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It's not that we New Englanders are of a dour disposition. We are not naturally prone to find fault; nor is it my intention here to sound prudish. However September, which annually witnesses an almost barbaric invasion of all the institutions we hold sacred, finds us in a state of absolute transmorgification, overwhelmed by the superposition of the shallow, typically midwestern values over our own rich heritage.

I became acutely aware of this wide divergency of values at our last Voo Doo board meeting; our mid-western sector, by sheer brutality, managed to direct the business-at-hand towards anything short of a consideration of the quality of the magazine itself. The first order of business included informing the staff of the fact that a new lock now graces the beer closet. The meeting went on to include a discussion of the pros and cons of: replacing the office phone with a pay station, discontinuing our noble gesture of keeping Cokes on ice, the possibilities of a beer-football game (modelled after last season's beer-baseball game), and engaging a more naive stripper at our impending smoker.

Clearly, if this trend keeps up, the mag is sure going to go completely to pot. Such trivialities!

Why, I still haven't got a replacement key to that damned beer closet!

—C. B. F.

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Phosphorous

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

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**T**HE Friday night of the All Tech Acquaintance Dance, I met the most appetizing girl I have ever seen (in the flesh or on the screen). After summoning up courage, I ventured towards her and blurted out, "Would you like to dance?" To my amazement, she accepted. We danced.

As the music ebbed and she turned away from me, I hurriedly asked her for her phone number.

"It's in the phone book," she replied.

"That's fine, but what's your name?" I queried.

"My name? Why, that's in the phone book too," and she glided mistily away.

**A** PAL of mine tells this story about the same dance. Seems he met this hot little number right off the bat and spent the entire evening with her. Other fellows cut in on them but she disposed of them by saying she had made enough acquaintances for one night. Toward's Good Night, Sweetheart time, the music became soft and agonizingly slow as the lights drifted into the shadow. Closer and closer they danced until their swaying was a perfect harmony of motion.

Suddenly she straightened up, cast out a look of incredible shock and blurted out, "My God, must you Techmen always carry your sliderules around in your pockets with you?"

**O**NE of our acquaintances, a physicist with a slight flair for poetry of the Ogden Nash variety, was the proverbial tool before he fell in love. She was a sweet young Boston girl, and she completely captivated him. He went out more and more, and his marks got lower and lower. We all warned him of the evils of the fair sex, but he wouldn't listen. There was nothing we could do for him any longer.

She went far away to college, and soon the inevitable letter came. But our hero was not despondent. Instead, he kept his sense of humor and reverted to his poetry. A week later he handed us a poem that read:

You used to be my only dream  
before you went away;

For you alone my eyes would  
gleam; each night for you I'd  
pray.

But now that you have cast a doubt  
about your love for me,  
My love for you has dampened  
out quite exponentially.

And he went right back to being  
a tool.

**W**HILE walking through the Baker House dining room on chow mein day, we were greeted by an unusual sight. One group of students, all imbibing unsweetened tea by the cupful, were, in their finest Oriental style, brandishing the most potent sets of chopsticks we will ever hope to see. Which shows that western decadence has not completely subjugated the American scholar.

**T**HE week before registration is intended for the freshmen to become acquainted with MIT. Being upperclassmen, my roommate and I decided it would be nice to invite some freshmen into our room and entertain them. So we called over the frosh from across the hall and some of their friends. As we sat around the table playing cards, guzzling whiskey, consuming cigarettes, oiling slide rules, etc., one of the frosh spied a small blue box reposing on my roommate's desk. After reading the label, he exclaimed, "No-Doz, who needs No-Doz around here?"

**A** BUDDY of mine who had lost five dollars apiece on each of the previous five Yankee World Series finally decided to wise up. So he bet three weeks of commons desserts on the Dodgers. As the Series drew on to its stirring climax, his smug assurance gave way to nervous frustration. Finally, as the last ground ball was gobbled up by Reese, he resigned himself to the task ahead. Now his friend is holding him stringently to the rules of the bet and making sure that every last drop of both desserts is forced down the unwilling throat.

There is a moral to this tale which I have not as yet formulated due to the gruesomeness of the details. And he wanted so much to lose weight this term.

**T**HE acquaintance dance season is on in full swing again this year. But no matter how good they are, none will ever surpass last year's Baker House Acquaintance Dance. By some clerical error, or maybe by the enthusiasm of the Boston girls, there turned out to be four girls to every boy. We had to rush a call to the fraternities for help. About 11:00 I picked out a girl and asked her up to my room to see my designs. By the way, I have the most gorgeous designs; you'll all have to come up and see them some day.

While we were commenting upon the designs, I heard a soft knock on the door and a female voice calling my name. I straightened my tie and answered the door. There stood three girls who quickly surveyed the room. Then one of them exclaimed, "This is the fourth room we've visited, and so far every room has had a girl in it."

"Why not," I commented, as I closed the door. "They come with the room."

As I returned to my etchings, I could hear them knocking on the door of the next room.

**I**T seems as though advertising has hit the nation by storm. Why, when we drove up to school, we couldn't see the road for the billboards. However, we got our greatest shock when we walked into Baker House and glanced at the bulletin board. Right in the middle was a 3 by 5 card, dated and bearing the following message:

Theoretical physicist wanted to collect garbage in Westgate. Must have knowledge of Fermi-Dirac statistics. Others need not apply.

Needless to say, we didn't apply.

**W**E invaded the office one Monday morning to discover the following terse admonition tacked upon the beer closet door:

Oct. 1, 1955

You Bastards!!

Here I come three hundred miles for a lousy brew, and when I get here, I find you've *changed the goddam lock!!*

What a hell of a way to treat an old managing editor. For shame.

Bitterly,

Art Solomon

**L**ACK of confidence and lack of sportsmanship; that's what we call it. It seems to us that an innocent affair such as a Voo Doo smoker could proceed for once unmolested. Being solely for the purpose of acquainting freshmen with the magazine and its policies, it seems apparent that the smoker could have accomplished this without any outside intercession whatsoever. In addition, being a form of freshman guidance program, it should have been under the protection of the orientation council or TCA or some other such organization concerned with the subject.

Considering after all that we *are* members of the family and trying our darndest to be entirely whole men, why this display of disavowel? Frankly we're dismayed—uncontainably and unequivocally dismayed.



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Sue: "I just can't get over you."

Brew: "Then I guess I'll have to get up and answer the phone."



Drunk: "Whatcha lookin' for?"

Cop: "We're looking for a drowned man."

Drunk: "Whatcha want one for?"



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

One beauty left the theatre 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!"



A city smarty was driving on a country road when he came upon a farm boy chasing a big pig.

"Say, there, Sonny," he asked, "what is the sex of that hog you're driving?"

"Don't know," replied the lad. "I reckoned no one would be interested in the subject 'cept another hog."



The infantry patrol was on maneuvers in the desert. The air was still and hot, the terrain arid and parched and not a drop of water. Time was called for a break. One recruit sat idly on a stone, his head in his hands.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the sergeant.

"Homesickness," answered a private.

"We've all got that."

"Yes, but his is worse than for most of us—his father owns a tavern."



"May I have this dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," she said, with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said. "I didn't know your condition."

Judge—Now tell the court how you came to take the car.

Accused—Well, the car was parked in front of the cemetery, so naturally I thought the owner was dead.



M. E.: "Give me a cigarette, Joe."

C. E.: "I thought you're giving up smoking."

M. E.: "Well, I've reached the first stage. I don't buy them anymore."



A customer went into a barber shop. "What's the idea of your hands being so dirty?" he asked the barber.

"Nobody's had a shampoo today," confessed the barber.



How come you were born in Oklahoma?  
Well, you see, I wanted to be near my mother.



"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagogue?"

"A demagogue, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody that there is a terrible storm at sea."



The main reason why men get up at night brought the following results:

10% to raid the ice box  
15% to visit the bathroom  
75% to go home.



"I had an operation and the doc left a sponge in me."

"Got any pain?"

"No, but, boy, do I get thirsty."



A lush answered his doorbell and called back, "It'sh the milkman."

"Tell him nothing today," said his pal. "There'sh nothing left in the house to mix it with."

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# Undoing the Town

Recently while listening to a record of 'Count Your Blessings', I was lifted into the realization that many of us here at the Institute are completely unaware of the self-sufficiency, of the variety, of the very glamor existing within the boundaries of the MIT community. Aware also of the fact that many of us who have worked during the summer and are now engulfed within a fall-spring vacation will have excess time on our hands and in addition scores of new and unfamiliar faces will adorn the campus, I have decided to dedicate my first article to a description of the places to go and the things to do on Tech by Tech and for Tech.

*Places to dine:* For convenience and satisfaction nothing surpasses the elegant Walker Memorial Dine and Dance hall. The atmosphere created by two immense artistic creations overlooking two rows of majestic pillars is sustained by the haunting strains of an organ playing your favorite dinner music. Only the magic of stereophonic sound could cajole the casual listener into believing that the music is issuing from overhead. This great dining hall has just undergone a complete refurnishing and we may marvel at the new look in Walker Memorial.

