

V O O D O O



DECEMBER

25¢

At a square dance, a fiddler named Lum
Tasted Schaefer, and liked it, by gum!
So he called, "Do-si-do!
Now git up and go...
Promenade and go git yerself some!"



With Schaefer, you get the one difference in beers today that really matters: flavor. Schaefer has an exciting, satisfying flavor that's all its own. And remember, flavor has no calories.

Folks who drink for enjoyment prefer

Schaefer

-it's real beer!



VOO DOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 37, No. 8

December, 1954

Established 1919

Now that the new cars are out, we realize that the American woman is a force to be reckoned with. We refer, you understand, to the sickening shades in which they come: the automobiles, that is. The power of American womanhood has been made much of in a series of advertisements for a woman's magazine, but since we view advertisements with a perpetually jaundiced eye, we have not hitherto been convinced. Now, wiser, we stand firmly behind our opening statement (preposition at the end and all). For only an idiot could accuse the automotive industry of a muddle-headed appraisal of market appeal, and (although we may be wrong) we think that the number of males who have confided in us about a secret yearning for a car painted half coral-pink and half baby-blue could be counted on the fingers of no hands at all. So it must be the women. As we sit here at our window we can watch the new models flash along Memorial Drive; and even our jaded and listless soul cannot escape an occasional, involuntary, shuddering recoil.

Watching, and thinking (my God, there goes a beige and sort of creamy green one) of the magnitude of the offense, we find ourself naively eager, at this time of kindness and good cheer, to find a solution that will not leave anyone unhappy. Perhaps husbands whose wives are peculiarly prone to these hideous errors (that one was sea-green and mustard) should set them to choosing the colors for the walls in East Campus. The East Campus residents wouldn't mind: they've been toughened.

V. A.

SENIOR BOARD

Vinay Ambegaokar
Editor

Robert L. Burman
General Manager

Arthur H. Solomon
Managing Editor

JUNIOR BOARD

Les Gordon
Literary Editor

Chick Fink
Art Editor

Marv Tanzer
Joke and Exchange Editor

Joe Tierney
Features Editor

Bernie Wuensch
Make-up Editor

Dave Seidel
Sales Manager

Bob Lukacik
Advertising Manager

Stu Peltz
Circulation Manager

Len Besinger
Treasurer

Bill Northfield
Publicity Manager

Frank Brown
Office Manager

ASSOCIATES

Literary

James Robertson
Dave Markowitz
Phil Pearle

Advertising

Irwin Dorros
Martha
J. Sylvester Teasdale
Hannibal Mulch

Jokes

C. A. Gellar
Dave Brown
Betsy
Hamilton Harrwell
Ed Roberts
Al Hoch
Beauregard Bugleboy

Features

Allan Boardman
Francis Selvitelli
Steve Fessenden
Elliot Framin
J. Roger Rump

Office

Tom Stewart
Harry Selesky
Dick Child

Treasury

Fred Langmack
Alan May
Bob Monroe
Lou Schmoltz
L. Quintus
Hammerschlag

Publicity

Larry Wright
Jack Endriss
Michael Schnei
Ralph Brown
Richard Hardy
Eddy Roberts
Beandrim
Bob Hanson
Hank Meltzer
Howie Salwen

Circulation

Gary Rosenthal
Don Gluck
Dick File
Carla
Art Frank

Make-up

Ted Korelitz
Phil Gruber
Joe Carty
Arnie Schindler
Mike Horsicin
Dick Westerhoff
Chuck Speer
Hamilton Harrwell III

Art

Bill Alexander
Reg Griffith
Jerry Solomon
Stu Ohlson
Al Glueck

Sales

Ron Lieber
Carl Thomas
Tom Jones
Bob Turner
Bill Ortung
John Crews
Mel Cohen
Irv Gross
Harry Mahn
John Day
Walt Ray
Gene Block

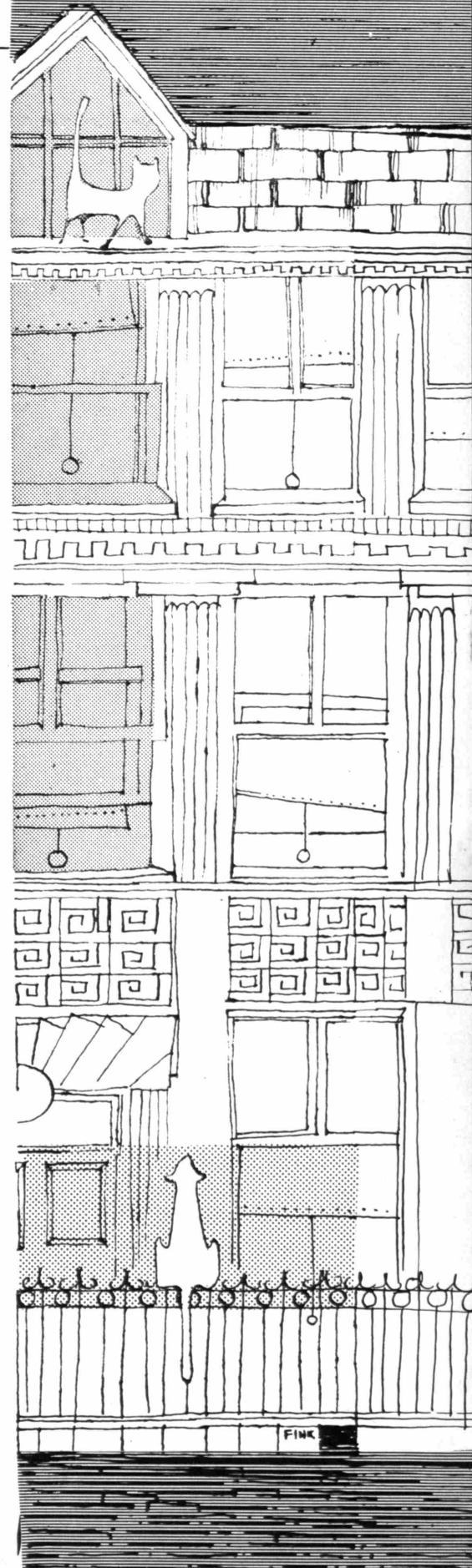
Office Cat

Phosphorus

All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

Copyright, 1954, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board for the Students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Office Hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday. Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.





SEEMS that the people who print that publication on the shiny paper have run through their coke supply and are searching for sport. We notice, however, a certain paucity of ideas. Considering everything, this is not unexpected; and we at Voo Doo with illimitable good nature suggest, in lieu of originality, the following possible sources: the telephone directory, or perhaps an F.A.O. Schwartz catalog, or even the wrapper of a good bottle of wine. Should these sources fail, we suggest that they try printing whatever small fraction of the exchange newspapers that they are not already printing. In any case, we do sympathize.

OUR roommate returned from an acquaintance dance recently, with a look of complete boredom upon his ugly countenance.

"All beasts at the dance?" we questioned.

"No," he replied, "met a real doll—stacked toc, but she had no personality. All she talked about was how hot and stuffy the dance hall was."

And the lucky slob owns a new Nash, too.

WHO says our sagacious faculty has no time to act human? Voo Doo, the perennial champion of justice and friend of those who have no friends, presents the following statements as evidence to the contrary:

A world renowned physicist lecturing in 8.01 recently stated, "Remember, every couple has its moment."

A celebrated mathematician, when asked for his views on the proposed chapel, looked at a sketch of it and mused, "It certainly causes one's mind to dwell momentarily upon religious thoughts." Asked to explain, he said, "At first glance one might well exclaim, 'Good God'; a second look would evoke a shuddered cry of 'My Lord'."

A JUNIOR resides on the third floor of Baker House who persists in bobbing up and down as he walks through the corridor. We asked him one day what he thought he was doing, and the answer came back to us as he disappeared down the hall, "I'm a travelling sine wave."

Serves us right for asking.

THERE is something about Dixieland that will not be put into words. It reduces us, when we are full of the right spirits, psychic and liquid, into a maudlin wreck: a shadow of our former brittle self. We have been known, with less than two beers in us (nothing, you realize, for a veteran Voo Doo man), during a rendition of the Tin Roof Blues, or something in that vein, to love indiscriminately not only our date (we do that all the time; the hormones flow steadily on) but even the view of the Charles from our window, dead fish and all, and the subtle aura of decay around the corner at Kendall Square. Clearly, good Dixieland is powerful medicine, and its effect on persons of the right susceptibility is electric. We have been imagining, therefore, that the people who blew the stuff lived in a passionate, aethereal world: a world half of Gods and half of poets.

Imagine our surprise when, one night at the Savoy when we were listening to Jack Teagarden's group, the pianist, Norma Teagarden, after a stimulating solo, turned to a wildly cheering audience, smiled benignly, and murmured, "I only got this job because I can iron shirts."

EVEN the social pace setters of Baker House encounter some difficulties with the opposite sex. The following telephone conversation preceding the recent *Hernando's Hideaway* dance:

He: It ought to be a great affair.

She: It's still just a dance.

He: There's going to be mattresses on the floor instead of chairs.

She: It's still just a dance.

He: Yes, but we'll be in a horizontal position most of the time.

She: It's still just a dance?

He: Do you know how to mambo?

She: Click

It's such fun studying on Saturday nights.

ACCORDING to those who know, 8.05 is such a tough course that no one gets above class average.

SOME students take their studies too seriously. We recall the tale of the physics major studying entropy in P-Chem, who upon reception of an offer by a promiscuous young lady replied with a tremor in his voice, "and hasten the heat death of the universe?"

A FRIEND of ours entered the Westgate Laundry to wash his four week's accumulation of dirty socks. Upon finding that the machine he had reserved was still loaded with clothes, he placed a tub beneath it, waited for the cycle to complete, and then proceeded to empty it. As he was fishing out the last article (a pink satin brassiere with built in sponge rubber padding), the owner of the clothes, a cute little blonde, walked in. Seeing our friend with her bra dangling between his fingers, she blushed a deep crimson. Our friend nonchalantly let the bra slip from his grasp into the tub. The blonde quickly gathered up her wash and beat a hasty retreat.

Snickering to himself about the chicanery of woman, our comrade strolled to the sign up list, noted the gal's name, and extended his silent condolences to her unfortunate husband.

AT a recent Voo Doo party, one of the staff members escorted a young Tech coed. Along about the bewitching hour we stumbled over them in a darkened corner. As we staggered on, in search of a bottle of milk, we were able to discern the words; "Darling, you must take me home. I have D11 tomorrow."

