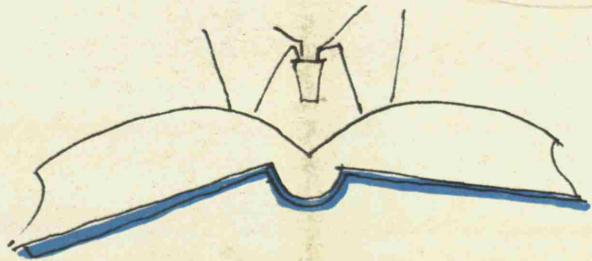
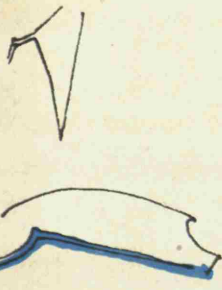
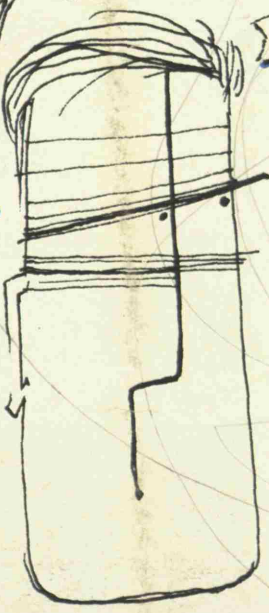
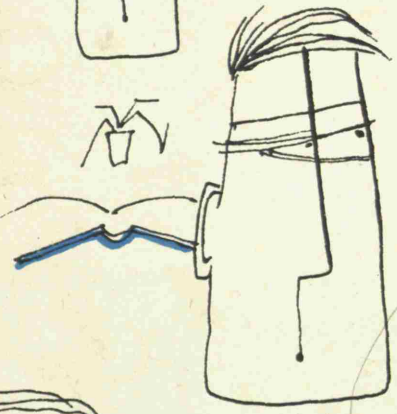
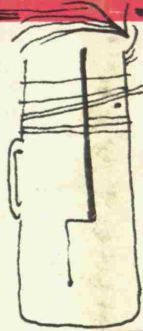


V A



FEBRUARY 25



A tenor, his voice loud and clear,
Renounced all his hopes and career
For his fine voice, alas!,
Once shattered the glass
That was holding his fine Schaefer beer!

alphonse normandia

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

For real enjoyment—real beer!



Schaefer

You get two full glassfuls in the half-quart Schaefer can—all real beer! Try it!

THE F. & M. SCHAEFER BREWING CO., NEW YORK

VOO DOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 38, No 1

February, 1955

Established 1919

In New Delhi, where we come from, the temperature in the depths of winter sometimes falls below 40° F. But then, clearly, there is a cold wave; and the populace (with the same sound sensibility that leads to the closing of shops and the cessation of activity between the hours of 1 and 4 on hot summer afternoons) takes adequate precautions. Many cups of hot tea are consumed, and movement out of doors is minimized. We indulge in this nostalgic reminiscence because we have found this winter cold, because we pine to see green things around us and to hear, in the morning, the birds outside our window.

A sad state of affairs, you will say, when it is necessary to editorialize against the weather. But we can't find anything else to grumble about. Time was when a man could write a decent editorial about injustices and suffering students. But now every incipient problem is surrounded by student faculty committees with beaming faces everywhere and understanding on all sides. Time was when one could complain about the M. I. T. "factory", and bewail the lack of humanism. We attended, when term began, a first lecture in a Mechanics course where the lecturer ranged confidently and felicitously over the Egyptians, the Phoenicians, and the Greeks. Hell, when a little Aristotle is mixed in with the Mechanics, the scientific and the humane are pretty well wedded. All we've got left to agitate for is an early Spring.

—V. A.

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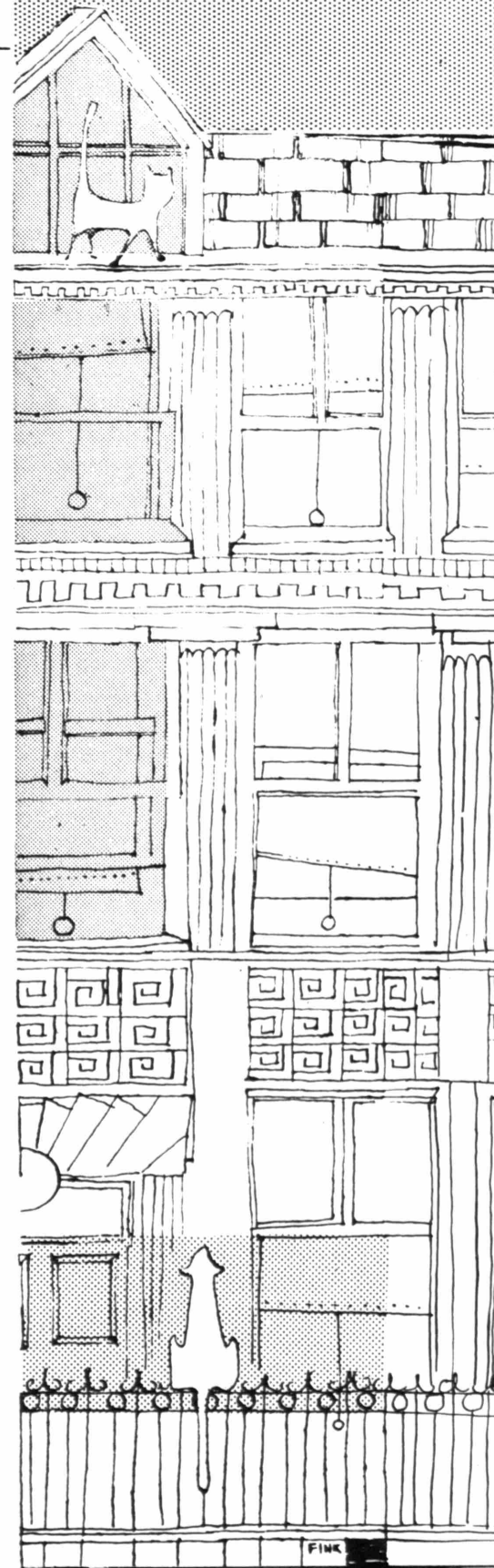
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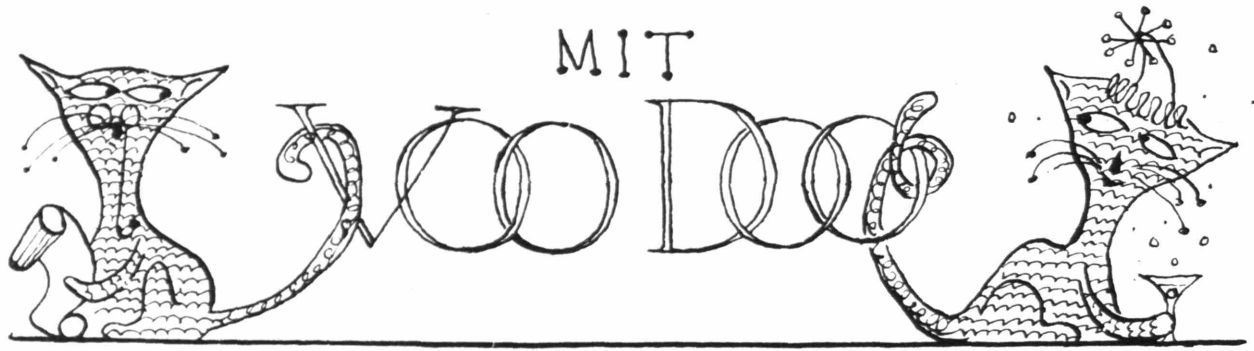
All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

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This month's cover by Fink





AS a service to our readers, we inform them that the way to put a Volkswagen into reverse is to move the gear lever consecutively downwards, towards the driver, and to the rear. The reason we are dispensing this little known item of information is that we were caught without it a short while back. A trivial ignorance, you remark; but wait till you hear the story.

We were confronted on that occasion, for reasons too complicated to go into, with the problem of driving a Volkswagen home. We were quite alone in the car. It was a little past midnight, and it was the first time we had driven a car along those streets. We came to a red light and stopped. It did occur to us that the light was a little long in changing, but we are of a contemplative bent and would probably be there still if a hooded figure had not rapped on the window and said: "Say buddy, you're going the wrong way up a one way street; that light's *never* going to change." A little flustered, but still in possession of our wits, we put the car into first and swung it smartly round until we were astraddle the street which was a narrow one. We were intending, you understand, to come about and find a new route homeward. We were in the position described above when we discovered that we hadn't the faintest idea of how to make the beast go backward. We tried, it seemed to us, all possible positions; but every time we began to let in the clutch, the

lights would dim and the car, with a shudder, attempt to climb the curb. In desperation, we turned off the engine, got out of the car, fumbled for a book of matches, found one, lit a match, and crawled around the footboards looking for a plate (such as occurs in some foreign cars) which would describe the gear lever positions. But we could find no such plate, and while we were performing our contortions, we heard a little giggle behind us. We started up and discovered a sailor and his girl friend, both a little under the weather. We blushed slightly and climbed back into the driver's seat. We started the engine again (knew how to do that, fortunately) and gave the gear lever a little waggle just to show it who was boss. With various unhelpful suggestions from the sailor, we struggled, cajoled, threatened and pleaded with the car; and finally we discovered the item of information which now, with the greatest of magnanimity, we pass on to you.

I THINK my father is getting peeved over the fact that he never gets any mail from me except when I need money. He has very quaint methods for acquainting me with the idea. I got a postcard from him the other day with one sentence:

Frank Lloyd is, Orville and Wilbur were, why don't you?

WE were walking along Mass. Avenue (in the neighborhood of Symphony Hall) the other day when we saw a little old gray-haired lady standing on the sidewalk looking out towards the road. She had an expression on her face, at once timid and anxious and terrified, that brought the boy scout in us to the surface. We looked inquiringly towards her, and she said: "My, they're driving terribly today, aren't they?" We agreed and asked if she wanted to cross the street. "No, no," she said, she was just watching the driving. We left her at it.

WE have a friend with a mania for cheating. He even bibles his E 50 themes.

