

Voo Doo





J. R. WOOD & SONS, INC. • MANUFACTURERS OF FINE *Art-carved* RINGS FOR NEARLY A CENTURY

M. I. T.

March 29, 1945.

To the Editors of VooDoo

Gentlemen:

Will you please enter a year's subscription to VooDoo, to be sent to
Pfc. Jack C. Fiedler
36751983 Co. C
194 Gli. Inf.

APO 452, C/o P.M., New York City
and charge the same to me?

In his letter Jack asked for VooDoo
"to keep him in touch with M. I. T."
— Think of that — not *The Tech*, not
T. E. N., not *Technique*, not the
catalogue — but VooDoo. So you
can see how your magazine rates with
a Pfc. in France.

Sincerely,

FREDERICK K. MORRIS.

*We can well understand how VooDoo
rates above the four rags you mentioned
especially The Tech. In fact, we under-
stand that it rates with generals, too.
Ten VooDoo's coming up.*

Ed.

Dana Hall,
Wellesley, Mass.

Dear Phos,

Was amazed no end when leafing
(or loafing as the case may be) through
your fair mag I found that I wasn't
the only inmate that spends precious
study time reading VooDoo.



After scraping for months I have at
last dug up enough do-re-mi for a
subscription to *that thing*. Please
send it P. D. Q. because my study
halls are very dull without it.

Enclosed please find the equivalent
of four Sailer (ed. note — note spell-
ing) Rolls, three Wellesley Specials,
and five cokes, or, in plain language,
Two-Twenty-Five (help).

Very sincerely yours (?)

Inmate 213 (can't let that other
babe beat me).

*Coming along in the near future
please find the equivalent of four
Sailer Rolls, three Wellesley Specials,
and five cokes, or, in plain language,
one subscription to VooDoo (help
furnished to lovely young girls on
enquest).*

Dear Phos,

We have been ardent readers of
VooDoo for many years, and were
deeply insulted at not being included
in your list of girls' dorms at the
various colleges around Boston. Just
because we're part of Tufts, as is
Bouve, doesn't mean that we wouldn't
like to meet the men of M. I. T. who
have such "great imaginations."

How about including the girls'
dorms here — Tousey, Knight, Bray,
Graves, Metcalf East and West,
Dolbear, Shipman, Capen, Anthony,
Davies, Gamma, Wilson, Wade, etc.

Love and kisses,

Jackson College Girls,
(Medford, Mass.)

*VooDoo here prints the names of
the dorms — Tousey, Knight, Bray,
Graves, Metcalf East and West, Dobear,
Shipman, Capen, Anthony, Davies,
Gamma, Wilson, Wade, etc. — and
will print the addresses and telephone
numbers after Phos has investigated the
"Love and Kisses" part.*

Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

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APRIL, 1945

No. 3

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The HOTEL GARDNER Grill...

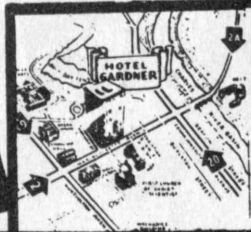


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Sign on an Army Truck: "This vehicle stops for all railroad crossings, brunettes and redheads, and will back up one half a mile for a blonde."

Ad of a proprietress of a second hand store: "Mrs. McFooskey has cast off clothes and cordially invites inspection."

In Honolulu I loved a lass
With eyes of brown and skirts of grass.
I thought she loved me too you see,
But I was wrong, alack alas,
She wore a sign that clearly said:
"KEEP OFF THE GRASS."

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CENTRAL SQUARE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



The farmer was sitting on his steps in front of the farmhouse eating a sandwich, when a hen went past him like a shot. The rooster in pursuit suddenly put on the brakes and stopped to eat the crumbs that fell from the farmer's sandwich.

Very much surprised the farmer looked at the rooster, shook his head and muttered: "I hope I never get that hungry."

CHARLIE THE TECH TAILOR

AMES STREET OPPOSITE DORMS

*Three day service
for cleaning and pressing uniforms
a specialty!*

Sorority Girl: "I think it's positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house across the street give a show every night before they go to bed."

Roommate: "But looking down from the window I don't see a thing."

Girl: "I know, not from there. But put this chair on the desk, get on it and lean way out to the left and tell me what you see."

— Rammer-Jammer.



Baby: "What is a girdle, Daddy?"
Father: "A girdle is a device used to keep an unfortunate situation from spreading."

— Archive.



"No, you can't take my daughter riding."

"Why not?"

"I don't allow Tech boys to go out with my daughter."

"But I ain't a Tech boy, I work over to Kelley's pool hall."

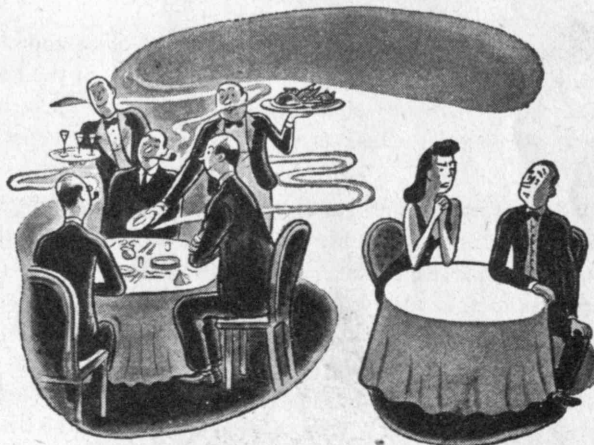
"I beg your pardon, sir, my daughter will be ready in a moment."



Conscience is what makes a girl tell her mother something she knows darn well she'll find out about anyhow.

He: Do you know the secret of popularity?

She: Yes, but not tonight.



*"Maybe if you smoked Sir Walter Raleigh,
we could get some service."*

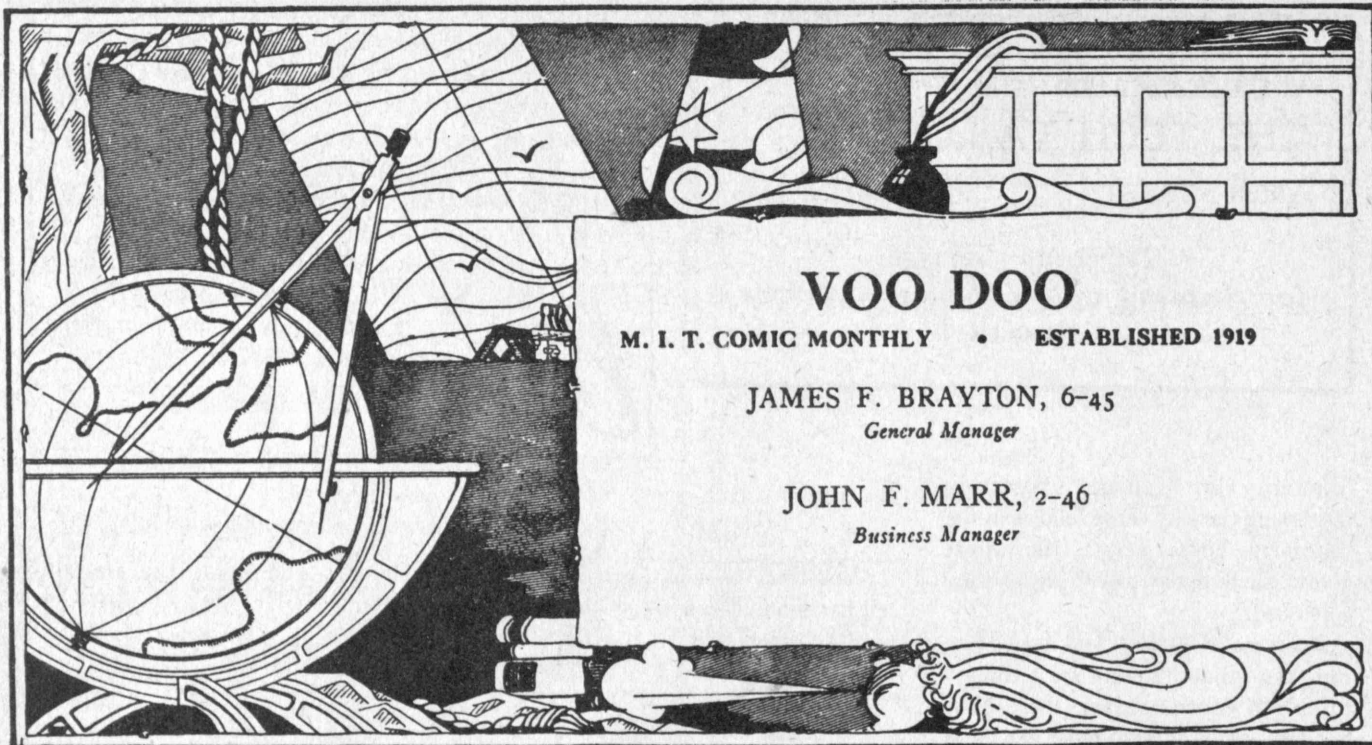
**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

