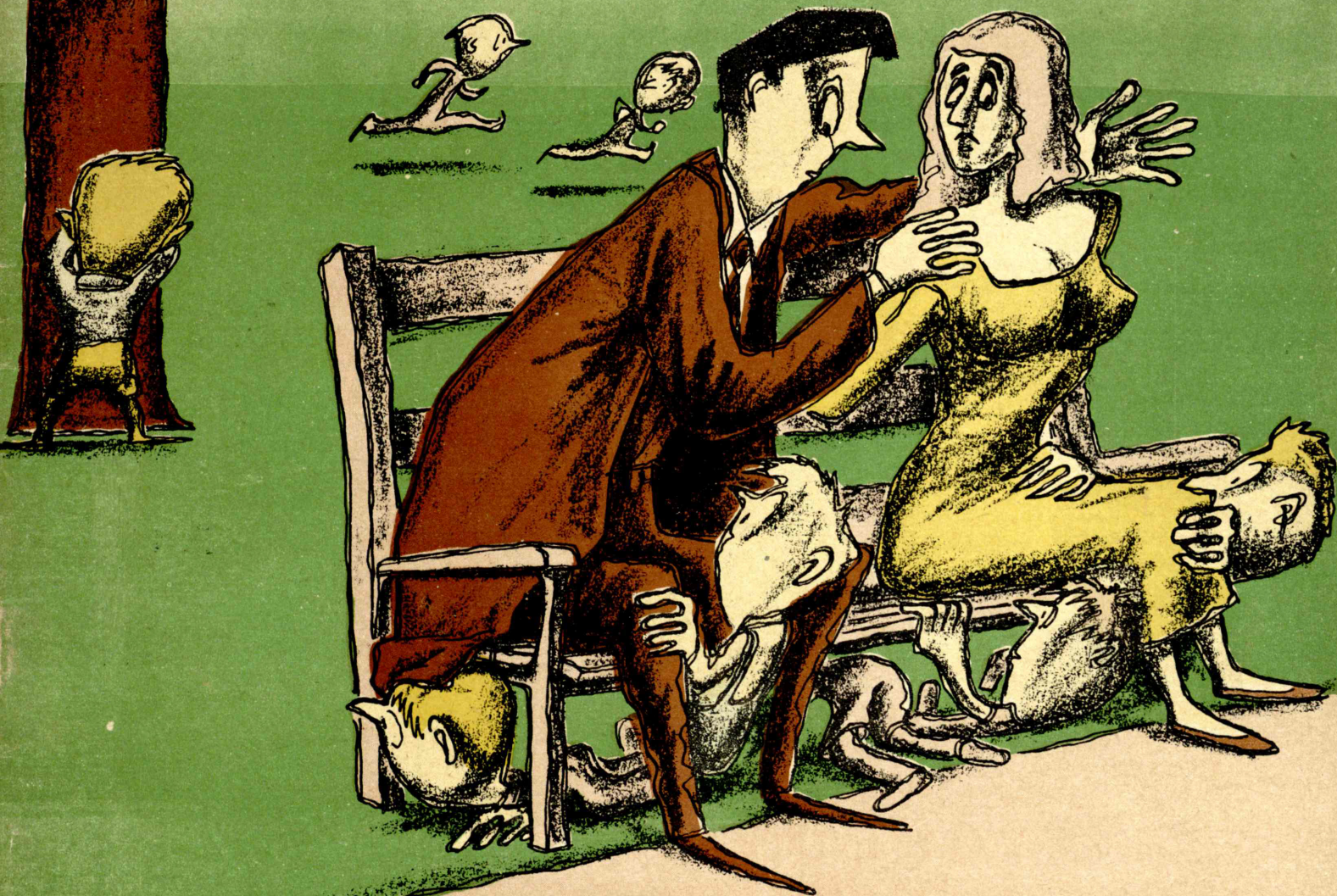


V O O D O O

MOOZ, W. E.

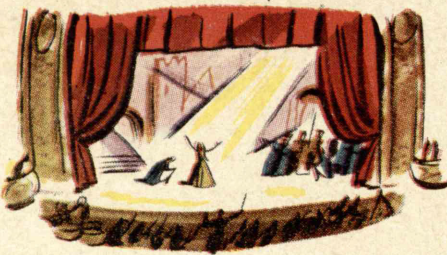


APRIL 1949

25C

Gladys Swarthout

One of America's most popular singers . . . star for many years of the Metropolitan Opera, motion pictures, concert, radio and recordings.



Virginia MacWalters

She has scored brilliant successes with the New York City Opera Company, at Covent Garden in London, and in concert.

The famous mezzo-soprano and opera's brilliant, new coloratura agree...

Camels for Mildness!

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

Millions of people who have smoked Camels for years already know about Camel's cool, cool mildness. If you're not among those Camel smokers . . . if you've never given Camels a real, day-to-day trial . . . start *your own* 30-day test of Camel mildness *today!*

Try the mildness and rich, full flavor of Camels in your own "T-Zone" (that's T for Taste and T for Throat—your proving ground for cigarette mildness . . . for smoking enjoyment).

Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I AGREE, MISS SWARTHOUT—EVER SINCE I MADE THAT 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST, IT'S BEEN CAMELS WITH ME!

AND WHEN YOU'VE SMOKED CAMELS AS LONG AS I HAVE, VIRGINIA, YOU'LL APPRECIATE THAT MILDNESS AND FLAVOR EVEN MORE!



According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!

BOSTON, U.S.A.: Steeped in tradition: Saturated with legends. Nowhere in the world, except perhaps in a museum, are there so many holdovers from the past. Boston is like a thrifty woman's ice-box. Enough leftovers to make a good stew, and that is just what the city is in. A base of Puritanism, a generous number of witches, a sprinkling of Irish, a spot of patriotism, and a dash of Paul Revere make a rather adhesive mixture, and it seems to stick to all of the old customs. Even the sidewalks on Beacon Hill are preserved by the ghosts of pedestrians past. The town fathers feel that if their ancestors tripped on the quaint red bricks, they can do it too. There is one relic of days gone by that even Bostonians must admit (privately, of course) is as outmoded as button shoes. This particular monstrosity is the escalator in the South Station subway. Why did they install a contraption with the steps on what seems to be a 45° angle? Maybe it was originally intended as a trap for the Red Coats. There isn't a better spot for it though. It is the last thing one sees of Boston as he leaves. Such fond memories.

BOSTON, U.S.A.: A veritable geographic encyclopedia. There are enough Colleges and Universities in the Boston area to teach everyone at least one lesson — except Proper Bostonians. They refuse to admit that there is such a thing as progress. So much is developed in the area, it seems a shame that it is never tried out by the city until it becomes standard equipment in all other towns. Boston is the seat of learning. Seat aptly describes its position in the nation, too.

BOSTON, U.S.A.: The birthplace of Liberty and the home of the Minute Men of 1776. American History books mention Boston on every other page. It's almost as monotonous as Forever Amber. And today the local governments are as bad as can be found in the nation. A few soft words seem to make the people toss away the one tradition they should keep, and they vote for the same fellows, despite the fact that there are more Relative costs in the budget each year. It would seem as if the Cradle of Democracy has lulled this city to sleep.

Boston really isn't too bad, as cities go. We can say that. Especially since in a month or two it will. There isn't much wrong except that it appears to be dying a lingering death. Perhaps if the area wasn't one of those with the highest cost of living and a low wage level, new blood, or even just some blood would be attracted into New England. That might save it, if anyone wanted to.

— S

Attention, Doctors Killian and Compton,
About these coeds, you've got to do somption.

Volume XXXII

APRIL, 1949

No. 4

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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Cover this month by Waldt.

A little boy went to school for the first time last week and the teacher explained to him that if he wanted to go to the washroom at any time he should raise two fingers. Little boy, looking very puzzled, asked "How's that going to stop it?"



Poor little fly on the wall,
Ain't got no sister,
Ain't got no brother,
Ain't got no father,
Poor little bastard.



Baby Carriage — last year's fun on wheels.



Him: "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

Her: "I give up."

— Kreolite News

Perhaps Adam didn't have any funnybone, but he sure had a lot of fun with a spare rib.

— Carolina Magazine



The man in the back of the church was seen by the pastor to bow his head slightly whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. After the service was over, the minister hurried out to speak to the man, and asked him why he did this.

"Politeness never hurt anyone," said the fellow, "and, well, you never know."



Teacher: "Has anyone here any Indian blood?"

Johnny: "I have."

Teacher: "What tribe?"

Johnny: "It wasn't a tribe; just a wandering Indian."

FALSE PRIDE

Why do women think their's allure
In the twin peaks of their upper
contour?

Why do they provoke sane men to
depravity

By falsely defying the laws of gravity?
What is the reason for women's birth
Not just to encourage licentious mirth.
Do we admire the uddered cow
Or the many-fauceted sow?
Dispense then with this padded silk
There's nothing grandiose in milk.

— Corbin



Yonker: "Do you believe in fairies?"
Joisey: "Naw! I takes the tube.
It's quicker."

— Pointer



And then there's the cutie who
stepped out with a lumberman and
ended up with a little shaver.

-TECHNIQUE-

1949



THE CHIPS HAVE BEEN FLYING !!—
TO PREPARE A CALENDAR OF EVENTS—
FIELD DAY, TECHSAPOPPIN—YOU NAME IT!
—IT'S IN **TECHNIQUE!**

A New Place for Tech Men

Simeone's Italian Restaurant

21 BROOKLINE STREET

Central Square



Wonderful All Italian Dishes

OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT DAILY

Established 1920

S. G. 1949

SYMPHONY FLOWER SHOP

240 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

Special Rate to Tech Men

KE6-2076

KE6-2077

"Finest beer I ever tasted—

Schaefer!"

says

**PATRICIA
MORISON**

Co-star of the Broadway hit

"KISS ME, KATE"



"It takes plenty of skill to produce a top hit," says Patricia Morison, pictured in a relaxed moment between acts at the Century Theatre. "And the brewers of Schaefer certainly have the skill when it comes to making beer. It's the finest I ever tasted!"

Try it yourself and see why we say, "Our hand has never lost its skill!"

