

VOO DOO





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Phos:

Whatinhell did you do to that glamour-girl art insert in your last number? I happened to see the original drawing after the magazine appeared, and it seemed impossible to me that anyone could so ruin a really good job. Explanation is in order.

REMBRANDT.

Editor's Note. In answer to many queries about aforementioned art work by Rey Gamundi, Phos wishes to inform his readers that the difficulty lay in the manner in which the drawing was reproduced. Time prevented him from having a "half-tone" made of the original, and it was necessary to take a chance on an ordinary photo insert. As a result, most of the shadowing and detail on the original was eliminated by the printer's inability to pick up the fine gray sections of the drawing with a black and white photo. The cat asks all art lovers to gaze on this month's insert and to cry no more.

Navy V-12 Unit,
M. I. T., Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:

As a newcomer to Tech I was amazed to see that this school was capable of putting out a magazine such as your September issue of Voo Doo. There were quite a few copies of the magazine floating around quarters at the Grad House, and it seemed that the issue was popular with the V-12ers, particularly that Murgatroyd episode with one Billious Binto.

There was one thing, however, that made me somewhat disgusted — that being the cracks taken at the fellows from Lehigh. It seems to me that such material did nothing to develop more friendly relations between the Tech



boys and the Lehigh transfers in the Navy unit. I trust that future issues of your magazine will avoid this point.

Sincerely,

LEHIGH '45.

Editor's Note. Phos wishes to emphasize that he had in mind no serious ridicule of the large group from Lehigh. The Cat is a very jocular feline and he

has never in his long and contented life been known to bring personalities into his literary or art material except in playful attitude.

To the Editor:

I know damned well this letter will never be printed, but here goes anyhow.

Your magazine could and would be a real boon to everyone at Tech, except for one thing. I'm surprised that you don't realize that there is a limit to the amount of low humor printable in any publication. And when I speak of low humor in Voo Doo, I mean obscenity. Surely if you'd come out with just a few clean funny stories once in a while the magazine would take the place it deserves among the top-rank college monthlies of the country. A word to the wise?

Yours truly,

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Editor's Note. Phos appreciates the thought behind this correspondent's note. At the risk of losing one of our New Subscribers (almost as bad as losing both of them), he would like to point out that either because or in spite of content, Voo Doo sales reached a new high this month, surging ahead of the best Boston high-school weeklies in this respect. Is it possible that most readers appreciate and applaud Phos' down-to-earth, in fact earthy, humor? The cat denies, however, publishing any obvious obscenity, although he will admit that Voo Doo is no textbook for Sunday Schools.

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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

Published monthly from 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 XXVI

OCTOBER, 1943

No. 6

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The
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HOTEL GARDNER · MASS. AVE., AT NORWAY ST., BOSTON

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Shh! Everybody will want one."



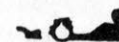
Zoo Visitor: "Where are the monkeys?"

Keeper: "They're in the back making love."

Visitor: "Would they come out for some peanuts?"

Keeper: "Would you?"

— Bachelor.



I'll be right with you as soon as I finish putting the rest of the WACS on the floor.



Little fly upon the wall,
Ain't you got no home at all?
Ain't got no father?
Ain't got no mother?
Ain't got no brother?
Ain't got no sister?
O, you little bastard.
S — W — A — T



NEWS ITEM

Young girl in Court swears she's never been kissed.

Enough to make any girl swear.

— Old Maid.

Stop swearing, Honey, we'll be on the first train to Randolph-Macon.—Ed.

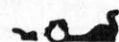
What happened when the cow jumped over the barbed wire fence?
Udder destruction.

— The Turnout.



Then there was the bashful burglar who, upon finding the lady in the shower, covered her with a revolver.

— The Turnout.



Pardon me, Lady Astor, but that wouldn't have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and that spittoon.

The subject of kissing was debated with much earnestness by a girl and the young man calling upon her. He insisted that it was always possible for a man to kiss a girl against her will, even though she resisted. She was equally firm in her contention that it was not possible. They decided that the only thing to do was to test it out. So they clinched and the battle was on. After a sprightly tussle they broke. The girl had been kissed ardently for many minutes. Her comment showed her undaunted spirit:

"Oh, well, you didn't really win fairly. My foot slipped. Let's try it again."

Urchin.

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"With the meat shortage, you're complaining?"



A lady had three dogs which she called "Blackie," and "Whitey," and "Paderwurufsky." She called the white one "Whitey" because he was the whitest; the black one "Blackie" because he was the blackest, and the third "Paderwurufsky" because he was the pianist.

— Bachelor.



Oriental He: "Velly stlange. . . .
Our childlen velly white. . . ."

Oriental She: "Well . . . Occidents will happen."

— Turnout.



The landlady brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Brown?" asked one.

"Yes — I cut them," came the stern reply.

"Oh," went on the boarder, "all right. I'll shuffle and deal!"

— Froth.

Longwood Towers

DANCES BANQUETS
TEA DANCES

In the Beautiful Charing Ballroom

Telephone Longwood 3200 Function Manager

They laughed when they saw how my white ducks had shrunk, but when I sat down, they split.

— Bachelor.



"Put a pipe in his mouth . . .
He smokes Sir Walter Raleigh!"

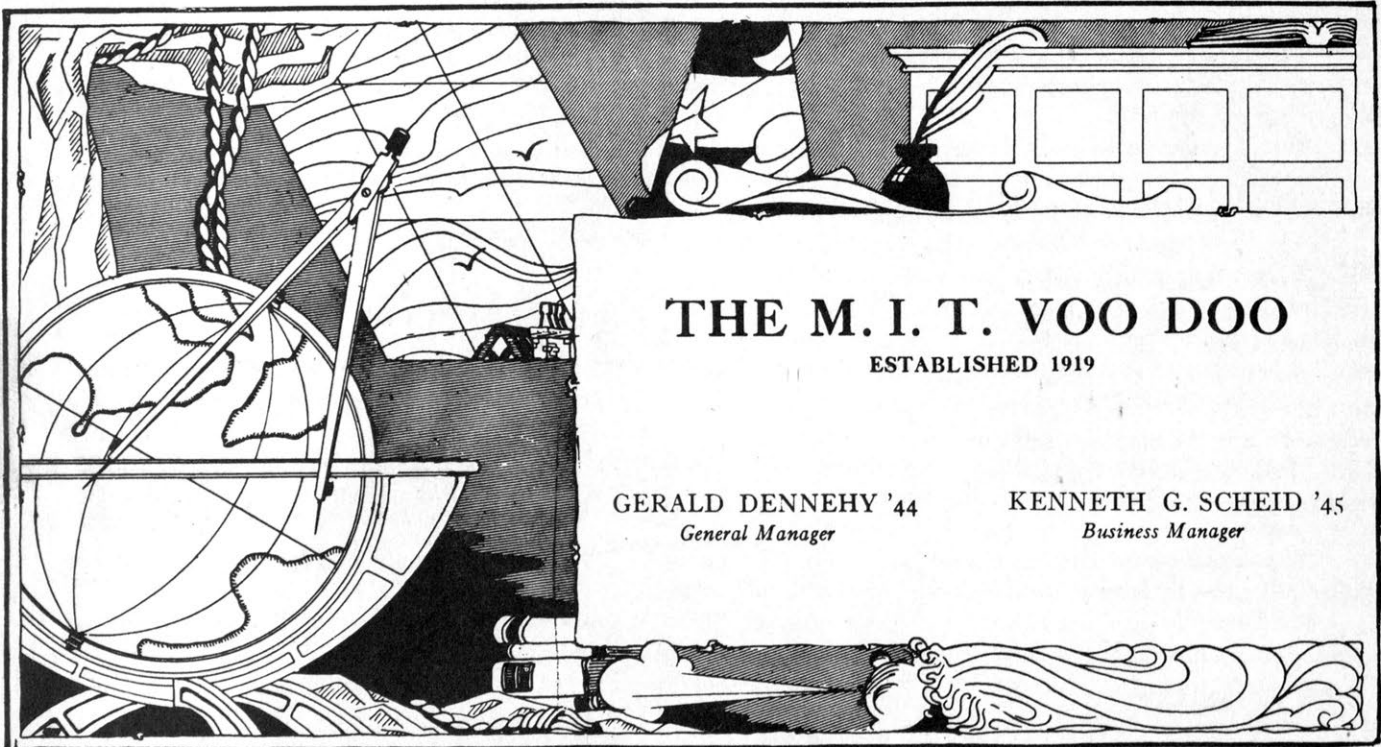
Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, Sir Walter Raleigh is extra mild—burns cool—with a delightful aroma all its own. Try "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

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RALEIGH**

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Smokes as sweet as it smells





THE M. I. T. VOO DOO

ESTABLISHED 1919

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Business Manager

THE Cat was still counting money when we walked into the office a few days after sales of the September issue had been completed. We stood there silently as with fiendish delight the feline piled the pieces of eight onto the floor, examining each bit of gold as he removed it from the treasure chest. When finally he had finished, he looked up to see us standing there.

"What are you doing up here? With sales the way they were last month I thought you'd be out on a two-weeks' binge. Is it possible that old Bacchus has lost his charm?"

We tried to explain to the Cat that no matter how successful one issue might be, there was still always another month staring us in the face. "As a matter of fact," we said, "this next one is looking right into our left eye now. We'll have to hustle to get it out before exams."

"I'll have to admit that you did a pretty good job last month," said the Cat, condescending to give us a little credit. "I'm glad to see old Murgatroyd back, just as repulsive as ever. She's really a good kid at heart, and I'd gotten sort of attached to her after all those years."

"Well, Cat," we said, "we didn't know you really cared."

He ignored our comment. "What happened to that double page Voo Doo girl? It sure didn't do justice to the original."

"The printing process really hacked it," we explained. "It was too bad, but this time we're having it halftoned, and it should really be alreet."

"It had better be," Phos said caustically. "I hate to see stuff like that was messed up."

The Cat suddenly looked as if he had taken a swallow of Harvard Ale and said, "I hate to bring up a worn-out subject, but what the heck has *The Tech* turned into? An unbound Sears Roebuck catalogue?"

We hated to hear this said about such a fine publication and, trying to sooth the Cat, we said, though unconvincingly we're afraid, "They try. After all they can't help it if they've only got a week to get four full pages together. They may

miss a few of the smaller bits of news but they've really been covering the Rocket Society, for example."

"Rats," he expostulated. "I wouldn't give you last year's gas coupons for the whole shooting match. "If the Institute burned down they'd be three weeks late with the story. Their reporters couldn't cover an open beer bottle! Why don't they give up the ghost?"

