



* HERE'S PROOF that clear, dry Schaefer has what practically everyone wants in a beer. In an independent survey among people who drink beer, 12 out of every 13 who tasted Schaefer liked it. No wonder more people are drinking Schaefer—America's oldest lager beer—than ever before in Schaefer's 110-year history.

Make it clear...make it Chaefer

Being a senior, I am able to look in retrospect over the past three years. In that time I've seen many theses written, but have only

seen three basic attitudes taken.

First of all, there is the man who might be tagged "eager." While in high school he read every issue of Science Fiction very diligently, looking avidly for thesis inspiration. This man's first move during Freshman Weekend was to search for a thesis supervisor while his classmates were visiting the New Ritz and the Old Howard (Voo Doo night). By the time this man reaches March of his senior year, he has compiled a 500 page thesis single spaced. The easiest way to spot this type is to listen for his sadistic comment, "How's your thesis progressing?"

Next, there's the man who wants no part of laboratory work. Being a meticulous dresser, his greatest fears are soiling his French cuffs and exposing his shoes to chemicals and grease. This type usually offers a compendious edition of his course's history

to suffice as a thesis.

Last, and by no means least (as the expression goes), is the procrastinator. More times than not this man chooses his thesis subject on the first of May. Stocking himself with No-Doz, coffee, and cigarettes, he works continuously to the deadline. This man usually gathers all nearby typists to work on the final draft as he supplies the data by phone from his lab. Although it's difficult to spot this type from his thesis alone, the careful eye may catch many hidden characteristics in his work—thirty space indentations, phone numbers and ball scores in the margins, coffee blotches on diagrams, nicotine stains on many pages, and blank sheets before and after the written material. As five o'clock of that inevitable Friday approaches. you'll see this man running franticly toward school with a typewriter in his outstretched arms—his close friend finishing the page numbers while keeping the same pace.

Seniors, heed my advice—don't fall into the last category. By the way, does anyone know how long it takes to get a phone in-

stalled?

W. W. D.

Vol. XXXV

March, 1952

No. 3

VOO DC

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY

ESTABLISHED 1919

SENIOR BOARD

BOB SCHWANHAUSSER MAURIE DAVIDSON JERRY HATHAWAY BILL DUNN

General Manager Managing Editor Business Manager Associate Editor

JUNIOR BOARD

JERRY ROTHBERG RANDY PAULLING JACK FRIEDENTHAL CARL SHIFFMAN FRED CRONIN LEN GROSS ALLEN FEINBERG BOB RILEY JACK PINKOVITZ STAN SILVERMAN JACK BREMER GENE BRANDEIS ALLAN HOFFMAN

Literary Editor Co-Art Editors Features Editor

Co-Publicity Managers Make-up Editor Joke Editor Advertising Manager

> Co-Sales Managers Treasurer Office Manager

STAFF ASSOCIATES

ADVERTISING

Jerry Rockhill John Tisdale Charles Abbott

PUBLICITY

Jerry Perlstein

Gerald Golden

Jim Ofengand

A. C. Pipkin Bob Gross

Alan Glueck

Mary Tanzer

John Annese

Don Grine

Tom Stern

Don Steig

Art Solomon

Frank Leeds

Henry Snider

Bob Warshawer

FEATURES

Sheldon Busansky

John Roop

Stan Hoff

Ray Fessel

Shel Dick

SALES

Tony Jannicky Jim Steuer Dave Lissner Al Dana Bill Deibel

MAKE-UP

John Crowe Dave Brooks Jack Friedenthal Frank Klar Tom Marlow Charles Beckman Henry Snieder Bob Lauffer Norm Solomon Frank Leeds JOKES

Kaye Richey George Grenier Lawrence Lewin Bob Barnes Mike Deskey Larry Lewin Walt McLaughlin Ed Millman

ART M. J. Friedenthal Jim Rollbuhler Dick Locarni Stod Herman Knieriem Manny Rotenberg

TREASURY

Robert C. Hardy Robert Burman

OFFICE

Lenny Wharton George Perry Norm Solomon Jim Eacker

LITERARY

Gordon Edlin Harold Kaplan Mort Grosser Joe Tierney Ed Remler Bill Rice Fran Gorham Sally Cummings Dick Archer Dave Brooks

Monroe Weinstein OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

Copyright, 1952, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board for the Students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Office hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

cover this month by Knieriem



Doingthe Town

When we were young and impressionable, and before, of course, we had ever seen this place, we entertained a remarkable and rosy vision of college, gotten, in large part from the movies, and the lurid descriptions of lurid Liberal Arts men. This pleasant, if hazy, picture had floating about two or three classes a week, pretty girls, handsome old buildings, and fatherly intelligent Professors who were forever inviting their students home for a cup of tea. In fact the mention of college usually brought to mind the pleasant thought of three or four eager lads clustered about a roaring fire drinking something, and soaking up the words of wisdom offered by a man who was a friend as well as a teacher. Smile softly, cynic, and softer still, for this isn't loaded. On the contrary, we have come to the conclusion, more and more surely, that this was not silly at all, and if Hollywood proffered it unknowingly to a naive public, it was, if anything, a handsome offering.

Perhaps the great lack of that kind of thing hereabouts has made us hypersensitive to the need. Unfortunately, to 9/10 of the profs around here, each new class is just an unpleasant compound of thirty more dumb clucks who want to learn atomic theory or some other subject which they know nothing about. In class, usually an unpleasant duty at best, to pound something into the thick heads of the anonymous thirty, and give them tests to drag it out again. And

that's all, brother. Except that it isn't.

We know one man, in his fifth here, who experienced just the scene we mentioner earlier sometime this fall. He was, in fact, invited to a house with a roaring fire in the fireplace, a book lined study, two little children, and all the trimmings. What's even more remarkable, it was the house of one of his professors. The story becomes astonishing in this locale when we say that the whole class meets there all the time. This fifth year man was glowing like a No. 2 photoflood for a week after his first class. It was so enjoyable, he had a sneaking suspicion it was all staged. It wasn't. It was only a rarity.

For those of you who miss this kind of thing, I'm sorry to say that this meager column is insufficient to stir the monster inertia of an apathetic and uninterested (at least on a personal basis) faculty. What we will try to do is supply you with a couple of locales where, if you are interested enough to seek them out, you may find some people who will provide you with some friendly and interesting conversation despite the fact that they have never seen you before.

One of these is T wharf, known, if at all, by the fact that the Blue Ship Tea Room, a small restaurant with a pianist, resides on the end of it. Not a terribly bad place to eat, but that's not what we came for. The fact is that what looks like a deserted warehouse building occupying the greater part of the wharf

itself, is in reality a large, and expensive apartment house. This old building houses Bohemians galore, in many types of apartments, all of which boast a copper galley instead of a kitchen, ship fittings everywhere, and large bunk beds built into the walls. There are concert grand pianos, artists, etc., ad infinitum. Among the residents of this peculiar environment are Tom Horgan, maritime reporter for UP wirephoto, and also the writer and photographer of most of the summer cruising articles for National Geographic. His prize possession is a handsome 40 foot black Ketch, which resides at Boston Yacht Club. Bob Allen, coffee importer, lives here, and so do the Hansens, Mr. and Mrs., who sailed with Sterling Havden in the Tahiti Race. There are numerous others of all shapes and breeds, and none of them know that they are being recommended as conversationalists here. They are interesting people all, and will most certainly provide you with some unusual information, and a drink if you do. Go easy—just walk up the rickety stairs, stumble in, introduce yourself, and be surprised. Ask about ships—it almost always works if you mention sails and square riggers. Or music. Or art. Almost anything, that is, that wouldn't bring a rise at school.

