

Voo Doo

DEC 25





*My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!*

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are **SO MILD** that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels — and *only* Camels — for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported



NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!

WE entered the office through a heavy barrage of beer cans. By retracing the trajectory of a half-filled Budweiser, we found The Cat, his face contorted in rage, throwing beer cans indiscriminately about. Since our janitor hadn't cleaned up the office for three days, there was considerable ammunition to keep Phos busy. As we feared for our reputation as quiet clean-living youths, we grabbed our seething mascot and received a few scratches on our faces, and a few swearwords in our ears, for our good intentions. We nevertheless quieted him down to the point where he was able to grub a cigarette from us.

"Phos, where is your Christmas spirit? What happened to that old happy-go-lucky Phosphorus that we used to know?"

"Well, I'll tell you, boys. I've just about reached the end of my rope. A month and a half ago I was doing fine. I was going steady with that cute feline sleeps in the boiler room out at Wellesley, and keeping a little Persian from Radcliffe happy on the side. The Mayor had promised me my own special highway wherever I wanted it to go, just for supporting his election. Things were great, life was beautiful. Then it started, and everything went wrong."

Phos paused long enough to slurp beer and then went on. "The first thing was that the ungrateful people didn't vote for my boy, so there went my private highway. I had had my heart set on it, but the worst was yet to come. A little over a week later when the Voo Doo Bridge was to be reopened, a certain nameless newspaper decided to change the name to Technology Bridge. They had the nerve to send two or three people to our well planned dedication ceremony and heckle not only our staff, but our guest, his excellency the Governor of Massachusetts.

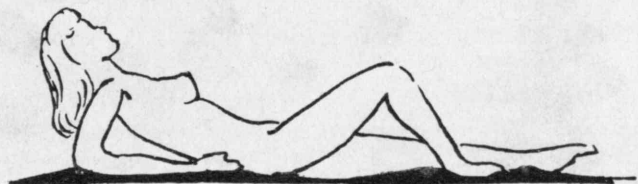
"Two weeks ago my honey at Radcliffe found out about my boiler room companion at Wellesley, and today — Wellesley found out about Radcliffe!" Phos drew himself majestically up to his full 3.14159 feet, stepped grandly forward, and then fell sobbing to the floor.

Charitably we threw a couple of exchange issues over him. Then deciding loudly that we might as well take his Christmas gift back since he obviously hadn't the right spirit, we headed for the door. The Cat sat up and wiped his eyes with his beerstained paw.

"Now boys, you don't think a few things like that are going to keep ol' Phos down, do you? A gift, well I should say I've got the old spirit! Join me in a brew while I recite —

A Merry Christmas Season —
Stay Sober Within Reason! A. C. P.

Cover this month by Waldt.



Volume XXXII

December, 1949

No. 8

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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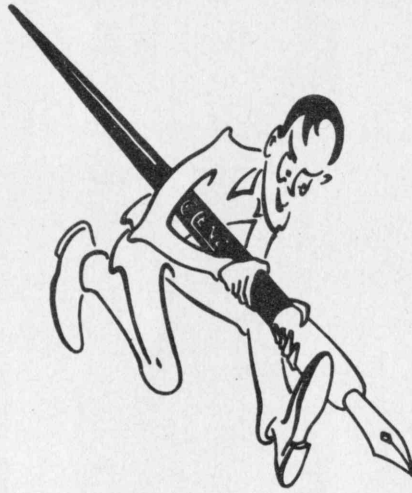
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Famous
Food
For
Fifty
Years

500 MEMORIAL DRIVE
CAMBRIDGE

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



To the editors of Voo Doo
Gentlemen:

In a recent issue of your otherwise splendid magazine, one RIP claims that I said that human skin is best contrasted against light red, and that this influenced the design of Technology living accommodations. May I correct the gentleman and point out that I said specifically, "A tawny background of gold provides the perfect setting etc." I trust that you will take this correction in the friendly spirit in which it is made.

Yours etc.

ALFRED KINSEY

Orchids to sex savant Kinsey for his brilliant findings, and the purple shaft for Voo Doo staffer RIP, who is now taking an intensive course in judging skin color.

ED.



"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?" asked a man of his friend.

"Sure," was the answer. "Did you think it would go through?"

— Pup Tent

To the editors of Voo Doo
Gentlemen:

I have come to the conclusion that you just don't know anything about clean-cut, red-blooded, wholesome American girls. You are always writing about these French trollops, and so on. Why don't you come out here and find out for a change what makes nice girls tick?

JENNY STAHL,
Tower Court, Wellesley College

We have been trying to make nice girls tick for a number of years now, and we are no longer interested.

ED.



To the editors of Voo Doo
Dear Sirs:

It has come to my ears that one of the prominent men on Voo Doo delivered himself of the opinion that nothing sells magazines like sex. Now boys, everything in its place — let's have something a little less puerile once in a while. I know it's all necessary for the preservation of the race, but won't you lay off this sex business once in a while?

Yours truly,
'Sense and Sensibility'

No. ED.



Jack: Last night I finally persuaded my girl to say "yes."

Jake: Swell, old man, when's the wedding?

Jack: Wedding?? What wedding?
— *Syracusan*



Last line of defense: But the folks will be home anytime now.

— *Covered Wagon*



When Tony's wife passed away, he was almost inconsolable. At the cemetery he almost collapsed with grief; in the carriage riding back home his whole frame shook with wild sobs. 'Now, now, Tony,' soothed his friend, "it really is not so bad. I know it is tough now, but in sixamonth maybe you find another beautiful bambina and firsta thing you know you get married again."

Tony turned to him in a rage. "Sixa month!" he shouted. "What I gonna do tonight?"



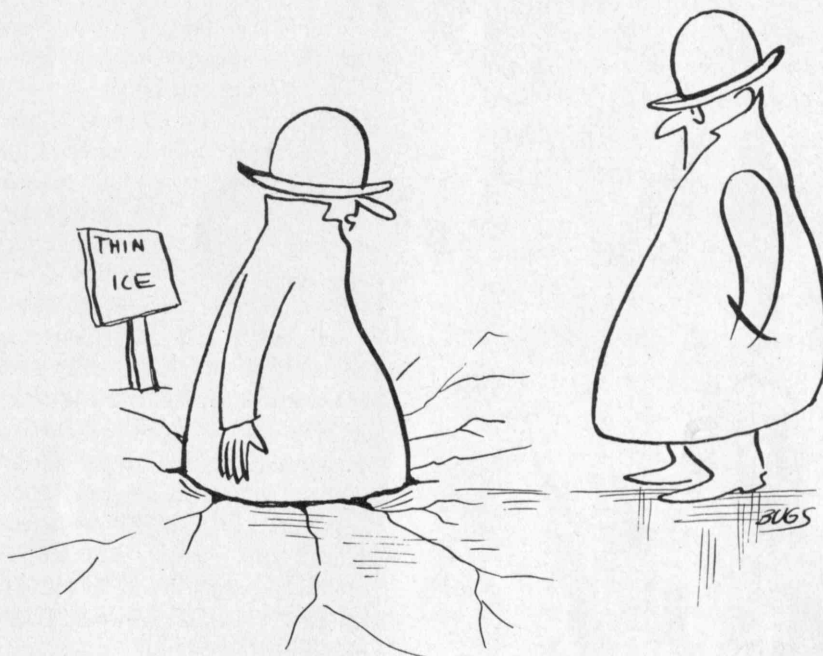
As the sweet young thing said as she peddled her bicycle across the cobblestone street: "Well, I'll certainly never come this way again."



One of our elder professors can't wait until the lecture permits him to define a fairy. Hereafter students will recognize such a person as someone who likes his vice versa.



Mary has a little car
She drives it very brisk
For Mary doesn't care, you know,
She only has her *.



"It's not deep"

A Woman is Like Geography

- 15-25 Like Africa — Part virgin, part unexplored.
- 25-35 Like Asia — Hot, unsatisfied.
- 35-45 Like North America — Capable and efficient.
- 45-55 Like Europe — Antique, but interesting in places.
- 55-65 Like Australia — Everybody knows it's there, but pays no attention to it.

— *Syracusan*



She: I'll stand on my head or bust.
Gym Instructor: Never mind, just stand on your head.

— *Flame*



"Hey, Rastus. How you like ma new suit, boy? I crazy 'bout gabardeen. What material you like bestus?"

"Asbestos."

— *Pup*

Techman: Drinking and petting methinks are the pastimes of fools.

Blonde: Er — and of course you're the intellectual type.

Techman: Hell, no, I'm the biggest fool of them all.

— *Caveman*



Joe: My wife is scared to death that someone will steal her clothes.

Moe: Doesn't she have them insured?

Joe: She has a better idea than that. She has someone stay in the closet and watch them. I found him there last night.

— *Story*



"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Yes, if kindness fails."

— *Pelican*

DOING THE TOWN



I THOUGHT that no one can spend more than a couple of weeks in Boston without having heard of or been in the Eliot Lounge, at the corner of Massave and Commonwealth Avenue. It appears, however, that this pleasant bistro is not as widely known as it deserves, especially on account of its policy of pricing all drinks at only thirty-nine cents until eight o'clock. Those who drink more than Coca Cola will recognize the intrinsic merits of the situation. The place is divided into a number of rooms, all very well upholstered, lit in a rather subdued manner, and enlivened by the Don Alessi trio when Muzak gets tired. Don, Boston's own Cesar Romero, fancies himself as the world's greatest guitarist, which, discounting Condon and Django Reinhardt, he might well be. He is accompanied on the xylophone by a gentleman who looks much like the young FDR when he was at Harvard, and by another and equally formidable gent on the bass. These three make very talented music, and it has always disappointed me that there is no space to dance.

Specialty of the house is the French Seventy-five, a concoction of brandy and champagne, with other good things added, which is guaranteed to lift the pain from your heated brow. I know a man who lived on nothing but Seventy-fives for three days not so long ago, and he thrived under the treatment. The service is excellent and as unobtrusive as the decor, and friendly in the extreme. I saw a man topple from the bar, stiff as a poker, and at least three waiters rushed to dig him out between tables, and propped him up at the bar again. A fine place to pick up just one drink for the digestion, and another for the road; highly recommended.

If your woman insists on doing the old twinkletoesact, the Hotel Lafayette is diagonally across the intersection on Commonwealth Avenue. They have a minimum here for drinks, but it is

only a buck and a half, so that the minimum does not come into consideration if you want to do more than just wet your whistle. Prices are not rockbottom, but they are extremely reasonable, and there is space set apart for dancing, although the floor is apt to be as crowded as in places in New York. Here again the lights are low, and the decorations involve quite a lot of gilded plaster and purple curtains. But they gave my girl a flower on the way in, so what the hell, one can't have everything. This one, then, for drinking and dancing.

Place to get a fine dinner before you pick up your date is Jimmy O'Keefe's, on Boylston Street just west of Massave, and very accessible now that the bridge is open again. One of the finest restaurants in Boston, with very good prices. The decorations are sophisticated and good, there are three bars, all of them long, the food is splendid, and the service is fine. Let me recommend the ground beef steak with onion rings—it is ground-up beef steak made into a hamburger the size of a small football, the dinner being priced at \$1.75. Again, between the Muzak, which is adjusted to a very pleasant noise level, three men make music from behind the bar. Very artistic pianist, who plays with his heart and soul for any lady in the audience, and who just about bursts with pride when the lady applauds him. He gets such a kick out of it that he may yet explode. O'Keefe's is an old-established spot, and used to be well known among Techmen in the hairy old days, before it acquired its new and shiny decor. The place does just as well in its new shape, however. Highly recommended for dinner.

Can't say the same for the Stuart Manor, on Stuart Street a little east of Tremont. Perhaps I hit a bad day, because while the food was not bad, it was outrageously expensive, the service was slow as hell, and unwilling, if you follow me, and entertainment

was provided by the vilest singer and guitar strummer it has been my misfortune to hear. A gal I met the other day, who has some sort of pull there, tells me that it isn't always so bad, but the first impression was very unfavorable. Recommended to the rich and indiscriminating for dinner.



When a treasury clerk found a tax return wherein a bachelor listed one dependent son, he turned it over to the examiner who returned it to the bachelor with the penciled notation:

"This must be a stenographic error."

