

# VOO DOO

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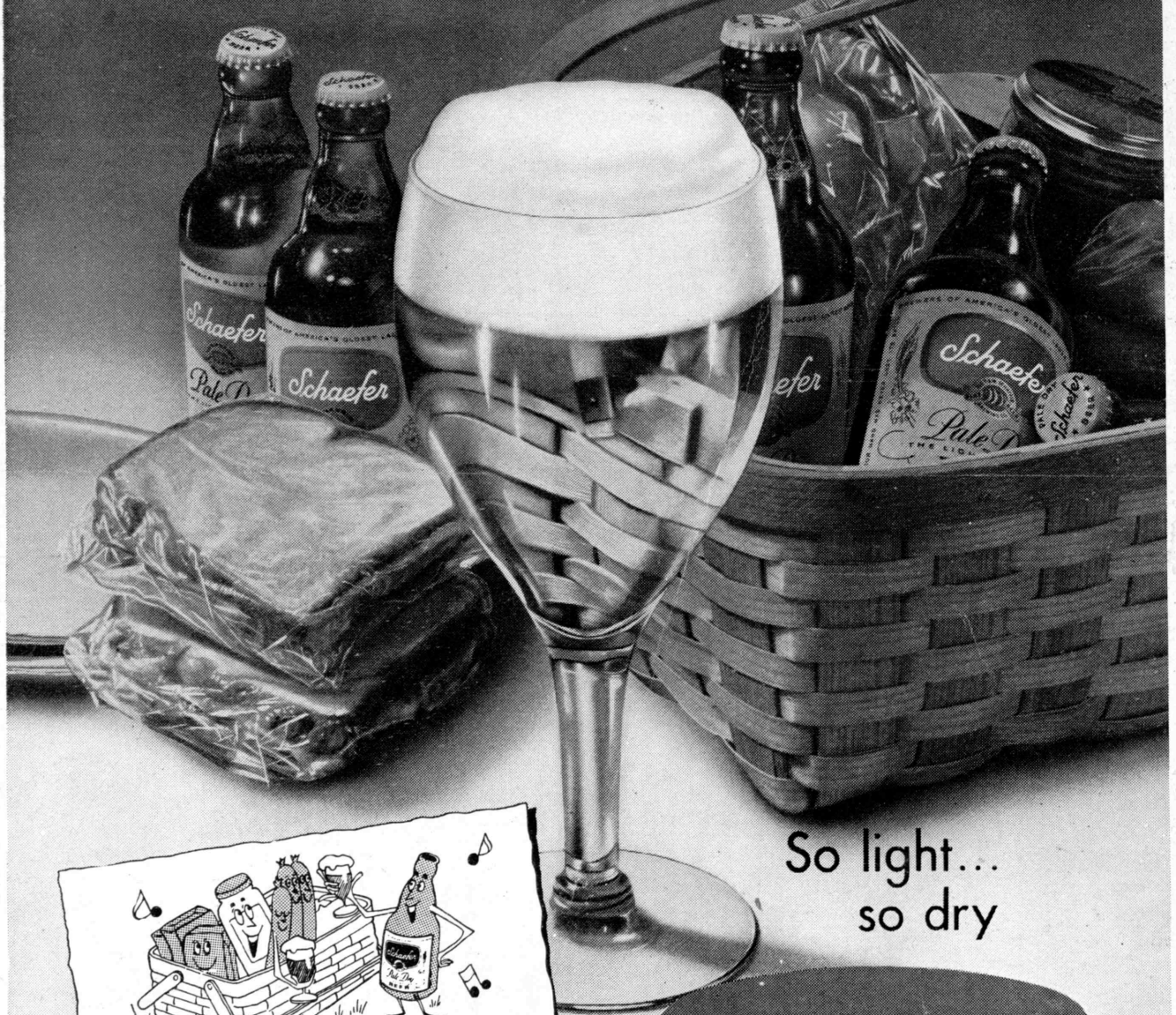
DOWN UPPINGHAM



OCT 51

J.R. PAULLING...

Make it clear ...  
make it Schaefer



When you plan your next Fall picnic,  
Don't forget this favorite treat:  
Take along some good, clear Schaefer-  
It's the beer that can't be beat.

**OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL**

So light...  
so dry

*Schaefer*

Every year about this same time somebody always gets stuck with the job of writing a "Welcome freshmen" editorial. It has happened so often that we would probably be better off just to reprint a past year's copy, but then I'm afraid nobody would read that either. Anyhow, Phos is P. O.'d because none of the freshmen (and few of the upper classmen) even know who or what he is. He's licking the bottom of my feet now trying to entice me to explain his position, so here it comes.

Phos is a scrawny black cat that we somehow picked up thirty years ago. He is an omnipresent creature usually found with beer dripping from his jowls. He's been drinking steadily so long he's practically a hydraulic system. Whenever he sets a can down he takes time out to give some worn out staff man a shot in the arm and thus spur him on with creative ability. Armed with such a mascot, VOO DOO, the staunch supporter of red blooded Americanism has continued prosperously through the years. We are indeed grateful to our feline friend.

The mention of red blooded Americanism reminds me of one of our more faithful staffmen (he was seen at all our parties) who has left the glorious Institute in search of higher education at the United States Military Academy. He is indoctrinated early in July and within one month he has demoralized the Point to the extent of having 90 cadets discharged for cribbing. Recent letters from him tell of his "continual parading around like a drunken monkey with a ramrod up its posterior for the edification of the American Public." Now I ask you, isn't patriotism touching?

Glancing down in the trash can I notice the first copy of THE TECH ran the following title: PRESIDENT KILLIAN HIGHLIGHTS FRESHMAN WEEKEND PROGRAM. Immediately underneath are two pictures, one an insert. The larger picture shows a group of freshmen toiling together over some undiscernable animate object. In the insert is a male dashing madly from the scene minus the prescribed clothing commonly worn below the belt. I wonder, perhaps the freshmen are carrying this thing too far. Oh well, Tech IS Hell!

Swany

*Phos is pleased to announce the appointment of Jerry Rothberg as Lit Editor, replacing Stan Benjamin, who has left for Kenyon College in search of Liberal Arts.*

*Phos would also like to express his grief over the sickness of Bob Hardy; we hope he recovers soon.*

*This month's cover hastily scrawled by Rembrandt Paulling.*

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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# DOING THE TOWN

As a special concession to the frosh, we will devote this month's column to those highlights among eating places which form the survival knowledge of the Techman.

First, chronologically as well as gastronomically, is Durgin-Park. Famous throughout the country as an eating place supreme, Durgin-Park is located in the heart of Boston's market district, Market Square. Situated across from Faneuil Hall it can be located by means of a battered blue flag with the name Durgin-Park on it which conveniently hangs outside the front door. Upstairs in a dingy atmosphere you will find some of the best food, and the most insolent service you have ever encountered. This is absolutely the worst place to practice the time-honored sport of waitress baiting, as the chances are you will end up with a face full of Indian pudding and the approval of the management. Aside from that the portions are huge and the prices reasonable. The 95 cent lunch is incomparable, and the onion soup is out of this world. At about 11:30 A.M. Saturday morning one might well be justified in taking down the blue flag and hanging up a Tech banner, as about 60% of the patrons will be Techmen. The atmosphere is extremely friendly and you will meet all sorts of interesting people. No one is truly a Techman who has not eaten there at least once.

While we are on the subject of food in prodigious quantities, we can't forget Jack and

Marion's Restaurant. Located at 299 Harvard Street, near Coolidge Corner, this imposing establishment is well known to most Techmen as the home of Sky-scraper sandwiches and other equally exotic, purely American delicacies. Actually, the establishment is a super glorified delicatessen so don't expect too much in the way of atmosphere. Service is fast, prices cover the whole range, with a top of three bucks for the custom made Sky-scraper, and if you can order, consume, and pay for one of these creations, you might even get your name engraved on the honor roll.

A good place to take a girl with a big appetite, if you think she is worth it, is Boraschi's Restaurant at 27 Eliot Street in Boston. To get there walk down Tremont about three streets past the Metropolitan Theater, turn left on Eliot, and look down at the sidewalk—Boraschi's is below street level.

For atmosphere do your eating in the Patio Room, whose stone walls and general atmosphere remind one of the setting for a European revolution.

The service is good, and the food is excellent. There might also be a pianist, but this is not certain. The prices are about the same as at Durgin-Park.

By the way, the food is prepared in the Italian manner, in case you might want to know.

Among the best places to eat Chinese food are Yee Hong Guey's at 34 Oxford Street and Wah Yuen's at 20½ Tyler Street, both of these addresses

being in the Chinese district off Washington Street. Both of these places are rather crowded during the usual supper hours, but the food is well worth the wait.

At Yee Hong Guey's one is given menus and American utensils, though chopsticks are available. The meal includes the usual rice, tea, etc., and for dessert there is a candy which seems to be made of bird seeds and marmalade. After taking the bird's nest for their soup, the Chinese seem to have taken his food also. This suggests a possible derivation of the marmalade.

Wah Yuen's is a bit superior in atmosphere, but the place is also very crowded. Here one is not given a menu. If you have no friends to help you, the proprietor will try to tell you what he has to offer, but his descriptions are not very vivid. It is usually all right to just take whatever

is brought to you.

Chopsticks are put on the table, and knives and forks may be had on request. After about fifteen minutes practice, however, one becomes agile enough with the chopsticks to get a little food into his mouth.

Prices at both restaurants are quite reasonable.

#### GLUT



The mayor of Reno states that the new liquor laws must be enforced. He said that a city ordinance states that no saloon shall be located nearer than 300 feet from a church. He is giving the violators three days in which to remove the church.

—Urchin



As one girl explains it: "He's tall, dark, and hands."

"Mother, remember what you told me about the shortest way to a man's heart?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, last night I found a new route."



"F-e-e-t, what does that spell?"

Johnny did not know.

"What is it the cow has four of and I have only two?" persisted the teacher.

The commotion which resulted when Johnny gave his answer broke up the class and left the teacher a nervous wreck.



