

Voo Doo



YOUR BLOOD CAN SAVE HIM



Give one pint of your blood to save the life of a wounded American. Arrangements for donations can be made at the TCA Blood Donor Booth, Information Office, Building Seven, or by calling KENmore 9060. Give now. The time is short and the need is urgent.

WITH Finals coming up and little or nothing in the way of intoxicating amusement or spirited fun scheduled for this weekend, there will be more than the usual number of us out cruising the town for a few hours, relaxation Saturday night. The question of the moment is: where is the best place to spend a pleasant but necessarily short evening, with or without date?

If you have a woman lined up but are at a loss as to how to wring the most enjoyment out of a brief evening, why not try the Picadilly, that new restaurant and cocktail lounge on Stuart Street? Located in what used to be the ball room of the old University Club, the Picadilly is unique for a homey atmosphere reminiscent of Patton's famous restaurants. Meals are moderately priced and better prepared than those of many more expensive establishments about town. You will pay hotel prices for your drinks, but the excellent service and expert mixing more than make up the difference. The management is inordinately proud of its fine bartending staff, culled from the ranks of some of New York's most well-known night spots. Although the Picadilly opened only recently, it is already becoming one of the favorite rendezvous of those who delight in pleasant small parties. At present accommodations are somewhat limited, but it is expected that in the near future, even the largest parties will be handled. Drop into



the Picadilly for an evening in surroundings that will harmonize with good food and well disguised alcohol.

Another spot in Boston where you can enjoy a quiet evening at astoundingly reasonable cost is Child's restaurant and lounge bar located a block uptown from Park Square on Boylston Street. You had better plan your date for an early hour, for once all the tables are filled, the doors are locked. The effect of this practice is to create an exclusive atmosphere that is a well-nigh perfect setting for a tete-a-tete with that brand new brunette you want to impress. Liquor prices are about rock-bottom for this part of town, and the meals are comparable with any around in price and

quality. The restaurant and lounge are both decorated in the most modern mode, with slightly surrealist murals and furniture of polished metal tubing. Semi-indirect lighting adds to the attractions of the lounge.

If you find yourself without a date Saturday night and want to kill a few hours effectively, and perhaps encounter some stray women in the bargain, here are sundry suggestions. That well-known hot spot, the Shangri-La, right off Tremont Street on Boylston, is still functioning in the same old groove, which is or is not a rut, depending on the point of view. At any rate, the joint now boasts three bars that do a rushing business nightly, while an enterprising group of musicians punish their instruments in the background. If this spot doesn't appeal to you, there are the Hotels Touraine and Parker House, each overflowing with gay throngs of all sexes. There is, by the way, a chummy little cocktail lounge on the Parker Roof that has an atmosphere all its own. Wherever you end up, though, just remember, Midnight is the deadline in Boston.



"I like jokes when they're not over my head."

"That's the way I feel about pigeons."

— Pelican.

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Those Pilgrim maids were just as hot
As the ones we date today.
Woman alters not a jot
She behaves the self-same way.
It's true, the lack of clothes will give
A wholly new sensation —
The Pilgrim maids were just as hot
But had more insulation!



New WAC motto: "Have you re-
lieved a soldier today?"



I'm done with dames!
They cheat and they lie,
They prey on us males,
To the day that we die.
They tease and torment us
And drive us to sin.
Say — look at that blonde
Who just ankled in!



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

— Pelican.



"Aren't you getting tired of this
bachelor life all the time, Bill?" asked
his friend, Jack.

"Certainly not," replied Bill, "what
was good enough for my father is good
enough for me."

— Urchin.

"What did you say this morning, Professor?"

"Nothing."

"Of course. But how did you express it this time?"

— Urchin.



Then there's the childless couple that ate lots of oatmeal because the advertisements said that cereals were good for growing children.

— Pelican.



"She walks with a decided jerk."

"Yes, isn't he."

— Pelican.



"You say you never had a quarrel with your wife?"

"Never. She goes her way and I go hers."

— Pelican.



There was a young flapper named Ruth

Stepped out one night with a youth

To a masquerade ball;

She wore no dress at all.

When asked what she was, she said,

"Truth!"

— Pelican.

"Everybody is crazy over me," said the first-floor inmate of the insane asylum.

— Pelican.



There are, to me, two kinds of guys
And only two that I despise:

The first, I'd really like to slam —

The one who copies my exam;

The other is the dirty skunk

Who covers his and lets me flunk.

A. COPLEN Florist

*Flowers for All Occasions
Best in Corsages
at Reasonable Prices*

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BOSTON, MASS.

Telephone Kenmore 5822

The man who knows all the answers
has been out with all the questionable
girls.

— Pelican.



"I don't use a Moose call. I just smoke
fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh."

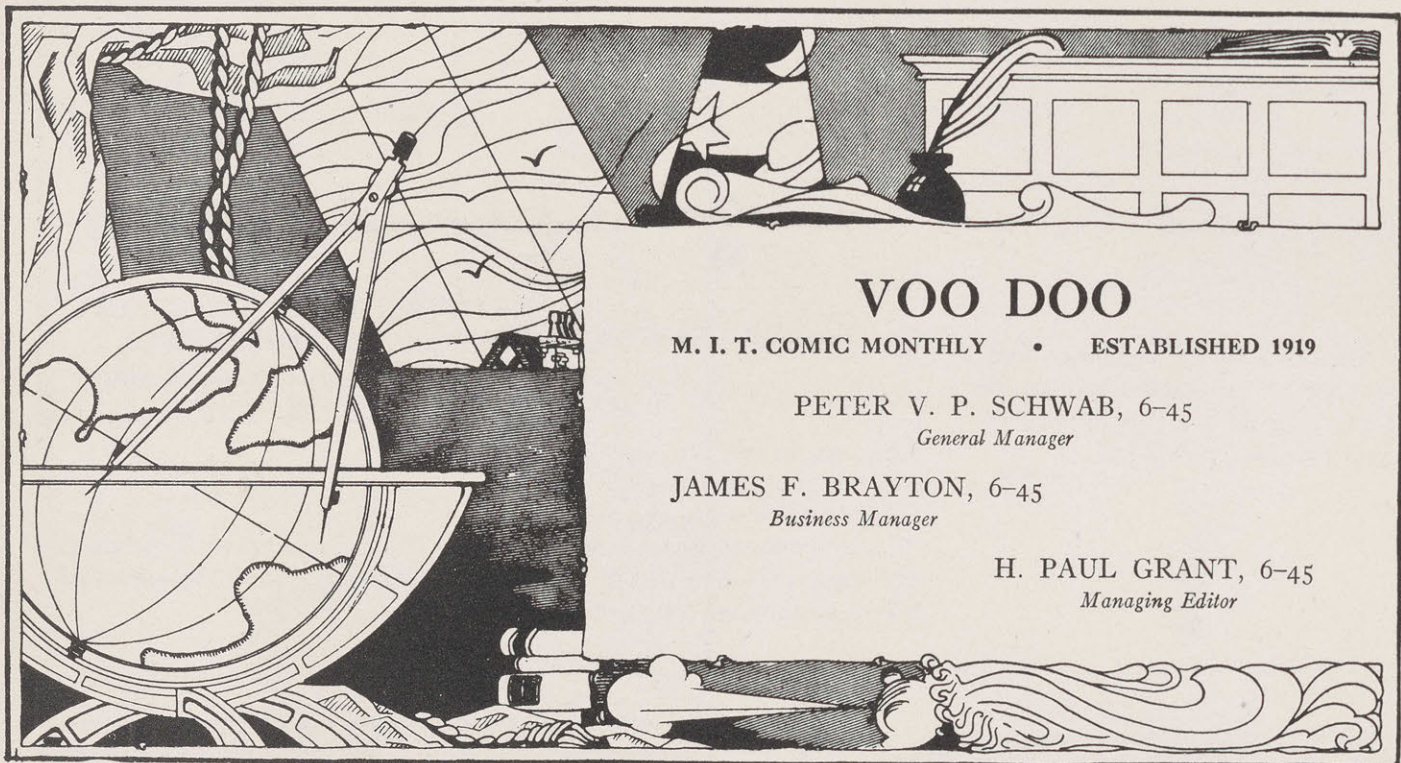
**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"



BUY WAR
STAMPS
AND
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FREE! 24 page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



SWELLED by a new-found sense of importance, we swaggered into the office a few weeks ago for our first encounter with the Cat. We slid into a chair, hoisted our feet, planted them determinately on the desk, and challenged Phos to come out of hiding.

"Here I am, you fool. And get your feet off that desk!" We looked up into the scornful eyes of the Cat as he scrutinized us from his perch atop the filing cabinet.

"Cat, don't you know us? We have a right to be behind this desk."

"Sure, I know you. You're the new board. I realize it's a new experience for you, but it's an old story to me. And furthermore, sitting behind that desk isn't a right but a privilege until you've proven yourself. It's not the new men who deserve the congratulations; the honors belong to the retiring board. You've only gotten yourself a job to do; they've done theirs. And a damn fine job they did."

"We realize that, Phos. The financial reports are written with black ink these days."

"True enough. But I'm referring to the job they did on the magazine itself. Subtle covers, the lit and art material, the mental plane of the jokes, and so forth. If you have any plans for broad, sweeping changes in the style or layout, let them cool awhile to see how they compare with what you've inherited. You've got ideas, and probably some of them are good, but don't find out which by haphazard trial and error."

We appreciated at last the *raison d'être* of the Cat, and felt duly humbled.

"And now," said Phos, casting a baleful eye in our direction, "what have you got in mind for your first issue?"

"The National Elections, of course. By the way, Phosphorus, are you for Roosevelt or Dewey?"

"Neither, they're both hackers."

We were alarmed. "What are you then, a Communist?"

"Of course not, dolt. It's just that I have no political affiliations."

