

# VOODOO

MOOZ, W. E.



MARCH  
23\*



# *Prove* CAMEL MILDNESS *for Yourself!*



In a recent 30-day test of  
hundreds of Camel smokers,  
noted throat specialists reported  
**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF  
THROAT IRRITATION  
due to smoking CAMELS!**

**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!



How mild can a cigarette be? Make the 30-day Camel mildness test—and then you'll *know*! A similar test was recently made by hundreds of smokers. These men and women smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days. Each week, noted throat specialists examined the throats of these smokers. And these specialists reported *not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!*

Put Camels to the test yourself—in your “T-Zone.” Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let YOUR OWN THROAT give you the good word on Camel's cool, cool mildness.

## *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**MAGINE, both the President and Mr. Churchill will be here at the same time. It isn't often that a school is so honored. Of course, both of them together put the corporation in a tough spot for a while. They couldn't decide whether to form a string quartet to accompany President Truman or to form a smoker club for the pleasure of Mr. Churchill. A serious rift was averted when the compromise solution was adopted. They are all going to "smoke" kazoos and hum the Missouri Waltz. We have it straight from the guy who usually has reliable information about quizzes that the real reason Winnie is coming here is that he wants to reminisce a bit. He wants to see "blood, sweat and tears" again.

We hope that the President makes the most of his visit here. The seventy-five cent supper special at Walker gives him an excellent opportunity to make the columnists and reporters in his cortege eat crow, literally. Of course, they will have to screen them so that only those who predicted his defeat are served, but then that won't be hard. This is Harry's first visit to Boston since the election and we hope his stay here is as successful and profitable as the last. At least the President must be happy to see someone inaugurated who hasn't been haunted by a mustache.

There is one thing that we hope the corporation won't forget to do for the ceremonies. They really should invite a certain soap salesman so that they can prevail upon him to close his factory for a few days. It would be terrible if the visiting notables left our fair city with a bad taste in their mouths, or should we say a bad smell in their noses. We've decided that the powers that be won't do anything about the soap smell for us, but perhaps the collective presidents will be able to get a bit more consideration.

**W**E are really sorry to see Dr. Compton go. We'll miss him and his wife with her cookies and cokes. A lot has been accomplished here under his direction. We cannot think of anyone who could more ably fill his shoes than Dr. Killian. Truthfully, we felt relieved when he was announced as the next president. It was a relief to know that we weren't going to have to salute or get-out-the-vote for the rest of our days here at Tech. Not that we object to either as such — it's just that we feel that the head of an institute of learning should be a man of learning.

Dr. Killian has a big job ahead of him for the next few years, and we want him to know that any time he wants our help he can find us in the office from five to six. We can recommend a whole list of things around here that we'd like to see changed. As a matter of fact, we do suggest them to anyone who will stand still long enough to hear them. They range anywheres from the quality of the air to the number of hours of homework.

**W**ELL, enough of this banter, we want to say that we really do hope that Dr. Killian has a very successful

Volume XXXII

March, 1949

No. 3

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

## SENIOR BOARD

BILL SCHNEIDER	General Manager
GEORGE PINESS	Managing Editor
ANDY PRICE	Business Manager
JOHN KUNSTADTER	Associate Editor

## JUNIOR BOARD

JOHN BICKFORD	Literary Editor
DICK WALDT	Art Editor
DENNY C. KALETTE	Joke Editor
BILL GORDON	Make-up Editor
HANK SIMMONS	Co-Sales Managers
EMILE HARP	Advertising Manager
BOB ELLIOTT	Co-Publicity Managers
DAVE YEOMANS	Treasurer
DAVE FINDLAY	
JIM MILLER	

## STAFF ASSOCIATES

### LITERARY

Bob Garvin  
Frank Gleason  
Robert Abelson  
Herb Limmer  
John Fisher  
John Harrington  
Lester Smith

### ART

Van Court Hare  
Charles Lenz  
John Bickford  
John Harrington  
Eric Stevens  
Pete Hajian  
Bob Gooch  
Roy White  
George Lim  
Charles Pence

### FEATURES

Chuck Whitney  
Dick Lyle  
Dave Long  
Murray Mitchell  
Howie Briscoe  
Josh Neimark

### ADVERTISING

Lowell Smith  
George Stetson  
Bill Plouffe  
Bob Linck  
Dave Chafin

### TREASURY

Paul Watson  
George Bromfield  
Joe Brodzik

### JOKES

Howie Simmons  
Jay Bedrick  
Harry Reed  
Harvey Nickerson

### PUBLICITY

Sam Gordon  
Bob King  
Bob Schwanhauser

### SALES

Howard Schwartzman  
Martin Greenfield

Jim Stolley  
Dimitri Tatistaheff  
Paul Masser  
Nick Badami  
Gene Koch  
Bob Schwanhauser  
Herb Eisenberg  
Ed Dunleavy

### MAKE-UP

Howie Reuter  
Bill Lanenberger  
John Holland  
Rog Baumann  
John K. Cammall  
Harry Campbell  
Roald Cann  
Jack W. Carpenter  
John M. Clegg  
C. M. Cornish, Jr.  
Steve Crosby  
Jim Eyer  
Miguel Rivas  
Mariano Romaguera  
Ted Taylor  
Herb Woodson

Copyright, 1948, by the VOO DOO Senior Board.

Published by the Senior Board for the Students of  
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.

Office hours: 4.30 to 5.30 P.M., Monday through Friday

Published monthly from October to May.

Twenty-five cents a copy.

Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53 in Pago Pago.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

career as president. And we also hope that Dr. Compton is as successful in whatever he undertakes as he was as president of the Institutue. Good luck to both.

Cover this month by Waldt.

S.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Worcester, Mass.  
February 15, 1949

Dear Sirs:

Having just finished an old copy of your magazine, and feeling highly elated, I am enclosing two dollars for a subscription. I am glad to see an "Institute" like Tech can put out a magazine as good as one of those Liberal Arts Colleges where they study dead languages and women a few hours a week and call it hard work.

If the subscription rate has gone up, I will be glad to send more money.

Yours truly,  
A New Friend  
Worcester Polytechnic  
Institute

*Ed. — We have written to this gentleman in an effort to find out more about these Liberal Arts Colleges. Any interested readers (we use the term loosely) can call at the office any night around nine, and will be given any information we may obtain.*

Miami, Florida  
January 28, 1949

Friends Back Home:

Single room at Miami YMCA — \$3 a day, weekly rates only \$18 a week. This is really a nice place. They don't mean to step on you when you're down, it's just that they don't see you.

(Postcard from an ex-Voo Dooer)

*Ed. — Try carrying a lantern.*

Cambridge, Mass.  
November 10, 1948

Gentlemen:

The following is a direct quote from a letter written to me by a sophomore at the Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

"Received the 'VooDoo' Wednesday and we all think that it's very clever and it has a lot of wit and humor. In short, we think it's perfect. I practically had to hide to read it. All the girls were copying various jokes and what-have-you from it. By the way, how about mailing the next one to me also — if you can?"

That's what the females down South think of your art (?), gentlemen. Me — I am a "Tech" man myself.

*Ed. — Our What-Have-You Editor is very pleased that his work has gained public notice. Now that it HAS been noticed, we have fired him.*

Dear Sir:

After carefully perusing two copies of your literary "gem", Voo Doo, we, two "intelligent" Simmons girls, think

that you should be ashamed of this magazine rather than proud of it. We are shocked that supposedly brilliant young men should take enjoyment and pride out of such vile reading matter. (We take it out and put it in a box labeled "L"). And, furthermore, we suggest that you institute a reform immediately rather than continue to corrupt the minds of American youth (namely the freshmen).

If, within the next two issues, Voo Doo does not show a marked improvement, we shall be tempted to send you some *really* good jokes, which show that *we* have graduated from kindergarten.

Sincerely,

Two "intelligent" Simmons girls  
*Ed. — We're surprised to find that Simmons has raised its entrance requirements. Kindergarten, eh. What's this World coming to?*



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

87 Massachusetts Avenue  
KENmore 6-6470 ~ Boston

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



"Finest beer  
I ever tasted—  
Schaefer!"

says **WIN ELLIOT**

*Television's popular  
sportscaster*



"Ice is remarkable stuff," grins Win Elliot.  
"When the Rangers play hockey on it, my throat  
gets red hot. But when folks serve Schaefer on it  
... ah—cool and relaxing. Yeah man, once that  
final buzzer sounds, it's Schaefer Beer for me...  
the finest thing on ice!" See if you don't agree.  
Try Schaefer Beer today. You'll like its true beer  
color, true beer taste. It's beer at its best!

**Schaefer**

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





# DOING THE TOWN

THERE used to be a book of wide renown called *Acres of Diamonds*. The text of the message was, roughly, the collected stories of people who had searched the wide world over for fame, fortune, or similar lawful and noteworthy objectives, only to find that that for which they were seeking could have been obtained (and frequently was) right across the street from their habitual domicile. After months of tramping around this town and others looking for places that I think Techs will be interested in, then, I shall take the advice of the author of this deathless prose, and tell you all about the establishment (which is hardly an acre of anything, but you can't expect even pearls from this magazine) (or from me) that does business at 448 Beacon Street. As a matter of fact, this is an address that you had best use up and forget, for it turns out that the building has lately been sold to the Chandler School, and the Fox and Hounds Club is going to have to transfer location. It is significant to note that the sale includes only the transfer of the building, so (1) don't get any ideas about what a date from Chandler is going to be like in the future and (2) you'll be able to do business again with the same people which will probably be O. K. with more persons than one.