Another place for you to try, a one man establishment, is at 240 Huntington Ave., on the second floor. Costa Hountasis, an elderly Greek gentleman, is the proprietor of this establishment, and he makes violins. In fact he is one of the few violin makers to be met anywhere these days. What is more remarkable, he worked for General Electric at one time, after having taken an I. C. S. course in

electricity, for when he arrived in America, he was sure one could never support oneself making violins, which is the only thing he could do. He finally returned, happily, to his native profession, and is doing fine. If you want to make your own violin, a project which, believe it or not, has been undertaken already a number of times around here, he can supply you with the blueprints and dimensions of a Stradivarius, and wood to make it with. Suffice it to say that he is interesting and friendly, and mellowed with age. Though belabored a bit with a heavy accent, his tone is warm and full, and though he does not know it either, we'll tip you off that a visit to his shop is well spent. Try violins for a starter. And never mind your quiz mark this is different.

E. M. G.

Mansfield Shoes

Style Shown

\$10.95

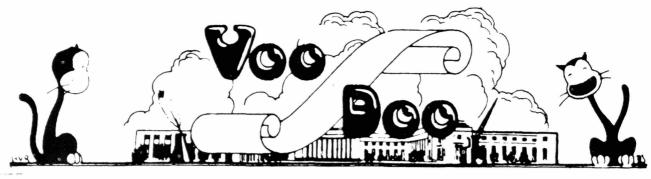
Others \$8.95 to \$12.95

Bostonian prices now start as low as \$14.95

TECHNOLOGY STORE

PATRONAGE REFUND TO MEMBERS





It had been hoped that the genius in whose honor the last Voo Doo publicity machine was erected would take note of Phos's achievement, but to no avail. Norbert, staring straight ahead as if in a world of his own, calmly paraded past all obstructions which faithful staff members placed in his path. He suddenly jerked around to the right, however, and shook hands with the Institute-hired stonecutter. Everyone was amazed; maybe this stone-cutter was a



"I guess that'll teach him not to step back to admire his work!"

boy genius in disguise. A couple of minutes later the stone-cutter approached the Voo Doo sales booth. "You know," he said, "Norbert is back in town." Finally one of the braver onlookers managed to ask, "Do you really know him?" "Certainly," came the reply. "I spent a couple of days with him. Why I chiseled a tombstone in German for his grandmother."

There is a vet living in Westgate who confided that since his marriage he has practiced the well known rhythm method of birth control. Yes indeed, and his wife has been having babies regularly. In fact, the kids are coming along so rhythmically that he has decided to name them after musical instruments.

It is old stuff about enterprising students bringing tape recorders to class and recording lectures while they doze off, but one of these fellows returned to his room to discover that the lecture had been obscured by a continuous flow of obscenities whispered into the microphone by his classmates.

For some weeks now we have been avidly following the work of the stonecutter in Building 10. We are struck by the rather depressing thought that, with the names of the dead of two World Wars now inscribed on the cold Institute stone, there is still one wall untouched. The seniors in this office have been seen nervously averting their eyes while passing this virginal stretch of marble, and have taken to avoiding any discussion of their ROTC agreements. The only encouraging aspect, if you call it that, is the surmise that when the time comes to inscribe the last wall, it will probably not be standing. Perhaps this is just as well, as the thought arises that it would hardly be big enough anyway.

VOO DOO, perhaps prompted by that same mystical urge that sends elderly spinsters racing to the phone to inform The Times of the arrival of the first robin in Scarsdale, hastens to note the one infallible sign that winter has passed on the MIT campus. Though the grass is covered with concrete and parked cars, though the hydrogen sulfide kills all that is green and growing, though the sun never shines in the Great Court, vet we know. We can tell. The seniors, content the rest of the year to lead the life of the begrimed engineer, are all wearing coats and ties. For it is Spring, and the voice of the job interviewer is heard again in the land.

As the boat was sinking, the captain lifted his voice to ask:

"Does anyone here know how to pray?"

One man spoke confidently in answer:

"Yes, Captain, I do."

"Then," said the captain, "you start praying. The rest of us will put on the life-belts. We're one short."



"Just a mínute, she's washing her hair."

An inmate of an insane asylum was left unguarded one day, and immediately rushed to the bathroom. Here he filled the bath tub with water, climbed to the edge, and dove in, splitting his skull rather thoroughly. A guard came rushing in and asked what had happened. "Low tide," sputtered the inmate.



He: "Wait a minute. I thought I heard something break."

She: "Never mind. That was just my promise to mother."

A rather cocky Sunday golfer looked toward the next green, waggled his driver confidently and declared, "That's good for one long drive and a putt." He gave his club a mighty swing, blasted up about two inches of sod and managed to get the ball about three feet from the tee.

The caddy stepped forward, handed him the putter and suggested, "Now for one hellova putt."



A student took a summer job working in a desolate mining camp. One day he approached the boss.

"Say, boss," he said, "what do you folks do for amusement around here?"

"Why," replied the boss, "we usually watch Sam, the cook, drink a gallon o' whiskey, gasoline, and red pepper juice. Why don't you come along?"

The student was astonished. "Not me," he said, "I don't go for that kind of amusement."

"Well," persisted the boss, "I wish you'd come. We really need six men for this sort of thing."

"Why is that?" asked the student.

"Some of the boys have to hold Sam. He don't go for that kind of amusement either."



"Are any of the boys who live in the fraternity house across the street good looking?"

I don't know; I've never seen any of their faces without binoculars in front of them."



Worried Student: "I'm so flustered over my exams, I've got butterflies in my stomach."

Counselor: "Take an aspirin—the butterflies will go away."

W. S.: "I took aspirin—they're playing ping pong with it."

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

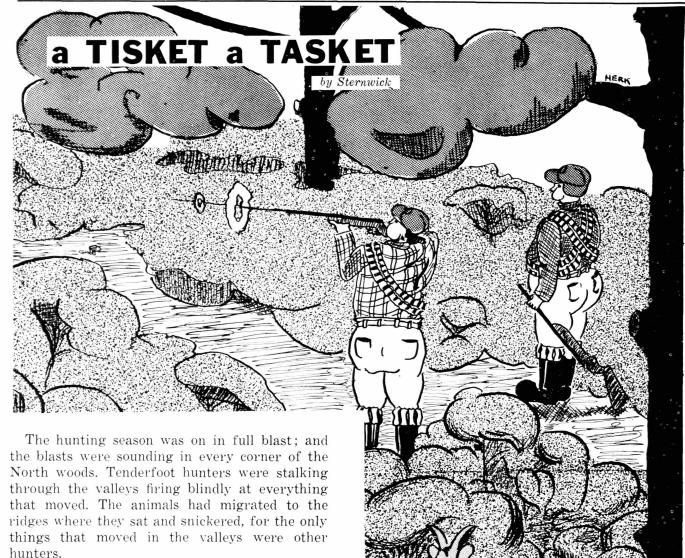
213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

Next to Loew's State Theatre

CO 6-2103

Naturally . . . Tech Men Prefer the Fenway Liquor Co. for the most complete Liquor Stock in Boston

Let us help plan your party



And so we find Mr. Edwards and Mr. Clobb, two elderly brewers from Milwaukee, tooling through the underbrush at the heels of Jeb Hart, experienced guide and woodsman. Suddenly Mr. Clobb whipped his rifle to his shoulder and fired at a sound ahead of them. There was a thrashing about and Jeb Hart pitched forward.