Offering the best in food at moderate prices is what the French might call La Maison Boulangere, but, alas, there's nothing like this in Paris. Baker House specializes

in such epicurean delights as cream of chicken chow mein prepared not too creamy, not too chickeny by experienced Italian chefs *on the premises*. The motif of the Baker House meal is an unusual one. One is invited to take a tour of the serving counter with his tray and select the food of his taste as it appears before him stewing in its very own juices. Yes, that's real butter and all you want up to two. That's right, all the squash you can eat. And as you dine in incomparable luxury, white frocked garcons drive their convertibles by and offer you More, more, more. But who could possibly ask for more? Incidentally as some of you may have noticed, Baker currently exhibits a part of the old look in Walker.

After these mouth watering descriptions one needs hardly mention the renowned Third Estate Room or as it is affectionately dubbed The Commons Room of the Graduate House. Also since one has not been a freshman living in Burton House for so long, one has forgotten the many happy hours of repast in this delightful and congenial chamber. Anyone who does though will certainly confirm all I could possibly say about it and perhaps add a little on his own.

*Places to sleep:* At reasonable rates and with the calm assurance that you will long remember your stay, we present for your approval

the spacious well-ventilated sportsman's casino apartment conveniently situated on the third floor of Walker. All the comforts of home and remember this is new, all new, made possible only by a deluge of requests. Unmistakably fostering a new high in community spirit and good fellowship, the proximity of this apartment to Pritchett Lounge allows such luxuries as breakfast in bed and midnight snacks. Equipped with adjacent toilets, showers and storage facilities, the Walker Arms boasts a staff of professional hygienists and masseurs, etc on the premises who commute incidentally to the cage. One cannot overemphasize the convenience with respect to swimming, boating and other forms of athletics. Many people were astonished to learn of the closeness of their quarters to e.g. the basketball facilities. But it's true.

The seventh floor of Baker House is without a doubt the quietest floor in any dorm we have yet to find. We assure you that you will receive no complaints from the neighbors concerning your hi fi set.

The great court holds the highest rating for hot spring nights. This rating is somewhat lowered in winter.

More exclusive quarters such as a room in one of the houses bordering upon the scenic Charles have a long waiting list as many have neglected to confirm their reservations. We assure you the



wait is well worth it. Ask the freshman who has your room.

*Places to be entertained:* May we merely mention the following as examples of places to go for relaxation and enjoyment on and around campus for one or two alone. Full descriptions are beyond the scope of this article and would carry us into the next issue. The scenic bus route down Mass. Ave.; races in the Charles (crew is the matinee; it has not yet satisfactorily been determined just what type of vessel competes during the evening performance but it nevertheless has its fans) for which lots of free parking is provided; worming in summer (i.e. fishing for worms) and icefloe dodging in winter; free nightly concert with big name performers in the Hayden music library; bring a date to the nightly gymnastics of a course viii senior attempting a fall thesis; auditorium extravaganzas with a continuous show daily and late shows Friday and Saturday (the same show was held over by popular request for the summer months and no one repeat no one left unhappy); for those who prefer a more intimate atmosphere, the identical show is held simultaneously with a different cast in the little theater. For those who can find nothing else to do we suggest

off-handedly attending lectures by reasonably popular professors; early bird performances begin at 8 AM while night owls end at 10 PM. Use this only as a last resort.

*Places to shop:* Almost all your friends have something to sell. Half of mine are peddling ties, the other half lamps. Me, I push VD, think it's a good thing to have around, never miss an issue.

Easily the shopping mecca on campus is the Coop. Veteran of many a competitive siege, their secret of success is charging 15% more on the chance of a 10% rebate. The salesmanship of this venerable establishment allows it always to run out of just the book you are required to have for your most vital course and force you to buy a substitute until that one is in and to maintain in stock only the next higher priced drawing set and T-square to the one you had in mind.

The barbers in the Coop are very astute individuals and undoubtedly all are opera experts. This will no doubt account for their faraway expressions while they are clipping your locks. How else can you explain the result?

Without further encumbering the reader with needless argu-

ments, may my parting words be an urge to take advantage of your privileges as a member of the MIT family and follow up the suggestions appearing above.

Dave Markowitz

A Negro preacher faced his congregation with indignation. "Too much he-ing and she-ing going on," he says. "Too much he-ing and he-ing and too much she-ing and she-ing. All you who have sinned like this leave." Left in the hall was just one man. "Ah," said the preacher. "A child of purity, a son of heaven." "Oh, no," said the man, "you didn't mention me-ing and me-ing."



"Speaking of bathing in famous springs, I bathed in the spring of '86."



A bank robber entered a bank, with a gun in hand, ordering everyone to lie flat on the floor. A cute little stenographer questioned him, saying, "What is this, a bank robbery or a board of directors meeting?"

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A grave-digger, absorbed in his thoughts, dug a grave so deep he could not get out. Came nightfall and his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help, and at last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted. "I'm cold."

"No wonder you're cold," the inebriated one said. "You haven't any dirt on you."



She wouldn't stay out so late if the boys didn't make her.



"Sir, you gave the same test last quarter."

"That's all right," answered the prof, "I've changed the answers."

A doctor was discussing a medical problem with the woman concerned. She was complaining that her husband did not have as much drive as he had during the honeymoon.

Doctor: Could you tell me, Madam, how old you are?

Patient: Why, I'm eighty-eight.

Doctor: And how old is your husband?

Patient: He's ninety-two.

Doctor: When did you first notice these symptoms?

Patient: Last night . . . and again this morning.



"Come back to bed, John. You'll find that collar button in the morning."

"Who the hell's looking for a collar button?"

A Techman had been arrested for selling illegal whiskey. As he stood before the bench the color of his nose was evident to all spectators. His attorney rose.

"Look at the defendant," he said, "can you honestly say he looks like a man who would sell whiskey if he had it?" It took the jury less than one minute to bring a not guilty verdict.



'Are you a Radcliffe student?'  
"No, a horse stepped on my face."



Parked car, moonlight night . . .  
"Goodness! she exclaimed. "It's three o'clock. I should have been in hours ago!"

"So should I," he murmured disgustedly.

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Riley: "Hello, is this the Salvation Army?"

Voice: "Yes."

Riley: "Do you save bad women?"

Voice: "Yes."

Riley: "Well, in that case save me a couple for Saturday night."



Lesbian, a pansy without a stem.



"Madam, may I see your daughter?"

"No; get out and stay out!"

"But madam, see this badge? I'm respectable. I'm a detective."

"Oh, I'm sorry; come right in. I thought at first it was a fraternity pin."



"But John, It Turns Just Like  
The Poynting Vector"

Shall we sit in the parlor?  
No, I'm tired. Let's play tennis.



During the holidays, two students from the same town met back in the old burg.

"Say," asked the first, "Aren't you working your way through school?"

"Yes," replied the second. "I'm editor of the college humor magazine, but don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm bootlegging gin."



She: "What's the matter? Don't you love me any more?"

Techman "Sure I do. I'm just resting."



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and by young men we're referring to young men of all ages. This university-styled White Buck has far outgrown its campus bounds and is now found on many of the best shod feet in town! Realistically priced!

**\$10.95**

**TECH COOP**

AD N.O.C.

(In the Classical Tradition)

Dear harbinger of morning,  
Dawn's messenger of Knowledge,  
Who drives the clouds of sleep  
From our eyes,  
Or, by gentle talk,  
Lulls us back  
Into the waiting arms of Mor-  
pheus;  
Who summons us  
Mid Chanticleer's first call,  
And guides us  
Safely across the raging torrent  
Into the hallowed halls of truth,  
Ere hibernian Apollo's Golden  
Chariot  
Hass gilded the misty hill;  
Whilst the Philosopher,  
Our distinguished Pedagogue,  
Hastens still dewy-eyed,  
Toward the Trysting—place;  
To Thee, O Nine O'Clock Class,  
We sing:

Drop Dead!!

P. A. T.

ODE TO A TOAD

*As Oliver Wendel Beauregard  
crossed the quay.  
To him, a voice did say,  
Two cats and a dog were  
drowned today  
In the muck of the great  
brown sea.*

PRITHEE, KIND SIR, A QUERY

I want to ask a question, sir,  
About this vacuum tank:  
Should we integrate, precipitate,  
Or should we turn the crank?

A note upon this passage, sir,  
Concerning "m" and "a"—  
What kind of conservation law  
Is F bound to obey?

A thought occurs at this point, sir,  
I beg a boon of you—  
Tell me, did Thucydides  
Row on the Henly crew?

I am, in sooth, bewildered, sir,  
About this "mean free path"—  
If Ex and Ey,  
Then how the *Grapes of Wrath*?

Now that the final's-over, sir,  
I fain would speak with thee—  
Even though I screwed it up,  
Might I not get an E?

*Mike Balderston*

*Oh, blast the cask and raise  
the mast  
This is certainly the last.  
Now, I must have for my  
repast  
Two snails and a dill pickle.*

## FRATERNITY PINS

Have you ever seen a greater sin  
Than that presented by a fraternity pin

When worn with great affection and/or trust  
On a gay young girl's thrust forth bust.

Think to yourself of the great gasp  
Had it been placed by him with open clasp,

Or think of our young man's surprise  
Had it been placed on a product of Goodyear in disguise.

I think young women miss a great bet  
If it's young men's eyes they wish to get

On that prize token  
Usually representative of something broken.

I think Fraternity Pins a craze  
Or an excuse to dress up the gaze

That's forthcoming anyhow  
To women built like a vertical cow.

That thing that breaks the air  
And leads the way of someone fair

Whom it's apparent, thinks that the best  
Is not the pin, but is her breast.

But I have thought my fondest dream  
Is to see a pin on a stocking seam,

For, as any damn fool knows,  
In winter time, that's the only place that shows.