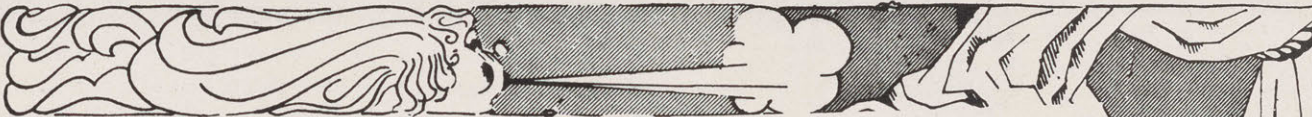
"But Cat, you're over twenty-one. It's your patriotic duty to exercise the sovereign right of the ballot."

"Fool," sneered the Cat, "Roosevelt may have changed Thanksgiving back and forth, but he hasn't as yet amended the Constitution so as to permit felines to vote." The Cat yawned. "And now go get me a tall beer — with egg in it."

Dutifully, we put on our hat and coat and headed downtown, locking the office door behind us.

Phos takes this occasion to thank Messrs. Scheid, Ames, and White for the loving care they have given him during the past academic year, and to wish them luck in the world away from Tech.

Cover this month by Davidoff.



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Although she worked at our canteen,
The Navy never went for Jean,
Till midshipman Jack dropped her a hint,
"You'll do better, Jean, with Pep-O-Mint."

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



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

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

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

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

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

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

And then there was the sailor who brought two girls up to a hotel room. One was nervous and excited, while the other was calm — and collected.

Submitted by Mason Lappin, V-12 Unit, M. I. T. Grad House

Book: Is your horse going to race in the Grand National?

Keeper: No, they wouldn't let him because he was scratched in the Preakness.

Book: My, my, and that's such a tender place.

— Dodo.

"Let's stick this guy for the drinks," said one mosquito to another.

— Covered Wagon.

Chief reporting to CO: "I think we've got the V-12 morale a little high, sir. They want to know if it's true that some day they might have to return to civilian life."

Chief: "Does your girl smoke?"
V-12: "Not quite."

They sat on the porch at midnight,
But her love was not to his taste,
His reach was 36 inches,
And she had a 44 waist.

— Boca-Raton Field News.

Then there is the fellow who winked
at the elevator girl and she took him
up on the ninth floor.

— Jester.

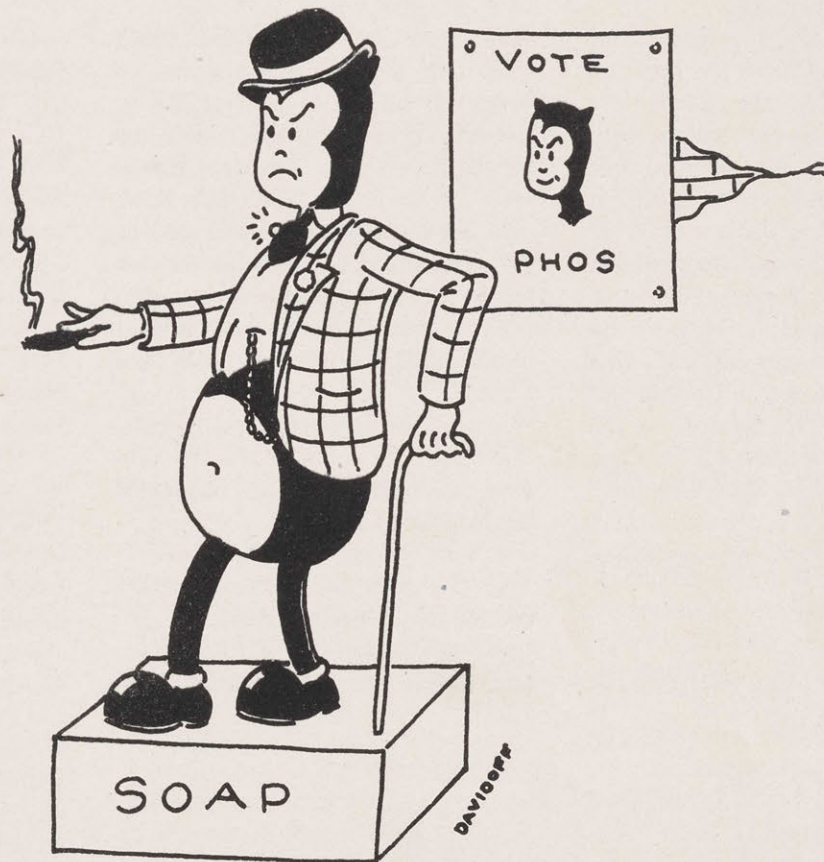
"Will you please give me a dime,
sir? I'm deaf and dumb."

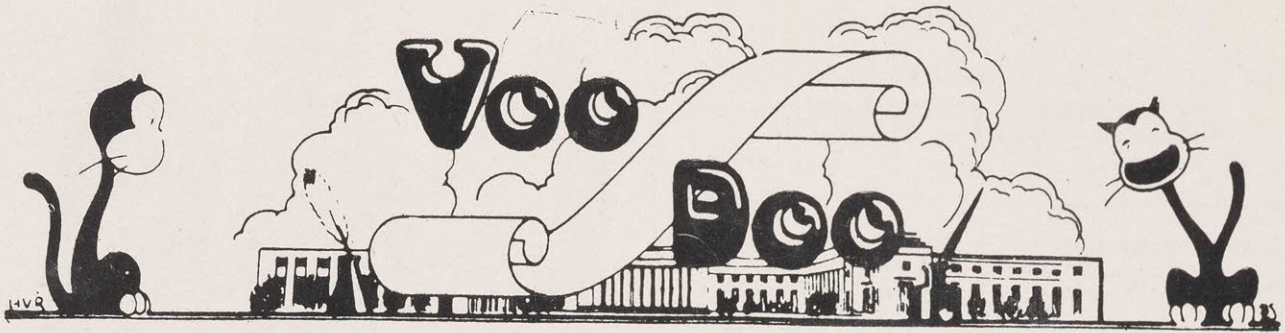
"Deaf and dumb?"

"Oh, fudge! I mean I'm blind. It's me twin brudder who is deaf and dumb, and we look so much alike that I get us all mixed up."

— Punch Bowl

ELECTIONS ISSUE





THE class of 10-44, originally the class of 1945, will leave the Institute shortly after this issue reaches the stands, and we, for one, will be sorry to see it go. It was a pretty good class as a whole, and it seems to us that it stood for something the rest of us are missing. It is the only class now in attendance at the Institute that has a summer vacation in its history. Its members are the only students who have managed to spend at least half of their Tech life uninfluenced by the Navy, and it is largely due to them that some semblance of "college life" has been kept alive for the past three terms. As we said, we're sorry to see them go.

WE received a long and confidential news release the other day. It

came from an organization which calls itself the Young Americans for Roosevelt League and advertises itself as being a non-partisan association for the reelection of President Roosevelt. Phos, who was reading the letter over our shoulder, announced that he too was going to organize another independent, non-partisan organization "dedicated to the procurement of more milk and phresher phish phor Phos."

Out of purely professional jealousy the office Cat investigated the pro-Roosevelt organization and uncovered the following facts:

1. Barney Ross is co-chairman.
2. The other co-chairman is either unannounced or nonexistent.
3. Pat Peardon, star of *Junior Miss*, is a member of the initiating committee.

4. Phos says he wants to be a member of the initiating committee, too.

5. Pat Campbell, editor of the *UCLA Daily Bruin*, and Jane Farrant, editor of Michigan's *Michigan Daily* are members of the initiating committee.

6. Phos wants to be a member of the initiating committee, too.

Other than this, we could find out very little except that the organization is non-partisan and wants to see Roosevelt reelected.

WE have always been a strong believer in a fair sense of proportions, but each day brings fresh evidence that Boston is one of the worst places on this verdant earth in which to try to develop one. Our hopes were raised the other morning when the *Boston Herald*, which normally admits to nothing less than perfection for this city and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts stated in its editorial column that "Dewey is Governor of our greatest state," but they were dashed again by mid-afternoon, when we chanced upon this conversational tidbit while strolling through the Commons:

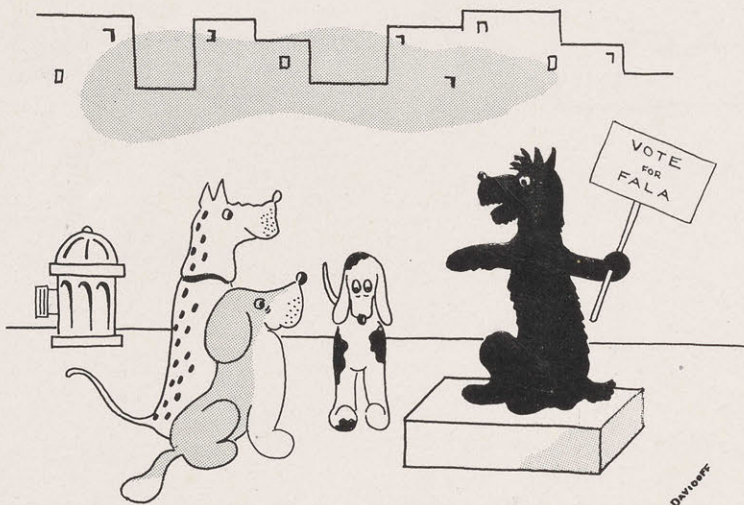
"Where are you stationed?"

"M. I. T."

"Where?"

"The Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

"Oh, I know. That's right across the street from the Tech Rollerway, isn't it?"



"... and I promise a fire hydrant on every corner!"

IF Dewey is elected next month it will be due, we're afraid, largely to the valiant efforts of Senator Harry S. Truman. Even when he's not talking politics he blithely demonstrates that he can put his foot farther into his mouth than most people we know. Discussing baseball with a representative of the International News Service recently, he is reported to have said: "If the series is between two St. Louis teams I hope they tie." Unless you manage to put a gag in poor old Harry's mouth soon, F. D., your goose is cooked!