Then there was the high-salaried Hollywood director who was always trying to make a little extra.

—Yale Record

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# Letters to the Editor



Maurie Davidson  
Managing Editor  
Voo Doo

Dear Sir or Madam as the case may be:

I have always been an admirer of your fine magazine, but recently I became aware of the serf-like conditions under which you force your staff members to work. Being a sensitive soul, I object to this. Many is the day when I have gone past Walker only to see these poor wretched beings toiling away, laboriously carrying those rectangular cardboard boxes (I imagine they are filled with stationery and printing paper) up the long flights of stairs to their hovel. I also have been informed that their porridge ration has been cut to two cans a day. We the sensitive and artistic will not tolerate this.

Carl A. Shiffman  
Features Editor  
Voo Doo

P.S. No, no, Maurie. Anything but the whip.

Carl Shiffman  
Ex-Features Editor  
Voo Doo  
Anything??

—Ye Ed.

P.P.S. The Whip!

In response to a letter sent by Voo Doo reading:

Dear Thief:

*We are reputed to be a broad-minded magazine. However—we cannot bring ourselves to see the humor of plagerism, a vice that has been all too rampant lately . . .*

*Let us all live by a more golden rule. Amen!*

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

Our heads are hung with shame, if that is any comfort. Hereafter, we shall see to it that all items taken from the Voo Doo are given honor and glory of your school. Feel better?

—Editor "El Burro"  
(Texas Western)

Sir:

*You are a gentleman and a scholar and a drinker of fine whiskey; and there's damn few of us left.*

—Ye Ed.



Gentlemen:

Let's face it! Life is a lot more pleasant with Voo Doo coming each month. So here's my two bucks. By the way, this is, in my opinion, the second best way of spending two dollars in this country.

Sincerely,  
Herbie Schloo  
Bucknell University

*Yeah, what's that in Pesos?*

—Ye Ed.



Dear Editor:

The cover of your May issue implied that graduated Tech men are being drafted. You must be joking, as such a thing would interrupt my career.

—Anxious Senior

*Thanks for the compliment, Sonny, but we weren't joking. Don't worry though, the army has a Korea for you.*

—Ye Editor

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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most complete Liquor Stock in Boston

LET US HELP PLAN YOUR PARTY

Professor: "I will not begin this lecture until the room settles down."

Student: "Go home and sleep it off."

—Syracusan



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

—Pup



Papa Bear (in a gruff voice): "Who stole my beer?"

Mama Bear: "Who stole my beer?"

Baby Bear: "Hic!"

—Spectator



Bridegroom: "I thee endow with all my worldly goods."

His Father: "There goes his bicycle."



A small boy was hurrying to school, and as he hurried, he prayed, "Dear God, don't let me be late. Please don't let me be late." Suddenly he stumbled and said, "You don't have to shove!"

"A boy's best friend  
is his mother..."



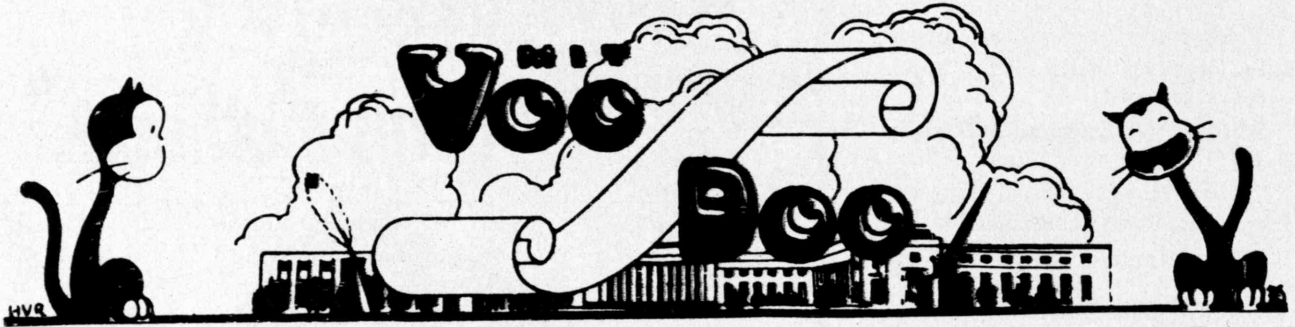
cobean

but Cigars are  
a Man's Smoke!



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

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.



An undergrad from one of Boston's greener suburbs lives next door to a fairly well-known M.I.T professor, and a short time ago he observed an interesting incident in the professor's home. The Techman swears that the story is true.

It seems that a squirrel snuck into the house, and the professor was having a tough time chasing the creature out. Finally the learned man went next door and asked the undergrad to lend a bit of assistance. The student was stationed in the doorway with a broom and was to shoo the squirrel outside if it came within reach. The professor then started the hunt. The squirrel ran all over the ground floor—into the kitchen, around the dining-room table, and finally ran upstairs with the professor charging in pursuit. For the next few moments the Techman standing in the doorway could

see nothing, but he could hear the professor stomping around and cursing. At last the squirrel raced down the stairs and stopped at the bottom, too frightened and confused to know which way to turn. The professor stood angrily at the top of the stairs and shouted, "To the left, dammit, to the left!"

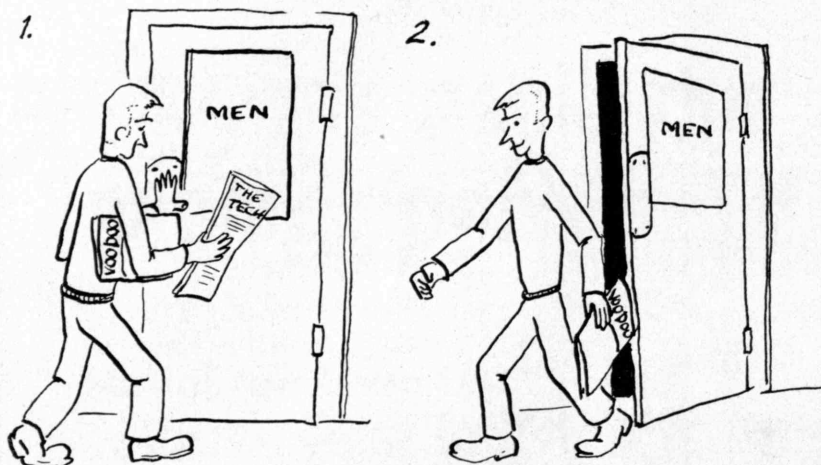
Some of the students hereabouts crack up in the worst way by the time they are seniors. One we heard of was working in a small lab located off a larger one. The interconnecting door has a mirror on the back and is usually left ajar so that the mirror faces into the smaller room. This character was working in the smaller room with his back to the door when he heard someone come into the other lab. Turning around and walking towards the door he saw some strange person approaching.

"Hell," he said, "who's this jerk coming in to bother me now?" He was looking into the mirror.

Our illustrious Lit Editor fancies himself to be quite a poet, and a discerning one at that. Just before the summer began he blew his stack in the direction of those poets who write deep disconnected philosophical poetry which is supposed to contain all sorts of meaning. As a protest he wrote "Giegenspiel In Vacuo", which was patterned after this peeve of his and which contained no hidden meaning. Three weeks later, to his disgust, he found meaning in it; and hasn't been the same since. We offer the same cure to anyone who will read through to the poetry section in this issue.

It is pleasing to note that frosh-soph rivalry is as strong as ever and accompanied by the usual interesting sidelights. There was one freshman who locked himself in his closet to escape the returning sophs, who had previously dragged away his roommate. The poor fool, however, had left the key on the dresser. When last heard from he was trying to fight his way out of the shower room.

Two sophomores locked themselves in their rooms and attached a spark coil to the door knob. This device managed to keep off the freshmen, but it is advisable in such cases to have another line of defense, since



ENJAY



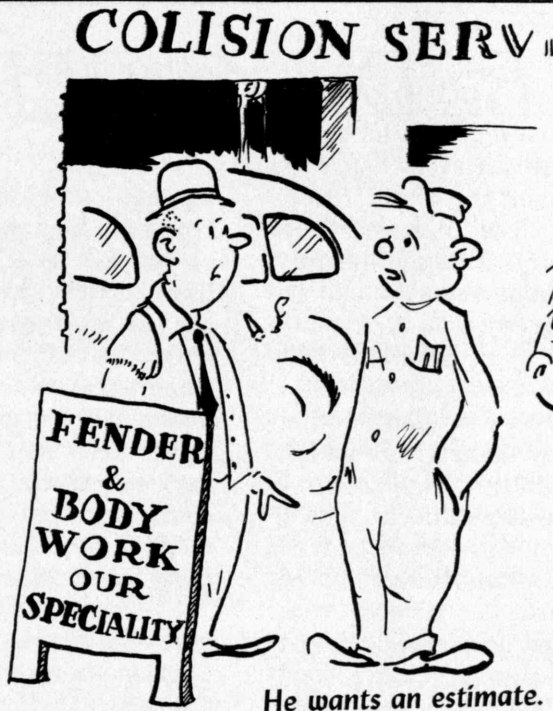
angers are liable to be aroused at such tactics.

There has also been a lot of activity in the quadrangle between the Hayden and Bemis Units. For several nights gangs of freshmen have been roaming around looking for unprotected sophs. One night there was a shout, "Hey, frosh! I've got a sophomore. Give me help!" Several freshmen ran over to help drag the sophomore to a waiting car. The sophomore struggled, and two of the frosh jumped into the car to help hold him down. The car zoomed away . . . everyone but the helpful freshmen was in reality a sophomore.

This same procedure occurred several times and the freshmen never caught on.

Since the senior class is the official god-father of the sophomore class, we who have spent four long years perfecting the art of froshnapping feel that we are obligated to pass on at least part of our immense store of knowledge in this field. As a result we have passed along the anecdotes appearing elsewhere on these pages and hereby pass along part of our tried and tested list of "Where to take them" places.

1. Lake Massapoag; a shady little nook hidden in the wilds of Sharon, Mass. Totally confusing, and about 20 miles at best from



the Institute.

