

VOO DOO



MAY 25¢



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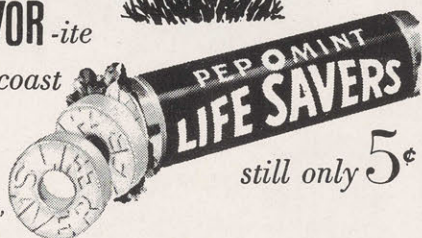
The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., N. Y.

"I wish we'd get some ship-wrecked sailors washed ashore," said the cannibal chief. "What I need now is a good dose of salts."



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

"Sunshine, Cal. to
Rain, S. C."
submitted by
Mrs. H. M. Gorsline,
Indianapolis, Ind.



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, 1952. All entries should arrive at Life Savers, Port Chester, not later than June 30, 1952, 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.

And the Lord God appeared unto Noah and said, "A flood shall come upon the land; and thou shalt gather together two of every animal and build an ark which will float upon the seas, and thus will you and all the animals survive the flood." And Noah did as he was bade, and he built an ark and gathered the animals; and the rains came. And after forty days and forty nights, the waters receded and the land broke forth, and the ark came to rest. And as each pair of animals left the ark, Noah would say to them, "Go forth, my children, and multiply, to replenish the earth."

But the last to leave the boat were two tiny snakes, and before Noah could begin his instructions, one of the snakes interrupted, "Sir," he (or perhaps she) stammered, "we can't just run off into the woods and m-m-multiply, we'd be too embarrassed." So Noah went into the forest and felled several trees, from which he built a log cabin and log furniture. And not more than a week after the snakes had moved into the cabin, the forest was filled with little new-born snakes.

Moral: With the aid of log tables, even adders can be taught to multiply.



Recently, a young Marine "boot" from Durham, North Carolina, came into an office at Parris Island Marine Base. It was the first visit of the boy to a dentist and he gazed fearfully at the shiny equipment. Finally, in a low-voiced Southern drawl, he asked, "Suh, are you a Yankee?"

The dentist admitted his Ohio background. Desperately, the boy turned to the corpsman and repeated the question. The corpsman was also from Ohio. Sneaking another quick look at the dental engine, the boy volunteered hopefully, "Ah'm a Yankee, too."

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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No wine, no women, no brew
'tis Uncle Sam, not Phos who calls
Two long years is a hell of a deal

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The mag, like old man Mississippi (and a keg of Ballantine) just keeps flowing along. We're sharpening up Phos' claws and charging up the old feline.

Women of Boston beware! This is it!

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No. 5

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY

ESTABLISHED 1919

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This month's cover by Riley



DOING THE TOWN

Spring has sprung,
Fall has fell,
Summer's here
And it's hot as it was last summer.

Of course we have no Spring here—just Winter, Monsoon, and Summer, sprinkled liberally with clouds. Having missed the bitter issue we will do a little about the weather with no compunctions whatsoever, something which Walt Kelly (the same), does erratically, but with more talent and less profanity in small drawings which accompany the Herald Traveler weather report.

Anyway, there comes, when the weather gets warm, or hot, depending on where you're from, the T. S. Eliot feeling . . . "I should have been a pair of ragged claws . . ." and that kind of thing. Also an increased interest when the weather gets warm or hot—strictly pathological. Don't give up—don't hit the sack in the middle of the Great Court like all those other guys . . . Get a job in an icehouse. Or try these places, for a pick-me-up, or her up, we don't really care . . .

In Cambridge is a fine little restaurant, called the Window Shop. It's at 56 Brattle Street, a short walk from Harvard Square. This establishment is operated as sort of a co-op, to provide work for people of foreign birth who have difficulty getting jobs in this country. These people include chefs, and the result is wonderful to behold. The cooking is mostly Viennese, and the quality and quantity leave nothing to be desired. Prices are not low—almost everything is around \$2.30 for a dinner, but you won't regret it. Here's the nice part—in the Spring and Sum-

mer, you can eat outdoors under the trees, and this is truly delightful.

Ola's, a tiny smorgasbord at 14 Carver Street (Off Boylston, near Park Sq.), also has a fine little garden, and although the food is not in a class with that of the Window Shop, neither are the prices, and it's a nice small place to take a date to.

You can always sail (at the Pavilion), or go fishing (see Ike Geiger at the AA office, or Mac at the Hobby Shop for some surprises in this category), either salt or fresh water. If you like to watch, there's a good, not crowded beach up at Nahant, on the long curving neck that reaches out to sea. The water is usually pretty cold until late in the season, though.

Some afternoon visit the Constitution, and the Henry Morgan, two very interesting old ships up the drive a way. Also the Franklin Park Zoo, if you haven't been to one in a long time. And if it's really a hot night, don't drive inland for fresh air—Star Island is fun to walk around at night, and the Airport is always at least 15 degrees cooler, and fun, too. Go over the Mystic River Bridge for a wonderful view.

All this is carefully calculated to keep you from paying any attention to school at all. If you have to go, persuade your instructor to hold class out on the grass—nobody gets anything done, but it's relaxing as hell. If things get boring at night, declare an eclipse, nobody ever looks anyway.

And when finals roll around, don't worry . . . what the hell, you can always join the Army.

E. M. G.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I have been reading Voo Doo for the past year, ever since my boy friend came to Boston to go to college. For the first time, my mother has read one of the copies and I would appreciate it very much if you would send the rest of my subscription to my older cousin whose address I am enclosing. Thank you for keeping the Voo Doo's coming.

Very truly yours,
ELSIE G.

Dear Sirs,

In one of the issues of Voo Doo this year, you had a poem that ran "... tradum de dum de dum, da da da" or something like that. I don't remember exactly what the beginning of it was, but it did something to me.

The doctor said that a short rest would fix me up as good as new.

Yours truly,
Turalura Eppus

Dear Editor,

The boys here at the farm are very excited over Voo Doo. Just a week ago, a new guy started working here and he had a copy of Voo Doo. This copy has been read by everyone working here and we would like to get more of them. We don't get paid for a while and I am sending you the name of a good friend of mine who will be glad to give you the dough for a subscription.

Thanks a lot.

Sincerely,
MIKE R.
Georgia State Penal Farm

Every morning the car used to stop outside the gates of the state asylum. Inside the fence one of the inmates who imagined himself a pitcher would be going through elaborate wind-up and pitching motions, using an imaginary ball. After studying him for awhile the driver of the car, a well dressed fraternity man, would leave. After a few days of this the gatekeeper asked him, "Pardon me, sir, but why do you come here each day and study that poor fellow?"

"Well," answered the student in the car, "if things continue the way they are in my courses, I'll be in there some day catching for that fellow and I want to get on to his curves."



The other day we met a man who had reached the depths of disillusionment. He had spent two hundred dollars on a permanent cure for halitosis. Then he found out that no one liked him anyway.



Last week we were invited to have dinner at the home of a couple who may be definitely classed as *nouveau riche*. As is usually the case, the wife had more of an idea of what was going on than did the husband. As dinner was finished, she said to her husband, "Shall we have coffee in the library?" To which he promptly replied, "It's too late! The library closes at 7:30."



A stethoscope is a spyglass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

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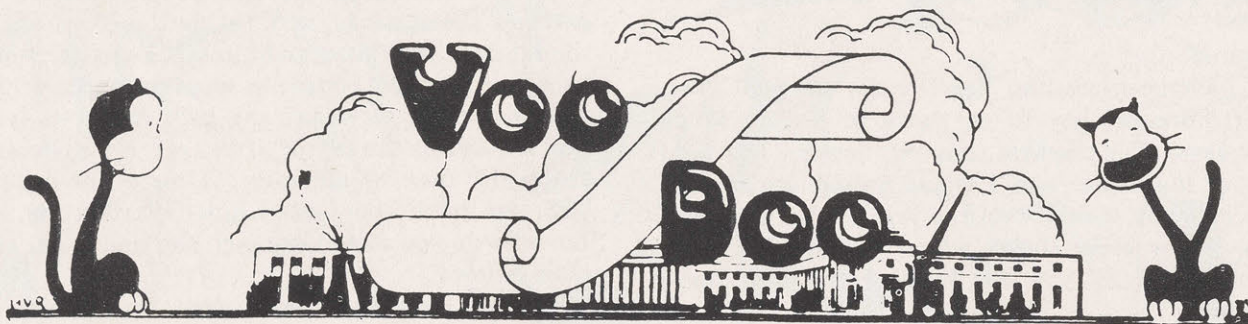
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One of the fellows on the Voo Doo staff has declared himself to be a xyloögist of long standing. When he heard that the flagpole was to go, he hurried over to the great court and chunked off a piece of the flagpole. An examination of the sample showed the flagpole to be of *redwood*, a well-kept secret. Our sleuth then theorized that the flagpole was not removed because it was termite-ridden, as the Institute reported. The truth of the matter is that the Institute is in the midst of a giant purge. All red influences must go, flagpoles notwithstanding. The replacement is expected to be a genuine American elm, bred in the balmy (sic) Bay State and purchased at a friendly A and P.



