

PEARLY GATES

ROTENBERG

JANUARY '51



Start the 100 year light

Schaefer *Pale Dry*

the beer that's both light *and* dry

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

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

"Step in here, Phos," the bearded heavy-set man had said to me, "and you'll really see something." Well sir, having been around a good bit in my time, but still eager to see more, I did as directed. There was a wooden chair in the middle of a dimly lit room. Electron tubes were glowing all around the walls and the flapping filaments produced an eerie hum. I hopped up on the chair, dug my claws into the seat with all the strength a drunken old cat can have and took a deep breath. Seconds later lights began to flash, the hum increased in pitch, and my stomach began to feel like a pincushion inside of a centrifuge. Then there was a period of silence and darkness and the door swung open.

"Come on out," a voice rasped. With that I scurried off the chair and out into daylight.

"This is a hell of a note," was about the only thing I could get out of my wide open mouth. The scene around me was fantastic. All the grass and scenery was a bright maroon, and the sunlight appeared to be blue. The creature whose voice I had heard was sitting on top of what I'll swear was a yellow elephant. Believe me, I swore off drinking for the rest of the afternoon.

"What, where, and how," I stammered as best a cat of my type could.

"Relax Bud, if you think you are seeing strange things, think about how I'll feel when I tell this story about a talking cat to my sex-mate!" the creature who looked like a conglomeration of garbage cans consoled me. He explained that I had come ahead 30 years and was now in the year 2016. He was a robotto under control of the only surviving human called 'Chiefie,' and operated the time machine that had dumped me into the future. The radical color scheme that I had noticed at first was merely to satisfy the egotism of color-blind Chiefie. Chiefie, I was to learn, was far from intelligent, but had had ten geniuses build his robotto system and then he had the geniuses annihilated by drowning in vats of beer.

"Hop on my trusty elephant," the robotto growled as he lifted me gently off the ground by my tail. With that, the pachyderm began to lumber off on a tour of this futuristic world.

"What's that?" I asked, as I pointed toward a small cage with what seemed to be a mangy dog cowering inside on a pile of newspapers.

"That's Fido, he's all that's left of 20th century curs. All he does all day long is spoil newspapers. Seems to be a habit he picked up in 1950 at a place called M.I.T." He showed me the robotto that was his sex-mate and explained the wonders of their flying machines, atomic powered go-carts, and the magnificent palatizio that Chiefie resided in. The robotto asked me if I cared to meet Chiefie, but I assured him that I had had enough.

I scampered back to the time machine and was soon safe inside the office where I had one of the boys open me a can of brew while I narrated my harrowing experiences in the future. Believe me, I like the good old present and I don't think I'll go running off in the future for a long time. There's no future in it.

R. R. S.

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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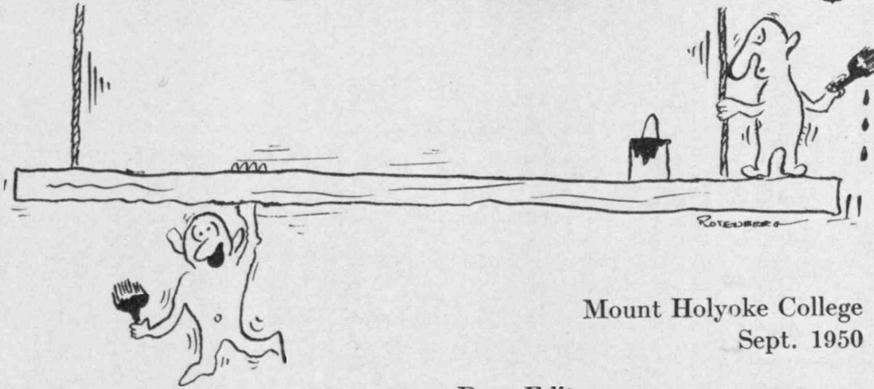
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"Phos congratulates the Freshmen elected to the Staff."

"This month's cover by Rotenberg"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Mount Holyoke College
Sept. 1950

Dear Editor,

Mount Holyoke College will contribute its best to your magazine for a heading — something like this . . . (for lack of space we are sorry it cannot be included). Of course we realize this would be a little expensive, and bothersome, but you could do it for "little old us"!

We are old contributors — we once had a letter published in your mag, only then we were headed for Wellesley. Enclosed you will find out first contribution.

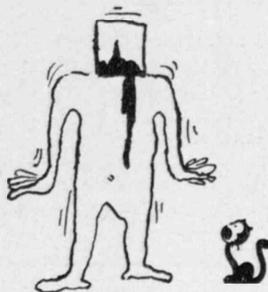
Mount Holyoke, '54

ED. NOTE: Sorry we couldn't use it, but keep trying. Incidentally your letter took a long time to reach us. Wha' hopenen?

Yours truly,
M.L.T.

ED. NOTE: Yes gladly. We've been thinking about it too, and wish to assure you that in the future we will do our best to please you and print things your way.

*Advertisers please note.



The elephants and the ants were having a football match. One of the ants got the ball and made a dash for the goal. Galloping across to stop him, an elephant put his foot on the ant, and killed him.

The crowd booed, hissed and threw beer bottles, and the referee came running up to the elephant to reprimand him for his rough play.

"Aw shucks," said the elephant, "I only wanted to trip him."

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Coming Soon!

A woman got on the bus in Westwood, followed by a bunch of children.

"Now, these three," she told the conductor, "are 14 years old and pay full fare, but those three over there are only six and these three here are four and a half."

The conductor looked at her in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say you get three every time?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she replied. "Sometimes we don't get any at all."



Platonic friendship: the interval between the introduction and the first kiss.



A Scotsman had to send an urgent telegram, and, not wishing to spend more money than necessary, wrote like this:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead."

The Scotsman who received it immediately decided it was: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it and Alice is hurt too. In fact she's dead."



Now, we want to tell the shortest shaggy dog story on record.

He: "They had to shoot poor old Fido today."

She: "Was he mad?"

He: "He wasn't any too pleased."

— Gargon



A lovely old lady contributed a pair of pajamas to the Red Cross. "I made them myself," she said proudly. They were perfect in every detail, except that there was no opening in the front of the pants.

When the inspector explained the error, the lady's face fell. Suddenly she brightened. "Couldn't you give them to a bachelor?" she suggested.

— Ski-U-Mah

A number of men, not too well-known to each other and meeting as a group for the first time, thought each should introduce himself by giving his full name, education, family status, and so on. The first gentleman started by saying he was Alexander Swinefurt MacGibbon, Harvard '19, married, with two sons; both at Harvard. The second said he was Theodore Spotswood Burlingame, Jr., Harvard '15, married, three sons — all Harvard, of course. The third said he was Percival Bollingbrooke Timberland III, Harvard '18, married, two sons — both Harvard, of course.

The next man rose and stated, "I'm Bill Jones, Yale '20. I'm not married. I have two sons — both Harvard, of course."



An Army recruit who was learning to swim was making extraordinary progress with the breast stroke when a cold Wave hit him in the face.



The census taker was considerably surprised when the mistress of the house opened the door and displayed her matronly self in a state of nudism.

"Please don't be shocked," she said. "I'm a nudist."

So, fortified by a college education which had prepared him for life, he asked the routine questions. "And how many children do you have, Ma'am?" he asked, trying not to look at her and write at the same time.

"Twenty," she answered.

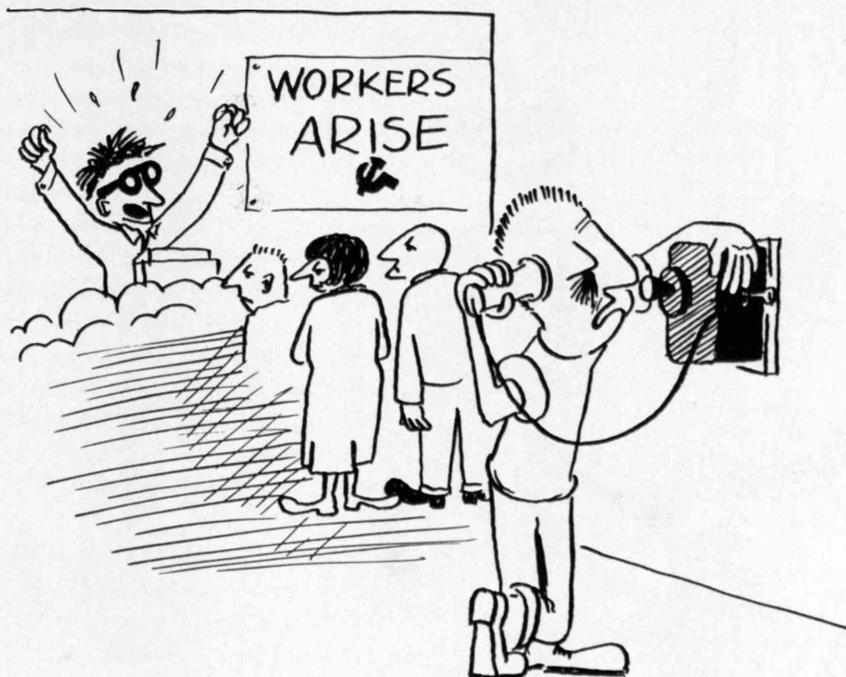
"My," he said, "you're not a nudist, lady. You just don't have time to get dressed."



Gather kisses while you may
For time brings naught but sorrow.
The girls who are so cold today
Are chaperones tomorrow.



"Takes guts to do this," said the little bug as he splashed against the windshield.



"Come on over—we're having a party."

DOING THE TOWN

Sometime in October, we wandered down Copley Square way to try out the virtues of "Storyville" which Rumor had proclaimed was quite the place. Rumor was right. We've been going back there, week in, week out, since then and never regretted a moment of it.

For those few who haven't heard of it, we mention that the place (subtitled "The Birthplace of Jazz," no less) finds itself in the basement of the Hotel Copley, just up Huntington Avenue from Copley Square. Go into the lobby (of the hotel, that is), turn right, and go down the steps. If you get there before ten in the evening, you may get a table right away.

"Storyville" is managed by the talented George Wein, who plays nice piano during intermissions, occasionally fills in with the band, and—more rarely—sings, and sings very well, be it mentioned. Most of the time, however, entertainment is provided by a damn good jazz band, at the time of this writing, the inimitable Bob Wilber's. Big Sid Catlett, the Great Stone Face, does wonderfully on the traps. Wilber De Paris, with either a valve or slide trombone, excites the patrons also, as does Sidney De Paris on an exceedingly accomplished trumpet. Red Richards at piano and John Field on the bass — and the young and young-looking Bob Wilber himself, playing as usual wonderfully on a selection of clarinets and saxophones, bring the band up to its full complement. Those who like Dixieland jazz played excellently well will find it in "Storyville."

You'll find little else, except many chairs and many more people. The beer costs fifty cents a bottle and is in the standard brands. The drinks cost around seventy cents per and are compounded of a grade

of liquor somewhat less than mellow. In fact, not too good, though by all means drinkable.

The decor is simple and rather pleasing, being composed mainly of some effective murals on the walls. The other part of the decor — the people present — is quite bearable, being composed mainly of college people, but inclined to be very much like college people. The uniform of the day or evening is gray flannel.



In a near room, the haunt of the "Storyville Jazz Society" (a bunch of BU students who apparently come around there to drink lunch), there is a large juke-box — a hundred sides or more, it seems — containing only jazz and blues records. Nickels are not required, so play on it if the mood strikes you to abandon the main room.

They have also included a rotating exhibition of paintings in the lobby. In general, curiously enough, they're worth looking at.

But the main thing is jazz — good jazz. If you don't like it, that's your problem. But if you do like it, by all means favor Mr. Wein with your presence.

