



**V O O D O O**

**February, 1948 25¢**



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is the best  
teacher!



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says—

EXPERIENCE? *New York Ranger Cal Gardner has 15 years of hockey behind him, including two years with the junior champions of the world and "a most valuable player award."*

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OF **EXPERIENCE**  
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**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS  
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

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!



IN an issue of *Life* a while back, there was an article on the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. It showed men sitting around talking, smoking their pipes, a man gazing speculatively at a blackboard full of symbols, and another lying on a couch thinking. That is the Institute for us. We must have come here through a mixup.

In the middle of the summer, drinking beer out of bottles at the beach we think pretty well of M. I. T. Good school; learn a lot. Then we come back, work on the mag, turn around to look at a pretty girl, and powie; we are snowed. Pressure, no sleep, no shave, no love, but we pass. Next summer: it was good experience, learned to work under pressure, proud to have gone through it, pass the beer. Next winter: snowed again.

We have been thinking about it a little. What's all the rush? What are we getting in four years that we could not get in five? Ulcers? Baldness? We thought the fifty-hour week went out with the buggy whip. Yeah, we know that there is more knowledge to be learned than there used to be, but then too the human life span has been lengthened. Let's take it easy.

Another picture we remember is of a nickel standing on edge on the radiator of a Rolls Royce whose motor is running. We have respect for the time, patience, and ability of the designers and builders of such a car. This was no hasty job. No sacrifice of quality for quantity here. We see an analogy. Should not scientists and engineers be turned out a little more carefully? Maybe with a little less knowledge at graduation (!!!!!) but better balanced and more interested in their subject? (Excesses can serve to dull one's enthusiasms.) Our picture of an ordinary scientist is of a mature craftsman not an ingrown genius.

Enough of this moralizing, how about some concrete suggestions. Well, we would like to go fishing more often. We wish we could have started in our freshman year with a fishing course. It could well replace 5.01; we remember little of that. There would be no class hours, an optional lab. The course could be called F.01. Fishing is fun and relaxing if pursued correctly. It also gives one some time to contemplate things in general, if desired.

PHOS came bristling in to us one day and said, "What's this I hear that you will probably sell only five hundred copies of the next issue."

We laughed and reassured him. He must have overheard Al Kriegel talking after we told Al that the magazine would be late coming back from the printer. Al is Co-Sales Manager and detests any changes in the date for selling Voo Doo. If it is changed from Wednesday to Thursday, Al will assure all within hearing that everybody on the Sales staff has classes all that day, that, besides, he could not get in touch with them at this late date, that all our publicity is for the wrong date, that nobody ever carries money on Thursdays, that there is not a chance we will sell over five hundred copies, and we might as well send the rest back to the printer to be unprinted.

All this seems a little pessimistic, especially by Thursday afternoon when we have sold out and people are up

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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Published by the Senior Board for the Students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.

Office hours: 4.30 to 5.30 P.M., Monday through Friday

Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy.

Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53 in Pago Pago.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

in the office trying to steal our file copies. However, as long as Al keeps making sales more and more successful, we just use ear plugs.

L.

Cover this month by Waldt.

# DOING THE TOWN

ONCE upon a time, in the days at Tech Bepo' De Wah, it was an unusual Tech man that found himself with enough ready cash to visit the Satire Room of the Fensgate Hotel. As a matter of fact, this little *boîte intime* used to advertise itself as being "the most expensive place in town" (see Samuelson, P.A., *Economics*, Second Preliminary Edition, 1946, p. XIX-26). They have been reading, perhaps, a different economics book than they used to, for I am able to pass to you in this very article the word (in the event that you rise as late as I do) that a new low-scale price policy is now in effect at this far-famed night spot. Incidentally, *lower* is the word that I should have used in that last sentence.

To get the hypothecations clearly stated at the outset, so that I shall have as little trouble later with everyone concerned, let me add the following note. I am batting this out a week or two before Christmas for consumption by my eager readers some time in late February. Accordingly, you all must realize that there may have been a few changes by the time this gets to you, but here's the situation as it is, or was (depending on how you view it), 12/12/47.

Little geek with a Hitler-type moustache, see? Guitar bigger than he is, see? Strolls around the joint strumming and singing. Good? Nah. Periodically he hollers "and who the Hell is the Reverend Davis." So periodically that it gets to be *terrifically* amusing by the evening's end.

As if one wasn't enough, we got another shrimp with another moustache, same type.

Hey! I wonder, now that I think back on it, whether those two were brothers. Might be a highly entertaining point to check.

At any rate, Number 2 above has on a smock and a beret and looks strictly Greenwich Village (as visualized by any wild-eyed Bostonian). He will approach you some time dur-

ing the evening and find out if you would like to have a picture drawn by hand. I was busy suppressing snickers, but my date shooed him away. She is/was no reporter so I never did get a line on whether he drew one or both of the couple, how much he charged, how long it took. A smock and a beret yet.

Roaming around the room are waitresses. These latter wear blouses that leave their shoulders quite bare. My! There was a very slim crowd for them to wait upon that night, and I saw no other Techs in it.

About a quarter of ten, the high-price part of the show (the part that the \$1.50 on weekdays and \$2.50 Fri and Sat after 8 PM covers) appeared. George Owens and Tony Parker. They sang songs that were just filled with *double entendres* and sly innuendoes and really quite shocking. Nuts. Actually, though, I've got to admit to having gotten a couple of fairly decent-sized laughs out of the pair. Mostly, the laughs came when this one roly-poly comic (I take him to be Tony) contorted his face into grimaces expressing the emotion of the moment. The entertainment gets tossed back into Number 1's lap when the two get through with their routine. 1 leaves it lie.

Well, enough for the month dear tots, except for the barest mention of the decorations. The walls have a repetitive pattern that includes the signs of the zodiac. *Most* of the signs, that is, although there aren't twelve. The lights are kept low throughout. The tables are small, and the settees are not too comfortable, particularly for six-footers or over. I don't believe that they want you to relax. No dancing.

There are people right around Tech that would like the place. I liked it too, except that it didn't quite measure up to what I had expected — and I really didn't expect to get the same deal that they used to serve up to the higher-income brackets exclusively.

— JOHN FISHER





If you have a starving date and five dollars, you better walk her to Jimmie O'Keefe's new restaurant and non-dancing night club on Boylston Street, slightly west of Mass Ave. The food is such that Mrs. O'Keefe will probably never have to cook another dinner for her husband.

We ate there the night it was opened to the public. (It was christened the night before by Mayor Curley and dozens of other O'Keefe friends.) For \$1.75 we got a juicy piece of chopped beef as big as a Tiny Tot Football, but better tasting, covered with crisp brown onion rings, and small dishes of French fries and peas. The only possible improvement in the whole plate would be to standardize the onion rings at the same diameter. Coffee on the menu means all you can drink, for nothing, and some to take home if you bring your own thermos bottle. The chef has a secret garden downstairs, apparently, where he picks the strawberries for short-cakes. We kept eating all this wonder-

ful stuff and couldn't get up right away. If you order anything over \$2.00 you probably have to hire some little boys to help you eat it, or else pack sandwiches for the next week of school.

The only trouble came when enough graying matrons to sink a Tech shell threatened to become light-hearted. They adjusted their diaphragms and started singing "Happy Birthday to You," gathering strength and volume until the end of the second chorus. Our teeth were grinding and we were clogged up emotionally until we muttered, "Come now, Stella. Stand up and tell the people how old you are."

Back of the bar, which is in the shape of a flattened omega, stands a little stage, but I don't know if Mr. O'Keefe plans entertainment. Opening night he just had a lady piano player, hidden under a pile of flowers. Anyway, for a few months the customers can talk about the decorations and layout, which beat anything in

Back Bay, including the Somerset.

The street floor has two parts, a main room and a small barroom in front to accommodate customers of O'Keefe's old grill who think the rest of the place is too high class. The main room is quite big, really, but looks cozy due to a fine slicing up of space. There are light green booths, a green rug, and over to one side the long bar. It is ungaudily modern, something like Dean Baker's office, and the chairs are comfortable.

The little Sports Room downstairs is furnished just as well in red, with dozens of sports photos and ball players framed on the walls. ("Very few Braves," says Jimmie.) The waitresses from the old grill are here. The new chef back in the kitchen is Louis of the Shangri-La, according to Rollo, Jim's executive assistant and bouncer.

This may all sound a little too good, owing mostly to nostalgia. For four school years we have been getting our money's worth in food and drink from O'Keefe. Up to now he did business

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in a bar and grill next door, a long narrow place with black furniture, a green ceiling speckled with beer bottle labels, and waitresses dressed in green uniforms. It burned down when the new place was half done.

The old grill and Jimmie O'Keefe deserve some mention here. You don't have to listen; this is stuff for the historians.

Jimmie O'Keefe is a good man, a backstage politician, and a man with a lot of friends. If any one in Back Bay claims he does not know Jim, such claimant is an out-of-towner or a Tobin supporter. Jim sponsored Tobin during Tobin's original campaigns for mayor and governor, but before the last election he and Maurice fell out. O'Keefe and Curley plugged Bradford. The night Bradford was elected we dropped into the grill and, sure enough, we were given a beer on the house.

O'Keefe owns the Copley Square Hotel and the Music Box, but spends most of his evenings at the restaurant

where he sits with one group of friends, then another. You can spot him easily. He is a round-shouldered, unhurried, medium heavy guy, with hair parted in the middle and most of the time someone talking to him. Generally he wears a blue pin-striped suit, though he may change for the new restaurant. You have to know him pretty well before he'll sit in your booth, but he'll nod to you after you have been there half a dozen times. Although he isn't as dynamic an executive as they like in Course XV, he's a natural boss, and would probably be chief of the clan if Boston were run that way.

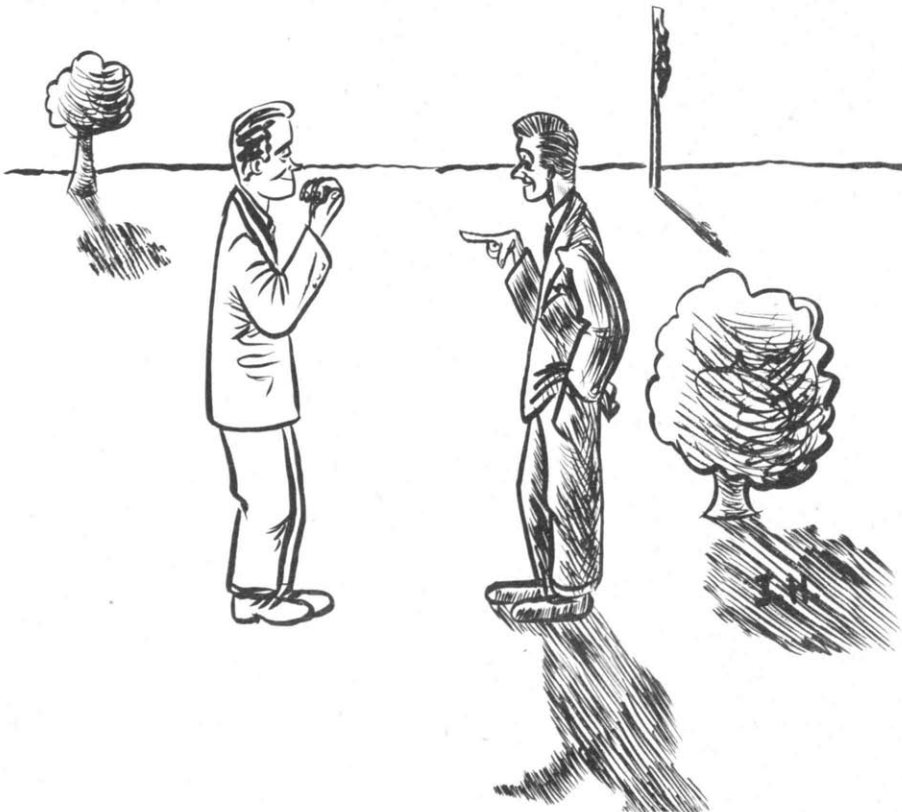
Just to show you how undynamic O'Keefe is, here's what happened one night. A little guy came running up to the booth in which he was talking. "Hey Jim, Jim. New York is on the line!" "Who is it?" The little guy ran to and fro the phone booth. "It's Harry. Harry's on the phone." Jim said, "Okay. Tell him I'll call him back later."

