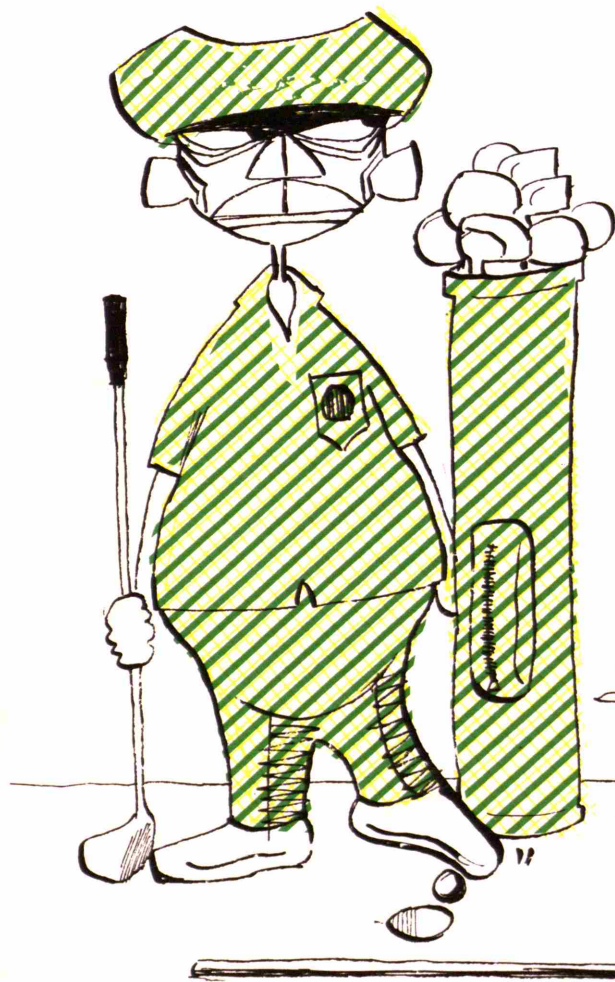
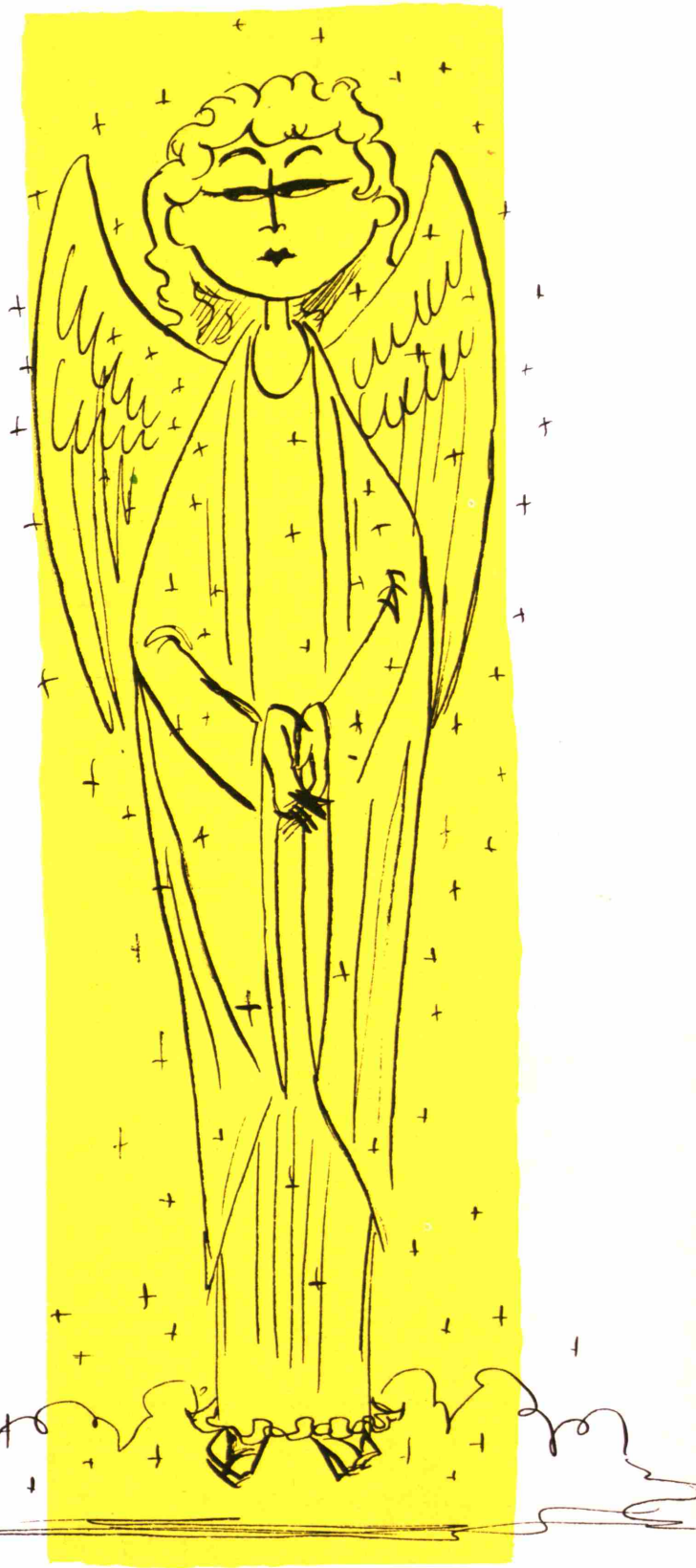


VOODOO MAY



STOD



25¢



IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT A TOUCHY SUBJECT

REAL TOUCHY. Touchier than what may have occurred to you, even. It's the problem of *How To Get A Job*, and it's touchy because nobody in the history of employment has ever figured out a solid, cut and dried formula that anyone else would agree on. The truth is that often there *isn't* any formula, because you can't measure many important qualities by a slide rule, and even experienced employers admit they have to rely on their own impressions to guide them.

And mister, whatever you do, don't underestimate the power of your appearance when it comes to making a first impression. The way

you take care of your appearance indicates how you'll take care of other things. We sell hats. We know hats make you look better. We know, because we've taken the trouble to find out, that bosses want their junior executives to wear hats. And while your hat is only one part of your appearance, *it's as important as anything else you wear*. So when you hit the road for your first job, dress to make that good first impression.

Incidentally, even if you *never* get a job, that hat will be a good friend. It protects your head, and that means protection for your hair and your health.

"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

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Divisions of Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women

BOSTONIAN MOCCASINS



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HERE'S: True Moccasin Construction

- Flexible Support
- Sure-Footed Snug Fit
- Light in Weight
- Shape-holding—Long Wearing.

**AT THE TECHNOLOGY STORE
40 MASS. AVE.
CAMBRIDGE**

The house of ill repute and wide renown was crowded. While the madam could provide the customer with a companion she regretted that she could not give him accommodations. He elected to take his chances. He and the girl scrounged around, finally ending up on the sloping roof of the house. In the height of passion they rolled off the roof and, still in the embrace, fell to their death on the sidewalk.

A drunk spotted them. "Say," he warned, "this is no place for that." Then, observing them closely, he nodded knowingly and staggered into the establishment.

"I'm sorry, sir, we can't accommodate—" the madame began.

"No, that's awright lady. I just wanted to tell you somethin."

"Tell me something?"

"Yesh. Your sign fell down."



He (on phone): "How are you this evening?"

She: "All right—but lonely."

He: "Good and lonely?"

She: "No, just lonely."

He: "I'll be right over."



The maiden girl is determined to put up a good front—or bust.



Two hipsters in a museum spot a bust of Julius Caesar. One says to the other, "This guy's been gone for two thousand years."

The other replies, "Crazy, man, those Romans really knew how to live."



"Young man, don't you hate to see women smoking?"

"Not me, boy, I want 'em plenty hot!"



A miss in the car is worth two in the engine.

VOO
DOO
M. I. T. Humor Monthly

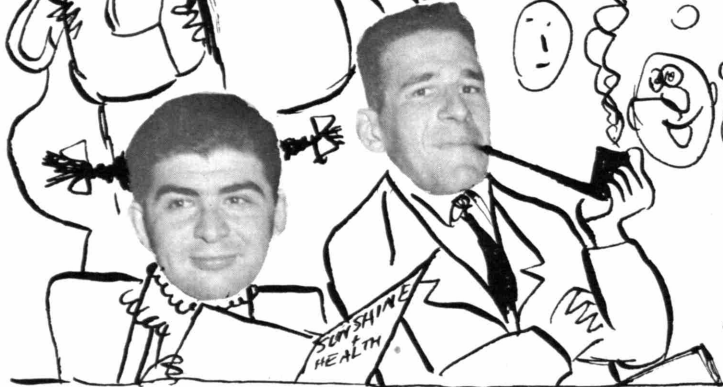
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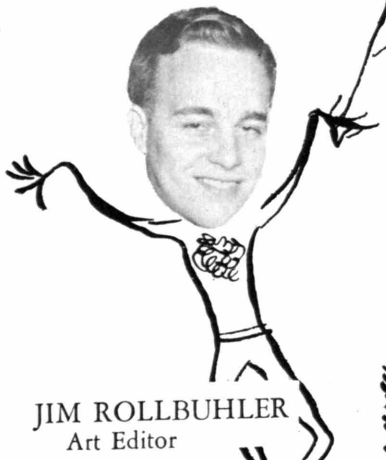


