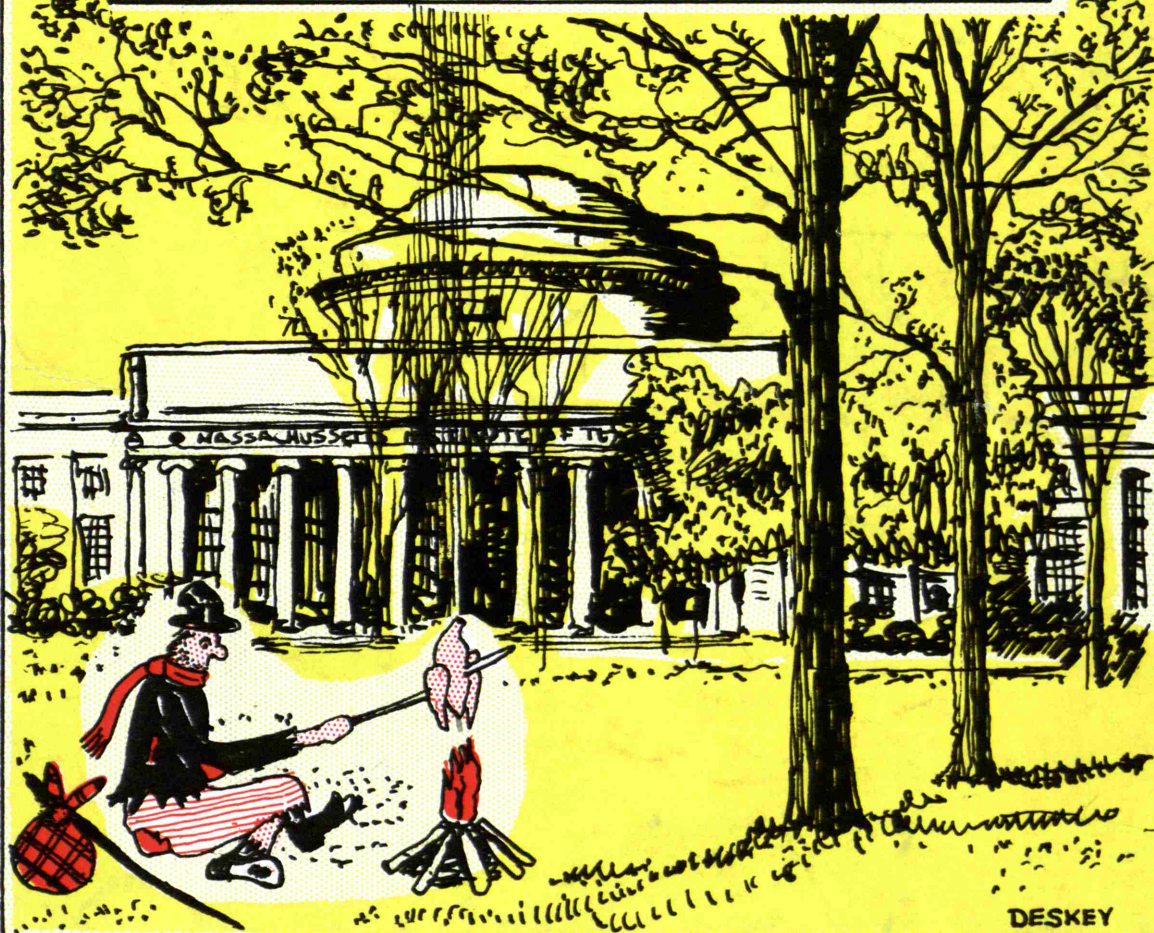


MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY VOO DOO



CATALOGUE ISSUE FOR FEBRUARY, 1954

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25 CENTS

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"There's some number he dials and he gets real beer"

Just in case you're one of the unlucky people who don't own telephones like the one in the picture, here's what you do: next time you're in a spot where you can order beer, order Schaefer. You'll get real beer. Schaefer isn't just another light, dry beer. Schaefer lightness and dryness are balanced with true beer character. Schaefer has the flavor, bouquet and other traditional qualities of a great brew. Phone, write, telegraph or run down to the nearest beer outlet in town for real beer. You'll like it.



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Phosphorus

Having suffered the tribulations of another registration day, we settle comfortable into our own little academic rut, toss our roll cards optimistically in the waste basket and survey the Boston scene.

We find things about the same except that the Old Howard and its sister institution the Casino are not presenting their heretofore usual fare of ecydicists but are rather boarded up in anticipation of an unfanfare opening showing motion pictures. The powers that be evidently have not felt that burlesque is needed in Boston. We disagree. Burlesque is as much a part of Boston as Scollay Square, the State House, Baked Beans or Broiled Scrod.

One more step has been taken towards making Boston just another New England city by chucking away one of its last vestiges of individualism. We are going the way of such cities as Minneapolis, Chicago, and New York who have eliminated burlesque and are somehow that much poorer for it.

We fervently hope that the status quo is not permanent and that burlesque will be brought back. If *some* people don't *like* burlesque they don't *have* to go.

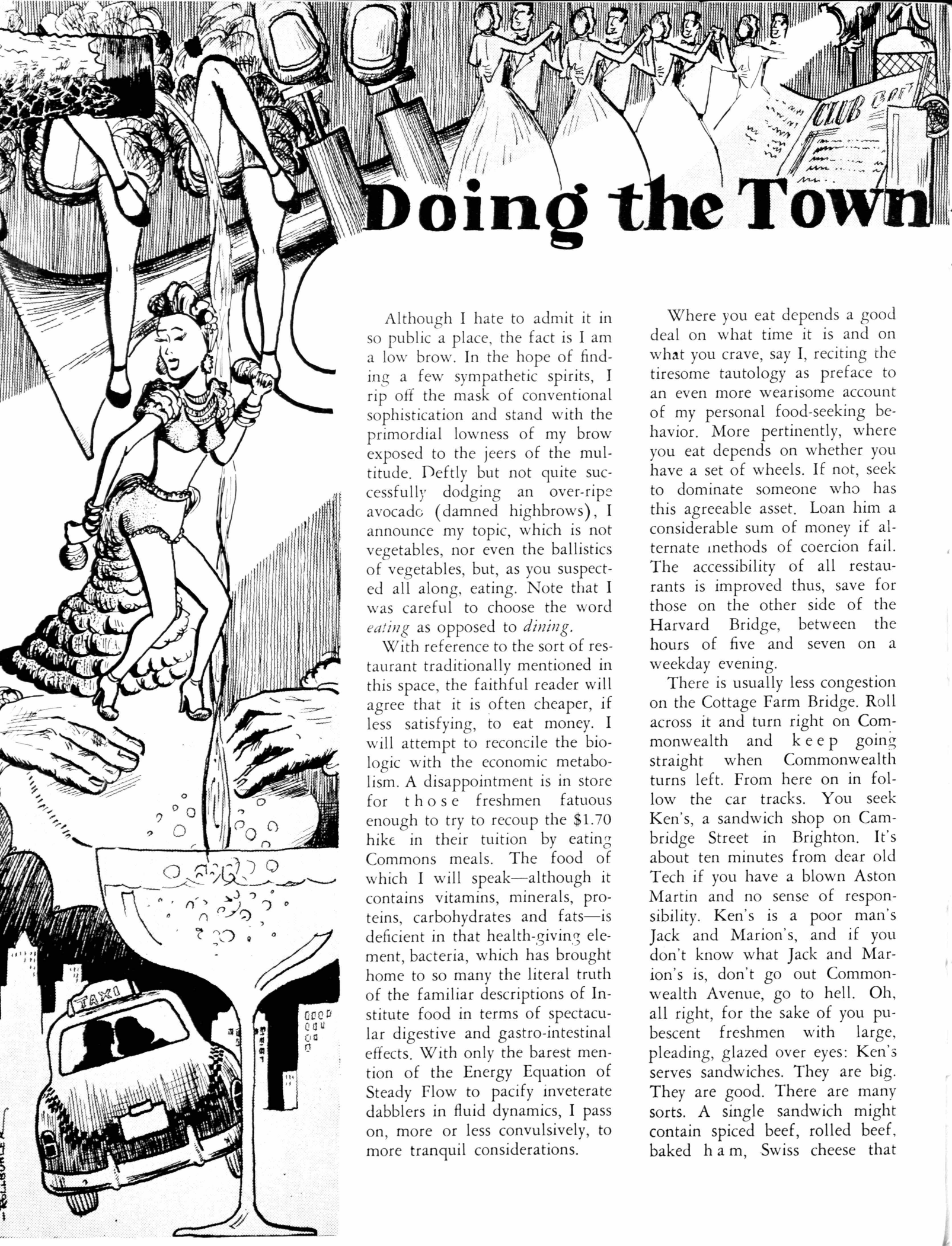
—M. D.

VOO DOO notes with regret the departure of Jerry Perlstein, Jim Rollbubler, and John Smith. Good men all, and we wish them well. Congratulations are in order for Harold Kaplan, Bob Lukacic, and Dave Seidel for their appointment to the Junior Board as Joke Editor and Co-Sales Managers respectively.

All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration. Copyright, 1954, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board for the Students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Office Hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday. Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago.

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This month's cover by Deskey



Doing the Town

Although I hate to admit it in so public a place, the fact is I am a low brow. In the hope of finding a few sympathetic spirits, I rip off the mask of conventional sophistication and stand with the primordial lowness of my brow exposed to the jeers of the multitude. Deftly but not quite successfully dodging an over-ripe avocado (damned highbrows), I announce my topic, which is not vegetables, nor even the ballistics of vegetables, but, as you suspected all along, eating. Note that I was careful to choose the word *eating* as opposed to *dining*.

With reference to the sort of restaurant traditionally mentioned in this space, the faithful reader will agree that it is often cheaper, if less satisfying, to eat money. I will attempt to reconcile the biologic with the economic metabolism. A disappointment is in store for those freshmen fatuous enough to try to recoup the \$1.70 hike in their tuition by eating Commons meals. The food of which I will speak—although it contains vitamins, minerals, proteins, carbohydrates and fats—is deficient in that health-giving element, bacteria, which has brought home to so many the literal truth of the familiar descriptions of Institute food in terms of spectacular digestive and gastro-intestinal effects. With only the barest mention of the Energy Equation of Steady Flow to pacify inveterate dabblers in fluid dynamics, I pass on, more or less convulsively, to more tranquil considerations.

Where you eat depends a good deal on what time it is and on what you crave, say I, reciting the tiresome tautology as preface to an even more wearisome account of my personal food-seeking behavior. More pertinently, where you eat depends on whether you have a set of wheels. If not, seek to dominate someone who has this agreeable asset. Loan him a considerable sum of money if alternate methods of coercion fail. The accessibility of all restaurants is improved thus, save for those on the other side of the Harvard Bridge, between the hours of five and seven on a weekday evening.

