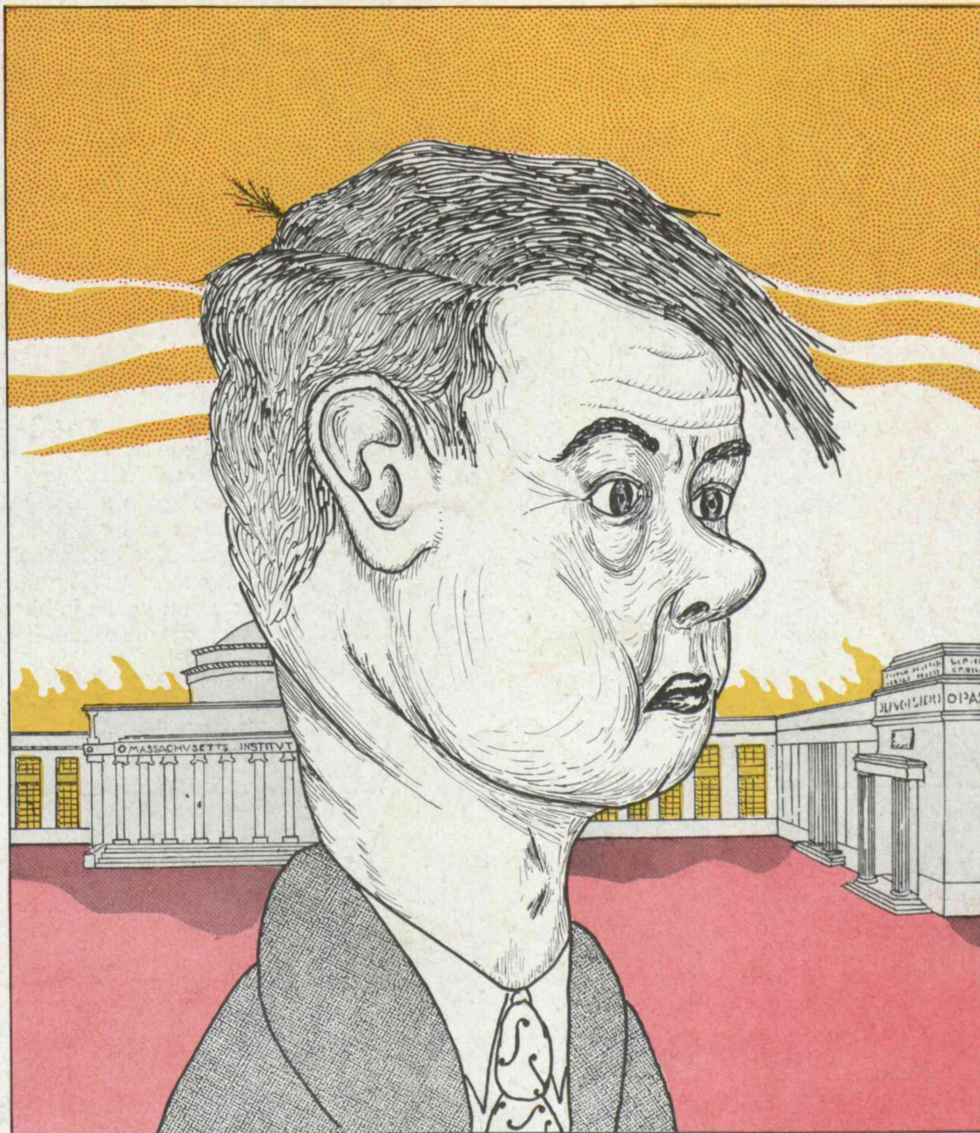


# VOO DOO



MAN OF THE SEMESTER  
Hell is paved by engineers

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

NEWS ITEM, 1944

Cigarette shortage spreads  
... Counters jammed...  
Millions try different brands  
— any brand they can get.



## EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS

### the Differences in Cigarette Quality

*...and now the demand for Camels  
— always great  
— is greater than ever in history.*

**D**URING the war shortage of cigarettes . . . that's when your "T-Zone" was really working overtime.

That's when millions of people found that their "T-Zone" gave a happy okay to the rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos.

And today more people are asking for Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

*We do not tamper with Camel quality. We use only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way!*



*According to a recent  
Nationwide survey:*

# MORE DOCTORS SMOKE **CAMELS** *than any other cigarette*



Doctors too smoke for pleasure. And when three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Your 'T-ZONE'  
will tell you...  
**T FOR TASTE...**  
**T FOR THROAT...**

That's your proving ground  
for any cigarette. See  
if Camels don't  
suit your 'T-ZONE'  
to a 'T'



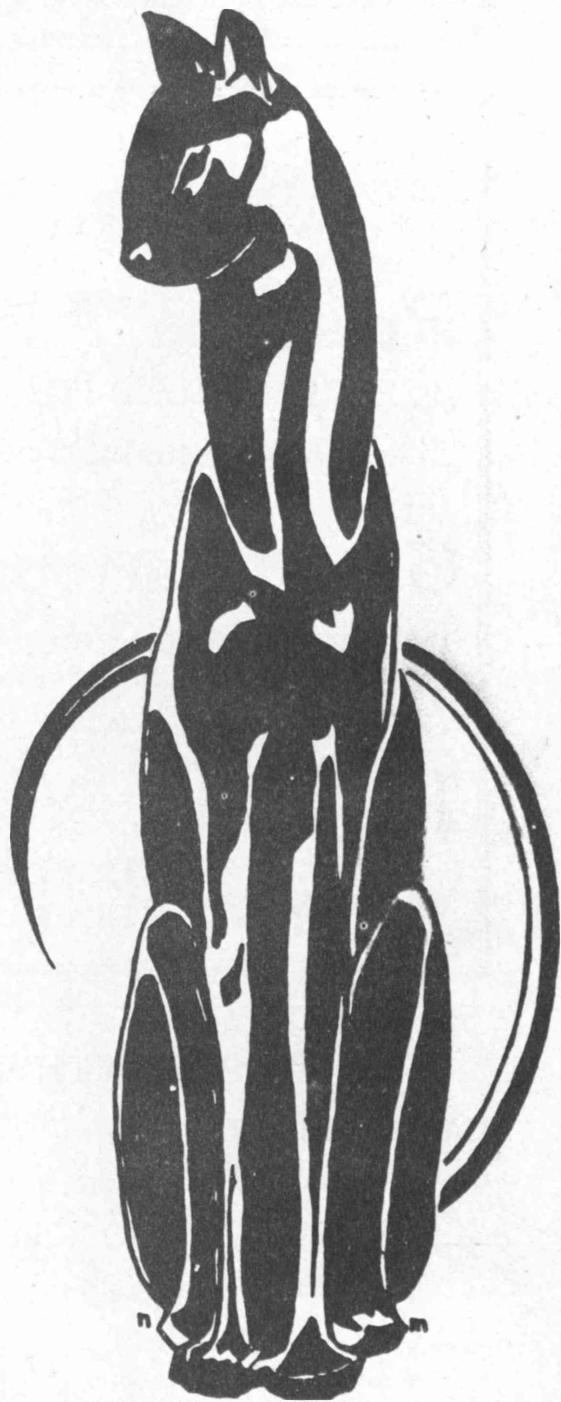
# Voo Doo

FEBRUARY, 1947



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Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

## Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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Volume XXX

FEBRUARY, 1947

No. 2

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CARTOON CONTEST  
PRIZES FUN PRIZES

## Priscilla Alden

(ICE CREAM AT ITS BEST)

Offers Four Western Malted Milks

For

## 6 Best Cartoons 6

Send Originals to Contest Editor,  
VOO DOO, Walker Memorial

## Priscilla Alden

189 HARVARD STREET  
BROOKLINE



### THIS MONTH'S CARTOON CONTEST WINNERS

DAVE KEMPER  
GEORGE SHIELDS

PAUL LOBE  
SAUL KLAUS

BILL FISK  
JIM BANABEE



"We feel already that you are one of us."

Liquor kills a lot of people. Staying out late kills a lot of people. Smoking kills a lot of people. What the hell kills all those people who live right?



Ah! Those were the days. When you could kiss a girl and taste nothing but the girl.

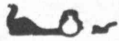


Blondie: Did you tell the boss where to get off today?

Goldie: Yeah, at the second rib.

First Coed: "Jimmy is grand, but I think all men are trying sometimes."

Second Coed: "All the time, dearie, all the time."



Father: Johnny, what makes you skip school all the time?

Johnny: Class hatred.



A wise monkey is a monkey who doesn't monkey with another monkey's monkey.



Chinese gardener about to throw fertilizer on his cabbages:

"Dung ho!"



"Any nice girls in this town?"

"Sure, they're all nice."

"How far to the next town?"



First Burglar: "Where ya been?"

Second Burglar: "Out robbing a fraternity house."

First Burglar: "Lose anything?"



She was only a lumberman's daughter —

But she always wood!



"How was the party last night?"

"Oh, it was a nice party, so we left and went to my apartment."



"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked. He was electrocuted."



1st Prisoner: What are you in for?  
2d Prisoner: Rockin' my wife to sleep.

1st Ditto: But they can't put you in here for that.

2d Ditto: You ain't seen the size of them rocks.



Opposites attract — like tight men and loose women, for instance.



Wellesley: I'm afraid of that arm around me.

Techman: Oh, don't worry about that one. *This* one is the baby you gotta watch out for.



Angus: "Gosh, you have a lovely figure!"

Jane: "Now let's not go all over that again."

"How's your new girl?"

"Not so good."

"You always were lucky."



The tragedy of the flea is that he knows for a certainty that all his children are going to the dogs.



"Who gave the bride away?"

"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."



"Have you seen Anne's new gown?"