"Hey, what do you know," he exclaimed. "It's Jeb Hart, experienced guide and woodsman, who was our guide."

"Pity," said Mr. Edwards.

"Yeh," agreed Mr. Clobb. "That was my last cartridge. Oh well, he'll look better when he's stuffed."

"You know," murmured Mr. Edwards, "I think he is still alive."

"Oh? What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Clobb, looking very crestfallen.

"He's cursing under his breath," answered Mr. Edwards, straightening up with a blush.

"Well, let's be off," said Mr. Clobb. "Don't want to be late for dinner you know."

"Think we ought to take him?" asked Mr. Edwards, pointing at Jeb Hart who was struggling

pitifully to move a sharp stone on which he had fallen.

"It would be the sporting thing to do," agreed Mr. Clobb.

"But he looks quite heavy," mused Mr. Edwards.

"And it is a long way," added Mr. Clobb.

"Pity," said Mr. Edwards.

"Pity," agreed Mr. Clobb.

And so it is that several hours later we find young Josh Hart, dressed in his Sunday best, tripping gaily through the woods. Manfully picking himself up and stifling a sob, he looked back to see what had tripped him.

"That you, Josh?" asked Jeb, who was lying

sprawled across the trail.

"Yeh, how'd you know?" queried Josh.

"Recognized your boot when you kicked me in the mouth just then."

"Damn clever," muttered Josh. "Serves you right for blocking traffic. Do you realize you're a menace to navigation?"

"Listen, you pipsqueak," said Jeb exasperatingly, "if I wasn't shot, I'd thrash you good!"

"Pooh!" said Josh, making sure that Jeb had really been shot and then kicking his brother playfully in the groin. "Well, I got to hurry or I'll be late."

"Where are you going?" asked his brother, fighting for breath.

"There's a double feature on in town, and I don't want to miss it."

"That's nice," agreed his brother. "Say, before you go, would you do me a big favor?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't have much time. What do you want?"

"See if you can do something about this sharp stone unde rme," said Jeb.

"Okay," said Josh, and he hooked his foot under Jeb and rolled him clear of the stone. Then he turned to go.

It was just then that Jed Hart and Job Hart, Jeb Hart's older brothers, came strolling around the bend in the trail and sprawled full length over Jeb, neatly rolling him back over the sharp stone.

"Damn," said Jeb.

"Damn," said Jed.

"Oh! For goodness sakes!" said Job, who was the black sheep of the family for reasons which we will not disclose here.

"Glad to see you fellers," said Jeb. "Cut this bullet out of me, will you?"

"Oh, sure," said Jed. "Hand me your knife, Job," and taking the knife, he wiped it on his pant leg to sterilize it and plunged it deep into Jeb's wound.

"Eeeeyoww!" screamed Jeb.

"Sişsy," mocked Jed.

"You bastid!" spat Jeb. "You're standing on

The Convenient Drug Store Ready To Serve You

Visit the new "Marshmallow Room"

THE MILLER DRUG CO.

21 Mass. Ave.

Telephone

Boston

KE 6-2769

my hand!"

"So long fellows," said Josh.



Psychiatrist to sad-eyed patient: "My dear man, you have no complex. You are inferior."



[()() in cash prizes for interesting town names! Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue.

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB,

to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.

2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.

3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes June 30, 1952. All entries should arrive at Life Savers, Port Chester, not later than June 30, 1952, 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.



MUSIC OF CHOPIN AND LISZT with LUNCH OR DINNER at the

BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM



Relax to the masterful music of Chopin and Liszt as played by the American pianist, Russell Blake Howe, while eating the finest of foods in the unusual atmosphere at the tip of colorful old Wharf-and have a sea gull's view of fabulous Boston Harbor.

Tel.: LA 3-8719

MR. and MRS. R. B. HOWE, Props.

The moving finger writes . . .

Plaint of the Eternal Man

If I die I hope I will be happy.

If, not when,
for time has no importance.

If I die I know I will be happy.

Glad, not sad,

for life is past importance.

Death is but a word in dictionaries
morroco-bound, like "life," and dead of meaning.

Time is but what keeps the clocks in motion,
a useless thing to me, for existence is endless.

Have I not seen enough of human weakness
to merit freedom from this queer oppression
that men call life, while reveling in its monotony?

While I live I shall remain despondent, and men will ask me why I am not cheerful. When I die will come my time for gladness, and men will grieve for me, because they grieve for themselves.

—Anthony Aardvark

Gone is lost

I was born for this moment, and the moment now is gone,

and with it the one I was created to adore.

Created to adore! Never before
had I seen her vital form, responsive eyes,
yet I knew, when I saw her it was she I was

Created to decease! Never again will I see her sparkling hair, beguiling lips,

destined for.

will I see her sparkling hair, beguiling lips, and I know I have loved and lived in vain. A face among the crowd, but yet I knew,

I knew as sure as night, she was the one.

She turned—a moment's glance—she did not know.

She passed, two feet away, into the crowd, never to return for eternity.

The moment is gone and with it my love, with it my soul, my life.

_Anthony Aardvark

"BOLERO" AT FOUR A. M.

THE MUSIC!
The music!
The music.

White rats dancing on a table top. "Spin the tin hat and see if they get dizzy."

Asleep on my feet.

I hear you make sounds,
and I make sounds for you
—uncomprehending.

The first twenty feet are with a port lean to counter the yawing of the sidewalk.

After that I am erect, but the sidewalk is spinning in a tin hat.

I am home. Somehow the drum is still beating, the sax and trumpet wailing.

The music saves me . until I can wet my face.

Gerald Rothberg

Youth's Reprimand to someone's Father

Old men with ashes upon their shirts
And beards well-mottled by time and dirt,
With bellies that hang flabby and low
Who can hardly move when they have to go,
Old men whose noses tell of whiskey and ale,
Whose breath is hot and heavy and stale
Old men who grunt from one chair to another
And slyly wink at new young mothers,
Old men who bemoan the nearing of the end . . .

Old man, keep your paws off my girl friend!

Jeremiah Droodle



I choose to exist

we are not certain without uncertainty how can we be

for man must live in choice since therein lie those things which make him different

a differential analyzer can do its job when the questions which one asks it are complete and animals, by virtue of their instincts, take life's little problems in their stride

but when mechanisms such as those are faced with problems which they cannot solve they stumble, falter, stop, give up

here is where a man can show his stuff when the very nature of the problems which he faces

makes impossible completely logical decisions he will go ahead because he knows decisions must be made

my other self has reasons
that I know not of
which by helping me to choose when reason can't
can make of me a man
but for those choices, and for their reactions upon
others,

for what am i in the end but the product of my choices

from me those others will exact the price

those which i have made will help me make the ones to come

and since i make them all, it must be that they have a common basis

which as i grow mature becomes more plain until behind the chaos of my choices, one perceives a plan;

only then have i at last become a man.

