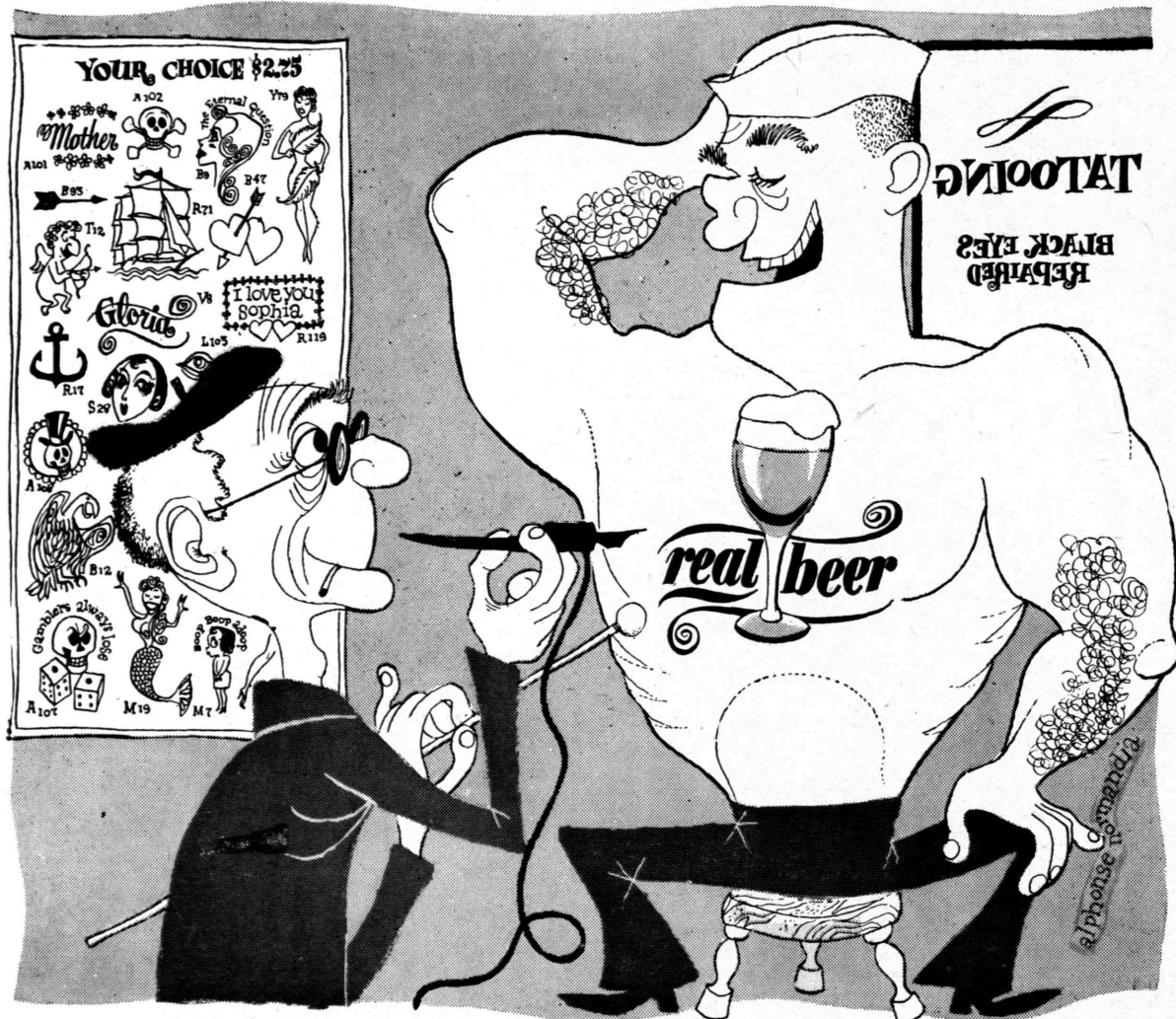


VOODOO



MAY 25¢



"Put a good head on that glass, Mac. It's real beer."

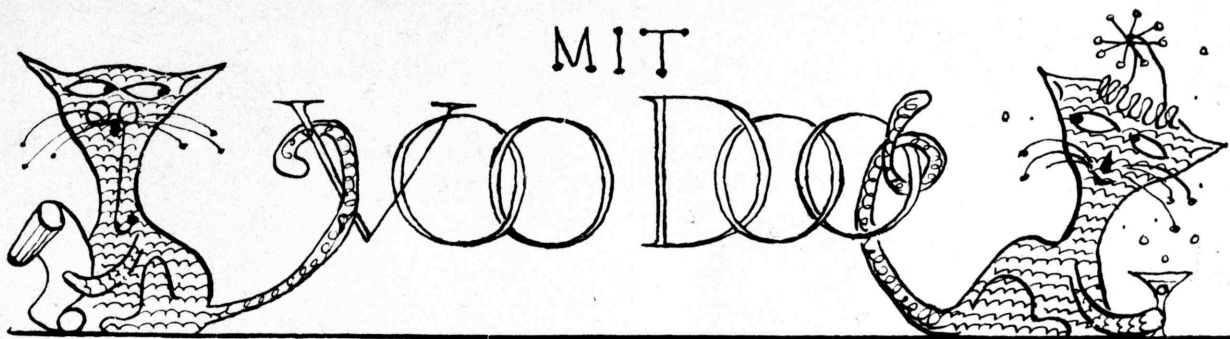
If you've ever had yourself a glass of Schaefer beer, you know it makes a pretty picture. And, what's better, it tastes as good as it looks. That's because this real beer gives you more than just lightness and dryness. It gives you true beer character—a combination of flavor, bouquet and other basic beer qualities. Get yourself a glass soon. If you like good, honest beer, you and Schaefer will be going steady for a long, long time.



Schaefer

**-real
beer!**

The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., New York.



SOME friends of ours have established a swear box (in the form of an empty beer can) in their suite in Burton House. All oaths, with the exceptions of Hell and Damn, are fined one cent. There's a sign on the door, "Watch Wicked Words," to warn visitors that they are subject to fine if they swear within the confines of the suite. One of occupants, being a Course XV student, has proposed bargain rates for anyone feeling in an exceptionally foul mood; 150 curses for one dollar. A new twist came into existence with the start of the baseball season; the spoken word, "Dodger," commands a fine of five cents.

WE were puzzled to notice, in one of the recent Dorm Comm minutes, that several open house violators had "almost" been caught. When one of the Judicial Committee member's was pressed for an explanation of this statement, he said;

"It seems one of our student officials was passing a dorm at 2:30 a.m., when he noticed an empty car quietly idling at the curb. Thinking nothing of it, he continued on down the street. He had walked about a hundred feet further, when he heard the staccato of high heels on the pavement. Turning, he saw a couple running from the door of the dorm to the waiting car. They hop-

ped in and sped off."

Like the fish that "almost" got caught, the big ones always get away.

WE were sitting in the Voo Doo office the other day, hiding out from a class we had cut, when the telephone rang. An eager voice on the other end inquired as to when the folksing was to begin. Thinking that perhaps our ears were playing tricks, and what he really wanted was to purchase a copy of VOO DOO, we pardoned ourself and requested him to repeat the question. He did. It came back, surprisingly, the same as before. We just-a-minuted him and told him we would let him speak to "Josh." One of our high-spirited colleagues rose to the occasion, and in a somewhat backwoods, somewhat ridiculous drawl, told our unfortunate caller to run right on over and bring his git-tar, the folks need another bass. By this time, several of the other office loungers had caught the spirit, and a rousing chorus of "On Top of Old Smoky" filled the room, and the telephone as well, we presume. Somewhere along the way, our inquisitive friend hung up, leaving us to wonder whether he did, indeed, grab his git-tar or not. We suspect, however, that in either case, he will watch for notices on the bulletin boards in the future.

OH, navel! What use are you?
You've outlived your purpose
As part of the pipeline
From my Mother to me.

What good are you now?
A hole in the middle
Of my belly. You disturb
The smooth flow of skin
That holds this bag of bones
Together. What purpose do you
Serve, except to sit by uselessly
And collect dust and lint?

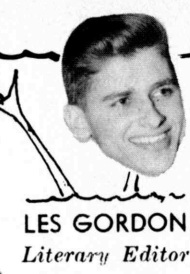
I'd plaster you up except that
I occasionally need you to hold
The salt when I eat in bed.

STROLLING through an art gallery the other day, we heard a group of people arguing about Corot. Finally one of them, determined to prove his point, flung his arm toward the nearest painting, and cried, "Do you mean to say you can look at that and say Corot didn't understand the use of the pallette knife?"

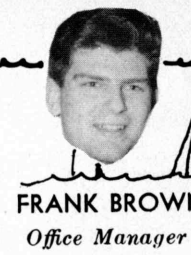
We turned our neck to see what he meant; the label on the frame said, "Dufy."

WE were amused the other day to notice the following sign hanging from the door knob of the Ladies Room located at the second floor junction of Buildings 6 and 8. It read simply:

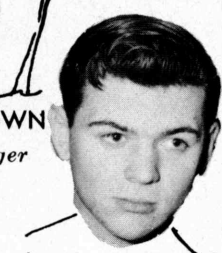
"Men Working."