*"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"*

UNION MADE



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.



YEAR after year the Cat hangs out up in the office and waits for some of the boys to come up so that he can lay into them with a few caustic remarks about the quality of the last issue. We had taken just about enough of that sort of stuff from him when we last walked into the office. There he was, as usual, lying with his head in a bowl of beer — egg splattered all over his whiskers. He gave us a wicked leer and then started in to noisily slurp up the remainder of the beer.

Finally there was no more, and he stood up and stretched, "Well, I see that you have given in to the ideas of those who believe that the facts of life are things to be ignored or whispered about in privacy rather than bringing them out into the open for public discussion."

"No, Cat," we answered, "we feel that there is a certain limit to every thing, and a couple of the jokes that were in a couple of months ago had just about reached the borderline; so we have tried to keep any more from getting in. But that is not the main subject for our next issue. The Junior Prom —"

"Not again! Hell, it was only last fall that they had the last one. Do you remember all the rumors that went around before the dance about how they were going to have the best band in the country to play for them? That was a pretty good way to sell tickets at the time."

"Yes, Cat, and the same thing has happened this time. 'One of the top three bands in the country.' Anybody who put any thought into the subject would know that although the boys on the committee are doing the best that they can, it would be impossible to get one of the top bands for the amount of money that they have to spend. It is sort of too bad that the public has to be deluded year after year in the same way by the same old line. It is about time that something new were tried. Anything which has gotten into a rut like the Junior Prom ought to be looked at from a new angle. The function of the committee is not to make a profit, or to get glory for those on the committee, but is to provide a certain amount of entertainment for the school. In a school where the majority cannot afford to go to such an affair, or where the price is purposefully made high in order to keep those who do not have the money or the 'social position' from going, it would seem that some sort of dance should be planned which everyone can take advantage of if they wish to. Customs and rules breed social strata, and in a school, that is about the last thing that ought to be done. It has been said, however, that the girls who go to the dances would not go unless there was a certain attraction of the name of the band or the dance is one that has fame or notoriety. Entertainment does not come with money or with a name, but with the people who attend and the spirit of fun that they have."

"Well, boss, that was quite a spiel, but I think that you have a point. These girls who come to a dance for the name only remind me of the woman who wanted to change the name of Scollay Square to Eisenhower Square."

"That gave us a good chuckle when we read about it in the newspaper. She said that she had wandered about the Square looking for the joints and the blondes, but said that they had gone the way of other pre-war commodities. She must have gone down there at church time on Sunday. Our correspondents tell us that a very good ersatz brand of girl can be gotten there, and that if one wants to, the joints are still there. The logical conclusion is to rename some of the other parts of Boston. The Hotel Touraine into Chez MacArthur, the Old Howard into Stalin's Follies, the Commons into *Meet Me in St. Louis*, the Esplanade into Patton's Park, and Beacon Hill into the Boston Junk Yard."

"That's pretty good, Boss, but someone might object to the latter because it is known that Boston does not have junk yards — nothing but the finest buildings and the most advanced street-cleaning department in the country."

"The people around Boston say that there is no place like home, Phos, but all we can say at this point is that there is certainly no place like Boston; so let's go home."

Cover this month by Sheldon Hill



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History Lesson



Everybody's breath offends now and then. So let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.



Two men alighted from the bus.
One man had come to the city for good.

The other was a soldier on week-end pass.

GI: Can you read my mind?

She: Yes.

He: Go ahead.

She: No, you go ahead.

↑↔←
SMÖRGÅSBORD

NORSE RESTAURANT

19 Province Street, Boston

Capitol 3997

She's never had a soldier take her in his arms.

She's never had a soldier rave about her charms.

No GI has ever wooed her, and the reason's simply this —

She was too young for the last war and much too old for this.



"Why do men have hair on their chests?"

"Well, they can't have everything."
— *The Log*.



Women: "Doctor, our family is getting too large for my husband to support. Can you give me any advice?"

Doctor: "Why, yes, I believe so. Do you like oranges?"

Woman: "Yes, I do."

Doctor: "Well, then eat a lot of oranges."

Woman: "Thank you, doctor. When should I eat oranges, before or after?"

Doctor: "Instead."

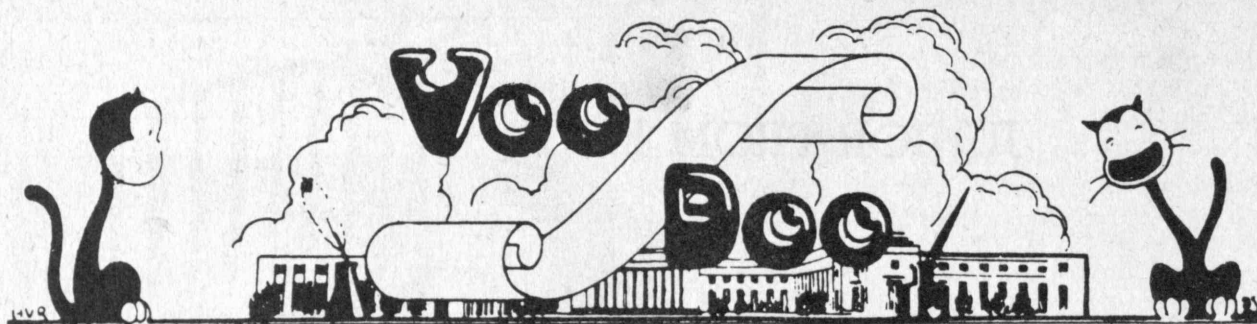


Little boy: "Teacher, may I leave the room?"

Teacher: "No, Henry, you stay right here and fill up the ink wells."

