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Christmas has come and gone, the new year properly ushered in and forgotten. We have finished boring everyone with tales of vacation and the New Haven has returned its Victorian coaches to the barns for another year. The puffy eyes of too much sleep have given way to those of too little, as the ghost of term past tortures us with the image of finals present. Even the freshmen are beginning to realize that those fine, bright resolutions will never be. The term paper we alloted only three hours in an optimistic December now looks to require the length of Gibbons' "Decline and Fall."

We find that, despite their protestations to the contrary, the Institute has looked with disfavor upon our ignoring academic trivia to pursue the myth of the well-rounded man. It is now that the adolescently hard shell of cynicism, the uplifted eyebrow and delicately devastating sneer, shatters and all the Sartre in Radcliffe is not enough to convince anyone that grades are unimportant and meaningless. The fact that the number of people entering mental hospitals yearly equals the number entering college takes on added meaning, as we burble gently in our beer.

But then, this is January and January has always been so. Hard headed editors have fallen and even the taciturn business board forgets * that we sold three less issues last month than in the month before. The atheist doesn't spit when he goes by a church and a few sophomore agnostics can be seen sneaking in the side door. The ashtrays seem to fill faster and there aren't as many benzedrine tablets in the box as there were last night and more than there will be tomorrow.

But don't look lingeringly at the recruiting posters, this story ends happily. It always has before . . . HAPPY NEW YEAR.

-J. H. D.

This month's cover by Rollbuhler

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Doing the town without a girl is like drinking non-alcoholic beverages. Meaningless! It is to put that kick in every Tech man's life that we direct our attentions now to the distribution and mating habits of the Boston female. It is a well known fact, to those Tech men without need of this article, that the Boston variety woman is not so average as she is widely distributed about the mean. Put more succinctly than is mathematically possible, they differ.

It is this difference that confuses the beginner. The amateur woman hunter, looking for the F—ma of finding and keeping a girl, invariably discovers that in life a force may accelerate one relationship while decelerating another. There-

fore the first principle.

DO NOT APPLY RIGID BODY EQUATIONS TO GIRLS.

The most fundamental part of getting and keeping a girl is getting. We direct our attention correspondingly. Girls form 50.8092 per cent of the Boston population and are literally everywhere in one form or another. This form is gen-

erally good.

At the risk of being hopelessly sentimental, we say, unqualifiedly, that there is a girl for YOU. She may be at Simmons or Radcliffe or in high school or perhaps in grade school (in which case we counsel patience) but she exists. Most probably she is filling her days looking for YOU.

In that case, we ask ourselves, how is she doing it. Knowing the ravishing beauty that will soon be yours, we think she will be biding her time at dances, at social functions. She might be a student nurse, her heart a-flutter, waiting for you. (Knowing the practical Tech man, we caution you that heart flutters are not detectable with a stethoscope.) If you think that you can spot her anyhow, considering all that daydreaming, you might try the Massachusetts General Hospital which has occasional Friday night dances. The nurses are well thought of, here at Tech.

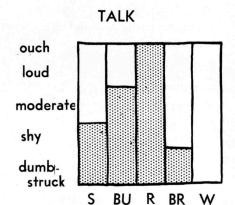
Perhaps you picture this "almost" girl friend of yours as inclined to square dancing. In that case, she might be found at the Boston YWCA on Tuesday nights or at the Brimmer May School on Thursday nights. Admission is \$.90 and \$0.65 respectively. Square dancing, you recall, is an informal arrangement. A dainty foot stepped on may be considered the equivalent of a formal introduction. In all events, keep your eyes open. We can not stress this too strongly.

Occasional mixers on Sunday afternoons at Brandeis college provide an opportunity to meet girls (generally New Yorkers) who combine native sophistication with the pent up feeling that comes from being situated on the outskirts of town. Take the Watertown trolley from Harvard Square to Watertown and then the Roberts Waltham bus to Brandeis.

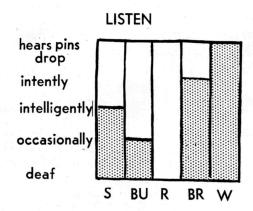
Something a little closer to home, perhaps. You might try crashing the Radcliffe Jolly-ups. These are dormitory affairs, open house and held near the beginning of each semester. Over a period of two weeks all the dorms have their Jolly-up. You might jolly well go look someone up.

In general it is important to

have some idea of the type of girl that you are going to meet at certain functions. At the risk of alienating certain girl friends and female acquaintances in the Boston area, we have compiled a pair of graphs, not necessarily factual, on the prominent characteristics of the college woman.



(Initials do not necessarily correspond to Simmons, Boston University, Radcliffe, Brandeis and Wellesley.) We see by this first graph that while the talk of girls at some schools may approach the sound of a jet plane in intensity, other college students are less opinionated.



The second graph shows comparative listening and proves conclusively, that on the whole, no woman can talk and listen at the same time. We might also mention the division of all girls into those who live in Boston and those who are from out of town. Possibly the M.T.A. traveling commuter appeals to you with her wide knowledge of Boston and unlimited one o'clocks. Perhaps you favor the out of town girl who, unsure of her surroundings, is searching for a strong arm (yours) and an understanding countenance. The difference between an understanding countenance and a leer is not normally found on a slide rule. Any Tech man so requiring, will be given instruction concerning this in the Voo Doo office.

Having gotten the girl you are naturally interested in keeping her. This frequently takes the form of "Doing the Town." Since back and future issues of Voo Doo have and will concern themselves with the places to take her, we will consider the question of how to do it.

Assuming the money, (we realize the unfairness of this assumption) the Tech man must know how to handle himself, and use a bit of practical psychology. He must suit the personality to the woman. An example will explain this. John (Hack it with a slide

rule) Smith has finally gotten a date with a girl from a nearby college. (We won't say it's name but it's initials are Radcliffe College.) When told condescendingly that: "You boys use slide rules, don't you?", he must quickly disassociate himself from the rest of us crying: "Oh no mam, I counts on muh fingers." The girl then realizes that her man is different. Principle two is therefore:

BE DIFFERENT.

On the other hand, some across the river colleges are impressed by the belief that all Tech men must memorize log tables and wear slide rules next to their heart. In that case, you might practice reciting long series of numbers and calling them pie or e or something.

If you should make a mistake while escorting her somewhere, speak right up and say: "I made a faux pas." This combination of honesty and calling things by their French name is called Sauvitée. And the third principle is therefore:

BE SAUVE.

It is, of course, important to amuse her. In general this requires either wit or a good memory. The fourth principle is therefore:

READ VOO DOO THOR-OUGHLY.

Also, you must be self-confident. Some people are so by nature. If you are not, we suggest the following. On rising, repeat 20 times "Every day in every way, I am getting more self-confident." A few weeks of this will convince anyone. The next principle is therefore:

HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF.

If you follow all these principles and attend these places you will find at least one and possibly two adoring females hanging on your every arm and word. You will never have had it so good. All we ask in return, is that should you find yourself with a surplus, you bring her around to our place. We haven't seen a girl in months.

Jeremy J. Stone

A local professor was raking the yard a few days ago. Across the fence the neighbor lady was hoeing in her garden.

