

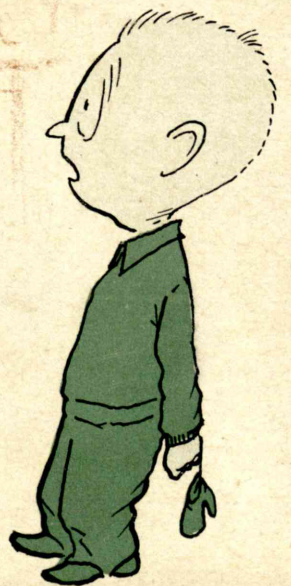
MOOZ, W. E.



DEC.
25



TRAINS





*Merry Christmas
for every Smoker*

Camel Cigarettes

Camels are so mild . . . and so full-flavored . . . they'll
give real smoking pleasure to every smoker on your
Christmas list. The smart, gay Christmas carton has
a gift card built in — for your personal greeting.



Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco

The colorful, Christmas-packaged one-pound tin of Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and those who roll their own cigarettes. Long known as the National Joy Smoke, P. A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

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

TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through
the school

Not a creature was stirring, not even a tool:
The quizzes were laid on the tables with care,
In hopes that the students soon would be there;
The proctors all stood in the front of the room,
Laughing and jesting at oncoming doom,
The instructor stood off — apart from the rest,
Sadistically smiling — (he made up the test!),
When out in the hall there arose quite a smell
As unfortunate victims arrived with the bell;
All haggard and worn from their long nite of study,
Each looking for help from his favorite buddy.
There were halfhearted jests to soothe jangled nerves,
And a last minute look at the temperature curves,
When what did appear to cause faltering hearts?
One little question — WITH EIGHT SIMPLE PARTS!
The class took one look and felt sad and sick;
The quiz was made up by the other "Old Nick".
The instructor took charge of the proctors at hand,
Informing them how to watch over the damned:
"Now Browner, now Bagger, now Smith and Van Mize,
Take your positions to torture these guys;
Now Conder, now Custer, now Bergen and Hoking,
Don't give them small pleasures — there must be no
smoking.

To the back of the room! To the side by the wall,
There must be no cheating — no cheating at all!"
The instructor was ready all times to tussle,
And jumped to his feet if the boys moved a muscle.
His clothes were all tarnished with chalk dust and dirt,
(He leered at the co-eds — an innocent flirt).
A bundle of pencils were in his front pocket,
His eyes were lit up, as if in a socket;
He laughed when he saw that the clock neared the hour,
And soaked in that wonderful feeling of power,
And as the bell rang, and the quiz was all finished,
The slow students' hopes of passing diminished.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And grabbed all the papers with pull and with jerk,
And laying a finger on top of his nose,
He said, "Pick up your slide rules and leave, you shmoes."
The students all rose and gave a long whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
And we heard them exclaim as they dashed for the train,
"Merry Christmas to all — and a rest for the brain."

PHOS takes pleasure to announce that Dave Findlay is
now Co-Publicity Manager, along with Dave Yeomans.
This arrangement simplifies matters since we will not have
to change the name on the mail box. It is easier on the
Publicity staff too, they won't have to learn a new name.
S.

Cover this month by Waldt.

Volume XXXI

December, 1948

No. 8

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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1223-B 21st Street
Santa Monica, Calif.
November 2, 1948

Dear Voo Doo:

My wife pines for you. My life is consequently hell. I pine for you, I am reduced to a psychopathic case, our life is fruitless (?). We need you, we crave you. Here's your lousy two bucks (at least inflation hasn't hit everywhere); do you think you could dig around and send any issues that we've missed so far this term? Also any others that Mrs. Compton will let you print.

L. G. DURHAM

Editor: We just sent a guy out with a shovel, so it won't be long now.

Building 22

M. I. T.

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Voo Doo,

We (three 'sters) just bought your humor (?) magazine. After perusing its pages, we have unanimously

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

decided that it would be just the thing to have in a nursery. This issue of Voo Doo couldn't keep us warm in hell. We have no doubt that Boston's Moral and Temperance League will soon embrace Voo Doo as a staunch supporter. As for sending Voo Doo to our girls, we'd just as soon buy them copies of Mother Goose Rhymes (or, perhaps even better, *The Tech.*).

We presume that you have now grasped the gist of this letter — your magazine's jokes are putred, and even worse, clean. May we be so bold as to refer you to Webster's dictionary for the meaning of pornographic? You seem to have a somewhat confused notion of the word.

We wholeheartedly hope that this sudden change to innocence does not continue. We realize that perhaps this first issue was intended for the (uggh!) freshmen, and you were concerned lest you corrupt their morals; but we say to hell with the freshmen. We want Voo Doo to recover its *status quo*.

Three disgusted Sophs

P.S. If you want good jokes, we can get them for you cheap.

Editor: While looking up "Pornographic" we noticed that they're spelling "putred" with an i these days. Suggest that you throw away that old edition of yours.

As for jokes, we appreciate your offer, but we're using the cheapest source possible.

Y. M. C. A.
Minneapolis, Minn.
November 7, 1948

Dear Phos,

I'm telling everyone out here that M.I.T.'s football team is unbeaten and untied.

I almost feel at home here at the local "Y" — they use "the Springfield" of the Morgan Envelop Company.

Is Price still on the wagon?

LITTLE (*John Dutton Conant*)

Editor: He dropped off the other night, but he was drunk at the time and didn't hurt himself.



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

87 Massachusetts Avenue
KENmore 6-6470 ~ Boston

NOW! OPEN EVERY DAY
.. INCLUDING SUNDAYS ..
FAMOUS STEAK DINNERS
AT
Newbury's Steak House
NEWBURY STREET AT GLOUCESTER
BACK BAY :: BOSTON

She (tenderly): "When did you first know you loved me?"

He: "When I began to get mad when people said you were brainless and unattractive."

— Pup Tent



A boarding school has nothing on a parked car for turning out nice girls.



Mother: After all, he's only a boy, and boys will sow their wild oats!

Father: Oh, I wouldn't mind it so much, if he didn't mix in so much rye.

— Log



When the EE took his girl home he tried to oscillate, and she almost had hysteresis, but he couldn't transformer. As he was walking up the sidewalk, a degenerate girl with brown coils threw ergs at him, so we called a copper to arrester. He didn't know it would a-vector that way.

— Octopus



Boy whistles at passing girl. Getting no response, he says, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."
"Couldn't be," replied the girl, "I'm married."



On a picnic, little Walter strayed away from his parents and became lost in the woods. He wandered around for a long time and finally, becoming frightened, decided to pray.

"Dear Lord," he prayed as he spread his hands out fervently, "I'm lost. Please help me find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a little bird happened to fly over and dropped something squarely into the middle of Walter's outstretched hand.

"Oh, please, Lord," he begged, "don't hand me that. Really, I am lost."



Son: "Pop, what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

Dad: "Bartender, son."



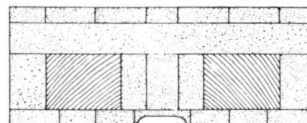
Golfer (to members ahead): "Pardon, but would you mind if I played through? I've just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill."

Better Skis... Better Skiing!

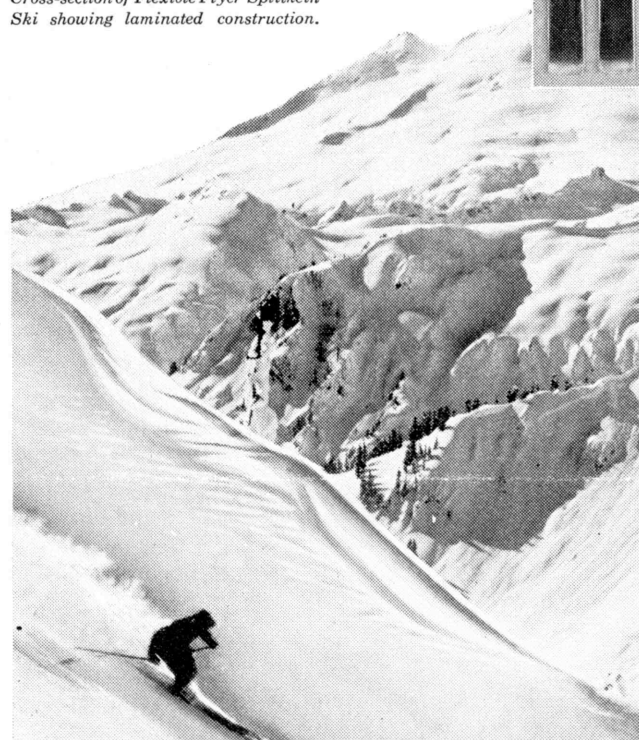
And Flexible Flyer Splitkeins mean skiing at its best!

You'll really enjoy skiing on Flexible Flyer Splitkeins... a patented combination of horizontal and vertical laminations gives these outstanding advantages.

Absolute matching in weight, grain, camber and flexibility. • Greater strength with less weight! • Freedom from warping! • Endurance beyond expectations!



Cross-section of Flexible Flyer Splitkein Ski showing laminated construction.



S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc., 487 Glenwood Ave., Phila. 40, Pa.

Flexible Flyer
SPLITKEIN Laminated Skis

DOING THE TOWN

One of the first places that will be mentioned if you want a suggestion on where to go to eat whilst in Boston is Durgin-Park. This, as I suppose you all will shortly find out, is a place where they serve you copious quantities of food at moderate cost, in surroundings that I personally take a very dim view of. In addition, the last several times that I have been there, everyone has been forced to wait in line — a procedure that I have a pronounced aversion to. The joint is very well known and popular, and I intend dwelling on the subject no longer. Instead, let me mention another restaurant where the atmosphere is much clearer, the food is better, and the prices higher. You can get cocktails at this latter, too, which is an advantage not possessed by the aforementioned.

