

VOO DOO

October, 1947 25¢

"Experience is the Best Teacher!"

in aerial acrobatics—
and in smoking too,"
says **ROSE GOULD**,
aerial sensation of
the Big Top

SHE'S 75 FEET
UP—WITH NO
NET BELOW! IT'S THE MOST
DARING AERIAL ACT I'VE SEEN YET!

ROSE GOULD HANGS BY HER HEELS—WITH NO
OTHER SUPPORT AND NO NET—IN A
STUNT THAT MAKES EVEN VETERAN
CIRCUS HANDS BLINK!

YES, SHE FELL ONCE—
CABLE BROKE—THIS
IS HER FIRST
APPEARANCE
SINCE

SHE'S
GETTING
READY FOR
THE DIVE
NOW

FROM 75
FEET UP—
WITH NO
NET...

...SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!

— STOPPED BY THE ROPES
AROUND HER ANKLES—
ONLY THREE FEET
FROM THE GROUND!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

I'VE SEEN THRILLING
PERFORMANCES, MISS
GOULD—BUT NOTHING
TO MATCH YOURS

HAVE A CAMEL—
AND TELL US HOW
YOU DEVELOPED
THOSE STUNTS

I LEARNED FROM
EXPERIENCE... JUST AS I
LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE
THAT CAMEL IS THE
CIGARETTE FOR ME

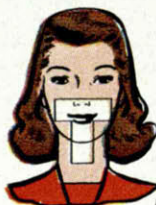
I SMOKED
MANY BRANDS DURING
THE WARTIME CIGARETTE
SHORTAGE—**CAMELS**
SUIT ME BEST!

*Rose
Gould*

Featured aerialist of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus

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"



MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING
Camels
THAN EVER BEFORE

ABOUT TOWN



I was shocked to find that the once elegantly striped and decorated walls at the Hotel Vendome's Fife and Drum Room are quite denuded. However, the walls of the left-field alcove still have vertical ribbons of red and white, and the stirring picture of three tattered revelers which all will recognize as the spirit of '76 still turns its back on Dartmouth Street. Another old friend is a large gilt eagle that roosts on a pedestal in the center of the room. I begin to have trouble with this bit of statuary about five drinks past nine o'clock. Suddenly confronted by it, I can never remember whether to salute, scream or dive for the nearest rabbit burrow.

Food is served. I am not operating on an expense account, so I have not sampled it.

Before dancing starts at nine (lights are lowered at eight-thirty) the dance floor is effectively blocked by putting two small tables and a couple of chairs on it. At that, you can have a very good time, for the crowd is composed mostly of passive dancers who slowly revolve about the floor in orderly style. In general, the couples on the outside describe hypercycloids in their dancing, and the people on the inside, epicycloids.

I was surprised to learn that Jimmy McHale, aided by three men, has been continuously engaged at this spot for the past six and a half years, to produce dance music. He looks happy, though, so the management has probably offered him a pension. He's the man with the guitar. Alternating with the four men is some girl who sings while simultaneously playing the piano. She had a lynx jacket on.

You will like the place. Caesar, the headwaiter, says that things will be in order long before Halloween. Caesar does a competent job of seating, being as impartial as a judge in the matter. If he has a seat, you get it, but better go early.

The only other point is that my date tells me that the cigarette girl sits in the ladies room between tours and knits.

—JOHN H. FISHER

IF you are too sporty for the Esplanade, but need refueling after a walk over Harvard Bridge, the Eliot Lounge is pretty good. Afternoon inebriation is encouraged here, with all drinks priced at 39 cents until six o'clock. Interested stags may notice that unescorted women form a prominent part of the clientele. Due to the peculiar price policy, after-dinner drinking will have to be done somewhere else.

After a substantial meal in the Walker Cafeteria it is evident that a few drinks are necessary to flush the system. Armed with our father's identification, it's Ho for the Darbury Room, corner of Dartmouth and Newbury. We talked hats with the hat check girl and were guided to the table by a kindly, if slightly doddering head waiter who is probably her grandfather or ours. Amazingly, our first drink cost a dollar and a quarter. Any successive drinks are twenty-five cents. The price formula begins at nine o'clock and the only bug is that you become nearly invisible to the waiter after the first


Continued to page 2



1167

KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN —

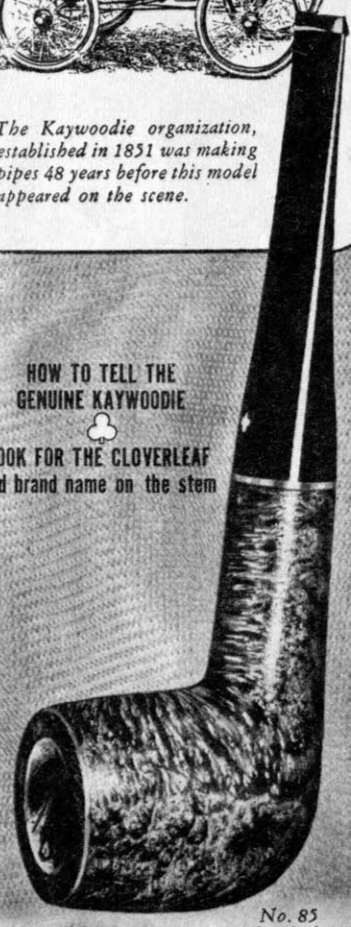
1899



The Kaywoodie organization, established in 1851 was making pipes 48 years before this model appeared on the scene.

HOW TO TELL THE GENUINE KAYWOODIE

LOOK FOR THE CLOVERLEAF and brand name on the stem



No. 85
Billiard Shape
\$3.50

KAYWOODIE

backed by the record of 96 years

For smoking pleasure, comfort, style, balance and long performance, a KAYWOODIE Pipe warrants first-place consideration. KAYWOODIES are the world's best smoking pipes, because of modern precision, and never-ending attention to things a smoker needs. KAYWOODIES smoke cool and mild, with unequalled satisfaction. At dealers'. Made of imported briar, specially selected and seasoned by us. KAYWOODIE Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Leaflet on request.



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

ABOUT TOWN

Continued from page 1

drink. A roughly drawn curve will tell you how long you must stay there to make it worth while.

If you like to flush waitresses with a sharp Tallyho, try the Hunt Room in the Hotel Beaconsfield, which has been redecorated. We slumped into one of the many comfortable couches and drank Scotch and water to the delightful organ and piano music of that talented master, Ira Bates. The atmosphere is homey, but the prices will remind you that the place is still commercial.

After discussing the intricacies of intermarriage between cockroaches and grizzly bears, which still appears infeasible at press time, we agreed upon the desirability of female companionship. We headed for the Cave which is in back of the Colonial Theater. Two alleys, running parallel to Tremont and Boylston Streets may be used as co-ordinates to plot the location. Fighting off ten or more debutantes, we hacked a path to the bar and guzzled gin in the midst of a delirious crowd. We remember an opportunity for the strong to dance, but because of the rugged atmosphere we suggest a stag adventure.

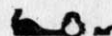
The Savoy Cafe is Boston's technicolor answer to Nick's of Greenwich Village. We were dragged to our table by Claude, the genial giant who doubles as bouncer and headwaiter. The current jazz is supplied by the Henry "Red" Allen combo, a Dixieland aggregation which has long been appreciated by Chicago jazz circles. The names of J. C. Higginbotham, Don Stovall, Bill Williams, Benny Moten, and The Mole probably mean something to jazz fans. These men are still playing the same instruments they always have, respectively: trombone, sax, bass, drums. Red plays the trumpet. Drinks are high (55 cents

per bottle beer) but the excellent jazz more than makes up for the price. By timing your entrance you can catch the boys in any stage of inebriation.

—RICHARD A. STEPHAN



She laughed when I sat down at the piano; but when I came over to the divan, she got scared as hell.



Old Lady: "Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street like that if I were you."

Little Boy: "That's all right, there's more at home."

—Spartan



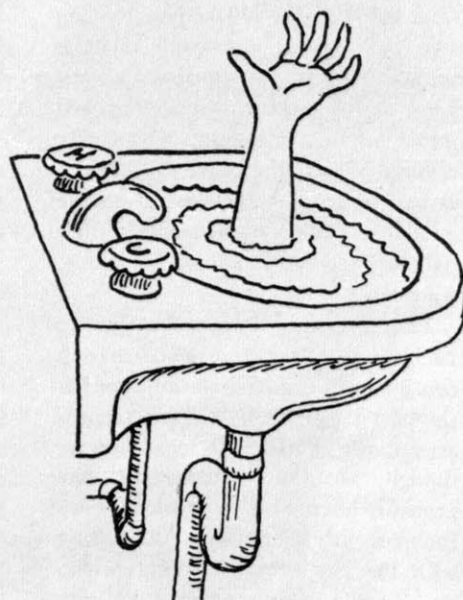
"So your brother is a painter, eh?"
"Yep."

"Paints houses I presume?"

"Nope, paints men and women."

"Oh, I see. He's an artist."

"Nope, just paints women on one door and men on the other."



He: "May I kiss your hand?"

She: "What's the matter? Is my mouth dirty?"

—Punch Bowl



A professor was giving his class an oral quiz and picked upon a particular unfortunate specimen for his most difficult question.

"Who signed the Magna Charta?"

No answer.

"Who was Bonnie Prince Charlie?"

No answer.

"Where were you on Friday?"

"Drinking beer with a friend of mine."

"How do you expect to pass this course if you drink beer when you should be in class?"

"I don't, sir. I only came in to fix the radiator."

—The Log



"Well, my little man, and do you have a fairy Godfather?"

"No, but I've an uncle we're a little suspicious of."



Dear Old Lady: "Dear me, what were those college boys arrested for down at the cemetery?"

Constable: "I caught them replacing the 'No Trespassing' signs with 'Happiness in Every Box' advertisements."



A girl was reading about birth and death statistics. Suddenly she turned to a man near her and said,

"Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," he returned. "Why don't you try Sen-Sen?"

A returned veteran wanted a job on a midwestern daily. The city editor said, "Son, be brief, always remember that, 'Be Brief.'"

The cub sat down and wrote: "James C. Gillingham looked up the shaft of the Union Hotel today to see if the elevator was coming down. It was. Age 33."

—Yellow Jacket

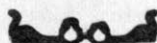


The next scene is laid in the insane asylum. They are serving soup to nuts.



Dracula: "My wife just had a baby at this hospital, and I want to see it."

Nurse: "Shall I wrap it up, or will you eat it here?"



Co-ed: "Why didn't you find out his name when they called the roll?"

Nuther Co-ed: "I tried, but he answered to four different names."



