

Woo Doo

December 1947

25c.

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VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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THE new John Hancock building has lights on the top of it at night so that airplanes will not bump into it. Phos wants to know when the new Senior House will be big enough to warrant lights. Voo Doo went out on a limb and endorsed the new Senior House by breaking ground for it, and Voo Doo does not want to see the project fizzle out. We have heard that these dorms are supposed to be ready for occupancy next fall and thereby doom Building 22 to the ax and crowbar. The other day we looked over the progress and became worried for fear that snow would come before there was enough built to provide inside work when weather made outside work impractical.

The Institute should feel free to call upon the services of Voo Doo on behalf of the new Senior House. As a psychological aid to construction, we urge students to go watch, maybe even bringing along a suitcase and asking when rooms will be available. Better still some of the members of Dramashop should make themselves up to look like Dr. Compton and Dr. Killian and then walk around at the site, harumphing a little.

WE happened to drop into 6-120 for our nine o'clock class the other day. We rarely do this, for the lecture is usually dry and lifeless. (We have never seen the professor write on the top quarter of the blackboard — it requires too much effort reaching.) One fellow, we know, goes to class regularly, but he admits that he gets a letter from his girl in the nine o'clock mail and uses the lecture time to read it and answer it. The occasion for our coming this day was that we expected a quiz to be returned, and, when it was not, we secretly felt that the prof was holding it back to stimulate attendance.

While we were in this grouchy mood, we observed that there is a round, dirty smudge on the wall at the end of each row of lecture seats. These smudges represent the places where countless Techmen have rested their heads during boring lectures. We hereby place ourselves on record as being in favor of having the walls of 6-120 washed. To insure that they stay clean for a long time afterward, we want professors who give poor lectures to be barred from 6-120. We further believe that this cleanup campaign should be extended throughout all other Institute lecture rooms.

L.

Cover this month by Waldt.

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TOPS

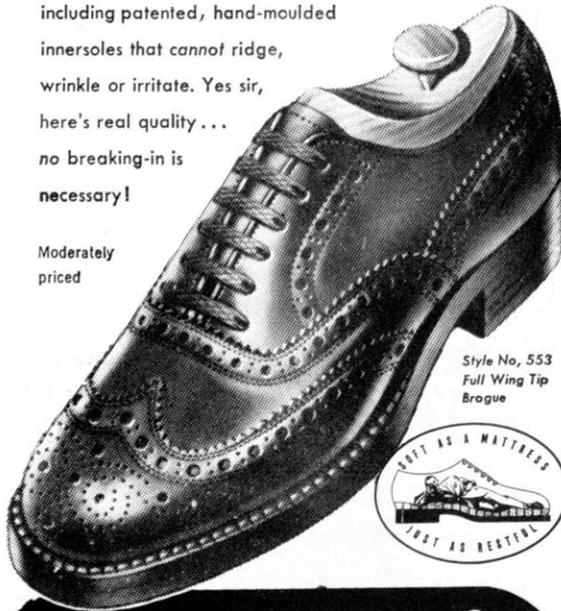
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"Do you come from Harvard?"

"Heck, no, I'm talking this way because I cut my mouth on a bottle."

— Goblin.



He: "There's a certain reason why I love you."

She: "My goodness."

He: "Don't be absurd."



Blonde: "Do you notice anything different about me this evening?"

Boy Friend: "You've got on a new pair of nylons."

Blonde: "No — that's not it."

Boy Friend: "That a different skirt?"

Blonde: "No — that isn't it."

Boy Friend: "Must be that sweater. Is it new?"

Blonde: "No, you silly, I've dyed my hair black and I'm wearing glasses."



... and then there was the comment of the firefly who backed into an electric fan, "De-lighted — no end!"



One of the boys working up at the Canyon this summer saw an Indian ride by the ranger station almost every morning with his wife trudging along behind him.

"Why is it," he asked the Indian one day, "that you always ride and your wife always walks?"

"Because," was the solemn answer, "she no gottum horse."



A little girl of five was entertaining visitors while her mother was out of the room.

One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but awfully s-m-a-r-t."



A lawyer was attending a funeral. A friend arrived and took a seat beside him, whispering, "How far has the service gone?"

The lawyer nodded toward the clergyman in the pulpit and whispered back, "He just opened the defense."

"Could you give a poor fellow a bite?" asked the dust stained tramp.

"I don't bite, myself," answered the lady of the house, "but I'll call the dog."



"You look broken up. What's the matter?"

"I wrote home for money for a study lamp."

"So what?"

"They sent the lamp."



"What does the bride think when she walks into the church?"

"Aisle, Alter, Hymn."



Waitress (slapping a customer): "And I'm not the tomato that comes with the 40 cent salad!"

— *Spotlight.*



"I didn't have a Chinaman's chance with that number."

"Why not? What kind of a girl was she?"

"Chinese."

— *Jester.*



A pedestrain had fallen into a manhole and called for help.

"Dear me," said a gentleman who happened along. "Have you fallen into that manhole?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "As you seem interested, I will say that I just happened to be down here and they built the pavement around me."



The Gal: "Why not come up to my apartment and have a bite before you go home?"

The Guy: "Naw, you can bite me here in the hall."

— *Iowa State Green Gander.*

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BACK-TALK

SUGGESTION BOX

Dear olde Ed.

That alleged Coop across the street owes me thirty days of school. This is figured in the following manner; I buy a book or two on the convenient requisitions that are provided by the VA. The clerk, as almost anyone will notice puts down the full purchase price of the volume, gives it to me, and I'm off. Now then. Back I come in October to collect my dividend. Do I get the monetary refund on that book or two? Does my old Uncle Sambo get it? No sir. The Coop gets it.

Meanwhile, my equity with the VA (whatever that means) has been reduced. I am no longer entitled to a day for a day. And I find that they have divided the cost of the book — regular retail price, that is, by \$2.10 and subtracted that from my total eligibility. Yet the Coop has obviously made a profit on the text, and are bound by the constitution to refund at the prevailing rate.

Are the capitalistic bosses getting wealthy at the expense of my time in the service? This is a cause in which I think that you should interest yourself on behalf of the little man.

I appreciate the fact that the government will not accept the refund. The government isn't entitled to it, anyway. I am, though. If they don't want to pay me money, I want the credit for my next term's books at least. At any rate, days of schooling for me are not going to be allowed to swell the "reserve" fund on the HCS's books.

Determinedly yours,

A. JORALEMON-WOLFF

We did not get much of an answer from the Coop managers. They keep repeating, in a singsong voice, "It isn't your money, so you don't deserve the dividend." The profit from VA-purchased books is distributed to all Coop members, including the women, young boys, and old men who didn't have a chance to join the war. Because the

book profits do not go into the individual veteran's account, the Coop will give a 14% patronage refund in 1947-8, higher than usual. Other facts we found out: The Cooperative Society made sales of \$3,000,000 in the last fiscal year. The one dollar you pay to join goes into the Coop's capital account. While Harvard students have a voice in policy, Tech men do not. Ed.

CF. MASTHEAD

Dear Editor,

I wish to compliment the Voo Doo staff, the Art staff in particular, for the remarkable job they did on October's magazine. It was terrific!!! That illustration in the Esquire article was a true work of Art. And that cover was ingenious. The art features were particularly outstanding. And the cartoons, ha, ha, ha, they were ha, ha, (did you see the one, he he, I guess you did). That Art staff sure does a wonderful job. Too bad you can't give the art editor a bonus.

The lit, jokes and makeup were good, too.

BILL SCHNEIDER

WE DON'T HAVE ONE

Dear Friend:

This chain letter started in Reno in the hope of bringing relief and happiness to tired businessmen.

Unlike most chain letters, this does not cost any money. Simply send a copy to five equally tired male friends, then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow at the top of the list, adding your own name to the bottom.

When your name comes to the top of the list you will receive 16,178 women.

Have faith! Don't break this chain. One man broke it and got his own wife back.

Sincerely,

TOM MANVILLE
ERROL FLYNN
FALA
CHARLEY CHAPLIN
HOWARD HUGHES



WHETHER you play basketball or are one of its host of enthusiastic fans, you will enjoy the refreshing flavor of...

Beech-Nut Gum

Everywhere it goes, the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it.



The yellow package with the red oval



HARD UP

Sirs:

Our ladylike egos are politely offended! We read with interest (and some amusement) the October issue. We read with astonishment the comment on the B. U. "Monster Rally." We would like you to understand that our monsters are of the highest quality! They have to pass an entrance examination by counting the number of M. I. T. sailboats they attract to our side of the Esplanade.

We hereby tender fair warning to Tech men to refrain from casting aspersions on the quality of our monsters, or we will discontinue our heretofore open-armed good-neighbor policy.

Very truly yours,

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
MONSTER DEPARTMENT

As you suggest, entrance exams are easy if you just have to count the number of sailboats attracted to the other side of the Esplanade by B. U. girls. The item was not as aspersion, though. Herb Kindler wrote that on-the-spot story, filled with the Voo Doo credo of realistic reporting.



"Yes, madam, what can I do for you today?"

"I'm going to get married next Tuesday and I would like to get some silk pajamas. What color is appropriate for a bride?"

"White is the preferred color if it is your first marriage and lavender if you have been married before."

"Well, you'd better give me some white ones with just a wee touch of lavender in them."

Carolina Mag.



She was only a chaplain's daughter, but you couldn't put anything pastor.

"What did you do when her dress started coming off?"

"I helped her out as best I could."
— Froth.



The little boy looked at the girls in their midriff bathing suits and asked: "Papa, why do the good looking girls were their water wings all the time?"



Two street urchins were watching a barber singe a customer's hair.

"Gee," said one to the other, "he's hunting them with a light."
— Jack-o'-Lantern



She wore her stockings inside out All through the summer heat. She said it cooled her off to turn The hose upon her feet.



"What's the matter with your finger?"

"Oh, I was downtown getting some cigarettes yesterday, and some clumsy fool stepped on my hand."



Chaucer and I wrote a dirty story Bawdy and lewd from the start But mine, people said, was pornographic And Chaucer's was classical art.
Chaparral.



Beautiful women like to be told they are clever;
Fair women like to be told they are beautiful;
To others say they are sympathetic.

Bellhop (after ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Man: "Hell, no. I was tolling. I thought you were dead."
Exchange.



Motor Cop: "Hey, you! Didn't you hear me say, 'Pull over there?'"

Driver: "Why, I thought you said, 'Good afternoon, senator.'"

M. C. (smiling): "Isn't a warm day, senator?"
N. Y. U. Varieties.



Indignant Farmer: "Say, look here, yer ain't getting as much milk as yer uster."

Hired Man: "Nope, sorta lost my pull."
Pell-Mell.



Robin: "What's that spotted egg doing in the nest?"

Mrs. Robin: "Oh, I just did it for a lark."



Dick: "What's the hurry?"