WHILE glancing over the latest advertising report we found a postscript from Johnny Marr asking us to remind you of the forthcoming Catholic Club Acquaintance Dance. He informs us that there were 450 girls to 350 boys at the last one, and "there were a hundred *real* beautiful girls, just *waiting* for someone to ask them to dance. Also, the Navy boys are especially lucky, getting to go to a dance and Friday night liberty too all for nine (Ed. note: We are not responsible for Mr. Marr's calculations.) cents an hour." Consider yourself reminded.

NOTEWORTHY knowledge: A few of the more intrepid members of the M. I. T. Rocket Research Society recently discovered, much to their embarrassment, that liquid oxygen and kerosene constitute an explosive mixture, subject to spontaneous combustion.

Sigma Nu is believed to be the only house on campus capable of displaying a freshman, a sophomore, and a junior, all taking 5.02.

A FEW weeks ago, one dorm man went home, and naturally, on Sunday night, things being dull, a few well-meaning friends got together and



"No thanks — never wear one."

stacked his room. "Nothing new," you say, and, oh, how true! but this time the boys went in for it with a vigor. First of all, his furniture, save for one chair suspended by weights from the ceiling, was piled on a stack of books. His bed was removed and placed in the nearest bathroom, wired into the light circuit, so it was untouchable. His curtains were gracefully attached to the door frame, and the room scattered with lewd articles. A fountain was rigged up to his faucet, with a time fuse. His telephone bell was removed and hooked up to where his ceiling light used to be, so that if he tried to put on the lights, it would ring. However, the prodigal son's friends felt that his homecoming was not yet sufficiently celebrated. So they removed his door, and with many a cry of "Heave, ho, my hearties" suspended it midway between the lofty spires of Bemis and Hayden. Like good considerate Tech men, the boys hung a red lantern, donated by the Cambridge police

department, to the doorknob to warn low-flying aircraft away.

PRIDE can be a helluva nuisance. For instance, *The Stanford Chapparral*, in its latest issue credits us with four or five jokes we have never seen before. We think you'd like 'em, but printing them would be an admission that we had nothing to do with their creation. On the premise, though, that their exchange editor doesn't read this column of Voo Doo, it's probably safe to sneak in a sample:

"Isn't Arthur gentle with the women?"

"Yes, he is unique."

"Oh, no! I never even suspected."

IN these all too sad and sordid days of gloom and misery, little outcroppings of humor in out-of-the-way spots seem to make life nearly worth living. A friend of ours who is in the Navy was strolling by the bulletin

board and stopped to read the "plan of the day" wherein the officer-in-charge makes known his wishes, desires, complaints, and suggestions intermixed with an occasional advertisement for the V-12 barber. Anyhow, according to our friend, it is usual for the Navy to make announcements in the cut and dried style of, "Such and such has been observed. This practice will cease, immediately."

Such literary style as this does not, apparently, appeal to the aesthetic side of Lieutenant Canfield, who made the following comment about V-12 hats, "Hat brims must not be folded into a square, crumpled, folded, or pulled on the top to achieve a Chinese Temple or gull-wing effect . . . Hats are universally small with the result that many trainees give the appearance of trying to make their hats resemble the crown of King Bubbles of Happy Island. There is no official precedent in Navy Regulations for this."

Those in the know consider this literary effort as surpassing his previous comment that, "In the future, trainees will refrain from changing letters on the announcement board. Anagrams will be provided for those who cannot resist the temptation to play word games."

Be that as it may, Curt, both efforts

are nearly up to Voo Doo standards.

NOWADAYS we are confronted quite frequently with predictions of what life will be like in the future. Almost as often we find something in the prediction that makes us wonder. These views of the future cover all fields from economic developments to bathroom fixtures. Around Tech, most of the predictions concern scientific advance, but the other day we came across a gem of a prediction given out by the Humanities Department. We quote the following from a G71 lecture by Professor Knickerbocker to a group of prospective fathers. "There has been a feeling in the past thirty years that nursing a baby is nasty. I make a prediction that these air-cooled, water-filled, collapsible bottles won't last and there will be a strong swing back. In the future, breasts will be used for what they were made."

COME Friday afternoon, it is our usual custom to wander into one of the E. E. offices in building 4 and take a weekly quiz which a more important occupation, "chow," had prevented us from taking at the regular hour earlier in the day. A couple of weeks ago, there was a Chinese professor occupying our usual office,

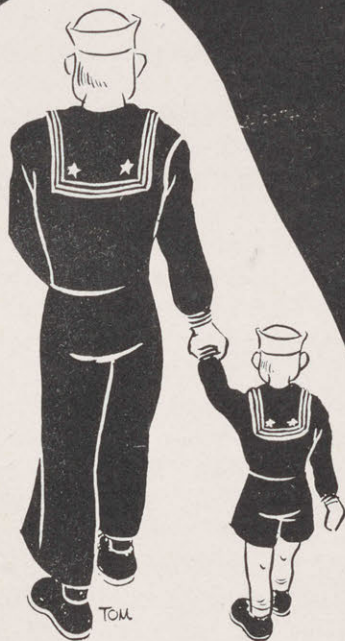
but, undaunted, we barged ahead. About half way through, when it was beginning to become doubtful whether I was EXR or $A + jB$, our esteemed Chinese friend, Professor Norbert Weiner, wandered in and began chatting with our Chinese professor in, of all languages, Chinese! Since our knowledge of that famous tongue needed a little polishing up, the conversation reached us only in part. However, what we did get was sufficient to make it "très intéressant." So much so, in fact, that come the end of the hour, we were still halfway through the quiz. Oh, yes! I remember now, $E = I/R$.

STROLLING along Beacon Street the Saturday night after J. P., we were surprised to see a small group of Tech men and their dates standing in front of 312 Beacon Street cursing bitterly. Even as we watched, they headed off down towards Commonwealth. Barely a moment later a taxi pulled up in front of 312 Beacon. It disgorged three more Tech men and dates, who promptly got back into the taxi and drove off down Beacon Street. Intrigued by this peculiar behaviour, we resolved to post ourselves at 312 until some reason for this mad behaviour was unearthed. When the next group of couples approached the door, we could contain ourselves no longer. Was this some shrine, to which Tech men repaired in the dead of night? Perhaps the Goddess of Love? We sidled up to one of the members of the party and asked in an humble whisper what interest this spot had? We were greeted enthusiastically. "Do you know where Phi Kappa is? We want to get into the J. P. party there, and the phone book says 312 Beacon." I sadly confessed my ignorance. Following the policy of previous groups, they headed off towards Commonwealth, cursing. Now that the great mystery was solved, I headed off to the Old Howard, sadly disillusioned.

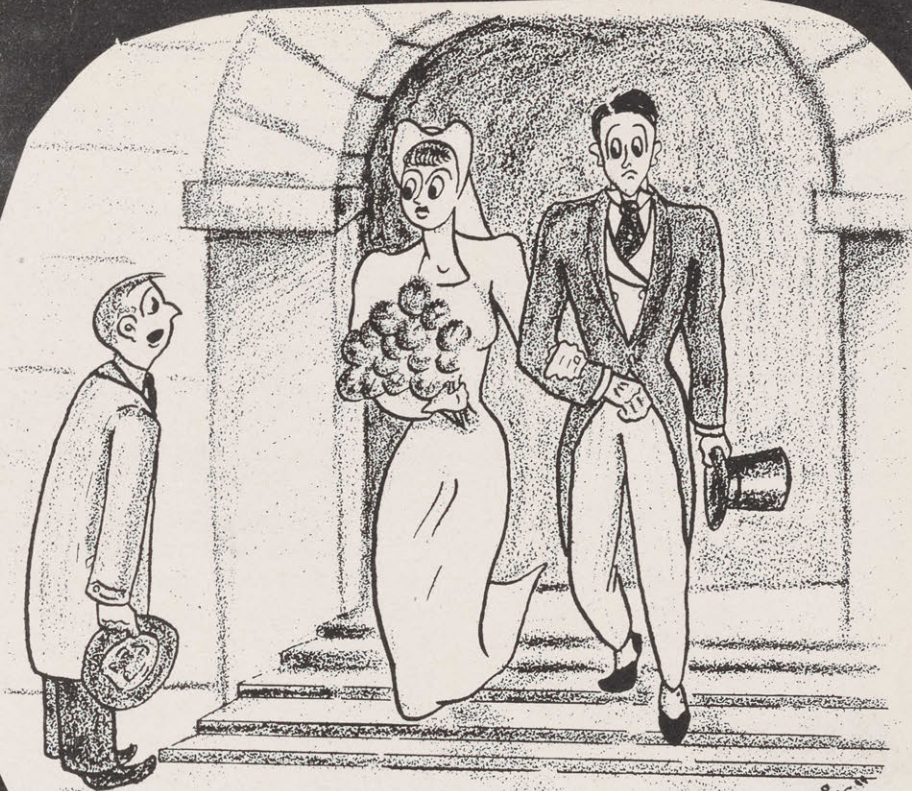


"... you will find the populace friendly, and quick to show its affection."

EXCHANGES



—California Pelican.



"I take it then, Crudelia, that our engagement is broken?"

—Stanford Chaparrel.



Goddam Navy's taking over everything

—Columbia Jester-Review.

THE HARP



SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

There was great rejoicing in the fabulous land of Babylon, L. I., that spring of 1923. "Back to Normalcy" was the cry of the times; stocks soared; there was gin in every bathtub; and the Healys celebrated another addition to their tribe. The bootleg rum was removed from the old family cradle and replaced with roly-poly little James Joseph Aloysius Martin Edward Stephen Healy the First. A mammoth beer party got under way as soon as the relatives were assembled, and by morning there were nine uncles, seven aunts, and countless grandparents whooping it up all over the Healy mansion in the traditional manner of the clan. "J.J." (Harp) Healy had arrived.

He spent the next few years in silent thought. Hardly a day passed that James would not don his oldest

diaper, shoulder a clam rake and spend a long forenoon on the great expanse of mud flats that extend from the South Shore of Long Island in quiet contemplation of life. At the age of seven, he had finished thinking for good, and since that time he has been desperately trying to make up for those years of silence, dashing from one bull session to the next without a moment's pause. While at Brooklyn Prep Jim established an all-time record of one hundred and eighty hours of straight gab. Of fourteen opponents in the contest, only one came near equalling the Harp's mark and that lad had to be dragged off to a nearby sanitarium at the end of the one-hundred-fiftieth hour, muttering over and over, "Izzat so? Izzat so?"