Professor: "Why were you away yesterday?"

Student: "I was ill."

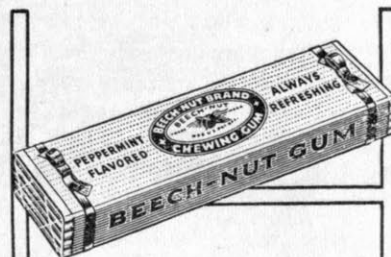
Professor: "Have you a medical certificate?"

Student: "No, I was really ill."



Girl's Father: "Say, it's two o'clock. Do you think you can stay all night?"

Girl's BoyFriend: "I'll have to telephone home first."



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

Beech-Nut Gum

Those who take active part in sport, as well as those who just watch, enjoy the refreshing flavor of BEECH-NUT GUM.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Note: With this issue Voo Doo begins a policy of printing only real letters.

Dear Sirs:

You will find enclosed in this letter a check for two dollars for a subscription for Voo Doo. I hope that I will have better luck than I did last year. I only got two copies but it was still well worth the price I paid. I sincerely hope that I will get every addition (sic) this year.

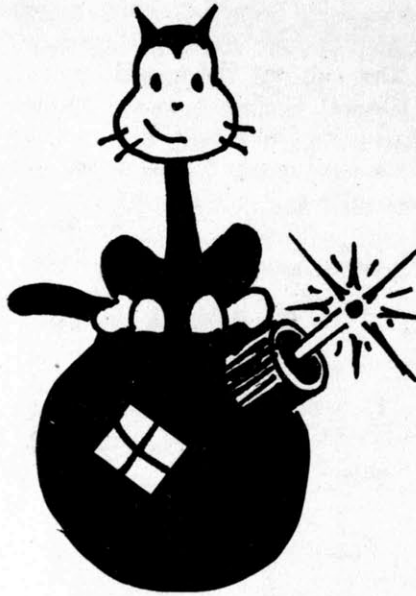
Thank you,

John M. Ohlson, Phillips Hall
Michigan State College

Dear Sir:

I am becoming increasingly piqued by the contribution that the glorious Institute is making to the high cost of living. I refer, in particular, to the obnoxious practice of each department in the joint requiring a different style of paper. Yearly I have to throw away enough paper (that profs of various subjects have insisted that I buy) to start a good sized Coop of my own, and the next term I have to rush out and purchase more paper that other profs are clamoring anew for me to obtain. Is it the truth that the department head gets a fifteen per cent reward on sales of his paper at the Coop?

In courses where a special type of paper is not required, research men are at work finding other things students must have. The Civil Engineers want a green paper with a fancy blue pin-stripe on it. The Accountants want a notebook with special practice sheets. The patriots in course VIII like white paper with blue lines across and red lines down. The Mathematics people live on the proceeds of a cheap quality white, red bordered, and captioned paper (plus covers) while the Chemists are yawping about research notebooks with four carbons that are absolutely essential



to a course V or X man's health and well-being.

They should drop dead. From now on the worm turns. Henceforth, I am submitting all exercises on a medium weight porous-type, rag-based paper.

John F. Handley, '49

Luckily for his letter, John happened to choose music paper, which the editor demands. — ED.

Dear Sirs:

I showed my roommates here a few copies of Voo Doo. The results: they got their clothes terribly dirty from rolling in laughter on the floor after reading the jokes in the magazines; second, they were forced to spend large sums of money to buy gallons of liniment to soothe their sore laughing muscles; third, my life was in danger until I told them that I would subscribe to this year's issues of Voo Doo; lastly, I hold you personally responsible for the corruption of these poor innocent boys.

Yours truly,

John W. MacDonald, South Hall
Montana State University

Dammit — I wish you would not use the same joke twice in one issue. Most of them are lousy enough anyway without repeating it again nine pages later. . . . About the best thing you can say for Voo Doo is that it is (sic) slightly more amusing than TEN.

Anonymous



He: "What do you do?"

She: "I'm a cigarette girl."

He: "Are you a Camel or a Chesterfield?"

She: "What do you mean?"

He: "Do you walk a mile or do you satisfy?"



"Here's where I cut a good figure," said the college girl, as she sat on a broken beer bottle."



"If this lecture has gone overtime it's only because I haven't my watch and the hall clock has stopped."

"There's a calendar in back of you."

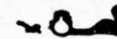
— Covered Wagon



Two little boys were standing on a corner. A little girl passed.

Said One: "Her neck's dirty."

Said the Other: "Her does?"



A man met a friend on the street, all bandaged up and walking on crutches.

"What happened?" asked the friend.

"Well, I had a date with my girl.

We were dancing when her father came in. You know how deaf he is — he couldn't hear the music."

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

SENIOR BOARD

JOHN LITTLE	General Manager
ROBERT ABELSON	Managing Editor
DAVID VIGODA	Business Manager

JUNIOR BOARD

JOE YANCIUNAS	Literary Editor
BILL SCHNEIDER	Art Editor
JOHN KUNSTADTER	Make-up Editor
ANDY PRICE	Advertising Manager
FRANK ANTHONY	Co-Sales Managers
AL KRIEGL	Publicity Manager
DAN McGUINNESS	Treasurer
LEN SALTER	Photography Editor
JACK STEVENS	

STAFF ASSOCIATES

LITERARY	MAKE-UP	SALES
Phil Clayton	Andy Viret	Joe Miano
Herb Kindler	George Piness	Dick Arzbaeher
George Brown	Howard Reuter	
Bob Garvin	Paul Hurlburt	
ART	Dick Pitler	ADVERTISING
John Bickford	Geri Sapolsky	Al Collins
Ray Ellis	Bill Gordon	Joe Plizga
John Harrington	Jack O'Brien	
Dave Kemper	Herb Voss	
Bruce Kline	PUBLICITY	TREASURY
Eric Schwarzschild	Sonny Simmons	Dave Benenson
Dick Waldt	Al Baer	Jim Staples
Charlie Pence	Buzz Scott	

Copyright, 1947, by the VOO DOO Senior Board.

Published by the Senior Board for the Students of
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.

Office hours: 4.30 to 5.30 P.M., Monday through Friday

Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy.

Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53 in Pago Pago.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

OCTOBER is a melancholy month, Phos, a month of lost freshmen in stark marble halls, fading daylight over football games, and couples walking on green-brown campuses. You find fellows who wish they had girls, and cars, and more free time. Most of us are hoping vainly for more money, better housing, or higher grades. Here, the gray of the Institute in the soft October sunlight is unconsciously depressing.

Then the approach of winter nips the melancholy with a frost of activity. Techmen partake of the frenzied forgetfulness of collegiate parties, or of the frustration of the balcony at the Old Howard, or the exhausting satisfaction of field-day sports. The bull sessions break up at two o'clock in the morning after candid debates on sex, sports, studies, music, cars, communism, women, sex. On top of everything is the pressure, the insistent, accumulating pressure of the studies. No sooner is one quiz over than the date of the next is set. By the time our homework is in, the lab reports are due. In between we must find time for a full instructing load—teaching course 25.01, *Elements of Techmen and Other Things*, at Wellesley, Radcliffe, Simmons.

But, Phos, they cannot break us! Here on Voo Doo, the boards and staff are back, consumed with new ideas and ambitions. Already this term we have been busier than a used car dealer in Los Angeles. Voo Doo has pre-broken ground for Karl, insulated its office against spurious radiation, and scorched the freshmen at the smoker. The office has since been assaulted by Freshmen candidates for the staff and we have even noticed you, Phos, without an egg in your beer on Thursdays.

What is more, the literary editor is pleading with his writers not to sell their stuff to *The New Yorker*, and the art editor says he definitely would reject the Mona Lisa as a pinup, and as a publicity stunt we are going to turn half the one-way signs in Boston around so that all the cars have to converge on the corner of Tremont and Boylston where Voo Doo will be holding a monster rally and campaign to have Boston Police wear Willkie buttons instead of silver badges. And our circulation is going way up because the magazine is being used as a textbook in abnormal psych and we are going to make enough money to throw a party and buy a typewriter that works and endow the Institute with some paint for Building 22 and

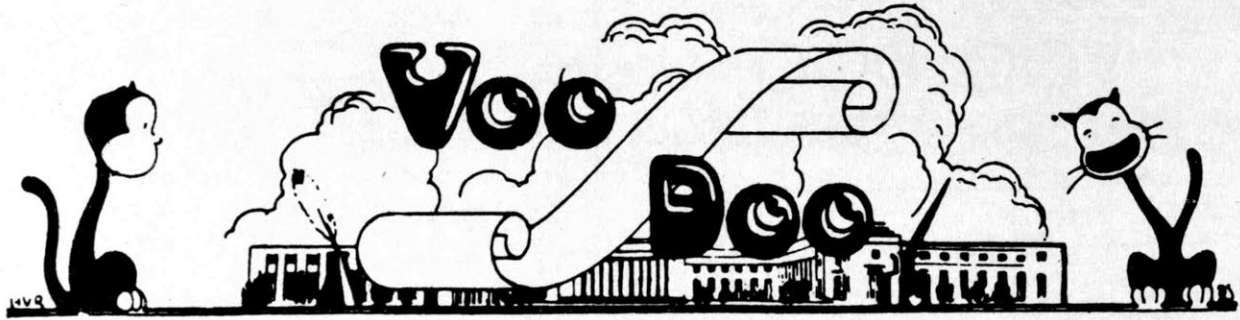
But all that can wait. Right now, here is the first issue. Take it away, Phos!

* * *

PHOS is happy to announce that Dan McGuinness is now Publicity Manager. He replaces Tom Horgan, who, regrettably, chose to exchange the rigors of Tech for the easy life of West Point.

L.

Cover this month by Waldt.



PROF Beckett was telling an accounting class that the loss of value due to depreciation can be figured in different ways, even for parts of a single thing, like an airplane. The bodies are depreciated on a yearly basis, he said, and the motors on a flying hour basis. Henry Gilbert asked, "How are the hostesses depreciated?"

"Man-hours," answered Bob Mott.

WE dare to walk up to one of those juke boxes that have a girl inside and in a stern voice order her to play McNamara's Band or any factual song. But when we have to say sentimental titles like "I Love You Truly" and let the public hear, our voice gets weak. We sympathize with an eater in the Esplanade who was totally humiliated in this way. He slipped a nickel into the Automatic

Hostess, mumbled something into the mouthpiece and was in his booth before the girl could ask him to repeat it. The fellow tried to look absorbed in his cheese omelet and pretended he couldn't hear the loud-speaker beg three times, "Will the gentleman who put a coin in the box please tell me his choice so I can play it." With everyone looking around to see who this spendthrift might be, the counterman finally walked over to his booth and asked, "Are you the one who just put a nickel in the machine?" "Yes," he said uneasily, "but I don't want to play anything any more."