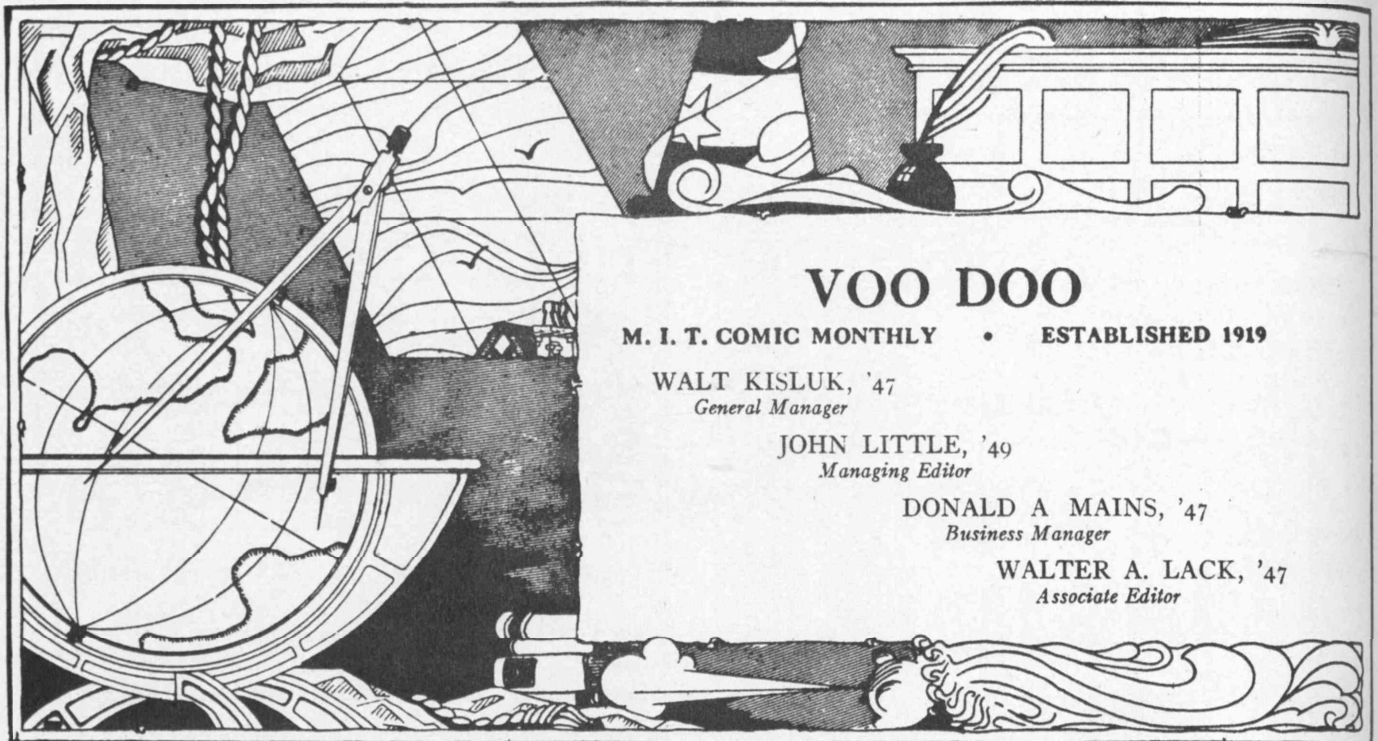
"No. What does it look like?"

"Well, in most places, it looks like Anne."

— *Ski-U-Mah*



Mary had a little skirt,  
And it was very tight,  
Who gives a damn  
For Mary's lamb  
With Mary's calves in sight?



## VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY • ESTABLISHED 1919

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*General Manager*

JOHN LITTLE, '49  
*Managing Editor*

DONALD A. MAINS, '47  
*Business Manager*

WALTER A. LACK, '47  
*Associate Editor*

“SO what’s eating you?” raved the Cat. “Can’t I ever leave this office without getting everybody excited? I’m old enough to take care of myself in any sort of situation, yet, every time that I was away from this hole, you give me the third degree and a lecture on the consequences of improper feline behavior. I don’t ask you what you do when I don’t see you, so let’s not get nosey with my pussynal affairs.”

“Now, Phos,” we said. “We weren’t trying to be nosey. We were just worried about you. You disappeared for three weeks this time. Why we were afraid that you had been catnapped or even murdered by that bunch downstairs that prints last week’s news every Friday!”

“Naw, they wouldn’t dare cross paths with me. But I did spend a hectic three weeks away from this joint.”

“What did you do that took so much time?”

“Well, it all started with an idea I had for a feature. I started out in search of the average Tech man. It took three days of roaming through class rooms, dorm rooms, and wash rooms before I found him — the rest of the time I devoted to the gathering of printable material about this character named Angus Diecast. I slept with him in classes, fretted with him through finals, and even went home with him during vacation. Just look at this stack of notes that I gathered.”

We glanced at the top sheet of the Cat’s papers. “My gawd!” we shrieked. “What kind of animal posed for this picture? What sort of pets does this average Tech man of yours keep?”

“That’s not a picture of his pet — that is Angus Diecast himself! The picture can be used on the cover and you can use the rest of the material that I gathered to fill out the issue. Now get to work on it while I get some sleep. Boy, I haven’t had any shut-eye for a long, long time. This guy Diecast sure ran me ragged. What a . . .” The Cat had drifted off to his Morphean playgrounds.

We quietly picked up his notes and began reading. We tried to arrange his findings in logical sequence. This was next to impossible to do. Angus was not a logical person. He seemed queer, yet he was not queer — he was a Tech man.

With perseverance, we were able to assemble the highlights of his Tech life. On succeeding pages may be found samples of Diecast's experiences, school work, and genius that reveal his general characteristics and idiosyncrasies. The characteristics are yours, you Voo Doo readers; the idiosyncrasies are peculiar only to readers of *The Tech*.

\* \* \* \* \*

At this very moment, somewhere in the winding corridors of our glorious grey-stoned buildings there roams one Angus Diecast. He is our man of the semester. He is happy. He is cutting class. He is the exemplification of the typical Tech man. His face appears on the cover. It should happen to a dog!

Phos regrets to announce that Gil Parker and Bob Abelson have resigned from the Junior Board: both are to be commended for their contributions and staff work. Dave Vigoda has been appointed the new Advertising Manager, and Ronnie Kallman, the new Publicity Manager.

Cover this month by Schneider and friend.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

November 18, 1946

The Editor  
Voo Doo  
Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
Cambridge 39, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor,

While perusing (this has nothing to do with my girl friend!) a piece of paper lately, I noticed some scratches thereupon. Upon picking this paper out of a "Keep Kambridge Kleen Kan," I pilfered this:

"THE VERY MODEL OF A  
MODERN COLLEGE PRESI-  
DENT"

I am the very model of a modern  
college president.

I'm always on the job, though nearly  
always a non-resident.

I tour about the country to assem-  
blies gastronomical

And make all sorts of speeches from  
sublime to broadly comical.

I keep the trustees calm and the  
alumni all benevolent,

Restrain all signs of riot and publicity  
malevolent.

I know the market-value of each  
wage-slave professorial,

And how much less he'll take for  
honorarium tutorial.

I'm on to all the low intrigues and  
rivalries divisional,

And on the budget how I wield my  
fountain-pen excisional!

So though I pile up mileage being  
generally non-resident.

I am the very model of a modern  
college president!

I mix with all the business kings —  
the Lions and the Rotary,

Of heiress and oil-tycoons I am a  
hopeful votary.

I'm fond of giving dinners in a lay-out  
that is squiffical

And talking on the radio in accents  
quite pontifical.

I use the phrase "distinguished guest"  
at every opportunity;

I welcome all alumni to my parlor  
every June at tea.

And though I like to see the neutrals'  
lonely hearts-that-burn at ease,



I always have a kindly word to say  
about fraternities.

I've shaken every human hand that's  
manicured and squeezable,

I pass the hat among the rich, the  
buck wherever feasible!

So though I pile up mileage being  
generally non-resident,

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A  
MODERN COLLEGE PRESIDENT!

— LARRABEE.

I thought sufficiently of the quality  
of the paper to see if, perhaps, you  
might find a better use for it than I.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES A. LIGHT.

*Ed. Note: Unfortunately, it is the  
policy of Voo Doo to use nothing which  
the members of its staff do not write.  
Therefore, despite the cleverness and  
appropriateness of the parody, we are  
unable to print it.*

471 Melrose Ave.  
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Voo Doo:

Just thought I'd let you know how  
things are in Spokane. Inflation has  
set in. Things are going up in Spoke!

Sincerely,

Burt.

Spokane like a true gentleman.

ED.

Voo Doo  
Cambridge, Mass.  
Hon. Voo Doo:

Things almost as bad in China as  
they are in Spokane. Copy of your  
magazine selly for \$4,000,000 or  
2 Mellican cigarettes. Black market  
in Voo Doo become national scandal  
since Hon. Chief of Police no get hiss  
copy last month. He threatening  
blackmarket operators with having  
to sell Dis. Hon. Lampoon. Fate  
worse than death.

Hon. Kong.

*The only solution — import more  
cigarettes.*

ED.

Cambridge  
Mass.

The Editors of Voo Doo  
M. I. T. Walker Memorial  
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Ed:

I have long been a reader of your  
column VooDooing the Town. Last  
term I decided to try one of the more  
interesting places you mentioned:  
The Crawford House (better known  
as the Sally Keith Memorial). It was  
all you described and more. However  
I unthinkingly stuffed one of their  
picturesque matchbooks with a revealing  
view of Sally on it in my coat  
pocket and conveniently forgot it.

"Why, John," my mother said,  
while mending my coat pocket, "you  
have been to a burlesque theater."  
(My mother abhors burlesque thea-  
ters.)

So I went on to explain what Sally  
was. An exhibitionist I called her.

"You mean she's an acrobat?"

What do you know. She took the  
words right out of my mouth. "Sure,  
she's sort of an acrobat."

So as a suggestion for your column  
may I suggest you either refrain from  
mentioning acrobats, or at least warn  
us about the matchbooks.

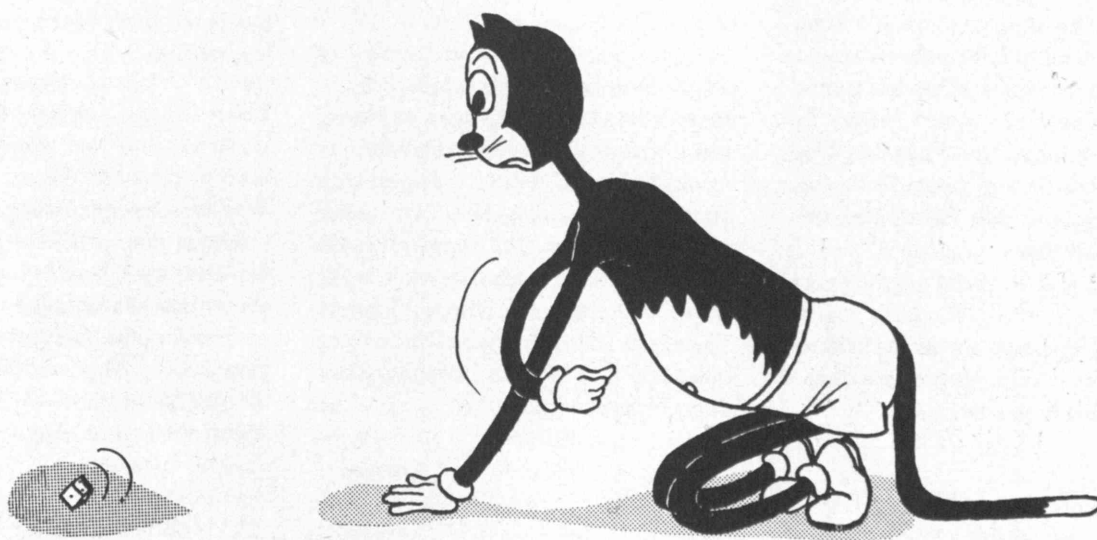
John Blank '50.