APPARENTLY even electrical engineers have a sense of humor. We recently overheard a conversation between two of them outside a 6-18 class. "... Are we talking about the ordinary garden variety of motors?"

"Motors don't grow in gardens; they grow in fields."

WE were never fully cognizant of the terror Boston rush-hour traffic inspires in the hearts of the citizenry until one afternoon, recently, when we hesitated momentarily on the steps in front of Building Seven and noticed a policeman pushing the button for the red and yellow lights in order to cross the street.

LAST October I called up one of the most luscious girls in the state of Mass. and the conversation proceeded thusly:

How about a date for next Saturday?

Sorry, I have a violin rehearsal Saturday.

Well, how about a week from Saturday?

Sorry, I have a violin rehearsal a week from Saturday.

Well then, two weeks from Saturday? You don't have rehearsal then, do you?

No . . .

Great.

I have the concert.

I hung up.

A week ago I called her again figuring violining days might be over and the conversation proceeded thusly:

Hi, this is Dave.

Dave who?

Dave M.

Dave M. from where?

Dave M. from MIT.

MIT? That's near Harvard, isn't it?

I hung up.

AMONG the physics majors 8.09T lab is affectionately dubbed the snake pit.

OH, do you write for Voo Doo? Sure, I do the serious stuff.

ON Registration Day there was a large green blackboard in the lobby of Building 7 bearing the inscription "NO SKATING." Several students were observed trying to slide across the floor, and one muttered as he walked away, "Tain't much good for skatin' either."

THE freshmen don't seem to have adjusted to local conditions yet. Although on second thought maybe they have. One was heard to remark, "The humanities in this school are so good that I'd pay an extra fifty dollars not to have to take them."

WE are happy to report the advent of a great religious revival at the Institute. We noticed, in the Burton Lounge, a comic book with an advertisement on the back cover bearing the headline, "Serve the Lord and Win Valuable Coupons."

OUR compliments to the occupants of room 7-107. For one thing they mind their own business. In these hectic times they alone have achieved the happy medium between business and pleasure. Furthermore this is one of the few places in the Institute where people can truly be said to know what they are doing.

IT was probably his brother who entered the H11 final with a slide rule in his hand. No doubt a member of the same family is the lad who was seen on the new rink with forty dollar skates, a blonde, and his slide rule strapped to his belt.

IF this sort of thing continues, we will probably see weddings in the chapel with the bride and groom exiting through double columns of disheveled Tech men with crossed slide rules.

WITH this frightening prospect in mind it is comforting to hear of the gentleman who entered an exam room carrying an abacus.

THERE was a surprise quiz in 2.04, a class blest with the presence of a young coed. Afterwards someone threatened the professor, "I'll hang the so-and-so by his test . . . (then noticing the young lady) . . . ing machines."

AFTER hearing about the restrictions placed on Russian citizens traveling in this country, one Tech student was heard to remark, "I know why the restrictions were made. They don't want the Russians to see the slave labor camps on the Charles."

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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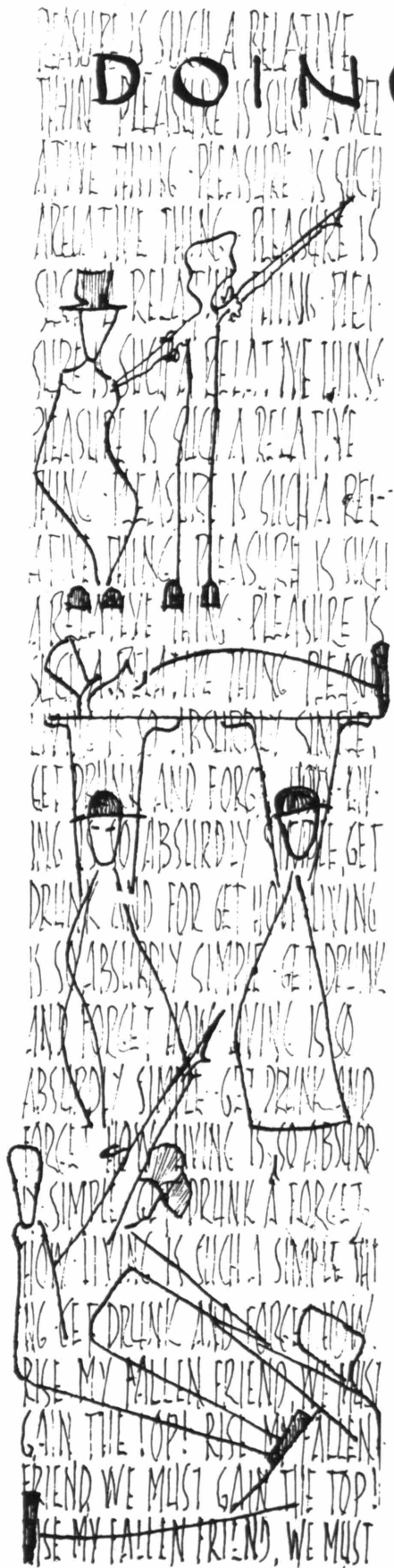
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DOING THE TOWN



Once upon a time, a man tied barrel staves to his feet and slid down a snowy slope. This unsung hero of sport has been followed by an avalanche of people who will, today, travel miles to do a modified version of the same thing. Skiing offers many attractions to its devotees: the thrill of speed; the stark beauty of mountain, snow and sky; isolation from worldly care; and a chance to verify mg.

Of the many places available to Tech's enterprising skiers, perhaps the most celebrated is Stowe, Vermont which boasts a new double chairlift, alpine lifts, T-bar lifts, rope tows, and a gentleman named Sepp Ruschp running a ski school. Besides Stowe, Vermont is home to Snow Mountain, Pico Peak, Mad River Glen, Woodstock, Waitsfield, and Big Bromley. A little to the east, in New Hampshire, one finds Black Mountain, Belknap, Conway, Jackson, Franconia, Mount Sunapee, Pinkham Notch, Waterville Valley, and North Conway. A bit further away, but equally rewarding to the enthusiast, are the New York State resorts which include Lake Placid, Alpine Meadows, Snow Ridge, Belleayre, Whiteface and Gore Mountains.

For the stay-at-home, Massachusetts and Connecticut offer some good, weather permitting,

slopes: Catamount, Jiminy-Peak, and the state forests, in Massachusetts; Mohawk, Haystack Mountain, and Laurel Hill, in Connecticut. And then for the traveler, Canada offers many excellent variable climatic conditions.

At this point we may as well admit that, since one cannot ski and drink beer at the same time, we have never actually enjoyed the pleasures of the excellent places we have just finished recommending. Nevertheless, a page is a page, and this one needs filling. We have, therefore, collected a few scraps of information which may, or may not, be of value to skiers.

Hospital supplies can be obtained at the firms listed on pages 442, 443, and 444 of the Boston Classified Telephone Directory.

Railroads can be found adjacent to raincoats in the same volume.

Sporting equipment can probably be found somewhere under "S".

—George Eric Forsen

"Please."

"No."

"Just this once?"

"I said no."

"Aw, gee, Ma, all the rest of the kids are going barefoot."

A reformer is a guy who rides through a sewer with a glass-bottomed boat.



One day he wanted to make her a partner. At least he asked her to stay late so he could give her the business.



For a while he thought she was Jane Russell—those bags under her eyes fooled him.



Bar: Place where they have no steady customers.



Shot: when you have three of them you're half.



He: "Where have you been keeping yourself, baby?"

She: "And what makes you think I've been keeping myself?"



Note to all liberal arts students:

A slide rule is not a regulation pertaining to baseball.



The sudden entrance of a wife has caused many a secretary to change her position.



Sign in the Armory:
"GET A DATE
AND GO DOWN
to the Air Force Dance."

Absent-minded Professor:
"Lady, what are you doing in my bed?"

She: "Well, I like your bed. And I like your neighborhood. I like your house, too. And furthermore, it's about time you remembered that I'm your wife."



Song: "Those Danish Doctors are breaking up that old gang of mine."



Mother's home—but not to stay; the warden let her out for Mother's Day.



Harp—a nude piano.

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OF ALL QUEER THINGS

At about 11:30, I stepped out of the theatre to meet a solid cold sheet of wind that burrowed past my overcoat collar and into the small of my back. Behind me was a miserable movie made the more miserable by a dateless Saturday night; in front of me lay the unappealing prospect of returning to the dorm only to be kept awake until 1 o'clock by the sounds that inevitably emanate from my neighbor's room. "Now, Harry, now please; not tonight; please stop it . . ." and on and on until closing; a monologue which at times is highly amusing but which tonight I could do without. I shivered and began to walk down Washington Street, bumping into a sailor who said, "Watch it, buddy."

"N'yaah to you," I said two blocks later, kicking a pile of snow that squatted in my path, and knowing even before the chill, that half of it was in my shoe. Then I felt it, and made a re-estimation; three quarters of it was in my shoe. I cursed. "Watch that buddy," said a sailor who turned around as he passed.

Persecution. The whole goddamn Navy.

The snow slowly ingratiated its way along my sock until hitting my toes, and finding nowhere else to go, it settled down with a satisfied "Squish."

"Squish yourself," I said. Sometimes I'm brutal.

"Squish."

"Squish."

"Squish."

"Squish."

And soon I found myself in front of one of those little comfortable joints that dot downtown Boston like measles. The comfortable aroma of hamburgers on buns enveloped me, and I stepped in.

It was quite crowded. Customers were standing around waiting their turns at the stools that circled the little counter. I stepped closer, scanning the bill of fare as I did so. Neat blue and white cards suggested trying our "weenies" or our "wimpies" or perhaps our "whippies". On the other side, three women bustled about filling orders. The nearest to me was a little wizened old lady who was tending the grille. As the other two, a girl in her early twenties and a big-bosomed woman of indeterminate age shouted out, "two wimpies" or perhaps "three weenies", the old lady would flip a couple of blobs of meat with one hand, the other hand would scrape away ceaselessly at the grease with a blackened spatula, and all the while she would mumble half aloud ". . . got to put on more wimpies because everybody likes wimpies because wimpies are good because they all like wimpies because . . ." and the spatula scraped away.