The bachelor returned the form unchanged with a similar note: "You're telling me."

—IBM



She: "I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss."

He: "Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say."

"Don't worry," said the motorist who'd just ran down one of the farmer's sows. "I'll replace your pig."

"You can't," shouted the farmer, "you ain't fat enough."

—Rivet



"Hey, don't spit on the floor!"

"S'matter? Does it leak?"

—Froth



A medical student found the first question in an examination:

"Name five reasons why the mother's milk is better for babies than cow's milk."

He answered, "First, because it's fresher; second, it is cleaner; third, the cats can't get in it; fourth, it is easier to take to the movies and to picnics." . . . Then he thought for a moment and added, "Fifth, it comes in such a cute little container!"

He passed!

The young couple had just returned from their honeymoon. All the bride's friends gathered around her, and one of them asked, "How did John register at the first hotel you stopped at?"

"Just fine," replied the young bride, blushing happily.



The skin you love to touch is usually covered up!



DEEP EMOTIONAL PROSE DEPARTMENT

(Lump in Bosom Division)

"Women's lacquered fingertips trembled and their full breasts swelled with it. Men felt a hard lump in their chests, a longing to release the passion it inspired. They tried to throw off this hunger, to rid themselves of this desire to possess. They stamped their feet in rhythm."

WE of WELLESLEY, vol. 6, No. 1

Purse your lips, honey — we're coming in stamping.

CORSAGES

Gardenias

Orchids

ARTISTICALLY CREATED
OF FRESH FLOWERS

SIDNEY HOFFMAN, JR.
FLORIST

HOTEL KENMORE
KE-6-8875

OUR M. I. T. REPRESENTATIVES

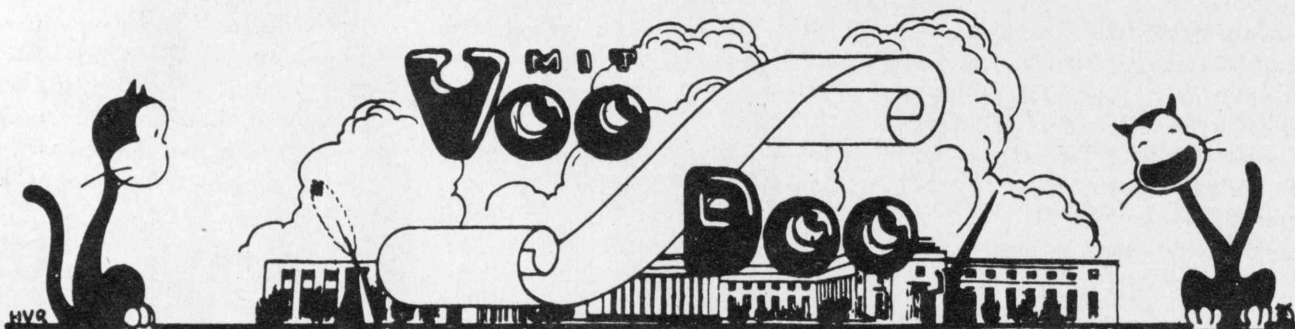
BOB ELLIOTT

ED BERNINGER

VOO DOO



THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY
WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



THERE is some sort of lesson, we suppose, in the tale of the young lady who came up to the Voo Doo sales desk last month, noticed that she was observed, and scooted off like a frightened bunny. After the bell for class had emptied Building Ten, she returned, looking hesitantly over her shoulder, pressed a clammy quarter into the salesman's hand, and asked for a copy of Voo Doo with a very small voice. And almost fell over herself explaining that she had just remembered a sick friend, for whom she wanted to get a copy. We would like to know whether her friend recovered.

OUR man Myron was standing in the dormitory office last Sunday, perusing the bulletin board, when a luscious blonde came in and walked up to the desk. Being our man, Myron sidled up to the desk also. Said femme was inquiring about the location of a certain Indian girl, who, she claimed was living in Bemis. The gentleman behind the desk explained tactfully that this was a dorm for male students only, and asked for the name of the student. The blonde didn't know the first name, but the last corresponded roughly with that of a fellow living in Bemis. The lady was determined, and went to look for herself. Our man looked out of the window a few minutes later to see the beautiful wench running at top speed towards the Kendall subway station.

WE are indebted to *Life*, the barbers' college humor magazine, for

a fascinating sidelight on world history, Debrett's Peerage Division. It appears that the present Duke of Marlborough has added lustre to his glorious family name, proudly borne by generations of soldiers and statesmen, by throwing a raspberry to the top of the great vaulted ceiling of the dining hall at Blenheim Palace and catching the berry in his mouth. A perhaps depressing piece of news, for now we know that we can never attain the upper crust — the ceilings are too low here, and we have trouble adjusting the initial throw so that the berry does not splatter on the ceiling and still gives us time to arrange our mouth underneath. We met a man in Seattle once who claimed that he could catch a knife in his teeth. That is a brutal sport, however, and we don't believe it would count.

WHILE we admire the determination, and the ability, of the department of buildings and power to change the face of the earth, we are a little appalled by the latest developments. Not only have they ripped up a concrete pavement they laid not more than two weeks ago (and on which we had inscribed our initials, with the date), but they are planting a grove of pine trees outside the new library. This is flying in the face of nature, and we are not sure that we can approve. The publicity-wise field day committee also planted a tree this year, but with due regard for tradition, giving the elements a chance to kill the tree if that is in the books. Not so our landscape gardeners. They get Christmas

trees fullgrown, and the winds can howl all they please without impressing the boys any. We don't know the gentleman in person, but we have a feeling that we wouldn't like to meet the Superintendent of Buildings and Power in a dark alley.

STERLING fellow we know very well has been showing a lot of independence and spirit around here. In fact, we got rather used to seeing him around with an indomitable grin on his face, having just ground one or two instructors into the dust. We were all the more astonished, therefore, to see him the other day with a long and acutely miserable face, diving into the john. When we caught up with him, and when he was sure no one could overhear, he confessed that he had put his shorts on that morning back to front, and that this was the first moment during the day he could spare the time to untwist himself.

WE have an urgent message for one of the most monumental liars of the century: Would the gentleman who told the popsy at a recent party we attended that he was a third year man in dentistry at MIT please get in touch with her and give her the blood transfusion he apparently promised her? It all sounds somewhat improbable to us, but we have her telephone number at the office. We have, of course, warned her that dentist's blood is apt to curdle.

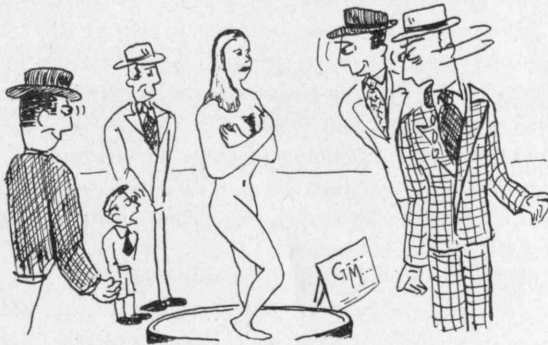


Quick Quotes from Eager Entrepreneurs

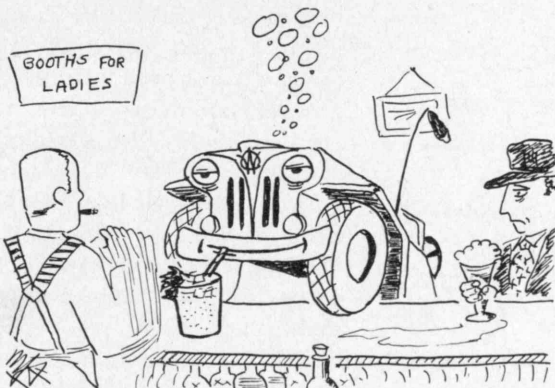
Motor manufacturers mean well. Slogan singers sat several sessions for these sayings, we are sure. Some are sexy, some seriously nautical, but all have you in mind if you have a dollar.



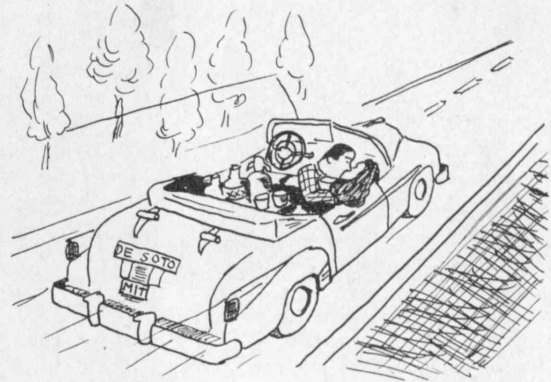
AUSTIN OF ENGLAND — "Let's take the Austin!"



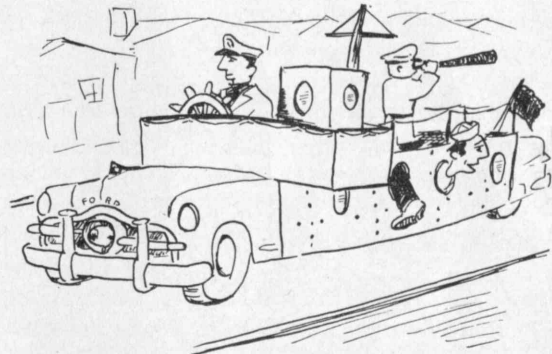
BODY BY FISHER — "Hear the difference; see the difference; feel the difference!"



JEEPSTER — "Fleet, fun-loving car."



DE SOTO — "The car designed with you in mind; let's you drive without shifting."

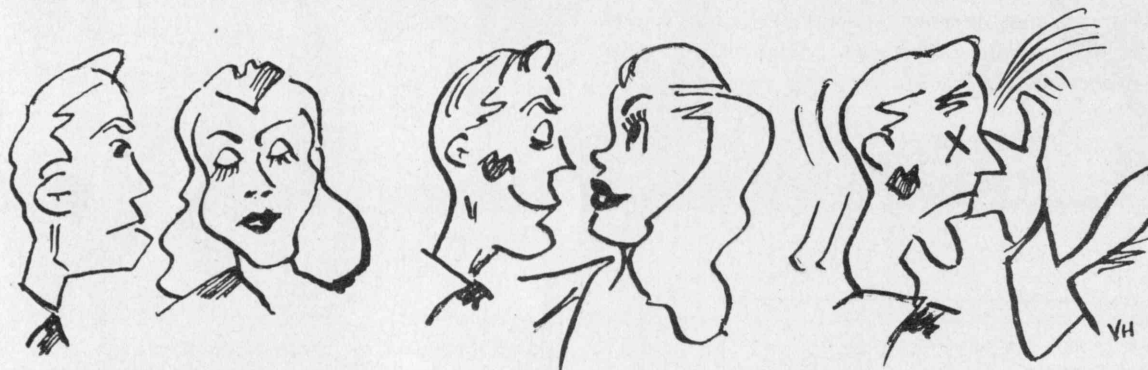


FORD — "... that mid-ship ride."



NASH — "Uni-scope, Air-lyte body design, cock-pit control."

FOR A CHANGE



He sat slouched forward in the easy chair, staring at the pictures on the table when she was in her room. When she was in the hall he followed her with his eyes, occasionally moving his head as she moved. He wondered if they would ever get to the show, if, in fact, she would ever be ready. Perhaps he would end out his days sitting in the hall while she flitted from one room to the next, endlessly trying on dresses.

"Why are you always in such a rush?" she called from the next room. "You're early." She padded barefoot into the hall, tightening a belt about her waist. "Well?"

"I am not," he said, raising his head slightly. "In fact, I was late," he added almost grumpily. She bent

over and pecked him gently on the forehead.

"You're such a dear." She stepped lightly back into her room.

"Yeah," he said, looking at the photographs. He shifted his gaze to her as she returned, bearing a pair of inconsequential-looking evening shoes in her hand. She sat down and began putting them on.

"You know, I still haven't gotten your Christmas present. You're such a puzzle," she said fondly. "I just don't know what to give you." One shoe and foot ensemble was examined critically. She bent to put on the next shoe and then turned her head to look up at him. "Do you have to keep staring at me as if I were a full meal and you were starving to death?"

"Sorry," he said. "I just love looking at you."

