





In picturing the leader of the band who will play at the I.F.C., Phos is also presenting one of the sharpest highlights from among the country's new music makers. The name that Bobby Sherwood had made for himself as a guitarist, singer, arranger, and all round good musician, had already reached the ears of the cat; when Bobby made his appearance in the R.K.O. Boston, Phos picked him as one of the fastest climbing bands going.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



K. Crumless.
N. N-C. C. Co.
Akron, Ohio.

Dear Sirs:

As President of the National Non Crunching Cracker Jack Company, I would like to place an advertisement in your magazine. If the cost does not exceed three dollars, I would like a full page ad which would run something like the following: "Buy National Non Crunching Cracker Jacks and stay fit. They contain vitamins A through Z inclusive. They will build you up and tear you down. Only ten dollars a box."

I expect a contract at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly,

KASPER CRUMLESS, *President.*

National Non Crunching
Cracker Jack Co.

Ed. Note: Much as we appreciate any little bit of advertising, we somehow feel that the above Mr. Crumless was not entirely sincere. We suggest that instead of sending us advertisements he come out for the Voo Doo literary staff. And by the way, next time he heads his letter with an out of state address, we suggest he avoid a Boston postmark on the envelope. — Ed.



Cambridge, Mass.

August 17, 1943.

Dear Sirs:

I for one was very glad to hear that Voo Doo is planning to publish for another year. There has always been much criticism of Voo Dop, and very often adverse, but I think when it

comes right down to it the magazine is as much a part of Tech life as any extra-curricular activity. I remember very well that when the Tech Show, a tradition for a great many years, was discontinued, the alumni particularly felt a keen sense of loss. So I wish you all the best luck for the future and express the hope that Voo Doo will always be a part of Tech life. . . .

ALUMNUS.

The name of this ex-Voo Doo staff member is withheld on request. We appreciate the interest shown and hope that we live up to his praise. — Ed.

Editor's Note:

As the first issue of the year goes to press Phos would like to call its readers' attention to the "Letters to the Editor" page. It is the best medium through which he can display criticisms, compliments, and general comments on the magazine by his readers. Phos is always glad to give his wholehearted attention to any such correspondence received, and will usually print all or part of the letter on this page. He also pleads that this page looks much better when filled with the printed word.

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
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Volume XXVI

SEPTEMBER, 1943

No. 5

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MEET ME UNDER THE CLOCK

The BILTMORE has won the unique distinction of having the largest college patronage in New York because of the thoughtful attention to college needs.

*SPECIAL RATES
EXTENDED TO FACULTY
AND STUDENTS*

The Department of College Relations is maintained for your assistance.

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David B. Mulligan, President

Madison Avenue at 43rd Street, New York

Direct elevator and stairway connection with Grand Central

"What did you do when her dress started coming off?"

"I helped her out as best I could."

— Frivol.

Two men who hated each other were getting a shave side by side in a barber shop. The first barber finished and asked his customer if he would like some hair tonic. The man replied, "Heavens, no! My wife would think I had been in a house of ill repute."

About this time, the second man finished his haircut. His barber asked if he would like some hair tonic. "Certainly, go ahead," replied the second man, "my wife's never been in a house of ill repute."

— Frivol.

Mr. Green: "My wife is scared to death someone will steal her clothes."

Mr. Jones: "Doesn't she have them insured?"

Mr. Green: "She has a better idea. She has some guy stay in the closet and watch them."

Said the artist: "I'll give you \$5 if you'll let me paint you."

The old mountaineer shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other and back again.

"It's easy money," said the artist.

"Thar hain't no question about thet," the mountaineer replied. "I was jist a-wonderin' how I'd git the paint off afterwards."

— Texas Ranger.

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

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59 Massachusetts Avenue
Boston, Mass.

Diner: "What kind of pie is this — apple or peach?"

Waitress: "What does it taste like?"

Diner: "Glue."

Waitress: "Then it's apple. The peach pie tastes like putty."

The wife was always antagonized by her husband going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always, "Good night, mother of three."

But one night, she could stand it no longer, and when he took his hat off, started out the door, and called cheerily, "Good night, mother of three," she answered, quite as cheerfully, "Good night, father of one."

Now he stays home.

— Froth.



A fiery tempered Southern gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot say it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean."

— Frivol.



First Son: "Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Writes out check.)

Second Son: "Father, I got into trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Writes out check.)

Daughter: "Father, I did something dreadful last night —"

Father: "Ah, now WE collect."

— Froth.

Student Laundry Service

*Special Service
...on Request...*

25 years serving students
of Harvard and M.I.T.

Brighton Laundry
STADIUM 5520

There was a young lady of Wantage
Of whom the town clerk took advantage.

Said the county surveyor,
Of course you must pay her;
You've altered the line of her frontage.

— Battalion.

For A New Pleasure in Dining Out—

Smith House

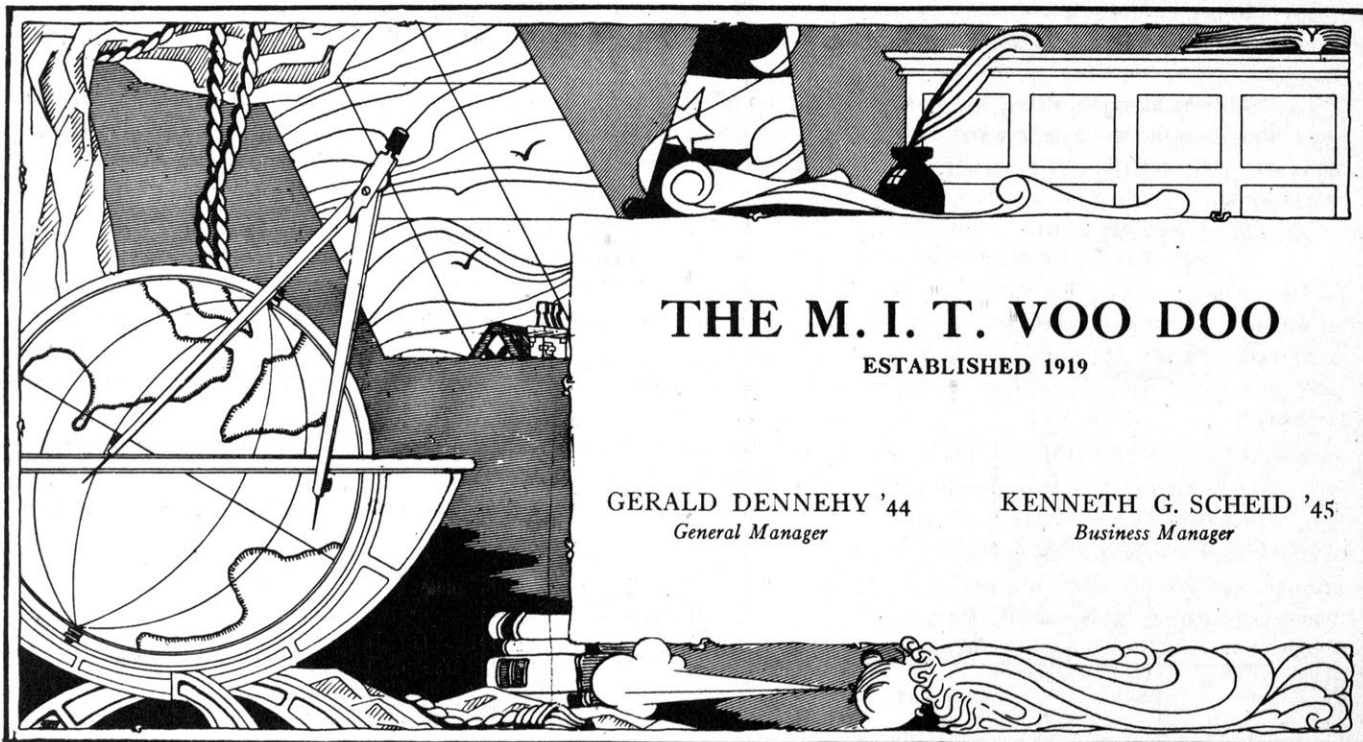
on the CHARLES RIVER

500 MEMORIAL DRIVE, CAMBRIDGE

Moderately priced Dinners, Luncheons, Suppers. You will enjoy Smith House Better Ice Cream at the Fountain. Air Conditioned. Ample Parking Space.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
FOR BANQUETS AND
BUSINESS MEETINGS

TELEPHONE
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8500



AS we cautiously opened the mouldering door of the Voo Doo Office last month and surveyed the dust-laden rubble covering the floor with a weary eye, Phosphorus greeted us with his customary sarcasm.