George: "Just bought a textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

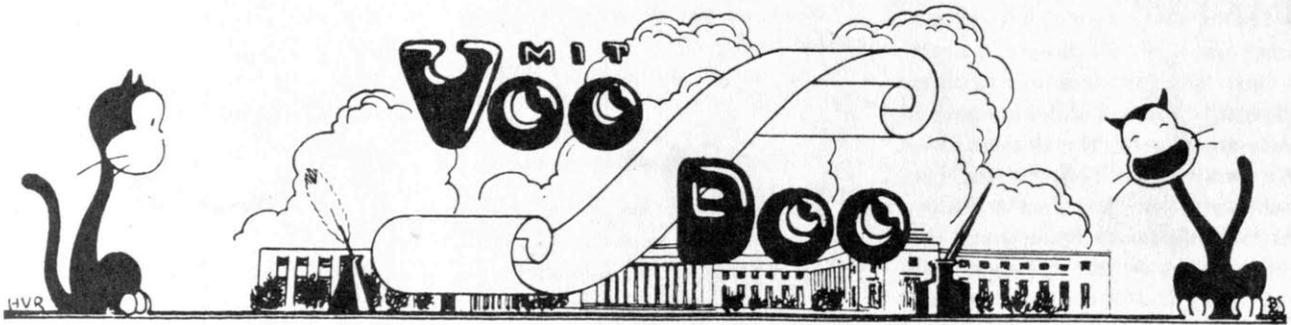


A lecture is that process whereby ideas pass from the notebook of the instructor to the notebook of the student without affecting the mind of either.



College: "You say you are going to marry a woman with a \$10,000-a-year income and you try to convince me that it's a love match."

Wharton: "It is. I love money."
Punch Bowl.



WE had a tough time getting rid of a loose-leaf notebook that belonged to someone named Felton Andrews. He left it in the office in October. In the middle of November a staff man got to wondering about it and sent Andrews a couple of cards which didn't stir him. We even put the notebook in a prominent place in the office with a large sign, "Are You Felton Andrews?" The notebook is probably still around, Felton.

The strangest thing in the episode was a discovery by Andy Price, advertising man. "Look at his schedule here," he said while examining the notebook, "this guy Andrews has got Lunch all day Wednesday."

It turned out that the class hours were just arranged differently, but it scared us. Around Tech students are forced to lead irregular lives. We

knew a math major who used to work nearly 24 hours on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and sleep all day on the other days. It wouldn't surprise us to see Andrews sitting in Walker all day Wednesday, shovelling in food, and getting his week's eating out of the way.

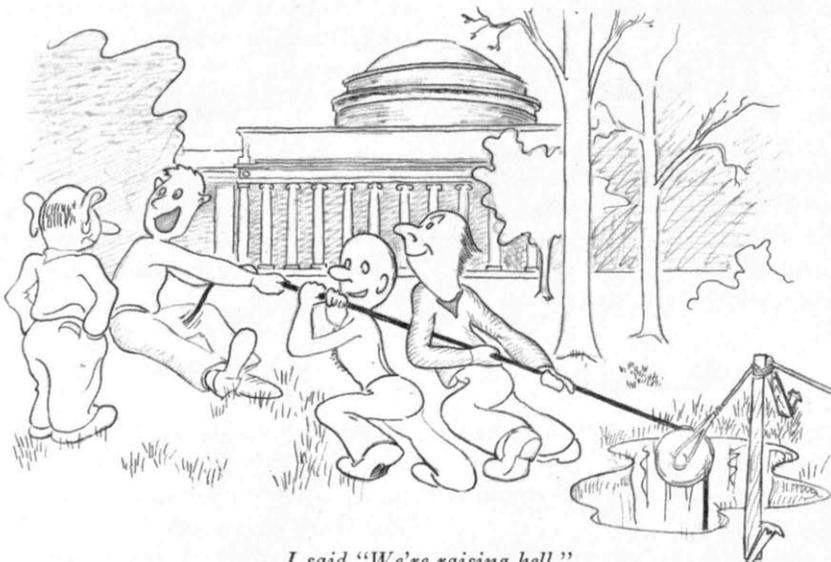
CLASS epigram by Prof Urbach of the English Department: Error is infinite — and some of you men are on the outer fringes.

ONE of our faculty imports from Germany was describing how a lens works. "You put the light source at the focal point," he said, "and as the beams go through the lens, dey are ..." he paused for the correct verb ... "paralyzed."

THE inevitable freshman stories have started to come in. One freshman tells us that for two weeks his instructor was talking about "cubic sonimeters." Every class he waited for the lecturer to explain the word. He was really curious after two weeks and looked it up in the dictionary, but could not find it. When he came to us, we merely said that some people, usually when they get their doctorate, start calling "centimeters" sonimeters.

WE picked up a paper bag outside of the 5.01 lecture hall and tried to pop it as we walked down the corridor toward Building 6. We did not hit it square the first couple of times, so our buddy said impatiently, "Here, let me try." He puffed the bag full and whacked it, just as we reached Chem Lab Row. Before the explosion stopped echoing, lab men, secretaries and profs rushed into the corridor. In confusion they ran up and down, lab coats and vests flying, anxiously looking for a wrecked lab and a fallen colleague. No punch line.

WE heard this one going out of a class, but the criticism is so general around here that we will not be indicting any one prof. One of his students said, "He's no damn good. The only reason they tolerate him around the Institute is because he's the best man in the field."



I said "We're raising hell."

HERE is a story that you should have read in "Life in These United States," but the *Reader's Digest* rejected it. Last spring, after the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, we started hitch-hiking back and a truck driver picked us up outside of Mobile. Though the night was moonless, the truck headlights would occasionally pick out a cow eating grass by the side of the road. Wondering how these cows came by their night vision, we asked, "In all this dark, how can the cows tell where to eat?"

"Oh," said the truck driver, "they're mostly guessin'."

WE handed the manuscript of a story to one of our roommates to get an engineer's opinion. After he had read maybe a page and a half we said, "Oh, here's another page."

"That's all right. I haven't gotten to that part yet."

"What do you mean. It's the first page," we said.

The story appears in this issue.

ONE Tech man went parking down on Memorial Drive, but found himself uncomfortable, sitting there with his girl in view of the SCHLITZ sign nearby — all lit up except for the C and L.

PROF Dawes of the E. E. department could not conceal a little erudite boasting one day, when he told a class that his automobile number plate was 271828, the Napierian log base. As a brownbagging stunt, we checked with the Registry of Motor Vehicles to find the lucky man with plate number 314159. He is Roger W. Kenney, 89 Walnut Street, Springfield, who apparently got it by accident. He drives a 1941 Chevrolet sedan and is covered by insurance from the Liberty Mutual Company.

Watch this column to see who has these two great numbers in 1948!



That's for last Christmas!

WE were drowsily waiting for a cup of coffee to cool in the Coop the other morning when we heard a hissing sound a few feet to our left. We dismissed it as steam escaping until Irene, the counter-girl, said to a fellow worker, "Geez, every morning he comes in, sits there and hisses like a snake. Sssss. Sssss." We finally did look around and there was an ordinary student leaning on the counter, hissing. Whether he was expressing disapproval of the girls' inefficiency or clearing the gaps in his teeth pneumatically, we had no way of telling.

ONE of the nightclubs around Northampton that exist off American dollars brought in by Smith girls' dates, hands out little cards to some of its customers that read:

The Management would appreciate it if you paid your check and you and your party left *quietly*.

THE MANAGEMENT.

A lot has been said about Instructor Analysis, but nobody is doing anything about it, unless you count the MS department. They recently passed out forms that let you complain about Appearance, Voice, Bodily Control, and Vitality; the instructor's Presentation; and Student Reaction. Then you are to "estimate the performance as a whole." Not really, though. They only let you choose from H, C, P, and L.

THE earth is slowing its rotation and the day eventually will be 48 hours long. The process is a slow one, however, increasing the length of the day about a thousandth of a second every century. General Electric scientists believe it is caused by the braking action of tidal movements. The way we see it, though, far-sighted department heads, *in collusion with the waves*, are causing this change, hoping someday for a 100 study-hour week.

A Hand A Day

If you go out to Smith or Wellesley on a rainy Sunday afternoon, you will sit in a living room ten feet from a housemother and read funnies or play bridge. If you generally get the funnies out of the way before leaving your room, you *must* play bridge.

With full realization that contract bridge is the most degenerating influences to seep into the ranks of the American intelligentsia, we present a typical hand. Like most bridge instructions, it is for the beginner as well as the expert.

The tournament in which the described hand was played was sponsored by the ladies auxiliary to the volunteer firefighters of Lenox, Massachusetts. Featuring a colorful array of bridge genius, the hand was one of the most hardfought in contract

history.

East shuffled, West cut, North dealt, then they waited for South to come back with the kippered herring.

NORTH

S — A 7 6
H — J 8 7
D — Q 10 6
C — 10 8 7 4

WEST

S — K Q 5 4
H — K 10 9
D — A J 2
C — K 6 3

EAST

S — J 8 3
H — Q 4 3
D — 9 8 5 4
C — A J 2

SOUTH

S — 10 9 2
H — A 6 5 2
D — K 7 3
C — Q 9 5

Gallery of Players

To simplify things, we shall list the players by initial. Later, to avoid confusion, we will call them North, East, South, and West. North: M. S. — Represents the International Census Bureau and is recognized for his brilliant method of calculating the population of Switzerland. (Count the number of Echos and divide by the number of mountains.) East: B. H. — Represents the Reed Manufacturing Company, makers of reversible rollerskates for backward children. West: E. O. — Represents the North American Society of Telephone Information Operators and is world-renowned due to his remarkable discovery that Avagadro changed his number. South: a nobody — owns the deck.

The Bidding

Since North dealt, it is his duty, according to the rules of the game to make the first bid. Actually, his hand does not merit a bid, but since he has accidentally received a kick from East, intended for West, and believing that the boot originated in the mind of his partner, he opens the bidding with one club. He was not quite clear whether to bid the longest or strongest suit first and decided to bid the one of least value.

East also decides to mention his longest suit since his bid of the strongest was stolen. He says, "one diamond." South bids one heart, his longest and strongest. West answers his partner's bid with "one spade."

After the first round of bids, North accidentally kicks the table, making him Northeast. The other players become Southeast, Southwest and Northwest.

Southwest, the host, moves the table back into position and North begins bidding. Having read somewhere that the better players use



"Blackwood," North forgets that the bidding is still on the one level and proceeds to bid "four no trump."

East's move is simple. He must mention his tremendous spade power and bids five spades. The Blackwood system fails. South, speechless, passes. West gains new confidence and proceeds to try some sort of slam. His bid, "six spades," crushes North who passes with tears in his eyes.

The only other bid that we remember is East's, as he says "seven spades." As East explained later, he had been entirely taken in by the local paper's bridge column where "every hand ever played runs to at least seven something or other."

