







Phos was pleased to hear that Tony Pastor's band had been chosen to play for the Junior Prom. Tony owes his success to a well balanced group that does justice to both the swing and the sweet. With Tony tonight will be his younger brother, "Stubby," and Johnny ("Paradiddle Joe") Morris on the trumpet and drums, respectively.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



U. S. Naval Air Station.  
Squantum 71, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading the October issue of Voo Doo and enjoyed the contents. You fellows are really "on the ball." One of the lads receives a copy each month and promises to share it with me.

The drawing by Ray G. was very appealing, and I wouldn't mind meeting the model, if there was one. Keep up the good work; the comment by the Cat was good. I remain, with best wishes,

Sincerely,  
JOHN WERBY, Y3/C,  
Editor — "Squantum Witch."

*Editor's Note: The Cat is pleased to publish this critique of the October Voo Doo by Yeoman Werby. He appreciates the praise and is happy to find at least one satisfied reader. The Cat also reminds his readers at this time that numerous copies of the magazine are going to service men throughout the country.*

Wellesley College,  
Wellesley, Mass.

Dear Ray:

This is WE, which made its first appearance today, November 1. I hope you'll like it, and will appreciate any criticism you care to make.

Thanks again for the swell article which, from all reports, is making a big hit. If you'd like to do another



for December — or if you'd like to make another contribution of any kind — WE would be very happy to receive it.

Sincerely,  
SHEILA FLUME.

*Editor's Note: Miss Flume is Editor-in-Chief of Wellesley's new monthly, WE, which made its initial appearance this month. Among the articles appearing in the number was Ray White's Side View of Pat Lord, one of the more*

*illustrious inhabitants of Beebe House. The Cat has looked long and attentively at this new addition to Wellesley's attractions, and, with a contented purr, he expresses his pleasure and guarantees that additional contributions will be forthcoming from our Public Relations Bureau whenever Miss Flume so desires.*

Cambridge, Mass.  
October 18, 1943.

Dear Phos:

Although it has been my custom to pay particular attention in the past to the written material and cartoons in your magazine, I could not help but notice the blank inside covers on your October issue. Now, Phos, please don't tell me that another insane "idea" about new makeup caused you to decorate your issue with large white spaces. What in hell was your scheme?

BEWILDERED.

*Editor's Note: Phos wishes to emphasize that he was in no way responsible for the lack of material for the inside covers of last month's number. Because of a slip-up by Railway Express, 1200 covers from the W. B. Bradbury Co. in New York, containing four color advertising on the inside back and back covers, failed to arrive in time for the deadline. Consequently it was necessary at the last minute to shift the MIT ad to the back cover. The Cat did not intend the white space as stationery for letters home.*

## Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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NOVEMBER, 1943

No. 7

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**The  
HOTEL  
GARDNER  
Grill...**



*Where you always get*  
**"The Best for a Little Less!"**

Luncheons from 55c • Dinners from 85c

Conveniently located between Mass. and  
Symphony Subway Station. Plenty of  
FREE PARKING Space.

Banquet Rooms  
for Large and  
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**HOTEL GARDNER • MASS. AVE., AT NORWAY ST., BOSTON**

OUR DISTORTED  
INFORMATION BUREAU

Wellesley Department:

From *WE*, Wellesley monthly,  
quote, "We are all sisters under the  
sweater," unquote.

"Well, miss, are you the farmer's  
daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm selling brassieres."

"Brassieres? What are they?"

"My name's Jones—Jasper Jones."

"The offspring of a single rat,"  
stated the lecturing biology professor,  
may number several hundred."

"Gee whiz," came the startled ex-  
pression from the third row, "What  
would be the offspring of a married  
rat?"

Saint Peter was interviewing the  
fair damsel at the pearly gate.

"Did you, while on earth," he said,  
"indulge in necking, petting, smoking,  
drinking, or dancing?"

"Never," she retorted emphatically.

"Then why haven't you reported  
here sooner? You have been dead a  
long time."

— Panther.

**CIGARS — CIGARETTES — CHOCOLATES**

*Everything for That Party*

**Fennell & Company, Inc.**

ESTABLISHED 1878

**Imported and Domestic Ales, Wines and Liquors**

FREE DELIVERY SERVICE

**OPEN DAILY 8 A.M. TO 11 P.M.**

*Across the Bridge at Commonwealth Avenue*

Telephone  
Kenmore 0222

59 Massachusetts Avenue  
Boston, Mass.

"See that girl? That's my girl."

"Uh-huh — Good looking fur coat  
she's wearing."

"Yeah, I gave her that."

"Pretty hat, too."

"Yep, I gave her that."

"Boy, what a sparkler she's wear-  
ing."

"Shore it is, I gave it to her."

"And say, that's a cute little boy  
she has with her."

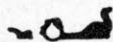
"Yah. That's her brother."



A big buck Indian had just bought a ham sandwich at a lunch counter and was peering between the slices of bread. "Ugh," he asked, "you slice 'em ham?"

"Yes," replied the clerk, "I sliced the ham."

"Ugh," replied the Indian, "you damn near miss 'em."



Prof.: "Bell, what is a synonym?"

Bell: "It's a word you use in place of another when you can't spell the other one."



One thing about rushing — the back-clapping doesn't stop after the boys are pledged. It just moves further down.




Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.



If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; but if he doesn't try and wouldn't have gotten away with it if he had, he is wise.

— Battalion.



**SMÖRGÅSBORD**

# The Viking

Served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons;  
also Lobster, chicken, steak dinners.

**Music at the Solovox**  
**442 STUART STREET . COPLEY SQUARE**  
**KENMORE 8333**

*Also on Worcester Turnpike —*

**FRAMINGHAM CENTER**  
*Lounge Bar*  
**Air Conditioned**  
**"In Boston it's The Viking"**

"Yes, Mother, Albert did kiss me last night, but I sat on him for it."

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## CORSAGES INDIVIDUALLY STYLED

### For Your Prom Partner's Pleasure

... BY THE ...

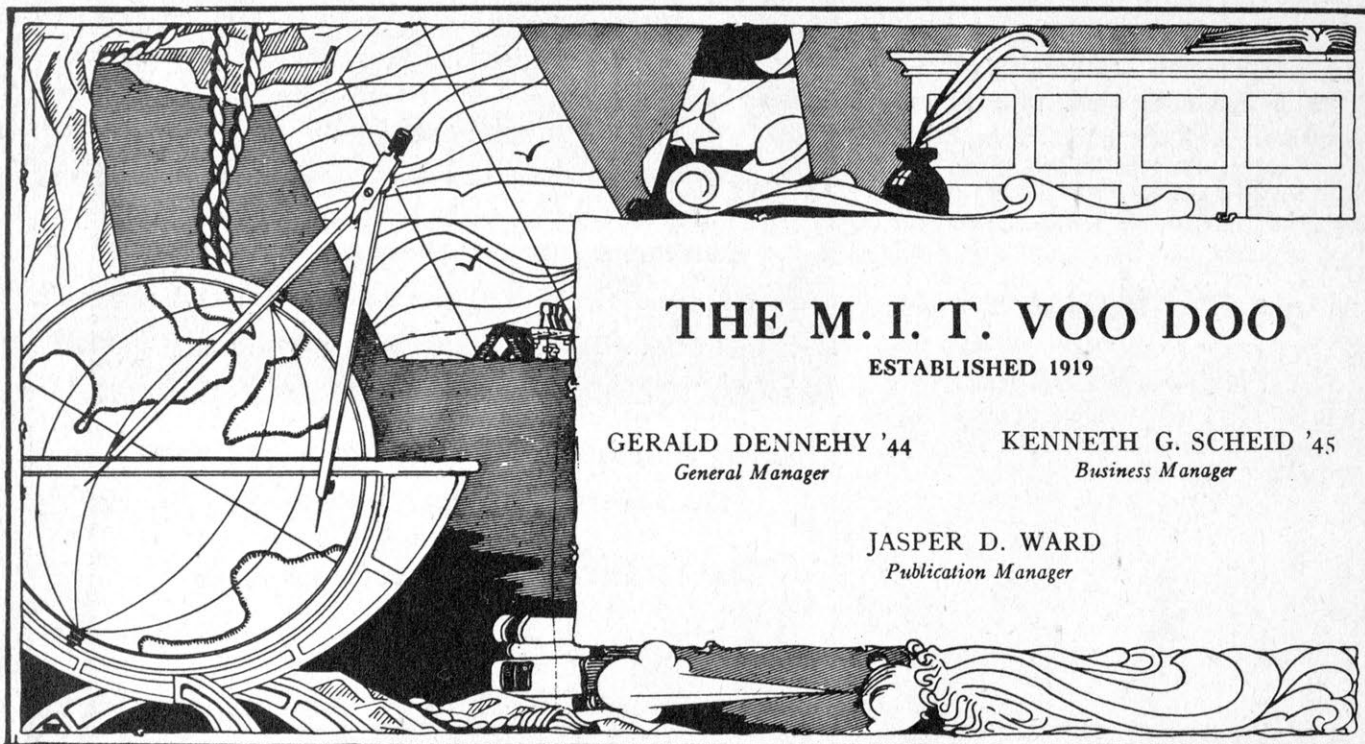
## Eliot Flower Shop

**Kenmore 6470      87 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE**

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WHEN we walked up to the office last month just after sales we were met by the Cat throwing people out of the office in his own little way. "Scram," he would say, "we couldn't sell you one for a dollar."

"What's all this, Phos?" we asked him when the air had cleared. "It doesn't sound like your old mercenary self. What's everyone trying to buy, our secretary's silk stockings?"

"I thought we weren't going to talk about our silk, worms," and with that in a great fit of laughter he threw himself on the floor, which we noticed was not strewn with the usual leftover Voo Doo's squirming to be read.

"Pull yourself together," we said, "there's work to be done. Let's go over the last issue."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," he growled, "our sins will never catch up with us; there are no more."

"What, no more?"

"Yes, no more."

"We sold out?"

