

V O O D O O O



RITA HAYWORTH
Columbia Pictures Star
with her own Chesterfield
vanity-cigarette case



IN MY CASE

It's
Chesterfield

In mine too say millions of satisfied smokers... for a *Milder* and *decidedly Better-Tasting* cigarette, one that's *Cooler-Smoking*, you just naturally pick Chesterfield.

And of course the big thing in Chesterfield that is giving everybody so much more smoking pleasure is its Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos... for regardless of price there is no better cigarette made today.

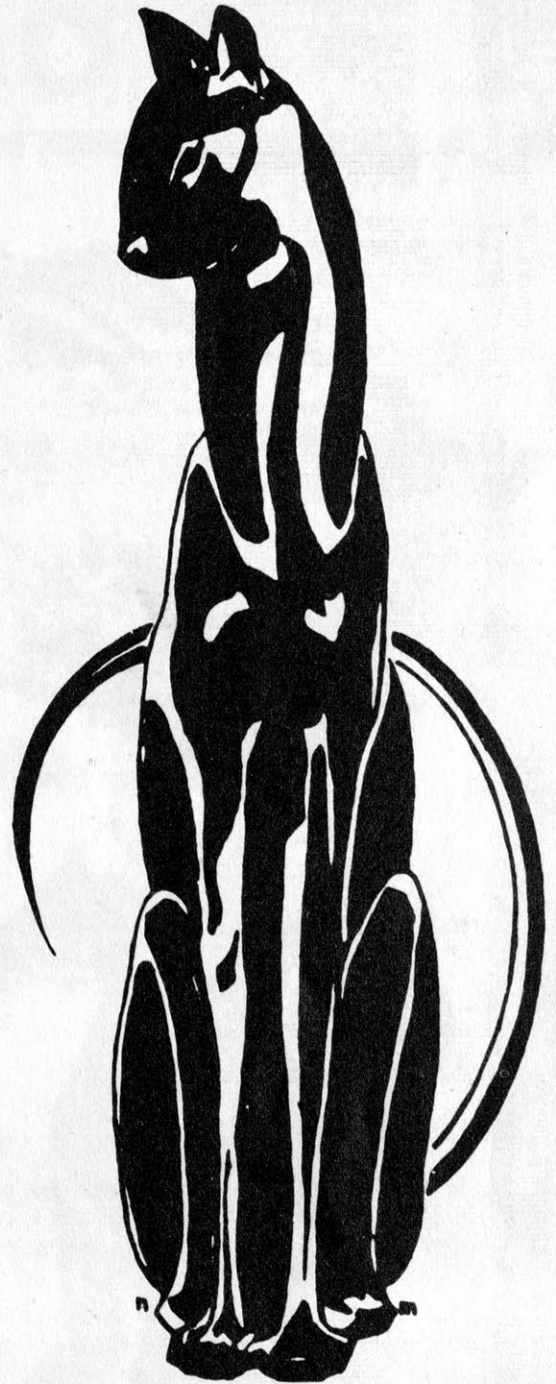
MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELDS... and enjoy 'em *They Satisfy*

Voo Doo

MAY, 1942

CONTENTS

VOODOOINGS	4
DOROTHY McGUIRE	6
MOUSEHOLE	7
SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH	8
KEEPING COOL IN SUMMER SESSION	11
TEN LITTLE HARVARD MEN	12
GENERAL ORDERS FOR WAITERS	14
LULU	16



Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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

Published monthly from October to May
Subscription \$2.00 per year
Office hours: 1 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 XXV

MAY, 1942

No. 4

Copyright, 1942, by the Woop Garoo Society

M. I. T. VOO DOO

MANAGING BOARD

ROBERT A. METZGER '43
General Manager

S. JAMES SPITZ '43
Managing Editor

EDMUND R. SWANBERG '43
Business Manager

LITERARY BOARD

CHARLES G. STEMPFF '43
Literary Editor
ARTHUR DERSHOWITZ '44
MORTIMER MEYER '44
Associate Literary Editors
J. D. WARD '45
Make-Up Editor

ART BOARD

SETH E. BRANSBY '44
Art Editor
ARTHUR PETERSON '44
SPIRO PANTAZI '45
Associate Art Editors

BUSINESS BOARD

GERALD DENNEHY '44
Treasurer
CARL RODEN, JR. '44
Circulation Manager
DOUGLAS ROOT '44
Junior Advertising Manager
LEWIS TYREE '44
Publicity Manager
ROBERT RORSCHACH '43
Office Manager
DE LOSS KAHL '44
HERMAN HARJES '44
Personnel Managers

STAFF MEMBERS

LITERARY ASSOCIATES

GEORGE SHERMAN '45
BILL KATZ '45
FRANK BREWSTER '45
JACK URETSKY '45
TOM JACKSON '45
FRED SYLVANDER '45
JACK WILSON '45
DONALD NELSON '45
RICHARD MELA '45
ROBERT KNODEL '45

ART ASSOCIATES

EUGENE EISENBERG '43
RICHARD FEINGOLD '43
ROBERT RUMSEY '43
JOHN WARD '43
ROBERT MILLET '45
ROBERT HAHN '45
THOR K. STORMSTED '45
WILLIAM LUSTBERG '45
CARL KLUG '45
F. MAX GRIFFITH '44

BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

KENNETH SCHEID '45
SCOTT HOEHN '45
THOMAS COOPER '45
JOHN FRIEZE '45
RICHARD HINCHCLIFF '45
ROBERT LYON '45
BUD AMES '45
TED HOGG '45
FRED FABER '45
WALTER SWAIN, '44

EDITS

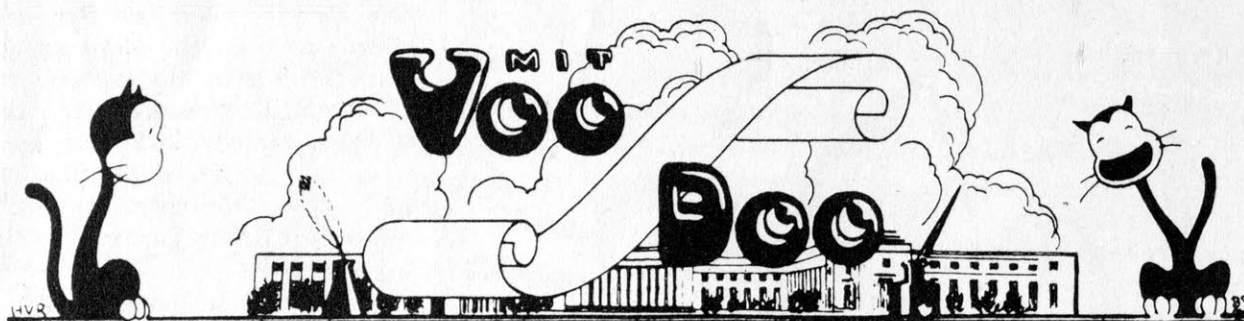
HAIL AND FAREWELL

With this issue VOO DOO says goodbye for three months. The end of the term is nearing, exams are only three days off, and it's pretty near time for the old cat to steal away for a short rest. The twenty-fifth volume of VOO DOO is now four issues old, and from all appearances, you've liked these four issues. This may not be the time to give ourselves a pat on the back, but we're pretty pleased with the reception you've given the magazine during the last few months. Back in February we promised you a new magazine, — a magazine which contained a lot of cartoons, a lot of jokes, a minimum of long written material, and a lot of names. The issues which followed were patterned as much along these lines as we could make them. But, there is great deal more to come.

In line with the preceding, this seems the best time to make an announcement of importance concerning the future of VOO DOO. Early in October a new issue of VOO DOO will be placed on the stands

for your approval. This new issue will break a tradition of twenty-five years of publishing the magazine — for we propose to give you what will be for all intents and purposes a new and different magazine. The same VOO DOO flavor which has been built up over the years will be retained, but the face and style will be completely changed. Unlike our newspaper friends down the hall, VOO DOO will not attempt to put out any summer issues of the publication. Instead the time will be used to produce a magazine which will be virtually unrecognizable to past readers of VOO DOO. The changes involved will be concerned with the face, form, quality, and content of the magazine, and the result should be a completely new VOO DOO, a VOO DOO which is more thorough, more finished, and more satisfactory to all concerned. The success of recent issues has only strengthened our desire to give you the magazine you want. The October issue of VOO DOO will show the results of this desire.





