

VOO DOO



OCTOBER
25¢



Grab Your Boy, Coach, He's Heading Off Downstream

WELL, WELL, there goes Roscoe—with a smile on his face—walking into the jaws of virus X. He spends all year long training and building up big muscles to make the team. And here he is fresh out of the shower plodding his way homeward, his hair glistening in the moonlight.

Come on over here, Roscoe, and let me explain some of the facts of life. The team needs you, son! And the best way to crump out on it is to wander around without a hat. Especially after a shower.

A hat, my friend, is as important to your health as an overcoat or a pair of shoes. Maybe more so. Your head needs warmth and protection. Let it get cold and the rest of you has to work like a horse warming it up. Nature is more concerned about your skull than any other part of your body.

So put on a hat and you'll be doing yourself a double favor: you'll look better and you'll feel better, too!

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Well, as summers go, this one did. Upon arrival in this metropolis of ancient monuments I nearly became part of the scenery when two women drivers decided I had to go. However, my cat's foot came through again, and brushing the good old New England dirt off my shirt, I aimed my nose toward Cambridge, to Phos and my little three-legged stool by the beer cooler.

Forging my way through the mass of red and grey striped ties, I stopped by in Big Jim's office to find out why the excess of frosh. Strictly off the record, it seems B. J. has an interest in a local brewery and seeing as how the coolies are striking in the malt mines in Southern Ubangi, beer prices are going up; thusly, the 200 extra frosh. (Rumor also has it that 23 beer scholarships were handed out.)

Climbing over the two layers of parked cars on Walker Memorial's steps (the new Zone "X"—chartreuse sticker—parking lot) I managed to duck a copy of Robert's Rules which flew out of Litchfield Lounge, and slowly wended my way up to Suite 304.

After a tearful reunion, Phos and I sat down to talk over the events of the past summer. It seems that Phos is—don't let this get around—not feeling so goodly; old "Doc B." gave him the word—no more after-beer cigars. The evils of smoking has finally caught up with him.

After a few beers Phos and I took a run down to the washroom and rummaging through the latest The Tech we discovered the interesting fact that several of the new coed's spouses will be joining our rifle team this year. Hooray for school spirit!

Slinging a beer in my direction Phos began to sobbingly relate the near-loss of his fifth life. Having mistaken the ancient water wheel in the lobby of building seven for a fire hydrant, Freddie caught him with his pants down (so to speak) and mumbling something about panties took him over to Walker for dinner.

Using his magnetic personality (and a can of cold beer as ransom) Phos convinced the Chef that he wasn't hungry, and then gaily slinked back to his little hole in the wall behind the beer cases.

Unfortunately, the height of the beer cans had gotten so high that Phos' voice became just a low purr. Staggering over an empty case I fell through the doorway just as Phos grumbled something about locked doors and not being able to curl up on the couches any more . . .

A. S. H.

Phos congratulates Lenny Gross on his appointment to the Senior Board, and Dave Lissner and Jim Steuer on their appointments to the Junior Board. The Cat will miss Tony Jannicky, who will not be back this term.

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY

ESTABLISHED 1919

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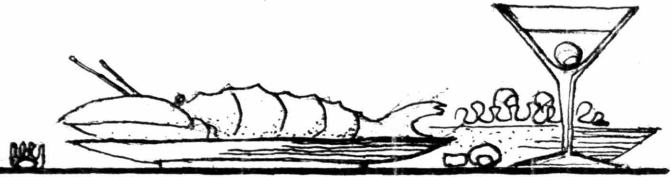
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this month's cover by Locarni

DOING THE TOWN



Another first column . . . this is usually dedicated to the incoming freshman class, thus rendering it moronic and boring to anyone else who has ever read it. Well, the hell with that. Tonight is also the night before the first quiz, and we are damned if we'll dedicate anything to the class of '56, who have provided no entertainment for anyone else thus far, and show little signs of doing so. If the references are unintelligible, hire a senior to translate.

Chez Dreyfus, a small, fairly good French restaurant is no longer where it used to be, having combined during the summer with the Bella Vista (a place we always felt was inferior to Chez Dreyfus, but anyhow . . .) at 44 Church St., in back of Harvard Square, Intuition tells us the prices will fall between .99 and 2.50, not a terribly difficult guess.

As long as you're on Church Street, you should know that if your watch or clock gives out, the Swiss Watchmaker at No. 58 is cheaper than most, very accurate, reasonably fast, and very pleasant to talk to. Try clocks.

During the summer the Shack opened a fascinating department entitled, "anything in box below 10 cents." On the right days this is a gold mine, a friend of ours having picked up six brand new 10A rated DPDT bat handles at one dime per. Certainly a reasonable price, eh?

While you're near the shack, Durgin is still in business.

The Beacon Hill just finished showing a double feature so excellent that it bears telling about, so that if you ever run across it again you won't pass it up. It consisted of an independent film released by United Artists, entitled "The Scarf," which was so good that it was difficult to believe that it was made here, and the world famous Hitchcock classic, "The Lady Vanishes," certainly an all time great movie thriller. They now have "Tales of Hoffman," and coming up is what promises to be a real experience, "Miracle in Milan," and Guinness in "Last Journey."

If you're ever walking around the Esplanade on a Saturday or

Sunday, be sure to look in the little lagoon and see if the model boat races are going on. The Boston Model Yacht Racing Association, a group of crotchety old men, races magnificent seven foot high self-tacking model yachts on good days, and they are beautiful to watch.

Cider, which started the season at an unreasonbale .60c per gallon is now a lot cheaper out Framingham way, as are pumpkins and Indian corn. Get your jug in the sunlight—only 21 days till Hallowe'en. The trees are turning magnificently out toward Wellesley on 9, and the girls aren't too bad in that vicinity either.

If you haven't got a car, and you don't mind dating people who are highly speech conscious, the Newbury Del. Mass. Avenue & Commonwealth, SE corner, is always crowded with Emerson girls around 9:30 P.M. We have it from experience that this is useless knowledge for people with Brooklyn accents.

P.S. Cider in the sunlight needs a cork, not a screw cap. Too bad about that accent, but Cenco has the corks.

—EMG

WHOLESALE

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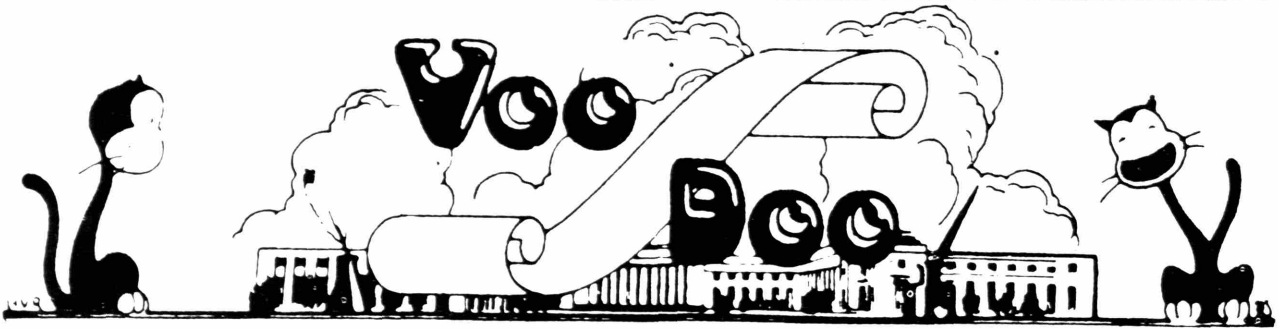
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Now that we've said hello, we can go on with the indoctrination. Cambridge is a wide-open town as evidenced by the experience of a few Techmen who bumbled into a Central Square café and ordered coffee. The waitress stared at them for a moment and muttered: "Sorry, we don't serve coffee on Sunday!"

A few of us were walking through a Smith College dormitory recently when we noticed a horrible new punishment for girls who go out with boys. Quite a few of the toilets were marked, "For Maids Only."

By way of welcome, this department would like to acquaint all entering frosh with a sign prominently displayed over a building twenty drinking fountain: "Don't Spit Here!" Don't look at us. We didn't put it there.

Our roving eye passed over the bulletin board at a Brandeis female dorm and came up with the following tidbit:

"Who dreamt she took a Maidenform bra from the washing machine by mistake on Tuesday, September 23? It was a 34A 'Overture' without a name label. Please return to Sue (room 102) or I won't be able to go to classes."

Oh, I don't know.

Word reaches us that fraternity rushing is just as jumbled as ever. One of our Senior Board happened to set foot in the SAE house when he was accosted by an ambitious sophomore, who insisted on showing him about the house and introducing him to all the brothers. The disappointment in the soph's eyes, when the truth was revealed, brought us all to tears.

We run into electric engineers in the darndest places. Descending the stairs to Park Street Under, we found that the train to Cambridge was just leaving. Noticing the expression on our face, an old man with a bottle-shaped package under one arm suggested, "Why don't you jump down and short out the third rail? That'll stop it."

While passing through a Men's Room on the fifth floor of the Sloan Building, engaged in legitimate business, we came face to face with a coin-operated dispenser. What made this vending machine different from others was that it was the type only to be found in little girls' rooms. They must have been expecting some Harvard men.



"Williams used to work for a carnival."

We can recall the sage words of an MS instructor from our frosh days. Quote he, "A shrewd enemy wouldn't care about our armaments. They'd come on over and blast hell out of our paper factories. The army would be paralyzed." Now that we are seniors, we truly realize the import of his wise mouthings. Dispensed to some senior ROTC students this term:

- (1) Fingerprint form for FBI
- (2) Personal history form
- (3) Personal history form
- (4) Personal history form
- (5) Personal history form
- (6) Request to join ORC
- (7) Loyalty Declaration
- (8) Form 66
- (9) Military service record
- (10) Military service record
- (11) Reserve officers qualification and availability questionnaire.

That's all?



Either dormitory wags are aloft again or else the New England Telephone Company has unknown enemies. It appears that a tin identification plate was removed from an Ames Street telephone pole and replaced with another neatly embossed as follows: "Go to Hell." Ha! We're all choked up.