JUNIOR PROM ISSUE





THE resourcefulness of Tech men has been again illustrated in a story we just heard from a friend of a friend of a friend. It seems that at a recent Wellesley acquaintance dance the boys were ushered into the house by some very lovely senior hostesses but these it turned out were only decoys, the working stock was of the poorest quality and the seniors already had dates. Nine of our heroes decided that retreat was the only acceptable course, but to their dismay the exits were blocked by smiling girls who took as their motto, "They shall not pass." Undaunted the nine retired to the bedroom where the coats were kept and held a council of war. The means was soon apparent and with lusty cries of "Geronimo" they bailed out the window to the ground one story below and made good their escape.

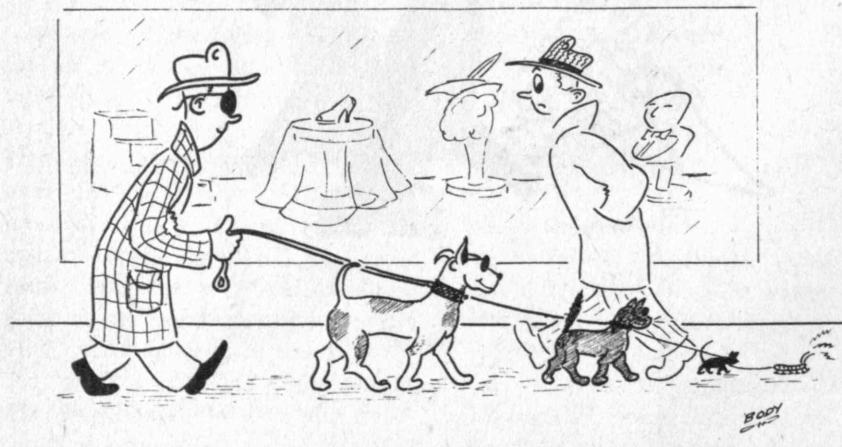
IT was a normal class, noisy as hell. The students were strolling in with their usual foggy air about them conversing about "... that real sexy dame" and trying to get seats near the window. Occasionally a slighting reference was made to the quiz that was slated but after all it would probably be a snap so why worry. Then the bell rang and Prof. Gamble arose to put the 5.10 stint on the board. As the grim tale unfolded the idle chatter gave way to an agonized silence. The array of equations and formulae belied the rumor of a snap and a feeling of "I been gypped" spread through the class. But one courageous soul still had enough stamina to fight against his destiny — a loud and raucous voice shattered the silence with, "My God, Gamble, do you want blood?"

PROFESSOR MAGOUN, as many of you may well remember, has said repeatedly that boys going to Tech soon find after they enter that many words take on entirely new meanings. They no longer mean to him what they mean to a lay person. We realized only a few weeks ago the full import of what Professor Magoun said in a testing materials lecture by Professor Bailey. But first a word of explanation.

To test a bar of metal for tensile strength, one places the specimen in a machine, turns on the juice, manipulates a few dials and gears, and waits for the thing to fracture. The "yield point" occurs when the specimen starts to stretch more than it will unstretch when the load is removed. "Necking" occurs just before the fracture of a piece of iron or steel and is the marked reduction in diameter in the vicinity of where the rod will break.

To get back to the story, the professor was explaining everything in technical terms. However, he mentioned in passing that although theoretically the yield point comes before necking, all the boys in the class would know that it usually occurs afterwards.

THE guys "in blue" over in the Graduate House have come to regard the individuals on the hallowed restriction list as God's forsaken children. Spending a weekend in the ship signing in every two hours takes the



Article in Boston Globe: "Five-year-old Collie, partly blind, has own seeing-eye dog."

joy out of life and liberty and one's pursuits.

A couple of weekends ago a bevy of doubtful maidens wandered around and called up to the misfortunates, "Come on down, fellas."

Although occurrences like these break up a perfectly uneventful evening, most of the boys' "mommies done told them," so the reply, "Aw, go home to your mother," seemed in order.

But we are still vibrating from the shock of hearing a vigorous and very disgusted "Oh, shuddup, she's down here with us," and we to this day have not figured out who was the little lady in black, standing among the girls. . . .

MUCH has been said and written on the subject of modern composers stealing from the classics. Acrimonious debates have been held concerning the swinging of Bach and Brahms and learned discussions involving such phrases as "the prostitution of art" have been reported at great length. Now the shoe is on the other foot, the pendulum has swung back to the other extreme and positions have been reversed. It is our duty as the champion of the lowbrow and vulgar to protest against the attempt to raise the fallen to the ranks of the respectable. We refer to the recent revised edition of *Bell Bottom Trousers* which we have heard several times over the air. Next thing you know we'll be dancing to the tune of the Jolly Weaver and other backroom ditties. Something should be done.

WE have always cherished the advice of our dear old mother who told us, long ago, that, "Enough is enough." It seems to us that the Government might well profit by that saying in regards to the drive to stimulate production. Everywhere one goes he sees or hears the "Don't let down on production" theme over



and over with endless variation. But what about its effect on those who don't work in a factory but who are susceptible to this sort of propaganda? We feel that it has a highly detrimental effect and this feeling has been strengthened by a news bulletin we heard the other day.

"A Mrs. Z— had given birth to quadruplets." After giving some vital statistics the announcer electrified us by saying, "Mrs. Z— is the mother of eight other children, the youngest of which is ten months old."

We repeat, "Enough is enough."

A WELL-KNOWN chief specialist "A" was lecturing his companies on the correct and incorrect methods of stowing gear. Suddenly he turned and said to one of his audience, "Is your name Swedenborg?"

"No," said the trainee, "It's Hill."

"Are you Swedish?" said the chief.

"No" said the trainee, "I'm not."

"Are you sure?" said the chief.

"I think you must be."

"No," said the trainee, "I'm not."

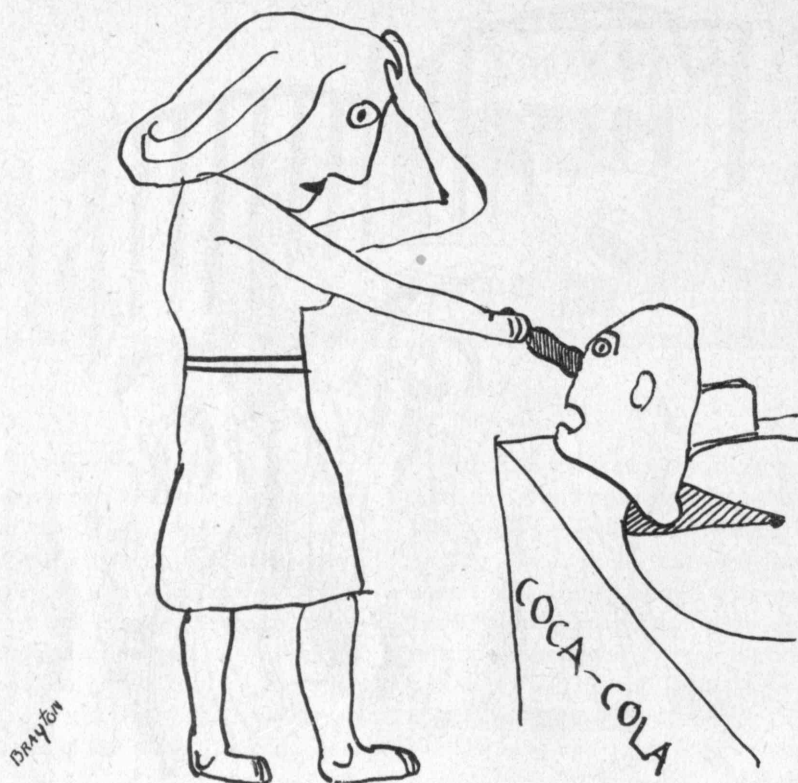
"That's funny," said the chief, "I was sure Hill was a Swedish name. Do you know what my name means in Finnish?"

