

VOO DOO



January, 1948

25 cents

INTERNATIONAL SKI STAR
Blanche Christian agrees...
"Experience is the best teacher!"
 in skiing and in choosing a cigarette"

Experience—and perfect coaching—have taught Blanche Christian the finer points of skiing

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MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
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When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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GEE Whiz, Phos. Recently we had a chance to talk to Dean Baker for a few minutes. At this time we were happy to tell him just what was wrong with the Institute and how everything could be corrected. Yet two weeks have already passed and the Institute has not changed.

ONE thing we forgot to tell Dean Baker to fix was the electric eye door in Building 7. It was out of order again last week. We hope no committee passes a resolution nor any office sends out a directive to have the electric eye removed just because it goes sour so often. We feel that it is a technological showpiece at the threshold of our Institute. Whenever we show a girl around school, we make a point of leading her through that door. We also hope that the electric eye never becomes perfect but continues to break down occasionally. Its failings seems somehow symbolic of our technology.

CONGRATULATIONS from Phos to the freshmen who have made the Voo Doo staff. We expect that there will be more additions made over the rest of the year, but the first big block goes on the masthead this month. These freshmen seem to be a pretty capable crew. We hope so, for they are the editors and managers for the mag of a couple of years hence.

WE have discovered that there is a ceiling on the efficiency and productivity of a Tech activity. It works as follows: A large number of people may be found who are willing to put in, say, two hours a week on an activity. However, there has to be a crew of organizers in constant contact with these men. Such an organizer has to put in much more time, up to ten hours a week. Furthermore, in a big activity, there has to be a third level of managers, who, if they are doing a good job, are likely to be putting in ten to fifteen hours a week. At this point, however, the activity man runs into trouble for not doing his homework, and the limit is reached. At some schools men spend eight hours a day on an activity. Of course, they are not getting the value of a Tech education.

Around here, there is a big difficulty in finding and contacting men with ability and interest. For instance, we feel sure that there are many men in school here who can write or draw or just plain have clever ideas, could spare a couple of hours a week, and would get a kick out of seeing their stuff in print. Yet, some lethargy prevents them from making themselves known to us, dropping up to the office and talking to us. This lethargy is sort of a psychology of overwork that exists at MIT. We find, however, that the men with the heaviest loads are often the most uncomplaining.

L.

Cover this month by Waldt.

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DOING THE TOWN

I DON'T exactly know how come I got involved in two bum deals in two months. Really I suppose that it was pushing my luck to go to the *Show Bar* one month and to the *Show Boat* the next.

First off, the *Show Boat* is located on Huntington Avenue, right across the street from Symphony Hall. There are two locations within the walls, *i.e.*, an upstairs and a downstairs, the latter being at street level, which may or may not be an advantage. It all depends on where you pick your reference axis. A specialist by nature, I ascended to the upper level, for no good reason, except that I'd been reading newspaper ads that promised me that I'd be able to hiss some sort of a villain in the "Gay Nineties" revue up there. Same old story — they dish out one line in the papers and feed you another when you get there.

The show later, though. The painting job upstairs is pretty nice. The walls are done in a shade that my young lady decided was cerise, but which I maintain is mauve, and blue and yellow lights are sprinkled here and there to give the proper *tone* to the get-up. They also have some of these high-relief flowered panels on the walls, the latter done in a shade of off-white. Speaking of relief, the little room is on the balcony at the end of the *salle du jour*.

Now back to the show. The proceedings started at 9.30 when a young man dashed out and introduced himself as JOJO the Dog-Faced boy. I believed him. He earned his Bombo by hamming around for a while, and I found that I'd downed two Manhattans in practically no time — a very dangerous sign. So this kid introduced a toe tap dancer. She tapped. Then came a sad run — a female singer, an old guy with no

redeeming jokes, then this dancer again (I believe she toed, this trip). A guy I laughed at in spite of myself came out. You know the routine — they put on a record and he opens and shuts his mouth and goes through the motions. Al Jolson as if you hadn't guessed. Jojo again. Up to four drinks. I feel honor bound to say that the show was brand new that night. Also, I must say that they opened to an audience of twenty, which is the equivalent of a pea rolling around in a Grad House soup pail.

I get sort of fed up with myself when I come home and have to write up a nasty-toned review. Damnation, though, it really wasn't worth it. It was okay, the drinks weren't at all expensive, there's no cover or minimum as I understand it, and when the orchestra plays for dancing, the place really gets to be tops. But they took up a hell of a lot of time with the show and that piques me.

Might mention that I descended the staircase with my clothes on, around 11.30 and paused for a moment to look in the lower half. The place was pretty well crowded and the atmosphere was considerably more convivial than that upstairs. Accordingly, I suggest that you sit through the deal down there before you tackle any more of the place.

RATING: half a star and a burp.

JOHN FISHER



Girl: "My boy friend spent \$50 on me last night and I would not even let him kiss me good night."

Second Girl: "I believe you and that makes me the bigger liar."



The teacher was explaining the difference between "abstract" and "concrete," pointing out that concrete is something that one can see while abstract is something that cannot be seen.

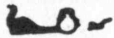
"Now," she said, "Willie, give me an example of something concrete."

"My pants," piped Willie.

"Correct; and now something abstract."

"Yours," said the prodigy.

— Vassarette.



Prof.: "I've become broadminded."

Dean: "Nonsense, you've merely rearranged your prejudices."



Prof. (taking up exam papers): "Why the quotation marks on this paper?"

Student: "Courtesy to the man on my right, sir."

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



"What would you do if I kissed you on the neck?"

"I'd call you down."



"How did you happen to oversleep this morning?"

"There were eight of us in the house and the alarm clock was only set for seven."

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.



You can't tell a farm girl that a stork brings baby calves, because she knows it's the bull.



Moe: "Wow, what a figure!"

Joe: "Yeah, nice decimals, too!"



She: "Do you know what they're saying about me?"

He: "Yeah, that's why I came over."

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BACK-TALK

LOVE THAT DIRT

Dear Sirs,

Your magazine is leading the post-war swing to morality by ten or fifteen degrees. Your writing is white-blooded, stiff, sterile — as though each issue spent time in the cyclotron lab being de-virilized.

Doubtless, most Techmen are beyond the age and stage where the upright trash contained in your magazine might harm them, but you must remember that many of the freshmen are only seventeen and deserve a crack at life. If these young men are exposed over a four-year period to the Victorian influence of your publication they may become frigid, repressed, and consequently useless members of society.

Your fastidiousness may cause them to become too ignorant about certain things to be subscribers to my own periodical. This loss of M. I. T. men from our lists will cause much loss of business. I hope you will bear this in mind in the future.

Yours truly,

HORACE HIGGINS, Ph.D.

Literary Editor, *Scorching Passions Monthly*

We said we would print only real letters and here is one that is probably a fake. We know the man who wrote the letter though, a live freshman named L. B., and he has a serious point of policy there. VOO DOO has been getting cleaner and maybe now we're too clean. All we want to do for the present is to be funny about Tech and maybe print a serious story now and then, until the Liberal Arts Society gets its creative magazine going.

No doubt, VOO DOO's former accent on sex and liquor did help the market for love and confession magazines. Once you get a customer in that frame of mind you can sell him heaps of other stuff in the same line. He's an addict

then. (Or she's an addict. A lot of girls in the schools around here just love dirt.)

If any addicts for love stories have been left around by the previous administration, all we can do is give you a bibliography of where you can find some of the things you are looking for.

- 1. Droll Stories, by Balzac.*
- 2. Short Stories, by de Maupassant.*
- 3. God's Little Acre, by Erskine Caldwell.*
- 4. Linden on the Saugus Branch, Elliot Paul.*

Ed.

TOO LATE ALREADY

Kinetic Kat,

I finally managed to get two hundred people to donate a penny to the Voo Doo cause. Now we patiently await our nine issues of the world's most educating magazine. Hurry it along cause we're getting dumber every day.

Thanks,

POTENTIAL PAT
BOBETTE FREI.
Culver Stockton College
Canton, Missouri

Haven't you got anything to write with but a pencil? — Ed.

HATS OFF

December 3, 1947

Dear Sir:

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, manufacturers of CAMEL CIGARETTES AND PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO, are happy that they have been able to be good customers of yours during 1947. Perhaps you will find your way clear to make a friendly gesture to them.

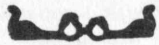
We are enclosing five cards suggesting CAMEL CIGARETTES AND PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO as Christmas gifts, which we would appreciate your putting on the five most prominent bulletin boards at your college.

Your co-operation will be greatly appreciated by both Reynolds and ourselves.

Very truly yours,

W. B. BRADBURY CO.

Haven't you got anything to write with but a mimeograph machine. (W. B. Bradbury is the national advertising agent for all college magazines.) — Ed.



Father (to daughter coming in at 4.00 a.m.): "Good morning, child of Satan."

Daughter (sweetly): "Good morning, Father."

— Scratch



"Hey, you guys, where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"

"Nope."

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Just a gag, huh?"

"Nope."

"Dizzy spells, maybe?"

"Nope."

"Very tired, I guess?"

"Nope."

"Well, what the hell is wrong with him?"

"Dead."

— Jackolantern



There was a young maiden — a Sioux
As tempting as any home brioux,
She displayed her cute knees
As she strolled past tepees
And the braves they all hollered,
"Wioux, wioux!"

A citizen was walking up Fifth Avenue when he was buttonholed by a character who said: "Shay, can you tell me where to find Alcoholicsh Anonymush?"

"Why? Do you want to join?"

"No. Wanna resign."

— Ski-U-Mah



There is the wonderful love of a beautiful maid,
And the love of a staunch true man.
And the love of a baby that's unafraid.

All have existed since time began.
But the most wonderful love, the love of a lover,
Even greater than that of a mother
Is the tenderest, infinite, passionate love,
Of one dead drunk for another.



Kid Brother: "Give me a nickel, or I'll tell Dad that you held hands with Sis."

Burt: "Here you are."

K. B.: "Give me a quarter or I'll tell him you kissed her."

Burt: "Here, Pest!"

K. B.: "Now, give me five dollars."

— Pup



Who says the Russians have no sense of humor? Here's a joke that is currently rolling them in the aisles in Moskow:

Puervi: "Kto buila dama, c kotoroi ya videl bac, vchera yecherom?"

Torui: "One net dama — ona moya zhenya."

The drunk weaved his way to his car, opened the rear door by mistake, and climbed in.

"Here, here," shouted the cop on the beat. "You're in no condition to drive."

"Oh, shtop botherin' peashful citizens. If you want to do something useful, whynt you catch the guy who shtole my shtearing wheel?"



Stude (to prof): "What's that you wrote on my paper?"

Prof: "I told you to write plainer."



She reached below her dimpled knee
Into her rolled down stocking,
And there she found a roll of bills . . .
Ah me, 'twas sweetly shocking.
"Why don't you keep them in a bank?"
Inquired a nosey prier.
"The principle is the same," she said.
"But the interest here is higher."