EMJAY

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Down with all aristocrats,
Plutocrats, and technocrats,
Republicans and Democrats.
Down with aristocracies,
Plutocracies, technocracies,
Republics and democracies.
Down with all the communism.
Bolshevism, monarchism,
Pacifism, socialism.
Down with every communist,
Bolshevist, monarchist,
Pacifist and socialist.
Down with all the present tense
Presidents and precedence,
Press events, and pestilence.
Damn, what'll we do now?

"Did you hear about the Scotchman who died of apoplexy?"

"No."

"He was throwing pennies to the kids from his window and the string broke."



First roommate: "Have you a picture of yourself?"

Second roommate: "Yeah."

First roommate: "Then let me use that mirror; I want to shave."

Now!! Another —

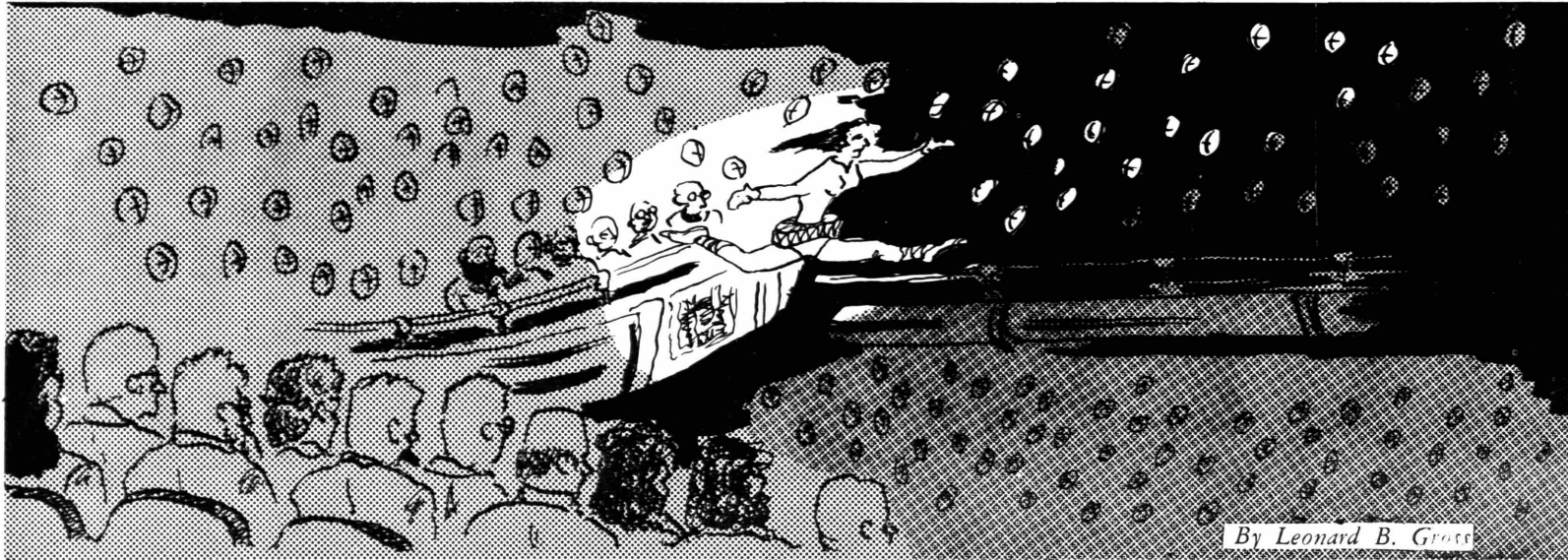
NEWBURY STEAK HOUSE

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Bury Me Not on the Lone Balcony



By Leonard B. Gross

Spring recess found me roaming the streets of New York. It wasn't too long before I was confronted by my old croney, Mel Glickman. Melvin was crying. Never before had I seen Melvin cry. "Melvin," I asked, "why do you cry?" All I got for a response was his continued slobbering. Luckily, we were standing before one of Broadway's numerous taverns, so I hustled him inside and ordered a few beers. The brew quieted him, and when I saw that he was once again his old self I asked, "Melvin, why did you cry?"

"It was beautiful," he replied. "The most beautiful story I ever heard. It was told to me by the doorman outside the *Russian Bear Inn*. Ah, what a story!" It must have been a magnificent story indeed, if it could have moved Melvin to tears, so I pressed him and he told me the tale. At its close, we were both crying. Not since I donned long pants had I cried so. I rushed into the streets telling the tale to passersby. I returned to Technology with the legend burning on my lips. I told my friends. My friends told others. Never before had Cambridge heard such a wailing. And now, to those who have not as yet heard of Eina Pavola's last dance, I dedicate this story and present it for their consideration.

Eina Pavola was Russia's *prima ballerina*. Some say she was weaned by a dancing bear, but at any rate, there was none in this world who could dance with the same majesty as Eina Pavola. It was with great sadness, therefore, when her beloved manager, Igor Rendelski, arranged

for her last performance. Yes, Eina's last dance was scheduled. The grey locks began to peep through the gold and rheumatism's first pangs began to be felt in her joints. "Eina, my pet," spoke Igor Rendelski, "you must make your last performance one that will always be remembered. You must give everything, my little bird, everything." And Eina responded, her eyes filling with big Russian tears. "Yes, my Igor-r, tonight I will dance. Ever-rybody will be pr-roud of Eina Pavola."

That evening, the Moscow Imperial Opera House was filled to its tremendous capacity. Even the ushers had to pay to get in. There wasn't even room for their flashlights. This, naturally, disillusioned them. Not so with the patrons. They came to see Eina Pavola's last dance expecting the best that ballet had to offer and they were not disappointed.

After the usual delays, a baton was raised. The hush that fell over the audience was deafening. Not one Russian mouth was open. Not one Russian nose dared sneeze. The strains of the overture wafted gently throughout the still of the opera house. And then, to the accompaniment of a vast gasp, the curtain opened.

Nothing! Absolutely nothing, except for a little filmy gauze in the background. But wait! The spotlight focused on the stage went dim and a spot on the stage focused itself on the first balcony. Eager fingers pointed, for there on the first balcony stood the idol of all Russia, Eina Pavola!

Eina was balanced on the guard rail. "What nonsense is this?" thought 18,765 Russian minds in unison. Softly Eina beckoned for patience, and then a drum began to roll, and then another, and another, and when the crashing crescendo of an added tympanum was more than anyone could bear, when twenty-two trumpets brought everyone to a fever pitch, when the vibrato from thirteen bass oboes set the seats atremble, then—Eina flexed her muscles and sailed across the opera house, landed on the stage, and gently performed a perfect *arabesque*. The applause was heard in Minsk, Pinsk, Omsk, and even Tomsk. Never before had anyone seen the like of this performance. But wait, more was to come. Eina rapidly disappeared into the wings, only to appear teetering on the guard rail on the second balcony. Once again, jaws dropped and eyes popped. "What else can she do?"

And when the drums rolled and trumpets spoke, Eina, once more, was seen plummeting through the darkness of the opera house. She landed on the stage and then tripped through a beautiful *pas de deux*. The third balcony brought with it a *pas de trois*, and the fourth a flawless *entrechat*. And, as you can no doubt imagine, when Eina appeared on the guard rail of the fifth (and last) balcony, the audience was agog with admiration. But as they gathered their wits, they became terrified. Someone ran out to call the fire department for their life-net. It was too late. Eina was already in the air like a beautiful little dove. She landed in a perfect—split! Eina did not move. Then, she waved to the audience. She waved farewell to the dance that was her life. The audience was hysterical in their applause. Every fiber of their aesthetic Russian selves was electrified. Finally, at long last, the curtain

closed. Eina did not get up. The audience went home. Eina remained in her split. The curtains opened. She did not stir. The cleaning women came out. Eina was motionless. The electricians and carpenters went to work on the sets. Eina did not move a muscle. Then Igor appeared. He saw Eina on the stage floor and rushed up to her. "Wonderful, wonderful, Eina, my little pet, you were wonderful."

"Igor-r, do me one leetle favor-r?" asked Eina, still with her legs asplit.

"Yes, Eina, anything, anything."

"Igor-r, r-rock me a little and br-reak the suction."



A drunken man was lying in a deck chair aboard ship trying to sleep, when a kid came along with a stick over his shoulder. He was playing soldier, calling out commands to himself and raising quite a disturbance.

The drunk opened one eye and looked at the boy. "Run along, sonny. Can't you play somewhere else?"

The boy answered, "I don't have to. My daddy said I could play anywhere on this ship."

"Go away and leave me alone. I'm trying to sleep."

"That's funny—my daddy sleeps in bed."

"Oh, he does, does he? Well, he didn't sleep enough!"



He: "Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?"

She: "No, why?"

He: "That's funny, the other three pigs were."

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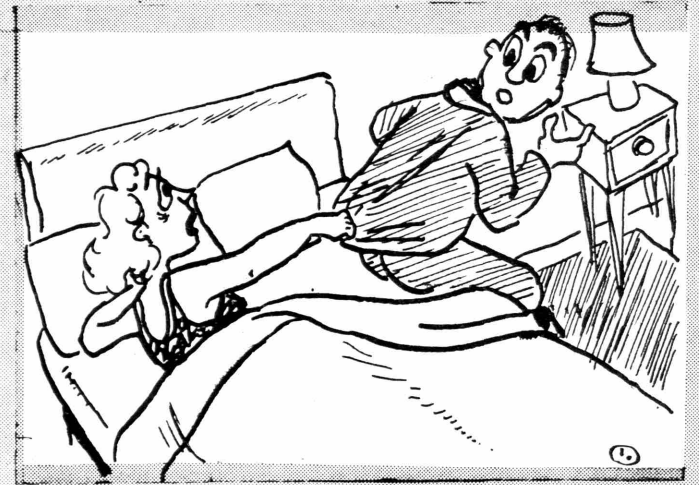
"THROUGH THE FRESHMAN'S EYES"

Dear Mom,
Here I am at Tech. Got lost in Boston on the way here but arrived safely. College should be broadening and everything is coming along fine...