Rather obvious, isn't it?

IN Tech history Friday night has always been a get-away-from-the-books-night, so any weekend lapse from study is not alarming. On the eve of the Harvard-BU game we turned collegiate and went to the BU rally and dance, a commercial affair with imported bands and stars. Our intentions, to be honest, were to snare a couple of available women from the flowing female population. After the entertainment, when the last major-ette had readjusted herself, people poured onto the dance floor. With not too exacting standards of beauty, we danced with a half dozen girls. Our intention is not to imply that all BU girls are homely, for as we left, a sign on the Arena marquee explained the situation. It read:

B.U. MONSTER RALLY

AROUND Tech, Course XV men act like liberal arts students, interested in all knowledge, but they have their business-like ruts, just as engineers have theirs. Driving to class one morning, one picked up a teen-age hitch-hiker and asked him where he worked. "Peddling fish," said the boy.

"Do they make shoes?" the XV man asked.

"I peddle fish," insisted the boy.

"Oh, oh, I thought you worked for Peddle and Fish. You know, like Jones and Smith Company." Confused, both kept silent the rest of the trip.

HERE is a tale to make Tech-men glad that they deal with material, non-human things. The story was in a Saturday Evening Post sketch about Professor Carlson, teacher of physiology at the University of Chicago:

Carlson gave undergraduates a stern introduction to the scientific method. Holding a half-filled test tube up to the light, he would announce that here was a fluid that looked like urine.

"But we mustn't trust our eyes alone," he would warn. "The scientist uses all the powers of observation he can command."

Then, carefully sniffing the tube, "Smells like it."

Next he would wet a finger in the tube, and taste carefully with the tip of his tongue, "Taste confirms."

"Here, what do you think?" he would ask a student in the first row, handing him the tube. Grimly, the student and his neighbors would take their turn under the prodding of the master — peering, sniffing, tasting and wondering if science really offered just the opportunities one was seeking.

Presently Carlson would recapture the test tube. "Now," he would thunder, "we are young scientists! Our first job is to observe! Me, I do not like to taste urine, so I wet this," — holding up a stubby forefinger — "but I taste this!" Middle finger.



Say good-bye to the nice men, dear. He does it so cute—wave to Daddy's friends, dear — wait till you see him do it — say bye-bye dear — he usually does it right away — Daddy's friends have to go on a choo-choo, baby; wave good-bye — wave good-bye, dear —

FOR Teen-Agers: If you have a club outside of school try a change of pace once in a while. Offer your help to some Boston organization that can use it, such as the United Nations.

Boston Globe, Sept. 2

A super-saturated solution of hypo is in such sensitive balance that dropping a few more crystals into the test tube will cause the excess hypo to precipitate. Prof Davis of 5.01 has a more dramatic experiment. He stands before the solution, claps his hands and Presto, a precipitate. An instructor watched him and tried the same stunt later for his class. He clapped, he stamped, he jolted the table, but nothing happened. Embarrassed, he asked Prof Davis how he managed to get such a delicate solution. "Oh, it's not that," said Prof Davis, "I just have a few hypo crystals in my hand. When I clap, I brush them into the test tube."

A middle-aged Swedish friend of ours went to a party and started for home — two blocks away — under alcoholic power. One block from the party he realized he was lost hopelessly. He stood on the sidewalk, weaving, and as he said later, "I looked here un I looked there . . . There vas only vun people on the street — un that vas me."

DID you ever wonder how children learned to blow bubbles? Donna, a third-grader living down the street, explained between explosions of a gum wad, that she had learned by herself — even before her brother and sister, who are older. "I just stood in front of a mirror when I was chewin gum. I stuck out my tongue and blew and the gum popped!" As simple as that, and Donna went on to say that she preferred being hit with a coat hanger rather than a strap — a strap hurts all over.

NOTHING BUT TALK

"**A**RE there any sensible questions now?" The Professor allowed his hair to settle back into place and concluded his lecture on the culmination of trilobites and how best to serve them. Though I wanted to know if I could make trilobites serve me, I maintained the ethical silence after his question and waited for the class to leave. Here was my chance to question the professor-scientist:

"Sir, is it true that the B-bomb will follow the A-bomb?"

"That is a rather broad statement. Let me say that the A-bomb will precede the B-bomb. I am unfamiliar with the social characteristics of alphabetical bombs."

"What can these bombs do?"

"It is said that the A-bomb causes night blindness and that a projected C-bomb causes rickets. You see, these bombs are an antidote for their

vitamin counterparts."

"You're not sure though?"

"The brain of the scientist Brigadoon, inherited by Abner Yocum, was churning these ideas around, before he smashed headlong into a tree to get rid of them."

"I see. Sir, what is it that makes the bomb explode?"

"That is very simple. You see, it is full of atoms. You've heard of a chain reaction?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, that is too general — merely for public consumption. Actually it more nearly resembles what we men of science know as a burning licorice stick."

"Licorice stick! But I thought the bomb was no bigger than a pea."

"Ha. We mislaid too many of those portable bombs. You don't suppose we would require a plant the size of

Oak Ridge to turn out two pea-size bombs. We lost some under desks and in waste baskets. Some were taken home by the employees, whose children used them in sling shots. Very effective."

"What do the new bombs look like?"

"The new peacetime bomb resembles a juke box. It is stationary and cannot be misplaced."

"I'm afraid that as a layman, I don't see the tremendous significance of what you have said. May I change the subject to ask if there is any truth to the story that we are going to set up some satellites 10,000 miles above the earth's surface?"

"That is, of course, a secret. But confidentially, I would like to suggest that I believe that some people may think that there is some possibility of such a development."

"And what is the use of such an instrument in warfare?"

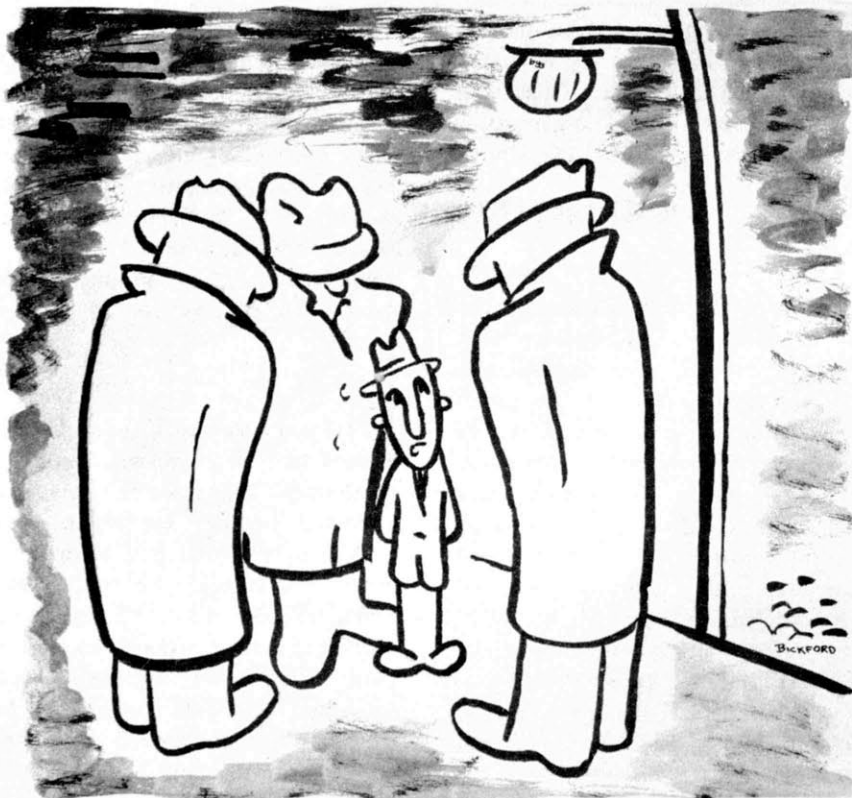
"Yes, just as you say, it is of great use. The first nation to install such a weapon will have a great strategic advantage. A great advantage. We might use them as airports."

"How about artificial eclipses to keep sun off the enemy's land?"

"Personally, I believe it would be better to build up our stock-pile of dry ice to cause a steady rain to fall on the enemy. Keep his productive capacity tied up with raincoats."

"What a planning mind! Professor, is there truth to the rumor that you would be willing to serve as chairman of the Navy's Carmine Ribbon Department? Isn't that supposed to be the lushest job on the West Coast?"

"I immediately reject any such implications or advances. The idea is abhorrent. However, I would gladly accept any opportunity to serve my country — if it were offered. As to your last comment. This job is not 'lush'; it is hard work. Hard work. A job that needs a scientific thinker



Suppose I don't WANT to go for a ride?

and capable man."

"What do you know about the scandals and exposés which concern so many of our office holders?"

"I see it all as a result of transmogrified psycho-emotional touchback. Some people have political masochistic complexes. They go about asking others about the most repulsive and disgusting politicians they have heard of. I don't seek office. It hasn't been offered me. However, I am conscientious and would willingly serve my community if called upon to do so."

"I am sure you would, Professor. But back to our discussion. What do you think is the most devastating weapon which will be used in the next war?"

"This is a strict secret, but I understand that the Army is buying up 10 million umbrellas for short-range combat. Just think what this means. The other day, I saw a matron on Park Street put out the eyes of five people through sheer carelessness. Just think of the inherent devastation of 10 million umbrellas in the hands of strong, well-trained soldiers who aim. If we poke out one eye per enemy, we will eliminate his perspective. Everything would look like a flat surface to him. We can reduce the enemy to fighting in two dimensions, while we are armed with three dimensions."

"You seem to know everything. But back to your speech, how do you think people culminate a tribolite and serve it?"

"What the hell are you talking about? Did someone ask if I was going to run for office?"

— PHIL CLAYTON



A cute little blonde from St. Paul
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.

The dress caught fire;

It burned her entire —

Sports section, editorial page, and all.



"Best damn politician in the state."

AREN'T ATOMS WONDERFUL!

*(As it would be sung
by an atomic physicist)*

Aren't atoms wonderful!
Aren't atoms grand!
Just think of all the atoms
Spread throughout our land!

You use them in your daily bath,
You eat them every day;
They're in you, on you, all around
you —

That is why we say:

Aren't atoms wonderful!
Aren't atoms grand!
Just think of all the atoms
Spread throughout our land!