— Pelican



A professor, coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest him, he angrily inquired, "Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

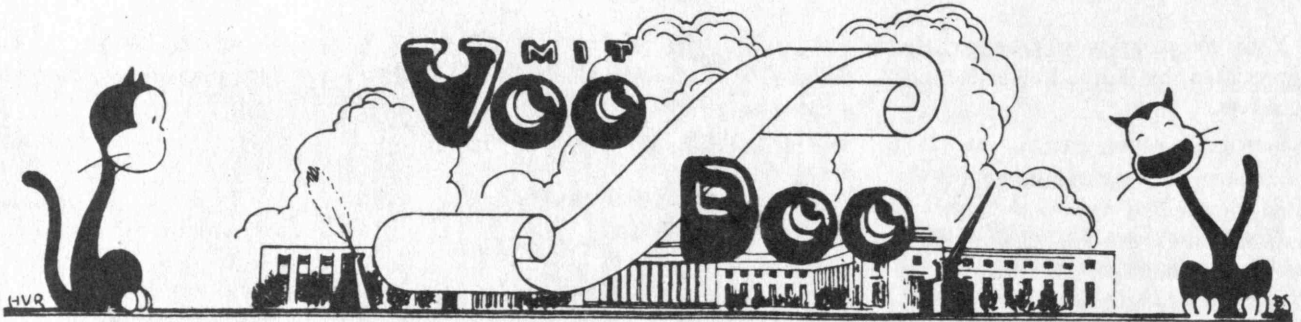
"No sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect its parents."

— The Pointer



Most accidents are caused by hugging the wrong curves.





THIS isn't the softball season, but we just remembered something a friend of ours used to tell his gang of little kids to encourage them. "Hustle, fellows, you never can tell when there are scouts around."

Other cheery note: A couple of our lit men are preparing a series on golf for the spring trade. The first books in process are "Good Golf Is Impossible" and "Parting With Par."

WE don't know what use it is to be funny about Tech if none of our read-

ers is informed enough to know what we're laughing at. Any one who knows what the plans for the Institute are, knows that some day Mass. Ave. traffic will be shunted through a tunnel and a "plaza" built in place of the present roadway. We told that to one of our professor readers and he said, "Yeah, that's what Voo Doo says," referring to a humorous art feature on it in the November issue. It's the truth though.

Mac, you gotta have background to read this mag.

WE were down to the blood bank the other day, stripping down to the waist for the doctor to look at us. While we were taking our skivvy shirt off, we heard the doctor in the next booth, going through the list of diseases you can't have had if you want to give blood.

"Have you ever been jaundiced?" the doctor asked.

A rough low voice said, "Whazzat?"

"Have you ever had the sickness where you turn yellow?"

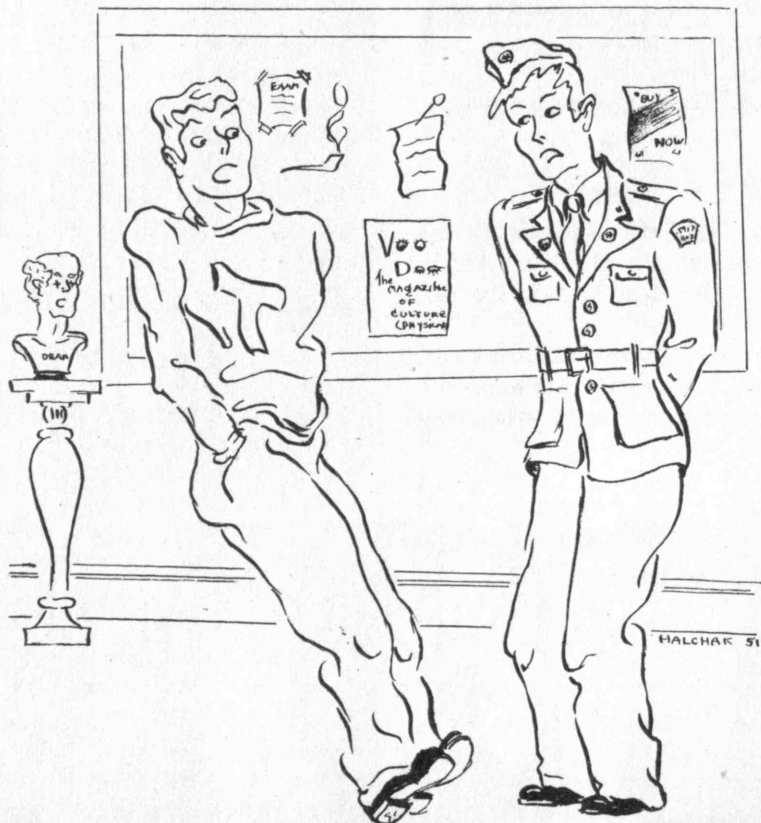
The voice seemed offended at this "turning yellow" innuendo. He said, "I don't get you."

"You know. The disease where your face and hands change color."

The other voice was relieved. "Aw, no. Nothing like that."

BINDER'S Fluid Mechanics text has the following quotation on page 115, credited to A. S. Eddington: "Every body continues in its state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line, except in so far as it doesn't." The class using this text is for Course XV men only.

WE don't believe this, but the commuter that features in it swears it is. He drowsily sat through a physics lecture in 10-250. The bell rang and he got up and started dragging himself out the double doors with the rest of the crowd, all the time being pushed and jolted. As he sleepily approached the doorway his hand went into his pocket and felt around for a dime, before he realized that he was *not* on the subway.



"You veterans are lucky, getting out of Military Science just for being in the service a couple of years."

THIS organization will take a poll soon on "How many times have you seen President Compton just walking around, not at any function?" We ran a pilot survey around the office and the average number is low. Three men had seen him twice, two had seen him three times, and one wheel had seen him five times, the most.

We have seen him four times that we can be sure of. The most memorable was when we saw him peering out of a broomcloset, at least it looked like a broomcloset. We were just coming out of the men's head a little way down from the Corporation Office on the second floor in Building 7. We had opened the door and had our hand on the knob when we saw Dr. Compton in exactly the same position across the corridor, except that he had his hand on the knob of a dark brown wooden door. He had his hat on. He looked at us for just a second and we looked at him, then he closed his door and disappeared into the darkness inside.

And people ask us if we know him.

As a matter of fact, we are just as well acquainted with Drew Pearson, but no one ever thinks to ask. We were walking down 47th Street in the Georgetown part of Washington, carrying an empty milk bottle. We were 75, maybe 100 feet away from Pearson's house, a yellow brick place with a high wooden fence around it. All of a sudden, the gate opened and Pearson, wearing a hat, started for his car. He glanced up at us and turned back into his gateway.

If we scare any celebrities with hats on, before next deadline, we'll let you know.

THIS scandalous information on M. I. T. competitors is credited to Professor Buckingham and the *Saturday Evening Post*, respectively. The evening courses at the Boston Y. M. C. A. grew into Northeastern University. The name of Cal Tech was originally the Thropp Institute of Technology.



"Very pretty, but what do you do for excitement?"

FOR a while there, whenever any one lit up a Lucky Strike we reminded him that Chesterfield was the most popular cigarette on American campuses according to a poll and he was properly cowed. One fellow, though, told us that he had been on *The Tech* during the war and knew how the poll was taken. The Chesterfield company sent a stack of blanks to *The Tech* for them to have the students fill out. The editor would just pass the blanks out to his newshawks and they would spend half an hour running through them, checking off the questions. Chesterfield had advertised in *The Tech* quite a bit, and Chesterfield won the poll by a long margin.

THE other day in Math class, we ran across the expression, e^{mit} . This is an obvious sign of the times. What with all the incoming students, the Institute's just got to expand exponentially.

ONE story about a paper bag leads to another. Last month we told about the scare in the chem labs when some one exploded one outside. This month, some one told us that it's dangerous to let a paper bag get into the hands of one Chi Phi man. He goes around hiding telephones in them. When the phone rings, no one can find it.

OPENING of a manuscript we haven't had time to read: "Now that the bears have crapped out for the winter. . ."

THE following is a quote from Professor "Smilin' Sam" Slater of the Physics Department:

"Whenever you have a problem in mathematical physics, the first thing you find is that you can't solve it. But you try and get the answer some other way."

**You've
GOT
To Hit
That
Final**

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

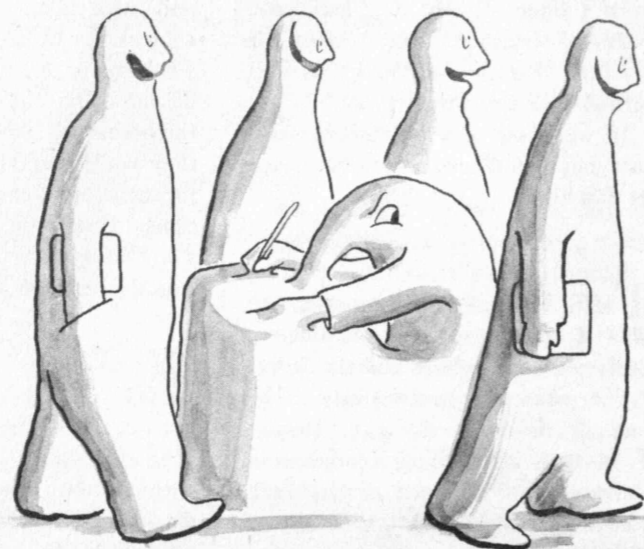


You think you know it all. You're filled to the brim. But as you put your pencil to the paper, your head splits open. Your knowledge spills out. All of it. You can't think of anything. You can't even remember your name. Your head is empty. Empty.

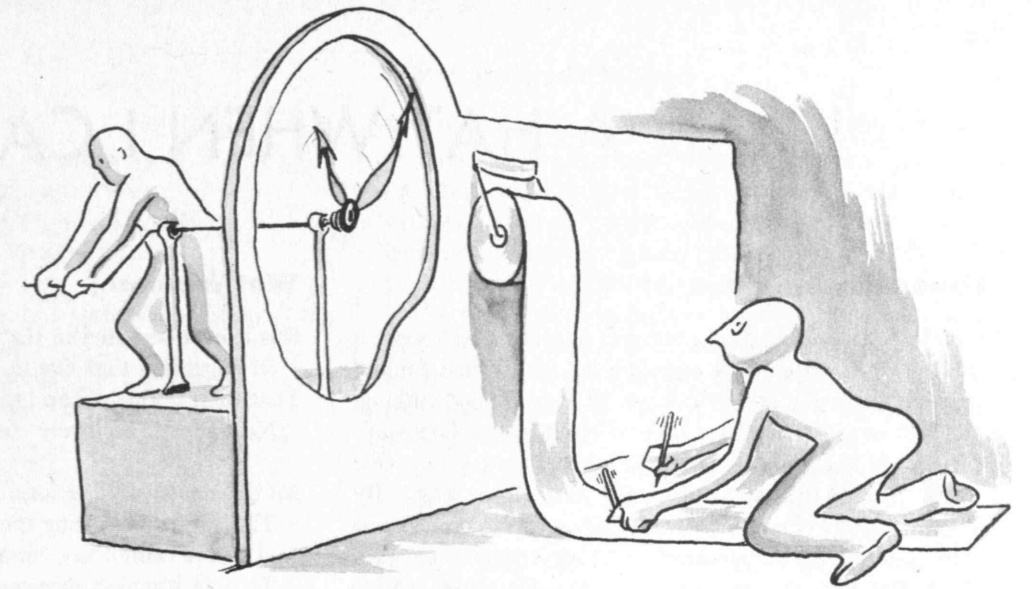


You're panicky. Your pencil breaks. Your slide rule jams. You've got to get the answer, but you're seized by panic. PANIC!