She dimpled at him and finished the other shoe. "You could at least give me an idea. I do so want it to be a nice present. Haven't you any ideas about what you'd like?"

"Sure I do."

"Well?"

He grinned at her. After a moment, he shrugged.

"Oh, you're no help at all." She disappeared into her room. "And will you *please* stop *staring* like that at me? You make me feel as if I've got popping plackets or something," she called back. In a few minutes she returned, adjusting a tiny hat upon her head.

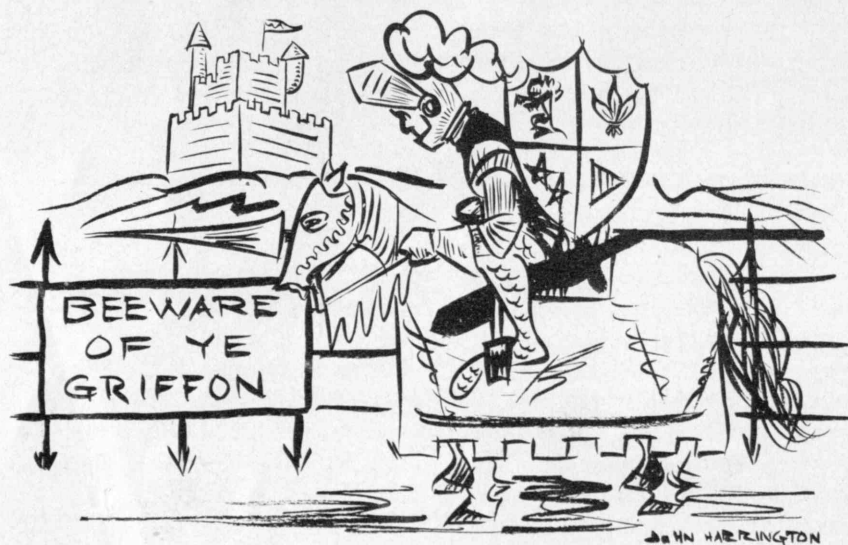
"Ahh," he said, standing up. She winked pertly at him as he walked toward her. "Good enough to eat," he said, smiling. He held her by the waist and smiled down at her.

"No, dear," she said, turning her head away a trifle. "You'll ruin my lipstick." She looked up at him again. "Well, just a little one." She grinned impishly as he bent to kiss her, but impishly with a definite touch of abandon.

"You know what I want for Christmas," he said softly a moment later. She was relaxed against him for one crystal moment. "You know damned well."

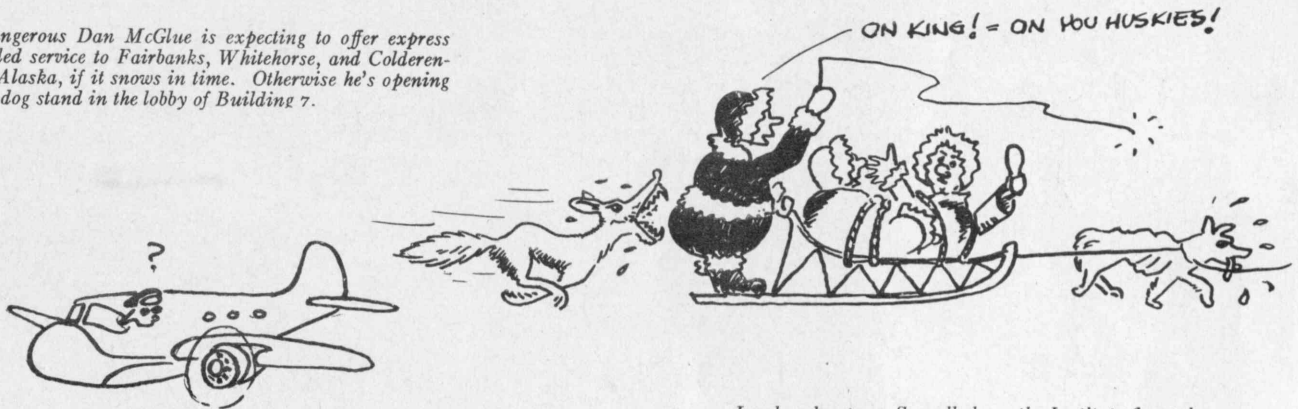
"Oh!!!" And she gave him a swift, ringing clout across his face.

FAP

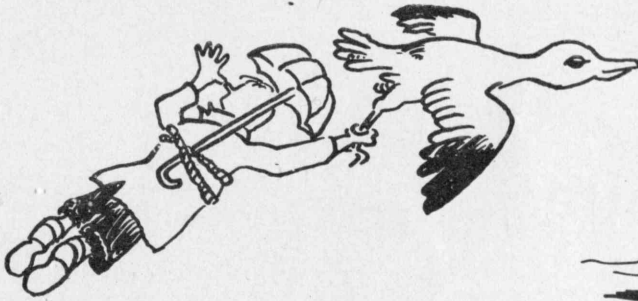


The Tech Man Goes Home for Christmas....

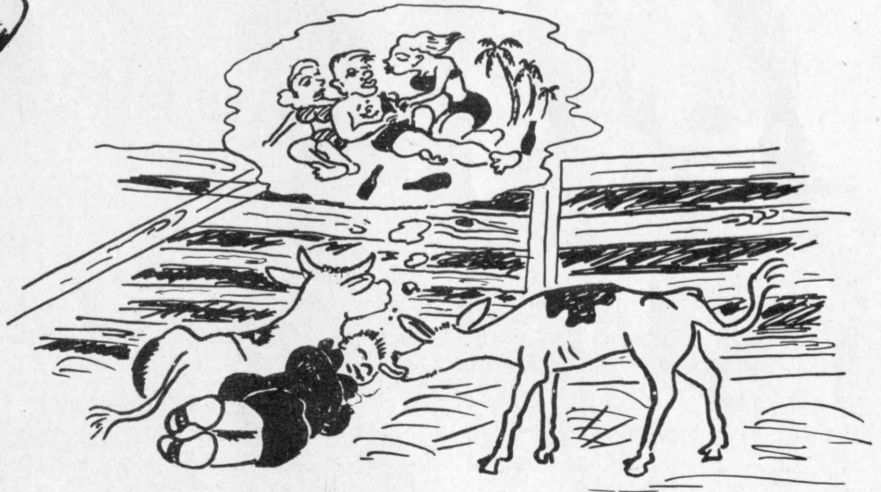
Dangerous Dan McGlue is expecting to offer express dog-sled service to Fairbanks, Whitehorse, and Colderen-hell, Alaska, if it snows in time. Otherwise he's opening a hot dog stand in the lobby of Building 7.



Local and express Seagulls leave the Institute flag poles at 7:30 and 9:00 each morning for New York and points south. An umbrella is considered necessary equipment by experienced gull travelers.



The Paducah, Astabula, and Rosebud R. R. offers special low rates to students. Also slight reduction in the quality of accommodations. Okay if you are used to living (?) in Building 22.→



Of course there's always the guy who has only to hop in his long red convertible and drive STRAIGHT home!



So fine...so light...so dry...so right



Schaefer
Pale Dry
the beer that's both light and dry

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

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

LESSONS IN PHILOSOPHY

1



Realizing that there are those who do not have the time to think the higher thoughts, but rather require a condensed version of the great works, the Editors of VOO DOO have prepared a set of practical philosophies for Tech men. The first in the series is particularly suited to the prevailing situation. See if you don't agree.

JEAN PAUL SARTRE

A. Jean Paul Sartre is an existentialist who maintains:

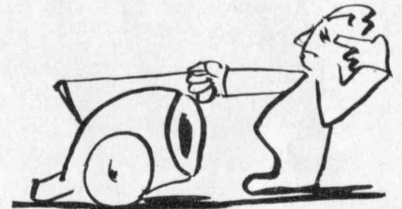
1. I don't believe in God.
2. There is only phenomenon.
3. We are conscious of phenomena.
4. We are conscious of our own consciousness.



A2



A4

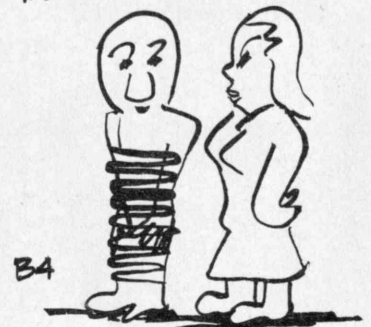


B2

B. What are the obvious results of these ideas?

1. There is no beginning and no hereafter. We are in a life between two states of nothingness. Thus the world is absurd, life is without future. We should all kill ourselves.
2. Ah! But if we have the power to die, we are free, for if life becomes too unbearable, there is always a way out.
3. If we choose to live, we are still free except for the limits which other people place upon us. Thus the immediate and perfect solution is to kill everyone else on earth.
4. This is slightly difficult. It is easier to alter our freedom to meet existing conditions.
5. But there is the added complication of our consciousness. We are conscious that other people are conscious of us. Thus we take great regard for what others think of us. There is a reflected consciousness in addition to our own which alters everything we do. We live in an utter hell. The only good effect of having others about is that only through them may we realize what we are.
6. The best solution is to be human, helpful, and pleasant to others, since this is the only way to make the best of a bad situation. Our philosophy should then become: "It is not necessary to hope to try, nor necessary to have success in order to persevere."

(Gets discouraging, though — Ed. note).



B4



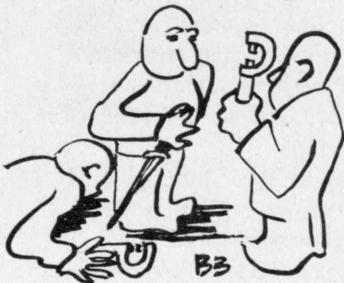
B6



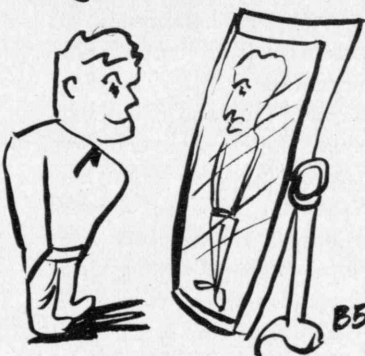
A3



B1

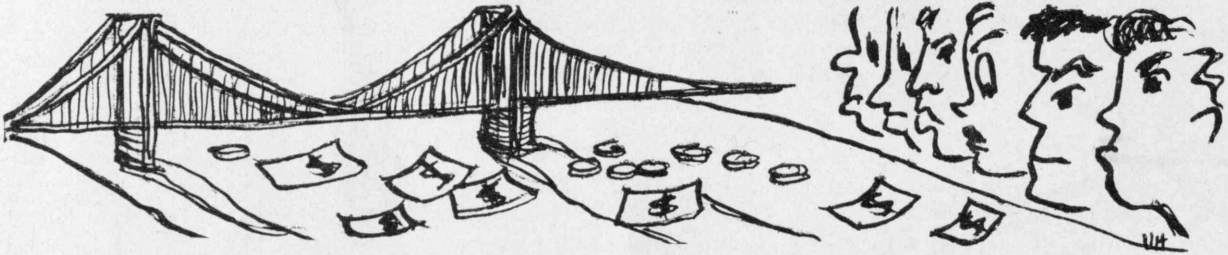


B3



B5

Any Number Can Win



"If you get this one," cried the quizmaster, almost strangling in his own joviality, "if you get this one, Miss Serew, you win the Triborough Bridge and my next year's salary. Here it is: How many toes has a pobble?"

"A pobble has no toes!" she said quickasaflash.

"Shill!" screamed the emcee and kicked her off the stage right into my seat. "Cheat!" he yelled as I helped both of us to our feet. "Somebody told you!" Before he could come off the stage and bite us, we hobbled up the aisle toward the exit.

"I certainly think it is dis-tinct-ly un-American," the emcee was saying as we went out, "for people to *tell* people things!" A glance over my shoulder at him got a quick glare for change, more than a glance's worth.

"I might as well take some of that glare," she said.

"Sure," I said. "Thank you." I'd given up being puzzled.

"Did I hurt you?"

"Landing on me? Oh, no. Are you all right? . . ."