The summary: West must make thirteen tricks using spades as trumps. North must lead the first card. East is dummy (you said it) and can take a break.

The Play

The actual playing is unimportant. People may admit that they cannot bid or cannot keep score, but we have never heard a player confess that he could not throw a card onto the table once a cycle. We are forced, due to the competition of F. K. Perkins and Ely Culbertson, to describe the play.

North leads his lowest heart and the trick is taken by South's ace. South leads hearts again and the trick is taken by the dummy's queen, as the ten and jack fall. The jack of clubs is lead from the board and it takes the trick as the finessed queen lies idly in the hand of South. The remaining club tricks are taken by the king and ace and East is on the board. He leads the four of diamonds, attempts to finesse the queen and king by playing the jack. He fails miserably and North takes the trick. North leads hearts and loses the trick to East's king. West is now feeling a bit better than a moment ago, and leads a low trump which is lost to North's ace.

North leads the ten of clubs since he has left his abacus at home and



"Who's your new roommate?"

does not realize that it is almost certain to be trumped since it is the only club left. The board trumps with the jack, South throws away his heart (the carefree type) and West throws on his diamond. The rest of the tricks are now West's and the hand is over. North and South have taken three tricks, enough to make East and West lose. West has taken six tricks and the dummy has taken four, which does not conclusively establish the superiority of West over a section of quartersawn lumber.

The Scoring

East and West lose 150 points which is written in a column under the heading We or They. If they are scoring then we receive the points and if we are scoring they receive the points. This We-They business makes the game of bridge quite arbitrary in appointing a winner. The winning players might return from a snack in the kitchen to take their turn as scorekeeper and find they are now

underdogs. Occasionally the scorer is an outside consultant, say, the slowest person of five to reach the table when someone said, "Let's play bridge."

Many times an artificial line is drawn *across* the paper. Unwarranted or premium scores are put above the line, or "belt," while those points actually earned are put below the line.

Conclusion

Play bridge for yourself. You will find as you play that an awful lot of people play an awful lot of bridge — and that a lot of awful people play a lot of awful bridge.

— SKIP JUSTIN



Father (looking cautiously into living room of fraternity house): "Does Johnny Nichols live here?"

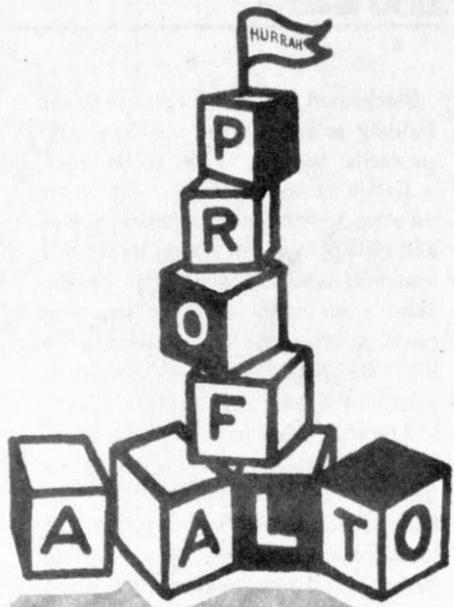
Voice from Inside: "Yeah, just lay him on the couch."

Caveman.



PHOS
SEZ

MERRY



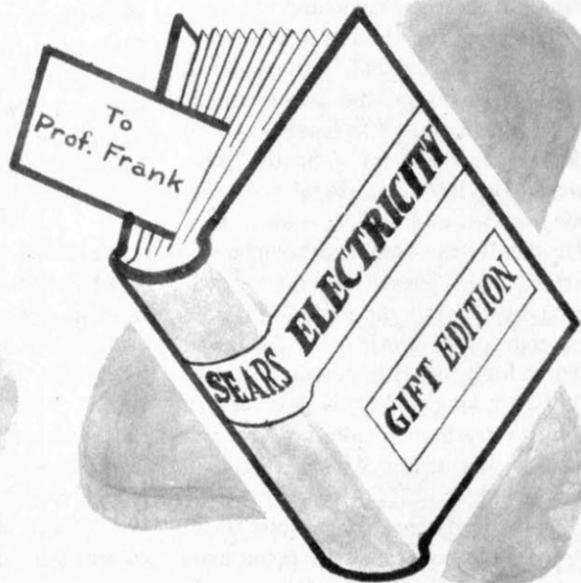
To
All of the Boys
(and Girls)
from the Institute



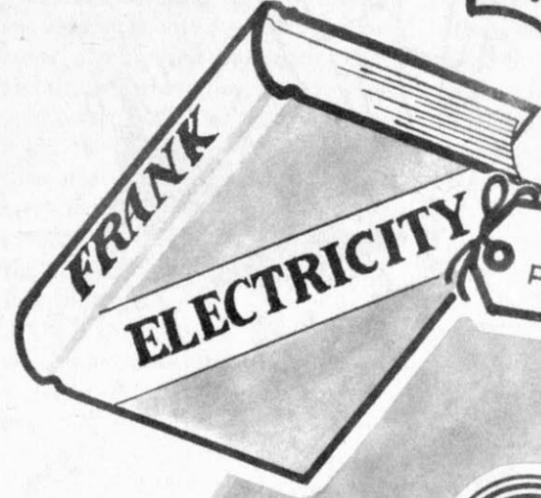
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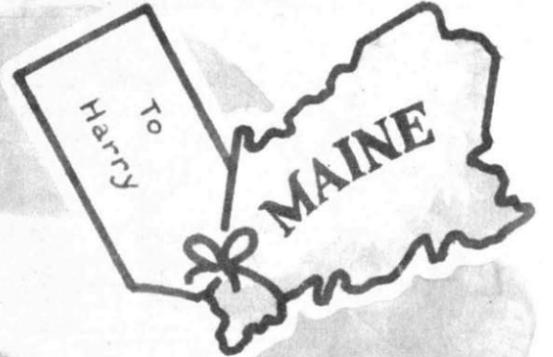
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To
The Tech
(A Reader)



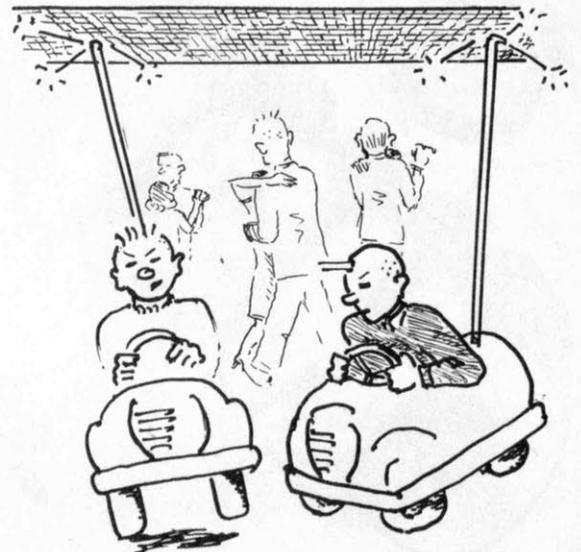
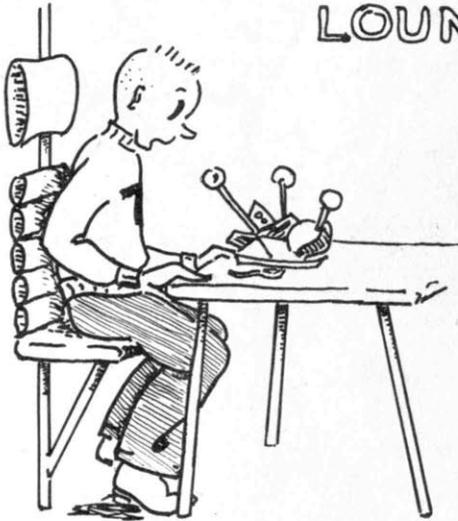
To
Voo Doo
Art Dept.

CHRISTMAS



To
Phos

COME WEETH ME TO ZE
LOUNGE BAR...



Dear Jane

It was a Saturday night of the sort one associates with fireplaces and hot cocoa, a rainy and unpleasant night, and the little party that came into the road house seemed to relax visibly as it left the damp outside. There were three unattached young men, well fed and smiling, and two more who shepherded a couple of cheerful girls into the cocktail lounge with the air of long-suffering martyrs.

The place was full of Princeton men who were celebrating their team's victory over Harvard that afternoon, and the party of seven was seated with a little difficulty in one corner of the room at a table meant for four.

"I see where the minimum is two dollars," said Browne, who was jammed between their table and the next, "so drink hearty, my lass." And he turned to Anita, who was making conversation with Roger Lockyer.

"I'll take a coke," said the girl, and both men laughed.

"You know, Rog," Browne remarked as he ordered beer for Lockyer and a scotch for himself, "if you ever want to make a girl drunk, feed her the olive from a martini. Powerful stuff." And he smirked in Anita's direction.

"I take it I should stand up now

and order a martini amid general laughter," said Lockyer, and turned to Anita. "Sweetness," he said, "you shall not eat olives tonight, not even those soaked in the lees of my beer." And he made a derisive little bow as she smiled back at him. Dear Anita, he thought, this has got to stop, this drinking and wenching. There comes a time, he thought, when the use I get from your mouth does not measure up to what I feed it. "Dear Anita," and he raised his glass with something of a flourish, "to your beautiful mouth."

The table next to them had started to sing the Sow Song. Everyone took it up, making pig noises and laughing happily, under the direction of a glassy eyed and swaying young man with a big celluloid badge in his buttonhole that said in black on orange 'BEAT HARVARD.' Lockyer, who had been singing lustily, stood up and said to Anita, "Would you like to dance?" He pulled her up and steered her between the tables, through the next room, and onto the dance floor. There was a considerable crowd dancing, and Roger contented himself with stepping carefully over an imaginary pothole in the floor, holding Anita as closely as the crowd gave him excuse.

The bandleader asked for silence, and with a great deal of razzmatazz

he invited his audience to sing the good old college songs with him. One for Princeton and one for Harvard, and for good measure one for Yale as well. Everybody sang several boola-boolas, the older couples looking a little sheepish about it all. As the band returned to dance music, Anita asked, "What, no football songs for M I T?" and Roger said, "Did I ever tell you of the time Technology upset Notre Dame 63-0?" and he wiggled his bottom scientifically to the rumba.

The other five had been drinking and singing steadily, and were reaching that collegiate Nirvana, that mellow phase, where everything provides amusement and melancholy giggles at the slob beneath the table. Roger deposited Anita in her chair, and wedged himself into the seat next to her. Now, he thought, now is as good a time as any to tell her. Now, while both of us are sober and of sound mind and body.

"Anita" he said, "this has got to come to a screeching halt. All this," and he waved his hand and spilled a little beer on the table.

"Yes," Anita said, and did not understand.

