

MOOZ, W. E.

VOO DOO

November, 1947

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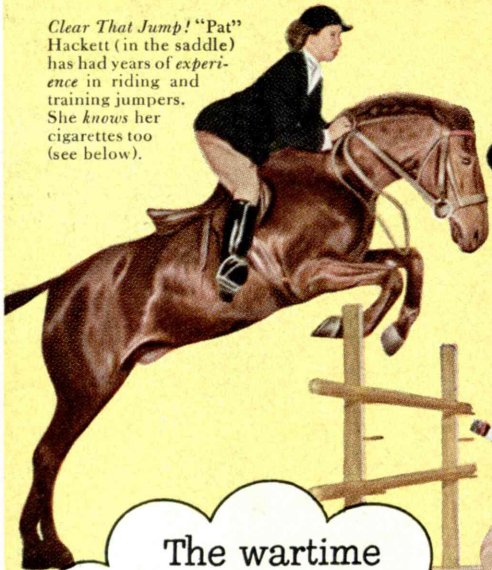


RUE DES COCHONS



"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

Clear That Jump! "Pat" Hackett (in the saddle) has had years of *experience* in riding and training jumpers. She *knows* her cigarettes too (see below).



— in jumping a horse or choosing a cigarette,"

says NOTED SPORTSWOMAN

"Pat" Hackett

The wartime cigarette shortage was a real experience. Of all the brands I smoked, CAMELS suit me best!



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

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

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."

• Not many women can match "Pat" Hackett's experience with horses, but millions can match her experience with *cigarettes!*

Remember the many brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? Whether you

intended to or not, you *compared* brand against brand...for Taste...for Throat. That's how millions learned from experience that there are big differences...in taste, mildness, coolness...in *quality*.

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone." Let your own Taste and Throat...your own *experience*...tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!



According to a recent Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
than any other cigarette

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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H.L. MENCKEN thinks that an editorial writer should also be a legman. Accordingly, about midnight one night, we set out with paper, pencil, and clipboard to cover the waterfront beat. For us this roughly extends from the sailing pavilion to Harvard Bridge. The scene was not filled with happenings of international importance, but we wish that the M.D.C. would fix the park benches, some of which are completely unfit to sit on.

Our most promising news find arose in a census of the kinds of cars found parked along Memorial Drive at midnight. Among these were a shiny '42 Buick convertible, a '46 Olds, a '47 Chrysler, a two-tone golden, custom '47 De Soto, and a '47 Lincoln Continental. In this array of costly cars, our editorial eye discerned a favorable economic argument, which we pass along for the reader's use. We can now hold these well-to-do people up to our girls as examples, showing that it is certainly not expense but aesthetic beauty that makes us prefer the riverside to those vulgar nightclubs.



THE general conception of a Voo Doo staff member is caricatured at the left. When we are introduced to nice girls as being responsible for Voo Doo, they pull their coats more tightly about them and shrink back into the arms of their escorts, who, with dual intent, slyly hand them stiff drinks so that they may brace themselves after this awful encounter with evil.

Such reaction, though a tribute to our publicity, sometimes annoys us. We on the staff are mostly routine misfits to the Technology grind, who are seeking an outlet for some of our non-scientific drives. Contrary to our carefully nurtured propaganda that the staff consists of collegiate screwballs having a good time (which is quite true), a large amount of continuous hard work also goes into the mag. We feel that this does not often receive its deserved recognition.

Accordingly, each month Phos would like to say a little about some member of the staff. This month he introduces Lenny Salter, the treasurer, as being the fellow who makes sure the telephone company does not remove our phone for non-payment of bills. Lenny's voice is often heard above the office uproar with something like: "No, we won't pay your traffic fine for running a red light while you were taking a copy of Voo Doo to your girl." or "Are these thumbtacks necessary." Phos is a wily cat and is happy about Lenny's economy, as long as it does not cut his beer ration.

L.

Cover this month by Waldt.

MOOZ, W.E.

DOING THE TOWN

Around six o'clock, as the story opens, we find your staunch and stout-hearted reporter calling up the *Show Bar* to pass the good word that he's coming. Originally I had intended to hit there about 9.30, but this geek over the phone says that he's all filled up at that hour, can I get in somewhat earlier, say 8.45? Obliging soul that I am, I naturally acceded to his modest request. Right on the button, then, my date and I decant ourselves from an Independent cab, stroll through the door, and promenade all the way back to where I spot two guys with Tuxedos. Stepping casually up to one of the two specimens, I mention that I represent the M. I. T. humor magazine, Voo Doo, that my name is Fisher, and that they are holding a reservation for me. All I get is the bleak stare from this jokester.

Somewhere in the tremendous depths of his subconscious, though, there seems to light up a very dim bulb, and he rouses himself enough to chortle Yeh-yeh, he remembers me now, and would I just sit my little self down for a minute — there would be room in half a mo'. (Apparently he had every intention of going in there and forcibly ejecting someone who was just drinking beer.) So, awreddy, I parade my girl and myself to a nearby settee and we sit down behind the smallest damn table I've seen anywhere, from which vantage point in the outer lobby we can see nothing, hear nothing, and do nothing but drink, which I am quite willing to get started at, it being late. Out in front they've got some old geezer who is creating quite a fuss playing drums to a recorded accompaniment, and who is getting a fairly good hand from the polluted *hois* gathered around a nasty old bar. Right at *this* juncture, incidentally, I found that the drinks were terrific in price.

After I'd been cooling my heels and

warming my stomach for about twenty minutes, I strolled aft again, past a long line now, to see what the delay was. This time I associate myself with the other yahoo who's guarding the perilous gate. This bird, when goosed into recollection, also remembered that there ~~was~~ a Fisher supposed to show up and that he'd been voted a share in a tablé. Accordingly, he promises me faithfully (according to him) that the very next table turning up vacant inside was mine, that he personally would come over and get me, and where was I sitting? So I show him, and go over and relax for a moment again. This trip I weary my butt for almost thirty minutes, each fleeting second of which does nothing but make a very negative impression on my far-famed good nature. Finally hoisting myself up once more, whilst the young lady who was with me during all the torture got her coat on, I made the final scene of the evening.

With grim determination written all over my grimey puss, I stride up to the twosome and deliver myself of the following epic discourse, to wit: "I am leaving. I am going to give your little beer-hall a write-up. I may not be able to hinder your business any, but I am in a position not to help it, either. Goodby and good luck."

If you don't believe me, you can try it. They don't want college people because of the beer that they drink. You might just as well forget about that "reservation" stuff. You are going to have to wait in line. You are going to be rocked for your drinks. You are going to be faintly amused by the show, of which I can say, only, that it lacks originality. Besides all of which, the atmosphere can hardly be described as "homey." Personally, before I spend another nickel in the joint, they are going to have to invite



me, and they'll have to do a lot of talking to convince me that it's any better than the Esplanade Cafe.

JOHN FISHER

ONE who has never been exposed to morals is amoral. One who was exposed but was not impressed is immoral. No one is ever moral; we are childish. Leaving this mental mouthful for digestion, we break to tell the story of the rounds.

You can spend a good part of the evening on this end of Newbury Street. The *Newbury Steak House* is a couple of blocks down from Mass Ave and you can eat upstairs or down. The upstairs might have been a second-hand furniture store once, but it is painted and simple now. You sit in varnished booths and except for a few vases perched near your date's head, there is little physical danger. Most of the menu is steak in different types and dimensions from \$1.15 to \$1.65.

Outside the Steak House a fellow (not affiliated with the place) came up and said, "You got the right time?" We told him it was about quarter of nine. "Jeez, I thought it was about eleven. Hell." We wanted to know what he was swearing so about; he had practically won two hours. "I wanted to go home and get to bed. It's too early for that now."

If he asked again we would advise him to go up to the Glass Hat, which is what we did. It is near Mass. Station and is another one of those cabarets that offer any drink for twenty-nine cents (between four and seven).

During the cocktail hour there is no music, except for the frequent clinking of a quarter and four pennies in the somewhat clutching hand of the bartender. Other sounds are the shrieks of those who, after opening the door marked boys, suddenly find themselves plunging down twenty or so steps.

Mr. Albert, manager, says that the

Glass Hat was founded shortly after repeal. After seven-thirty dance music is provided by the Henry Day Trio, who, since they are chained to the wall, have been there almost as long as the club. They take turns with Rita Nagel, an exceptional pianist.

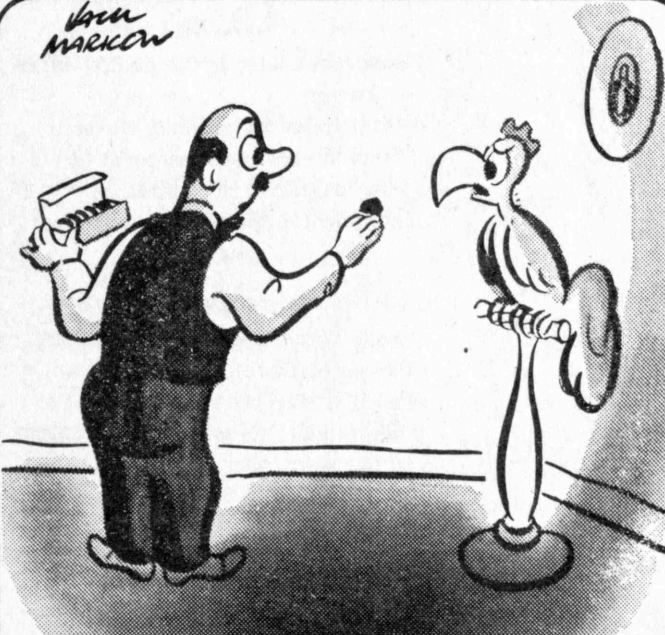
In addition to a slightly bald barkeep named Al Ryan, who insists that Scotch is the best hair-restorer yet, the *Glass Hat* features American and Italian food, anything from blue point oysters to veal caccitore. For safety's sake order liquor by brand, since two of our best friends have died from the after effects of two dollars and ninety cents worth of careless ordering.

If you want to talk love quietly try the Camellia Room in the *Lafayette*, just off Mass Ave on Commonwealth. A courteous doorman hands you to a leech-like waitress. There is a six piece orchestra and a fairly large dance floor. Watch out for the \$2 minimum that sneaks up around nine o'clock.


For the slightly deaf and for

Continued on page 4

Mark Markov



"Nuts to those crackers!
Where's my Dentyne Chewing Gum?"



"You'd think that bird was human the way he goes for Dentyne! I can't blame him though. I sure go for Dentyne's refreshing, long-lasting flavor myself. I like the way Dentyne Chewing Gum helps keep my teeth white, too!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams

LONDON WINE COMPANY

1298 BEACON STREET, BROOKLINE
COOLIDGE CORNER

◆◆◆◆◆

WE CARRY SCOTCHES, CANADIAN WHISKIES,
BOURBONS, CHAMPAGNE, IMPORTED
CORDIALS, BEER AND ALE

◆◆◆◆◆

ANYTHING YOU LIKE
AVAILABLE TO YOU
DROP IN AND SEE US

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Open Daily 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Telephone LOnghood 6-2800

Smith House

Famous
Food
For
Fifty
Years

300 MEMORIAL DRIVE
CAMBRIDGE

TROWBRIDGE 6-8500

VOODOOING THE TOWN:

Continued from page 3

harmless drunks in search of weird entertainment, you can have the *Shangri-La*. It sports three bars and an orchestra which sounds like street-car bells, riveting hammers, bellowing sailors, and 21-gun salutes, plus many wayward girls.

DICK STEPHAN



Looking coldly at the man who had just given him a nickel for carrying his bags twelve blocks, the little boy said: "I know something about you."

"What?" asked the man.

"You're a bachelor."

"That's right. Know anything else about me?"

"So was your father."



A drunk saw a human fly climbing a skyscraper, "He's a flunky," said the drunk, and followed him up. When the fly reached the fortieth story, he looked over his shoulder and the drunk was still coming. The fly reached the top, climbed on the roof. "I've a parachute and I'm jumping," said the fly. "So am I," replied the drunk. The human fly jumped off and pulled the rip cord. He floated past the thirtieth story. "Sissy!" cried the drunk as he passed him.