For many years, my subject establishment has been operating with (practically speaking) stealth. They did no advertising, but it was pretty well bruited about by those in the know, that here was a place very eminently worthy of consideration. I refer to Josef's, located on Dartmouth Street diagonally across from the Boston Art Club. It is now the proud possessor of an awning that stretches from the door to the curb, which is a real concession when I tell you that the name of the place is on this awning. It used to be the case that even when you knew where it was it was still hard to find.

Josef's has recently been added to — there is a new dining room in which I have not yet been entertained, but the old one is still there, just the same as it has been for some time now, and the remainder of the place is likewise the same. The feature to note is that the décor of the dining room and cocktail lounge is quite the thing. Murals. Done by some artist whose name, I

regret to say, escapes me at the moment. The entire wall is covered with said mural, and is broken up into a number of individual panels which I have always found quite interesting. In the cocktail lounge, the arty motif is further emphasized in that the tables are shaped like pallets, and so are the shades over the ceiling fixtures. This is only one of the left-bank influences, though. The menus are in French. I can read them; you'll find that you can too, because the waiters are equipped with a working knowledge of both languages and are always ready to translate. You will find that the menus are something more restrictive than that, in that they present about four selections of an entrée. That's all — and, I must add, enough.

After dinner, coffee is poured, and pastries (or dessert of your selection) are wheeled in, following which you are liable to be presented with a finger-bowl. I have already warned you about the prices, but I think that Josef's is one of a very few restaurants (and I hesitate to use that commonplace word) where a gourmet is in his element. One of these days, when I get to be really wealthy, and the occasion calls for it, I am most certainly going to have a party (only we'll call it a banquet) down there, and know that I've done my best by the assembled guests.

Just want to add an off-the-beaten-track tag line, noting the fact that Bob Wilber and his Dixieland outfit are back at the Savoy, coupled with a group headed by Edmund Hall. Both are really potent crews, and are well worth a tour over there for. You're going to meet a lot of your buddies up there, for the place always seems to crawl with Techs — as well as many others of more nondescript vintage. Be sure and hit it.

— JOHN FISHER



Father: "Sonny, I'm going to tell you a story."

Four-year-old: "Okay, but keep it clean. The old lady may be listening."

— *Scarlet Saint*



"Next to a beautiful girl, what do you consider the most interesting thing in the world?"

"When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I don't bother about statistics."

— *Jester*



He who horses around too much some day may find himself a groom.

— *Ranger*



Two boys returning from Sunday School were discussing what they had learned. "Do you believe all that stuff about the devil?" one asked.

"Naw," replied the other, "it's just like Santa Claus — it's your old man."

— *Dodo*



He: "Too bad about Charlie wrecking his car last night, especially with his girl along."

She: "Did something go wrong with his car?"

He: "Yes, too much play at the wheel."

— *Ram-Buller*



There was an old man from Maline,
Who never could write a good rhyme.
One day, said he, "The trouble, I see,
Is that I always try to get too
Damn many words in the last line."

— *VMI 1948 Bomb*

Meet me at Jimmy O'Keefe's

Here's where Joe McCarthy met the press

**Here's where Dad took the whole family to dinner and
actually smiled at the reasonable check**

Here's where "Boy meets Girl"

Here's where you meet your friends

The Most Interesting Spot in Town

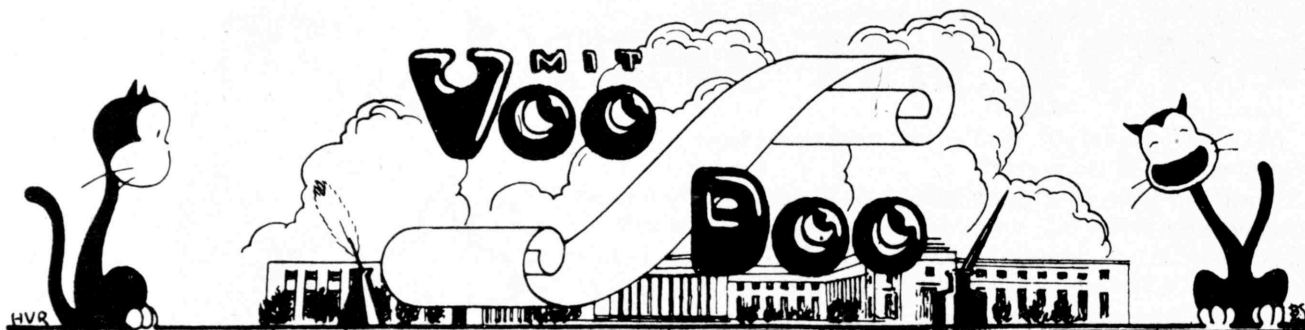
AND—Don't miss the famous "Baseball Room"

Meet me at Jimmy O'Keefe's

1088 BOYLSTON STREET near MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

For Reservations Phone COpley 7-0629 or 7-0630

GOOD FOOD — CHOICEST BEVERAGES — REASONABLE PRICES



RECENTLY one of Voo Doo's more alert young reporters discovered a barrel outside building 20; a barrel bearing the title "Nuclear Trash." He wasn't wearing his lead suit, so he didn't open the barrel, but from the sounds coming out of it, he guessed it contained smashed atoms, abandoned protons, and an assortment of old, used Alpha particles.

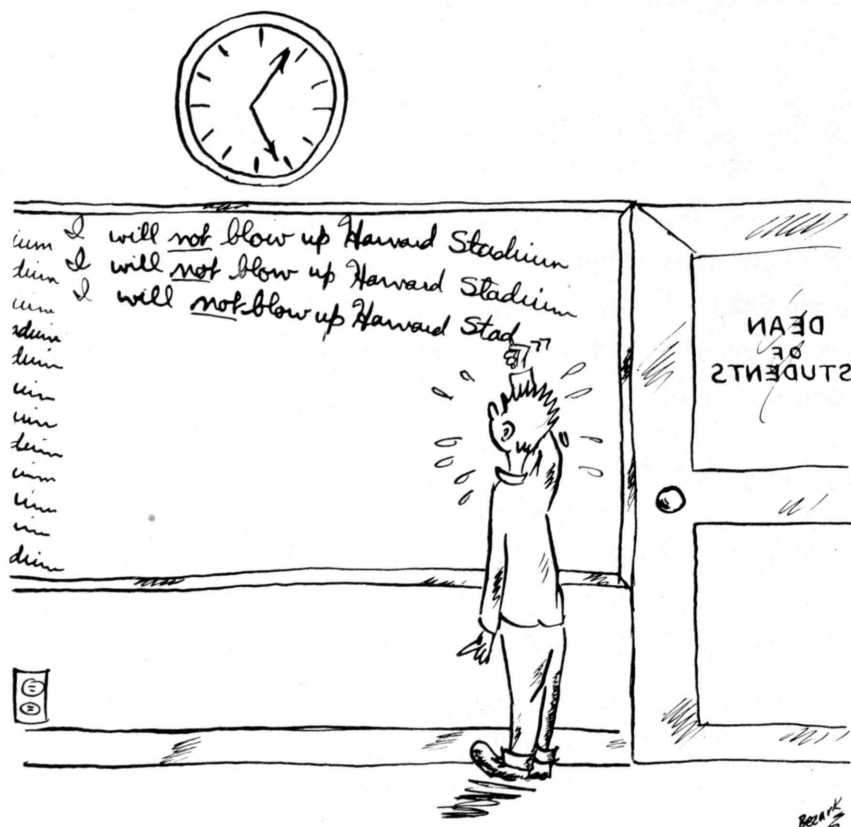
HERE is an explanation we received from a friend as to why he mixes beer with his homework. "I find that I can see a good deal more when I drink beer than when I'm sober."

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Two thirds of a Course XV trio who figure on graduating in February were discussing an old Ec 35 exam in preparation for the next day's quiz. The last problem went something like this (believe it or not): "A man can be in one of five places. What are your chances of finding him in three calls if he stays put?" The two looked at each other, laughed, called the third over and repeated the problem. Number 3 looked puzzled for a moment, then asked in true Course XV style, "Is that hard or easy?"

OUR foreign correspondent brings us an item that should cheer those who feel the objects of overly great professorial persecution.

It seems that there was at Brown University a certain Professor Eckstrom whose favorite form of amusement was practical joking. Several years ago, he pulled what he regards as his all time favorite: he gave a final exam in his Advanced Thermodynamics course which was written entirely in German. As he explains, "After all, those guys were supposed to have a reading knowledge of German. If they couldn't read the exam, that was just tough; but probably not too many would have passed anyways. An' boy, you shoulda seen their faces when they first turned over those papers. Nobody even moved for about thirty seconds. God, it was terrific."

The rumor that Professor Eckstrom is currently being hunted down by an MIT talent scout is unconfirmed.