Everyone looked very blank.

"It means hill," said the chief.

Don't ask us what the point is.

NEVER one to pillory a new innovation because it is novel we do feel that *The Tech's* new sales policy could stand a little clarification. About three o'clock last Friday we were wandering through building ten when we noticed something new had been added to *The Tech's* sales table. Seated behind the table were three attractive females who were making like a broken phonograph with, "Buy a *Tech*, buy a *Tech*, buy a *Tech*. . . ." As we approached the stand one of the girls grabbed us by the arm and implored us to "Buy a *Tech*." Turning our pockets inside out to emphasize our statement of bankruptcy we



started to leave when the girl reached over, picked up a nickel from the cash on the table and gave it to us with the statement, "Now you can buy a *Tech*." Sure enough we gave her back the nickel and received in return a copy of *The Tech*. Our curiosity aroused we lurked in the vicinity long enough to see this process repeated a sufficient number of times to establish it as a new trend in sales technique. Mind you we are not criticising but we can't help but wonder.

WE found out the other day that there are sailors other than the V-12s at Tech who are cruelly punished for opening their mouths in the wrong way and in the wrong places. In this case, we are referring to a friend of ours, Jim Levitan, who was snatched from the clutches of Tech by the long arms of the draft last summer in the middle of his junior year.

Jim is in radio technician training in the Navy in Washington, and it seems that he broke a long record of

perfect quizzes by boffing one. Walking through the halls afterwards, he suddenly realized that he had made quite a simple error, annoying him no end. Seized with anguish, he stopped dead in his tracks and uttered in no small voice an unprintable facsimile of "Oh, shucks!" Unfortunately, he happened to be just outside the captain's office. Result: two weeks restriction.

A FRIEND of ours recently completed midshipman training at Cornell and came back to Tech to show off his big gold star and garter. He was looking so unusually happy, well-fed, and contented that we asked him what the reason was. We didn't get a direct answer, but a clue came out in the conversation.

It seems that on the Cornell campus is a building that is devoted to no other purpose than recreation. It contains chaises longues, easy chairs, love seats, and other sporting accessories. The building is left open and

heated all night, although a saving is made in electricity by turning the lights out at a convenient hour after sunset. As an added attraction, a watchman comes around every half hour — to announce the time. Voo Doo has no comment.

THE cigarette shortage by this time has been pretty thoroughly gone over, but there seem to be a few aspects still neglected. The singular behaviour of cigarette-starved people who happen also to be crocked has received too little attention. There was the famous incident in New York when a policeman shot a man three times who requested a cigarette. More recently, too, we learned of an incident which should be equally famous. After a beer party recently a friend of ours was escorting his date home. Unfortunately he was considerably more sober than she was. When she suggested lying down in Bay State Road he was convinced she was merely joking. He even bet her two cigarettes she wouldn't. The lure, however, proved too great, and down she went. When we get three or four cigarettes we are going to try this on a girl we know.

WE are all familiar with extraordinary displays of affection arising from an over-consumption of liquor. The objects of this affection can vary between pretty wide limits, too. The lower limit was pretty closely approached by an ensign in a New York bar we frequent. When the waitress brought him a pencil to sign his check with, he sat for some time looking at it foggily. He made a few abortive attempts to sign, but the pencil refused to be controlled. He tried swearing. Still the pencil refused to coöperate. Finally he took the pencil firmly in his left hand and stroked it with his right. "Nice pencil," he murmured. "Nice pencil." Then he signed his check without a waver.

Continued to page 25

HARMLESS HOXIE

IN the beginning there was nothing in Rhode Island but a hole. Gradually the hole grew larger and larger, covered itself with protoplasm, manufactured for itself teeth and a stomach, and lo — there stood Clinton Hoxie Springer! For many years this gaping cavity remained empty while its body attended school and learned to get along in life. Then, one day Clinton discovered intoxicating drink. No longer did the cavity have to remain empty. It was only natural that this cavern should seek the best possible source of supply, so no one was surprised when Clinton pitched a tent just outside of the Bacchante Room of the Hotel Biltmore in Providence. Even today citizens proudly point out to tourists and stray sea-scouts the very spot on which this tent was pitched.

After Clint graduated from the Hotel Biltmore he was persuaded to matriculate at Providence Classical High School by the local juvenile authorities. It was here he discovered the other sex. Day after day young Springer would chase helpless young females through school corridors. Not being the athletic type, however, he never caught one. Finally he gave up in disgust and learned to talk. Not since Nobel made his abortive experiments with nitro-glycerine had there been so much noise on the face of the earth. At the request of the local authorities the young student moved to Boston and registered with the Phi Sigs who were hard up for membership at the time. Soon afterwards he entered Tech.

Some months later this walking repository for cheap Scotch was thrown out of a bar in Kenmore Square. Sitting nonchalantly in the gutter he quickly decided to build himself a boat, sail to England, and join the RAF. Not knowing the first thing about boats, Springer started



from the beginning. He registered in Course XIII.

Good intentions soon come to naught, however. Tech was unable to hold the Springer interest. How could it, with the long walk across the bridge and no beer served between classes?

One day while Clint was strolling through the Institute, avoiding a process server from the records office, he strolled into a freshman caucus. The undergraduate body has never recovered. It was here that the budding politician discovered that if he spoke long enough, and if he spoke loudly enough, there was nobody who could resist the power of his logic. It was about this same time that he learned that dance committee members attend dances free — except for the cost of their dates' corsages and sundry other items. And so it was that the Frosh, Soph, and Junior Proms and the I. F. C. have all suffered from his services. In addition, the name Springer has appeared on the rosters of the Q Club, the P Club, and the elections committee. It's a

well known fact that to get elected to office you have to deposit a quarter-keg of beer on the Phi Sig doorstep at five-thirty in the morning.

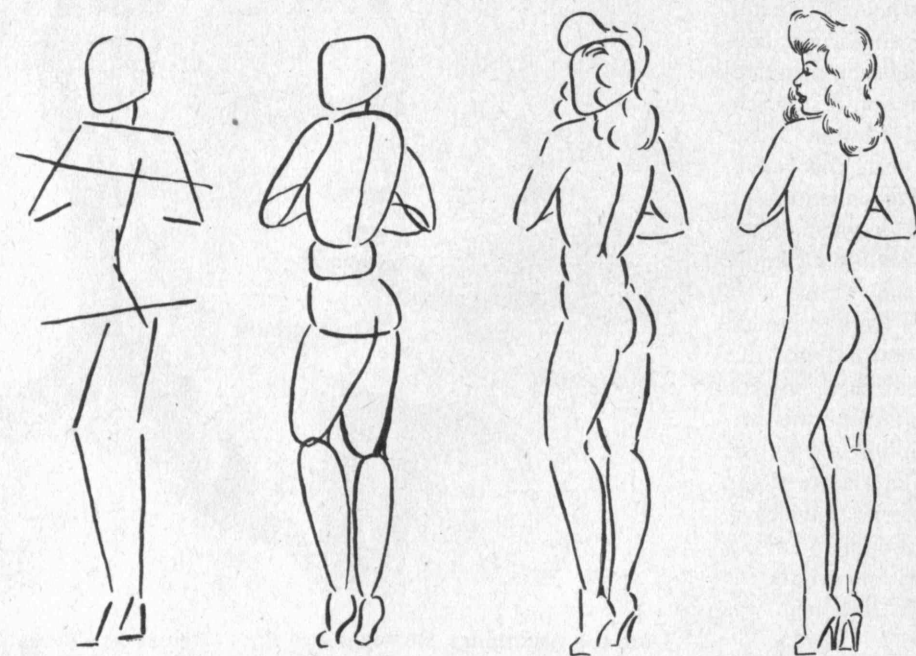
One of the lesser known facts about this phenomenal man about Tech is that he once participated in a sport. The hockey coach claims it was all a mistake.

