

# Voo Doo

DECEMBER 25<sup>c</sup>





*"Watcha staring at? Haven't you ever seen real beer before?"*

A lot of people are surprised the first time they taste Schaefer beer. Maybe they've got the idea that all beers today are the same: plenty light, plenty dry, but short on true beer character. Then they discover that Schaefer, while light and dry, still has the flavor, bouquet and other basic qualities of traditionally fine beer. Result? Another Schaefer-man-for-life. Bet it works that way with you, too.



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As we slunk into the office to write an editorial the other day, we encountered the glowering visage of a general manager. Since general managers are known to glower almost constantly, and with practically no provocation whatsoever, we pretended to ignore him. Seating ourselves in front of the venerable typewriter, which for twenty odd years has served as a hammer, paperweight, doorstop, and missile, we extended a timid forefinger. No sooner had the finger touched a key than general manager erupted from his chair with a roar of jovian thunder, and descended upon us. "Planning to write another lousy, opinionated, pseudo-sarcastic editorial, I suppose." "Yes sir," we said, whipping smartly about and flashing a toothy, confidence-inspiring grin, calculated to melt the heart of even a bursar. "Gripe, gripe, gripe," he roared, "that's all I ever hear from you." "Adolescent cynicism," he screamed, tearing the beer can from our trembling hands. "You're a goddam neurotic, that's what you are." We muttered something in the way of an alibi, hanging on the emotional crises arising with the late onset of puberty, but he was having none. "What I want from you is something cheerful. Get that bile out of you blood stream, Christmas is coming." "You're the editor," he said, laying a fatherly hand on our shoulder, and with his right toe deftly punting in the teeth a small tattered orphan who had come cringing into the office searching for a crust or a drop of cheer.

"Why do ya allatime wanna be mad at someone. After all Christmas comes but once a year. Straighten up and fly right. Hew to the straight and narrow. Remember, smile and the whole world smiles with you, frown and you frown alone." He settled back, visibly pleased with his profundities, and then gathered himself for the *coup de grace*. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The last we heard, as he exited to the sound of carols and sleigh bells, was a muttered "Peace be with you." As we returned to the typewriter, we were not at all surprised to find it bathed in a soft aura of holly and mistletoe.

Well, Merry Christmas, everyone, Merry Christmas. And Merry Christmas to you General Manager, Sir.

—R. B. R. & J. H. D.

*This month's cover by Riley*

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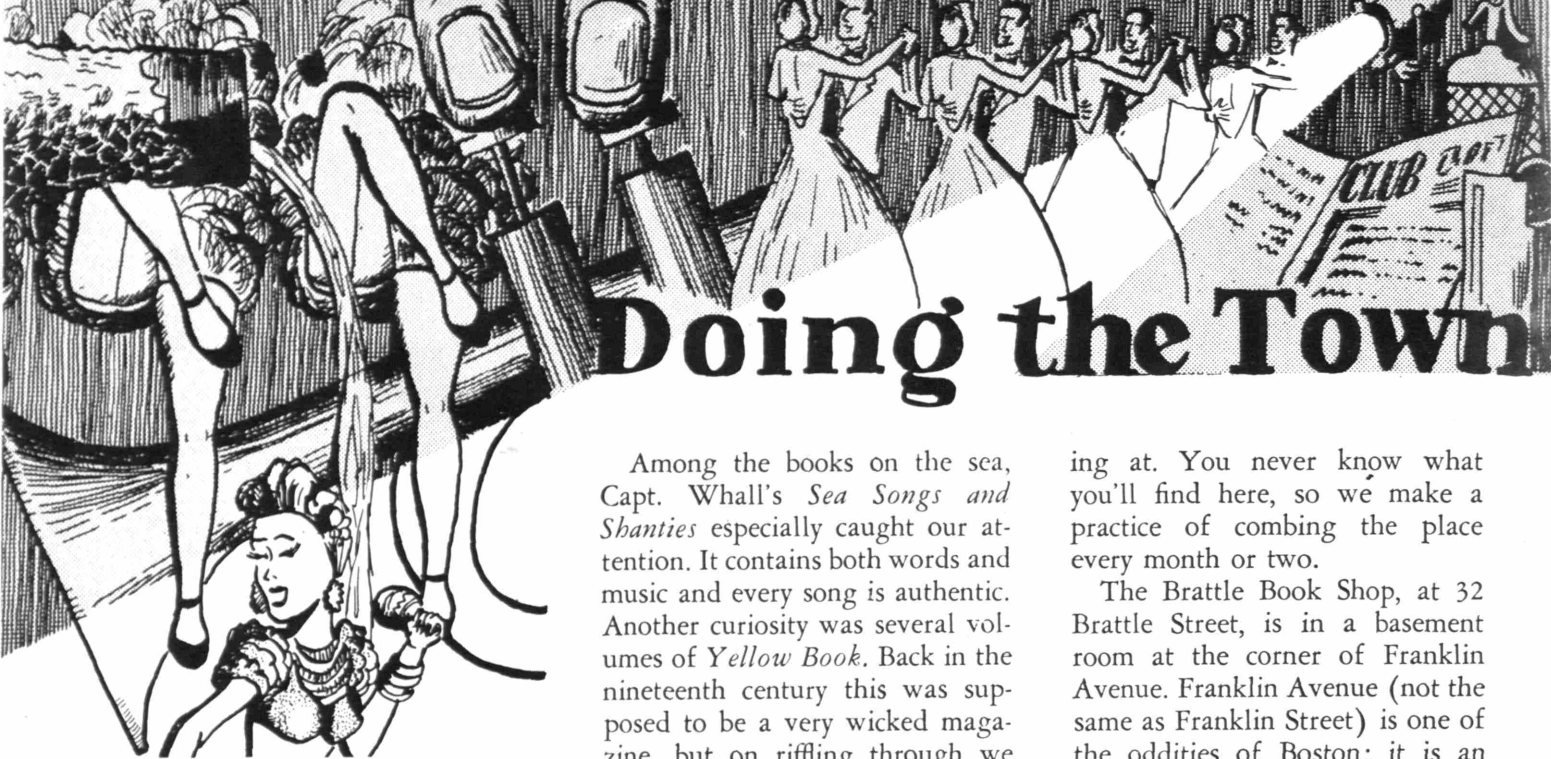
### OFFICE CAT

Phosphorus

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# Doing the Town

Bibliophiles will find that central Boston has a fine collection of book stores. If you're tired of the Coop's selection take the M.T.A. to Park and walk a block to Bromfield Street. The Old Corner Book Store, at 50 Bromfield, apparently has everything recently printed except textbooks. They have an excellent supply of magazines too, including English ones. We even saw a copy of Raphael's Ephemeris, for those of you who intend to cast horoscopes in 1954.

They have a much better collection of science fiction novels (hard cover) than the Coop, and a whole different set of books on art. The clerks never speak unless spoken to, and in fact it is difficult to attract their attention, but it's worth the trouble: they won't order it for you, they *have* it.

A different kind of place is Lauriat Books, at 91 Franklin St., a block and a half off Washington Street. Here the books are not necessarily new, but they are good, and we wish we had the money to buy and the time to read each and every one of them. Many of the books are gilt-edged leather-bound rare editions.

Among the books on the sea, Capt. Whall's *Sea Songs and Shanties* especially caught our attention. It contains both words and music and every song is authentic. Another curiosity was several volumes of *Yellow Book*. Back in the nineteenth century this was supposed to be a very wicked magazine, but on riffling through we could find nothing objectionable. *Autres temps, autres moeurs.*

Goodspeed's Book Shop, at 2 Milk Street, just off Washington, is in the basement of Old South. Here again the clerks make themselves scarce, but if you can find one he knows *exactly* what they do and do not have. All the books here are second hand, so don't look for recent novels, but if you are hunting down a subject rather than a particular title, this is the place to hunt. Many of the books, especially a lot of poetry, are in fine bindings, so you can find a good present for a girl friend here. (You remember: according to etiquette a book or flowers or something that can be used up quickly. How about *Leaves of Grass* or *Sonnets from the Portugese*?) Here we found a good many shelves on myths, legends, and superstitions of almost all nations.

Colesworthy's Book Store, 60 Cornhill Street, just off Scollay Square, believes in service. If they don't have the second-hand book you want, they'll order it for you, second-hand. They welcome browsers and know exactly what they have, but the selection is only passable. They do have a lot of old books on art, all worth look-

ing at. You never know what you'll find here, so we make a practice of combing the place every month or two.