*Anon.*

## HOME THOUGHTS OF ABROAD

Simmons is Simmons  
And Wellesley is Wellesley  
For Friday and Saturday night.  
And Radcliffe on Sunday,  
Then Charlesgate on Monday.  
My God! No more money in sight.

## REFLECTIONS UPON EDUCATION

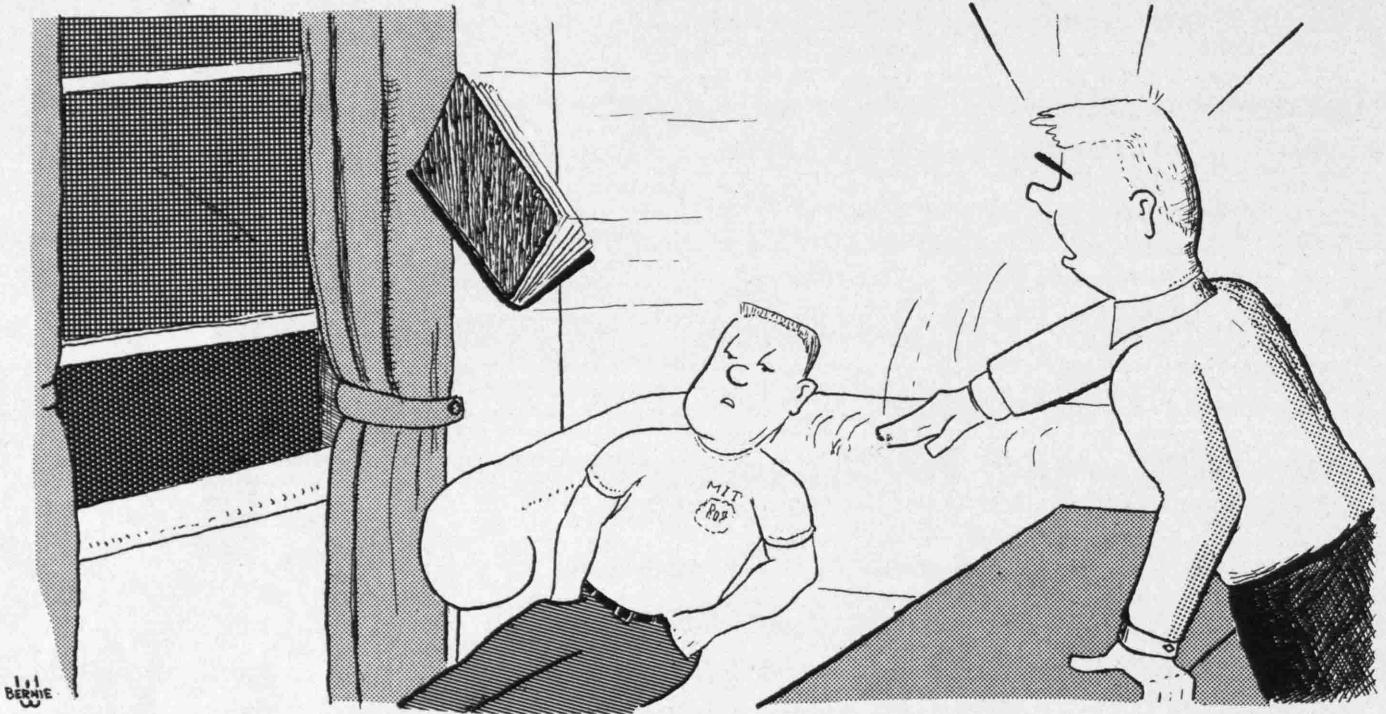
At Mass. Inst. of Tech., so I hear,  
We train for a scientific career.  
They teach us quite much  
About physics and such,  
But we learn only how to drink beer.

## DRAGNET

There was a detective from Munchen  
Who arrested a murderous bunch.  
Here's how it was done:  
He pulled out his gun,  
Instead of just playing a hunch.

D. A. B.

# Summer Serenade



Boston gets hot during the summer. And Jim's room was always ten degrees hotter than Boston. The three of them were sitting around reading back humanities assignments. The house was silent; a blanket of torrid humidity precluded motion. Even the omnipresent moths moved listlessly, and the mosquitoes walked around on the desks too tired to fly. Occasionally this static equilibrium was broken by the entrance of the sadist in the next room who had an air-conditioner and a refrigerator. He would wander in every twenty minutes or so, carrying one beer, borrow the church key, and then take his beer back to his room. After a solemn moment of silent swearing, the trio would return to the humanities assignments.

For five hours they had been reading novels and short stories by various authors famed far and wide for their ability to write about life. Suddenly Clyde threw his book across the room, breaking one of the fraternity's windows, and denting (he was reading "War and Peace") the hood of a Chevy parked outside.

"Let's stop reading about life and go out and live it," he shouted.

The other two stared at him without comprehension.

"Let's stop sitting here and rotting," he screamed. "Let's go out and see if mankind is still around."

Jim burped softly.

"Can't you see this isn't education?" he yelled, "This is atrophy, lethargy, and decadence."

Phil unobtrusively went to sleep.

Sighing "I am not my brother's keeper," Clyde walked alone into the night. It was no cooler, but here there was space, freedom, and the unknown. He thought of himself as the hero in an O Henry short story searching for adventure. One misunderstood youth against the big wicked city.

And so he walked the streets of Boston, certain that somewhere in the night excitement waited. Indifferent to what, he only desired that something of note should happen.

It is kinder to leave him here and let him walk alone. For we know that the closest he came to adventure was when he tripped over his shoe lace putting a small, but noticeable, tear in his last pair of decent slacks and causing two old ladies, sitting on the steps of an apartment house, to look up from their gossip and titter with polite, but unmistakable, derision.

We find him again two hours later, tired, thirsty, worried about the studying he didn't have done, and longing for the woman he hadn't had all summer. After thinking for a couple of minutes he decided there were two things he had to have: water, gallons of it, and a woman. He decided the water would be easier to get and headed for a drug store. Then he realized his mistake. Drug stores don't give the thirst-

ing wayfarer water; they sell things. You can't walk into a drug store and ask for water.

He sat at the counter.

A repulsive looking creature of indeterminate sex and age wearing a filthy apron gave him a suspicious look and threw a "What's Yours?" at him.

A fifty pound block of ice, hollowed out in the center and filled with the clear water of a rapidly running brook. "Hot fudge sundae with vanilla ice cream."

It was brought. It was lousy. Clyde ate mechanically. A girl sat down beside him. He could tell what she wanted. Here was the woman he had been longing for and the adventure he had been searching for.

He drooled hot fudge down his chin.

All he had to do was say something to her. They would chat for a minute, then go some place for a drink or two, then they'd go up to his room or her room or any room. All he had to do was say something to her.

He could even try asking her for a napkin so he could wipe the puddles of hot fudge off his neck.

He suddenly realized he couldn't do it and hated himself even more than he hated his humanities instructor. He stumbled out the door, swearing at himself under his breath and furtively wiping at the hot fudge with the sleeve of his white shirt.

Slowly his rage and shame evaporated and was replaced by the dull ache customary with normal, red-blooded American, frustrated young men.

Suddenly he began to laugh; he hadn't even gotten a glass of water.

*Vic Teplitz*

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Voice: "You wouldn't recognize me anyway. I'm new here."



After six months of marriage, and of hope, the young bride began to wonder if maybe there wasn't some physical or chemical reason why she could not seem to become pregnant. So when she saw an ad for a product called "Baby Aid" she rushed right down to the drug store and asked for a bottle.

While the druggist was wrapping it, she asked, "Who takes it? Me? Or my husband?"

Catching the significance of the question, the druggist paused, unwrapped the bottle and, patting his almost-customer's hand, said, kindly, "I'm sorry, my dear. This you rub on—the baby!"

The young lady had come to New York to study art and, with her parents' reluctant consent, to maintain her own apartment in the big city. There was one rule; she wasn't to allow young gentlemen to come to her maidenly rooms.

During the customary Sunday night long-distance call, the daughter described in great detail the party she had been to the night before and the wonderful young man who had escorted her.

"You didn't have that man in your apartment, did you?" demanded the suspicious mother.

"Oh no, mother. We went to his apartment," answered the dutiful daughter. "Let *his* mother worry!"



Cactus Ike: "When I opened the door of my stove a mouse jumped out."

Pyranees Pete: "Did you shoot him, podner?"

Cactus Ike: "Of course not; he was out of my range."



This happened before the war. The courtship was a whirlwind one. It had to be because the groom was a young American business man whose career was in China and he had to return to his job in Shanghai. But his quick wooing was forceful and successful and within a matter of days he and his bride were honeymooning on a Pacific luxury liner.

En route he described the wonderful life she would have in China and he particularly stressed the wonders of Wu Sing, his No 1 houseboy who managed everything from cooking to housekeeping.