Do not think that the Springer educational program has left sex out of its curriculum. Almost any Saturday night Clinton may be seen walking through the Commons on his way to Scollay Square.

A great change came over Springer's life when the V-12 program was started. No longer has he been able to let his beard grow to Providence's regulation two inches. No longer does he spend entire nights in Boston bars. No longer does he indiscriminately cut classes. Clinton is now a changed man. But on the day when a state of emergency is proclaimed to no longer exist — then back to Providence where he can invest his war bonds in a brewery, sit back — and drink up the profits.

How to Draw

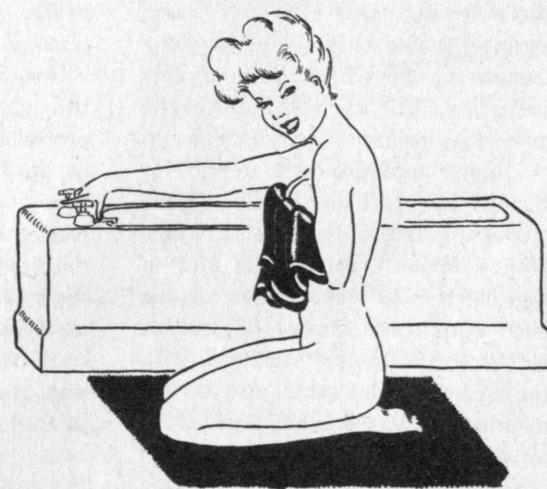
By Bill Baker



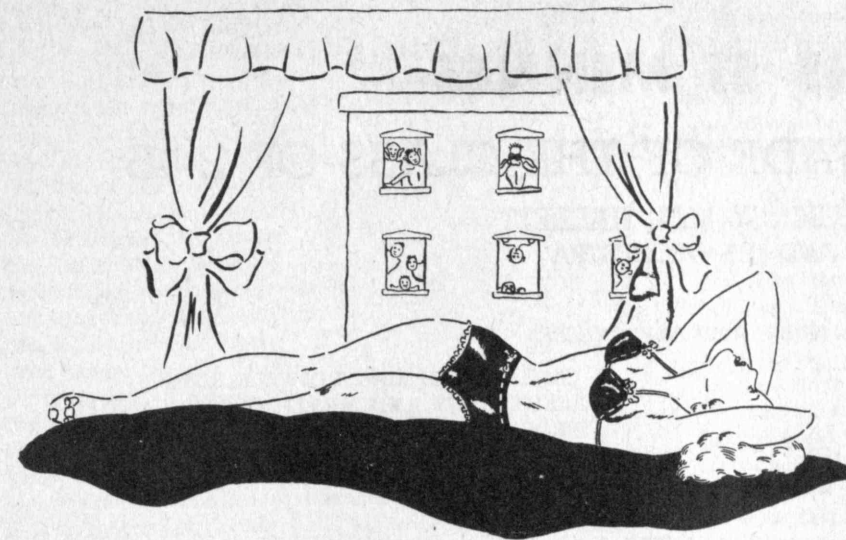
How to draw the female figure



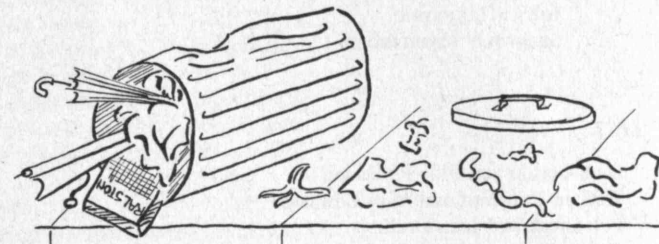
How to draw criticism



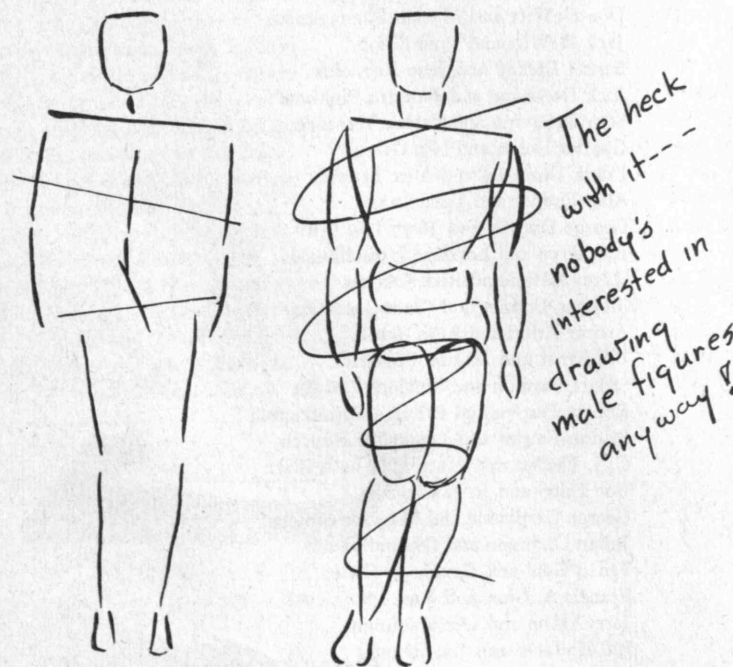
How to draw a bath



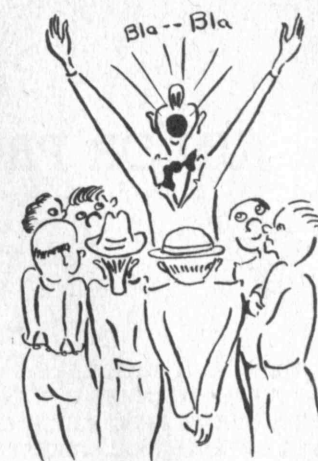
How to draw attention



To draw flies



How to draw male figures



To draw crowds



An easier method of drawing male figures (in large numbers)

MENS ET MENNES

JUNIOR PROMENADE OF THE CLASS OF 2-46

MUSIC BY MAL HALLETT
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

PRESIDENT AND MRS. KARL TAYLOR COMPTON
VICE-PRESIDENT JAMES R. KILLIAN
PROFESSOR AND MRS. RALPH G. HUDSON
PROFESSOR AND MRS. LEICESTER F. HAMILTON
PROFESSOR AND MRS. RAYMOND DOUGLAS

CAPTAIN AND MRS. ROSWELL BLAIR
LIEUTENANT AND MRS. F. CURTIS CANFIELD
PROFESSOR AVERY A. ASHDOWN
PROFESSOR AND MRS. J. B. RAE

