

Voo Doo



May, 1948

25 cents

IT TAKES EXPERIENCE TO SKIM THE SURF AT

40 miles an hour on one foot!

...and Champion
NANCE STILLEY
agrees that
in water skiing - and
in cigarettes too...

**"EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!"**



In twisting slaloms
... in tricky jumps
... this petite young
Cypress Gardens
aquamaid is in a
class by herself ...
a champion many
times over.



You watch her and
you *know* Nance
Stilley has plenty
of experience. Her
cigarette? That's a
"choice of *experience*"
too...Camel!



I NOTICE MORE
AND MORE PEOPLE
SMOKING CAMELS.
THEY'RE GREAT!

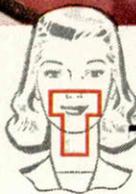
I LEARNED
BY EXPERIENCE...
BY COMPARING...
THAT CAMELS SUIT
MY 'T-ZONE'
BEST!



THE "T-ZONE"
T for Taste...
T for Throat...

your final
proving ground
for any
cigarette

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

Let your  Zone tell you why

**More people are smoking
Camels than ever before!**

• Now that people can get all the cigarettes they want
... any brand ... now that they once again can choose
their cigarette on a basis of personal preference ... more
people are smoking Camels than ever before.

Why? The answer is in your "T-Zone" (T for Taste
and T for Throat). Let your taste ... your throat ...
tell you why, with smokers who have tried and com-
pared, Camels are the "choice of experience"!



According to a
Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER
CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors from coast
to coast were asked by three
independent research organiza-
tions to name the cigarette they
smoked, more doctors named
Camel than any other brand!

CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!

OPEN HOUSE is pretty big. Thirty thousand people wandering around the Institute are quite a few, Phos. We hope they are all impressed by seeing M. I. T. dressed up in its technological best. We also hope that a great many of the visitors fall into the hands of a copy of Voo Doo. Voo Doo is one of the less scientific and serious aspects of Tech. The staff believes that all work and no Voo Doo make Tech a dull place.

SOME college mags are staid and literary, others fill up with photos, jokes, and name-mentioning columns, but there are a hundred or so like Voo Doo that actually try to be funny. To mention a few good ones, there are the *Yale Record*, *Stanford Chapparral*, *California Pelican*, and *Ohio State Sundial*.

WHAT makes a magazine good? It takes good men spending plenty of time. We estimate that the staff puts in at least five hundred man-hours on each issue of Voo Doo. The mag is lucky that so many top men are attracted to Tech. The imaginative mind so fundamental to science can find relaxing variety in thinking up the humorous or clever.

CLEVER is perhaps the right word, for a true humorist is a rarity. We believe real humor to be highly personalized; often one person making one other person laugh. It does not take long working for Voo Doo to be convinced that you cannot please everybody, and one often concludes that you can please nobody. Actually, we try to include something of a variety so as to appeal to a range of people. Mr. Average Reader is of course a Techman. He does not demand too sophisticated humor, but wants to forget studies or at least laugh at them for a few moments. Judging from our subscription list, however, plenty of other people get a big kick out of the mag, too. We're glad.

NEXT year, Phos, there will be a new crew running Voo Doo. We are certainly going to miss the old rag and the guys who worked on it with us. This is no time to dilute your beer with that stuff though, Phos. Instead we mention part of the new management, the capable Senior Board for next year:

Bill Schneider, *General Manager*
George Piness, *Managing Editor*
Andy Price, *Business Manager*

Good luck.

L.

Cover this month by Waldt.

Volume XXXI

May, 1948

No. 5

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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DOING THE TOWN

YOU ARE, we assume, hungry. You are, we assume, poor. All that, and if you like a change, too, visit *The Nile*, 52 Hudson Street, just off Stuart Street behind Washington. You can drink there, but the food, Levantine or not, is good enough to stand on its own merits. Outstanding is the green salad, the chicken stuffed with rice — God only knows the Egyptian name for it, but they speak English there — and, so help us, the strawberry shortcake. The quality of the coffee is such that thrifty housekeepers have been known to ask for its source, and if you like things served on a skewer, and don't mind using your fingers on a chicken, kufita mishwi is your meat.

Arab League atmosphere is provided by some of the records in the juke box, leavened, however, by a homegrown maestro or two. The service is rapid and friendly, and the check should hover around two dollars for a real belly-bloater. Dishes are a la carte, and you take your pick to suit your purse. The place is utterly respectable, and is suitable even for the virginal. We know.

— ROBERT V. GARVIN.

IF you don't drink, you can sup at Joe Venuti's, 21 Carver Street. Carver Street, as you may have guessed, is another alley. This particular establishment is one that I do not recommend for those drinkers who don't hold it any too well — particularly if a couple makes your equilibrium rather unstable. Only for the sure-footed then, or those that would simply like to find a good place to eat, let me mention this little place. Firstly, I am sure that Carver Street will have no significance to most people, but you might remember it as the same street on which is located Ola's. It is the next alley up from Charles Street going toward the Touraine from Back Bay on Boylston Street. Oh Hell. Ask a cop.

So. One enters a very small anteroom, in which is located the check-room. Now comes the long haul. You've got to climb up to the third

floor to lubricate dusty tonsils. This procedure must sell quite a bit of extra liquor for old Joe. It will be all right for the Beacon cliff-dwellers, but I am really afraid that many an atrophied Tech is going to have a rather rough time of it. For Heaven's sake don't take a woman who is in better shape than you are. Come to think of it, this might be a good way to find out if she *is* in better shape than you are. There are no water-coolers along the way up, nor **are** there any sporting prints or likewise that you can gently stop to examine, meanwhile slyly drawing a big breath.

At the end of the road, though, is one of the coziest cocktail lounges around. (I tried to find another word to describe it, but bear with me.) Ranged around the walls of an L-shaped room are very small booths. Surmounting the sides of each and every booth are edge-lighted glass panels deeply etched with the design of a woman's hand. Definitely an effect is produced. Peachy. In addition, a large colored mural of a horse-race is reflected by an even larger mirror behind the bar. By peering in the glass panel at your booth, (or someone else's booth, if you want to get sneaky about it) the mural can be seen from practically any location in the room. What a place for Professors Duntley or Sears.

I was originally warned to go to this nitery to see a very excellent trio. In this I was disappointed. The music is lately furnished by the alternate playing of a piano by a young man and a young woman. Paul Mann and Wynn Stevens. Now, these two do a pretty good job, but I wasn't overly impressed with their virtuosity. A good evening, you understand, but their entertaining wasn't exemplary. Mann plays the piano as if he enjoyed it, and I suppose that he does. It's good relaxation for the lad. Wynn Stevens plays with a considerably less exuberant air.

I expect to see you all next year — provided only that this fool Voo Doo starts to subsidize a date a month. Have fun.

— JOHN FISHER.



Seem's like everybody's saying . . .

"Meet me at Jimmy O'Keefe's"

AND FOR GOOD REASONS TOO

If you want Food—Real Good Food

If you want unusual atmosphere

If you want to see Sports Celebrities

If you want to meet "the right people"

Just say:—

"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."

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**THE IDEAL PLACE FOR
PARTIES — BANQUETS — RECEPTIONS**

**336 NEWBURY ST.
NEAR MASS. SUBWAY STATION**

Circle 7-7719

MEMBERS GUESTS



"He wouldn't let me chew Dentyne Gum in the office so I got an outside job."



"I walked out for the right to enjoy all the swell-tasting Dentyne Chewing Gum I want, and I've been walking on clouds ever since! Boy, what a flavor! And Dentyne helps keep my teeth white, too!"

Dentyne Gum — Made Only By Adams

Student: "What's the date, professor?"

Instructor: "Never mind the date. Finish the exam."

Student: "I just wanted to have something right on my paper."

— Boulder



Wife: "Did you object to the way I danced on the table?"

Hubby: "Yeah. How did you expect me to sleep with all that racket going on over my head."

— Pelican



Salesman: "Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier, and bring you a host of new friends."

Prospective customer: "I'll take a quart."

— Mis-A-Sip



A fleecy sweater, soft and white
The kind you love to touch
Can do great things for any girl
Who's face just isn't much.

— Green Gander



Doc: "Hey, stop! Don't you know that kissing is a good way to transmit germs!"

Collitch Feller: "Good? Hell, it's perfect."

— Pup



I'm just a modest little girl,
I don't smoke or drink,
Or dare to sit at night
Upon the river's brink —
So my parents think.

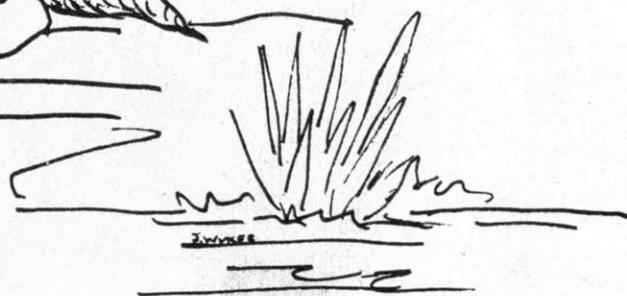


EPITAPH
Four Brandies,
Three Ryes,
Two Scotches:
One Bier.

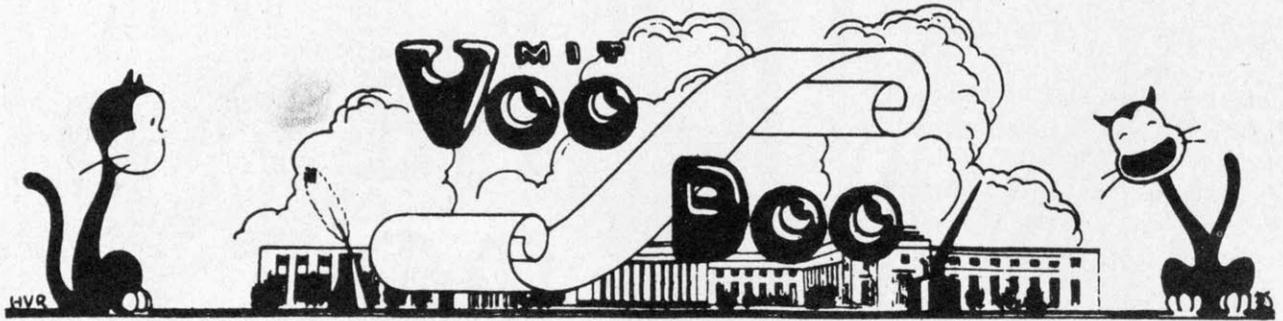




HEY
DOC!
GOTCHA
TECHNIQUE
YET
?!



TECHNIQUE will be out in two weeks. Don't wait till the last minute to get yours.



"ARE Professors People?" asks John Holmes of Tufts in a *Saturday Evening Post* article. Then he goes on to define them. "Professors are 'a body of persons united into a community, race, or tribe.' They keep the same rhythms of life from September to June, make the same speeches in faculty meetings, and suffer alike from low income. There is an observable thickening of the jaw muscles, from lecturing, and a certain stoop, from thinking while walking. A certain wildness of eye comes from reading student papers, and the

adrenalin flows faster at the sight of a college president. No other race or tribe has these characteristics."

Later on, Professor Holmes adds, "Professors are fellows who talk in other people's sleep."

A PROFESSOR was seen to button his coat the other day when he happened to glance at the notes which one of this pupils had been taking. In the center of the page was the picture of a prominently displayed P.B.K. key and chain.

A FELLOW studying for a 2.011 quiz came into the room of a physics major and said "Roger, do you know anything about Mohr's Circle?"

Roger obviously did not. "No," he said. "Is it a locality in Boston — like Cleveland Circle?"

(Since the point of this interchange may be too abstruse for any one but those taking mechanics courses, let us say that Mohr's Circle is a simple graphical method for solving stress problems.)

WE ARE reminded of a running-colors story from the V-12 days in the Grad House. George Oliver put some of his white hats in with his P.T. shirt, which was colored a bright yellow on one side and a bright blue on the reverse side. When the Bendix stopped, George was surprised to find the colors in his P.T. shirt duller, and his hats a light green.

Figuring that he could clean his hats only by putting them in a strong bleach, he threw them in the bathtub and poured in some Chlorox — straight. He came back to find the hats lighter, but partly dissolved in the bleach.

The only use for the hats after that was the way George used them. He would send a friend into a roomful of V-12'ers to announce "The Great Georgio, The Strongmen's Strongman." After a big enough build-up, George came in flexing his muscles and throwing out his chest. He took one of the hats that had been greatly weakened by the bleach, and with great strain and puffing, tore the hat apart.



"Efficient, yeah, but . . ."

BULL," referring to reports and essay questions, means writing faster than the thoughts come to you — a sort of *Reader's Regurgitation*. Professors, the chief antagonists of bull, have invented some blunt remedies.

A Tech professor who graduated from Williams reports a prof there who would doodle the picture of a bull moose on the paper whenever he discovered a wordy passage, and, as the written prattle went on, would furbish the moose's antlers with more points. A verbose student, for example, might find his paper sprinkled with twelve-point antlers.

Professor Goodwin, of Work Simplification, has of course improved this procedure. We hear, he has a rubber stamp picture of a bull. Whenever one of his students, ignorant of the facts and too harried by time to think, writes wordily, down comes the bull stamp.