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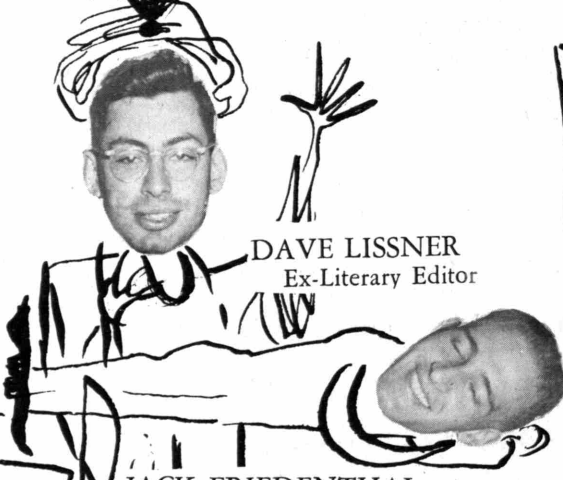
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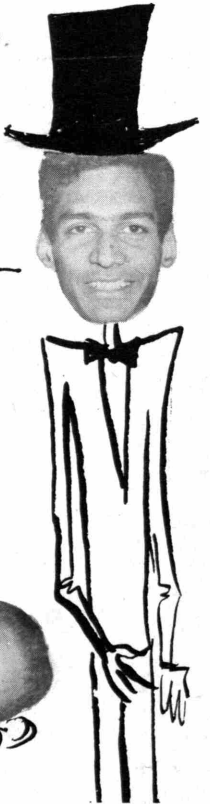
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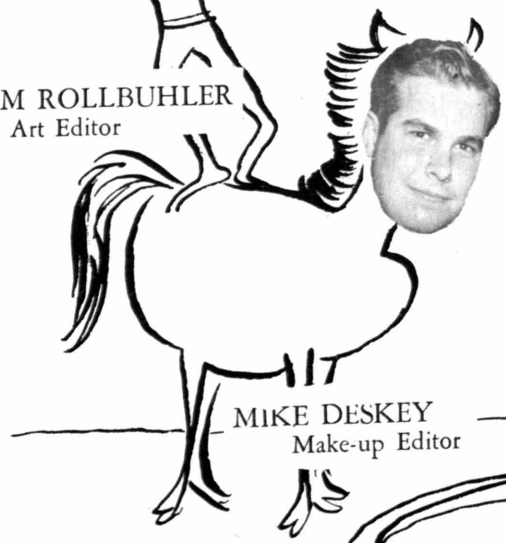
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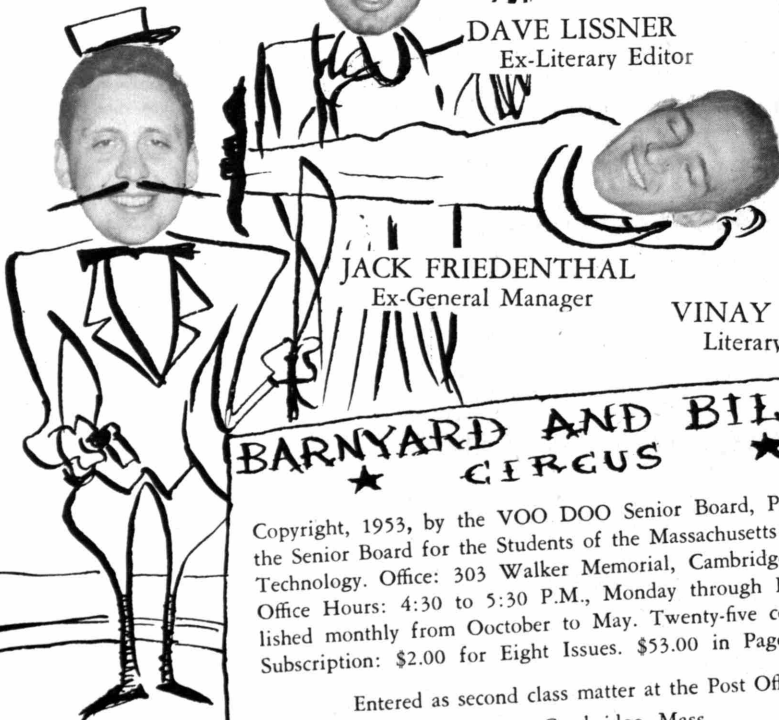
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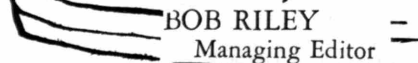
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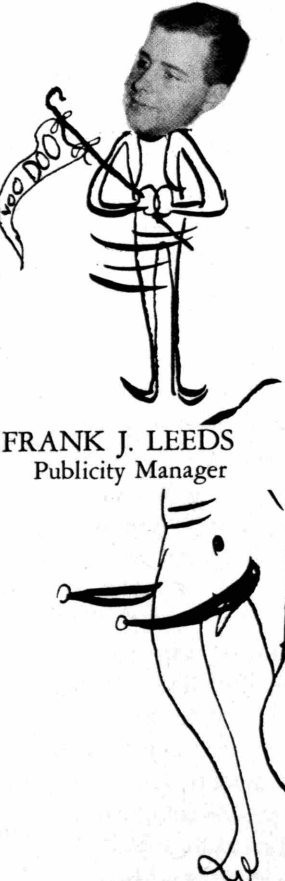
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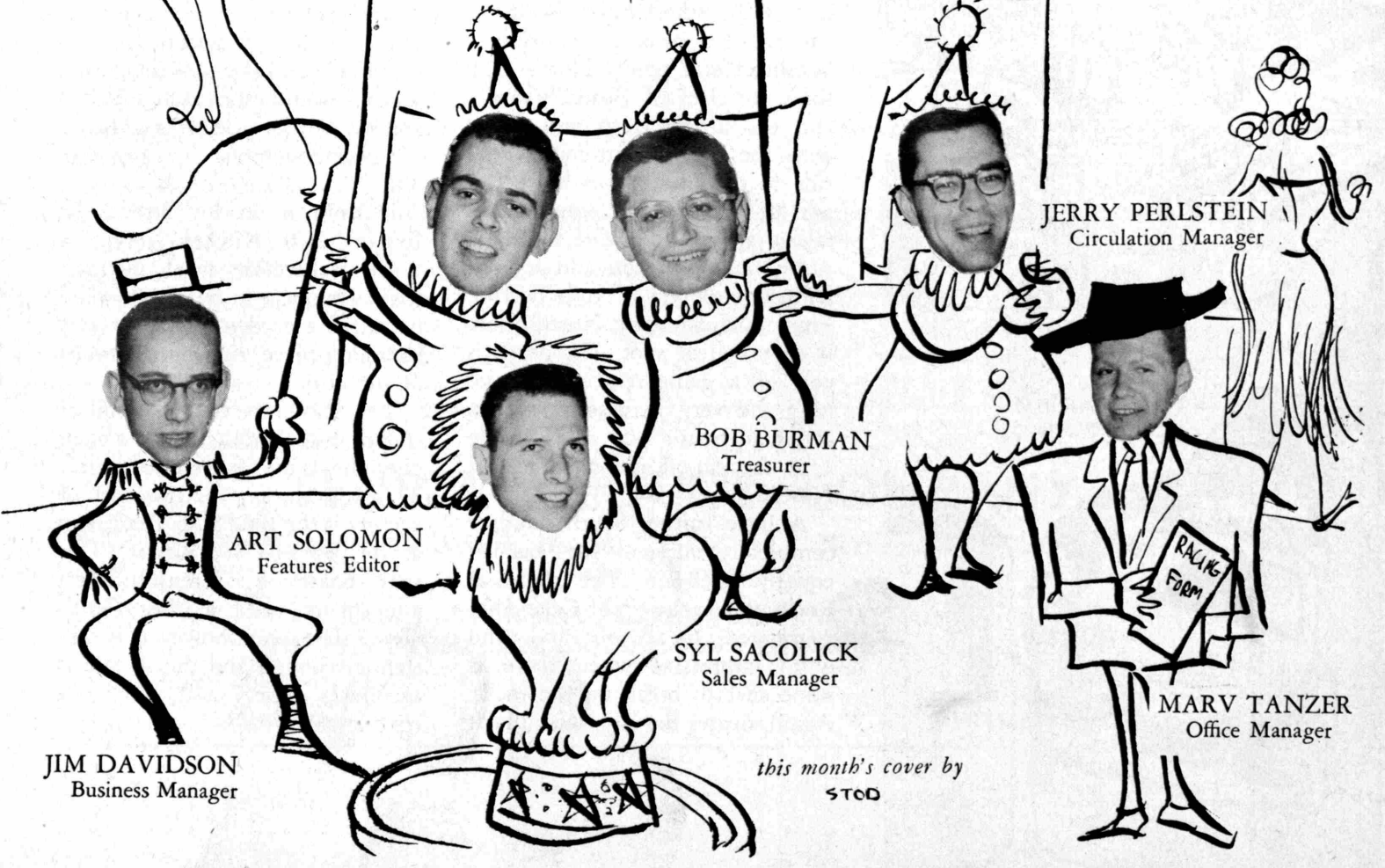
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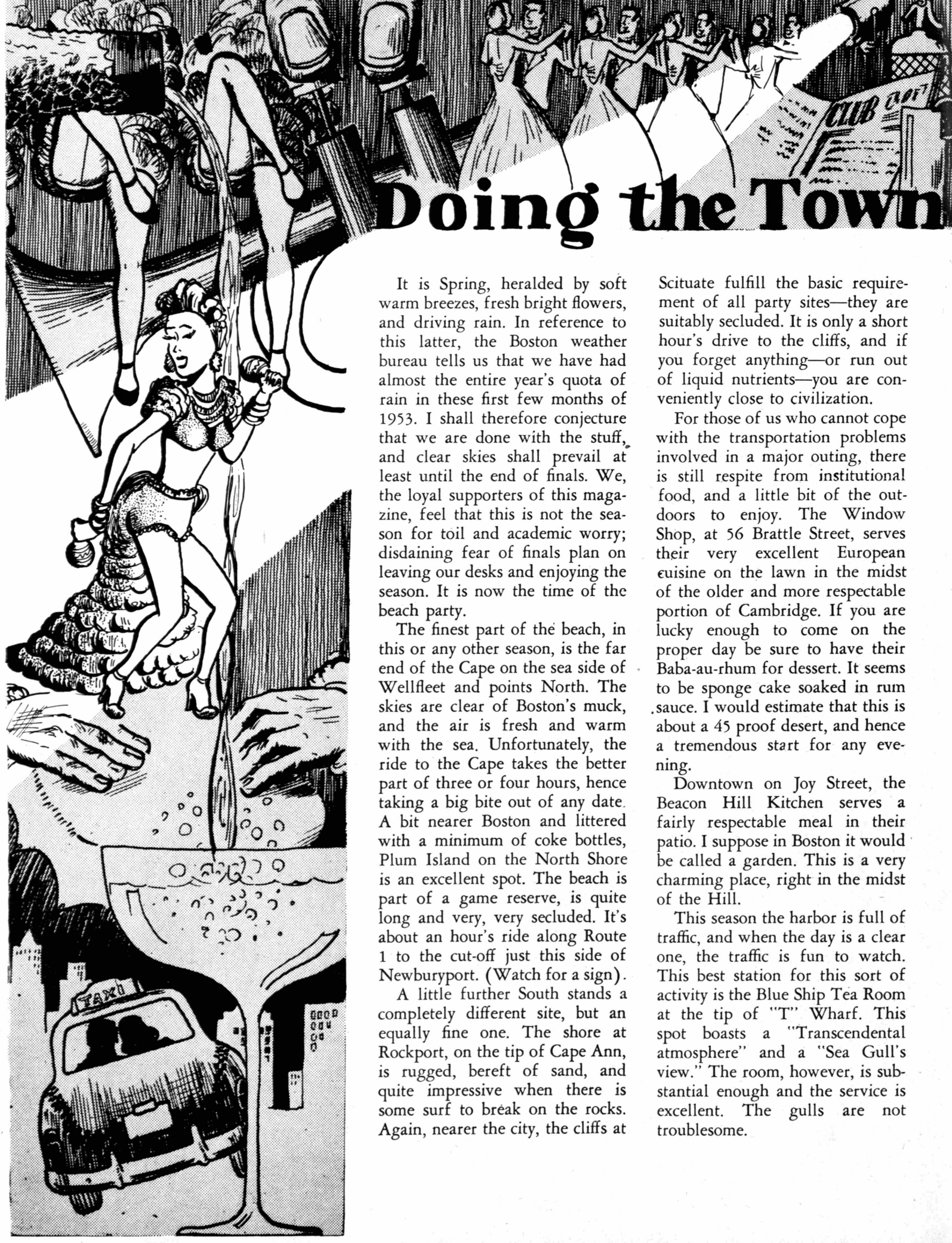
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this month's cover by
STOD



Doing the Town

It is Spring, heralded by soft warm breezes, fresh bright flowers, and driving rain. In reference to this latter, the Boston weather bureau tells us that we have had almost the entire year's quota of rain in these first few months of 1953. I shall therefore conjecture that we are done with the stuff, and clear skies shall prevail at least until the end of finals. We, the loyal supporters of this magazine, feel that this is not the season for toil and academic worry; disdaining fear of finals plan on leaving our desks and enjoying the season. It is now the time of the beach party.

The finest part of the beach, in this or any other season, is the far end of the Cape on the sea side of Wellfleet and points North. The skies are clear of Boston's muck, and the air is fresh and warm with the sea. Unfortunately, the ride to the Cape takes the better part of three or four hours, hence taking a big bite out of any date. A bit nearer Boston and littered with a minimum of coke bottles, Plum Island on the North Shore is an excellent spot. The beach is part of a game reserve, is quite long and very, very secluded. It's about an hour's ride along Route 1 to the cut-off just this side of Newburyport. (Watch for a sign).

A little further South stands a completely different site, but an equally fine one. The shore at Rockport, on the tip of Cape Ann, is rugged, bereft of sand, and quite impressive when there is some surf to break on the rocks. Again, nearer the city, the cliffs at

Scituate fulfill the basic requirement of all party sites—they are suitably secluded. It is only a short hour's drive to the cliffs, and if you forget anything—or run out of liquid nutrients—you are conveniently close to civilization.

For those of us who cannot cope with the transportation problems involved in a major outing, there is still respite from institutional food, and a little bit of the outdoors to enjoy. The Window Shop, at 56 Brattle Street, serves their very excellent European cuisine on the lawn in the midst of the older and more respectable portion of Cambridge. If you are lucky enough to come on the proper day be sure to have their Baba-au-rhum for dessert. It seems to be sponge cake soaked in rum sauce. I would estimate that this is about a 45 proof desert, and hence a tremendous start for any evening.

Downtown on Joy Street, the Beacon Hill Kitchen serves a fairly respectable meal in their patio. I suppose in Boston it would be called a garden. This is a very charming place, right in the midst of the Hill.

This season the harbor is full of traffic, and when the day is a clear one, the traffic is fun to watch. This best station for this sort of activity is the Blue Ship Tea Room at the tip of "T" Wharf. This spot boasts a "Transcendental atmosphere" and a "Sea Gull's view." The room, however, is substantial enough and the service is excellent. The gulls are not troublesome.

Lastly, out in Bedford on Route 2 the Domine Manse serves a very fine buffet every Sunday. The furnishings are colonial, but the very large sun porch is glassed in, and looks out on a large and beautifully landscaped lawn. The prices are quite reasonable, and their roast duck is excellent.

As a last suggestion, those of you who are not burdened with finals might hop over to London for the Coronation.

By J. F. K.

Little one: Oh, Mummy, look at that funny man across the street.