To the uninitiated, the Fox and Hounds Club has been doing business at the above-mentioned quarters for a considerable length of time. To be truthful, there has practically always been a Fox and Hounds Club but not, I fear, on Beacon Street. The original one (not the same outfit) was in Cambridge, England, and the interior of the Boston home of this establishment has been done to suggest the interior of the one Over There. There are other interesting parallels to be drawn, but why bother.

The main dining room of the Club is on the second floor, and you will find the quality, quantity, and service very good. You know what to expect in the way of price. It just matches what you get. Upstairs can also be found several private dining rooms. I've had an I. F. C. dinner or two in a couple of these, and I think that you can do better if you're in a dinner-party mood. It's quite possible that you would do better at the Fox and Hounds if you were willing to spend more than two bucks a plate, but at that, even, I would still hesitate.

When we get on the subject of the contribution of this Club to Boston night life the picture is pretty good, too. Downstairs is the so-called Rhumba Casino. Now, the interesting part of the situation here is that there is a balcony above the main deck, and on this balcony is the bar. This gives the bar patrons a chance to look over the balcony railing at the show (and the people watching the show). God! It makes me feel like a character in a Virgil Partch cartoon. Accordingly, I am rarely to be found in there, although the show is generally excellent, and the dance bands top-hole. It runs to a bit of money, note. I do not recommend that you make a habit of going to the bar for a cheap peek at the show, either, for there are going to be just scads of people there with the same idea (or, possibly, other ideas that I haven't doped out) and it sometimes develops into quite a rib-crushing experience. It is definitely one of the better places to go for a really good evening out, and I think that I can safely say that you will probably like the place.

There is a cocktail lounge right inside the door that I personally find to my taste. It is a pretty good place to go, sit quietly, and talk or not talk, depending on what you're up to.





There is a juke box, they do have a television receiver both big enough and high enough to watch, and they have on occasion, piped-in music. (Actually, it drifts in, more or less.) With luck or nickels, then, you can get even more satisfaction from the place.

Well, I shall debate the subject no longer. If you have followed the thought involved, I am in favor of the Fox and Hounds Club, but I am inclined to think of all parts of it except the cocktail lounge in the special-evening-out class. The lounge could more easily be put in the drink-before-dinner class, or drink-any-old-time class, if you prefer. They have a parking lot of their own which is something of an attraction; busy, bustling, Beacon Street always seems to be able to supply enough noisy, bright cabs, just about the time that I'm turning in, to carry the Army across the U. S., so I feel that transportation to and from will be of no difficulty.

I. F.

Beneath this stone a virgin lies,  
For her, life held no terrors.  
Born a virgin, died a virgin —  
No runs — no hits — no errors.

— Exchange



... And then there is the widow  
who wears black garters in remem-  
brance of whose who have passed  
beyond.

— Urchin



The girl I left behind me,  
I think of night and day,  
If ever she should find me,  
There would be hell to pay.

— Jester



Then there was the Wave who was  
in love with a soldier, a sailor, and a  
marine. She couldn't decide which  
one to marry, so she put out to sea.

— Unique

Beneath this stone lies Murphy  
They buried him today;  
He lived the life of Riley  
While Riley was away.

— Lampoon



"Have you ever awakened with a  
jerk?"

"Heavens, no. I'm not even  
married."

— Down Towner



Give a man a free hand and he'll  
put it all over a woman every time.

— Turn Out



A mistress is a cutie on the q.t.

— Kitty Kat

# 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"

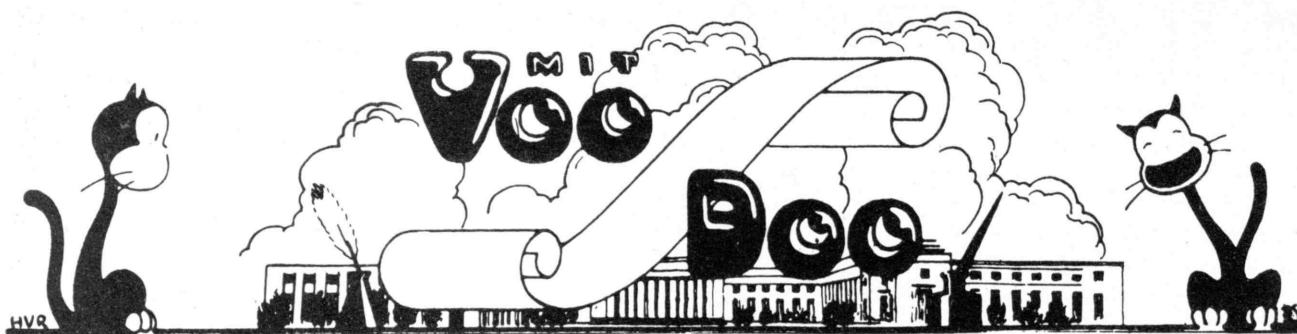
Meet me at Jimmy O'Keefe's

1088 BOYLSTON STREET near MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

For Reservations Phone COpley 7-0629 or 7-0630

GOOD FOOD — CHOICEST BEVERAGES — REASONABLE PRICES





WE were walking across Harvard bridge the other night after night had fallen, when an unusual thing happened. A friend passed us, driving his sleek car in the opposite direction from that we were taking. As he passed us, he tooted his horn affectionately. That was OK. But he was being followed by a string of nine cars — and EACH ONE of these tooted THEIR horns at us too. I guess it just goes to show that the sheep HAVE inherited the Earth.

ANOTHER member of the younger set came to MIT the other day, proudly escorted by relatives. This young one was shown all sorts of complicated and impressive equipment — but remained unruffled. As the group was leaving the hallowed halls, one of the guides, a Tech man through and through, turned to the little girl and asked, proudly; "Well, Janet, how do you like MY school?" The calm little one replied, "This is a funny school. There's no sand box."

THE younger generation has come to our attention this week, and has set us wondering. Sunday night one of Tech's noble Seniors was out courtin' his gal. The two of them were quietly baby-sitting for one of the girl's nieces. He had just pinned a smoogie on her when "baby" appeared on the stairs. The following conversation resulted:

"Can I come down?"

"No, dear, you go to bed."

"Oh. Is it bedtime?"

"It's way past bedtime. Now go on."

"Are you going to bed, Aunt Priscilla?"

"Yes, dear, I'm going to bed soon. Now you go to bed."

"Aunt Priscilla?"

"What is it?"

"Are you and Charlie going to bed together?"



"I HEAR THIS QUIZ IS GOING TO BE A KILLER."

NOT long ago we overheard a couple of freshmen talking in the lobby of building ten. They MUST have been freshmen, considering what they were saying. One of them was having troubles with women, and was asking advice of his friend. They were talking very earnestly. The worried one turned and said, "Well, I don't know how she feels about me. Say, I just remembered something. Do you suppose there is any significance in the fact that I took her to the High School Prom on the night of my parent's wedding anniversary?" Leave us face it. Freshmen are freshmen.



WE had an interesting experience the other day. We were sitting in one of our classrooms waiting for our instructor, when a strange instructor appeared in the doorway. He studied the schedule tacked on the door for several minutes. Then he scratched his head, turned to the class with a puzzled frown, and said, "Gee. I thought this was the day they shoveled the walks." Then he walked off.

WE were preparing for our first quiz in one of our more vigorous courses the other day. The class was to be devoted to quiz review, with the instructor giving a short resume of the work covered to date. The class was worried about the quiz; was wondering what the course was all about; was eager for this review session. Everyone was ready with several pencils and lots of paper. Silence filled the room. The instructor began his review.

"The first chapter of the test is filled with extremely important, fundamental concepts, which all of you must know backwards and forwards. So much for the first chapter. The second contains—"

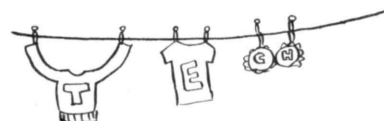
ONCE again we were eating at the *Meal and a Snack*, down the river. We like to go there, not only because of the good food, but also because of the entertainment invariably offered spontaneously. This time it was the short order cook at the grill. He was breaking and flopping eggs onto the grill, and we noticed the last one of a trio was pretty near the edge. Then, as we watched horrified, it started slipping nearer and nearer the edge of the grill. Just before it slid off, we tore our eyes from the egg, glanced up at the cook, and found him standing there, arms akimbo, and watching with apparent interest. Just as the egg went splat on the floor, he remarked, "wanted to see how far it would go." We still wonder who paid for the egg.



WE notice that the Coop is taking a new tack in an attempt to make the delivery of the payroll as inconspicuous as possible. No more little black bags or leather sachels, the precious package is now carried in an old tattle-tale gray bag — for all we know, it might very well be an old flour sack. As a result, it is extremely difficult to tell when the payroll is in the store. If you watch closely, however, you will notice a closely knit group of armed guards enter the store every so often. They walk casually in, glance at the men's wear department as if intent on shopping, finger the butts of their guns and advance on the cashier. She gives a prearranged signal, which consists of a few bars of "Jingle, Jangle", and the manager, hastily donning a bullet-proof vest, takes the white sack and vanishes into the cellar. The guards slowly leave the store, and, when no one is looking, climb into their armored car and drive away. The underworld has been foiled again!