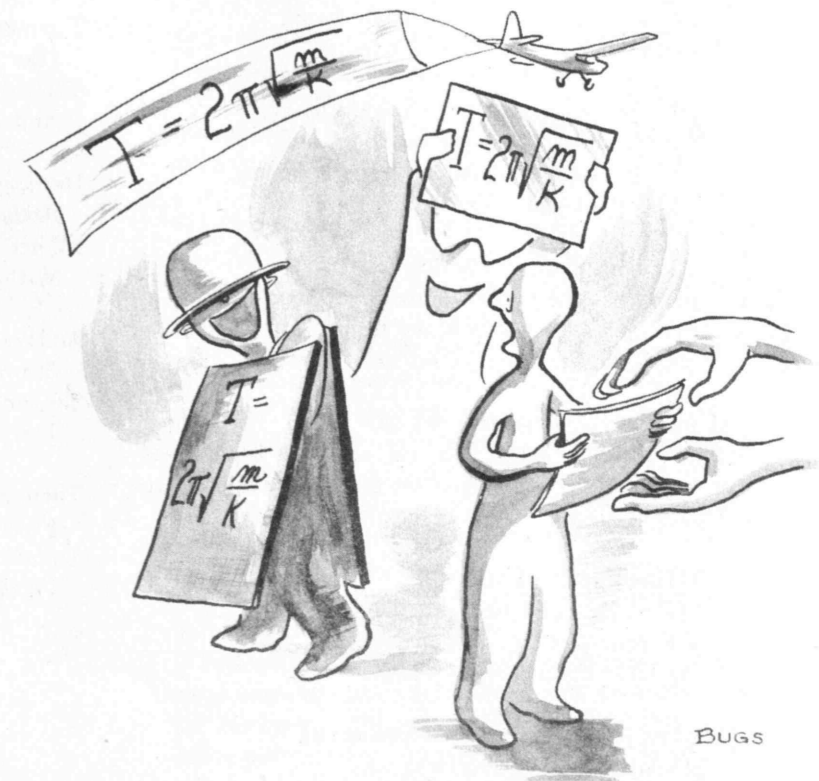
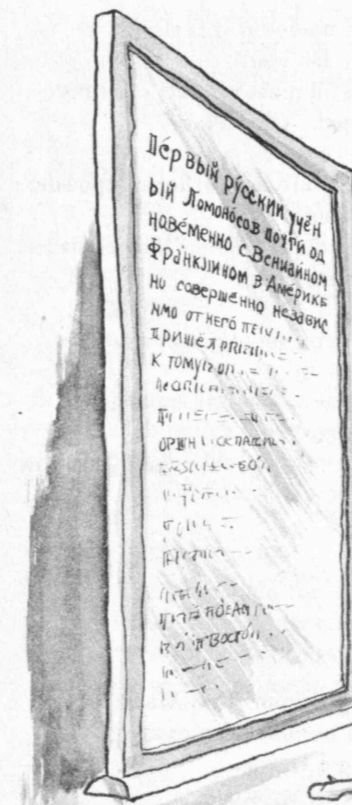
You're finding the quiz tough. But the guy in front of you walks out after an hour and a half. He's smiling! Another guy walks out. He's smiling! They're all walking out and smiling! You're paralyzed. You're glued to the desk! You can't move!!



Time is running out. It's running out fast. You've written five pages, but you have eleven more to go. You have got to work fast. Time is running out. You haven't got a chance. You've got to work fast!



Good God! This is the section of the book you haven't studied. It's Greek! Worse than that, it's Russian!



BUGS

You're about to hand in your paper. And then you remember. The formula! THE FORMULA YOU NEEDED. But it's too late. You didn't remember the formula!

I HAD A HAT WHEN I CAME IN

Love Subcontracted

Scientifically, Cal Q. Louse was a genius; but, alas, a fizzle with women. His devotion to science had limited his experience in the manly art of womanhoodwinking. He had never realized his lack of ability until Greta appeared on the scene. They fell violently in love. One evening Cal wrote an impassioned note to his love. By return mail Greta replied that Cal's nuclear derivations were charming. Undaunted, Cal determined to send Greta the winged words of his heart. He entreated his friend, Pierre the Lover, to compose a love poem for him. For a nominal fee Pierre fashioned the following:

a heavenly glow enshrouds thy name,
to form the syllables, fires the flame.
the name of Greta is as a magic wand,
uniting our souls in eternal bond.

for when you speak, your voice is space,
your languid tones have subtle grace.
your lips breath words, my heart is sighing,
my love for you pales even dying.

your hair all mortal beauty frames,
your eyes, the perfect diamond shames.
your lips, the magnet of my heart,
your kiss; the object of my art.

Cal was joyous when he read the poem. "It sounds just like a popular ballad," he said, and says what I feel about Greta. However, so that she might fully appreciate the sentiment, he added a bit of his own vernacular.

exothermic is thy name,
add a spark and watch the flame.
the name of Greta is one catalyst
my basic chemicals can't resist.

when you speak in transverse waves,
it's lovely how the air behaves.
and when you sigh in decibels,
my whole damned protoplasm jells.

you lips magnetic fluxes are,
body and soul, you're under par.
learn love with me, I beseech yer,
pucker up, you lovely creature.

HERB KINDLER

Wet Women

Has it ever occurred to the men who have written
Of mermaids that live in the sea
That their brainchild and theory with loopholes is smitten;
No mermaid so lovely could be.

All these men say her form is both human and fish,
The border-line being the waist,
And I here cannot say what I'd like to but wish
To note it makes science disgraced.

If her top-side is human, it must, then, have skin.
Dear reader do you take a bath?
Surely you must have noticed when a long time you're in
That wrinkled and wet aftermath.

The more modest of mermaids wear things they call halters.
(Her chasteness depends on the writer.)
The halter is wove from sea weeds in salt water
And stinks when on land just to spite her.

Her long tail is all scale and no doubt it is slimy.
Attractive? I think not! Do you?
All her hair kept with care still must get sort of grimy
With sand and the sea-weed. Oh! Phew!

And her eyes must both water, and her nose she can't powder.
She must be the devil to feed.
She can't stand fish on Friday nor the sight of clam chowder.
Just what in the hell does she need.

There is no way to nab her; you simply can't grab her.
Frustration equipment replete.
To hell with the mermaid, the writers can have her;
I'll take my women complete!

JOE GLASGOW

Bottled Love

There was once a girl from Bryn Mawr
Who was out with her date in a cawr.
While crossing a trestle,
They ended their wrestle,
Their auto, and their lives with a jawr.

JOE GLASGOW

Men who possess, at the least, average vision,
 Or have well controlled touching nerves
 Will concede to a fact without too much derision;
 Namely: Women are made up of curves.

You would say, if you've been in a state of proximity,
 By dancing, romancing, *et al*
 With your favority choice of some good femininity,
 "This geometry's good for morale."

JOE GLASGOW

Flytrying

Little fly upon the wall,
 Ain't you got no home at all?
 Ain't you got no mom, no dad?
 Jeepers, creepers, that's too bad.

SCIENTIFIC:

Little fly upon the wall;
 Why the hell don't you fall?
 While you're here at MIT,
 Obey the law of gravity.

HOUSEWIFE:

Little fly upon the ceiling
 What care you how much I'm cleaning
 Climbing ladders makes me hot
 But go ahead, leave your spot.

Editor:

*Little fly upon the wall
 You sure you got no home at all.
 If only you could go fly home
 He could stop this awful pome.*

PARAMOUR:

Barest shoulders on my doll
 My better judgment you apall.
 My better judgment go to hell
 I should get to know you well.

SPORTSMAN:

Little fly upon the floor
 You have just increased my score.
 You'll not be progenitor
 Of many, many many more!

(See 7th man down on lit staff list.)

What Holds Him Up?

FEW men in our generation are so in danger of falling on their faces as Professor Magoun. This is no criticism of his character, his teaching, his marriage lectures, or his whiskers, just an opinion about his posture. Whenever he stands still, he leans forward several degrees more than a prudent man would advise. I have seen him thus, talking in the corridor or waiting to cross the street, always tilted forward at that perilous angle. He looks as though he had been leaning against a pin-ball machine when someone suddenly yanked it away and left him in that worrisome position.

It could be worse, I suppose. His forward pitch is much more acceptable, publicly, than if he constantly held one foot in the air, as though a brass rail had recently been yanked from under him: The question remains, "What keeps him up there?"

(Once he gets into motion we find the reverse problem. He leans backward with his head high. I think his goatee must be sooty and he holds his head back to avoid soiling his collar. Anyhow, the peculiarity of Mr. Magoun under way is not a good essay question, just a simple mathematical trick. The laws of motion explain such oddities as gyroscopes and bicycles and ought to account for Professor Magoun walking, too.)

Professor Magoun is a graduate engineer and no doubt realizes that his standing position is mechanically impossible. Frankly, he has the beginnings of a pot belly and by rights should lean backward to compensate for it. For example, to balance yourself with a bag of laundry on your back you lean forward. I wonder if Alex Magoun, in his Tech days, created a sensation around the dorms by leaning backward when he toted a laundry bag.

I may sound erudite about this, but I am going into it for Mr. Magoun's own good. His balance looks so delicate that some day a sophomore may tap him on the shoulder and he will topple to the floor. If he must go about always straining his toes to remain upright it would pay him to find out the trouble. It may be something as simple as wearing his garters so tight that they pull him forward. He may just have to loosen his garters and wear suspenders that pull more in front than in back and he will be one of the more vertical men on campus.

Perhaps he really is stable and can stand askew through some unearthly gravitational aid, just as tides are helped by the moon. He consults the Nautical Almanac over coffee each morning to see where Mars and Saturn are, and calculate how many degrees he can lean forward that day. Or maybe our marriage lecturer is safely and perpetually aimed toward Venus, the planet of love, just as the North Pole is aimed at the North Star.

— J. V. Y.