Voodooings . . .

HANGOVER

Among the several picnic parties held the day before the recent Inter-Fraternity Track Meet, the D. U. brawl at Ipswich was evidently one of the merriest. We gather this from two very significant incidents. It so happened that we were just over the dune at Ipswich on the same Saturday, having a quiet little time of our own, and the few glimpses we got of our raucous neighbors diving over sand cliffs, surf-bathing in their very fine beer suits, and playing last-tag with empty bumpers were very convincing. The very next morning, in the midst of the track meet, the same well-conditioned group of fellows were hot after a first place in the potato race, and in order to do this they had to get eight potatoes, scattered from ten to forty yards out, back into one can before anyone else could do it. They romped off with the race, dumped out a can of eight before the rest of the field finished. In the course of social or brotherly events, however, they managed to fill the can with eight and leave one out on the field, and Oscar didn't like that. It is quite some hangover that can render a Tech man incapable of adding up to eight.

STRONG BASE

We are really getting quite ashamed of ourselves about this business of having to quote dear old Professor Davis in every issue of VOO DOO. It seems to us that some other teacher around the place should be able to come out with something funny once in a while, but our experience hasn't shown that to be true. Anyway, here is the latest one to come from the sage lips of old Artie. A short time ago, in a lecture about magnesium, he came out with some astronomical figure representing the country's annual consumption of magnesium hydroxide (which, we have been informed by our Course V freshman, is better known as milk of magnesia). "Imagine!" said Davis. "That is nearly one pint for every family. I wonder if everyone gets his or whether someone has to double up." This concludes the Davis string for the year.



NATIONAL DEFENSE

Summer hit the Military Science Department with a loud report of a cannon (or perhaps the sound of a bass drum) during the past week. The long lines of sweating, khaki clad freshmen were ample proof of this fact. The customary parades were run off three times a week with great joy to everyone but the laboring participants. The usual blunders were made by the new cadet officers who insist in ordering the men about with that great gusto which so becomes the military spirit. We recently overheard an enlightening debate concerning the situation by some of these officers, and the results of this discussion are of such an intellectual magnitude that we feel they should be made public. It seems that Technology freshmen lack the proper Prussian spirit. We can easily see how this is true, because of the dead-pan expressions on the rank and file. Another point is that these freshmen don't want to acquire the said Prussian spirit which seems so necessary to these passionately military gentlemen. All sorts of suggestions were made ranging from horse-whip discipline to "German Strength Through Joy" units. We feel that the solution in a

nutshell is an R.O.T.C. beer party at the end of each drill period. Such an effort would certainly teach the innocent frosh some old military tricks and be of infinite joy to all members of the department.

THREE BRASS BALLS

In spite of the fact that many business concerns are closing down because of the nation's defense effort, it does our hearts good to see new starts being made by some energetic groups. The appearance of three beautiful brass balls on the front of the Phi Gam house one morning led to much speculation on the new house policy of this stable old group. We realize that conditions are bad, but we feel that the Phi Gams are trying to keep the wolf from the door by the wrong methods. Such a large house could doubtless be turned into an excellent hotel without so much external display.

Rumor would have it that this house has some very sharp freshmen photographers (*The Tech* take notice). At the recent Cowboy party given by this house, one gay ranch hand was rambling on about some fascinating surprise snaps taken of some sun bathing beauties that reside a few roofs over from the bunk house. Such goings-on as these lead us to shake our heads and check the whole proceedings off as a result of inevitable war hysteria.

TAILORING JOB

And it seems that Radcliffe girls are becoming more co-opera-

tive. At a recent debate with an M.I.T. squad, a Radcliffe kitten was being questioned about some arguments she had made. And with typical feminine straightforwardness, she was going way, way off the issue. The Tech questioner becoming impatient, an immediate answer to the question asked was demanded. Returned the Radcliffe darling, "I don't mind being pressed."

CANDY

You can say what you want about fraternities, but for outright diabolical genius we'll take the Dormitories any day. For instance, there's one sophomore there who has mastered the candy machine in the office. He manages to average about 30 per cent in obtaining two candy bars for a nickel. Once he nonchalantly strolled off with three bars, but his fondest hopes were surpassed recently when on one nickel he drained the Milky Way partition completely and got a brass plate from the inner works to boot. Of course when we heard about it we rushed right over to try and get on the gravy train too, but this gent's flat rate to all purchasers of the secret is twenty-five cents which is pretty stiff seeing as we hate candy. We did get one thing out of the guy though, and that is that his latest ambition is to drain the cigarette machine and send the outpourings to soldiers in the training camps. We're sure you'll all agree that this is indeed a worthy and patriotic ambition.

FAILURE

We are sad to say that we have nothing to report on Jack Tyrrell this month. We have felt all along that it was our duty to keep you all posted on the movements of Black Jack because of the immense responsibility that goes along with his position as head of that vital, all-important news organ, *The Tech*. But this month we have failed you. Either Little Caesar has been leading an exemplary life, or else he has been more shrewd and discreet than usual. At any rate, we can uncover nothing to indicate any excessive drunkenness or immorality, his marks are good, and the gravy on his vest doesn't show. John Tyrrell — we salute you. May this new you continue to function gloriously, and we hope your mimeograph won't break down during the summer.

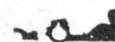


The Gin Pole is a single spar with the butt on the ground and the tip held securely by four guys at right angles to each other.

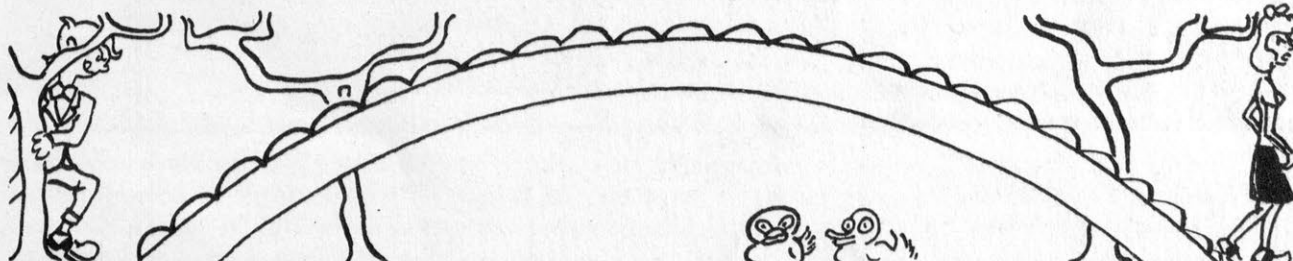
— "Lifting Devices" — M.I.T.

Depart. of Mil. Sci.

Or maybe two guys on their heads and one flying.



"Outdoor open-air movies are good for chicken pox and other reasons." — Professor Goodman.





Dorothy McGuire, who is presently being seen in "Claudia" — the hit play which ran for a good many months on Broadway and has recently moved in for a stay in Boston — is no stranger to these localities. Before going into the title role of "Claudia," Miss McGuire went to school at Dana Hall in nearby Wellesley. Recently written up in *Life*, she has been considered by many as the most appealing actress on Broadway, and is in line for even greater stardom.