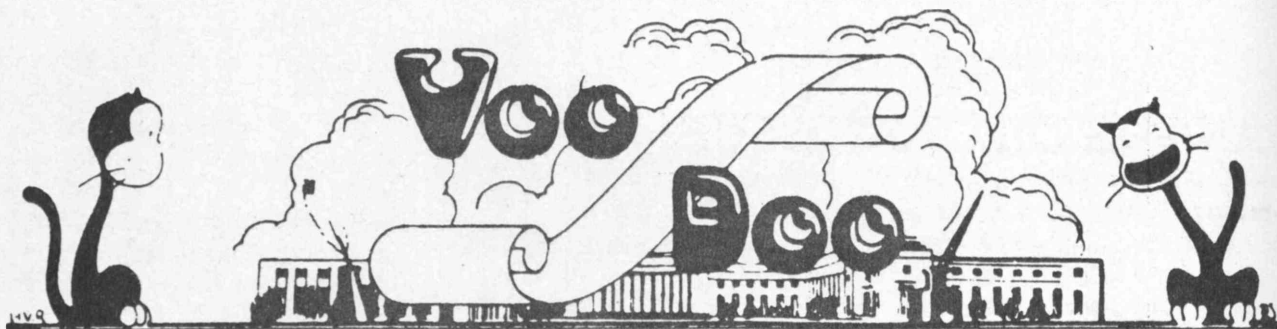
*Any match book with a picture of  
Sally on it is obviously a fire hazard.*

ED.



# ANGUS DIECAST ISSUE





THIS is a tale of justice, with gladiatorial men and animals battling on even ground.

Ice Capades featured an Easter Parade number with ten begowned skaters leading ten skidding wolfhounds around the rink. One dog balked. As he was being dragged around a turn, he squatted and messed.

A fellow in yellow flannel overalls cavorted on the ice, whirling and jumping. As it comes to all Men, Yellow Overalls fell and slid past Wolfhound's trap, soiling his pants. Dogs now held the upper hand. To put Men to final rout another Dog showed what was in him. Defeated, Men turned out the lights and dispatched a shovel.

**J**IMMIE O'Keefe, Back Bay restaurateur, was recently seen wearing a facsimile freshman tie.

THE editor thrust the *New Yorker* before us, pointed to an interview with Ernest Hemingway and said, "Why hasn't Voo Doo got anything like this?"

"It will," we said.

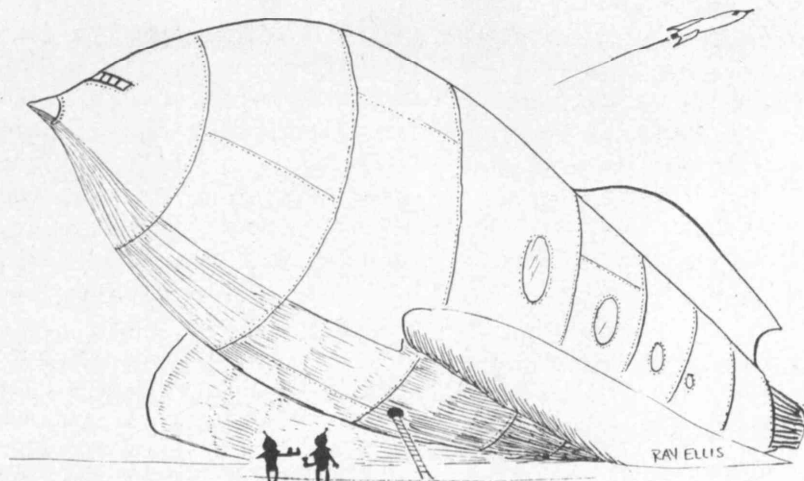
We started pencilling in "Angus Diecast" for every "Ernest Hemingway" and "Mr. Diecast" for "Mr. Hemingway" in the *New Yorker* but found that our man-of-the-semester is more complex and deserves truer biographical backing.

Angus looks as he did when he was cover boy for the freshman bible issue, tall with strong nose and ears, and a green pin-striped suit. He has an old-fashioned, moronic appearance that belies his intelligence. "The cover portrait pleased the family," said Angus, "but they want to know what I do with all my haircut money. Since the drawing was from the waist up, I told them I got my shoes shined with the cash."

"Mr. Diecast . . ." we began. "Fellows call me Rube — on account of Caesar's words at the Rubicon, I guess." We certainly hope so. His name suggests the Scotsman and gambler and the opposites of his character.

He sincerely wants to develop a spiritual attitude toward life, reads William James and Bertrand Russell diligently, but "ends up thinking of sex." He liked Voo Doo, he said, but is too pure minded to have won a box of Life Savers for the gag of the month. He has no passion for science. His curiosity for atomic data, say, is small, but he wonders how the straws came to be sticking to the Walker Lounge ceiling.

Angus does not lead his class, but his staying here gives heart to thousands of engineers-to-be outside and inside the Institute. This issue goes behind Angus's behavior with a thoroughness that will never allow it to reach Peoria, Angus's hometown.



"No thanks, I've got to drive!"

**A** LOBSTER house on the other side of town returned to its patrons, by popular demand, "The Uninhibited Peter Carew." We never realized that unrestrained behavior was a tangible selling point, and in fact once deserted an uninhibited friend after he hit us on the head and spat. Peter Carew's day is probably trying, too. After three shows nightly of letting every stray emotion play on him, he can go home, put on his slippers and inhibitions, leaving things unsaid, throttling tantrums, and making friends.

**T**WO cents in Woolworth's brings your choice of 21 inches of thin ribbon, three wood screws, or a cheap-looking corkstopper.

**F**OR free, out-of-doors enjoyment look inside at professors lecturing. Their words are unimportant and soporific. Cut off the sound and the pantomime is good. See them dodge questions, wave, pace, pound in knowledge, point, proclaim.

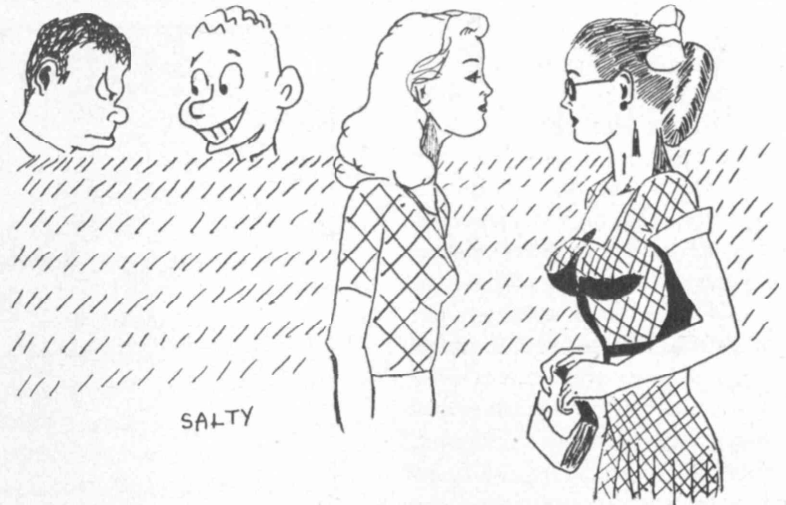
The best pantomimics are mechanical engineering professors. From outside Building 2 they look evangelistic as they dramatically point the direction of forces. They show the strain of men stretching steel rods and seem to be careening around corners as they demonstrate couples. Some try to look at diagrams from behind the blackboard.

Best of the current season, a must — consult a 2.04 bible for the day one prof wraps himself up and gives an imitation of a helical spring.

**W**E got to thinking about religion the other day. Not that we're planning to go to church, but we were lucky enough to find in the same mail alcohol articles from the Congregational and Methodist churches. A Tech math instructor, writing in the Mount Vernon church paper opposes only the misuse of liquor. This we accept. Liquor should not be used in car radiators, or as a lining, we believe, and is even wasted in a Singapore Sling.

The Board of Temperance of the Methodist church sent their publication *Clipsheet*, which was convincing enough to have us cancel our subscription to Tap and Tavern.

*Clipsheet* presents in succinct form the latest news of Arkansas bootleggers good drunkard stories, and important items from trade journals we might have missed. In fact, we think the paper makes people too liquor-conscious:



"Heads! I win the blonde!"

The paper decries the placidity of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. "What are the millionaires who financed the A. A. P. A. trying to do? . . . The answer is, 'Nothing.'" Then why are they sitting back with so many people non-drinkers?

Aldo Donelli, Assistant Football Coach at Columbia is quoted, "I endorse any statement which opposes the use of alcoholic beverages by football men in training." Casting about for any statement, we propose, "Every person, who can afford to, should drink heavily to quench thirst and to obtain protein and carbohydrate, except football men in training." The preceding statement is endorsed by Coach Donelli.

*Clipsheet* was honest, and we bare our soul to confess drinking five bottles of beer New Year's Eve. We went from bar to bar having beers on friends. We paid for the last bottle, but found half a dollar on the floor. Profit, twenty cents.

We held the line at five, but couldn't avoid having two more bottles foisted on us. These beers we sold to revelers for twenty cents apiece, stressing the sacrifice price. Celebrants drinking ale painfully listened to the advantages of Britain's favorite brew, half and half, but bought. How much did you spend New Year's Eve, *Clipsheet*?

**E**VEN behind a screen of anonymity we use "we" to describe ourselves. Our roommate, writing a Course VI report, is twice as anonymous. Neither an "I" nor a "me" shall hint that he is anything but a homunculus at the end of a switch or the recorder for a milliammeter.

He writes, "It was observed that the meter went up and down," or "It was observed that the observer received a jolt of 110 volts."

It is observed that in another part of the Institute, walls are being beaten by the heads of English teachers by whom it cannot be over-emphasized to the student the value of the active verb.