Rammer Jammer.



"Can you tell me the name of the dean?"

"No, I'm just a football player here."

LaState.



Headline in the *Ortonville Independent*: "Mrs. Obitz Dies Suddenly at Her Home."

She is probably survived by that famous son.

An asylum patient who had been certified cured was saying goodbye to the director of the institution. "And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well," said the patient, "I have passed my bar examinations, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics so I might try acting."

He paused for a moment, deep in thought. "Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

Sundial.



A farmer whose clock had run down was sending his boy to town to get the correct time.

"But, Pa, I can't bring the right time. I have no watch."

"What do you want a watch for? If you can't remember, write it down on a piece of paper."



A luscious young thing named Miss Trevor

Was cute, and exceedingly clever;

To damp her beau's ardor

She put pins in her garter

To spike the poor fellow's endeavor.



Lady (to street car motorman): "Please, Mr. Motorman, will I get a shock if I step on the track?"

Motorman: "No, lady. Not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire."

Yale Record.



Bull Prof.: "Did you write this unaided?"

Frosh: "I did; every line of it."

Prof.: "Then I am very pleased to meet you, Lord Tennyson. I thought you died years ago."

Once up a time, il y avait un homme qui avait un chien nomme Abner. Quand l'homme faisait une promenade avec son chien, les gens disaient: "O! Voila l'homme and Abner."†

†(Unanimously voted by Voo Doo staff as being the worst pun of the year.—Ed.)



When a doctor told a famous actress "You must stop taking sleeping pills or they'll become an unbreakable habit," she replied angrily, "Don't be silly. I've been taking those pills every night for twenty years, and they're not a habit yet."



It was the first date.

"Cigarette?"

"No thank you. I don't smoke.

"Let's go down and sip a few."

"I'd rather not. I never touch liquor."

"Well, let's go out on the heights for a while."

"No, please don't. I want to go out and do something exciting, something new."

"O.K. Let's go to the dairy building and milk the hell out of a couple of cows."



A young couple registered at a hotel and were shown to their room. The new bride was very concerned when she saw the twin beds in the room. "What's the matter, darling?" asked the groom.

"Why," she answered, "I certainly thought we were going to get a room to ourselves."

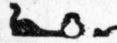
Rammer Jammer.



She: "We're going to give the bride a shower."

He: "Count me in. I'll bring the soap."

Dad criticized the sermon. Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes. Sister didn't like the choir's singing. But they all shut up when little Willie piped in, "Still it was a pretty good show for a nickel."



"For goodness sake, use both hands!"

"Can't. Gotta drive with one."



Harold (speaking to Dorothy): "You're a dear, sweet girl, Anna —"

Dorothy: "Anna!"

Harold: "Don't interrupt. I said you are a dear, sweet girl — anna love you with all my heart."



"Where have you been for the past few years?"

"At college taking medicine."

"Do you feel better now?"



Boy: "We have a new baby at our house."

Girl: "Where did you get it?"

Boy: "Dr. Brown brought it."

Girl: "We take from him too."

Urchin.



There was a young fellow named Hall, Who fell in the spring in the fall —

'Twould have been a sad thing

If he died in the spring,

But he didn't — he died in the fall.



Traveler: "What is this on the register?"

Clerk: "A bug, sir."

Traveler (laying down his pen): "I don't mind if you have bugs in this hotel, but when they come out to see which room you take — that's too much!"

Columns.

KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN



First phone, 1876

The Kaywoodie organization was making pipes 25 years before the first telephone, and was among the first to install an office telephone. Established 1851.

HOW TO TELL THE GENUINE KAYWOODIE

LOOK FOR THE CLOVERLEAF and brand name on the stem

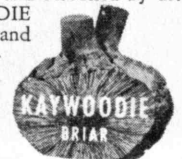


*No. 69
Pot Shape
\$3.50*

KAYWOODIE

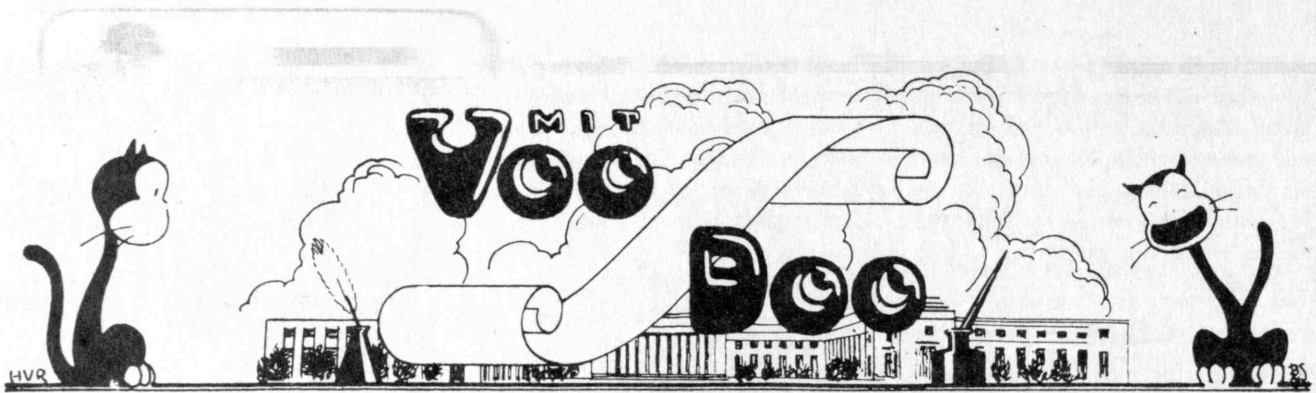
backed by the record of 96 years

The KAYWOODIE organization was established in 1851. Generations of smokers have enjoyed relaxation and pleasure from our pipes, with advances pioneered by KAYWOODIE. KAYWOODIES of 1947 provide greater pleasure than ever. Made of imported briar, specially selected and seasoned by us. At dealers'. KAYWOODIE Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. Booklet on request.



Copr. 1947

DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE \$3.50,
SUPER-GRAIN \$5, RELIEF-GRAIN \$7.50, FLAME-GRAIN \$10,
SILHOUETTE \$10, MEERSCHAUM LINED \$12.50,
GONNOISSEUR \$15, "NINETY-FIVEL" \$20, CENTENNIAL \$25.



ED is taking Ec70, Psychology, and its making a thinker of him. The other day Clarence was reminded of a story. Everyone groaned, but Clarence began. "These five drunks staggered into a bar. . . ."

"Were they men of common background?" asked Ed.

HERE is something we woke up in time to hear Prof Wareham say in a freshman chem lecture: "This next topic is important because we are going to spend three weeks on it."

ONE morning when there was little traffic around, some four-or-five-year old kids made a dirt pie in the middle of our street. (Recipe: Fill small bucket to top with dirt. Pack well. Turn upside down carefully.) Then they hid behind the hedges and waited for someone to run over it. When the first car came down the street they shouted "Smash my pie! Smash my pie!" but the driver steered around it. Even drivers of big trucks would smile and swerve to avoid it. Finally the kids got tired of this sentimentalism and kicked it apart themselves.

DEEP in the heart of a big EE lab some students were working on an experiment with an electronic motor regulator. The time arrived to push the button to start it working. The students pushed the button and nothing happened. They called over the instructor who checked over the whole circuit, found nothing wrong with it, and pushed the button. It still didn't start. Everyone was baffled.

At this point a grammar school teacher came into the lab with her class on a tour of our wondrous Institute. While the instructor glibly unfolded the elements of electrical engineering to the pretty teacher, one of the children, snooping around, discovered the button and pushed it. The apparatus started right up.



WE were playing ping pong with our roommate, Ed, who has absorbed a lot of advertising like everyone else. The score was 6-5 when Ed made a tricky return that we muffed. "Six up!" said Ed, then added, "Drink the new Six-Up; numerically inferior, tastefully superior."

JUDY TURNER, Girl Architect, solved the problem of keeping the doors clean in the new Pritchett Lounge. Most restaurants tack up a brass plate and hope people will use it; Judy put up a large black wooden hand and, by golly, people are psychologically forced to use it.

WE finally named our Halloween party, at least amongst ourselves, "Bag Drag." One idea worth saving for next year, made by Dick, who was in charge of decorations, is the use of Halloween-style orange and black lights — the orange lights being shut off about 10 o'clock.

ONE of the pros never used to get his *Time Magazine* on Thursday morning. Other people in the department would be poring over their copies and quote from them at lunch before his was delivered. He mentioned it to the janitor-mailman, who couldn't imagine what caused the delay. It came more promptly after that, though, and our guess is that the janitor will not do very well on the next *Time Current Affairs Test*.

OUR editorial policy includes complete support of the interdepartmental mailing system. We believe janitors do not mind being mailmen and we like to have someone in a department know what is going on. Not the Walker Memorial Committee though. Every activity got a letter last month saying that it had been assigned a mailbox down cellar in Walker. Rather than forwarding letters to the activity through the Institute mails, the WMC said it would leave all the mail it gets in those boxes — please check periodically.

What a glad response! One school association wrote, "We are certainly proud to have a mailbox in the WMC office. This is another important WMC service."

Our own boss called a special session and divided the staff into watchdog teams. Every fifteen minutes from four to six in the afternoon, it is someone's job to run downstairs and check for mail. When mail gets really heavy we just leave a Freshman down there and feed him from time to time.

QUIZ on WMC:

Do you know who owns the bulletin



"There ain't no maid of honor and I'm the best man."

and corridor tables all over the Institute? A. WMC.

Do you know who will not let us change the name of Walker to the Voo Doo Building? A. Bill Zimmerman, chairman, a Course XV man who is going to flunk 15.73, Work Simplification, this term if he cannot apply the course any better than he has.

Where at Tech does the saying, "Your best bet is *Coronel*" not apply? A. "Gambling of any type is not permitted in any part of Walker."

Are students "required to respect the furnishings and equipment of the building as if it were their own?" A. Yes, but any submissive student who could respect our ramshackle typewriter is a mouse.

Finally, though the WMC has not decided how high up is, they will tell you how big a poster is. Eleven by seventeen inches.

AT a recent fraternity celebration at the Smith House, one of the fellows was drinking pretty heavily. Finally as a matter of fact, he passed out. A couple of his buddies picked him up and carried him out the front door to a car and took him home.

A minute later, the worried manager of the Smith House came hurrying into the party and said, "For heaven's sake, if any more pass out, take them out the back door."

Hell, we thought the back door was only for police raids.

CLARENCE, another roommate, got a card from the library the other day. It said, "The book for which you inquired has been returned to the Central Library and will be held for you until October 24."

"Of course," said Clarence, "I'm the guy that returned it."

The story of a smart boy in a foreign land who runs away from home and gets in with a bad crowd.

Profile from the Vienna Woods

I

Want to see your mother swoon?

No batteries or wires — just ask her if she remembers Johann Hosenträger.

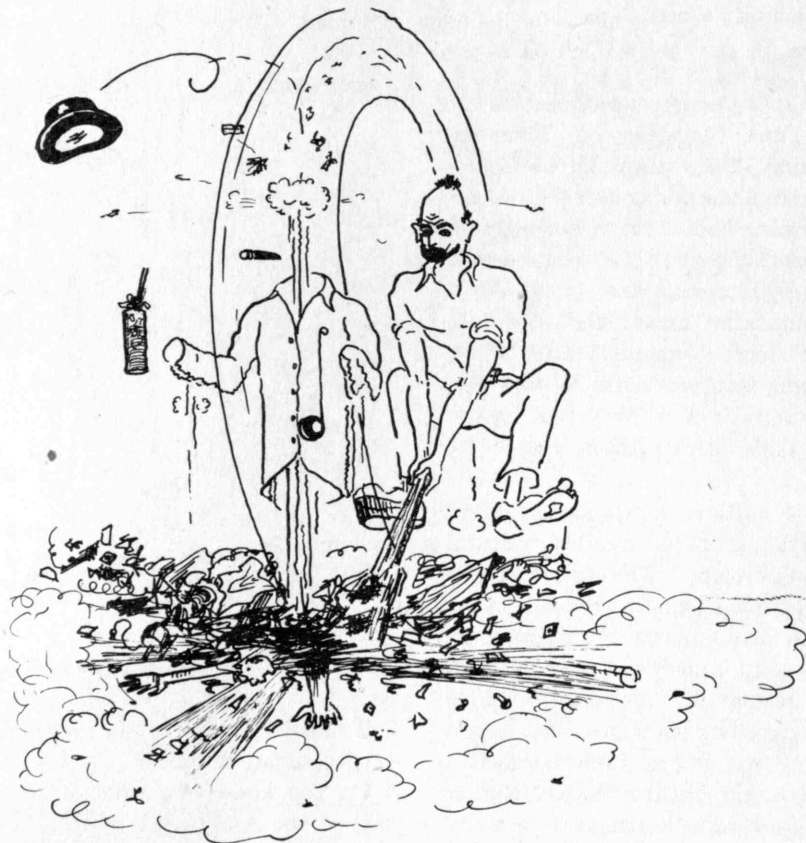
Many incandescent names have passed before the world audience — Shakespeare, Newton, Caesar. Countless as the stars in the heavenly balcony, some as brilliant, some glowing in celestial reflection, but all shortly flickering and burning out. The only ashen name remembered today is — Hosenträger, Johann Hosenträger.