"Well," he said, "you've really come back. It's a good thing you gave me time to cool off before you did, though. Last June when you guys sort of decided to fold up the old rag I was pretty darn disappointed. It made me look back to 1919, to the first formal issue of Voo Doo, and even further, to the time when the present Voo Doo was only a four-page sheet put out when enough jokes had accumulated. In the light of those twenty-four years of experience, closing up for such a little thing as this war was a pretty tough pill to swallow."

"We really didn't plan —" we began.

"Shut up," said the cat in his intolerable voice. "I was just going to say that you partly redeemed yourselves with that smoker. I'll have to admit that I even went downstairs myself for it."

He chuckled lecherously. "At last the 5:15 Clubroom is a clubroom. Yes, I've got to hand it to you. I hear you even got three freshmen to come out for Voo Doo after it."

"Never mind that," we said. "We've got some boys that really look sharp. As long as Uncle Sammy doesn't pull a repeat of last May the future looks pretty good."

"What ever did happen to all those boys?" queried Phos.

"We hear from them now and then. Most of them don't say much about themselves but we can see that they got a pretty raw deal. They seem to miss the old grind and especially those make-up nights, so we'll try to get hold of them and send out a few magazines."

"Oh, well, *Sest la guerry*, as they say. They all did a swell job, but you guys will have to get along without them. By the way, who are all these gobs walking around here? They don't quite look as if they just came back from Pearl Harbor."

"They're all right, Phos," we reassured him. "A lot of them are working up here now. As a matter of fact even the ones from Lehigh are all right when they find out they've left the coal fields. They've taken over the Graduate House *en masse* and made it into a pseudo Ninety Church Street, resplendent in chiefs, yeomen, and square knots. On them it looks well."

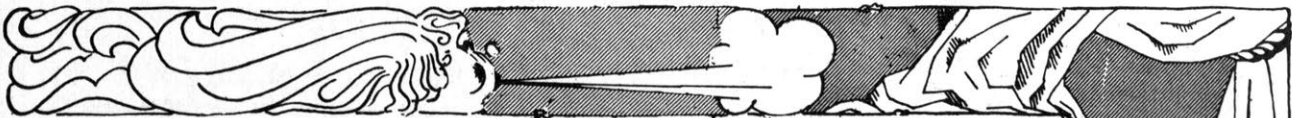

"Well, let's get down to work," said Phos, shattering our line of thought. "What's on the fire for this issue?"

"It looks like the lethargy around here has been broken at last," we answered. "The I. F. C. has finally planned to have another one of those good old downtown brawls, so we feel justified in dedicating the issue to it. If it turns out as well as all those in the past, it really ought to start the ball rolling around here. God knows we haven't had a respectable week-end in a dog's age. And this band looks all right. Bobby Sherwood has been playing at Glen Island in the past year so you can look for another link in the Miller-Bobby Byrnes-Charlie Spivak chain. We've got our fingers crossed anyway."

"I suppose you guys will sell the rag at the dance again," Phos said drily. "You'd better make it a good issue."

"We've done our best," we answered. "They'd better like it."

"Enough of this talk." Phos groaned and rolled over on his window sill. As he went off to sleep we thought we heard him say, "Keep away from that Seventh Floor."



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DANCES BANQUETS
TEA DANCES

In the Beautiful Charing Ballroom

Telephone Longwood 3200 Function Manager

Two spinsters were discussing men
— oddly enough.

"Which would you desire most in
your husband," asked one, "brains,
wealth, or appearance?"

"Appearance," snapped the other,
"and the sooner the better."

— Dodo.

LEARN TO DANCE

WALTZ—FOX TROT—TANGO—POLKA
RUMBA—CONGA—LINDY
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THE MOST COMPLETE DANCE
COURSE FOR THE LEAST
MONEY

*Private Instruction by a
Large Staff of Expert Conscientious Teachers*

Shirley Hayes Dance Studio

330 Massachusetts Avenue Boston Corn. 0520

A house of ill repute had been
raided, and its furnishings had been
sold at auction. Among these was a
talking parrot, which was purchased
by a pet shop. Eventually it was sold
to a respectable woman, who took the
bird home and removed the cover from
its cage. The parrot haughtily sur-
veyed its surroundings and conde-
scendingly admitted, "Nice Lady,
Nice House." Later in the day, the
woman's two daughters came home.
After a cursory inspection, the bird
announced, "Nice Lady, Nice House,
Nice Girls!" At six o'clock the head
of the family returned from work.
After a quick glance the parrot said,
"Nice Lady, Nice House, Nice Girls.
But the same old customers. — Hello,
Charlie!"



While some hold hands as a token of
love,

But this is beyond detection;
My girl is suave and smooth and
subtle,

Mine does it for protection!

— Penn State Froth.

Telephone KENmore 5822

*The Best in Corsages
At Reasonable Prices*

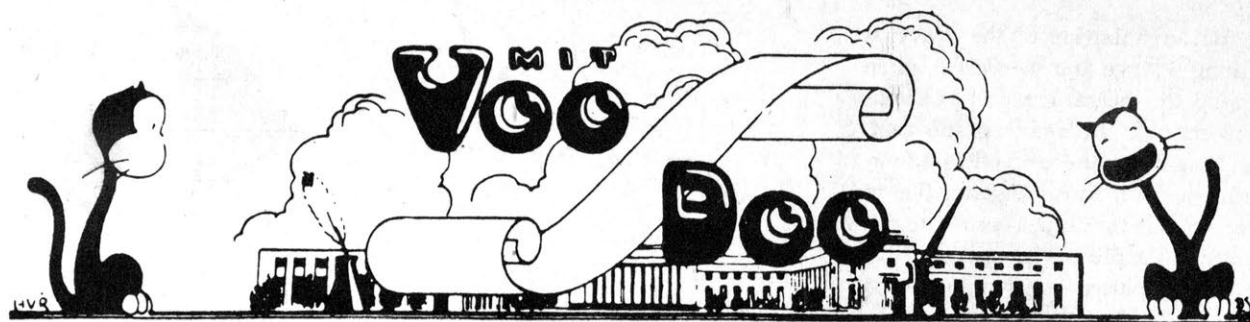
A. COPLEN, Florist

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

991 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

IFC DANCE ISSUE





THERE was considerable excitement over at the Grad House when one of the Navy's ammunition trucks, replete with scarlet flags and armed guards, drew up on Memorial Drive.

"Hey, Mac!" growled a grisdled head thrust from a cab window, "Where's the V-12 station?"

A sophomore's thumb indicated the gate, while a silent, curious group gathered about the truck. Two burly guards stepped from the cab, loosened their 45's, and glared suspiciously at the growing crowd.

"All right, boys, just step back . . . gangway!"

A third figure emerged from the rear of the van, turned, motioned the guards to his side, and reached within. Necks craned; eyes dilated; a few of the weaker sisters paled under their tan. The third guard straightened,

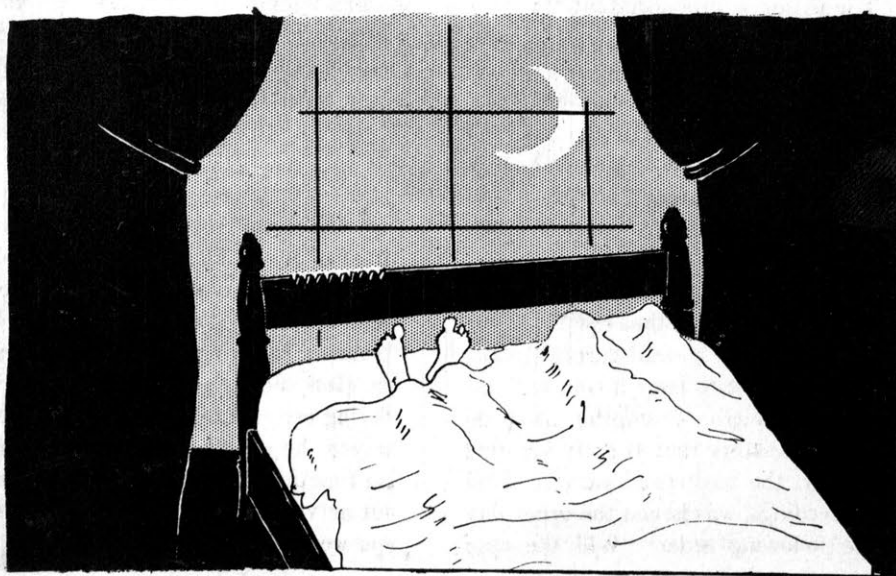
clutching a small package of potent appearance. As the three strode into the building with hand on holster the legend on the box was briefly visible: ".32 cartridges — twenty."

