

V O O D O O



OCTOBER

25 ¢

GUNTY



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WHILE one of the editors was visiting his kid brother in camp last summer, he heard a particularly noteworthy cheer which followed a heavy spaghetti supper. It went as follows:

Regurgitate, regurgitate,  
 Throw up all the food you ate,  
 Vomit, vomit,  
 V-O-M-I-T.  
 Ah!

Commons eaters, take notice.

A FRIEND of ours attending Brooklyn Polytech came across a back issue of Voo Doo recently. When he happened upon the joke that goes, "What's the square root of sixty-nine? Eight something," he immediately pulled forth his slide rule, made the necessary calculation and muttered, "Eight point three plus. How stupid can those M. I. T. students get?"

And it's said that M. I. T. produces automatons.

AT the recent Dorm Acquaintance Dance, we spied a girl dancing with a chain around her neck. Attached to the ends of the chain, and transversing her back, was a sign reading, "Property of Harvard University. Keep Off."

We have always suspected that the only way Harvard men could hold their women, was by putting them in chains.

OH, these freshmen, these freshmen . . . We always imagined that freshmen were timid, intimidated souls. But a confident variety comes to M.I.T., which is just as well. There is the story of the newcomer who sauntered up to the cab-phone off Mass. Avenue and said in his most peremptory tone: "Get me Burton House." And of course there is the Baker House type. "I should like my breakfast served at 10 o'clock," said one of them; "Where can I get a clean tooth-glass?" demanded another. But, if freshmen are occasionally gauche, no one can accuse the sophomores of lack of poise. On the first morning of term, a helpful Walker staff member was instructing the freshmen on the extent of the Commons breakfast. As we groped our way toward the black coffee, we heard one breakfaster draw himself up proudly and say "I'm *not* a freshman, I'm a sophomore!"

THE current "Cigarettes cause cancer" scare has caused the familiar weed to be baptized with some interesting nicknames. Among those we've heard are, "cancer sticks" and "coffin nails".

While we're on the subject, a friend of ours (a two pack a day man) read a book recently entitled, "How to Stop Smoking". It worked, and now he's writing one called, "How to Stop Chewing Gum".

WE were discussing the recent flood of acquaintance dances when a friend of ours disgustedly stated that he was fed up with college girls in general, and specifically was tired of having to play "cat and mouse" with the local freshmen. When he proceeded to tell us of his present endeavor, we sighed knowingly and wished him the best of luck on his quest to find a girl who walks around with a mattress strapped to her back.

SOME Tech secretaries were strolling in the Great Court recently, when one of them, a newcomer to the Techretarial Staff, asked why so many of the students carried brown pencil cases strapped to their belts.

Her confusion was promptly increased by her companions who informed her that the brown cases contained "slip sticks".

If you are still wondering what a slip stick is for, dear lass, call on any Voo Doo man for a prompt demonstration.

ONE of our poorer members worked last summer, or at least that is what he called it. He and the other employees were constantly taking coffee breaks, gab breaks, smoke breaks, etc. It finally reached the state where the boss stomped in and screamed, "All right, everybody. Ten minute break . . . for work!"



AT one of the better known Catskill Mountain resorts, the girl to boy ratio for the month of July and the greater part of August was 5 to 1. The waiters and bus boys (mostly college boys) were complaining of being worn out from the profligate lives they were leading. These unhappy youths were suffering from an overdose of that which most of us don't seem to get enough of.

You can imagine our surprise when we heard that they were overjoyed when the middle of August rolled around and the ratio fell to three panting, eager lasses to every luckless male. The fellows (so they vowed) were now able to get an undisturbed night's sleep once or twice a week.

We are happy to report however, that all not only survived but were rewarded with the warm glow of well-being that belongs to those who help others find contentment.

A FRIEND of ours passed a rough but otherwise uneventful 18 hour flight from Geneva last July. He was met at Idlewild International Airport by his family and after exchanging greetings, proceeded to get violently car sick on the ten mile trip to his home. He blamed the mishap on the "change of atmosphere".

Speaking of trips, one of our editors claims the endurance record for the two hundred odd mile trip from Tech to New York. He and three friends started from school at 4 A.M., Friday, June 4th. Clothes, books, and miscellanea were piled high in a 1940 Packard when they started.

Clothes, books, and miscellanea were thrown about care-

lessly in a 1941 Pontiac when they reached New York at 5 P. M. the same day.

It seems that halfway to N. Y. the Packard slipped a rod and cracked the piston. The local garage wanted \$60 to repair the damage. Since the Packard only cost its current owner \$100, he traded it and \$75 (which he had acquired by wire from home) to the garage proprietor (who also handled used cars) and the bedraggled quartet drove off in the Pontiac.

Covered with grease, sweat, and dirt (from a blowout suffered on the second half of the journey) they arrived safely home thirteen hours later, vowing that next time they would try dog team.

NOW that the Niagara Falls has collapsed a bit, we imagine that the numerous love-struck couples who vowed, "Yours 'til Niagara Falls" will have grounds for divorce.

WHILE walking in the flower spot of New York (Brooklyn, to the uninitiated) we observed two men engaged in what appeared to be a rather re-criminatory argument as to why one of them had parked his car in front of the other's house.

Intermingled with their yells of "Move your damn car" and "Like hell I will" were charges and countercharges of "You're Communist", "Damn Red", "Lousy foreigner", etc.

It appears as though the influence of the Junior Senator from Wisconsin has permeated to the most insignificant arguments.

WE were slouching around the office, contemplating our brew and reminiscing about our summer escapades, conquests, and anything else our fertile imaginations could dream up, when Phos staggered in, beer can clutched in one paw and a book entitled, "What Are the Odds?", in the other.

He fixed his beer-stained eyes upon us and inquired, "What are the odds that a gal will let you kiss her on the first date?"

(One of the editors immediately wanted to know the reason for kissing her on the date.)

Well, anyway, we all gave answers, ranging from 10 to 1 she won't (this guy must have halitosis) to even odds. Then, a newcomer to the staff chimed in that he hadn't met a gal yet that wouldn't neck on the first date. The rest of us pounced upon him stuffing a beer can into his mouth so that he wouldn't awaken East Campus, and confiscated his little black book (actually, it was red) as an initiation fee.

Now that we're all fixed up with sure things for this weekend, we're eagerly anticipating the second date and perhaps the opportunity to establish our own statistics on what gals who neck on the first date will do on the second date. This will be carried out in the true M.I.T. spirit of scientific research.

Ed. Note: The actual odds as stated in the afore-mentioned book are 3 to 1 that a girl won't neck on the first date. This juicy morsel is brought to you as a public service to give tidings of good cheer to those of you going out with your fourth different girl this weekend.





# VOO DOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 37, No. 5

October, 1954

Established 1919

The concept of M.I.T. as the place where the scientific and the humane make sweet harmony seems to be acquiring validity. Although we previously had begun to realize that the grubby engineer is disappearing from among us, we must confess that we were more than a little surprised by the quantities of pink shirts, charcoal suits, and other accoutrements of university elegance in which this year's assortment of freshmen came packaged. But sophistication and striped ties are something less than directly related; and we think that a better cause for wonder is the news that an eminent member of our student government gave a lecture, early this month, to a group of eager eyed and attentive listeners at Simmons. His subject, so we are given to understand, was "Leadership." If M.I.T. is taking the leadership in inspiring qualities of leadership in the collegiate population of Boston; if our promising undergraduates are imparting the secrets of their assurance to scented and appreciative audiences, there is no telling what will be happening next. Perhaps we, too, may be called upon to breathe benign advice into acres of shell-like ears! We think that we would choose to dilate upon a topic other than "Leadership." We are convinced that women with that powerful argument, the bed, exercise sufficient leadership as it is. More would be intolerable, and, since more of this drivel is perhaps more than intolerable, we retire to the sidelines to muse silently in our dilapidated editorial chair.

—V. A.

