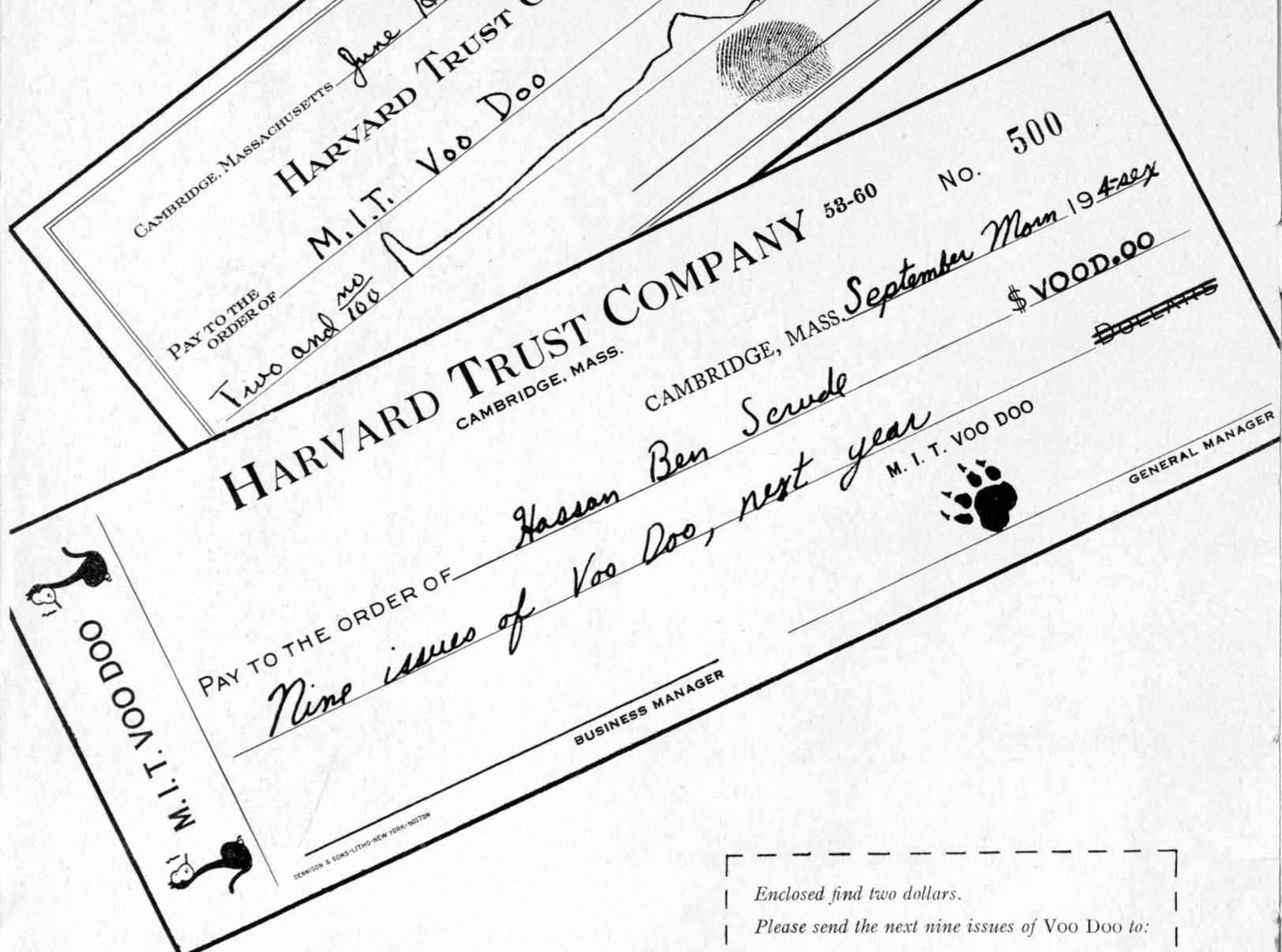
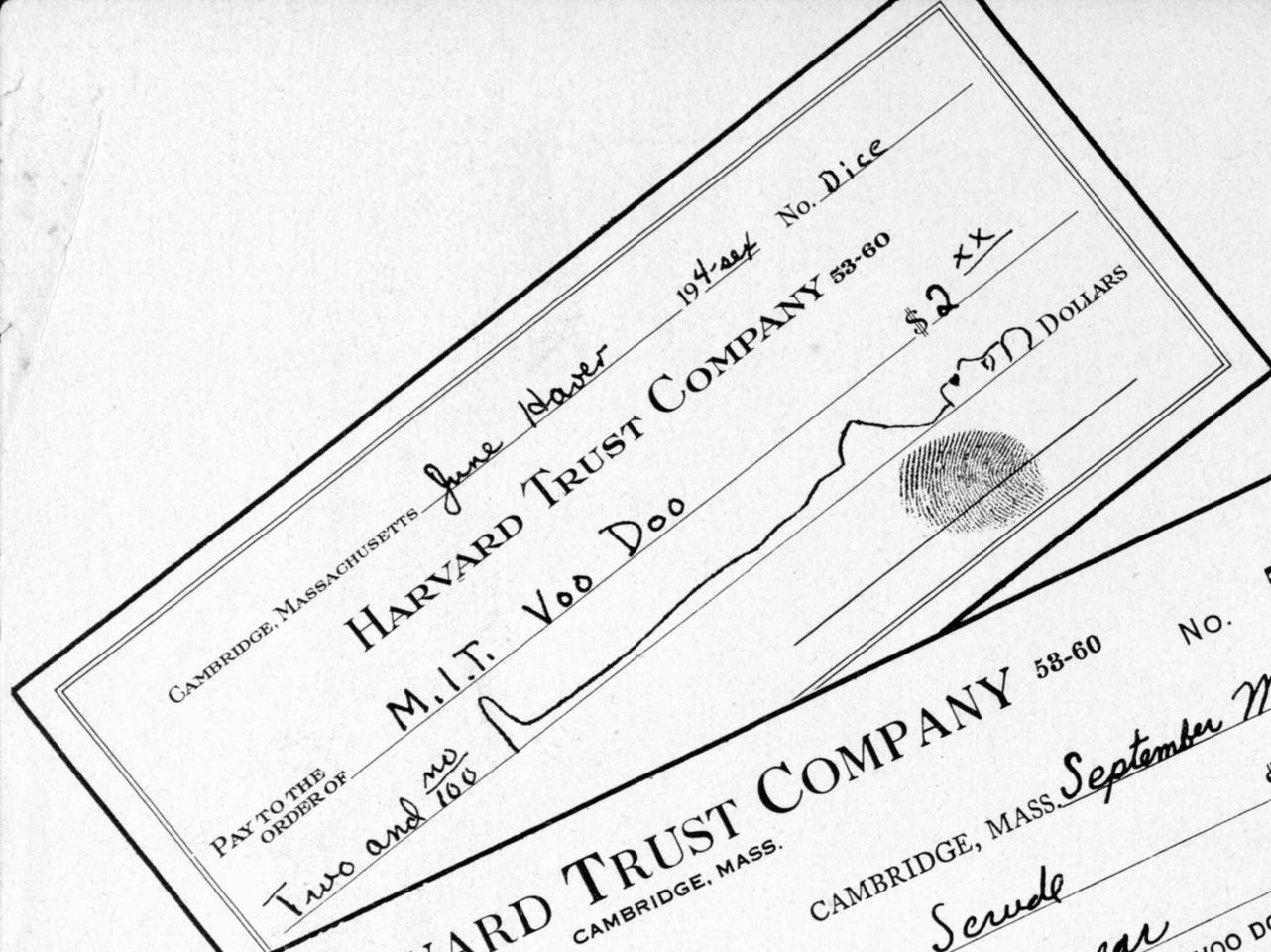


# VOO DOO





**STAY IN TONIGHT**  
 Send that \$2.00 to  
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Enclosed find two dollars.  
 Please send the next nine issues of Voo Doo to:

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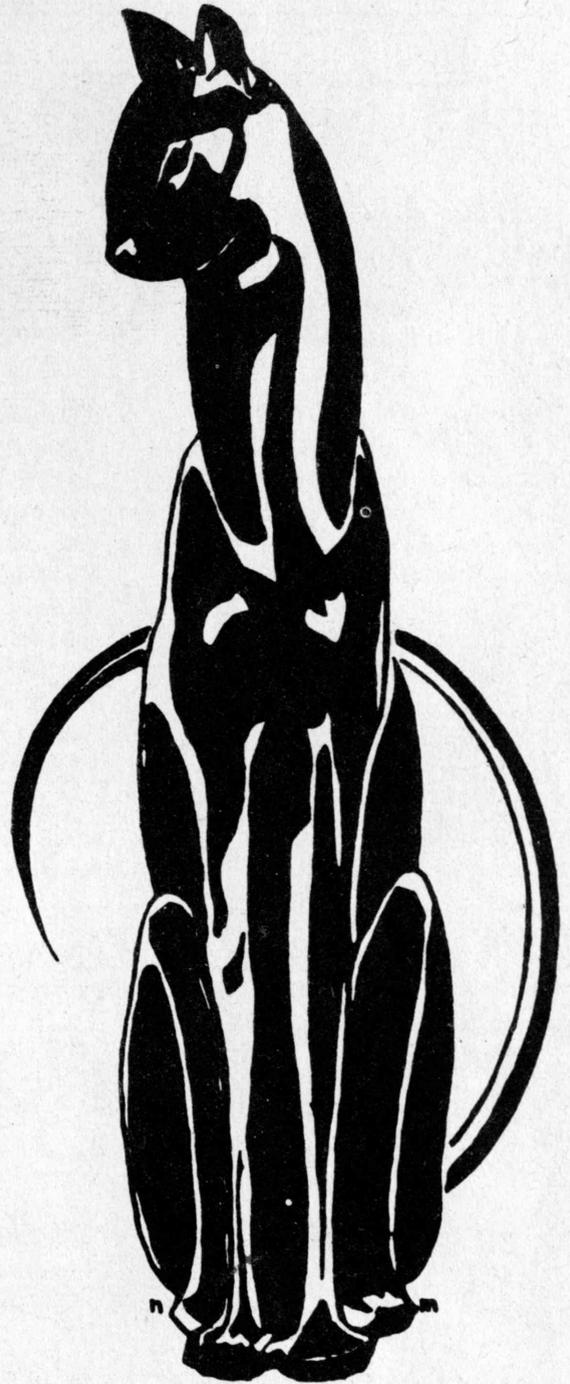
# VOO DOO

MAY, 1946



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Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

## Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Published by the Senior Board for the Students of  
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial  
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from September to May  
Subscription \$2.00 per year  
Office hours: 5 to 5.30 P.M., Monday to Friday  
Member A. C. C. E.

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

Volume XXXVIII

MAY, 1946

No. 5

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# GRINS and GROANS



## *The Spiral Staircase*

A new twist in more ways than one. For the first time in twenty-six eons a woman keeps her big fat mouth shut. Dorothy Maguire is the gal who accomplishes this feat.

## *Ziegfeld Follies*

Spelled backwards this reads seilof dlelgeiZ which means about as much as the first chapter in Phillips. Victor Moore is good as he pleads with Edward Arnold to "Pay the Two Dollars."

(*The thought you now have in mind is entirely erroneous. Ed.*)

## *Tomorrow is Forever*

Excellent acting by Colbert, Brent, and Welles, not to mention Tinker to Evers to Chance, who incidentally just made baseball's Hall of Fame. (*What the hell does that have to do with the movies? Ed.* It doesn't; it concerns the theater. They were a great triple play combo. Joe.) Anyway, Orson Welles portrays an M. I. T. Chemical Engineer after graduation.

## *The Recovered Strong Beginning*

This picture has been burlesqued by every radio program, college rag, and newspaper, not to mention the Old

Howard. We only ask, "Who, in his right mind, would put a bottle of Coca-Cola (in disguise) in a chandelier?" Latest word from Schenley is that their new motto is "Aged in Mazda."

*Ulcers on the Inside, Poison Ivy on the Outside or The Doctor's Suit of Blue Surgery*

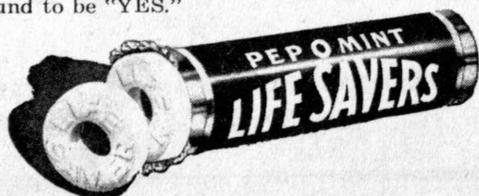
Moronica Lake and "Pretty Boy" Vassar (his name is Tufts but I would rather plug Vaassar) have fun getting

## Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



Woo-Woo—Wooing. To you, add one slick chick . . . plus a big, round bright yellow moon . . . plus a handy pack of LIFE SAVERS to keep your breath sweet. The Answer? It's just bound to be "YES."



## GARDNER GRILL



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OR

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Delicious food excellently served—and at moderate prices—in a cosmopolitan atmosphere.

## Bar

Finest selection of imported and domestic liquors . . . over 20 leading brands of Scotch.

FREE PARKING

**HOTEL GARDNER**  
Mass. Avenue at Norway Street . . . COM. 3110

the inside dope on maternity cases.

*The Ditchdigger's Trip or Sedimental Journey*

A story about a beautiful wife who spoils her husband not to mention the picture (which is not worth mentioning). She dies and then comes back in spirit form to help hubby. As a spirit she subsists on shrouded wheat and ghost toasties. In the middle of the main show the theater looked like 10-250 on Sunday.

*Kitty*

'A nice tale.

*The Virginian*

Senator Claghorn would say, "That is a Southern picture, son."

We might as well add, "It's a laugh, son." Exactly two shots are fired during the picture; the producer and the director kill each other.

PICTURES HOLLYWOOD DECIDED NOT TO PRODUCE:

*Nobody Rates like Ameliorates* (sequel to *Nobody Sees Her Like Julius Caesar*)

*The Case of the Hydraulic Lift* (that's a Jack, son)

*She Was Going to be a Mamma Rabbit* or *The Case of the Ingrown Hare*

*The Hot Electric Circuit* (*Forever Ampere*)

*Murder in the Swamp* or *A Marsh-mallow Drama*

— W. A. L.



Then there's Great-grandfather Mudfence J. Zimbam, who survived the war after having four horses and six nurses shot out from under him.

— Rammer Jammer.

As the music stopped, a timid seaman, lurking in the background, darted forward.

"Pardon me Miss," he said to a young lady, "May I have the next dance?"

"I'm sorry but I never dance with a child," she said with a supercilious smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons!" replied the young sailor, "I didn't realize your condition."



The young couple came into the dining room on the fifth day of their honeymoon. The waiter approached them for their order.

"You know what I like, honey, don't you?" queried the bride.

"Yes, I know," stammered the young husband, "but we have to eat sometime."

— Pelican.