Think of the atom's daily life,
Uncertain of his place;
Located in the deepest earth,
Or on some ugly face.

Bemoan the atom's lowly plight —
He knows not where he's at;
When he is placed within a chair,

Upon he will be sat.

And yet undaunted is the atom,
He'll flourish anywhere;
In quantities profuse and great
On land, on sea, in air.

Aren't atoms wonderful!
Aren't atoms grand!
Just think of all the atoms
Spread throughout our land.

When whole the atom does no harm —
Is physically inert;
We'll split the atom far apart —
We hope it will not hurt.

Regretfully, in our research,
We'll break the atom's heart;
Asunder will go nucleus,
As fragments fly apart.

Negatron and positron,
Proton and meson;
When wondrous atom bears its heart,
Science marches on!

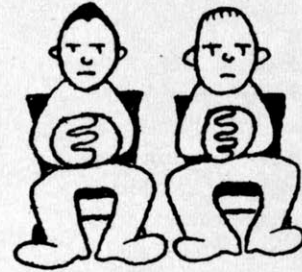
ROBERT P. ABELSON

"ACQUAINTANCE DANCE"

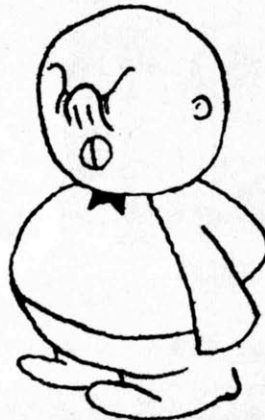
by JB



"FOR FRESHMEN"



THESE GUYS COME AND
SPEND THE EVENING
MAKING UP STORIES
TO TELL THE BOYS
BACK AT THE HOUSE.



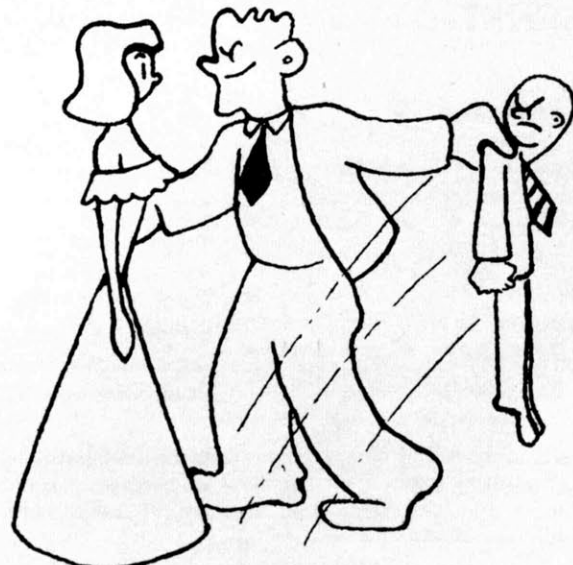
"I WOULDN'T DANCE
WITH THESE PIGS IF
THEY WERE THE LAST
WOMEN ON EARTH."



COLLECTOR



LATER — "BOY, DID
SHE FALL FOR ME.
ALL SHE COULD DO
WAS SIGH."



"MAY I CUT IN?"

- BICKFORD -



J U N I O R P R O M

November
14

KRUPA PLAYING AT JP

THE annual success known as the Junior Prom is being held this year over at the Copley Plaza with hide-beating Gene Krupa and his band. Phos, who has been around here longer than we have, says that this is the first real "big name" band to play at M. I. T. since pre-war days. Although some people are expecting Krupa to make too much noise and too little dance music, those who have heard him recently will realize that he has many sweet arrangements that conform to the current trend. Disciples of commercial jazz often find favor with the Gene Krupa Jazz Trio, although we note that Vido Musso has left and that it now consists of Krupa, drums, Charlie Kennedy, alto sax, and Buddy Eanelli, piano.

Pictured on the page are Krupa and his pretty vocalist, Dolores Hawkins. We would have said that we should print a big picture of the band leader and a smaller one of the vocalist, but Phos could not see it that way.

There is a current and completely substantiated rumor that there is to be one big Saturday night party instead of the usual several fraternity parties. The idea planned looks good from here — a carnival type of affair, Fun and Frolic for all, minors not to drink the cider.



Magazine Portrait:

ESQUIRE

URGENT IS THE WORD FOR *ESQUIRE*,
WHERE YOUTHFUL GENIUS DETERMINES
THE SHAPE OF THINGS . . .

UNLIKE most magazines, *Esquire* has an English motto. Bluntly, it is "Sex." It is a good motto, but not very quotable. There is probably no magazine in the world where it is necessary to undertake so little exertion to produce so much sex.

The rewards, however, are vast. A disproportionate number of the sexual developments of the day stem from *Esquire*-trained minds. On a more concrete level, the top men in *Esquire* have their choice of a hundred Varga girls, and even the leg men of half a dozen.

It was not always like this. *Esquire's* story met with skepticism a few years ago. It started with the trouble they had with the Post Office. Authorities agreed that sex was impractical.

Finally a few men of experience agreed that the study of anatomy might be valuable physical experience for young gentlemen (and some artists). Of course, Virtue and Chastity were preferable, but *Esquire* was persistent, so they finally let it have its way.

To a contemporary generation vio-

lently convinced that sex is here to stay, Virtue and Chastity seem less practical than they once did.

Once the ladies' man carried a mustache under his nose and was strictly in business. Today he is a low-browed young man with a bow-tie who appears to hold an option to whatever Prom there is going to be.

With *Esquire* you will find no writers, and the Editor is most likely to be interested in sex. Still no one can deny the glamor of glamor.

Esquire's pages are bulging with bulges. The prewar model has been uplifted, but the end is not yet in sight.

But sex remains largely unchanged, if intensified, a continuing source of awe and bewilderment to Harvard men.

There is a strange language *Esquire* men talk, and a fervor with which they bend to the task.

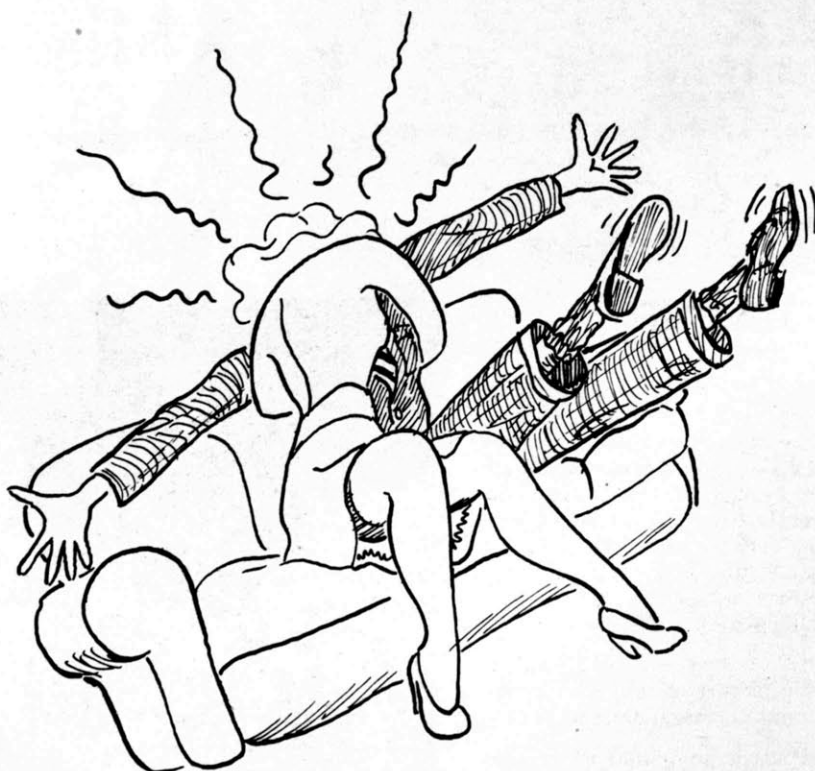
There are other activities, like Fiction, Articles, Photography, Sports and Departments, but there are few admirers of *Esquire* known to have hung a short story on their walls.

Being put out by debonair, sex-crazed gentlemen, you might expect *Esquire* to take a back seat to its more sedate brothers. Actually it ranks among the top college-humor publications.

The *Esquire* mascot is the Varga girl in a thin negligee, and it is a fitting one. The *Esquire* cheer is perhaps even more fitting:

We for the sex, for you the sex, we
for the sex, the sex,
Cocaine! Decant Pungent Wine! . . .

R. A.



"Love that soap!"



A Profile:
ESQUIRE

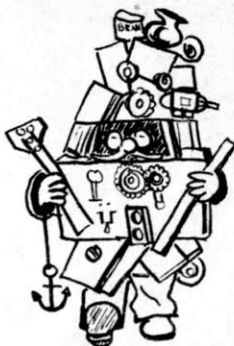
Drawing by
 WALDT

Above, the symbols of a symbol: The long-legged Varga girl, the limousine, the night club, the gentleman of distinction, the objets d'art, the check book, the sparkling liqueur. . . . But

even sex pauses to catch its breath, as the irrepressible Esky with typewriter under arm indicates. And then there's always PIC across the river.

EDUCATION THROUGH SAMPLES

"During the third and fourth years, the student takes more technical subjects," says the catalogue, which means the use of samples — rocks, armatures, sections of pavement, lead castings, anything. Here is how it works:

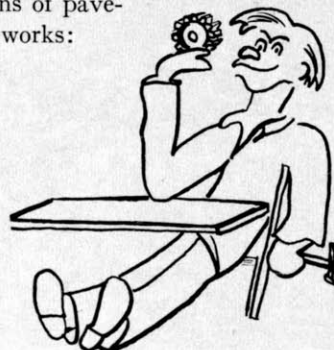


Prof arrives in class bearing pertinent material, only slightly daunted by janitor who had helpfully pointed

to an ashcan. Some adjectives describing these samples: (1) heavy, (2) dirty, (3) cheap, (4) irrelevant.

Student engineer holds armature up to light. He can't see through it.

