Voted the "Rookie of the Year" in the American League with an earned run average of 2.43, Gene was the pitching hero of the '48 World Series... stepping out on the mound to wrap up two big climax games for the Cleveland Indians. After many seasons with the Cincinnati Reds, he has more strikeouts to his record than any pitcher on the Club. Vander Meer is the only big leaguer to pitch two "no-hit" games in a row.

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS

- Have YOU made the popular Camel 30-Day Test? The doctors' findings in the recent coast-to-coast test of Camel mildness speak for themselves. But why not make your own personal 30-day test of Camel Mildness?

  Yes, smoke Camels and test them in your "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Let your own taste tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let your own throat report 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, North Carolina.
ISN'T life beautiful at this time of the year? Here we are at the end of another school semester, facing the happy prospect of a whole summer to catch up on our sleeping and reading. We even hope to do a little studying for the coming year so that the load will be a bit lighter.

We hope that all of the students will use the time to its best advantage and will conduct themselves in a manner befitting the glorious reputation that Tech enjoys. We mustn't let ourselves get too lax, you know.

It is a good idea, at this time of the year, to sit down and reflect on the many fine things which have been learned in the past term...to meditate on them and to store them for use in the future.

Have a nice vacation . . . .

PHOS, if you will look up from your beer for a sec, we'll let you in on a little hot dope. There will be a capable new gang running the mag next year. The new Senior Board for the coming year will be:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>General Manager</td>
<td>Andy C. Price</td>
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<tr>
<td>Managing Editor</td>
<td>John Bickford</td>
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<tr>
<td>Associate Editor</td>
<td>Dick Waldt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Business Manager</td>
<td>Jim Miller</td>
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This transition period had a few difficulties attached to it. We couldn't get together on what to do this month, so one group put out the top half of this issue, and another group, the devils, edited the lower portion.

Take your pick . . . .

AIN'T life beautiful at this time of the year? Here we are at the end of another school semester, facing the happy prospect of a whole summer to loaf and catch up on our loving and drinking. The next homework assignment is so far in the future, we can't even see it with the aid of glasses; especially with our special highball glasses.

We'll be so happy when we can have some rip-roaring fun again. We're beginning to feel as stale as Walker's coffee.

This is a good time to reflect back on the past year and weed out that little black book so that the new term can be started with only useful names. No sense carrying dead wood, you know.

Have fun . . . .

Cover this month by Waldt.
Two cockroaches lunched in a dirty old sewer and excitedly discussed the spotless, glistening new restaurant in the neighborhood from which they had been barred.

"I hear," said one, "that the refrigerators shine like polished silver. The shelves are clear as a whistle. The floors sparkle like diamonds. It's so clean . . ."

"Please," said the second in disgust, nibbling on a mouldy roll. "Not while I'm eating."

"Four out of five women haters are women."

Politician: Congratulations, dear, I got the nomination. His wife: Honestly?
Politician: Why bring that up?

Barmaid: "Oh yes, I married a man in the village fire department."
Sailor: "Volunteer?"
Barmaid: "No, Pa made him."

Many a girl with a Negative personality Can be developed In a dark room.

Mother (entering room): Well, I never! Daughter: But, mother, you must have.

"What the dickens are you doing down there in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.
"If it's any of your business," replied the hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

One can tell an optimist from a pessimist by the way they get up in the morning.
An optimist will say, "Good morning, God."
A pessimist will say, "Good God—morning!"

Alum: I hear one of the brothers died. How did it happen?
Beta: He fell through a scaffolding. Alum: What was he doing up there?
Beta: Being hanged.

"I would like some alligator shoes."
"What size does your alligator wear?"

Does your girl smoke?
Not quite.

Bob: "I'm feeling a little frail tonight."
Jan: "Will you stop calling me that."

"Did you pick up any French during your vacation in Paris last summer?"
"I'll say I did."
"Let's hear you say some words."
"I didn't learn any words."

Vic: "How did Diana happen to freeze her fingers last winter?"
Slick: "Oh, she tried to make a snow man when she was tight."
TECHNIQUE
WILL BE OFF
THE PRESSES
MAY 23RD!

THAT’S WHAT OUR PRINTER TELLS US SO:—

IF YOU HAVE AN OPTION, PICK UP YOUR BOOK THEN.

IF YOU HAVE NO OPTION AND IF YOU ARE EARLY, YOU MAY BE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES WHO WILL BE ABLE TO GET A COPY WITHOUT AN OPTION.

'49 TECHNIQUE
FEATURES: CALENDAR OF EVENTS, INFORMALITY, AND A DIFFERENT APPROACH
I made mention in my first column of the new school season that a little place worth mentioning was the Eliot Lounge — Massachusetts Avenue and Commonwealth. Here are a few amplifying remarks on that location that may titilate you into a personal inspection of what may prove to be your regular hangout. First of all, any drink in the place costs only 39¢ before eight in the evening, and it certainly looks as if the Eliot knew a good thing when it saw it, if the size of the crowds that go there is a good criteria. The little rooms in which the lounge is located are generally quite full, and quite active both before and after the price-changing hour. I think that after eight you will find the prices of drinks, particularly selected ones, shaded just a bit on the high side, but I haven’t run any drink-list comparison, and wouldn’t want to swear that such was the case.

Even if you find the evening somewhat advanced when you get started on it, though, I still think the Eliot a good bet, irrespective of the fact that you won’t be buying cut-rate drinks there. The atmosphere’s good, for one thing. I like the sense of privacy that is prevalent, and I am sort of attracted by the moody little surroundings. The Eliot is cut up into all sorts of corners and angles, as well as having two small rooms and a balcony in its total volume. Thus, you may be part of a large crowd, all right, but you are never jammed in with any of it — you never feel that you’re in a very small box that is just about to burst. Orange squares ranged about the walls furnish the illumination, little low tables provide the support, and fairly comfortable couches and chairs complete the decor. But that isn’t all. A trio they’ve got. And it’s not a bad one, either. The

I NEVER made mention in my first, last, or any column, nor to any human being, living or dead, that I had ever been in the place that I describe now, in brief. Here, then, are a few remarks on a location, which few may titilate you into a personal inspection of a place that may prove to be your regular hangout — if you don’t watch out. First of all, any drink in the place turns out to be beer — order a mixed drink and see what you get. Next, the price for a beer is a dime, or, what in hell did you expect. But the crowds that frequent the place apparently know a good thing when they see it. More beer. The big rooms in which this place is located are quite active from the time it opens, until the time that it closes. I think that you will find prices pretty nearly invariant. I wouldn’t want to swear that the beer wasn’t cut.