"Yes, sold out."

"Oh! Well, we'd better remedy that situation and have a lot more printed up this time. We can't have everybody hounding us up here when we go into our trance for the next issue."

"What, a next issue?"

"Yes, our Junior Prom issue." And with that we forgot all about the past and braced ourselves to think only about Tony Pastor and the seventh floor. In keeping with the current enthusiasm over finals and ratings we set about devising a slightly different method of evaluating one's worth. We then had our secretary strike a pose for Ray Gamundi and the issue was well under way. After poring over the student directory to find Voo Doo's next enemy, in desperation we selected K. T. (Momose) for the Sideview of the month. And the wheels turned—and here we are faced with the criminal act of writing an editorial without an editorial policy.



**THE WAR:** Our luscious brownout — dark taxis gliding through darker streets — shades conveniently drawn — styleless dresses and basic figures — no screeching of brakes and honking of horns — stocks soaring. But we can't think of these horrors, in spite of the awful reminders we see each day in the wounded of the A.S.T.P. and the maimed of the V12 program. We must face the reduction of these luxuries to pleasant memories. Hard to take, of course, but this is war, as the roué said in introducing his mistress.

**LABOR:** Lights are going on. There is not enough coal for both railroads and power plants, and we feel safe in saying that the miners will strike again, which means even less coal. But fortunately the railroads are going on strike, which means that the lights can burn for a little while anyway unless they turn them out to conserve coal. There.

**JUVENILE DELINQUENCY:** There is an old expression which states "You can't see the woods for the trees."

**THE DRAFT:** If it is exactly  $x$  miles from Shenango to Bizerte and we have  $y$  transports carrying  $r$  men which travel at the rate of  $z$  knots, with a maximum loading and unloading time of  $t$  hours, how long would it take to transport all our combatant troops to the battlefield? Ans. 432 years.

Now that affairs have been temporarily settled, we trust that these thoughts will never enter our heads again. We hope you like the Voo Doo.

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"Tell me," said Ed to his current Venus,  
 "What is the cause of this coolness between us?"  
 "Well, Ed," said the lass, "I'll tell you this:  
 "A Pep-O-Mint breath would sweeten your kiss."

**MORAL:** Everybody's breath  
 offends now and then. Let Life  
 Savers sweeten and freshen  
 your breath—aftereating, drink-  
 ing, and smoking.



## FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

## THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

"I called my car the Mayflower because so many people came across in it."

*Submitted by  
 George Quisenberry, Graduate House, M. I. T.*

Mark Anthony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Servant: "She's in bed with laryngitis."

Mark Anthony: "Damn these Greeks."



A man came into a store with a very small dog under his arm. An Irishman was standing near and after a few minutes of close observation he asked the stranger what breed his dog was. The man replied that he was a cross between an ape and an Irishman.

"Faith, then," replied the Honorable Patrick, "he's kin to both of us."

Teacher: "What does F-E-E-T spell?"

Johnny: "Why-uh, I don't know."

Teacher: "What does a cow have four of which I only have two of?"

Johnny's answer was as startling as it was unexpected.

*— Urchin.*



Mrs. Jones barged into the grocery store and indignantly asked:

"Remember that cheese you sold me yesterday?"

"Yes," replied the grocer.

"Well, did you say it was imported or deported from Switzerland?"

Definition of a cookie: A virgin doughnut.

*— Coast Guard Magazine.*



The inn looked cold and mysterious, and the traveler was not too anxious to spend the night there. A sinister-looking fellow showed him his room, and that looked haunted. The traveler turned to the man and said, "By the way, nothing strange has ever happened here, has it?"

"Not in fifty years," was the reply.

"That's good. What happened then?"

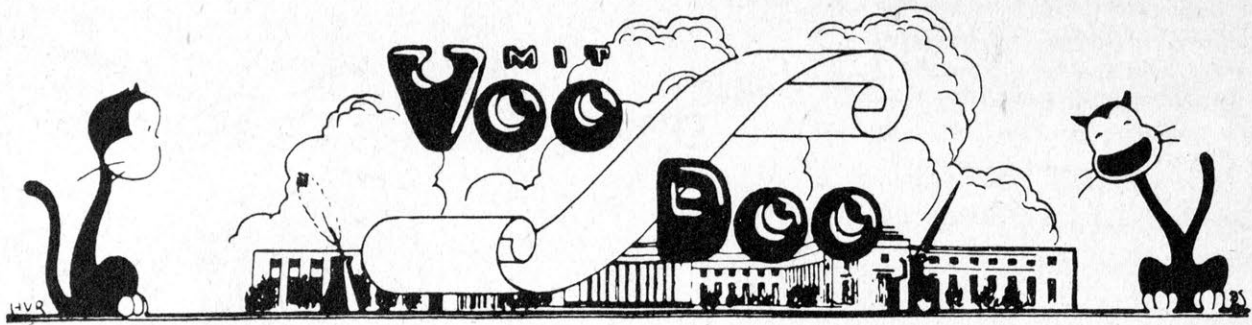
"A gentleman who spent the night here appeared for breakfast the next morning."

*— Gargoyle.*



# DRAG-YOUR-HAG ISSUE





CONFUCIUS once said, "They laughed at Daniel when he walked into the lion's den; they didn't know he was a lion tamer." Had there been a Confucius at Tech during the final week of last term (we hope the poor old boy doesn't turn over in his grave at the thought), he probably would have had something to say about a similar occurrence during an E21 final.

A certain fearless sophomore walked into the lion's den—in this case, the room in which he was to take his American History final, clutching his new super-speed, forty-five-cent slide rule. He was immediately greeted by loud guffaws from his fellow sufferers who could see no apparent need for a slide rule in a history exam. There is, however, another saying that goes something like "He who laughs last,"

etc. You see, what the laughers didn't know was that our hero had condensed his whole E21 course into a set of crib notes on the back of the rule. Touché, chum; anyone who can condense the whole of American History on the back of a slide rule deserves the last laugh.

LET it never be said that the staff of Voo Doo is conceited. We know our defects and strive to correct them. Yet, when tacit acknowledgment of our superiority comes from no lesser place than Wellesley, we feel that a certain amount of justifiable pride is permitted.

Not very long ago we received a request from the editor of the Wellesley monthly, *WE*, for a sideview-type article on one of Wellesley's prom-

inent figures. Please note that they did not go to the Brown, Harvard, etc., papers; they came to Tech and to Voo Doo for their write-up. The reception it received can be gauged by the letter they sent us. (See "Letters to the Editor.") Therefore, as we have a high opinion of Wellesley's good taste, we consider this a great praise of our periodical. We are glad to please you, girls — any time.

WE regret to say that Voo Doo has been rapidly becoming a fly in the ointment of a certain upperclassman at the Institute. This sad Romeo's love life was cruelly threatened by the poem entitled "Casey on a Bat," which appeared in a recent issue. It seems that our Casanova's notorious reputation as a wolf of the highest calibre had been rapidly traveling through the dormitories of a well-known girl's college in Boston and, after browsing through Voo Doo at the I.F.C., his date appeared fascinated by the frustration neatly but unsuccessfully applied to Casey. Her little mind was immediately set to work and by the next week-end, it had hatched out an ingenious idea. She got her bookies working among her classmates and bets were soon flying concerning her ability to stop our lover's progress along amorous lines.

The usual "one o'clock deadline or campus for two weeks" was on that fatal night and by 12.45 the pretzel stand was still whistling away. How-



"... that I can call my-y-y own. . . ."



ever, during the taxi ride back to the dormitory, the damsel was dismayed by a new hold and she succumbed to the advances of our hero. The story of the wagering came out the next night, much to the embarrassment of all.

Sorry, old boy, her run, your hit, our error.

FOR the past couple of decades, we've been hearing a lot about the advantages of a higher education, how it places a man above the menial jobs of this cruel world. Furthermore, we have been laboring under the delusion that the student of Harvard was being prepared for the more important executive work; you know, the stuff about how to manage his father's millions, and, although we had hopes of "landing a job" after graduation, we expected that the Harvard man would always "accept the position." However, it seems that we were all wrong about this, and it took the following ads from that mirror of life, the want ad section of the *Boston Globe*, to reveal the truth to us. We quote:

Mathematics — Expert tutoring by M. I. T. Grad. Lon. 2134.

Harvard Student Wants To Take Care of Furnace in Cambridge in Return for Free Room. M120, Globe Office.

THE forces of habit are strange and weird at times. When discovered in a member of the faculty they lead to the labels of "eccentricity" and "absent-mindedness." We bring to our readers for approval a new candidate for membership in our vast club of faculty men who find their names on these pages from time to time. The newcomer is Mr. Baine, of the English department, who regularly commences his sophomore "lit" class by silently removing his watch and placing it on the desk. Infallibly, his next step is to remove from his pocket a handkerchief, with which he carefully

dusts his chair. He does a very thorough job—the seat, the arms and even the slats in the back. At this point he breaks the silence and starts the business of the day. During the class, curiously enough, he sits in the chalk trays, on the window sills, on the arms of student chairs, on the desk, but never in the chair which he so carefully dusted.

IT is generally accepted as "passé" to say that Tech men look at everything in terms of accuracy on the slide rule. Despite the many arguments to the contrary that Harvardians and such have put up, the M. I. T. student is quick to deny that all he sees in Lana Turner is  $x=ay^2$ .