We who must be one prosaic Self must admire Hosenträger — the many-self. Inspiration to all youth, young and old; molder of a world's conduct; a man of unsurpassable fortitude, rectitude and rut-ti-tude — that was Hosenträger, now dead.

Humbly delivered, Johann was born great. Like America's Honest Ray Massey he was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands at a very early age. After the bright-eyed baby had been boiled in hot water as is customary, the doctor slumped into his chair. "Ouch," he said as he jumped up. This was no ordinary baby, but one that put tacks dipped in penicillin on his obstetrician's chair.

He and his beautiful sister were born of unwanted parents and spent their early days in an IWW bread line down by 34th Strasse, Vienna. In his spare time he was the average genius. He composed suites to be played at the Crown Ball and dabbled in science, ghosting most of the papers read to the Royal Academy.

He was a prolific writer at four and at seven wrote a set of elementary physics books using the name of a moustached barn-dance caller he had known. Remarkable cried the critics.



... and broke the boy's Gazzinka over his head.

Under a research grant from the Moxie corporation he once calculated, correct to 430 places, the density of near-beer in Crandalls per cubic Burlington. Then came his invention of the Tates. (The tates is the sister-gadget to the compass, except that there is no magnetism in the needle. The needle never points in the same direction twice. Therefore, he who has a tates is lost.)

Ten years-old now, he had the scientific world sniveling at his feet crying, "Hypotheses, please Johann, give us more theories! The peasants, the officials, the popular science editors demand more theories or we will be

bisected in the square." The scientists crowded around him as he leaned back on the sofa. His yo-yo darted out, skimming Pasteur's nose. He pinched Madame Curie. Madame Curie winked back. What a cute devil was this Hosenträger; if it only weren't for Pierre. "I give you people theories," Johann admonished them, "you go back to your homeland and publish the theory, saying that you worked alone and independently. That is bad. We must have a system." Out swung the yo-yo. "I suggest we have an auction for my theories."

"Man is evolved from the ape," he

said finally. "What am I bid for this hypothesis?" The bidding was wild as the scientific greats tried to get the theory for themselves. Darwin, backed by gorilla money, bought this particular theory finally for £5000. "Thank heaven," said Darwin as he scribbled the theory into his notebook, "those Americans didn't come to the auction today. I could never match their prices."

Luckily for the women of the world, Johann was disinherited by his poor father. One day, irascible Mr. Hosenträger noticed that his son operated his yo-yo lefty, a trait peculiar to no-count Viennese icemen. "Aha," shouted the elder Hosenträger, "a yo-yo southpaw." The father broke the boy's Gazzinka over his head, the strings snapping in a five note — booiinnng.

The Gazzinka is a musical instrument made of a combination of the oboe, viola, and harpsichord.

Johann picked himself up and took himself aside, away from the family and our interpreter. "Ho, das ist der laste straw, and a fresh supply von straws will nicht be outgegeben until de Anschluss. Mein boy, du had better hit the Strasse." So he packed his neckerchief, reassembled his Bazzinka, and tipped his hat to the wolf at the door.

II

Johann trudged down the sidestreet and started thumbing on Highway 8A (paved, fair) leading to Schussnigville. Down the road galloped a four-in-hand which stopped beside him. A fat man in rich clothes stuck his head out the door. "Going to seek your fortune, boy?" asked the man. "I am Fourier, the medium-great sideshow impresario. Come along."

Within a few hours Johann was working in a big tent, pulling carts with his eyelids, gulping swords, and playing his Gazzinka. He was discovered here by a rich woman impresario who offered him a temporary job around her estate, doing nothing as

far as we could discover, then sent him to the famed Straushaus in Berlin, where he was billed over the song and dance team Sealy and Ensign.

His rise was phenomenal. His looks, those sexy heavy eyelids, his voice, his romantic smoothness made women swoon. Every unconscious woman in Berlin was an endorsement of Johann's power. His name and achievements leapt oceans and half the world, the women, were at his feet, hysterical. Thousands of flowers were thrown at him daily. The Holland tulip index went up $5\frac{1}{2}$ points (1906 equals 100).

Hosenträger was still the simple boy he had been seven years before, however, and chanced to fall into love. She ran off with Harry Horowitz from Hamburg, leaving Johann to say, "Das ist der laste straw and a fresh supply von straws will nicht be outgegeben until de Anschluss." He went into the nearest Hofbrau, called the Tischfrau, ordered some Edelbrau and took his first drink. That drink

made a new man out of Johann. The new man was thirsty, too, so they both ordered a drink. This made them still thirstier, whereupon they ordered more drinks and more drinks. Each drink made a new man out of the man who drank it and each gave bill to the original Johann. Soon the Brauhaus was filled with Johanns, Johanns were drinking, Johanns were serving drinks, Johanns were mixing drinks.

Two months later, now a common alcoholic, he finally fell to the pavement. Face to face with a sad-eyed cocker spaniel he lost consciousness.

When he stirred again, he saw he was in an alcoholic ward. An attendant in white coat was massaging his back with rubbing alcohol. As the attendant closed the door behind him, Johann twisted around in a tremendous effort to lick the precious liquid from his back. His neck snapped. Prosit!

SKIP JUSTIN, in collaboration with JOHN BEDELL AND BOB GEISS.

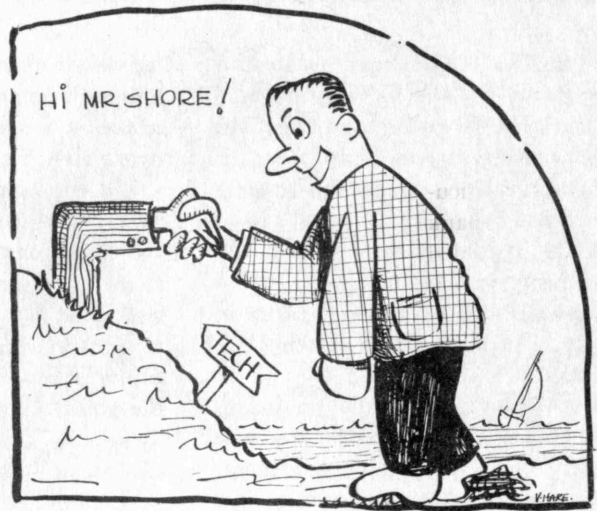
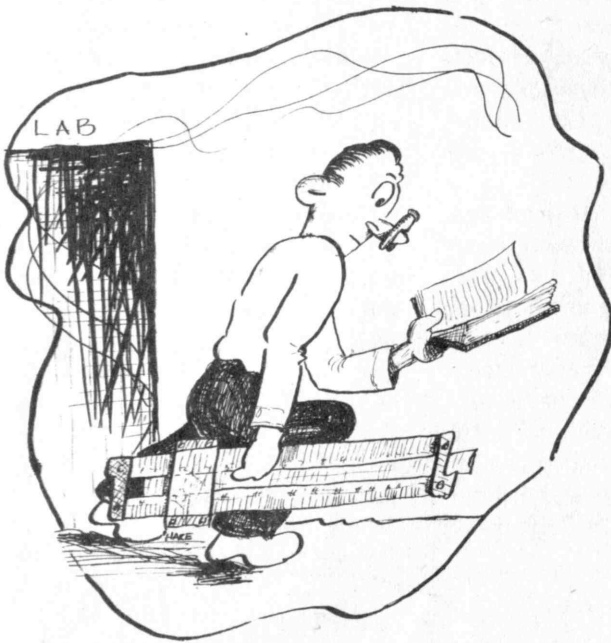
Illustrated by DON VAIL.



ODE TO A TECHMAN

1

On the banks of Boston's Boat-pond,
On the shores We know so well,
Stands a place of Reputation.
Call it Heaven - Call it Hell.

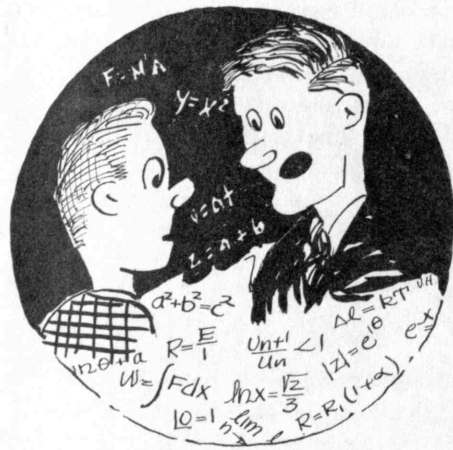


2

In this place of dark recesses,
In this home of Labs and Smells,
Work and stumble men of Wisdom
Men who work and learn too well.

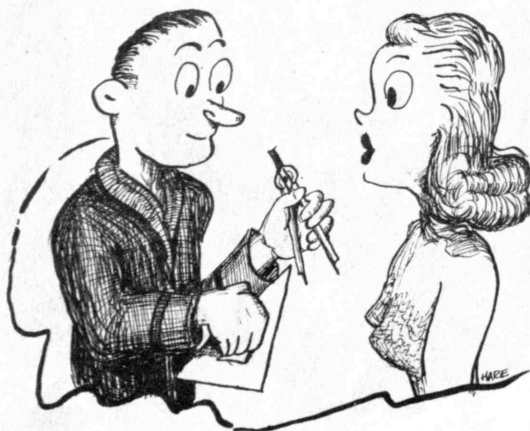
3

All the things that are important,
All the things that must survive,
Practical and of the essence,
M-eleven, Six-o-five,



4

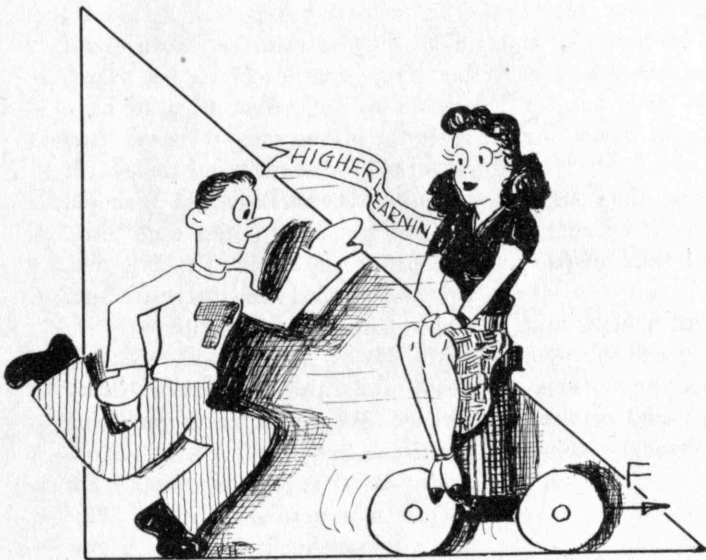
Comes the day of Matrimony,
Comes the night of great Desire,
Brings the Techman to the
Bedroom,
Equipment that he will require.