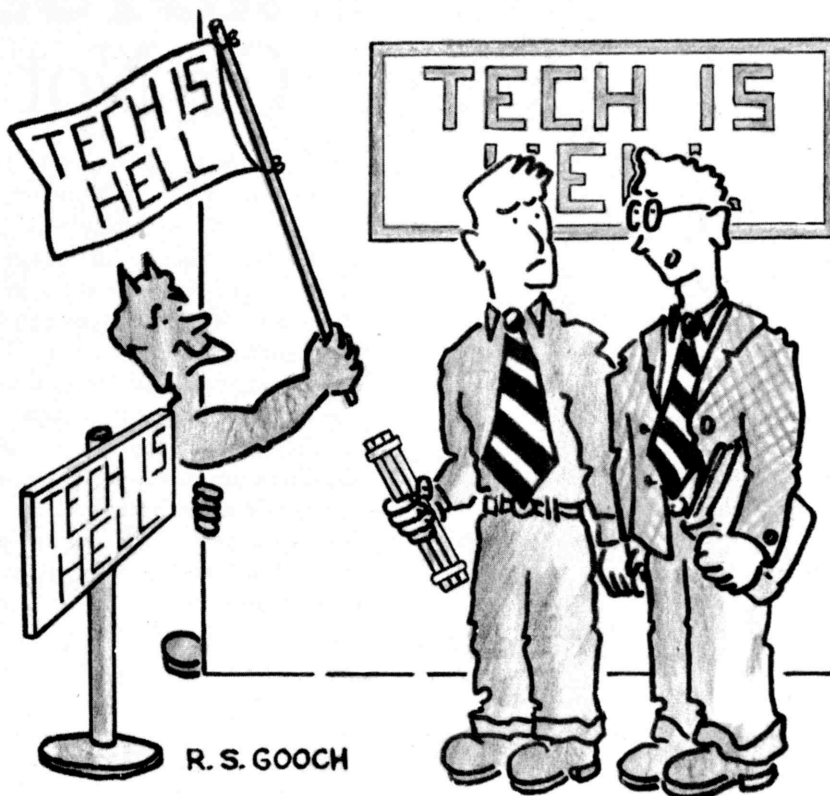


ONE inmate, while motoring through New Brunswick this last summer, just happened to pass by the local cemetery. There were the usual proportion of Joneses, Smiths and Johnsons on the markers, but one stone in particular caught his eye; engraved in six inch letters on this one was MITHELL. Naturally our friend stopped his car, and examined the stone more closely. It was a terrific let-down to find out that the C had simply weathered out of MITCHELL.

AS we attended the first 6.18 class of the term, we were greeted by a young enthusiastic Instructor (hot off the assembly line) who immediately set about acquainting us with who and what he was. First he printed his name at the top of the board, followed it with the number of the course, then added his room and phone number. After this came a series of numerals which were just slightly baffling. We would not be at all surprised to learn that some of them might have represented his draft number, social security number, date of birth, and finger-print classification. We suspect he would have run the hour out in such manner, if someone in the class hadn't inquired loudly, "How much d'ya weigh?"

NOT so long ago a budding young physicist drove to school from his home in Jamaica Plain. He parked his car along Memorial Drive and wandered off to some obscure lab, where he soon became involved in nuclear actions and reactions. When the lab was over, he blissfully WALKED back to his fraternity house. Three days later he decided to spend a night in Jamaica Plain. He left the fraternity house, car keys in hand. Within seconds he rushed back into the house, breathlessly yelling, "Ye Gods, my car's been stolen." P.S. — When the forgotten machine was finally found it was lonesome — but wore no tickets.

WHILE half dozing in an 8.01 recitation class the other day, we were suddenly aroused by one of Professor Hardy's subtle quips. It seems that a group of Harvard professors were studying in Europe and came back with the earth shaking announcement that Homer did not write the Odyssey; it was written by another man of the same name.



"There's something vaguely disturbing about this place."

WE thought we might as well go see the ski movie in 10-250 which we saw advertised the other day. They said it was good and in color; so we figured it was worth taking a chance. But what an ordeal. Not only did we have to listen to a pep talk from the manager of the ski team, sit through a sales talk (mercifully short) from a ski resort representative, and sit through fifteen minutes of propaganda and history before the picture got down to good skiing, but on top of it all, some guy had the audacity and nerve to pass out questionnaire cards which asked among other things, "List experience you have had and with whom." But then, at least they had the decency not to ask for telephone numbers.

SEEN on a bulletin board:
MS/MFT — Military Science Makes Feet Tired.

HEARD outside a 15.41 lecture just after the hour quizzes were passed back: "You know, somehow I think that I must have missed one of the prerequisites for this course."

SEVERAL Fridays ago, in a mood of no mean depths, we entered the Building 7 elevator. We were followed by a student with dragging steps and a ganging face who shuffled in, turned, and leaned against the elevator wall. The elevator girl looked back over her shoulder and met his glassy stare. The words poured from his mouth: "Slaughter House, please." Without comment, she took us up to the fourth floor where we faced the 6.18 quiz together.

FOR those looking for a snap subject we suggest 15.41. Prof. Tucker informed us the other day that no grade below one (out of ten) was ever given. What other subject makes such an offer?

To Beard: Or Not To Beard



Winter is here, the wind is whistling through the cracks in your teeth, and boy! is your face cold. Yes sir, it's times like these that set you seriously thinking of growing a beard. Well, whats wrong with that? Lots of people grow beards (in India) and they're really very practical. Consider the cultured look they give you, the way they keep your face warm, and how handy they are to wipe your hands on when you discover that there are no paper towels in the dispenser. Not only that, they save time in the mornings by giving you less area to shave. You could use a piece of broken glass and spot a fellow with an "Eversharp Schick" 3 in. and still beat him. If you have talent, you can even play baseball for the "House of David".

When you think of how simple the actual growing of a beard is, you wonder why more people don't have them. All you really need is hair on your face, to say nothing of a carload of patience and the thick skin of a coconut. These last two can be acquired, but the first must be inherited. This means that if either of your parents were fish, frogs, or marble statues, you haven't got a chance. However, these cases being few and far between, almost anyone can grow a beard.

Assuming now that you have the hair inside your face, the next step is to get it on the outside where people can see it, and let it accumulate. Such

methods as the application of fertilizer, Vigoro, and hair restorer*, are worthless. The only sure way is to stand before a mirror and swear out loud that you do not want a beard. Whereupon Mother Nature, thinking she is giving you the shaft, will have you shaving regularly within a week.

For the next month you will probably be tempted to sit on a bunsen burner and take the gaspipe, and this is where your patience will come in handy. The hair on your chin will be too short to properly call a beard, and too long to pass off as five-o'clock-shadow. Strangers will stare at you in the streets, little children will cry out at your approach, and friends will stupidly ask if you are trying to starve your barber. At this stage certain professional men have an advantage over the average man in that they don't have to show their faces while they work. These include deep sea divers, welders, surgeons, and Afrikan Witch Doctors. The only recourse for the average man is to either take up photography and spend all his time in a darkroom,

or else walk around with his pants off to draw attention away from his face.

Finally, after a haggard month of combing, oiling, and general cultivation, you can come out of hiding and start thinking about styles. Perhaps a pointed Vandyke has caught your fancy, or maybe you would prefer the bushy appendage common to Arctic whalers and Russian tank commanders. Whatever you choose you will spend hours looking at pictures of bearded men, comparing and eliminating styles. Next you will consult all your close friends, immediate relatives, and probably one or two bartenders (thought by many to be perfect judges of such matters). All of these will give you the same general advice; namely, shave it off and stop making an ass of yourself. Well! Don't listen to them. Any fool can see that they're just jealous, and you're no exception.

The time is soon approaching when you will reap the rewards of your labor. Think of it — Now when you walk through the streets people will gaze in admiration, confusing you with eccentric professors and foreign diplomats. (well, eccentric professors anyway) Yeah! Think of it

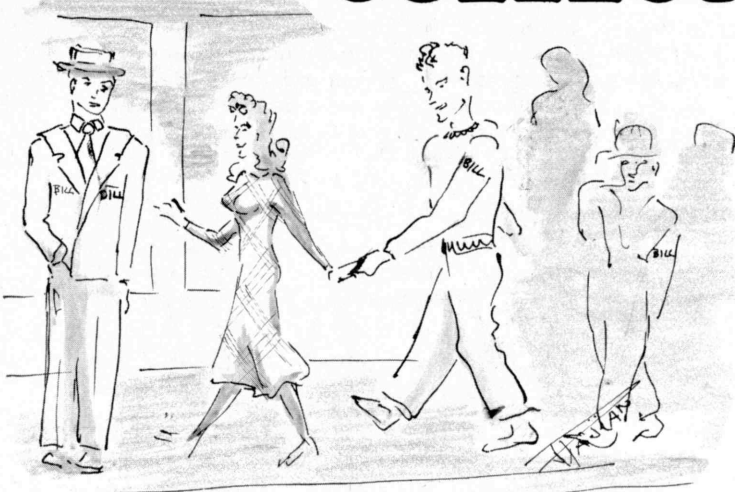
M.J.D.

* A brilliant M.I.T. chemist has discovered a compound that will grow hair on a billiard ball, but this is impractical because it doesn't work on humans. Besides who wants hair on a billiard ball? It only slows down the game.



"A quarter saved is a quarter earned, I always say —"

COLLECTOR'S CORNER



Bill collector: This little blonde who is "willing if it's William" has caused more names to be changed than any millionaire uncle ever did.