There is usually less congestion on the Cottage Farm Bridge. Roll across it and turn right on Commonwealth and keep going straight when Commonwealth turns left. From here on in follow the car tracks. You seek Ken's, a sandwich shop on Cambridge Street in Brighton. It's about ten minutes from dear old Tech if you have a blown Aston Martin and no sense of responsibility. Ken's is a poor man's Jack and Marion's, and if you don't know what Jack and Marion's is, don't go out Commonwealth Avenue, go to hell. Oh, all right, for the sake of you pubescent freshmen with large, pleading, glazed over eyes: Ken's serves sandwiches. They are big. They are good. There are many sorts. A single sandwich might contain spiced beef, rolled beef, baked ham, Swiss cheese that

doesn't taste like wax, and imported salami. The sandwich is a challenge to your jaws and fills the plate. There is a side dish of tasty potato salad and a slice of dill pickle. 95 cents will buy it. Ken's doesn't serve brew. Have your sandwich fixed to go, pick up some brew and go back to the room. If you don't find the will to live rekindled in your bosom, you are better off dead anyway.

The little dives stashed behind the gas station across the tracks on Mass. Avenue is familiar to architects, city planners and other nocturnal fauna of the Institute. The best scrambled eggs in the world are served there. The best scrambled eggs in the world are served there. The best scrambled eggs in the world are served there. Yes, they are. I mean it.

The diner also serves a thin but good tasting steak for 85c that is worth cutting into. If you've got to be out at Wellesley at 7:30, drop into this little deal and do some quick chewing.

Still on the subject of quick, cheap, plentiful, satisfying food: find the Mary Lee Diner, a basement in the middle of a block of Newbury Street, three blocks toward town from Mass. Avenue. The place is christened a diner and the food is of the sort found in diners but much better tasting, more ample and incredibly inexpensive. The establishment itself defies classification. It is a curiosity but a not unpleasant one. One friendly old man is host, waiter, cook, cashier, manager, and door-man. There is "atmosphere" to be sure, but of a novel sort. The Mary Lee Diner is not a "good place to take a date," but if you are well past the sham stage with your woman, haul her in, feed her, and see what she thinks of the place. There is a feeling of hominess, a gentle informality that the word hospitality doesn't

describe. And there is another thing: silence—silence such as is seldom found in the city and never in a restaurant. Perhaps the place will attract you as it does me. At any rate, go there and eat, and then call me a sentimental fool.

If you have pizza and beer on your mind late at night, wend your way down near the entrance to the Sumner Tunnel. If you have trouble finding the tunnel, learn how to read. The European restaurant is within a hundred yards of the tunnel entrance. A few blocks further down the street is the Italian Canteen. I prefer the European for pizza but for any of the other Italian dishes, and there are others besides spaghetti and ravioli, you will do well at either joint. Give a try at manicotti. It is cheese and tomato and bits of meat wrapped up in a sheet of noodle and baked. Any spaghetti man can make the switch without pain and probably with pleasure.

When hunger strikes as you wander down Mass. Avenue toward Symphony Hall, stagger into Sharaf's. Yes, I know, you're thinking: "What's this? Next he'll be sending us to the automat." I don't apologize to anyone for recommending that barbecued chicken. Fried shrimps and Scallops can be had in quantity too. There is a cafeteria counter where you can get a meal with vegetables. I usually buy a basket of chicken and french fries and onion rings at the barbecue counter and have a fine time getting my fingers greasy. The barbecued chicken combines the best features of fried and baked chicken.

The only drawback to the place is the depressing atmosphere—tired and brown and bleak. The establishment is generally filled with elderly Bostonians, very proper but not very elegant to look at nor very cheering to spec-

ulate upon. I place them as the kind of people who, transposed and transported to New Orleans, would interest Tennessee Williams. Still, the place is fine for those not subject to melancholy conjecture. I like the Pecan Pie.

My final suggestion is not immediately admissible as a low brow place. Prices range from \$1.20 to \$1.60. It is a good place to drag your wench. Little old ladies hang out there. Never fear, the portions are more appropriate to big old ladies. In addition you are turned loose on a bowl of salad and quantities of wonderful orange bread, date-nut bread, and Irish brown bread, baked fresh every day. I have been accused of having an almost Freudian regard for the orange bread, on the basis of testimony to the effect that I dispatched twenty pieces at a sitting.

The menu has about ten choices of main dish, several vegetables, and all sorts of desserts you never heard of but which sound good and are. Baked potato is served, a dish I like and seldom find.

You won't feel conspicuous in ordinary school clothes. I have even gone there in the fifth degree of bearded untidiness, but then I'm usually brazen. The restaurant is located in the block of Newbury next to the common. The name and address are: 39 Newbury Street.

—John I. Smith

A pair of newlyweds got into a hotel elevator. The good-looking operator fluttered her eyes at the groom and said, "Hello, darling." All the way up there was a deadly silence, but, after the two were in their room, the bride exploded, "Who was that hussy?"

"Listen, don't you start anything," groaned the groom. "I'll have enough trouble explaining you to her tomorrow morning."



WE were smoking a Sherlock Holmes-shaped briar pipe when a poll taker for a nationally advertised cigarette walked into our room and offered us a sample package.

"What cigarette do you smoke?" he asked.

"Yours, of course," we said, puffing a thick cloud into his face.

He grinned and checked us off in his notebook.

WE ARE informed via several 8.01 taking freshmen of the, to our mind, scandalous going's on in the physics lecture rooms. Methods have apparently been devised by the physics department to enable the freshman who is easily flustered on exams to make his mistakes in pairs and by having them compensate, get the right answer. This method is aptly enough called double-cheating. We do not presume to doubt the august physics department concerning the correctness of the answers but about the morality of this method we can not keep silent. Is the student to understand that embezzling is a serious mistake but that embezzling and then making appropriate errors in the bookkeeping is commendable? Are we to believe that robbing a bank and shooting the armed guards are mistakes which will cancel each other out? Perhaps in physics, professor, but cer-

tainly not in life. We, therefore, remind the freshmen that the primrose path is paved with similar schemes and that, in life at least, he would do well to make his mistakes singly if at all.

A FEW weeks ago we took the Graduate Record Exam. On the exam we were required to fill in our name, age, year, school, center, and sex. Under the space for sex, some bureaucrat had printed, "MORF." We are still wondering just what it meant.

YOU have probably heard that a better dressed man gets better service in a store, but this doesn't always mean what you might think. Last week, wearing a seedy-looking fuzz on our face, we went shopping in Boston. Sure enough, we got bad service in the department stores, but when we strolled into an art supply store half a dozen clerks rushed over to help us. All we purchased was a ten-cent lettering nib, but, thinking it over now, we see that such smiling service really deserved nothing less than the purchase of a small tube of burnt sienna.

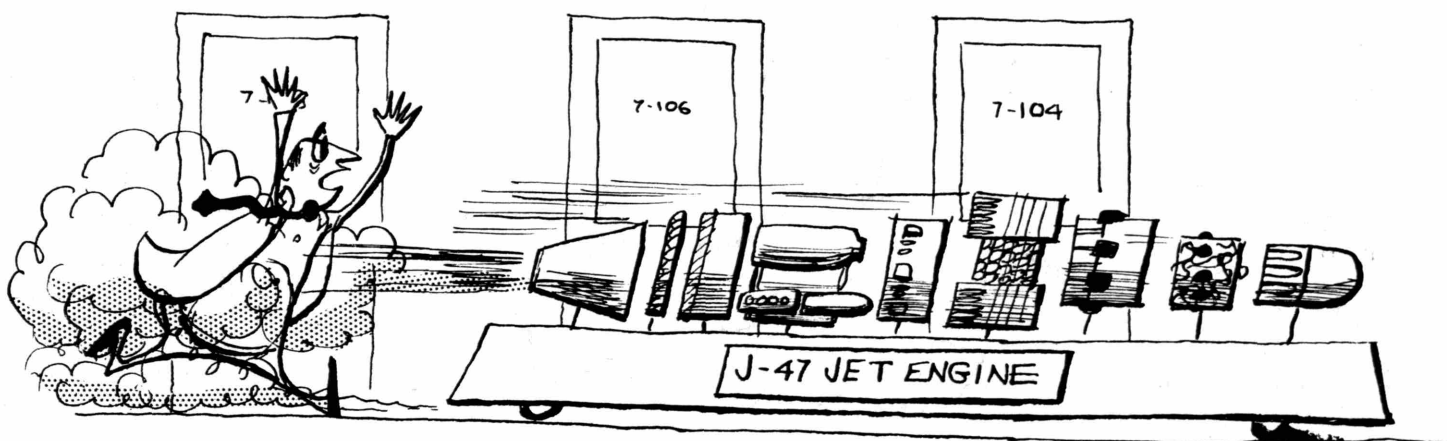
WE were walking down the corridor in Building 7 the other day when we noticed that the discreetly illuminated sign of the Summer Session headquarters was flashing on and off in the best commercially accepted manner. We think that this is a timid beginning to what might well become a notable effort in the selling of technical education to the masses. Our mind reels at the thought of the next step in the program. One might well envision a giant neon sign, mounted on the dome, that would flash some potent bit of MIT sales talk redly and intermittently across the river.

Hank, with a terrific hangover, went out to the barn at 5 a.m. to start milking and a long day of chores. Said the first cow.

"Brother, you look terrible; the circles under your eyes hang down to your knees."

"Yeah, I know it, and I gotta work at these darn chores 'til 7 o'clock tonight."

"Well, I'll do all I can to help," volunteered the cow. "You just hang on tight and I'll jump up and down."



"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then hold this quart while I tie my shoe."



The mistress of the boarding house glanced grimly around the table as she announced: "We have a delicious rabbit pie for dinner."

The boarders nodded resignedly, that is, all except one.

He glanced nervously downward shifting his feet. One foot struck something soft, something that said, "Meow!" Up came his head and a relieved smile came to his face as he gasped, "Thank God."



There was a young man from France,
Who waited ten years for the chance.

He muffed it.

A man at a marriage bureau about to be presented to his prospective bride, whispered to the agent, "She's ugly, hunchbacked, cross-eyed and knock-kneed."

"You needn't whisper," said the agent.

"She's deaf, too."



One evening recently I was having a drink with my friend Sam when a young smart-aleck sauntered over to our table and spotted Sam's very bald head.

"You know, Sam," he said, "your head is so soft and smooth, it feels just like my wife's leg."

Sam reached up, patted his own head and replied, "Damned if it don't."



Customer: I'd like some rat poison, please.

Clerk: Will you take it with you?

Customer: No, I'll send the rats over after it.

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Homing Torpedo

There was little else to do besides sitting and reflecting. Captain Craig's mind was preoccupied with the ways in which submarine warfare had changed since the Second World War. At twenty, he had joined the underwater fleet as a lark. At forty, he was the Fox, out-foxed. It made him sick to see the young faces of his crew, ready for death.

He glanced at his watch. Half hour is up.

"Sorry, men, the lights have to go off. Might as well put away your mess tins and sack out. Carlo . . . is *it* still in the same place?"

An unhappy nod from Carlo; a grumble from the crew.

The sad, unshaven faces dragged away to their berths. Craig recognized in a few of the haggard eyes the thing he most feared, the desire to die now and get it over with. The lights went off. The six hours of blackness began. For twelve days the submarine had been following the unhappy routine . . . thirty minutes of light, and six hours of dark. Craig drew on the trapped ship's batteries more than he really dared to, but the men must have the light to see by occasionally if they are to be kept sane. The small charge in the cells must be stretched out, to keep the men going in case the chance ever comes.