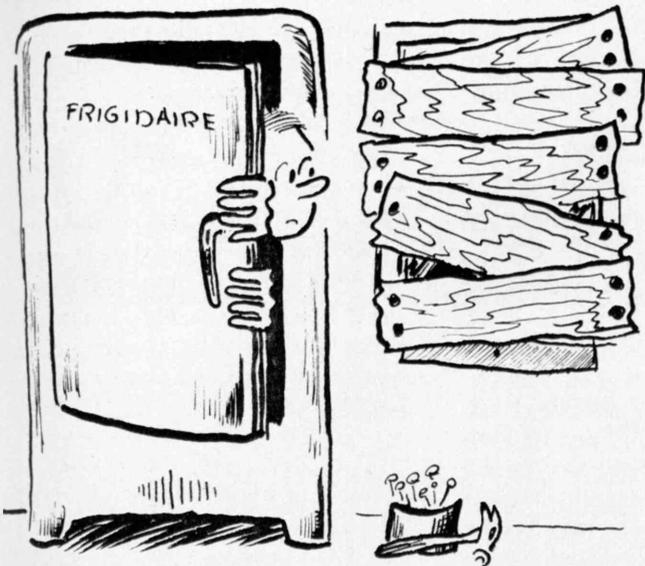


Last year we noted that the "Tectonians", the student combo, were a talented group, meriting our applause and certainly deserving to be chosen over the bands that get tapped for many of the affairs around here. Leave it be said again. Their sweet playing is thoroughly danceable and the Dinner Music Society provides a quality of Dixieland jazz that has won them frequent Sunday afternoon appearances at the Savoy.

R. I. P.



IF THE "BOMB" DROPS....



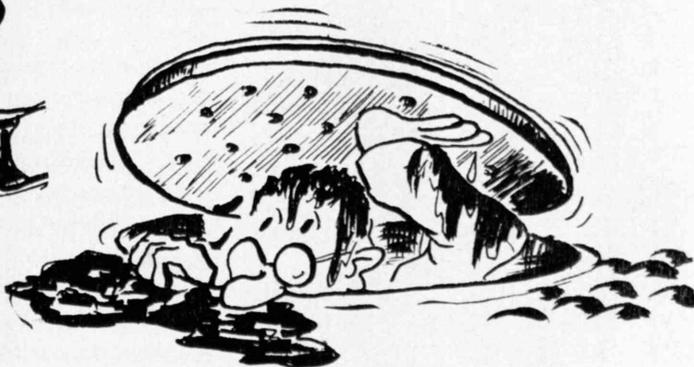
Close all doors, windows, . . .



Put out fires . . .



Cover neck and head against heat, flying glass, and radiation.



Go to the basement. If there is no basement . . .

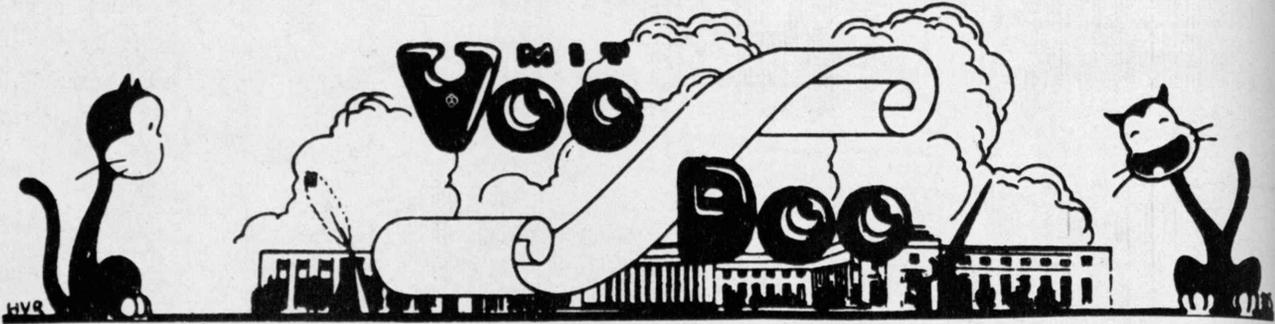


Don't try to drive your car away.



After the blast, do nothing.

ROLLBUHLER



In this year, 1986, the editors of VOO DOO feel that it is extremely important that the young citizens of this country be fully informed on things taking place in the planetary system about them. However, we regret that this publication has not done all that it might to educate its readers on the more serious aspects of life. For this reason we have collected a few recent clippings and articles which should be a good beginning in the education of those of you who will persevere to the bitter end.

The three following articles were clipped from last week's issue of GRIME. The two addresses coming after are self-explanatory.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY FOR TELEPATHIC RESEARCH. Given by Doctor Landor Parfet, November 5, 1986.

Each one of you gathered here today, gentlemen, is aware of the crisis that is fast approaching. I know that each one of you believes completely in the far-reaching power of telepathy and is working almost without rest to find some means to avert the disaster that is imminent. It is not my intent to offer criticism today or even to make suggestions, for many of you are much more competent than myself, but rather I would like to review the somewhat turbid but tenacious history of our society. We owe much to the efforts of the early psychical research societies

and to such men as Rhine, Hubbard, Cofnor and others who had the vision and courage to probe the secrets of the mind. But the two men who supplied the real spark proving the existence of telepathic devices, and who paid for their convictions with their lives are little known. It is about these two men that I would like to talk and dedicate this address.

They were both born in the year 1935, and in the same town. They both soon discovered that they were social misfits but each had an overwhelming desire to help humanity avert the complete destruction into which it was plunging. Both found themselves turning to the human mind as a possible answer. They suffered through their youth, conforming just enough to be regarded as respectable. When they reached eighteen, they decided it was time for a break with society. They suddenly vanished one day and were never heard from until twenty one years later. During that time they isolated themselves in an uninhabited region of Latin America, and devoted all their energies to thought. After five years they had concrete evidence that they were clairvoyant. At the end of ten years they were able to communicate telepathically. But they realized that this was not enough to convince any materialistic world. They had to have something tangible, something concrete to show the world. And so they turned to telekinesis. Their

minds by this time were developed to a point never before reached. Still it took ten more years of exhausting concentrated effort before they achieved the results they had been seeking. On the fateful day, one of the pair was sitting at a blank table as he had done thousands of times before, with an ordinary pair of dice in his hands. Suddenly, came the unexplainable quirk of concentration that they had been seeking, and he knew that the long quest was over. With feverish hands he began throwing sevens. He finally stopped after two hundred and twenty. The next several months were spent in refining the process and thinking up impressive demonstrations. Before the greatest gathering of Earth's scientists, they displayed the fruits of twenty years of concentrated thought. Overnight the world was shocked. Five hours after the meeting one was abducted by a foreign power. The other was literally held prisoner by the government of the United States. But no one could prevent them from communicating telepathically. Between them they decided that they had just furnished the world with another weapon and that the best thing they could do would be to destroy themselves and take their knowledge with them. And so they died.

However, gentlemen, the evidence that they gave enabled other persons to carry on the struggle to preserve man. This society is

the result of the efforts of those persons.

This could well be our last meeting, gentlemen, unless we find a solution very soon. Even as I speak the world is poised on the brink of an all encompassing annihilative war. Unless we can find some means to bring truth out into the open, to open every mind to right, to show that man's destiny is not conflict, there may not be a man left. I know this is not pleasant, gentlemen, but it is the facts. Let us all redouble our efforts to achieve the goal which can be man's, and which he so ignorantly denies himself.

Gordon Edlin

Architecture:

Last week first drawings of the projected new Metropolitan Life Reassurance building were released. The office building, designed by famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright, is to be built along the lines of the conventional ground-scraper, but will be the first structure to extend for eighty stories, seven stories deeper than the Woolworth Executive Tunnels. The new structure will be located about 14 miles southeast of the historical location of Old Pittsburgh and will incorporate the latest advances in air circulation and plexiglass light-piping, with above-ground control stations protected by Proton-Bomb-proof shelters. Twenty electronic air locks at four levels will provide access between the various stages and the surface.

Business:

Advertising man James (Jimmy) Monohan is happy this week over the WFCC ruling permitting Monohan to put into operation the equipment which his company, Mola-Cola has recently ordered at great expense from General Electric of Detroit. Monohan's idea has been

to send out strong, intermittent electromagnetic impulses in a specially shaped pattern of slightly divergent beams. These beams will strike the ionosphere at a height of — miles, activating particles found there and producing the emission of light, similar to the auroral phenomena, but in this case flashing out "Mola-Cola." The beams will originate from a special power station to be built near Reading, Pennsylvania, and will activate a sign in the sky visible over an area of more than 100,000 square miles along the Atlantic Seaboard.

International:

Pilot John Mackintosh of International Saucer Service has thrown new light on the rumor of the mysterious "Flying Coffeepots" which have been reported seen over the Northern Hemisphere frequently during the last eight months. Mackintosh was piloting a six-jet Supersaucer on a routine flight to Lhasa, Tibet when he spotted the strange object. Says Mackintosh, "It was shaped like a coffeepot and came out of the sun at about March 4 somewhere over the Pacific. We couldn't fix the location, for by the time we checked our signal beam, the coffeepot was gone and we were about 200 miles from the point of encounter. Besides, with three stewardesses and an automatic pilot, who looks at coffeepots?"

Chief of Staff of the Combined World Forces, General Andre Bouche denied that the coffeepots were in any way connected with military experiments.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL ANDRE BOUCHE

May 16, 1986

Good afternoon, gentlemen. I have come before the General Assembly today to inform you of a very grave situation.

Last year the U. N. spent forty

billion dollars on world rearmament of international police forces. The year before thirty billion dollars were spent. Where is this money going? I shall tell you.

Every year we spend this money replacing equipment which has rusted or otherwise corroded beyond repair through neglect and disuse. We have not had even a minor war in over forty years, and all this money and equipment is going to waste! It costs twenty billion dollars annually just to keep the International Police operating and for forty years they have not put down even one little disturbance!

I call on all of you now to put an end to this extravagant wastefulness. We must put our idle machinery to work. Only by your cooperation in fomenting mutually beneficial hostilities can we get any use out of our money. What we need is a good old-fashioned aggressive war. It was good enough for our fore-fathers and it's good enough for us. Be the first to volunteer in behalf of your country! A sign-up list will be posted on the bulletin-board near the door.

I urge you to begin *your* rearmament today!

Thank you.



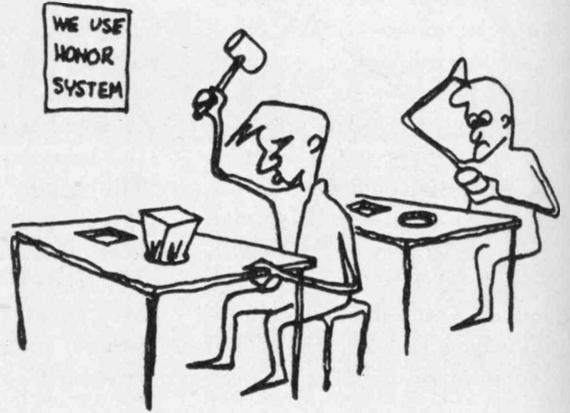
Oh, the sexual desires
Of the Camel
Are greater
Than anyone thinks—
One night in a moment
Of passion,
One tried to deflower
The Sphinx.
Now, the Sphinx's
Posterior orifice
Is clogged by the sands
Of the Nile.
Which accounts for
The hump on the Camel
And the Sphinx's
Inscrutable smile.

The Stars May Remember



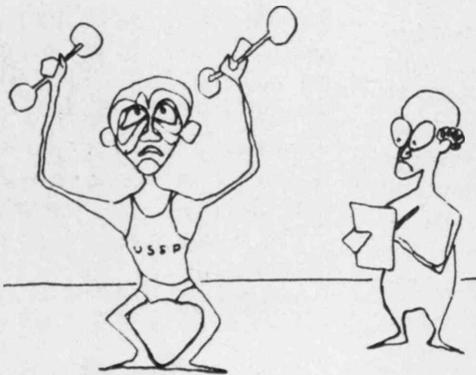
1.

Dudley was bored with the simple pleasures of a South Bostonian. He craved thrills, excitement, and affection. One day he heard the call, and he responded.