"Rosella," she said, beginning a smile. "No, I feel fine. * Just a little shaky, of course. It isn't every day

. . . oh my God!" She threw an arm quickly over her chest.

"Yes. After you fix those straps, let's go get a drink, hum?"

"Wait," was all she could say. Even the back of her neck was pink.

There was a loudspeaker in the lounge of the station, so I turned it up to see how "Whiz-Quiz" was doing.

"Now, Mrs. Johnson, for all those prizes, can you get the next one?" cried the emcee. "Here it is: Who was the 'father of our country'?"

There was dead silence. I walked over to a window into the studio to see if maybe Mrs. Johnson had dropped dead or something. She hadn't.

"Think hard, dear," coaxed the emcee. "No helping from the studio audience!" he shouted over the roar of advice.

"Geez," said Mrs. Johnson.

"No, but keep trying," said the emcee. He laughed gaily and threw one arm around Mrs. Johnson's sloping shoulders. The studio audience cackled with him.

"Geez," said Mrs. Johnson. "I dunno." I moved up for a better view to see how far *she'd* go.

"Oh, too bad, Mrs. Johnson. I'm awfully sorry," he commiserated. "But just to familiarize you with the name, the Pepsolux Company is going to give you fifty thousand one dollar bills, each one with his name and face on it! Bring 'em in, boys! Isn't that nice, isn't that fine, isn't that a swell prize?" he begged the audience and Mrs. Johnson. He was yelling with glee and the audience was roaring as if the place were knee-deep in martyrs' blood. I moved away from the window



"Business is lousy . . . everyone is waiting for the new models to come out."

and turned down the speaker just as Rosella came back.

"What's happening?" she said.

"Kicked a fat woman and broke his goddamn ankle," I lied. Why make her feel worse? "I know a nice little bar," I said, "downtown a ways."

"Okay. I came with a date, but I don't see him around."

"The hell with him," I said.

"Sure, the hell with him."

A taxi drove up on the sidewalk as we stepped out.

"Taxi, bub?" We climbed in, wincing a bit from our bruises.

"Do you always drive up on the sidewalk?" I asked the hackie.

"Nah," he said. "Where to, bub?" he said as we sped down the sidewalk toward what is known as Sixth Avenue. You ask me, New Yorkers are getting spryer. He didn't touch one of them. Anyway, I told him where to go and we got there, somehow. Sidewalks all the way down.

"Good evening, Mr. Renard," said George, the headwaiter, as we entered. "Good evening, Miss. Two, sir?"

"First name?" said Rosella after we were seated with flourishes in a cozy booth.

"Henri," I answered. I pushed the flourishes aside and moved a little closer. George reappeared almost immediately, trailed by a waiter with two long and luscious-looking drinks, which were also served with flourishes.

"Want some of my flourishes, too?" I asked.

"Sure," she said. She didn't bat an eyelash. We sipped our drinks.

"I shouldn't be here, you know," she said. "Why, I didn't even know your name until a few minutes ago. I don't know anything about you and a girl can get in an awful lot of trouble that way. It's bad enough with the men I know," she added, as if I should feel sorry for her. "Those flourishes were bitter."

"Probably not ripe enough." I tried one. "Nah. Stale."

"Well?" she said.

"Well, what? Would you like some

fresh flourishes?"

"No, damn your eyes," she said.

"I want to know something about you. The hell with the flourishes."

"Okay. My name is Henri Renard, I live in New York, and I'm a student at M. I. T."

"Gee."

"Gee?"

"You must be very bright to go there."

"Oh, sure. It's a living, isn't it?"

"Look out for that drink, by the way. It has an eyeball in the bottom. When it winks at you, stop drinking."

"Go on."

"You'll learn more if we just talk and dance."

"Well . . ."

"Sort of stuffy, aren't you?" Why is it they hate to be told that?

"I am not. But even a modern girl has to be careful sometimes."

"Certainly," I said, and she picked it up.

"Well!"

"Sure," I said. "Let's dance."

"Dancing," I said after a few minutes, "is not a formality, it's a pleasure." She moved closer.

"Nor is it a restrained, and restraining, form of tag," I said near-wearily. She nibbled her lower lip and looked up at me for a moment. Then she relaxed and we began dancing.

"You're stuffy too, aren't you?" she breathed against my ear.

"In my fashion."

"Let's go," she asked when we were again seated in the booth. "I've finished my drink."

"Then eat the eyeball," I said. I ate the one from my glass. Without relish, as there is none to be had. She looked at me for a moment and then gingerly followed suit.

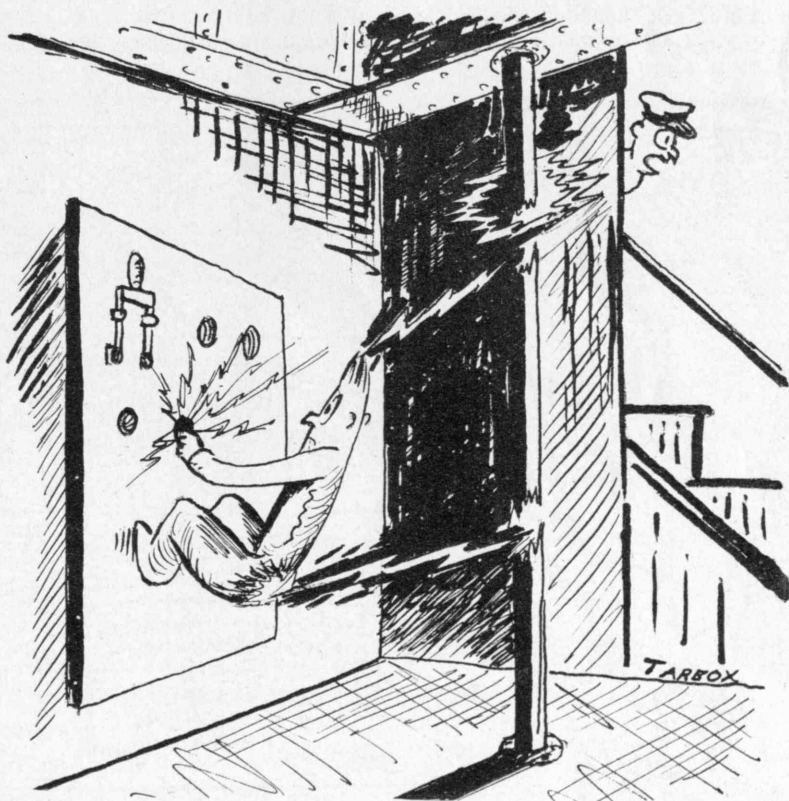
"Why, it's tasteless!" she said.

"Exactly."

We came out of the bar and hailed a cab. Damned good thing there was a swinging door behind us or we'd have gotten killed.

"You again?" I said.

"Sure," said the hackie. "Well?"



"O.K. Joe, it works fine now."

You want a cab?" So we climbed in and I gave him my address. We careened down the sidewalks again and I held onto Rosella. She moved away. I didn't bother following. Tag, again.

"Hey, bub," said the hackie, breathing garlic in my face. "You got troubles?"

"Yeah," I said. He jounced down the curb, over the trolley tracks, and back up the curb on the other side. "Look," I said, "don't you like the front seat?"

"Sure."

"Well, why not get back there?"

"Oh, all right. I got feet, ain't I?" He slumped back behind the wheel, disengaging his toe from the throttle with a practiced air. "Worry, worry, worry," he said. "Bub, you oughta relax. Enjoy life. You wanta go through the park?"

"Okay," I said superfluously as we shot in the entrance. After about a quarter of a mile he suddenly turned, roared across the grass, and skidded to a stop in a little bunch of trees by the lake, hopping out as we stopped.

"'Scuse me a minute, bub," the hackie said through a side window. "Gotta see a man about a dog. Have fun, kids." And he disappeared into the trees.

Rosella and I sat and sort of kneaded each other's fingers in a slightly distracted way for a short while.

"Come on," I said, and without a word she moved back and slid up onto my lap. We hung gently on each other awhile, playing nuzzle-ears in a quiet, snug sort of way.

"Is your life generally like this?" she whispered against my ear.

"Nah," presumed the hackie, poking his head in at the window before I could answer. "That's it, kids," he said, jumping into the front seat. "Have fun. Make it a red-letter day." And almost before we knew it, he'd started shifted into firstsecondthird we were over the grass and back on the sidewalk again, dodging trees.

"Whattaya think about the bomb, kids?" he yelled back a couple of minutes later.

While I was thinking about for an

answer, Rosella shifted and put two fingers gently on my lips.

"The hell with that, too . . ." she whispered, ". . . right now."

"Well, bub," said the hackie, crawling partly into the back again, "the way I see it . . ."

"We're there!" I shouted as the startled face of the doorman of my apartment house flashed by.

"Okay." He dropped back into the front seat. "Turn on a dime." And he did, right around a hydrant. "No charge, bub," he said as we stopped under the canopy. "Maybe you'll bring me luck."

"Well, thanks a lot," I said as we got out. He grinned and waved and roared away as if he had someplace to go.

"I can't stay long," Rosella said as we went up in the elevator. "I'm just coming up for a short drink to soothe my frazzled nerves. After all," she said with a refreshing lack of archness, "I do have morals."

"What a nice apartment," she said as we entered. She gave me her coat and moved away from me. I hung the coats up as she walked slowly around, looking around.

"I could turn on the radio or play some records," I said, returning toward her.

"Oh . . ." She turned and paused, looking at my face. "Well . . ." She sat down and leaned back on the couch. She looked up at me, waiting for me to make up her mind. I moved slightly toward the couch and she shifted on the couch.

"I'm sure," she said, running her fingers up through her hair, "about the radio and those records . . ."

"Yes, indeedy," I said, joining her on the couch.

"And that one little drink . . ." she murmured.

After a preliminary minute we paused and she drew her head back a trifle. "And about my . . ." She shook her head slowly, smiling with only one care, and kicked off her shoes. "Mmm the hell with it."



A man recently took a girl to a big store on a Friday afternoon to buy her a fur coat. He insisted on the finest. A \$5,000 fox wasn't good enough. Up and up went the price until it stopped at a \$25,000 mink. The girl almost swooned at this and naturally grew very loving.

The man told the salesman, "I'm sure you will want to check my credit. Since it is too late now, I suggest you do it Monday morning and then I'll pick up the coat."

On Monday morning the store checked and found the man's credit couldn't be worse. Just then the man walked in. As the salesman started to tell him his credit was worthless, he smiled and said, "Yes, I know, but I want to thank you for a wonderful week-end."



Heard in an incubator: "Last one out is a rotten egg!"

— Log



John Smith happened to witness a minor holdup. In due time, the police arrived, and one officer asked the witness his name.

"John Smith," said Smith.

"Cut the comedy," snapped the cop. "What's your real name?"

"All right," said Smith, "put me down as Winston Churchill."

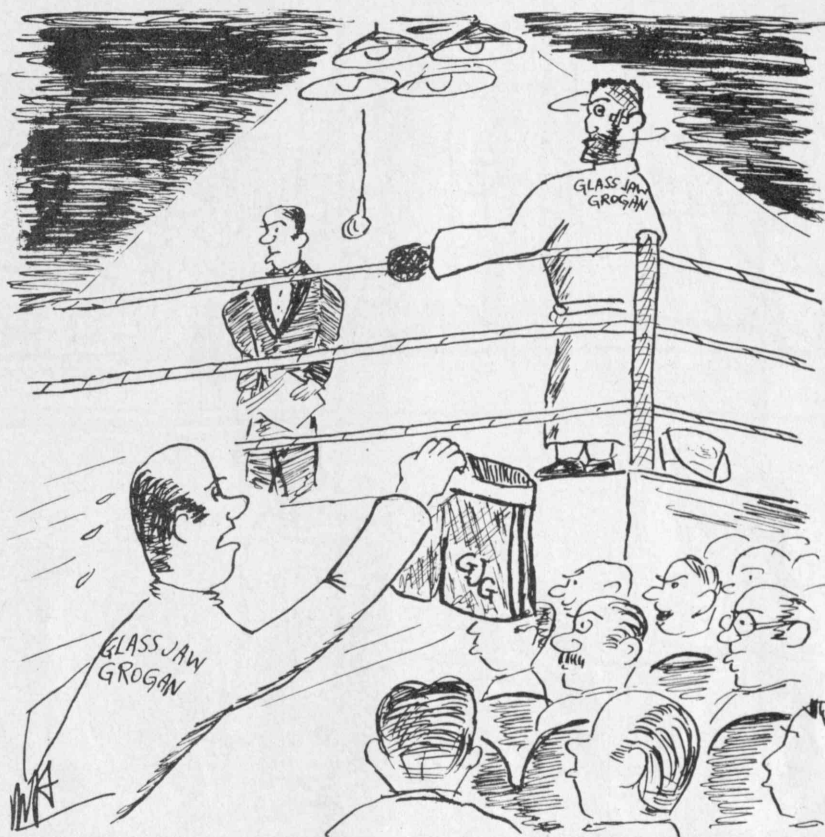
"That's more like it," said the officer, "You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."