"Nice evening," said the prof.

"Yes, indeed," replied the lady, "what are you doing?"

"I'm raking the yard," replied the prof., "and I'm the best little raker you ever saw."

"Well, I'm hoeing the garden, but I'm not the best—" replied the lady who quickly turned and went into the house.

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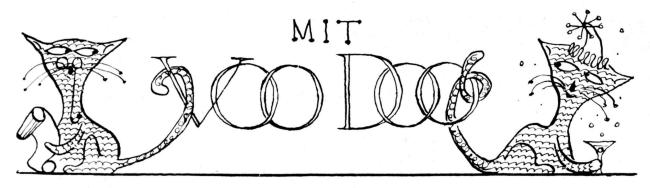
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FRESHMAN friend of ours, A FRESHMAN And A having finally persuaded an omnipotent senior to guide him, decided to make his maiden journey to Durgin-Park. Having decided to walk, he reports, they soon found themselves in the confusing mass of streets known to the cosmopolitan as Boston. Arriving at a cross roads the senior, showing some hesitation, pointed West as the direction of Durgin-Park and then proceeded to walk East. Our friend expressed surprise at this and was told that it didn't matter which way you walked, it was just as far either way. Our freshman then asked if this didn't prove the universe was round. "Oh no," replied the senior. "The universe is much bigger than that. It just means that Boston is the hub of it."

THE other morning we were standing in the dormitory office debating with ourselves whether or not to attend a lecture. While we stood thus in indecision, pitting arguments pro and con, we overheard a young, earnest student berating a pimply-faced, sheepish youth as follows:

"Why, you can count the classes you've been to this term on your fingers, and you *know* it!"

Hanging our head with shame we hurried off to the lecture.

I N a record store the other day one of the Kenton fanatics on our staff overheard a rather hillbillyish looking man asking the clerk for what sounded like "Fideedle Fidaddle." Our man came to the bewildered clerk's assistance — we know it sounds phoney for a Voo Doo man to assist anybody, but this clerk was 19 years old and stacked like the Queen Mary—by suggesting that Fiddle Faddle was the tune in question. He, being a quick on the trigger chap, said, "Give this gentleman 'Fideedle Fidaddle' by Arthur Fideidler and the Boston Pops." We hope the man never buys any high fidedelity equipment because then the cow is sure to jump over the moon.

GRADUATE student of our acquaintance and of no small ability in the field of psychology has perfected a method for getting the upper hand at the dances known commonly as rat races. It consists of elbowing your way in the direction of the refreshments and there busying yourself by eating and drinking. After a few hours of this men of lesser patience will have given up the dance and gone home. A few hours more and you will be left alone with the girls and the food. At this point, we are told, you must grab a handful of food, look around absentmindedly, and walk out. This leaves the girls without an escort. You don't meet many girls this way, but it sure does help the ego.

I T has been brought to our attention that there is a national sorority which has banded together under the respectable old Greek letters Kappa Alpha Tau. They're a pretty active group, according to our confidential sources, and are constantly striving to get a KAT house on every campus. Nice, genteel, respectable girls . . .

A GIRL friend of ours was mortified nearly to death when her psychiatrist went to sleep during the interview. She showed up for the next session with a cup of coffee for him. He didn't smile. Instead, he achieved that ineffable state of one-upness so maddeningly characteristic of the profession by saying: "You remember, Miss Jones, you were telling me how you are always playing pranks on people—pranks which never turn out to be funny and which merely alienate you from the people concerned? Do you remember at the time trying very hard but being unable to give me a specific example?"

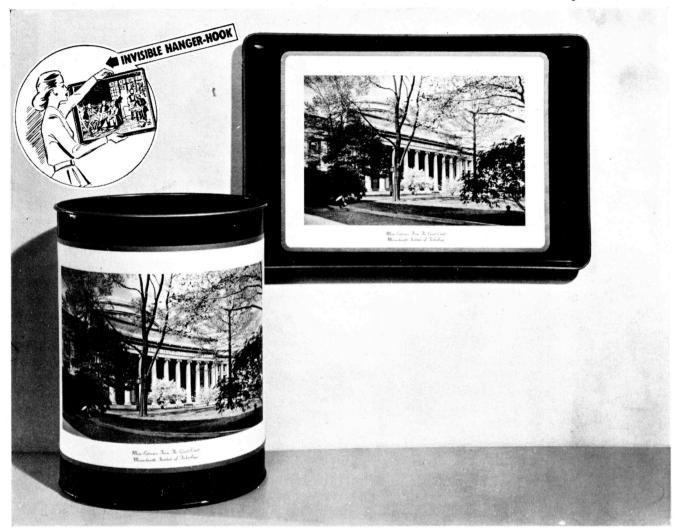
SINCE they invaded our office one evening last year, we have not had anything to say about the black-slack, tight-sweater, Kresgehandkerchief - over - the - curling pins set. We are happy to report that they seem to be flourishing as ever. We overheard the following exchange between two members of the set one evening on the common, a short distance away from a nativity scene:

"Aw heck, I wanna go home."

"Jeeeezus Christ, let's go look at the manger."

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It was a hell of a time to hear knocking on the door. Frank pulled himself off the bed, felt his way to the door, and flipped the light on. He looked around to make sure the closet was closed and then hitched up his pajama pants and pulled the door open.

But it wasn't the judicial committee looking for hot plates; it was a pretty, young girl. She stood feet apart just outside, her coat in one arm and a half empty bottle of Scotch in the other. The tight, translucent evening gown she wore shimmered and flashed in the hall lights as she quivered gently all over.

"May I come in?" she asked, coming in. Her voice was a vibrant, husky alto, and it made Frank a little nervous. He picked his nose a little, not knowing what to reply.

"Please close the door," she begged, as if it were a great favor; "it's getting drafty in here."

Frank complied automatically, and then resumed picking his nose.

"My name is Elivere," she whispered; "what's yours?"

"Frank."

"That's a good name; it fits you."

"Look, Elivere, your boy friend will be looking

for you, won't he?"

"No," she said earnestly, tossing back her long thick soft black hair with a shake of her head so that her shapely breasts moved as if to follow. "No, he drank too much, far too much. He won't be looking for anybody. Let's not talk about him."

She seated herself carefully on Frank's bed, crossing her smooth, clean-shaped legs at the ankle.

"Look here," said Frank, "it's three o'clock in the

morning."

"The best time of all," said the sensuous alto voice. She carefully placed the bottle of Scotch on the floor, and then lay down on the bed, using her fur coat as a pillow. "Won't you have some whisky?"

"Thanks," said Frank. He picked up the bottle, had two swallows and handed it to her. She set it down on the floor again and then began talking in a dreamy, husky voice, her breasts rising and falling as she spoke.

"High above the valleys is the stony plateau, where the black granite rocks stand in sharp terraces. Block by block are the cold stones piled, their black and brown substance interlaced with veins of bright blue and scarlet, their smooth surfaces washed to an evil glittering polish by the sharp cold rains.

"A pavement of giants, an avenue for titans, the paleolithic blocks stand plumb and true, even the weak light from the overcast black sky drawing cold sparks from their icy planes. Higher and higher mount the great megaliths, a stony stairway to the heights above."