Schaefer

The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., New York



DOING THE TOWN

I SIT here, faced by a blank sheet of Cooperative Canary Yellow for another month, and have to meet a deadline, so I believe that the appropriate move is to describe yet another little den of minor iniquities that the prowl has unearthed. You will remember, if you've been here two years, and have paid unceasing attention to the admonitions of this column, that I did a piece on the Satire Room of the Hotel Fensgate some time back. Well, tonight, mes enfants, we're back to the Fensgate. Not, however, to the Satire Room. Suite 208 this time. And to a young woman whose name (you had better remember this, for you'll have to contact her to get on the "membership list") is Lisbeth V for victor an hyphen D for dog er hyphen yacht as in boat. Who seems to be a good kid, and trying to drum up a lot of trade for a new Idea. Said idea being, to wit, that there shall be established in the aforementioned Fensgate, yea, the very suite mentioned above, a sort of a chummy little place for all hands to congregate with their dates. Now so far, nothing new, as one can plainly see, for there are any number of places that you can repair to with your date, even downstairs in the hotel. The new thought is that this set of rooms is a place where drinks can be bought by members (a member is a \$2.50 a year man) at 39¢ a throw; where joy can reign unconfined (almost); where the red-blooded American youths of today's colleges and universities can find compatible companionship and a homey atmosphere all at once. Do you get the picture?

We all go up there on a Saturday night, say, and just what do we find for ourselves? A gay, mad, irrepressible crowd (almost) who are singing all the grand old college songs together, gathered around a shiny vic, or dancing to its lilting strains, drinking in a spirit of faithless camaraderie und so weiter. A nice place to take a date and just relax in the warmth of fellowship that permeates the entire

space about one. A living room away from living rooms — a bar (on weekends) upstairs from a bar.

Perhaps all and sundry feel that the above is tinged just a bit with sarcasm. And, perhaps, if pinned down, I might just admit to the point, for I feel that it is a good idea, but one that is being brought to flower in rather sere surroundings for that sort of thing. I don't know how far the Fensgate is prepared to go in sponsoring the venture, how long the entire deal will be able to carry on, nor what the Hotel itself is up to. It is no doubt true that the Fensgate has reversed itself in a really remarkable way since the water-bombing incident of some time ago — they have lowered prices all around the lot, and have genuinely tried to extend the glad hand to all. I would further like to point out that never, in my entire experience, have I seen a hotel that would tolerate a bunch of young guys and gals in a rather small suite raising a bunch of tuneful Hell. I would like it clearly understood right now that I am not talking about any sort of a moral issue — that's a problem that can be effectively and tactfully handled if it ever comes up (which I doubt) but, simply from the point of view of a hotel manager, how can you condone the noise and confusion that such a place is sure to create? It will really be a fine thing in my eyes if the Fensgate makes out on the deal.

I wish that a few of you would try it out once or twice. I've been positively assured that the few weeks that the suite has been used for the purpose have been most successful, and, frankly, I should think that they would have been just that, for there isn't a place in Boston in the general run that does what is proposed here. Even down in Jackie Wirth's, which, if ever I saw one, is the type of place where one ought to be allowed to sing if you want to, they will slap you down if you open your kisser. The fraternity houses provide some of this type of thing in their parties, but not



everyone can get to them, nor are there parties every night that you might want to have just a quiet date. I reiterate — the idea is fine, and I am very definitely in favor of the set up: my one concern is in how long it will persist.

The idea and fruition of it are still a-borning. I couldn't say what will be going on down there this week or the next, or the week after that. But run down one night when you feel like mixing with a new group, and try it out. For your edification and interest, the directions for reaching the place are here, and are, more or less simple. You proceed down Beacon Street as if you were going to Kenmore Square from the bridge, and will surely see the Fensgate's sign prominently displayed. Once inside, go around the cashier's desk to the right, and enter the door that is last on your left. This leads one past the kitchen and up to a stairway. Go up the stairs one flight and get off. To your left is suite 208, and that's it.

I don't know what you do with your coats — I threw mine on the couch because there weren't many people there, but it is perfectly possible, barring some provision for them that I didn't discover, to check such articles downstairs in the lobby. By the way — if the operator of the elevator is around, you can also get him to run you up to the second floor when you come in, but I wouldn't trust him to get you back down again — you had better know that the stairway exists, even if you don't use it going up.

I conclude by making the simple statement that I think that this is a pretty good deal for the present, that I hope that the entire arrangement works out, and that you really ought to give it a tumble some time. It won't work, of course, unless the college people do get over there, and at 39¢ a drink, what have you got to lose some night? I want to mention that this 39¢ deal is not really as good as that — it's 39¢ for members — non-members have to pay regular

rates. There is, of course, no cover or minimum, unless you consider the membership fee of \$2.50 a calendar year a cover. Which is stretching the point, isn't it?

— JOHN H. FISHER



His face flushed, but his broad shoulders saved him.



"I've been married four times. Do you think I'm a loose woman?"

"No, dearie; you're just a busy body."

— *Polaris*



FASHION NOTE

Women will wear the same thing in brassieres this year.



"Chiefie, could you lend little Pocahontas a Buck?" naively inquired the Indian maiden.

— *Down-Towner*

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

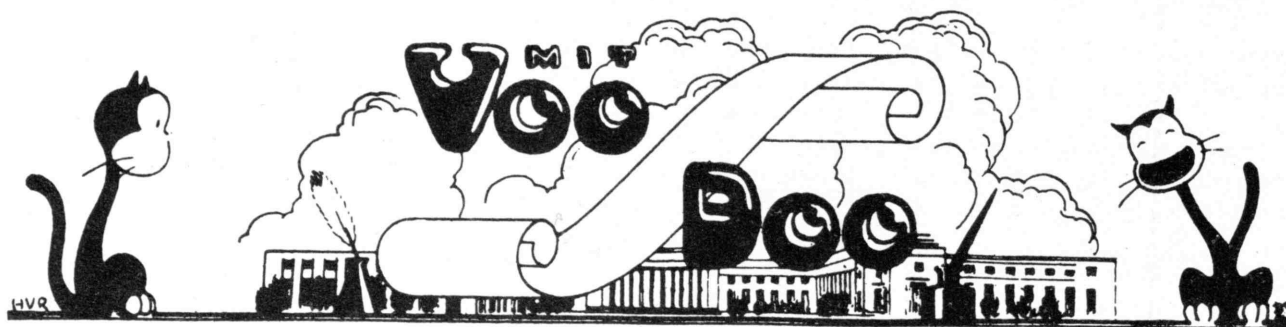
AND—Don't miss the famous "Baseball Room"

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



SOME teachers are just too bright for us laymen. Too many things are "intuitively obvious" to some of these geniuses. The limit was reached not long ago, however, when a well known math instructor was hard at work proving some complex process to his class. He said, "One good way of proving this is the following." Then he turned to the board and started muttering to himself. After a few minutes he wrote down a small equation; the desired answer; and nothing else. "That's one way of doing it," he said, "but there is another way." With that, he turned

to the board again and wrote down the same equation, and nothing more. He turned back to the class and said, "See, it checks."

ACQUAINTANCE dances are loved by all. Or at least everyone knows about them. Anyway, an eager friend of ours went to one the other day, intent on wowing the ladies. He was smooth; he was carefree; he was handsome. He knew a little bit about everything. An excellent talker. A beautiful dancer. In other words, this lad was the cream of the crop.

He met a girl. A beautiful girl.

A Wellesley girl. (no connection) They began to dance. He enjoyed it all very much. and kept up a rapid stream of very intelligent conversation. He quoted numerous authors, he gave detailed accounts of his hobbies and interests. The girl was obviously enchanted.

One dance led into two. Two became ten. The evening wore away. Finally some cad cut in. As the girl escaped from our hero, she turned and said, "Thank you SO much for taking up my time."

WE saw an unusual movie the other night. It was a sea picture; Men Against the Sea in all glory. As we were leaving the theatre we overheard a girl complaining to her date. "I don't like these here unrealistic pictures, like this one. They expect us to believe them when they pretend to be sailors in boats and things. What a sea picture; no swords, no pirates, no fighting, no ships sinking. And they expect us to believe them. It's too unrealistic, and I don't like it."

PROFESSOR Gale of the Aeronautical Structures Department is still advertising for his lost notes concerning "sandwich construction." We've always thought there was a place for such a course here at the Institute in view of the long lines at Walker and the Coop every noon, but until we saw the good professor's ad we didn't know that it was available. We understand that it will be offered as a thesis substitute in course xx next year.



"— if you don't stop, I'll break our engagement"

WE saw this on the bulletin board in the dorm office the other day and thought we'd give some poor guy a little free advertising.

The Smiling Munrovia has a steal for anyone desiring to learn Code: BUD Code Practice Oscillator — AC-DC Speaker and also Earphone output. Net price to Amateurs \$9.50.

YOUR PRICE only \$5.95.

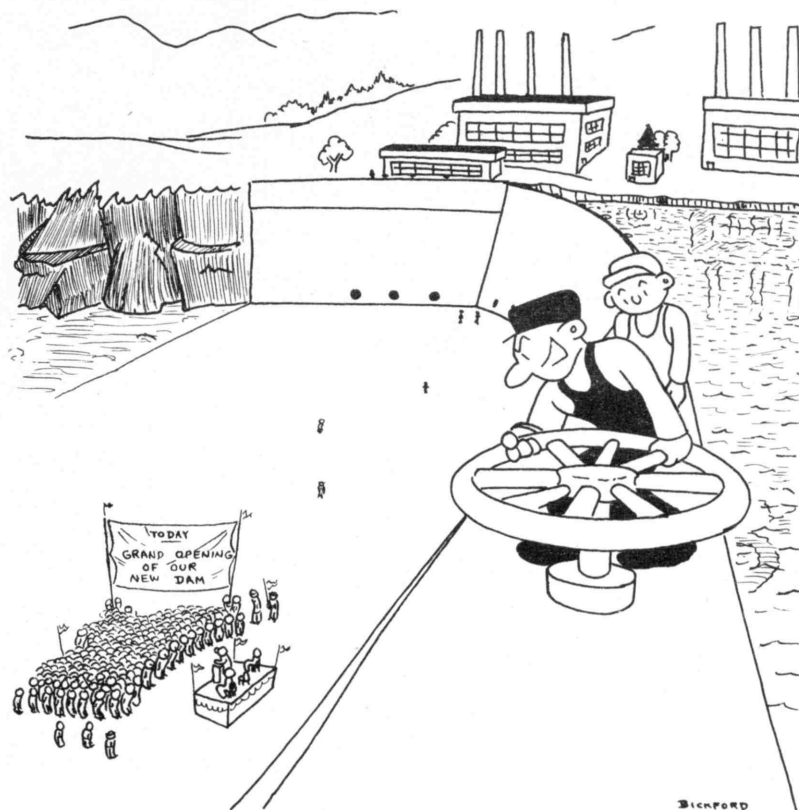
This unit was owned by a quiet widow* who had it up on blocks because she used 'phone all the time!