# CAFE DE PARIS

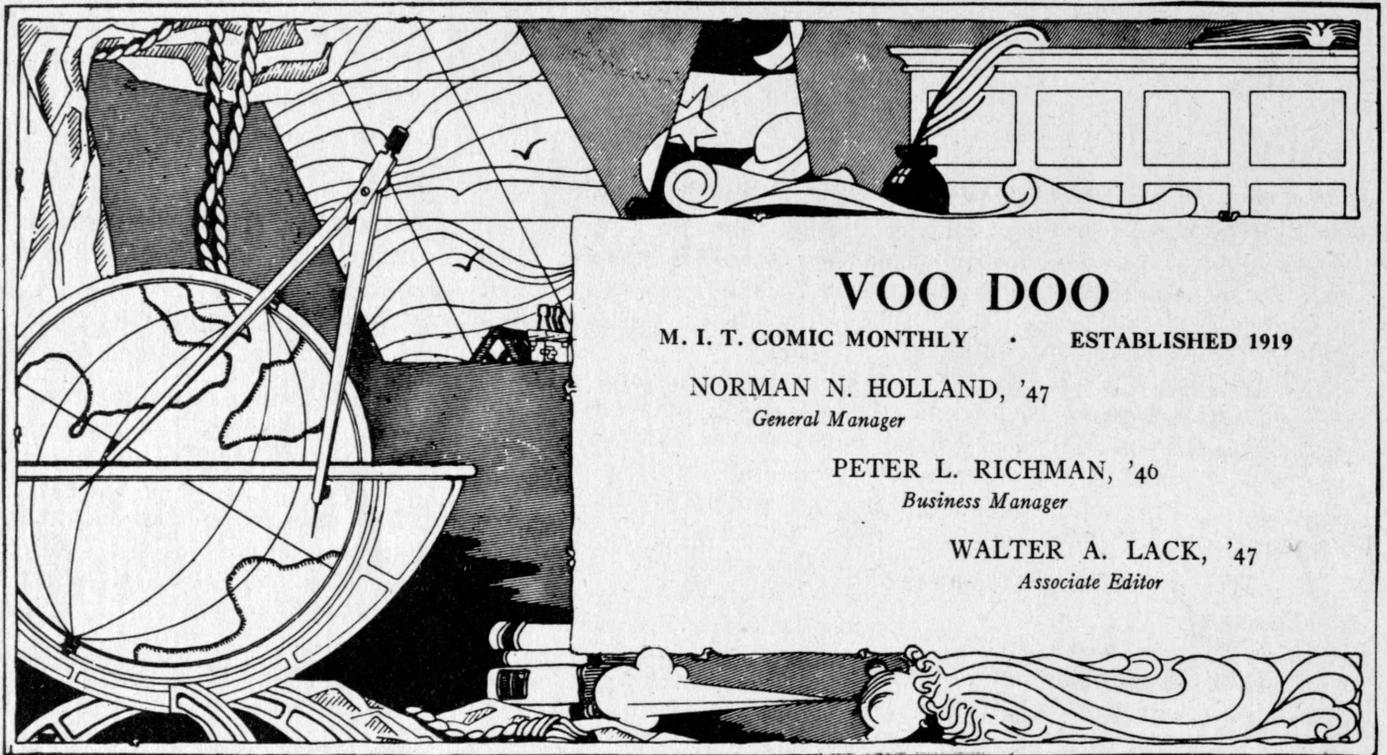
*Real Home-Cooked Food*

*Reasonably Priced*

## Luncheons and Dinners

NEW BAR JUST OPENED

**165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston**  
**299 Harvard Street Brookline**



## VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY · ESTABLISHED 1919

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*General Manager*

PETER L. RICHMAN, '46

*Business Manager*

WALTER A. LACK, '47

*Associate Editor*

THE Cat breathed a long sigh, stretched himself, and prepared to siesta all the way through the summer. "Hey, you beast, wake up, you've still got some things to tell the guys that read this trite tripe."

"Like what, f'rinstance?"

"Well, you've got to emphasize the fact that Mr. Francis Dahl of the *Boston Herald* very kindly consented to do our cover this time."

"Sa-a-ay, that's swell. He's a good man; did you see the cartoons he did in the *El*? They're terrific! And he's got a book coming out in the fall called 'Dahl's Boston' which should be pretty good (Ed. Note — That's a plug, son)."

"Well, what are you gonna do over the summer, O Cat? Some of our friends have some snazzy deals cooked up. One guy is going to teach sailing at a girl's camp where he will be one of three male counsellors. There are millions of guys getting jobs all over, everything from bellhop to caddy, for these are the types of jobs that Tech men are adept at."

"As for me, fellers, I guess I'll spend the summer sleeping; but how about the guys going to Tech over the summer?"

The Cat was definitely in the throes of Spring Fever. He yawned luxuriously several times before he would speak to us, and then it was only, "Well?"

"Whatsay, Phos? It's Makeup Nite again and you're supposed to give forth with pearls dropping from your bewhiskered lips." The Cat looked into the other office where several happy sophomores were glueing little pieces of paper together, with large quart bottles of Harvard Ale adding greatly to the general air of festivity.

"Well, how's this one going to be, men? The last wasn't too bad."

"Phos, this one is fab-, no, it's ter-, in fact, won-, you might even say it's pretty good. You know how it goes, Phos, you never know how bad it is until you see your readers coming towards you with weapons."

"Say, you guys, the Institute is going back to the old peacetime summer session, and I'm pretty tired. You know, I've been kept going ever since the summer of '43, with hardly a breather. How about a vacation?"

"By Godfrey, Phos, you'll get that vacation. Not only you, but just about everybody connected with the rag wants one, too. Voo Doo will officially suspend publication over the summer."

"All we have to say to them, Phos, is 'Bro-o-wnbaggers, browner than ——' "

"Shut up, you guys. They're fine hard-working young men, and deserve a great deal of credit." As he said this, there was a perceptible lump in the Cat's cheek.

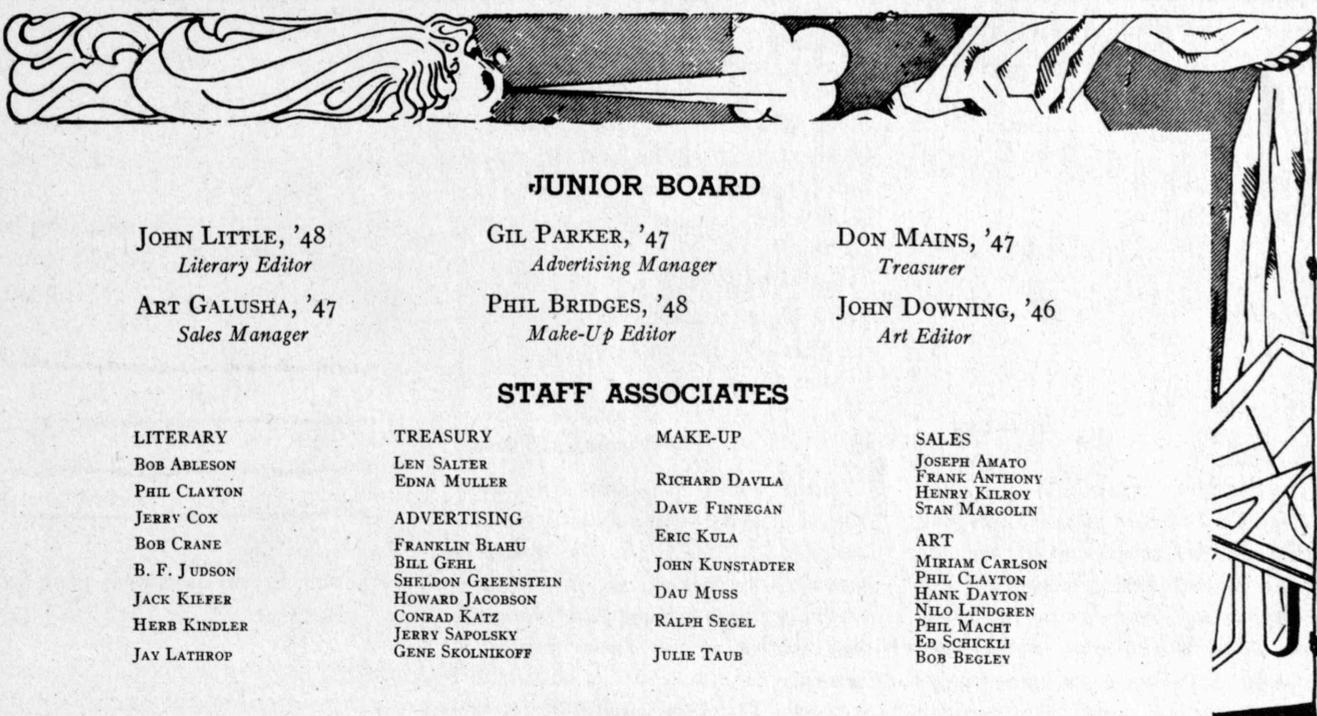
"Well, Phos, I guess the next time we see you will be leering from behind a group of sophomores at the Smoker in the fall. You know, we've got big plans for that little affair. Big, that's spelled L-E-W-D. Have you got a parting word for the boys?"

"Yeah, I guess so. You may have noticed, fellows and girls, that I'm not very good at speeches, but this is the first time that I have said good-bye since '43, and it's not easy. I guess the best thing to say is 'Have a good summer, wherever you go, even if you're staying here, and keep a touch of the old Voo Doo spirit around, that old 'Corners up, and Smile' idea. I'll be seeing you in the fall. Don't miss the Smoker!"

Well, that's another volume off the slate.

Phos regrets to announce the resignation of Pete, our Business Manager, due to circumstances beyond his control (Graduation, that is).

Cover this month by Dahl.



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|--|--|--|---|

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Voo Doo  
Complaint Department  
Cambridge, Mass.  
Gentlemen?

It has been my policy for the past four years to walk through the lobby of Building 10 each noon, five days a week, on my way to lunch.

The other day as I was on my way to Walker I was stopped by a man, who said, as bold as you please, "Twenty-five cents." I was shocked! Imagine *me* paying *him* 25 cents! He then proceeded to back me into the Bursar's Office, saying, "What have you got to lose?" I was about ready to scream for help when he added, "Aw come on, won't you buy a copy of Voo Doo?"

This in itself is bad enough, but the worst was yet to come. Coming back from lunch, with a copy of Voo Doo plainly in sight under my arm, I was again stopped and the routine repeated. "I've got it! I've got it!" I yelled, pointing to the magazine. At this he reluctantly let me pass.

Unless some action is taken soon, I will be unable to go through Building 10 unescorted.

Help! Help!

SEXY SECRETARY.

Wisconsin.

Dear Ed:

... By the way, would you mind answering a couple of questions that have been bothering me for quite a while. Do you have a censor for any of your copy, and is the Voo Doo what sustains the gals at the "no-men-allowed" seminaries around you? ... Now as I am a healthy, American U of Wisconsin Co-ed, I learned the basic facts at least six years ago in the comparatively clean gutters of Cleve-



land, Ohio. And today I can still blush at some of the Voo Doo copy, but yet secretly wish . . . that Octy could extend its tentacles just a wee bit further.

... I will leave you to your beer and I hope to heaven that it isn't the 3.2 that we have up here).

Sincerely yours,

LEATRICE COLE,  
*The Wisconsin Octopus.*

*Many people ask about censorship. The mag goes to press and on sale unmolested. HOWEVER, there are occasionally repercussions, at which time we lower our flag to half-mast and announce that another of our senior boards is missing.*

*As for Voo Doo sustaining the fems around here, on the contrary, they are what sustain us.*

ED.

Jean Drury  
Lasell Junior College.  
Auburndale, Mass.

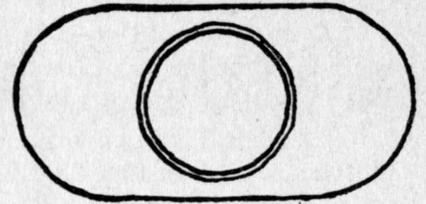
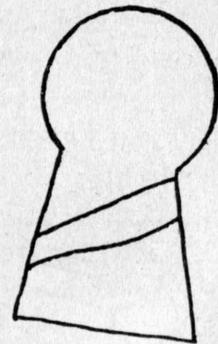
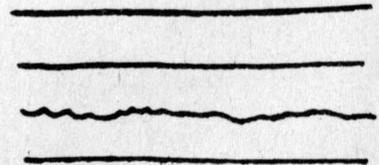


Table looking at a liquor bottle.



A girl's leg viewed through a key hole.

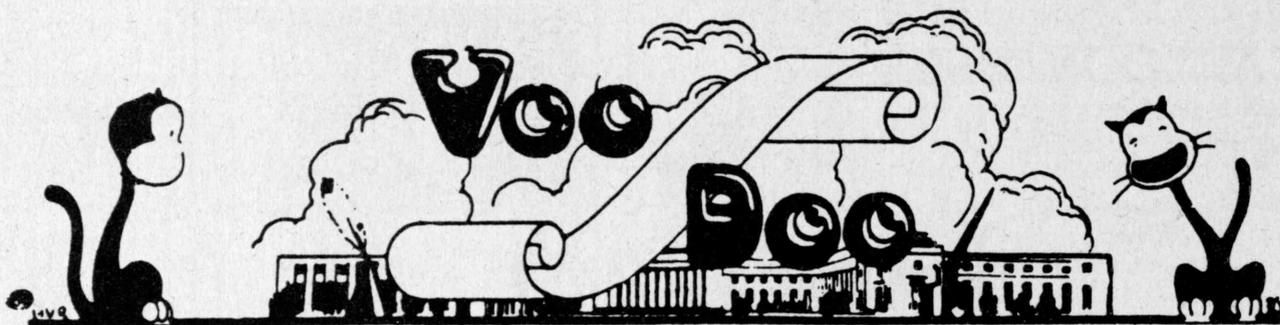


A good telephone call on the way.

These were drawn with the aid of the edge of a black Jack, a penny, a nickel, and a dime.

CARTOON ISSUE





OUR 'Red Faces' (embarrassing moments) Department never fails to provide with an occasional laugh. The following incident happened to a good friend of ours following one of the recent dances in dear old Walker.

They (he and his date, of course) were parked in a car beside the Senior House when the young lady recalled that she was to make an urgent phone call. They went gayly down to the basement of nearby Walker Memorial and together en-

tered a phone booth. She proceeded to make her call with no trouble and presently completed same. No sooner had she finished, than our young hero took off his glasses (it gets awfully warm in phone booths) and kissed her, shrewd operator that he was. Contact was made, held, and finally released, just as some unobservant intruder opened the door to make a call.

"Oh, that's all right," our hero said. "We just finished our call, any-

way." So saying, the two slinked off.