Meanwhile, James Joseph Aloysius Let's Skip The Rest Healy forged

ahead. He forged so well, in fact, that he was accepted as a member of M. I. T's freshman class on the basis of notes of introduction from F. D. R., Fiorello LaGuardia, and King Ag Ugstrompopulus, Potentate of the Independent Kingdom of Jug in the Swiss Alps. This and a somewhat vague classic and romantic hangover from high school were all the preparation he had for the engineering into which he was plunged. Needless to say, J. J. chose Course XIII-C and to use his own words, he has been "dabbling in Institute life ever since."

Today he boasts membership in the Propeller Club and devotes considerable time to ardent support of the Catholic Club. He is always much in evidence at the Acquaintance dances, painfully so at times. ("You can't insult me," he says.) When properly lubricated with his beloved Irish Cream Ale, The Harp is a panic. Beautiful women abandon reserve in their frank admiration of his athletic prowess at such times, as he races about high-jumping tables, chairs, and prostrate chaperons. Usually Jim will climax the evening by retiring to the street outside for a go at jumping hydrants, garbage cans, small automobiles, and occasionally whole rows of terrified onlookers who have taken to the gutters to escape his notice.

For some time, how long no one seems to know, J. J. has been attempting to substantiate a conclusion that he arrived at during his Seven Silent Years. This conclusion, simply stated, is, "Sex, Phooey!" He has gone to great trouble to associate with women from every corner of the sphere we live on. Before he joined the V-12 group you would find Jim out with a new one every night - women from Boston, New York, Dallas, women from Afghanistan, Turkistan, Peru, women from Serbia, Latvia, Brooklyn, women of all colors, races, creeds, amazons, pygmies, farmers' daughters, professional women. His slender dark-

Continued to page 25

MY FRIEND MISS SMITH

AS I boarded the Brattle Street trolley I saw her, bending down to pick up an old dirty twenty-dollar bill. A small voice within me said, "There is the woman you are going to marry." Then she turned and I got a look at her face. It too was lovely. Hardly pockmarked at all. Reddish blond hair, two eyes, nose in the middle, mouth underneath — she had everything.

She noticed my discreet leer almost at once and lowered her eyes, at the same time dropping a square of lace at my feet. I picked it up, blew my nose loudly to hide a howl of exultation, and spoke into her shell-like ear. "Well, it looks like Roosevelt again in November, doesn't it?"

"Yes," she sighed. Her voice was throaty, like a cow's. She had a nice shape, too. "Yes," she said, "unless Sidney gums up the works."

I thrilled at her words. "Do you suppose," I murmured, "that he will?"

She blushed to the toes and in her embarrassment dropped a large bicycle pump that she was holding. I stooped to retrieve it and became transfixed by the chiseled perfection of her ankles. My eye roamed. I was struck by the beauty of her left foot. The searing pain sobered me momentarily and I rose swiftly. Pressing the pump, Her Pump, into her warm little hand, I phrased an apology. "Sorry," I said, "er . . . what was that name again?"

"Smith," she said, "Myrna Hedy Smith. You accent the first two syllables. But you can call me Stinky."

"Stinky!" The word was like wine on my lips. I drew her close and palmed the twenty from her fingers. "Stinky, you are solid. What are we doing tonight from ten to four?"

"At Vassar they called me 'The Student Body,' and what are we doing tonight anyway?"

"Well, there is," I whispered fervently, "the Art Museum, the Old Howard, or better still, we could. . ."

"Change for Duddleston and Eggley!" roared the motorman. "Damn it, I mean Eggledud and . . . fares, please."

We were swept from the car by a stampeding herd of commuters. I blocked the onslaught with my body and threw Stinky to safety. When the rush had passed we collected the remnants of my clothing lying about and headed uptown. Less than an hour later we were tete-a-tete, cheek-to-cheek, vis-a-vis, and slightly oiled in a secluded booth in the Plush Room of the Hotel Plush.

"Groucho," she was saying — my name is Harpo but I told her Groucho — "Groucho, what is that white powder that you have been putting in my gingerale?"

I made a noise like a guy pouring bourbon down his windpipe and purpled visibly just above the collar. "Merely vitamins and carbohydrates for strong teeth and bones, Stinky,"

I said rapidly. "Why, taste bad?"

"No-o-o. Good. Ummmmm." Her soft fingers caressed an old razor cut on my cheek. "Kiss me, you brute." She was breathing hard. I crushed her to me in a feverish embrace and my hungry lips descended upon her left nostril.

Five minutes later we came up for air.

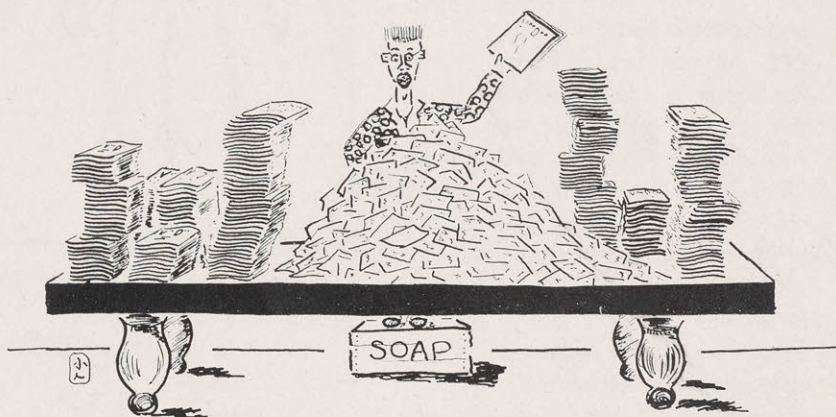
"You are the most wonderful woman in this hemisphere," I croaked hoarsely, signalling with a free hand to a passing waiter for more gingerale with bourbon. "Have a drugged cigarette," I said, "er — I mean, a Chesterfield."

She stuffed the weed in the corner of her mouth as I deftly snicked a match on my thumbnail. The odor of burnt flesh still persisted when our drinks arrived five minutes later.

We sat silently rubbing knees for a few moments and then she spoke. "Only a few more days and I can vote for Roosevelt again," Stinky said. "How time flies."

"Let's not think about it," I said, "Tonight is ours. Tonight nothing counts but us." She smiled blearily and laid her head on my padded shoulder

Continued to page 26



"Hurry, Hurry, Hurry! Get your Voo Doo while they last!!"

LUCK LIKE THAT

"My woman doesn't love me any more," Jack surmised as he came from the phone booth on the port side of the Grad House. "She wants to get married now and thinks I'm handing her a line when I tell her that the Navy has different ideas."

"Do you want me to write her and explain in words of one syllable what the rules of the V-12 are?" I inquired, trying to lend a helping hand.

"It's no use," he whined. "She just told me on the phone that she's coming up here from home this weekend to get things settled with me, and wouldn't even believe me when I told her I was restricted. If I see her, I'll never be able to explain, 'cause she won't let me get a word in edgewise."

"That's pretty tough," Joe, our other roommate, naively surveyed the situation, "especially since you aren't restricted. It might be hell to pay if the old witch confirms her suspicions."

After arbitrating by an ensuing display of fisticuffs, the bright idea dawned on me that we could make it so that Jack had not told a lie simply by making what he said the truth. Without espousing my theory to my companions, I startled them with the question, "How are we going to get you restricted, Jack?"

"Oh, no you don't," he protested. "My liberty is too valuable for that. There must be some other way."

"All right, if there is, you'll have to find it," I explained. "It seems to me that you'll either have to do that or stop her from coming here."

"I guess you're right," Jack conceded, "but how'm I gonna get restricted just for the weekend?"

"Let the voice of experience speak," Joe broke in. "I'm an authority on this sort of thing, I've been caught so much. Guilt isn't in doing wrong,

but in getting caught. You have to do something conspicuous that will only get you a two-or-three-day restriction. . . . I've got it!" he snapped. "On Friday morning go to inspection with a hangover or a reasonable facsimile."

And so on Friday morning we dressed Jack in a uniform covered with lint, shoes you couldn't see for the dirt, and a hat that was stomped on beyond recognition. Unfortunately, however, the inspecting chief had orders to teach us how to salute that morning, and our artistic mess of a V-12er passed unnoticed to chow.

After that, our first defeat, we gathered to recuperate and dig up an alternative solution to our little problem. We couldn't take a chance on trying the same thing on Saturday. What could we do? We spent a good



hour pondering the situation. Finally, Jack arose in exasperation.

"Where in hell do you think you're going?" I asked.

"I'm going to walk by one of the chiefs with my cuffs rolled up and my hat on the back of my head. That'll

only restrict me a week and we can't seem to think of anything better."

No sooner had Jack left than one of the boys from the deck below rushed into the room, out of breath. "Where's your roommate?" he managed to blurt. "I've got some hot dope for him!"

"He'll be back in a few minutes," Joe told him. "What's the story?"

Our friend preferred to wait. When Jack returned, he began, "You got a girl named Gloria Omalord from Hartford?"

Jack replied affirmatively.

"Well, I think you'd better start worrying. That is, unless there's another Gloria Omalord from Hartford and another you here. My roommate, Jim Miller, just said something about her coming up here this weekend to see you and ditching you to be with him. Being that I don't go for Jim in a big way, I thought I'd pass this little tidbit on to you. So long now, I got a class."

At this point Jack made a determined effort to crawl up the chimney. "You guys got me into this mess," he wept. "Now get me out of the damn thing. I just have to see that two-timer and get this thing straight."

Joe and I started thinking again, at the same time trying to calm our unnerved chum. "I take it that our little plan worked?" I inquired.

"Yeah," Jack sobbed, "I had to wait a few minutes on the quarter-deck, but old trustworthy, Chief Zilch, finally came along. He didn't stop, but he knows me and I'm on his grudge list."

