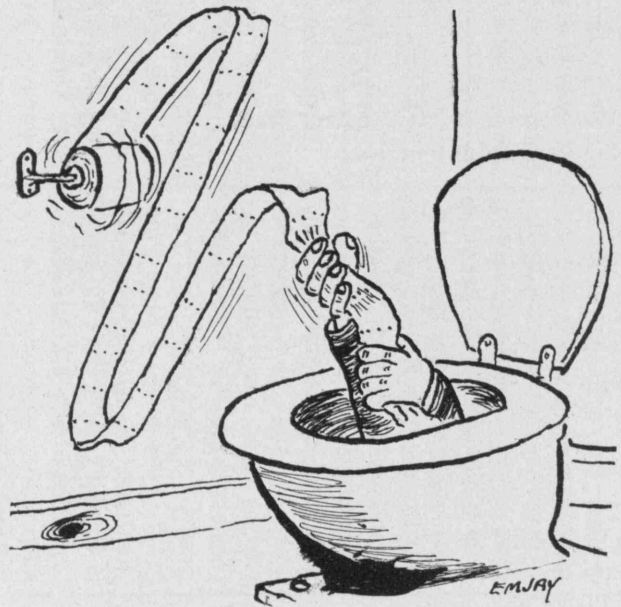
Little Bobby tripped and fell flat on his face on the sidewalk. An elderly lady rushed over and helped him to his feet.

"Now little boy," she purred, "you must be brave about this. You mustn't cry."

"Cry, my foot," replied Bobby, "I'm going to sue the hell out of somebody."



If all the freshmen in the world joined hands, they would reach half-way across the ocean. We are in favor of this arrangement.



A small boy's head bobbed up over the garden wall and a meek little voice said, "Please, Miss Brown, may I have my arrow?"

"Certainly, where is it?"

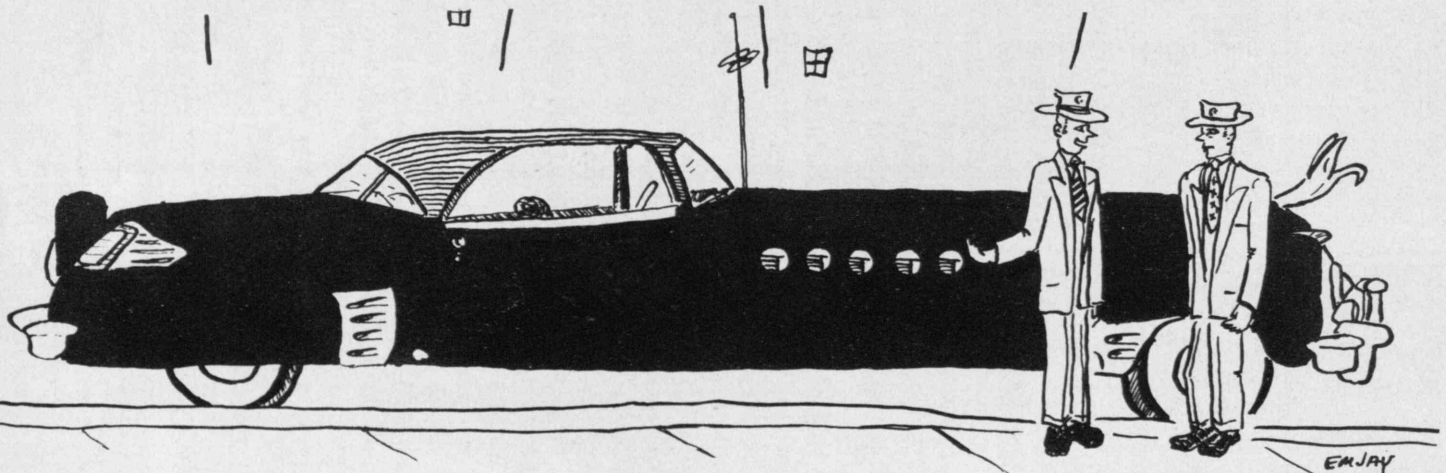
"I think it's stuck in your cat."



A young coed brought charges against an elderly professor and had him sentenced to jail for a long term. As he was led away, a friend approached him.

"I know you're innocent," said the friend. "Why did you plead guilty?"

"Well," admitted the professor, "The complaint was so flattering I just couldn't resist."



Gets me there; gets me back.

"Who's there?" asked St. Peter.

"It is I," came the reply.

"Go to Hell," he answered.
"We already have too many English majors."



Chaplain (to prisoner in electric chair): "Can I do anything for you?"

Prisoner: "Yes, hold my hand."



