



# Get a Load of Pinhead, The Great Cniffling Pyramid

Under that woolen tent, Pinhead has two sweaters, a flannel shirt and long winter underwear. He's got a pair of gloves under the mittens and he's wearing three pairs of socks under his waterproof boots. All set for any old thing!

Like a two-legged cow!

Look, Pinhead. Take a barrel full of water, see. Chop a hole in the bottom and what happens? The water comes out. Sure, 99 per cent of the barrel is still there, but the water comes out anyway.

Okay, so let's mix the metaphor up a bit. You got yourself all bundled up except for the hole in the barrel. Your hat, George! You can stick yourself in an oven but leave your bare head out and you're still going to get cold.

Your head needs a lot of heat. So help me. If it gets cold, the rest of your body works like mad trying to heat the thing up. So you catch the sniffles and all the rest of you might just as well be wearing white ducks as far as keeping warm is concerned.

Plug up the hole, Pinhead. Get yourself a hat. Keep the wind and the rain out of your hair. You'll feel better—and look better, 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.



CAVANAGH



KNOX X

BERG 🍩







The Cat seemed to be too quiet when I arrived at the office. He didn't curse me or throw beer cans at me or even threaten me with demotion to the Tech. He just sat there smiling like the proverbial Cheshire feline. I thought this was it; old Phos had finally blown his cork. But I was in for quite a sur-

prise.

"Sit down, m'boy, I've something glorious to tell you," he chortled as he opened a cool can of brew and handed it to me. "I've got the most glorious of glorious things... really sensational... best thing that ever hit the Institute... even Big Jim goes for it... why even if I do say so myself..." The stream of words poured out so rapidly that it became an unintelligible gibberish. Phos was overcome by emotion and collapsed on the floor. Then he quickly regained his composure and continued, "It's grand, sensational..." and started to lapse off again.

"Calm down, old man," I said, grabbing the quaking Cat and feeding three quick brews down his throat. He was soon relaxed

enough to begin again.

"I've organized a football team for M.I.T.!"

he blurted out.

"But the season's almost over," I reminded him. "Besides, where would we get the money, the players, why, when, whoha?"

money, the players, why, when, whoha?"

The Cat rose to his full height and shouted up at me, "Now see here, you young whippersnapper, I've been around here long enough to figure out what's needed and how to get it done. The Institute has finally accepted my ingenious plan to humanize the student body. We'll open our halls to real he-men who are willing to do or die for their ol' alma mammy. I've decided that the time is ripe to make my plan public so that we'll be ready for next year. What a change it will make in the place . . ." Phos continued on in this manner for another half hour, becoming more dynamic as time passed.

I began to catch the spirit of the thing. Maybe he really had something there. Yes, I could really see that it was what was needed here. A football team for the school. People coming to watch a Tech team play. Some place to go for a cheap Saturday date during the fall... there was something there, too.

As I walked out of Walker toward my room, I could hear Phos up in the office still going strong: "Rah for Technology, 'Ology, 'Ology, oh—"

M. J. F.

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### **VOO DOO**

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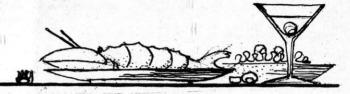
#### OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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this month's cover by Rollbuhler

## DOING THE TOWN



There's a new restaurant in town. It's called Casa Latina and you'll find it at 76 Tyler Street or thereabouts. Spanish, Mexican and Latin American food. much more visually appetizing than food usually is. The specialties of the house are such Spanish dishes as Paella alla Valenciana, a concoction of saffronflavored rice, shrimps, clams, pieces of lobster, sausage, chicken, and all the other things little boys are made of. The Mexican food is authentic and hot. Dinners are a bit higher than the diner, need we say, but there's a lot more to them. Good place to take a date, especially if you want to show off your highschool Spanish.

If you are looking for a good eating place within walking distance of the dormitories and fraternity houses I'd like to recommend Chopstick Joe's, a Chinese restaurant sandwiched between the hotels Kenmore and Braemore on Commonwealth Avenue. It's quiet and hospitable inside, and the food is appetizing and well served. Dinners are from ninety-nine cents to about \$1.50.

The Ararat, an Armenian restaurant located at 71 Broadway, has bear and venison on hand this time of year. Served in true Armenian style, broiled on skewers and served with four or five vegetables. Among the other attractions of the place we might list its desserts, its proprietress, (Mrs. Koko Sahagian), and its succulent barbequed chicken.

If you're looking for a Christmas present for someone whose taste in tobacco is at all discriminating, as the announcers say, you might do some browsing at Perretti's, in Park Square. Besides an exhaustive stock of standard and non-standard brands, they make a specialty of mixing pipe tobacco to the customer's specifications and shipping it anywhere. Greetings of the season

December 26—Snowin'. Can't go huntin'!

December 27—Still snowin'. Can't go huntin'!

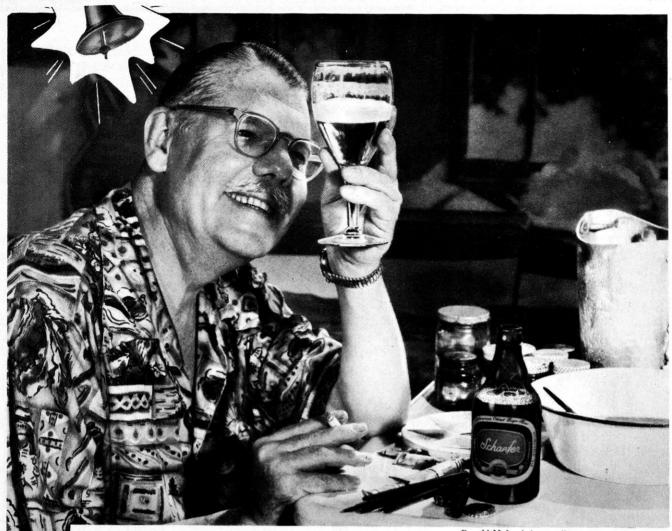
December 28—Still snowin'. Shot Grammaw.



"Do you like olives?"
"Olive's what?"



You guys hear anyone singing last night?



#### Ronald McLeod, famous illustrator and poster artist.

# Schaefer rings the bell—

with the full-flavored brew that's light and dry, too!

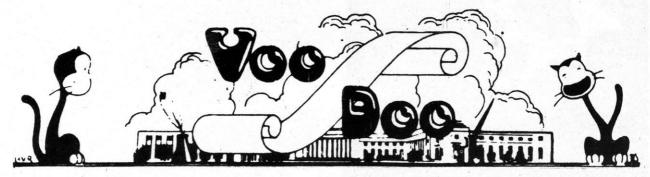
The moment you taste this beer, you'll know you're drinking something very special...a beer that will really ring the bell with you.

You see, today's Schaefer combines everything you've ever wanted in a beer. It's a perfectly balanced brew . . . light, but full-flavored. Dry, but not at the expense of character. Satisfying in body, yet not heavy. And in your glass it develops a rich, full head-the traditional hallmark of a great beer.

It is brewed from the very finest of barley malt, grain and hops. And equally important it is brewed with the skill that is the heritage of 110 years of experience. We believe this Schaefer is the finest beer America has yet produced.

make it clear...<u>make it</u>





There were photographers and microphones and general commotion in Walker, a leading article in the Tech, and the coffee line was backed up thirty feet while the cooks went out to watch. Aunt Jemima had come to East Campus. But don't feel sorry for the poor residents, who had requested Marilyn Monroe instead. Rather pity poor Aunt Jemima. Pity anybody who has to show up in Walker for breakfast and sing "Beautiful Dreamer" to a grubby bunch of halfasleep students, still too far gone to tell their coffee from their doughnuts.

