Let your "T-Zone" tell you why

More people are smoking Camel 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 Camel 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 compared, Camel are the "choice of experience"!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 112,597 doctors from coast to coast were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!
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 Chapparal, 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.

Cover this month by Waldt.
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, kufta 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."
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
I walked out for the right to enjoy all the swelli-
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, pro-
fessor?”

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 ex-
pect 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.

— Pup

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

Boston,

Friends 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.”

William 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.

Voodooings . . .

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 laid 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!"
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 — utterly und completely 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? Obviously not! Dergefore, 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 egghsperiment 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 would 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 schmidedereen iss a negatiff potticle, it vill combine mit der possitron und ve catch der bote uff dem in dis apssorber. Und convershly, if der schmidedereen 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 . . . "

"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 . . . "

"Stassen claims... Taft asserts... Dewey hints... Wallace yells... Truman squirms..."
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 hap-
pened 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 con-
sume 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
deafering noise and a flash brillant
beyond human conception. They did
not live to tell the tale. A devastat-
ing atomic blast, spreading equally in
all directions, wiped out all Austral-
iands, East Africans, and Far Eastern-
ers.

"Apparently this is a slow neutron
reaction, 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 in-
vestigate responsibility for the dis-
aster. 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 im-
probable that air alone will conduct
a chain reaction, and therefore some
physicists maintain that whoever
set off the bomb had harnessed Max-
well's Demon.

"The devastation is due to reach
Boston, the Hub of the Universe,
last, since Boston is situated dia-
metrically opposite the island in the
Indian Ocean where the blast is be-
lieved to have originated. At latest
reports, relayed to me by the Asso-
ciated 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 en-
tities was Leonard, Edgar and Eve-
lyn. They stirred within the lean-to
by the evaporated brook in the charred
Massachusetts woods. They stared
at each other for a while, each won-
dering why the others didn't say any-
Please turn to next 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 hooeyed 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

THE HEAVY DATE

"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."

THE LOUSY MEAL

"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."

THE DRINKING BOUT

"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' so well t'night. Kinda sleepy, y'know. Mush be my indigestion—stumpin' I et, I guess (cough). Oh, n'thanksh. No more for me!"

"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 Baghdad. 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. Now what did you say your name was, gorgeous?"

"Why, that dirty, overstuffed lummox! Walking off with the dame I was trying to pick up! Why, I'll—I'll—Geesh, 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."
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 tympanum. "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 pecking 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 vortices, 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.
I Had a Hat When I Came In

Fascination With Exaggeration

The bustle's gone, but fashion's whim
Accentuate the negative,
Much saner to replace, you say,
We can't deny the truth of this
And I'll have a hat when I came in.
Forsaken is the derriere,
Much sanitier to replace, you say,
If you must, your equations revive.
(LQ. of poet who wrote it, .5).
- JOE GLASGOW.

I Had a Hat When I Go Out

The sacredness you've tampered with
Anent the female form there are,
That sacredness which e. e. cummings
Wear the garb of the old-fashioned man.
Red-blooded men state plainly,
As a matter of fact, your equations revive,
Forsaken is the derriere,
And lover's leap would then abound.

Then, if you must, your equations revive,
If you still don't understand,
For army draft recruiters.
If nature keeps going without all this stuff.

The bustle's gone, but fashion's whim
Accentuate the negative,
A more sinister might sound.
But as for us, we're through!

The sacredness which e. e. cummings
Wear the garb of the old-fashioned man.
Red-blooded men state plainly,
As a matter of fact, your equations revive,
Forsaken is the derriere,
And lover's leap would then abound.

Sobered by the fact that you've tampered with
Anent the female form there are,
That sacredness which e. e. cummings
Wear the garb of the old-fashioned man.
Red-blooded men state plainly,
As a matter of fact, your equations revive,
Forsaken is the derriere,
And lover's leap would then abound.

Then, if you must, your equations revive,
If you still don't understand,
For army draft recruiters.
If nature keeps going without all this stuff.

— S. H.

Opportunity

FURN. ROOM — Share bath, quiet
business girl. $24.00. CO 6-6597.

What business? — Boston Herald

Drama of Disease

Wife:
My darling's caught some moiety,
And thinks each gasping breath 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.
And brandy I will surely need,
If he knew my conscience
What confusion there would be.
— L. E. W.

Husband:
Surrounded by all sorts of pills
And bottles that should cure my ills,
And books and magazines to read,
And if you still don't understand,
Refer to Sigmund F.

And if you're partial to such things,
And if to others deal,
And if your profession is psychiatry.