OH, she jumped in bed and covered up her head
And said I couldn't find her;
But I knew damn well she
was lyin' like Hell
'Cause I jumped right in
behind her.

Asked to pray for warm weather so that her grandma's rheumatism might pass away, a five-year-old knelt and said:

"Oh, Lord, make it hot for grandma."



Then there was the fellow who wore Marilyn Monroe's sweater backwards to a masquerade party and won first prize as a camel.



There's a vast difference in making a peach cordial and making a peach turnover.



She was only the plumber's daughter, but every time a man whistled, her cheeks flushed.

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

Next to Loew's State Theatre

CO 6-2103

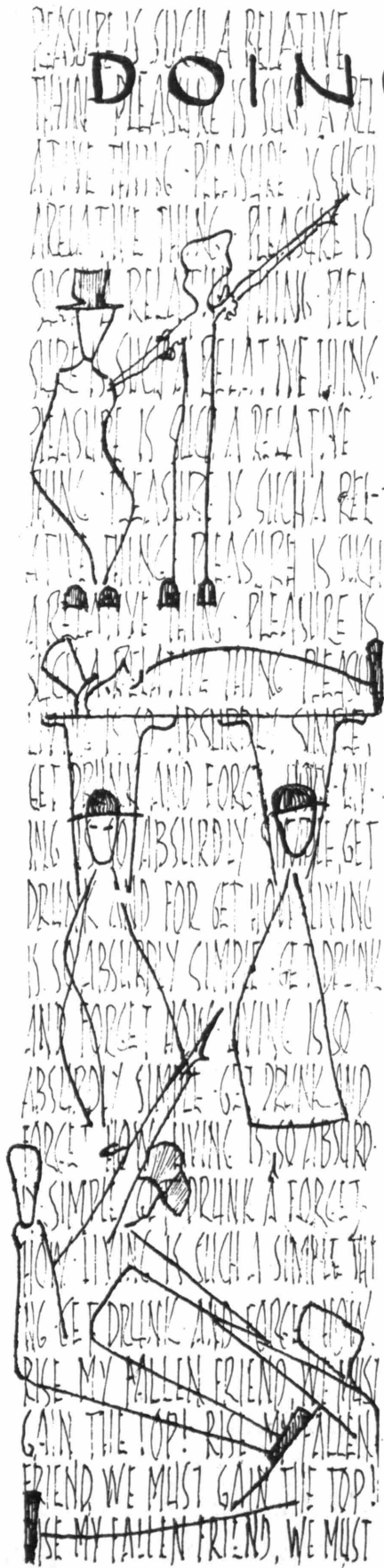
**NATURALLY—TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO. FOR
THE MOST COMPLETE LIQUOR, WINE & BEER STOCK IN BOSTON.**

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

FREE DELIVERY

Party Planning
Always Plenty of Ice Cubes

DOING THE TOWN



When a Techman starts to think of fine places to dine around Boston, he sees large bills leaving his most frugal pocket. If one is willing to travel, he may find some outstanding restaurants.

The Brook Manor is in Attleboro, Mass., which is the last town in Mass. going towards Rhode Island. Don't turn the page; it is well worth the ride. The directions are quite simple; go to route one, which happens to be Memorial Drive and continue until you get to Attleboro, Mass. It's about 30 miles and takes about 45 minutes. The Restaurant is in a big old house near a beautiful river (something as beautiful as our enchanting Charles). They have a variety of entrees, but it is imperative to order Roast Beef. Without exaggeration it is approximately eighteen inches by eight by two inches. You are shown the meat before it is cut and then you have the choice of rare, medium, or well done. After you finish the beef, the head waiter asks you if you want some more Roast Beef. The same portions are then served again.

The Dinner consists of an appetizer, soup, individual salads, entree, dessert, coffee and assorted cookies. All this costs you four dollars. The service is supreme and liquor is served.

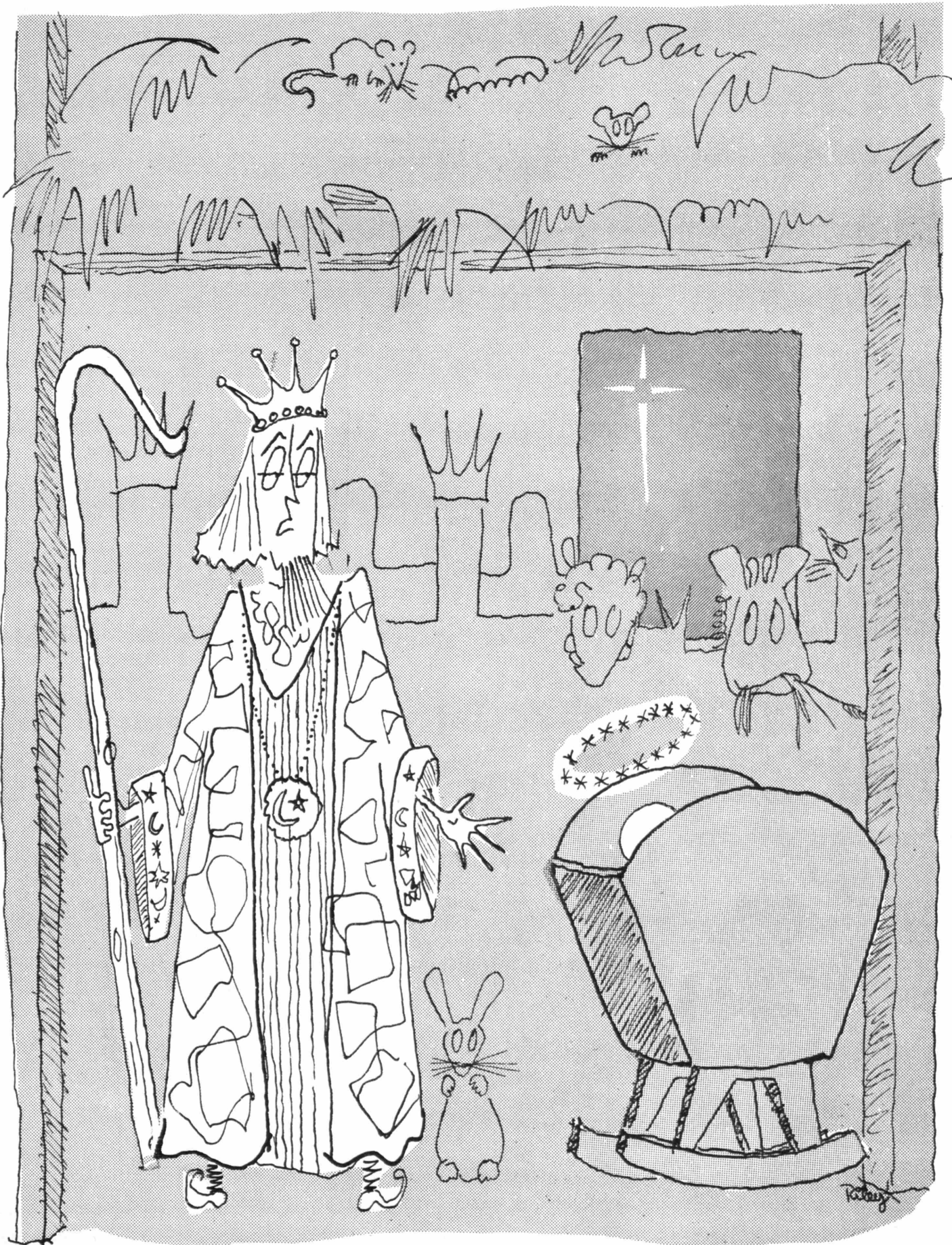
Another fine place is The Old Mill Restaurant in Westminster, Mass. This restaurant is mainly for gluttons. Four dollars and fifty cents will get you a steak dinner (all you can eat). It's top

grade sirloin. The cheap gluttons should order the ham. It's only two dollars and seventy-five cents and all you can eat. They have a regular dinner, but go easy on the appetizer and pay strictest attention to the entree. They don't serve liquor. One can get there by going on Route 2 which happens to be Memorial Drive. It is about 40 miles away and about an hour's drive.

If you have some time, which all of us do, try Krebs. It is a meat, fish and fowl restaurant. The meal consists of soup (Peanut Soup is a specialty), appetizer, platter of lobster a la Newberg, quarter chickens, roast beef or ham, dessert and coffee. This is all you can eat and it costs four dollars. The place is on U.S. Route 20, which is by Commonwealth Ave.—in Skaneateles, N.Y. It is only open from Easter to the Syracuse Colgate game. It's about 300 miles and have fun.

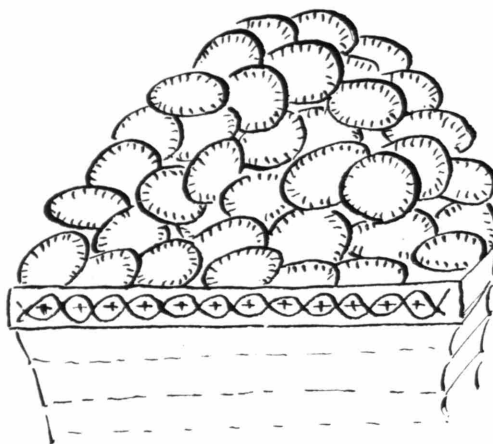
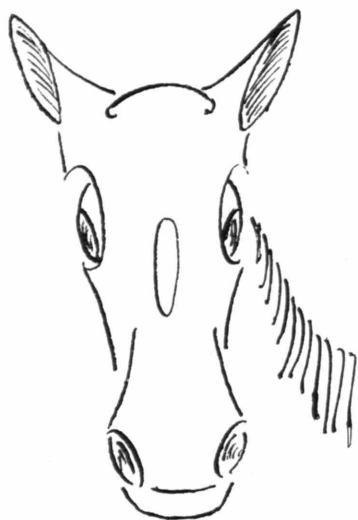
Some of us have bicycles, others have cars, but if you have an airplane this place will be just for you. It's called the Country Kitchen and is outside of Portland, Oregon, that is. They sell Sirloin Steaks at 15c an ounce. Specialty of the House is their 72-ounce Sirloin Steak which costs \$9.50. If you finish the Steak within an hour without any help, you get it free. Custom is to give you all of the Steak you can eat afterwards free. Six people have done it, five men and a woman. You should see this Babe.

— B. K.



"I'm sorry, kid, I couldn't get you anything--it's Christmas and all the stores are closed."

The Real Story of Christmas



Jim Dow

The editors wish to take this opportunity to disclaim any responsibility for this dissertation.