CALL MUNROE 402

*W2RIE

ON the other hand, there are some teachers that CAN'T be fooled. There is one gentleman in the English department who is known for the large number of double F's he manages to pass on to the Freshmen each year. This Martinet has two pet targets when correcting themes. He harps on correct grammar and absolutely correct usage of ALL words. He is, in fact, a noted vocabulary expert (in dictionary circles at any rate). The other day he began to growl at one quivering student about the use of some word the student had included in a theme. This student listened awhile, and then said, "But I looked that word up in the dictionary, sir, and that's the way THEY used it." The professor snarled, "Oh, yeh. Well here's MY dictionary. Let's see if you can find that use in THERE."

The student found the word in question, read the definitions given, and handed the book back with a triumphant smile. The professor read the definitions, frowned, spluttered, and looked ready to erupt. He took out a pad and started writing. "Let's see. What page is that. I'll write these people. They've changed words for me *before*, and they'll do it again. You, young man, are WRONG."



"Wanna see somethin' funny"

WE often hear stories about absent-minded professors, and these stories are usually worth repeating. So when we heard this the other day, we noted it down.

It seems that a graduate student of our acquaintance was hard at work in a remote lab in building three the other day, when a man from the Department of Internal Revenue came in and presented himself. This Government employee asked everyone in the lab if they'd filed their Income Tax Returns yet. The half dozen present replied that they had, and the G-man thanked them all and started to leave. Just as he reached the door, an inquisitive voice from the rear asked him what these questions were all about. Was there any particular trouble? Did the Internal Revenue Department think that the men in this lab were dishonest? What was it all about? The G-Man smiled and said, "Oh, no. No trouble. We send someone around to Tech

every year to remind people to file returns. We find that if we don't remind the professors, only a very small fraction of them remember to report."

And these are the men that are supposedly teaching us how to master life. Quelle vie!

SOME teachers are extremely gullible as well as absent-minded. We heard about one man the other day that arrived at class to find most of the class absent. He asked where everyone was. A sleepy voice in the front row said that all the democrats were supposed to meet in the lobby of Building Seven to get tickets for Truman's speech. "No kidding," said the instructor, with a worried frown. "All democrats, you say?" He scurried from the room muttering something about hoping they hadn't taken roll call yet. The rest of the class sighed — and left.

A COMMENCEMENT LETTER

Course Fifteen men are most fortunate. They never know what they will find in their mail box. For instance here are a few excerpts from a recent letter from the head of the department,



"While at the Institute, Tech men form the habit of working and thinking steadily and consistently. . . ."



"Tech men deeply respect the truth. Call it intellectual honesty if you will. The MIT graduate is generally ready to adjust his point of view to the facts whenever it is necessary. . . . I know that you have the habit of humility before the truth. Dealing in the facts is not always pleasant but it is never basically disappointing."



"Tech students know how to think hard, objectively and straight. They understand the lingo of figures which is the greatest and most effective world-language that man will probably ever use."



"Tech men know how to analyze the facts. . . ."



"Tech men learn much through the doing, for classroom and laboratory are close-coupled. They are impatient for action following upon thought."



"Is there a Tech spirit? I think so. The essence of the Technology spirit is a practical realism which pervades the attitude and viewpoint of the typical MIT graduate. We don't hear of our men getting extremely excited when people stand on soap-boxes and shout. They watch and finally go away muttering, "As I thought. It is always the lower jaw that moves!"



"Does this mean that Tech men lack idealism? Not at all."



"Employers like XV men because they are willing to pay the price of a broad . . . experience."



"Employers like XV men because their spark is well advanced."



"Employers like XV men because they have a , and unusual combination of training in science, engin, and management. . . ."



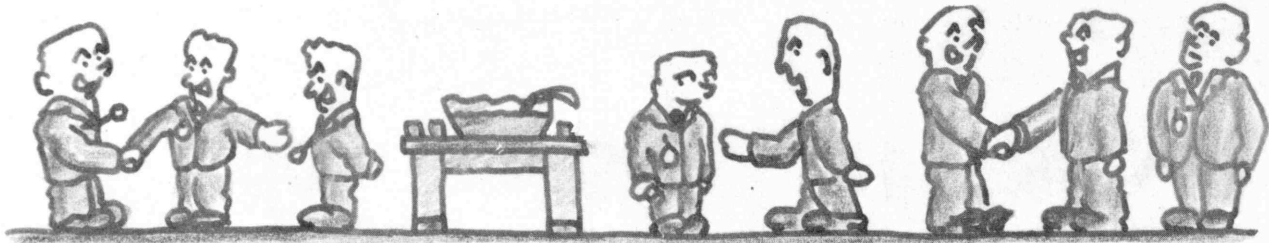
"Employers like XV men because they are especially happy people to have around."



"Course XV men, on the whole, are living happy, eventful, satisfying lives."

"Yours for the future,
Professor Erwin H. Schell."

A HAND WITH A SMILE



"Excuse me," said the little man with the sharp tie, "I wonder whether I have come to the right place.

"Sometimes I can't help wondering, either," Alan said, and shrugged his shoulders. The little man got caught in a mess of reception line at the door, and was made to pin a piece of paper with his name, class, and course written on it to his lapel. He looked more doubtful than ever. Alan turned away, saw a face he recognized, another junior, and smiled to him bravely. Come, come, he thought, save your present smiles for someone important. His room mate had once likened Alan to an outstretched hand with a smiling mouth on the palm, and a mocking sneer on the back.

He helped himself to a doughnut from a box that stood on the long table, fought his way to a corner, and munched morosely, watching. Observing and munching. A little group in front of him was agitated by talk of women and drinking, and class politics. There was a heaving of talk, a rising painfully like swelling dough, and then a bubble of laughter which split the group into its parts — three juniors, sparkling with amusement and their white name tags, and a senior. Nice people at Tech, Alan thought: Shave them and array them in purple and linen, and they are still as natural as they were. No dilettantes, thank God, Alan thought, the atmosphere withers them on the vine. Someone tugged at his sleeve.

"This is the co-ed tea, isn't it?" The little man was still anxious.

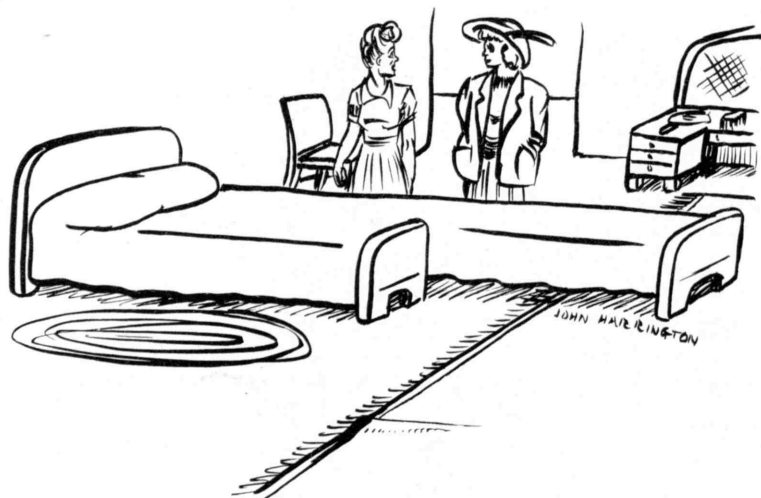
"No, dear," Alan smiled. "This is a meeting of prospective members

of Norumbega." The little man plucked at his label. "I wondered where the girls were. Norumbega!" Someone pushed past him with two paper cups of punch, and Alan turned to mingle with the crowd.

"Good evening", he said, and screwed his face into a lop-sided grin. "I believe we met at a party in my brother's room." The man he addressed looked at Alan's name tag for a moment, pondered a moment, and smiled for a moment. "O," he said, "are you Roger's brother?" Alan nodded, and the fellow with whom the member had been talking of courses looked uneasy. No one, thought Alan, likes to be left out of the act. Shy though one is, he will find a temporary friend to converse with — talk of his own course airily, and with respect for the other's. The young man obviously considered me a threat to his social success. The thought cheered Alan tremen-

dously. He and the member talked loudly and fondly of his brother's party, of the women and the wine and the song, and laughed with reminiscence.

"I'll see you, Don," Alan said. "Got to circulate," and he winked. The room was full of distinct groups, clusters of juniors around the senior members, some silently listening, others talking. Noisily and heartily, of common experience. The idea, I suppose, Alan said to himself, was to remind them that they were all in the same boat, that they were all jolly fellows at heart, and not a false sentiment among the lot. There was a slight commotion in one corner: A junior, member of Norumbega, was holding court to a circle of friends, cronies, and they followed him with appreciation. It was all a mistake, Alan thought, to be slightly afraid of the Norumbega members. Some, it was true, relished their



"George likes a running start for breakfast"

membership with pomp, and gave as good as they got when they were cornered by a junior out to make a lasting impression. Most of the members, however, were unaffected. Neither boisterously well met, nor truculently determined not to be so. A very nice bunch, Alan thought again, and caught himself a meek member.

"I don't believe we've met."

"Jesus, it's crowded in here," the man said. "Glad to know you, Alan." They talked for a moment about matters in common — an instructor, a government check.

Alan begged a pipeful of tobacco, lit it, and was accosted by a young man who looked as if he had been unpacked from a band box only a few minutes before the meeting. Well scrubbed, neatly dressed, the model of an about to be successful student.

"My name is Munn," he said, "Sandy Munn."

"Pleased to meet you, Sandy," Alan replied. "As you can see, I'm Alan Spiers." Munn goggled at his label. This name tag business is extraordinarily clever, thought Alan; nothing better than addressing a fellow by his first name.

"I see you're in XV," Munn said.

"I suppose you're taking 15.00?"

"Which is what?"

"The Theory of the Leisure Class, taught, I understand, by a retired president of United States Steel." They both laughed.