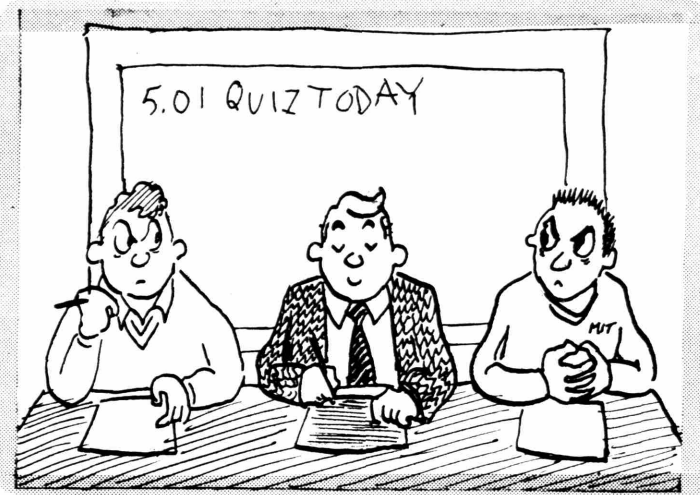
... they tried to sell us freshman ties, but a few of us went down the river to a place where they say you can get real bargains in cheap ties. Saw Harvard today...



... just heard about Fresh-Soph rivalry. Most of the guys say it ain't too bad. There is a guy in my class that worries alot...



... and we are so busy that we attend all our classes, even ones given on Saturday mornings...



... One of the professors remarked that with the big class this year, one out of three won't be with us next year...



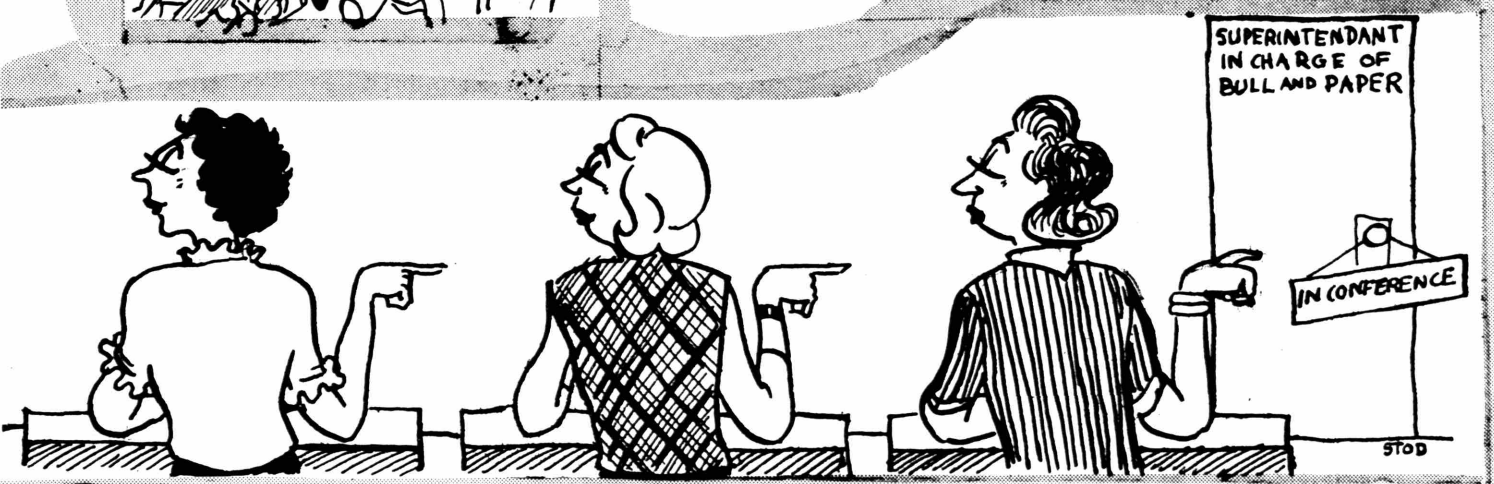
... and I found that it doesn't take too long to become thoroughly acclimated to college...



... it has turned out that freshman expenses are higher than I anticipated. Please send check with next letter.
your son,
Wilbur



... the institute is very highly organized. Each person knows



his place and a little bit of something. I own 10 keys...

The moving finger writes . . .

WHEE!

I'm in the wrong galaxy.
I can tell by my chartreuse ears.
They hear
But they're still chartreuse.
I wish they were flesh-colored
Like everybody else.
But then they wouldn't match
My violet eyebrows.

By Moly B. De um

GROWING UP

Oh Poets, how you have betrayed me
That conjur'd up fair visions of
An enchanted Womankind;
Whose innocence and simple purity
Would to adoration move
My body and my mind.

Where is that maiden in the limpid deeps
Of whose clear eyes true peace I might,
And inward beauty, see;
Where Virtue her simple yet sumptuous dwelling
keeps,
And Envy, Greed in vain do fight
To gain the barest entry?

The loveliness that might have been this earth
Would in her radiant beauty show,
And the ugliness that is;
To drink the nectar of her lips 'twere worth
To die: what meaning could life know
In such eternal bliss?

And many years I have in wand'ring spent
In search of this bright ideal you
Have held up thus before me.
And often have you caus'd me to repent
The boundless faith I thought your due
For your sincerity.

For the rapturous visions of your mind have so
Enthrall'd your sense, that might have been
Is your reality;
And I your heady passion sought to know,
And in intolerance have seen
All human flaws and frailty.

The more fool I, that heedlessly have cast
The gem of joy that present is
For a distant paradise
That lives but in the mind, I see at last,
Of a dup'd, impassion'd fool, and his
So sweet, ensnaring lies.

And so, my love, let's find our happiness
Accepting all our faults; let's leave
For fools the ecstasy.
Too long I've cluttered up my consciousness
With ideals cloaked in make believe
And foolish fantasy.

By Amby

COGITO

I sat astride the mighty world
And gazed upon a shining star.
It seemed a tiny thing at first
And yet that diamond in the void
Was larger than my puny earth.
I bent me down, the earth to see,
And found . . .

. . . the people were like me.
I stood among the people then,
And looked up at my star again.
The wise ones said it was a sun,
That had begun as ours did,
And had its worlds and people too.
'Twas then I thought of all the stars,
And all the worlds I could not see,
In space beyond eternity;

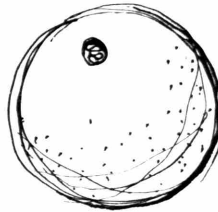
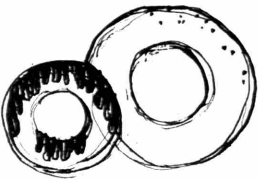
. . . I crawled beneath my hat
And sat astride a pea.
And when, in His immensity,
God reached out and rearranged the universe,
I disappeared.

By L. S. Coupling

. . . and having writ moves on.

By E. Morton

HERMAN HERNIA



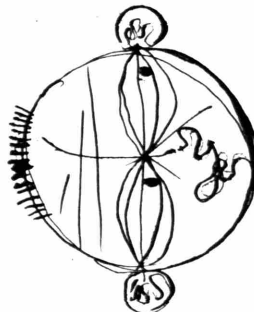
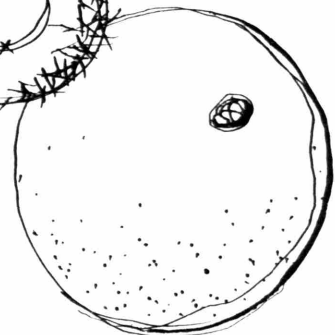
Herman Hernia was a naval architect. That is, he designed navels. His navels were used by all leading Camels smokers throughout the world, and upstanding society women paid fabulous fees for Hernia originals.

One night, while studying a photograph of Lily St. Cyr (for inspiration), his thoughts turned to doughnuts. Not to eating doughnuts, nor even to dunking doughnuts, but to raping doughnuts. Here indeed was a feat worthy of a man. To rape a doughnut would require all the knowledge he had gained*in ten years of umbilical undertakings. Putting aside his plans for a belly-button equipped with collapsible reading lamp and short-order snack bar for those who read in bed, he grabbed his hat from the rack.

As he walked along Washington Street, he was tempted more than once to go into a restaurant and purchase a doughnut upon which to shower his affections. But, he solemnly repeated his code of ethics, "I've never paid for it yet, and I'm not going to pay for it now." Sooner or later, he knew, he would meet a good-looking doughnut.

Sure enough, as he was walking down Milk Street, he spied a luscious sugar coated specimen of the doughnut species slinking towards him as only a doughnut can slink. "Milk and doughnuts," he cried as he ran to her and pulled her into a convenient alley. However, the best laid plans of men go oft astray, and poor Herman, with no plan at all, but only his urge to guide him, was caught, literally, "with his pants down," by a doughnut-shaped policeman who happened to have been watching the wrong doughnut at the right time.

Herman was quickly arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a long term in jail. However, I am happy to relate, our hero was a resourceful fellow. On his second day in jail, while he was temporarily unguarded, he began singing the prisoners song, left out four bars, and escaped. For all we know, he is still loose, raping doughnut after doughnut, leaving navels to his successors.



yost

She sat alone, at a far corner table in one of the swankier nightspots, her head in her arms, weeping as though her little heart would break.

The spectacle of one so fair in dire distress was too much for the Harvard student. He arose and approached her table. After considerable coaxing the well-ginned damsel consented, reluctantly, to talk.

"He," she sobbed convulsively, "he called me a— a—"

Diffidently she spelled the inelegant term signifying a female promiscuous in the distribution of personal favors.