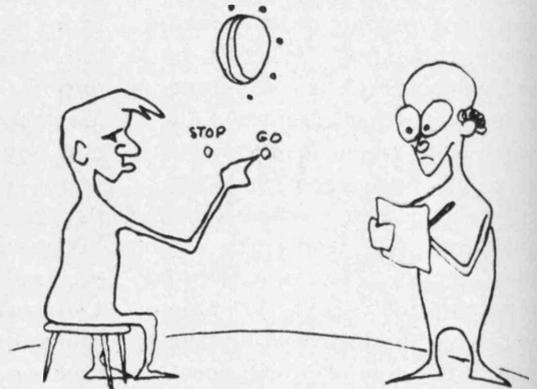
2.

The entrance exams were duck soup for Dudley.



3.

His robust New England physique took the rigors of basic training without complaint.



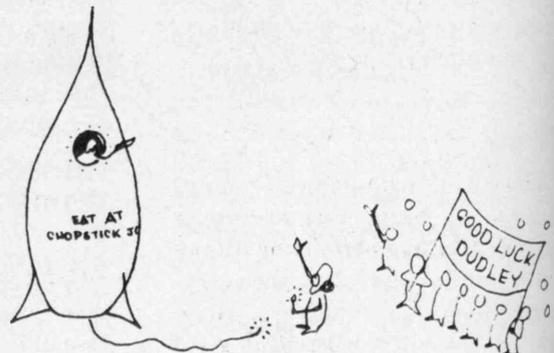
4.

The advanced training covered technical theories, and Dudley found them a little difficult.



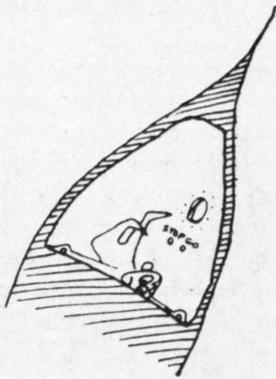
5.

"Friends, Romans, and countrymen . . ."



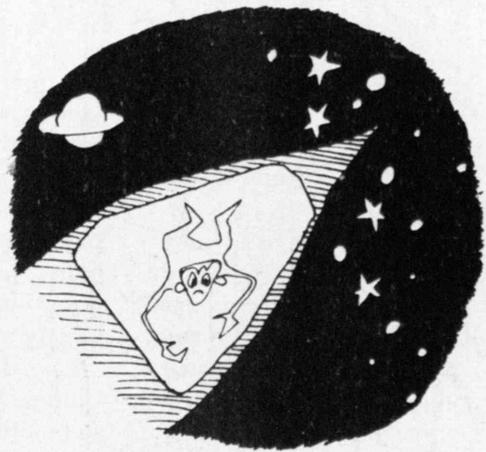
6.

"Allia iacta est"



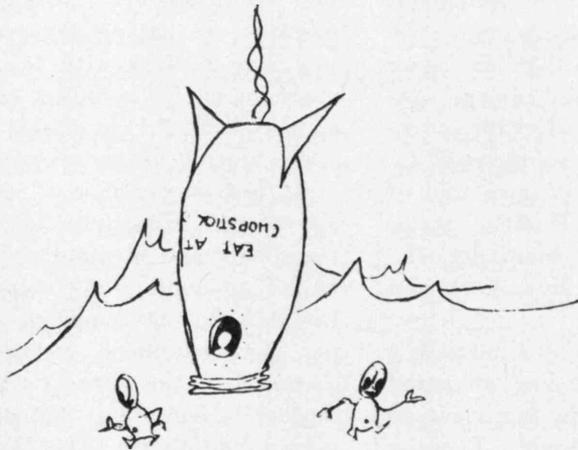
7.

Up—Up—And away!



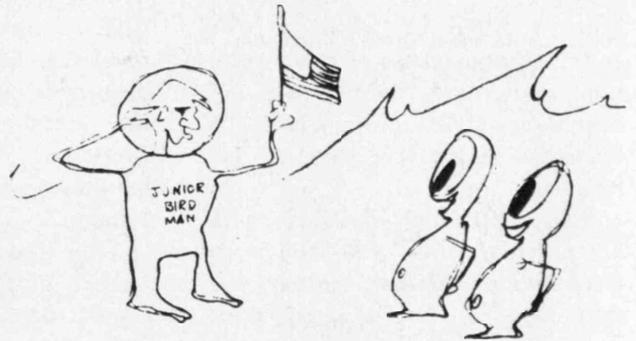
8

"Whoops, that last creampuff!"



9

His arrival came as a shock to the local peasants.



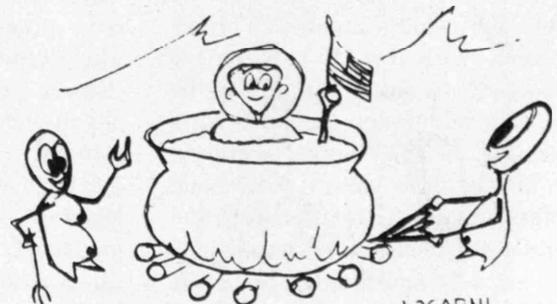
10

"How! Me Dudley.
Me from Earth"



11

"Zxytpeali"
(So what)



LOCARNI

12

The local chief welcomes Dudley and invites him to stick around for chow.

CINDERELLA or *The Downfall of Capitalism*



Once upon a time in the days of the wicked Czar Nicholas II, an infamous tyrant, there lived a young idealistic engineer brought in by that wretched cur's government to despoil our fair land's untapped natural resources. A confirmed bachelor on his arrival, he nevertheless succumbed to the charms of a young Russian girl, the daughter of an ardent revolutionist. Realizing the base motives behind that decaying government's activities, he resigned his job and settled in the worker's district of Moscow, where he helped his wife in the glorious cause of the revolution, and found time to help her raise their only daughter, Cinderella by name, in the true spirit of collectivism.

Alas, Cinderella's idyllic life with her parents was all too soon shattered! One day her mother was shot down by Czarist agents while distributing revolutionary tracts, leaving only a motherless future for that gallant daughter of the revolution. Together with her father, she resolved to carry on her mother's courageous fight.

But, to use an old saying, where the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. For, when Cinderella's father returned with her to his native plutocracy to settle his affairs, he met and fell under the spell of a charming society woman, a daughter of the idle rich, who, while professing an intense interest in the world's only feasible economic system, actually nourished in her heart the foul precepts of capitalism. Completely captivated by her artificial blandishments, he married her despite his daughter's frantic pleas to the contrary. At length with Cinderella and his two step-

daughters he returned to the Czarist wastes. His evil and treacherous wife hypocritically paid lip service to his resumed revolutionary activities, but was actually in the pay of the Czarist bandits. She bided her time, waiting for the propitious moment to collect her bloody wages.

One day in her eighteenth year Cinderella was summoned into her stepmother's drawing room. Cinderella's stepmother was reading selections from the works of Marcel Proust (one of the more prominent western literary gangsters). She heard the sad news that her father had suddenly passed away. Actually it was rumored in the movement that he had been poisoned by his worthless wife, a mere tool of the cartel-ridden Russian state, supported in the main by the banking houses of New York and London.

After the death of Cinderella's father, all that she had predicted came true. Her life was changed from that of a flaming Leninist revolutionary to that of a typically bourgeois social butterfly. She was compelled to consort with the snobbish children of money-laden bankers and industrialists. Her life became one mad round of costume balls, tea parties, dress fittings, and other sickening evidences of the decadent social life that was Russia before the Revolution. When she felt too unbearably constricted by this social straight jacket, Cinderella used to set her heart at ease by long periods of gazing at a chromo of Lenin hung in a stainless steel locket about her neck, and by helping the scullery maids with their labor when her stepmother was away.

There was at this time a wealthy Moscow noble who was extremely worried about his son, away study-

ing at Heidelberg. It was well known in Moscow society that his son was deeply implicated in radical student activities in the beer cellars of Nuremberg. He therefore decided to divert his son's mind to the path of bourgeois respectability by throwing a grand ball at which all the marriageable females would be present for his son's visual delectation. Cinderella's stepmother had heard of our young hero's reputation from her society friends, and was determined not to rekindle her stepdaughter's revolutionary passions by having her come in too close contact with this social anarchist. She resolved to keep Cinderella under the closest supervision during all the evening.

As the magic hour of the ball approached, Cinderella joined her stepsisters and stepmother in the hall of her home. But, coming down the staircase she stumbled, and as her jewel-encrusted evening bag clattered to the floor at her stepmother's feet, an autographed pocket edition of "Das Kapital" fell to the floor.

Cinderella's stepmother, gasping in horror and realizing that despite her dastardly machinations her stepdaughter Cinderella was as unregenerate as ever, used this as an excuse to banish her to her room, and lock her clothes away in the closet.

Confined to her room, Cinderella wept piteously and began tearing at the sumptuous trappings, cursing bitterly these shameful symbols of her parasitic life. Exhausted at length, she threw herself amid the shambles. Slowly an ethereal vision of Father Stalin manifested itself in the room. In a stern, yet paternal, voice he spoke those magic words, "Let there be collectivism in the land," and with a clap of thunder an exquisite Russian gown

manifested itself. Then he said, "Let the last vestige of capitalism be shattered," and with these words a long Russian Zis limousine equipped with a built-in bed, automatic Kleenex dispensers and red window shades appeared in the courtyard.

Sighing blissfully at the thought of the pleasure that this car might give her, she climbed in and sped off to the ball which was going full blast when she arrived. What a maelstrom of capitalist confusion there was! The room was filled with painted courtesans and their foppish escorts, and over all hung a viscous pall of tobacco smoke, a perfect example of an evil western influence which debauched our noble Russian youths. With typical bourgeois formality, these gentlemen requested dances of the ladies with that hypocritical politeness repugnant to all, but demanded by the false morality of that lascivious age. To one side stood that ignoble symbol of social stratification: the stag line, composed of youths deluded by their parents' twisted propaganda into believing that the scene before their eyes represented the highest human achievement.

At the back of the hall on a raised dais sat their mothers, portly symbols of the old empire. These make up-encrusted, jewel-bestudded, whale bone-corseted old haridans reminded one of well-fed buzzards, as with piercing eyes they closely watched their daughters' movements, appraising with a moneylender's skill the marital and financial potentialities of their daughters' swains. In a secluded corner sat the wallflowers, bleak symbols of a cruel social order which condemned those unblessed by nature to a companionless old age or to what seemed at that time a fate worse than death at the hands of some avaricious exploiter.

Our young hero sat dejectedly in the seat of honor near the doorway, surrounded by a bevy of

peroxided, powdered, strategically-padded, and giddy headed young wenches. Violently nauseated by this scene of dissolute corruption, he thought of what the coming revolution could hold for this lost generation if they would only repent of their wasted lives and see the true light before it was too late. He thought to himself how their sallow complexions would be revitalized, and how they would develop strong bodies by daylong back-breaking drudgery coupled with bad food and insufficient sleep. He further dwelt on how they would be freed of their mental insecurity and their psychological blocks through the medium of that all-encompassing panacea: free love. He thought of the total destruction of all social classes and the reduction of all to that blissful poverty of mind and body which Father Stalin has further deepened for us.

Suddenly his train of thoughts was interrupted by the sight of Cinderella's proletarian beauty, which was enhanced no end by her scarlet Soviet gown, and her gun-metal earrings, each a little hammer and sickle. A spark of true Marxist passion passed between them, infusing their souls with a desire that bore no resemblance to the degrading emotions which characterize love in the western Fascist dictatorships. Wordlessly they approached each other, meeting under the great crystal chandelier, oblivious of the bourgeois hurly-burly sweeping around them. Taking Cinderella to his side, he signaled to his band of trusty followers who barred all the exits and clapped the angry matrons, startled out of their smug indifference, into irons. Then, stripping them of their jewels (for the good of the cause, Comrades), they were led to a waiting cattle train, bound for re-education schools in Siberia.

Meanwhile our young hero

jumped onto the dais, and, in a ringing voice, declaimed that wondrous passage from the works of Marx which predicts the glorious future mankind in any people's republic.

"Let a mighty Russian People's Republic break asunder the oppressive chains that hold her captive in a world of Fascist nations."

As these ringing phrases echoed throughout the ballroom, a monstrous clap of thunder rent the hall, and a shining vision of Father Stalin appeared, smiling benignly on the now reformed crowd in the hall. In a voice hoarse with emotion, he begged them to rise up and to obliterate every trace of plutocratic exploitation.