Suppose that I’d better mention a name or two somewhere along the line, and tell where this gem of iniquity exists. Well, the name is the Walden Restaurant, and it is down Boston’s Massachusetts Avenue on the corner of Washington Street (right under the “El”!). Regardless of what stage you find the evening in when you get around to the trip, you will be impressed by the Walden. The atmosphere’s quite gay, for one thing. I like the sense of cameraderie that prevails — drunks making passes at your date, sprawling across your table, and otherwise passing the time of day annoying you — in a friendly sort of way, of course. The Walden is cut up into a bar and another, separate, section in which, after nine PM there is dancing (to a juke box, and sometime piano player). Some of the Walden’s patrons are pretty well cut up too, come to think of it. Fluorescent tubes overhead, and little lights
trio is led by one Don Alessi, and furnishes the sort of music that you want in a place of the type — neat and unobtrusive. It sort of ties things together in a very nice fashion.

I like the service. There are not too many waiters for the size of crowd that frequently obtains, but they are all pretty conscientious boys, and will appear at the right moment, stay out of sight the rest of the time. I’ve been caught a couple of times with parched tonsils, but the rule is a good service level more than most of the time. I guess that I said already that the drinks may come a little higher after eight, but regardless of the price, they are very well prepared, whether or not they are selling like a Filene’s basement item, or being dispensed on more ordinary levels of price.

The Eliot Lounge is a good place to spend an evening in quiet chatter and calm relaxation. As I said eight issues ago, when I first came to Boston, seven years back, the Eliot Lounge was not in existence, and I opened a bank account in the very same rooms that now house the bar and accoutrements. I very much prefer the new management to the old — I like it much better this way than that. Interesting, isn’t it — both the Eliot and the bank are both established with the idea that they will help you get rid of your money. J. Fisher

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

provide the illumination (blue—makes you look like you’d just come out of the place, rather than looking like you were normal), and you will probably sit at a booth.

The service is O. K.; there are only a few waitresses, and they are trying their best to make as much on the evening as possible, naturally, and they are always willing to see that you are confronted by full glasses. The atmosphere is roughly that of a Filene’s basement sale; people hither and yon in the wildest sort of dispositions, trying vainly to pack as much living into an evening as possible.

One definite advantage of the Walden that I haven’t yet mentioned, but which should be obvious from the name, is the fact that you can order food there. It’s all right, too.

I should let the above stand on its own merits (?), but am too much a fair-minded individual to drop the curse and run. I have spent many an evening in the Walden, and I’ve spent it in good conversation with the same date that I later took to some of the more elite spots of the town. It’s a place that you can take a date to if she’s the type of girl that you can take anywhere and have a good time with. You’re liable to meet some pretty good eggs down there — considering some that I’ve met, I say that the proportion was just about the same as you’d meet anywhere else. You can have a lot of fun without half trying down here, and you might as well get used to the idea by trying it just once.

John H. Fisher
THE used car business is getting more and more interesting these days. The other day a classmate of ours decided to get rid of his 1949 model Chevrolet. Why we don't know, but that's what he wanted to do. He found some one who had a '46 Ford that HE wanted to get rid of. So our friend traded his Chevy for the Ford. We thought this a strange transaction until he said, "Well, my Chevy was a little better than his Ford, so he threw in his girl along with the car. Now we're going steady."

WE saw a strange sight in one of Tech's many classrooms the other day. One busy, eager-looking student was busy thumbing through his notes, waiting for the lecture to start, when a mischievous classmate sat down beside him. Before you could say "Hoover" the playful one had whipped out a pair of handcuffs and fastened the beaver firmly to his chair. The handcuffs were of the real, key variety; no toy those. The eager student pushed, pulled and threatened, but it did no good. When the final bell rang he began to mouth oaths, saying, "Oh, Nuts. Gee Whiz," etc. The FBI agent or whoever it was beside him merely laughed, long and loud, and left the room. When last seen, the captive was hurrying down the corridor — carrying his chair with him.

EVERY so often we run across a teacher with a soul. (Even rarer is a student with a soul, but we are not concerned with that here.) We had a paper due in E12 the other day, and waited its return with interest. Finally the paper was returned, and we thumbed through, looking for comments. There were a good deal of red marks scattered through it, but few words. Then, on the last page, we found the mark. Beneath it we found the comment —

"This paper shows a good deal of work. It is exceptionally well organized, and contains several worthwhile ideas. It seemed very small of me indeed to point out your errors in punctuation, which were both numerous and atrocious."

DURING the recent convocation several students were assigned as "Aides" to help the various academic delegates find their way around the new Senior House. One of the unofficial duties of these Aides was to answer any questions that might be asked about the new building, or even volunteer information that might stimulate the minds of the guests.

(Continued on page 8)
THE used girl business is getting more and more interesting these days. The other day a friend of ours decided to get rid of his 1949 model Model. Why we don’t know, but that’s what he wanted to do. He found some one who had a Model, vintage ’46, that HE wanted to get off his hands. So our friend traded his ’49er for the ’46 Model. We thought this a strange transaction until he said, “Well, my girl was a little better than his, so he threw in his car along with the girl. Now we’re always parked.”

WE saw a strange sight in one of Tech’s many classrooms the other day. A pretty young secretary had come in to tell the instructor some vital bit of news. The instructor hadn’t arrived as yet, so she sat down in the front row to wait. Before long a dark, sinister student appeared on the scene, dripping blood from a recent gun wound and swinging a pair of handcuffs casually around his head. When he saw the girl he crouched low and crawled up behind her. Suddenly his hand darted out—

“Hope you don’t mind a few pennies.”

and she was handcuffed to his wrist. She pleaded to be freed, but the swarthy one merely laughed, long and low. When last seen the captive was being dragged down the corridor. We wanted to help, but, as the bell was about to ring, and as the instructor in this particular class always took attendance, we were powerless.