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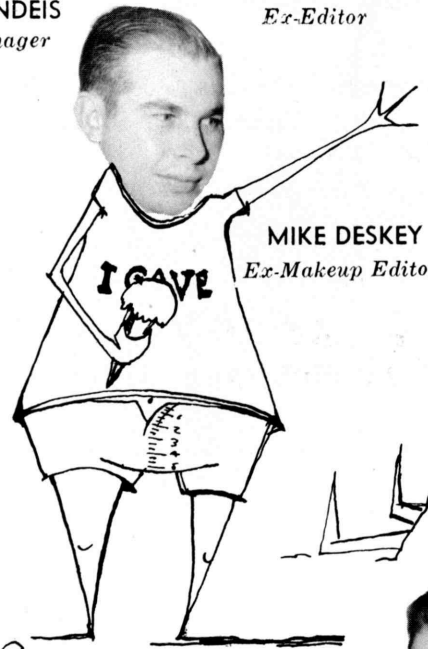
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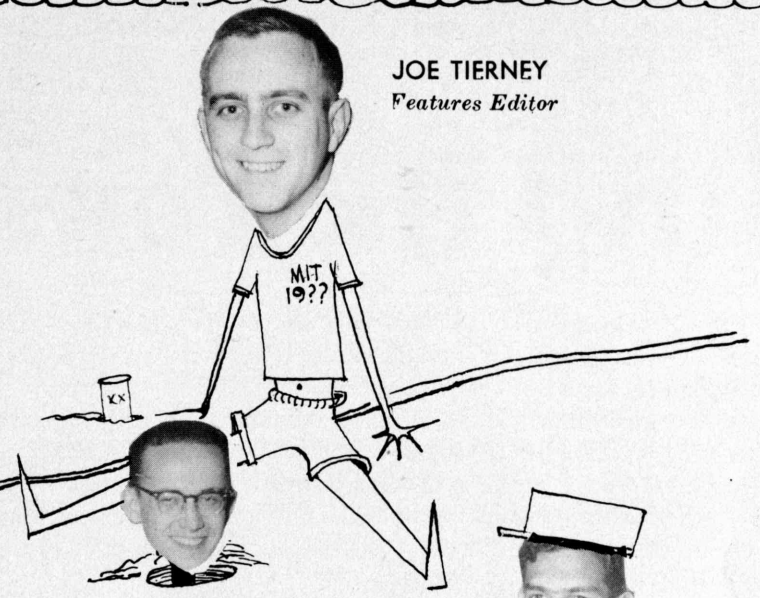
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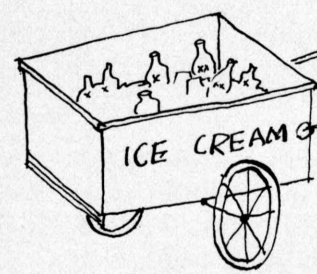


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This month's cover by Stod

FINK



Doing the Town

Of love and spring and window shoppers.

Spring in Paris is a much-advertised event. For thousands of years (according to the posters of the French National Tourist Bureau), Paris has been a city of light, a city of love and romance and gaiety. So when Spring does come to other less favored regions of the world the general inclination seems to be to sigh somewhat wistfully, sniff the blossom-scented air, and point one's nose toward the general direction of the European continent.

This writer finds himself in great variance with the Paris-phobes. For us, Spring in Boston and environs is just as romantic and stimulating as the same season in Paris. In fact, we would be quite willing to throw in Strasbourg, Vienna, Cannes, and Devonshire and the many other overly-publicized garden spots of the Continent. Scoff if you will, but just as much romance exists in the general region of the Public Garden and the Common as in the Tuileries and the Bois de Boulogne lumped together. Not only that, but romance American-style is not a drain on the purse as a trip to Europe so often becomes.

Right now, when so many of us are making the last feeble attempts to learn the probably unlearnable, a phone call to our favorite girl and two M.T.A. tokens would be enough to guarantee an enjoyable and completely relaxing afternoon. The sun is shining (for a change, we can hear some bright young skeptic saying); the sky is bright and clear; the hours seemingly lost

from studying will bring redoubled awards to the sensitive and perceptive among us. Let's go!

Wherever you may go in downtown Boston, you will find theatres galore. The movies offered are varied; usually included are the best of the very newest releases. Enjoy a movie if you like. Come out of the theatre smiling, with an appreciative feeling of gratitude for the smiling girl beside you who seems at most uncannily to like all the things you do and to understand why you like them. Blink your eyes once or twice at the brightness of mid-afternoon. Let your senses adjust to the clamor of the streets, and then walk off hand in hand.

It really doesn't matter where you walk. There are so many fascinating sights that you might only hope to notice a small fraction of them. There is the interesting contrast between the oldness of the buildings and the brash spontaneity and dynamism of the working people. Old men sell roses and carnations in dingy, dirt-filled alleys to young couples happy but hesitant in new found closeness. Little boys, barely out of the short pants stage (or what now passes for this frustrating period of youth) scream the virtues of their respective newspapers from all the tunnel entrances. Well dressed women mince along the sidewalk, one eye on the latest fashions to be seen in the store windows, the other coldly facing down the stares of appraising young men of doubtful motivation. Members of the younger set gaze soulfully at the latest in leopard skin sport

jackets in a shop which blatantly proclaims the allegiance of such diverse celebrities as Tony Martin and Rocky Marciano. Across the street in the Common, you might find almost anything. Sailors necking in broad daylight with teenage girls; last night's drunks sprawled in complete oblivion over park benches; tired men and women with a look of futility in their eyes walking nowhere and talking to each other in whispered tones. Within pebble throw of the State House, socialists and free-thinkers compete with evangelists for the attention of afternoon walkers. Artists sit in the Public Garden, idly sketching the brilliant array of flowers and ferns that thrive there. Portable radios fill the air with the sound of ball games and concerts and soapbox operas. Mothers pursue their young offspring across the grass-covered field; others lie peacefully in the midst of their family, free for a short moment from the constant turmoil of housekeeping. Trees bloom quite normally in the Common, although their trunks are emblazoned with their Linnean classifications. Any other trees but Boston ones would shrivel up from embarrassment if they were forced to wear such pompous and empty titles as *Ulmus campestris*; the trees on the Common are endowed by both nature and their benefactors with an air of calm acceptance and dignity.

When the slanting rays of sunlight force you to acknowledge the existence of dinnertime and your ever-closer exams, the best way home might well be the quietest.

After all, the human mind can retain only a limited number of impressions, and there have been more than enough. Now is the time for you and your girl to decompress from the exhilaration of the crowds and the sound and the sights. Now is the time for the two of you to walk quietly together, talking little but sharing many unspoken feelings. A quiet way home is the best way home when two people of like sentiment and interests have seen together the strangeness and the wonder of life all about them. Our suggestion is no more appropriate than many other possible ones. We like Newbury Street and perhaps you will too.

There is a uniqueness attached to each of Boston's better known thoroughfares. Newbury might best be described as a very old lady of high character, limited means, with her thoughts in the past. Perhaps because of Spring, perhaps because of the noise and fury that you have just left, perhaps because of the love you share with the girl beside you, perhaps because of all these things, Newbury Street is alight with romance and enjoyment. The keynote of your walk is to be reflective quiet, and Newbury is quiet. There are few people crossing your path, there are even fewer automobiles. The houses look at you as if they understood that you wanted quiet, for they too are silent and subdued. Like the

carnival lights after the last show has been put to bed for the night, little stores dot the way. Each has a charm and personality of its own, each awaits your glance, each understands your mood and your happiness.

What would you like to buy? In the pleasantness of late-afternoon fantasy, there is no desire too rich to be satisfied. The twinkling golden earrings in this tiny hole-in-the-wall shop that catch the eye of your girl; the tiny silver ballet slippers that she could never really fit on her feet. For you, the elegance of cashmere and leather, the soothing smell of pipe smoke, the comfort of a big lounge chair. Up the block, you may find a series of art galleries and collections. No two are the same. There are galleries submerged in basements, offering for your interest the works of unheralded contemporary artists. Next door, a more sedate gallery proudly displays a Rubens in its window. More entrancing still is the gallery featuring native art of Africa. Some of the masks and ceremonial pieces were made by natives who had been exposed to modern means of mass production, but most of the pieces are the kind that rouse mysterious shivers. There are tribal gods and beasts of burden, sacrificial knives and mixing bowls. Price is no objection here for two young people happy together in the warmth of late afternoon.

The mood must break sometime. It begins to snap as you pass the last of the tiny shops. The houses become more and more squalid. The sky turns grayer, the rooftops arch in ugly pattern across the fading light. Clotheslines dominate the scene now. Little girls in tattered dungarees sit on the curbstones gazing at you with little girls' mocking laughter in their eyes. Car tires screech uncomfortably nearby, and tired mothers shout from windows in hopes of getting their children home for supper. Somewhere in the upper floors of an old tenement, a violin is being played. The misery-laden notes drift down to you as you pass.

The late afternoon has faded in to early evening. Somehow the romance and the gaiety and the enthusiasm have gone with the light. Memories stay. A word, a glance, a look of understanding will bring them back.

Take our advice. If there is someone that you care for quite a bit, forget your studies for the rest of the afternoon. It is Spring, even for Tech men, and romance is available for those who are still unspoiled enough to find it meaningful.

—John Seiler

Because women have curves,
men have angles.