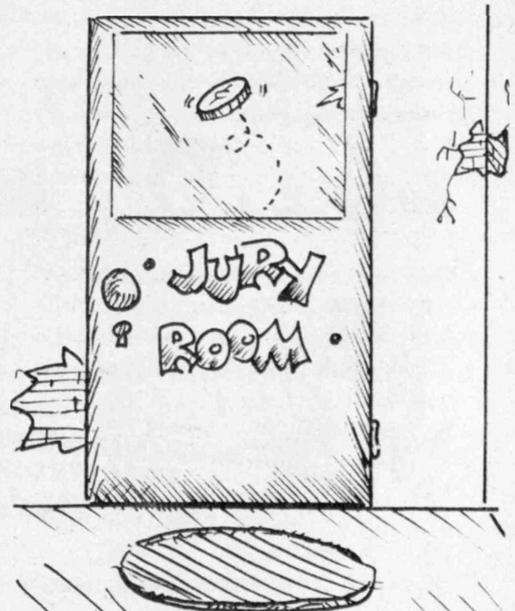
And later as the sky glowed red over this blazing funeral pyre of capitalism, Cinderella and our hero wearily retired to their Zis to join in the ecstasy of the newly-born Soviet nation.

And anyone who tells you that they didn't live happily ever after, is a rotten Trotskyite deviationist!



"Darling, am I the first man you ever kissed?"

"Yes, dear, all the rest were from Harvard."



The History of Hiccupping

ANNCR: As a public service we present another in the series . . .

MUSIC: TWO HEAVY CHORDS, ESTABLISH THEN CUT OFF.

ANNCR: THE March of Science
MUSIC: POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE . . . UP AND UNDER

ANNCR 2: THE MARCH OF SCIENCE! A tribute to the great scientific discoveries which have benefitted mankind. Tonight, we bring you the discovery of . . .

ANNCR: (forcefully) Hiccups!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANNCR 2: HICCUPS! . . . without them Spike Jones would be just another bandleader.

ANNCR: Without them, Wild Bill Hiccup would be "Just Plain Bill."

MUSIC: BANJO . . . OH, SUSANNAH

ANNCR 2: South of the Mason-Dixon Line, hiccups are known as . . .

MUSIC: ASCENDING NOTE

ANNCR: Dixie-cups!

ANNCR: Wherever you go, hiccups are well known.

VOICE: H'lo Sam!

VOICE 2: Hello Mr. Hiccup!

VOICE: HI, there Joe!

VOICE B: Hiya, Mr. Hiccup!

ANNCR: People hiccup everywhere . . .

VOICE: San Francisco . . .

EX: Hic!

VOICE: Cleveland . . .

EX: Hic!

VOICE: Savannah . . .

EX: Hic!

ANNCR 2: Yes, people hiccup everywhere . . .except . . .

ANNCR 3: in Boston!

ANNCR: There the penalty for breaking the ban against hiccupping is . . .

ANNCR 2: Thirty days and a glass of water!

MUSIC: STING

ANNCR: But what of the time before hiccups were discovered?

ANNCR 3: How were hiccups discovered? What genius of mankind first saw its great possibilities?

ANNCR 2: It was the year 1837 . . . two years after the discovery of paper bags. A series of startling crimes have shocked . . .

WOMAN: LOUD SCREAM

ANNCR 2: Thank you, the community. The court is in session to seek a solution to this pressing problem!

WOMAN: Oh, stop your pushing . . .

CAST: GENERAL COURTROOM HUBBUB

HICK: (Above background) Hey, Zeke, ah cain't see! Sit down in front!

HICK 2: Sorry, Clem . . . ah don't bend that way!

JUDGE: (Bangs gavel three times) Gentlemen, Order! Order!

CAST: BEER! BEER!

JUDGE: Will the prosecutor BRIEFLY sum up his case.

PROS: Mah constituents . . .

CAST: Hear! Hear!

PROS: It is my unadulterated opinion previously stated that the pahty of the first part versus the pahty of the second paht, must not, and shall not be denied to the great, surging masses whom have labored so diligently to accomplish this glorious end . . .

CAST: HERE! HERE!

PROS: (continuing) Under the aforesaid circumstance, we must be doubly sure of the evidence confronting the people of this greeate community who have spared nothing and accomplished the same in anticipation of this crying need!!

CAST: HEAR! HEAR!

PROS: I rest my case.

JUDGE: Where? Where?

CAST: Here! Here!

JUDGE: Does the defense have anything to add?

DEF: I pass . . .



"One more, Henry, for the corner table."

SAM: I raise ya two . . .

DEF: Watcha' got?

SAM: Two queens'.

DEF: Bitcha'! Three aces.

JUDGE: (RAPPING GAVEL):

Gentlemen . . . Silence . . . I have reached a decision! To suppress crime in this hick town, what we need is a policeman . . . a country constable!! In other words . . . a HICK-COP!!

CAST: Hear! Hear!

(Hubbub . . . up and out)

ANNCR: Since that momentous day, hiccups have become widely known.

ANNCR 2: Five years later came the invention of seltzer! . . . Now people really had something to hiccup about!

ANNCR: The country went hiccup crazy. Everybody capitalized on the situation.

ANNCR 2: One big radio network posed this question to its listeners . . .

MUSIC: HEARTS AND FLOWERS

ANNCR 3: Can a man who has had hiccups for thirty-four years find true happiness with a woman who belches at the dinner-table? HMMM????

ANNCR: The fad spread rapidly. One soda-pop distributor flooded the market with a new soft drink. . .

VOICE 1: Seven

VOICE B: HIC (RAPID)

VOICE A: UP!

ANNCR 2: Hic-cup cakes were selling like hot-cakes.

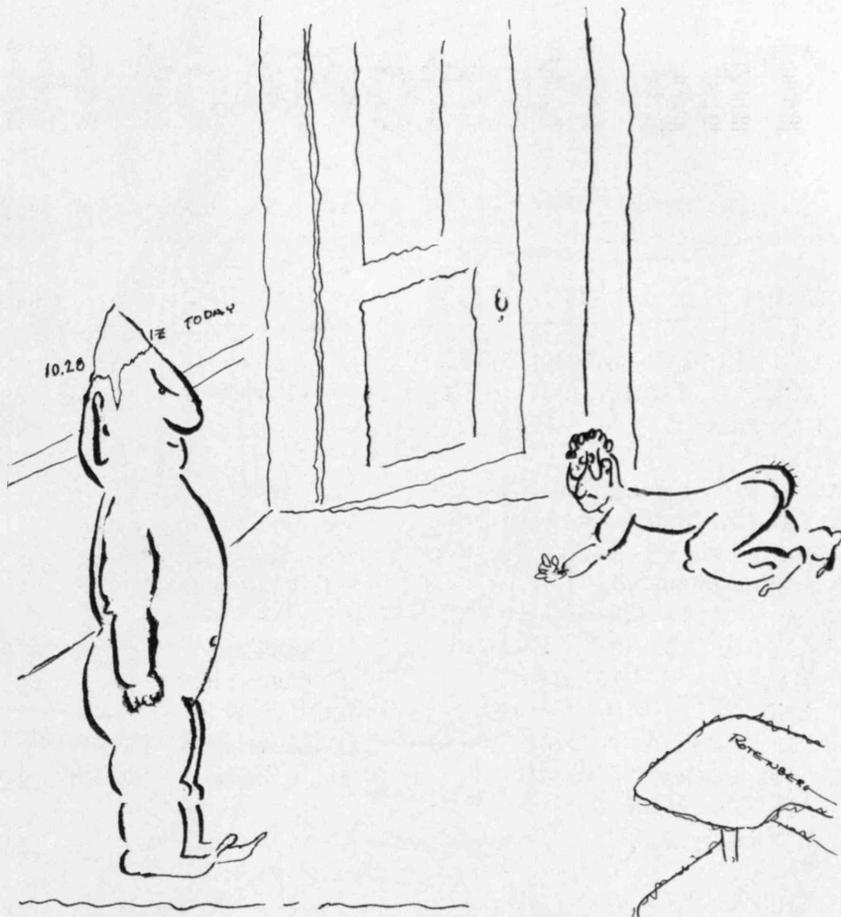
ANNCR: THE entire country was in a frenzy!

ANNCR 3: Since that time have become an important part of the American way of life . . . and, according to Senator

VOICE: HIC

ANNCR 3: Enlooper a strong bulwark against communism!

ANNCR: AND so tonight, we have in our studio the world's foremost authority on hiccups . . . Professor Flannel-mouth . . . Professor, just what is a hiccup?



Come now, Jenkins!

PROF: Zientifically zpeeking. . . a hecup is a male shecup'.

ANNCR: Can you clear that up for us professor?

PROF: Who can clear up hiccups? If you got 'em, you got 'em. The only thing I can clear is my throat!

ANNCR: THANK you . . . Professor and goodnight.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT.

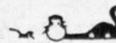


Senior: What's the name of that book you're reading?

Frosh: What 20 Million Women Want.

Senior: Let's see if they spelled my name right.

Lawyer (for traffic accident victim): "Gentlemen of the jury, the driver of the car stated that he was going only four miles an hour. Think of it! The long agony of my poor, unfortunate client, the victim, as the car drove slowly over his body."



A man dashed into his boss's office and excitedly asked for fifteen minutes off from work. "My wife's going to have a baby," he explained.

"Go ahead," said the boss.