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WILLIAM J. GRANT

JOHN RUDOLPH
ROGER P. SONNABEND
JOHN KIRKPATRICK
STANFORD FINGERHOOD

PROM LIST

Richard Adler and Natalie Kramer
Ted Albert and Ruth Black
Edgar Andrews and Dorothy Williams
G. M. Armstrong and Constance Alling
John Atwood and Berna James
Harry Augenblick and Dorothy Greenhall
Alan Backofen and Buster Foley
William Bangser and Helen Fletcher
Louis Barber and Ruth Saxe
John Barriger and Mary Alexander
Loring Belcher and Naomi McNeil
Ray Benenson and Julia Cooper
Robert J. Bergemann and Pat Stickle
Theodore Blakeslee and Mary McKechnie
L. G. Body and Florence Hammell
Ned Bowman and Betty Brown
John Bartelt and Gene Ferris
Mort Bromfield and Bunny Levitan
Robert Bronson and Barbara Knight
Bennett Brooks and Phoebe Black
Raymond Brown and Rita Hayworth
Barrelt Brown and Louise Lehr
Ernie Buckman and Kitty Steavns
Mike Burmann and Anne Brown
William Cahill and Jean Beaverson
D. B. Carmody and Janet Smith
Phil Cassara and Barbara Snow
Morris Chomitz and Isabel Feldstein
Edwin Chung and Annie Wang
J. F. Cincotta and Marie Ann Silvestro
David B. Cohen and Joan Leiman
Donald S. Cohen and Jane Meyerhoff
Charles Colgan and Terry Beltaire
Dwight Collmus and Cathy Martinez
Marshall J. Corbett and Mary Lou Dorward

Dick Cotton and Bille Pinkerson
William Crawford and Alice Edwards
Bob Creek and Jean Draffen
George H. Daskal and Edith Levkoff
Harry C. Dedell and Virginia Congdon
Eugene De Val and Eileen Leary
Don DeWitt and Marian Bloomgarden
Jack DeWitt and Jane Elliot
Russel Dickey and Jean Reynolds
Jack DeSavino and Barbara Pinkham
Sam DeSavino and Esther Mazzone
Charles Dolan and Nin Green
Frank Donohue and Alice Frawley
Alan Draper and Lena Suters
George Dvorak and Mary Lou Cory
Bob Drye and Lorraine Dresselhuys
Edgar Eaton and Rita Shachat
Stephen Eppner and Claire Jacobson
Arthur Erion and Anne Jaruis
Bill Ernst and Marion Frederick
Stuart Farnum and Marjorie Dalwig
Robert Fauvre and Ethylan Countryman
Milton Fowler and Jacqueline Rausch
C. J. Fischer and Mary Elizabeth Clark
Bob Fried and Jo Mackenzie
George Gerpheide and Marjorie Simons
Julian Gammon and Ghison Shands
Frieda Gold and Connie Jo Clare
Francis A. Giori and Rose Pizzimenti
Jerry Hahn and Dee Kaufman
Bill Halfacre and Jean Davis
Herb Hansell and Marion Ritvo
Jack Haverback and Josanne Ginzberg
Frank Hews and "Dene" Laver
John Hempbill and Dora Grabfield

PROM LIST (Continued)

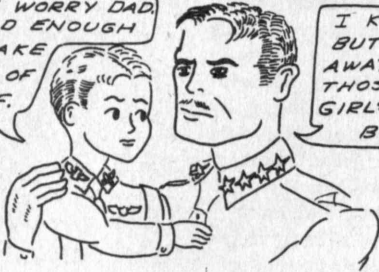
Ted Henning and Lee Snedeker
Bill Herberg and Babs Pentland
David Hoag and Tessie O'Brien
Randall Hogan and Eleanor Collins
Norm Holland and Beverly Henry
Lloyd Hoover and Dorothy Duncan
Tod Howland and Patty Linton
Fred Howell and Beryl Cosgrove
Bob Hoffman and Diana Arras
Don Hug and Mary Hunter
Robert Hirsch and Sherry Sherwood
Jack Hugus and Susan Gelthrope
Tom Inglis and Lynn Moyer
Hugh Jackson and Ellin Early
Jay Jennis and Dorothy Fine
Carl Jenson and Catherine Hering
Phil Jones and Yvonne Lewis
Ronald Kallman and Dorothea Hoxie
Seward Kennedy and Virginia Cartwright
E. J. Kelley and Jane Irvine
Norman Kennedy and Janet Parmelee
Moha Kirpalanc and Marion Fennessey
Walter Kisluk and Evelyn Burr
Allan Kriegel and Margy Finn
George Landon and Jan Goebel
Stanley Landgraf and Priscilla Tite
Mason Lappin and Shirley Dodkin
George Ley and Pati Reisman
J. Langley and Suzanne Johnstone
Alfred Little and Betty Anne Moore
George Lederer and Betsy Loomis
Charlie Lyon and Agnes Friend
William Martin and Tot Fuller
William Mackenzie and Jane McLauthlin
Leo Malloy and Dot Magin
Dick Marsten and Sue Rich
John Maynard and Janet Eaton
Phil Macht and Ronnie Mersk
Charles Mayer and Ginney Hesketh
A. A. MacDonald and Mary Strang
Whit Mauzy and Kit Stringham
Robert McBride and Norma Nickerson
Don Miller and Virginia Ferguson
Laurent Michel and Eileen Madden
N. Meuller and Miss Patrick
William Martin and Sally Hignes
John Maney and Kay Davis
Henry Morgan and Gwen Gontes
Robert Nelson and Paula MacLachlan
Carl Newman and Charlotte Cohen
Harold Oakes and Bettlt Kennick
Jack O'Shea and Eileen Murphy

Al Oxenham and Sally Bowen
Donald Paster and Evelyn Tediski
Nick Paternoster and Marie Alcock
Ford Park and Dorothea Perry
Carl Peterson and Patricia Ann Laplante
Lou Pellonbet and Lorraine Christian
Bill Pierce and Midge Lawrence
George Phillips, Jr. and June Schmidt
Bill Rapoport and Marcia Vickery
Peter Richman and Lynne Schaffer
Mike Rickef and Evelyn Wade
Fred Ross and Marion Wakefield
Alfredo Rodriguez and Audrey Lynch
M. E. Rushmund and Mary MacIsaac
Walt Sauter and Jean Aussenbaittee
Nick Sampson and Sue Page
Alan Sands and Carolyn Reich
Tom Scanlon and Dorothy Huges
Bos Scheid and Priscilla Scollins
Bob Schmidt and Elizabeth Hamilton
Art Schiff and Dorothy Gottlieb
Malcolm Schoenberg and Lauren Bacall
James Siagas and Marie Celani
William Simpson and Lois Kenney
Sidney Smith and Nancy Harrison
Tom Smith and Audrey McLean
Richard J. Steele and Margorie Sullivan
Chick Strand and J. J.'s Date
Dan Streeter and Ginnie Best
Waite Stephenson and Evaline Brown
Hoxsie Springer and Beade Kaddidlehopper
Jena Tariot and Francis Marciano
Frank Taylor and Phyllis Levchuck
Robert N. Taylor and Gail McWhorto..
Don Tilden and Sheila O'Connel
S. G. Timmerman and Joan Walker
William Troy and Cecela McCarthy
Jack Uretsky and Nancy Rounds
Ben Vallorani and Stella McDonough
Art Verrier and Norma Robertie
Don Wallace and Mary Alice Platt
R. S. Walters and Frances Bird
Martin Walzer and Larlyn Meister
C. K. Wang and Joan Parsons
Watt Webb and Lillian Clark
Robert Wentsch and Ellen Maloney
Otto Wetzel and Bergh Treat
R. L. Whitney and Elaine McQuillan
R. J. White and Barb Wiley
James Wilson and Barbara Baker
Robert Wilson and Laurie Green
Guy Wooten and Mary Clark