The Brattle Book Shop, at 32 Brattle Street, is in a basement room at the corner of Franklin Avenue. Franklin Avenue (not the same as Franklin Street) is one of the oddities of Boston; it is an avenue that goes down a staircase. Right at the foot of the stairs is the Brattle Book Shop. Here books are piled in giant heaps, like dead leaves, till they touch the ceiling. Be careful as you pull out a book, that you don't bury yourself under a cairn of detective novels. The help are eager to serve you, and they have not the slightest idea what books they've got, but there is one outstanding advantage to this place; they haggle and are easily driven to absurdly low prices. By the way, the door, unlike most in Massachusetts, opens inward, so don't get panicky.

We have saved the best place for last. It is Williams' Book Store, at 85 Washington, just a block from Scollay. This is the aristocrat of book stores. Most of the books are very old, very rare, and very fine. We saw a King James Bible dated 1630, a rare set of Balzac, an autographed set of Shaw, beautifully printed editions of Heine, Milne, and Hardy.

Upstairs are first editions of Thoreau, Henry James, Kipling, Twain, Beerbohm, F. S. Fitzgerald, Poe, Dickens, Beirce and many others. On display under glass were handsome books from the very presses of Bodoni and Basker-



ville. We were permitted to touch a volume of the *Gentlemen's Magazine* bearing the date 1750.

Everything is for sale, including the lovely paintings and the gorgeous maps, and we wish we could afford the enormous prices.

In giving a balanced picture of bookshops within reasonable distances of M.I.T. it would be impossible not to mention Harvard Square. It would take considerable space to do this area full justice and we shall only mention the two prominent book stores.

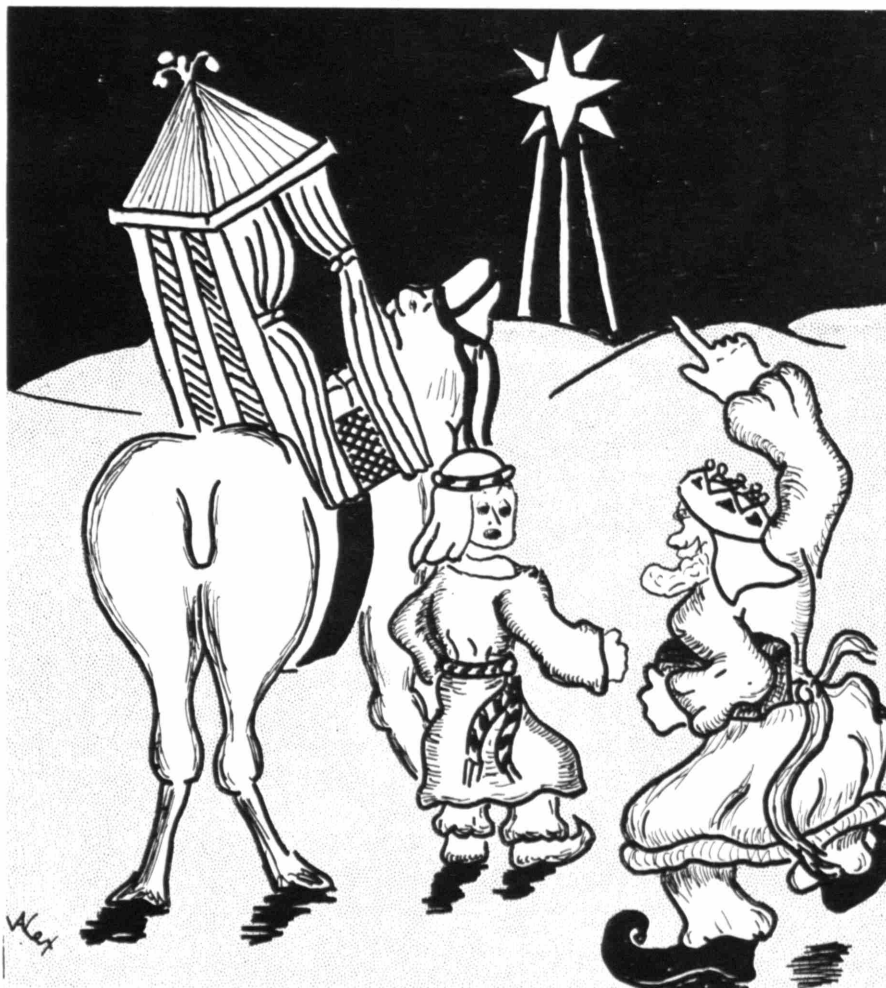
The Harvard Co-op which is just across from the subway station has as wide a selection of new books as one would desire. The new book department is in a moderately sized room at the far end of the first floor. Everything from children books to philosophy is represented. We were particularly impressed by the paper bound collection. From the age of eighteen to twenty-five, one's means can seldom keep up with one's acquisitive ambition, and one cannot afford to look down at Signet books, Mentor classics, Anchor books or the poor scholar's greatest boon, the Pelican.

The Phillips Book Store (on Massachusetts Avenue) should require little introduction. We shall give it none. If you are frightened

of heights, this is no place to browse. However, the selection of bargains gathered together at the stall by the display window is always interesting.

—Lit. Staff

. . . And then there was the little moron who took her boyfriend's picture to bed and nine months later had paper dolls.



"Follow that star!"

**WHOLESALE**

**RETAIL**

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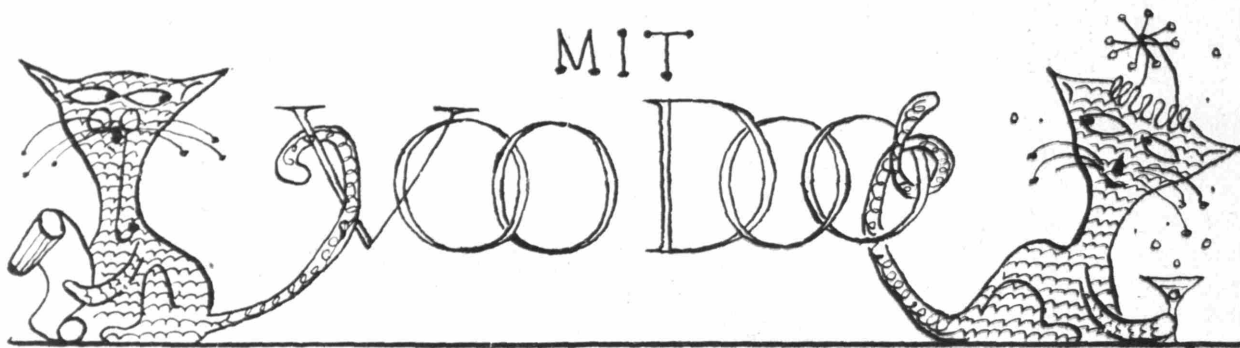
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EVERY now and then Phos jumps down off the beer cooler and goes on the prowl for the latest behind-the-scenes poop, hurling a few well-chosen expletives at the staff as he weaves his way out of the office. Consequently, no one was too surprised the other afternoon when the closet door creaked open, and said cat emerged behind a well-placed barrage of empty Budweiser cans and headed out the door for parts unknown. What did surprise us was that he returned less than twenty minutes later with his interpretation of a self-satisfied smirk on his bewhiskered face, and sat down in the precise geometric center of the floor waiting for us to ask what was up. We did same, and he told us that there is a rather subversive element in the hallowed halls of Tech which feels that it ought to do a little dedicating of its own when the new Kresge auditorium is completed. It seems that they plan to inscribe the roof of the building with "5&10 KRESGE'S 5&10" in red and gold enamel. We agreed that this would be a rather touching tribute, and the cat observed that a glance at the Heinz "57" sign which they amended before field day would seem to dispel any doubts that they can carry off the coup.

THE other day we tried to get our money back on a railroad ticket. The man at the window was very suspicious.

"You sure you haven't used the ticket?"

"Yes."

"You didn't sneak by the conductor?"

"Absolutely not."

"Well here are the forms."

After we had filled out and signed several forms swearing we had no intent to defraud the stockholders, he stamped them and left through a door in back. Many minutes later he reappeared and handed us our money.

"You're sure now?" he said.