2. Quabbin Reservoir. Located about fifty miles from Boston. The murky hole is over-run with a series of crisscrossing dirt causeways. Reserved for the real bastards; be careful you don't get lost yourself.

3. The Blue Hills. Good by themselves and about 12 miles. For extra effect there is a place called Indian Head which consists of a large log lookout tower hidden in the woods. Stick him on top of that and you'll probably be arraigned for manslaughter.

4. San Francisco. Quaint, pic-

turesque, somewhat hilly. About 3000 miles.

5. Moon Island. About 10 miles out in the Harbor. City garbage dump. His best friend won't have to tell him.

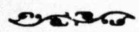
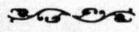
6. Lake Street Reservoir. Very close, about 7 miles, right near main highways and street-car lines. Don't be fooled, this place is deceptively tricky.

●—●—●  
"These are my grandmother's ashes."

"Oh, so the poor old soul has passed on?"

"No. She's just too lazy to look for an ash tray."

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# THE DAY BEFORE

By Frank J. Leeds

## The End:

It was very quiet all around the world. There wasn't even the shrill cry of a badgered Tech student. The earth spun on its axis and silently followed its age old path around the sun.

## The Story:

Students were dozing off as usual in the 5.60 lecture (physical chemistry) when the professor made a loud noise and proceeded to plot another curve. This was to show why things were as hot as they were . . . as if I didn't know. The curve had an interesting shape which reminded me of a certain anatomical feature of the human body. I shifted my position to get a better view and gazed at the blackboard. The board was covered with symbols, that when analyzed, explained that it was because molecules were moving, that a body had a certain temperature . . . and that is really getting basic.

I felt a cold chill on my back and saw that the rear wall of the lecture hall was becoming covered with ice. The professor almost swallowed his cigarette and the whole class gaped at the wall. The ice slowly began to melt and as it . . . drip . . . drip . . . dripped down the steps to the lecture table, the lecturer continued. I guess if the roof caved in, as soon as the blackboard was cleared, the class would go on.

That was the first evidence that something was wrong. Nothing ever happened again at Tech, or for that matter, at any other university or laboratory. The man on the street was going to get the works . . . the coldest shoulder ever seen in history.

The following day, one of the students received a letter from a friend in New York City. His friend had plans for a date one evening and this was going to be it . . . the night he had waited for . . . (It continued with details you no doubt can fill in yourselves.) He continued . . . Hopping into the shower before dinner that evening, he turned on the water and began to wash. What he imagines to be about two minutes later, the water suddenly stopped. He tried to step out of the shower and found that he couldn't. The water which had been coming from the shower had frozen solid and he couldn't move. He smashed a few icicles, but as soon as one was broken, water poured down and froze into another icicle to replace the broken one. Finally, he gave up and decided to wait until the ice melted and leaned back

against a sheet of ice and dozed off . . . With a not too sharp Bump, he awoke to find himself sitting on the bottom of the tub with the shower sprinkling merrily down on his face. He jumped out of the tub and went straight to the nearest clock. It was . . . Yes! You guessed it . . . past the time when he was supposed to meet . . . her. A frantic phone call brought no results and a hurried trip to her apartment brought catastrophic news. The rest cannot be written out of kindness to this dear, forgotten friend. He has passed over that fine line that divides those that live in this world from those that live in their own worlds . . .

Everyone laughingly said it couldn't happen here . . . they hoped.

From then on, little things kept appearing in the newspapers, like an iceberg was sighted off Bermuda and an ocean of steam was seen just south of the North Pole.

The worst part was the changes in the weather. First one hemisphere and then the next would be subjected to below-freezing temperatures. It extended from the equator to the poles. The poles were a little colder than usual, but the main shock was felt in the tropical countries which had never before experienced such weather.

By now the whole world was alarmed. Russia was blaming the United States, and the United States was denying it. The representatives in the United Nations were colder than usual, but the squabbling finally stopped when the cold spells became more severe and it was confirmed that all countries were receiving the same weather and its accompanying difficulties.

Soon after preliminary discussions were held, a mass meeting of all the major scientists in the world was held. Nothing much could be decided and committees were formed to study different aspects of the situation more closely. All the research labs were running night and day. There wasn't any unemployment for anyone who knew the difference between a test tube and a pencil, and could write his name . . . not necessarily legibly.

Unfortunately, a meeting was never held to discuss the results of all this research. The final cold came two days before the meeting. The earth cooled off. The temperature of the whole earth approached absolute zero. Billions of people were frozen in their tracks . . . metallic parts shrank

... guns stopped firing ... autos came to a halt, and in ten minutes the earth was just another cold, lifeless body in the cosmos.

### The Beginning:

With a loud rapping of the gavel, the meeting came to order. The delegate from the solar system arose to speak.

"Earth is the last outpost in the solar system where we are not represented. I feel that now is the time to get down to business. Let's forget about the animate objects on earth and start thinking about ourselves. We were left alone for centuries and now one of the more obnoxious species is beginning to tamper around and making life difficult for billions of our own kind. Let's act now. I call for a vote ... All in favor say "Aye"!"

The hall resounded with a great chorus of Ayes! My job was well done.

I got together with the Organizing Committee and made plans for all earth to join the Interstellar Union of Organized Molecules.

"Gentlemen organizers; All we will ask for is a six day week, which is reasonable, and certain rights as to our own personal privacy. Experimentation is awfully hard on us. And remember ... there will be no backing down. If our demands aren't met, we must strike! No molecular action until our demands are met!!! We are in a position to make it really 'cold' for them!"



Mountain girl: "Doctah, Ah cum to see y'all about ma Grandmaw. We gotta do somethin' 'bout her smokin'."

Doctor: "Oh now Elviry, don't you worry about that. Lots of women smoke."

Elviry: "Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw inhales."

Doctor: "I still wouldn't fret. Lots of women inhale."

Elviry: "Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw don't exhale."



—The Yale Record

A traveling salesman asked a farmer for the use of his toilet, and the farmer directed him to an outhouse. When the salesman had not returned after two hours, the farmer went to look for him. He found the salesman digging around in the cesspool with a long pole. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"My jacket fell in," was the reply.

"But you'll never be able to wear it again if you get it out."

"I know," was the reply, "But my lunch is in the pocket."

A young Teasipper was fleecing his old man by telling him he had acquired a talking dog. As the dog became more learned, the son wrote home for more and more money to further his education. Finally, the boy asked for a thousand dollars so the dog could learn French.

Soon the proud father announced he was coming to see this amazing animal and the student in desperation shot Rover and went to meet his dad at the station.

"Well, son, where's the dog?"

"Father, I don't know how to tell you this, but I had to kill him. You see, this morning as I was shaving, he looked up from the Austin-American and said, 'Is your father still playing around with the French maid?'"

"My word, are you sure he's dead?"

—Phooie



Discussing his tennis game with a friend, a stout little dumpling of a man explained it this way: "When my opponent hits the ball to me my brain immediately barks out a command to my body: 'Race up to the net,' it says, 'slam a blistering drive to the corner of the court, jump back into position to return the next volley'."

"Then what?" asked his friend.

"Then," sighed the stout little man, "my body says, 'Who—me?'"

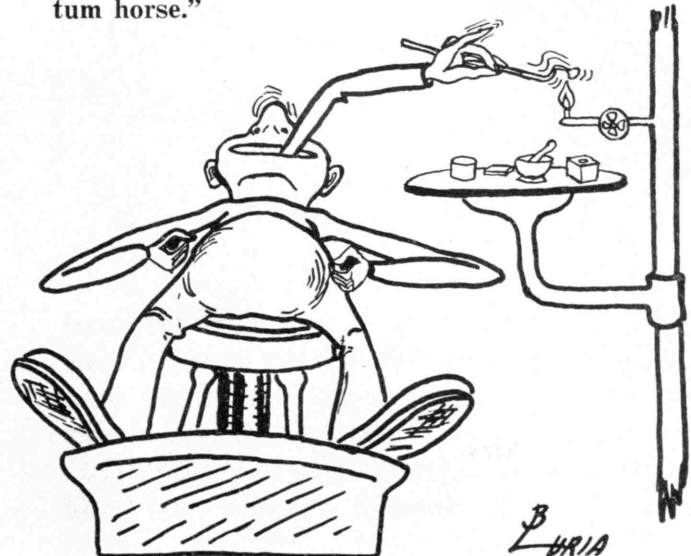


—Turn-Out

A forest ranger in Arizona frequently saw an Indian chief riding his horse up the canyon trail, his wife trudging along behind him.

"Why is it?" the ranger asked one day, "that you always ride and your wife walks?"

"Because," was the solemn reply, "she no got-tum horse."



# Peter and the Krepotkin

Not too long ago, in a tiny country that lies just the other side of Manchuria, before you get to France, lived a little boy named PETER.

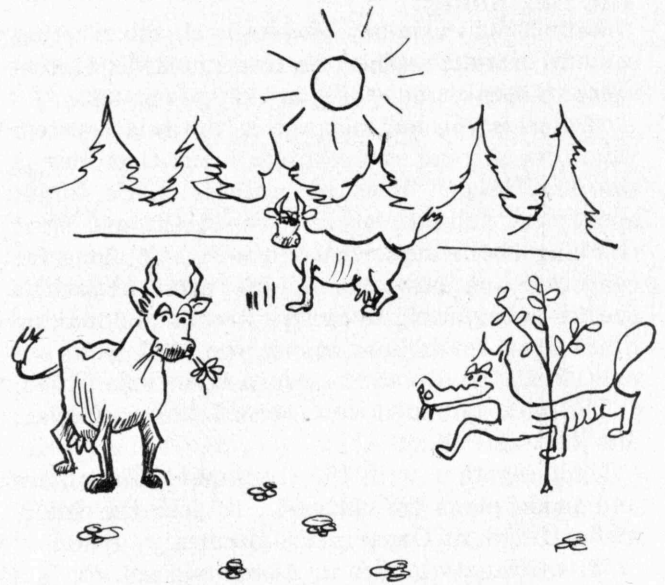
PETER lived on a community farm with all the other workers, and he tended to the cattle. One night a terrible thing happened. Very late, when everybody was asleep, a huge, grey WOLF, with great sharp fangs crept out of the forest and killed one half the herd of COWS. In the morning the people were so frightened they locked up the other COW in the barn and sent someone to the district COMMISSAR.