WHILE it is usually assumed that the coeds do little on Field Day except watch intently from the sidelines, we have it from reliable sources that one of our '46 girls stepped out of character during our latest contest. It seems that she spied an innocent Freshman sporting a white glove, intact to the last finger, and called him over to the sidelines. "May I please have that glove as a souvenir — you'll never need it again?" she called, in her most demure tone. The unsuspecting member of the class of '47 quickly agreed, and when last seen,

Miss '46 was blithely tripping off in the general direction of the Sophomore glove-barrel.

THOSE Boston Blue Laws were in operation again a short while ago. A friend of ours walked into a downtown pub and, spying a female at a nearby table, proceeded to engage in the usual conversation with her. He hadn't been operating for long when he was interrupted by a tap on the shoulder. "Young man, you're liable to arrest for what you're doing." It seems that this fair city has among its dustworn laws one that forbids a male in a bar from talking to a strange woman. When does the next train leave for New York?

PROFESSOR SEARS of the Physics Department presented his annual three-ring circus in 8.01 last week, much to the delight of his frosh lecture class. His demonstration of gravity's startling effect on a toy locomotive moving rapidly on a circular track ended discouragingly with a crash as the already battered engine came into violent contact with the unyielding floor of Huntington for the third or fifth time. Pondering deeply for a moment the professor suddenly broke into a broad grin, reached beneath the desk, and triumphantly revealed a bright and shiny brand new bright red locomotive. "I always carry a spare," he said, still smiling.



THE organization of the Navy is a thing strange and wonderful, often beyond the mental grasp of the ordinary mortal. Recognizing this fact, the V-12 high command offers a four-term course in Naval Organization to every man in the unit. During the first month of the present term, these N.O. lectures imparted much information of at least theoretical value to the boys, but last week came the best concrete example of naval organization in practice. Four hundred AS's reported to 10-250 for the usual lecture. They were formed into a single line reaching twice around the hall, and seated alphabetically one at a time from a master list. In only one hour a task which would require at least ten minutes under any other circumstances was accomplished. Of course when two lads with last initial "B" arrived late from a work detail, the whole job had to be done over.

OUR own Professor Weiner, he of the fifty-seven tongues as rumor hath it, is writing a book on sex and mathematics, we hear. The book is to have so much German in it that he finds himself between the horns of a vicious dilemma. Should he publish it in German and translate to English, or in English and translate to German?

PHOS, we believe, has come in for some unacknowledged publicity in one of the leading monthlies of the country. Voo Doo's art editor, Max Griffith, turned out a cartoon last year that was considered by one and all as one of his best efforts. It was so good that three months later the same cartoon appeared in a well-known American weekly. Not only was the similarity in the idea striking, but also the design and drawing had identical traits. To all the claims of coincidence, Phos emits a very sceptic opinion of "Well, maybe," but, being lazy by nature, he will let it go at that.



"Hey, your bumper's hanging!"

MANY readers will no doubt have enough remembrance of the Bible to recall a story where the party of the first part kills a fatted calf to welcome back a son who had gone away and done quite well up to the depression.

Well, Tech too has its prodigal sons. Not one, but two; two men looked upon with awe and admiration by all incoming Freshmen; yet not a calf, not a chicken, not even a hamburger with onions has been extended to them. The reason is probably that the news hasn't been spread around, and, therefore, we present our scoop announcement. Tech now includes in its instructing body Mr. Farnsworth, well known to all graduates of Chauncey Hall; and none other than Mr. K. L. M. Dingee of Associated Tutors fame.

TO all the claims that the V-12 unit is nothing but a dead earnest affair, we would like to issue a cold and unbelieving laugh. Prompting us to do this is the story that at early morning muster, the most dead earnest of all proceedings, was issued the other day the following order: "Will the man

who was out walking last night with the young lady on Memorial Drive please return her blue shoes to the duty desk." The sale of blue shoes in Boston has taken a sharp rise.

LEADING our list of rumors for this month is the report that the Eternal Freshman has at last been found. Having completed only four terms as a Freshman, he sees no reason why he shouldn't start his fifth, and at our last report, was calmly seen ripping the 6 off of his '46 sweater and sewing a 7 in its place.

ONE of our more depressing pastimes is observing with unimaginable horror the effects of regimentation on the Tech mind. Recently an excitable freshman working a problem before the class suddenly became aware of a glaring error in his calculations. Dismayed, he quickly erased the offending function, at the same time crying out nervously, but quite audibly, "As you were!"

For Mr. G.I. Voo Doo
Affectionately,
Gail Robbins



For his heart-beat of the month, Phos presents a scoop. From his usual large stock of the late screen and music news, he has informed us that Gail Robbins is one of the up and coming stars of Broadway and Twentieth-Century-Fox. We remember her from her days with Ben Bernie, Hal Kemp, Art Jarrett, and several radio shows. We are watching her screen career with interest.

GILLIE THE GREAT

SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH



OVER the congestion of secretaries, drooling men, secretaries, Le-high men, secretaries, Navy men, and all the mob of assorted small fry that make up the Mutual Hall acquaintance dance, there suddenly came a great hush. A soft and mellow voice intoned a catchy ballad and in a moment the men were deserted while around the bandstand of Chappie Arnold's orchestra, a mad mob of women swirled, fought, and fainted away.

At first the boys thought that they had to do with Frank Sinatra at least, but they were wrong; this was none other than M. I. T.'s own Wilson Nash Gilliat, known to the vulgar as "Gillie." Tall and built like an integral sign, Gillie has a knack of wrapping himself around a microphone and giving out with a mushy expression and a moon struck voice that requires the erection of a barbed wire fence when there are women present.

And it isn't as if he were singing the stock ballads of the day; on the contrary, he is often actually singing his own stuff. He has upwards of thirty ballads to his name, of which the only failure is one entitled "My Mirror Laughs at Me." It was a damn good ballad, but one day, while he was shaving, the mirror did just that and he has been disgusted with the song ever since.

Gillie isn't just a muscian for music's sake either. A regular singer with Chappie Arnold, he has been in front of Chappie's band garnishing with saliva the mikes of every dance in the district. New York's Tin Pan Alley also knows his drape shape. For the last quarter century he has been turning up under the desks of publishers,



in their sandwiches, and in their dreams. But if you become a music publisher you get used to such things, and, as yet, Gillie hasn't managed to smash the gates of the Hit Parade, not

that his stuff isn't good for it.

This history of Gillie as a singer is brief but full of startling events. It started one night at an acquaintance dance in Walker where Chappie, for some reason known to himself, let him mount the stand and bellow out a number. Chappie hasn't been able to shake him off since.

From Gillie we hear that he attributes his volume to years of yawning in choir practice, and his tonal quality to singing over a drafting board. So good is he in this latter respect that last year he successfully sang over a draft board (he had the apartment above) without receiving the greetings from the President of the United States. According to him, his mike sway is due to a combination of bump artists seen at the Old Howard, and an assortment of highballs and beers.

Outside of his musical career, Gillie is also endowed with many other wonderful talents. The principal of these is the capacity to give out a line of double talk that would drive a typewriter mad. A native of Kansas City, he attributes this double talk to years of association with the Sioux Indians. He also attributes his piercing eyes to years of attempts to look through western dust storms. These piercing eyes hold him in good stead nowadays whenever he wants to open a can of beer, a love potion to which he is greatly addicted.

This, in a few sentences, is a resume of the great Gillie, the Vice-President of the Senior Class, the Chairman of the Walker Memorial Committee, the songster, the this, the that, and, ere we close this diatribe we would like to confer upon his many titles the additional one of honorary laureate of the Institute.

WILBUR TERWILLIGER AND THE AVERAGE WOMAN

"THAT," Terwilliger opined, "I doubt." He deftly removed slivers of moldering banana skin from between his teeth with a rusty razor blade.

"Hunhh?" I laid aside my *Police Gazette* and reached for a package of weeds.

"It says here that the average American woman has a bust measurement of 35 inches."

"Empty," I groaned.

"Her waist measures 29 inches and her hips 39 inches!" My god! She must look like the bottom man on the totem pole. I cannot believe it."

"Wilb, if you would tear yourself away from that *Spiciest Vice* long enough to cough up seventeen cents for a keg of coffin nails, I'd be obleeged."