"No, my sweet, you don't get me," said Roger. "We have done all this before. I have fed you and watered you and waltzed you around the room and loved you — we have done all this before and there is no end to it. It will go on until I turn into a rummy and you into a whore or something. No future in it."

Anita said nothing. A clock chimed twelve and they finished their drinks and got up to leave. Roger fetched Anita's coat, and they stepped outside while the others were still making ready. It had stopped raining, and Roger looked up at the sky bright with stars. Why don't I keep my big mouth shut, he thought, I'll get me into trouble one of these days. And he kissed Anita heavily on her mouth, on her beautiful mouth.

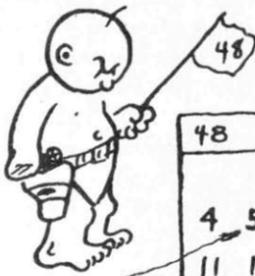
ROBERT V. GARVIN



"Well, it hardly does her justice."

Voo Doo CALENDAR FOR 1948

by Bob Abelson



PRICE OF BROMO-SALTER RAISED

48	JANUARY												48
	1	2	3										
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10						
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17						
MII HOMEWORK DUE	19	20	21	22	23								
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31						

UNION MUSIC TAKEN OFF THE AIR



ANNETTE DIONNE'S BIRTHDAY

[FATHER'S DAY: DEC. 1, 1947]

GROUND HOG DAY

48	FEBRUARY												48
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7						
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14						
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21						
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28						

NON-UNION MUSIC TAKEN OFF THE AIR
VALENTINES SENT BACK

SCHOOL OPENS
MIZ QUIZ
MAKE UP EXAM
MIZ QUIZ
VACATION

"EL" FARE REDUCED TO 5¢

MEETING OF BIRD WATCHERS SOCIETY

48	APRIL												48
	1	2	3										
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10						
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17						
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24						
	25	26	27	28	29	30							

SOW WILD OATS

TREE DAY

48	MARCH												48
	1	2	3	4	5	6							
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13						
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20						
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27						
	28	29	30	31	32	HALT							

MARIE DIONNE'S BIRTHDAY

FOURTEEN DAY

MOTHER-IN-LAW'S DAY



SPRING FEVER SETS IN

GRASSHOPPER MATING TIME

YVONNE DIONNE'S BIRTHDAY

START XMAS SHOPPING



EASTER

SOUTHEASTER

NORTHEASTER

48	MAY												48
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8					
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16					
	17	18	19	20	21	22							
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29						
	30	31											

INFERNAL EQUINOX

FULL MOON

FULL MOON



RETURN FROM VACATION

48	JUNE												48
	1	2	3	4	5								
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12						
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19						
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26						
	27	28	29	30	31								

END OF SPRING TERM

NEW EDITION OF 602 BIBLE PUBLISHED

D-DAY

HEY DEY



XMAS IN AUSTRALIA

WATCH + WARD SOCIETY MEETS

Yoo Doo Smoker

48	JULY												48
	1	5	2	3									
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10						
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17						
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24						
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31						

CECILE DIONNE'S BIRTHDAY

MOONSHINE

MORE MOONSHINE

HIC!



MAYOR CURLEY'S BIRTHDAY



BID 2 HEARTS

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS ENDS

PROPOSED OPENING OF NEW NEW LOUNGE BAR

BILLY SUNDAY



HEAVY SNOW EXPECTED



ANNIVERSARY OF THE EXTINCTION OF DINOSAURS

GOV'T CHECKS FOR JUNE DUE

48	OCTOBER												48
	1	2											
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9						
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16						
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23						
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30						
	31												

REMODELING OF NEW NEW LOUNGE BAR



LABOR DAY

48	SEPTEMBER												48
	1	2	3	4									
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11						
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18						
	19	(2,1)					23	24					
							(2,9)						

DENNIS DAY



K.T.C. RETURNS TO M.I.T.



ANNIVERSARY OF MAYOR CURLEY'S COMING-OUT PARTY.

48	NO WONDER												48
	1	2	3	4	5	6							
	7	8	9	10	11								
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18						
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26					
	27	28	X	Y	Z	S							

BILLY HOLIDAY

OUR MAN FRIDAY



ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC IN BOSTON

48	DECEMBER												48
	1	2	3	4									
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11						
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18						
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25						
	26	27	28	29	30	31							

XMAS FUTURE

SCROOGE DIES

XMAS PAST

XMAS PRESENT

HOLLY DAY

by

STUFF

AN EDITOR GETS MAD

CASE A. There was a Course VI prof who called us "chucklehead" when we made a mistake. He, we must admit, knew almost everything; he could tell why the Passamaquoddy Project was infeasible and how to remove a prostate gland. The only reason we call *him* chucklehead is that he believed that the fire insurance policy of the Institute did not permit smoking during class. He made us stamp out our cigarettes when the bell rang, in spite of the fact that the building is as inflammable during the ten minute break as during the rest of the hour.

Case B. One day a secretary told us she was dying for a smoke. We said, "Well, why don't you have one?" She said she couldn't, because her boss believes that "some student's parents might come around and it would not look good to have her smoking."

To cover up the chuckleheadedness among the faculty, apparent in Cases A and B, we suggest that the Institute make a clear policy on smoking, one that allows it.

We endorse smoking in classrooms and libraries because we like to have a cigarette every half hour sometimes. (Just because a man smokes he should not be denied an education.) Secondly, smoking seems to stimulate, or at least makes falling asleep dangerous enough to keep the smoker alert. Thirdly, the Institute should consider its \$194,000 in American Tobacco bonds and 1500 shares of Liggett and Myers Tobacco common stock.

Before allowing this vitriolic piece to reach public hands, our people-conscious Social Director has suggested a few common sense restrictions:

A person should not hiss the smoke out of his mouth on the exhale.

When air pressure is low, smoke goes down. To avoid blowing smoke at other people, the smoker should blow smoke toward the ceiling on a high pressure day and toward the floor on a low pressure day. On normal days aim for the ventilation out-draft.

In horizontal lecture halls, where you have someone's elbow in your right ribs, someone's notebook in your left ribs, and are breathing on someone's ears, smoking should be prohibited except for people next to the aisles.

A student should wait until he gets an ash of reasonable length before flicking it off. It is annoying to sit in front of a smoker as he tap-tap-taps non-existent ashes off.

If smoking is allowed under these rules, we will save an estimated 700 students from biting off their lips each year.

— J. V. Y.

SNOWFLAKES

Furry little snowflakes
Falling all around;
Dazzling little snow-drops
You never make a sound.
Carpeting your softest white,
Flashing white and cheerful
In the blackest night.
Fuzzy little snowflakes
To you I write this mush;
For, you whitest snowflakes,
Tomorrow you'll be slush.

— JOHN HARRINGTON



FOURTEEN INCH LAMENT

I think that I shall never see a pair of knees,
As lovely as a pair of trees.
Indeed, unless the long skirts fall,
I'll never see a knee at all.

— R. M.

AN UNFINISHED QUATRAIN

The Chem professor writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your stupid looks and groans
Can lure him back to simplify his words. . . .

— JOHN TARBOX

AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT

tis the night before xmas and all through the house
 every creature is stirring and trying to souse
 her stocking is hung on the bedpost with glee
 all the children in bed and ones in there with me
 the others are dancing with heads in the clouds
 but were bedded down neath the smooth and white shrouds
 the others are dancing neath a mistletoe crest
 but i'm in a soft and sweet feathered nest
 all of a sudden a cry has been heard
 and ignored by just me and the feeme that i lured
 down brandy down whisky down scotch and down rye
 down beer and down vodka we'll drink gin by and by
 we have all become stinking or at least a bit smelly
 when a man comes before us whose pot shakes like jelly
 and he waggles his finger in a manner so quaint
 you think it is santa well youre wrong cause it aint
 he turns and he says with a voice of authority
 im her father boy and this aint propriety.

— JOHN HARRINGTON



Written here for the first time are the lyrics to a song G. H. Oliver made up spontaneously, shortly before he graduated last September:

Oh, you used to be *persona non grata* with me,
 But baby that's all over now.

The scene has shifted,
 The veil has lifted.

I can look at you and really mean it — wow.

ABBREVIATED EPIC

Students who major in fields that are chemical
 Need memories colossal or, at very least, semi-col.

— J. GLASGOW

WAR DIARY OF AN EXPEDITOR

DURING the past war I was speeding up shipments of equipment for the Institute when I ran into my knottiest problem — a shortage of lines, points, and planes used in the drawing courses and in the radar and aeronautical labs. We eased the need by making the students re-use lines in D11 and D12. Lines used in the radiation lab could not be reclaimed, however, because many were cut up to make pips for radar screens.

Early one morning I met the factory representative and started on an inspection trip of the plant. At the receiving end of the plant was a fifteen ton locus extrabulator. As you know, a line is a locus of points. The machine collected points (mostly imaginary) from the sky and, with a terrific roar, extracted the loci. The big problem faced by this company was a shortage of the raw material. I immediately suggested that the company look for new sources. During the winter the company was able to collect many points left over from low-scoring basketball games. Later an abundant source was pencil sharpeners. We sifted the sharpenings and found an amazing waste of points because people pressed on the pencil too long.

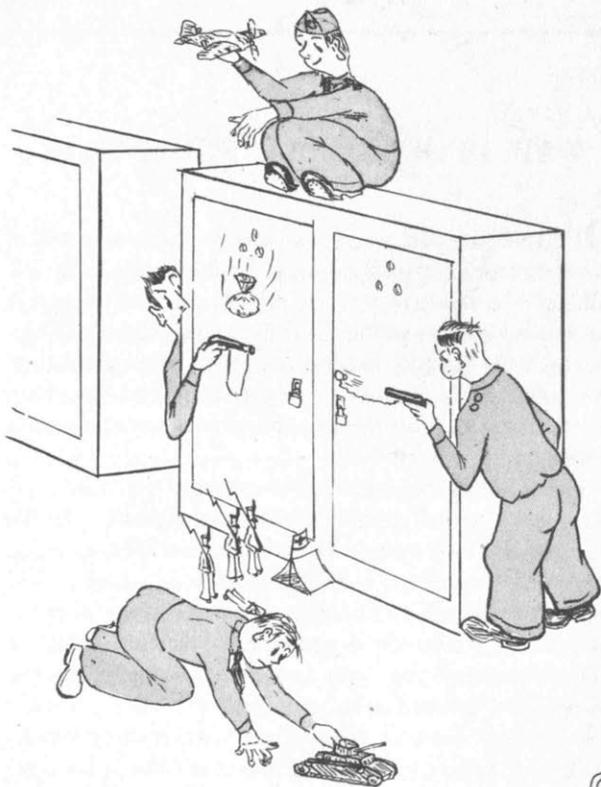
From the extrabulators the loci moved on a motorized conveyor through a controlled atmosphere at 1400° F. to the water quench vats. The water was being thrown away at the end of the day, I found, still containing many points that had been washed off the conveyor. I suggested that the company could cut costs by bottling the by-product, which they did, using as a sales talk the "pin-point" carbonation.

