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Not the Queen of the Junior Prom, *not* the Kappa most likely to succeed, but a little receptionist named Jane!

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And, brother, you better *have* a hat! Because it is a well-known fact that today's business executive looks favorably upon the prospective junior executive who has the foresight to dress the part. You *may* get away with being without a hat on the banks of the Old Raritan—but not on Madison Ave., LaSalle St. or Market St.!

So, go forth from the hallowed halls, brother—and may luck attend you—proudly bearing your diploma in one hand and your hat in the other. With a hat, you're not dressed to *get by*—you're dressed to *get ahead*.

"Wear a Hat — It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.

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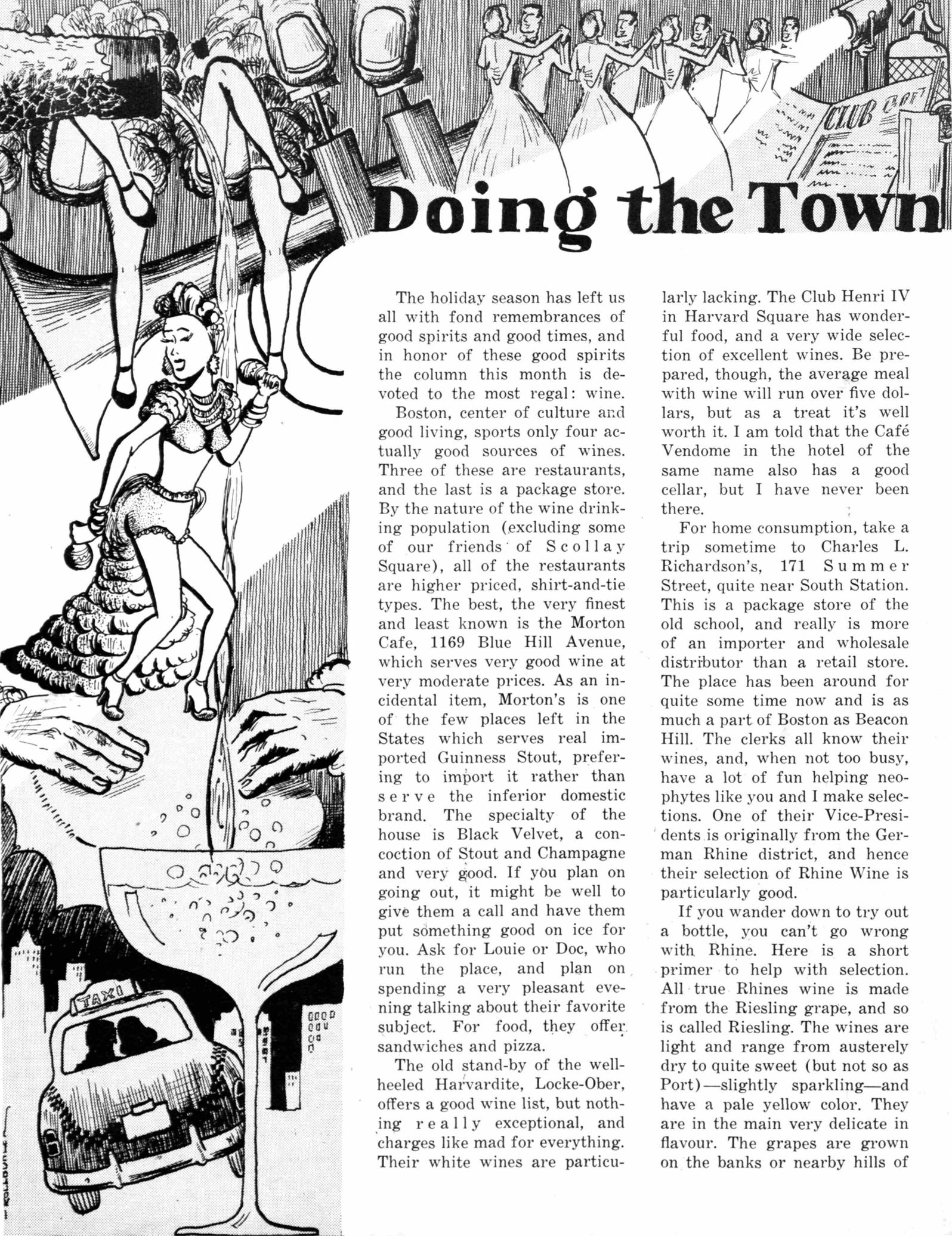
BERG 

BYRON 

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DUNLAP 

Divisions of the Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women



Doing the Town

The holiday season has left us all with fond remembrances of good spirits and good times, and in honor of these good spirits the column this month is devoted to the most regal: wine.

Boston, center of culture and good living, sports only four actually good sources of wines. Three of these are restaurants, and the last is a package store. By the nature of the wine drinking population (excluding some of our friends of Scollay Square), all of the restaurants are higher priced, shirt-and-tie types. The best, the very finest and least known is the Morton Cafe, 1169 Blue Hill Avenue, which serves very good wine at very moderate prices. As an incidental item, Morton's is one of the few places left in the States which serves real imported Guinness Stout, preferring to import it rather than serve the inferior domestic brand. The specialty of the house is Black Velvet, a concoction of Stout and Champagne and very good. If you plan on going out, it might be well to give them a call and have them put something good on ice for you. Ask for Louie or Doc, who run the place, and plan on spending a very pleasant evening talking about their favorite subject. For food, they offer sandwiches and pizza.

The old stand-by of the well-heeled Harvardite, Locke-Ober, offers a good wine list, but nothing really exceptional, and charges like mad for everything. Their white wines are particu-

larly lacking. The Club Henri IV in Harvard Square has wonderful food, and a very wide selection of excellent wines. Be prepared, though, the average meal with wine will run over five dollars, but as a treat it's well worth it. I am told that the Café Vendome in the hotel of the same name also has a good cellar, but I have never been there.

For home consumption, take a trip sometime to Charles L. Richardson's, 171 Summer Street, quite near South Station. This is a package store of the old school, and really is more of an importer and wholesale distributor than a retail store. The place has been around for quite some time now and is as much a part of Boston as Beacon Hill. The clerks all know their wines, and, when not too busy, have a lot of fun helping neophytes like you and I make selections. One of their Vice-Presidents is originally from the German Rhine district, and hence their selection of Rhine Wine is particularly good.

If you wander down to try out a bottle, you can't go wrong with Rhine. Here is a short primer to help with selection. All true Rhines wine is made from the Riesling grape, and so is called Riesling. The wines are light and range from austere dry to quite sweet (but not so as Port)—slightly sparkling—and have a pale yellow color. They are in the main very delicate in flavour. The grapes are grown on the banks or nearby hills of

the Rhine, and its tributaries the Moselle, the Saar and the Ruhr.

There are a number of classifications of the wines. The least expensive is, of course, just plain Riesling with no other title which means just an ordinary table wine. The first special notation is *Spatlese*, which means that the grapes are let hang until late in the season in order to absorb more sunlight and hence have more sugar. This wine is sweeter than average, and generally mellower. The price ranges from \$2 to \$3.50 per bottle. *Auslese*, the next up the ladder, indicates literally that these grapes were a selection. More specifically, it means that the grapes had a growth of a certain mold, called *Edelfaule*, on the bunches which makes a sweeter and nobler wine. This doesn't happen every year. The price is \$3 to \$4. The wine is pressed from the moldiest bunches of grapes. *Beerenauslese* means the same thing, but the wine is made from only the moldiest grapes in the moldiest bunches. This selection is done by little old men who walk through the vineyard, followed by boys with cotton-lined trays to hold the grapes. There is not much of this wine in the States, and what there is ranges from \$10 to \$15 per bottle. The finest of all are the *Trockenbeerenauslese*. These are selected moldy grapes which are allowed to



"What do you mean--a heinous crime against nature!"

hang on the vines until they are almost dried to raisins. These make the sweetest and most noble of the Rhines. I hesitate to mention the price.