"We've heard rumors that the freshman running it now is 1A. Maybe it'll have to fold. We'd sure miss it on Friday mornings, though. Things wouldn't seem the same. Their existence is an advertisement for Voo Doo. But don't let it get the best of you, Phos. The best way is just to ignore them."

"Somebody ought to tell them a thing or two," he snorted. "And those sports write-ups —"

"Forget it," we said. "Let's get some work done."

"O. K.," said the Cat forlornly. "What's on the docket for the next few months? I hope you guys have given up this idea of higher plane humor."

"Why, Phos! You know that's what we're always working for. The *New Yorker* is still plenty good enough for us."

"Bah! If you didn't always kill my ideas we'd really give the boys in the factory what they're looking for. I still say a Spicy Detective Issue is the thing."

"You've got a warped mind, Phos," we consoled him. "Let you run wild and we'd be dead pigeons. Getting back to your question, this issue is a sort of a breather, and then we've got a terrific Junior Prom Number coming up, if we do say so ourselves."

"If you don't blow your own horn no one else will," he said. "Do as well on the Junior Prom as you did on the I.F.C. and I guess I'll have to overlook your conservatism."

The dawn was beginning to break over Lever Brothers. The Cat looked sleepy. As he dropped off to sleep we slipped out of the office, thinking that we couldn't get along without old Phos even in spite of himself.

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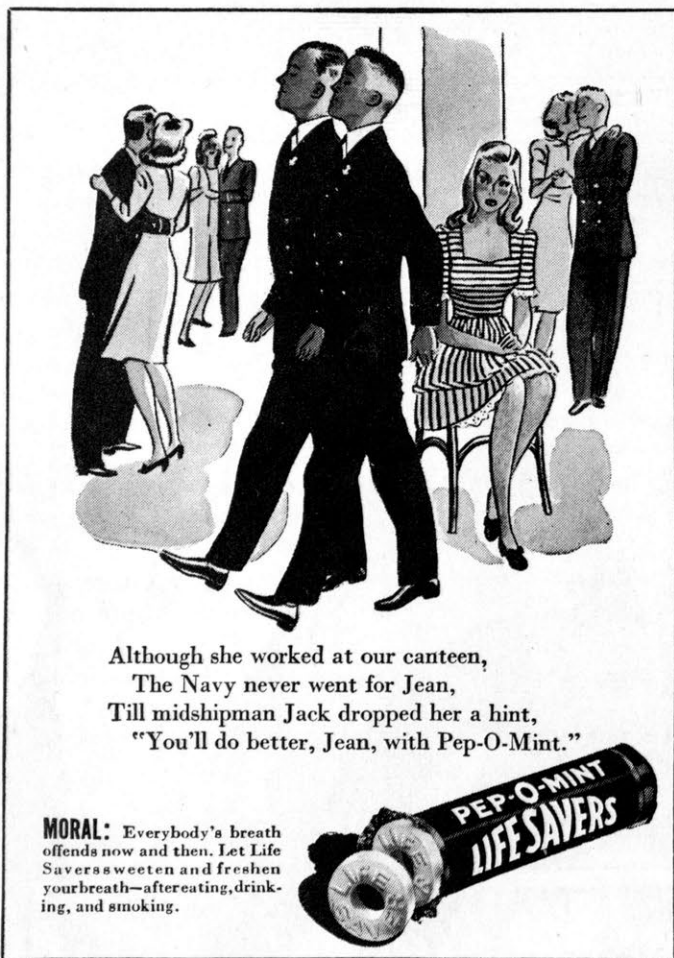
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FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

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

"When does a sailor begin to worry?"
"When a 'Wave' begins to swell."

Submitted by
K. T. Momose, '44
Walker Club, M. I. T.

"I hear Jones fell down on his pharmacy examination."

"Yes — he got mixed on the difference between a club and a Western sandwich."

— Jester.



First Co-Ed: "Jimmy is grand but I think all men are trying sometimes."

Second Co-Ed: "All the time, dearie, all the time."

— Battalion.



Rose's are red,
Violet's are blue,
Lillie's are pink,
I saw them on the wash line.

— California Pelican.

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"That's all right, he won't drink much."



"What we need in this town," said the theatrical producer, "is something to stir up the public."

"Fine, let's have a woman ride down Broadway on a white horse like Lady Godiva did."

"Boy, that's just the thing — I haven't seen a white horse on Broadway for years and years."

Annapolis Log.



A man's greatest mistake is to suppose grass widows are green.

— Battalion.

And always remember, Oswald, that the difference between a model woman and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility and the other is a naked fact.

— Gargoyle.



Soph: "How do you like bathing beauties?"

Frosh: "I don't know. I've never bathed any."

— Scottie.

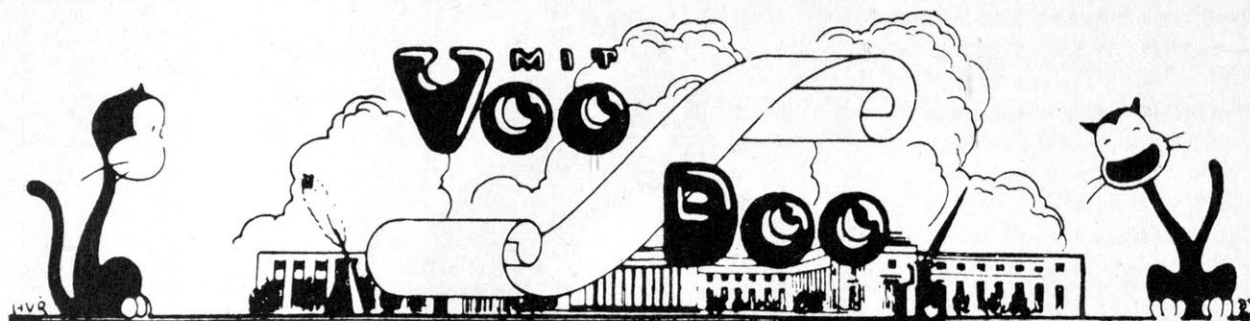


In the parlor there were three —
She, the table lamp, and he;
Two is company, there is no doubt
So the little lamp went out!

— Sundial.

BOOKS AND BOTTLES ISSUE





WE would like to refute all claims that the average Tech man doesn't know what is going on around him. We not only have proof that he knows what goes on around him, but that he knows a great deal more. Probably from years of keeping his nose to the grindstone he has picked up the knack of putting his ear to the ground and has developed a rapid intuition which provides him with all the latest occurrences, whether they are common knowledge or not.

Graphic example of this is the recent visit of the Duke of Windsor to Tech. One of our circulation boys got the idea of presenting him a complimentary issue of Voo Doo. Inquiries with the faculty revealed that the visit was unofficial, and nobody knew that he was coming. As we

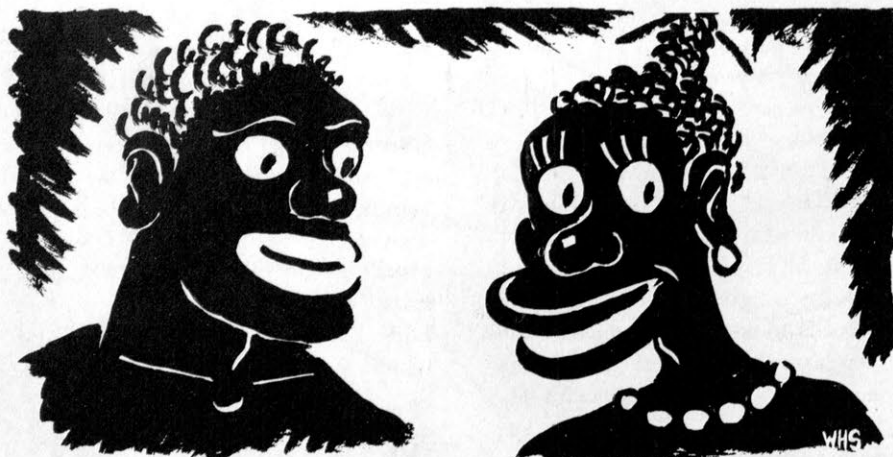
glanced out of the doors to Building Seven and saw the swarms of humanity which cluttered up the front steps, we wondered whether we were exceptionally observant, or the faculty was exceptionally unobservant. A moot question.

SOMEWHERE in the many collections of witticisms, great sayings, adages, and the like, there exists a list of famous last words. A smaller version of this exists on the wall of Dingee's classroom. This one is only an amateur collection made on the spot by despairing souls, and there are probably much larger and more complete files of sentences made by people who didn't prize life highly enough. Among the more famous

Tech last words we can include: "Oh, is there a quiz today?" "Damn the Sophomores!" "Snap Course," and many others. To this collection we would like to add the odd one that appeared from the mouth of an innocent freshman.

It appears that he was passing the VooDoo stand with a companion who stopped to buy a copy. He didn't buy one, and his friend asked him why. The freshman casually answered that he wouldn't buy his own, but that he would go up and read the library's copy.

DIRECTLY or indirectly Professor Livingston has been one of our oldest contributors. This time he appears as a bystander in the downfall of one of the members of the Class of '46. (They're still '46 to us even if they do graduate at any old time.) It appears that no matter how lowly a freshman may be himself, if you put enough of them in one room at a time and confront them with a lone sophomore, they will gang together and direct the ruin of this sophomore. The '46 man in question was one of those hapless creatures who has found himself forced to endure a repetition of 8.01. Having sat through part of one of Professor Livingston's lectures with the air of one who implies, "This is all old stuff to me," he finally decided that birds were singing, planes were roaring, and cars were crashing out-



"He lost his heart to a pair of rosy lips — and who could blame him! Her lips were bewitching . . . so saucy-bright . . . so temptingly soft and full. Perfect for kissing."

side, and here he was wasting his time in an 8.01 lecture. Waiting till the professor was deep in the middle of an engrossing proof, our subject quietly rose and started to walk calmly out, casting looks of "You can do this when you've been here as long as I have" on the frosh.

He badly underestimated these boys of '47, and a loud chorus of boos, hisses and catcalls arose from the mob. The prof turned to find out what the rebellion was about, and our worthy sophomore suddenly found himself tete-a-tete with his professor. His last drop of courage left him, and, turning what had been an orderly retreat into an outright rout, he raced from the hall.