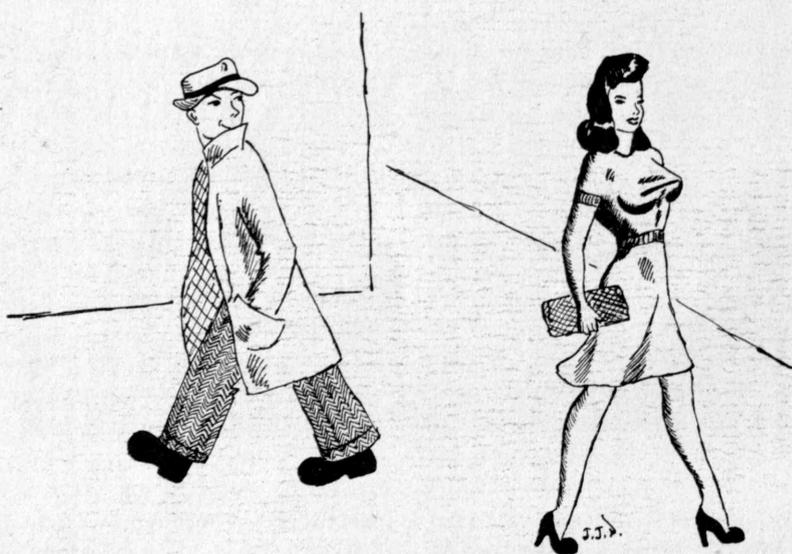
"Hey, bud. Wait a minute."

They stopped.

"You forgot your glasses."

TWO friends of ours were spending an evening at the Kenmore last summer. They were getting ready to go to bed when from an open window nearby this fascinating conversation drifted into their room. It seems that a lady and gentleman a few rooms away were also getting ready for bed when the man entered upon this charming monologue. "You know, when I was a little boy my grandmother used to scrub my back when I took a bath. As I got a little older, my mother would rub my back. And that's why I'm going to marry you because you scrub my back when I'm taking a bath, too. . . ." And the light went out.

This one happened to the same two friends of ours at one of the better-known hotels under similar circumstances. The gentleman in question, or questionable gentleman, as you prefer, signed in at night as Arthur W. Ferguson (that's an alias, son). When he got up the next morning to sign out he was a little confused and signed his real name, Arthur F. Williams (still an alias, you scandal-monger). The girl at the desk, a sprightly young lass, looked at the two signatures, handed back the second one and said, "That's not the name you're using at *this* hotel, sir."



"Some Pair-sonality"

THERE is a radio program on every night from twelve to one o'clock. It consists of a screwball announcer who plays records, ad libs, tells corny jokes, interviews people, and imitates E. B. Rideout. The people whom he has interviewed include Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnett, Sally Keith, and such sundry characters as prize fighters and half-drunk jazz musicians. With such impromptu conversations with such varied characters, the announcer sometimes has serious difficulty keeping the talk fit for the broadcast bands.

On one recent occasion, he was interviewing a feminine entertainer from a local night club. Her show included piano playing and singing and so he asked her to give the radio audience a rough idea of her act. She answered quickly: "A strip."

"A trip?" said the announcer quickly, "where to — Mexico?"



*"Do you have an accident insurance policy?"*

VOO DOO presents another of the famous stories of a dormitory room-stacking job. The following true incident took place near the end of last term on the notorious third floor, new dorms.

The victim, a harmless soul, was doing his good deed and was out for Boy's Work of T. C. A. Returning about 11:00 p.m., he went to his mail box (as dormies always do) to see if there were any messages. There was one: "Due to the housing shortage, your room has been moved two doors down the hall. We trust that you will find your new accommodations satisfactory. (Signed) 'the Cow'."

He couldn't lose anything by looking into his old room first, so he warily opened the door to find . . . nothing. No rug, furniture, lamps, pin-ups, curtains — no nothing. Only the four bare walls remained and the plumbing. (Nobody had a wrench that night.)

There was nothing to do but move two doors down the hall. He found his name card on the door (covering

up the word 'MEN') so he entered. There, under the showers he found his bed. His rug was spread neatly on the floor. His desk set-up was just as he had left it (only moved) and his easy chair and lamps were ready for use. The walls had been decorated with his favorite pin-up girls. Curtains on the frosted glass windows added a homey touch found in not too many dorm rooms.

Naturally, he would have no peace if he attempted to move back that night, so he condescended to sleep under the showers. A little while later, when the rest of the floor had retired after a good night's work, he returned to his original room, and soon was in the arms of Morpheus.

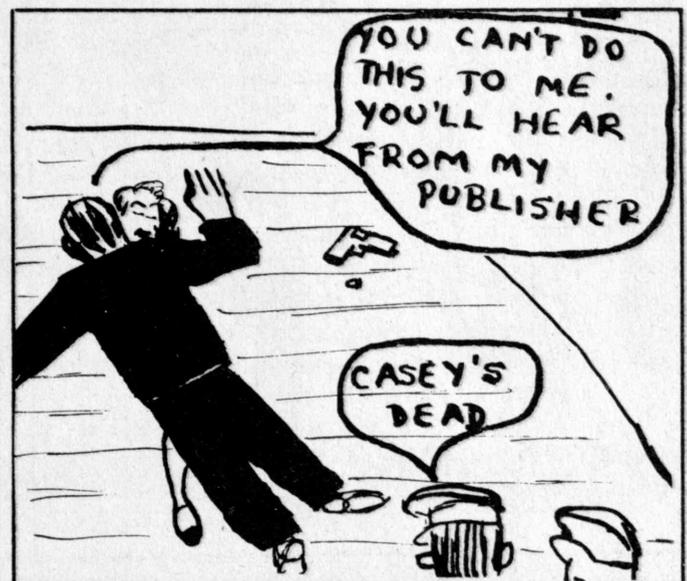
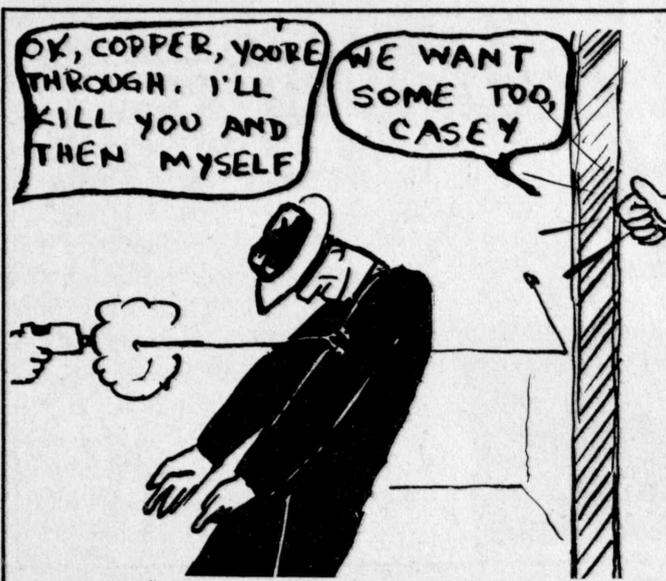
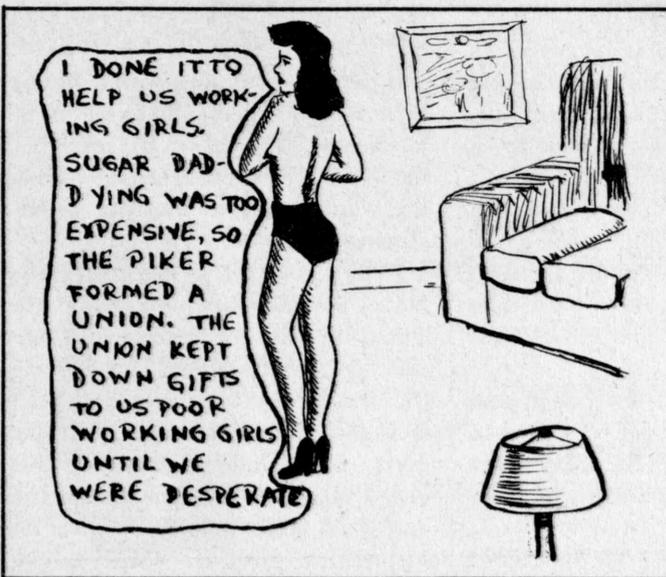
LAST week we were up in Harvard Square and got ourselves introduced to the most wonderful Harvard man. It seems that he's from the deep South and he's got one of those "melt-in-your-mouth" accents. He blossomed out with a remark which we feel deserves to be set down here for Pos-

terity (he's the other guy that reads this stuff). "Ah came to Hahvahd, to see whut life is reully like." He continued, "There's just three people in this world that Ah wanta meet, Shirley Temple, Lana Turner, and Somerset Maugham." That's what we like, a real intellectchal feller.

ONE cheerless morn a lad of Phos's acquaintance had his E 21 quiz returned. He was elated because of the P plus despite his ample usage of the little red shovel. However, scrawled across the top of his paper was the worldly-wise criticism of his professor. Try as he might the poor lad was unable to make out any coherent message from the sentence. His paper passed from hand to hand but the scrawl could not be deciphered. In utter desperation our friend (any friend of Phos is a friend of ours) asked his professor for the essence of the comment. After careful scrutiny the erudite one replied — "It says, ahem, that your handwriting is illegible."



NICK CASEY



# 'NOTHER WHISKEY 'N' SODA

THE late afternoon sun warmed through the large windows in dust-filled beams, the men reclining in bosomy armchairs, some reading, others talking in hushed monotonous of interesting trivia. The Whiskey 'n' Soda was almost asleep, almost, until a frown crossed his placid forehead, and with an abrupt remark took the Brandy away from his *Journal of Commerce*. "Say, what ever happened to that fellow you used to chum around with several years ago — whatsis name, Richardson?"

The Brandy turned slowly to his older companion. "Stan, Stan Richardson?" He smiled, a bittersweet smile, and, holding his glass poised in his fingertips, he looked up at the ceiling, the peculiar smile playing about his lips. Suddenly he laughed, short, but loud enough to bring forth disapproving glares from some Senior Members. He looked warmly at his

neighbor, and said, "Well, it's one of the proverbial long stories, but if you've time —"

The Whiskey 'n' Soda nodded assent and wriggling his rotundity into the depths of his chair, he looked expectantly to the Brandy.

"It all started back in '35, when his father passed on. He sold the big house and moved into the club, but, he being about twenty-two or three at the time, the atmosphere wasn't the best for a lonely young man. So, the executor of the will, watching him become more moody, decided a change would do him good, and invited him for a weekend at his Connecticut home.

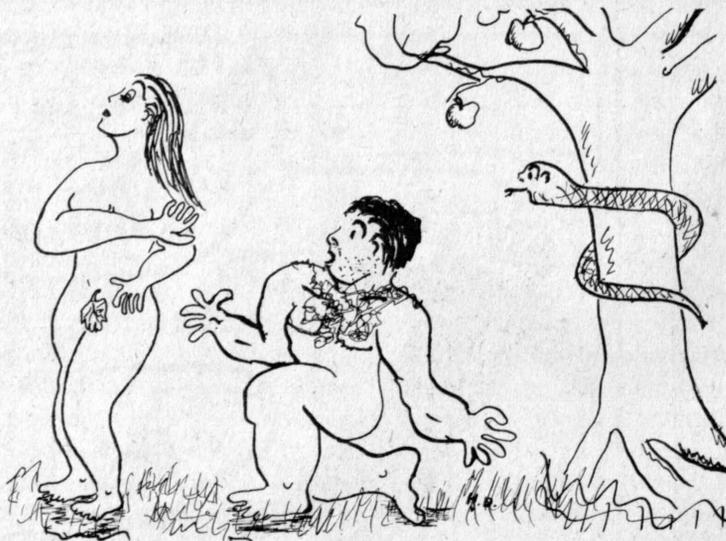
"Stan welcomed the change and accepted eagerly. He got off the train at Greenwich one hot Saturday afternoon, blinked through the bright sun to spot the lawyer standing by a shiny station wagon. He quickened

his pace and greeted him, 'Hello, Mr. Haines.'

"Haines broke into a tanned smile, brushed back a shock of white hair, and boomed, 'Hello there, Stan. Let's hop into the car and get you out to the house. You can wash up for dinner. Miriam's dying to meet you —' and the man continued with a stream of never ending conversation. Stan interjected a syllable or two, but finally settled back, relaxing, letting the words roll over him like gently lapping river water.

"They rounded a bend and the house popped out from behind a clump of trees, its maroon roof contrasting with the green hills holding the setting sun up over it. Stan laughed a little to himself. 'Just like every other retiring businessman's dream home,' he thought. From the porch, a white blotch waved an enthusiastic greeting. 'Miriam,' he thought. Haines' wife was about ten years younger than he, making her about forty, but retaining the face and figure of a woman ten years her junior. A pink apron covered part of her print dress, but not enough to hide the beauty that she had kept intact.

She welcomed him profusely and she and her husband led him upstairs to his room, and left him to get ready for dinner. He washed and shaved, and mused a little about businessmen's dreams as he put on his tie. He walked downstairs to be greeted by two very pretty girls, twins about twenty, in the living-room. Blushing, he introduced himself. 'I'm Stan Richardson. You must be Mr.



"No, Adam."

"But Eve, dear, there has to be a first time."

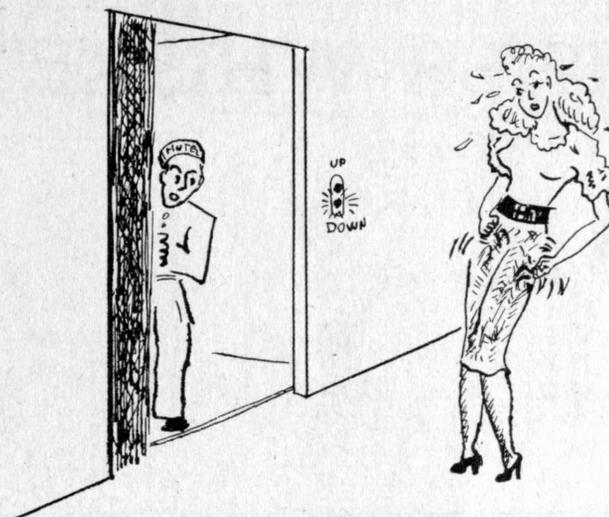
Haines' daughters.' They agreed, and while the three were laughingly going through the usual social pleasantries, Mrs. Haines announced dinner."

A silent waiter appeared, and the Whiskey 'n' Soda ordered another.

"The candlelight glinted off the burnished mahogany and sparkling silver. To the accompaniment of an excellent chicken dinner and some comfortable conversation, Stan relaxed completely for the first time in several months, fascinated by the three ladies. He mentally congratulated Mr. Haines for having three such charming women in his life. The interesting thing was the remarkable resemblance between the mother and her daughters. The candlelight dimmed the older woman's age until she was indistinguishable from the two girls of twenty. The girls were both ingeniously charming and their perpetual smiles and tinkling laughter were music to his weary brain. After dinner, he and the lawyer played a game or two of chess, while the women knitted. The fire warmed and colored the room until it fairly oozed hospitality. The talk grew drowsier and drowsier, until everyone went upstairs to retire.