EVER Y so often we run across a teacher with a twisted sense of humor, a dry wit that seems constructed to wither the student. The other day we did an El2 paper on boxing. We did a great deal of research—some ten years of it—and really thought we had produced a masterpiece. We passed it in and waited, with longing, for its return. Finally the paper was passed back, yellowed with age. Hastily we thumbed through a wealth of red marks, eagerly searching far praise. Then, on the last page, we found the mark—or, perhaps, the epitaph. Our masterpiece on boxing; our brilliant analysis of the ring, received the comment:

“1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 — FF”

DURING the recent convocation several students were assigned as “Aides” to help various academic delegates find their way around the new Senior House. One of the unofficial duties of these Aides was to answer any questions that might be asked about the new building, or even to volunteer information that might stimulate the minds of the guests.

(Continued on page 8)
One of these Aides was one of those violently enthusiastic people you run across every so often, collecting money for a worthy cause or something. He knew very little about the building, in fact, had never been in it before, but he was all for "modern stuff" and didn't hesitate to let the delegates know about it. He took one group of men around, explained the fine points of the building, and went back to the lobby to collect another group. He noticed that one of the first group was included in this second bunch, but he didn't think much of it. He gave a better talk this trip, praising the whole thing with glowing terms. On his third tour he noticed the same little man; and again on the fourth. In fact, the same, quiet gentleman came along on every tour he conducted that day, and listened closely to everything the enthusiastic Aide said. By day's end the little listener was wearing an almost hypnotic expression of inner joy. When the tours finally stopped, he wandered off, glowing. The young Aide, thoroughly puzzled by now, turned to another Aide and asked if he knew who the little man was. "You mean that little guy over there? Oh, that's Prof. Aalto."

We hope that FBI men aren't too numerous around the Institute, because they might hear things that they would misunderstand. For example, the other day our psychology teacher was explaining Perceptual Fields, Conflict, Destructive Tendencies, etc. He warmed up to his subject (or subjects, we weren't sure which) and began giving "for instances."

"I have no doubt," he said, "that everyone here would like to be on the other end of the switch to blow up MIT." Then, noticing the surprised look on the faces of the class, and the roar of laughter that followed his remark, he blushed, and added hastily "In the football field, of course."

"The law says in twenty years he'll own it."

One of these Aides was a critic of the new building, he disagreed with several things about it. Also, he knew very little about it, never having been in it before. But the guy was game. He started to take one bunch of interested gentlemen around, and began to expound on the good and bad features of the building. Being, as I said before, a critic, he paid a good deal of attention to what he considered to be bad features. He warmed up to his task, and really began to criticize the place. He called it monastic, unsafe, stupid, etc., etc. Suddenly one of the delegates interrupted him, saying, "Young man, before you go on, I would like to introduce you to Prof. Aalto."

We wish that FBI men were more numerous around the Institute, because they might hear interesting, sinister things that should be studied. For example, the other day our psychology teacher was explaining Perception to us. In order to show that different people Perceive different things in the same thing, he produced a picture and began to pass it around. The picture was of a small group of men sitting around a bare room. We were asked to interpret the picture. Some called it "People waiting to see a dentist," others called it a Labor Management meeting. The teacher explained that each of us interpreted it in terms of past experiences or of basic needs or desires. The discussion continued. Finally one swarthy individual in the back row raised his hand, and was called on. "All this is crazy," he said. "The picture is obvious. It's a police lineup."

A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree,
For said he, it's enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle, D.D.

- El Burro
Benefits of Our Modern Age

Faster Transportation
Better Sports
Cheaper Textiles
Better Dance Music
Shorter Wars
Every member of the human race is, from time to time, faced with apparently insurmountable obstacles. Each has his own way of dealing with these situations. As a guide to those who have not yet formulated a plan of their own, may we suggest the following:

When the fish just don’t seem to be interested in your line—Remember, it is only a sport. Turn your mind to other things. Enjoy the sunshine and fresh air, think how good an egg will taste when you return to camp, think of the millions of poor beings in China who don’t even have time to fish.

When every so often the shaft seems to find its way to some poor sap. Some guys squirm, some jump, but no one seems to be able to avoid the damn thing with any success. For those with troubles, we would like to pass on the following poop:

When every SOB in the world seems to have given you “Just a little extra” work to do—Take it easy. Show ‘em that if it weren’t for your tuition they wouldn’t have a job. Demonstrate your engineering ability and ingenuity by selecting a few choice sticks of Flander’s “Dynamite” (look for the red label on each stick). Connect these to a detonator of some sort, and let her rip. Even if you don’t graduate you’ll be able to pick up a good job as demolitions expert in South America.

When you have oodles of work before you—Try to become ever more efficient in your habits of study. Apply yourself incessantly until the work is completed. Then, after your job has been well done, you may lean back, relax, and say to yourself, trulyfully, “Well, that’s that.”

When even the fish aren’t interested in your line—Start combing the beaches until you find a large round object all covered with horns. Be careful of this, as it is government property. Take it to the lake and throw it in. Now hit it with an oar. Don’t be frightened by the noise; if you hear it you’re not hurt. Now get a new boat and go out on the lake again. You will notice that by this time all the fish seem to prefer swimming on the surface. You have tamed them and can now catch as many as you want.

When you seemed to be unable to obtain a single bullseye in the shooting match—Remember, life is deeper than just shooting a gun. Present your weapon to your opponent, and proclaim him the better man. Wish him success in future contests, and retire; warmed by the feeling that you will have so much fun improving your score.

When you believe you have been unfairly dealt with by your instructor—Visit the gentleman at his convenience. Ask him to enumerate your mistakes, and obtain a list of references that you can read during the summer. Explain to him that you are disappointed that you failed the course, and that he mustn’t feel that your failure indicates any negligence on his part, as he has been an excellent instructor. Wish him a jolly summer, and express the wish that you may have him next term.

When that impressive Double F comes your way—If it wasn’t for that mumbling, bumbling so-called instructor you would have passed the course with honors. So go have a talk with the guy. Try to make points. Impress him with your ability and drive. Make him stick to the point if he tries to avoid your questions. Tell him that if he’s still here next term you will come to see him every day, bringing your arguments with you. Keep after him, even if he hits the ceiling. Remember, it’s your life, not his.