WE hear from the Navy that Jim Winchell recently had an adventurous weekend. His funds having run low in New York, he decided to try his luck hitching a ride back via airplane. He was in the Mitchell Field Operations office when he heard a pilot log out for Boston. He ran after the pilot, but failed to overtake him before reaching the plane. Undaunted, Jim climbed aboard, and followed the pilot to the cabin where he requested permission to come along. Luckily, one man was just leaving the ship, and there was room for a passenger. Jim borrowed the departing man's parachute and took up a position in the bomb-bay. The take-off was uneventful, and the flight began smoothly, but soon the pilot called to Jim and said casually, "You know, I suppose, that we're going to Boston via cross-country maneuvers?" Jim gulped and returned to the bomb-bay where he began to ponder how many demerits he would receive for being A.O.L. He was roused from his musings by the uncomfortable feeling that the plane had begun to fly in anything but a straight line. Cautiously approaching the gunner's turret, he peered out and discovered that his plane was one of three and that they had begun to



"Попремь ванчеллх рэзударен вейтлхх задоні !?"

peal off, dive, swoop and in countless other ways attempt to separate him from his stomach. This attempt succeeded to the extent of ruining Jim's brand new hat.

It was a battered and torn Jim Winchell who finally reached the Graduate House with a U.S.O. borrowed hat and very little stomach left, but even in this condition he thanked his stars that he was in V-12 and not in V-5.

WHEN Shep Tyree told his 5.10 class that one of the first things one should do to an unknown solution is to taste it, he had no idea that he would be taken seriously. But leave it to the coeds to explore new fields. The other day one of the 5.10 Lab sections was gassing up Building 2 with H₂S when the air was rent with an ear-piercing scream. All eyes were riveted upon Virginia Hesketh, who was rolling upon the floor in a fit of violent agony. One of the instructors, rush-

ing to her side, was just able to hear these words above her death rattle. "Help me! I just drank a beaker of ammonium hydroxide!"

AN old saying says that criminals don't always think of everything. So is it with gamblers who, having calculated the sure way to win, are frustrated by some strange twist of fate which overthrows their plans. So was it with the Institute's well known Edward "Jasper" Scztramsky. Having placed a moderate sum on a certain horse to win, he stood back and watched it romp in several lengths ahead of the place horse. The only hitch was that the jockey of said horse had violently left it at the first bend.

WELCOME to our ranks, Professor Koch. Your latest maneuver has placed you among Voodooings staunch upholders. It seems that,

needing to illustrate one of his finer points to a sleepy class, the worthy Prof dragged out the following problem story! A man, wishing to get a bigger yield from his blueberry patch, asked a friend what to do. The friend's advice was to double the number of workers — to hire as many women as he now had men and to put them on the job. However, when he followed out the advice, the yield was cut in two instead of being doubled. Where did the plan fail? After the roar had died down, the Prof beamed exultantly and said: "I knew I could find something we all knew in common." *Touche*, Professor Koch.

THE boys of the V-12 unit are due for some compensation, we hear. Several of them are to be given the order of the Yellow Appendix or the Blue Nose for hardships more rugged than those of any regiment on any front. The effects of this toughening-up treatment can be seen daily going around on crutches and in wheel chairs and limping with bandaged arms in and out of classes. It all



started when the bureaucracy of the Graduate House decided to forego the usual calisthenics in P. T. classes in favor of short football games. Two-hand touch with body contact blocking was the accepted rule. Finally, as the casualties still seemed low, individual authorities decided to let the boys play tackle in the usual uniform. The only hitch to this whole idea was that the usual uniform consisted of short bathing trunks and sneakers. No wonder the Navy boys sneer when we say field day is tough.

SPEAKING of the effect of regimentation on the Tech mind, we

bring to your attention the effect of the Tech mind on regimentation. The normal Tech mind is loath to turn to a rut of mechanical obedience. It cannot get used to a life of: "Hut, tu, three, fo", or of classes that cannot be cut. The Tech man believes in a life of free and easy comradeship in which sergeants have no part. As an



example of this kind of thing, we dug up one of the harrowing experiences of the sergeant of Freshman Company C.

As drill drew to a close the other day, and all the one-bar wonders and multi-striped marvels were striving furiously to out-parade each other, there appeared on the horizon a lone freshman. After placidly contemplating the hectic scene before him, he discarded an oversmoked butt and strolled sleepily into the rear ranks of Company C. The sergeant, after he had recovered sufficient poise to utter an intelligible word, announced that all tardy people were to report to their platoon leaders. All the tardy people walked forward by himself, and, standing in a combination of At Ease and Order Arms, stared glassily at the sergeant.

The Sarge counted ten and belatedly, "Salute!"

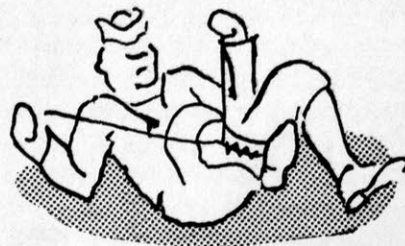
The freshman immediately dropped the barrel of his rifle into his left hand, and obliged with a "hand salute."

THE effect of hypnosis on the human mind is one of the subjects which most fascinates us. Every day we find in the world about us how little unimportant events will draw man's attention from anything else that may be happening at the moment. From one of the members of an EIT class we bring you this phenomenon

of the hypnotic variety. Everybody knows the routine procedure of throwing chalk about the class before the Prof arrives. Such was the case before the debating section of one of the EIT classes. As usual, when the professor arrived things subsided generally, and the speakers, one by one, took the platform for their dull and tedious talks. The third speaker was a man of rare genius and managed to touch off a lively discussion in the class and, as it got noisier and noisier, he started a mild game of catch with a piece of chalk. One by one the eyes of the discussing freshmen would light on the piece of chalk and he would be silent immediately till at last all that could be heard was the ticking of the piece of chalk as it sailed back and forth across the room.

MUCH as we hate to harp on the Harvard theme, we must admit that if they insist on putting the stuff before us we have to accept it. This bit regards the outcome of four years of work at the little college up the river.

Most people have heard the saying that Harvard is a four-year house party before inheriting the father's millions. It is questionable how capable said house party makes you of caring for the millions after you have your hands on them. We used to give our Harvard friends plenty of credit as custodians of money, but



from the last example received we must reiterate that this capacity is questionable. We were quietly ambling down a Boston street the other day when we were approached by a panhandler's panhandler — one of the choice specimens with worn-out

Continued to page 24



This month Phos has complied with the requests of many of the readers of Voo Doo in presenting Benny Goodman's ex-vocalist, Peggy Lee. Even sardonic Phos could do nothing but sit in a daze when the picture came in, for the singer of "Why Don't You Do Right" has been one of the staff's greatest heartbeats.

SNAZZY PADDY

SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH



ALL members of the class of '46 will probably recall how, on their registration day, they saw a crowd of upper-classmen, their big bushy tails all brushed and neat, jostling each other on the front steps of the Institute. A rumor had spread: A Vanderbilt was coming to Tech. And so they stood and waited, and every time a long black limousine pulled up to the door, necks would crane and eyes would pop, only to sink back in disappointment at the sight of a well dressed man lighting a cigar with a \$10 bill. "Just another Radiation Lab worker," they would say and sit back on the steps. And so they waited and waited and never noticed the tall, thin, attractive brunette who went into the building. "Just another Radiation

girl," they said and passed it off with a whistle and a bark.

So it was that the myth of "that Vanderbilt woman" grew around Tech. Nobody knew who she was or what she looked like. Our curiosity awakened, we immediately took an interest in the matter and conducted some intensive research. Having placed her, one of our standard procedures was to wait in a corridor until she passed, then tap the nearest male on the shoulder and point her out to him.

"That's Emily Vanderbilt."

"Can't be, that's a woman."

"Well what did you expect?"

"A co-ed of course."

Finally, after several months of this sort of thing, we decided that the legend was taking a turn for the worse. We have, therefore, decided to lift the shroud on this legend and present the public with the true picture.

We hate to have to disappoint all those readers who expected a co-ed with Pullman teeth (one upper, one lower) or a combination of Veronica Lake and Minnie the Moocher, but we are forced to present a good-looking, blue-eyed, brunette who usually goes around in un-cafe-society-like jeans, generally needs a permanent, and has a way of folding up like an accordion when she laughs.

From what we have been able to dig up out of the F.B.I. files, Paddy V. was born in Newport, R. I. while still very young. She showed signs of precocity at an extremely early age, and when only three years old she had already invented a reversible coat for backward children. She tells us that about this time, she got the nickname Paddy because she had blue

eyes. This we doubt; there is as much sense in calling a girl Paddy because of blue eyes, as in calling a man Mary because of big feet. On the other hand, it is known that since the day that she was called Paddy, all the Irishmen in Rhode Island have voted Republican.

Paddy always has had her mind set on research. It started in her school days when she attempted to mix the history teacher with a mild solution of cyanide, and later developed the famous high-calorie, non-extinguishing hot foot that won her the Nobel Prize. She has always led a dangerous life ever since she first started eating peas with a knife, and it is not surprising that she should want to dedicate herself to the progress of science.

As most of the boys do not know this, they keep asking her why she came to Tech in the first place, and this question is the surest way to drive her crazy on short notice. After her first explosion, she will usually retort that she came here for the same reason all the boys did, which answer tells us absolutely nothing.

Some readers may have gathered the impression that Paddy is a brown-bagger. Never would we descend to slandering her in this way. She is, it is true, a brilliant young chemist, as the line of FF's in Shep Tyree's folder will prove, but do not get the idea that anything but innate genius accounts for it. Some caustic readers may also suggest that she came to Tech because of the ratio of men to women. No such thing. Since her earliest days she has had men to burn, as the big black clouds of smoke from her chimney proves. Back in prep school she could have had any number of men: 70, 80, 90, but who wants men 70, 80, 90? Yet despite the way men swarmed about her, Paddy remained adamant to all their pleas, till, one fateful day, she followed the cops into a riot at the Deke house and, while looking under an overturned beer mug, she came across the beer blotted form of

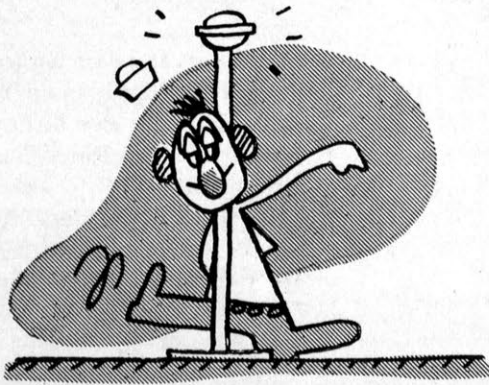
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SINBAD THE SINNER

THE CRIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER



LIVED once, I'm told, a seaman bold, a bright up-
standing sailor.
No finer gob the deck did swab than Texas' own Bill
Baylor.
With every blow he killed a foe — Atlantic or Pacific.
Congratulate the Lone Star State; Bill Baylor was terrific!