"Coming Soon, Dear"

6 On the shores of Boston's Boat-pond,
Where the learned Techmen dwell,
There the squaw may find her hunter:
Find her man, but she must tell -



8 So the moral of this tale is,
When you see a shapely blonde,
Turn your thoughts from old Sir Isaac,
To the banks down by the pond.

FINIS

5 Sliderule, Tables of Conversion.
Dividers, Square and ruling pen.
Techmen miss the most important
Course they should be tutored in.



"Techman no time makeum peace"

7 To him all the things important,
As he passed from Frosh to Grad
In pursuit of higher learning,
There are some things he has not had.



Van. C. Hare.

AND THE SUN SHONE

Goddammit, don't squeak at me, he said, and looked mad. She blew her nose with vehemence, and Bobby wondered about her and about himself and about the sun that shone fiercely through the dusty window panes. I don't like you, she said, and I don't like your manners, and the way you are so full of yourself, and people should be warned to stay away from you. She picked up her bag and gloves and left. Bobby sniffed at the hot sun, and went outside to his car.

He drove back to Cambridge looking at nothing but the road, driving fast and mean, muttering each time the car hit a bad spot of paving. There was little traffic on the road, and Bobby regarded every other car as an insult, as an unjustified insult, an insult that should be wiped out with violence and speed. He shot through an amber light on the River Street bridge, and as he turned up Memorial Drive he looked as furious as he ever did — his face solemn and unsmiling, dignified and a little dazed.

He parked the car behind the Graduate House, picked up his books, and reached his classroom a couple of minutes before the bell rang. Out of the corner of his mind he winced at the familiar blonde in the familiar

unbecoming blue sweater and green skirt. He settled down on his spine, hitched his trouser legs up carefully, and stared at the large slide rule at the top of the blackboard. Mr. Davis was talking at cross purposes with the intellectual little kid who affected a first crop beard, and Bobby thought for Chrissakes why doesn't the bastard take that pipe out of his mouth and speak like a man. Grow a mustache and a pipe in one corner of your mouth and be a psychologist, he thought. What are you getting out of this course, asked Mr. Davis, and Bobby muttered something about his mother.

Davis looked at him. Mr. Wickham, he asked, what are *you* getting out of this course? Do you take it because you have to, or because you think of psychology and sex, or because you hope to get something worthwhile from it?

I get very little from the course, Bobby said, and I take it because I have to and because I think of psychology and sex.

Davis' eyes narrowed a little, and Bobby saw what a big man he was. The room was quiet and the conversation was on a personal level between him and Davis, a personal combat

between him and Davis, a tourney in which Bobby was tilting at the Davis in authority and the Davis who said that he didn't like his manners.

Perhaps I could get something from this course, he said, but I doubt it. I cut this class regularly because I don't learn enough here. The government pays you a lot of good money to teach me An Introduction To Psychology, and for that money I am not being taught as well as I should be. I am not here as a convenient target for your semantics. I can do without class discussion if the occasion demands it, and the occasion demands it until we have learned something. It is your job to get us somewhere, and take that pipe out of your mouth if you want me to understand what you say.

Davis took the pipe from his mouth. What do you want me to do about bettering my teaching, he asked, smooth as ice. You seem to have given the matter some thought. And he turned to the class and smiled. It is curious, he smiled, that I should get this sort of a protest each term, just before the second paper is due. And a few smiled knowingly with him, and watched with aloof interest.

Mr. Davis, Bobby said, speaking slowly and carefully, that is hardly curious. We should know something to write in this paper, he said, but we don't. What is curious is that I am the only man to raise my voice. Why didn't I speak earlier? In the beginning of this course I was prepared to take you at your own valuation, but not any more. I am paying for a higher standard of teaching than I am getting.

Mr. Wickham, said Davis, and a small ragged edge showed in his speech, I will talk to you about this matter after class. And he turned to the bearded boy and asked him what needs he was satisfying through this course.

Bobby looked around him at the

Continued on page 23

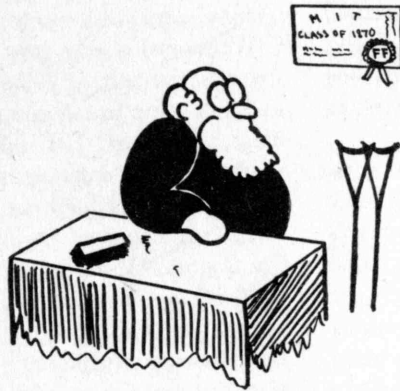


"Gee fellows, I'm sorry . . . I forgot about the New Senior House."

MEN OF DISTINCTION



MIT of course



by Eric



Techman who ate $(365 \times 4 + 1) \times 3$ consecutive meals at Walker Memorial.



Bismuth McSwine, young genius who claimed to understand Phillips' Chapter I. Invented the bugger factor. Composed a trilogy of three operas oddly entitled: "8.01," "8.02," "8.03."

Bertram L. Liveroil, who authored THE original 8.01 bible. Was the first janitor ever employed by M.I.T. Accidentally signed his name on a registration card instead of payroll. Graduated as an expert in Byzantine architecture. Ace salesman, he made his first million selling old calendars.



Mentally deficient but physically mature student, Hardbrane Q. Oar, having just been passed by a certain secretary from the English Department.



Distinguished ROTC student, advanced. Has ulcers from worry that freshmen cadets do not respect him.



Halogen Musspuckle, who works behind the Walker soda fountain. Uses small scoop to reduce air friction during motions. Serves one level scoop for a dime. Has few friends.



Magoun fan, Class of '36. Lost his "Handbook on Marriage" on graduation day. Has not got around to ordering a new one yet. Too late now, anyway.

JANITOR EMERITUS

In spite of the fact that I had no intention of interviewing a retired Technology janitor on Thursday last the following information concerning one J. Leo Leedham was acquired between 11.30 and Noon.

Mr. Leedham suffers from an overdose of ideas. As he puts it, "I've got an awful problem. My brain is way over here, full of ideas, (He placed his hand on the wall between the doors of 1-150) and I'm working way over here. (He placed his other hand three feet from the first on the same wall.) You see, I'm thinking all the time, but I'm educated only from the wrists out." I expressed a sympathetic understanding and drew upon recent quiz experience for emphasis, whereupon he removed his hands but left his dilemma outlined on the wall in gray.

"I came to Tech to be where they make ideas work," he continued, "but they gave me a basket — they made me a paper picker." His skew hair bristled a bit and his eyes behaved as if his collar were becoming tight. "I couldn't take it. But before I quit I told them that some day they would pay me six dollars an hour." Again

I expressed understanding, but had no recent experience for emphasis.

We moved slowly toward building five and the exit. "I like your looks and I'm going to tell you some of my ideas," he said. "I can tell that you're not an engineer, but maybe your friends can help me." This bit about not being an engineer pleased my Course XV nature, but the prospect of missing lunch did not. I thought of sending Mr. Leedham to the Division of Industrial Cooperation, but could think of no gentle way to suggest it.

"The principle of this idea is sound," he said. "It was discovered back in 1850. Do you remember when the horses tried to pull the sphere apart." I felt on solid scientific ground and recalled the experiment of the evacuated hemispheres. "That's it. Now what I do is heat the vacuum. I've watched the power waves rise when I burn rubbish. We'll use it on subs. Look. Here's where it will fit." He produced a notebook and sketched an egg shape with two bumps. "I call them vacuum lungs." I thought it good to have a name for the idea, but the exact function escaped me.

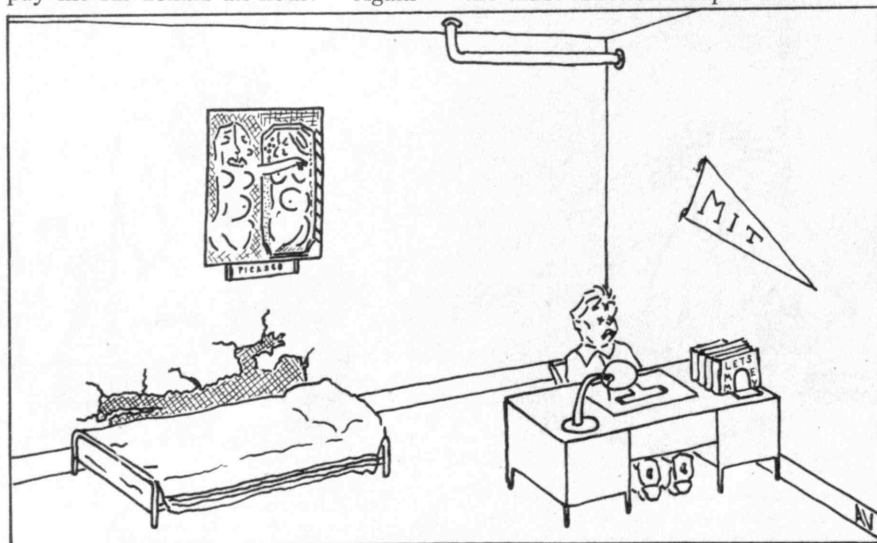
We reached building five and Mr. Leedham put the large black suitcase he carried on a table. "I want to show you something; you seem to understand." I was interested, but convinced that I understood little. The large black case contained a cigar box and two unmatching shoe laces. From the cigar box Mr. Leedham took a folded paper. "This may not mean anything to you," he said as he unwrapped it, "but it didn't burn." At length he withdrew a piece of tin-foil wrapper — which hadn't burned. "We'll use it on the outside of the vacuum lung. Now you see why I need an engineer. This thing has some bugs in it which I can't work out." I was in doubt about the location of the bugs.

"Look at this soil," he added, producing a paper bag from the cigar box. "I've treated it, and it gives off gas. When the pressure builds up in it plants grow twenty times as fast. This is my answer to the food problem."

I gave another thought to my slow-grown lunch which was waiting, but before I'd moved Mr. Leedham offered one more idea. "This is my prize," he said. "I've thought about this for a long time. Look at this concrete," he said, snapping a thin piece between his fingers. "It has strength. Now look at this. It's chicken dung and it sticks to everything. All we have to do is find a way to mix them and we have glue. Think of it." All I could do was think of it.

Suddenly the interview ended. "Take this stuff," he said, "and show it to your friends. And here's my card." He closed his suitcase and walked down the hall toward D.I.C. I watched him go and then looked at his card. It merely read: "J. Leo Leedham, skilled carpenter, for hire at the rate of three cents per minute."

