

WOO

DOO

MARCH!



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They laughed when I started to make a new kind of dynamite, but when I dropped it, they exploded.

— *The Log*.

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LAST MINUTE NEWS  
BROADCAST**

3.30 Each Afternoon  
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*Corcoran's*

**W E E I**

CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

"I've got a new name for the girl friend."

"What is it, and why?"

"Baseball — because she won't play without a diamond."

— *Scottie*.



Blonde hostess: "What would you do if you had five dates with a man and he never attempted to kiss you?"

Gal: "I'd lie about it."

— *The Log*.



When the public school opened in the fall, the teacher started taking the names of his pupils. He was reasonably startled to have one rosy-cheeked boy pipe up, "My name is Adolph Hitler Brown."

Unable to believe his ears, the teacher summoned the lad's mother that afternoon. "I can't believe that you would name your son after Adolph Hitler," he said. "Can you give a reasonable explanation of this, Mrs. Brown."

"I certainly can, was the answer. "My name is Miss Brown."



"How do you expect to accomplish anything with three good looking stenographers in your office?"

"By giving two of them a day off."

— *The Log*.



WE often like to take our dates to spots which offer something out of the ordinary when it comes to atmosphere. One of our spies told us recently of a place which fits the bill excellently. It's the Near East, a restaurant styled on the fashion of old Persia.

Located at 155 Harrison Avenue, near Chinatown, the Near East is recommended particularly as a place to try if you like a small, low-ceilinged and dimly-lit restaurant with a decorative scheme completely unusual. The chef here specializes in the delicacies of the Near East; our informer reports that a popular choice on the Table d'Hote menu are dishes containing roast laurel leaves. The menu offers a wide choice of unfamiliar but reportedly tasty dishes. For a spot

with something unique in the way of atmosphere and food, we suggest the Near East as a place for a Saturday or Sunday night date.

There is a New York element circulating about school which is seeking in Boston some club which resembles the Greenwich Village spots. For those who long for Ernie's, Bill Bertolletti's, the Open Door, and the rest of the typical Greenwich Village group, we suggest Niles Oasis, just up the street from Trinity Place at 78 Huntington Avenue.

The set-up here is typical of the New York clubs — a noisy bar and booth affair in the front section and a dimly-lit section in the back for parties and for couples. The bar is modernistic, with entertainment offered by a three-piece band. The rear section, roughly suggesting that it is a desert oasis, has for its decoration a scheme of a somewhat Bohemian nature; the particular attractions are a set of posters advertising such liquid concoctions as the "Vicious Virgin" and another set covering the walls with shady comments "a la Voo Doo." For that next stag party or that next date, provided she's a bit broadminded, try Niles Oasis as one of this town's best imitations of Greenwich Village.

And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and Sofa and she reclined.

Here's to Eve, the mother of our race,  
She wore her leaves on the proper  
place.

And here's to Adam, the father of us  
all;

He was Johnny on the spot when the  
leaves began to fall.

Then there is the fellow who winked  
at the elevator girl and she took him  
up on the ninth floor.

A gentleman, whose kind and willing wife yearly presented him with a bouncing baby, was confronted by the family doctor, who was determined to put a stop to the annual occurrence. The man promised if it happened again he would go out and hang himself. Another year rolled by, and again a baby was on the way. The doctor appeared and the man proceeded to the barn to keep his promise. A few minutes later he returned and said to the doctor, "Doc, I was out there in the barn, and I had the rope around my neck and was all ready to go, when a thought came to me, and I said to myself, "Look here, Jones, you may be hanging an innocent man."

## Voo Doo

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Little Boy: "Say, Mister, let me have six of those diapers."

Clerk: "Here you are, sonny. That'll be ninety cents for the diapers, and two cents for the tax."

Little Boy: "To hell with the tax, my mother uses safety pins."

— Jester.



"I'm worried about my husband's eyesight," said Mrs. Barker. "Only yesterday he mistook the nursemaid for me."

"How strange," commented Mrs. Jones. "And she's such a pretty girl, too."



Making love is like making an apple pie. All that you need is crust and some apple sauce.

— Rammer-Jammer.

My girl's face resembles a prune. To prune is to cut. To cut is to chop. A chop is a piece of meat. You ought to see my girl.

— Scallie.



She has ears like a steam shovel — they are always picking up dirt.

— Rammer-Jammer.

A beauty, by name Henrietta, Just loved to wear a tight sweater. Three reasons she had; To keep warm wasn't bad, But her other two reasons were better.



Walter Winchell: "A second Abe Lincoln: He's for the peep-hole, by the peep-hole and through the peep-hole."

— Battalion.



Mary had a little dress, Dainty, chic, and airy. It didn't show a bit of dirt, But, gosh — how it showed Mary.

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Early one morning, a young thing leaned out of the window and yelled to the passing milkman, "Pardon me, have you the time?"

"Certainly," shouted the milkman, "but who will mind the horse and wagon?"



In the days of Queen Elizabeth, 'tis said, some of the ladies liked to curl up with a good book, while others preferred simply to curl up with one of the pages.



TO THE LADIES

Inexperienced, demure,  
Shy, unsullied, sweet, and pure:  
All this you, 'tis plain to see,  
Of necessity must be.

Looking up, naive surprise  
Showing in blue, startled eyes  
As of proof, with proper care  
Lays the facts of life quite bare.

You will pardon me if I  
Smile at you, so sweet and shy;  
You can fool the rest, no doubt,  
But my roommate took you out.  
— Chaparral.



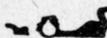
1/c: "And what happened to your leave money?"

3/c: "Well, part went for liquor, part for women. And the rest I threw away foolishly on food."

"Daddy, what is a bachelor?"  
"A bachelor, son, is a man who didn't have a car when he was young."  
— Pelican.

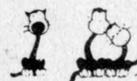


"She is like a beautiful photograph in that bathing suit of hers."  
"Yea, under-developed and over-exposed."  
— Rammer-Jammer.



A wedding is a funeral where you smell your own flowers.  
— Rammer-Jammer.

Young man (when the embrace was over): "I'll be frank with you. You're not the first girl I ever kissed."  
Sweet Young Thing: "And I'll be frank with you. You have a lot to learn."  
— Rammer-Jammer.



"John, dear, I'm to be in amateur theatricals. What will people say when I wear tights."  
"They'll probably say I married you for your money."  
— Widow.



"Shucks! Forgot my Sir Walter Raleigh!"

DON'T SHOCK YOUR NEIGHBORS by smoking a fuming, foul-smelling pipe. Instead, clean it out regularly and fill it up with mild 'n' mellow Sir Walter Raleigh. Yes, sir, this fine blend of choice Burleys smells sweet and smokes cool from the first puff right down to the last. Today, try "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

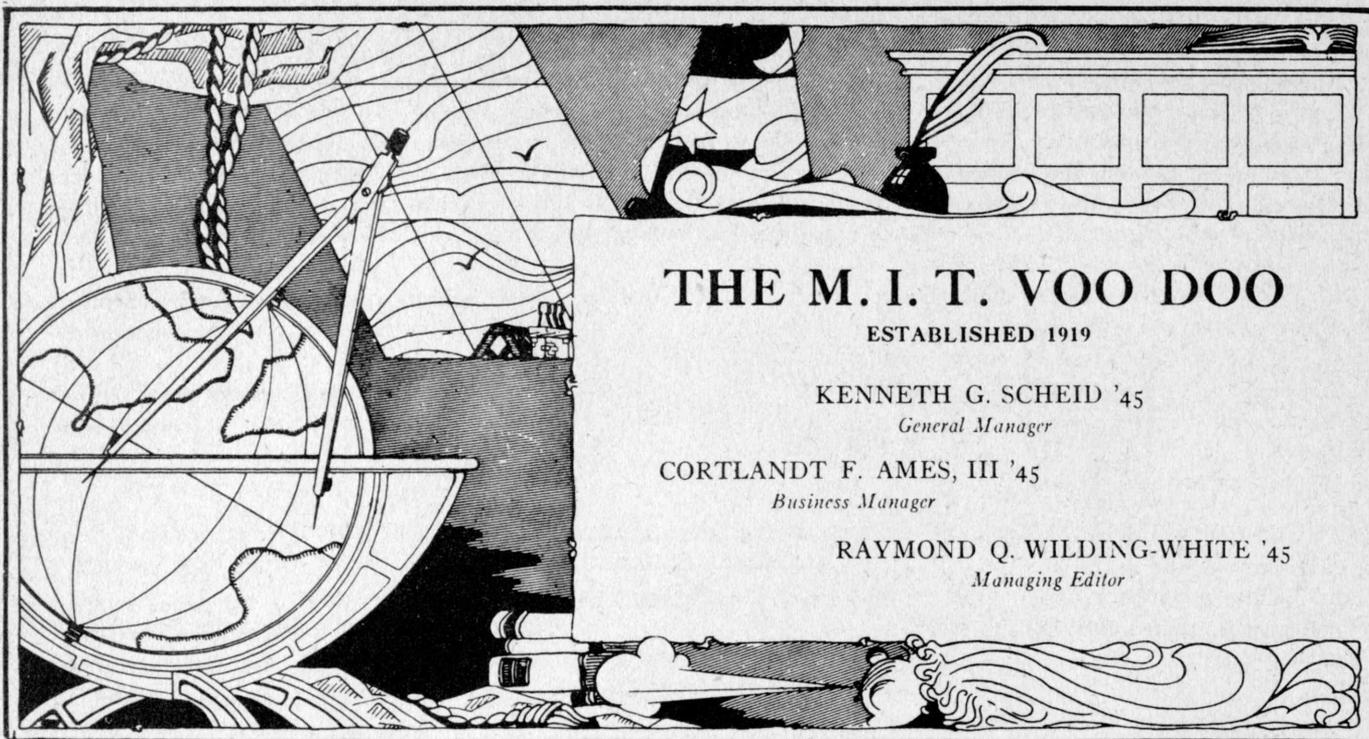
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BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS



# THE M. I. T. VOO DOO

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*Managing Editor*

“WOMEN,” said the Cat, “are queer people. Take their tastes.”

We didn't know exactly what our friend was driving at, but we felt it essential to interrupt him immediately. “Now, look, this is the eternal question, and we feel that you'd do much better to be specific and talk about some distinct group. The more general you get, the more enemies you'll create, and the less profound will be your observations.”

Phos was not in a mood for interruption, but he did get our point. “O.K., let's direct this discourse toward a girls' school — Wellesley, for instance.”

“Now you're getting somewhere,” we commented, for of late we'd been wondering ourselves about some of the fifteen hundred who habitate the region fifteen miles to the West. But still we had a doubt as to a feline's ability to issue anything decisive on such a group. “Cat, what makes you think that you're in a position to comment on the human female? Your love life is confined to those scraggly females who crawl around within the walls of this particular institution.”