"He undressed and slipped into bed. He turned the lights off and lit a cigarette. He mused over the Haines home, and its domestic perfection. As the smoke filled his lungs, he almost dozed off trying to recall the Roman goddess of the hearth, when a noise awakened him. A little angry at himself for risking a fire, he mangled the cigarette into a bedside ashtray, and looked up. 'Oh!' he said, for there was a figure in white robes like a blot on the inky night that filled the room.

"Stan was a bit startled, naturally, but he said nothing as the figure glided nearer. He was pleasantly surprised to note that it was a white negligee doing a half-hearted job of covering a feminine figure. He strained to see the face, but it was too dark. Soft hands caressed his cheeks. He



H.D.

"Going down?"

started to ask —, but two perfumed fingertips pressed his lips to silence. The woman drew him close and kissed him long and hard. He saw the face in the dimmest of lights but could not say who it was. The woman drew herself up on the bed beside him and drew his body tight against hers. The negligee parted and . . ."

The Whiskey 'n' Soda burped.

"Stan awoke alone the next morning, rather late, even for Sunday, and washed the whole thing aside with several dashes of cold water as a dream, but as he walked back into the bedroom, a long hair on the bed caught his eye and brought him back to stark fact. But *who*; the question blazed through his mind with shocking rapidity. One of the daughters, each of whom seemed as virginal as an April day, or Mrs. Haines, the seemingly devoted wife? Needless to say, Stan was a very puzzled young man as he went down to breakfast that day. He searched, while keeping up an excruciatingly casual stream of talk, the women's faces. There was no sign. The daughters laughed their way through breakfast and Mrs. Haines pattered cheerily about in the kitchen. Haines and he went out into the charming little garden after breakfast where they were soon joined by the

women. As the sun crawled over the sky, things continued in the same inexplicable way. Later on, after dinner, some neighbors drifted in and talk went to politics and hats. Stan, even after he went upstairs to pack, watched the sun-baked scene from the seclusion of his bedroom for a clue, but found none. He came downstairs with his overnight bag in hand to the charming group as perplexed as when he arose that morning.

"Haines was waiting with the station wagon, and as they drove, Stan kept silent while the lawyer prattled on. He awoke from his concentration to be confronted by a question. 'Well, what do you think of our little home?' the lawyer asked. Stan was very flowing in his compliments, and the lawyer smiled at this, a strange smile, and then he laughed. The tenor of his voice had changed when he said 'You'd never guess, would you, that my family has been marked with tragedy.' Stan registered surprise very realistically, and his thoughts clutched at every word. 'Perhaps you noticed the little house in the garden. Most people think it's for a gardener. I've never told this to anyone before, but there's another daughter of mine who lives in that little shack. You see, she's a leper.'

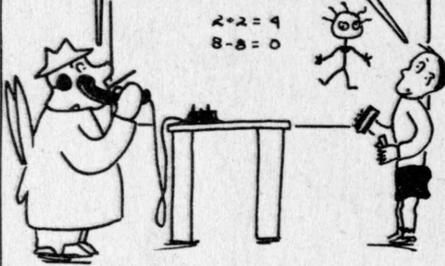
WILLIUGHBY

WILLIUGHBY, MEROY, YOUR WADY GODFATHER WILL HAVE TO SHOW YOU AROUND MIT AND EXPLAIN TO YOU A FEW BASIC SCIENTIFIC FACTS.....

HELLO, DEAN PALTRY? THIS IS J.J. McNALLY. I'VE A BRIGHT YOUNG MATHEMATICIAN HERE, AN EXPERT ON POWER SERIES. I THOUGHT I'D BRING HIM OVER AND SHOW HIM AROUND THE INSTITUTE.

WHAT'S A POWER SERIES, MR. McNALLY?

$$2+2=4$$
$$8-8=0$$



SURE, PROFESSOR, BRING HIM OVER ANY TIME.

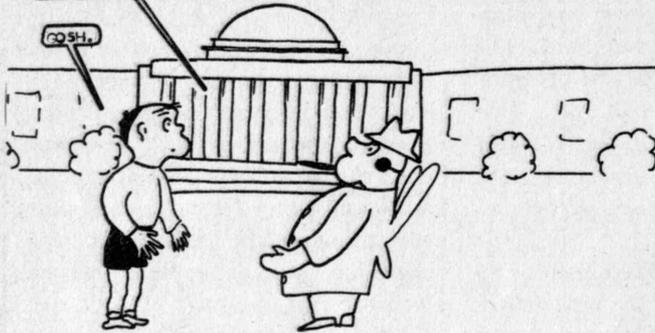
WHO WAS THAT, SHORTY?

I DIDN'T CATCH HIS NAME - A BIG SHOT IN RADIATION, I THINK. WANTED TO BRING A KID IN TO LOOK OVER THE INSTITUTE. I TOLD HIM HE COULD.



YES MEROY, MIT, THE SUPERHOME OF SCIENCE, THE VANGUARD OF A BRILLIANT EPOCH. WE'LL GO AROUND TO VISIT THE CLASSROOMS AND LABS AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME OF THE GENIUSES OF A NEW AGE. AND LOOK CAREFULLY AT THE STUDENTS, MEROY; YOU MAY GAZE UPON SOME BUDDING EPAPDAY OR GALLEO.

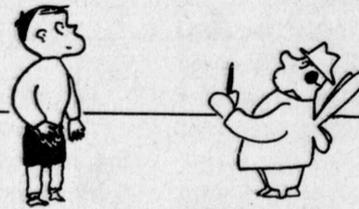
GOSH.



HERE, WILLIUGHBY, WE SEE WHERE SOME STUDENTS HAVE BEEN WORKING ON ADVANCED MATHEMATICAL THEORIES. THESE PROBLEMS DEAL WITH INVERSE HYPERBOLIC PERMUTATIONS, AS I RECALL FROM MY CHAT WITH DR. EINSTEIN. DELIGHTFUL FELLOW - A LITTLE ABSTRACT AND IMPRACTICAL THOUGH, WE DISCUSSED.....

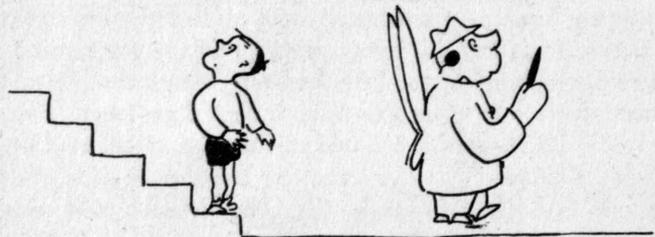
GOSH, MR. McNALLY, THESE LOOK SOMETHING LIKE THE PROBLEMS I DO, BUT THE ANSWERS ARE DIFFERENT.

$$8-8 = \ln \frac{1}{\cos^2 \theta + \sin^2 \theta}$$
$$2+2 = 4 \pm .1$$

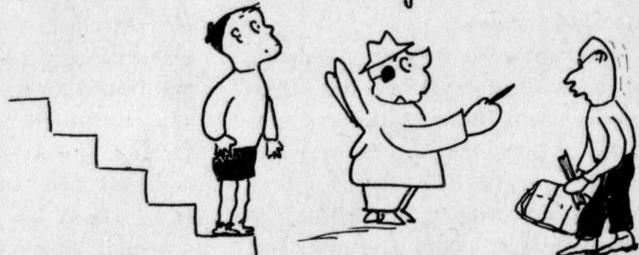


COME, MEROY, YOU MUST MEET THE BROWNIES. THOUGH THEY ARE MEMBERS OF THE POWDER AND STARCHING SOCIETY, I FIND THAT THEY SELDOM ATTEND THE MEETINGS BECAUSE THEY ARE TOO OCCUPIED WITH THEIR STUDIES AT MIT. THE BROWNIES HAVE AN EXCEEDINGLY IMPORTANT TASK HERE - RAISING THE SLIDING SCALE, IT IS CALLED.

HERE COMES ONE DOWN THE CORRIDOR NOW. I'LL HAVE HIM EXPLAIN TO YOU A FEW ELEMENTARY APPLICATIONS OF MAXWELL'S EQUATIONS.



WILLIUGHBY, THIS IS BURTON BROWNIE; BURTON, THIS IS WILLIUGHBY. I'M CLARIFYING A FEW SCIENTIFIC FACTS IN WILLIUGHBY'S MIND AND I'D LIKE YOU TO GIVE ME YOUR VALUABLE ASSISTANCE. IT'S NOT THAT I'M INCAPABLE OF TEACHING THE BOY, BUT, ON THE CONTRARY...



..... I FIND THAT MY PEDAGOGICAL TALENTS HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED SO TO PERFECTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE VERY LEARNED THAT I HAVE DIFFICULTY IN BRINGING MYSELF DOWN TO A LEVEL THAT.....

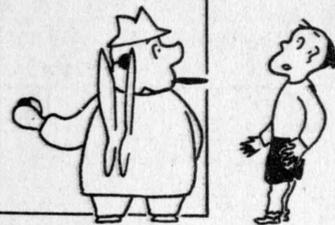
SAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'VE GOT TO STUDY.

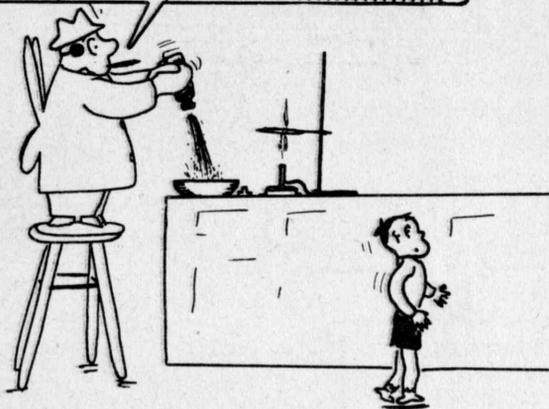


AH, A CHEMISTRY LABORATORY. A GLAMOROUS PLACE, M'BOY. MULTITUDINOUS ODORS STIMULATE THE OLFACTORY NERVES. WILD SPIRALS OF APPARATUS WITH COLORED GASES CREEPING THROUGH THEM FILL THE CLOISTER OF SOME QUIET GENIUS. REMINDS ME OF MY YOUNGER DAYS WHEN I USED TO DISCOVER A NEW ELEMENT MOST EVERY WEEK. LET'S WALK RIGHT IN..... IS ANYONE COMING?

CHEM. LAB.  
4-151  
KEEP OUT



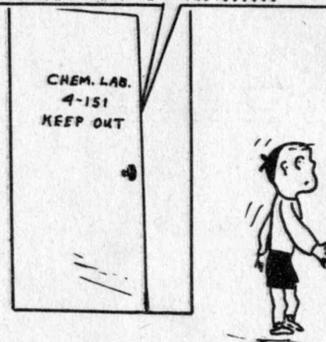
LET ME MAKE YOU SOME RAPE COMPOUND YOU CAN TAKE HOME TO YOUR PARENTS TO SHOW THEM YOU'VE BEEN AT TECH..... HERE, I'LL TAKE THIS  $KNO_3$  AND MIX IT THOROUGHLY WITH SILI FIB. AND POWDERED CHARCOAL. HMMMMMMMMMM, LET'S NOT BE PARSIMONIOUS WITH THE REAGENTS. AS MY FRIEND, PROF. DAVIS ALWAYS SAYS, "IF A LITTLE IS GOOD, A LOT SHOULD BE MUCH BETTER." NOW TO HEAT THE FUSION.....



SCIENCE IS WONDERFUL, WILLOUGHBY. IT HAS TRANSFORMED THIS UNINTERESTING ORB, OUR PLANET, INTO A PHANTASY OF IMPOSING STRUCTURES. IN THE FIELDS OF TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATION RELENTLESS PROGRESS GIVES US MORE INGENUOUS DEVICES EVERY DAY. YOUR WARY GODFATHER IS CONSIDERING INSTALLING RADAR IN HIS ROCKET TO FACILITATE NOCTURNAL FLIGHTS.

..... THIS MIXTURE IS COMING RIGHT ALONG. PERHAPS I SHOULD HEAT IT A LITTLE MORE INTENSIVELY.....

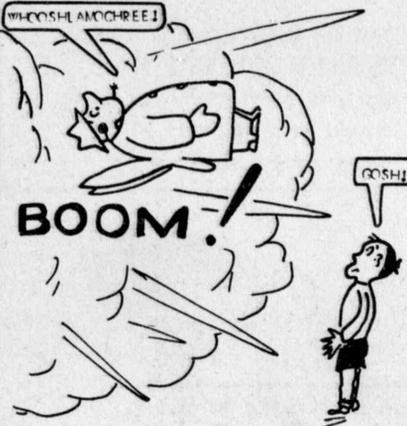
CHEM. LAB.  
4-151  
KEEP OUT



WIKOSH! AMCHREE!

BOOM!

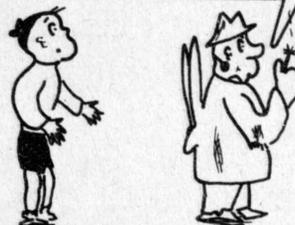
ROSH!



ARE YOU HURT, MR. MCNALLY?

NO, M'BOY. BUT I HAVE BEEN CALLOUSLY INSULTED. MY FINE HAVANA WAND HAS BEEN BROKEN AND I HAVE BEEN ABUSED. AS I SAID BEFORE, SCIENCE IS THE MOST DIABOLICAL OUTGROWTH OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND, AND ITS ONLY ACHIEVEMENT HAS BEEN TO CAUSE ARJECT MISERY IN THE WORLD.

LET US BE OFF TO SOME PLACE WHERE YOU CAN LEARN SOMETHING EDUCATIONAL AND PRACTICAL. WE SHALL GO TO THE WIDERER LIBRARY OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY..... OR... FR... LET'S SEE, I THINK WE CAN MAKE THE LAST SHOW AT THE OLD HOWARD.



— Little + Clayton —

PREP'N OF SOLUTION

P<sub>1</sub> — PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS — Estimate sex, age, size and shape.