I mentally ordered two wimpies and a whippie. The girl took the order of the man next to me. She had a very shapely figure and would have been pretty if her face had not been so strained and her eyes so tired.

"Two weenies and a whippie," shouted the girl and she turned towards me.

I began to speak and then stopped. Her eyes were resting curiously on my face.

"I know you," she said uneasily.

The words bounced unfamiliarly off my eardrums, so unexpected were they.

"I know you," she repeated and her expression changed to one of fear.

"Constance sent you," she said.

"Huh?" I said with my usual presence of mind.

"Constance sent you!" and her voice rose to a

shriek as she stepped back. Her face was full of many emotions that I have never seen, so I can't describe it.

"You can't do that to her." She began to shake her finger at me. "I won't let you. I don't care what you do to me. You can't do that to the girl."

My voice returned slightly cracked but calm.

"Look, Miss, you probably have mistaken me for someone else. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Ooohh, yes, you do." She was screaming now and backing rapidly away from my end of the counter, still shaking her finger in my direction.

"You can't do that to a girl. I know the consequences. You can't treat the girl that way. You can see the boss; I may get fired, I don't care what they do to me. You can't do what you're doing to her!"

And, sobbing, she disappeared through a door marked, logically enough, exit.

"But, Miss . . ." I cried and began to follow her, when a large sailor uncoiled himself from a stool and said, "Oh, no you don't, buddy."

I didn't. Goddamn Navy.

The big bosomed lady behind the counter put two wimpies and a whippie in front of me, and as I put a dollar bill down, I recalled that I hadn't given her my order. I looked up and found that everyone was staring at me except the old lady who kept mumbling—. . . got to put on more wimpies because everyone likes wimpies because . . . half to herself.

"Now, look . . ." I began.

"For shame . . ." said a short woman in galoshes, "if I were a man . . ." and she brandished a gigantic umbrella.

"Medically impractical," said an interested voice from the rear, and a distinguished looking man with a small briefcase popped into view. "Practically impossible," he mused as he stared at the woman with the umbrella. "Wrong hips. Still, Madam . . ."

"Well, I never," said a woman who hadn't ever.

"In my day," said a gentleman seated at the counter, "we'd hang a man like that," and he glared at me.

A truck driver at the other end of the diner got up and began to stretch himself.

"Discretion is the better part of valor," I thought as I put down my wimpie. "Curiosity killed the cat," I remarked to myself as I backed toward the door. "He who fights and runs away after all," I pondered as it slammed behind me.

Once outside, the freezing wind revived my sense of proportion.

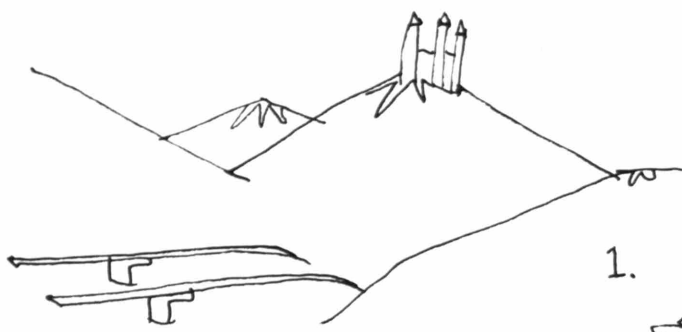
"Anyhow," I said to the lamppost, "Cowards live but many times."

"Squish," said my shoe, and together we swished towards a subway that would take me home.

Opinion is divided among the few friends I've told about it. Some think I made it up. The others think I'm not smart enough to have made it up.

I don't know what to think. Sometimes I lie awake at night and wonder about it. Vague notions of white slavers or illicit societies flit back and forth along the silver net of my imagination. My roommate (whom I have never told because he is incapable of appreciating anything more romantic than Simmons girls) informs me that I sometimes talk in my sleep, and one night he says he distinctly heard me yell, "Constance sent you", of all queer things.

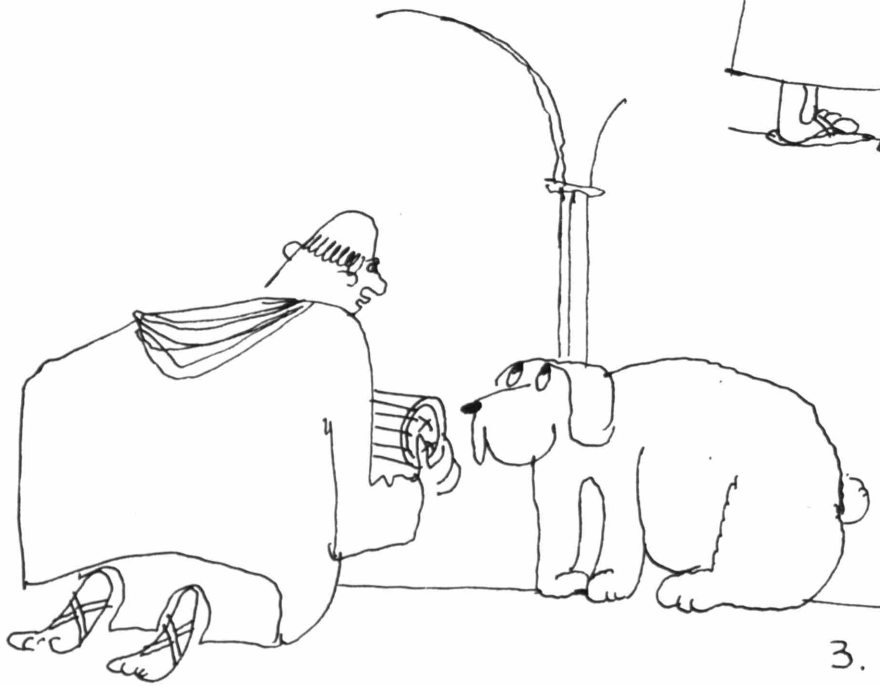
—Phil Pearle and Fradley



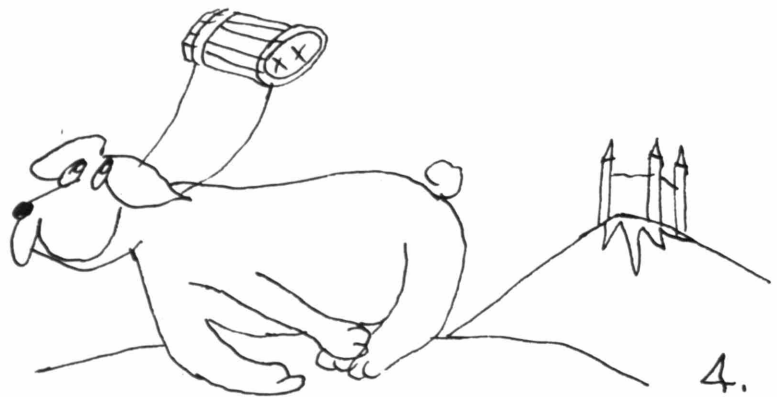
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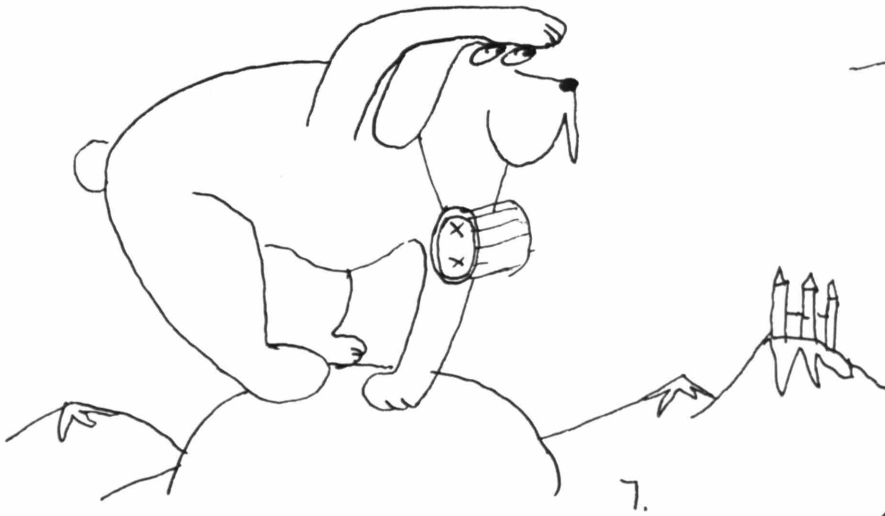
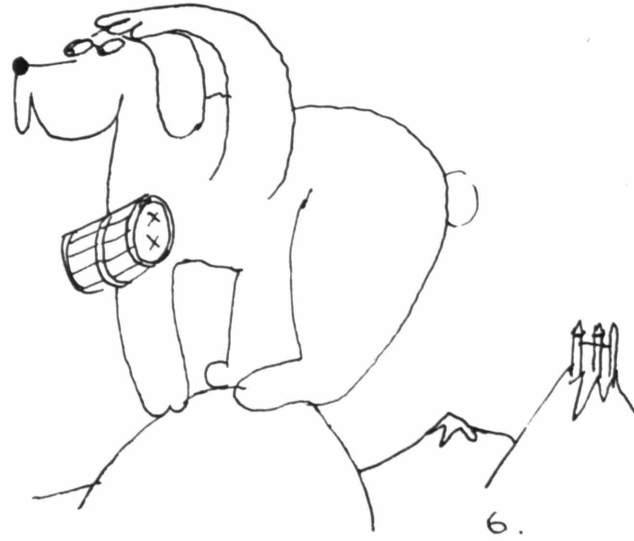
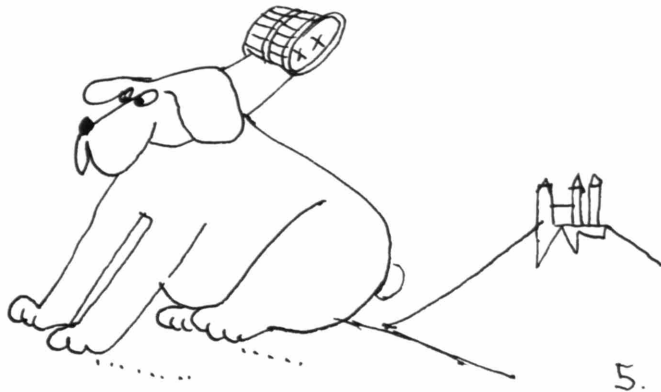
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The first letter received said, "Hernia."



