WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S
Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported NOT 'ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!
As we entered the office the other day, we were somewhat taken back to find Phos sitting in our chair with the telephone balanced on his shoulder, a can of beer in each front paw, and a cigarette dangling from his over-crossed posterior pedal extremity.

The picture of feline comfort, but it seemed entirely physical since all we heard was a series of plaintive but amorous “But, darling’s.” We listened in rapt wonderment, hoping to pick up a few pointers for our own deficient telephone technique. But our hopes were dashed when Phos suddenly downed the beer, burped into the telephone receiver, and hung up.

“The hell with the female sex, you treat them nice and what do they do? They turn you down in your hour of need.”

“Need?” we echoed, in the face of this blast, a bit overcome by the fact that The Cat could be turned down.

“Well, I just had a couple of beers, and I was feeling a bit... Enough of that, what can I do for you boys? Want to come out for the rag? What are you doing walking around without your freshman ties on? Join me in a beer?”

Hurriedly answering yes to the last question, we settled ourselves comfortably, and in our best casual manner informed Phos that we were the new staff. We nonchalantly admitted that we were going to carry the mag to new heights by our creative genius.

“Height-schmeights. I’ve been watching new staffs coming in for thirty years and I’m still drinking beer. Now don’t tell me that if I stick with you it will be Napoleon Brandy. I’ve heard it all before, and besides I like beer. Ready for another?”

Apologizing profusely for our slowness, and wiping the haste-caused drippings from our shirtfronts, we accepted the proffered brew. Deciding that we couldn’t impress The Cat, we attempted to make the conversation more natural by bringing up sex. But all we got was a twelve decibel increase in breathing and a far-away look from Phos.

Changing the subject to Freshmen, we were able to return him to the present as he queried us about the Class of ’53.

“Phos, they seem to be about the wildest group the Institute has seen in a long time. Why down at Freshman Camp they threw everybody in the lake. For some unknown reason they seemed confused as to who was the sophomore class president, so rather than take chances they threw everybody in. Sure lots of spirit in those boys. Let’s hope they don’t become brown-baggers, but come out and support the activities around here. Voo Doo could use any and all that have any type of talent, from creative to business, down to just plain hell-raising.”

“But how about the ones who have absolutely no talent?” asked The Cat.

We smiled knowingly, winked, and replied, “They can join The Tech.”

A. C. P.
BOSTON, like most other large cities, offers tourist and resident plenty of opportunities for eating strange and furrin' food. When I first came to the big city, I knew nothing about foreign dishes, and I set out, bag of gold dust in my hand, to learn all there was to learn. I ate many types of food—Italian, Chinese, Norwegian, Syrian, Turkish, and Bostonian. There are other kinds that I have yet to try. I keep going back to some of the places I've been so often, though, that I find less and less time for more exploring.

One of the places I've visited most often is the Hon Hung Low Restaurant in Chinatown. Boston's Chinatown is small compared with those of New York or San Francisco, but what there is of it is interesting. There are ornate, large eating palaces like Ruby Foo's Den and The Good Earth, but I've stayed away from these. Glass brick and doormen frighten my wallet no end. Me for Hon Hung Low.

To get to this Oriental plate of food, one stands on the corner of Washington and Stuart Streets, with his back to Tremont Street, and starts to walk down Stuart Street. Every time you come to a street or alley, pause, turn slowly to your left, and look at the panorama before you. The streets are dark and quiet, until, after about three blocks, you reach Chinatown, with its blaze of Neon lights. There are only two streets in Chinatown, both parallel to Washington. Hon Hung Low is on the first street you come to, right on the corner of Stuart Street. It's not a fancy place, and doesn't seem to get much trade with Occidentals, but it's really worth trying. The waiters speak very little English, so don't go there if you want the menu explained. No American dishes are served, but several hundred varieties of Chinese food are. I usually look around for something that sounds different, point to it, wait and see what comes. I have never been disappointed.

Don't order a full meal a la carte unless you are a brother to a horse. I did this the first time I was there, and by the time I'd finished the boiler full of soup, the egg rolls, and a few other "appetizers," I was ready for desert. Since then I order merely a main dish, and let it go at that. Tea comes with every meal, in fact is usually brought in before your order is taken. Bread or rice also comes with any order. The waiter will ask you which you want, so, when he says something, answer "bread" or "rice," and don't try translating. He'll understand, even if you don't understand him.

There are several Chinese dishes, all available at the Hon Hung Low, that I would recommend. First comes Pineapple Guy Que, which consists of the usual Chinese vegetables covered with wonderfully cooked chunks of chicken, and large slices of pineapple, also cooked. The whole dish is covered with a delicious pineapple sauce. I have a weakness for pineapple, which may account for my fascination for this dish. Try it sometime.

Another favorite of mine is lobster, Chinese style. I only tackle one of these when I'm feeling bold, because the Chinese, in my opinion, go out of their way to make lobster eating difficult. First they hack up the beast, leaving him in his shell of course. Then they put him in a bowl and completely cover him with a very tasty, and messy sauce. To eat the lobster, one must dig around in the sauce until a piece of claw or something is found. Then get this out and separate the meat from the shell. With fingers, knife, fork, and girl friend this is tough! I don't have the guts to try it with chopsticks. But all work is rewarded by a really satisfying feast. The sauce can be eaten plain, with the lobster, or on rice. Any way you take it you'll like it.

A third dish that I like is Green Pepper Chow Yoke. This consists almost entirely of green peppers, and
has a kind of slippery taste. Then
there is Moo Goo Gai Pan, which is
another chicken dish, and Char Shu
Din which is anybody’s guess. The
main ingredients of most of these
dishes are Chinese vegetables, pork,
and chicken, mixed in countless ways.
Each dish tastes different, but the
difference is often subtle. There is
nothing “hot” or violent about any
Chinese dish I’ve had yet, except for
a light-colored sauce that comes in a
little dish with egg rolls. Watch out
for this, it rivals anything the Italians
or Mexicans produce for liquid fire.
The darker sauce in the other little
dish, also with the egg rolls, is sweet
and gentle, and very good.

The only desert served at Hon Hung
Low is a small, but by that time suffi-
cient, dish of candy. This confection
is similar to Turkish Paste or to the
interior of our own jelly bean species;
it is covered, at Hon Hung Low, with
a coating of cinnamon seeds, which
are not hot, but are very good.

Hon Hung Low gets so little of the
tourist trade that I doubt if you could
get a pair of chopsticks there. Regu-
lar knife, fork, and spoon set is fur-
nished instead. If you want to try
chopsticks, my advice is to buy a pair
for a quarter at any one of the shops
in Chinatown, take them off into a
corner, and try them there. If you
want them furnished “free,” just order
a meal at one of Chinatown’s fancier
restaurants, and ask the waiter to
replace your fork with chopsticks.
He will — and you’ll be there all night.