J. P. Benkard

Item 41

It was in a showcase to the right of the entrance, with the Cellini saltcellar. Gold, silver, rubies, emeralds, carved beyond visual belief, for I saw it and could not believe that there was ever an age that drank wine worthy of the "Michael Goblet" This was magnificence made by the hands of a man, a god-man, a craftsman.

And I rushed to the woman with the catalogue and the fifteen friends, and I asked out of breath, I said, "Who is the maker of Item 41?" And she looked at my florid face, and then turned the pages and said, "Item 41.

Goblet of the fifteenth century.

Craftsman unknown."

I sucked in my breath and said, "Damn!" and the woman said, "Yes, it's a pity."

I couldn't stay in the museum any longer, but had to be free in the night—
in the bell-like tinkle
of blue-white stars
shimmering millions of miles away,
in the Fenway of grass and trees and ponds
where the mallards return in April.
And I listened to the stars,
to the muchness of space,
to the breathing earth,
and I said to myself,
"Item 42. Craftsman unknown."

Gerald Rothberg

... and having writ moves on.

"Mary, tell that young man to turn the lights back on," yelled father from upstairs.

"But we haven't turned the lights off!"

"I thought I heard the light button snap."

"No, Father, that wasn't the light button."



A German came up to an American soldier who knew no German and began gibbering into his ear so that it sounded like this:

"Das Hutenbuten is Verspoutenteuten alligemein Eisenbahn verspaltnichten."

The American tried to humor him.

"Oh really?"

"Nein," the German answered, "O Reilly."



As the regiment was leaving and a crowd cheering, a recruit asked: "Who are all those people and why are they cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."



The stork who brought you should be arrested for smuggling dope.





 \dots I think you misunderstood the term "Nature Hike" \dots

A man in The Strand rushed up the aisle to the manager's office.

"What's the idea?" he stormed, "of letting a bear in the theatre—and why do I have to sit next to it?"

"A bear!" gasped the manager. "You must be mistaken."

"Oh no, I'm not," was the retort. "Come with me."

The two of them went back down the aisle, and sure enough, there sat the bear.

"Is this bear yours?" he asked crisply.

"Why yes he is," was the reply.

"Now, listen," snapped the manager, what's the idea of bringing a bear in this theatre?"

"Well," replied the bear's owner, "he enjoyed the book so much, I thought he might like to see the movie."



A reporter from the London *Spectator*, loitering in a Lancashire town, saw a funeral procession file by, with a bag of golf bags reposing atop the coffin in the hearse. To a native he observed, "By George, that man must have been a golf maniac." "Must have been?" repeated the native. "He is. He's got a big match on this very afternoon. That's his wife's funeral."



. . . and it'll make a wonderful present for your mother-in-law.

"Riches," quoted the Rhetoric instructor at College Station, "take unto themselves wings and fly away. Now, what kind of riches does the writer mean?"

Only blank looks met his gaze.

"Surely someone can answer a question like that. You, Oswaldo. What kind of riches did the writer mean?"

Oswaldo hesitated for a moment, then: "Ostriches, sir."



Customer: "Have you any wild ducks?"

Waiter: "No, sir; but we can take a tame one and irritate him for you."



A couple checked into a hotel and, after cleaning up, forgot to turn off the faucets in the tub. A short time later the guest in the room directly under them opened his window and stuck out his head. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Turn off those faucets! It's pouring down here! What the g—— d—— h—— is the matter with you?"

"Stop your cursing," the upper returned. "I've got a lady up here."

"And what the hell do you think I have down here—a duck!"

Never having worn a pair of shoes in her life, the mountaineer's wife's feet were tough as leather. Her husband, stretched out on the cabin floor, watching her stir the stew in the fireplace, laboriously lifted a hand to remove the corncob.

"Maw," he said, "Thar's some live ashes under your foot, best you move it."

She kept on stirring. "All right, Henry, which foot?"



ROTC recruiting officer: "When were you born?"

No reply.

"I say, when was your birthday?"

(Sullenly) "Wot do you care? You ain't gonna give me nothin'."



Hicks was a tall angular lad from the backwoods who had never before seen a train. As he stood with his city cousin in the long station shed and watched the puffing engine and long string of cars roar in, his face turned ashen.

"What's the matter Bill?" asked the cousin.

"My gosh!" gasped Hicks. "If that durn thing had of come in sideways it would have wiped us all out."



"I got pinned tonight!" . . . "Yeah? How many falls?"

A romantic pair were in the throes of silence as the car rolled smoothly along an enchanting woodland path, when the lady broke the spell:

"John, dear," she asked softly, "can you drive with one hand?"

"Yes, my sweet," he cooed in ectasy of anticipation.

"Then," said the lovely one, "you'd better wipe your nose, it's running."

There once was a sculptor named Phidias

Whose statues were perfectly hidias:

He carved Aphrodite Without any nightie, Which vexed the ultra fastidias.



Smith: "Jones, I think that son of yours is spoiled."

Jones: "I'm inclined to disagree with you old man."

Smith: "Well, come out and see what a steam roller just did to him."



A young lady walked cheerfully into a post-office, stopped at a wicket, and asked for a threecent stamp. The clerk was not in a very good humor, and he snarled:

"This is the information window! Can't you read?"

The lady meekly proceeded to the proper place, purchased the stamp and returned.

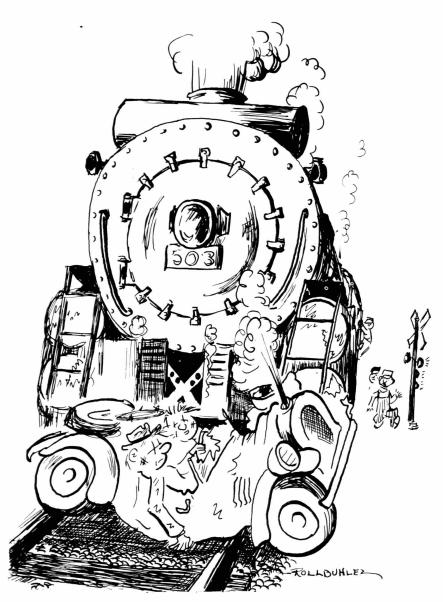
"You say this is the information window?"

"Yup," snapped the clerk.

"Well, if I mail this letter tonight, will it be in New York in the morning?"

"Sure," the clerk barked.

"That's funny," she murmered sweetly, "it's addressed to Chicago."



"Oh, well, can't beat them every time."

"Faith and did ye hear that Stalin has Korea?"

"Hiven be praised to the girl that gave it to him!"



School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days.
She was my gal in calico,
I was bashful, barefoot beau,
And I wrote on her slate:
Keep out of the sun, babe,
Everybody's looking through
Your dress.

And then one day she turned and saw that he was smiling at her. She smiled back at him! No, he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before!

"Smile like that once again," he said.

She smiled the smile the width of a banana and laughed and laughed.

"You look like a chipmunk."

THE POOL

by Ed Remler

Two men walked into the room and started to undress. This is not an uncommon procedure in a locker room. One was fat and the other skinny. Fat in the fattest sense and skinny in the skinniest sense; however they appeared to be excellent friends, for as they were engaged in the acts of undressing they conversed very intimately, thusly:

"I'm going up to Wellesley tomorrow, you know," announced the fat one.