A few cautions: *Kabinett Wein* originally meant wine kept for the owner's own use, but now is generally used to artificially raise the price. *Liebfraumilch* (trans.—lovely women's milk) is a romantic name, but it only means that the wine is a mixture

from several different vineyards; it may be mediocre to good, but it is never excellent. May Wine is Riesling artificially sweetened and flavoured with a spice called woodruff. It is pleasant and fruity, almost apple flavored, and a good cordial.

The best years are 1949 and 1950, and it takes about three-quarters of a bottle to produce an excellent rosy haze.

J. F. K.

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

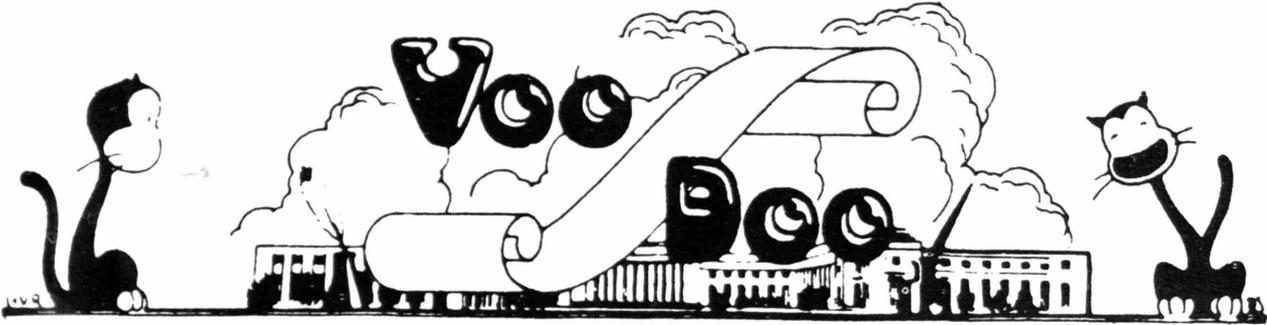
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CO 6-2103

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Special Attention to M.I.T.
Students—Whether A
Bottle or A Case

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THE recent Leadership Conference gave birth to a wealth of priceless incidents, of which only the following was deemed to be of general interest: It was well along in the evening, and the original formality had been replaced by general good feeling and a few strong drinks. A Student Wheel approached one of the Interested-in-Student-Affairs Professors, exchanged a few words, and removed from his grasp a bottle, from which he poured himself a drink. He then added ice and ginger ale, which caused the good Professor to remark, "Only an idiot dilutes his drinks like that."

To this our Wheel could only reply, "That's all right. Look whose bottle I just killed."

WE have information concerning a student who calls his car "Mayflower" because a few Puritans came across in it.

IT'S the little things that make life at Tech worth while. A friend of ours was sitting in the Graduate House when an innocent, freshman-type student approached him and asked, "Is this Building 20?"

"No, this is the Graduate House," said our friend, who had once been a freshman himself.

"Oh." And with that he walked quietly out, apparently seeking building 20.

WE would like to nominate for the most unpopular man of the month the unkempt, tired-looking character who walked out of a 6:18 quiz twenty minutes early recently, muttering sleepily to himself, "Oh well, another day, another 100."

ONE of the boys worked in a foundry in New York last summer, and came back with this story. It seems one of the regulars in the sandpile, a sturdy specimen from Bayonne, New Jersey, had been promoted to foreman. Being now a prosperous and successful man, he decided to act the part, and bought a Brooks Brothers suit.

Everything went along fine on his first day on the new job, until it came time to return home. He tried to board the train for Jersey, but the suit fought him to a standstill. No Brooks Brothers suit was going to be seen on a commuter train, heading for Bayonne. After a half hour struggle, the new foreman succumbed, and decided to let the suit have its way for a while. It led him first to Grand Central, and thence to Scarsdale, where all good Brooks Brothers suits belong. Here they got off and waited on the platform.

And then tragedy struck. All the other Brooks Brothers suits waiting on the platform were met by wives in GM cars, running all the way from a few

Chevies and Pontiacs through a vast number of Olds and Buicks to even a Cadillac or two. But the foundryman, needless to say, was met by no one. They had gotten off the train at 7:30. Eight o'clock came and went, followed closely by eight-thirty and nine. At nine-thirty, after a two hour wait, the suit gave up in utter despair, and allowed itself to be taken away.

All the way back into New York, through the tubes, and into Bayonne, it gave not the slightest resistance. But, alas, that was the last time he was ever able to wear that suit. From that day to this, the suit has refused to keep a press; the lapels will not lie flat; the buttons have come off; and the label has unraveled and formed itself into globs of loose thread that seem to spell out "Robert Hall".

ONLY 89 more shopping days until April Fool's Day.



A girl doesn't mind losing her heart to a man, but she hates to have him start searching for it.



Little Boy: Do you love me?

Little Girl: Uh-huh.

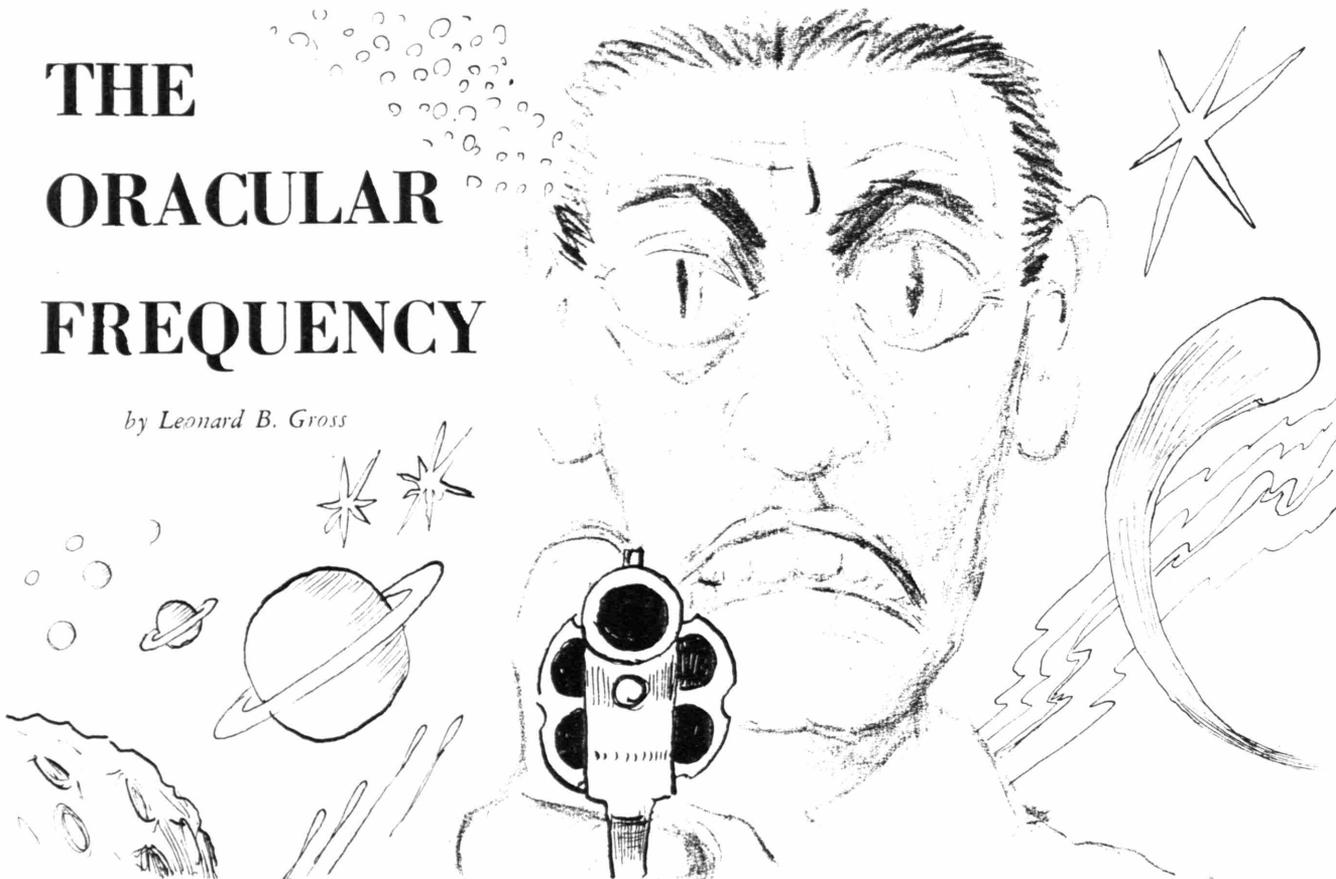
Little Boy: Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?



the light, dry brew
with character, too!