DICK HARRIS

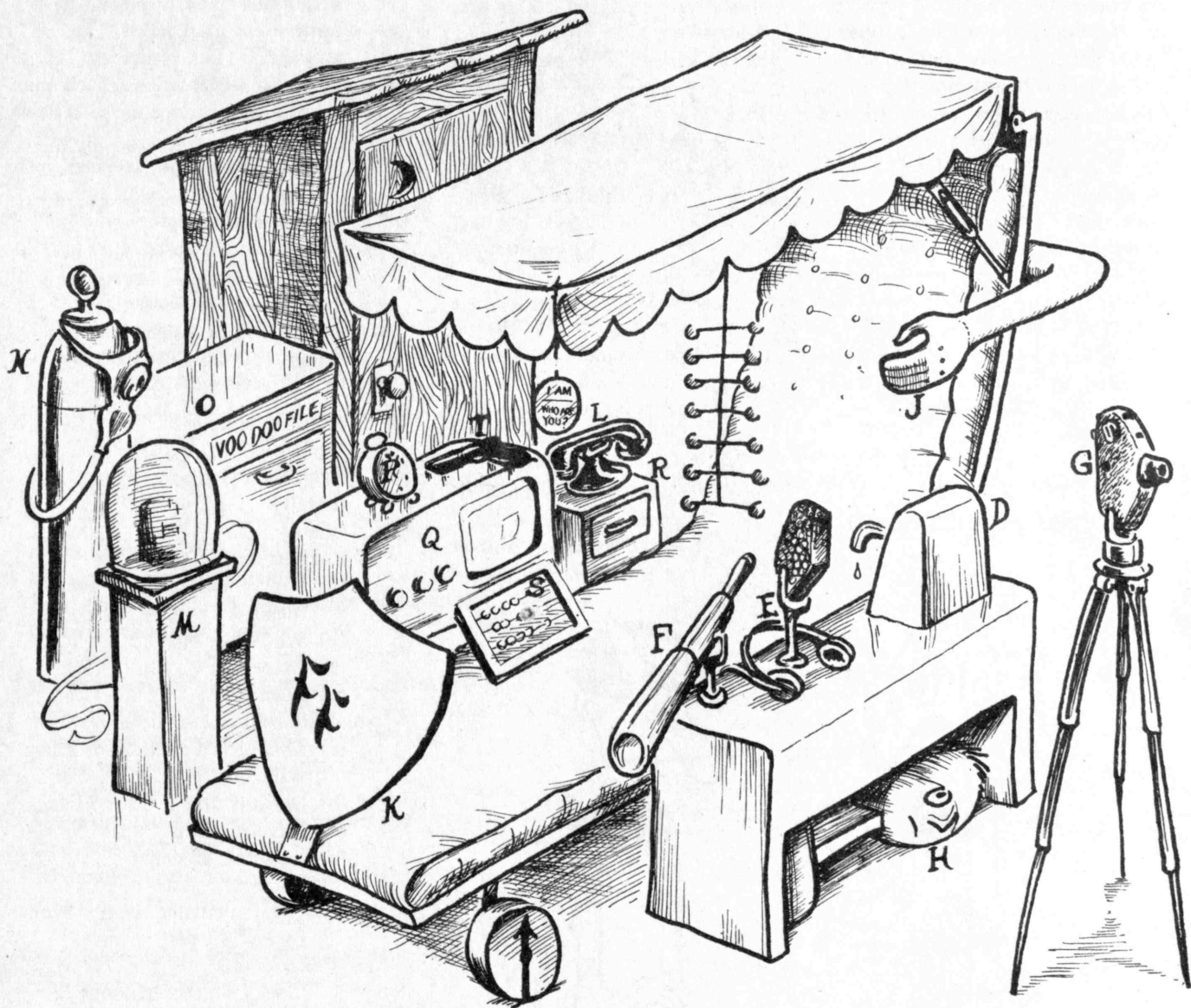


"I musta' got up on the wrong side of bed this morning."

LIVE AND LEARN

The lecture chair of today is exactly as wide as a loose-leaf notebook. This limits the size of Techmen and makes even the thin

ones uncomfortable. Below is a chaise lounge designed for use of those who attend classes and for whom price is secondary.



- A. Always milder.
- B. Better tasting.
- C. Cooler smoking.
- D. Drink vendor — select drink of choice, deposit 29 cent piece in slot and pull down on knob. Dispenses strong drink and Tabu for those who dare.
- E. Microphone to broadcast quiz questions to brownbagger accomplice. Headphones to receive answers.
- F. Telescope for adjusting answers in keeping with popular opinion.
- G. Camera to take pictures of passing secretaries.
- H. Dummy head to be placed on seat to fool roll taker when absent.
- I. $\sqrt{-1}$.
- J. Arm with sexy-feeling dummy hand to stroke student's brow.
- K. Lead shield for protection from alpha, beta, and x-rays. May also carry student's coat of arms (optional).

- L. Telephone on private line to Dingee for making appointments. Next this, an identification card — states name and address, may also include list of favorite books and blood type.
- M. Stock ticker for efficient Course XV students.
- N. Oxygen supply for students whose names begin with the letters X through Z.
- O. Voo Doo files for handy use. Three copies of each issue for cross reference. Students are urged to follow this system.
- P. Alarm clock set to ring every hour, five (5) minutes before the hour.
- Q. Television set. Built by the MIT Television Society. Will work if handled correctly.
- R. Box of necessary supplies: test charges, various sizes of constant variables, variable constants, frictionless pulleys, weightless strings, points in space, etc.
- S. Abacus for unavoidable computations: day of week, amount of change in pocket, course number, etc.
- T. .45 caliber Colt automatic.

S.A.* FOR TECH AND WELLESLEY

The Corporation, if quizzed, would say they made studies so hard because the students do not go out on Saturday nights anyway, while the students would put it another way. The fact is that, even with no exams impending, half the student body stays home and plays ping pong over a cup of coffee. On this page is one answer to social regeneration. TCA does the welfare work and Voo Doo supplies the know-how on Wellesley women.

If you do not have time for dates, fill out the form below anyway and the TCA will find you a pen pal. Also indicate whether you eat campus food and your pen pal will probably oblige with a CARE package.

*(Social Application)

Form MIT-S

Part A To be filled out by Tech men

Name.....
 Address.....
 Height.....

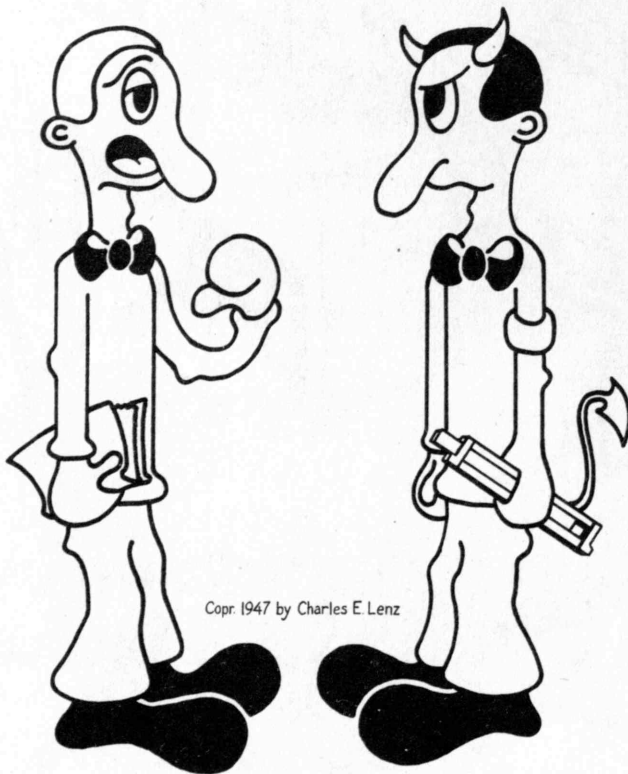
Part B

To be filled out by Wellesley women

1. Name.....
 First Middle I. Last
 "....."
 Nickname
2. Dormitory.....
 Blood type
 A E I O U
3. Father's Income \$..... 0,000
4. Figure (check one)
 - (a) New look
 - (b) Old T-Square look
 - (c) Flying Jack material
 - (d) Ordinary (draw silhouette in space)
 - (e) Worse (Please pass this blank on to a friend)

5. Give results of Allport Study of Values
 Theoretic.....Economic.....
 Aesthetic.....Social.....
 Political.....Religious.....
6. Honest self-evaluation (check one)
 - (a) You have to see me to believe it.....
 - (b) You won't be satisfied just seeing.....
 - (c) Personal climate:
 Frigid.....
 Temperate.....
 With torrid zones.....
 - (d) Mother likes me.....
7. Range of height: loafers 5 ft....in. to high heels 5 ft....in.
8. Family history:
 Dementia.....
 Baldness.....
 Royalty.....
 Obesity.....
9. Reasons for necking:
 - (a) Background material for themes.....
 - (b) Watch the man.....
 - (c) Exercise.....
 - (d) Love man.....
10. Date behavior endorsed by:
 - (a) Elizabeth Woodward or Elinor Williams.....
 - (b) Dorothy Dix.....
 - (c) Havelock Ellis.....
 - (d) Bertrand Russell.....
 - (e) Amber St. Clair.....
11. Are you available under Form 1950Ayesno
12. Can you talk.....

GLENN MACKEY '51



Copr. 1947 by Charles E. Lenz

"How about getting me a date with her?"



IDIOTIC PENTAMETER



THE PARTY

For he's a jolly good fellow;
Just listen to him bellow.
Ah, now he's waxing mellow.
My god; he's turning yellow.

DICK HARRIS

THE TROUBLE WITH DASHBOARDS

A car, as cars go, is a tricky contraption,
As most all the Romeos know,
And wasn't quite made for the age-old adaption
Of loving or things apropos.

It's chock full of booby-traps, corners, and edges;
Free air space is cut to a minim.
Still, no one has actually had to use wedges
To get semi-comfortable in 'em.

Moreover, the wheel that is used for the steering
Contrives in its own forceful way
To dampen one's ardour by constantly queering
Positions of front-seat foray.

The dials in a car will tell you how far
The buggy has gone on the road.
As to how far a couple have gone in a car,
No dial has ever yet showed.

A motor in back they now say is best.
"A system that can not be beat."
But any fool knows, when a car is at rest,
The motor is in the front seat.

The message, of course, in this demented verse
Is, "Designers take heed and unravel
The designs of your cars which are now just a curse."
Do YOU think we use them to TRAVEL?

J. GLASGOW

LAZY POEM

o l a z i r n i m n i b
m d l a z s g i n d w o r l d u c

JOHN HARRINGTON

BOSCO BURP, E.E.

The Burps were a family of happy mien,
Until Baby Bosco appeared on the scene.
Whatever he touched he would ruin and wreck.
So his folks decided they'd send him to Tech.

They gave great care, as they sought to find;
The right kind of course for his type of mind.
Since at times as a child, he had acted quite queer;
They knew he'd make an Electric Engineer.

The Lord on his throne, the angels on high;
Alone could tell, how Bosco got by.
He actually thought he was quite a whiz.
"Trick questions," he'd say, after flunking a quiz.

Reluctance! Inductance! were dinned in his ears;
A.C.! D.C.! for four straight years.
But he remembered nil, and worried less;
If he didn't know, he could always guess.

The pros decided to set him free,
So Bosco left as a "Double E."
We now find this man conducting a test,
By electronically treating the stains on his vest.

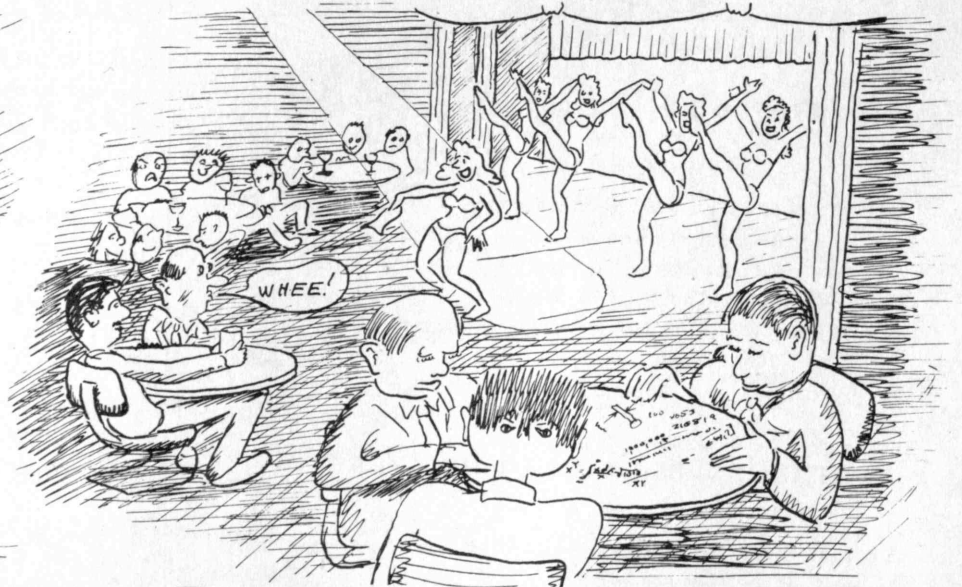
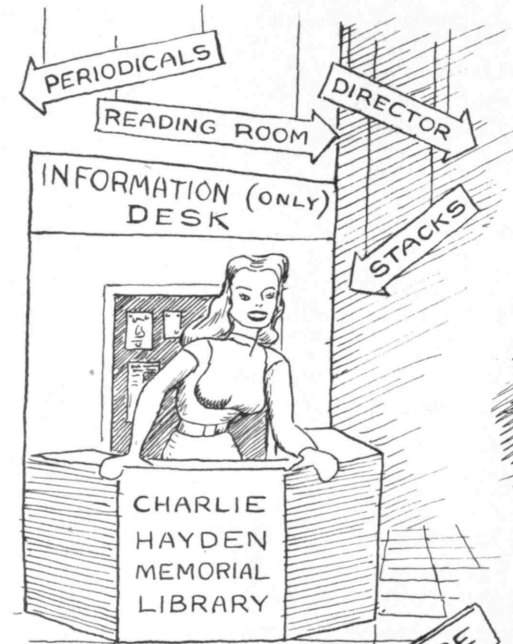
T. J. McLEER

Dearest Doctor A. A. Ashdown,
Won't your homely Grad House crash-
down?