O'Keefe's and McNiff's, another

grill three doors down, both catered to the Irish trade but Jim's regular bunch was the better. Bookies and retired boxers (and sometimes a retired boxer who was a bookie) hung around O'Keefe's beginning at noon, but they were well-behaved and we never minded bringing a girl in for dinner. At night Jim had some good old style singing. A big round lady and a fat man dressed in his working clothes would stand sturdily on either side of the piano, with none of the silly grins professional singers feel obligated to wear, singing "If I Had My Way" and the other favorites in loud, clear voices. I hope Jim lets them sing in his new place.

Most any one in the Tech Navy Unit during the war knows O'Keefe's. Many, especially the ex-fleetmen, went there in the evenings, even on Friday nights when liberty expired at 8 o'clock for field day cleaning. Occasionally the Athletic Officer, Ensign Cherundolo, would catch them in O'Keefe's. Now that the war crimes trials are over I can finish the story. He'd give the rule-breakers hell, then smile and buy them a round.

JOE YANCIUNAS.



"You know, there's something about you I don't understand."

"Oh, Mrs. Flatbottom, I never seen a child as badly spoiled as that son of yours."

"Why, Mrs. Murphy, I don't believe you."

"Oh, yes he is. Just come out and look what the fire engine did to him."

There was a young fellow from Wheeling

Endowed with such delicate feeling,

When he read on the door

"Don't spit on the floor,"

He jumped up and spit on the ceiling.

I wish I were a kangaroo,

Despite his funny stances,

I'd have a place to put the junk

My girl brings to the dances.

— Purple Parrot



There once was a man from France,  
Who waited ten years for the chance.  
He muffed it.



The man who characterized the British as having the ability to fly into a great state of calm had the right idea. We are thinking now of an Englishwoman who came upon her husband murdered in the bathtub. She called the police at once, and these are the stern words the desk sergeant heard:

"Police department? I wish to lodge a protest . . ."

— Exchange



Mother: "Do you like your new governess, Jimmy?"

Jimmy: "No, mom. I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her neck like daddy does."



Customer: "This coat you sold me is an awfully poor fit."

Tailor: "Well, what do you want for five dollars — an attack of epilepsy?"

— Old Maid



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

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



Johansen wanted to get rid of a suit which had had the misfortune to get on the wrong side of a skunk. So he took it down to the nearest second-hand clothing store, and showed it to the proprietor. "Look at this suit," he said. "What a value! And just feel the material."

"It looks alright," said the merchant, "but what's that awful smell?"

Johansen replied: "That's me. Ain't I a stinking son of a gun?"

— Record

Professor: "Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

Student: "No, sir; it was I. I'm taking it over again."

Professor: "Extraordinary resemblance, though — extraordinary."

— Eliot



Policeman (to pedestrian just struck by hit and run driver): "Did you get his number?"

Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh any place."

— Frivol



From our files, cross-indexed under both "aquarium" and "gender," comes this little household hint on how to tell whether your goldfish is a boy or girl: To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.

Harvard Man: "Who knocked on my door just now?"

Janitor: "It was me."

Harvard Man to second H. M.: "What is he trying to say?"



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

— Exchange



"Now, son," said the infuriated father, "tell me why I spanked you."

"That does it," said the kid, "first you beat hell out of me, then you ask me why you did it."

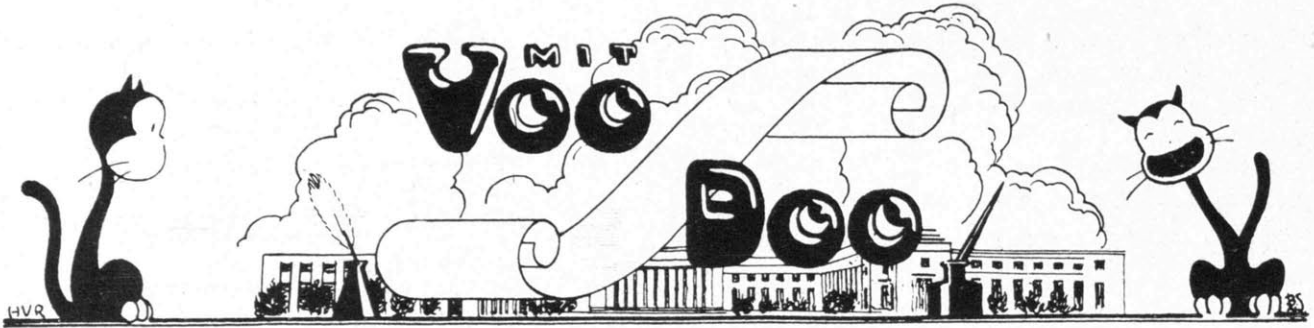


"Garcon, Consomme, bouillon, hors d'oeuvres, fricassée poulet, pommes de terre, demitasse, des glaces, and tell that mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see?"

— From "Portrait of a Lady" by Henry James







**H**OW are things in Brockton, people ask us when we come back from vacation? Well, take the Stoughton to Brockton Center bus, for example; it's doing poorly. We dropped into the corner filling station to warm our ears and wait for a bus. The gas station man said it probably wouldn't be along for ten or fifteen minutes. "The only time it's on schedule," he said, "is when George's up in Stoughton runs out of coffee." Then when one does come, you have a hard time stopping it, especially at night. "Just standing there, puffing hard on a cigarette won't do any good," the gas station man said. "The boss, after he closes up for the night, has to flag them down with a flashlight. In fact, once when his flashlight batteries started getting low, the bus passed him without stopping, two nights in a row.

And how is Station WBET, Brock-

ton's daytime station. Not bad, except that one morning, the fellow that opens up must have overslept. There was nothing on the air from quarter of seven to five minutes of.

**P**ROF Beckett of the accounting department claims he is the only educator to receive a note written by a student at 12 midnight on his wedding, and countersigned by his wife of four hours, asking that the due date on a case report be deferred 24 hours.

**O**NE fraternity just had a party with some unusual adornments. Through superlative craftiness, two members of the decorations committee hewed down two fir trees from Mayor Curley's backyard on the Jamaica way.

Men who were going to the party were invited over that afternoon to look at another prize exhibit in the girls' room. Leaning against the wall was a black-faced manikin dressed in working clothes and carrying a shovel. The graduate electrical engineer who worked up the project had inserted red lights in the dummy's eyes and hooked them up with a tricky relay circuit. The lights would alternately blink as soon as any pressure was exerted on the nearby seat.

**W**E heard some Course XV men talking the other day about Murder, Incorporated. Suppose a couple of hardworking but dollar-shy killers couldn't afford the incorporation fees, they wondered, could they operate as a company or partnership, calling themselves The Murder Company of New York, Murder Brothers, or getting fancier, The Slay-O Company.

The advantage to being incorporated, is that the corporation is a separate legal entity, responsible for any murders and itself liable to hanging or electrocution. The directors should not be called on to be electrocuted, the business students thought. The finance professor was quoted as saying, "It is becoming increasingly difficult to get good directors," and the threat of decapitation would be a further deterrent.

Lastly, to what State would you go to get incorporated. Probably, the XV men figured, Delaware or New Jersey, since those States have notably easy incorporation laws.



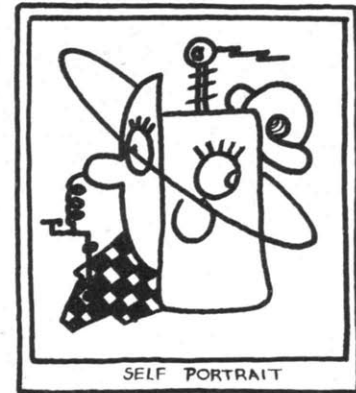
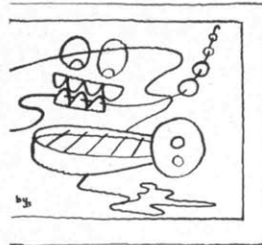
AFTER so much has been said about the New Look, we wouldn't have the courage to do a funny piece on it. The only reason we bring it up, is that we found some cold historical and artistic data on it in the *Tech Management News*, a bulletin that Course XV students publish and read. The quote is from the report of a talk on merchandising by Mr. Sam Seegal, Filene's vice-president.

"If the manufacturers could change the styles and advertise them into acceptance, as many critics of the New Look have said, they certainly would. They would be changing them all the time. But you can't fight a style trend," Mr. Seegal said.

"The primary purpose of women's clothes is seduction," he said, "and looking through the history books, the designers found that after every war when the men come home, the women want to appear more seductive. A Frenchman named Christian Dior and an Englishman concluded this independently, he said, and started drawing the dresses featuring rounded feminine curves. In their designing, the two men asked themselves what was the most feminine part of the woman, and began redesigning the dress around the bosom," Mr. Seegal said. "The greater length, which is the part some men object to, was merely the result of the line changes up above. With the additions and subtractions on the upper part, the designers found that smooth, sweeping lines were aesthetically necessary in the rest of the dress. It was a trend the designers foresaw," he said, "they didn't invent it."

There, you opponents of facilitated seduction!

DIAL Longwood 6-9038, which happens to be the Bouve dormitory at 90 Babcock Street in Brookline, and get a load of the way the girls answer the phone: "Hello, this is the Bouve Zoo. Which beast do you want?" Know thyself.



EVERY morning in Boston, we are woken up by Arthur Fiedler and his Pops Orchestra, on Station WBMS as they dash through "The Bronze Horse," a piece we have grown to hate with every musically inclined corpse. The other day, our roommate was listening to one of those Platter Patter programs on a Worcester station and he heard the same damn song, only they called it "The Trish Trash Polka."

PEOPLE keep coming up to us and telling a story. The origin they give ranges from Signa Chi in the East to the University of Iowa in the West. This is the tale that we want to hear no longer: In the girls' room, the decorations committee placed the statue (some say a picture) of a man nude except for a movable, hinged fig leaf. Unbeknownst to the girls, whenever the fig leaf is moved a red light goes on outside (or a bell rings or a horn blows).

"MAN, what a busy day I'm going to have tomorrow," said Dick. We often hear such grumbling around school, but we looked up anyway, and found that Dick was reading his horoscope for the next day from the *Daily Record*. The astrological tip-sheet said, "Beneficial influences for manufacturing; banking; modern devices for preserving, dispensing foods; construction. Personal affairs, courtship, marriage favored." That *would* make a full day.

WE were talking with Ed, our roommate, about feeding Europe with CARE packages. What do the people get? Oh, probably a bar of soap, hardtack, some squares of chocolate, and some bully beef. Ed was thinking it might be nice once in a while to send along a package full of cigarettes, chewing gum and whiskey, and packed with racing forms. Ed has a name for it, too — the WHO CARES package.