An idea immediately dawned on Joe, our brain child. "When a chief catches you for being naughty," he explained, "he fills out a little form recommending restriction and gives it to the officer-in-charge. Where did the Chief go after he left you?"

"Into his office, I think," Jack was suffering.

"Well, from pure deductive reasoning," continued the master detective, "we can assume that he was going to

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AS MAKERS OF MILITARY AND NAVAL UNIFORMS

make out that form. Our only hope is that he hasn't handed it in yet. Let's go get it."

I led the way. Posting Joe as guard, Jack and I went into the office in search of the sacred document. It wasn't in view, so, leaving Jack to make a thorough investigation, I went out to double the guard. Upon reaching the door, I explained the situation to Joe and began giving directions. "Now, I'll stand here," I went on, "and you stand over th..." I was pointing to the place where I wanted Joe to stand, and looking down my forefinger, what, or rather who, should I see but Ensign Jeronimo.

"What the hell do you guys want?" his voice boomed.

"We're looking for Chief Zilch," I squeaked.

"Can't you guys think? All chiefs always have PT classes now. Come back at 1200."

At this inopportune moment, Jack came out of the office and followed us as we walked away. I breathed a sigh of relief when the Ensign did nothing but give him a very puzzled look.

Our council-of-war immediately resumed session, but it was to no avail. We were stumped. Night came and the new restriction list was posted. We held our breaths as our eyes quickly skimmed over it. "Whew, I'm not on it!" Jack was the first one to finish. "Wonder what happened?"

With caution and tact, I approached Chief Zilch, "Do you know a man here named John Doe, sometimes called Jack?"

"Hunh... oh... uh... John Doe?" The chief always responds

slowly. "The name sounds familiar. Hm-mm."

"The jig's up," I thought, starting to back away.

"Wait a minute," the Chief continued. "It was a guy back home in Gooch's Gulch I was thinking of."

"I guess the feller I was thinking of isn't stationed here," I lied. "Say, did you restrict anyone today?" I went on, trying to find out for sure what I hoped was true.

"Uh-huh," Zilch drawled, trying to hide a grin of pride, "a man named Miller — had his cuffs rolled up and his hat on the back of his head. Why?"

"Just curious," I replied.

As I returned to my friends I thought, "Jack can't help but get things straightened out with Gloria with luck like that."

— R. M. A.

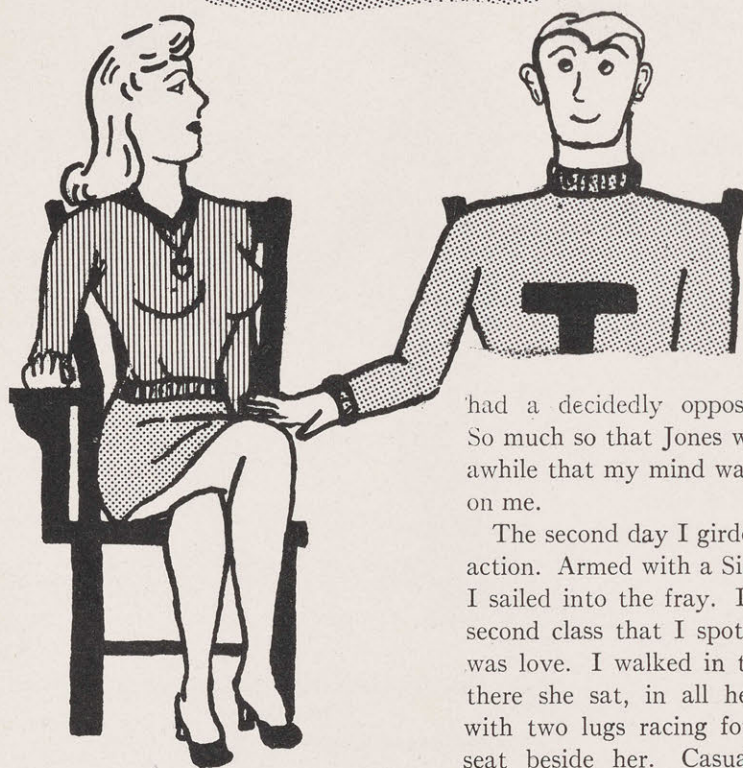


Now Dumbarton Oaks was a brilliant scheme
That should help us to devise
Some plans for meetings that would be held
Away from curious eyes.

But politics, baby, do not explain
The lure you have for a man,
And fireside chatter cannot compare
With you, draped on a divan.

— J. L. U.

POSTWAR TECH



I COULD hardly believe it, but it was perfectly true. I had come back to Tech after the Navy was through with me at the end of the duration and didn't know the place. It had become, of all things, a coed school in the true sense of the word. There were none of the horrible Murgatroyds that were seen in Technology's hallowed halls during and before the war — no, there was none of that prewar stuff. Instead of the only faces on the Great Court at lunch time worth looking at belonging to Radiation Lab girls and Professor Weiner, there were dazzling beauties — luscious female students — all over the place!

My old roommate, Jones, had come back with me to Tech. He is somewhat of the brownbagger type and was quite disgusted with the change. "They've ruined my alma mater!" he sobbed sentimentally as he chewed a hole in the rug, Hitler fashion. I, being of the fun (i.e., sex) loving type,

had a decidedly opposite reaction. So much so that Jones was afraid for awhile that my mind was going back on me.

The second day I girded myself for action. Armed with a Sinatra slouch, I sailed into the fray. It was in my second class that I spotted Sue — it was love. I walked in the door and there she sat, in all her loveliness, with two lugs racing for the empty seat beside her. Casually tripping them, I seated myself in said seat and laid a cautious hand on her knee. She gracefully turned her head my way, smiled, and gently moved my hand up about three inches. By the end of the hour, enough had happened that I thought I had better introduce myself.

The next hour we spent on the Great Court, watching the birds, the bees, and the weeds. I asked Sue to explain the glorious gang of gorgeous girls that had descended on Technology. She was only too glad to tell me: It seems that a certain Dr. Freud has had quite a bit more influence on this modern world than could heretofore be expected. His writings not only informed members of the faculty that sex existed, but they also influenced said scientists to believe that sex has a definite part in engineering. So great was this influence that a new course, Course XX — Sex Engineering, had been introduced into Technology. Being that Hollywood had no other

use for its "starlets," they were being sent here for their education to get the course started.

Later on in the day, as we were strolling along the bank of the Charles, looking into the crystal clear water, we met a man who has offered many a Tech student able advice in matters concerning life, Professor MacSwoon. The genial professor confirmed Sue's explanation and, congratulating me, added that he thought that I had picked the cream of the crop.

After he left, Sue told me how she was discovered in a kindergarten play. When I asked her in a muffled tone if it was a farce, she slapped me. I told her how the V-12 had prepared me to become a hero in the South Pacific and how I had won three major engagements single-handed as an apprentice seaman.

After nightfall Sue and I had a rendezvous in a cozy corner of that romantic spot, the Walker Lounge. As we sat over our scotch-and-sodas (Yes, there had been other changes, too.), we talked of the future. Sue told me all about the brilliant career she was to have. Her producer had said that she would be a female Sinatra and that he was already making arrangements to hire boys dressed in zoot suits to swoon for her.

"And what about us?" I reminded her.

"I'll always love you," she whispered as she pulled herself close to me and began to get passionate.

"Don't forget that there are other people here," I said, starting to pull away.

"That's o. k.," she answered. "And besides, I want to make a good impression on my 20.04 (Approach) prof, who seems to be watching us." Not wanting to let her down, I cooperated to the best of my ability, with a view to an eventual exercise in 20.99.

I'll never forget how happy Sue was. After that, she asked me up to her room to see her etchings.

They were magnificent.

— R. M. A.

Graduating Class 1944



ROOSEVELT

"old indispensable"

Activities:

Father of most sons
kicked out of Harvard
CIO, NRA, WPB, AF
of L, WPA, CCC . . .
Debating Society

Comment:

Genial, smiling, gracious

DEWEY

"Superboy"

Activities:

Debating Society, Glee
Club
League of vibrant youth
Gangbusters

Comment:

Gracious, smiling, genial



LEWIS

"The Brow"

Activities:

Organized labor in ma-
ternity wards
Debating Society
Browbagger

Comment:

Has the danger of calo-
mel without the effect
of calomel.



LANDON

"Who?"

Activities:

Gracious, genial, smiling
Breeds Sunflowers

Comment:

What was that name
again?

ELEANOR

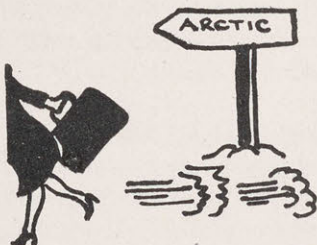
"swish"

Activities:

Short-snorters,
International Club
Association of Peglero-
phobes
Association of Peglero-
phobed

Comment:

Smiling, gracious, genial



WHEE

"old indispensable"

Activities:

Fille de Joie
Fille de Joie
Fille de Joie
Femme de Chambre

Comment:

Sure fire; most likely
to succeed



"Never Again!"



[From the Boston Sunday Advertiser: "Politics is fast becoming a 'glamour career' for women of charm, Mrs. John Bricker, wife of the Republican vice-presidential nominee, declared yesterday during her brief visit to Boston. It is the youthful, attractive, and poised young woman of today who is the successful vote-getter, Mrs. Bricker believes."]

Hollywood, Cal., Sept. 1: At a press conference today Rita Slayworth, presidential candidate of the Party For Free Love, exuded an air of quiet confidence and Soiree de Rosbif. She appeared strikingly youthful, attractive, and poised in a Seduction Pink satin jacket open to the waist and a ravishing thigh-length peek-a-boo skirt slashed to the beltline. In answer to queries of "A little more knee, please?" she answered only, "I am happy to serve my country in this time of strife."