Not so little one: What's he doing?

L.O.: He's sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel.



Dear Sir:

I am engaged to a girl and have been informed you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my fraternity house at eleven Friday and make an explanation:

Alfred Zilch

Dear Alf:

I have received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at this meeting.

Red

Lad, looking through a telescope: "God."

Friend: "Aw, gwan, it ain't that powerful."



The little boy looked at the girls in their midriff bathing suits and asked: "Papa, why do the good looking girls wear their water wings all the time?"



Then there was the old lady who had three cats: Fluffy, Tuffy and Paderewski. Fluffy was the fluffiest, Tuffy was the toughest, and Paderewski was the pianist.



Freshman: "I'm afraid something is wrong with the car. The motor is sputtering and . . ."

Coed: "Don't be silly. Wait until we get off the main road."



"It's not very original."

The barfly had been eyeing the beautiful woman at the end of the bar for some time when the bartender said, "That woman is my wife and I don't want you to get any ideas!" To which the drinker replied, "Hell, who's got ideas. Gimme a piece of beer."

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

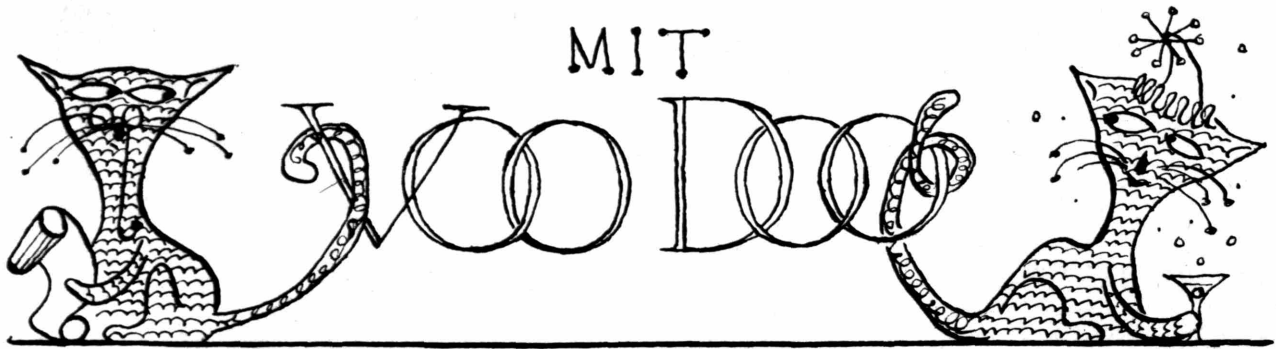
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NATURALLY—TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO. FOR THE MOST COMPLETE LIQUOR, WINE & BEER STOCK IN BOSTON.

Special Attention to M.I.T.
Students—Whether A
Bottle or A Case

Party Planning
Punch Bowls
Always Plenty of Ice Cubes



SOME of the students at Boston University have come up with an earnest attempt at a real college-type magazine. When not indulging in their favorite sport, belaboring VOO DOO for its "vulgar" humor, the editors find time to print a few jokes. This little gem apparently falls under the latter classification:

Recent tests were held at Boston University to determine whether a walking man or a running man got wetter during a rainstorm. The conclusion was that an M.I.T. man got twice as wet as a B.U. man because the M.I.T. man didn't know when to come in out of the rain.

We wish them well.

WE attended a Shakespearian reading the other day and were seated next to a couple of sailors. Shakespeare and the modern sailor seemed to us a curious juxtaposition, and the situation interested us. We observed the two sailors closely. Their behaviour was impeccable: their interest keen, their applause both enthusiastic and inhibited. Their conversation was too softly spoken

for us to hear it, and on the way out we must confess we pressed close to them as the crowd moved, eager for their comments and criticisms. We are happy to report that one of them turned to the other and said, "Gee, was she stacked."

WE heard from an M.G.H. nurse last week that Arthur Godfrey is coming up for a bilateral cuparthoplasty. Our personal opinion is that if he spent more time with his wife, it would never have been necessary.

THE editors of VOO DOO have listened to a surfeit of Christine jokes during the last year. We are beginning to wish the subject had never arisen. At the risk of being the last to board a blessedly dying bandwagon, however, we present the following listing, uncovered in the Boston telephone directory.

Christine's Alteration Shop,
237 Wash.....BEacon 2-5255

WHILE in the office the other day, someone revived the perennial discussion of Tech's Great Dome. As usual many suggestions were made as to a suitable symbol to either replace or adorn it. We think, however, that we have the last word in the matter of such suggestions. LIFE recently printed a picture of a machine which has over seven hundred moving parts and is designed to accomplish absolutely nothing.

WE heard a remark the other morning that may or may not be a comment on our times: "If peace breaks out . . ."

— — —

"Not that she was dumb, but when she was asked if she had seen Cinerama, she replied: "No, but I read the book."

— — —

"Oh Darling, I've missed you so," she said as she levered another shell into the chamber.

"There's nothing like getting up at six in the morning, taking an ice cold shower and a run around the park before breakfast."

"How long have you been doing this?"

"I start tomorrow."



Wife (to drunken husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well, I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."



Pat: Are them pigeons boys or girls?

Mike: They're not pigeons, they're gulls.

Pat: Gulls or boys, they're still pigeons.

(Here again the subject of sex insists on infiltrating the chaste pages of Voo Doo.)



"Beg pardon, but aren't you one of the college boys?"

"No—it's just that I couldn't find my suspenders this morning, my razor blades were used up, and a bus ran over my hat."



She used to be the belle of the town, but somebody tolled on her.



"I hear the Russians have a bed twelve feet long."

"Sounds like a lot of bunk."



What's flat on the bottom, pointed on the top, and has ears?

Give up? A mountain. (Ain't you ever heard tell of mountaineers?)



Professor: "Are you cheating on this examination?"

Student: "No, sir, I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper."

Wave: "I blush so easily. Whenever I sit down and think, I blush. What can I do about it?"

Psychiatrist: "Try thinking of something else."



"What makes you so sure John was tight at the club party last night?"

"He shook the clothes tree hard, and then started to crawl around the floor looking for apples."

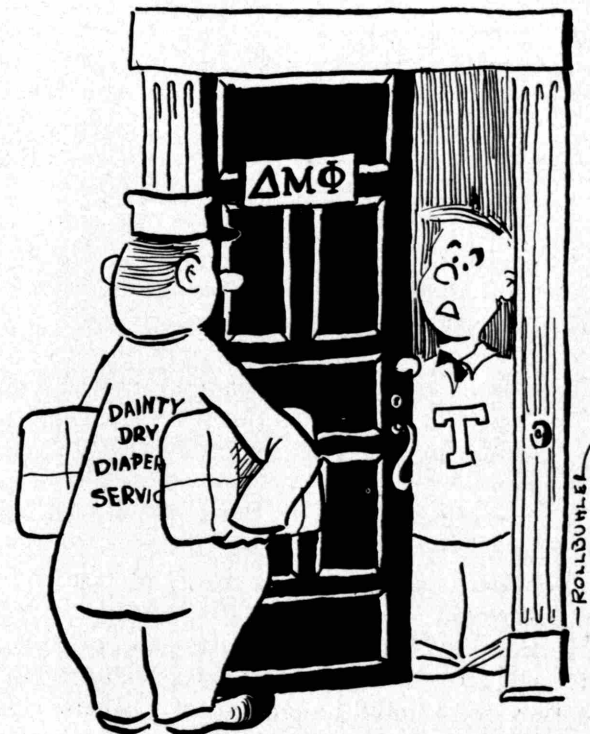


A rushee was greeted at the door of a fraternity house. The fraternity president welcomed him enthusiastically, not noticing the guest was gazing down self-consciously at his muddy shoes.

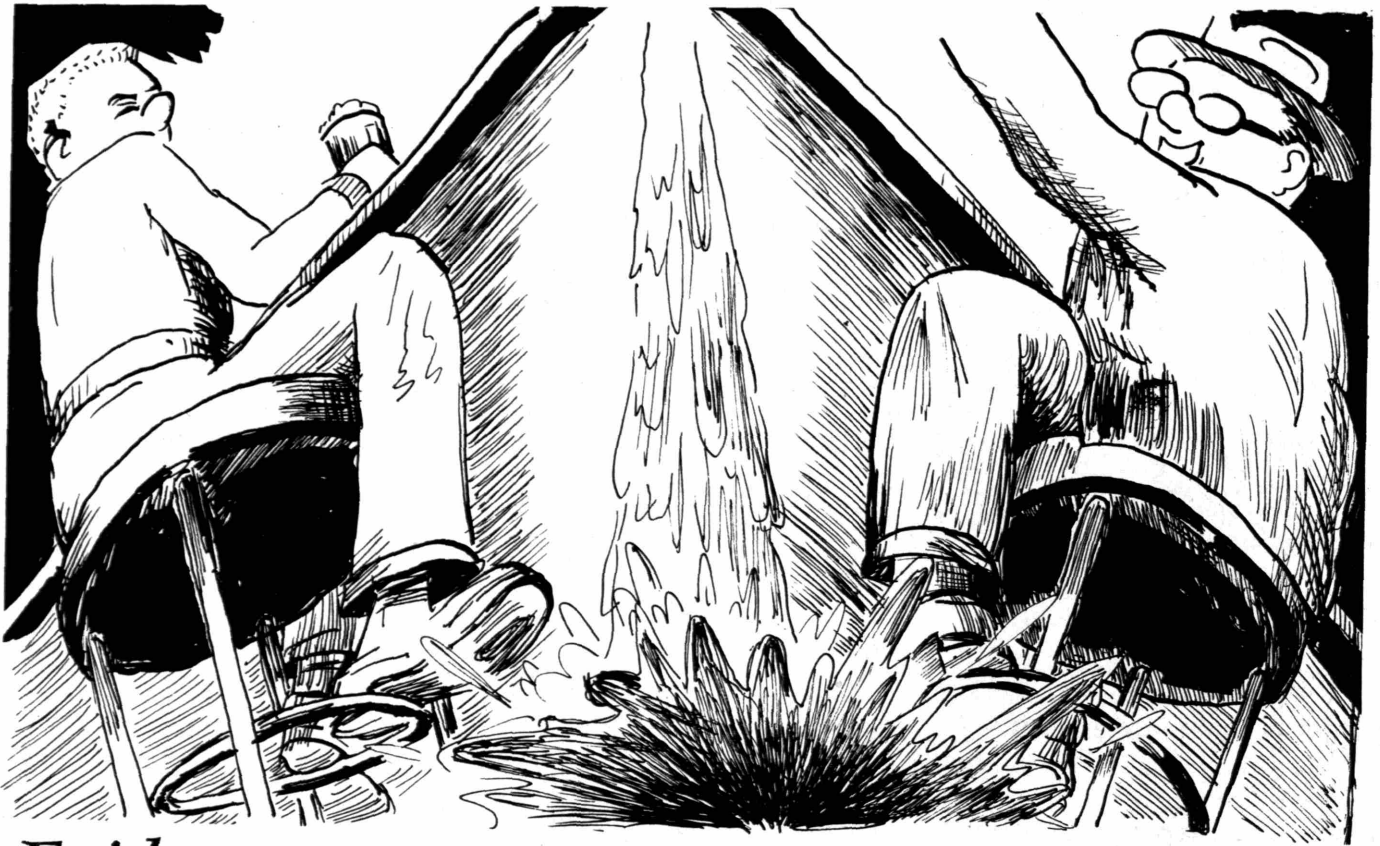
"Come in, come in, my boy," beamed the fraternity man.

"Uh, I'd rather not," whispered the guest. "My feet are dirty."

"So's ours," laughed the fraternity man, "but we keep our shoes on and nobody knows."



"Are you sure you have the right address?"



Fetish

By Harold Kaplan

As soon as my eyes got accustomed to the tavern's twilight, I saw that business was light. There were only a few people sitting at tables and only one little man seated on a barstool. The slight click of the door's closing aroused him a little, and he looked up momentarily from his beer, and then turned his thin pale face back to the clear yellow liquid.

I sat on the stool on his right and looked around for the bartender. The little man on my left turned on me with a joyous expression on his face.

"I have discovered a new theory of history," he said confidently.

"What'll it be?" asked the bartender, who had stalked me on foam rubber soles.

"Beer," I said.

It took him only a few seconds to draw me one. I paid him and he silently disappeared. The little man was looking carefully into his beer, as if it were television.

"You mentioned history," I said, sipping my beer.

"What?"

"You were talking about a theory of history you had discovered."