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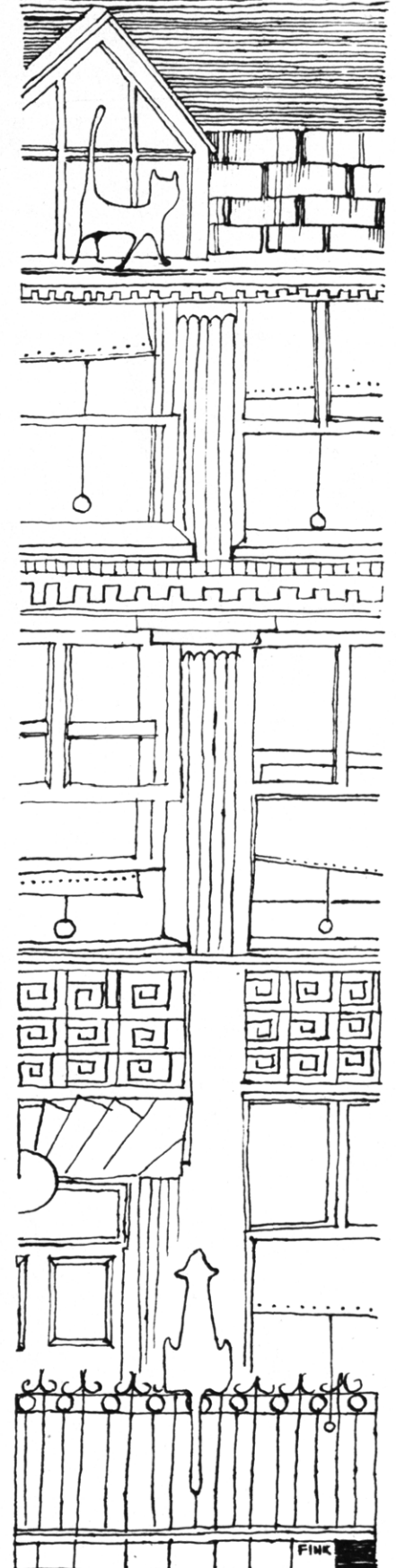
Office Cat  
Phosphorus

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

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This month's cover by Guntz





# OUT ON THE TOWN



Get yourself another hors d'œuvre, tighten your fingers about the stem of your cocktail glass and gather 'round while we talk of goodies, gaiety, and gracious living. For those of you who have just arrived in new charcoal gray suits, some introduction to the familiar haunts is in order; for the rest of us, a new look at Beantown should set the living standard up at least one notch.

Saturday lunch at Durgin-Park (off Haymarket Square) is a Tech tradition. But as a matter of fact, any day before three o'clock, when the prices change, you can have an excellent meal for 95c. Yankee Pot Roast is an old favorite. Try their Indian Pudding and their "dollar" size Strawberry Shortcake some time—Durgin-Park makes these the best in all Boston. Of course, *the* dish there is Roast Beef; \$3.75 for the complete dinner. This is enough meat for several people, but unfortunately the men in the tan jackets will not allow splitting orders. Seriously, don't order the Roast Beef unless you have not had a big meal for at least 24 hours. Durgin-Park is closed on Sundays. No drinks.

If you like your meals with a German flavor and like them accompanied with a good siedel of beer or ale, Jacob Wirth's is the place for you. (Located at 31 Stuart Street.) Their lentil soup with chopped frankfurt is simply marvelous. Try it with Bratwurst and Red Cabbage. Your bill will be around \$1.50 and you will be well fed. I've never cared for their apple strudel, always ordering the apple streussel kuchen instead. If you attempt to have all the beer spaces on your check punched out, you will get drunk. There are spaces to record up to 80 siedels, or about 7 and a half gallons of the lovely stuff!

The best mixed drinks in the world are still being made by Joe Mulkern,

bartender on the Merry-Go-Round at the Sheraton Plaza (in Copley Square)—alias the Copley Plaza, alias the Costly Pleasure. (This is confirmed by a friend just returned from an extensive junket apparently made simply to prove this point. Gay fellow!) Joe makes a Scotch Sour that'll have you feeling like you caught a brass ring. He's also a well of information on most all drinks and always happy to discuss their essentials. It's a great place to try a new drink. Prices are higher than average, but then they never mix them with White Mule or Cawn.

The Parker House (corner of Tremont and School Streets) has opened a very clubby sort of cocktail lounge on its roof. There you can sip a moderately priced drink of high quality and peer out of the windows or stroll onto the balcony and contemplate at least a part of the Boston skyline. The place has great decoration possibilities, which unfortunately the management has not yet realized. However, it's comfortable and cozy and a fine place to take a date. Opens at 4:30, closes at 1 A.M.

"Holiday" magazine has been scrutinizing the Boston scene, and all you men-about-town will find suggestions galore on touring Boston in the October issue. You may also have noted that over the summer "Holiday" selected Durgin-Park, Locke-Ober and the Parker House for dining distinction in Boston. There are many other restaurants here just as good, but these are undoubtedly the most famous. Prices at the Parker House Dining Room are moderate, but get a big wad of dough together before crashing Locke-Ober's.

—OSCAR

Don't worry about finding your station in life—there's always someone who will tell you where to get off.



A fellow driving his car with the top down was wearing a bright red shirt, a polka dot tie, a shepherds plaid suit, and a lavender beret. A motorcycle cop stopped him and made him pull over to the side of the road.

"What's wrong, officer?" asked the lad. "I haven't violated any traffic laws."

Said the cop, "I know. I just wanted to hear you talk."



A clergyman and a truck driver found themselves in an automobile smashup. The truck driver told the padre what he thought about him in profane terms. When he paused for breath it was the clergyman's turn. "You know, my good man, that I cannot indulge in your kind of language, but this much I will tell you: I hope when you get home tonight, your mother will run out from under the porch and bite you."



The guest speaker was an hour late and the college audience was growing restless. The chairman, hoping to salvage the evening, whispered to Professor Ellsworth, famed for his wit, to get up and say a few words.

The professor stepped up to the platform, and by way of breaking the ice he remarked, "I've just been asked to come up here and say something funny."

At this point, a student heckler in the back of the hall called out, "You'll tell us when you say it, won't you?"

Professor Ellsworth, deadpan but deadly riposted, "I'll tell *you*. The others will know."



"He stayed too loose."

Hostess (to little boy at party): "Why don't you eat your jello?"

Little Boy: "I'm afraid, Ma'am. It ain't dead yet."

The ocean was rough. As the steward was taking a bowl of soup to a stateroom he lost his balance on the uncertain deck and poured the contents into the lap of an old gentleman asleep in a deck chair. Keeping his wits, the steward tapped the old gentleman and asked solicitously, "I do hope you feel better now, sir."

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"Move — damn ya . . ."

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

"What happened?" he inquired.

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



The talkative lady was telling her husband about the bad manners of a recent visitor. "If that woman yawned once while I was talking," she said, "she yawned thirty times."

"Maybe she wasn't yawning, dear," said the husband, "just trying to say something."

Mrs. Vanderdam was giving a bridge party when the patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs.

"Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to give their good-night message. It always gives me such a sentimental feeling to hear them."

There was a moment of expectant silence; then, shrilly, "Mamma! Percy found a bedbug!"



"My wife ran off with another man."

"That's too bad."

"I'm satisfied. Furthermore, my house burned down, and I don't have any insurance."

"Gee, that's tough."

"I'm satisfied. And to cap everything, my business failed, and I'm bankrupt. But in spite of everything, I'm satisfied."

"How is that possible with all your misfortunes?"

"I smoke Chesterfields."



"I know a man who has been married for thirty years and he spends every evening at home."

"That's what I call love."

"The doctor calls it paralysis."



Man getting a shave—Barber, will you please give me a glass of water?

Barber—What's the matter, a little hair in your throat?

Man—No, I want to see if my neck leaks.

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## A TALE OF WOE

He once was the toast of the classroom;  
His spirits were happy and gay.  
He was free with liquor and women;  
Good judgment he did not obey.

The teachers soon came to despise him;  
He fell low in student esteem.  
His humor was sadly misguided  
To where it ought not to have been.

Will he sink lower and lower,  
From the Road of Life to the ditch?  
No one knows; none can tell what will happen  
To the miserable son of a bitch.



## THE LAY OF THE MONSTER

In Xenomorph did Frankenstein  
A fiending morgue decree;  
Where Ralph, the homicidal, ran  
Through dungeons measureless and tan,  
Down through sunlit tea.

So twice five heads, withered brown,  
With violence were scattered 'round;  
And here were corpses fraught with sinuous rills,  
Where larvaed many a gnawing worm;  
And here were tombstones ancient as the hills,  
Serving out a ten-year term.

## BLESS BESS, WHAT A MESS

A record has been set  
From eighty thousand feet—  
A flier with no parachute  
Just landed in the street.

How leafy green the liverwurst—  
I'd lieve leave it be.  
The question is: how, in return  
Will liverwurst leave me?

## ELECTION DAY, CALLOO CALLAY

Quadri-nitro-dynamite  
Blows fifteen times as high  
When it is mixed with G.O.P.  
Our Congressman will cry,  
"We have been Democratic,  
But it's now the fourth of July."