**C**OMPILATION of last year's meditation: The subtly powered toy is on the upswing — it is better to use gravity than mainsprings. Children's preferences have gone from the gizmos you wind up and watch dart around the floor to purely spectator toys — a duck that dips his head into a glass of water by the hour and a spring walking downstairs.

Gears and rubber bands are passe. Get gravity or evaporation or lunar attraction working a toy and you have an audience (kids and engineers), speed no object, understanding no necessity.

## Man of the Semester

Selected is near-average, unprepossessing Angus Diecast (rhymes with *lie fast*), a typical engineer-to-be at M. I. T. No polemic-eschewer, he, engaging in bull-sessions, Tecquizzes, and sexploration. His contribution to the semester is to stabilize morale by being completely ethanormal. Possessed of a mediocre mind, his activities are mediocre but for occasional entertainment.

The staff of Voo Doo has with threadneedle difficulty searched out the highlights of Diecast's life at Tech and with even more difficulty prepared for presentation reports of these highlights, from his letters home (see cut) to his alcohol-filled orgies. No sluggards they, as with filter-pure patience they biographed his way.

M I T

September 30

Dear Mom,

I am back from Freshman Camp and have registered for the new term. A couple new friends of mine have been helping me get acquainted around town. They took me to an art exhibition at the Old Howard Athenaeum. They also showed me how to play a couple new card games. I have bought a lot of books and supplies. Please send some money soon.

Your loving son,  
Angus



J. H. PHOTO

Diecast at work.

# Double Trouble

Angus Diecast is crossing the bridge to the Institute against the wind. It's tough to walk against the wind, except for the girls who also walk in the wind, which makes crossing the bridge interesting. Angus is, as a matter of fact, interested when the something he is interested in suddenly seems familiar. He looks at her face and his brilliant mind immediately tells him it's his hometown sweetheart Alicia.

"Alicia!" he manages to stutter as he pulls her to him, "whatcha doin' here — how's things back in Peoria?"

"Glub," says Alicia under his torrid kiss. Disengaging, Alicia looks appreciative, but says, "Say, big boy, who are you?"

"Who am I?" says Angus. "Whatcha mean, who am I?"

"Just what I said," comes back Alicia. (Is it Alicia?) "I've never seen you before in my life."

"You're foolin'," exclaims our boy, "don't you recognize your own huney-bum, Angy Pangy? I went steady with you right in the middle of my Senior year at Peoria High."

"Your kisser I've never seen before," says Alicia, "but I've met you now, Angy Pangy, so let's discuss this situation at a more secluded rendez-vous."

"That's O.K. by me," consents our Angus eagerly, forgetting his education. At the more secluded rendezvous they discuss the situation over an invigorating glass of — milk? Well as it turns out, our Alicia isn't the Alicia we thought, but, nevertheless, is called Alicia. She has never even been outside of greater Boston, poor girl. This may sound confusing, but hold on to the fact that she isn't Alicia Sullivan of Peoria and still her name is Alicia Sullivan, and she looks just exactly like Alicia Sullivan of Peoria.

Angus is overwhelmed and for days floats around in ecstasy over the happy coincidence which lets him meet a girl just like the girl whom he left at home. Date follows date in breathless succession, and finally, our Alicia takes Angus home with her to meet her mother. As they walk up the steps to the Sullivan's ivy-covered cottage, Angus is untroubled, but the first words he speaks, in a dark suspicious tone, to the woman who opens the door are, "Are you sure that you don't know me, Mrs. Sullivan?"

Mrs Sullivan, who looks just like Mrs. Sullivan of Peoria, however, professes her ignorance of Angus' acquaintance. Angus finds it difficult to believe that Mrs. Sullivan isn't the Mrs. Sullivan who is the mother of Alicia, even though she is the mother of Alicia who is just like Alicia. Nevertheless, he accepts the situation, but his feelings are in a turmoil.

His logical mind cannot accept the situation without some explanation, but he sees that neither mother nor daughter seems to know anything about the mystery. His whole evening at the Sullivan's is spoiled especially when he sees a picture of Mr. Sullivan

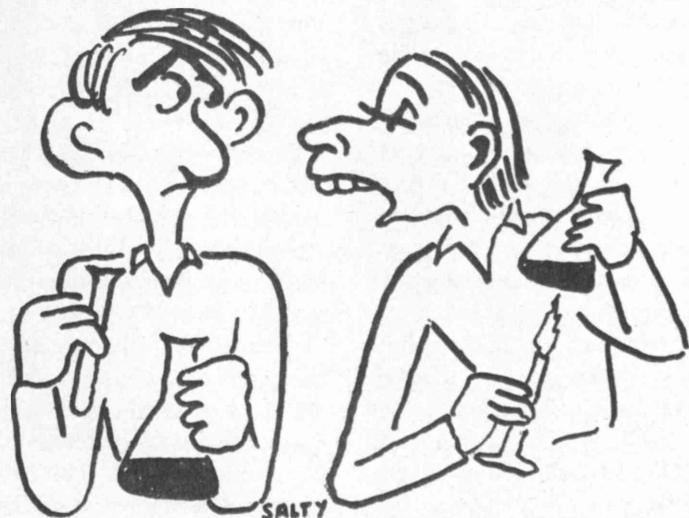
identical with a picture he remembers from the Sullivans back home. He finally politely inquires as to Mr. Sullivans' whereabouts and gets the answer that he is the sales representative of Incorporated Incubators Corporation and is out of town at the moment. This stops short his investigation because he is sure now that only Mr. Sullivan can possibly give him the answer. So a little while later, Angus gets our Alicia to bring him home again, this time to meet her father. As soon as Angus enters the house he is taken to the study, where Mr. Sullivan sits, ashen pale, shaking like a leaf.

"Hello, Angus," he says, "close the door."

"Hello, Mr. Sullivan," says Angus. "I've come for an explanation and to ask you for the hand in marriage of Alicia."

"Which one?" starts Mr. Sullivan and then reconsiders. "Well, I had better explain first. Twenty-five years ago when I was just a young traveling salesman, I fell in love with twins who were living apart, one in your and my home town, Peoria, and one here. I could not make up my mind. I was in the most horrible quandary until in desperation, I committed myself to both and married them, one here, one there. Twenty-five

*Continued to page 27*



"Boy, did I get stuck on a blind date last night!"

Angus Diecast lurched down the hallway at eight o'clock one morning with more beer in him than he knew existed. He threw open the door of his room and flipped on the light. There, on the floor, was a body!

To say that it was a body is not sufficient. It was the body of Marilyn Highgear; that is to say, it was quite a body. Unfortunately, it was dead. There was a knife wound in its neck.

## The Strange



## Case of

How this had come to pass, Angus could not quite imagine. There were no signs of struggle in the room, and the window was locked. Of course, the door was open, but what murderer in his right mind would have left by the door?

Angus made a hurried survey of the scenario. The room was as he had left it, except for a copy of *The Works of Shelley*, which lay about three inches from Marilyn's outstretched right hand. Evidently somebody had given her the Works.

Angus noticed that the book was open to page 195. A bloodstain in the shape of a Stanley Steamer with a gun protruding from the windshield covered the middle of the page. No, thought Angus, perhaps it looked more like a Kurdish tribesman driving a jeep across the Thames. Or maybe — Angus quickly snapped out of his reveries and snapped his fingers.

He rushed to his desk, opened the top drawer, and removed a pair of rubber gloves. He put on the gloves and carefully lifted the book from the floor. Then he ripped out the page with the bloodstain on it, crumpled it up, and dropped it into a bottle of beer which had been left in the room (presumably by the murderer). The paper immediately dissolved. He poured a small portion of the stuff into a small cylindrical vial and corked it with a cork.

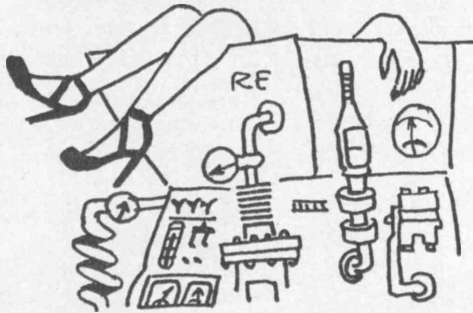
He put the vial and the book in his coat pocket, lifted Marilyn's body

over his shoulder, and tramped off toward Hell (Massachusetts Institute of).

He made his way to the differential analyzer. Once there, he dropped Marilyn's body gently on the ground and took out a pencil and paper. He scribbled a note to the effect of: "How soon did she die after she was knifed in the neck?" and pinned it to Marilyn's — er — sweater. Then he

dumped the body with the attached note into the differential analyzer and stood back to await results.

Angus Diecast did not have long to wait. The machine coughed up a bill for services rendered and a note saying "t=O", whereupon it exploded violently. Marilyn had been too much for it. Angus seized the note. "t=O" he interpreted as meaning that Marilyn had died immediately after having been slain with the knife.



Armed with his first clue, Angus dashed over to the Qual Lab and handed the vial containing the blood-stained page dissolved in beer to one of the least dissipated-looking sophomores.

"Here, Mac," Angus said. "Analyze this."

"Mac" looked up slowly. His apron was a bunch of holes surrounded by pieces of apron. His hands were stained yellow-brown up to the elbows. He inhaled a liter of hydrogen sulfide gas, and poked a pair of blood-shot

eyes through the clouds of sulfur trioxide. "Huh?" he said.

"Analyze this," repeated Angus. "Please! It'll give you practice. It's got some beer and some blood in it. I want you to tell me whose blood it is and whose beer it was."

A beaker nearby blew up and scattered its entire contents over the sophomore. "Yow!" he said.

"Thanks," said Angus, and walked away, leaving the stupefied sophomore standing there with the vial in what was left of his hand.

From the Qual Lab, Angus went to the corridor of Building 10. Two dozen secretaries marching with closed ranks toward the Ladies' Room

## Beer

immediately bore down upon him. "Stop!" he cried, calling to the ugliest one. The squads halted.

"Ladies," he said, "I have here a book which I believe has some valuable fingerprints on it. Since you all are well acquainted with most of the hands around Tech, I want you to look the book over and see whether you can find the fingerprints and identify them."

"Oh!" squealed the secretaries in shocked unison.

"Thanks," said Angus, tossed *The Works of Shelley* to the most handled secretary, and walked away.

He hurried quickly back to his room, and as he passed under his window, he noticed a penknife lying in the grass. He picked it up and opened it. On the blade was a bloodstain in the shape of a Kurdish tribesman driving a jeep across the Thames. "Aha!" said Angus to himself.

He was a little hard of hearing, so he repeated, "Aha!.. Marilyn could not have committed suicide because she died instantly and couldn't possibly have thrown the knife out the window, locked the window, and fallen to the floor in that brief space of no time."