We were pleased as Punch to observe that true art has come to Technology. In case you haven't guessed it, we are referring to the exhibition of the cigar store Indians. The Voo Doo staff expert on cigar store Indians was asked why these figures were used in the first place. He explained that they were installed at the request of the A.S.P.C.A. It seems that in those days fire-hydrants were few and far between.

FOR SALE: One expert on cigar store Indians. Very cheap. See The Editor.



We walked into Rockwell Cage a few weeks ago, expecting to watch baseball practice, only to be caught in a pedagogical bedlam known as the annual Science Fair. It seems that the local high schools send their more brilliant students to Rockwell Cage once each year to show off their wares. One aspiring chemist upon being inter-

viewed had this to say, "I've been studying resins for six years, and I can't see why I should go to college. After six years of study, one gets to know his field pretty well." That may be, but what if the six years are from the ages of ten to sixteen? At any rate, we spent our extra high school hours batting a ball around, that is, when the pool room was closed.



The local biologists had a conference last month at Emmanuel College. The program was an inspiring one. Among the papers presented was one entitled, "Survival Away From the Host of a Mite Parasitic on Fresh Water Clams." Another gem was entitled, "Investigations of the Spontaneous Activity of the Isolated Crayfish Nerve Cord." Enlightenment, hoorah!



Shades of Vernon D. Tate! The Associated Library Movers of America have signed a thirty-five year contract with the Institute, or so it is rumored. By cleverly keeping our books in transit, the Institute is now able to boast possession of the largest mobile library in the world. Hoopla!



It was one fine April night when we were rather forced to observe that East Campus was at it again. To the uninitiated, this is lunar eclipse month. Lunar eclipses call for a celebration in East Campus. (*ASTRONOMER'S NOTE:* The eclipse was of Jupiter's third moon, second from the left.) The bonfire was lit, the chemicals were detonated, the water was liberally sprayed, and, of course, the fire department was sent home with their share of butyric acid and bro-

macetone. When asked about the cause of the melee, one grinning freshman answered, "All the other prisons are rioting, why not us?"



A broad-minded mother was explaining the facts of life to her young son. She took the seed idea—about planting a seed and letting it germinate with the result being a young plant. Of course she explained that the offspring of the plant would be the so-called child of the first seed. She went further to compare insects and then animals. After the boy had digested the enlightening details, he decided to find out for himself. He took a walnut shell, filled it with dirt and some seeds, and then put it on the radiator to develop. After waiting for developments he went over to investigate the results of his experiment. Instead of a beautiful plant or animal emerging from the shell, a red ant crawled out. The youngster was completely disillusioned and in a disgusted tone said, "Damn it, if you weren't my son I'd step on you."



Two men were seated together in a crowded streetcar. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

Wassamatter, Bill?" he asked, "feeling ill?"

I'm all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."



Zeke bought a pink shirt with huge purple dots. In the pocket was a note with a girl's name and address and a request that the buyer of the shirt send his photograph.

"Ah, romance," thought Zeke, and mailed a snapshot.

Several days later he tore open her letter: "Thanks for the photo. I just wanted to see what kind of a jerk would buy such a shirt."

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COMETH THE WASH BOTTLE

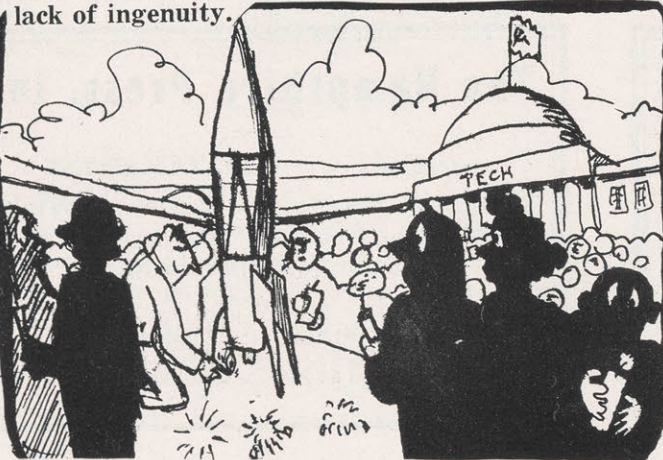
The approach of summer to the hallowed halls of the Institute brings not only the looming specter of finals, but also an event almost equally disastrous. From the freshman chem. labs will come a swarm of wild eyed Techmen, each one armed with a wash bottle, one of the most fiendish weapons devised by man. Fraternities and dormitories will soon be ringing with the squish of flying water and outraged bellows. For upperclassmen otherwise unable to defend themselves we offer this short primer of defensive tactics.



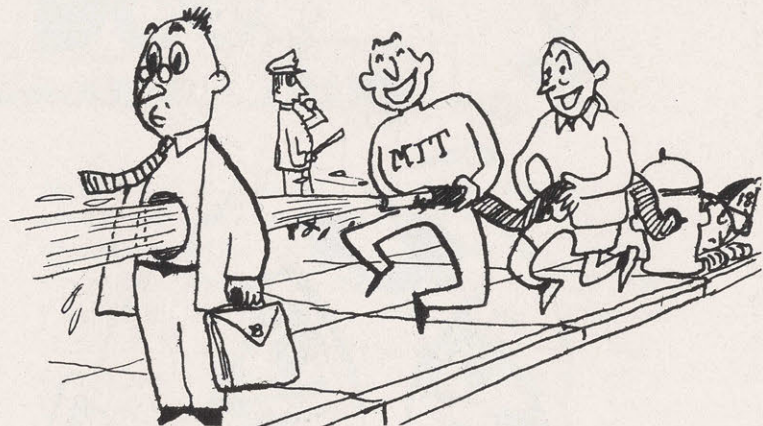
In dousing passing autos, wastebaskets have proven effective.



The use of store bought water pistols shows a lack of ingenuity.



There are always those keen kids that have a seemingly endless supply of firecrackers.



When available, fire hoses are unbeatable but tend to bring out the authorities.



Laundry boxes must be used soon after filling, have a tendency to leak all over carpets and thesis papers.



Styles this spring will run to bathing suits and sweat shirts. Raincoats are considered unsporting.



Stop looking over my shoulder.

An old man was sitting on the porch of a little village store when a big shiny car drove up with two strangers in it.

"Hi, there," one of them called, "how long has this town been dead?"

"Not long, I guess. You're the first buzzards I've seen."



At a circus in a nearby town, a man thoughtfully stood looking at the camels. Then he picked up a straw, placed it on the camel's back and waited. Nothing happened. "Wrong straw," he muttered and walked away.

One night the pastor of a small church wished to speak to one of his women parishioners about the flower display. They went to the city park to look at various floral combinations. It was soon dark and they sat on a park bench and continued to compare various choices of flowers.

A policeman stopped by and said, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave."

"My good man, I feel that I should tell you I am Pastor Nees," was the reply.

"You'll still have to leave," snapped the cop.



A man in an insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached and, wishing to be friendly, asked, "How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.



She: "Isn't the moonlight lovely tonight?"

He: "I'm not interested in astronomy now, and besides, I'm in no position to say."



An eighty-year-old playboy had married a sexy blonde of twenty-two, and more than anything else he wanted a son. So he went to his doctor and told his ambition.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, "you may be heir-minded, but you're not heir-conditioned."