Historical Note: Many years ago there lived a Norwegian traveler named Yule Yoleson. His experiences in foreign lands, notably Asia, are known to us through a diary he kept while journeying. This diary was lost during the war as the museum in which it was kept was ransacked.

Our copy reader could not spell fjord. Moreover he refused to believe that such a word existed. He pointed out that words were useful only if they were pronounceable, and he defied us to pronounce fjord.

We explained that the j was not actually pronounced as a j—it comes out as a y.

"Haha!" he exclaimed, "Just as I suspected. Why not omit a y dere in de foist place. A y I is prepared to believing, a j is inconsequential."

We could not argue further, as our copy reader is the only intellectual on the staff and if we lost him, the magazine would be unintelligible. But deep down we know we were right, so we sent a letter to our embassy in Norway asking them to send us a fjord, properly labeled.

When it arrived, we all gathered around (our copy reader assuming a careless I-don't-be-giving-with-a-damn attitude) while the editor unwrapped the package. There, sitting among the wrapping paper was a fairly good sized fjord with a piece of string attached to it, and tied to the string was a large tag with **FYORD—HANDLE WITH CARE** printed on it. Our copy reader began to walk around the room muttering "illiterables" in a loud voice

when suddenly he stopped and stared at the wrapping paper we had thrown carelessly to the side.

"Look," he pointed. "It's in Sanskrit."

We gathered around the wrapping paper and peered at the strange heiroglyphics printed upon it.

Sure enough, it was in Sanskrit.

One of the publicity men who was in the room at the time happened to remember some of his high school Sanskrit, and with a little help from the rest of us, the wrapping paper was translated.

After having gone through extensive research we are prepared to place before you the true deleted tale revealed to us that memorable day when we sat before the opened fyord and imbibed the wisdom of the great Norwegian traveler, Yule Yoleson, whose diary was the wrapping paper of our aforementioned fyord. No names or places have been changed as the people involved are too dead to sue.

Yule Yoleson's diary has since been sent with our compliments to the New York Museum of Natural History which has used it to wallpaper the room marked MEN. The diary has been perused, often inadvertently, by many famous historians in its new habitat, and it is generally known to them as the Yule log.

The editors would like to state once more that they had nothing to do with this story.

So would the author.

The Yule Yoleson diary tells the real story of Christmas, and we print its essence here as a public service. It describes the occurrences in the small valley of Santayana nestled high in the Himalayas.

Santayana contained two peaceful tribes which were situated at opposite ends of the valley. Both tribes were agricultural; one grew wheat and berries from which they made tarts and so they were called Tartars. The other tribe grew and prepared a delicacy known as mong, and so they were called Mongols. Neither tribe knew how to prepare the other's product, but both nutriments were needed for the sustenance of life. Therefore once a year the Mongols traded half their crop of mong for half the Tartars supply of tarts; during the rest of the year the Mongols and Tartars stored their respective crops.

These were the original Mongol and Tartar hoards.

Now the people of Santayana came from an exotic (*Editor's note; printer's error*) nature. They were. A mixture of many races and breeds, they danced the fandango, drank bathtub gin, and spoke Latin. They had ten months (X menses in Latin) to their year and on the tenth month (mens no. X in Latin) they had a big blowout called a fair (fiesta in Spanish) at which they would exchange their mong and tarts, dance the fandango, and drink bathtub gin.

Since it occurred on the Xth month (le mois dixième in French), they called the time of the fair Xmas time.

We had nothing to do with it; the editors.

Among the Tartars lived the little family of Holly Chan, which was composed of Holly, his nagging but beautiful wife Carol, and the Mighty White Horse Oscar. Holly Chan and the Mighty White Horse Oscar were not happy. Holly's wife was a social climber, and at every opportunity she would berate Holly and Oscar for being a pair of good for nothing loafers which they were. One day the beautiful wife Carol got sick and tired of watching Holly and Oscar play Hopscotch (Potsy in Brooklyn) in the rice paddies, and she told them where they could go.

Holly mounted the Mighty White Horse Oscar and left for the Yangtze Agricultural College (*Editor's note; this may be the only YAC in the whole story*) where they studied mong production in all its phases; i.e., 0°, 90°, 180°, 270° and 360°. Oscar finally graduated so they trotted home to Carol who

asked them what they had learned.

"How to make mong," replied Oscar.

Carol immediately saw all the possibilities in Tartar produced mong (which is, even today, a growing field). She called a meeting of all the Tartars, and by means of graphs of supply and demand, elasticity, and National Income, showed them how they could become economically independent of the Mongols. The talk was way above their heads, but not wishing to appear stupid, they all agreed to produce mong during the following year.

The next year Christmas time came around as usual, and the Mongols rode blissfully to the fairgrounds where they found the Tartars beaming happily because they had put something over on the Mongols—they had their own mong and so they didn't need to buy any.

It took a while before both parties understood what the situation was and then a wail of anguish rent the air. If everyone had grown mong, then no one had made any tarts. This meant starvation as mong is absolutely inedible without tarts.

As the Santayanans stood around the fairgrounds uncertain of what course to take, Carol and Holly arrived leading the Mighty White Horse Oscar who was pulling a great cart filled to the brim with millions and millions of tarts. It appeared that Holly and Oscar, using scientific agricultural methods, had intensively cultivated their land, and so produced enough tarts for all the people for the coming year. Carol made a short speech about Free Enterprise and then auctioned off the tarts at exorbitant monopoly prices.

When the auction was over, snow began to fall, so the Santayanans retired to a meeting house to discuss the day's events. They were angry at the deception practiced upon them, and they wanted revenge. Voices grew loud in protest, but fortunately Holly and Oscar were home in front of a roaring fire and unaware of their unpopularity. However Carol had hidden herself in the meeting house and when she thought the right time had come, she sprang to the stage. Stilling all the cries of "Capitalist", "betrayer of the peoples' trust", "teetotaler", she delivered a moving oration to the effect that the whole blame lay upon the shoulders of Holly and the Mighty White Horse Oscar. She exhorted the men to recover what was rightfully theirs, and suggested a ride out to Holly's farm for the purpose of killing poor Holly and Oscar.

This was the first slay ride.

With a roar the Santayanans gave their affirma-

tion, and after mounting their steeds, plowed through the rapidly enlarging drifts to Holly's Farm.

They waited outside as Carol walked to the door. "Holly," she called.

The door opened, and out popped Holly, his eyes shut and his lips puckered up for a kiss.

"Now," shouted Carol and a huge Tartar threw his lance at Holly's head, but it missed and cut off one of his toes instead.

"Ouch," said Holly, and he began to jump around screaming, "Holly miss l'il toe."

We, the editors, are not responsible . . .

The Santayanans quickly grabbed him, and dragged him over to a nearby pine tree where he was strung up.

This was the first hanging of Holly.

They searched the farm for the Mighty White Horse Oscar, but it was snowing very hard and Oscar could not be seen.

Oscar was Mighty White.

This saga is almost over. The Santayanans returned to the meeting house singing Carol's praises in what was the first Christmas Carol. The fair continued for ten days during which Carol married a rich handsome Mongol, and became ruler of Santayana valley.

Her first act in office was to amend the constitution. She inserted a clause under Agriculture, paragraph X, which made it mandatory for Mongols to produce nothing but mong and for Tartars to produce nothing but tarts.

Historians refer to this Santayanan constitutional amendment as the Santa clause.

That will be all. The Editors have deleted the discussion of roasted chestnuts in order to be able to produce this magazine next month. The author wishes to renounce his part in this story. It was written, he says, under extenuating circumstances, and he begs you to blame the whole thing upon the person to whom it was dedicated; Melvin C. If you have ever listened to Mel as I was forced to one semester, you will know that anything he gets from this story will be amply deserved.

Merry Xmas

—Phil Pearle

Dave Brown was taking a sightseeing cab around Dublin, Ireland. The cabbie drove past an important-looking structure and Dave asked:

"What's that building?"

"The Bank of Ireland."

"How long did it take to build it?"

"Ten years."

"We could have built that in five years in America!"

They passed another place and Dave asked:

"What's this?"

"Trinity College."

"How long did it take to build it?"

The cabbie thought he'd better bring the figure down a little.

"Eight years."

"The U. S. would have done it in four!"

When they came by a huge, ancient-looking structure and the cabbie answered that that was the Tower of Dublin, Dave said:

"And how long did it take to build that?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," said the cabbie, "it wasn't there when I passed this morning."



"Why must we wait until we get home before you'll tell me whether you will marry me?"

"You frighten me. This is the same place Father proposed to Mother!"

"So what?"

"On the way home, the horse ran away, the buggy turned over and Father was killed!"



A man, suffering from hallucinations, went to a doctor.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the doctor.

"There's nothing the matter with me, Doc, except when I walk along I see little babies six feet tall. And big men with all kinds of hats on 'em."

"Have you got any brothers and sisters?"

"Just a brother."

"Is he normal?"

"Yeah, he's normal, except that he's got a big hunk of rhubarb sticking out of his head."

"Your brother has a big hunk of rhubarb growing out of his head?"

"Yeah."

"That's too bad."

"You bet it's too bad. He planted celery."



"Am I on the right road to Albuquerque, stranger?"

"I dunno."

"Well, how far is the next town?"

"Sorry, I can't tell you, pardner."

"Then, where does this road lead to?"

"Search me, I've never traveled it."

"How long have you lived around here?"

"All my life."

"You don't know much, do you?"

"Maybe not, but I ain't lost."



Sir Kritensans was sitting in his usual chair in the reading room of the Cromwell Club. As the porter tip-toed through the room Sir Kritensans called to him, drawing the angry glances of his fellow members.

"I say, fellow, as I came in I noticed some crepe hanging on the door. What was that for?"

"Oh, one of the members died, sir," whispered the porter.

"Well, see that it stays there. It certainly livens up the place."

"Say, mister, can yuh gimme a dime for a cup of coffee?"

"Surely, but don't you know that coffee is only five cents?"

"Yeah, but I'm keeping a woman."