"How is that?" inquired the skinny one in a very concerned voice.

"I heard it has an extremely beautiful campus," said the fat.

"Girls," said the skinny one, and that was all.

"I know one who will show me around."

"Know her?"

"Casually; she will show me the sights there."

"That's a girl's school isn't it?"

At this remark by the skinny one, the whole room turned and stared at the two for a bewildered moment. They, however, did not seem to notice, for the fat one answered calmly.

"Yes, I believe so. Girls! I have found through experience that they have no instincts for finer things, sensory and such; no esthetic sense. You know what I'm driving at?" The fat one tried to make sure the skinny one knew what he was driving at by bouncing his fists slowly on the wooden bench and tightening up his face like a screw.

"I believe they have quite a good symphony orchestra there at Wellesley," countered the skinny one

"We have quite a fine one at Tech."

"So."

"Quite a fine and unusual representation of instruments here, too."

"I would think so, for the Boston area."

"Four to five bassoons, two excellent oboes, an English horn."

"I bet you even have a contra-bassoon."

"No, not quite. We're currently playing an effort of Beethoven. A symphony."

"Which? The Third in E flat. the Eroica? The Pastoral? The Seventh in A Major? Not the Great Ninth?"

The name of this last symphony he whispered with a whistle through his teeth, a groan in his breast, and great awe in his very voice.

"No, no, none of these! None of the usual ones!"

The fat one almost garbled with glee at the wrong guesses of his friend. The whole locker room was hushed to hear the answer. My friend, who is strictly a Stan Kenton man, even stopped rubbing in between his toes and cocked his ears.

"Well then, which is it?" asked the skinny one, a very hairy fellow.

"The First!" The fat one roared.

"The First?" asked the skinny one seemingly amazed at such a non-complex number.

"The First; it goes dada-dada-da . . . dee-dee-dee . . ."

"That one!" cried the skinny one, and he struck the side of his head.

The fat one said nothing but continued, "Dum! Dum! Daaaa! (in a very low voice) Diddle dee (and about this time dropped his towel and accompanied his recitation with a waving of his arms so strong that his whole body shook and his flesh bounced very unesthetically). Dum-dum . ."

"That? That's so early an effort. So even childish, rough, incomplete; it leaves one so."

"You only say that because either you haven't followed it very well or you have no ability for deep appreciation. The Vivace is so Vivace, and the Minuetto Phrase in the last movement, measure 101, strikes terror into me—sheer terror. Such flaunting at convention!"

"Well," said the skinny one, and that was all he said. We all doubted whether he had any more to say. He took off his orange socks morosely, threw them in the locker and slammed the door. He thought a while, while the fat one was still undressing, and then said, "Do you read T.S.?"

"Eliot?"

"Obviously."

"Of course."

"Oh," said the skinny one, and very dejectedly, too.

The fat one finished undressing and drew himself up. He smiled very nicely at the skinny one.

"Do we have to wear bathing suits here?" asked the skinny one.

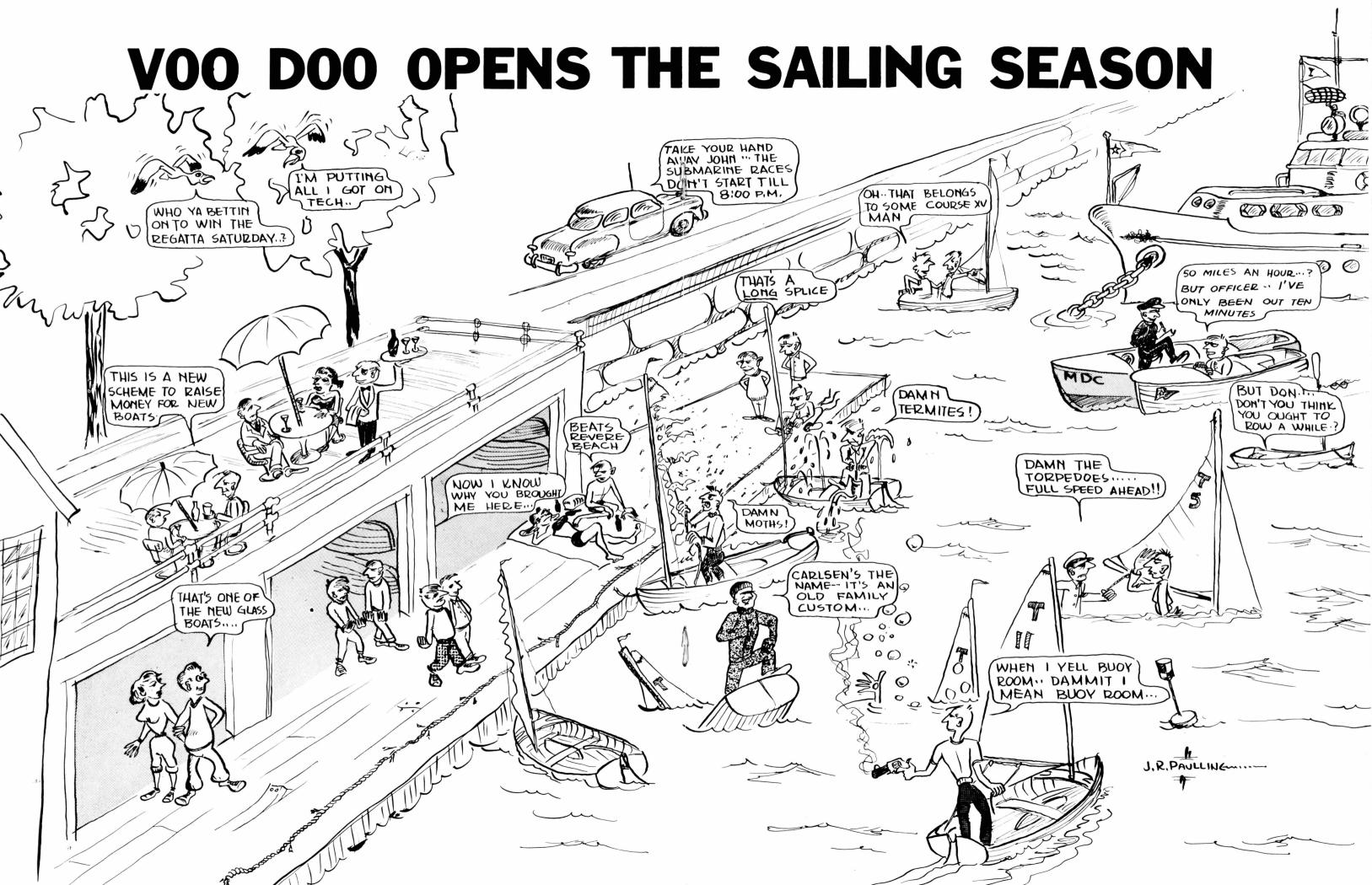
"No women here now," answered the fat one.

"Oh, then we won't have to wear bathing suits," repeated the skinny one in a dull voice.

"Obviously not!" laughed the fat one.

Obviously not?

Phi Tau: "I love old-fashioned loving." Zeta: "Wait, I'll call the house-mother."



Dear Son:

I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make much higher grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about.

Love, Father.

Dear Father:

I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact I would rather smoke and drink and have a C. Furthermore, I would rather smoke, drink, and neck and make a D.