Once upon a time, there was a little girl who had many boy friends. They each asked her, "Do you love me?" She answered 'yes' to each one. This went on for many and many a year, but still she died an old maid.

Moral: Don't love everybody. Leave that to God. Specialize.

— Pup



An English lady, self-appointed supervisor of village morals, accused a workman of having reverted to drink because "with her own eyes" she had seen his wheelbarrow standing outside a public house. The accused made no defense, but that evening placed his wheelbarrow outside her door and left it there all night.



I like an exam
I think they're fun
I never cram
I never flunk one.
I'm the professor!



Liza: "Mose, why does they have such small lights on de Statue of Liberty?"

Mose: "I don't know, 'cept maybe it's because de less light, de more liberty."

One of the freshman, bless his little heart, was, bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R. O. T. C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.

"Say, Buddy," said the captain with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeah," said the rookie looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me."



Nine out of ten doctors who have tried camels prefer women.



Professor: "I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down." Voice from the rear: "Go home and sleep it off."



I SUPPOSE LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL, OR OBSESSION



This script is the property of Schnitzel & Goodnick Associates, and is not to be used for any unauthorized purposes.

Axer 1: No, Sam. Don't do it. Don't shoot me. Remember my wife and starving children. I'll pay the mortgage. Please, don't shoot.
(sound of shot)

(pause)

Axer 2: (Morbid voice) Life can be beautiful.

Axer 3: The program that asks the questions . . .

Axer 2: And also gives the answers . . .

Axer 3: Presented by . . .

Axer 2: (Enunciate clearly) Hedda's Sweaters.

Trio: (transcribed) (in cramped voice)
Mmm-mmm tight, mmm-mmm tight . . . that's what Hedda's Sweaters are . . . mmm-mmm (loud POP) tight!

Axer 2: Ladies, does your boyfriend talk behind your back? Hmmmmmm?

Isn't he interested in what's in front??? Tsk, tsk, tsk . . . Haven't you heard of the new (ring of bell)

ALL NEW Hedda Sweater? The sweater with the built-in price tag?

Voice 1: Hedda's Sweaters come in four different sizes!

Voice 2: (nonchalant) small

Voice 3: (alert) medium

Voice 4: (interested) large

Voice 1: And . . .

Voice 4: Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! Look at *that* and look at *that*!

Axer 2: And remember — everyone wears a Hedda Sweater.

Woman 1: Airline hostesses (ping)

Woman 2: stenographers (higherping)

Woman 3: career girls (still higher ping)

Woman 4: housewives (highest ping)

Woman 5: (very sexy) Anyone want to guess my occupation? (Low chord)

Axer 2: And now to our story . . . the life of a doctor.

Axer 3: The life of a doctor is a busy one, dedicated to the good of mankind.

Axer 2: MONDAY . . . the doctor is in the operating room.

Dr: Action.

(Noise of steam shovels, air hammers)

Dr: Cut (noises stop immediately.

Pop as in elastic snapping)

Dr: Suture

Nurse: Suture

Dr: Scalpel

Nurse: Scalpel

Dr: Scalpel

Nurse: But doctor, I just gave you the scalpel.

Dr: (pleading) Why can't I have more than one? Women have more than one?

(Transition—Night on Bald Mountain)

Axer 2: Tuesday

Axer 3: The doctor makes his daily visit. (hurried footsteps. Opening and closing of door)

Dr: (Sigh of relief) Ahhhhhhh!

(short pause)

Female voice: Henry, will you ever get out? I've got to get in.

Axer 2: Wednesday

Female voice: Henry, will you EVER get out of there?

Axer 3: Thursday

Axer 2: Today the doctor is busy taking pictures for a cigarette ad.

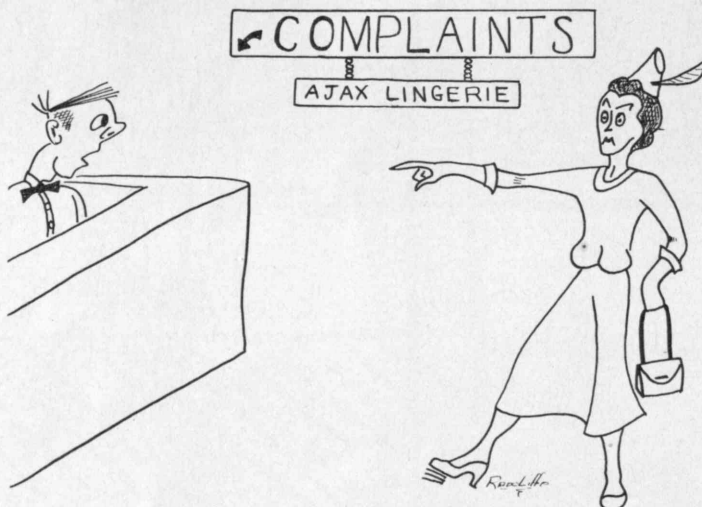
Man: Would you mind sitting between those humps on the camel, doctor?

Dr: Not at all.

Man: Allright, girls. Move over so that the doctor can sit between you.

Axer 2: Friday

Axer 3: Today the doctor lectures on good health practices to the women's club.



Dr: And remember, ladies, use B. O.
to get rid of that Lifebuoy smell.

Axer 2: Saturday

Axer 3: Today the doctor examines
recruits for the U. S. Army.

(Bugle call. Mumbling. Whistle)

Dr: All right, men. Line up against
the wall and count off.

GI 1: (very high) one

GI 2: two

GI 3: three

GI 4: four

Dr: (cutting in) Wait a minute. Let's
begin again. Count off.

GI 1: (very high) one

GI 2: two

GI 3: three

GI 4: four.

Dr: (cutting in again) Hold it. Hey
buddy . . . are you one?

GI 1: Yeth, I'm one. Are you one
also?

Axer 2: Sunday

Axer 3: This is the doctor's day of
rest. The day when the doctor can
lie in bed all day.

Female voice: Henry, won't you please
let me get up?

Axer 2: And the moral of this story
is . . .

Axer 3: When caught in hot water . . .

Axer 2: Be nonchalant. Take a bath.

Axer 3: And now a few words from
a satisfied customer of Hedda's
Sweaters . . . Miss Jane Russel!

Axer 2: Would you mind stepping up
to the microphone, Miss Russel?
(beating of kettle drum)

Jane: (inaudible mumbling)

Axer 2: Pardon me, Miss Russel. We
can't hear you. Would you move a
little closer to the microphone?

Jane: I would if I could.

Axer 3: Would you tell us why you
prefer the New Hedda Sweater?

Jane: It's not so easy to remove.

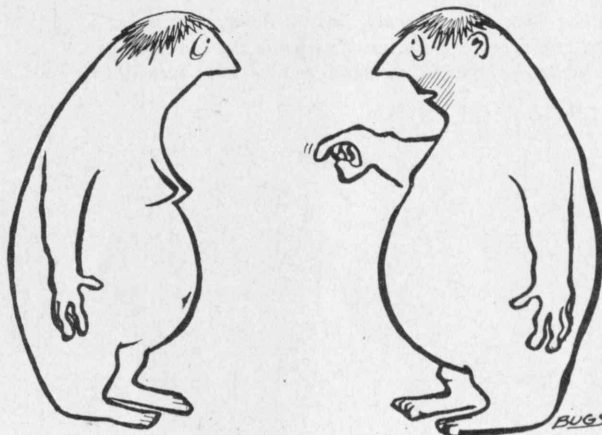
Axer 2: And what do you mean by
that?

Jane: With other sweaters, everyone
tried to pull the wool over my eyes.

Axer 3: And what did you do?

Jane: Don't worry. I showed them a
thing or two.

Axer 2: Miss Russel, when did you



"Me Tarzan — you Jane."

begin to wear Hedda Sweaters?

Jane: I started wearing them several
years ago.

Axer 3: THEM? You mean you
wear more than one?

Jane: Well, I've got more than one.

Axer 2: THANK YOU, Miss Russel,
and on behalf of Hedda's Sweaters,
good night.

Axer 3: Miss Russel appeared by
courtesy of RKO, and may cur-
rently be seen in . . .

Axer 2: THE OUTLAW
(boinnnnng)

Axer 3: At your nearest Loew's
theater

Axer 2: Yes, the big ones come to
Loew's.

Trio: (to the tune of 'I've got spurs')
Oh, my chest it drooped and dragged
and wrinkled.

I was tired of staying home at night.
All my boy friends tried to keep me
single

But a Hedda Sweater set me right.

Axer 2: Yes, indeed, ladies . . .

Trio: (to the tune of 'Ajax Cleanser')
Wear Hedda's
New miracle sweaters
With the exclusive foaming action.
(panting)

(Theme up and out)

(STATION BREAK)

Axer 1: (Call sign) presents . . .

Axer 2: The adventures of Richard
Macy . . . Private eye

(two whip lashes)

Axer 1: With the long lashes.

Axer 2: In his office, we find Macy
calling his trusty assistant Pat
Patton.

Macy: Pat. Pat. Pat.

Pat: Where?

Macy: A little further down. It
itches.

(phone rings)

Voice: Hello, Macy?

Macy: Yeah?

Voice: This is Frank the Gonif
speaking.

(sound of bomb, machine gun
volley, ricochets)

Voice: You're going to think me
foolish, Macy, but *somehow* I feel
my life is in danger.

Macy: I'll be right over. Where are
you?

Voice: In Westchester.

Macy: Where?

Voice: Westchester. W-E-S-T- (gun
shot, thud of body, phone clicks)

Macy: Too bad. Coulda saved him
if he'd moved to the Bronx like I
said.

Axer 1: Yes, folks, this is certainly
one of Macy's most thrilling adven-
tures. In a moment we'll hear more
of this foul affair, but first a word
from our . . .

Editor's Note: The script writer was
found choked by his own regurgitation.

PHIL

DEFINITIVELY

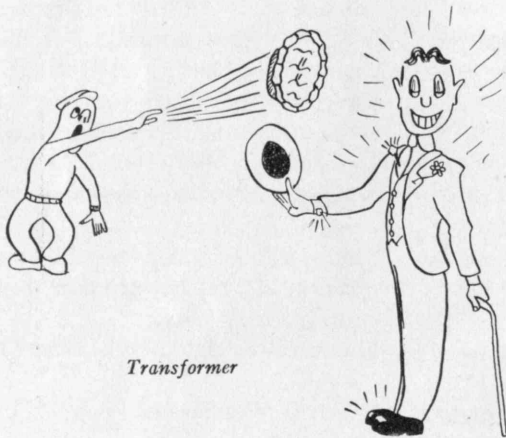
Engineering, like other fields of study, finds it unnecessary to use classification and symbolism for a medium of exchange of ideas. Below are listed some helpful terms for Frosh considering entrance into Course VI.