MOUSEHOLE



Bev Tucker gave the Dekes a scare when he broke out with that very contagious disease, measles, after a tough weekend. . . . It seems as though the Phi Gams either disinherited some of their Alumni or haven't any more wall space between the *Esquire* pages, bumpers, trophies, femme fotos, and bottles. The picture of the Class of '03 was recently seen in one of the more prominent gutters running along beside the Boston Common. . . . Theta Chi's George Bartlett has gone into competition with the Satire Room of the Hotel Fensgate. We understand he's serving cocktails daily from four to six p.m. at his swank cocktail lounge on the South Side of Lower Beacon Street. Special weekend parties are arranged on request. . . . One of the very smart Sigma Chi Freshmen decided to grab a corner on the gasoline market, and in order to keep the gas out of the hands of upperclass vultures and lurking F.B.I. men, he very deftly placed a great quantity in a can behind the furnace. Luckily the hoarded supply was discovered before the whole Sigma Chi house was blown up into the middle of Saint Peter's Lodge for retired respirators. . . . We nominate this man for "Significant Sig" of the year. . . . Since Seeley and Stempf have left, the Theta Chi-Chi Phi-Wellesley feud has cooled down. Things are now looking up, however, since Bruce Fabens very considerably returned Jim Woodburn's pin to the latter's mail-box after a recent date with Jim's "woman." . . . Perry Wilder and Tiny Moore are busy making up work at the Institute during evenings now. They have a

very interesting lab set up in the back of Moore's car. . . . If anyone has lost a 1940 Crosley automobile, the Boston Police Department will probably have it locked in the Boylston Street Station. The S.A.E.'s are busy liquidating in order to meet the eighty-seven thousand dollar fine for stealing the auto. Circumstantial evidence: one 1940 Crosley found parked neatly inside the front hall at 484 Beacon Street last Sunday morning. . . . Incidentally, it is interesting to note, in passing, that the Boston police have started and finished their annual war on water-bagging. . . . Bob Horsburgh, Matt Long, and Al Shelby held open house for the house detective, the manager, and eighteen busboys at their room in the Kenmore during the recent and very successful Frosh Prom. Such fine spirits go a long way toward impressing the general public with the versatility of Tech men. . . . Al Shelby is far from a camel. He is practically a queer human. Camels seldom grow thirsty; thirsty humans see mirages; Mr. Shelby, when soaked, sees mirages, generally nude women. We wish we were queer humans. . . . The late-lamented government wartime Recreation Experts Group sponsored by Mrs. Roosevelt includes experts in such fields as Bowling, Code-Ball, Modern Dance, and Croquet. We would like to nominate a new candidate, Mr. G. Constantine Marakas, to a position as Co-ordinator of Senior House Parlor Games, due to his sheer skill in yanking rugs and tossing casual rug-walkers head-over-heels into the hallway ceiling plaster. . . .





Dick the Mick

Side View of the Month

When he enters the room the conversation will invariably change to one of three subjects . . . Ireland . . . Buicks . . . or Course XV. These three subjects make up the entire mental range of this intellectual flea, and he works them into every argument in such a way that he always walks off thinking he has gained the best of the discussion when the opposite is invariably true. In spite of his I Q deficiency he is one of the more enjoyable characters of what some optimistically call our campus. He considers himself (and is) quite an old rum pot, and the still in his locked closet has given wood alco-

hol poisoning to many a person who accepted a cocktail party invitation in all innocence and good faith.

As far as Dick (known by a select few as Hairy) is concerned, the Buick automobile from Flint, Michigan, is the only decent piece of equipment on the American highway. Dick and all the rest of his multitudinous clan back in Flint have worked on the Buick assembly line in one capacity or another, and we have it on good authority that Richard himself was conceived, nurtured, and born in the crankcase of a forerunner of the Buick Roadmaster. These ac-

tivities have shown up from time to time in his development as evidenced by the automobile horn quality of his voice and the twelve cylinder smoothness and power of his technique.

Dick is a typical example of a family black sheep. He has learned the mysteries of the wheelbarrow, which is one of the best things for Irishmen, since it makes them get up off their hands and knees. This brings up another interesting little point. As everyone knows, Ireland is the only respectable little spot of green in the whole wide world, and brother Richard's sole purpose in life at present seems to be not to let you forget that his grand and glorious forebears (all eight million of them) originated in this hot little garden spot. Any political argument ranging from Washington to Little Rock, Ark., will always end up on the endless English-Irish struggle. From the glint in his green eye to the crust on his beery jacket, he is as Irish as the original Paddy's pig.

He came to Tech (God knows why it wasn't Notre Dame) to enroll in Course II, but soon came to see the light and switched to good old Course XV. The week before this momentous change occurred, old Richard was belittling all the subjects, courses, and teachers in the school, except his own, but after a gay little conference with the powers-that-be of



"Daddy, what are all the little showers for?"

Building I, he became a firm advocate of the sound old policy of dinner-table engineering.

With women, Dick resembles the male end of the Toto-Gargantua episode. As usual, there is a little woman back in Flint holding on to her heartstrings, but she seems destined for a long wait. It is the high kite that Dick flies that attracts all of these beautiful, beautiful women, but he gets tangled up in the line occasionally. He accounts for his success by stating that every engineer must study stresses and strains, and he has done an admirable job of stress study on several local trusses.

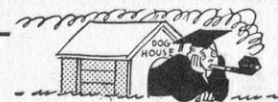
For instance, there was the blonde, long-haired artist from the Stuart Club who received quite a going-over from our boy for quite some time. After several months of careful and attentive courtship by Dick, the axe fell. The girl asked him if her old steady from the Canadian army could stay in his room,—just for old time's sake, of course. Dick, who can cope with any social situation, gave a long sigh and a deep groan, and said yes. Accordingly, with a click of his military heels and the rap of a swagger stick, a fascinating lad from His Britannic Majesty's Royal Corps of Canadian Signals moved into Richard's beer hall for a short visit. It took but one night before the entire neighborhood in that part of the Fenway knew that Dick had replaced the late lamented Joe Tankoos with a new drinking companion.

The past year has seen old Hairy blossom out as a big activities man. For one lively term he was secretary of an engineering society whose sole function was to sell magazine subscriptions. To this day, Dick admits he has never read any of his own copies, but they are fine, he says, for mopping up the beer that gets spilled in his room. His other achievements have included a short period of unnatural labor as Head Usher for the Junior Prom committee, where he actually functioned as he was supposed to by

selling tickets to all his friends. For weeks before the dance his nasal twang was heard reverberating through the halls of Building 10 in a cacophony of noise: "Now look, men. See what you get for only six dollars!! Two dances!! By God, where can you . . ." The results of this one man publicity blast included several nervous breakdowns for his acquaintances accompanied by the sale of practically no tickets.

He is an excellent judge of human nature, being an expert in the art of knowing the psychological time to make a touch. But for the other person in question to get this money back is to indulge in a delightful little game of Let's-Play-Hide-and-Seek and Try-to-Find-Dickie. An excellent method of getting some exercise is to try and borrow a few dollars from him. His standard reaction is to first light his pipe and swallow deeply. Then he will start in on the toughness of the Buick situation back in Flint. This is followed by a recommendation to go see some other soft person. Dick has been working on this routine for several years now, and it has acquired the polish of an Irish comedian's act.

Walk up the Fenway some evening at dusk. That off-key banjo string noise you hear will be his voice emerging from the Chi Phi Eating and Drinking Club, where he resides in a back room containing a desk, a cot, and three Budweiser trucks. He will probably be in there arguing with some of the boys. His unmistakable voice will be heard high above the clamor of the mob, for he has had so much practice that an unusual acoustical effect has resulted. If you go in you'll be able to spot him at once by his sly grin, the wicked glint in his Irish wolfhound eyes, and the big pipe in his big mouth. But a word of warning. Before you go in, take off that orange tie, lock up the can of beer, wash off that Course X look, and if you own a Ford, park it around the corner. At least you have a fifty-fifty chance of survival that way.



FOUL PIPE NE'ER WON FAIR MAID

—but Dan's out of the dog house now!



"TAKE YOUR RING and go away! You're finished with college, but I'm finished with men who smoke smelly pipes! My heart says yes, but my nose says *phew!* Good-bye!"