Love, Son.

Dear Son:

I'll break your neck if you flunk anything.

Your Father.



Small Boy: Dad, is Rotterdam a bad word? Dad: Why, no, son. It's the name of a city.

Small Boy: Well sister at all my candy and I hope it'll Rotterdam teeth out.



Three Frenchmen were discussing the meaning of *savoir faire*. The first explained: "If you come home and discover your wife in another man's arms and you say 'Excuse me,' that's *savoir faire*."

"No, no," said another who was slightly older than the first, "that not quite right. Savoir faire is if you come home and find your wife in another man's arms and you say 'Excuse me, proceed.' That's savoir faire."

The third Frenchman was still older and wiser, and he said gravely, "No, my sons, neither of you quite understands the meaning. If you come home and discover your wife in the arms of another man and you say 'Excuse me, proceed' and he proceeds, he has savoir faire."



AIR CONDITIONED FOR YOUR COMFORT

Pizza-Steaks-Spaghetti-Ravioli-Cacciatore-Chicken A SNACK TO A FULL COURSE DINNER

Simeone's

ITALIAN-AMERICAN RESTAURANT

Telephone EL iot 4-9569 21 Brookline St., Cambridge, Mass. off Mass. Ave.



... Damn poor looser!

Senator: "If we are unable to figure out a way to spend that two million dollars, we lose our jobs."

Another Senator: "How about a bridge over the Mississippi River . . . lengthwise?"



A mild little man walked into an income tax inspector's office, sat down and beamed on everyone.

"What can we do for you?" asked the inspector.

"Nothing, thank you," replied the little man, "I just wanted to meet the people I'm working for."

TENNIS RACKETS

All Makes — All Prices

RESTRINGING A SPECIALTY

One Day Service

Tennis & Squash Shop

67A Mt. Auburn Street

Cambridge

Tel. TR 6-5417

Then there was the man who appeared in a newspaper office to place an ad offering \$500 for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awful price for a cat," commented the clerk.

"Not this one," the man snapped. "I drowned it."



I hear a bank examiner, somewhere in Australia, walked into a bank. There were no clerks, tellers, cashiers. Finally he looked out the back door—there in the shade of a tree sat the four playing poker. To give them a lesson, he tripped the burglar alarm. They never moved, but the bartender across the street came over with four beers.



"This bed," said the antique dealer, "belonged to my own great-great grandmother."

"Sure," the unbelieving prospect replied, "no doubt one of the beds George Washington slept in."

"Very likely, sir, though of course we could never get great-great grandmother to admit it."



Mrs. Smythe-Smythe gave her husband a neat little kiss on the back of his bald head. Shocked out of his newspaper, he said irritably:

"That's the second time you've kissed me, dear, in four months."

"Well," crooned Mrs. Smythe-Smythe, "you want me to show a little interest in the physical side of marriage, don't you, dear."



THE NORSEMEN

99 Broadway Boston, Mass. (Between Park Sq. and Tremont St)



DINE IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF COPPER AND CANDLELIGHT

SMORGASBORD

Open 11:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. Phone LI 2-0974



"Martha, have you fed the dog yet today?"

While motoring through scenic Vermont one day, we stopped to ask directions of a lanky old farmer who looked as if he might say something witty. "Say, Grandpa, where does this road lead to?" we asked.

"Wal," he drawled, scratching his head with the hoe, "the way I look at it is, if you don't plant 'taters, they won't grow."

Chuckling over the fellow's homely philosophy, we dumped all our trash on his property and drove on.

The Hampshire Press, Inc.

OFFSET ~ LETTER PRESS

Completely Equipped to Render the Highest Quality Craftsmanship and Service in All Printing Requirements.

28 Carleton Street :: Cambridge, Mass. KI rkland 7-0194

The Language of Social Ritual

"Hi! John. How's the boy? School treating you O. K.? How's the wife? Too bad Sandra got the measles; better now? . . .

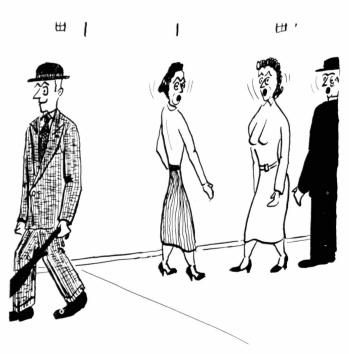
English Translation: "Oh-Oh, there's John. Better say hello."

This is an example of the Language of Social Ritual which seems to be replacing the King's English now-adays. We are so used to it that we sometimes forget the connotations involved. For instance . . .



THANK YOU, COME AGAIN

(1) Translation: "This establishment reserves the right to milk any sucker twice." Doesn't hold too well in this case.



HOW ARE YOU

(3) Totally untranslatable gibberish, equally meaningless. Means something like, "Lousy, and I don't give a good God Damn about you either."



(2) Literally, "God be with you." Archaic form used only by people (see No. 4). This is one of the few cases where it really can apply.



(4) Translation: "I hope the next time I see you, it'll be in Hell!" Or, "I know where YOU'RE going." Modern expression for good-bye; sad commentary on present state of affairs. Used principally by a well knit group of hoodlums and college students.



(5) Translation: "Who are you trying to fool?" When spoken with a smile, means "The Hell, you liar." With a look of profound surprise and respect, "So what!" (We didn't think he had it in him either.)



NICE WEATHER WE'RE HAVING, MR. AND MRS. SMITH

(6) This means: "Er . . . ah . . . that is . . . but . . . (Jeez, I wish my roommate was here.) . . . heh, heh . . . er . . ." Common on dates. Vestigial remains of the inventive period in the history of conversation.



HE LOOKS JUST LIKE HIS FATHER

(7) Translation: "Gad, who'd claim that monster?" Better make sure that IS his father.



I LOVE YOU

(8) Nuff said.

A bather's clothes were strewed By winds that left her quite nude.

When a man came along, And unless I am wrong, You expected this line to be lewd.



The reason the Romans gave up their big holidays was because of the overhead. The lions ate up all their prophets.



"Hey, you guys, where you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"

- "Nope."
- "Sick?"
- "Nope."
- "Just a gag, huh?"
- "Nope."
- "Dizzy spells, maybe?"
- "Nope."

"Well, what the hell is the matter with him?"

"Dead."



"Explain sex," she said.
On the sofa with me,
I figured I should
She was past twenty-three.
"My dear," I declared,
"I shall do as you bid,"
But you'll have to bear with me—"
And (bless her) she did.



Magistrate: "What induced you to strike your wife?"

Husband: "Well, your honor, it was this way. She was standing there, the broom was standing there and the back door was open so I thought I'd take a chance."



"I'm so afraid down here. At any moment a girl could be blasted to maternity."

Then there was the girl who pulled her boy friend's hair at the wrong time and had her tongue bitten off.



The following advertisement appeared in a physical culture magazine: "Here's a good test for your stomach muscles. Clasp your hands over your head and place your feet together on the floor. Now bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Now by sheer musclar control, haul yourself up, bend to the left and sit on the floor to the right of your feet. Keep this up and let us know the results."

The first received said: "Hernia."

Boarder: "It's disgraceful, Mrs. Skinner! I'm sure two rats were fighting in my bedroom last night."

Mrs. Skinner: "So! What do you want for \$3 a week? Bull fights?"