"So young," said Alan, "and yet so depraved. My course in Corporate Golf takes too much time for me to indulge in any such shenanigans. I have a feeling," he continued, "that we are regarded as the playboys of the school. Look at me," he said. "Three years in this place, and I haven't been able to find the time to look for a mistress."

"I didn't know you cared."

"Just for appearances, you understand. And besides, my mother wants me to have all the things she didn't have when she was my age."



"I'd like to return this — it's damaged"

Someone laid a hand to his shoulder and he turned.

"Alan, you old s.o.b.," the newcomer yelled, "who let you in here? No freshmen allowed." He turned to Munn. "Hi, Sandy," he said, "how they treatin' you?"

"I'd like you to meet a good friend of mine, Chris," Alan told him. "Meet Alan Spiers, boy wonder of the business and engineering administration world." The president of Norumbega walked past the three.

"Hi, John," cried Alan. The president waved back, and continued on his way to the bathroom.

R. V. G.



The guy who coined the phrase "clean as a whistle" never heard the boys down by the drug store on a summer evening.

An 80-year-old man came to his doctor for a blood test and medical examination before getting married.

The doctor checked him over and then asked, "You mean at your age, you really want to get married?"

The old man replied, "Well, I don't exactly want to, but I've got to."



Coed, greeting her last-night's date: "Hello there, tall dark and-hands."



A father returned home, following his usual day at business, and found his son sitting on the front steps, sulking.

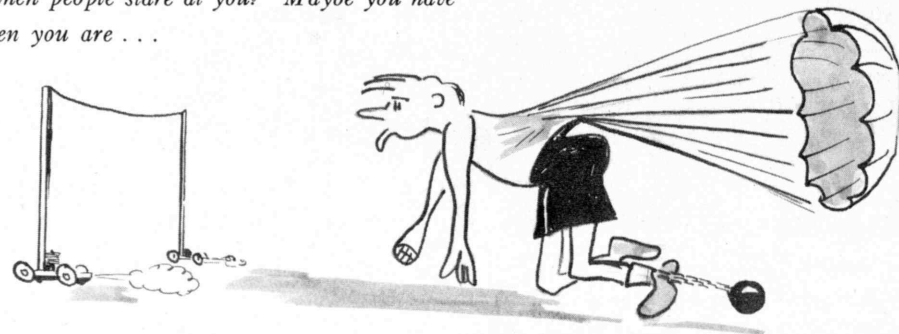
"What's wrong now?" asked Papa.

"I just had a terrible scene with your wife," the small boy explained.

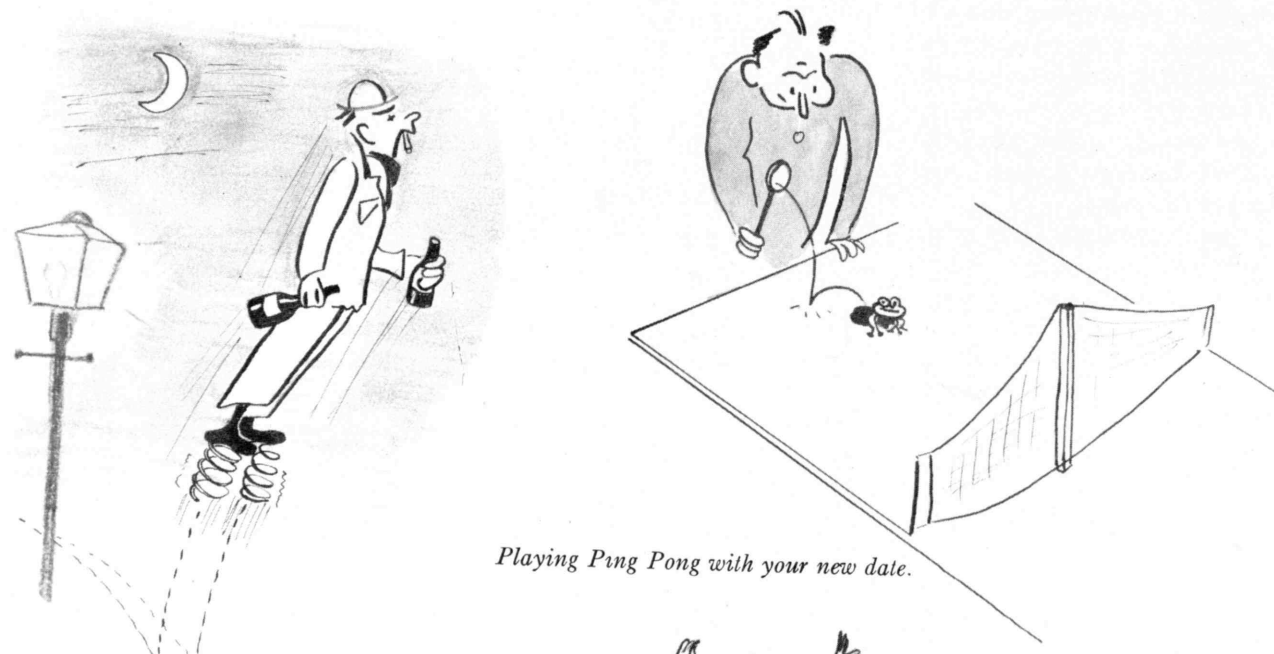
— Tails-pin

SELF IMPRESSIONS

Are you self-conscious? Is the finger on you when you pass those recruiting posters? Do you look for something that is undone when people stare at you? Maybe you have felt like this when you are . . .

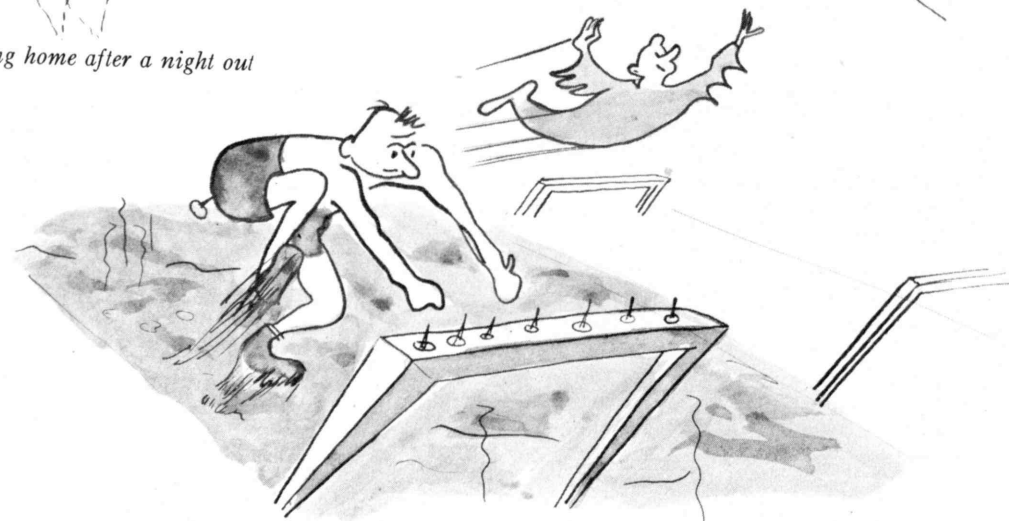


Anchor man on the Relay Team.



Playing Ping Pong with your new date.

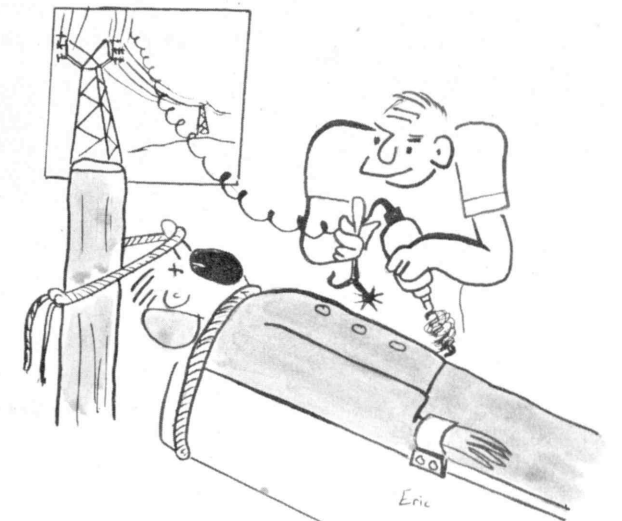
Going home after a night out



Carrying the school colors to "victory" in the hurdles.



Cramming for a conditional exam.



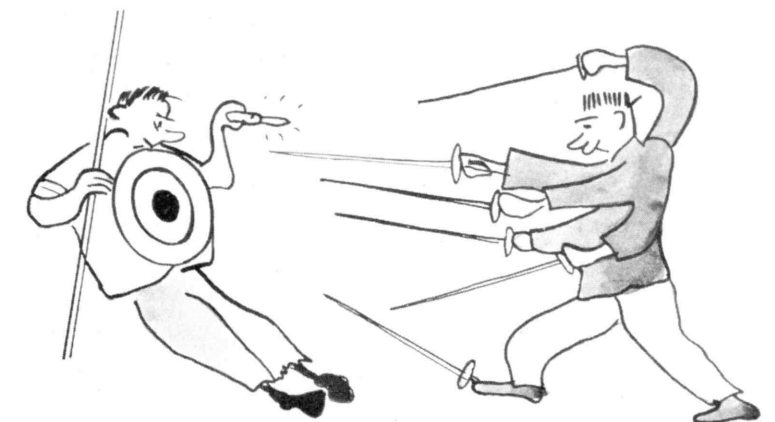
In the dentist chair.



Suffering



Dancing



Fencing



LOOK AT THE BIRDY

Albert MacDoodle, in a blind fury, went up the elevator in the building where the sign said "Swimm's — where every face becomes beautiful!" Swimm was a photographer. And Albert MacDoodle wasn't handsome.

"Grrr," he had said when he entered the elevator.

"Fourth floor — Swimm's," the elevator girl had said, quite non-committally.

And now Albert stamped down the hall and into the waiting room of the purveyor of beautiful faces. "Aarg," he said.

"Kindly wait until I have answered the questions of this gentleman with the beautiful face," said the photographer's secretary. "As you can easily see, with the aid of your bifocals and a telescope, he was here before you." Her manner was hardly pleasant.

"Hi, Al," said the gentleman with the beautiful face.

"Hi, Joe," said Al, recognizing one of his classmates.

"Gee, they take good pictures here," said Joe.