It had happened a dozen days previously. The Barracuda had encountered an enemy sub. Craig acted immediately, firing a homing torpedo. Simultaneously, he swung his ship to face the foe's broadside, and then cut his engines. The enemy commander, apparently expecting the big American boat to use a homing torpedo, fired a decoy noise-maker and then stilled his own motors. The "homer" spun off course, following the decoy. Craig, tracking the action of his screen, countered by shooting a pair of semi-magnetics from the fore tubes. The two missiles sped through the water, curving slightly towards the magnetic pull of the other submarine. The enemy was unable to escape from the line of fire without attracting the erratically circling homing torpedo. With an explosion that rolled the Barracuda half way over, the other sub was blasted out of existence.

Craig and his crew braced for the second blast which would indicate that the "homer" had caught the decoy. No sound! Looks of apprehension spread as it became evident that something, perhaps the

blistering explosion, had caused the decoy to stop running. Some place, not far off, the Barracuda's own torpedo sat waiting for the vibrations of a motor to chase.

Filled with disbelief, the crew was slow to understand that the missile they had fired was prepared to hunt them down and destroy them as soon as the Barracuda started even one auxiliary motor.

For an hour, the men clumsily talked of their plight, and ways out of it. It was then that Gatch, one of the coolest, suggested a test to see whether the torpedo's delicate homing mechanism had not been ruined in the explosion. Gatch was for a quick try at pumping out ballast and surfacing. Craig refused to risk it. The ballast pump motors were too large, and if the torpedo were still operative, it would close in on the heavy vibrations immediately. The Captain agreed to run the generator for the batteries momentarily, and try to track the torpedo on the screen.

A preliminary scanning didn't locate the hidden killer. With trembling fingers, Craig started the generator, and stopped it almost immediately. Carlo yelped from the screen. There had been a faint flash . . . some object had moved 600 yards distance. The generator was started again. There was a flash, and then another. Carlo looked at Craig. The generator was stopped. A bit of light passed into the field as the operator focused.

"That's our girl friend out there now, sir. She circled three times while the motor was running, and closed in on us about 200 yards. She's sitting there less than a quarter of a mile off, now."

"Keep the torpedo in sight at all times," ordered the Captain.

That Carlo did. And every man on the stranded submarine kept the torpedo in mind. The Barracuda was down a half mile, and couldn't move. There was food for a month, on short rations. The snuffle, grandson of the snorkel, could just manage to bring in air, as long as the ship didn't settle any deeper. The batteries, needed to provide light, power for the electric cook stove and radio, couldn't be counted on for too many hours without recharging. Two dozen men left with only one slim hope for life. Sudden death on one hand and slow death with a slim hope on the other. Craig ordered the lights to be shut off. Every one sat down to wait.

All hope consisted of the possibility of an enemy ship happening by. As time wore on, it is impossible to tell just how many of the crew would have been glad to see a boat load of countrymen blown to bits so as to end the ordeal. Radioing for help would

only bring the foe's planes with deep water depth bombs. The sole prayer was for an enemy ship, and the waters where the Barracuda lay were rarely traveled.

On the ninth day, with tempers running high, a fight broke out over the ownership of a pack of cigarettes. There was much yelling, breaking of furniture, and punching of crewmates. Two gallons of precious water was spilled on the floor, and the noise had drawn the torpedo a hundred yards closer to the ship.

On the eleventh day, during the second dark period, one of the men died. There was no explanation why; he merely passed on in the slow sick fashion of those deprived of light, sufficient nutrition, clean air, medicine, and the hope for life. He was buried at sea, by being passed out through a tube, wrapped in a flag.

The worst occurred when on the first lighting of the twelfth day, two of the youngest men were found in the galley where they had gone together to cut their wrists. Both were dead when Craig got to them. Morale fell completely to pieces.

The tired Captain sat by the screen. The dot clung tenaciously about 300 yards away. Waiting to destroy them, and destroying them with the waiting. A sick youth cried from his berth in the dark. Someone else, in troubled sleep was blubbering "Surface, surface, damn it!" In a few days, Craig would have to hold them off at gun point to keep some crazed fool from blowing them all up, by trying to surface. If only he could keep them under control! Still, the waiting was too hard to bear, and seemingly too much in vain. No ship was coming to lure away the torpedo. Still he waited.

On the thirty-third day, Craig was too tired to sit at the screen. He lay in his bed. Six men were dead. Robinson was dying from a bullet wound given him by the Captain when the youth cracked, and tried to start the engines. The sub had lost sight of the torpedo for two hellish days when it had drifted close in under the stern, before the currents moved it off a ways. They were all starving. The Captain did much thinking and waiting.

Gerry made the suggestion. He was a reckless veteran of eight years under the seas, a powerful swimmer, an expert on torpedoes, and a man without a family. He also was hungry and near mad from the eternal thinking and waiting. The plan was childishly simple and overwhelmingly dangerous. Gerry was to don the underwater repair suit, swim to the torpedo, remove the firing mechanism, and return to the ship through the escape hatch. If

he was able to remove the delicate triggering device the ordeal would be over. If, as was more likely, the delicate operation could not be done carefully underwater, he would blow himself to bits. The blast might or might not smash the sub at that distance.

Craig weighed the chances. The rewards of success were high. He thought of the grimy young faces, close to death. The two men shook hands good-bye, and Gerry climbed into the escape compartment during the dark, without the knowledge of anyone on the boat but his Captain.

Fifteen minutes later he was back. It was with considerable pain in his face that Gerry made his report.

"We're safe from the homing torpedo at any rate. That baby couldn't blow up a paper bag. But we're not too safe after all. *There's a saboteur on this ship.*"

"Why . . . how come?"

"When I got out there to sweetheart, I realized that I couldn't do the job in this black mirk we call an ocean. Anyhow, I figured I could get a big bang out of trying, and maybe get you kiddies off the hook. I undid the cap, real gentle-like, and *there was nothing inside!* Someone on this ship removed the fuses between the time I checked the torpedoes and the time we loaded that one in the tube."

"Then we've been sitting down here with nothing to fear from the torpedo, and an enemy sleeping right next to us in the ship."

"It's not easy to jettison the missing parts on a sub. Let's search the stuff of the guys on the torpedo crews. When we find the swine, I'll . . ."

Craig and Gerry spent two days, secretly going through the gear of every man who had anything to do with the missiles. As the men ate, or moved to other parts of the ship, the two went over his bed, clothes, gear box. On the second day, they found the firing device hidden in Gatch's pillow.

"Ensign Gatch, come here, please."

"Yes, Captain?"

"You can save this ship if you will. Listen carefully. You know torpedoes well, and you're one of our best swimmers. Also, you're of steadier nerves right now than most of the men. Here's the plan. If you don the repair suit, swim the distance to the torpedo out there, and remove the firing mechanism, you will have saved us. Needless to say, you risk your life on this unlikely project. Gerry has offered to try, but he's older, and I question the sureness of his hands."

Gatch turned pale at the first mention of his being a torpedo expert. But then, a smile of hope spread across his face as he heard of the plan—a

not very dangerous one, though he was sure only he knew it—that would end all this insanity under the sea. He was emphatic that no one else should try.

Gatch donned the suit and mask. He swam to the missile and toyed with the harmless homing torpedo. After a proper wait, he turned back towards the ship. *He was in the middle of the ocean, a half mile down, and 300 yards from the sub . . .*

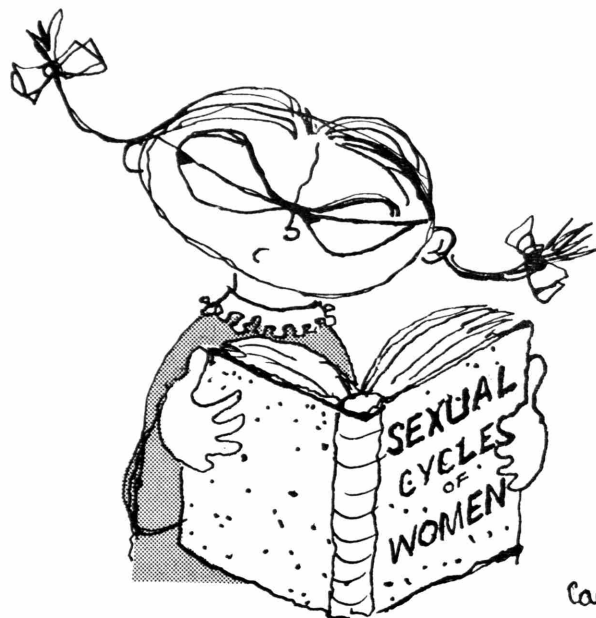
"Mr. Gerry," asked the Captain, "is Mr. Gatch safely back in the ship?" He smiled for the first time in a month.

"Why, yes, sir, I *believe* he is," came the smiling reply.

"Well, then, as long as you are reasonably sure, we can start the engines and move on."

The long-still engines throbbed, the screw turned, and Captain Craig silently said good-bye to hero Gatch. The Barracuda moved upwards and towards home.

—Leonard Kransner



"Hey maw, where's the thermometer."

Displaying her wedding gifts, the bride came to one from the groom's Army buddy. "I just adore these personalized gifts," she said. "We received towels and washcloths with HIS and HERS on them, but," — and she blushed — "this is even more personal."

She held up an olive-drab blanket with the letters US stamped in the middle.

Stopping his car near a mountain shack in the Ozarks, a tourist called to the old woman sitting on the porch, "How far is it to the nearest town?"

"Pa figgers hit's about 10 miles thar and about 12 back," she answered, "Which is account of him walkin' straighter goin' than comin'."



Dad criticized the sermon. Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes. Sister didn't like the choir's singing. But they all shut up when little Willie piped in, "Still it was a pretty good show for a nickel."

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DOO

Super Stan the salesman was checking receipts in his book while training to Toledo for a pow-wow with the Ohio branch. The passenger alongside drew him into a conversation.

"Ever been to Toledo before?" the guy asked.

Stan riffled through his book, muttering: "Let's see now . . . Places I've been in . . . Sioux City, South Orange, Stetson . . . Toledo! Sure, I've been in Toledo."

The guy said: "Ever been at the Hop-Right-Inn Motel in Toledo?"

Stan riffled through the book, muttering: . . . "Motels I've been in, motels I've . . . Yes, yes been at the Hop-Right-Inn."

The guy said: "Ever know a Barbara Mugwump at that motel?"

Stan riffled, muttering: "Women I've known . . . let's see . . . Yes, I knew a Barbara Mugwump."

The guy said: "Well listen Clyde, I happen to be MISTER Mugwump and I want you to know I don't like it!"

Stan riffled, muttering: "Mmm . . . neither did I!"



She laughed when I sat down to play. How did I know she was ticklish?



Every day about the same time a man sticks his head in the barbershop door and asks: "How long?" The barber always looked around and informed the man of how many customers were ahead of him. The man always said: "Ok, I'll see you later." But he always came the next day.

One day the barber decided to find out why he waited till the next day for his haircut, so he hired the shoe-shine boy to tail him.

"Did you follow him?" asked the barber.

"Like I was glued to him," said the shoe-shine boy.