REJECT

All male elements  
Harvard men

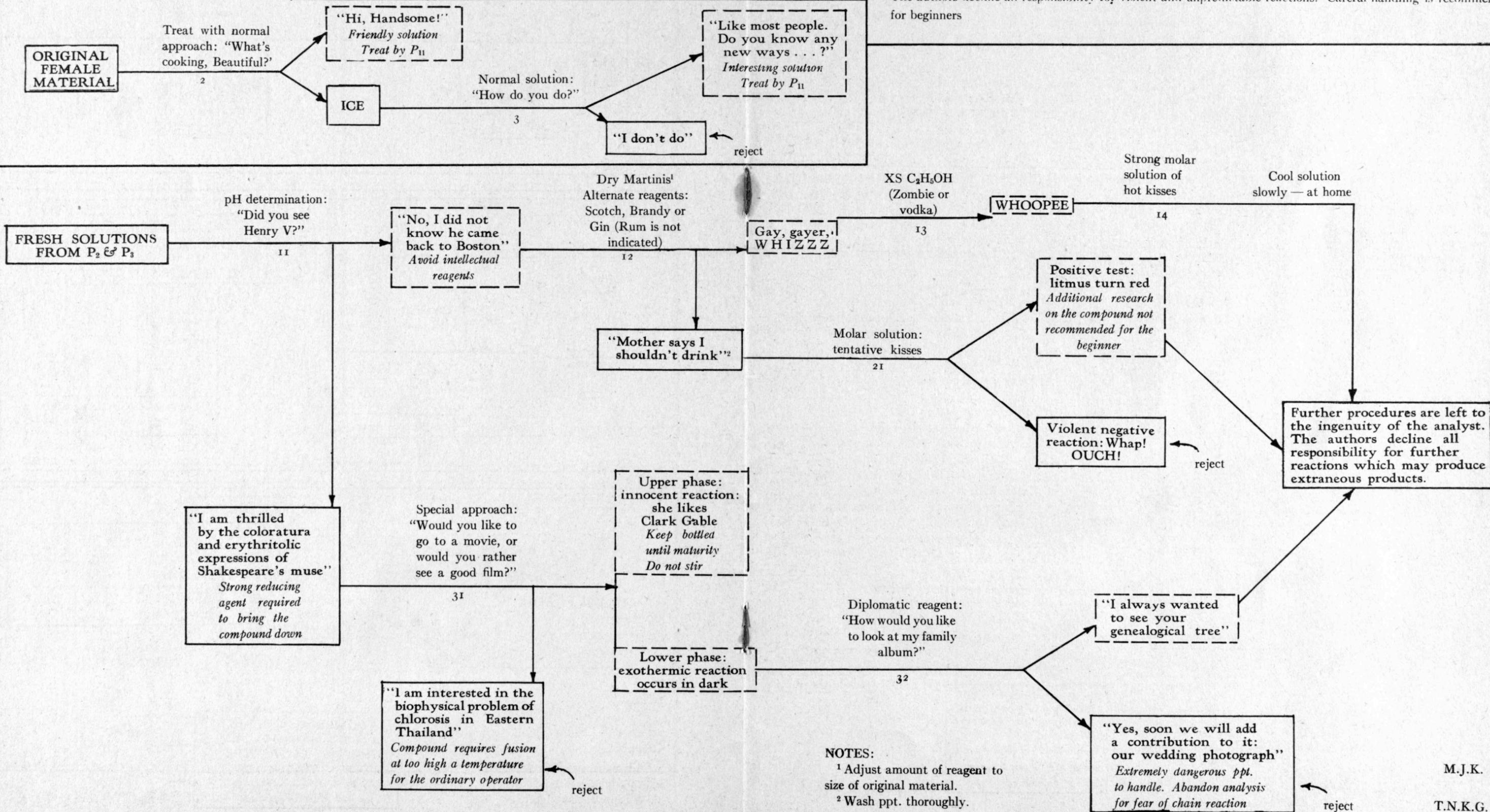
ANALYZE

Female material

16 < age < 45      5'0" < height < 5'10"  
80 < weight < 150      27 < hips < 40  
27 < bust < no limit      18 < waist < 35

QUALITATIVE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS  
GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF THE COMPLETE  
SCHEME FOR THE SEPARATION & IDENTIFICATION  
OF THE FEMALE ELEMENTS — Method of Noise and Stiff

The authors decline all responsibility for violent and unpredictable reactions. Careful handling is recommended for beginners

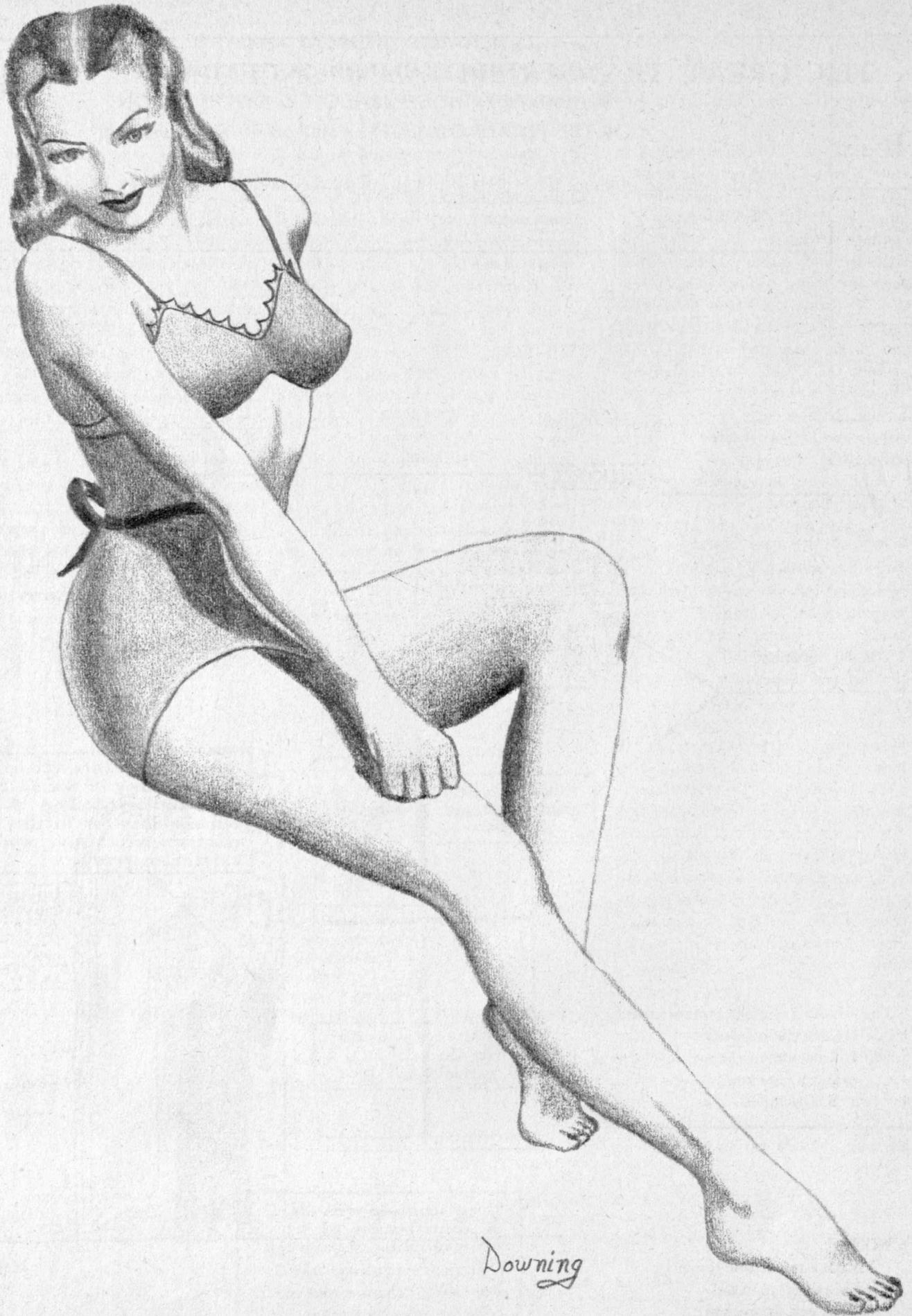


NOTES:

- <sup>1</sup> Adjust amount of reagent to size of original material.
- <sup>2</sup> Wash ppt. thoroughly.

M.J.K.

T.N.K.G.



Downing

## THE GREAT TRANSCRIBED ANNOUNCEMENT MYSTERY

**B**EING a devoted listener to the 9.20 club, I have become quite an authority on transcribed announcements. Of course, doing everything that the commercials suggest leaves me little time for any other activities, but there are many compensating pleasures. For instance; I have become an extremely good friend of Johnny Moth and hitting the happy medium is surprisingly enjoyable. Unfortunately, the medium, who has his office and seance chamber next door, is not as happy as he was before I started hitting him.

Until about six months ago announcements had been straightforward; they left me no alternative except to run to the nearest store and buy the product advertized or do something equally simple. One evening the melodious notes of a new announcement floated across the ether. I was dumbfounded. It was impossible for me to decipher the cryptic lyrics. What was I to do?

After spending many sleepless nights wondering what the commercial had meant, I decided to conduct a personal investigation to determine its meaning and origin. This investigation was far more difficult than I anticipated and for this reason was finished only recently. In order that the world might know the true significance of that now familiar announcement, I herewith publish the results of my investigation.

On August 22, 1919, a man named Tesan Tesan died of beri beri in the town of Wala Wala. He was seventy-seven years of age and was survived by two sets of twins. The beri beri was caused by Tesan himself because he insisted upon eating nothing but carbon paper.

Outside of his four children Tesan did not accomplish much of note during his lifetime. He had spent most

his time puttering around in the basement of his grocery store. It seems he was experimenting with a new soft drink which he expected would make them all millionaires. His original recipe called for ten parts of fizz water and three parts of a special syrup called Nupp. The resulting mixture did not taste right so he tried four parts of Nupp and still he failed to achieve the desired flavor. In desperation he tried five parts of Nupp, but it was worse than ever. For many years he forgot his project, but just before he died he had a dream in which he saw an enormous six. When he awoke he rushed to his laboratory and tried six Nupp . . . failure again. Soon afterwards he passed on without knowing how close he came to success.

The younger set of Tesan twins were completely different in temperament

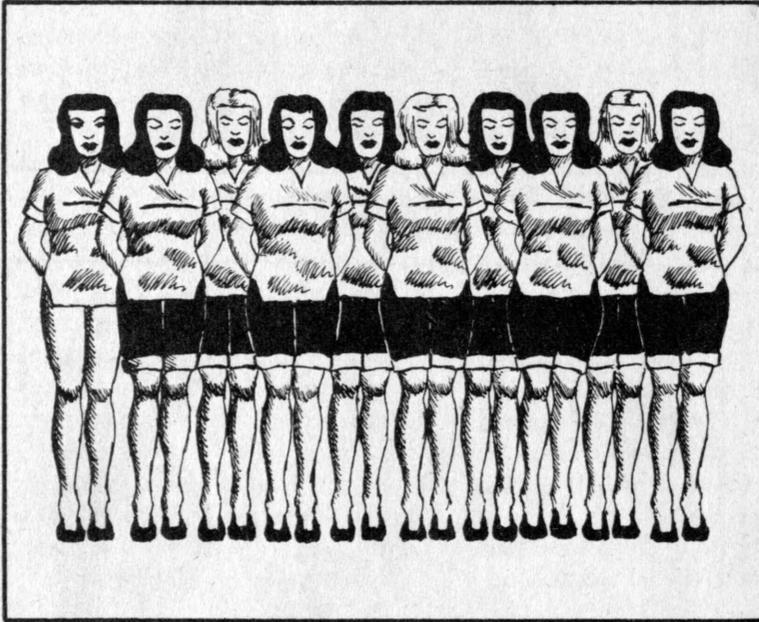
and physical appearance than the older set. They were poorly built, lacking in strength, and exceedingly underweight and it was to them that the elder Tesan willed his grocery store lock, stock and cracker barrel. This was an especially appropriate gesture considering that this younger set were the delicate Tesans.

Joe Tesan soon married and had two children, Anna and Abe, but Moe, the other delicate Tesan, remained a bachelor. It was the custom of Moe's girl friend to come around to the store just after closing time, help him sweep up, and then go to the back room with him where they would make beautiful music together. One evening Joe left his children, Anna and Abe, with Moe at the store. The kids behaved themselves for a time — just playfully throwing eggs

*Continued to page 29*



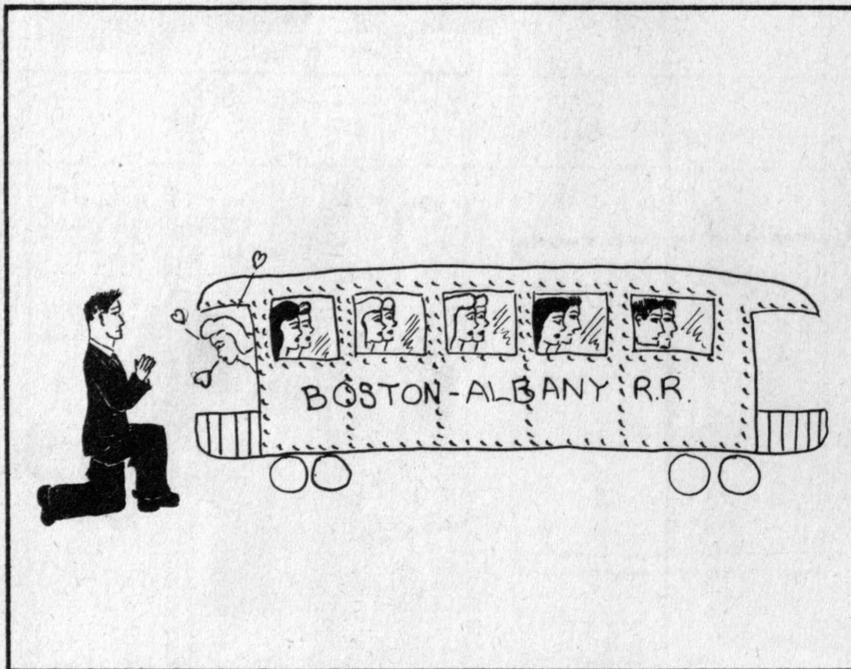
# TEN LITTLE WELLESLEY GIRLS



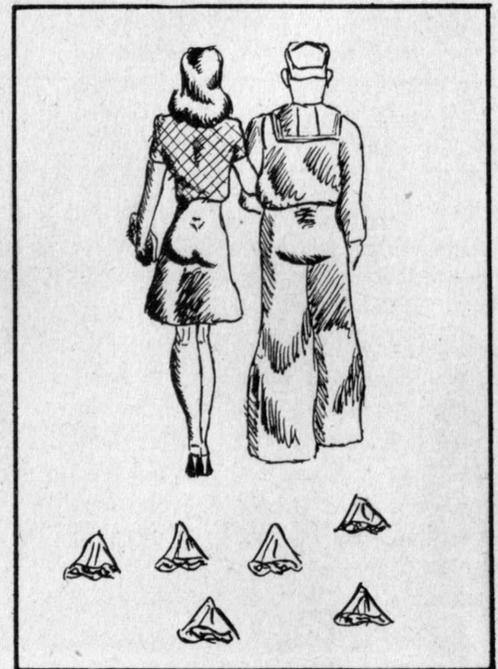
Ten little Wellesley girls, all in line  
One forgot her blue jeans, and then there were nine