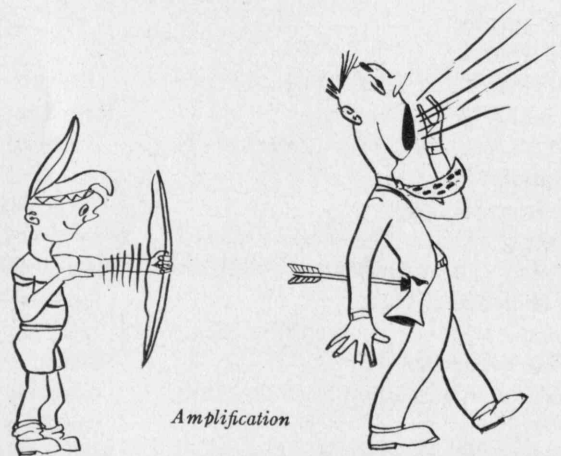
Conductance



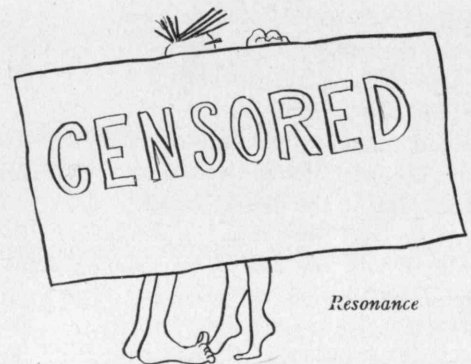
Resistance



Transformer



Amplification

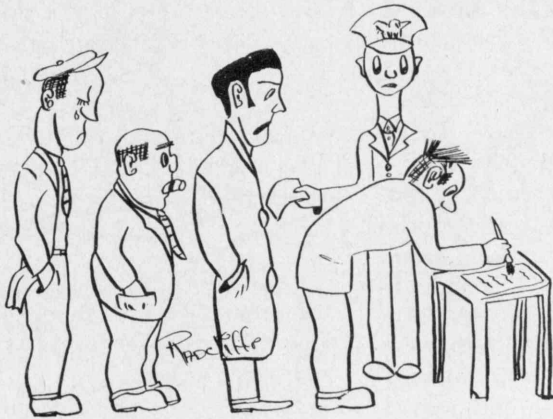


Resonance

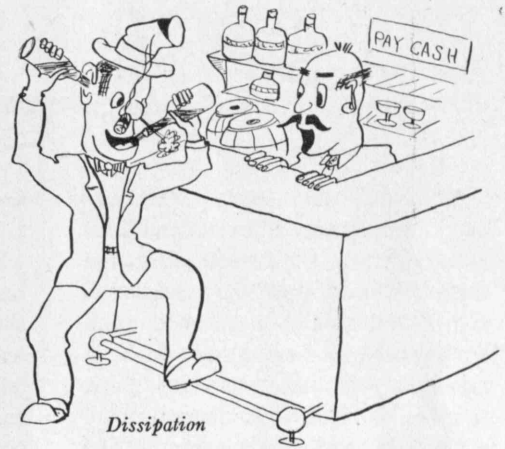


Excitation

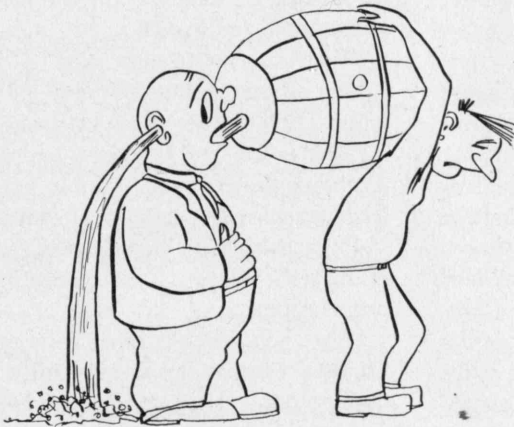
SPEAKING



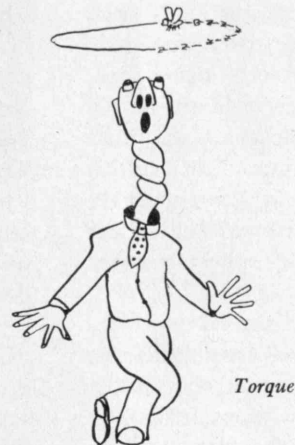
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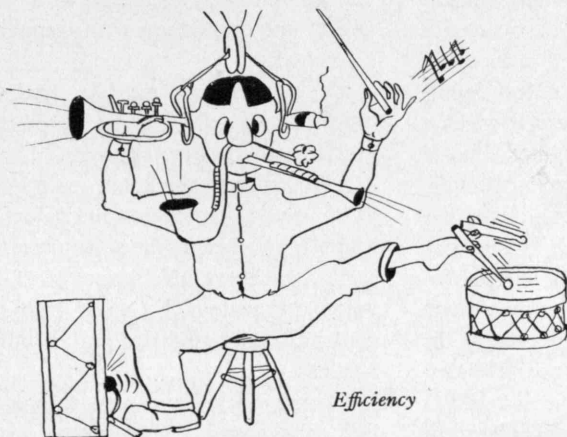
Dissipation



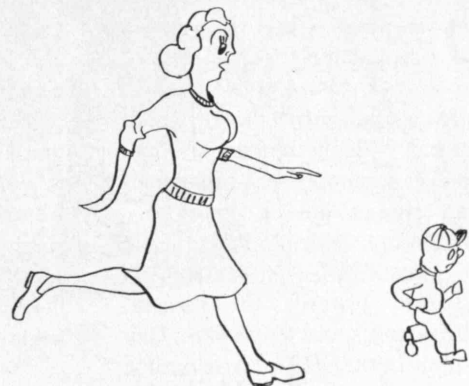
Capacitance



Torque



Efficiency

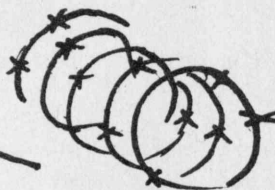


Oscillations

Thodiffe



LINE OF DUTY



"Thanks," she said, "I will have one." And she took the cup and filled it herself from the percolator on the table. "Good thing," she remarked as she looked around her, "good thing that you've got heat in here. Have a fine job retouching acres of goose pimples." Chris looked around the studio also and had to agree. The glass wall and the big skylight admitted a cold and dreary winter sun, and Chris was tempted to draw all the shades and work by artificial light only. But power costs money, and sunlight, however feeble, comes free, so that Christopher remained on his chair, the Windsor chair that had become his trade mark, blew on his coffee, and stared at the girl rather absently. Joanne rearranged her clothes a little, and sipped from her cup.

"Any make-up?" she asked.

"I don't think so," answered Chris. "Let me see." Joanne took off the robe and turned slowly for Christopher. She threw back her shoulders and took a deep breath. "No," Chris said, "nothing beyond a little powder on your shoulders. I don't want any highlights." And he expelled smoke through his nose. Chris went to his desk and took some costume jewelry from a drawer, tossed it to the girl. "Mostly paste, but it looks good, doesn't it?" Joanne nodded and put on the jewels, stepped onto the small podium, arranged herself comfortably in the Windsor chair, facing towards the wall, but with her face and shoulders turned towards the camera. Twisted her neck and wrists like a lazy cat, admiring herself. Chris smiled and encouraged her. Straight is the

line of duty, they say, and curved the path of beauty. To hell with them who speak of planes in a woman's body — there are none, only curved surfaces, wonderfully and subtly warped by the painting light, welling out of constraint with the infinite contrast of pink and white, flattened by the chair into the craziest and most inspiring imitation of a straight line a woman could achieve. There were only three thrills in the world, thought Chris, one being the birth of a print in the developing tray, and one the act of composing on the groundglass. Joanne dropped her arms and wriggled her shoulders so that the light danced like crazy worms on her shoulders. "Just for love, honey," said Chris, laughing, and photographed. And a quiet voice said from the region of the door, "And that, my dear, should solve the economic problem of why diamonds on a lady cost more than drops of water." Joanne and Christopher turned to see the couple in the doorway, both muffled in overcoats and wearing galoshes. "I must apologize for intruding," said the young man, "but I would like you to meet a friend of mine. Christopher, this is Candy, lately from Centralia, Illinois, and now seeing the sights of the big city. Including Joanne's evanescent personality being caught on photographic plates while she wears a pearl in her navel. I understand that in Centralia, Illinois, young gentlewomen rarely wear pearls in their navels."

"Why not?" cried Joanne from behind the screen, where she had begun to dress.

"No navels, pet," shouted the young man, and disappeared behind

the screen to yells of "Don't you dare, Peter." Christopher turned to Candy and smiled at her.

"Don't worry," he reassured her. "Joanne didn't have one either until I discovered it. Takes a heap of looking. But tell me, is it really true, what they say about girls from your part of the country?" Candy sat on the edge of the table and looked at her shoes.

"You want me to show you?"

"By all means, but let's save it for later. There are young ones present."

"There are not!" cried Joanne, emerging clad in wool and fine linen from her throat to her silk stockings. "Mother taught me how to take care of myself. Have all you beautiful people eaten?"

"She says that," said Peter to Candy, "because she knows that she hath no peer. No, sugar, we haven't, and that's why we are here. Not in the least to disturb your intimacies with yonder sensitized photographer, but to distend your belly with food and to cut the tedium with trenchant conversation."

"He's been talking like that all day," Candy said, "and I know that mother would never approve."

"According to the book," said Peter as he helped Joanne into her galoshes, and stroked her ankle quite unnecessarily, "mothers never approve. They merely get jealous." Candy lifted her coat and skirt slightly, and admired her legs.

"Think they have any reason to be?" she asked. Christopher lifted her skirt a little higher, and had his wrist slapped. Not very hard.

"You're learning fast," he said, and "let's go." They tumbled down the

stairs, and into the car at the curb, Chris with Candy in the back, and Peter driving through the slushy snow and sliding traffic.

"Let me warn you, Candy," Peter called back, "don't say anything to that man which may incriminate you. He has let more women than I thought could speak talk themselves to their doom."

"Won't say a thing," promised Candy, smiling.

"Except 'take your hand off my knee,'" said Chris, and suited his action to his words. "Don't be alarmed, Candy," he said, "your virtue is secure if you always wear so heavy a coat."

"I guess it's got to go to the cleaners in the next few days," she answered.

"How come a nice girl like you meets a bum like Peter?"

"He's a second cousin four or five times removed, and we use him only for squiring us around New York when we shop. He's been a very good boy, but I am going to tell mother to include wear and tear of me in her account of the trip East."

"All you have to do with Peter, Candy, is cry. He hates crushing little birds with his hand."

"Whereas Chris will do it without a second thought," said Peter. "Look out, he's softening you up."

"All men are made the same way, Candy," confessed Chris.

"Honestly, I don't know, Christopher," Candy said so sweetly that Chris began to bite through his glove, Peter almost smeared an elderly gentleman against a lamp post, and Joanne turned and said, "Experimentally, Candy, Chris is right."

"Don't mistake her meaning," said Chris. "She feels slightly bitter since she discovered that she got a B in Russian Literature because the hero of War and Peace didn't spend a week-end with the gypsies just listening to wild music, as she had written in her term paper."

"One day, my pet," said Joanne, "there will be a general rediscovery of the ancient virtues, and I shall be

vindicated."

"Where will you find your ancient virtue, love?" Peter asked. "Gone, as it is, with the snows of yesterday."

"Which are with us yet." Joanne smiled.

"I concede a point, Johanna Intacta. Only I hope we are more like the driven snow than this slush." Peter pulled up as close to the traffic light as he dared.

"Chris," asked Candy, "do you photograph professionally, or just for the hell of it?"

"Some of both," Chris answered. "But mostly for the hell of it. And you?"

"I'm being fattened and groomed for the marriage market, I suppose. Maiden exhibited to the tribe."

"What do they bring on the exchange nowadays, these highly marketable commodities?"

"Rather less here than back at home."

"Don't you believe it. We just won't admit it out aloud."

"Why? You in the market?"

"Window-shopping at the moment, thank you."

Joanne pulled her feet up on the front seat, braced herself against the dash board with her hands, and looked a little frightened.

"Peter dear," she said, "please don't fight with cab drivers. Not on a day like this." Peter reluctantly

pulled back into lane and patted her affectionately.

"It's all right, honey," he said. "I'll let you spoil my fun. Just today." He turned right on Twelfth Street, and headed West towards the grey Hudson. "We're going to Angelo Gamba's. My and Candy's parents are waiting for us there. He threaded his way through traffic, did a skid-turn into a parking space, and turned to Joanne. "Go ahead, Dorothy Parker," he said, "flay me for my driving."

"Dottie flays from a depth of experience, darling," said Joanne. "I've only read what she writes."