Phos' answer was rapid — “My friend, I, more than you, am in a position to observe the idiosyncrasies of a woman. Besides having personal connections with some of the more illustrious felines at that school, I can look objectively on the situations into which humans are drawn.”

“Well,” we said, “you've explained yourself effectively enough that we can now let you proceed with your comments. Start where you will.”

“Take their tastes; for example — men.”

“You take them; we can't figure that situation out.”

“All right. Point number one — a la Harvard, a la Tech, or a la Crusher Casey?”

“Harvard, of course, there are more of those guys.”

“Let's say this — we know plenty of inmates here who appear to take their slide rules with them on dates, yet on the other hand the 'oh-so-smooth-my striped Shetland jacket is from J. Press — aren't I cute' boys from up the river seem to be in disrepute with a hell of a lot of Wellesley. My observation as I wander about through the halls of Tower Court, Schaefer, Washington and the rest of those castles out there is that the split is fifty-fifty, and when the Crusher Casey man from Dartmouth appears on the scene the engineers and the boys from J. Press take the back seat until the stranger has again departed for the hills.”

"Cat, you are not encouraging in the least."

"I am here to observe and not to flatter," was his cold remark.

This had gone far enough, and we turned to Phos determinedly. "On with your expostulation or out you go."

"Here's something else — the transportation problem. A few years ago the poor guy who didn't have access to a car was almost unknown to the Wellesley woman. So he turned his attention immediately to the places within easy reach by taxi or by the glorious Boston Elevated System. Consequently, we had distribution of the manpower. What happens nowadays? The Women from the West decide suddenly that it's not too difficult to take the B and A into town and meet their dates at Huntington. Result — a drain on the dwindling male supply, and into the back seat go Simmons, Wheelock, Katie Gibbs, and the rest."

"Cat," we said, "you are mad. We venture to predict that if Dr. Gallup were to conduct a poll among members of this institution the results would show at least the normal distribution of manpower to the places you have mentioned."

"My observation is of a contrary nature, but I am willing to drop the subject."

This could have gone on all night, and for that matter it did, and as the last pub in town closed we heard the Cat muttering to himself, "*De gustibus, de gustibus . . .*," which our Latin knowledge tells us means that there is no accounting for tastes.

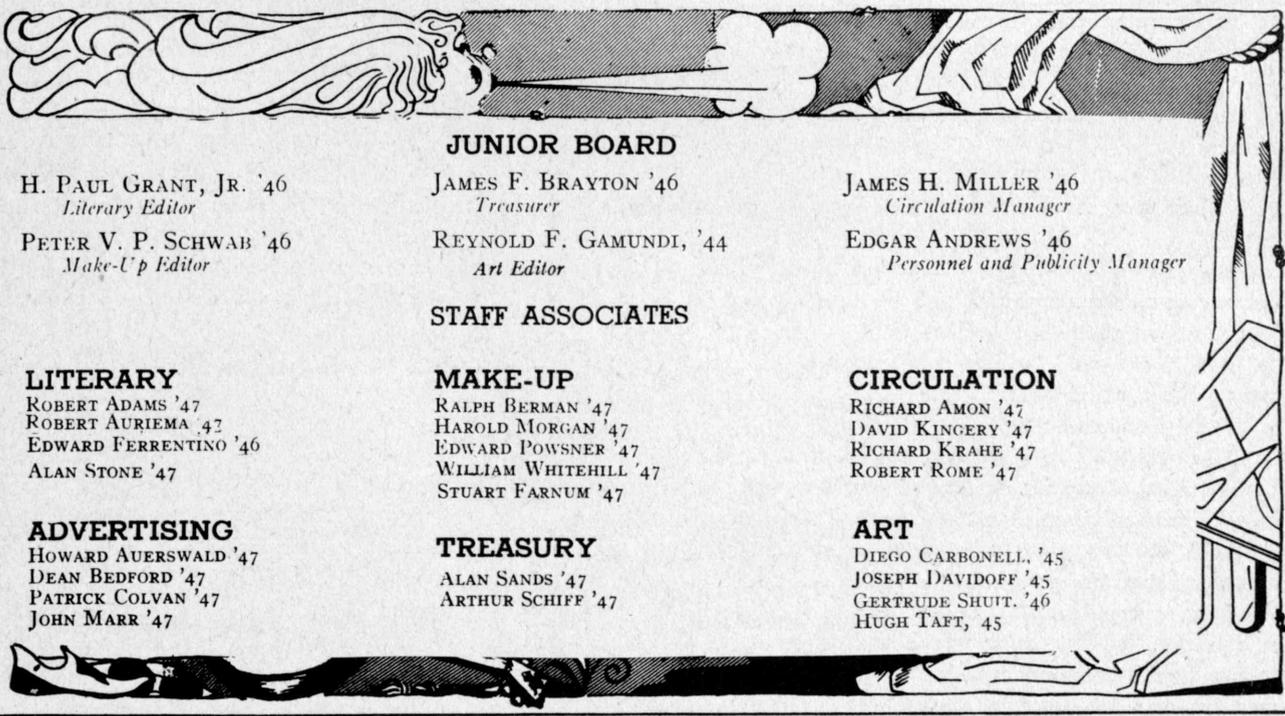
Women are queer people.

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**P**HOS takes great pleasure in announcing the appointment of Reynold F. Gamundi, 6-44, as Voo Doo's new Art Editor. Ray is to be remembered as the gentleman responsible for the charcoal inserts in previous issues of the magazine.

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Cover this month by Hugh M. Taft, '45.



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Although she worked at our canteen,  
The Navy never went for Jean,  
Till midshipman Jack dropped her a hint,  
"You'll do better, Jean, with Pep-O-Mint."

**MORAL:** Everybody's breath  
offends now and then. Let Life  
Savers sweeten and freshen  
your breath—aftereating, drink-  
ing, and smoking.

## FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the  
campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack  
yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by  
one of the students, there will be a free award  
of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment  
of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this  
publication. The right to publish any or all  
jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will  
be final. The winning wisecrack will be pub-  
lished the following month along with the lucky  
winner's name.

## THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

"Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"Ah, monsieur ees mistaken; zat in ze soup is not a  
fly, it ess a vitamin bee."

*Submitted by: Bruno De Pooli, Graduate House, M.I.T.*

"And there I was, cast away on a  
desert island with a lovely woman."

"What did you do for food?"

"I'll be darned if I can remember."  
— Pelican.



The heavy sugar daddy and a new  
chorus girl were enjoying a little  
dinner in a private room at a road-  
house. As the meal neared its finish  
he cleared his throat and said: "E-er,  
er, how about a little demitasse now,  
dear?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" exploded  
the girl. "I knew you weren't treating  
me this nice for nothing."

"Just one kiss and I'll be off."  
"If that's all you want you must  
be."



"What do you want?" called the  
irate druggist, who had been awakened  
at 2 a.m. by Angus McGregor.

"I want to get a wee bit of bicar-  
bonate of soda for the wife's indiges-  
tion," said Angus. "About a penny's  
worth."

"The idea," roared the druggist,  
"waking me up at this time of the  
night for a penny's worth of soda,  
when a glass of hot water would have  
done just as well."

"Well, well, then!" said Angus,  
hastily. "I'll not bother ye, after all.  
Thanks for the advice. Good night."  
— Sundial.

Englishman: "I say, what are they  
doing?"

American: "They're dancing."

Englishman: "They get married  
later, don't they?"  
— The Old Maid.



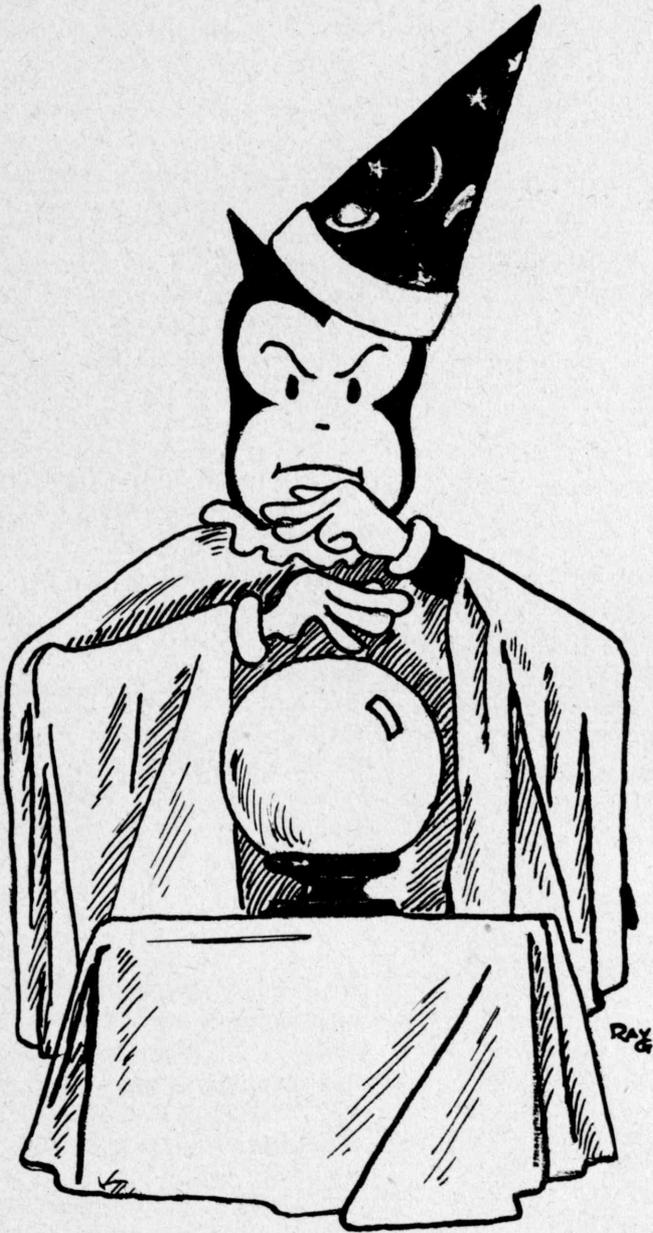
Sunday School Teacher: "Who was  
Moses' mother?"