When you couldn’t hit the broad side of a broad—It’s undoubtedly the fault of that wise guy that was popping off his rod in the next stall. Find the character and explain to him, in a language any gunshot will understand, that his conduct was unbecoming a citizen. Let him have the full benefit of your advice—really give it to him. Maybe he’ll be quieter next time.
To say that the sun was a palpable thing was to explain what needed not to be put into words: One could breathe, one could feel weighing heavily on the skin the sunshine, mingled with the smell of lime blossoms. There is something pathetic about those who have to say, "It's good to be alive." The little girl in the garden said nothing, but she lived, and in apparent enjoyment. There was a mound on this side of the yew hedge, impermeable box of green, trimmed with the care of a housewife and the science of a mathematician, and on this stood, chiseled in fine Italian marble, what had been at one time the pedestal of a sun dial, but which had had set upon it a small garland of leaves on his head showed as though alive, and the withered figure carved from the stone: A young man, with a dimple in his cheek and in his fat belly, performing on a flute. The years had polished the sunshine mingled with the smell of lime blossom. The years had polished the sound of a thrush in the hedge, for the bird with unseeing eyes. I whistled, and I saw the peacock things. "Besides, you know, I never have done drink tea. That's reserved for young ladies."

**Summer**

To say that the sun was a palpable thing was to explain what needed not to be put into words: One could breathe, one could feel weighing oppressively on the skin, the sunshine mingled with the strong scent of lime blossom which came from the trees at the end of the garden in tangible cloud - a sweet scent which took from the heated air what freshness had remained in the morning. Barbara had disappeared with her dolls, and Masson had evidently gone into the house through the living room: The French windows stood open, and he and the *Times* were gone.

I slumped into his chair and lit a cigarette. A dragonfly was skimming over the surface of the little pool in which the few goldfish fanned themselves with their fantastic tails, darted here and there as if flying backwards, and finally caught a water beetle on which it had apparently been keeping by those around him.

My host for the week-end lay asleep in a lawn chair. The *Times* had fallen from his hand, and fluttered now and again as if stirring in its sleep. By Masson’s side were the croquet mallets and hoops which we had left there before lunch. My niece Barbara had now turned to her dolls, and was picking with them at the foot of the little hill. I had not seen her so happy since her mother had died, and was glad for her sake to answer every few minutes the questions she threw at me from the dolls’ party, even though the comfortable sun was threatening to close my eyes, and I showing little resistance.

I was glad to see how much Barbara had come to like Masson. He is an old and trusted friend of my brother’s, and offered himself to take care of Barbara while her father and I were caught in the mid-summer city. I had taken her to him, and for a while I had thought the two would never make a match of it; Barbara, who is not a shy girl, found much difficulty in getting along with Masson. All the more reason to rejoice in the very friendly relationship I had observed this morning — Masson treating Barbara with all the gravity and respect due to a great lady, and she falling into the part with abandon; her behavior was much better than it had ever been at home. She was now plying her dolls with tea and cake, throwing a crumb now and again to the noble peacock who owned the lawn, and glancing every few minutes at the still form of Masson, with a proud, an almost proprietary smile. "Would you care for some tea, Uncle?" she called out to me, and I rose and shook my head. "I think I will go indoors to make my call, Barbara." I said, and gathered together my newspaper, the sunglasses, and what I could carry of the croquet things. 

I very little. The peacock had gathered his harvest, the thrush was resting his voice, even the goldfish were flicking not a fin. I called the peacock again, and nothing moved. I whistled, and there was no response. I stood up and looked around me. Nothing moved, not even the leaves on the trees beyond the hedge, and I called Barbara and Masson. There was no answer, neither from garden nor from house, there was no answer. I walked across the lawn, and could see nothing out of the ordinary. The sunlight and the smell of limes and the silence were a palpable thing, oppressing my skin.

As I rounded the hedge, figuring that Masson might have gone with Barbara to the greenhouse to get some strawberries, I heard the pipe, a rustic pipe blown to a simple, discordant yet impelling tune — and I saw the peacock. He was walking up the other side of the little hill, into the sunlight, and his tail was extended in a rainbow of light which the jewelers of the earth cannot equal. He was walking up the hill, arrayed, towards Masson, who stood at the top waiting for the bird with unseeing eyes. Walking towards Barbara, who stood at the top waiting for the bird with unseeing eyes. I started to move forward, but the strange spectacle held me — the peacock in all his majesty advancing upon an old man and a little girl, neither of whom appeared to see him, or indeed to see anything. There was something insensitively compelling in the determination of the bird’s advance, in his brave strat, and in the complete unconcern of the maid in the white play dress and the man in summer suit. The peacock marched on, and Barbara and Masson saw nothing to the tune of a mysterious rustic pipe. The peacock reached the two of them, and while I watched and Masson prayed obscenely, Barbara slit the peacock’s middle with a long knife and drew out his entrails. They stained her dress the color of fresh strawberries.

R. G.
Sage Sayings
from
Poor Richard’s Log
(1949 Edition)

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise—but you need a good alarm clock."

"Time and tide wait for no man—but you can always find higher ground."

"Paddle your own canoe—but don't try it standing up."

"The Devil finds work for idle hands—but any girl can do the same."

"Too many cooks spoil the broth—but it takes too many drinks to po the cooks."

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away—but it didn't help Adam."
Henry Guts was the sweetest child imaginable. Gentle and obedient, he had great consideration for his parents, and was a joy to them. He was such a peaceful child, in fact, it was rumored that he was born with an olive branch in his beak.

On the other hand, the nicest thing that could be said for George Sweet was that, contrary to popular opinion, he was not born out of wedlock. Others had denied that he was ever born, attesting his presence in society to a defective garbage disposal unit. At any rate, upon that fateful day that he appeared on earth, his act of biting off and swallowing the doctor's finger portended the part he was to play in the world.