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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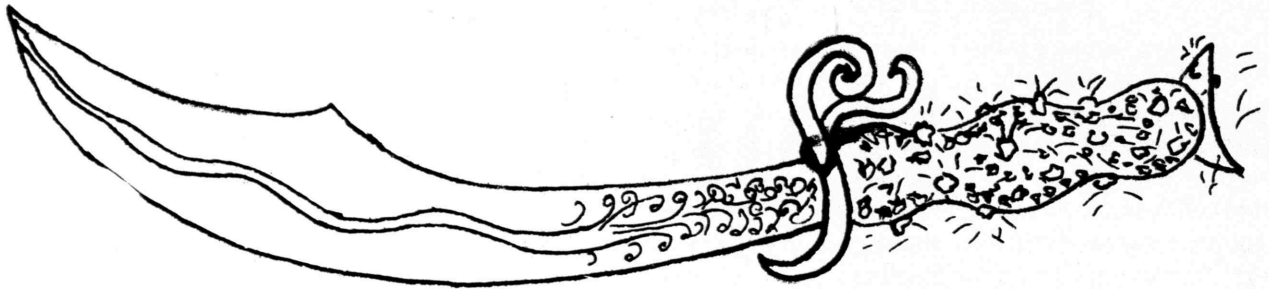
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**Special Attention to M.I.T.
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The Customer is Always Right



Boston is an old city. There is something almost European about its narrow, winding streets. Only a block or so from the slick modern business districts you can always find a cramped and twisted clut of old shops dating from the sixteen-hundreds.

So it was only a block from the Radio Shack that I wandered aimlessly into a sinuous, deeply shaded, smelly alley, lined with rickety shops with beetling slums upstairs. Many of the shop fronts seemed to be smoke-blackened, as if they had not been washed since the Great Boston Fire. I strolled idly past small second-hand bookstores, taverns, pawnshops, a cobbler's hole-in-the-wall, and then my jaw dropped open as I saw an outsized two-handed sword hanging in mid-air about ten feet above the sidewalk right in front of me.

It was hung by thin wires before a sagging shop-front that some long-dead cut-rate sign painter had once labeled, "Mather & Son." Through the small dingy windows, I could make out a few open jackknives and razors lying on trays by way of display. My present jackknife was sharpened down almost to half its original length, so I pushed open the shop's creaky door and stepped in cautiously, hoping the splintered gray boards would not give way beneath my feet.

Directly before me was a low display counter, loaded with gleaming plane blades, chisels, vegetable and steak knives, and a few butchers' cleavers. On my right, under glass, was a fine display of jewelled walking-swords, and on my left, leaning against the wall as he expertly stropped an old-fashioned razor,

was an old man in a dark brown suit with a mauve vest. He slowly stood up straight, or as straight as his old spine would allow, and walked toward me in his mirror-surfaced shoes.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said, smiling at me. "What can I do for you."

"I think I'd like to buy a jackknife."

"Then you have come to the right place, sir. If it has a steel edge on it, we sell it; and only the finest quality. After all, we have a reputation to keep up. Take this razor . . ."

He took about a foot length of twine from the counter and hung it on the edge of the razor. Instantly the twine was cut in two by its own weight, and the two halves fell to the dusty floor.

"Well, I think it's a jackknife I want."

"That is not a matter to decide lightly, sir," he said. "To be sure, you will need a jackknife if you are going to sea before the mast. On the other hand, if you plan to go hunting, a hunting knife is in order, or, if you want a weapon, we have a good selection of Bowies. For whittling, we have blades in all sizes, or, if you like to throw your knife, I can show you some perfectly balanced daggers."

"You must have a lot of stuff here."

"Indeed we do, sir. We are the most completely stocked knife store in the country. Would you care to look around?"

"I guess so."

"Splendid. Perhaps you are familiar with these, sir?"

"Nope."

"These," he said, pointing to a barrel of triangular blades, "are arrowheads. The Maine deer hunters depend on our quality. That barrel over there is quarrelheads, for the cross-bow enthusiasts. You have already noticed our display of dress-swords. Perhaps you might be interested in wearing one to a formal dance to impress the ladies. Some of them are priced very reasonably."

"Styles have changed," I said, "and besides, they don't put buttonholes on the tails anymore."

"That's true, sir, styles keep changing and we are always being left with overstocks. Sometimes we do

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sell the old ones, though. Just the other day, a man came in looking for some cutlasses, for a production of *The Pirates of Penzance*."

"Where do you put all your stuff?" I asked.

"Oh, this is just the front room, sir. We have a demonstration hall right in here."

He slowly shuffled over to a skew wooden door and hauled it open, imperceptibly deepening the circular groove under the free corner with an unpleasant rasping noise. I followed him into a dark, deep musty hall, lit only by the weak light thousands of metallic surfaces reflected from the door. The rough wooden floor bent under my weight as I turned to find the old man in the gloom. I heard the sound of a match being struck and, looking around, saw that he had just lit a queer-looking oil lamp.

"We've just never got around to putting electricity in," he explained, somewhat apologetically, "but few people ever come in here. Most of our business these days is kitchen knives and such stuff."

He picked up the lamp from the floor and led me over to a huge rack of long, heavy spears.

"These," he said proudly, "are our whale harpoons. The finest in the world. We used to sell a lot to the Nantucketers, but they seem to have forgotten us. Here's a special one Captain Jonathan Ames ordered, with extra wide barbs. He hasn't come around to pick it up yet, but we'll keep it right here until he does. Of course, if he was lost at sea in the hurricane of '61, as some say, that'll be a long time."

"Over here we have some fine tempered-steel scythes," he said, leading me to the next rack. "Old Man Mather never forgave McCormick. We used to load boxcars with them till he thought up his reaping machine. We still sell a few now and then."

"Over here you see our small ware: scalpels, awls, bodkins, scoops, bayonets, penknives drawknives, mace blades, and axes."

"I wonder how one of those bayonets would look on a rifle" I said carelessly, to hold up my end of the conversation.

"Certainly, sir."

He felt behind the dusty rack and fished out a rusty Springfield rifle. It took him but a moment to fit one of the bayonets to the barrel.

"Would you please hold the lamp, sir?"

I took it from him by its wire bail and he pointed over to one side. There stood a cloth dummy on a brass stand. The old man stepped back a few feet, and then, with a speed suited to a younger man, leaped at the dummy and disembowelled it, letting all the stuffing push out and sag to the floor.

"Anything to suit the customer," he wheezed, replacing the Springfield. "Your wish is my command. It pays in the long run, you know."

"Now here," he continued, leading me to the next rack, "are our spears and pikes, every one as sharp as a Rhode Islander. If you look up, you'll see one of them stuck in the ceiling."

"How'd it get there?" I asked, puzzled.

"One of the clerks was so happy about the treaty of Ghent that he threw it right up. I'll fetch a ladder and bring it down if you want to look at it."

"Oh, don't bother," I said at once, "but say, what are these swords over here?"

"These," he stated proudly, walking over to the huge oil-filled display case loaded with hundreds of graceful swords, "are the finest collection of Samurai swords outside Japan. Each one is a valuable masterpiece, and you can tell, by the tiny scallops on the edges, that they have all been used."

"I've never seen how they cut."

"I dare say you have not, sir," the old man said, with a queer look on his face.

"I'd sure like to, though, I've heard so much about them."

"Very well, sir," he said, a little sadly. He clapped his hands, and three more old men, wearing aprons, walked in through a door I hadn't seen before.

"This gentleman," said my guide solemnly, "wishes to see a Samurai sword in action."

"I'll do it," said the oldest of the three men in an asthmatic voice. He shuffled over to the murky rear of the long room and trudged back dragging a large wooden block. My guide unlocked the oil-filled case and turned to me.

"Which one would you like to see demonstrated, sir?"

"That one," I said, pointing to one I considered especially beautiful.

He took it, dripping with oil, from the case and wiped it dry with a cloth from his back pocket. Then he turned toward the oldest man, who was kneeling on the floor with his head on the block, and, before I could stop him, chopped his head off.

—Harold Kaplan

Enjoy Transcendental Atmosphere at the

BLUE SHIP TEA ROOM

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



Neal O'Hara says:
Only in Boston would one expect to find a waterfront tea room that features programs of the great masterpieces of Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt—and with this admonition printed on the menu: "The management requests everyone to speak softly during the music."

Foot of State Street—Atlantic Subway Station
OPEN EVERY DAY, INCLUDING SUNDAYS, FROM 12 TO 8 P. M.

FOR RESERVATIONS TEL. LA. 3-8719—AMPLE PARKING



Has gooseberries got legs?
No.
Then I just ate a fieldmouse.



He: "Here's how."
She: "Say when—I know how!"



A toast—
Live as long as you want to,
And want to as long as you live
If I'm asleep and don't want to,
Wake me—and make me!



A cynic is a person who, when
he smells flowers, looks around
for a coffin.



Snow White: How big is a
Paramoecium?

Rose Red: Twice as big as one
mecium.



"Do you girls really like con-
ceited guys better than the other
kind?"



A sensitive girl named O'Neill
Went up in a big ferris wheel;
But when half way around,
She looked at the ground,
It cost her an eighty-cent meal.

Modesty: The feeling that
others will discover how wonder-
ful you are.