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



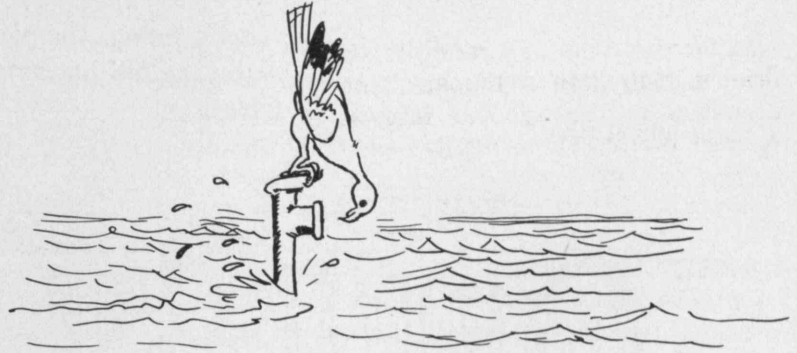
The love of a beautiful maid,
The love of a staunch, true
man,
The love of a baby unafraid,
Has existed since time began.
But the greatest love, the love
of loves,
Even greater than that of a
mother,
Is the tender, infinite, passion-
ate love
Of one drunken bum for an-
other.



"Did you see that donkey fall
on Congress Street yesterday
and break his leg?"

"Did they blame the driver?"

"No. They said it was the as-
phalt."



Lulu wants to know, should a
gal in a strapless evening dress
be called a "bust-truster."



"Hey you, are there any
sharks around here where I'm
swimming?"

"No, they're afraid of the
crocodiles."



Guide: "We are now passing
the largest brewery in the
world."

Student: "I'm not."



Pledge (at dinner table):
"Must I eat this egg?"

Brother: "Yer damn right."

Silence . . .

Pledge: "The beak, too?"

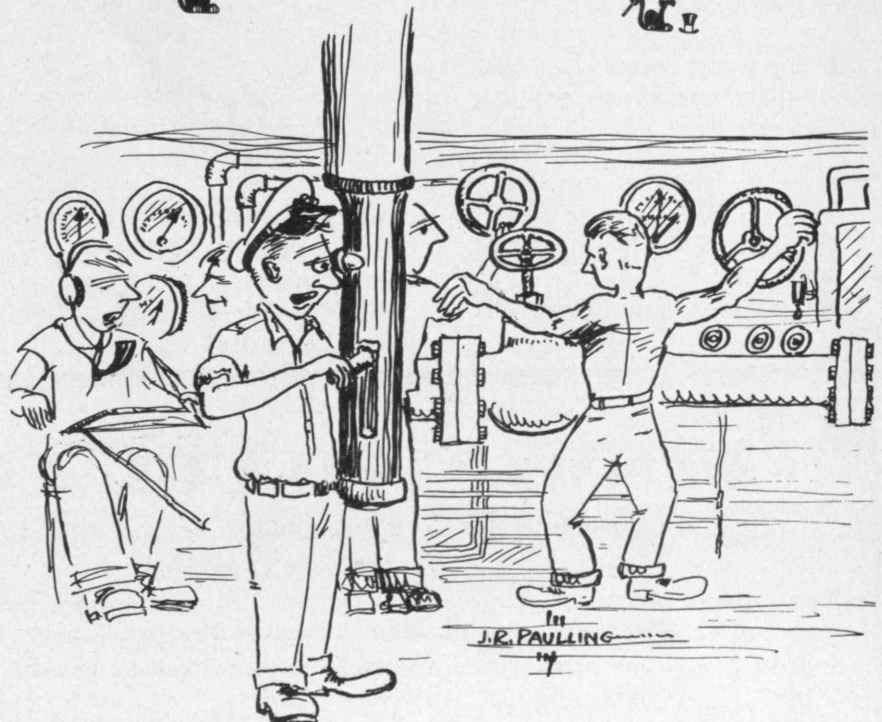


"What's the last word in air-
planes?"

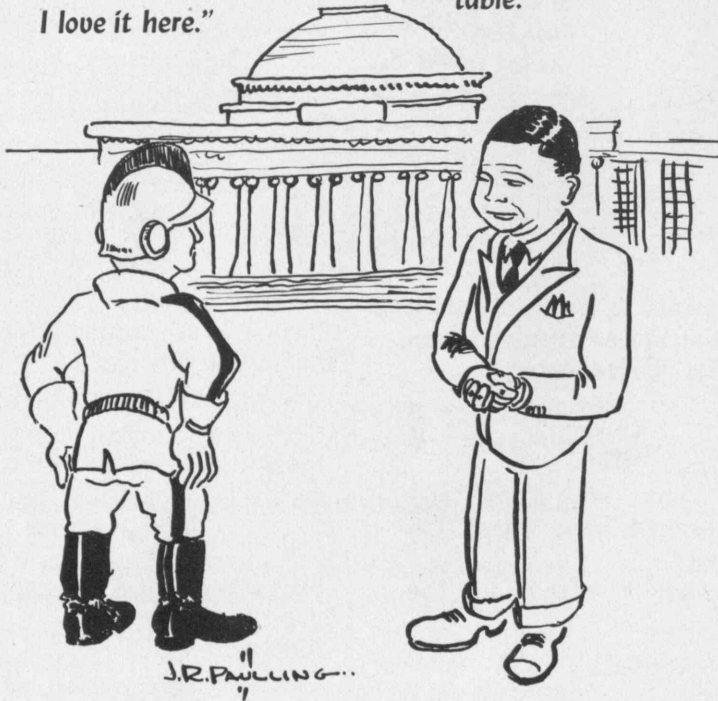
"Jump."