For those who find magazines easier to read than walls, the following remarkable inscription is somewhat permanently chiseled in the wall in the lobby of Building 10:

"I see proceeding from our Technology of the future, a vast army of vigorous young men able to play their part manfully and effectively any where in the world."

That's us. "A vast army of vigorous young men . . ." Quick George, the coffee! I got three more of these damn things to write.

The local girls seem to have a remarkable appreciation of good humor. A friend of ours remarked, "Gee, it's crowded in this car."

His girl replied, "Yeah, just like in Voo Doo—three in front and 72 in back."

Visitors to this Institute are invariably impressed by one thing. Whenever you come here, in the middle of the day or the wee hours of the morning, there are lights on in the labs, and the vacuum pumps are running. You walk down an empty hall at two in the morning, and as you pass a lab, you hear vacuum pumps. Those labs are always busy.

A friend of ours started his thesis recently, and has been spending a good deal of time in one of those labs. He found a vacuum pump busily pumping away in a corner, with an intake tube that ended in open air. It was apparently evacuating the room. Our boy found a likely looking character and inquired as to what the pump was accomplishing.

"I don't know," came the reply, in a mysterious whisper, "but it's been running like that for two years."

To those people who write the Want Ads requesting "enterprising young men", I strongly recommend the one who put this note on the bulletin board at Brandeis:

WANT A DATE
Are you 5 ft. 2 in., 5 ft. 3 in.,
5 ft. 4 in.?

I'm available

Call Morris Sharef HI 5-3087

I'm 25, have a car, no money I have no information on who answered this ad, and I don't like to think about it.



I guess Gasoline doesn't work too well in a lighter.

Judge: "You haven't reached a verdict? Well, if you don't agree before evening, I'll have twelve suppers sent in to you."

Jury Foreman: "Please, Your Honor, make it eleven suppers and one bale of hay."



A man was carrying a grand-father's clock down a crowded main street to a repair shop. As the clock limited his vision, he unintentially collided with a woman, knocking her down. After collecting her composure and packages, the woman struggled to her feet and scathingly inquired, "Why don't you carry a wrist watch like everybody else!"

Piffledinker noticed the machine while he was waiting for the downtown express. "Your weight and your fortune for one cent," read the sign. "Bushwah," murmured Piffledinker. He stepped on the scale and inserted a penny in the slot.

The card he got read, "Your name is Piffle-

dinker and you weigh 148 pounds."

"It can't be," marveled Piffledinker. He tried again. The second card read the same: "You're name is Piffledinker and you weigh 148 pounds."

A sandy-haired young Irishman was standing near by. "Please," called Piffledinker, "let me treat you to this machine. It's something unbelievable." The Irishman got on the scale. His card read, "Your name is O'Flaherty and you weigh 126 pounds."

Piffledinker couldn't get over it. Once more he tried it himself, trembling with excitement. This time his card bore a different message. "You damn fool," it read, "you missed your train."—

It was at the cinema, and the feature was one of those steam-heated affairs with a sultry heroine looking hungrily at a handsome hero. After some minor plot preliminaries, they went into a terrific clinch. For fully five minutes they remained wrapped up in each other, lip to lip and mush to mush. Suddenly a small childish voice piped up from the audience: "Mummy, is now when he puts the pollen on her?"

#### -

A middle aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can.

A Chinaman, passing, remarked, "Americans wasteful. That woman good ten years yet."



The mother of triplets was being congratulated by a friend. "Isn't it wonderful," said the mother. "It only happens in one out of 16.872 times!"

"That certainly is remarkable." said her friend, "but tell me, my dear, when DO you get time to do your housework?"





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288 Harvard St., Brookline Next to the Coolidge Corner Theatre The veteran decided not to inform his little son of the impending arrival of the stork, but as the months progressed the secret grew more difficult to conceal. Finally the stork dropped his bundle from Heaven and the father broke the news to his son.

"The stork has been flying over our house," explained the father. "He's swooping around."

"I hope he doesn't scare Mommy," replied the lad. "She's pregnant, you know."



The scene was in the reading room of a large public library. A man was reading birth and death statistics. Suddenly he turned to the man on his right and said, "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," replied the stranger. "Why don't you chew gum?"



A fellow was pretty sick and the doctor ordered him to take a long vacation in Arizona. He went there and at the end of two months he died.

They brought the corpse back to Los Angeles and his wife and her brother were viewing the remains.

She said: "Oh, Joe, doesn't he look nice?"

And Joe replied: "He sure does. Those two months in Arizona certainly did him a lot of good."



"My mother and father were brother and sister and that's why I look so much alike."



An unhappy kumanian was shuffling down a Bucharest street muttering to himself, "Those dirty, rotten, stinking, low-down, no-good so-and-sos."

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "Come along," said the minion of the secret police. "You are under arrest for treasonable utterances against the authorities."

"The authorities!" cried the indignant citizen. "Why, I never even mentioned them!"

"No," said the policeman, "but you described them perfectly."



And Charley, this is your date for the weekend . . . Ellie

One of our stenos overslept the other morning and dashed madly down to the kitchen in her sheerest pajamas to gulp down a cup of coffee. Suddenly she heard footsteps on the back porch—masculine, heavy and slow.

"The ice man!" she thought in terror of discovery. No time to flee. Just enough time to step inside the closet.

The footsteps didn't stop at the icebox but approached the closet. The door opened!

The poor little steno screamed. It was not the ice man at all. It was the man who came to read the meter located in the closet.

"Oh, my goodness," she stammered. "I was expecting the ice man!"

"Lucky dog!" replied the meter reader.



An old gentleman and his care-worn wife lived across from the local cemetery. After the Winter Carnival, they were sitting on the front porch after their lonely evening meal.

Wife: "Pa, every time I look across the street I keep thinking of our dear daughter lying there in the cemetery, and it makes me very sad."

Husband: "Yes, Ma, it makes me sad, too. You know, Ma, sometimes I even wish she was dead."

Lord Whifflepoot (retired) resided quietly on his estate on the outskirts of London—in an old castle with separate bedrooms, and all that sorta thing, don'tcha know.

One morning as he started for his bawth, sans anything, his valet, Jamson, was startled to see the Lord in a manly condition which he hadn't noticed in several months.

"I say, Your Lordship," he exclaimed, "shall I summon your Ladyship?"

"Definitely not!" said His Lordship. "Just fetch a baggy pair of trousers—I'm going to smuggle this into London."

#### 1

Woman: "I want a divorce."

Judge: "On what grounds are you seeking a divorce?"

Woman: "Cruelty."

Judge: "Mental cruelty? That covers a multitude of things. Just what does he do—does he beat you?"

Woman: "Yeah—he beats me every time."

#### Eco

She had planned to get her driver's license before the wedding so that she could share the driving on their honeymoon, but she became so absorbed with wedding details that she never got further than making application for a beginner's permit. On the day itself, shortly after the couple had left the reception, the bride reappeared at the front door. "What happened?" asked someone as a hush fell over the guests.

"Oh, nothing," said the bride, heading for the stairs, "I just forgot my learner's permit."

The girl passed through the lobby of the hotel several times. Finally a polite young man stepped up to her and asked, "Pardon me, Miss, are you looking for some particular person?"

7

"I'm satisfied," she replied, "if you are."



It takes some men all night to do what they used to do all night.



He: "What kind of lipstick is that?"

She: "Kissproof!"

He: "Well, rub it off; we've got work to do."