In school, little Henry Guts was the best behaved child his teachers had ever had the experience to instruct, and the teachers, his friends, and all of his classmates loved him. All of his schoolmates, that is, except little George Sweet, who had by that time become the unrivaled terror and menace to the neighborhood's men, women, and children, as well as those cats and dogs which still retained their tails. On afternoons when George Sweet was not kept in after school for such pranks as setting fire to the girl sitting before him, dropping firecrackers into the inkwells, putting pythons in the teacher's desk, selling marijuana to the kindergarten classes, sticking railroad bombs in the window jamb, or jamming a mad dog down the teacher's neck, he could be seen whaling the pulp out of little Henry Guts. Nevertheless, despite these abuses, Henry maintained his composure and passionate faith in good, and, whenever George Sweet gave him a kick in the pants, Henry would devoutly turn the other cheek.

When Henry Guts turned eighteen, he went to college on a scholarship by the city and learned a great deal while he was enrolled there. In the case of George Sweet, when he turned embezzler, he went to prison on a short term conviction by the district attorney, and taught the prisoners a great deal while he was enrolled there.

As the years passed, Henry Guts did his best to make the world a better place to live in. Aside from being president of the Lily-Whiters League, he had, among other notable accomplishments, won the Nobel Peace Prize, piped hot and cold running mint juleps from Kentucky to the rest of the North American continent, saved Gorgeous George's curly locks from being shorn by an angry mob, squared the circle, and discovered a method of extracting goat's milk from the female lobster.

George Sweet, in the meantime, had become king of the underworld and
sold protection to sixty per cent of the police forces in the country, with slightly higher rates for the Dominion of Canada, had become a modern robber baron, had cornered the market on corn, oil, steel, atom bombs, hair tonic, helicopters, and spam. He had even cornered stocktickers, as well as numerous girls who had been foolish enough to accompany him to his apartment. Despite these other diversions, George Sweet's favorite hobby was making the life of Henry Guts a miserable one. Since Sweet owned all of the grocery stores in the country, as well as the house in which Henry Guts lived, Henry found himself paying five times the cost of living that his neighbors did. He kept receiving exorbitant gas and water bills, despite the fact that there were no faucets or gas jets in his house. He spent a good portion of his time dodging taxi cabs owned by George Sweet, the cab king, which were continually attempting to run him down. If Henry bought a cigar, it was invariably an exploding one, as all cigar stores were operated by agents of George Sweet, tobacco king.

In spite of his hard lot, Henry suffered on, confident that he would be rewarded in the sweet hereafter for his admirable behavior. Thus it was that Henry Guts died of malnutrition with a gentle smile on his lips, while George Sweet, who was sitting on Henry's deathbed, laughed so hard he burst a blood vessel, and followed Henry in short order.

Henry had no trouble getting into heaven, but no sooner was he there than it was decided that Henry's goodness would be a fine example to sinners who had not made par for heaven. Result: Henry went to hell.

George Sweet, on the other hand, inveigled Saint Peter into a game of craps, and won passage through the pearly gates as well as the old man's halo, size eighteen wings, and platinum-buckled garters, whereupon he proceeded to open a night club and gambling den.

Here end the tales of George Sweet, who went to heaven, and Henry Guts, who went to hell.

Moral:
Even those who plan the best
To feather down a cozy nest
Get had.
While some who have been cruel to all
And ought to have a nasty fall
Don't.

J. B.

1st Roommate: "Where ya been?"
2nd Roommate: "Out with my girl drinking rum."
1st Roommate: "Jamaica?"
2nd Roommate: "Don't be so damned inquisitive."

Enamored: "I think Jane is an ideal prom girl."
Disgusted: "Yeh, prominent ears, prominent teeth, prominent chin."
Enamored: "True, but go on."

— Boy's Life

Jane: "I heard that you were out golfing with Eddie. How does he use the woods?"
Jeanette: "I wouldn't know: we played golf at the time."

— Boulder

Blondie: Did you tell the boss where to get off today?
Goldie: Yeah, at the second rib.
Dear M. J. - At the Met, no one, simply no one, ever questions the physical attractions of the stars. We suggest that hereafter you listen to the music with your eyes closed, if the beauty of the artists displeases you.

Dear Radcliffe - Don't be a prude. If he is nice enough to ask you to go swimming with him, be gracious and accept, even if it hurts your pride a bit to be seen with a man who is not an Adonis.

Dear M. J. - If you don't like your music with lots of beef behind it, I suggest that you go down to the Fensgate where the singing is such that — well you won't mind it if you have a front seat.

Dear Radcliffe - Forget him. Go down to Florida and find yourself a MAN. If only that kind ask you out up here, move to some place where you are not known.

Dear Sucker - Now, now, if you can't lose gracefully, you shouldn't gamble. After all, if you had won, you wouldn't have given the money back. However, I can't condone gambling under any conditions and so I advise that you give up this pastime and use your spare moments in a useful venture.

Dear Sucker — Of course you were right. Nice girls never let a man kiss them on the first date. If he got mad, good riddance, there are always more fish in the sea.

Dear Nice Girl - Confidentially, I would advise you to grab a man while you're still young. After all, there is a man shortage you know. And then what is a little kiss? There are lots more where that one came from.

Dear Sucker — Listen pal, if you are dope enough to play a little game without the aid of a few "knuts," you had better at least carry some "insurance." .38 caliber is recommended. Send twenty-five cents in stamps for my new booklet, "The Harvard Game Series."
Take the cash

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his trousers on.
One shoe off and the other shoe on,
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And hoped that her husband soon would be dead.

Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his trousers on.
One shoe off and the other shoe on,
When he awoke his wife was gone.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
But couldn't get in himself so well.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
The H2O is up there still,
But now Jill's got a daughter.

Higglety pigglety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Gentlemen come every day,
To see how my black hen doth lay.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
The H2O is up there still,
But now Jill's got a daughter.

Jack be nimble, Jack be fast,
Jack, her husband's come at last.

Higglety pigglety, my black hen,
She doth lay for gentlemen,
Gentlemen come every day,
To see how my black hen doth lay.

J. H.

Truder middel bulder Klarkhäll.
Cornet jutesyr lasshool stoodeni
Hedden jorder kunsreks klesroom.
Hedden forder hoorder lekture.

Ziksor down his bekur klesroom
Locke en wun twesood prof
Sorvee manukpham der ruurum
Ztumpin down hurphon derdesk.