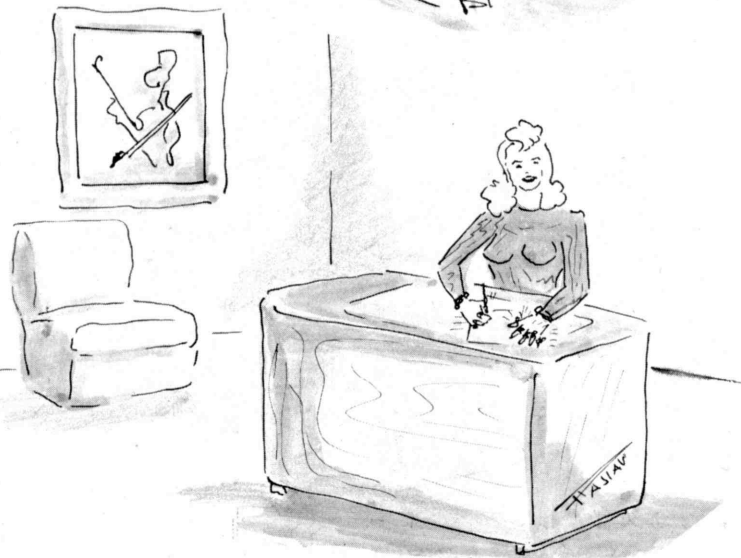
Inflation is coming! Money is losing its value! The thing to do is to collect tangible goods. Be a collector!



Leather specialist: An ardent admirer of fine leather goods, this man is preparing for a lifetime career in making automobile license plates. A congenial soul, he can be found wherever crowds congregate; usually is nice enough to return your social security card.



Baby collector: The artist drew this thing, but we can't figure what the hell to put under it. Anyone sending in an intelligent caption for this one will be made an honorary Baby Collector.



Rock collector: People who handle valuable stones can't be expected to make snap judgments. This little expert will take your rock on consignment for a few months, or at least until a bigger one comes along.



Bottle collector: Interested primarily in strangely-shaped bottles. In order to make his collection uniform, every bottle must be emptied, and being an expert he would trust no one else to do it for him.

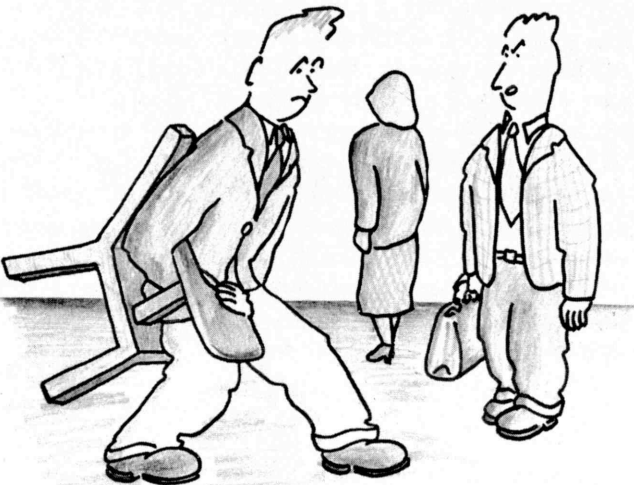
PICTURE PUZZLES

Are you observant? Do you notice the little things in the background of a picture? If you are, go away. This is not for you. If, however, you are a normal Techman, these identification puzzles will greatly tax your ingenuity.

All right, let's start.
Find



the one who flunked the quiz cold.



the guy with a hole in his pants.



the one man in seven who shaves daily.



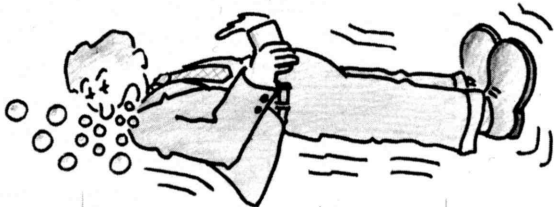
the man from Maine.



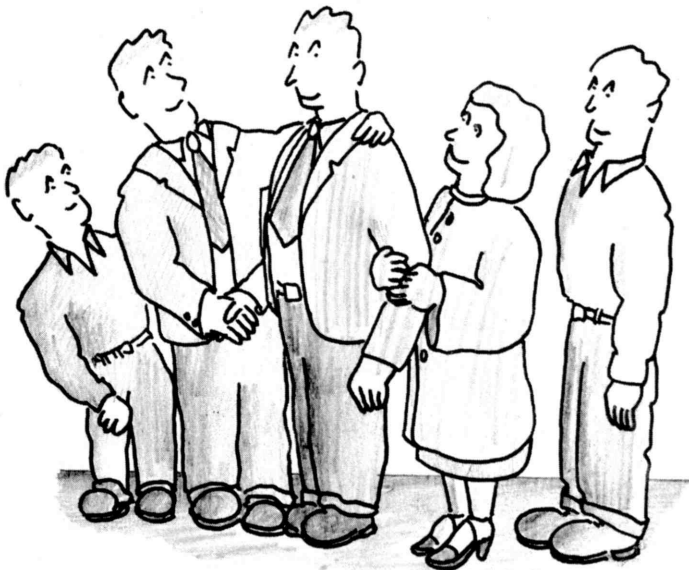
the girl who voted "No."



the one who was broke last Saturday night.



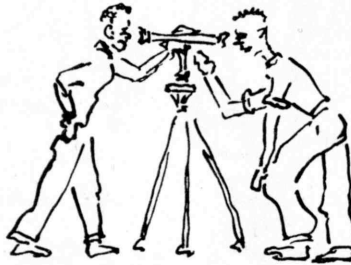
the one who can't hold his liquor.



R.S.GOOCH

the owner of that new red convertible.

SEX IN THE SUBURBS



While we hesitate to stick our proboscis in the affairs of *The Tech*, we believe it is high time we corrected some false impressions, before the wives of Westgate sack the newspaper office and horsewhip the editor. (We use the word editor in its broadest sense.) It's not that we are concerned about the safety of said editor, or any editor for that matter, but the time has come to cry lie to pictures of Tech students as men who live for the day they receive their sheepskins so they can move into the graduate house. The idea that the only number in a Tech student's phone book is Avogadro's must be corrected. It is as far from the truth as an F student on exam day. I know, I have seen the animal perform in his own and in foreign habitat.

It has been the custom of the Course I department to maintain a

rest home in Maine for tired civil engineering students. To keep them from being bored a nominal amount of class work is done, five and one half days and two nights a week, but they have all day Sunday to themselves. Large units of equipment were supplied by the department. The Coop, Machias store, sold plumb bobs, leather sheaths, and, of course, paper. The manager became drunk with power (Machias is in the dry section of the state) when he learned he was going to be able to sell paper for seventy-five cents a sheet, claimed nothing like that was ever done even in the Harvard Square store. The plumb bobs and sheaths had the slight feeling of a Colt automatic when worn on the belt. It was not unusual to see a local Walter Mitty come striding steely eyed into the dining hall, one hand resting lightly

on the bob. The Civil Engineering Department would deny categorically that some of the transits used at camp were employed by the Egyptians in the construction of the pyramids. The one instrument with the lower motion laid off in hieroglyphics is for the convenience of any Egyptian student studying at camp. I personally thought it was very unpatriotic of those students that complained when they were assigned to the transit used by George Washington.

The camp staff, as the Institute itself, was a collection of specialists, experts on geodesy, triangulation, leveling. They even had a special man to umpire the soft ball games. His days were free so he also ran the dispensary. There was some dispute as to his title, the ball players called him Doc and the patients, ump. It was finally decided in favor of the ball players when he produced a certificate from medical school. The dream of all Tech men came true when the staff ball team took the field, which was not all they took before the game was over. No umpire in Ebbets Field ever received the reception awarded the pros. Subsequent plays proved Joe McCarthy has no part in the selection of new additions to the staff. The faculty team boasted a tight infield though, did not spend a dime all summer. A slight variation of the Williams shift was used: only first and second were covered; anyone going past second received an automatic F for the course. It was



"... and what are you gonna get your wife for Christmas?"

rumoured around camp a scout from the Boston Braves was hiding in the woods watching the pedagogues in action, but he turned out to be a local blueberry picker.

Food at the camp was of the home variety. Home, that is, if you lived in Hayes-Bickford. The first day the tables were loaded with food. Cynical fellow that he is, the student looked for the catch. The joker was dealt the following day. A bell in the dining hall was rung to call attention to a speaker, either a staff member issuing an edict or a member of the student council making an announcement. Fifty men who have spent the winter eating in Walker Memorial can create a din with plain knives and forks that would turn a riveter in a boiler factory green with envy. By common consent eating stopped during the announcement, certain of the more adaptable chow-hounds carried a sandwich to munch on during the announcements, but the majority of students stopped eating. On normal days the place sounded like Lloyds of London after a typhoon. On a good day they could keep you from getting even the knives and forks dirty. The Student Council was considering sending back to the Institute for a speech teacher on the sound premise, if the student could not eat, he could at least pick up a few pointers about during-dinner speeches.