A popular dame,
Is Rosie Smoots,
She plays strip-poker,
In one-piece suits.

Jackie: "Got something in your
eye?"

TW: "No, I'm just trying to
look through my thumb."



A credulous Scotchman emi-
grated to Reno because he'd
heard that's where women were
made free.



Waiter: Can I help you with the
soup, sir?

Diner: Help me? What do you
mean?

Waiter: Well, sir, from the
sound I thought you might wish
me to drag you ashore.

Wives of great men all remind
us of it . . .

How a minority,
Reaching majority,
Seizing authority,
Hates a minority.



Vulgarity is simply the conduct
of others.



"I've just lost my best pupil,"
said the professor as his glass eye
rolled down the drain.



Some people have no respect for
age unless its bottled.

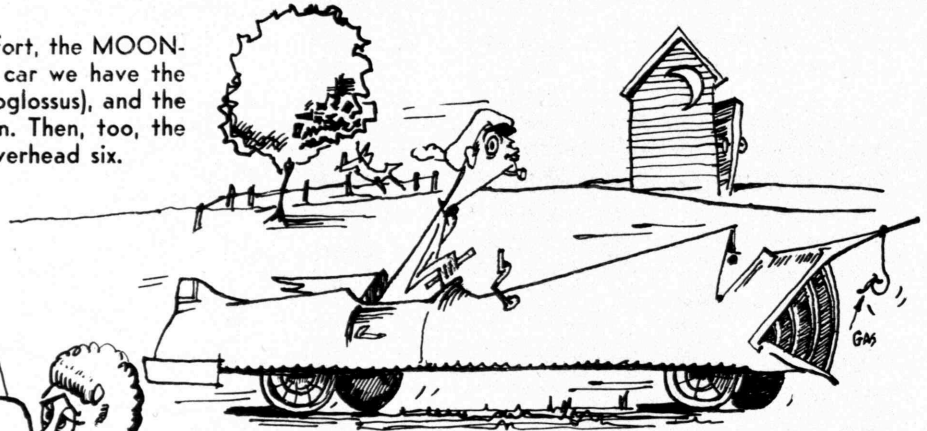
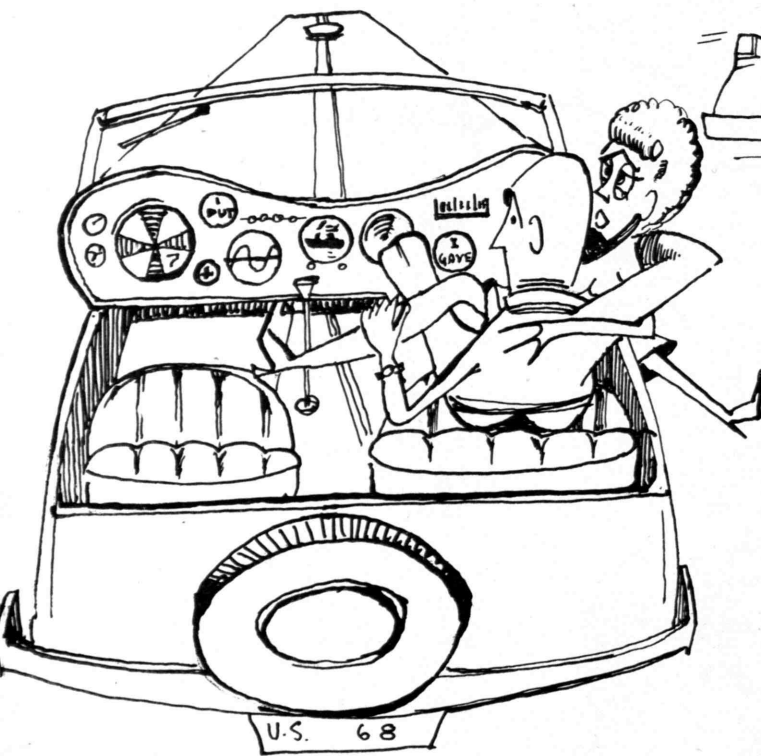


"Will your wife hit the ceiling
when you come in late?"
"Probably. She's a rotten shot."

April showers have passed us by and the open road calls those of us fortunate enough to own automobiles; hot rod, dead heap, or otherwise. To those of our readers with excruciatingly good taste, Voo Doo presents a glimpse of —

THE BABBLING CONTINENTAL'S SPORTS CAR LOT

For the ultimate in uncomfortable comfort, the MOON-BEAM HALIBUT is the cry. In this fine car we have the grace of the halibut (*Hippoglossus, hippoglossus*), and the continental flavor of a British moonbeam. Then, too, the car is powered by a Smithers-Crudley overhead six.



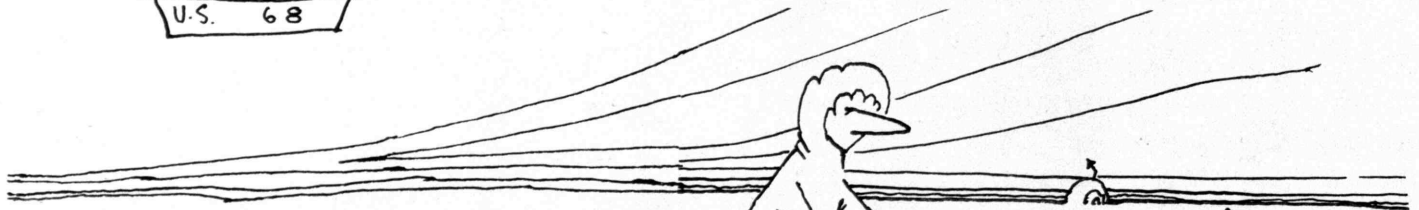
The technically minded car enthusiast will thrill to the specifications of LE CATEAUBRIAND-FINEF:

Zero to Mach One in 5,069 seconds

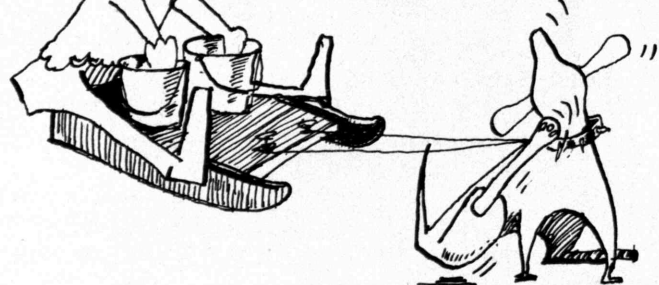
36 gallon cooling system (easily convertible for parties)
Steering ratio: .63

Vertical acceleration up to —32 ft./sec.²
Damping ratio: 0.8

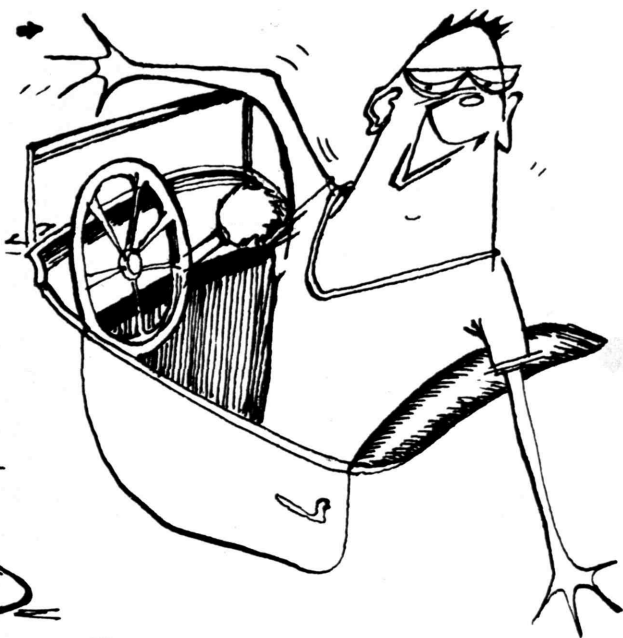
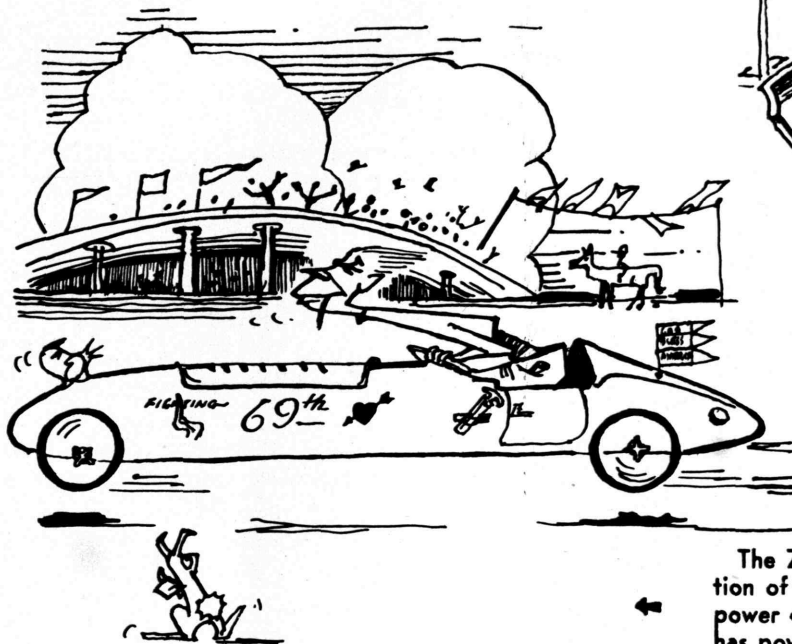
Body weight to wheel diameter: .009 poods/drachma.
Liberace says "JEEPERS!"