At the mill the loci were pressed into a continuous line. The lines were then cut into convenient lengths and packed for shipment to all the engineering schools and drafting rooms in the country. My guide told me that a lot were being broken in shipment, a condition improved by slipping the lines inside a string of spaghetti.

A certain percentage of each day's line production was transferred to another department where the lines were laid side by side and put into a furnace where they fused into planes and surfaces. I was able to save a lot of lines, at least in making planes, by reminding the superintendent that two intersecting lines determine a plane. The production engineer designed a jig that held two lines in position. Then a plastic, much lighter than Bub-o-Loon was sprayed over the lines and allowed to dry.

Before I left the factory that day production had leapt 500% and the Institute was able to build up a stockpile which still may be seen in the overhead Lucite racks in the Building 7 lobby.

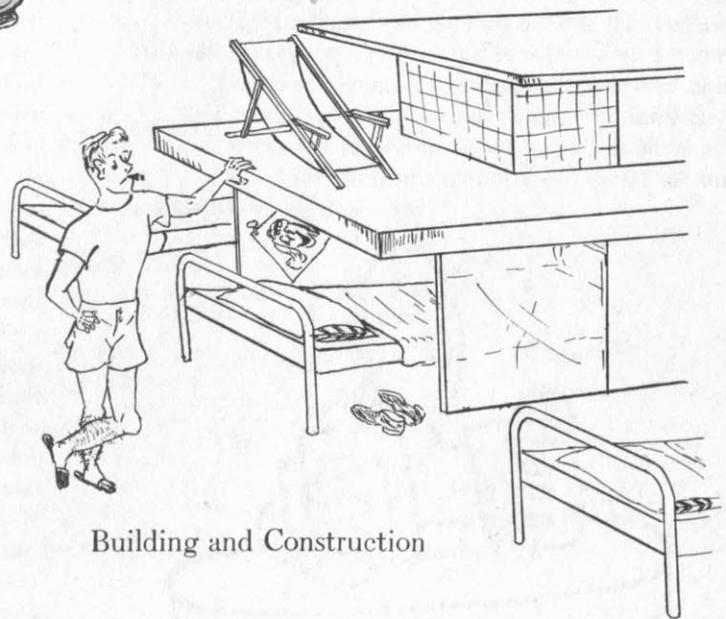
— ART ARMSTRONG



Military Science

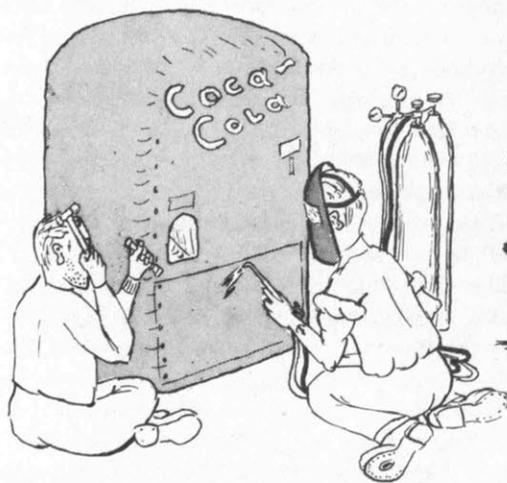


Business and Engineering



Building and Construction

Barracks Boys



Mechanical Engineering



Naval Architecture

CHAPPIE AND HIS PASSION WAGON

FIFE SNOOZLECRUNCH, her hands fumbling around her shoulder blades, was securing her lift with a paper clip, when a melodious tentone horn sounded "Lorraine — On My Counterpane" from the street below.

"Ye gads," moaned Fife, "there's Chappie already, and here I am, listening heavily to port." This was no understatement. She had the superstructure of a battleship; Chappie was an old navy man who appreciated design like that.

Fifi could hear him wiening his way up the stairs as she patted on a base coat of camouflage.

"Squirm into that burlap bag and I'll make you for a ride in my shiny Passionwagon," commanded Chappie from outside the door. Chappie had just paid \$195 x 107 for his new post-war dream car, (See Voo Doo Nov. 47, "The Trouble With Dashboards . . .") that champion of the scrounge grounds, the desire of every speed-minded buck. Chappie was anxious to give his Passionwagon a test in no traffic.

"Step in, Fifi, and we'll just head anywhere for Prospect Hill." He turned on a specially adapted Geiger counter; a few clicks were heard. But he would worry about that later. With the roar of 7500 h.p. turbojets, the cruiser shot past the supersonic barrier, faster and faster until he began to catch up with the headlight beam. At this speed the Passionwagon shrank to the size of a meson in accordance with Notretach's theory of relativity, thus evading the MDC.

"Oh, Chappie, this is hyper-coloss," squealed Fifi. "But what are all these buttons and television screens for?" she asked as she innocently pressed a button labeled "This Is It." Immediately the front seat started to level out.

"Ha, that," Chappie said as he fumbled with a new battery of

controls. "That's on the Tucker '48 too. If you think you're going to crash, you press that and the seat collapses, I guess." He went on, "That buzzing you hear is an x-ray located over your head. It casts a view of your teeth on this calibrated screen. Then by use of permutations, combinations and a surplus bomb-sight I can compute your age."

A purple light on the dash flickered as the vehicular love-seat streaked up Memorial Drive. "That faint light," said Chappie, "indicates the proximity of a hand-holding parking space. Let's go a little further."

A blue light on the panel got dimmer, unnoticed by Fifi. At last, thought Chappie. But I'll not tell her about this gadget. A close inspection before it went out seconds later would have revealed the inscription "Frigidity Index." Fifi sounded gay and breathless.

"Soft now," whispered Chappie. "Here we are at Prospect Hill. Let's switch the television set to the 920 club and watch the harvest moon on the screen." They leaned back and watched the moon. In the television studio the disk jockey inhaled and puffed a small cloud of smoke between the moon apparatus and the television camera. With his knee Chappie adjusted the ventilators to prevent the one-way windows from steaming. He leaned over to press the "This Is It" button.

"Chappie," Fifi said suddenly. "Let's go to a dance. I don't feel like necking."

"Please," said Chappie.

"No."

They drove back slowly. For a few bucks more, thought Chappie, I wonder if I could have gotten a Passionwagon with a built-in Fifi.

— ED CHATTERTON



If you were only a Democrat, I could get you out in five months.



Keep That Weight Down

OR

Is the Marshall Plan Necessary?



Here is what we refer to around the office as a "think" piece.

Professor Saldo, MIT's new Associate Professor of Balance and Imbalance was leaning back, his chair resting on two legs. As I stood in the doorway, he slowly pushed himself away from the desk with his fingers. He reached the equilibrium point and lifted his hand from the desk. The chair stood still for a moment, then began to fall backwards. I rushed into the office, but Professor Saldo expertly hooked his feet under the middle drawer and pulled himself back.

"Oh, hello," he said, the chair safely on the floor. "Thanks, but its part of my job to be able to get out of scrapes like that. I can stay up without touching longer than most of the professors around here."

"Looked darn good to me, sir," I said. "Sir, I'm after . . . The *Tech* sent me to find out about the Marshall Plan. What do you think about it?"

"Professionally or man to man?" He motioned me to a chair. "Man to man, I'm a taxpayer in my spare time. I'm getting \$3800 a year and all the Dustless Chalk I can put in my pockets, but that isn't enough to support my wife, two kids and 50 million Greeks."

"And professionally?"

"I'm in favor of the plan. We've got to send eats and stuff across. One of the students doing a thesis for me says if we don't send stuff over, we'll have the world going end over end in a few years. You wouldn't like that?"

I looked out at the cough drop factory and thought a second. "No. I probably speak for our readers and advertisers too. I doubt if Walton's or Charlie, the *Tech* Tailor would object to an editorial denouncing an end-over-end world. Fennell's defi-

nately doesn't give a damn."

"What would happen with the world going pole over pole would be Eskimos dropping on our heads and planetary upset stomach. Germany would be crying for 'Shiploads of Tums fur den tummy' instead of food. I'll tell you why."

"Yes?" I sat up a little.

"You've seen Prof Sears step fearlessly onto a low round table and start going around with his arms straight out."

"Seen him? I helped push him around one day."

"Umm, then he pulls his arms in and he whirls faster. Now, suppose he stuck out only one arm."

"Good idea, sir. He'd probably fall off."

"Exactly. And you can do the same thing at home. Just tilt your automobile on its side and start the motor. Anyway, that's the state of the world. For centuries now, we in this country have been digging down and bringing all this stuff to the surface, even putting it on stilts. The new John Hancock building, for example. Not only is it going to keep the sun out of Back Bay, but its going to put a thousand tons or so up where it doesn't belong."

"Isn't that extra moment negligible, sir, considering how much the world weighs?"

"Negligible! Negligible! Engineers have been saying that for two centuries. A million negligibles don't equal nothing."

"You say all this weight in the U. S. will make the earth lobsided?" I made a note on my pad.

"We're off center now, rotating like a worn grindstone. It won't be long before we are wobbling along, Arctic over Antarctic."

"Loppity, loppity, lop. Gosh our man Grossman could make something funny of that."

"You've got the right sound effects there. This imbalance would start the world spinning at right angles to the present direction. I haven't told the Aerology department yet, but instead of day and night every 24 hours, we'd have seasons. You wake up, say, after spring, lunch in mid-fall, and come home for supper in the winter."

"What are we waiting for. What can we do?"

"Merely need to ship some weight around the world to get back in kilter, just like putting pieces of lead on your car wheel to balance it. California's been getting heavier than hell the last few months. We ought to ship a few freighters full of things to Tangayika to offset it. Heavy stuff, though, nothing like marshmallow fluff."