"There is nothing so becomes a maid," exclaimed Chris, "as modesty. Take a lesson, Candy, from Joanne, who will be the essence of innocence even while fried to the gills. She merely reads the bad books."

"Which books?" asked Candy. "I think that's my parents." The four of them piled out of the car and met the others in the lobby of the restaurant. Introductions were made, and Candy took Christopher over to her mother.

"Chris makes splendid photographs, mother," she said, "and he's going to take some of me."

"Why, that's fine, dear. We'll send some to your brother." Candy squeezed Christopher's hand.

"With pearls," she said.

Vic



"Slipstick, slide-rule — 3 point one four one five nine."

Husband returning from a trip: "You say you had a burglar in the house while I was away? Did he get anything?"

Wife: "I'll say he did. I thought he was you."

— *Syracusan*



He: "Why wait 'til we get home before you tell me if you'll marry me or not?"

She: "I'm scared. This is the very spot where my father proposed to my mother."

He: "So what?"

She: "Well, on the way home the horses ran away, and my father was killed."



The car was parked by the side of the road under the sheltering shadow of a great oak. Slowly over the rim of the hills rose an orange moon, great and grinning, and seeming as if full of desirable things. Suddenly she slid slowly into his arms with a little sigh.

"Alex dear," she whispered, "do you love me?"

"No," came a halting reply, "but I certainly admire your taste."

A gullible man is one who thinks his daughter has been a good girl when she comes home from a date with a Gideon Bible in her handbag.

— *Syracusan*



Mr. Binks was busily engaged with a spade in the mud beside his car when a stranger hailed him.

"Stuck in the mud?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Mr. Binks cheerily, "my engine died and I'm digging a grave for it."



And then there was the girl who was so thin that when she swallowed an olive, twelve men left town.



Conductor: "Can't you see the sign says 'No Smoking'?"

Passenger: "Sure, but here's another dizzy sign that says 'Wear Nemo Corsets' so I ain't paying attention to any of them."

— *The Rebel*



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RICHARD'S RULES OF ORDER

Policy on putting feet on desks at board meetings:

1. Anyone who wishes to put his feet on the meeting table must have his shoes shined and make sure that there are no holes in the soles and that the heels are not worn down and that they have not been stepping in gum or dropped ice cream cones. Inattention to these details might result in a slipshod appearance at meetings.

2. If anyone important comes into the room, make sure that you don't take your feet down, as this gives the impression that you don't think you have been doing the right thing. If the procedure in Section 1 has been followed and your socks are clean, you have nothing to fear.

3. Putting feet on desks looks more natural if everyone does not put his feet up at the same time. Thus, we will alternate every ten minutes. Crew number 1 will consist of the president, and every alternate man from his right. Crew number 2, the others. Crew number 2 will put its feet up first. When the president sits down at the end of ten minutes, the members are casually to change positions.

4. It is common courtesy for a member with his feet on the ground to stomp out a cigarette smoked by his feet-on-the-table neighbor.

5. Now for the actual details of putting your feet on the table. Crossed feet with legs stretched out straight are the best looking. Never, never curl your legs up under your chin, unless you are sophomore representative or something low like that.

6. In further directives, I, Richard, will refer to the process as PUFOT — the cable name.



"Gimme a kiss like a good girl!"

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

— The Scottie



on your trips

use

travelers' cheques



Kendall Square Office

Harvard Trust Company

Boss: "My wife heard I took you out to dinner the other evening."

Secretary: "Well, what does that make me?"

Boss: "My ex-secretary."

— H H



"Hello! Is this the Smith apartment? . . . Well, I'm MacTavish, in the apartment below . . . Listen, it's three in the morning and your party has kept me awake all night . . . I don't mind the shrieking and pounding and music and stamping and banging and singing that's been going on up there, but for heaven's sake put more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through my ceiling!"

— Froth



The three-year-old boy had taken his mother's powder puff and was fixing his face as he had seen her do — "You mustn't do that, dear," she said, "Only ladies use powder; gentlemen wash themselves."

— Log



Professor: "Will you men in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?"

Student: "They aren't notes, sir, they're cards. We're playing bridge."

Professor: "Oh, I beg your pardon."



Stern Father (sarcastically): "Say, young man, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay with my daughter all night?"

Young man: "Gosh! I reckon so, sir, if you insist. But I'll have to telephone mother first."

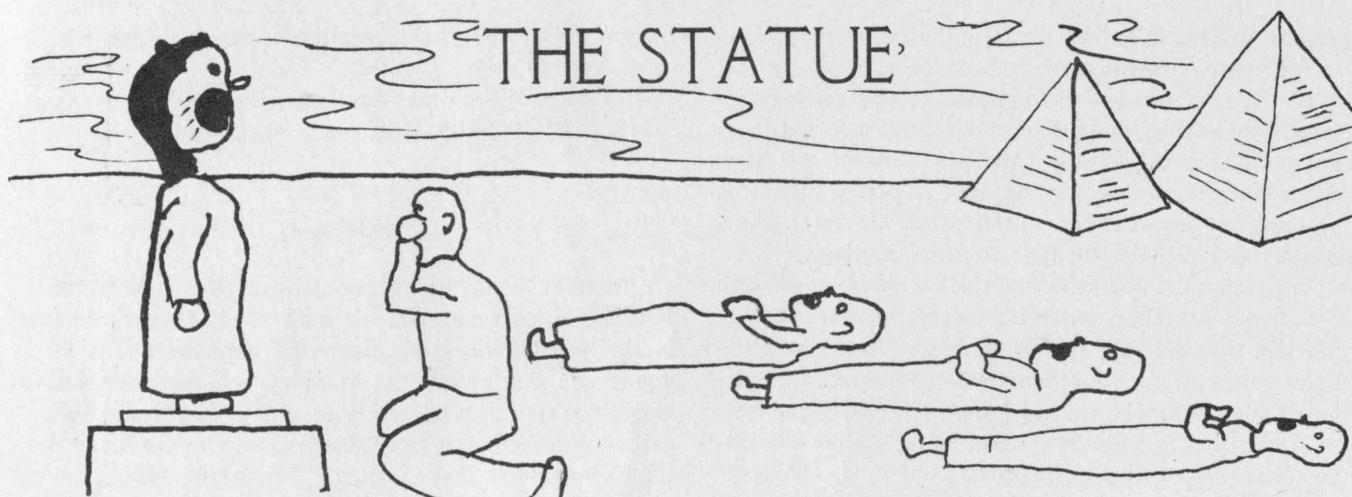
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THE three of us were sitting around the table at Rudolph's, where we ate lunch every day. The fourth chair was empty.

"Where's George?" asked MacMillan, who taught English Literature.

"He died last night," I answered him. George Nugent had been my associate in many ventures and adventures in archeology. "Heart attack."

"Seemed to look a little poorly," said Jones.

"Didn't seem to have any troubles, though. Never saw him in such a gay mood since he got back last month. You know what brought it on?"

"Not really, but I have an idea it was . . . oh, never mind, you'd never

believe it. Not sure I do myself."

"What?" asked MacMillan. "Is there some mystery about it?"

"I don't know, but then again, ever since George got back from Egypt, he's been acting, well, almost funny."

"Hell, yes. You would too if you'd just gotten married. Pity the poor widow, though. You ever meet her?"

"Yes, I was over to their house just last week. That's when this . . . mystery, like you call it, started; at least when I found out about it. We were sitting in front of the fire after dinner, and Kitten — that's what he called his wife — was curled up on the couch beside him, with her head in his lap, and George was staring into the fire, seeing some old memory in the

flames. . . ."

"Ran into an interesting old legend down in Africa. Don't know that it's ever been noted before — never heard anything about it, and neither has anyone else I ever knew, except a few old natives scattered around. Found an old stone cutting after a sand storm near one of the lesser pyramids. Seems a sculptor named Akhid carved a very fanciful statue of Bast, the Cat-God. Except that he made Bast a woman, and a very superb woman at that. The hieroglyphics say that this statue, though a woman, had the attributes of a cat, that the feline instincts even showed through the stone he carved her of.

"Well, Bast couldn't quite see being carved as a woman — particularly a catty woman — so he sent a curse down on Akhid. He gave life to the statue, life for so long as the woman was loved passionately by one man alone. But the man must never give in to the woman in any conflict, or he would shortly die. But Akhid was up to the challenge. He lived to the ripe old age of ninety-four, in complete happiness, for he never let his wife out of doors, and she never became older, so that Akhid had a perfectly charming wife of about thirty for the rest of his days.

"The story seemed ridiculous, except that the people, in admiration, built a statue to Akhid. I have seen the



" . . . and that's how you make a left-stem turn."

statue.

"The woman, of course, became a statue again, and was buried by twelve blindfolded men on a moonless night, so that none of them would fall in love with her.

"That's as far as the hieroglyphics go, and I would have let the matter drop there, except for a parchment in Damascus. The king, it seems, had a very beautiful statue in his garden, and staring at it one night, he wished it were alive, and his. The statue was never seen again, but three days later there was a new queen, who is portrayed holding a cat, which she resembled. The king was found dead a week later, and his queen had disappeared. This was about a thousand years after Akhid's time.

"A couple hundred years later, some nomads are supposed to have found a witch living in a house where the master was dying. This wasn't far from Damascus. They were going to burn her, and indeed, she was standing before her own pyre, when word came that the man she had bewitched had died calling for her. When the executioners turned back from greeting the messenger, the witch had turned into a statue of stone. She was thrown into the river, where she sank.

"Then, a few years later, there was a terrible drought. A blind man, walking along a deserted part of the river bank, tripped over the statue. He felt it to see what it was, and it came alive once more. They returned to the town, where the blind man presented his mistress to his brother. The next morning, the cat-woman was stone again, for the brother had fallen in love with her on first sight. But the brother, thinking the blind man had tricked him, killed him, whereupon the statue came to life again. Witchcraft was suspected, her lover was murdered, and she turned to stone and was buried by the hate-filled people.

"She wasn't heard of again until the Crusades, when somehow or other a knight named Cyril de Gourd, or

Cyril the Calabash discovered her. A friend of his has written that a woman who bore a marked resemblance to a very beautiful cat lived with him for some months, until one night the lovers had a heated argument. Cyril was found dead in his bed the next morning, with a stone statue beside him. A squire who later became a famous warrior found them, and a week later he had disappeared, as so had the statue. He turned up again in England with a darkskinned wife that he called Kitten, and they lived happily together for about ten years, when . . .

"Well, so the story goes. England, France during the renaissance, where she apparently changed to stone and back with every change of the weather, Prussia, Russia where she was made a duchess, and back to France again. She went with a colonel to Egypt during Napoleon's conquest . . . of course you realize the thread is very thin here, for superstition had died out pretty well, except for the common soldiers, and her statuesque changes were rationalized somehow . . . and killed her lover as they stood in the grave of Akhid, where she could rest for eternity, or until someone found her and fell in love with her again."

"Ah," said MacMillan, "these archeologists tell the most wonderful lies. Is that all? I thought you were telling us about George Nugent, not some fairy tale."

"I am. I know it sounds funny, but from the way he told it, I would have sworn George believed the story himself. He documented all his sources for me, by the way, and some of them were quite reputable. And after all, he was one of the foremost scholars of Egyptian mythology.

"He and his wife Kitten were very happy together, so much so that George was almost in a dream. But last night he had an argument with her — a very heated argument.

J. H.



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DANNY'S INFERNO

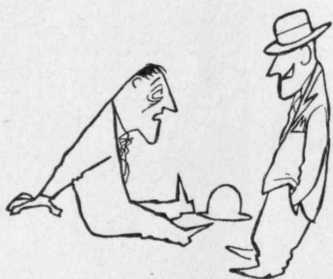
In keeping with VOO DOO's policy of presenting the world's great literature in a painful form, we herewence present the second feature in our "Illiterature for the Masses" series: The Behind Comedy.



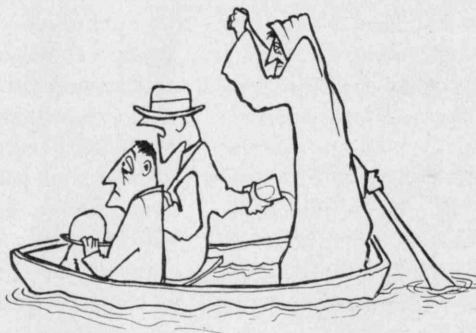
Canto I: In the middle of his tedious life, Danny Alligretti, erstwhile pimento stuffer, found himself in a somewhat awkward position at a bar; his glass was empty. One awkward situation led to ten others, and in no time Danny was under the bar stool.