ONE of our spies is stationed in the Coop, and usually turns up some interesting information. His latest report is revealing. It seems that a professor approached the pen counter and asked to see some of the stock. A piece of paper was placed before him, and he went to work, testing pens. He tried twelve pens before finding one that suited him. As he left the store, our spy, sensing a human interest story, grabbed the paper that the professor had used to test the pens. On the paper was written:

Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics  
Principles of Quantum Electrodynamics



# "The Man from Missouri"



Harry S. Truman, the 32nd and or 33rd president of the United States, was born in the little white house halfway down the next yard in the lower East Side of Lamar, Missouri, on May 8, 1884. Harry, son of a beet farmer, grew up in a down to earth, folksy atmosphere that was destined to shape his entire life.



In school, Harry was a bright boy — he constantly amazed his teachers with his command of the English language. Graduating from high school, he went to Kansas City where he worked at odd jobs and joined the National Guard.



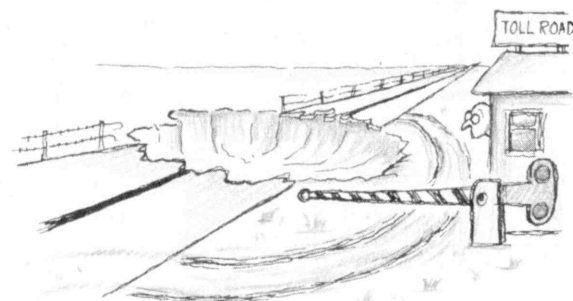
After the war, Harry went into business with a war buddy, selling bold look B. V. D.'s and whatnot. Their big chance came when Tom Pendergast ordered 100 bulletproof vests at \$200 each. Costs skyrocketed when Harry's vest design couldn't be cast and had to be forged — but so was the check from Pendergast.



Shortly after his birth, the Trumans left town and settled in Independence, where Harry learned at an early age that if you wanted to meet the nice girls, you had to go to church. It was there that he met Bess, but it took her 28 years to get him inside to be married.



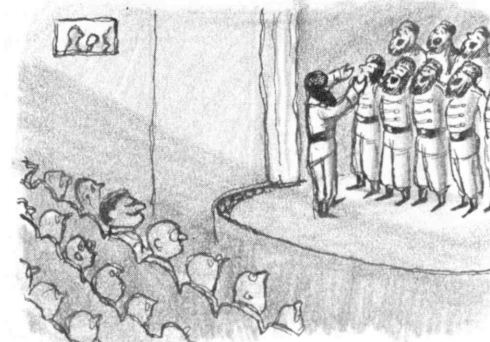
When the U. S. entered World War I, Harry was called to active duty with the National Guard. He was commissioned a 2d lieutenant and served with distinction in the Field Artillery overseas, where he met Major Harry Vaughn and became a captain.



Soon after the haberdashery business failed, Harry found that he had the common touch. Threatening to put the finger on Boss Pendergast, he managed to secure the position of Overseer of Highways. He applied himself diligently to his work, often laboring overtime, for he was determined to pay back his creditors.



In 1934, Harry was elected to the Senate. As a senator his efforts were characterized by hard work and fidelity to the New Deal. In addition to his regular duties as a New Deal senator he headed the Truman Committee.



Despite a lack of information concerning previous gambits in world politics, Harry blew a gone piano at the Big Four conference which convened in Potsdam. One of the entertainment high spots of the meeting was the fabulous cossack chorus singing, "If You Knew Yalla Like I Know Yalla."



Harry, in order to keep in touch with the business world and pay for Margaret's tonsillectomy, began taking early morning walks. A chance encounter with the law during one of his strolls resulted in Congress' raise of his salary.



Having pounded the Senate gavel as vice-president for only a few months, Harry found himself catapulted into the presidency on April 12, 1945. With few exceptions he avoided making major changes immediately after assuming his new responsibilities.



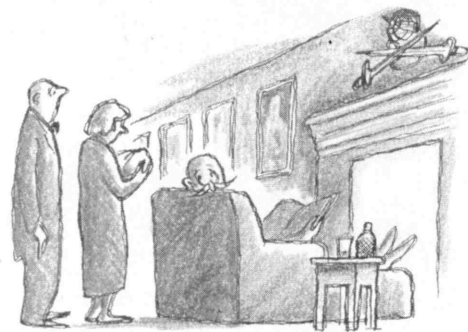
Harry proved himself an able politician in the summer of 1948 when he was nominated for president by the Democratic Party. Despite the pollsters, who, by asking all their questions in Jersey City, predicted his return to Missouri, the people returned Harry to Washington.



Because Harry hasn't been able to get the 81st Congress to act on his proposed legislation, he has decided to come to the common people at M.I.T. Since the Institute awards no honorary degrees, Voodoo will present Harry Truman with a certificate for the best job of engineering during 1948.



# Winnie the Pooh



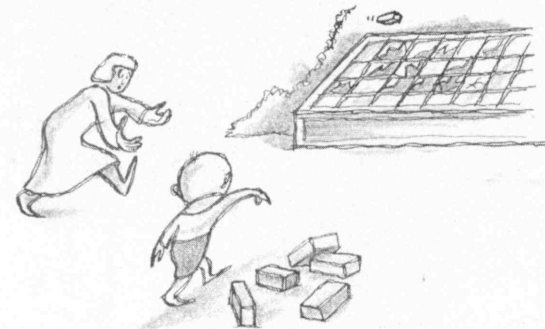
Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill was born November 30, 1874, at Blenheim Palace, Oxfordshire. His father, the 3d son of the 7th Duke of Marlborough, married well — an American woman.



In "public school," Winston wrote Greek verse, but still found time to participate in many extracurricular activities — it was on the playing field of Harrow that he won many of the battles of World War II.



Returning to England, Winston was elected to Parliament. Determined to rid himself of his speech impediment, he stuffed his mouth with small scones and practiced from the White Cliffs of Dover. Seagulls for miles around stopped to listen, attracted by the flying crumbs.



Early in life, Winston displayed his first interest in masonry and bricklaying by laying numerous bricks into a bed of hothouse gladioli.



During the Boer War, Winston was named as correspondent by the London Morning Post. Jailed temporarily in Pretoria, he jumped bail and eluded his captors by mingling with a herd of wild zebras.



His desire to eat regularly and to associate with men who enjoyed the best of spirits prompted Winston to switch parties numerous times. In 1906, he left the Conservative camp to become a Liberal.



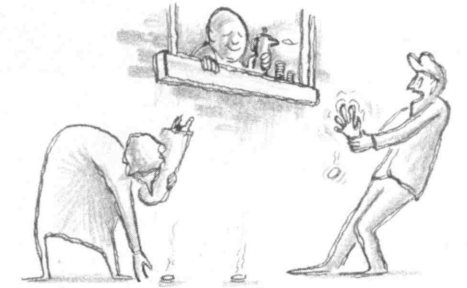
The powers of the Liberal Party soon recognized Winston's ability and began to groom him for the position of First Lord of the Admiralty by apprenticing him to an attorneys' firm.



While Winston was at odds with all parties during the 1930's, he wrote several volumes which were distributed to the plain wrapper trade under the title of "Mein Memoirs." To save the trouble of mailing corrections, he followed the text closely in his later international string pulling.



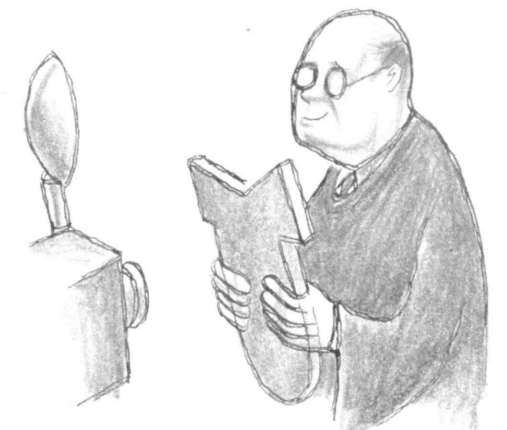
Winston's reckless spending of his rent money on Corona Coronas during the war eventually necessitated his moving to a lower rent district — never in the history of human conflict has one man owed so much to one landlord.



After World War I, Winston retired from Parliament, but Britain's finances fascinated him. Always ready to turn a fast pound, he willingly accepted the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer.



A popular but fallacious legend has grown up about Winston's heroic answer to the threat of London bombings. One warm afternoon he ordered two pints in a local pub and started a wave of patriotism that carried Britain through its darkest hour.



Though Winston is best known for his achievements in politics and literature, he is also a devotee of the arts. Accordingly, VooDoo will present him with the Irving Cowdrey award for the most significant contribution to German architecture during the past decade.



## COLD SHOWER

"I think we should have sat at the bar," Alex says. "We'll never find anything back here." And he is right. There is nothing here that one would look at twice: Two merchant marine men shooting a line to two burly ladies, an elderly couple spooning in one of the rear booths—the couple is so elderly that one cannot call it anything but spooning—three girls of uncertain age in a booth across from us. All three of them big—I am pretty much medium sized myself—and I have my doubts. It is too late for them to be a pre-theater party. It is too early for them to be part of cafe society. They have about them the slatternly and determined look of hustlers, or of respectable women out for a wild time, and yet they drink quietly—martinis—and leave. I turn to Alex. "Let's finish our beer and try somewhere else. It's early, and this place doesn't look right, somehow."