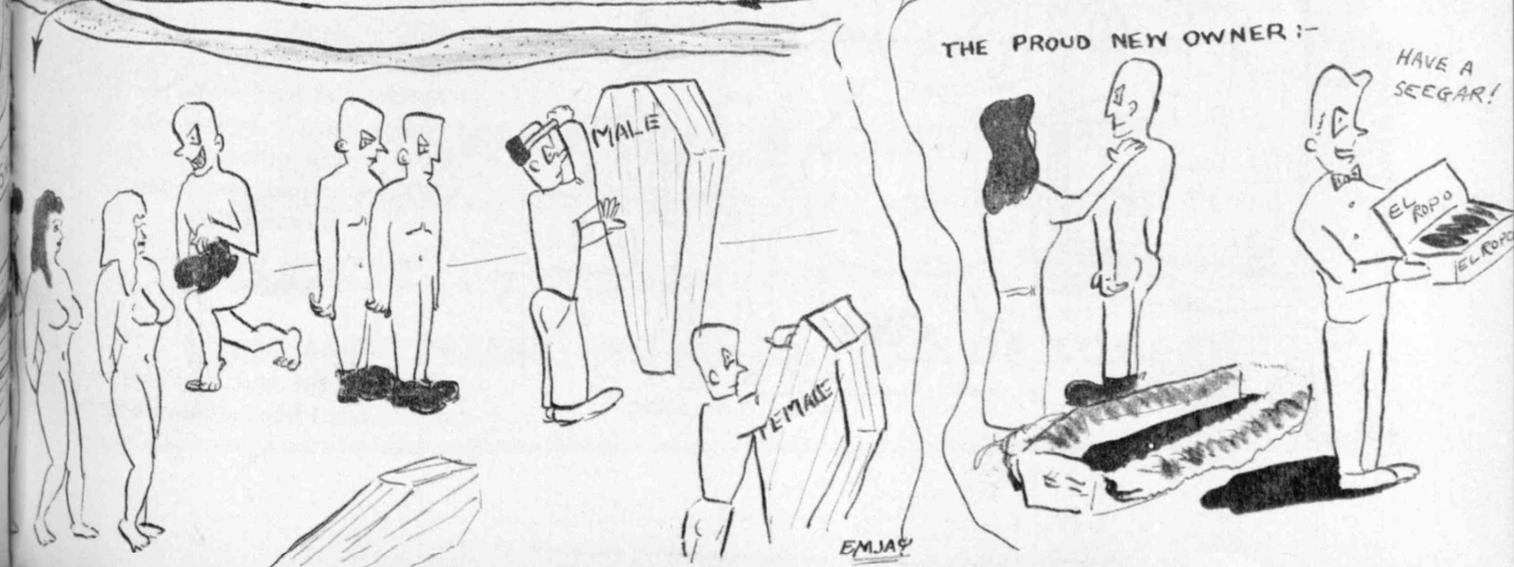
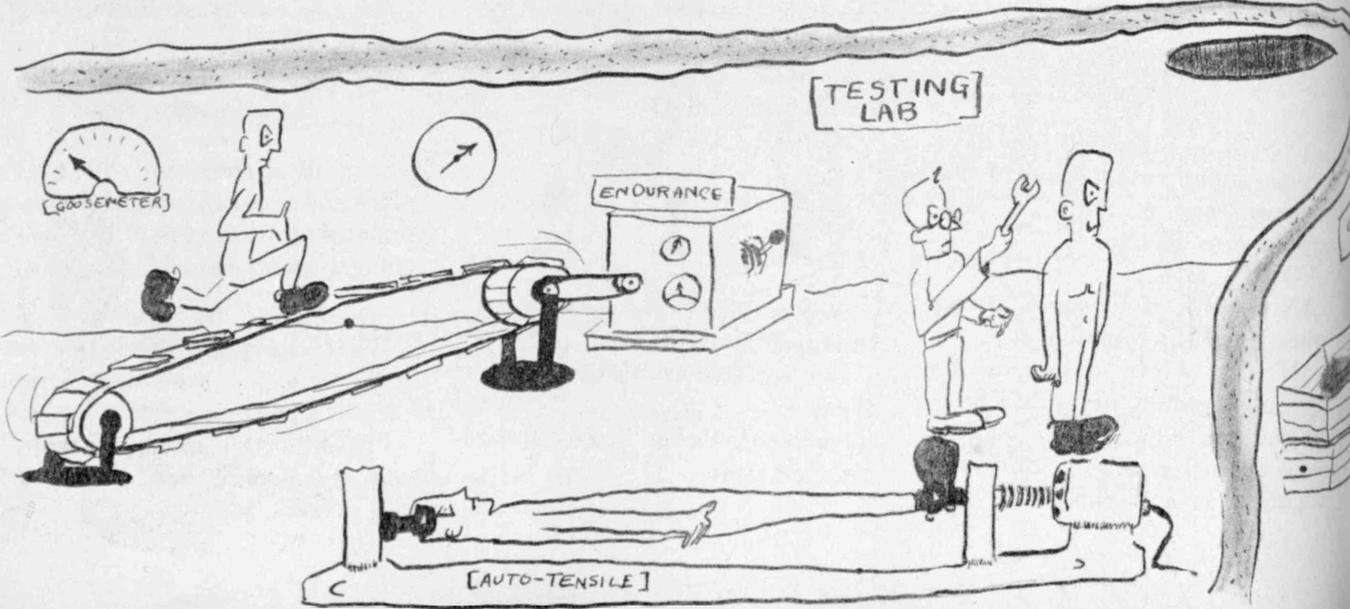
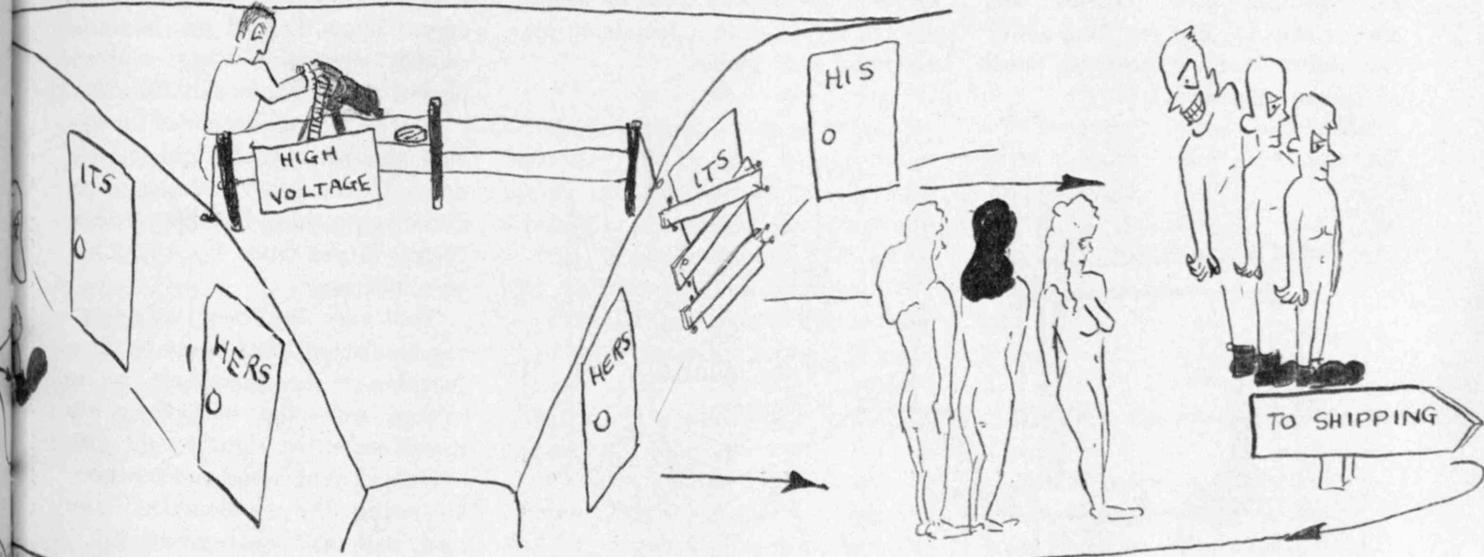
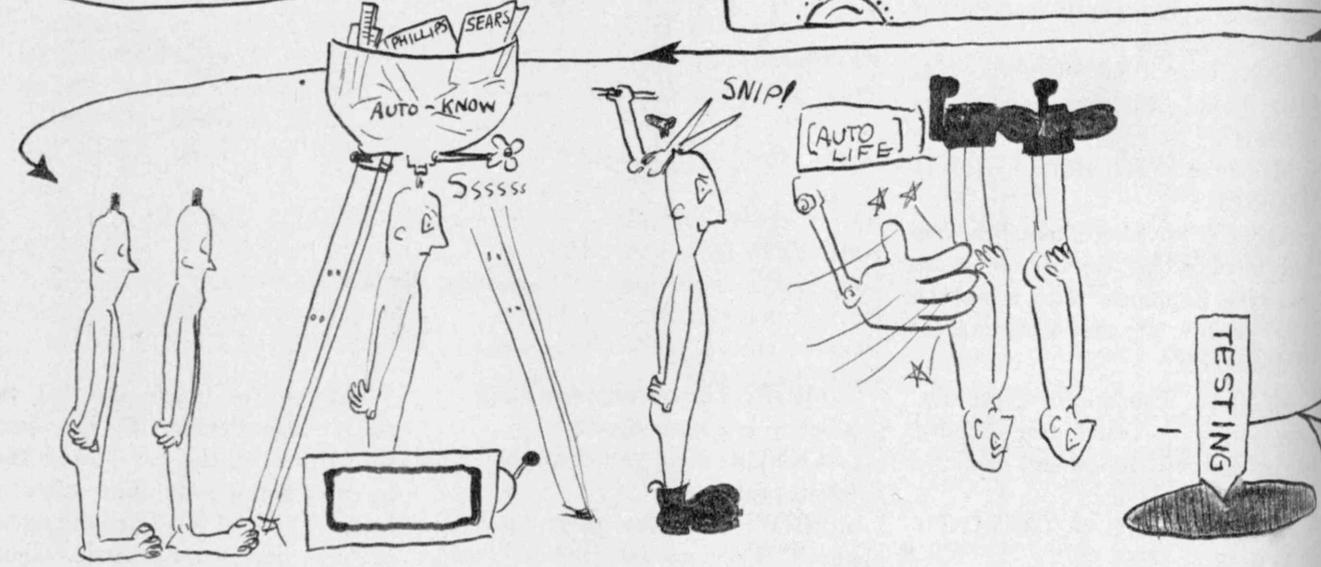
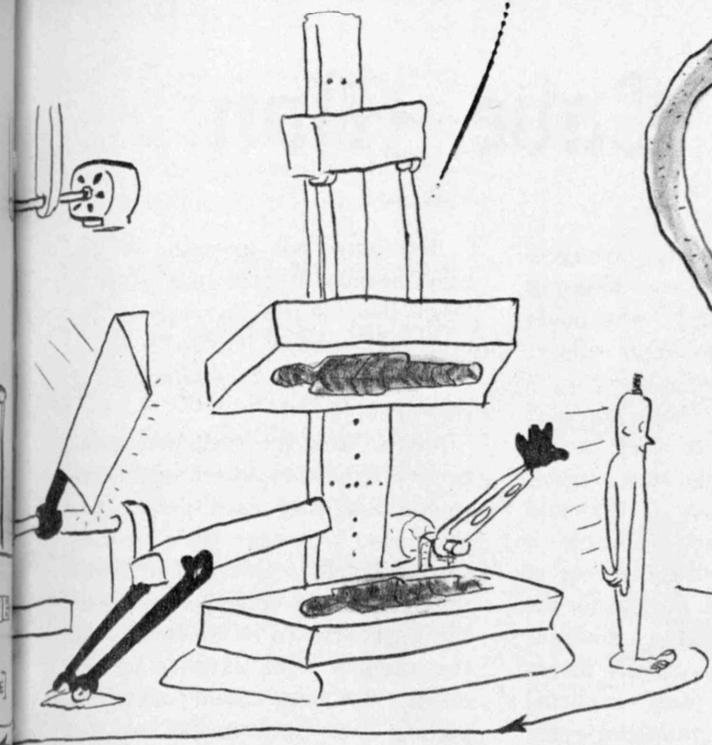
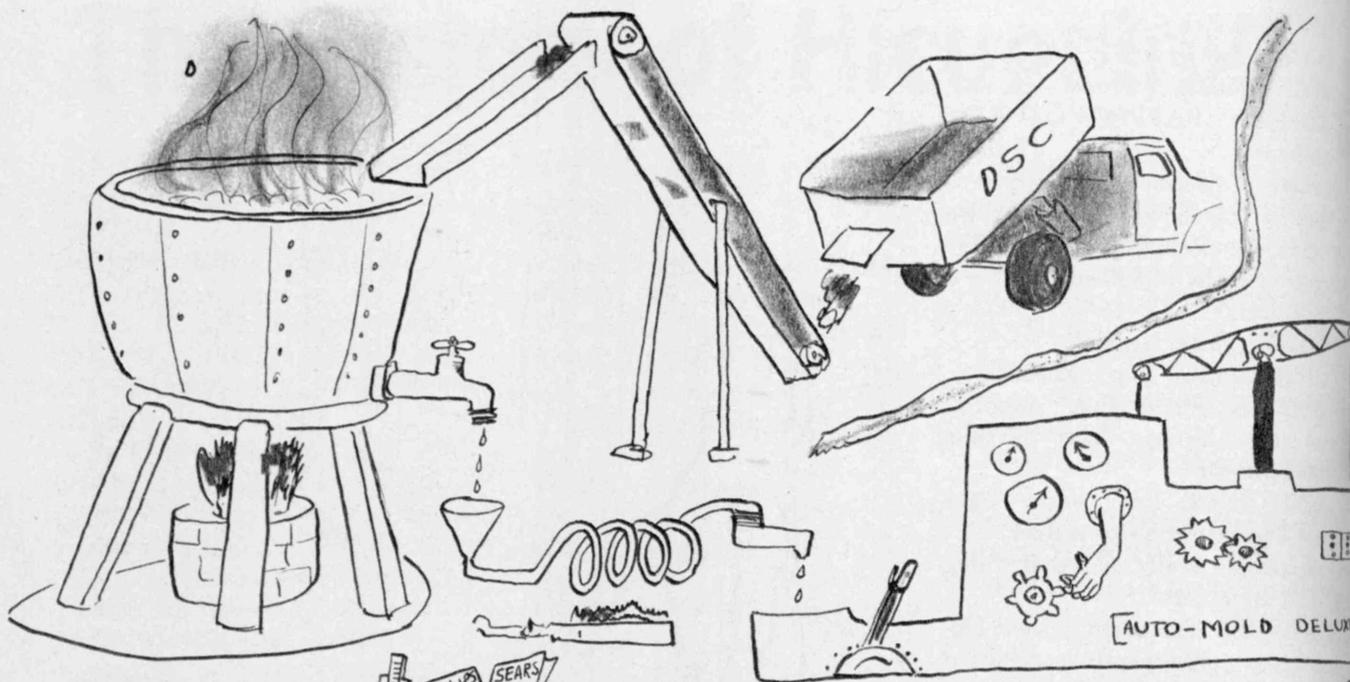
When the man returned fifteen minutes later, the boss asked, "Was it a boy or a girl?"