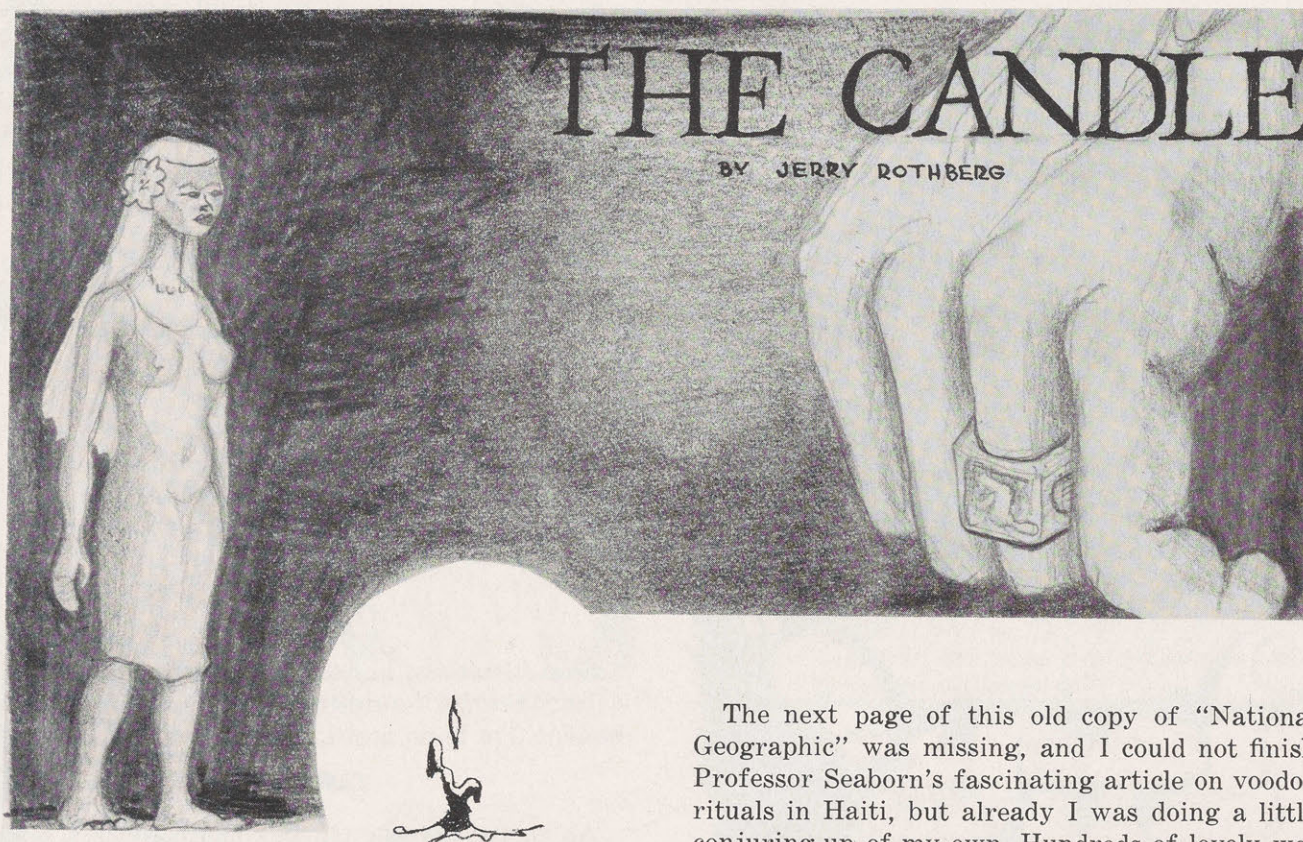
The wagon train was heading West and Spike had died en route. As the hot Arizona sun beamed down, the train's leader stood.

"Folks," he said, "Old Spike is gone. In givin' him a good Christian funeral, it's customary for someone to say a few nice words about the deceased."

There was a long silence. The leader again asked if any person there could please say something nice about the dead man, but old Spike had not been a perfect gentleman exactly, and no one stood up. Finally a grizzled cowboy cleared his throat.

"Yes?" questioned the train leader.

"If nobody want to say anything nice about Spike," said the cowboy, "I'd like to git in a few good words about Texas."



LOCARNI

" . . . Then the papaloi took a wooden bowl containing the blood of a young male goat and walked to the center of the ring of drummers, who now set up a slow, sensuous rhythm. Taking the blood in his fingers, the papaloi drew a red ring on the ground, and in the center of the ring he laid the wooden bowl. He next placed a thick, red candle in the bowl. The feeble yellow flame of the candle seemed to transform this part of the black forest into the center of the universe. Now the pounding rhythm became frenzied; the drummers swayed and flexed their muscles and contorted their faces as if in ecstasy, and the papaloi walked slowly around the red circle three times, uttering at the end of each circuit 'Damballah', the name of the snake god. As the last 'Damballah' was said the drums suddenly stopped. Everyone was motionless. The life of the whole jungle seemed to have been momentarily suspended. Then there was a faint crackling of twigs, and from out of the darkness, past the ring of awestruck drummers, and into the light of the candle walked a beautiful native girl wearing a blue cotton Mother Hubbard and nothing else . . . "

The next page of this old copy of "National Geographic" was missing, and I could not finish Professor Seaborn's fascinating article on voodoo rituals in Haiti, but already I was doing a little conjuring-up of my own. Hundreds of lovely women, one for every night of the year, cracked twigs in the forest of my mind and walked to the candle burning in my Id.

A different one every night.

Orgy.

Crush grapes with some phantom creole bacchante.

Every night!

Get kicked out of the dorms.

Who cares?

To hell with my girl at Simmons!

Girls at Simmons, that's a laugh.

Just a little goat's blood—where in hell do you get goat's blood?

Every single, unholy night.

"I'm sorry, but it's time to close."

The librarian's voice jarred me from my reverie.

"Huh? Sure, sure. As soon as I put this magazine back."

The open stacks for old periodicals are in the basement of the library, and I was glad to get up to ground level and into fresh air again.

Let's see, tonight is Tuesday. Better call Simmons and get a date for Saturday.

One nickel. "She'll be right down to answer

the phone." Another nickel.

"Hello, Marge?"

"Stur?"

Yes. How are you and everything else that goes with it? How about going to a movie with me this Saturday?

"Gee, you should have called sooner. I already have a date."

"Sooner? It's only Tuesday, and you know we always go out on Saturdays."

"How could I depend on that? I'd like to see you, but you should have called sooner."

After five months how could she depend on that? What kind of stuff is this? I picked up my books and walked back to my room. Well, it looks as if you're back to blind dates and acquaintance dances. I dropped my books on the bed and slumped into a chair and mused dejectedly over the unreliability of women. My thoughts slipped back to the "National Geographic" and the sound of cracking twigs. Hmmm, the floor is just large enough for a red circle. It will ruin the carpet. The carpet can be cleaned. You're crazy! It's worth a try. It will never work. So much the better; tomorrow is Wednesday and you should be doing homework anyway.

I did not have a wooden bowl, so I cleaned out a large beer mug and went to my neighbor's room. "Could you spare a mugful of blood from a young male goat?"

"Sorry."

"Oh."

"But I do have some tomato juice from an old, dirty delicatessen."

"Excellent! Much less messy, you know."

I took the mug of tomato juice back to my room and spattered a rather crude red circle on the carpet. No drum. Use a cardboard box and a spoon stolen from the cafeteria. Sloppy experimentation. I turned on the radio, and by good luck the New Orleans Jug Blowers were playing a suitable stomp. I lit the souvenir candle from my last acquaintance dance, stuck it in the mug, and turned off the electric lights.

Once around the ring. "Damballah." Twice. "Damballah." What foolishness! Three times around. "Damballah." I shut off the radio and waited. Thank goodness, nothing is going to happen!

From the second floor there came a delightful feminine giggle followed by the rapid flapping of bare feet being walked quickly down the stairs, and then a quiet knock on my door.

"Come in, the door's not locked."

The door opened and a girl entered. Gorgeous! In a Mother Hubbard of blue cotton, so much prettier than white. It was obvious that she wore nothing but the blue cotton. Ah, you lucky Professor Seaborn! She smiled charmingly.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"I am the spirit of the candle summoned from the nether regions."

"I am an M. I. T. student."

She softly walked to my bed, carefully placed my books on the floor, and sat down.

I looked at her closely. "Are you sure you're not the girl friend of my buddy on the second floor? You resemble her an awful lot."

"Don't be silly," she laughed, and her body laughed with her. I was convinced.

A girl so lovely and so scantily dressed had never walked in and sat on my bed before, and I felt awkward in all my clothes.

"Er, would you like me to bring you something to eat from the snack bar?"

"No, thanks. We don't eat."

"You mean you're not flesh and blood?"

"But I am. Why not test me?"

I clumsily moved to the bed beside her and kissed her. She was warm and certainly made of flesh. As I reached for another kiss she giggled and ducked swiftly under my arms, jumped out of bed and ran to the doorway. I laughingly followed and caught her as she opened the door. I kissed her again, and as I did so the candle flame flickered, for the wax was almost all burned. At each waver of the flame the girl in my arms trembled.

I held her more tightly.

"If you're cold, put on my slippers."

"It's nothing. Don't bother." She tightened her fingers on my shirt and looked at me sadly.

"What's your name?"

"Tonda—", but she never finished. The flame went out, and as the last wisp of smoke unravelled itself into space, she shuddered and uttered a soft moan more like the bleat of a wounded goat.

"Wait, I'll turn on the lights!" I shouted, but when I returned from the switch she had disappeared, and I never saw her again.

For a whole week I bought tomato juice and poured it on my floor, but with no success. Must be a flaw in your technique. If you can do it once, you can do it twice. So I went back to the library

and searched the stacks for Professor Seaborn's article, but the magazine was out. In the hope that the borrower might have been a friend of mine, I asked to see the jacket card. The librarian handed the blue card to me. "Know him?" At the bottom in a small hand was neatly pencilled the one name, "Damballah."

The magazine is now a month overdue. I hope he returns it.



A salesman, traveling through the mountain section of Arkansas, came upon an old fellow, obviously a native, sunning himself on a bench in front of a village store. After exchanging greetings, the salesman inquired: "Don't you people find it hard to obtain the necessities of life up here in this rugged country?"