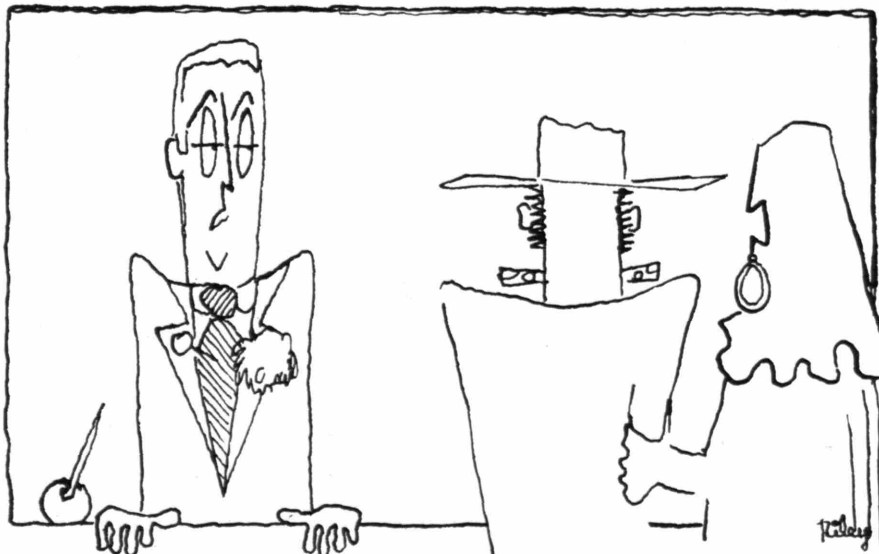
An American tourist was in a London cafe recently, sitting at one of the tables. Presently a waitress strolled over and gave him a menu.

"What's good today?" he asked.

"Rhubarb, ravioli, rutabagas, roast and rice," she answered.

"Baby, you sure do roll your r's."

"Yeah, it's these high heels I'm wearing."



"Sorry, no room at the inn."

Bus Stop

Obedying the mechanical command of the bus driver, we moved to the rear of the bus and sat down. By "we", I mean myself and Fradley Thorne. Fradley is an acquaintance of unusual status. I mean I hadn't seen him for months and suddenly he turned up and suggested that we go to the movies. Time lapses mean nothing to Fradley—he is able to interrupt a conversation and continue it a year and a half later as if he had only paused for a short sneeze.

Fradley is a very unusual character. His father wanted to name him Hadley and his mother, Freddy, so they compromised and named him Fradley. This family habit of compromise is reflected in Fradley's conversation which is incessant. He will argue many sides of an argument, resolve them and expand the point to a general principle, all at the same time. Fradley is an intellectual type; when other boys were forming clubs with such lurid names as "The Dukes," "The Vultures," or "The Barons," Fradley formed "The Existentialists."

Anyway, as soon as Fradley poked his head into the room I knew it was hopeless to work anymore, so I accepted his invitation to see a movie at Fordham, and we trotted down to the bus-stop.

Once seated, Fradley began comparing Schopenhauer from seven different points of view, and since I knew he was oblivious to whether or not I listened, I shut my ears and began to regard the occupants of the bus.

The nearest passenger was on my right. He was a tiny overbundled member of the two-three age class. His mother, a typical Bronx housewife in her winter cloth coat, wispy hair-do and long-suffering expression sat on the aisle, making it possible for the child to occupy the coveted next-to-the-window seat. He was kneeling on the brown plastic seat cover, his nose pressed against the glass, his mouth muttering some mystic formula in a sing-song voice. He sounded vaguely like Fradley. Once he turned around and looked me squarely in the eye, and we sat there trying to stare each other down for about half a minute, but then, with shrug as if to intimate that I was beneath his dignity, he turned away and resumed his observations of the Concourse and its inhabitants.

Down the aisle was a little old lady, clutching the omnipresent brown paper bag. Practically every little old lady in the Bronx carries a brown paper bag; it is almost a sign of the profession. She was dressed in the usual high laced black shoes, print dress and inconspicuously ragged coat that little white haired old ladies deem the proper travelling apparel. Her face bore the concentrated worried wrinkles; her neck was huddled into her collar, and she stared vacantly out of the window. I wondered, as I always do, just what the little old lady thought about, but of course I didn't ask.

A number of high school students were chattering behind me, one boy kept repeating "Kleinsinger hates me."

In short, the occupants of the bus were of the same types as can be found in any random selection of Bronx residents. The practicing juvenile delinquent in motorcycle jacket and sideburns, the middle aged, paunchy, well-to-do businessman; all were represented. The only discordant note was Fradley, but he was too engrossed to care.

The bus stopped and she got on, taking the seat right across the aisle.

My mouth was open for three bus stops.

"Fradley."

Fradley didn't hear, and went on talking to himself.

"Fradley." I shook him.

"Huh?"

"Across the aisle," I whispered.

"Oh," said Fradley. He returned to his seven sided conversation.

"Well?" I asked and shook him again.

"Only man is prejudiced enough to give the name of fair sex to that undersized, narrow shouldered, broad hiped, and short legged race; Schopenhauer," quoted Fradley.

As if that settled it for all time, he resumed his argument.

Fradley is never very helpful in mundane, secular affairs. He inclines more to the philosophic, contemplative types of problems.

I returned my gaze to the neighboring seat. It was obvious that Fradley was going to miss the better things in life.

Was she looking at me out of the corner of her eye? I decided to try an experiment. I looked away nonchalantly, and then suddenly whirled my head back. Did I just catch her head moving, or did I? Was she blushing or was it my imagination? I tried it again. The same uncertainty confronted me. I decided to enlist an impartial observer, namely Fradley,

but after looking at him sitting there, mumbling away, I realized that only selfishness would interrupt while philosophical history was being made. He wouldn't have been any help anyway. So, for five minutes I alternated between looking at her, suddenly turning away, and speculating upon whether she was doing the same. I always seemed just about to catch her eye when I turned to look at her but somehow I always seemed to just miss. Maybe it was all in my imagination. I wished I could be sure.

What was I to do? Fradley was no help. I wished for the presence of Chatfield Prentiss, another acquaintance. He'd know what to do. I had once seen Chatfield walk up to a girl—a complete stranger—put his hands over her eyes and ask her to guess who. When she missed all three times, turned around and found that she didn't even know Chatfield when she saw him, he casually slipped her arm in his and said that next time she'd know. And it worked, too. On second thought, I was glad that Chatfield Prentiss wasn't present. But I couldn't pull off something like that. "No confidence" Chatfield always said. "All you got to have is confidence."

What to do, what to do. You just can't go over, sit down and start talking. "Don't I know you from Lollie Schlager's Christmas Party?" That's too corney. Besides I didn't go to Lollie Schlager's Christmas Party. And we were two stops from Fordham. Think of something, think of something.

One stop from Fordham, Fradley finished his conversation, patted his seven ego-conversationalists on the back, and informed me that number three had, due to his excellent logic and superior expression, convinced the other six to adopt his point of view.

"Fordham," yelled the bus driver.

"We get off here," said Fradley who got up and began to walk to the door. Sadly I rose, resigned to my inability.

"C'mon," yelled Fradley. I could have hit him in the middle of his Bertrand Russell fan club pin.

Standing on the sidewalk as the bus pulled away, I glanced at her window. She was looking at me, and as the bus began to move, she turned her head and our eyes met. Her expression was very sad.

"Oh damn," I said when the bus was out of sight.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen . . ." began Fradley.

"Oh shut up," I said.

We went to the movies.

The Republican senator was discussing the '52 elections with his Democratic colleague.

"Look," the GOPer said, "we could have Taft, Stassen, Warren—maybe even Eisenhower for our candidate. Who do you Democrats have?"

"We have Truman."

"Yeah, but suppose he doesn't want to run again?"

"Oh," the Democrat mused airily, "we'll dig someone up."

The Republican suddenly paled and staggered back as he cried:

"Oh no! Not HIM again!"



"If she's prone to make mistakes—that's how she'll make 'em."



Two patients in a hospital were exceedingly bored. They found a stack of diagnosis cards in a corner and began a game of poker. One shuffled the cards and dealt. They picked up their hands and looked at the cards. One bet, the other raised and they raised and reraised until one finally called.

"Looks like I win. I've got three pneumonias and two gallstones."

"Not so fast, not so fast. I've got four enemas."

"Well, I guess you take the pot."



The undertaker regarded the deceased in the coffin with severe disapproval, for the wig persisted in slipping back and revealing a perfectly bald pate. He addressed the widow in that cheerfully melancholy tone which is characteristic of undertakers during their professional public performance:

"Have you any glue?"

The widow wiped her eyes perfunctorily, and said that she had.

"Shall I heat it?" she asked. The undertaker nodded gloomily, and the widow departed on her errand. Presently, she returned with the glue pot.

But the undertaker shook his head, and regarded her with the gently sad smile to which undertakers are addicted, as he whispered solemnly,

"I found a tack."

Fairy Tales for the Modern Youth

Rumpelstiltskin

or

What's My Name, Honey?

A Grim Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, when the only witches, ogres, and giants could be found in politics, there was an old boy who was fortunate enough to be a used horse and wagon dealer. Things were real tough in those days for horse and wagon dealers because an unscrupulous bunch of villains by the name of Ford, Wilson, Kaiser, and Mad Man Muntz had terrorized the serfs and nobles into social competition with horrendous (nasty) machines called automobiles. It was bad enough to have unbeatable competition, but to make it worse, the old boy was behind in his taxes.

So it came to pass that an agent of the Internal Revenue Bureau (Mob) arrived on the scene with a nasty leer on his face. "Dad," he says, "Dad, fork over some ready cash or we'll take you before the Senate Investigating Committee for selling Red wagons." The old boy squirms a moment, then gets hit on the dome with a brilliant idea. "Look, Scrooge," he tells him, "I got a daughter in the other room that can make gold from thread on her Singer Sewing Machine. I can make enough moola for you if you'll give me an extension (enough time to lie his way out of it or blow town). Is it a deal?"

The agent gets a glimmer of dollar signs in his gold-plate orbs (blood-shot eyeballs) and grants Ye Olde Extension. Soon after he makes a noise like wind and blows. The old boy stands there a moment chuckling to himself and then goes into the next room to tell his daughter about the whopper he told that half-baked tax collector.

His daughter is lying on the bed deeply engrossed in the Decameron (old style sex novel). When he tells her what he told the tax collector, she flips her lid. She really flips the second time when a Western Union boy delivers a telegram from the President telling her that he is coming up to see her make like a gold mine. She starts packing her things ready to take it on the lam (leave the area) (blow town) (skip the border) (take it on the lam). The old boy changes her mind with gentle persuasion (a black-

jack, .45, and a hammerlock). She agrees to stay.

Things are looking blacker by the minute when a passing lobbyist hears her tears and decides to investigate (sneaks in her window). She tells him the whole story and he sits down to think, a tough thing for a lobbyist. Finally he gets an idea and leaps for the telephone. After several calls he tells the broad that everything will be all right if she'll play ball with him. Thinking that he means baseball, she agrees.