Personal: Lassie come home,
all is forgiven. It was the wet
umbrella.



"Gee whiz!
I love it here."



"That's funny, the place
makes me feel uncomfort-
table."

"Just one more kiss, darling."
"On an empty stomach?"
"Of course not, right where
the last one was."



Kissing a girl because she lets
you is like scratching a place
that doesn't itch.



"What's the idea of the crowd
at the Church?"
"An ice man's confessing his
sins."

Cop (to man just struck by
hit-and-run driver): "Did you
get his number?"
Pedestrian: "No, but I'd recog-
nize his laugh any place."



Girl's father—Say, it's two
o'clock. Do you think you can
stay all night?
Boy Friend—I'll have to tele-
phone home first.

"Boys will
be boys..."



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Narcissus

by "Doc" Edlin

If you were to approach an average person strolling on one of our busy sidewalks and ask him quite abruptly, "What are your views concerning the principle of fate versus free will?", he would undoubtedly give you one long look and hurry away at a precipitous gait. And could you blame him! Now if you were to approach another similar person and suddenly ask, "Are you thinking of death at this moment?", he would probably grab the nearest rock and threaten to bash your head in if you take one step closer. And could you blame him!

Now before you get disgusted and turn the page looking for feeble pictures let me continue. Ah! Here comes the man I have been waiting for. See, he is turning the corner down there. "So what," you say, "he looks like an ordinary guy to me." That's just the point, my friend. He is so damn ordinary, he is perfect for my little story. Let me briefly describe him for those who can't see him.

He is about so high — and built so (). He is wearing a \$35.98 suit of the finest imported worsted. At the moment he is heading toward the enticing job of selling zippy zippers to equally enticing people whose job it is to buy zippy zippers. This worldly achievement enables him to support a rather pleasant wife (not too ugly) and two rather brattish kids who are the pride and joy of no one. They eat fish twice a week and go to the movies on Saturday, but are not movie fiends mind you. Both he and the wife disapprove of gambling and drinking and enjoy both thoroughly. At the present moment our complacent hero is contemplating the possibilities of having an affair (an innocent one, mind you) with the rather bosomy secretary who works next door. While he is concerned with this profound thought, he is satisfactorily digesting a rather heavy load of pancakes and eggs. Nobody can say he doesn't feed HIS family well! That about completes the picture of our hero, not very dashing I'll admit; however, he is eminently suited for our purpose.

Now jump ahead with me about ten casual steps of our Babbitilian friend. All you see is a rather deep crack in the sidewalk, some child's quite innocent marble, and a fire hydrant. Believe me that's enough! Now that you have the

complete setting, perhaps you catch the significance of that fate and death bunk that almost caused you to pass up this thrilling escapade.

He has five more steps to the crack. Isn't someone going to warn him? Three steps. Isn't anyone going to try and cheat destiny? Last chance. No one?? Here it comes.

His foot comes down, catches in the crack, and he begins to stumble. His other foot lurches forward in an attempt to restore balance. It lands smack on the marble and he is really falling. As he falls he jerks sideways in an attempt to get his hands under him, and as he does his head strikes the outer edge of the fire hydrant, splitting the skull like a ripe walnut.

He's dead before he can say "Praise the Lord", not that it makes any difference, where he's going. But I'm getting ahead of the story. It takes about one minute before his soul can unentangle itself from all the gore. And believe me it's not any too clean. As soon as he's congealed a bit and calmed down, I hand him the map with all the directions on how to get where he is going. They're all worried at first until I assure them there isn't any such place. He takes the news pretty well (about his being dead I mean) and begins to study the map. Well I have business elsewhere, but I guess you can follow him from here on in.

Mr. I. M. Drudig (or rather the late Mr. I. M. Drudig) moved one leg experimentally. Finding that no effort was involved, he began to move along the road labeled, "Heaven 95 thunderbolts straight ahead." As he walked along, he approached a cloud lying right on the road. He walked into it and was suddenly squirted by all sorts of vile smelling sprays. While he was still gasping and choking he was buffeted about by some unseen forces. He finally emerged and stopped just in time from saying what he was going to say. There was a mirror in front of him and he grew quite pleased as he looked into it. His soul was all washed and clean and shiny. There was a cute little rainbow around his waist and a really shiny copper halo that shimmered just above his head. He tried jerking his head this way and that but the halo stuck right with it. Glad to see that he was being given just attention, he continued on his way.