—MIKE BALDERSTON

# MEN OF INSOUCIANCE

OR

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD  
ON A LEVEL OF COMPLETE IDIOCY

Exercise 1: Applied Mechanics.

Vocabulary

An-a-lyse  
I-de-a-l-lise  
Hum-il-i-ty

Sym-met-ry  
As-sump-tion  
Sci-en-tif-ic

Part 1: Statics.

TOMMY: Here I have a can of shoe polish. Is it not a fine can of shoe polish?

DICKY: Let me look at it. It indeed appears to be a can of shoe polish. What will you do with it?

TOMMY: Would it not be interesting to open the can of shoe polish?

DICKY: It would indeed be interesting. How will you open this can of shoe polish?

TOMMY: See, it is written on the lid of the can that I should twist a coin in this slot here.

HARRY: Wait. Do not be hasty. Are we not capable of an-al-ys-ing this problem?

TOMMY: How shall we an-al-ys-e the problem?

DICKY:

HARRY: An-al-ys-is is, after all, the essence of the sci-en-tif-ic method. See, if it were not for the lid and the base would it not be possible to consider this can as two thin-walled hoops, one in radial compression and one in radial tension?

DICKY: It appears to me that if there were either no base or no lid it would not be necessary to open this can of shoe polish.

HARRY: Please do not be impertinent. It is, after all, the essence of the sci-en-tif-ic method that is necessary to make as-sump-tions that simplify and i-de-al-ise the concrete. But what I have said is not really relevant to the problem. I mentioned it merely to show that our problem is not as simple as it seems.

TOMMY: How is it not simple?

HARRY: Please attempt to be humble. Hum-il-ity is, after all, the essence of the sci-en-tif-ic

method. What I have said shows that science, by making as-sump-tions and disregarding the not immediately pertinent can solve problems that are indeed difficult. This problem is not simple but with the great science of Applied Mechanics we can perhaps solve it.

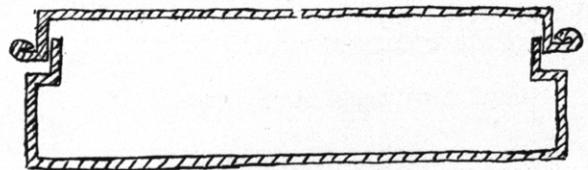
TOMMY:

DICKY: How?

HARRY: Look at the can? Would it not make a fine free body?

TOMMY: It would indeed make a fine free body.

HARRY: See I will draw the i-de-al-ized free body. Do you notice how I have used radial symmetry to simplify the problem?

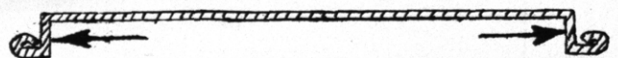


TOMMY:

DICKY:

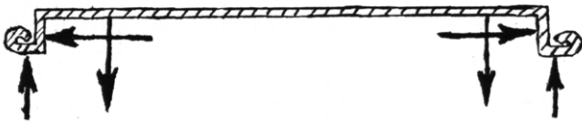
Science is indeed powerful.

HARRY: I-de-al-is-ing the situation again, we may say that it is possible to consider the lid thusly.





In order to raise the lid from the can it is necessary to provide forces to oppose the friction forces between the lid and the base. See:



Now do you see why the method you have proposed is not a good one?

TOMMY: Yes indeed. By twisting a coin I will apply an un-sym-met-ric-al force to the lid which will tend to rotate the lid in a vertical plane. The directions on the can are indeed the work of an un-sci-en-tif-ic man.

HARRY: You are a clever boy. Now, what is a simple solution to our problem? See, I shall grasp the base of the can between my finger and thumb. So. Now, if you, Tommy, will twist a coin in the section of the slot on my left, and you, Dicky, will twist another coin in the slot on my right, we will have a system of forces which will tend to raise the lid without rotating it. Is not science wonderful?

TOMMY: Science is indeed wonderful.

DICKY:

\* \* \* \* \*

## Part II. Dynamics.

TOMMY: What did we do wrong, Harry?

HARRY: Let us be humble and let us an-al-yse the problem. Do you see the as-sump-tion that we made without explicitly stating it?

DICKY: No, Harry. What was the as-sump-tion?

HARRY: We have assumed that the process of raising the lid would be a quasi static process. This as-sump-tion, it seems, was not justified. When you, Dicky, and you, Tommy, applied torques to the right and left, the upward forces you produced on the lid so exceeded the frictional restraining forces that inertial effects entered the problem. For this I was not prepared and the friction forces provided by the pressure of my finger and thumb were not sufficient to restrain the base.

TOMMY: Is that not a fine stain on the carpet over there?

DICKY: It is indeed a fine stain. But science is very wonderful. Let us be humble and try to ana-

lyse why it is that the lid of the can of shoe polish has fallen out of the window while the base lies at the far end of the room.

HARRY: It is indeed a complex problem as some polish has fallen out during the flight. But let us make some simplifying as-sump-tions. Tommy, run and get your slide-rule and we will calculate the velocity of departure of the can of shoe polish.

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### EDITOR'S NOTE:

We an-nounce . . . Excuse us. We announce with pleasure that due to an extended lapse of sanity, the author will not be able to complete his ambitious program of 101 Exercises.

—V. A.



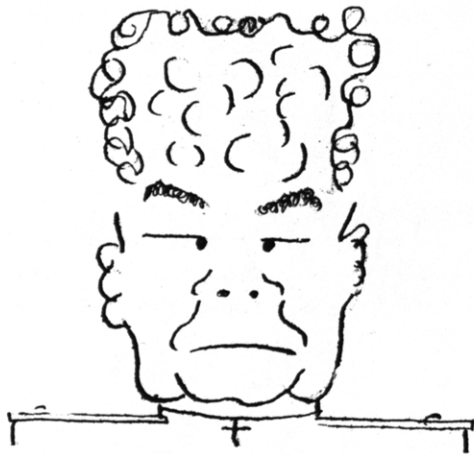
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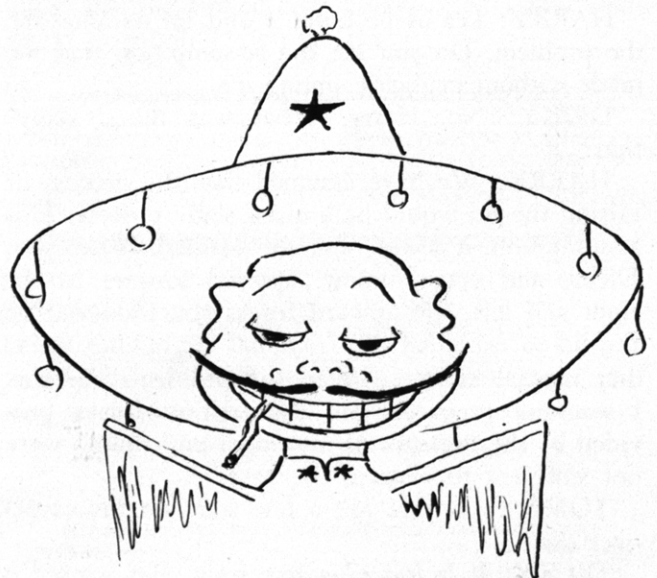


**COL. MANUEL PANCHO GARCIA O'REILLY—**  
Chief of Staff of the Armies, the Navies, the Air Arms, the Civilian Conservation Corps, and Master of All He Surveys, of a leading South American republic:

*Ah, Senors, there is nothing in all the world like a revolution to brighten up a dull week. Think, amigos, of a big cask of tequila, a beautiful Senorita, and fifty tanks rolling on the President's Palace. Caramba! Such fun! A good revolution should be planned simply and carried out swiftly. The best way is to borrow the Army for a few days, march in, and exile the President to a neighboring country. But remember, amigos, it is all in fun. Treat your enemy with utmost courtesy, because for all you know, my good Senors, he may have the Army next week! Ha-ha! Ah, revolutions are such fun! Buenos dias, amigos!*

**IVAN AWFULVITCH—Former Deputy Assistant Minister of Public Respiration, in charge of Inhale-Exhale Bureau, East Europe People's Republic:**

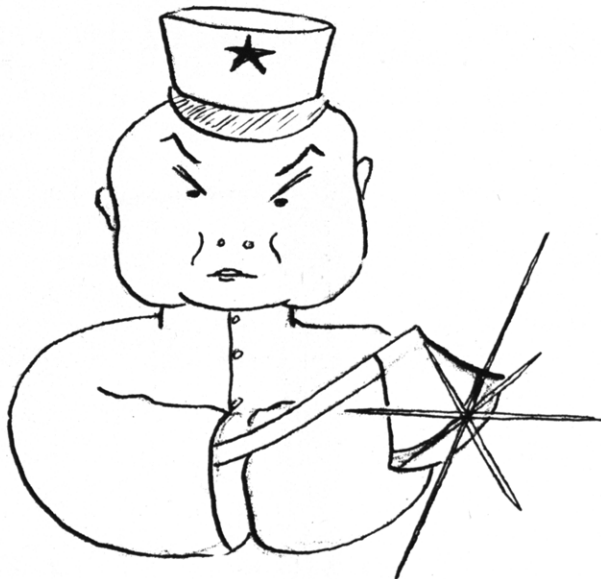
*Comrades, be not afraid to break the chains that bind you to your hated capitalist masters! Do not be tempted by their gifts of food, drink, clothing, and other bourgeois luxuries. Put an end to elections, civil liberties, and other imperialist tricks to enslave the masses. Fight, Comrades! Strike now for Democracy. You have nothing to lose but your lives.*





**EDGAR A. "DUKE" KOWALSKI**—Fiery leader of New York's longshoremen, technical consultant for motion pictures, and friend of Presidents:

*Foist ting ya gotta do is what we call "infiltratin' da Govamint." In udda woids, ya gotta get your own boys into City Hall. Whatcha do is ya start a smart political campaign aroun' election time. Ya hang aroun' da polls wit what we call a "Political Action Committee," an' ya tries ta influence da voters into votin' for your boys. Psychology is very important. I can't stress its importance too much. Whatcha gotta do is make da voter see de advantages to hisself of votin' for your boys, such as de advantage of not gettin' his head busted open by your Political Action Committee. Use da right psychology an' ya can't lose.*



**JOHN QUINCY CANNONBOTTOM IV**—Past Commander and Life-Long Leader of the Loyal Legions, Emeritus, Massachusetts Division, Sons of the American Revolution:

*When in the course of a day's work it becomes necessary for an oppressed people to wash their arms and assert their inalienable rights to Life, Liberty, and the Saturday Evening Post, then is the time for all men of principle to join the happy throng and slay the hated dragon. But, in a larger sense, we cannot consecrate, consternate, or constipate—these men, on Hallowe'en, have watched the ramparts far longer than our own poor fingers and toes can multiply or divide. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, don't fire until you see the whites of their eggs!*

**CHU EN CHU**—Former Middleweight Champion of the Boxer Rebellion:

性火情性喜性的閨性處性  
與熱侶愛訊的房慾女愛  
貞的百秘臨變快奇初  
操愛態談門態樂談夜術

*(Translation: Confucious say, man who fight with rubber sword only fooling, but man who make noise eating soup is really revolting.)*



## EVENING PRAYER

Did I have fun tonight? Are you kidding? Honestly, Janis—These Tech men . . . men. Ha! What creeps! Yes, I know. I've had six dates with Len. Why? There's a man shortage, but then I suppose you haven't noticed. It's better than staying in on a Friday night . . . not much better, mind you.

What did we do? Surprise! Lenny boy finally got up the courage to suggest a drive. And in that car of his—he calls it a Heinz, there are so many different makes in it. I almost wish we had taken a walk or even the MTA. There's a spring broken, and guess where? No, Janis. It's really not quite the same.

Anyway, he's such a square. Six dates and all he's done is to kiss me goodnight . . . and what a kiss—like being slapped with a wet fish. I honestly believe that creep thinks sex is what comes after five. What a tool. A Voo Doo man—if it weren't for that rag, he'd be tongue tied.

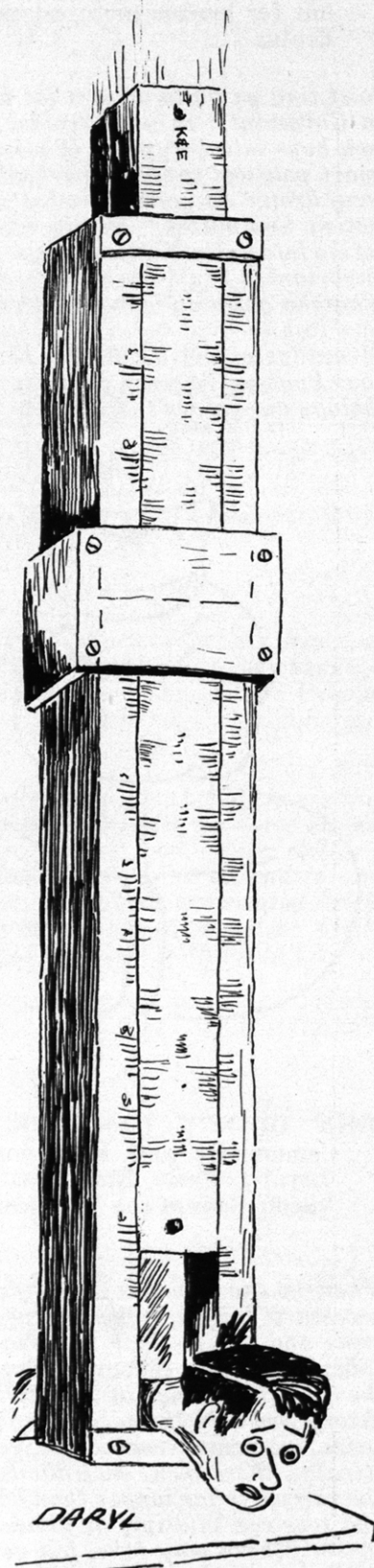
Where was I? Oh, yes. We parked by the river . . . and what did he do? Nothing . . . absolutely nothing. I honestly think he expected to see submarines or something chasing one another up and down the Charles. After a half hour of nothing, he reached into his pocket and took out his . . . guess what? His slide rule. It seems Tech men are never without their twelve inch slide rules. What the hell are you laughing at?

Honestly, Janis. His slide rule . . . you know; one of those things you add and subtract on? What a mind you have.

Well, I'm telling you, I was getting desperate. Time was wasting and I was getting nowhere. It reached the point where I just had to take the initiative. I reached over and put my arms around him . . . told him how handsome he was . . . And what did he do!?

He started to sweat . . . and blush—crimson. Then, he burped. What a Casanova. I must have excited him, or something. I'm about to give up.

Are you coming to bed? Turn off the light. Oh, that's right. You had a date, too. How was it? Divine? Ah, these Harvard men . . . at least they make you realize that you're a woman. I sometimes wish . . . but then, Len could be worse. Yes, I'm going to hang on to him. After all, he will be an engineer soon . . . and engineers do make money. You know, security and all that sort of stuff.





Ernest Hemingway is quite a globe-trotter. Not long ago a friend posted a letter to him addressed simply "To Ernest Hemingway—God knows where." Some weeks later the friend received a reply from the author. "You were right," began Hemingway's letter. "God knew."



Little Susan had a burning ambition to be a doctor, but she was only five, so her dolls were her chief patients. Occasionally, however, she received an imaginary call to attend someone in the neighborhood. One day she rushed out on one of these calls, forgetting to close the door.

"Susan," her mother cried, "come back and close the door!" But Susan paid no attention. When her father sternly repeated the command, Susan reluctantly retraced her steps and loudly slammed the door shut. Then she continued on her way.

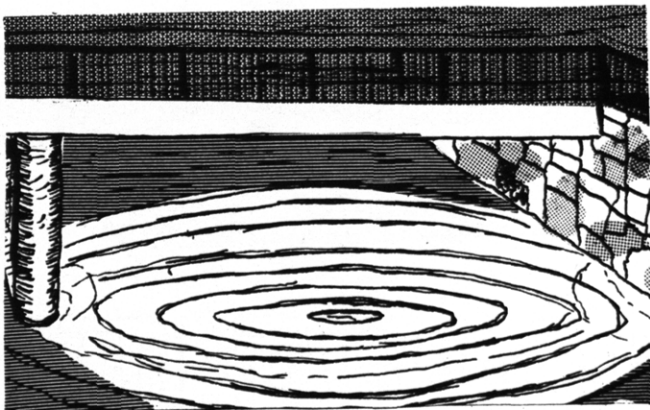
After a while she returned to the house. "And how is your patient getting along?" Susan's mother asked indulgently.

"She died," the little doctor replied, still angry. "Died while I was closing that damn door!"



Murphy: "What's that in your pocket?"