We assured him and left. Nobody can say the railroad company isn't on its toes.

befuddled orange and blacks. During a singularly abortive entertainment, which contained a spontaneous (or at least unrehearsed) dance sequence, executed by the Hasty Pudding Club, a happily topheavy Princetonian flopped himself half over the windowsill, noted the curvets of the boys of 1776, and disgustedly enunciated, "Well, what do you know? Harvard men *do* dance together."

After acknowledging the roar of approval, he moved to leave only to hit his head on the window frame and slide grinning out of sight.

AFTER the Princeton game, a sometime acquaintance of ours attended one of those affairs at Harvard houses that help our neighbors gain a reputation for general indifference. This particular fiasco, at Dunster House, was well sprinkled with triumphantly

THE Institute has attempted to embroider the lamentably austere New Library by installing (and we use the word advisedly) clumps of trees around it. Between the library and Walker, in fact almost under our office window, there suddenly has appeared a grove that could be genuinely pleasant to look at and amble through, were it not for the fact

that the trees are located with the geometrical precision of atoms in a crystal. The eyes of the stroller on Memorial Drive seek relief in the pleasant little wood, only to recoil from the rectilinear rows, an arrangement of trees heretofore confined to orchards. But perhaps we err in imputing an esthetic motive to the perpetrator—that is to say, to the architect of this bit of landscaping. It would be much more charitable to suppose that an orchard was actually intended—an orchard of cigarette trees maybe. If so, we will await the harvest, our Zippos at the ready. The transit is a wonderful instrument, but portraits are not painted with T squares. Our attitude toward this arboreal abortion might well be patterned after that of our canine best friends.

**S**ITTING on an MTA bus recently we were accosted by an eager young lad who demanded to know the direction of the Phillips Brooks house at Harvard. We told him but noticing his Tech book-covers, our curiosity overcame us (as it usually does) and we gently inquired what business he had there. He replied that he was being emancipated and noticing our confusion explained that he had just reached 18 and was celebrating this event by registering for the draft. This only further confused us and he explained triumphantly that with a draft card, THEY would have to serve him liquor. It would have broken our heart to dispel his illusions and we let him go, dreaming, doubtlessly, of uncountable intimidated bartenders. We could only wonder at

the powers to be who thought this boy capable of war without the necessary stimulant to keep his nerve up.

---

They explained the term "sex act" to her at great length and with commendable restraint. Her only comment was: "Act, schmact! If that's an act, I'm Sarah Bernhardt."



A lovely young girl named Anne Heuser  
Declared that no man could surprise'er  
But a fellow named Gibbons  
Untied her Blue Ribbons,  
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

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# THE ROT C BLUES



Tuesday was a beautiful day and inspecting the sky with a judicious eye I decided that not even the Air Force needed the protection of an overcoat on a day as fine as this. From such decisions, revolutions spring. Arriving at the drill field in my usual split second manner, I discovered through the medium of a sinking pit in my stomach that everyone else was bundled up waiting for the Siberian winter to set in.

I militarily approached my squad ignoring the cadets who in order to best expose their boorish upbringing were pointing at me and pantomiming belly laughs. My squad leader bent down from his Olympian heights (non-military personnel may be unaware that squad leaders dwell in a land of milk and honey called Olympia) and announced in rolling tones:

"You don't have a coat on, do you?"

I admired his perception and his announcement that I would get **Demerits** went unnoticed in the first thrill of being noticed by a superior. Further considerations on the situation brought admiration for the military. Here was practical experience in the chain of command. My immediate superior would give me **Demerits** and his superiors would carefully avert their eyes from my offensive coatlessness. How wrong I was!

Ten minutes passed and I found myself being eyed by a cadet second lieutenant. He approached me and announced in sonorous words:

"You don't have a coat, do you?"

How wonderful! He had said just what my squad leader has said. Here again was proof that the Air Force molds not just men but the same men out of sloppy individualistic boys. Outwardly I replied in the negative plus a resounding Sir. He told my squad leader to give me **Demerits** in the following historical words:

"O.K., we caught Stone without a coat!"

Mentally rubbing his hands together he stalked off in an imitation of Napoleon after one of his more prominent triumphs. Amazingly enough, five more minutes produced a first lieutenant. Materializing from the ether (first lieutenants dwell in the ether where they amuse themselves by alternately pinching stewardesses and shooting down MIGs.) he proclaimed the following:

"You don't have a coat, do you?"

This carried coincidence too far and I mentally noted the probability of an Air Force book which explained that cadets without coats were to be told that they didn't have coats, did they? He motioned me to follow him. Ten paces later he turned and said:

"You don't have a coat!"

None of this questioning, "do you?" from him now. Decisive and crisp, he was every inch a cadet officer. He announced the inevitable **Demerits** and told me I might return to my squad. "After I saluted," he added in afterthought. My performance of this military courtesy was as solemn as I could make it.

I wondered at the havoc that would result from this double punishment when the Air Force judgment book was found to have more **Demerits** than offenses. Before dismissal as I pondered the stir I had caused, a sergeant approached my squad leader and inserting a forefinger in my face asked:

"Did you give him **Demerits**?"

The situation explained to him, he left with the following apology. "I just wanted you to know that if you didn't give him some **Demerits** you would get some **Demerits**."

Here was democracy in the Air Force. The same sword of Demosthenes that hung over my emblazoned cap threatened my squad leader's head. I congratulated myself again on choosing this way toward becoming an officer and a gentleman.

—Jeremy J. Stone

A young father was shopping at a department store with his daughter, when the little girl suddenly said, "Daddy, I gotta go."

"Not right now," replied the father.

"I gotta go now," shouted the girl.

To avoid a crisis, a saleslady stepped up and said: "That's all right, sir, I'll take her."

The saleslady and the little girl went off hurriedly, hand in hand. On their return, Tony looked at his daughter and said: "Did you thank the nice lady for being so kind?"

"Why should I thank her?" retorted the little girl, "She had to go, too."



A snappy guy, looking for a job, walked into an office.

"I'm a supersalesman," he boasted. "I'm colossal. I'm terrific."

"I'll try you out," conceded the boss. "I've been trying to sell a bill of goods to a hard-boiled fellow across the street. Go see what you can do."

A while later the supersalesman came back.

"How'd you make out?" asked the boss.

"I got two orders. Get out and stay out."



Deacon: "Where are the bride and groom? They disappeared almost as soon as I married them."

Bridesmaid: "They're upstairs getting their things together."

Deacon: "Maybe I should keep my robes on for the christening."

## NEWBURY STEAK HOUSE

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WELL SERVED

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" . . . . A bearskin rug, a bottle of tabu, and six quarts of Bollinger brut 1943."

A jockey is an individual that makes a business of being taken for a ride.

—The *New Princeton Tiger*

(The above is a play on the words "jockey" and "ride." Ordinarily a jockey rides a horse, but here the *Tiger* has slyly linked "jockey" with "being taken for a ride," which is slang for "being bumped off" or "being rubbed out.")

Then, too, the jockey may be wearing "Jockey" undershorts which are "riding up." Hot dickety!

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Enclosed is \$2.00 so please send eight hilarious issues of Voo Doo to . . .

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# ADVICE TO THE SHOPWORN

Since this is about the time of year that most freshmen examine, re-examine and alter their initial choices of professional course at M.I.T., we recently surveyed the Institute catalogue in an effort to aid the troubled frosh. The following may help familiarize the uninitiated with some of the courses given at Tech.

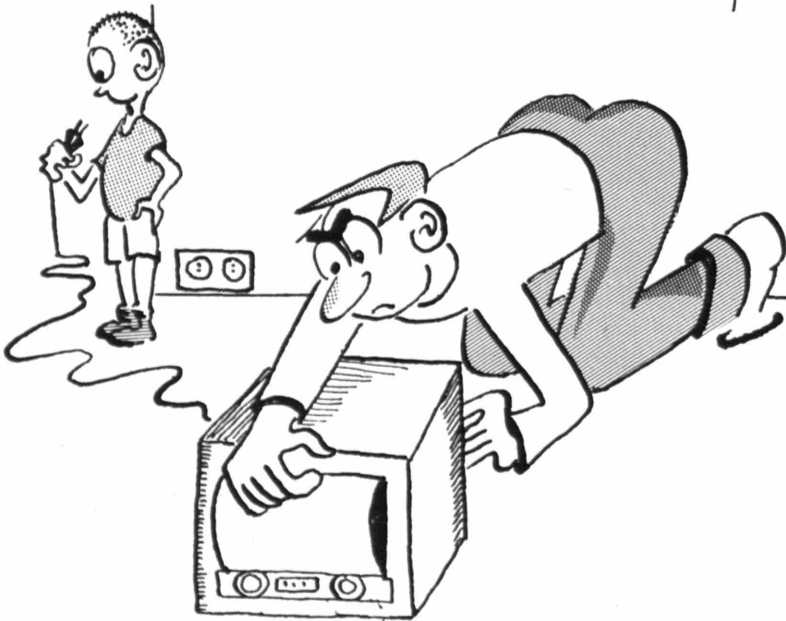
## Course I—Civil Engineering

Unlimited opportunity awaits the enterprising C. E. Vast fields are as yet unconquered and there will always be ample room for constructive initiative.