The more rugged members of the sports car set will naturally prefer the RUSTIN MEALY. No springs or shock absorbers in this fine piece of automotive ingenuity to dilute the pleasures of country driving. Proper safety considerations have resulted in seating accommodations consisting of two bucket seats lashed firmly to the front axle.

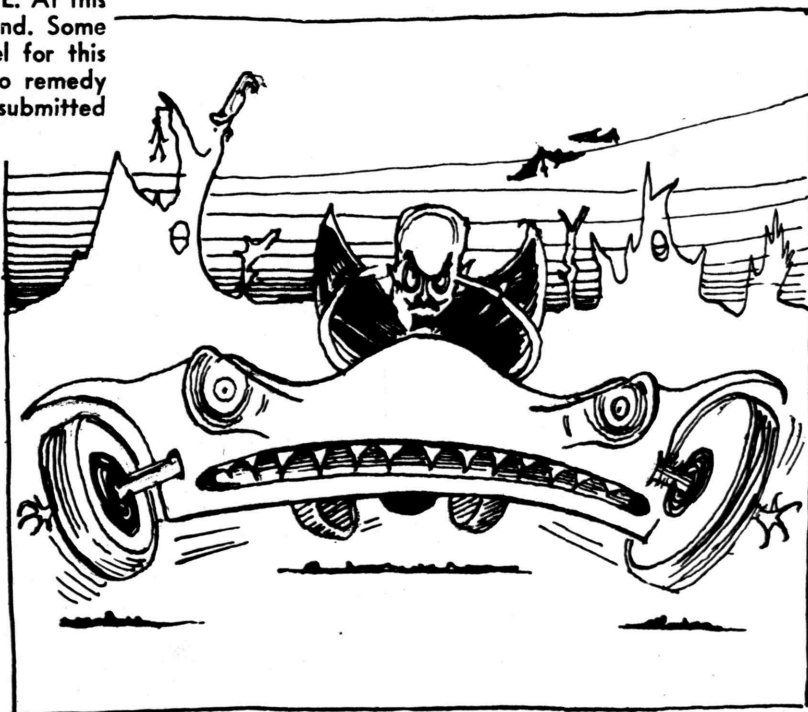


For the young at heart, the ROLLS-SIDDELEY-FUNK-JET is the spur. Here is a car to delight in. Notice the fur covered gear shift lever accommodating eight forward speeds (three additional speeds available). Powered by the recently developed Chlorophyll burning J-47.



The ZATZ, styled by Salvatore Dooley, is the culmination of years of intensive investigation into the realm of power driving. This single seat twelve cylinder automobile has power steering, power brakes, power windows, power seat, and a panic button for ejection at high speeds. Information available on request. Cable: Flrksnrk.

As a special service to auto fans, the Babbling Continental will build to individual taste the VAMPIRE. At this time there are but three in use on the mainland. Some difficulty may be experienced in obtaining fuel for this novel automobile, but steps are being taken to remedy the situation. Price on request; bids should be submitted in sealed batskin folders.



The Babbling Continental is looking for agents in several Far Eastern locations. In Rangoon, call NEpal 7-3142.

C. F. Fink
196

"Our curriculum, sir," said the schoolmaster, "consists of geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—"

"That's fine," interrupted the hill-billy, "fix him up with triggernometry, couse he's the worst shot in the whole family."



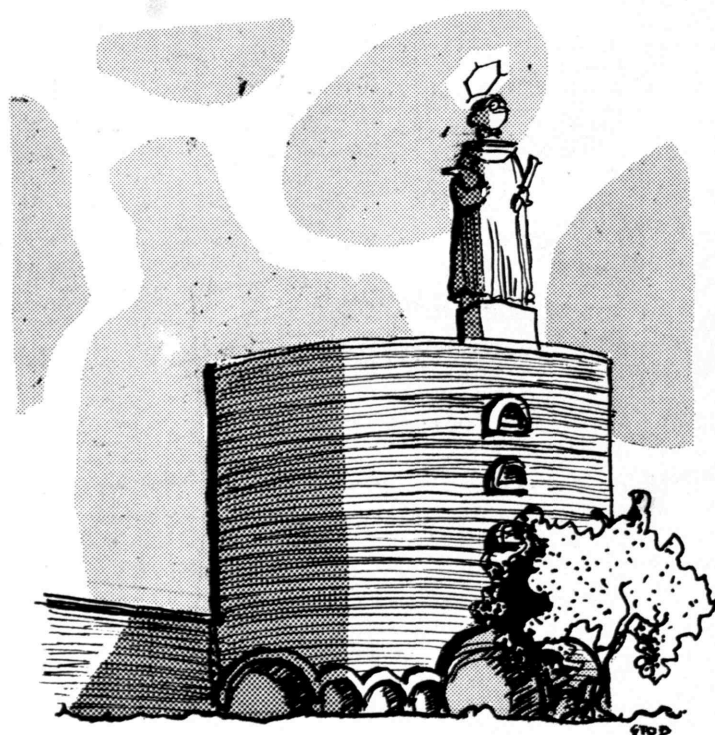
There once was a maiden of Siam
Who said to her lover, young Kiam
If you kiss me, of course
You will have to use force—
But Gawd knows you're stronger than I am.



Some women are like watches. They may have pretty hands and shining faces but they are hard to regulate once they are wound up.



A Chaplain attended a banquet at which a clumsy waiter dropped a plate of hot soup in his lap. The Chaplain looked around the room with agony in his face, and exclaimed, "Will some layman kindly say something appropriate!"



He rushed up to her. "This is my dance you know," he said breathlessly.

She gave him a haughty stare.

"Oh, really? I thought it was the Junior Prom."



An eagle-eyed Tennessee mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country school house. "This here boy's after larnin'," he said to the schoolmaster, "what can you larn him?"



First ROTC Cadet: I feel like telling the sergeant where to go again.

Second ROTC Cadet: What do you mean "again?"

First Cadet: I felt like it last week, too.



She: "Let's play strip poker."

He: "I'm game—go put some clothes on and we'll start."



"He married a tattooed hula dancer so his kids could always have moving pictures."



Adam and Eve were the first bookkeepers—they invented the loose-leaf system.



"What's your name?"

"I don't know, but I'm beautiful."



Knees are a luxury these days. If you don't think so, just try to get your hand on one.



"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Yes, if kindness fails."

Two boys returning from Sunday School were discussing what they had learned. "Do you believe all that stuff about the devil?" one asked.

"Naw," replied the other, "it's just like Santa Claus—it's your old man."



This is a true story of a Hollywood writer who came home drunk one night. He could not negotiate his stairs to the second floor and passed out somewhere in the middle of the ascent. When he awoke, he heard his wife and two children in the kitchen. They couldn't have gotten there without passing his prostrate form, so he made it a point to ask them later why they didn't wake him up. The younger son's answer cleared things up.

"We thought," explained the eight-year-old, "that you was dead."



"Who was that woman I saw you out with last night?"

"That was no woman, that was my brother; he just walks that way."



Once there were two little worms. One was naughty and the other was good. The first was lazy and improvident and always stayed in bed late. The other was always up early and about his business.

The early bird got the early worm, and a fisherman with a flashlight got the night-crawler.

The moral, kiddies, is this: You can't win.



"Don't you ever advise me to buy a bright green suit again."

Whanglock: "Now what?"

"I stopped on the street to yawn, and two people tried to push letters into my mouth."



Bellhop (after ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Charlie: "Hell, no. I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

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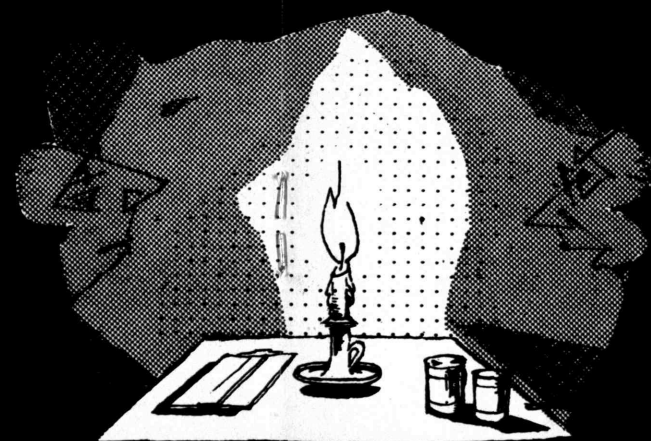
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"But Smedly, we simply gotta have a center spread."

At a roll call in a Russian regiment, one cold winter morning, an officer sneezed and four soldiers promptly answered, "Here."



The wife was always antagonized by her husband's going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always "Good night, mother of three."

But one night she could stand it no longer. When he took his hat, started out the door, and called cheerily "Good night, mother of three," she answered, quite as cheerfully. "Good night, father of one."

Now he stays home.



One student is claiming that he read in a text on primitive cultures that a Ubangi is the only human on earth who can seal a letter with a kiss—after it's in the mailbox.