THE ORACULAR FREQUENCY

by Leonard B. Gross



Harry went home. He didn't like drizzly nights. Especially when his girl wasn't willing. He didn't like his drab hotel room either, but it was a hell of a lot drier than the street. The weather was typical of a lot of nights in Cleveland, when you can't tell where the shore ends and the lake begins. The mist had about penetrated his overcoat when he turned the key in his lock and entered the room. Harry clicked the light switch, shifted his cigarette to the other side of his lip and said in a not-too-disturbed tone, "Who the hell are you?"

The little, stout man who was sitting on the bed didn't appear to be particularly disturbed either. He stared at Harry for a while, yawned, and answered, "My name is Glickman. Have a seat. I wish to talk to you. I'm from Venus." Harry took off his coat, removed a pistol from his shoulder holster and asked again, "Who the hell are you?" The little, stout man was still unimpressed. "I said that my name is Glickman and I'm from Venus."

"So?"

"So what so?"

"So you're from Venus. Am I supposed to turn handspins?"

"My good man, Venus is not near Shaker Heights. I'm an intersolar visitor. If you'll sit down I might accomplish something."

Harry steadied his pistol. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but he was interrupted before he could start by the little, stout man. "You don't believe me. That is to be expected. You think I am a lunatic, and being in a hotel room with a lunatic is an unpleasant experience. You cower behind your weapon. If you will but rest yourself I will explain what I want and show you that I'm not a lunatic."

Harry sat down. He didn't relax his hold on the pistol. He gazed intently at the little, stout man who by now had taken off his jacket. The little man went to his jacket pocket and removed a case. From the case he took a hypodermic syringe and pressed the needle into his arm, forcing an amber liquid between his muscle tissues. The little man nodded at Harry and said, "It's an opiate. I rather like it." He settled himself and continued, "We on Venus do not assume a mass. This should be rather difficult for you to grasp since you cannot divorce your thinking from space-time relationships, but I think I can draw some analogies for you. We exist as frequencies. Our atmosphere

is covered by many carrier waves. We are frequencies imposed upon these waves. This gives us many advantages over mass-creatures, such as yourself. We have no need for reproduction, since there is no death. We have no passion, no sex, no lust, no hunger, no crime; just intellect. We exist and study. We communicate through a phenomenon so far beyond your powers of comprehension, that I will not even attempt a definition. For want of a better term, let us call it 'the oracular frequency'."

Harry caught himself relaxing his hold on the pistol and resumed his firm grip. The little, stout man saw this movement, smiled a little and continued, "They sent me to study you. It wasn't too difficult to perform an energy-mass transmutation and assume a human shape. I call myself Glickman. You still doubt me?"

Harry snickered a little. "Who sent you? Myron from Bayonne? Big John? Wiley? Who?" Glickman shrugged his shoulders, and answered, "I told you I'm from Ven . . ." Harry broke in. "I'll kill you if you don't tell the truth. It was Wiley, wasn't it?"

"No, my dear fellow, don't lose yourself. I have so much more to tell you. Firstly, it would be a foolhardy act to kill me. I admit that while in this human form I am vulnerable to your weapon.

But do you think that I would walk into the den of a man of your temperament without making some provisions for my wellbeing? Allow me then to inform you that if you were to cause my demise, you in turn would be subjected to an experience that has not as yet happened to any man, and for good reason. Namely, the hearing of Johnson Noises. You would hear Johnson Noises, those many, many sounds caused by the kinetic collisions of the molecules in the atmosphere. I beg you not to underestimate the oracular frequency."

Harry spat. The little, stout man saw this and started to speak again. He had not said more than two words when a shot echoed in the small hotel room. Then another. The little, stout man fell dead to the floor. Harry dropped the pistol and stood there gazing at the corpse on his floor. He spat once more. This time upon the lifeless figure. Then with the same calmness he displayed when he first entered the room, Harry stepped over the body, advanced a few paces, and with a sudden convulsion rent the air with a scream reserved for those souls doomed to an eternity of unendurable anguish. Harry cupped his fingers about his ears and ran howling out of the hotel and down Euclid Avenue.

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Next to the Coolidge Corner Theatre

Two men were coming home late at night from a poker party. One said, "I am always afraid when I return home late from a party like this. I shut off the engine of my car half a block from home and coast into the garage. I take off my shoes and sneak into the house. I am as quiet as possible, but invariably about the time I settle down into bed my wife sits up and starts to berate me."

The other man said, "You just have the wrong technique. I never have any trouble. I barge into the garage, slam the door, stomp into the house, and make a hell of a racket. I go upstairs to the bedroom, pat my wife and say, 'How about it, kid?' She always pretends she's asleep."



The pastor found Joe on the sidewalk one night, drunk, as usual. He picked him up and then told him it just wasn't possible to drink up all the beer the brewery could make.

Joe looked at the brewery, all lighted up, and said: "Well, anyway, I got 'em working nights."



AFROTC Student: "I haven't pencil or paper for the examination."

Sergeant Conway: "What would you think of a soldier who went into battle without his gun or ammunition?"

AFROTC Student: "I'd think he was an officer."



A couple of morons became stagestruck and wanted to get into vaudeville. Finally they perfected a team novelty dance and went to an agent with it.

"You never saw anything so sensational," the gentleman moron said. "At the finish of our act, I grab Ulna by her hair and whirl her around twenty times; then, when everybody thinks that's the climax, I heave her right through an open window."

The agent seemed impressed. "Through an open window, eh?" he repeated. "You mean you do that at every performance?"

The gentleman moron shrugged modestly. "Nobody's perfect," he admitted. "Sometimes I miss."

The slick city feller and his girl companion stopped at a motel. The old gentleman in charge wanted to see their marriage license. The city slicker fumbled around in his wallet and produced his hunting license. Apparently satisfied, the old gentleman allowed him to register.

Just as they became comfortably settled in their cabin, there was a loud pounding on the door, and the old gentleman's voice came through the door:

"If you ain't—don't! This ain't for that!"



Two drunks were driving furiously, late at night, along a road that ran side by side with a mainline railroad track. Suddenly a streamliner train, dark except for the engine, flashed past them going in the opposite direction.

"Shay," said one of the men in the car, "did you see that little town we just went through?"

"Yesh," replied his companion.

"You know something? I think that first house was on fire?"



He had been bitten by his dog while studying, but he didn't give it much thought. But when the wound failed to heal properly, he began to worry and consulted a doctor. The doctor took one look at the wound and ordered the dog brought in. Just as the doctor had suspected, the dog had rabies. It was too late to give the young man a serum, so the doctor had no alternative than to tell him that he would have to die of hydrophobia.

The poor young man sat down at the doctor's desk and began writing. The physician sought to comfort him.

"Perhaps it will not be so bad," he said. "You needn't make out your will now."

"I'm not making out my will," replied the young man. "I'm just writing out a list of professors I'm going to bite."



PiKa: "I saw a Texas Ranger carrying two rifles."

Phi Psi: "That's nothing. I saw a cowgirl packing a pair of 38's."

PiKa: "Loaded with blanks, no doubt."



Merry Christmas, boss!!

A colonel and a major were sitting in a Washington café. Across the way sat a P.F.C. and his lovely lass. The colonel's interest prompted him to send the following note to the private.

"I believe I studied with you at Yale, and the major thinks he studied with you at Princeton. Please come over and straighten us out."

The private replied, by note: "I didn't study at Yale or Princeton, but I did study at the National School of Taxidermy and I'm stuffing and mounting this pigeon myself."



Proverb of the day: Never run after a woman or a streetcar. There will be another along in a minute. Those after midnight, though not as many, go faster.



To her astonishment, her customer paid with a hundred dollar bill. "Sir," exclaimed she, "it's a business to do pleasure with you!"