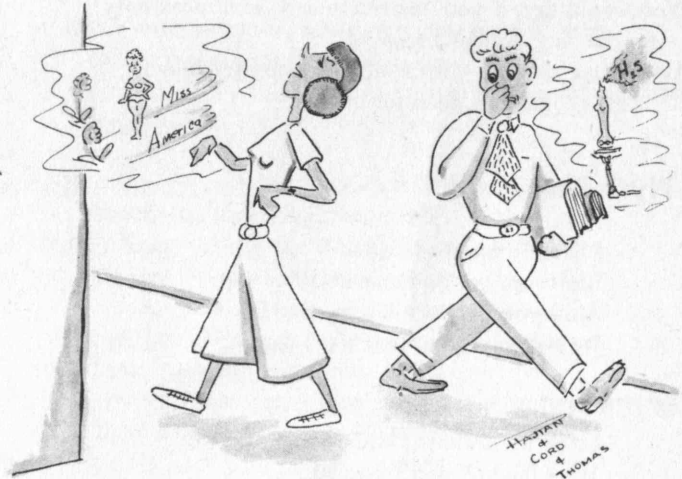
AND I'LL HAVE A HAT WHEN I GO OUT

Tech's Sec's



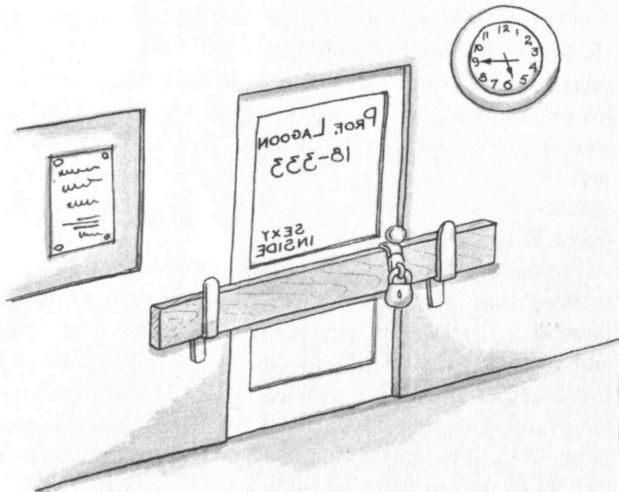
TYPE 1 — SADIE HAWKINS

Took her job to find a husband . . . homely as hell . . . grotesque figure . . . leaves office door open and looks up when someone goes by . . . Beware, she carries a bear trap.



TYPE 2 — SNOB

Magna cum laundry from Katie Gibbs . . . places herself above Tech men. Wouldn't be seen with those "insipid" beasts . . . too refined . . . "I live in another world . . . my background . . . my breeding . . . Why, I'm practically a debutante."



TYPE 3 — EFFICIENT SEXATARY

Loves her job . . . loves her work . . . loves her boss . . . loves to work overtime.



TYPE 4 — DATE BAIT

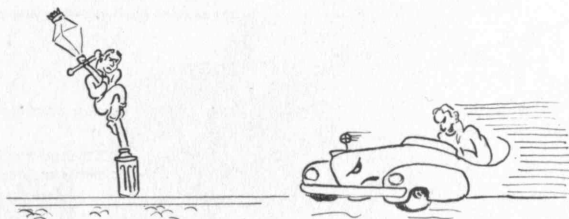
She's the girl who took her job to support her GI husband. She's attractive . . . attracts unwary Tech men. (Her husband can't afford a ring.) Joe Tech mistakes her for date bait and asks her for a date. She replies, "Oh, didn't you know . . . my husband . . ." (Clouds of humiliation.)



TYPE 5 — LOUNGE-BAR COW-GIRL

Knows everybody . . . dates everybody . . . makes many friends . . . likes sports and plays games. More damn fun than a barrel of rabbits.

This is the second in our series of articles on American sports, the first being on bridge. Here a participating authority covers another sport and calls Tech pedestrians "quick and cocky game."



CHUKKER ON MASS AVE

With as much confidence as Babe Ruth pointing to the center field screen as his mark for a home run hit, the Buick owner of today can say to his passenger, "Watch, I'll nail that pedestrian just inside the left foglight!" Then he lines up the pedestrian with his radiator cap and runs him down.

What makes this deadly accuracy possible is the modified gunsight on the hood of recent Buicks. It has an outer ring which is accurate enough for ordinary pursuit. For less coarse aiming, the sporty Buick owners use the small, torpedo-shaped piece suspended inside the ring, for lining up their prey. The improved sight is the first recognition by auto designers of the swift and wonderful game of Pedestrian Polo, a sport which I pursue with equal energy whether I am the quarry or the hunter.

To tell the truth, though occasionally I dodge and run with the rest of the walking people, I prefer playing with the more aggressive team, the automobile owners. There are a good bunch of fellows down at the stables (pedestrians call them garages) who like to just sit around an oil barrel and talk about the game. Just about now, we are planning the strategy to use against the Oyster Harbor team, who will be up soon from Long Island. The horse polo fields get snowed under there about the middle of December, so J. Anthony Drexel and the rest of the men you read about in the back pages of *Life*, drive their Buicks into New York City for a few weeks practice, then come up to Boston for the opening series.

On our home grounds we can pile up more gore in an hour than the Oyster Harbor boys can in a year. We have the quickest, cockiest game in the country and the chance to practice on them all year. They don't just stand there and get run down, they fight back. Sometimes you read in the paper, "Driver Crashes Into Store to Avoid Hitting Pedestrian." What really happened is that one of my teammates tried to run down the pedestrian. The target was probably darting around in the street, saying, "Nyah, nyah" and provoking the driver until he lost his temper. Then your dirty pedestrian lured him up on the sidewalk and jumped out of the way.

After working out on Mass Ave for a while, we planned a counter strategy. We would go over there mornings and about five minutes to the hour start cruising up and down in front of Tech in two lines. One of the players slows down and lets a clump of people into the middle of the street, then we mousetrap them. You can pick them off one by one. The goalie comes down the street with a big truck and, as clean-up man, gets any people that are left over.

If you are quick you can get one in the middle, then swerve over and knock down one of the students who is bumming a ride.

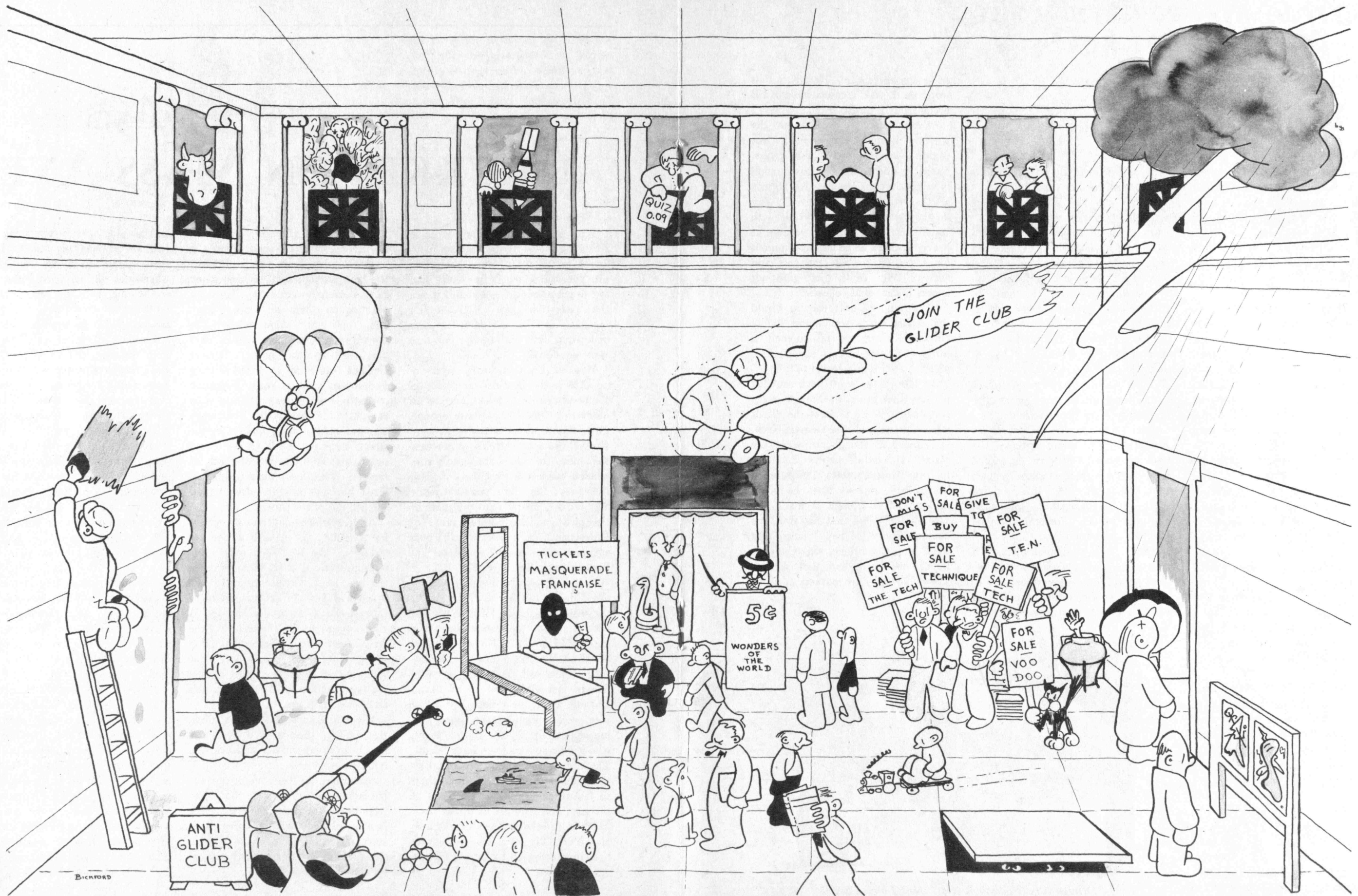
Sometimes the Tech people pull the old ladies' trick of pressing the pedestrian button on the traffic light. The best we can do then is to have a taxi start up suddenly or have a man shoot out of the Bexley Hall parking lot and mow them down.

A playing field referee is the latest addition to the game and the fellows down at the stables are still debating whether it will make the game better in the long run. You see the referees on the street sometimes, driving those tall vehicles from lumber yards with the wheels dropping down ten feet from the main chassis. The ref can just drive over people or cars without interrupting the plays. He can look over the whole field that way and be an impartial judge, looking for rule infractions by either side.

Maybe I ought to tell you about some of the rules. The equipment is limited to one automobile for each competitor. Pedestrians are permitted to select or change their field and roam anywhere as long as they live. Various time periods for a full game are used, but one year is the usual time. This way, any imbursements to the remaining relatives of an opponent may be deducted from income taxes. Intrastate competition is most common, but like the game with Oyster Harbor, out-of-staters can play if they stay within a set limit or bag.

Naturally the scoring changes according to the season and the situation but I can give you the points right now. Summer figures when opposing players wear fewer clothes and are spryer, are slightly higher. Hitting a male pedestrian gives the marksman 20 points; 10 points for women; five for children; and 15 for pregnant women and unrecognizable citizens. Five extra points are awarded each time the stricken individuals are

Continued on page 24



BICKFORD

The academic symbols and language around MIT should be simplified so that parents could brag about their student sons.

When is a P a C

It was the tired kind of talk you hear from the seat in back of on a commuters' train—slow motion dialogue where the travelers scrimpingly trade sentences, neither thinking any more than necessary. John Hurley finally turned from the lights outside and said, "How's that boy of yours doing at MIT, Ed?"

Ed Simmons brightened a little. "Pretty darn well. Said his slide-rule's wearing, but he made me agree at Christmas time that I didn't want him to be a brownbagger. That's the local term for the eager boys. Dick says that the only thing more degrading than carrying a brown bag is carrying a green cloth one. The coop hasn't sold one in years, he says."