"We shore do, pardner, and half of it ain't fittin' to drink after we get it," replied the native.



Bess, Harry, and Margaret Truman were sitting in the parlor of the White House one afternoon, when Bess said to Harry, "Harry dear, I think that you ought to have something done to our front lawn. It's all dried up, and is turning brown."

Harry replied, "I guess that you're right dear. I'll have the men spread some manure on it tomorrow."

Just then Harry was summoned to the telephone, and after he had left, Margaret said to Bess, "I wish that you would teach daddy to say 'fertilizer' instead of that awful word 'manure.' After all, he is the president now."

Bess replied, "Daughter, I believe in letting well enough alone. It took me 27 years to teach him to say 'manure'."

The stately gentlemen reeled toward the bar and perched on one of the stools.

"Bartender, you make the besh Martinis in town. Tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm goin' to give you Ethbert."

He reached into his pocket and plunked a sad-looking lobster on the bar.

"Thank you very much," said the bartender. "I'll take him home for dinner."

"Oh, don' take him home for dinner, he's already had dinner. Take him to a movie."



YOST

"God save the Queen."

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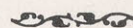
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1) LADIES



2)



3)



4)



5)



6)



8)



9)



TALES FROM A DIDACTIC SALAMANDER

PROLOGUE

(To be presented silently by
a Javanese Dancer)

This is day.

And now the sky begins
- - - the first blues, paler as the light dilutes
them
... next blood-shot red, and grey ...
- - - the purple-bottomed clouds
that give the daylight depth.

And now the surface world begins.
- - - the birds are first to realize the change
... sparrows chatter on the gravestones ...
- - - then the men,
the clanging, banging, wrangling men.

The women and the men.
The crowing, glowing, flowing women
The women and the men.

The bing, bang, bong,
of the men, the women, the birds
... of the gravestones.
This is the surface life,
unheralded by blaring conch shells
slipped in through the back door
of the subconscious
Awakening finds it there.
Awakening finds it there.
Awakening
finds
it
there!

THE TALES

Salamander. Woman. Man. Youth.

Salamander:

Nude little girls
dancing on the beach, prancing,
dashing to the waves, splashing,
singing to the sun. Ringing

bells. The heavy pressure of the bells
that rumble, "Morning's here."
- - - needlessly - - - the seagull's rasp has told
me,
The nude girls have told me.

Woman:

It is nothing - - - pretty,
but nothing.

Salamander:

It is everything - - - or nothing.

Waves,
rumbling, snapping their heads
with laughter at the wind,
tumbling over and rolling to shore,
whirling about the brave, phlegmatic rocks,
swirling.

Woman:

It is nothing.
(To a man)
What has happened today?

Man:

Poetic peter plunged a pick
into the pit of his pelvis.

Woman:

Oh, alliterated death.
Those poets, such beautiful existences.
This is something.
This is important.

Man:

This is something.
This is important.

He lived so fully,
- - - knew all the dancers,
the artists, the musicians,
went to all the parties,
the recitals, exhibitions.

He knew where the honeysuckle grew,
could tell the weather by the smell
- - - heavier before the rain.

(To the salamander)

He laughed with your dancing girls,
thrilled at your roaring ocean,
echoed to your booming bells.

This is important.

This is death.

Salamander:

It is nothing.

Woman and Man:

This is something.
This is death.

(To a youth, after a pause)

What has happened today?

Youth:

I met an old love today.

She smiled,

and introduced me to her husband.

I had felt unrest,

no longer love, but tenderness.

But when I saw the two of them

I felt nothing.

I smiled;

I shook his hand;

I wished them luck;

And still feel nothing.

Woman:

Ah, unwanted love.

Those children, such romantic lives.

This is something.

This is important.

Man and Youth:

This is something.

This is important.

Man:

This is death

This is death.

Youth:

This is love.

This is love.

Salamander:

Nouns are unimportant;

Only verbs have value.

Woman:

Someone was born today.

With a cry life was sent forth today

- - - a cry of joy, of sorrow.

Da Vinci with a cry.

Gotama with a cry.

The unknown with a cry.

This is birth.

This is something.

Man:

This is death,

and it is something.

Youth:

This is love,

and it is something.

Woman:

Birth, love, death

- - - this is life, this is something.

Salamander:

Death, love, birth

- - - this is everything and nothing.

Earth, stars, universe

- - - this is everything and nothing.

This is the hour hand of

a ticking clock,

starting at twelve.

In one day the hand is back

again at twelve,

and there has occurred everything,
yet time shows nothing.

Woman:

Can

it

be

that

birth - - -

Youth:

Can

it

be

that

love - - -

Man:

Can

it

be

that

death - - -

Salamander:

- - - is unimportant?

Woman:

I can't believe that life - - -

I can't.

I can't believe.

EPILOGUE

(To be recited by a foetus)

The grey, and blood-shot red.

The purple-bottomed clouds move on.

The sun settles with a sigh.

In the west a light amid the purple,
bright

- - - "Star light, star bright, first star - - -"

No more chatter, no more clanging,
the banging is done.

And now the inner life begins,
the individual world begins,
the breathing, heart-beating world.

Thinking, somewhere.

Somehow thinking.

Sleep takes all.

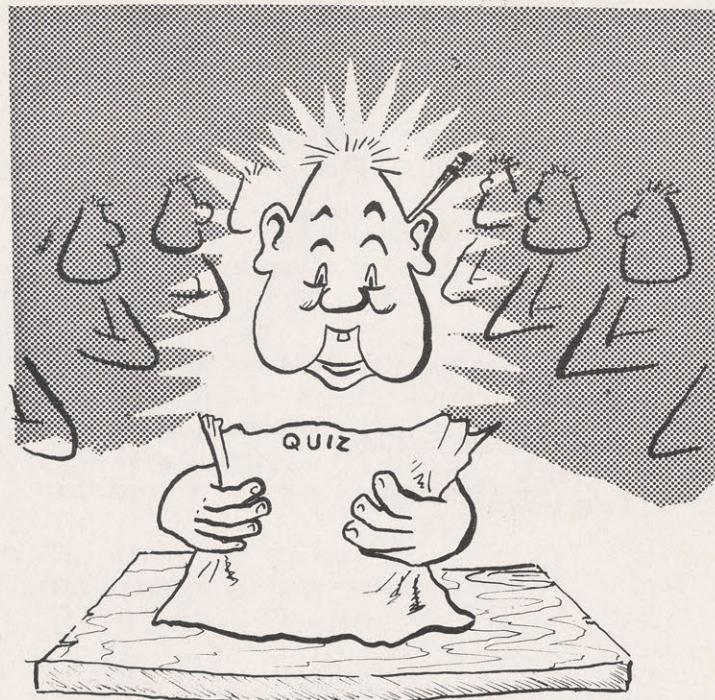
The stars, the wind, the inner life remain.
This is night.

Jerry Rothberg

"Seek And Ye Shall Find..."

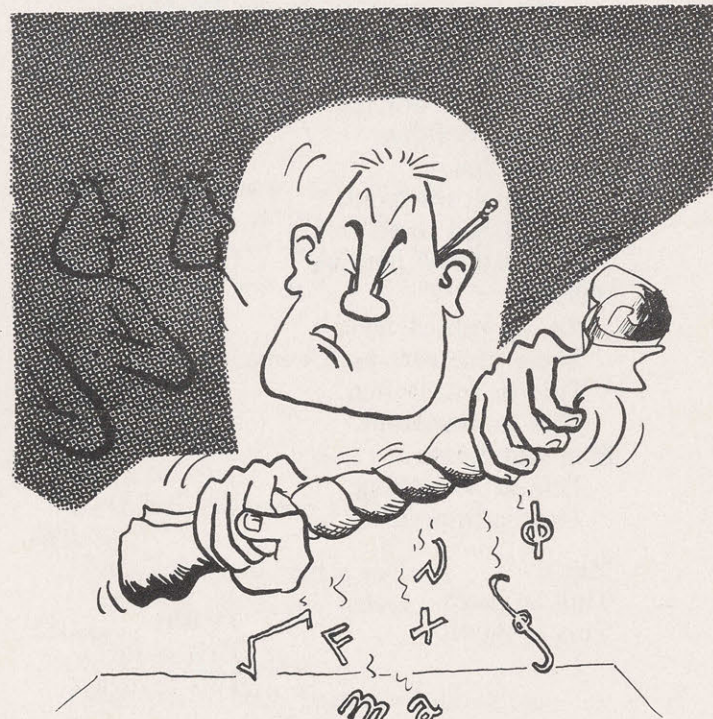
Re: Final Exams

Please find enclosed several suggestions which we hope will meet with your approval and be of service to you.