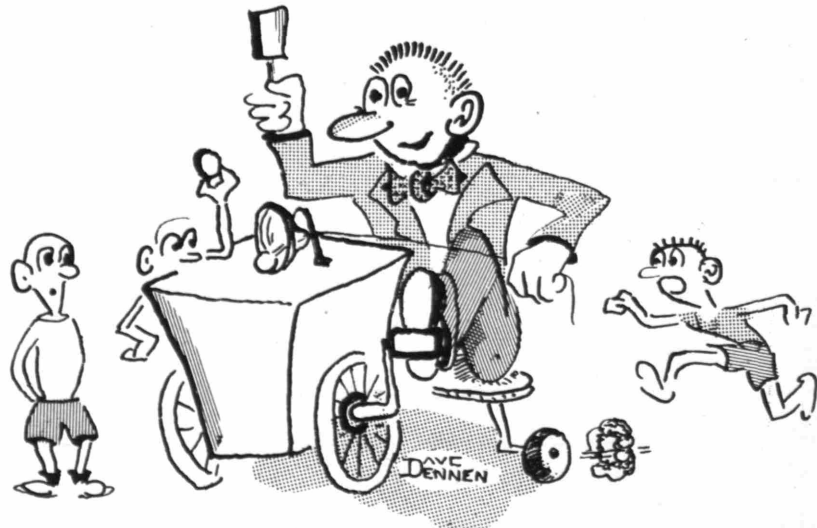
## Course VI—Electrical Engineering

The fascinating world of electrons and their multi-faceted phenomena awaits the electrical engineer. Complex problems in research and design of commercial apparatus become mere child's play under his mastery.



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### Course VIII—Physics

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### Course XII—Geology

Research into the nature of the Earth's substance, development of new products and conservation of natural resources are the geologist's meat. Important work in the petroleum field demands his especial attention.



“Business isn’t that brisk, Santa . . .”

A medium, giving a seance, was bringing back people from the other world. A nine-year-old kid was among those present.

“I want to talk to Grandpa,” he said.

“Quiet! Quiet!” hushed the medium.

“I want to talk to Grandpa,” repeated the kid.

“Very well, little boy,” conceded the medium, making a few hocus-pocus passes. “Here’s your Grandpa.”

“Hello, Grandpa, what are you doing up there? You ain’t dead.”

“I can’t figure it out,” said Doyle, a saloonkeeper, to his wife. “There’s lots of customers here, but there’s no money coming in.”

“Let me tell you something,” said his wife. “I think your bartender, Moriarty, is taking the money.”

“I don’t think so,” said Doyle, “but I’ll watch him.”

So he bored a hole in the back of the door to watch Moriarty. A customer came in, put a quarter down, and had a drink. Moriarty took the quarter. “If it’s heads,” he said, “I’ll give it to Doyle and put it in the register. If it’s tails, it’s mine. Tails!” So he put it in his pocket. Two men came in. They put a half dollar on the bar. Moriarty took the half dollar. “If it’s heads,” he said, “I’ll give it to Doyle. Tails I’ll keep it myself. Tails!” And into his pocket it went. A couple of more fellows came in, ordered three drinks of whisky. Again Moriarty said, “Tails and I’ll keep it for myself, heads I’ll give it to Doyle.” It came down heads. “Well,” said Moriarty, “I’ll make it two out of three,” and tossed up the coin again. It came down heads again. “I’ll make it three out of five.” For the third time it came down heads. “Oh, well,” said Moriarty, “I’ll keep it anyway.”

“Hey!” hollered Doyle from behind the door. “Put that in the register. I won that fair and square.”



Cactus Ike, as he dismounts: “Dearest gal of mine, I’ve been ridin’ like the wind for miles and miles, just achin’ to git here.”

Petticoat Paula: “Ye have?”

Cactus Ike: “Yes, dearest, hour after hour I rode like the wind, just achin’ to see you.”

Petticoat Paula: “Why don’t you sit down?”

Cactus Ike: “Can’t. That’s where I’m achin’.”

DINE AT THE

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## SMITHEREENS

A bauble from F.A.O. Schwarz,  
A Christmas tree made out of quartz,  
In Greenwich a palace, a palace for Alice  
And a teddy bear covered with warts.

A little girl fortunate may,  
On a glorious Christmas Day,  
Suck sugar and honey and masticate money  
And retch up her grand-daddy's pay.

Born with a Tiffany spoon,  
A God-made debutante soon  
Of sugar and spice and nice, nice lice  
And made in the light of the moon.

She'll smile at us then and her smile  
And her pouting fresh lips will beguile  
Us to drinking, and thinking our hearts that are  
    sinking  
Will rise with her wiles and the Nile.

A bauble from F.A.O. Schwarz,  
A Christmas tree made out of quartz  
In Greenwich a palace, a palace for Alice  
And a teddy bear covered with warts.

—*Ambyguity*

## EXPECTATION

My Christmas is staring through  
a rhinestone window at the vari-colored  
taillights of a screaming eternity.  
Misty people: In the dark  
the wind trails her hair past my cheek  
whispering promises of night  
and lamplight on a sliderule  
and a garish spill of numbers.

—*Joe*

## POEM

The unsloped derivative  
Is not so much  
Inclined  
As disinclined  
To integration  
The case being one  
Of perversity.

—*Jeremy J. Stone*

## NATIVITY

I awoke from my snooze  
In the tropical ooze.  
Shrilled a voice from the slime  
"It's Christmas Time!"

Lo, the forest primeval  
Ho, the maiden's prime evil.  
Oh, evil boll weevil  
Fly away home.

Over the rooftops, over the river  
Over the Stop & Shops, floats the great giver.  
Gimme, Santa; I want it bad.  
The world's too big, the story too sad.

Give me contentment wrapped in gold tissue,  
O bathtub gin, goldfish, O God, how I miss you.  
I'll reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet,  
And perhaps I'll allow a vulture to tweet.

Who am I? Who am I?  
I shout to the sky.  
A one-fingered passion, a five-fingered glee,  
A prehensile reptile from the slime of the sea.

—*John I. Smith*



# A TALE FOR TOTS

or

## Murder in the Nursery

This is a story about Herbie.

\*\*\*

Herbie was a gentleman and a scholar.

\*\*\*

At least that was what some people called him.

\*\*\*

People called Herbie a lot of things.

\*\*\*

Some of them even called him Herbie.

\*\*\*

But he didn't mind too much when people called him Herbie.

\*\*\*

He knew they didn't really mean it.

\*\*\*

Herbie was the understanding type.

\*\*\*

He understood almost everything.

\*\*\*

Except Santa Claus.

\*\*\*

But that was all right.

\*\*\*

Herbie didn't believe in Santa Claus anyway.

\*\*\*\*\*

At Christmas time everybody called Herbie the same thing.

\*\*\*

And it wasn't Herbie.

\*\*\*

It was "Unbeliever in Santa Clause."

\*\*\*

This was a rather long name.

\*\*\*

But it was convenient, too.

\*\*\*

When people called to him in a crowd he never had any doubts about who or whom they were calling.

\*\*\*

It was him.

\*\*\*

But pretty soon people began to wonder.

\*\*\*

"How could anyone be a freshman at M.I.T. and not believe in Santa Claus?" they asked.

\*\*\*

When nobody answered them they all went away mad.

\*\*\*

They weren't as understanding as Herbie.

\*\*\*

But Herbie still didn't understand Santa Claus.

\*\*\*

This was still all right with Herbie for the same reason as before.

\*\*\*\*\*

One Christmas Eve Herbie was sitting by the roaring hotplate talking to his friends over a hot buttered rum.

\*\*\*

Well, he wasn't exactly talking over it.

\*\*\*

He was sort of talking in spite of it.