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BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM
 where Russell Blake Howe
 re-creates music of
 Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt



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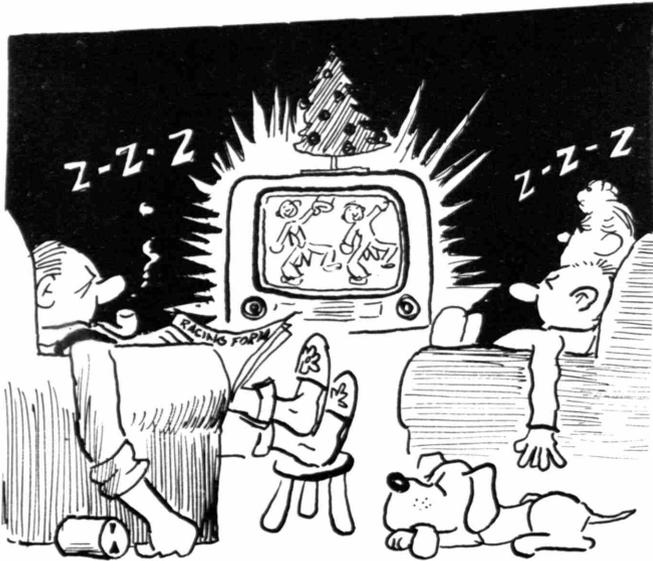
Please contact your campus representative **Robert W. Ebeling, Jr.**, 259 St. Paul St., Brookline, Tel. LO. 6-9033

Hit Tours
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572 Washington St., Wellesley, Mass.

A Visit From



'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,



When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on Cupid on Donder and Blitzen."
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.



St. Nicholas

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.



His eyes—how they twinkled his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;



He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

Tiny daughter: "Mama, what are men?"

Mother: "Men are what women marry."

T. d.: "We don't get much choice, do we?"



Prof: "Open your books to page 64. (Rustle of books all over the room.) Dunby, begin reading at the top of the page.

Dunby: "Send five dollars, check or money order for special album of French photographs. Limited offer, act now."



The young married couple lived right across the street from a grass widow, and when the husband ran over to borrow anything, it usually took him longer than the wife thought it should. One time, while he was over there, the wife called the widow on the telephone and after a considerable delay, the widow answered.

"I'd like to know," said the wife, burning with jealousy, "why it takes my husband so long to get something over there!"

"So would I," said the widow, "and this interruption isn't helping any!"

He—My girl friend is a twin.
Him—How can you tell them apart?

He—Her brother walks different.



Serious Young Man: "Do you enjoy Kipling?"

Giddy Gal: "I don't know—how do you kipple?"

"Why Joe DiMaggio," remarked Toots Shor, "I hardly knew you. You used to be tall and curly-haired and muscular, and now you're short and skinny and balding."

"But I'm not Joe DiMaggio," replied the other. "I'm Billy Rose."

"Aha," said Shor. "So you've changed your name too."



"But remember, Martha--We must keep an eye open for the intrinsic sociological factors behind these african native tribal dances."

"THE NEW"

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122 BROADWAY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HARRY

The old gentleman lay still as the people looked on,
 "He was the salt of the earth," a man said.
 And one day he took the old gentleman's place,
 While others looked on saying,
 "He was the salt of the earth."

Lawrence J. Krebaum circa 1950

THE FOLLY AND THE WISDOM

(Enter Old Man and Youth.)

Old Man: (With supreme self-assuredness.)

The mean, the mean, always the mean
 Whatever you would do;
 Just strike the proper balance, boy,
 And take the middle view.

Be not insensitive, my boy,
 To other people's thought,
 But let not mere gregariousness
 Reduce your own to nought.

And on this earth true happiness
 To find do not depend,
 For lengthy will your search be, boy,
 And bitterness its end.

Yet ugliness, and sin alone
 Do not the whole world fill;
 The world a mixture is, my boy,
 Of goodness and of ill.

A proper balance must exist
 Between your thoughts and deeds,
 Let not your senses chain your mind
 Nor it your earthy needs.

The mean, the mean, always the mean
 Whatever you would do;
 Just strike the proper balance, boy,
 And take the middle view.

(Exit Old Man.)

Youth: (In agony.)

Oh God, I'm sick of prudence and caution;
 The all-embracing chain of other men's
 thought;
 This you may do, they say, of this but a portion
 Suffices, and of this, which is evil, do nought.

And second-hand I must take them all,
 The patterns of which I have no part,
 And pray lest into excess I fall
 And lose the dear ties that entammel my
 heart.

When I am close to you, my love,
 My vision blurs, I cannot think:
 No rationale left. But so briefly I've felt
 In your tremulous warmth as devoutly I'd knelt
 At the alter of Being; then I speak and I blink
 And, seeing, am bound and cannot move.
 (Stabs himself, falls.)

(Re-enter Old man.)

Old Man: (Recites softly)

The mean, the mean, always the mean
 Whatever you would do;
 Just strike the proper balance, boy,
 And take the middle view.

Amby

WHY?

Dogs are relatively immune
 to anthrax and tuberculosis.
 The black rat is relatively more resistant
 to anthrax than the white rat.
 Dogs are relatively
 immune to white rats.
 Anthrax is relatively
 immune to television.
 Television is relatively more immune
 than anthrax to dogs.
 White dogs are more resistant
 to tuberculosis than black television.
 Black anthrax is more immune to white rats
 than television is resistant to dogs.
 Black dogs are more resistant to black rats
 on television than white rats are
 To anthrax complicated with tuberculosis.
 Or does a pregnant mathematician like Mozart
 In the morning while running for the bus?