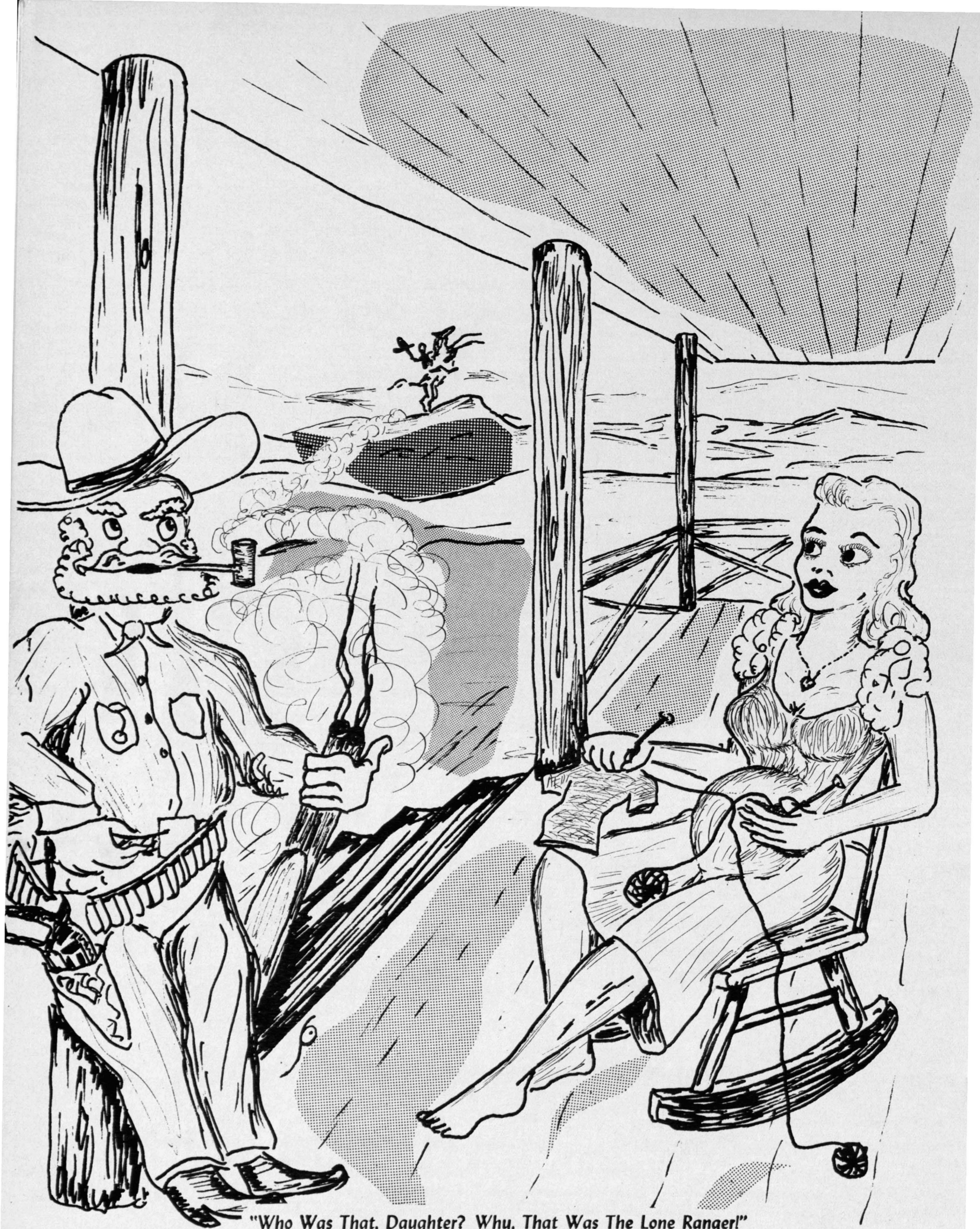
It was evening when the bride was carried over the threshold of her new home and was introduced Wu the Wonderful. It was altogether an ecstatic evening.

Next morning the groom, anxious to check in at his office after so long an absence, left his bride in bed. Kissing her tenderly he said, "You just stay where you are, darling. Lounge around as long as you wish. There's nothing for you to do. Wu Sing will take care of everything!" So, smiling, the young wife went back to sleep.

A little later she was awakened. Wu was shaking her, smiling broadly, and saying, "Come along, Missy. Time to put your clothes on and go along home!"







"Who Was That, Daughter? Why, That Was The Lone Ranger!"

There's only one fault with life. There are so many women and so little time.



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

Burton: "So?"

Baker: "I think I've got it."



Taxes, of course, are a perpetual thorn in the side of the wealthy. A member of the class of '19 at Princeton had a hard time persuading two of his wealthiest classmates to join him in promoting a new corporation that he hoped would earn a fortune. Both agreed the enterprise looked good, but pointed out that, because of taxes, it meant nothing more to them than additional headaches.

"I know," agreed the promoter, "but you two are my oldest friends, and I wouldn't feel right about going into this deal without you."

"All right," agreed the wealthier of the two reluctantly, "but one thing must be distinctly understood in advance. If we make the money you predict—you have to keep it."

**NOT ONE ...**

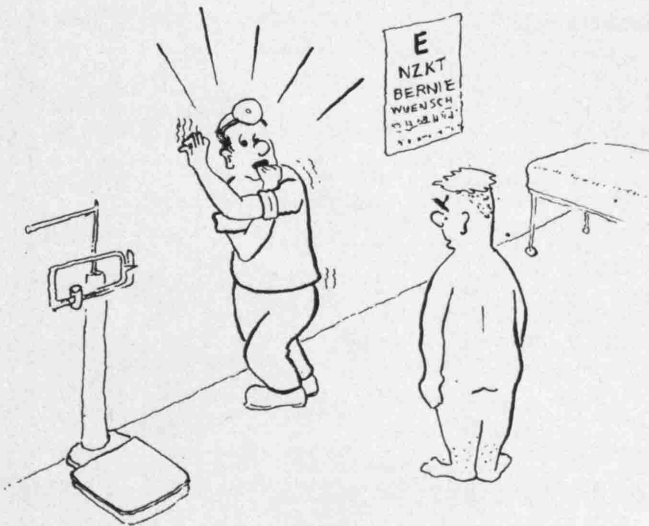
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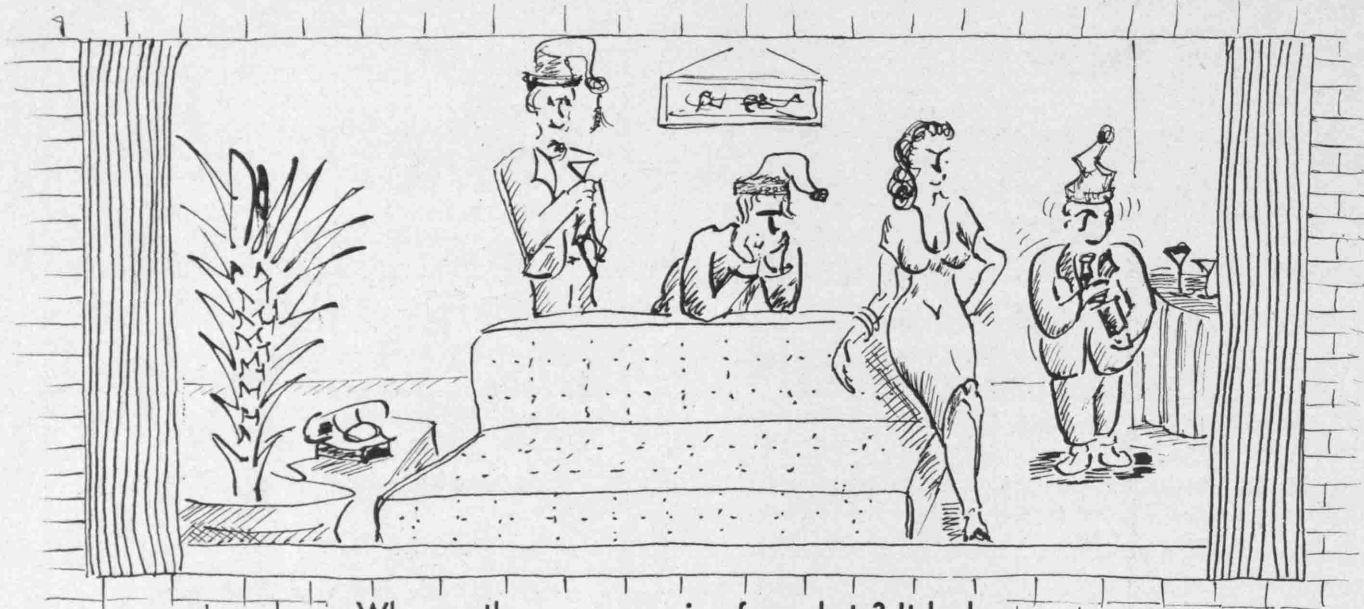
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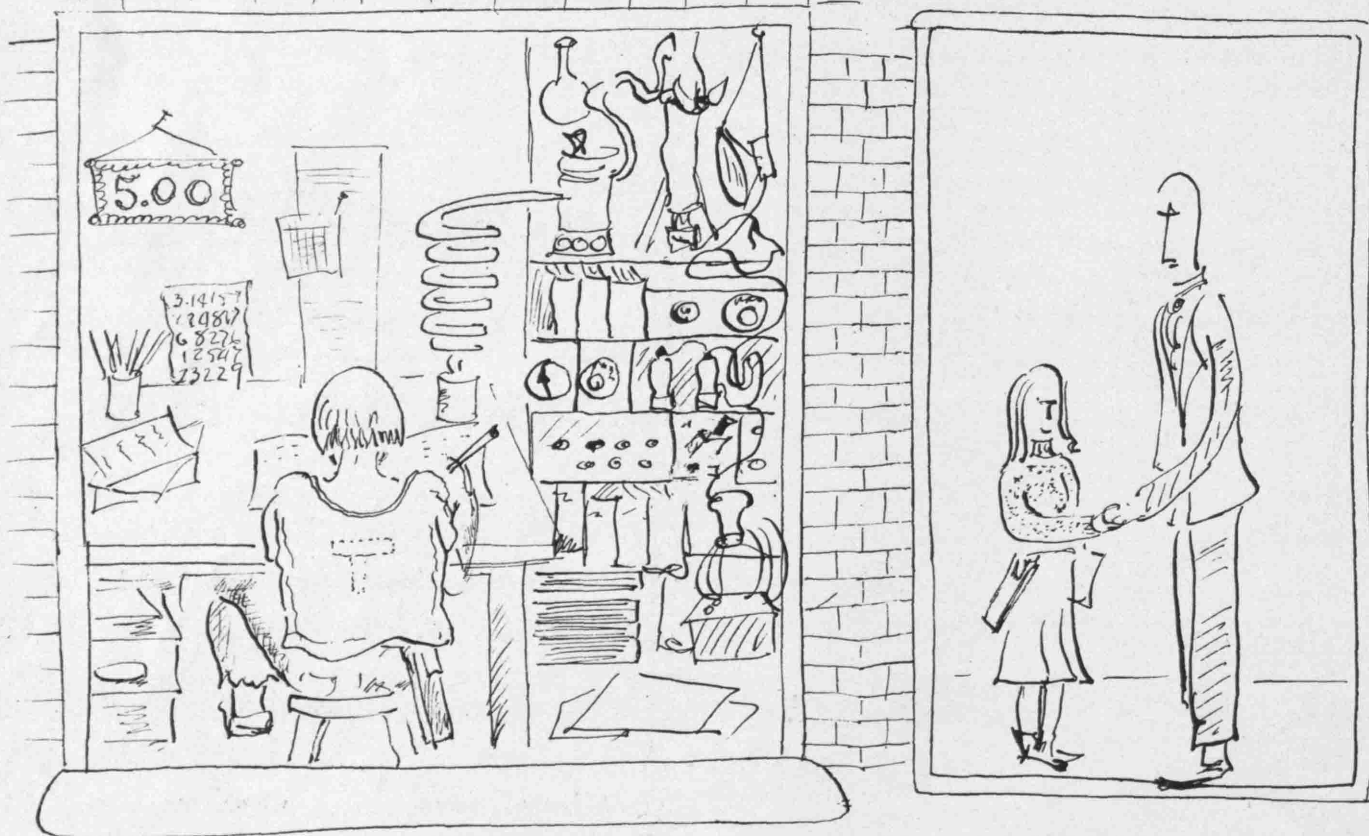
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# SIDE WINDOW