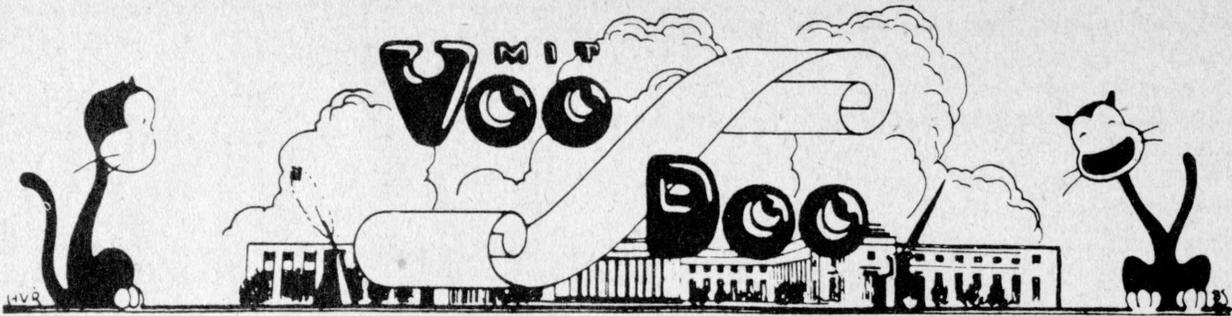
Little Mary: "Pharaoh's daughter."

Sunday School Teacher: "That  
isn't right. Pharaoh's daughter found  
him in the bulrushes."

Little Mary: "That's her story."  
— The Old Maid.

BLACK MAGIC NUMBER





THE human mind is at its best only when it can put a double meaning into something. Truly has it been said that even if you don't give a person a chance, he will find a double meaning in it, and if he doesn't, there will always be somebody else around who will. We were quietly listening to Mahler's second symphony up in Faculty Lounge the other day. The room was empty but for another student stretched out on the sofa at the other end. Suddenly the door opened and two cute little pieces of Radiation radiated in. As one of them cast an eye over the scene in general, the other started to give the picture of a moth-eaten beaver on the wall a close scrutiny. We like to see people take an interest in things techish and we pleasantly remarked,

"Gorgeous, isn't it?"

To which the other lassie came back with,

"No thanks, I haven't got time."

As we said before, if you don't see a double meaning, there will be somebody else around who will.

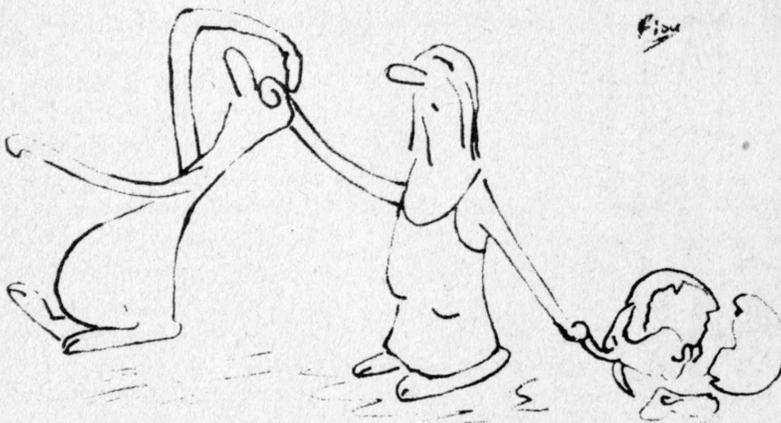
THAT distant rumble you just heard was Karl Marx rolling over in his grave again. After all, this modern capitalistic civilization is enough to drive anyone to drink. Which brings us to the subject.

A few of the boys were whooping it up down at Brigham's on Tremont Street one Saturday night not so many weeks ago, when the ancient urge to imbibe overcame them all simultaneously. Creeping in a body

past the cashier, they made a bee-line for one of the more popular establishments in the neighborhood. It was 10.30; the night was young; the brew flowed like champagne. After the fourth round the bartender appeared beside the booth and studied the youthful features of the lads holding it down. After a moment's deliberation, he moved away. Thereafter this same gentleman appeared at intervals of about fifteen minutes, or to be more exact, of three steins. Once he opened his mouth as if to speak but changed his mind and stuffed a king-size Wing between his lips instead.

At two minutes before midnight the bar was bare, for it was two minutes before Sunday in Boston. The last bottles were being locked up when the bartender approached the table for the last time.

"Sorry, boys," he growled, "you can't buy beer in here. None of you looks over twenty-one."



"Darling, Guess!"

SOMETIMES, when we see to what a degree the intangible can be made real by the higher intellects of this institute, it makes us feel small. It also makes us realize what a store of unknown our measly \$300 will buy and what superb mental processes can be mastered by the minds of our worthy professors. This column of Voo DOOINGS has often had the privilege of presenting the antics of

our facetious faculty, and in so doing we have often had a chance to show the amazing brain power they must have. The following is one of these examples.

We were quietly playing a game of three dimensional tic tac toe in a deserted classroom the other day when our meditations were suddenly broken by the appearance of Professor Wiener and his worthy disciple, Mr. Pitt. There was thereupon enacted the following little scene:

Wiener: "Excuse me, is there a class here?"

Us: "No."

The two then went to the boards.

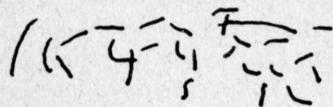
Wiener: "The subtended angle was about like this."

He drew an angle.

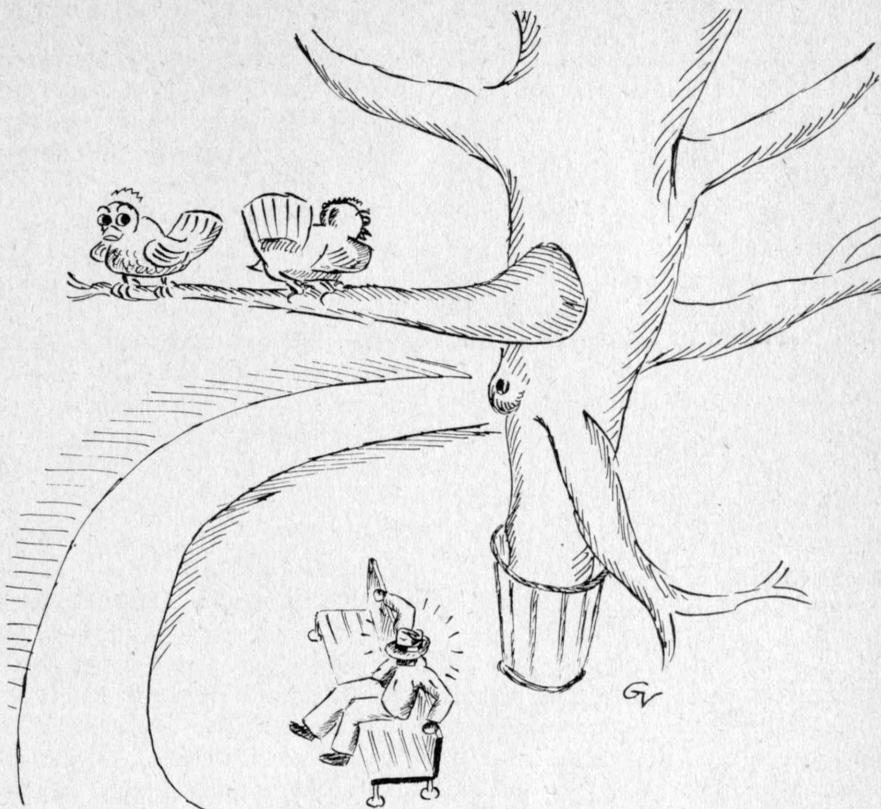
Pitt: "Yes."

Wiener (erasing the angle): "Then this is about right."

He then drew what seemed to be a complex equation. They exchanged nods and left us. Out of curiosity we approached the board and examined the equation for a few minutes. We then stood on our head and examined it. Likewise sideways and hanging from the chandeliers. Finally we gave up, made an exact tracing of the thing, and present it herewith for your examination:



**I**N looking over the files of our ancient Voodooings we cannot find Professor Lewis as a prominent figure in any of them. Yet this worthy's little gems are classics of Technology, and the only reason for their absence from the course ten bulletin board is that Professor Lewis runs the course. Therefore, we would like to give you a couple of old chestnuts about this distinguished old preceptor. Probably



*"I go for a man who wears an Adam Hat."*

the oldest of the bunch is the story of the professor's slight argument as to the veracity of a certain statement made by one of his students describing a process which he was writing about.

"What I want is the truth . . . yes . . . that's what I want . . . the truth," he said.

To which the student replied that if Professor Lewis would define what was meant by truth, he would be glad to clarify his statement.

The professor paced the room. "The truth . . . why certainly I can define that . . . let me see . . . truth . . . why that's . . . that's . . . you know, that's a damned hard word to define, truth. And letting it go at that, he went on with his argument.

But better known still than this little anecdote is the one about another argument into which our hero entered. Backed by the force of his absolute conviction, he smashed his fist on the table, almost splitting it.

"I'm so certain of it," he rumbled,

"that I'll . . . why I'll stake my professional reputation on it! Why I'll even bet five dollars on it!"

**T**HE Beacon Hill blue bloods, the little ladies of Boston society who speak only to the Cabots who in turn speak only to God, are a species of fauna known for their inordinate disapproval of license of any sort. So ingrained in us is this conception of these venerable fossils, that when we see one coming, we shamefacedly hide our Pepsi-Cola until she has passed.

We were cultivating the mind over at the Museum of Fine Arts the other day when we were particularly struck by the product of one of the more dashing French painters. The product depicted a sunny, wooded scene wherein a bunch of nude young women were running hither and yon lustily chased by an equally carefree and nude bunch of young men. We were quietly gazing at this chef d'oeuvre,

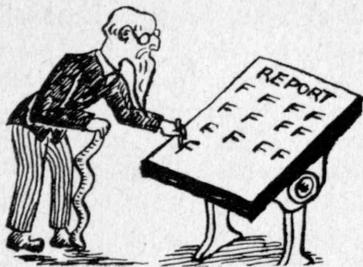
when one of the aforementioned little old Boston ladies came primly over the horizon in charge of a dozen or so youths from some local junior high. Very apprehensively we watched her pull forth her lorgnette and inspect the picture with an expression on her face like someone who has bit his apple pie and found termites. Finally she brought out her catalogue and looked up the number.

"HmMMM! French artist's picnic . . . My! My! My! How jolly!!!"

We are disappointed. One can never tell what is coming with this older generation.

**W**E have always considered Tech as the home of old man efficiency himself. As we walk down the corridors and look in on comptometers, integragraphs, cathode ray oscillographs, cyclotrons, and a multitude of brain saving machines, and observe the endless number of secretary-filled offices wherein work seems to be proceeding with split-second precision, we feel convinced that, as we said before, this machine must be the veritable center of old man precision itself.

However, grave doubts have been cast on this subject recently. It may be the man power shortage, the tension due to critical war conditions,



signs of senility and hardening of the arteries in the administration of the place, or some such cause, but we have noticed with much concern that the old Institute is cracking. It isn't what it used to be and efficiency seems to have been thrown to the wind.

It seems that one of the harder workers of our student body has received a double "F" on his report three terms in succession. Hold your sneers, fellow men, we know that this is nothing to be amazed at, but what makes this event one of special interest is that these three double "F's" were in subjects which our friend had not taken, will not take, and whose existence he quite ignored. Come, come, secretaries, pull yourselves together.