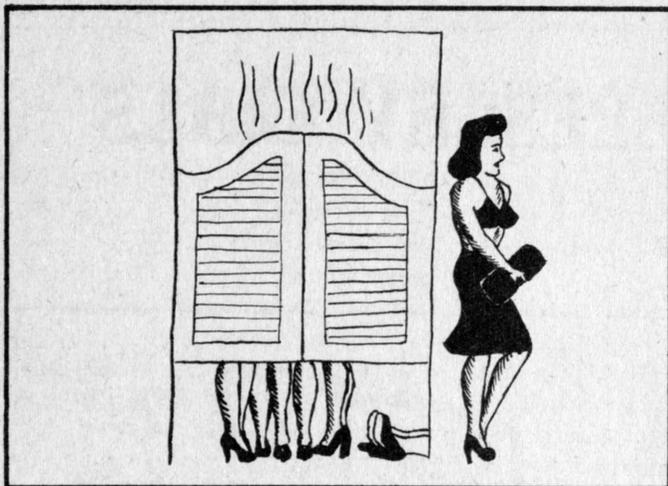
Nine little Wellesley girls, dressing for a date  
One "hadn't a thing to wear," and then there were eight



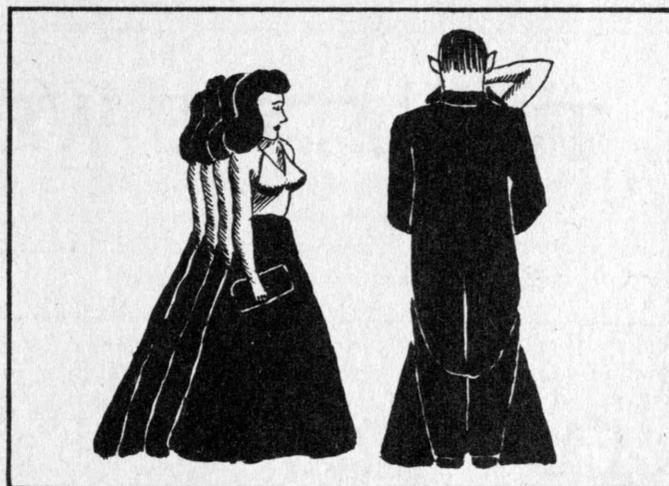
Eight little Wellesley girls, taking the 8:11  
One fell for the conductor, then there were seven



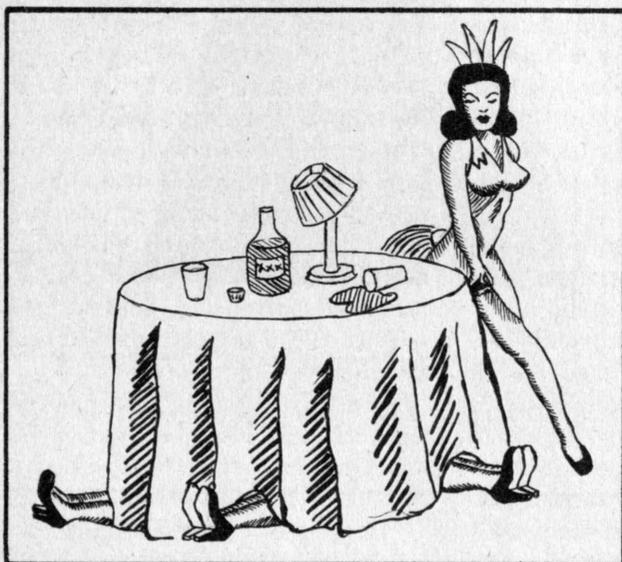
Seven little Wellesley girls using ancient tricks  
One picked up a sailor, then there were six



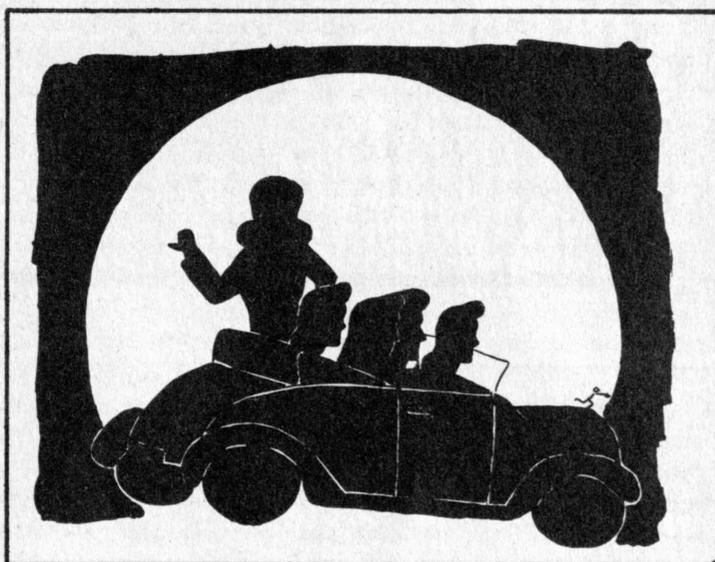
Six little Wellesley girls, gambling in a dive  
One lost her skirt, then there were five



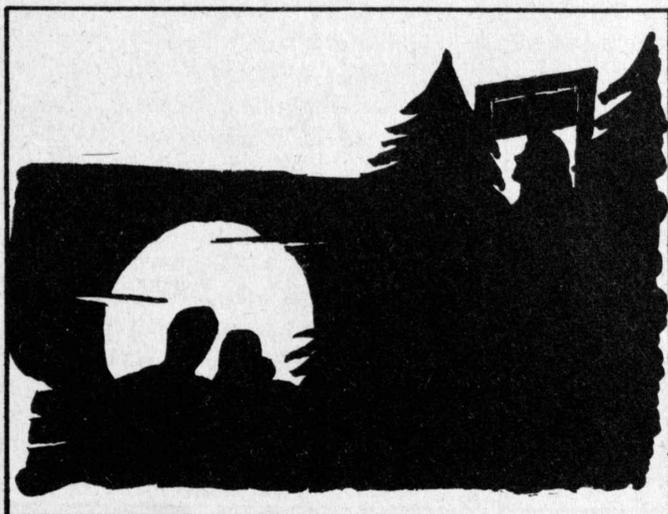
Five little Wellesley girls on the ballroom floor  
One found a Techman, then there were four



Four little Wellesley girls, out on a spree  
One took a steady job, then there were three



Three little Wellesley girls, who knew what to do  
One said "not so fast," then there were two



Two little Wellesley girls, wanted some fun  
One read Magoun's book, then there was one.



One little Wellesley girl kept on the run  
She caught the 11:50, then there was none.

# THE "SKIRTS=OPHRENIAC"

A PASSER-BY would have noted Robert Van Juan as a small, middle-aged man with blue eyes, black hair, and a crooked left eyebrow.

As we open our story, we find that particular person engaged in scratching his left shoulder and absently pressing the buttons which close the doors of the subway. His mind wasn't on his work as conductor, and never had been. As the train he was conducting pulled out of the station, he eyed a ravishing red-head on the platform. Sighing as the girl passed from view, he stepped back into the car and sat down. As he was wondering why girls with black hair aren't called "black-heads," a passenger across the aisle leaned his lumpy head towards Robert and inquired in a soupy voice whether the conductor would be so kind as to inform him of the proper way to get to Canarsie, please. Robert stared at the loathsome idiot who had dared interrupt his reverie. He said nothing, but merely wiggled his nose, which was long and strangely bumpy.

The passenger regarded this as an expression of contempt. He drew back wounded, and muttered something about never liking conductors, anyway, and he'd ask his neighbor instead, as of course any child would know the right way to Canarsie. He crossed his fleshy legs, and turned to

an aged woman on his left. As he did so, he noticed out of the corner of his eye that the conductor's nose was still wiggling.

At this point, he began to wonder whether the conductor was actually that malicious, or maybe his nose itched, perhaps. Loving humanity as he did, the passenger leaned over again to the suffering conductor, offering to scratch his nose for him. Robert leaped up, horrified. He covered his face quickly with his hands, and raced to open the doors, for the subway had by this time reached the next station. He adjusted his scalp (which had rather curiously moved itself slightly toward his right eye), scratched his left shoulder, and pressed the time-honored buttons . . .

At the end of the long, wearisome day in the subway, Robert Van Juan adjusted his right eyebrow, and would have left for home had he not spied a voluptuous blonde who gave him a voluptuous wink. He nonchalantly raced after her, and when about twenty feet away, he noticed that she had subtly dropped her handkerchief.

Unfortunately, another and more handsome man was approaching the blonde with a velocity proportional to the square of Robert's speed. However, the fates decreed that the handsome man would not see the handker-

chief. Indeed, he sped by that forlorn article and was about to make what amounted to a flying tackle of the girl, when Robert, abetted by adrenalin born of desperation, threw himself between the handsome and beautiful specimens, respectively, and looked the former squarely in the eye.

"How dare you not pick up the lady's handkerchief?" he roared. "It is a shame, an outrage, an execrable violation of chivalry!" Robert's eyes snapped, and his mouth frothed. His nose appeared as if it were about to melt as he stamped his foot in rage (which manœuvre suavely trampled the handkerchief under dispute into a bloody pulp). The handsome man quietly withdrew, abashed beyond all redemption. Robert turned upon his blonde prey, who had been thrilled as only a blonde can be at his display of masterful oratory. He smiled. She smiled. He linked his arm in hers, and the pair sauntered off. . . .

Three days later, a small, middle-aged man with blue eyes, black hair, and a crooked left eyebrow stood at the altar with his blonde bride-to-be.

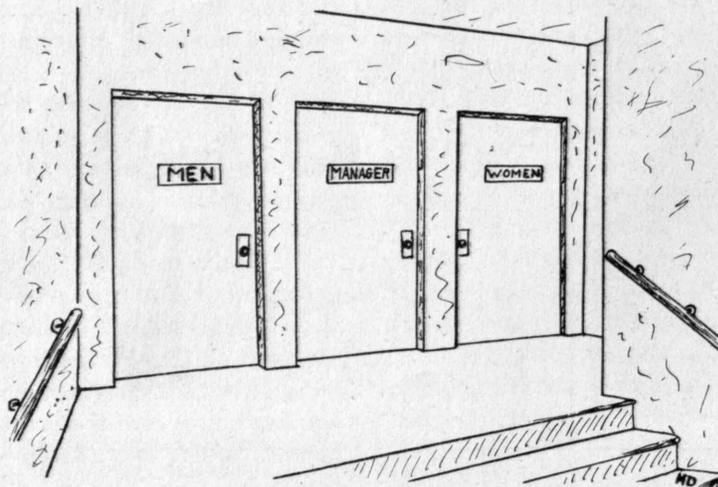
"Do you take this woman to be your awful wedded wife?" droned the minister, finishing off with a yawn that engulfed three mosquitoes and a bumble bee. The bridegroom scratched his left shoulder.

"I do," he said.

"Kiss the bride; two dollars, please," snapped the minister.

It was over. Robert Van Juan carried his blonde bride across the threshold of a waiting taxi-cab and they drove home.

Two weeks later, there appeared in the subway a young, blond man with a blond moustache and an elliptical dimple on his chin. He wore the uniform of a subway conductor, and so we must assume that he was a subway conductor. He looked sadly disillusioned, and would have been headed for an extremely sad day on the job had he not accidentally bumped into



"Don't mess with Mr. In-Between."

a pert brunette on purpose. This occurrence motivated the brunette to say, "Ouch." The conductor responded with a Southern bow of such immensity that it was possible to imagine without too much difficulty the snapping of a few vertebrae.

"I beg your pardon," he soothed. "It is indeed a boorish act that I have perpetrated. Allow me to rectify the evil by escorting you to -er-dinner tonight."

This was too fast for the brunette.

"Uh?" she mumbled intelligently. The conductor scratched his left shoulder and responded with a paternal smile.

"I shall meet you at the Humperdink Hotel ballroom at eight tonight. It has been so nice-er-meeting you here. Good-bye." He offered a hand-clasp and crushed her thumb and forefinger daintily. Then he wheeled around and vanished.

Later that afternoon another conductor said to the conductor we have already witnessed in action:

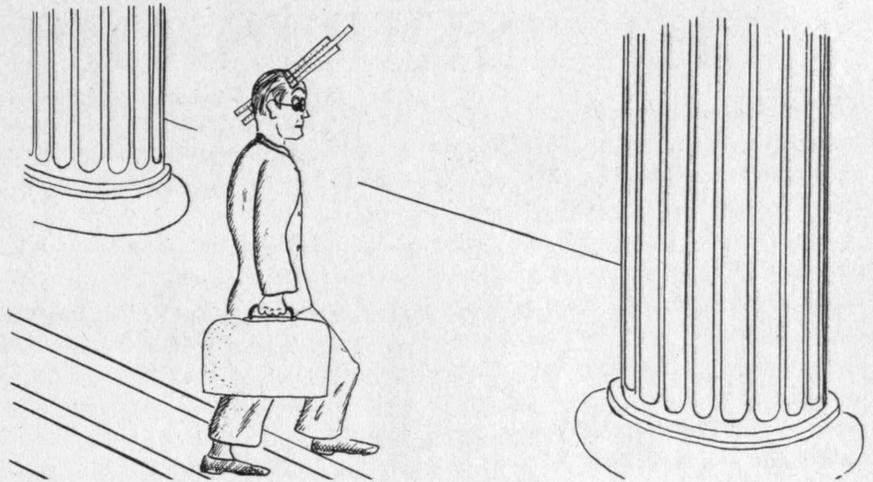
"Hey, youse! Where's Robert Van Juan today? And who are youse?"

His speech concluded, he seized a handkerchief from under his cap and blew up his nose. This action did not produce an answer from "youse"; rather it served to produce a grimace therefrom, which contorted the elliptical dimple until it was almost circular.

"I makes meself repetitious," roared the irate interrogator. "Where's Robert Van Juan today? And who are youse?"

The reply was slow in coming. "Er-my name is" (at this point a fit of coughing interrupted the conversation for thirty-three seconds). "Ah, yes! Pismo J. Crunch! And I have no knowledge whatsoever of Robert Van Juan."

This speech was emphatic, but the speaker looked rather uncomfortable, as if he didn't like his name very much. This dislike of his name was soon translated into dislike of his antagonist, who was engaged in glaring at him. Without any further ado, therefore, he sneezed cleverly in said



*"They say he does all his problems in his head."*

antagonist's face and swiftly floated away.

The air in the subway phone booth suddenly found itself partially displaced by a furtive figure who came zooming into the aperture. The figure scratched his left shoulder, dialed the operator, and barked, "Get me my wife!"

The operator was patient. "Yo-uh numbah plee-uhze."