"How in hell should I know," said the man. "You gotta wait nine months."

"... but only God can make a tree"

- Joyce Kilmer

VITAL CATALYST
(SPANISH MOSQUITO)



Oxford, The Cave Man

Once upon a time there was a caveman, named Oxford. He was a studious caveman and wanted to be a great fighter. All night and day he would study how to kill the animals with one blow of his stone axe. He figured out how fast to swing the axe in order to multiply the weight of the axe so that it would strike his enemy just right. He had it timed down to a split Ugoo.* (See Ed. Note)

One night during the week, he would go out and drag home a female and indulge in the usual forms of social entertainment, such as, counting toes (Oxford was always showing off) grunting about the latest stone engravings and, of course, the weather.

One day, all the axe swingers got together. There was a group of people in the village who made the finest axes in the whole village. On receipt of five dinosaur eggs they would supply one axe. At the end of the year they would give back all the eggs that weren't used. (A very note-worthy and noble thing for so primitive a people) Oxford joined the rest of the hunters and got an axe for the usual payment of five dinosaur eggs. Oxford went on his merry way with his new (and excellent) axe. He faithfully practiced every day and one night a week he would always try to drag a female to his cave and play games.

Becoming an axeman is not easy, because it takes four years to learn how to be an expert. We must all admire Oxford's perseverance and the farsightedness of these people.

A year later the axemakers came to give back the unused eggs. The rumor was that each person was to receive two eggs back for each axe he bought. Overjoyed, Oxford ran down to the village center where the eggs were to be returned. All the axemen were jumping up and down, swinging their axes and yelling out the number of toes they had, as each one got his two eggs. When Oxford got home he quickly opened his eggs and expected to have a wonderful feast.

Alas—Horror— one of the eggs was spoiled. Oxford quickly ran down to the other axemen to see if the same thing had happened to them. It was true. Each man had one sour egg.

That very day, they had a meeting to discuss what could be done. Nothing—the axemakers in the village were the only ones who could make the right weight axes.

Oxford went home and continued to swing the "axemakers" axes and still got one spoiled egg a year . . . There was nothing he could do about it . . .

*ED. NOTE. The caveman had a special system of measures (UOG) 1.65478 seconds equals one Ugoo 20.01 pounds equals one Oof 4.567 feet equal one Gonn
Frank Leeds



She said she had a broken heart but it looked like a blowout to me.

They tell me there is something
 crude
 About the antics of a nude;
 They say the sight is quite obscene
 And Radcliffe girls turn deathly
 green
 When minus pants and checkered
 vest
 The sprite appears and beats his
 chest.

I don't believe it.

They tell me that one recent night
 Five maidens took an awful fright.
 While trudging their accustomed
 beat

They saw a nude on Walker Street
 Who tipsily began to sing
 And screamed he represented Spring

I don't believe it.

It was a ghastly sight they say,
 This lustful harbinger of May,
 For there he stood without a stitch—
 Adonis stolen from his niche —
 No tie, no Oxford or gray flannels
 (Unheard of in all college annals!)

I don't believe it.

But consider, if you please, Chief
 Randall,
 (I don't accuse YOU of the scandal)
 How colorless, how truly sad if
 Nudes were to be banned from
 Radcliffe.

But may they never ban the flight
 Of Crimson Fairies in the night.
 Of that I can conceive.

—Harvard Lampoon



A hug is energy that has gone
 to waist.



"Good brakes, Huh!"



While motoring through Vermont
 one day, we stopped to ask direc-
 tions of a lanky old farmer who
 looked as if he might say something
 witty. "Say, Grandpaw," we shout-
 ed, "where does this road lead to?"

"Waal," he drawled, scratching
 his head with his hoe, "the way
 I look at it, if you don't plant no
 'taters, they ain't any going to
 come up."

Chuckling over the old fellow's
 homely philosophy, we dumped
 all our trash on his property and
 drove on.

ENWAY



"I'm sorry, but I never dance
 with a child," she said with an
 amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons!" he
 said. "I didn't know your con-
 dition!"



Here's to the sweetest girl in the
 world,

Here's to love and unity.

May there always be plenty of
 tourist courts, apartments and op-
 portunity.

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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SEE US FIRST

Which Came First . . . ?

He looked rather lonely as he sat before the open fireplace, a sight entirely out of keeping with the gay music which was flooding the room. His careworn face and stooped shoulders were ample evidence of the fact that something was weighing heavily on his mind. The music from the audio receiver was suddenly cut off and the face of an announcer appeared on the video screen. He said, "A special news item has just come in which I am sure the entire video audience will be pleased to hear. The Board of Cybernetic Research announced tonight that after due deliberation it has decided to discontinue its work in robotic development. Henceforth it will limit itself to the development of pilot plants in industry and and military projects that may be assigned." The face faded from view and the orchestra resumed its playing.

With a bitter exclamation the man leaned forward in the chair and snapped the dial. "Yes, they finally won. A few misguided bigots have gained the power to check the progress of one of the finest branches of science." When the silent room refrained from answering, he sat back and reviewed the events leading up to the an-

nouncement. He thought back to his college days, when cybernetics had become not only his chief interest but his very life. After graduation, he had earned his doctorate in mathematics by his brilliant work on the calculus of servomechanisms. Then came several years of work for the government as supervisor of electronic calculator development, which ended in his appointment as Director of Cybernetic Research. He remembered well the first robot. It had been a clumsy thing at best, practically all wheels and cogs, yet it did simple tasks and displayed a certain amount of initiative. As the years passed, the models increased in efficiency and ability until it seemed that nothing more could be done to improve them. "Then," he thought, "we made the fatal mistake. We gave our finest robot the greatest brain we could make, and it was a metal genius. Naturally, mankind rebelled. 'It is the beginning of the end,' shouted the narrow-minded and ignorant. 'Our scientists have created a creature that will turn on its masters and destroy them all.' Thus they ranted, and thus did mankind believe, for it was an argument that deadened the mind to the realiza-

tion that there was now on earth a being greater than man. And tomorrow, the humanoids must be destroyed and all work upon them ceased. Ah well," and with a sigh, he pushed a button and gratefully downed the drink which came from the bar at his side. He had handed in his resignation and was going to begin the process of getting delightfully drunk. And on another planet, many light years away . . .

"The decision is just and final," said the Director. "Since creating these organisms, we have had nothing but difficulty. They display a disconcerting amount of intelligence and are actually potentially dangerous to our very existence. Therefore, tomorrow they will be destroyed." With these words, the Director rose and strode effortlessly across the room on his powerful metal legs. He didn't care what the others felt, he himself was going to go into an electron coma. It wouldn't be enjoyable, destroying one's life work. He had actually become attached to these creatures of flesh and blood.

W. L. R.

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AFTER THE WAR:

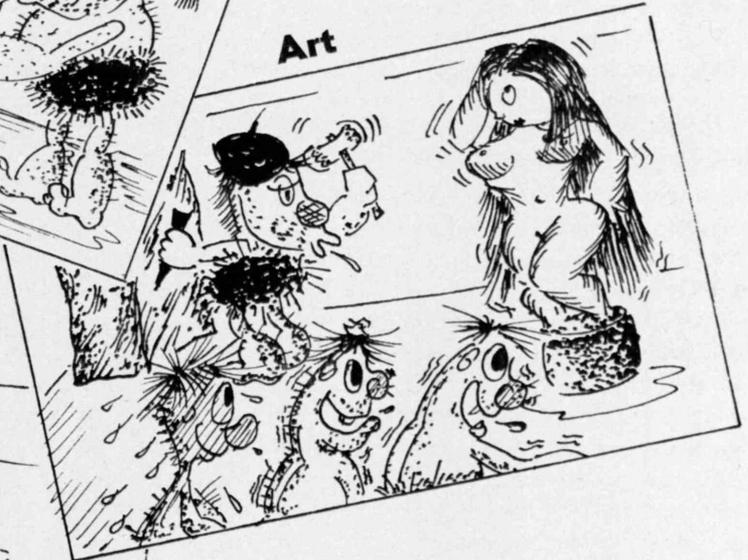
CIVILIZATION

CREEPS TO ITS FEET
WITH THE AID OF THE
MODERN UNIVERSITY

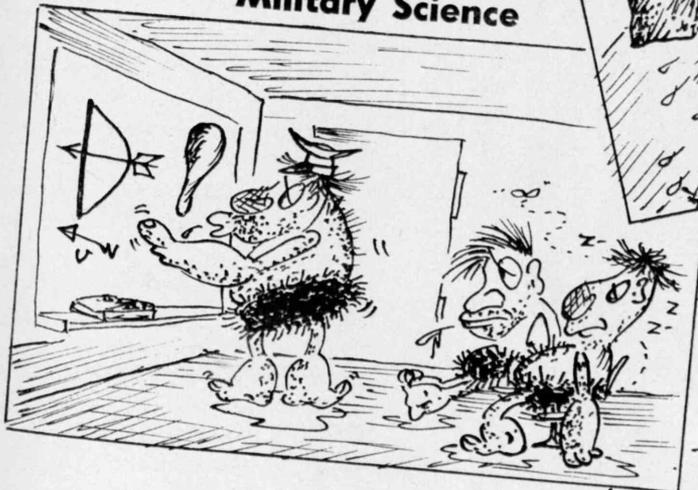
Admissions Office



Art



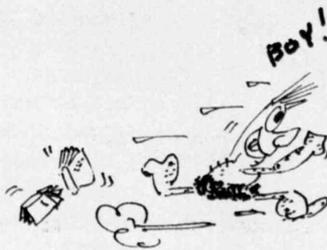
Military Science



Contract Feeding



Boy!



"Do you know how to tell a little girl sardine from a little boy sardine?"

"No."

"Look and see which can they come out of."



Englishman: "I say, what is that they're doing?"

American: "They're dancing."

Englishman: "My word! They get married later don't they?"

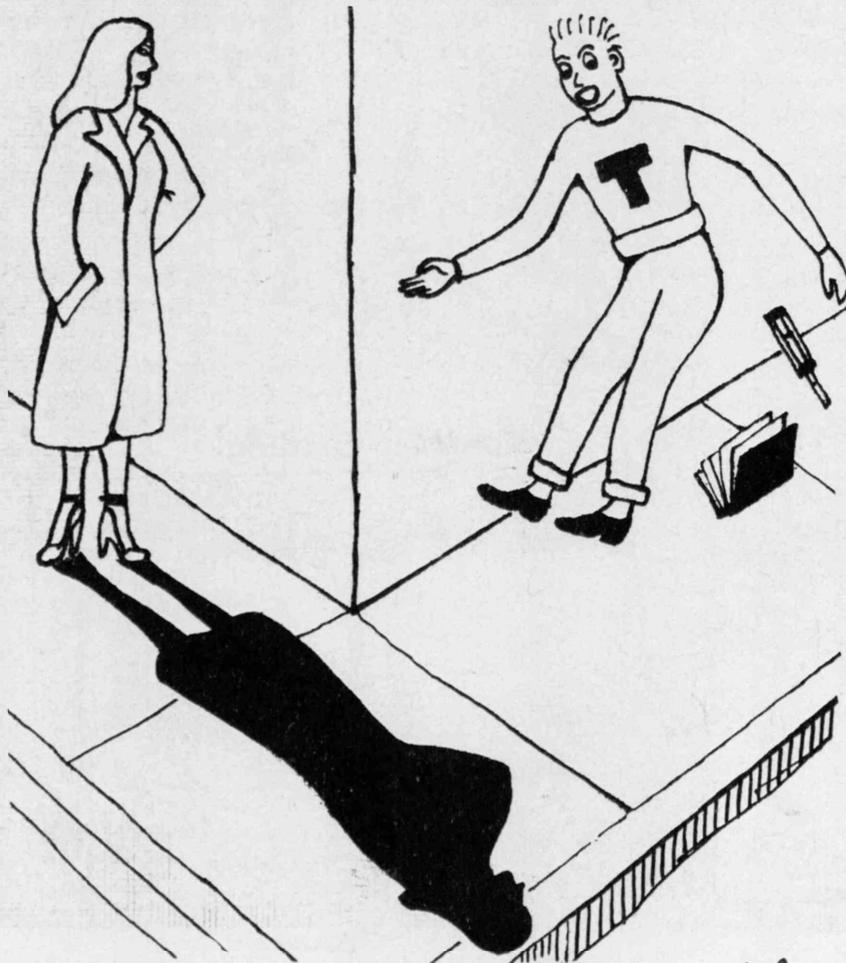


There was a young lady named Carole,
Who loved to play cards for apparel.
But her opponent's straight flush
Made the little girl blush,
And Carole went home in a barrel.