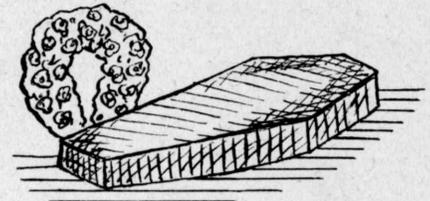
Necessity is the mother of invention, or is it mother that is the necessity of invention. Well, anyhow, for quite some time now, Tech men have been looking for the easiest way to get term papers written and handed in on time. New methods have been invented from time to time only to crumble in the course of events. We were just informed of the downfall of an old standby and we shall pass the story on to you for future reference.

A student in Professor Wiener's philosophy class was suffering from a disease unknown to medical men but famous among college men as "longivitis termus paperitus." Seeking a new source of information for his paper, a scholar approached the professor one day asking for a reference. Professor Wiener reeled off two or three encyclopedias and our man dashed happily out of the room in the general direction of the library.

On browsing through the books referred to, he found an article which was the answer to his prayer. As it covered his topic and was sufficiently long, he proceeded to copy it word for word, to be handed in as his theme. All went smoothly for twenty-eight typewritten pages and he was on the last paragraph, when all Hades broke loose inside his brain. He had glanced down to the bottom of the paragraph where the author's name and occupation was stated, and he found the following:

"Norbert Wiener, Professor of Mathematics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

**A**S we look around the many shops, department stores, window displays, consider the varied services which a business firm will throw in with each purchase, think of the many ways that are dreamed up to please the customer, we feel proud that American business leads all others in the famous phrase "the customer is always right." Anything your money can buy, your money will buy . . . you, the customer, are always right, be you dead or alive. In proof of this last state-



ment, a lady friend of ours dropped in on us and told us about a dinner she had attended.

It was a get-together of the local Rotary Club of some nearby town and all the trades and professions were represented. Our friend had the delightful pleasure of having the local undertaker for a neighbor. A man who threw himself wholeheartedly into his work, he entertained her with the fine points of the embalming business. Taking her as the subject in question, he described with much gusto all the services which money could buy for her.

"For an additional twenty dollars," he said, "we could set you up in an arm chair just as if you were sleeping. Of course we could add a few touches to your face. For an extra \$5.00 we would give you a heavenly face, but if your folks had only \$2.50, we could fix you up with a 'resignation' face."

Probably \$1.00 gets a discontented face, but what we want to know is what happens if you owe him money.

# WE DEDICATE TO

*Culbertson* — Be Careful, It's My Heart  
*Governor Talmadge* — Is It True What They Say About Dixie?

*Charlie Chaplin* — Ma, I've Done It Again  
*The Indians* — Massachusetts  
*Miriam* — I'll Never Smile Again

*Congress* — The Music Goes Round and Round  
*Millikan* — Stardust  
*Newton* — Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree

*Tony Galento* — Beer Barrel Polka  
*Morgenthau* — Strip Polka  
*Rita Hayworth* — My Buddy  
*Sinatra* — Slender, Tender, and Tall  
*Timoshenko* — I Like The Winter Weather  
*League of Nations* — I Heard You Cried Last Night  
*Smiling Jack* — Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer  
*Charles Atlas* — I Ain't Got Nobody

*Representative Curley* — Ain't Misbehavin'  
*Bob Hope* — This Is No Laughing Matter  
*Wellesley* — All That Meat And No Potatoes  
*Gypsy Rose Lee* — The Lost Chord  
*Molotov* — I Came Here To Talk For Joe  
*Von Papen* — Twilight in Turkey  
*F.D.* again — Always and Always  
*Emily Post* — Dinner Music For a Pack of Hungry Cannibals

*General Hershey* — After You've Gone  
*The Angel* — Embraceable You  
*Sally Rand* — Hip Hip Hooray  
*Einstein* — I'm Always Blowing Bubbles  
*Willkie* — I'm Coming, Virginia  
*Senator Johnson* — Johnson Rag  
*OPA, WLB, OWI, WPB, ad inf* —  
 Marching Along Together  
*Voo Doo* — Little Brown Jug  
*California* — Singing In the Rain  
*Powers* — Stairway to the Stars  
*Hoffman the Florist* — Yesterday's Gardenias

*The Temperance League* — In The Still of the Night  
*The Travelling Salesman* — It's So Peaceful in the Country  
*The Little Flower* — Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day  
*Badoglio* — God Save the King  
*Mussolini* — Shoe Shine Boy  
*E. B. Rideout* — Stormy Weather

*Brazil* — Brazil  
*Tommy Manville* — People Will Say We're in Love  
*Elmer Davis* — Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me  
*J. Edgar Hoover* — Speak Low  
*Alf Landon* — When They Ask About You  
*Eleanor* — Don't Get Around Much Any More  
*The Argentine Republic* — Who?  
*Winchell* — Whispering  
*Governor Bricker* — The Dreamer  
*F.D.* — I'll Be Around

*Lana Turner* — The Big Apple  
*Al Capone* — Sing, Sing, Sing  
*Cordell Hull* — I'm a Ding Dong Daddy  
*Senator Berkely* — Donkey Serenade  
*Hayes Office* — Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen  
*Papa Dionne* — Stop, You're Driving Me Crazy

# OLIVER



## SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

IT was a wintry winter's day in 1926, and the wind howled outside the windows of one of England's largest hospitals. Down one of the corridors there paced a man . . . up and down . . . back and forth. On his face was a determined look, a worried appearance, and the remains of a baloney and cream cheese sandwich.

Suddenly the door to the ward marked "Maternity" was flung open, and the doctor appeared. Mr. Selfridge, senior, stopped his pacing. The doctor came up to him.

"Congratulations, Congratulations, things have pulled through wonderfully."

"Tell me . . . did she . . . I mean did it . . ."

"Yes. It did. Astrakan won the

third at Belmont and paid 23 to 1."

It was a few weeks after this event that Oliver Selfridge came into this world. He came in very unpretentiously. He was born in a taxi that had a Chinaman at the wheel by the name of Akakroupoulos. (Since this event he has changed it to Smith. He says no Chinaman was ever called Akakroupoulos.)

This humdrum start in life did not stop Oliver from becoming one of the most outstanding personages of the day.

Ah! but I see that nobody has the vaguest idea who this buzzard is, and where he lives, and what he does. He lives in the Walker Club and he goes to Tech. Why he goes to Tech, nobody, not even Walter Winchell

knows. If you are still curious about this little individual, you have only to look underneath the counter in the Lounge Bar, and in the receptacle marked "Raspberry," you will find him: a sunken faced, cadaverous, sad eyed infant who mixes sodas as if he were shovelling sewage, speaks with a limey accent, twirls a tray on one finger, and claims to have produced an eight faceted schizophrenic. (Don't pull it yet, bud, it isn't loaded, and what's more, this may get better as we go along.)

When people about Tech first noticed his presence, they did not feel that there was anything out of the ordinary in this melancholy minded mite from the misty midlands. He did no home work (he still does none), he went to no classes (he still goes to none), and, like all good little boys like you and me, he was expected to get a 2.04 for a rating. He has a 4.04 as cume.

There must be a reason for this inordinate capacity to get something for nothing. Does he bribe his profs? Nah! he doesn't have that much money. Does he threaten them? Nah! Like M.P.'s, you can't threaten professors. . . . What is then the secret of Oliver Selfridge's success?

Yes, what is the secret of Oliver Selfridge's success? Do you want to know? Then be sure to read the next paragraph brought to you by *Whamo*, the cereal that doesn't sog, that doesn't go pht when it should go wham! doesn't digest. The cereal that is different. The time is exactly 8.31, Abyssinian Summer Time.

Whamo, the cereal that is different, the cereal that has pep, the cereal that has life in it, yes, it is teeming with life, you can see it running around in your bowl, brings you the ninety-ninth episode in the life of Oliver Selfridge.

The secret of the whole thing came out one day in the dorms when one Bates came out of his room, announced that he was a teapot, and proceeded to pour himself down the sink. Poor

*Continued to page 25*



The little lady of the sarong requires no further mention. Dorothy Lamour has been the pin-up girl deluxe of many a college room, Army or Navy barracks, and Marine pup tent. She will be the heart throb of many more men, mice, and cats, and not to be left out of this last class, Phos has plastered his walls with pictures, busts, drawings, and epigrams of Dottie Lamour.

## FOR WHOM THE BELL RINGS — WHERE ARE OUR CHILDREN?

*(No apologies to Hemingway  
or Damon Runyon)*

"Where to, bud?" I burp, slamming the door and flicking on the meter.

"Off the Fish Pier," groans this character with the bald head and the baggy tux who I just pick up on the corner of Stuart and Tremont, "I am committing suicide."

"How about T Wharf?" I crack, kidding him along. "It is only a two-bit fare." I grab a gander in the rear-view mirror, but he is scrounged over so I don't see his face, only this nude noggin gleaming in the glow from the four-foot cheroot he is smoking. "Aw hell," I say, "there is a million more where she came from. Forget her." I pause. "In fact, if you are interested, I can take you down to a little place back of Scollay Square. . . ."

"No. It ain't that," he sobs, "or at least that is not the worst of it." He slobbers on his vest for a few minutes and then stuffs his cigar under his coat. I see his shiny skull sink down in his coat collar like a cueball plunking in the corner pocket. "What it is," he says, "is the all-around cussedness of things in general, is what." I drive on silently, one eye on the meter, which is clicking a happy tune.

"Have a drink," I say, "the right hand tap is Schlitz."

It commences (he says) several days ago. I am guzzling cheap gin in a grogshop down Commercial Street way. Outside it is snowing, but inside all is rosy and warm, and the usual barflies are munching free pretzels and cussing back and forth at the broads hopping tables as usual. Everything, you see, is business as usual, except Luigi announces he is cuffing me no more liquor. I am taking a hint. I unwrap myself from a doll who

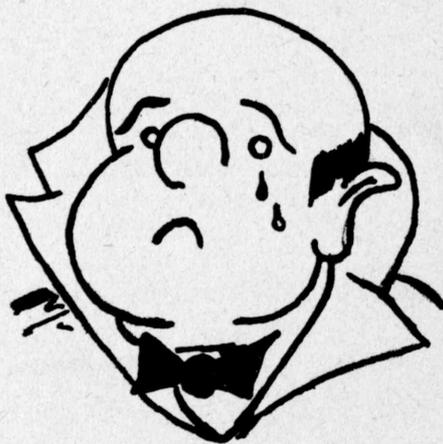
is sharing my gin without invitation and clear out of his dive. It is when I am standing outside in eight inches of snow that I realize that I am now blackballed from every joint in town. It is a jolt.