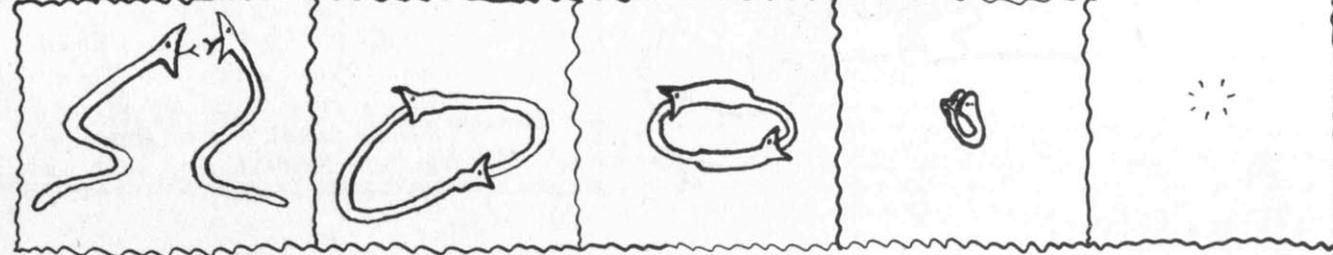
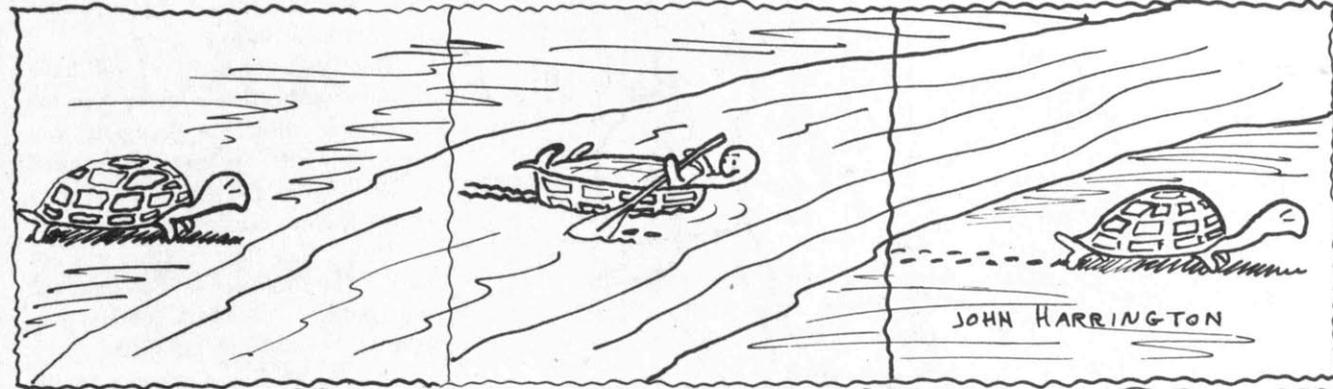
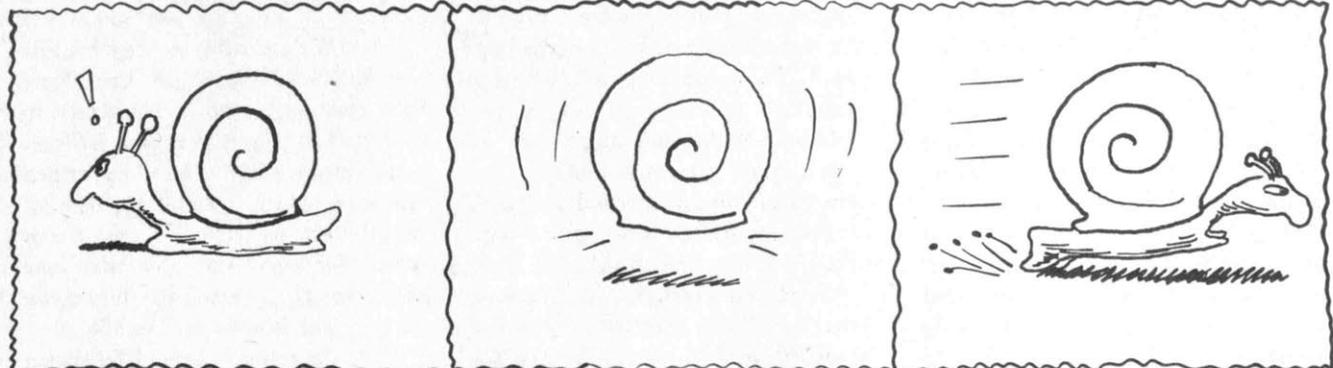
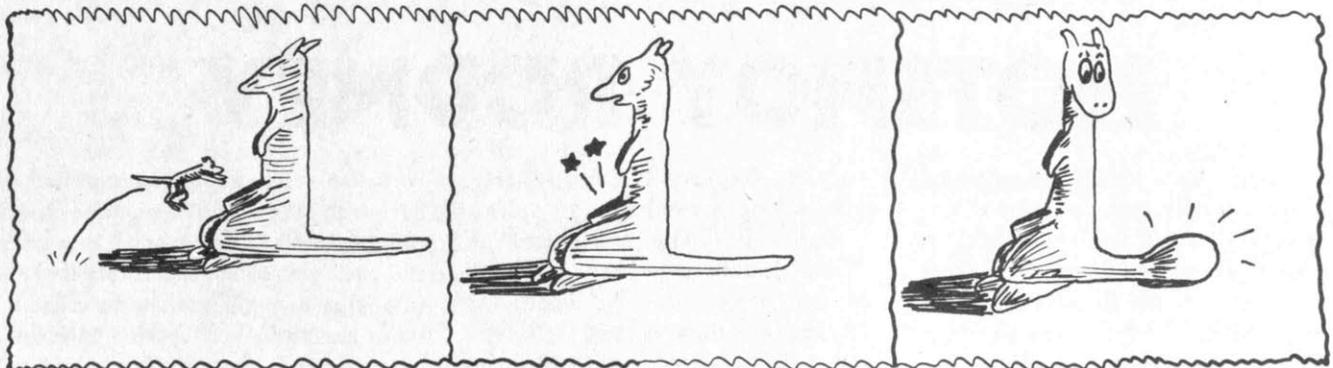
"I have an idea. Could we start all the autos in the country going westward at the same time?"

"Seems rather stop-gap. We could make some things out of aluminum and throw the old steel counterparts back into the mines, but sometimes we need the weight. A magnesium window weight won't solve anything." The Associate Professor of Balance and Imbalance leaned back, again, pushing away from the desk with his fingers. "If we don't pass the Marshall plan we'll have to send Byrd close to some centroid point on the South pole with 20 shiploads of lead to counter-balance this country."

He took his hand off the table. As I left his office I watched him start backwards and catch his foot under the drawer. This time the drawer slid out.

— J. V. Y.

MOTHER NATURE'S DAY OFF



HOTSHOT RODNEY

Doktor Von Federkopf stumbled into the lecture hall, pulled by a runaway equipment truck on Track 2. "Also!" he exclaimed, furrows rippling up and down his forehead, "Heute, haben wir eine — Ach! I mean, today I am giving a lecture on — on. What course goes on? Chemie? Physiks? Mathematik? I betcha physics. Yah."

Rodney Rinkelbrau, sitting alertly in the front row, broke in, "No, no, Professor." Rodney would have come out rotogravure in a black and white photograph — he was that brown. "We are to cover the separation of dibromoirritate from the sulphurous osculate as outlined by the poise and shaft scheme of analysis, which we started during the las — blup!"

Sam Sluff eased his slide rule from Rodney's mouth. "Nuts! If the little guy wants to lecture on physics, let him. You make too much noise

and I'm sleepy. Go ahead, Shorty. Start saying something."

"Very gut!" said von Federkopf. "I shall lecture on physics. Now! If at this point here," he smote the blackboard with a piece of chalk, "we are taking an electron. Bedder two electrons, so you in the back can see. Mit two electrons anything can happen!" He looked up brightly and giggled.

Rodney Rinkelbrau laughed.

Sam Sluff awoke suddenly, murmured goddam and twisted Rodney's ear half around. "Nothing can happen. Electrons are all alike."

"Sure," said Federkopf. "Now we take our liddle electrons and pass them through an electric field which originates at a defined point, x, y, and z — really, is indeterminate, but how come is over your heads — and varies according to the rate of corpuscular

vorticles under laminated plywood, but wait! We shall demonstrate this effect before we go further," he said and marched around the lecture desk, entangling himself in the demonstration's electrical hook-up, from which he extricated himself with a jack-knife.

"So. We are ready to begin. But first will someone please turn Herr Sluff over on his side. He snores so loud that I cannot hear my asthma yet. Danke schön. Now we attach this wire, which is called A, like so! And this one we will call B and attach there, like so. And now, this one which we call C — well I think maybe we stick dot fellow over here!"

"No, Professor," said Rinkelbrau standing. "Connecting C there will blow a fuse. You can give it a name but leave it on the table." Rodney sat down immediately thereafter, as Sam Sluff absently brought his left foot up in a parabolic arch, engaging Rodney's stomach.

"Vot's good enough for Heidelberg on the beautiful Neckar River, is maybe good enough for you," he said. "I attach wire C like so." The room got dark. If it were lighter you could have seen students dropping asleep like rain on a tin roof.

"Don't nobody move! I will have the fuse fixed before you can give the locomotive cheer for Wolfgang von der Vogelweide." Light was restored to the lecture room and everybody except Rodney Rinkelbrau went back to sleep. "Dis time the fuse will not blow!" the Professor said as he made the contact. "See. A method calculated by my old colleague, Fritz Spitz. By stuffing a pfennig in the fuse box, nothing blows."

"But Professor," squeaked Rinkelbrau. "You can't do that. The circuit is going to get awfully hot." Rodney paused, occupied with a pair of Sam Sluff's fingers, which had



HOTSHOT RODNEY *Continued*

gotten jammed against his eyeballs.

"Dummer! This is my circuit and I do whichever with it that I feel like. So shoddop. And besides, it gets not hot a bit. See? I feel the wire like so." As the Doktor grasped the wire, a thin stream of smoke arose from his hand. He plunged his hand into his mouth. "Etwas is fooey," he mumbled, his mouth-encased hand obscuring his diction.

"Shoddop," he went on, "Why don't you sleep like the others? You are too verdammt smart." Von Federkopf ripped out the apparatus and hurled it at Rodney, who assumed a pained expression.

"Und now, if I may continue the lecture mitout the damn noseynocks following what I do too closely, I think I would like to — no I don't like to, but I must to if they are letting me play mit the school's equipment. Anyway, here is a most interesting demonstration in electricity which I would like to be having a wolunteer."

He whipped a piece of chalk into the third row where it startled a student into consciousness. "You there. Wolunteer?"

"I will, sir," Rodney said from the first row.

"All the better that we choose a wolunteer what wolunteers. So spontaneous."

"What do I do sir?" Rodney asked coming to the front of the room.

"Just bend down your head," said the Professor benevolently. He ran the electric shears over the boy's head. "Now sit your cadaver down in that chair there," said Federkopf sadly.

"I don't know what the iron beanie is there, sir, but if you say so . . ."

"So!" said the professor. "Now just sit tight, my son, while I throw this switch. Feel anything yet?"

"A nice tingle," said Rodney.

"More power to you," said the Doktor as he threw the remaining switches. Rinkelbrau's body began to glow. "That pfennig in the fuse box is working all right, now. Eh, Rinkelbrau?" The body burst into

flame.

"You see, Rinkelbrau," he said to the orange coals in the chair. "None of us is so much dot we cannot learn a little something from electricity."

— JOHN BEDELL

He: "I had a dream about you last night."

She: "Did you?"

He: "No, you wouldn't let me."



Two people happened to be walking along a road together. One was a young woman, the other a handsome farmer lad. The farmer lad was carrying a large kettle on his back, holding a chicken in one hand, a cane in the other, and leading a goat. They came to a dark ravine.