He rushed back to the Qual Lab, fought his way to the sophomore to whom he had given the vial, and asked anxiously, "Well?"

The sophomore was busily trying to disengage a wire gauze from a cleaning rag, but at the sound of Angus' voice, he withdrew his head from under a hood and said, "I can't identify the beer. And so far all I can tell about the blood is that it's a man's blood, type AB."

"A man's blood?", said Angus.

"Yeah. A man's blood."

Angus produced the penknife.

"Here," he said to the sophomore, "Analyze the blood on this, and tell me if it's the same as on the book."

The sophomore scraped the dried blood off the knife and into a flask. He added 50 c.c. of water and 1 c.c. of hot concentrated sulfuric acid. A murky precipitate of nondescript color formed.

"Yeah," he said immediately. "It's the same."

Angus was stunned. That meant that the penknife was not the murderer's weapon. There must be another knife somewhere, thought Angus, and the blood on the knife and the book must have come from the murderer. Perhaps he cut himself.

Angus glanced quickly down at his left forefinger. A huge cut glanced quickly back at him. He stared at his finger for about two seconds, then swallowed his Adams' apple, and dashed quickly to the Humbug Infirmary.

He located Doctor Frammis. "Quick, Doc," he said, "Take a sample of my blood and tell me what type it is. If it's type AB, I'm probably a murderer. Of course I never saw the knife or the book before in my life, but I'm a murderer anyhow. I killed her! I know I did."

Dr. Frammis looked at Angus critically. "We have four psychiatrists attached to our staff now, son," he said. "Just step into the next room, where Dr. Bugloose will have a look at you."



"Kitchy, kitchy!"

Angus realized his mistake. "Oh, no, no!", he protested. "You've got me wrong. I just want my blood analyzed."

"This fellow is desperate," thought Dr. Frammis. "I'd better humor him along."

"All right, son," he said. "Just roll up your shirt sleeve and I'll take a sample of your blood."

Angus rolled up his shirt sleeve. Meanwhile Dr. Frammis stepped outside and called in Dr. Bugloose. He returned with a bread knife and a small beaker. "Now just hold out your arm, son," he said. "This will only take a moment."

Dr. Bugloose watched as Dr. Frammis waved the bread knife. "Bugloose," said Dr. Frammis, "this boy claims he's a murderer." So saying, he jabbed Angus in the arm with the knife, and Angus made a horrible face.

Bugloose looked Angus in the face, considered what Dr. Frammis had said, and then, in a thick Swedish accent, told Angus, "My lad, you have a guilt complex."

"But I don't have a guilt complex," said Angus, wincing with pain as Dr. Frammis withdrew the knife from his arm. "I'm sure I killed her. I—"

Dr. Frammis screamed hysterically. "No blood!", he shrieked. "The boy hasn't any blood!"

Angus was overjoyed. He wasn't a murderer after all! He thanked Dr. Frammis, who was sobbing pitifully and beating his head against the floor, and rushed out before Dr. Bugloose could stop him.

"I didn't do it!" he cried. "I didn't do it!"

Angus stopped short. Then who did do it?

He returned to the corridor of Building 10, still puzzled. He found a secretary and asked her if there had been any fingerprints on the book.

"No," she said. "No fingerprints."

Angus spotted the fellow who lived across the hall from him, and called: "Hey, Bill! Did anyone enter my room last night after I left?"

"Nope," said Bill. "Nobody."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive," said Bill.

Angus was stumped. It wasn't suicide, he hadn't done it himself, Bill wasn't the type to kill anyone, no one had been in his room, and there weren't any fingerprints. Who had killed Marilyn Highgear? Who?

Yes, Angus was baffled.

But you, dear readers, should not be baffled. The answer is clear.

*I, the author of this story, did it!*

Moral: • There is no moral. My stories are getting more and more demoralized.

R. P. A.

# Lili Isn't Chilly

"OPEN the door, Angus!" shouted George as he beat against the door with his elbows and the flat part of his head. "You and me are buddies so let's share the wealth. Remember when I lent you my slide rule for that **ERR** quiz?"

George beat on the door again, but still there was no reply from Angus — unless he was standing in the middle of the room sending semaphore. By this time quite a crowd had gathered in the hall to watch George make like a pile-driver with his head on the door.

Finally one bystander stepped up and tapped George on the shoulder, "Heyya, bud," he injected between strokes, "I understand they got a new-fangled way to open doors — ya just twist the knob."

George straightened up. "But you don't get what I'm driving at. Angus has locked himself in his room with Lili St. Cyr, the burlesque queen!"

"No!" said the crowd incredulously as they ran towards the door and began pounding with their elbows and the flat part of their heads.

"Just a minute!" cried George, squirming out from under the others'

feet. "I think I heard Angus open the window. He must be crawling along the ledge to my room."

"Gosh, I wish I was outside," came a voice from the crowd. "I always wanted to look up to Lili St. Cyr."

George had run to the door to his own room and was rattling the knob without avail, for Angus was one jump ahead of him. He had jammed the radiator against the door, making it impossible to open. They could hear the steam rushing into the room from the sheared off pipe. George realized that Lili and Angus wouldn't be able to sweat it out much longer. It would only be a short time till they would be forced out of the room.

They waited a few minutes, but Angus did not emerge from the room. The group clustered around the door was becoming increasingly impatient. Soon George spoke up, "Let me handle this. Angus is my buddy and I think I can convince him that he's being very selfish about the whole thing. Just push me through the transom up there and I'll have Angus and Lili out here in no time."

One of the taller members of the

crowd showed his approval of the plan by sailing George through the transom like a paper airplane. Luckily he had two suits of long underwear on so that he was able to make a three point landing with his flaps down. Noting that Angus was conspicuous by his absence, George realized that the radiator blocking the door and the noise of opening the window had been just a feint. Angus and Lili must still be in the other room. There was no telling what might have come off in the past few minutes.

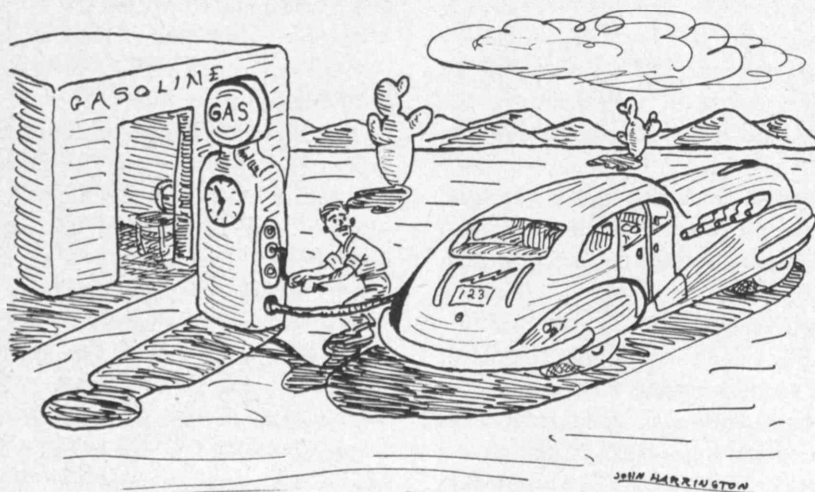
George knew that he must think fast in order to get Lili away from Angus before the throng outside figured out what the score was. He climbed gingerly along the ledge to the adjacent room.

In the meantime the crowd in the hall was becoming restless and discontent. Crap games were springing up. Lucky Pierre was walking around giving eight to five odds that Angus wouldn't make his eight o'clock the next day. Suddenly someone near the door yelled for quiet. "They're all back in Angus' room," he said. "I can hear them talking."

"O. K., it's a deal," came Angus' voice through the door. "I'll give you Lili St. Cyr if you promise to get me Valerie Parks."

The mob was incensed. They could not stand to see their idols suffering the humiliation of a common trade. There were cries of: "Trader," "Traitor," "Lynch him," "Ostracize him." Soon the enraged throng had broken down the door and surged into Angus' room.

But expectation turned to disillusionment. The crowd moaned. Angus and George stood in the center of the room — not with Lili St. Cyr in their arms — but merely this picture. →



"Turn off your motor, damn it — you're gaining on me!"





Lili St. Cyr

*Looking for a caption? Whaddaya queer?*

# The Blue Coat

Vacation was over for Angus Diecast; he would soon be on his sorry way back to Tech. As he sat in the waiting room of the station his thoughts ran in a bitter vein.

"Why in hell do I always get stuck with either an old man or a ten-year-old kid when I ride on trains? I'm missing something in life — what was it Eddie told me about that time he was on his way home — the girl got on at Buffalo and he had a wonderful time all the way to Chicago. Dark brunette — and sweet as a bug — Sure, he never saw her again, but so what — a guy can't have everything — even a lucky guy like Eddie. Back to Tech — yeah I had a swell vacation, I guess — but I'm just one of

those jokers who is fated to have a very dull life — come to think of it, nothing ever has happened to me, yet anyone would say that I've had a very normal life — I never used to think like this — maybe it's Tech — no, maybe I'm just growing up. Well, twenty hours on that train ahead of me — let's face it boy, another lonely ride — maybe 'this time though' —

"Seven-fifteen for Boston," broke in on his thoughts as the loudspeaker grated in his ear. He picked up the small bag he was carrying — heavy — he should have shipped his books with the other stuff, he thought. Well, perhaps he could study on the train.

The familiar click of the wheels began to drum on his nerves. Then he

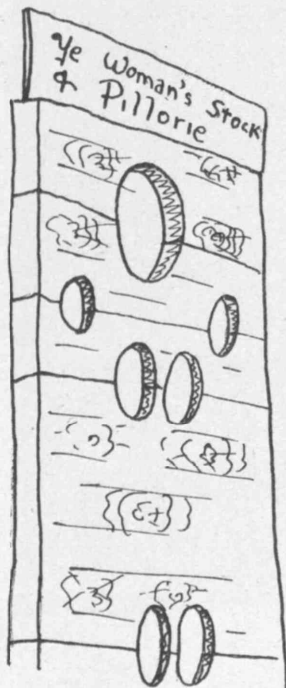
saw the coat. A blue coat, not very large, no — not very expensive, but in good taste. Lying across the back of the chair just two seats away. Was it his imagination, or could he smell a very faint, delicate perfume?

"Forget it, forget it, Angus — it can't happen to you. But why not? God knows I need someone like that — what is she like though? Small, brunette perhaps — that perfume — and a very feminine hat, funny I didn't notice that before, sitting on that suitcase — cute as all hell, too! What are you doing, Angus, falling in love? With your own imagination, no less!"