Frank took his finger out of his nose and wiped the snot off on his pajama shirt, and muttered, "I

don't believe I know that one."

"There at the tip of the ascent begins the soft, sunny green plain, whose low rounded hills look up into a bright warm blue sky garnished with fluffy white clouds. Down the warm slopes of the hillocks rush little brooks, winding to and fro between lanes of elm trees, and shaded by their thick green leaves, dancing across the broad green carpet, quenching the thirsts of the smiling, laughing daisies.

"And all the little brooks flow and join a common channel, a swift river which gathers speed and force and runs down the gentle slope, pulling pebbles along its route. Faster and faster rushes the river,

madder and madder dance the little pebbles, until suddenly the green lawn ends at the lip of the cliff wall, and the swift column of water shoots out into the thin air, a thousand feet above the valley floor, and dives madly into the boiling mists below."

"That's nice," said Frank, "but say, Miss, uh, Elivere, it's getting very late; don't you have to be back

where you live some time tonight?"

"Don't you want to hear the rest of it?" she asked innocently.

"Sure."

"Then come here," she whispered.

Frank walked over to her and she took his hand in both of hers. Her hands were soft and warm and a translucent pink, and her gleaming nails were the

same color as her soft, trembling lips.

"Part way up the cliff wall, behind the fall, hidden by the mists, is the cave mouth. There, inside the rough granite hall hung on oaken posts embedded in the living rock is a door carved from a single giant ruby, a door locked fast with a silver lock and sealed with golden seals. Inside, in a wide, low room hung with gold samite, carpeted with the soft, figured rugs of Persia, I recline on silken cushions stuffed thick with the feathers of the swan, reading curious old manuscripts by the amber light of scented candles or singing old songs to my rosewood guitar.

"Climb the stony precipice, break the oaken posts, crack the silver lock, burst the golden seals, shatter the ruby door, and come in to me. And I will shred and burn the musty manuscripts and smash the dead guitar and we will make new songs and sing them together. And the river may march down to the sea and the hills watch the leaves fall and the storms

batter the devil's great stones for all we care."

"Is that all?"

"All there is to say," she murmured.

"Well, then, it's getting late and I need some

sleep. Go bother someone else."

She rose from the bed with a puzzled expression on her face, picked up her coat and Scotch, and finally went out the door Frank had opened. He closed it, listening to hear the latch snap, and then pinned

the door shut with the straightened hook of a wire coathanger.

Then he knocked on the closet door. Jane opened it from inside, and stepped into the room, wearing a transparent nightgown.

"Well anyway," she said, "I'm glad it wasn't the

judicial committee."

"Let's go back to bed," Frank suggested, turning out the light.

-Harold Kaplan



"Are you sure he said this work concerns his thesis?"

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"Shouldn't be too bad . . . memorize a few fundamentals and derive everything else . . . let's see . . . F=ma . . . pv=nRT . . . I'll cream this one all right."



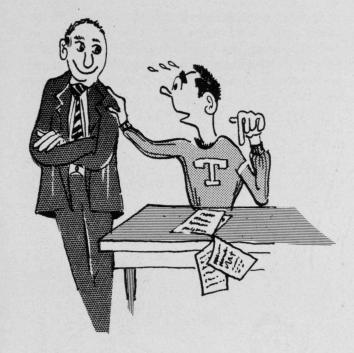
"Looks like a long exam . . . must be six pages . . . long questions are usually easier though."



"First one looks easy . . . hmm-m . . . third one looks tough . . . what's this about the variable Plotz constant? . . . that was in the section he told us not to bother with."



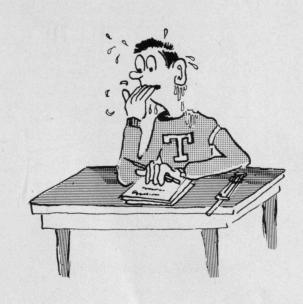
"Better start the first one . . . oh, this is one of those Third Law problems . . . now . . . forty square centimeters, three dynes per foot . . . what's the secondary vo!tage? . . . that should be given . . . you gotta know the secondary voltage . . . maybe you use that monster formula in the book . . . I'll remember it later . . . better go on to the next one."



"Now, in this fourth problem, where it says, 'Find the maximum angle of curvature knowing the velocity of propagation and the density of carbon dimethyl propane,' are you supposed to treat it like a boundary-value problem, or can you neglect friction?...does the wheel turn at constant velocity?... is this a wire connection, or an ink blot?"



"Just gotta finish the last one...let's see... half mv^2 equals, $uh ... kx = \frac{1}{2}sl^2 dv/dt$... just finishing up, $sir ... w = gx \sqrt{30z^3} p$... MTA = BMT... maybe I'll get part credit on the fifth one... oh, is the exam over?... what!... it was open book!!"



"Oh, \bigvee ?\$&!?&!! a derivation! . . . 'Prove the electron flow is perpendicular to the plane of the page and varies inversely with the square of the hypotenuse.' . . . must be based on that theory of Kluck, or maybe you use Glitzstein's method . . . if only I could remember how he did that derivation in lecture . ."



"Ha-ha!...it was open book!...whee!...hickory-dickory-dock...the mouse ran up the open book... $I=\frac{1}{2}ml^2$... $e=mc^2$...g=3.14159...whee! I'm an open book...Tds=3rm...Rah! for Technology."



"He is very strong for his age."

The Senator needed a secretary and a psychologist invited him down to watch the examination of candidates for the job.

The psychologist called in the first girl and asked: "What's two and two?" Her answer was prompt: "Four." The second girl thought for a moment, suspecting a catch, and said, "Twenty-two." The last applicant answered: "Four, but it could be 22."

After they had gone the psychologist said to the Senator: "Those tests were very revealing. The first girl had a conventional mind; to her, two and two is always four. The second girl has imagination; she realized it might be 22. The third girl is a combination of both; she's practical and has imagination. Clearly she will make the best secretary. Now, which would you like?"

Without hesitation the Senator replied: "The one in the tight sweater."

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St. Peter was interviewing the fair damsel at the pearly gates. "Did you while on earth, indulge in necking, petting, smoking or dancing?" "Never," she retorted emphatically. "Then why haven't you reported sooner?" said St. Peter. "You've been dead a long time."



"That dress looks very well on you."

"Why of course it does. I was just made for this dress."

"You should have held out for a fur coat!"



"... Come on in—the water's fine!"

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ODE TO THE ROAD

My country tis of thee: Camels, Salada Tea, Pepsi-Cola, Buick is best, Ipana, and all the rest Dot our highways here and there. Chewing gum and toothy grins, Eat Bond Bread for vitamins. Our land's scenic countryside Covered with billboards, behind which hide Cops. Sweet land of liberty Of thee I sing. I love thy rocks and rills, Signboards and posted bills. From every mountainside Let Nature hide. Gas stations here and there, Oil pumps and free air. Thirty miles to Carlsbad Caverns, Ed's garage and dingy taverns, Let freedom ring.