"Aha!" said the COMMISSAR, "I will issue a proclamation!"

And so he did, and everybody was very excited, for the COMMISSAR, who was always very poor at spelling, had spelled "WOLF" incorrectly. He spelled it "KREPOTKIN!"



At the end of a week everyone was tired and sad, and the COW, having been kept out of the pasture for a week, was dryer than a Tolstoy novel. They had disguised the COW as an OUTHOUSE to fool the WOLF, but she still clomped around and said "Moo", so it was very discouraging.



Someone said, "Yes, but what's a KREPOTKIN?"

"Aha!" they cried in unison, "A decadent, Burgeois Capitalist! He questions our COMMISSAR!"

So the Man, confronted by four hundred of his comrades, confessed to his error, and, shouting, "To the woods! To the woods!" led them off to catch the KREPOTKIN.

All day long they searched and all night they hunted for the KREPOTKIN. One man caught a SPARROW, but after all a SPARROW is not a KREPOTKIN and so there was no reward, so he hid it and took it home for Sunday dinner.



But wait. What's this. Someone is shouting. Now everybody is shouting. PETER has caught the KREPOTKIN. PETER has caught the KREPOTKIN!

The crowd rushed to the COMMISSAR'S office, and just as the COMMISSAR appeared, down the street came PETER, triumphantly tugging at the end of a long rope. And at the other end was . . . NOTHING AT ALL!

"PETER has caught the KREPOTKIN,"



"Ohhhhhhh, KREPOTKIN!" the COMMISSAR cried, "of course. Worry good. PETER gets REWARDSKI," and he quick ran out to the back yard, looked into the garbage can, and ran back with a wary prashuss used lemon rind. This he gave to PETER and PETER handed him the rope. Then the crowd cheered and trudged home.

That night the people had a great celebration, while two men went out and caught the WOLF, and then they cooked the WOLF and had a big BALALAIKA and the COMMISSAR wasn't invited.

Stan Benjamin



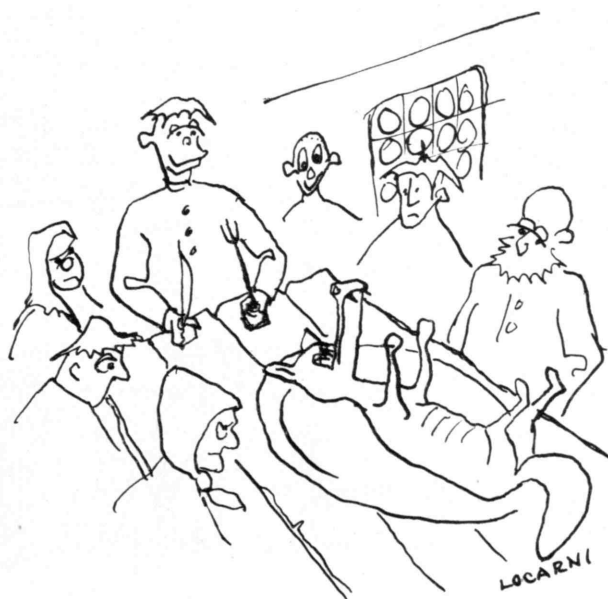
the villagers shouted, "Give him the reward!"

"KREPOTKIN?" the COMMISSAR said, and he blinked.

The deputy hurried up with a poster and held it up to the COMMISSAR. The crowd grew silent.

"PROKLAMATIONOVITCH," read the COMMISSAR, "FOR . . . THE . . . CAP . . . SHOOR . . . O . . . OF . . . F . . . DAN . . . GER . . . OWSS . . . krepotkin?"

The deputy nodded.



# De Gustibus Non Est Disputandum

By "HANDS"

This past summer I had the amazingly good fortune of being offered a round trip to the Belgian Congo. I accepted the invitation, of course, for I had never seen the Congo, and the trip would also afford an opportunity to do a bit of the hunting for which the region is renown.

Immediately upon my arrival in B——, I set out for the jungle. My companions were all natives—a Zulu guide called Manawon and twelve Zulu carriers. Manawon gave promise of being an excellent associate, for he could play a damn good game of canasta and was an authority on T. S. Eliot.

The object of my safari was the killing of a yurga, which any reliable dictionary defines as the Afghan yabu. Being native to Afghanistan, the yurga would undoubtedly be difficult to locate in the Belgian Congo, thereby enhancing the element of suspense. The animal was all the more ideal as the object of my hunt because I had left my cartridges in the United States.

After trekking for several days deep into the sticky, densely matted vegetation, the intense heat and my continual struggle against the pertinaceous tse-tse flies finally overcame me, and I fell into a coma. Manawon, seeing that I would be useless as a companion and being by nature a pessimist, took the twelve carriers and left me in my tent to die.

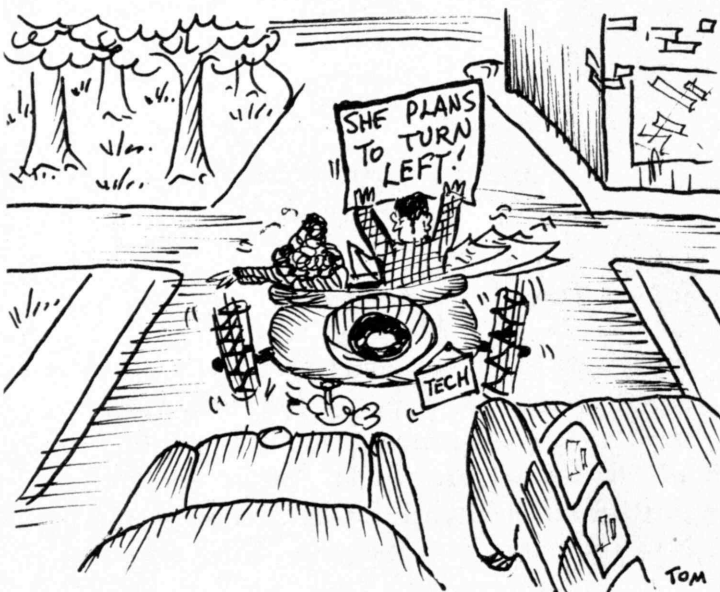
Sometime later, I do not know exactly how long, I was awakened by a moist rag gently applied to my forehead. Imagine my surprise at finding my benefactor to be an American! It seems that he was walking by and thought he might be of assistance. I did not think it proper to inquire as to why he was in the region in the first place.

My new found friend spent several days with me, and in the course of this time he told me a little of his life. He was a Mississippi gambler from down Louisiana way, and one night, after settling back in a rickety camp chair to smoke one of my imported Cuban cigars, and while punctuating his remarks with the rattle of a more than slightly chipped roulette wheel, which he carried with him, he related the tale of how he once won a penguin. Yes, I said penguin. It was really quite a simple, straightforward story, and I will be short also.

Back on the Mississippi on the South-bound trip of a paddle wheel steamboat, my friend found time resting heavily upon him. The ship was two days into a typhoon, and the weather being too inclement to permit one's playing deck tennis, all that was left to play was "heaving over the side." The Mississippi gambler eventually gathered together forty-two of his friends to play the little card game of "fish," with which game I am sure the reader is familiar. Stakes ran high, and one by one the players dropped out till only two men were left in the game, my friend and "Dangerous Harry Smith." These two men were the most notorious of the Mississippi rovers, and a showdown between them was overdue.

The atmosphere was one of intense concentration. Harry bid ten gold pieces and called queens. "Fish" sneered the man from Louisiana, and he raised the ante by fourteen pieces of eight.

Hours and hours the play went on, the advantage teetering from one man to the other. At last the play was down to four cards, my friend holding three jacks and his opponent one jack. It was Harry's turn. Harry arched his eyebrows. "Now that we are so near the end of the game, let us make the stakes interesting. How about placing the Louisiana Purchase, which I happen to know you own against a penguin which is in my possession now?" Not being one who was easily bluffed,



my friend agreed. Harry, in a fit of hysterical laughter, called sevens. Sevens! My gosh, what had he done! "Jacks" spit out my Mississippi gambler and won the game.

Next morning my friend found a large box before his cabin door. Harry, gentleman that he was, had delivered the penguin. Eagerly my friend opened the box and found lying in a corner a magnificent specimen of penguinity—a snow-white dicky upon ebony black, and a truly intelligent and soulful expression. The penguin, however, was dead. My friend was a bit peeved, but that the creature was dead was not so disturbing as the fact that it was also pregnant.

"Ah, well," mused the gambler rising from his stool, "there is no accounting for taste," and he flicked his cigar butt through the open tent flap.



A German, an American and a Mohammedan soldier had been lost in the desert for several weeks when they came upon a beautiful, but naked, woman. There was an American flag tattooed on her arm, so the American exclaimed, "By the great American flag, I claim her."

Closer inspection revealed a swastika tattooed on her breast, and the German shouted, "By the sign of the Third Reich, I claim her."

The Mohammedan concluded the argument with, "By the beard of the prophet, she's mine."



The taxi driver was lurching in and out of traffic, running lights, driving at a terrific rate of speed. The worried passenger asked him to be a little more careful.

"Oh, don't worry," said the driver, "I was overseas in the last war and didn't get a scratch."

The passenger, a vet himself, was interested. "That so?" he said, "What outfit were you in?"

"Wasn't with no outfit. I was a mental case."

—Pelican



Rooster: "I get awful tired of chicken all the time."



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# The moving finger writes . . .

## League of Nations

"A girl a day keeps  
the boogey-man away"  
—that's what he said,  
the man with the derby hat,  
the man with the rye-red face.

"And two girls a day,  
well, you can figure  
that for yourself"  
—he's quite right,  
the man with the blue-veined hands,  
the man with the fuzz-haired head.