Stay away from Chop Suey and
Chow Mein when you go to a real
Chinese restaurant. Those dishes,
while perfectly good, are native with
Chicago, and are merely imitations of
the real thing. Pick instead one of
the dishes I have suggested, or pick a
nice sounding name; you can’t go far
wrong, and you can have a delicious,
and unusual meal.

Then they were married and lived
happily even after. — Commentator

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Men seldom elope
With girls who take dope.

An American found himself sitting
next to two Englishmen on the deck
of a steamer one day. One of the
Englishmen was extremely hard of
hearing.

“I say,” said the first Englishman,
“have you been to England?”

“Yeah,” answered the American.

“What did he say?” asked the
second Englishman at the top of his
voice.

“He says he has been to England.
Have you been to Suffolk?”

“Yeah.”

“What did he say?”

“He says he has been to Suffolk.
Did you meet Lady Smythington-
Chives?”

“Oh,” said the American, “that
old bag.”

“What did he say?”

“He says,” answered the first Eng-
lishman, “that he knows mother.”

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M.I.T.
LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE
presents

MARTHA GRAHAM

A Few Tickets Still Available
M.I.T. INFORMATION OFFICE
TEDFORD-HARVARD
FILENE’S
WELLESLEY ANTIQUE SHOP
34 CHURCH STREET, WELLESLEY

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Nov. 2
8.30
CAMBRIDGE LATIN AUDITORIUM
THE Summer just over was a long and hard one for most of us; a time for extra study, for extra work. Two gay young blades, however, members of last year’s Freshman class, decided to ignore the warnings of future depressions, job scarcity and 2.40, and determined to cross the country by auto. Being adventurers of the first water, they chose the back alleys and hill country whenever possible, staying off the highways. They will always remember the trouble this decision caused them in Montana or Kansas or some similarly dismal place — I can’t recall exactly where. Anyway, it was with relief that they entered California, for they had heard many beautiful stories of its glories. They soon found themselves, however, on a winding dirt road that seemed to go nowhere, and take a long time doing it. They drove for hours, determined to see the thing through. (They both had had ancestors in the British Regulars.) Finally the road ended, coming out on a decent highway. At the end of the road was a large sign, facing the highway. They twisted around and read, in large red letters, the words, “THIS ROAD IMPASSABLE.”

THE incoming class has a lot to learn about Tech and about its professors. (What they profess, unfortunately, is beyond the scope of this magazine, but we try, in this column, to keep the students informed about their surface activities.) The other day, for example, one of our better men (we have them, you know) stopped to listen to a conversation between two learned men. He didn’t recognize either man, but, as they both had white hair and were carrying books, they must have been learned and must have been professors. This follows from that or vice versa, as the Greeks used to say. Anyway, the conversation, as reported to us, went along as follows:

“MacGregor, you’ve written a lot of books, and each one has had a lot of editions. You’ve been a consultant most of your life. You’ve earned a lot of money, and now you’re getting ancient. Why don’t you spend some of it, have yourself a good time. You know, you can’t take it with you.”

“I can’t! Then I ain’t goin’.”

WE heard a sadder tale about someone who didn’t make out so well this summer, though. It seems he got a job on a road crew, in an effort to build himself up, forget books, and stay in the sun — and because it was the only job he could find. His first job was to operate a small machine that paints lines in the middle of roads. The machine worked all right, and it wasn’t long before his mind had wandered off somewhere. Suddenly a shout from a fellow member of the crew made him realize that he had just painted a nice solid line on a very long, straight stretch of road, an obvious place for a dotted line. Now it’s easy to change a dotted line to a solid line, but he saw no way short of dyna-
mite to change the solid line to a dotted one — so he left it alone. The following week, however, he was driving along the same road, when misfortune crashed upon his shoulders. He had reached the long, straight stretch, but found himself behind a very slow driver. Visibility was excellent, there was nothing coming the other way, so he passed the slowpoke ahead of him, crossing his own solid line to do it. No sooner had he gotten into place than a grim gentleman, blowing a siren, motioned him to the side of the road. He talked, he pleaded, he explained that he himself had put that line there, that it was a mistake; but it was to no avail. He got the ticket.

The other day a friend reported to us that the collapse of civilization is imminent. He had reasons, too, or at least a reason. It seems he had been telephoning a long-distance girl friend from a pay phone. The day had been hot, so, while he went through the preliminary negotiations, he had left the door open. Finally the operator asked for a quarter, and he knew the moment he’d been waiting for had come. With quarter in hand he began to close the door on the phone booth, preparatory to feeding the machine and carrying on some courtin’. As he closed the door, it squeaked loudly. The operator, hearing the squeak said, “Thank you. Go ahead, please.”

We were having tea with a professor the other day. (We weren’t really, but it’s a handy way of starting another professor paragraph.) During the second cup, the man loosened up a little (it must have been the warm sugar that did it) and started to talk about the recent inauguration of President Killian. It seems that the Convocation hadn’t been half as spectacular as the show that Tech put on when it was moved from Boston to Cambridge, way, way back before prohibition. The professor we were talking to was definitely on the heavy side, so we listened with a definite Voo Dooings ear when he said, “My most vivid recollection is of a pageant on the great court. Even though I weighed in at a little over two hundred pounds, I was asked to be a wood nymph, and do a little dancing in bare feet. The great court at that time was covered with pebbles and gravel, not grass. After that ceremony, I swore off wood nymphs for life.”

Another subject of interest to the Freshman class is the Tech Co-ed. By watching this column at all times, the active student can learn a great deal about this form of life. For example, we can warn you NOT to ask a Co-ed why she chose Tech. (Especially if you are trying to make points.) She has already been asked this question by several hundred other leering males, and is rapidly getting tired of it. As soon as you ask this question, she merely classifies you as another fur-bearing animal, and sets you aside. Of course I have known people once who LIKED being thought of as fur-bearing animals, but I think it’s the exception rather than the rule. Anyway, just come to see us if you have any problems or questions. We can refer you to the proper course or department.