"Aarg," said Al, and began waving a batch of proofs that he had brought along. "Grrr," he said, and sat down to wait. And in a moment Joe left, and the secretary, changing into a beautiful face, smiled sweetly at him.

"And what can I do for you, sir?" she purred.

"Lookit!" screamed Al, throwing down his proofs on the secretary's desk. "Awful, hideous, macabre! Swimm should eat lenses!"

The secretary picked up the first proof, looked at it, and looked at Al. "A remarkable photograph, a true work of art. Never before have I seen such art. Swimm has outdone himself. Look at these shadows — delicate, flowing shadows — why, they make this wonderful photograph almost three-dimensional."

"Shadows! Blotches, yet. Why, half my face is at midnight, the other half at noon. On the left, utter darkness; on the right, a brilliant

glaze. Woman, would you have only half my face? Would you effectually amputate an ear, eye, and half a nose and mouth?"

"Such beautiful shadows, too. Well, they're yours to choose from, although I think you are making an unforgivable mistake. Well, then, if you insist on declaring your ignorance of art, let's look at the next one. My, what a sweet picture. What depth it has, what . . ."

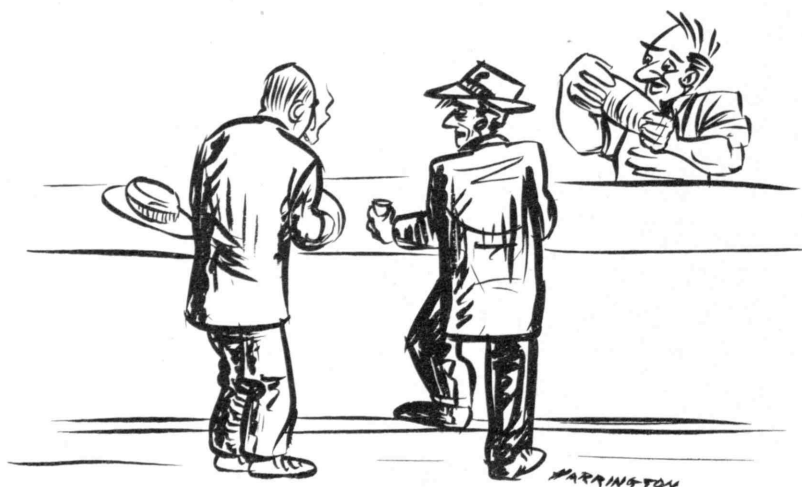
"That eye, look at it, look at it. It gleams, it reflects, it beams a brilliant ray of light. Gawd, woman, was I crying, that I should reflect tears? No, your light has caught it and reflected horribly."

"Why child, that's not a glare. That's a highlight! Every picture should have a highlight, to focus attention, to consolidate the picture and give it a visual aspect of oneness. A highlight is most necessary, I assure you. Ah, your eye catches the attention, it draws your hasty glance to a stop — they see you! Not just another face among many, but you! We'll put this one aside — it's even better than the first."

The secretary looked at the third one. Al relaxed, for this was his own favorite. The secretary jumped as if stabbed.

"Will you make faces at the camera? Look at this leer, look at it! How can we take a good picture of you — particularly with your face, when you insist on grimacing at the camera. Indeed, you have no reason to complain of our work — but we should complain of you, that you won't cooperate. Bah!" She threw the picture in the waste basket.

"Well," Albert MacDoodle stam-



"No, my wife didn't leave me, she just came back"

mered. "Well, I . . . I really didn't think they were so bad — the other ones, of course — but my wife . . . she . . ."

"Are you a man or a mouse?" purred the secretary.

They went on to the fourth and last of the proofs. "Now, this one," Al began, "There's nothing really wrong with it, but it's so plain. There's nothing but a simple picture. It's got nothing, it's too flat."

"What do you want in a year book, a character study? That kind of picture would never do, never in the world. You want something plain — something innocently attractive, not something startling."

"Well, I sort of wanted to use these for references, you know. At school, for getting a job."

"All the more so. Do you want to frighten people away? No, you want to attract them — attract them with your unpretentiousness, so they'll trust you. You must inspire trust. However, if you really don't like this one . . .

"We'll take the second one, won't we? That's easily the best."

"With that gleam . . .?"

"Please, try to understand. It's a highlight."

"But . . ."

"You must have a highlight, to attract people's eye, to bring them to the realization that it is *your* face they see, not just any face. You wouldn't want them to confuse you with . . . with Peter Lorre, would you? No, of course not. It must be your face alone that they see — and if you are correctly highlighted, as you are here, only your face will be seen, though it stand among a thousand others.

"Now, how many would you like?"

"But . . ."

"These superbly highlighted pictures will do you an immense amount of good, spreading good will for you wherever they may be seen. So why don't you order a dozen of them — you can get a lot size very cheaply."

"Well, I was thinking of only three

of them, but . . ."

"Oh, surely a man of your standing needs many of these wonderful pictures. A dozen at the very least you will need. Perhaps you'd like more. Surely you'll need them. Suppose . . . no, perhaps if you distribute them sparingly, you'll only need a dozen. Will you sign here, please."

Al signed.

"Thank you, Mr. MacDoodle, ever so much. You really have such excellent judgment in choosing the best picture from among so many. I'm sure you'll be very pleased. Now you just forward your next government check to us — I'm sure that will cover the cost. You said you were married, didn't you? Good-by, Mr. MacDoodle, see you again, we hope."

Albert MacDoodle turned away, and remembered that he had forgotten to ask when he could pick up the pictures. "Miss . . ."

"Can't you see I'm talking to this



"Yippee, I'm a tail gunner"

gentleman? I really had thought I was all done with you. However, if you'll step to the end of that line and wait your turn. Really, Mr. MacDoodle!"

"How did yours turn out," someone else in line asked him.

"Oh, wonderful," Al answered. "They captured a perfect highlight in my eye. Really magnificent."

J. H.



Sweater girls, we understand, make excellent schoolteachers. It seems they outline things so clearly.

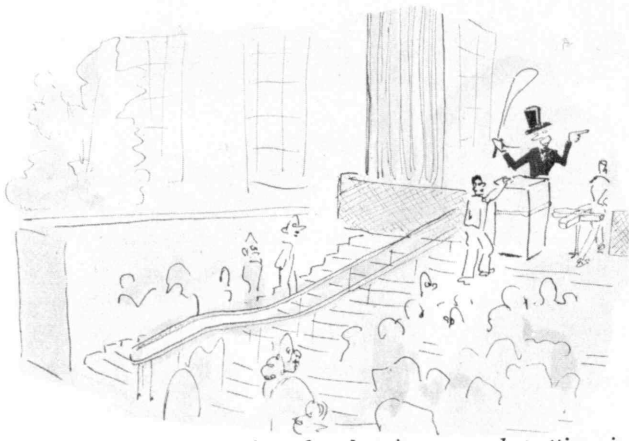


When a girl finds she isn't the only pebble on the beach, she generally becomes a little boulder.

— Syracusean

How to Raise \$20,000,000

Tch, tch. Here the Institute is trying to raise a little dough for themselves and they haven't even consulted us. Well, our feelings aren't hurt. We'll tell them anyway. Let's see . . . Have they tried the Coop? Or how about . . .



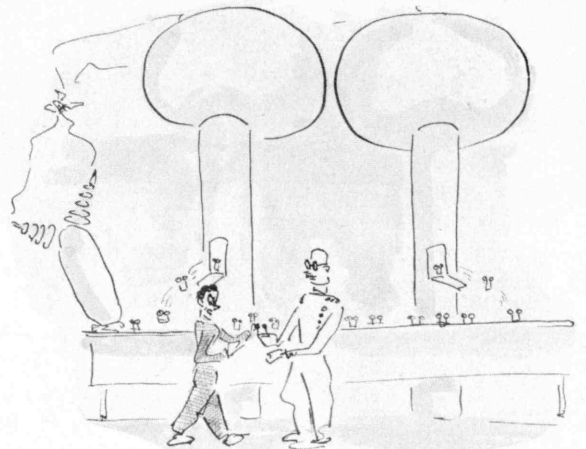
How about removing the electric eye and pulling in a turnstile? Shills, provided by Course XV, could offer free rides on the teakwood banister as a come-on. In this way the railing could be paid for inside of twenty-five years.



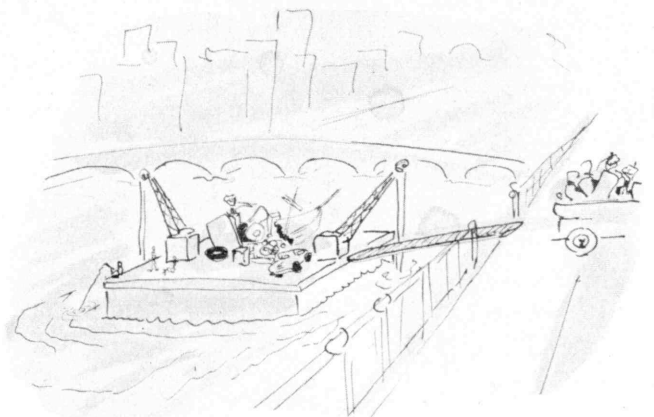
There are the usual economy measures; the lights turned out at night and candles provided. This would cut the electric bill and at the same time make it possible to ask the Cape Cod Candle and Wax Works for a contribution.



Why not ask for voluntary contributions from the students?



Mating the electrodes of the Vandergraf Generator and selling the by-products to visitors as souvenirs.



The Charles is a fine source of scrap; as fast as it is taken out, more cars go off the bridge. Think of the haul when the bridge falls down — certainly not an unlikely prospect.

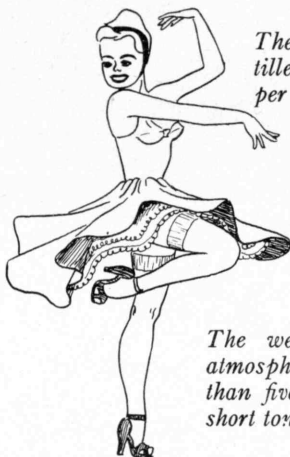


Of course, Dr. Killian could always join a pyramid club.

FACTS AND FIGURES



The Ozooyhee Reservoir has a capacity of 1.12×10^6 acre-feet.



The excise tax on distilled spirits is \$9.00 per gallon.



The U. S. produced 10,606,527 tons of wood pulp in 1946.

The population of Srinagar is 207,787 (1940).