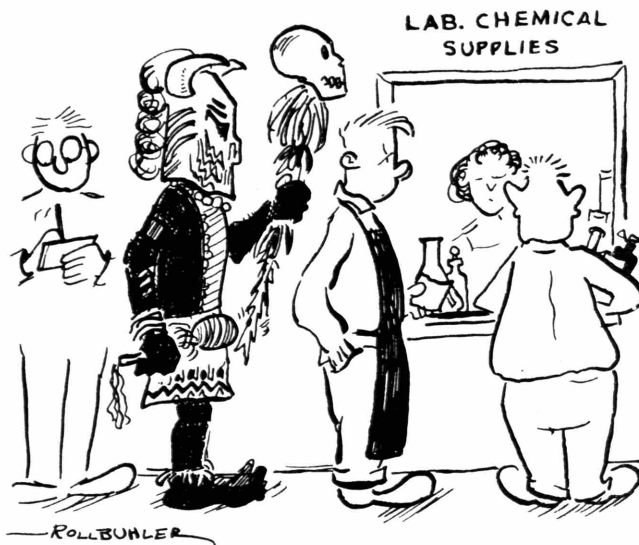
The Harvard man was deeply moved. Instinctively his fists clenched, his face purpled. It was several moments before he could regain his composure and trust himself to speak. Drawing himself up to full height he said: "The word," still struggling to gain composure, "the word is spelled with a 'W' "



A pedestrian had fallen into an excavation and had brought suit against the contracting firm for the injuries he received. The plaintiff held that there had been no lanterns marking the hole in the ground. The night watchman (who had been thoroughly coached by his boss) was put on the stand, and the testimony he offered won the case for the contracting firm.

"Were you nervous?" the boss asked the watchman as he congratulated him for his help.

"When that lawyer feller asked me how many lanterns were hung around the hole," said the watchman, "I sweat blood for fear he'd ask me if they was lit!"



"Why did you take so much time last night saying goodbye to that fellow?"

"But Mother, if a guy takes you to the movies, you ought to at least kiss him goodnight."

"I thought you went to the Stork Club?"

"I did."



Sexton cleaning up the pulpit after Sunday service took a peek at the preacher's manuscript. Along the left margin were instructions such as "Pause here," "Wipe brow here," "Use angry gesture," "Look upward."

Near the end was a long paragraph of texts, opposite which the preacher had marked in large capital letters. "ARGUMENT WEAK HERE. YELL LIKE HELL!"

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The teacher in a Hollywood Sunday School, wishing to arouse the interest of her class, asked them to name their favorite hymns.

All wrote busily for a few minutes and handed in their slips of paper. All except Jane.

"Come, Jane," said the teacher, "write the name of your favorite hymn and bring me the paper."

Jane wrote and, with downcast eyes and flaming cheeks, handed the teacher her paper. It read: "Willie Smith."



At the booking agent's office a magician was trying to sell his act. "I've got the greatest act in the world," he declared. "I pull 200 lighted cigars from nowhere, puff on each of them, and then swallow the entire 200."

The agent was amazed. "You swallow 200 cigars!" he gasped. "How on earth do you manage to do it?"

The magician smiled blandly. "Very simple," he replied. "I have connections in Cuba and I get the cigars wholesale."



1st Man: Yes, I studied the cello for seven years."

2nd Man: Seven years! Isn't that rather a long time?"

1st Man: Not when you consider that for the first six, I thought you had to blow into it.

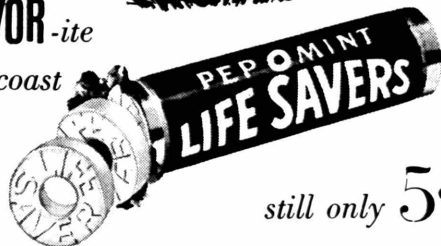


Prison Warden: "I've had charge of this prison for ten years. We're going to celebrate. What kind of a party do you boys suggest?"

Prisoners: "Open house."



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PAPER CUPS

By Harold Kaplan

What I wanted was just a couple score of paper cups for a party. I realize now that I could have got them at any five and dime, but like a fool I used the yellow pages. The Amalgamated Paper Cup Co., Inc., caught my eye, so I dropped in a nickel and called them.

A bored-sounding female voice said, "Amalgamated Paper Cup, the best cup for the price. Good afternoon."

"I want to buy some paper cups," I said.

"Surely, sir. I'll connect you with the order department."

There was a click and a buzz and a hum and a long wait, and then a cynical male voice said, "Order department."

"I want to buy some paper cups," I said again.

"That's Dreap's job. Hey Dreap! Customer!"

There was a pause, and then a bright enthusiastic boyish voice declared, "Good afternoon sir, how can we be of service?"

"I want to buy some paper cups," I said for the third time, wondering if I would turn into a phonograph record.

"Of course sir. What kinds?"

"What kinds have you got, I mean, I always thought a paper cup was just a paper cup."

"We will be only too glad to send you our catalogues, sir. What is your name and business address?"

"That would take too long. All I want is some cups I can put punch in."

"We have many types suitable for that, sir. Our 'Zenith' line is a good cup with a double bottom. The 'Acme' cup has a single bottom and a Brent-type seal. On the other hand you might like the 'Summit' with its reinforced seams and thermosetting wax, or maybe . . ."

"Look here," I interrupted, "can't I just come over and see what the cups look like?"

"Surely, sir. No appointment will be necessary. Just call at the Canal Street gate and ask for Mr. Dreap. We will be happy to show you displays of all our cups."

"I'll be over," I said. "Thanks and goodbye."

Then I took the M. T. A. right over.

This was a mistake. If I had used my head I would have shined my shoes, put on a shirt, tie, and suit, and combed my hair. As it was, I wore little more than dungarees, a tee-shirt, and a five

o'clock shadow.

When I climbed out of the subway, I found myself in a thick forest of factories. Judging by the sound, every one was filled with drop hammers. The street was in a deep shadow from the buildings. I went up to the nearest passer-by and asked him where the Amalgamated Paper Cup Co. was.

"That's it all around," he replied, and walked away.

A policeman was more helpful; he told me how to find the Canal Street gate. The four Pinkertons at the gate looked even less human than the barbed wire fences around the buildings.

"I'm looking for Mr. Dreap," I said.

"Who's he?"

"He's in the order department here."

"Whada ya wanna see him for?"

"I want to buy some paper cups."

"You sure?"

I began to wish I had combed my hair. "Yes."

"Well, go in that door over there."

I walked in and saw an arrow with the words "Order Dept." on it. It pointed to a marble staircase lined with bad paintings of the Hudson River school, which went up three floors into a Spanish Pueblo type office.

"I'm looking for Mr. Dreap," I told the nearest of the sixteen secretaries.

"Yes sir," she said without stopping her typing. "Go right in that door on your left."

I walked into a museum-like vault lined with paper cups. One end of the room had a window through which I could see acres of heavy machinery pounding itself senseless far below.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Dreap's voice.

I turned around and saw a broad smile wearing a tweedy suit.

"I want to buy some paper cups," I said doubtfully.

"You must be the gentleman who called on the phone," he said. "Won't you please sit down."

He pulled open one of the glass cabinet doors and brought out one of the trays of paper cups. Each was slightly different from the others.

"I believe you desired something to put punch in. Now this cup is the 'Peak' line, with the square bottom that experienced caterers prefer, while . . ."

"I hate to show my ignorance," I broke in, "but

they all look good to me. What's the cheapest cost?"

"The most economical is the 'Supreme' at \$79.83 for a case of twelve crates."

"Well all I wanted was a couple dozen cups," I said.

"Surely."

He clapped his hands, and three women and two men walked in, the ladies with stenographic pads and the men carrying boxes of blank forms.

"This gentleman wishes to make a purchase, type SP78w, quantity, uh how many dozen do you desire, sir?"

"Three dozen cups," I said, wishing I could sink through the floor.

"And will you pay by mail or in person, sir?"

"I've got the money here."

"Money? Why, sir, everyone pays us by check or money order!"

"U. S. money is legal tender for all debts public and private," I reminded him.

"And how soon shall delivery be?"

"I can carry it home myself, can't I?"

"I am afraid our traffic pattern will not permit it, sir. Will tomorrow afternoon be soon enough?"

"I guess so."

"Now, do you wish insurance during transit, sir?"

"No, that would be silly."

"As you say sir. Now over here we have a few forms which we would appreciate your filling out."

The two men started dumping pounds of blanks on a nearby desk, and one of the ladies offered me a pen

"What's all this stuff?" I demanded. "I don't want a charge account or anything. I've got the money here. How much do I owe you?"

"Uh, twenty-seven cents, sir. We deduct 15% since you pay at once."

I paid, left my name and address, and took the M.T.A. back to Tech.

At five-thirty the next day I heard a heavy knock on my door. I opened it, and a wrestler in a green uniform asked, "You the gent what wants paper cups?"