\*\*\*

It was a rather large hot buttered rum.

\*\*\*

And not his first, by any means.

\*\*\*

He was having a little trouble talking in spite of it.

\*\*\*

In fact he was having so much trouble that all his friends had left about three hours before to go carol singing.

\*\*\*

This didn't help the conversation.

\*\*\*

But Herbie didn't mind.

\*\*\*

He was understanding.

\*\*\*

He was also slightly crooked.

\*\*\*

He was so crooked that he didn't even mind the soot that dropped in his hot buttered rum when Santa Claus fell down the chimney.

\*\*\*

"Damn rubber-soled boots!" said Santa.  
\*\*\*

"Hi," said Herbie in his best disinterested tone.  
\*\*\*

"Ho Ho Ho!!" said Santa.  
\*\*\*

"Hey Hey Hey!!" said Herbie.  
\*\*\*

"Strange things are happening," said Santa.  
\*\*\*

"You bet," said Herbie.  
\*\*\*

"Stick to the script," said Santa.  
\*\*\*

But Herbie changed the subject.  
\*\*\*

"I don't believe in you," he said.  
\*\*\*

Herbie was good at opening conversations.  
\*\*\*

He must have been pretty good at starting fights too,  
because Santa hit him in the eye with a lump of coal.  
\*\*\*

Herbie threw it on the hotplate.  
\*\*\*

"The coal, I mean.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Santa had his troubles.  
\*\*\*

All his reindeer were motheaten.  
\*\*\*

And he didn't know how to get to Chicago.  
\*\*\*

He asked Herbie how he could get to Chicago.  
\*\*\*

Herbie gave him a full set of directions.  
\*\*\*

Santa didn't quite understand the directions, and he  
asked Herbie to repeat them.  
\*\*\*

Herbie told him to get lost.  
\*\*\*

As it turned out, that's what happened.  
\*\*\*

Santa took a wrong turn someplace and ended up in  
Saudi Arabia.  
\*\*\*

But before he left he asked Herbie what to do about  
the motheaten reindeer.  
\*\*\*

Herbie told him to go pilfer a few strawberry-colored  
horses.  
\*\*\*

You see, Herbie was understanding.  
\*\*\*

He knew that the proverbial stolen roan gathers no  
moths.  
\*\*\*

Goodbye, Herbie.

—Skip

A salesman on his way to the coast got off the  
train at Cheyenne. He saw some Indians selling rugs.  
"How much for that rug?" he asked one of them.  
"Ugh," replied the Indian. "Fifty dollars."  
"I'll give you twenty dollars."  
"Ugh. Fifty dollars."  
"I'll give you twenty-one dollars."  
"Ugh. Fifty dollars."  
"I'll give you twenty-two dollars."  
"Ugh. Fifty dollars."  
"Look," said the man, "the train is going to start.  
I will give you twenty-five dollars. Take it or leave  
it."  
The Indian looked at him.  
"Say," he said, "vot do you expect? Boggins like  
Menhatten Island every day?"

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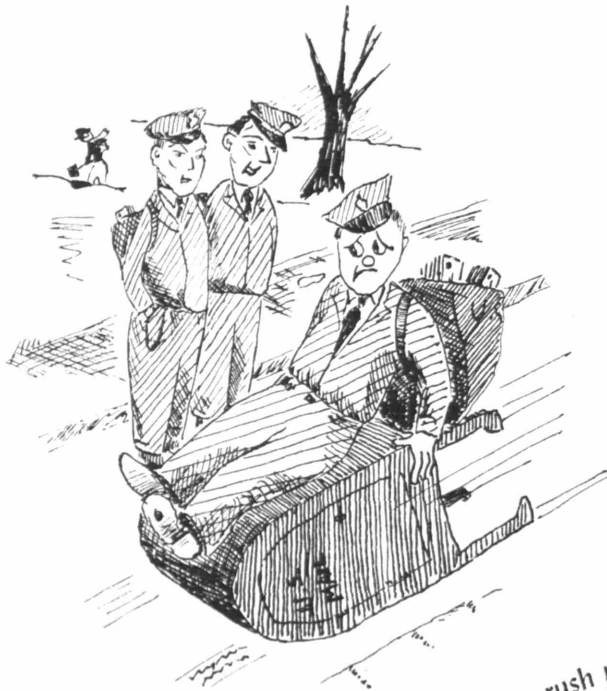
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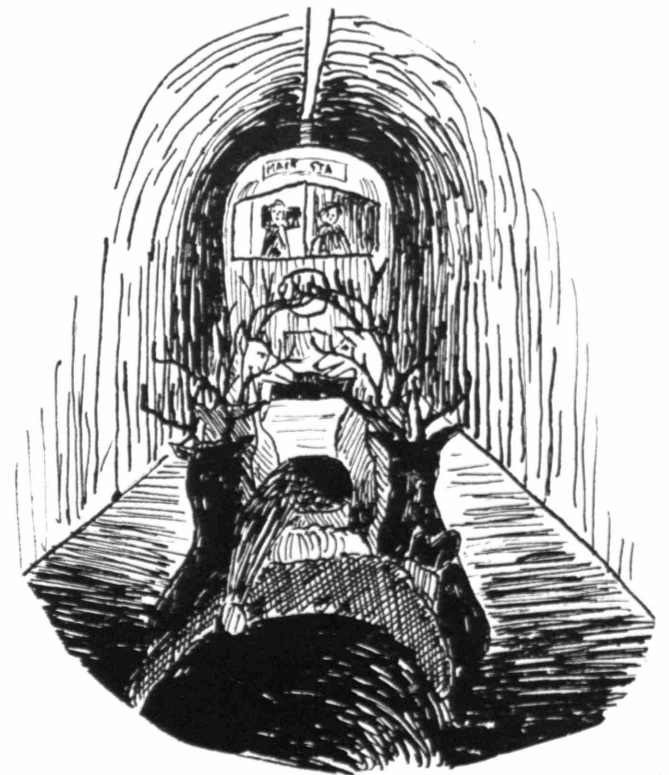
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"Joe finally solved the Christmas rush problem."



"I knew we turned wrong somewhere!"



One of the local constabulary was horrified at the sight of a little boy squatting in the gutter of one of the neighboring streets, and playing with several unsavory objects. The cop approached the lad and inquired after his rather disgusting activities. "I'm playin' with doody." "Well, son, what are ya makin'?" The boy leered contemptuously at his elder. "I'm makin' a policeman!"

The cop was somewhat taken aback, and retired in confusion. He had no sooner left, when a fireman noticed the little fellow. He, too, felt compelled to question the lad's behavior. "Whatcha doin', son?" "I'm playin' with doody." "That's nice. Whatcha makin'?" "I'm makin' a lousy fireman!"

The fireman decided to leave well enough alone and went away. The urchin continued his activities, until he was finally interrupted by a graduate psychology student. "Hello there, little fellow and what might you be doing." "I'm playin' with doody." The student, cognizant of such affairs, smiled and said, "And, you know what, I bet you're making a graduate psychology student." "Nope," came the laconic reply. "Well, why not?" "'Cause there ain't enough doody here to make a graduate psychology student."



The girl was on the operating table in the delivery room. Downstairs, pacing nervously was her Joey. She had suffered great pain ever since she'd been admitted to the hospital, and through the haze brought on by anesthesia she was painfully aware of the obstetrician and nurses who flitted around her.

It was the roughest experience she'd ever been through, and when the baby was finally delivered she was too weak to even breathe a sigh of relief.

Several minutes later her agony subsided enough for her to page a nurse. "Nurse," she said in a barely audible whisper, "if this is what married life is like, then I don't aim to have any part of it. Please give this message to a tall guy in a brown suit named Joey who's down in the waiting room: Tell him I said our engagement is off!"



Last night Impatient Irving had a spat with a girl who reminded him of the Panmunjom truce teams—wanted to spend too much time talking terms before she'd agree to any kind of peace.

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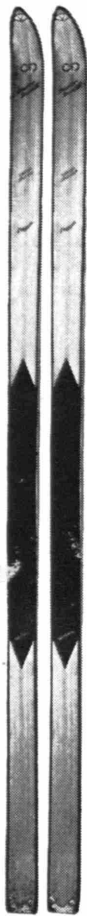
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My cousin twice removed (and they can remove him again) went to Detroit to buy himself a new car and drive it back home to Los Angeles thus saving paying the freight.