Canto II: The bar stool soon blossomed into a forest of Giant Redstools, and Danny soon got lost in the maze of impenetrable thicket and encountered a fearsome jungle creature. The bartender's cat was battling him for the residual alcohol in his esophagus. Desperately Danny cried for help.



Canto III: Danny was lucky; a vision soon forthcame that chased the cat back to its cardboard carton lair with a rolled "Daily Racing Form." "I'm Bistol Crumlette," the vision proclaimed, "and appointed by the Great Beyond to give ya a tour of the Great Beyond."



Canto IV: Eagerly Danny followed his deliverer into the realms of the Great Beyond. (Hell to everybody but Danny) "First we gotta cross this here riparius, the River Stynx; but don't mind these little inconveniences," Bistol said, "This Great Beyond is really a dandy place to settle down." Danny was moved.

Canto V: The pair first encountered the souls in Hades doomed to everlasting frost: the apartment and rooming house janitors. "Now here ya see folks enjoyin' the greatest winter sports playground in the world. No thin ice either." Spouted Bistol.

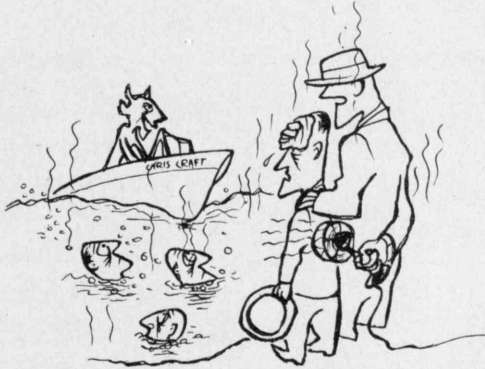




Canto VIXV: Next came the "muck" pits, jam-packed with politicians and just a few professors. "Just look at all that natural fertilizer, Danny, just waitin' for a garden. No kiddin', if I was you, I'd start thinkin' about buildin' a home for meself down here," chimed Bistol.



Canto VVIX: Further on were the wretches fated to remain forever with their heads buried in the ground, unable to see, hear, or speak. These were the souls of the football-card tipsters. Bistol commented on the sanitary conditions of the section and the numerous sewer inspectors in the area.



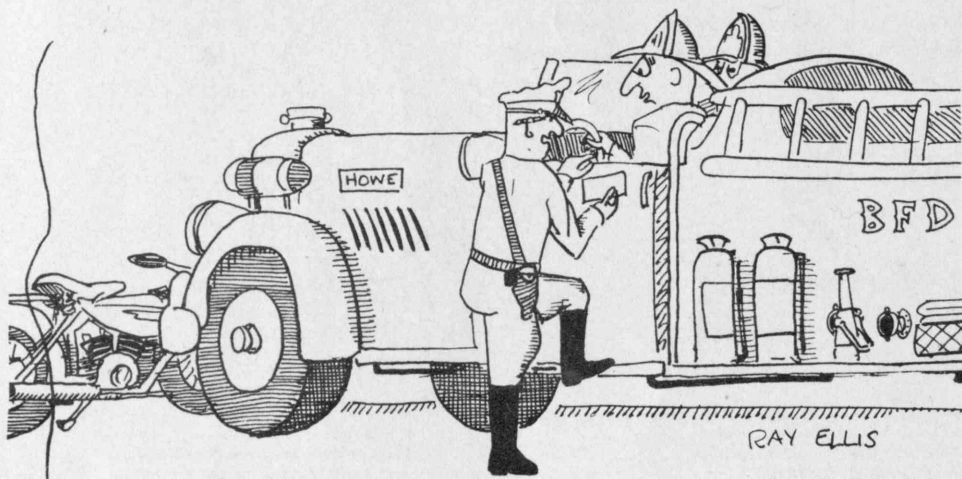
Canto XVIC: Finally Danny was shown the scalding tar pits, where the fire inspectors were lodged. "Think of it, Danny, steam heat: all ya want, an' I wouldn't hesitate to estimate that these are just about the healthiest sulphur baths in the world," opined Bistol.



Canto VVXIXSSM: Danny was sold. Bistol was finally persuaded to subdivide his own South Shore lot, and Danny was in on the deal for sixty feet of frontage. But when things started to spin after he'd signed the deed and paid his money, and Bistol slowly disappeared, Danny felt gypped. He found out he was back at the bar.



Canto XJOPDXXIV: Even now, Danny still feels gypped. Nobody wants to buy his property, and even he doesn't know where in hell it is.



"Where do you think you're going?"

The difference between the old saloon and a modern night club is that in the old time saloon a wistful little girl would pull your sleeve and whisper, "Daddy, dear Daddy, come home with me now," and you wouldn't pay any attention to her.

In a night club a wistful little girl pulls at your sleeve and whispers, "Daddy dear Daddy come home with me now," and you do.



Two burly cannibals caught a beautiful young girl and brought her before their chief. He casually looked her over, yawned, and said, "I believe I'll have breakfast in bed this morning."

"An inmate just escaped from an asylum. He was tall, thin, and weighed 250 pounds."

"Tall and thin, and weighed 250 pounds?"

"I told you he was crazy."

— The Log



As one rabbit said to another, "You've had it."

— Widow



Adolescence: The age when a girl's voice changes . . . from "no" to "yes."



There's quite a legend about the man on the flying trapeze who caught his wife in the act.

Lem Hawkins sued his wife Suzy for divorce last week after she had presented him with a fourth set of triplets. He charged her with being overbearing.

— Pu Stinker



J. P. — How was your date last night?

B. R. — Well, she was neither fast nor slow.

J. P. — Yeh, how's that?

B. R. — She was just half-fast.

— Wall Street Journal



Big Shot — Sure, I'll endorse your cigarettes — if you give me \$20,000.

Adv. Agent — I'll see you inhale first.



The drunk stood on the corner singing "Amapola."

An Airedale trotted up and said, "O.K., Bud, you asked for it."



She's just a chimney sweep's daughter, but she soots me.



"Dere goes dat Mandy Jackson wid her ten pickaninnies. She sho do look repugnant."

"Lan sakes! Again?"

— Ram-Buller

WHOLESALE

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Mr. Metzinger, on being informed last Friday night that he was the father of triplets, was overjoyed. He sped directly to the hospital where his wife and newly-arrived family were. When he rushed into the room he was intercepted by a nurse. The nurse, as we have it, said, "Don't you know better than to come in here? You're not sterile."

Mr. Metzinger looked at the triplets for a moment and said, "Lady, Are you telling me!"

— Froth



Then there's the Sultan who kept his harem three miles from where he lived. Every day he sent his man servant to get him a girl. The Sultan lived to be eighty-seven, but the servant died when he was only thirty.

The moral of this story is: It's not the women that kills you, but the running after them.

— Froth



Judge: "You say this Sigma Chi stole your money out of your stocking?"

Coed: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "Why didn't you put up a defense?"

Coed: "I didn't know he was after my money."



Dean (to Coed): "Are you writing that letter to a man?"

Coed: "It's to a former room-mate of mine."

Dean: "Answer my question."



Beta: "Don't you think our yard is an intriguing place?"

Phi Delt: "I'll say. It's a real fairyland."



The bandage-covered patient who lay in the hospital bed spoke dazedly to his visiting pal:

"Wh-What happened?"

"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the window and fly around the block."

"Why," screamed the beat-up citizen, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, hell — I had \$25 on you."



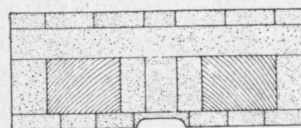
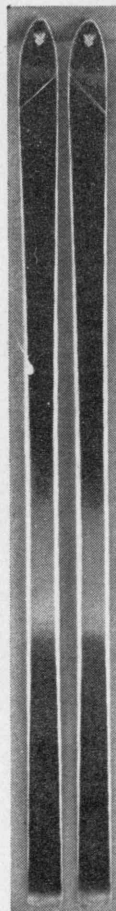
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Ole Mose went to the doctor and told him, "Doc, I've got nine kids now. If I have another child, so help me, I'll hang myself." The doctor told Mose to leave town a certain time of the year and everything would be all right.

About a year later, old Mose met the doctor on the street. His wife had given birth to another child.

Doctor: Mose, about this time I expected to see your name in the obituary. I thought you were going to hang yourself if you had another child.

Mose: Well, Doc, when dat chile came — I got myself a l-o-n-g rope. I went into the barn, threw a rope over the rafter. I got myself a h-i-g-h stool. I got up on the stool, made a hangman's noose out of the rope, tightened the noose around my neck, and just as I was about to kick the stool from under me, I said, "You know, Mose, you might be killing an innocent man."

— *Syracusan*



"It's true," said the husband, pensively. "My wife ran away with my best friend."

"Too bad. Was he a handsome devil?"

"Can't say. I never met the man."

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

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

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



"The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar is so tight I can hardly breathe."

"No, that's your shirt all right, but you've got your head through a button hole."



Judge: "Are you sure this man was drunk?"

Cop: "Well, he was carrying a manhole cover and said he was taking it home to play on his victrola."

— *Patrol*



The bride and groom were on their honeymoon, traveling south on a railroad that ran through Florida. As the train neared the state a porter lingered in the washroom, where the groom was shaving. "Yo' all just married, ain't you?" queried the colored attendant with a grin.

"Yes, my dear fellow," answered the groom. "My wife and I plan to honeymoon here in Florida."

"Is you all going to Tampa with her?" further inquired the porter.

The groom bristled, "What the hell is that to you?"



She was the type who softly murmurs sweet nothing doings in your ear.



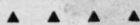
On her death bed, the beautiful star burst into tears, and whispered weakly to her husband. "Oh, Hector, you've been so good to me, and I've been such a bad girl. I've kissed a hundred other men."

"Don't excite yourself," said her husband calmly. "Who do you think put the cyanide in your coffee?"

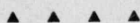
Sweet old lady: "Are you a little boy or a little girl?"
Cocky kid: "Sure an' what else could I be?"



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QUESTIONS

- A** A sign of omission is found with ease,
Phonetically speaking, it's found between these.
- B** It's twice shown here, and if you stop to think
About the difference, you'll find the missing link.
- C** 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 about this time of year
Is spread and wished by people far and near.

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 from different students win a 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** FILE in the title "The File on Thelma Jordan."
- B** CHESTERFIELD. A form-fitting coat and a pleasure-giving cigarette.
- C** CLAUD POPE. A cirrus, nimbus or cumulus is a CLOUD. Change one letter and you have CLAUD. Sisal, manila and hemp is ROPE. Change one letter and you have POPE.
- WINNERS...
- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>C. Brokaw</i> | <i>F. Murray</i> | <i>T. Friedrich</i> |
| <i>E. Spoehel</i> | <i>B. Proctor</i> | <i>E. Stokes</i> |
| <i>R. Caaldi</i> | <i>B. Cagna</i> | <i>T. Vinciguerra</i> |
| | | <i>S. Saran</i> |

A girl who attended Bryn-Mawr
Committed an awful faux-pas.
She loosened a stay
In her decollete
Exposing her je-ne-sais quoi.



Wife — That new couple next door
seems very devoted; he kisses her
every time they meet. Why don't
you do that?

Husband — I don't know her well
enough yet.

— Eliot



Little Allen had been using some
swear words and his mother packed
his toy suitcase and told him to march
on. The child was sitting on the
steps, pondering his situation, when a
neighbor approached. "Is your mother
in?" she queried. "I'm damned if I
know," replied Allen. "I don't live
here."



And then there was the girl who
was so lazy that she wouldn't even
exercise discretion.



As the cow said to the milkmaid,
"Go ahead and see if I give a dram."



She: "Do you think you're Santa
Claus?"

He: "No, why?"

She: "Then leave my stocking
alone."

— The Boulder



*Give 'em all
my Christmas
Best*

MILDER



CHESTERFIELDS

Arthur Godfrey

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Chesterfield Contest, see page 33