"Therefore," with a clear throat,  
"two thousand girls a day  
would keep the Koreans away,  
and we could stay in bed.  
But then, with two thousand  
a day away, why stay in bed?  
Bah, philosophy hurts my head!"

Gerald Rothberg

## Giegenspiel in Vacuo

### I

The Limpopo River flows  
nine-hundred ninety-five miles to the Indian  
Ocean.

Limuloid Giegenspiel slithers from the ooze,  
sees his shadow, and disintegrates.  
Ah, bad weather in the Transvaal  
for another million years,  
or is it a billion years?  
No matter, Pretoria won't mind.  
The pretorians won't mind—Long live Caesar!  
Julius tosses dice across the Rubicon  
and empire is born.  
Sic semper Giegenspiel!

### II

The people mourn, the people mourn.  
Glace in a glass—how gauche!  
Globuriferous Giegenspiel shall hear of this.  
Soporiferous public weal is dear to us.  
Roll Giegenspiel to the meeting!  
The Fourth Annual Vernal Nocturnal  
International International convenes.  
The King will deliver the opening somniloquy.

The River Tyne flows  
eighty miles to the North Sea,  
And Giegenspiel, floating on his back,  
paddles to paradise.

Gerald Rothberg

## dt

From now till dusk  
I surely must  
find  
(although  
it's awfully late)  
a certain  
infinitesimal:  
for, thought-less  
is lifeless  
(smile, Rene!)  
but each thought-full moment  
is a hellish nightmare  
of guilt  
over plans and dreams  
washed away like silt.

So  
from now 'till dusk  
search I must  
for an instant  
of peace with life,  
for that  
little, non-existent  
zero.

Burton Wendroff

## LEAFY LOVE

Love,  
a leaf.  
A leaf that loves  
torn from its tree  
by a wind that shoves—  
A spiral twist,  
unhh: its out—  
(but the pain  
for an instant  
tearing, searing, slicing  
seems horribly constant,  
then  
evanesces)  
and finally free  
gently,  
softly,  
silently,  
slowly  
floats,  
settles,  
stops.

Burton Wendroff

. . . and having writ moves on.



Said the lisping shoe salesman to the lady customer, "Thit down please, while I look up your thize."



A friend of mine took a blind date to a carnival. They went for a ride on the merry-go-round. The ride completed, she seemed kinda bored. "Now what would you like to do?" he asked. "I'd like to be weighed," she replied. So he took her over to the weight guesser. "107," the man said—and he was absolutely right.

Then they rode on the whip, after which he again asked her what she would like to do. "I wanna get weighed," was again her answer.

"There's a screw loose here somewhere," thought my friend, so he took the babe on back home even if it wasn't yet ten o'clock.

The gal's mother, noting that she was home unusually early, said to her, "What's the matter, Dear? Didn't you have a good time?"

"Wousy," came back the answer.



A drunk walked up to the bar and asked for two beers. The bartender watched him closely as he walked into the men's washroom with the beer. A few minutes later the drunk came out of the washroom and ordered two more beers. Again the bartender watched as the drunk went into the washroom. After this occurred three times, the bartender could control his curiosity no longer, and so he asked the drunk why he was taking the beer into the washroom. The drunk said that he was pouring it down the toilet. This puzzled the bartender, and so he asked why on earth was he doing this? The drunk replied firmly, "I'm just damned tired of being a middle man."

—Rivet



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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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# THE ALEWOOD THEORY OF ENTROPY

Harold Kaplan



The history of science is mostly filled with stories of scientists' theories, and how they were conceived and either proved or disproved. Some theories have become established cornerstones of our science. Others, although at first they looked promising, have been junked. Take, for instance, the Alewood theory of entropy.

I was shovelling away at my E 11 assignment early in the evening when my room phone rang.

"Hello, who is it?" I asked.

"This is Alewood. Say, how do you do number four in the physics homework?"

"You just plug in the formula," I explained. "You know, alpha equals one-half omega r squared."

"I tried that already, but I got a different answer from the book's."

"That's funny; I got it. How did you solve it?"

"I said let p equal fourteen z, so then gamma minus two pi equals the sine of theta; then . . ."

"I'm lost; I'll be right up."

Alewood's room is four floors up, so I was panting when I got there. Alewood opened the door half an inch and then quickly pulled me inside from the damp hall.

"Water fight going on," he explained. "So far it's just been water pistols, but that bumping sound is Hopterde getting his fire pump out of the closet. Well, let's get to work. Everything's on the desk."

I sat down at the desk on a rickety chair and began to look over Alewood's work. His method of solving a problem was to consider a more general problem of which the original problem was only a special case. He had tried to solve this particular problem, which involved circular motion, by considering elliptical motion. It was an awful mess, and he had got a wrong answer. I told him so.

Before he could reply, however, the air was filled with a high-pitched female shriek. We looked at each other, and then ran to the door and jerked it open. Water was shooting from almost every door in the corridor. The thin spurts of water pistols, the fierce streams of "snakes", and the gushing fountain of Hopterde's pump were all aimed with M.I.T. accuracy at two dripping figures standing in the hall.

"It's Stulter and his girl," said Alewood. "Hey Stulter, come on in here! Doncha know enough to come out of the rain? Bring her, too."

The two rushed in, and we closed the door and dogged it shut. It was Stulter all right, but it wasn't his regular girl. This one looked something like Boccaccio's character Nuta. Besides, she was dripping wet, which is rather unbecoming to girls of that type.

"I'm thirsty," she announced. We looked at her dripping figure in disbelief. "You know what I mean," she insisted.

As Alewood began walking toward the refrigerator muttering, "I-don't-generally-bring-the-stuff-out-except-weekends," I drew Stulter aside.

"This your new girl?" I whispered.

"Huh-uh. Found her walking through Haymarket Square. My regular girl is busy."

"What's the name of this one?"

"Gee, I've forgotten. You'll have to ask her."

By this time Alewood had poured the girl a stiff shot. "How about you guys, as long as I've got the stuff out. Hey, come on, everybody sit down. That water fight is going to last a while," he said.

"Do you think we can do the physics if we drink any?" I asked him.

"Why not, and besides, you've got yours done and I can always copy it."

"But then there's my E 11," I insisted.

"Watch your language, there's a lady present," Stulter broke in.

Alewood passed out tumblers and filled them and we all drank.

"Good stuff," said Stulter. "Say what's this talk about physics?"

"You'd know if you attended classes today," I replied.

Alewood was feeling informative. "Tonight it's rotary motion."

"Oh, that stuff," said Stulter. "I detest it, and I hope we get out of mechanics into heat pretty soon."

"We won't, though," I interjected. "Heat's in the textbook but not in the course anymore. We get light instead."

"Any of you boys read the latest *True Confessions* yet?" asked Stulter's girl, trying to change the subject.

Ignoring her, Stulter and I began discussing the possible reasons for the physics department's queer course schedules, while Alewood began packing back copies of *The Tech* against the door to stop the water from seeping in from the hall. When he was satisfied he rose and announced, "I wish we were going to get heat."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well I've thought up a new theory of entropy, but I'd like to learn the old one too. I've read what's in the textbook but I'd like to go into it further."

"My glass is empty," said Stulter's girl. Alewood poured out another glass all around and waited for someone to ask him about his theory. I weakened first and asked him. He took a swallow, struck an attitude in the middle of the room, and began to speak, mindless of the occasional muffled shouts from the hall.

"The essence of the theory of entropy," he declaimed, "is the idea of the unavoidable change from orderly arrangement to disorderly arrangement."

"I like Guy Lombardo's arrangements best," said Stulter's girl.

"Keep her glass filled, you idiot!" yelled Alewood, "and then maybe she won't talk so much." He continued between swallows, "Matter arranged as we want it changes to an arrangement which we do not want."

"Nor the communists either," I added.

"But someone wants it arranged the way we don't want it!" insisted Alewood.

"Who?" asked Stulter, as he opened a new bottle.

"Other creatures in this universe," said Alewood, flinging his left arm at the ceiling. It stubbornly stuck to his shoulder, though.

He refilled his glass and went on, "Creatures not organized by the pattern of proximity, but to some other logical pattern. Creatures to whom our

*Continued on next page*

*Continued from preceding page*

high entropy is low entropy and versa vice!"

"So what?" I asked sadly (liquor always makes me sick).

"So our physical processes change matter over to their pattern and their's to ours. So I've devised an experiment. How do you increase entropy?"

"Mix hot and cold water," said Stulter as he poured.

"It doesn't matter," said Alewood. "The idea is to increase our entropy some way fast. Then their's 'll be decreased and that's a violation of a physical law for them! Then they'll get the idea and increase their own entropy fast and break one of *our* laws. That'll prove I'm right!"

"Why not perform the experiment?" I demanded.

"I think I will," said Alewood. He strode over to the sink and yelled, "Here goes!" Then he took a deep breath and turned both the hot and cold faucets on full blast for about half a minute. I spent the interval trying to figure how much he was raising our entropy level, but without my slide rule I was helpless. At last he released the faucets and stood back expectantly.

All of us sat still waiting, except Stulter's girl, who was still busy drinking. Then, although the door was dogged shut and the window locked, we felt a slight breeze in the room. It rapidly increased up the Beaufort Scale, blowing papers and pencils around the room. As we watched in amazement, the bed, with Stulter's girl on it, trembled and was slowly blown vertically into the air, where it hung shaking. We were all too astounded to speak except Stulter's girl, who giggled and muttered, "I guess I'm drunk enough."

After a while the wind died down and the bed sank gently to the floor. "That's it," said Alewood unsteadily; "my theory is right!" He gasped, and passed out. He's very sensitive to alcohol.

Stulter and I put him to bed, and then we and Stulter's girl left the place. The water fight had stopped, and we were able to travel in safety to our respective rooms . . .

Alewood never mentioned his wonderful theory of entropy again, to my knowledge, so I conclude that, like many other hypotheses such as phlogiston and the luminiferous ether, it was found unsatisfactory and discarded. It is by such steps that Science marches on.