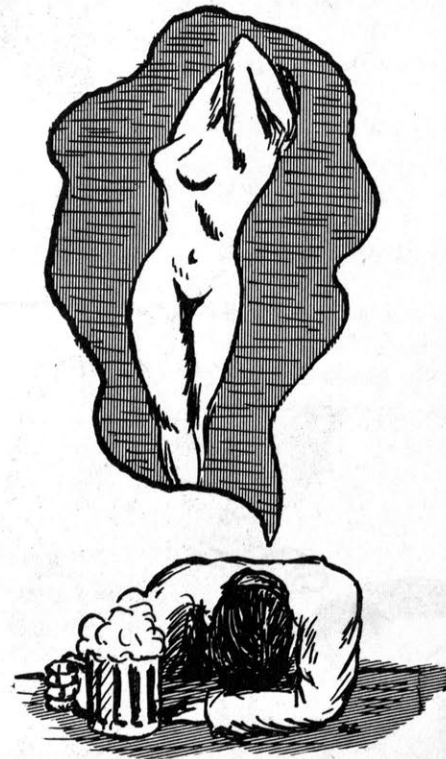
"Thirty-nine inches! No sir, it's a lie! The average woman as I see her has a bust measurement of about . . . well . . ." Terwilliger gestured vaguely and sank into deep thought. "Somehow, son," he said, "this thing challenges my myopic intellect. In fact, I'd like to get hold of the correct statistics." He frowned darkly. "Think of the millions of average women who've read this article. Disillusioned! Ridiculed! Come, chum, we must cover the city. We cannot rest until the facts are bared."

"You and your bust lust. I'll settle for fifteen cents. Fork over, Wilb."

"All right, all right. I gotta break a five. Let's we drop down to Jackie's for a short one. I don't know about you, but I've got to check up on this 35 x 39 stuff. Balls of flame, it can't be true!"

I gave up. This Wilbur Terwilliger, my roommate, gets out of hand sometimes. I have to keep an eye on him or he'll do something that I'll regret. So that's how it started that night; I'm still wondering just how it will end.

We left the room and climbed three flights to street level. Boy, I'll be glad if we ever get our dorm rooms back. I mean living in a sub sub-cellar is all right, but it's getting so that my eardrums crack every time I get up into the fresh air. On the street car Wilbur appraised every woman in sight with unabashed interest. Using



his thumb and index finger as a rough sort of transit, he estimated dimensions and entered copious notes in his little black book.

"Thirty-five inches! Ho, we shall see," Wilb muttered from time to time. Not even when a reet little blonde let him have it in the eye with a pound of liver did Wilbur waver. Tipping his toupe, he said, "Am I not correct in assuming that your hips are smaller than 39 inches?"

I dragged my charge from the car several blocks before our stop, smiling and tapping my forehead for the bene-

fit of what had developed into a lynching party of women of all dimensions.

"Please, old boy," I pleaded, softly beating my brow upon the pavement in despair, "let's just absorb a quiet beer, purchase a package of the evil herb, and scam home hurriedly like a hare."

Terwilliger was unmoved. Plainly the lad was mad. Three hours and several beers later we still sat at the bar. Wilb now had several pages of notes besides a lengthy table of statistics which he expanded each time a female entered the den of sin in which we were encamped.

"Wilb," I said, as the wee hours grew not so wee, "isn't it about time we should unostenshus . . . unerstonshus . . . quietly quit this upholstered sewer? The next skirt you measure with the wolfish eye is going to flatten you with a cuspidor, or floor you with a fist, or flay you with a frozen flounser, or flog you with a french fried fritter, or fell you . . ." I stopped for breath.

"Silence, turgid one," Terwilliger spoke at last, "I have here almost enough figures for a good average. Another hour and we'll know the worst. So far this 35 x 39 stuff looks like gross misrepresentation of facts." He drank deeply of the amber beverage before him. "At's what it is!"

"O.K. I gish one more li'l beer won't hurt ush."

It seems as if I must have been tireder than I thought that evening, for I can't seem to recall clearly what happened after that, but it was something to this effect. Wilbur was weeping wistfully into his empty glass when this female stomped through the swinging doors. I'd swear that it was Rosie the riveter personified — six-foot eight, drape shape with a droop to boot — and I speak advisedly.

Continued to page 24

THE HITCH HIKER OF HARVARD BRIDGE

THE LAZY MAN: Waits for somebody else to stop a car then muscles his way into the best seat.

THE DETERMINED MAN: Stands in the middle of the road and blocks all traffic. Mortality rate very high.

THE TIMID MAN: Waits till the car is abreast of him and sticks out a self-conscious thumb a couple of times. Gives up and walks across.

THE INDIGNANT MAN: Waves thumb vigorously until the car has passed, then switches to the third finger.

THE WEALTHY MAN: Stands in front of fifty poor thumbers and hails a taxi.

THE PATIENT MAN: Sits on his bag and holds thumb outstretched. Butts strewn all around him.

THE ACROBATIC MAN: Waltzes onto passing truck at full speed.

THE FUNNY MAN: Lifts pants and shows a leg. Gets his ride every time.

THE CLEVER MAN: Turns blue in the face, clasps his hands to his throat, and faints. When a car stops to see what's wrong, he jumps in and slams the door behind him.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MAN: Hops the rear end of a street car.



THE EFFICIENT MAN: Walks out of the house and immediately stops a deluxe Cadillac with Wellesley women in it. Gets a ride to the very door of his class.

ABSENT-MINDED MAN: Sticks out thumb. When car stops for him he says "Thanks for the ride" and walks home.

THE VULGAR MAN: Follows each car with a stream of invectives. Mortality rate also very high.

THE TOUGH MAN: Stops baby Crosley as it goes by; lifts out the owner and drives across.

THE TRICKY MAN: Stops car; jumps in and yells "Follow that car."

THE CONFIDENT MAN: Waits for car to stop for the red light. Steps in, closes the door behind him, and says "Going across the bridge?"

THE SNEAKY MAN: Stops car and following conversation ensues. "Going to Arlington?" "Yea, hop in." "Well drop me off at Tech, will you?"

THE SURPRISED MAN: Stands thumbing a ride with a bass viol in one hand and wonders why he doesn't get a ride.

THE FRESHMAN: Walks across.

TOUGH BOUNCE, MAC

Midshipman R. Reginald McErthington, IV
Navy V 12 Unit, Room 378-C
M. I. T., Cambridge 39, Mass.
July 2, 1943

Mrs. R. Reginald McErthington, III
McErthington Manor
200-292 Tomahawk Terrace
Billious Hills, Long Island
Dear Mother,

As I sit here at my desk with pen in hand, I can't help thinking of what father said at my farewell dinner the night before last. I can see him now sitting with empty glass in hand saying, "Son, you are leaving the shelter of your childhood days at McErthington Manor and going forth into the cold, cruel world, where you will be subjected to the hard knocks of life. But as all McErthingtons before you have done, you will come forth a leader of men and a tribute to the family honor."

In my first two days as a midshipman, I have, as father said, "absorbed some pretty tough knocks," but feel that I shall soon become adjusted and will develop into a leader, as is the family tradition.

The lodgings here are quite adequate. The "unit" — as it is called — is "quartered" — as the Navy says — in a former hotel, about the size of the Manor. It has six "decks" — as the floors are called — but unfortunately no elevators — just "ladders" — as they are called. My room is on the third floor — er, "deck" — and has a north and west exposure. Since I think that this will be a little draughty in the winter months, I have applied to be transferred to a southwest corner room on the "deck" below, and so haven't unpacked my things, since I plan to move any day now. A room on the second floor will enable me to avoid a lot of needless stair climbing.

In accordance with my plan to become a leader of men, I have made it a point to become acquainted with the Navy officials. I struck up a conversation with a "chief" — as

the Chief Petty Officers are called. I think that you should point out to Uncle Urban that the Navy has changed a great deal since the time of what he refers to as "his servitude." I feel that his vehement condemnation of all "chiefs" was totally unwarranted. In the course of our conversation, the Chief Petty Officer and I became rather informal. He called me "Mac" — short for McErthington — and I called him "chief." As father says, it never does any harm to be on the inside with the right people. I casually mentioned that I had attended Gerald Uppington's Military and Preparatory School for Young Gentlemen, and I'm sure the "chief" was impressed although he made no comment. Our uniforms haven't arrived as yet. I presume that they are being fitted. I shall check with the "chief" on this to make sure that mine is well tailored.

You might also point out to Uncle Urban that M. I. T. does not hold Harvard in the same high esteem as he. While discussing universities, I might mention that my three roomies are from a school called Lehigh. They were quite indignant when I professed my ignorance of its existence. Further, they feel that M. I. T. suffers by comparison. You might have father look into Lehigh's possibilities. From what I gather, it is a combination of G. U. M. and P. S. for Y. G. and Harvard. Engrossing! What?