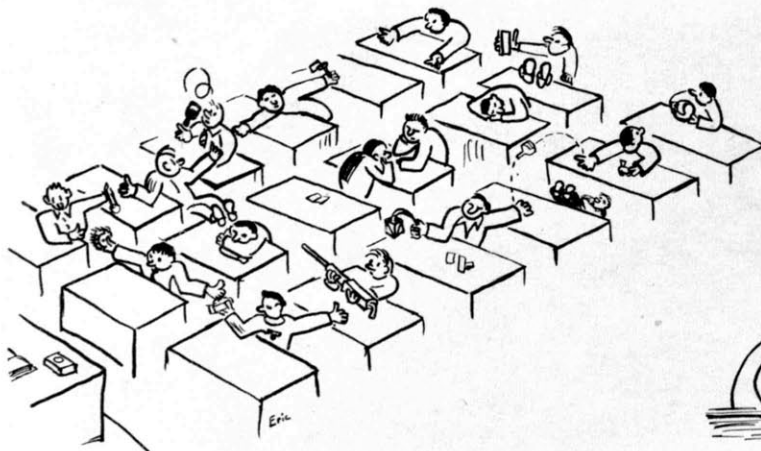
He tries to break it, finally passes it on. (In a 2.30 class everyone tried to set fire to a piece of magnesium.)



Each student, in turn, inspects the specimen and gleans from it whatever he can.



Occasionally the flow of material is halted by a student who is more astute in his observation. He usually has the whole collection on his chair arm as the bell rings and has to return them to the prof, individually, with comment.



Traffic difficulties may lead to education of only half the class. This, however, is partially counteracted by the fact that those students left out may spend their time more profitably.



That Saturday night, the Techman who has held the piece of steel up to the light to see if it is transparent, argues about schools with a Northeastern student; they agree the Tech's only real superiority is its wonderful and abundant equipment.
Y and S.



Now where the hell did THAT come from?



Exhibitionist



THE

NEW

LOOK!



She exhaled

THE SECRET LIFE OF WANTA MEETME

With Apologies (and all that sort of thing) to James Thurber.

"I have found them, Professor." Miss Meetme's voice rang clear and true through the comfortably furnished office. She stepped briskly over to the Professor's desk and laid before him a stack of important looking papers. The harassed expression on the Professor's face vanished; his fine brow cleared.

"Wanta, darling — forgive me, but I cannot restrain myself any longer. This thing is bigger than both of us. You've saved me. Think of the disgrace; I should have had to leave the Institute . . . if it weren't for you, dear. Imagine, my misplacing five hundred uncorrected exams! Wanta, I can't live without you. Say you'll marry me. We'll go away tomorrow. You'll get a fifty per cent pay raise retroactive for a year, of course." The masterful young professor swept lovely Wanta into his arms. From outside came the faint sound of typewriters — clackata, clackata. . . .

. . . . "Miss Meetme, Where's that letter I gave you to type three hours ago? Get busy. Why aren't you typing?" The Professor thumped his cane with his shaky hand to lend emphasis to his thin, crotchety voice.

"I thought I put it on your desk, Professor. I'm so sorry. Maybe it slipped into this basket." Miss Meetme jack-knifed sloppily into the waste basket beside her desk. She emerged several minutes later with a crumpled sheet of paper in her hand. "I'll retype it directly," she faltered to her scowling boss. . . .

. . . . "O.K., boys, one more chorus. It's Wanta, it's Wanta

It's Wanta makes the world go 'round.

It's Wanta makes the world go 'round."

The gay youths crowded about her desk. Singing, cheering, they lifted their glasses of champagne in yet another toast.

"To the only girl who can give us H and get away with it — Wanta, the sweetheart of M.I.T.," they cried together.

A group of secretaries strolled by, saying wistfully,

"Gee, Wanta has all the luck. All the students she grades are so handsome . . . and they always get H's."

"Come on, Wanta, let's go out and paint the town red," urged the

students.

"But, boys, she pleaded, "I have work to do. How can I leave now?"

"We'll do it for you," they roared in reply. Typewriters appeared from seemingly nowhere. Students added, multiplied, subtracted long columns of figures in their heads, faster than any adding machine could possibly do it. Occasionally, the pop of a champagne cork could be heard above the busy hum . . . clackata, clackata . . .

. . . . "Miss Meetme, that's your fifth trip to the water cooler this morning. Get to work. There's a group of students here to see you." The Professor hobbled back to his office, leaving Miss Meetme to face a group of truculent boys, clothed in garishly colored, extremely casual attire. The young men were generally unshaven, and horn-rimmed spectacles appeared to be the badge of their profession. Each carried a brief case which was stuffed with atoms of books, papers, and slide rules.

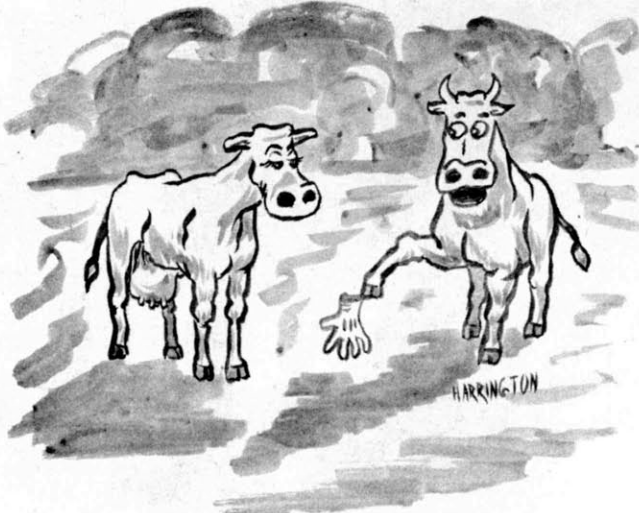
. "Say, ah, Miss Meecham. We don't like the marks we got. Geez, don'cha ever give above a P?" another complained.

"And Miss Meecher. I figured it out on my slide rule. I shoulda got at least a C." Refusing the polished apples proffered her by some with a sharp shake of her head, she declared with finality,

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but your work was of insufficient merit to warrant anything above a P. The matter is closed."

The students gradually gave up hope and shuffled out of the office, muttering discontentedly to themselves as they went. Silence settled on the little office, save for the clackata, clackata of Miss Meetme's typewriter.

—D.

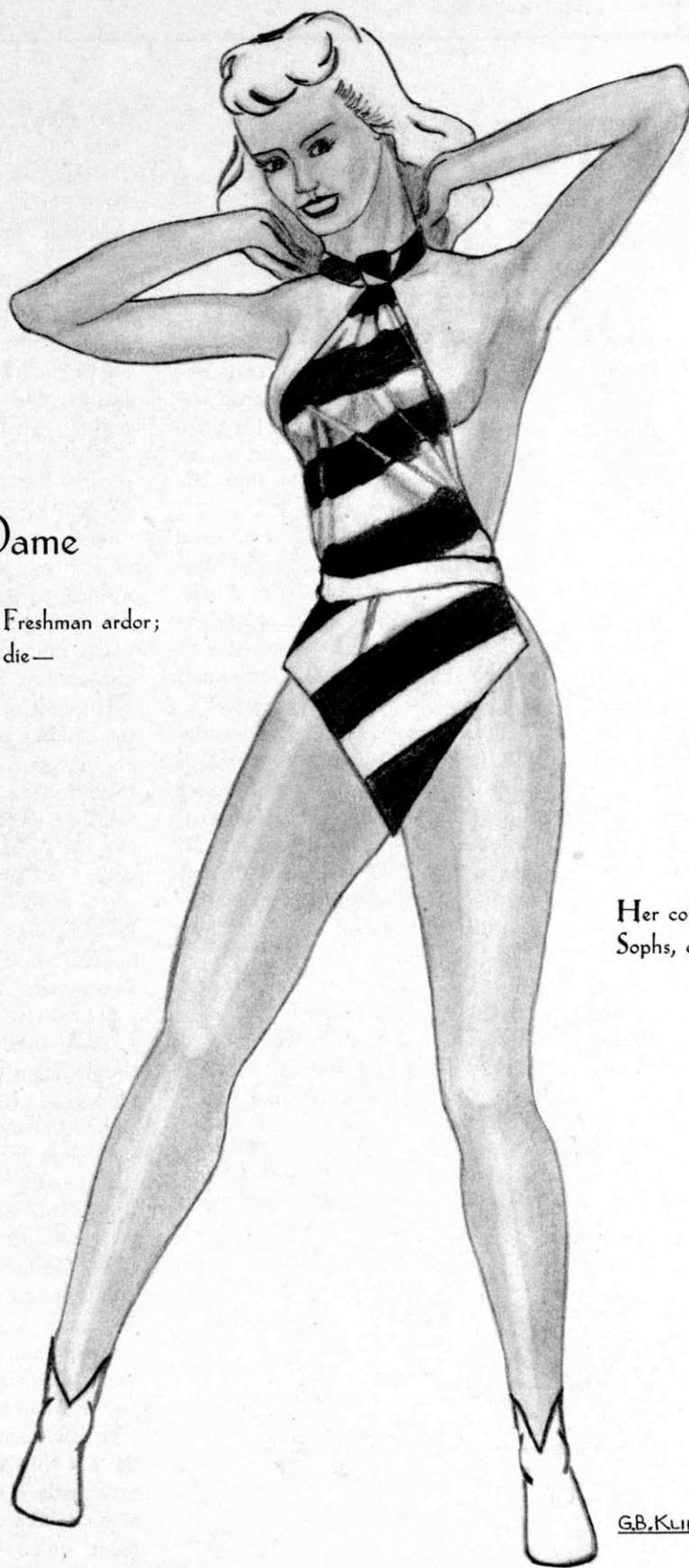


"Madam, you dropped something."

Field Dame

This maiden stirs the Freshman ardor;
For her they'll do or die—

Her come-on look is just a starter—
Sophs, don't cut that tie!



G.B. KLINE

RECAPITULATION

By Permission, Copyright 1947, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

IT was the hour that the French happily term the moment of digestion. The circumspect lamps in the Faculty Club lounge illuminated the readers' laps and left their faces in shadow — and a good thing, too.

"I see where youth is on the march," said the Assistant Professor of Social Morphology, bowed over a weekly journal of opinion. "Youth demands a voice. Youth will be heard."

Professor Entwistle snorted. "If I know anything about youth, it will be heard shouting some idiotic catch phrase over and over. 'Kilroy was here.'"

"You're behind the times," said the Assistant Professor of Social Morphology. "Open the door, Richard!"

"What? Oh, I see. Youth will be heard best about three in the morning. Fourteen specimens of youth in an open car, immobilized in front of my bedroom window, and all of them interminably yelling some barbarous indecency. Or merely yelling."

"Here's an example from the *Polecat*," said the Professor of Torts and Breaches, who was examining the college humorous magazine with gruesome interest. "'How about a kiss, babe?' 'Not on an empty stomach.' 'Hell, no. On the mouth.'"

"I think you're too severe," said the Assistant Professor of Social Morphology to Professor Entwistle. "Youth has become aware of itself as a social unit and a social force. Youth is impatient of outworn traditions and welcomes new and exciting ideas."