By the time the President arrives on the scene the whole play has been rehearsed and is ready to go. When the Prexy (President) (Party man) (Politician) (Crook) says to the broad "Make GOLD on your sewing machine!" she does. The President immediately does a poor imitation of a mixture of a Samba and Charleston and hollers, "Hot Damn! Come to the Jackson Dinner, we'll be wed and live happily ever after. Just you, me, and the sewing machine and GOLD!" The girl sighs, 'Daddy-O' and rushes to his arms. After the President leaves for Florida, the lobbyist returns through the window and bargains with the girl for one favor. Knowing darned well that both her and her pappy's geese are cooked if yon lobbyist goofs and shoots his mouth off, she agrees.

"Look, chick," whispers the lobbyist, "all I want is an invitation to a White House Banquet once you get to be First Lady of the Land (President's broad). Seeing no harm in this, the chick (broad) (see above) says, "Sure," and bids him to leave (tells him to scam).

Well, the Jackson Day Dinner came, the used horse and wagons dealer's daughter married the President, and the sewing machine produced GOLD. It was this GOLD that was keeping the government from falling too far behind in debt (Kept the GRAFT from being displayed to the public by the opposition).

After several dinners had passed by the boards

and friend lobbyist hadn't received the promised invitation, a string is pulled and the sewing machine refuses to produce any more GOLD.

The broad hops down to the FBI (Feds) (Dicks) (Cops) (Police) (Joe Friday) and asks the whereabouts of said lobbyist. She is then handed a handful of addresses and a copy of the latest Clip Sheet. She follows up the addresses and several bars later meets our hero. She says, "Man, for what have you shut off my GOLD?" He replies, "'Cause you have goofed. I ain't never latched onto the promised invitation." To this she has no answer.

He bawls her out for being the rat that she is, then says to her, "If you can tell me my name in three tries, I'll make good to you by repairing the machine." With that he leaves her crying in her Pepsi.

Quick as a bunny, she hops back down to the FBI and sees pal Joe. Joe pulls out the No. 719, looks under No. 474, finds him listed under No. 777SOB, and tells her, "No. 34567 78 648 7804 5734 3323!" Yes, the lobbyist was found as a child on the steps of the BPL (Boston Public Library). He is of unknown origin and has no name. The IRONY of it all. How can she name him if he has no name? It's simple, she can't.

Knowing that he'll spill the beans if she can't name him, she devises a dreadful plot to get rid of the lobbyist. Since the President is vacationing in Florida, she invites our boy up to her room in the White House. He arrives early and says to her, "All right, Babe, give with the name. Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh." She coyly glances at him and says, "Kiss me?" He laughs again and says "No!" She turns and gives him a profile (better look at her figure) and says softly, "Take me in your arms and hug me, Lover Boy." Once again he laughs and says, "No, and that's two guesses." Now knowing that the jig is up, she hollers a signal to a couple of henchmen hiding in a nearby liquor cabinet: "RUMPLESTILTSKIN!"

With this shout, the two henchmen stagger out of the liquor cabinet and shoot the lobbyist down with Sten Guns. Since they are slightly inebriated (plastered), the joint is somewhat shot up in the fracas (brawl) (party). The sewing machine is hit and destroyed beyond repair.

No more machine, no more GOLD, no more concealed GRAFT, no more subdued debt. All was lost. The opposition took over in the next election with promises to reduce the budget and lower taxes. Do they have a Singer Sewing Machine that can produce GOLD?

Jim Robertson

"He's the type that would make an excellent soldier—he's strong, courageous, ready to face peril, never stops to question his orders, you know — a moron."



The newly-weds couldn't go away on a honeymoon so they spent their first night in the guest-room at the home of the groom's parents. The groom was a devout Christian, and before they retired to their nuptial bed, he and his little bride knelt in prayer. The next morning the little bride arose greatly impressed by this new light on the character of her husband. At breakfast she could hardly wait to relate the experience.

"Gee, George, and I did something last night that I had never done before, and which we plan to do every night from now on."

George's father sadly shook his head, and muttered: "That's what I thought, too."

CATERING TO M.I.T. STUDENTS FOR OVER 25 YEARS

KENDALL DINER

QUALITY FOODS AT MOST REASONABLE PRICES

COMPLETE 75c DINNER DAILY

125 Broadway

Cambridge



“Seek and Ye Shall Find”



Although it is with a great deal of pain that I do so, I feel it my duty to inform the public of the true story behind the recent disappearance of Gregory P. Lawrence. I have taken this mission upon myself in order to silence the absurd slanderous rumors circulated by those who lost heavily in the stock market after the eminent shoe-lace manufacturer's finger had been withdrawn from the pulse of the nation's economy activity. I shall tell the whole story, omitting no detail, however slight. This is the way Greg—as those of us who were intimate with him were wont to call him—would have wanted it. For he often said to me, “Tell the whole story, omitting no detail, however slight.”

Gregory P. Lawrence had a happy childhood. His father held a sizeable portion of the yo yo market and the boy was never without a sufficiency of food, money, and yo yo's. It was a closely knit family. In his last years, the late bachelor (for it is true that he has passed on) would reminisce about the many happy hours expended in trying to pick the lock of his ball and chain. But his fondest memories of those early years centered around the joyous yuletide season. Christmas in the Lawrence household was in the grand old tradition; and the happiness of the young Gregory, during the holiday season, knew no bounds.

But as time continued inexorably along its path, the boy matured into an adolescent and went off to college. Christmas was never the same. The joys of

college days were many, but the old sublime yuletide happiness no longer remained constant. The ambitious young Mr. Lawrence did not, however, waste time in vain regrets. He graduated high up in the lower quarter of his class and ventured forth with determination into the world of commerce. The story of his triumphant rise to dominance in the shoe-lace industry is known to all.

As a wealthy, successful industrialist, Greg had every reason to be happy. And he was—except for one thing. Christmas was not the same. He detested the modern, chrome-plated, mechanized, fire-proofed tinsel Christmas. He longed for the old-fashioned Christmas that had brought him such joy. And not being a man to brood silently, he said so. Each year the wealthy bachelor would accept an invitation to spend the holiday with one of his numerous friends. And each year, as he took leave of his host, he would state that although it had been pleasant, it had been a modern, not an old-fashioned Christmas.

His friends did their best. They planned celebrations that were more and more archaic. They took turns entertaining him at Christmas time, and slowly worked their way back to medieval customs in the attempt to give Greg an old-fashioned Christmas. But nothing seemed to work. Again and again as the years went by Gregory P. Lawrence rewarded the efforts of his friends with the accustomed plaint that it was not a real old-fashioned Christmas.

One day, last December, a group of us met at the club to consider the approaching holiday. A sense of failure was in the air. We felt that we had tried all possible ways of providing an old-fashioned Christmas for Greg. A few had left to catch the 5:14, and the rest of us were, without much hope, discussing sadly the coming joyous yuletide season, when one of Greg's friends, in a moment of inspiration, conceived a plan for giving the difficult Mr. Lawrence a real old-fashioned Christmas. The rest of us assented immediately. Someone was friendly with the director of the Metropolitan zoo. We parted with joy; the problem was solved.

The newspapers on December twenty-sixth noted that a gold watch and a pair of shoe-laces had been found in the lion's cage of the zoo.

Passing a cemetery in the wee hours of the morning, a drunk noticed a sign which read, "Ring the bell for the caretaker." He did just that, and a sleepy-eyed man came to the door.

"What do you want?" asked the man.

"I wanna know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself."



"On her eighteenth birthday, I gave my daughter her first front door key."

"That was the proper modern spirit, old man."

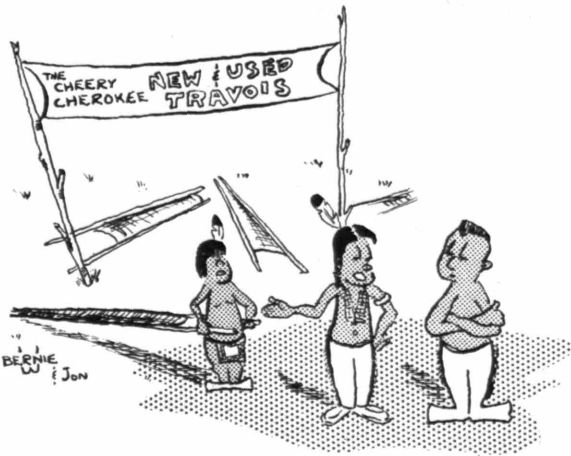
"Not necessarily—I just got tired having her knock off the milk bottles crawling through the pantry window."



Clergyman: A man who works to beat hell.



A deaf woman entered a church with an ear trumpet. Soon after she seated herself, an usher tip-toed over and whispered, "One toot, and out you go."



"- Now this model has a completely rebuilt Injun"

ENJOY A DELICIOUS SHISHKEBAB
AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DISHES
OF THE NEAR EAST

at

Red Fez Restaurant

"Intimate, Relaxing Atmosphere"

1222 Washington St.

DE 8-8446

Boston

Daily Including Sundays Till 1:00 A.M.

Prom...
COMING UP!

TUXEDOS
for
HIRE

SAVE TIME
SAVE MONEY

Use our
STUDENT-GROUP
DISCOUNT PLAN



Phone LI 2-7930

READ & WHITE

111 SUMMER STREET • BOSTON

Tel. KI 7-5323

WISE TECHMEN—

REPAIR THEIR WATCHES

AT

H. BLUM

DIAMONDS - WATCHES - JEWELRY

468 Mass. Ave., Cambridge

Jouissez d'une ambiance artistique au
BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM



où le pianiste Russell Blake Howe
interprète la musique de
Beethoven, Chopin et Liszt

Voici comment en parle un quotidien:

"Il faut être à Boston pour trouver dans le vieux port un restaurant-tea-room où l'on joue les grands chefs-d'oeuvre de Beethoven, Chopin et Liszt—et où le menu porte cette remarque: 'On est prié de parler doucement pendant que le piano se fait entendre.'"

Sur l'ancien T Wharf—metro Atlantic
Ouvert tous les jours, même le dimanche, de 12 à 20 h.

POUR RESERVER UNE TABLE, TEL. LA 3-8719 — PARC POUR AUTOS

AIR CONDITIONED FOR YOUR COMFORT

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

Simeone's

ITALIAN-AMERICAN RESTAURANT

Meal Tickets Available 10% Discount

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



EXETER KENMORE 6-7067 CONTINUOUS 2-11
"the mostest of the bestest" in films
EXETER AND NEWBURY STREETS •• BOSTON

DANCE AND BE POPULAR

ALL THE LATEST BALLROOM DANCES

BRING A FRIEND SAVE 50%

Free One-Half Hour Private Lesson
Call CO 6-0520

Moved to New Location

Shirley Hayes Dance Studio

1068 Boylston Street

Boston, Mass.