But getting back to the story we had in mind. A Tech Co-ed we know well enough to speak to, once told us this tale. She was introduced, by her mother (very proper we thought) to an elderly lady. This lady questioned the young girl about young girl sort of things for some time, finally asking, “And where do you go to school.” “I go to M.I.T.” “Oh, M.I.T. Good school, yes. Very nice. Hard they say. But you young people are hard-working these days. Yes M.I.T.’s a good school. You’ll find a nice girl, settle down some day, and be successful.”
WHAT a shame that M.I.T. hasn’t started a college fad. T’aint as if this emporium for the dissemination of unintelligible ideas could rightly be confused with a college, but it could initiate fads. We have never been any closer to a spontaneous display of verve than battery-toting — an outgrowth of the bomb-plot — and this was anti-climax. There should be some spectacular doings around here — something to shock the be-jesus out of the college world and simultaneously prove to all good matriculators everywhere that our brand of insanity is, at least partially, coincident with theirs.

A few years back they were swallowing goldfish by the school. The boys up the river got notoriety (at the expense of the goldfish) and entrenched a reputation for exceeding biliousness. People may argue about where this swallowing deal started, but we all know that it went over big. All over the country participants in higher learning swallowed. Gastric gyrations were rampant. But the Massachusetts Institute of Technology cuddled closer to the Charles, said nothing, did nothing.

An enterprising gentleman consumed a mouse a la boa constrictor. One died, the other is confined to his nest. Notoriety! Notoriety! And the Massachusetts Institute of Technology got none of it.

Hundreds of the simple pleasures have been indulged in by campus style-demons — for example wearing garters outside your pants, or shaving the hair off your cranium and growing it on your face, or walking on your hands, but these are almost foolish when you stop awhile and consider. We need something that everyone can do and that costs nothing.

A new fad is gripping the nation. It is sensational. It can kill you. It is a sure cure for a dull gathering.

Picture a party. The hostess is looking for the guest of honor who has gone upstairs for a minute. One gentleman — less his shoes — is sleeping on a sofa half his length. There are only two people playing charades now. She is Lady Godiva, and he can’t figure her out. Looks like a low ebb. Could you combat the dilemma? The answer is simple. Everyone must kneel in a circle, inhale, and wait. This is better than anything, and right now hundreds of learned people are indulging.

They hold their breath until they are black in the face; then they pass out.

Although this beats eating goldfish, there are certain little problems. Assuming that you can be revived, you may have symptoms indistinguishable from d.t.’s. You may need to be chained or jacketed. But what fun.

Let us take this cue. We needn’t go hog-wild; all we need do is accept the subtle inference. Let’s just keep quiet — you know — shut up. We’ll breathe all right (around here it’s worse than holding your breath), but we can stop talking. Answer questions in class, outside, no talking.

Think of the effect if everyone in the Institute refused all verbal tete a tete; if a man talked, he was stared down. Think of the blissful peace in building ten. Think of Walker without the complaining (except for gastric complaint which you can’t stifle). Just think of the supreme peace.

If communication became necessary, it could be handled via sign language. Everyone knows a few communicative signs with his hands, and generally, these popular signals are sufficient. If more became required, they could be originated, standardized, illustrated, and posted on bulletin boards.

The whole escapade is so startlingly simple, and restful, and salutary. Our Massachusetts Institute of Technology can open its doors to exceeding peace by continuing to say nothing but by using no words.

Note: For purposes of continuity the author omitted the fact that the world’s record for goldfish consumption is held by an M.I.T. man. He ate somewhat in excess of forty of the teleosts.

LOCH NESS.
The new problem in river crossing didn't dismay Captain Arah Phelps, the last active member of the 18th Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, famed veterans of Cold Harbor and Harper's Ferry. Taking a cue from Harper, Captain Phelps set up his own ferry. The only drawback to his system is that black powder occasionally soils the customer's shirt.

The gentleman on the right owes his river-crossing success to the fact that he is the last remaining vestige of the once flourishing species Pithecanthropus Robustus. His only comment on the situation is that fingers were made before bridges.

Some guys, probably physicists, still are making the ole college try under power. It is rumored that three seniors in Course Eight are even working on a thesis along these lines. Their experiments are supposed to reveal the maximum number of I-beams that can be crossed by a body having an initial velocity equal to its weight in tons.

The common herd, however, has merely reverted to the pre-bridge era, and has adopted a large assortment of water-going craft. It is with these masses, we feel, that the greatest hope for the future lies — for, some day, they will become so thick upon the broad waters of the Charles, that the gap between Boston and Cambridge will once again be bridged.
STONY BEACHER was, like most western heroes, a man distinguished from all of his contemporaries by his superiority as a rootin', tootin', quick shootin', scootin', high-falootin', rip-roarin', bronc bustin', hard-drinkin', rock-fisted, rough'n ready cow puncher of the wild'n wooly land of callusses, known to those of us who thumb the pages of the pulps as the Great American West. Stony was a tight-lipped man, tall and lean, his face at all times an unreadable blank, and, despite his aversion to small talk, the few things he did say occasionally made sense.

Lots of people didn't know Stony by sight, but folks in the town of Rugged Gulch, Colorado sensed something in the air the afternoon that Stony rode into the town, a breeze at his back, and they hurried into their respective hovels to avoid the trouble that they smelled brewing.

Stony rode his horse down the main street, entertaining himself in true cowboy fashion by delivering a few healthy punches to several unwary cows as he passed. Halfway down the street he entered the Silver Dollar Saloon, the largest structure in the dusty cattle town. The atmosphere of the place, Stony noticed immediately, was definitely unwholesome. Most of the men in the place were staring at him. What the trouble was Stony didn't know, but he made a mental resolution to find out. He went over to the bar and the bartender looked him up and down. "What'll ya hev, stranger?"

Stony eyed him levelly. "Whiskey," he murmured softly, and dismounted from his horse.

He tossed the drink off, and the bartender leaned over the bar and whispered, "Been in town long, stranger?"

Stony looked him up and down. "Nope."

The bartender leaned still further over the bar, getting his necktie in the finger bowl. "Then I'd advise you to clear outta town before yore luck runs clean out, stranger. Clyde Snead, the boss of this here town, sez he'll shoot down the fust stranger he sees around here. They's been a deal of hoss thievin' goin' on around these parts lately, an' he figgers it's bein' done through someone from outta town."

If the bartender thought that Stony scared easily, he was dead wrong. Stony gave no sign of being impressed whatever by this piece of information. "I don't scare easy," said Stony, calmly picking himself up from the floor and picking his teeth with a splinter. Stony didn't scare easily.

It was as Stony started to put a few leading questions to the bartender regarding the man named Clyde Snead that a wild-eyed youngster in an old prewar Western Union suit came rushing into the place breathlessly. "Say," he yawned, "Miss Sally Brady's hoss is runnin' away with her again. Bet he dumps the damn fool in the mud, per usual."

The boy then broke into a ribald western ballad, accompanied by a few
old prospectors, but Stony had heard enough. He whirled around and danced out the door instantly. The sheriff, who had just given him a hot foot, claimed for years thereafter that never had anyone jumped so fast for the cause of chivalry.