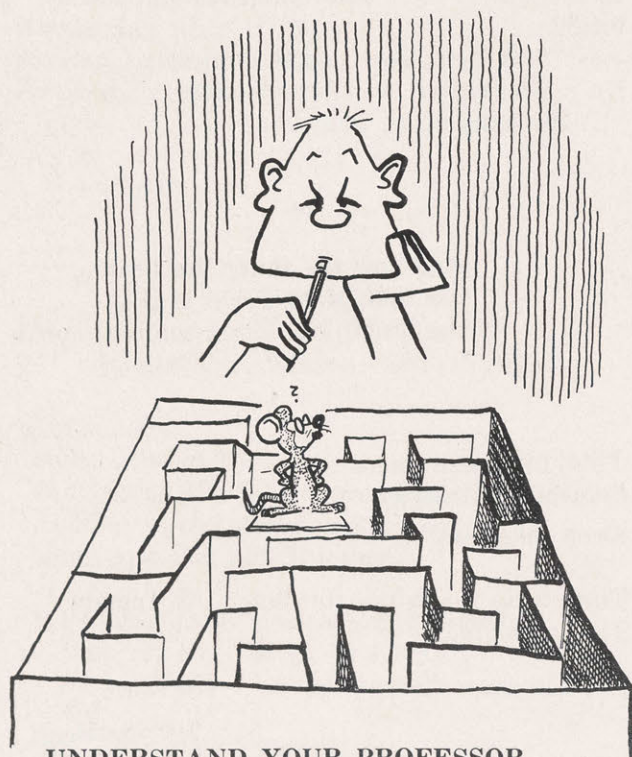
SEE IF YOU RECOGNIZE THE PROBLEM . . .

Sure, but we didn't go over this in class. Hey, proctor . . . (Ha, Ha.)



SEEK ALL PERTINENT INFORMATION . . .

Some of the other problems might give you a hint for solving this one.



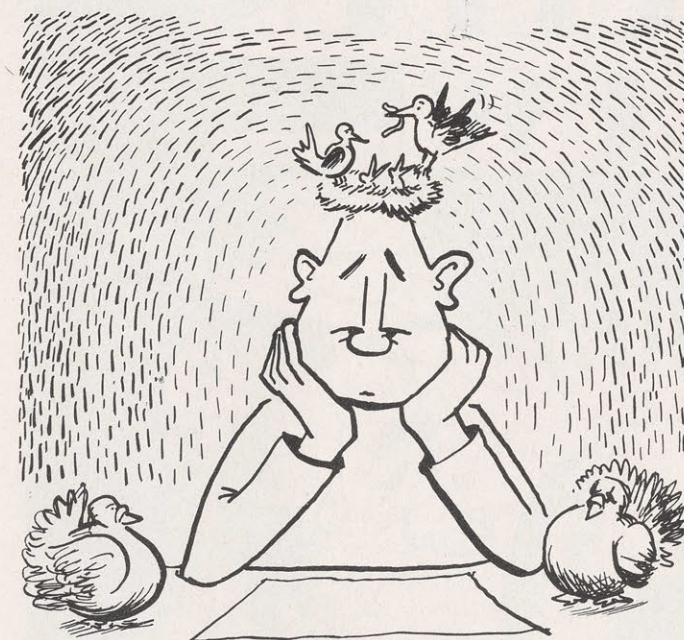
UNDERSTAND YOUR PROFESSOR . . .

Know how your professor's mind works. How would he want this question answered.



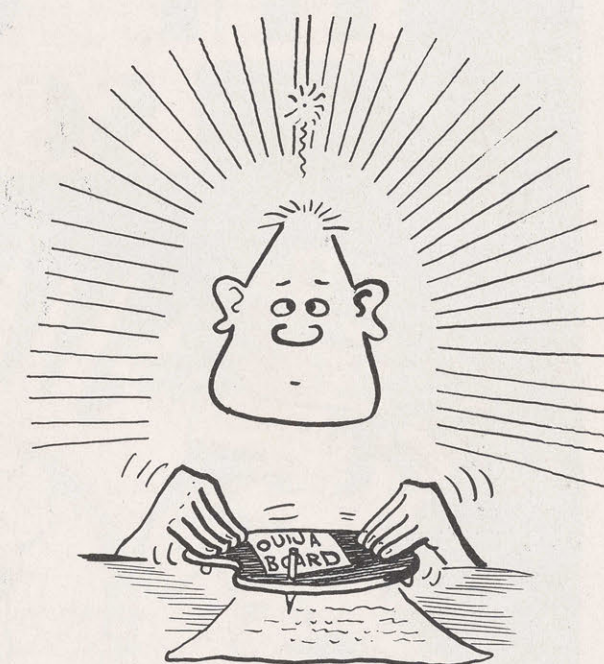
IS YOUR ANSWER SUFFICIENT? . . .

Is your answer too short? Have you overlooked anything? Has something been left by the wayside?



DON'T BECOME DISTRACTED . . .

Keep your mind on your work. Ignore minor inconveniences.



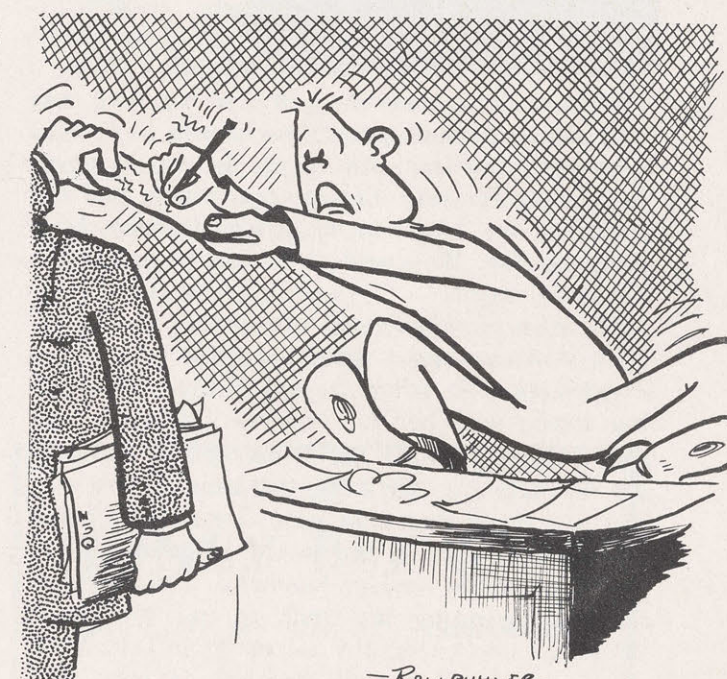
DON'T LEAVE A BLANK SPACE . . .

Put down something! Maybe your instructor can read meaning into it.



AND IF THE PROBLEM IS INSURMOUNTABLE . . .

If the problem seems impossible to you, try bringing the average down to your level.



"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP" . . .

Keep at it! It may suddenly come to you in a flash of inspiration.

THE GOLDEN SCREW

by Bud Sadoff



Once upon a time there was a boy who was very shy and sensitive because he was born with a strange handicap. At dances he would never dance close for fear that someone would find out about the one thing that made him different from everyone else. He would never go swimming for the same reason.

He led a very sheltered life, but at the age of twenty-one he met a very beautiful girl named Fondelaiah with whom he fell in love. After going steady with her for two years he finally got up the courage to ask her to marry him and they set the date for the happy occasion. There was just one thing that kept poor Gokus from being the happiest man in the world. Fondelaiah did not know of his strange handicap. Two days before the wedding he went to her and said, "Fondy, I can't keep any secrets from you. After we are married you will find out anyway, so I must tell you. If you are the girl I think you are, it won't make any difference."

She wasn't the girl he thought she was so three weeks later we find our hero in Egypt—the land of mystery—with that rough, tough, outfit, Farouk's Ferocious Fighters. The secret of his

strange malady was safe because when Fondelaiah had refused to marry him he had strangled her with his freshman tie.

For three years he served with the FFF and they finally granted him a two-day pass. He went to Cairo and while walking down a street he saw a sign which said, "Fortune Teller." Being an inquisitive lad he walked up the flight of stairs to see what the future held for him. He walked into the fortune teller's room and there he saw the old decrepid fortune teller with her crystal ball tuned in on next week's Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis show. As Gokus sat down she turned around and he said, "What does the future hold for me?"

Looking into her crystal ball she said, "I can see that you were born with a very unfortunate handicap."

Poor Gokus thought to himself, "My God some one knows my secret!"

"Yes," she said, "you were born with a GOLD SCREW in your BELLY BUTTON."

"Now that you know my secret, tell me," said Gokus, "how can I get rid of it?"

Looking again into her crystal ball she gave

him the following instructions. "Tomorrow nite at midnight you will be standing atop the fourth pyramid in the desert. Take off all your clothes. At the stroke of midnight something miraculous will happen."