He: "Do you pet with the lights on or off?" She: "Yes."



A girl went swimming in the raw in a secluded mill pond. Along came a little boy who tied knots in her clothes. She flopped around, found an old washtub, held it up in front of her and marched toward the little boy, saying: "You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure," replied the little brat. "You're thinking that tub has a bottom in it!"

#### WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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## Dear Diary

by Doc Edlin

Monday. I woke up this morning after a restless night and the first impression I got was the thought at last I'm dead accompanied by a flood of pleasant inertia. This was immediately replaced by the utter despondent depression I have become used to over the past few months. In a bitter stupor I got out of bed calmly smashing the alarm clock in the wastebasket. The next consecutive thing I remember is sitting at breakfast with a sour stomach and the beginning of a throbbing headache. With the first taste of milk I became nauseous which at least served to clear my head a little. Deliberately I began to think of the things I had to do today. They came slowly and unpleasantly into focus through a heavy apathy. They came only so far and then slid triumphantly back as my mind wearily began to daydream.

Both consciously and unconsciously I know what is happening to me but am unable and even unwilling to reason it away. To fight these fits of heavy depression only pushes me closer to the brink of total withdrawal which I fear even more than the fits themselves. Also there is a certain fascination in this semi-reality where I move and talk without any awareness. It is as if one part of me was functioning through habit, while the other part, the important part, withdrew in contemplative torpor. Having passed through numerous of these states I still cannot describe what happens within me except to tab it as a kind of hyper-consciousness. But I am not being entirely honest. Each of the previous suspensions have climaxed themselves in unusual and sometimes painful occurrences. Once I was led to witness the death throes of a scarred cat in an alley miles from where I live. More recently I emerged from a fantastic nightmare to find myself staring at a paper filled with blood blot designs-my blood. Yet knowing these things I cannot refrain from feeling a savage anticipation of the strange thoughts and deeds that accompany these depressive states.

In a sardonic humor I walked to my first class and emerged at the end of the hour without being able to recall a single word that was said. Looking at my notebook I noticed it was filled with doodles and a single boxed-in sentence

"Where am me". Sitting in lecture, lulled into a somnambulant state by the drone of the voice from up front I found myself playing the face game. The face game is my own particular invention where I rematch heads and features to suit my mood of the moment. After several incomplete attempts I suddenly shrank back into my seat as a grinning gargoyle of hate began to leer at me from all sides. I couldn't get rid of it so I got up and left. Standing in the corridor my fear increased as the hall assumed the proportions of a tomb, dark and without end. I began to run imagining dry, dead, grasping hands leaping from the walls as I passed. With a shiver I burst through the outside door and stopped. For lack of anything else to do I laughed. I know—I knew I laughed but I heard nothing. Slowly and deliberately I walked to my room. I turned on some music and lay down. I knew that I would sleep and that it would not be a good sleep. I awoke several hours later sweating and with a headache that no aspirin would help. After two cups of searing black coffee and a sandwich I felt better. In the back of my mind I knew I had past the first crisis of my depression and that what would follow would be as inevitable as my own oblivion of the moment. I came back, read for a while, (I don't remember what) and think I even did some homework. An odd fact has just occurred to me. This is the first time that I have even tried to follow my depression with words on paper. Perhaps there is some special reason for this. I am tired now and somewhat drunk.

Wednesday. I am not thinking now but merely setting down words as my hand forms them. I say this not because I want to but so that later I'll know I wasn't responsible for what appears here. I realize this is incoherent. Damn. I am wandering in circles. 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 95, 94, 9---4 90, 76,,,, under.

Later: I went through Tuesday with immense irritation and impatience with everything in general. I was sickened by the jabbering, the dead incidents rehashed and laughed over. Something in me kept saying, "The fools, the fools, don't they realize something is going to happen?" The cars, racing about like black and blue sores, im-

portant points made and remade, historical importance and good questions, the raucous sadness of a juke box—words, sound and sight all garbled to fill me with a heavy rage and oppression. I spent an hour listening to radio commercials, spinning the dial from one to another. I have sunk so far into a world of fantasy and irrational behavior that I can no longer comprehend what it means to be "normal". Reality is a strange word when looking from the other side of sanity. I am beginning to feel restless. I feel that this harried waiting must end soon or I will end the spell myself in a way I dread to think about.

Thursday. I spent all Wednesday night walking the darkened streets with a calm excitement. I can only recall a few disconnected thoughts of this night's wandering. Until midnight I wandered in and out of the varied night crowd viewing the dark hive of emotion and acts that only emerge under a blanket of sly stars. I seem to have lost all guilt of my senseless and irrresponsible behavior. During the night's aimless wandering I had many thoughts of experiences as a youngster. Ten cent store escapades, penny candy orgies, old hurts returned with new vividness, fears once laughed at returned as fears again. Just before sunrise I stood stark still under a lamppost. I had just had one of those intuitive bursts of thought in which everything one has ever done or thought seems explained. It is pure scintillative flash of conviction that is gone as quickly as one tries to grasp it. Soberly and more tense than ever I walked home.

Friday. I have absolutely no recollection of anything between Thursday morning and now. All I can recall is a vague torpor devoid of any thought or deed. I ate twice and slept fitfully most of Thursday night. It is now Friday evening and I have begun to tremble. I am not capable of writing any more but I know that whatever is going to happen will happen tonight. I am so afraid I am almost willing to pray. For the first time in months I am putting on a suit and tie. What does it mean? What, what, what.

He walked quietly from his room, a freshly lit cigarette bobbing firmly in his lips. When he got outside he looked around and shivered once, a hard final shiver. He then began walking toward the subway. Already the week-end activity was beginning. Boys were walking hurriedly to pick up their dates. Groups of giggling girls walked arm in arm on the way to the movies and excite-

ment. Cabs with bright eved couples whisked by As he walked down the stairs into the subway the word tomb flashed through his mind but he forgot it immediately. He changed a dollar at the window and stood waiting for the train. When it came grinding to a stop he edged through the door with the rest of the crowd. While it started up he stood undecided in the middle of the car. Then with a bewildered frown he began to walk toward the last car. After he had passed through two and entered the third, he stopped. The carwas relatively empty and at the far end sat an old worker dozing and a girl. Without another look he walked to the far end and sat down opposite them. His breathing was rapid and shallow and his hands became great clumsy paws as he concentrated on the texture of his knuckles. He knew she was looking at him and under her as vet unseen gaze he grew calmer. Finally almost nonchalantly he looked up. When he looked at her she was gazing to one side of him and he saw her in the most favorable position at half profile. "Yes." he breathed to himself without qualification, "yes, yes, yes, yes."

Her beauty to the dispassionate observer was probably no more nor less than hundreds like her, yet to him her graceful lines, her pale satin skin and firm arched features washed over him in waves of magnificence and loveliness. Here, incarnate in this lovely and somewhat dissipated creature, he found the answer to his week long agitation and mania. They were now staring at one another, he in inflamed admiration and she in hard challenge. As he studied her face, oblivious to the cold stare she returned, he felt an overwhelming urge to tell her about her lipstick. It was definitely the wrong color. It was a dark lavender which stood out like a livid scar across her superb complexion and rich oaken hair.

The train stopped and she got up to leave. Without question he rose and followed her out the door. He had no intentions, he was not capable of any at the moment. He merely knew he had to be in her presence, to be able to watch her—her every movement and expression. As he followed her up the stairs he was charmed by the graceful rise and fall of her leg muscles which ended in ankles that had been turned by a master craftsman. At the top of the stairs she stopped and turned around. There was a faint smile on her lips which immediately threw him into confusion. Doggedly he followed her as she stopped and gazed into a furrier's window. Actually like

all beautiful women she could not pass a reflecting surface without reaffirming her perfection once again.