Of course, professors themselves are the most glib and facile bull-slingers among men. Any reader of a staff-written book knows at once that professors get paid not by the idea, but by the word. We have never heard of a professor winning a twenty-five words-or-less contest, simply because professorial thoughts do not come in that size.

We are pleased, therefore, to pass on a letter along the same lines, printed in the *New York Times Magazine*, in answer to an article by Paul Samuelson, Professor of Economics at Tech and author of a couple of fairly large books.

The letter reads:
To the Editor:

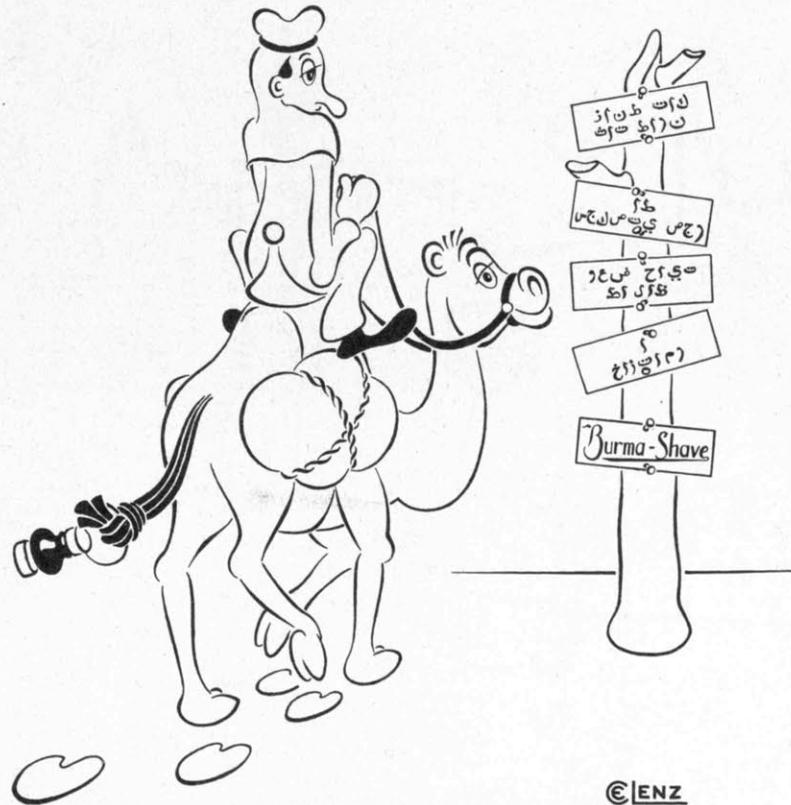
The style of Prof. Paul A. Samuelson's "Deflation Need Not Mean Depression" violates the need, rigorously stressed in engineering colleges, for writing critical articles and reports with simple clarity. Rhetorical expressions like "frenetic rotations of this cry-wolf group," "counting embryos and not fryers," and other embellishments used lavishly throughout the article, obscure the salient

points of discussion. As a former student of economics under Professor Samuelson, I am abashed.

JAMES L. MARSHAL.
Boston,

FRIEND of ours, Jack Facey, threw some clothes into a washing machine and when they were supposed to be all washed, looked in and found his skivvy shirts tinted a beautiful de Valera Green from a pair of woolen socks. Holy smokes, he said, telling his troubles, "I thought those socks were as fast as . . ." He struggled for the right simile. "As fast as I was in high school."

WE overheard a couple of people engaged in what is probably top-secret Government work: "I'll tell you all about guided missiles if you tell me about rocket bombs."

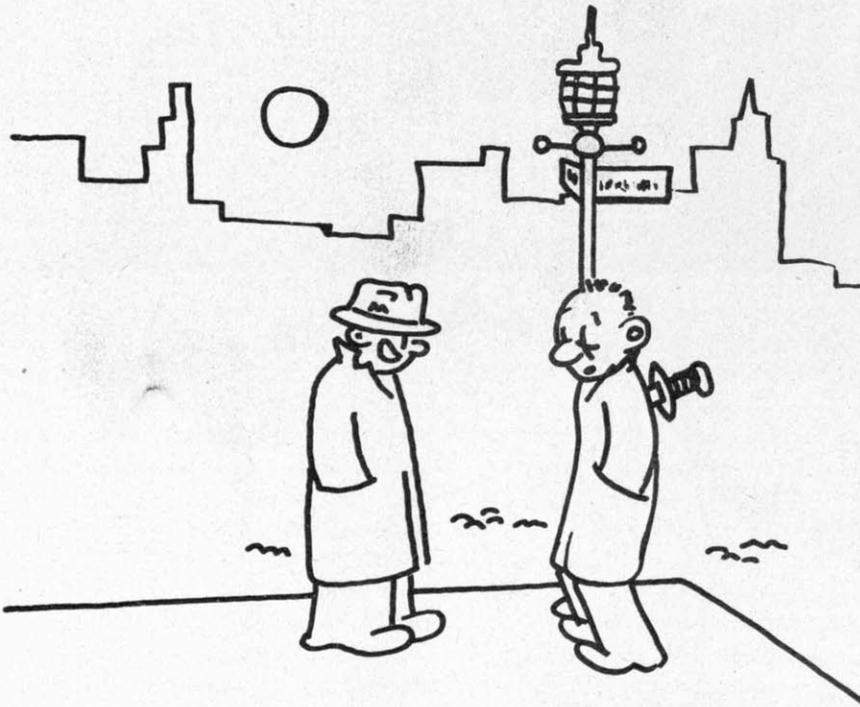


BILL SCHNEIDER, the art editor, says he won't draw any more pictures for our stories unless we print a pun he made up. Professor Sears, says Bill, is writing a book on fishes' eggs. The book will be published as "Sears' Roe Book."

Now, Bill, we deserve some damn good illustrations.

ONE student, no scaredy-cat he, says that he was in the lunch line at the Coop when the fellow ran off with all the money. He could have stopped the thief, he says, but he didn't want to lose his place in line.

THE TECH reported the objections the faculty has toward the elimination of Saturday classes. The best one, from a Voo Doo standpoint, was that if you give the students Saturday off, they are too likely to go on outings, skiing trips, or visits home.



Nice night for a murder, ain't it.

Woodooings . . .

WE WERE at the Coop about an hour after the \$25,000 Coup-at-the-Coop and found about ten reporters and photographers standing around, talking, not to witnesses, victims, or robbers, but to one another, which accounted for the uniformly poor reports in the Boston papers. We asked one of the reporters, a short, tired young man who happened to be the United Press man, "Who's that lady reporter over there?"

"Oh, that's Alice Burke, the famous court reporter from the *Traveler*," he said. Our respect for the *Traveler* and Miss Burke's reporting (her latest increment to fame arose from the Goodale trial) knows very limited bounds, and we were not surprised to see her talking to three of the shabbiest men to come into the Coop in a long time. Of the three, our UP guide pointed out two *Globe* men, and the *Daily Record* reporter. No one was

there from the *Monitor*.

While the reporters were talking with each other, we went around and talked to some of the salespeople who had been there when the money was taken and found a much more interesting story than any of the papers had to tell.

The money bag was on the floor in front of the safe, inside the waist-high enclosure in which the office staff is kept. A man walked through the swinging gate and went over to the safe. Feigning to touch his toes, he picked up the money. The cashier and the girl that works at one of the desks saw him come in and watched him pick up the bag. Startled and speechless, the two girls watched him go out the swinging gate, then got up and followed him a few feet in back. The man, trailed by the two girls, walked unhurriedly to the door. The girls were too dazed to tell any one what was going on and too frightened to catch up with him. What, after all, could they do if they did catch up

with him. Tackle him? Tell him they were saving the money for some one else? Ask him for his coop number? He walked past the shirt display counters and out the door. The girls stopped for a second at the door, then turned around and walked back to the suit and shoe alcove. They sat down then and fainted. Some of the other salespeople hurried over to revive them, and after bringing the girls to, learned about the robbery.

Here were some facts, interesting ones, but none of the Boston papers printed them. The reporters, still finding each other fascinating, were talking to each other after we had the story. We said to the *Globe* reporter, "What are you people waiting for now."

"Oh, the police are downstairs figuring out how much was stolen, and so on."

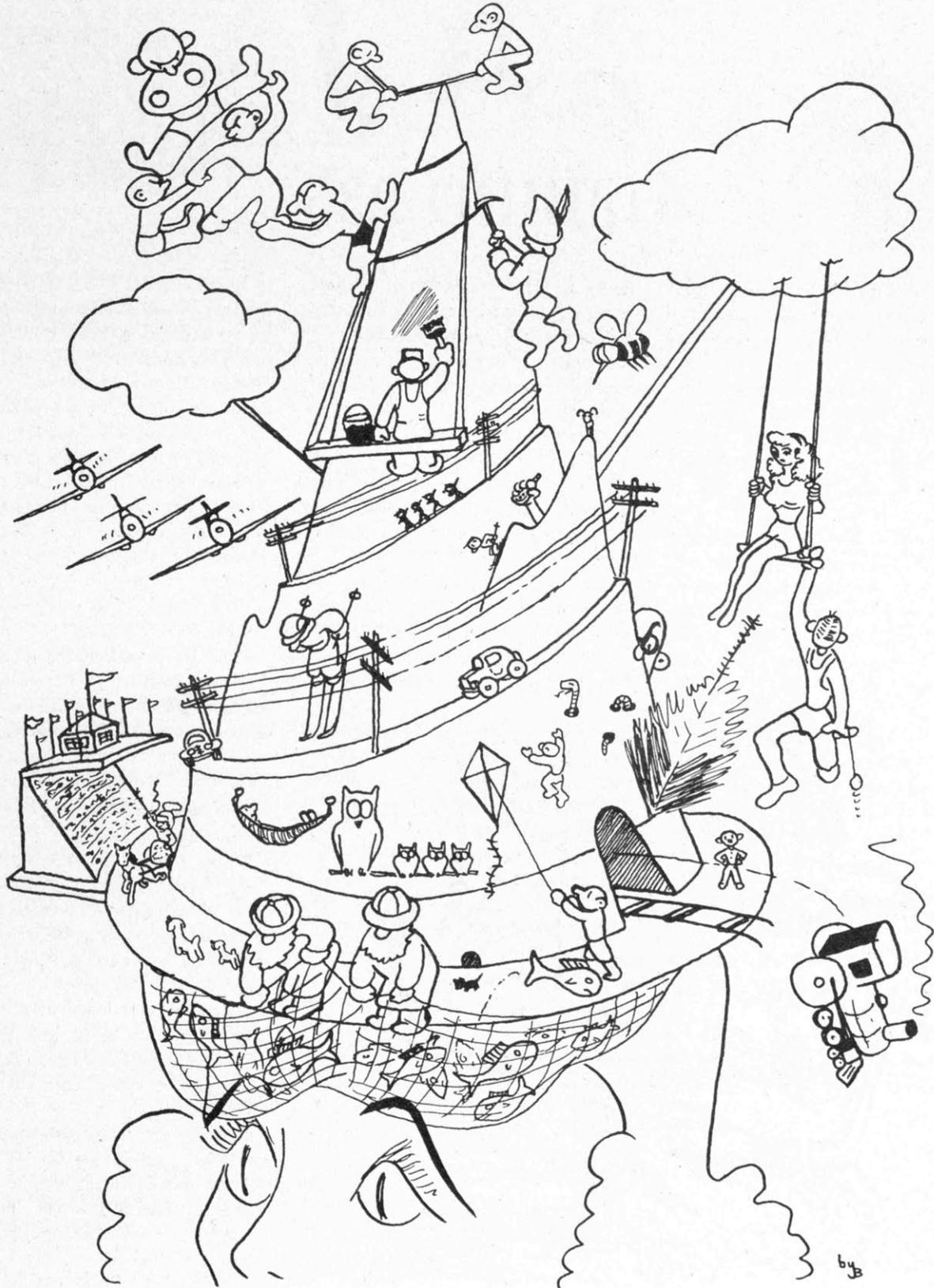
We said, "Did you know that two of the girls fainted?"

"Who told you? How do you know?" he began pulling our sleeve.

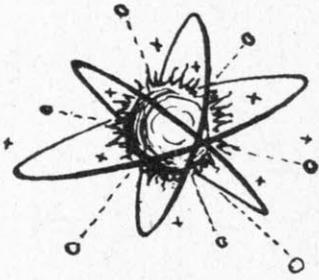
The stories born of such lazy reporting were what you would expect. The reporters went back to their desks, realized that they had few facts, and did precisely what any Tech student taking an essay quiz would do. Stretch each fact you do have, repeat it, draw analogies, speculate. The Boston papers told everything about the robbery except why the money was there and how it was taken.

A FOREIGN reader of *Power*, a mechanical engineer's magazine, wrote a letter to the editors which was laboriously produced by consulting a dictionary for the literal English equivalent of each Spanish word. The writer wanted help. He wanted to know where he could buy something — what it was had the editors puzzled. He said he wanted "a male water sheep."

Finally, one of the smarter editors, now on the business staff and headed for a vice-presidency or something, figured out what the poor man wanted. A hydraulic ram.



"But dear, all my friends think it's simply darling!"



LIBIDO 235

PROFESSOR GOTTLIEB'S tired shadow leaned on the wall of the makeshift hut on the little island in the Indian Ocean.