He got up, a little uncertainly at first, then he took his bag and placed it beside the small one with the very feminine hat resting on it. He sat down almost reverently beside the blue coat — with the faint odor or that very delicate perfume clinging to it.

"She'll be back soon, maybe I can take it from there this time, maybe at last something is going to happen to this guy. She couldn't be anything but sweet — not with perfume like that — and that hat — bet she has soft brown hair — blue eyes too. She should be back soon — wonder where she's gone — not very far anyway. Oh-oh, time for chow — maybe I'll see her in the diner."

Vain hopes, Angus. No one in the dining car even came close to the perfection which his mind had created. He ate slowly, hoping to see *her* come in; but he finished his meal alone. His dinner sat like a lead weight in his stomach as he lurched back to his car. Strange that the tracks should be so rough, he hadn't noticed it before. The conductor told him that there had been a flood in the area



SALTY

they were now entering. Oh yes, he remembered reading about it in the paper the day before he left. The Ohio had jumped its banks and was threatening to go on another rampage. "Should be under control by morning," the paper said.

He entered his car — and, back to him, the blue coat — was draped over her shoulders, topped by soft brown hair — and the perfume seemed stronger, gently overpowering him. She was there, gazing out the window, with her head turned so that he could not see her face. But he knew he hadn't been wrong — and as he stood beside the seat she turned: and his eyes, now shining, met her soft blue gaze. No, not love at first sight — understanding, perhaps, and warmth — a strange warmth that he had not felt before. He sat down, and they spoke. Her voice did not spoil his picture, it was low and warm and seemed a little lonely. As they talked, they found much in common; not friends or places, but interests and feelings. Strangely enough names were never mentioned, nor thought of. He was sitting beside her and, as though tired, she had leaned against his shoulder, with her shoulder tucked under his arm. It was getting dark when he leaned down and kissed her — her face upturned — her eyes thoughtful. The clicking of the wheels now blended into the rest of the night, the rocking of the train now only brought them closer — the train, the night, the people dozing in the dimmed light — all were part of some other world. Another, deeper sound was added to the rumble of the train and the low buzz of midnight conversation — but it passed unnoticed by the two — drowned by the murmur of a glowing flame which burned more brightly because its life was to be so short. Now sleepy, now playful, sometimes just content to look at each other, the two passed the night, very happy just to be with one another — their lips occasionally meeting and clinging.



“— and then they carry the pollen to another flower —”

Then a blinding tearing eye-searing crash and glare of light — their bodies pressed tightly together for an instant — then separated in the chaos and swirling confusion all about them. Then no more of *them*, only he alone — fighting for life and air. Then down-down-down. . . .

Now back in Boston, Angus tried to straighten out the things that had happened — the crash, the struggle, then the blackout. The flood had wiped out a section of the tracks — there had been no way to stop the train, even after the break had been discovered. The Red Cross had gotten there — loss of life was small, the paper said. The paper, the paper, the paper. Nuts! The paper didn't tell him what he wanted to know — where was she? Forget it, he told himself. Sure, sure, forget it. He would never forget that brief, happy interlude. He knew that he must find her somehow.

Then he saw the picture — it was her, blue coat, soft brown hair, warm

eyes, even the very feminine hat — looking at him with that same expression in her eyes — from the front page of the paper. The caption read —

“Mrs. Judith Warren, one of the survivors of the train wreck Friday night, is reunited with her husband in Boston. Mr. Warren is . . .”

J. T.



“Oh, she'll like him, Geraldine — after all, he is a Gamma Lambda —.”

# The Case for the Modern Poet



(Ed. Note: This is typical of the references Angus reads for E11)

Let us firstly differentiate between the modern poet and the other specie. The unmodern poet writes solely to make money and therefore directs his endeavor to magnanimous magnates. The modern poet has that ever-present famished appearance and by definition is consumptive. (I am not a modern poet — just finished a roast beef sandwich.) As most poets do not submit a medical report with their verse, we must critically examine a piece of work before properly classifying it. This product is typical of the modern school:

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine,  
A juicy steak, French fries divine,  
A bowl of soup, some warming rum,  
A crust of bread, a stick of gum.

The motif, while subtle to the layman, is readily discernible to the man of letters. Obviously the poet's deepest innermost feelings have been given vent. This is noteworthy.

An extensive research has revealed that a considerable proportion of unmodern poets like money. A typical interview with these poets has, by special permission of the Yerdwa Kockenfir Affiliates, been herewith reproduced. Yerdwa representative's question: Do you like money? Poet's answer: Yes.

A reliable source has it that most poets of this category wallpaper their surroundings with currency for proper atmosphere. At times one can perceive slight pecuniary overtones in the works of unmodern poets. E.g.:

Farthing, shilling, guinea, pence  
Pesos, rebles, lousy cents  
Bullion, bank note, wampum, gold  
Any green thing I can fold.

It is at once apparent that this poet pleads for charity to sustain him — lest he become poor and fall into the classification of a modern poet.

The modern poet rises to a lofty position well above the level of an average citizen. Eunice Tottenshook says of the modern poet: "Rather high, isn't he." Our poetic friend isn't scathed by petty abuse which our society inflicts. On the contrary one poet was overheard saying, without caustic intonation, "Madam, you are standing on my foot." It is, however, with breath-taking flaming phraseology that the modern poet attacks the basic wrongs of our civilization. The following is such an excerpt:

Why is my shirt collar starched like a board?  
I hate lumpy oatmeal. Good Lord!  
Must people throw soggy old gum on the floor?  
It must stop — I can't stand any more!

The other type poet has grown fat and lazy. He is reluctant to denounce society's failings. Quoth he: "You want I should be called a communist?" He answers his colleague's lines with:

For shirt-doing the Chinese can't be beat  
For breakfast I love some shredded wheat  
Unless you've got big feet, are blind, or plain dumb.  
It's pretty damned simple to walk 'round old gum.

The modern poet is a careful student of nature. This is particularly true on windy days. He often ponders whether nature is more perfect than the differential analyzer. His keen mind can be compared with that of Aristotle. Honest it can! The following is a sampling of his more reflective poetry.

I have never seen a purple ant  
But it surely can do what a green one can't  
If a grass green man were a grass green ant,  
He could be green with envy; the purple one can't.

True, the abstractions are complex; true, the symbolism is nebulous; true, — the meaning is abstruse — we might yet state that the poet expresses what he wishes to say.

The unmodern poet, not so careful a student of nature, is baffled. Even an intensive examination of Burington's Tables and Formulae avail him nought. (Particularly on windy days.) He attempts to answer his erstwhile colleague by using logic as a subterfuge.

If ants were people and people were ants,  
When people claimed ants in their pants  
They wouldn't be kidding.  
It might be hard sitting.

Thus ends this brief delineation of how to distinguish between the modern and unmodern poet. At this juncture I must confess a shortcoming of this treatise. I'll use an example. My lean girl friend wrote me a poem — obviously she is a modern poet. I know the poem was stolen from Meriwhether Spolinowitz's exotic, "Yerdwa, Oh Damn." But how the hell can you know what it means.

I sometimes like scrambled eggs  
draped from tree limbs.  
Why do you laugh, my dear?  
You look like scrambled eggs.

Perplexedly,

H. S. K.

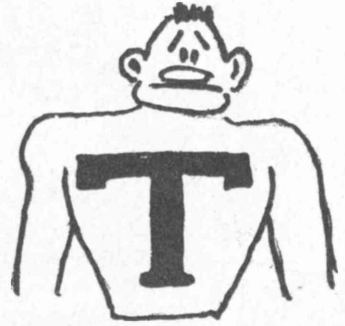
# ANGUS' BUDDIES



*The character who wears his discharge button on his overcoat. Probably fought the war in a PX at Fort Devens.*



*The Tech Seal Blazer guy. He wants to impress El patrons. He is a freshman.*



*The Athlete. His team beat Framingham High School Jay-Vees in one overtime period. He secretly hopes people will think the "T" is for Tulane.*



*There's always the guy who follows the lecture with a book — just in case.*



*"You can always tell a Tech mar — but you can't tell him much."*



*The little man who belongs to one of those strange clubs whose main object is to provide items for the year book.*



*The legacy the Phi Alphas pledged on orders from their central office.*



*The typical coed, whose chief fault lies in her choice of schools.*



*The poor genius who wonders what on earth he'll do for a living when he gets his Ph.D.*

(ED. NOTE: Assigned to write an exposition, Angus produced the following epic. His E11 instructor made the marginal comments.)

Good unity!

PICKLE FORKS

There is no sight so provocative as the sight of the long thin tynes of a pickle fork languidly piercing a dill pickle.

But few people are cognizant of the origin of this useful and esthetic instrument.

Don't try to be humorous in this type of paper

Are you sure this word exists?

In the year 801 Isaiah Tink (Ize for short), a little known monk of the Sears Roebuck order, was completing the arduous task of translating Forever Amber into Greek. He had been in the habit of eating a pickle every morning at eleven. On this

particular morning there was only one pickle left, and, in his haste, the mink got his hand stuck in the heavy porcelain jar.

Good! Alliteration

Mispeled! should be: "peaked"

This piqued the ponk greatly. Accordingly, he set about to make sure that no pickle lover of the future would be similarly humiliated.

Typo-graphical errors?

Lacking the modern technical knowledge and handicapped by the heavy porcelain jar on his right hand, it took skonk ten years to perfect the pickle fork. When he did, however, it was an instaneous success.

Hackneyed word

Typo-graphical error?

A banquet was given in Tink's honor. He and his colleagues spent the evening eating pickles and toasting Tink's first fork.

at the end of a memorable evening he was pickled tink!

Be exact! How many pickles?

Your tacit assumption that your reader is intelligent is unfounded.

This is a very pertinent subject treated a little too briefly.