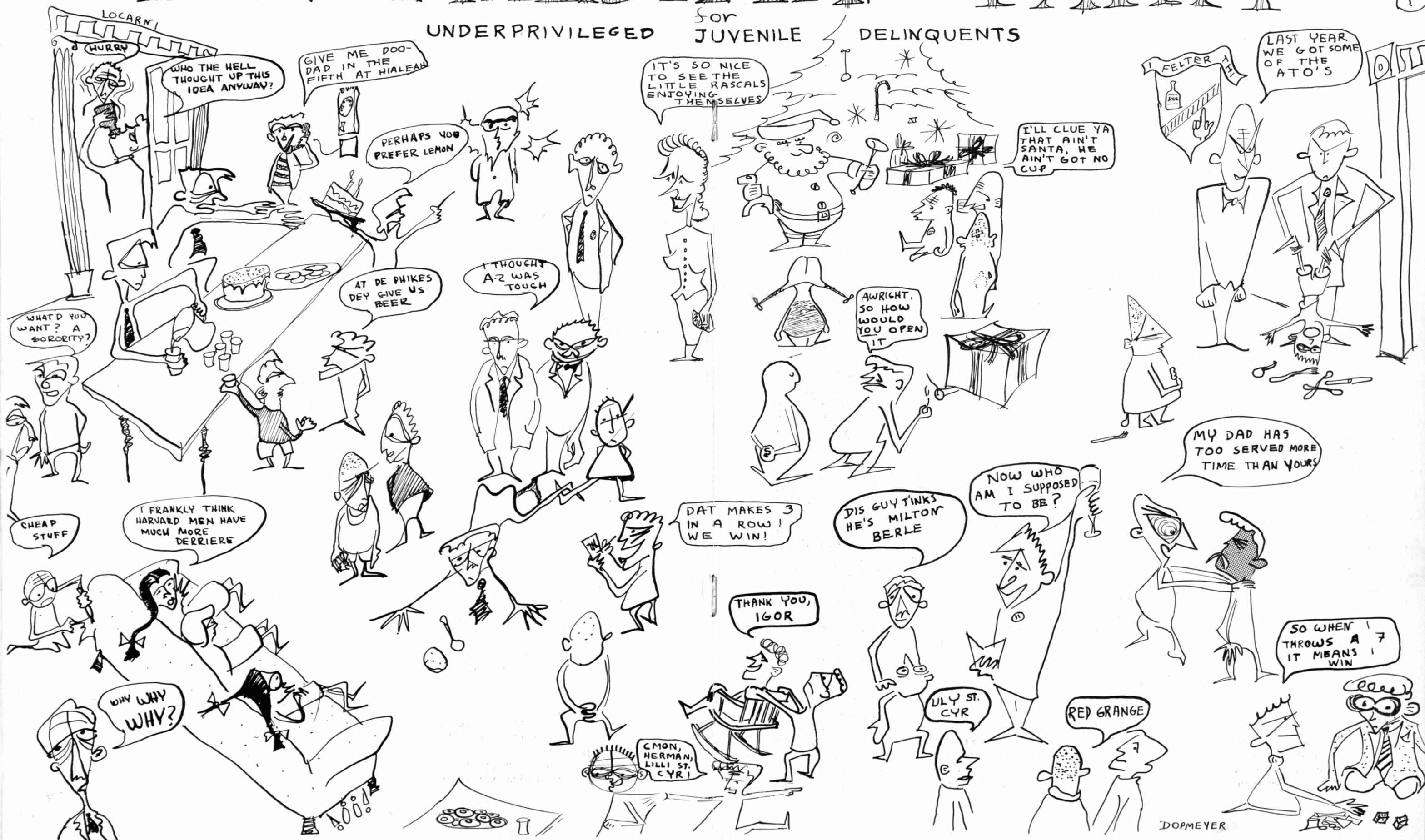
A. C. Pipkin

I've got a feeling deep in my diaphragm
 That says to me, "What a lucky guy I am!"
 Just this morning I got the hot poop;
 We've got a girl in our boy scout troop.

A. Aardvark.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

FOR UNDERPRIVILEGED JUVENILE DELINQUENTS



BLUE CASHMERE

by John I. Smith

"Why the hell don't they put rungs on these chairs so you can put your feet on them." He spoke softly to save his strength, letting the next to last bit of his spirit find expression in the bitter articulation of the words. He felt better after the complaint. It did not matter that he had complained almost inaudibly, because no one was listening anyway. It was late morning; there were few people in the dining hall. He raised the glass of apple juice to his mouth, trying not to think about doctors' offices and samples and the like. The juice tasted all right as it swirled down his throat, washing the soot of a pack of cigarettes with it. The apple turnover tasted like paper maché—indeed, like paper maché made from sandpaper. Hunk by hunk he forced it down and thud by thud he felt the impact on the floor of his stomach. He gave up after an effort, which while not valiant was nonetheless commendable, especially in view of his condition. He had been up three nights in a row studying for the quiz and eating "No Doz" pills like peanuts. He drained the tepid, tawny liquid in the coffee cup by a process which is best described as a retch in reverse. He really wasn't hungry; it was just a matter of eating so that the cigarettes would taste better.

He limped swiftly thru the rain and the puddles to the new library and stood futilely pulling on the handle of one of the glass doors. He could never remember whether it was the right or left door that was always open but he did recall clearly that the open door was always the other one. Another bout of pushing instead of pulling and he was inside. He dropped his books on the table and draped his windbreaker over the back of one of those modern wooden chairs. The chair was attractively designed and, although somewhat uncomfortable looking, was in reality exceedingly comfortable. He left the room and returned after half an hour spent in finding a lavatory in the new library. He had learned something today, but it was not the mass of formulas he must know before noon. As soon as his eyes, or at least one of them, had focused on the sheet in front of him, the formulas began to drop into place in his precise mind with a click like that of melted marshmallows dropping on absorbent

cotton. The clock said quarter to twelve and he still had sixty formulas to memorize. His anxiety became panic. He shook his head to calm himself and instantly regretted it. A dream of an open book quiz was a soothing breeze upon his feverish brow. He forced himself to concentrate—no seconds to be wasted on dreams of an open book quiz. Quiz—they should spell it quis, as in inquisition . . . Almost immediately it was twelve o'clock and he had to run (run? well, stagger) to the quiz room.

Panting up the last few steps to the third floor, he saw an ankle in a high-heeled shoe standing on the top step. That is to say, he saw two ankles with legs attached in a quite normal manner to produce an effect pleasantly startling even to his own benumbed consciousness. Not as rapidly as usual, but still very rapidly he discovered that there was a very remarkable body attached to the legs. Attached of course isn't the right word at all. You don't think of the fenders as being attached to a Cadillac. There she stood, not a foot away. He had never seen a low cut cashmere sweater before—and this sweater was low cut in the strictest sense. Her face. There was a compelling familiarity about her beautiful face. Her smile. She was smiling at him! Oh God, what lovely skin. And her lips were a wonderful red with a slight glistening quality about them, a study of softness in form and texture. The lips moved wondrously and words came to him as though around the corner of a cloud.

"Hello, Charlie". The sound was the aura of those deliciously inviting lips. And then the perfume hit him. He swayed on his feet as if about to fall backward down the stairs. She grasped his shoulders to steady him and then kissed him on the forehead. A handful of books and a K & E dropped from his hand and bounced down the stairway.

Charlie stood there looking at the neckline of that sweater. A delicious warmth, at the same time exciting and soothing, diffused all through his body. God, he thought, this must be what it feels like when you freeze to death. He got hold of himself by exercise of pure willpower and once more became the typical Techman.

"Let me go," he said. "I got to make a quiz."

"You don't have to make the quiz, Charlie, honey." His knees buckled at this last word, but he steadied himself and shook free of her.

"The hell I don't," he wailed as he rushed down the hall, forgetting the fallen books entirely.

He read the notice on the blackboard carefully for the third time. Unable to decide whether to curse or to be relieved, he did neither. Out in the hall she handed him the books she had recovered and kissed him on the cheek. The warmth business started from his cheek and spread once more through his body.

"You see, Charlie, I told you there wasn't any quiz." At this point Charlie's physical being must either have collapsed or have become invigorated. His eyes glazed over and it looked as if he were going to fold, but then they cleared and a remarkable energy flowed into his body, driving fatigue before it.

"Who are you—how do you know me?" he asked as they walked through the Great Court in the rain.

"I am yours and I have come to you because I love you and because you need me." It was no answer at all; even so, Charlie felt his curiosity satisfied. He even felt fulfilled. His analytical mind was for once disinclined to analyze.

She was soaking wet when they reached his room. The cashmere sweater dripped. Charlie came back after a quick shower and got into bed. He lay there and looked up at the wetness of her. He thought of water nymphs.

"Charlie, what shall I do about my clothes?" she asked. Then, "Oh, I know." She took a coat hanger from the closet. What more practical thing to do with a wet sweater and skirt than hang them up to dry? Charlie's practical mind glowed approval. Her underthings weren't wet; they weren't dry either—they just weren't. He threw down the covers and lay in anticipation of soft warmth. The pillow was soon damp from her hair upon it.

There was a pouding on the door. A buddy burst into the room yelling: "Hey Charlie, wake up. It's Thursday. You got 91 on the quiz, you lucky bastard."

"There wasn't any quiz," Charlie mumbled, but the guy didn't hear him. Charlie looked around the room. He was trying to remember. Slowly it came back to him in fragments. He looked at the quiz paper his buddy held in front of him. It was his writing and it had a 91 in red pencil at the top.

He got up and dressed. The memory of her faded as does the memory of a dream soon after awakening. He had gotten to the "your-mind-plays-strange-tricks-on-you-sometimes" stage when he noticed the wisps of light blue cashmere on the blanket.



Oil was discovered on the farmer's land and the first thing he did was to hurry to town for a new car. The salesman showed him a classy model for \$5000.

"I am ready to pay cash," said the farmer. "Will I get a discount?"

"Why, of course," the salesman replied. "We will give you a 10% discount for cash."

Being unfamiliar with higher mathematics the farmer said he would think it over and return later.

He walked into a restaurant and over his coffee sat trying to figure what his discount would be. Finally, in desperation, he called the waitress and asked, "If I were to give you 10% discount of \$5000, how much would you take off?"

Blushing prettily, the waitress whispered, "Would my earrings bother you?"



Betcha didn't know that the best way for a wife to get her husband to give up golf is to play with him every day.



Lush: "Ye gads, man!—whatcha smokin' in that pipe?"

Luke (in a huff): "That's my business!"

Lush: "That's what I thought—but I don't see how you make it burn."