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John Smith happened to witness a minor holdup. In due time, the Boston police arrived, and one officer asked the witness his name.

"John Smith," said Smith.

"Cut the comedy," snapped the cop. "What's your real name?"

"All right," said Smith, "put me down as Winston Churchill."

"That's more like it," said the officer. "You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."

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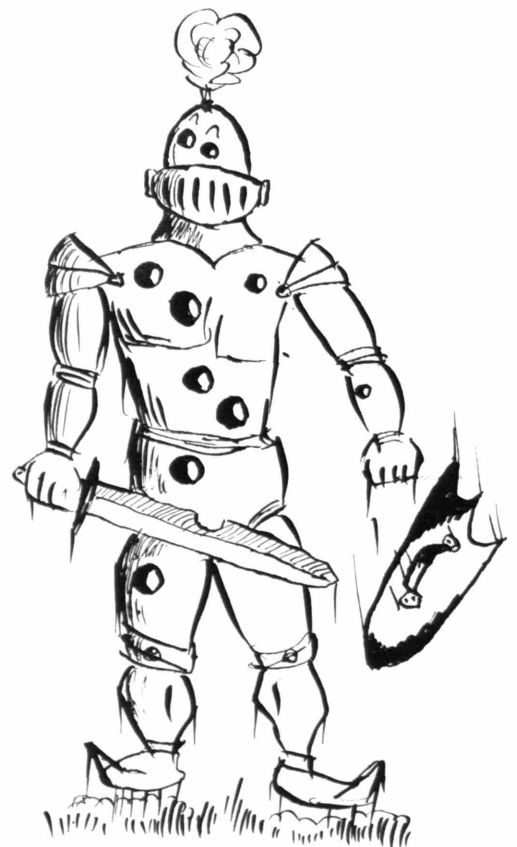
BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM

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

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

Sur l'ancien T. Wharf—metro Atlantic
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THE DECISION

Come, children, climb up on papa's knee and he will tell you a heart-warming tale with a beautiful moral.

Once upon a time, there was a man named Fradley Smulch. Fradley was a poor, but honest chap who had forged out a career in the reprocessed-toilet-paper game. When he was about twenty-five years old, poor, but honest, Fradley realized that there was something lacking in his life; he had no companion on his journey through the dark woods of life. Therefore he ventured forth one day into the social world in search of a wife.

After months of searching, Fradley determined to give his heart to one of two fair maidens: Jenny, a poor working girl who may not have been beautiful, but who was pure and good; or Scarlet, an abandoned wench who at the tender age of twenty-three was a successful madam.

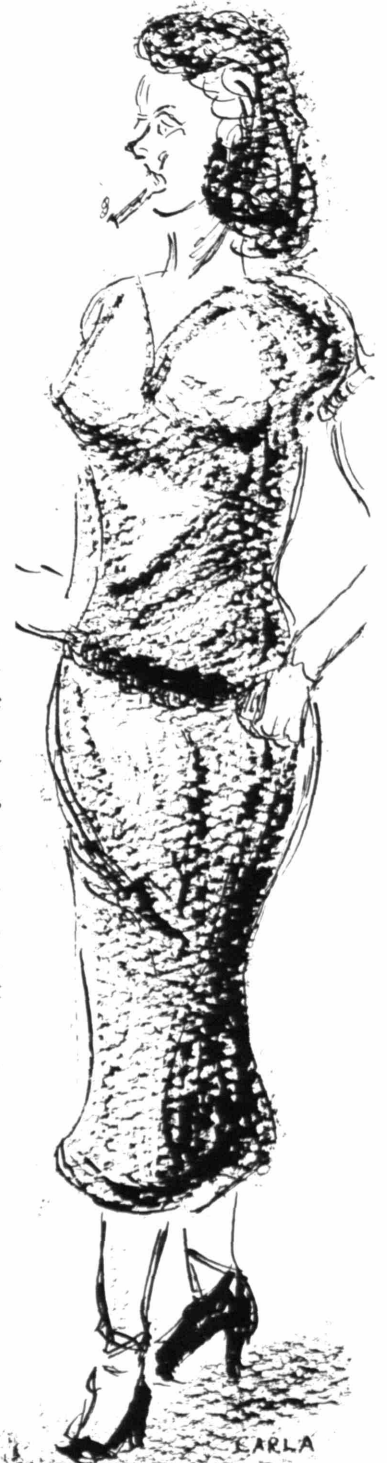
It was a difficult decision to make. Fradley knew that with Jenny he would lead the righteous life, with few material rewards but with great spiritual advancement; for Jenny was the personification of all that is good. Whereas with Scarlet, Fradley saw that he would lead a life of ease and gratification of the senses, with everything that money can buy, but all to the degradation of his soul; for Scarlet was the personification of all that is evil.

Naturally, being a typical, red-blooded, American youth, Fradley married Scarlet.

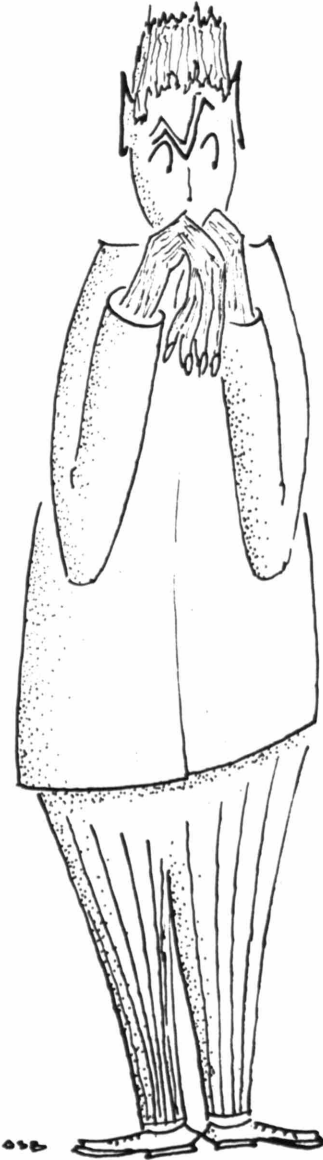
After six months of pleasant debauchery, they returned from their honeymoon to make sure that the girls in Scarlet's establishment were toeing the mark. That night Jenny stole into their room, did them both in with a girl scout axe, and escaped to South America with twenty-five thousand dollars of their money.

Moral: GOOD ALWAYS TRIUMPHS.

—Vic Teplitz



my roommate



I'm tolerant, benevolent;
I lend a kindly ear to quacks.
Altruistic, idealistic,
I sympathize with maniacs.
I've always loved my fellow man,
forgiving times he foully acks.

But

it's asking too much of a human being to keep his self control when he comes back from mid-semester vacation after having gotten so low a cum that the dean let me stay at school only because he needed the money and after having found that my girl back home got engaged to some guy while I was sweating away over lousy marks that my father took one look at and said no car this term and I come in dog-tired from a long boring trip on a noisy dusty train which left me with a splitting headache and who do I find has thrown all my clothes out of my closet and replaced them with his own, shoved my bed into the darkest corner of the room, crammed the bookcases with his books and taken the best desk

not to mention both towel racks?

My Roommate.

I suspect that his philosophy
is conscientious misanthropement.
His mentality has undergone
a retrogressive development.
Last week when from the shower I
assayed a feeble gropement,

I found

he'd left ten minutes before ingeniously locking the door behind him knowing damn well that I was already late for a date with the one girl who spits blood when I'm only two seconds late and I'm standing here shivering in a freezing hall with open house hours just begun and female voices echoing down the corridor and coming closer with me planted smack in the middle wearing nothing but a bar of soap lent

By My Roommate.

Oh ecstasy, propinquity,
my love is growing restiv.
Her beauty lies not in her eyes;
her pulchritude is breastiv.
While dancing she caresses me
in manner most suggestiv.

So

I take her up to my room and it's only 11 o'clock and I turn on the radio while she turns off the lights and the music is soft and romantic and she's dancing so close to me that if she was any closer she'd be behind me and she's leading me towards the couch while I'm saying to myself tonight's the night when all of a sudden the door flings open, all the lights are snapped on, and a hearty voice booms out Well we have company and sits himself down for the rest of the night exchanging dirty jokes and who do you think takes her out and up

to the room at the next big festiv

Al? My Roommate.

Into the night I sip the cup
of knowledge studiowsily
While he is at the local pup
imbibing carowsily.
His favorite area is Scollay Square
where he dissipates callowsily.

But

who is it who steals my homework to hand in to his instructors, bibles my lab reports, always borrows my books and never buys his own, and the night before every quiz would sit on his desk all night singing Nature Boy if I didn't get up after finding it impossible to sleep even with the pillow wrapped around my head and cram everything I learned since the beginning of the term into his dense skull between midnight and six in the morning sustaining myself with so much No Doz and black coffee that I'm so doped up for the quiz that the Greek symbols look like English to me and I erase pencil marks with the point of my pen and then who gets A's while I get C's and is sure to graduate suma cum laudely while if I graduate at all, it will be sumwhat cum lowsily?

My Roommate.

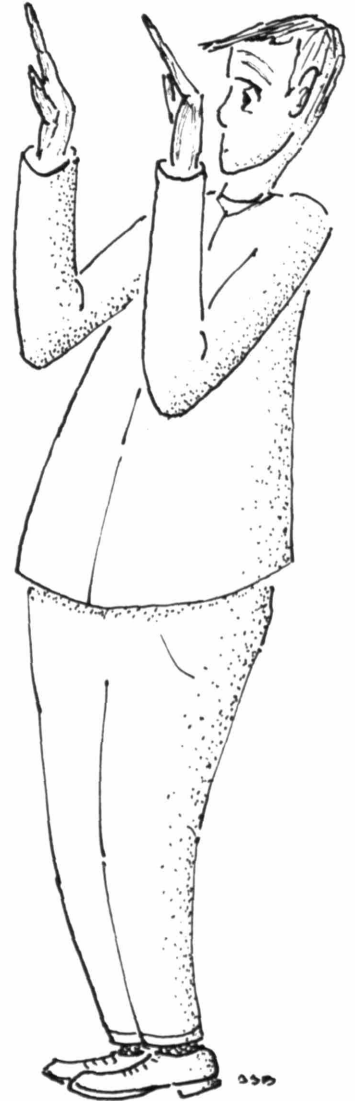
So I steal hubcaps from Cadillacs:
I cultivate a cult of hate;
So I kick small dogs, mislead the blind,
and frequently prevaricate;
So I teach girls under five to curse
and beetles I decapitate.