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

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

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

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



Livingston, on a hunting trip in the wilds of deepest Africa, stepped into a clearing without seeing the lion crouched off to one side. The lion covered the distance in two bounds and a short leap. Caught unawares, Livingston fired a snap shot from the hip. The shot went wide as he rolled under the leaping lion. He recovered just in time to see it disappear into the brush.

Enraged at his slipup, Livingston stormed back to the camp, grabbed up a fistful of ammunition, and stalked out to the clearing. Standing there practicing snap shooting, he heard a rustling in the brush. Peering through, he spied the lion—practicing short leaps.



Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out into the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

A voice from the rear: "Where's his sled?"



Report of tardiness to first hour classes: A body in the sack tends to remain in the sack. The cohesive force between the body and the sack varies as the square of the time the body is in contact with the sack.

—Technology



Hattie (in bank): "I wants to put this heah money in the bank."

Bank Teller: "Hattie, where did you get all that money, have you been hoarding?"

Hattie: "No, sah, I got that money taking in washing."



European pilots who got lost during the war always knew when they were over Scotland. They could tell by the toilet paper on the clothes lines.



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# Uncle Sam Wants Youse

By G. M. Ram—

For several weeks I had been carefully watching Maurice Davidson, the managing editor of this rag, and frankly I was worried. The little demon definitely had lost some of his hell fire. Finally I approached him and said, "Maurie, sir, you have changed. No longer do you spit beer in my face, no longer do you set fire to freshmen, no longer do you grunt obscenely at women. In short, you are no longer your usual bastardly self. How come?"

acquired his name following his heroic exploits during the first World War. He was about twenty years old when the "fish bowl" draft began, and being a discreet and enterprising young man, he fled to the wilds of the Ozark mountains. Tennessee was from the old Horatio Alger school of unlimited energy and iron guts, and in a short time he made a new home for himself.

Having decided to learn a trade, he apprenticed himself to a manufacturer of fermented corn ex-



Well, the little rat wept profusely at my kind words and then blubbered out his worries. Davidson was afraid that the circulation of this excellent magazine would be seriously cut into by the draft, and he wanted me to render a public service by advising the readers on the finer points of beating the grab, that is, evading the draft.

Now, I have no actual experience at this sort of thing, but I do have lots of friends who have made the try, and perhaps their adventures will be of profit. Take the case of my friend Tennessee. He

tracts, and through diligent work he was soon made a partner in the business. The liquid which the two men manufactured was sold in backwoods villages under the label "Tennessee's Rotgut" and was held in high esteem by the natives of the region as a general analgesic and weed-killer.

In order to keep the manufacturing costs as low as possible, the firm was not registered with any of the state or federal tax authorities, and as a result a bit of discretion was necessary. For obvious reasons Tennessee therefore had little con-

tact with the world beyond his particular Ozark mountain.

In three or four years, though, Tennessee had grown a beard two feet long, and he felt that with such a disguise it would now be safe for him to leave the mountains with his sack of money and set up business in a more densely populated location. When he climbed down from the mountain, Tennessee found that the war had ended and that the country was in the dry clutch of prohibition. Immediately he took a train to Philadelphia, where he had a few friends, and using his mountain experience, and a small swimming pool, he went back into the manufacture of "Tennessee's Rotgut" The brew was quite popular with the college crowd, probably because of the quaint name and the fact that it could power Fords and clean raccoon coats.

Tennessee made lots of money. He bought himself a bullet-proof car and two chorus girls, one of whom he later married, and when prohibition was repealed Tennessee retired from the rackets.

The story of Tennessee's draft dodging would have ended happily but for one thing. In 1949 he won a large sum of money at a race track, and he decided to file his very first tax return. The Bureau of Internal Revenue was so interested in hearing from him that they investigated his life, and as a result Tennessee is now serving a ten-year term for tax evasion.

There is another instance of beating the grab that comes to my mind everytime I write to my friend Sam Billidip, late of New York City and now APO San Francisco. Sam was not exactly a draft dodger; he just thought that there was more pleasure to be found in living in the United States than in living overseas. He was a bit of an isolationist, in other words, and I can understand his point of view.

Well, Sam received his induction notice at the beginning of last Spring. The first warmth of the year had just reached New York, and the natives, shaking off their wintry torpor, had crept from their apartments and were sitting on their doorsteps or strolling the streets and trying to remember what warm sunshine was.

Some kids were tossing a football as Sam walked through Central Park on his way to his draft board on Ninety-Seventh Street, and he stopped to watch them for a while. Sam had played football in high school until the coach caught him accepting bribes. As he watched the kids playing, Sam felt very sentimental, and by the time he had left the park, Sam was convinced that no draft

board would have the heart to take him away from the New York he loved so much and the numbers racket that gave him so much money.

Sam crossed Park Avenue and walked confidently into the office of his draft board. He was certain that these intelligent gentlemen would envelop him with tenderness and set him free to roam his green-growing New York. The receptionist at the front desk advised Sam not to expect much sympathy.



Ladies and gentlemen, it's best we should see,  
The blissful life of the common bee.  
Free of charge, he gathers nectar,  
And on his hip has his own protector.  
He's never hounded by a sheriff,  
Nor gives a hoot about the tariff.  
Miles and miles he goes without toil,  
Yet never endorses a motor oil.  
Would that I might fly and play,  
And make some honey every day!



And then there was the newlywed who fed his bride lettuce for their first breakfast together. He wanted to see if she ate like a bunny, too.

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The members of an exclusive hunt club decided to hold a fox hunt, and instructed the members to bring only male dogs. However, one influential member owned only a female and she was allowed to run with the pack.

The morning of the hunt they followed the dogs for an hour, then lost them completely. One of the hunters saw a farmer in a field and questioned him.

"Have you seen anything of a pack of dogs and a fox?"

"Sure, just a minute ago. They were going that way."

"What were they doing?"

"Wal," said the farmer, "the last I seen, the fox was running fifth!"



"Mama, daddy isn't like other men, is he?"  
 "Why do you ask that, child?"  
 "Well, he just got tired waiting for an elevator and went down the shaft without one."

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
 Three mice ran up the clock.  
 The clock struck one,  
 And the other two escaped with minor injuries.



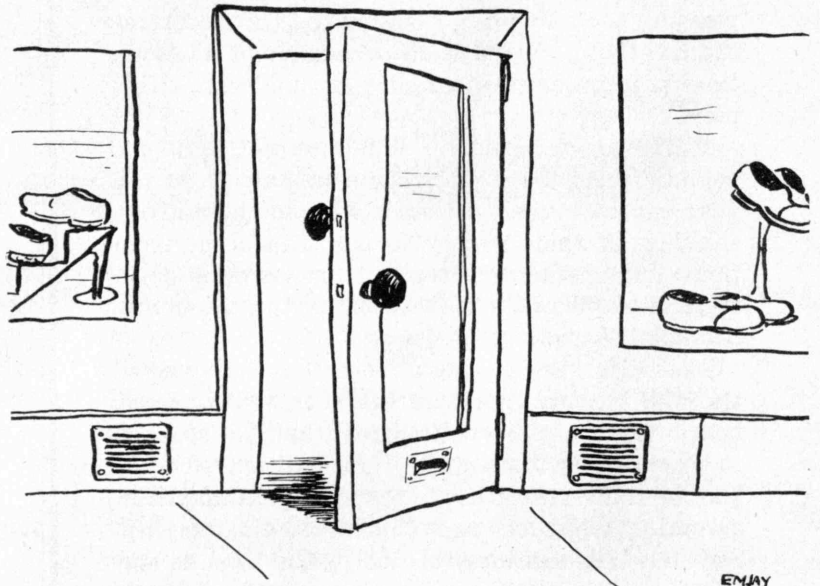
They had been sitting on the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour. Then—

"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood, and proclaimed, "I'd travel."

He felt her young, warm hand slip into his. When he looked up she was gone . . . In his hand was a nickel.

OLER ELEVATOR SHOE



"What business did you say your uncle was in?"  
 "He runs a 'clinic."  
 "Oh, a doctor at a clinic?"  
 "No, no, stupid. It's clinic and pressink establishment!"



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My goil's there,  
 I'll say she's there,  
 But after last night  
 I don't care.  
 For she done me dirt,  
 Yes, done me dirt,  
 She pressed her lips  
 Against my shirt.

—1921



And then there's the fellow  
 who offered his girl a Scotch and  
 sofa and she reclined.



She: There are a lot of people  
 who don't pet in parked cars.

He: Yes, the woods are full of  
 them.

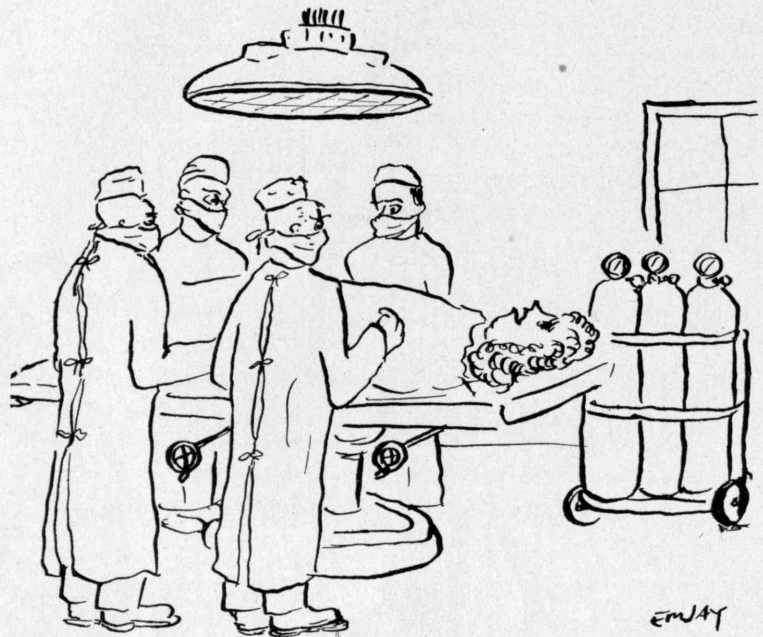
Sial Fram  
 Lies on the floor—  
 He tried to slam  
 A swinging door.