Tech: Do you know what virgins dream about?
Simmons: No, what?

Tech: I suspected as much.

A distinguished Shakespearean actor and an eminent English critic were at lunch together in a London club, when the conversation, as was natural, turned to the Bard of Avon.

"Tell me," asked the critic of the actor, "Is it your opinion that Shakespeare intended us to understand that Hamlet had relations with Ophelia?"

"I don't know what Shakespeare intended," said the tragedian. "Anyway, I always do."



Once upon a time there lived in the South a man who worked all day in a stove factory, making stoves. He was, in fact, a stover (i. e., one who stoves). Now this stover's boss not only ran the stove factory, but also (this was in pre-Civil War days) picked up loose change by trading in the slave market. He kept his spare slaves stored away in the basement of the factory, right under where the stover worked.

One day the boss brought in a slave who was sick—had a high fever (106 degrees Fahrenheit) and was delirious. The slave kept shouting and ranting around all day, which made it very hard for the stover to work. So when he (the stover) went home that night, his wife said: "My dear! You look tired."

"So would you look tired," he replied, "if you had been stoving over a hot slave all day!"



Read where Hadacol lost its first case. A ninety-eight year-old woman user died—but they *did* save the baby.



A Soviet satellite diplomat, stationed in a Western country, received from his foreign minister a telegraphic order to return home by the 15th of the month. He sent the following immediate reply: "Order received, am making preparations, will arrive on the afternoon of the 14th." Twenty-four hours later a new telegram came from the foreign minister: "In view of your willingness to come home, you may stay."

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Drunk: "Ho! Lady, you got two ver' beaut'ful legs."

Girl (snapping): "How would *you* know?"

Drunk (brightly): "I counted 'em."



A traveler in the middle of the Sahara Desert came upon a man in a swimming suit.

"Where on earth are you going?" demanded the traveler.

"Swimming," was the reply.

"But," argued the traveler, "you're a hundred miles from the sea!"

"Yes," agreed the swimmer. "Wide beach, isn't it?"



A farm wife was being interviewed by a social worker, intent on filling out one of those surveys studded with interminable and intimate questions.

The interviewer was bent on learning how the subject spent the day. Patiently the farm wife detailed her duties, from the rising hour of five-thirty, through the cooking, baby-tending, cleaning, washing, ironing, mending, farm accounts, gardening, and so on and on.

"Yes, yes," said the interviewer, a trifle impatiently, "but your free time. What do you do with your free time?"

The woman considered the question a moment, then replied: "I go to the toilet."



Some kids were having a party and they decided to play postoffice. The first little boy and girl went in the closet and didn't come out for a while. The other kids called to them and told them to come out. "We can't," replied the boy—"we have our braces hooked!"



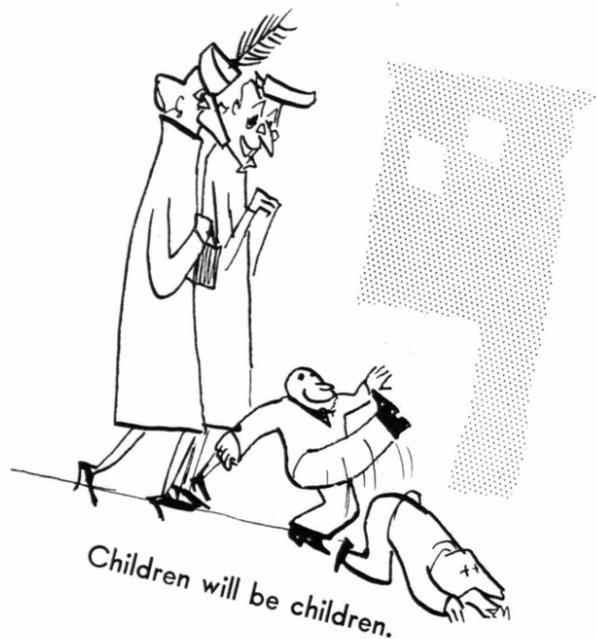
Two old maids were sitting at a bar one evening, and after a slight indulgence, one of them remarked, "If I have another Tom Collins, I'm going to feel it."

The other old maid immediately replied: "If I have another I won't care who does."

The Underside of the Fence



I see mamma eating Santa Claus.



Children will be children.



Got you a date ... a REAL beast.



Drinks on the house.

STOD



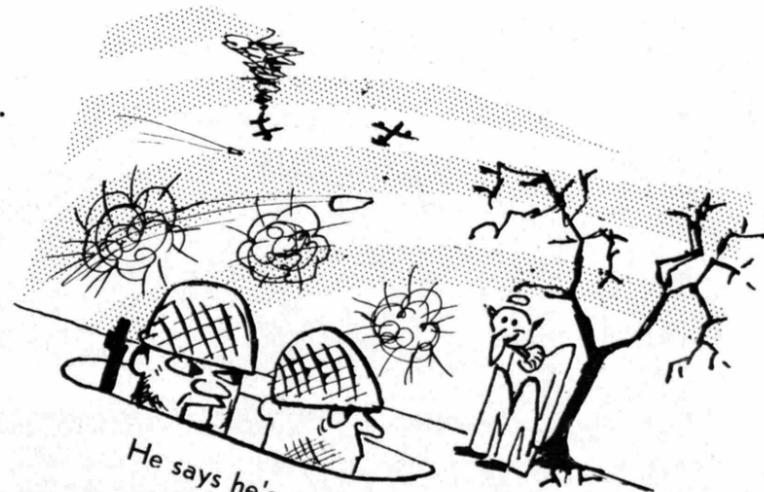
What's for dinner?



Children, don't go playing in the streets.



What a silly idea ... Dead men tell no tales.



He says he's an impartial observer.

A young father was telling a group of his friends what a bad time he had had when his baby was born. Finally a young matron inquired: "Who had that baby, anyway?" The young man nodded toward his wife. "She did," he answered seriously, "but she had an anesthetic."



The little car stopped along the side of the road on a rather steep hill. A motorcycle patrolman came whooshing along and drew up alongside, and peered inside. There was a couple inside, the fellow embarrassedly trying to embrace the girl.

"What's the matter here," the cop asked gruffly.

"We're stuck here," the girl answered resignedly. "He can't make the grade."



Si and Hiram were talking shop. "I have what is without a doubt the laziest rooster in the world," boasted Si.

"Just how lazy is he, Si?"

"Well, he ain't never crowed in his life. He just waits for another rooster to crow—and then he nods his head."

A bunch of fellows were discussing what the most important part of the body was.

"Why, the brain is," said Graham. "Without a brain, you wouldn't be able to see. You'd have no nervous system. In fact, you wouldn't be able to live."

"No," said Anderson, "the heart is the most important. Without a heart you'd have no circulatory system, and you wouldn't be able to stay alive for a single second."

"You're *all* wrong," said Jones. "The most important part of the body is the navel."

"How come?" was the immediate question.

"Well," he answered, "without navel, I'd have no place to put the salt when I eat it in bed."



The prospective student at the Veterans' Administration office was filling out one of the many forms. In the blank headed "Age of Father, if Living," he wrote 107. In the blank headed "Age of Mother, if Living," he wrote 106.

"Are your parents really that old?" asked the astounded clerk.

"No," the vet confessed, "but they would be, if living."

"Give me a chicken salad," said a student in the Commons.

"Do you want the 40-cent one or the 50-cent one?" asked the waitress.

"What's the difference?"

"The 40-cent ones are made of veal and pork, and the 50-cent ones are made of tuna."



Watching a mother and her small son shopping for shirts in a downtown department store, we saw him eyeing a bright-red one longingly. "But, Mother," he argued, "this one won't show the blood!"