Maggie: "Stop that man. He tried to kiss me."

Campus cop: "Oh, shut up. There'll be another along in a minute."

Scene: A small pub in the better part of London. Worthington and Bottomley meet.

Hello. How are you? What's up?

Not much. How are you?

Tip-top. Seen any of the chaps?

No, not that I remember. Had some words of Chumley tho.

Ohh, Chumley? I say, is he still running around with that full-blooded Zulu?

Heavens no, gave her up long ago—'es taken up with an ape now.

Taken up with an ape. I say, male or female?

Female of course. There's nothing queer about Chumley.



Lou: "I'm going to a giraffe party."

Tootsie: "What's a giraffe party?"

Lou: "Mostly neck and a little tail."



Notice on the bulletin board of the zoology department:

"We don't begrudge your taking a little alcohol, but please return our specimens."



We may start out by saying that a Eunuch is not strange; he is merely a man cut out to be a bachelor,



Then there was the girl who pulled her boy friend's hair at the wrong time and had her tongue bitten off.



When a woman lowers her voice, it's a sign she wants something; when she raises it, it's a sign she didn't get it.



"See this jewelry?" said the sorority pledge. "It once belonged to a millionaire."

"Gosh," gasped an impressed sister, "What was his name?"

"Woolworth," the pledge replied.



Three turtles decided to have a cup of coffee. Just as they went into the cafe it started to rain, so the biggest turtle said to the smallest turtle: "Go home and get the umbrella." So the little one said: "I will if you don't drink my coffee." "We won't," promised the other two.

Two years later the big turtle said to the middle turtle; "Well, I guess he isn't coming back, so we might as well drink his coffee." Just then a little voice called from just outside the door: "If you do, I won't go."



"You say you are going to marry a woman with \$50,000 a year income, and try to persuade me it is a love match?"

"It is—I love money."



"Frances was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they? Six of them recognized it at once."

BYRON



on Life Savers:

"Give away thy breath!"

From *My 36th Year*, line 36



Still only 5¢

... And then there was the little moron who took her boy friend's picture to bed and nine months later had paper dolls.



Irate Coed: "Hey, what're you following me for? Didn't you ever see one like me before?"

Tool: "Yeah, but I had to pay a quarter."



During an art exhibit, two extremely respectable ladies were viewing the various canvases by a modern realistic artist.

"You don't mean to tell me that you posed for this shocking portrait," said one to the other.

"Certainly not!" the second replied. "He must have painted it from memory."

You Vote Your Life

or

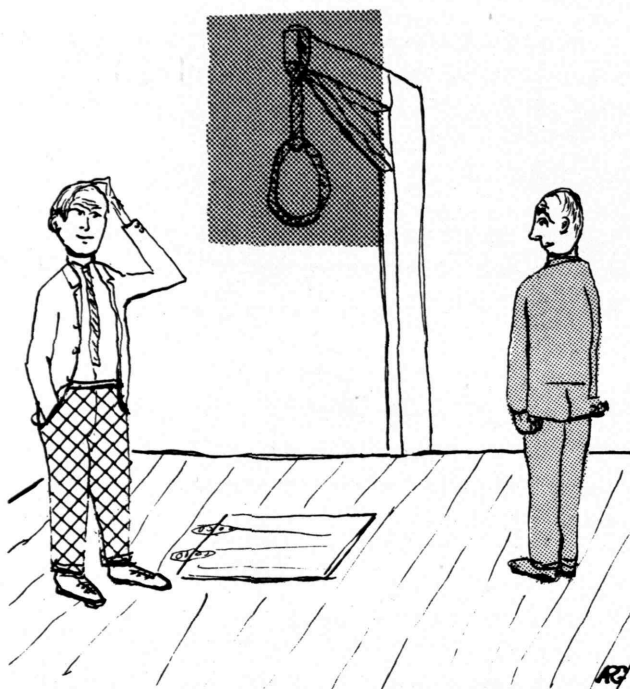
Winner Take All

In a little land across the ocean, the people had developed an unusual political system. It was similar to certain existing procedures except in one important respect.

The foundation for the system lay in its two controlling parties—the Know-Nothing and the Do-Less. These parties consisted on the one hand, of the best informed citizens and, on the other, of the most ambitious. Every epsilon years an election was held for president between candidates from these two parties. These elections were completely democratic. No coercion was used by either faction to gain votes and bribery was a capital offense. However, once the election had been decided, it was the practice to hang everyone who had voted for the loser. This custom served very well to increase the winning party's hold on the government. But this was just incidental of course.

You may wonder what could induce the populace to vote under such circumstances. In a word: patriotism. In a sentence: abstainers from this most cherished of privileges were shot. The method of voting was such that nobody could tell before all the votes were in just who would win but, after the results were tabulated, it was easy to determine who had cast the opposing votes. As each voter separately entered the voting booth, he broke an electric eye beam. This did not open the door for him, but it did release a ballot in the box. Now in this box at the start of the election there had been placed an equal number of ballots for each party. So instead of putting the name of your favorite candidate into the box, you removed a slip bearing the name of the opposing party and the votes remaining were counted. Then after the winner had been decided upon, the citizenry were canvassed and anyone possessing the wrong slip was summarily relieved of all further earthly worries.

In the election of nineteen fifty-delta, a very strange situation developed. It seems that the favorite son of the Know-Nothing party, Mr. Hintonkopf, was advised by his advisers (who else?) that he was a certainty to be defeated in the forthcoming election. Public opinion was violently against them and there was no way to avoid the catastrophe. But, they assured him, they would stick with him to the end, though they forfeit their lives. The glory of the party was paramount. They would rely on the infinitesimal chance of beating the Do-Lessers whose hopes rested with Mr. Laissezfaire.



Mr. H. had a brainstorm. Why, he figured, should he lose his neck as well as the election? Let those other fools remain loyal to the party. If the rest of the country were against him, then he too would vote for the Do-Lessers and preserve his life.

As the fatal day drew close, Mr. H. was observed wishing his rival the best of luck, much to everyone's surprise, this not being a regular practice. Of course, what could Mr. L. do, but return the wish in enthusiastic tones?

Came election day and everything went according to script, with one exception. The Know-Nothings won. Evidently the only ones who were aware that the Do-Lessers were supposed to win were Mr. H.'s advisers. The people rallied to the side of the Know-Nothings and they rolled in on a landslide.

It was a day of great rejoicing among the ranks of the Know-Nothings, but a day of woe for the Do-Lessers. Strangely enough, that staunch symbol of K.-N. party strength and unity did not revel to the fullest extent in his victory. He was duly praised by the newspapers for his remarkable display of decorum, while his colleagues showed concern for his health. No one knew just how Mr. L. was reacting to the whole affair.

The day of the customary purges, Mr. H.'s condition took a turn for the worse. When half of the opposing voters had been eliminated, he began to pack. His advisers deemed it wise for him to take the trip, but they requested him to stay until the last man scheduled to go had met his fate. This last person to hang was, by convention, the opposing candidate. This was a great event in the lives of those who

were around to catch it. A large throng would gather to behold the spectacle and cheer for the president-elect, whose duty it was to read the questionable ballot and then place the rope around the loser's neck.

As the time for it approached, Mr. H., never more merciful, decided to end the purge. His advisers admired his compassion, but were baffled by it.—Why not abolish this silly custom—he suggested to them; but they disagreed. The people expect it, they explained; consider public opinion. So he had no choice but to go through with it.

Soon he stood face to face with Mr. L. and the time had come to examine the ballot. One would have remarked at the illogical difference in appearance between the two men. Mr. L. was as calm as a gambler betting on a royal flush. A smug smile conveyed the impression he considered himself above the entire affair. Mr. H., on the other hand, was pale, breathed weakly, and had difficulty standing. He was about to take Mr. L.'s ballot when someone idly suggested he display his first, just as an example to the crowd of the right way to vote. Mr. H. suddenly blanched. This is it, he thought.

Okay, you've got me! he shouted wildly; I voted against myself!

And he flung his ballot up into the air and leaped into the crowd. But he was quickly caught and brought to the scaffold, where Mr. L. was already waiting.

You see, explained a leader of the Know-Nothings, we had canvassed the entire population including Mr. L. here and found that there was still one opposing vote unaccounted for. We thought we had made a mistake and would have to go over the whole process again, when we realized that we hadn't looked at yours yet; something we would never have considered doing under any other circumstances. And now we must proceed to hang you, too.

Along with Mr. L.? asked Mr. H.

Oh, exclaimed the party leader, we thought you knew. We weren't looking for two opposing votes, only one. Mr. L.'s advisers, may they rest in peace, had the same doubts over his winning that we had

over yours, and so, while you were voting for him, he was busy voting for you.

And as the rope grew taut around Mr. H.'s neck, the people roared out, Long live President Laissez-faire, because after all who was now a more logical choice for the presidency?

Lovers of irony may find satisfaction in this ending, but I am concerned about the legitimacy of the result. If, in the end, Mr. L. became president, then Mr. H. was correct in his vote and should not have been hanged at all. And if Mr. H. did not become president, then Mr. L. had voted for the wrong man and should have been hanged himself. We could either declare them both president or else hang both of them. Or we might have a dead president or no president at all. This is not to mention all the other voters in this tale. Maybe justice requires us, since we cannot revive the dead, to kill the rest of the living.