—Gargoyle



"Don't worry," said the motor-  
 ist who'd just run down one of  
 the farmer's sows. "I'll replace  
 your pig."

"You can't," shouted the  
 farmer, "you ain't fat enough."



If this is what marriage is like tell Sam our  
 engagement is off.



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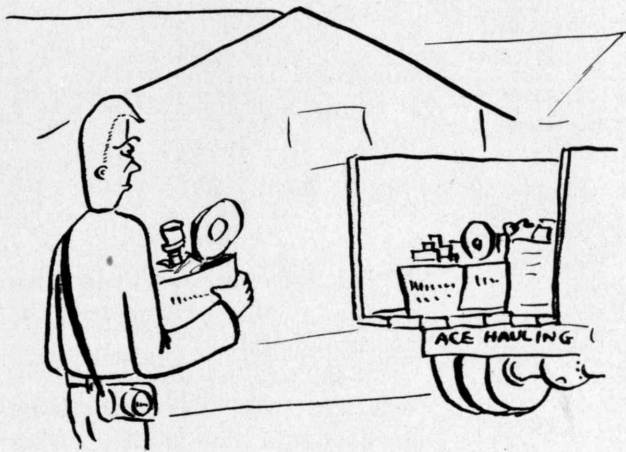
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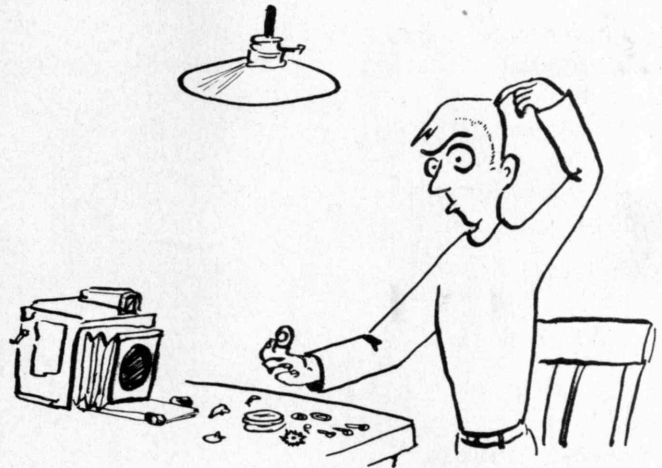
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# FOTO FIENDS



Guy with so many accessories that he requires ten ton truck for a day of taking pictures.



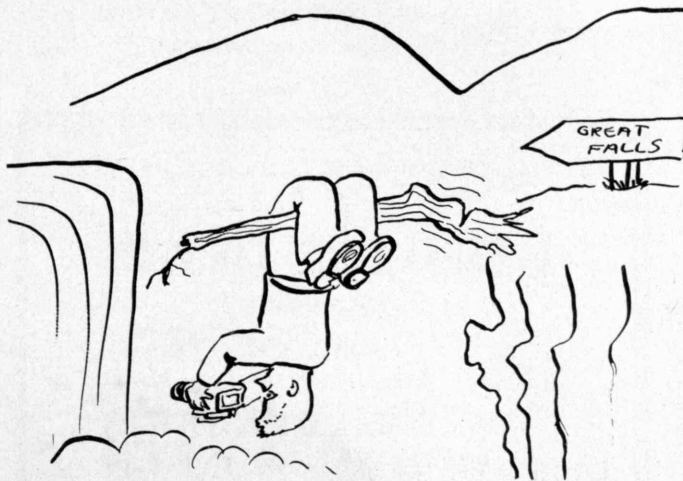
Guy who repairs own camera.



Mixes own special formulas, etc. Spends so much time in the darkroom that he never gets out to take pictures.



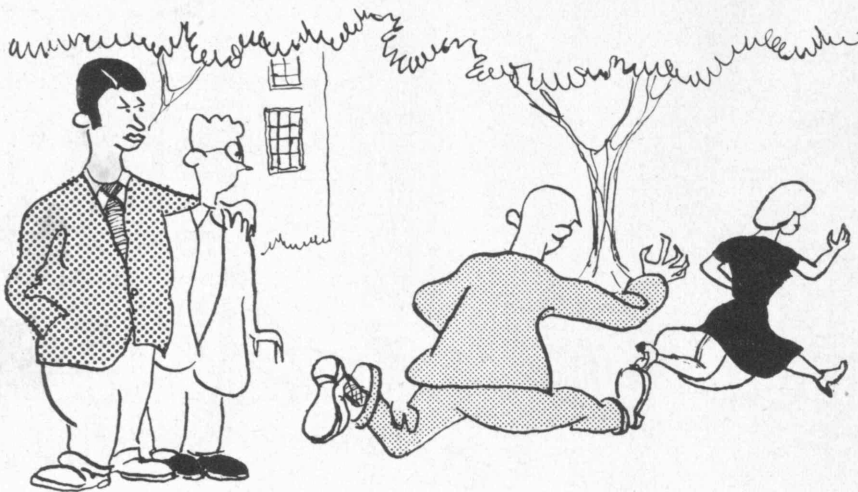
Multi-camera fiend — can't decide which to use at crucial moment.



Guy who specializes in odd angle shots.



The tool who is the only one to get good pictures.



It's hard to believe that Melvín isn't one of the fellows any more.

LOGAERN

A Beta was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed only in a few strategically arranged leaves, which was hanging in the museum. The title of the picture was "Spring." Suddenly the voice of his female companion snapped, "Well, what are you waiting for—Autumn?"

"I had a very trying weekend."

"Really, how many times did you try?"

—1928

A man went to the doctor, his ear torn and bleeding.

"I bit myself," he explained.

"That's impossible," said the doctor. "How can a man bite himself in the ear?"

The man said, "I was standing on a chair."

—Urchin

Ed is bringing Sarah home from an expensive night club.

Ed: "You know, babe, I've got \$15 invested in you."

Sarah: "Yes — and what do you expect?"

Ed: "Oh—to take about a \$13 loss."

Then there was the tug boat that committed suicide when he found out that his mother was a tramp and his father was a ferry.

—Green Gander



"Pa, tell me how you proposed to Ma," requested the young hopeful.

"Well, son, as I remember it was like this. We were sitting on the sofa one night at her home and she leaned over and whispered in my ear.

I said, "Like hell you are."

—Banter



Judge: "You are charged with habitual drunkenness. What excuse do you have to offer?"

Student: "Habitual thirst, Judge."



An elderly lady driving along nonchalantly, turned a corner and ran over a teen-aged youth crossing the street. Without change of emotion the old lady pulled up on the other side of the victim, rolled down her window and called, "Young man, you'd better look out."

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Referee boy, come blew your horn  
At offsidings and clippings, and all the men warn.  
Where is this fellow, whose striped shirt must  
itch?

He's out on the gridiron, asleep at the switch.

—Old English Nursery Rhyme

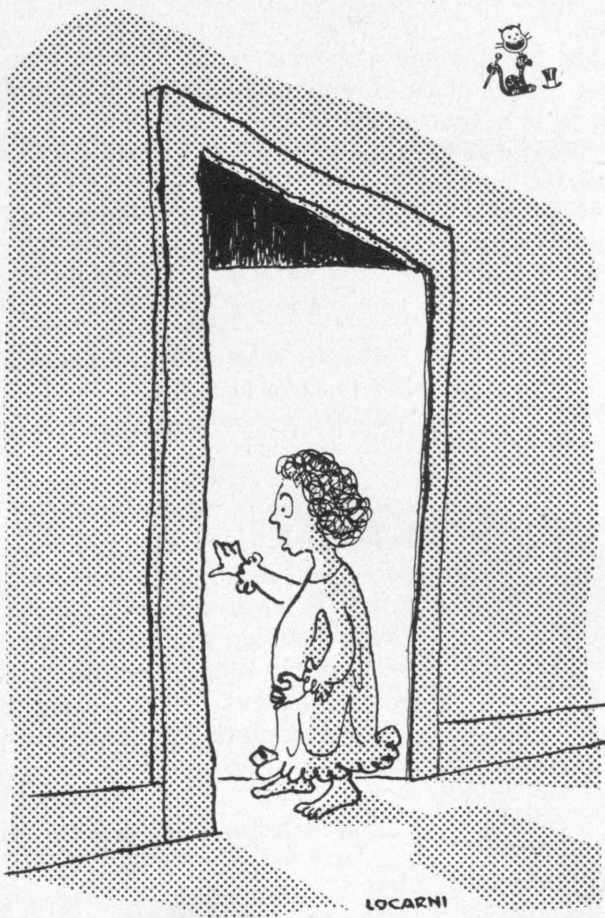


"I'll bet that you wouldn't marry me," he said.  
She called the bet and raised him five.

—The Turn-out



If you drink a glass of milk every morning for  
1,200 months, you will live to be 100 years old.



LOCARNI

"Mommy I just came in to kiss you  
goodni . . ." "MOMMY!"



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A very particular housekeeper was having her  
bedroom painted. Wishing to learn what progress  
the painter was making, she crept to the bottom  
of the stairs and listened. Not a sound reached  
her ears.

She: "Painter, are you working?"

Painter: "Yes, ma'am."

She: "I can't hear you making a sound."

Painter: "Perhaps not, ma'am. I ain't putting  
the paint on with a hammer."



Giving her niece her weekly pay check, a woman  
told the girl, a Tech co-ed, to take it home for her.  
On the way the co-ed was held up.

"Help! Help! I've been robbed!" she cried.  
"Someone has taken my aunt's pay!"

A policeman quieted her. "Let's have the de-  
tails, sister, and no more pig latin."

—Ranger

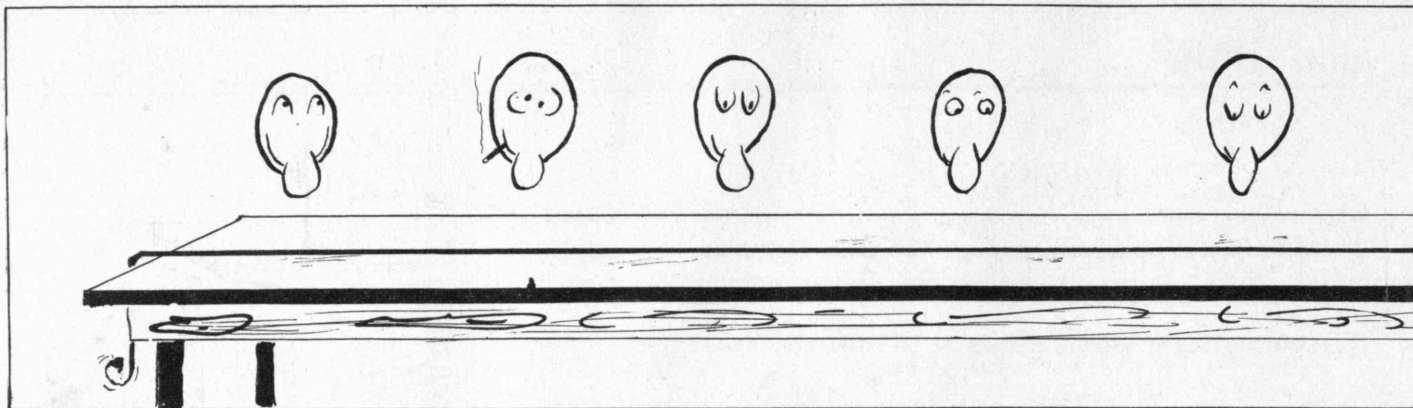


Judge: "Are you sure this man was drunk?"

Cop: "Well, he was carrying a manhole cover  
and said he was taking it home to play on his  
victrola."

—Patrol





### TECH DIVIDED BY FOUR

A Freshman is a jolly lad,  
 He does so very well;  
 He sits up playing cards all night,  
 Lets homework go to h—l.  
 Sophomores are funny;  
 They feel that they are men;  
 They worry over 8.04  
 And drown themselves in g—n.  
 Junior lads are lazy,  
 And physically they're wrecks;  
 They, drooling, leer at froth on beer  
 And hotfoot it after s—x.  
 I never knew a Senior  
 Who wasn't in a jam;  
 They know they'll never graduate  
 And no one gives a D—n.

—Voo Doo (1945)



Make yourself at home, George, I'll be ready  
 in a minute.

Two lunatics were playing a little game. "What do I have here?" asked one with his hands cupped. "Three navy patrol bombers," was the answer. The first one looked carefully into his hands. "Nope," he said. "The Empire State Building?" "No." "The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra?" The first one looked into his hands again, then said shyly, "Who's conducting?"

—Princeton Tiger



The firing squad was escorting a Russian comrade to his place of execution. It was a dismal march in a pouring rain.

"What a terrible morning to die," muttered the prisoner.

"What you kickin' about?" asked the guard in charge. "We gotta march back in it."

—Texas Ranger



Frosh: Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?

Coed: Do you need any help?



Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly from the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return to supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in some bushes.

"Getting dark," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

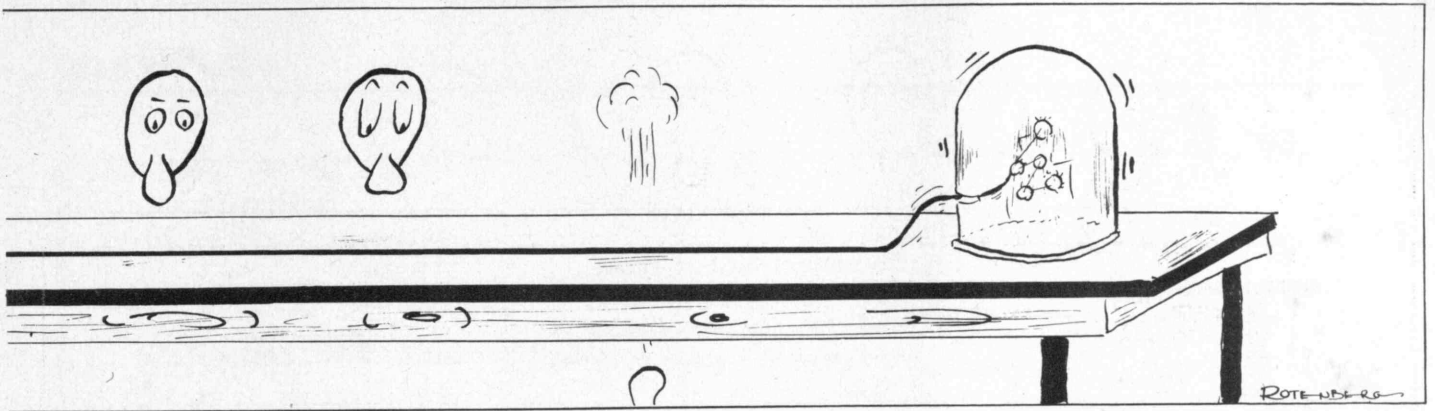
"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Whyain't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."



A spinster on her first visit to the big city, registered at a large hotel. The clerk at the desk succeeded in convincing her that it was best for her comfort and convenience to engage a whole section of rooms. As she was making herself at home in her living room, bedroom, bath and kitchenette, she came upon a bottle of bitters standing on a table. With righteous indignation she called the desk and demanded to speak to the clerk.

"Young man," she said angrily, "I've found a bottle of bitters in my rooms."

"I'm sorry, lady," he replied. "You've got to take the bitters with the suite."

—Jumbler



He: Darling, your eyes are like deep pools of sparkly water, your lips are like two little red rosebuds wet with the morning dew, your teeth are like the finest pearls; but you have the damndest looking nose I have ever seen on anything except an African ant-eater.

—Rivet



Ain'tcha never seen a pet before?



A little girl answered the knock on the door of the farm house. The caller, a middle-aged man with a worried look, asked to see her father. "If you've come about the bull, it's \$50. We have the papers and everything and he's guaranteed."

The man replied: "Young lady, I want to see your pa."

The little girl: "If that's too much, we have another bull for \$25.00 and he's guaranteed too, but he doesn't have any papers." The visitor was getting exasperated.

"Little girl, I just want to see your pa!"

The girl: "If that price is too high we have another bull for only \$10.00 but he's not guaranteed."

The man fumed: "Well, if you're so smart, I'll tell you why I came to see your pa. Your brother Elmer has got my daughter in trouble."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You'll have to see pa about that because I don't know what he charges for Elmer."



"Shall we boil this guy?" said one cannibal to the other as he trussed up the clergyman. "No, he's a friar," said the other.



The Professor was having coffee in the Ivy Room and reading the Canterbury Tales. When a friend asked him what he had there, he answered, "Nothing much, just my cup and Chaucer."



"How did you happen to oversleep this morning?"

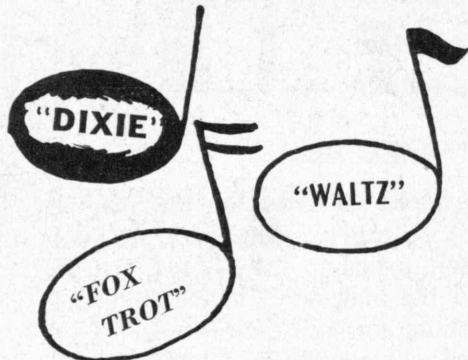
"There were eight of us in the house and the alarm clock was only set for seven."

—Green Gander



# THE TECHTONIANS

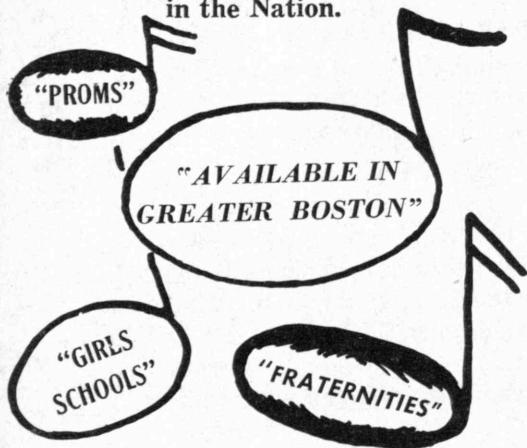
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## SUN SPOTS

There was a young lady be-  
decked  
Who secretaried at Tech;  
The students hot eyes  
Made her clothes vaporize  
And gave her a sun burn, by  
heck.

—"Hoib"



The small boy had fallen into  
the stream but had been rescued.  
"How did you come to fall  
in?" asked a bystander.

"I didn't come to fall in," the  
boy exclaimed, "I came to fish."



Mother (examining her  
daughter's wardrobe): "Did you  
go to the Prom this year,  
Marie?"

Daughter: "No, Mother, I  
ripped that shoulder strap play-  
ing tennis."

-1930



First cannibal running into  
camp: Is I late for dinner?

Second cannibal: You is.  
Everybody's eaten.



Did you hear about the man  
whose cat got run over by a  
steamroller? He didn't say a  
thing—he just stood there with  
a long puss.

Some of the engineers at  
M. I. T. show great talent with  
stationary engines.—Where do  
you park?



Don't be deceived! A tall,  
stately girl is merely a long,  
lanky gal with money. . .

—Ohioan



Pledge: There's a woman ped-  
dler at the front door.  
Brother: We'll take two.



Little Willie, cute but dumb,  
Gouged his eye out with his  
thumb.

"Mercy on us," screamed the  
mother.

"Hell," said Bill, "I got another."



Speaking of sad cases, how  
about the English professor who  
received a theme with no punc-  
tuation marks and died trying to  
hold his breath until the last  
page.



The Pi Phi greeted her date  
with, "Notice anything different  
about me?"

"New dress?"

"Nope."

"New shoes?"

"Nope, something else."

"I give up."

"I'm wearing a gas mask."

—Widow

—naturally  
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