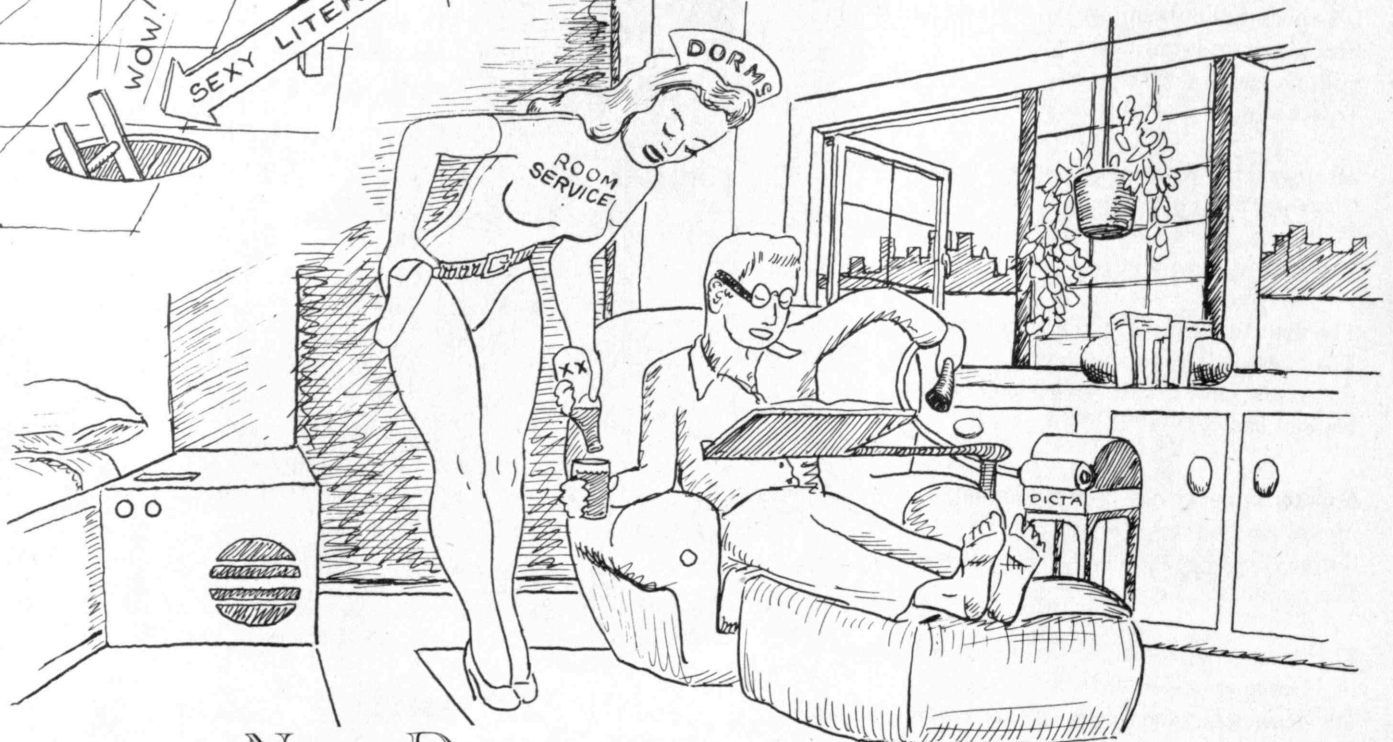
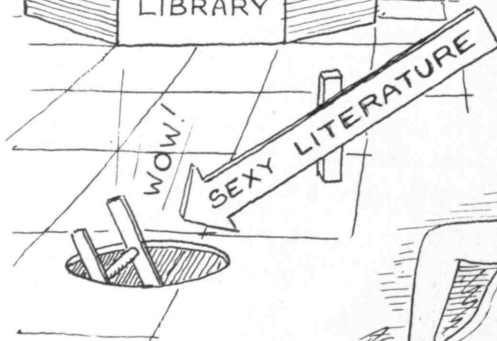
DICK HARRIS



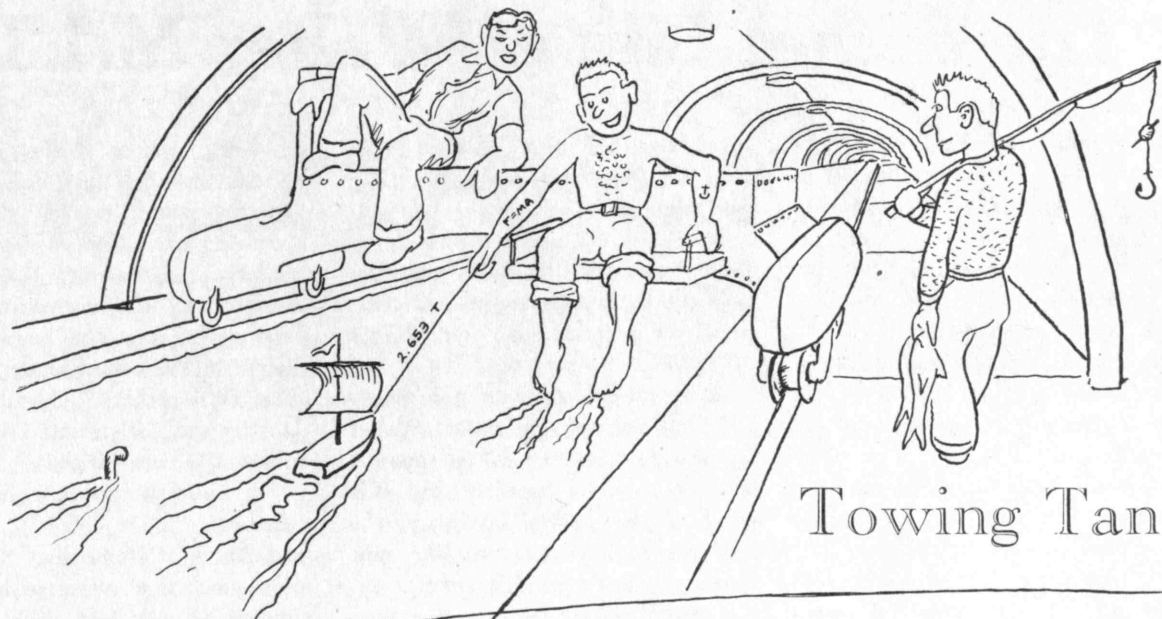
VOO DOO LOOKS AHEAD



Proposed Faculty Club

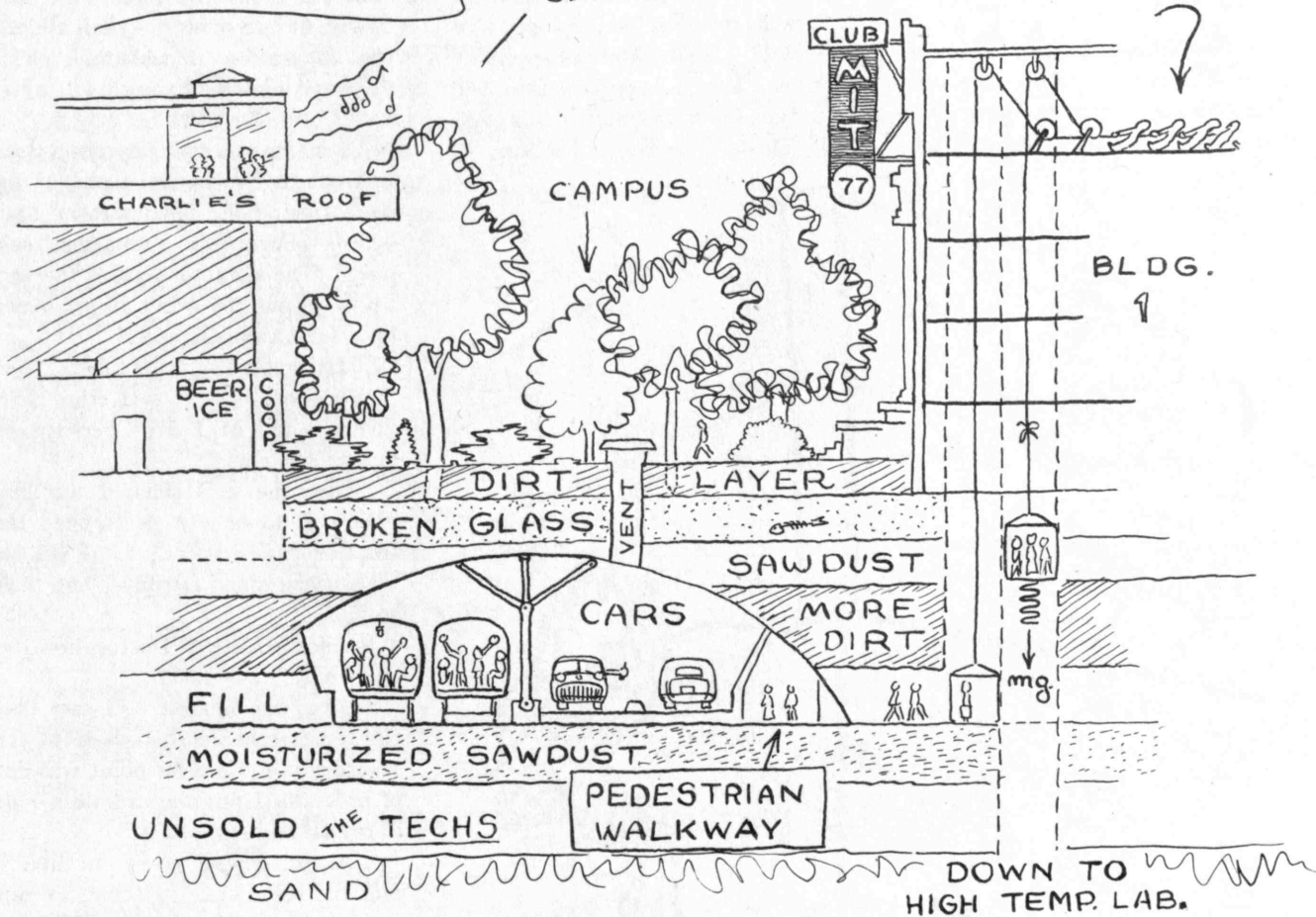


New Dorms

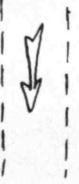


Towing Tank

CLASS OF '51 TUG OF WAR TEAM



Mass. Ave. Goes Underground



The Secret Life of Walter M.I.T.

"There goes Walter M. I. T.!" whispered an old lady to her companion in an awed voice. And she was right. An imposing figure of a man strode with police escort into the banquet hall. Even the police were thrilled. "Gosh!" said one to another.

The President of the N.A.M. tried to brush through the police to get Walter's autograph, but he was rudely brushed aside.

Inside the hall, thousands of distinguished scientists and politicians gave Walter an unrestrained ovation. They threw their champagne glasses in the air with abandon. Walter acknowledged the applause by brushing the champagne off his dinner jacket.

He seated himself in the place of honor. The men seated on either side of him, one a college president, the other a cabinet member, bowed heads

humbly as he sat. Although an M. I. T. graduate, he was a truly great man.

In a trembling voice, the Master of Ceremonies said "It gives me great pleasure to introduce the man who needs no introduction — Dr. Walter M. I. T."

As the rafters rang with more cheers and broken champagne glasses, Walter sat staring vacantly at the lipstick stain on the floor beneath him. His mind slipping into a daydream, the applause sounded to him like rain beating against a window pane. . . .