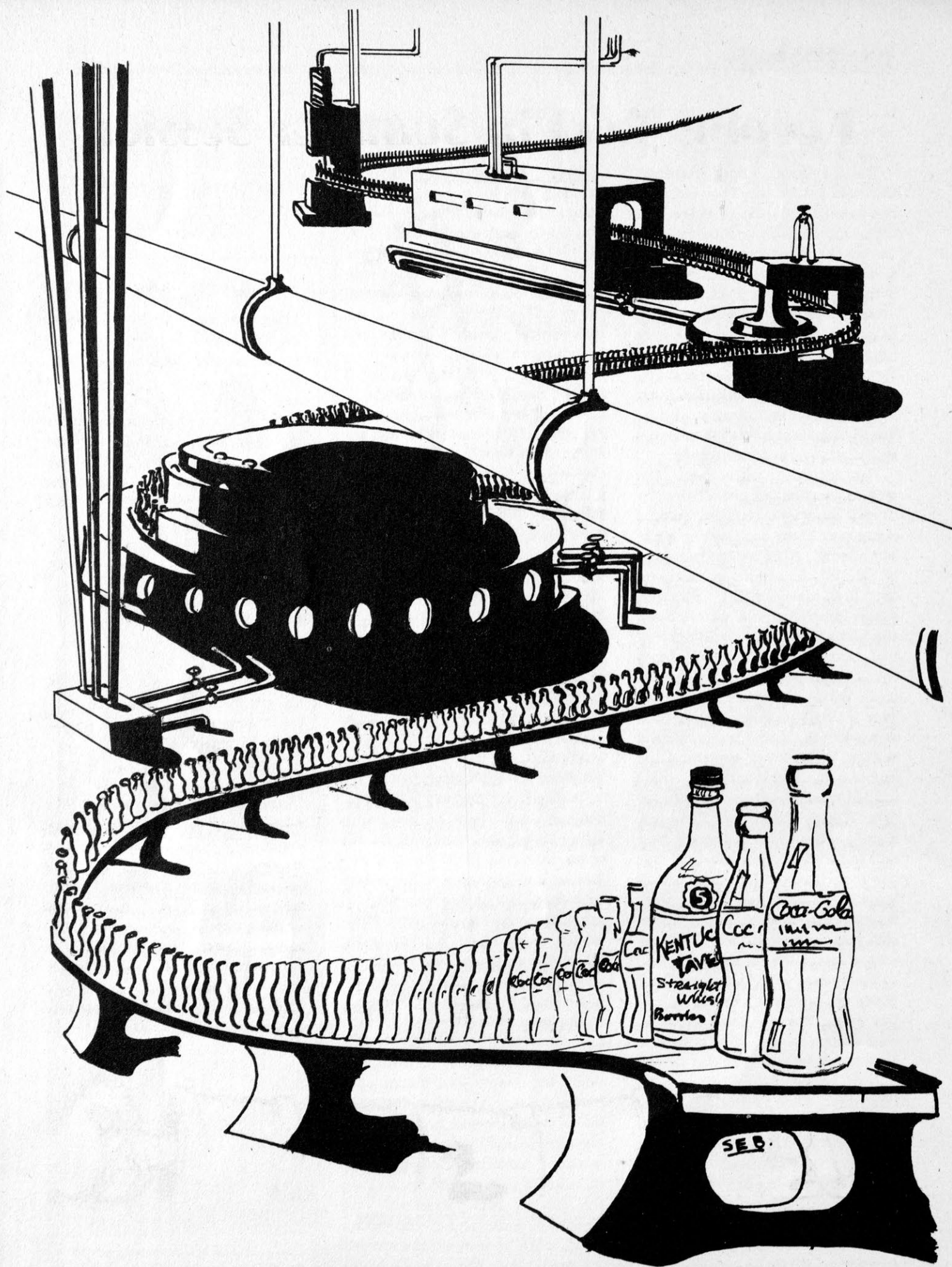
SO DAN REFORMED. He switched to Sir Walter, the mild blend of fragrant burleys. His girl took one sniff...smiled...snuggled. Try it for moonlight and noses.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE** Every Wednesday night—NBC Red Network



Keeping Cool in Summer Session

KEEPING COOL in summer session is a process much to be recommended but on the other hand is an ideal rather than a practical buggeration. (For correction factors on ideal formulae contained herein see Vander Wall's "Being Correct in the Heat," better known to American readers as "Keeping Cool in the Bushes.")

The cooling process is defined trinarily: 1. Physically; 2. Mentally; 3. You know how. Of these, keeping physically cool presents the greatest problem. Ordinary methods advocated are (a) frequent showers; (b) bathing; (c) external use of alcohol (this must be severely limited because of the need for alcohol for internal uses and the National War Effort).

Both frequent showers and bathing have the disadvantage that you are likely to get wet, and worse, lose that distinguished summer session smell. These disadvantages may be avoided by restricting bathing to above the neck, in which case, after aging, your summer session smell will be better than ever and you won't mind being wet nearly as much.

An extraordinary method, the most efficient, is advocated by Dr. Filda Kwota of the U.S.A. Medical Corps. This is to quit the



summer session, join the army, and get sent to Iceland.

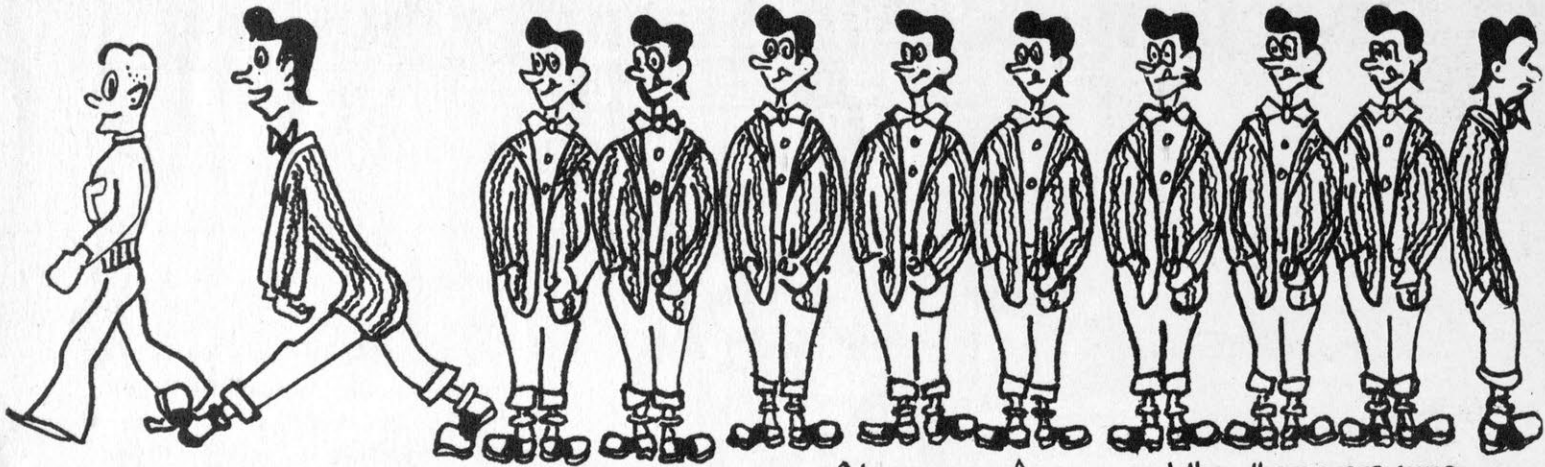
Mental cooling is a negative process in that it has as a prerequisite not getting mentally heated. Mental cooling is thus not necessary. Not becoming heated mentally depends on providing no friction to the workings of the brain. If you brownbag, brother, you're sunk. Thinking in any form is frowned upon, although thinking of what you're going to tell that blonde when you see her will provide cooling oil for the brain bearings. Arguing with professors will get you mentally heated and moreover is a waste of time as they do not argue fairly and always insist on quoting authorities.