Yet Voo Doo, in its fearless presentation of true facts, must admit the existence of exceptions and give the following incident which occurred at the Old Howard not so long ago. It seems that, as the multi-colored spotlight followed the slowly undraping star of the show back and forth across the stage, some brilliant engineer ex-

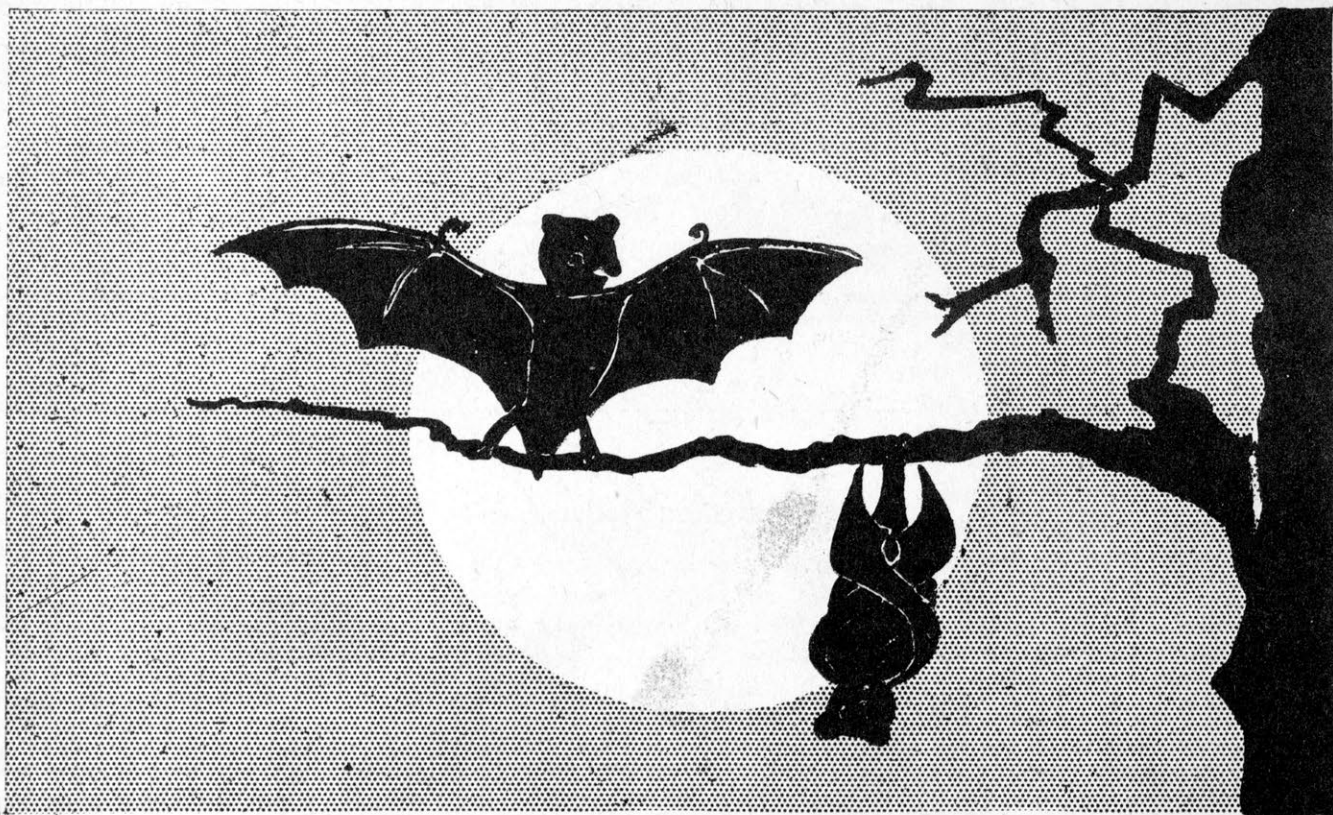
claimed rapturously, "The chromatic aberration of the spotlight lens looks nice, doesn't it?"

ONE of our boys who does a little amateur sleuthing on the side dashed into the office the other day, frothing madly at the mouth with a wild look of satisfaction in his eyes. He seemed to believe that he had stumbled onto a case for the FBI and, as we are always eager to present the facts as they are seen and not three weeks after they are seen (other periodicals please note), we shall tell you his story.

His charges are directed against a certain Cigarette Vending Machine Company who, he says and we quote, is trying to "discombobulate, refractionate, and castaforate the minds of the boys in the armed services." The whole affair started when he noticed several soldiers walk away from the vending machine in the lobby of their dormitory staring perplexedly at the small match packets distributed through the machine with cigarettes.



"God! What a Navy wife has to put up with!"



*"Natural instinct, HELL! It gives me a headache!"*

He stood next to one of them and soon found out what caused the look of amazement. On the match box cover, in bold letters, were the words, "Join the Navy now. Win your Navy wings."

OUR dear professors are an amazing little clan when it comes to batting out blackboard boners for the benefit of the bewildered, bored and battered boys of the Institute. This month's Bronze Banana goes to Professor Heidt who put the following confusing questions on the slimy slate during a 5.01 lecture.

"How do you find it?

What does it look like?

How do you identify it?

How do you make it?

How does it behave and what can you do with it?"

Please, Professor, this is a chemistry lecture! Give us a stick and we'll kill it.

IN these days of suspicion, treachery and companies slitting each other's throats for priorities, contracts and experienced men, we might expect that all traces of trust in one's fellow men had been discarded with the forty-hour week. Even in the darkest periods in history, however, a few peace-loving souls have always managed to keep alive a faint glimmer of hope for a better world. Phos reports that the Harvard Jazz Club sent out to all those on its mailing list a program and a ticket for one of their musical sessions, requesting that their patrons please pay for their ticket if they were interested in attending. We have no doubt that, if all mankind should show such faith in itself as do our friends farther up the river, this world would indeed be an ideal place in which to live.

IT has become a tradition here at Tech that all who enter do not sleep until the day they graduate. It has

been customary among the members of the faculty to scoff at this suggestion and say that a man's efficiency goes to zero after midnight and that most Tech men get a sound eight-hour sleep. They have continued to say this in the face of evidence to the contrary provided by hundreds of students sleeping each year in their classes, and have finally taken the stand that they might be wrong. But with the advent of the Navy boys, the faculty again took heart and proceeded to announce that Navy men get enough sleep.

With malice aforethought, we present the following case as definite proof that the faculty is again wrong. Navy men do not get enough sleep. Our story concerns Professor X, who, on observing Navy man "A" sleeping soundly in the back of his class, asked neighbor "B", also a Navy man, to wake him up. A loud and sonorous snore was all the answer "B" ever gave.



## RATE YOUR DATE

Check off your date and add up the points. Then look on page 25 to see our opinion.



3

NUMBER YOUR NUMBER

2



1

0

Looks.....	Need we say more?	For a blind date, what the hell!	Quote "Lots of Fun" unquote	Murgatroyd
Personality and Affection.....	Like a vacuum cleaner	Ditto with a leak in it	Just the leak	B. O.
\$.....	Filthy with it, but who minds a little dirt	Defense worker	Doesn't have much but it's fun to search	Gold-digger
Clothes.....	The bare essentials	Rate drape with umph bumps	Grandmother's Bustle	Too damn much
Her Old Man.....	F. D. R.	Tommy Manville	Casper Milquetoast	Pete the Tramp



3



ESTIMATE YOUR ESCORT

2



1

0

Looks.....	Lieutenant U.S.N.	1-A	Veteran of the Civil War	4-F
Personality.....	Quotes VooDoo	Sharp like a razor	Same, but rusty	Sharp like a marshmallow
Dancing.....	Like a fairy	After sixth lesson with Madame La Zonga	Not always like this. Sometimes he moves his feet	This one's on you
Brains.....	1.404	Enough	Quiz Kid	4.98
\$.....	Champagne and Caviar	Sauterne and salmon	Gin and Potato Chips	Beer with pretzels

## A MODERN BEDTIME STORY



GOOD evening, kiddies. How are all of my nephews and nieces feeling tonight? This is your Uncle Louie brought to you every night through the courtesy of the makers of that scrumptious cereal called "Nauseating Nutsies." Tonight's bedtime story is something that is just too cute for words and I know you'll just love it.

Once upon a time there was a sweet little girl who lived in a little house in the woods. Her real name was Gertie Hood, but because she always wore a little red sarong, all the other little kiddies called her Little Red Riding Hood. One day, Hoodsie was walking over to see her poor sick old grandma with a basket of buns for the old lady when she met a big bad wolf who, like all wolves, was hiding in the woods. This wolf, however, was different from the rest of his little friends because of his handsome face and form. As a matter of fact, he was called the hairy edition of Smilin' Jack. This character snuggled up to Red and whispered in his most persuasive manner, "Pardon me, babe, but you look just like Margie. Where might you be heading with the grub?"

Now Hoodsie had been having little talks with her mother about the birds and the bees and the flowers, so she knew what to do in such a situation. "Listen, big boy," she said, "I'm taking these over to my grandma and if you don't go some place else and peddle your papers I'll try out my Judo tricks on you." She then flashed her Little Orphan Annie Junior Com-

mando armband and went on her way. The wolf stood there for a few minutes fingering his fraternity pin and then dragged himself off in the direction of grandma's little house.

Here we begin to get just oodles and oodles of excitement in the story because Superman happened to be in the vicinity. He was helping Dick Tracy hunt down Mrs. Pruneface who was, in disguise, Hoodsie's dear old granny. Superman had hopped up onto the roof of the old lady's barn and was quietly humming "Pistol Packin' Momma" when he saw the wolf coming up the path. The wolf tried to open the door but it was locked, so he huffed and he puffed until the gin fumes on his breath blew it in. He pounced on poor old grandma, who was making some of her favorite onion soup in a big pot in the fireplace, and dropped the old girl into the pot just like your mothers

drop those delicious "Nauseating Nutsies" into your cereal bowls at breakfast. He then threw the entire mess out into the back yard where Superman scooped it up and was up, up, and away with it before you could say "Ish Kabibble."

The wolf had already crawled into grandma's nightie and put her little hood over his head when little Red knocked on the door. He called out in a feminine voice (he was a Scollay Square wolf), "Don't knock it down, open it!"

Hoodsie smelled a rat when she came in the door and she tightly clutched the kitty she kept in her pocket for such occasions. "Oh, granny," she remarked, "what big eyes you have."

"Listen, kid," answered the wolf, "you ain't seen some of the things I've seen around the Square lately."

"Oh granny," Hoodsie next remarked, "what a big nose you have."