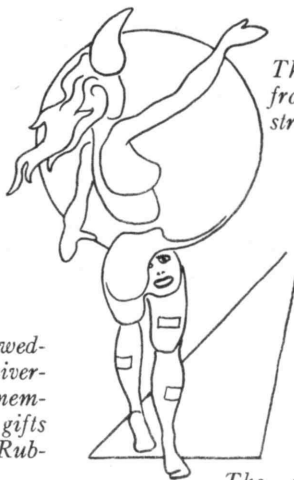
There are many mountain streams in Ceylon that are navigable only by canoe.

The weight of the atmosphere is more than five quadrillion short tons.

The name Cecil means dim-sighted.

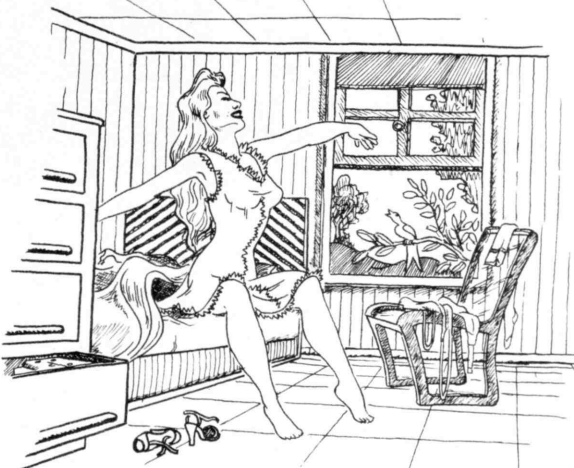
The U. S. standard barrel for fruits and vegetables (Except Cranberries) has a capacity of 7,056 cubic inches.

Western Australia has an area of 975,920 square miles.



The zither has from 29 to 42 strings.

The period of Donati's comet is 2,000 years.



The eighth wedding anniversary is remembered with gifts of India Rubber.

The color of an academic degree in Theology is Scarlet.

The Colossus of Rhodes is 70 cubits high and cost 300 Talents.

Ravenstein estimated that the Earth has 4,888,800 square miles of Polar Region.

An unskilled worker in the U. S. S. R. is paid about 600 Rubles a month.

The average velocity of the wind at Helena Montana, is 7.9 miles per hour.

The full name of the Marquis de Lafayette was Marie Joseph Yves Gilbert Du Motier Lafayette.

Robert the Bruce of Scotland was a victim of leprosy.

Alexander Pushkin is called "The Shakespeare of Russia."

The common-law marriage of a girl twelve years old is valid in Utah.

There is 1 mg. of Niacin in each pound of fresh apples.

A Roman foot is 11.6 inches long.

Drescher invented the achromatic fused bifocal in 1924.

The corner of Prospect Park West and 18th Street in Brooklyn is 182.7 feet above sea level.

Istanbul is 2,975 statute miles from the Azores.

The Irrawaddy River is navigable for 900 miles.

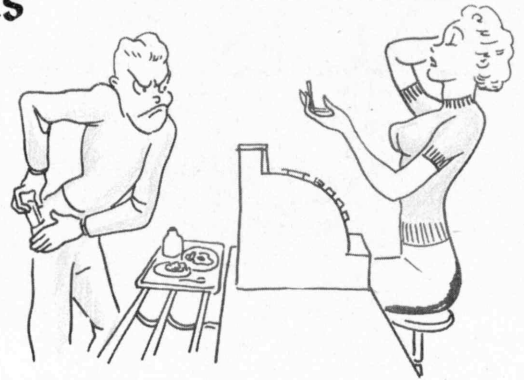


Study Helps for French Students

Are you having trouble reading menus? Are you missing all the italicized stuff in those "historical" novels? Voo Doo, in an attempt to add to the general confusion and aid Techmen to become "wordly," presents the first in its simplified French lessons.



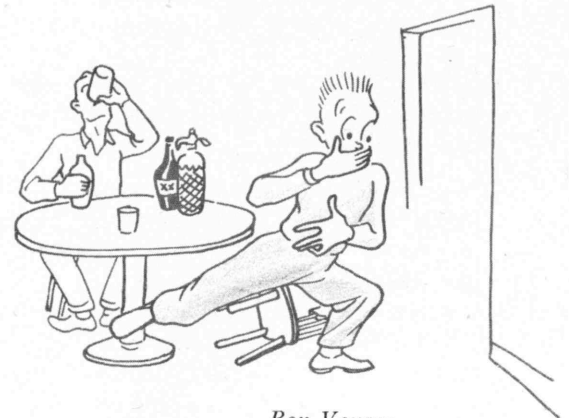
Méchant Homme



La Belle Dame Sans Merci



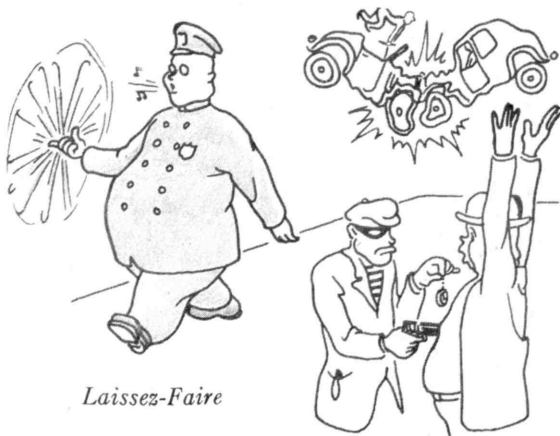
Cherchez La Femme



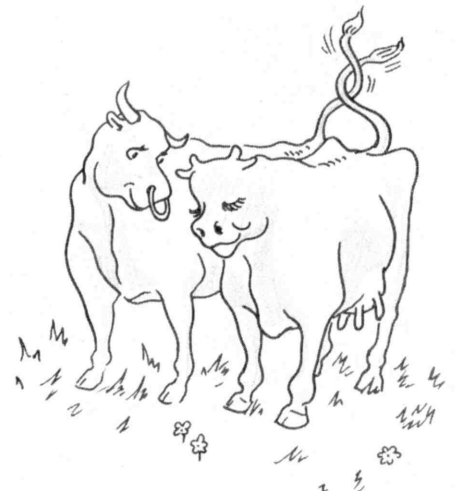
Bon Voyage



Au Jus

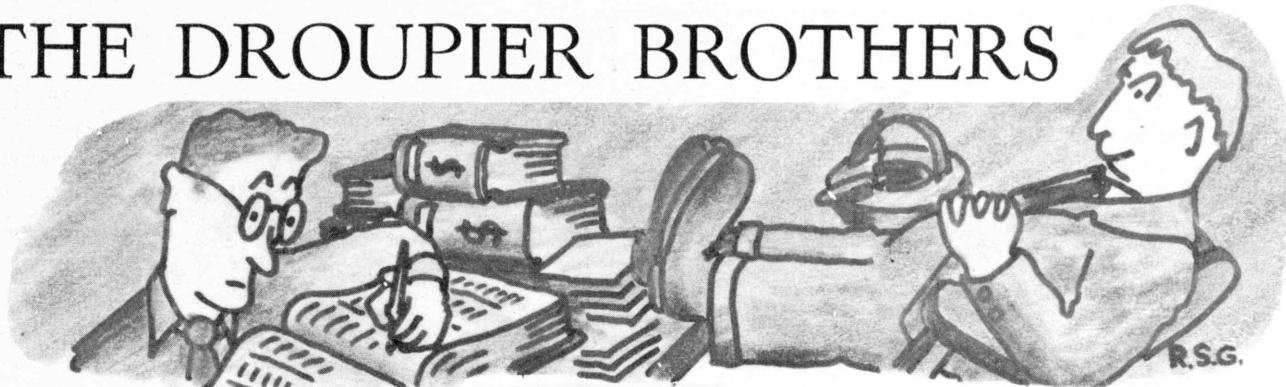


Laissez-Faire



Parlez-Moi D'Amour

THE DROUPIER BROTHERS



(The following case history has been made available to Voo Doo through the courtesy of the MIT alumni bureau)

The Droupier brothers first made their appearance at MIT some years ago. They were Ozymandius ("Ozzie") Augustus Droupier, the Greenbush Falls quiz kid, and poor little Sackwell Droupier, who never meant any harm to anyone.

Ozzie was the most terrific thing that ever hit Tech. He could figure out the fifth root of the national debt in his head, multiply by the number of microseconds it would take for an automobile to drop from Harvard bridge to the Charles River, and give you the answer to ten significant figures quicker than you could say, "Tech is Hell." A skilled linguist, he could converse with every Tech student in his or her native language; and his scholarly treatise on the possible interrelationships between Aztec and Japanese grammar is still unsurpassed. He even knew whereabouts in Cambridge you could go to get a really good seven course steak dinner with an all-you-can-eat-or-your-money-back guarantee for 80¢. Once, during finals, after having polished off the exam in 14½ minutes (problems never held him up, since he always worked them out in his head rather than use a sliderule or tables) he found that he had by mistake taken the course VIII doctor's exam instead of his 8.01 final. No brownbagger, however, he was class president, captain of the basketball and swimming teams, and was voted by Wellesley as "The man with

whom we would most enjoy disaster."

Poor Sackwell, on the other hand, was definitely below average. Aside from being able to balance a basketball on his head, which was somewhat concave on top, he had no accomplishments. MIT was all a horrible nightmare to him, and when not out flunking exams, he was usually in bed in his room, nursing along the severe stomach ulcer he had gotten from Walker food. Once, while walking along Memorial Drive, two wrens built a nest in his mouth, which he customarily left hanging open. Later on, he tripped over the car track in Mass. Ave. in front of an MTA bus, and while recuperating in the hospital he received his report, which contained a monotonous double row of F's. He transferred to Skunk Hollow College, in Kentucky, where he eventually got his BA in hill-billy music appreciation with the minimum passing grades.

Meanwhile, Ozzie had gotten his BS at MIT in a record breaking 102 weeks, 3 days and had spent a couple of years picking up eight MS's and five PhD's. Both brothers then got jobs with the Gargantuan Motors Corp.

It immediately seemed obvious that Ozzie was destined for a brilliant career, while poor Sackwell would never amount to much. Sackwell's bad luck had continued; one night, while drunk, he became married to the male-mad but aging Euphradie Hawkins.