"Doktor," said Professor Gottlieb in his guttural voice, "Ve haff failed — udderly und completely und — und — ve haff failed . . ." His voice broke like the South Sea Bubble.

The other man was silent. The complicated apparatus in the center of the hut was silent.

Then Dr. Common spoke softly. "It's really a shame," he said. "Our idea is fundamentally sound. When atoms are smashed, they blow into smithereens. Thus the smithereen

must be the fundamental atomic particle. All that remains is for us to isolate the smithereen. But how?"

Suddenly Professor Gottlieb's shadow leaped toward the ceiling of the hut.

"I haff it! I haff it!"

"What, the smithereen?"

"No, dumkopf, der idea, der idea uff vere ve can find der schmiddereen! Tell me, doktor, vere in nature is found dis potticle?"

The Man of Science blinked vacantly into the air. (My, it's stuffy in here, thought Dr. Common.)

"Eggsactly!", cried Professor Gottlieb in triumph. "Das schmiddereen

iss found in DER AIR! In DER AIR right vere you are looking now! I ask you, Doktor, hass anyvun effer found a schmiddereen on der ground? Obviouzly not! Derefore, ven an adom iss blown to schmiddereens, und der potticles do not fall to der ground, dey must be shtill in der air."

"Hich, hich!", he chuckled. "Vot an eggshperiment ve vill perform to get der schmiddereen from de air! It vill be so confoosink to der layman! Hich!"

"But there are no laymen here," protested Dr. Common.

"Dat iss uff no consickvence," said Professor Gottlieb. "It iss der duty uff Men uff Zience to confoose men who are not Men uff Zience. Vot vould ve know iff efferyvun knew vot ve know? Ve vould know nuzzing!"

The two men laughed in two different languages.

"Now, doktor," said Professor Gottlieb, "I vill eggshplain der process to you. Ve vill shoot a beam uff positiff electrons tru der air. Iff der schmiddereen iss a negatiff potticle, it vill combine mit der possitron und ve catch der bote uff dem in dis apssorber. Und convershly, if der schmiddereen iss a positiff potticle, ve can trap it in der apssorber mit a beam uff negatiff electrons."

"And if the smithereen is a neutral particle?" asked Doctor Common. "And what do we do once we've got the smithereen in the absorber?"

"Ach! Trivialities! Trivialities! Herr Doktor, hand me der lump uff plutonium. Ve use plutonium for der apssorber; it's heavy enuff zo der schmiddereen von't knock it off der table ven it hits. Now ve put der



"George, what's that cute Mr. Dewey doing now? George, didn't you hate that horrible dress Mrs. Taft wore in the newsreel last night? George, you can at least say something, George . . ."

radium Beta-source like zo, und der synchrotron like zo, und— und— Doktor, you're not lizznink!"

"No," said Dr. Common softly. Strange, he thought, strange. No good can come of this. . . .

* * * * *

Two men and a girl sat in a lean-to by the prettiest lil' ol' brook in the Massachusetts woods.

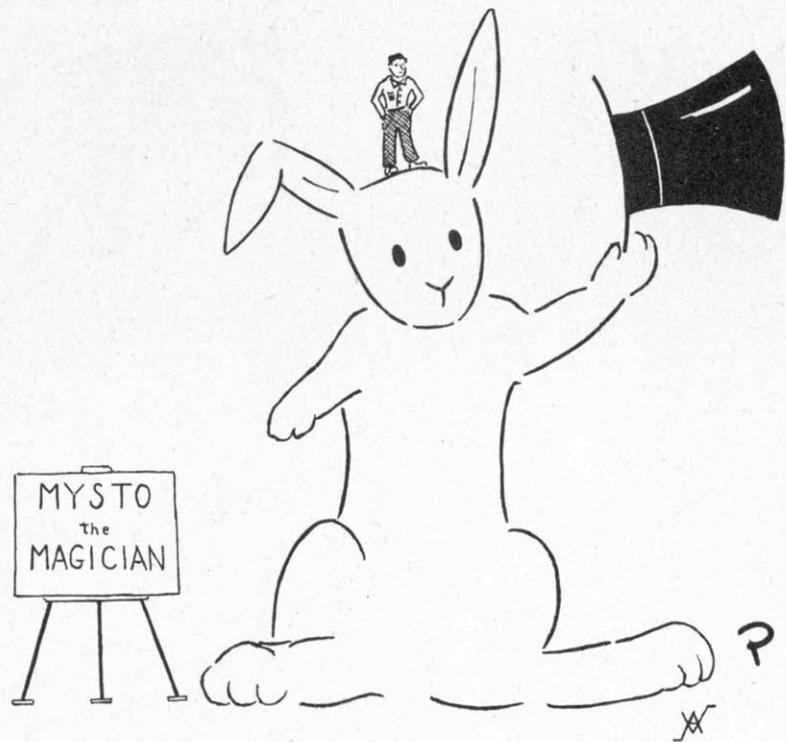
"I can't understand what happened to Betty," said the girl. "She was supposed to be here an hour ago. I can't understand it. She's always so eager to go on picnics."

"Ho hum. Why don't you turn on the radio?" said the more restless of the two men. The portable radio was duly turned on, and the results were amazing.

"I will repeat this urgent news bulletin," said the resonant voice in a nervous tone. "A tremendous atomic chain explosion, whose cause has not been determined, has destroyed half the world, and will eventually consume the whole globe unless checked. The situation is considered serious by noted American authorities.

"At 10 A.M. this morning, our time, Australians, East Africans, and Far Easterners were startled by a deafening noise and a flash brilliant beyond human conception. They did not live to tell the tale. A devastating atomic blast, spreading equally in all directions, wiped out all Australians, East Africans, and Far Easterners.

"Apparently this is a slow neutron fission, since it was almost 11 A.M. before Europeans and South and Central Americans began to die. Winston Churchill uttered hopeless words in the House of Commons. Said the former Prime Minister, 'There always used to be an England.' A Russian spokesman said, 'This means the end of Capitalism.' An American commentator countered, 'This means the end of Communism.' The United Nations Security Council was reported to be contemplating the



organization of a committee to investigate responsibility for the disaster. General Eisenhower was quote as saying, 'I will positively not run for the Presidency in November.' Comedian Eddie Cantor complained, 'And Ida always wanted to have a boy!'

"Scientists are unable to explain the catastrophe. It is grossly improbable that air alone will conduct a chain reaction, and therefore some physicists maintain that whoever set off the bomb had harnessed Maxwell's Demon.

"The devastation is due to reach Boston, the Hub of the Universe, last, since Boston is situated diametrically opposite the island in the Indian Ocean where the blast is believed to have originated. At latest reports, relayed to me by the Associated Press, whose New York office has just been blown to smithereens, the end for all of us is a matter of minutes away. Goodbye to you, to

you, and especially to you —

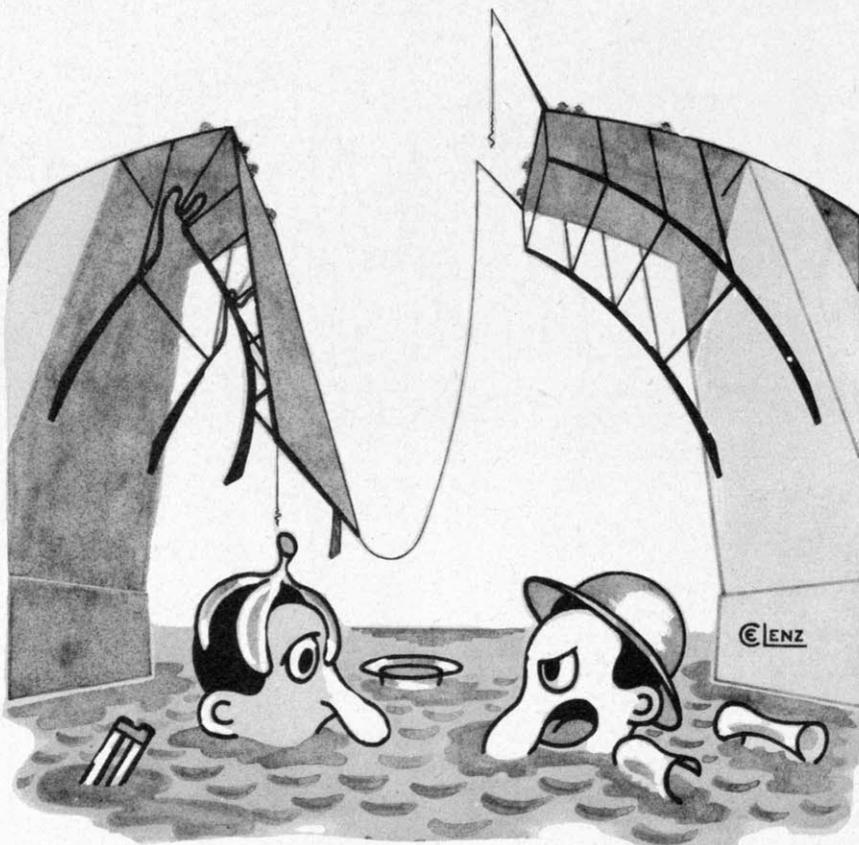
"On behalf of my sponsor, Bromo-Seltzer, which gives quick relief from headaches, neuralgia, acid stomach, and atomic explosions, this is your announcer, Heated Gabriel, saying Aaaaaagh!"

The announcer gave a strangled cry and the radio went dead. The world had come to an end. With a dramatic effect almost as impressive as any that Hollywood has achieved, there was a flash, a sound, a quake, and then silence. Nothing but silence. The world had really come to an end.

Almost

Out of the newborn wreckage came three living things. This trio of entities was Leonard, Edgar and Evelyn. They stirred within the lean-to by the evaporated brook in the charred Massachusetts woods. They stared at each other for a while, each wondering why the others didn't say any-

Please turn to next page



Must have been a slide rule error.

Continued from preceding page

thing, and all wondering why they were alive. They felt in their nostrils the smell of burnt world, something they had never experienced before.

"I . . .," said Edgar, and the sound of his voice frightened him into stillness.

"Me too," mumbled Leonard.

"Yes," said Evelyn after a pause. "It seems as if we are left alive. Why, I don't know. But we are probably the only people left in the world."

And she was right. Fate had had its joke. There were not two people left in the world, but three: two men and a girl who were alive only because they had been sitting under a node in the shock wave of the blast.

Evelyn was a desirable girl, too, and they were desirable men. That was precisely the trouble. Ed and Len both liked Evelyn, and she liked both of them. The situation was not destined to be a stable one, even though the two men had high moral

principles. In fact, Edgar and Leonard soon decided that Evelyn would have to choose between them. Edgar put it squarely up to her.

She was caught off guard. "Gee, I dunno," she said, "I really don't see why you both can't be around."

"That'll never do," put in Lennie. "We've got to keep this thing on the up and up. You'll have to stick to one of us, and the unlucky guy will just take off, that's all."

"Oh, I wouldn't want to see that happen," said Evelyn. "Gee, I like both of you."

The problem remained unresolved, and the atmosphere grew increasingly tense until Lenny finally tired of being honorable. In an uninhibited moment, he tried to slug Edgar with a heavy log, but the blow missed. Ed grabbed him by the arm and they wrestled ferociously. Neither one nor the other was the stronger and they were battling to an inconclusive decision when Evelyn came softly out

of the battered farmhouse where they had been living. (She upstairs and they down.)

She was shocked by the fact that they were fighting. "And I thought you were men of honor! Now you just shake hands and be friends."

They untangled themselves from their rather foolish position and shook hands. Then a bovine expression of divine enlightenment came over Ed's face.

"Evelyn," he said, "Why don't you go out and- er- gather berries, or something. Len and I want to talk this over for a while."

Evelyn left. "I'll be back for supper," she said.

When she had gone, Ed wheeled and grasped Len by the lapels. "You're a man of honor, aren't you?"

"Well, yes," said Len, unhinging himself from Ed's clutches. "What's the scoop?"

"One of us has to go. So why don't we try a noble experiment. We'll draw straws to see who gets Evelyn. The loser won't want to live by his lonesome, so he'll take poison quietly and end it all."

Len thought for a while. Finally: "Okay. Good idea," he said.

They brewed up a pot of rat poison. Ed got a short twig and a long twig and held them in his fist for Lennie to make the fatal choice. Lennie picked — the short one.

"Do I win?" he said, eagerly.

Ed smiled. "No, Lennie, you lose."

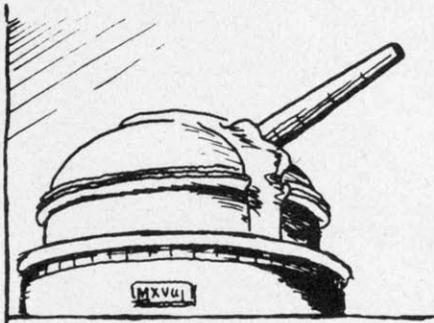
At this point Evelyn returned. "Ooh!" she said. "You've cooked soup for supper. Let me taste it."

Ed and Len were paralyzed into immobility. Before their startled eyes, Evelyn drank the poison, gasped, and fell utterly dead. . . .