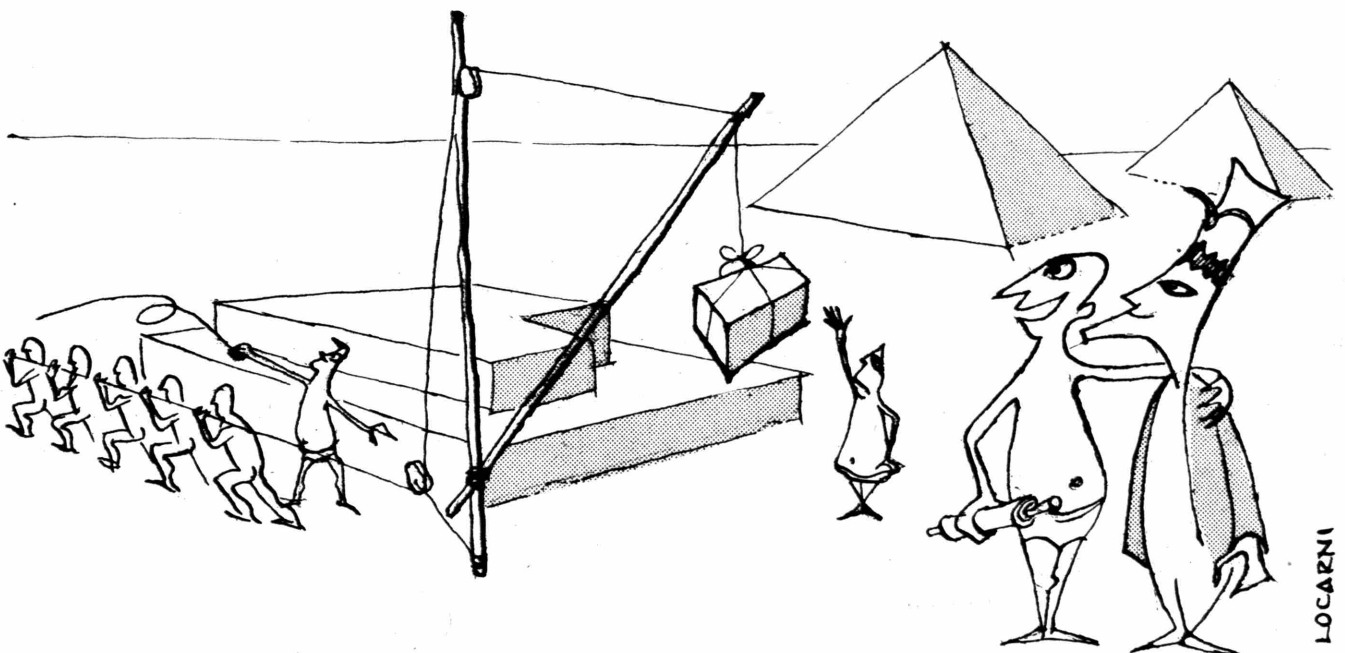
We went outside to find a twelve-tire diesel trailer-truck parked there. He took some keys from his pocket and opened the lock on the trailer doors. They opened silently into the cavernous interior. At first I thought the huge space was empty, but then I saw a tiny package lying fifty feet away, over to the side. He climbed in, fetched it, and came back holding it with his thumb and forefinger.

Pulling some papers from his pocket he gave them to me with the package.

"Here ya are. Invoice, bill of sale, bill of lading, and two dozen type SP78w cups."

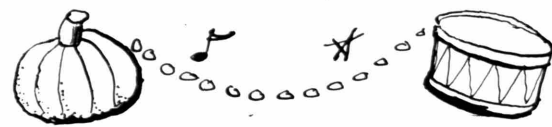
"But I wanted three dozen," I protested.

"I just drive the truck. So long bub." And he drove away.

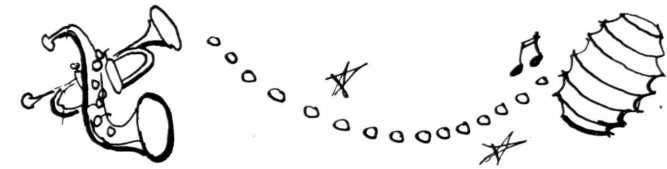


LOCARNI

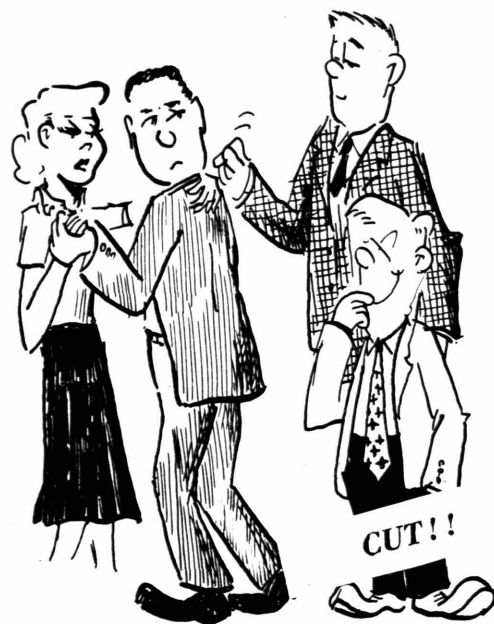
"But they say that this new invention will put pyramids within the range of everyone and create NEW opportunities."



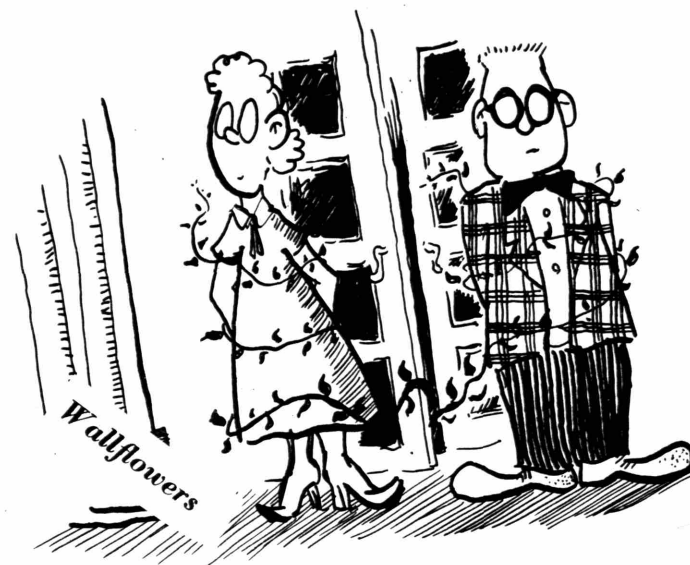
ACQUAINTANCE DANCE



"Lot of Harvard men here."



CUT!!



Wallflowers



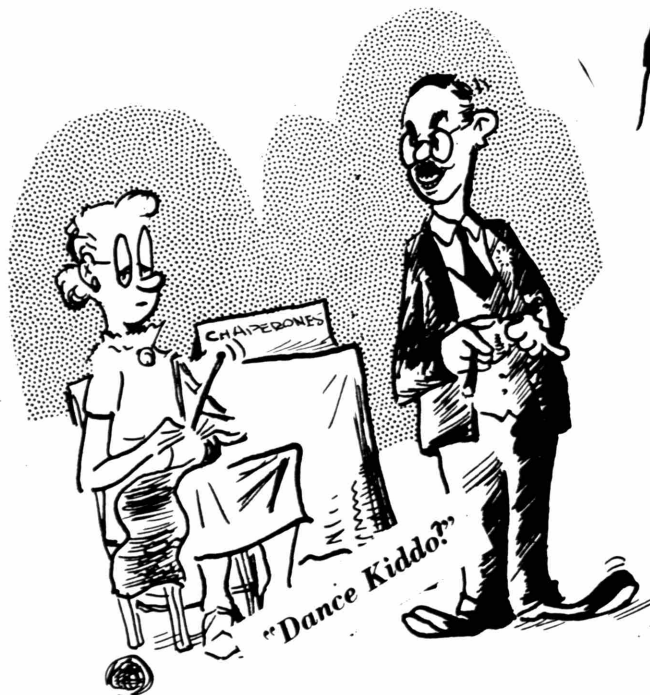
"... and then she introduced him to her girl friend"



OUT TO LUNCH

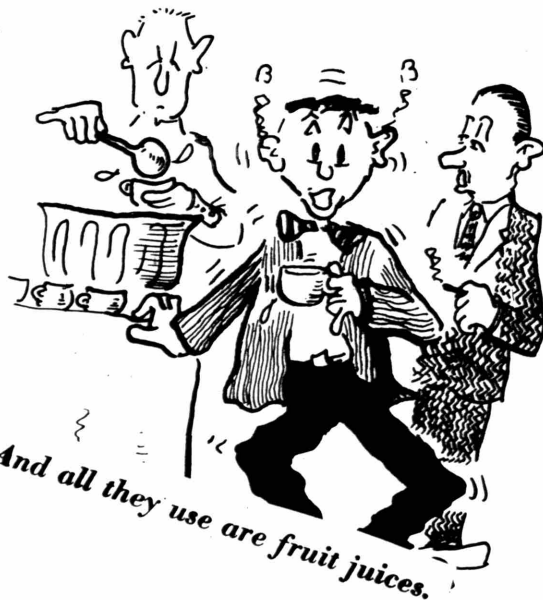


Hostesses

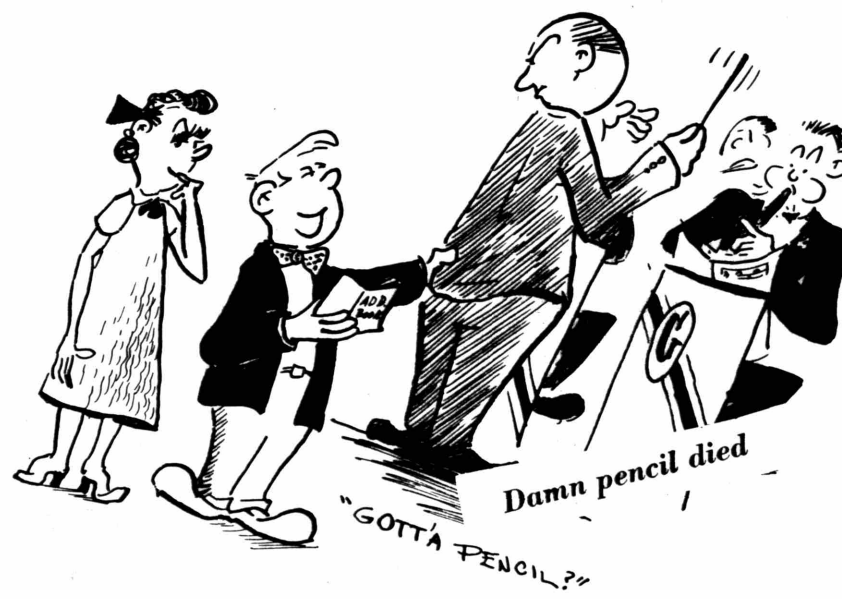


CHAPEONES

"Dance Kiddo?"



And all they use are fruit juices.



Damn pencil died

"GOTTA PENCIL?"



... and some can't dance.

Rollie

Letters to the Editors

Sirs:

. . . we desire to express our deep appreciation of your free subscription to Voo Doo Magazine, to the Library Service at this Center.

This fine publication is being much enjoyed by the many members and patients who patronize our libraries . . .