Yet now, the tables seem to be turned. Euphradie's uncle turned out

to be the chairman of the board of directors, and now Sackwell is Vice President in charge of office etiquette, at \$25,000 a year. Even after paying out 10 G's in income tax, he still has plenty to get along on. Poor Ozzie, however, is nothing but a misfit. His brilliance never seemed to mesh with the needs of Gargantuan Motors, and he dropped from one position to another. In fact, he would have disappeared completely, if they hadn't found that his skill with figures, plus a little he had learned from listening in on 15.50 gave him the ability to keep books so neatly that even an FBI auditor would have had no complaints. Thus it is that while, for the last twenty years, Sackwell has been lolling in his plush lined office, Ozzie has been sweating over the books as a \$10 a week bookkeeper.

Naturally, one must expect that any guy making \$10 a week would be tempted by the wealth of Gargantuan Motors, and it is probable that occasionally Ozzie dips lightly into the company's till. The few pennies possibly acquired in this way, added to his regular weekly earnings bring his average annual income to \$6,000,520. And sometimes, after a long, hard day with the books, as he rides in his private B-29 home to his 10,000 acre Virginian estate and his harem of 17 ex-Powers models, he thinks that the brightest spot in the whole picture is that guys like himself in the \$10 a week wage bracket don't have to pay any income tax.

— J. F. B.

Bostonians because They're Triple-Threat Winners



The Triple-Threat

\$13⁹⁵

Triple decker soles, extra plump Briar Brown uppers and full leather lining... man! What husky, long-wearing goodlooking shoes these Bostonians are! And plain-toe comfort means *extra* ease, every step of the way.

TECHNOLOGY STORE
Patronage Refund
to Members

Modern man will stand for almost anything but a woman in a streetcar.



A cultured woman is one who can pull a shoulder strap on without going through the motions of a small boy scooping a new hat out of the mud.

— Emily Post



A gravedigger, absorbed in his thoughts, dug a grave so deep he could not get out. Came nightfall and his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and finally attracted the attention of a drunk.

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable gravedigger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."

— The Pup



Then there's the one about the Scotchman who emigrated to New York and was sitting on a pier in Jersey City when a diver came to the surface, removed his headgear, and lit a cigarette.

"Hoot mon," said the Scot, "why did nae one tell me about this? I'd have walked over maself."

— Boulder



A tipsy soap-box orator who had reached the argumentative stage sat down next to a clergyman in a streetcar. Wishing to start something, he drawled, "I ain't goin' to Heaven, there ain't no Heaven."

"I say, there ain't no Heaven; I ain't goin' to Heaven," he shouted.

The clergyman replied quietly, "Well go to hell then, but be quiet about it."



Said the rooster as he placed the ostrich egg in front of the hen, "I ain't complainin', now, but I just wanted you to see the kind of work they're doin' in some parts of the world."



Two passengers for South Boston were overheard on a MTA train the other day.

"What's yer favorite readin'?"

"Popeye, Superman, and Flash Gordon."

"Howja like O'Henry?"

"Nah, the nuts get in me teeth."

— H H

"What's your girl's name?"
 "I've forgotten, but it's something like Chiffonier."
 "But a chiffonier is something with drawers."
 "I guess her name must have been Kelly."

— Mis-A-Sip



First Joe: "Why don't women have hair on their chests?"

Second Joe: "Did you ever see grass grow on a playground?"

— R.P.I. Pup



There was an old man walking down the street, when he noticed a little boy crying.

"Why are you crying, little boy?" asked the old gent.

"Because I can't do the things the big boys do," sobbed the lad.

So the old man sat down and cried with him.



A man recently arranged to have his aged mother cared for in a nursing home, where he has been visiting her twice a week. Each time he brings her a special lunch of delicacies from the farm, including a thermos bottle of fresh milk in which he slips a little brandy — on advice of the family doctor. The old lady is always delighted with the lunches, and the other day, as she sipped the milk, she said gravely, "Oh, Larry, don't ever sell that cow!"

— This Week



Two street urchins were watching a barber singe a customer's hair.

"Gee," said one to the other, "he's hunting them with a light."

— Green Spot

**NOW! OPEN EVERY DAY
 .. INCLUDING SUNDAYS ..**

**FAMOUS STEAK DINNERS
 AT**

Newbury's Steak House

**NEWBURY STREET AT GLOUCESTER
 BACK BAY :: BOSTON**

QUESTIONS

- A** Just find the key, throw out the E,
 And add Blue Grass to fleur-de-lis.
- B** A cheerful mien encircled as seen:
 A doubter of fame, that's most of my name.
- C** The leading three in this basic series,
 Contain advice that's better than theories.

**ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
 NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE**



Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word "milder" appears twice in the ad in red letters, and the word "mild" (two-thirds of "milder") appears in white letters. They all explain why Chesterfield is right.
- B** Four eyes (Darnell's and Griffin's) are the same in color and shape, but not in fame, since Linda Darnell's are much more famous.
- C** The pearl earrings worn by Linda Darnell.

WINNERS...

<i>E. Hall</i>	<i>H. Skillman</i>	<i>G. Callahan</i>	<i>J. Tarbox</i>
<i>R. Poirier</i>	<i>R. Rothen</i>	<i>M. Brandt</i>	<i>D. Hanson</i>
	<i>W. Freeman</i>	<i>H. Graves</i>	

One night old man Wimple decided he'd do a bit of tinkering about the house, and took it upon himself to revarnish the seat in the bathroom. Young Johnny came home late from a party and, not knowing about the paint, got stuck. His struggles to get loose woke the old man, but their efforts were in vain. Finally the old man took the seat off and drove poor Johnny to the family doctor. The sawbones turned him sunny-side up and was about to start work, when Johnny remarked:

"Did you ever see anything like that before?"

"Oh, sure," chuckled the doc. "Lots of times, but I'll be darned if this isn't the first time I ever saw one framed."

— Growler



Even the dumbest girls are good for a few bride ideas.

— Archive



And then there was the man on relief who was so accustomed to having things done for him that he went out and married a widow with three children.

— Scarlet Fever

Flavor Packed!

There is no
name more famous
for *flavor* than
Beech-Nut...



There is no
chewing gum more
dependable for fine
flavor and uniform
high quality than...

Beech-Nut GUM

It's "Always Refreshing"

Beech-Nut **BEECHIES**, the
Candy Coated Chewing Gum
in three varieties:

PEPPERMINT, PEPSIN
and SPEARMINT

A grandparent who believed in reincarnation made an appointment to meet his grandson at a certain time after he passed on. When the time came, the boy went to the pre-arranged spot, where he made contact with his grandpa.

"Are you happy, grandpappy?" the boy asked.

"Why, son, this is the most wonderful experience I have ever had. The sun is shining brightly, the grass is green and tender and would you believe it, there are twenty-five of the most beautiful females lying on the grass in front of me. They have the sweetest faces, and their big brown eyes look up to me in adoration."

"Gee, grandpappy," the boy said, "I didn't know Heaven was like that."

"Hell, son," the old man replied, "I'm not in Heaven. I'm a Holstein bull out in western Pennsylvania."

— Exchange



There was a young lady from France
Who thought that she'd take a chance
So: for an hour or so
She let herself go.
And now all her sisters are aunts.



Hospital Visitor: "I just heard those two nurses saying some awfully mean things about you."

Patient: "Yeah, they've had me on the pan ever since I've been here."



"Where did you find all the women, Hank?"

"Simple. I just opened the door marked 'Ladies' and there they were."

— Texas Ranger



"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes, and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

"Yeah, and what's in the third bottle?"

"Gin."

— Gargoyle

Once upon a time there was a lady who bought a rabbit for a rabbit stew. On the way home from the butcher she slipped on the icy pavement, fell, hurt herself, and began to cry while sitting on the ice. A passing drunk, seeing the woman weeping bitterly, tried to console her thusly. "Don't cry, lady, it would have been an idiot anyway. Lookit the ears on it."



A couple of drinks on a bridge is enough to make any gal feel high, but it takes plenty to make her go under.

— Growler



Mary had a little wolf,
She fleeced him white as snow.



Perplexed Oriental Husband: "Our child is white. Is velly strange."

Wife: "'Tis true. Two Wongs do not make a white."

— Sundial



She: "I'm a good girl."

He: "Who asked you?"

She: "No one."

He: "Then no wonder you're a good girl."



A golfer, trying to get out of a trap, said, "The traps on this course are very annoying, aren't they?"

Second Golfer, trying to putt: "Yes, they are. Would you mind closing yours?"

It wasn't my fault. I wouldn't have taken the date, but Harry's girl liked her and wanted to see her get around. I didn't have any excuse and they bought my ticket to the "Frolics."

When she came downstairs I grabbed Harry. She was dressed in lavender or something, her slip was showing slightly, the back of her dress was bare and I could see her skinny shoulder blades. Her hair was corn color and she wore glasses.

She liked me, of course, and made passionate love all the way down. When we danced, I held her away as much as possible, but I couldn't prevent her knees from knocking mine.

On the way back she said she liked my car better than hers. I asked her what kind of car she had and she said it was a Packard. I wondered what business her father was in and she said he was president of a big bank in Sioux City. In June we were married.

— *Pointer*



A pinch of salt is greatly improved by adding a glass of beer.

— *Pup Tent*



Kodiak, the Eskimo, was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. He finished and got up. "My tale is told," said he.

— *Wampus*



Said one nudist to another: "I think we've been seeing too much of each other."

— *Wampus*



Seagull No. 1: "Who won the boat race down there, Harvard or Yale?"

Seagull No. 2: "Yale just crossed the line in the lead."

Seagull No. 1: "And to think I put all I had on Harvard."



It's easy to figure out why the Raleigh is America's favorite bicycle:

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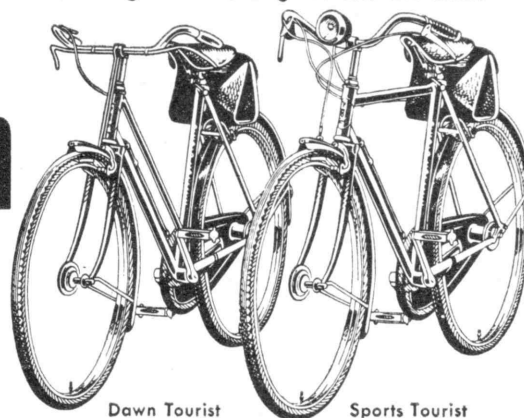
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"Does my gown look as though it were falling off my shoulders?"

"Naw, let's dance."