Wilbur De Paris presents

Doc Cheatham
and his New Orleans Jazz Band

featuring
Doc CHEATHAM, trumpet HERBERT HALL, clarinet
HENDERSON CHAMBERS, trombone Slick JONES, drums
DON KIRKPATRICK, piano LEE BLAIR, banjo

Saucy Cafe 410 MASSACHUSETTS AVE. BOSTON

An Indian dressed up in full regalia, including the feather bonnet and war paint, walked into a fashionable hotel in Miami and asked for a room.

Thinking to get rid of an undesirable resident, the hotel clerk decided to make the price of the room beyond reason.

"That would cost you \$100.00 a day," he said.

To the clerk's surprise, however, the Indian immediately plunked down a \$100.00 bill which he had calmly peeled off a roll fat enough to choke a horse. Then he proceeded to sign the register with a large X.

Seeing that the Chief couldn't even write, and was so thoroughly heeled, the clerk decided to play him for a sucker.

"How would you like a blonde or two in your room, Chief?" the clerk asked, insinuatingly.

"Blonde fine," retorted the Indian. "Me likum blondes."

Then he took the register and crossed out the X, replacing it with a circle.

"What's that for?" asked the clerk.

"When me go out with women, me never sign right name," returned the Chief.

A group of prohibitionists looking for evidence of the advantage of total abstinence were told of an old man 102 years old who had never touched a drop of liquor. So they rushed to his home to get a statement. After propping him up in bed and guiding his feeble hand along the dotted line, they heard a violent disturbance coming from another room—furniture being smashed, dishes being broken and the shuffling of feet.

"Good heavens, what's that?" gasped a committeeman.

"Oh," whispered the old man as he sank exhaustedly into his pillows, "that's Pa, he's drunk again."

"Oh, mamma, I saw the nicest man today."

"Who was he, dear?"

"He was the garbage man, mamma."

"And why was he so nice?"

"Well, he was carrying a can of garbage over his head to the wagon and while he had it over his head the bottom came out and the garbage fell all over him, and he just stood there and talked to God."

Into town on his regular Sunday visit came a lanky Tennessee mountaineer and his young wife. In the crook of his right arm nestled a week-old baby.

The dry-goods merchant, who had not seen the couple in quite a long while, greeted them affably. "Come right in folks, glad to see you! Well, well, is that you're young'n' Len?"

Len pondered thoughtfully for a moment, then replied, "Wall, yeah, I reckon it's mine. Leastways, it was caught in my trap."



A recently discharged Navy gunner was home dozing peacefully in front of the stove. The door of the stove came open and flames shot out.

"Fire," shouted his wife.

The gunner leaped to his feet, grabbed the cat, shoved it into the stove, slammed the door, opened the draft and shouted up the stove pipe, "Ready two."

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

The drunk opened one eye and looked at the boy. "Run along and play somewhere else, sonny."

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

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

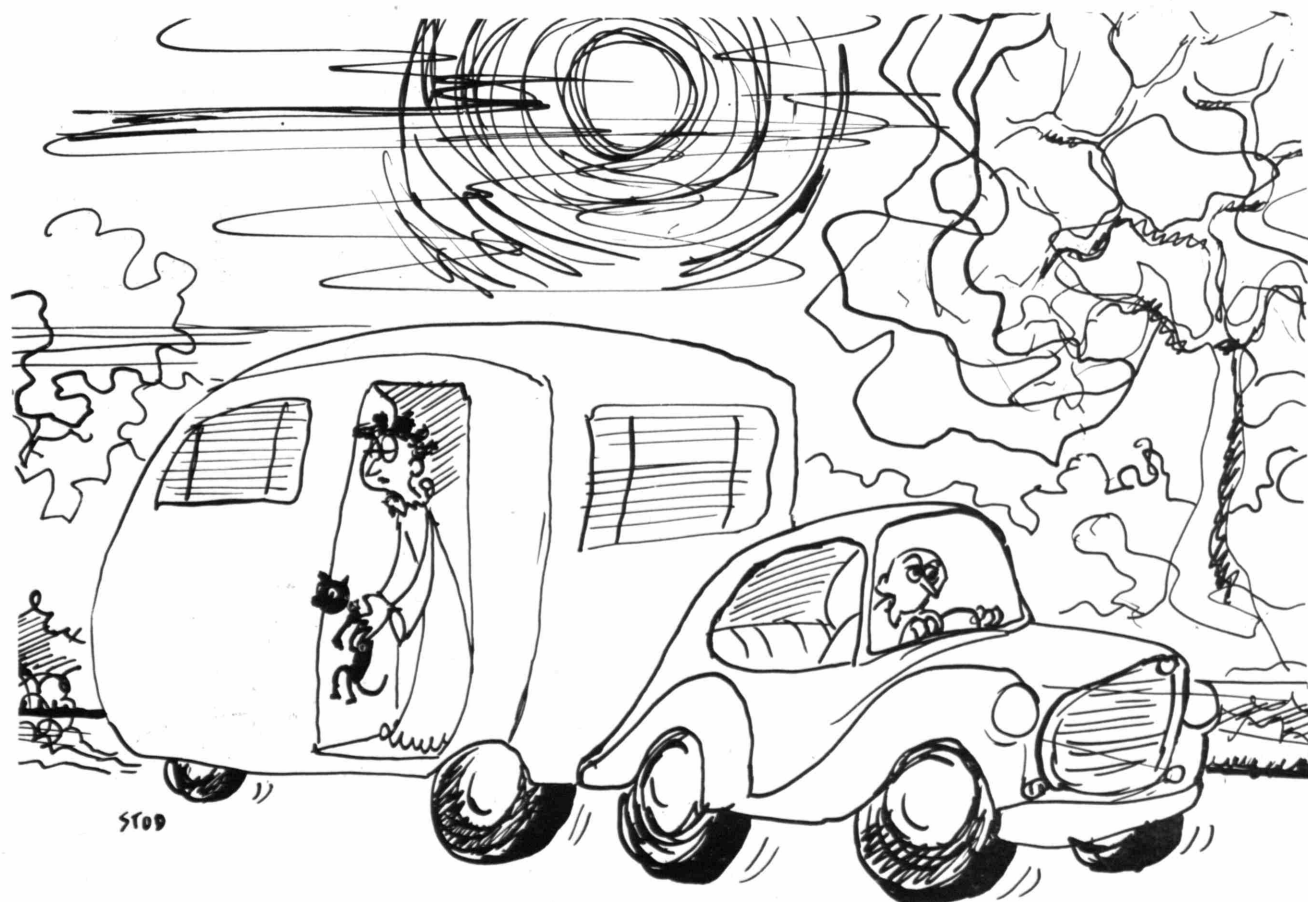
"That's funny—my daddy sleeps in bed."

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



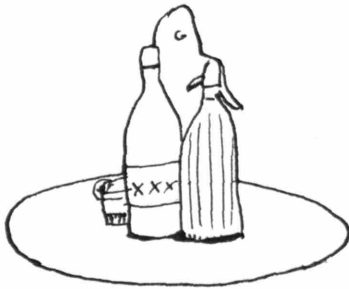
A local tavern keeper, who had a reputation for keeping strong brews, was awakened the other night by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Go away! You can't have anything to drink at this hour."

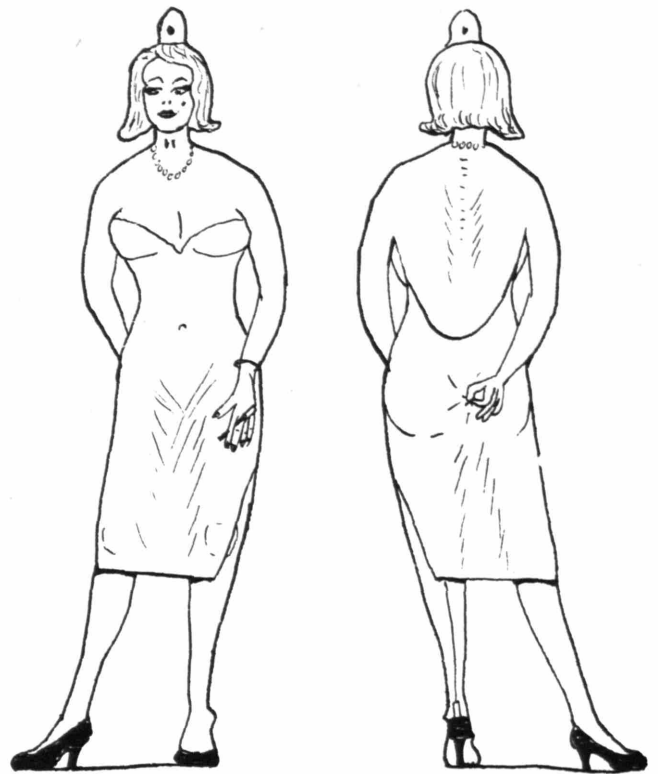
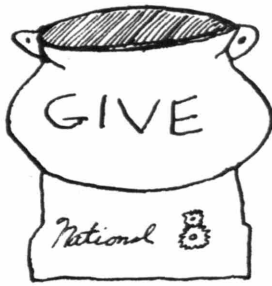
"Who wants anything to drink?" came the answer. "I left my crutches here at closing time."



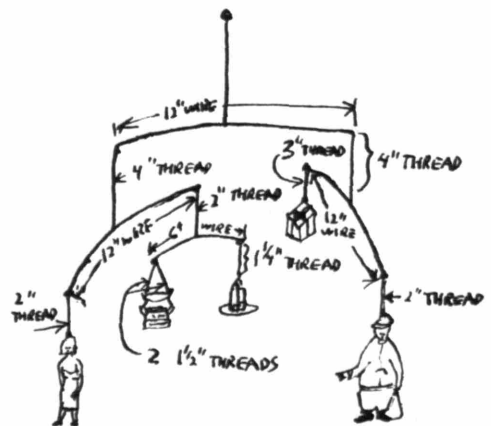
MOBILES AD INFINITUM

This is Christmas time and we are progressive. In cooperation with no one at all we bring you the opportunity to have your very own mobile. All you do is mount the pages on heavy cardboard, cut, manipulate, (and possibly redraw), and there you have it.





KEY TO ASSEMBLY



1. CUT OUT CAREFULLY AND ATTACH TO PASTEBOARD
2. ADD STRINGS & WIRES, CENTERING SUPPORT STRINGS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WIRES
3. BALANCE WITH PAPER CLIPS
4. GIVE IT A PUSH, AND WATCH THE FUN!