Well

he wears all my clothes and uses my razor and dulls my ice skates and splinters my skis and when I start out for the launderette with my laundry he flings me his to do also and he comes in just before dawn and wakes me so he can describe his billiard shots and he sends Morse code signals to his girl friend at Charlesgate with my lamp at 3 o'clock in the morning and he scratches my records on my own Hi-Fi set and he has to listen to the fisherman's news service every night at one and he keeps his pet snake warm in my bed and feeds the beast my goldfish and he plays pitching pennies out the window with my pennies and he broke my leg in football practice when we were on the same team and he sends poison-pen letters to the dean in my name and as soon as I get my switch-blade knife from Sears and Roebuck who do you think

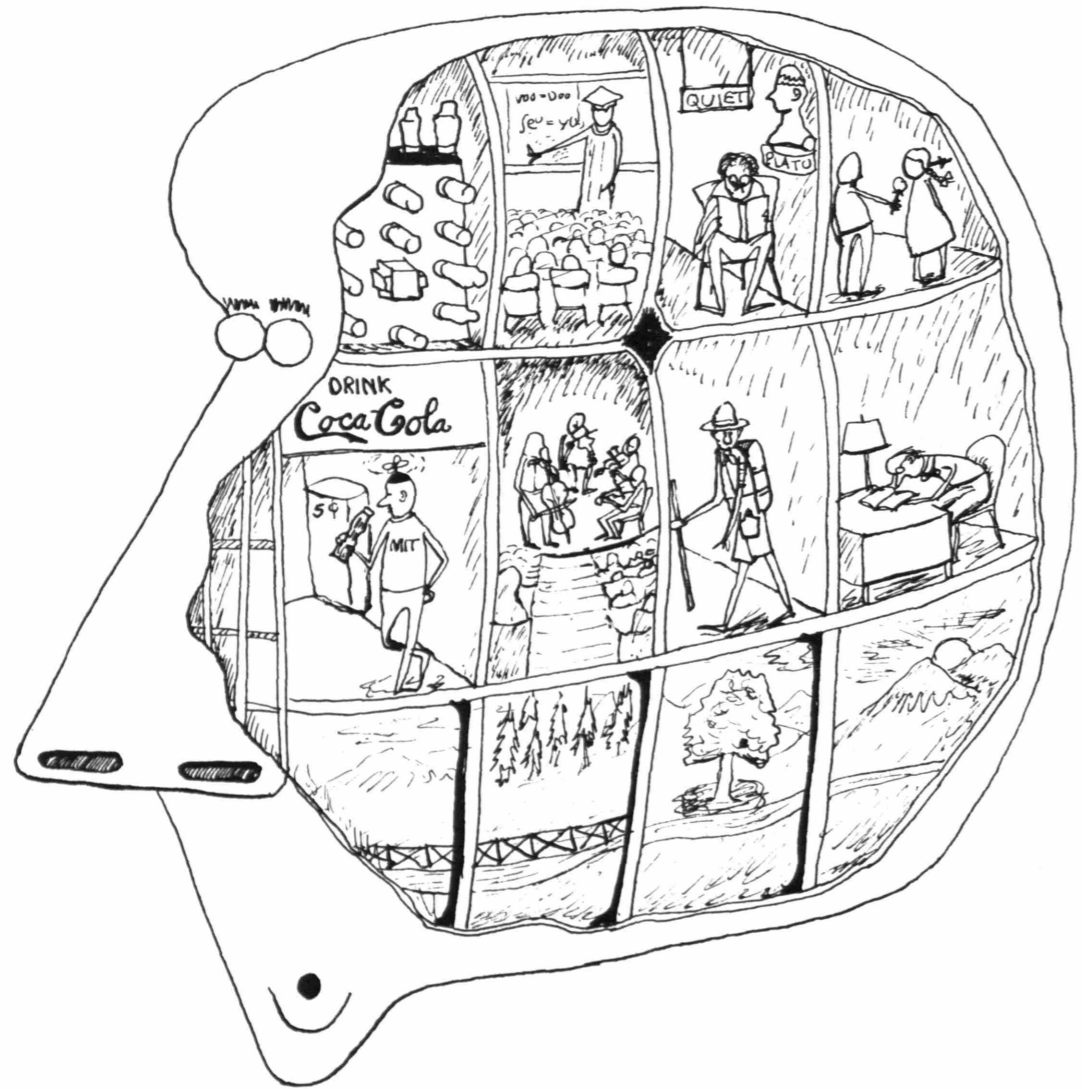
I'm going to assassinate?

MY : * | & (.. œ) ROOMMATE.

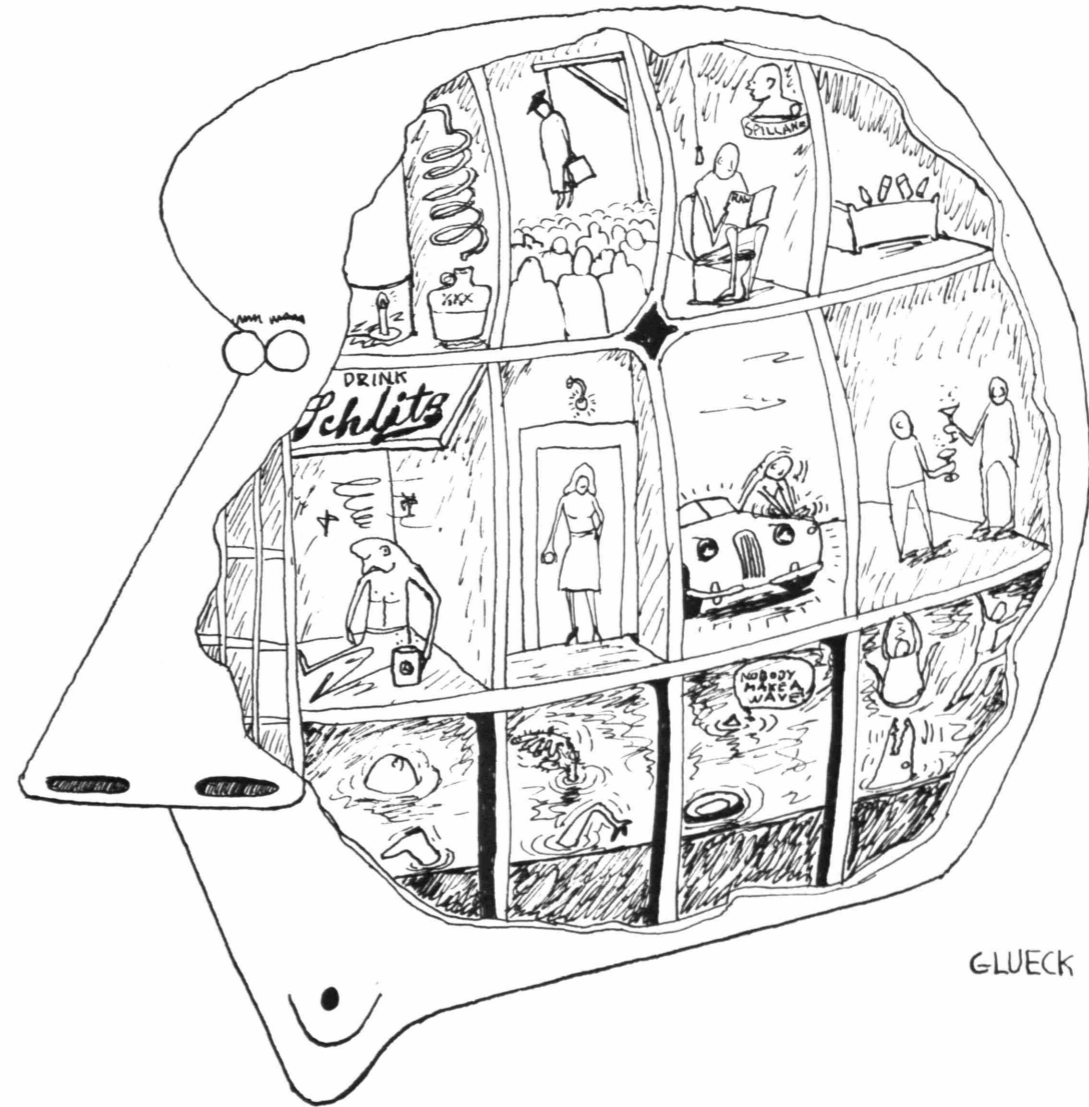


THE THINKING MACHINE

*e-v-x =
Coc + j sin x
Coul
Feyn
1651*



THE PROF'S VIEW



THE UGLY TRUTH

While grouse-hunting in the meadow, a fellow was amazed to see a nude girl flash before his eyes, closely followed by two men in white. A third man in white carrying a pail of sand brought up the rear.

"What's the deal here?" the fellow asked the sand carrier.

"This girl just escaped from the asylum and we've got to catch her," the man panted as he ran along.

"Yes," persisted the hunter, "but why the sand?"

"Oh," came the reply, "I caught her yesterday. This is my handicap."



Having imbibed too freely at a hotel a pretty young thing in Texas ran outdoors, fainted and fell over a trash barrel.

A young man saw her. The next morning he wired his partner in New York. "Close office. Sell everything. Come to Texas. They throw away better stuff than you can buy in New York."



Each morning an inmate of an asylum borrowed three long books from the library, returning them the same afternoon. One day the librarian gave him the city telephone directory. When he returned with it in the afternoon, the librarian exclaimed, "Don't tell me you've finished that big book already," "I certainly have," replied the inmate. "The plot was lousy, but man, what a cast."