Out on the street, Stony's face was inscrutable as he saw what appeared to be an ox drawing a covered wagon bearing down upon him. A second glance revealed that in actuality it was Miss Sally Brady, astride her runaway.

It was a tense moment, but he knew what to do. Swiftly, he stepped aside, and, in a rapid sprint, his whipcord muscles straining mightily, he brought the animal down with a flying tackle. Miss Sally Brady let out a scream like a mountain lion, and plunged into a mud puddle.

As Stony arose, Clyde Snead, a tall thin man with a black handlebar moustache, slapped him on the back. "Stranger," he said with a voice like a sick mule, "Thank ye fer savin' my hoss. Seems like Miss Brady was a-fixin' ter steal it, just like it appears she's been stealin' ever'body else's. By gosh, if I was that gal's pa, I'd cut her allowance fer this.... Hev a see-gar?"

Stony eyed him levelly, his face an unfathomable mask. "Nope," he replied softly, yanking large handfuls of horsehair out from between his teeth.

Miss Brady, now arisen and dripping with mud, suddenly threw her arms around Stony. "Oh thank ye for savin' me, stranger. I might hev broke my damn fool neck."

Stony wiped mud out of one eye, and soberly stared through it at her.

She continued, "Marry me, stranger, an' we can live with my rich hoss thief pa."

"Fat girl," replied Stony gently, "I love you more'n a twenty dollar steer, but I got a hankerin' fer to go."

"Fer to go where?" she wailed in anguish, inciting a herd three miles from town to stampede.

Stony swung around to outline his profile against the sunset, and extended his arm majestically. "Over .......", he murmured, with a touch of awe in his voice, "yonder."

"But what'll you do yonder?" she pleaded anxiously.

He smiled at her benevolently. "I'll be makin' coast-to-coast personal appearance tours across the country. You see ....

Sally Brady's mouth dropped open, agog. Clyde Snead's mouth also dropped open, agog. Even Stony's horse, emerging from the Silver Dollar Saloon, was a bit agog, but then he was also very drunk.

With a melancholy air, Stony mounted his horse and rode off into the horizon, wailing a sordid version of "The Cowboy's Lament," and with him went the strange atmosphere which, for a short time, had enveloped the town of Rugged Gulch, Colorado. Sally Brady, staring after him, was heard to murmur mournfully, "Who in Hell is Stony Beacher?"

J. B.

She: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

He: "No, I hate hospitals."

"Pop, give me a dime."

"Not today, son, not today."

"If you'll give me a dime, I'll tell you what the iceman said to mamma this morning."

"Here, son, quick — what did he say?"

"He said, 'Lady, how much ice do you want this morning?'"

— Yale Record
Pale Dry

ANOTHER GREAT BEER

by Schaefer

So fine... so light... so dry... so right
glass after glass after glass

NOW... Pale Dry joins America's Oldest Lager

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL
Registration without Representation

Notes on Re-up day by a standee, with a few true-to-death sketches.

Long lines... Everybody looks for the shortest one, then stands in it.
... Two guys carried out — feet exhaustion. ... Asked to be excused
for the men's room, but the quota was filled. ... Rather die than lose my
place in line; the guy in front of me did both — in succession.

The guy in back of me in the Cashier's Line was an ape, I think. ... 
Got in different sections, though.

All through now... V.A. screwed up or something... Said my
benefits ran to 49/100 of this term... The secretary was sympathetic,
though... Gee, I guess engineering isn't the only job in the world... 
It's so damned confining anyway.
SOME of our readers are perhaps familiar with Mr. Stephen Potter's comprehensive studies on "Gameship: How to Win Without Actually Cheating," and "Lifemanship, the Art of Intimidating the Experts." It is our intention here to extend the fundamental principles established by Mr. Potter to one of the most possessing problems confronting the student: "How to Keep Class Average Down!"

As everyone knows, there are in every class two, three, or sometimes as many as five persons, who, either through brains or brownbagging, consistently get the highest marks. The fact is, they make everyone else look stupid. It is time something was done about this by the students. Quizmanship is the answer.

The fundamental maneuver is the Direct or McGillicudy Stymie. (So named for one of its originators, Professor Direct or McGillicudy.) You merely corner one of the Average Raisers with a problem, and make sure he doesn't solve it. Since it is psychologically important to the Average Raiser to solve ALL problems, this will virtually destroy him.

For example, say you are eating lunch with a group of students in Walker. About three quarters of the way through the meal, you turn to the Average Raiser, and say, with great respect, "Say, would you show me how to do a skeedledum stressed lever problem?" (or whatever you happen to be studying).

He says, "Which one do you mean?"

You describe such a problem as quickly and incomprehensively as you can and end with, "How do you do that, hunh?"

The Average Raiser then says, "Well, let me see," and looks around for a paper napkin to write on. But you have previously removed all the paper napkins from the table! This essential gambit breaks his line of thinking.

After he has the paper, he apologetically asks you to repeat the problem. And you do, with a sufficient number of As-I-Said-Before's and You-Know-What-I-Mean-of-Course's. Once he has the problem you leave him alone to work on it, and turn to the rest of the people at the table and start talking about sex. It will also help if you can knock over half of a glass of milk on his work.

Despite these distractions, the Average Raiser will certainly progress; you must realize you are up against some rough characters. It is therefore necessary, at appropriate moments, to say, "How are you coming," or "I know how to do the problem if you assume that two-ton girder is weightless."

In an emergency, if he seems to be solving the problem, you can always say, "Oh, I just remembered, there's a second skeedledum connected down here, too, and that first one is counterclockwise, not straight."

Well, you can see the method; the essential thing is that when it is time to leave for class, the Average Raiser has not yet solved the problem. You might mention that it was all right, you didn't really expect he could do the problem without a lot of hard study. After class he will have forgotten enough details so he cannot solve it, and so a vague uneasiness is permanently installed in his mind.

We had in our class an expert Quizman named Josh Swenson. I remember one interesting piece of quizmanship he pulled on Waldo Bilge, a particularly obnoxious Average Raiser.

At ten o'clock, the night before the final, Swenson first went into Bilge's room and said, "Waldo, you gotta show me how to do this problem. Professor Sink gave it to his section the last day of class, and told them they'd better know how to do it."

Waldo, of course, had finished his studying, and was ready to go to bed and get a good night's sleep before the final. Although he really knew the course cold, this sudden onslaught brought doubt to his mind, and he tried the problem. Naturally Swenson had rigged it so that the answer said that the mass of the earth was twenty-eight grams — negative. After Waldo had worked on the problem about thirty minutes, Swenson, who had been trying to help him, suddenly slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand and shouted: "Oh, I see how it's done. How simple! How could I have been so stupid. Thanks a million, Waldo," and dashed out of the room.