-M. Wolfgang Deskey

KULTUR, KULTUR, KULTUR.

the fastidious humanist amidst the savages gazes benevolently down and delivers himself of Kultur later with an elegant air to distinguish the humanist from the Barbarous through the corridor strides a Lofty Soul

-Jeremy J. Stone

ZODIAC

Is it too warm, is it too cold;
And what is your whim, dear, tonight?
Am I too gentle, am I too bold;
Or is my deportment all right?

Ten thousand eyes have watched the skies; Is Saturn in Geminus yet? And is your star still on the rise Or is it beginning to set?

Moods, moods, ten thousand moods,
And none of them base, for that matter.
Ten thousand appetites, ten thousand foods
And maybe a head on a platter.

What was that? Your cigarette needs a light?
And would I please stand on my head?
I'm sorry my dear, you bore me tonight
And I think I am going to bed.

-Amby

A SONNET ON PERSISTENCE

The moon peeps through the clouds to see the mist That lies upon the land, as Dick and Joe Across the river in a small boat row To see the crater where, the tales insist, A college stood, before the H-bomb's fist Descended half a hundred years ago; And there at midnight, by the moon's faint glow, They see one walk who's on the dead men's list. Gid Gartner's ghost stares at a phantom book And tears his misty hair and screams, "I'll guess The substitution yet! I'll find the clue." He rises, takes some whisky from a nook, And cries, "By Hell, I'll integrate this mess If it's the last thing that I ever do."

-Harold Kaplan

Little Bar.

An analysis of that puzzling enigma of modern, and I use the word advisedly, literature, the little bar story.

This is a story of the fantastic and the unusual. Now that you know, why in the name of hell are you reading this sentence? You know damn well it's a waste of time, you should have stopped after the first line because (a.) either you're the type of person who doesn't read stories like this, or (b.) you are the type who reads stories like this. That's logical isn't it? So why read on? Either you won't like this (case a.), or you've read so many like it that you can guess what's going to happen without reading it (case b.).

You know, for instance, that the story will be set in a "little bar." Stories like this one are always set in little bars. They never deal with big bars, milk bars, or even sand bars, only little bars. Furthermore, you know that the lights will be dim, the air smoky and the place almost deserted. If you were to pause a moment to analyze, you would see that air conditioning and fluorescents might bring in a crowd and some money, but the owners of "little bars" never seem to care about such mundane things as dough, theirs not to wonder why, theirs but to provide a background.

You can also be sure that the action will center around a character who is known as "the bartender." The bartender is invariably a philosophic, garrulous Irishman, a singular anomaly who doesn't exist. Of the hundreds of bartenders I have had personal contact with, only one was Irish, and not a single one was any more philosophic than the average street cleaner; nor did any of them demonstrate a vocabulary larger than: "What'll it be, Bud?" and an occasional grunt.

Anyone who has had any experience knows that the next person to skip, trip, stumble, stagger, or stride onto the scene will be "the character." The character has one, and only one opening gambit, and that is to stride to the bar and mutter "the usual." This serves the dual purpose of showing that the character is in the habit of making frequent visits to this particular little bar, and that he is familiar to the bartender. "The usual" may be a beer, a rye and ginger, a scotch and soda, or, most typical, a shot of the character's private, special, mysterious stock, imported especially from the tropical rain forests of Afghanistan. Downing a huge gulp of usual, the

character embarks upon "the story."

It seems that the character has either sold his soul to the devil, bought some souls from the Devil and been caught in a bear market, found the secret door to heaven, lost the secret door to heaven, is haunted by hobgoblins, haunts hobgoblins and hates his work, has discovered the secret of making gold out of moose mung, has discovered the secret of making moose mung out of gold, has lost his pet dragon, has discovered he can telekineticize, telepithize, dematerialize, and/or telephonize, and it worries him. Not one character ever enters a little bar to worry about how he's going to pay for the rent or even the drink in front of him. These are but trivialities; the burning question is always the weird machinations of the supernatural.

It is the duty of the bartender to listen attentively to the character during the narrative of the story, and then to rationalize the narrative into a dream, the D.T.'s or an overactive imagination on the part of the character. When he finally convinces the character, it is the character's duty to either vanish mysteriously, with or without a puff of sulphorous smoke, or to make some remark like: "You've convinced me Kelly, O'Brien, McSweeny, or whatever the bartender's name is, now convince the *other* head." Either of these two actions leave the bartender and the reader baffled and frustrated, and it is on this note that the story inevitably ends.

If you've read all the way through this junk despite my warning, in the hopes of finding a story, I'm afraid you're about to be baffled and frustrated, because I adamantly refuse to write one. Don't feel too bad, though, you've achieved the net result anyway.

-Malcolm Singerman

A little boy went to school for the first time last month and the teacher explained to him that if he wanted to go to the washroom at any time he should raise two fingers.

The little boy, looking very puzzled, asked, "How's that going to stop it?"



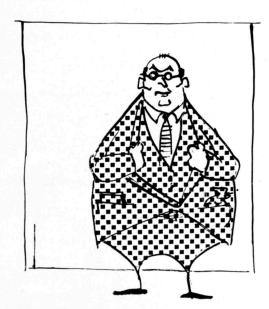
Father to small boy dragging top half of bikini bathing suit along beach: "Now show Daddy exactly where you found it . . ."

A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO VOO DOO

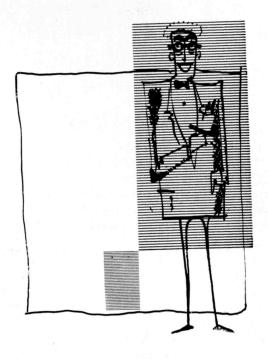
Here is a glimpse into the inner life of a big, successful college magazine. Portrayed here are the people who make up the heart, the nerve center, of this vast organization. Here is the talent and genius. Here also is the dedication and perspiration. Here is VOO DOO!



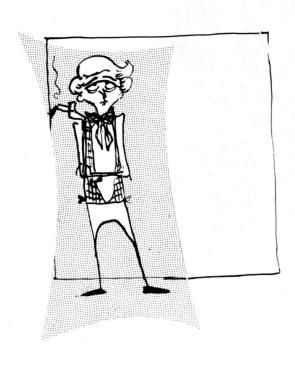
This is an editor. He saw the "Front Page." He wears a green eye-shade and screams "copy." He thinks he runs the magazine. We all laugh at him. He is a fraud, too.



This is a business manager. He steals. He thinks we do not know. One day we will audit his books. Then he will go to the penitentiary. He is a thief.



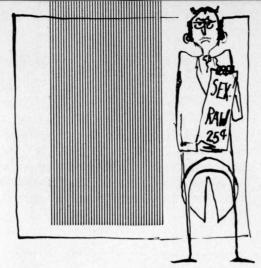
This is a general manager. He wears a coat and tie and a toothy grin. He has been known to confuse himself with God. He tells the dean he will clean up the magazine. No one believes him. He is a fraud.



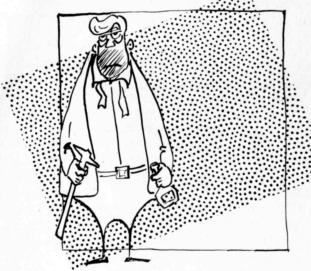
This is a literary editor. See how serious he is. He is bringing culture to the masses. We throw out all his stories. Then we print dirty jokes instead. He thinks we are illiterate bores. He is right.