He had been driving a few days and was nearing California again when evening came on, and there by the roadside he saw a blonde hitchhiker — a luscious creature — waving at him. Always the good hearted guy, my cousin slowed down and let her get in.

They drove on, and after a couple of hours, he thought he'd better stop off for the night, and drove into a motel.

"Where will I sleep?" asked the blonde.

"Oh, there are a couple of blankets in the car. You can sleep there."

About three o'clock there was a knock on his door, and there was the blonde. "It's cold out here," she said. "Can't I come in?"

"O.K." said my cousin. "Bring your blankets in with you, if you don't mind sleeping on the floor. There's only one bed here."

Another hour went by, and suddenly my cousin awoke to find the blonde in bed with him, her arms wound about his neck and her lips close to his, whispering: "Herkimer, when a man does a girl a favor, and she loves him for it — and she follows him into his cabin, and then gets into his bed. And then puts her arms about him like this. What do you suppose she wants?"

"Well, if you aren't a great one!" snorted my cousin. "It's the middle of the night! Nearly 4 o'clock in the morning! And you wake me up to ask me riddles!"



A young lover was reeling off a heavy line to impress the beautiful girl. "Those soft lovely hands," he whispered. "Your warm lips. And those beautiful eyes . . .

Where did you get those eyes?"

She answered, "They came with my head."



An inspector making a tour of an insane asylum noticed an inmate who had on nothing but a hat.

"Why is it my good man that you are not wearing your clothes?"

"Well, sir, nobody ever comes here."

"Then why are you wearing the hat?"

"Well, somebody might."

# A CHRISTMAS CAROL

OR

## Scrooge was Right



I left my room early because I didn't have any classes to go to. If I had had classes I probably would have stayed in bed until noon. It was Christmas Day in the city of Cambridge, Massachusetts. As usual, the weather was unseasonably unpleasant. The slight snow that had fallen the night before served only to add to my discomfort.

On my way I passed the Institute, but I carefully refrained from looking in the direction of its bleak and lofty majesty, a mighty temple of frustration. I muttered a curse as a Christmas Eve leftover stumbled past me in a drunken stupor. Curse this whole Christmas idea anyway. My pessimistic attitude was enhanced as I glanced into the window of a jewelry store where a carefully constructed manger scene lay practically obscured by price tags and sale banners. Amid the splendor of the Christmas decorations floated huge signs that proclaimed in enormous symbols, the wonderful bargains that could have been had. Everywhere was that appeal from the Great and Omnipotent God of Commerce. "BUY" "BUY!" Shout it from the rooftops. Louder, Louder! I can't hear it for the bells.

Bells, church bells. That's the place to go to find the spirit of Christmas and get away from this dreadful orgy of sex, crime, filth, lust, and twice accursed commercialization. I hadn't been in a church since

the age of ten. For this reason I was slightly nervous as I entered the huge edifice that had heard the prayers of many, many people, both rich and poor. Upon entering a basket was shoved into my stomach by a couple of scrawny crones. A few small pieces of change were nestled far down in one corner of the basket that had been purchased in the hope that it would serve a congregation far more wealthy than it ever would. There were no signs crying their plaintive appeals of "Buy!" or "Give!" No, not a one, but they were there just as surely as if they had been painted across the face of the religious men who had been immortalized in stone beside the altar.

I left the church remaining in its shadow as little as possible. Heading in the general direction of Boston, I passed a group of children who were playing with their newly received toys. Desperately trying to make the best out of what was left, I stopped to speak with them. "Well, son, how did Santa treat you this year?"

"Listen, Buster, you can shove this Santa stuff right back where you dragged it from. Don't start anything around here."

I turned and slowly trudged back to the Dormitory. I was thoroughly broken now. That kid was all of seven years old. A street walker glided past. It was just another day as far as she was concerned. Business as usual. Get it now, while it's hot. I contemplated the possibility of special rates for Christmas Day. I was shaken out of my reverie by a bum who tried to shake me down for the price of a meal. Everybody's a soft touch on Christmas. If you can't scoop up enough from the guy on the sidewalk, the Salvation Army will listen to your sob story. I figured that the bum would probably use the dough to initiate a week-end binge. Receiving inspiration from this thought, I climbed the stairs to the cell that I lovingly referred to as "home." I hauled out my bottle of Scotch and took a long drink.

Almost immediately I felt the soothing warmth as it reached my stomach. I refreshed the first drink with a second and a third. I was now thoroughly satisfied with Christmas and all it stood for. I layed my tired body down on my bed and went to sleep happy in the fact that I could go on a binge that would last until after New Year's.

—J. D. R.

# A CHRISTMAS CAROL

OR

## What the Dickens



The snow settled gently to the ground, as though it were photographed in slow motion. In some places it would stick; then other flakes would quickly settle there to begin weaving a white mantle that could hide the wretchedness and filth of the streets. The air was deathly still, broken infrequently by the sounds of an automobile, coming from nowhere, going to nowhere, making rumbling noises; talking to itself about something or other so as not to feel too lonely, while its occupant listened to a radio tuned to a station playing the same Christmas carols that had been on radios for almost a month.

The silence was shattered by a clattering ashcan cover displaced by a cat scavenging for food. The little girl shuddered and dug her nails into the palms of her red, frostbitten hands. No sales, no money. No money, no way in which to buy what she urgently needed. She chewed her lip to keep from bursting into tears and desperately wished that Santa would help her—if there was a Santa. All little girls are supposed to believe in Santa because their mothers and dads and the radios and newspapers all say he exists. But when you've got no mother or dad, and you can't read, and you only hear a radio once in a while, then you're not too sure of yourself.

The little girl drew her tattered coat closer about

herself and stared up at the clock in the shop window. Almost midnight—and Joe still hadn't shown up—nor Santa either. Santa would be so much better, because he gives things away; Joe always wants payments in advance before he'll give you anything. The little girl's eyes widened at the sound of approaching footsteps. With bated breath she peered into the swirling snow, trying to see who it could be. Would it be Santa, dressed in a red cap and jacket, trimmed with fur, and with a pipe held tightly between his teeth? Or would it be Joe, in a badly worn leather jacket and that malignant smile of his? The footsteps drew still closer; and then, as though the curtain had been thrown wide, a man suddenly appeared who was obviously neither Joe nor Santa. He was a kindly looking man, rather stoutish, with a cherry red nose and sparkling eyes which cleverly belied his age. He walked with head erect and shoulders thrown back, his step light and quick.

The little girl suddenly came to life. "Buy some lovely flowers, Sir? They're fresh and smell awful pretty—and they're real cheery, too!"

The man stopped abruptly, dismayed by the sight of a bleak little girl dressed in rags, with a huge basket of flowers under her arm. "What are you doing out at this hour of the night? You ought to be at home with your family, where it's warm."

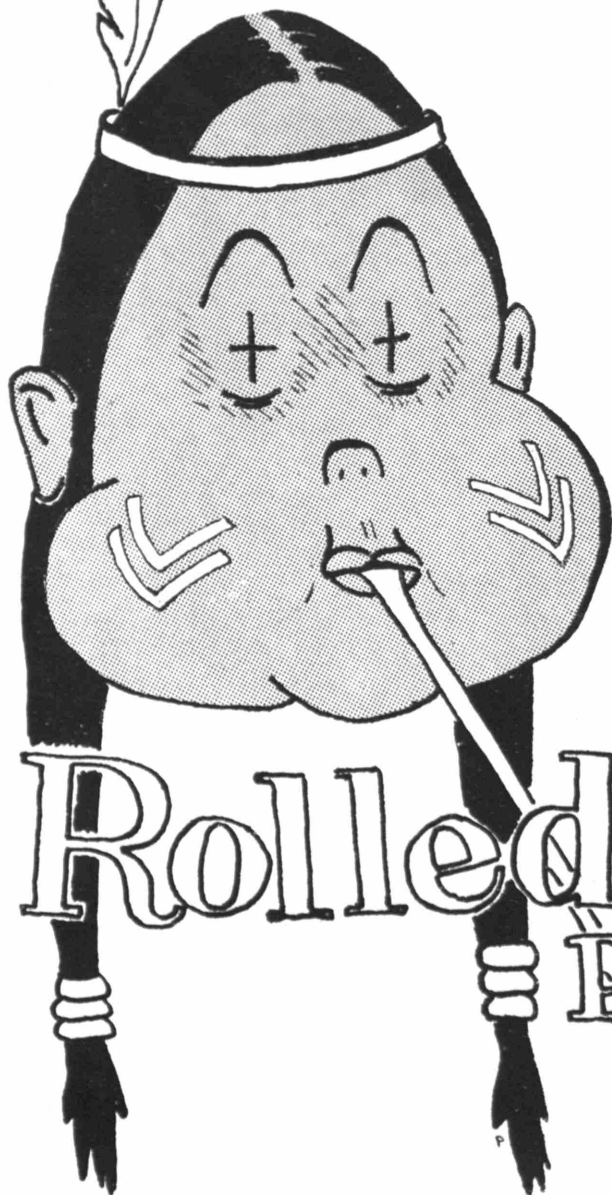
"I have no family," replied the little girl in as pitiful a tone as she could muster. "I need money to get a bed for the night and I haven't got any."