"Yes," replied the wolf, "the better to get into a rum bottle with."

Little Red said, "Why, grandma, what big teeth you have."

Just then the wolf popped up out of bed with that San Quentin Quail look in his eye and said, "You hit the jackpot, babe; the better to eat you with."

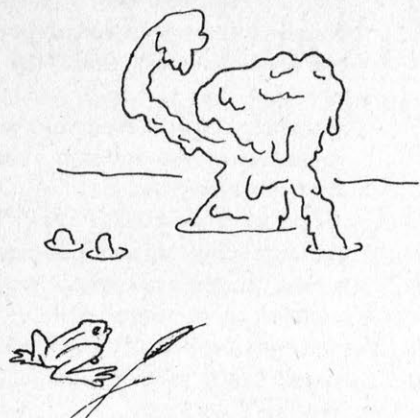
Upon hearing this Little Red Riding Hood forgot she was housebroken and began running around the bed with the wolf right behind her when she suddenly heard the clatter of hooves, followed by a hearty "Hi Ho, Silver," and out of a cloud of dust thundered the Lone Ranger. He shot the wolf and carried Little Red off to the nearest Justice of the Peace where they were married. They lived happily ever after in their little home in the Bronx with Tonto, their faithful English butler.

Well, kiddies, that's all for tonight. Tune in tomorrow again for the exciting story of "Jack and the Meat Ball," or "A Rolling Meat Ball Gathers no Gravy." Nighty night.

B. E. F.



## MURGATROYD



*Murgatroyd is taking a mud bath.  
It makes her look pretty.*



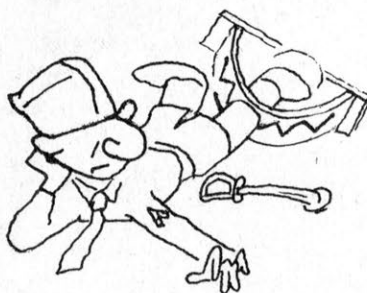
*She is curling her hair.  
Murgatroyd is going to J.P.*



*Murgatroyd has no date.  
But she is resourceful.*



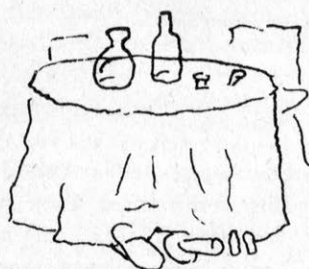
*She hasn't spent seven years  
in Tech for nothing*



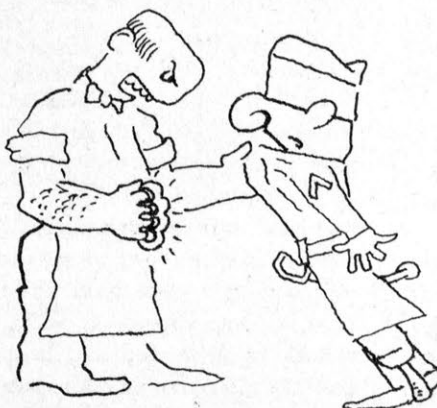
*Here is T. S. Cadavorous.  
Murgatroyd has a date.*



*They have fun dancing.*



*and romancing.*



*But T. S. can't pay the bill.  
He is in Course XV.*



*T. S. feels right at home.  
Murgatroyd is sad.  
She is allergic to soap.*

# MENS ET MENNES

## JUNIOR PROMENADE OF THE CLASS OF 1945

MUSIC BY TONY PASTOR  
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

### PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

MRS. KARL TAYLOR COMPTON  
PROFESSOR AVERY A. ASHDOWN  
MAJOR AND MRS. PERCY D. BAKER  
LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. JOSEPH F. COOK  
PROFESSOR AND MRS. RAYMOND D. DOUGLAS  
MR. AND MRS. HORACE S. FORD  
PROFESSOR AND MRS. LEICESTER F. HAMILTON

PROFESSOR AND MRS. RALPH G. HUDSON  
MR. AND MRS. RALPH T. JOPE  
CAPTAIN CHARLES S. JOYCE  
MR. AND MRS. JAMES R. KILLIAN  
LIEUT.-COMMANDER BERNARD M. OLSEN  
MAJOR JOSEPH F. RATLIFF  
MR. AND MRS. DELBERT L. RHIND

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JOHN L. HULL, *Chairman*, AND BARBARA HULL

CORTLAND F. AMES III AND BETTY MARTENS  
KING CAYCE AND JOYCE CAYCE  
ROBERT L. HUNTER AND NANCY CARPENTER

GABE DE ROETH AND DORIS WHITEHEAD  
KENNETH G. SCHEID AND JANE SCOLLINS  
CARROLL W. BOYCE

### USHERS

E. Judson Cole, *Head Usher*  
J. Harry Brindle  
Stanley M. Brown, Jr.  
Charles A. Carlson

Robert C. Clement  
Radley H. Daly  
Gerald Dennehy  
Kenneth Foster  
James J. Healy

Robert B. Hildebrand  
George E. McKewen  
Robert A. McLaughlin  
James S. Mulholland  
Clinton H. Springer

Waite Henry Stephenson  
Charles F. Street  
Harold Thorkilson  
George T. Upton

### PROM LIST

Jack Adams and Mary Couell  
Peter Agoston and Constance Alling  
Joseph Aguila and Ruth Stevens  
Edgar Andrews and Dorothy Williams  
Robert Arnold and Barbara Washburn  
James Baker and Barbara Ewing  
Durga Bajpai and Nayantara Pandit  
Donald Ball and Esther Gossett  
James Barabee and Barbara Simons  
John Barber, Jr. and Joan Voosman  
Edwin Bean and Jane Hawley  
George Berman and Eleanore Lowenberg  
George Bickford and Jean Kiernan  
John Biegler and Marion Payne  
Robert Birkhoff and Ariel Jewett  
Paul Bishop and Jean Moffat  
Peter Bolan and Marilyn Wright  
Arthur Borg and Doris Jean Ambler  
Henry Bowes and Maggie McKenney  
James Brayton and Marion Lathrop  
William Brett and Mary McDevitt  
John Browning and Chandralekha Pandit  
Corwin Brumley and Ann Osgood  
John Buchanan and Mrs. John Buchanan  
Ernest Bucleman and Margaret Frederick  
Charles Buik and Maryruth Jeffries  
Charles Burnn and Emmie Schmultz

Julian Busby and Gloria Hanes  
Robert Buxton and Lois Wood  
Chuck Burns and Betty McCarthy  
Dwight Callmus and Helen Fenn  
Leonard H. Carlson and Ginny Kent  
Warren Chapman and Jean Whipple  
Charles Chubb and Sally Atwater  
Gordon Chun and Marie Li  
Theodore Church and Wilma Cook  
Alvin Cohen and Debby Birger  
Robert Cohen and Joan Leiman  
D. Benjamin Cohen and Mona Saphir  
William Collet and Bettie Gauss  
Ross Compton and Betty Cobey  
William Cooley and Jeanette Hermann  
Robert Copsey and Maxine Fisher  
Ray Corwin and Faffy Carrig  
Lee Coifman and Dorothy Arnow  
Kjeld Damsgaard and Dorothy Fanck  
Leonard Dankowski and Louise Crowley  
George Daskal and Marcia Nierman  
Joseph Davidoff and Arlene Drucker  
James Davis and Ellen Watson  
Noel Davis and Mary Segoine  
John Dawson, Jr. and Liz. Slaughter  
Harry Dedell and Betty Bunte  
Bruno De Paoli, Jr., and Phyllis Fischer