Before long he passed a beautiful garden composed entirely of colored clouds in various shapes. In this garden was a young damsel that would have put Venus to shame. "Oh, oh. Jail

Continued on next page



Continued from preceding page

bait," thought Drudig. Being sociable, however, he stopped and said, "Hello, who are you?"

"I'm a cloud nymph," the gorgeous thing replied.

"Aren't you awful young to be running around alone?"

"Oh, no," she laughed, "I've been taking care

of this garden ever since your father left."

"My father??"

"Yes, Adam."

So, being in no hurry Drudig stopped off to talk over old times, and being a good salesman as was previously mentioned, he managed to spend a very satisfactory few hours. But wanting to reach Heaven before starbreak, he soon

continued on his way.

About an hour later he came to a place where the road branched off and a big sign said, "Humans bear right." After walking a little further he was confronted by a huge building over which was printed in hundreds of strange tongues "Heavenly Headquarters—All Life Register Within". He entered and found himself in a long corridor at the end of which were countless desks. As he walked along he saw the strangest creatures bustling to and fro and suddenly realized these were the dead from other planets . . . perhaps other stars. Naturally they must do all the chores necessary to keep Heaven fit for human inhabitation. How considerate of God. He figured he'd rest up a few centuries before he decided what job to take. As he entered the huge hall, he spied the desk with the sign, "Humans", over it. As he walked over to it, he felt that the man sitting behind it was familiar.

The small name plate read Jesus . . . of course . . . Jesus Christ. "Well," Drudig began, "it certainly is nice . . ."

Jesus looked up with a scowl of contempt, barked, "Orderly! Section eight," and went back to reading last month's Captain Marvel. Completely baffled, Drudig didn't know what to say and, with commendable diplomacy, said nothing. He was quickly approached by a soured old man he recognized as Judas, who motioned him to follow with a surly gesture.

"What's everyone so grumpy for?" Drudig began conversationally.

"Two thousand years of porter service and he wants to know why everyone is grumpy," Judas mumbled.

"Surely you don't mean . . . I mean all those ugly creatures . . . Ugh!" Drudig was startled.

"That's just what I mean. Janitor service because we're supposed to be saints while the rest doodle around in there." He pointed longingly at a door. "This is where you go."

Drudig looked doubtfully at the door, then flamed red behind the ears. Printed on the door in big black letters was, "Heavenly Dump—garbage, sewage, etc." Drudig stepped back. "What's the meaning of this. I refuse . . ."

Judas looked up slyly. "You object?"

"I most certainly do!" Drudig began.

"Then you're out of my hands. Follow this rainbow and take your second right. You'll find the complaint department." With this announcement, Judas turned around, pulled out a well-worn yo-yo, and headed back the way they had

come.

Sputtering with rage, Drudig headed down the rainbow. "It must be some joke." When he reached the complaint department, he was greeted by a thing that looked like a cross between a giraffe and a centipede. "The usual complaint," the thing rumbled. Drudig merely frothed at the mouth. "By heavenly law we cannot force you to do anything against your will; however, there is a simple test you must pass before we can act on your case. All you have to do is go into that room over there and stay for one minute."

Drudig looked dubiously at the door. "What is it, a torture chamber, or something?"

"No," the thing answered patiently, "it is an ordinary room except that the walls and floor and ceiling are mirrors. But they are special mirrors in that they give perfect reflection."

"Just mirrors?" Drudig looked doubtful.

"Just mirrors."

"O. K. then. I don't see any harm in that," Drudig agreed.

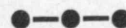
He walked over, opened the door, and stepped inside. For one instant there was absolute silence then Drudig filled the air with a shriek that was part sob, part laugh, and part insanity.

When he came to he was lying on the floor in the complaint office and was still trembling from shock. "About 3 seconds," the thing commented drily. "There are no more objections now, are there?" For an answer Drudig merely shuddered.

Half led, half carried, he found himself once more before that door at which he had been so offended. With just the slightest shiver he opened it and went inside.

The hobo who was sitting on an old stardust crate and stirring something in a beat-up pot looked up and said wearily, "Take it easy, bud. Not many come in here the first time. It ain't pretty having everything you ever thought or did reflect back all at once. Not pretty at all," he mused. "Want some stew?"

Still thinking of mirrors, Drudig slumped to the ground and mumbled, "Yeah. Yeah, thanks."



"My uncle was wrecked on a desert island with forty-five beautiful girls, and when they found him he was nearly dead!"

"From exposure?"

"No—from pulling down the distress signals the girls put up."