"Jane, you've been married to Dave for ten years and each year you've had a baby, just like clockwork, except for this year. How come?"

"It's because of this hearing aid that I got this year."

"What does that have to do with it?"

"Well, before when Dave and I got in bed at night, he would turn to me and say, "Shall we go to sleep or what?" and I'd always say, "WHAT?"

A priest saw one of his parishioners hanging drunkenly on a lamp post. "For shame, young man. What's gotten into you?" "Three Fathers, feather."



"Where are you?"

"I'm hiding."

"Dammit, where are you?"

"I've thrown myself away."

"Come out."

"NO!"

"Yes."

"No."

"Listen, I'm gonna look for you and when I find you, I'm going to —"

"I'm in the closet."



And there was the South Sea explorer who, when confronted by the native lassie's dad, explained that he was hunting grasshoppers.



The inspector was extremely annoyed by the amount of noise coming from the adjoining room while he made his usual rounds of the school. Unable to stand it any longer, he opened the door. Seeing that the others and talking a great deal, he grabbed him by the collar, dragged him to another room and stood him in the corner.

"Now you stand there and be quiet till I tell you to go back to your room!" the exasperated school inspector commanded.

A quarter-hour later a small head appeared around the door and a small quivering voice ask:ed:

"Please, sir, may we have our teacher back now?"

"I don't know who I am. I was left on a door step."

"Maybe you're a milk bottle."



Please, dear, don't ask me to marry you yet,

Mother would just have a fit, Besides it was only tonight we met.

Can't you be patient a bit?

You know people will talk about things,

I mean, if they're not in good taste.

Besides, I don't think a girl, if she's nice,

Would marry a man in such haste.

I'll marry you tomorrow if you like.

And share the same toothbrush and comb.

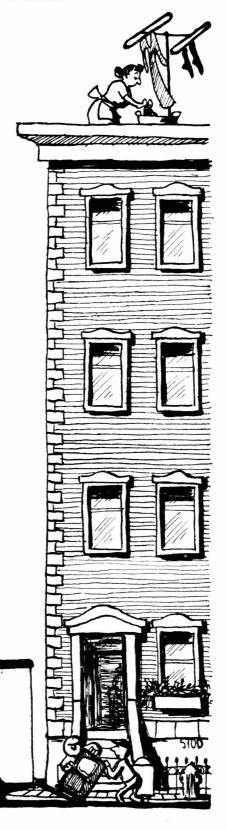
But if you keep pestering me, darling, tonight,

I'll get up, get dressed, and go home!



A story that finally got around to us concerns a sorority house mother who called the Dean of Students' office with the complaint that at a party her girls had attended, the fraternity in question had "spiked the martinis." Lament of a Chem Lab instructor's wife:

"I married a man who had no acetal."



At three o'clock in the morning, the drunk returned home from a particularly rambunctious night of bacchanalia. About five minutes after he opened the door, his wife heard a loud crash in the living room.

"George, what are you doing?" she asked.

"Teaching your damned goldfish not to bark at me."

Surgeon to attemdant: "Get the name of the accident victim so we can tell his mother."

Attendant (three minutes later): "He said his mother knows his name."



Little Mary Smith while walking dutifully to church which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying on the grass, so she picked it up like a good little girl and took it into her house and fixed its wing. When it became well and strong again, she let it fly away into the big, blue sky. Now, you lugs, let's see you try to make something dirty out of this.



"And who the hell do you think YOU are?"

The river steamer was attempting to scrape her way over a treacherous sand bar. Her engines were straining, her paddle wheels were churning madly, and every member of the crew was holding his breath as the vessel crept inch by inch over the bar.

A recluse living in a solitary cabin on the riverbank chose this moment to come down to the stream's edge for a pail of water. As he turned away with a brimming pail, his action caught the captain's eye.

"Hey," roared the fuming skipper. "You put that water back!"



Jack: "Gosh, Sam, that sure is some shiner you're wearing! What happened — run into a door?"

Sam: "No, Jack. I got this black eye as a result of taking your advice. Do you remember telling me that I would never get any place with my girl friend unless I took things into my own hands? Well you forgot to tell me what things."



Sweet young thing: "Can you tattoo a cat on my knee?".

Tattooer: "We're having a sale on giraffes this week."



The very small boy came home dejectedly from his first day at school.

"Ain't goin' tomorrow," he sputtered.

"Why not, dear?" his mother asked.

"Well, I can't read, and I can't write, and teacher won't let me talk, so what the hell's the use?"



We just read a rather incredible little news story about a couple of Harvard sophomores who spent a profitable forty-eight hours slapping each other in the face 17,281 times. Seems they heard that two Russians once slapped each other a grand total of 17,280 times; this Cambridge debacle was staged to prove the supremacy of democracy over communism . . . or to prove that we're sillier than the Russians . . . or Harvard sophomores are sillier than anybody . . . an opinion we have long shared.

The 1952 Line of Tek-kits

The first kits on the market tuned to our modern atomic age, now available from the Tek-kit Co., 303 Walker Memorial, Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.

12 M.E.V. VAN DER GRAFF GENERATOR

For the first time, a genuine Van der Graff type electrostatic generator developing 12 million volts. Amuse your friends with exciting parlor tricks like home sterilization and high power electric tattooing. Comes complete with sixty ton pressure tank, 200,000 cu. ft. of insulating gas and Professor Buechner. Detailed instructions sc easy to follow that a ten year old child can built this kit. Ten year old child optional at moderate cost. Please include parcel postage. Price

Kit form \$1,599.95 Assembled by MIT experts; ready to operate \$4,225,000

HOME HUMANOID KIT



Ideal for pet lovers with landlords' restrictions. Clean, self sufficient, economical to operate. Don't keep an old fashioned dog or cat, make your own humanoid. Female kits not available to minors without parents' consent. Price

Male \$1,295 Female \$1,995

(Prices somewhat higher in Boston and Cambridge, because of . . . er, higher transportation charges.)



ATOMIC TINKER TOY

Another first, just for the kids. The Modern Tinker Toy. A self-contained kit of 200 electrons 199 protons and 120 neutrons which enables your child to construct any of sixty stable and thirteen radioactive atoms. Hour upon hour of safe amusement right in your own kitchen, away from the dangers of city streets. Comes complete with special tweezers (small) and separately packaged particles. Price on request. (FOB Oak Ridge.)



Send your orders directly to our sales office,

The TEK-KIT Co.

303 Walker Memorial, Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass

SIC TRANSIT

By Siv

Montmorency looked up furtively from his copy of *College Fun* and belched, continuing in what he considered a monotone, "I've had about enough of this, but I suppose it would be more trouble than it's worth to change the state of things."

He pulled a green Russian cigarette from the little porcelain pillbox it came in, a pillbox of predominantly baroque design on which was inscribed in black-letter the many honors awarded the manufacturer. He struck an unaccountably long wooden match against the sole of his tennis shoe, which had been shod in leather for that very contingency. He placed the cigarette between the lips of a massive bronze Buddha that occupied the other half of the sofa, and sat back savoring the aroma of the burning tobacco and the slow coruscating rise of the smoke.