Overcome with joy, Gokus rushed from the room with the thought that at last he was to be rid of the hated screw. The next day he set out and after trekking through the desert with the hot sun beating down on the gold screw in his belly button he began to feel a little uncomfortable. Gokus finally reached the fourth pyramid and he began climbing. Upon reaching the top he realized that it was two minutes to twelve. Tearing off his clothes he waited, and at the stroke of midnight there was a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning. The sky turned a bright gold, and he was awed. Just then the heavens opened and out of the sky came a twenty-five foot long gold screw driver. It moved down toward him—closer—and closer—and closer. Finally it came right down and meshed with the gold screw in his belly button and began turning—turning—and turning. Finally just as the end of the screw came out of his belly button—poof—the skies closed up and everything returned to normal. Gokus was very excited and he looked down. For the first time in twenty-five years he didn't see the gold screw sticking out of his belly button. He threw up his arms and yelled, "Hurrah!" Just then his ass fell off.



The Sunday School teacher was showing her pupils a picture of a group of early Christian martyrs in a den of lions. One little boy seemed very sad as he looked—almost on the verge of tears.

"Gee," he spoke up, "look at that poor lion way in the back. He won't get any."

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Honest Henry Brown was returning answers based upon family history as the medical examiner went through the long list of questions furnished by the insurance company.

He gave his mother's death at forty-three because of tuberculosis. At what age did his father die? A little past thirty-nine. And of what? Of cancer.

"Bad family record," said the doc. "No use going further," and tore up the entry blank.

Impressed by the lesson that one shouldn't make the same mistake twice, Henry Brown applied for a \$10,000 policy in another company.

"What was your father's age at death?" he was asked.

"He was ninety-six," asserted Henry.

"And of what did he die?"

"Father was thrown from a pony at a polo game."

"How old was your mother at death?"

"She was ninety-four."

"Cause of death?"

"Childbirth."



The dam burst and the rising flood waters forced the townspeople to flee to the hills.

As they gazed down sadly at their homes, they saw a straw hat float downstream about fifty feet. Then it stopped, turned, and plowed slowly upstream against the rushing waters. After fifty feet, it turned and moved downstream again. Then upstream again.

"Say," said one of the townfolk, "what makes that hat act so durn funny?"

"Well, I ain't sure," spoke up a youth, "but last night I heard Grandpa swear—come hell or high water he was going to mow the lawn today."

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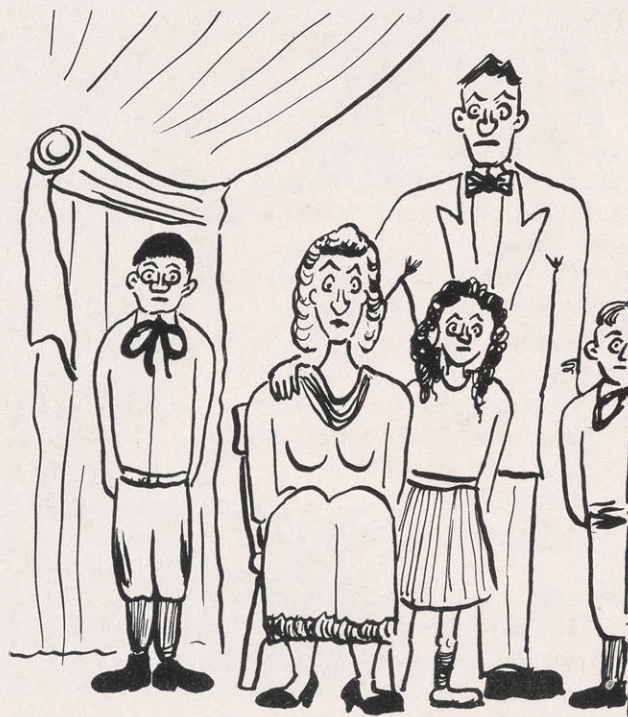
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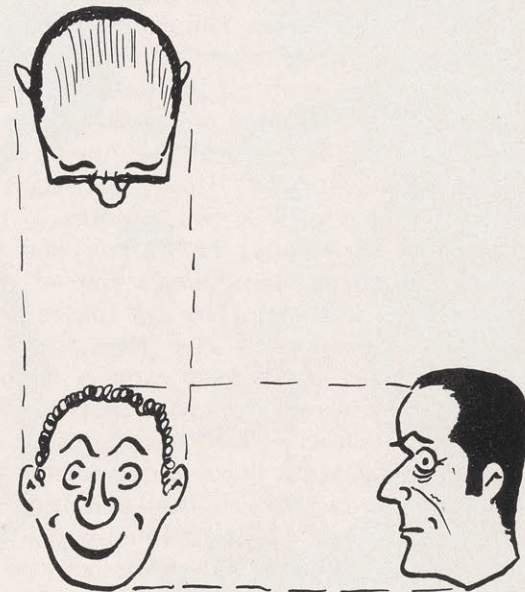
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The STANDARDIZED Man

...as seen by the scientist.

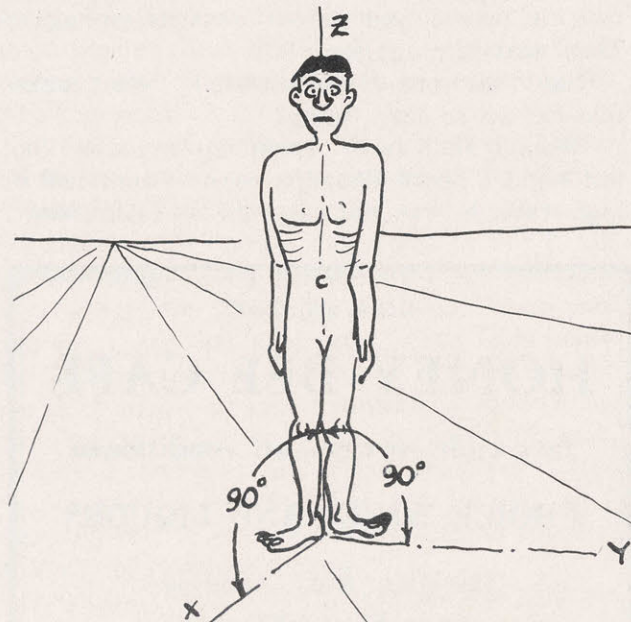


The standard man has a standard family of 1 wife and 2.5 children.

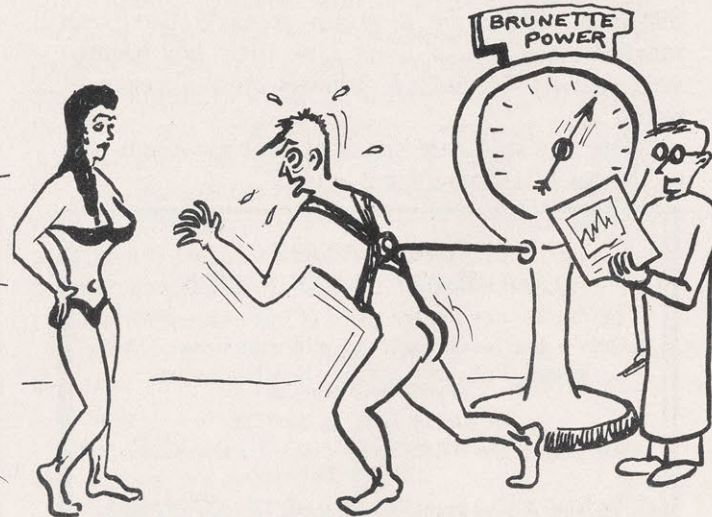


The standard man seems different to different people. Much depends upon your point of view.