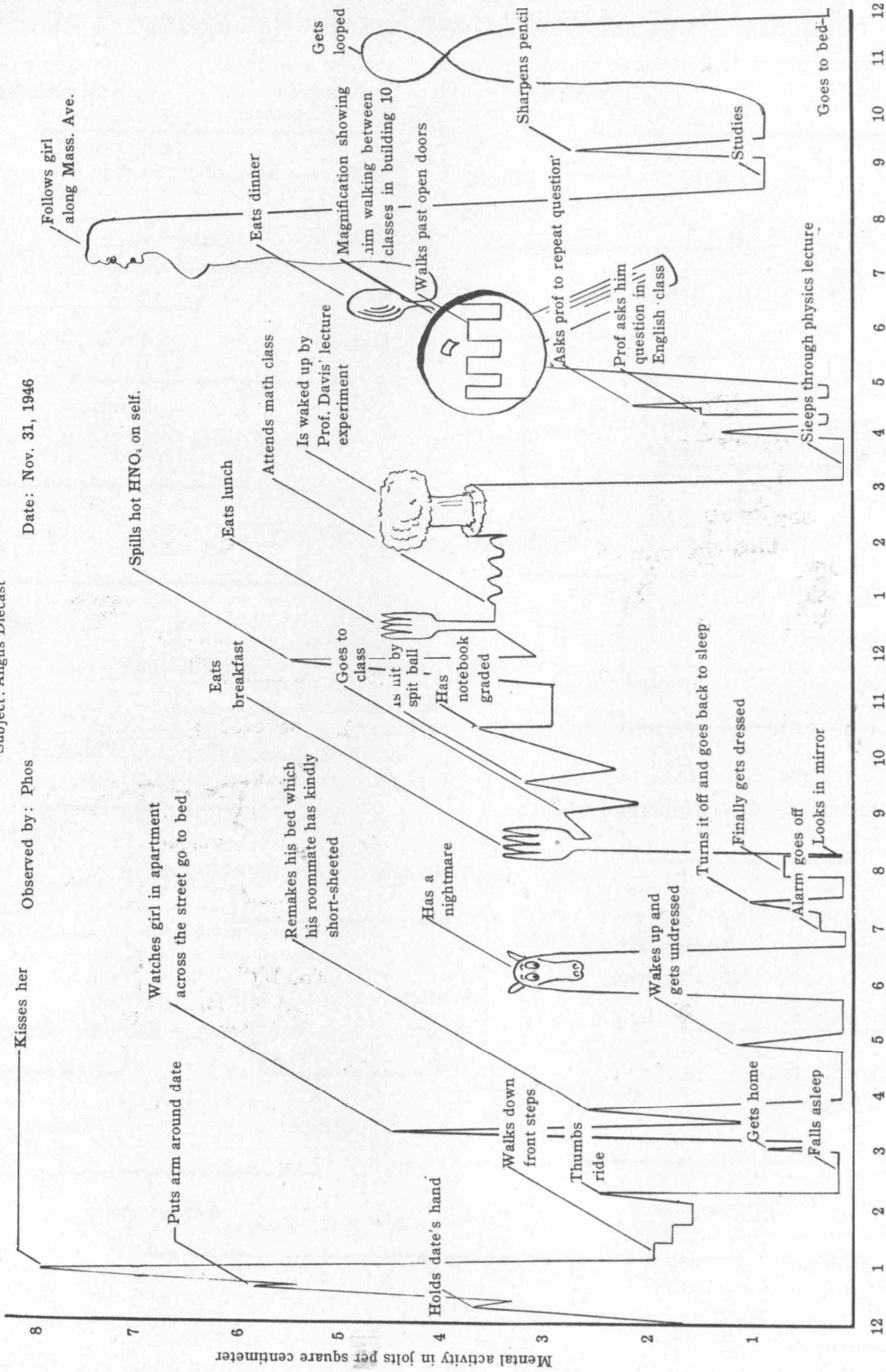
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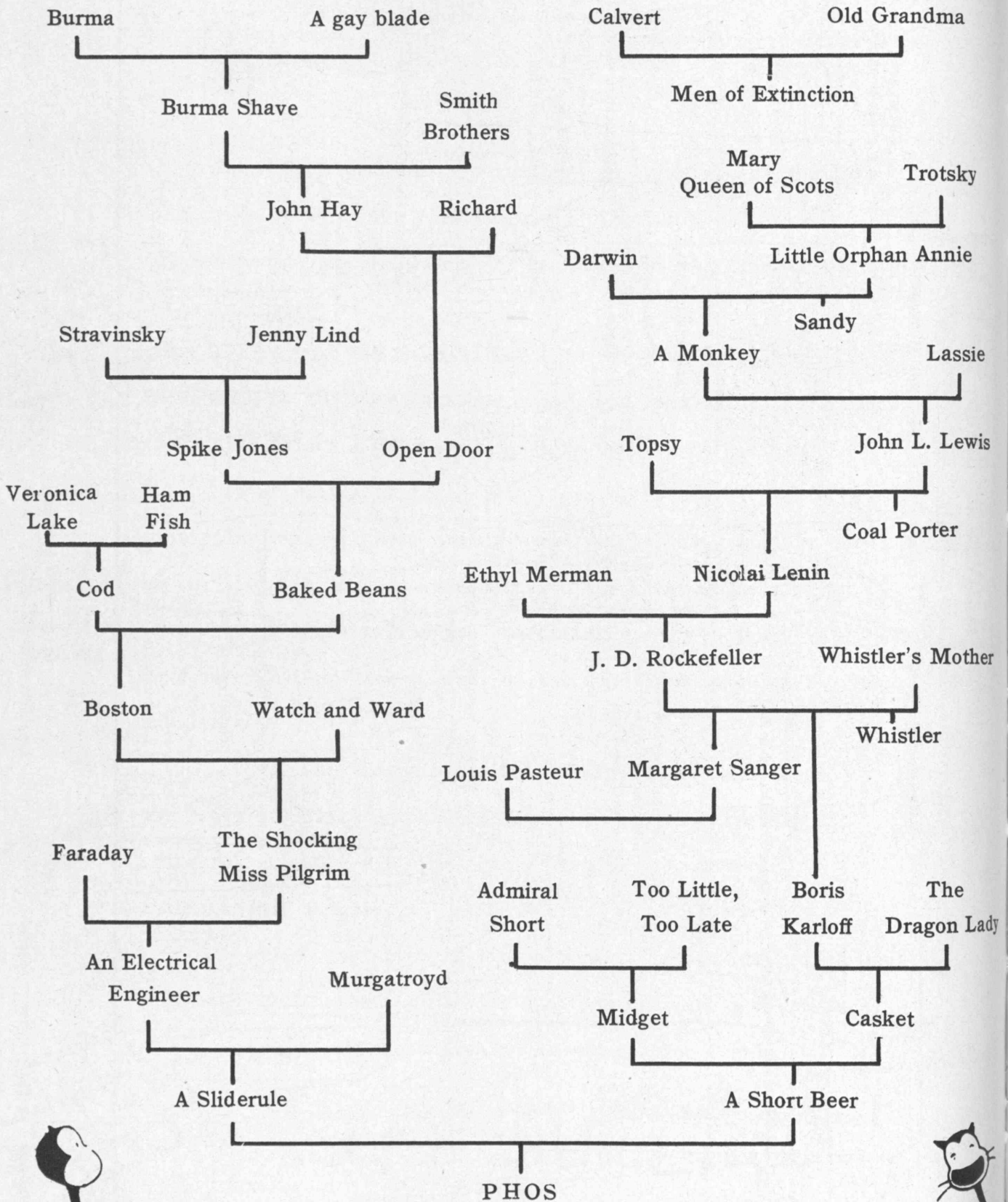
Subject: Angus Diecast

Observed by: Phos

Date: Nov. 31, 1946



# Angus' Special Theory of Relativity (applied to Phos)





# The Lost Week

Saturday, January 25, 1947 Time: 9:00 - 12:00 A.M.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Scheduled Examination in CHEMISTRY 5.01 Page 1 of 3 pages

NOTE: Students are not allowed to bring any books, notes, or clothes into the examination room.

- If you were stranded in the Charles River up to your neck and someone threw a rock at you, would you duck?
- Multiple choice: (Cut out the correct answer and paste it in your exam booklet.)
  - A liter
    - What cats have.
    - What the postman delivers.
    - What people follow.
  - Antimony
    - Money you pay to your aunt.
    - A boy's first name.
    - What a divorcee gets.
  - Electrolyze
    - A process for reforming criminals.
    - A cigarette lighter.
    - To campaign for public office.
- Given the following equation and the quantities specified:
 
$$U^{235}_{92}\text{O}_{17} + \text{C}_2\text{H}_5\text{OH} + \text{Jane Russell} = \int \text{c}^2 \text{d}m$$
 (a pile) (a fifth) (a heaping dress full) (? erge)
  - Balance the equation.
  - How much energy is dissipated in the reaction?
  - Is the third reagent a catalyst?



Tuesday, January 28, 1947 Time: 9:00 - 9:05 A.M.

CHUSHAMSEDS TINKDUDE UF TELGCOHOGY

Scheduled Examination in CALCULUS M11 Page 1 of 75 pages

NOTE: Students are not allowed to.

- Prove the identity:
 
$$2 + 2 = 4$$
- Pick the correct term.
 

  - Differential
  - Double-ended door knob
  - Hot dog with two buns
  - Eclipse
  - Equip
  - Ellipse
- Student A is bumping Student B's door in the dorms. The torque he applies to the knob is:
 
$$T = 75 \sin 75t \text{ (lb.-ft.)}$$
 Find  $t$  when Student B returns; when Mr. Dow appears; when Student A completes his packing. (HINT: Approximate small increments by differentials).
- True or False.
  - Trigonometry is an intestinal disease.
  - A graph is an animal with a very long neck.
  - Length of Arc is Joan's brother.
  - An angle has a halo and wings.
  - L'Hospital's Rule: Sick patients will not spit on the floor.
  - Continuity means self-control of carnal desires.

Monday, January 27, 1947 Time: 9:00 - 12:00 P.M.

MASHASHUSECHS INSHSTUDE UF TEGLOCHOLY

Scheduled Examination in PHYSICS 8.01 Page 1 of 3 of a page

NOTE: Students are not allowed to bring women into their rooms.

- If you are emerging from O'Keefe's Bar and Grille with a rotational velocity of 180 proof and you are struck simultaneously by a 110 pound body from Wellesley and a 167 pound body from Sargent, will the impulse be directed toward the Wellesley girl? If so state why.
  - Wellesley girls are more impulsive.
  - Sargent girls are more repulsive.
  - $F = MA$ .
- Will sex ever replace night baseball?
- If a 75mm howitzer is located in the Esplanade near the bridge, its angle of elevation is  $75^\circ\text{K}$ , the shell has a muzzle velocity of 75 furlongs per fortnight, and it is zeroed in on room 7-575?
- What is the name of this course?
- If a 100 pound beam is supported by 25 pound forces at the ends, what is in the middle?
  - 50 pounds.
  - A tired workman.
  - Lucky Pierre.

(All those having the correct answers to these questions tear off the top of their proctor and send it in with twenty-five cents to cover mailing and handling. M.I.T. will then send you, postpaid, one gold-plated H.)