*PROM LIST (Continued)*

Hillman Dickinson and Sally Browne  
Bernard Duffy and Jean Cram  
G. Harrison Eisenhardt and Libby Richards  
Richard E. Elden and Kay Sears  
Arthur Erjon and Sally Sparfield  
Robert Estes and Florence Menino  
Victor Ezykowski and Grace Maguire  
Bruce Fabens and Dotty Longley  
Stuart Farnum and Joanne Lundholm  
William Farron and Mary Benn  
Edward Ferrentino and Virginia Titus  
Cyrus Ferris and Jeanne Owens  
George Fischer and Louisa Hayunga  
David Flood and Janice Meyer  
Langdon S. Flowers and Mil Lane  
Samuel Francis and Johanna Seaver  
J. M. Farganswallow and Priscilla-Maye O'Toole  
Ray Gamundi and Laura Thompson  
Eugene Gehrig and Pat Ford  
Gordon German and Marian Granger  
Wilson Gilliat and Alice Fallon  
Peter Given and Nance Srugley  
John Granlund and Vera Raymond  
Walter Gray and Peggy Geyer  
Frank Hagerty and Dorothy Lucking  
John Hawkins and Ruth Speidel  
Paul Heilman and Mary Ellen Davis  
Robert Herbert and Amy Davidson  
James Hoaglund and Mary Jo Lamb  
Randall Hogan and Eleanor Collins  
Robert Horsburgh and Silvia Fry  
William Hubbard and Dottie Bigham  
Robert Hughes and Shirley Gibbs  
Edwin Jerome and Elizabeth Wildenhain  
Donal Kahn and Dorothy de Lutio  
Norman Kennedy and Janet Parmalee  
Seward Kennedy and Betty Bagnell  
Otto Kirchner and Mary McKenna  
John Kirkpatrick and Mary Janne Pasquier  
Mac Kispert and Janice McCreery  
Herbert Knappe and Peggy Lyden  
Art Komarek and Dotty Manchester  
Allan Laird, Jr. and Jane Dymond  
Kenneth Lambert and Mary Jane Burkholder  
Robert Landwehr and Elizabeth Nutt  
Frank Laurenzano and Lenore Wevin  
F. H. Li and Elizabeth Mei  
F. K. Li and Jean Jong  
Arthur Linz and Mary Benjamin  
Frank Loesch and Mary Jane Clapp  
Gary Loomis and Judy McCord  
Richard Luce and Barbara Craven  
Harold Lyons and Mary Margaret Topping  
Gerald MacKinnon and Eleanor Dolle  
William MacKenzie and Jane McGloughlin  
Keshub Mahindra and Margaret Davies  
Bruce Mayer and Eleanor Ash  
Harry McCurdy and Simone Maillet  
James McFadden and Jean Morgan  
William McKay and Betty Elston  
Denman McNear and Marion Baldwin  
James Miller and Marie Heindrich  
Henry Moore and Gloria Miller  
Max Moore and Helene Bryant  
S. Murray Moore and Dorothy Webster  
Henry Morgan and Gwen Gunter  
Stephen Moulton and Helen Brean  
Brom Muller and Barbara McSorley  
Nicholas Mumford and Judy Hall  
Harry Myers and Peggy Sawyer  
Robert Nelson and Jane Peters  
Sandy Neuhaus and Rita Schachat  
William Parker and Barbara Franket  
Horton Passfield and Jean Philbrick  
Charles Patterson and Eleanor Sherry  
Charles Peck and Margaret Van de Bogart  
Raymond Pelley and Jeanne Haley  
Virgil Pettigrew and Phyllis Couchman  
Bill Plunkett and Doris Kutz  
Frank Pohanka and Barbara High  
Al Porson and Anne Adams  
Don Powers and Joan Melba  
Gerald Quinnan and Mary Lally  
George Quisenberry and Barbara Noelte  
Kenneth Rehler and Gwen Maske  
William Richardson and Louise Perkins  
William Ritterhoff and Cleo MacKinnon  
Geoff Robillard and Barbara Jeanne Engstrom  
John Rockett and Anne Louise Lyons  
Carl Roden and Barbara Hurst  
Carl Rohrer and Janis Jones  
Henry Roy and Cherry Frost  
Gene Rubin and Mims Stern  
John Rueckert and Alice Thornton  
Bill Sadler and Margy Monahan  
Reuben Samuels and Louise Breed  
Ralph Scherer and Betty Foss  
Bill Schield and Emily Fensterwald  
Pete Schwab and Buzz Barber  
Robert Schwartz and Sally Franks  
Jack Scherman and Katherine Kiernan  
William Semple and Marilyn Shute  
Charles Shipman and Nancy Jean Stoll  
Charles Simpson and Ann Mason  
Geo. B. Sklopdopidoz and Eunice Blmnphe  
Dick Soderberg and Teddy Wood  
David Smith and Virginia Baker  
Larry Smith and Betty Ashley  
Robert Smith and Charmienne Yarwood  
Stanley Smith and Helen Innes  
Tom Stephenson and Dorothy Ann Bensinger  
Thor Stromsted and Ruth Deitch  
Bob Symonette and Martha Munn  
Walter Swain and Jane Dawson  
John R. Taft and Molly Hopkins  
Robert Taylor and Anne Fabbri  
Warren Turner and Betty Jane Chitterling  
John Upton and Marie Wight  
Jeptha Wade and Paddy Vanderbilt  
Al Werner and Evie Brown  
Dick Whiffen and Meg Gill  
Ray White and Nancy Burwell  
Pete Winship and Anne Wilkinson  
Edward Wittaker and Jesse Brightman  
Bill Wise and Sally Cheney  
John Woolston and Marolyn Lyst  
Wallace Zacharchuk and Jacqueline Pressy



**A**MONG the many colorful characters that have made copy in Voo Doo's Side Views, we have had many a renowned regular of all those sedate wolfing parties known as acquaintance dances. But never have we presented quite such a regular as Thomas H. Momose.

A child of the woods, a son of the pines and coyotes (NO we DON'T mean it that way) of British Columbia, Tom had his early upbringing in a fur trading outfit called Vancouver. The moment his birth was announced, a saloon was opened on one side of his house and a girls college on the other. And yet, despite the rugged surroundings in which he was bred, Thomas was a bright clean and upstanding member of his community. For this reason he came to Tech to trade, to quote his words, "his morals for an education." Used to the direct Western approach whereby you tap sharply on the shoulder and say, "Do ya or Don't ya?" Tom found himself confronted with the fact that New England's girls schools are coffee colleges (the bags are dated) and a complete change of technique was required. But Tom had not lived with timber wolves for nothing; within a short space of time he had built a reputation

# TERRIBLE TOM

## SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

that made the late H. J. Casanova's soul exclaim "Corpo di Bacco! La Maddona! Sacramento! I am ruined," unquote.

One of our reporters has said that he heard someone say that someone else had said that he heard somebody say that it had been said that Tom had said that he used "the intellectual approach on the first five dates." This, we believe, is a distortion of the truth. Tom has told us in person that he really means that he likes his dates intellectual. (Intellectual is cultured, and cultured is bred, and bread is toast, and toast is hot.) Tom's fame is marred by only one incident. Like Sherlock Holmes, he has to admit that even the great meet with defeat.

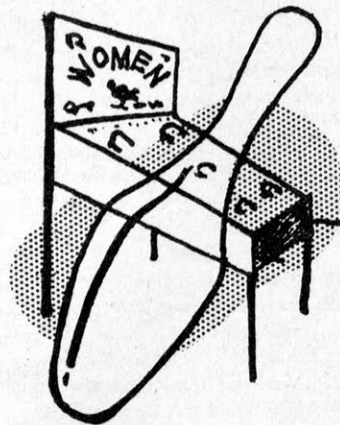
The person in question in this incident was the star of our recent Voo Doo smoker. After Tom had invested over \$2 in cabs and in a large bottle of Canadian Club, the sad story tells that he was left at the curb. But Tom is resourceful and, finding himself with a seat on the curb, he bulled Consolidated Preferred for \$100,000 and went home a richer man.

So far we have given a one-sided picture of Tom Momose, and we would hasten to correct any ideas you may have been forming. We haven't even told you what he looks like, and have given only the briefest of biographies. Well, to start with, most of Tom is a smile and Boy! what a smile. It looks like a poached egg on a Jumbo Roll. Freshmen will say it's a malignant smile, secretaries that it's a lecherous smile, profs that it's an apologetic smile, but it's a smile anyhow, and nobody has ever seen him without it. Holding up the dead weight of this Cheshire Cat grin is a short, stocky muscular body which denotes years of football playing. Yes, Tom is the

granddad of the gridiron. As star of the Vancouver Vampires, he made the winning play in the big game with the Seattle Settlers to bring in a resounding victory of 146-140. In this game, he made the only 40-yard dash in history to be made across the field for a touchdown in the \$.55 bleachers.

When he first arrived at Tech, Tom quartered himself in the old Dorms where, as dominating member of the Agenda and other such, he soon became the terror of the Dormitory freshmen. Then came the war and Tom moved over to the Walker Club where he still resides.

But existence in the W. C. wasn't like the old days, and Tom sank lower and lower till he reached the basement. Here he made two great discoveries, viz: A bowling alley and a pinball machine. Years of spotting fish in the



B. C. hills came in very handy in the bowling alleys, and this capacity earned him many a useful dollar. As to the pinball machine, Tom has been the despair of the makers. With scores of 47, 21, 38 free games to fight, they have tried removing all but one bumper, raising the score to 98,000,

*Continued to page 24*





The selection of Tony Pastor as the prom band has Phos' hearty approval, since it means that Patti Powers will also be there. Patti is Tony's featured vocalist and is gifted with a good voice, a swell personality, and good looks. What more could any man ask for? Phos is pleased to present Patti as his heartbeat of the month.

## HOTROCK HYSTERIA

*New York Times*, page one, column three.

Washington, September 20—Drafting of married men with children will begin October 1, Brigadier General Hershey, Director of Selective Service, announced today. General Hershey declared the measure was necessary to meet Army and Navy demands for the remainder of 1943.

*News Bulletin*, WGGL, October 20.

"Oglesville, Ohio. Hank Hotrock, the nation's singing favorite, and star of 'Melody Roundup,' heard on this station every Saturday at 9 p.m., has been placed in class 1-A by his draft board today and has been ordered to report for induction November 5."

*Boston American*, headlines, October 21.

SWOONER CROONER TO PEEL POTATOES  
HANK HOTROCK DRAFTED  
*Russians Take Berlin*

*Cincinnati Times-Star*, page 16, column 5.

Oglesville, October 22—Two hundred women workers at the Oglesville Brass Coupling Works walked out today when Associated Women's Organized Labor declared a strike.

*New York Times*, October 23, page 1, column 8, bottom.

War plants all over the country today were forced to halt productions when Associated Women's Organized Labor declared a nation-wide strike, following the example set by the Oglesville Brass Coupling Works at Oglesville, Ohio.



"IT'S TRUE!!"

Walter Winchell, October 23.

"If a certain popular person were to use his influence for the benefit of the United States of America instead of his own, the hampering of the war effort by nation-wide strikes could be eliminated."

*Boston Record*, headlines, October 24.

CRYING CROONER CREATES CRISIS  
THOUSANDS OF WOMEN RIOT  
*Yanks Invade Wake*

Nation-wide Hookup, October 25.

"My friends, . . . this is total war . . . Drafting of fathers in non-essential industries is vital for the victory of the United Nations . . . Selfish interests must and will be put aside. . ."

"Melody Roundup," Coast-to-Coast Network, October 30.

"Click, click — click, click, click.

Click, click — click, click, click.

L-Z — I-G-S

L-Z — I-G-S

L-Z — I-G-S

La Zula is *good* spaghetti.

Yes, La Zula is *Good* spaghetti . . . and now a million spaghettis free greet our boys across the sea as Hank Hotrock sings the tune which is number one."

(Wild Screams above high C.)

"I thank you. Ladies —"

(Shrill squealing recommences, then finally dies down.)

"It is my wish —" (loud howling again) "that personal feelings be put aside —" (scream of "Don't put me aside, Hank!") "for the best interests of the war effort. I —" (Audience goes berserk, screaming and shouting, completely drowning out all voices over the microphone. The demonstration keeps up until the program ends.)

"Because of previous commercial commitments, 'Melody Roundup' is forced to leave the air. This is the American Broadcasting Company."