A grubby man was standing over Walter, yelling at him: "M. I. T., you're the epitome of uselessness! You're the most useless employee I've ever had!" Walter stared happily at his boss. The pocketa-pocketa of the office typewriter was music to his ears. "Mr. Fluster," he said to his boss, "I

like my job here. Filling inkwells for the Eversharp Pencil Company is the kind of work I enjoy." Mr. Fluster grunted and told Walter that his salary would be cut. Walter nodded agreeably. "I never was worth much money, anyhow, sir," he said. At this a murmur of astonishment arose from the office workers. The murmur grew louder and louder, until finally a voice cried, "What's happened?" . . .

A hand touched Walter on the shoulder. "Dr. M. I. T.," said the Master of Ceremonies, "are you ill? Do you think you can deliver your speech?" Walter looked around quickly at the Convention of Scientists and Politicians. "Ill?" he said. "Why, of course not. I shall address the convention immediately." He delivered a brilliant speech.

* * * * *

The group of atomic physicists stood in front of the control panel of the new atomic pile. They stroked their beards thoughtfully. "Amazing," said one. "The K factor was all the way up to 3.5 and we didn't all get blown up! I can't understand it."

"Harrumph," said the others.

"By the way," said the first, "where's Dr. M. I. T.? Perhaps he can explain this."

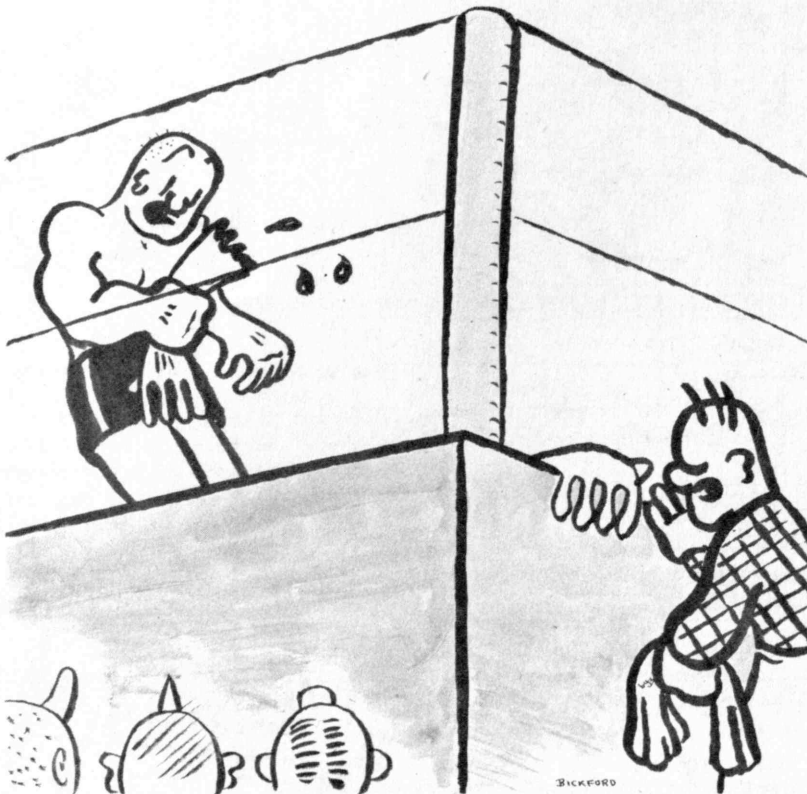
"There he is!" shouted another. "Why, I do believe he stopped the reaction single-handed! Look at him! He's perspiring terribly, but he's smiling."

Science gasped. "Doctor, how did you do it?" they cried.

Walter was modest. "I saw that the servomechanism which stops the reaction at the danger point was out of order, so I put the cadmium rods in myself and stopped it."

"Doctor, you've saved our lives!" said the scientists. "Doctor, we can never repay you enough," said one, as he looked in his wallet.

Walter blushed slightly and turned away.



"It's in the bag now, kid. You got him worried."

"But, Doctor! You should be taken to a hospital for radioactive burns. You must be seriously hurt," said another.

Walter hadn't heard. He was looking dreamily at the trademark on the atomic pile. . . .

The pocketa-pocketa of his wife's foot tapping the floor soothed him. "Walter, you're useless!" his wife screamed. "You're the most useless husband I've ever had!" Walter smiled. "But, dear," he said, "I was just born to be a clerk. And this job as clerk in a Mormon divorce court was a perfect opportunity." His wife blew her nose angrily. "You're an idiot and a worm!" she shouted. Again Walter smiled. "Dear, you're so domineering," he sighed. . . .

An ambulance siren screeched through Walter's brain and halted in front of the atomic laboratory. "He's in a coma," whispered one of the scientists. They all shook their heads sadly as Walter was taken away to the hospital to be treated for radioactive burns.

* * * * *

Walter, completely recovered and home from the hospital, sat by his hearth. Deep in thought, his eyes glassily mirrored the firelight. It was election night. The local mayor bounced up the front steps of Walter's house, and rang the bell with all his might. Walter remained seated near the fireplace.

The mayor thrust the door open, and bounced into the room. "Walter!" he shouted, as he bounced across the intervening space. Walter did not seem to hear. He continued to dream even though the mayor spoke his name sharply. Finally, the Mayor sat down on the arm of the chair.

"Walter, the election must have been too much for you."

"Oh, no," said Walter. "Being a Republican poll-watcher here in South Carolina isn't much of a strain."

The mayor threw up his hands. "It's useless!" he moaned.

"Of course it's useless," Walter said. "I like useless jobs. I've always wanted to be completely useless."

"Walter, I don't know what in hell you're talking about," said the mayor. "But I came here to tell you that you've just been elected United States Senator." He studied Walter for a moment. "How do you like that, hey?" he said, slapping Walter forcefully on the back.

"Huh?" said Walter, coming out of his reverie.

"You've just been elected United States Senator!" yelled the mayor. "On a write-in ballot!"

The full meaning of what the mayor was saying came to Walter. His heart felt warm and lumpy.

"At last!" said Walter. "The job I've always dreamed about!"

ROBERT ABELSON



In the shipyards, the instructor in riveting was coaching a feminine novice.

"Look," he said, "I'm placing the rivet here in the proper place. When I nod my head, hit it with your hammer."

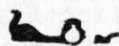
. . . She did.

The instructor left a wife and four children.



"Has your son's college education proved helpful since you've taken him into the firm?"

"Oh, yes! We let him mix the cocktails every time we have a conference."



While teaching a course in short story writing, a college professor informed his students that a short story would always hold a reader's interest if it began mentioning either Deity, royalty, or sex. In the first set of short stories the professor received, one freshman started his story with "My God," cried the princess, "get your hand off my knee."

Smart Rainwear for Men

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RUNNETTE
Famous Men's Fashion
Illustrator

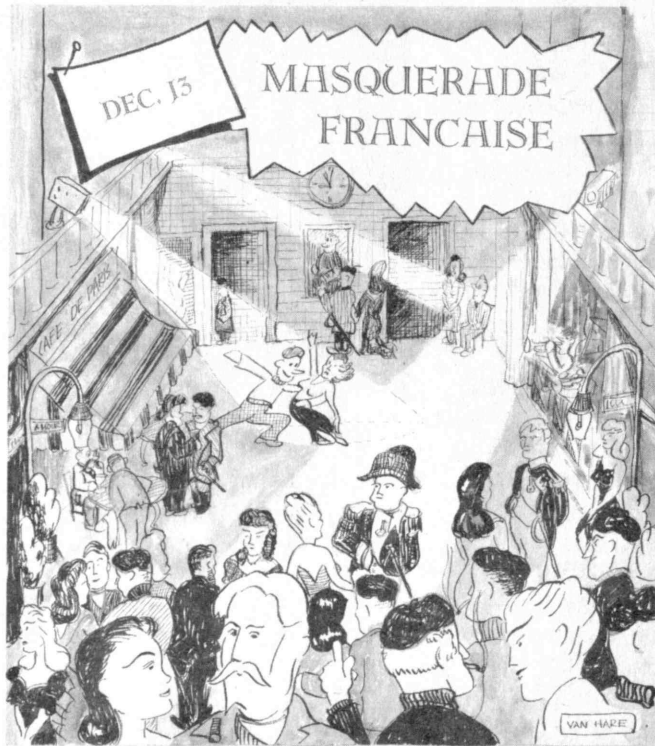


Want to look your best rain or shine? Step out in the double-breasted Plymouth *Regatta* which doubles as topcoat or raincoat. The popular *Regatta*, a Plymouth Weatherproof, is available with or without warm zip-out lining, at better stores everywhere.

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PHOS PREVIEWS



TECHSAPOPPIN

"Three or four thousand people," said the A.A. publicity man casually, whipping some smelling salts out of his pocket for our use, as if it had become routine for him. We used them, thanked him, and inquired further. Lighting up a cigarette, he talked unconcernedly along about basketball games, wrestling matches, hockey games, swimming meets, fencing exhibitions, squash games, Saturnalias, beauty contests, coronations, parties. We interrupted him to ask if that cigarette were a reefer. He said no, all these things were going to take place at Techsapoppin. The purpose of the week-end, according to him, is twofold. Primarily, it is to give Techmen a full week-end of good enter-



Friday

tainment more than worthy of the best girl. At the same time, the A.A. is going to show off M.I.T. athletes, who, it is rumored, are much better than most of Tech realizes, even if they are underpaid.

Techsapoppin is the type of affair that is terrific only if it draws a big turnout. The A.A. is planning for a smashing success, and, if it gets that, Techsapoppin will undoubtedly become an annual Tech week-end. One of its best qualities is that it is not restricted in its appeal to just one living group or class. Numbers of freshmen who have just become acquainted at the local girls' schools will likely turn out to their first big Tech social function.

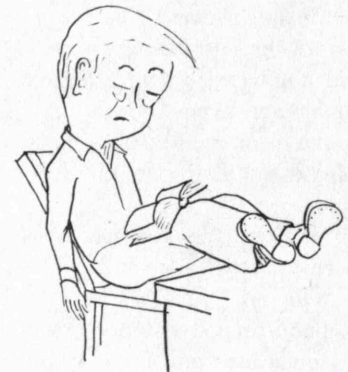


Saturday

Doing a little research to find out just what the Friday night party is going to be like, we looked up Saturnalia in the dictionary and found:

"1. (Roman Religion) The festival of Saturn, beginning December 17. 2. A period or occasion of general license, as in excesses of vice."

Thus, we were amazed to discover that the A.A. is sponsoring some sort of open immorality. In printing this information we do not consider ourselves as a stool pigeon, but hope we are rendering a public service. We also want our readers to remember that, in case they are caught in a raid that week-end, we warned them in advance.



Sunday

First we had French toast, then French fried potatoes, Frenched beds, French postcards, French, etc. Now there is to be a French masquerade dance. The dorms are the group that is sponsoring it, and their intention is to make Morss Hall look like other than Morss Hall, for instance, like a French sidewalk scene. The theme is to be sustained by cabaret style tables, street lamps, and Frenchmen. Although there is certainly enough variety of costume ideas for a French motif, probably the easiest distinctive apparel to obtain will be a dark pinstripe with a silk scarf and beret, or a dark turtleneck sweater or T-shirt, complete with dangling cigarette. Girls in tight, slit skirts and black silk stockings should create a definite effect.

Naturally, it is not expected that all Techmen will be content to be mere plebian Parisians. With all those taking advanced MS, there must be some frustrated Napoleon among us. Besides, what Wellesley lass would not care to be Josephine, if only for the evening! Josephine was not the only queen of France, what about the wives of all those Louis's? Indeed, there were quite a few French men and women who were neither kings nor queens, yet still managed to lead quite interesting existences, such as Mme. Pompadour, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre, Mme. Sans-Souci, Mme. Guillotine. The list is without fini.

There may even be some who did the E21 source reading. For these brown ones, there are some of the less important Frenchmen like Voltaire, Charlemagne, Pasteur, etc. As a matter of fact there seem to have been quite a few Frenchmen. The Techman's ingenuity, usually caught in a squeeze play between lab-reports and quizzes, may have a chance to come out in the open and look around for a change.

Whether the masquerade will be a good one or not rests in the abilities of the dance committee. At last report they had engaged Monsieur le Baron Hugo to play at Cafe le Walker, and were debating whether to charge admission in francs or PX chocolate bars.