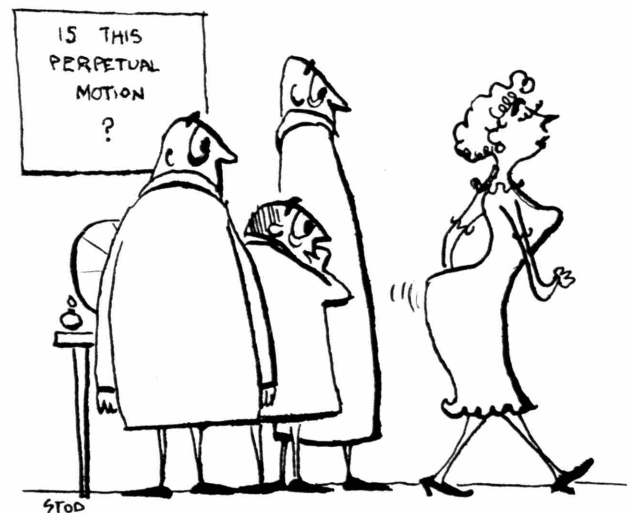
"Where'd he go?" said the barber.

The boy's eyes twinkled merrily and he said: "Straight to your house."



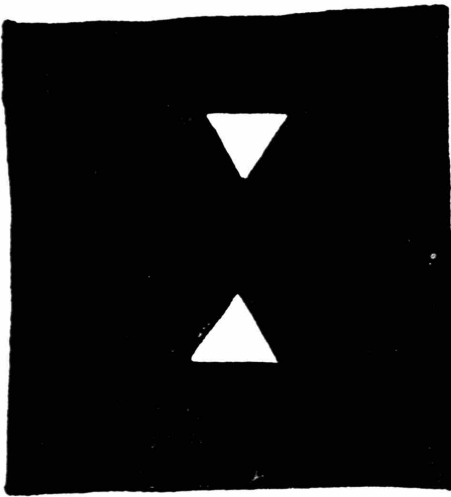
Coroner: "And what were your husband's last words?"

Widow: "He said, 'I don't see how they can make a profit from this stuff at a dollar and a quarter a quart.'"

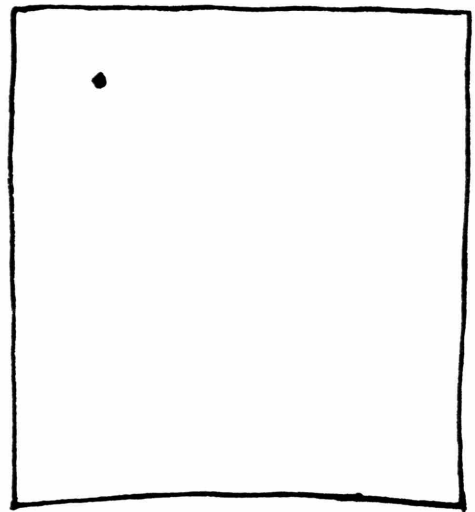


DROODLE-OO

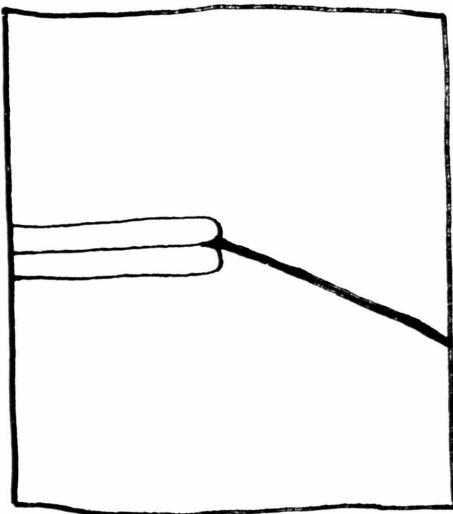
A new art form has recently appeared which threatens to rival apple-dunking and scrabble as the national pastime. DROODLES* have become the new popular craze. Voo Doo invites you to test your perceptive powers on these. The answers are printed right-side up down in the far corner, but some of the DROODLES may be upside down, for all we know.



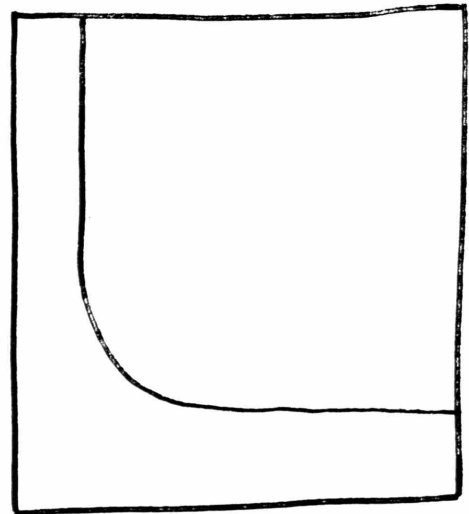
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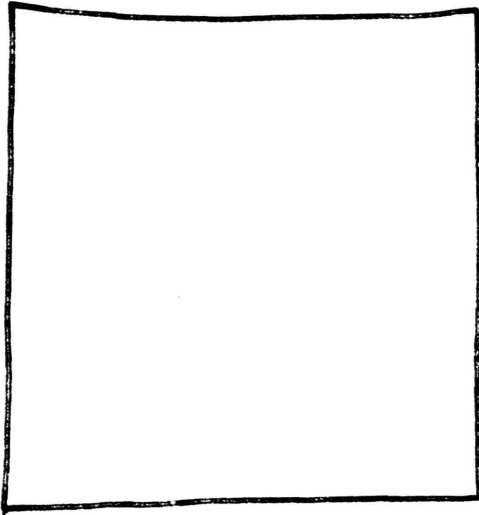


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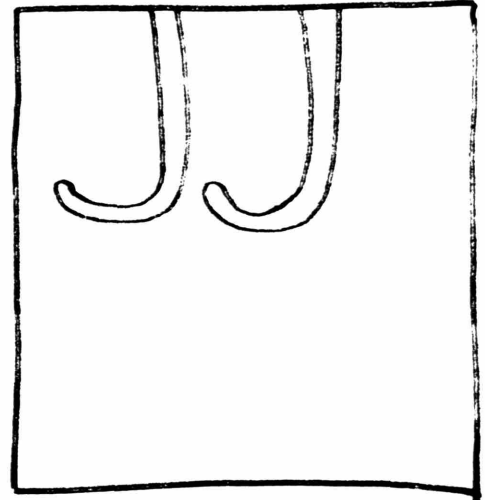


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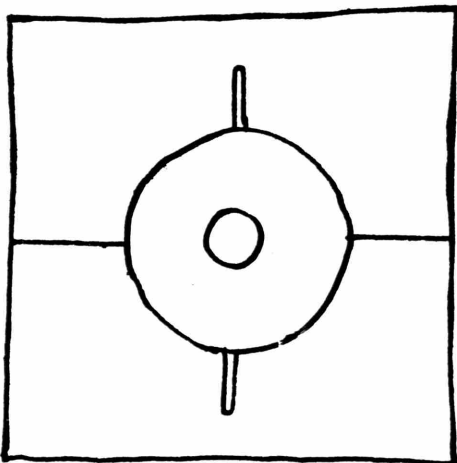
*With apologies to Roger Price.



5



6



7

1. Top of beer can as seen from inside.
2. Ghost with speck in eye.
3. Ubangi sipping lemonade.
4. Path made by worm that turned.
5. Polar bear throwing snowballs.
- (Alternate title: Ghost with speck removed from eye.)
6. Two cats sitting on high fence as seen from low window.
7. Mexican tight-rope walker.



TIT FOR TAT

or

Thanks for the Mammaries

Poindexter Creebleflax sat alone quietly eating his dinner in the dismal, murky depths of Walker Memorial when two Techmen whom he didn't know sat down to eat across the table and proceeded to resume their conversation with one another.

"I'd like to go out with Gisela more," said one, "but she's so flat-chested—and besides it's such a long trek out to Wellesley." The other made an affirmative grunt through his *Lamb Bakkelese* and after a little more talk, the subject gradually changed.

Poindexter arose and started working back to the dormitory, considering carefully the first chap's statement. For Poindexter not only knew the girl in question, but had taken her out several times the year before, and, when having asked her, out of curiosity, what her various circumferential measurements were, had been told, and quite matter-of-factly at that. The particular statistic that remained in Poindexter's mind was Gisela's mammary development approximated thirty-three and one-half inches, give or take a quarter of an inch.

This set Poindexter to thinking. "Here is a subject that needs looking into," he thought as he changed his course ninety degrees and proceeded to Hayden to see if he could dig up more available information on the subject. Hayden, it turned out, had no reference works on female development and the encyclopediae were of no help whatsoever. The Boston Public Library turned out to be better the following week, when Poindexter had an afternoon off, but required him to fill out a special form entitling him to use "for reference" the books on a certain shelf in a room conspicuously labeled "Restricted."

Poindexter, in his research, found the interesting statistic that as far as pollsters had been able to ascertain from talks with doctors, consultation with women's clothing (and underclothing) manufacturers and by personal interview, the average woman's bust size between the ages of sixteen and forty-five in the United States was about thirty-three point five eight inches, or approximately the dimension of the aforementioned Wellesley girl.

This struck Poindexter as being an extraordinary commentary on male thought at the present time. Here were a couple of impressionable young men who thought the chest of a girl roughly conforming to the national average to be wholly inadequate. Poindexter thought much and read much about the subject in the next few months and discovered many interesting facts, some of which he passed on to me. Here are a few of the tidbits that this self-styled expert on lungwarts discovered.

Historically, bust emphasis has enjoyed a kind of cyclic action. The Victorians, for instance, produced women whose shapes were thought to be in vogue if their chest started at their neck, then gently billowed, sloped and rounded until it gradually reached their waists. This mode became gradually modified after the turn of the century. After the First World War there was a complete break away from the pre-war shape and such a strenuous de-emphasis was placed on breasts that the "slat fence" school of dress came into being and rendered any girl with observable protuberances unfashionable. Some well endowed women were, no doubt, highly uncomfortable during the Flapper Era.

Gradually, however, the pendulum swung back.

The thirties turned to a rather logical statement of the subject in its natural form, and, passing that point, evolved the so-called "sweater girl" and the "pin-up" whose pointed conicality seemed almost as far from the norm as the flapper.

It is interesting to note that, through all these periods, the basic physiognomy has not changed appreciably, but (like energy and matter) has been changed from one form to another.

It seems that the current ideal so far as mammary areas are concerned would be the limit approached by Misses Monroe or Russell. This has produced something of a strain on the females in America and I'm sure stuffing booby socks has become more common than stuffing turkeys. Probably the reason more girls don't let gents place their hands in certain places is that these men might rapidly discern that mountains had been made out of molehills.

It takes more effort to get oneself stylishly busted than, say, buying a pair of shoes. They go about the thing quite scientifically and the process is more complicated than filling a tooth, although they don't drill. Instead of just taking measurements and letting it go at that, women are made to assume various postures to let things hang and to put muscle strain on things—all with much taking of notes. These notes are handed to Engineering which draws the blueprints and passes them on to the construction department. They do things very completely in a habadashery-for-knockers.

Some women have four breasts apiece. The spares occupy a space about six inches below those in the time honored position. Some of these unfortunate (or fortunate if you choose) don't give a damn but some of the younger ones take hormone injections to remove the lower two. However, hormones are stupid little things. You can't point and expect a hormone to understand. If asked to remove two breasts, they might eliminate the upper left and the lower right, leaving the subject considerably less well off than she was before.