But as for us, we're through!
— S. H.

Leverelay

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 to blame?"
"Go you back from whence you came,
To your factory of ill-fame
Or your nosome, soppy, odors every honest breath will claim.
There once was a young man from Crediton
Who took paté de foie gras and apricot
A chocolate bisquit,
Who took his conscience
And said: "I will risquit,"
And his tomb bears the date that he sedition.
Oh happy blithesome savants we
Our profession is psychiatry.
Although of unique thought we're void,
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 he knew my conscience
What confusion there would be.
— L. E. W.
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.

"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..."

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.

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 vivisecion, 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 him 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 lak yoah looks. Youall looks lak a kettle rustler, and Ah don’t lak 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 Algways. 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 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 —
EL RANCHO GRADY
Continued from preceding page

to make friends with the barkeep. Their next step was to get well-tattooed and although Slim carried his liquor extremely well, they both remained under a corner table until well into Monday afternoon. At that time they found that they were not alone and the shock had a somewhat reviving influence upon them. Slim turned his head and found himself looking straight into the blue eye of Rosio Grady. He smiled. She smiled. They both smelled and got to their feet. It was now immediately obvious that Rosio was no longer so sure that Honest John was her one and only dream man. Slim caught the fever too, but before he could utter a word there was a shout from in the street. Here he placed himself at a tremendous disadvantage since on his way past the bar he had anchored his foot firmly in a strategically placed spittoon. His “climp clomp climp clomp” as he reached the stone walk aroused Sambo. and Sambo, being an old-fashioned Injun, covered Slim with his cross bow. The St. Bernard followed the Injun, slowly and stealthily. Then suddenly Minsky, who was also the local sheriff, stepped out of the jailhouse opposite the saloon. The St. Bernard immediately recognized him as his long lost master and sprang towards Honest John. Minsky merely raised his gun and drilled the critter through the head; whereupon the Injun let fly with his crossbow, which was well aimed at Minsky, and drilled the critter through the head. I. Milcum, Honest John’s trusty associate, now came to his colleague’s aid, raised his rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim at the Sambo and drilled the critter through the head. At this point Slim got mad. He slowly cocked his revolver, pointed it in I. Milcum’s direction, pulled the trigger, and accidentally shot an old lady who was being helped across the street by a boy scout. The boy scout, rightly enraged, sent a smoke signal to the United States cavalry division which was camped nearby and stabbed Slim in the spitoon with his scout knife. The cavalry arrived before Milcum could reload his gun, or the boy scout could make any more mess in the street. All rowdyishness was halted immediately and Slim and Rosio fell into each other’s arms.

Rosio now belonged to Slim. But there was one more thing she would have to find out about him. As they rode back to the ranch she could tell it in his eyes. And then suddenly she knew. It wasn’t young Slim at all. He wasn’t the dashing young cowboy that she had thought he was. No! it was Hopalong Cassidy in disguise. But it was, and she was certain of that, her true love and dream man. She would love him for he was God’s gift to her.

But there was one thing the Rosio forgot in her excitement. What if Slim should become disillusioned if he were to find out the secret which she had hidden so cleverly for years. After all it wasn’t every man who would, or could be happy with Marjory Main in cognito. But these trivial details would work themselves out some day. The important consideration now was that they would have to get married. They simply could not go on living without each other.

And so after dining at the Rancho Grady, overlooking the prairie, they slowly rode to town together. Here they were joined in matrimony by the barkeep who was also justice of the peace and undertaker. The ceremony was plain. The Hoosier Hot Shots played Lohengrin, Gary Cooper was best man, Ernst Lubich carried the veil, and then it was all over.

Yes, now it was all over. Slim and Rosio were now one and inseparable—at least for the time being. They mounted Slim’s great white stallion, and slowly rode out of sight followed by the 18th U. S. Cavalry, the Don Cossacks, and the Texas Ranger Military Band. They sang merrily, and as the last of the procession passed over the last hill on the horizon, a lonely, full-blooded halfbreed was heard to remark, “Ugh. Master gone, people gone, Dog gone.”

THE END
—Skip Justin.
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.

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

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

THE GADGET BUG GOES IN FOR HOOKAHS AND CHROME — PLOTS CHARTS OF SMOKE PARTICLE VELOCITY VERSUS THERMAL ENERGY PER DEGREE OF FREEDOM.

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."
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.

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.