Boston, Mass., Sept. 4: In a sur-

prise appearance at the Old Howard Gypsy Rose Whee revealed herself as the Unsociatist Party's candidate for United States President. Declaring herself stripped for action, she threw even her hat into the ring. When the tremendous ovation from the gallery had subsided, she cried defiantly, "Let's see Dewey top this one!"

New London, Conn., Sept. 6: Republican nominee Thomas Dewey in an address to 2,500 Spars here today decried the immodest tactics of his Unsociatist opponent. "What," he demanded rhetorically, "can I do in the face of such opposition?" "Take it off!" chorused 2,500 voices.

Hollywood, Cal., Sept. 7: In an eighty-five minute address before the Rita Slayworth Fan Club Local No. 1 here, Rita Slayworth formally began her presidential campaign. Her rendition of five numbers from her current musical, "Cheesecake For The Boys" was climaxed by a vigorous attack on the Administration in

which she declared, "Mrs. Roosevelt's day is done; cast your vote for four-inch heels and a 38-inch bust!"

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10: The National Unsociatist candidate for the Presidency, Gypsy Rose Whee, bluntly charged the Free Love Party with intentionally deceiving the American People. "I admit," she said, "that their organization is all a big bust. But not 38 inches by a long shot!"

At the conclusion of the rally, Miss Whee left for the maternity hospital, her parting words being, "Let's see Dewey top this one!"

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 15: In a final bid for the women's vote, Thomas Dewey, Republican presidential nominee, today gave birth to twins at Party Headquarters here. A play-by-play broadcast of the event was relayed to all parts of the country. Said Dewey, "Never Again."

New York, N. Y., Sept. 20: According to the latest Glup Poll of Printable Public Opinion, Rita Slayworth is neck and neck with Roosevelt in the Presidential race. Dewey is neck and neck with Gypsy Rose Whee. Mrs. Dewey is home slaving over a hot stove. A broken-down analysis of the broken-down poll follows.

Slayworth.....	1%
Roosevelt.....	1%
Dewey.....	1%
Gypsy Rose.....	1%
Miss America '07.....	0%
Undecided.....	96%

Dr. Glup sums up the situation briefly. He says, "Urp!" With over a month to go, Roosevelt and Dewey are fading fast. Miss Slayworth is practically assured of the Soldier vote after promising to spend a week in every foxhole if elected.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 21: After prolonged conference with party officials, President Roosevelt today withdrew from the presidential contest in favor of Thomas Dewey. Roosevelt was quoted as remarking, "Only by

uniting can we hope to defeat an opposition which can at best present a divided front." Sidney Hillman refused to commit himself on this latest development.

New York, N. Y., Oct. 22: Rita Slayworth Arrives, Speaks Tonight at Garden.

New York, N. Y., Oct. 22: Dewey Here, To Talk Tonight.

Along Broadway, by Walter Winchell, Oct. 24: "What curvaceous candidate for president was seen with what Republican-Democratic presidential nominee at the Stork Club, the 23 Club, Minsky's, and the Four Deuces last night?"

Albany, New York, Oct. 24: Republican-Democratic Headquarters announced that Thomas Dewey has withdrawn his name as candidate for President of the United States in favor of Miss Rita Slayworth, youthful poised candidate of the Free Love Party. Reports credit Dewey with remarking, "I love my wife but oh, brother."

Washington, D. C., Oct. 28: Dr. "Public Opinion" Glup reports a great swing to Slayworth. From his new office at "The National Hot Spot 40 Girls Girls 40," he issued this statement: "She is leading by a lung, and still legging along in fine shape." A broken-down resume of answers to the question "If the election were yesterday, I would have voted for . . ." reveals the following:

Slayworth	2%
Gypsy Rose	2%
Miss America '07	0%
Undecided	96%

Hollywood, Cal., Nov. 1: The Free Love Party Headquarters was stormed by three hundred sailors demanding Slayworth buttons. Windows were smashed and several switchboard girls were damaged in the rush for souvenirs. The Navy announced that

this demonstration does not constitute endorsement of the product by the Navy.

Washington, Nov. 11: Elmer Davis Predicts Slayworth Victory!! "... Miss Slayworth has the Solid South behind her and plenty of support farther North. She shapes up as America's Choice!"

N. Y. Headlines, Nov. 12:
SLAYWORTH ELECTED IN
LANDSLIDE
Thousands Homeless
WILLKIE SEES THREAT TO
DEMOCRACY
ROOSEVELT KILLS DEWEY
THEN SELF
CONGRESS RESIGNS
— H. P. G.

MELODRAMA AT THE INSTITUTE

How happy I was back in the old days. I was sitting on top of the world, but now I am a broken man. The story of my downfall is a tale of woe, and you, my children, must heed it as a warning:

Yes, I was happy, and it was with a genuinely generous feeling that I signed away my life. The man approached me with a kindly look in his eye, sort of as if he had an invisible halo about his head. He said he was trying to do me a favor in that he was helping me to help others. He seemed so sincere when he told me that I would be helping poor, underprivileged children who had no one else to look to but me. It was going to be my privilege to become a great benefactor.

Such was the case when I signed my name to that horrible little yellow card. In pure, simple language, I had been duped. Soon the notices began to come in that I was behind on my payments, as if I had mortgaged some piece of property. I suspected foul play, but there was nothing I could do about it. After a few more weeks, my suspicion was confirmed. I received a letter requesting me to be at the bank at a certain time. When I got there, I found that the bank was an accomplice in the filthy intrigue. An official there told me that I would have to transfer all my earthly possessions to the syndicate, or else. Having faith that the law was on my side, I gave the man a piece of my mind and walked out.

No sooner was I on the street than I noticed that I was being followed by two thugs. In trying to lose them, I ducked down a narrow alley, and it was there that I was shanghaied. What happened after that is a bit hazy. I was hog-tied and beat upon by these two brutes in a hide-out and forced at the point of a gun to direct them to everything I owned.

And so it happened that my life was ruined and I was looted of all that I ever had. Please, my dear friends, do not forget this warning. Put the decimal point in yourself on that T. C. A. pledge.

— R. M. A.

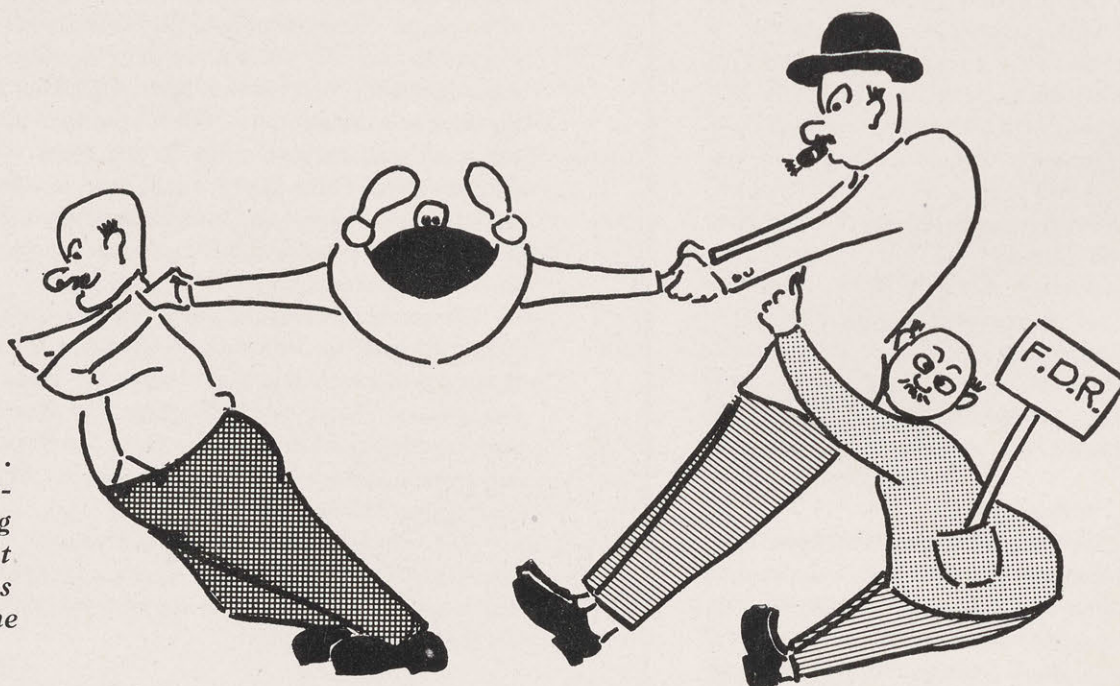
AT THE POLLS



This is Puddles. He too is on his way to the poles . . . but not to vote.



In a rut. Can do it blindfolded this time.



Independent. Made the mistake of admitting that he doesn't make up his mind until the last minute.



True to the Navy. If generals can be president, so can an admiral. Will vote Republican.



Converted. Abandoned the prohibitionists for Dewey when she heard that the latter never uses an expletive stronger than "gracious."



Just turned twenty-one. Doesn't know how to work the damn machine, but wouldn't admit it for the world.

Sydney sent me.



UNCLE SAM READS THE FUNNIES

"GOOD Morning, Kiddies, this is your old Uncle Sam come to read you your Sunday morning funnies. . . . Ha, ha, ha! In just a minute we are going to hear all about what Krazy Kat did and Ignatz Mouse and. . . . Well, will you just look at that, some nasty person seems to have mislaid the funny sheet this Sunday, it is not in its little place, but if you Kiddies will just wait a minute your old Uncle will be right back with something nice and every bit as good as the funnies, which we didn't really want to hear anyway, did we?"