A Jap patrol would seek the shoal the moment they would
spot him.
A periscope would see Bill's rope; the sub would hit the
bottom.
The foe did chill when Cowboy Bill enlisted in the service.
But his drawback — alas, alack! With women he was
nervous.

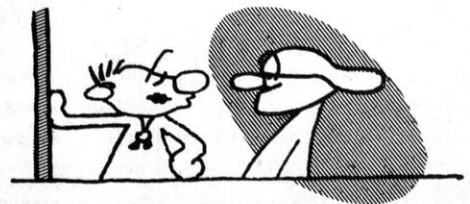
He wondered, "Why is it that I must fear the other sexes?
When with a bag my heart does sag and strike my solar
plexis!
I'm always awed when with a broad and if I take the notion,
I'll drop the femme right where I am and jump into the
ocean."

His shipmates thought, "He must be taught what real
romantic state is,
He may know how to rope a cow but nothing 'bout toma-
toes.
We'll take him down to Boston town and raid some female
college,
And then, by gad, he'll wish he had some good old
COMMON knowledge."

The Texas lad was hopping mad; boy, how that man did
wrestle!
Though he did squirm, they tied him firm and dragged him
from the vessel.
They searched afar to get that tar the potent type of wim-
mons,
But all were round and fat, they found, at Radcliffe and
at Simmons.

To Wellesley fair they took him, where the women all are
torrid.
To see Bill's face when near the place — his fear was some-
thing horrid.
"We want to show you that you know quite little of what
sex is."
But his reply, "My God, I'll die! Please take me back to
Texas!"

A bevy there of babes so fair about him had collected.
While all his pals enjoyed the gals, poor Bill sat there de-
jected.
A cute brunette who loved to pet came forward — bold,
intrepid.
With all her charms she threw her arms around him. She
was tepid!



Poor Bill did scream, "It's all a dream! Things like this
cannot happen,
If she warn't there, I sure would swear that I had been
a-nappin'."
He showed that chick he warn't so thick. A fast man was
Bill Baylor.
And now he's just as keen on lust as any goddamn sailor.

— J. A. M.

THE GRIPPER AND THE GESTAPO

You Can't Do Business With 3-108

PERHAPS you have noticed the weary freshman on the floor of Building Ten Lobby, laboriously chiseling with a dull axe the legend, "Diligence and rum punch do not mix." A few of us have been observing him for some time, and as he pauses to mop his shaved skull with a sweaty sleeve a curious kibitzer clears his throat, downs a gin chaser, and speaks.

"For what and why for, sir, do you hack these hallowed halls?"

The crouched figure turns, a sadistic leer playing about the corners of his mouth. Caressing the blunt blade of his hatchet with obvious intent, he half rises, roaring, "You are the fifty-fifth individual today who has asked me that question. Presently you shall die horribly, wallowing in clotted pools of your own blood. Do you suppose I gouge granite here merely for a new thrill? Do you think . . . well, judge for yourself. Before you leave this world, listen to my story." We listened.

* * * * *

"Raise your right hand and repeat after me. I, full name . . ."

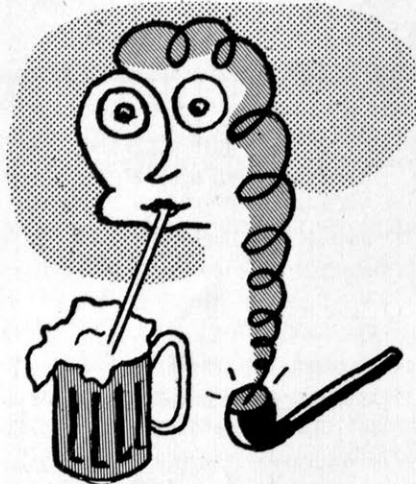
"I, Rastus Degenerate Fitz-Zoot . . ."

"... do solemnly vow, swear and affirm that I will adhere faithfully to the code of the Association for the Suppression of Brownbagging, that I shall not attend more than two consecutive classes in any course, that I shall flunk at least seventy per cent of all quizzes and examinations, that I will submit my resignation from the society upon earning a rating higher than 1.51, and be forever despised as a Hornrimmed Brownbagger and a perverter of the faith."

Rastus "Ground-Gripper" Fitz-Zoot unhesitatingly repeated the oath, his left hand resting firmly upon a late

edition of "The Homemaker's Guide to Drinking," and accepted the congratulations of his new comrades.

"Well, Gripper, you made it!" cried Asbrough "The Hog" Hoggisbaum, universally admired V. P. who had maintained an average of 1.2 for three terms straight. He affixed the Society Emblem, a student *couchant* on a field *bleu* with the motto "Nullus Brownbaggii — Pax in Studio," to Rastus' sagging chest. "I hope you are a credit to the A.S.B. Of course you will be on probation for a period of one month. If you are caught with a text-book of any sort within that period you will naturally be cast out of the society and forfeit your initiation fee of two cases of Black and White."



"Yes, sir," stammered the freshman, "I'll do my best."

"You realize that your first term average was dangerously high. If it weren't for the desperate liquor situation, your application would not have been considered. Now get in there and dog it for all you're worth. Show us how little you can do, Gripper. We'll see you one month from tonight here at Jackie's. Gook Luck." The

Hog pumped the aspirant's arm while other members toasted him in Vodka and vinegar. Smiling wanly, that worthy wandered off into the night, the swinging doors slamming shut behind him.

* * * * *

"Meeting called to order. Order! Order!" President "Goldbrick" Mac-Ilhaffnov's spurs jingled merrily as he stamped on the table. "Hoggisbaum, call the roll."

"Bestial, Billious . . .," droned the Hog, "... Yussel, Xynball, Ztrulch. All present signify by the usual sign." A chorus of belches arose from the group.

"Meeting adjourned. Set 'em up, Jake."

"Hold it, Mac. Unfinished business here. The Gripper is up for a decision. Here's his case history in these papers." Hoggisbaum handed the president a sheaf of reports neatly typed on toilet tissue. The prexy perused the papers and fixed a fish-like eye upon Ground-Gripper Fitz-Zoot, who had unobtrusively seated himself upon an inverted cuspidor.

"Why do they dub you Ground-Gripper, Ground-Gripper?"

"I dunno," declared Fitz, "It started when I went out for crew. Just because I got seasick. Can I help it if my mother was scared by a sea-lion? It really turned out to be Father, but she. . ."

"I see. Hmm. Who have you got for Er2?"

"That I do not know, either. I have never been to that class."

"Excellent. But what's this? You almost passed a quiz last week. Better talk fast."

"It wasn't my fault, sir. Even my name was spelled wrong on that paper. The Prof must be a generous old soul, seems as if."

"Well it had better not happen again. Quick! What's the latest gag about the radiation lab?"

"Er . . . Oh yah! This secretary used to take a couple of vitamin pills with her beer every night, see? So

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her older brother, who was eleven, was talking to a feller that worked in the same night club as which he did and he says. . . ."

"Good enough! I see you have been spending your time profitably. In fact, I think you'll be indeed a credit to the dear old A.S.B. Just let me give you some friendly advice. Don't use more than 22 Medicals a month, for if you abuse the privilege it may be taken from us. Don't go around soft-soaping the instructors behind their backs unless you're sure they can hear you. There is no future in it. And for God's sake, don't get such high marks on the quizzes. You'll make it hard for all of us. I guess that's all. Press the flesh, chum, and have a short one on us."

With grateful tears in his eyes, Fitz proffered a palm, and the meeting was adjourned. There followed the usual

session of boisterous revelry with an occasional good song ringing clear.

Asbrough the Hog was deep in a discussion of current Old Howard beauties with an ex-dorm man, easily recognized by that "Boston Elevated Slouch," when the alcohol-laden atmosphere of the room was split by a hoarse cry. A panting figure had burst into the room. "It's a raid, boys! Everybody for himself!" screamed the courier, "Lobdell's Raiders — three blocks behind me! Destroy the records! Leave the room one at a time so as not to arouse suspicion."

A wave of panic swept the room. The members rose as one, and stopping only long enough to gulp down unfinished beers, fled through the open doors and closed windows. The Hog hastily gathered together the society records and stuffed them down his throat. He was last seen sprinting

north on Stuart Street toward Ort's, a streamer of toilet tissue flying out behind him. Ground-Gripper Fitz-Zoot found himself alone when a dozen thick-booted unshaven young giants pounded into the room, wielding gnarled cudgels of native oak. He tried to appear nonchalant as he sat chewing the buttons off his shirt. The leader of the Dean's Dragoons advanced menacingly. "And what are you doing out after the curfew, boy?"

"J-Just slumming, sir," blurted out the Gripper, as he started on his cuff buttons. "They went that way." The lad gestured weakly in several directions, inadvertently biting off the index finger of his right hand. Two of the ugly brutes before him plucked the unfortunate churl from his place and dragged him from the room, his

Continued to page 27



ARE you a weakling? Are you the fellow that poses in the before and after shots as the "We don't take 'em this way" guy? Do you feel down in the mouth, or aren't those feathers I see in your teeth? Do you feel an inferiority complex because all the guys around you are expert skiers and you are not? Well, buck up. We can teach you the crafty art of lodge skiing in no time flat, and, what with a promising skiing season ahead (?), you will be ready to go to the slopes with your head high and your carriage erect.

A. The Equipment. DON'T make the fatal mistake of going out on the hills equipped with the newest super de luxe skis and a get-up of clothes that have just hopped out of *Esquire*. If you do this, you will be nailed as a novice from the very start. What you want is a pair of boots deeply grooved by the bindings of the six persons who wore them before you, pants and a parka that fit with professional snugness around the waist, 78 pairs of stockings, and a hip flask. (This last one is not essential, but it is highly recommended.)

Besides all this you will load yourself with one or two pair of skis that have been broken and mended several times and, therefore, have had some thrilling experiences. In addition you will carry nine kinds of ski wax, some super chrome-aluminum poles, and the broken off end of another ski for reasons which we will explain later.