Now it is at this time that a guy sidles up and idly requires if I can use two G's. He is a shortish, fattish guy wearing a flattish head, cowboy boots with spurs, and a forty-gallon hat.

"Pardner," he says, fashioning a weed with one hand and groping in his left boot with the other, "yuh shore look like uh down-tuh-earth felluh, an' I shore uz hell hanker tuh hire yore services fer a spell." Right there he hauls out a roll of bills big enough to choke a Choctaw.

"Sorry," I say, pushing my eyes back into place, "I am not killing anybody for quite some time. I am all out of practice," I say.

"Haw, haw," roars this guy, "yore shore hoomorful. Look a-here pardner,



this is all fa'r, squa'r, an' aboveboard. Yuh kin leave yore shootin' ar'n tuh hum. Yuh see thet gal-critter yonder?' I glance down to the corner and my

eyes come popping out again; suddenly it seems like spring and I seem to hear robins or bluejays cussing in the sunlight, for such a babe stands there as you do not see more than once in this life. She winks a dark sensuous eye as I devour her beauty, her flesh-you-love-to-clutch complexion, her soft voluptuous curves. I hitch up my pants, wipe my jowls, and move in.

"Jest a second, pardner," says the old guy, "Thet's muh dotter, an' here's muh propuhsition. I wanter get muh gal interdooced intuh suh-ciety, so's she kin mebbe ketch one uh these here asstocrat felluhs fer tuh marry. She is riz out in thuh wide open spaces, but I don't wanter have her waste her life on beef-critters. Here's two thousin dolluhs. Kin yuh rustle up some snappy duds an' show her thuh town?"

"Pardner," I say, "You are selling me a bill of goods. I am on. This babe is about to see more of this town than anybody is ever," I say, "starting now." I grab a fistful of cabbage from his clammy palm, kiss him on both cheeks, and approach the doll. "Take your shoes off, baby," I whisper, recalling an old ballad, "and start running through my mind."

"The name," she comes back, "is Maud. Wha'r do we start?"

Well there we are, two hours later, tearing about from dive to dive, cocktails here, highballs there, and a floorshow in every spot. What a babe. What a night. I am almost happy.

It is about dawn when I get her a room at the Statler, but she doesn't let me in, so I float back to my flat down on Essex Street.

Another night comes; another slew of simoleons go. More gallons of champagne and rye flow over the dam. I take her up to her apartment. She kisses me goodnight. I stumble back to my flat, flat.

The third night I starch up the new tux and we are off on the rounds. The cash flies about like beer bottles in a barroom brawl. In fact, I am spending the last of the two G's. This time we

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**CLOTHING,**  
 Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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 NEW YORK

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 AND COLLEGE UNDERGRADUATES

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Our standards are maintained throughout — and prices, covering a sensible wartime range, begin at moderate figures.

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**BRANCHES**

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET  
 BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET

are both floating when we arrive at her apartment. I remember I am folding her in my arms and covering her with kisses. She surrenders completely, like an old sack.

We wake up the next morning very late and very groggy. "Maud," I say, "What is your father saying when he finds we are married?"

"Whatcha talkin' about kid?" she burbles, "My old man is dead for eleven years."

I sit up. My head is rolling around on the rug somewhere. "It is not so. Doesn't he put me up to this? He does not want you chasing dogies all your life," I scream, fumbling for my head under the bed. "He stands there and hands me two G's. . . ."

"Yer crazy," she cries. "As sure as my name is Maud Schlesinger from O Street, you are crazy. If I think yer intentions are unhonorable when you are picking me up the other night, I

am slugging you, so help me."

I locate my head behind the bathtub and scam from out that place as directly as possible. I stumble out into the street. I am standing in eight inches of snow with a freezing gale whistling around my bare legs when I realize I am broke, and also blackballed from every joint in town and my head is now (he says) rolling in the gutter. I am . . .

"Fish Pier, bud," I say, "It's on me."

— P. G.



Simile: As careful as a nudist crossing a barbed wire fence.

— Rammer-Jammer.

They tell the story over at Harvard about the wealthy Bostonian who let it be known that he proposed to make a large gift to Technology. This wealthy gentleman probably thought of the donation to education largely because of his complete lack of knowledge. At any rate, a Harvard alumnus visited him and said; "Did you know that the president of Technology is a sexagenarian?"

"Goodness, no!"

"Did you know that the boys and girls at Technology matriculate together?"

"I had no idea that was so."

"Did you know that the boys and girls use the same curriculum?"

"Is that a fact?"

"And did you know that before the girls graduate, they are compelled to show the dean their thesis?"

"Horrors!"

The money went to Harvard.

## LINE FORMS TO THE RIGHT



It begins here?

That depends where you're going.

Meaning?

This, I hope, winds up in the Orpheum, the one on the other side of the sidewalk winds up in the Keith Memorial. Just take your pick.

As the iceman would have said . . . Been waiting long in this queue, blondy, or are the icicles a natural growth?

I'm not complaining, the line moved at least five inches in the last hour. Big tough sailor like you should be used to standing long hours out in the cold.

Big tough sailors like me is anything but used to standing long hours in the cold, and any hours I have stood haven't improved my taste for that kind of thing. . . . Hey, hey, here we go, the line is going right along.

We'll be getting there quite soon now.

Worse luck.

I wouldn't say that.

Oh, you don't like the company out here.

Now don't jump to conclusions. True, the company out here is not too good.

Well, bad company is better than no company.

Depends.

How come anybody like you should be waiting in a line all by herself?

Maybe I'm not all by myself.

Maybe I'm blind.

Maybe you're slow.

I'm Luke Manning, and I'm not slow, what's your name?

There will be a short wait for standing room in the lobby, please have your money ready. Don't shove there, sailor.

Who the hell is shoving?

Want me to get personal about it?

Ya! And what the hell kind of a movie has you for a doorman, anyhow? And . . . hey, where's that blonde I was with?

If you can't keep track of your women, the management don't pay me to keep track of them for you.

Gimme one serviceman's.

One, I think the lady already went in.

Damn . . . sorry buddy . . . excuse me, lady . . . come on, Bud, don't be all day with those stubs. Say, fella, did you see a middle-sized blonde about . . . ?

Yea . . . seventeen of them, and did you see a pink elephant with . . .

Oh, a wise guy. . . . Will you look at that mob. . . . Been here long?

Nope . . . not too long, see the Willkie button I'm wearing?

Jeez, how do you find somebody in this mess?

No trouble at all, you got hundreds to choose from.

Hey, that's her, right through there. Pardon me, buddy . . . excuse me, may I pass?

Hey, quit shoving . . . What's the idea?

Aw, keep your shirt on. Hey blondy . . . hold everything . . . sorry . . . I'm establishing a second front here . . . excuse me . . . I'll be right there. Well . . . we meet again.

Quite by accident. Funny how in a crowd of hundreds we should have happened to meet again.

Twenty single seats . . . don't push, ladies and gentlemen . . . there are single seats only.

By the way, as I was saying when the doorman interrupted me, I'm Luke Manning . . . and . . . Hey . . . what the . . .

That's all, buddy, just twenty single seats.

But I'm with the young lady . . .

Come on, buddy, don't start something here. Twenty more single seats.

Boy, if I were manager, would you leave on the run.

And I'm wasting perfectly good money paying taxes so that sailors like you will be a pain.

Aw, pipe down.

Twenty single seats . . . don't push, ladies and gentlemen.

Say, is there a seat in there? Can't see a damn in here . . . .OK, OK, I'll get out of the way. That's a seat, isn't it? Yeah . . . excuse me . . . Pardon. Thank you, pardon me . . . excuse please. It's taken? Well, why couldn't you yell it out instead of having me fight my way in here. Coming out again . . . Excuse me . . . Ex, Pardonme . . . Scusme . . . Thank you . . . Prdnme . . . Phew.

Say, is this sea . . . Wellllllll, welllll.

Your name is Luke Manning.

Yes, Providence has quite a way with things doesn't it? Even little V-12ers have a place in her heart.

V-12?

Yeah . . . over at Tech.

Ha! That's funny, why my father is a chief there.

Which?

Yes. My name is Cynthia Thinstoff.

What the hell! So I didn't want to come to the Orpheum in the first place. It's probably not worth the trouble getting up to find another seat anyhow . . .

# SOLITAIRE

## FUN WITH CARDS

"Etriades, hand me the playing cards."

"Dammit, King Saggintruss, this is 29 B.C. They haven't invented playing cards yet."

"Then invent 'em! I have been twenty years in exile, twenty years of sitting and thinking. I have devised a card game to while away the next forty or fifty years. Fetch the cards!"

And it was done, for in those days the king's word was law.

So it was that Solitaire came into being. The original Greek game was played with a two-card pack consisting of the ace and deuce of spades. Needless to say, the player invariably won. Napoleon I became so nauseated with the game during his sojourn at St. Helena that he introduced a fifty-card pack consisting of everything

but the ace and deuce of spades. Even this version became monotonous with time, and The Bone spent the last four years of his life trying to beat a hand of twenty-nine pack Solitaire. He was pronounced dead early in 1821, but rallied to survive two more weeks on pure grit, bourbon, and beetles. He lost.