Again, many thanks for your thoughtfulness.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy E. Nieman, Librarian
Paul S. Cleland, Chairman
VA Service Committee
Veterans Administration Center
Los Angeles, California

Sirs:

Have transferred to MSC from Missouri University, but still consider your humor magazine the best . . . my first contact with your magazine was through my father, who attended your college.

Sincerely yours,

Patricia Underwood,
Michigan State College

ED: That's what we need, more conscientious alumni.

Sirs:

Since my Tech man is far, far away at the Practice School. I find that I will be lacking my monthly reading material . . . before I spend money for books I must send you my check for a subscription.

Sincerely and admirably,

Laurie Dettrich,
Tufts College

ED: Conscientious undergraduates don't hurt the cause any either.

Sirs:

This army life is really the cat's CENSORED. Need something to boost the MIT alumni (?) here. Please enter subscription.

Sincerely yours,

2d Lt. Gerald C. Ellis,
Fort Lee, Virginia

ED: Pleased to oblige.

Dear Phos:

For one full year now I have survived without your stinking publication . . . Pabst you've heard of the gal who was up a-Gansett when she came home from some High Life with Blue Ribbon in her hair, Schlitz in her pants, Budweiser . . .

Just send your filthy mag to,

Ensign John L. Sampson,
Fleet Post Office, New York



Last week a perfectly normal affair took place on campus: a pinning; and another normal thing took place in the poor sucker's fraternity house: he was being questioned at great length as to how he managed the feat, how she acted, what he said, and what she said in reply to that. It was the usual meaningless banter of fraternity houses. The boy questioned finally put an end to the whole affair.

"It all started a week ago. I kept losing my pin. I'd leave it in the washroom, I'd leave it on the shirts I'd send to the laundry, I'd leave it under some junk on the dresser. Finally my patience wore thin. I got tired of losing the damn thing, so now I've put it where I can get my hands on it any time I want."

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A couple wanted to get married in a hurry. The man, a soldier on a 48-hour pass, took his blushing bride to see the vicar. "Impossible," said the latter. "Even a special license would take too long."

The would-be bride and bridegroom exchanged a look of misery, then a smile spread across the soldier's face. "Well," he suggested brightly, "couldn't you say a few words just to tide us over the week end?"



"Well, Johnny, how did you get along in school today?"

"Okay, Mother, but that new teacher is always asking us fool questions. Today she asked everybody where they were born."

"Well, you certainly knew the answer to that—the Woman's Hospital."

"Betch life I know! But I didn't want the whole class to think I was a sissy. I said the Yankee Stadium."

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As strong as the urge to have children is the yearning for a grandchild. Wealthy Beaumont Garfinkle, who lived in Westchester County, had four sons and three daughters, all married, but none of them had as yet gratified his desire for a grandchild.

At the annual family gathering last Thanksgiving Day, he chided them gently for their failure to bless his old age with their progeny. "But I haven't given up hope," he revealed. "Yesterday, I went over to the bank and set up a trust fund of one hundred thousand dollars to be given to the first grandchild I have. Now we will bow our heads while I say grace."

When he looked up, he and his wife were the only ones at the table.



Keydet: "Did I understand you to say that in certain countries they use fish as a medium of exchange?"

Colonel: "That is correct."

Keydet: "They must have a messy time playing the slot machines."



A happily married couple—a jealous wife and a husband who believed in reincarnation. Finally the husband died. Keeping a pact they had had for years, the wife communicated with him in the spirit world, twelve months after his untimely demise.

"Are you happy there?" she asked.

"Happier than I ever was before," he replied. "The pastures here are greener, and it's indeed a beautiful world. And the weaker sex are the most gorgeous creatures you ever saw. Wistful eyes that speak of love; sleek bodies and beautifully rounded forms."

"Oh, dear!" she expostulated. "With so much temptation about you, I'm afraid you'll do something you'll be ashamed of. I do hope I can soon join you in Heaven."

"Heaven?" boomed back the reply. "Who said I was in Heaven? I'm a bull in Montana."

Police raided a gambling casino where four men sat around a table, apparently playing poker. The police sternly questioned each man. "You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they told the first man.

"Not me," he replied. "I just sat down to talk."

"You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they shouted at the second man.

"Oh no," he replied, "You got me wrong. I'm a stranger here myself."

"And you're playing cards too," they told the third man.

"Not me," he answered, "I'm just waiting for a bus."

The police then stared at the fourth man, holding a deck of cards in his hands. "Well, at least you're playing cards," they said.

"Me playing cards?" he repeated. "With whom?"



Zere once was ze meestaire
named Dan
Got fresh on ze beach at Ze
Cannes
Zaid Ze Madammoizelle
Eh Monsieur, what ze hell
Stay away from vere it iss not
sun tan.

"Vegetable soup? What's that?"

"Ever eat hash?"

"Yes."

"Same thing, only looser."



Slogan for a crematorium door: "We're hot for your body."

In Paris, it's frankness;
In Panama, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
But in a college magazine, it's smutty.



Flash—Jane Russell ran into Dagmar in a "Big Four" meeting in New York last week.



If all the autos on the campus were put end-to-end, 98 per cent of the drivers would immediately pull out to pass the car ahead.

Wife: "Did you object to the way I danced on the table?"

Hubby: "Yeah. How did you expect me to sleep with all that racket going on over my head."

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Nov. 1 Walker Memorial

Price: Weekend \$8.50
1st night \$7.50
2nd night \$2.00
(Beer included 2nd night)

P.S. Phos says if enough Frosh and Sophs come 2nd night there will be two orchestras.

Tickets on Sale In Building 10

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WALKER WONDERLAND

By Persse O'Reilley

Henry C. Ennuing slowly paced the floor of his room. Again, he could sense the feeling of incredible loneliness approaching. He walked to his desk. A neat pile of completed homework problems lay there. The evening slowly darkened the sky. The light in the room slowly diminished; a measure of approaching night. Henry started to turn on the room lights, then paused. He sat in his chair for an endless interval. Out in the hall were other students. He could hear their voices; loud, impersonally gay. Happy. Henry felt entirely useless. Unnecessary. Completely left out, set apart. The other students he knew never seemed to care about schoolwork; they only existed for dances, parties, poker games. Yet, they always somehow seemed to get higher marks than he. The unfairness of the situation was intolerable. Henry rose from his chair. The room was almost completely dark. There was a knock at the door. Henry opened it.

—Oh, were you asleep? There's a dance tonight. You going?

—Going? Oh yes. Heard about it somewhere. Not tonight.

Those dances are so impassible. Impenetrable. Impossible.

—Oh, you wouldn't want to miss this.

—No. I suppose I wouldn't.

Dress. Wash. One final attempt to bridge the gap. Perhaps tonight will see the end of the endless search.

Down the stairs. Across the yard. Others eagerly talking, laughing. No time to laugh. Too much can depend on this. Up the stone steps. Ticket. Tear in half. Through the door. It's so dark inside. So many people. So many people in here nothing like at lunch hardly recognize the place.

—Haven't you ever been here except for meals?

—No. Never. Except for meals.

—They fix it up quite well as you see.

—Yes. Fix up. Fix up well.

The room is filled to capacity. People everywhere. Try to crowd through the endless crowds of people. Girls. People. Primarily girls. Music too. Orchestra at the side. Have to cross in front.

Lights. Dark in the corners. Never seen so many people.

Another dance.

—Just ask any girl. Here's your card. Just write your name on it. Just pin it on. Just ask any. Just ask.

Just ask. Easy to say. Henry reflects on the humor of this. For awhile. Didn't realize there were so many strange faces in the world.

—Wouyouliketadance?

—(Indistinct)

Should have learned to dance sometime. Oh well. Can't lose. Much. Dance over all too soon.

—Thank you so much. (Disappears.)

That isn't what was supposed to happen. But after all, the first time can hardly be said to bear any direct relationship to subsequent reactions.

—Dance?

—Yes.

—Where do you live?

—Chicago.

—School?

—In town.

—Study?

—Art, Music, English.

—Engineering?

—Of course.

—Obvious.

—Not really.

Dance over. —Care to talk. (That's what they say.)

—I'm with some others. Gone. (That's what they said, anyway.)

The evening wears on. After the first few times the dull monotony continuity endlessly accumulating.

Crowds thinning out. Everyone leaving. Almost. One girl. Standing there all evening. No one else wants her. Good company maybe.

—Would you?

She would.

They dance. Intermission comes. Got to have someone during intermission. Avoid all friends. (Funny how everyone looks familiar.) Sit. Eat. Talk.

—Yes, I study engineering. Fifty-six hours a week. No outside activities except those three.

Not enough time. For anything.

—Yes, we have to be in by 10:30 except for special occasions.

—Yes, I go to New York almost every week. Almost.

—These dances are so entertaining, aren't they?

—Having a wonderful time.

—Wish I was here.

—Intermission over. Poor show as usual.

—Seemed all right to me.

Oh yes. Quite all right.

—Dance Again?

Again.

The evening slowly moves onward. Couples seemed to be fitted for each other. Somehow. Almost all. Somehow.

—Take you home?

—Friends.

—Oh. (Sudden drop.) Too bad.

—Lovely evening.

—I'm sure.

Sure. I'll call her again. Again. Sometime again. But where? Where? Where? Forgot to ask. She didn't tell me. Never intended to? All

the time. But wait. She knows where I live. I think. I think.

—Wasn't it great?

—Better than studying all night.

—Sure. Better than studying. Much better.

Back to the room. Dark as ever. Darker. But it might have been different. Next time. Different. Oh well.



Notre Dame was playing an innocent little college that accidentally happened to get the Fighting Irish on its schedule. The score had gone into three figures for Notre Dame, but the Irish were still tackling and blocking without quarter.

The coach of the other team finally called the referee—a timid runt—and asked him to do something about the roughness of the game.

“Look at my quarterback,” the coach said. “That Notre Dame tackle just took a bite out of his leg. What are you going to do about it?”

“Well,” said the referee, “we c-could ch-change the game to Friday.”