Not getting heated you know how is a question upon which the views usually taken are 180° apart. One point of view states that its opinion is "so what if you do," the other point of view holds that any heat is to be avoided during summer session. The first point of view is not within the scope of this discussion and an adequate exposition of it may be found in Holdbrand and Lundhell's "The Kinetic Relationships Between Mable and Marble," which it will suffice to say, find Mable widely divergent from marble in spite of previous opinions to the contrary.

Because of possible habit forming properties, keeping cool you know how should *not* be undertaken by chemical means. Luckily, incendiary agents, e.g., Wellesley, etc. will be absent. Self-Control and Walking Around The Block have been shown to be wastes of time. Getting Out and Playing a Stiff Game of Tennis is too much work. The most practical method, therefore, and the one we advocate is to hunt up Technology coeds and Cambridge women. If you are then still hot you know how, you can shoot yourself and go to the comparatively cool region of Hell.



TEN LITTLE HARVARD MEN



Ten little Harvard men standing in a line --- Along came A man, and then there were nine.



Nine little 'H' men out on a date --- One made some progress and then there were eight.

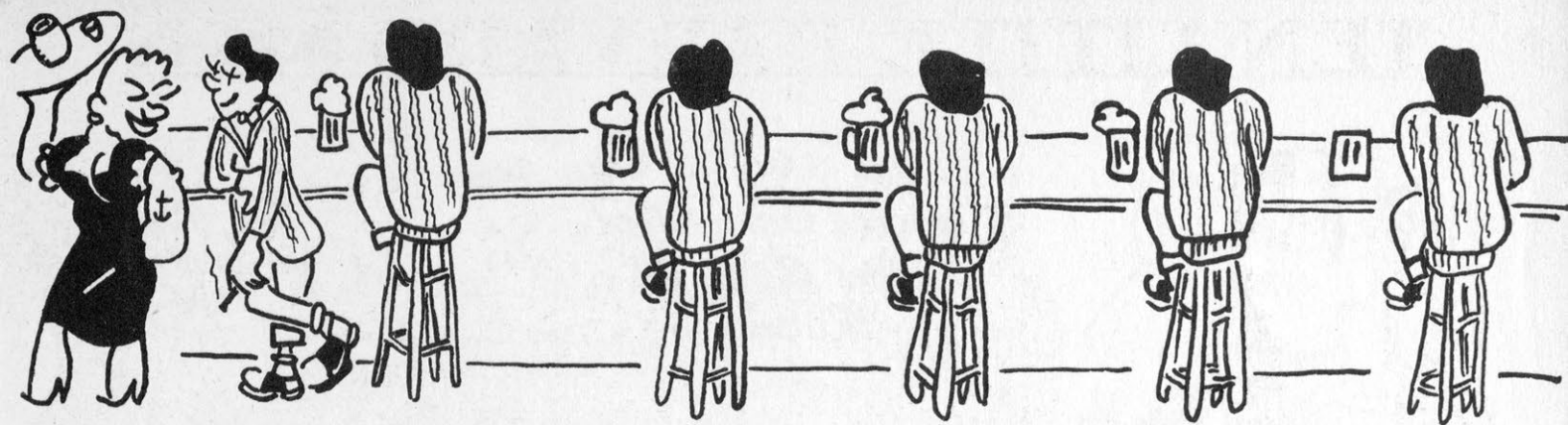
Eight little 'H' men in Room 27



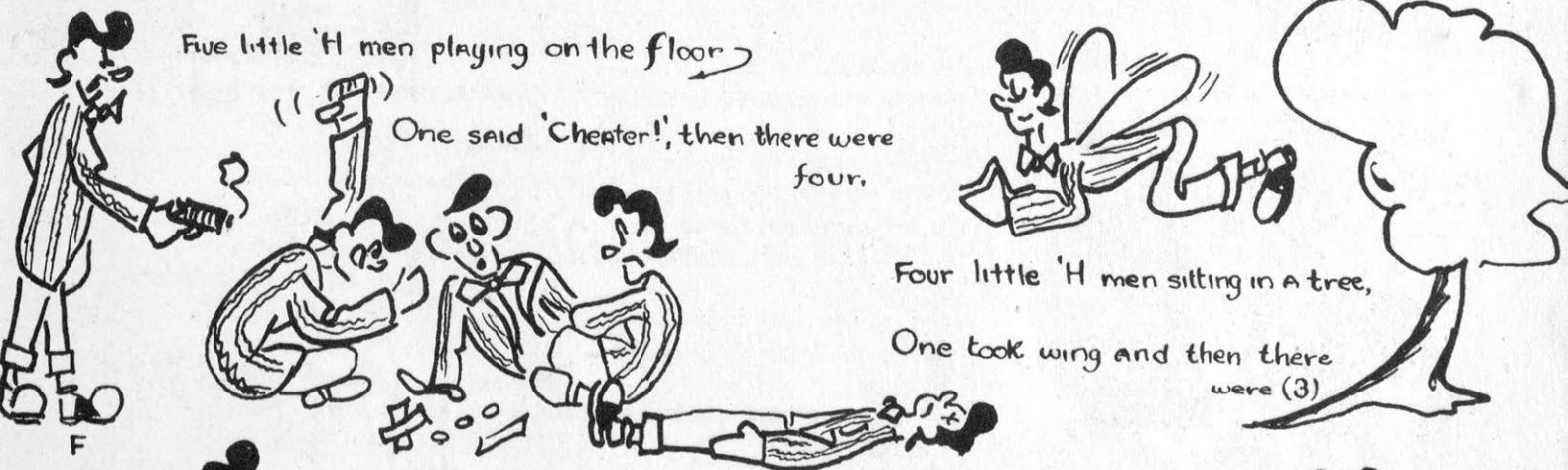
Crowded, isn't it!



Seven little 'H' men laying bricks --- One got laid and then there were six.



Six little 'H' men sitting in a dive - - - - - Along came a bar-maid and then there were five.



Five little 'H' men playing on the floor

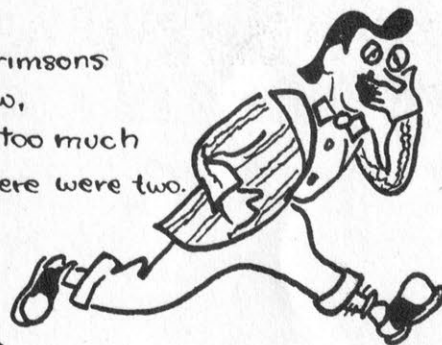
One said 'Cheater!', then there were four.

Four little 'H' men sitting in a tree,

One took wing and then there were (3)



Three little Crimsons
Drinking brew,
One sipped too much
And then there were two.



Two little 'H' men out to have some fun
One spilled food on his J. Squeeze, pink
over-plaid, Shetland, seer-sucker-lined,
how-about-that-now croquet coat,
And then there was one.



(Apologies to Chappie)



One little Harvard man
lying in the sun,
Along came a Simmons girl
And then there were none.





General Orders for Walker Memorial Waiters

The following are general orders all waiters are required to memorize:

1. To attend my table in a courteous manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.
2. To salute the President of the Institute, Dean Lobdell and Mr. Carlyle.
3. To quit my table only when properly relieved.
4. To talk to no one except in line of duty.
5. To give the alarm in case of fire or disorder.
6. To spread uniformly all shortages.
7. To take care not to discriminate between customers.
8. To be especially watchful to see that rolls and butter remain on display and not at tables.
9. To serve water as quickly and as often as possible.
10. To report immediately all property damage.
11. To encourage special desserts.
12. To be punctual.
13. To smile at all times.
14. To help customers in distress.
15. To help waiters in distress.
16. This is my code; I shall not utter it in vain.



ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Clothes and Accessories for Summer

Send for BROOKS - Illustrated
New Illustrated Military Price List
and
Illustrated Folder of Seersucker
and
Linen Suits

BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET



"May I print a kiss on your lips?"
he asked,
She nodded her sweet permission.
They went to press, and I rather
guess,
They printed a large edition.

— Duke 'n' Duchess.