DICKFORD



# STAMP COLLECTOR'S PAGE

RARE AMERICAN STAMPS

## FAMOUS AMERICANS



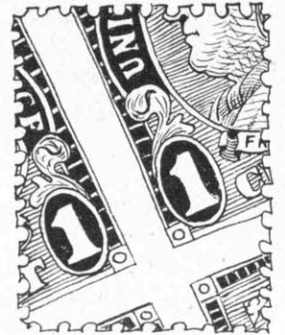
George Washington



Al Capone



Alexander Hamilton



Benjamin Franklin

## COMMEMORATIVES



Custer's Last Stand



Niagara Falls



U. S. Navy

## MISCELLANEOUS



Patriotic Issue

## Serving Soup to Nuts at Walker

**I** SPEAK from experience.

For two terms I worked beside the roll warmer as a soup server in the cafeteria line. Unbeknownst to my employers I was compiling data for a brilliant exposé, a veritable soup scoop.

Every day when I arrived for work at five o'clock, I first had to get my signals from the boss. These consisted of two principal signals: one, sell soup like mad; the other, don't. One common signal was for the chef to put his hat over on the right side of his head for less soup, on the left for more soup. Once I was almost fired when I glanced at the chef too quickly and did not notice that his back was turned.

Such errors as this along with the critical food situation led the management to hire a special union man

known as the soup regulator. You may have noticed him as you have gone through the line for your meal. He stands in the doorway to the kitchen and leans first on one side and then on the other. Actually, he is not loafing, but directing the dispensing of soup, leaning to one side to indicate sell more soup and the other side sell less soup.

The reader may wonder why all this fuss over soup. The situation is complex and is probably best explained by drawing demand and supply curves and figuring out various slopes at the intersections. However, we will try to help the layman understand with the introduction of a few confusing concepts.

In the first place there might be a shortage of soup. The dishwasher might still be using the morning's

dish water. There might not be any flavorful braised ox-joints left over from the week before. The soup cauldron might have been spilled and some have gone down the floor drain before the rest was saved. Any one of a number of such things might have happened.

Then too there could be a surplus of soup. It is relatively inexpensive and easy to make. The raw materials are plentiful. Also the cooks like to have a couple of cauldrons of luke-warm water to wash their hands in.

You must have looked at the menu showing the "Complete Dinners" and noticed the item, "Cup of Soup or Fruit Juice." This brings in a whole new aspect of the situation. If juices are currently expensive on the wholesale market, orders will go out to sell soup. If expensive soup with real ingredients is being served, the converse will be true. A particularly complex situation arises when one of the juices (say tomato) is more expensive than the soup, but the soup is more expensive than the other juices. This gives rise to extraordinary signals by the soup regulator: for example, a dab of ketchup on the left side of his coat while he scratches his right ear and leans on the left side of the door. This would mean for me to sell soup only to those people who might be going to take tomato juice.

Next comes the matter of how a soup server like myself can influence the customers. It is very simple. A skilled observer can do it by manipulation of the concepts that confront the customer's evaluation of the immediate problem.

Among the various ways of increasing sales, there is the mundane method of putting a cup on every tray with the phrase, "Compliments of the management." Of course, the cashier charges for it, but likely as not the stupid customer will think that it is



"Quiz Program! Ha! Now I've got a few questions —"

*Continued on next page*



the Massachusetts Old Age Tax. Sometimes a few cleverly mumbled words such as "The best things in life are free," with the accent at the end, will produce the same effect.

An old-fashioned technique that does some good is the sales talk:

"Try some, it'll put hair on your chest."

or to some timid brown-bagger:

"I see you're back for another cup too, sir."

or:

"We lost a half a dollar in the soup, maybe you will be the lucky finder." or (confidentially):

"The soup's hot tonight."

A routine that does not sell too much soup but helps out, involves spilling a little soup on the tray of every one who does not take a cup. When the cashier sees this, she thinks the customer has taken a cup, but has drunk it on the way through the line and parked the empty cup inside. She charges him for it and gives him a

look. Thus the overall revenue of the establishment is increased with very little effort.

Discouraging customers from taking soup is a fascinating art. One method, known as the "broken-cup" method is, when the customer asks for soup, to drop the cup into the soup accidentally. Then you laugh cheerily. Then the customer laughs cheerily. Then you scrape around in the bottom of the soup container with your ladle and come up with a hunk of broken cup you had previously planted there. You show it to him and laugh cheerily. He laughs cautiously. Then you grab a new cup and dip deeply for a ladle of soup from the bottom of the kettle and serve him with the comment, "These cups don't splinter badly."

The next ten customers do not take soup.

Another variation of this procedure is called the "dirty-rag" method. This requires the server happily to pull up

a dirty rag from the depths of the soup whenever a customer is inclined toward soup. For die-hard customers who demand to have soup anyway, the "living-mouse" and "squirmin' vermin" treatments are suggested, but caution must be used around women customers who may faint.

I remember one night when we really had a crisis. The order was to sell soup, but very slowly. After a talk with the boss, we decided to dump some blue dye in the soup. No sane person ever saw or heard of blue soup, and so we figured that only the color blind persons would buy it.

But we guessed wrong. Techmen are curious and they all got a big kick out of blue soup and wanted to try some. Since the whole batch had been dyed, we had a real problem on our hands.

I dropped cigarette butts in the kettle. I wrung dirty rags out over it. I smeared lipstick on all the cups. I slopped the hot stuff on the customer's hands as they reached for it. I stuck my thumb in the cup as I handed it to them.

But on they came.

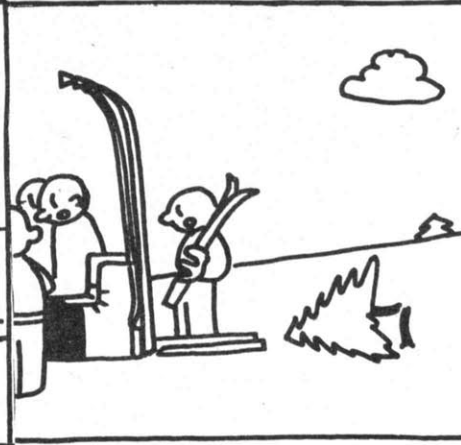
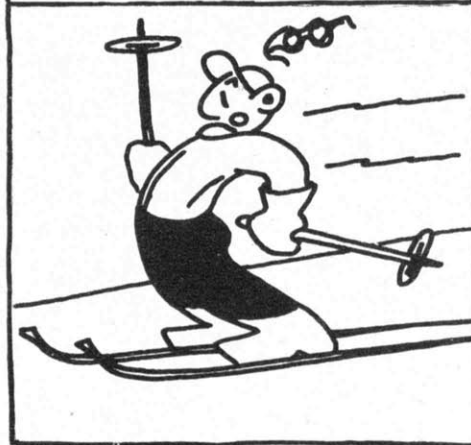
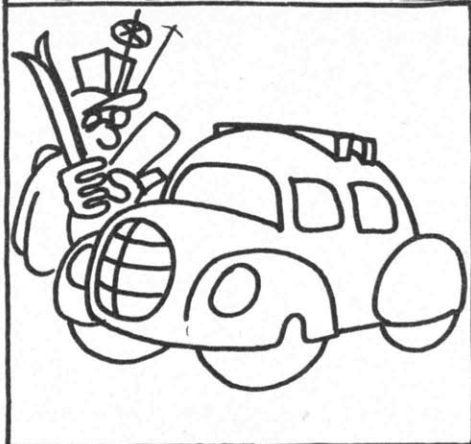
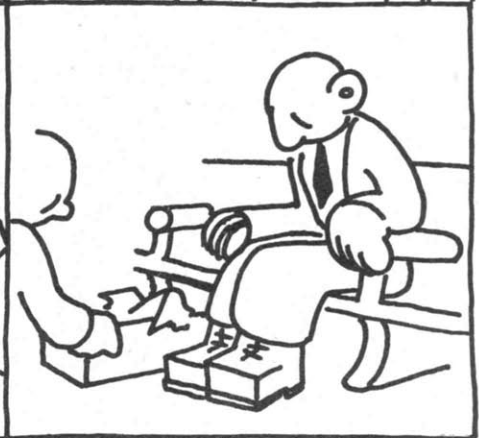
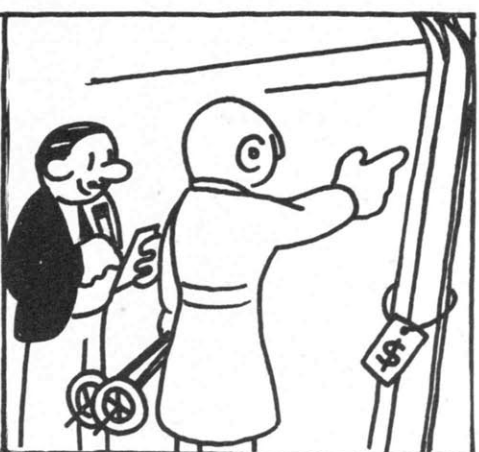
It was truly a desperate day. I am sorry to say that it was not actually myself who finally solved the problem; I probably would have lost my job except for the fact that I had dumped so much extraneous matter in the soup, that the volume was materially increased so that it lasted longer. The day was saved by the boss, and I have to hand it to him; he is slick. All during the crisis he stood out there in front of the soup counter with his blue suit, glasses, and big smile and *shook hands with every customer*, calling each by his first name. It worked. The boss saved the day again. Nobody noticed the blue soup behind him.

*This is the last in a short series of articles dealing with serving soup at Walker.*



"A date? Why we hardly know each other!"







## No, You Drink Out of My Slipper

WHILE the supply of me has remained constant the last few years, 170 pounds more or less, the demand for me for proms, dinner dances, and other formal affairs is gratifyingly vanishing. No longer do hometown girls that I have not seen for a year write to me, casually inviting me to a dance in the last paragraph, nor do my classmates call me to rescue a sister from collegiate disgrace by escorting the girl to the Spring Formal. Possibly this diminishing social appeal is due to the fact that I look impromptu in my thinner roommate's tuxedo, but more likely, people just don't like my sullenness at these affairs.

I am rarely gay at proms. The inescapable tux and the serpentine

receiving line scare me and I keep my eyes aimed downward most of the evening. The result has been that in my circle I am treated as an authority on gown hemlines, ballroom floors, table legs, men's shoes, and other low-altitude things that my downcast eye catches. In this sulking study of the floor level, I have never noticed men wearing the pumps nonchalantly advertised in the *New Yorker*, December 27, 1947, by Whitehouse & Hardy. Being from Boston, I don't know whether Whitehouse & Hardy specialize in shoes, men's clothes, or novelties, and they don't say, but the ad reads as follows:

WITH BLACK TIE OR WHITE. .  
For evening wear . . . formal or

informal . . . patent leather pumps add the touch of perfection.

Sir Pat is classic in style, light as a cloud for dancing. Hand turned on a custom last. Designed by Whitehouse & Hardy, built by Johnston & Murphy. \$23.75.

When I first read the advertisement, I thought it was just another shoe for ladies, a grown-up version of the patent leather shoe with a strap that they wore to Sunday school as girls. However, right above the words, "WITH BLACK TIE OR WHITE," is sketched the upper half of a couple in formal dress, the man wearing a *black tie*, a clue associating the man and the shoe. The name, Sir Pat, is another good hint.