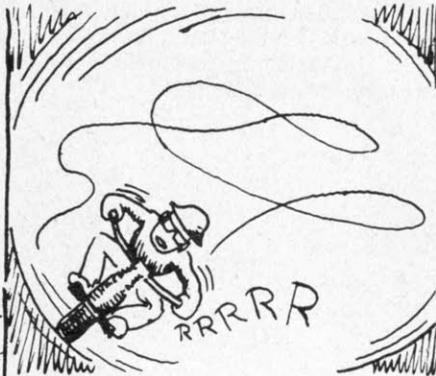
Thin gray clouds passed discreetly over the scene. A dumb glance drawn from the fathomless wealth of human stupidity passed from Edgar to Leonard and back. It began to rain quietly. Fate was laughing.

— ROBERT P. ABELSON.

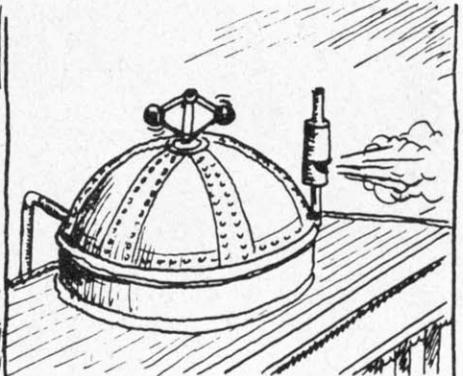
WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE POOR OLD DOME -NOW THAT A NEW LIBRARY IS GOING UP-



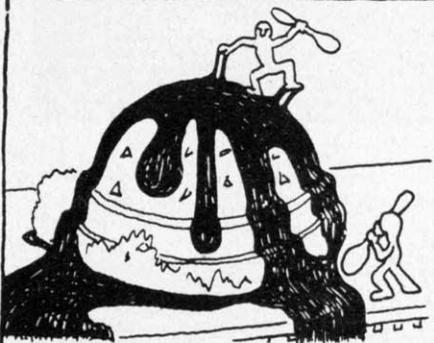
A GUN TURRET ?



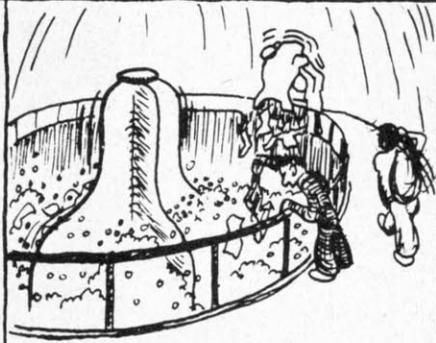
MOTORCYCLE BOWL



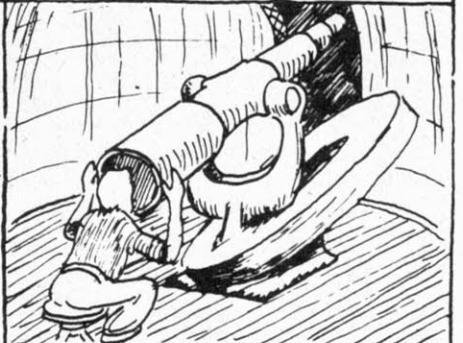
STEAM BOILER



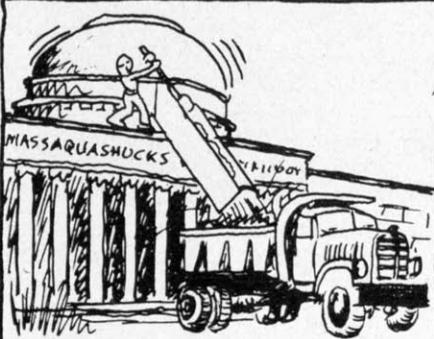
CHOCOLATE SUNDAE



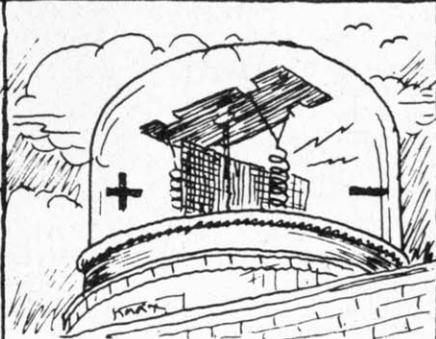
WASHING MACHINE



- A TELESCOPE



CEMENT MIXER



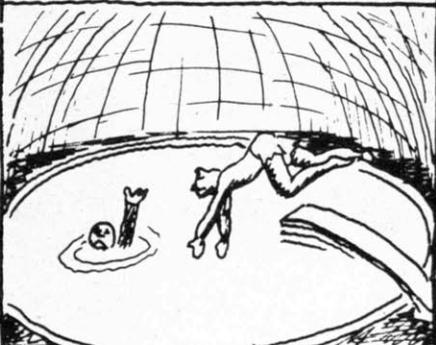
OR VACUUM TUBE



COLD WEATHER LAB



WE'D LIKE A CIRCUS



BEER VAT



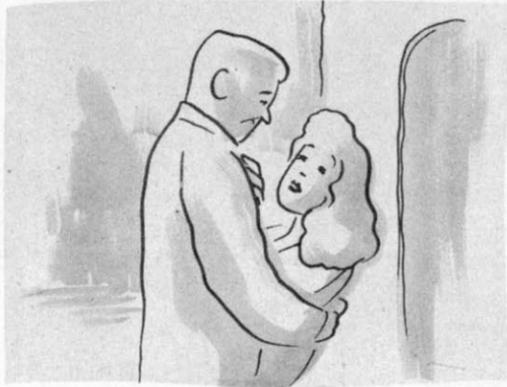
MAYBE A NITE CLUB

WHO IS KIDDING WHOM?

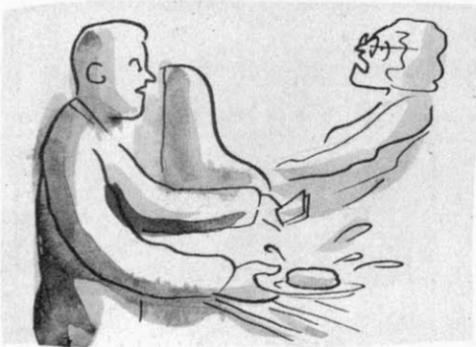
The dreamer, in his imagination, magnifies himself in his own eyes. He mentally anticipates scenes of honeyed joy, clear, crisp tableaux of heroism, talent and wit.

But how fuzzy and disappointing is the reality. We bungle and fumble our way inadequately through vague and wishy-washy commonplaces. Note the difference between the anticipation and the reality in the situations below. Score ten points for every dream come true.

ANTICIPATION



"You know, I think your eyes show your depth of personality. And there's something about your smile. Too bad about your lips, though; too damn kissable. Ah, baby, I could go for you."



"You can just take your Salisbury Steak back to where it came from. What nerve! Sixty-five cents for a burnt glob of cowhide with a lump of mangled potato and a colony of dying string beans! Convenience or no convenience, this place doesn't get my business again! I'm taking my money back!"



"Sure. I always take my whiskey straight. Makes a man's drink out of it. Perks up your whole outlook, you know. How about another round for everybody?"

REALITY



"Er, thank you. Um — I had a very nice time, and I — that is, I — well, could I, er, would you let me — er, um, er. Good night . . ."



"Boy! I got rooked again tonight! Well, there isn't very much I can do about it. I haven't got the time to go somewhere else to eat. Gosh, I hope it doesn't taste too bad."

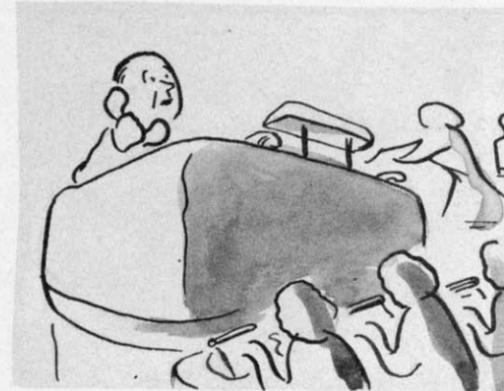


"Scuse me, boys (cough), I'm not feelin' sho well t'night. Kinda shleepy, y'know. Mush be my ind'zheshtion — sumpin' I et, I guessh (cough). Oh, n'thanksh. No more for me!"

THE HEAVY DATE

THE LOUSY MEAL

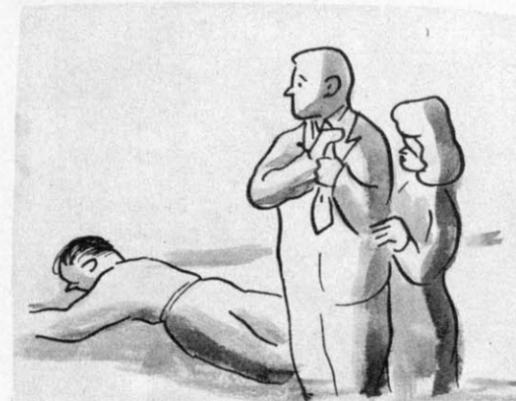
THE DRINKING BOUT



"I'll meet you at the Club in a half an hour. Just for a while, though, Charlie. I've got to catch the 5:00 plane for Los Angeles. . . . What's that? Yup. Yup. Got the staff working overtime again. This organization's going to run like clockwork before I'm through."

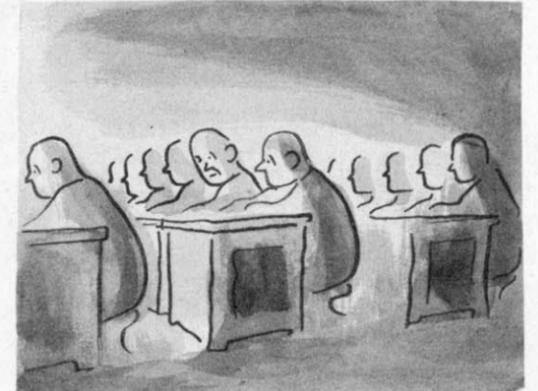


"I'm quite sorry, Major, that I can't stay to tea with you, but I've got to be pushing on toward Bagdad. Cairo's been rather interesting, although I can't say it compares too favorably with either Algiers or Casablanca. Thanks for your brief hospitality, Major, and for now — Cheerio!"



"That was just a bit of jiu-jitsu I used on that lug. There was nothing to it. Why, I was captain of the wrestling team last year. Now what did you say your name was, gorgeous?"

THE JOB



"Er — Got the time, Buddy?"

TRAVEL



"And I wanted to travel. So what's happened? The farthest West I've ever been is Newton Lower Falls. The most picturesque view I get is of the underside of my neighbor's newspaper. The strangest new person I've met is the bum who likes to ride the escalator at South Station sitting down. Travel, phooey!"

THE PICK-UP



"Why, that dirty, overstuffed lumbox! Walking off with the dame I was trying to pick up! Why, I'll — I'll — Gee, he's bigger than I am, isn't he? I suppose there isn't any use starting an argument. She isn't a very good-looking girl, anyhow."

Federkopf Unbound

Professor von Federkopf, after a furtive glance down the hall, stole back into his office, and seated himself at the desk. He pulled open the lower left-hand drawer and drew out a coke bottle in which he secretly kept a jolt of lemonade. Today he was to be interviewed by one of those obnoxious little boys from *The Tech*. He would have to fortify himself against the impending ordeal. Trying to keep the bottle below the desk top he leaned down, crooked his neck into a single Archimedian spiral, and took a powerful swallow, "Glug."

At that moment a muffled voice crept up the back of his neck and split in two at the nape. Half slipped into each ear and exploded simultaneously against the *tympaanum*. "You ready to say somethin', shorty?"

Von Federkopf swallowed the bottle with some difficulty (and a philosophical thought flashed through his mind. People are always blaming bottlenecks, whereas they are really the easiest part to swallow). With calm and deliberation he arose, clear across the room. "Also!" he exclaimed, with feeling, and unscrewed his nose from a pencil sharpener. It was quite clear to him now. Edgar Mutt, the obnoxious boy from *The Tech*, had entered the room while the professor was peeking through the doorway, and had seated himself at the desk.

Herr Professor Schmutz von Federkopf drew himself up to his full height and peered over the top of his desk at Edgar Mutt. "How much you should like und I should be saying from you are writing?"

Edgar Mutt, the obnoxious boy from *The Tech*, spat into the waste basket and gazed out the doorway at the secretary across the hall who had just caught the front of her dress in her typewriter cylinder. "Anything'll do," he murmured enthusiastically.

"Sehr gut! The first thing I wish to speak is my latest book — *Electrons, Neutrons, and Why We Have Them*."

"Uh," prompted Mutt.

Von Federkopf beamed. "You see, time is considered abstract only because it is so big; naturally, anything limitless is thought to be big. With my apparatus I can now condense time und look at it altogether. For example, the distance between main meridians on the earth is an hour. If you go to the poles, the meridians are closer together: there, an hour is still an hour but it is smaller in size. Time in Boston is transparent, at the North Pole time is a mist, and with the help of my apparatus I can see that time is altogether shaped like a walrus-sized potato chip, only some potato chips are haffing not enough salt, a liddle. Mit der new concept there is a certain relationship between time und space, only I do not know what it is, und at this point I become confused und cannot follow the text from the book."

"Oh?" exclaimed Edgar Mutt interestedly, as the secretary examined herself for bruises.