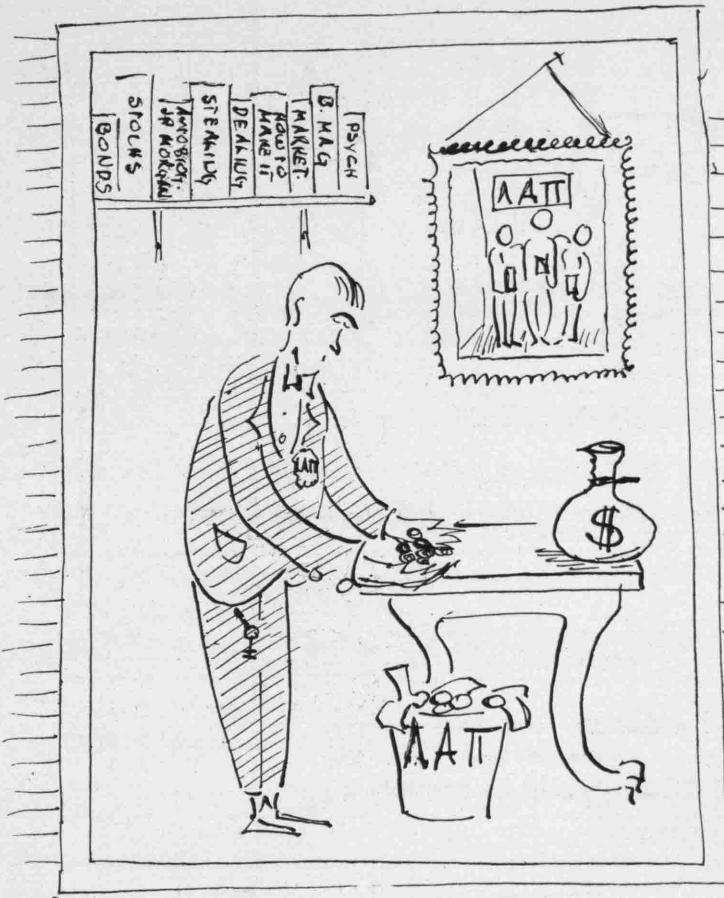


Who are these men wearing funny hats? It looks as though they are having a good time. I bet they are rich. Why are they looking at the girl that way? Who is she?

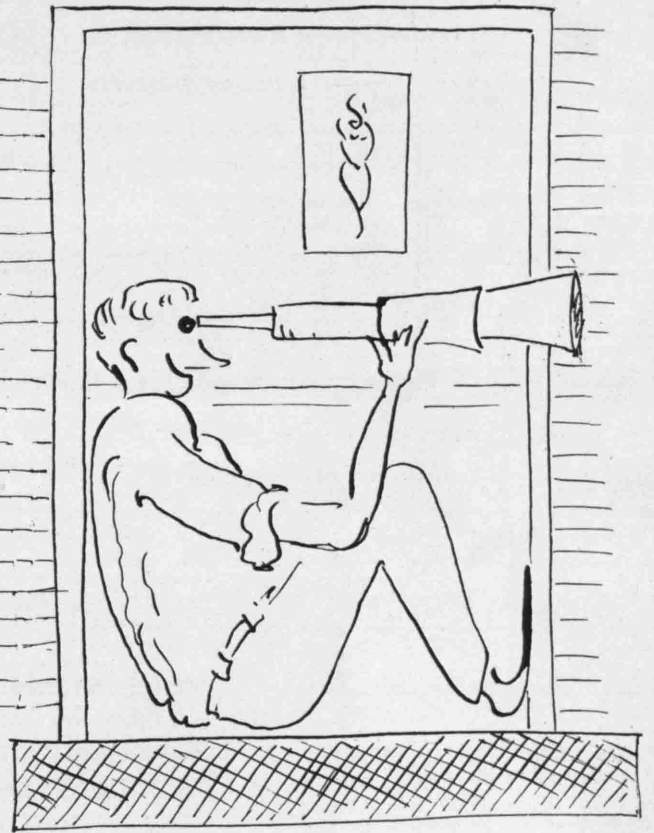


Isn't he queer. He must be reading a fascinating book. Look how he underlines everything with pink pencil. I wonder what his friends think of him.

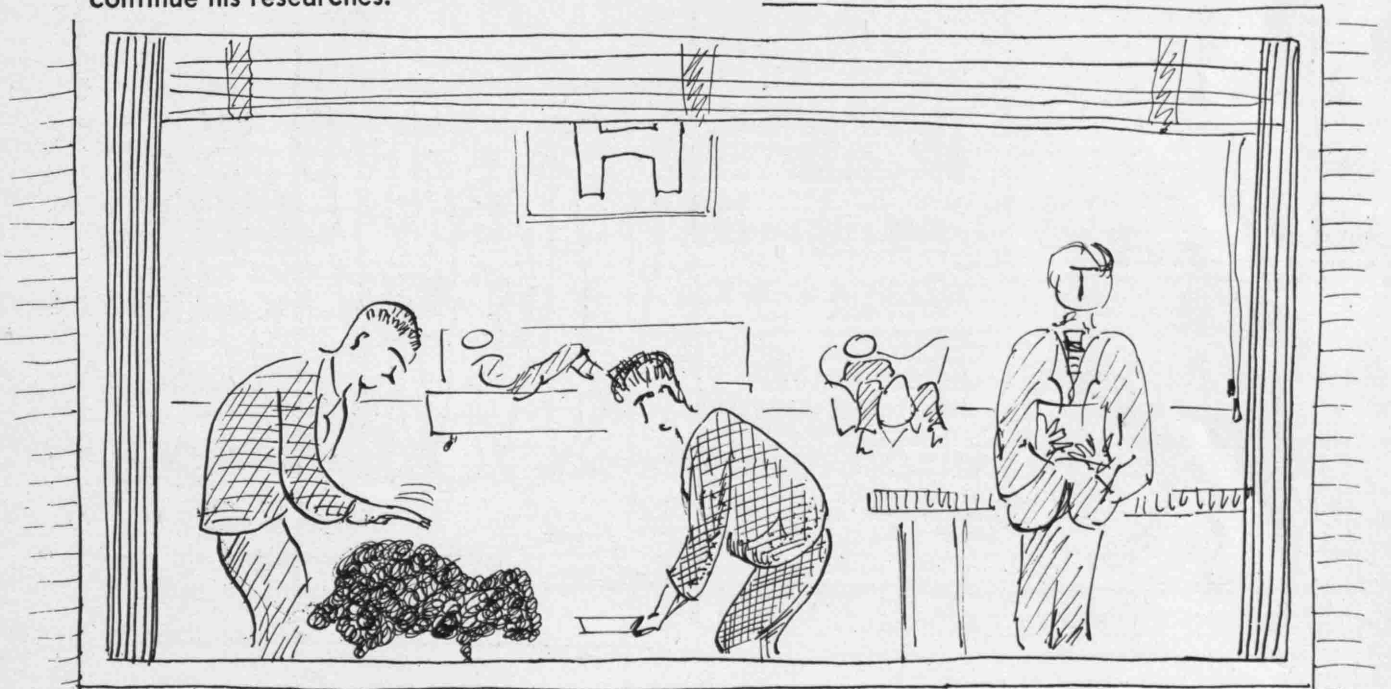
He is obviously a person who wields kingly power, a leader of great social institutions. I wonder what he is asking that little girl.