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Mrs. White was taken suddenly ill in the night, and the new doctor was called because he was the quickest available.

After a quick look at the patient, the doctor stepped outside the sick room to ask White for a corkscrew. Given the tool, he disappeared, but several minutes later was back, demanding a pair of pliers.

Again he disappeared into the room of the moaning patient, only to call out again, "A chisel and a mallet, quickly!"

White could stand it no longer. "What ails her, Doc, fer gosh sakes?"

"Don't know yet," was the reply, "Can't seem to get my instrument bag open!"



Believing to recognize her husband, lady on a suburban train suddenly left her seat and from behind put her arms around a man sitting several seats ahead. Naturally she was greatly embarrassed when the man turned around and she saw that he was perfect stranger. "Pardon me," she tried to explain, "but you see, your head behind looks exactly like my husband's behind."



"Says he can't find the quiz."

A wealthy farmer decided to go to church one Sunday. After services he approached the preacher with much enthusiasm.

"Reverend, that was a damn good sermon you gave, damend good."

"I'm satisfied that you liked it, but why use such terms in expressing yourself?"

"I can't help it, Reverend, I still think it was a damend good sermon. As a matter of fact I was so impressed I put a hundred dollar bill in the collection basket."

"The hell you did."

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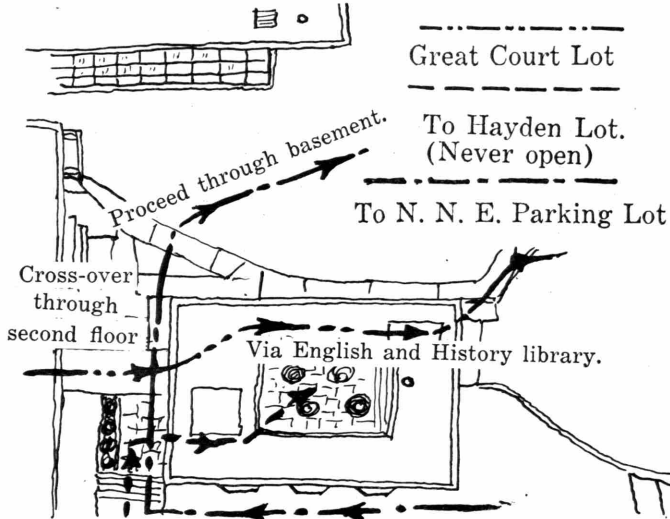


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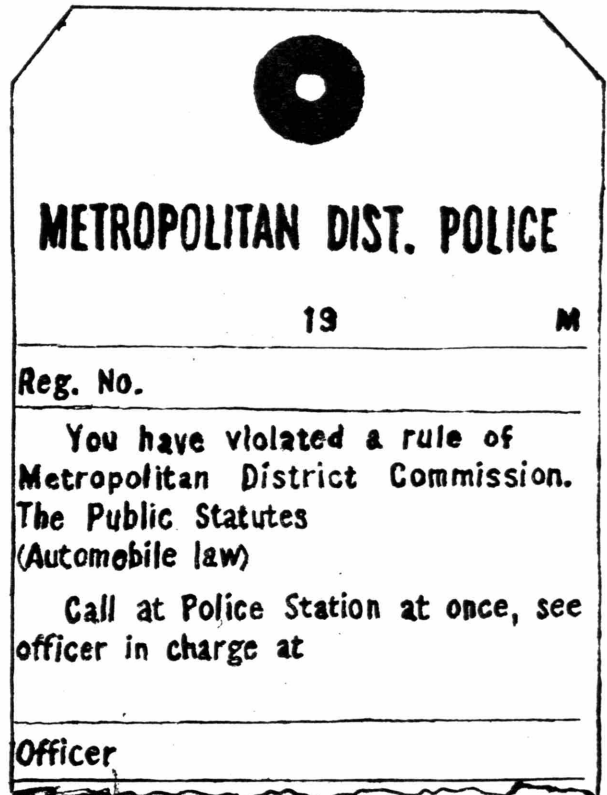


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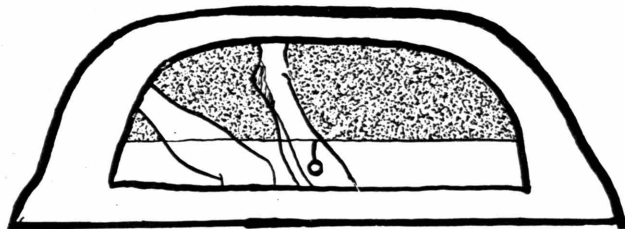


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A bantam rooster was chasing a hen around the barnyard. After a while the farmer came and threw some corn down in front of the rooster. The rooster stopped and started to eat the corn. The farmer then exclaimed, "God! I hope I never get that hungry."

Recruiting for national service passed a crisis recently when a young man who had been summoned by the medical board was pushed into the establishment in a wheelchair. The chief medical officer glanced up quickly. "Oil his wheels," he ordered, "and pass him fit."



Active: "Do you like codfish balls?"
Rushee: "I don't know. I've never been to one."



"Oh, Mother, may I take a swim?"
"Why not, my darling daughter. You're so near naked anyhow you're safer in the water."



The elephants and the ants were having a football game. One of the ants got the ball and made a dash for the goal. Galloping across to stop him, an elephant put his foot on the ant, and killed him.

The crowd booed, hissed and threw beer bottles, and the referee came running up to the elephant to reprimand him for his rough play.

"Aw shucks," said the elephant, "I only wanted to trip him."



"Quick Clancy, before the college kids catch us."



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CAST YOUR VOTE FOR PRESIDENT

Since this November is the time when the President of the Corporation is elected, Voo-Do is presenting statements by both candidates on the major issues of the election so that the voter will be better able to make a wise choice.



Dr. K. Frumpton

My friends, it is indeed an honor to be able to present my views to you in this manner. My record is before you and I am proud to bear it.

We have tried many new innovations that have brought to all of you a richer life with less expense. I point with pride to the new freshman feeding program by which over one fourth of the student body is able to take advantage of balanced, healthful meals at a minimum expense. Unfortunately, my opponents have prevented me from extending this service to all members of the Institute.

There is among us a radical group which is flaunting the rights of conscientious professors among us who give out marks according to the true dictates of their hearts. Voting for my opponent can only bring this "pin-headed" group into power and destroy the inalienable rights of choice that we have fought to preserve.

Our policies concerning relations with other schools have of necessity been altered with the coming into power of a strong pressure group centered in the municipality of Cambridge. It is a restraint of trade that is against our moral principles, and I can only say that I am in agreement with our present policy which has avoided outright hostilities and leaves room for negotiations.

I dedicate myself to continue the prosperity of the Institute and maintain its high scholastic standing, and I look forward to an increase in student-faculty associations. Long may the banner of the Institute wave, and cast your vote for me.

K. Frumpton



Sgt. I. S. Veedenhower

People of the Institute, join with me and make the change which is obviously necessary. In the past years we have seen only one administration in control. A control which is now becoming overbearing and harmful.

The Institute has long stood for independence. An individual independence which is understood as our basic birthright. The administration has passed one of many restrictive and socialistic measures that it is contemplating. Notice that our freshman eating habits are regulated. What will this lead to? Compulsory feeding for all? No women above the first floor? The taking of attendance in classes? I say, "Stop and think!"

I am not in favor of the present "mob rule" in trying to eliminate the undesirable professors among us, but I do want to see these subversive elements removed from our ranks. I believe in an orderly trial by students, before any stigma of guilt is placed upon the accused.

Blunders, blunders, that is all we see in the administration's policy concerning Cambridge's finest. When the time to act was ripe, we found ourselves bound by secret agreements. What we need is a strong approach. Conciliation is to be hoped for, but never compromise. We gave them Radcliffe and if this attitude continues, we will be degrading ourselves to the point where women's lingerie will have to be purchased at Filene's.

I dedicate myself to continue the prosperity of the Institute and maintain its high scholastic standing, and I look forward to an increase in student-faculty associations. Long may the banner of the Institute wave, and cast your vote for me.

I. S. Veedenhower

Beginner at fishing: "Oh, I've got a bite. What do I do?"

Her husband: "Reel in your line."

Beginner: "I've done that, the fish is tight against the end of the pole. What do I do next?"

Helpful husband: "Hold it, I'll climb up the rod and stab it."



An education grad was taking a loyalty examination when he was asked, "Did you ever belong to an organization that is trying to overthrow our government in Washington?"

"Yes."

"What? You did! What was that organization?"

"The Republican party!"

An ageing fellow, who had been a widower for a good many years, met and fell in love with a very young and pretty woman. He decided to marry her—which was also agreeable to the apple of his eye.

However, the old gent's grown son had a bit of advice. "Dad," he said, "you haven't much further to travel, while this young woman has a long way. Hadn't you better check with your doctor as to your heir condition?"

Dad thought it a good idea.

Next day he made it a point to see his son. "Well, young feller, the doc said I was very healthy for a man my age. But him being smarter than me, he used some new fangled words that I don't understand. How many times a week is semi-annual?"



That's a good one, thought the glamour gal, when the handsome man-about town invited her up to his apartment to see his orchids. But she decided to go anyway. The rest would come later, as it usually did when a wolf asked her up to his quarters.

So up to his apartment she went. Sure enough, the room was full of orchids. "Well I'll be damned!" she exclaimed. "Do you like orchids?" he asked. "I suppose so," she replied, wondering when he'd get down to business. "If you do," the fellow said happily, "I'll show you my bedroom—there's some really beautiful ones in there." "This is it," thought the girl.

She eagerly entered, and lo and behold, orchids again. She exploded. "Listen, you jerk, if you must know, I didn't come up here to look at orchids!"

All of which just goes to prove that you can't lead a horticulture.