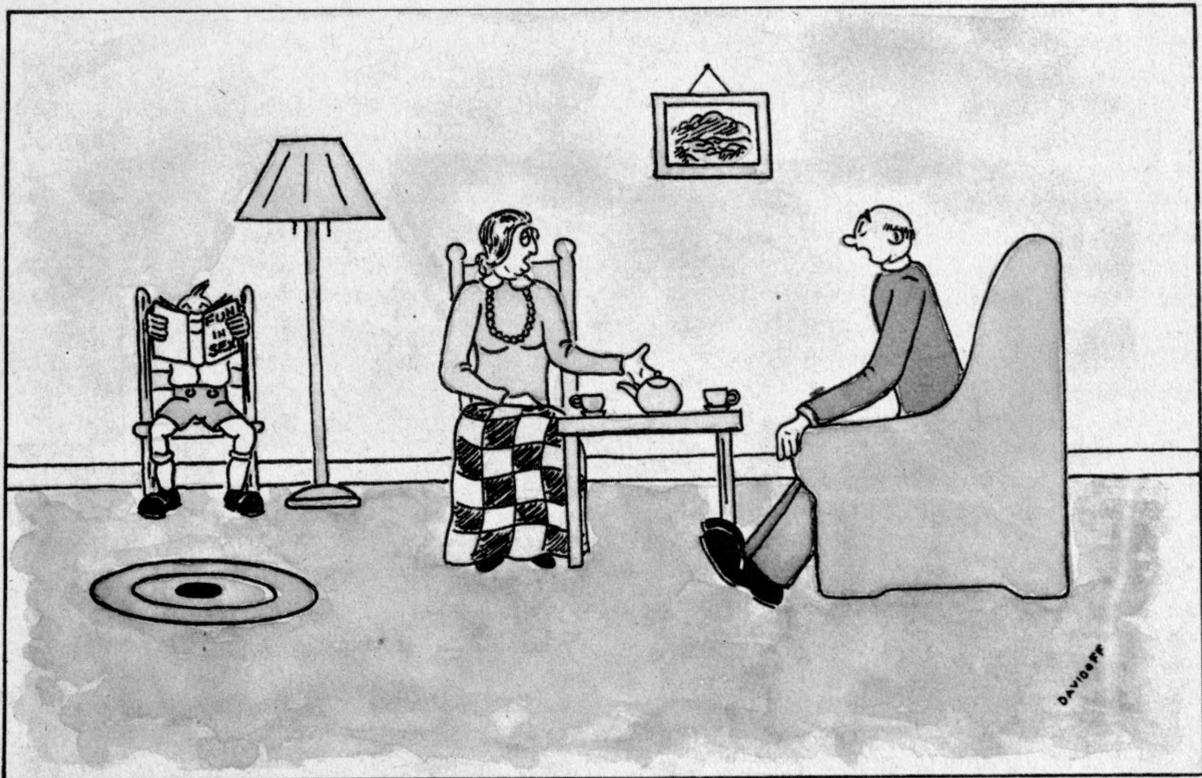
Not until recently did the game regain popularity. It was introduced to America along with the Black Plague by cattle-boat carrier rats in 1934; the Plague has since been stamped out. Solitaire, however, is flourishing everywhere today — in women's clubs, in the factory, in the home and in the back room of the Three Sick Bulls opposite Pier 12. Not since the no-pants-on-men's-cuffs craze swept the country has any single idea occupied the minds of so many. How do expeditors spend their time efficiently while on strike? They play Solitaire. What do young couples do on the first night of the honeymoon?

Turning our attention to the details

of the game, we find no set rules, no universal regulations. There are innumerable variations practiced currently. Common 28-card or low-life Solitaire was doomed from the first, since one hardened kibitzer could heckle as many as five players at a time; some could spot a neglected red - seven - on - black - eight at forty yards. In fact, Sir Archibald Rathsheimer, in his book "Alone on the Sahara" (sub-titled "What a Helluva Lot of Sand") tells how he spent the hot afternoons on the dunes playing 28-card. Every evening without fail an Arab would appear driving his dromedary at a fanatical pace over the distant horizon and across the blank expanse of desert to rein up at the old Knight's shoulder, point out the game-winning move, and gallumph guffishly away in a dither of dust.

It became obvious that the neck-stretchers were taking over the game. In many circles the player became but

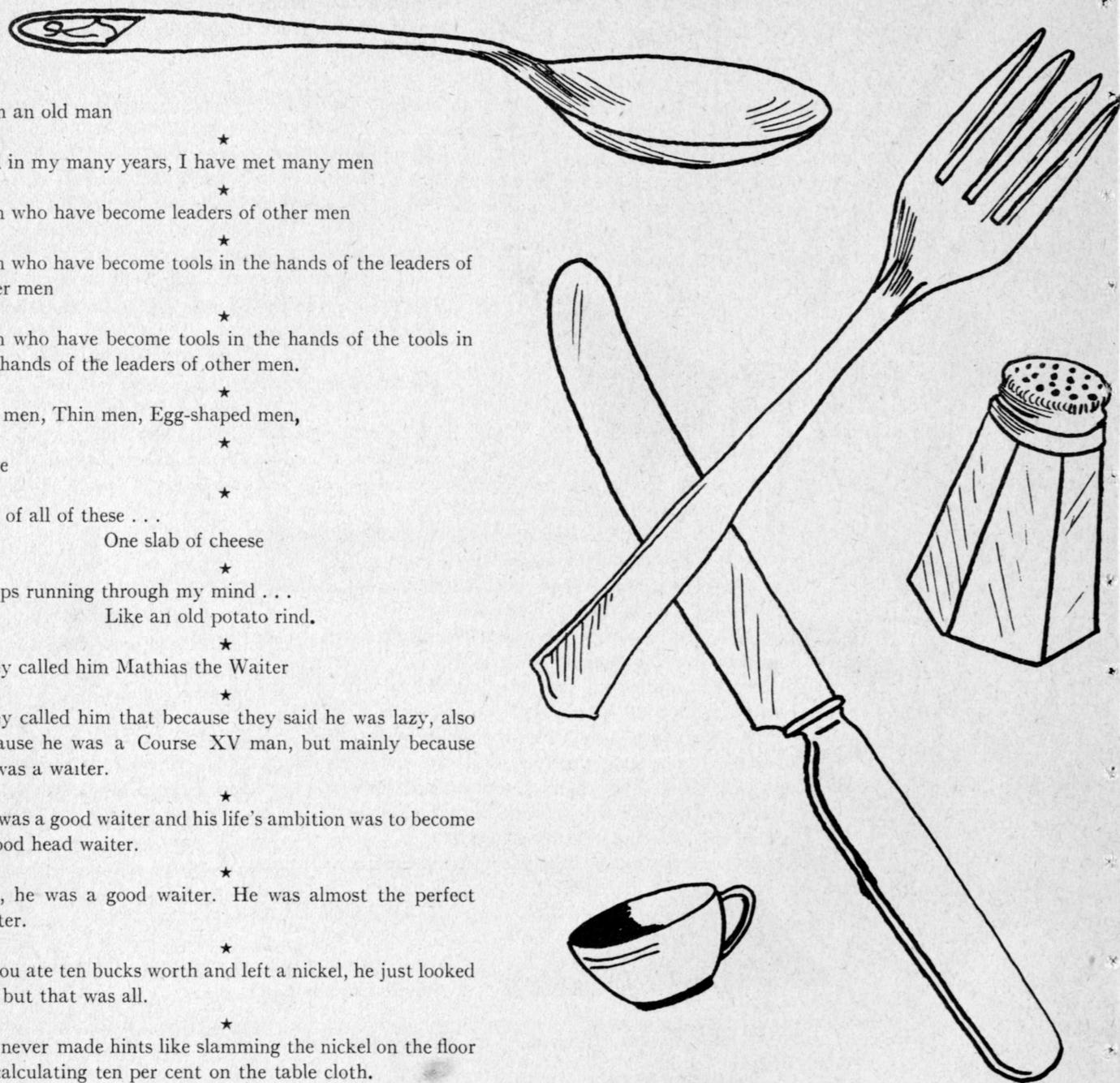
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*"His little mind is busy every minute."*

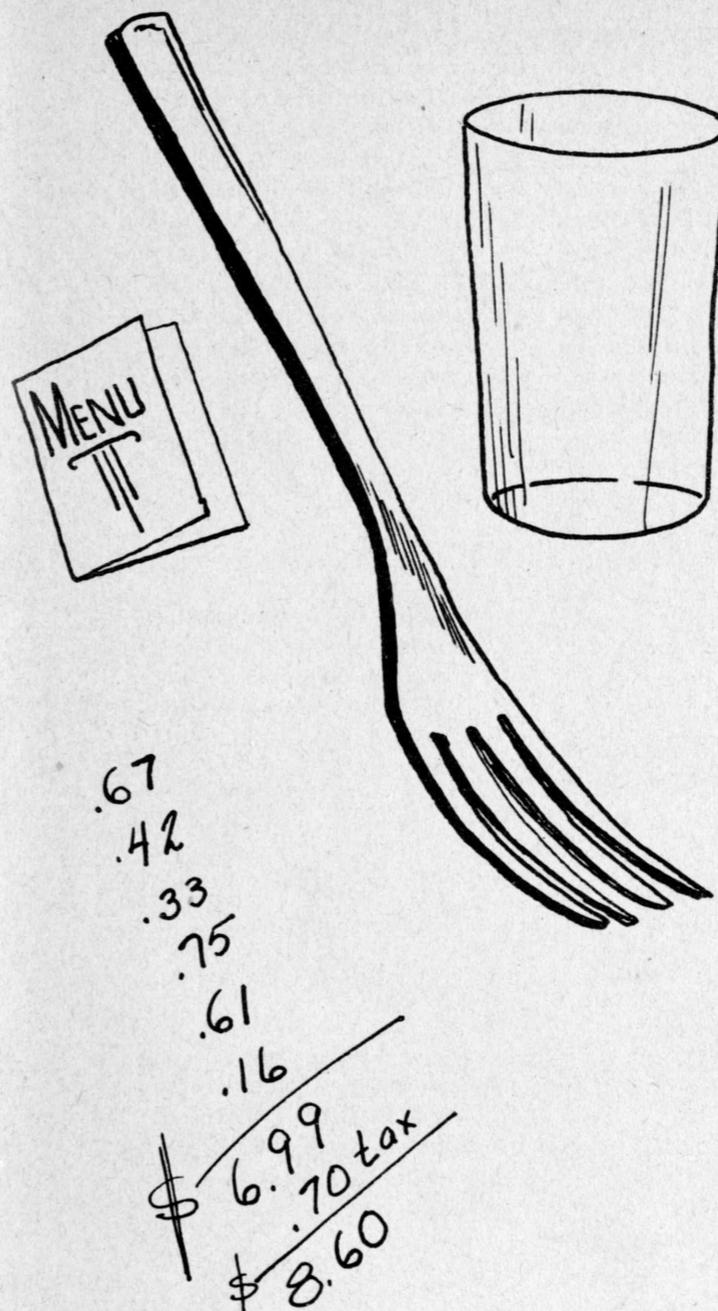


# THE STORY OF MATHIAS THE WAITER



I am an old man  
 \*  
 And in my many years, I have met many men  
 \*  
 Men who have become leaders of other men  
 \*  
 Men who have become tools in the hands of the leaders of other men  
 \*  
 Men who have become tools in the hands of the tools in the hands of the leaders of other men.  
 \*  
 Fat men, Thin men, Egg-shaped men,  
 \*  
 Mice  
 \*  
 But of all of these . . .  
 One slab of cheese  
 \*  
 Keeps running through my mind . . .  
 Like an old potato rind.  
 \*  
 They called him Mathias the Waiter  
 \*  
 They called him that because they said he was lazy, also because he was a Course XV man, but mainly because he was a waiter.  
 \*  
 He was a good waiter and his life's ambition was to become a good head waiter.  
 \*  
 Yes, he was a good waiter. He was almost the perfect waiter.  
 \*  
 If you ate ten bucks worth and left a nickel, he just looked sad but that was all.  
 \*  
 He never made hints like slamming the nickel on the floor or calculating ten per cent on the table cloth.  
 \*  
 He said thank you sir and lit your cigar.  
 \*  
 He wouldn't stand looking over your table while you yelled "Waiter" till you were hoarse.  
 \*  
 He was always there when you called him, but he didn't yank plates out from under your nose before you were done.