Proof that there is at least one man's pump in existence is found in the picture to the right of the writing, a three-quarters view of a gleaming black, left Sir Pat, with a black bow similar to that on a hatband, and no shoelace, tongue or eyelets. If they have a right-footed bootie to go with it, I hope it is illustrated soon, or I will think that Whitehouse & Hardy is another Tucker Corporation, displaying an incomplete "production prototype" that probably doesn't fit anyone and doesn't run in reverse.

W & H describes its Sir Pat with the normal pulse and unemotional voice of a merchant selling common pins. The ad seems to say that W & H have plenty of Sir Pats now, Sir Pats are back from war, ho hum, and this ad is to let you know, in case you want to replace your old pair. Well, I don't want any, not even a shiny left one. If the reader will grant me that I would never think of wearing Sir Pats informally, I tell you what might happen when worn formally.

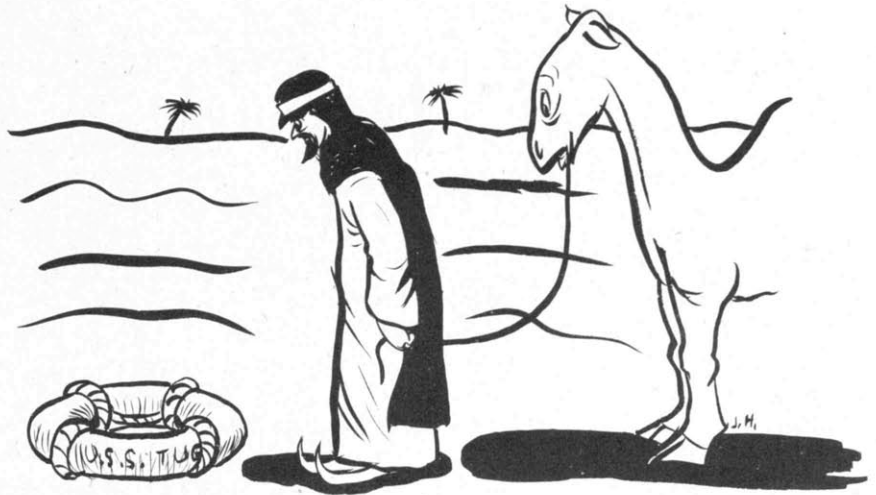
Imagine what holds them onto your



"They won't make a monkey out of me on this quiz."

feet. Though I am about to graduate as an engineer, I can't figure out what principle of adhesion keeps the shoes on, unless it is the same theory that accounts for strapless gowns and the iron rims on a wagon wheel (that stay there without rivets). Obviously the Sir Pat does not work on the principle of the loafer, since a loafer isn't supposed to stay on particularly. The Sir Pat is for men who waltz and kick with verve, but to dance and stay shod wearing loafers, a man has to stay down to a dreamy foxtrot. The answer probably is compression, the same force that holds a girl's pumps on until she can't stand the pain any longer. Three quarters of the way through the formal or informal evening, a girl will whisper to her partner, a Whitehouse & Hardy customer, "Ed, my pumps are killing me." Ed will groan softly into her ear, "So are mine." Is this shoe progress?

And then at one party, the matron will be out of glasses and announce that every one is to use the lady's slipper. I will say to my date, "Sit down and lift your foot up. I want your slipper." She will stamp and answer, "I'm not going to walk around in a soggy old shoe that smells like a barroom, just because you are thirsty. What's wrong with your Sir Pats?" I won't be able to think of anything to say and will end up

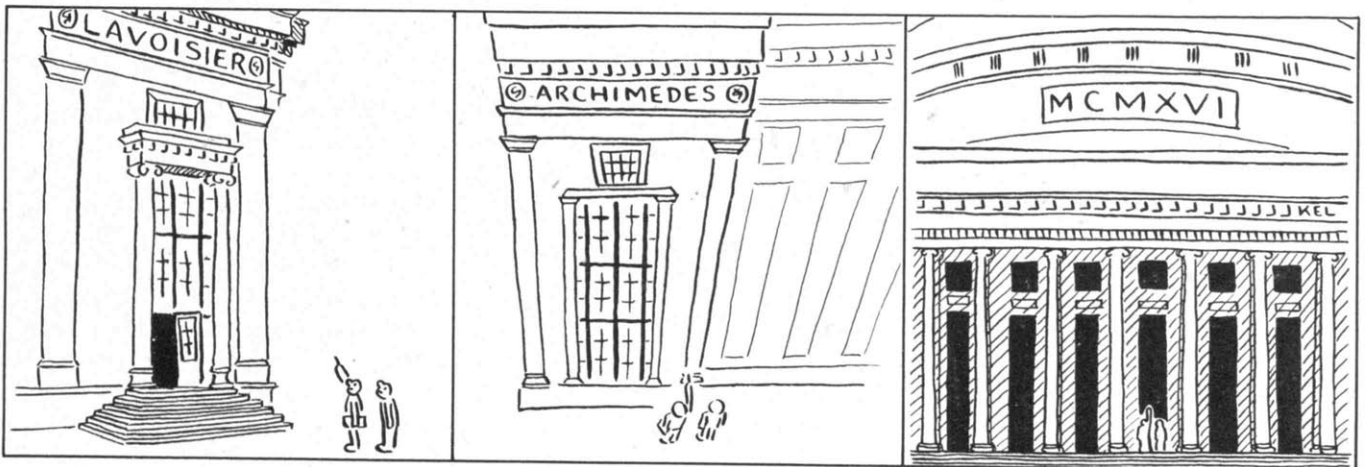


taking a sip at the water fountain.

By this time, W & H are poking me and saying, "Well, for gosh sakes what do you want to dance in?" I want something big and roomy that involves shoelaces for support. Until people go to formals in their soft bare feet, I want something sturdier than a cloud, be it cumulus or thunderhead, between my toes and someone's leather heels. Try selling me a pair of the shoes that are hitched to hockey skates, the ones with box toes. When a girl steps on my toes and goes into raptures of apology, I can say, "That's okay. You can't hurt me," and not, "Try to be more careful, dear. You just scraped off \$1.08 worth of patent leather finish from my right Sir Pat." (If I ever become

a W & H customer I too will start leaving off \$ signs).

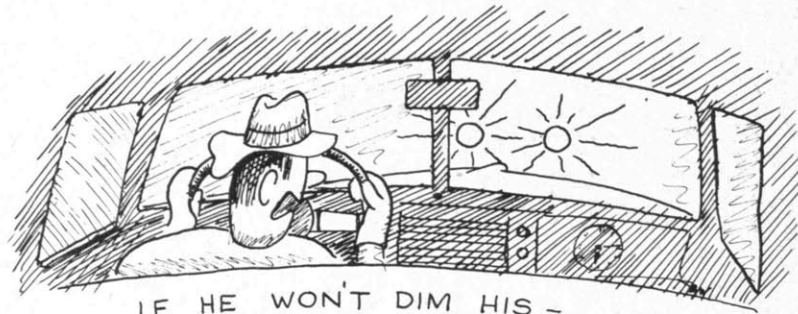
The only shoe I will pay 23.75 for is something in the line of a jester's shoe, with a long curved extension to protect the toes and a little bell to tell people my feet are coming. Johnson & Murphy, who built the Sir Pat, can make them out of light-as-a-cloud magnesium and I will pay the extra cost. I want something substantial for the punchbowl rush. Rather than drift around the congestion surrounding the refreshment table, nervous for my Sir Pats, and waiting for the ordinary shod men to get their fill of punch, I can shove my way through and get two glasses of good punch, before they start running out of lemons or ice.



"Who's he?"

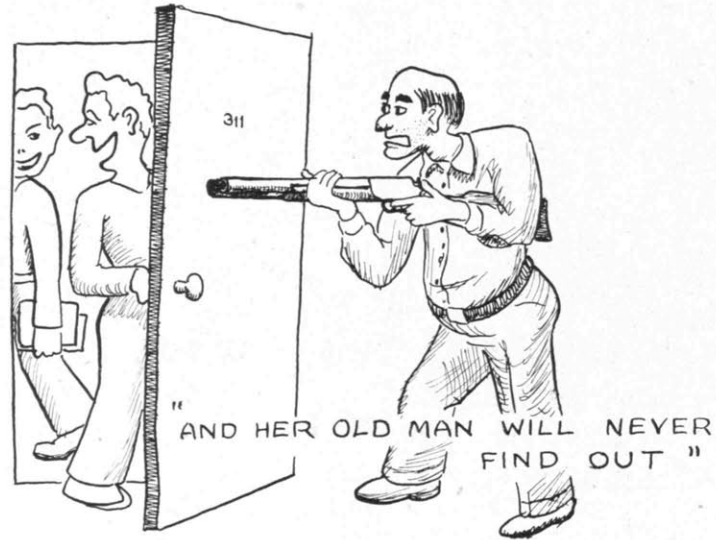


# FAMOUS LAST WORDS

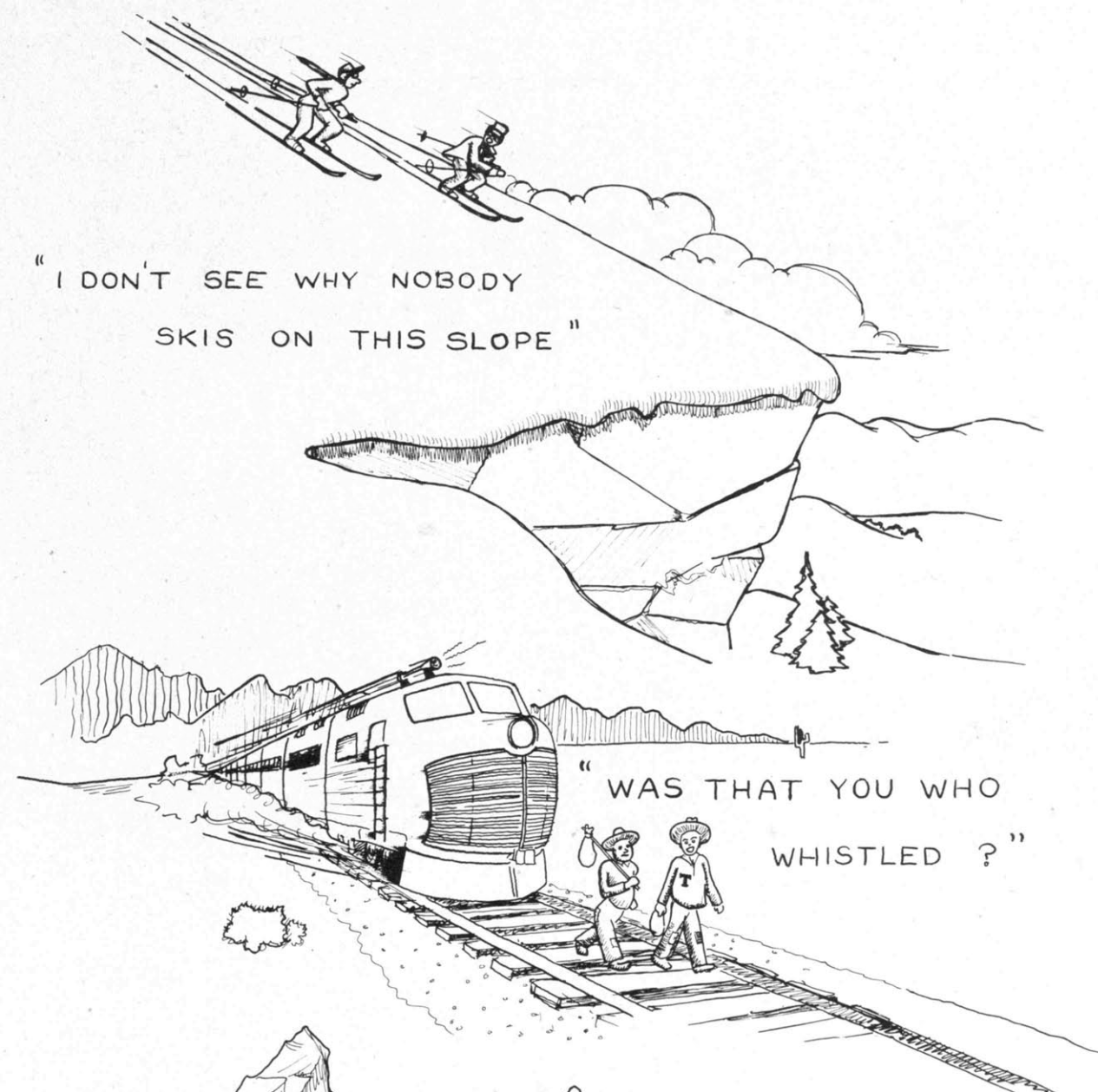


IF HE WON'T DIM HIS -  
I WON'T DIM MINE

"SHE'S JUST PLAYING  
HARD TO GET"