He seized his beer in both hands and pulled himself out. "Oh yes. Now I remember. History is a, history is like a liquid coming out of a narrow opening. Near the hole the stream is whole and unbroken. Now you take history. The history of recent times, we know all about it, it seems smooth, we understand how one thing leads to another. But old his-

tory, it piles up in sections, like sandwiches. The Dark Ages. Colonial Times. The Bronze Age. The Grandeur that was Greece and the Glory that was Rome." He looked into his beer again.

"How are these sandwiches like a liquid?" I asked.

"The liquid, when you get far away, it turns into separate drops and droplets. It isn't smooth and connected any more. Look here."

He picked up my beer and slowly poured it out onto the dirty wooden floor.

"See," he said pointing, "Here is the present: unbroken, continuous, logical; but it falls down and breaks up into separate drops and droplets. And there is space between the drops where people forget sections of history. Maybe our time is between the drops. Maybe we will be forgotten."

There were tears in his eyes as he carefully replaced the empty glass on the bar. Then he looked into his beer and smiled happily at what he saw.

"You've been drinking a lot of beer," I said.

"That's a beer drinker's idea of history."

"That is true. But I got reasons. Good reasons."

"What reasons?"

"Do you read the papers? Hear the radio? So many things are going on in the world today. Two billion people in the world, and every one of them doing something different."

"Would you like it better if they all did the same thing?"

"I could understand it better that way. But the world is too big. We cannot get it all into our heads. In these modern times of radios and airplanes every event is important, every man affects history. And yet this is only on the surface."

I decided against ordering another beer and asked, "The surface of what?"

"The surface of the planet. It's a big planet and we human beings live only on the surface. And yet this huge planet is only a speck in space compared to the sun. And the sun is small as stars go. And the stars are only little sparks in the galaxy. And the galaxy is only one of many. It's a big universe, an active universe, with all its pieces and parts going around and around.

"But when I look into my little glass of beer and see how small and cozy and peaceful it is I feel better. It's a nice yellow color, it's quiet, it smells good, it tastes good. I like to think about it."

He stopped talking and stared happily into his beer. I decided to have some fun.

"Look here," I began, "This beer is more complicated than that. Beer is a solution of various solids in water. And the water and the solids are made of molecules of all different kinds."

He was looking at me now.

I continued: "These molecules are flying around inside the glass at rifle bullet speeds. And every time they collide, they knock a few atoms loose and acquire some. And there are even a few loose atoms whizzing around in your glass. They all have high thermal energies."

"What?"

"They go fast because your beer is hot."

"It's not very hot."

"Nearly three hundred degrees on the Kelvin thermometer."

"Atoms in my beer!" he sobbed. "And I thought it was just nice and quiet beer."

He looked worriedly into his beer as if he expected to see the thermal motion.

"Worse yet," I went on, "Every atom is full of electrons and protons and neutrons, and they all keep jumping around and changing. They even go faster than the molecules and atoms. Your beer is busy, I tell you."

He burst into tears. "Damn you," he sobbed, "I used to have a nice cool glass of beer, and now you've gone and spoiled it and filled it full of hot atoms."

His tears dripped off his chin onto the bar. He sobbed harder and harder and wept like a pair of defective faucets.

I looked up to see the bartender standing nearby.

"That was a mean thing to do," he said.

Prof: "If there are any dumbbells in the room, please stand up." A long pause ensued and then a lone freshman stood up.

"What, do you consider yourself a dumbbell?" asked the professor.

"Well, not exactly, sir, but I do hate to see you standing up by yourself," said the freshman.



"Mother, I can't . . ."

"Billy, don't ever say 'I can't.' You've got to learn that nothing is impossible."

"Then will you help me put this toothpaste back in the tube?"



Little Boy: "Say, Mister, let me have six of those diapers."

Clerk: "Here you are, sonny. That'll be ninety cents for the diapers, and two cents for the tax."

Little Boy: "Nuts with the tax, my mother uses safety pins."



In keeping with its avowed purpose of furthering the spiritual and cultural interests of the Techman, as well as awakening in him a feeling for the aesthetic, Voo Doo recently sponsored a colloquy among several celebrated members of the popular music fraternity for the purpose of helping the Tech student to better appreciate and understand the various forms of musical expression. We are indeed fortunate in being able to present in this space some of the observations made at this parley by our distinguished panel of experts.

Here, then, is . . .

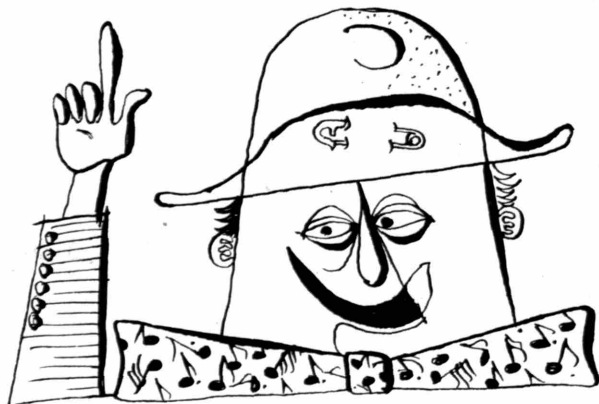
VOO DOO'S COURSE IN MUSIC APPRECIATION

MR. RONNY JAY—The Love Song

The love song has gotta make you feel sick all over. You've gotta suffer like I do when I sing, like when I do "Moan." It's gotta make all your pent-up emotions come pourin' out all over. It's like the Grand Coulee Dam in the rainy season. You've gotta let your feet hang and just sit down and blubber. You've gotta (sob) turn on the tears. You've (sob) gotta just go all to (sob) pieces. You've (sob) . . . (sob) . . . gotta . . . oh-h-h! I just can't go on with this (sob) any longer (sniff) . . .



MR. SIDNEY BOUQUET—Dixieland Jazz



Man, when you want to hear some real music, just grab a reefer and come on down to the Mardi Grass Casino where me and the boys drag it out real smooth. Better bring your lunch, too, son, because when we get hot there ain't nobody but the fire department that can put us out. You've probably heard our famous recording of the "Fourteenth Street Rag" (inspired by a dress my wife bought at Klein's), and that should give you an idea of the kind of jive I'm talking about. We don't bother too much about fancy arrangements—whenever I see that most of the boys have put down their bottles at the same time, I just holler and off we go.

MISS ROSEMARY LOONY—The Novelty Song

The novelty song is popular today because people like music that is different. Take my recent success, "Come On-A My Bedroom," for example. Many people told me it was different from anything else they had ever heard and I guess that is why it was so well-liked. I have heard that this song has caused many records to be broken. This is most gratifying to an artist such as me, and I hope my new song, "Scratcha Me," does as well.



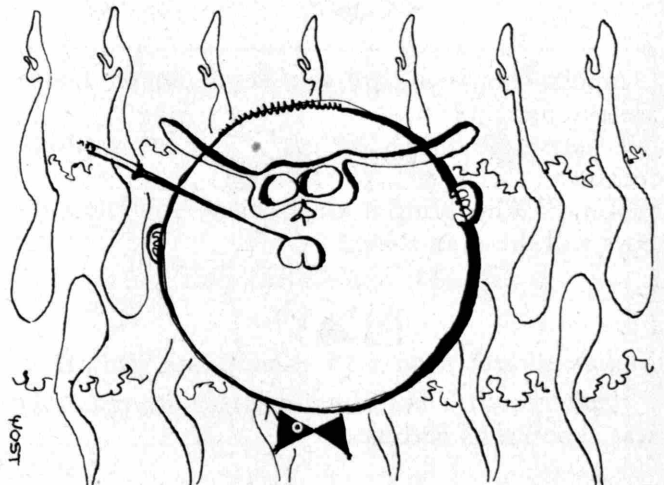
MR. GOSH BLIGHT—The Folk Song

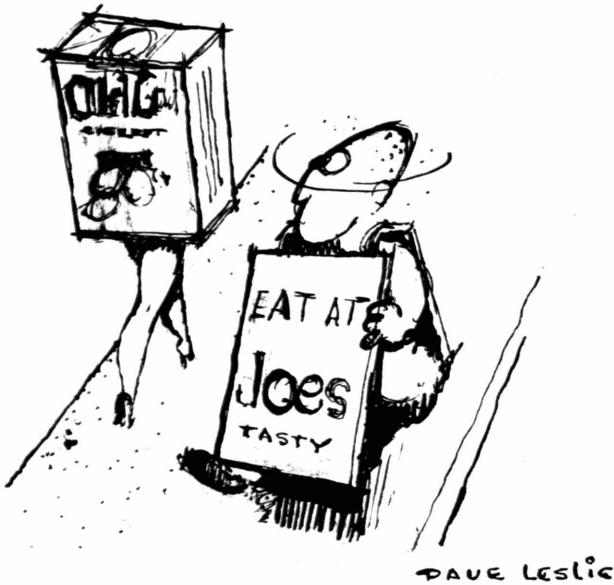


All mah life Ah've felt sad an' dreary, ev'ry whar Ah roam. An' when Ah sing Ah likes to let people know how Ah feel, an' tha's why mah songs is so deep an' emotional. You have to open up youah soul an' let the sadness show out. Like when Ah sing "The Glue-Pail Fly" Ah really show how miserable Ah am. To really learn the full meanin' of the folk song you gotta live with the folks that sings it. Ah have spent thirty years with the illiterate, uncivilized, ignorant people of the Lou'siana dead-wood country, an' Ah am proud to say that all Ah know Ah learned from them.

MR. IRVING HAMMERPORTER—The Musical Comedy

As a composer of musical comedy songs, I would like to impress upon you the magnitude of the musical extravaganza. Everything must be on a grand scale. It doesn't have to be good, mind you, but with a forty-piece orchestra, a sixty-voice chorus, and Ethel Merman in ninety yards of yellow crepe paper, it's got to be loud. Also, it's got to be big. You've got to give them more than the King Cole Trio for six bucks a seat. I think this is best illustrated in the love scene from my greatest smash hit, "South Dakota," in which three hundred natives pound llama-hide tom-toms to the rhythm of "Chopsticks" while Mary Moulton sings "Some Revolting Morning" accompanied by a German band playing "Augustine" and Arturo Pickaninny and the South Huntington High School Symphony.





She was just a Hula dancer
 He was a guy from the fleet
 He forgot the sugar he left at home
 When she shook her shredded wheat.



The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker;
 why the hell can't I?



Customer—Have you been to the zoo lately?
 Waitress—No!
 Customer—Well, you ought to go sometime and
 watch the turtles whizz by.



Amos: Hey, man, are you comin' to de Lodge
 Meetin' tonight?
 Ulysses: No man, I'se got a case of gastroen-
 teritis.
 Amos: Why, bring it along, man—you know the
 boys will drink anything?



"Spit is such a horrid word," said the pig as he
 was about to be barbecued.

Little Bopper falls out of a twenty story window.
 A crowd gathers to view the scene. Suddenly, a
 policeman runs up to the poor little guy lying on the
 pavement.

"What happened?" he inquired.

The little Bopper looks up at him and says, "I
 don't know, Man. I just got here."



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."



He-Fly to She-Fly: Say you love me, or I'll jump
 into the first bowl of soup that I see.



He had taken a taxi, only to discover as he neared
 his destination that he had no money in his pockets.
 He shouted to the driver, "Stop!" and jumped out.
 "I just want to get some matches in this store so I
 can locate a \$20 bill I dropped on the floor of the
 cab." And just as he had expected, the cab sped away
 when he entered the store.



A party girl is a girl who believes that children
 should be seen and not had.



There's the compass that always points in the
 wrong direction called a tates because he who has a
 tates is lost.



A sailor was given a two hour pass to see his wife.
 He returned to his ship 6 hours late. The Captain
 questioned him. "It took six hours for my uniform
 to dry," the sailor said. "Six hours for your uniform
 to dry!" the captain roared.

"Yes," the sailor explained, "My wife was in the
 bathtub when I arrived."

She was only a gearmaker's daughter, but she could outstrip them all.



"Doc, I'm a young feller just startin' out, and I wanna buy some of them contrivances I've heard about. How much are they?"

"We sell a lot of 'em in this drug store—and the most popular ones are these here—three for fifty cents."

"Half a buck for just three! Ain'tcha got something cheaper?"

"Tell you what I'll do, my boy—here's a gross of loose ones I'll let you have for \$5.00."

"O.K. I'll take 'em."

Act Two—next morning.

"Doc, there was only 143 of them things you sold me yesterday."

"I'm sorry son — hope your evening wasn't spoiled."