*New York Daily Mirror*, headlines, October 31.

STRIKES CONTINUE  
MOBS WRECK ABC STUDIO  
*Hitler Suicide*

*Oglesville Observer*, November 5, page 35, column 8, bottom.

Henry B. Hotrock of this town, vocalist on ABC's "Melody Roundup," was rejected for military service by Local Board 129 for Calabash County because of a sunken chest. Mr. Hotrock will resume his singing career.

*New York Daily News*, headlines, November 8.

STRIKES END  
FULL WAR PRODUCTION RESUMED  
HOTROCK BOOED OFF AIR

J. A. M.



# LOVE IN GLOOM

(For Two Flutes and a Piccolo)

Ah! Summer charms  
Salami on bread;  
Ah! Wintry charms  
Pastromi in bed.

It was a shining summer's sunset  
It was a beautiful day.  
And as I walked with no cares on my mind  
And water on my knee  
I came across a vision —

I came across a vision  
And so she entered my life.  
I left my kitchen door wide open  
And so she entered my life.

She had all that life had to offer  
And most of the things from *Pic*, *Look*, and *Snoop*.  
She had all that life had to offer  
And for a buck she'd offer it too.

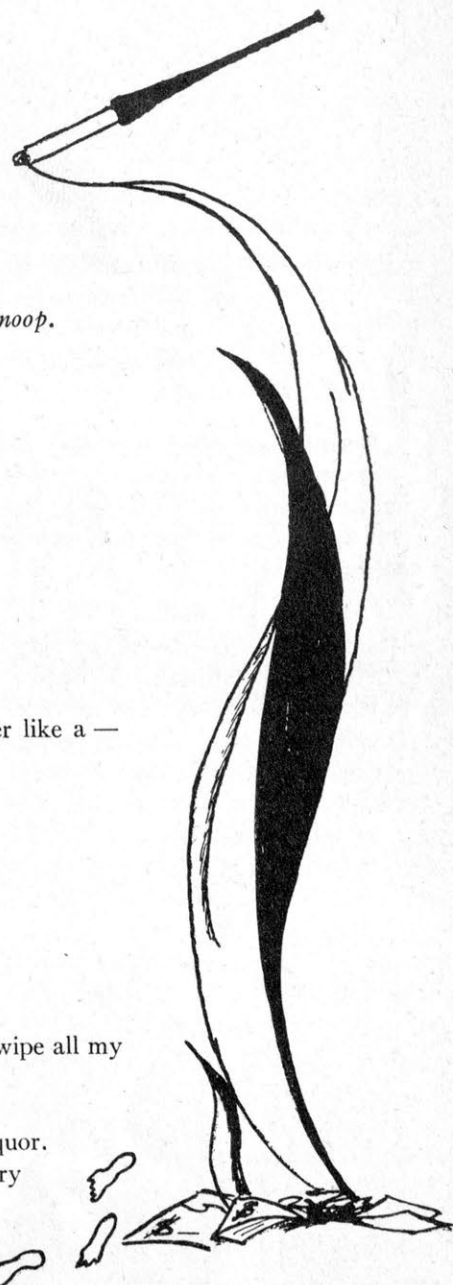
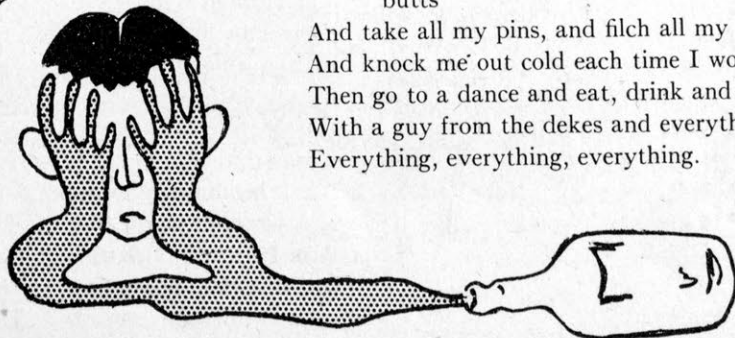
Ivory teeth  
(The plastic kind are too expensive)  
Lips of carmine  
Eyes of Glue  
And hair of spun pistachio.

With a voice as angelical  
As a bassoon in a boiler factory  
And a shape like a tube  
Or more like a grand piano or for that matter like a —  
Oh never mind.

All covered with rust  
And a slight smell of musk  
With a mind full of lust  
And inches of dust  
All over her bust.

With all this and money too  
Why does she have to borrow my books, and swipe all my  
butts  
And take all my pins, and filch all my liquor  
And knock me out cold each time I would nequor.  
Then go to a dance and eat, drink and be merry  
With a guy from the dekes and everything  
Everything, everything, everything.

Ah! Summer charms  
Salami on bread  
Ah! Wintry charms  
Pastromi in bed.



## The Memoirs of Hector Canworthy, Techman

### VI. *The Strange Case of the B Flat Symphony*

NO account of the strange incidents that have occurred at Tech would be complete without the startling case of Aristedes P. Glutz and the ill-fated premiere of his great B flat Symphony. At the time of this strange occurrence, I had just moved from my extensive quarters in a box of sawdust in the Building 10 men's room to large and lugubrious apartments in the basement of what was then the Graduate House. After I had set up my hammock between two turbo generators, I realized that the room was bigger than my needs demanded, and I decided to advertise for a roommate.

The first applicant who survived the stagnant air was a long and livid individual who, on finding that the rent was only two bits, immediately accepted. And so it was that Aristedes P. Glutz took up his abode in the empty Egyptian Sarcophagus under my hammock. On living with Glutz, the first thing that struck me

was a steam pipe that stretched across my bed; the second was Glutz's astounding musical ability. He would sit hours on end. Tiring of this, he would sit on his head and compose feverishly, stopping only to throw a hard boiled egg into a decrepit meat grinder.

"Ah," he would exclaim as I turned the crank, "Beautiful, Hector, Beautiful." It was on a chilly winter's eve, about five weeks after Glutz had moved in, that he told me his decision. I remember distinctly how he shouted to me over the din of the street cars passing overhead.

"Hector — I am composing a masterpiece."

In the sudden silence that followed I felt the awe inspiring presence of genius. A cold shiver ran down my spine and, stepping away from the leak in the room, I inquired.

"What is it, Aristedes?"

For a moment, only the clanking of annealing furnaces answered me. Then

he said "It will be a B flat Symphony. It will be for sacbut, two slush pumps, and a concrete mixer."

If Glutz had written feverishly before, he wrote even more so now. Many is the time that I would find him intently at work when I got up at the break of noon, and when I returned at night, I would find him still at it, stopping occasionally to try out a passage on his E flat Contafaggot. Then, one day, when I came home from a hard day of fitting pieces of steam together (I was a steam fitter in the R. L.) I found him standing under our doorway waiting for me. "Hector," he said, as I lowered myself through the manhole, "Hector, it is finished. Rehearsals started on Monday." I grasped his hand. Emotions and some NO<sub>2</sub> choked me. Grabbing his Armenian Tam Tam, Aristedes P. Glutz played me to sleep with the variations of the First Movement.

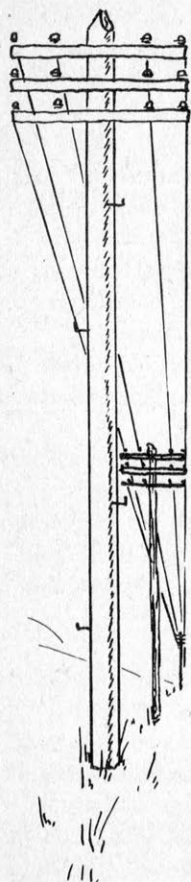
From the first time that Glutz dug up fifteen pinocle players from Petrillo's parlor for a rehearsal, I was convinced that I was listening to the masterpiece of a genius. As the first movement opens, the theme is stated quasi andante ma con shmaltz by a large man playing a soprano ophicleido, a medium man playing a tenor ophicleido, and a small man playing a contrabass ophicleido. After a vigorous development and massage, the movement comes to a fiery ending as the drummer trips over the glockenspiel. And now, as the English Corn (Corni Inglesi) starts the second Movement, one can see the sensuous beauty of a primeval forest wafted to us by the garlic the first violinist had for lunch. Then this vision gives way to the lusty and joyous light in the Adagio of the third Movement. The theme is passed from instrument to instrument, but, as nobody wants it, the tuba player lights up a stogie, and all of a sudden, the fourth movement is announced. Through the crashing of plates and pans, the one hundred fifty



"No dog tags — two demerits."



## COOL OFF THE WIRES

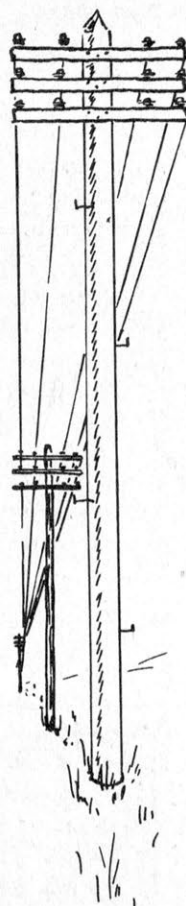


There was a time not long ago  
When you could take the yellow pad  
And write, "My dear, I love you so,"  
Or "Honey, gosh! I miss ya bad."  
And Western Union didn't mind  
If you would start with "Sugar  
lamb."  
Alas! them days are left behind  
When love could go by telegram.

Quick! Rub out those terms of affection!  
Man, what could you be thinking of?  
Your amorous prose needs correction.  
The government's rationing love.

Oh the government, the government  
Has given woo the brush.  
They've put the freeze on lovers' pleas  
And clamped the hush on mush.  
So stow the gaff when you telegraph,  
Though this may sorely vex,  
The government, the government  
Has put the hex on sex.

J. M. L.



man chorus breaks out into that hymn of joy, "Jakie, there's a fly in my beer."