"Stuff and nonsense, my good man," said Professor Entwistle. "Youth hates new ideas. I give my classes one new idea a week, which is all they can stand. And if they understand it, they're furious. They bitterly resent anything that contradicts the encyclopedia or, worst of all, their high-school teacher."

The Professor of Torts and Breaches leered in a grisly manner. He said, "Listen to this from the *Polecat*. 'Old lady: 'Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street like that.'"

Little Boy: "Oh, that's all right. She's dead." "

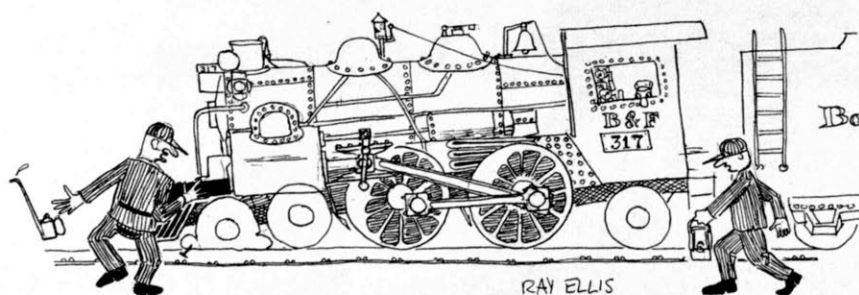
"Yes, but you can't deny that we have our campus radicals," said the Assistant Professor of Social Morphology.

"Certainly," Professor Entwistle said. "We have our little laborious group, which spends all its time calling public meetings, tacking up manifestoes, and writing to the college paper. They are simply following directives issued by a central organization, whose rulers, I'll wager, are all over fifty. Anyhow, the campus radicals number about one per cent of the campus population. If you wanted to devote one of your silly surveys to something really useful, you'd examine the makeup of that organization. I think you'd find that a large majority of the members are the children of radical parents. They are orthodox in their own way. And their doctrine is the gospel according to Marx. You can hardly call that a new idea, after nearly a hundred years."

"I've been married four times. Do you think I'm a loose woman?" "quoted the Professor of Torts and Breaches. "'No, dearie, you're just a busy body.'"

"But youth is idealistic," persisted the Assistant Professor of Social Morphology. "It's the nature of youth to be idealistic."

"You're merely repeating a worn-out phrase," said Professor Entwistle testily. "And it's a phrase invented and worn out by old men, rich in ideas. After a few centuries, youth picked it up. Idealistic? You just have a good talk with youth sometime and see what it says. What youth wants is money, and the sort of gratifications adumbrated in the primitive witticisms of the *Polecat*. It's the old who are idealistic. Possibly because the old have given up the hope of money and, indeed, of gratifications. Most great literature depicts the struggle of man up from the wallow



of youth to the purity of old age. Dante. And 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"Still," said the Assistant Professor of Social Morphology heavily, "the young are eager to join in crusades for some high purpose —"

"Crusades!" Professor Entwhistle was shrill. "The young like to go for rides. They will join any march on the state capitol, because that means cutting classes for a few days and hitchhiking in old folks' cars."

"Mother: 'Mabel, get off that young man's knee,'" quoted the Professor of Torts and Breaches. "Mabel: 'Like hell I will. I got here first.'"

"No, the fact of it is," Professor Entwhistle went on, "that all this idealization of youth — pimply, gawky, candidly vicious youth — is simply due to the natural courtesy of age. The mysterious, evanescent charm of youth! I never could see it. Youth makes me sick. Youth is only an imperfect preparatory stage of man. You know the biological theory of Recapitulation?" He glanced inquiringly at several other professors who seemed to be following the discussion.

Every head nodded, though some without much assurance.

"According to the theory of Recapitulation," Professor Entwhistle continued, "every animal recapitulates the whole evolution of life. We began as an egg, the single cell that represents the origin of all life. The embryo is a reptile, and then a fish, and finally a vertebrate. The normal temperature and saltiness of our blood are relics of the temperature and salinity of the primeval seas when we crawled out of them to live on shore. Each of us as an embryo sums up in a few months millions of years of evolution. Then we are born and become man. But as babies we run on all fours, in memory of quadrupedal man, and as children we climb and hang from trees, in memory of our arboreal ancestors."

The Professor of Torts and Breaches broke in again. "She: 'Gosh, can't



I heard about it on the radio. You walk a mile and get one.

you be good for five minutes?" He: "Hell, sister, I'll be good for twenty years." "

"Twenty years! Hah!" Professor Entwhistle shook his head. "Well, my own supplement to the theory of Recapitulation is that it continues through adolescence, which represents historic times. And the college student has just about reached the Middle Ages. He has the violence and cruelty of the Middle Ages, and the superstition and prejudice of that time, and its touching, uncritical faith, hiding a lingering paganism. And its sense of humor. Those examples from the *Polecat* that the Professor of Torts and Breaches has been kind enough to read aloud are very significant. They could be put in the medieval farces and fabliaux and no scholar would detect them as fakes. They would have made Chaucer's audience laugh. In fact, perhaps they did."

"But don't you think something can be done?" said the Assistant Professor

of Social Morphology anxiously.

"Nothing. Except wait." Professor Entwhistle got up stiffly from his easychair. "Well, goodbye. I've got to be going. Papers to correct."

"Listen to this one," said Professor of Torts and Breaches. "Blamed on the Harvard *Lampoon*:

'A girl attending Bryn Mawr
Committed a dreadful faux pas;
She loosened a stay
In her décolleté,
Exposing her je-ne-sais-quois.' "

Professor Entwhistle left the room. In the vestibule, he balanced carefully to put on his rubbers. He put on his top coat and opened his umbrella against the sullen rain. A party of undergraduates went by, hatless, gleaming with high spirits, shouting at monotonous intervals, "Open the door, Richard!"

Death in his heart, old Professor Entwhistle bowed his head, shrunk within his heavy topcoat, and took the dark way homeward.

— MORRIS BISHOP

HAVE A HALLOWEEN PARTY



YOU CAN -
BOB FOR APPLES
- OR - TELL GHOST
STORIES

NOTE: EVERY
SCAVENGER LIST
SHOULD INCLUDE
ONE LIVELY BLOND!

ONE WAY TO SPIN
← THE BOTTLE



GUESS WHO

A PROBLEM IN MARKETING

Sticking to Fundamentals Led Detective Phos to a Wicked Killer.

Hidden in this story is a novel plan for thinning Tech's enrollment without flunking anyone.

A lone, hoarse cry of agony pierced the stillness, nightly. In the late Spring of 1947, MIT was terrified by a strange string of gory murders. A killer was loose on the campus.

Victim number one was found at 3:00 a.m. on May first, his throat slit horizontally, three knife wounds (each fatal) in his chest, a bullet through his heart, his head bashed in and his wrists tied behind him. The victim did pass the Homberg physical, but after a more thorough investigation, police and school authorities announced death due to strain from over-work.

Wait. Detective Phos, of Voo Doo's staff of experts-in-everything, was not completely convinced by the detailed, 652 page report issued by the Information Office in support of the official conclusions. The Psychology Section's vivid description of a mind's breakdown, accompanied by a strip of one-millionth-second Edgerton photos of the process, did not satisfy Detective Phos' natural inquisitiveness. After all, had not his brilliant thinking only recently solved the mystery of the age, namely, "Who reads TEN anyway?"

MIT was at exam-like pitch for three terrible weeks. During the night of May twentieth, victim number 20 met his fate. Everyone secretly admired the killer's diligence and increasing technical competence, but twenty murders in twenty nights had caused a mild disturbance in the Administration. A compilation re-

vealed that 23,416 pages of reports had been published by the Institute, entitled successively "Death, due to Natural Phenomena," "Death No. 2, due to Natural Phenomena," "Death no. 3, due to Natural Phenomena," and so on. Each victim had his throat slit horizontally, three knife wounds (each fatal) in his chest, a bullet through his heart, his head bashed in and his wrists tied behind him.

Detective Phos was worried. Were the Institute's investigations adequate? Phos felt a mild suspicion, although he had nothing to support it except that each report ended: "Of course, the victim's cumulative was less than 4.50 anyway."

Risking his neck, reputation and eyes, Detective Phos began his private investigation by staggering through the 23,416 pages of reports. After quietly announcing his intentions by amplifier from the top of the Building 10 dome, Detective Phos started following clues. Three hot scents he followed to the banks of the Charles River. Each time he had to be fished

out with a boat-hook, screaming and ranting at the interference, which he claimed was a plot by The Tech, TEN and the Veteran's View to sabotage him.

Suddenly and mysteriously, Detective Phos bought a single thick book at the Coop and retired to a quiet corner of one of the rooms marked "Men" where he was closeted in meditation for three days.

Upon emerging, with his usual self-conscious check of the Talon tab, Detective Phos rushed immediately to the head of the Marketing Section of Course XV.

"Sir," he said, "I have discovered a fact which may have certain significance in the recent deaths. All twenty of the deceased were members of your Marketing class. Please, may I see an alphabetical roster and a seating plan of the class as it was before any deaths?"

A short time later, Detective Phos, accompanied by a doubting Dr. Compton, entered the Marketing classroom, where the remaining 91

Continued to page 22



"Sorry, I'm up to my neck in work now."

Continued from page 21

students were sitting three-deep listening in frozen silence to a discussion of the Good Humor Company. Twenty seats in the front rows were sentimentally left unoccupied. At Dr. Compton's entry the class jumped to attention, the heads of the men in the upper layer hitting the third floor ceiling.

Without wasting words, Detective Phos, thin-lipped and gimlet-eyed, took over and spoke for fifteen minutes on the weather, which was rotten. Suddenly he pointed to one man, who was seated in the center of the room (speaking three-dimensionally, that is).

"Sam G. Maxwell," he roared, "YOU murdered those twenty men! Nasty habit, that."

All eyes fell on Sam. This was quite a load. Under the awful strain, he collapsed to the floor, babbling, "Yes, yes, yes! I did it! Take me away!"

At these words, Dr. Compton flicked his little finger. Over in Building 7 his aide reacted and immediately rang the passing bell. Throughout the school the usual joyous shout arose, followed by the screams of those caught underfoot in the mad rush to get out of the classrooms.

Ten minutes later in the Marketing classroom, when the last student had

torn and clawed his way out of the place, Detective Phos rushed over to where Sam G. Maxwell lay babbling on the floor and quickly surrounded him.

"Don't move," he warned, "or I'll make you read this issue of TEN!"

"No, no. Not that! Anything but that!" screamed Sam. He was still trembling with fear when the police took him away.