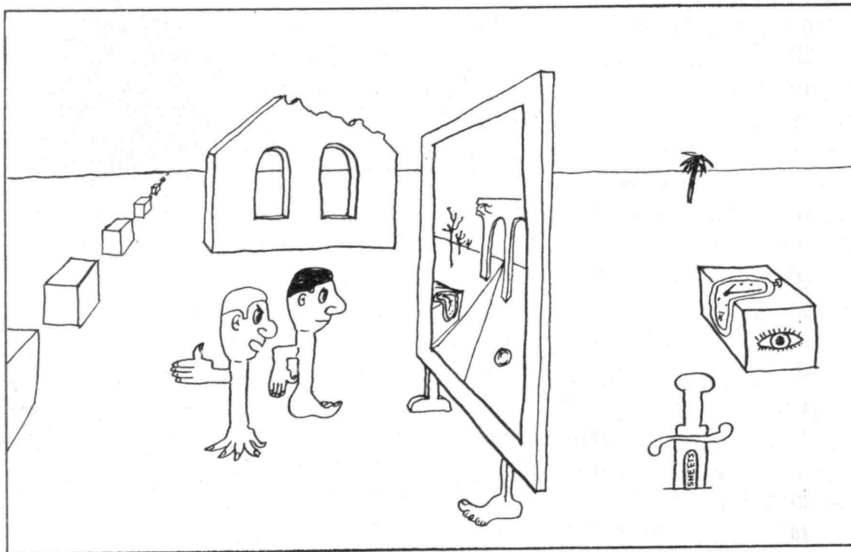
The moment we enter The Grotto,

Alex sighs and begins to smile. I look his way, and I smile too. The bar, and it is a big one, is lined with women. Women of all shapes and sizes, women of all shades of beauty, women talking to each other, women drinking, women smoking, women glancing over their shoulders. We make our way across, and look around the place. A heavy crowd of men lines the walls. Many sailors, many college men. A band makes bad rhumbas, and now and then a man will step forward and ask a girl to dance. Waiters push their way through the crowd, cruising men edge through with studied unconcern, and study the women. We order beer through a gap between the girls at the bar, and the bartender works with great efficiency and the right amount of melodrama. What with the cloud of smoke and all, a fine setting.

One of the seats becomes vacant, and an elderly captain of the 9th Infantry Division slides into it. He brushes against the girl on the next

stool, and murmurs an apology. A rather seedy looking captain, with two rows of ribbons and a balding pate, and a rather seedy looking girl, with sharp little breasts and a bony face which smiles at the captain, radiantly. He smiles too, faintly, and buys her a drink. They smoke a cigarette, his cigarette, and then they get up to dance. The girl who now finds herself next to the empty stool turns around, and caresses the room with a vague look. Such as, "Where in hell is the nice young man who promised he would meet me here?" She examines me, and I examine her. There seems to be a mutual rejection, because her gaze wanders on, smiling afresh for every new man, and mine will not commit itself. The seats are filled, and Alex and I move on.

At the end of the bar there is a thicker crowd than elsewhere. Men. Gathered about the two girls in grey flannel suits. Sisters, I imagine, and very pretty. Dark brown hair in a mass about small oval faces, and two saucy noses high up in the air. An empty stool appears, and I catch it, Alex standing next to me against the bar. For a while I do nothing; she looks away, and I look away, and we drink our beer as if we were alone on a desert island, or rather as if one of us were not quite respectable enough to associate with the other. Finally I pull out a pack of cigarettes, shake a couple loose, and hold the pack under her nose. There is no noticeable reaction. "Cigarette?" My voice rises slightly. "What do you think I am?" she asks. I have my own ideas on the subject, but there is seldom any need to call a spade a bloody shovel. "Forget it," I say. "Forget the whole



*Some screwball, I guess.*



affair." She looks at me, a little resentfully, but wondering. "I'll have one," she says. "As many as your heart desires." I hold out the pack again, and light hers and mine. She looks away. "You're very welcome," I murmur, and look away also.

They have a floor show, and what one can see from the bar is pretty good. Three young men, one of them sporting a very English mustache and, God bless him, a Tattersall vest, do imitations of Eleanor Roosevelt and the Inkspots, and are, as always, very much better than the originals. Alex and I discuss the floor show in French, and in the meantime one man after another steps up to the two sisters and murmurs his advances. The words are indistinguishable above the general din. But the whispering accent, the pursed lip, the predatory look, no one can call those his own. And each one steps back, shrugs his shoulders, and shares his repulse with twenty others. I can understand why the noses of the two sisters are turned up — familiarity with these men must breed contempt. But what do they do here, at the bar? Study man, and look down on him? It cannot be rejected, of course, but looks implausible. They do not have the earnestly inquiring gaze of slummers. Neither do they appear to be waiting for anyone; they have not been drinking heavily.

"If they are working girls," I ask Alex, "why don't they look for work?" He shrugs. "And if they aren't, what are they doing here?" I don't know the answer, and as the one girl sitting next to me brushes off the last man, her knee presses against mine, and I press back.

"Pardon me," she says.

"Gladly." I take the butt out of my mouth.

"Were you speaking French just now?" She looks at me expectantly, and I feel an impulse to say no and watch her face fall. But I nod my head.

"You see, I speak French, and I



**"AHH, YOU'RE CRAZY !!"**

understood every word you said." I release a little cloud of smoke.

"I hope you got a big charge out of it." And I smile at her, prettily.

"Yes, I understood every word you said." As if to make sure. Alex is still eager.

"Where did you learn French?"

"You see, I am French." She says this slowly, impressively, as if thinking. Thinking possibly of a childhood in France, and possibly of other things.

If she speaks French, she should try to look less like a liar.

"Oh really. Where are you from? I am from Paris." Alex is still eager.

She looks at me, and presses her knee against mine. I am impressed, and eager.

"Where you from?" She looks at me as if she meant it.

"I'm from around," I say. It doesn't seem to be the right answer. In fact, it seems to be the end of our beautiful friendship.

"Come now, blue-eyes," I say, "let's not spoil it all." But she looks

away, and her sister does not want to dance either. Alex is indignant.

"What are they waiting for?" He steadies himself with some beer. "John D. Rockefeller, Jr., with dollar bills sticking out of his ears?" Maybe they are. Maybe they don't like our looks. Maybe they're just hard to get.

"That's all very fine in your sister," Alex says, "but in these girls I want something else. Not coyness, and no sob stories. That isn't what I came for." He rises, and I rise also.

"A question in your ear, blue-eyes," I murmur, and she turns to look. "How come a nice girl like you is in a place like this?" She doesn't like that, and turns away again.

As we walk away, two other girls, two bosomy Messalinas, give us the eye. Before I can cross the crowded floor, two sailors arrive, and make off with the beauties.

"To hell with this," I say to Alex. "There's nothing like a cold shower."

— R. V. G.





# COURIER CONFESSIONS



Before I tell my story, I must make clear the reasons for my doing so at this time. After my indictment in the headlines I was anxious to seek obscurity. The editors of this magazine offered me two hundred reasons why I should tell my story but I was immovable. When they gave an additional hundred reasons, I thought possibly my story might keep other people from making the same mistake.

To begin with I had little chance to

study our democracy first hand. I was raised in the Middle West where the people exercise their voting franchise only once a year. At an early age I left home and traveled east to a large university. To avoid complications it shall be nameless, but for the sake of the story we shall give it a name, say Harvard U. There were fourteen courses offered in American government and history, but due to conflicts or inconveniences I had to

elect Marxian ideology. From that moment on I was doomed. When I went to a baseball game, the Red Sox were playing. If I attended a football game, some one waved a crimson banner in my face. At any concert I attended, they played nothing but Stravinsky. All I could get on the radio was the Mad Russian. My resistance weakened. I took to drinking vodka and dating Vassar girls. Finally, I asked to join the local cell.

Before I could be accepted I had to submit to a few tests. After all you just could not have any one joining. My father's income was large enough and all my folks were considered acceptable. For a while there was some doubt about my great-grandfather, as he had been in "trade" in his early years. It was finally decided to overlook it, and I was given my first assignment. I was given messages to carry to New York. At first they were simple and in code such as "John, when you come to Boston bring a pound of sturgeon" or "Sam, get me two tickets to the Cerdan fight". As I performed my duties both enthusiastically and diligently, I was soon trusted with more important messages such as "Give this fellow ten dollars for me until the first" or "What looks good at Hialeah, Monday". The drop-off in New York was a woman, whom I was to call Helen. I had worked with her in Boston where I called her Ruth. Occasionally we went across the river to New



*So that's where you've been keeping yourself.*

Jersey for a few beers, here I called her Sonia her right name.

After the party decided I passed the tests, the only ones I passed while at Harvard, I was finally given a real assignment. I was to infiltrate the English department and prove Shakespeare was nothing but a bourgeois author who wrote of nothing but Italian merchants and English royalty. The task proved more difficult than had been anticipated. The professor was slightly deaf. Every time I asked an insidious question he would respond with a Shakespearean sonnet. All attempts to show the ideological imperfections of the bard were met with three quatrains and a couplet. After sixteen renditions of "Full Many A Glamorous Morning" and twenty recitations of "When In Disgrace With Fortune", I was forced to admit defeat. The leader was furious. He claimed I was soft and decadent. Tomorrow he would accompany me to class and give me a lesson in proper field action. He lasted through "When In Disgrace", but decided, possibly, the time was not yet ripe in the middle of "Full Many A Glamorous Morning".