U.S. GOVERNMENT
BUREAU OF STANDARDS
TEST DIVISION

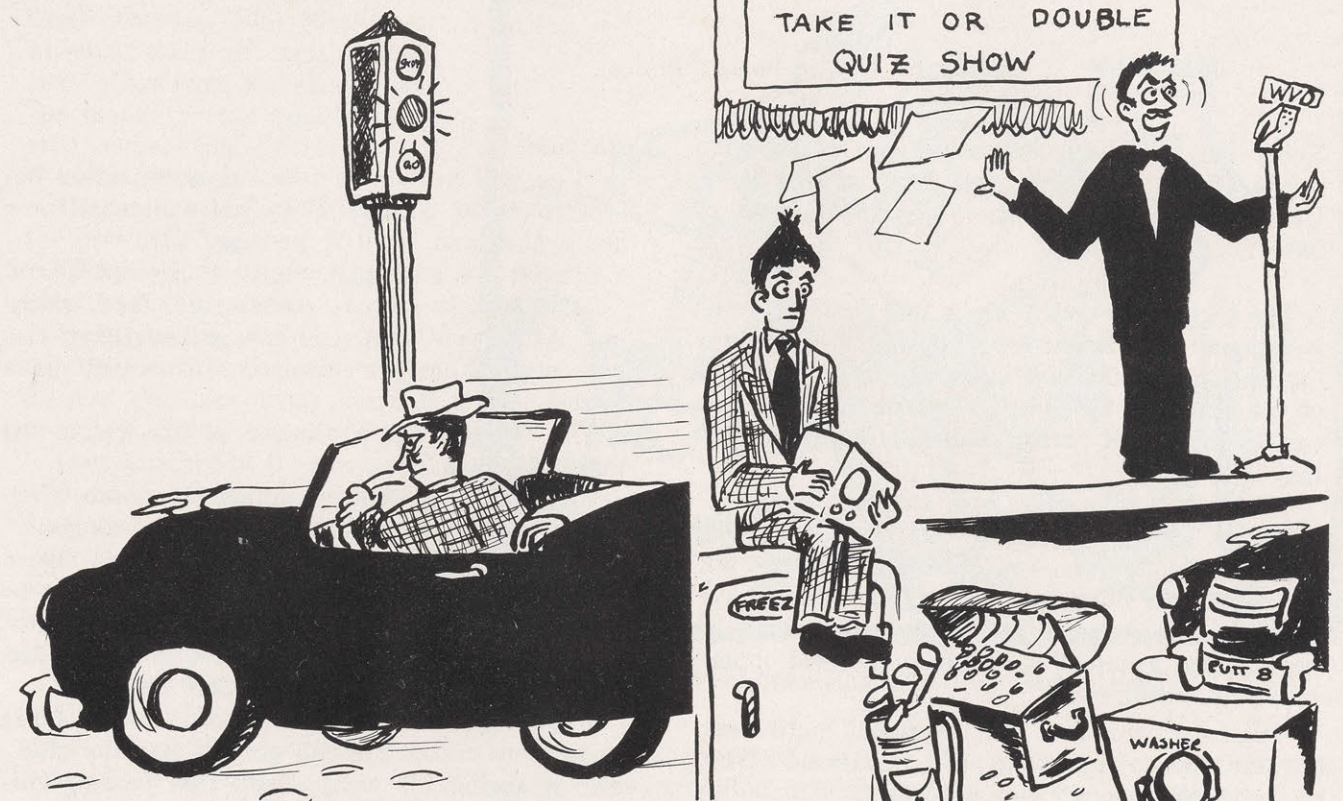


He is by definition, "normal".



This "sex attraction" test is just one of the many tests used by the Bureau of Standards in their determination of the nature of the standard man.

...as seen by the public.



EMJAN

THE MARE NAUSICCAM

by Persse O'Reilley

Note: The following work of science fiction was suggested by the recent story in "Damned Near Unbelievable Stories," titled "Astro-Gazers on Saturn's Sixth Moon."

—P. O'R.

The three didn't have to be told that this was it, but had they not already known, the general's mannerisms would have betrayed the importance of the occasion. He stood, West Point rigid, and cleared his throat characteristically before speaking.

"More than fifty years ago, you gentlemen volunteered, along with many others, for particularly hazardous duty. Only last night did we tell you what this duty was to be. Your names have been chosen by lot from the few remaining of the original group. You still have one last opportunity to withdraw."

Wilhelm Crumf and Jeff Qlerm sat motionless in their chairs. Matt Frap softly muttered "Who the hell volunteered," and was silent.

The General went on. "I should warn you that Martin, Barton and Fish didn't get through." He looked at each of them. "All right, this is your final briefing. It is now Q minus 33."

"What in hell is Q minus 33?" asked Frap. The General ignored the question and handed each of them charts reproduced on thin, soft paper. "You should be familiar with these as you are with your own fauteuil; however you may be under severe mental strains so take your copies."

He looked at his watch, cleared his throat, and went on. "Briefly, the situation is this. We have fired damn near a hundred rockets at the Mare Nausiccam crater on the moon. The rockets we are now using carry 300 lbs. of equipment and a pilot, poor boy. So far only five rockets have reached the crater, none of which carried pilots. In fact, only the last ten rockets have carried pilots. We relied on pure luck and good aim up until now."

Crumf spoke. "What happened to Martin, Barton, and Fish?"

"Oh yes," said the General. "Someone forgot to install can openers on their rockets. They all

starved."

"You will have n minutes of acceleration before your fuel is gone. Then you will coast for r hours and land by B-W process."

"Damn this eternal secrecy," whispered Qlerm.

"The rockets already contain air, food, clothing. After you land, you can get anything else you need from the five rockets which have landed."

The General again glanced at his watch. "Q minus 14, men."

"What in hell does Q minus 14 mean, General?" asked Qlerm. But the General was gone.

They each walked over to their ships. Qlerm quickly glanced over his controls. Suddenly he heard a loud roar. This was it. There was nothing to be done for r hours and n minutes. Outside someone was yelling "Rocket away."

Four days later, Qlerm landed in the Mare Nausiccam crater. He had already had the pleasure of seeing his companions ram passing meteorites and get blown to Hell. Qlerm opened the door of his rocket and stepped out. He noticed at once that it was quite difficult to breathe. "No time for that pressure suit now," thought Qlerm. "I must see what's in the supply rocket." He made the twelve mile trip in four short leaps and a bound.

When he arrived at the supply rocket, Qlerm found that the General had thoughtfully supplied him with a car and six women. The next day, as Qlerm was beginning to get back to earth, so to speak, he heard a strange sound. While the moon is said to have no atmosphere; we have no time to go into the physics of the matter.

Qlerm saw another rocket settle to the ground. The window opened, and the General stepped out. "Cut j minutes off the time," he announced.

Qlerm looked up apprehensively as the General bounded to his side. "You didn't think I was going to leave you here all alone," gasped the General.

"Oh well," said Qlerm. "There's plenty for all."

"Damned if there isn't," said the General.

And damned if there wasn't.



Two little boys had been watching the front door of a house of ill repute for some time. They watched man after man knock at the front door, produce two dollars from his wallet, hand the money to the madame and step inside. Finally curiosity got the best of them.

"Let's see what's inside," said the first little boy.

"But we haven't got two dollars," said the second.

They scraped all their change together, but the best they could do was two bits. They decided to try it anyway.

They knocked at the door, and when the madame opened it, the first boy timidly held up the two bits. The madame stared at the money. Then she kicked them both down the steps and told them angrily to scram.

When the door slammed, they picked themselves up out of the street. The first little boy turned forlornly to the second.

"Gee, I don't think we could've stood two dollars worth."



Gals that sleep in black lace
panties
Seldom live in Third class
shanties.



"Well, there's another hour shot to hell!"

A frantic mother rushed into a doctor's office, dragging a four-year-old by the hand. "Doctor," panted the woman, "is this child capable of performing an appendectomy?"

"Why, my dear lady," answered the doctor, "don't be silly! Of course not!"

"See!" screamed the mother. "Now you march right out of here and put it back."

Every day I learn something new
Today I learned a dandy
After eating quite a few I found
That Ex-Lax isn't candy.



I'm just a modest little girl,
I don't smoke or drink,
Or dare to sit at night
Upon the river's brink—
So my parents think.

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 Impressed co-ed: "Oh-o-oh, Yes!"
 Future pilot: "Wait. I'll catch one for you."



Hillbilly (to new bride after he completed their cabin): "Well, woman, how do you like your new home?"

Wife: "Not bad at all, husband, but I don't see no door."

Hillbilly: "Yew a-plannin' on agoin' somewhere?"

Charlie Mun

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The American was visiting in England and having a glorious time. His hosts decided to take him on a fox hunt. He was overjoyed and they left shortly afterwards in chase of the fox.

That evening, as they came back, the guests were alone. He was shunned by everybody. No one said a word to him. Soon, he could stand it no longer and asked his host if he knew why this sudden change in behavior.

The host said why this distastefully, "In this part of Sussex, my good man, when we go hunting and corner the fox, the expression is 'Tally-Ho' and not 'There goes the little sonuvabitch!'"



There is the story of the youngster who had an unfortunate habit of swearing—usually at the very worst time. His parents had tried every known method of curing him, without the slightest success, but the father had left one ace in the hole. He knew that his son had always wanted to own a rabbit, and he offered one in exchange for a solemn promise that there would be absolutely no more swearing on the part of his offspring. The bargain was made, and the boy got his rabbit. For two weeks, he stuck manfully to his bargain. Then came disaster. A couple called one Sunday afternoon, and the lady said, "I hear you have a rabbit, Christopher. Wouldn't you like to show it to us?" The boy was delighted and rushed out to the garden to collect his pet. Just as he brought it into the drawing room, however, the rabbit proceeded to give birth to an enormous litter of baby rabbits. The boy watched in consternation for a moment, dropped the mother rabbit to the ground, and cried, "Holy smoke, the damn thing is falling apart."