"Boy, they've got you talking the local jargon," said Hurley.

"Well, not quite. I'm not down to two adjectives yet, like they are up in Cambridge. Things up there are either 'straightforward' or 'fouled up.'"

"In Cambridge? I thought MIT was in Boston."

"It's right across the river from Boston, on Massav, as they say," Ed Simmons corrected. He supported himself on his neck and gave his pants a downward pull to unbunch them.

"Do they keep Dick pretty busy?"

"Gad, yes. As a matter of pride, MIT men don't let on to each other that they're working, but all he does when he comes home is complain. It's a point of pride then to say he's working hard."

Hurley creased his *Bulletin* and said, "What kind of marks is he getting?"

"They can't tell yet. The term ends in a couple of weeks. On mid-terms he got an *L*, three *P*'s and a *C*, but according to Dick, some of the

professors deliberately give low marks in mid-term to spur them on."

"What the hell do those letters stand for?" Hurley asked. He didn't want to know really, but he wanted to know if his own kid at Colgate was smarter than Simmons' kid. "And why don't they just give them all *P*'s or whatever the lowest mark is, if they just want to goose 'em at mid-term?"

"I don't know. The marking system is tricky. An *H* is an *A*, a *C* is a *B*, and a *P* is a *C*. *L* is *D* I think. Dick explains it to me every time he comes home, and after three years I'm beginning to get them straight."

John didn't turn his mind to memorizing the damn letters. His eyes just glazed a little and he waited for a chance to change topics. "Sounds pretty complex. My Bill is doing pretty well at Colgate. Got an *A*, a *B* and two *C*'s. Something the old man can understand."

"Yeah, that's damn good. Of course, they really work the kids like dogs up at Tech — give them five or six subjects. Officials in other schools consider a *B* at Tech is worth almost

an *A* anywhere else. That is, a *C* is worth an *A*. A *C* is comparable to a *B* if you figure it on the *A, B, C*."

"Yeah." Hurley looked out the window again. He nodded, but couldn't keep track of the letters. Okay, he said to himself, so your kid is smart, but do you have to go into all that red tape to prove it. "Why do they want to fox every one with those letters?" He was getting as peeved at MIT as he was at Simmons for his compensation for this and that. "Why can't they give out letters like normal colleges?"

"I dunno. Guess they're afraid the report cards will sound like a Chesterfield ad." He laughed a little. "Probably Tech's system is all right after you get used to it."

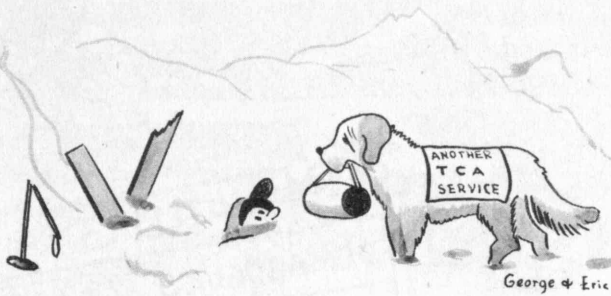
To Hurley the word Tech sounded like an affectation, as though every one was supposed to know he didn't mean Carnegie, Cal, or Georgia Tech. It sounded as though he owned the place. He didn't expect Simmons to say Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but at least he could stick to "MIT" like a layman. He saw by the lights that his stop was coming soon. He had learned that MIT is in Cambridge, that the poor boys work hard, and that no one knows how they are marked.

— J. V. Y.

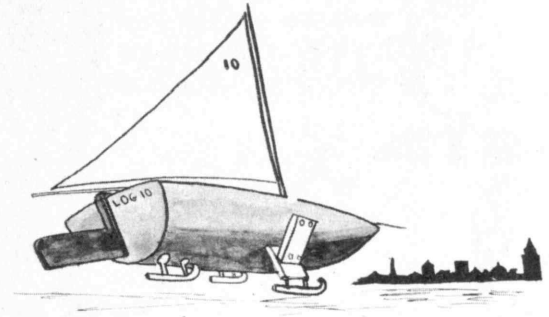


"Dammit to hell, woman, I said I think I blew a tube."

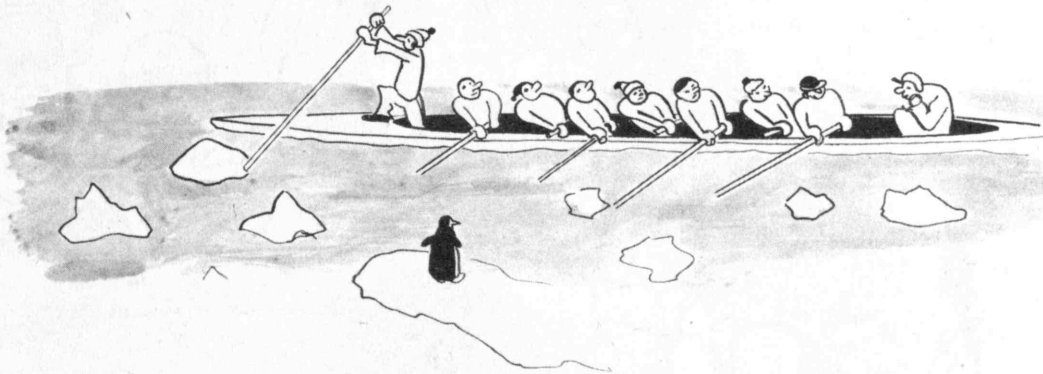
THE WINTER SPORTS OUTLOOK FOR TECHNOLOGY



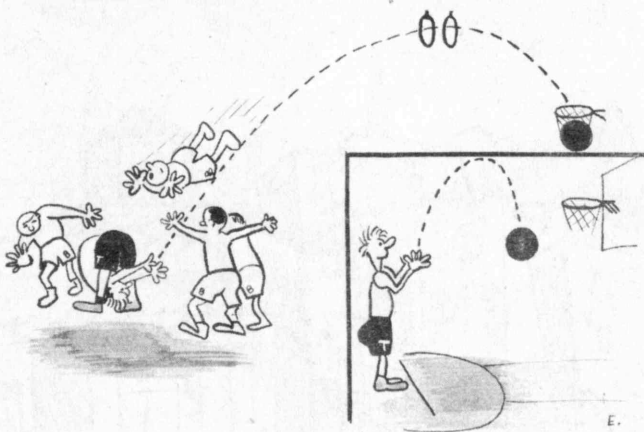
Skiing has always been a popular sport at Tech.



Even the Nautical Association is considering converting the dinghies for cold weather use.



The crew may be seen practicing late every afternoon on the Charles.



The Tech basketball team likes to score an even number of points.



The track team will have a new heated indoor track, but in the meantime . . .

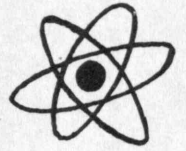


Of course, some fellows just don't have time for outdoor sports . . .

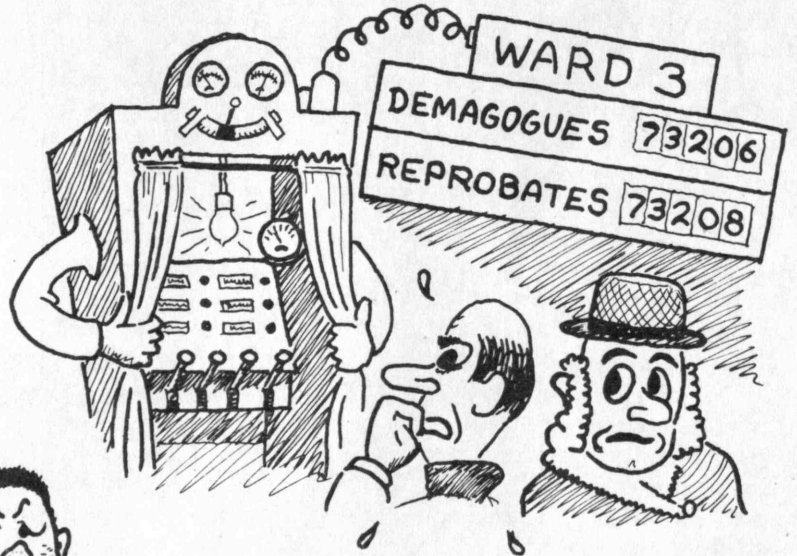
BOSTON MARCHES ON



PROGRESS you show little pity,
Must you taint our ancient city;
You have indiscreetly trod,
In the home of bean and cod.

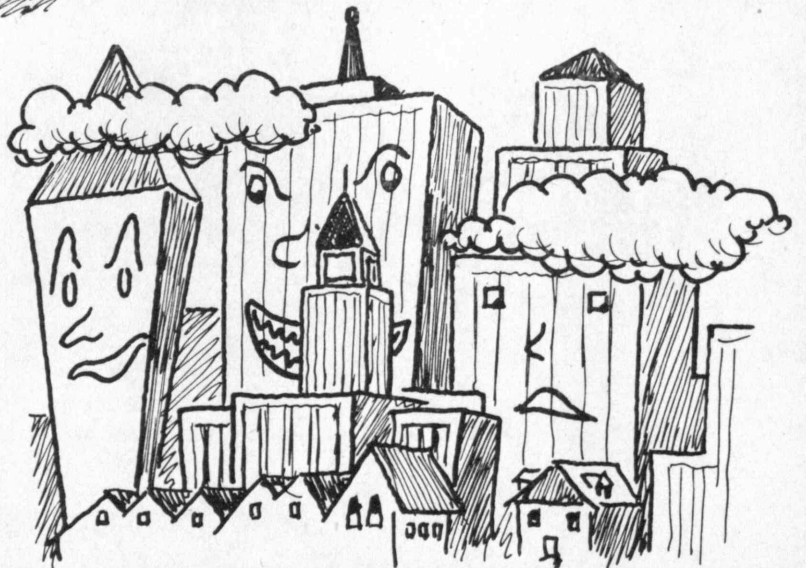


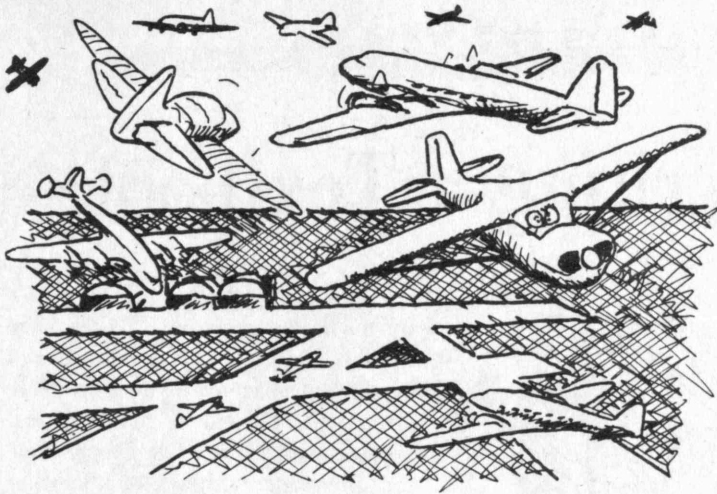
MACHINES that make the voting fair
Leave politicians tearing hair;
Justice (loyal citizens applaud)
Has ruined every chance for fraud?