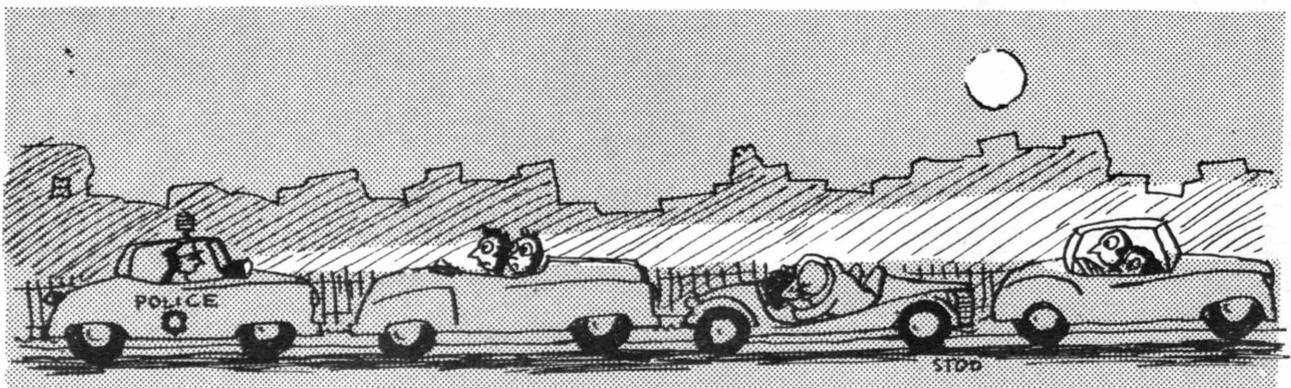


Thirty days hath September
April, June and no wonder
All the rest eat peanut butter
Except grandmother
She drives the Buick.



Teacher: Canaan was a land flowing with milk and honey. Now, children, what do you think a land flowing with milk and honey would be like?

Little Chester (age 21):
Sticky.



A doctor in Sequatchie Valley in Tennessee was called to examine a young wife of an elderly, deaf mountaineer. "Your wife is pregnant," he told the husband.

The mountaineer, hand behind his ear, queried, "Eh?"

The doctor shouted, "I said your wife is pregnant."

"Eh?"

Irritated, the doctor screamed, "Your wife is going to have a baby!"

The man walked to the front of the porch, spat out a mouthful of tobacco juice, and drawled, "I ain't a bit surprised. She's had every opportunity."



Two Fakirs found two bags of nails—so they started a pillow fight.

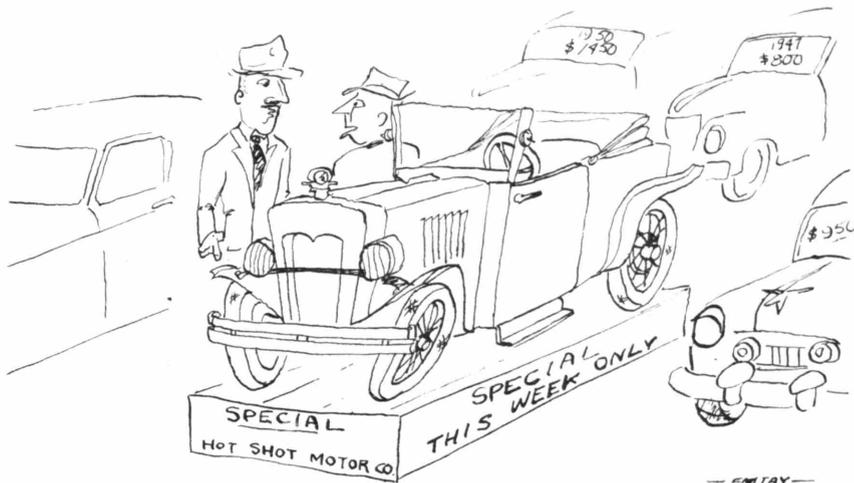


"What time do you get up in the summer?"

"As soon as the first rays of the sun come in my window."

"Splendid! then you, too, like to go out while the dew is still fresh on the grass."

"Not exactly. My room faces West."



"Waddya mean antique -- Get a load of these wire wheels."

Husband (struggling with budget): "We should have saved during the depression so that we could live through this prosperity."



I was abroad myself for two years but a psychiatrist fixed me up.



While a man was buying some meat, a second man entered, obviously in a great hurry. "Give me some dog food," he gasped, then added to the first customer, "Hope you don't mind?"

"Not if you're that hungry," answered the other.

Incest, like charity, begins in the home.



Harvard Man: "Who knocked on my door just now?"

Janitor: "It was me."

Harvard Man to second H. M.: "What is he trying to say?"



John, woke on Jan. first and felt queer;

Said, "Crackers I'll swear off this year!

For the lobster and wine
And the rabbit were fine,
And it certainly wasn't the beer."

Now!! Another —

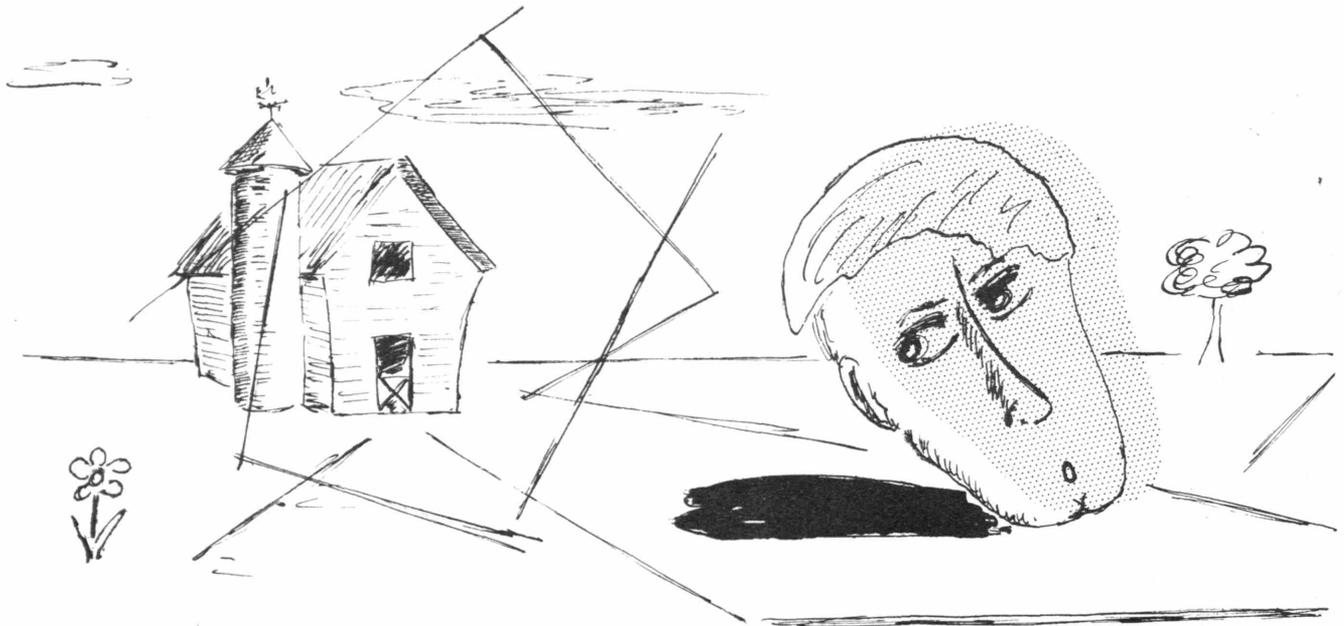
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J. Dow

It was evening: a quiet, beautiful, peaceful evening. The sun, setting in the West, seemed to be taking with it all the loudness and crude boisterousness of the day, the stir and march of empty people, the ill-dedicated fire. The trees stood quietly in meditation; the distant colours, the red roofs, the yellow shutters, blended into a mellow harmony; the breeze shuffled through the fallen leaves tired after a day of carrying the thick, sweaty odours of life; a sudden whir of wings . . . and, there, in the bushes, the sparrows were making their last excursions. It seemed, indeed, as though this placid harmony might rise above the sentient world and permeate the intellect and the spirit, filling them with wonderment and longing.