Being fully aware of the fact an army marches on its stomach, the party gave me an assignment in food technology. I was to worm my way into the confidence of the students and ingratiate myself with the professors. Once again luck was not with us. The time I chose to ingratiate myself was fish-preparatory time. As I had the only neutral stomach in the lab, I was picked to sample the results of each of fourteen different methods of preparing cod fish. This alone strained my ties to the suffering masses. When I learned halibut, flounder, mackerel, pike, salmon, and herring were to follow, I began to see the error of my ways. Liberation of the proletariat well and good, but I dislike scales in any form, bathroom to musical. Testing fourteen different types of fish was enough to make me a Republican for the rest

of my days.

It is not a simple task to free oneself from the party. Four forms in triplicate must be filled out. I had to report to a separation center in Brookline. Here I was given a physical to see if I was sick enough to resign. I had to attend three lectures on the problems of living with free enterprise. After turning in all equipment; leaflets, hammers, sickles, party card, and beard, I was asked if I wished to join the inactive reserve. After answering in the negative I received my last "Farewell, Comrade" and struck out on my own in the predatory jungle of reactionary society.

Turning down offers from news magazines, peace foundations, and leagues for the liberation of something, I retired to my Ohio farm. I had thought the Congressional investigations had passed me by, as all I read about was exotic brunettes and ravishing blondes. Imagine my surprise when the exotic brunette turned out

to be my old friend Sonia. I hate to speak disparagingly of a woman's looks, but it would have taken more than a revolution for Sonia to look even passable. She had the general silhouette of a fire hydrant, one of those low ones. With such a friendly press, I decided it was time for me to come forward with my story. I resigned from the Ohio Grange and went to Washington with the results you all know so well.

F. G.

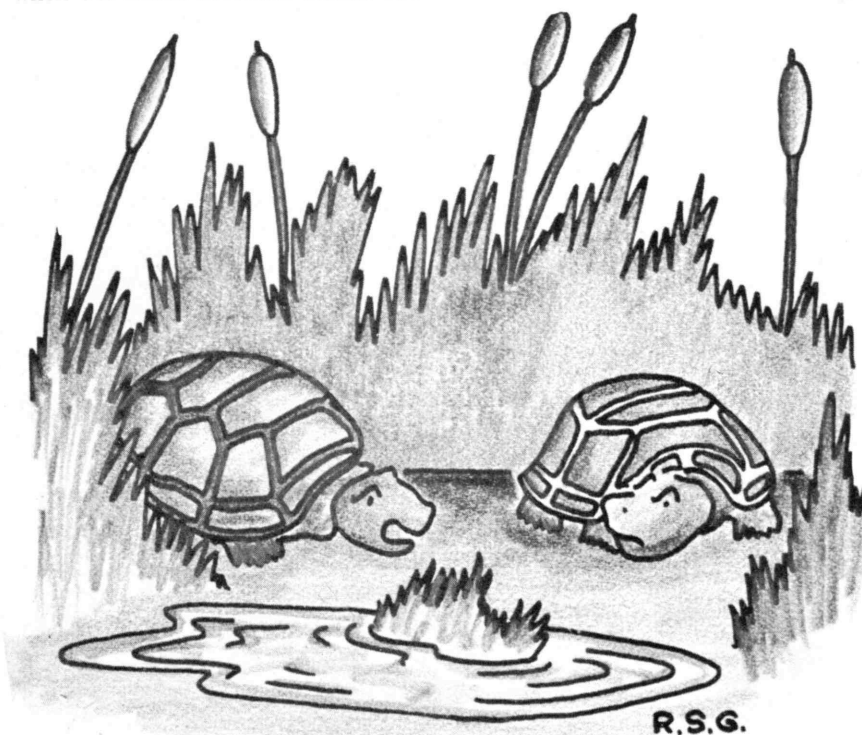


He thought he was a lucky guy when he married the girl but instead of receiving congratulations from all the boys he received thanks.

— Sundial



And then there was the little country girl who always went out with city men because farm hands are too rough.



**"EVERYTHING'S SO DAMN SLOW  
AROUND HERE."**



# KEY INFORMATION

There are few opportunities nowadays for one to express himself with a complete freedom from inhibition. Some of these opportunities are costly or hard to find, like revealing your soul to a psychoanalyst or telling your troubles to a bartender. But there is available to us all one perfect outlet for repressed thoughts—one that offers complete anonymity and no restrictions: The practice sheets in the sample typewriters at the Coop.

A week or two ago I noticed that some rather interesting things were appearing on those sample sheets, so I asked Dorothy, the girl who sells peanuts, pipes and French curves, if she would collect the sheets for me when they were filled. She did; and after a week I was able to pick up a sizable library of uninhibited thoughts.

The results, in many cases, were far from inspiring. There was an overwhelming predominance of people who could think of nothing better to write than, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party," and a sorry abundance of "Johnny-one-keys" who simply wrote, "fggggg

ggggggggcccggggggggggggggjkllkkk" etc. These people I would lump in a single category. They exemplify the Tech Man as he is often portrayed.

Only slightly better off than the people in this category is the man who copies the first thing he sees. A favorite text for the men in this class was the sign over the cash register. They can find nothing better to type than, "Please wait for your Register Receipt when making cash purchases."

A third class of typewriter-doodlers is the one made up of egotists. Little need be said of these except that it may be a good sign that there were so few.

The random key-board puncher is one step further removed from the "now-is-the-time" status. He applies little thought other than idle curiosity as he punches his typewritten chicken-tracks onto the paper, like a blind-folded child playing with alphabet blocks. He is the man who wrote "a c poju;m, , mnAr wn tina" or the vague soul who typed "Be ire upir, e". His curiosity was apparent when he busied himself at the special typewriter with a technical keyboard.

There he came up with such combinations as " $o/\int \omega'_2 + -^\circ \pi f/\omega'$ ". Much space on the sample sheets was filled with doodlings like these.

The last category, however, was of a vastly different nature from the four described so far. It is made up of the noblest souls of all; the free intellects who demonstrate that all Tech men are not restricted to "now is the time" or "asdfghj". These uninhibited personalities came up with such gems as, "What are you reading this for? You're not going to buy a typewriter." or, "You shall not press down upon the head of labor this crown of thorns." (No Course XV man he!) One member of this class wrote:

Dear Mr. Technology Coop

I think that my twenty five years of patronage at the Technology Coop entitles me to one Coop Special Pipe, free of charge.

Dr. James Rhyne Killian, Jr.  
(signed)

(Of course, I may be wrong on that one; it may really have been Dr. Killian.) Another, obviously a Hahvahd man at heart, quoted Winnie the Pooh, and wrote, in red, no less:

The more it snows tiddelpom  
The more it goes tiddelpom  
The more it goes tiddelpom  
On snowing

He may have been the same man who quoted Alice in Wonderland and wrote about the slithy toves.

It is obvious that of all the people who contributed to these sample sheets, only this last class were really able to pour their inner souls into their doodlings. The others left unused their opportunity for free expression. Let us hope that in the future more Tech men will discover and put to use this hidden outlet for unvoiced thoughts. Let us hope that soon someone else will let his fingers wander over the key-board of one of the Coop typewriters and commit to immortality another gem equal to this perfect couplet:

The wind from Cape Hatteras  
Tore up the matters.

— L. W. S.



April Fool!

# "Hitch Your Wagon to a Car"

On March 25th, every Techman who couldn't get a ride via the bulletin board in Building 10 will try the only other available means of transportation since the tuition rise: to stand between two Burma-Shave signs and hope for the best.

For your information and to help you get home Voo Doo has investigated the best ways to get a free ride. How do your methods compare with the professional? Compare — comparison shows!



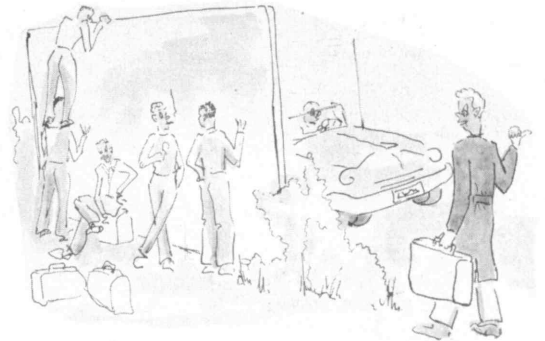
*I wanna ride, see. An' no backtalk either.*



*I might as well be comfortable while I wait . . . .*



*Nine out of ten will stop.*



*One guy alone will always get a ride quicker.*



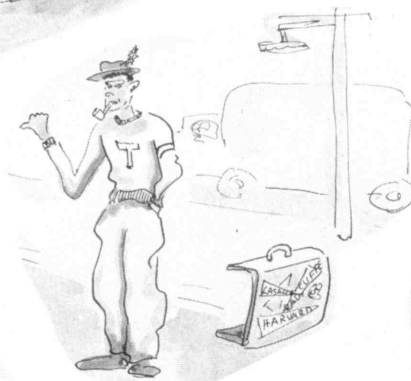
*It pays to advertise.*



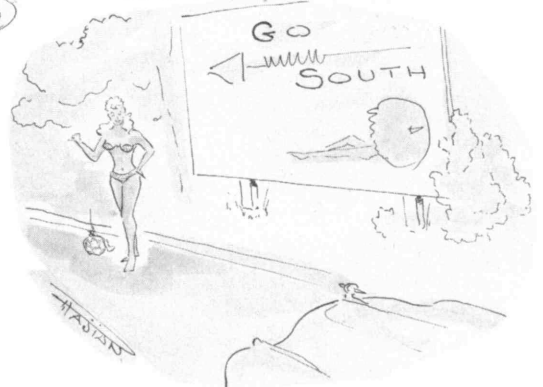
*Please . . . please . . . . he's slowing down . . . . no he isn't . . . . please . . . . PLEASE . . . . YOU SON OF A . . . . .*