BLUE LAWS once preserved our youth
From drink and sin and things uncouth;
Now these laws are out of date,
Claims every young sophisticate.

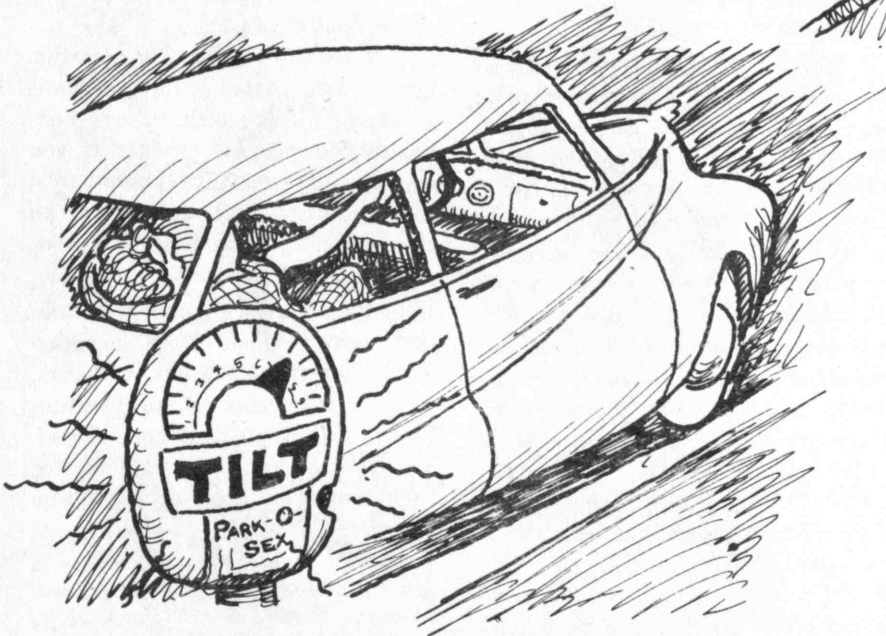
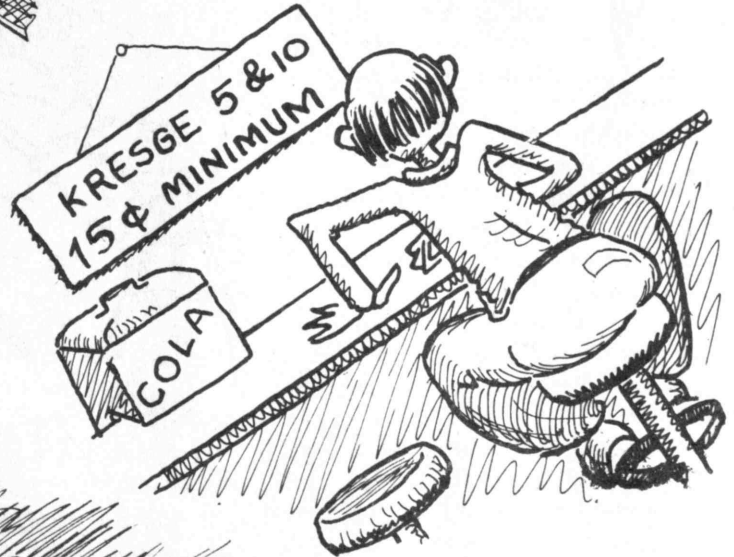
INSURANCE BUILDINGS big and neat,
Cast their shade on Beacon Street.
Unless these monsters cease to rise,
The sun may never reach our eyes.





FLYING MACHINES in numbers redundant,
 Airplane pilots, all too abundant,
 Crowd the air and find a slogan:
 "Key to Boston's Future — Logan."

PRICES higher, skirts are lower;
 What's the sense to try to know her?
 Just go down to the V and X,
 And drink a coke: To hell with sex.



PARKING once as free as honey,
 Now is curbed by lack of money.
 Whenever we are making time;
 We must deposit half a dime.

LEAVE US, Progress, to our snooze,
 Save our town from modern views;
 Boston's quaintness is her fame,
 To change it now would be a shame.



Instructions on Writing a Textbook—

By an M. I. T. professor who prefers to remain anonymous.

In writing a textbook, one must first choose a subject which is straightforward and not very complicated; in short, a subject in which there is far too little confusion among students. Next, consider the practical applications of the subject and determine the page on which you will refer to them with a footnote. Then take the remaining material and sort it at random into twenty-five buckets. Call each bucketfull a chapter.

Make the title of each chapter as impressive as possible. (You can really wow 'em with a big, hairy title. BESSEL'S FUNCTIONS¹ is a good one — it would even frighten a schoolgirl of four. Organize the material of each chapter in such a way that you cut down the number of sections, paragraphs, and equations to about twice what is necessary. Assign each equation a simple reference number, such as the first-number on the corresponding page of the telephone book. Another thing: never write down an equation without referring back to at least five or six others. For instance, below equation (11.25-3/619/27) you will say, "From (9.37-5/926/44), (76.83-1/909/3), (225.10-7/764/2), and (1.18-6/385/94)."

The equations in each chapter should gradually lead up to one fundamental equation. Give the name of the fellow who derived it,² and end each chapter by saying, "This fundamental equation is of theoretical interest only, as we shall see in a later chapter." In this later chapter, you derive another fundamental equation and say, "Of course this reduces to the equation of the previous chapter for the trivial case. More complicated cases are beyond the scope of this book." (One can avoid the boring



repetition of this phrase by saying "— will be found in, —" and give a reference.³)

As for the derivations themselves, if you cannot locate a proof less than a page long, say "This can easily be shown." When you can find no proof whatsoever, write "It is intuitively obvious," or "Brief consideration will demonstrate." In the course of your derivations, leave out as many steps as possible. Use the steps which have been left out as problems for the end of the chapter. Diagrams should always be drawn using three coordinate axes, three rotated axes, and twelve reference angles. Use Greek letters at all times, especially groups of them which rhyme, like beta, zeta, eta, and theta, or xi, pi, phi, chi, and psi. The students will be charmed by the poetic quality of these combinations. One student of mine, in fact wrote the following two-line poem on an exam paper:

"I η P π,
And heaved a ψ."

At the end of the last chapter, write an apologetic paragraph which should run something like this: "This text is

by no means complete. If we have left out anything, it is not because of insufficient space or because we have attempted to avoid mathematical analysis, but because we deeply hope that the reader wishes to look in other sources for further material." You might casually mention that the last word on the subject will be found in your other book.⁴ (There are exceptions to this type of ending. One of my colleagues, for instance, has closed with the stirring words, "The factor 2 is introduced because the cylinder intersects the sphere below as well as above the xy-plane.")

The completed manuscript should be sent to McGraw-Hill for publication. The price should vary inversely as the number of pages.

It is wise to change your notation every year, so that a new edition is necessary. This scotches the second-hand book market. (Note: If you aspire to a greater buying public than MIT students alone, a picture of an atomic bomb explosion on the frontispiece might dupe a few outsiders. With the object of expanding circulation, some authors have suggested titles like PHYSICS FOR THE PEASANTS, or THE CHEMISTRY OF THE COMMON MAN, but these are not recommended. The Un-American Affairs Committee might list your book as subversive literature.)

1: Of course the chapter doesn't have to have anything to do with Bessel's functions. No man can be naive and write a textbook.¹

2: This is always Newton or Lagrange.

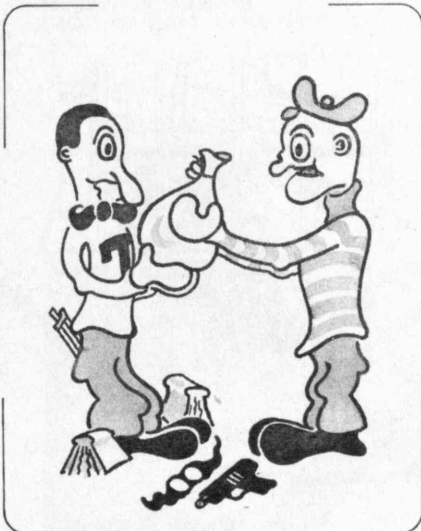
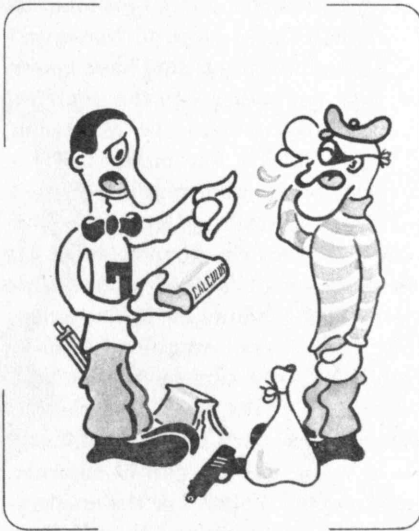
3: The standard references, which may be mentioned quite frequently, are "κρυε φνσνκα," by βετω Δηυκοε, and "Φαηοβ," by Γολμυωξξξ.

4: Of course, you should write another book.

1: Even my footnotes have footnotes.

As told to R. A.

CHEERLESS CHARLEY



Hey, Joe

An article on how to take a two weeks' vacation on the Riviera this winter, all complete for a thousand smackers, from kissing your secretary a pale goodbye to giving her a sun-tanned slap on the bottom fourteen days later, tells of how much money to bring, and that the official rate of exchange is so-and-so many francs to the dollar.

You can, says the article, get more from the shady operators on street corners, but the authorities are watchful and the penalties severe. As I remember it, most of my time in Paris was spent in trying to outwit, not the grim authorities, but the shady Algerians who occupied most of the street corners between the Opera and the Madeleine which "les girls" took over at night.

I had arrived on the morning train from Frankfurt, and my plane took off for London at two o'clock, which left me about three hours to carry out my nefarious scheme. I had my plane ticket in my pocket, I did not need any francs, I wanted no filthy pictures, I was not lusting after a woman, I did not want to sell my camera or my cigarettes. But I did have a two-bit pair of opera glasses in my pocket—I had bought them from our supply sergeant for two packs of cigarettes—and a fin to say that I could sell them to one of the operators who had tried to sell a friend of mine the equivalent of the Statue of Liberty a couple of weeks before. At that time I had laughed and spoken a few well chosen obscenities in French, and my friend had called me a city slicker.

The Algerians were organized very simply. One squad covered the American Express office, especially on days when it was closed, and tried to head off and surround any one who smelled of traveler's checks. A small outpost was stationed between the Grand Hotel and the Hotel de Paris,

to make contact with the richer but wiser suckers who had come from the States on business. But the main body was maintained outside a small cafe at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines, next to the Madeleine, and hither most of the customers were summoned, following a guide at a discreet and dramatic distance, to be divested over a bad drink of their hard-earned dollars. Thinking that they had pulled a fast one over the authorities.