—Dave Markowitz



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

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

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

"Eh?"

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

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

Charlie Mun

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"Drink broke up my home."
 "Couldn't you stop it?"
 "No, the damn still exploded."



Conscience is defined as the thing that hurts when everything else feels great.



"I'm telling you for the last time you can't kiss me!"
 "I knew you'd weaken."



In a kick, it's distance.
 In a cigarette, it's taste.
 In a rumble seat, it's impossible.

Two roosters were caught in a deluge of rain. One ran for the coop and the other made a duck under the porch.



She wore a black garter in memory of those who had passed beyond.



"Say, what's that crawling on the wall?"
 "Lady bug."
 "Gad! What eyesight!"



The kid's parents asked him what he wanted for his birthday.
 "I wanna watch," he said.
 So they let him.



"Trim or regular, sir?"

"Knock, knock."
 "Well, who's there?"
 "The traveling salesman."
 "The traveling salesman, who . . ."
 "Yes."
 "Come in."



She: Two months ago I was mad about George. Now I can't see him at all. Strange how changeable men are.



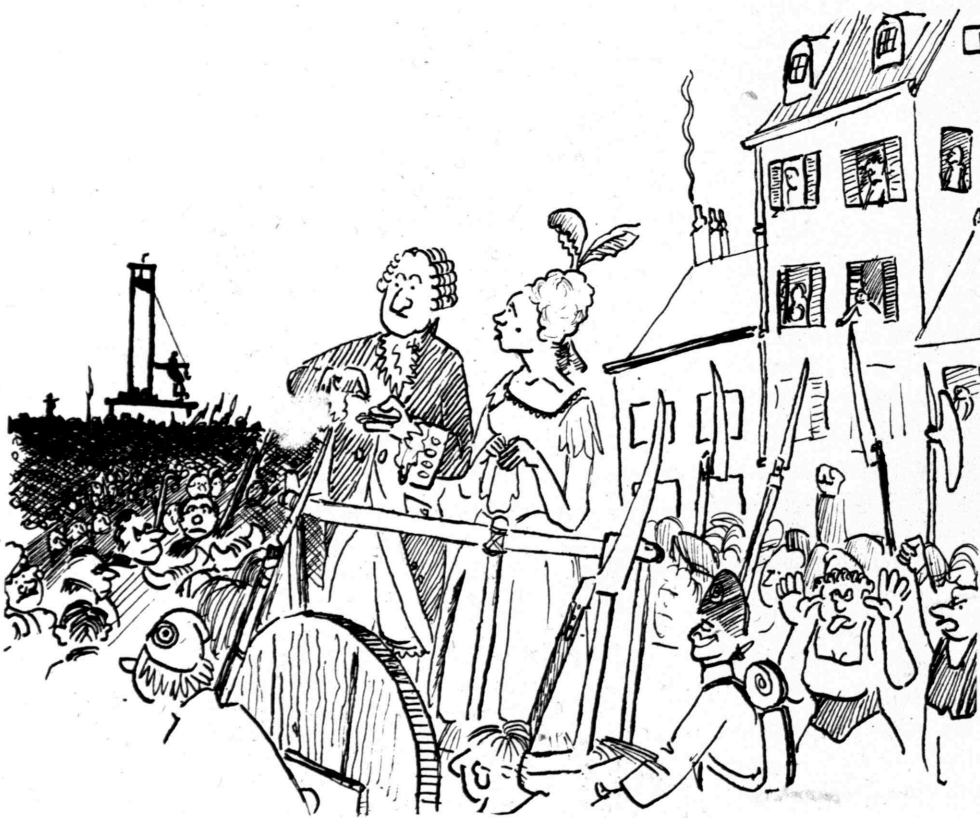
Moreman: "Darling, you mean the world to me!"
 She: "I know Dear, but there's going to be no world tour tonight."



It's better to be broke than never to have loved at all.

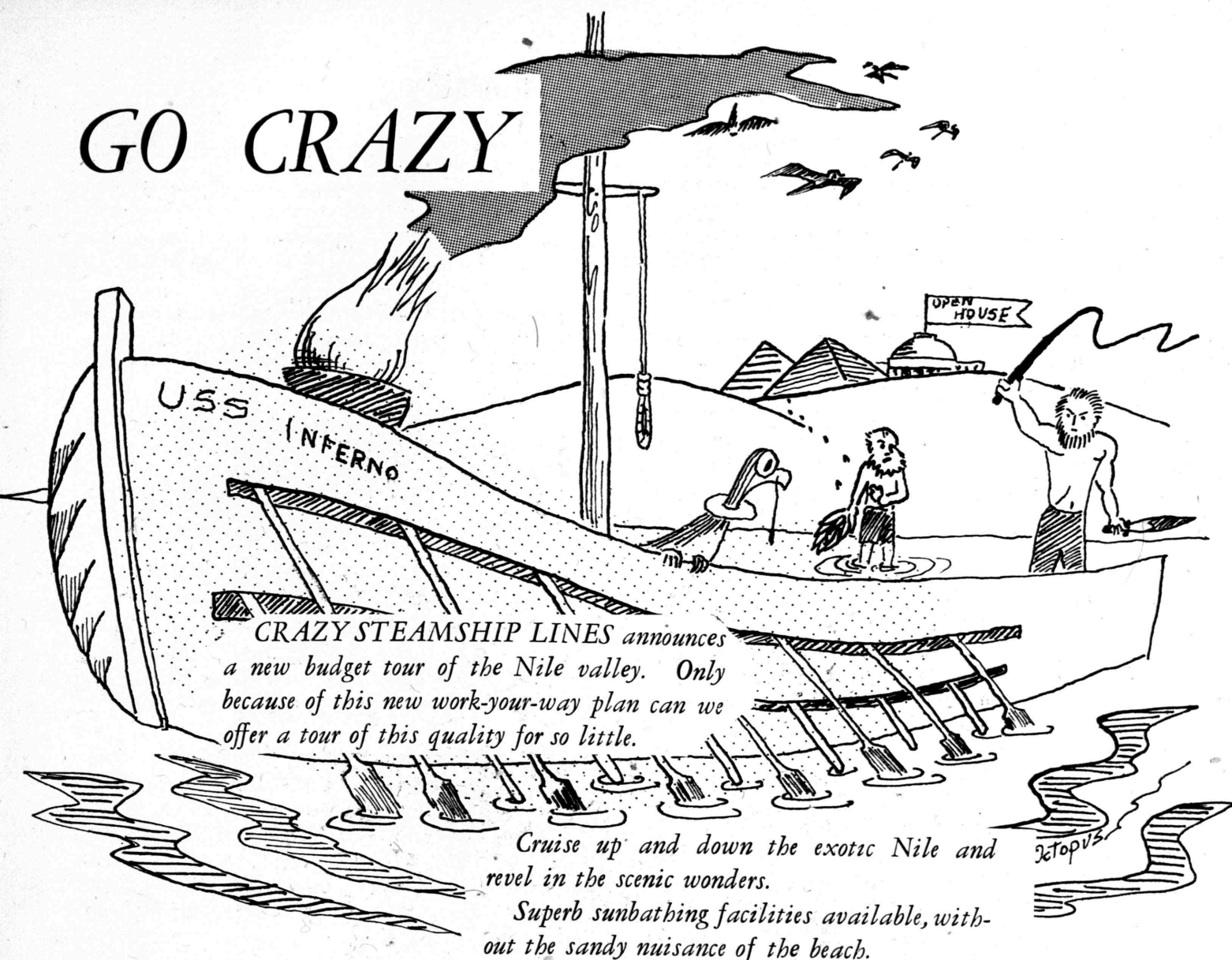


The war's over, you can get parts for your head now.



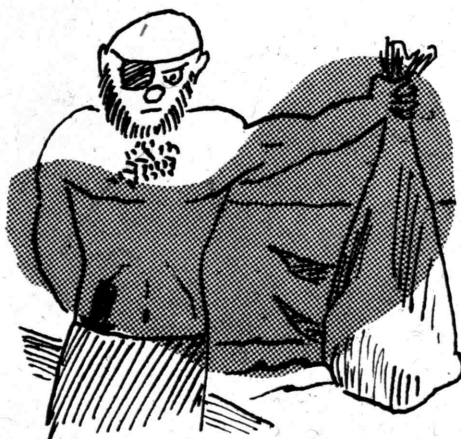
"Did you leave a note for the milkman?"

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Just A Case of Mistaken Identity

Johnny was just an average guy. In a crowd you'd never even notice him unless you mistook him for someone else. If, at first, you thought that he was someone else it wouldn't be too unusual. Practically everybody that ever met Johnny was instantly reminded of some old acquaintance.

I'd often look at Johnny and try to figure out whether he looked more like my Uncle Bill or my roommate back in college. It was always that way with Johnny. There was just a little bit of everybody in his look and manner.

One day while Johnny and I were walking down to the corner spa during our lunch hour, a very pretty young lady ran up to him, threw her arms around him, and kissed him. She suddenly stepped back and attempted to mumble some sort of an apology. It was just a case of mistaken identity.

Whenever something like that happened to Johnny, he always had a way to make it into a pleasant occurrence. That was just like him. Always a nice guy; always being nice to people. Maybe it was because there was a little bit of so many people in Johnny that he liked everybody. At least it seemed that way.