B. Preliminary Preparations. Before going up to the resorts there are a

few things you must do, and a few things you must learn. First you will sew on to the arms of your parka such insignia as Murmansk Skiing Club, Norge Ski Vereeing, Ass. Suisse de Ski, and Ski Patrole. Next learn to put on your skis. (The bent up end goes in front), and stand on them on level ground without falling flat on your face. If you have a sun lamp it is advisable to develop a weather-beaten tan on your face.

You now look like a skier, now you must talk like one. Start by coaching yourself thoroughly in ski terminology and add to it a reliable and up-to-date stock of information of the local trails. After a short period of training, you should be able to toss off without a thought such expressions as "Gelundesprung," "Sitsmark," "Wet Ice," "Dry Ice," "Hot Ice," "Stem Christie," "Bum Christie" . . . and the like; you should be able to sit casually down and start off with "A couple of years ago on Tuckerman's Ravine . . ." or "I saw the funniest thing on the Nose Dive . . ." followed by a tale of adventure that would put Dick Tracy in a blackout. Finally you must learn to bellow "BEND YOUR KNEES" in a voice that will inspire awe and admiration in all the incipient skiers around you.



C. On the Slopes. The first thing you want to do is to shake off the guys you came up with. They are a sceptic lot and will undoubtedly want to stick around you. This is done by saying that the snow is wet and you have to fix up the wax on your skis. Then, for the first few days, you will proceed as follows: Go up the lift and burst into the lodge at the top with some exclamation like "Hell, the Suicide Trail is nice today." Then, settling down next to the nearest blond, you drag out the old flask and let loose a lively set of ski yarns. After a while you will notice that the people that were there when you first arrived have been down and up again. This is the signal for you to move. Loudly announcing that you are going to break your neck on the S-53, you retire into the washroom for twenty minutes, climb out of the window, sprinkle some snow on you and repeat the whole procedure.

After two days of this kind of preliminary work, the time has come for you to go down the slopes. You pick the toughest one in the district and work your way down as best you can, keeping continually a sharp lookout for other skiers. Should you meet any, immediately pull over to one side and intently gaze at the scenery. Having found a tricky spot in the trail, you raise a barrage of rocks, logs, and churned up snow that would put a block buster to shame. After concealing one of your skis where it can be found again, you take the stub you

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MURGATROYD



Here is Murgatroyd. She is leaving the Margaret Cheney Room.



Murgatroyd is working in the Radiation Lab. Does she have a secret?



Yes, Murgatroyd has a secret. Murgatroyd is a mother.



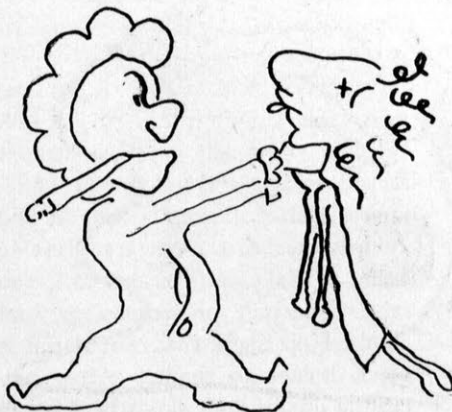
Murgatroyd! Tech won't allow it. That's illegitimate.



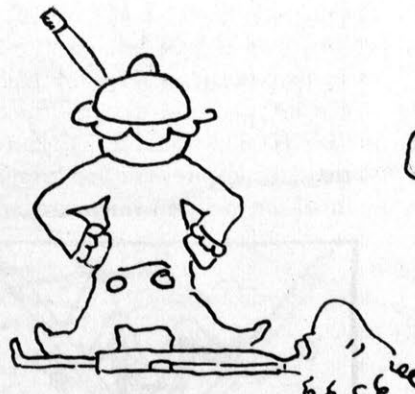
Here is Baby Schmutz. She won him with a set of dishes at the Old Howard.



Aha! That's no baby. Baby Schmutz is a Nazi spy.



Baby wants to know what "F" means. Will help arrive? Would anyone help Murgatroyd?



Yes. A speck appears in the sky. Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Splat! It's a bird.



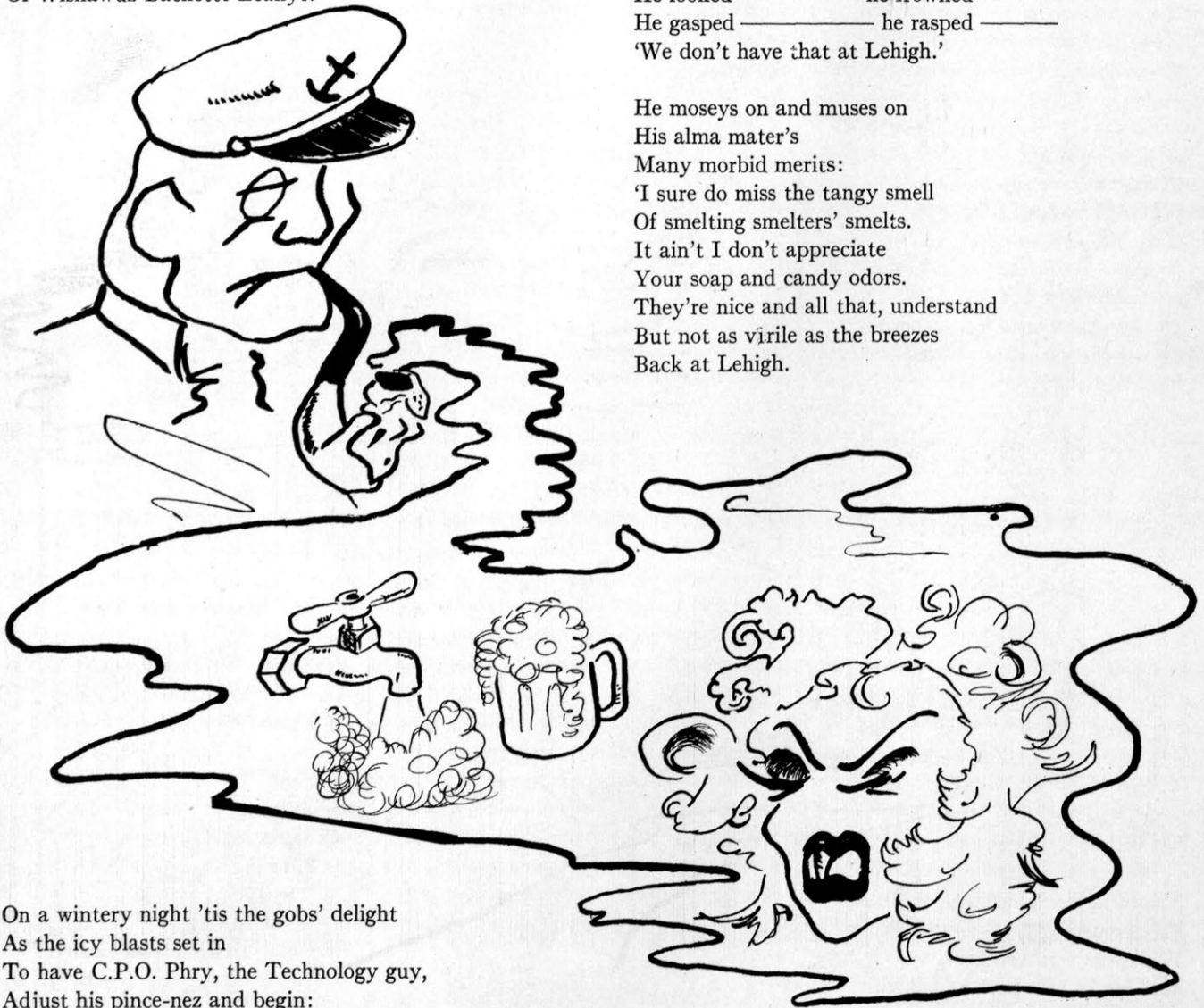
Murgatroyd thinks Baby is cute. Murgatroyd is very happy. Poor Schmutz.

THE DISHEARTENING STORY OF WISHAWUZ BACKETTE LEAHYE

R. Reginald Phry was a prissical guy
In his years at the Institute,
But a Navy career and a diet of beer
Evolutioned a Chief from a Boot.

Now this nautical Chief would reef in his beef
As the crew stretched out on the deck;
He'd brush off his stripes as they lighted their pipes,
To convulse at his stories of Tech.

But the best tale to tell, when the weather is hell
And the seas are running high,
Is the side-splitting tale of a ludicrous male —
Of Wishawuz Backette Leahye.



On a wintery night 'tis the gobs' delight
As the icy blasts set in
To have C.P.O. Phry, the Technology guy,
Adjust his pince-nez and begin:

"A fludgy gob was Wishawuz:
I know that for a fact becuz
He wuz the Wishawuz from Lehigh.

He came to Tech from Bethlehem;
He looked _____ he frowned _____
He scowled _____ he growled, —
'I wish I wus at Lehigh.'

'Your architecture isn't right.
Building Two should be right next
To Building One, and Ten to Six,
and Eight to Three, and Five by Five,
'Cause that's the way it is
Back at Lehigh.'

He saw the secretaries
Reclining in the court:
He looked _____ he frowned _____
He gasped _____ he rasped _____
'We don't have that at Lehigh.'

He moseys on and muses on
His alma mater's
Many morbid merits:
'I sure do miss the tangy smell
Of smelting smelters' smelts.
It ain't I don't appreciate
Your soap and candy odors.
They're nice and all that, understand
But not as virile as the breezes
Back at Lehigh.

'I miss the Nekid wimmen
 And the faucets flowing beer —'
 And then he stopped — and gaped
 — And gaped — and — gaped —
 A gape which melted to a swoon

— For
 In cold, forbidding Building Six,
 'Twixt choking clutching acid fumes,
 Flirtatious love had overcome
 The hard, embittered heart of
 Wishawuz B. Leahye.

A single glimpse convinced our gob
 That this was it. He's got the hots.
 But what enticing girlish trait had snared the brute.
 'Twas not her legs — though these
 Hairy, hoary, horried, hulks
 Did entertain his fancy.
 'Twas not her hair — matted, red, and speckled.
 'Twas not her sweater — fooled you all on that.
 'Twas not her eyes — blinking — three together,

But 'twas the Tooth — that lone
 Malignant Molar
 Making meaning motions
 Behind those leaden lips.
 Her name was Annabel.

Wishawuz wuz wishful
 For to make a match with her.
 And so the two were wedded
 Back at Lehigh.