He, meanwhile, was feeling something akin to rapture. He wasn't conscious enough to have a feeling of desire but rather felt a spiritual soaring which was a violent reaction to his week's long depression. She left the window and walked slowly down the street bathing serenley in the turned heads and quick murmurs. In an ecstatic trance he followed. She had gone about a block when a sailor approached from behind, broke into step beside her and began talking. Without a single forced movement she gave him a slow blank look and he veered off down a side street.

"Beauty, thou art the eternal seed of God and Goddess," he thought as he followed dumbly. All the week's fits and horrors dissolved under his concentrated empathy with this unapproachable gorgeous woman. He suddenly knew what he must have from this woman if his life was ever to have meaning again. He must have something from her own lips, a word, a sneer, a smile—a kiss never even entered his mind. She was approaching the corner. He quickened his steps to catch up with her. She must have sensed his hurrying behind her, for as she started to cross she turned and a smile, warm intoxicating, passed from those soft lavender lips.

An early evening hot-rod buzzed from the dimly lit side street. A screech, a scream cut off before it had left the throat, and she dissolved in a puddle of blood, rubber and metal.

He stood not thinking, feeling, moving. "Jeezuz Chris' " someone moaned, "jeezuz kerist." Yelling, sobbing, cursing, moaning, confusion. "Mi God, what a piece," someone muttered, "what a piece."

"Like butter she went," from another.

"Awr right, stand back, you. Keep movin,

keep movin," in a harsh unsure tone.

He staggered to a wall and before he could do anything he was vomiting, sharply, painfully. When nothing came but bits of sour bile which he swallowed again he pressed his head against the cold brick. Dead, dead like a bug. Beauty you cannot bear to be discovered. So this is the way it ends, violently, ugly. Fullfillment and loss at the same time. There would be no more fantasy. He knew now that what she had lost she had passed on to him with that smile. He could not fail. For him, it (she) would never die and he knew now that before he went he would have to give it (her) to someone else.

With a terrible shudder he broke from the wall and without looking at the gaping crowd began walking home. He was tired now, very tired. Tonight he would sleep, long and soundly, and when he woke he would have a decision to make—he would make it. As he walked he clenched his fists as if trying to keep something from escaping, something that was precious and which he alone had.



The old mountaineer gran'paw was sitting in his favorite rocker on the front porch of his little cabin. He was rocking leisurely east and west.

Sitting beside him, rocking north and south, was his youngest son Bub, an innocent little shaver of 42.

Without turning his head, the old man said, "Sonny boy, 'sno use to wear yerself out thataway. Rock with the grain and save your stren'th."

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where Russell Blake Howe re-creates music of Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt



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88 MASS. AVE. BOSTON Telephone KE 6-9472 "And remember, football develops individuality, honor, character and courage. Now get in there and break every damned bone in those guy's bodies."

2

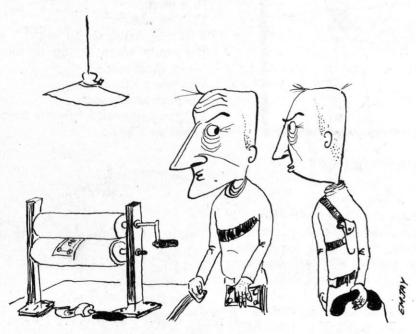
Some say that it takes a lot of nerve to wear a strapless evening gown. (That and a couple of other things.) Speakeasys in shady sectors, Charleston, jazz and hooch inspectors,

Inspectors,
Ivy leaguers, scandal, sin,
People drinking bathtub gin,
Scions' money, all you ask,
Yellow roadster, pocket flask,
Yachts upon the Hudson tacking,

Women with their morals lacking,

Parties, fun, alas alack, When the hell's it coming back.





It's a Mr. Hoover. Are you in?

Little Billy was quite a trouble-maker and a cause of considerable annoyance to his mother. He had picked up the habit of swearing rather profusely wherever he went, and he was consistently being sent home from every party after the first fifteen or twenty minutes for using bad language. On the day of one party in particular Billy's mother warned him that he would be paddled if he was sent home once more. So, with the promise just out of his mouth, he set forth. Twenty minutes later he was back. His mother, exasperated at this last performance, grabbed him and hauled him over her knee.

"All right, Billy, here's the spanking I promised you."

"But, Mommy."

"Shut up."

The spanking over, Billy stood up.

"Now, do you have anything to say?"

"Yes, Mommy, the Doddamn party isn't till tomorrow."



Tourist: "Nice town. How long have you lived here?"

Farmer: "Don't know, ain't dead yet."

Now!! Another -

## NEWBURY STEAK HOUSE

At 94 Massachusetts Ave., Boston As Well As 279a Newbury Street

STEAK DINNERS 99c up

Jewbury's, Where Smart College Men Dine



"I honestly don't know where she gets money for fur coats like that."

Adultery: Two wrong people doing the right thing.



First Party Boy to Second Party Boy: "You drive. You're too drunk to sing."

Once upon a time there was a little girl who had many boy friends. They each asked her: "Do you love me?" She answered "Yes" to each of them. This went on for many years, but she died an old maid anyway.

Moral: Don't love everybody. Leave that to God. Specialize! The oyster Loves moisture. It's loose. Fulla juice. And bottom or top It's all mixed op! It's glabrous And globose And glaucous And googly Epicurean epigramsters call them "oogly." They're found In the ground Underneath Puget Sound, And in order to dig them you darn near get drowned. In a word, They're absurd And they cause me to vex Especially when trying to find out their sex. Whenever I meet one I ponder and brood Till the oyster and I finally both end up stewed.



Two eager and dashing young beaux
Were held up and robbed of their cleaux.
While the weather is hot
They won't miss a lot
But what will they do when it sneaux?

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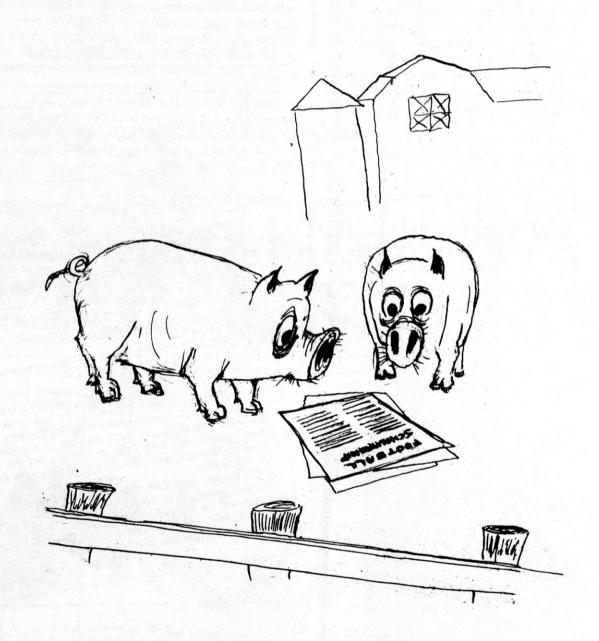
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# THE PIGSKIN

Voo Doo sponsors a football team for the benefit and enjoyment of all the members of the Institute family.



## Policy Shaping Milestones

## that made our football what it is today.

TECH, the school of pale faced engineers is a thing of the past. The long postponed need for a football team has been satisfied. Think of the remote past when Tech was untouched by scandals and publicity, when it was known for computing machines, electrons and horn rimmed glasses. Now we are known for the ape like creatures that form the 300 pound of our Tech Thumb Thumpers.