This is a joke editor. He has no sense of humor whatsoever. But he has a razor blade. He uses it to cut jokes. Sometimes he cuts himself, too. Then we all laugh and laugh.



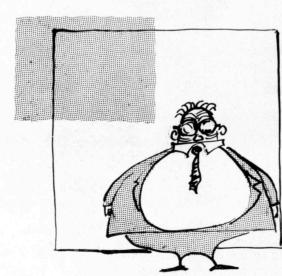
This is a publicity manager. He lives in a small, dark hole in the office. Once a month he comes out to play in Bldg. 10. He does not sell any magazines. But we all laugh to see him play. He is so ugly.



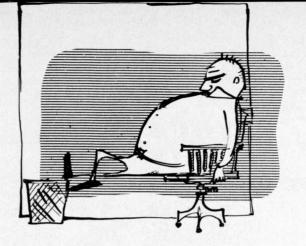
This is a make-up editor. He has problems. He drinks. That is why the magazine is always this sloppy. He thinks everyone hates him. He is right, too.



This is an art editor. He owns the ink. He cannot be bothered with deadlines. They stifle his creative impulses. Soon we will buy our own ink. Then where will he be?



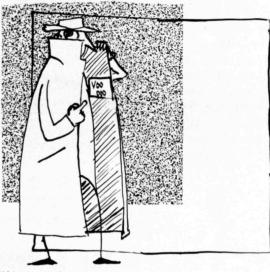
This is a features editor. He steals art from the art staff. He steals lit. from the lit. staff. Then he signs his name to it all. He has no talent at all. He will not be with us much longer.



This is an office manager. He has it soft. He sells our beer to the urchins. He says he needs a new broom. We will give him a new broom, all right. Can you guess where?



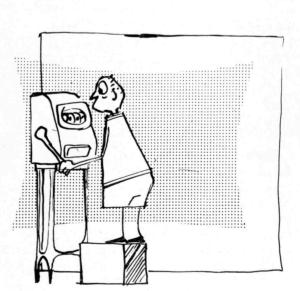
This is an advertising manager. He takes bribes. He tells everyone they will be on the front cover. Then he says the editor double-crossed him. He is going to Bermuda on his ten percent. We hope he will stay there.



This is a sales manager. He gets all the magazines early. Then he gives them to his little friends. What is left he sells. That is good of him. We appreciate such small favors.



This is a circulation manager. He figures out how many magazines we can sell. Then he doubles and adds two thousand. He laughs to see the back issues piled high in the office. We are going to tie him on top and light them.



This is a treasurer. He is incredibly ignorant. But he is very, very rich. When he tells us we are losing money we beat him. Then his father sends us a check, his father is nice.

A snake, a skunk, a frog, a duck, and a giraffe dropped in to the local armpit to live it up a bit. They finished their booze and asked for the check.

"I'll have to wriggle out of this," said the snake

sheepishly.

"I have a scent," said the skunk.

"I have a greenback," put in the frog.

"I have a bill," said the duck.

The giraffe looked at the check disgustedly and said, "Well, it looks like the highballs are on me."

eag

A young lady, with a touch of hay fever, took with her to a dinner party two handkerchiefs, one of which she stuck in her bosom. At dinner she began rummaging to right and left in her bosom for the fresh handkerchief. Engrossed in her search, she suddenly realized that conversation had ceased and people were watching her, fascinated.

In confusion she murmured, "I know I had two

when I came."



Twenty-five women in one man's bed. Crowding his feet and crowding his head Twenty-five women. Of course he's dead. Twenty-five women—doing the Rhumba Naturally, that would get any man's number, Knock him off to his final slumber. Twenty-five women in a dead man's bed! Twenty-five women! Is that what you said? Twenty-five women! No wonder he 's dead.

Eco

They are telling the story now of the arrival in Britain of a shipment of fresh eggs from the United States. One store received its allotment and the proprietor immediately put a sign in the window, "THESE EGGS ARE FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS ONLY." A line formed in front of the store, and one woman whispered to the clerk, "I'd consider it a favor if you'd put a dozen eggs under the counter for me. I'll call for them in the morning."

-naturally

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Charlie Mun

LAUNDRY

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88 MASS. AVE. BOSTON

Telephone KE 6-9472 "Did you knock on the door and wake that traveling salesman like I told you?" the landlady asked.

"I did that," said the new chambermaid fresh from the country. "But he's such a sound sleeper, I couldn't wake him that way. So I went in and shook him until he did."

"Good Heavens!" said the landlady. "Don't you know any better than to go into the bedroom of a traveling salesman?"

"I do now, mum," answered the maid.



Speakeasys in shady sectors, Charleston, Jazz and hootch inspectors, Ivy leaguers, scandal, sin, People drinking bathtub gin, Scions' money, all you ask, Yellow roadster, pocket flask, Yachts upon the Hudson tacking, Women with their morals lacking, Parties, fun, alas alack, When the hell's it coming back.



Upon entering a room in a Los Angeles hotel, a woman recognized a well known businessman pacing up and down, and she asked what he was doing there

"I'm going to deliver a speech," he said.

"Do you usually get very nervous before making a speech?"

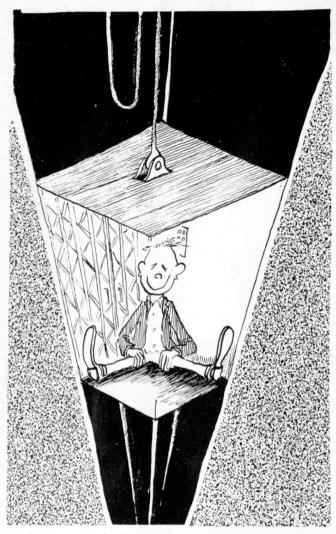
Nervous?" he replied. "No, I never get nervous." "In that case," demanded the woman, "WHAT are you doing in the Ladies' Room?"



Three old maids lived together and each owned a cat which she kept shut up for fear it would go tomcatting. One of the old maids got married and after honeymooning for a few days wired the other old maids as follows:

"You can keep your cats shut up if you want to, but turn mine out."

The Fourth Floor.



Some one of these nights you may be walking alone in the fog, just thinking. You might be thinking about that wonderful girl you knew, wishing you were the lucky guy, or maybe thinking about the folks back home, or wondering what the hell you're working your head off at Tech for. Sure—there's a million things you could be thinking about when the guy steps out of the shadows into the pale yellow of the streetlight and asks, "Say, Tech! Got a light?" You'll wonder how he knew where you were from, and you'll want to ask him-but you won't. After you read his story you'll remember to give him a light and walk away. You'll remember, for his sake, not to look back. You'll remember to keep on walking, leaving him alone in the fog. If you pity him you'll remember.

"Say, Tech! Got a light? Thanks, fella, thanks a lot. Oh, I dunno how I can tell you guys from everybody else, I just can. After a couple of years at Tech

you get that way, I guess. You get so you can tell a Tech tool a mile off. You haven't been there long enough I guess. Two years, maybe? Yeah, you'll get so you can tell. You live in the dorms? Burton House, maybe? Sure, I used to live there too, up on the fourth floor. Great place. Had a lot of great times in Burton. When? Oh, a few years back. It doesn't matter now.