AND THE SUN SHONE

Continued from page 12

others, some somnolent, some sick with a cold fear in their belly at the strong words that had been said, and some who said to themselves. There but for the grace of God go I.

But Bobby smiled, and watched the sun play checkers with the shadows on the floor, and knew that he would talk to Davis about it all afterwards.

ROBERT V. GARVIN



Here's to the girl with the turned up nose.
The turned-in eyes and the turned-down nose
With the turned-on heat and the turned-down light —
The hunch I had turned out all right.
Ski-U-Mah.

M.I.T.

I slept as a kid
On a cathode grid,
And a slide-rule pillowed my cranium;
My toys were cubes
And Bernoulli tubes,
And I cut my teeth on uranium.

(Isobar,
Mason jar,
Life is so
Molecular . . .)

And now I'm a man
With a Bunsen tan,
Yet I'm offering no apology:
I'm a physical gnome
But potential Ohm
From the Institute of Technology.

(Aneroid,
Paraboloid,
The world is but a
Trapezoid.)

Now, we M.I.T. men
Are great dinghy seamen
At home with the chines and the sponsons;
Yes, Tech is terrific,
It's so scientific
And borders right on Howard Johnson's.

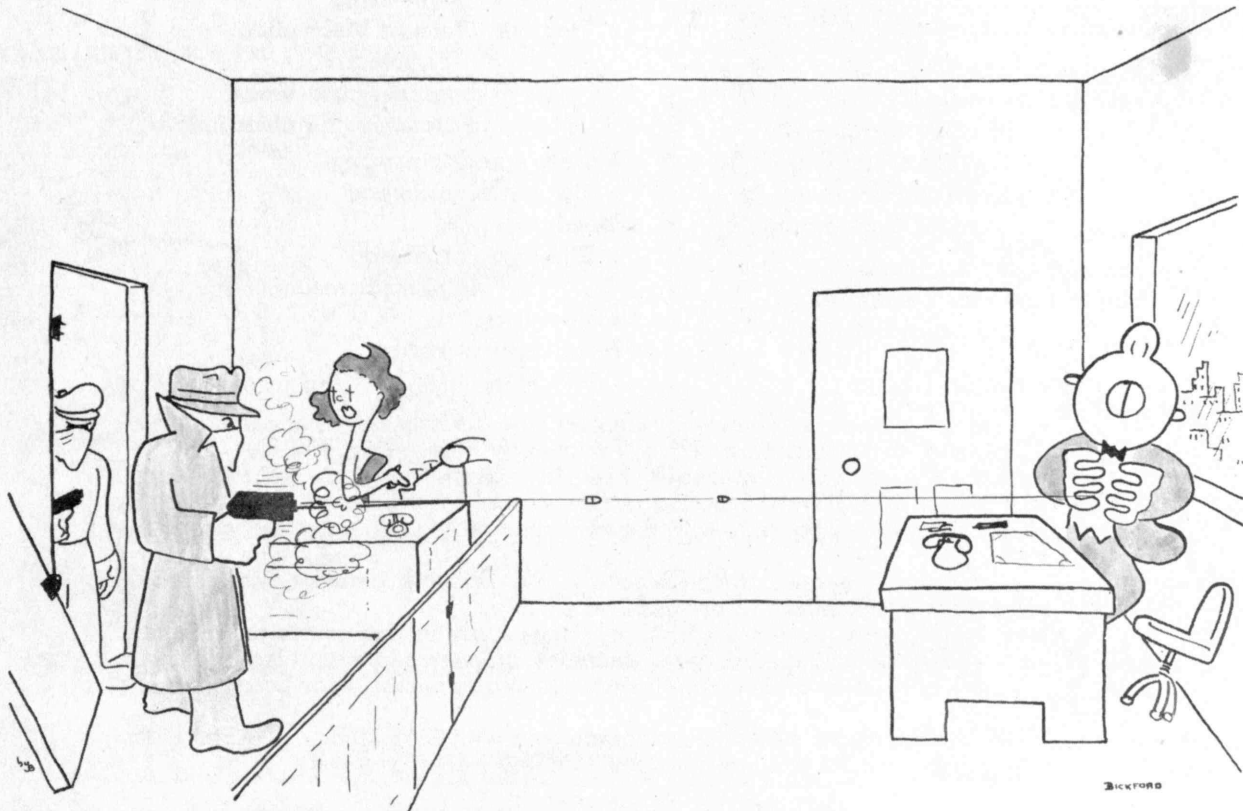
(Evaporation,
Specification,
Who gives a damn about
Propagation?)

Lord but it's great
To be alive
In the world of
U-235!

C.B.W.
The Harvard Lampoon.



Alimony — the high cost of leaving.



"Do you gentlemen have an appointment?"

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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and Marine Engineering

The duration of each of the above undergraduate Courses is four academic years, with the exception of Architecture, Food Technology (Five Year Course), Physical Biology, and the Co-operative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years. In addition to the Bachelor's degree, the above five year courses, with the exception of Architecture, lead also to the Master's degree.

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

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

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions. The Catalogue for the academic year will be sent free on request.

A professor is a man whose job is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.



Mrs. Grull was traveling. One morning she received from Mr. Grull this telegram: "Your mother is slightly ill, burial Tuesday. George."



Mose, charged with theft, was on the witness stand, and the judge sought to discover if he knew the value of an oath; he said:

"Mose, if you tell a lie under oath, do you know what happens?"

Mose said: "Yessah, judge, I goes to hell."

"And if you tell the truth?" persisted the judge.

"I goes to jail," said Mose.

Everyone in my family was a good swimmer except Herbie. He was killed in a dive on the west side.



Two "joes" staggered onto a street-car. One tried to give the nearest uniformed man their fare.

"Sorry, I can't take it," the man said. "I'm a naval officer."

"Gee," shouted the "joes," "let's get off here. We've boarded a battleship!"



First Classman (in Mess Hall): "There's wood in this cheese!"

Second Classman: "What did you expect? It's cottage cheese."

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Lad (looking through a telescope): "God!"

Friend: "Aw, gwan, it ain't that powerful."

— Yale Record

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Maeb eht no*



You are, if you get tongue-tied when you meet a cute cookie! Or worse yet, if you stoop to "weather talk!" Get on the beam right, fellow! Start off from third base! Offer that choice bit of calico a yummy Life Saver. She'll be keen on them (and you).

* "On the beam" backwards



P. S. Just in case this friendship ripens—Life Savers keep your (and her) breath kissably fresh!

A Box of Lifesavers 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 Lifesavers. Jokes will be judged by the Editor.

*This month's winning joke submitted by
Elliot Ring, '50. 2 Ellsworth Park, Cambridge, Mass.*

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

Trying to rest after an exceedingly hard day, poor father was being bedeviled by an endless stream of unanswerable questions from little Willie.

"Whata you do down at the office?" the youngster finally asked.

"Nothing," shouted the father.

It looked as if the boy had been put off for a while, but not for long. After a thoughtful pause, Willie inquired: "Pop how do you know when you're through?"

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PROFESSOR—

(The reader may fill in his own choice.)

The Gray Grim Reaper wielded his scythe.
The prominent prof bid an earthly good-bye.
His bold, brazen spirit, with sheepskins unfurled,
Confidently hurried toward the nether world.

His mind deep in thought, his heart filled with zest;
He strode along, on that ultimate quest.
In a very short time, he was sure he would know;
The final decision; where he would go.

The fork in the road was a definite mark.
To the right for the light! To the left for the dark!
A flip of a coin, it would make his decision.
To the left! Fate had smiled; but 'twas one of derision.

He finally reached the gates of Hell.
The Devil himself answered the bell.
He questioned the prof, with a knowing grin:
"And what've you done, that you might come within?"

Then the weary prof, with his head bowed in shame;
Related the deeds, for which he was to blame.
"As a youth I robbed from morn till night,
Not caring whether it was wrong or right."

"I found myself a seeker of knowledge,
So stole more money to pay for college."
"Harvard was known as the "School of Schools,"
So I went to live with those rich little fools."

"In no time at all, I had several rich pals;
So I drank their whisky, and stole their gals."
"The courses of study were really a sham,
For I copied and cribbed on every exam."

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Ask for Charlie

The prof then stopped, to rest awhile;
The Devil, he noticed, had lost his smile.
"I then went teaching," he began once more,
"At that gray stone shack, on the Charles River shore."

"I continued at Tech, for the rest of my life,
Doing my best to cause sorrow and strife."
"The start of each term, was a blissful delight;
As each of my sections would moan of its plight."

"I tortured and taunted the little brats,
And attempted to smash those brotherly frats."
"I'd fail the brains, and pass the drunks;
I was always first, in number of flunks."

"That is enough," was Satan's bellow,
"You certainly were a wicked fellow."
"But I've thought it over, and I fear,
You'll not be allowed to enter here."

"For one like you, with such talents rare;
Will always want more than his share."
"In no time flat, you'd control this mob;
And you, dear prof, would have my job!"

T. J. McLEER

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Just over the bridge on Massachusetts Ave.
corner of Beacon Street

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

"And you found it?"

"Well, rather, I'm in the hole now."

Log.



"This match won't light."

"Wash the matter with it?"

"Damfino. It lit all right a minute ago."



Customer: "Are these grapes sprayed with poison?"

Fruit Peddler: "No, lady, that you'll have to do yourself!"



A canny young fisher named Fisher
Once fished from the edge of a fissure.

A fish with a grin

Pulled the fisherman in —

Now they're fishing the fissure for
Fisher.

— *Colorado Dodo*

It is reliably reported that Mahatma Gandhi left college because all the girls were after his pin.



Slave: "There is a girl outside without food and clothing."

Sultan: "Feed her and bring her in."

Seventeen.



A dean of women at a large co-educational college recently began an important announcement to the student body as follows:

"The president of the college and I have decided to stop necking on campus."



"Sir, I can't stay in class today."

"Why not?"

"I don't feel well."

"Where don't you feel well?"

"In class."

When a girl finds she isn't the only pebble on the beach, she generally becomes a little boulder.



A woman lay very ill. Having brought up a clever orphan girl, the sick woman called the orphan to her and said: "I shall soon leave my little children motherless. They know you and love you and after I am gone I want you and my husband to marry."

The young woman, bursting into tears, said, "We were just talking about that."

The wife recovered.

— *Philnews*



Landlady: "You've been here two years and never complained. Why are you leaving now?"

Roomer: "I just found out you ain't got no bathtub."

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Just like Social Security. Only quicker. Pepsi-Cola pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags, quips and such-like for this page. Just send your stuff to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., along with your name, address, school and class. All contributions become

the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. (Working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag, incidentally, won't hurt your chances a bit.) Dough-shy? Get dough-heavy! Or start a new hobby—collecting rejection slips. We'll help you out—one way or the other.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

* * *

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married man who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

* * *

You've really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. \$1 each for those we buy.

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

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Duuuuuuuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

\$2, legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!

HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had today—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

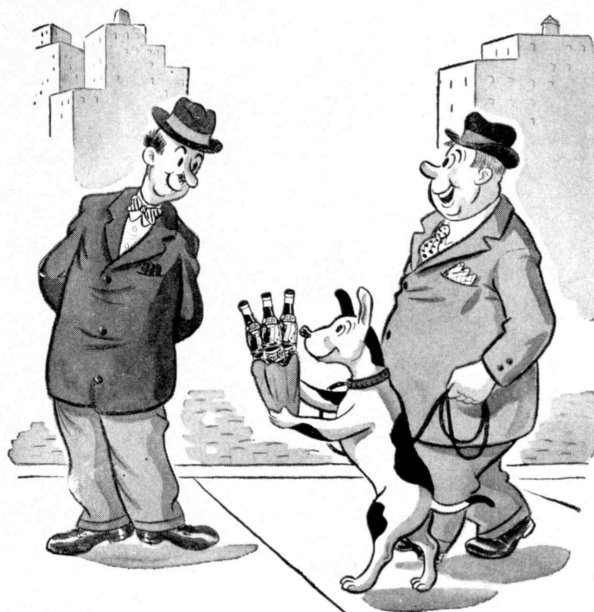
She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.

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



“

What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante \$5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

”

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