The next morning, a half hour before the quiz, Swenson answered a soft knock on his door, only to find Waldo, eyes bloodshot, clothes disheveled, hair uncombed.

"Please show me how to do that problem," pleaded Waldo.

"Oh, I never study right before a quiz," said Swenson. "I figure if you don't know it by then, you never will."

It was calculated that this one bit of Quizmanship dropped the class average enough so that four borderline cases received P's instead of L's in the course.

In factual courses the technique is similar but one variation deserves mention. Average Raisers in these courses obtain their good marks by being able to pick out what is impor-
tant and memorizing it. Therefore the night before the quiz you take your book down to the Average Raiser's room and help him learn the facts with a little drill.

You: “How do you spell tetraphenyl-
succinonitriles?”

He (startled): “I don’t even re-
membor that?”

You (casually): “Oh; that’s from footnote on page 163; he talked about it in class. You’d better check that.”

... and so forth.

Of some value in Quizmanship is the Indirect Stymies. This includes such techniques as borrowing slide rules, putting your feet on the Average Raiser’s chair during the quiz and pushing slightly, chewing gum loudly (though this may irritate the wrong person) and other such methods.

An interesting variation of the Indirect Stymie was introduced by Quizman Jim Straly of Course X when he cut all the pockets off all the pants of Leon Milch before the quiz. Although Leon easily carried the necessary supplies to the quiz in his green bag, he failed the exam completely.

Some observers have remarked that quizmanship is unfair to the Average Raiser. We do not think so. It is like Robin Hood, robbing the rich and giving to the poor — giving the mass of the students a boost. Furthermore the Quizman takes no knowledge away from the brownbagger, he merely reduces the effectiveness of this knowledge at a critical time when it is likely to do the most damage. This can hardly be considered unfair.

Finally I would like to leave you with a word of warning that Quizmanship is tricky and sometimes backfires. I remember one case where a Quizman and his best girl (a stunning creature) were both taking the same course. The Quizman persuaded his girl to sit next to a particular Average Raiser during a quiz and distract him. On the day of the quiz she wore what many considered to be quite a tight skirt and quite a low cut blouse. The unexpected result was that most every one in the class (including the Quiz-

man) could not concentrate for watching her lean over her paper, and flunked. The Average Raiser, on the other hand, being exceedingly near-
sighted, could not even see her.

Furthermore, the girl stunned by the Average Raiser’s unconcern for her body, fell madly in love with him. Using true feminine intuition she wore perfume at subsequent classes and he, really smelling her for the first time, fell quite in love and they were married. Though it is admitted their marks fell off somewhat, the whole episode must be considered rather poor Quizmanship.

J. D. C. L.

A stew weaving up the street, staggered into the beauty parlor.

“Hellow,” he said, “Ish thish er beauty shopsh?”

“Yes,” replied the attendant.

“Well, bring out one,” said the plastered one, “I’m lonesome.”

— Flame

She wiped her mouth and looked at me

With eyes of bloodshot blue,

And sweetly murmured in my ear,

“Shay, I could go for you!”

She held my hands; she strok’d my hair;

She called me “Babe” and Honey;

She fondly kissed my neck and lips,

And watched me spend my money.

And when we both had had enough

To float a ship at sea,

I whispered in her mug-like ear,

“Hey! Will you marry me?”

She looked at me with saddened eyes

My heart began to sink.

“I’m shorry, Bub,” she softly said,

“But I hate guysh who drink!”

— Syracuse

“How do you feel this morning?”

“Fine.”

“Guess I’ve got the wrong number.”

— Sun-Dial

“and that’s Uncle Wolfram — he was the white sheep of the family.”
Is it not time ... 

To all Course XV Men:

We are all now aware that the economic tide in the affairs of men has turned. Too many of us, however, do not carry this analogy to its logical conclusion.

Is it not time to determine the precise activities appropriate to the time ahead. We must indeed fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run.

We must have quality, not quantity production. Is it not time for us to bring all of our performances to that single standard of quality which we have best maintained during the past years?

Is it not time to develop those unusual virtues inherent in our own personalities, and learn to reflect them more clearly in our behavior?

Is it not time for us to learn more about the deeper fundamentals of human behavior, so that we may deal more effectively with the world about us?

Is it not time for us to safeguard and strengthen our good fortune by husbanding our resources?

And finally, is it not time for us to withdraw from less important fringe activities and confine ourselves to objectives more directly related to our special abilities?

Is it not time for us to learn more about the deeper fundamentals of human behavior, so that we may deal more effectively with the world about us?

The tune of the times now dictates that we give greater thought to what we exclusively should do in the future — that we confine our efforts and thoughts to whatever we can accomplish best and most expediously in the terms of intrinsic cost to ourselves.

We should accept the implication of this inexorable arithmetical principle. Perhaps the emotional color most appropriate to the times is that of thankfulness that we have a future in which to do and think instead of drawing upon our capital assets, as in the last few years.

I am a teacher. My trade is to elicit thought. It is true that we are moving rapidly into new times, with new problems and new opportunities. My admonition is to remember:

"In endings are beginnings found."
**Jasper’s Wonderful Education**

JASPER LUNCKEDDE was born in the cold, cold tundras of uppermost Alaska, if Alaska has tundras, I know, but Jasper wasn’t born there. Anyhow, he was born and brought up. The years passed, spent far from the taxes and turmoils of civilization, and before you could count to 79,841,001 by ones, it was time for Jasper to make his mark in the world.

“Jasper,” said his father, “I want you to go to college so you can have the things I never had.”

“But paw, you got a sled, huskies, gun, igloo, and three fur suits. Whut else is thur?”

“You must learn for yourself, son. You will go to MIT and learn the finer things of life. You will learn that \( F = ma \), which is physics.”

“Yuh, so’m I. My paw allus said I wuz strickly from Hungary. Git’s cold in winter, don’t it?”

On registration day Jasper became registered. “Am I all registered now, Mister?” he asked.

“Yes, all of you is registered.”

“Gee, my greatest thuh-rill! Paw tol’ me about this. Now I kin vote. Gee, this guy wuz sleepy. He fell asleep right on the floor. It’s good I allus git twelve hours sleep.”

On the way back to the barracks Jasper met a girl in the hall. She was a secretary, and she was very sexy. Jasper stared.

“Are you staring at me?” asked the sexytary.

“Yuh, I want tuh ask yuh a question.”

“Well, I’ve heard it before, and the answer’s no!” Jasper walked on, but he was confused. “Gee, she wuz smart, answering my question even before I asked it. But I still don’t see why her legs don’t git cold in winter.”