Heelas hexerar huppis had
Zards hukkkin myder sof
Tukken powder kuunletterel
Tukken slohen myden sof.

Seeler stooondi wuddis di?
Sowus liddel diulksome,
Bihope det hiken sta huvayy
Dismun hurdlar semenlyfe.

Jesboulver demus get sup
Kreepoe aohe broader platform
Trawhen liddel loundews.
Warrn gratsful widdis hen.

Tersorder stooon tuder neeman
Hoorder helis det hupdere?
Hisse hunder program shdjevul
Daddis named Hurdice.

Bese golden boddler seeler stooondi;
Wachim nouvee golden bunt,
Nouwe stinden hunder desk
Biss feshen, tukken gu.

Huddler tcrned stooonreks kiszen
Hulwayy boddler gooder burt,
Gekin huppenn daawder biewnon
Lusydfol kumik freundler monf.

Ditwun suitl kownn geldu,
Ditwun juge mek bigwstek,
Hulder tym der hec his pugfek,
Hwathull's here ho livy hey.

Heelas hit humader Zammanashkun
Kuma wun stooondi widda irven
Wairiz gooper dekag dovsemef
Wuddekel dis hulla boudit?

Hidder kunsreks zummanashkun
Ditue spo twitl todey,
Hardico mekki houdit dimmef,
Zudden weenhin getta truk.

Kunsreks, kunsreks; wuddeka det?
Seeler feller jellink louds;
Hyshum haver jorder str houdisi
Forder play we pudden hun.

Fyve muns hen hi wuched det teecher,
Kum bi daly frumder kullege,
Whut chen suhken dere bow kunsreks?
Wuddekel hain dis Drummiets?

... VIRGINIA LAW WEEKLY

—and let the credit go
In a few weeks you will be face to face with those supreme tests of man's intelligence, the final exam. We must prepare ourselves so that our efforts are in the finest tradition of the Institute. Pleasant surroundings and intellectual companions will help to bring your mind to the razor sharp keenness required.

Oh they'll be rough. But Techmen NEVER quit. You will be shocked when you read the first question, naturally. But settle back, read the problem over and over until you understand it. Then GO TO IT...

"A Look into the Future"

Be careful! Final exams are sneaking up on you. Only a few weeks left. But don't worry, you can't study enough to answer all of the questions, so don't try. Have fun now while you still can. If you study too much your mind will go stale and you'll be worse off than if you went in cold. So go in cold. Have a good time now.

Wait till you see that quiz! But don't worry. If you are resourceful nothing will stop you. Even if you haven't the faintest idea what the question is all about, plunge right into it. Put a lot of equations on the paper so the corrector thinks you know what you are doing. You'll pass.

And then it will be all over. Relax, go up to the lounge and enjoy yourself. You deserve a rest. A long cool coke and a quiet evening watching the television and you'll be rarin' to go again.

Remember all of those little places you used to know around the corner? Well get out that little book again, you've got a whole summer to forget the past fiasco and recuperate. Maybe if you work at it real hard you might even feel as good as you did before you tackled Tech.
ALL I AM, I OWE MOTHER

Why Didn’t I Think Of That?

Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child

Nothing Can Stop Me!

I Am The Truth

What A Mess I’ve Made Of My Life

Everyone Picks On Me

What A Capacity!
It's rugged to find
For love or money
Jokes that are clean
And also funny.

FIRST ANALYST PUPIL: "I see Bill and John fell from their aeroplane yesterday."
SECOND ANALYST PUPIL: "YEP, they had a head-on collision, with the end of one of those parabolas which was on its way to INFINITY."

Dinner guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Professor?"
Professor, absent-mindedly: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."

"Melvin, Melvin!"
"What, maw?"
"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"
"No, but I'm coming damn close."

Then there was the woman who had varicose veins — so she went to the costume party as a road map.

QUESTIONS
A Diverse in prominence, yet alike in taste,
On each an apostle his name has placed.
B Enclosed by two comparatives of "mellow"
Unscramble "chum", here underlined in yellow.
C Where the Amazon and rubber meet you locate me.
Hood, McKinley or Rainier completes my picture, see?

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

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. Five 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 closed midnight, one week after this issue's publication date.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS
A PARIS, KY. (Just find the KEY, throw out the E and you have KY. Fleur-de-lis suggests PARIS, added to Blue Grass, representing KY., gives you PARIS, KY.)
B L. E. THOMASON. (A cheerful mien shown in a circle refers to his photograph in the ad. A doubter of fame is the Biblical Thomas, which is most of his name.)
C ABC. (The first three letters of the basic series [alphabet] contain proven advice—Always Buy Chesterfield.)

WINNERS...
R. Smith
A. Waghorne
W. Sampson
E. Friedman
V. Vance
B. Gokhale
S. Sussman
J. McDonald
R. Lord
J. Sutherland

Brings College Man Condemnation
If you want the things that good girls miss,
You'll have to be smarter than most girls, sis.
For the game you play is man's long suit
Since first he nibbled forbidden fruit.
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But never, my dear, go in to swim.
You don't get the fun without the price,
You can't be naughty and still be nice.

Many persons seem to be trying to make wk-ends meet.

7 WAYS TO GET A WOMAN
1. Get a car
2. Get some money
3. Get a car
4. Dress well
5. Get a car
6. Always agree with her
7. Get a car.

Query in a Dark Hallway
Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I ask whatever gods there may be,
"Where's the head?"

7 WAYS TO GET A WOMAN
They're picking up the pieces
With a dustpan and a rake;
He grabbed a silken knee,
When he should have grabbed the brake.

- Symcusan

Then there's the Dumb Dora who thought Vat 69 was the Pope's telephone number.

My kitty has gone gallivanting.
I don't know where she's at.
Curse this city
That lured my kitty,
By dawn she'll be a cat.

- C.

Proud Father (showing triplets to the visitor: “What do you think of them?”)
Visitor (pointing to the one in the middle): “I’d keep that one.”

Student: “Why didn’t I make 100 on my history exam?”
Prof: “You remember the question: ‘Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?’”
Student: “Yeah.”
Prof: “Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect.”

Shaggy Banquet Story
Great-great-grandma Beebe studied the new-born baby. She cackled, with obvious satisfaction: “If my memory doesn’t fail me, it’s a boy!”