"Ho, ho, ho, your old Uncle Sam has really got too good a treat to be true. You will never guess what it is in all the wide world! He has some nice cartoons, not our old favorites but a few grand bright new ones. I know you hear your daddy arguing politics with Mr. Kopald and Mr. Jones and just everybody. I know we wouldn't want to be goops—O me no!—and not know what our daddies are talking about. But before we start I see we have a lot of nice names on our Sunday Birthday list! If Miss Ermentrude Schmaltz (the editor here omits 200 words on Ermentrude) will look behind the piano she will find—guess what! 5,000 P. A. C. Leaflets! And if her brother Wilson is sorry he has no present because it isn't his birthday, don't worry, Wilson. Your Uncle Sam Never, Never, Never forgets all his little friends. Right in your kiddie car is a nice life-size statue of Governor Dewey! Well, how I would like to tell you about our other small friends and the lovely presents they are getting, but your old Uncle only has half an hour you know, so perhaps we had better get back to our nice funny cartoons. Here we have Mr. Dewey—you all know who he is! He is the Republican candidate for President! And we all know who the President is!

The man in the White House in Washington . . . (reverent hush) . . . He is for education and public health . . . is it any wonder that with such nice aims all little kiddies like him . . . think of it, he guarantees you will have school next year too and I know how you like the first grade! And plenty of nice castor oil. . . .



(brawling over the air). I want all you little kiddies to remember that, and if Ermentrude does not give Wilson his nice statue back, Uncle Sam will not give Ermentrude any more P. A. C. leaflets. Quiet ensues. . . . Well, in this funny cartoon Mr. Fisher is asking Mr. Dewey and Mr. Roosevelt, hah, hah, hah, what they are going to do about the Negro question? Ha, ha, isn't that a riot, kiddies? If you have listened to Daddy and Mr. Kopald you would know that Mr. Roosevelt is the best friend the American Negro has, and that Mr. Roosevelt is the best friend of all nice Southerners, so with so many friends isn't that a stupid question, kiddies? Oh, my, I can just

see you doubling up with laughter and Breedlies whole wheat cereal I know you ate this morning, Oh dear, my time is just about up, but I know you have enjoyed this just as much as me so I hope the next time we can go on with our little educational talks and in the meantime remember to eat plenty of Breedlies, the cereal which contains iron calcium phosphorus and even some nice silica. Goodbye now . . . you little b-----ds, Uncle Sam is voting anarchist in November."

— R. C. D.



Old Lady (to little boy standing on his head): "Don't you know that if you do that, you'll never get to be president?"

Little Boy: "That's all right, lady. I'm a Republican."

— Pelican.



Harry: "Ah, there you are. Where have you been during the last three dances?"

Alma: "Jimmy was showing me some new steps."

Harry: "Were they very hard?"

Alma: "No. We took some cushions along."

— Pelican.



He asked for burning kisses,
She answered low and cool,
"I may be a red hot mama,
But I ain't nobody's fuel."

Jim: "Is this ice cream pure?"
 Joe: "As pure as the girl of your dreams."
 Jim: "Give me a package of cigarettes."

— *The Boulder.*



Headline in the *Boston Herald*:
 ROOSEVELT OUTLINES
 LEAGUE WITH TEETH
 — *Boston Herald.*
 Resourceful these Presidents



A man from a small town, attending a convention in a big city, took in a strip tease with some of the boys, and the next day was obliged to go to an oculist to have his eyes tested. "After I left the show last night," he explained, "my eyes were sore, red and inflamed."

The oculist examined his eyes, thought a minute, and then remarked: "After this, try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show . . . you won't miss much."

Battalion.



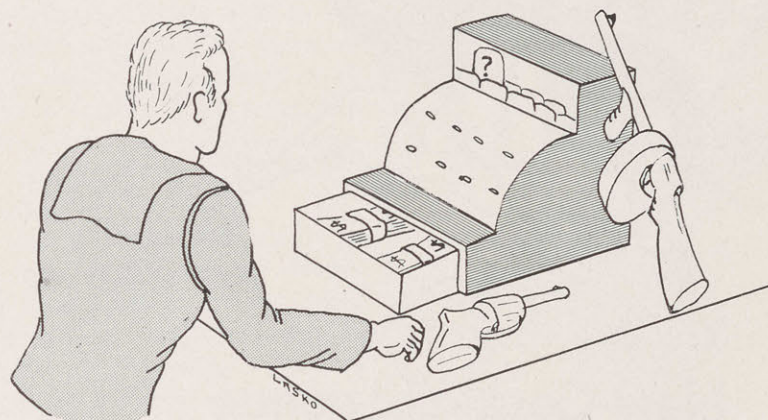
Jim: "How is it you never take your girl to the movies any more?"

Jack: "Well, one evening it rained and we stayed home."



And then there was the freshman who took his girl out in the fog and mist.

PRESENTING . . .



JAMES Flint Brayton I appeared at the door of the Voo Doo office in September of 1942 with an accounting handbook in one hand and an adding machine in the other. Before he could open his mouth, however, the make-up editor dragged him across the hall to Voo Doo's "back room" and signed him up on the make-up staff. "But," protested Jim, "I am interested in the treasury department. Why . . ." The make-up editor could not be swayed. Brayton was divested of his ledgers and rules and supplied with the usual glue pot and shears of the cut-and-stick department.

"But I am interested in the treasury," Jim kept saying. This only brought on another deluge of paste and profanity from the make-up editor, so Jim plugged along month after week, muttering things under his breath. Then one afternoon in spring the treasurer of the mag happened to walk into the office while Jim was lounging about muttering things. "I wish," said the treasurer, "that we could find a freshman interested in the treasury."

"I am interested in the treasury," said Jim, pushing away a paste pot.

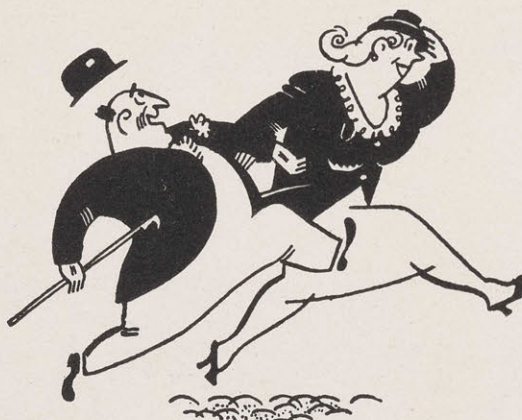
"Good-oh!" cried the make-up editor, "You are herewith a member of the treasury department!"

So it was that Jim Brayton finally

attained his goal. From that moment on, he worked his arms to the bone over the Voo Doo's books trying to make two columns balance. Naturally he had little success. For decades no member of the treasury department had been able to make the books even approach any semblance of a balance. But Jim persisted. He talked to them. He pleaded with them. He wept over them. The best he could do was bring the columns to agree to within two thousand dollars, which was in itself a remarkable achievement. As a matter of fact, this was such a remarkable achievement that Jim was immediately promoted to the position of Treasurer.

To some, it might seem that such a rapid advance might affect the ego. It did. Jim's ego was affected to the extent that he became the best treasurer that Voo Doo ever had. The books soon learned to answer when they were called. Debts that had been hanging in the balance for years were collected. Jim's innate personal charm swayed all that came into contact with him. In short, Voo Doo made money!

So it was that Brayton became Business Manager of Tech's most progressive publication. Today Jim is happy at his work. Well he might be, for Jim has earned without question the title of "Mr. Voo Doo."



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CENTRAL SQUARE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

When a gal tells a soldier she's a perfect 36, she expects him to grasp what she's talking about quickly.



A young couple, about to be married, were looking over a house in the country. After satisfying themselves that it was suitable, they departed for home. During the return journey, the young lady was very thoughtful, and asked for the reason for her silence, she replied, "Did you notice a W. C.?" (meaning water closet). He, not having done so, ultimately wrote to the landlord inquiring where it was situated. The landlord did not understand what W. C. meant, and after thinking it over for some time, came to the conclusion that it meant Wesleyan Church. He replied as follows:

Dear Sir:

I very much regret the delay in replying to your letter, but have the pleasure of informing you that W. C. is situated nine miles from your house, is capable of seating 260 people. This is very unfortunate for you if you are in the habit of going regularly, but no doubt you would be glad to know that a great many people that are in the habit of going regularly take their lunch with them and make a day of it. Others who cannot spare the time go by auto, arriving just in time, but generally, they are in such a hurry they cannot wait. The last time my wife and I went was six years ago, and we had to stand all the time. It may interest you to know that a bazaar is to be given in order to furnish the W. C. with plush seats as the members feel that this is a long felt want. I might mention that it pains me not to go more often.

Sincerely yours,

LANDLORD WILLIAMS

SIDEVIEW

Continued from page 12

haired form was a familiar part of the scene at every bar, lounge, dive, and night spot in the East. "But," he insists, "I was and am still a woman-hater. Sex, Phooey!"

Now that the Navy has taken over his weekday nights, James J.A.M.E.S. limits his research to few hours of freedom he can wangle Saturday night and Sunday. A typical weekend went like this: Jim and party thumb a ride from a war profiteer in a '42 Cadillac bound for Providence in the city of Rhode Island. Arriving sometime in the afternoon, they repair to the hottest spot in town for a few draughts of the Irish to lay the dust on their adenoids. There is a beautiful canary chirping with the band who immediately takes Jim's eye. "A brunette," he describes her, "and really voluptuous, see? I have never seen a woman more lovely. She is flaunting two beautiful limbs encased in 51 gage nylons, and her costume is best described by a line of Kipling's. Something about

'The uniform he wore
Was nothing much before
And rather less than 'arf of that
behind;
Just a twisty piece of rag
And a goatskin water bag
Was about all the field equipment he
could find.' "

At any rate, her first name is C'Nene and she joins Jim for a few drinks, on her. This continues all afternoon, C'Nene setting them up and Jim knocking them off. Then she has to do the evening show, and while she is about making a living, Jim and the boys look over the state of the budget. It is deplorable. Between them they have the price of a small postage stamp. They wander over to the bar, just looking around in general, and they see a ten-foot stack of dusty beer cases. That tears it. One by one, those cases of empties disappear out

the side door. Then a quick jaunt to the corner delicatessen, where they collect a nickel refund on every bottle, an even quicker jaunt back to the convenient side door, a concerted rush for the bar, and the boys are all set for the rest of the evening with C'Nene. "And it was quite an evening, too," reminisced Jim, "but . . . sex, phooey!"