But I digress from my original theme to describe the human slide rules at play. The camp you might say without fear of correction is located in a rural area. One student, a former communications officer in the United States Navy, tried without success to establish contact by telephone with a local belle (no pun intended). A charitable soul told him you had to ring the bell *before* you took the receiver off the hook, claimed he remembered it from a horse opera he saw in town. The camp's address is East Machias which is a small town, the camp is located in



Marion which is a smaller town, the dance is held in Marshfield which is a town hall. To go to the dance you rode twelve miles into Machias on the back of an open truck, then walked or hitch-hiked two miles out of town to the dance hall, the aforementioned town hall. All this from students who are supposed to be disinterested in dances to the extent they will not walk from Munroe to Walker for a dance. Seeing them arrive after the safari was worth the trip to Maine alone. Roseland, The Stage Door Canteen and the Paris U. S. O. were seminars compared to the engineers in action. They came in everything from bow ties and sport jackets to old slacks and sneakers. They ran the sartorial gantlet from Esquire to the Hobo News, but both Abercrombie and Fitch and Lee overalls made out like "mad", not only on the dance floor but the important part afterwards. One o'clock Saturday night, the area in front of the main building looked like

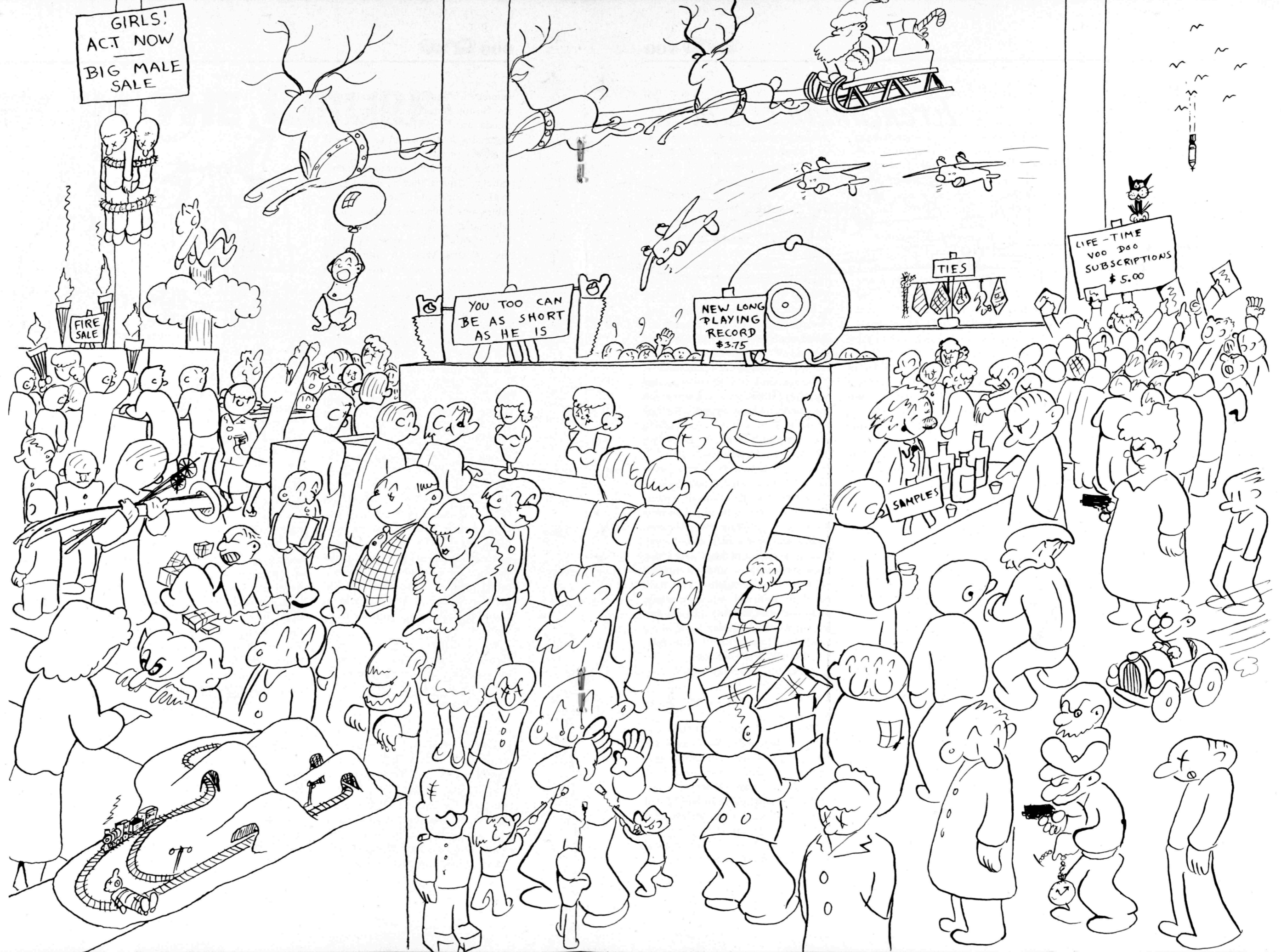
the Smiling Irishman's parking lot.

Thinking I was overestimating the skill of the beavers, I asked a few local queens for an opinion. The young lady whom the sardine fisherman of Lubec voted the girl they would most like to be canned with said, "I have not been through anything like this since my brother caught the octopus. Engineers, huh, he had more holds than the Queen Elizabeth." Further quests for information brought this gem from Miss Meddy Bimps (1945), "That guy had more approaches than a National Open." This could go on ad infinitum, but that exhausts the quotes, English and Latin.

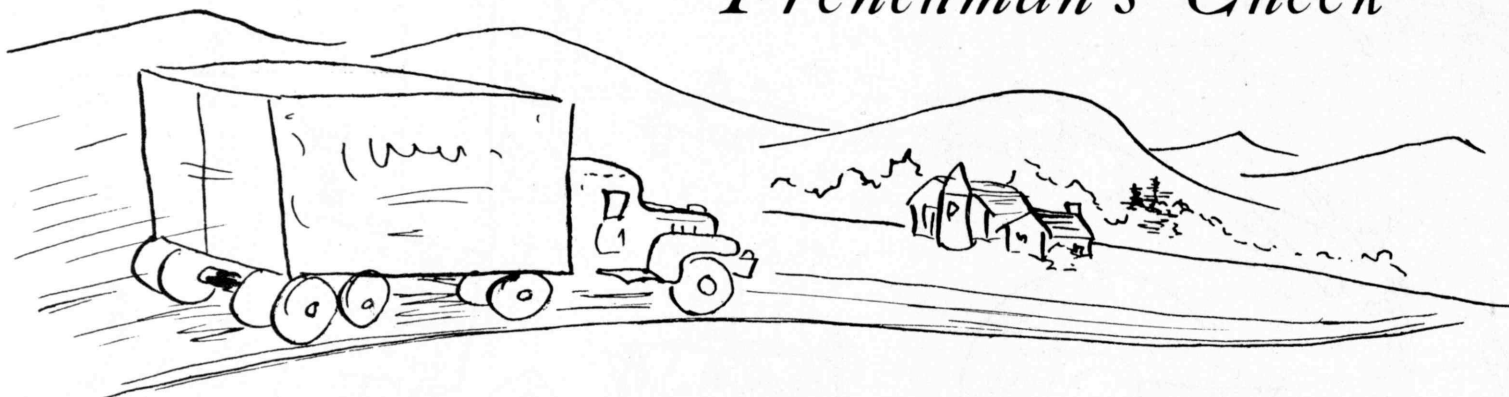
To insure future pleasant relation with the local male population the camp ball team arranged to throw a few ball games. This winter, any girl in Maine who mentions the engineer's amatory prowess will probably receive the answer, "Yeah, but can he play ball."

F. G.

THESES



Frenchman's Cheek



"Tell me, Jack," asked the truck driver as he grunted and slipped the big Mack into third, "what do I do about a Frenchman?"

"A Frenchman?" I asked. "What do you mean what can you do about a Frenchman?"

"What I mean, Jack, is what do I do about this carrying on? There's this guy bowing and scraping, and

kissing my wife's hand, and pressing it to his heart . . ."

The motor growled up the hill as he changed gears again. We were about halfway up grade and the truck was finally in seventh. There was a horrible grinding of metal teeth, and the driver spoke again.

"Yeah, I don't get this stuff," he said. "This bowing and scraping and

oolala, mamzelle. Wit' perfoom and lace and all. And the fancy whiskers." He spat through the open window. "This sonufabitch, if he sticks around my wife, I'll kill him. I'd better not see him around any more." He spat again. "This where I turn off to Altoona, Jack," he said. "Better get off here. You're welcome."

I climbed down from the cab, pulled out my bag, sat down on a rock by the side of the road, and lit a butt. The second cigarette was browning my fingers when this low job pulled up and scattered a little dirt.

Low, I said, and long. Reaching from here to there, and a couple of yards of hood to spare. You have heard of powerful motors purring. This one was spitting like an impatient wildcat. Driven by a young man, about twenty, finely drawn face, a little pale, eyes troubled.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Pittsburgh."

"Hop in. I'm going part of the way myself."

I got in, fell into a seat, and was immediately pressed back into the cushions with two or three g's. "What's up, doc?" I inquired.

"I loved a woman," he said hollowly.

"I don't want to brag, doc," I said modestly, "but I may confess that once or twice during my long and varied life I too . . ." He started muttering. Speaking more to himself



"Skol!"

than to me.

"I loved her. Fairer she was than the lilies of the field, — and purer." He turned to me with such vehemence that I shut my eyes and hoped we had the highway to ourselves.

"What can I do to deal with that Frenchman?" he asked.

I opened my eyes at once, wide. "What Frenchman?" I asked.

He looked away. "I used to see her," he said, "as it were, on a pedestal, with light shining around her figure. I adored her, as much for her virtue as for her beauty. And then this, this Gallic snake in the grass..." he was overcome with emotion. "We were to be married in two weeks."

"Where is this gal now?" I asked him.

"She works in a bar — upstairs — in..." the words had to force themselves past his teeth... "in Memphis. I think I'll go and kill myself."

"How about leaving me off here, then, doc?"

He pulled the car to a stop, and I climbed out and walked over to the side of the little bridge on which the road crossed a small creek. The young man slammed the door of his car, threw her into gear, and zoomed off with a look of suicidal determination. "Puppy love," I murmured, and smiled.