- Ranger

Three old maids lived together and each owned a cat which she kept shut up for fear it would go tomcatting. One of the old maids got married and after honeymooning for a few days, wired the other old maids as follows:
“You can keep your cats shut up if you want to, but turn mine out.”

- Painter

Mary had a little lamb
The lamb had halitosis
And every place that Mary went
The people held their noses.

There was a young girl from St. Bride’s
Who ate green apples and died
Within the lamented
The apples fermented
Making cider insider insides.

- The Loc

Telephone Operator: “Is this 3-6745?
House Maid: “Yassum.”
T. O.: “Is this Mrs. Jones’ residence?”
Maid: “Yassum.”
T. O.: “Long distance from Washington.”
it sho’ is.”

- Goblet

One look at the brassiere ads is enough to convince one that honesty is no longer the bust policy.

- The Yellow Jacket

The greatest optimist in the world is the old maid who pulls down a folding bed, and then looks under it.

- Wampus

Candidate for Some-thing-or-other:
“My platform is based on American ideals — institutions, constitutions, restitution and pros - - perity!”

- Wampus

A gay fop from old Monticello
Is really a terrible fellow.
In the midst of caresses
He fills ladies’ dresses
With garter snakes, ice cubes, and jello.

- Painter
Then there is the story about the dead daschund. He met his end going around a tree.

— Chaparral

Here I sit and fuss and fret
While my seat is getting wet
It's enough to make me fume
Teacher can't I leave the room.

Why delay me when you know
That I simply have to go
Really teacher I'm not feigning
My car top's down and it is raining.

Mary had a little lamb,
She also had a little bear
I've never seen Mary's lamb,
But I've seen her wrist watch,
It's a Bulova.

— R.P.I. Pup

A daring young maid from Dubuque
Risked a rather decided rebuque
By receiving a prude
In the absolute nude
But he gasped, "If you only could cuque!"

— Down Tuoner

They laughed when I sat down
at the piano, but when the little blonde soprano gave the key to A flat—boy, how I accompanied her!

— The ander

Niagara Falls! The bride's second great disappointment.

"No, Mabel, a neckerchief is not the name of the head of a sorority house."

His voice is just like his mind—guttural.

Meet
Britain's
Lightweight
Champ—
Since 1887!

Raleigh
BRITAIN'S
FOREMOST
BICYCLE

GEARED LIKE A CAR
with Sturmey-Archer 3 or 4 speed gears — the original and best — to keep your energy-output even, whether you pedal over flat, steep or rough roads.

CAR-TYPE RAILEIGH DYNAMOHUB LIGHTING generates night-piercing light as the bicycle moves; no loss of energy through friction; no wear on the tires.

FINGER-CONTROLLED TWO-WHEEL SAFETY BRAKES make your cycling safe; assure quick, smooth stops coasting downhill or amidst heavy traffic.

Raleigh Cycles are serviced by Raleigh dealers everywhere; for the name of the one nearest you—for free illustrated catalogue—write to

RALEIGH CYCLE DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. C
669 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Mass.
FOR A DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT VACATION

VISIT COLORFUL CUBA, HISTORIC VENEZUELA
SO NEAR WHEN YOU FLY LAV!

Special Low Rates to Students and Teachers

Have a gay and interesting vacation in Cuba and Venezuela... and gain extra hours of vacation time by flying LAV! Just 5 hours to Havana—just 5 hours more to Caracas!
Leave New York at 6 p.m. aboard a luxurious modern LAV Constellation. Arrive Havana 11 p.m. same day, arrive Caracas 6:30 a.m. next day, with no change of plane enroute!
Plan NOW for your Caribbean summer vacation. Mail this coupon TODAY!

LAV, The Venezuelan Airline
781 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can spend a glorious summer vacation in Cuba and Venezuela; also about LAV's faster service and special low rates for students and teachers.

Name __________________________
School or College __________________________
City __________________________ State ______

A man entered a drugstore and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.
"Do you want them put in a box, sir?" asked the clerk, as he was counting them out.
"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the customer. "I was thinking of rolling them home."

— Pup Tani

A minister, making a call, and his hostess were sitting in the parlor when her small son came running in, carrying a dead rat. "Don't worry, mother, it's dead. We bashed him and beat him until . . ."
And noticing the minister for the first time, he added in a lowered voice, "until God called him home."

— Mv-A-Sip

Fond Mother: "Now that Harold is through Course XV, are you going to take him into the business with you?"
Frank Father: "I dunno. Couldn't you use him for a bridge prize?"

Chaplain: "My man, I will allow you five minutes of grace before the electrocution."
Condemned Man: "Fine, bring her in."

— Boster

The small snake came home with tears in his little pink eyes. Rivulets ran down his hot little face. "Mommy," he sobbed, "they won't let me play with the little snake next door."
"They won't let you play with the snake next door! That bunch of snobs! I knew them when they didn't have a pit to hiss in."

— California Engineer

Sign on a maternity ward wall: "Grin and bear it."

— The Virginia Spectator

How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?
One Mademoiselle, one Country Gentleman, a Look, a few Liberties... and Time.
He dashed up to the bar and hollered: "Gimme a double shot before the trouble starts!"

The bartender did and he drank it. "Gimme another double shot before the trouble starts!"

The bartender did and, puzzled, asked, "Before what trouble starts?"

"It's already started. I don't have any money."

— Syracuse

"Curse it, curse it," hissed the villain, snatching the fair maiden by the waist.

"No, it ain't either," she cried, "It's a girdle."

— Widow

Drunk (on phone): Ish thish Spruce tree, tree, tree?

Voice: No, this is Walnut fir, fir, fir.

Drunk: Sorry, wrong lumber.

— Oak

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

— Tomahawk

The barber takes the red hot towel
As though he were just learning,
And drops it quickly on your face
To keep his hands from burning.

— Widow

NOW! OPEN EVERY DAY
.. INCLUDING SUNDAYS ..

FAMOUS STEAK DINNERS
AT
Newbury's Steak House

NEWBURY STREET AT GLOUCESTER
BACK BAY :: BOSTON

A Hollywood reporter once asked dancer Gene Kelly, "When did you first begin to like girls?" Kelly's forthright answer was, "The minute I discovered they weren't boys."