As his valet entered the room he said, maintaining an air of boredom assumed in order that he would appear to the generality simply as a bored young man, "Will you have my bicycle called, Pergolesi?" He assumed coat and cap and left the house. At the bottom of the front steps he mounted the rear seat of a tandem bicycle. The chauffeur got on in front and as he commenced pedaling they swiftly disappeared down the very ordinary street. (It had cost a sizeable fraction of Montmorency's by no means unlimited patrimony to make the street look very ordinary, but as such, its contrast with the interior of the house afforded Montmorency considerable aesthetic satisfaction.)

Soon they reached his destination, an elegant but somehow musty old house in a section whose ordinariness was a matter of history. He dismissed his chauffeur and entered the house. A

DINE AT THE

HONEY BEE CAFE

fast table service—air conditioned

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS

700 Mass. Ave., Cambridge phones: EL iot 4-8683, 4-8835

maid ushered him into the familiar room where the woman was waiting for him.

"Ah, George," she said (he always preferred that his mistresses call him George, since Montmorency or any of its variants could not be murmured, at least by any woman he had yet known), "why did you have to come? I don't think this is doing either of us any good."

"Of course not," he replied, attempting to convey not meaning but insouciance, "but I get terribly bored looking at that damned Buddha all day." For emphasis, he strode to the harpsichord and, picking up two grapefruit lying in readiness, he sat down and began to improvise on an old melody that had been running through his head. As he struck the keys with the grapefruit he felt a certain response, but the fullness he demanded was not there.

She had continued to sit in silence, but as the music ceased she understood why. "I suppose we could be happy, George. Shall we try?"

"Of course, of course. Have you any concrete suggestions?"

"Yes. Let's go somewhere."

"We've been about everywhere. But then we might try the pastoral approach. I have a triple bicycle ordered, and when it's delivered we might have a picnic. I hear there are an astounding number of trees within a few kilometers of the city. And grass. Soft, inviting grass—I hesitate to use the word luxuriant; it seems superfluous."

She crossed the room and, summoning forth from its vase a flower too fragile to be named, enfolded it in her slender way with such intensity that it was crushed. Its remainder, a flaky sort of dust, soon lost itself in the immaculate oblivion of the room. Realization of what she had done came as a sort of still languid culpability, essentially animal yet pretty. Montmorency was lost for an infinitesimal moment in musing appreciation of the symbolism of her act and her reaction to it;

	Walker Memorial Bldg. MIT Voo Doo Cambridge, Mass.
Dear Phos, Enclosed is \$2.00 so please send eight hilarious issues of Yoo Doo to	
Name	
Address	
City	State



then, in a quick modulation of mood, he was thrown back into awareness of her ineluctable passivity.

be very much flustered, Montmorency thought, if she were capable of it. A pause ensued, motionless and in length stylistically perfect, a pause that only a superb musician could have appreciated.

"I suppose we could be happy, George."

"Must you keep saying that?"

"I feel somehow that it might be."

"No." He all but winced at the brevity of the word, but was at least slightly pleased by its opportune finality.

"Then why did you come?"

He was disturbed by a desiccated anger at the unnecessary prolongation; he remembered the story an actor friend had once told him of having to stand by impotently while, at the hundredth performance of a successful play, the leading lady improvised for ten minutes during the death scene. Montmorency was short:

"To say goodbye. I know you would be pleased by my deference to so gentle a custom."

Without answering she left the room. When she returned a few minutes later he put down his brandy-glass, the small puddle of liquid not diminished but thoroughly contemplated. A look passed between them, a look of mutual appreciation and, finally, complete understanding. It withered as a pressed flower withers, and she was gone.

Montmorency settled back on the sofa and lit a cigarette as Pergolesi came softly into the room, bearing the bronze Buddha.



Are We For Real?

At a bull session the other night we started to list some of the personality traits which seem to predominate around Tech. Some of them are contradictory, but then this only displays the ingenuity of the typical Techman. We find that Tech men are . . .





Father: "Well, Son, what did you learn in Sunday School today. Anything new?"

Young Hopeful: "Sure, Daddy. I learned all about a crosseyed bear. His name was 'Gladly.' We sang a song about him, 'Gladly the cross I'd bear'."



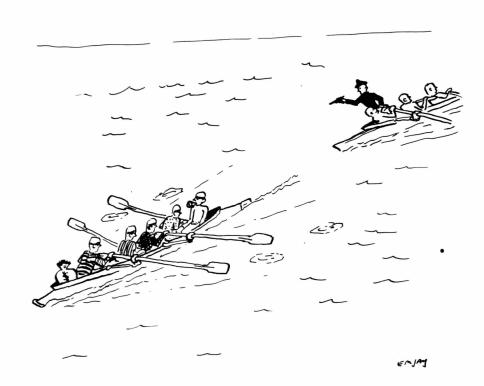
A man hired a mountaineer to do some painting for him. When he decided to check up on him he found the mountain man lying in the shade while another man did the painting.

"What's the idea?" asked the man. "I thought I hired you for this job."

"You sure did," allowed the man, but I'm lettin' this here feller do the job fer twelve dollars."

"But I'm only paying you ten dollars," said the puzzled owner. "You're losing two dollars on the deal."

"I know," drawled the mountaineer, "but it's worth something to be the boss."



She: "What's the difference between dancing and marching?"

He: "I don't know."

She: "I didn't think you did. Let's sit down." It was a tense moment in the colonel's life. What with Russia getting more uppity each day, the mock maneuvers they were on might turn into the real thing any moment. When their field radio was silenced almost ominously, he was certain that something was up. Nervously he and his staff paced up and down on a small hill near their command post. Finally a small scout plane zoomed high overhead, and from it came a carrier pigeon.

Powerful field glasses followed

Powerful field glasses followed every flap of the pigeon's wings till it fluttered into a nearby coop, and the colonel raced over to get the message. He opened it with trambling hands, read it, cursed, and threw it on the groung, then walked off with his face a bright purple. A young staff lieutenant waited until he was out of sight, then picked up the message. It said, "I have been sent down for being naughty in my cage."



" - - you mean this isn't Park Street Under?"



I'd like a volunteer for dinner.



As the cow said to the milkmaid, "Go ahead, see if I give a dram."

LEARN DANCING INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION

(Two can take for the price of one—Save 50%)
Only a few lessons and you will easily dance the
Waltz, Fox Trot, Lindy, Rumba, Tango,
Samba and Mambo

OPEN 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Call Today for FREE Half Hour Dance Analysis CO 6-0520

SHIRLEY HAYES DANCE STUDIO

330 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass. At Symphony Station—Look for Neon Sign

for the best food reasonably priced

200

Kendall Square Diner

2000

125 broadway, cambridge open 24 hours daily

Long, long ago a feudal lord's son was having his own way with the wayward girls who lived on his father's properties. When the old man heard of his son's doings, he approached him asking, "Son, I hear you're misbehaving."

"In what manor, father?" was the reply.



Men are peculiar, as women have long suspected: For instance—A man who hasn't kissed his wife for 5 years just shot a fellow who did.



"Private, where is my horse I told you I wanted shod?" asked the captain.

"Omigosh, did you say shod?"



A cautious gal is one who buys her boy friend a flash light so he won't have to feel his way around in the dark...

GEORGE GRAHAM ORCHESTRA

AVAILABLE FOR
SMALL AND LARGE DANCES
For Rates, Call CU ningham 6-3120

Charlie Mun

Complete Laundry Service

88 MASS. AVE. BOSTON Telephone KE 6-9472