The lecturer glared at him. "Do
you mean to say you would let
your wife be slandered and say
nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized.
"I thought you said slaughtered."

— Bluejay.

The governor had gone to the
state insane asylum to look over
the work done by a new superin-
tendent. While there he had diffi-
culty in getting a telephone con-
nection. Exasperated, he shouted
to the operator: "Look here, girl,
do you know who I am?"

"No," came back the calm
reply, "but I know where you are."

— Nebraska Augwan.

"Now," she asked, "is there
any man in the audience who
would let his wife be slandered
and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his
feet.

Model: "The artist made me
pose with a rifle in my hands."

Another: "Is he doing a picture
of the war?"

Model: "No, he can't trust him-
self."

— Exchange.

One can of paint said to another:
"Darling, I think I'm pigment."

— Exchange.



LULU

Lulu was a Zulu.
Lulu was a lulu.
She could cook a pie
Of nuts and berries
And assorted missionaries.
But Lulu was a failure...

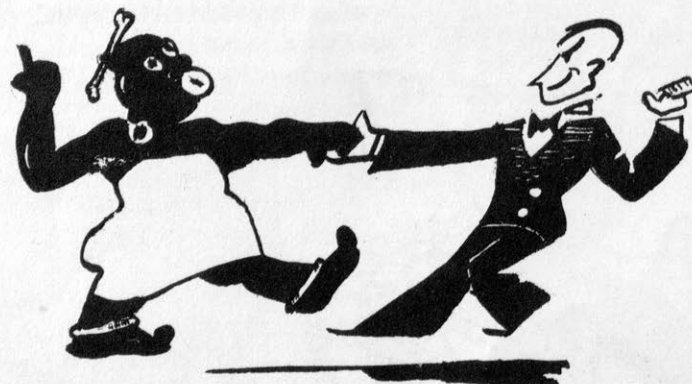


All the belles black-bottomed
About the tribal hot-spot
But Lulu could not.
She only wiggled and swayed.
She would try and try
But she couldn't jive.
So Lulu went away.



She went to a foreign land - to Harlem even,
She danced in the Cotton Club -
She didn't black-bottom - she wiggled.
She was just like Carmen Miranda - without technicolor.

Arthur Murray taught her dancing in a hurry.
She learned to congo - Murray guaranteed it.



So Lulu went home,
And was a big success
Better than Congo Maisie even
And so Lulu Congad in the Congo ever after.
Can't say we're surry.
God bless Arthur Murray.



Sig Alph's Son: "Pop, who's a person that brings you into contact with the spirit world?"

Sig Alph: "A bartender, son."
— *Avyuan.*



Country Girl: "Paw's the best shot in the country."

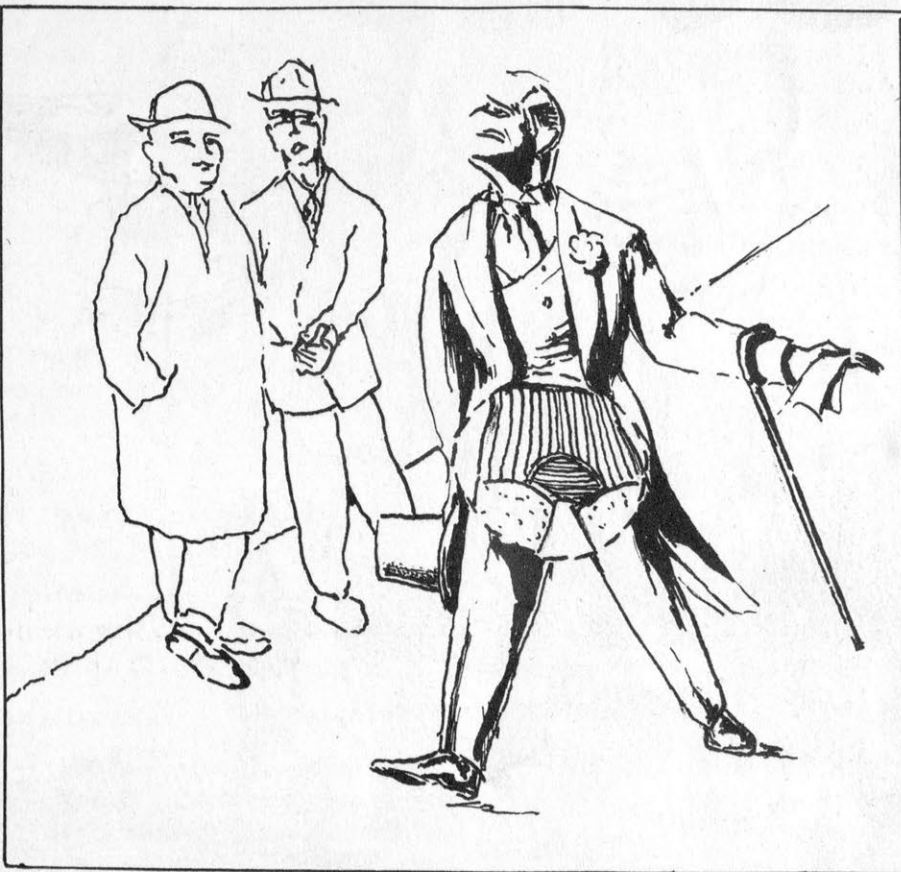
City Slicker: "What does that make me?"

Country Girl: "My husband."
— *Moonshine.*



"What kind of oil do you use in your car?"

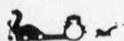
"Oh, I usually begin by telling them I'm lonely."
— *Red Cat.*



"He got the idea from Esquire."

Telephone operator to a new girl she is breaking in: "No, honey, you say, 'Just a moment, please,' not, 'Hang on to your pants, Mister'."

— *Froth.*



The waiter laughed when I spoke to him in French. No wonder, it was my old French prof.

— *Washington Columns.*



Prof. (rapping on desk): Order! Class: Beer!

— *Kitty-Kat.*



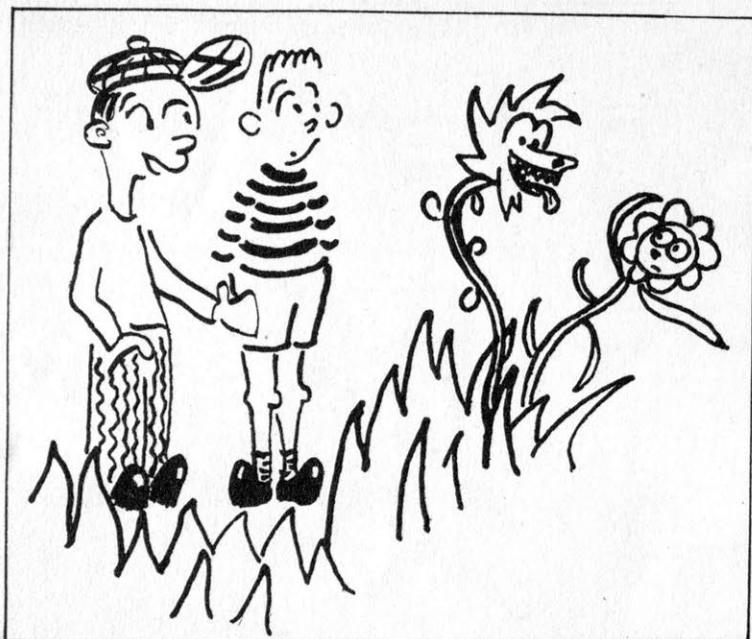
Then there was the girl fiddler who kissed her violin goodnight and took her bow to bed with her.

Sleep is when you don't get enough the night before you wake up half a.

— *Texas Ranger.*

Won't you join me in a cup of coffee?
You get in first.





"Didn't your mother ever tell you about the flowers?"

"Why this water runs off my back like water off a duck's back," said the duck.

— *Rutgers Anthologist.*



"It won't be wrong now," said the co-ed as she was led to the altar.

— *Pup.*



"I only go out with girls who wear glasses."

"Why?"

"I breathe on them and then they can't see what I'm doing."