The next day school started. In calculus the instructor asked if any one understood limits. Jasper raised his hand. “One of muh frien’s tol’ me. He said it approached zero decreasing inversely to thuh quantity of rum. Rum’s a game, ain’t it?”

Then Jasper went to chemistry. In that class the instructor asked how far the students had previously gone. “I know whut \( \text{C}_2\text{H}_5\text{OH} \) is,” said Jasper. “It’s whut my paw rubs on my back to fix backaches, and drinks to fix stomach aches. My paw’s awful smart, but he’s got a turrible weak stomach.”

After chemistry Jasper went to drawing. “Whut fur do I hev tuh draw these lines fur?” he said.

“You are here to get a wonderful education. Therefore you will draw those lines and be happy,” Jasper drew the lines. “Lookit,” he said finally. “I’ve drawn all thuh lines. Now I am edicated almost.”

That completed Jasper’s first day at school, except for ROTC. For reasons of military security and morale I won’t discuss his adventures there.

The week passed quickly, if not quietly. On Saturday Jasper’s roommates asked him to go to the show with them.

“Like where they hev Mickey Mouse?”

“Sort of, but we’re going to the Old...”
Howard.” Jasper went along. “I bet those girls git awful cold,” said Jasper. He knew they were girls because he could read the sign — “50 Beautiful Girls 50” — but they didn’t have girls’ clothes on. Later the lights came on. Jasper grinned. “Oh, goody, now it’s Mickey Mouse, maybe.”

With pity and compassion, Jasper’s friends gently hit him on the head with a convenient brick. And in a slight daze, Jasper spent four long years at MIT, until finally they threw his diploma at him and told him to go back to his tundra. Which he did.

“Yep,” said his father, whenever he was asked, and sometimes when he wasn’t. “My son Jasper’s got a wonderful education. Why, he’s only in his twenties, and he’s got more than I ever had. Not only has he got a sled, huskies, gun, and an igloo of his own, but he has four fur suits. That’s what MIT did for Jasper!”

J. H.

Little Nicky, five years old, was walking down the street with little Joan, four. As they were about to cross the street, Nicky remembered his mother’s teaching. “Let me hold your hand,” he offered gallantly.

“Okay,” replied Joan, “but I want you to know you’re playing with fire.”

— Old Maid

The stronger sex is usually the weaker sex, because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

— DoDo

She started to speak, my captured heart warmed,
For her voice was like thrushes that chirp,
So I breathlessly waited as her pearly lips formed—
A good, healthy, old-fashioned burp.

Farmer: “Be this the Women’s Exchange?”
Woman: “Yes.”
Farmer: “Be you the woman?”
Woman: “Yes.”
Farmer: “Well, then. I think I’ll keep Maggie.”

— Ram-Butler

So learn to fry an egg, my boy;
Then list to freedom’s bell.
If wifey says, “I’m going to mother,”
Tell her to go to HELL.

— Ranger

A great big beautiful car drove up to the curb where a cute girl was waiting for a bus. A man stuck his head out and said:

“Hello, gorgeous; I’m going West.”
“How wonderful; bring me back an orange,” she replied.

— Goldfish

TWA Announces
REDUCED OVERSEAS STUDENT FARES

35-50 per cent savings on TWA Skyliner trips abroad

Now, students from 12 through 21 planning to travel and study abroad can go by de luxe TWA Skyliner at big savings. Starting October 1, 1949, fare reductions of 35 per cent will be in effect for TWA round-trip ocean crossings. Once students arrive in Europe, they become eligible for a reduction up to 50 per cent for travel to and from distant points, even as far as Bombay. Tickets are good for one year.

Although fares are reduced, TWA’s service stays at its consistently high level. You’ll relax in your lounge seat, have tasty, full-course meals served you. And in a matter of hours you’ll arrive at your destination, thanks to TWA 300-mph speed and dependability.

For details, contact your nearest TWA office, or your travel agent.

Free trip for tour organizers
TWA gives a free ticket over its International routes to any person engaged in educational work who organizes and conducts a party of ten or more persons for an overseas tour. Persons may organize groups for university study abroad, or may secure ten or more enrollees to the International Youth Camps in Switzerland (ages 12-20). Call on your nearest travel agent for details.
Take the Cash

Pen, sliderule, to class and away!
Rescue my theses before this hot day
Brightens to blue from silvery gray.

Stride past the students asleep as you'd say.
Mary's the friend there will listen and pray,
"He's a damn fool to clamor that way."
Pen, sliderule, to class and away.

Dash through the grim portals; show no dismay.
The instruments ready, brook no delay
Ne'er falter nor fear life's great array.
Pen, sliderule, to class and away.

Who speaks of life with its habits so gay
Laugh when you talk of humanities. Nay!
I've better counselors. What counsel they:
Pen, sliderule, to class and away!

Cambridge Bud Stoff stood for his Prof
Bidding the rest of the bastards to scoff,
And pressing his fingers close to his head
Would see the heretics soon drop dead.

Marshalling his figures 50-score strong
Great hearted scientists singing this song:
God for King Killian! Conant and such
To the devil that prompts them their treasonous clutch.
Engineers up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the women, nor bite take nor sup
'Til you're
Marshalling your figures 50-score strong
Great hearted scientists singing this song.

Thou wert once a student locked in sweet
Embrace of learning's lighter years; and yet
You hold the power of Kronos' son to mete
Out partial judgment on our younger set.

Have the years so soon upon your shoulders
Weigh'd; or hath Eros in his flighty way
Spurn'd your overt glances. Have you left
All hope behind, or do embers smoulder
Within your jaded soul. Yet hope we may
That you of pity ne'er survive bereft.

That gentle brush that paints the world so fair
Scarce penetrates your hardened shell. There now
Amid the stygian blackness of your hair
You propagate the pains to which we bow.

Amongst the cackling of your garish crew
We beg on suppliant's knee to furnish
Proof of wrongs. Must sedate in golden grain
Be sought to bring oblivion. Behold
You that you must leave to sodi'd anguish
Those beneath, while fellow graduates gain.

Once did she hold New England in her fee
And was the safeguard of rich stores: the worth
Of Boston did not fall below her birth.

Boston, youngest child of prudery
Who was a righteous city, dean and free;
No book seduced, no progress violate.
And when she took unto herself, a mate
She must espouse a Mayor Curley.

So now that she has seen the riches fade
The textiles vanish and the machines decay
Yet shall some tribute in reward be paid
For watch and ward who rule the day.

It is a youthful engineer
And he stoppeth one of three
"By thy pallid face and jaundiced eye,
Now wherefore stoppest thou me."