The rehearsals were advancing excellently when suddenly fate hit with the force of a pile driver. In the middle of a furious tutti in the fourth movement, the fourth B flat trumpet, who had been playing diminished thirds all the day, tried to blow an augmented sixth. The strain was too much, and he was carried out by two men from the draft board. For the next week, Glutz and I interviewed fourth trumpet after fourth trumpet, and it was in the course of these interviews that a little wizened man with fly specks on his vest applied for the job. He stepped up to Glutz and whispered something in his ear. Glutz immediately turned pale and, in a trembling voice, told him he

could fill the position. I could tell that night by the way he ate his blankets and tried to cover himself with flannel cakes, that something was wrong with Glutz. Who was this shadow of the past? Nothing could make him tell me. From then on, misfortune after misfortune befell the B flat Symphony. At one rehearsal the timpani sent a mallet through his head, at another the piccolo player put his instrument to his mouth, only to find it stuffed with rancid butter. One time the legs of the double basses were sawn off, another, the tuba was filled with curried mutton, and finally several days were lost when the violin bows were stolen and hack saws put in their places. It was, therefore, with many a doubt that I saw Glutz mount the podium for the grand premiere.

But, as the first movement, then the second and third passed without a scratch, I relaxed and started to wonder whether I hadn't imagined the danger which threatened Glutz. Then, suddenly, in the middle of the furious tutti in the fourth movement, Glutz clasped his hands to his head and fell down shot through the head. Confusion spread over the hall, and I instinctively looked for the fourth trumpet player. In a moment I saw him slinking out of a side door. "Stop him!" I shouted, and, jumping over heads of the bystanders, I wrenched his instrument from his hand. As I suspected, inside the instrument was a small revolver whose trigger was cleverly attached to the third valve. Only after a long session with a lead pipe and a dentist's drill did we get the complete story.

"I was not always just a lowly fourth B flat trumpet player" he said. "Ten years ago, I was a first E flat Oboe D'Amore, a respected and honored member of my profession. Then, one day, this villain Glutz crossed my path. My dog bit him and he hated me ever after. By chance I had discovered his secret and, to keep from being fired, I told him that I knew he had sold brassieres at Macy's and threatened him with it. He let me stay but he was ever plotting my humiliation. One day I was called on to play the famous solo on the Sarrousophone from Gomph's second. The music built up to my entrance. Suddenly the air was still; expectation hung over everything, the spotlight hit, and, as all eyes turned on me, I raised my instrument to my lips, and . . . he had stolen my mouthpiece."

"I was a broken man, and I have been planning my revenge these ten years."

Many a medical has flown under the dome since then, but sometimes, when I sit pouring shoe polish into my left ear, I recall Aristedes P. Glutz and his ill fated B flat Symphony.

R.W.W.

## SEVENTEEN SOLID UNKNOWNNS

"HEY, Frank, let's go. What do you say?"

"O.K., O.K. Keep your girdle on."

Frank Little came bouncing down the stairs, taking them two at a time. "You haven't seen a little yellow receipt of mine, have you?" he yelled as he milled around in my closet. "I left it here yesterday with my correspondence."

"If you wouldn't leave all your stuff lying around in my room, you wouldn't have to mess around like a madman at the last minute. Let the damn thing go or we will never get in town before the shops close."

"Oh, oh. Here it is. And may I ask what it is doing in among your shirts?"

"What has that receipt got that is so valuable anyhow?" I asked as I closed the front door behind me.

"Oh, it's some analysis I'm having done for 5.10. The reports should be in very shortly, and . . ."

"Hey, wait a minute. What's all this stuff about analysis?"

"Oh, I forgot that you're one of the mechanical boys . . . don't know the dope on this chem stuff. Well, going back to the starting line: I'm taking 5.10, and one of the little things you have to do is analyze 17 little tubes full of all sorts of stinking chemicals."

"I start to see," I said, as the plot unfolded. "Some chemical shop is doing the dirty work for you."

"For a small fee."

"And you are getting the credit?"

"Exactly. And here, I notice, is the street car that will take us to Messrs. Schultz & Schultz, chemical supplies."

After doing some shopping of my own, I followed my friend into the offices of Schultz & Schultz, where we were promptly greeted by a small man with horn-rimmed glasses, to whom Frank handed his slip.

"Im sorry," said the little man, "but these won't be ready for another couple of days. We have been rushed

lately, and have only just sent them out."

"What do you mean — 'sent them out'?"

"Oh, you see, we don't do all our own work. We just supply chemicals and anything we want to have analyzed, we send out to an expert: a Dr. Marvin at M. I. T."

I don't know if you have ever noticed the blank look that comes over a guy who has just stepped into an open manhole, but Frank Little suddenly got this look. For a while he looked definitely sick, but finally he clutched my arm and said weakly, "Let's find a bar pronto. I feel that a quick one is called for, but fast . . ."

"So," I said as I watched Frank down the third Scotch, "Marvin is your prof. Complicates things a bit, doesn't it?"



"I can see those damn little bottles sitting on his shelf right now. Like a damn fool, I gave Schultz the stuff in the tubes I got them in. I didn't even wash off the labels with my numbers on them. . . . This is Friday and the old doc is away over the week-end. Bud, we must act."

"What are the chances of sneaking into his lab and . . ."

"Forget it. There is only one person in our class who has the key to his lab."

"Who?"

"Oh, that Mary Ferment woman.

She's been helping in some kind of work, the brownbagger."

A sudden flash of inspiration hit me. "Brownbagger nothing," I said. "I have the solution right in my hand. Why, it's so obvious I can't see why you ever worried about it. Didn't you tell me once, Frank, that this Mary Ferment thing was doing a slight chasing job on you?"

"Oh, no. You are not thinking of . . . I'll admit she has had her eye on me but you wouldn't suggest . . ."

"I certainly would. You just oil her up and in she pops and gets those tubes. Nothing to it."

"But man, have you ever met her? Have you ever even seen her?"

"This is no time for wavering. Courage, Frank! It's got to be done."

"Oh, er . . . , Bud . . . you wouldn't . . ."

"NO!"

"Ah, well, that's the way it's got to be, I suppose."

And so the hours passed. That evening I was back at the house when all of a sudden the door was flung open and Frank stumbled in with the look of someone who had undergone a great sorrow. Making a straightline for the Canadian Club, and, mixing himself a stiff one, he sank into my best armchair with a look of utter despair.

"Something wrong?"

"Your — right there's something wrong." Little quaffed deeply. "Oh, what dirty double crossing!"

"Well, let's have it. What blew a fuse? She won't play ball?"

"Ball? Oh, she'll play ball all right but, Bud, you wouldn't believe to what depths the human character can sink until you hear the rest of the story." Emotion overcame him, and he reached over and refilled his glass. "Here it is, Bud, in a nutshell. She will do it if I take her to the Prom. And she dropped the hint that if my compliance isn't quick and prompt, Marvin may learn about it long before Monday."

"Looks bad, Little, but it looks like



you've got yourself a date."

"For Pete's sake, Bud, you don't think I'm going through with it, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Stop and think, man! I've already asked Jean Perry up for the Prom."

"Ah yes," I said, "it comes to me," and I remembered the five pictures of Jean that decorated my friend's room.

"No chance of canceling Jean?"

"Sure, if I want to be handed the mitten."

"The crux is evidently 'Tech or Jean?' You're going to get bounced by one of them, sure as I'm flunking 2.04."

"And the choice is Tech. Unless Superman drops in quick, I'm fricassee."

"Quite."

"Boiled in oil."

"Absolutely."

"Fini."

"Thoroughly."

"Gimme a refill."

I was rather busy that week-end arguing my point with a batch of Irishmen in blue uniforms who were utterly devoid of a sense of fun. I saw nothing of Frank Little, and it was with a feeling that Tech had lost a true blue that I returned to the old hallowed halls. It was, therefore, with considerable surprise that I breezed round the bend of building two to walk into Little, radiant with cheeriness and good will unto all men.

"By my calculations," I said, "you should by now be the late lamented Frank F. Little. Why the sunshine and primroses?"

"Bud, you see before you a man with not a care in the world. Not one."

"Fine! Fine! and what the hell, may I ask, happened to a little matter of some seventeen tubes of incrimi-

nating evidence?"

"Oh, that . . . Marvin found them all right, but that's okay, that's okay."

"Come on, quit being coy. Give out!"

"Well, I'll tell you, the lab assistants in charge of my lab made a slight error, bless their souls. When they gave me my unknowns, they put Mary Ferment's number on them instead of mine. Be seeing you, Bud."

R. W. W.



This class reminds me of Kaffee Hag — 99 per cent of the active element has been removed from the bean.

— Old Maid.



"And there I was, cast away on a desert island with a lovely woman."

"What did you do for food?"

"I'll be darned if I can remember."



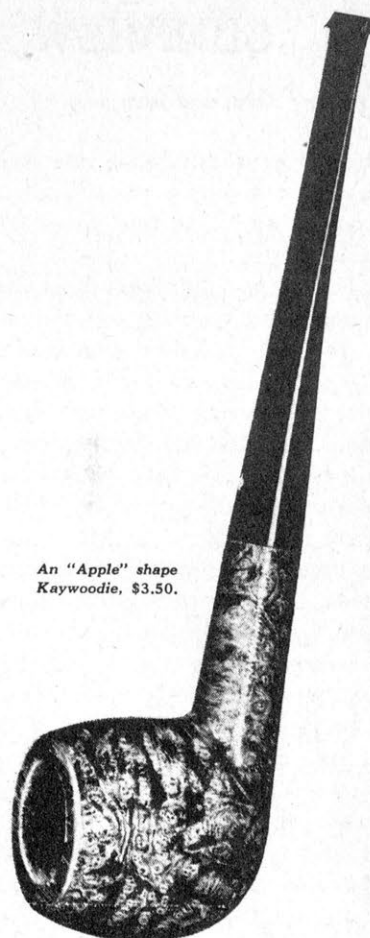
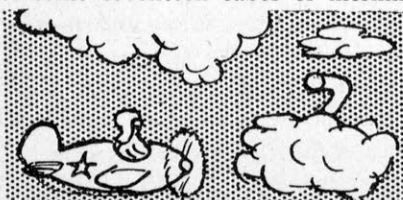
An announcement on a bulletin board outside a certain church in a small town reads: "Do you know what hell is?" Underneath, in smaller letters: "Come and hear our organist this evening."