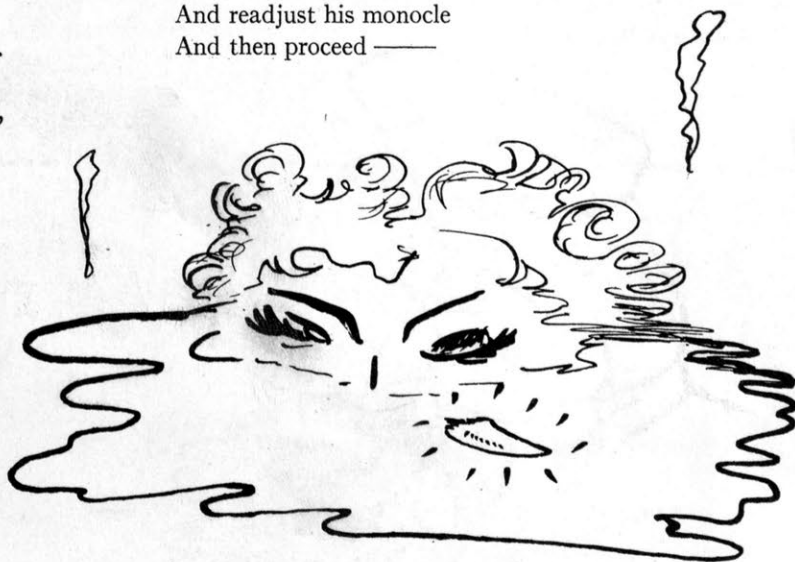
The lucky bride returned to Tech,
 To Chemistry, To Building Six.
 Wishawuz wuz also back,
 Wishing he wuz back at Lehigh.

The bride was hard at work on
 Apparatus
 So Immense, and
 So Complex
 That Wishawuz had to admit
 They couldn't beat it
 Back at Lehigh.

The massive tanks, and monstrous plates
 Extended up; and through; and out, into
 The soapy smells and candy scents.

Now Annabel was up on top
 Astride a giant condenser;
 Below her yawned the gaping flasks,
 The hugeous coils and vasteous vats."

— And here Chief Phry did pause a bit
 And readjust his monocle
 And then proceed —



"It was many and many a year ago
 In a lab of Chemistry
 That a maiden there toiled whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Leahye.
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love, and be loved by Wishawuz.
 But a wind blew out of a cloud by night
 Upsetting,

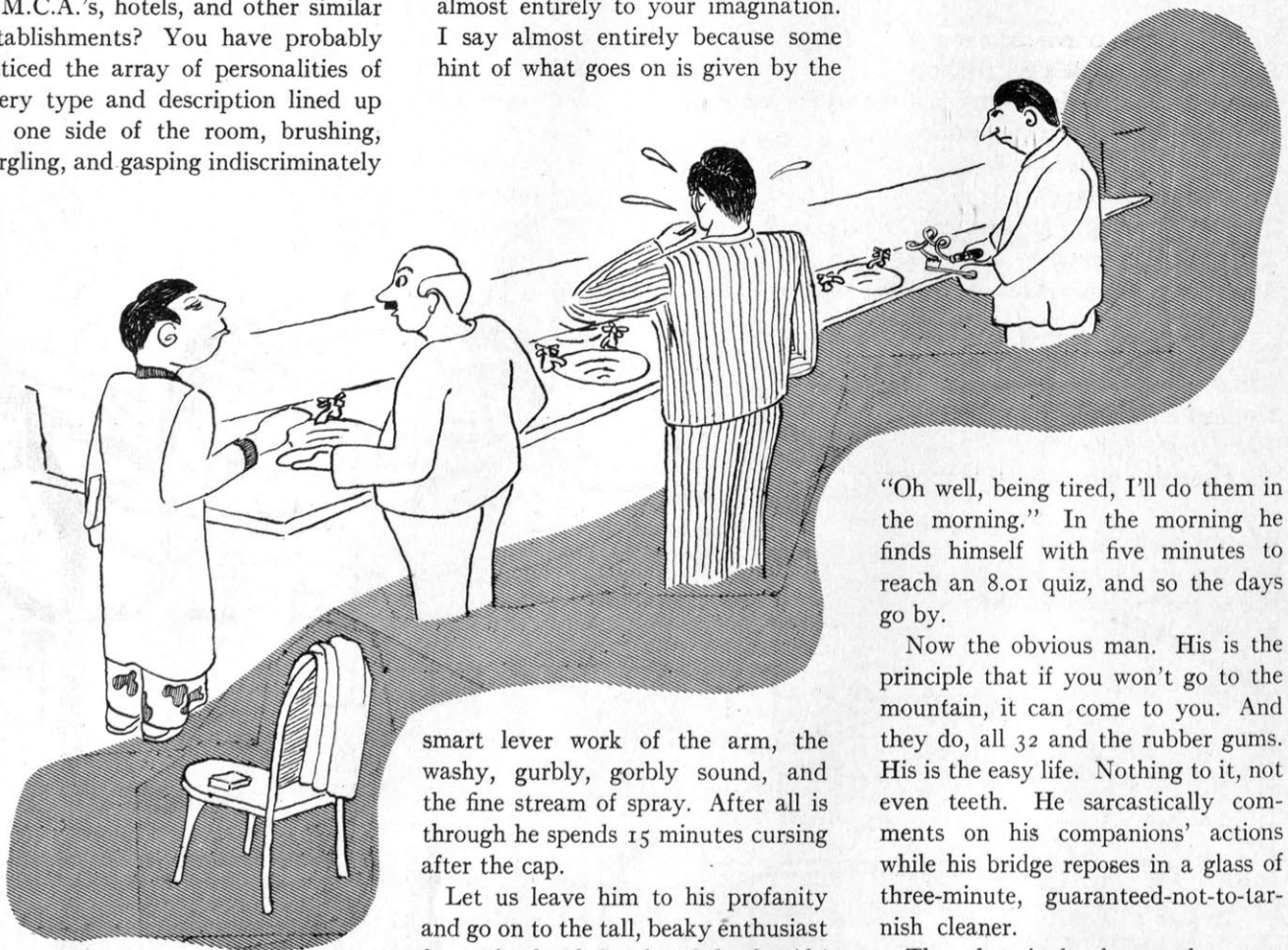
Dissolving,
 Precipitating,
 Coagulating,
 Filtering,
 Spilling,
 Distilling
 this Annabel Leahye."
 — B. J. D.

BY THE SIGN OF THE BRUSH AND THE TUBE

HAVE you ever ventured into one of those communal "For dental purposes only" wash rooms found in Y.M.C.A.'s, hotels, and other similar establishments? You have probably noticed the array of personalities of every type and description lined up on one side of the room, brushing, gargling, and gasping indiscriminately

Removing a battered tooth brush from his pocket, he loads it with half an inch of paste by the simple procedure of placing tube in hand and squeezing till the brush, handle, his hands and a liberal portion of the basin are covered with the stuff. Then, with a copious mouthful of water he engulfs the whole edifice, fingers and all, and closing his lips, leaves you almost entirely to your imagination. I say almost entirely because some hint of what goes on is given by the

Basin three presents the little man who isn't there. He never is there. He has a brush;— he uses it quite often enough to clean the engine of his model plane. He also has a tube of paste;— the slabs of paste that turn up on his clean shirts prove that. But he is never seen near the basin. In the evening he remarks to himself:



"Oh well, being tired, I'll do them in the morning." In the morning he finds himself with five minutes to reach an 8.01 quiz, and so the days go by.

Now the obvious man. His is the principle that if you won't go to the mountain, it can come to you. And they do, all 32 and the rubber gums. His is the easy life. Nothing to it, not even teeth. He sarcastically comments on his companions' actions while his bridge reposes in a glass of three-minute, guaranteed-not-to-tarnish cleaner.

Then there is the sharpie who comes in every day and with a disarming smile borrows your brush, paste, shaver, and soap, and who, after he is done, gives you a gracious bow and wipes his hands on your pajama coat.

Finally we must not neglect the fanatic with the ski jump nose who every night brings in a tube of Pepsodent, on a silver platter, and, after salaaming before it five times, prays fervently that its makers may flourish forever.

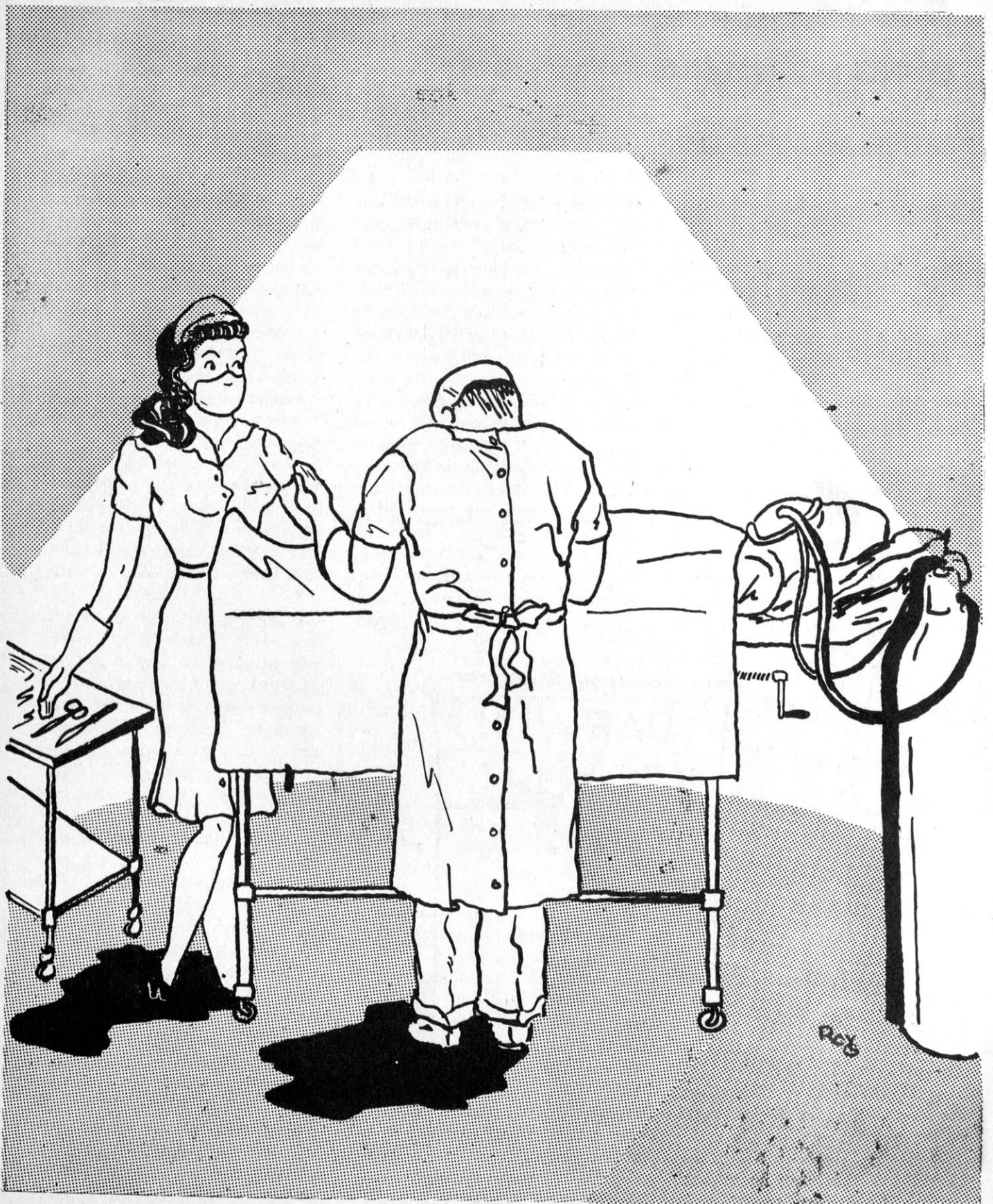
— R. W. W.

in an attempt to keep their pearly white uppers from falling out altogether. The impression you probably received on observing such a display is that there is no personal habit which gives more clues to the character of the operator than brushing the teeth.