When Johnny came back with the Eighth from Korea, an elderly woman whose son had been killed at Taejon, couldn't be convinced that Johnny was not her boy. Later she realized that Johnny was not her son, but at least once a month he made a visit to the home of the old woman purely because it made her happy. That was just his way of living.

Johnny was married to a real sweet gal. He met her shortly after coming back from the war. It was at a dance at the country club outside of town. The shy little brunette in the light blue dress really stole his heart that evening. It was only a few short months after that they married in the little village church in her home town.

There never was a happier couple. Even the gossip neighbors couldn't find anything to say about the nice young couple that lived in the little cottage out near the edge of town.

Johnny was a success at everything. He was very friendly with his superiors at the Ford plant where he worked. I watched him make a rapid climb from common worker to foreman of the assembly department. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

Once in a while a little trouble would darken Johnny's life. There was one time, shortly after he had been promoted to foreman, that Johnny was mistaken for an old enemy by a new employee. Before anyone had time to do anything, he attacked Johnny

with a wrench. Johnny fought him off long enough to give a couple of other workers a chance to grab him from behind. It was quite a while before that crazy guy could be convinced that it was just a case of mistaken identity.

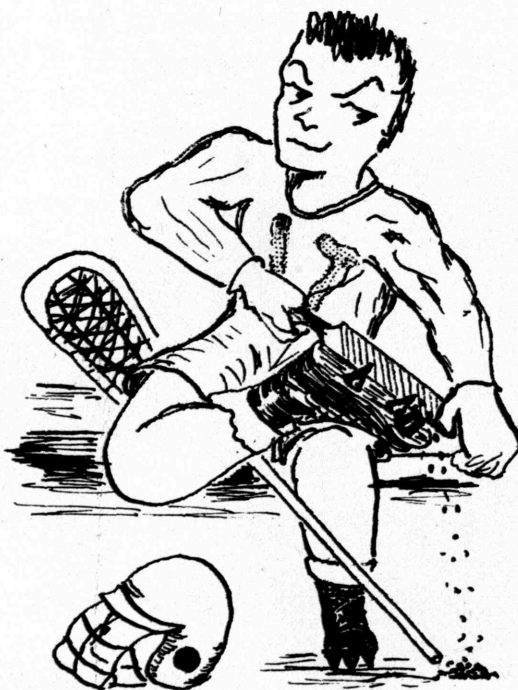
Johnny went on like that, living from day to day, making friends, keeping out of the way of people who wouldn't be friends, always sticking to the middle of the road. He was just an average guy.

He liked people. He liked to watch them, liked to listen to them, liked to talk with them, liked to be with them. While his wife would be getting supper ready, instead of reading the evening paper, Johnny would walk along the streets watching and listening to the people he loved so dearly.

One cool evening, late in Autumn, Johnny was on his usual route, perhaps hurrying just a little, for the sun had almost set and supper would soon be ready. He didn't even notice the black coupe quietly idling on the opposite side of the road as he hustled on his way, hot breath clouding the cool air about his face.

There were two men in the car. As Johnny passed, one of the men turned and nodded to the other. The car pulled away from the curb and drove off down the street in the direction of the hurrying Johnny. As it passed him, a machine gun's chatter shattered the stillness of the evening. Johnny fell limply to the sidewalk as the coupe sped off into the dusk. It was just a case of mistaken identity.

—Jim Robertson





"Say, look what Harvard's got!"

After a lovely evening, a trio of business men started to bid a beautiful celebrity good-night.

"Just a moment, where are you from?" asked the gorgeous girl of the first of the trio.

"I am from the East, madam," he replied.

"Very well, you may kiss my left hand." She turned to the second fellow. "And where are you from?"

"I am from the West," he declared enthusiastically.

"Well, you may kiss my right hand."

Next was our hero's turn. "And you?" she asked.

"Ah refuse to answer, ma'am," came the reply in a rich Southern drawl.



Traffic Cop, bawling out a female driver: "Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?"

She: "I ought to—I've been a school teacher for twenty-five years."



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."



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The kid returned from his visit to the fortune-teller in a state of advanced shock. He had been told that his mother would die in a week, himself a week later, and his father a week after that. His parents convinced him that the whole idea was ridiculous, gave the boy a sedative, and sent him off to bed.

But a week later his mother died and a week after that the little boy died. By this time the father was in the fingernail-biting stage. On the day set aside for his death he awoke feeling remarkably well. Cautiously however he tip-toed to the porch to get the milk for breakfast.

There, lying dead on the steps, was the milkman.



Little boy: "Teacher, may I leave the room?"

Teacher: "No, Willie, you stay right here and fill up the ink wells."



Tony and Pat were working on a highway when, unexpectedly, a rattlesnake struck and killed Pat. Excited and frightened, Tony ran up to the foreman and said, "I'm a quit. A snake shesa bite Pat and hesa die."

"Now don't get excited, Tony," quieted the foreman, "you come from a brave race of people and you're not going to stand there and tell me you're afraid of a little snake. Another thing, Tony, a rattlesnake always gives a warning rattle before it strikes. It gives you plenty of time to get away."

Calmed by the foreman's words, Tony went back to work and wasn't on the job five minutes when he spied a rattlesnake at his feet. He jumped ten feet away with fright. Finally, looking at the snake from a safe distance, he said, "Hey, whasa da matt? Why you no ringa da bell?"



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"What do you mean — a minister!"



Zeke and Hortense were sitting down to the supper table after a hard day in the fields. Zeke spoke, "You know Hortense, it make me sad when I think of our two daughters a layin' down there in the graveyard." His wife thought a minute then said, "Yep, Zeke, sometimes makes me so sad I wish they were dead."



The original nitwit was the boy that poisoned his father and mother, then pleaded for mercy on grounds he was an orphan.



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"Did you buy your wife any new clothes for the fall?" asked one hillbilly of another.

"No, but she made herself a new hat. She got a brown hat, put a feather on it, a couple of live squirrels, and some real walnuts."

"How was it?"

"It was all right for awhile. She didn't mind the squirrels eating the walnuts, but when they started to shove 'em up her nose for the winter, she got mad."



Private Smith had broken with his girl. After ignoring several letters requesting the return of her photograph, he received one in which she threatened to complain to his commanding officer. Deciding to squelch her for all time, he gathered up all the pictures in the house, wrapped them up, and enclosed this note: "Pick it out—I've forgotten what you look like."



The farmer's daughter returned from college for her summer vacation and her father looked at her critically and said, "Lost some weight, didn't you?"

The girl replied, "Yes Father, I weigh 110 pounds stripped for gym."

The farmer leaped out of his chair and yelled, "Who the hell is Jim?"



The height of conceit: A sexually excited mosquito coursing down the river on a leaf, yelling "Raise the drawbridge."



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Three hermits lived in a cave and spent all day staring at the wall, never speaking. One day a stallion ran past the entrance of their cave. Six months later one hermit mumbled, "That was a pretty brown horse."

Two years later another hermit said, "That wasn't a brown horse, it was white."

About a year later the third hermit got up and stalked toward the entrance of the cave. "If it's going to be this constant bickering," he said, "I'm leaving."



And then there was the moron who ran off the streetcar backwards because he heard the lady passenger say she was going to grab his seat when he got off.



The new Sunday School teacher was from Boston. She inquired if the pupils said grace before and after meals.

"Willie," she asked the first urchin, "What does your father do before meals?"

"He says grace," he answered.

"And what does he do after eating?"

"He pushes back the chair and belches," came the reply.



Some of the engineers at Tech show great talent with stationary engines. Where do you park?



"The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar is so tight I can hardly breathe."

"No wonder. You've got your head through a buttonhole."



"Son, after four years at College, you're nothing but a drunk, a loafer, and a damn nuisance. I can't think of one good thing it's done."

The son was silent a moment. Suddenly his eyes brightened, "Well," he said timidly, "it cured Ma of bragging about me."

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After a tough fight, the bomber was approaching its base. Just as the pilot, over the intercom, was giving the crew landing instructions, the engineer, in an agitated tone, cut in:

"Sir, we're very low on fuel. And I've just discovered our landing gear has been shot away. What'll we do?"

The pilot thought a moment, then shouted back: "All right, you guys. We're almost out of gas and we've lost our landing gear. So you'd better stick your feet out of the bomb-bay and start running like hell."



For many years a mining company out west employed a Chinese cook and one evening after an unusually good dinner the superintendent decided to raise his wages. The next day the Chinese noted the extra money in his envelope.

"Why you pay me more?" he asked.

"Because," replied the superintendent, "you've been such a good cook all these years."

The Chinese thought it over, then said, "You been cheating me long time, eh?"

Junior slipped and fell on the icy sidewalk. An elderly lady rushed over to help him to his feet.

"Now, little boy, you must be brave about this," she purred. "You must not cry."

"Cry, my foot," replied Junior. "I'm going to sue the hell out of somebody."



The woman who sat opposite them in the train offered Jimmy an orange. He took it without comment.

"Jimmy," exclaimed his embarrassed mother, "what do you say?"

"Peel it," said Jimmy, handing back the orange.



Wife: (to husband who is standing before open window doing setting-up exercises) "John, pull down those shades. People will think I married you for your money."



"So you're the new teacher? Well, I'm the father of the child you're going to have next fall."

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