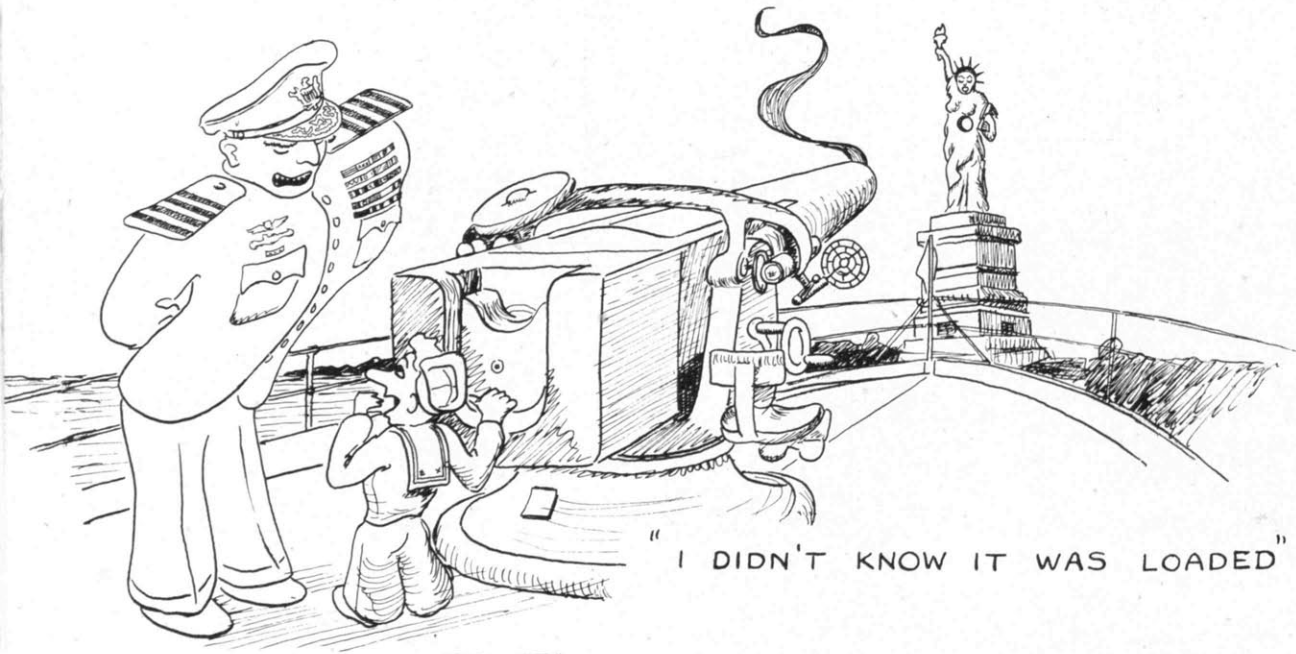


"AND HER OLD MAN WILL NEVER  
FIND OUT"



"I DON'T SEE WHY NOBODY  
SKIS ON THIS SLOPE"

"WAS THAT YOU WHO  
WHISTLED?"



"I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED"



"IT WILL BE EASIER  
GOING DOWN"

# I Had a Hat When I Came In

## FEBRUARY: GOOD OR BAD?

LEAST but not last, February is second. It is a poor month, diem-wise. February is nothing more than four weeks strung together, serving as a buffer month between January and March. Churches will make more money in February than they will in January and March, because Feb has the limit on Sundays (5) while the other two have four. What is sauce for the churchman is sauce for the student, who gets some time off. February is the only month people know the length of without reciting poetry.

February is a bad month for trees and a good one for great people. The Old Farmer's Almanac advises the men to cut down trees this month. Generally, there isn't much else to do on the farm, so women who are to give birth to presidents use February. One such was Washington, who has become a trite topic in addition to his own personal dullness. At first he refused the nomination, but he kept circulating little tales and slogans about himself through a Parson Weems, his publicity manager. He was drafted for president, caught cold, and died in a fit of embargo, spending his last years with a mouthful of cotton.

Instead of cross-stitching a sampler one winter, Mrs. Lincoln had Abraham, who founded the Lincoln incentive system and an honesty policy for department stores. The latter has been found unworkable. Without his parents knowing, he would drink a barrel of whiskey on his back. If it weren't for Lincoln, the porters in the dorms would get a lot more work done. Very little else is remembered about Lincoln by me, except that he asked a little girl to grow a beard and she did. People who start off saying, "February is a month of great men, for instance, . . ." generally peter out after Lincoln, but not me. How

about Amos L. Allen, Representative from Maine, d. 1911, who is listed in the 1912 Farmer's Almanac?

Once a prisoner in gaol thought up sending Valentines and he did, with a pigeon. He ought to be the patron saint of bad poets, since Valentine's day has encouraged so much awful verse.

There's no telling when William Barton Rogers was born, so we have to assume February. We don't like to say anything against the man, but his statue has a hooked nose. Will Rogers didn't know anything except what he read in the papers, but he was a geologist who saw a chance to sell technology to Civil War vets who were technically trained, yes, but they didn't understand the principles behind their arms and equipment. They knew how to operate a horse and wagon, but they didn't know why it ran, nor did they know why ironclads didn't sink.

Oh yes, and on February 6, 1792, Cornwallis captures Seringpatam, India.

## SOCIABLE

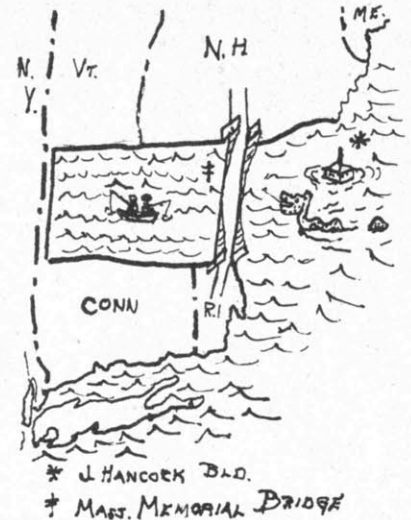
Bloodshot eyes and body sore,  
The morning after the night before,  
Here I lie upon the bed,  
Throat so dry and throbbing head.

Can't eat nothing, got no pep,  
Lost my money, lost my rep.  
Can't get up, I feel so bad,  
Boy, what a wonderful time I had!

Never felt so bad before,  
Even my darn tongue is sore.  
When I even sneeze I still smell gin,  
Gosh what a party it must'a been!

Can't remember where I went,  
Don't know where the time was spent,  
But wow! What a time it must'a been.  
Look what a hell of a shape I'm in.

## NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF MASSACHUSETTS



Above is a cartograph drawn to scale of a better, though smaller, United States, as the National Society for the Abolition of Massachusetts visualizes it. The MIT chapter is underway in the dorms. Each week they go down to the seashore to throw a couple of buckets of Massachusetts soil into the ocean, symbolic of what they hope to do soon on a grander scale.

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*A lady gave us this limerick, in spite of the fact that the last line dates it and her.*

There was a young man named Paul  
Who went to a fancy dress ball  
During the dance  
He split his pants  
And had to come home in a shawl.

H. M.

---

A Harvard man once went to Tech —  
Soon he was a mental wreck.

First he despaired;  
Then he declared,  
"Oh pshaw, Tech is heck!"

— DICK HARRIS.

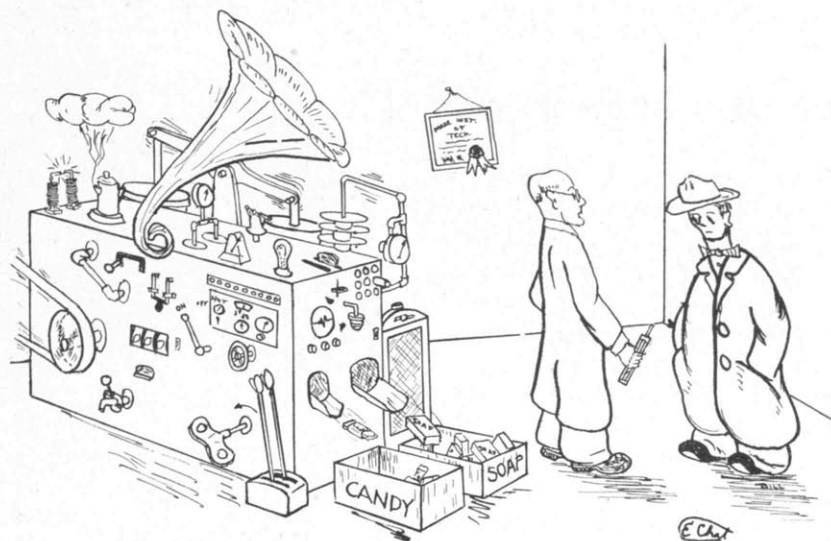


## On Designing a Stove

WE like to read stories of engineers making fools of themselves and are willing to give space to any one who has a story on them. John Gould, the editor of the *Lisbon Enterprise*, Lisbon Falls, Maine, tells about one incident his neighbors had with Tech professors in his new book, "The House That Jacob Built." We are a subscriber to his four-page weekly, and know him enough from his editorials to guess that he would like us to mention that his paper is two dollars a year (postpaid) and that his book costs \$2.75 at any bookstore.

"The stove in the old house was such a stove, its black black and its nickel bright. Grandmother kept rags of this and that on one of the shelves to swab it after each meal, sometimes with fat, sometimes with vinegar, sometimes with patent purchases. The stove was an integral part of the family, requiring attention regularly. And it rewarded such attention. It seemed smart to get one like it and keep right on.

"But we couldn't get one. The makers had failed in their obligation to the State, and gone out of business. You couldn't even get one of those four-cover jobs so long a favorite in the woods. The kind with an oven door on both sides — they say you can pass biscuits through it once and they are done. They are absolutely the best baking stove ever invented and have persisted in lumber and sporting camps because they are not high enough for a kitchen. Women have to keep their work up where they can be chummy with it. A man in camp wants his stove down where he can put his feet on the hearth, and can reach over and dump his pipe without standing up. This was the kind of a stove that Bangor firm made for Ed Grant, the way I heard it. He wrote down from Kennebago



— operates on pure Cambridge air."

and said he was tired of stoves he had to blow in to get them going, and couldn't they for heaven's sake or some words to that effect make him a stove that would burn with a good brisk draft?