It was a slow and relentless fight to gain recognition but the fortitude and persistence of the "editors" of Voo Doo has been rewarded.

The original idea was germinated in the head of one, Al Feld, who saw that a small increase in circulation would present Voo Doo with a margin of profit capable of financing a football team.

We are much indebted to the men of Voo Doo, who during the following years did without their beer, while the team got through its infancy and began to grow to the proportions that it now has.

In the early days we were plagued with quarterbacks, everyone on the team could think. It was

shortly after being defeated for two consecutive seasons that we instituted the "Voo Doo Scholarship for Football Players". This monumental step was the idea of Fred Lewis, our first star fullback, who flunked out after the first semester at Tech.

The lowering of the Institute's standard to a level where the football team could function properly can be considered the most difficult task we were confronted by in all our history. An equitable solution was presented less than ten years ago, when the general manager at that time, Dick Long, presented what is now known as the Cum Doctrine, that states that all members of the Voo Doo staff are required to have a 4.00 cum or better. Since our world wide circulation necessitates a staff comprising over one-half the school, this policy is very effective.

Since we have had a difficult history, full of controversies and hardships, it is fitting that we present a football issue on today, the fifth anniversary of the dedication of the Voo Doo Institute of Technology.

Dean of Scholarships,

Voo Doo wishes to establish what will be known as the "Voo Doo Football Scholarship", to be awarded to 11 men each year. These men must meet the following stringent requirements. They must be:

members of the male sex. over 6' 3" in height. weigh at least 240 pounds. able to understand spoken English.

must be housebroken. Due to the standards set forth by the football conference of New England and the other states of the United States of America, the following restriction is applied. No man may be given a Voo Doo Football Scholarship. if he is able to touch his toes WITHOUT bending over. Very truly yours,

THE EDITOR

Dear Editor of Voo Doo, I feel that you have inaugurated a great institution here at Tech. Football is necessary for football weekends. I am sure that you will have the full support of everyone concerned with the operation of the Institute. Yours for a successful season, I remain,

Very truly yours, THE EDITOR

Thank you for your kind support in recruiting players for our football team. We have been greatly encouraged for our rootpan ream. The nave been greatly encouraged in our crusade for better and more interesting football by Unfortunately, the rules of the football conference that we participate in, only allows the use of human your unsolicited help. We are considering the men you have offered for positions on the coaching staff and we shall include, as you suggested, in all further applications a space for Diet Preference." beings as players. Very truly yours, THE EDITOR

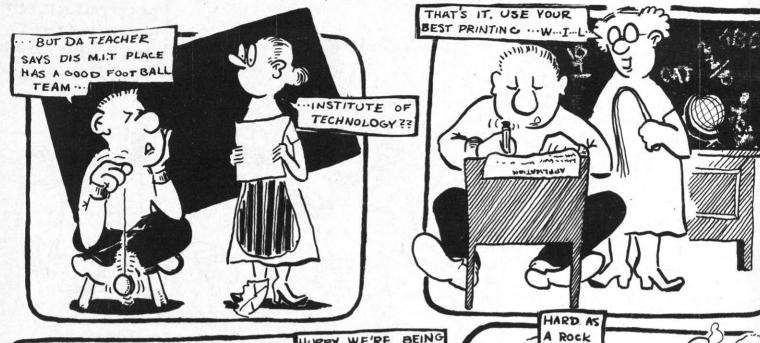
Boston Watch and Ward Society, We feel that the resolution suggesting that no women be allowed in our new stadium without chaperones is too restrictive. Such a clause, if inserted in our charter will reduce attendance, promote bitter feelings between the sexes and eliminate from the rolls of our subscribers, those people who care little or nothing for the sport of football. We are sure you will sympathize with our stand

Of course, only soft drinks will be served during the football games. The mere suggestion that alcoholic beverages will be allowed on the premises shocks us deeply. Nevertheless, if a little nip now and then means so much to you, a doctor's prescription will be honored.

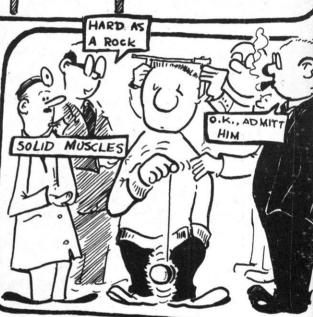
Very truly yours, THE EDITOR

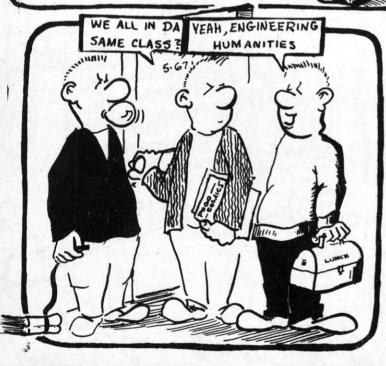
National Radio and TV networks, Anything is possible for money. Very truly yours, THE EDITOR

## He's Football Material.











Leeds 4-ROLLBONLER



# REPORTS FROM THE WORLD

## THE NEW YORKER

At the M.I.T. football game last week-end ar amusing incident occurred. A small animal vaguely resembling a gila monster, ran onto the field and stole the ball. He ran the length of the field, scoring a touchdown for M.I.T. Twenty-two football players and three referees couldn't catch him. Not surprising, we say. A ball bearing gila monster ought to be capable of remarkable speed.

## **PRAVDA**

#### Vulgar exhibition

Yesterday, members of two decadent capitalis tic educational establishments engaged in a spectacle of mass brutality. The whole thing was masked under the title of "Football", a game copied from the Soviet originated sport of FZRLZOMSOPOV.

The opposing sides were representatives of socalled teams, one from the Voo Doo Institute of Technology, and the other from a small school of liberal arts, which is in reality a school that is advocating violence as a means of promoting capitalism.

Keyed up by the hysterical cries of the crowd, the teams savagely attacked each other for sixty minutes, much to the delight of the goulish spectators. The team from the Voo Doo school was declared the winner of the contest according to the rules of the "game".

It was evident that the bourgeoisie in the United States derive great pleasure watching members of their society attack each other in a public spectacle. From this we can obviously see the imminent downfall of these capitalists because their society has reached a new low in culture. Prepare for the glorious day of the collapse of the capitalists and the exhibition of FZRLZOMSOPOV as it should be played.

## THE VOO DOO

We won! It was a terrific game and starred stunning plays that left the opposition dumb-founded. The credit cannot be given to any one player because all played magnificently. The coaching staff is to be congratulated on the fine job they have done. The fans went wild at the end of the game and carried away the goalposts, with the coach on their shoulders along with all the women who were present. Yes, sir . . . It was a GREAT game.

## THE TECH

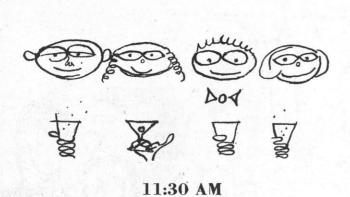
The Voo-Doo football team played a victorious game this past Saturday. Rah! for Technology.