The man's brow furrowed. He bit his lip thoughtfully, and, digging into his pocket, brought out a wallet, from which he took a five dollar bill. "Here," he said gently, "this ought to cover the cost of a bouquet of lovely flowers for a lovely little lady."

The little girl smiled and felt warm inside as she scuttled off to find Joe. Now there was nothing to worry about. She could almost smell the alcohol, while visions of a flashing needle and a delicious pain, followed by warmth and brilliant dreams, flashed in her brain.

—John Ross

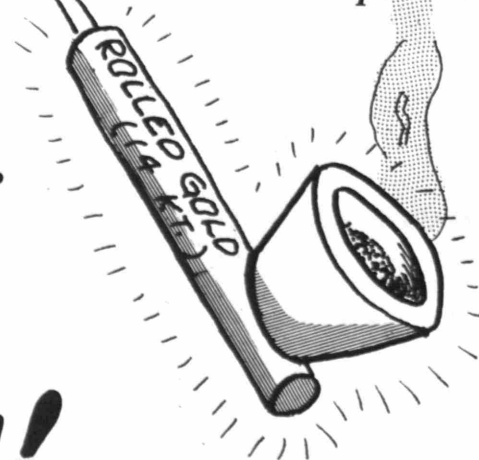
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Once there was a traveling salesman. He was new to the job—but he had heard a lot of jokes about farmers' daughters. So when it got late, instead of stopping in town, he went to the nearest farm-house. The people were very hospitable; they invited him to spend the night. They had a daughter! And as usual there were only two bedrooms, one for the old couple; and the salesman was told to sleep in the daughter's room.

About nine o'clock they all went to bed for a good night's rest. The next morning the farmer got up, his wife got up, the salesman got up, and the daughter got home from college.



Johnny hopes to make the news—

He wants to fill his father's shoes.

Mary hopes to do much better,

She hopes to fill her mother's sweater.



"A simple 'thank you' will be enough!"



A man ambled into a tennis tournament and sat down on the bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing answered, "Not me."



Prof: "Mr. Jones, I hate to tell you, but your son is a moron."

Jones: "Where is he? I'll teach that young pup to join a fraternity without consulting me."

They were huddled close, the lights were low. He pressed his lips into her pink little ear and whispered, "What are you thinking about, darling?"

"The same thing you are, sweetheart," she shyly answered.

"Then I'll race you to the ice box!" he shouted gaily.

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# GERMINAL

"Blast these dorms," he thought. "Their noisy clamoring drives me to distraction—every one must be making loud sounds." Thus he sat bathed in infusive noise attempting to study.

Momentarily, self-control left him. He sprang up cursing. "Loud fools," he cried to the walls. The walls pressed, gently reverberating, inward. Rationality returned.

"Concentrate hard, fellow," he murmured encouragingly to himself; "Just keep concentrating." His mind drove itself back into his book. Slowly, though, it lost its tenacious grip on the words and wandered beyond the four walls of his cell-like room. Fragments of a song, lost suffixes of words built into a pattern of frustration. He caught himself in time and poured his eyes and sensation back into what he was doing.

The air was alive with crawling sound, ripping at his concentration, leading his tortured mind away into oblivion.

"God," he cried, "I can't stand it." Once again he leapt up and cried to the Gods above to pity him. Gentle, screaming, murmurs were his only answer. "Why don't you shut up; all of you. I shall go mad." He collapsed into a chair, spent by his emotion.

Suddenly an idea flashed through his brain. A

great satisfied smile suffused slowly over his face. "I'll stuff my ears with cotton," he thought. Springing up he rushed in a mad frenzy. Returning, he feverishly tore the ill-wrapped carton apart and stuffed the soul saving, sanity preserving stuff deep against his ear drums.

Gloriously he sat down and continued his reading, intensely conscious of his concentration.

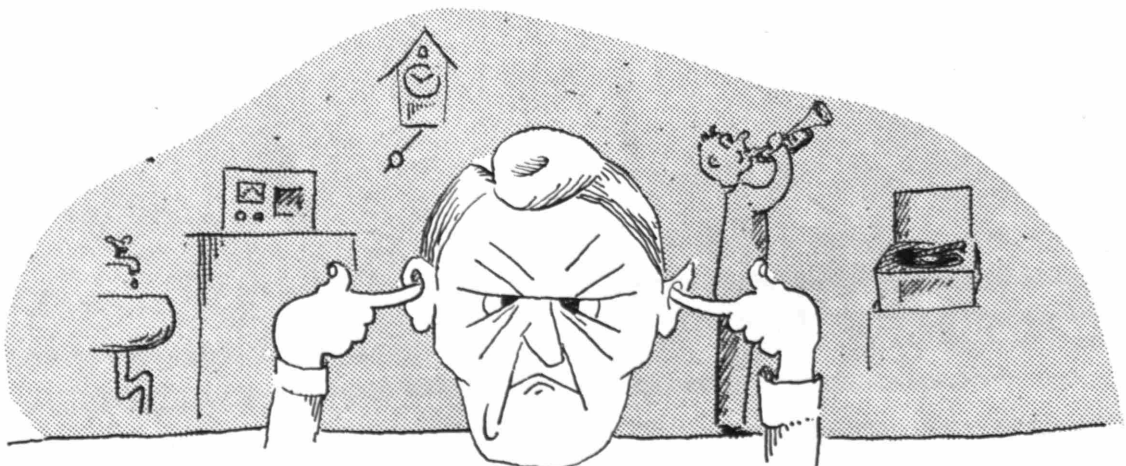
An intimate, almost sensual, sound crept over him. He strained in his expectant, self-induced silence to hear. "Damn cotton stinks," he murmured pushing it still deeper. The sound inexorably continued boring into his brain, until he could no longer bear the intense agony of listening. Weeping, he frantically tried to push the cotton still further.

A drop of cold sweat trickled down the underside of his armpit. Terrified he knew—forever he knew. That sound was his breathing. His own God damn breathing. Red lights exploded in his head. His brain became a wildly fibrillating mass of incoherent nerves. It must stop. He opened wide a horrified mouth and screamed into silence all eternity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dearly Beloved we are gathered to lay to rest the mortal remains . . .

—B. Kenneth Brown



Sandy MacPherson, a stingy man, was ill. His doctor told him if he didn't sweat within the next twenty-four hours he would die.

The sad news spread all around the town. A group from the church went to see poor, stingy Sandy.

"Sandy, we hear you're dying," they said. "Before you go, we think you should make a couple of donations. To begin with, why not give two thousand dollars for the new church?"

"Make it fifteen hundred," hedged Sandy.

"And how about a contribution for the orphans?" they asked. "Two thousand dollars for them, too?"

"No," said Sandy. "Fifteen hundred for the orphans."

"How about some money for the new Old Men's Home?" continued the group who were putting the pressure on Sandy as never before.

"Fifteen hundred."

"How about—?"

Suddenly Sandy sat upright in bed.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" he exclaimed.

"The donations are off. I'm sweating! I'm sweating!"



The young man made a rather hasty purchase at a drug store and answered the druggist's knowing smile with a short and glowing description of the date he had that night.

That evening the young man rang the bell and was invited into the girl's home and introduced to her parents. A general discussion of the weather and other equally important subjects was carried on for some time before the young man said, "It's about time for us to be getting started if we are going to the church. Won't you come with us?" he asked the parents.

The girl's parents refused at first, but the young man was so insistent that they finally agreed and the four of them went to church together.

About half way through the service the girl leaned over to the young man. "I didn't know you were so religious," she whispered.

"No," the young man replied, "No, and I didn't know your old man was a druggist either."