TECH IS NOT

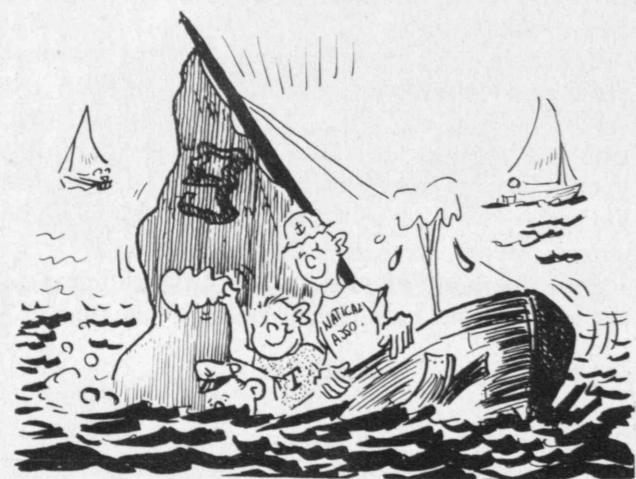
Since many of us first considered coming to Tech, we have been plagued by various insults and cat-calls from our friends with regard to life at Tech, or the presumed lack of it. Now that we have been at Ye Olde Institute for several years, we feel it our duty to clarify the deep misunderstanding on this matter which seems to be so prevalent amongst the general public. For that end, we are presenting the following unbiased picture of what life is really like here. It is hoped that this will afford a good defense against the cries of your home town, liberal arts friends.



One of the prize beefs is that there is no "spirit" at Tech. As a matter of fact, Techmen do not encourage the juvenile displays of so-called "College spirit" found at less sophisticated institutions. In its place is a more subtle feeling which perverts, . . . er, rather, pervades each and every one of us, and which is not to be found by a cursory examination.



At Tech, we pride ourselves on our personal and intellectual freedom. Activities sponsor their own parties, meetings and smokers without interference from any outside authority. Students here band together under this flag, and it is considered the lowest form of life to interfere in the affairs of others.



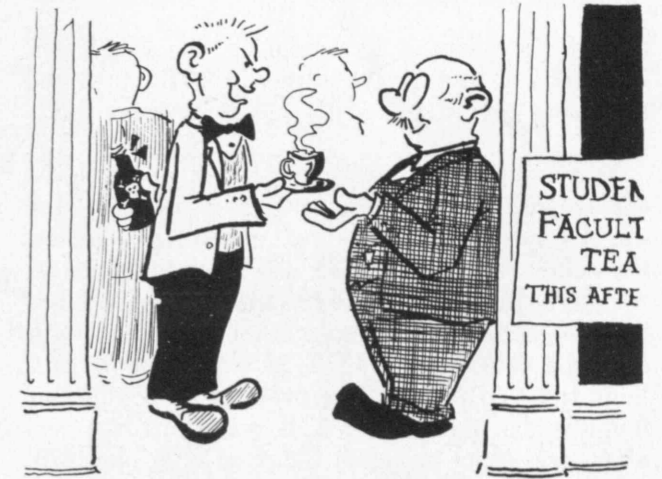
One of the most popular activities at Tech is sailing. Tech men are made to feel at home in our boats, and spend many enjoyable hours becoming proficient in even the minutest details of the art.



Far from frowning on mixed social activity, the founding fathers were farsighted enough to place MIT in an optimum location for it. Tech is within easy reach of several of the East's leading women's colleges, making it possible for the average Tech man to date girls from any one of these with the least expense.



Perhaps one of the most frequent forms of social activity here is the warm, informal bull session. No matter what your interests may be, you can always find a group of fellows who are willing to share your high spirits with you, and equally willing to cheer you when you are down. Many Techmen find this sort of gathering a daily ritual for clearing the mind of its burdens after a long, hard day in the classrooms, and for putting them in a fresh, clean, wholesome mood for tackling the next.



Some people say that MIT is a factory, where professors look down on the students as just another set of tools. Actually, however, students and faculty enjoy pleasant informal associations through the medium of student-faculty teas and other social gatherings. At these Techmen usually find the profs a rather jolly group, imbibed with the warm spirit of friendship.



Many people point to our campus and ridicule its industrial setting. Actually this is just one more of Tech's advantages. The air of industrial activity about Tech, fills our souls with driving inspiration to get the job done—fast. After a while a Techman feels lost without these fragrant mists settling into his soul, his lungs, and his white shirts.



MIT is located within easy reach of some of the most beautiful natural scenery in the East. Few things thrill a Tech man more than the sight of a beautiful autumn sunrise when the day's work is done.

... OR IS IT ?

Continued from page 11

tanced its warmest sympathiser, the Mid-Town Journal. It was at this time, in 1912, that the magazine moved to its present impressive quarters.