"So they made this stove, and Ed took it in to Beaver Pond in the winter on a sled, and set it up. He lit it, and then went down to the pond to chop a hole and get some water, and when he looked up the stove pipe was sticking up out of the top of the camp about fifteen feet. He rushed back and found the stove right up against the roof. The draft was so brisk it had picked the stove right up off the floor. Ed always said he was proud of what he did. Most men would have reached up and shut the damper, and let the stove drop back on the floor with a bang and a smash. But with presence of mind he turned the damper a little bit at a time, and eased the stove back onto the floor.

"This stove was the same kind the professors from Massachusetts Institute of Technology saw up at KoKadjo, and admired the untutored guide who had set it up. The guide had it about four feet off the floor on chunks of yellow birch, and the professors noticed it and observed how

well it heated the room from that point. They computed the floor area and the cubic contents of the camp and figured the B.T.U. output of the stove was increased tremendously by this position. They wondered how an uneducated woodsman could figure out a thing like that, and they marveled at native intuition. They complimented him on his rule-of-thumb arrival at an ingenious engineering conclusion. He said he put the stove up that way because he didn't have enough pipe to let it sit on the floor."

From "The House that Jacob Built," by John Gould, copyright 1945, 1947 by John Gould, by permission of William Morrow and Company, Inc.

## MEDITATIONS AFTER

### A HELLISH M21

### CRAM SESSION

Now I lay my calc book down;  
I pray that Phillips be doomed to  
drown,  
If not in the horror of a sewer-dump  
pit,  
At least in a cistern of his differential  
grit.

(What we meant is intuitively obvious.)

— DISSATISFIED STUDENT.  
(W. MARVIN)

# And I'll Have a Hat When I Go Out

# Academy Award Winners 1947

*Ed. Note:* We sent a correspondent out to Hollywood on an expense account to cover this year's Academy Awards. We received the following material, three days before the awards were to be given. Some of our editorial board doubted its authenticity, but we are printing it instead of leaving the pages white, for fear someone would have used the blank paper to take lecture notes on.

## The Most Outstanding Actress



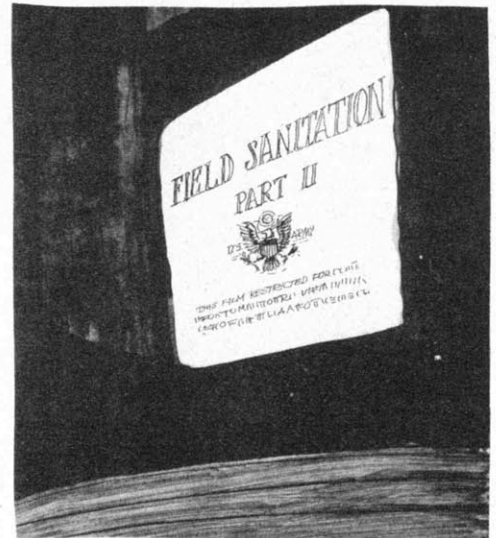
The Academy Award went to Barbara Build, for displaying such a prominent part in her recent picture, "The Crowded Bodice." In it she plays a psychoneurotic atomic bomb physicist, a WAC veteran, who is cast away on a desert island with a Communist guerilla.

## The Most Realistic Character Portrayal



To Harry S. Truman for his extremely true-to-life performances in Movietone News.

## The Best Documentary Film



"Field Sanitation," a new release by the U. S. Army, has unusual drama and swift action. A "must go" for everyone.

## The Best Producer



Ludwig "Solomon" Langbipper of Colossal Colloidals. He owns vegetable farms, poultry farms, dairy farms, shoe factories, textile mills, all producing voluminously. Their combined output, however, cannot keep up with Lud's expanding family. Mrs. Langbipper, still in the hospital after having twins, was asked to comment about her husband's production genius. She said, "It was that damn 15.70."



### The Most Deserving Actor



This year's award goes to Harry Handout. Not just a bum actor, Harry is really pitied by his friends for his pathetic salary of \$2,000 a week. His wardrobe, cheapest in Hollywood, consists of Salvation Army rejects. Unlucky in love as in everything else, Harry was recently deserted by his mistress when she caught him making love to his wife.

### The Most Cooperative Actress



To Julie Joy, whose warmhearted willingness has won the hearts of all who have come in touch with her. When interviewed at a Beverly Hills estate given to her by a friend, Julie commented, "It pays to be cooperative."

### The Best Director of Westerns

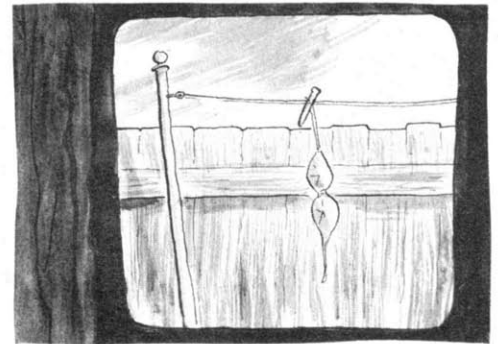


Director William "Wild Bill" Szyntlek received the coveted award posthumously for his work in western films. Incidentally, the former Mrs. Szyntlek will become a bride for the eighth time tomorrow morning. She and Karl Marx, Hollywood funny man, will spend their honeymoon at Bill's funeral tomorrow afternoon.

### The Best Hippopotamus



### The Best Supporting Role



In a surprise move this award went to a previously unsung performer. Everyone agreed, however, that as Hollywood soared to new heights this performer had provided a lift to those that needed it.

# LIQUIDATION OR BEWARE, BAD BREAD

THE mice and associated vermin in our house made pests of themselves last winter. When I didn't get right to sleep, I could hear them bustling around in the kitchen, rustling paper bags and wrappers. They didn't care for pretzels or sugar, but liked chocolate, especially the little drops, like you find in Toll House cookies. We shared every loaf of bread with the mice. They would chew a hole in the loaf, then when it was our turn to eat, we would just throw away the chewed slices plus a slice on each side.

When the mice made too much noise I'd get up, put on the light and stamp on something or hit the table. Each time, they would patiently run into their holes, as though we were putting on an act. By the time I pulled the bed covers up again, they would be back, walking on paper, or more likely strutting. If they had any nervous floor-pacing to do, I don't doubt that for my benefit they chose the noisiest piece of cellophane on the shelves.

We had enough finally, and bought a half pound of the rat poison that Kills Only Rats and looks like wheat kernels. It seemed harmless. They never got tired of eating the same thing; the most you could say for it is that it took their minds off the bread and chocolate. At the end of a week we had come to the bottom of the bag (some had leaked out a hole in the side) and we had to get some more. "Another pound ought to finish them off," said Jim, my roommate.

The poison was as slow killing the mice as cigarettes are to a man, and seemed similarly habit-forming. We had them under control now, though; they were a bunch of KOR addicts. I suppose we should have cut off their supply without warning — what is known in narcotic circles as the "cold

turkey" treatment — and let them go to an agonizing end. I never could have faced Fluid Mechanics, though, after looking into the contorted face of a dead mouse.

Eventually, we lost some of the mice, but it was probably due to over-eating. Or maybe the manufacturers of the poison shrewdly leave out the mouse's minimum daily requirements of certain vitamins, and he dies of beri-beri or scurvy.

The animals that survived had a chance to fill out the tribe over the summer, so this year the manager of the place hired a professional exterminator with no sympathy. He sprayed DDT around to get the little cockroaches and other small game, and left paper cups full of poisoned bread bits for the mice, rats, and larger cockroaches to eat.

The poison was cruelly effective. We came into the room one day and snapped on the light. "Oh look!" I said, shrinking back from the body of a dead rat at my feet. Ed jumped too. Since I had discovered the body, I insisted that Ed should pick it up, so he got a piece of newspaper and held it up by the tail. "Now what'll we do with it?" he said.

"Shall we flush it down the drain?" he asked. I didn't think so. Supposing it didn't go down.

"Think we should put it in Jim's desk drawer?" he said. That would be good, I thought, but Jim doesn't come near his desk very often and it might stay there for a long time and begin to smell. "Let's bring it up to Morry," I said, so we took it up to the manager of the place.

We walked up to Morry's desk and said "Here." He jumped back and said, "I don't want it."

"It's yours," we said. "It's your house and you hired the exterminator."

"I know it, but you guys rented the room. Why don't you throw it out on Marlborough Street to scare the ladies."

"No. Well maybe; then we could call up the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and tell them to take it away. Hell, let's just leave it here in the lobby. Somebody will get tired of looking at it and cart it away."

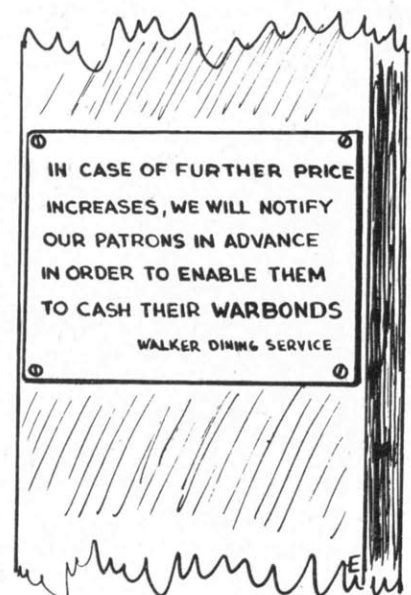
"The best thing to do probably is to burn it in the incinerator. Put some papers in first. Then throw in the rat and some more papers," Morry said.

"That's your job. We'll just throw it in," I said.

"Let's put it in the tray of the candy machine," said Ed. "That would really surprise some guy who puts a nickel in, pulls the handle, then reaches down for his candy bar."

"Yeah," I laughed. "He'd swear off Oh Henrys for life."

"Jeez, I hate to throw this away. There ought to be something good we can do with it," said Ed. "But what? Hell, let's throw it away."





## Visitor from Ripton, Vermont



WHEN Robert Frost was at Tech, Voo Doo bought him a piece of tenderloin steak for supper, and ten of us sat and listened to good talk until 11 o'clock. Maybe we ought not to tell some of the things he said, for fear of being branded a Broadway-like columnist. Readers are urged to keep this issue out of the hands of T. S. Eliot, one of the people he told stories on.

We picked up John Holmes, the Tufts poet and professor and the only man who can find Frost's Cambridge home. Frost lives in half a house, north of Harvard Square. The poet answered the doorbell and we said, "Hello, Robert . . ." Fortunately we mumbled it, so Mr. Frost didn't hear us, but it shows that when you talk about a poet, you should get in the habit of thinking about him with a "mister" in front of his name.

He is spry for 73. In fact, if you go by us, he is spry for 21. He goes upstairs two at a time and comes down so fast you would think supper was on the table. He takes long walks and for all we know still plays tennis, but he had a cold this day. "That's all that ever gets me down — colds and pneumonia. And that's what will get me in the end. I don't know though, what will happen with these new drugs. I'll start dying of a cold and they'll give me sulfa drugs. If I get worse the doctors will give me penicillin. Now I hear they have an even better drug. I'll probably end up being immortal."

A lot of people think that whether a man smokes or drinks is important biographical data, but we don't, so we're not going to say.

He hadn't had time to read the Voo Doo we sent him, but he had

looked over some of the jokes. He told us one that he liked. A fellow says, "Shall we have a drink?" and the girl refuses. He says, "Shall we go for a walk on the hill?" and she says no again. So the fellow says, "Well, then let's go out in the barn and milk hell out of a couple of cows." He also liked John Little's editorial comments, which are nearly unavoidable there on the first page.

Mr. Frost was agreeable to being on the lit staff, but said "If I write anything for you, it will be with the agreement that you are to print a confession of how you put out the magazine right alongside." That was too hard a bargain for us.