Said She: "I'm afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me."

Said He: "How could I, with all these things to carry?"

Said She: "Well, you might stick the cane in the ground, tie the goat to it, and put the chicken under the kettle."

CAFE DE PARIS

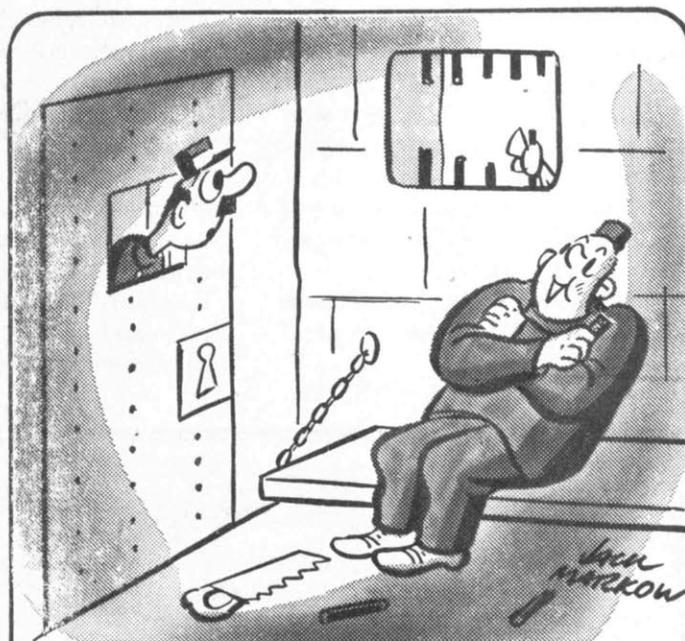
Real Home-Cooked Food

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Luncheons and Dinners

NEW BAR JUST OPENED

165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

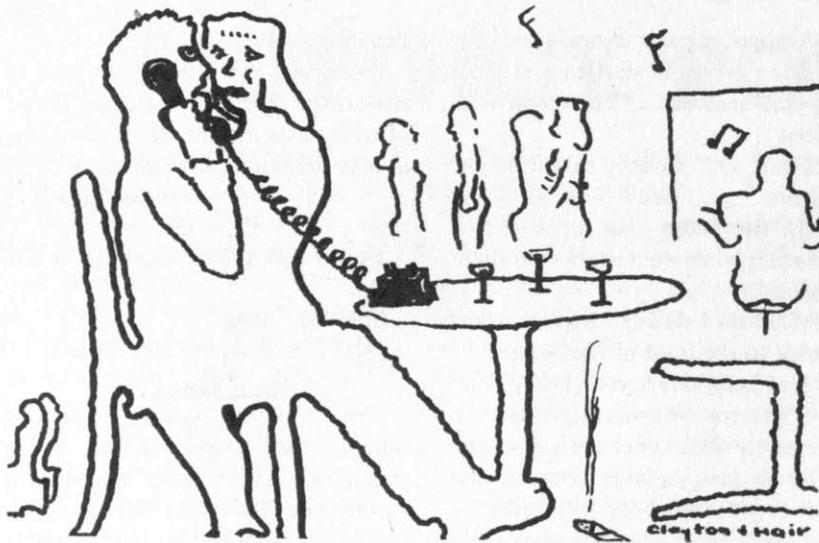


"I merely stepped out for some Dentyne Chewing Gum!"

"It wasn't the confinement that was getting me down, Guard—it was doing without Dentyne Chewing Gum. Boy, how I missed Dentyne's keen, long-lasting flavor. Helped keep my teeth nice and white, too!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams





"For the last time, Ethyl, I AM NOT playing poker with the boys tonight."

Professor of Economics: "You boys of today want to make too much money. Why, what do you think I was getting when I got married?"

Voice from rear: "No, and I'll bet you didn't either."



"Yes, madam, what can I do for you today?"

"I'm going to get married next Tuesday and I would like to get some silk pajamas. What color is appropriate for a bride?"

"White is the preferred color if it is your first marriage and lavender if you have been married before."

"Well, you'd better give me some white ones with just a wee touch of lavender in them."

Carolina Mag.

The maiden's lament:

- If you like 'em — you love 'em
- If you love 'em — you let em
- If you let 'em — you lose 'em



I took her riding . . . she was a little angel and walked back.

I took her boat-riding . . . she was a little angel and walked back.

I took her airplane riding . . . the little devil!



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

Student: "They aren't notes, sir, they're cards. We're playing bridge."

Professor: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

For the Six Men in Seven Who Would Like to Give up Shaving.

MAN PLUCKED BEARD AND GAVE UP SHAVING

North American Newspaper Alliance

BUFFALO, Nov. 15 — Although Elbridge J. Casselman of New York City has spent fifteen years in a study of the best way to shave, Leonard C. Wojkowski, a contractor in near-by Cheektowaga, says that anyone who shaves is all wet — with soap and otherwise. Mr. Wojkowski has not used a razor for eight years, or since he found that he could pluck out his hairs without having them grow back.

Today Mr. Wojkowski is far from being the "bearded man of Cheektowaga." In fact, in his own words, his face is "like that of a new-born babe." His successful emancipation from the daily drudgery of shaving began in 1936.

At that time he was a salesman by day and a musician by night, and was hard pressed to find enough time to whisk off his whiskers. One day, however, he did have some extra time and plucked out "those hard to get at" hairs in the dimple of his chin.

"Later," he said, "I noticed that the hair never grew back and I realized that life without shaving was possible."

Mr. Wojkowski spent 468 hours, spread over three years, plucking hair from the rest of his face. And on May 28, 1939, he took his last whirl with a razor.

"I haven't shaved since," he proudly announced. "But sometimes tears came to my eyes as I plucked out the more deeply imbedded hairs."

Fuzz occasionally appears on Mr. Wojkowski's face even now but, he said, "that's no job for a razor. I just take a match and singe it off."

— N. Y. Times.



Conscience gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet.

Eliot Flower Shop

Flowers for All Occasions
Corsages our Specialty
Special service to Tech students

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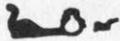
Good food at reasonable prices
24 hours a day—Every day

THE GRILL DINER
435 MAIN STREET

Conveniently located behind Building 20
Frank Arsenault, Manager

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Voice from the Rear: "Where's the sled?"



Census taker: "Your name, please?"

Spinster: "Matilda Brown."

Census Taker: "Age?"

Spinster: "Have the Hill Girls next door given theirs?"

Census taker: "No."

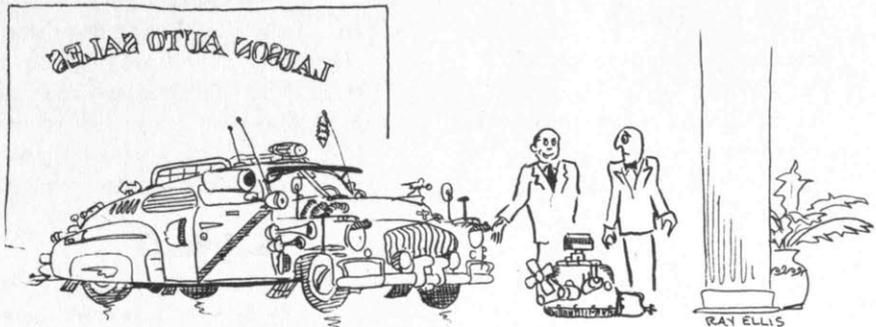
Spinster: "Well, I'm the same age as they are."

The census taker merely jotted down: "Miss Brown, as old as the hills."



A certain Yankee householder recently laid in his winter's supply of coal. When the bill came from the dealer he noticed that it boasted the slogan: "It's a Black business, but we treat you White."

The householder wept a little when he noted the amount of the invoice, then, wiping away his tears, he bravely made out the check. But with it he sent a little note reading: "May I offer a suggestion? I think you should change your slogan to 'It's a Dirty business, but we Clean you good'."



"We couldn't find room for it"

"Give me a chicken salad," said a student in the Commons.

"Do you want the 40-cent one or the 50-cent one?" asked the waitress.

"What's the difference?"

"The 40-cent ones are made of veal and pork, and the 50-cent ones are made of tuna."

— Exchange



A Philosopher is a man who can look an empty glass in the face and smile.



"So you desire to become my son-in-law?"

"No, I don't, but if I marry your daughter I don't see how I can get out of it."

Salesman: "Is the boss in?"

Office Girl: "I'm sorry, he isn't."

Salesman: "Will he be back after a little?"

Office Girl: "No, I think that's what he went after."



He: "I had a dream about you last night."

She: "Did you?"

He: "No, you wouldn't let me."



There was a young damsel named Carol

Who liked to play stud for apparel.

Her opponents straight flush

Brought a maidenly blush

And a hasty trip home in a barrel.

Attention Techmen! Have your shoes shined and repaired, your hat cleaned, and your suits cleaned and pressed within two blocks of M. I. T.

KENDALL SQUARE SHOE REPAIRING SHOP

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WINES — LIQUORS AND ALES

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OPEN DAILY 9 A.M. TO 11 P.M. — Free Delivery Service
Our Refrigerator Capacity is 500 Cases of Cold Beer and Ale

"What do you think of the museum of art?"

"Oh, the pictures are O.K. but there are no jokes under them."

— *The Walangon*



She: "Do you want to spoon?"

He: "Spoon? What's spooning?"

She: "Why, look at those other couples over there; that's spooning."

He: "Well, if that's spooning, let's shovel."



A man will get mad
And tell you to go — you know where.
But a woman will smile at you,
And lead you there!



She: "John, dear, I wouldn't let anybody else kiss me like this."

He "My name isn't John."

"You know, I've never realized that Sue had such a pretty leg."

"Oh, I've felt that right along."



He: "Let's play that kissing game."

She: "How do you play it?"

He: "Kiss and pause, kiss and pause —"

She: "O.K. on the kissing but you'll have to keep your paws to yourself."



Jack: "Gosh, Sam, that sure is some shiner you're wearing! What happened — run into a door?"

Sam: "No, Jack, I got this black eye as a result of taking your advice. Do you remember telling me that I would never get any place with my girl friend unless I took things into my own hands? Well, you forgot to tell me what things."

Don't forget the Scotsman who called up his sweetheart to find out what night she was free.

— *Yellow Jacket.*



Soft the new love tells his lies,
And ah, he tells them well;
Demurely, I turn down my eyes —
Alone, I laugh like hell.



"I told him I worshipped my figure, and he tried to embrace my religion."



The childless movie star claims that where she made her mistake was in marrying a director instead of a producer.

— *Open Road For Boys.*



"Is she a nice girl?"

"Moraless."

Meet
COPERNICUS EINSTEIN '50
The Boy Wonder!

Even a genius has to get away from his books once in a while. Such is the case with "Coppy" Einstein, who finds the Fife & Drum Room the ideal place to relax and escape from his books. Romantic dance music by Jimmy McHale. Songs by Sherry Lyndon. Never a minimum or cover.