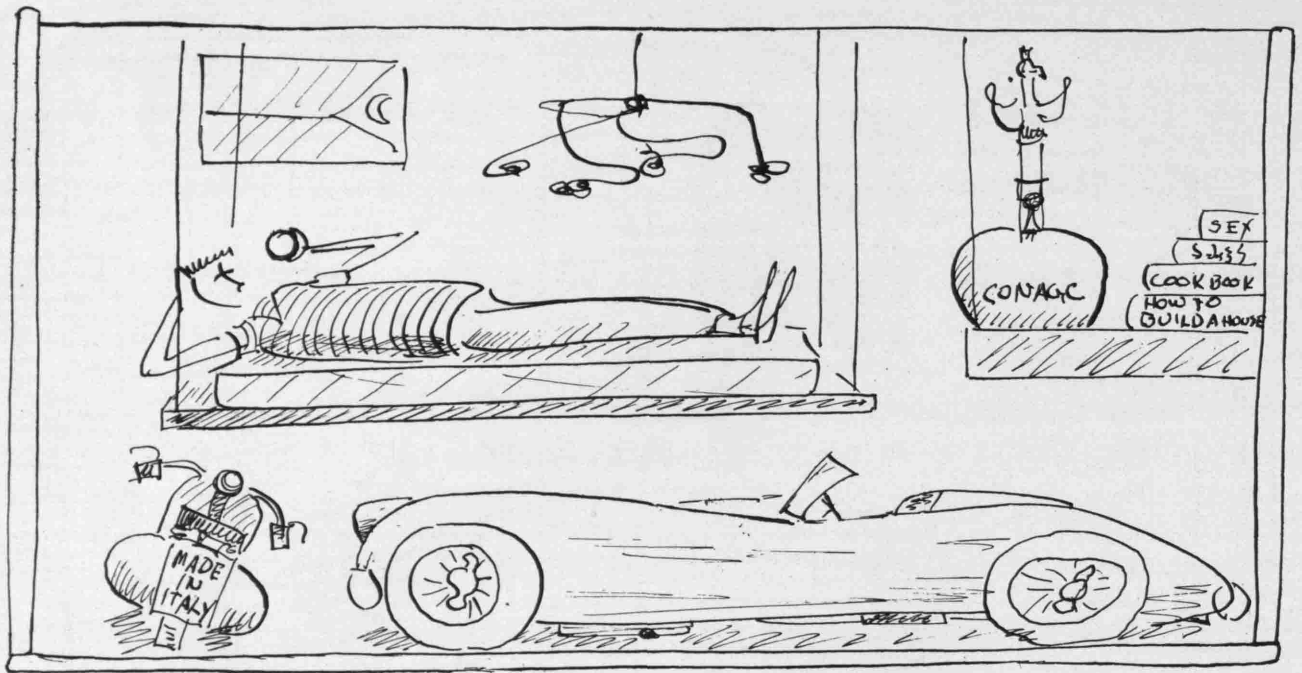
Obviously this person is a great scholar. Look at all the Greek letters around. He seems to have collected a good deal of money, probably to continue his researches.



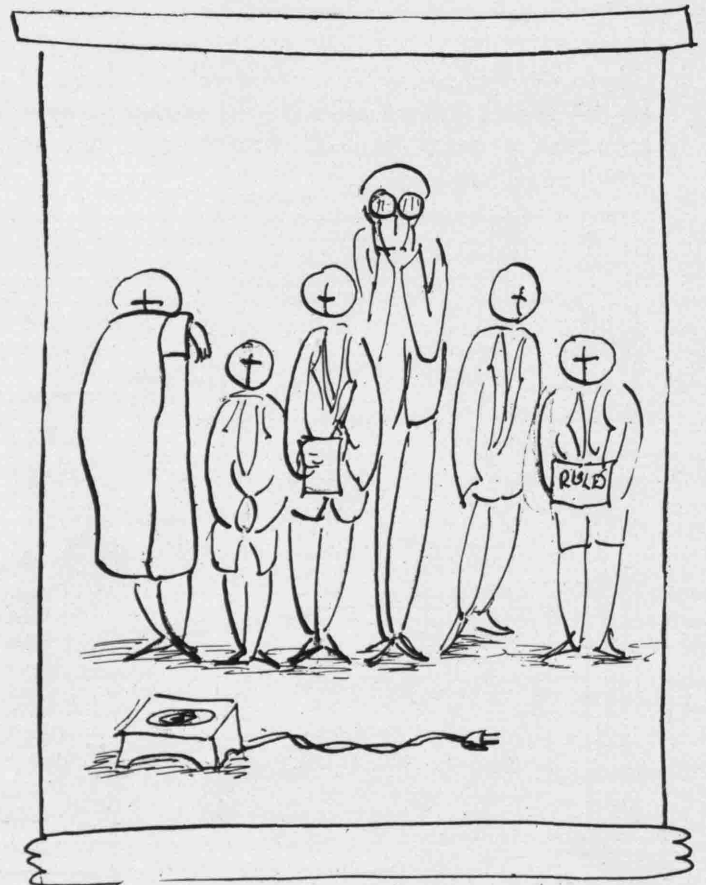
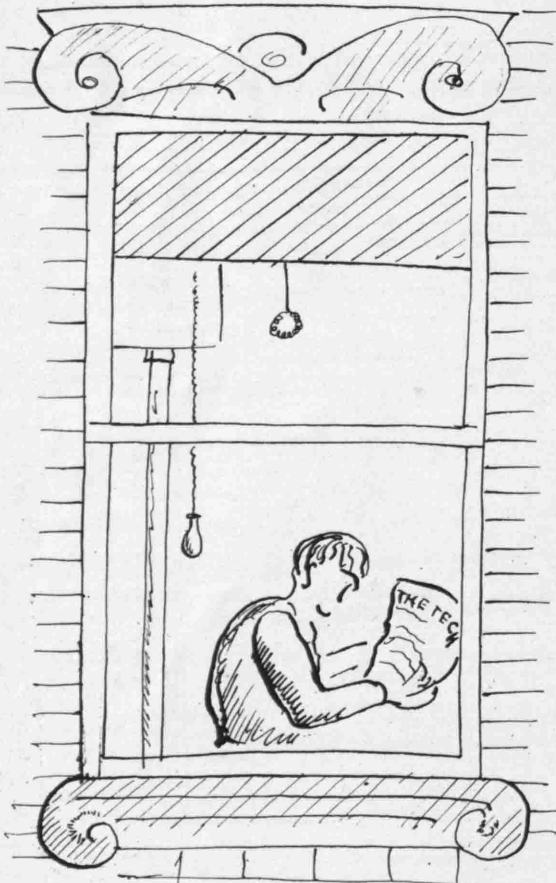
What powers of concentration he shows. He must be observing some wonderful phenomenon of nature.



These men in grey suits must be A.S.P.C.A. members. There are five of them taking care of one little sheep.



Who is this oddity? a deviate from true society.  
 See how he munches mangoes and fixes the  
 Jaguar with his toes. What could he possibly do  
 to make a living?



Oh! Oh! Who are these people looking at me?  
 It looks like a committee of some sort. They must  
 be international spies. They look so serious.

He: "Darling I love you as no one has ever loved before."

She: "I can't see much difference."



A doughnut is a cookie that's had it.



As the saying goes, whether you're rich or poor it's always nice to have money. Whether you're handsome or ugly, it's always nice to have a face. Whether you're a male or female, it's always nice . . .



The reformer cried out: Adultery is as bad as murder, am I not right Sister Antonia?

I can't say, I haven't killed anyone.



First bride: "Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

Second bride: "I don't know yet. We've only been married three days."



"Do you think John will still love me after we're married?"

"Sure. He's crazy about married women."



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# Disorder and Early Sorrow

After you have had the dubious distinction of surviving Tech for three years, you develop, as many thousands before you have no doubt done, an impregnable indifference to genius, quizzes, homework, and sex—by no means in that order. It was therefore without the least bit of trepidation or anxiety that I accepted my roommate's demise as a roommate. We had shared many moments together. In fact, we had shared 2 years of moments together. Recalling the hour upon hour of suffering and laughs could almost bring a small but highly concentrated tear to my eye.

But, as I have said, emotion has become a physical impossibility. Like Pavlov's dogs (a very banal analogy, but one of the few with which a bare majority of Techmen is familiar) we are conditioned to accept the illogical, the unusual, and the improbable.

My roomie has been evicted by the Dean of Somethingorother, who, as it turns out, is responsible for throwing students out of the dormitory and into the street. I did not object to this action because I was unaware of the events that had transpired. Fascinated, I undertook to determine the reason.

This was no difficult task. Everyone, even the remotest strangers upon the street, knew the reason. My roommate had neglected to send in his acceptance card.