Affectionately,

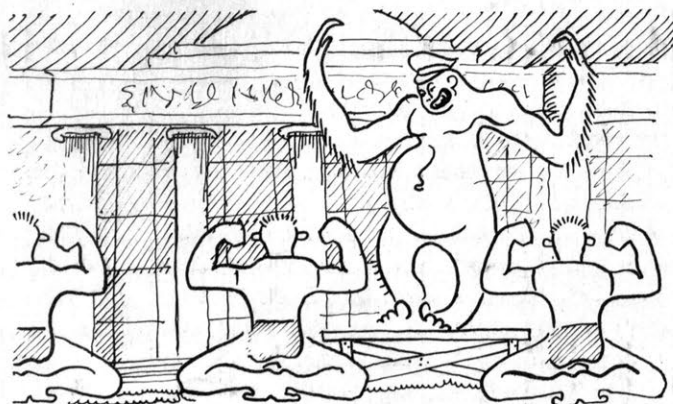
FOUR.

Cadet R. Reginald McErthington, IV
Navy V 12 Unit, Room 711-Z
M. I. T., Cambridge 39, Mass.
July 5, 1943

Mrs. R. Reginald McErthington, III
McErthington Place
1115½ M Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
Dear Mother,

Since I've last written I've undergone a few more knocks but in true McErthington style I'm still making progress in my leadership development. If you haven't seen Uncle Urban since my last letter, I should advise that you delay a bit, before pointing out to him that his opinion of chiefs was completely erroneous. I shall keep you advised on this subject.

Also, mother, it seems that although I am an officer candidate, the Chief objects rather strenuously to me being addressed as "Midshipman." Hereafter, address my mail to "Cadet R. R. McErthington, IV." Although the episode with the Chief concerning my mailing address has caused me to reserve my opinion of him, I feel that we will still be able to cooperate — especially when he observes my prowess on the drill field — I thank old G. U. M. and P. S. for Y. G. for that. As you probably noticed my room change came through, only some mistake must have been made, since I was changed to Room 711-Z. I haven't



"And the next exercise . . ."

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
 Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
 NEW YORK

A HEADQUARTERS FOR UNDERGRADUATES

Even with colleges so largely militarized — a vast civilian army of non-uniformed undergraduates will nevertheless return to educational institutions this Fall.

So — even with all our activities in supplying uniforms and accessories to Army and Navy Officers, we are prepared, as always, to outfit College Undergraduates in good looking civilian clothes and accessories. Brooks Brothers' standards are maintained throughout — and prices, covering a sensible wartime range, begin at moderate figures.

Sixth Floor Shop Suits, \$43 to \$55 (sizes 36 to 44)

NOW IN THE SECOND QUARTER OF OUR SECOND CENTURY, 1818-1943

BRANCHES

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

encountered the Chief in the proper psychological mood as yet to discuss this matter with him. So, I still haven't unpacked. When I finally get settled, all of the room decorations which I accumulated at G. U. M. and P. S. for Y. G. will liven up my "quarters" a bit.

My two new roomies are also from Lehigh. I hope father has looked into this matter. From what I gather from these two, M. I. T. suffers by comparison. Lehigh sounds like a combination of Heaven and Harvard. Electrifying — that's engineering talk!! What?

Affectionately,

FOUR.

R. R. McErthington, A. S., U. S. N. R.
 Navy V 12 Unit, 711-B
 M. I. T., Cambridge 39, Mass.
 July 8, 1943

Mrs. R. Reginald McErthington, III
 McErthington Summer Home
 Box 2, Off Key, Florida
Dear Mother,

It seems that I'm not a cadet either. Just "Apprentice Seaman McErthington." Colorless! What?

Call Uncle Urban immediately and tell him that I whole-heartedly agree with his views on the subject of Chiefs. An episode occurred yesterday which I believe justifies my indignation. It seems that all my friendly overtures were for naught. While you are talking to Uncle Urban, have him thank Aunt Lenora for the cookies, but she needn't bother to send any more. Also, call Aunt Eleanor and Uncle Roderick and call off the party they had planned for this week-end. Official Navy business will force me to remain aboard from Saturday to Monday. I have reports to make at the desk every hour, security watch, and several other important duties which have been entrusted to me. I shall carry them out in the best of the McErthington traditions.

Also, I gather that you overlooked mentioning to Aunt Eleanor and Uncle Roderick that I'm not a midshipman. Maybe it was maternal pride which provoked this oversight, but it proved to be indulged in at a painful cost to your son. Please inform dear Uncle Roderick that you don't address a Chief as "my good man," and tell him to "run this grip up to Midshipman McErthington."

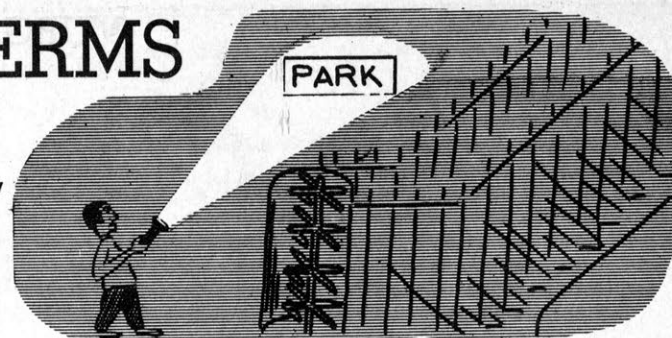
The Chief still calls me "Mac," but at present our rela-

Continued to page 25

ON ELEVATED TERMS

"Confusion, Delay-Confusion, Delay,

Take Me Away, Take Me Away"



HAVE you ever stopped to consider the Boston "El"? Have you ever made a study of the intricacies that make up what at first appears to be an inoffensive public conveyance? No? Well, stop and think of the many times that the endless confusion of the "El" has put you almost on the verge of insanity.

For instance: why, with miles of perfectly good platforms, do the trains go sailing by them in order to stop with half the car sticking into the tunnel ahead? Then, too, after they have got you into the damn station, why are they so intent on keeping you there by erecting in the middle of the exit passage a vicious arrangement of wooden spikes and cogs calculated to make the weak of heart lose all hope?

And then there is the question of deception. How many times have you climbed aboard a car and dropped a dime in the piggy bank, only to be told that on that particular line you pay as you get off, and you have to shove in another dime as you get off. Or how about the system whereby you have to get a transfer to get from one side of the platform to the other. You never do, and, here again, you have to slip them another dime to get where you want to go. Finally, while we are on the subject, the name itself is a deception. Just stop and think how much of the Boston Elevated Railway is elevated.

But all this is not strictly a matter of confusion. Let's take a look at what we mean by a confused state of affairs. Point one is the question of nomenclature. Suppose you get on the

"El" at Copley station and suddenly find that you are on the wrong side of the track. This is a situation which is far from impossible as the entrance to the eastbound cars is not, as would be expected, directly opposite the westbound entrance, but around the corner and up an alley. Having discovered your mistake, you make certain well placed inquiries which reveal that you have to go down one station and cross over to the other track.

Fool that you are, you believe that one can get on to an "El" train and fight one's way out of the crowd one station later. It is only at the level of Park Street that the mob decides to flatten you on the platform whether you like it or not. Again you make certain well placed inquiries, and this time it appears that you must take the stairs in front of you. What is omitted in the explanation is that there are half a dozen sets of stairs in Park Street. You pick the wrong one and before you know it you are out in the general direction of Forest Hills.

Now you are told that you must go back to Boylston Station and change. You miss Boylston entirely because, whereas Boylston (not the one on the Common, but another one) one way it is also Essex the other way, and therefore you miss Essex, which is

Boylston, and with it Boylston which is Essex, and go flying on to Winter.

Now though winter isn't summer, Winter is Summer and both are also Washington. Therefore, when you get off at Washington, which is also Summer which is also Winter, you find not only that you are in Washington, which is also Winter, which is also Summer, but that any attempts you make to reach the free air lead you systematically through Filene's, Filene's Basement, and Jordan Marsh to wind up finally in Winter, which is also Summer, which is also Washington.

After taking time out in one of those comfortable little booths which the "El" provides for people to beat their brains out, you take the first train out and, in an atmosphere of utter despair, you proceed to work your way through State which is also Milk, which is also Devonshire, Scollay which is also Brattle, Haymarket, which is also Union, which is also Friend, and wind up in North Station.