I heard someone clear his throat, and spun around. A man not much over five feet high, in his middle fifties, bitter, soaked to the skin, and very very dejected. "I said puppy love," I told him.

"Ah yes," he sighed, "better than all the shame."

"What's biting you?" I asked. "You're from Boston, aren't you?"

He took the proffered Old Gold. "Let us say," he began, exhaling a cloud of blue smoke, "... Let us say that I *was* from Boston. I am now a creature of the road, waiting for the wrath of God to punish me as I blaspheme."

I said nothing. He puffed for a few

moments and continued. "Picture it," he said. "My daughter, my sweet little Lorna. Delicately nurtured, carefully educated. Associating with none who are not of my or of her mother's choosing. Forbidden to see young John Halliday because we thought him unsuitable. Would that we had trusted him!" He sighed again.

"Nothing happened to John, I hope?"

"No, alas, much worse than that. I thought that perhaps Lorna's life was a little lonely. So I introduced her to this young Frenchman I had met at the club. Nice for her to meet someone different. That scoundrel, I'll..."

"Don't bother, mister," I said, "I know the rest. Your daughter is no longer a maid, and you might as well accept the fact."

"Yes," he sobbed, "but she insists on calling the child Pierre!"

I left him. A man can take just so much life history and no more. There was absolutely no traffic on the road,

so I faced resolutely North and trudged along the tarmac. Thirty minutes and a couple of miles later, I hit a Howard Johnson's.

As soon as I saw the lights, I stepped behind a tree, and out of my bag took the little imperial and the mustaches. I used to have a mirror, but I believe that by now I have had enough practice to be able to glue them on in the dark. I walked inside, sat down at a table, and ordered a cup of coffee from a cute chick behind the counter.

I held her hand so softly when she gave me my change, and raised it to my lips. "Ollala, mam'selle!"

ROBERT V. GARVIN



"Say, sister, do you know why girls walk home?"

"No, why?"

"Never mind. Let's go for a ride."

— Tiger



OFF TO A NEW START

January 1, 1949

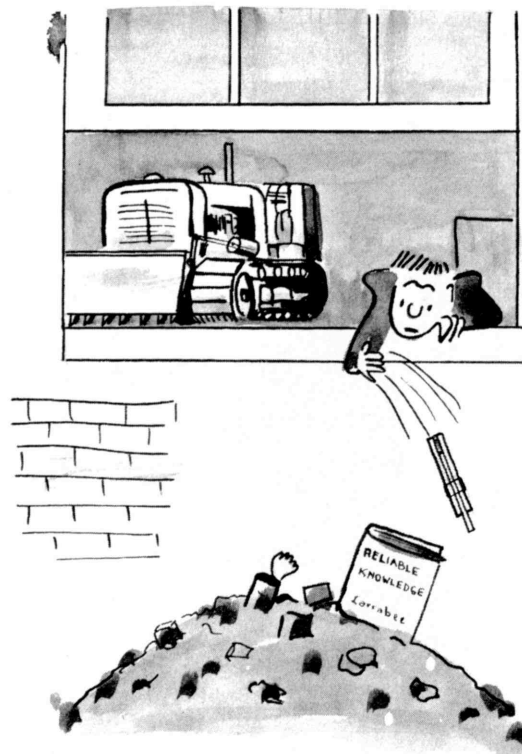


Eric

"This year I'm really going to study!"



"I shall not fail — I shall not fail — I shall not fail . . ."



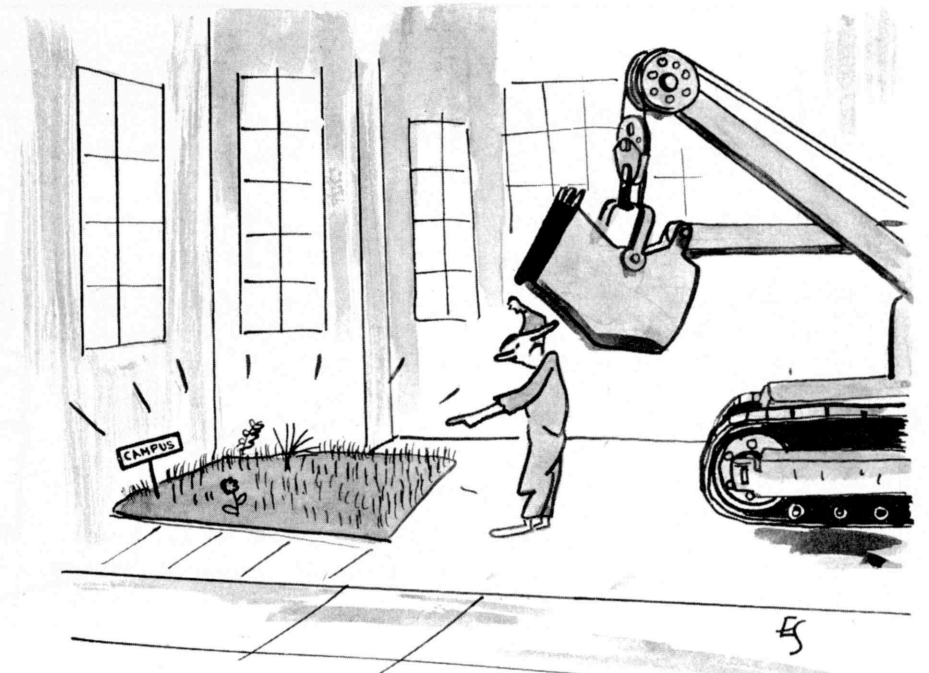
"I'm going to clear all this trash out of the room and really keep it neat."



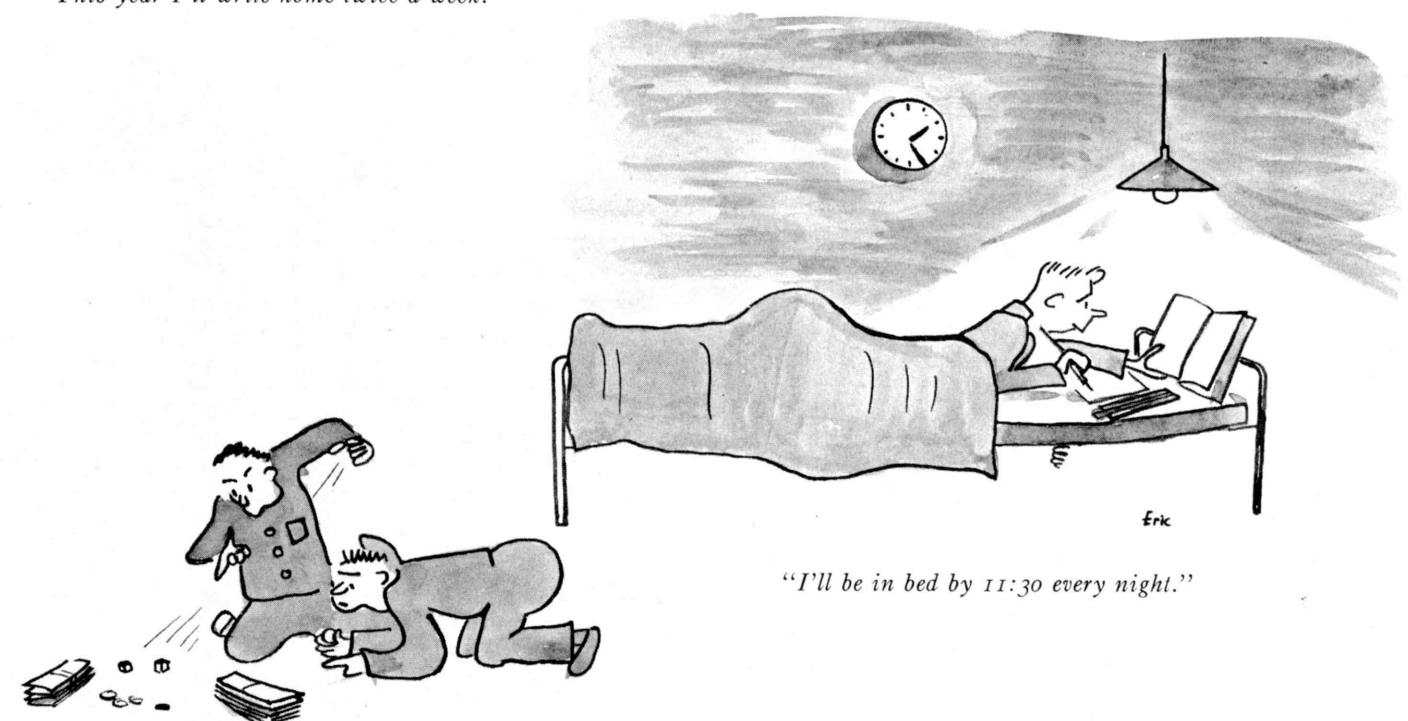
"No women for me this term."



"This year I'll write home twice a week."



"I shall not walk on the grass (there won't be any left)."



"I'll be in bed by 11:30 every night."



"I'll participate in some activity."

Take the cash

THOUGHTS FOR PROFESSOR X

Exam day minus two

Hah! You four-eyed little fiend,
You nadir of the human kind
Who drives us students to despair
And keeps us ever on the grind.

Your course is truly bovine feces
Through which you make the student grovel;
The lectures prove but this to me —
The chalk is mightier than the shovel.