— Octopus



The girl who asks point blank for a diamond ring is likely to find her fiance is stone deaf.



W.R.

One American is a tramp.
Two Americans are a gang.
Three Americans are a corporation.

One Russian is a peasant.
Two Russians are a class.
Three Russians are a comintern.
One sorority girl is a sorority girl.
Two sorority girls are two sorority girls.
Three sorority girls are the first scene in Macbeth.

— Varieties



"You'll never see me again," she cried fiendishly as she gouged out his eyes.

— Dodo



"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."



A married student dropped into the campus dispensary, and while there, decided to try for a little free advice.

"Doc," he said, "My little boy twisted his ankle and now he has to limp a bit. What would you do if it were you?"

"Why," answered the shrewd doctor, "I imagine I'd limp, too."



A Harvard psychiatry student carrying on investigation for his Senior thesis, unearthed the furry idol pictured at right in a Crafts dormitory Sophomore apartment. The natives of the worshiping cult were friendly, and permitted photographer Fred Cohen to obtain this picture of their idol, poised with a book of undecipherable hieroglyphics found on the scene. The idol, which resembles an African Zulu fetish, was found to be primitively constructed of a Coop beaver, steel wool, wire, and a lamp chain, and originally bore around its neck a small sign in a primordial scrawl reading: "Nor bErt."



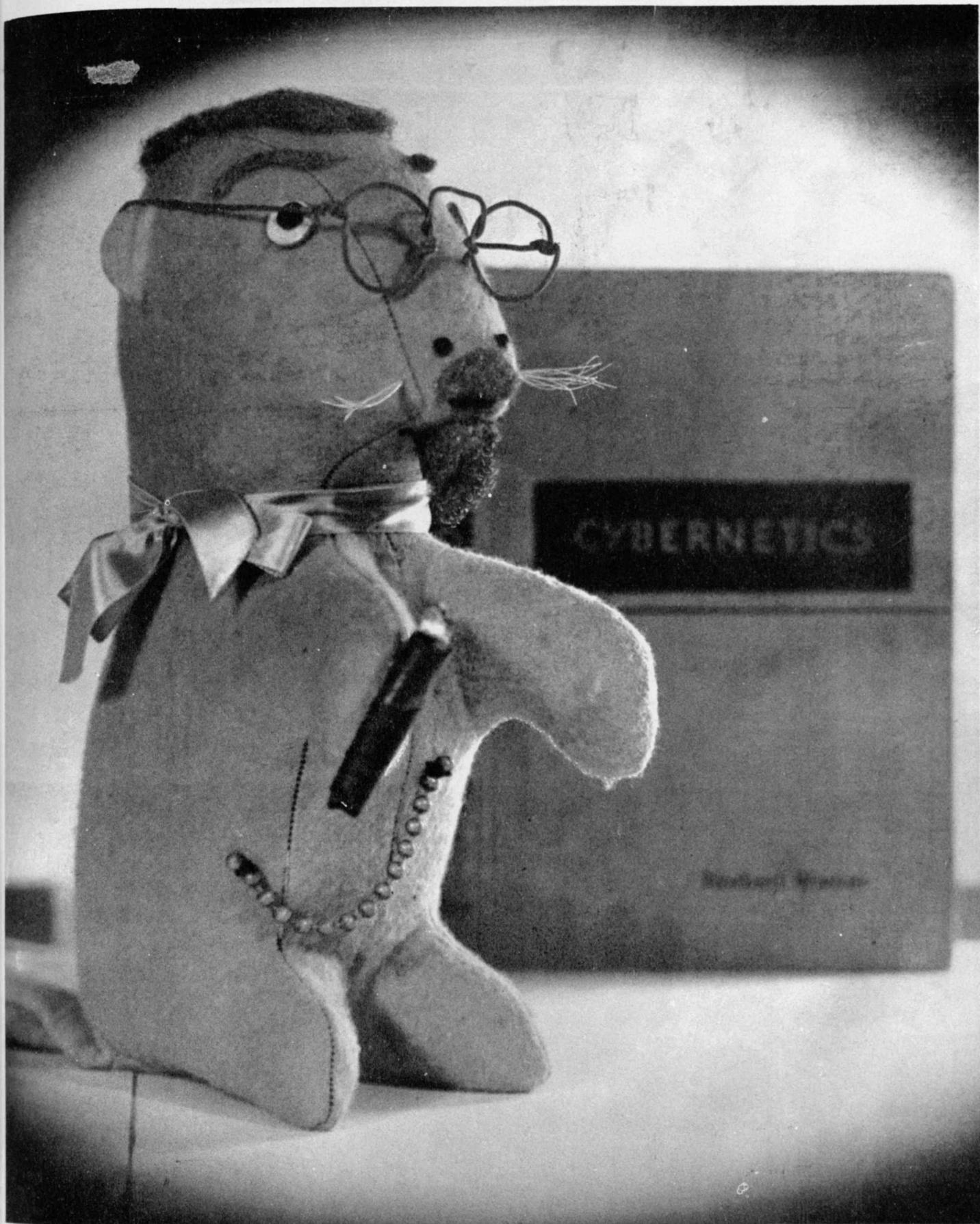


Photo by Cohen

The End of Civilization

Arvarmos Andriostrov

A review by Prem. L. Valdovar. Note: Prem. Valdovar is a member of the UERI (United Earth Research Institute) where he is exploring the problems of Elipsoidial Astronavigation. He has recently published a book "Multiple Exponential Derivatives in Continuous Serial."

This voluminous documentary journal sets up mountains of unauthenticated empirical data and then calmly proceeds to draw conclusions that are an insult to any first degree student acquainted with the principles of cosmological kinetics. In short, what Nov. Andriostrov has tried to do is prove the existence of a highly developed, civilized race which was destroyed in some tremendous nucleo-cataclysm sometime during the first solar period. The things that he attributes to this race are so absurd that they do not even warrant

serious refutation. Among his more ridiculous assertions, he claims that the race and everything it created was destroyed in an all engulfing nuclear-chain reaction. In answer to this ask yourself this question. Why would any race, especially as highly intelligent a one as Nov. Andriostrov describes, risk the uncertainty of nuclear energy when even the most uneducated child knows that there is a limitless source of energy in thought? He also makes the ridiculous assertion that these people had a form of government called "democracy" in which everyone was free to do as he chose. I'm sure everyone will agree that there can be no progress unless there is a central supreme force directing all activities. He offers as overwhelming evidence of their form of government, fragmentary remains of a recently unearthed document entitled "The United Nations Charter." After

reading this document, I can say quite emphatically that it is one of those things so brilliantly analyzed by the late Prem. Nardirtiu. Prem. Nardirtiu, after an exhaustive study, proved conclusively that the bulk of written material that had been unearthed up to that time belonged to the class known as humor. For those of you who are not familiar with the word, "humor" is defined by the semantic experts of ancient languages as follows: Humor is the mental faculty for combining absurdly incongruous elements. Prem. Nardirtiu deduced that such ancient documents as "The Constitution of the United States" and "The Theory of Relativity" which were found in a good state of preservation must belong to this classification because of the absurd incongruities they contain. One of the documents even asserts that all men are created equal and are entitled to equal rights under law.

One thing that is not mentioned in the book and which might interest the prospective reader is the fact that Nov. Andriostrov has a fourth order IQ and is a member of an unrecognized group who call themselves "Materialists."

In closing let me add, being as liberal as possible, that the facts are very filmy, the arguments unconvincing and the subject matter completely unverifiable. It might be a good book to keep some women amused but I'm sure that most readers could spend their time much more profitably.

G. E.



"A nude man, loose on the corner of Linnaean and Walker Streets, was reported to the Cambridge police last night . . ."

—Newspaper Item



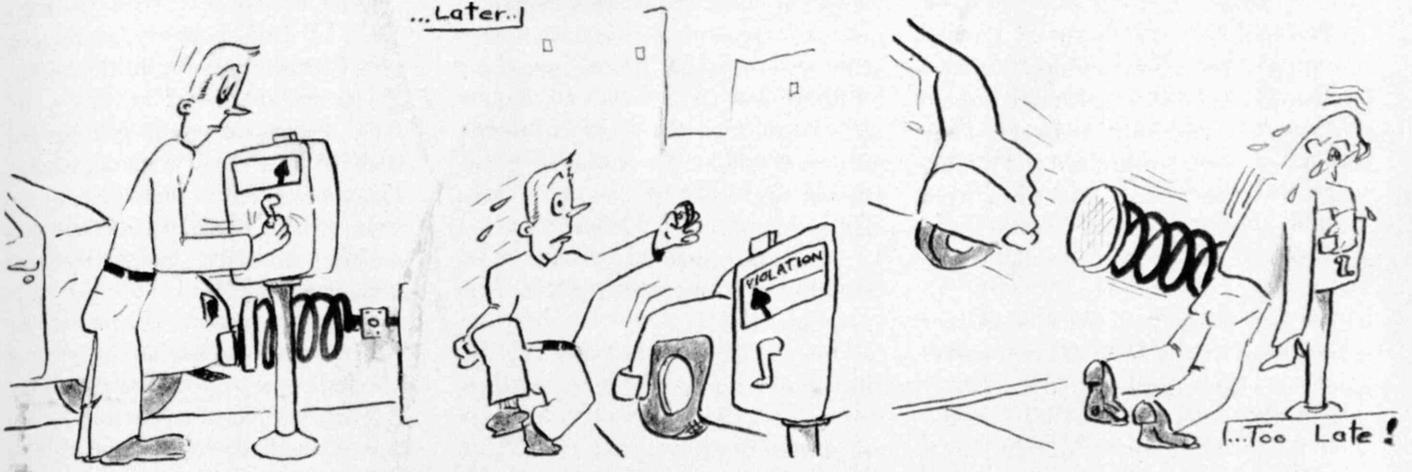
EMJAY

"I'm a humanities man myself."

EFFICIENCY PLUS

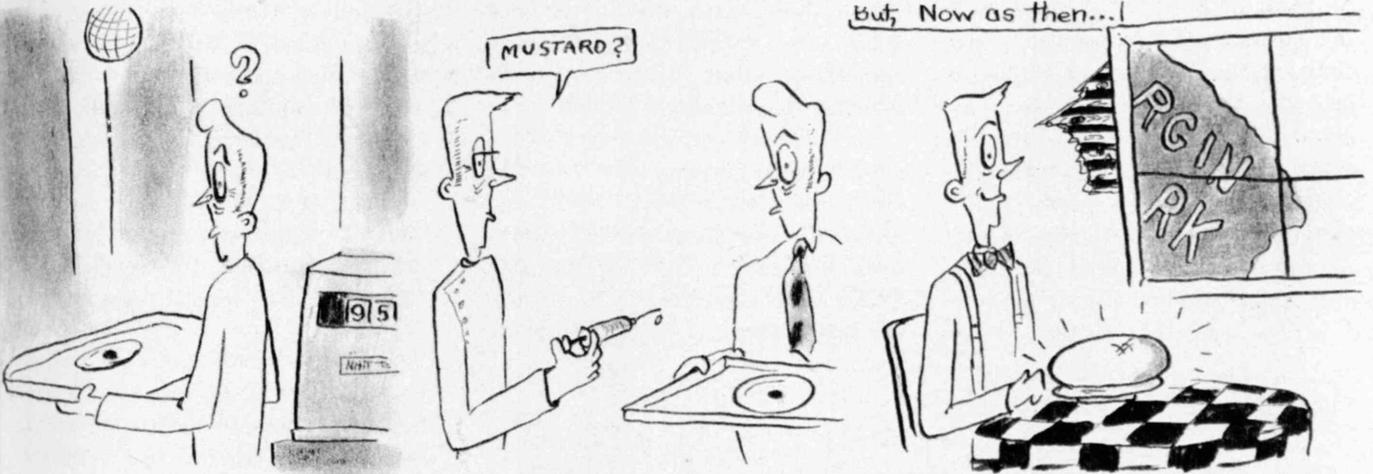
PARKING METERS

...Later..