"How's things around the old house? Those klunky elevators still running? I figured they would be. They've been running since the year one, no reason for them to stop now. They never worked right, though. That one on the west side still skip the fourth floor? Too bad. I guess they were bound to fix it someday, but I always hoped they never would. Why? Well, Tech, it's a long story. Mind if I walk along with you?

"Funny, that damn elevator I mean. Had sort of a phobia about the fourth floor or something. Never would stop there unless you pushed the stop button, and then you couldn't get the door open. If you forgot about that crazy machine you had to ride up to five and walk down. Got to be a pain in the tail when you were in a hurry. Far's I know the damn thing only stopped on four once. That was the time I was in it. Yeah, guys tried for months to get it to stop there, and all of a sudden I get in it without thinking —you know how you do—push four, and the damn thing stops there. I woulda' been a wheel around the house, sort of like the first guy to fly to the moon, only I couldn't tell anybody about it. They wouldnta' believed me, any more than you would. Well, it's such a crazy story, that's all, like something out of a science fiction mag, you know? Well, O.K. If you got nothing better to do I'll tell you about it, but you won't believe it.

"It was just this kind of night. You know, foggy and all. About two-thirty I dragged in from over at East Campus where me and Tim had killed the last of a bottle of imported scotch he'd picked up somewhere. There wasn't much left in the bottle, just enough to make me forget about that west elevator, how it didn't stop on four, I mean. Well, I was a little fogbound thinkin' about where I was going to get a date for Saturday night, and I got in, pushed four, and started up. Funny, whenever you pushed four it would make like it was going to stop there, and then at the last minute it would go on up to five, like it was scared to stop on four. Damn near drove those course six men bats trying to figure out the circuits. Anyway, I was all the way up to three before I remembered that the thing wasn't going to stop. I was getting all set to tramp down from five when the thing stopped on four and the door opened. Surprised the hell out of me. That was the first time anybody could remember that it hadn't skipped four. What surprised me even more was the girl standing there in the hall, all alone. She wasn't even supposed to be in the place after 12. You know, house rules and all. But there she stood, just like she belonged there, all by herself. She had a brown coat over her shoulders, and a dark green scarf over the prettiest blond hair you'd ever want to see. Looked she'd just stepped out of an illustration in "Post," know what I mean? Just like the girl out of an autumn love story. I'd seen a lot of pretty girls in three years at Tech, most of them with other guys, but this one was really extra special. She was really tops. The combination of having that elevator stop on four and seeing her standing there like Venus deMilo with arms and clothes sort of floored me for a minute. My jaw had damn near dropped down to my knees when she spoke, and her voice sounded like the tinkle of ice in a highball. 'Hi! These elevators must run on a timetable—I've been trying to get it to come up here for five minutes. How do you do it?' I started to tell her that she could have waited until doomsday for that particular elevator to come because it didn't stop on four, but just in time I realized how silly that would sound, because I had just stepped out of it. 'Telekinesis,' I said, and changed the subject real quick. The subject I changed to was getting her out of the house without getting caught. I don't exactly know why I didn't ask her what she was doing there in the first place, but as it turned out it really wouldn't have made any difference. Anyway, we went down the stairs and out the back door without anybody seeing us, and walked down to Mass. Ave. there to get a taxi. We rode across town and I dropped her off at her apartment, making damn sure I wouldn't forget the address. I went back to the dorm, but I didn't get any sleep that night, or the next either. That girl really had me floored. I guess I knew the minute I saw her that there could never be anybody else. All I could think about was her, and how she had looked at me when that elevator door opened.

"We went to that dance together Saturday night, and it was like there was nobody there but us. You know how it is when you fall for a girl the first time you see her, or maybe you don't, but it was like that with us. The next week was the fastest and most wonderful seven days of my life. Every afternoon I'd walk out after classes and there she'd be, waiting by the bus stop for me like she had nothing else to do. Could be she didn't, I don't know. We did a lot

of talking during those seven days—we'd walk down along the river, just like you read in the stories, with the trees turning all red and gold and the sun warm on our backs, and we'd talk. Funny, we never talked about much in particular, but it was everything to us. She didn't say where she was from or what she was doing for a living or anything, and for some reason I never asked her. But like I say, it wouldn't have made much difference.

"It all ended just a week after that first night I saw her. We were walking along on the way back to her place after a dance, and it was real foggy, just like tonight. About two-thirty we started across the street in front of her apartment, but we never got to the other side. About halfway across this big truck comes tearin' around the corner on two wheels and heads straight for us. I don't know why, but Peggy froze, right there in the middle of the street. She just stood there staring at the lights of that truck coming toward us, with a kind of sad expression on her face, like she knew what was going to happen—like it had happened to her many times before.

"Without thinking I shoved her as hard as I could toward the sidewalk. The last thing I saw was Peggy, sprawled on the curb where she fell, opening her mouth to scream, but I never heard the scream. The roar of an engine and the screech of tires drowned it out, and then the truck hit me.

"All of a sudden I was standing in that west elevator, and the door was just opening on the fifth floor. It had skipped four, just like it always did.

"Don't laugh at me yet, there's a little more to the story. I stayed on the rest of that year and most of the next. I rode that west elevator all the time, even when I was in a hurry, hoping it would stop on four again, but it never did. I knew then I'd never see her again—I knew I could never go back—but I still hang around here, sort of keeping in touch with the guys from Burton. Maybe one of these days I'll run into somebody who's seen her, somebody who rode that elevator to the fourth floor.

"Yeah, I knew you wouldn't believe me. Nobody ever has, but I keep telling the story to you guys. Maybe someday somebody will believe me because he's seen her too, and fallen for her like I did.

"Well, take it easy, Tech. Nice meetin' you, and thanks again for the light. So long, fella."

Please, if you haven't seen her, just toss me a match and walk away. Please don't ask why or how I know where you're from. Please remember.



"Oh come, now-Let's be COMPLETELY ridiculous!"

God made women without a sense of humor so that they could love men instead of laugh at them.

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"THE GREATEST NAMES
IN JAZZ"

Nightly and Sunday Afternoon Jam Sessions 410 Massachusetts Avenue CI 7-8421 "Hey, mama, look, look, I can tell which one of them is a bull."

"Junior, not so loud. Everybody's looking. Keep still."

"But, mama, I know how to tell a bull when I see one."

"Junior, keep still or I'll take you home this very instant."

"Mama, wanta know how I can tell the bull, huh?"

"You just wait until I get you home, you little brat."

"Hey, mama, sure I know how to tell a bull when I see one. See, mama, there's one. Wanna have me tell you, mama, how I can tell, huh, mama?"

"Junior, please keep still. Mama'll get you anything you want if you'll please keep still."

"Well, mama, I can tell by the ring in his nose, that's how. See, mama."



He: One more kiss and then I must go. She: Oh, so you're one of those heat-and-run lovers?



He did a beautiful double twist three and a half gainer off the high board. "How did you ever learn to dive like that?" asked his bride of a few hours.

"I was an Olympic diving Champion, didn't you know?"

Then his bride took to the pool and swam around without stopping for ten hours. "How did you ever learn to swim like that?" He asked.

"I was a call girl in Venice."

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Open Till 2 A.M.

Here's a scene that took place on a crowded trolley car. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare. A young man is standing nearby with anguish written plainly on his handsome features.

Young man: "Pardon me, Miss, but may I pay

your fare?"

Young Lady: "Sir!"

Y. M.: "I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

Y. L.: "Why, I don't even know you and anyway

I'll have this purse open in a minute."

Continued groping.

Y. M.: "I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my pants three times."



He had the toughest job in the world. He sold sleeping pills at Niagara Falls.



"I like boys who know what they're doing, but I hate to think where they learned it."



Dean (to co-ed): "Are you writing that letter to a man?"

Co-ed: "It's a former roommate of mine."

Dean: "Answer my question."



They say that Hawaii is a good place for men who have asthma to go. The girls are so dumb that they can't tell it from passion.



One cold Saturday morning, a suburban resident noticed his neighbor walking in his backyard and wearing only a pajama top, nothing more.

"What's the idea?" inquired the onlooker.

"I don't know," he said, "the other day I walked over to the drug store without a scarf and got a stiff neck. It's my wife's idea." We love the football season. Aside from its many other blessings, it's the only time of the year when a fellow can walk down the street with a blanket on one arm and a girl on the other without having people ask so many damn fool questions.



Said a voice from a parked car: "What were you drinking tonight, rubbing alcohol?"

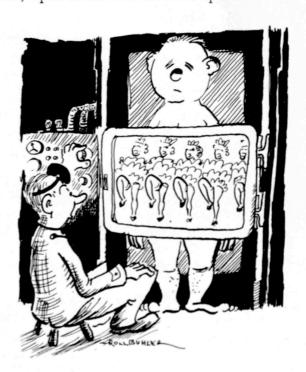


A Broadway girl may be good for nothing but she's seldom bad for nothing.



The night porter of the house where artist Pablo Picasso, the extreme modernist, was staying in Paris, helped police catch a burglar by remembering the man's appearance and then sketching it.

Picasso was impressed, so when his place was robbed soon after, he observed the bandit who bound him with ropes, and later did a painting of the man which he handed to the police. Guided by the sketch, they promptly rounded up 200 people, a horse, a hearse, a pair of old boots and a can opener.



"Now, madam, what can I do for you?" asked the butcher.

"I'll have a pound of fresh kidleys," said the lady.
"I beg your pardon," said the butcher. "A pound of . . .?"

"Kidleys."

"Er . . . don't you mean 'kidneys,' madam?"

"Certainly," replied the irate lady. "I said kidleys, diddle I?"



A sailor was telling a gray-haired old lady of all his harrowing experiences in the Korean war. She listened with bulging eyes as he described them.

"One day," he went on, "I looked over the ship's rail, just off the Korean coast, when I saw a torpedo coming straight for our ship . . ."

"My goodness," cried the old lady, "I do hope it

was one of ours."



Policeman (to man coming down street at 4:00 a.m. wearing a barrel): "Say, what's the idea? You a poker player?"

Man: "No, but I spent the night with some guys

who are!"



A country lass was milking a cow one evening near the fence by the road. A traveling salesman came by and asked the girl for a glass of milk. The girl insisted she must get permission from her mother. When she told her mother the circumstances her mother said, "You say he is a traveling man? Then come in this house and bring the cow with you!"



Dances are quite different today from what they were years ago. In days of old, when a woman had nothing to wear she stayed at home.



"Does she have her own way?"

"Does she? Why she writes her diary a week ahead of time."



"I think the damn efficiency expert has gone too far!"

A certain prof is a sworn enemy of coeducation. "It's impossible," he asserted, "to teach a boy mathematics if there's a girl in the class."

"Oh, come, professor," objected someone, "surely

there might be an exception to that."

"There might be," snapped the prof. "But he wouldn't be worth teaching!"



Some guys like it blatant, Others prefer it latent. But they all agree that nothing is Zanier Than nymphomanier.



"Will that be all, sir?"



Two men decided to go hunting.

"I'll bring all the hunting paraphernalia," said one, "and you bring the provisions."

When the provisions man arrived all he had was one loaf of bread and four bottles of whiskey.

"Fine thing," snapped the paraphernalia man. "I leave the provisions to you and what happens? You bring a loaf of bread and four bottles of whiskey. What are we going to do with all that bread?"



"What do you think would go well with my new purple and green socks?"

"Hip boots."

Hunters' Club stories still thrive On Frank Buck, who bagged 'em alive. He caught a gorilla, And made the damned fella All-American, 1905.

For hair there is nothing so fine, As Charles Antell's Formula Nine. But just think again, About Formula TEN, Which grows hair at the base of the spine.



He: "Let's get married, or something." She: "Let's get married, or nothing."





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



"My, how you've grown!"

Voice from parked car: "Either you take your arm from around my waist or keep it still. I am no ukelele."



As one dog said to the other: "It's not the humidity; it's the heat."



She—You remind me of Nero. He—Why?

She—Here I am burning and you're just fiddling around.

"What would you call an old maid doing the dance of the seven veils?"

"A comic strip."



"Mr. Smith, I just heard your little boy is seriously ill from swallowing a half dollar. How is he today?"

"No change yet."

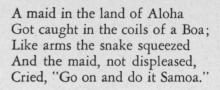


On a picnic, little Walter strayed away from his parents and became lost in the woods. He wandered around for a long time and finally, becoming frightened, decided to pray.

"Dear Lord," he prayed as he spread his hands out fervently, "I'm lost. Please help me find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a little bird happened to fly over and dropped something squarely into the middle of Walter's outstretched hand.

"Oh, please, Lord," he begged, "don't hand me that. Really, I am lost."





Origin of the charleston: When a Scotchman tried to pick the lock on a pay toilet.



"Hell," said the drunk, "If I give you a dime, you'll just go out and buy something to eat with it."



Child: "Father, tell me a fairy story."

Parent: "Well, once there was a good-looking Tech co-ed . . ."

Child: "Gee, Dad, that was a good one!"



Ode to Miss Rheingold
A greatly superior
Posterior
And a not inferior
anterior
There is no cheerier
exterior
'Cause her lil' interior
is beerier



Knock, knock Who's there? Sam 'n' Janet Sam 'n' Janet who? Sam 'n' Janet Evening!



She's a pretty little wench Sitting there upon the bench Looking very coy and shy At every passing college guy. Ah, such eyes. Concentric thighs, It's too damned bad She's bald.



When you take her out to look at the stars—be an expert—"The Stars"—a new way to identify and remember the constellations by H. A. Rey.

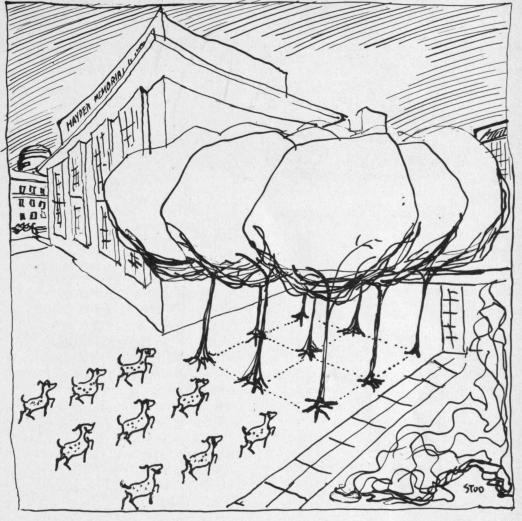
Adv. in the New Yorker

She: "Oh darling, aren't the stars beautiful tonight?"

He: "I'm in no position to say."



Jeb—Didja kiss'er goodnight Zeke? Zeke—Yep—— Raped'er too.



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 tough 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.



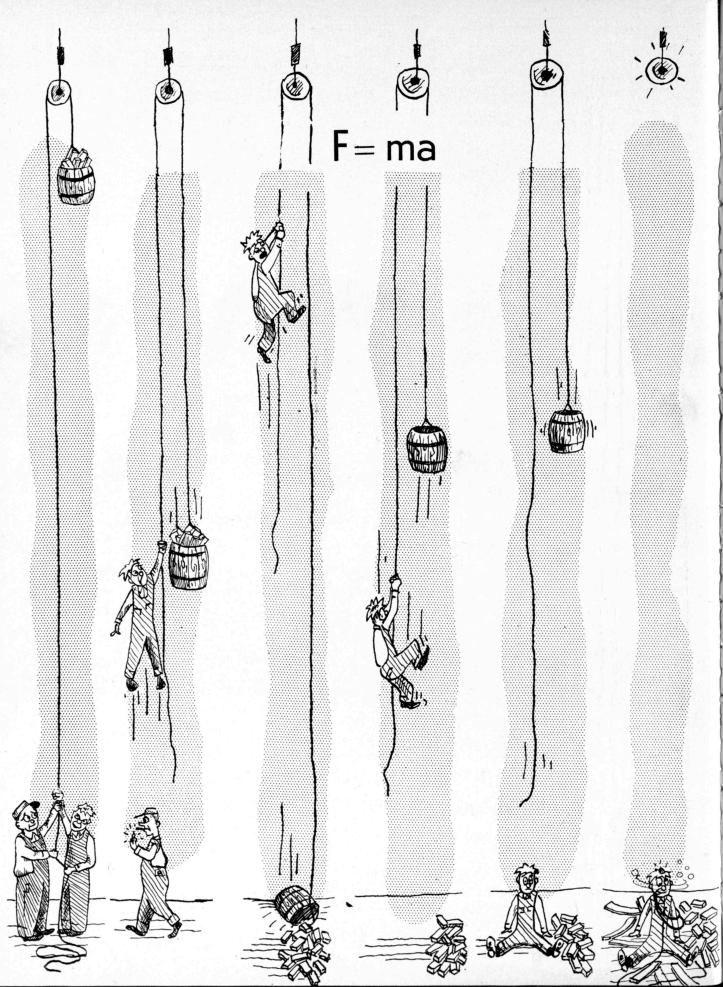
"Uncle, what's a Bachelor?"
"Junior, a bachelor is a man who always went out on double dates in college."

"Honey, where did you get that beautiful mink?" the chorus gal cried. "I've been struggling for years to get one!"

"Darling," replied her friend, "just stop struggling."



On a crowded cross-country bus, a youngster occupied one section of the seat just ahead of his father and mother. When the space beside him was pounced upon by a lady of gargantuan proportions, the boy turned to his mother and announced discreetly, "F - A - T, huh, Ma?"



"So you desire to be my son-in-law?"

"No sir, but if I marry your daughter I don't see how I can avoid it."



A policeman came home late, and, after undressing in the dark, slipped into bed. His wife woke up and said, "Clancy, would you mind running out and getting me a headache powder? Me head is splittin'."

Clancy fumbled into his clothes and complied. The druggist served him and said, "By the way, aren't you officer Clancy?"

"Yes," Clancy replied.

"Then what are you doing in that fireman's uniform?"



He: "Tell me, dearest, did any of your friends admire your engagement ring?"

She: "They did more than that. Two of them recognized it."



A girl and boy squirrel were chattering and playing around like everything when up comes a fox. The girl squirrel quickly ran up a tree. The boy squirrel stayed on the ground. "That's odd," said the fox, "squirrels are afraid of me and run up a tree as a rule." "Listen, bud," said the boy squirrel, "did you ever try to climb a tree when you were in love?"

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"Maybe one of us don't belong here."

The guy took the doll out to dinner in a real plush joint and she acted real appreciative so he invited her to his apartment. She accepted.

He took her coat when they got there and excused himself, which gave the dish an opportunity to look the place over. The living-room walls were covered with all kinds of weapons: pistols, knives, spears, and even dart-guns. She felt a catch in her throat when she noticed that the windows were barred and the door was bolted. Frightened, she tried another room, the den this time. Animal heads decorated the walls here. She began to tremble.

The door to the den opened suddenly and in strode the guy, looking determined as hell and wearing a dressing robe.

While she cowered in fear he looked at her in-

tently and said, "I'm going to rape you."

She sighed audibly and said, "Well thank goodness!"

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When Rockefeller was small, an Indian doctor, to get trade started at a carnival, held up a new silver dollar.

"How much am I bid?" he asked. All the crowd was cautious.

"Come, come-a nickel?-a dime?"

"I bid a nickel," piped up young John D.

"The dollar is yours, boy," said the doctor. "Hand up your nickel."

"Take it out of the dollar," piped the little fellow, and gimme 95 cents change."



It was Christmas time and two tough kids were dragging a big bag through the toy department of a large store. They were pulling and kicking it around. The flustered floorwalker came over to them and said, "Now, boys, don't do that. Santa Claus won't come to see you."

"Oh, no? Who do you think we got in the bag?"



Father yells downstairs at 2 A. M .:

"Daughter, that young man of yours is staying pretty late. Doesn't he know how to say goodnight?"

"Father," says the daughter, "he says goodnight better than any other fellow I've known."



"My husband thinks there's something wrong with me," a woman complained to her new psychoanalyst, "simply because I like pancakes."

"But that's ridiculous," the astounded psychoanalyst murmured. "As a matter of fact, I like pancakes myself."

"Oh, you do?" The woman was delighted. "Then you must come up and visit us someday. I have seven trunks full."



"She dreadfully unhappy. Isn't it wonderful?"

The Chairman arose to introduce the speaker. "I shall be very brief," she said. "I will tell you our guests' name and his topic. His topic is 'Inverted African Violets'. His name is Nathan W. Wimbledon." She sat down only to rise again immediately. "Oh yes, as to his qualifications, I think it is sufficient to tell you that Mr. Wimbledon's Who's Who is six inches long."



An up-and-coming South American government decided to get new uniforms. The official tailor was called in and shown the design. It included blue trousers, red boots, a green jacket and gold epaulets. "Is that the uniform for the President's Palace Guard?" inquired the tailor.

"No," said an officer, "it's for the Secret Police."

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