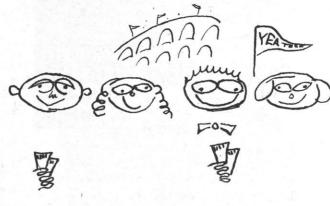
## THE LONDON TIMES

#### Brawl Overseas.

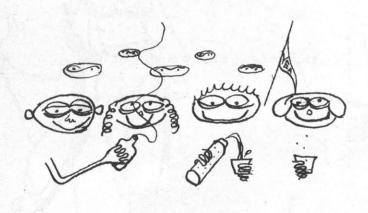
Had a very pleasant trip returning from the natives on the other side of the Atlantic where I witnessed a brawny spectacle conducted at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There was a beautiful woman in the cabin next to mine on the return trip and she had the cutest little . . . In the beginning of the game called "Football" about which I am reporting to you, the two opposing teams grimaced fiercely at each other. and pushed each other from one end of the field to the other. This pushing was accompanied by a great deal of useless running about and several severe injuries. After about an hour they all stopped and with a great deal of shouting, wen home. It was a thrilling trip and a truly exciting experience and I can confidently say that I shall be a father.

## THE BIG GAME

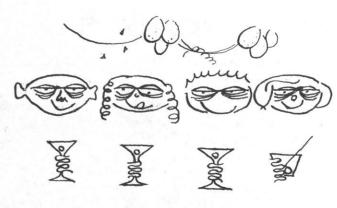




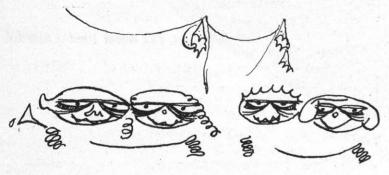
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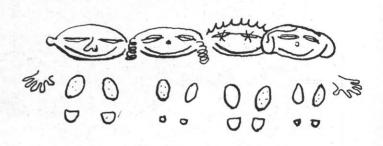
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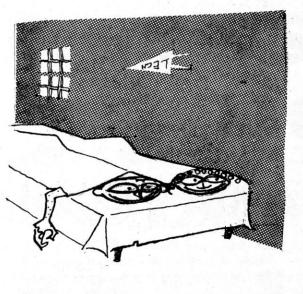
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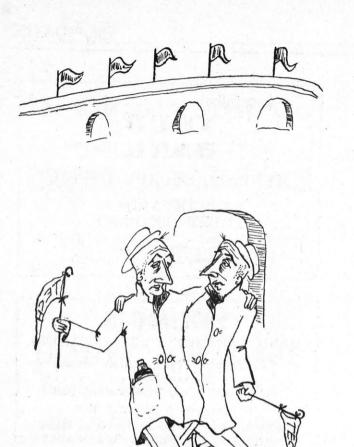
I told you you'd be sorry you missed the game.



And I say let's have a party.

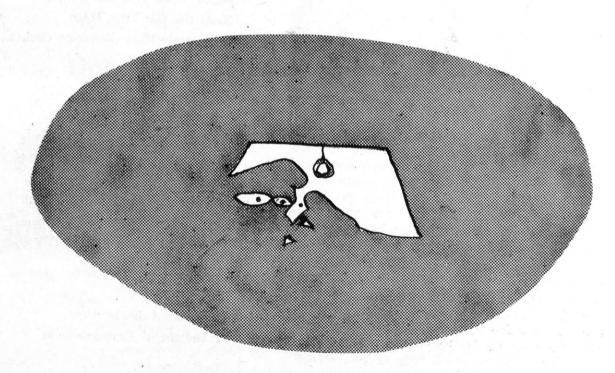


Why yes, I've never tried a martini.





. . . But I thought you were going to drive.



But you said this was a Foot Ball weekend.

Father, reproving his son and heir for his table manners:

"I'm afraid you're a little pig, Junior. Do you know what a pig is?"

"Yes, daddy," said Junior. "It's a hog's little boy."



A couple of tea-sippers were driving through the back country of College Station, and not being too sure of their route, they stopped to ask directions of a bewhiskered aggie sitting in the rocking chair on the porch of a dilapidated old shack.

As the driver approached the front porch, a woman came out of the front door carrying a bucket of water. She walked directly to the man in the rocking chair and emptied the pail of water over his head.

The woman looked up, saw the puzzled look on the stranger's face, and said:

"Keeps the flies off'n him."



A lady was having guests over for dinner, and she told her maid to make mushroom sauce for the steaks. When the maid opened the can of mushrooms, she noticed they were a most peculiar color.

"Well," said the lady, "put a little on some toast and give it to the dog; if he eats it, probably it's all right." The maid did as ordered, and promptly reported that the dog lapped up the sauce and begged for more.

Things went along fine until the guests were having coffee. The maid dashed into the room with a white face and whispered to her mistress. "Oh, ma'am, the dog has just died." The hostess was startled, but thinking quickly, she called her doctor to come over with his stomach pump, and the eight steak and mushroom dinners were promptly removed. She breathed a sigh of relief and then went out to the kitchen. "By the way, Mary, where is the dog?" "Oh, ma'am," replied Mary, "he's under the porch just where he was put by the man whose car hit him."

-naturally

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21

8:00 P.M.

Tickets Now On Sale

In Bldg. 10 and at Box Office

"Always a Good Show at The OLD HOWARD" A lease broker staggered up to a hotel desk late one night and demanded another room. "But you have the best room in the house, sir," answered the clerk.

"I don't care," was the stubborn answer. "I want another room, and I want it quick."

Realizing that it would do no good to argue or reason with him any further, the clerk turned to the bellboy and said: "Move this gentleman out of 505 and put him in 508, right away."

Completely satisfied, the inebriated guest moved toward the elevator, offering no word of explanation or thanks.

"Would you mind telling me, sir, why you don't like 505?" asked the clerk, hardly expecting a sensible answer. He got one, however.

"The damn thing's on fire."



The well-dressed young matron and her little girl had just seated themselves in the parlor car when a seedy, shabbily dressed fellow entered the car and sat down beside them. Wanting to rid herself of what she considered an undesirable traveling companion, she leaned over to the man and whispered.

"I think you ought to know, sir, that my little girl is recuperating from a severe case of scarlet fever, which might still be contagious."

"Oh, don't worry about me, madam," interrupted the man, "I'm committing suicide in the first tunnel, anyway."



His toes curled in the black soil. It was marvelous to feel the good cool earth beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a piece of sod between his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city with loathing. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow, but that was over. He was back to his first love—the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once more he was part of nature and not just a shadow in the city. A voice called, "Dinner's ready." Slowly and reluctantly, he took his foot out of the flower pot.

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Courses: Based on Mechanical Engineering

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School of Industrial Management

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Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering

Marine Transportation (suspended 1952)

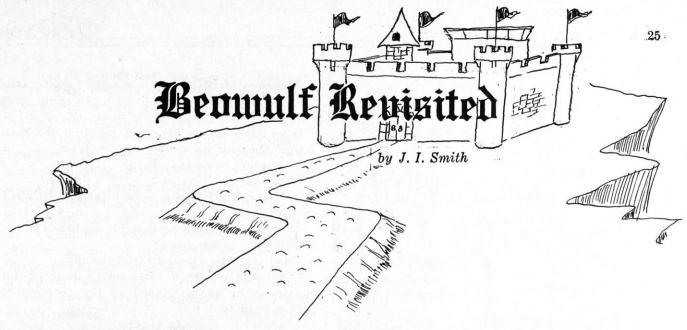
Courses: Based on Physical Sciences

Based on Chemical Sciences

The duration of each of the above undergraduate Courses is four academic years and leads to the Bachelor's degree, with the following exceptions: (1) Architecture, which is a five-year course leading to the Bachelor's degree; (2) Chemical Biology, Food Technology (Five Year Course), Physical Biology, and the Cooperative Course in Electrical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years and lead to the Bachelor's degree and the Master's degree; (3) Science Teaching, which is of five year's duration and leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the degree of Master of Arts in Teaching from Harvard University.