The cyclic action of styles in bust shapes seems to be finally starting to reverse (it would be about time, allowing twenty years per cycle) and smaller shapes may tend to be the mode. Instead of having a type who must wear out a sweater a week, I kind of like the Leslie Caron or Audrey Hepburn type who may bring a modicum of normality back to the fever of bust worship.

Incidentally, I bumped into Poindexter last week and he told me that he finally had a talk with the

guy he overheard. Seems it was another Gisela he was talking about and she really *is* flat-chested.

—Mike Deskey

A young sergeant was transferred from one post to another, and his colonel sent along a letter saying that he was a good soldier but he had one vice, gambling.

"Young man," said the new commanding officer, "I hear that you're addicted to gambling. That's a bad habit. What do you bet on?"

"Anything," replied the sergeant. "For instance, I'll bet \$25 you have a mole on your can."

The C.O. was shocked. "Just to show you that gambling doesn't pay, I'll take that bet," said the colonel. And he took down his pants to prove that he had no mole. The sergeant paid. The colonel sat down and wrote to the sergeant's former commanding officer, saying he'd already taught the young man a lesson and telling what had happened. In a few days he received this reply:

"The youngster wins. Before he left me he bet me \$100 he'd have your pants off fifteen minutes after he met you."



"Oh, doctor," cried a wild-eyed man, "I'm dreadfully afflicted. The ghosts of my departed relatives come and perch on top of the fence posts all around my garden when dusk is falling. I can look out any evening and see a couple of dozen spooks sitting on the fence waiting, waiting, waiting. What shall I do?"

"Sharpen the tops of the posts."



"Good heavens, Doctor! What a terrific bill," the patient protested.

"My dear fellow," the doctor replied, "if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it proceed to a post-mortem, you wouldn't complain at a bill three times as big as this."

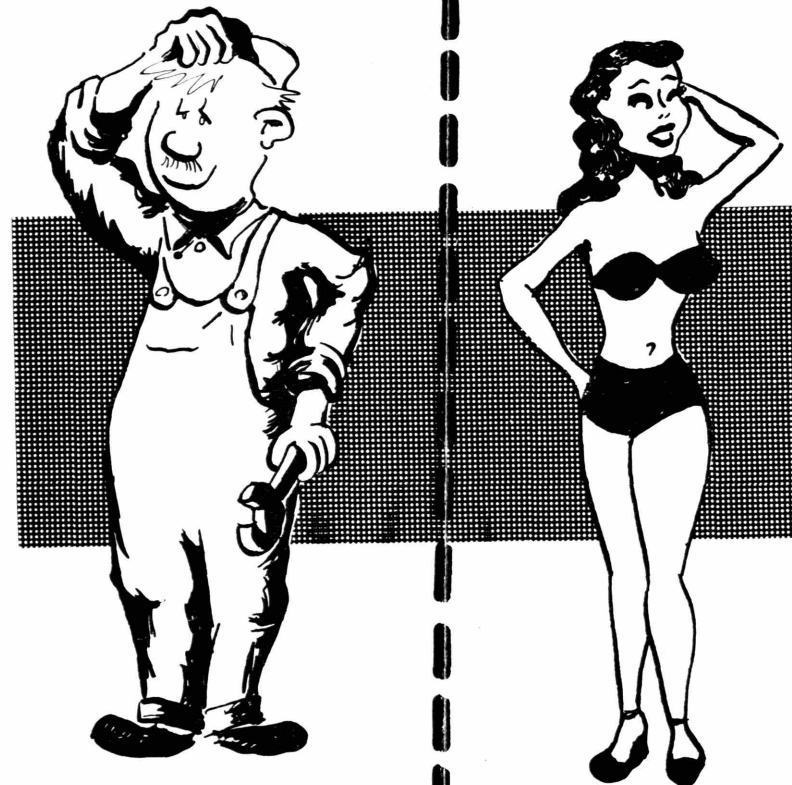
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DOUBLE IMAGE METHOD

1. Cut out Special 3-D Glasses. (These are of a new type and feature lenses which are each polarized both horizontally and vertically.)
2. Bend ear-pieces on dotted lines.
3. Mount glasses over eyes.
4. Look at picture.
5. You will no longer see a Double Image.



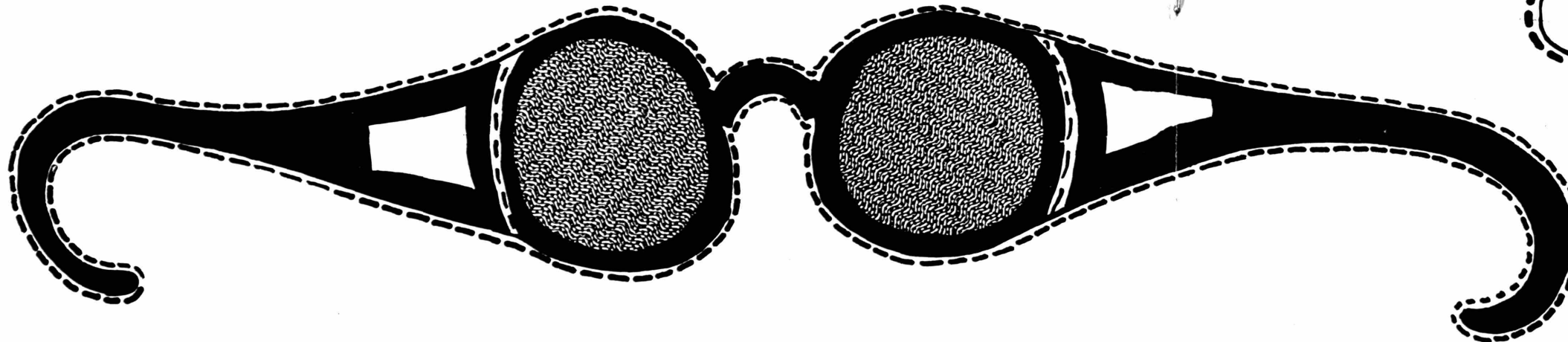
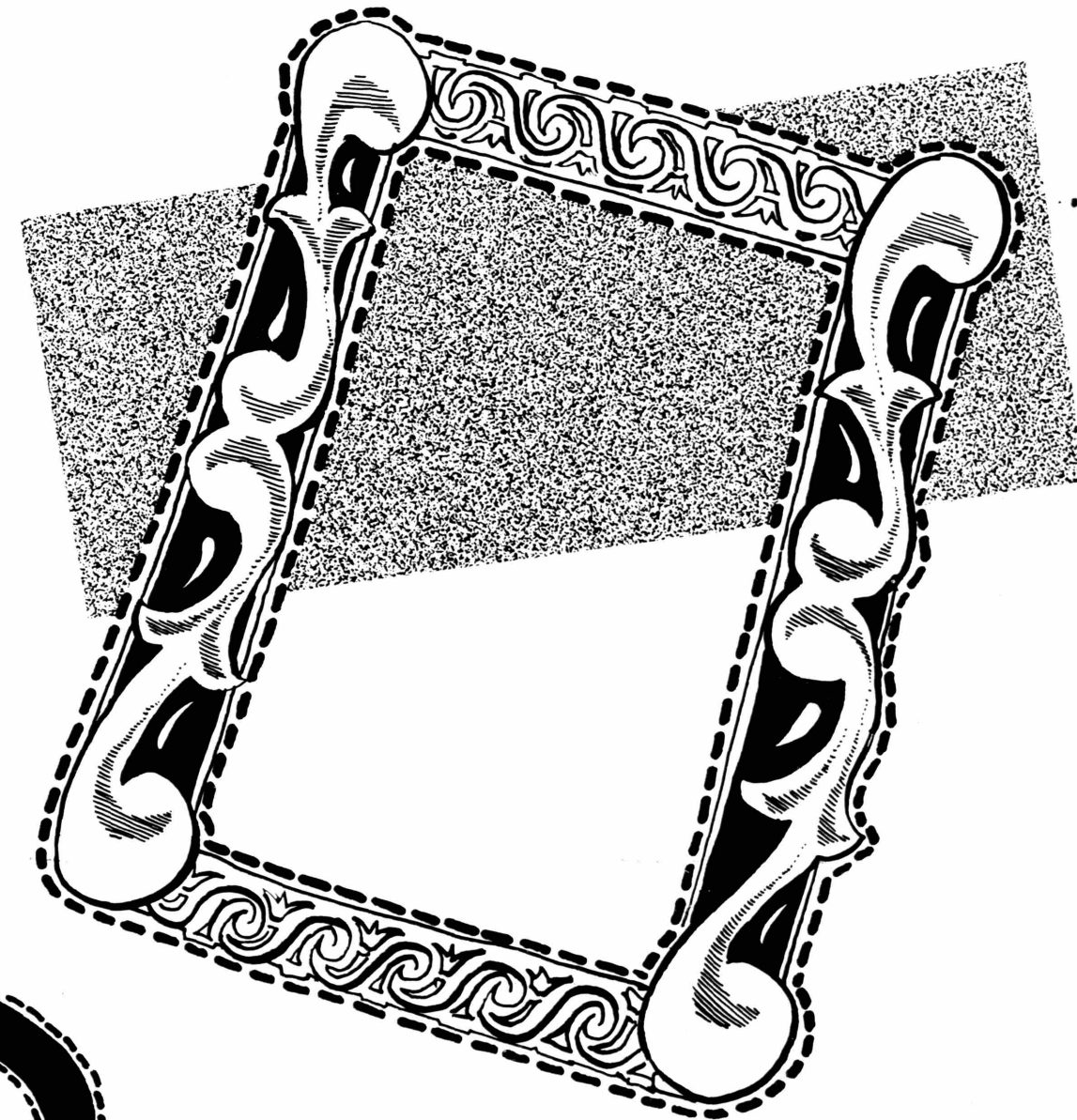
-ROLLBUNLEA

MIRROR REFLEX METHOD

1. Place mirror on dotted line, perpendicular to page.
2. Place head against mirror, with edge of mirror bisecting face.
3. Look at picture.
4. Adjust mirror until two images merge.

NO GLASSES METHOD

1. Cut out special view frame on dotted lines.
2. Place before eyes.
3. Look through frame.
4. Everything will appear in natural three dimensions.



A marriage broker was trying to arrange a match between a business man and a beautiful young girl. But the business man was very cagy.

"Before I buy goods," the business man said, "I look over samples, and before I get married I must also have a sample."

"But good heavens man, you can't ask a respectable girl for a thing like that," the broker replied.

"Sorry," insisted the other, "I'm strictly business and I want it done my way or not at all."

The broker went off in despair to talk with the girl. "I got you a fine fellow," he said, "with lots of money. But strictly business he is and he don't do nothing blind. He must have a sample."

"Listen," said the girl. "I'm as smart in business as he is. Samples I won't give him; references I will!"



First Bride: "Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

Second Bride: "I don't know, we've only been married three days."



A woman's whim is ever this:
To snare a man's reluctant kiss,
And snaring it to make him pant
For things that nice girls never grant.



They tell me you can do square roots in your head; what is the square root of 69?

Eight something.



A man walked into a drugstore and asked the druggist for some talcum powder.