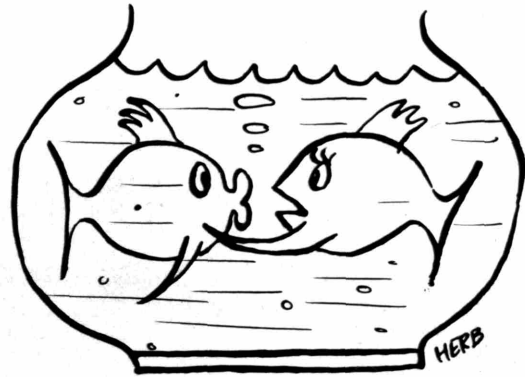


Once this cat went to church and was snowed by the sermon. Upon making his exit from the church he grabbed the preacher's hand and shook it saying, "Dad, I read you. That sermon was the MOST. It was gone. You were on the right channel and played in my key."

"Most? Dad? Read? Key?" asked the preacher. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Yes, you do, Dad," said the cat. "In fact, I liked it so gone I put twenty samoolas in the collection plate."

"Oh! Craazy, Craazy," said the preacher.



"Fresh!"

The little man helping to build the new Student Union had the stalwart guards baffled.

Every afternoon he would appear at the gate, trundling a wheelbarrow full of packing excelsior along in front of him. The first time this happened the guards glanced triumphantly at each other and then tore the excelsior to bits. They found nothing.

Day in and day out, the same scene ensued. Every evening they went over the little man with a fine-toothed comb, but not a thing could they discover in the way of contraband. It went on for two weeks and the guards were frantic with curiosity.

Finally they decided to give in.

The little man came wheeling along through the gate, and one of the guards stepped up to him.

"Listen," he said, "We know you're getting away with something, but we don't know how you're doing it, or what it is you're getting away with. Now, it's against the rules, but we'll go mad if we don't find out, so look. We won't do a thing to you—you can even keep working on the job—but you gotta tell us . . . what is it you're stealing?"

The little man blushed modestly.

"Wheelbarrows," he said.

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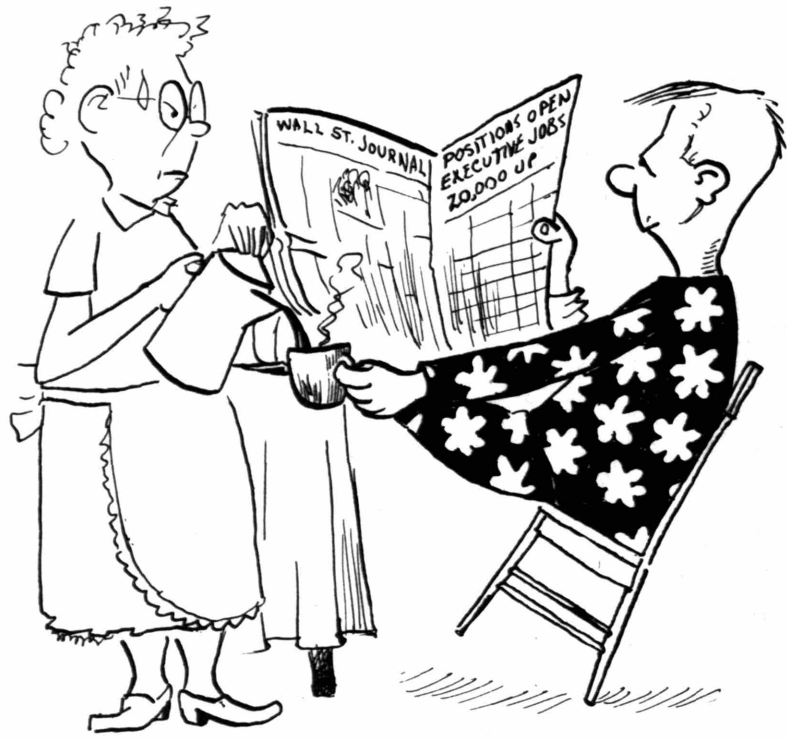
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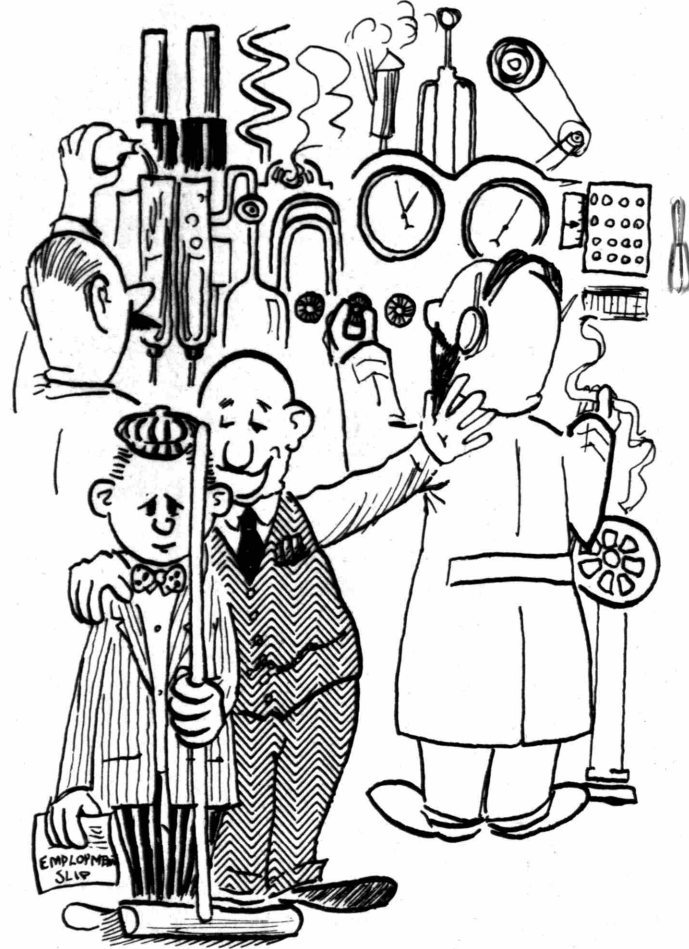
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THE FIRST JOB

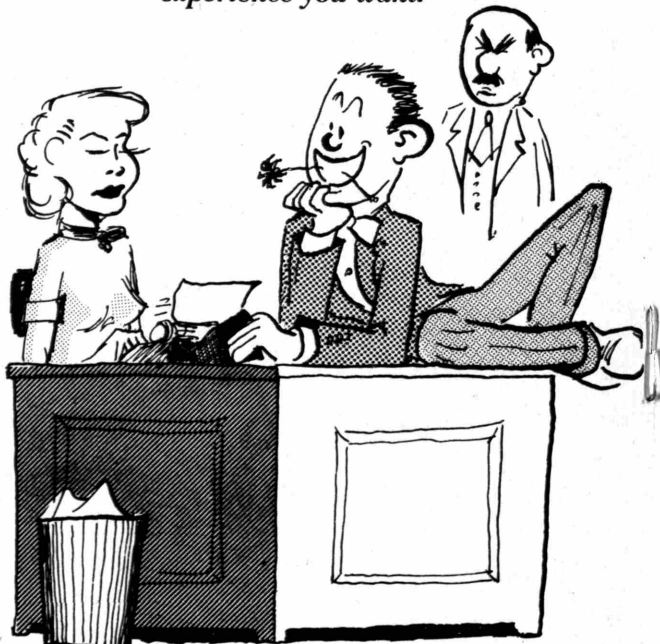
— An Ode to the Retiring Techman



Choose your job carefully.



... but don't be afraid to start at the bottom. It's the experience you want.



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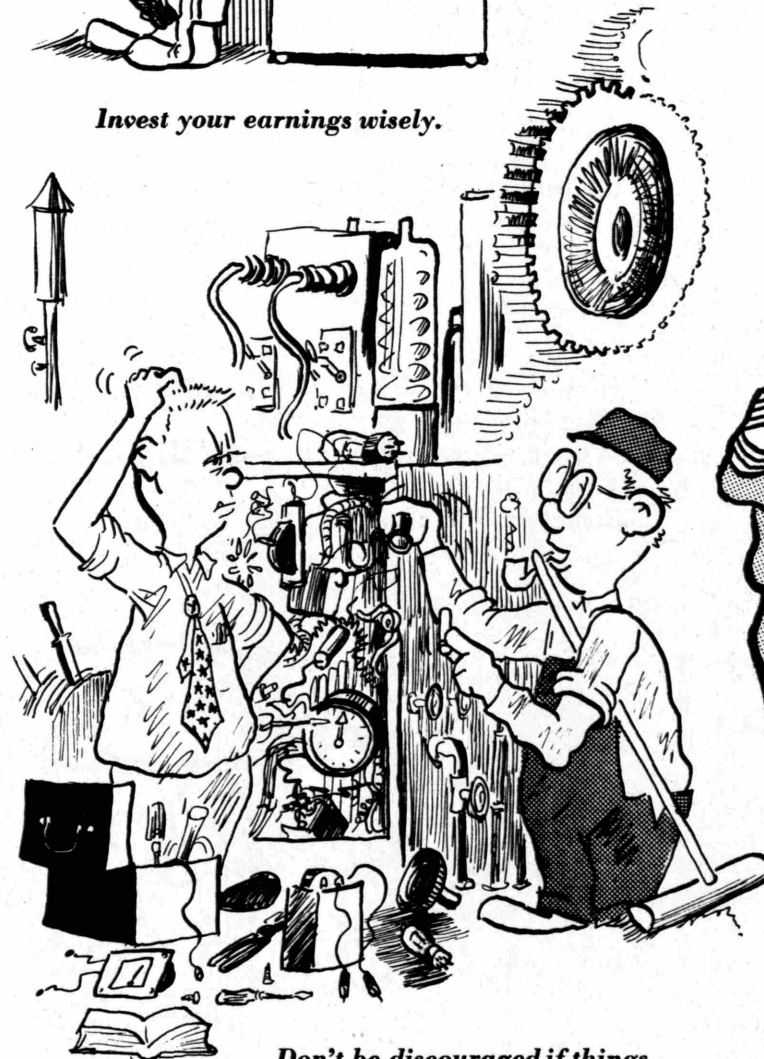
Invest your earnings wisely.



Don't be a clock-watcher.



Try to make a good impression.



Don't be discouraged if things go wrong. Accept advice when it is offered.



Of course, the first job is seldom permanent.



"Frankly, Agnes, I'm disappointed in you too!"

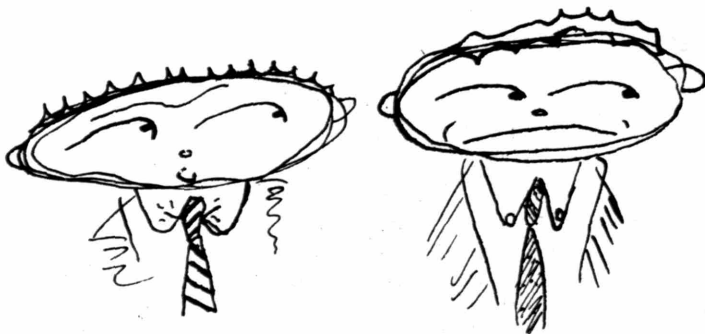
The man at the bar finished his second glass of beer and turned to ask the bartender, "How many kegs of beer do you sell here in a week?"

"Thirty-five," the man said proudly.

"Well, then—I've just thought of a way you can sell seventy!"

The bartender was startled. "How?"

"It's simple—fill up the glasses."



"So what if she is your date, Conway, she doesn't deserve you!"

He held her close as the music drifted into a dreamy waltz.

"Doesn't this dance just make you long for another?"

"Yes, but she couldn't come tonight."



Question: Dear Miss Dix, I am nineteen years old and I stayed out last night till 4 o'clock. Did I do wrong?

Answer: Dear Jane. Try to remember.



A man met a friend on the street, all bandaged up and walking on crutches.

"What happened?" asked the friend.

"Well, I had a date with my girl. We were dancing when her father came in. You know how deaf he is—he couldn't hear the music."



"Is the parking problem tough on your campus?"

"No, it's the problem after parking that's tough."