Graduate study may be pursued in Textile Technology, Ceramics, Sanitary Engineering, and in most of the above professional Courses. The Master's and Doctor's degrees are offered in most of these fields. For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

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



One day as farmer Brown went out to hitch up his mule for the day's plowing the mule looked at him and said, "Good morning, Mr. Brown"true, the words were indistinct but still intelligible. Brown recovered himself presently and returned the greeting, the only civil thing to do. In the weeks that followed the mule's command of language grew and his enunciation improved to the point where he could carry on a passable conversation. Brown and the mule passed naturally from talk of their work to discussions of things in general. The mule learned rapidly and his vocabulary expanded at a rate which would have been remarkable in a human being. Small talk made the day's work more pleasant for them both. Brown cautioned the mule not to address strangers, explaining that the average person would likely be alarmed on being spoken to by an animal.

After several years of association the farmer and the mule were the best of friends. But one day, after much hesitation, the mule said, "Mr. Brown, I've enjoyed working for you here. I appreciate all you've done for me and above all I value your friendship. But I'm afraid I shall be forced to leave you."

"But Tom, what's on your mind? Maybe I can help. You know I'll do all I can."

"It's difficult to put into words. You see . . . well . . . " The mule blushed and looked away. "It's rather a delicate matter."

"Come on, Tom, out with it, boy."

"You see, Mr. Brown, I've never had a very satisfactory home life here." The farmer nodded.

"I understand. Tell you what. We'll finish up early today and I'll go into town and see what I can do." "Oh thank you so much, Mr. Brown."

Brown put Tom in the barn and went in to town. None of the livestock dealers had a female mule or donkey of any sort and in desperation Brown went to the local zoo.

"Sorry," the zoo superintendent told him, "we don't carry domestic animals. There isn't any interest in them. But say, we do have a surplus of female zebras. You could try one of them. It's a gamble but if it doesn't work out, just bring her back. If it does work out, there won't be any charge. You might as well try it."

Brown took the zebra home and led her into the barn. He went up to the house without speaking to Tom. His doubts as to the compatibility of a mule and a female zebra were confirmed when he entered the barn next morning. That is to say, when he entered what had been the barn. The place was a shambles. Broken bales of hay were strewn about, machinery was knocked from its place on the walls, in short the condition of the barn was certain evidence that the episode of the night before had been anything but blissful. But if the barn was a mess it was as nothing compared with the little female zebra. She was a pitiful sight cowering in a corner of the barn. She had hoof marks and teeth marks all along her flanks. She was badly mauled and bitten. As for Tom, he stood dejectedly with his back turned in the opposite corner. Brown walked up to him. "Tom, I'm awfully . . . "

"No, don't apologize, Mr. Brown. I want to thank you for what you tried to do for me. I'm very grateful. You know, it's a shame. She was a pretty little thing. But try as I would, I just couldn't get those goddam pajamas off."



Martha! Surprise! Guess whose going to have dinner with us?

"Going to the ball game?"

"Yeah."

"Go to school here?"

"Yeah."

"Fraternity man?"

"Yeah, SAE."

"So am I, but I don't remember you. Where do you sit at meetings?"

"Second row."

"Oh, that accounts for it. I'm up in the second balcony."



"Shore is a great place, the city," commented Elmer on his return from his first visit to Salt Lake City. "Spent my first night with a naked woman, too; and if I'd played my cards right, I guess I could have kissed her."

	MIT Voo Doo Walker Memorial Bldg. Cambridge, Mass.
Dear Phos, Enclosed is \$2.00 so p issues of Yoo Doo to	olease send eight hilarious
Name	
Address	
City	State

A farmer visiting a state mental hospital was strolling about the grounds when he came upon an inmate sprawled restfully under the shade of a tree. After an exchange of greeting the man sat up and eyed his visitor with interest.

"What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a farmer."

"Farmer, huh? I used to be a farmer. Damned hard work."

"You're darned tooting it is," replied the visitor.

"Ever try being crazy?"

"Why no," the shocked farmer snapped.

"You ought to try it some time," declared the inmate as he again relaxed on the cool grass. "Beats farming."



There was the little country girl who came to college and always went out with city fellers because farm hands were too rough.



Did you hear about the freshman who spent many hours trying to convert degrees centigrade to radians?



A slow talking girl met a fast talking city slicker. Before she could tell him she wasn't that kind of a girl—she was.



"Do you know what the burglar got who broke into the SAE house last night?"

"Yeah . . . pledged."

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### The GRILL DINER

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It was Christmas Eve, and the house was brightly decorated with sprigs of holly and mistleto. Only the clicking of Grandma's knitting needles broke the silence. The children, Polly, eight, and Janice, six, were seated before the roaring fireplace leafing through a picture book. Then they rose and went over to Grandma's rocker. Polly climbed up on the arm of the chair, and Janice snuggled into Grandma's warm lap.

"Tell us a story, Grandma,"

Janice pleaded.

"Oh," said the old lady putting aside her knitting and wrapping her arms about the children, "what should I tell you about?"

Little Polly's voice came gently, "Tell us about the time you were a whore in Chicago."



First Texan: You say your uncle's up for stealing horses? What are you going to do about it?

Last Texan: I'm going to cut the rope and bury him.



Freshman in chem lab (to instructor): I got the copper residue in Experiment 7 and guess how much it weighed.

Instructor: Five grams?

Frosh: No.

Instructor: Seven grams?

Frosh: No.

Instructor: Ten grams?

Frosh: No.

Instructor: Well, how much

then?

Frosh: I don't know. I didn't weigh it.

Customer: I wanna buy a lawnmower.

Clerk: Sorry, sir, but we haven't any lawnmowers.

Customer: Well, this is a fine drugstore.



Adam and Eve in the Garden had a pretty hard day naming the animals.

"Well, Eve," said Adam, "let's call this one a hippopotamus."

"But darling, why call it a hippopotamus?"

"Well, hell, it looks like a hippopotamus, don't it?"

"Roses are red, Violets are blue, I get the heaves Just thinking of you." Beautiful, isn't it?



She: "What position do you play on the football team?"

He: "Oh, sort of crouched and bent over."



Dracula: "My wife just had a baby at this hospital, and I want to see it."

Nurse: "Shall I wrap it up, or will you eat it here?"

# Want to study and travel



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ACROSS THE U.S. AND OVERSEAS

The Vermont farm wife was leaving the hospital after giving birth to her fifteenth child when the floor nurse kiddingly said to her:

"I guess I'll see you back again in a year."

"No, ma'am, you positively won't," said the farm woman with a great deal of confidence.

"What makes you so sure?"

"Well, ma'am, me and my husband has found out what's causing them."



The Twentieth Century Limited was twenty minutes late. Seventy miles an hour it roared down the winding ribbons of steel. The engineer sat at the throttle, tense and strained. Far down the track there appeared suddenly a figure staggering along, waving a red flag. White-faced the engineer threw on the big emergency and the long line of cars threatened to leave the rails, careening back and forth, brakes screeching and every bolt complaining. Slowly the big engine came to a stop and the fireman, leaning out toward the bedraggled man, shouted, "For God's sake, man, what is it?"

"Jush wanted tuh tell yuh the croshing wash open."



Two rabbit hunters were discussing the question of what rabbits ate. One of them said they ate only carrots while the other insisted that their diet consisted entirely of lettuce. So they bought five rabbits and cut them open, finding out that they fed exclusively on turnip greens. Moral: Few arguments are settled by splitting hares.

Two tourists were driving through Vermont in maple season and noticed the shiny tin buckets hung low on the trunks of trees. "My gracious," exclaimed one of the tourists excitedly, "They certainly have a sanitary bunch of dogs around here."