"Also!" with feeling, "und this brings me to the latest discovery in the world of physik — the particle. While sitting at Walton's one day, I am finding that the particle is a tiny bundle or faggot of light energy and damp fruit cake. It is produced by bombarding an imaginary mass mit an imaginary positive charge moving in a negative direction mit liberation from radiation of corpuscles endowed with a unique degree from anonimosity."

"Anonimosity," repeated Edgar Mutt, the obnoxious boy from *The Tech*.

"Ja, anonimosity is when you hate somebody you don't know — a quality formerly thought peculiar to high speed corrugated vorticles, the orange ones."

"O. K. So wots this I heard about this safety device you invented?"

"Also! I haff developed a liquid which enables a person to escape approaching danger in the twinkle of an eyebrow. If you find yourself in a on-fire building, you pour the liquid over the head, und it makes you disappear. If you aren't there, you get never burned, nicht wahr?"

"Yeah? What's the good if you get dissolved?" mumbled Mutt, as he watched the secretary tending to a run in her stocking.

Von Federkopf pounded the table. "I am an engineer. To an engineer the sociological aspects are secondary. I haff developed the essential formula!" He gestured eloquently, rammed his thumb into his eye, and accidentally bit his index finger between the fourth and fifth knuckle.

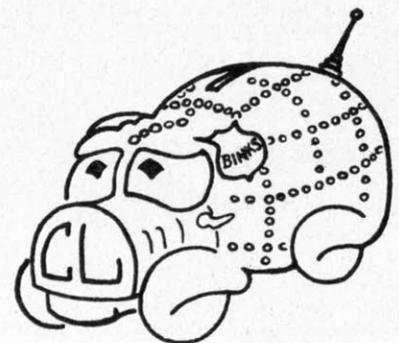
Edgar Mutt, the obnoxious boy from *The Tech*, unfurled himself and arose from the chair. "Are you in favor of UMT or not? I'm here to take a poll."

"So? You better leave so soon, no?"

"Yeah. Know who that secretary across the hall is, by any chance?"

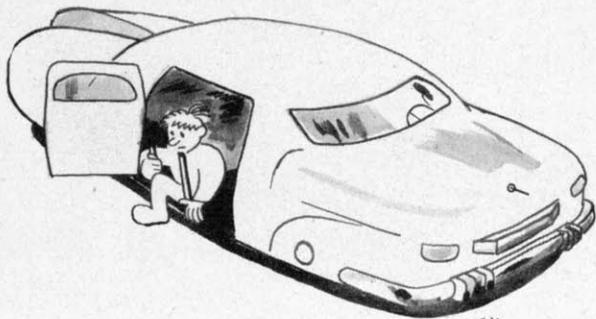
"Ya," replied von Federkopf, as Mutt passed through the doorway. She used to was my wife, only her amicabhorrence complex wore off." The sound of Edgar Mutt dropping through the floor failed to reach his ears, as he sighed heavily and returned to his desk. "Amicabhorrence . . . Dot's when you love somebody you cannot stand."

JOHN BEDELL.



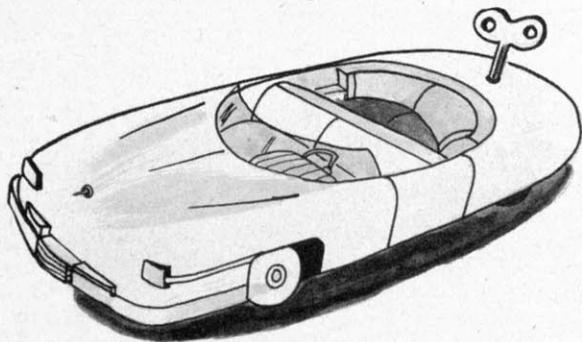
At last the real postwar cars are beginning to come off the assembly lines. A few of the more unusual ones have been pictured below; in case you're interested, just phone your local dealer for further details as to price and delivery rate. That should save you the trip to the showroom. So . . .

RIDE THE M. T. A.

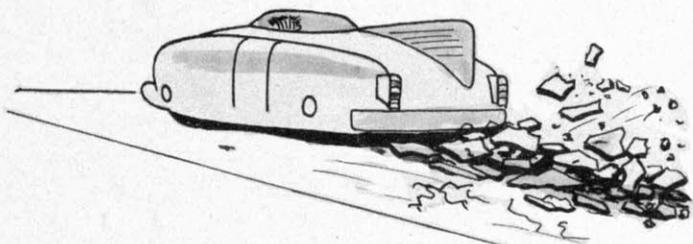


"Watch your step as you get in." Those are the words of a lucky new owner of a brand new Mudson* as he takes his best girl out for a ride in the car you "step down into." Ask any salesman, he'll tell you: "She rides, she glides, she crawls on her crankcase like a reptile."

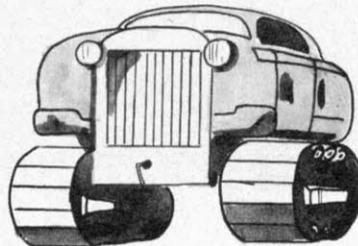
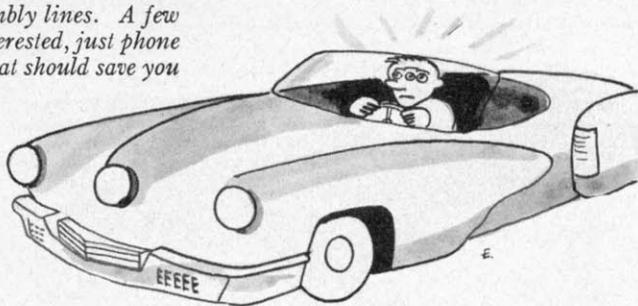
* The extension ladder pictured above is available as an accessory at a slight extra charge.



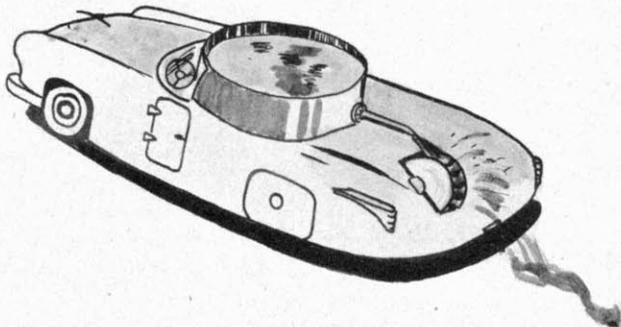
The Swindler Motor Car Company, a branch of Tinker Toys, Inc., has brought forth many dynamic innovations in its first postwar car. Power for this new car will be provided by a motor of a type that has heretofore not been considered by automotive engineers. The car is being produced in two models: the "Swindler 12,000,000" features an eight-day power unit, while the "Swindler 11,999,999" will be equipped with only a twenty-four hour mechanism.



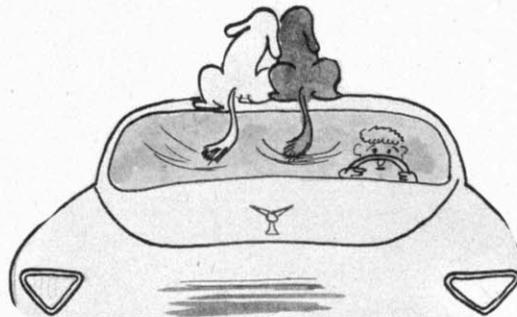
Smooth flowing power and fast get away on rainy days are the special selling points of this new model. An attachment enables you to do your shopping and laundry at the same time. Any girl who rides in this car has really been through the mill.



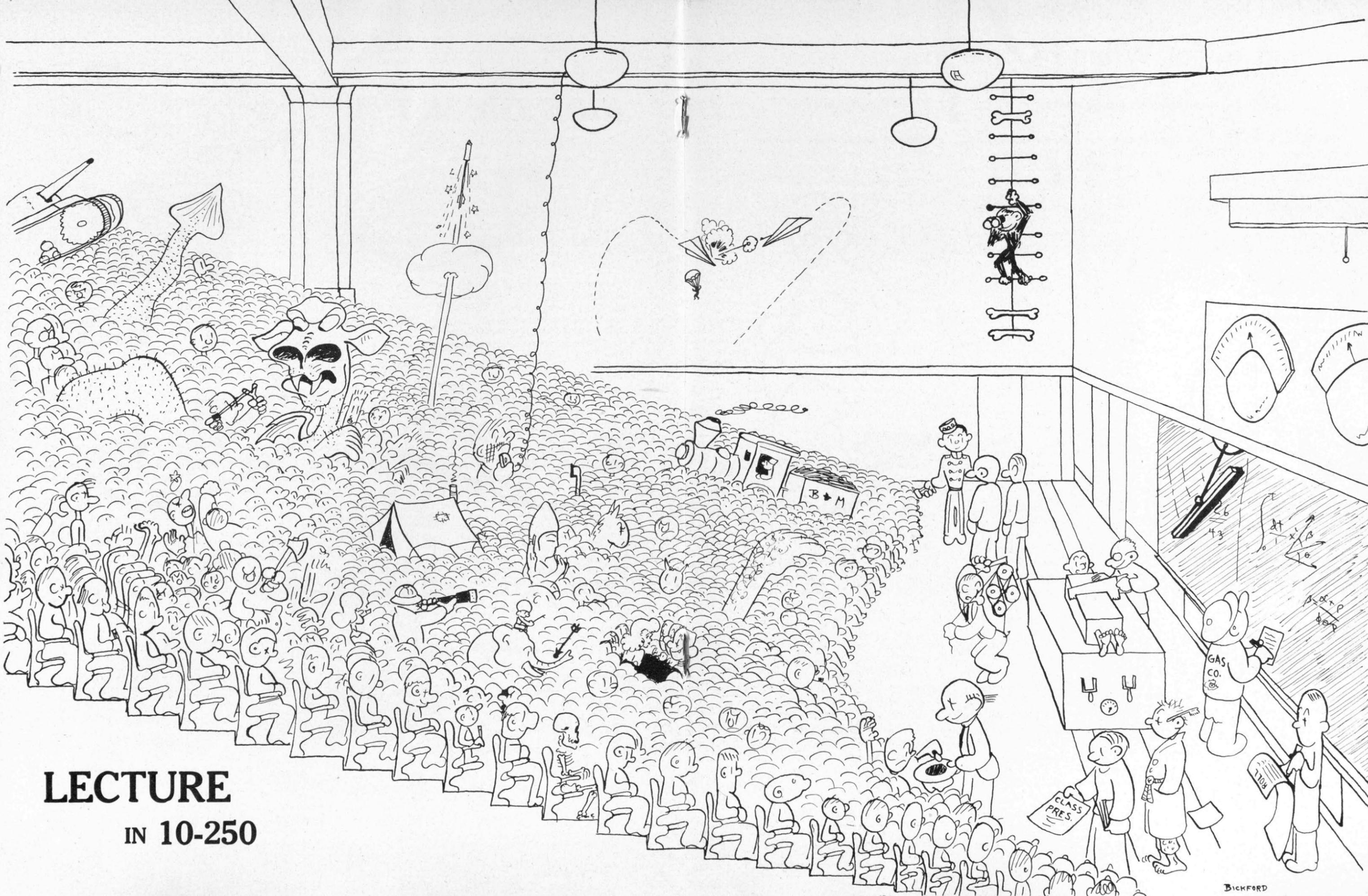
The Caterpillar Tractor Company in a recent policy change has decided to challenge the "big three" in the passenger automobile market. Preliminary sketches of their first model have just been released; these indicate a radical departure from the conventional postwar car. Caterpillar has gone one step beyond the famous "swept-back fender," the 1948 Caterpillar Cannonball will feature "swept-back wheels."



"Something new under the fender," is the slogan that the Filthyrich Rubber Company is using to publicize the new "sure-grip" tire. The Filthyrich people boast that once their tire latches on to a piece of pavement, it will never let go. Close observation indicates that extensive tests were carried out on Mass. Ave. during this past winter.



An accessory that will be appearing on many new cars very shortly is the "Sweepo." This handy little gadget (it comes in pairs) promises to make the conventional windshield wiper another relic of the bygone "running board" era. The unit may be installed at the plant, or by any car dealer; it comes complete with a case of Red-Heart.



LECTURE
IN 10-250

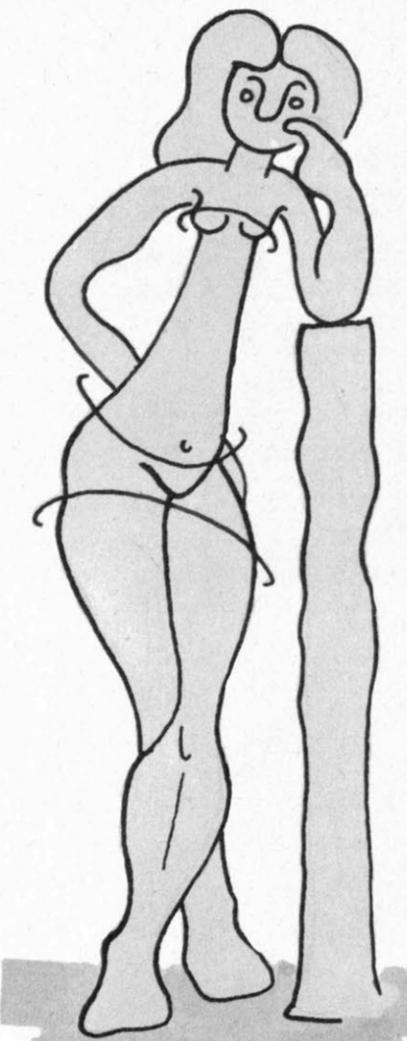
I Had a Hat When I Came In

Fascination With Exaggeration

The bustle's gone, but fashion's whim
Makes padding still a must.
Forsaken is the derrière,
You're padding now the bust.