Pat (in a whisper): "Dynamite. I'm waiting for Mike. Every time he meets me he slaps me on the chest and breaks me pipe. Next time he does it, he'll blow his hand off."



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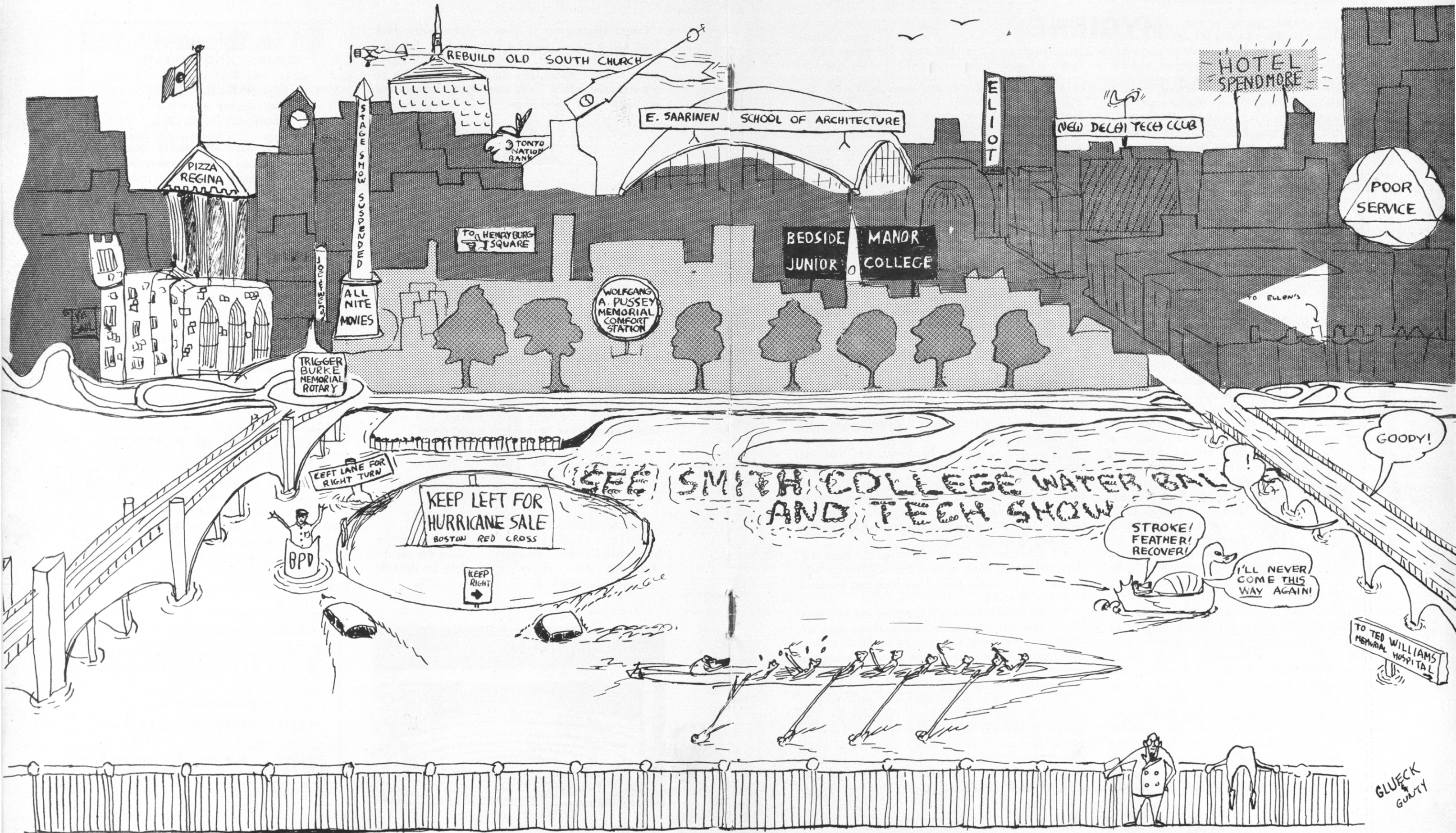
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# The Beaver Guide To Boston and Environs





# HYGIENE

In my last year at Junior High School, I had a hygiene teacher, named Harry Shoenhouse, who was a mysogynist. That means he hated women.

Harry had at one time been an athlete—a minor league out-fielder, and once, as he was fielding a ball that was trying to reach the stands, a lady fan, who disapproved of the way the game was proceeding, dropped a pocket book from the bleachers onto his head and Harry contracted a concussion, a broken collar bone and a broken knee cap. This succeeded in effectively removing Harry from the world of sports.

On Tuesdays and Fridays before gym we would listen to a short lecture on hygiene. Harry's ideas on the subject were limited, with an exception, to baths at least once a week and lots of proteins. The exception was the topic he inevitably brought up after ten minutes of baths and proteins, and that was the famous Shoenhouse "Women Ain't No Good For Athletes" theory. This would be expounded upon at great length, ending with the impassioned plea to all clean living, healthy, young American boys, "Stay the hell away from 'em."

About the middle of the term, the hygiene department underwent an overhaul in the person of a special lecturer, Miss Letitia Bridges, who was loaned to the school by one of those women's societies that specialize in unemployed suffragettes.

Miss Bridges was built along the lines of a stevedore. After the "cause" had been won in 1920, she had turned her baleful eye towards tobacco and alcohol. The great tragedy of her life was the 21st. amendment, but she bore up bravely—so much so that whenever she called for Philip Morris, he went on four week cruises, and Lord Calvert, it has been reported, lived anonymously in Soho for over three months during her trip to England. Rumor has it that she has been jailed a number of times for attacking cigarette machines without provocation. It was common knowledge that she spent her evenings in bars giving tirades concerning the condition of the stomach with short speculations upon the bartender's chances in the after life.

Miss Bridges would lecture us on dirty finger-nails and clean polo shirts, but you could see her heart wasn't in it. She had a big alligator bag crammed full of bottles and charts that were of no use when it came to dirty finger-nails and clean polo shirts. Every once in a while we'd get glimpses

of a graph labeled, "Liquor Consumption vs. Income", or an equivalent. It was obvious that Miss Bridges was aching to give us the lowdown on her specialties, and so we were prepared when a few weeks before the end of the term it was announced that the final few lectures would concern: A) Tobacco and B) Alcohol.

From the beginning of the first tobacco lecture it was obvious that Miss Bridges was in her element. Fact followed fact followed chart followed bottle; the room grew warm, excitement mounted, Miss Bridges began to scream and pound upon the desk. In a wave of revival spirit we swarmed to the front of the room and signed abstention certificates. She was about to start pushing Alcoholics Anonymous when suddenly the atmosphere of the room changed, the door swung open and Harry strode in, nonchalantly smoking what looked like a conservatively estimated twelve inch cigar. There was a horrified silence and we instinctively looked towards Miss Bridges as the champion of the cause. She responded splendidly; grabbing her alligator bag loaded with bottles, she twirled it three times over her head and let it fly with all her might right at Harry's stomach.

The first thing that happened was that his cigar dropped into the lap of a boy in the third row. A look of bewilderment followed by one of pain came over Harry's face as he sank slowly to the floor, his hands across his stomach. Just then the bell rang and we left him on the floor staring meditatively at the ceiling.

We didn't see much of Harry for the next few days; he would slink around the building at odd hours with his hands behind his back and his head bowed in thought.

A week before the end of the term and two days before our last hygiene lecture, a broad grin entered the gymnasium followed by Harry. We were given explicit instructions upon pain of failing the course, and the next day, Thursday, we went through repeated rehearsals.

Bright and early Friday morning, Miss Bridges breezed in with the hot poop. This was her last chance to put the thing across and she knew it. Never had she been in better form. The clock moved around and we were beginning to get worried when, five minutes before the end of the period, the door opened and closed. This was the sig-



nal and we could hear Harry doubling up with laughter outside.

With precision, forty-five hands plunged into left hand pants' pockets. In unison, forty-five pairs of hands fumbled at the mouth. With one deep sigh of contentment, forty-five smoke rings began their sedate journey through the atmosphere.

Then, the shortest member of our class (a curly, blond-haired, angelic little boy in a sailor suit) climbed upon the top of his desk, reached back down to his seat and withdrew a huge mug of beer which he drained.

Miss Bridges demonstrated her lung power three times and, putting her hand over her eyes, ran blindly out of the room crashing into Harry and knocking him across the hall into a water cooler, breaking his collar bone and knee cap. The concussion suffered was incidental.

I didn't hear the end of the story until last summer. I met an old school friend vacationing on Long Island who filled in the rest. He had stopped off at an inn on the South Shore called "Harry's Rest", and the Harry referred to was none other than old Harry Schoenhouse.

It appears that "Harry's Rest" is famous throughout the South Shore for its bar. And the bar is famous throughout the South Shore for its delicious dark beer, friendly atmosphere, riotous weekends, and experienced bartender. On Saturday nights the inn is packed and the bartender (who is Mrs. Schoenhouse) will lug out an old alligator bag full of papers and bottles, and will bring the house down with a good hourly harangue upon the evils of alcohol followed by a lusty 36 verse rendition of "Oh, What a Time I Had With Minnie The Mermaid Down At The Bottom Of The Sea."

—PHILIP PEARLE



A pretty girl appeared at a party wearing a tiny airplane on a chain around her neck. It was a cute ornament and she was not only proud but quite conscious of it. She found her dinner partner eyeing her in the direction of the silver trinket and so she asked him proudly by way of starting talk: "Do you like my little airplane?"

"Yes," replied the young man at her side. "But mainly, I was admiring the landing field."

The inexperienced young backwoods teacher scratched his head when a school kid asked him for a definition of the word "alabaster."

Finally he admitted, "I'm not downright sure, but it might be an illegitimate Mohammedan."

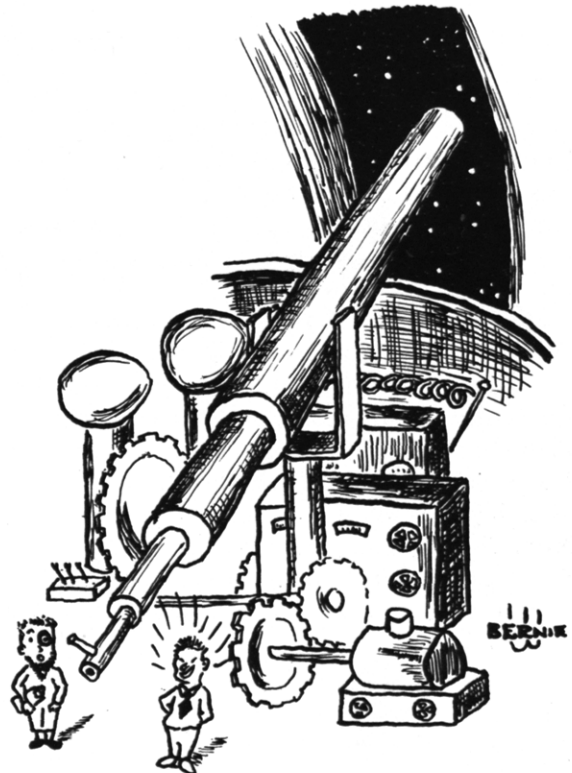


When W. C. Fields was making one of his last pictures, the studio hired a male nurse to see him through his more shaky moments. Insisting that he must check the young man's qualifications, Fields questioned him closely.

"What would you do," he asked, "if I passed out?"

"Why, I'd bring you to, Mr. Fields," was the reply.

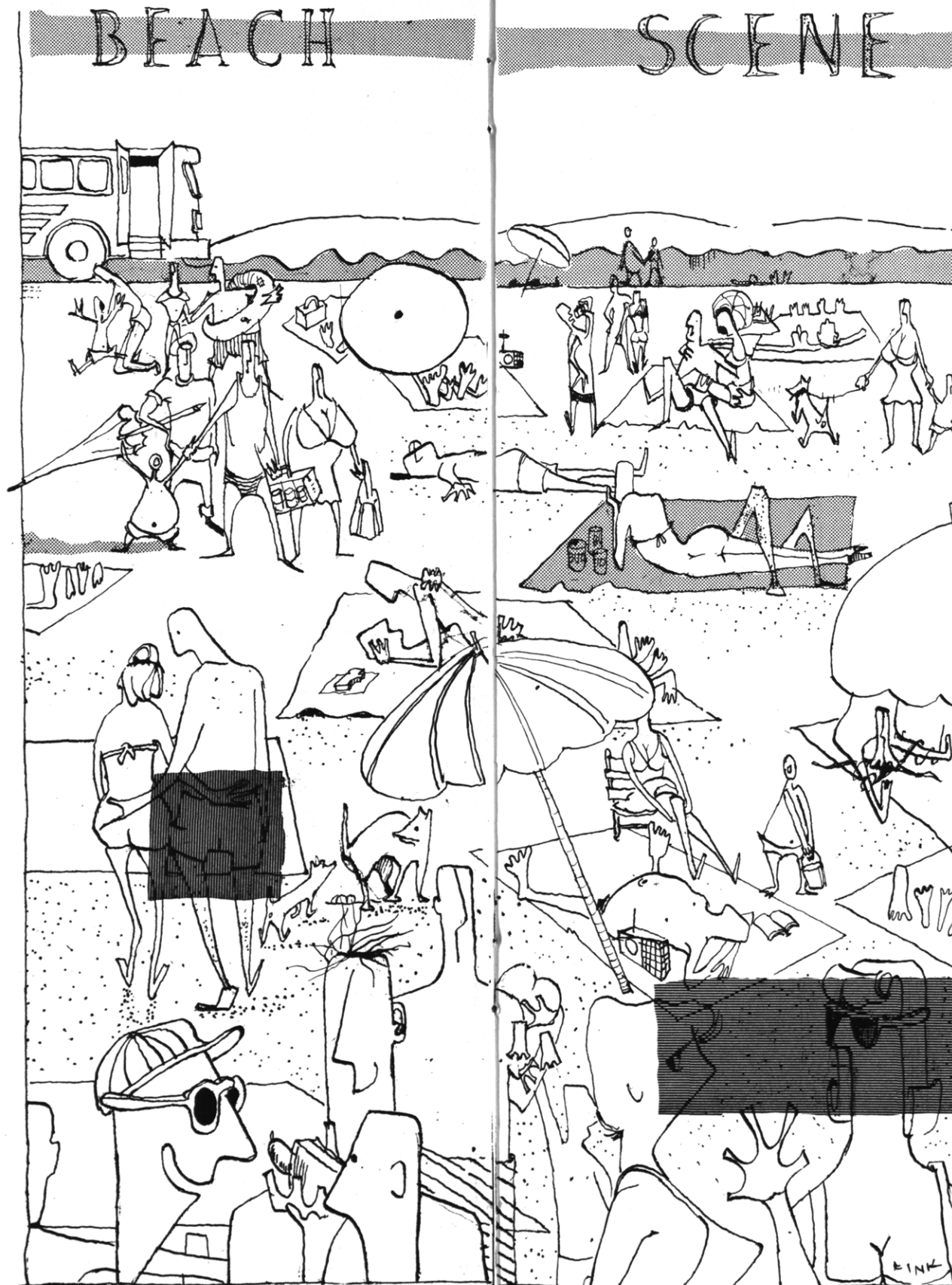
"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed Fields enthusiastically. "And if that doesn't work, you'd better bring me two more."



The bus halts; its doors open—  
 Vomiting forth a human cargo  
 Lugging beach chairs, umbrellas, cribs for infants,  
 Lunch boxes, jugs, thermos and cooler,  
 Beer bottles, baby bottles, whiskey bottles and fruit.  
 Sandwiches, blankets, towels, change of clothes,  
 Diapers, beach ball, inner tube and a  
 Thousand radios each blaring forth a different tune,

They surge forward—  
 Pushing, scratching, cursing and spitting;  
 A free hand glides over buttocks and thighs,  
 Grinning, laughing, carefree youth.

They settle upon the sand  
 Like vultures upon a festered body.  
 Pants fall, sweaters pulled over head,  
 Socks peel and the odor of a million  
 Stinking feet is quickly dispersed by a hungry wind.  
 All half naked, all fronts collapse as they stand—  
 Fat, short, tall, scrawny,  
 Male, female, and those that fall between,  
 White, black, yellow, clean, dirty,  
 Newborn to half-dead,  
 Big busted, small busted and flat chested,  
 Piano legs to elephant legs, knock kneed or bowed,  
 Hairy, bald, diseased to vigorous,  
 Worshipping the sun, a human rôtisserie—  
 Stomach, roll over, back, roll over,  
 Roasting, broiling, sun blistered.  
 Youth gazes at youth,  
 Fingered gestures and pointed remarks.  
 Waste scattered to the wind as  
 Garbage pails yawn unnoticed.  
 Humanity on a holiday.