The new plant, sprawling over an acre of downtown Philadelphia, no doubt houses the world's purest collection of minds and bodies. Publisher Walter D. Filler affectionately calls it, "God's Little Acre." The physical equipment has likewise achieved enormous extent. Starting with a budget of \$5,000 in 1879, SEP works with millions today. However the problem of insufficient finances has not vanished. A good anti-vice sermon costs twice as much today as it did in 1879, and essays on moral philosophy have more than tripled in price. In addition, the new methods developed at Bryn Mawr demand copious supplies of expensive commodities and require the maintenance of large groups in the fields and golf courses. It became evident with the end of the last war, that a great strain would be placed on the financial strength of the Post, were not additional capital secured. As a result a fund raising campaign was started with the goal of twenty million dollars in nine months. Soon dollars were pouring in from all corners; in only five months the fund was over-subscribed. Contributions came from eight industrial firms,

strangely enough, in the malt and grain products fields. Countless unknown individuals contributed to the great cause. One anonymous donor, a fruit pedler in Boston's North End, switched a million dollar bequest from the Boston Public Library to SEP. Another decided not to build a new laboratory at a well known New England technical college, in order to contribute to this more worthy cause. The fight against the perverting influences of life in the American university and of modern literature was gradually being won.

The Saturday Evening Post does not remain aloof from the common everyday problems of our perplexing life. One evening a young couple was stranded on an isolated road with their car apparently inoperative. A stranger came along and the young man explained that he just couldn't make any progress in getting her warmed up to operating temperature; she always stalled, just when it seemed as if she was ready to go. He peered about the car and suggested that her block was frozen, calmly producing a pint of alcohol. Two other strangers approached, repeated the process, and offered the same cure. Chances are that they were right, for the three gentlemen were the originators of Project Bryn Mawr.

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Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

"That dress looks very well on you."

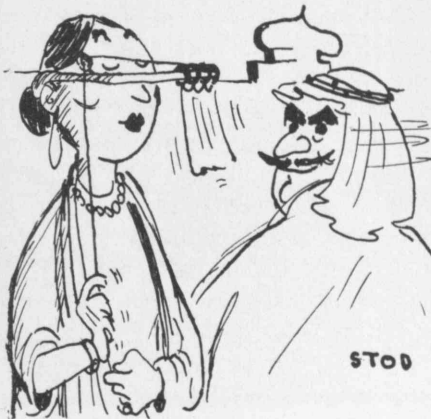
"Why of course it does. I was just made for this dress."

"You should have held out for a fur coat!"

Daddy Warbucks: "Mary, drinking makes you beautiful."

Apple Mary: "But Daddy, I don't drink."

Warbucks again: "I know, but I do."



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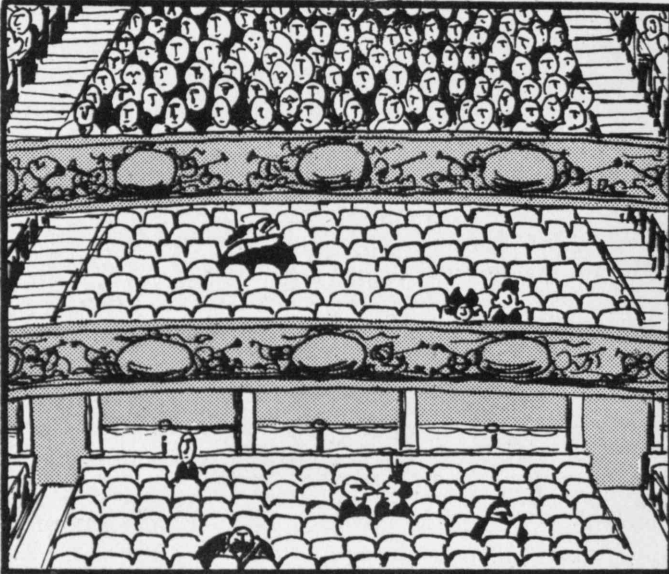
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The Play's the thing

Back in the days when a Spartan existence was the way people lived in Sparta, and when Helen of Troy was building up the fleet with the help of Max Factor, the solid citizens were wont to gather in amphitheaters (that's Yale Bowl on the half-shell) to witness the latest efforts of Sappho and Aristophanes. Later, in another nearby land, the Emperor Nero altered the plan slightly, by making the audience part of his gory productions in the colosseum. (This was the forerunner of Ted Mack.) But now, in this more civilized day and age, the order is reversed; instead of feeding the audience to the actors, the actors and the plays are fed to the audience and in addition a scoundrelly crew called the critics. The accompanying pictures are impressions of contemporary theater received by the gimlet-eyed bystander.



The Actor's View of the First Night Audience.

There is the usual first night type audience. The balconies are filled with tittering high school students, who will be the joy of Mudville tomorrow. The rest of the theatre is occupied by various visiting firemen. Most of these are married men from the National Ladies Unmentionables Convention, who are accompanied by a motley crew of unmarried young ladies. The men are nervously awaiting the end of the play, while their guests are playing their usual part, as they have on previous occasions. The remainder of the house is filled with the critics, who can be recognized by their ability to nod their heads attentively while sleeping in a sitting up position. At about half-way thru the third act, they will leave enmasse, assigning the unpleasant task of writing the review to a young assistant who is back at the office all during the performance.