Later, in Dr. Compton's office, Detective Phos was rewarded by a promise from Dr. Compton to take him on the next trip to Washington to meet a Mr. Truman who helps Dr. Compton run the country. Then, unable longer to restrain themselves, the assembled multitude of school officials begged that Phos reveal the secret of his success, so that it could be used as the subject of a 23,417 word report.

Modestly, after demanding and awaiting newsreel cameramen and a national radio hookup, Detective Phos began.

"It was really very simple. I felt that the crimes were being committed by someone who was probably not understood by those around him, someone a little off-balance mentally. This narrowed my suspects to one-half the student body and 95% of the faculty. So I was looking for a person who was frustrated by a feeling of not being understood by his fellows

and who reacted by doing away with them as cruelly as possible. The trick was to locate this misunderstood individual. When I noticed that all twenty victims not only took Marketing but were the first twenty men alphabetically, I resolved to get at the Fundamental Principles.

"While reading that big book, the Marketing text, I concentrated on all the Fundamental Principles. All at once, a flash of intuition blinded me as I read one page! When I regained my sight I realized I was on the right trail.

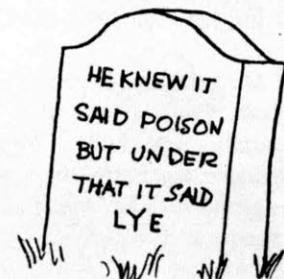
"From the Head of Marketing I obtained the original roster of 111 men and the seating plan. I examined them carefully and was soon fairly certain that my man was Sam G. Maxwell, no. 56 on the roster. His seat on the original seating plan supported that conclusion. When I learned that the Marketing class seating arrangement hadn't been changed after the first murder, I knew why all the other murders had taken place.

"When Dr. Compton and I entered the Marketing classroom and while I spoke about the weather, I spotted my man sitting there with a frustrated look on his face. The Fundamental Principle I had found in the Marketing text applied! We had him!"

"Come, come, man," pleaded Dr. Compton. "WHICH Fundamental Principle applied?"

With a grand flourish, Detective Phos opened the Marketing text to a page where red pencil framed this sentence: "One of the biggest problems in marketing is that the middleman is generally misunderstood."

—GEORGE E. BROWN



Reformer: "And furthermore, hell is just filled with cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty chorus girls."

Voice from the rear: "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"



A bachelor met a girl at a party and fell madly in love with her at first sight. "You're the girl of my dreams," he kept telling her during the party and on the way home. When they got to her apartment, he took the key and opened the door. And there in the middle of the living room floor was a dead horse. The man stared, horrified.

"Well, for goodness sake," said the girl, "I didn't say I was neat, did I?"

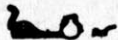
— Aggievator



An insurance salesman tells about a valuable wardrobe which his firm insured for a client during a European trip. Upon reaching London she wired: "Gown lifted in London."

After due deliberation he sent his reply: "What do you think our policy covers?"

— Claw



Professor: "Young man, how many times have I told you to get to this class on time?"

Student: "I don't know. I thought you were keeping score!"



We envy the position of the Hollywood janitor whose salary includes room and board and any little extras he can pick up.

One: "I'm thirsty and I want a drink."

Two: "Drink milk — it's good for the blood."

One: "Yeah, but I ain't blood-thirsty."



Here's a story about a reporter who saw on the police blotter that a farmer had lost 2025 pigs. The size of the loss seemed very heavy for such a small farm so the reporter drove out to investigate.

"Is it true that you lost 2025 pigs?" he asked.

"Yeth," lisped the farmer.



The bather's clothes were strewed
By the winds that left her nude.
When a man came along,
And unless I am wrong,
You expected this line to be lewd.



"Oh," said Maizie gushingly, "I had the most gorgeous time last night. I met a new man and he invited me to a wonderful dinner at his apartment. After dinner, he showed me a dozen mink coats and asked me to choose one for myself."

"How perfectly adorable," gurgled Myrtle, "and what did you have to do?"

"Just shorten the sleeves," said Maizie.

— Scarlet Fever



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

Smart Rainwear for Men

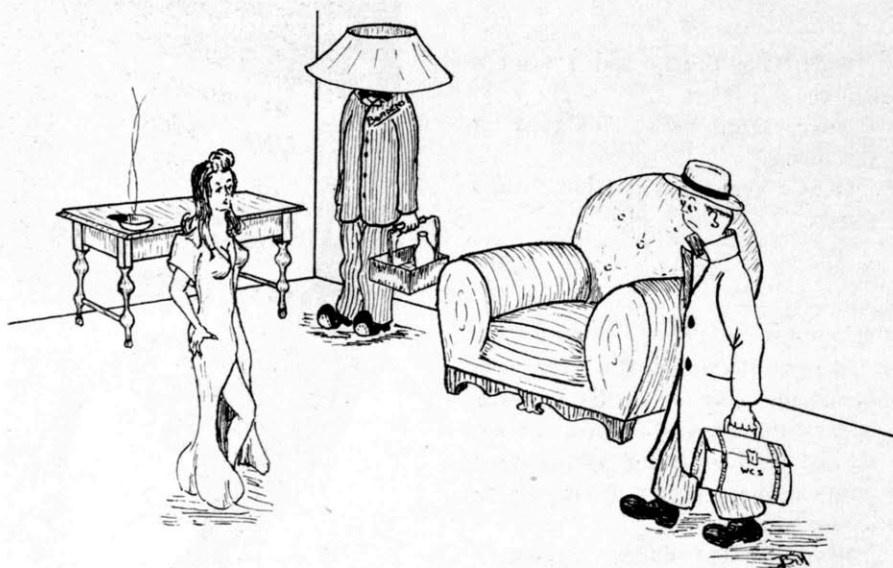


Smile at the sun, laugh at the rain in the smart new Plymouth Ivy League which doubles as a topcoat or raincoat. Stylish knee length with raglan sleeves and hidden zipper fly front. See the Ivy League at leading stores.

Plymouth
OF BOSTON
WEATHERPROOFS

*U.S. Patent No. 2,248,288

PLYMOUTH MANUFACTURING CO.
495 Albany St., Boston 18, Mass.



"Er — hello, dear — miss your train?"

There was a man in a bar drinking Martinis. He drank the Martini, would eat the olive, eat the glass, and throw the olive stone away. After a couple of these he said to the bartender:

"I bet you think I'm crazy, don't you?"

The bartender said: "I sure do. You are throwing away the best part."



I parked the car, expecting "No!"

But she remarked in glee,
"We'll have to fight it out, y'know,
I hope you're stronger than me!"



"If the Dean doesn't take back what he said this morning, I am going to leave college."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to leave college."



Scene: Cocktail Party.

Host: "Highball or Martini?"

Guest: "Just straight ginger ale will do."

Host: "Pale?"

Guest: "No, just a glass."

Mary: "How is it that George never takes you to the movies anymore?"

Irene: "Well, one evening it rained and we stayed home."



"Goodness, George, this isn't our baby. This is another carriage."

"Shut up. This is a better carriage."

— Pelican



A man and his wife were sitting together in the living room one evening when the phone rang. The man answered and said, "How on earth should I know? Why don't you call the Coast Guard?" Then he hung up.

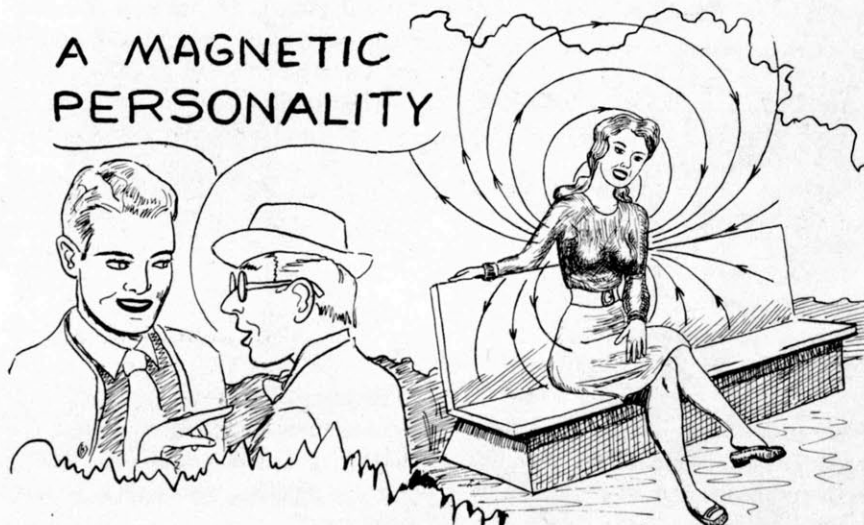
The wife asked, "Who was that, dear?"

The husband said, "I haven't the slightest idea. Some silly jerk wanted to know if the coast was clear."



The little moron's watch had stopped ticking and he tried to find the trouble. Finally he took the back off it, went into the works, and found a dead bug. "No wonder it doesn't work," he said, "the engineer's dead."

A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY





The captain of a ship once wrote in his log, "Mate was drunk today." When the mate became normal, he was terribly chagrined and angry; he pleaded with the captain to strike out the record; he declared that he had never been drunk before, and that he would never drink again. But the captain said, "In this log we write the exact truth."

The next week the mate kept the log, and in it he wrote, "Captain was sober today."



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

"Fire," shouted his wife.

The captain leaped to his feet, grabbed the cat, shoved it into the oven door, slammed the door shut, opened up the draft and called up the stove pipe.

"Ready Two."

Judge: "Give the court your name, occupation, and state the charge against you."

Defendant: "My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."

"Judge: "Officer, place this man in a dry cell."



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

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

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

"Quite positive?" insisted the official.

"Quite," she replied angrily.

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



A lady was seated with her little girl in a railway car when a frowzy looking fellow entered the compartment.

A few minutes before the train started, the lady, perceiving that she would have to travel with an undesirable companion, thought of an excuse to rid herself of him. Leaning forward she said, "I ought to tell you, my girl is just getting over an attack of scarlet fever, and perhaps —"

"Oh, don't worry about me, madam," interrupted the man. "I'm committing suicide at the first tunnel anyway."

— Octopus



When she returned from her date, her mother noticed that one of her shoes was muddy.

"What makes your right shoe muddy and not your left?" she was asked.

"I changed my mind," she said simply.

THE NORMA PENCIL WRITES 4 COLORS

Four retractable leads—
red, blue, green, black.
Can be used wet as water
colors.

Indispensable to artists,
draftsmen, teachers,
students.

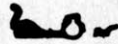
\$4.50



**TECHNOLOGY
STORE**

PATRONAGE REFUND
TO MEMBERS

The two biggest wolves in the coun-
try, Chase and Sanborn.
They date every bag.