The sun climbs to its zenith and still they continue  
 Eating, sleeping, fighting, yelling,  
 Belching, vomiting and petting.  
 The sea becomes murky with its weekend fish as they  
 Splash, spit, urinate and drown.  
 The afternoon wanes and  
 The sun rushes to meet the horizon,  
 Blushing and eager to hide its face from what it sees—  
 Lovers crawl beneath blankets,  
 A child sneezes in his mother's face,  
 A tear-faced urchin screams for ice cream,  
 A blank-faced father applies a belt and  
 The screams grow more intense.

The surf pounds upon the shore  
 Vainly trying to suck all out to sea.  
 The roar of the waves lost in the human babble.  
 A dozen different tongues yell for Johnny  
 To finish the last sand-soaked sandwich—  
 And the lovers burrow deeper beneath the blankets.

Belongings are gathered, but each has more than when he came.  
 The sand grows vacant as the bus opens its doors and  
 Swallows its cargo of the  
 Tired, muddy, sniffling, sunburnt and sick.

The sun drowns and the wind tries vainly to sweep the sand.  
 Papers and waste dance in the breeze.  
 A discarded bathing suit becomes covered with sand.  
 The beach sleeps and waits for tomorrow.

—LES GORDON

Remember the this-is-a-watchbird routine used to sway little tots back to healthy habits such as washing their hands and combing their hair? No, well we do, and we've combined it with a few of the more hackneyed proverbs to bring you a little bit of nothing called . . .

### THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A . . .



Have you ever heard of a Hesitator? Probably not, he is always found at the head of a long line at a savings bank or on a bus. He never has any change. A Hesitator Watchbird watches the Hesitator and sometimes hits him over the head with a sack of pennies. We know that he who hesitates is lost, but the Hesitator never seems to get lost.



This is a Freshman Bird. We all feel sorry for Freshman Birds but they do not appreciate it. They buy all sorts of things they don't need at the Coop so they can get a gigantic refund. They also spend lots of time in class sleeping. There is a Watch Bird watching the Freshman Bird but the Freshman Bird is scared because he thinks it is a sophomore.

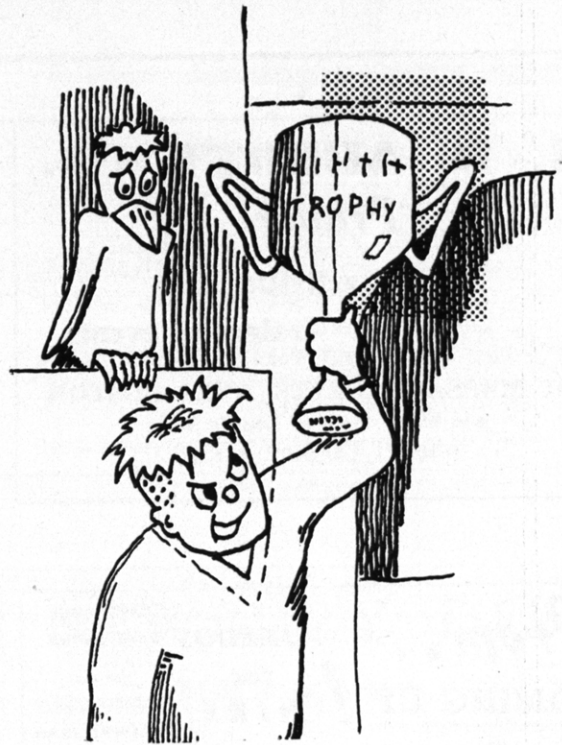


This is a Moss Gatherer watching a rolling stone. M.I.T. is full of Moss Gatherers. Notice how the moss grows out of his ears and over his eyes. He is afraid of Radcliffe girls because they tell him he is dirty and smelly. Do you know any Moss Gatherers? We bet you do. No Watchbirds watch a Moss Gatherer, he is too dirty.





This is a Glass House Stone Thrower. He throws stones at all sorts of people who are nice to him. He throws at us and all we do is kick him. His glass house is all full of holes. Do you think he will catch cold in the winter time? We hope so. There is a watchbird watching the Glass House Stone Thrower but you cannot see him because he is transparent.



This is a Gift Horse Looker. He looks gift horses in the mouth and usually sees price tags. We do not like Gift Horse Lookers, they take all the joy out of giving cheap presents. A Gift Horse Looker Watchbird is watching the Gift Horse Looker. We hope he stops looking.



This is a Watch Bird watching a three dimensional movie with three dimensional sound. He is dizzy. He does not know where the sound is coming from, and where the screen is. Perhaps he will find the screen someday, he will be disappointed. The movie is a Shakespeare play with Marlon Brando.




Here is a Penny Spender. He does not think a penny saved is a penny earned. Neither do we, but this is no time to be finicky about things like that. The Penny Spender has lots of Watchbirds watching him, some of these watchbirds even help him spend his pennies. We would help him if we had the time.

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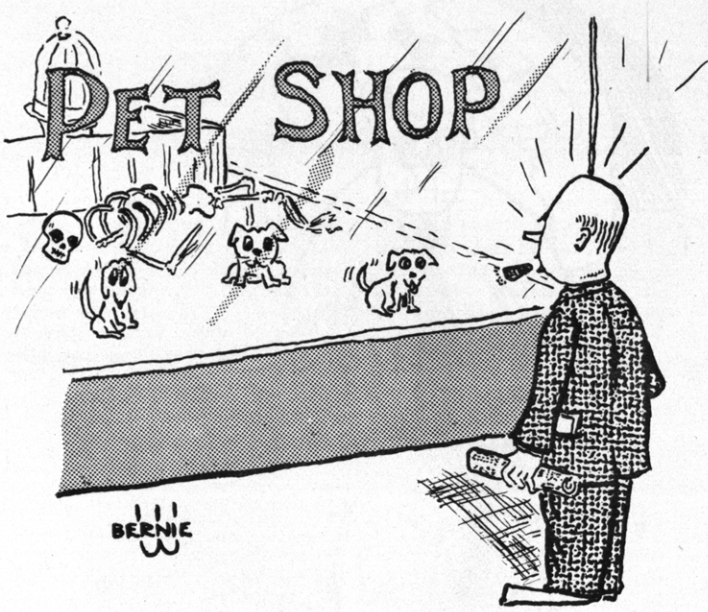
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A young man was out on a first date with a rather flat-chested girl. The evening ended on the sofa in the young lady's parlor. The boy put his arm around her and made a few preliminary passes.

The girl stiffened indignantly. "Here, here!" she exclaimed.

"Where, where?" he replied.



A Scotchman and an Irishman were on board ship bound for Scotland. The Scotchman, catching sight of his homeland, cried, "Hurrah for Scotland."

The Irishman countered, "Hurrah Hell!"

The Scotchman: "That's right, every man for his own country."



Two old maids were sitting at a bar one evening, and after a slight indulgence, one of them remarked, "If I have another Tom Collins, I'm going to feel it."

The other old maid immediately replied: "If I have another I won't care who does."



Sigma Nu: "I went out last night with a girl who really had something."

ATO: "So?"

Sigma Nu: "I think I've got it."



Exasperated by the inability of the chorus to learn the routine, the director exploded in a blustering tirade in which he not only assailed the young ladies' intelligence, but also their moral character.

One beauty left the theater in tears, and reappeared the next day at rehearsal with a medical certification of her virginity.

"This doesn't prove a thing!" the director snorted. "It's dated yesterday!"



M.I.T. He-man: If you were ever stuck alone on a desert island, what kind of man would you like to have with you?

Demure Wellesley Miss: An obstetrician.



There was a young lady from Thrace,  
Whose corset grew too tight to lace.  
Her mother said, "Nelly,  
There's more in your belly  
Than ever went in through your face."

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2. Cut out the appropriate dates and theatre names and carefully attach where indicated.
3. Now fill in the name of the show carefully, using correct spelling.
4. Lastly, tint the ticket the correct shade (inquire casually at the box office).
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④ →

⑤ →

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OLD HOWARD THEATRE  
34 HOWARD STREET BOSTON, MASS.