If you think North Station means the end of your troubles, you are far from the truth. North Station is not just one station, but it is three stations rolled into one vast conglomeration of iron beams, girders, stresses, and strains. Through this vast structure, trains stream to the right, to the left, and nowhere at all. Should you happen to get off on the track to the left, you have to take the stairs to the right, go down, across, through, and up in order to get to the station which is to



Continued to page 27

MURGATROYD



Good God! Here's Murgatroyd.
She is A.W.O.L.



She will hide.



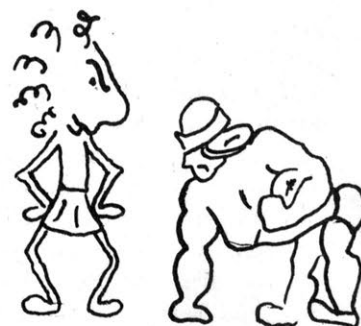
Here is All-American Bintoff
He is the "head" man.



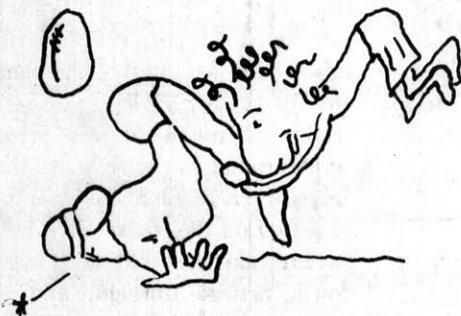
Billious Bintoff must teach P.T.
Murgatroyd is interested in Billious.



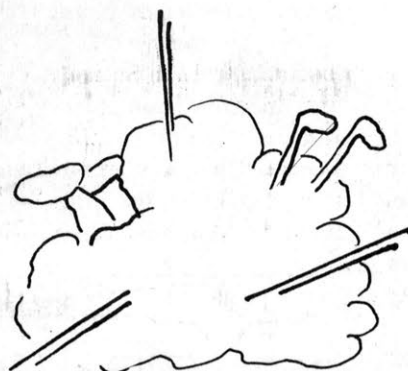
Murgatroyd will do push-ups.
Billious is interested!



Billious will show off.
He will play football.
Murgatroyd will play with him.



Billious is down.
He is done for.



Holy Cross was nothing like this!



Bintoff gets the Purple Heart.
Murgatroyd gets a campaign ribbon.

CASEY ON A BAT



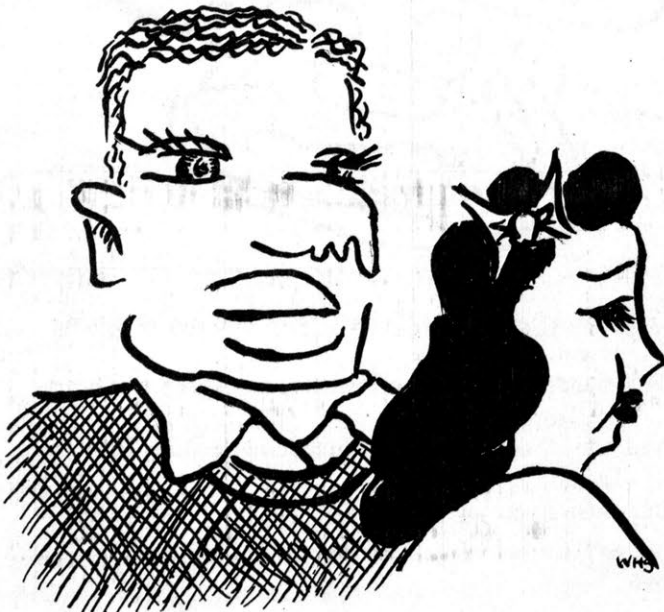
The outlook wasn't brilliant for the rugged race of men.
A fair but cold co-ed had gone to Tech since God knows
when.

Her name was Daisy Stonewall, the fairest rose in town,
But all the wolves of M. I. T. had never tied her down.

Casey Thorndike went to Harvard, a dapper man. Alas!
He had no time for Radcliffe; his girls were all high class.
A marvel on the diamond, boy! How that man could play!
He had such stuff upon the ball, no femme could tell him
nay.

And when he heard of Daisy at the other end of town,
Said Casey, "What? A Tech co-ed? On such things do I
frown."

But then a gang from M. I. T. bet him a couple grand
He wouldn't kiss that Stonewall girl and keep her well in
hand.



Brave Casey got his anger up, and then his teeth did gnash
(For when did Harvard ever quit in sight of ready cash?)
He said, "If chaps from 'Ology will risk their hard-earned
dough,
I'll take her to the Esplanade and give them all a show."

The Harvard crew was on the Charles to watch the ladies'
boss,
And sailors in the Grad House trained their telescopes
across.
And Harvard Bridge was jammed with students till the
bridge did bend,
Not a man from Harvard doubted Casey'd triumph in the
end.



The students cheered their favorites on; the bets were
flying fast.
They cursed each other all to hell; professors stood aghast!
"Yea, Haavahd! Rah! Rah! Casey!" (Tech men said,
"Not bad.")
"Hidey titey! Christ Almighty!" (Harvard murmured,
"Gad.")

And now the mighty Casey started in to sling his line,
But Daisy, still so calm and cool, replied, "The weather's
fine."
He thrust his arm around her waist; her confidence he
sought.
Within a flash she shook him off. "Strike one!" great Casey
thought.

Proud Casey muttered, "Now's my chance. I must turn on the heat."

He sat her down beside him on a cozy wooden seat. He sneaked his arm around her neck; he thought, "How could it fail?"

"Strike two!" the maiden shouted. "You should have gone to Yale!"



The sailors in the Grad House tore each other's shirts with glee;

Tech civies, in wild ecstasy, threw slide rules in the sea. But Casey had recovered from the shock and said "I'll win! I should have thought of this before! I'll try a spot of gin!"

He oiled her up; he oiled her down with Gilbey's pure and straight.

He watched it take effect as Tech men pitied Daisy's fate. He was one for holding liquor, not as all from Harvard are. His thoughts were keen and cool as Daisy staggered from the bar.

He caught her in his brawny arms; they met in long embrace,

And every man from Harvard wore a smile upon his face. And now great Casey holds her, and now he lets her go — And now his jaw is shattered by the force of Daisy's blow.



And then the maddened Harvard crew began to kick up waves,

And old John Harvard and his cronies shook within their graves.

Old Lowell House and Dunster nearly crumbled to the ground.

All Harvard Square was wondering, "Has his nemesis been found?"

He reached across her shoulder; her entire frame held firm. He dragged her body closer; Daisy yelled, "Unhand me, worm!"

Three's out in this game, brother, as you doubtless should recall."

And, much bewildered by the gal, poor Casey groaned, "Foul ball!"

Oh! Somewhere in this favorite land the sun is shining bright.

Tech bands are playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing; children play upon the lawn.

But there is no joy in Harvard; mighty Casey's fame is gone.

—J. A. M.

THE SCALLOP POLL

FOR the month of September, Dr. Rank Scallup of the Scallup Poll of Non-Public Opinion, has sought the opinions of the members of a number of the principal fraternities of one of our greatest educational institutions, M. I. T. Three questions of utmost significance to Dr. Scallup's readers were discussed with representative members of each organization.

Question A: "What is the most popular of drinks amongst the intellectuals of which you are a representative?"

Anything on the house.....	67%
Scotch.....	22%
Absinthe.....	2%
Coke.....	1%
Water.....	0003%
Miscellaneous.....	7.9997%

Miscellaneous answers include the following — From the members of Delta Psi: Unanimously tea. From the members of Sigma Nu: Special Receipt — two parts rum, one part rye, three parts each of mouth wash and hair tonic, the whole blended with a spot of aqua regia. Serve to your worst enemy in an asbestos glass. From the representatives of Phi Gamma Delta: the product of their own still — 190 proof. To obtain a sample, place five dollars on their steps at midnight and come back next day for the jug. The boys from Kappa Sigma told us that, as a special convenience, the bar was open twenty-four hours a day and that special home delivery by ambulance could be arranged if the victim so desired. From Delta Tau Delta we received no mention of a drink, but we were informed that busses run from the house to Louie's every hour on the hour. Members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon informed us that they own their own private vat; it can be seen any day at the intersection of Beacon Street and Massachusetts Avenue and in the day-

time they keep a round metal cover over it. Phi Beta Epsilon said that it liked its wine unadulterated.

Question B — Part One: "Are Women?"

They are.....	100%
They are not.....	100%
Undecided.....	100%

Part two: "Do you like women?"