I am accosted by a character right outside the hotel, and I brush him off immediately. So close to home isn't good, and the guy should have known it. I do not bother with the small fry, but saunter over to the Madeleine, where I take a few pictures of the church, of the women selling flowers, of the busy traffic. Hey, Joe, someone says at my elbow, and contact has been made. I winked at the little man and he follows me into a corner. No, I don't want anything he has to sell. And my camera is mine and will stay that way. Watch and fountain pen too. But wait a minute. Is he interested in a pair of binocular field glasses? Zeiss? For the artillery. Excellent for hunting. I pull them out, and he looks at the miserable

opera glasses with avid interest. Combien? he looks. Two thousand. Ah, you are crazy, Monsieur. One must live. Every day I can buy these and better for eight hundred. Ah no, Monsieur, that is too much. Let us say eight hundred. Hell, no, Jackson. Those glasses cost me more than two thou. Finest German lenses. Look at them. Examine them. I point dramatically. See how clearly one may read the sign on the liosque across the street. He does. Eighteen hundred is as low as I can go. He shakes his head and I turn to go. He trails me for a few yards, and we start again. He is up to eleven hundred, and when we reach twelve, I figure that honor is vindicated and nod. We walk to a cafe, and in a corner he hands over big bills. I pay for his coffee and leave.

That was my triumph. I had conquered the Algerian at his own game, I had proved to the tune of five bucks that I was not taken for a ride so easily.

Like any other respectable traveler I declared one carton of cigarettes and a bottle of whiskey at the airfield. Like many another honest traveler I found them gone when I opened my bag for the customs in London. Some sharp-fingered operator at Le Bourget, no doubt. But at least the four watches sewn into the sleeves of my blouse were safe.

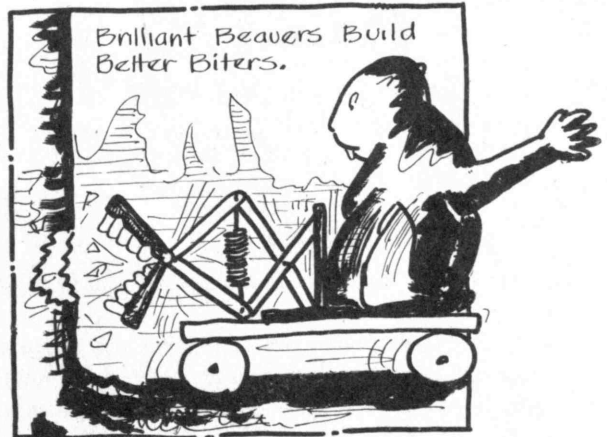
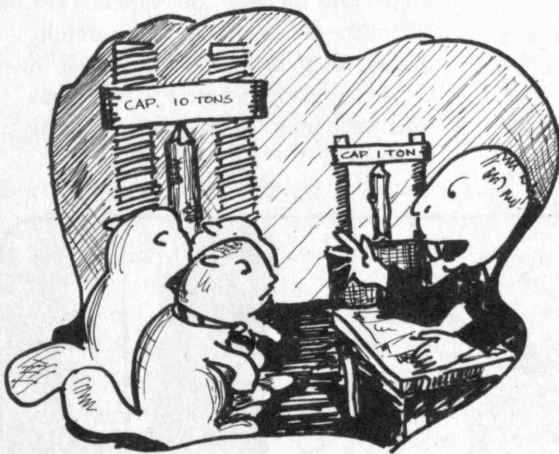
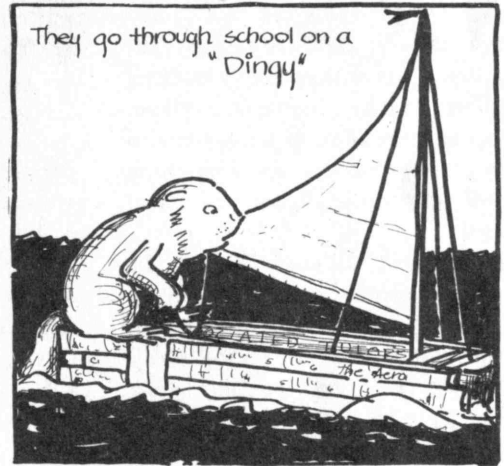
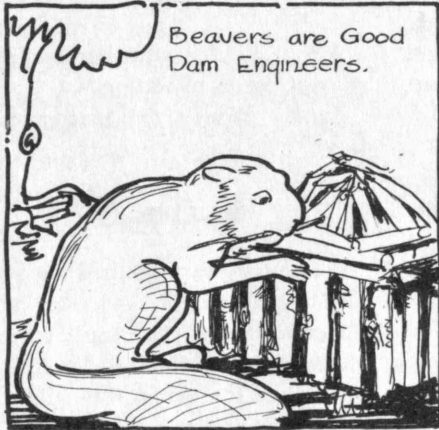
ROBERT V. GARVIN





LIFE VISITS BEAVER

COLLEGE 1948



And Study the Strength of the beech and the son of the Beech.



All grads are successful, 9/10 of the Navy was Designed by Beavers!



van c hare
c. mcCarthy

CHUKKER ON MASS AVE

Continued from page 13

caught on the wing. If the player's number plate is engraved on the pedestrian well enough to be legible, a 50-point bonus is awarded. If the driver can do this three times in one month, the total score for that month is doubled and he is presented with a gold blood wiper by the Sportsman's Club.

Occasionally, pedestrians feel that the contest is futile and start clinging to safety islands. To encourage them onto the main playing field, there is some compensation for knocking people off the islands, as in Central Square.

The over-all rules are simple. Hit as many people who are moving quickly as many times as possible. Before this year's competition really gets going, why don't you buy a car and try your hand at Pedestrian Polo. You'll be safer than you are now.

S. J.



"Mama, daddy isn't like other men, is he?"

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"Well, he just got tired waiting for an elevator and went down the shaft without one."



Socialism: If you have two cows you give one to your neighbor.

Communism: If you have two cows, you give them to the government and the government gives you some milk.

Fascism: If you have two cows you keep the cows and give the milk to the government, then the government sells you the milk.

New Dealism: If you have two cows, you shoot one and milk the other; then you pour the milk down the drain.

Capitalism: If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.



Then there was the girl who wore only a cluster of strawberries to a fancy dress ball and got herself into a hell of a jam.

— Cornell Widow

"Watt-hour you doing there?"
"Eating currents," the apprentice said, "anode you'd catch me at it."
"Wire you insulate this morning?" asked the boss.

"Leyden bed. Wouldn't that jar you?"

"Can't your relay-shunts get you up?"

"Amperently not."

"Fuse going to do that every day you can go ohm," said the boss, and the circuit was broken right there.



One bashful girl worked all her crossword puzzles vertically so she wouldn't have to come across.



Business man: "He made a perfect thirty-six on the golf course today."

Friend: "Nine holes?"

Business man: "No, Fifth Avenue model."

— Sun Dial

Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhibit the earth.

— Widow



May: "You've got to hand it to Jim when it comes to petting."

June: "What's the matter, is he lazy?"



For forty years she had been married to him, and for forty years he had never worked a lick — just lazy and shiftless and content to let his poor wife make the living. Finally, from extreme inertia or something, he died. His widow instructed that he be cremated and the ashes delivered to her. When the ashes arrived, she carefully placed them in an hourglass, set it on the mantel, and said: "Now, you worthless bum, at last you're going to work!"

— Ronson.

"This is Mrs. Smith—her hobbies are interior decorating and Dentyne Chewing Gum!"

"She says it cheers everybody up just to be reminded of Dentyne Chewing Gum's delicious good taste—and the way Dentyne helps keep teeth white makes it really worthwhile to smile!"

Dentyne Gum — Made Only By Adams

AND SUCH IS WOMAN

Analysis of the creature known as woman as seen through the eyes of the chemist.

Symbol: Wo

Acc. At. Wt.: 120

Physical Prop.: Boils @ nothing and freezes @ any minute. Melts when properly treated, very bitter if not well used.

Occurrence: Found wherever man exists.

Chem. prop.: Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and previous stones. Violent reaction if left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of food matter. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen.

Uses: Highly ornamental, useful as a tonic. In acceleration of low spirits and an equalizer of the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most effective income reducing agent known.

Caution: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.

G. E. SCHULTZ



FEMININE LOGIC

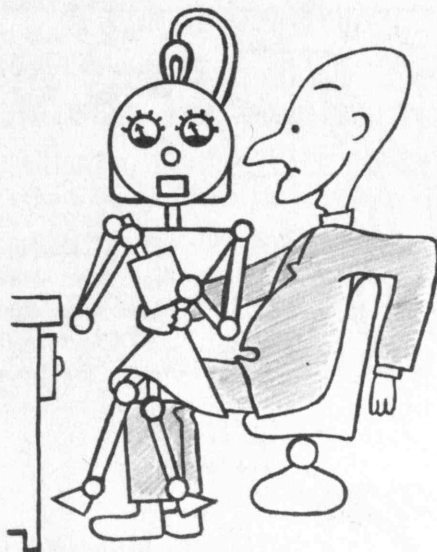
My heart dictates surrender.

My head says, "Loving him is wrong."

My heart sighs, "He is tender!"

My head replies, "You must be strong."

Oh, quickly, darling, take me hence
From out the range of common
sense!



Frosh: May I kiss you?
Coed: (Silence.)
Frosh: May I please kiss you?
Coed: (More of same.)
Frosh: Say, are you deaf?
Coed: No, are you paralyzed?

— *Variete.*



She: "There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further."

He: "What's that?"

She: "Don't go any further."

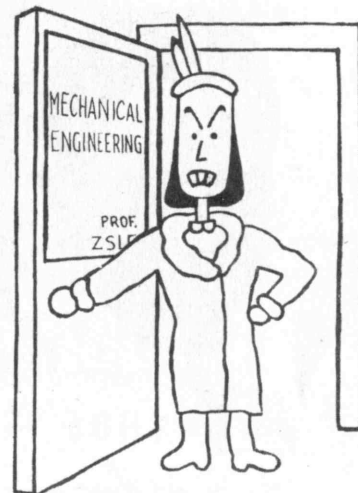


There was an amoeba named Tex
Most keen on the opposite sex.

When Tex went to work

His keeper would smirk:

"How absurd, an amoeba that nex!"



KEL

So!

The Bee is a busy little soul.
He has no time for birth control.
And that is why in times like these,
There are so many sons of bees!



Prof.: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams."



Co-Ed: "Where is Elsie?"

House Mother: "I don't know; she went to the library."

Purple Parrot.