"Certainly, sir," said the druggist; "just walk this way, please."

"If I could walk this way," the man replied, "I would not need the talcum powder."



Question: How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?

Answer: A Country Gentleman, a Mademoiselle, a Look, a few Liberty's and Time.



In a propaganda move, the Russian Government sent an order to the U. S. Rubber Company for one thousand gross of contraceptives, 18 inches long and 8 inches wide. The U. S. company filled the order, and as counter-propaganda move labeled each "Medium."

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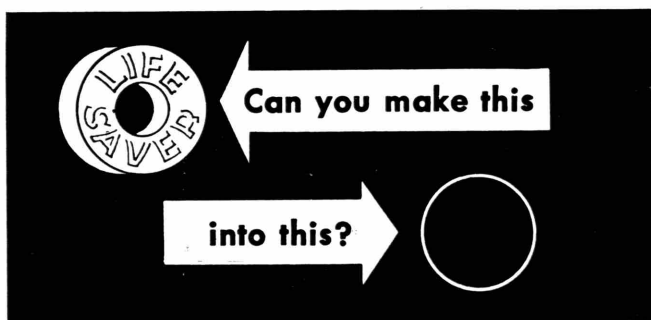
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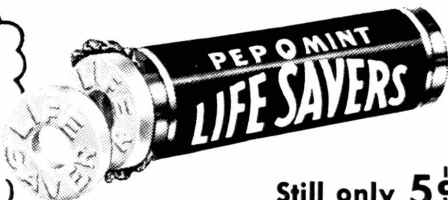
The Life Savers Corporation offers any student **TREMENDOUS PRESTIGE** for solving this fascinating question:

What are the smallest dimensions to which a Pep-O-Mint Life Saver can be reduced by oral hydraulics?

To enter the contest, simply submit your best experimental attempt to the Life Savers Corporation. All entries must be received unbroken and *unwrapped*.

(In layman's terms: let one of these goodies melt down in your mouth as far as you can. If it breaks—you don't have good self-control, but you've had a good time, anyway!)

This is not a
real contest—
we're just kidding.
But, you've won
anyhow! Think
of the fun
you've had!



Still only 5¢

"What color dress are you wearing to the dance?"
"Brown, I guess. We're supposed to wear something to match our date's hair."

"I don't think I'll go."



In the perfume department of a large store, a young lady with a baby in her arms stepped up to the counter and carefully surveyed the display which included "My Sin", "Ecstasy", "Tabu", "Irresistible", and "Surrender."

Quietly she asked the salesgirl, "Would you like a testimonial?"



"It's easy to write a play. First act, boy meets girl; second act, they hold hands; third act, they kiss . . ."

"That's how I got arrested."

"What do you mean?"

"I wrote a five-act play."



Il y'était une fois un homme qui avait un chien qui s'appelle Abner. Quand l'homme faisait une promenade avec son chien, les gens disaient: "O! Voilà l'homme and Abner."



Boy: "I've loved you more than you'll ever know."

Girl: "How dare you take advantage of me when I'm drunk?"



Sign on a bulletin board at Veteran's Airport, Bloomington, Indiana:

NOTICE—Absolutely no flying over nudist camp located eight miles SSW on a true course 190 degrees.



Grace: "You've got to hand it to Marvin when it comes to petting!"

Stella: "What's the matter with him—too lazy?"



A timid customer in a restaurant squirmed and fidgeted something awful. Finally he beckoned the waitress and, looking very embarrassed, he asked, "Could you tell me where the smoking room is?"

"Oh," the waitress replied, "you can smoke right here at the table."

Chorus:

Well then, Mister Simpson, what does that stuff taste like?

Ajax:

By Zeus! the very thing
That I forgot to test.
Since I was just a student
Back at M. I. T.
I've known that every substance
Listed in the book
Must have its taste writ down
Before the book's description
Can be called complete.

(Enter a taxicab, from which emerges a colleague of Ajax's.)

The colleague:

I go once more inside
To pour these crystals into
Water; then, I taste!
What did you say you'll taste?

Ajax:

A chemical that I
Have just now synthesized.

The colleague:

A new one! Then it might
Be poison, why take risks?
Prometheus brought fire
Down from heaven to earth

Ajax:

At risk of cruel pains
And when he was in chains
And eaten was his liver,
Yet he comforted
Himself in knowing he
Has done all mankind good.
Like him, I do not care
What risks I have to take.
Though dangerous my life,
Though cruel be my fate,
If I can find a fact
Which no man knew before,
If I can add just one
Iota to the stock
Of human knowledge, then
In spite of warnings dire,
In spite of omens bad,
In spite of what men say,
In spite of all the gods,
I'll find out how this tastes!



(Exit.)

Chorus:

Stasimon, strophe

Hearing him you'd think that Science lived on Olympus.
Onward mankind's progress, ever on and upward,
Man shall lift himself to godhood by his bootstraps.

Antistrophe

Yet he is scarcely right to dare the gods to stop him;
Man is no match for immortals, foolish it is to provoke them.
What they wished us to know, they surely would have taught us.

Strophe

Gods who are strong and evil don't deserve our worship;
Gods who are good but weak can't make us fear their power;
Gods who are strong and good would stop all mankind's evil.

Antistrophe

Surely the gods know best, for after all, they made us.
(Just for the sake of example, think of Zeus and Europa.)
Surely beyond all mankind, scientists ought to respect them.

Epode

I am in fear for Simpson, putting his life in danger;
Right or mistaken, he stands high on the list of brave men.
Well let's not just stand here, let's go in and watch him.

(Exeunt.)

The colleague:

Episode



Till now I thought that I
Was surely just as much
A scientist as he.
But I have not the nerve
To taste an unknown drink.
Now Socrates, when he
Did drink his hemlock down,
Knew he would surely die,
And so he did not fear.
But Simpson, in this case,
Has not the least idea
What its effect will be.
It might be just a tasty
Beverage that will
Be sold in all drug stores,
Or yet again, a harmless
Bitter-tasting drink
For naughty little boys.
But I am much afraid
That Simpson's chemical
Will be a poison that
Can out-do cyanide.



(Enter the President of the United States, from above, in a helicopter driven by two secret-service men, one of whom carries a submachine-gun in both arms. The President is also accompanied by a young lady in a rainbow-colored dress who carries a shorthand notebook.)

The President:

The colleague:

Are you a god or man?
Whose attributes are mine?
Of course, I know you now.
I fear you come too late;
My colleague, Ajax Simpson
Just now risks his life
To taste a chemical.
A braver man than he
Is rarely to be found.
So have I heard, and I
Am here to give a medal
To this fearless man.

The President:

(Enter half the chorus.)

Chorus:
Stasimon, Strophe

How can a mortal tongue describe that deed of horror?
Never in all my life have I seen loathsome symptoms
Anywhere near as bad as those of Ajax Simpson.

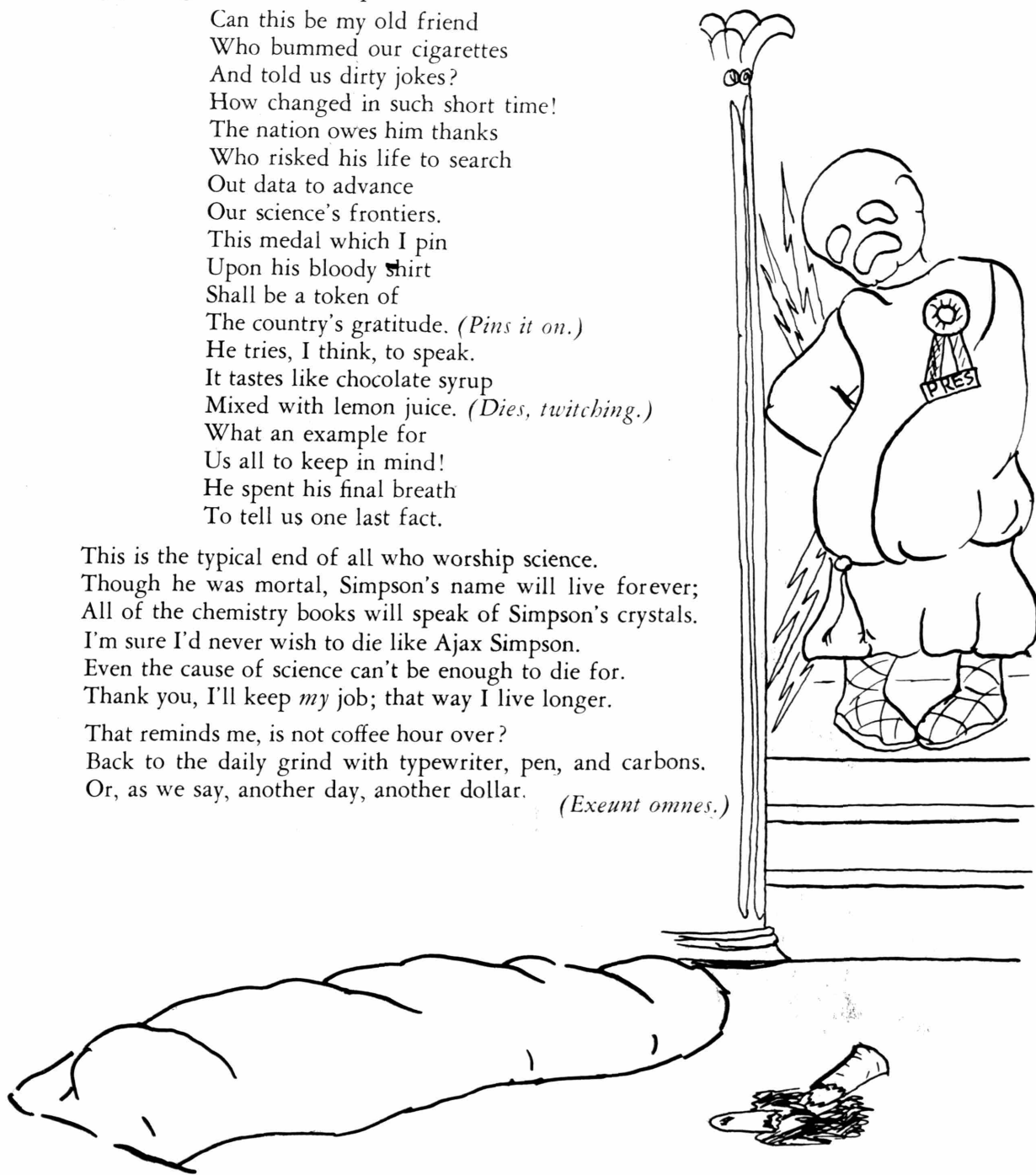
Antistrophe

First, at a sink in his lab he poured water onto the crystals.
Then, as they dissolved, he stood erect and held the
Tube aloft, and smiled, and lifted his chin and drained it.

Strophe

Just for a second he stood and grinned at all of us watchers;
Slowly, stiff as a board, he tilted, lost his balance,
Screamed like a graveless ghost, and suddenly twitched and fell there.