*A tap dance will always draw a crowd.*

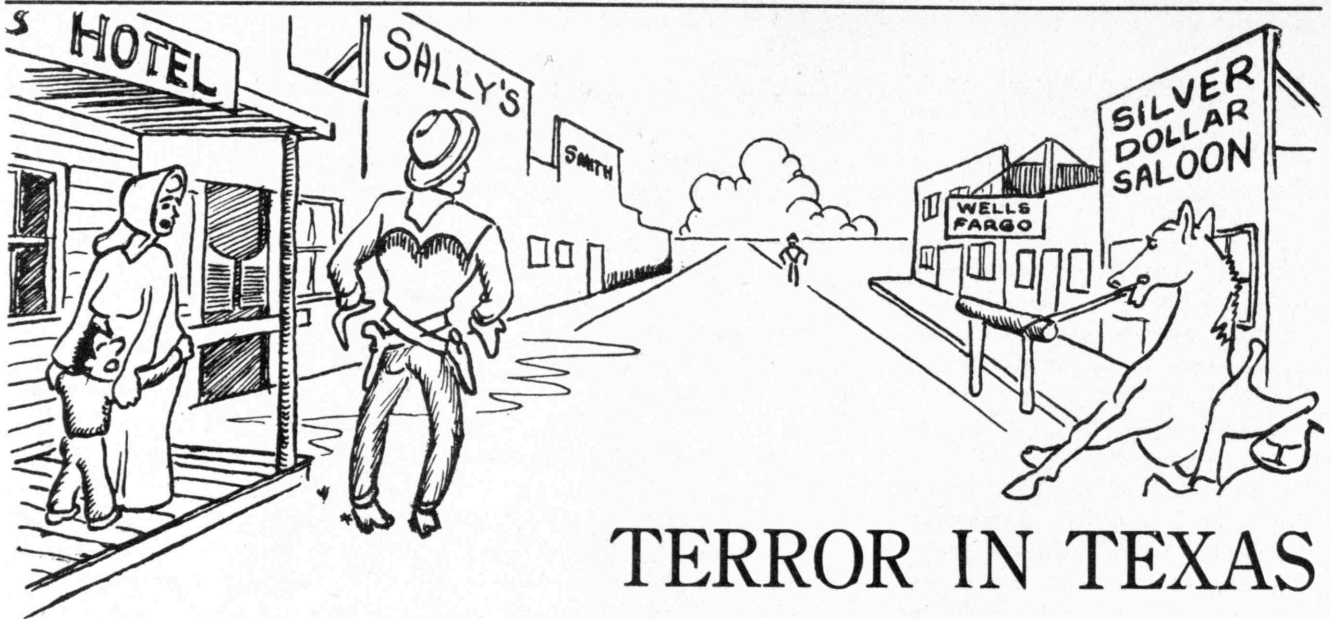


*A nice clean cut American College boy.*



*And then, there's always sex . . . . if you have any.*





## TERROR IN TEXAS

The red morning sunlight gleamed in the steel-blue eyes of handsome Tex Dawson, new Marshall of Dogdog, Texas, as he stepped from the porch of the town hall. Dust rose from the dirty, dirty street and curled about his slit mouth, his pearl-like teeth, his slim hips and barrel chest. It rested in his crisp brown hair, and settled momentarily on his arm until a careless ripple of his muscle sent the dust rising again. Tex walked forward on his toes, carrying his weight easily, and whispering "Whoa, ole pohdner" to himself every so often, revealing himself as a man at home in a saddle. Casually he looked around

him. Four, fresh, fly-covered bodies lay within sight; a stage coach was burning near the post office, its driver's head staring philosophically at its driver's body. Further on down the street the tail end of a stampede could be seen going down a side alley. Finally, with the aid of vision developed in long years of frontier experience, Tex could see that the town was surrounded by circle of terribly mean Indians, crawling silently, on their stomachs, around and around the town. Tex tightened his gun belt, and got ready for a routine day.

Suddenly, the sharp crack of a rifle broke the morning air. New Marshall

Tex Matthews, the sun glinting in his steel-blue eyes, looked down at the writhing form of old Marshall Tex Dawson, tightened his gun belt around his slim hips, ran a bronzed hand carelessly through his crisp brown hair, looked over his pearl-like teeth at his barrel chest, and got ready for a routine day.

Meanwhile, Black Mex Ivanovich-wonwillwin, the Terror of the Plains, (also, secretly, the distinguished President of the bank) got ready for a far from routine day. The time had come to rid his territory of all meddlers including the entire population of Dogdog, so that he could gain undisputed control of all ranches, all gold, all oil, all roadside stands, and all water holes. The method to be used — INDIANS! Hastily, Mex summoned the Presidents of all nearby Banks, and the group, with much noise, spur jangling and dust, got set to ride. And ride they did — hell bent for leather. As they passed the Marshall's office, Mex tossed a stick of dynamite neatly in through a window marked "Please Leave Open; signed, Mex", with an accuracy that comes of long years of experience. New Marshall Tex Raider, the sun glinting in his steel-blue eyes, his mouth narrowed to a slit that concealed his pearly teeth, tightened his gun belt around his slim hips, heaved



BICKFORD

*Professor, I'd sure hate to flunk this quiz.*

his barrel chest into his saddle, heaved himself into another saddle, and summoned his first-string posse. The group rode up and down the main street and through every saloon in town, until a good deal of dust was stirred up, then whooped out of town.

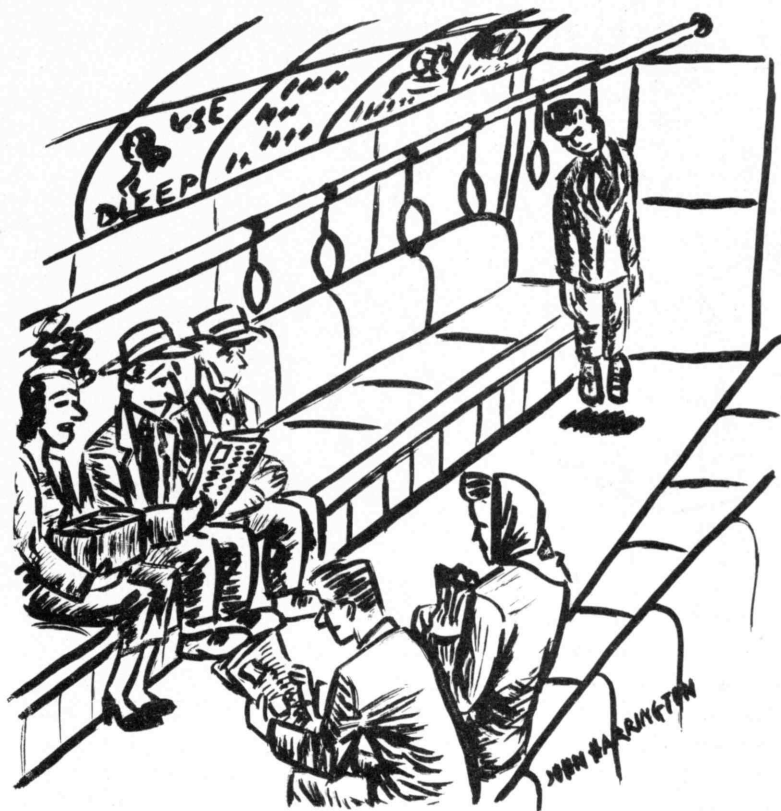
As all this went on, Black Mex and the Northwestern Texas Bank Association, disguised as pioneer women looking for a place to wash socks, rode through the Indian camp, accidentally dropping a few Molotov Cocktails on the way. Grimly pounding a large drum, old Chief Overlapping Eyes came out of the smoldering remains of his tepee asking what the b'jesus was that and who the hell do they think they are anyway summon the guard call in the scouts no send out more scouts ground all flights we're gonna fix those Dogdogers if it's the last thing we do.

Yes, the moment Dogdog has feared for years has come. Smoke rises from a distant hill, the sound of the drum is heard in the land, and the CIRCLE OF TERRIBLY MEAN INDIANS BEGINS TO GET SMALLER.

The citizens begin to make preparations for battle. Wagons are piled up at the ends of every street, several pretty girls are sent to bed in easily-burned houses, a rider is horribly wounded and sent, the long way, for the Army. The men hastily grow beards, while the women practise a tired pass-the-ammunition-and-fire-bucket look and smear themselves with blood and dirt.

New Marshall Tex Whithall, calmly examining the arrow lodged in the throat of old Marshall Tex Raider, tightens his gun belt around his slim hips, glances at the sun for effect, and prepares to do battle with the Indians.

The attack arrives! Arrows, bullets, blood, screams, smoke, flashbulbs, kidnapped women, scalped men, sinister Indians, frightened cooks all are seen in picturesque confusion. Slowly the unfortunate townspeople are forced back, fighting every corpse of the way.



*"Nearly everybody in Philadelphia reads the Bulletin."*

Just when all hope has been gone for about fifteen minutes, bugles are heard, and a cloud of dust is seen on the horizon. Waving triumphantly above the dust are the blue and gold banners of the ninth cavalry. The horrified Indians begin to drop like flies, and the tired citizens of Dogdog begin to rally, driving the Red enemy into several convenient cages. The Army has saved the day!