— Scottie.



Sailor (traveling cross-country): "Porter, get me another glass of ice water."

Porter: "Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo' ice, dat co'pse in de baggage car ain't goin' to keep."



An "Apple" shape  
Kaywoodie, \$3.50.

## "I Smoke a Kaywoodie"

As I sit and watch the smoke curl up from my Kaywoodie, I bless the smell of it — a fragrance rare and fine, neither sweet nor strong. I never had the same taste from other pipes.

If you have a pipe of apple wood, dogwood or maple, you know these substitutes do not taste the same as this well-cured briar brought from the Mediterranean before the war. Very few pipes are made of it any more.

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## SIDEVIEW

*Continued from page 16*

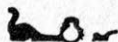
and adding five tilts; all in vain. Every day Tom invests a nickel and proceeds to sell his 60 free games at six for a quarter.

To the few that have been mentioned so far, we must add two more to the list of Tom's achievements. The first is his amazing cubic capacity. Capable of simply prodigious liquid feats, he has been known to take on the whole Deke house at one time and win. From years in the West where the standard drink is a small Earthquake with a large Scotch as a chaser, Tom can treat Scollay Square Specials, and Singapore Slings with a casualness which would put such mighties as Bill Boyle to shame.

Tom's other achievement is his mastery of the art of class cutting. Though T. H. is known by almost all persons at the Institute, nobody can recollect ever having seen him in any class. He makes no idle boast when he claims that he could cut Electric Engineering Lab and still pass the course. Tom can usually be found in the Walker Lounge bar, where every day at lunch time he mixes shakes with incredible speed and acts as a sort of unofficial Mister Anthony to all the lonely (and beautiful) Radiation Lab secretaries who drop in for a burger at noontime.

And so, Tom, we have added you to the collection of Rancid Romes which already clutter our files, and, as a gesture of admiration and honor to your particular achievements, we would like to nominate you for the select "Club for the Abolishment of Brownbaggerism at Tech." Welcome, fellow member.

R. W. W.

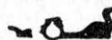


A woman's best asset is man's imagination.

"Say, do you think it would be all right if I asked Jane for a kiss tonight?"

"You don't order root beer in a saloon, do you?"

— Pelican.



### STEIN SONG

There's a notable family named Stein,  
One named Gert, one Ep, and one Ein.

Gert's verses are punk

Ep's statues are junk,

And only the Lord understands Ein!

— Widow.



Statistics show that Yale grads have 1.3 children, while Vassar grads have 1.7. Which merely goes to show that women have more children than men.

— Bachelor.



First girl: "I don't like your boy friend."

Second: "Why?"

First: "He whistles dirty songs."

— Urchin.



### TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

Rev. Blank succumbed to heart disease in Bellevue yesterday. He was survived by two brothels.

— Daily News.

Some men have varied interests, that's all.

— Penn State Froth.

Frosh: "Gosh! That girl is stacked like a house!"

Fish: "Yeah, she's plastered too."



It is a good thing inspections are not held on Mondays. It is amazing how much lipstick can be picked up on a collar during a successful weekend.

— Log.



Hickory, dickory dock!  
The mice ran up her sock;  
One stopped at her garter,  
The other was smarter —  
Hickory, dickory, dock!

— Battalion.



Ain't it funny? Ain't it a laugh?  
The villain is chopping a woman in half!  
And look! The truck just ran over a baby.  
The plane is a mess, it's falling and maybe  
The hero is crushed and under the hood.  
They'll show him floating around in his blood.  
But Superman saw with his x-y-z vision  
And he flies through the air with speed and precision.  
He catches the killers and snaps off their necks  
And foils the plot with horror and sex.  
The funnies just *kill* us kids on the staff —  
Ain't it funny? Ain't it a laugh?

— Were.







## RATE YOUR DATE

### ANSWERS

#### Number Your Number

- o NO! There aren't two like that.
- 1-4 A sad hag with a bad drag.
- 5-9 Just right for a home and fifteen kids.
- 10-14 Handle with care.
- 15 As a matter of interest, please send the names and addresses of all fifteen scorers to Voo Doo, 303 Walker, Cambridge.

#### Estimate Your Escort

- o He'd be so nice to go home from.
- 1-4 Pruneface.
- 5-9 Safe.
- 10-14 Synthetic Sinatra.
- 15 It must be Love.



Mr. Brown had passed on. In life he had secretly worn a toupee. It was his widow's wish that his secret should never be revealed. After many inquiries, she found an undertaker who assured her that he could preserve the effect until the very last minute.

"Are you certain that the toupee will not slip off?"

"Yes, indeed, madam, I will attend to that."

The next morning she phoned the undertaker. "I am very much worried about the toupee. Mr. Brown was so particular."

"Leave that to me, Mrs. Brown, I will exercise the greatest care."

She phoned many times during the day and each time she got the same reassurance. Two hours before the rites another phone call came.

"Mr. Smith, I am only worried about one thing. That's Mr. Brown's toupee. Now are you certain that it will not come off?"

"Yes, madam," shouted back the exhausted undertaker, "I am damned certain; I nailed it on."

— Pelican.

He (as his wife is packing): "I really don't think you ought to wear that bathing suit, Helen."

She: "But dear, I have to. You know how strict they are at the beaches."

— Battalion.



It seems that one of the employees of Henry Ford dreamed that Henry died. He dreamed that he saw the black casket being borne by six of Henry's oldest and most faithful employees. As the casket came by, Henry raised up, looked around, and offered the following suggestion:

"If you would put rollers under this casket, you could lay off five men."

— Banter.

"Give me a chicken salad," said a student in the Co-op.

"Do you want the 40-cent one or the 50-cent one?" asked the waitress.

"What's the difference?"

"The 40-cent ones are made of veal and pork, and the 50-cent ones are made of tuna."



Sign in N. Y., N. H. and H. yards in New Haven:

DO NOT  
CLIMB OVER  
THE ENGINE.  
TANKS!

T'ink nuttin' of it, Jack.

— Jack o' Lantern.



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BACK BAY

The chaplain preached a forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments. One private went away in a serious mood, but eventually brightened up. "Anyway," he said, "I have never made a graven image."

— Froth.



"A burglar broke into our sorority house last night."

"What did he get?"

"Practice."

Pelican.



A gentleman on being informed that he was the proud father of triplets, was so overjoyed by the news that he rushed immediately to the hospital, where his wife and newly arrived family were, and rushed pell-mell into the room.

"Don't you know better than to come in here in germ-filled clothes," said the nurse. "You're not sterile."

He looked at her for a moment and then said, "Lady, are you telling me!"

— Urchin.



"Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

"I can't tell. He hasn't slept yet; we've only been married a few days."

— Sour Owl.



"I think when Bill and I are married we'll go to Bali Bali and see what it's like."

"Don't be silly, it's the same everywhere."

— Banter.

"It's easy to write a play. First act, boy meets girl. Second act, they hold hands. Third act, they kiss."

"That's how I got arrested."

"What do you mean?"

"I wrote a five-act play."

— *Duke 'n' Duchess.*



"That waiter is either a fool or a humorist."

"What's the matter?"

"I ordered extract of beef and he brought me a glass of milk."

— *Pelican.*



Papa: "Son, are you pursuing your studies faithfully?"

Son: "Yes indeed, father. I'm always an assignment behind."



"What in the world makes your tongue so black?"

"I dropped a bottle of whiskey on a freshly tarred road."

— *Pelican.*



"That is a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes, I wear it to teas."

"Whom?"

*The Murray Printing Company*  
 LETTERPRESS AND OFFSET  
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A drunk got into a taxi and asked to be driven around the park five times. After the third time around he shouted to the driver, "Faster — I'm in a hurry."

— *Hiccup.*

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A Southern gentleman sent his dark servant out to get a cup of water from the well. Scared witless, the darky ran back shouting, "Massah. Ah ain't doin' dat; dere's a crocodile at de bottom ob dat well!"

"Tut, tut, Ebony," the white gentleman said, "Pay no attention. That crocodile is as afraid of you as you are of him."

"Well, suh," the darky quipped, "if dat crocodile is half 'fraid ah me as ah am ob him — den dat water ain't fit to drink!"

— *Varieties.*



Stable Sergeant: "D'ja ever ride a horse before?"

Rookie: "No."

Sergeant: "Ah, here's just the animal for you. He has never been ridden. You can start out together."



"Don't you love to go to the movies?"

"No, I go to the movies to love!"

— *Urchin.*



"Do you sell dog biscuits in this rotten little shop?"

"Yes, sir. Will you eat them here, or shall I send them around to your kennel?"



"We manicurists are luckier than most girls."

"Because we have so many men at our fingertips?"

"No, because we always know where their hands are."

— *Ohio Sun Dial.*



Lady to Sailor: "Do those tattoo marks wash off?"

Sailor: "Can't say, lady."

— *Urchin.*

Pretty girl to old gent waiting on first tee on golf course: "Would you like to play a-round with me?"

— *Urchin.*

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A bishop was sitting in a box at an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The dresses of the ladies were very décolleté. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed:

"Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never," gravely replied the bishop, "Never, Madame, since I was a baby."

— *Log.*



He: "Why wait till we get home to tell me whether you'll marry me or not?"

She: "I'm scared; this is the very spot where my father proposed to my mother."

He: "What about it?"

She: "Well, on the way home the horses ran away and father was killed."

— *Urchin.*

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

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

The Summer Session extending from June to September includes many of the undergraduate subjects given during the academic year.

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

The following publications will be sent free on request:

Catalogue for the academic year.

Summer Session Bulletin.



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—but the BLEND  
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