The one, two or three character play: For fifteen minutes or so this play "sparkles with interest", but soon the novelty wears off. To keep interest alive, the producer has thoughtfully supplied the stage with a set huge enough to divert the attention of the audience for the remaining hour and fifteen minutes. As a last resort, several statues of scantily dressed women have been placed in the shadows of the stage. This keeps the men busy trying to find out if they are statues, or live girls, and keeps the women busy trying to keep the men interested in the tea-time chat on the stage proper. At the end of Act III, the statues come to life and parade around the stage, providing the most irrelevant, but spectacular ending in four years. This is not written into the play until after it leaves Boston.

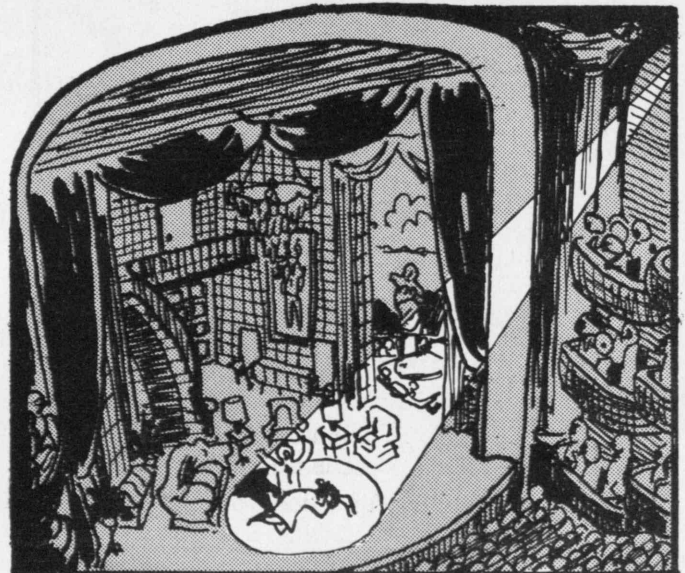


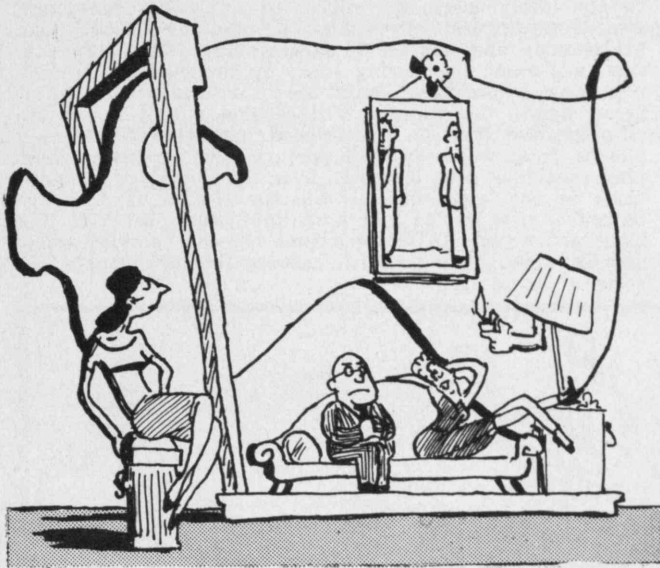
The Old Master: This playwright has written so many successful plays that anything he writes is guaranteed a two year run. He has a set style which he adopted in the early part of the century. However by ingeniously inserting subtle pokes at modern society he has kept abreast of the modern trend. For instance, the dialogue in the above scene goes:

He: Aha, me proud beauty, the mortgage is due!

She: Kill me if you will, but touch not a hair on the head of my old, invalid granny!

Notice the cunning way he infers that the banking business has been shot to Hell by socialism. Dig the Pathos.





Life in the Raw: This is realism at its finest. The play portrays a true to life, average American type situation. Steve is good, but Lola who is bad, has corrupted him with bath tub gin and narcotics. Steve is thinking about his faithful wife, Good Bella, who is standing in the doorway, (seen only by the stage-hands, to give the effect of secrecy to the audience). Soon Steve will take Lola into the back room, to read Voo Doo, but Good Bella, Faithful Bella, will do nothing, because she is so faithful. The local Gendarmes will raid the back room and confiscate the magazines, and take Bad Lola from Steve. Realizing that he can never clear his conscience of his crime against Bella, Steve commits suicide. Bella goes back to her evil step-mother in Poughkeepsie. The audience disagrees with Mr. Satre; *Life Can Be Beautiful.*



... and the Audience: On the left, two ultra-intellectuals from the Brattle Theatre (they sew costumes) who attend the theatre rarely since their interest in plays is purely for their literary value. During the intermission they smoke English Ovals and discuss T. S. Elliot. The gentleman in the background is boy genius Orsen Round. He has come to the play to fulfill a social obligation to the playwright, a dear old pal from their Burlesque days. After he reads the reviews he will decide whether or not to "discover" the new play.