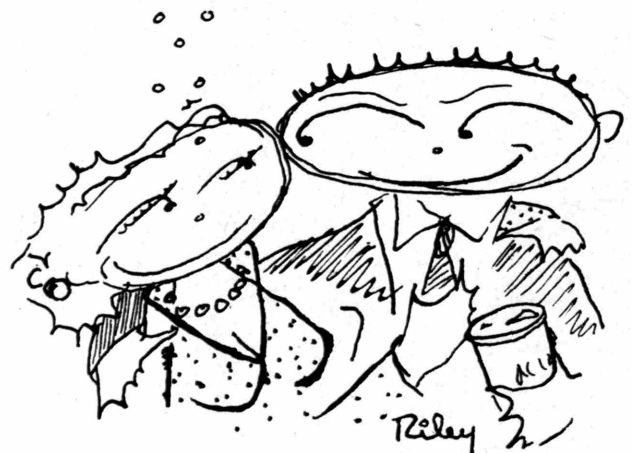


"How'd you get along with your wife after that fight the other night?"

"Why, she came crawling to me on her knees."

"Yeah, what did she say?"

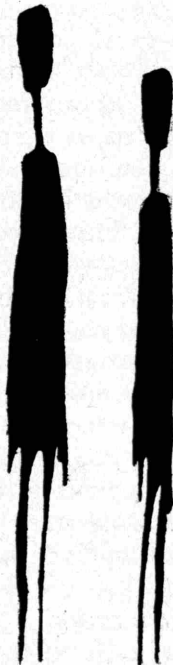
"Come out from under that bed, you worm."



Consternation

You who stand there wondering
 Act and do some pondering.
 Throw ajar the casement.
 Open let it fly.
 View not from the basement.
 See the tinted sky.
 Come now, done with fretting.
 Rise up, you're not getting
 Expediency's chore
 Done this day or for the morrow
 As you did of yore.
 Link not thyself with only wishes.
 Be practical as little fishes
 Who before the shark's onslaught
 Run racing homeward fraught
 With intelligence.
 Thank you.

By Nikki Sakato



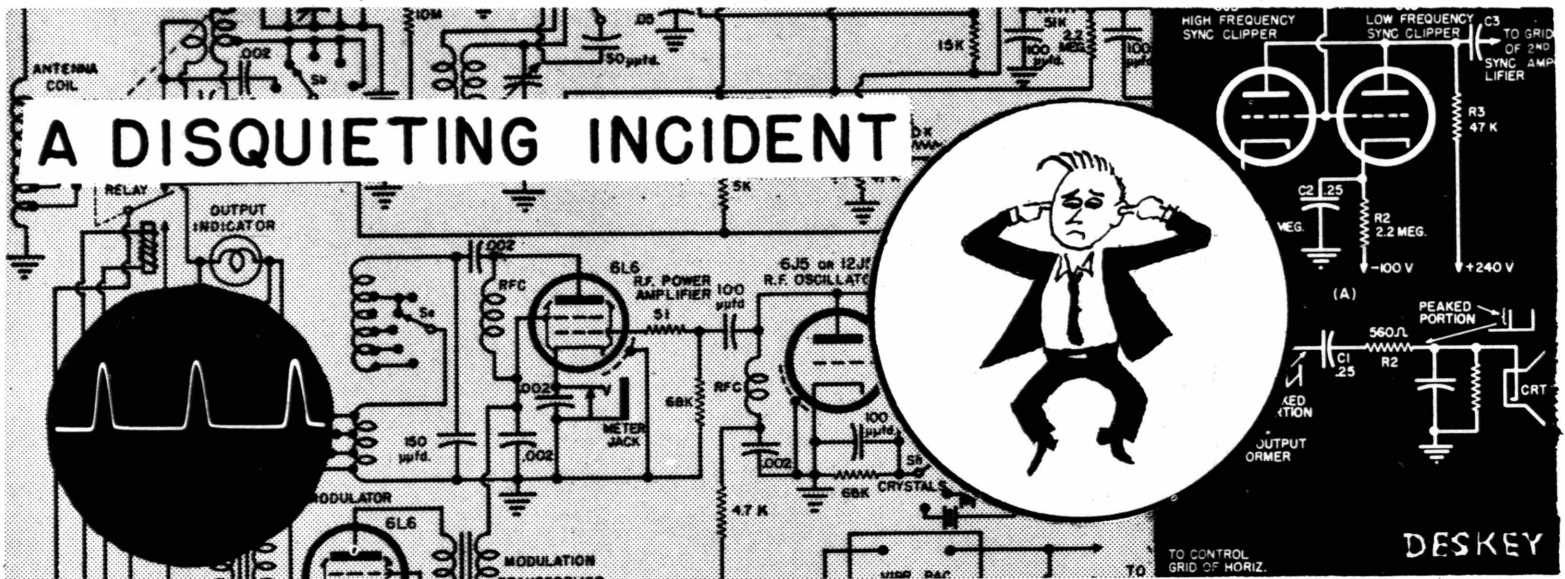
Transition

Loneliness is a fantasy
 Of the mind (or so he thought) that somehow
 Comes and goes in unheralded whimsy:
 Unheeding those around us now.

"Leave me my friends. I must endeavour
 To find a channel; I flow too wide,
 Lost in the backwash of a never
 Ending adolescence," he cried.

Fool, where is the focus of
 A single ray? And but today
 One other has set your hopes to rove.
 A helper in the wings still may
 Momently Creation's eyes attract,
 Find consummation in her act.

By Amby



By J. I. Smith

Not many guys knew Bixby, and those who did didn't like him. Some thought he was a brownbagger; to others he was one of those brains who never had to study. Clearly, Bix was a much misunderstood individual. Individual he certainly was. In class he would ask those "good questions" which—even though the answers to them clarified the subject for everyone—were considered to be the work of a brownbagger trying to impress the Prof. Sometimes Bix would volunteer an explanation which the instructor had mangled badly. Consequently, instructors didn't like him either.

Bix was not the type who makes noise or disagreeable odors with every technical means he could arrange to have at his disposal. On the contrary, disturbing other dormitory residents was the last thing he would do. He was definitely the quiet type.

Bix was officially a double E but at night I would find him in his room reading anything from neutron physics to the Iliad. He was interested in everything and about the only thing he hadn't read was the gas tables.

I remember now seeing him spend three nights on the same book. The fact that it was a book on acoustics was of only passing interest to me. He astounded me by spending the next three weeks filling sheets of paper with equations and graphs. He was behaving like a respectable engineering student. Then he kept pumping equations into the little computer he had made.

The next few weeks saw an accumulation of electronic equipment in his room. I would drop in of a morning to borrow an inch of toothpaste or something and Bix would have a soldering iron in one hand and circuit diagram in the other. Now I don't

know a resonant cavity from a dental cavity; I just watched the proceedings with the detached curiosity of a cave man viewing a skyscraper being erected. I did notice what seemed to be a new type of vacuum tube. It was a spherical globe enclosing circular bands of wire of different diameters and lying in different planes and with a small tetrahedron of some crystal at the center of the sphere. The thing looked very much like a model of an idealized atom. One day I asked jokingly, "What you building, Bix, a matter transmitter?"

He heard my voice and stopped working for a moment, but I don't believe any words registered. Anyway, he didn't answer. He was the quiet type.

One fine afternoon there was a lull. It was suddenly very still. Motorists poured into garages and tried to explain that their horns weren't working to apparently deaf service men. Professors all over the Institute worked their mouths silently. Typewriters all over Greater Boston suddenly became the silent kind. Thousands watched movie screens for a sign saying "One moment, please." More thousands waited for a sign to appear on television screens to the effect that audio transmission had been interrupted because of technical difficulties beyond their control. It had been, but the audience didn't know it and neither did the studio engineers. Actually, the difficulty was that air was refusing to carry sound waves. Hearing aid batteries were replaced. Tap dancers became soft shoe dancers to their own amazement. In boiler factories you couldn't hear a pin drop, but not for the usual reason.

People could not hear each other talk. Everyone heard his own voice much as usual through the bones of his head. The mass reaction was: "Nobody will

listen to me!" Needless to say, a lot of conversations were interrupted. People were speechless. There was mass confusion. People lifted telephones but heard no dial tone. Some called police headquarters anyway, but the police couldn't hear the phones ringing. Telephone operators saw lights blink madly on their switchboards but found that they talked into dead headsets. Turmoil was everywhere. The anguished cries of the populace quite literally were stifled in their throats. It was as if some deity had said, "shut up," and everything had. Men of few words were common as hell. As soon as people realized that nobody heard a sound they began to fear a new Russian secret weapon. There was a period of silent prayer.

By this time I had reached Bix's room. I stood in the hall stupidly pounding on the door. Then I twisted the handle and stomped soundlessly into the room. Bix sat blissfully reading Einstein's "Out of My Later Years." He looked more contented than I had ever seen him look. I grabbed a pad and wrote, "For Christ Sake turn that damn thing off. Nobody can hear anything," and thrust it in front of him. He frowned and flipped a switch. Instantly a blast of sound attacked my ears. In a few seconds my ears adjusted to normal "quiet." I shouted at Bix, "What the hell is that thing anyway?" It took an effort to bring my voice down to normal level.

"It's a radio-frequency sonic interruptor." Then seeing my snowed expression he explained, "It puts out electromagnetic radiations that drastically alter the sound conducting characteristics of air. It keeps the room most liveable."

A masterpiece of understatement, I thought. Well, like I said; he was the quiet type.

It was in the Arctic Circle. Across the icy waters appeared a dog sled. Its occupants were a cute little Eskimo maiden and a stalwart Eskimo youth.

"Mush," said the Eskimiss. "Mush," said the Eskimister. Then while they were mushing someone stole the dog sled.



"Big boy, you're like a locomotive when you hold me this way."

"You mean I puff and wheeze?"

"No, I mean you're on the right track."

The maharajah of an interior Indian province decreed that no wild animals could be killed by the populace. Soon the country was overrun by man-eating tigers, lions, panthers, elephants, and boars. The people could stand it no longer and gave the maharajah the heave-ho. This was the first instance on record where the reign was called on account of game.



"I really must hurry," said Lady Afton later that afternoon, "my husband will be home in an hour."

"Lady Afton, I . . ."

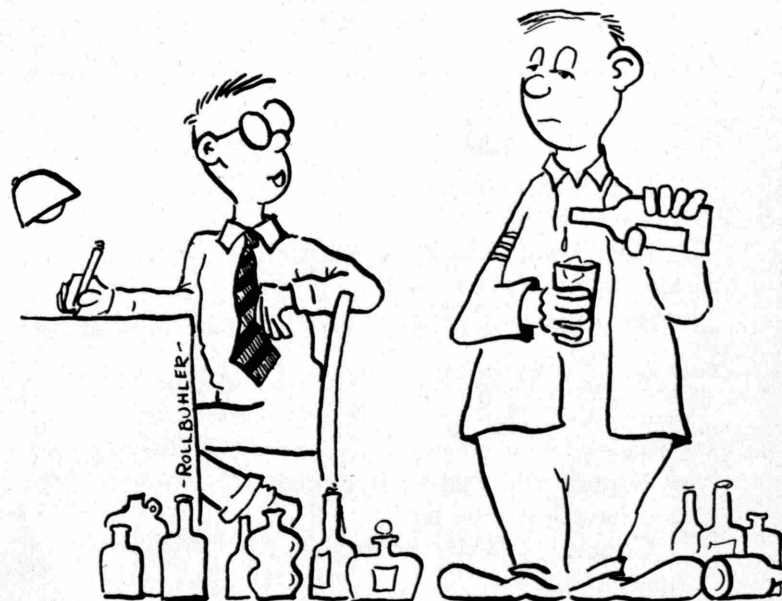
"Not satisfied?" she asked with a coy laugh.

"But Lady Afton, I must tell you," I hurried toward her as she opened the door; then, grabbing her arm. "Lady Afton, I am *not* Anthony Wimber-ton; I'm Thornton Lawrence."

She smiled. "Really?—aren't you fortunate?"



A sensible girl is more sensible than she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.



'When is it going to be my turn to buy the bitters?'

The young man who insists that he can operate an automobile safely while he is kissing a girl, is obviously not giving the kiss the attention it deserves.



Only a century can see
A single man's futility,
But a coed in her special way
Is somewhat futile every day.



Down the long toboggan slide
Willie took baby for a ride;
The winter winds made baby red
And Will was sliding on her
head.



Two hep cats were crossing the ocean in an ocean liner. They were standing at the rail looking all around when one said:
"Man, dig all that water."
To which the other replied:
"Yeah boy, but that's just the top."