He holds him with his shaking hand;
"There was a quiz," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, hard of doom."
Eftsoon his hand dropped he.

"The class was massed, the papers passed
The proctor gave him sign
The deed was done, and we were one
Right at the dot of nine."

"Beyond the given time I sat,
I watched the time tick on
Nor peace there was to see the rest
And know I must be gone.

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee thou passer-by;
He passeth well who learneth well
And shuns the Scotch and rye.

"He passeth well who learneth well
All things both great and small,
For the good prof that teacheth us
He taught and flunked us all."
The World Traveler
... Has Only a Few Memories Left.

1. "You have an honest face. How can you lose?"

2. "Damn, man, I want meat, not potatoes!"

3. "And here is 'sunset,' the work of an old master.


5. "Mais, non, mam'selle, vin rouge is not an aphrodisiac."

6. "Hold it madam, five dollars for the two, please."

7. "Foolish pictures! But no, classical exhibitions!"

8. "And mom, guess what. I brought back ten Swiss watches."
TIPS FOR TEAMS

Voo Doo has consistently supported fair play in darned near everything. In view of our attitude, and considering the experienced viewpoint, the savoir faire, and the technical know-how that an extra year adds, we feel it only fair to offer advice to the Frosh for the coming Field Day tilt.

Tug of War — A buried anchor man is a dependable anchor man.

Tennis — A coed, lace panties, and a life photographer should be enough to scare any Soph-oponent.

Track — Soph’s no longer chase women so take a cue from Wonderland and give your men something to chase. Keep the team in a state of relative starvation.

Football — While cheerleaders call ‘point 1 4 1 5 8!’ pull a sneak play past a confused Soph line.

Swimming — A good hot start is damn near unbeatable.

Crew — Don’t take chances. Jupiter (Zeus) probably made book on the race, too, so stay on his side. Your best bet is a sail spun from the hind hair of a Aconcagua Scape Goat, soaked in the blood of a virginal Wild African Sprinkling Hound (incantations by a Rosecrucian big-wig won’t hurt, either).
His toes curled in the black soil. It was marvelous to feel the good cool earth beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a sod between his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city with loathing. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow, but that was over. He was back to his first love — the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once more he was a part of Nature. A voice called, "Dinner's ready." He sighed. Slowly and reluctantly he took his feet out of the flower pot.

— Thoreau

Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?

— Yale Record

Minister: "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown (sleepily): "Tain't my lead, I just dealt."

— The Spartan

Mark Antony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

"But Sir, she's in bed with laryngitis."

"Damn Greeks."

— The Spartan

"I'm entered in two contests — one for the most beautiful back and the other for the most beautiful bust."

"Aren't you excited?"

"I hardly know which way to turn!"

— Kitty Kat

She: "Don't you wish you were a barefoot boy again?"

He: "Not me, lady. I work on a turkey farm."

— Country Gentleman

"How do I know it's a bloodhound?"

she asked doubtfully.

"Ambrose," the proprietor ordered, "bleed for the lady."

— Old Maid

"How was the burlesque?"

"Abdominal."

— The Spartan

"Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street like that if I were you."

"That's all right, lady. She's dead."

Teacher: "Has anyone here any Indian blood?"

Johnny: "I have."

Teacher: "What tribe?"

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

— Chaparral

"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"No, what good is it?"

— Old Maid

"Do you come from Harvard?"

"Heck, no. I'm talking this way because I cut my mouth on a bottle."

— El Burro

A fellow driving his car with the top down was wearing a bright red shirt, a polka-dot tie, a shepherd's plaid suit, and lavender beret. A motorcycle cop stopped him and made him pull over to the side of the road.

"What's wrong, officer?" asked the lad. "I haven't violated any traffic laws."

Said the cop: "No, I just wanted to hear you talk."

— Del Monte
There was a young lady named Reba
Who was wooed by an amorous amoeba
This wee bit of jelly
Would crawl on her belly
And tenderly mutter, “Ich lieber.”

Famous last words:
“Sure I love you, honey, it’s just that...”
“There I was, flat on my back at...”
“Wanta know a real snap course...?”
— The Spartan

“Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that never would have happened if you hadn’t stepped between me and the spittoon.”
— Sundial

“I call her ‘checkers’ because she jumps every time I make a wrong move.”

A little bear sleeps in his bear skin
All cozy and warm I suppose.
I tried sleeping in my little bare skin
And golly I almost froze.

She (in a florist’s shop): “Have you any passion poppy?”
Old Salesman: “Have I? Just wait till I put these roses down!”
— Mercury

“And there’s the man who walked into a bar optimistically, and left misty optically.
— Log

Don’t ever try to fool your mother, boys. It can’t be done. Remember the young man who pawned his nice suit of clothes and didn’t want his mother to know anything about it? He finally redeemed them and brought them home in a suitcase. When he was busy in his room, his mother, in the parlor, started to unpack the suitcase. She found the pawn ticket in the coat and called:

“John, what is this tag on your coat?”

John lost little time in calling back:

“Oh, I was at a dance last night and checked my coat.”

A moment later mother came across the trousers tagged in the same way. With a puzzled tone, she asked:

“John, what kind of a dance was that?”

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead
And now it goes to school with her,
Between two hunks of bread.

And then there was the E. E. who called his girl “Carbon,” because her resistance went down when she got warmed up.

— Doole

He — We certainly had a big time last night for ten cents.
She — Yes, I wonder how little brother spent it.
— Burro

The kings of Peru were the Incas,
They were widely known as big drincas,
They worshipped the sun,
And had lots of fun,
But the peasants all thought they were stincas.
— Wampu.
She (suspiciously) : "You certainly don’t act like I am
the first girl you ever kissed."
He (suspiciously): “How do you know?”

“If a drunk is Souse of the Border in México, what is he in France?”
“Plaster of Paris.”

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
“To hell with school,
I’ll stay in bed.”

— Siren

Adam: “Eve! You’ve gone and put my dress suit in
the salad again!”

— Dodo

An attendant in a mental home was making his evening rounds when he came upon one of the patients industriously fishing in a wash basin with rod and line.
Wishing to humor the man, the attendant asked him if he had caught anything.
“What!” said the patient. “In a wash basin? Are you crazy?”

— Bored Walk

Son: “Ma, what’s the idea of makin’ me sleep up here every night?”
Mother: “Hush, Bobbie, you only have to sleep on the mantelpiece two more weeks and then your picture will be in Believe-It-Or-Not.”

— Mis-A-Sip

Platonic love is like being invited down into the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale.