Fife and Drum Room

HOTEL VENDOME

Commonwealth Ave. at Dartmouth St.



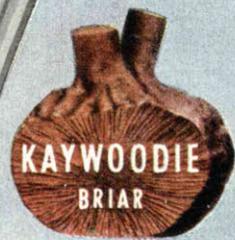
KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN—

The Kaywoodie organization was 18 years old when the clipper "Glory of the Seas" was launched at Donald McKay's Boston shipyard, pictured here. Kaywoodie briar is seasoned according to formulas proven by 96 years, to provide smoking enjoyment. It is selected by our own experienced men with life-long knowledge. Kaywoodie's Synchro-Stem "drinkless" fitment has proven to be the best that pipe-smokers ever had. For fullest enjoyment of smoking, get Kaywoodie. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Pocket size instruction book on request.

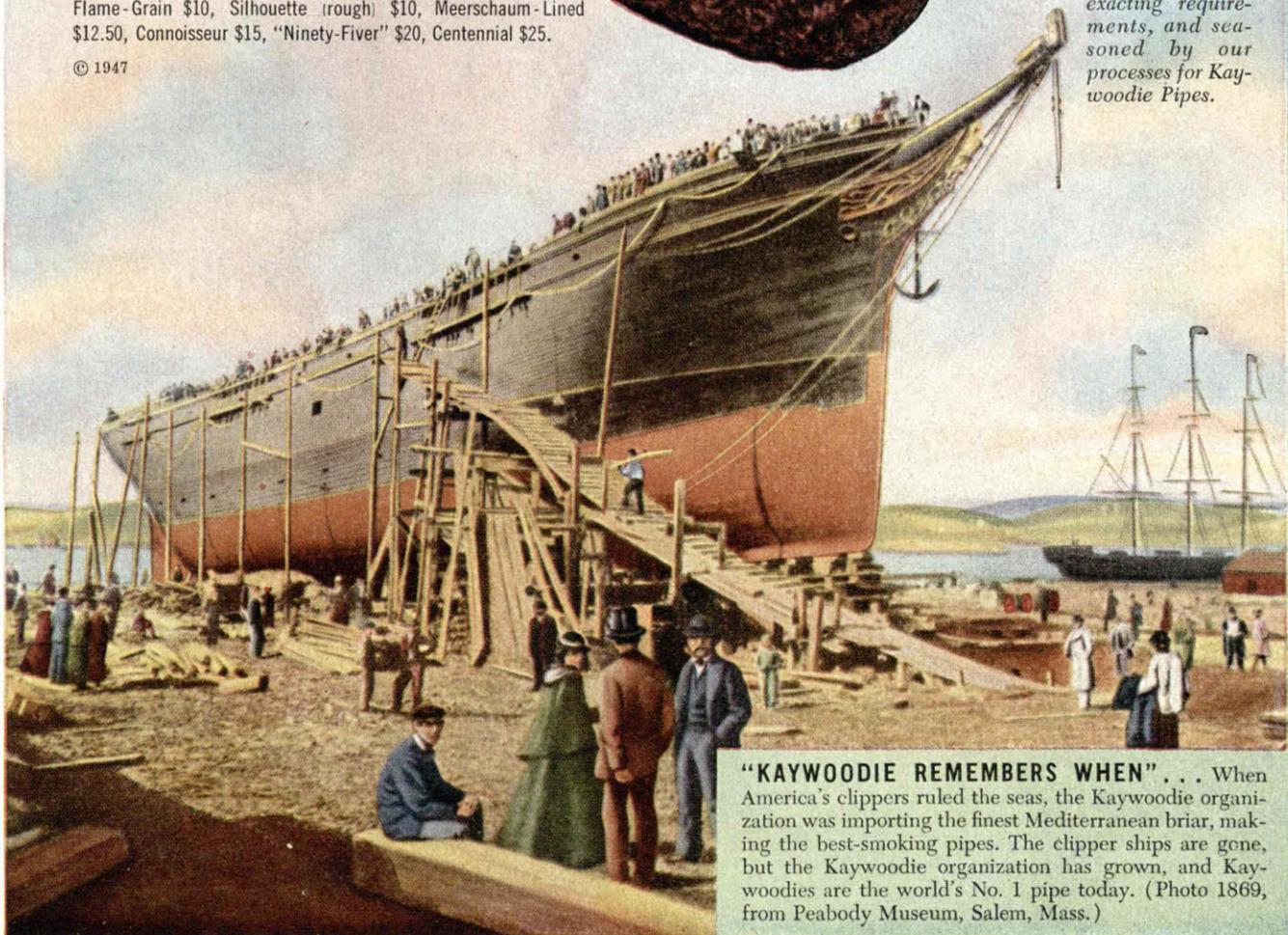
All Kaywoodie Pipes are available in a variety of shapes. Drinkless Kaywoodie \$3.50, Super-Grain \$5, Relief-Grain (rough) \$7.50, Flame-Grain \$10, Silhouette (rough) \$10, Meerschaum-Lined \$12.50, Connoisseur \$15, "Ninety-Fiver" \$20, Centennial \$25.

© 1947

"Silhouette" Kaywoodie, \$10. New Shape No. 59. "Silhouettes," rough-surface, light-weight pipes, come in other shapes also, \$10. Initials may be cut in solid band at jeweler's. Solid band is in "Silhouettes," "Ninety-Fiver" \$20, and Centennial Kaywoodies \$25, only. Always look for Cloverleaf trade mark and name Kaywoodie on pipe.



"Kaywoodie Briar" means briar imported by us, selected to meet our exacting requirements, and seasoned by our processes for Kaywoodie Pipes.



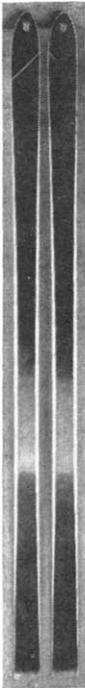
"KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN" . . . When America's clippers ruled the seas, the Kaywoodie organization was importing the finest Mediterranean briar, making the best-smoking pipes. The clipper ships are gone, but the Kaywoodie organization has grown, and Kaywoodies are the world's No. 1 pipe today. (Photo 1869, from Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.)



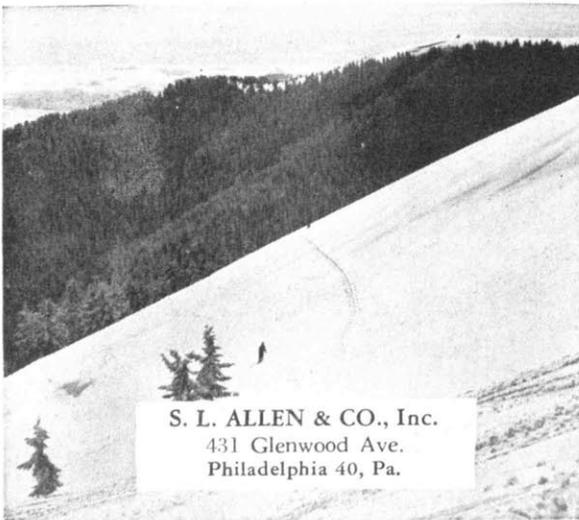
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PHOTOS



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- Absolute matching in weight, grain, camber, and flexibility!
- Freedom from warping!
- Endurance beyond expectations!



S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.
431 Glenwood Ave.
Philadelphia 40, Pa.

George: (sitting at a piano) "What do you want me to play?"

Voice from the dark: "Dead."



A man never gets so old that he isn't in there pinching.



"I'll take pork chops, and make them lean."

"Yes, sir; to the right, or left?"



"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"Why, no. I rather enjoy them."



Iceman (in kitchen with cake of ice): Hello, sonny.

Sonny: When you say that, smile.



Diner: "I can't eat this food, call the proprietor."

Waiter: "It's no use, sir, he won't eat it either."

— Bored Walk.



**IT'S TECHNIQUE
SON!**



For a book that everyone from frosh to faculty will always remember, buy the '48 TECHNIQUE. Get yours soon. This is a limited edition.



Are you dough-shy? Get us! We give the stuff away. Folding money, too. Yes sir, Pepsi-Cola Co. pays from \$1 to \$15 for gags you send in and we print. Why worry about an honest living? This is easier. Just send your stuff, along with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Box A, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

There's nothing to it—as you can see from the samples below. If, by coincidence, the words "Pepsi-Cola" turn up somewhere in your gag, don't worry about it. We don't mind. (Matter of fact, we kind of like it.) So start your stuff in now—for Easy Money.

GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

\$100.00

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Our well-known moron-about-campus, Murgatroyd—now a student in the school of agriculture—has developed a new theory on sheep-feeding. He makes a daily ration of Pepsi-Cola an important part of their diet. "Duuuuuuuuuh, of course," said Murgatroyd recently, when questioned as to his reasoning, "everybody knows that Pepsi-Cola is the drink for ewel!"

\$2 apiece, believe it or not, for any of these we buy!

Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



This is easy as falling off a log. A small log, that is. Just send us a caption for this cartoon. The best line gets \$5. Or you can send in cartoon ideas of your own. For cartoon ideas we buy, we pay \$10 apiece . . . \$15 if you draw them.



HE-SHE GAGS



If you're a He, and know a She—or vice versa—this should be your meat. Here's your chance to strike a blow for the home team in the battle between the sexes—and maybe win three bucks besides!

★
He Ubangi: I hear that Mbongo has left his wife.

She Ubangi: Really? Why?

He Ubangi: He says that every time she drinks a Pepsi, she smacks her lips, and he can't stand the clatter.

He: Why do you call my date "Pepsi," when her name is Betty?

She: Oh, we all call her "Pepsi" because she goes with anything!

★
He: I never knew what real happiness was until I married you.

She: Darling!

He: Yes, and by then it was too late.

★
Three bucks apiece for each of these we print. Let your conscience be your guide.

Daffy Definitions

Here's a column that must have some deep underlying significance. Darned if we know what, though. All we know is that these rate a buck each—and the daffier, the better.

Frustration—having a Pepsi-Cola and no bottle-opener.

Stork—bird with a big bill.

Professor—textbook wired for sound.

Thirst—obsolete term; dates back to pre-Pepsi-Cola era.

Cooperation—one bottle of Pepsi with two straws.

* * *

Paying \$1 apiece for these is like giving you a license to commit burglary. But—\$1 apiece for those we buy.

CHESTERFIELDS OF COURSE—
THERE'S LOTS MORE SMOKING PLEASURE TO THEM

—SAYS *Alan Hale*

FEATURED IN WARNER
BROS. TECHNICOLOR
PRODUCTION
"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"



A Hale and Hearty
Good wish—
More ABC's to You

A ALWAYS MILDER

B BETTER TASTING

C COOLER SMOKING

— THAT MEANS *They Satisfy*

Always Buy **CHESTERFIELD**