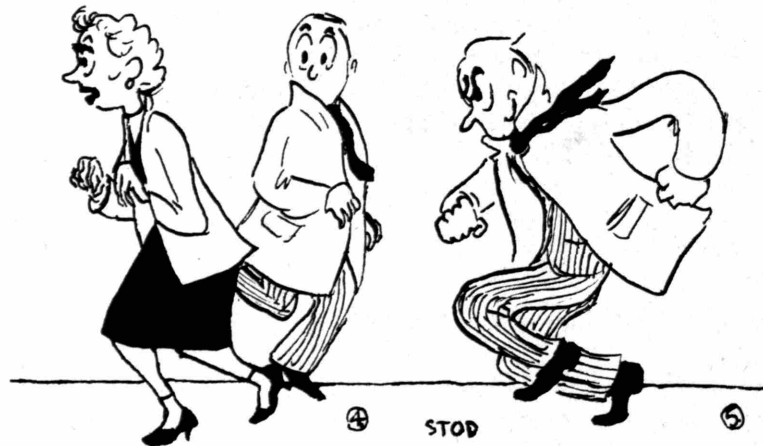
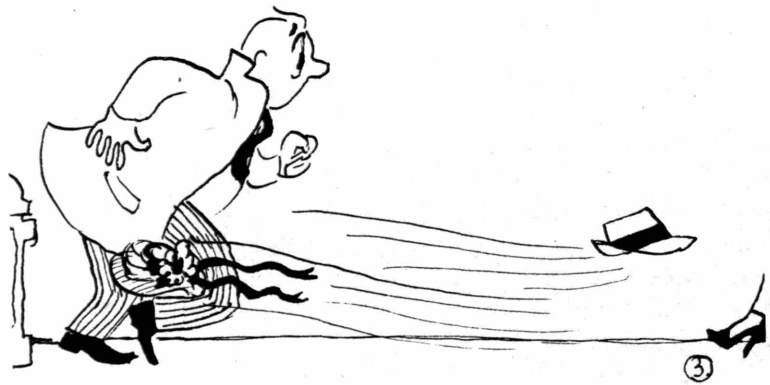
He: "Please marry me."
She: "Why?"
He: "I want to take you home.
My father hasn't had a good
laugh in years."



Curious Old Lady: "I see that you have lost your leg."
Cripple: "Well, darned if I haven't."



Parting advice—put a little water on the comb.





Street scene in Vladivostok

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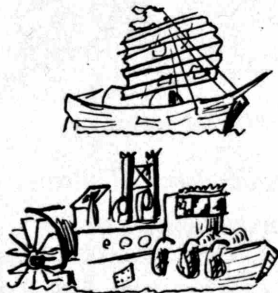
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"Well, Jerry finally married that redhead."
 "What got into him?"
 "Buckshot."



"All right, coach—if I don't get a bonus for those two touchdowns, I'll—I'll—I'll graduate!"



"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"
 "Shocked? He was electrocuted."



"See here, young lady, how is it that I happen to catch you with my husband?"
 "It's those darn rubber heels you wear."



What I like best outside of clothes is women.



Delighted Daddy: "What'll we call it?"
 Moderate Mother: "Quits!"



Mr. Scribbler: "How much board will you charge me for a few weeks while I gather material for my new country novel?"

Hiram: "Five dollars a week unless we have to talk dialect. That's three dollars extra."



Algeron (reading joke): Fancy this, Percy. A chap here thinks a football coach has four wheels."

Percy: "Haw, haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing?"



George: (sitting at a piano) "What do you want me to play?"
 Voice from the dark: "Dead."

Charlie Mun

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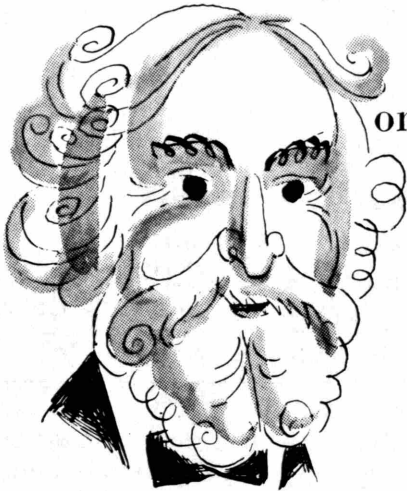


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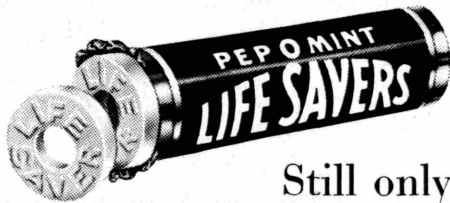
LONGFELLOW



on Life Savers:

“Feel the fresh breathing . . .”

from “Tomorrow,” line 8



Still only 5¢

She was only a film censor's daughter, but she knew when to cut it out.



Cop: “Miss, you were doing sixty miles an hour.”
She: “Oh, isn't that splendid? I only learned to drive yesterday.”



“Mom, do you know how to get the cubic contents of a barrel?”
“No, ask your father, he was a fraternity man.”



Someone shipped two rabbits to the East by motor transportation. The crate arrived with two rabbits. That's fast transportation!



Santa Claus: Why are you crying, little girl?
Little Match Girl: I drank some cider—now I can't find my way home.
Santa Claus: Well, you mustn't take it so hard.



She was only the gravedigger's daughter, but you ought to see her lower the beer.



“Papa, there was a man here to see you today.”
“Did he have a bill?”
“Nope, just an ordinary nose like you.”



Two drunks were looking up at the sky. Finally they stopped a third drunk.
First—Hey, pal, do me a favor. Is that the sun going down or the moon coming up?
Third Drunk — (after deep concentration) — Shorry, buddy, can't tell you. I'm a stranger in town myself.

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THE LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO RESEARCH

The first thing to do when starting a new research project is to set up a complicated piece of apparatus. A fractional distillation rig usually meets the needs of the organic chemist. The physical chemist may find that a few dollars worth of war surplus gear (intervalometers, auto-pilots and the like) can be quickly assembled to emit buzzes and clicks, and turn red and green pilot lights on and off at irregular intervals.

When adequate camouflage has been erected and is boiling or clicking merrily away, one descends to the library for a judicious amount of research. Be careful not to do too much, or you may find that a cherished project has already been done. If this discovery is not made until you are well under way, the work may be publishable as confirmatory evidence. Calculations can always be carried out to a decimal place more, and claims for greater accuracy made.

Once experimental work is underway, be sure to take readings at points where favorable results will be obtained. These readings should then be plotted against a series of random numbers. By the use of logarithmic paper in its various permutations, several completely different curves may be obtained from one set of data.

Curves should be examined carefully for sharp breaks or bands. If you find one, you have made a discovery. A chromium plated phase rule may be obtained and used to interpret this discovery. These breaks are significant. From them you should develop a theory.

Having obtained a curve(s) and concocted a theory, it is befitting that you present the matter before a meeting of some important scientific society. To do this it is necessary to convince the society that the paper is very important, and to convince one's Donor that the paper contains no material of any importance. Several cases of schizophrenia have been traced to this problem.

Research societies are organized to keep research men from developing megalomania. They are composed of professional cynics and casuists, and one naive enthusiast. You are the enthusiast.

One should dress carefully before presenting a paper, and then stand under the shower to get that rumpled research look. At the beginning of your talk write nine long equations as rapidly and illegibly as possible on the blackboard. The success of your talk will depend directly on the number of people you can shake off at this point. Someone will call your

attention to the fact that the fifth term of the second equation should have a minus sign, which you can obligingly change, since it doesn't mean anything anyway. It is always wise to include a few pentavalent carbon stones in any structural formulae. Discovery of these disarms potential critics, and leaves them with a fatuous glow of superiority.

*A modified version of a modified condensation which appeared in a condensed form, greatly modified, in the "Chemical Digest" 1942. Adulterated by Jerry Perlstein.

It was the first trip to sea, and one young sailor was draped weakly over the rail. The captain came along the deck, and with one look at the sailor, said, "You can't be sick here."

The sailor looked the captain up and down, then with all the dignity at his command, said, "Watch."



Yes, sir! They were men in those days. Caesar's legionnaires used to perform their best fighting during a cloudburst, used to make their longest marches on empty stomachs, and when sick would throw up fortifications.



Two little rabbits were being chased by a pack of dogs. Finally they stopped to rest in a small ravine.

Mama Rabbit: "Shall we run on or stop here and out-number them?"



John the barber: "You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face."

Rat: "Probably not, it's healed up now."



He: "I've changed my mind."

She: "Does it work any better than the old one?"

"Here comes the parade. Where's Aunty?"
 "She's upstairs waving her hair."
 "Goodness, can't we afford a flag?"



"You can never talk to Mrs. Smith without hearing a long story about her ailments."
 "Yes, you might almost call it an organ recital."



"It's not the work I enjoy," said the taxi driver.
 "It's the people I run into."



First kangaroo: "Where's the baby?"
 Second kangaroo: "My God, I've had my pocket picked."



Carrots must be good for the eyes—we've never seen a rabbit wearing glasses.

"What made the General sick at the party?"
 "Oh, things in general."



A pink elephant, a green rat, and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail bar.

"You're a little early boys," said the bartender, "he ain't here yet."



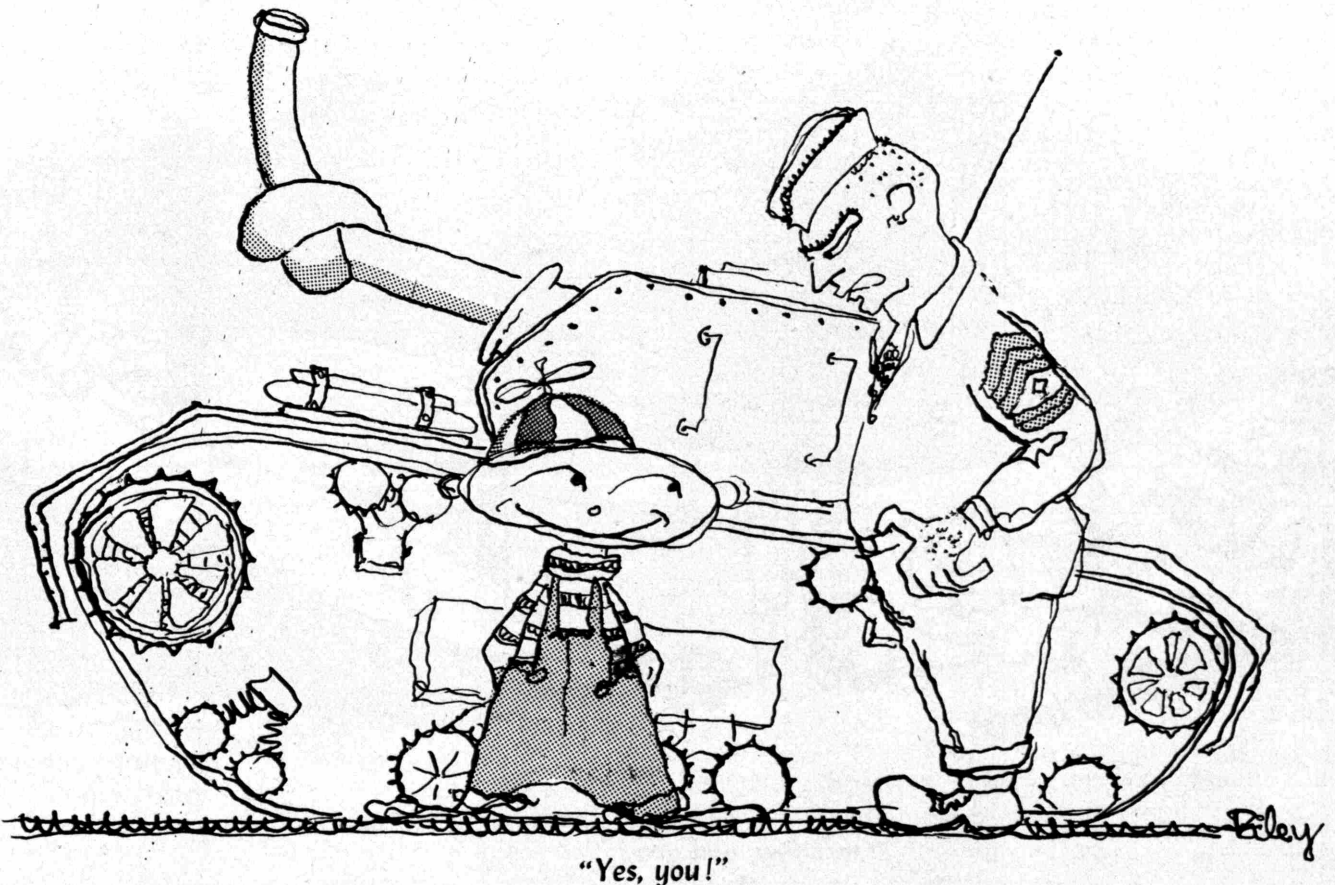
Shotgun wedding—A case of wife or death.