I had to stifle a small chuckle, for I clearly recalled how extraordinarily busy my roommate had been, trying to find magazines of interest which he had not read. Inasmuch as there are many magazines printed all over the world, you can imagine the difficulty of the task and its time-consuming nature. True, his knowledge of foreign languages was absolutely zero. Even his knowledge of English was very limited. Neither fact seemed to be much of a deterrent, though. He apparently had no conception of the enormity of his deficiency and therefore paid it no heed, reading magazines as he had always done.

But now I had lost him and it was no fault of mine. The dean would not let him make his bed and so he couldn't very well sleep in it. Then I realized, without more than a little indignation, that the thoughtlessness of my roommate would subject me to a hardship worse than applying for a parking sticker or waiting in line to register: I would have to break

in a new roommate! Nothing is so fraught with danger. Dealing with a power-mad Russian in a high level conference is less nerve-wracking and demanding.

And so, my summer thoroughly ruined, I returned to school. Coming up face to face with the danger suddenly destroyed my inured calmness. Slightly apprehensive, I gingerly opened the door to the wretched little sweat-shop called home for 8 miserable months a year. There was no one in it—but one closet was filled with clothes and upon a hanger were many Joe-College type ties. The desk, however, was the clincher; for upon it was a publication entitled *The Social Beaver*. It had been my unutterable misfortune to be stuck with a lowly freshman. Instantly, pictures were conjured up in my mind:

The room is filled with the unbearable stench of tear gas. The windows are closed for fear of allowing an entry for water bombs or mariahs. Freshie and I work fiendishly to mop up the water steadily seeping in through the cracks around the door. Sheets are stripped from our beds in an attempt to stem the tide. Finally, half dead from chemical warfare, exhausted from mopping, Freshie tears open the door and rips viciously into the mob of frenzied Sophs hungrily awaiting him. The mob pours in around us. Freshie screams. I flash my ring. Quiet. They fall back, disappearing. But Freshie is gone.....

It is the night before the day I will have 4 hour quizzes, each given in 50 minutes. Sweat trickles inexorably down my face and arms. My shirt sticks to me as though it's glued on. The quizzes are open book and I didn't buy the books nor have I been to any of the classes. I'm madly copying equations and notes and I still have 300 pages to go. Then, through the window, comes a water bomb that lands on MY desk, soaking the books and, what is infinitely worse, causing the washable ink on the 35 hand-written pages to run into incoherency. It's 6 in the morning....

It is the hour before the date with Wellesley. The door is open to allow circulation of the air. The room is very hot because the valve on the radiator has been shot for 2 years, the vertical pipes aren't insulated, and nobody will do a damned thing about it. I'm dressed and staring at myself in the mirror hung

next to the door. Suddenly there is a tumult down the hall. Then the patter of wildly running feet. A figure dashes through the door and tries to slam it shut. Too late. A mariah soaks me completely. The only decent clothes I had left and this babe was really a beaut. Flushed.....

I sat down on the bed, my knees a little weak, my eyes a little.....watery? Breaking in a new roommate is childishly simple when compared to the trials and tribulations of living with a Freshman.

A key turned in the lock. In walked my new roommate. The moment I saw him I knew that all my fears were unfounded. Boy, is he HUGE!

*John Ross*

A certain assistant director had been shot dead in a Hollywood bedroom by a minor mogul who had returned home unexpected.

Next day a group of the deceased's fellow workers were talking over the horrible incident. Among them was one of those fellows noted for his eternal optimism. No matter what happened, this chap always said, "It could have been worse!" And as the details of the shooting were recounted, the irrepressible optimist kept saying, "Yeah, but it could have been worse!"

"How *could* it have been worse?" asked one of the group, a bit exasperated. "Poor old Joe is dead. A man will likely go to prison. And a woman is disgraced for life. How could it have been worse?"

"Well," said the optimist. "If he'd have come home on *Thursday* night, I would have been killed!"



Musician Artur Nikisch used to be stopped on the street by innumerable admirers. Swooning ladies would kiss his hand and tear pieces of his garments from his body. They even begged for locks of his hair. To this last request he was always amenable, mailing a few strands to each admiring applicant.

"At this rate," a friend warned him, "you will grow bald in no time."

"Not I," Nikisch answered with a wink. "My dog."

Pat and Mike were walking and came to the church.

"Excuse me, Moike," Pat said, "I've got to go to confession, but I'll be right back."

Pat went to the confessional booth and began to make a clean breast of his sins. "Father, I've been drunk, I've sworn, I've sinned with a married woman—"

"A married woman?" the priest interrupted.

"Yes, Father," Pat confessed.

"Who was it?" the priest asked.

"Oh, I can't tell you that, Father," Pat said.

"Was it Mrs. Kelly?" the priest asked.

Pat was adamant.

"Was it Mrs. O'Reilly?" the priest asked.

Pat was silent.

"Was it Mrs. O'Rourke?"

Pat didn't answer.

Later when walking outside, Mike asked him how he made out.

"Well, Moike," Pat said, "he gave me some trouble on one sin, but I kept my mouth shut and got three new leads."



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A breezy matron from Chicago was visiting one of the first families of Boston, and the Back Bay dowagers were proceeding to put the Middlewesterner in her place.

"Here in Boston, you know," one of the good dames remarked at tea, "family is the thing that counts. We are only interested in breeding."

"Well," commented the lady from Illinois, "out in Chicago we think it is a lot of fun, too, but we manage to have some outside interests."



London society blinked at the frankness of a former musical comedy star who married an earl and, when asked by a sob sister, "How does it feel to marry into royalty?" exulted, "Ah, the peace and tranquillity of the double bed after the hurly-burly of the chaise lounge!"



A mountain man, who had never visited a city of any size, came to the big city at last. He and his son walked out of the railroad station onto the street.

The old fellow seemed less fascinated by the tall buildings than by the paved streets. He scraped his feet on the hard surface, and tested the pavement here and there. Finally he turned to his son and said: "Well, I don't blame 'em for building a town here. The ground is too blamed hard to plow, anyhow."



The great psychiatrist was examining the precocious youth. "What would happen if I cut off your left ear?" he suddenly asked.

"I couldn't hear," the boy replied quickly.

"Then what would happen if I cut off your right ear?"

"I couldn't see," came back the answer.

The great psychiatrist stared, then turned to the mother. "This is a serious case." He swung back at the boy. "Why do you say you couldn't see if I cut off your right ear?"

"Cuz my hat would slide down over my eyes," snapped the kid.

A young lady telephoning a music store, was connected by mistake with a garage.

"Do you have 'Two Red Lips and Seven Kisses'?" she asked.

"No," answered the garageman, "but we have two tom cats and seven kittens."

"Is that a record?" she asked.

"Well, lady," said the garageman, "we think it is."



The department of taxation received an income tax return from a bachelor listing one dependent son. The examiner returned the report with the comment: "This must be a stenographer's error." To which the bachelor replied, "I'll say it was."



There was no consoling Pedro as he rode back from the funeral of his so-young wife. Friends riding in the same car tried their best to stem Pedro's tears. 'Conchita was a good wife and a beautiful woman, Pedro. But time heals all hurts. You're young and after a while, you'll find another beautiful girl and go on living happily."

"Si, si," sobbed Pedro. "I know all that. But *what am I gonna do tonight?*"



The St. Louis Zoo is famous the world over and not the least of its attractions are the monkeys. They perform their endless antics in the monkey house and on 'Monkey Island' much to the delight of the children and grownups too.

But this day when an harrassed school teacher had brought her entire 3rd grade to the zoo there wasn't a monkey in sight. The attendant explained, as delicately as he could, that it was the monkeys' mating season. They were all inside the house.

"The children just won't take No for an answer," said the teacher. "Don't you suppose that if we throw peanuts into their cages they'll come out?"

"I doubt it, lady," said the attendant. And then, not able to resist, he added, "Would *you?*"



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BOSTON

# O Tempore, O Mores!

There was once a boy who had everything; and he was right here, here at our own M.I.T. All of the lesser creatures at the Institute envied this most fortunate of students. And with good reason.

He was rich, with all of the material trivia that money can buy. His automobile was fast and sleek; and, of course, imported. Tailored clothes graced his figure, bespeaking, not in loud tones, but in a subdued murmur, of inherent good taste. Scores of imitators had gone extravagantly into debt in vain attempts to achieve his apogee of appearance, but succeeded only in being Conservative. He had traveled widely, visiting all of the best places on six continents, but this had not made him a snob. He was too well bred for that.

But he was rich in more than mere lucre, for he was cultured. Widely read, he retained everything that he absorbed, and could converse intelligently on any subject in several languages. A devotee of all fine arts, he kept a box at the opera, appearing there on occasion to applaud any performance which conformed to his stratospheric standards. Art exhibitions or recitals which promised real talent were sure to see his attendance.

However, life was not one round of concerts, soirées, and gay parties. He was at the Institute because his father, and his father's father, had attended. The course which he pursued is not important. Suffice it to say that he took it for form's sake alone, and not as preparation for a career. Naturally, his cumulative was high, but not perfect—the result of a misunderstanding in the Military Science department.

One might imagine that such a boy would have no friends, only acquaintances; true friendship rarely flourishes when one party is so obviously superior. This was not the case. His air of geniality, without condescension, gained him the trust and respect of many fellow students. And these friends were concerned about their most outstanding brother.