"I'm sorry — but I must go and rearrange it — it's supposed to look that way."

— Pitt Panther



1st Sem. Gal: "Do you know that when I came back on the floor from intermission with Bill last night, the chaperon glared at me as if I'd been out necking."

2d Sem. Gal: "Goodness, what did you do?"

1st Sem. Gal: "I glared right back at her as if I hadn't."



And then there's the one about the nearsighted snake that eloped with a rope.



For the fourth time the corporation lawyer conducting the cross-examination led to the witness to the accident.

"You say that after the streetcar passed, the man was seen lying on the ground with his scalp bleeding. Did the car hit him?"

"Naw," exploded the exasperated witness, "the conductor leaned out the window and bit him as he went by."

A parrot was sitting in the salon of a luxurious steamer watching a magician do tricks, when the wizard announced that he was going to perform a feat never before accomplished. As he was rolling up his sleeves and performing magical gestures, the boiler blew up, demolishing the ship. "Damn clever, damn clever," muttered the parrot as he floated about in the ocean five minutes later.

— Yellow Jacket



"Yup," said the guide to the wide-eyed travellers, "there has been many a couple go up that mountain and never been seen again."

"Gee, what happened to them?"

"Oh dunno . . . went down the other side, I guess."



A woman phoned her bank to arrange for the disposal of a bond.

"Is the bond for redemption or conversion?" a clerk inquired.

There was a long pause, then the woman asked: "Am I talking to the First National Bank, or the First Methodist Church?"



— Boulder

The doctor was interviewing the last patient in his office when a woman rushed in crying: "Doctor! Doctor! Come quickly. My husband has swallowed a mouse."

"Get back to him," said the doctor, "and try waving a piece of cheese in front of his mouth. I'll follow."

Five minutes later the doctor reached the house. A man was lying on the settee with his mouth wide open, while an hysterical woman was waving a herring close to his mouth.

"You foolish woman," he cried. "I told you to use cheese."

"I know that," she shrilled, "but I have to get the cat out first."

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When Clare Boothe Luce visited George Bernard Shaw in London, she found him writing as she entered.

"Mr. Shaw," began Mrs. Luce, trying to flatter him into thinking she had come to Europe for the sole purpose of seeing him, "you are the only reason I am standing here."

Shaw replied: "Who'd you say your mother was, my child?"



He held her tenderly in his arms as he inquired, "Darling am I the first man you've ever loved?"

"Yes, my sweet," she cooed. "All the rest were middies."



Farmer Squibbs was plowing the farthest corner of his field when a neighbor came running to call, "Quick, Henry! Your wife's having a fit." Squibbs dropped everything and ran a mile to his house, only to find his wife had recovered fully and was placidly cooking dinner.

A week later he was summoned again. This time, his wife, once more recovered, was darning stockings in the parlor.

A third time the neighbor called for Farmer Squibbs. This time he found his wife out cold on the kitchen floor. He felt her pulse and her heart. Neither stirred. He held a mirror before her mouth. There was no trace of moisture.

Farmer Squibbs straightened himself and mopped his forehead. "Well," he declared, "this is more like it."

— Boulder



The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur.

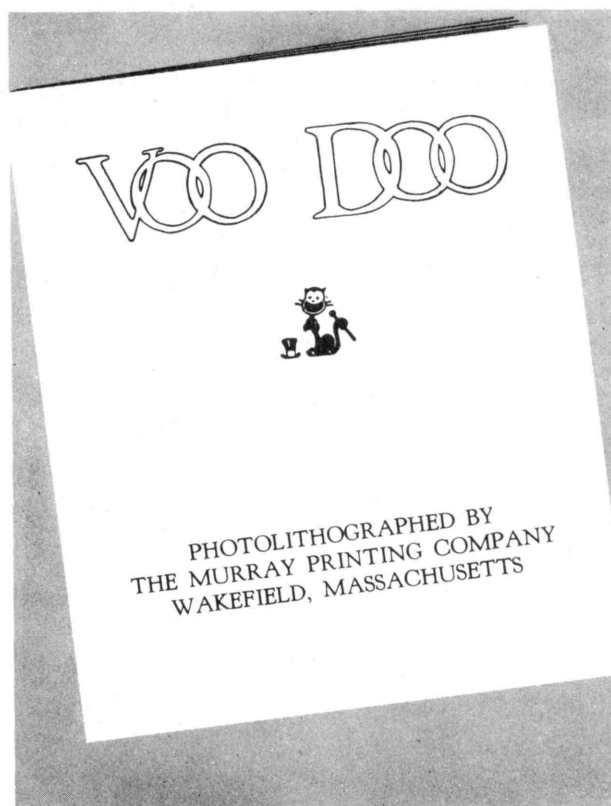
"Drive off a cliff, James," replied the old gentleman. "I'm committing suicide."

— Urchin

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The street car stopped at the intersection. "All aboard," yelled the conductor from the front of the car. "Wait!" cried a feminine voice. "Wait until I get my clothes on." The naked girl came down the aisle. We had all expected a negress with a bundle of laundry.

— Mis-A-Sip



"Daddy and I won't be home tonight, Junior," said mother.

"Do you want to sleep alone or with nursie?"

Junior (after some deliberation): "What would you do, Daddy?"



Old maid to a robber: "Oh, gracious—frisk me again."



Then there is the one about the Zoo Professor who walked into his lab one day and said, "Today we shall take a frog apart and see what makes him croak. Here in my pocket I have a frog that we shall use for a specimen." He took a paper bag from his coat pocket and carefully emptied the contents on the desk. Out came — not a frog, but a beat-up ham sandwich. A cold sweat broke out on the Prof's forehead; he mopped his brow, and muttered, "Oh, my God, I distinctly remember eating lunch!"

— El Burro

A midget died. His wife had him embalmed and laid out upstairs. About a day later a friend called to view the last remains. He was directed upstairs. Upon descending he remarked to the bereaved on how well her husband looked.

"Did you shut the door?" she asked.

"Why, no," replied the astonished man.

"Oh, my gosh," said the wife, "the cat has had him downstairs twice already today!"

— *Ski-U-Mah*



He was an American. She was French. He was in New York to buy furniture for his store in San Marino. He met her on an elevator. She looked good to him. He looked good to her. He took out a pad and pencil and drew a picture of a hansom with a question mark after it. She nodded yes. They went for a ride in the park. He drew a picture of a restaurant. She nodded yes. They ate. He drew a picture of some dancers. She nodded yes. They danced. Then she took the pencil and pad. She drew a picture of a four-poster bed. Now, what he is trying to figure out is how she knew he was in the furniture business.

— *El Rodco*



Girl: "We were out in his yacht when he told me there was a big storm coming up, so, like a darn fool, I let him tie me to the mast."



A distinguished Shakespearian actor and an eminent English critic were at lunch together in a London club, when the conversation, as was natural, turned to the Bard of Avon.

"Tell me," asked the critic of the actor, "Is it your opinion that Shakespeare intended us to understand that Hamlet had relations with Ophelia?"

"I don't know what Shakespeare intended," said the tragedian. "Anyway, I always do."

— *Unique*



Help raise the devil while you live.

You will meet him soon after you die and those who are acquainted with him will get the best shovels.

— *Pup Tent*

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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:

Little dog, looking up at a parking meter: "Hell! Ya gotta pay now."

This month's winning joke submitted by Miss Gretchen Frey, Franklin Square House, Boston, Mass.

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by *Nudy Pott*



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Give yourself a TREAT! Cheer up—light up...an OLD GOLD...for a TREAT instead of the TREATMENT!



This happened after World War III when atomic bombs had killed every last human being. After three or four days when the dust had settled, a couple of monkeys came out of their cave and solemnly surveyed the desolate landscape. After several minutes, the small monkey turned to her friend and said: "Well, honey, shall we start the whole damn thing over again?"



SOPHOMORES: Want their girls to be like cigarettes — slender and trim. All in a row to be selected at will; set aflame, and when the flame has subsided, discarded, only to select another.

JUNIORS: Want their girls to be like a cigar — they are more expensive; make a better appearance, last longer, and if the brand is good they are seldom discarded.

A SENIOR: Wants his girl to be like his pipe — something he becomes attached to, knocks gently but lovingly and takes great care of at all times.

(A man will give a cigarette, he will offer you a cigar, but he will never share his pipe.)

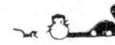
— *Midnight Oil*

"Why so gloomy, old chap?"

"Just heard that my uncle has cut me out of his will. He's altered it five times in the last two years."

"Ah, a fresh heir fiend."

— *Cam-Unity*



Husband: "You say the bill collector is downstairs?"

Wife: "Yes."

Husband: "Well, tell him to take that pile on my desk."

— *Uniqu*



Back in the hoop skirt days I'll bet they whooped it up plenty.



Once upon a time there were seven brothers. The first one was a lawyer and the second one didn't know anything either. The third was a politician and the fourth was a crook too. The fifth was a banker and the sixth occupied the cell next to him. And the seventh was a bachelor like his father.

— *Urchin*

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"See that fellow over there?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"Oh, he's a terrible guy, awful low-life; let's ostracize him."

"O. K.; you hold him and I'll do it."



He took his girl out into the night air and mist.



Bellhop: "Calling Mr. Moore, calling Mr. Moore."

Clerk (not recognizing the name): "Who is that being called?"

Bellhop: "I don't know. Some girl in 210 is yelling for more."



She (cooly): "You bad boy, don't try to kiss me again."

He: "I won't. I'm just trying to find out who has the bourbon at this party."

— Pup

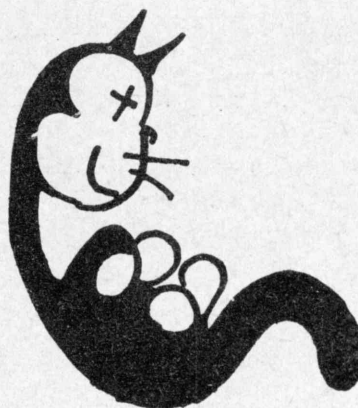
Once upon a time there were three coeds, a great big coed, a medium-sized coed, and a little coed, who went for a walk in the woods. When they came back they were very tired and wished to go to bed, so they went to their rooms. All of a sudden:

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," said the great big coed in a great big voice.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too," said the medium-sized coed in a medium-sized voice.

"Good-night, girls," said the little coed in a little bit of a voice.

— Pelican



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