He always knew what the stuff on the menu was, and he never said buddy or stuck his fingers in the soup.  
 \*  
 When you asked for a cup of coffee, half water, no cream, and only half a lump of sugar,  
 \*  
 He brought you a cup of coffee, half water, no cream, and only half a lump of sugar.



What 'er waiter.  
 \*  
 If you asked the boys what they thought of Mathias they would say that they thought he would be a head waiter some day.  
 \*  
 Mathias was happy. Everything was hotsy totsy.  
 \*  
 Everything was hotsy totsy, he said.  
 \*  
 Then all of a sudden fate went . . .  
 \*  
 WHAMO!  
 \*  
 The President of the Spinster's Club for the Abolition of Sex came to dinner.  
 \*  
 The President was fussy.  
 \*  
 She wanted another spoon. She said that if she had wanted the last man's dinner on her spoon she would have asked for a name and address not a turkey dinner.  
 \*  
 Mathias got flustered.  
 \*  
 He got so flustered he gave her a fork.  
 \*  
 The President got mad as hell.  
 \*  
 She wanted a spoon. She said that if she had not wanted a spoon she would not have asked for one. That even if she didn't want a spoon, the last thing in the world she wanted was a fork, and furthermore if she had asked for a fork, she would bet Lana Turner's meal tickets, both of them, that she would have got a spoon.  
 \*  
 Mathias got flustered.  
 \*  
 He was the flusteredest waiter in town.  
 \*  
 He was so flustered he committed the worst mistake a waiter can commit.  
 \*  
 He left the check FACE UP!!!  
 \*  
 The President of the Spinster's Club for the Abolition of Sex never recovered.  
 \*  
 Poor Mathias.  
 \*  
 The muffled drums rolled and the head waiter came up to him and ripped off his buttons.  
 \*  
 IGNOMINY!

He could order beef stew in French, English, Hungarian, German, Choktaw, and Magyar.  
 \*  
 Mathias was respected.  
 \*  
 Holding up his pants, Mathias left.  
 \*  
 From under the Brookline Bridge there came a splash.  
 \*  
 And now the waiter is full of water, and the water is full of waiter.

PRESENTING . . .



IN every organization there must be a big boss. In Germany there is Adolf; in Italy there was Musso; in China there was Gengis Khan; in Voo Doo there is Kenneth George Scheid. Away back in the days when Shaw was the General Manager, there came to the office a startlingly red haired little freshman who was full of ideas and ambitions. They put him

right to work . . . sweeping the office and sticking little pieces of paper onto big ones. He progressed, and, come elections, he had moved into the Make-up Editor's position.

Then came what should have been the death-blow to M.I.T. activities, in the form of personal "Greetings" from Uncle Sam to some of the Institute's more eligible young men. Ken Scheid, now in V-12 blue, stepped into the gap. His job of reorganization and rebuilding of Voo Doo is the big reason for the existence of the magazine today.

Ken has a few hobbies to while away his spare seconds, among them being his job as Secretary-Treasurer of the Senior Class and his positions on the Institute Committee and the Senior Week Committee. Last and not least, Ken is another of those Course XV boys. Ask any of his Sigma Nu brothers or fellow Beaver Key officers and they can tell you that "K. G." is really a busy lad.

They will also probably tell you that when Ken has nothing else to do he will stand in the entrance to Litchfield looking at that board that tells who the General Managers of the magazines have been in past years — stand there by the hour gazing at the last line where bright new gilded letters show his name. Whether he does or not, he has good reason to, for few of the General Managers named on that board have been as capable as our present boss.



A simple but sensuous mouse  
Was condemned for seducing a grouse;  
He said to the quizzical  
"The cause was not physical —  
Just a mutual interest in Strauss."

— Mustang.



Father (looking cautiously into the club room of a fraternity house):  
"Does Bill Halthcock live here?"

Voice from inside: "Yeah, just bring him in and lay nim on the couch."

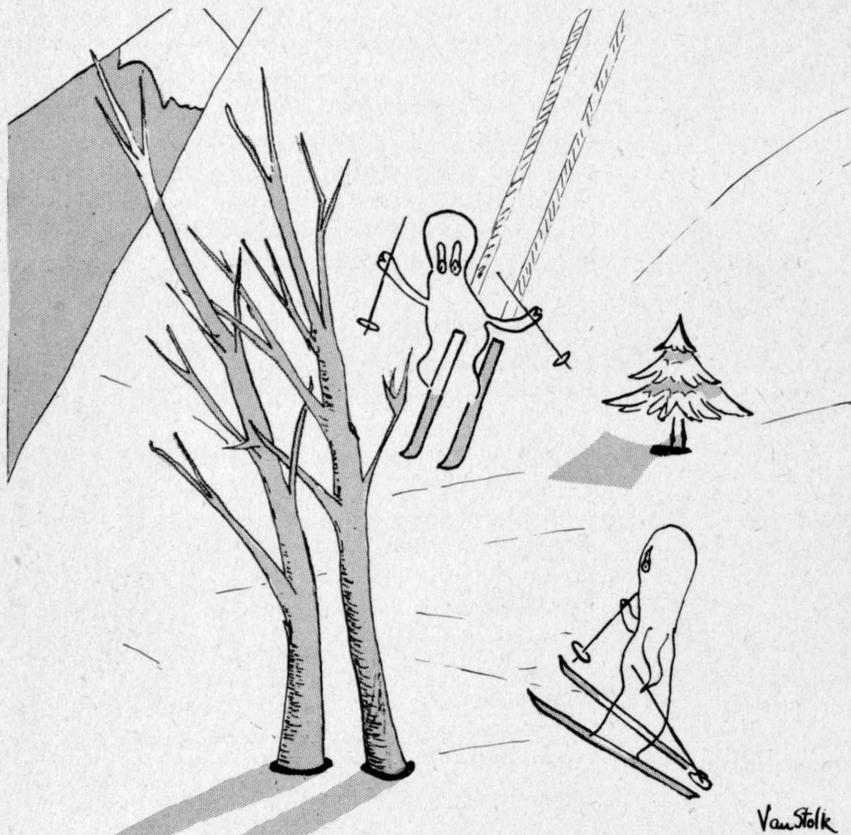
— Fivol.



"What would you say is the difference between a modern car and a co-ed?"

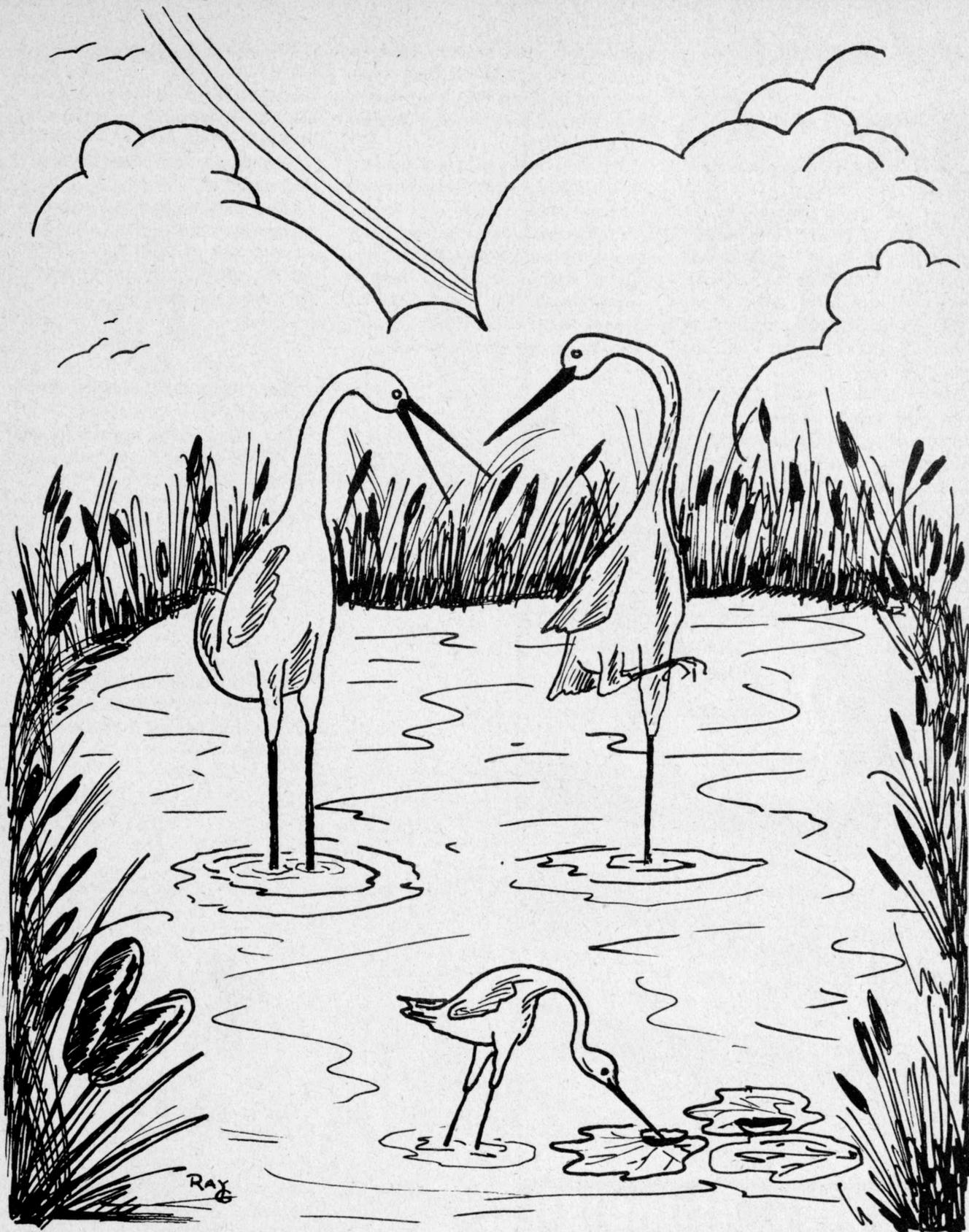
"Well, the modern car has something under the hood."

— Pelican.



VanStolk

"There's nothing to it, Appleby."



*"All right, smart guy, YOU tell him where he came from!"*

## SOLITAIRE

*Continued from page 17*

a tool in the hands of a committee of kibitzers who debated every play among themselves. Frequently the player drank himself into unconsciousness waiting for a decision, and finally he was eliminated as a disturbing influence in the progress of the game. So we find today the familiar "double," "triple," "quadruple," and "mob" Solitaire.

The principle rules of Double Solitaire, most popular at present, are so simple that a child of eight can grasp them easily. As a matter of fact, a child of eight holds the world's championship at the moment.

The rules:

(1) Two contestants take part. Each uses one pack of cards and four

pints of Old Crow 200 proof absinthe.