The figure collected his wits. "Get me Buckminster 4-7447," he corrected.

The phone purred for a while, and then a honeyed female voice oozed out of the receiver.

"Hello. I'm sorry, but Mr. Van Juan is not home as yet."

"I know. It's me, dearest. Er-I-ahem-won't be home for dinner tonight-er-I'm working-mm-late." he coughed apologetically and swallowed as if his collar were too tight.

"Oh, that's fine," beamed the little woman. "I'm going to have a group of my old friends over tonight; and we're going to have a little game of mah-jongg. I'm sure it's quite all right if you come home as late as you please. I don't have anything ready to eat anyhow, except a little snack. Don't be too late, darling. Good-bye."

There was a click, and the figure in the phone booth more or less sighed his way out in relief. He mopped his brow, wrung out his handkerchief, and skipped off, whistling a merry tune.

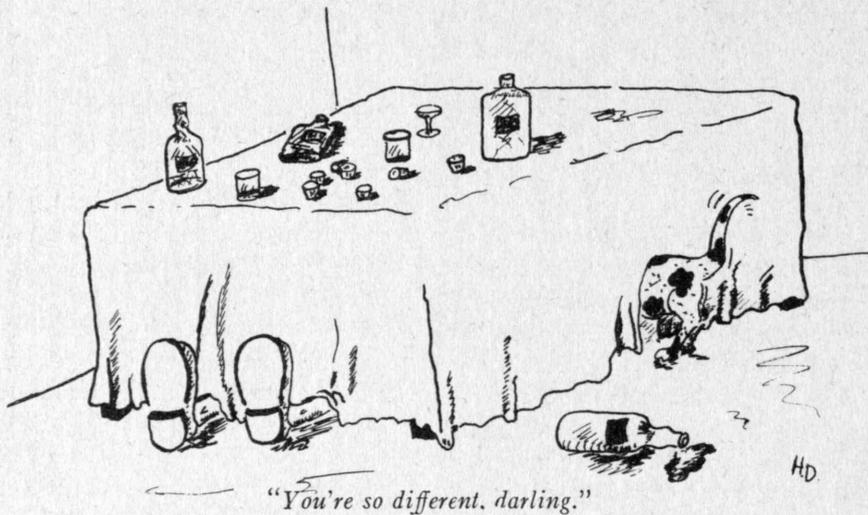
His mouth became almost as elliptical as the dimple on his chin. . . .

The Humperdink Hotel ballroom was filled to capacity. It was practically impossible to locate the person around whose waist one had one's arm, much less a pert brunette who might be anywhere in the massive hall. Nevertheless, the blond, dimpled man who had set out to achieve that end managed to do so by sheer force of elbow and eyesight. Although the brunette was glad to see her escort, she emitted a grimace as he slid into view. This was due solely to the fact that a large chap on her right was apparently endeavoring to jam his elbow down her ear, and when he found that entrance closed, he shifted to her eyeball. Notwithstanding, the brunette assumed the dancing position and the young blond with the elliptical dimple on his chin inserted himself in her arms.

Thus they danced away the night: rocking back and forth and shuffling their feet, with the handy excuse for their lack of locomotion in the crowded condition of the dance floor.

The clock hiccuped 3 a.m. The young blond man scratched his left shoulder and asked the brunette where she lived so that he might take her home. She became momentarily embarrassed, as a man is when he finds himself staring at a store-window dummy.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of putting



you to all that expense and trouble. I can get home alone."

He raised an eyebrow, and then let it fall, as though he could no longer support its weight. He turned on his faucet marked "Charm," but it was all in vain. She positively refused to be taken home. Bitterly disappointed, he kissed her good-night, and paddled slowly away, mumbling something about too much wine and uncoöperative women.

Upon arrival at the home of Robert Van Juan, our blond hero entered, fiddled with his face and hair, removed his shoes, and attempted to climb the stairs unheard. Unfortunately, he tripped over a table lamp which had slyly been placed in the middle of the stairway. An alarmed voice ricocheted downstairs.

"Who's there?"

"Mee-oww," came the reply.

That served to placate the alarmed wife for a while, but when the stealthy husband stubbed his toe on the landing and howled "Oww," the alarmed voice was heard once more:

"Who's there?"

The husband was hopping around in pain, and, doubtless through the dulling of his thought processes because of too much wine and uncoöperative women, he moaned, "Another cat." This proved his undoing.

"Oho, so it's you, you worm! Where have you been all this time?" Her words were like rolling pins.

He stood in the doorway, looking like a crumpled piece of paper. No sounds issued from his mouth.

"I know you!" she thundered. "Out God knows where doing God knows what with God knows whom —"

This nettled him. "Now, honey, don't make these unfounded insinuations —"

Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Thenceforth the battle raged in full fury. Finally, the husband found himself forced back by a cannonade of obscene oaths. He had no choice but to leave, and although he feigned indignation, he was such a lousy actor that one could almost imagine a little man with a bow-tie holding up a sign reading, "Indignation," for the benefit of the audience. . . .

Two days later, the pert brunette and the young, blond, mustachioed man were married. He went under an assumed name; that is, he assumed that no one would ever discover his real one. After the ceremony, the couple, due to the press of circumstances, went to live at the house of the groom's mother. . . .

Two weeks later, an old man with pointed teeth and pointed ears was noted to enter the subway. At least he would have entered the subway had not a pulchritudinous redhead wiggled by. The old man scratched his left shoulder, patted a bump on his right ear, and sidled towards the redhead. His face suddenly seemed

to express recognition (even though the old man was a lousy actor).

"Mflaa," he cried, throwing out his arms toward the girl. ("Mflaa" is an ingenious exclamation which could resemble any girl's name.) "It's been years since we've seen each other!" He confidently buried her tenderly in his arms. She stepped away with difficulty and surveyed her attacker with astonishment. His features were so nondescript that she deduced that it was entirely possible that she had known him at one time, but did not remember him clearly. She beamed dubiously.

"Why, hello, Blmeh, how *are* you?" ("Blmeh" is an ingenious exclamation which could resemble any man's name.)

"I'm fine," he cooed in a lathery voice. "Why don't we get together some time? Suppose you leave me your phone number, and I'll call you tonight." She complied readily, and he withdrew to assume his duties as a subway conductor. (For of course he was a subway conductor.) We shall not follow him through the noisy course of his day, but as dusk descended, the old man wended his way toward the home of Robert Van Juan. He stopped in front of the door, fiddled with his face and hair, and stepped slowly inside.

He was greeted by a tearful blonde. "Please forgive me, darling," she wailed, as she emulated the Johnstown flood. He acted harsh; but when she had accumulated a small puddle on the carpet, he became positively angered.

"Pah!! You—you fountain! What do I need with your slobberings? I have another sweetheart in a dry state!" With that he essayed a haughty exit, but instead tripped on his shoelace and went skidding down the front steps onto the lawn. Jumping up quickly, he raised his hands to his face; apparently everything was in good shape, for he bounced away, looking satisfied and quite younger.

The following day, a young, blond man with an elliptical dimple on his

chin rang the doorbell of his mother's home. (It was evident that he was prepared to see his mother. His expression seemed to say, "Yes, ma, you're getting thinner, that new hat you have is beautiful, and it hides all the gray hair you're never going to get.")

The maid answered the door and informed him that no one was in, but that a note reposed on the kitchen table. It was then only a matter of seconds before a trembling hand seized the note, which read:

"I am so sorry, dear, but I have fallen desperately in love with another man, and must leave you. Good-bye forever.

P.S. We can still be friends, can't we?"

There was no signature, but your guess and mine is that it was from the pert brunette to her husband.

Said husband now stormed out of the house in a towering rage, shrieking like a tropical monsoon. The maid was unfortunately not built like a cyclone cellar, and so she was flattened against the wall before the volcanic force which tore by. The door slammed explosively.

The maid brushed the ceiling plaster out of her hair, shrugged, and went about her work.

The next day the justice of the peace was aroused from a sound nap by a couple whose component parts were:

A. A pulchritudinous redhead.

B. An old man with pointed teeth and pointed ears.

They requested of the justice of the peace what one usually requests of a justice of the peace. He performed a machine-like ceremony, and ended with the staccato click: "Kiss the bride."

The old man gathered in the young woman. His lips, with an uncanny sense of direction, found hers. As they kissed, there was a smearing of putty, and a change as good as any plastic surgeon could produce resulted, for two noses underwent complete metamorphosis. Immediately

the two parties involved reached out and discovered an abundance of facial make-up on each other. It shortly became evident that the two people were none other than the pert brunette and the man with the elliptical dimple.

Bewildered, the justice of the peace fled to a mirror and consulted the same to see whether part of his face had gone, too. Returning to the scene of the facial strip-tease, he discovered that both strippers had gone.

The male half of the disguise-packed drama fairly ran towards the home of Robert Van Juan with the awful realization in his brain that his second and third wives were one and the same. His speed increased as the cube of the realization that the brunette was following him. He slid into an alley alongside his house to put on the blue-eyed, black-haired, crooked left eyebrow disguise, but he almost swallowed his moustache when he saw the brunette walk up to his house, withdraw a key from her pocketbook, and nonchalantly walk in.

As if treading on a bed of nails, he cautiously tip-toed up to the door and rang the bell. His first wife answered the door, and her joy at seeing him made itself felt in the form of vigorous embraces.

He wheezed feebly, "Where's the brunette I just saw walk in here?"

She ignored the question and

dragged him over to the love seat where she applied herself to stroking his hair. Somebody should have warned her against doing that, for the hair lost no time in becoming a deposed toupee.

A heart-rending cry seemed to leap out of the top of her head. She keeled over in a magnificently Victorian swoon.

Unaccustomed as our hero was to bringing ladies out of Victorian swoons, he rushed to the kitchen and returned with a glassful of cold water. One application of the stuff was enough to do the trick. The lady returned to her senses, such as they were, and commenced babbling like a Voder gone berserk.

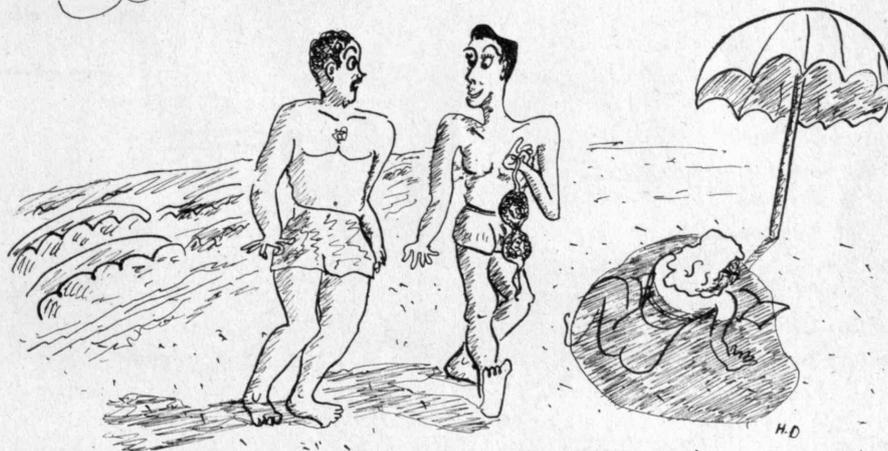
"Eek," she rambled. "All three of you are only one of you. You're three people! I'm having mirages! Help!" She threw her head back in agony, and a blonde wig detached itself from her cranial regions.

He gaped. "Gosh! All three of you are alike, too!"

They stared at each other, until suddenly they realized how ludicrous it all was. Rippling with laughter, they melted into each other's arms and lived happily ever after.

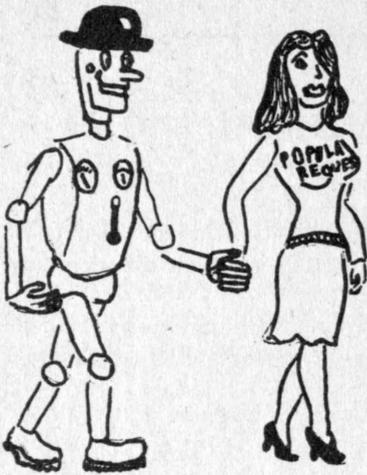
Moral: Never marry a woman in disguise. She may be someone you already know.

R. A.



"Oh, we'll have no trouble recognizing her."

# SIGMUND



*This is Sigmund  
He is being brought back  
By Popular Request*



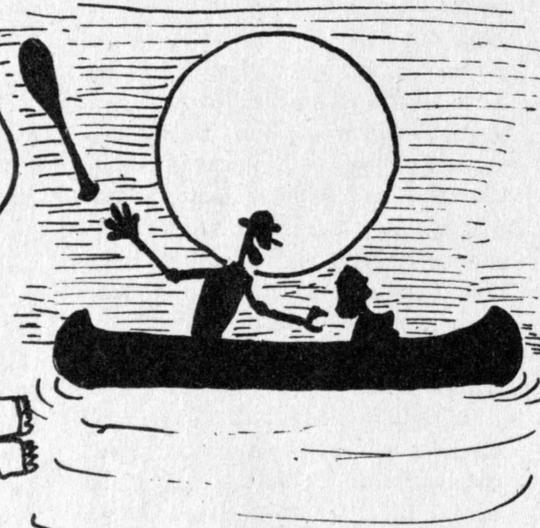
*Sigmund is on his vacation  
He is a counsellor at a girl's camp  
Sigmund is popular. He is sexy.*



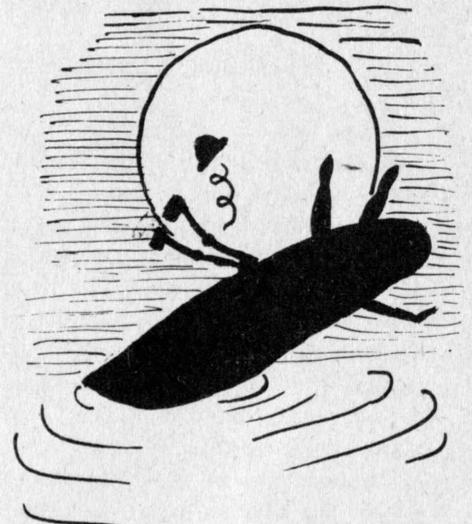
*This is Tassels.  
She is on her vacation, too!  
She doesn't give a damn.*