GRINNIN'

GENERAL NARTON HAS JUST ASSIGNED HIS SON FOREST MERRY TO A DANGEROUS MISSION AGAINST THE JAPS AND BIDS HIM GOOD-BYE----
(NOTE HOW THE CURFEW HAS AFFECTED JOHN)

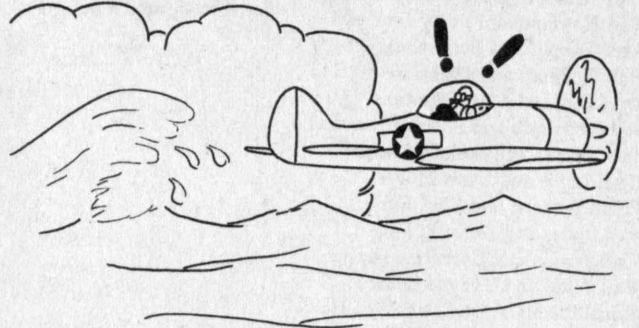
DON'T WORRY DAD, I'M OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.



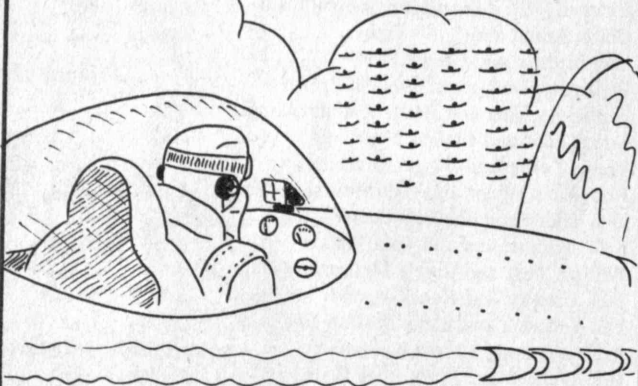
I KNOW - BUT STAY AWAY FROM THOSE GEISHA GIRLS, MY BOY---

JOHN

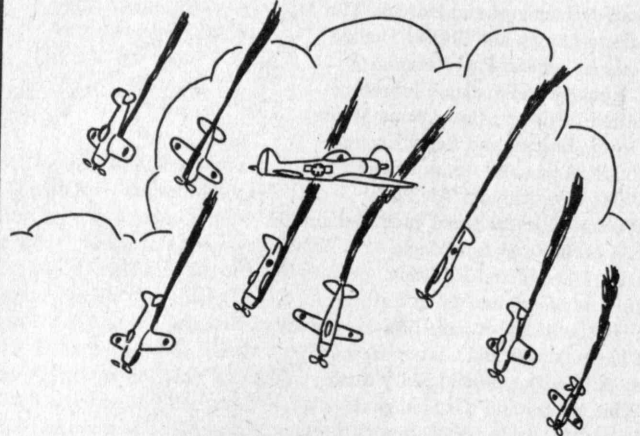
AND 30 AFTER A TOUCHING PARTING WE FIND COL. F. MERRY OVER THE PACIFIC----



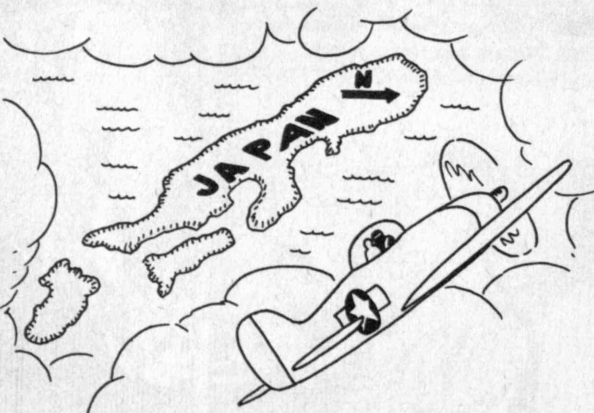
SUDDENLY FOREST MERRY IS FACED WITH A GREAT DECISION.- TO GET SOME JAPS OR COMPLETE HIS MISSION?



BUT AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF PLAY HE FLIES ON.....