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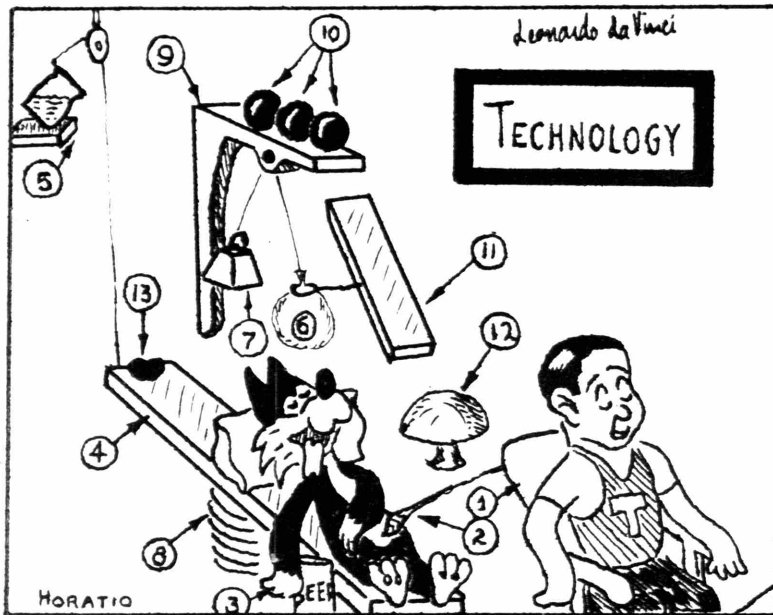
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She (gushingly): "Will you love me when I am old?"

He: "Love you? I'll idolize you. I shall worship the ground under your feet. I shall—er—ah—you ain't going to look like your mother, are you?"



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

Father: "Bring your wife around and I'll see."



Who says the Russians have no sense of humor? Here's a joke that is currently rolling them in the aisles in Moscow.

Puervi: Kto buila dama, c kotoroi ya videl bac, vcher yecherom?

Torul: Ones net dama — ona moya zhenya.

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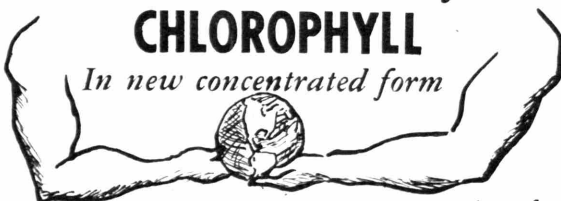
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A man and a boy were riding in a train one day. Upon entering, the boy had left the door open.

Shouted the man: "Get up and shut that door! Were you raised in a barn?"

The boy arose, closed the door, returned to his seat, and began crying. The man felt a bit remorseful and went over to the boy.

"Son, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he said softly.

"Oh, you didn't hurt my feelings," said the boy, "but I was raised in a barn and everytime I hear a jackass bray it makes me homesick."



A drunk, sitting at a local bar, had been eyeing a voluptuous blonde for some time and finally summoned enough courage to approach her. "Shay," he mumbled, "how about spending the night with me, baby?"

"Fine," she replied, "shall we go to your place or mine?"

"Hell," responded the drunk, "if you're going to quibble, we'll jusht forget about it."

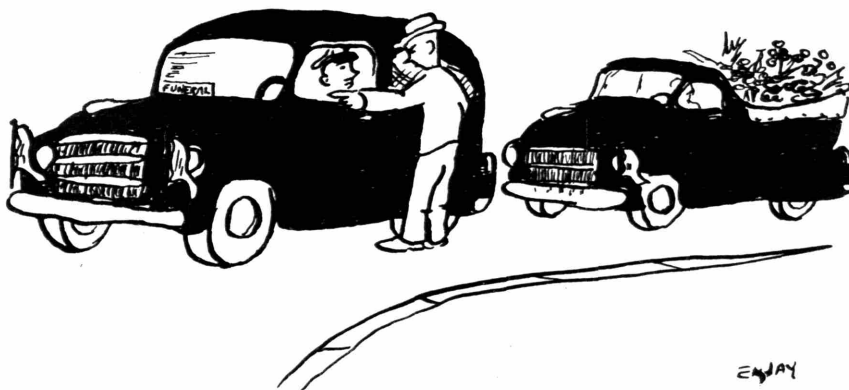


"Good heavens, Miss Carp, I thought you said 'unchased!'"

If undersea creatures
Have no preachers
Are oysters loose
When they reproduce?

She: "Look, Don, how long is this car going to keep stalling like this?"

He: "Just as long as you do, baby."



--- left at the first signal, then straight to Elm Street ---

The telephone rang at the office of a theatrical agent. The voice said, "Hello. I need a job. I can sing, dance and juggle."

"So can a million others," said the agent.

"Don't hang up," pleaded the voice, "I can walk a tight rope and play the piano."

"You're just wasting my time," said the agent.

"I have one more thing to add," said the voice, "I'm a dog."

A man who took a great pride in his lawn found to his dismay last fall a heavy crop of dandelions. He did his best to uproot and destroy them, but all his efforts were unsuccessful, so he decided to write to the Federal Department of Agriculture to ask for some advice.

In his letters he described his woes at great length, told all about the things that he had tried and done to destroy the pesky dandelions, and ended by asking: "What do I do now?"

In due time came this reply: "We suggest you learn to love them."



A bank robber entered a bank, with gun in hand, ordering everyone to lie flat on the floor. A cute little stenographer questioned him, saying, "What is this, a bank robbery or a board of directors meeting?"



"Well, we're halfway to the orphan's picnic."

An old maid in Florida has a little place that's never had a palm on it.



A farmer who had sat down next to a pretty young lady on a train noticed that she kept fighting a losing battle to keep her skirts down over her knees. After watching her struggle for some time, he leaned over and said slowly, "Don't stretch your calico, ma'am. My weakness is horses."

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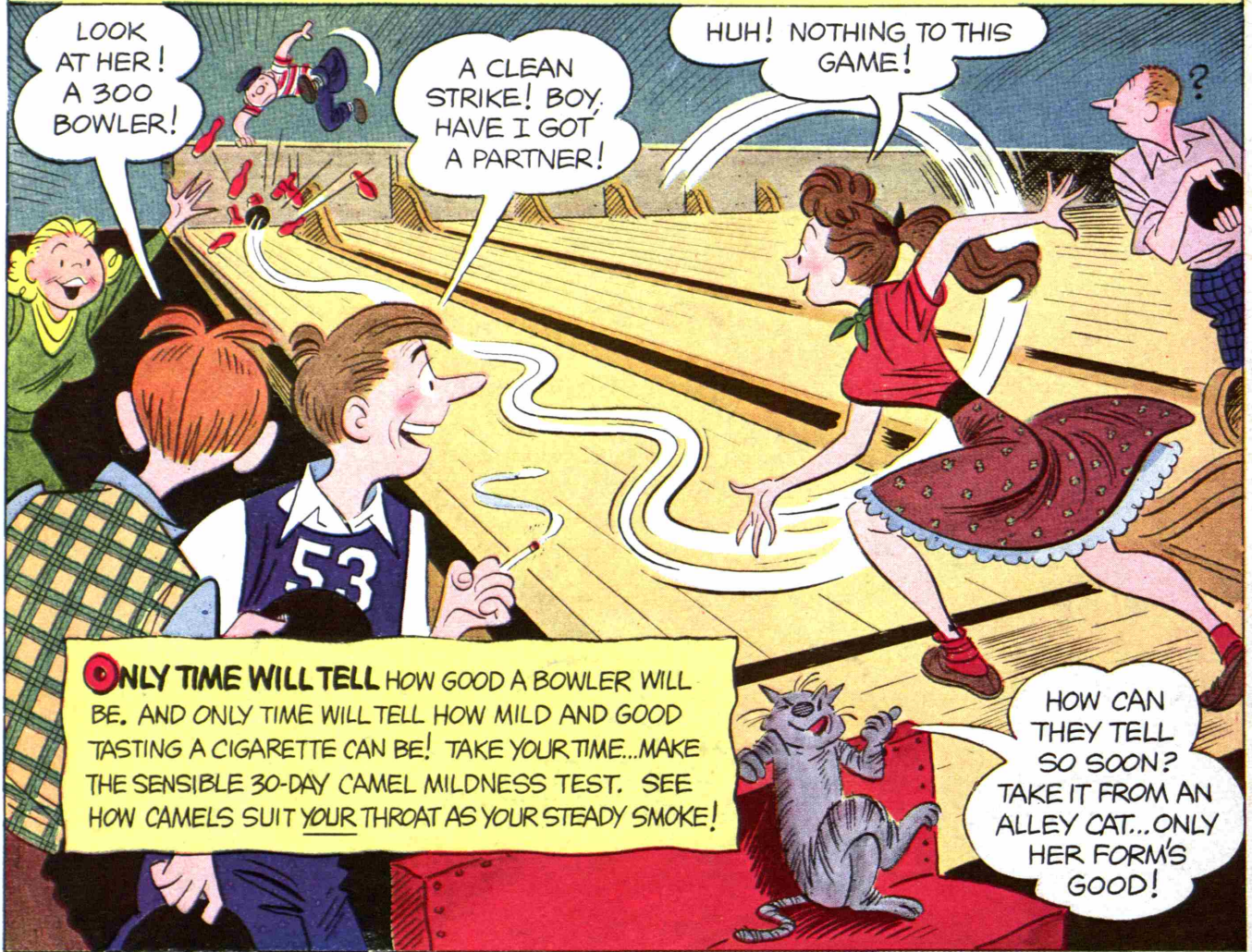
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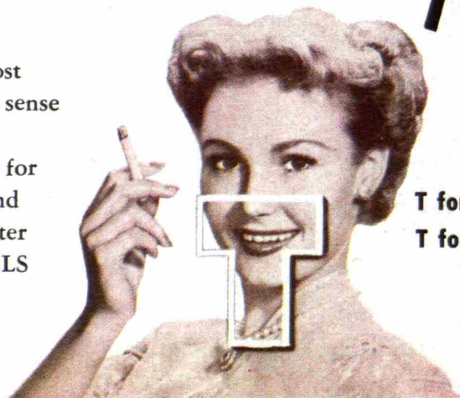


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