He-Fly to She-Fly: Say you love me, or I'll jump into the first bowl of soup that I see.



"There's a collar button in the salad, waiter!"
 "Probably some of the dressing, sir."



"Yes, you!"

The old college jalopy puffed up and came to a rattling halt at the turnpike tollhouse. "Twenty-five cents," said the tollkeeper. "Sold!" cried the student, jumping out.



A teacher was explaining to the class that a number of sheep is called a flock, and a number of quail is called a bevy.

"Now," she said, "What is a number of camels called?"

A nine-year-old quickly answered, "A carton."



"Waiter, this toast is burned."
"Oh, no sir, it just fell on the floor."

The excited voice of a young women's dorm resident came over the phone: "Two boys are trying to break into my room through the window"

"Listen, lady, this ain't the police department, it's the fire station."

"I know," she replied, "but my room is on the second floor and they need a ladder."



Two "joes" staggered onto a streetcar. One tried to give the nearest uniformed man their fare.

"Sorry, I can't take it," the man said. "I'm a naval officer,"

"Gee," shouted the "joes", "let's get off here. We've boarded a battleship!"

Mr. Jones had recently become a father of triplets. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him. "Well, Mr. Jones, I hear the stork has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me," repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud."



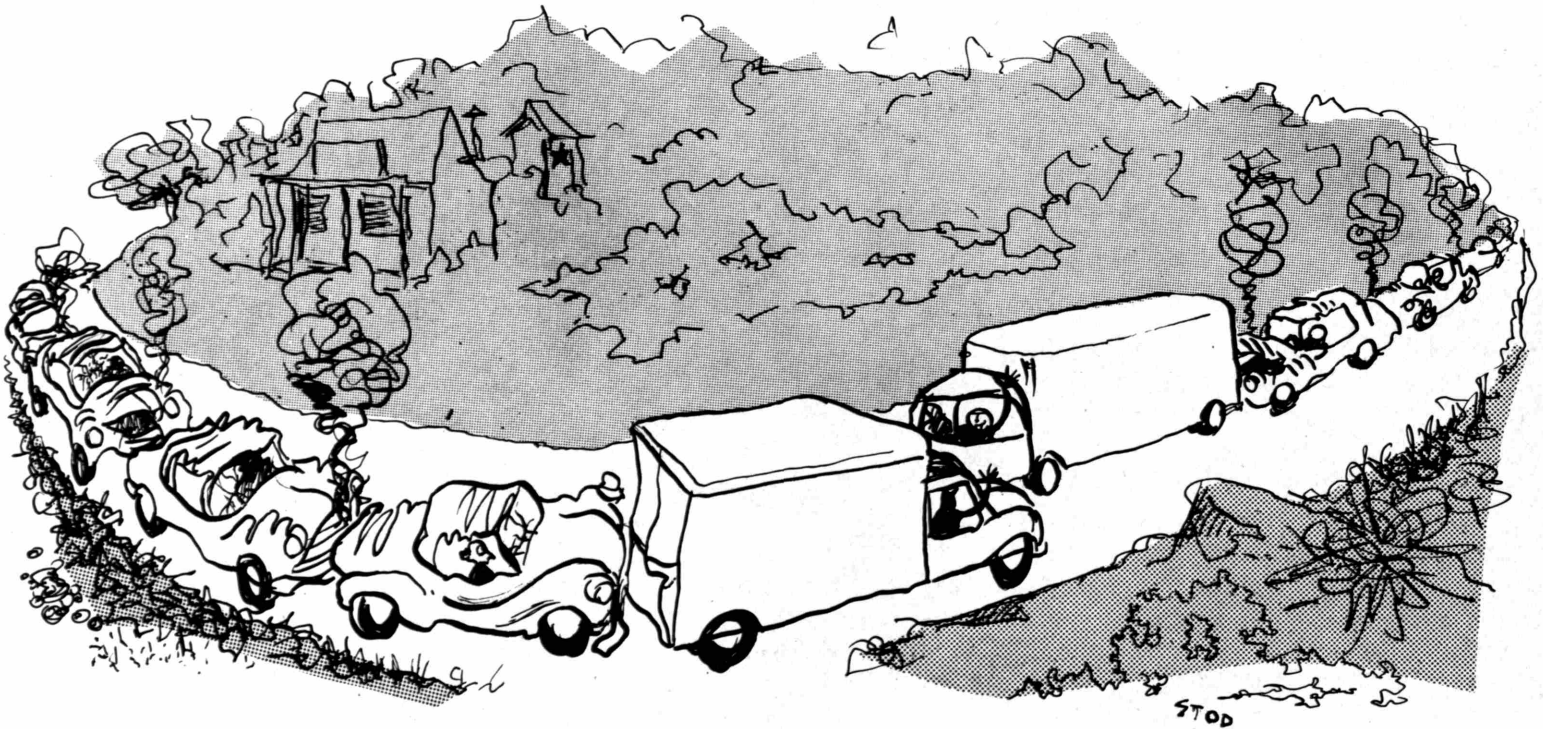
"Do you sleep with your windows up or down?"

"I don't sleep with my windows at all."



A bewildered man entered a ladies' specialty shop. "I want a corset for my wife," he said.

"What bust?" asked the clerk.
"Nothing. It just wore out."



"Just fine, and you?"

Father was mad cause Maw was
glum
So he drowned her in a cask of
rum;
He did this so that she would
stay
In better spirits night and day.



Dear Old Lady: "Dear me,
what were those college boys ar-
rested for down at the ceme-
tery?"

Constable: "I caught them re-
placing the 'No Trespassing'
signs with 'Happiness in Every
Box' advertisements."



In the old days, when a fellow
told a girl a naughty story, she
blushed. Nowadays she tells him
a funnier punch line.



He's the luckiest man in the
world.

He has a wife and a cigarette
lighter, and they both work.



One of Irvin Cobb's best sto-
ries concerns an appraiser who
was sent to a home to appraise
the contents. The entries in the
appraiser's book halted when he
came to a table on which was left
a full bottle of old Scotch, and
then continued:

"One bottle of old Scotch
whisky, partly full."

The next entry was:—

"One revolving Turkish rug."



"It's been quite a year, hasn't it
Ernie?"

Order received by sergeant of
the army motor pool:

Four trucks to Fort Snelling
Gym 7:30 tonight for hauling
girls to dance. The bodies must
be cleaned and seats wiped off.
All curtains in place.



Proud father (showing new
triplets to a visitor): "Well, what
do you think of them?"

Visitor (pointing to the one in
the middle): "I'd keep that one."



Chaucer and I wrote a dirty story
Bawdy and lewd from the start
But mine, people said, was por-
nographic
And Chaucer's was classical art.



All a sweater did for her was
make her itch.

Oliver was careless about his
personal effects. When his mother
saw clothing about on the chair
and floor, she inquired: "Who
didn't hang up his clothes when
he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the
cover murmured, "Adam."



Lawyer: "No. I'm sorry, Miss,
you can't collect alimony just be-
cause he wants his fraternity pin
back."



"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Yeah, we ran out of turtles."



"We are having a raffle for a
poor widow. Will you buy a tick-
et?"

"Nope, my wife wouldn't let
me keep her if I won."

He knocked at the door. "May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to college in '09," he said.

I invited him in.

"Yes sir," he said, lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified, half clothed.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes sir, same old story."



I don't like this school.

Why not?

Some guys just threw a big party downstairs.

What's wrong with that?

I was the party.



In defending his state the Arizona native was saying, "All we need is a better type of settler and more water."

"When you come to think of it," retorted the tourist, "that's all that Hell needs."



Dean: "Where are your parents?"

Girl: "I have none."

Dean: "Where are your guardians?"

Girl: "I have none."

Dean: "Then, where are your supporters?"

Girl: "Sir, you are forgetting yourself."

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The actor each night on stage had the line "Good-bye, cruel world!" and would jump off the set depicting the precipice into a net below. One night, the stagehands forgot to erect the net. The actor eloquently bid farewell, hurled himself dramatically off the set, only to land painfully and noisily in a pile of mops and pails. He lifted himself slowly up over the set and said, "The river is frozen!"



Teacher: "Tommy, name five things that contain milk."

Tommy: "Ice cream and a cow."

"That's only two things."

"It's five things. I guess you never saw a cow."



How can you keep eating at the fraternity house?
 Oh, I just take a tablespoon of Drano 3 times daily.



Building superintendent (to janitor who had just won a small fortune): Are you going to retire now, Sam?

Janitor: Nope, but the lawd help dem dat gits in da way of ma mop!

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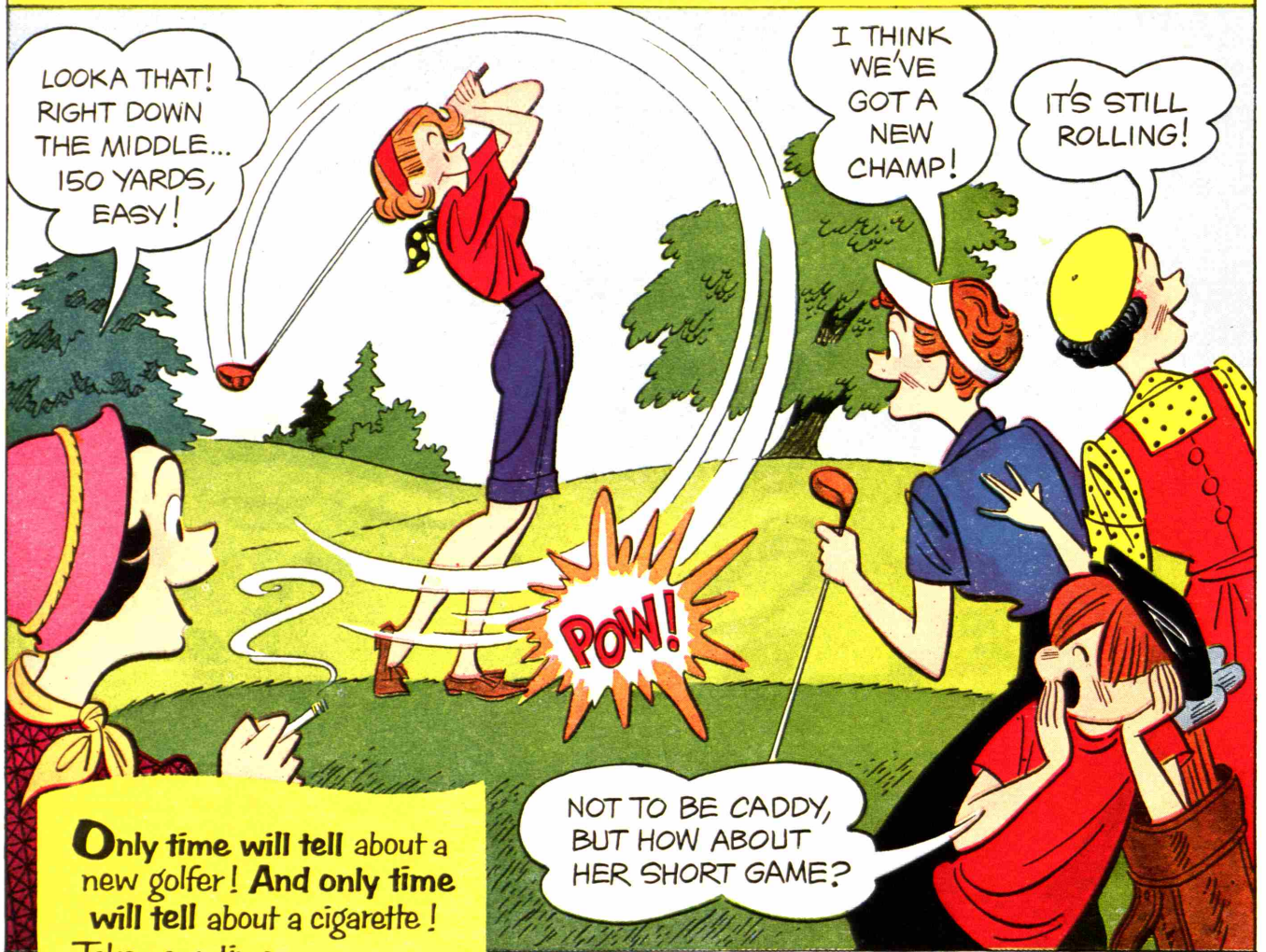
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