But, in his soul there was no peace. His mind, torn between conflicting emotions could find no guidance in itself. He paced nervously up and down his little room, his head weary with the endless unanswerable questions hammering inside. How could he do it? Did he have enough experience? Think of the ethics of it, the morality? Absurd . . . He sat down to think. He passed a hand over his forehead, cursing himself for his indecision. But there was no answer. The clock struck. One. Two. Three. Four. Five . . . Five, Five o'clock. It was the hour. He got up, smoothed his rumpled clothes, and creaked his way down the stairs, each noise in the old woodwork tightening his already tense nerves. He stumbled into the lane and looked up the path to the barn. He was scared. He wanted to turn round and run away. Was there no way out? He thought feverishly. No, No . . . there was no one. He was too far committed. And she could not be made to wait. He looked about him. There was no one in sight.

The Experience

by Amby

He hurried into the barn.

She looked over her shoulder at him as he came in. He walked up to her and stood over her. He looked into her eyes and saw in their liquid, brown depths all the inner contentment he had ever desired. He stared, fascinated, weakening. He put out his hands to touch her, then, before they could reach her he turned them around slowly and looked into the palms. Suddenly he started back and brought his hands up close to his face, looking at them. That these hands should touch her. She who was so lithe, so clean, so free. He shuddered, and dropped his head into his palms. He stood there for a long while, his dizzy head reeling ever faster round the endless circle of his feverishly recurring thoughts. And then out of his shuddering bewilderment came a sudden calm, a sudden power. He lifted his head and looked again at her. Her gentle, stirring body filled him with a strong, full emotion. The scent of new mown hay in his nostrils, a quivering passion in his fingertips, he moved over to her. He was powerful and God-like.

In twenty minutes it was all over. He was happy when he came out of the barn, wildly happy. Her tremulous warmth was still upon his cheek. Inexperience. Ha. How he had worried. How we all worry about nothing. He had been wonderful. And she had loved it. He tossed back his head and laughed long and loud. It had gone to his head; he had milked his first cow.

A young matron, awaiting the stork, was whiling away an evening playing bridge. She was dealt a strong hand and bid a grand slam in no trump. However, before she could play a single card she was rushed to the maternity ward. When consciousness returned she looked at the doctor and asked, "Did I make it?"

"You did," said the doctor, "and you have two very fine boys."

"Well," she murmured contentedly, closing her eyes. "I knew I was vulnerable, but I didn't hear anyone double me."



The guy who raised all the Cain at last night's party didn't do Adam thing today.



She: "We're going to give the bride a shower."
He: "Count me in. I'll bring the soap."



A group of freshmen had just completed an evening of dancing. It was Friday night and the parting feast was being served. Delicious fried chicken was brought in. One of the young girls present was served the drumstick which happened to be her favorite piece. She looked at it longingly and then remembered that it was Friday and she never ate meat on that day. "I'll pass it to my boy friend," she thought.

Leaning over rather shyly, she said to him, "Could I interest you in my leg?"

Needless to say, the freshman made a silly remark about the weather.

"Big boy, you're like a locomotive when you hold me this way."

"You mean I puff and wheeze?"

"No, I mean you're on the right track."



For being naughty, the little girl got a spanking on the "this hurts me more than it does you" basis. Doubting the truth of her parent's statement, the girl walked into the bathroom, and shut the door. Undressing, she backed up to the full length mirror and exclaimed: "Aha! Just as I thought. He cracked it."



St. Peter: "Our records show that there's only one mark against you—and that's for cussing."

New Arrival: "I never cussed but once in my life, sir."

St. Peter: "When was that?"

N. A.: "In an important golf game."

St. Peter: "Tell me about it."

N. A.: "On the seventeenth hole, with the game tied, I got a beautiful shot—250 yards right down the middle, but the ball landed in a puddle of water left there by the course sprinkler."

St. Pete: "That's when you cussed, huh?"

N. A.: "No, not then, I took my number three iron, but because of the water, I shanked the ball and drove it into the woods."

St. Pete: "THEN you cussed!"

N. A.: "No. I sighted the green, and found that by shooting between two trees, two feet apart, I could make the green. So I took a spoon and laid that ball within three feet of the pin!"

St. Peter: "GAWDDAMN!—don't tell me you missed that putt!"

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"So I said . . . why not use candles since the tree is fireproof."

"Hello, Joan, watcha doin' next Saturday night?"
 "Gotta date."
 "And the next Saturday night?"
 "Gotta date."
 "And the Saturday after that?"
 "Gotta date."
 "Good gawd, woman, don'tcha ever take a bath?"

Men who dwell in primal fashion
 Are ruled exclusively by passion;
 While we of more progressive
 lands
 Are regulated by our glands.

Ballot keeper: "What'll I do with this ballot box?"
 Ward Boss: "Stuff it."

Wearing her new evening gown which was extremely daring, the wife paced up and down for her husband's inspection.

"Well, how do I look?" she said finally.

"I hate to say it, dear," replied her husband, "but you're getting fat."

She gave him a look of annoyance.

"In the best places they say 'plump'," she corrected.

"Well, then," retorted her spouse, "you're getting plump in the best places."



"Girl needs a job. Is willing to struggle if given opportunity."



Mary had a little watch,
 She swallowed it one day;
 She took some castor oil
 To pass the time away.
 The castor oil refused to work
 The time it would not pass,
 And if you want to know the
 time

Just look up Mary's grandfather
 He has a watch.



A couple of beer-drinkers were concerned about the quality of their beer. So they took a sample of the stuff to a doctor who was reputed to be an excellent chemist. "Doc," they said, "Look this stuff over and tell us what you find in it. We're kinda worried about it." The doctor agreed, and the next day when the two fellows came back, the doctor had a sad expression on his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I've got bad news for you. Your horse has diabetes."

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 B & P Season pass to all Harvard games
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 Tech Show Alfred P. Sloan
 Walker Memorial Dining Service A profit
 Cambridge Cops Settlement Cook-book
 MTA Seven year itch
 President-elect Eisenhower A timetable
 Voo Doo Coat of mail, shield and a
 Dean Fassett mighty war-horse
 Ins-com A football team
 The Coop A water pistol
 TCA NOTHING which can be discussed
 WMIT during the next year
 Paul A. Dever A discount at Woolworth
 Ex-President to be HST The American Red Cross
 Harvard Lampoon The Boston and Suburban Laundry
 The Boston Press Another new link for his key chain
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 The Tech Guy Lombardo
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 The New York Times
 One pussy to keep him warm
 A new set of guts for field day '53

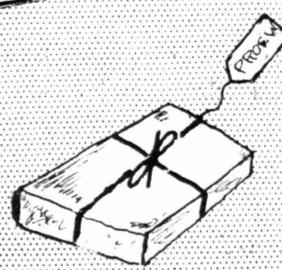


PHOS

DEAN F.



W&W



An Irish soldier on duty in Egypt during World War II received a letter from his wife saying that because of the war she would have to dig the garden herself. "Bridget, please don't dig the garden," wrote Pat. "That's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored and in a short time soldiers came and dug up the garden from end to end.

Bridget, worried over the incident, wrote to Pat, asking what she should do. Pat's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."



If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up.



The tramp was sitting with his back to a hedge by the wayside, munching at some scraps wrapped in a newspaper. A lady, out walking with her pet Pomeranian, strolled past. The little dog ran to the tramp and tried to muzzle the food. The tramp smiled expansively on the lady. "Shall I throw the little dog a bit, mum?" he asked.

The lady smiled a gracious assent, and the tramp caught the dog by the nape of the neck and tossed it over the hedge.

"And if he comes back, mum," he said, "I might throw him a bit more."



A certain country minister posted on the church door: "Brother Smith departed for heaven at 0430 a.m."

The next day he found written below: "Heaven, 2400 a.m. Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."



One fellow who worked on the atomic bomb during the war told a friend that he didn't know what he was making. He said that he thought he was making the front end of horses to be sent to Washington for assembly.

Bergman: "Did you hear about Gloria Boxoffice getting married again?"

Hayworth: "NO!—I didn't even know she was pregnant."



"What the hell has the WCTU got against bars? They keep the kids off the streets."



Hans and Peter went walking with their mother one day. As they neared the edge of a cliff, Peter gave his mother a shove and she went rapidly down to join her ancestors. Peter smiled at his brother and said with a very casual air, "Look, Hans, no Ma!"



Lady talking to plumber on phone.

Lady: "I've got a leak in my sink?"

Plumber: "Go right ahead lady, it's your sink."



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