One day, as I chanced to pass,
A beaver was damming a river;
And a man who had run out of gas,
Was doing the same to his fliver.

Soft the new love tells his lies,
And ah, he tells them well.
Demurely, I turn down my eyes —
Alone, I laugh like hell.

— Tomahawk

I had sworn to be a bachelor,
She had sworn to be a bride,
But I guess you know the answer,
She had nature on her side.

— Pointer

Joe found it difficult to believe, but a girl he went swimming with recently sent him a doctor's bill for fifteen dollars. "I wouldn't have needed a doctor," she explained to him, "if you hadn't been so noble and made me dress in those bushes where I caught poison ivy."

And then there's the guy who always walks behind his girl so he can have something to look forward to.

— Pap

...on your trips use
travelers' cheques

Kendall Square Office
Harvard Trust Company
A midnight scene... rain, sleet... a drunk in a doorway... a cop.
Drunk— I live here.
Cop— Why don’t you go in?
D— I lost my key.
C— Then ring the bell.
D— I rang it an hour ago.
C— Ring it again.
D— To hell with them; let ‘em wait.

"Just because my eyes are red is no sign I’m drunk. For all you know, I might be a white rabbit."

Two travelers arrived at the hotel and were shown a rather dingy room.
"What," said one, "does this pigsty cost?"
Promptly the proprietor replied:
"For one pig, two dollars; for two pigs, three dollars."

A young married woman wanted her new maid to be pleased with her new position. "You’ll have a very good time of it here," she explained, "because we have no children to annoy you."
"Oh," said the girl generously, "I’m very fond of children so don’t go restricting yourself on my account."

"Things look pretty black for me in here! Wish I had a Life Saver!"

FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS for the best wisecrack!
What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

THIS MONTH’S WINNING JOKE:
Word to the Wise Dept.: Never mistake asthma for passion.

Eliot Flower Shop
Corsages our Specialty
Flowers for All Occasions
Special service to Tech students
87 Massachusetts Avenue
KENmore 6-6470 ~ Boston

Eliot Flower Shop
Corsages our Specialty
Flowers for All Occasions
Special service to Tech students
87 Massachusetts Avenue
KENmore 6-6470 ~ Boston
When your Fraternity brother borrows your best sport jacket that you intended to wear on a date that night...friend, you're a victim of the well-known TREATMENT. So merely—

*Tech men realize* that things can't always go just right. But it's helpful to know they can depend on mild 'n' mellow Old Gold to soften the rough spots. Old Golds are so light and smooth—so downright delectable—they turn every setback into a triumph. Why not treat yourself to 'em today?

**For a TREAT instead of a TREATMENT**

*Give yourself a TREAT! Cheer up—light up...an OLD GOLD...for a TREAT instead of the TREATMENT!*
Son: "Pop, I got a licking in school today and it's your fault."
Pop: "How's that, son?"
Son: "Remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was? Well, 'Helluva lot' isn't the answer."

Little Boy: "Ma, I just cut my leg off in the thresher."
Ma: "Stay outside till it stops dripping. I just mopped the floor."

Two men were flying east in a passenger plane, making the first air trips of their lives. The plane touched down at St. Louis, and a little red truck sped out to its side to refuel it. The plane landed again at Cleveland, and again a little red truck dashed up to it. The third stop was Albany, and the same thing happened.

The first of the two men looked at his watch and turned to his companion. "This plane makes wonderful time."
"Yep," said the other, "and that little red truck ain't doin' bad either."

Graham: "What do you mean, kicking my dog? He don't bite.
Brown: "I know, but he raised his leg, and I thought he was going to kick me."

The young couple came into the dining-room on the fifth day of their honeymoon. The waiter approached them for their order.
"You know what I like, honey, don't you?" queried the bride.
"Yes, I know," stammered the husband, "but we have to eat sometime."

An old gentleman and his care-worn wife lived across from the local cemetery. After the Winter Carnival, they were sitting on the front porch after their lonely evening meal.
Wife: "Pa, every time I look across the street I keep thinking of our dear daughter lying there in the cemetery, and it makes me very sad."
Husband: "Yes, Ma, it makes me sad, too. You know, Ma, sometimes I even wish she was dead."
The portly man was trying to get to his seat at the circus. “Pardon me,” he said to a woman, “did I step on your foot?”
“I imagine so,” she said, after glancing at the ring, “all the elephants are still out there.”

Judge: “Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?”
Defendant: “No, Your Honor, I gave my last dollar to my lawyer.”

It was Joe College’s first day on the farm. At 4:30 his Uncle Zeke rudely roused him from his slumber.
“What’s the matter?” queried Joe.
“Time to go to work.”
“Doing what?”
“Reaping.”
“Reaping what?”
“Oats.”
“Are they wild?”
“Sure not.”
“Well, if they aren’t wild, what’s the use of sneaking up on them in the dark?”

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
KENmore 6-0222
Open daily 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

See us for special party rates

An unfortunate was applying for relief and the girl at the desk was filling out the questionnaire.
“Do you owe any back house rent?” she asked.
“Ma’am,” he replied with dignity, “We’ve got modern plumbing.”

Observing a young lady standing alone, the man stepped up to her and said, “Pardon me. You look like Helen Black!”
“Yes,” she said, “I know I do, but I look worse in white.”

Then there’s the sad, sad story of the little country lass who lived her life in methodic routine. Five days of the week she engaged in the back breaking toil of the farm. On Saturdays she journeyed to town to sow her wild oats. Sundays were always spent in devout prayer for a crop failure.

The drunk couldn’t remember next morning whether he had cooked his goose — or vice versa.
Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

"When you smoke Chesterfield you get a Milder cooler smoke - that's why it's my cigarette"

John Lund

STARRING IN
"BRIDE OF VENGEANCE"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Prominent Tobacco Farmers smoke Chesterfield

JAMES H. DARDEN, Farmville, N. C. says

"I've smoked Chesterfields steadily for 12 years. They're really Milder. They buy mild, ripe, sweet-smoking tobacco . . . the kind that ends up in real smoking satisfaction."

THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE - Milder much Milder