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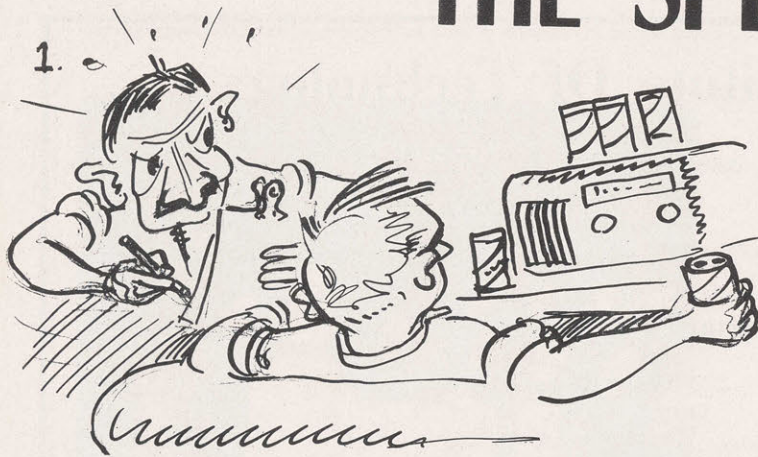
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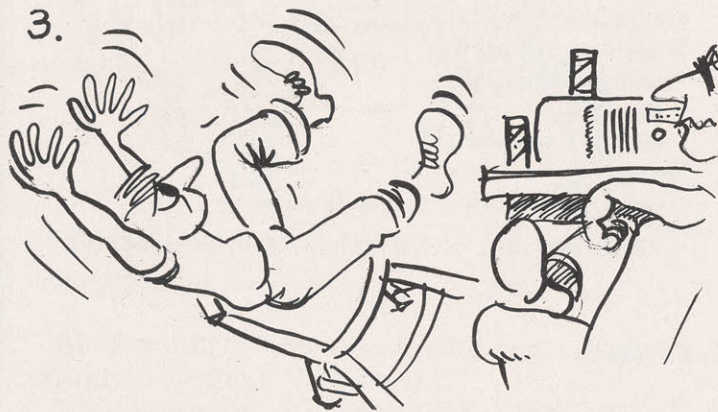
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The Catalogue for the academic year will be sent free on request.

THE SPECTATOR



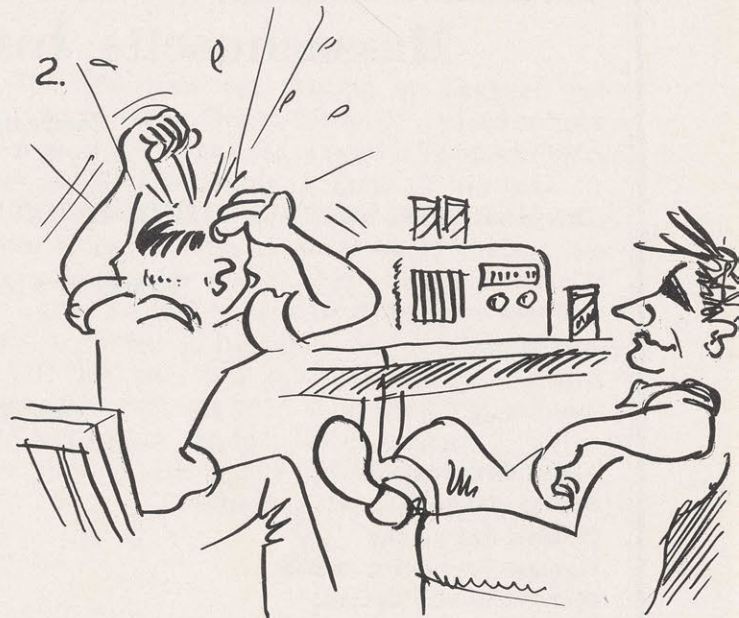
... another great game direct from ... and pitching for the Birds is Nogan ... and the rest of the starting line up ...



... it's another hit by the Bees ... a long, long one ... it's going ... going ... can he get it ... he's reaching for it ... stretching ... straining ... and stretching ...



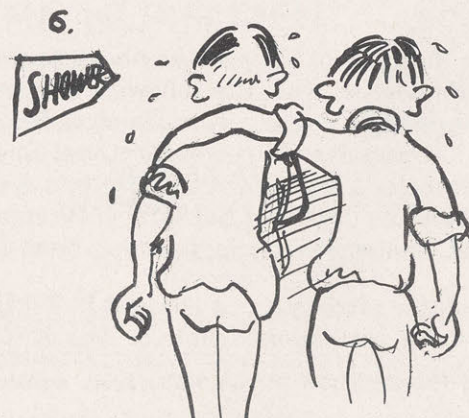
... and it's a home run for the Birds ...



... and the Bees first hitter has slammed a solid ... bringing in ... the noise of the crowd can be heard here in ...



... the manager of the Birds is over in the bull pen ... talking to the relief pitcher ... letting him know that the team is depending on him ... and in comes Nogan ... and the crowd is ...



... and it's a tired team coming off the field ... headed for the shower room ... it was a great ball game ... yes, the national sport ...

A Swede was zipping around town at about 88 ft/sec. when a policeman yelled at him to stop. Instead of stopping, the Swede floored it and took off. When the officer finally caught up with him, he roared—"Why didn't you stop when I yelled at you?"

Replied the Swede, "Oh, vas dat you? I thought it vas somebody dat I runned over."



Irate Tech Coed: "Say, what's the big idea following me, anyway? Haven't you ever seen anyone like me before?"

Frosh: "Yeah, but I had to pay four bits."



"My boy," said the successful man lecturing his son on the importance of thrift, "when I was your age I carried water for a gang of bricklayers."

"I'm proud of you, father," answered the boy. "If it hadn't been for your pluck and perseverance, I might have had to do something of that sort myself."



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The man was indulging in his hobby of watching people, when out of a store came one of the most colorful visions he had ever seen—a tall, thin, gray haired woman wearing an excess of make-up, green slacks, red plaid shirt, yellow kerchief and a purple straw hat with a large red feather in it.

He didn't realize how hard he was staring until she walked over and tapped him on the midriff with the back of her hand.

"Say, buddy, got a dime?" she asked.

"Why, sure," he answered, feeling embarrassed. She held out a demanding hand, and before he knew it he had dropped a coin into it.

"Thanks," she snapped. "No damn fool can stare at me like that for nothing."



"It's so simple," modestly explains one of the Physics lab assistants, "to hook up electric power circuits. I merely fasten leads on terminals and pull the switch. If the motor runs, we take our readings. If it smokes, we sneak it back and get another one!"

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TR 6-2830

"Darling," a mother reproved her Pleiades daughter, "you were awfully late getting home last night. It's old-fashioned of me, but I should like to know where you were."

"Certainly, Mom. I dined with . . . well, you don't know his name; and we drove to several places I don't suppose you've been to; and finished at a queer little night club . . . I forgot its name, but it's in a cellar somewhere in town. So everything's all right, isn't it Mom?"

"Of course, darling. It's only that I just like to know."



It's better for a girl to have a big bad wolf in front of the house, than a little bitsey bear behind.



Minister: "Rich, what does your father say before each meal?"

Rich: "Go easy on the butter, kids."



Harry Frevely, of Monotown, N. J., fell from a twenty-story building, was run over by a truck and tossed into the bay, ending up with a small bump on his head. His body hasn't been found yet.



Mistress: Mary, when you wait on my guests tonight please don't wear any jewelry.

Mary: I haven't anything valuable, ma'am, but thanks for the warning.



That's what I said, a beer.

Child: "God gives us our daily bread, doesn't he Mamma?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Child: "And Santa Claus brings the presents?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Child: "And the stork brings the babies?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Child: "Then, tell me, mamma, just what is the use of having papa hanging around?"



Ma: Where's the cow, Johnnie?

Johnnie: I can't get her home; she's down by the railroad track flirting with the tobacco sign.

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Great Hopping Toads! Gregory here thinks he's ready for the kill



GET A LOAD OF DON JUAN. He killed two months' allowance and a hefty bite off Dad for a sartorial display which he figures will swoon every girl from Vassar to Southern California. In our opinion—and more important, in the girls' opinion—he's about as ready as the barefoot boy.

Why? No hat, pal, no hat.

Spend \$6 for a pair of plaid underpants and \$3 for some argyle socks and then go butting your poor bare head into respectable society—*brother!*

Look. Take it from a guy who trampled the campus not long ago himself and who now wanders around the big city talking to pretty models and TV actresses (it's a tough life, Jim). You don't look good without a hat. Girls think you look darned *ungood* without a hat.

Don Juan without a hat is an ape.

Here's some other stuff I picked up: A hat is for protection just as much as appearance. The hot sun beats down on your hair and dries it all up. Dirt and soot make a mess out of it, too. And rain and snow and wind not only damage your hair but give your sinuses trouble and team up with every little virus in the neighborhood.

Trade in your plaid shorts and start putting your appearance where it will show. And where it will do your health some good, too.

"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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on Cigarette Tests!*

No. 17...THE MAGPIE



He's a chatterbox himself — outclassed by no one! But the fancy double-talk of cigarette tests was too fast for him! *He* knew — before the garbled gobbledygook started — a true test of cigarette mildness is *steady* smoking. Millions of smokers agree — there's a thorough test of cigarette mildness:

It's the sensible test . . . the 30-day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke — on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments. Once you've tried Camels in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why . . .

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