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

The Convenient Drug Store

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FENNELL'S

59 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

IMPORTED and DOMESTIC
WINES — LIQUORS AND ALES

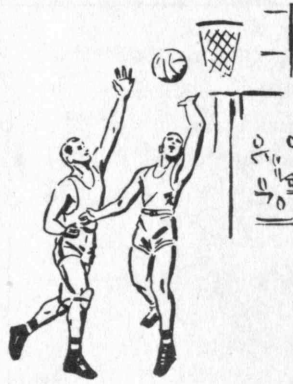
Across the BRIDGE at Commonwealth Avenue

We Have On Hand BUDWEISER, PABST BLUE RIBBON,
SCHLITZ BEERS and BALLANTINE'S ALE

JEL. **KENMORE 6-0222**

OPEN DAILY 9 A.M. TO 11 P.M. — Free Delivery Service

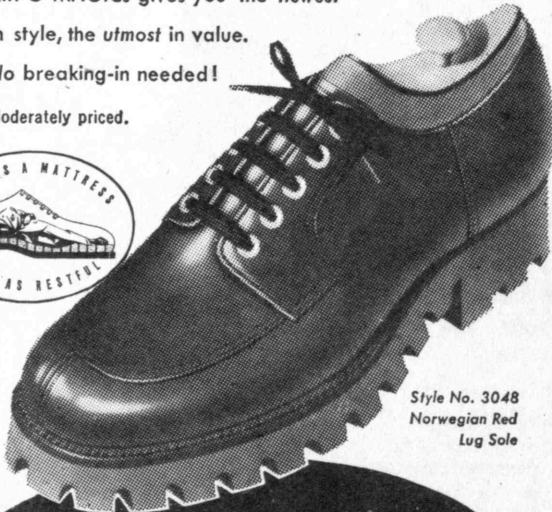
Our Refrigerator Capacity is 500 Cases of Cold Beer and Ale



FASHION IS MY GOAL . . .

"MY SHOE IS
air-o-magic"

I'm stepping out with my best foot forward . . . that's why I wear AIR-O-MAGICs, with their **88** comfort-construction features! I never knew how foot-happy I could be until I tried the patented, hand-moulded innersoles that make irritation a thing of the past; never an inside ridge, curl or wrinkle! AIR-O-MAGICs gives you the *newest* in style, the *utmost* in value. No breaking-in needed! Moderately priced.



Style No. 3048
Norwegian Red
Lug Sole



SOLD BY LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

MARION SHOE DIVISION, Daly Bros. Shoe Co., Inc., Marion, Indiana

A member of a psych class on tour asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."



She stepped out of the bathtub onto the bathroom scales. Hubby came in the back door and walked past the bathroom door. He observed what she was doing and inquired, "How many pounds this morning, honey?"

Without bothering to look around, she answered, "Fifty, and be sure you don't leave the tongs on the back porch."

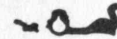


Then there's the story of the lawyer who sat up all night trying to break the widow's will.

— *The Pup*



Is that girl a platinum blonde or a natural blonde? Neither. She's a suicide blonde. What do you mean? Dyed by her own hand.



A professor, who suspected his class was drowsing off on him, decided to catch everyone off base. So he suddenly dropped off into double talk.

"You then take the loose sections of fendered smolg and gwelg them—being careful not to overheat the broughtabs. Then extract and wampf them gently for about a time and a half. Fwengle each one twice, then swiftly dip them in blinger (if handy). Otherwise discriminate the entire instrument in twetchels. Are there any questions?"

"Yes," came a sleepy voice from the rear. "What are twetchels?"

— *Yale Record*

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Flowers for All Occasions
Special service to Tech students

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Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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Food Technology — Five Year Course
General Science
Geology

Mathematics
Options: Pure and Applied Mathematics
Industrial Statistics
Physical Biology
Physics
Quantitative Biology

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

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Options: Heavy Construction
Light Construction
Business and Engineering Administration
Courses: Based on Physical Sciences
Based on Chemical Sciences
Chemical Engineering
Chemical Engineering Practice
Civil Engineering
Group Electives:
Sanitary Engineering
Transportation Engineering
Hydraulic Engineering
General Engineering
Economics and Engineering
Options: Human Relations
Industrial Relations

Electrical Engineering
Options: Electric Power
Illumination Engineering
Electrical Communications
Electronic Applications
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The duration of each of the above undergraduate Courses is four academic years, with the exception of Architecture, Food Technology (Five Year Course), Physical Biology, and the Co-operative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years. In addition to the Bachelor's degree, the above five year courses, with the exception of Architecture, lead also to the Master's degree.

Graduate study, leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees, is offered in Ceramics and in most of the above professional Courses.

A five year Course is offered which combines study in Engineering or Science, and Economics. This leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the professional field, and to the degree of Master of Science in Economics and Engineering or Economics and Natural Science.

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions. The Catalogue for the academic year will be sent free on request.

Maggie: "How's your boy friend doing at the office?"

Mabel (with pride): "He was offered a share in the business!"

Maggie: "Yeah? How do you know?"

Mabel: "Well, he got a letter from the boss, and right on top it said: 'If you don't take an interest in the business . . . !'"



It isn't what a girl knows that bothers me—it's how well and where she learned it.



Surveying Prof.: "Did you bring a field glass with you?"

C. E.: "Never mind that, we can drink just as well out of the flask."



A city lawyer visited a small town one day to try a case. As he drove into town, he spied a small boy on the corner. "Say, son," he questioned, "Can you show me the way to the courthouse?"

"There ain't none, mister," was the reply, "you gotta pick 'em up on the street."

"See here, young lady, how is it that I happen to catch you with my husband?"

"It's those darn rubber heels you wear."



"How did you get that cut on your head?"

"Bit myself."

"Impossible. How could you bit yourself up there?"

"Stood on a chair."

—Yale Record



Rastus: You ain't yo-self no mo'. Sick or sump'n?

Mose: "Ah got insomnia. Ah keeps wakin' up ev'y few days."



Jack: "What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Gene: "Well that requires a lot of technique. First you put your left arm around her waist, then you gently take left hand and —"

Jack: "She's my sister."

Gene: "Oh — push her off the dock."

My lady, be wary of Cupid
And listen to the lines of this verse,
To let a fool kiss you is stupid,
To let a kiss fool you is worse.

Varieties.



Judge: "Your profession?"

Witness: "Agricultural expert."

"What was your father?"

"A farmer."

"And your grandfather?"

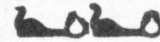
"A peasant."

—Exchange.



"I'm telling you for the last time you can't kiss me."

"At last! I thought you'd never weaken."



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

—Tiger



A theatrical agent received a telephone call.

"Hello. I want a job. I've got a great act. I can dance; I can sing; I can tell funny stories."

The theatrical agent said, "Naw, I know a thousand people who can do that."

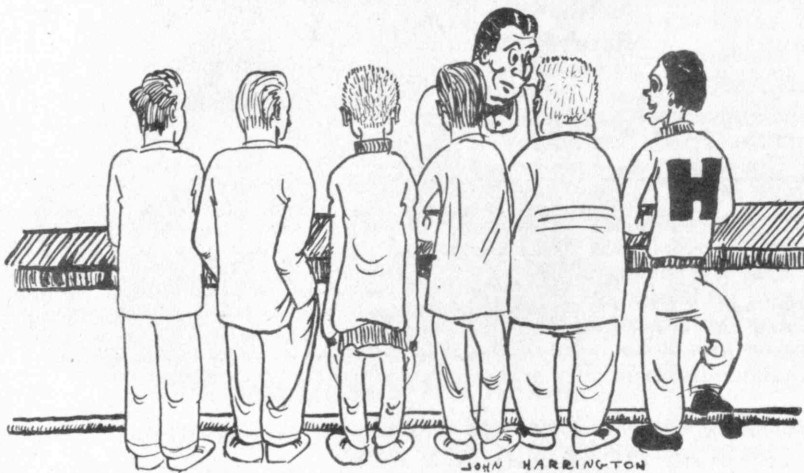
"But I can recite Milton forwards and Shakespeare backwards."

"Nope, I know plenty of guys that can do that, goodbye."

"Wait! I can play *The Flight of the Bumble Bee* on a clarinet, a bassoon, three trumpets, and timpani all at once. And while I'm doing it I smoke a pack of cigarettes, eat a bowl of spaghetti and whistle *The Overture to William Tell*."

"Naw. You guys are all alike, a dime a dozen," and the agent hung up.

"Gee," said the discouraged caller into the dead phone, "there was just one other thing. I'm a dog."



"Beer — Beer — Beer — Beer — Beer — Coke, please."



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



LITTLE MORON CORNER

Dubious Dave "Michaelangelo" Moron, the would-be artist who never believed what people told him, was discovered one day pouring Pepsi-Cola on his paint board. "They told me it would tickle my palette," he exclaimed, scowling fiercely, "but so far I haven't heard a single laugh!"

The two bucks for this classic went to William D. Blair, Jr., of Princeton. What could be simpler, if anything? Send in your Moron gags... \$2 each for those we buy.

We can't figure out whether we're soft-hearted or soft-headed. Anyway, Pepsi-Cola Company pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags and stuff like that there for this page. Below we list some of the characters who hit the jack-pot in September. What have they got that you haven't got? Right—Easy Money!

So climb on board the gravy train now.

Send your gags, with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. (Getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your joke may not keep that rejection slip from your door, but it might help. Who knows? Certainly not us!)

JACKPOT

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

HE-SHE GAGS

This is really a soft detail. Three bucks for just kicking it back and forth between a Him and a Her. Duck soup! Three-dollar bills were sent to Barbara Fram, U. of Texas; Ira Gurney, New York Univ.; and Forest M. Cruse, U. of Texas, for these gags which limped in during the September contest:

* * *

She: When I get in a drug store, I feel like an anarchist.

He: Me too: *Down* with Pepsi.

* * *

She: When you go to a restaurant, why do you always flirt with the waitress?

He: I'm playing for big steaks.

* * *

She: So long . . . I'm going on a Pepsi party with my two beaux.

He: Beaux?

She: Elbows!

* * *

That's it . . . \$3 each for any of these we print.

Daffy Definitions

We'll probably have to cut out this department soon. These things are beginning to sound logical to us. Until that day, however, any Daffy Definition we buy rates a fast buck. Like these:

Oboe—a cockney tramp.

Plenty—what Pepsi-Cola's your best buy by.

Barber shop—clip joint.

You—what Pepsi's the drink for.

Oyster—a fish that's built like a nut.

* * *

At \$1 apiece for these, your conscience should keep you up nights. But that's what we pay for those we print.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



Here's a cartoon that needs something. Possibly adrenalin. Or maybe just a title. For cartoon captions we buy, we pay five bucks each. Or send us an original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it—if we buy it.

Easy Money for September cartoon captions went to Cadet R. J. Herte of the U. S. Military Academy, Laurence A. Ingwerson of Berkeley, Calif., and Tom Brody of Culver City, Calif.

HASH ON THE HOUSE

Here are a couple of miscellaneous gags we dredged up in the September contest. We couldn't classify 'em, but we thought they ought to be worth something. So we kicked in \$2 each. Are we a soft touch!

Little Susie, at her first basketball game, overheard someone say that the home team was "red hot," so she immediately ran out on the floor with 5 bottles of Pepsi-Cola!

Sent in by Mrs. J. B. Kennedy, of Urbana, Ill.

Robert's uncle had just returned from Africa and paid a visit to the college lad. "Bob, my boy," said the uncle, "I've brought you a trinket." With that, he took out a Pepsi-Cola and handed it to his nephew. "But this is a bottle of Pepsi-Cola," exclaimed the boy. "Why, sure it is," said his uncle, "so . . . trinket!"

Sent in by Leonard Blostein, of Washington Square College, New York University.



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I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON
WITH CHESTERFIELDS
... THEY SATISFY"

Gary Cooper

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