(2) Each contestant lays down forty-two cards in three rows of four face down, or four rows of three face up.

(3) Each contestant plays one card and drinks one pint. This continues for some time.

(4) The contestant who, after three hours, can walk a straight line from Copley Square to Boston Light is roaring drunk. The game is a draw.

And then there is triple Solitaire. But frankly, who gives a damn?



He: "See that man playing fullback? He'll be our best man in about a week."

She: "Darling! This is so sudden!"  
— *The Log.*

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Elsie, the cow, was on one side of a fence, and Ferdinand the Bull was on the other side. Elsie winked at Ferdinand and he jumped over the fence to her side.

"Is your name Ferdinand the Bull?" she asked.

"No, just Ferdinand; the fence was higher than I thought."  
— *Voo Doo*



She: "What wonderfully developed arms you have."

He: "Yes, I'm a football player. By the way, were you ever on a track team?"  
— *Jester.*



Nurse: "I think that college boy in 312 is regaining consciousness, Doctor. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."  
— *Yellow Jack.*



Then there was the girl who wore only a cluster of strawberries to a fancy dress ball and got herself into a hell of a jam.



"I'm wearing my old undies and saving my new expensive ones."

"What for? A rainy day?"

"No, dearie, a windy one."  
— *Scottie.*

## OLIVER

*Continued from page 12*

man, he had submitted himself to an experiment in hypnosis by none other than our own little Oliver.

Yes . . . Oliver is a hypnotist of no mean proportions. He can make a telephone ring from as far away as the bathroom. He can hear you say Raspberry Sunday, turn and yell one hamburger, and serve you a ham and bread on lettuce, at the end of which you will leave perfectly contented. He has made men think that they are flies and has driven them crazy trying to zip themselves all day. This then is the secret of the strange 4.04, and it may be, though it is to be doubted, the reason that so much of the staff of the Math department goes around with the expression of a worried jelly fish.

Above all other things, Oliver is a mathematician. He claims that he is taking-math just because, but there is that certain light in his eye, that certain madness to his laugh that shows that he is truly a mathematician. He is also a philosopher and as such he is violently frustrated. A man who is by right a dreamer of dreams, he is forced to use his majestic brain to keep body and soul together, instead of being free like birds to think for the hell of it. His busy little mind

keeps chasing itself around in little circles of psychoanalytically Freudian spiromanthiaseses. Often when you talk to him, you will see a glint come into his eye, his face will light up, and

he will announce, as a solemn hush falls with a deafening crash over the populace there assembled, that he has found a new way to prove that there is no God.

To him, women are the outward expression of an inward development of a self expressionism that has been inhibited by the auto self effacement. He says that he must have been Solomon last time he was alive, and, like the bitter little folk we are, we tend to disagree. We doubt that he was ever alive, or that he is now.

And so we see that Oliver Selfridge is in reality a simple soul and one whose brain power far exceeds that of we ordinary mortals. No doubt in years to come, when we are old and graying, and our grandchildren and our millions are collected about us, we will probably be proud to say: "Ah yes. I knew Oliver Selfridge once . . . before they got him."

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"Mother, may I go out to play?"  
"Yes, daughter, but not with little  
boys, they're too rough."  
"But, Mother, if I find a nice smooth  
little boy, may I play with him?"

—Turn Out.

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Negro wench at the revival meeting  
rising in ecstasy: "Last night I was in  
the ahmes of the devil; tonight, I is  
in the ahmes of de Lawd!"

Voice from the rear of the congre-  
gation: "What are you doin' tomorrow  
night, baby?"

—Puplent.



A.: "I was reading where the Eski-  
mos use fish instead of money."

B.: "They must have a hell of a time  
getting gum out of a slot machine."

—Duke 'N Duchess.



"Isn't it surprising how much the  
little Jones boy looks like Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, but not half so surprising as  
how much the little Smith boy looks  
like Mr. Jones."

—Covered Wagon.



A slow-talking country girl met up  
with a fast talking city slicker. Before  
she could tell him she wasn't that kind  
of a girl, she was.

—V. M. I. Turnout.



Blue eyes gaze at mine — Vexation.  
Soft hands clasped in mine — Palpi-  
tation.

Fair hair brushing mine — Expecta-  
tion.

Red lips close to mine — Temptation  
Footsteps — Damnation.

—Exchange.

One day a pretty, sweet, innocent young thing was strolling through the woods, when suddenly she saw a little green frog.

"Hello," said the frog.

"Oh, hello," said the innocent young thing, somewhat astounded but the kind that believes almost anything, "how can you talk when you're only a little frog?"

"Well, I'm not really a frog," said the little green hopper. "You see, I'm really a handsome prince with wavy hair, blue eyes, and big muscles. But an old witch put a spell on me and turned me into a frog."

"How dreadful! Can't anything be done about it?"

"Well, if you really want to help, you can take me home with you and put me under your pillow, and in the morning I'll be a handsome prince again, with wavy hair, blue eyes, and big muscles."

So the sweet innocent, young thing put the frog in her pocket and took him home that night and put him under her pillow.

And sure enough, the very next morning, there he was, a handsome prince with wavy hair, blue eyes, and big muscles.

And do you know that to this very day that sweet young thing's mother will not believe that story.

— *Masquerader.*



Bus conductor, calling from the upper deck: "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

Voice from below: "No, but there is a MacPherson that's willing to try."

— *Masquerader.*



Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.

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If the person who stole the alcohol out of my cellar in a glass jar will return Grandmaw's appendix, no questions will be asked.

— *Adv.*

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What did he say to the Dean when he was bounced?

He congratulated the school for turning out such fine men.



“Well he looks like a six-year-old.”  
 “Sir, I have been-married only four years.”

“Lady, I’m not asking for a confession. I’m asking for a half-fare.”

— *Jack O' Lantern.*



And then there was the student who wrote: “Virgin wool comes from the sheep that can run the fastest.”

— *Yellow Jacket.*



Is my dress too short?  
 It's either too short or you're in it too far.



“’Tis better to have halitosis than no breath at all.”

— *Rammer-Jammer.*



Jim: “A fool and his money are soon parted.”

Fitch: “I know that. Who got yours?”

— *Rammer-Jammer.*

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Each of the above undergraduate Courses is of four years duration, with the exception of Architecture, City Planning, Biophysics and Biological Engineering, Marine Transportation, and the co-operative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years, and City Planning Practice which covers a period of six years. In addition to the Bachelor's degree, the above five and six year Courses, with the exception of Architecture and City Planning, lead also to the Master's degree.

Graduate study, leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees, is offered in Ceramics, Meteorology, and in most of the above professional Courses.

A five year Course is offered which combines study in Engineering or Science, and Economics. This leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the professional field, and to the degree of Master of Science in Economics and Engineering or Economics and Natural Science.

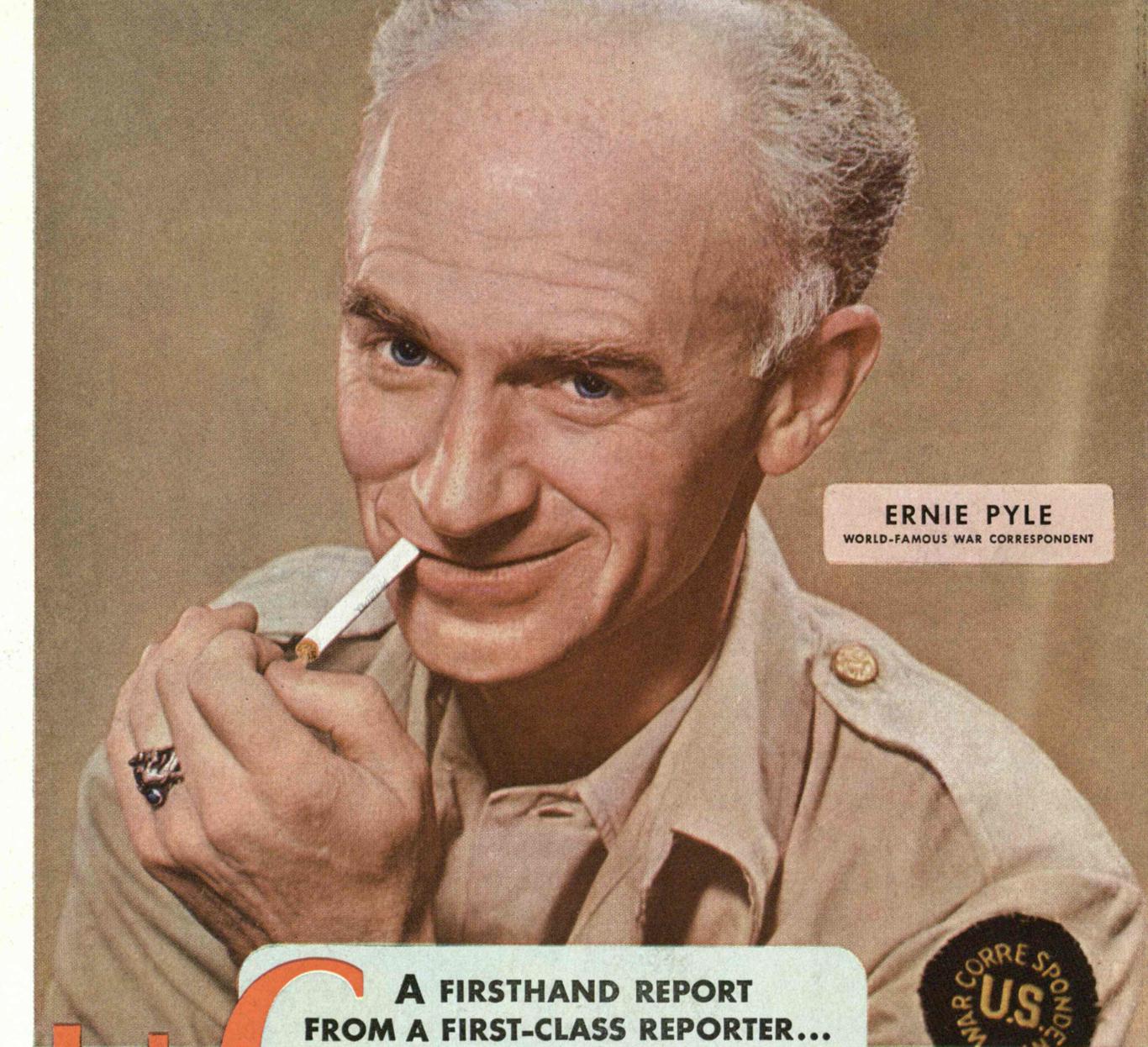
The Summer Session extending from June to September includes many of the undergraduate subjects given during the academic year.

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

The following publications will be sent free on request:

Catalogue for the academic year.

Summer Session Bulletin.



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