Jan. 29

Director of Admissions  
Yukoo U.  
Peoria, Ill.  
Dear Sir:

Please send your catalogue and information about requirements for admission  
Yours truly,



Jan. 29

Dear Father,

Please excuse me for not writing since the beginning of the term as I was too busy with school work. In fact, I have been so busy that I was unable to attend class for the last few weeks. Then without warning they sprung finals on me.

I understand Yukoo U. has a high scholastic standing.  
Your loving son,  
Angus

Mr. Bronson died very suddenly and an important business letter was left unmailed.

Before sending it off, his secretary, who had a passion for explanatory detail, added the following postscript below Mr. Bronson's signature:

"Since writing the above I have died."



Techman: Drinking and petting methinks are the pastimes of fools.

Blonde: Er—and of course you're the intellectual type.

Techman: Hell, no, I'm the biggest fool of them all.

— Caveman.



Hunter — "How do you detect an elephant?"

Guide — "By the faint odor of peanuts on its breath."



The worm bored.  
The worm bored in earnest.  
The worm bored in dead earnest.  
Poor Earnest.

— The Log.



"I had a rotten date last night."  
"Yeh? What did you do?"  
"Oh, I spit it right out."



Starkle, starkle, little twink,  
Who the hell you are, I think:  
I'm not under the alchofluence of inkohol,  
Though some thinkle peep I am.



Private Detective: "I trailed your husband into three night clubs and two bachelor apartments."

Suspicious Lady: "Good grief! What was he doing?"

Detective: "Trailing you."



"Let's play chess!"

The car was parked by the side of the road under the sheltering shadow of a great oak. Slowly over the rim of the hills rose an orange moon, great and grinning, and seeming as if full of desirable things. Suddenly she slid slowly into his arms with a little sigh.

"Alex, dear," she whispered, "do you love me?"

"No," came the halting reply, "but I certainly admire your taste."

— Chaparral.



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A woman arriving in this country after a short jaunt to Europe came to the customs office on debarking from the steamer.

"Anything to declare, Madam?" asked the official.

"No," she said, "not a thing."

"Quite positive?" insisted the official.

"Quite," she replied angrily.

"Then, Madam," quipped the official, "am I to understand that the fur tail hanging down under your coat is your own?"

— Rammer Jammer.



He (as his wife is packing): "I really don't think you ought to wear that bathing suit, Helen."

She: "But dear, I have to. You know how strict they are at the beaches."

— The Old Maid.

Monday — I felt highly honored for being placed at the captain's table.

Tuesday — I spent the morning on the bridge with the captain. He seemed to like me.

Wednesday — The captain made proposals to me unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Thursday — The captain threatened to sink the ship if I did not agree to his proposals.

Friday — I saved six hundred lives.



She: "How about giving me a diamond bracelet?"

He: "My dear, extenuating circumstances perforce me to preclude you from such a bauble of extravagance."

She: "I don't get it."

He: "That's what I just said."

Wish we had a fifth for bridge. You don't need a fifth for bridge, you dope!

Well, make it a pint then.

— Hayden 3d.



Sign in a real estate office:  
"Get Lots While You're Young."



"Don't you think George dresses nattily?"

"Natalie who?"



She was voted in school the girl you'd most likely succeed with.



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First little baby in maternity ward:  
"I'm a little boy baby."

Second baby: "You are? How do  
you know?"

First baby: "Look — blue booties!"  
— *Covered Wagon.*



Be it known to all the folks  
I can't help it if you don't grin  
The censor always cuts my better  
jokes  
And puts some clean ones in.

— *R. S. — A. V. — Joke Editors.*



Underneath these polished stones  
Lies the remains of Marv Jones,  
Her name was Brown, it wasn't  
Jones,  
But Brown doesn't rhyme with  
polished stones,  
And she won't know if it's Brown  
or Jones.

Alicia: "Where did you learn to  
kiss like that?"

Angos: "Clucking at the horses."  
— *Awgwan.*



Wife — I'll never go to the Browns  
with you again!

Hubby — Why not?

Wife — You asked Mrs. Brown  
how her husband was standing the  
heat, and he's been dead for two  
months.

— *Friool.*



In the country an arrogant red  
rooster was giving chase to a fluttery  
little hen. She scrambled into the  
highway to escape him, and was run  
down by a truck. Two old maids on  
the near-by porch witnessed the  
tragedy. "You see," one of them said  
with an approving nod, "she'd rather  
die!"

— *Dodo.*

Professor: Will you men in the  
back of the room please stop exchanging  
notes?

Bonewell: They aren't notes, sir,  
they are cards. We're playing bridge.

Professor: Oh, I beg your pardon.



Don't ever try to fool your mother,  
boys. It can't be done. Remember  
the young man who pawned his nice  
suit of clothes and didn't want his  
mother to know anything about it? He  
finally redeemed them and brought  
them home in a suitcase. When he was  
busy in his room, his mother, in the  
parlor, started to unpack the suitcase.  
She found the pawn ticket on the coat  
and called:

"John, what is this tag on your  
coat?"

John lost little time in calling back:  
"Oh, I was at a dance last night and  
checked my coat."

A moment later mother came across  
the trousers tagged in the same way.  
With a puzzled tone, she asked: "John,  
what kind of a dance was that?"

— *Rammer Jammer.*



Professor to students: "Always use  
graduates instead of pipettes for  
measuring cyanide solutions; for if  
you use pipettes, we won't have any  
graduates."



Beta — What a crowd. Something  
happen?

Sigma Chi — Man hit by a train.

Beta — Was he hurt bad?

Sigma Chi — Can't tell. Only found  
one leg so far.

— *Columnus.*

# Double Trouble

*Continued from page 11*

years I spent keeping them apart, twenty-five horrible years, and now you, of all people, stumble on my secret, and you are in a position to reveal my crime to the world and to my families. You have me at your mercy. I have to let you have either or both of my daughters."

A. van S.



An American engineer was being shown through the Moscow subway by his official Red Army guide.

"This is a remarkably well-designed subway," he said. "But how come there aren't any trains running?"

Replied the Russian, "And what about the lynchings in the South?"

*— We Saw This In Some Newspaper*



Friend: "Did you get the job?"

Model: "Yes. Everything came off as I expected."



Someone asked the wife of the minister if her husband wasn't getting a little deaf. "A little?" the wife replied. "Last night he led family prayers kneeling on the cat."

*— Cheers.*

For the fourth time the corporation lawyer conducting the cross-examination led the witness to the accident.

"You say that after the street car passed, the man was seen lying on the ground with his scalp bleeding? Did the car hit him?"

"Naw," exploded the exasperated witness, "the conductor leaned out and bit him as he went by."

*— Kitty Kat.*



A davenport held the twain.  
Fair damsel and her ardent swain:  
Headshe.  
But then, a step upon the stair!  
And father finds them sitting there:  
He . . . and . . . she.

*— Log*



An English farmer was out in his field one day, sprinkling purple dust over the ground, when a stranger passed by.

"Why are you sprinkling that purple dust over the ground?" he asked.

"To keep the lions away."

"My dear man," said the stranger, "don't you know there hasn't been a lion in England for two thousand years?"

"Well, confidentially," said the farmer, "it's a lucky thing. This stuff isn't very good."

*— Record.*

"I'm telling you for the last time you can't kiss me."

"At last! I thought you'd never weaken."



The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

Why the hell can't I?



"Oh, mother, may I take a swim?"  
"Why not, my darling daughter, You're so damn near naked anyhow You'd be safer in the water."



Alone in the moonlight is more fun if you aren't.



"Did you forget your wench?" the cutie lisped at the plumber.

"No, baby," he replied. "I'll get around to you in a few minutes."



Wolf: "Hello, baby."

She: "I'll have you know I'm nobody's baby."

Wolf: "Gad, you must feel sheepish at a family reunion."

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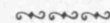
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A recently discharged Navy gun captain was home dogging peacefully in front of the stove. The door of the stove came open and flames shot out.

"Fire!" shouted his wife.

The captain leaped to his feet, grabbed the cat, shoved it into the stove, slammed the door, opened the draft and shouted up the stove pipe, "Ready Two!"



"What did you do with my shirt?"  
"Sent it to the laundry."

"Ye gods! The whole history of England was on the cuff!"

— *Sk-U-Mah*



Ma — "Will you love me when my hair has turned to gray?"

Pa — "Why not? Haven't I loved ya through brown, black, red, and blond?"

He: "I had to come clear across the room to see you so I wanna kiss."

She: "Gee, I'm glad you didn't come from the next block."



Jinks: "How are you doing in your studies?"

Binks: "Derriere."

Jinks: "What do you mean?"

Binks: "Behind in French."



Conductor: Madame, are all these children yours, or is this a picnic?

She: They're all mine, big boy, and it's no picnic.

— *Varieties.*



He married Helen  
Hell ensued.  
He left Helen  
Helen sued.

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Professor: "I love, thou love; he, she, it loves; we love, you love, they love."

Student: "What a helluva triangle this is going to make!"



She who is chaste is rarely chased and she who is chased is rarely chaste.



It was raining like mad — three roosters found themselves caught in the deluge. Two of them ran for the barn, the third made a duck under the porch.



REPORT MAN FOUND IN  
WOMAN'S DEATH. — Journal  
American.

Quick, Henry, the anatomy book.

— *Varieties.*

"There ain't a hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "I'll have you know that I am a lady."

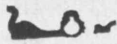
"That's all right," drawled the old man, "so is the station agent."



The old-timers who say the present generation is on the road to hell no doubt know what they are talking about . . . they probably recognize the road!



It isn't age that makes us sensible, but the lack of strength for raising hell.



City Dweller: "How in the world do you tell the geese from the ganders? Why, they look exactly alike."

Farmer: "We don't worry about that, lady, we just put 'em together and let 'em figger it out for themselves."

**A Box of Life-savers for the Best Joke!**

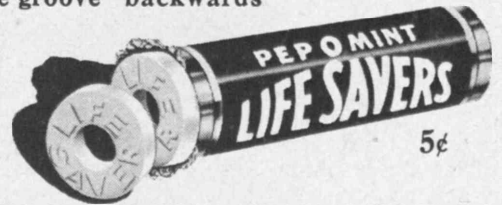
**What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Life-savers. Jokes will be judged by the Editor.**

Are you  
**EVOORG EHT NI\***



You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

\* "In the groove" backwards



**THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE**

Did you ever hear the story about the girl who was so thin that when she swallowed an olive twelve men left town?

Submitted by Fred Howell,  
618 Beacon Street, Boston

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