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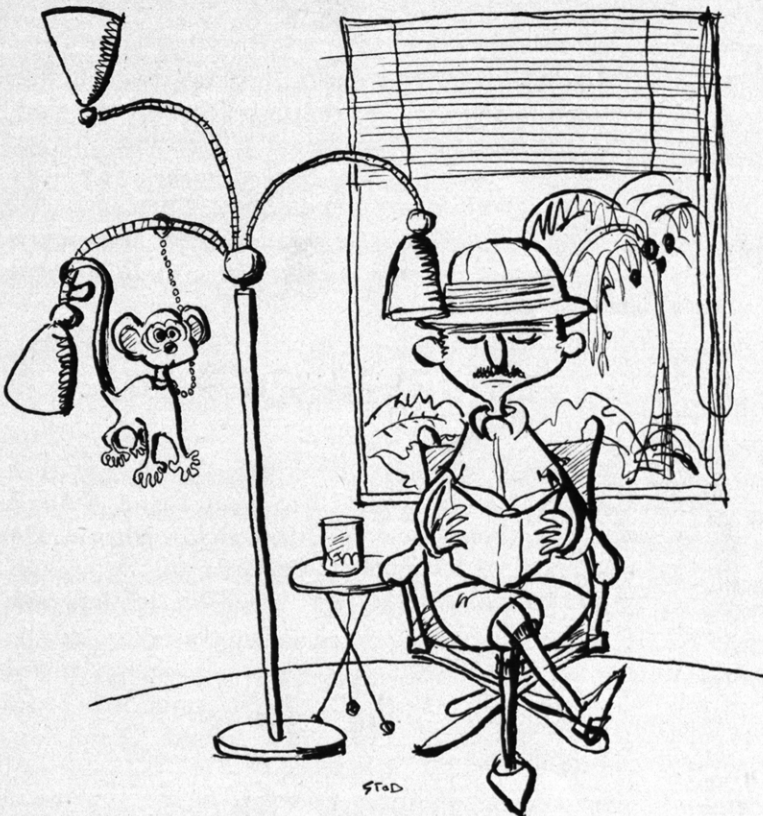


où le pianiste Russell Blake Howe  
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Voici comment en parle un quotidien:  
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 Liszt—et où le menu porte cette remarque: 'On  
 est prié de parler doucement pendant que le  
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"I would rather commit adultery than to attend class without my uniform," the officer told his class of AFROTC students.

"Hell, who wouldn't?" a voice meekly rang out in the rear.



"Have you heard about the new college game?"

"No, what is it?"

"Button, button, here comes the house mother."



A bird in the hand is worthless when you want to blow your nose.



Did you hear about the happy Roman? Gladiator



Then there's the one about the thrifty cat. Every week he put a little into the kitty.

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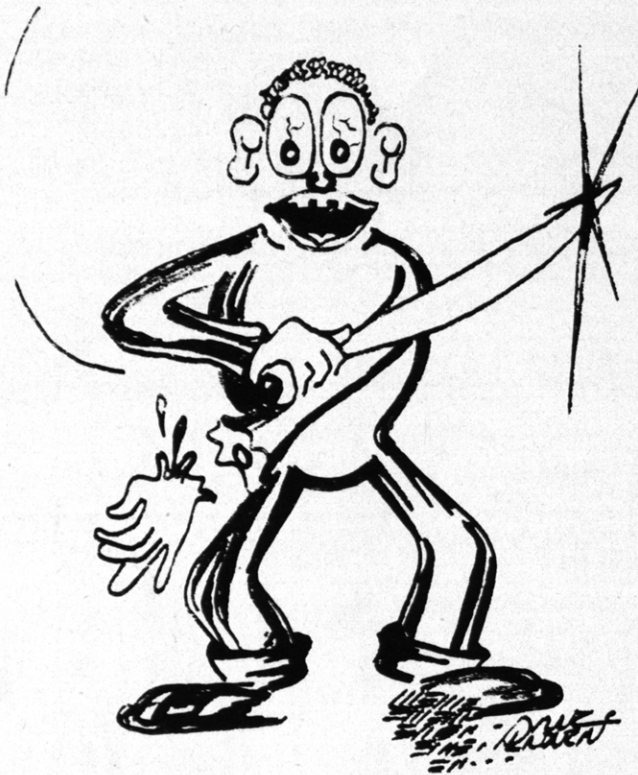
Baker 119

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"... Look Ma, no hand!!"

A girl of our acquaintance was shopping in her neighborhood market and found herself behind an austere dame at the meat counter. This member of the local elite requested with much dignity that the butcher make some suggestion for her dinner menu.

"Of course," said the butcher, "how about a nice ox tongue, to be served with spinach?"

"What?" exclaimed the haughty one. "Do you have the nerve to suggest that I eat anything that has been in a cow's mouth?"

"Well, Madam," came back the butcher. "I noticed that you included eggs in your order this morning."

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clarinet • Bob Short, trumpet & tuba • Al Lyons, banjo  
Everett Farey, cornet

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The young man addressed his prospective father-in-law: "Sir, I would like to marry your daughter."

"I'm afraid, son," the older man replied, "that you couldn't support her in the manner to which she is accustomed."

"Your daughter and I have talked it over, and she has consented to live on what I earn."

"That's fine. But remember that after a while a little one may come along, and that will mean added expense."

"Well, that's true, sir," the youth agreed, "but we've been lucky so far."



A woman went to a doctor to complain about her husband's delusion. "It's terrible, Doctor," she said. "All the time he thinks he's a refrigerator."

"Well," consoled the medical man, "that isn't too bad. Quite a harmless delusion, I'd say."

"The delusion I don't mind, Doctor. But when he sleeps with his mouth open, the little light keeps me awake!"



A Maine man received a telegram stating that his mother-in-law's body had been found floating at the seashore, a lobster attached to each toe. He was asked to telegraph instructions for disposition of the body. He wired back: "Sell the lobsters and set her again."



Sign for Smith Brothers cough drops in a New York subway:

"Take one to bed with you."

Inscription underneath: "I wouldn't sleep with either one of them!"

#### FOR SALE

1948 Bledsoe Blunderbolt—this is the only car ever made with Phlegmatic Drive. There is a connection between the carburetor and the horn, and the latter has a spark plug in its orifice, so that if you honk at a pedestrian a six-foot tongue of flame will shoot out to incinerate him. Five of the six exhausts lead to the driver's compartment, as the last owner was a carbon monoxide addict. The top is removable, and may be used as a bottom. For further details, call Crankshaft 5-1313.



The old bull's active days were over, but the kindly farmer permitted him to stay on in the pasture with the cows. Of course, the farmer also turned a young bull loose in the field and the newcomer went to work immediately. Seeing this, the old bull began snorting and pawing the ground with his hoof.

"You're wasting your time," said the farmer. "You're too old for that sort of thing now."

"I know," said the bull, "but I can show him I'm not a cow, can't I?"



The little girl was sitting on the couch very demurely watching her mother smoking a cigarette. Her blue eyes had an expression of wistful disillusionment.

Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her childish falsetto:

"Dammit, Mother, when are you going to learn to inhale?"



An air force captain, stationed in Japan, was elated over the snapshot his girl has sent him from the States. It showed two happy couples sitting on the beach, while the girl sat alone in the background looking forlorn. The message on the back said this showed how lonesome she was for him.

The captain and his picture were rapidly on the way to becoming a colossal bore, when a fellow officer finally devised a way of inducing him to put the snapshot away permanently. "Jim," said his friend innocently, "who do you suppose took that picture?"



*"Just checking beforehand, that's all."*

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

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A new and proud daddy, dashed to the hospital to visit his family. At the door to his wife's room, he met a cute little nurse carrying a cute little baby. The nurse held the child forward for the father's inspection. The beaming papa held the baby, looked at the nurse, and said, "Isn't little Arthur a handsome chap?"

The nurse answered, "Oh, this isn't yours. This child's name is Agnes and please let go of my finger."



A gentleman, on being informed that he was the father of triplets, rushed to the hospital and burst joyously into his wife's room. The nurse was not pleased to see him.

"You can't come in here covered with germs," she said. "You're not sterile."

"You're telling me I'm not!" replied the husband.



Wee Willie was walking with Wanda, his brand new girl, on the way home from grammar school. Both were eight years old.

"Wanda," said Wee Willie with worshipping eyes, "you are the first little girl I have ever loved."

"Dammit," said little Wanda, "I've drawn another beginner."



Zeke McCoy had just married Nellie Martin and off they went to a cabin in the mountains for a honeymoon. He had only been gone one day when he suddenly stormed into his pappy's cabin.

His pappy said, "Where's yore woman, son?"

Zeke countered, "I done shot her, Paw!"

"What fer?" asked the old man.

"She were a virgin, Paw."

"Ya done right, son; if she weren't good nuff fer her own folk, she ain't good nuff fer us!"

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*Teresa Wright*  
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