Ed is bringing Sarah home from an expensive night club.

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

Sarah: "Yes—and what do you expect?"

Ed: "Oh—to take about a \$13 loss."

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# SHAKESPEARE



on Life Savers:

"Such is the breath of Kings"

from *Richard II*, ACT I, SCENE 3, LINE 213



Still only 5¢

The railroad dining-car customer's lunch check came to \$1.45. He handed the waiter two one-dollar bills. Presently the waiter returned with the change on the customary silver tray on which a miserly tip always screams to high heaven. On the tray was the customer's correct change—a 50-cent piece and a nickel.

The customer eyed the two coins, glanced up at the expectant waiter, glanced down speculatively at the coins—and finally picked up the 50-cent piece and stuck it in his pocket. Then he peered up at the waiter a bit furtively and with some trepidation. The latter grinned an infectious grin. It spread from ear to ear. He nodded his head with vigorous approval.

"'S'all right, Mister, 's'all right," he chuckled. "I jes took a chance. I jes gambled and lost—dat's all!"



A cow we know—we have many friends — a cow we know had a fodder complex. Satirically Freudian, you opine, overlooking the fact that she might have had the udder one. If you're still with us, and you should be ashamed if you are, there is the race horse who had a mudder complex. Fire drill, anyone?



A pretty co-ed named Delilah  
Attended a college named Tyler;  
The whole senior class  
Held a meeting en masse  
And laid intricate plans to defile  
'er.

After a very wild night, the senior looked down, and asked: "Do you tell your mother everything you do?"

She answered: "Certainly not. My mother doesn't give a damn. It's my husband who's so inquisitive."

Many a girl gets  
Pains in her side  
From walking back  
From an auto ride  
Also many a girl  
Lives to see the day  
When instead of walking  
She will ride all the Way!!



"You remembered our anniversary after all!"

Two men were working on the White House lawn, each supplied with a small push cart upon which was a garbage can. They walked about picking up papers with a long spear. One spied a piece of toilet paper and started to spear it, when suddenly a gust of wind came up and blew the paper into the White House through an open window.

The man became frantic and rushed into the building. He returned shortly and said: "I was too late. He had already signed it."



A patient of an asylum who had been certified cured was saying good-bye to the director of the institution. "And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well," said the ex-nut, "I have passed my bar examinations, so I may try to work up a law practice. Again, I had quite a bit of experience with dramatics in college, so I might try my hand at acting."

He paused and thought for a moment.

"Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

"No, Adam."  
"But Eve, dear, there has to be a first time."



Lady in streetcar to little boy holding large box: "What's in your box, little boy, cake?"

Little Boy: "Nope."

Lady: "Cookies?"

Little Boy: "Nope."

Lady, seeing a wet spot on the box, running her finger along it and putting it to her tongue: "Oh, I know. Pickles."

Little Boy: "Nope. Puppy."



"To me," said one, "he's a pain in the neck."

"Funny," said the other, "I had a much lower opinion of him."

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Clerk to a suspicious looking couple in the hotel lobby: I don't believe you people are married, after all.

Lady: Sir, if my husband were only here he would make you swallow those words.



Colored deacon seeing Mandy Lee sitting on a fence:

"Mornin', Mandy Lee."

"Mornin', Deacon."

"Your mama home?"

"Yeah, Deacon, she's home."

"Your papa home?"

"Yeah, Deacon, he's home."

"Well, just tell the folks howdy."



Platonic love is like being invited down into the cellar for a glass of ginger ale.

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"Doesn't anyone want to sing 'auld lang syne?'"

"Give me a match, Bill."

"Here it is."

"Well, can you beat that? I've forgotten my cigarettes."

"Too bad, guess you won't need the match after all, will you?"



An old man walked up to a druggist.

"I want your advice about these vitamin pills. Do you think if I took some they would give pep? I feel like going to night clubs, going around dancing, and maybe a bit of necking."

"How old are you?" asked the druggist.

"Ninety-two."

"Ninety-two? Go home! Your necking days are over."

"In that case, can you give me something to take it out of my mind?"

It was 3 A.M. after a glorious evening. In a few minutes a series of unearthly squawks howled out of the radio. Wifie looked into the room and discovered hubby twisting the dial back and forth frantically.

"For Heaven's sake! What in the world are you trying to do?" she exclaimed.

"G'way! G'way! Don't bosh me," he yelled. "Somebody's locked in the safe and I've forgot the combinashun!"



The oddest of girls was Irene,  
Whose hair was a bright shade of green.  
When asked how she dyed it,  
She quickly confided:  
"I just use the juice from my spleen."



He: "Why do the most important men on campus always get the prettiest girls?"

She: "Oh, you conceited thing."



"I'll be damned if I'll move my tunnel!"

A woman took her two-year old son Sidney to the doctor.

"Doctor," she said, "we're having trouble with Sidney. He doesn't seem to be interested in food."

"A child is no different than a grown-up," said the doctor. "You've got to give music, entertainment of some kind to interest him in food. Tell him a fairy story while he's eating."

So the next morning at breakfast the woman decided to tell her son a fairy story.

"Sidney," she said, "there was a girl called Cinderella. Take the grape juice."

Sidney took the grape juice.

"So Cinderella said—Go ahead, take the cereal."

Sidney took the cereal.

"Now Cinderella had two sisters. They weren't very nice. Eat the eggs, Sidney."

Sidney ate the eggs and the rest of his breakfast, too. In fact, the kid now weighs a hundred and eighty pounds and hasn't heard the end of that story yet.



A man walked into church one morning, seated himself, and was surprised to notice that a man in the pew in front of him had carrots in his ears. The man tried to ignore it, but eventually his curiosity got the best of him. He leaned forward and whispered, "Why do you have carrots in your ears?" There was no answer. He whispered again, considerably louder, "Why do you have carrots in your ears?" Again no answer. He fidgeted around in his seat for a few minutes, and then asked, in a voice that could be heard all through the church, "Why do you have carrots in your ears?"

The man in front turned around, stared at him for a moment, and then calmly replied, "I can't hear you. I have carrots in my ears."

Theta Chi: Darling, let's have a secret love code. If you nod, I can hold your hand; if you smile, I can kiss you.

Pi Phi: Please don't make me laugh!



"Whom are you having to the dance?"

"Well, I like Jane's lips, Ann's hair, Grace's eyes and Judy's—well er, huh, I guess I'll have Judy."



"Hey, pop, who gave you this goddam California sherry?"

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A man invented an automobile capable of three hundred miles an hour that could stop in its own length.

"Why don't you put it on the market?" he was asked.

"There's only one thing that bothers me," replied the inventor. "How to stop the driver from going through the windshield."



One of the freshmen took in a strip tease this summer and the next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.

"After I left the show last night," he exclaimed, "my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."

The doc looked him over, thought a minute and then remarked, "After this try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show — you won't miss much."



A fellow went to a picnic all by himself. But he was lucky, for when he got there he met a girl, also alone, who had a shoe box full of lunch. They had sandwiches and eggs and then rowed out on the lake. In the evening when the picnic was over he offered to take her home.

"Oh, you can't do that," she said, "because I live a mile from the end of the trolley line."

"I'll take you home," he insisted. "I haven't anything else to do anyhow."

So they took the trolley and at the end of the line they started to walk. They walked about half a mile when the fellow stopped.

"Give me a kiss, will you?" he asked.

"Okay," she said.

But since she was twice as tall as he was he couldn't reach her lips. Luck was with him again for they were standing in front of an abandoned blacksmith shop. They went inside. The fellow got up on the anvil and kissed the girl. Then they started walking again. About half a mile later the fellow asked for another kiss.

"No more kissing tonight," she said.

"Well, if you aren't going to kiss me," he said, "I guess there isn't any sense in my carrying this anvil any farther."

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Graduate study may be pursued in Textile Technology, Ceramics, Sanitary Engineering, and in most of the above professional Courses. The Master's and Doctor's degrees are offered in most of these fields. For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

The Catalogue for the academic year will be sent free on request.



## How the stars got started



**ANNE JEFFREYS** dreamed of being an opera star, studied long and hard. **BOB STERLING** could have been a pro athlete, but chose the long, hard pull of acting. Both eventually won good parts on stage, radio, TV. They met on a TV show... became Mr. & Mrs. in real life... and "Mr. and Mrs. Kerby" in TV's brilliant new "Topper" program!

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