Unreservedly yes.....	1%
Yes, with reservation.....	27%
Same, provided reservations are at the Statler.....	34%

Yes, under the following conditions:

If young.....	7%
If young enough.....	8%
If old enough.....	23%

Miscellaneous answers received to this question included — Delta Psi referred us to Emily Post. Although the members of Phi Beta Epsilon were unanimous in saying their wine should be unadulterated, there was a sharp difference of opinion on the question of women. The Chi Phi House recommended its own receipt: two parts Tangee, one part Rubinstein, two parts Rita Hayworth, add Turner to 120 pounds, add a touch of garlic, shake up well with strong rye and use at discretion. The members of Theta

Chi did not say anything, but watch out for the pit trap just outside their house.

Question C: "Assuming that to get through Tech you have to work, how do you like Tech?"

The answers to this question were rather vague, but we give them to you for what they are worth. From Beacon Street: 17 ripe tomatoes, 49 rotten eggs, and five dead cats. Lone dissenters: Alpha Tau Omega, who said they liked it. From Memorial Drive: 14 slide rules, the collection of Delta Psi beer mugs; seven dead cats, and nine copies of the *Police Gazette* from Delta Kappa Epsilon. From Brookline: more of the same, together with the remnants of the Beta barn.

We have given above a concise report on the latest Rank Scallup Poll of Non-Public Opinion. We have mentioned twelve specific fraternities; we consider this number a good cross section of the fraternity opinion.

Note: We have just received twelve insulting anonymous letters.



"Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."

— Sundial.



Marquee on a theatre:
GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE
Tuesday and Wednesday
BETWEEN US GIRLS
Matinee Daily
Does the Hays office know?



LADDLE LUMBERS IN

THE FIRST OF THE FRESHMEN

LADDLE LIETSKIVITCH, '47, glumly looked out of the window. Now and then a glimmer of light almost made its way through the glass, and Laddle sensed that somewhere behind that curtain of soot must be Boston. The train was now eighty-nine hours late. His heart, what was left of it, jumped to his throat. A surge of emotion filled his sunken chest. Somewhere out there, somewhere, was Cambridge and Tech. Reassured somewhat, he wiped a speck of dust out of his glass eye and at the same time mechanically rubbed his wooden leg, then fell into a fit of dreaming.

He could see the school looming up before him in his mind's eye as real as if he had actually been there already, something which he felt to be true, so well was he acquainted with life and customs at Tech. "Wasn't it nice of those twenty-four Tech fraternities to think of me?" he mused. "Letters and telegrams from each one of them every day, giving me advice on the varied aspects of Technology life. They seem to imply that I might be interested in a fraternity. I wonder if I'll bother to look into them. Perhaps I shall, who knows?"

As he was thinking, the train began to slow up a bit, its forward motion

hindered somewhat by a crowd of people who had received word that there was a civilian in the rear coach and who had come to investigate. Laddle, unaware of the true nature of the situation, automatically opened the larger of his two suitcases and began to ready the bundles of travel permits, passes, ration books, identification cards, references and other official papers for inspection. Two new bundles puzzled him for a minute, then he remembered that he had taken them on at the last inspection. He had gained two pounds on the train, and consequently had to add two pounds of official papers to his portfolio to maintain a legal balance. Seeing no one appear, he wearily replaced the papers and restored the bag to its former position with a vicious kick. The lull following gave him time to think over things. He tried to remember some of the pastimes outlined by his correspondents. Saturday night . . . a glass of dark brown beer at Woolworth's . . . girls from Radcliffe . . . and Simmons . . . (He thought that Simmons was a mattress.)

His thoughts were abruptly terminated by a series of jolts signifying that the train was coming to a stop. The porter came in and Laddle glared at him menacingly. He had taken a dislike to the porter from the first time the latter sat down opposite him and stared at him for three hours. What if he didn't have any neck and his head came to a pin-point? That was no reason for that damned man to charge admission to the passengers who came through the car. But this time the porter had another purpose. Seizing Laddle's bags in one hand, he showed him to the door with the forefinger of the other.

Once on the platform he became aware of a dense crowd milling around outside. The people broke into a cheer when he made his appearance, but, owing to their violent movements, he mistook their welcoming gestures for threatening ones. His fears were further heightened by the violent movements of the myriads of colored



"We were made for each other, Hortense."

ONOMATOPEIA

Why do trains have to . . .

Roar and grind and clank and bang
And thunder and clatter and rattle and rumble
And smash and squeak and pound and clang
And snuffle and fizzle and jangle and grumble
And puff and snort and cough and sneeze
And grate and buzz and clack and crash
And snore and thump and knock and wheeze
And thud and thump and creak and clash
And hiss and clink and hum and drone
And sizzle and bellow and snarl and hoot
And bleat and screech and gurgle and moan
And saw and jar and shake and toot —

Past my study all night?

— T. O. M.



banners bearing strange symbols which were intermittently thrust into his face. In desperation, he turned on his heels and ran madly for shelter into the interior of the train, and the men's room being the first door in his path, he opened it and fell in, his heart racing from fear and exertion. His escape evidently went unnoticed by the eager rushing chairmen in the station, for one could hear above the shouts of the crowd cries of "There he is! NO, I've got him! Hurrah for the SAE'S!"

Eventually, however, these shouts turned to frustrated roars. From his retreat Laddle saw, to his great surprise, sandbags, billy clubs, and much battered lengths of lead pipe appear from nowhere and go into violent action above the heads of the assemblage. This fight soon developed into a riot and the riot into a war, with the individual fraternities (yes, if you haven't guessed it by now, you are seeing a cross section of that time of year at M. I. T. known as the Rushing

Season) entrenching themselves behind Railway Express boxes, posts, and mail wagons. The confusion and tumult kept up, and Laddle became so unnerved that he violated a basic Pullman law three times in succession, greatly angering some men who were making a steam connection under the car.

Finally a lead pipe, slung accidentally through the window, caught Lietskivitch square on the pinhead. The shock was too much, and, with a great gasp and a garbled thump of his faltering heart, he turned his eyes ceilingward and fell senseless to the floor.

The next day a terse message was released to the Institute's weekly news sheet through the office of Laddle's registration officer, Dean Magroan of the School of Spherical Architecture, Option 7:

"Mr. L. Lietskivitch, the class of 1947, arrived and is doing as well as can be expected."

— C. B. B.

She: "I'm a good girl."

He: "Who asked you?"

She: "No one."

He: "Then no wonder you're a good girl."

— Sundial.



Grandmother was a diabetic patient and, although put on a strict diet, she would not play the game, and was "cheating" all the time. After numerous violations, she was sent to the hospital.

Owing to the crowded condition of the hospital, the only available room was in the Maternity Ward. After she had been there a few days, her little granddaughter paid her a visit and was lolling in front of the door of her grandmother's room when some visitors walked past.

"What are you doing here, little girl?"

"I'm visiting my grandmother."

"Grandmother!" said one of the visitors in astonishment, "what is she doing here?"

"Oh," said the youngster, "she's been cheating again."

— Sundial.



Time was passing slowly aboard a troopship, and a show was planned to help pass the time. Among the performers was a former magician who explained, "I'll do the best I can, but I haven't any props." On the night of the show, the magician interrupted his act and said, "I usually do the next trick with a rabbit, but the best substitute I could find is a parrot belonging to one of the sailors. However, I'll do the best I can." He had just removed the bird from its cage and covered it with a black cloth when the torpedo struck. The magician was struggling in the ocean when the parrot floated by on a collapsed deck chair. The bird gave the performer a dirty look and snorted, "You and your Goddam tricks!"

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.



There she sat surrounded by a score of admirers. Her beauty was beyond description, but haughty men frightened away the less intrepid. As the music started again, the timid youth lurking in the background darted forward.

"Pardon me, Miss, may I have the next dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with children," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons!" he said. "I didn't know of your condition!"

— Punch Bowl.

Gently he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips, breath came in short, wrenching gasps. Reassuringly, he smiled at her.

Bzzzzzz went the dentist's drill.

— Pelican.



She: "Say, I believe you are trying to kiss me!"

He: "Well, now that you know, suppose we quit assaulting each other and coöperate a little."

— Battalion.

Wilbur Terwilliger

Continued from page 12

"No, no," groaned Wilbur, "I don't see it. Two beers never did this to me. Ohh, look at that . . . those . . ." He rubbed his eyes with a bar rag. "King size!" he gasped.

"At remindsh me," I burbled, "how's about my weeds? Hey Wilb, whassa matter? You can't hide in there. . . 'Women' it sezsh . . . Urp!"

"I can't look. My averages are ruined. Hours of labor shot to (hic)! Life ish . . ."