THE HAMPSHIRE PRESS, INC.

OFFSET - LETTER PRESS

Completely equipped to render the
Highest Quality Craftsmanship and
Service in All Printing Requirements.

28 Carleton Street Cambridge, Mass.

Tel. Klrkland 7-0194

JACK AND MARION'S

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF
SKYSCRAPER SANDWICHES
At Coolidge Corner, Brookline
Open Till 2 A.M.
Friday and Saturday Till 3 A.M.

for that well-groomed look—

LARRY'S BARBER SHOP

opp. Bldg. seven entrance

An aging farmer who had little patience with prankish children finally succumbed to the wiles of his young and attractive housekeeper, the mother of a seven-year-old brat. Soon after the marriage she took off for the big city to do some personal shopping. Upon her return some days later she asked her son how he got along with his new father.

"Just fine," exclaimed the boy. "Every morning he took me out on the lake in a row boat and let me swim back."

"Heavens—isn't that a long distance for you to swim?" his mother gasped.

"Oh, I made it all right," said the boy. "Only trouble I had was getting out of the bag."



As he paid his bill the departing guest turned and yelled to the bellboy, "Quick, boy, run up to room 454 and see if I left my pajamas and razor. Hurry because I've got just six minutes to catch my train."

Four minutes later the bellboy was back, all out of breath. "Yes, sir," he reported, "they're up there."



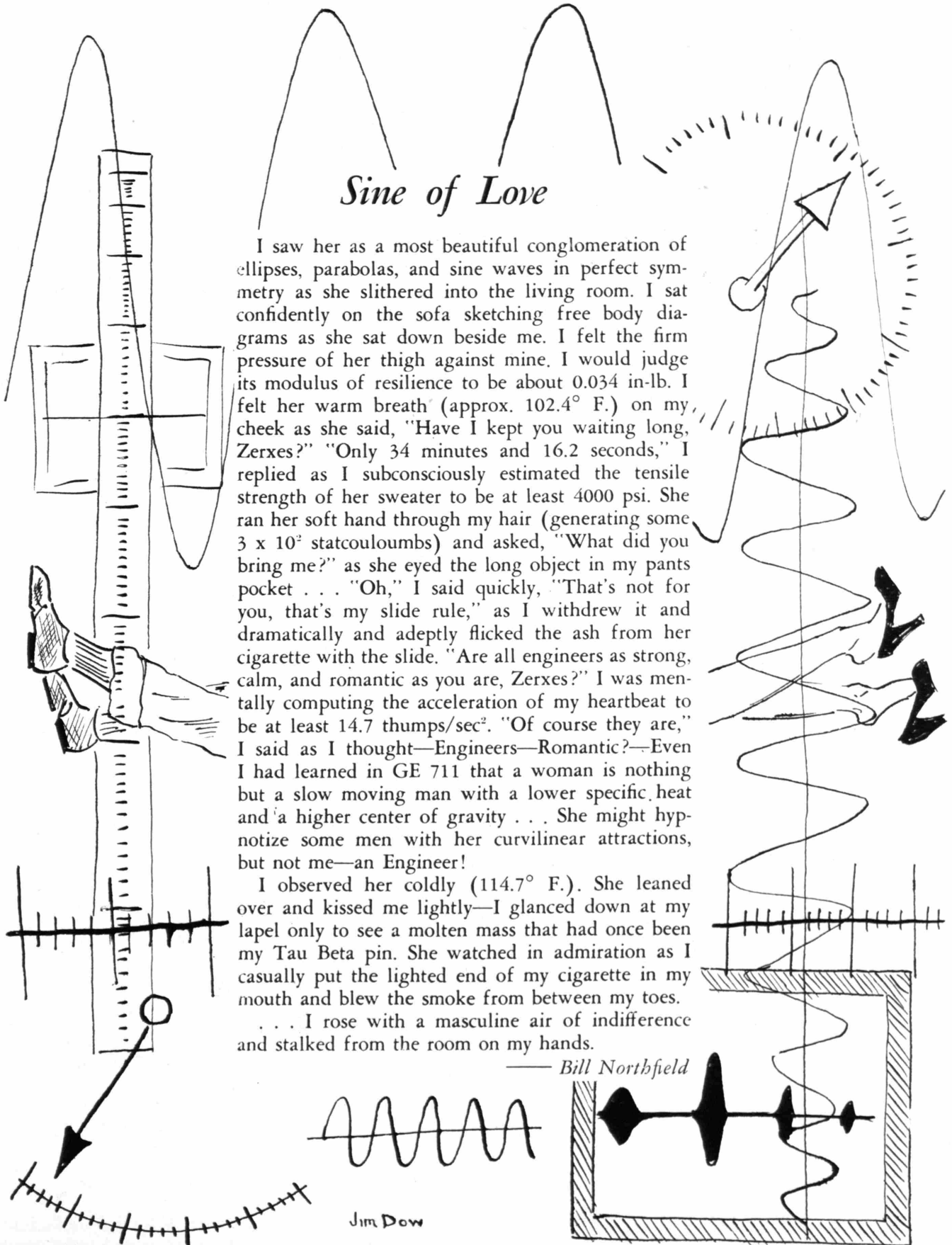
Sine of Love

I saw her as a most beautiful conglomeration of ellipses, parabolas, and sine waves in perfect symmetry as she slithered into the living room. I sat confidently on the sofa sketching free body diagrams as she sat down beside me. I felt the firm pressure of her thigh against mine. I would judge its modulus of resilience to be about 0.034 in.-lb. I felt her warm breath (approx. 102.4° F.) on my cheek as she said, "Have I kept you waiting long, Zerxes?" "Only 34 minutes and 16.2 seconds," I replied as I subconsciously estimated the tensile strength of her sweater to be at least 4000 psi. She ran her soft hand through my hair (generating some 3×10^2 statcoulombs) and asked, "What did you bring me?" as she eyed the long object in my pants pocket . . . "Oh," I said quickly, "That's not for you, that's my slide rule," as I withdrew it and dramatically and adeptly flicked the ash from her cigarette with the slide. "Are all engineers as strong, calm, and romantic as you are, Zerxes?" I was mentally computing the acceleration of my heartbeat to be at least 14.7 thumps/sec². "Of course they are," I said as I thought—Engineers—Romantic?—Even I had learned in GE 711 that a woman is nothing but a slow moving man with a lower specific heat and a higher center of gravity . . . She might hypnotize some men with her curvilinear attractions, but not me—an Engineer!

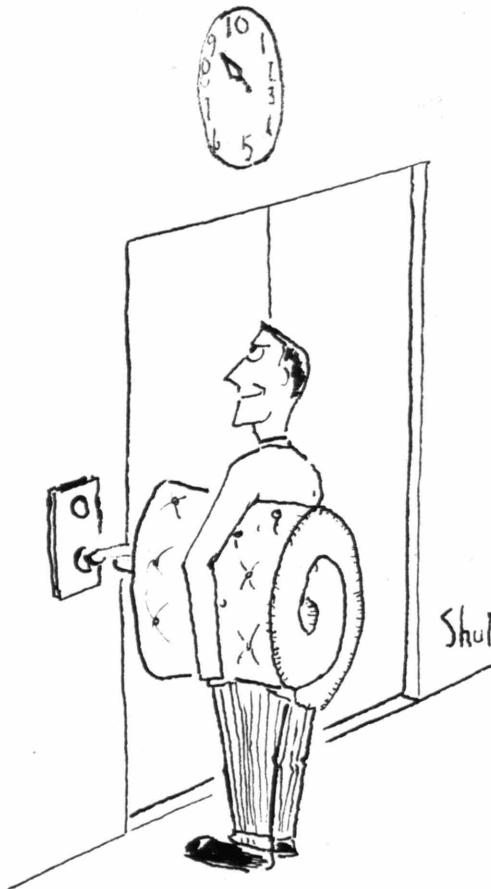
I observed her coldly (114.7° F.). She leaned over and kissed me lightly—I glanced down at my lapel only to see a molten mass that had once been my Tau Beta pin. She watched in admiration as I casually put the lighted end of my cigarette in my mouth and blew the smoke from between my toes.

. . . I rose with a masculine air of indifference and stalked from the room on my hands.

— Bill Northfield



Jim Dow



Little Johnny came home from school crying. "Hey, Ma, all the boys are picking on me. They say I have a big head."

"You don't have a big head, Johnny. Now run along and play."

The same thing happened the next day, and the next, and each time Johnny's mother comforted him. The fourth day Johnny came home with the same story.

"For once and for all, Johnny, you don't have a big head. Now please go down town and get me ten pounds of potatoes."

"O.K., Ma, give me a sack."

"Sack? What do you need a sack for. Use your cap."



The youthful mother was reading Mother Goose rhymes to her little son. "The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts," she canted.

"What was the King of Hearts doing?" questioned the boy.

"I wouldn't be the least surprised, dear," said the mother, a suspicious smile on her face, "but what the King was out doing the very same thing."

PIPES
ASH TRAYS
SMOKING-
ACCESSORIES
TOBACCO
CIGARETTES

If he smokes a pipe-give him a
Middleton VARIETY KIT



A perfect gift for the beginner or veteran smoker to find the blend sure to suit his taste. Contains 5 tidy tins of John Middleton's famous tobaccos. Each packed in ready-to-mail attractive gift carton.

\$150

THE TECHNOLOGY STORE

Patronage Refund To Members

An inspector, while making a tour of an insane asylum, noticed an inmate who was wearing 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, may I ask, are you wearing a hat?"

"Someone might, you know."



Grandmother was a diabetic patient and, although put on a strict diet, she would not play the game, and was "cheating" all the time. After numerous violations she was sent to the hospital.

Owing to the crowded conditions, the only room available was in the maternity ward. After she had been there a few days, her little granddaughter paid her a visit and was lolling in front of the door to her grandmother's room when some visitors walked past.

"What are you doing here, little girl?"

"I'm visiting my grandmother."

"Grandmother!" said one of the visitors in astonishment. "What is she doing here?"

"Oh," said the youngster, "she's been cheating again."



Lord Whifflepoot (retired) resided quietly on his estate on the outskirts of London—in an old castle with separate bedrooms, and all that sorta thing, don'tcha know.

One morning as he started for his bawth, sans anything, his valet, Jamson, was startled to see the Lord in a manly condition which he hadn't noticed in several months.

"I say, Your Lordship," he exclaimed, "shall I summon your Ladyship?"