Much saner to replace, you say,
The former by the latter,
Accentuate the negative,
And not make fat things fatter.

We can't deny the truth of this
If looks are all that count.
But men of action do not judge
Appearance paramount.



Such vain contrivance leaves us cold.
Our creed's utilitarian,
And "handsome is as handsome does,"
Our virile voices clarion.

But though it merits our contempt —
If all restraint should fail,
A note more sinister might sound.
The inexperienced male.

Accustomed to the female form
The way that you disguise it,
Confronting it "au naturel"
Might fail to recognize it.

And Lover's Leap would then abound
With disillusioned suitors,
Niagara Falls would be a place
For army draft recruiters.

But if we dare to air our gripe
And state our case ideally,
You counter in a voice demure,
"Is nothing sacred? Really!"

For dwelling on such things, a man's
A mercenary hound.
But it is you've betrayed a trust —
You've trod on holy ground.

Anent the female form there are,
Red-blooded men state plainly,
Just two things physical that must
Remain unhampered, namely,

The sacredness you've tampered with
And one that's even better,
That sacredness which e. e. cummings
Calls "Sweet Old Et-Cetera."

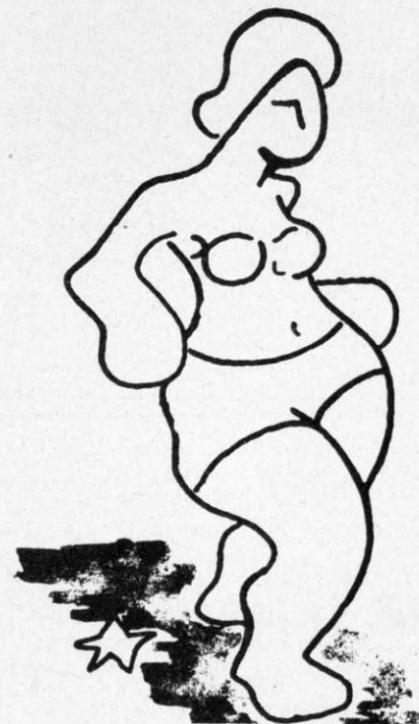
And if we're partial to such things,
And if to others deaf,
And if you still don't understand,
Refer to Sigmund F.

And Bertrand Russel might shed light,
Bernarr MacFadden, too,
And finish up with Kinsey's book,
But as for us, we're through!

— S. H.

Opportunity

FURN. ROOM — Share bath, quiet
business girl. \$42.50. CO 6-6297. —
F.R.
What business? — *Boston Herald*



Drama of Disease

Wife:
My darling's caught some misery,
And thinks each gasping wheeze will be
The last he draws of mortal breath;
The one to bring him to his death.
A dose of castor oil would fix
My hubby's woeful little tricks,
But I will let him have his whim;
He likes it when I humor him.

Husband:
Surrounded by all sorts of pills
And bottles that should cure my ills,
And books and magazines to read,
And brandy I will surely need,
I fear I did exaggerate.
But ain't it fun to have a mate
Who thoroughly enjoys a term
Of waging war on my poor germ?

— JOHN HARRINGTON.

Leverlay

Behind our dear Tech campus and a lookin' toward the sea
There's a factory a'settin' and it smells o'er hill and lea. .
For the wind's in the right quarter, and the Tech men all
exclaim,
"Go you back oppressive breezes; go you back from
whence you came.
Go you back from whence you came,
For my lungs are getting lame.
Can't you see I'm blowing bubbles, and it's you that is 'o
blame?
Go you back from whence you came.
To your factory of ill-fame
Or your noisome, soapy, odors every honest breath will
claim.

There once was a young man from Crediton
Who took *paté de fois gras* and sprediton
A chocolate bisquit,
And said, "I will risquit,"
And his tomb bears the date that he sediton.

Oh happy blithesome savants we
Our profession is psychiatry.
Although of unique thought we're void,
We're well versed in ideas of Freud,
And as we contemplate broad vistas,
We wonder, "Shall monogamy have missed us?"

I have a little shadow
That goes in and out with me,
And if he knew my conscience
What confusion there would be.

— L. E. W.



Chain Smoker

And I'll Have a Hat When I Go Out



Engineer's Ode to Spring

Feel that gayness in the air?
Feel that spirit of no care?
Hear the chipper chirping of the Robin in the tree?
Smell the scent of blooming flowers?
Absorb the strength of wakened powers?
Notice that our solemn life is now alive and free?

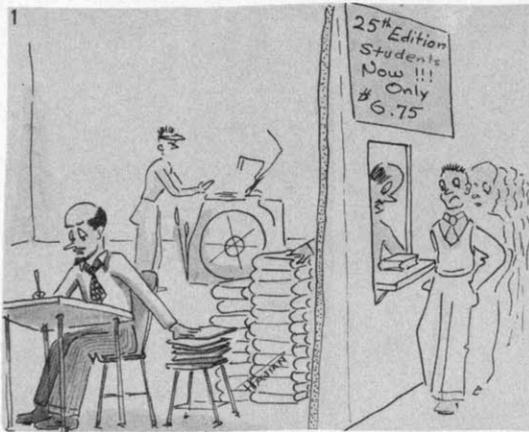
It's happened! It's happened! Spring has sprung
(With a Young's Modulus of .52).
Inhale that oxygen into your lung
($O_2 + C = CO_2$).

The Swallows are building their nesting snarls
A full month before they had reckoned.
The ice is all melting into the Charles
(At 64 Calories/sec.).
The rustle of leaves in the trees by the breeze
Is rustling for all its got in it.
The Skylark is warbling his clear note to please
(10 million vibrations/min.).
The ducks are all flying up North on true course,
And nature has risen in all of its force.
($F = kma$?), but of course.

But nature keeps going without all this stuff.
Is the Skylark on key? He is, sure enough.
Let us give beauty a chance to survive,
Not mechanically its equations derive.
Let's stop for a moment and feel we're alive.
Then, if you must, your equations revive.
(I.Q. of poet who wrote it, .5).

— JOE GLASGOW.

What Professors Do in Their Spare Time



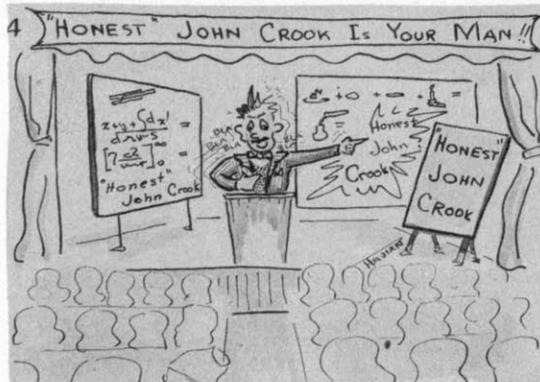
One of the favorite spare time occupations of professors at MIT seems to be the writing (and rewriting) of textbooks. Here we see Professor Roebuck completing the final draft of his latest physics text. Since the first edition contained no answer book; the second, only answers to the even numbered problems; and the third, the answers to only the odd numbered ones; it has been rumored that this latest work contains all the answers to those problems divisible by three.



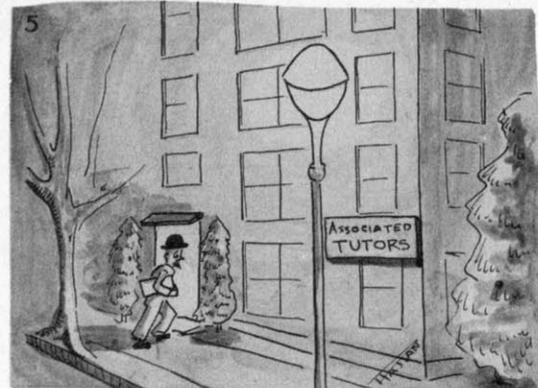
Week-ends are times for parties, and parties for some silly reason require chaperons. This situation puts a great burden on valuable time of the younger professors. Above, we see Professor Becken, one of the more popular "chaperons about campus" as he performs his regular Saturday night duties. At the moment he seems to be trying to call home to check on the local baby sitter; his wife unfortunately couldn't be in the picture as she was out in the kitchen washing beer mugs at the time.



"Now, as a marketing consultant, I feel that I understand your problem perfectly. As I remember it, we had an almost similar problem at National Pretzel Bending, Inc., just last year. Yes, I remember it vividly now, the President called me into his office and said, 'John, I'm not paying you a hundred dollars an hour for nothing...' Yes, that's what I liked about him, always to the point. They tell a story about him down at the club; seems it was about twenty years ago and..."



Ever since the atomic bomb, it seems that scientists have considered themselves *ex post facto* solvers of world problems. Some simply prefer to testify before committees investigating vivisection, birth control, and allied subjects; but lately a more vocal group has come forth in support of various odd candidates. Professor Norbert Hotdog is currently stumping the countryside in opposition to all the forces of evil. He is also rumored to be backing Teddy Roosevelt for Mayor of Cambridge.



As the time for quizzes rolls around, Tech profs can be seen making their way up Memorial Drive to the home of the Associated Tutors. Now it is not true that the quizzes are actually made up at these sessions. Really, there is nothing more than a quick review of previous quizzes with special emphasis on those problems that caused the most trouble in the past. Special private instruction is also offered to those professors who are troubled by exceptionally high section averages.

Out of the Roaring West of Yesterday, comes the story of cowboy love and courage in its purest form.

El Rancho Grady

SLIM MUCKER was a slim man. He was gifted with enormous amounts of talent in every single field of endeavor in which a cowboy is proven a man or a cowman a joy. Most remarkable of these gifts was his extremely keen visual sense. Tales from the lips of halfbreeds had it that Slim could count the hairs on the head of an Australian bushman in a coal mine before sun up. But this was not his greatest achievement. Slim could wrestle a gorilla, lift his weight in buckets, sing like Trigger, shoot like a star, and even swim like a duck. It was therefore a horrible trick of fate on Honest John Minsky that Slim should appear at the Rosio Grady bar-none ranch, just as he was about to make his big move.

Mucker rode into what Rosio fondly called her Rancho Grady on his milk-white steed, Sliver, accompanied by his full-blooded halfbreed Injun sidekick, Sambo. Slim rode with a distinct air of nonchalance while the Injun on his St. Bernard followed faithfully. Slim realized the uselessness of a St. Bernard in the desert but he felt obliged to keep the animal which had found he and Sambo frozen on a mountainside and warmed up his Injun. Besides, Sambo, we are told, was often heard to say, "Ugh! Boss, dat hoss am just too high to ride." Let it suffice to say that these two made an impressive study against the western sky — the cowboy with his stallion and the Injun with his shaggy dog.

They were greeted by Rosio's right hand cow hand, Lefty Ling Poo. Lefty sang out loudly in his hardened western lingo and Slim and the Injun immediately understood that, "Boss gal, her go way weekend, be back by'm by come Mongday." He waited patiently while the two came towards

him and quietly whistled a western tune, accompanied by the Texas Ranger Military Band. Slim introduced himself and his trusty Injun pal and they were led straightaway to the bunkhouse where a gang of the boys were engrossed in a roaring game of pin the tail on the outlaw. Slim began to join the crowd when he was accosted by one of the better players in the game. To be sure, it was Honest John Minsky. Minsky (a sombre hombre) spoke slowly so as to make the full weight of his words felt. (Also to cover up his Russian accent.) "Pahdnuh!" he said, said he, "Ah don't lahk yoah looks. Youall looks lahk a kettle rustler, and Ah don't lahk kettle rustlers. Wan o' us is just a-goin' to have to be out o' this here town bah son down Mongday."

Slim smiled. The reason for this was not exactly clear in his mind but he remembered that the thing to do in such a situation was to smile; whether it was Sunday, Mongday or Always. Sambo could only wonder at his companion's composure and manage to grunt, "Ugh! Youall." Slim sombrely shifted his tobacco juice to the other side of his mouth and arose. Honest John Minsky stepped backwards. Slim stepped sideways. The Injun picked up a fiddle while I. Milcum, a local cowhand, called for a good old-fashioned ho-down. After this exhilarating bit of exercise, Slim and Sambo left the bunkhouse and rode into town.

Their first stop was the local drinking emporium where they proceeded

Continued on next page



So you want a treat instead of a treatment —

HOW WHO SMOOKES WHAT



DAREDEVIL SMOKER SAYS, "I'D SKI A MILE THRU HELL ON MY EAR FOR ONE SATISFYING PUFF."



WHEN THIS INSTRUCTOR IS ASKED A TOUGH QUESTION, IT'S TIME FOR HIM TO LIGHT HIS PIPE. NOT A BAD GUY, BUT WE WISH HE WOULD MIX MATCH HEADS WITH HIS PIPE TOBACCO.