If he did write for us, he probably would say that art and poetry should be part of everyone's life. "Conant says that young people should study the history of the humanities," he said, which leads to pushing the students too hard and not providing the leisure for inspiration and understanding. "Then you're only good for speaking to woman's clubs," he said, and not for any creation of your own.

He doesn't like the "theory of the leisure classes," which means that some people make a business of art and others of science. Instead, he said, the humanities should be the leisure part of every one.

One of our men, formerly of Princeton, asked him if he had played football at Dartmouth. Mr. Frost said he hadn't been there long enough and was too light anyway. He had played in high school though. When he was at Dartmouth, the tuition was ninety dollars a year, "and I earned eighty of it taking attendance in one class."

Another diner had read that Frost had been a bobbin boy in a mill, and since the fellow had been one himself, tried to establish a kinship. No, said Frost, "I just worked in a mill one day. That's just one of those things they say about you after a while." He had been a sole tacker in a shoe factory, though, when he was twelve. He said that recently a reporter asked him, "Why are you here?" probably expecting a philosophic reason for a poet's existence. "When I was twelve, I had a mouthful of nails while I worked and didn't inhale or swallow all summer," Frost had told him.

Frost's folks hadn't been especially ardent churchgoers and he doesn't claim connection with any church. "But my father had been a good Yankee and certainly respected God as a property holder with so many churches." In fact, Frost believes that nothing is absolute, everything is change. Take for example the speed of light, he said, which certainly should stay the same if anything would. "Between here and space it varies, if only a yard or so a second. We have to pick those things that change least rapidly and attach ourselves to them. Things like loyalty and, most of the time, marriage."

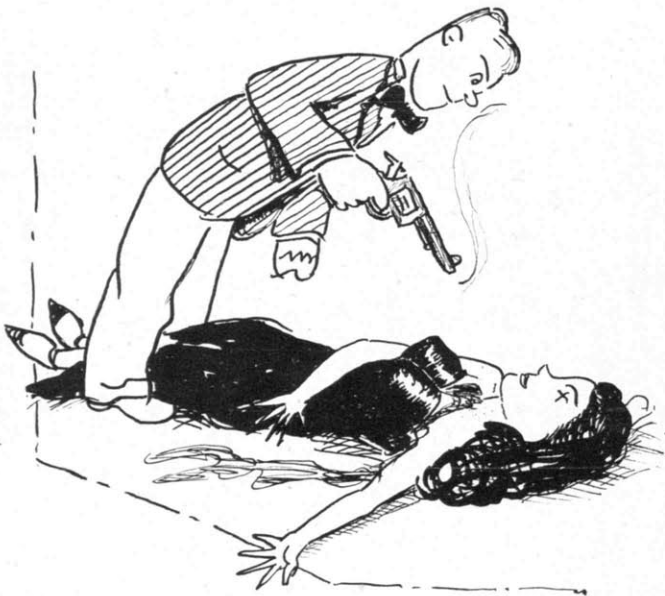
He doesn't like people to take too serious a view of themselves and told a story of what happens when he finds such a case. Once, at a dinner at the St. Botolph Club in Boston, T. S. Eliot was passing off one poet after another. Shakespeare wasn't too good, Burns couldn't be called a poet. . . . Frost asked him, "Might we call Burns a songwriter?" Eliot, apparently missing the point, said, "We might concede that point."

Later, Eliot said he'd recite one of his poems if Frost would do the same. "While you're reciting yours, I'll make one up," he said, collecting a few nearby menus to scribble on. He wrote down a poem that he had all figured out in his mind. After Frost read it, Eliot said, "It sounds as if you just made it up."

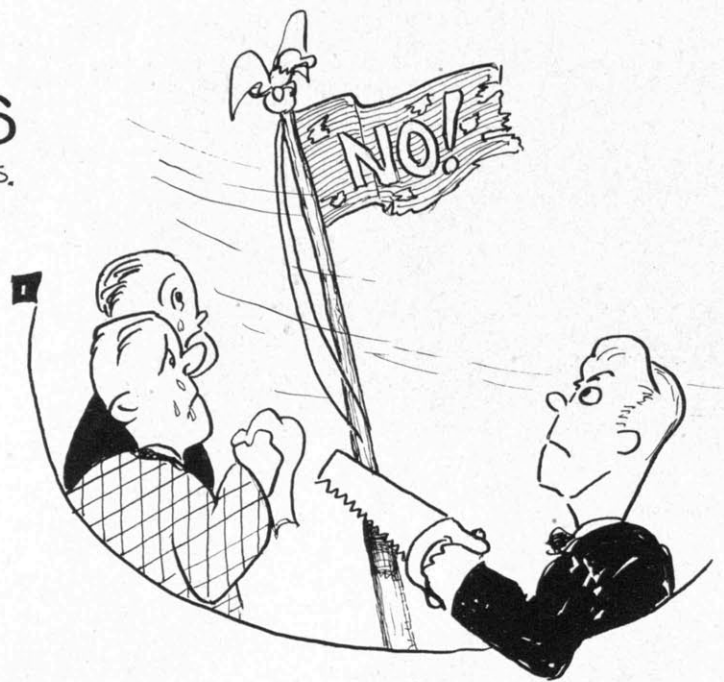
# OLD IRONPANTS

APOLOGIES TO DR. HOLMES.

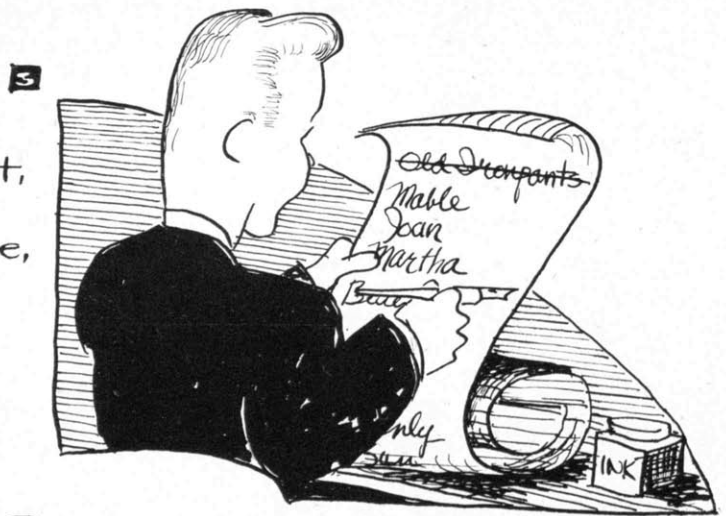
Ay, tear her tattered morals down,  
Too long have they waved on high.  
And many an eye has wept to see  
That banner in the sky.



While on my list she once was first,  
She's now a vanquished foe.  
For I scratched out her name above,  
And bade her go below -



Beneath it rang her battle shout,  
"I will not," was her roar; -  
But now I fear that she must say  
Those words to me no more.

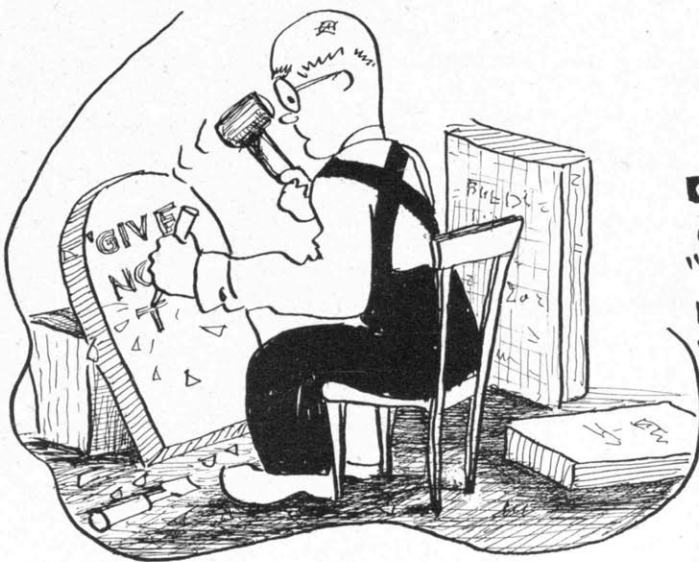


No more shall I attempt the fight,  
She holds the mores that be -  
Oh, harpies of the land please take  
This eagle far from me!



5

Oh better that her well formed hulk  
Be fondled by the waves,  
I lothe the girl who smiles and turns,  
Yes, send her to her grave.



6

Chip on the stone her holy creed:  
"Give nothing to a male,  
Not even to the god of storms,  
Would I lift up my veil."

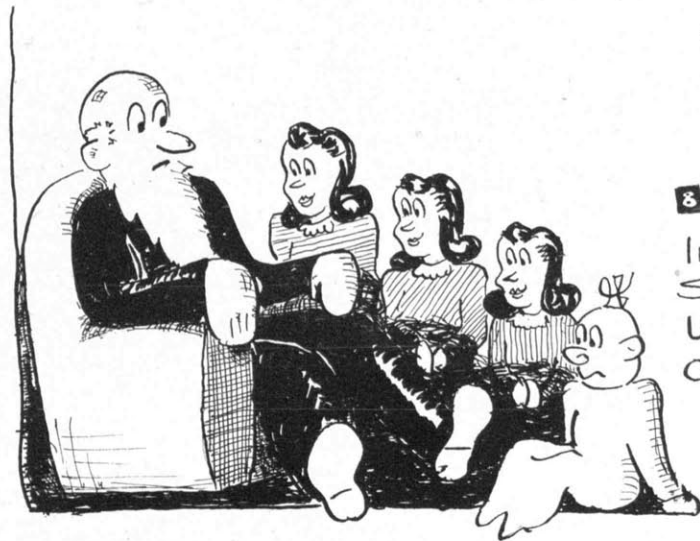
But time has passed and changed my mind,  
You learn much growing old,  
I found the inner truth at last.  
Old Ironpants was not cold.

7



8

In playing out our game of hearts,  
She held the queen in hand,  
Until the game was all but won,  
Old Ironpants got her man.



## Eliot Flower Shop

Flowers for All Occasions  
 Corsages our Specialty  
 Special service to Tech students

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## GRAY PHOTO

PHOTO FINISHING  
 ONE DAY FILM SERVICE  
 ART SLIDES                      ART BOOKS  
 30 Massachusetts Ave., Boston

Taxi Driver: "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Aero E. from the back seat: "Oh, yeah?"



Guide: "We are now passing the largest brewery in the world."

Techman: "I'm not."



"Pa, tell me how you proposed to Ma," requested the young hopeful.

"Well, son, as I remember it was like this. We were sitting on the sofa one night at her home and she leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"I said, 'Like hell you are.'

"Next day we were married."

—Pup

An English gentleman, lately arrived in China, sent for his native cook to congratulate him upon an exceptionally tasty dinner.

"I hope, Kong Ho, you did not kill one of those dogs to provide the soup," he laughingly remarked, referring to China's pariah dogs.

Kong Ho made a solemn gesture of dissent.

"Me no kill dog, master," he declared. "Him all dead when I pick him up."

—Urchin



A serious thought for today,  
 Is one that may cause us dismay,  
 Just what are the forces  
 That bring little horses  
 If all of the horses say "Nay"?"



Two Curios

Oliver was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw clothing about on the chair and floor, she inquired: "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the cover murmured, "Adam."

—Quip



"Vegetable soup? What's that?"

"Ever eat hash?"

"Yes."

"Same thing, only looser."