"Definitely not!" said His Lordship. "Just fetch a baggy pair of trousers—I'm going to smuggle this into London."



He: "What would you say if I stole a kiss?"

She: "What would you say to a guy who had a chance to steal an automobile but only took the windshield wiper?"

It's a BIGGER Job Now!

Join the
MARCH OF DIMES
January 3-31

By Popular Demand! !

Ken's

Now Serving Their Famous Sandwiches Until
MIDNIGHT

SUNDAY THROUGH SATURDAY

391 Washington St.

Brighton, Mass.

Tel. AL 4-9854

SKI EQUIPMENT
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
SKI REPAIRING
SQUASH RACKETS
Restringing A Specialty
ONE DAY SERVICE

TENNIS and SQUASH SHOP

67A Mt. Auburn Street, Harvard Square

Phone TR 6-5417

640 Kc.

640 Kc.

WMIT

"Voice Of The Students"

Don't Forget Your All Request
"NITE OWL"

Fri. 11:10 p.m. - 2 a.m. Sat. 10 p.m. - 2 a.m.

640 Kc.

640 Kc.

Good Food At Reasonable Prices
24 Hours a Day—Every Day

The GRILL DINER

435 MAIN STREET, CAMBRIDGE

Conveniently Located Behind Building 20
 FRANK ARSENAULT, Manager

CI 7-8833

JACK LIPTON, Inc.

APPAREL FOR MEN

DRESS CLOTHES FOR HIRE, STUDENT RATES

122 MASS. AVENUE

BOSTON

CROSBY'S HOBBY SHOP

MODEL PLANES, MOTORS, SHIPS,
RAILROADS and ACCESSORIES

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF MATERIALS FOR
SCHOOL AND LABORATORY PROJECTS

9 A.M. - 6 P.M. Daily Thursday and Saturday till 8 P.M.

1704 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

E. D. ABBOTT CO.

Printers

for all activities and
fraternity events

181 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., BOSTON
 one block north of Loew's State
 phone: CO pley 7-5550

The Trans-Siberian Railroad train started on its 6,000-mile trip from Warsaw to Vladivostock. In the compartment were a Soviet lieutenant and a girl from a collective farm. As the train pulled out of Warsaw the lieutenant turned to the girl and asked:

"Do you go to Pinsk?"

"No," the girl answered.

There was silence.

Two days and 2,000 miles later the lieutenant again turned to the girl and asked:

"Do you go to Omsk?"

"No," she answered.

Again there was silence for forty or so hours as the train began its long pull over the tundra of Siberia.

Finally the soldier asked: "Do you go to Okhotsk?"

"No," was the reply.

The soldier jumped to his feet.

"Enough of this bourgeois love-making!" he stormed. "Kiss me!"

One bright young Simmons girl was considerably puzzled over defining "mugwump" on a recent biology test. Finally, after several minutes of intense thought, it came to her.

"A mugwump is a strange little animal who sits on fences with his mug on one side and his wump on the other," she wrote.



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

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

"Teaching your darned goldfish not to bark at me!"



Once there was a lady who bought a live rabbit from a pet shop and was taking it home to the children. On the way back, she slipped on the ice and began to cry while sitting on the sidewalk. A passing drunk, seeing the woman, stopped and tried to console her. "Don't cry, lady," he said, "It would have been an idiot anyway. Lookit the ears on it."



"Winter draws on," remarked Art absent-mindedly as he tucked Maggie into his sleigh for an old-fashioned sleigh ride.

"Is that any of your business?" retorted Maggie icily.



Patient: "I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness."

Friend: "What's so rough about that?"

Patient: "You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner."



All a sweater did for her was make her itch.



Kindergarten Teacher: Let's all draw what we'd like to be when we grow up.

At the end of twenty minutes every kid handed in a paper except little Butch.

"Why, Butch," remonstrated his teacher, "isn't there anything you want to be when you grow up?"

"Sure, Teacher," replied Butch, "I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

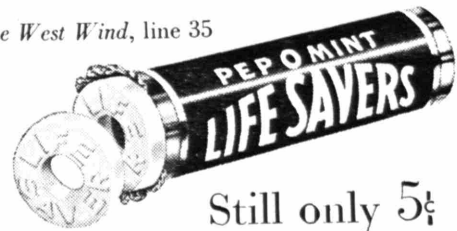
SHELLEY



on Life Savers:

"So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!"

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



Still only 5¢

DINE AT THE

HONEY BEE CAFE

fast table service—air conditioned

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS

700 Mass. Ave., Cambridge

phones: ELiot 4-8683, 4-8835

Charlie Mun

LAUNDRY

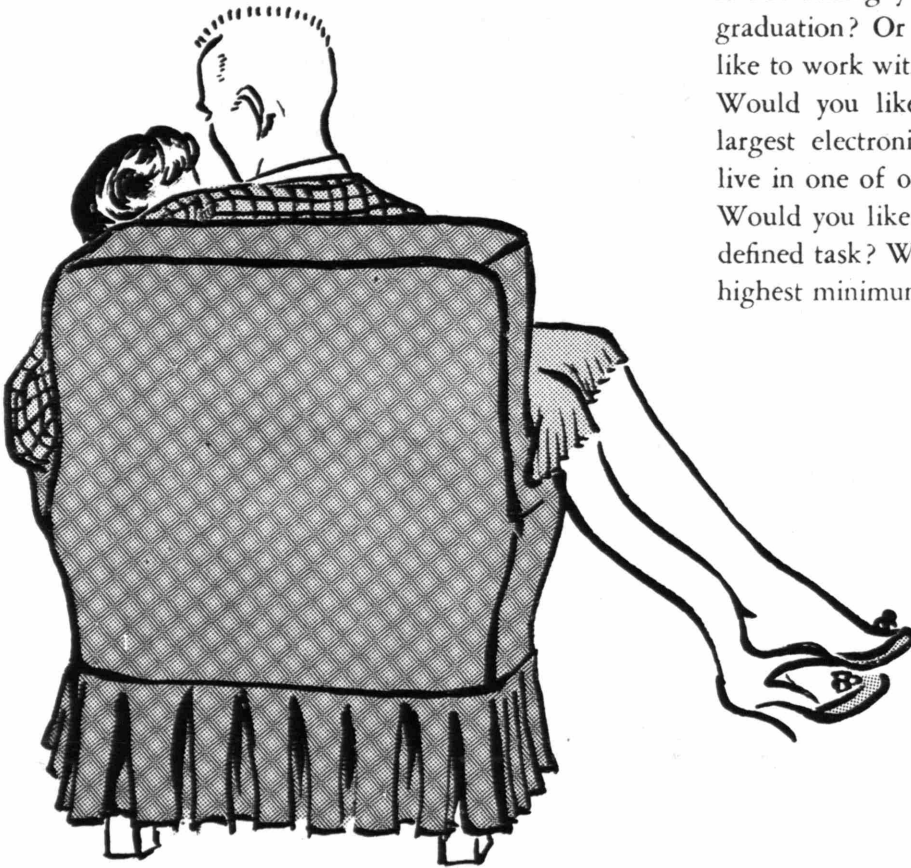
Complete Laundry Service

88 MASS. AVE.
BOSTON

Telephone
KE 6-9472

DE GUSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM EST

(Even of Course VI men)



Is she telling you what kind of job to take after graduation? Or what kind of company you would like to work with? If she is, has she asked you this? Would you like to work for one of the world's largest electronics companies? Would you like to live in one of our largest cities or company towns? Would you like to work interminably at a precisely defined task? Would you like to be assured the very highest minimum salary?

Or would you rather work with a small company on a wide variety of electronic research and development programs? Would you like to work near real living country—rocky hills and clear waters of southern Connecticut? Would you like a chance to shoulder increasing responsibility, with salary to match, as rapidly as possible? Would you like to know all about your project from every aspect? Would you like to be one of a group of engineers who originate most of the projects they work on? Would you like to work at something a little different now and then, like writing an ad for Voo Doo?

If you would like to know more, write to us. We would like to hear from Course II and Course VIII people who are interested in electronics, as well as from Course VI men. Tell us your name, address, course and prospective degree—and, if you wish, your skills, interests and ambitions. Our representative—a Tech man—will be around shortly.

C. G. S. LABORATORIES, INC.

391 Ludlow Street

Stamford, Connecticut

55 minutes from Times Square

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Cambridge, Massachusetts

The MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers the following Professional Courses:

School of Architecture and Planning

Architecture

City Planning

School of Engineering

Aeronautical Engineering
Building Engineering and Construction
Chemical Engineering
Chemical Engineering Practice
Civil Engineering
Options: Theory and Design
Planning and Administration
Construction and Management
Electrical Engineering
Options: Electric Power
Electrical Communications
Electronic Applications

Electrical Engineering-Cooperative Course
General Engineering
Marine Transportation (suspended 1952)
Mechanical Engineering
Metallurgy
Options: Metallurgy
Mineral Engineering
Meteorology
Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering

School of Science

Biochemical Engineering
Chemical Biology
Chemistry
Food Technology
Food Technology—Five Year Course
General Science

Geology
Geophysics
Mathematics
Physical Biology
Physics
Quantitative Biology
Science Teaching

School of Humanities and Social Studies

Economics and Engineering
Courses: Based on Mechanical Engineering
Based on Electrical Engineering
Based on Chemical Engineering

School of Industrial Management

Business and Engineering Administration
Courses: Based on Physical Sciences
Based on Chemical Sciences

The duration of each of the above undergraduate Courses is four academic years and leads to the Bachelor's degree, with the following exceptions: (1) Architecture, which is a five-year course leading to the Bachelor's degree; (2) Chemical Biology, Food Technology (Five Year Course), Physical Biology, and the Cooperative Course in Electrical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years and lead to the Bachelor's degree and the Master's degree; (3) Science Teaching, which is of five year's duration and leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the degree of Master of Arts in Teaching from Harvard University.

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.

No wonder filter smokers are flocking to Winstons!

WINSTON

tastes good—like a cigarette should!



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Filters so effectively...yet doesn't flatten the flavor!



■ New, king-size Winston is the filter cigarette *real smokers* will enjoy! Winston's got *real flavor* — full, rich, tobacco flavor. Along with finer flavor, Winston also brings you a finer filter. The Winston filter is unique, it's different, it works so effectively — yet doesn't flatten the flavor. Winstons are king-size for extra filtering action . . . easy-drawing for extra good taste. Try a pack of Winstons!

FINER
FILTER!

FINER
FLAVOR!

KING SIZE,
TOO!

Smoke **WINSTON** the easy-drawing filter cigarette!