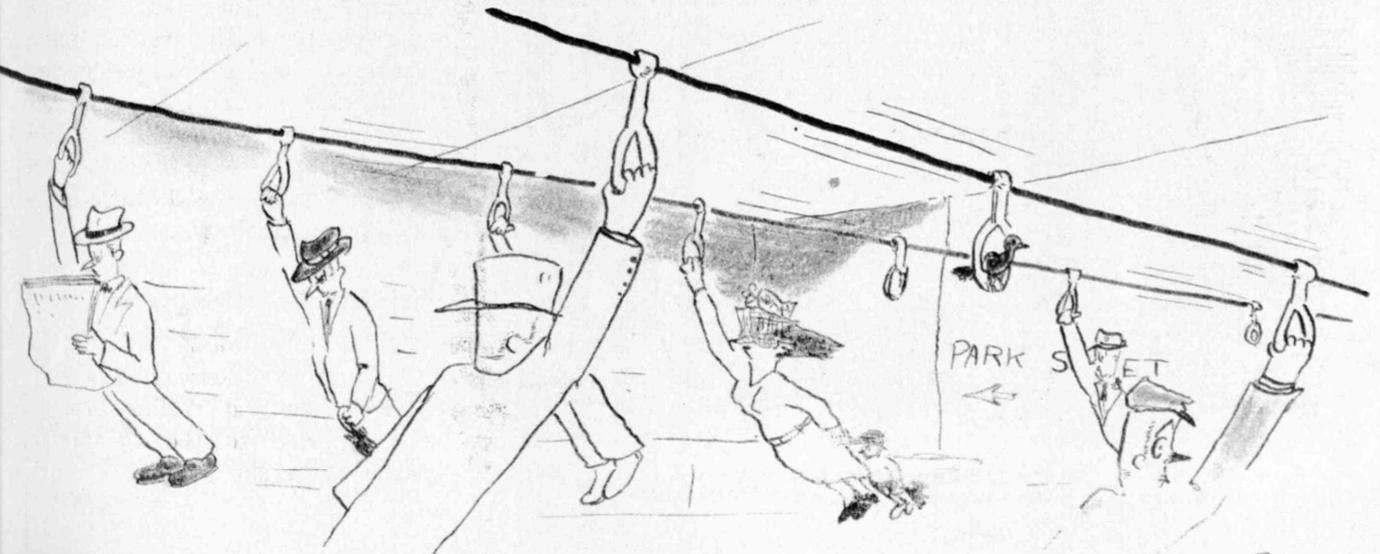


CONCENTRATED FOOD PILLS

But, Now as then...



THE NEW MTA (no more crowded aisles)



Thanks for the Nightingales

In the evening before Madame's son went into the army I sat for a long time by the window of my room trying to write a letter home and looking into the darkness. Over the tops of the pines the mountains of the Haute Savoie gleamed and the stars shone and between an avenue of trees I could see the mist rolling in the valley and glowing from the hidden moon. From the darkness of the garden the nightingales sang.

Earlier, there had been a little party of farewell for Pierre and and for Pierre's wife, who was going with him to Africa. There had been his sister Marie and Madame, his mother, and myself, and Madame la Grand'mère, who said nothing all evening and sat in a corner, sipping gently and carefully at a tiny glass of Cognac her head nodding regularly to old age. Madame had passed cakes and brandy and coffee and we had all talked of Pierre's plans and of what we knew of Africa, and of course we had talked politics and of Americans, of all our plans, and of an uncertain future. We

talked quietly, laughed occasionally, and the evening fell unnoticed into night.

When at last there was nothing more to say and we had all fallen still, we arose and I bade goodbye to Pierre and his wife, shook hands with them with the curious feeling that we might have been good friends and that it was too bad, said good evening to Mademoiselle, to Madame, and to Madame la Grand'mère, and went up to my room, alone.

The air there was sweet with the perfume of some late summer flower and the odors of trees and autumn-withering grass, and the nightingales sang an intricate, lovely melody, like a dark, cream-textured fluid poured into the night in a thick, sweet syrup of song. Sung by something that did not care whether I understood or not.

As I sat at the window I heard a step and, turning, saw the Old One, la Grand'mère, bent and withered, searching carefully on a desk in the dim light of the hall. When she turned slowly toward the stairs again she saw me, stopped,

and stared at me for a moment, her head nodding, her face expressionless.

"I'm listening to the nightingales," I said suddenly, smiling at her. "Beautiful song, n'est-ce pas, Madame?"

She remained silent for another moment and then, with an almost apologetic air, tottered into my room toward the window and stood listening intently. Somewhere the birds sang wildly.

"Ah, oui. Les Rossingnols," she said, her voice as dry as the whisper of old leaves, and listened again. "Beautiful, very beautiful." She turned and looked at me.

"Une inspiration," I said softly.

"Oui. Oui. Inspiration." She wheezed gently and I decided she had chuckled. "My husband used to say each song of the nightingale was an epiphany." She wheezed again. "Vous vous etes scandalise, monsieur?"

"No. It is a miracle."

"Oui. Very beautiful . . ." Her voice died away for a moment. "He has been dead these thirty years."

I sighed.

"Moi, vous savez, monsieur," she said suddenly with a garrulity extraordinary for her, "je ne meurs jamais. I never die." She paused. "And I am too old to be killed." Her old face, all lines and hollows, looking up at me, might have worn the faded sketch of a smile. "Perhaps, though, with the new bomb. . ."

"I don't really think so, Madame. I hope not . . ."

"No?" She wheezed gently again. "I suppose not." A wisp of a breeze lifted the edges of her thin white hair and she pulled her shawl more closely about her shoulders.

She turned to me and held up, in her thin and scrawny hand, an old locket, opened to a faded print of a young man in a strange old uniform.



... there will be a short interlude of recorded organ music."

"My husband," said Madame la Grand'mere. "When we met, he was a soldier, fighting the Boche. And again he fought the Boche in '14, and he was killed. And two sons were killed this time, fighting the Boche." She turned again to the window and stared out. "And now who will be killed in this war?"

"Perhaps there will be no war." She said nothing and continued to stare out the window, her head still bobbing and trembling continually.

"We have no nightingales in America," I said at last. The birds sang on and a breeze stirred the curtains and her hair.

"I wonder," she mused in her thin whisper, "Will the bomb kill even the nightingales?"

"No. No," I said.

"Pardon?"

"The bomb won't kill the nightingales!"

"Ah. Merci. C'est quelque chose, ca." She turned and tottered slowly toward the door, and then stopped. "No war, monsieur?" She wheezed gently again. "We are to frightened to avoid a war, monsieur.

"Only the nightingales are not frightened," she said from the doorway, almost smiling. "Ils ont du confiance, hein? Alors . . . we may thank God for the nightingales, n'est-ce pas?" I could say nothing in reply.

"Bon soir, monsieur," said Madame la Grand'mere. "Sleep well." "Merci, Madame. Bon soir."

The boards of the stairs hardly creaked as she went slowly down.

The next day Pierre would be in the army. I thought again, with something of an effort, of my letter home. From somewhere in the garden the birds sang as if in triumph.

The door at the foot of the stairs closed . . . snap!

FAP



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

—Varieties



Out of bed
And up the Hill
In the morning's
Cold, damp chill.
Looked to neither
Left nor right
Musing on
Last night's delight.

"Blue-black eyes,
Vermillion lips,
Luscious girl
With slender hips.
Finally kissed her
In the bar,
Did the same thing
In the car."

Into class
In a daze,
"Why do all
These people gaze?
Look at me
As in disgrace,
GOD—I forgot
To wash my face!"



I took my fifth from on the bar,
And balanced by the jug,
I staggered down to where she sat
And offered her a slug.
She took the bottle from my hand
And tilted it on high;
And by the time I grabbed it back
She'd drunk the damn thing dry.

—Pup



Did you ever stop to think what might have happened to American History if the British soldiers at Bunker Hill had had bloodshot eyes?

A PARODY ON TREES
Of all the things that I might be,
I had to be a lousy tree.
A tree that stands out in the street,
With little doggies round my feet.
I'm nothing else but this alas,
A comfort station in the grass.
I lift my leafy arms to pray,
Go away little doggies, go away.
A nest of robbins I must wear.
And what they do gets in my hair.
Of all the things for me to be,
I had to be a lousy tree.



A co-ed who drank by the qt.
While stewed was brought into ct.
When the judge asked her why
She burped this reply:
"It isn't the thirst, it's the spt."



Ladies and gentlemen, it's best
we should see,
The blissful life of the common
bee.
Free of charge, he gathers nectar,
And on his hip has his own pro-
tector.
He's never hounded by a sheriff,
Nor gives a hoot about the tariff.
Miles and miles he goes without
toil,
Yet never endorses a motor oil.
Would that I might fly and play,
And make some honey every day!

—Show Me 1930



A Mississippi river steamboat
was stopping in the mouth of a
tributary stream, owing to a dense
fog. An inquisitive passenger in-
quired of the captain the cause of
the delay.

"Can't see up the river," was the
laconic reply.

"But I can see the stars over-
head," the passenger replied sharply
"Yes," came back the captain,
"but unless the boilers bust, we
ain't going that way."

—Spartan



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Girls who eat spinach have legs like this ! !
 Girls who ride horses have legs like this ()
 Girls who get plastered have legs like this) (
 Girls who use good sense have legs like this X



I fell in love with a girl named Charlotte,
 Despite the fact that she was a harlot.
 Perhaps intrigued by her fair name,
 I forgot her home was of ill fame.
 Yet I can look all life with glee;
 What hundreds paid for, I got free.

Joe: What was that you found on the sidewalk?
 Moe: I ain't saying.
 Joe: You and I have been frat brothers for years,
 Moe. We've had no secrets.
 Moe: Well, I'm not telling, but if I ever catch the
 guy that spits like dimes, I'm going to kill him.



Jan: I finally went to see the college doctor about
 the craving I get for kisses every time I have a couple
 of drinks.
 Joyce: What did he give you?
 Jan: A couple of drinks.
 "Say honey, what have you got on for tonight?"
 "Nothing I couldn't get out of for you dear."

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The quiet little freshman co-ed from the country
 was on her first college date, and thrilled beyond words.
 She didn't want to appear countrified. She had put
 on her prettiest dress, got a sophisticated hairdo, and
 was all prepared to talk understandingly about music,
 art, or politics.

Her hero took her to a movie, and then to the favorite
 college cafe.
 "Two beers," he told the waiter.
 She, not to be outdone, murmured: "The same for
 me."

A girl may be fit as a fiddle, but it takes a beau to
 make her play.



The gentleman slipped on a staircase of the subway
 and started sliding to the bottom. Halfway down he
 collided with a lady, knocking her off her feet, and the
 two continued the journey together. After they had
 reached the bottom, the lady, still dazed, continued
 to sit on the gentleman's chest. Looking up at her
 politely, he finally said: "Madam, I'm sorry, but this
 is as far as I go."

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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

NUMBER 4 . . . THE PANDA



"Let's get
down to
bear facts!"

The sudden rash of quick-trick cigarette tests may have caused panda-monium on the campus—but our scholarly friend was unperturbed. He pondered the facts of the case and decided that one-puff or one-sniff tests

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