Alas, all paragons must have a flaw and he was no exception. For there was no girl in the life of this young patrician. Nor did it appear that there ever would be, for he, although tolerant in all other respects, had but one ideal for a perfect mate. He could abide with perfect ease the insufficiencies of his friends, but he could not accept anything less than an equal in his woman.

Since adolescence, he had had the company of numerous glittering females, but with no satisfaction. Fond mothers had literally danced attendance upon him in vain efforts to foist their all too willing daughters upon him with no success. His friends had pleaded with him to lower his standards to within reality, but he was immovable.

And so the years went on. The end of his senior year approached, and he had almost resigned himself to a life as a dilettante—a man with a perfect face to life, but an empty shell within.

Then he met her.

She went to Radcliffe. Fate threw them together at a cocktail party, and instantly he knew that here, at last, was what he sought. She was beautiful, a truly exquisite creature. She was cultured, with a knowledge and polish which equalled and, indeed, surpassed his own. And she was rich. This girl would not marry for money. Oh, no. She, too, had been searching for her male counterpart, and now, now they were together.

The courtship was magnificent. Gifts calculated to please her discerning taste were given in profusion. Quiet dinners in expensive restaurants, dancing in the finest clubs, and attendance at concerts followed one another in rapid succession until at last he felt that The Moment had arrived.

With elaborate preparations, and with the sincere good wishes of his friends he went to ask this goddess to be his wife. Surely such matches are made in heaven, thought those who knew him . . .

He returned a broken man. A look of indescribable sadness played over his features, intermingled with one of intense anger. Anxious friends hovered about his chair. What has happened, what has happened, was the only question.

With obvious effort he began to speak. And when he was done, all could do naught but agree that he was right in refusing to speak of her ever again.

"That girl, gentlemen," he said, and here a tear welled to his eye, to be brushed away, and be replaced by a look of anger, which had so rarely appeared on that smooth brow, "that girl is a damn Democrat!"

*Regis Schultis*

A woman got on the train with nine children and when the conductor came for her tickets she said: "Now these children are thirteen years old and pay full fare, but those three over there are only six and these three here are four and a half."

The conductor looked at her in astonishment. "Do you mean to say you get three every time?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "Sometimes we don't get any at all."



He: Why wait till we get home to tell me whether or not you'll marry me?

She: I'm scared; this is the very spot where my father proposed to my mother.

He: What about it?

She: Well, on the way home the horse ran away and father was killed.

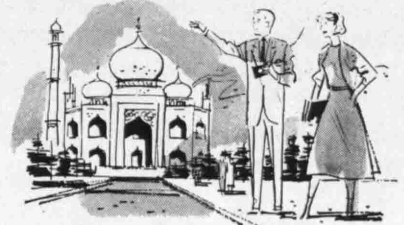
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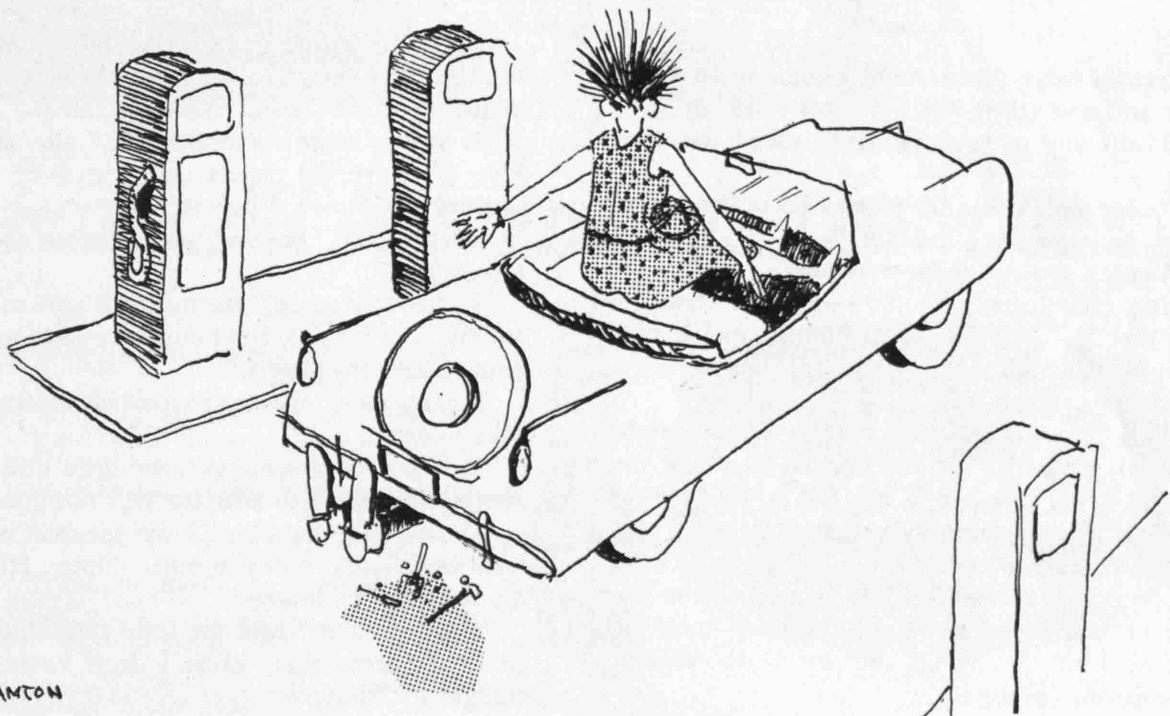
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Before coming downstairs to the hotel dining room after the first night of their honeymoon the young couple practiced talking and acting like 'an old married couple.' In the descending elevator they maintained just the right shade of marital indifference. And through the lobby they sauntered, casual as all get out and they reached the Coffee Shop certain they had not been spotted.

Carefully ignoring each other, he studied the menu. But the young bride ordered immediately. "Some fruit juice and coffee, please!" Then she, and the whole coffee shop, was startled by the groom's loud voice saying, "Good Lord! You mean to say you never *eat* anything for breakfast!"



A Hollywood producer was traveling to New York from the Coast. He went to his Pullman berth, pulled back the curtains and found two beautiful girls in the berth. They all looked at their tickets and found that the girls were in the wrong train. They were very upset and asked whether they could stay in the berth anyway. The producer explained that he was very sorry but he was a married man, had respect and standing and couldn't afford the slightest breath of scandal. "I'm sorry," he added, "but one of you will have to leave."



A census taker in the country came upon a farmhouse and was greeted by a five-year-old boy.

"How many in your family?" asked the census taker.

"Four," replied the little boy. There's my mama, daddy, and sister and me."

"Where's your daddy?"

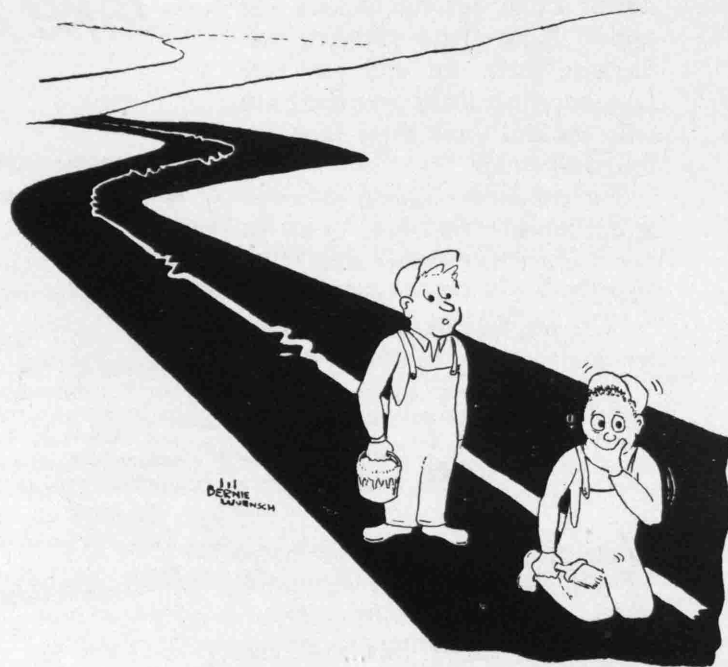
"He's gone fishin', I reckon—I say 'I reckon'—I don't rightly know. But he put on his rubber boots, and it ain't rainin'."

"Where's your mama, son?"

"Well, I guess she's gone out—I don't rightly know. But the catalogues' missin', and she can't read."

"Well, where's your sister, then, little boy?" asked the census taker.

"I reckon she's down at the barn with the hired hand—I say 'I reckon'—I don't rightly know. But there ain't but two things she like to do—and supper's waitin' on the table."



**"Fradley, Maybe We Better Knock Off  
Until Your Hiccups Stop"**

A little girl answered the knock on the door of the farm house. The caller, a rather troubled looking, middle-aged man, asked to see her father.

"If you've come about the bull," she said, "he's \$50. We have the papers and everything and he's guaranteed."

"Young lady," the man said, "I want to see your father."

"If that's too much," the little girl replied, "we got another bull for \$25, and he's guaranteed, too, but he doesn't have any papers."

"Young lady," the man repeated, "I want to see your father!"

"If that's too much," said the little girl, "we got another bull for only \$10, but he's not guaranteed."

"I'm not here for a bull," said the man angrily. "I want to talk about your brother, Elmer. He's gotten my daughter in trouble!"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the little girl. "You'll have to see Pa about that, 'cause I don't know what he charges for Elmer."



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