You encompass the total of human knowing
And all the groaning blackboards cram;
And then say to your fuddled students,
"This will comprise your next exam."

Exam hour minus one

I've done my best.
Long hours have gone into the process
Of trying to memorize in days
A century of human progress.

I've studied your notes with determination
And gallons of midnight perspiration
But still, you awful little man
I'm sure you'll knife me if you can.

The exam

Alas! There's naught that I can do.
Screwed again; and proper too.

Exam day plus one

Ah! You wondrous little man
You zenith of the human kind
Owner of intellect superb
Possessor of tremendous mind.

With your great brain bent to the task
Of grading quizzes, you can, I'm sure
Pick out the scattered crumbs of truth
From answers otherwise obscure.



Indeed, I gladly at your heels
Kneel, with deepest admiration
For the sharpness of your keen discernment,
The grandeur of your cerebation.

Mere errors never great ones irk.
Moderation's always the course most prudent
And so, in the fixing of the grades
Have mercy on your humble student.

J.B.



Weep not, a lonely loser,
Wail not into thy beer
But look with hope towards '52
A presidential year

In '52 there'll be a change
(I quote the G. O. P.
That's what they said in '44
But they were wrong, you see).

Be brave, old faithful 'Publican
Be brave and gay and hearty
You'll surely last for four more years
(But, O dear, can the party?)

C.A.P.

—and let the credit go

Descriptive Bit: "He was in such bad shape that his insurance agent came around and took all his blotters back."

— *Southern Collegian*



Brown eyes are often the signs of a weak will, but black eyes are always a sign of a strong won't.

— *The Log*



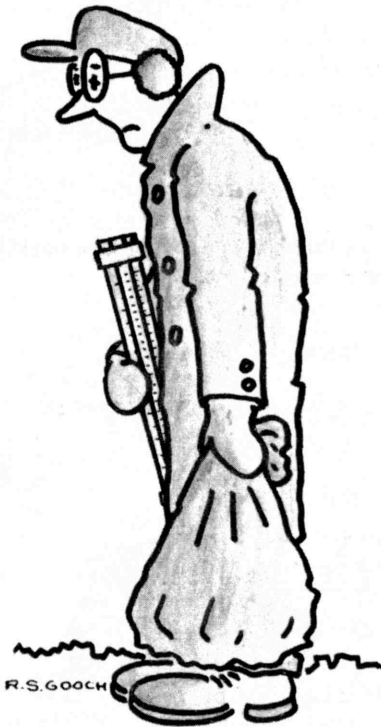
Why must guys always maul
Gals they take to a ball,
Or handle their frail
Like reading Balzac in Braille?



Yearling: "Come on, take a bath, and get cleaned up. I'll get you a date."

Classmate: "Yeah, and what if the date falls out?"

— *Log*



BROWNBAGGER

Toler: "Where is Rogers?"

Murla: "He's in the dark room accentuating the negative."

— *Polaris*



Old Lady: "Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

Child: "Sure, what the hell else could I be?"

— *Pup*



A stenographer defines a wolf as a modern dry cleaner. He works fast but leaves no ring.

— *Urchin*



I looked out through my window;
I knew that Spring was here.
Delightful sights were all around;
The birds were in the air.
But just as quick as they did come
These lovely sights did fade;
The lady just across the street
Pulled down her window shade!



He: "Why darling, your eyes are very blue."

She: "It's about time you looked at my face."

— *The Log*



He: "I'm the bank examiner."

She: "Well, I'm no bank."



Mess Sergeant: "You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"

Pvt.: "Long time no sea."



Sam: "I thought you said your girl's legs were without equal."

Mike: "No, I said they were without parallel."

— *The Log*

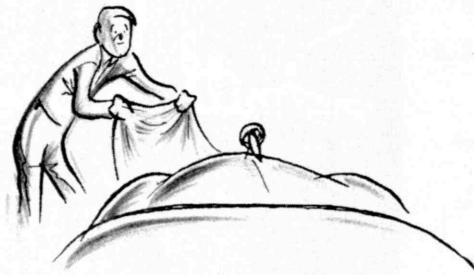
Smith House

Famous
Food
For
Fifty
Years

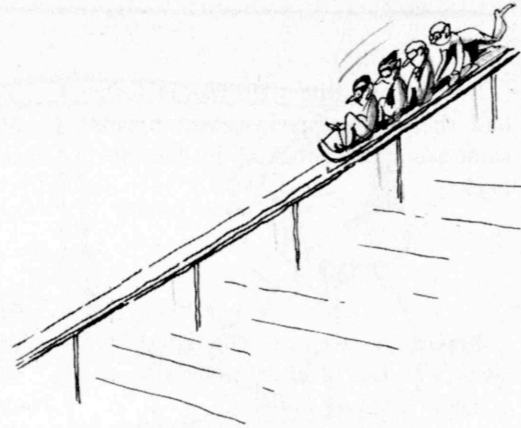
500 MEMORIAL DRIVE
CAMBRIDGE

TROWBRIDGE 6-8500

We Too Have Sports



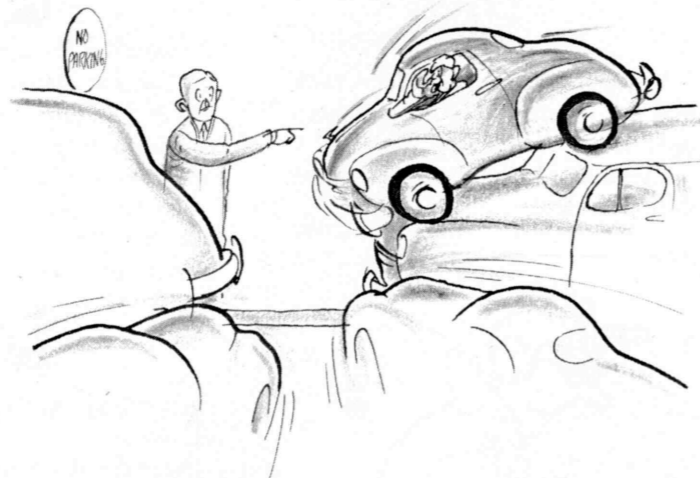
El Toreador — The Mass. Ave. Arena provides some excellent practice for the ring at Madrid. Also recommended for ballet aspirants.



Tobogganing — Team tryouts every Tuesday and Thursday in front of Building Seven.



Obstacle Course — Practice in broken field running held daily in the lobby of Building Ten. The loser buys a ticket to the M.I.T. Pseudo-Physical Art Society's first annual lecture on "Man — His relation to P-PA."



Auto Races — The winner is awarded a free parking space overlooking the Charles.



Sack Race — A relatively new sport introduced in conjunction with the New Look.



Setting Up Exercises — A trim waist line is both the cause and effect.



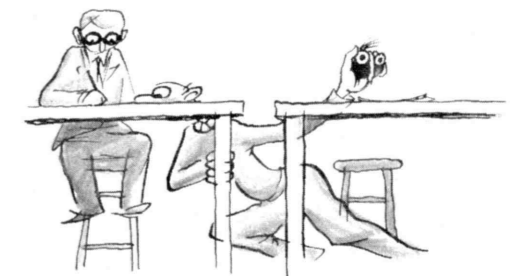
Cross City Harriers — Just call Mayor Curley a lousy bum and start running. Separates the quick from the dead.



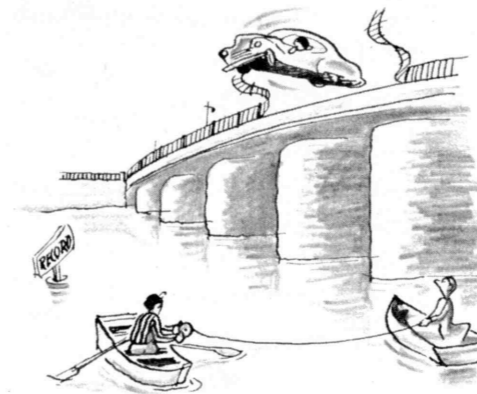
Mass Scrimmage in 10-250 — "There goes the whistle; last hour's class has the ball; looks like a plunge for that hole in the right wall . . ."



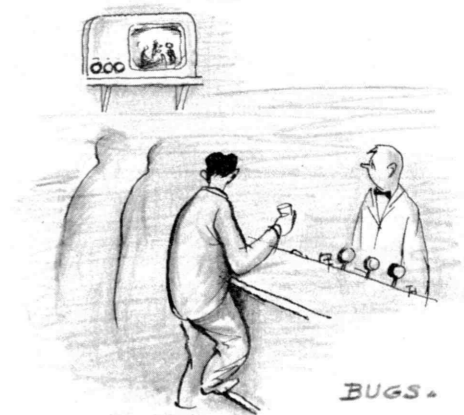
Coop Robbing — One of the more common pastimes at the Institute. Several novel attempts have recently been made.



Passing (quizzes) — Eye exercises are recommended by opticians to relieve the strain and tension of scholastic life.



Running Broad Jump — Souped-up hot rods try for distance off Harvard Bridge.



Varsity Football — 'Nuff said.

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MEMBERS

GUESTS

Slepperman had trouble with his daughter. He sent her to an ultra-fashionable girls' school and enrolled her in an extra-special class in etiquette. When graduated, she plunged into society. One morning he found her crying hysterically. On the previous evening, it seems she had attended a dance, met a very handsome and charming young man, and gone for a ride in the park that had disastrous results. "So," cried papa, "who is this scoundrel, this wolf in sheep's clothing? Tell me his name." When Becky shamefully admitted that she didn't even know his name, Mr. Slepperman's patience was at an end. "After all your lessons," he screamed, "you still not having the courtesy to ask, 'With whom am I having the pleasure?'"