Observe first the fat man with the 16 points of chin. Notice the lack of precision. He takes the cap off a dilapidated tube and immediately loses the damn thing. — No poise. —

smart lever work of the arm, the washy, gurbly, gorbly sound, and the fine stream of spray. After all is through he spends 15 minutes cursing after the cap.

Let us leave him to his profanity and go on to the tall, beaky enthusiast from the local Sunday School. Ah! here we have a perfectionist. No drool, no mess. All in order. Carefully spreading out a beige, leather toilet kit before him, he methodically removes from a nickel topped container TEK No. 6B, which, in contrast to its surroundings, has been worn to the hilt. Carefully rolling up the bottom of the tube he places $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch of paste on this overworked hilt and, rolling back the lips and part of the gums, proceeds to work with neat, scientific strokes.



"Styptic pencil, please."

BOSTONWARD HO!

October 1: Well, we are off for Boston. They gave us a great send-off. The banks were lined with people, bands were playing, flags were flying, and, as we mounted the podium to receive our farewell, a rousing horse laugh came forth from the multitude. I can still see the tears in the Cambridge Mayor's eyes as he rose to his feet, his notes in one hand and a raw onion in the other, and bid us God-speed in words which will go down in history. "As these brave young men go forth?" he said, "on a venture that may cost them their lives, on an expedition across the unexplored and windswept passage which connects us with the hinterland across the water, I would like to mention that I stand for slum clearance, overhead sewers, and

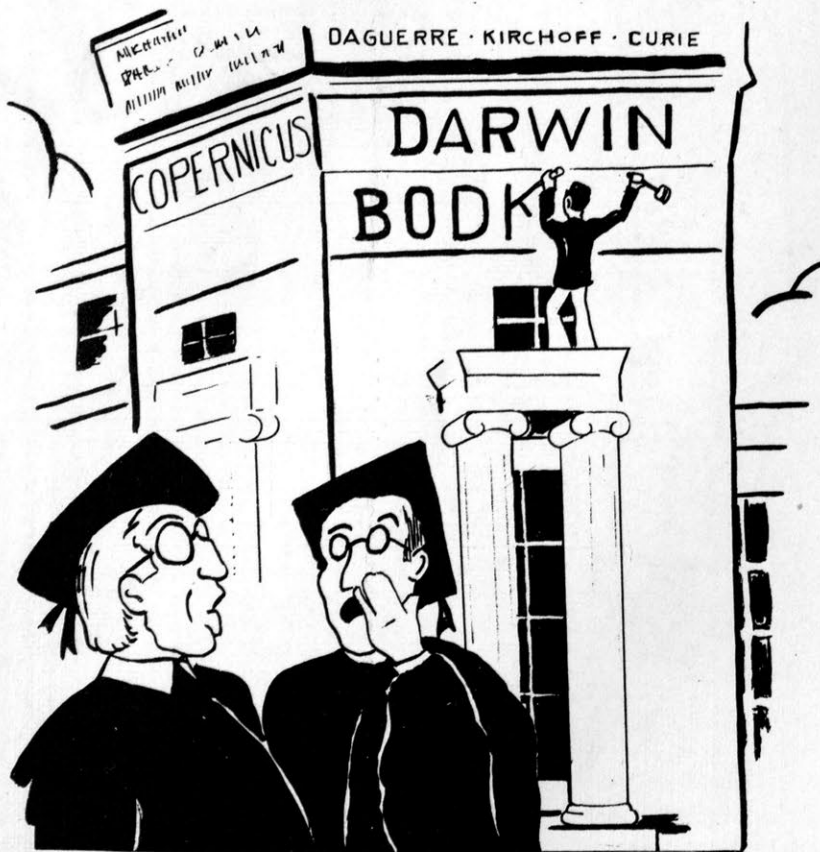
the elimination of graft in this fair city. The elections are in November. (Rousing applause.)

"This is a great day," said President Compton as he grasped my hand, "you may never come back." *October 2:* The going was good all day. We have reached the first railing post. The Tech crew is coming down the river. *October 10:* We have had good traveling weather and we passed the second lamp-post yesterday. With luck we may get past the middle before winter sets in. We will have to pitch camp then and continue next spring before the summer gets us. *October 21:* Trouble has set in. The metal cover from one of the holes in the pavement is gone. *October 23:* Have set up a rope arrangement over the chasm.

Will start getting our stuff across tomorrow. Tech Crew is coming down the river. *October 25:* More trouble. One of the Freshmen fell into the hole with two kegs of gin. *October 26:* Freshman stuck in the mud. So is the gin. *October 27:* Freshman still stuck in the mud. Having trouble salvaging the gin. *October 30:* Freshman stuck in the mud. Have salvaged what gin he didn't drink. Tech crew coming down the river.

November 3: Got all of our stuff across. Lost valuable time and more valuable gin. Also lost one Freshman. *November 17:* Has rained steadily for two weeks. Pavement very slippery. Can make very little speed. *November 20:* Freshman fell off the railing. The packs will have to be carried by the remaining ones. *November 22:* The skiers have been flying north for the winter. I am afraid we will have a long hard winter. Tech is getting close.

December 1: Getting cold. Had the first whiffs of snow today. Held a vote on the advisability of going on. All voted yes but one Freshman. The packs will have to be carried by the remaining Freshmen. *December 3:* Hell of a storm blowing up. Tech crew is under us pulling hard. *December 6:* Hell of a hurricane has been blowing for several days. Have had to lash everything to the railing until it abates. Two kegs of gin have already been washed away. Tech crew going back up the river. *December 8:* Storm has blown over. We have lost a great part of our gin and another Freshman. Too late to turn back, but haven't enough supplies to get across. *December 21:* Snow has set in. Will have to set up camp for winter. Gin allowance cut to one gallon per man. *December 24:* Christmas. One guy put up his stocking but forgot to take his foot out first. All frozen up. *January 20:* The boys are getting restless. Scurvy got one of them. Two of them have set off back to shore. Doubt if they'll get there. *February 1:* Killed a snow-



"Perhaps that 'H' was a little too much for Bodkins."



SHIRKARGO

(Apologies to Carl Sandburg)

Bridge Maker for the World;
 Slide Ruler, Stacker of Bull,
 Player with Test Tubes, and the Nation's Weight Handler.
 Stormy, Crusty, Crawling
 Student of the Big Feet.
 They tell me that Tech is wicked, and I believe them; for
 I have seen your wolves under the gas lamps luring the
 teen age problems.
 And they tell me you are crooked, and I answer: I have
 seen the bugger bugger and go free to bugger again.
 And they tell me you are brutal, and my reply is: On the
 face of 4-fs and children I have seen the marks of lack of
 sleep.
 And having answered so, I turn once more to those who
 sneer at these my students and say to them:
 Come and show me another student surprised to be alive,
 and coarse and at a loss and cunning, flinging Magnetic
 Curses amid the toil of piling quiz on quiz.
 Here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft
 students,
 Fierce as a Delt with tongue lapping at Louie's, cunning as
 Dingee pitted against frosh physics.
 Barefooted
 Shovelling it,
 Flunking,
 Bugging,
 Copying,
 Paying, Breaking, Repaying,
 Under the smoke, soap, and NO₂, dust all over his mouth,
 laughing with decayed teeth.
 Under the terrible burden of destiny, laughing as a mad
 man laughs.
 Laughing even as an ignorant freshman laughs who has
 never flunked a quiz.
 Laughing!
 Laughing — the stormy, crusty, crawling, laughter of
 Voo Doo; half naked, sweating, proud to be Bridge
 Maker, Slide Ruler, Stacker of Bull, Player with Test
 Tubes, and Weight Handler to the Nation.

— R. W. W.



plow yesterday. Tough but palatable. We will at least have enough food to get through the winter. We expect to be snowed in until the middle of March. *March 10:* Winter

night ended. Sun appeared over the horizon for the first time in months. *March 12:* Quite warm today. Temperature went up to -273°. *March 20:* Thawed out enough for us to break

camp. Only four of us left. Provisions have hit a new low and we are less than half-way across.

May 20: Spring is definitely in. Wild life is starting to appear. A couple of brownbaggers flew overhead, and we also found a few hangovers growing here and there. Spring mud is bogging us down. *May 25:* Mud has cleared upon the pavement. Making better time though on half rations. *June 1:* The boys are showing signs of wear. *June 10:* Getting hot as hell. Summer is here already. *June 15:* The pavement scorches the sole of our feet at every step. Everybody's throat is parched, as I've cut the gin rations again. Bleary eyes and cracked lips. Don't know how long we can take it. *June 16:* Out of gin. *June 17:* Broke the news to the boys. *June 18:* Joe dead. Mac dead. Vladmir Pescoupoulos dead. *June 20:* Below me the slimy ooze streams by, exuding steaming, reeking vapors. *June 15:* I must reach shore. Oh! the heat! Why isn't there any water anywhere?