— Varieties

1st student: “Did you know that my teacher talks to himself?”
2d: “So does mine, but he doesn’t know it. He thinks someone is listening.”
Little Audrey nailed the bathroom door shut and then laughed and laughed, because she knew her father was having a beer party at the house that night.

--- Pup

"Now, class," said the teacher, "can you tell me one of the uses for cowhide?"

"Sure," piped up the customary voice from the back of the room. "It keeps the cow together."

--- Quirk

"The offspring of a single rat," said the biology professor, "may number several thousand."

"My gosh," cried the student in the back of the room, "how many would a married rat have?"

--- Rammer Jammer

Phi Delt: "Do you smoke?"
Coed: "No."
Phi Delt: "Do you drink?"
Coed: "No."
Phi Delt: "Do you pet?"
Coed: "No."
Phi Delt: "Do you eat hay?"
Coed: "Of course not!"
Phi Delt: "My God, woman, you’re not a fit companion for man or beast."

--- Rammer Jammer

Walking with a friend one day, a professor passed a large fish shop where a fine catch of codfish with mouths open and eyes staring were arranged in a row.

The prof suddenly stopped, looked at them, and clutching his friend by the arm, exclaimed: "Heavens! that reminds me — I should be teaching a class."

--- Old Maid

A young woman
Stepped out of bed
Slipped into her robe
Stepped into her slippers
Raised the shade
Uncovered the parrot
Put on the coffee pot
And answered the phone.
A masculine voice said:
"Hello, honey, just got a 24-hour leave, I'll be right up!"
She hung up the phone
Took off the coffee pot
Covered the parrot
Pulled down the shade
Stepped out of her slippers
Slipped out of her robe
Crawled into bed and
Heard the parrot say:
"Kee-rist, what a short day!"

--- Ram-Boiler

"F-e-e-t," the teacher spelled out, "what does that spell, Mary?"
"I dunno."
"Well, what is it that a cow has four of and I have only two?"
So Mary told her.

--- Rammer Jammer

SAE: "Did you know we maintain seven homes for the feebleminded?"
Pledge: "I thought we had more chapters than that."

--- The Spartan

A certain school advertised:
"Short course in accounting for women."
The next day, a note reached the school’s president. It read: "There is NO accounting for women."

--- Scottie

A newly-married doctor was walking with his wife when a beautiful girl smiled and bowed to him. The wife became suspicious.
"Who is the lady, dear?"
"Oh, just a girl I met professionally."
"No doubt," meowed his wife, "but whose profession — yours or hers?"

--- Purple Cow

---

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

THE GRILL DINER
435 MAIN STREET
Conveniently located behind Building 20
Frank Arsenault, Manager

COMPLIMENTS OF
Larry's Barber Shop
Opposite Building Seven
Notice on bulletin board of biology department:
“We don’t begrudge you dipsomaniacs a little alcohol, but please return our specimens.”

Philo. Prof: “Now describe to me vas iss dass Platonic love.”
Soph: “Warming chairs, burning lamps, playing records, sitting around a sorority house, and leaving at 10:00.” — Spartan

A none too prosperous London clergyman reluctantly accepted the offer of a commercial firm to supply his congregation with free books containing the standard hymns, with the stipulation that a little advertising might be injected. When the books arrived, the minister was overjoyed to find the books contained no advertising matter at all. But on the following Sunday he was horrified to hear the following hymn:

Hark! The herald angels sing.
Murphy’s pills are just the thing:
Peace on earth and mercy mild.
Two for man and one for child. — The Scotie

Q. — What did the toast say to the toaster?
A. — That’s the hottest I’ve been since I was bread.

A farmer was once phoning a veterinarian. “Say, Doc,” he said, “I’ve got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and doesn’t have any appetite; what shall I do for him?”

“Give him a pint of castor oil,” instructed the vet. Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take a pint of castor oil.

A couple of days later the vet met the farmer on the street.

“How’s your sick calf?” inquired the vet.
“Sick calf! That was a sick cat I had.”
“My God, did you give him a pint of castor oil?”
“Sure did.”
“Well, what did he do?” asked the vet.
“Last I seen him,” said the farmer, “he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging; two were covering up; and one was scouting for new territory.” — Yellow Jacke

Excellent Food
and Liquor
THE
ESPLANADE CAFE
just off harvard bridge at beacon
serving tech men for 25 years

—naturally
YOUR
BANK
KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE
HARVARD
TRUST COMPANY
Member
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

“Now move the right arm higher around her neck.”
Then there's the one about the WAC who was traveling on the train without a berth. Some kind fellow offered to share his compartment with her. Gratefully she accepted. When she had tucked herself in the compartment, the man began to undress. He took off his shirt. The WAC popped up in bed and asked, "When do we get to the next station?"

He answered, and proceeded to take off his pants. The WAC again asked, "What is the name of the next stop?"

This persistent questioning went on until the man was thoroughly disgusted. When he had finally put his pajamas on, he said:

"Say, how about you and I playing that we are man and wife until morning?"

"Fine," was the answer.  
"Well, then, for gawd's sake woman, shut up!"

A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to Saint Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of them here, you'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those too, you'll have to have more identification."

"Well, when he died he said that if I was ever untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith.' "

— Rammer Jammer

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:

Youngster: "Do you know who was the first engineer?"
She: "No, who?"
Youngster: "Adam. He furnished spare parts for the first loud speaker."

This month's winning joke submitted by
Joyce Macdonald, 17A Davis Avenue, Brookline, Mass.
Boy looking for an apartment — just a small place large enough to lay his hat and a few friends.  — Mis-A-Sip

A girl standing on the street corner and wearing a low cut V neck sweater was approached by a “wolf.”
He asked: “Is that V for Victory?”
Replying, she said: “No, that’s for virtue — but it’s an old sweater.”  — Turn Out

We know a gal who gave up drinking because she was afraid it might turn into would alcohol.  — Kitty Kat

A traveling buyer had been on a trip for three months. Every few weeks he’d send a telegram to his wife saying: “Can’t come home. Still buying.” The wife stood it for a while, but when the fourth month started and her husband still had no idea of returning, she decided to do something. She sent him a telegram. “Better come home. I’m selling what you’re buying.”

Woman winding up fervent W. C. T. U. speech: “… and, furthermore, I would rather commit adultery than touch a drop of liquor!”
Tech man in the back row: “Who t’hell wouldn’t.”  — Banter

Irate Parent: “I’ll teach you to make love to my daughter, sir!”
Greek: “I wish you would, old boy, I’m not making much progress.”

“You’ll never see me again,” she cried fiendishly as she gouged out his eyes.  — Dodo

“She’s one Luther Burbank didn’t try,” said the coed as she crossed her legs.  — Chapporal

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