— *Louisiana State Pell-mell.*



Wife (to drunken husband):
"Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well. I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."

— *Covered Wagon.*

Two little girls were on their way home from Sunday School, and were solemnly discussing the lesson. "Do you believe there is a devil?" asked one. "No," said the other promptly. "It's like Santa Claus. It's your father."

— *Tiger*

Dr. Lancaster: Do you sleep with your window up or down?

Otto: I don't sleep with my window at all.

— *Exchange*



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

Stella: What's the matter with him, is he too lazy?

— *Pup.*



I shall illustrate what I have in mind, said the prof as he erased the board.

— *Pup.*

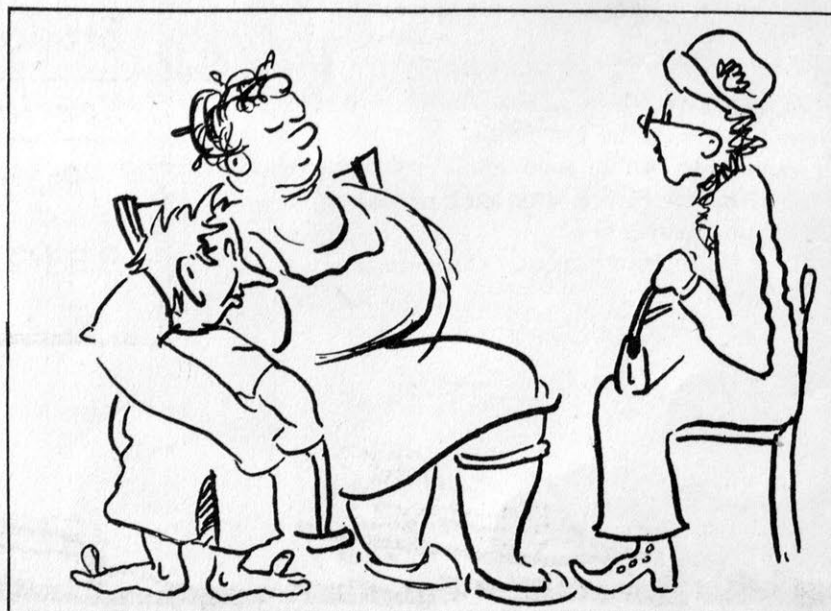


"Know how to keep a horse from drooling?"

"No."

"Teach him to spit."

— *Wampus.*



"Is it true that he lives on field mice and caterpillars?"

Wellesley '44: Are you sure it's me you're in love with and not my clothes?

Schnell: Test me, darling.

—Green Gander



Bread is the staff of life. Bread is made from barley and yeast. Beer is made from barley and yeast. Therefore, beer is the staff of life.

—Log.



Drunk, to barkeep: "Hey, gimme a horse's neck."

Second Drunk: "I'll have a horse's tail; there's no use killing two horses."

—Texas Ranger.



When did you first suspect your husband was not all right mentally?

When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around for apples.

—Columns.



Karl: How's the pick-up on your new car?

Phil: Pretty good, three to a block.

The Murray Printing Company
 LETTERPRESS AND OFFSET
 Eighteen Ames Street, Cambridge
 TROWBRIDGE 5650-5651-5652

Latest definition of a baby carriage. Blunderbus.

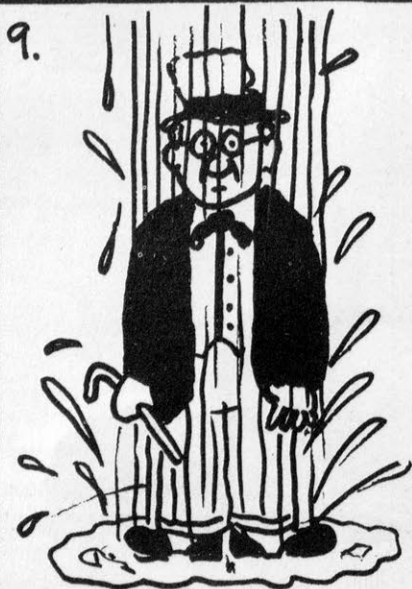
—Awgwan.

Student Laundry Service
Special Service on Request
 25 years serving students of Harvard and M.I.T.
BRIGHTON LAUNDRY
 STADIUM 5520

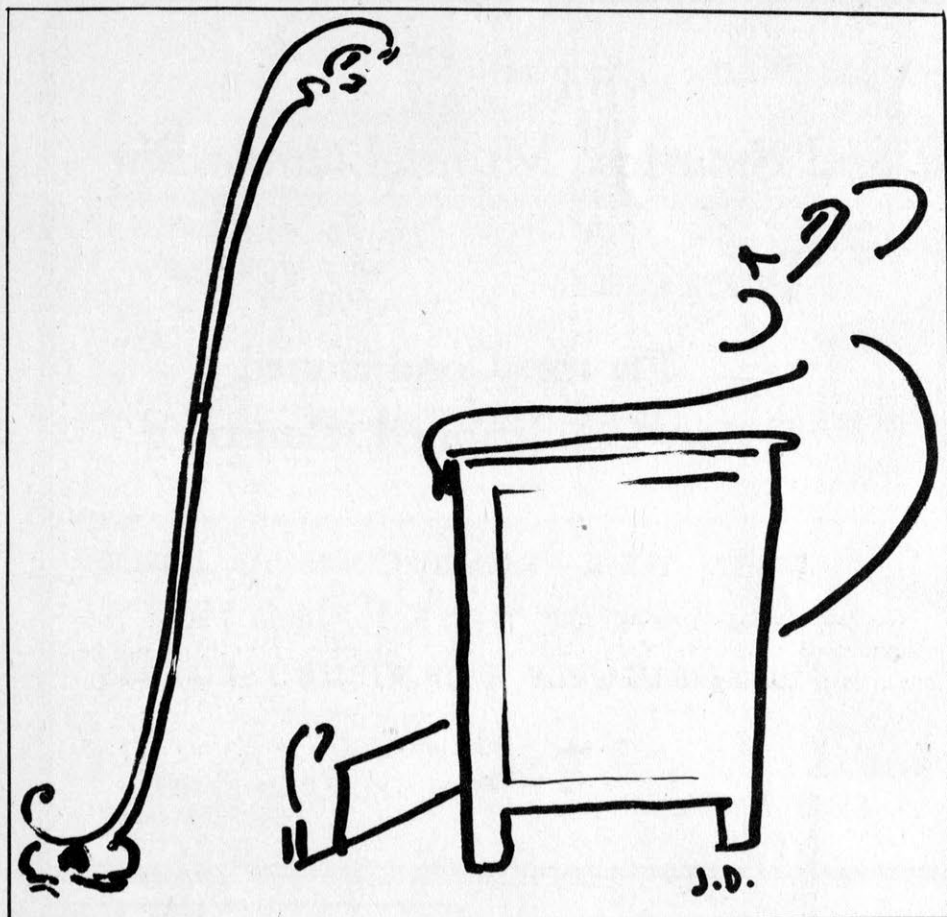




SPRING AT THE DORMS-



J. Ward



"I'd like to go in Pure Mathematics."

This Summer...

Meet the Gang at
IRVING'S

Harvard Avenue
BROOKLINE

FLOWERS

For those who prefer the best

— **CORSAGES** —
that are different

ROBBINS FLORIST

26 Central Square
Cambridge

Telephone Trowbridge 2850

Members

FLORIST TELEGRAPH SERVICE



He: "What keeps your shoulder strap up?"

She: "Your extreme timidity, I suppose."

— Moonshine.



He: "I can't see what keeps girls from freezing."

She: "You're not supposed to."

— Wampus.

A burly new chief of police introducing himself to his subordinates, boasted, "I can lick anybody on my force."

A still burlier officer stepped forward and said, "You can't lick me."

The chief eyed him for a moment, and then waved him aside, "You are no longer on my force."

— Froth.

"What makes people walk in their sleep?"