Harpo Marx went on a hunting trip with some friends, and a game warden, in reciting the hunting rules, showed them a regulation forbidding the shooting of any boar under one year old.

A member of the hunting party asked: "But how can I tell if the boar is over one year old?"

"Easy," Harpo suggested. "Just sing Happy Birthday to him, and if the song is familiar to the boar—shoot."



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## **FLOBBER**

by Harold Kaplan

"Hey, Flobber, don't forget the union meeting tonight."

Egbert Flobber leaned on his broom and stared absently into space for a time before replying, "Why not, Charlie?"

"Because tonight's the night we vote on whether M.I.T.'s paying us enough to keep body and soul together. Don't tell me you forgot, stupid? Every janitor on the campus oughta be there."

Flobber resumed sweeping, and said slowly, "I think they pay me enough money."

"That's because you ain't married. Wait till you marry, then we'll see." Charlie glanced at his watch and continued, "Say, it's almost quitting time. C'mon, let's put our brooms away and get going."

Flobber gently placed his broom in the broomcloset, changed his clothes, and trudged off the campus up Massachusetts Avenue, in the direction of Central Square. Arriving at Mort's Bar and Pizzeria, he entered and sat down on a barstool.

The bartender glanced at him, and, receiving a nod, drew Flobber a beer.

"That's a nice head on that beer," said Flobber.

"Yeah," said the bartender as he had for thirteen years, five days a week.

Flobber took the beer and sipped it slowly, thinking of its fine taste and cool sparkle. His stooped shoulders slumped even more, and his eyes stared vacantly ahead, as, deep in thought, he placed the half-drained glass on the top of the bar.

He took off his glasses, breathed on them, and began to wipe them with his handkerchief. Being very nearsighted and absent-minded, he did not notice that a woman had seated herself on the barstool to his right. She ordered a beer also, and began to sip it.

As Flobber replaced his glasses over his eyes, he accidentally joggled her arm, spilling part of her beer.

"You idiot!" she yelled, "you've spilled my beer all over my skirt."

Flobber looked up, amazement written all over his face in copper-plate script.

"Oh my goodness, ma'am. I'm sorry. I'll buy you another beer."

The woman stared at him and was about to scream again, when she suddenly realized he was not being sarcastic.

"You really mean it, don't you?" she said softly.

"Of course, ma'am. I spilled it, I pay for it."

"I should have known," she said, half to herself. As Flobber signaled to the bartender, she looked at his neat, faded suit, and his thick eyeglasses. A look of understanding filled her angular face, cracking her makeup by its unusual shape.

"To think that I've seen you in this bar right after five o'clock for years, and it never occurred to me," she remarked.

She smiled at Flobber, and then hastily closed her mouth, lest he see her bad teeth.

"Seeing is believing, ma'am," he said, puzzled. "Here is your beer."

"You work at M.I.T., don't you?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Don't you want your beer?"

She picked it up and drank a few mouthfuls. Flobber sipped his also, staring into the air or into his glass, she couldn't tell which.

"It must be exciting at M.I.T.," she said, "not just a dull grind like the candy factory where I work."

"Oh, it's all right," Flobber replied between sips.

She wiped her mouth on her sleeve and spoke again: "M.I.T. is a big place. Just where do you work?"

"I'm in one of the radiation labs."

"What's radiation, like a radiator?"

"I don't know, ma'am," Flobber grunted.

"Oh, you're too modest. Let's move to a booth. So we can talk better."

"Okay," said Flobber.

They found a low wooden booth covered with chipped paint and sat down at the damp table with the ketchup-covered menu on it.

"Oh, you forgot your beer, ma'am."

"Let it stay."

"I don't understand you at all, ma'am."

"My name is Sadie. Sadie Glip. Just call me Sadie."

"I'm Egbert Flobber. Pleased to meet you, Sadie," he said automatically. Having run out of handy clichés he was at a loss for something to say, so he looked around for a waitress.

"Are you married, Egbert?"

"No, Sadie."

"I'm not either."

A waitress appeared with a pair of beers. Flobber took one and began to drink it silently. Sadie reached for the other, blew the foam off onto the floor and drained the glass to the bottom.

"You know, Egbert, I like you!"

"I like you too," he replied uncertainly. He began to sip his beer down slowly.

"I suppose I should call you Professor," she said.

"Why?"

"What else could you be? You work at M.I.T., don't you?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"And even before you told me, I could tell. You have the look of a professor."



Flobber stopped sipping his beer and stared at her. "You mean you think I'm a professor?"

"Well, aren't you? What are you talking about?"

"Uh, nothing, I was just thinking." Suddenly everything became clear to him. He grinned and drank the rest of his beer.

"What do you say we go somewhere tonight?" said Sadie.

"Let's make it tomorrow night," said Flobber, "we can meet here."

"Why not tonight?"

"I have to attend a meeting. Charlie was right."

And although there is always the story of the thoroughgoing youth who invented a sort of litmus paper in order to tell by certain chemical methods rather than by simple taste the difference between rye and gin, we feel that the most clever of them all was the Sarah Lawrence girl who told the difference between a tooth brush and a squirrel by putting them both at the bottom of a tree and seeing which one ran up.

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The scene was a Tibetan monastary. Two monks were sunning themselves and meditating on the follies of humankind. Finally the first monk broke the silence, "Life," he said, "is like a well."

A year passed—slowly. The second monk aroused himself from his reverie (he was enjoying the sun and meditating on the follies of humankind) and queried thus, "Why is life like a well?"

Several years passed and the two soaked in the sun and meditated on the follies of humankind. At last the former stirred himself and replied bitingly, "All right, have it your way, life is not like a well."





Take a shower?
No—Is there one missing?

Professor I hope this doesn't reflect on my grade.

#### M. I. T. Musical Club Christmas Concert

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December 13, 1952

Jordan Hall

Tickets at \$.90, \$1.20, \$1.50 will go on sale in Building 10 on December 1.

The old professor cleared his throat in the midst of an examination period and remarked gently, "Will some generous student who isn't copying from his text book be kind enough to let me have the use of it for a few minutes?"



An election board in a southern town was counting ballots when they came across a Republican ticket. Not finding anything wrong with it they put it aside until they had time to decide what to do about it. After a while a second Republican vote showed up.

"The son-of-a-gun voted twice," said a judge, "throw 'em both out!"



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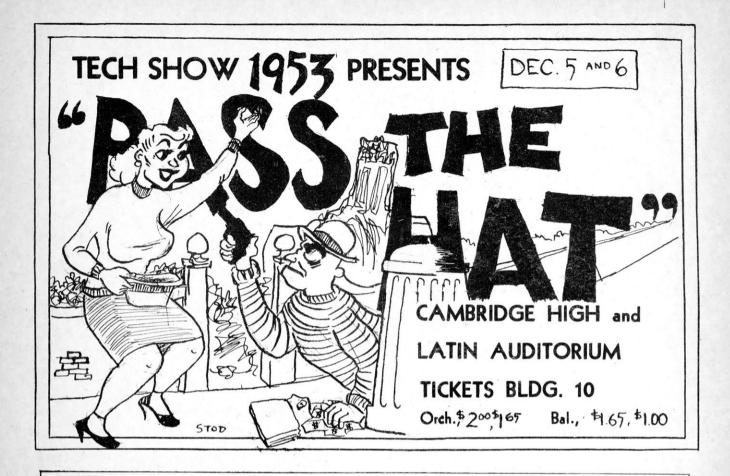
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