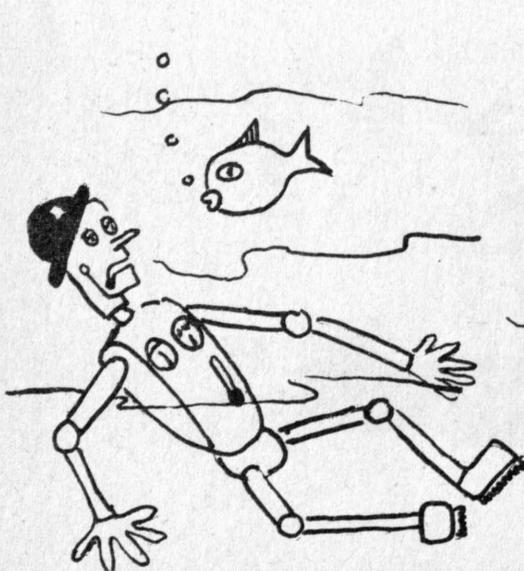
*Sigmund dreams of Tassels.  
His vacuum tubes are no longer quiescent.*



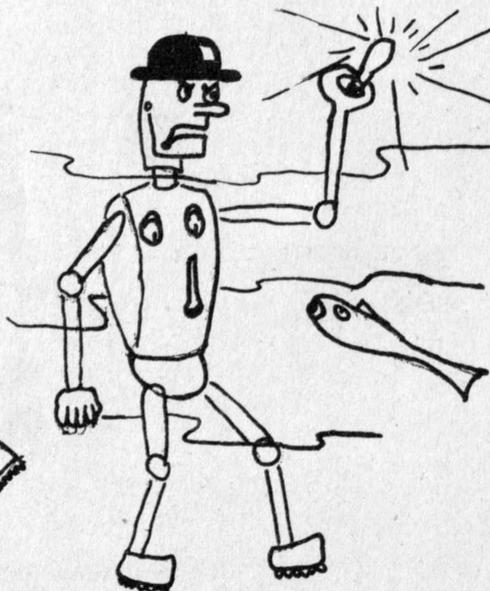
*He will lure her into a canoe.  
There he thinks lots of things will happen.*



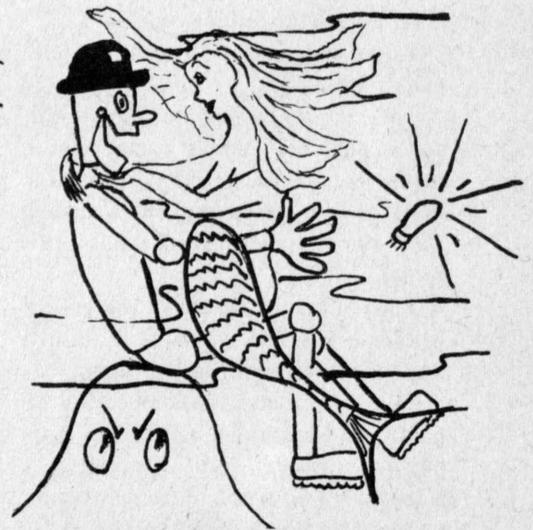
*Sigmund has been too rash.  
The canoe is tipping over  
And Sigmund is falling in.*



*Sigmund is sunk  
His specific gravity is 6.74  
That's junk, son.*



*Sigmund will take a walk  
Lo! Wondrous Sigmund!  
His vacuum tubes light the way.*



*Sigmund has found a companion  
This is Minnie the Mermaid  
To hell with the counsellor's job.*

## PROFESSOR MEPHISTO AND THE CYLINDRICAL ACID

**Y**OU may not believe it, but I had the strangest experience last night. Pull up a sliderule while I hit the highlights.

After having finished a repast of what seemed to me to be 36 N vodka and a few durians, I went out for a walk in the darkness (Stygian, of course) as is my usual custom. While gazing absently at the sky, I suddenly discovered that the third star in the constellation of Orion was seemingly of a magnitude of one less than usual. While looking intently at this phenomenon, I tripped over a rock and fell headlong into a gaping hole in the ground.

When the little stars stopped buzzing around in my head, I opened my eyes. Then I was sorry. The gruesome visage of the dreaded Professor Mephisto met my gaze.

He dropped the human ear he had in his hand and came towards me chuckling. "He, he, he, young man, I have been looking forward to having someone from the outer world drop in on me, but I never expected it be at such an opportune time. He, he, he, before I mercifully put an end to you, I will show you my latest experiment."

As I sank terrified into a chair, his gnarled hand snatched a long black bull-whip from its bracket on the wall. Giving it a crack which set up sympathetic vibrations in my skull, he grinned and stepped back. Shortly, a door opened and with a lagging step and frightened look, in walked the most gorgeous, beautiful, shapely, and voluptuous lass I have ever seen. She was his lab assistant. (This is why so many students take up chemistry.)

The prof. chortled, "Rose, you have outlived your usefulness. You and this young fellow will provide a good testing ground for my universal solvent. Ahhhhhh..." Mistaking my profound look of horror for purely aca-

demic interest, his eyes gleamed while he drooled, "I, Mephisto, have come almost to success in my search for a universal solvent. I have been successful so far in finding a solvent which will eat cylindrical holes thru anything! Anything! But cylindrical holes are not enough, I must have a spherical solvent, if I am to be successful in my goal of destroying the world!"

Explaining how he thought that he now had a solvent to dissolve a spherical hole, he deftly clamped handcuffs on his lab assistant and threw the key down the drain pipe. Screaming with fiendish glee he grabbed two bottles, one containing a green, viscous fluid, and the other, a clear pungent liquid. I gathered that the solvent was produced by mixing the liquids.

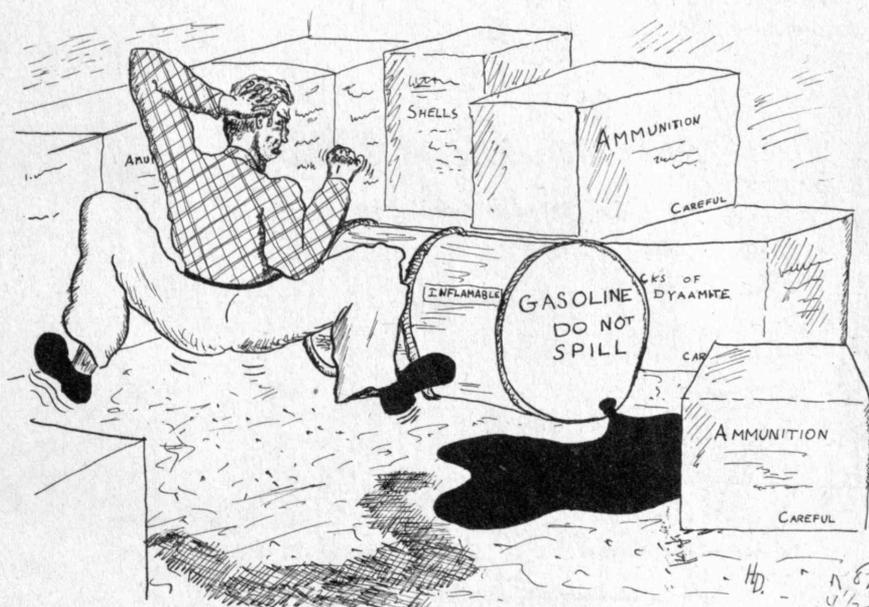
He advanced towards Rose with the concoctions ready to mix and beckoning me that I was to be next. Are Rose, chivalry, and myself to die at the hands of this arch-fiend? Hell no! Tossing a skull over into the far corner of the room, I grabbed one of the numerous fencing swords off of

the wall and handed the professor another one (I had seen this done in the movies).

With a contemptuous sneer, he set both the bottles on the floor and advanced towards me. While I was trying to figure out which end of the sword to grasp, the prof. raised his arm and... swish! Oh well, I needed a haircut anyway. Things were getting bad, till the prof., preparing for a magnificent *coup de grace*, unintentionally knocked the two bottles of liquid together. There was a rush of air, a cloud of purple smoke, and a neat cylindrical hole appeared in the floor, as the acid rapidly dissolved a hole through the earth. He had not perfected the spherical solvent! Pushing the bewildered fiend into the bottomless pit, I managed to work a spare manhole cover over the opening. Then everything went black.

Rose and I are now living "peacefully" together and, as any 8.02 student will tell you, Professor Mephisto is still executing simple harmonic motion between Cambridge and China.

— P. C., J. L.



"Why be irritated, light an Old Gold."

A British sailor dancing with a young thing in a very low-cut gown at the Canteen Dance, blurted out politely, "Beg pardon, Miss — is the V for Victory?"

That's right," she said sweetly. "But the bundles are not for Britain."



The apple of the average man's eye is usually the little peach with the prettiest pear.

— *Technolog.*



"Well, I certainly made a good impression on her," said the cane-bottomed chair as the artist's model arose.

"Aren't you getting tired of this bachelor life, Bill?"

"Certainly not. What was good enough for my father is good enough for me."



Appearances are deceiving — many a girl who puts up a swell front in society is flat busted at home.



She: "Do you think you're Santa Claus?"

He: "No; why?"

She: "Then leave my stockings alone."

— *Jester.*

This is the way they do the hula in Wahoo: First they put on a crop of grass. Then they rotate crops.

— *Rebel.*



He whispered sweet nothings in her ears,

As they sat secluded, these two; And he murmured: "I feel like I've known you for years "

And she answers: "You certainly do!"

— *The Log.*



She was only a stage manager's daughter, but she had the loveliest props.

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Paul Brown  
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NOW IN THE SECOND QUARTER OF OUR SECOND  
CENTURY, 1818-1946  
AS CIVILIAN, MILITARY AND SPORTING OUTFITTERS

*Continued from page 19*

at the customers. But when they started throwing tomatoes with the cans around them at Moe's girl friend, he became furious and locked the little trouble-makers up in the meat cooler.

Hours later when Moe came out of the back room he remembered Anna and Abe in the cooler. He ran to the door, and swung it open. Their little bodies were lying on the cooler floor frozen to a royal blue. Naturally, Moe was overcome with grief for having brought about the death of his brother's children. In order that no one else would make the same mistake that he had, he decided to spare no expense in letting the world know the lesson he had learned so forcibly.

And that is why you hear this message so often on the radio: "You should never put Abe an' Anna in the refrigerator, no, no, no, no!"

— J. R. C.

Marriage is like a bath — by the time you get used to it, it's not so hot.



Medical Officer: "How is that private who swallowed the half dollar?"

Nurse: "No change yet, sir."

— *The Wellfarer.*



American jeep drivers in some English town have noted road sign warnings which read — "Drive Carefully: Remember, the child playing in the road may be yours."



Harry: "Do you believe in free love?"

Lois: "Well, I haven't sent you a bill, have I?"

Making love is like making pie. All you need is crust and a lot of apple sauce.



"Hello, is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I want to arrange to have my husband's fidelity insured"



She was only a printer's daughter, but I sure liked her type.



"Honey," she asked, "you don't mind if I wear serge instead of silk, do you?"

"No, darling," he answered, "I'll love you through thick or thin."

Your **RED CROSS**  
must carry on!



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



We wouldn't say that Susie ain't bright, but until she got her job in the bank she thought assets were little donkeys.



Waitress! What's wrong with these eggs?

Sorry, I only laid the table.



It was one of those Monday mornings, when the events of the previous weekend began to take form that is most noticeable by a pounding headache, that this Freshman friend of ours ordered an egg in-one of the campus dineries. On her way to the table the waitress dropped the egg and in alarm cried out:

"Oh, what shall I do?"

"Cackle like hell," advised our friend, raising from his semi-stupor, "You'll have one hell-uva time doing it again."

—Rice Owl.



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**HOTEL**  
BEACON ST. AT KENMORE SQ. - BOSTON

She sat on the bridge in the moonlight  
And tickled his face with her toes,  
For she was a lovely mosquito,  
And the bridge was the bridge of his nose.

"Daddy, how do minks get babes?"  
 "The same way babes get minks."



A rhumba is an asset to music.



Guests at a New York dinner party were invited to come dressed to represent the title of some famous book. An elderly lady was unanimously awarded first prize when she appeared with a large picture of the Dionne quintuplets pinned across her gown. She represented Sinclair Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here."

— *Chapric.*



Two burly cannibals caught a beautiful young girl and brought her before their chief. He casually looked over the girl, yawned, and said: "I believe I'll have breakfast in bed this morning."

— *Columns.*



Alice: "What's your father's occupation, Bill?"

Bill: "My father's a cop, but I'm no flop."

Alice: "Well, my father's a baker, but I'm no Quaker."

Fred: "Huh! My father's a chauffeur, but I'm no loafer."

Helen: "Er, ah, my father's a surgeon."



Served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons;  
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"How'd you get along with your wife in that fight the other night?"

"Why she came crawling to me on her knees."

"Yeah, what did she say?"

"Come out from under that bed, you worm."

— *Widow.*

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"Let's go bowling!"

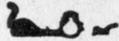
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His arms have been around more  
curves than a bathtowel in a sorority  
house.



Private: "Who introduced you to  
your wife?"

Sergeant: "We just met. I don't  
blame nobody."



Life is hardly fair to the male.  
When we're born our mothers get the  
compliments and flowers. When we're  
married our brides get the presents.  
And when we die, our wives get the  
insurance.

# DAVID CASSO

## TECH STUDENT TAILOR CLEANING—PRESSING

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The growing scarcity of men in  
the states is making a lot of girls  
good and lonely.

— Scuttlebutt.



A German came up to an American  
soldier who knew no German and  
began gibbering in his ear so that it  
sounded something like:

"Das Hutenden is Verspeuten-  
deuten allgemein Eisenbahn verspal-  
nichten. . . ."

The American tried to humor him.  
"Oh, really?"

"Nein," the German answered,  
"O'Reilly."



Campus Cop: "Are you going to  
kiss that girl?"

V-12: ". . . aaah, no sir!"

Cop: "Hold my flashlight."

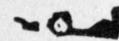


A night in June, a silvery moon:

A kiss, a glance that wins;

A question shy, an answer spry

And then the fight begins.



With all the formals coming up, an  
appropriate question:

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Orchids are ten bucks

Would dandelions do?

A woman went into a drug store and asked, "Have you any Lifebuoy?"

The young man's reply: "Just set the pace, lady."

— *Wet Hen.*



She started to speak, my captured heart warmed,

For her voice was like thrushes that chirp,

So I breathlessly waited as her pearly lips formed —

A good, healthy, old-fashioned burp.



I shot an arrow in the air, and got Pop right in the underwear. (That's what he gets for not keeping his trap shut.)



Have you heard the one about the girl who was pressed for money by her boyfriend?



Then there's the sailor who treated all his girls with wine. He wanted a little port in every sweetheart.



We editors may dig and toil  
Till our fingers are sore,  
But some poor fish is sure to say  
I've heard that joke before.

## CHARLIE THE TECH TAILOR

AMES STREET

OPPOSITE DORMS

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for cleaning and pressing uniforms  
a specialty!*

Walking with a friend one day, a Professor passed a large fish shop where a fine catch of codfish with mouths open and eyes staring were arranged in a row. The prof suddenly stopped, looked at them, and clutching his friend by the arm, exclaimed: "Heavens! That reminds me — I have a class in EE this hour."

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