Lately his sex-life ("Phooey," he says) has become somewhat complicated by a brace of Ipswich debutantes that he encountered one hot afternoon at the beach. "The less said about that, the better," Jim moans, "Please!"

Time alone will reveal the real stuff of which this man is formed, this man of many words, weaned like his seven brothers and sisters on South Baywater Beer, this profligate youth, charter member of the P Club drinking society, this curious blend of man and misogynist.



Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust.
If you don't like my sweater,
Take your hand off my — sorority
pin.



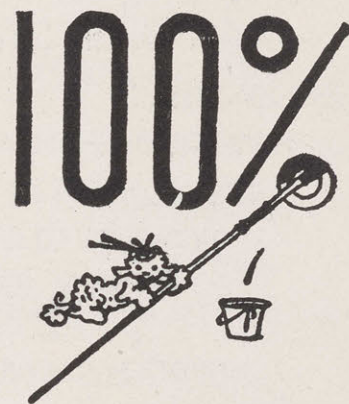
You can never tell how a girl will
turn out until her folks have turned in.



When asked by a cop why she didn't
have a red light on her car, Jane
answered that it was not that kind of
a car.

— Exchange.

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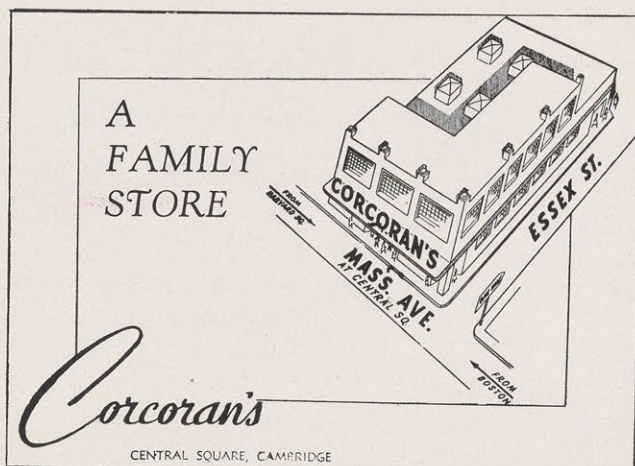
HARVARD *Bazar*

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"Why were you running away from
 that coupe the other night?"

"I wasn't running, I was being
 chaste."

— Dodo.



MISS SMITH

Continued from page 13

"Maybe you're right," she said, fiddling with my tie. I said nothing, and spiked her drink. She ran her fingers caressingly up under the lapel on my conservative violet sport jacket. Suddenly she stopped. She was staring at my lapel.

"Stinky," I began, "let's go somewhere where we can. . ."

"Oh!" she gurgled, then, "Oh-h-h!" Her voice rose to a shrill scream. I reached for her arm, but she had already torn herself away. She broke into hysterical tears, and straightening her skirt and clutching her bicycle pump to her breast she ran sobbing toward the door."

"You, you stinker," Stinky cried as she stumbled from the room in a flood of tears. "You two-timing . . . two-timing . . . Republican! I trusted you, and all the time you had a . . . a . . . oh-h-h . . . a Dewey Button!"

— H. P. G.



Sweet Young Thing: "Have a cigarette?"

House Mother: "What? Smoke a cigarette! I'd rather kiss the first man that comes along."

Sorority Girl: "So would I but have a cigarette while we're waiting."

— Rammer Jammer.



Sailor: "Isn't this a dull party?"

Young Woman: "Y-e-s, I guess it is."

Sailor: "Well, why not let me take you home?"

Young Woman: "I live here."

— Pelican.

Chief: "What are you two boots doing?"

Former V-12: "Oh, we're carrying these boards over to the lumber pile."

Chief: "What boards?"

Former V-12: "Holy smokes, Sam, we forgot the boards."



An unfortunate was applying for relief and the girl at the desk was filling out the questionnaire.

"Do you owe any back house rent?" she asked.

"Ma'am," he replied with dignity, "we've got modern plumbing."

— Yellow Jacket.



A farmer was once phoning a veterinarian. "Say, Doc," he said, "I've got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and doesn't have any appetite; what shall I do for him?"

"Give him a pint of castor oil," instructed the vet.

Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take a pint of castor oil.

A couple of days later the vet met the farmer on the street.

"How's your sick calf?" inquired the vet.

"Sick calf! That was a sick *cat* I had."

"My God, did you give him a pint of castor oil?"

"Sure did."

"Well, what did he do?" asked the vet.

"Last I seen him," said the farmer, "he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging; two were covering up; and one was scouting for new territory."

— Yellow Jacket.

A lady was riding on the train with her son. The conductor came by and she said: "A fare for me and a half fare for the boy."

The conductor looked at the boy and said: "Lady, that boy's got long pants on."

"In that case," said the lady, "a full fare for the boy, and a half fare for me."

— Yellow Jacket.



He: "You know you're not a bad-looking sort of a girl."

She: "Oh, you'd say so even if you didn't think so."

He: "Well, we're square, then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so."

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

She was sitting in a dark corner. Noiselessly he stole up behind her and before she was aware of his presence, he kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily, "I thought you were my sister."

"You dumb ox, I am your sister!"
— *Dodo.*



Among the classified ads in The Boston Globe:

CAMBRIDGE, near Harvard Square
—Twin bedroom, bath and shower, kitchen arrangement, married couple preferred. Kir. 6120 evenings or Sun.

Oh, come now, let's not be puritanical about all this.



Madam Perkins must go. Twelve years in Labor is enough for any woman.

— *Chaparral.*



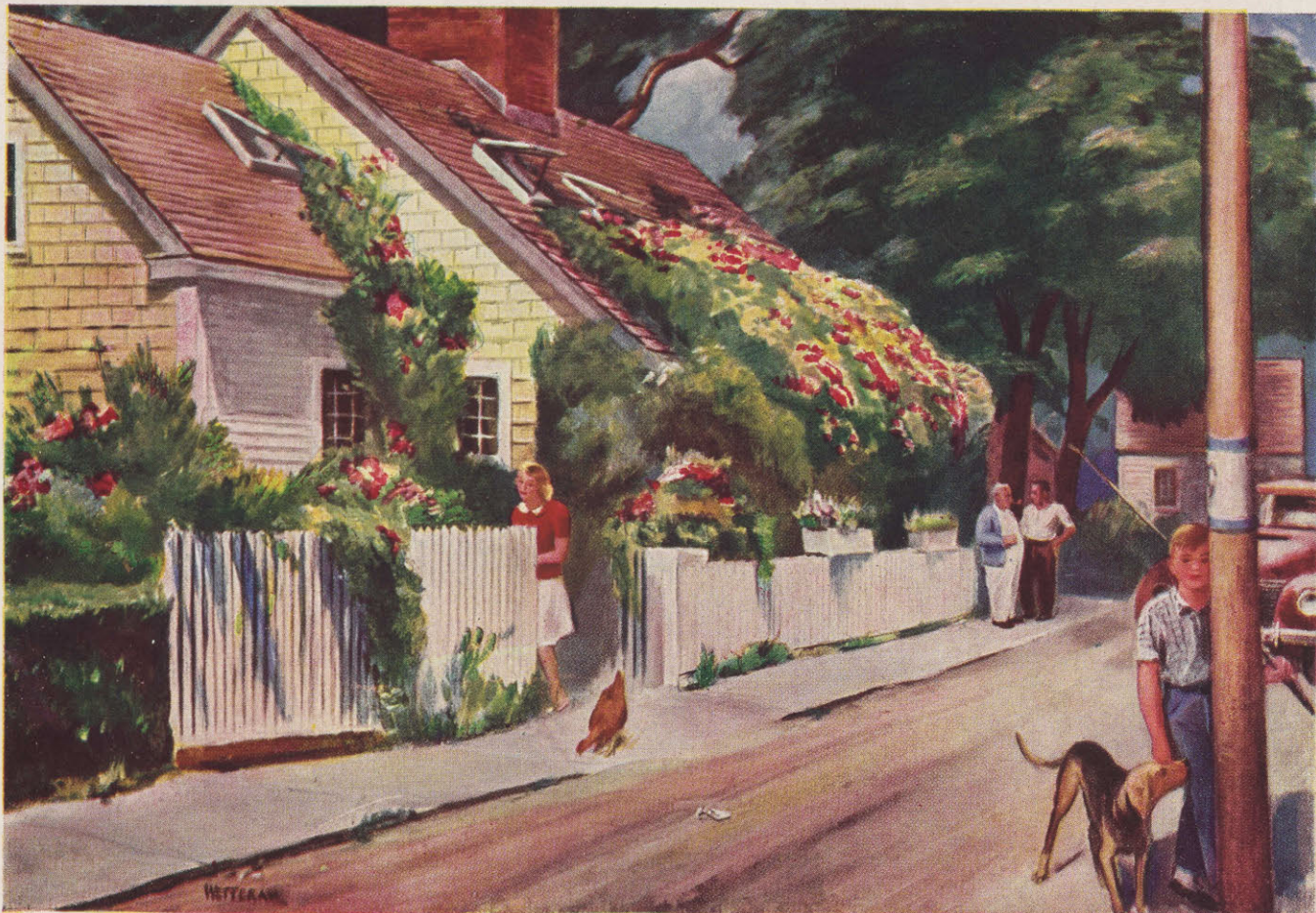
A sailor went into a waterfront restaurant somewhat the worse for wear on the last day of his leave. He ordered a hard-boiled egg from the waitress and dozed off while he waited for her to return.

Just as the waitress reached his table, the egg rolled off the plate onto the floor.

"Oh, what shall I do now?" she cried out, loud enough to rouse the sailor from his nap.

He looked first at her, then at the egg at her feet. "Cackle like hell, baby," he advised, "you've just made a world's record."

— *Archive.*



"Talking It Over" painted by Rudolf Wetterau

Home

Home is a lot of little things—the way you want 'em. A certain chair, and the ticking of a clock, the smell of what's on the stove, your old hat, and good friends.

And among these is a pipeful of tobacco, and plenty of time to enjoy it.

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