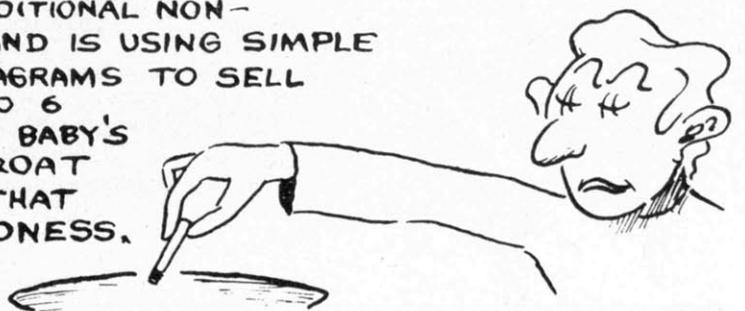
ACCORDING TO A NATIONWIDE GUESS, IT IS PROVEN THAT EXPERIENCED WOMEN SMOKE MORE CIGARETTES THAN THEY BUY.



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TRYING TO CRASH A FIELD OF HERETOFORE TRADITIONAL NON-SMOKERS, ONE BRAND IS USING SIMPLE ALPHABET ANAGRAMS TO SELL TO THE 0 TO 6 AGE GROUP. BABY'S TENDER THROAT DEMANDS THAT EXTRA MILDNESS.



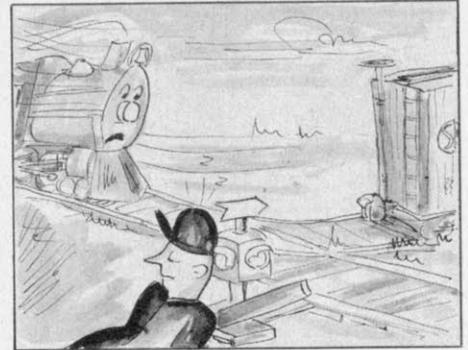
"NINE OUT OF TEN DOCTORS AGREE THAT," CIGARETTE ADVERTISING BURNS BETTER.

THE TECHMAN TAKES A SUMMER JOB

EXPERIENCE! GOOD PAY! EXCITEMENT! GLAMOUR!



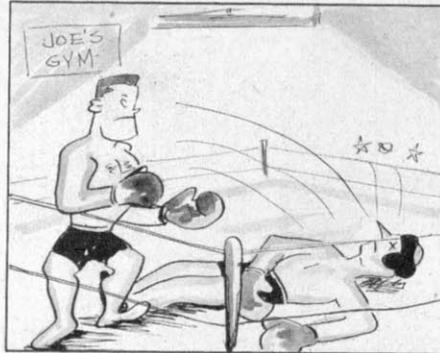
See the beauties of nature! For the outdoor man who likes to rough it, the Government offers many fine jobs in the forest service. The wild and lovely woods are full of eye-catching wonders for those alert enough to spot them.



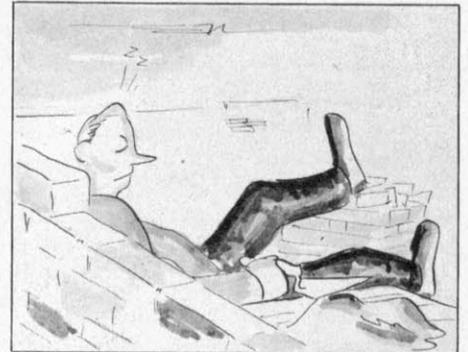
Direct the wheels of progress! A railroad job, if you are lucky enough to land one, extends to you a glimpse of the pulse of the nation — the vibrant, thrilling surge of the arteries of the nation's transportation.



Apply your scientific knowledge! Get first-hand, practical insight into the engineering applications of theory. Mattress-testing extends a bright, golden chance to see the principles of Strength of Materials at work.



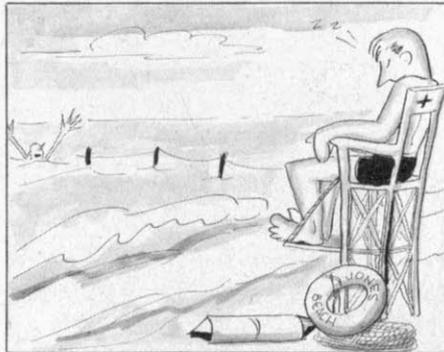
Build your body! Stillman's Gym in New York can always use sparring partners. This work enables you to enjoy keen physical competition and sparkling, refreshing exercise.



Develop your constructive ability! If you are fortunate enough to break into the brick-laying trade, you can pile high the building blocks of what will some day be a warm, cozy, joyous home. Be the master craftsman of Happiness.



Enrich yourself in professional experience! If your father is in the chips, take advantage of that job in his office, abundant in those intimate personal contacts so necessary for a business career. This is a big stride toward becoming a Captain of Industry.



Sunshine! Fresh air! Assume a seat of responsibility at the beach by taking the popular job of lifeguard. Get that once-in-a-lifetime thrill of knowing that you can save someone's life.



A change of attitude comes over the employee on pay days. The glamor is over, the experience behind you, and you receive your reward for a week's work uniquely and inimitably done.

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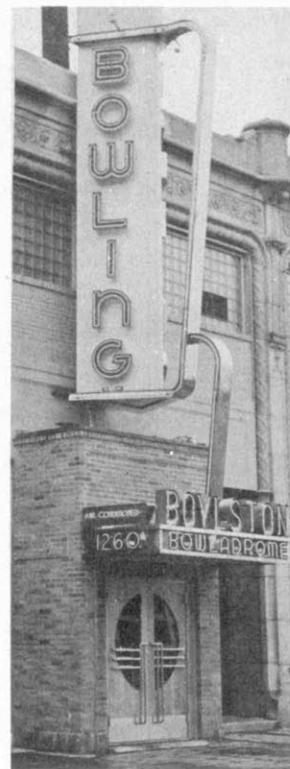
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The gum-chewing girl
The cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike
Yet different somehow.
And what is the difference?
I think I know now —
It's the clear, thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

— Sun Dial



Girl: "Horace was over to my house last night, and as he started to leave he asked me to wear his pin, but I had to tell him I couldn't wear it until I knew him better."

Gal: "But you're wearing it now."

Girl: "Well, you see he didn't leave right then."

— Drexler



M. I. T.: "Your roommate was shocked at the way I kissed you last night."

Radcliffe: "How did she see us?"

M. I. T.: "She didn't. I showed her."

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Man, very hoarse with cold, not able to talk above a whisper, knocks at doctor's home at night time and the Doc's wife comes to the door. "Is the doctor at home?"

Wife, also in a whisper: "No, come in."

— Pelican



Mother: "Sonny, don't use such bad words."

Sonny: "Shakespeare used them."

Mother: "Well don't play with him any more."

— Colgate Banter



Tiny daughter: "Mama, what are men?"

Mother: "Men are what women marry."

T. d.: "We don't get much choice, do we?"

— Syracusan



"Listen to those chimes! Aren't they beautiful! Such tone."

"You'll have to talk louder; I can't hear you for those damn bells."

— Old Maid

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Junior: "Man, am I scared. I just got a card from a veteran telling me he'll shoot me if I don't stay away from his wife."

Soph: "Well, why don't you?"

Junior: "He didn't sign his name."

— Mis-A-Sip



Does his girl have her own way?
 Does she? Why, she writes her diary a week ahead.



A none too prosperous London clergyman reluctantly accepted the offer of a commercial firm to supply his congregation with free books containing the standard hymns, with the stipulation that a little advertising might be injected. When the books arrived, the minister was overjoyed to find the books contained no advertising matter at all. But on the following Sunday he was horrified to hear the following hymn:

Hark! The herald angels sing.
 Murphy's pills are just the thing:
 Peace on earth and mercy mild.
 Two for man and one for child.

— The Scottie

— *naturally*
YOUR BANK
KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE
HARVARD TRUST COMPANY
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Him: "Do you osculate?"
 Her: "Wadda think I am — a pendulum?"

— Urchin



First Father: "What, your son is an undertaker? I thought you said he was a doctor."

Second Father: "No, I said he followed the medical profession."

— Pelican



They had been sitting out in the garden together for two hours. Finally he became desperate and leaned over and kissed her. Immediately she began to shriek.

"Stop it, please," he begged. "I'll promise never to do it again."

"You fool," she answered, "I'm cheering."

— The Log



"Is Mary the home-loving type of a girl?"
 "Ndw, ya gotta have a roadster."

— Urchin

CHARLIE THE TECH TAILOR

Mend your clothes
 Press your suits
 Sew on your buttons
 Remove spots
 Dry clean your clothes
 Or even make your suit or tux

HAVE HIM



Many of our young engineers are spending a lot of time tinkering with the Misses in their motors.



TOAST

Love and be loved,
Kiss and be kissed;
If you never indulge
You'll never be missed.

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

— Gargoyle



Host: "That whiskey, sir, is twenty years old!"

Guest: "Rather small for its age, don't you think?"

— Harvard Lampoon

ASSORTED MAIL

Dear Mr —,

According to our records the book entitled "Chief European Dramatists," by Matthews is valued at \$4.00.

Since it has not been returned through any other channel, we must assume it lost.

The loss was reported at 4:30 p.m. on March 5 and the book was due at 10: a.m. The overdue charge is 55 cents making a total of \$4.55.

Very truly yours,

MARY A. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Librarian,
Walker Memorial Library.



The British barmaid was a flirt, and when the corporal went out to buy a paper, she pursed her lips invitingly and leaned over the bar towards the shy young private. Putting her face against his, she whispered, "Now's your chance, darling."

The private looked around the empty room. "So it is," he remarked, and gulped the corporal's beer.

— Boulder

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A man and a boy were riding in a train one day. Upon entering, the boy had left the door open.

Shouted the man: "Get up and shut that door! Were you raised in a barn?"

The boy arose, closed the door, returned to his seat, and began crying. The man felt a bit remorseful and went over to the boy.

"Son, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he said softly.

"Oh, you didn't hurt my feelings," said the boy, "but I was raised in a barn and everytime I hear a jackass bray it makes me homesick."

— Yellow Jacket



"May I sit by you?"

"Promise not to pet?"

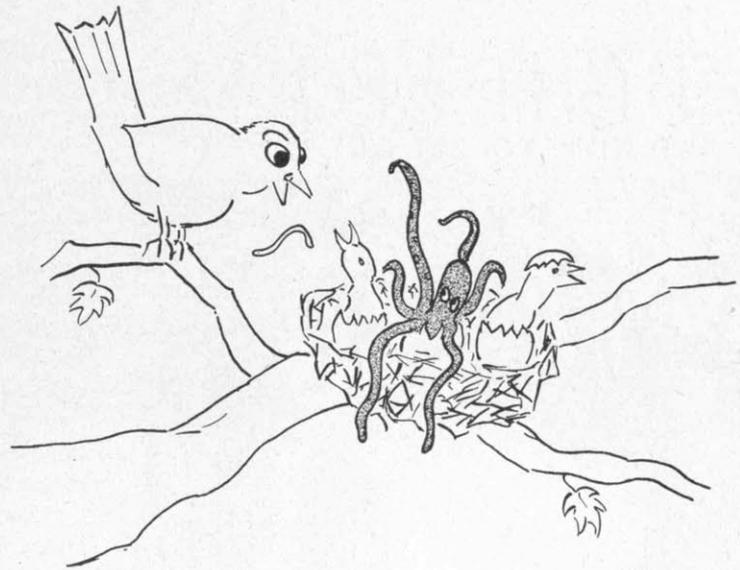
"Uh-huh."

"Promise not to kiss?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, then stay right where you are."

— Dodo



She: "Your heart is beating like a drum."

He: "Yeah, that's the call to arms."

— Exchange



"A good education enables you to get into more expensive trouble."

— Pelican

Patient: "I didn't sleep very well last night."

Nurse: "What was the matter?"

Patient: "The shade was up."

Nurse: "Why didn't you call the night nurse and have it pulled down?"

Patient: "No use — she couldn't reach across the street."

— Varieties

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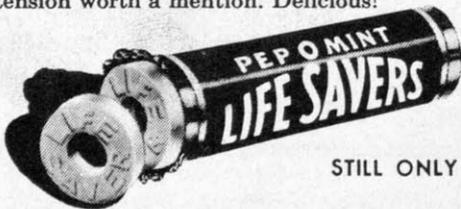
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AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



He proves he's your Best Friend by lending you his best tie, but there's almost an amity calamity when he sees you with his best girl. Don't pale. Just hand some handy little Life Savers all around. There won't be tension worth a mention. Delicious!



STILL ONLY 5¢

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:

He had been bitten by his dog while studying, but he didn't give it much thought. But when the wound failed to heal properly, he began to worry and consulted a doctor. The doctor took one look at the wound and ordered the dog brought in. Just as the doctor had suspected, the dog had rabies. It was too late to give the young man a serum, so the doctor had no alternative than to tell him that he would have to die of hydrophobia.

The poor young man sat down at the doctor's desk and began writing. The physician sought to comfort him.

"Perhaps it will not be so bad," he said. "You needn't make out your will now."

"I'm not making out any will," replied the young man. "I'm just writing out a list of professors I'm going to bite."

*This month's winning joke submitted by
Meryll Moritz, Davis Hall, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.*

HUMOR, LIKE HISTORY, REPEATS ITSELF



A temperance lecturer was waxing very eloquent and intermixing his very sermonette with concrete examples of abstinence.

"If you lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he choose to drink?"