"What was that explosion on Zeke's
farm?"

"He fed his hens 'Lay or Bust,' and
one of them was a rooster."



"What kind of a dress did Betty
wear to the dance last night?"

"I don't know, but I think it was
checked."

"Boy, that must have been some
party!"



"What's your cat's name?"

"Ben Hur."

"How did you hit on that name?"

"Well, we called it Ben until it had
kittens."



"Go to Father," she said
When I asked her to wed.
Now she knew that I knew
That her father was dead.
And she knew that I knew
What a life he had led.
So she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said,
"Go to Father."



Grandpappy Morgan, a hill billy of
the Ozarks, had wandered off into the
woods and failed to return for supper,
so young Tolliver was sent to look for
him. He found him standing in the
bushes.

"Getting dark, grandpap," the tot
ventured.

"Yep."

"Supper time, grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't you hungry?"

"Yep."

"Well, are you comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Well, why ain't you?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

"Why don't you answer the phone?"

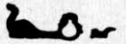
"It isn't ringing."

"Must you always wait till the last
moment?"



Judge: "Who was driving when you
collided with that car?"

Drunk: "None of us, your honor.
We was all in the back seat."



A certain country minister posted
this notice on the church door:
"Brother Smith departed for heaven
at 4.30 a.m."

The next day he found written be-
low: "Heaven, 9.00 a.m. Smith not in
yet. 'Great anxiety.'"

— Varieties



A lady opening her icebox spies a
drunk there.

Lady: "What are you doing in my
icebox?"

Drunk: "This is a Westinghouse,
isn't it?"

Lady: "Yes."

Drunk: "I'm westing."

— Idjit



First Man: "What a crowd. Some-
thing happened?"

Second Man: "Man hit by a train."

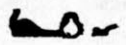
First Man: "Was he hurt bad?"

Second Man: "Can't tell. Only
found one leg so far."



Girls when they went out to swim
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim
They dress more like her cupboard.

— Gargoyle



Zoo Visitor: "Where are the mon-
keys?"

Caretaker: "They're out back mak-
ing love."

Visitor: "Would they come if I
offered them peanuts?"

Caretaker: "Would you?"

CAFE DE PARIS

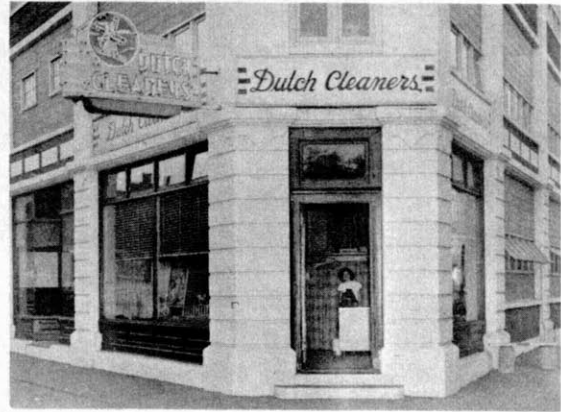
Real Home-Cooked Food

Reasonably Priced

Luncheons and Dinners

NEW BAR JUST OPENED

165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston



DUTCH CLEANERS

JOHN KIELY, Manager

Serving M. I. T. for Ten Years

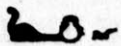
**10% Discount to M. I. T. Students
and Wives**

**One Block from M.I.T. North of Railroad
Track on Massachusetts Avenue**

233 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

A Miami scientist says that freezing a person will kill all disease germs he may be harboring.

It is also understood that decapitation will permanently cure dandruff.



The newcomer placed his hand on the shoulder of the convict before him and began the rhythmic lockstep back to jail. He leaned forward a little and whispered to the tired convict ahead:

"Is this all there is to this rock splitting job?"

"Ain't fourteen hours a day of it enough?"

"Nothing to it."

"Seven day a week of it! Bad food, rotten beds..."

"It's heaven!"

"Say, where did you come from?"

"I... was a college professor."

SEVEN STAGES OF MAN

- 1 Milk
- 2 Milk vegetables
- 3 Milk ice cream sodas candy
- 4 Steak coke French fries ham and eggs
- 5 Pate de fois gras Frog's legs Caviar. Poulet Royal hors D'oeuvres Omelette Surprise Crepes Suzettes Scotch wine champagne
- 6 Milk and crackers
- 7 Milk

PETE DAYTON



Father: "Well, Junior, what did you do yesterday?"

Junior: "I spent the morning in the pool-room and the afternoon in a burlesque show."

Father: "Shame on you, wasting a whole morning."

A newly married doctor was walking with his wife when a beautiful girl smiled and bowed to him. The wife became suspicious.

"Who is that lady, dear?"

"Oh, just a girl I met professionally."

"No doubt," quipped the wife, "but whose profession, yours or hers?"



An American soldier goes into a London restaurant and sits down at a table. After a few moments a good looking filly jaunts over to his table and lays down the menu.

"What's good today?" he asks of the waitress.

"Rhubarb, rutabagas, ravioli, rice and roast," is her answer.

"Baby, you sure do roll your r's."

"Yeah, maybe it's because of these high heels I'm wearing."

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

Customer: "Could I try on that suit in the window?"

Clerk: "We'd much rather you use the dressing room."

Bob Friedman,
M. I. T. Dorms,
Cambridge 39, Mass.

Two old ladies were enjoying the music in the park.

"I think this is a Minuet from Mignon," said one.

"I thought it was a waltz from Faust," said the other.

The first went over to what she thought was the board announcing the numbers.

"We're both wrong," she said when she got back. "It's a refrain from Spitting."

I saw her dress
And laughed at it,
For brevity's
The soul of wit.



Sage House-Mother: "I know the girls don't drink when they go out, 'cause they're always so thirsty in the morning."

Sorority Girl: "I think it's positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house across the street give a show every night before they go to bed."

Roommate: "But looking down from the window I didn't see anything."

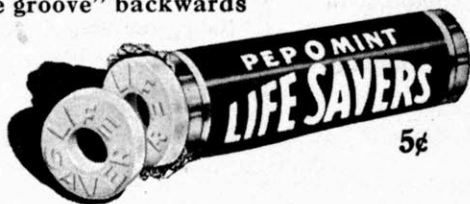
Girl: "I know, not from there, but put this chair on the desk, get on it and lean way out to the left and tell me what you see."

Are you
EVOORG EHT NI*



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

* "In the groove" backwards



—naturally

YOUR
BANK

KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE

HARVARD
TRUST COMPANY

Member
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

CENTRAL
RADIO
AND
ELECTRIC

DISCOUNT TO TECH STUDENTS
ON RADIOS AND TUBES

10 Magazine Street, Cambridge

Ask for Charlie

FENNELL'S

59 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., BOSTON

IMPORTED and DOMESTIC
WINES — LIQUORS AND ALES

Across the BRIDGE at Commonwealth Ave.

We Have On Hand BUDWEISER, PABST BLUE RIBBON, SCHLITZ BEER, and BALLANTINE'S ALE

TEL. KEN MORE 0222

OPEN DAILY 9 A.M. TO 11 P.M. — Free Delivery Service

OUR REFRIGERATOR CAPACITY IS 500 CASES OF COLD BEER AND ALE



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Sing a song of sixpence, pockets full of dough. Here's the way you'll get it from Pepsi-Cola Co. Make us laugh . . . if you can. We'll pay you \$1, \$2, \$3 . . . as much as \$15 for stuff we accept—and print. Think of it. You can retire. (As early as 9 P. M. if you like.) You don't have to mention Pepsi-Cola but that always

makes us smile. So send in your jokes, gags and *no* bottle tops to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

The very next day you may receive a de-luxe radio-phonograph combination and a nine-room prefabricated house. It won't be from us. We'll just send you money if we feel like it. Easy Money, too.

Little Moron Corner

Mohair Moron, the upholsterer's son, was found huddled up and shivering in his refrigerator one day. He explained by saying, "I was th-thirsty for a P-pepsi-C-cola and was t-told it should be d-drunk when cold. Now I can drink it. I'm c-c-cold!"

You don't have to be a moron to write these . . . but it helps. \$2 for each accepted we'll pay you, and not a penny more.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year we're going to review all the stuff we buy, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

—HE-SHE GAGS—

If you're a "he" or a "she" (as we suspect) writing HE-SHE jokes should be a cinch for you. If you're not a "he" or a "she" don't bother. Anyway, if you're crazy enough to give us gags like these, we might be crazy enough to pay you a few bucks for them.

* * *

He: Give me a kiss and I'll buy you a Pepsi-Cola . . . or something.

She: Correction. Either you'll buy me a Pepsi . . . or nothing!

* * *

He: When a man leans forward eagerly, lips parted, thirsting for loveliness, don't you know what to do?

She: Sure, give him a Pepsi-Cola.

* * *

He ghost: I'm thirsty. Let's go haunt the Pepsi-Cola plant.

She ghost: That's the spirit!

* * *

\$3.00 (three bucks) we pay for stuff like this, if printed. We are not ashamed of ourselves, either!

CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES

(age 16 to 19 plus)

A famous sage has said that people are funnier than anybody. If that were true, all you'd have to do would be listen to what the kiddies are saying, write it down, send it in, and we'd buy it. If that were true. It might be, for all we know. We haven't the slightest idea what we'll ac-

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



This is easier than taking candy away from a baby. And less squawking. Maybe you don't want to be rich, but just force yourself. You'll like it. And, if we like the title you write for this cartoon we'll force ourself to give you \$5. Or if you send us your own cartoon idea we'll up it to \$10. For a cartoon that you draw yourself, we'll float a loan and send you \$15 if we print it. Could you expect any more? Yes, you could expect.

cept. Chances are it would be things like these unless we get some sense.

"My George, who will just be 17 on next Guy Fawkes Day, had his appendix removed last month. When the doctor asked him what kind of stitching he'd like to

have, George said, 'suture self, doctor'."

"Elmer Treestump says his girl Sagebrush, only 22¼, brings a bottle of Pepsi-Cola along on every date for protection. She tells everybody, 'that's my Pop!'"

\$1 each for acceptable stuff like this.

CHESTERFIELD IS MY FAVORITE
CIGARETTE AND ALWAYS TOPS
WITH MY GUESTS

Dorothy Lamour

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S GREAT PICTURE
"WILD HARVEST"



ABC ALWAYS Milder
BETTER TASTING
COOLER SMOKING
*The Sum Total of
Smoking Pleasure*

ALWAYS BUY

CHESTERFIELD
RIGHT COMBINATION - WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS