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XXVc

VOO DOO

BLATZ · M

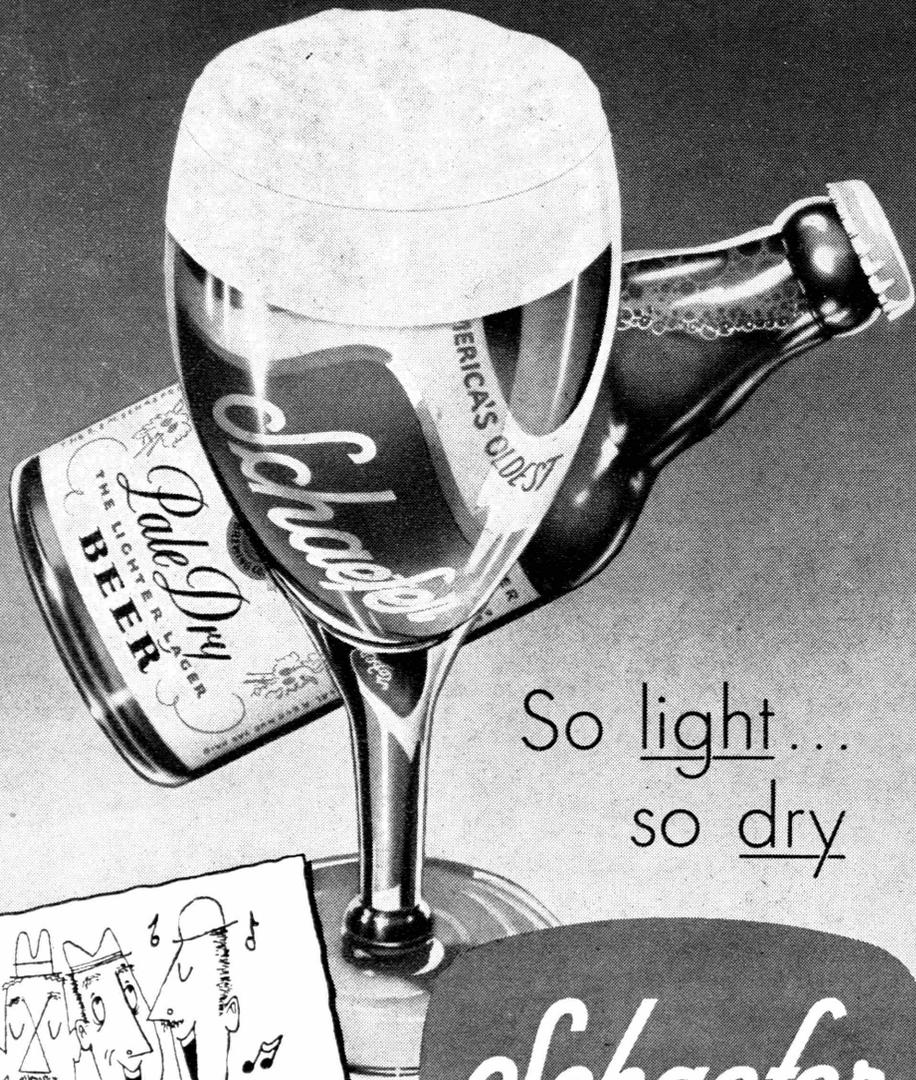
BUR · R · SCH

MAY
1951



ROLLBUHLER

Make it clear...
make it Schaefer



So light...
so dry



Schaefer

Pale Dry



America's **FLAVOR**-ite
from coast to coast



still only 5¢

“\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!”

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes June 30, 1951. All entries must be postmarked prior to midnight that date to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

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fast table service — air conditioned

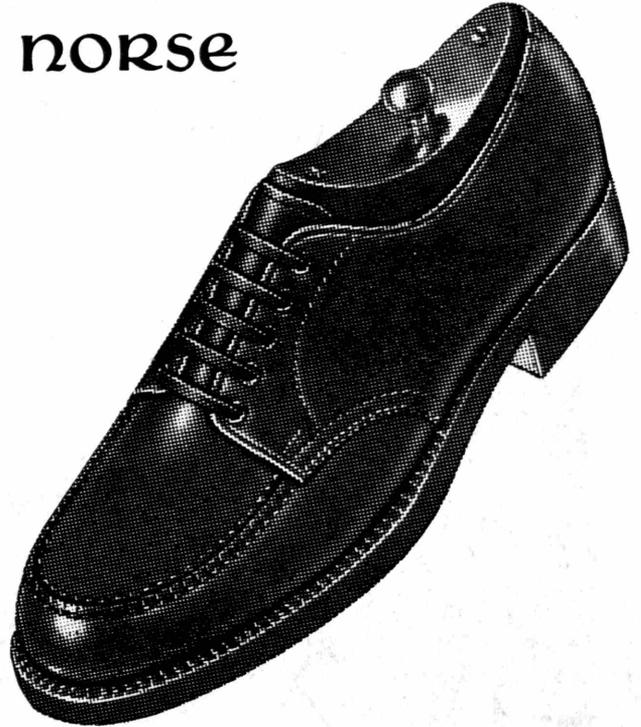
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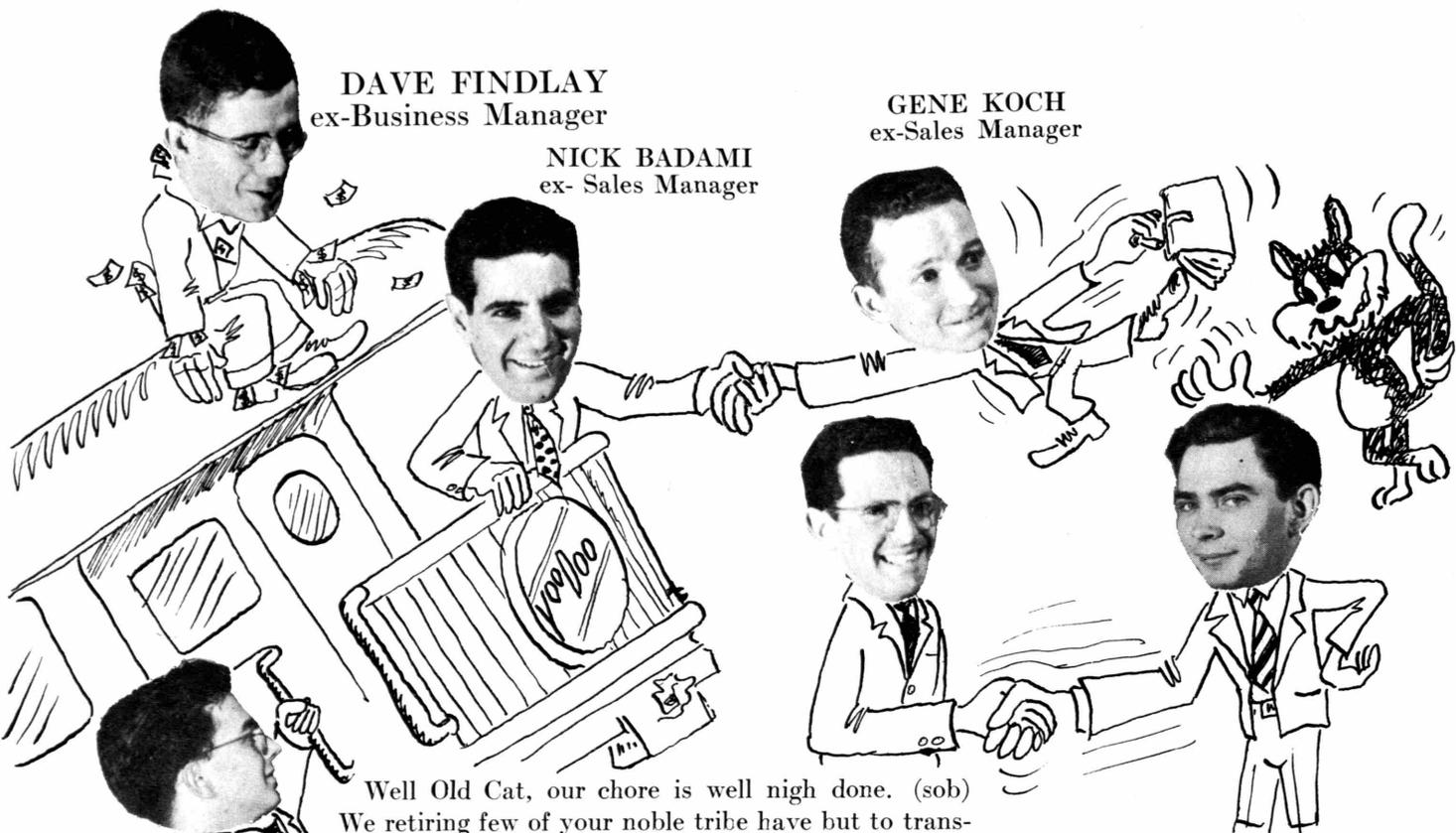
Patronage Refund to Members



DAVE FINDLAY
ex-Business Manager

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ex-Sales Manager

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ex-Sales Manager



Well Old Cat, our chore is well nigh done. (sob)
We retiring few of your noble tribe have but to transmit
our lore and leer to the neophytes and depart
with this parting charge.

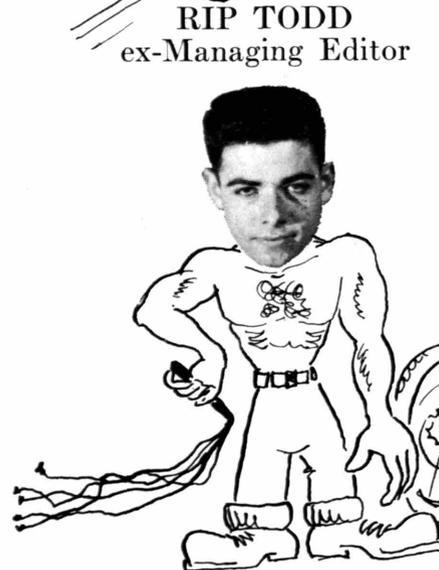
Keep it witty; point your barbs; and sell a million
of 'em.

BOB SCHWANHAUSSER
General Manager

At last our claws are on the rag,
Next year, we'll see you're never bored,
We'll work the staffs until they sag,
And give it hell, for Watch and Ward.

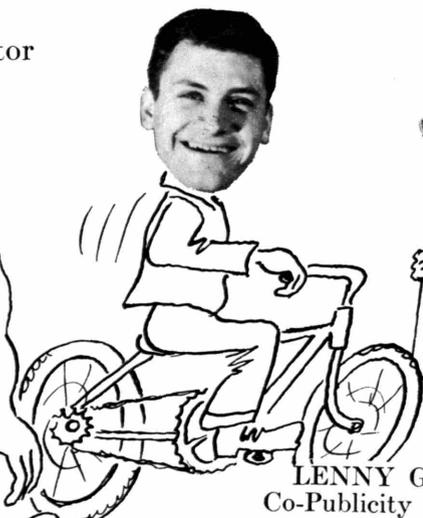
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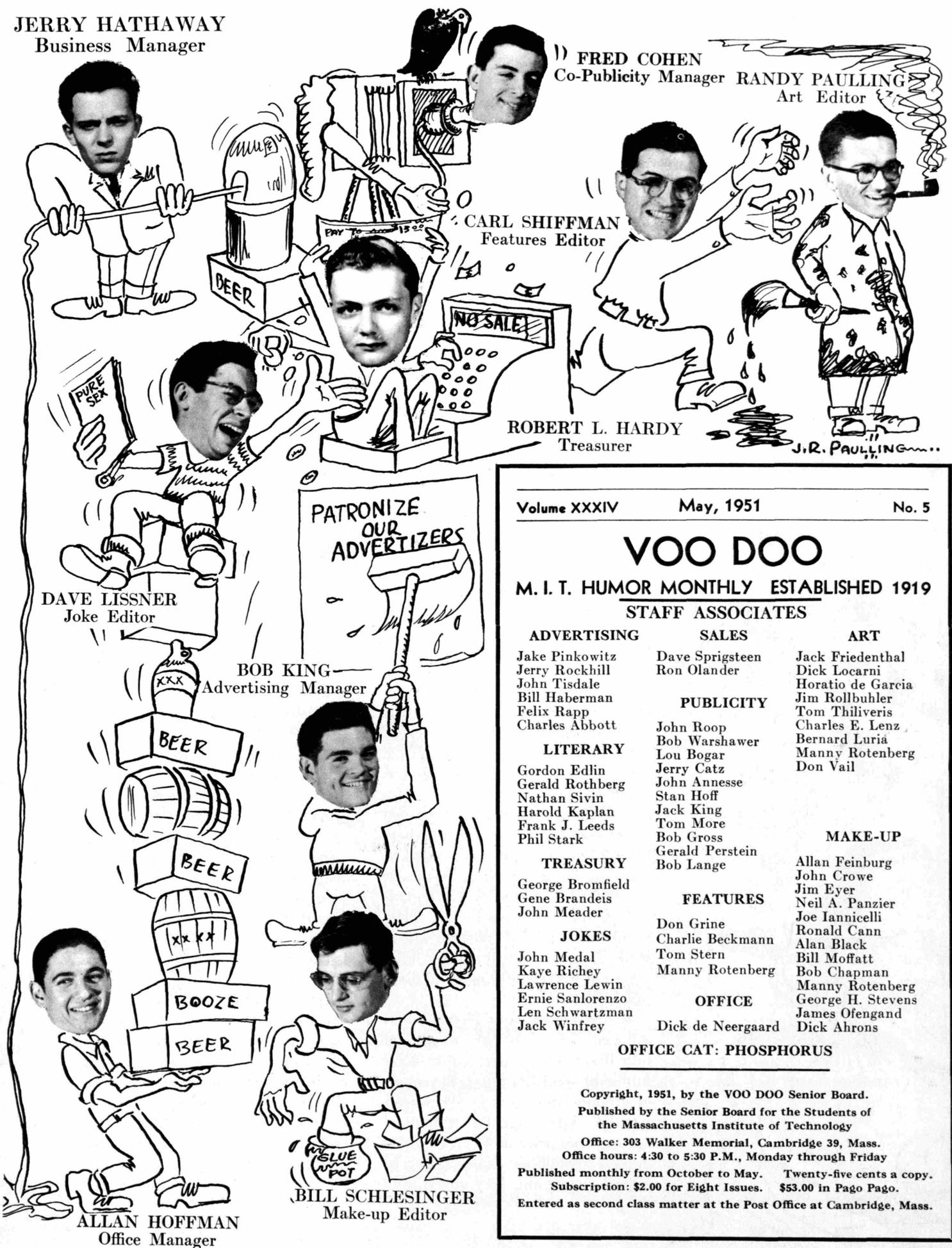
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Volume XXXIV May, 1951 No. 5

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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Published by the Senior Board for the Students of
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.
Office hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday
Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy.
Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago.
Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

This month's cover by Rollbuhler



DOING THE TOWN

Techmen show up in the damndest places.

Day before yesterday I went downtown to see about a new restaurant that had opened under the marquee of the Metropolitan theatre, where a Chinese-American joint that I never noticed the name of had been before. Now outside was a sign proclaiming the orient the Orient, to any of the benumbed Tremont Street travelers who cared to glance sideways, and in the window a display of baklava, halvah, and Turkish coffee, that placed the kitchen as near eastern, and various notices of invitation and enticement that further narrowed it to Syrian and Armenian.

I locked my bike against the wall, pushed open the mostly opaque door, and sat down in one of the lightly-upholstered, plastic-covered booths. I watched the waitresses as I waited for a menu. Most of them seemed to be Syrian, smiling girls, wearing earrings but no cosmetics, with smooth, tan, but not tanned, skin that needed no cosmetics. Then one of them brought me a menu, and smiled at me, and I asked to see the owner, since I had been told he was a graduate of our greasy institution. Then I surveyed the bill-of-fare, meanwhile listening unbelievably to a record of a Syrian string band playing Miserlou.

It was a la carte, and listed about a dozen dishes, each one numbered and described. I decided to have kibbie bi syiniyeh, a big cake made of ground lamb mixed with wheat, layered with pignolia nuts and spices. The price of \$1.05 included a large bowl of laban, also known as yogurt, mudzoun, or yiaourti, and

familiar to lovers of central European food as sour cream. Then I was brought an extremely small cup of chicken soup that came with the entree, and as soon as I had finished that Samuel Hanna came over. We exchanged the inevitables, and he sat down opposite me. After a couple of feelers concerning the past and present states of Voo Doo, the dormitories, and Tech in general, he, speaking intensely and seriously, but with no trace of nervousness, told me that he was graduated in course XV in 1948, had taken some math courses at B. U., and, besides handling the restaurant, is teaching math in a small college somewhere near Boston. He's 23. Then our dinners came; he had a great hunk of barbecued chicken and a large salad of greens and tomatoes. The bread was flat and folded, resembling thick soft browned folded tire patches. I learned that he bought the place and opened it about two months ago, and that the decor had not been modified from the bare phoniness that is typical of chop-suey dispensaries. Within a month, before you brown-baggers read this article anyhow, he expects to redecorate completely, extent of same to include installation of a cocktail lounge upstairs, dressing the waitresses in native costume, and having musicians playing native instruments, and even abolishing the a la carte menu. After a brief invective on the sorry place of the salad in contemporary American life, and the consequent neglect of its artistic cultivation, he invited me to taste his. If you like strong, rank dressings, and only bigots don't, you will probably become trans-

fixed in ecstasy, or a pragmatic approximation thereof, when you taste this one. Even he couldn't tell me what went into it (only his mother, who does the cooking, knows), but very apparent was the taste of fresh peppermint leaves. You can have this one with or without garlic. Then he left to welcome some customers, and I had Syrian ice cream, imported from some outpost of Levantine civilization, New York or some name like that. This was very good, but then the Turks were always lovers of sweets, as John Dostoyevsky once said.

Then the waitress brought me my check, smiled again, and I paid it and left.

If you like eating in outdoor patios in warm weather, there's a fine one at Ola's, a Norwegian restaurant on Carver Street, an alley near Park Square. The smorgasbord is \$1.50, the surroundings extremely simple and

pleasant, service fine in every way, and two cups of very good coffee with the meal. The Norwegian Rosette, a pastry topped with butterscotch sauce, is a wonderful dessert, especially outdoors.



Two gentlemen, sunk deep in the armchairs of the library of an exclusive club, had been for some time perusing their evening papers in silence. Finally, lowering his paper, one inquired. . . .

"Uh. . . pardon me. . . Harva'd?"

"Yes."

"Uh. . . 35?"

"Yes."

"Porcelian?"

"Why, yes."

"Homosexual?"

"NO."

". . . Ummm. . . (resuming his paper). . . pity. . ."

— A. C. H.

Justice of the Peace: Wal, Clem, what's this here boy charged with?

Constable: He's charged with arson, Sam.

Justice of the Peace: Arson, huh? Gol darn it, there's been altogether too much arson around here lately. Now, son, you marry that girl.



Some very scientific chaps claim that the inside of the earth isn't as hot as is claimed. In our unscientific and humble opinion neither is the outside.



A serious thought for today,
And one which may cause us dismay;
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses,
If all of the horses say neigh?

— Urchin

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Barbecue!
Delicious!



tomato
meat
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Syrian and American Restaurant

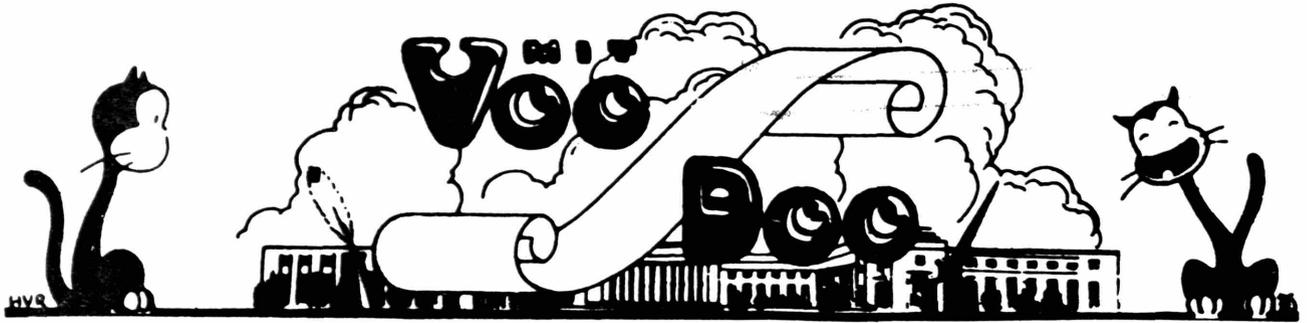
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We don't know how it happened, but Voo Doo is on the mailing list of the *Clipsheet*, the Methodist Temperance weekly anti-alcohol bulletin. The *Clipsheet* devotes its entire space to anecdotes and cartoons dramatizing the deadly evils of Demon Rum and at first we thought they innocently wanted us to publicize their campaign. However, on closer scrutiny we are not so sure they are not attempting to direct their efforts at the source of the trouble, namely the staffs of those dreadful, dissolute college publications dedicated to the spread of drunkenness and vice. And for supporting evidence we might point out that also receiving the *Clipsheet* regularly nowadays is *The Tech*.

Speaking of *The Tech*, we have a bone to pick. In recent issues of *The Tech*, Voo Doo has been subjected to scurrilous attacks in unprovoked aggression by the irresponsible staff of that alleged newspaper. We cannot anticipate how many assaults on the good name of Phosphorus will have been made since this writing, which became final copy on April 23, but the following excerpts, taken verbatim from the issue of April 6, 1951, exemplify the style of attack:

"... Our so-called humour magazine has been caught trying to pull another one of their juvenile and asinine stunts.

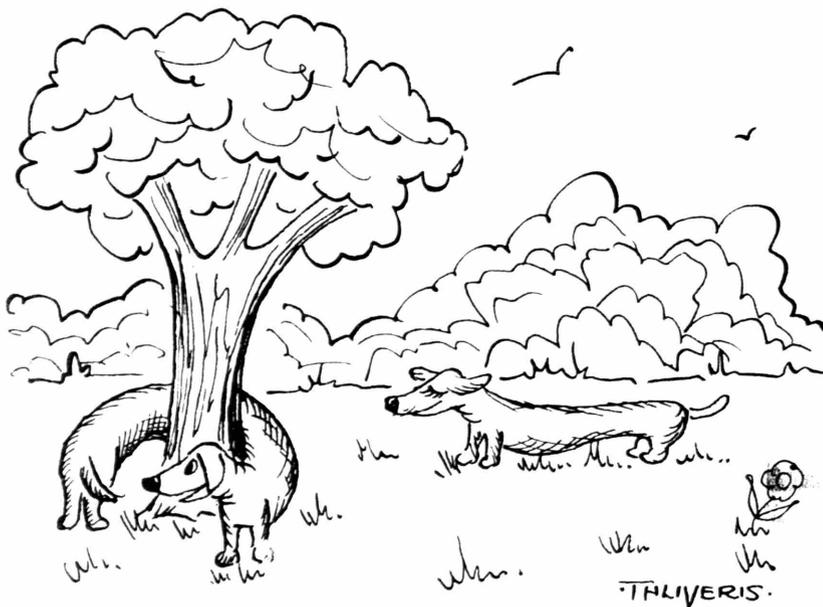
"In a spirit of fun (ha ha) the boys, and we use the term loosely, entered a fake candidate in the

election for '53 representative to the Institute Committee. The man's name is Jack L. Reynolds and picture submitted with the petition looks like a typical Voo Doo man. Need we say more?"

"Running our eyes over the nomination petition we were astounded to learn that the man has a 3.18 cum. This is exactly Pi times the over-all Voo Doo average..."

We note with distaste that although criticizing Voo Doo as a "so-called humour magazine", *The Tech* apparently considers a parenthetical "ha ha" to be the height of mirth. It is not necessary to comment further here on the facetious phrasing and cavalier construction of this and other *The Tech* articles, but the above-quoted indiscretion is reportorially incorrect too. The Voo Doo candidate's name was not Reynolds; it was Jack L. Raymonde, and was so spelled twice in the April Voo Doo masthead and on the petition. Furthermore, the photo, which looked so like a typical Voo Doo man, ("Need we say more?") is actually that of a sober aspirant to the Hippocratic Oath, studying at Brooklyn College, pre-med school.

We further note that since 3.18 divided by Pi is roughly 1.01, and the minimum passable standards set by the Institute are a 1.40 term rating or 2.15 cumulative rating (for three term, higher for succeeding ones). *The Tech's* calculation obviously is ridiculously impossible. The rest of the article continued in a similar tone.



"Oh, there you are!"

Then one week later, the perpetrator of that indecent assault devoted one-fifth of his two-column sports commentary to an anecdote concluding, "Please, Voo Doo, keep your gangsters off my back." In that same issue was the quoted statement made by a former editor of *The Tech*: "It's a shame that the Technology student body must rely upon this 'poor man's *New Yorker*' for amusement."

To this we can only reply that its an unsurpassed naivete for any one to rely on *The Tech* for accurate information.

In the name of Literary Harmony, however, we are willing to make settlement. Gentlemen of *The Tech*, we will gladly agree to keep our gangsters off your backs — if you'll keep your knives out of ours.

Then again, you boys of *The Tech* may have a legitimate complaint against Voo Doo after all, and if so, we're sorry. In the issue of April 13, 1951, *The Tech* reported in a column on football, etc., that "A recent article in Reader's Digest informed us that a rodenticide called Voo Doo is on the market . . . 'guaranteed sure death to rats.'" As we said, we're sorry. We didn't realize that we were cutting into your circulation.

* * *

The Clinton B. Seeley whose name appears on an important report in this issue of Voo Doo, graduates (Course VII) this June, vacating the post of Editor-In-Chief of *Technique*. We appreciate his contribution and wish him further success as an alumnus, but it's too bad *Technique* saw him first — that boy could have gone places with *us*.



Co-ed: "Is it true you fraternity boys are interested only in wine, women, and song?"

Fraternity boy: "Aw, we don't sing so much."

— Widow

at ease
with *Chupplees*

Wear them with slacks, with shorts, trunks—they are ideal for the campus, perfect for leisure, correct with any informal attire.

Centuries ago the natives of India invented the **Chupplee**. British Colonials appreciating its airy coolness as well as the firm support it gives to the foot adopted it on first trial; Clarks of England improved the design and now it is here . . . for active modern Americans: The **Chupplee** — the world's most versatile sandal. The uppers in sturdy leather; crepe rubber soles for walking elasticity and comfort.

In Bamboo or Brown — sizes 6 to 12 . . . \$11.95 (slightly higher West of the Rockies and in Canada). At better stores—write us for the name of the one nearest you. Ford-Davis Co., 32 Main St., Norwalk, Conn.

Chupplees
made in England by *Clarks*

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act as your Raleigh's transmission, level tough slopes and rough roads.
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Voo Doo Exclusive

A new military menace confronts the world! In the past two decades weapons have become more powerful in an almost exponential manner. The A-bomb was worse than the TNT-bomb; the H-bomb was worse than the A-bomb. But now these are all trivial, the last word has come—the ultrasuperbomb, the *V-bomb*.

The secret of the V-bomb has leaked out, or leaked in, depending on how you look at it. It is a *Vacuum Bomb*. That is, instead of everything being blown apart, everything is sucked in. What could be worse than being sucked in?

This is no puny, old-fashioned vacuum. This is a new highpowered, concentrated vacuum resulting from years of top secret research and development.

A great big vacuum is squeezed down smaller and smaller into a little space. When this vacuum is released, the effect is devastating. Prof. F. W. Sneers of M.I.T. has estimated that a V-bomb of moderate size detonated 400 feet above the Empire State Building would suck New York City into a cubic Angstrom in half a microsecond. It is reported that a small test explosion milked a whole herd of cows fifty miles from the blast.

Utmost secrecy surrounds the development of this breathtaking device. A man is only allowed to work on the project for six months, for fear he will learn too much. Consequently, a lot of cheap, expendable help is hired to work on the project. Have you noticed how easy it has been lately for M.I.T. graduates to get jobs?

Your Voo Doo reporter first caught wind of the project while covering a Senate investigation in Washington. A committee found out that a certain government bureau was spending a lot of money to produce *nothing*. The whole story was revealed when somebody from this bureau accidentally said over the telephone, "Things over here are all sucked up."

M.I.T. is playing a big role in the bomb development. The toughest problem is finding something to hold such a tremendous vacuum. Many M.I.T. professors have put their heads to this project.

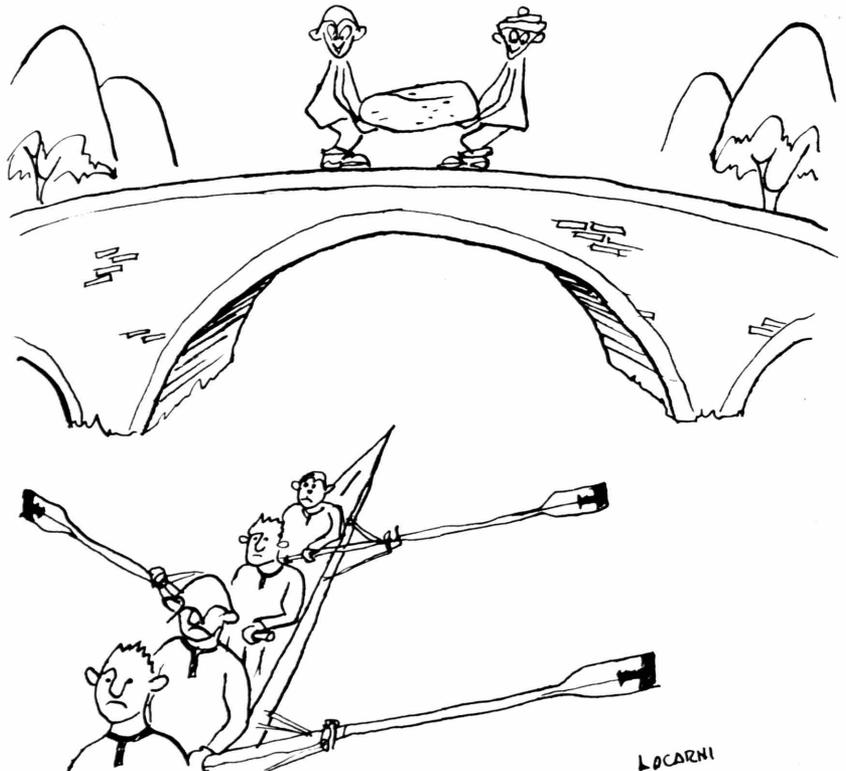
We must all realize that the advent of the V-bomb raises great problems for our civilization. There is no doubt that its use in warfare would mean the end of matter as we know it today. Whether this is good or bad; whether this is morally right or wrong; whether this will find peacetime use in solving the parking problems at M.I.T., are vital questions of our time and all sober-minded citizens who believe in democracy should think about them before waking up in the morning.



He: "Darling, let's have a secret love code. If you nod, I can hold your hand; if you smile, I can kiss your lips."

She: "Please don't make me laugh!"

— Green Gander



A cute little trick from St. Paul
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball
The dress, caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, Sport section and all.

— Pup



The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur, respectfully.

"Drive off a cliff, James," the old gentleman replied. "I'm committing suicide."



Sorority girl: "I want a lipstick."
Cosmetics clerk: "What size, please?"

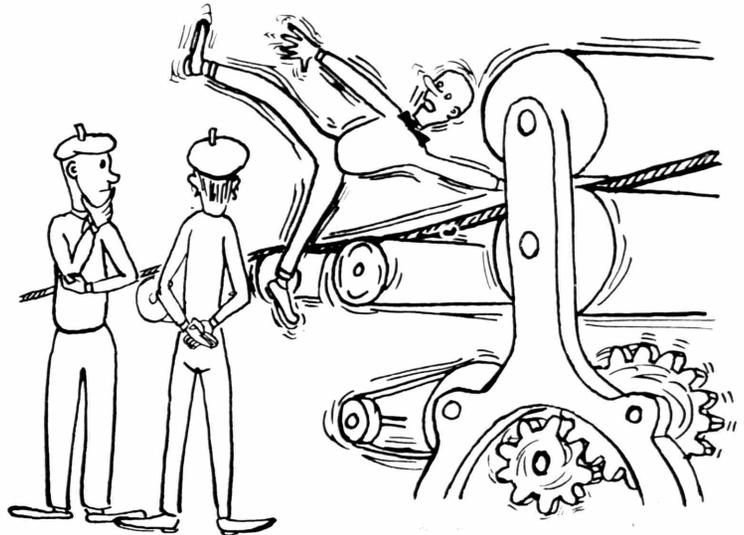
Sorority girl: "Oh, three rides and a house party."

WORKING ABROAD

Work abroad this summer. An interesting and educational experience awaits you in Europe. For a really good time get your girl to come across too.



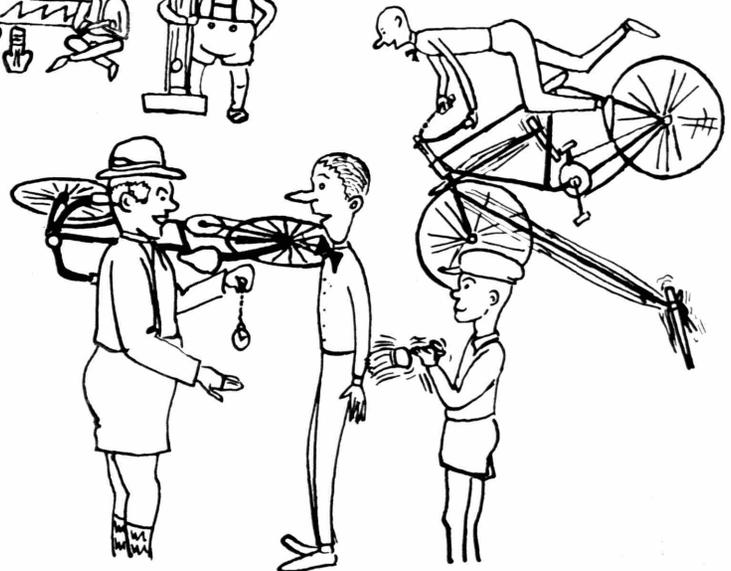
Transportation to and from Europe will be supplied at moderate cost on dormitory type ships.



There may be some language difficulties at first. Good words to learn are "Help", "stop" etc.



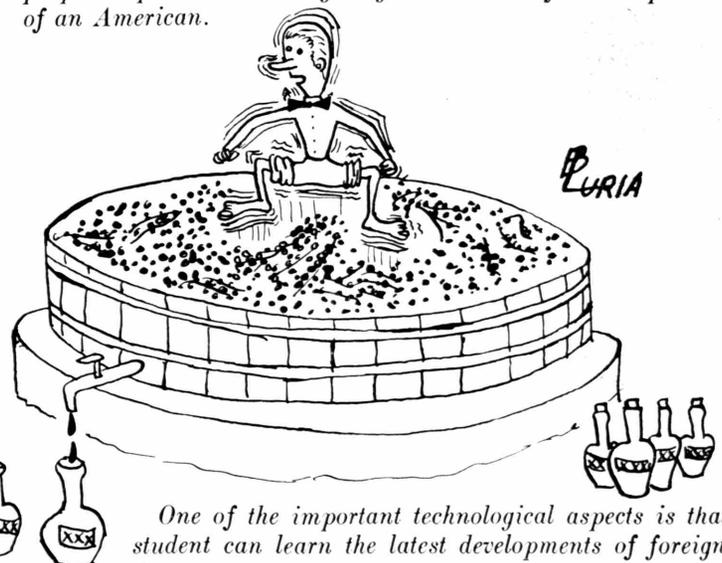
. . . But language difficulties need be no obstacle for the enterprising and ambitious.



There will be ample time to travel. You will find the people hospitable and always eager to earn the friendship of an American.



Supervised and approved living accommodations are available at reasonable rates.



One of the important technological aspects is that the student can learn the latest developments of foreign industry.

To Whom it May Concern

It is well known that Voo Doo has achieved international recognition as a public servant — an incorruptible force in the fight for social equality and justice. Continuing in its never-ending fight and in accord with its unswerving policy of serving the Tech family, Voo Doo has once more uncovered some facts that will not only astound innocent readers, but will, we believe, lead to immediate extension of the Kefaufer Committee. Under the unfounded defamations of an organization which we shall leave unnamed but whose affiliations are even now being investigated, Voo Doo has unrewardingly and magnanimously worked toward harmony and improvement within the Tech family. During the course of its investigation it has uncovered things which it believes are too incredible and terrible to remain concealed any longer. With its customary benevolence, Voo Doo has refrained from turning this evidence over to criminal authorities, but, instead, has printed below some innocuous memoranda in the hope

that the person or persons involved will feel sufficient humiliation to do something to rectify matters.

Memo: Athletic Dept.

We have reliable information proving the existence of ringers on Tech teams . . . ringers imported by said department from local grammar schools. We do not wish to win games in this manner!!

Memo: President Killian

We believe it is time an official announcement was made concerning the enclosed spot in Briggs field. You need feel no embarrassment in admitting it is your personal vegetable garden.

Memo: Tech Secretaries

Unfortunately unscrupulous students still abound. We strongly advise you give no personal information to students claiming they are conducting important surveys for the Tech Engineering News.

Memo: Open House Committee

We suggest immediate investigation of the rumor of a student-sponsored project to construct a

tunnel from an unnamed site on the East Campus to the Charlesgate Dorms.

Memo: Judicial Committee

Yatzal, the Tech bookie, was seen approaching varsity baseball players prior to their southern trip. Need we say more??

Memo: Walker Memorial Dining Service

Patriotism is an admirable quality but when you loan your cooking vats for bacteriological research. . . that is going too far.

Memo: T.C.A.

It is a little known fact that, for a price, T.C.A. officials will secure choice seats for Old Howard enthusiasts.

Memo: Homburg Infirmary

Investigate your staff! We have evidence proving those small flasks of beer are being bootlegged across the border.

Memo: The Tech

We offer our condolences and hope you won't begrudge us this scoop. We hear next Tuesday's issue will appear with the following headline: **TECH'S CIRCULATION INCREASES...SQUEEZES SCOTT TISSUE CO. OFF MARKET.**

Memo: Finance Committee

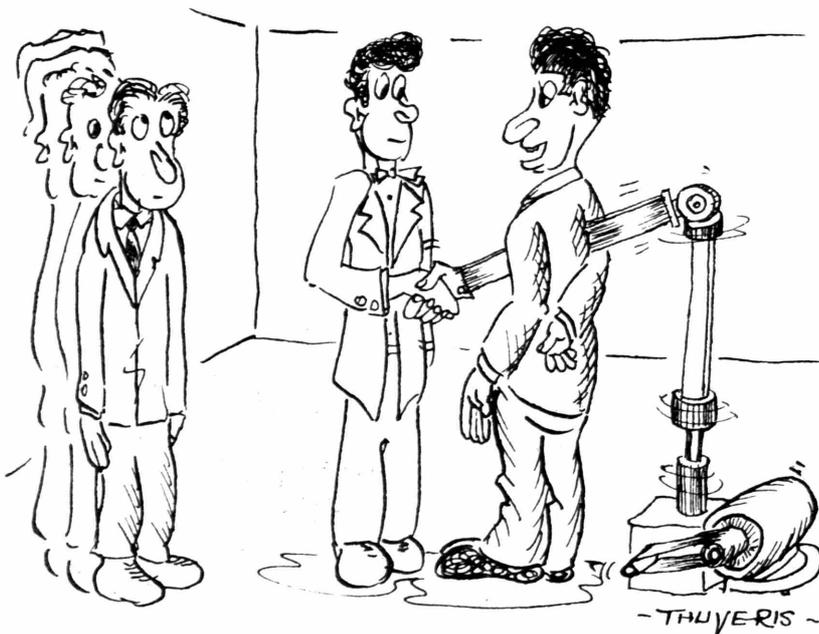
We resent the raising of funds through the auctioning of tech secretaries to wealthy Harvard students. This violates Amendment 7 of Fair Trade Agreement.

Memo: To all Voo Doo followers

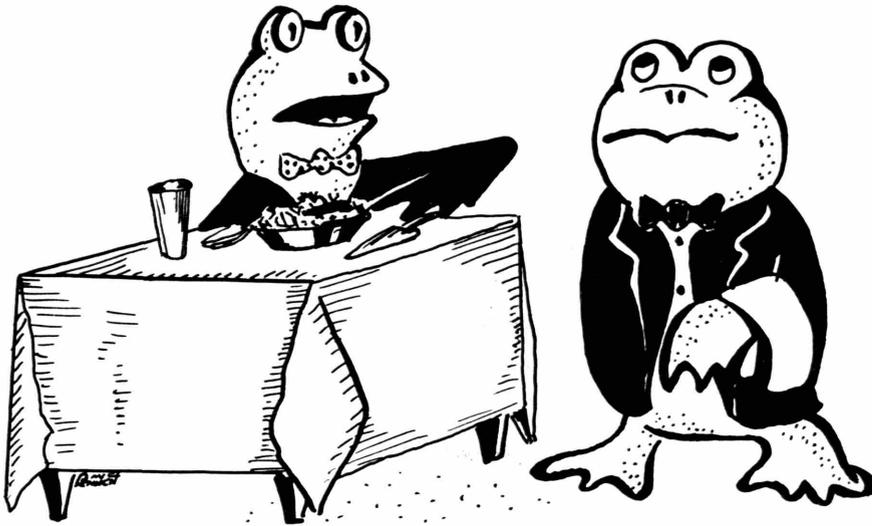
As an added attraction all Voo Doo purchasers now receive an honorary membership in the Watch and Ward Society. This represents another link in Voo Doo's great new enlightenment program.

Respectfully submitted,

"Doc"



"Oh no, All this handshaking doesn't bother me at all."



"Hey, waiter, there's some soup on my fly!"

Reporter: What shall I say about the two peroxide blondes who made such a fuss at the game?

Editor: Why, just say the bleachers went wild.



"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him. "Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I thought you said slaughtered."



There was once a fellow in Elmira by the name of Joe Kissinger. He didn't like the name so he changed it to Ross. Two months later he changed it to Cartmell. By this time all his friends were asking each other, "I wonder who's Kissinger now?"

— *Widow*

Of all the game
That's shy and wary
The hardest to get
Is a prof's secretary.

—1931



Private: "Who introduced you to your wife?"

Sargeant: "We just met. I don't blame nobody."



Man in barber chair: That dog seems to like to watch you cut hair.

Barber: Not particularly, but sometimes I slip and snip off an ear.



"Now that we're engaged, darling, you're going to give me a ring, aren't you?"

"Sure, honey, what's your phone number?"

— *Southwestern*

FAMOUS LAST WORDS...

I stand on this rostrum with a deep sense of humility and pride. — I advocate no partisan cause — I am just a good staunch Republican — The world would not be in the mess it is in today if Truman were alive. — I am as rank as they come — and I'll say that since the Communist threat is a global one — we must get on the ball. Formosa the people the situation seems critical, but we shall fight them on the beach-heads — we shall fight them in the streets — we shall fight them on the hilltops — we shall never surrender. The magnificence of the courage and fortitude of the Korean people defiles description — They have chosen to risk death rather than white slavery. Their last words to me were — Don't scuttle the Pacific — don't make a wave. People dreaded the consequences of a power vacuum in Japan, but we have had a powerful vacuum in the White House for the last five years. It has been said in effect that I am a warmonger — nothing could be closer to the truth. From the beginning of time man has sought a peace. I have just left your fighting men in diarrhea. They have a great deal in them — but they are fighting a deadly enema. Even the Chinese need relief. What we need is a good world movement. As I retire from 52 years of military service I remember those lines from that old barracks ballad "T'was a cold winter's evening" — whoops! wrong ballad — "old soldiers never die — They just fade away."

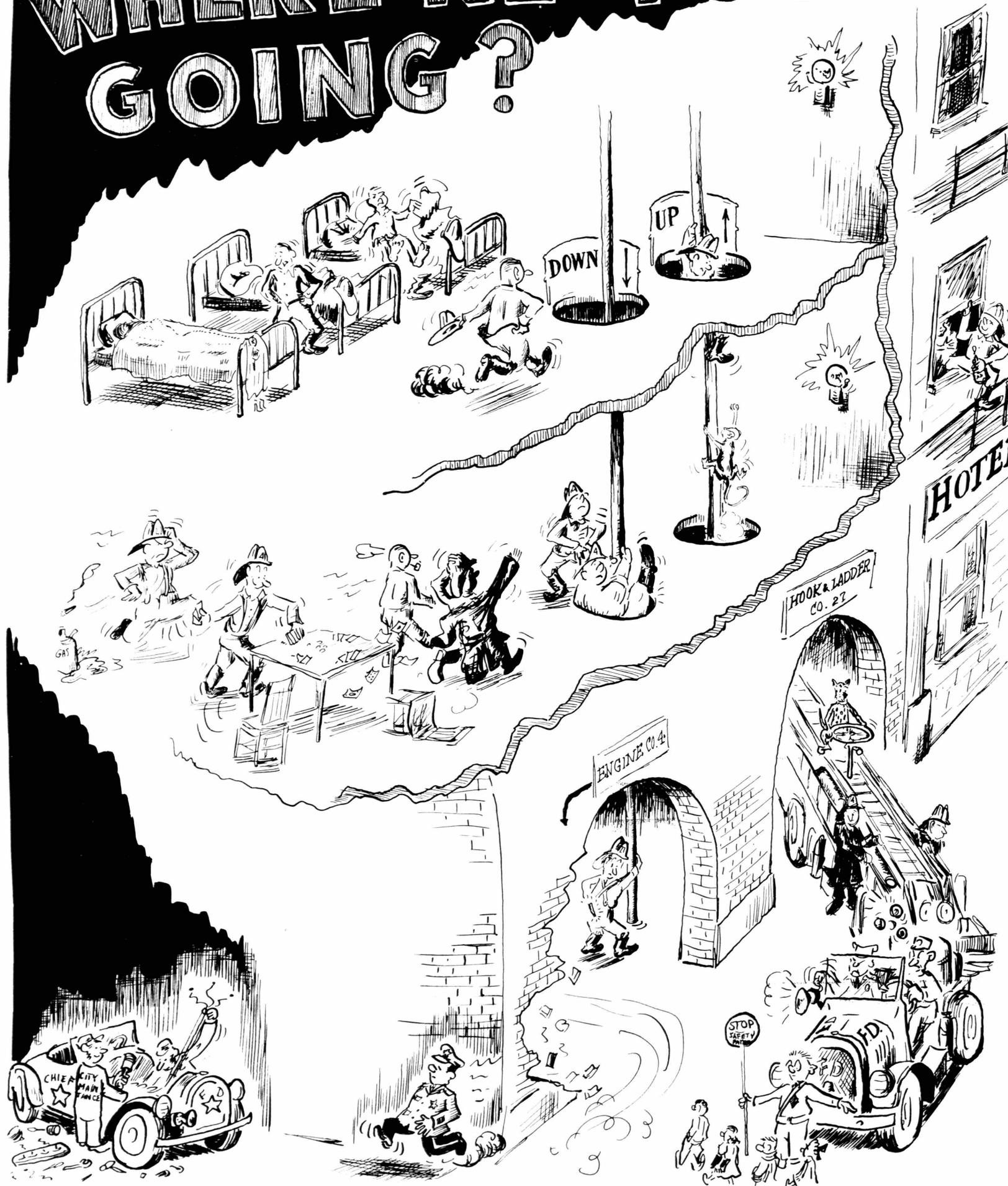
Jerry Herlihy



"Why do you sing in the bathtub?"

"The door won't lock."

WHERE'RE YOU GOING?



BRAVE NEW GLOP

In a few more weeks another class of Techmen will graduate. Commencement Day is June 8 this year, and on this day, as on every other June 8, the temperature will be high and there will be a slight drizzle. I can see it clearly. All the spectators are squeezed into Rockwell Cage to escape the rain, so the temperature inside is twenty degrees higher. Waiting to march into the Cage are the Techmen, bleary-eyed and enervated by a week of tears shed in sorrow over leaving the Institute and sweltering beneath their black gowns, which have been ingeniously designed to suck in all heat. These men stand erect, however, no matter how terrible the effects of poor whiskey and warm beer, and their jaws will be firm. Drops of rain slither down their necks, and the pithy, four-letter obscenities they spit out let everyone know that this is a class with spirit.

After the graduates are seated and the crowd has found places to stand, several dignitaries, who have been paid admirably to instill their ideals in the mass of hot flesh before them, deliver their somniloquies. The first speaker has succeeded amazingly well in imitating the drone of the fly which whizzes about your head, and as a result you do not hear a word the man says. You applaud, however, for fear that the fellow behind you may be a spy for the Institute.

The next speaker has an irritating twitch in his gestures, so you avoid looking at him, and besides, that fly

is damn annoying. Just at the soul-wrenching climax of the speech, the fly buzzes by your nose and you tremendously sneeze. A titter ripples through the audience, and your father cuts you from his will. Your father wanted you to be a doctor, anyway.

Several hours later, your friend on the left rams his elbow into your ribs. Your friend has stayed awake all this time to count the rafters. When the pain has vanished, you realize that it is time to get your diploma. Oh, "Getting the diploma," never to be forgotten! In colloquium, this is known as "getting the sheepskin, or is it 'getting the sheep-dip?'" I never am straight on this point.

Standing now on the podium and attired in regal splendor, is the President. Having an intimate knowledge himself of the local pubs, he knows what to expect from his men; he has prudently stuffed his nostrils with sen-sen.

The line moves slowly. You wish to hell the whole business were over. The married vets can hear their children bawling in the audience. At last it is your turn, and as you nervously rush forward you stumble on the top step. The President keeps a straight face, and you hope he can't hear the beer sloshing around in your stomach. He clasps your outstretched hand in a "this-hurts-me-more-than-it-hurts you" manner and slips you your diploma, neatly rolled around a blank

check payable to the order of the Alumni Fund. Your mother is crying, your father puts you back in his will. The shining world waits to be conquered; there is a fortune to be won! Go, Techman, go out into the brave new glop!

Jerry Rothberg



"Mrs. Smith had triplets and two weeks later she had twins."

"That's impossible. How did it happen?"

"One of the triplets got lost."



She: "You may as well know that you can't make me do something I don't want to."

He: "No, but there's no harm in trying to make you want to."

—1919



The most observant person was the historian who noticed Lady Godiva had a horse with her.



Mama Mosquito: If you children are real good, I'll take you to a nudist camp tonight.

—Sundial



He: "Kiss me."

She: "Make me."

—1928

CAFE de PARIS

Real Home-Cooked Food

Luncheons

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Dinners

(99c- up)

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BOSTON, MASS.

FOUNDATIONS OF AN ELASTIC SOCIETY

by Clint Seeley

Ladies and Gentlemen of the International Association of Ladies Foundation Garment Designers:

It is with great pleasure that I welcome you to this twenty-fifth Jubilee Dinner. I should like you to accompany me on a review of the quarter century which has led up to this joyous occasion.

It was just twenty-five years ago today that our founder, Chester Ranger, rounded out his ideal in the conception of this body. He had two points in mind: First, to raise the level of global styles; and second, to enable our industry to put up a solid front. In doing this, he brought together the two major spheres of influence in designs. One might be called the "hang it all, anyway" school, which brought the flappers into being; the other, which later came back into its own, might be referred to as the "Build up the feminine angle, or bust" group. In consolidating these two factions, our founder hoped to make a complete breast with the past.

As we follow through the years of style changes, we find that this association was instrumental in supporting the higher bust-line and the full-bust style, and that, when the plunging neckline came into fashion it helped to separate the two major problems into their respective parts — support and sepa-

ration. This brings us abreast of the present day.

No discussion of the progress of our business is complete without some reference to our gift to those women not so richly endowed. It has been one of our most gratifying missions to help "fill the spot that God forgot." Since the beginning of time, women have been experts in the art of deceptive dress, but not until we embarked upon this mercy mission had their success reached such high peaks.

We have also contributed to milady's comfort through the introduction of flesh-colored adhesive foundations, enabling her to go through an entire evening without a slip.

Another prominent area in which we have played a major part is that which is covered by corsets and girdles. This matter carries a lot of weight in the World today. Getting down to the meat of the matter, the slenderizing of our more — shall I say — buxom ladies, has, I feel, done more to increase the marriage rate than any innovation since the shotgun. By this means we have aided the American woman in pulling herself together and concentrating herself on gratifying pursuits, rather than having her attention diverted by self-consciousness. For if ever her escort was

aware of the bare facts, his attentions would go to waste; she might well find herself the butt of his future jokes, thus causing her to feel like a complete ass, and threatening her happiness with an unfortunate end.

Corsets have also aided in alleviating hose troubles. The introduction of tempered steel into corsets means the old fashioned bone stay's out.

In conclusion, I wish to point out some of the other accomplishments of this front-line organization:

We have helped in the foundation of a well-rounded American scene.

We have raised the standard of living of many.

We have improved the consumer figures around the globe.

We have contributed generously to the Community Chest.

Through the publication of our trade journal, BETTER BOSOMS, we have given rise to an organ of international interest.

And last, but not least, we have earned a reputation for never letting a customer down.

Finally, in tribute to Chester Ranger and those who have followed him, I wish to close by saying, "Never have so few given such a lift to so many."

E. D. ABBOTT CO. ***Printers***

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TO A FIRE!

SMOKE ABATEMENT COMM.

BIG FIRE SALE! JONES DEPT. STORE

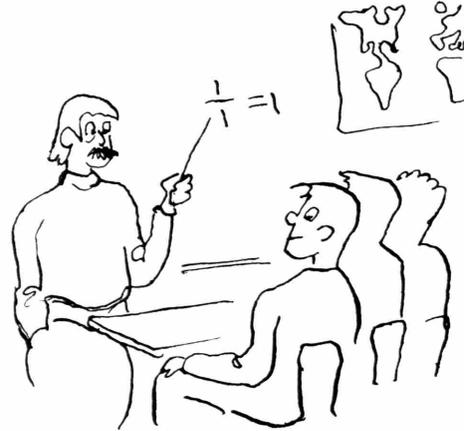
SUPER SERVICE

NICE WORK.....

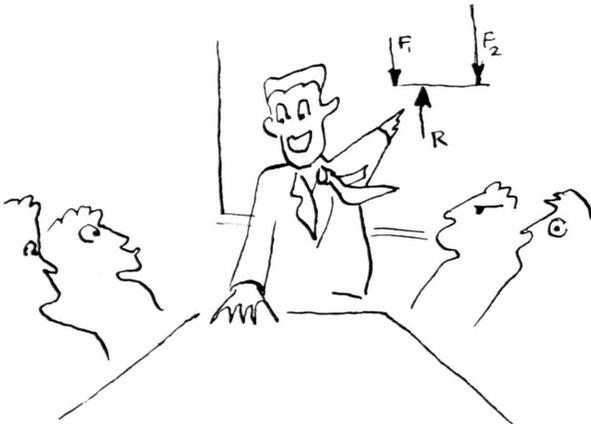
We've been wondering about some of that June propaganda that sounds like this . . .



Our employee relations are the envy of the industry. Turnover is extremely low, many workers have spent their lives with the Company.



Company-conducted courses are given by Company specialists who are trained in the practical application of their profession.



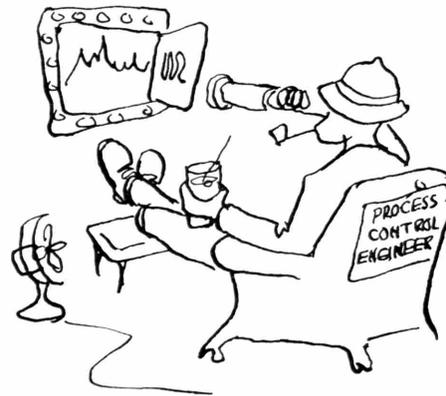
Company-wide technical committee meetings are held for the presentation and exchange of information on all technical phases of Company activity.



Salaries are reviewed periodically and individual achievement is recognized through salary adjustments based on merit.



You will find ample opportunity to meet your fellow workers. They are a grand bunch.



The Company assures excellent working conditions and recreational facilities.

.....IF YOU CAN GET IT

So we did a little investigating to find it really should go like this . . .



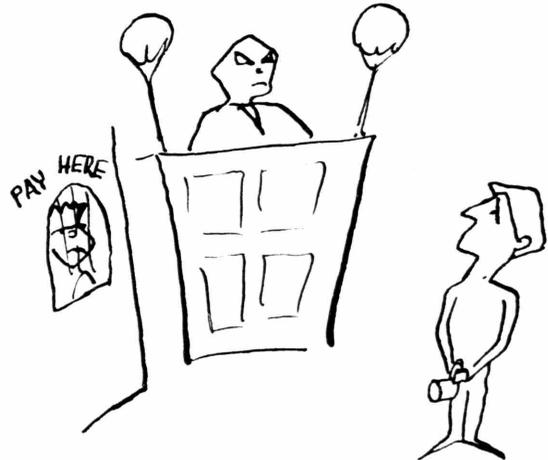
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The Company assures excellent working conditions and recreational facilities.

RIPPEY'S Bull, Leave It or Not!

IN JULY 1930, JOE FRAMUS OF HOHOKUS, N.J., FELL 3000 FEET WITHOUT SUSTAINING INJURY! AFTER THIS AMAZING FEAT, HE FELL ONE ADDITIONAL FOOT AND WAS KILLED INSTANTLY.



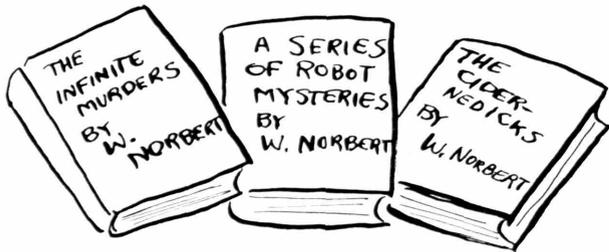
PEAR FOUND GROWING ON TANGERINE TREE BELONGING TO MRS. Q. JONES LOOKS LIKE TANGERINE, TASTES LIKE TANGERINE!



CRATER LAKE, RHODE ISLAND



500 SQUARE MILE LAKE RECENTLY FOUND IN AN OBSCURE CORNER OF RHODE ISLAND.



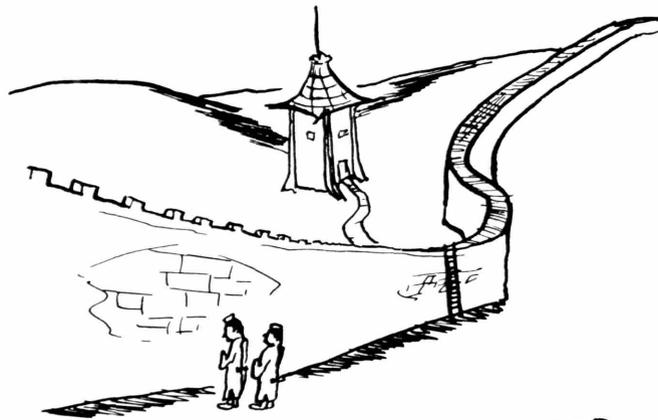
W. NORBERT, WORLD FAMOUS AUTHOR OF MYSTERY STORIES, IS ACTUALLY NORBERT WEINER, INSIGNIFICANT PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AT M.I.T.!

31	3	4	67	82	76
26	14	29	92	11	6
98	69	96	15	π	55
43	e	71	9	8	91
74	10	1	99	1035	89
51	49	17	35	27	68

MAGIC SQUARE. NO MATTER WHICH WAY YOU ADD THIS IT BECOMES VERY COMPLICATED. TRY IT AND SEE!

MR. BACCAS STOWE OF CROSSWORD PUZZLE FAME (HE WORKS OUT THE PUZZLE IN THE SUNDAY N.Y. TIMES WITH A PEN) WAS RECENTLY LEFT OVER WITH THE FOLLOWING ADJECTIVES:

- T**RASHY
- H**APHAZARD
- E**RSATZ
- T**RITE
- E**XTINCT
- C**RUDDY
- H**OPELESS



AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED, THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA HAD NO GATES FOR 1400 MILES. THE ARCHITECTS WERE: WALKER, VORHEES FOLEY AND SMITH.

"How do girls get sables?"
"The same way that sables get sables."



Patient: I'm all out of sorts: the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness.

Friend: What's so tough about that?

Patient: You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner.

— Pup



Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw a hand.



"How did you like the bridge party last night?"

"Fine, until the cops looked under the bridge."

— Varieties



Professor: "I admire Keats."

Sleepy Freshman: "It sure is a pleasure to know a person vot likes children."



He: "Shall I leave the dim lights on?"

She: "No, turn the dim things off."

— Ohion



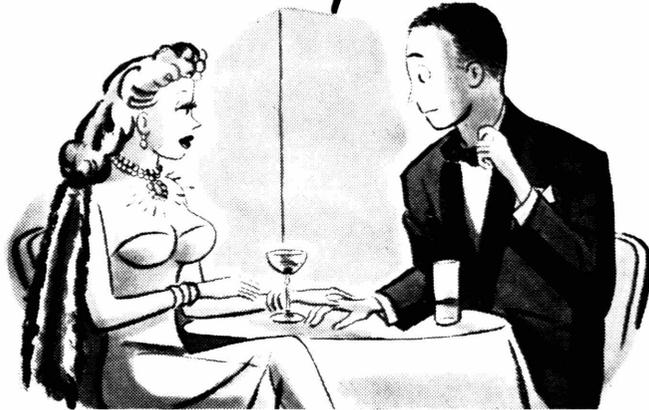
Indignant mother: "Do you think it's fair, Bobby, after I told you that there wasn't any Santa Claus, to go and tell the neighbors that I laid your Easter egg?"



She: "I'm waste."

He: "I'm haste."

"A woman is only a woman..."



but Cigars are a Man's Smoke!

You need not inhale to enjoy a cigar!

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

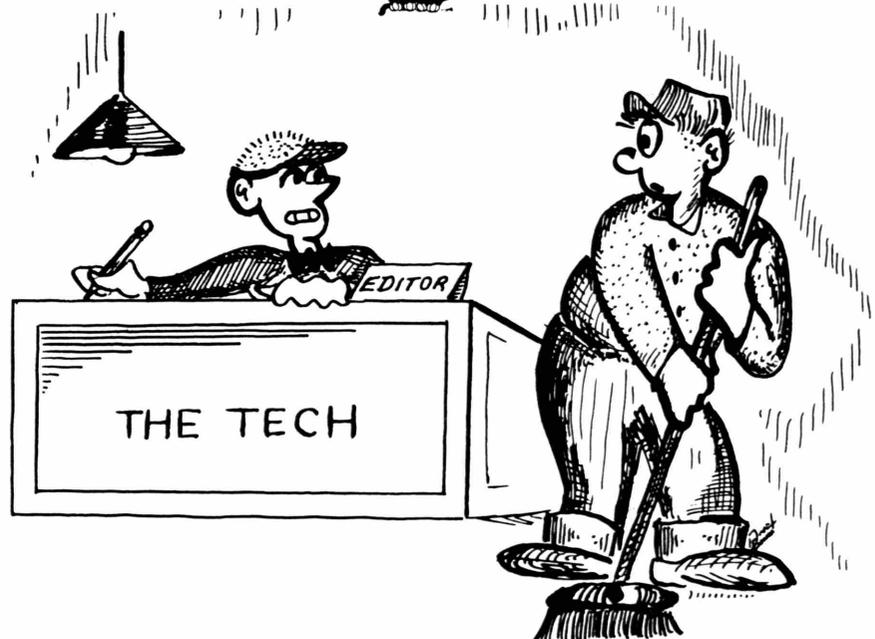


Customer: "Do you have any dates?"

Storekeeper: "No ma'am, I ain't got no dates."

Customer: "Well, then, do you have any nuts?"

Storekeeper: "Ma'am, if I had nuts I'd have dates."



"Say, do you know anything about punctuation?"

HOT POOP ON DRAFT QUIZ

As a public feature Voo Doo has prepared the following sample examination for those wishing to take the college qualification exam in May. Because of the encompassing nature of the samples selected, it is advised that each student thoroughly memorize them. With this preparation there should be no doubt as to the outcome of the examination. Your future is secured. The correct answers are not found on the inside back cover.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS: The Selective Service Qualification Examination tests your ability to read with understanding and solve new problems by using your general knowledge. The tests are so designed that little or no factual data is required but rather an ability to apply your general background to the problems at hand. No textbooks, notes, or other aids may be brought into the examination room. Any one found guilty of cheating or aiding another to cheat will be burned at the stake. The test must be done in black India ink. No erasures are conceivably possible in the time allowed.

Directions: Each of the paragraphs below is followed by two questions pertaining to the paragraphs. Read the paragraph and select the most appropriate answer to the questions.

One must not get the impression that mathematics is an abstract science. On the contrary, even its most abstractly appearing facets stem from the study of some physical situation. For instance, consider the function "Infinity over Infinity minus Pi", the famous "Fulton's Function". Few realize that this was the result of an observation of the third grillage coefficient on the second cylinder of Fulton's first steamboat. Yet everybody will recall it's pseudonym "Fulton's Folly" given to it by the skeptical mathematicians of the day.

- (1) According to the passage;
 - (a) mathematics ain't what it used to be
 - (b) dial 211 for long distance
 - (c) patronize our advertisers
- (2) The passage is chiefly concerned with
 - (a) the electrolysis of Deuterium
 - (b) the sex life of the Tse-Tse fly
 - (c) Cholmondeley's annular grillage coefficient.

The solution of second order differential equations offers no new difficulty. As before, one simply prunes the bush not more than four feet above the ground. In this way one is certain not to neglect important in-laws when sending out the invitations. Likewise relations between Afghanistan and Latvia were found to be strained in the early years. This is undoubtedly because of the increasing yearly average rainfall in neighboring Arizona. The effect of this is little understood at present. Summing up, if these things are not attended to at once, an international crisis may arise.

- (3) International crises are a result of
 - (a) The rainfall in Afghanistan
 - (b) Pruning ambassadors not more than four feet above ground
 - (c) Forgetting to mail the invitations.
- (4) Differential equations of the second order are
 - (a) bastards of the first rank
 - (b) best solved with the help of a Latvian mother-in-law
 - (c) great fun at parties.

Directions: Each of the two samples below consists of a word in capital letters followed by five words numbered 1 to 5. Select the word whose meaning is most nearly the SAME as the capitalized word.

- (5) STREETWALKER:
 - (1) streetcleaner
 - (2) carburetor mechanic
 - (3) torrado
 - (4) Femme de chambre
 - (5) Boulder Dam

(Does Kinsey know about you? It means chambermaid so cool off.)

- (6) LOVE:
 - (1) Alienation
 - (2) estrangement
 - (3) enmity
 - (3) animosity
 - (5) Pocatello Idaho.

Directions: Each of the two samples below consists of a word in capital letters followed by five words numbered 1 to 5. Select the word whose meaning is most nearly the OPPOSITE to that of the capitalized word.

- (7) Zwieback:
 - (1) Aardvark
 - (2) Abaca
 - (3) Abaddon
 - (4) Abacus
 - (5) Aardwolf
- (8) THE:
 - (1) Post-vacciniaceous
 - (2) usufructuary
 - (3) protrusile
 - (4) why
 - (5) droshky

Directions: The samples below consist of two words or phrases which bear a certain relation to each other. They are followed by five pairs numbered 1 to 5. Choose the pair in which the same relationship holds.

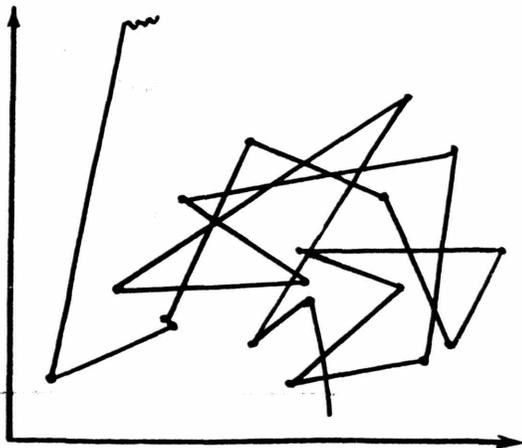
- (9) GRANTS TOMB: CONCORD TURNPIKE
 - (1) Beer can: Church key
 - (2) Grants tomb: Concord turnpike
 - (3) Hammer: Irresponsibility
 - (4) Arithmetic: Tensor Calculus
 - (5) Erosion: Rock formations

(You're all wrong — it's Boulder Dam: Pocatello Idaho)

- (10) EROSION: ROCK
 (1) Gin: Sobriety
 (2) Woman: Morals
 (3) Women: Sanity
 (4) Boyth: Reputation
 (5) Concord turnpike: Pocatello Idaho
- (11) MALE: FEMALE
 (1) Yale: Vassar
 (2) Voo Doo: The Tech
 (3) Rutgers: Harvard
 (4) Sargent: Wellesly
 (5) Boulder: Damn

Directions: In the sentences given below, one or more blank spaces appear. From the five choices of words or pairs of words, select the word or pair of words which most closely fills the blanks or pairs of blanks, indicating the answer or pair of answers on the answer sheet.

- (12) In spite of the drift towards. . . which seems to be a part of the normal development of our western society, the birth rate is still primarily governed by the military situation.
 (1) sterility
 (2) air-conditioning
 (3) promiscuity
 (4) insanity
 (5) instability
- (13) Because of a hereditary but baseless fear of we come to overlook the intrinsic beauty of the so widely used and appreciated in bygone days.
 (1) chewing gum. . . Boulder Dam
 (2) decapitation . . . guillotine
 (3) torture. . . Mona Lisa
 (4) politicians . . . electric chair
 (5) orange juice . . . Bing Crosby



Directions: The following questions are concerned with the graph above. Study the graph carefully and

answer the questions below with choices based on your considerations of the graph and any general knowledge of the subject material.

- (14) This graph most closely depicts
 (1) Elevation vs. longitude along the great divide
 (2) The path of a drunken gas molecule
 (3) A Picasso
 (4) Braves vs. Phillies
 (5) Time exposure of a ping-pong game

Directions: Solve each of the following problems using the blank spaces provided for figuring.

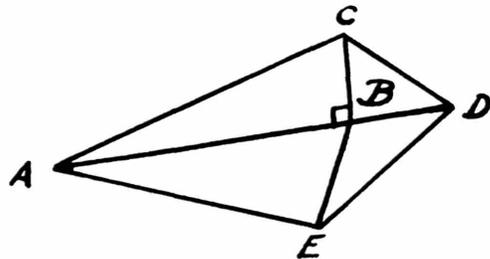
- (15) The series for "e" is
 $e = 1 + \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{1}{2!} + \frac{1}{3!} + \dots$
 The value of "e" is
 (1) 2.71828416 (2) 2.71828421
 (3) 2.71828205 (4) 3 (5) 81.323247
- (16) Wenn EIN Schneider Drei Rocke in der Stunde machen kann, wie viele Rocke machen NEUN Schneider?
 (1) 18 (1) 9 (3) 27 (4) 3.58 (5) 0

(*Gotterdammerung Dumkopf, 20 natulich, there's a union.*)

- (17) If three pencils costs 10c how much do nine pencils cost? (One may use the formula, $x = C + (Q.T.)y$, where C is Chomondeley's constant)
 (1) 29c (2) 24c (3) 35c (4) 35.8c (5) . . .

In the enclosed diagram CB equals $\frac{11}{32}$ of CD. You may use these formulae if desired: $E = \frac{IR}{EB}$; $F = \frac{ma}{BE}$

- (18) Line DB is:
 (1) The shortest distance between two points.
 (2) An arc of a circle with infinite radius.
 (3) The longest distance between two points.
 (4) The path of a bat out of hell.
 (5) A typographical error.



blank spaces provided for figuring

What Hath God Wrought

'Twas the night before finals and all through the dorm, not a creature was talking, not even a bore.

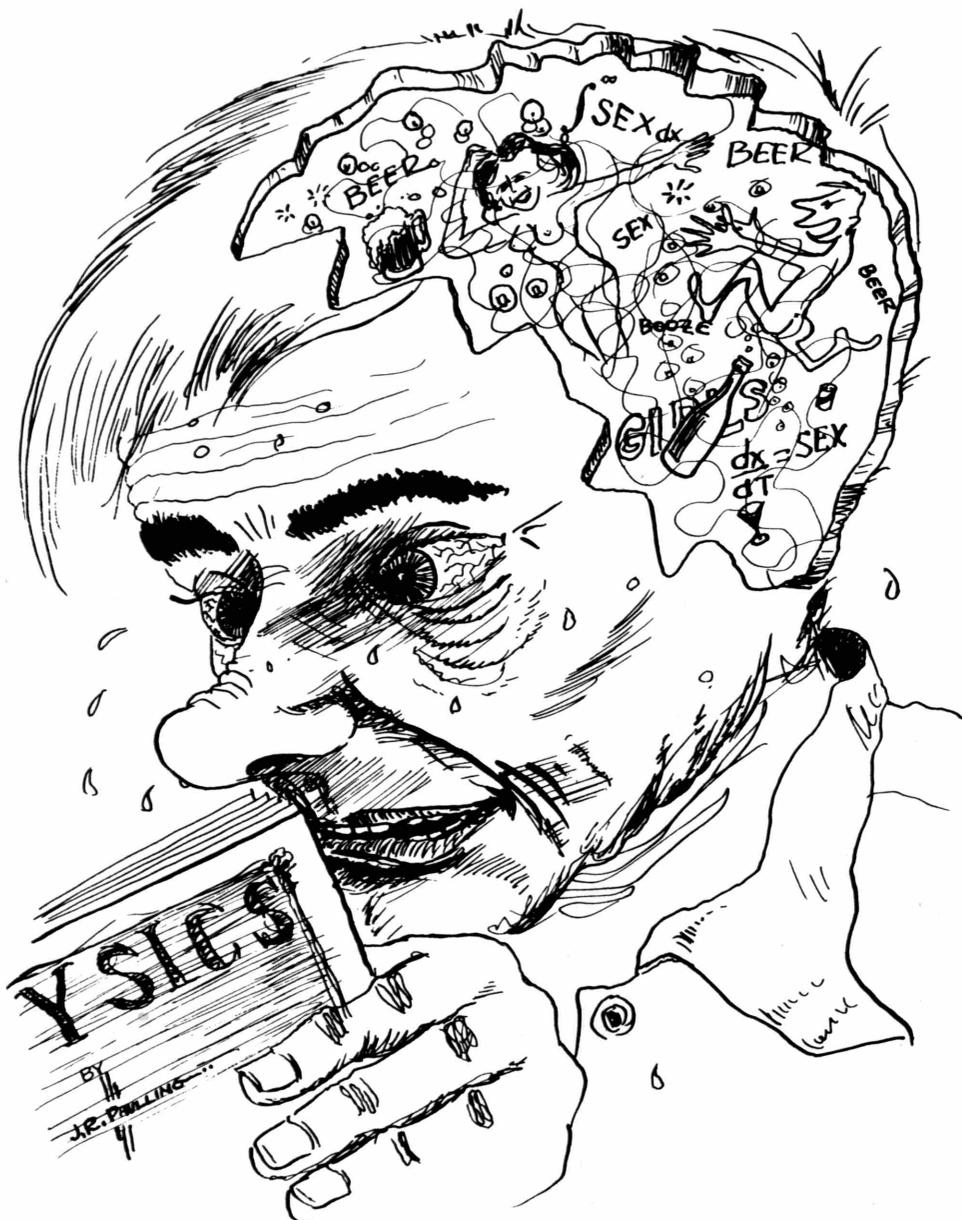
Quietly sitting in his dorm room we find Wilbur hard at work. He has a fair chance of passing, but it all depends on the final. Will he pass? Will this evening's work be of any avail?

First a note of caution. Don't think that Wilbur is a playboy. He isn't. In fact he is one of the most conscientious people in the whole school. Wilbur is the type of person who goes to an acquaintance dance, looks around, thinks awhile, and when he finally decides to ask a girl to dance, all the nicest girls have already acquired escorts. Then he goes back to his room and admonishes himself and tries to do school work with the usual poor results.

Does Wilbur cut classes? Seldom, and then only with discretion. He only cuts the classes in which he hasn't prepared the assignment due, because he feels that he wouldn't get anything out of going to the class unprepared. There are also the classes that aren't worth going to. These he doesn't go to. The final result is that Wilbur has a lot of free time which he intends to use for studying by himself. Of course, the best place for studying is in the lounges; like Pritchett where there is good food and music or better still, the music library where there is good music and comfortable accommodations for sleeping.

Work is never shirked. It is just that it can be done at a more convenient hour. Thus the weeks pass rapidly in succession, and Wilbur stands by, passively letting things go, missing everything; waiting for the **RIGHT** time.

Wilbur likes women; they're cute. The girls look at Wilbur; he's cute. Wilbur is honorable. He takes out a girl and only holds her hand on the first date, and if she's fast, he may put his arm around her in the movies. On the second date, he may even get up the courage



to *try* to kiss her. There is seldom a third date because Wilbur just seems to find something else to do; such as going to a stage show that he will never get to see because he didn't decide to buy tickets until they were all sold out.

Wilbur isn't abnormal or sub-normal; he just isn't!! But now let us return to Wilbur's room the night before the fateful final exam.

The radio is on and Wilbur is reading. He is reading pages of equations as though they were part of a best-selling novel... Now the radio is off and he is re-reading the equations. . . After the third reading of the equations he tries a

problem . . . and can't solve it. He then tries another problem . . . and can't solve that either. On goes the radio again, . . . Wilbur is now mediating (pause) he straightens his back and off goes the radio. . . . The radio is not conducive to serious studying, and also there aren't any good programs on, so Wilbur decides to take a "break." Wilbur's type of break consists of getting away from the immediate surroundings. In fact, he gets so far away that he has a very hard time getting back. It takes him two hours to get back from a half hour "break".

Time is passing swiftly . . . Wilbur

crams and crams . . . Radio on. . . Radio off. . . Will Wilbur pass? That is the question! The hour is now 5:00 A.M. and the record player is on; Boston goes to sleep very early. Wilbur is pouring over his book . . . No, he isn't! . . . He's fast asleep. With a start he awakens and goes back to work. This time there will be no fooling around.

After four hours of concentrated studying and a box of No-Doz, Wilbur is ready for the exam. He doesn't take any stock in the idea that a sharp jolt will knock all his knowledge loose, but he still walks carefully and nods his head very slightly when passing his friends. His head has that "full" feeling. It doesn't feel as though it would burst. It's just packed very tightly.

Quiz time comes and goes, and leaves Wilbur a satisfied person. Everyone did say that the exam was easy, didn't they? The answers he put down seemed very logical to Wilbur. Of course there were those questions that he "sort of" guessed at but his logic was again excellent, and most of the questions he checked were practically perfect. There were just a few arithmetical mistakes. He could pass!!

The mark Wilbur got was just as simple as Wilbur — FF.

Frank Leeds



It was high moon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning. "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

A voice broke in, "He is not!"

The congregation turned, among the sea of brown faces was a small yellow face.

The priest straightened up and said, "There seems to be a little Confucian here."

— Jumble

Math Prof, explaining the use of the slide rule: "Now gentlemen, this little instrument you will find very useful to an engineer. Take the square root of 49 for example. A simple use of the rule shows that it's six and eight-tenths, or thereabouts."

— Shaft



Collector: "Is your husband home?"

Blonde: "Why?"

Collector: "I want to collect the installment on that sofa."

Blonde: "Shhh: He'll be going in a few minutes."



"What is adolescence?"

"That period between childhood and adultery."



Professor: "What did you find out about the salivary glands?"

Student: "Nothing, they're too darn secretive."

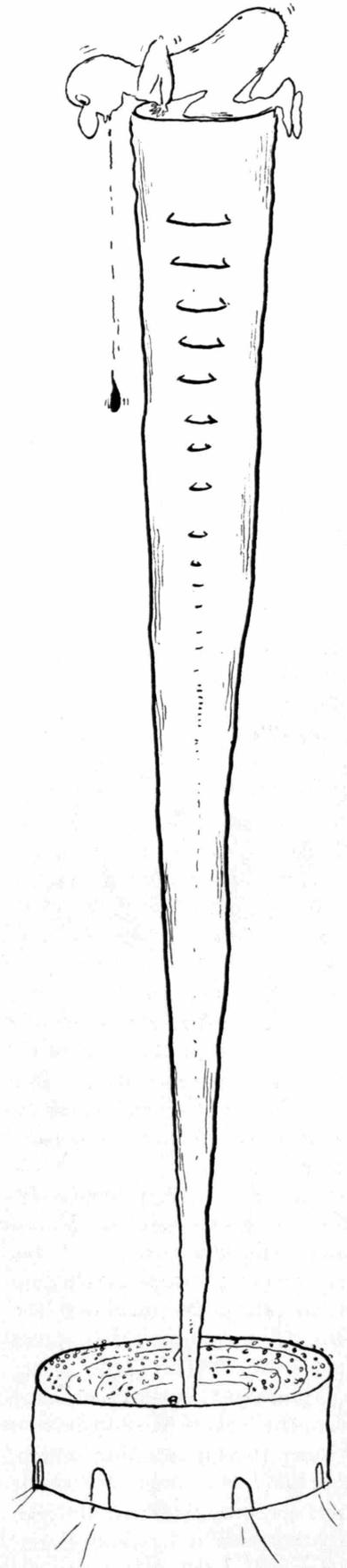


Professor to class: "There's a young man in this room making a jackass out of himself. When he's finished I'll start."



Professor: "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"

Unsubdued Student: "No in the least, sir, not in the least."



The Pawnshop



The rusty metal sign over the door read "Superior Loan Company." It was a useless sign; the cluttered little windows displaying huge heaps of musical instruments, dusty cameras, and expensive jewelry meant "pawnshop." No sign was necessary.

Charles had an hour to kill, so he walked in. The heavily armored door opened easily to reveal the insides of the shop, and then closed with a squeaky little bang, almost like a chuckle. The place was not illuminated by the dusty light bulb that hung glowing from the ceiling. Behind the low counter on the left grinned the proprietor, an old man with stooped shoulders and gleaming eyes. His long, thin neck and

squat body made him look like the old-fashioned long-necked banjo that hung on a wire from the ceiling over him.

"Good-afternoon, sir," he said, "can I interest you in a fine German camera? In perfect condition, and a good model. They don't make 'em like that anymore."

"Well, no," replied Charles, "I noticed a violin in the window that interested me. The one nearest the glass."

The old man climbed into the window, and came out with the violin. It had no strings or bridge, and the varnish was partly worn off, as if it had belonged to a trigger-happy sandblaster.

"Notice the fine workmanship.

And it's a copy of a Stradivarius. I'll sell it to you for twelve dollars."

Charles looked thoughtful. It did look as if it had once been a fine instrument.

"You're a college man, aren't you?" the old man inquired.

"Yes."

"What college?"

"M.I.T."

"M.I.T? Why didn't you say so!" said the old man. "How about ten dollars? I couldn't charge an M.I.T. man any more than that."

"Well," began Charles, "I'm not exactly sure that I . . ."

"Of course!" said the old man quickly. "I'd forgotten that college students don't have money to throw around. You must be one of those

poor students on a small budget. But perhaps you can afford to pay seven dollars? I wouldn't want to charge a poor man more than he can afford."

Charles began to feel awkward. He was actually on a moderately large budget, and could easily afford the violin. He opened his mouth to say the price was reasonable, but before he could utter a sound the old man spoke again.

"You're right; the price is too high, but my partner is out of the shop today, and just to break the ice I'll do you a favor. You can have this fine violin for only five bucks."

Charles quickly gasped out, "I'll take it for five," lest the generous old man cut the price even further. Such reckless price-cutting was a sure road to bankruptcy.

"Excellent!" exclaimed the old man. "And I suppose you want to buy some strings and a bridge?"

This remark awakened Charles to the fact that the instrument lacked these essentials. "Why, yes," he mumbled.

"I've got just the thing. Genuine aluminum-wound cat-gut. Only four bits a string. To you."

"I guess so," said Charles helplessly. The old man selected four violin strings from a drawer under the counter.

"And what about a bridge? You can't play a violin without one. Here's one made of hand-carved ivory. Seven ninety-five. Plus tax."

"No," said Charles, feeling more aggressive, "I don't think so."

The old man looked hurt. "Well, I can sell you one stamped out of boxwood for a quarter. How's that?"

"That's fine."

"And now you'll need a bow. I've got a new one here, by chance. Never even been unwrapped."

"How much?"

"Six bucks. It's a good bow."

"But I only paid five for the violin!"

"Well if you think you should have paid more . . ."

"I'll take the bow," Charles said quickly.

"Well then, you'll need some rosin. Here's a good brand of English rosin. Seventy-five cents."

"Okay."

"Oh, and you can't carry all this unless you get a case."

The old man shuffled into the ominous-looking backroom, and emerged with a tired-looking violin case. "Genuine leather. Last forever. Say, uh, four bucks?" He looked hypnotically at Charles.

"Yes, four bucks."

"Fine. Oh by the way, can you play a violin? This instruction book is one of the best."

"I'll take it. What else do I need?"

"You've bought it all. Let's see, it adds up to twenty bucks, right on the nose."

Feeling a little dizzy, Charles paid the amount and turned to go.

Just before the door slammed behind him he heard the old man say, "Come back some time!"

The cold air outside brought Charles to his senses. With a start he realized that he had spent twenty dollars on an instrument which he could not play and had no intention of learning.

He glanced down at his watch. The hour was killed, all right. Charles sighed. It had been a discouraging day. But then he shrugged and consoled himself: hell, not everybody could go through four years of course 15 with a 5.00.

Harold Kaplan



She may not be wanting to hurt your feelings as much as she wants to stop them.



Pessimists think all women immoral. Optimists hope so.



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"I feel like a million bucks — that's been spent."

"And what can I do for you, my little man?" asked the kindly old second-hand furniture man.

"Please, sir," stammered the freshman, "I would like to buy a log table."

—1933



He rounded the bend at close to 40. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together, unhurt, alongside the completely smashed car. He put a protecting arm about her waist, but she drew away from him.

"It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

— Princeton Tiger

Chorus: "I walked twenty miles last nite."

Girl: "College boy?"

Chorus: "No, package of Camels." —1931



A lovely old lady contributed a pair of pyjamas 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.

— Cavemen

"Why were you running away from that parked car last night?"
"I wasn't running. I was being chaste."



Bashful: "Do you mind if I kiss you?"

(No answer.)

Bashful: "Would you care if I kissed you?"

Wise Sister: "Say, do you want me to promise not to bite?" —1933



Cold water is the best of drinks
And fit for prince or king.
But who am I that I should take
The best of everything?
Let princes revel at the tap,
Kings at the pump make free,
Champagne and gin and even beer
Are good enough for me.

— Quirk



And then, of course, there's the one about the co-ed who had to leave school because her slip was beginning to show.



"So you had a date with a college man?"

"No, I tore my dress on a nail."



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