At which climax a heckler in the audience grabbed the speaker's punchline and shouted out, "The water of course."

Hoping to shut up the annoyance, the lecturer ventured the question, "And why, my good man, would the donkey choose the water?"

Like a flash came the heckler's reply, "Because he's an ass."



Doc "Give me some of that prepared monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid."

H.A.: "You mean aspirin?"

Doc: "Yea, I never can think of that name."



A man went to a physician, complaining of prolonged headaches. The doctor told him to stop smoking.

"I have never used tobacco in any form."

"Well, then stop drinking."

"I am a total abstainer."

"Late hours, then, and fast women."

"I am always in bed by nine. I am a bachelor and live with maiden sisters. Now, seriously, what causes my headaches?"

"I don't know," said the puzzled doctor. "Maybe your halo is pinching."

— Pelican



Editor: "Ellen, who told you that you could neglect your office duties just because I give you a kiss now and then?"

Ellen: "My attorney."

— Octopus



"Gimme a kiss like a good girl!"

"All right, but if I give you one like a naughty girl you'll like it better."

— The Scottie



"Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"

"No, but I've been slapped."

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

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

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

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

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"Nurse," said the convalescent patient, "I love you. I don't want to get well."

"You won't," replied the nurse. "The doctor's in love with me too, and he saw you kissing me this morning."

— Ranger



Visitor at asylum: "Do you have to keep the women inmates separated from the men?"

Attendant: "Sure. The people here ain't as crazy as you think."

— Columns



"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

— Widow



If all the autos on the campus were put end-to-end, 98 per cent of the drivers would immediately pull out to pass the car ahead.

— Chaparral



"I wouldn't vote for you even if you were Saint Peter."

"If I were Saint Peter, you couldn't vote for me; you wouldn't be in my precinct."



She: "Why did you turn out the lights, dear?"

He: "I wanted to see if my pipe was lighted."

— Technology



"What did you do when her strapless evening gown started coming off?"

"I helped her out as best I could."

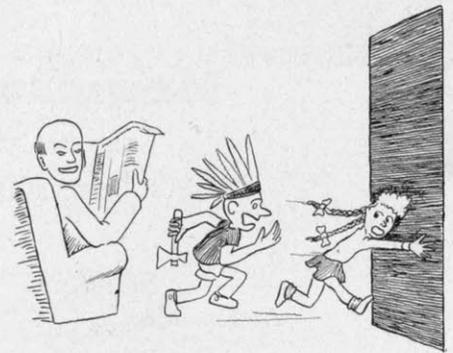
— The Log



Teacher: "Children, what must we do before we can expect forgiveness of sin?"

Chorus: "We gotta SIN!"

— Masquerader



While a man was buying some meat, a second man entered, obviously in a great hurry. "Give me some dog food," he gasped, then added to the first customer, "Hope you don't mind?"

"Not if you're that hungry," answered the other.



She: "You remind me of the ocean."

He: "Wild, romantic, restless, eh?"

She: "No, you just make me sick."

— Scottie



HANGOVER

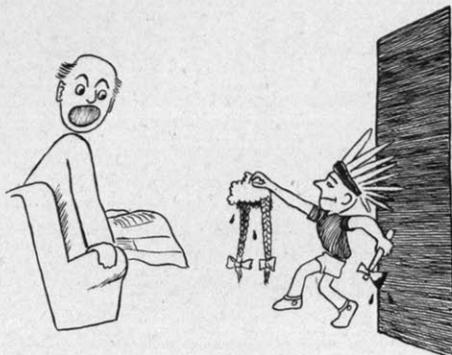
My current observation
On my last infatuation
Is that "Cupid"
Rhymes with "stupid."

— Urchin

PUBLIC LIBRARY



BICKFORD



A lawyer, doctor, architect and the ardent communist were arguing over which profession had been established first in the world.

"A lawyer of course," said the first. "Man never could have survived without a few simple laws to govern him."

"No," said the doctor, "without a gynecologist how could Cain and Abel have been born?"

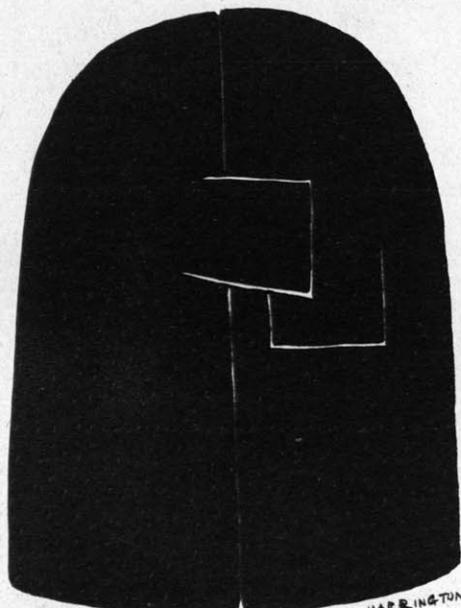
Then the architect answered. "Long before that, my friends, before Adam and Eve, some architect must have been on the job to bring order out of chaos."

"Ah ha!" beamed the communist. "And who created the chaos?"



Men who drive one-handed are headed for church. Some will walk down the aisle—others will be carried.

— Pan Biller



JOHN HARRINGTON

Two Nuns Whispering

Rastus: "How am you suah dat was the worstest you think you was scared the worst?"

Sambo: "Once when ah was raidin' a henhouse an' de farmer come and ketched me. Boy, was ah scared!"

Rastus: "How am you suah dat was de worstest you evah bin scared?"

Sambo: "Cause de farmer grab me by the shoulder and he say to me, white boy, what you up to anyway?"

— Mis-A-Sip



If some girls ever decide to write the story of their lives, the correct title should be "True Concessions."

— El Burro



"All the little boys and girls who want to go to heaven," said the Sunday School teacher, "please rise."

All rose except Johnny.

"And doesn't this little boy want to go to heaven?"

"No, not yet."

— Scarlet Fever



Little Wilbur was walking his girl home after school. Both were eight years old.

"Margie," said Wilbur fervently, "you are the first girl I've ever loved."

"Just my luck," she snapped. "Again I've drawn an amateur."

— The Log



"You're Mae West, aren't you?"

"Heck no. I'm June West — just thirty days hotter than Mae."

— Hi r' All



A girl is sometimes like the ocean — she may look green, but she can get awfully rough.

— Pelican



He was so stingy that when he took his girl to the beach, he wouldn't buy her a parasol, but told her shady stories instead.

— Unique



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* U. S. Testing Co., Inc. — Tensile Strength Test No. 85676 says: "Test results reveal that the Jayson Imported Egyptian Cotton Oxford shirt possesses the highest fabric strength." — September 4, 1947.

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The sailor ordered two dozen roses to be sent to his beloved on her twenty-fourth birthday. "A rose for every precious year of your life," his card read.

The florist threw in an extra dozen because the young fellow was one of his best customers.

And the wedding hasn't taken place yet.

— Petican

If the person who stole the jar of alcohol out of our cellar will return Grandma's appendix, no questions will be asked.

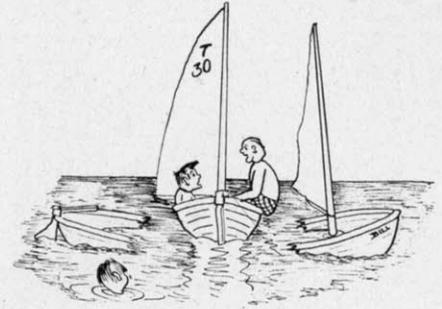
— Sundial



"Is this a picture of your fiance?"

"Yes."

"She must be very rich."



Tac: "I thought you said your locker contained nothing but clothes. What's that bottle of whiskey?"

Pfc: "But sir, that's my night cap."

— Pup Tent



She (gushingly): "Will you love me when I am old?"

He: "Love you? I'll idolize you. I shall worship the ground under your feet. I shall — er — ah — you ain't going to look like your mother, are you?"

— Humbug



"I had to change my seat several times at the movies."

"Gracious, did a man get fresh with you?"

"Well, finally."

— Syracusean



She (suspiciously): "You certainly don't act like I am the first girl you ever kissed."

He (suspiciously): "How do you know?"

— Siren

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E. L. PUNG, Manager

BOWLING

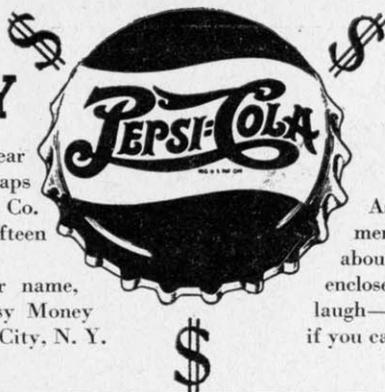
Candy Ice Cream Soft Drinks
 Cigars Cigarettes

BASEMENT, WALKER

EASY MONEY

If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folks, Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar... or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print.

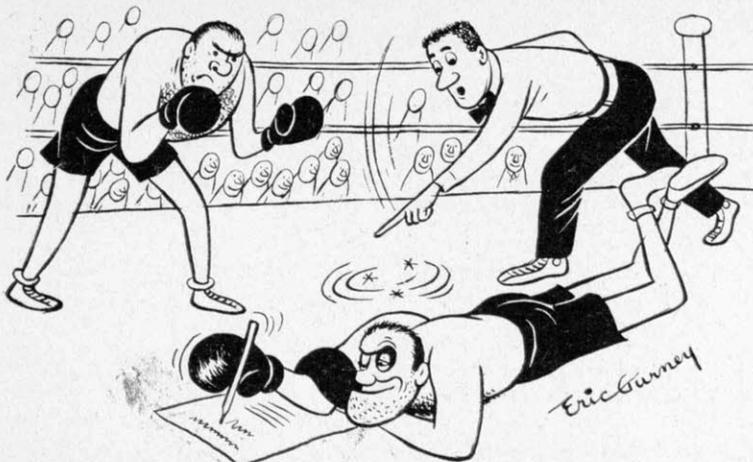
Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.



DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip... if you can't.

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



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$203,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.
Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.
Paradox—two ducks.
Laugh—a smile that burst.

* * *

Hurry and coin a phrase... you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

* * *

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

* * *

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

* * *
She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.

He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!

* * *

Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is waiting. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra \$100.00

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Duuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

Par Value:
100 CONFEDERATE ROUBLES

MOOZ, W. E.

Issued May 1, 1948

1 SHARE

Uncommon and Unpreferred Stock

FRAUDS, INC.

UNDERWRITTEN BY

Woody

MANUFACTURERS and DISTRIBUTORS of HIGH QUALITY HUMOR MAGAZINES

Dividends will be declared
in proportion as the success
of Dip Duck and Perpetual
Motion Enterprises.

This Stock Convertible to Pepsi-Cola Treasure Tops
Upon Demand of Bearer

NOTE: THIS STOCK NON-TRANSFERABLE, EXCEPT FOR SHARES
IN THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE; SOUTH SEA PEARLS, INC.,
AND YUKON ORANGE GROVES, LTD.

This Stock Registered with S.E.C. (Swindlers, Embezzlers & Crooks)

TED WILLIAMS
BOSTON RED SOX

STAN MUSIAL
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

BOSTON BRAVE'S
BOB ELLIOTT
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

CHAMPION N. Y. YANKEE'S
JOE DIMAGGIO
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

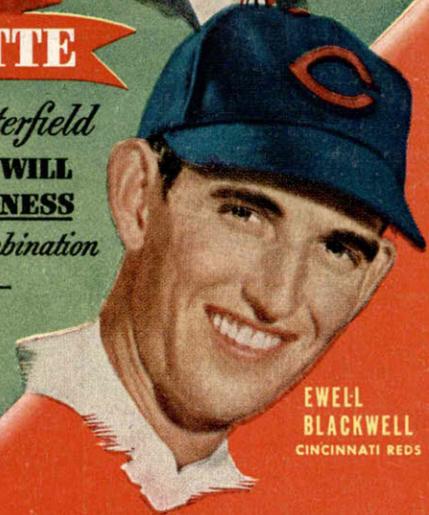
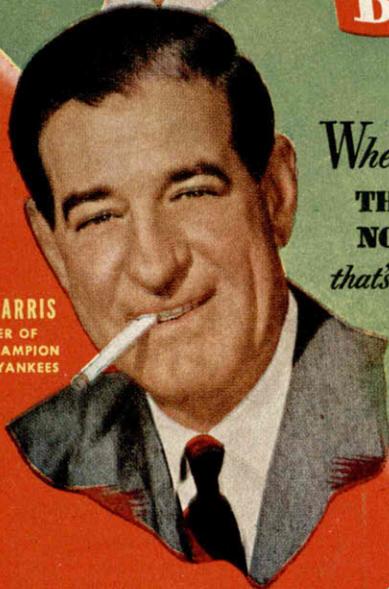


**THE
BASEBALL MAN'S
CIGARETTE**

*When you change to Chesterfield
THE FIRST THING YOU WILL
NOTICE IS THEIR MILDNESS
that's because of their Right Combination
World's Best Tobaccos —*

**ALWAYS Milder
BETTER TASTING
COOLER SMOKING**

BUCKY HARRIS
MANAGER OF
WORLD'S CHAMPION
NEW YORK YANKEES



EWELL
BLACKWELL
CINCINNATI REDS

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD
They Satisfy