July 5: Mud, mud, mud everywhere and not a drop to drink. *July 15:* Horray! The shore is in sight. I can make it. *July 17:* Midnight. I MADE IT. I have reached the shore at last. A drink, a drink, before I die. *July 18:* 1 a.m. Oh, the perversity of fate. I am lying on the pavement waiting for the inevitable. Thirst is overcoming me. This is Boston and it is SUNDAY, JULY THE . . .

— R. W. W.



He: "I think I've got a flat tire."
 She: "I think that makes us even."

— The Watagan.



"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
 "Quick! Drown the little bastard before he gets away!"

Voodooings . . .

Continued from page 10

clothes, scraggy beard and bleary eyes—who accosted us with the plea, “Could you spare a dime for an ex-Harvard man?”

AS if wishing to regain their happy student days, the members of the faculty every month crash this feature. Regularly we receive from our old standbys pieces of choice humor, while regularly many newcomers attempt to enter the ranks of the Voodooings. Such names as A. R. Davis, F. W. Sears, C. B. Woods, M. S. Livingston and many others are part of a role of honor on which we can count for at least two or three laughs every term.

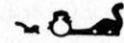
We again receive news that a month cannot pass without one of these stalwarts providing us with several

lines of copy. The man in question this time is DII’s well known D. P. Adams: It appears that the ingenious Mr. Adams had taken to closing the door of his class at exactly 11.05 and locking it. Anybody who betrayed his presence without by taps on the glass and rattlings of the door handle was received with remarks calculated to shrink him to the size of an undeveloped peanut.

But one sunny day D. P. Adams committed the greatest error of his career. He arrived late to his class, and walking up to the door he found that it resisted any attempts to open it. He now had a chance to reflect on the ingratitude of the worm that turns on its master. He had still more chance to reflect on it when the door was opened by one of the freshmen who greeted him with a quotation of his own words, “Class starts promptly at 11.05, Brother Adams.”

“Where in hell have I seen you before?”

“Where in hell have you been?”



“Was your sailor friend heart-broken when you jilted him?”

“I should say not—he was perfectly horrid.”

“What did he do?”

“When I gave him back the ring he took a file out of his pocket and cut a notch on the inside.”

“What was so bad about that?”

“There were five notches there already.”

— Old Maid.



“Waiter, there’s a fly in my soup.”

“Force of habit, sir, the cook used to be a tailor.”



Senior: “How do you like my room as a whole?”

Freshman: “As a hole, it’s fine; as a room—not so good.”

— Old Maid.



A married couple were sleeping peacefully when the wife suddenly shouted out in her sleep, “Good Lord! My husband!” The husband, waking suddenly, jumped out the window.

— Yellow Jacket.

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LODGE SKIING

Continued from page 16

brought with you and the other whole ski in hand, and proceed down to the base lodge. A sharp limp is recommended only if you can remember to limp always on the same foot.

And now your worries are over. By dint of hard and careful planning you have earned the right to sleep all day, and spend all your nights in the local tavern swigging beer and telling hair-raising ski stories to the admiring audience. Come the end of the week, you will pack your bag and return home surrounded by a halo of fame as a master skier and a hero.

— R. W. W.



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

He gave his mother's death at 43 of tuberculosis. At what age did his father die? A little past 39. Of what? Of cancer.

"Bad family record," said the doctor. "No use going any further." And he tore up the blank.

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

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

"He was 96," Henry said.

"And of what did he die?"

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

"How old was your mother at death?"

"She was 94."

"Cause of death?"

"Childbirth."

— Jack O'Lantern.



"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"We find this way more humane than a fly swatter."



Mr. Tarzon Smith was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death.

He rang up his friend, Howard Jones, at once. "Halloa, Jones!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

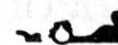
"Yes," replied Jones, "where are you speaking from?"

— Yellow Jacket.

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I wish I were a kangaroo;

Despite his funny stances.

I'd have a place to put the junk

My girl brings to the dances.

— Exchange.

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Some tourists were standing on the edge of Mt. Vesuvius looking at the molten lava. An American remarked to his companion:

"Looks hot as hell."

An Englishman nearby remarked to his companion, "These Americans have been everywhere."

—Columns.



Clerk to a suspicious looking couple in the hotel lobby: "I don't believe you people are married, after all."

Lady: "Sir, if my husband were only here he would make you swallow those words."

—Pell Mell.

SIDEVIEW

Continued from page 12

one J. Wade. There was a deep look in those eyes and a shine about that pin on a typically swarthy Deke chest that did it. Since then a deep groove has been worn between the Memorial Drive Den and the little apartment on Marlborough Street. (Eat your heart out, bud, we won't give you the number.)

We asked her what other hobbies she had. Smoking? No. Drinking? No. Gambling? No. We stopped asking before we were altogether disillusioned, and decided that it was her modesty and desire not to brag which made her say all this. As to sports: Paddy is an expert horsewoman. When we asked her how she got to be so proficient, she told us that she had spent her childhood punching cows in the West. Unluckily the cows punched back and she had to give this occupation up.

Our subject is also a woman of the world. Her travels have carried her far and wide on the face of the earth. She has been to England where, while learning to play billiards, she put a little English on the ball; but you can never tell what an Englishman on the ball will do, so she had to leave and go to France. Here we quote the *Petit Parisien*. "Une panique s'est

repandue dans la ville de Paris à l'arrivée de Mlle. Vanderbilt . . . et le préfet de la ville l'a décorée de la Légion D'Honneur if she would get out of town as soon as possible." The wheels of Monte Carlo, moonlight on the Riviera, tropical nights in Venezuela, strange wingless butterflies in Panama, panhandling on Broadway; all these and many more experiences are crowded into her young life.

And so we lift the shroud from the mystery of "that Vanderbilt woman"; globe trotter, Amazon, scientist, chief Tidl on the Tiddlywinks team, and, by unanimous vote of the Voo Doo staff, co-ed with whom we would most like to be caught in the wind tunnel.



"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"What's the matter, can't he swim?"



And then there was the janitor at the movie studio whose salary included room and board and all the extras he could make.

—Pup Tent.



A gentleman was much surprised when the good-looking young lady greeted him by saying, "Good evening." He couldn't remember ever having met her before.

She evidently realized it was a case of mistaken identity, for she apologized and explained: "Oh, I'm so sorry. When I first saw you I thought you were the father of two of my children."

She walked on, while the man started after her. (How was he to know she was a school teacher?)

—Penn State Froth.

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THE GRIPPER

Continued from page 15

Society Emblem flapping at his breast.

At last report, the Gripper had completed the four thousand eight hundred and thirty-ninth inscription of "Diligence and rum punch do not mix." He has only five thousand one hundred and sixty-one to go.

— H. P. G.



"For goodness sake, use both hands," shrilled the co-ed in the auto.

"I can't," said her escort, "I have to steer with one."

— Exchange.



"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Wait 'til you see the coffee."



"We certainly did have a good time that night after your wedding."

"H-m-m — so did we."

— Old Maid.

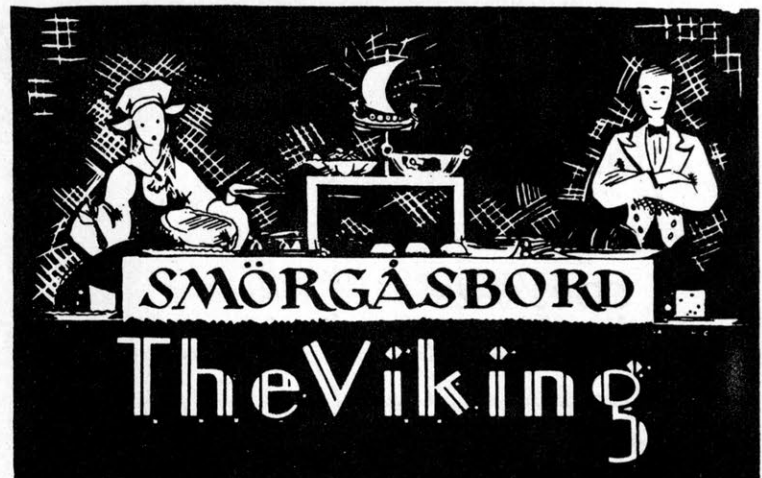


The newly-wedded Norwegian ski trooper smiled when they asked him what was the first thing he would do when he returned home on leave.

"Then what is the second thing?" they asked.

"Why, take off my skis, of course," he replied.

— Bachelor.



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"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"What did you expect for a dime, elephants?"

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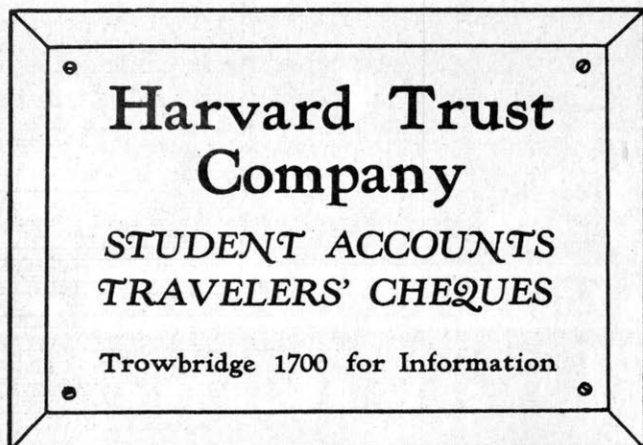
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"Do angels have wings, mother?"
 "Yes, dear."
 "Can they fly?"
 "Yes, dear."
 "Then when is the nurse going to fly? I heard Daddy call her Angel yesterday."
 "Tomorrow, dear."

— Gargoyle.

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Taken from a freshman paper: "A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other supernatural characters."

— Log.



Make this test with your own hands and feel what we mean. — *Ad from Judge.*

We tried that and got slapped. — Ed.



A boy and girl were riding along in a car when the boy asked, "Are you a Camel or a Chesterfield girl?"

Puzzled, the girl asked why.

The boy replied with, "Do you walk a mile or do you satisfy?"

— *The Turnout.*



She was an attractive young widow. She entered the hotel lounge and seated herself next to a big and handsome brute. She coughed lightly, but the stranger ignored her presence. When their eyes finally met, she gave him a flirtatious glance that indicated plainly that she would be willing to make his acquaintance. Still he remained cool, gave no answering sign. At last her handkerchief fluttered to the floor distressingly near her attractive, silk-clad ankles.

"Oh," she murmured softly, "I've dropped my handkerchief."

He turned a calm eye to the lady and responded, "Madam, my weakness is beer."

— *Battalion.*

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