"Ah whadda ya mean, Wilb? Thass how averages are born, or made, er whatever. You gotta take the bitter witha shweet. Shweet violets, covered all over . . ."

"Yesh. Even though you are blind drunk, you have made a gughic good point. Though my inner shelf revolts agin it, I musht doot!"

Wilbur dipped his pen in the empty glass and painstakingly scrawled a last row of digits at the bottom of his column. Sobbing silently, he added horizontally, vertically, and diagonally, until the four margins were filled with figures. Then he added circularly twice and averaged the results. As he gazed upon the final tabulation, Wilbur wept openly.

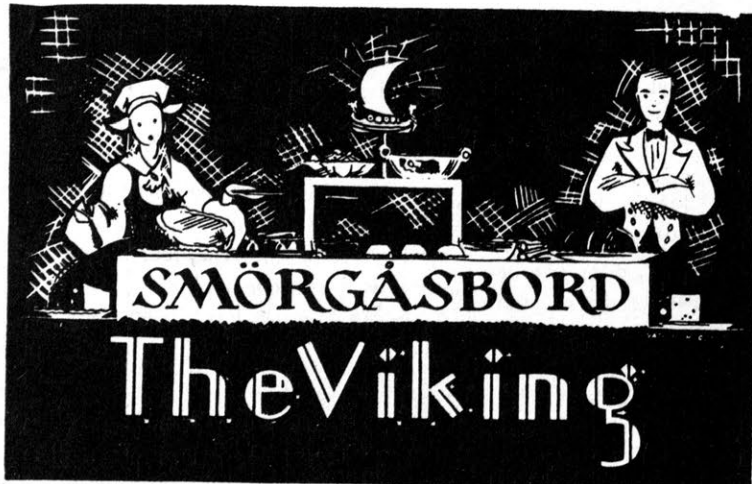
"It musht be the human error," he mumbled, drying his tears on my shirt, "God, I swear it jus' isn' . . . Jake, I'll have that other beer. I almosht feel like gettin' drunk. Well," he turned to me, "who'sh right, them or me? Is it 35 x 29 x 39 or . . . Christ . . . 36 x 36 x 36?"

P. G.



"It's all right to be married to a rich old man," said the young miss, "but I hate to have old age creeping up on me."

— Froth.



Served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons;

also Lobster, chicken, steak dinners.

OPEN DAILY, SUNDAYS—HOLIDAYS

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"

TOUGH BOUNCE, MAC

Continued from page 14

tions would be termed by father as "strained."

My room was changed again, this time to 711-B. Chief says that this is my final change. Also Chief frowns on my efforts to liven up the "bulkheads" — as the walls are called.

My new roomie is from Lehigh. Remind father to keep busy on this matter. Lehigh must be a combination of Hollywood and Harvard. The Chief has said that we will have a Field Day this Friday, and stated that he expected me to take part. I suppose he heard that I set a record for the Sixth Form in the standing broadjump at G. U. M. and P. S. for Y. G., but I can't imagine from whom. I have been practicing daily. I figure that a good showing will reestablish my relations with the Chief. I can hear father saying, "Diplomatic! What?"

Affectionately,

FOUR.

R. R. McErthington, A. S., U. S. N. R.
Boot Camp, Norfolk, Virginia
July 12, 1943

Mrs. R. R. McErthington, III
Care R. R. McErthington, III
Office of the President
McErthington Girdle and Garter Works
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Dear Mother,

Please note the change in address. You were right in your letter when you said that you knew the visit of your brother Lieut.-Comm. Q. Wellington Rush would be quite a surprise. But Mother, don't you ever think that your relish for little surprises will some day involve your son in trying circumstances? Well, it did.

You remember the little episode for which Uncle Urban was sacked at Harvard. Well, so was it then, so is it now. I am a Boot. As Uncle Urban had explained to me, we — Lehigh and I — made a ladder of sheets and blankets to the street. We smuggled in some refreshments and also some companions, just as Uncle Urban had done. Well to close a bitter chapter in the life of McErthington, the Fourth, Lieut.-Comm. Q. Wellington Rush — your brother and my uncle — together with the Lieutenant, dropped in on us on a "surprise visit." I said "Hullo, Uncle." . . . Things were rather stiff and formal. . . . They didn't stay long.

Affectionately,

FOUR.

P.S. There are four Waves here from Smith. Have father look into it. It sounds like a combination of Lehigh and Harvard. Tantalizing! What?

P.P.S. What do you do for tattle-tale grey?

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MASSACHUSETTS

"What kind of dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I don't remember the details, but I do know it was checked."

"Boy, that must have been some party."

— Green Gander.

FRESHMEN:

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BOSTON

Irate Father: "What do you mean bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?"

Gay Blade: "Had to be at work at seven."

— Covered Wagon.



She laughed when I sat down at the piano, but she got scared as hell when I came over to the divan.

— Battalion.



THREE WAYS TO END A DINNER CONVERSATION

1. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "Yes," ask her if she's married.

2. Ask the lady on your left if she's married. If she says "No," ask her if she has any children.

3. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say "Yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says "No," ask her how she does it.

— Scottie.

Bill had broken up with his girl. After ignoring several letters of request to return her photograph, one came threatening to complain to the house president. Deciding to squelch her for all time, he gathered up all the pictures in the house, wrapped them up and enclosed this note, "Pick it out—I've forgotten what you look like."

Bachelor.



Sig Alph: "I'd ask you for this dance, but all the cars are occupied."

— Exchange.



Three gentlemen upon entering the Allencrest to sit at their usual table found it to be occupied by an oldish woman. Upon debating what to do about the situation, they finally decided to embarrass the woman into leaving.

Sitting next to the old lady the first gentleman proceeded: "Say John," he said, "did you know that I was born three months before my parents were married?"

"Why that's nothing," said the next gent. "I was born six months before my parents were married."

"Fellows," replied the last of the hungry men, "I was born without my parents being married."

The old lady finally looked up from her table and pleasantly said, "Will one of you bastards please pass the salt?"

— Froth.

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87 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

ELEVATED TERMS

Continued from page 16

the right. This is not where you wanted to go, therefore you have to take your second right, go down, through, under, over, and onto, whence you will wind up in the street and will have to pay another dime to get back on the train.

Confusion, delay, mixture, trouble, delay, confusion, delay, Scollay-Brattle, Brattle-Scollay. Take me away. Take me away.

—R. W. W.



A man is not old when his hair turns to gray,
A man is not old when his teeth decay;
But he is well on his way to that long last sleep
When his mind makes appointments his body can't keep.

—Froth.



"Do you ever expect to find the perfect girl?"

"No, but I'm having lots of fun making sure there are none."



I wonder if infants enjoy infancy as much as adults enjoy adultery.

—Turnout.

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EXCEPT SATURDAYS

8:30 to 3:50

BARBER SHOP HOURS

8:00 to 6:55

EXCEPT SATURDAYS

8:00 to 5:55

"Wal, Hiram, did you have a nice time at the city?"

"Reckon so, Elmer. Shucks, it's a great place. Y'know, the first night I spent there was with a nekid woman."

"I swan, Hiram. What did y'do then?"

"Nothin' much, Elmer, but reckon if I'd played me cards right I could 'a' kissed 'er."

—Froth.

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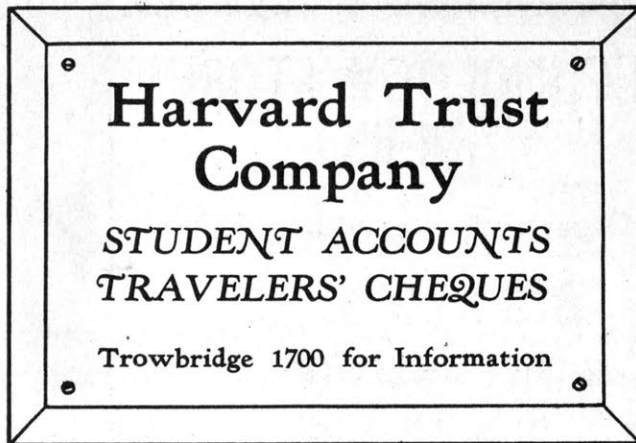
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MATH MAJOR

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He renounced computation
By multiplication
And produced by advanced trigonometry.

— Wunch.

Agent: "Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier and bring you a host of friends."

Student: "I'll take a quart."



Headline in the *Boston Herald*:
500,000 FLEE BERLIN IN PANIC

Mrs. Roosevelt Arrives . . .

We might have known. — Ed.



Burglar: "Where you been?"

Partner: "Robbin' a fraternity house."

Burglar: "Lose anything?"

— Pelican.



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