The old engineer pulled his favorite steam engine up to the water tank and briefed the new fireman. The fireman got up on the tender and brought the spout down all right, but somehow his foot caught in the chain and he stepped into the tank.

As he floundered in the water, the engineer watched him with a jaundiced eye.

"Just fill the tank with water, Sonny," he drawled. "No need to stamp the stuff down."

During his speech a politician noticed an old lady sitting down front who appeared particularly interested in what he said. Afterwards he took occasion to meet her and ask for her vote.

"Well sir," the old lady said, looking him in the eye. "you're my second choice."

The politician thanked her and asked cheerfully, "And who is your first choice?"

"Oh," she replied, "just anybody."



Pardon me, I have to go home and change the sheets—I'm expecting company.



Once upon a time there lived an eccentric fisherman who had twin sons, Towards and Away. Every day he would go down to a nearby lake and fish, and every day he would come home and tell his wife of the tremendous fish he had caught but they were always of such a ferocious nature that they were inedible and so he never brought any of them back. The old fisherman's one great ambition in life was to teach his sons how to fish also, and one day when the boys were eight years old he decided that the time had come. So he packed up all his gear, said goodbye to his wife and went down to the lake with the two boys.

That night he rushed home and burst into the house in a flurry of excitement. "Martha!" he yelled to his wife, "you should have seen what happened. We had been fishing for seven hours when suddenly a tremendous green fish, five feet high with horns and fur all over his back and legs like a caterpillar came crawling out of the water, snatched up our boy, Towards, and devoured him on the spot whole!"

"Good gracious," said his wife, "that's horrible!"

"Oh that's nothing," said the fisherman. "You should have seen the one that got Away."



Salesgirl, showing lingerie to a man: "This is the only place you can touch these for anywhere near the price."

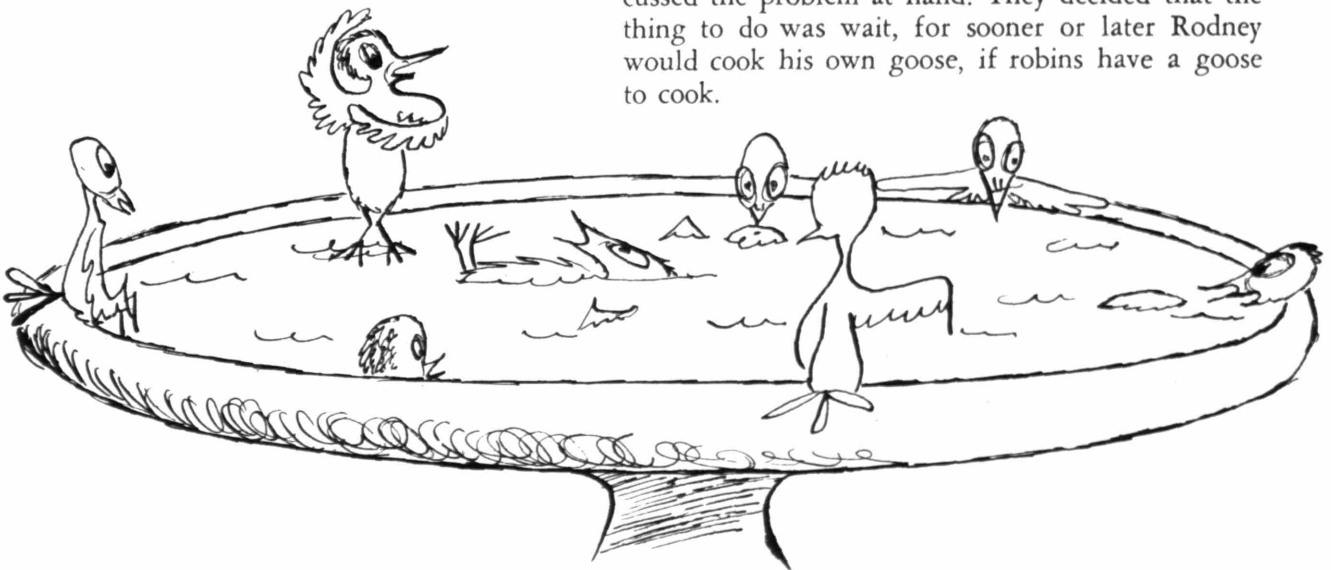
A FABLE IN SEASON

Once upon a wintertime, there was a smart alec robin named Rodney. Like most robins, Rodney was spending his winter in the south. To be exact, he was vacationing in Bermuda. Idyllic as it might seem and even with all the college birds around Rodney still looked forward to flying north. You see, he was brought up in Boston and loved to spend his time hopping around the Harvard Yard.



But, like we said, Rodney was a smart alec robin and this year he was even more smart alecky than usual. You see, someone had given him one of those calendar watch gadgets and he lorded it over all of the other robins. Actually it was very funny because he mentioned it every minute he could. For instance if you said, "Do you have the time?" Rodney would come back with, "Do you know I have a calendar watch?"

The other robins were kind of used to Rodney after so many long winter seasons of his boasts and snide remarks, but since the acquisition of his new watch Rodney was unbearable. At the weekly robin get-together at the local birdbath, the birds discussed the problem at hand. They decided that the thing to do was wait, for sooner or later Rodney would cook his own goose, if robins have a goose to cook.



One morning Rodney woke after a particularly long hard night of robin carousing. Strapping his calendar watch to his wing he was all set for another day of dissipation when he stopped dead in his tracks. HIS WATCH SAID IT WAS SPRING. This was it. D day, H hour and everything. He thought it was funny that no one else knew about it but he didn't think about it too long.



Actually you see, it wasn't spring at all. Rodney's watch had just gone slightly haywire. When he burst the news upon the other robins they were overjoyed; not because they thought it was spring—their intuition told them otherwise—but this was their chance to get rid of Rodney for the rest of the winter season. The robins suggested that Rodney had better leave for the north as soon as possible and the others would join him later as they had a paper to present at a meeting of the Bermudan Audubon society that very next week-end.



Rodney jumped at the opportunity to travel by himself, as he would have a chance to stop at some of the more bawdy birdhouses along the way. Dashing home, he commenced to pack his suitcase for the long trip north, including of course his long crimson muffler for the chilly spring nights in the yard. Checking the latest weather report Rodney started the journey.

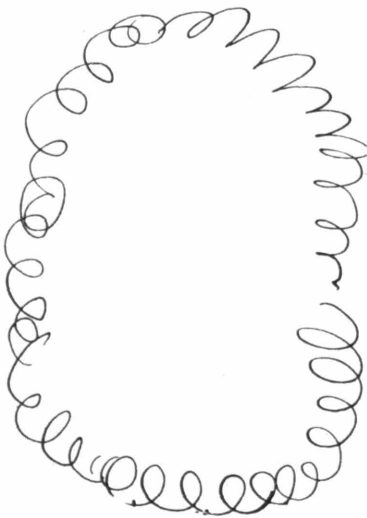
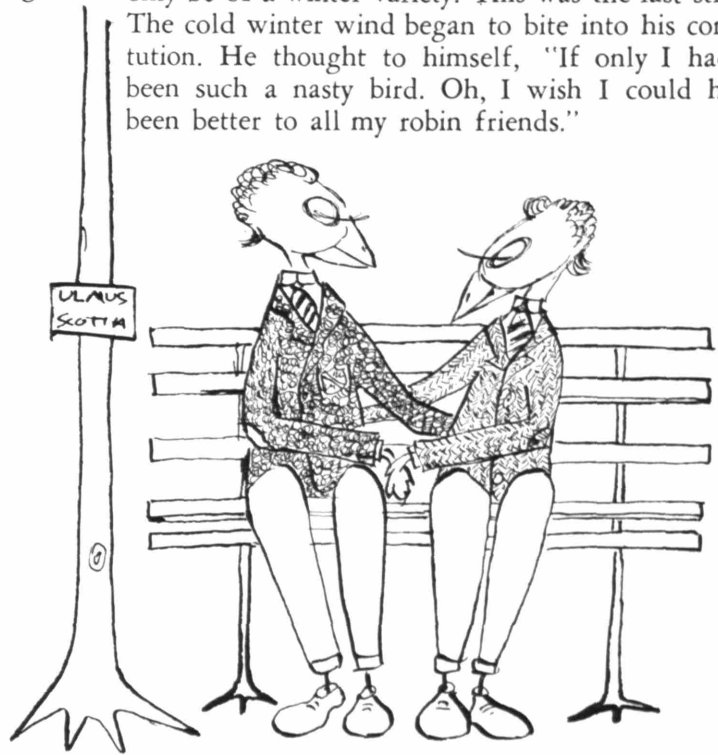


Along the way he noticed the lack of the usual spring traffic but he was too busy flapping his wings and admiring his wristwatch to pay much attention to it. Besides there was a birdhouse in New York he was going to stop at for a while that really made his tail feathers tingle. Oh, well, what the other robins didn't know wouldn't hurt them.

Three days later Rodney was back en route to Boston somewhat tuckered out. Homing in on the John Hancock building he was astounded to find the beacon blinking red. This was a blow. Either the John Hancock building was wrong or it wasn't spring. Rodney pondered a while and continued on. Soaring over the North Church searching for his town nest in the steeple he decided it couldn't be spring 'cause the steeple was still in cold storage.



A quick trip over the Harvard Yard was the final blow to Rodney. There were birds there that could only be of a winter variety. This was the last straw. The cold winter wind began to bite into his constitution. He thought to himself, "If only I hadn't been such a nasty bird. Oh, I wish I could have been better to all my robin friends."



Lofmeyer

Wistfully, Rodney began to rub his calendar watch, his only friend. Suddenly in a puff of orange-yellow smoke a beautiful young girl appeared. This was Rodney's fairy godmother (robin division). Rapping Rodney on his beak with her magic wand the girl said, "Rodney, you have seen the error of your ways. You shall be a handsome prince and live happily ever after."

At the sight of what she had done the fairy godmother broke the magic wand over her knee, flung herself at the prince and said, "Marry me." And so indeed the robin prince lived happily ever after.

BLIND DATE



He entered the room with a leap and a bound, and gaily trotted towards his desk, when suddenly his eyes met the glance of his diligently studying roommate. He froze on the spot, petrified. Then, becoming suddenly animated, his palm clapped his forehead as if he were dying.