The military-looking dust cloud draws nearer, and the frightened and defeated Indians are really teed off to see that the cloud consists of a guidon-bearing bugler and a sleepy recruiting sargeant; who promptly signs up what's left of Overlapping Eyes' tribe.

The sun turns into a golden ball and vanishes. Fire breaks out in several hotels, knives begin to thunk into convenient walls, spasmodic firing breaks out from the bowery, and handsome Marshall Mex Ivanovich-wonwillwin gets ready for a routine evening.

— J. H. B.

"Goodness, George, this is not our baby, this is the wrong carriage . . ."  
"Shut up, this is a better carriage."



"I know a good joke about crude oil."  
"Spring it."  
"I would, but it's not refined."



Two little girls were busily discussing their families.

"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.

"I think," said the other little girl, "that she's cramming for her finals."

— Yale Record



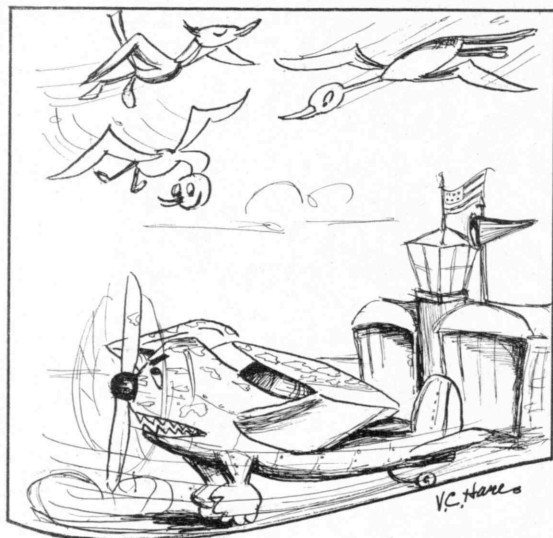
Guest (to host in new home):  
"Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?"

Host: "Walk right upstairs, and then two doors to the left."

— Record



It has come to our attention that people are woefully unable to tell the difference between many quite important objects. For this reason we have submitted many simple, hence useful, methods for accomplishing this often complicated task.



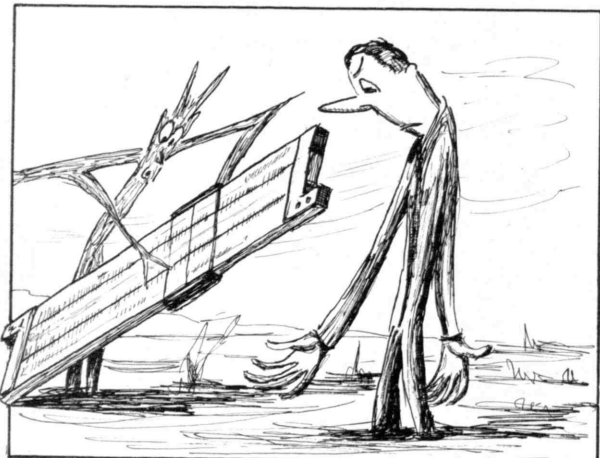
*Tell an airplane from a bird.*

One must use acute hearing or eyesight to make this distinction. Airplanes are propelled through the air, not, as you might think, by flapping their wings, but by the action of rapidly revolving fins, an invention of men. Birds, as opposed to airplanes, talk to each other by whistling, an invention of birds.



*Tell a Radcliffe girl from a Wellesley girl.*

If you can't tell just by looking (and you should be able to do this), say something derogatory about Harvard. If she just laughs, she's probably from Wellesley, but if she claps you on the back and says that's the funniest thing she's heard in weeks, she's from Radcliffe.



*Tell a Stick-in-the-Mud from a Techman.*

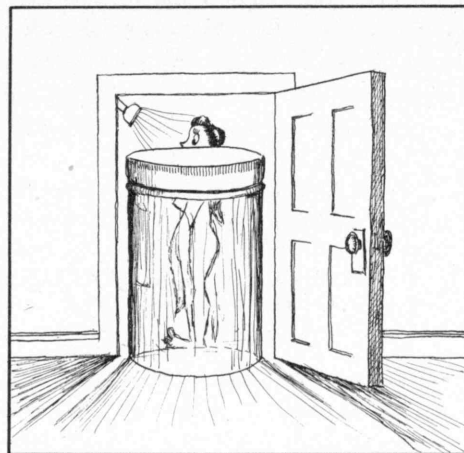
This, quite frankly, is difficult. Give it a sliderule or a Burington's. If it doesn't burst into nervous tears, it's a stick. If this doesn't work, try breaking it in half. If it breaks, it's a Techman.

How to:



*Tell a Snake-in-the-Grass from a rope in the grass.*

An interesting feature of ropes, i.e. they have no forked tongue, is quite useful in this differentiation. This is because snakes do. Also, very few ropes exist which are capable of rattling, although some chains do. For this reason it is somewhat more difficult to distinguish between snakes and chains.



*Tell a door from a jar.*

The former is so often the latter that these, too, are difficult to distinguish. However, as is quite apparent to some, jars do not make very good doors, as they are transparent in the majority of cases. (Did you ever, by the way, see a jar of door jam?)

*Tell a cow from a lion.*

Try milking the animal, and if it growls and gives next to no milk, it's probably a lion. Of course, it might be a leopard. You might change your milking system and get positive results.





Notice on the bulletin board of biology department: "We don't begrudge you dipsomaniacs a little alcohol, but please return our specimens."

— Dr. Kildare



How about the girl who went to a masquerade party dressed as a telephone operator and before the evening was over had three close calls.

— Columns



Mae West was in the White House looking for the ladies' room. She walked up and down the corridor without any success. Finally she met a guard.

"Where is the ladies' room?"

"Just around the corner."

"I'm not looking for prosperity, I'm looking for relief!"

— Yellow Jacket



It doesn't breathe,  
It doesn't smell.  
So very well.  
I am disgusted with my nose;  
The only thing  
It does is blows.

— Corn Shucks

The quick thinker becomes the leader.  
He who hesitates is bossed.

— The Log



She: "You're the kind of a fellow a girl can trust."

He: "Haven't I met you before?  
Your faith is familiar."



Father (to young college son):  
"When Abe Lincoln was your age,  
he was making his own living."

Son: "Yes, and when he was your age,  
he was president."



A peacock is a gorgeous bird, but  
it takes a stork to deliver the goods.



The automobile motor began to pound, and finally stopped. The worried boy friend said to his companion:

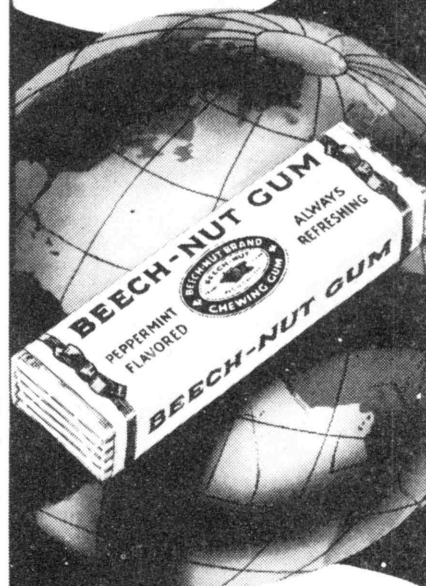
"I wonder what the knock could be?"

"Maybe," said the blond girl friend, "It's opportunity."

— Ski U Mah

# Flavor

makes all  
the difference  
in the  
world!



And there's one  
thing you can always  
depend upon...the con-  
sistently high quality  
and fine flavor of

## Beech-Nut GUM

*It's "Always Refreshing"*



# Smith House

Famous  
Food  
For  
Fifty  
Years

500 MEMORIAL DRIVE  
CAMBRIDGE

TROWBRIDGE 6-8500

"I represent Mountain Cheap Wool Company," began the snappy young salesman. "Would you be interested in coarse yarns?"

"Gosh, yes," breathed the gal, hopefully. "Tell me a couple."

— *El Chaparral*



Good Advice: What a man gives when he is too old to set a bad example.



Papa Robin: "How did that speckled egg get in our nest?"

Mama Robin: "I did it for a lark."

— *Mis-A-Sip*



One merchant met another in the street. "Hiya, Tom," he greeted him. "How was that fire in your store last week?"

"Shush!" cautioned Tom in a nervous whisper. "It was next week."



"What is conscience?"

"Conscience is the thing that hurts when everything else feels so good."

— *Pelican*



Scene: A lonely corner on a dark night.

A Voice: "Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor hungry fellow who is out of work? Besides this revolver, I haven't a thing in the world."

— *Ugh*



Little Audrey, mad as hell,  
Pushed her sister in the well,  
Said her mother, drawing water,  
"Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."

"Harry surprised me by telling me we were going to spend our honeymoon in France."

"How nice, and how did he spring it on you?"

"He said that as soon as we were married he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

— *Froth*



Before marriage, the average man declares that he will be master of the house or know the reason why — after he has been married a while, he knows the reason why.

— *Pine Needle*



Two kittens were watching a tennis match. One said to the other proudly, "My mother is in that racket."



The man with a little black bag knocked at the front door of a large dilapidated house.

"Come in, come in," said the father of 14 children, "and I sure hope you're the piano tuner."

— *Metronome*



"Swear that you love me."

"All right, dammit, I love you."



"Like short skirts, Mike?"

"Naw, they get lipstick on me shoit front when I dance wit 'em."