The summer job offers the Techman a delightful interlude from his grind at the Institute. The opportunity arises for the student to get something he has lacked all through his school life — the something that he yearns for when he sits at his study desk in the early morning. And that something is excitement — glamor — experience — call it what you will, but it is something that these summer jobs offer plenty of.

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.

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 glamour is over, the experience behind you, and you receive your reward for a week's work uniquely and inimitably done.

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.
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(In back of Red Sox-Fenway Park)
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."

— Dressed

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."

— Old Maid

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?"

— Syracuse

“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

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

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435 MAIN STREET
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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.”

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 con-
gregation with free books containing the standard hymns,
with the stipulation that a little advertising might be
injected. When the books arrived, the minister was over-
joyed 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.

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

Him: “Do you osculate?”
Her: “Wadda think I am — a pendulum?”

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.”

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.”

“Is Mary the home-loving type of a girl?”
“Naw, ya gotta have a roadster.”

CHARLIE THE TECH TAILOR
Mend your clothes
Press your suits
HAVE
Sew on your buttons
HIM
Remove spots
Dry clean your clothes
Or even make your suit or tux

— naturally
YOUR
BANK
KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE
HARVARD
TRUST COMPANY
Member
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
Many of our young engineers are spending a lot of time tinkering with the Misses in their motors.

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

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

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 10:00 a.m. The overdue charge is 55 cents making a total of $4.55.

Very truly yours,

M A R Y A. W I L L I A M S,
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.

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PICKWICK’S and BALLANTINE’S
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FREE ICE AND DELIVERY
KENmore 6-0222

Open daily 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.
See us for special party rates
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."

—Penguin

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

CORSAGES
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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.”

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.”

“Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?”

“No, but I’ve been slapped.”

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
Meryl Moritz, Davis Hall, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
offers the following Professional Courses

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Architecture
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Food Technology — Five Year Course
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Mathematics
Options: Pure and Applied Mathematics
Industrial Statistics
Physical Biology
Physics
Quantitative Biology

City Planning

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Chemical Engineering
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Group Electives:
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General Engineering

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Options: Electric Power
Illumination Engineering
Electrical Communications
Electronic Applications

Electrical Engineering
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General Engineering
Marine Transportation

Mechanical Engineering
Options: General Mechanical Engineering
Engineering Science
Automotive Engineering

Mechanical Engineering
Co-operative Course
Metallurgy
Options: Metallurgy
Mineral Dressing

Meteorology
Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering

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

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

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

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

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.”

“We’ll have to rehearse that,” said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

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.

“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.”

“What did you do when her strapless evening gown started coming off?”
“I helped her out as best I could.”

Teacher: “Children, what must we do before we can expect forgiveness of sin?”
Chorus: “We gotta SIN!”

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.”

HANGOVER
My current observation
On my last infatuation
Is that “Cupid”
Rhymes with “stupid.”
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 Biler

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?"

— Min-A-Sip

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

— El Barro

"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 Foose

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 V' 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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— Unique

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Jayson Oxford
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The smoothest, softest Oxford you've ever seen. The strength of Egyptian cotton makes this Jayson shirt more durable . . . longer lasting. In actual tests* this Oxford proved stronger than others at the same and higher prices. "Locked-in" luster sparkles afresh with each laundering. Fabric shrinkage less than 1% by Government Standard Test. See them today.

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Enclosed please find $2.00; so
Please send the next eight issues of VOO DOO to
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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.

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 fiancé?"
"Yes."
"She must be very rich."

---Pelican---

"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 — 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."

---Syracusan---

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

---Siren---

WALKER MEMORIAL
GAME ROOMS
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BOWLING
Candy Ice Cream Soft Drinks
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BASEMENT, WALKER
If your letter home read like this: "Dear Folk, Gue ,what I need mos t?" then perhap
we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfull y 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.

"... 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.

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.

* * *

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 wait-
ing. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED
ATTRACTION
At the end of the year, we're go-
ing 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

DAFFY
DEFINITIONS

$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R.
Meisner, 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.

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.

LITTLE MORON
CORNER

"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read
this. And promptly peeled off two crisp
leaves of cabbage ($2) for June Arm-
strong, 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."

"Duuunuh," 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 utter-
ances and we'll send you $2, too.
Nothing personal, of course.
Par Value:
100 CONFEDERATE ROUBLES

1 SHARE
Uncommon and Unpreferred Stock

FRAUDS, INC.

UNDERWRITTEN BY

Voodoo

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.

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the first thing you will notice is their Mildness
that's because of their Right Combination
World's Best Tobaccos

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Better Tasting
Cooler Smoking

Always Buy Chesterfield
They Satisfy