"Oh, hell!" he exclaimed. An observer would think the world was coming to an end.

"Damn it, that's the third time in a row!" blurted the diligently studying roommate with a blasphemous tone, accompanied by a penetrating glare which bore into one side of the head and out the other. "If you forget again I'll plaster you!"

"Well, the line was busy and it took twenty minutes to get in touch with her and by then I forgot all about you and I told you to come with me and stand there and remind me so I wouldn't forget but you didn't so I did and it couldn't be helped and I'm sorry and so what can I do?" His skilled rhetoric made the diligently studying roommate squirm in his chair. His wry smirk spread to a gleaming smile as he observed the diligently studying roommate squirm in his chair. His wry smirk spread to a gleaming smile as he observed the diligently studying roommate's tension mounting.

"And now I'm stuck without a date. I was counting on you. I wanted to go to this dance. You're a bum." The diligently studying roommate rambled on in an attempt to demoralize him. "You said you would ask her to get me a date. You said it yesterday too, and the day before. I could have gotten a date, but no, I waited for you. Some roommate you are."

These last words struck deeply. "Some roommate you are." He shrank slowly, a nauseating feeling creeping up on him.

"Some roommate you are," the diligently studying roommate had said. Something must be done. But what?—how could he get a date for the diligently studying roommate? He stood staring at the floor, the other gazing upon him, sickening him with a stern mien. Gradually he looked up. He built up determination. He looked the diligently studying roommate square in the eye and said, "Come on, roommate. I'll get you a date!"

He looked as though he had just decided to assassinate Bulgamin. "I'll get you a date!" he said.

He turned and stalked down the hall, followed by the diligently studying roommate who had actually left his desk to witness the oncoming display of irresistible charm.

Now the determined state of mind was replaced by a clever, scheming, villainous plot. His eyes narrowed and his tongue hung out. As his plans developed mentally he almost began to slobber. He was Nero, watching Rome burn, as he picked up the telephone.

Turning to his diligently studying roommate he slyly said, "Got a dime?"

The diligently studying roommate dug deep into his pockets, fished through his slide rule, pencils, and pens, and at last came through splendidly with two nickels.

Deposit nickels—dial tone—LO 6-8920—line's busy—hang up—retrieve nickels from coin return—deposit nickels—dial tone—LO 6-8920—line's busy—hang up—retrieve . . .

"Hello? Who is this?"

"This is Nancy, who are you?"

"Nancy who?"

"Who is this?"

"How old are you, Nancy?"

"Who do you want to speak to?"

"What class are you in?"

"I'm a sophomore, why?"

"Is there a freshman around?"

"Yes, why?"

"Can I speak to her, please?"

"What? Speak to who?"

"The freshman?"

"Which freshman? Joan?"

"Yeah, that's right, Joan; I want to speak to Joan; is Joan there?"

"Just a minute"—click—"Holy mackerel" (faintly from the background)

"Hello."
 "Hello, Joan?"
 "Yes."
 "Hi, how are you?"
 "Fine, how are you?"
 "Well, that all depends."
 "What do you mean, 'all depends'?"
 "Depends on whether you'll go out this Saturday or not."
 "This Saturday?"
 "Yeah—this Saturday."
 "What's this Saturday?"
 "It's a dance here at M.I.T."
 "Well, gee, I don't know, who is this?"
 "Some people call me Max, and my name is Sam; but, I prefer Harry, so you can just call me Al."
 "Well, uh—uh."
 "It's really gonna be a swell dance, real neat affair, great time, terrific band."
 "But I—"
 "There's a real handsome guy here who needs a date."
 "I—uh—"
 "Lots of other girls from Simmons are gonna be there."
 "Yes, but—"
 "These Tech dances are always a lot of fun."
 "They—"
 "Have you ever been to a Tech dance before?"
 "Well no, but—"
 "If you haven't been to an M.I.T. dance you haven't lived."
 "When does—"
 "You ought to go and see what it's like."
 "Well, maybe—"
 "It's gonna be a real rip-roarin' affair."
 "It's prob—"
 "You'll have lots of fun."
 "I guess—"
 "Whattaya say?"
 "It sounds—"
 "Whattaya say?"
 "It sounds—"
 "How about it?"
 "I suppose—"
 "Say—8:30 Saturday nite."
 "Well—"
 "OK?"
 "Gee, I,"
 "Is it a date?"
 "—"
 "Huh?"
 "OK, I guess so."

Beaming with delight, he turned to his diligently studying roommate and winked. His wink was met by a moronic grin and the heart warming eulogy, "You're a swell roommate."

He felt good. "You're a swell roommate," the diligently studying roommate had said. "You're a swell roommate."

He returned to the phone. "What did you say your name was?"

Back in the room the diligently studying roommate sat at his desk marvelling at the wondrous power of his very own roommate. With admiration and respect for a job well done, the diligently studying roommate dove into his calculus.

He, meanwhile, sat at his desk marvelling at the wondrous powers of his very own self. With admiration and respect for a job well done, he dove into his loafing. Proudly, he remembered those cherished words, "You're a swell roommate."

And, so, it pays to do your neighbor a good turn. In personal satisfaction alone, he was paid ten fold for his trouble. And now he and his diligently studying roommate are perpetually bound in affectionate friendship for the rest of his life, which may be decidedly shortened when his diligently studying roommate gets a gander at the babe who was on the other end of the line.

—S. Cohen



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Two Indians had watched the building of a lighthouse on the rocky west coast with much interest. When it was finally completed they sat and watched it every night. A thick fog came rolling in one night and the siren blew continuously.

"Ugh," grunted one Indian to the other. "Light shine—bell ring—horn blow—but fog came in just the same."



A Bostonian sub-ded named Brooks
Whose hobby was reading sex books
Ensnared her a Cabot,
Who looked like a rabbit
And deftly lived up to his looks.



"Oh, what a funny looking cow," the chic young thing from the city told the farmer. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied, "why a cow does not have horns. Some do not have them until late in life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns. This cow does not have horns because it is a horse."



Joe: "A woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Moe: "I say it's her eyes."

Ike: "It's unquestionably her teeth."

Mike: "What's the use of sitting here and lying to each other."



A luscious blonde got a job distributing free sticks of gum, by way of advertisement, on street corners. One evening after work she ran into an old friend.

"Say, I hear you're planning to get married," said the friend. "When is the big event coming off?"

"In a few months," the blonde replied.

"That's fine. And what are you doing in the meantime?"

"Oh," responded the luscious one, "just giving away free samples."

A wealthy Detroitier, returning from his grand tour abroad, was asked by an artistic friend whether he had managed to pick up a Van Gogh of Picasso abroad.

"Naw," said the traveler. "They're all left-hand drive over there and besides I got three Buicks anyway."

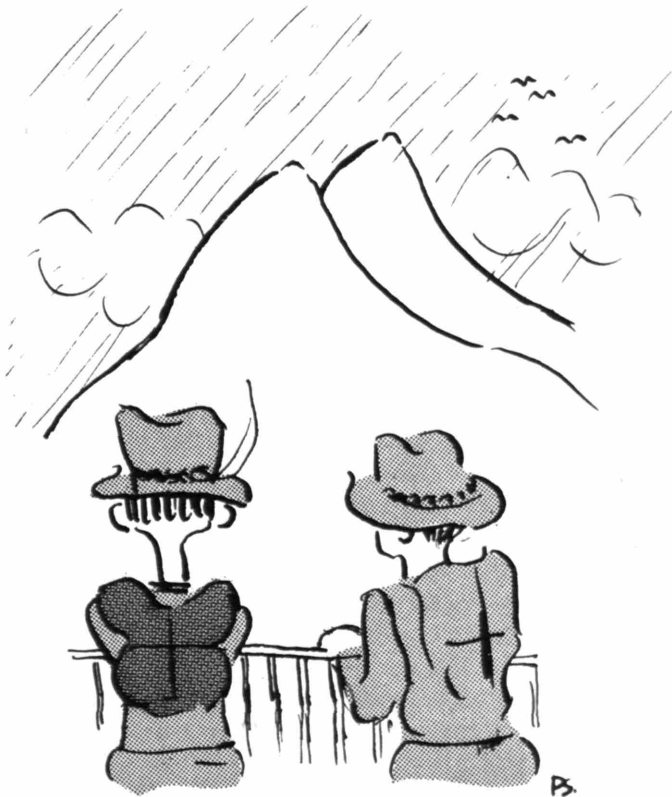


A local preacher recently announced that there are 726 sins.

He is being besieged with requests for the list, mostly from students who think they're missing something.



As the music director once said, "We've got a really big chorus here. Why if all the girls were laid end to end—I wouldn't be a bit surprised."



"I understand there's quite a legend"

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One day during a war, a tall, strong, and handsome soldier in the Roman legions broke into a house where he found two lovely, luscious, sloe-eyed young maidens and their elderly nurse. Chuckling with glee, he roared, "Prepare thyselfes for conquest, my pretties." The lovely girls fell to their knees and pleaded with him. "Do with us as thou wilt, O Roman, but spare our faithful old nurse." "Shut thy mouth," snapped the nurse, "War is war."



The Co-ed, excited about having been pinned by a fraternity man the night before, dressed hurriedly and was walking toward the cathedral when she came upon a group of male friends bound for Bldg. 7. Stopping in front of them, the girl proudly thrust out her chest and commanded happily, "Look!"

But in the excitement, she had forgotten to wear the pin.



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The Boston Fire Department had just seen a fire engine roaring past fraternity row when an under-the-weather student stumbled out the door and began to dash wildly after the red wagon. He chased the screaming siren three blocks before dropping exhausted to the sidewalk. "All right for you," he sobbed. "You can just keep your damn peanuts."



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A unit of the Americans' Eighth Air Force had flown over from England to drop propaganda leaflets over Berlin. All the planes came back—all, that is, except one. After he hadn't returned in four days he was written off as a casualty.

On the fifth day, in he flew, and landed. A jeep from the control tower picked him up and whisked him to the commander's office. "Gee," he was told, "we're mighty glad to see you, boy! But, where in the heck have you been? The rest of the boys went over five days ago and dropped their leaflets and . . ."