— Log

His wife lay on her death bed. She pleaded: "John, I want you to promise me that you'll ride in the same car with my mother at my funeral."

He sighed: "Okay, but it's going to ruin my whole day."

— Christian Science Monitor



"There's a woman peddler at the door."

"Show him in and tell him to bring his samples."

— Oclupus

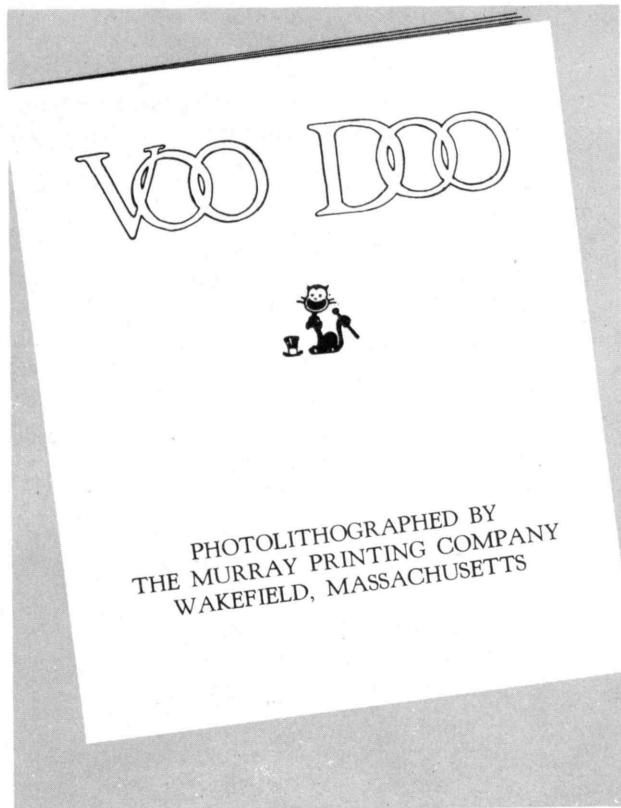


A man came home one evening and raved about his new secretary. She was so efficient and good-looking, besides.

"Really a doll," he said.

His little daughter spoke up, "Does she close her eyes when you lay her down?"

— Medley



## QUESTIONS

- A** Twice here in red, two-thirds in white,  
Explains just why a Chesterfield's right.
- B** Four are shown and all the same  
In color and shape, but not in fame.
- C** You've no doubt heard it noised about that  
oysters "R" in season,  
One glance at lovely Linda and you're sure  
to see the reason.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



### 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 **THREE** is composed of five letters and they're all found in **CHESTERFIELD**.
- B** Chesterfields in the pack, 3 E's in Chesterfield,  $3 \times 3 = 9$ . One E in **REALITY**.
- C** Biscuit = muffin; Change M to R and you get Ruffin, the home of Van W. Daniel.

#### WINNERS...

Tom Fell	B. Proctor	W. Lassiter	F. E. Smith
Al Gilbert	Sandy Rubin	Nat Roossin	F. M. Young
	R. J. Collins	G. A. Ferguson	

A husband and wife were asleep. About 3 a.m., the wife dreamed of secretly meeting another man.

Then she dreamed she saw her husband coming. In her sleep she shrieked, "Heavens! My husband!"

Her husband, wakening suddenly, leaped out the window.

— Child Life



Judge: "Rastus, do you realize that by leaving your wife you are a deserter?"

Rastus: "Jedge, if you know'd that woman like I does, you wouldn't call me a deserter. I'se a refugee."

— Covered Wagon



She: "And what makes you think that this is night for wild oats."

He: "Your eyes told me sow."



Why was Pharoah's daughter like a broker?

Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.



The sun trickled lightly through the cypress leaves into the crystal pool. Odysseus awoke, wiped the salt water from his eyes, and peered cautiously around the bush. There, in the speckled light, stooped Nausicaa, her lithe body bending to and fro as she dipped her linens into the limpid waters. Her rosy figure was like a nude Aphrodite, chiseled in pink marble. For some minutes The Wanderer sat spellbound, his eyes riveted to the swaying body. Then he loosed his tongue, for he could no longer hold his peace.

"Gad!" he hissed, "double-jointed!"



Hattie (in bank): "I wants to put this heah money in the bank."

Bank Teller: "Hattie, where did you get all that money, have you been hoarding?"

Hattie: "No, sah, I got that money taking in washing."  
—Orange-Peel

## M. I. T. DINING HALLS WALKER MEMORIAL

The college department that renders the greatest diversified service to students, faculty and alumni of any university or college dining hall in the entire nation.

### ONE MILLION MEALS SERVED LAST YEAR

In Morss Hall alone last year there were fifty Dances, Balls, Receptions, Lectures, Meetings, Alumni Gatherings, etc.

Two Hundred Thousand Members of the Tech Family use Pritchett Lounge Annually.

Two Hundred Private Luncheons, Dinners, Suppers, etc. in the Silver Room Annually.

### MORSS HALL

Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner  
Open Seven Days per Week

### PRITCHETT LOUNGE

The First Custom Built College Night Club  
Open Seven Days per Week

## HISTORY REWRITTEN

### DAMOCLES AND THE SWORD



Gosh, the suspense is getting me!  
Wish I had a Life Saver!



Still only 5¢

### A Box of LIFESAVERS for the Best Joke

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Lifesavers. Jokes will be judged by the Editor.

### THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

He: "I feel like a better man every time I kiss you."

She: "Well, you needn't try to get to Heaven tonight."

This month's winning joke submitted by Mary Ellen Cannon, Longwood House, 162 Riverway, Brookline, Massachusetts.



# CAMPUS CRISES

by *Nudy Pott*



When she turns you down for the Big Fraternity Dance at the last minute... brother, she's giving you the TREATMENT. So—

M. I. T. students know Old Golds always blunt the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Old Golds are so mild and mellow—so rich and smooth—they make even good days turn out that much better. So for *pleasure*—and nothing else but—why don't you treat yourself to Old Golds . . . today?

## For a **TREAT** instead of a **TREATMENT**



Give yourself a **TREAT**! Just cheer up... light up...an **OLD GOLD**... for a **TREAT** instead of the **TREATMENT**!



She was just a used furniture dealer's daughter, and that's why she wouldn't allow much on the old davenport.



"Where have you been keeping yourself?" inquired blonde number one.

"I haven't," sweetly replied blonde number two.

— H H



First drunk: "Shay, know what time it is?"

Second drunk: "Yeah."

First drunk: "Thanksh."



Don H: "Oh, come on, give me a kiss like a good girl."

Elaine: "Wouldn't you like one of the other kind better?"

— Technology

# CAFE DE PARIS

*Real Home-Cooked Food*

*Reasonably Priced*

**Luncheons and Dinners**

Visit Our Lounge Bar

165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

I know a gal who gave up drinking because she was afraid it might turn into would alcohol.

— Turnout



Hick Town — One where if you see a girl dancing with a man old enough to be her father, he is.



Client: "I lent a chap five hundred dollars and he won't give me a receipt. What shall I do?"

Lawyer: "Write and ask for the return of the thousand dollars."

Client: "But it was only five hundred."

Lawyer: "He will soon write and tell you it was only five hundred, and that shall be your receipt."

— Tale Record



"You've got to hand it to Phil when it comes to petting.

"What's wrong with him, is he too lazy?"

# 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



Guy was phoning a blind date the other night. Suddenly he drops the phone, grabs his hard hat, and takes off analogous to a herd of fragrant turtles. "If she don't smoke and she don't drink, she must do something! I'm getting over there *right now!*"

— *Unique*



"What did the doctor say when he was late on that rush call?"

"Hello, baby."

— *The Log*



Co-ed: "Is it natural to shrink from kissing?"

Prof: "If it were, my dear, most of you girls would be nothing but skin and bones."

— *Octopus*



A conductor fears no one — he tells 'em where to get off

It's not improper to kiss a girl's hand, but it's decidedly out of place.

If a girl expects to win a husband, she ought to exhibit a generous nature, or else show how generous nature has been to her.

— *Urchin*



Appearances are deceiving — many a girl who puts up a swell front in society is flat busted at home.



For forty years she had been married to him, and for forty years he had never worked a lick — just lazy and shiftless and content to let his poor wife make the living. Finally, from extreme inertia or something, he died. His widow instructed that he be cremated and the ashes delivered to her. When the ashes arrived she carefully placed them in an hour glass, set it on the mantel and said: "Now, you worthless bum, at last you're going to work."

— *Chapparat*



# FENNELL'S

MASSACHUSETTS AND COMMONWEALTH AVENUES

Just off the Bridge

FINEST LIQUORS

BUDWEISER, PABST BLUE RIBBON, SCHLITZ,

PICKWICK'S ALE AND BEER

ON ICE

FREE ICE AND DELIVERY

KEEnmore 6-0222

Open daily 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

See us for special party rates



# Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

"Everybody likes Chesterfield  
because it's MILDER  
it's MY cigarette."

*Linda Darnell*

*Starring in*

"A LETTER TO THREE WIVES"

*A 20<sup>th</sup> Century-Fox Production*



"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since  
I've been smoking. They buy the best cigarette  
tobacco grown... it's MILD, sweet tobacco."

*M. H. Griffin*

TOBACCO FARMER  
BAILEY, N.C.

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)



MAKE YOURS THE **MILDER** CIGARETTE

CHESTERFIELD Contest See page 25

Copyright 1949, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.