Jean Paul Satre: For one and one-half hours these three people will sit in the same positions discussing philosophy, in the latest play of this famous surrealist. One is a Mexican half breed who is an authority on Confucius; another the president of Campbell Soup Company, and the third is a belly dancer who thinks she is a giraffe. They are in Hell and spend the entire play trying to decide whether it's worthwhile trying to find their way back to earth or not. They inevitably conclude that it is not, and thereby convince the audience that Hell would be better for Mr. Satre, providing they remain on earth. (This sort of play is usually performed at the Brattle theatre, rather than any in Boston.)

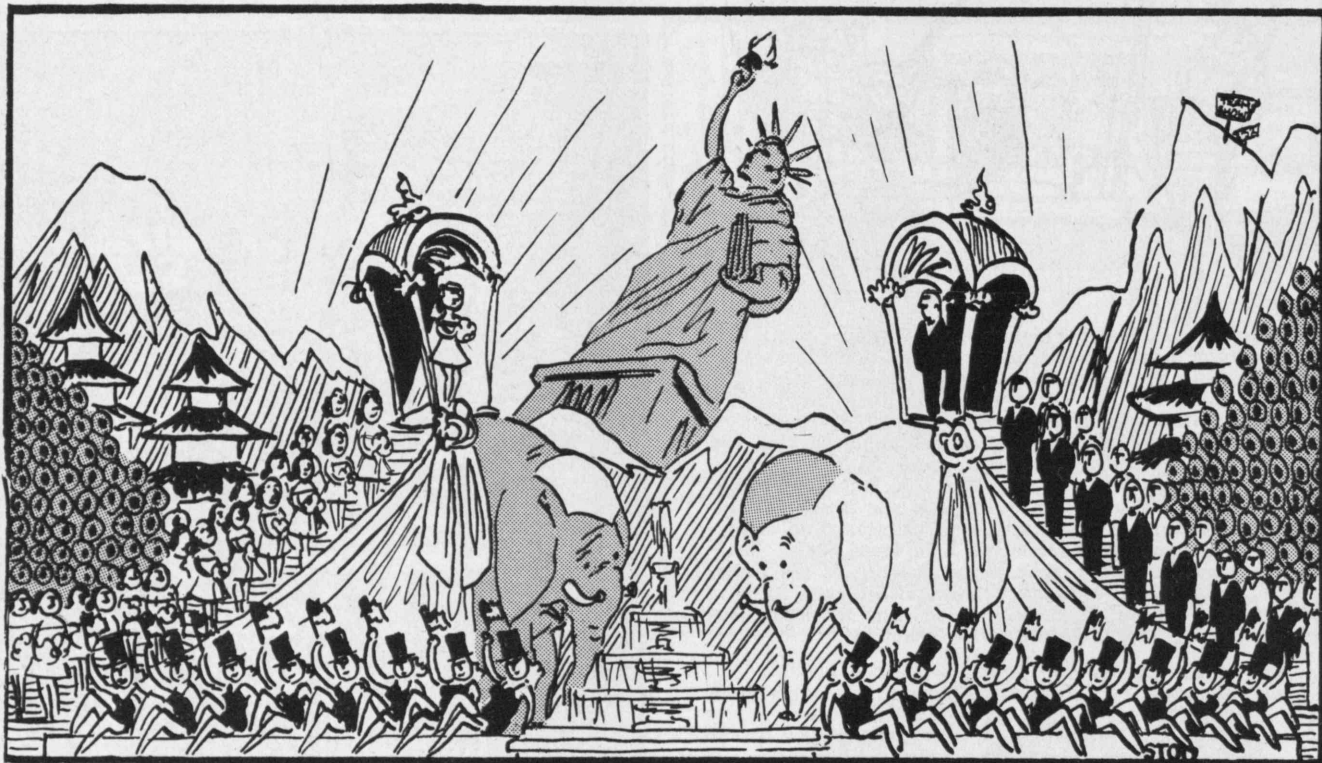


Please turn to next page

The Play's the thing

Continued

The grand old Musical-Comedy Finale: While twenty lovely mermaids splash in a pool of amethyst colored water, 200 voices sing the wedding march. The bridesmaids and ushers, 70 strong, enter from opposite sides and climb the flowing stairs up the sides of the elephants on whose backs stand the bride and groom. At a given signal, the minister will be shot out of a cannon off-stage and land on a concealed net between the elephants from which he will perform the ceremony. The play concludes with fireworks over the Himalayan mountains in the background, while the Statue of Liberty, bathed in red, white and blue light, rises between the bride and groom. In the meantime the chorus sings some anti-Communist song, which assures the new couple all sorts of prosperity.



Sedgewick: I understand you had to bury your wife the other day.

Watleywood: Had to, old man. Dead, you know "Mommy, Mommy," bawled the little girl. "Daddy just poisoned my kitty."

"Don't cry dear," replied the mother sympathetically. "Maybe he had to."

"No, he didn't," screamed the heartbroken child. "He promised me I could."

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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. Contest closes December 31, 1951. All entries must be postmarked prior to midnight that date to qualify. 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.

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