"Dropped them? I've been sticking them under the doors."

THE 5—CUM

Immelman Goldfarb was a genius. In view of this, it is hard to see why he came to Tech; but come he did, and immediately began racking up fantastic scores on quizzes, doing outside research, asking questions in class, etc.

One day he went to the office of Prof. Decimal, head of the math department. "I have trisected an angle, using only a paper clip and an eraser," he said. "By nary system!" exclaimed the old mathematician. "I must bring this up before the American Geometry Society." In a short time, Immelman was known throughout the country for his mathematical endeavors.

Not too long after this, Immelman went to see Prof. Quantum, head of the Optical Physics. "I have constructed a device to refract x-rays," he told the aged physicist. "By focal lens!" ejaculated the latter, "I must tell my colleagues about this." And soon Immelman was world-renowned as a physicist.

Early in the second term, he showed up in the Department of Chemistry to see Prof. Burette. "I have succeeded in replacing the carbon in an organic chain compound with a radioactive isotope of chromium," he explained. "By sulfate ion!" cried the worthy chemist. "This will revolutionize organic chemistry." And Immelman was shortly given the Nobel Prize, bringing fame and honor to himself and M.I.T.

Nor did he stop here. Just before the end of his freshman year he appeared in the Applied Mechanics lab, looking for Prof. Stripgear. "After two years of research, I have perfected a machine which uses cosmic rays as a source of power," he said. "By nominal theorem!" the venerable engineer exalted, "We'll make a billion!" So Immelman became independently wealthy.

This was his downfall. When he returned from vacation, he had bought a sports car. His once austere room, full of scientific equipment, was exchange for a room in Baker decorated with pinups and booze. He went out at least 7 times a week. His studies fell off—he dropped to a 2.78. In other words, he had become a normal Techman.

MORAL—Being brilliant is all right, but it's a hell of a lot more fun having fun.

—Otis Blivet

Charlie Mun

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To the great M.I.T. family, friends and relatives:

Since we have spent more money than we had planned to on a building that we really can't use, Tech's Auditorium-On-The-Half-Shell, we have decided to arrange a commencement program there to acquaint you with its existence.

Tech Show of 1955 has graciously condescended to sacrifice its 50th Annual Production "Tyde's Crossinge" to this dedicatory program. We have heard that this year's show is loaded with culture, and if there's one thing we want to push hard around this place it's culture. Incidentally, to the first ten people who buy tickets to the show, we have arranged to present free admission blanks to course 21, with a smiling Registration Officer thrown in as a bonus.

As a helpful aid to those who may be adversely affected by the color scheme, free polaroid glasses or coats (to throw over the backs of the chairs) will be available at the door. Please state upon entering the auditorium, whether or not you can (a) play a bass violin; (b) push flats; (c) operate a backstage elevator.

For the overflow crowd, seats at reduced prices will be available in the orchestra pit and on the clouds. Unfortunately Cinerama, Inc. has rented the choir loft for all three performances. Attendance is not mandatory, but all those who do not buy tickets will be required to repeat 8:03 twice.

We at the Institute heartily urge you to see this heart-warming performance on March 10, 11, and 12.

(Signed) TIMOTHY L. GRULCH,
Sub-Dean in Charge of Sub-Students

TECH SHOW OF 1955

presents

"Tydes Crossinge"

a musical play in two acts

by Jack Bacon

produced by Tom Doherty, Jr.

directed by Dr. Preston K. Munter

with

Carole Behrens—Warren Moon

Joan Icové—Ted Bindrim

Iris Klein—Dave Rados

Jack Rosenfeld—Bill Chandler

score by John Hsia

lyrics by Ira Uslander

Paul Abrahams—Eldon Reily

scenery by Tom Doherty, Jr.

March 10, 11, 12

The New M.I.T. Kresge Auditorium

Tickets on sale now in Bldg. 10 lobby, M.I.T.

Admission: \$2.20, Orchestra; \$1.80, Orchestra, Mezzanine;
\$1.20, Mezzanine



A professor took his wife to a nearby airdrome and they watched the airplanes take off and land for a while. Although they both wanted to go up very much, they discovered that it cost \$25 to charter the only machine available for such purposes. They negotiated with the pilot for some time until the flyer, in desperation, finally agreed on a deal: he would take them up free on a wild and rough ride provided neither of them would open their mouths on the whole trip. If they did it would cost them fifty dollars. The three of them took off and the pilot put them through his whole repertoire. He dove and zoomed and spinned and twirled and looped the loop. Never a sound. When he finally landed he had to congratulate the professor. "I'll have to say you could really take it."

The professor, still a little shaken, remarked, "Came near talkin' when my wife fell out."



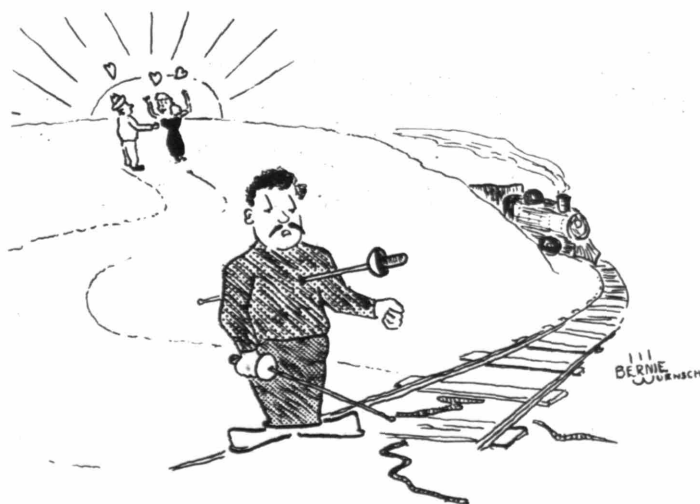
She knew I was an experienced traveller because I always touched the points of interest.



An old fellow was crossing a busy intersection when a large St. Bernard ran past him and bowled him over. The next instant an Austin car skidded around a corner inflicting more serious bruises.

Bystanders helped him to his feet and someone asked if the dog had hurt him much.

"Well not exactly," was the reply, "but that can tied to his tail did the damage."



"Curses, foiled again!"

MILTON



on Life Savers:

"Sweet is
the breath"

from *Paradise Lost*, *The Beautiful World*, line 1



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While dancing with a dapper Englishman, the American girl's brooch became unfastened and slid down the back of her gown.

She told her escort about it and asked him to retrieve the lost article. Somewhat embarrassed, but determined to please, he reached cautiously down the back of her gown. After a moment, he said, "Awfully sorry, but I can't seem to locate it."

"Try further down," she advised. He did, beginning to blush. Still no brooch. "Down still further," she ordered.

Looking around and discovering that he was being watched by every couple on the dance floor, the Englishman blushed even deeper and whispered, "I feel a perfect ass."

"Never mind that," she snapped. "Just get the brooch!"



She paints, she powders, she curses, she drinks my liquor, she reads "La Vie Parissienne," she eats lobsters at night, she does lots of things she shouldn't—but dammit! she's my grandmother, and I love her.

Prof: (to student in back of room): "Sir, when was Wadsworth born?"

From back of room: "I dunno."

Prof: "I can't give you an A for that. Have you read this assignment?"

From back of room: "No, I ain't."

Prof: "What did you do last night?"

From back of room: "I wuz out drinkin beer with the fellows."

Prof: "Such audacity. Do you expect to pass this course?"

From back of room: "No sir. I just came in to fix the radiator."



Who comforts me in moments of despair?
 Who runs fingers lightly through my hair?
 Who cooks my meals and darns my hose?
 Squeezes nose drops in my nose?
 Who always has a word of praise?
 Sets out my rubbers on rainy days?
 Who scrubs my back when in a shower?
 And wakes me up at the proper hour?
 Who helps keep me on the beam?
 And figures in my every dream?
 I do.

CUT NO. 1234



**BOSTONIAN
 AND
 MANSFIELD
 SHOES**

Illustrated No. 1234

Rich Chestnut Color

with Rubber Soles

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WANT THE
COOLEST SMOKING MIXTURE
 YOUR PIPE EVER HAD?

THE
 ANSWER IS
 IN THIS
POUCH!!



**WHY A MILLION MEN
 HAVE SWITCHED TO HOLIDAY**

Only Holiday gives you this custom blend for Mildness



Yes, five famous tobaccos skillfully blended into a mixture of unequalled flavor, aroma and mildness. These fine tobaccos selected from all parts of the world, are blended with a base of cool-smoking white burley. . . . Each tobacco adds its own distinctive flavor

and aroma to make Holiday America's finest pipe mixture. We suggest you try a pipeful . . . enjoy its coolness, flavor and aroma . . . and see for yourself why more and more men who smoke mixtures are switching to Holiday as a steady smoke.

Only Holiday gives you this Heat-Sealed Wrap-Around Pack!



Holiday tobacco leaves our blending line with just the right moisture content for a cool, no-bite smoke. You can be sure every pouch will be that way when you open it, because Holiday is the only mixture which has the Wrap-Around pouch. No other pocket tin or pack will pass the "Goldfish Bowl" test. Try it yourself—it's absolute proof that the Holiday pouch is sealed air-and-water tight, guaranteeing you a fresher, cooler-smoking tobacco.

HOLIDAY
 SMELLS GOOD—SMOKES GOOD

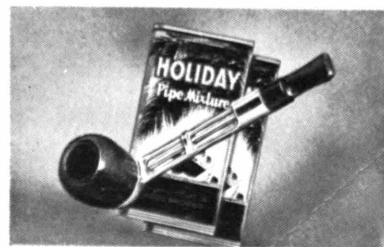
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Address _____

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Mail with \$1.50 to Park Lane, Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.

CM-2

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tastes good—like a cigarette should!



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New, king-size Winstons are easy-drawing, too! Winston's finer filter works *so* effectively, yet doesn't flatten the flavor. The full, rich, tobacco flavor comes through to you easily and smoothly.

Try Winstons! They taste good—like a cigarette should!

FINER
FILTER!

FINER
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TOO!



WINSTONS are
so easy-drawing!

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Winston's finer filter lets
Winston's finer flavor come
clean through to you. The full,
rich flavor is all yours to enjoy!

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