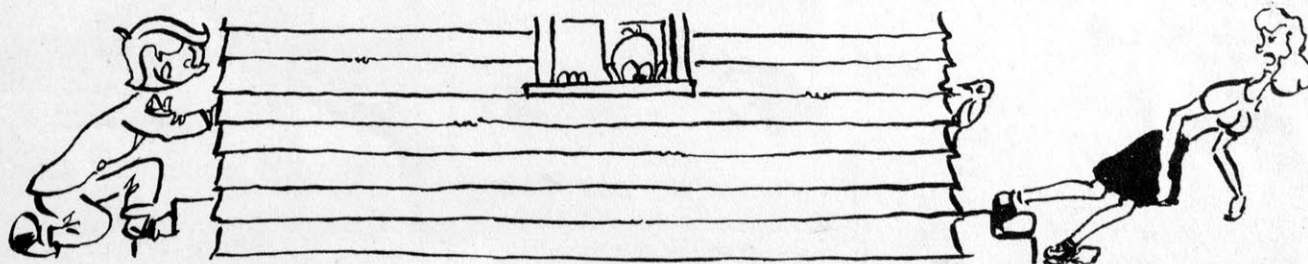
"Twin beds."

— Awgwan.

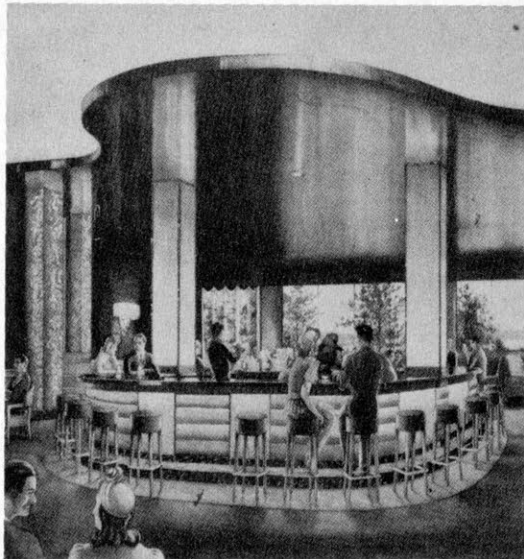


The height of diplomacy: To say on surprising a lady in the bathtub, "I beg your pardon, sir."

— Drazard.



Make This Your Week-End *Must* . . . Stop at
Boston's Newest and Smartest Mural Lounge Bar



WHICH OFFERS . . .

**Flavor-Conditioned
 Air-Conditioned Comfort**

WHEN YOUR FRIENDS COME TO TOWN
 DON'T FORGET THE **KENMORE'S**
 LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED ROOMS

Rates from \$3.85 Single . . . \$5.50 Double

EDWARD B. BELL
General Manager

It seems that two men were repairing telephone wires near her house. The lady overheard them and was shocked by their language, so she wrote to the company to complain. The foreman was ordered to report the happening to his superior.

"Me and Bill Winterbottom were on this job," he reported. "I was up on the telephone pole and accidentally let hot lead fall on Bill and it went down his neck. Then he called up to me, 'You really must be more careful, Harry.'"

— *Iowa Fiviol.*



LESSON

"I hear you've been to a school for stuttering. Did it cure you?"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Why, that's wonderful!"

"Yes, but it's d-d-darned hard to work into an ordinary c-c-conversation."

— *Texas Ranger.*



At one of the parties at the first of the year the moon was beaming down brightly and it was a perfect night for love. One of the fellows had finally got the apple of his eye alone outside. They sat down together and his arm stole around her waist. A few minutes later a rival came upon them and found them locked in tight embrace. He spoke in a very, very, very, very angry tone of voice, "I don't mind your necking my girl, but I wish to H--l you'd get your hand off my fraternity pin."

— *The Owl.*



"Unfrock a lady and you may find raspberry-colored lingerie — or misty green or dull blue."

— *Vogue.*

Or a slap in the face.

— *Varities.*

Or maybe she isn't a lady!

— *The Banter.*



**"The Customer Is
 Always Right"**

is

A Lot of Bologna

But

It truthfully has been a pleasure to service the Tech boys . . . a bunch of right guys.

JIM

BETRAYAL

I saw him coming down the street,
A great big fellow, 'most six feet.
His pants pulled up, his hat pulled down,
He walked as though he owned the town.

He might have gone to Harvard.
I saw him at the Biltmore Grill,
The deb he had looked fit to kill.
And even from the very start—
They danced about a yard apart.

I thought he came from Harvard.
I saw him take some ice cream next,
Then scan the table quite perplexed.
He called the waiter: "Here garcon!
An ice cream fork! And don't be long!"

I *knew* he came from Hav-vud!



Butler—Do you know the story about the master's bed?

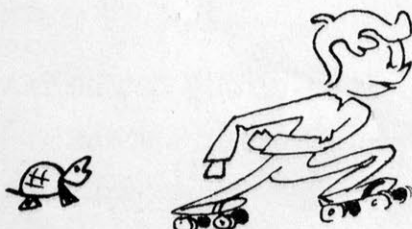
Maid—I ought to, I made it.



She—Stop!

He—I won't!

She (sighing with relief)—Well, at least I did my duty.



We Appreciate

the patronage that so many
Tech students have given
us in the past college season

and

we hope to see you again in
the fall . . .

BEACONSFIELD LAUNDRIES

of BROOKLINE

LOST—One lead pencil . . . by blond, blue eyes, height five feet, weight 112, age 20, very good dancer. Reward if returned. Dial 45984.



"If you don't raise my salary," announced the minister, "you can all go to hell."



Friend: "When your husband craves a kiss do you always give it to him?"

Wife: "I wish I knew."
— *Exchange.*



"Who's there?" said St. Peter.
"It is I," was the answer.
"Go away — no more English teachers."

— *Augwan.*



Young Girl: "Doctor, I need an operation."

Doctor: "Major?"

Young Girl: "No, Second Lieutenant."

— *Pellmell.*



There once was a maiden from Siam

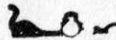
Who said to her love, young Kiam:

"If you kiss me, of course,

You will have to use force,

But God knows you're stronger than I am."

— *Wisconsin Octopus.*



Lady in furniture store: "I can't make up my mind whether to buy that divan or that armchair."

Salesman: "You can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable armchair."

Lady: "O. K., I'll take the divan."

— *Medley.*

ADVERTISING INDEX

	PAGE
Beaconsfield Laundry . . .	23
Brighton Laundry	19
J. W. Brine	22
Brooks Brothers	15
Elliot Flower Shop	24
Hotel Kenmore	22
Irving Cafe	21
Ligget & Myers	IFC
Murray Printing Company . .	19
R. J. Reynolds	BC
Robbins Florist	21
K. Tsacos	24

Eliot Flower Shop

Flowers for All Occasions

CORSAGES

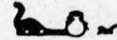
Our Specialty

Special Service to Tech Students



Telephone: Kenmore 6470

87 Massachusetts Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts



SERVICE

QUALITY

LOW PRICE

K. TSACOS

Dealers of the Choicest

Fruits and Vegetables

181 Boylston Street, Watertown

Distributors in

BROOKLINE

BACK BAY



VOO DOO

COMING NEXT FALL

POW!

WOW

HEY LOOKIE

! A NEW MAGAZINE !

HEY HEY

THE OLD VOO DOO

WITH A NEW FACE

A NEW STYLE

A NEW HUMOR

HAW
HAW!

WATCH FOR TECHNOLOGY'S PREMIER PUBLICATION

Freshman Number Appearing Early in October

LOOK
HERE

VOO DOO

WHOOPEE!

J. Ward

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're
flying Uncle Sam's
bombers across
the ocean



GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice... you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain (*nearest camera*), a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

*There's LESS NICOTINE
in the smoke*

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of *the smoke itself!*

WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (*second from left, above*) says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

IN MY NEW
DEFENSE JOB, LESS
NICOTINE IN THE
SMOKE IS IMPORTANT
TO ME. I STICK
TO CAMELS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!