- Antistrophe* Only a while he lay, then quickly jerked his limbs back,
Took but a pause to rest, then all of a sudden a new twitch;
Never a thing can he do but rest and twitch in succession.
(Enter the other half of the chorus, carrying Ajax, who twitches every so often.)
- Strophe* Cruel it is to die, but crueler sometimes not to;
I bet Simpson would gladly pay a hundred dollars
Not to have tasted the stuff that seethes in his inner piping.
- Antistrophe* Now he is twitching weaker, blue is his face and swollen,
Weak flows the pale red blood from the wounds on his lips where he bit them.
Who has a coin to put in his mouth to pay his boat-fare?
- Epode* See how he moves his mouth as if he wished to address us.
Prop him against the steps and give him a chance to breathe, there.
Angry the gods must be to punish him with such torture!
- The colleague:
Episode Can this be my old friend
Who bummed our cigarettes
And told us dirty jokes?
How changed in such short time!
- The President: The nation owes him thanks
Who risked his life to search
Out data to advance
Our science's frontiers.
This medal which I pin
Upon his bloody shirt
Shall be a token of
The country's gratitude. (*Pins it on.*)
He tries, I think, to speak.
- Ajax: It tastes like chocolate syrup
Mixed with lemon juice. (*Dies, twitching.*)
- The colleague: What an example for
Us all to keep in mind!
He spent his final breath
To tell us one last fact.
- Chorus:
Exodos, Strophe This is the typical end of all who worship science.
Though he was mortal, Simpson's name will live forever;
All of the chemistry books will speak of Simpson's crystals.
- Antistrophe* I'm sure I'd never wish to die like Ajax Simpson.
Even the cause of science can't be enough to die for.
Thank you, I'll keep *my* job; that way I live longer.
- Epode* That reminds me, is not coffee hour over?
Back to the daily grind with typewriter, pen, and carbons.
Or, as we say, another day, another dollar. (*Exeunt omnes.*)



A pretty young woman and a handsome farm boy were walking along a road. The farmer was carrying a large kettle over his back, holding a chicken in one hand, and a cane in the other, and leading a goat. They came to a dark ravine.

Said she: "I'm afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me."

Said he: "How can I with all these things to carry?"

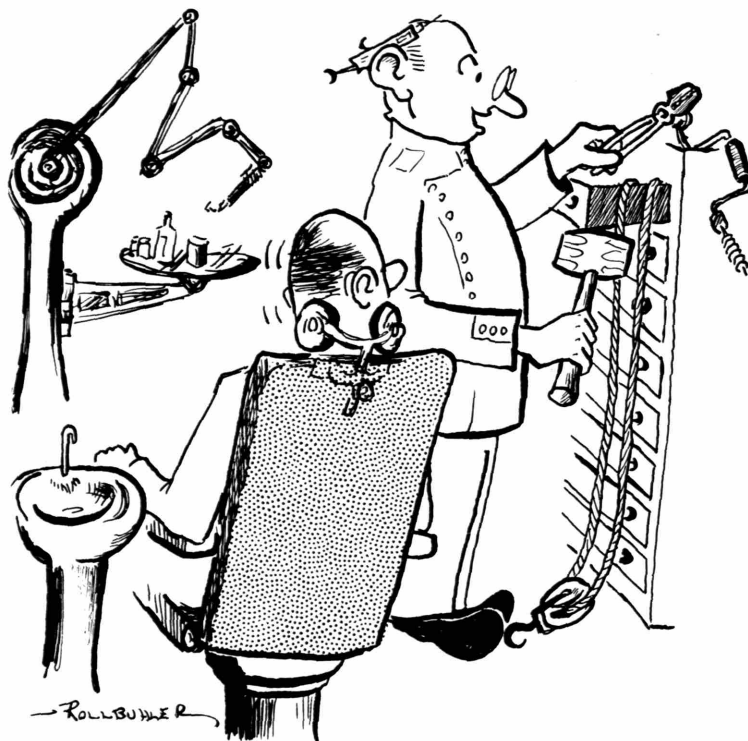
Said she: "Well, you might stick the can in the ground, tie the goat to it, and put the chicken under the pot."



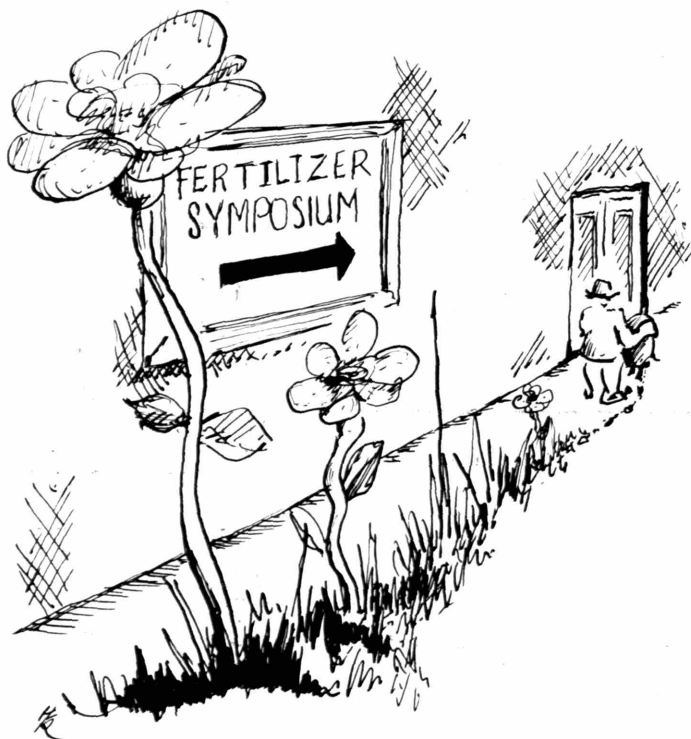
She—"We've been waiting a long time for that mother of mine."

He—"Hours, I should say."

She—"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"



"... Just a little work this time."



Leningrad art professors have favourably compared the standard of painting in a Russian junior school with the advanced work of Western artists. This is nothing new. Our critics often suggest that the advanced work of Western artists is the sort of thing you might expect from a Russian junior school.

As the man started across the street, a St. Bernard dog rushed by him so close that it bowled him over. Before the man could get to his feet an Austin tore around the corner and ran over the hapless man leaving several cuts and bruises in its wake. A sympathetic spectator rushed out to help the victim to his feet and asked if the dog had hurt him. "No," replied the confused fellow, "but that can tied to his tail near finished me."

Two men sat in a first-class railway compartment. One was Winston Churchill, the other a venerable Englishman of the old school type, who was reading the *Times*. Neither spoke during the first half-hour. Then the old man lowered his paper and said: "Name Churchill?"

"Yes," replied the great statesman.

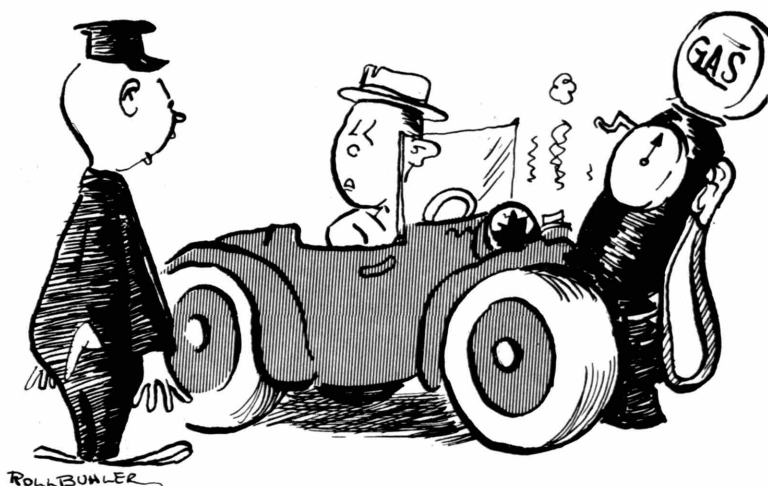
"Winston?"

"Yes."

Then followed a long spell of silence while the questioner kept looking at Churchill, apparently in deep thought. Finally he broke the silence: "Harrow '78?"

"Yes."

"Haw," said the old gentleman, "now I place you!"



"Check the brakes. . . ."

A lonesome G.I. was sitting in a bar when a beautiful girl came in, sat down next to him and started a conversation. She asked him where he was stationed, about his work and all the other questions that go towards establishing a lasting friendship. He in turn asked her about herself and she started explaining how she had won several scholarships, was a champion diver, could drink a case of Scotch, dance superbly, had a well-paying job and a car and could even cook.

The G.I. concluded that here was the girl of his dreams so when she asked him in to her apartment after he had taken her home, he was overjoyed and ready to propose to her on the spot. He was more than a little surprised when, upon entering the front room, he saw a large horse, very dead, in the middle of the floor. He stood speechless.

"What's the matter?" asked the wonder girl.

"My gosh," stammered the G.I., "a horse."

"Well," she replied, "I never said I was neat, did I?"

The dam burst and the raging 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."

First Goldigger: "You know that Broadway producer I've been going with? He said it would mean a mink coat for me if his new play made a hit."

Second Goldigger: "Oh, my! What happened?"

First Goldigger: "My coat closed last night."

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She was the hungriest, lovinest chippie he'd ever had the fortune to come upon. He was thinking about this as they rested in the back seat of his car, and when she stirred—an omen of continuing passion—he had to excuse himself.

"I'm, er, gonna take a little walk for a while," he said, panting from a previous exhaustion. "Don't go 'way—I'll be back soon."

He walked down the street and when he turned the corner he ran smack into a friend of his.

"Boy, am I glad I ran into you," he said. "Here's my chance to repay you for that favor you did me last month. I've got the craziest broad you ever saw in my car. There's just no end to her energy. Lemme clue you: right now I'm taking five! All you have to do is jump in and go to work. It's all the same to that dame—she'll take anybody! Here's my license number on a piece of paper. The car's around the block."

The friend grabbed the paper like it was the winning ticket on the Irish Sweepstakes and took off at a brisk trot. He found the car, flung open the door, groped around in the dark for a second, and began loving it up with the child of passion.

Moments later, a flashlight beam struck them in the face, and on the other end of it was a dour-looking officer of the law.

"All right now," said the cop, "and what do you think you're after getting away with here?"

The guy in the car swallowed hard and said, "But, officer, this lady is my wife."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the cop. "I didn't know."

"Neither did I," said the guy, "until you shined the flashlight in the car!"



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A drunk staggers into a bar, struggles up to the bar stool and asks the barkeeper where the comfort station is. The bartender tells him and the drunk staggers off toward the door.

"Go for me!" yells the bartender.

The drunk agrees to.

After a while the sot returns and fights his way back on the stool.

"Did you go for me?" asks the B. T.

"Damn, I forgot." And he stumbled off the bar stool and made his way back to the john. He comes back some time later looking very out of sorts.

"You sonvbid, you didn't hav go at all."

An earnest young teaching assistant

From facts of the world was far distant

A girl in his section

Made an obscene suggestion

Which would have shocked him like hell if he'd listent.



A college senior dated a young lady from a nearby girls' school a few times. Then some weeks passed, and when she hadn't heard from him, she sent a telegram reading: "Dead, delayed, or disinterested?"

To which the young man promptly wired back: "Hunting, fishing or trapping?"

Judge: What are your grounds for divorce?

Bride: He snores

Judge: How long have you been married?

Bride: Two weeks.

Judge: Granted: he shouldn't snore.



"Hi, Betty. I called to tell you what happened . . . Dad's cut off my allowance, and I can't have the car any more, but we can have a nice quiet evening at . . . Betty? Hello, Betty? Hello?"



Boy: Do you like to neck?

Girl: No, I'm 84 years old.

Angry Father: What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?

Student: Have to be at class at eight.



Wisdom: Knowing what to do.

Skill: Knowing how to do.

Virtue: Not doing it.



She: I'd better warn you—my husband will be home in less than an hour.

He: But I've done nothing I shouldn't do.

She: Well, I just wanted to warn you that if you're going to, you'd better do it in a hurry.



"I told you she was a real queen."

"Why won't you marry me?" he demanded. "There isn't anyone else, is there?"

"Oh, Edgar," she sighed. "There must be!"



The new stenographer was an appetizing little morsel and there was no one more aware of her fragrant presence than the big boss. He played it cool for a few weeks to see which way the wind blew, then finally decided it was time to pounce.

"Er, how about helping me celebrate my birthday tonight, Miss Lovelace?" he asked blandly. "We could take in some quiet secluded night spot and make a big evening of it—hm?"

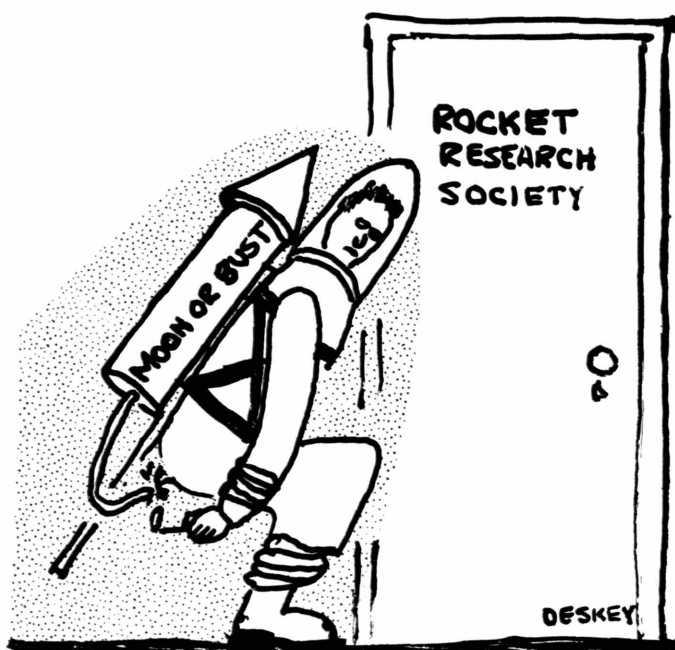
"You'll have to give me some time to think about it," she said. And after three thinking seconds: "I accept! But don't you think it would be more, er, intimate at, say, my apartment than some nasty old night club?"

The old boy's heart jumped and for the rest of the day his eyes stayed glued to the clock.

That evening in the dish's apartment they had dinner and cocktails and the guy was contemplating his first move when the girl said, "I'm going to my bedroom, Honey, and you can join me in five minutes . . ."

As soon as she was gone he began to peel and in no time was down to his birthday suit. His pulses raced wildly as he knocked eagerly at the bedroom door. The silken voice from behind the door said, "Come in, Honey," and he found himself shaking all over, partly from excitement, partly from his nudity.

A twist of the knob and the door swung open—and there were all his office employees singing "Happy Birthday!"



From Behind the Iron Curtain:

A Polish peasant, who had received a questionnaire from Soviet Security officials, labored long and hard over it. To the question, "What is your relation to the Soviet system?" he replied: "The same as to my wife."

He was taken into custody and asked to explain what he meant. "Well," he said, "it's nice at first, but you can soon take it or let it alone."



And then there was the widow who told the bachelor:

"Take it from me—don't get married!"



Phi Gam: "I like your form."

Kappa: "Must we go all over that again?"



Little Girl: (to drugstore clerk) "Do you fit men for trusses here?"

Clerk: "Why, yes, we do."

Little Girl: "Well, wash your hands. I'd like a chocolate soda."



"When are you going to stop chasing women?"

"When they stop running!"

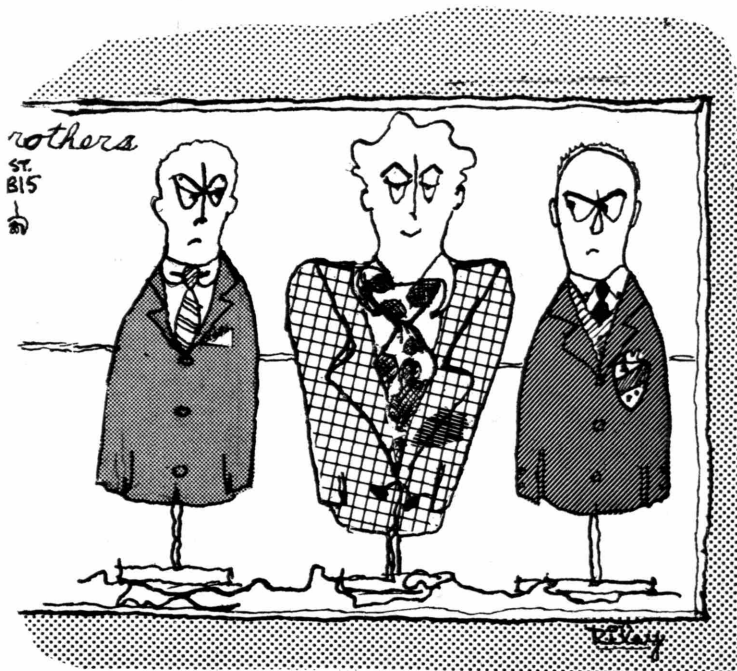


An English cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details, and warned to be brief turned in the following:

"A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Pinmore's Ball, complained of feeling ill, took a highball, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life. Nice Chap. Regrets and all that sort of stuff."

From riches to rags is a much quicker trip than from rags to riches. We know a fellow who, just two years ago had a yacht and a dozen women. To-day, he has only a row boat and a couple of oars.





"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotsman to his unfaithful wife. "I'm going to shoot you both."



A girl married William so she'd have a Will of her own.

Then there was another girl who married Richard.



A Tel Aviv citizen, tired of shortages, rationing and austerity in general, complained: "When the British finally decided to give us a country that didn't belong to them, why didn't they give us Switzerland?"



Guest (to host in new home): "Well, old boy, how do you find it here?"

Host: "Walk right up the stairs, second door on the left."

Picture OF THE MONTH



The Lion's Rear

G-M-G Does It To You Again

Once in a great while we at G-M-G find a story so powerful and moving that we very nearly flip our lenses rushing to produce it. Such was the case when we ran across Jim Bones' great novel, "From Here to Maternity."

This is the touching story of WAC Pvt. Irma Glewitt, and her valiant resistance to the taunts and intimidations of her superiors, who, knowing that Irma was once lady's middleweight wrestling champion of the Fourth Army, want her to wrestle for their company in the divisional championships. However, Glew, as she is affectionately called by her friends, wants no part of wrestling any more, but her great secret prevents her from telling why. Glew wishes only to play her snare drums in the company band, but others think her a coward and disloyal to her outfit.

Caught in this complex web of emotional uncertainty, Glew, played to perfection by that splendid actress, Gloria LePage, turns for solace to Mark, the gigolo who captures her heart at the New Conga Club, where he is employed as a taxi dancer. Mark urges Glew to forget her pride and her snare drums and to wrestle for her company, for he fears for her safety. It is at this point that Irma Glewitt's awful secret is revealed—she is about to become a mother!

Besides Montmorency Clip's superb portrayal of Mark, there is also Monica Mundane as Pvt. Adagio, Glew's happy-go-lucky friend who meets a tragic demise while resisting an officer, the cruel Captain Houses played by Burt Downcaster. In the excellent supporting cast are Deborah Truck as Pamela, the captain's nymphomaniac wife, and Hedy Latour as "Fats," the sadistic matron of the company powder room.

Raoul Huston directed this exciting story with dignity and restraint, and the beautiful costumes by Kitchian Door of Paris are seen at their loveliest in color by Semi-Color.

"From Here to Maternity" is a great experience. We urge you to see it.

"How many cigars do you smoke a day?"

"About ten."

"What do they cost you?"

"Twenty cents apiece."

"My, that's two dollars a day. How long have you been smoking?"

"Thirty years."

"Two dollars a day for thirty years is a lot of money."

"Yes, it is."

"Do you see that office building on the corner?"

"Yes."

"If you never smoked in your life you might own that building."

"Do you smoke?"

"No, never did."

"Do you own that building?"

"No."

"Well, I do."



George: "Why is your tongue black?"

Barton: "I dropped a bottle of Scotch downtown where they're tarring the road."



When a French Lady Representative managed to close all the brothels in France they promptly opened up again as private clubs. Shortly afterwards an elderly gentleman, unaware of the change, knocked at the door of one of the "clubs." Having been instructed to maintain the impression that he was working for a private club, the doorman first asked: "active member?"

"I hope so," the old man replied.

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In a philosophical discussion about the "hereafter" it is pretty well agreed that the average person believes he would improve himself and do better if he could re-live his life. The case of Adam was brought up. Here was a man who lived in the Garden of Eden but when he reached Heaven he was asked, "Adam, if you had your life to live over again, would you be content to duplicate it?" Adam thought for a moment and replied, "No, if I had my life to live over again, I think I would like to turn over a new leaf."



A couple of newlyweds got into the elevator at their hotel. The operator, a cute gal, looked at the groom.

"Hello, darling," she said.

There was an icy silence until the couple got off. When they got to their room the bride exploded.

"Who was that woman?" she demanded.

"Look, honey," said the groom, "don't get excited. I'm going to have enough trouble explaining you to her."



Mamma Gnu was waiting for Papa Gnu as he came home for dinner one evening.

"Our little boy was very bad today," she declared. "I want you to punish him."

"Oh, no," said Papa Gnu. "I won't punish him. You'll have to learn to paddle your own Gnu."



Modern girl telephoning home at 3 a.m.—Don't worry about me, Mom, I'm all right; I'm in jail.

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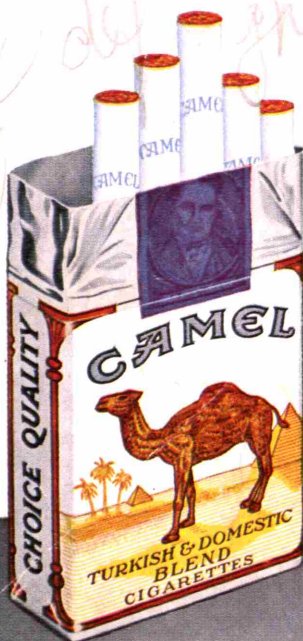
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*Marge and Gower
Champion*

FAMOUS DANCING STARS

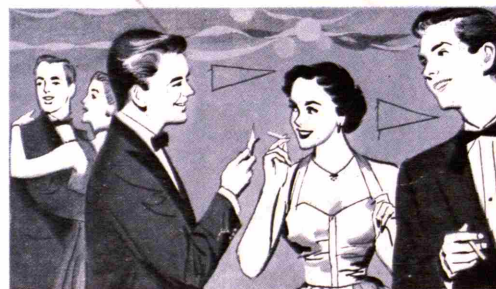


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