Wellesley Girl quotes: "Many a sober-faced little lamb goes riding in the moonlight and comes home with a sheepish grin on her face."



The fellow who thinks that "evening" means the same thing as "night" should note the effect that it has on a gown.



Joe was dead, and John called on the widow to express sympathy. "Joe and I were mighty close friends," John said. "Isn't there something I could have to remember him by?"

Tearfully, the widow raised her eyes and whispered softly, "Would I do?"



Good food at reasonable prices  
24 hours a day—Every day

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435 MAIN STREET

Conveniently located behind Building 20  
Frank Arsenault, Manager

**FENNELL'S**  
59 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

IMPORTED and DOMESTIC  
WINES—LIQUORS AND ALES

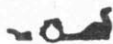
Across the BRIDGE at Commonwealth Avenue

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

He: "In golf all you do is smack the pill, then walk."

She: "Just like some dates I've been on."



"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was my brother. He just walks that way."



Student Nurse: "Every time I bend over to listen to his heart his pulse rate goes up alarmingly. What should I do?"

Intern: "Button your collar."



Wellesley Freshman: "oOoh, but I can't stand the taste of beer . . . It's so bitter."

W. Sophomore: "I drink it just to be sociable."

W. Junior: "You know, I am actually beginning to like the stuff."

W. Senior: "Hic."

—Ski-U-Mah



"Is this ice cream pure?"

"Pure as the girl of your dreams."

"Give me a pack of cigarettes."

To kiss a Miss is awfully simple

To miss a kiss is simply awful.

Kissing spreads disease 'tis stated,

But kiss me, Kid, I'm vaccinated.



"You should be more careful to pull your shades at night; I saw you kiss your wife last night."

"Ha, ha, ha, the joke is on you; I wasn't home last night."



We went for a ride and all she did was shake her head. After sixty-three miles she told me her nose was caught in the windshield wiper.

—Covered Wagon

Gander: "For two pins I'd park this car."

Annabelle: "Here take these, my hair will come undone anyway."

—Exchange



"Did you pick up any French during your vacation in Paris last summer?"

"I'll say I did."

"Let's hear you say some words."

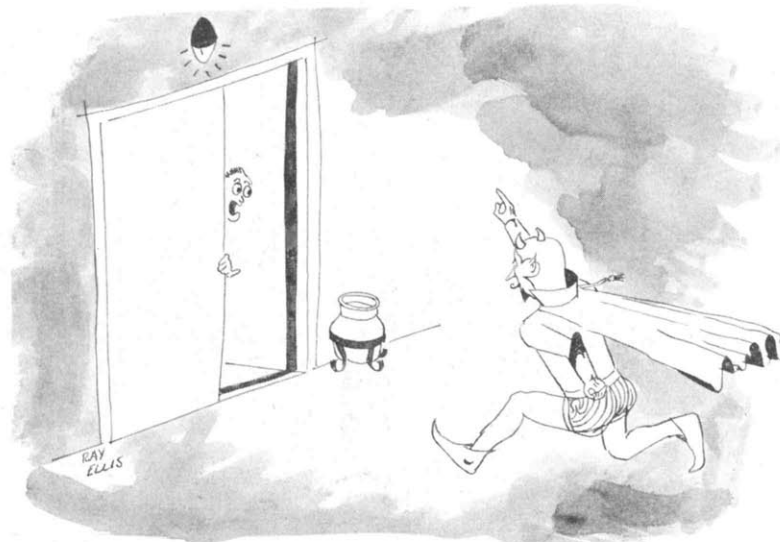
"I didn't learn any words."



He: "How about having breakfast with me?"

She: "All right, I will."

He: "Fine. Shall I ring you, or just nudge you?"



"Down!"



on  
the  
campus...

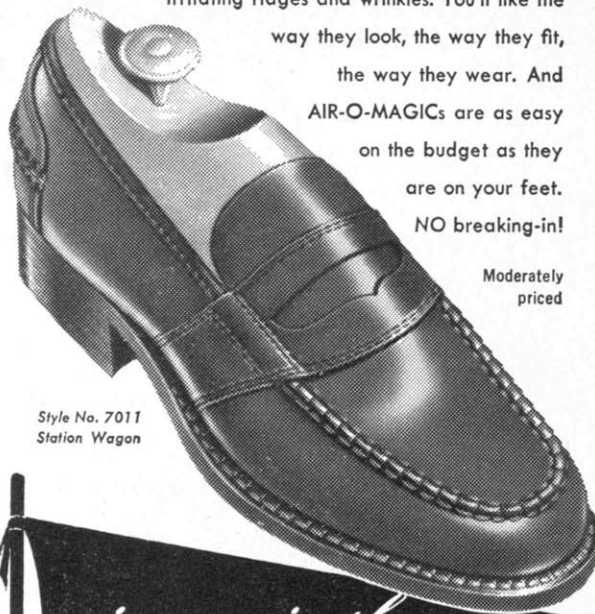


**"MY SHOE IS**  
*air-o-magic*"

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Moderately priced



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Station Wagon



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

A member of a psyche 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."



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

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

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

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

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

"He was ninety-six," asserted Henry.

"And of what did he die?"

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

"How old was your mother at death?"

"She was ninety-four."

"Cause of death?"

"Childbirth."

— Pup Tent



A new bunch of enlisted men got seasick over the rail. Soon one of the old salts joined them and sarcastically inquired, "What's the matter Jones, got a weak stomach?"

"Hell no," gasped Jones. "I'm throwing it as far as the others."

— Mis-A-Sip



"Did you get home all right after the party last night?"

"Fine, thanks; except that just as I was turning into my street some idiot stepped on my fingers."



Professor: "Are you cheating on this examination?"

Student: "No, sir, I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper."



Law Prof (at registration): "So you are a pre-legal, eh?"

Student: "Like hell. I'm the youngest in our family."  
— Jester

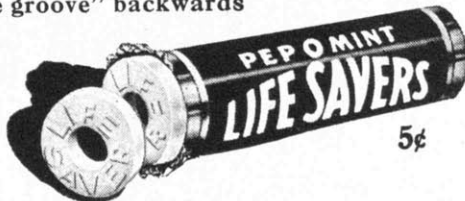


Are you  
**EVOORG EHT NI\***



You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

\* "In the groove" backwards



**A Box of LIFESAVERS for the Best Joke**

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Lifesavers. Jokes will be judged by the Editor.

**THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:**

"My boy friend is serving on an island in the Pacific."  
"Which island?"  
"Alcatraz."

*This month's winning joke submitted by  
Philip R. Bagley, Box 486, Building 22, M.I.T., Cambridge 39, Mass.*

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The good townsman was concluding his address: “Friends, I have lived here all my life. In this town are fifty taverns and I am proud to say I have never been in one of them.”

From the back of the hall came the question, “And which one is that?”

—naturally

**YOUR  
BANK**

**KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE**

**HARVARD  
TRUST COMPANY**

Member

**Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation**

Lady on telephone: “Yes, dear, that’s all right, don’t hurry; enjoy yourself. Goodbye.”

As she turned from her phone her gentleman visitor asked, “Who was that?”

“My husband.”

“What did he want?”

“Oh, he just called to tell me that he’d be late getting home tonight. He’s downtown playing poker with you and a bunch of the boys.”



The haughty senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny freshman cut in. “And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?” she inquired nastily.

The freshman hung his head with shame. “I’m sorry, ma’am,” he said, “but I’m working my way through college and your partner was waving a five-dollar bill at me.”

— Pelican



“Stop, sinner. Do you think a glass of that vile brew will quench your thirst?”

“Naw. Gonna drink the whole damn jug.”



Hi: “My uncle had an accident with his car. The doctor told him he would have him walking in a month.”

Si: “And did he?”

Hi: “Yes. When the doctor sent his bill my uncle sold his car.”



“Well, Johnny, how did you get along in school today?”

“Okay, Mother, but that new teacher is always asking us fool questions. Today she asked everybody where they were born.”

“Well, you certainly knew the answer to that — the Woman’s Hospital.”

“Betch life I know! But I didn’t want the whole class to think I was a sissy. I said the Yankee Stadium.”



# EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



That's no wolf at your door—that's opportunity knocking! One buck—three bucks—fifteen bucks—all kinds of money (mostly American)—that's what Pepsi-Cola Co. pays for gags you send in and we print.

Send your stuff, together 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. (At the risk of being thought sordidly commercial, we might add that while working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag won't insure you against a rejection slip, it's a lead-pipe cinch that it won't do your chances any harm.)

Don't write home for dough—get it from your old Uncle Pepsi! You never had it so good . . . just make us laugh and you're in like Flynn!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Even daffier than the definitions is the fact that we pay a buck apiece for any of these we can't resist. That's why we're shooting one rock to *Louis W. Geier of New Orleans* for our lead-off definition: Refresher course—a path to the nearest bottle of Pepsi.

Father—the kin we love to touch.

Zebra—a Sing-Sing mule.

Nectar—pre-Pepsi-Cola Pepsi-Cola.

Twins—insult added to injury.

★ ★ ★

*Look, all you have to do is write these. We have to read 'em. Even so, we'll pay a buck apiece for the ones we buy.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## 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**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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



The guy who drew this had a caption in mind, but before he could put it on paper, the man in the white coat collected him. So we'll pay \$5 for the best titles we get. Or send in your own original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here are the rich kids who latched onto Easy Money for cartoon captions and ideas in the October contest: \$15.00 to *Herbert John Brammeier, Jr., of St. Louis Univ.*; \$5.00 to each of the following: *Katherine Meland of Syracuse Univ.*; *David S. Steiner of Carnegie Tech.*; and *John French of Hotchkiss School.*

## HE-SHE GAGS

Old Phineas T. Barnum must have had us in mind when he said there's one born every minute. In the October contest, we sent three fish apiece to *E. J. Maines of Knoxville, Tenn.*; *Ned Curran of Fordham University; Melvin Harrison of Brooklyn, N. Y.*; *Paul Pavalon, of Madison, Wis.*; and *Francis J. Chupa of Philadelphia* respectively for the following gems:

He: What's your favorite hymn?  
She: Why, you, silly!

He: May I kiss you?  
She: (Silence).

He: May I please kiss you?  
She: (More silence).

He: Say, are you deaf?  
She: No, are you paralyzed?

She: Your head is like a doorknob.  
He: How come?  
She: Any girl can turn it.

He: I have a friend who always drinks Pepsi-Cola with a straw.  
She: That's silly—who ever heard of a straw drinking Pepsi-Cola?

She: I'm getting worried about my husband. I sent him out for a Pepsi-Cola two weeks ago and he hasn't come back yet.  
He: That is a problem.  
She: Yes, I need the Pepsi-Cola.

*Yep, three bucks apiece for any of these we buy. What are you waiting for?*

## LITTLE MORON CORNER

How do you write a moron gag? Just put yourself in a moron's place and listen to the things you say. Here's the masterpiece that corralled a deuce in the October contest for *M. M. Mitchell of Austin, Texas*:

Muffinhead Moron, the man with the mind of a midge, was found sitting on

the curb, exhausted, begging plaintively for a Pepsi-Cola. When asked why he was so bushed, he replied, typically: "I just walked through a screen door and *strained* myself!"

*\$2, cash money, for every moron gag we buy. With your contacts, how can you lose?*



"You might say I'm careful, that's why I say Chesterfields SATISFY me!"

*Risë Stevens*

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...like Risë Stevens, that Chesterfields

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**C COOLER SMOKING**

THE RIGHT COMBINATION...  
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS



**ALWAYS BUY**

**CHESTERFIELD**