— Pup



Shortly after he brought his bride to their new home he found that she had hung a motto on the wall over the beds. It read, "I need thee every hour."

The next night he hung one of his own up which read, "God give me strength."

— Show Me



He—"Why did you call your daughter 'Opium'?"

She—"Because she was the product of a wild poppy."

— Log



Lucy met a train,
The train met Lucy.
The track was juicy,
The juice was Lucy.

— Claw



A popular dame is Rosie Smoots, she plays strip-poker in one-piece suits.

— Shot and Shell

Sarah: "I bet that man was embarrassed when you caught him looking over the transom."

Sue: "Gosh yes. I thought he'd never get over it."
— *Polaris*



Girl (cattily): "Don't you think that Ethel looks terrible in that lowcut gown?"

Fellow: "Not as far as I can see."



"My dad takes things apart to see why they don't go."

"So what?"

"You'd better go."



Tourist — Milking the cow?

Yokel — Naw, just feeling her pulse.

— *Gargoyle*



I think that I shall never see
A school that's quite like M.I.T.,
Where everything is always known
Or just intuitively shown,
And everyone flunks 8.03.

H.E.L.L.



Can you imagine anything more useless than a glass eye at a keyhole?



A bachelor skunk visited a newly married pair of skunks and was surprised to find an extra bed in their room. When questioned, they explained, "We are expecting a little stinker in the spring."

The Log

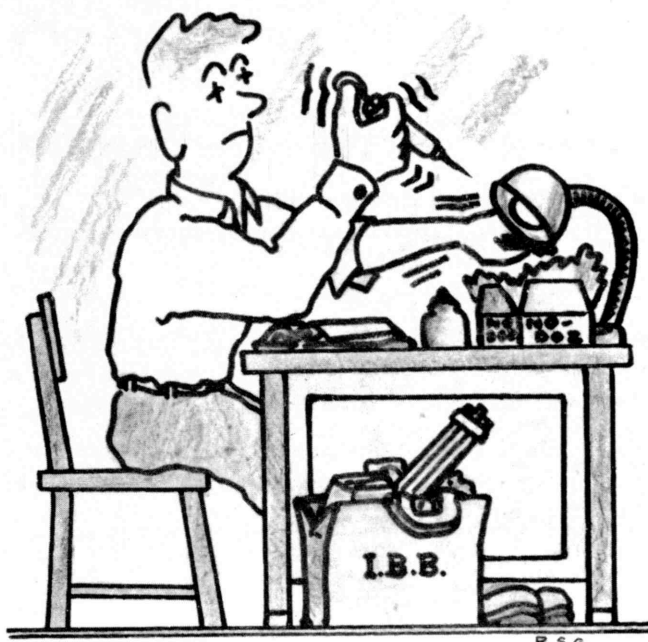


Pat: Are them pigeons boys or girls?

Mike: They're not pigeons, they're gulls.

Pat: Gulls or boys, they're still pigeons.

(Here again the subject of sex insists on infiltrating the chaste pages of Voo Doo.)



R.S.G.

QUESTIONS

- A** My clues: a white mitten, two cartons of cheer;
I'm held while I hold, and I warm you all year.
- B** Socked in the green and partly concealed,
My last five of twelve is a meadow revealed.
- C** At Christmas time a famous slogan with
central word revised,
I emphasize the pleasure of giving a gift
that satisfies.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A The field of red is the red scarf which Tyrone Power is wearing. On it one can recognize the mask of tragedy, the classic mask of Thespis. So the answer is **TYRONE POWER'S SCARF**.

B The shamrock and the blarney stone are symbols of "**THE LUCK OF THE IRISH**."

C Ten to the sixth (power) equals 1,000,000 (one million). Ten to the zero equals 1 (one). **ANSWER: Chesterfields satisfy millions, they'll satisfy you.**

WINNERS...

C. Bostick	P. Rothery	E. Parsons	G. Butzow
D. McNamee	B. Trowbridge	H. Garrison	R. Lincoln
R. Vidal	J. Salz	J. Hodgkins	C. Brokaw

Irate Parent: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter, sir!

Greek: "I wish you would, old boy, I'm not making much progress."



What is home without parents?

Home without parents is commonly known as a good place to take a cheap date!

— Pup Ten



Attention! You can cure your roommate of snoring by good advice, cooperation, kindness, and by stuffing an old shirt in his mouth.

— Pup Tent



Kubelius: "Bare knees are a luxury."

Brown: "Why?"

"Kubelius: "Just try to get hold of one sometime."

— Pup

For years and years the two sexes have been racing for supremacy. Now they have settled down to neck and neck.



Every so often we take the pledge to lay off puns. Then a court in Hickory sends a girdle thief up for a stretch.



A girl doesn't have to watch the speedometer to know what a boy is driving at.



Telling some brides what they should know on their wedding night is like giving fish a bath.

— Froth



Teacher: "Johnny did you wish to leave the room?"

Johnny: "Well, I'm not hitch-hiking!"

— Rebel

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serving tech men for 25 years

VOO DOO



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THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY
WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Unfrock a lady and you may find raspberry-colored lingerie — or misty green or dull blue."

Or a slap in the face.

Or maybe she isn't a lady!



"Little girl, who put all those tattoo marks on you?"

"My father did."

"Oh, I see. Illustrated by the author."

— Widow



She: "I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer."

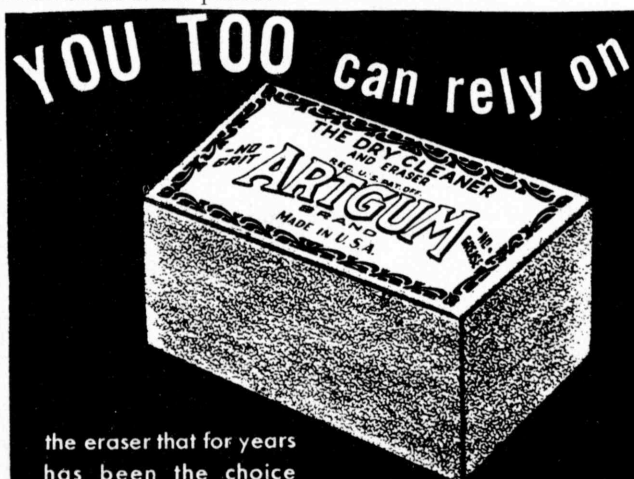
He: "Shake."

— Ram Buller



A lady's pet cat presented her with three kittens and so she named them: Tuffy, Fluffy, and Paderewski. When asked why she had named them thusly, she replied:

"Well, Tuffy is the toughest; Fluffy is the fluffiest and Paderewski is the pianist."



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The farmer's daughter returned from college for her summer vacation and her father looked at her critically and said, "Lost some weight, didn't you?"

The girl replied, "Yes, Father, I weigh 110 pounds stripped for gym."

The farmer leaped out of his chair, grabbed the shotgun from the wall, and yelled, "Who the devil is Jim, and what are his intentions?"

— Surf and Storm



Husband: "After I get up in the morning and shave, I feel ten years younger."

Wife: "Why don't you shave before you go to bed."



An expert on autos says you can't tell exactly how far a couple has gone in a car, merely by looking at the speedometer.

— Pup



God made women without a sense of humor so that they could love men instead of laugh at them.

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CANADA DRY
WORLD FAMOUS
Beverages

Two old maids were sitting at a bar one evening, and after a slight indulgence, one of them remarked, "If I have another Tom Collins, I'm going to feel it."

The other old maid immediately replied, "If I have another I won't care who does."



"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid down four aces in a game of strip poker.

— Sundial



An empty barrel makes the most noise . . . an idle tongue makes the most chatter . . . but a gorgeous blonde in a high wind can make the most of anything.

— Turn Out



Sign for Smith Brothers cough drops in a New York subway: "Take one to bed with you."

Wag's inscription: "I wouldn't sleep with either of 'em."



Kitty: "They ought to send that little gold digger to jail."

Kat: "What for?"

Kitty: "Using the males to defraud."

— The Log

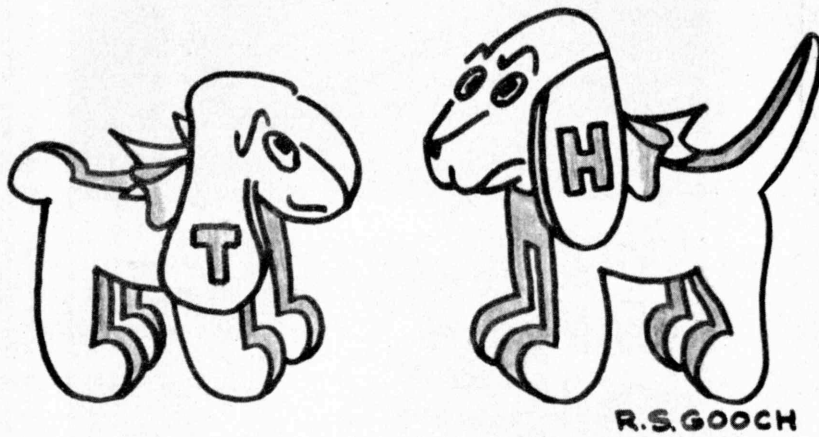


"Did you hear about the one who took his girl out in the fog and mist?"

"No."

"Well, you missed the point."

— Scripts 'N' Pranks



R.S. GOOCH

"GRRR!"

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