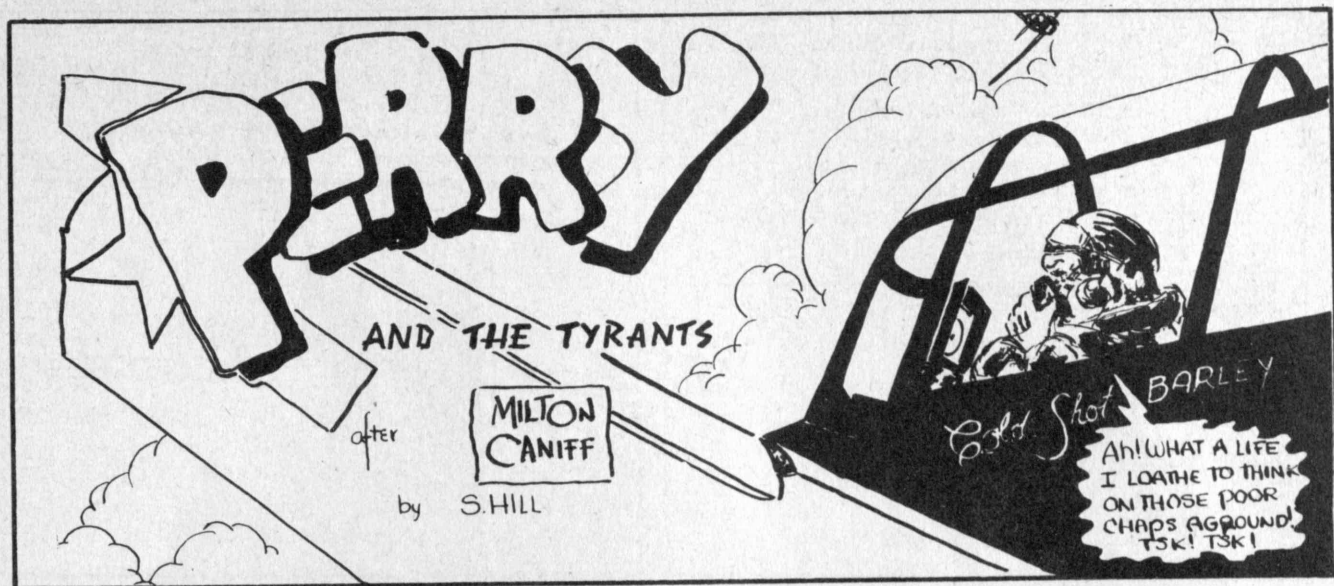


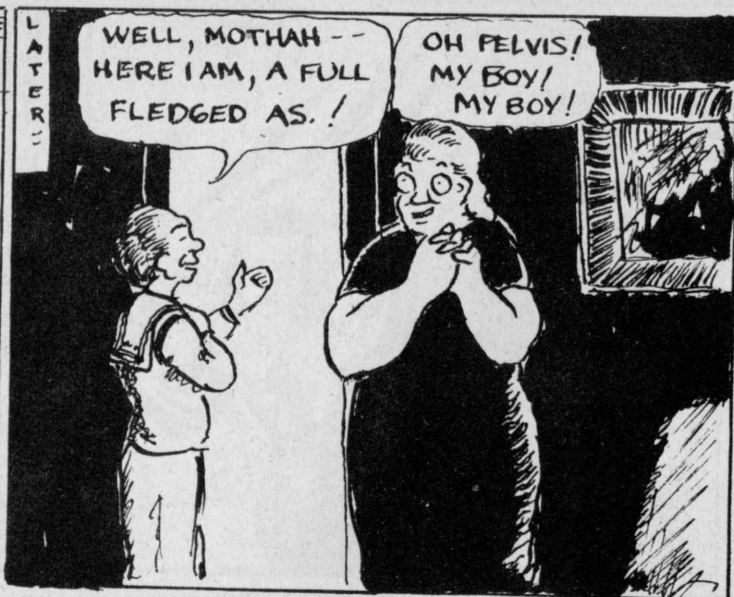
AND THEN AFTER 9 HRS. FLIGHT F.M. SIGHTS HIS OBJECTIVE----



--- AND COMPLETES HIS MISSION!

Wack Body



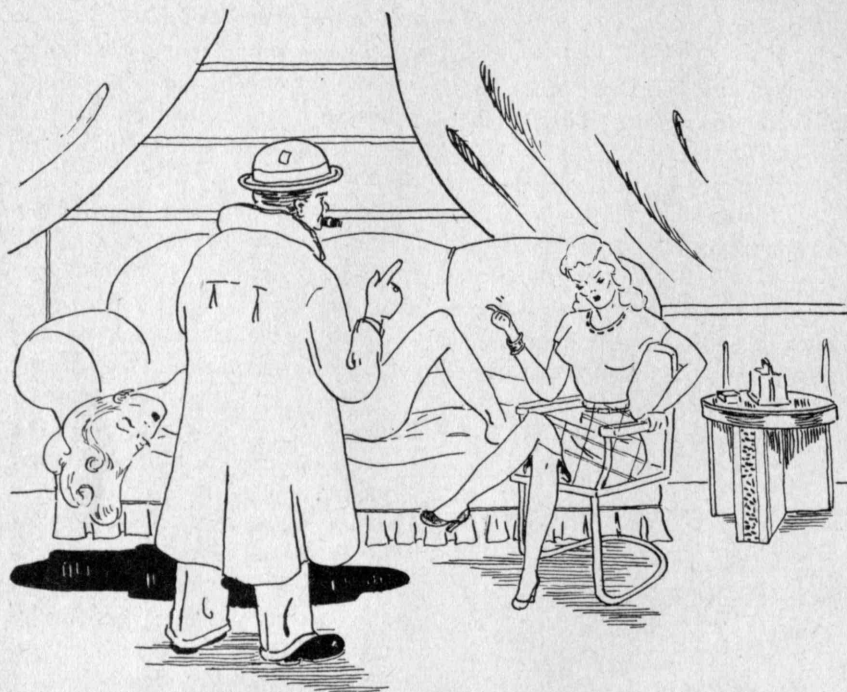




Guess Who?

THE CASE OF THE TORRID TORSOS

A HANOVER V. BURMWHORTLE MYSTERY STORY



she was well-stacked."

"Is that all?" asked Yvette, "And what about the clues, Sherlock?"

"I find myself very baffled," murmured Hanover. "The murderer could have been either male or female. But from the looks of her body I would say that it was probably a very hungry guy. There are still some very vital parts missing in this case . . . like for instance where in hell is her middle finger . . . and her big toe . . .?"

Yvette leaned forward and sweetly smiled. "You also overlooked the fact that she is minus those things that most women like to wear . . . clothes . . . where in the hell are they? And what about the delicatessen-like smell around here?"

"Not bad," admired Hanover. "You are learning fast."

"And there are a few more things I'd like to show you, little boy, any time you feel like finding out . . . just whistle . . . all you have to do is ask me. . . ."

Hanover braced himself and puckered up his lips.

The door swung open. "Look out," screamed Yvette.

Hanover B. Burmwhortle did a fast cartwheel, whipped out his forty-five and fired twice. The thin pale stranger in the doorway holding a submachinegun gurgled horribly and slid to the floor, his neck and chest spitting blood

* *

The next day the mystery began to take shape as reports began to flood Hanover's office. Two more torso murders had occurred eliminating the possibility that the thin stranger with the puncture mark in his heart could be the killer. Three murders in two days . . . all beautiful chorus girls, girls of Rassoff's famous Twenty Torrid Teasing Torsos, the sensation of the burlesque world . . . carved up

THE slimy-hipped blonde with the "So you've got a wife, I'm not particular" smile was evenly distributed over the divan and the blood had begun to drip on the rug.

Inspector Hanover V. Burmwhortle, master detective and connoisseur of Canadian Club and women, particularly the effects of the former on the latter, spit out a rotten tooth and lit a stogie.

"MiGod," he grumbled, "why do I have to get such a crude job? This gorgeous bundle of sensual suggestiveness would look much better in one piece . . . in my drawing room." And he began his investigation of the victim's body.

Yvette, the corrupting influence on Hanover's life and also his secretary, emitted a low groan and flounced into a chair. Yvette was demoralizing. More than once Hanover had described her to his wife in Schenectady

as . . . "beautifully built with flashing brown eyes, soft silky seductive skin . . . a figure that kept beckoning . . . and long voluptuous legs . . ." and that was probably why his wife in Schenectady left him, and he had to go back to his wife in Salt Lake City.

"Hanover, honey," she purred, crossing her legs artistically.

Hanover avoided watching this manipulation . . . already he was becoming cross-eyed.

"Hanover, dear," she repeated, "I just can't see why anyone would want to cut up such a beautiful girl . . . all alone in a hotel room."

Hanover shrugged his shoulders and laid away his stogie. "Take this down, kid . . . the knife used was probably a scalpel about eight inches long. Four slashes on left thigh and a very nice left thigh she has two slashes across chest . . . very nice, like the good old steamer *Marybelle*,

into numerous gorgeous little pieces . . .

"Yvette," he grunted, "we are in a hell of a fix. Rassoff has got influence in this burg. I've got to find the murderer before he loses all twenty torsos, and before the guy who sends the eager little beavers with machine guns, gets me."

Yvette shifted her position on his lap . . . "Mm," she mumbled, "rhat is awful . . . and what would I do without my sweet little Hanover," and Hanover forgot Rassoff for the next ten minutes.

The buzzer in the outer office disturbed the situation miserably.

Yvette slipped to the door.

"Hanover," she whispered, "it's Rassoff and he looks mad."

Hanover straightened his wrinkled suit and braced himself. "Send him in."

Rassoff did not waste time.

"I, Hugo Runyor Rassoff, work for twenty years in the salami business so I can save enough to buy me a nice quiet burly show. I find twenty beautiful dolls with bodies that are bodies, yes?"

"Oui," agreed Hanover.

"Three get killed and what do you do about it? I want results."

"O.K. I've got a plan already. I think I'll go down to the hotel where the torsos live, and see what I can do."

Yvette smiled sweetly. "Seventeen are awfully tough to handle."

"Bah. Practice has toughened me, and he left."

* * *

Hanover did not waste any time breaking the news to the Seventeen.

"Yep, girls, I'm going to spend the night here. Rassoff wants me to solve this crime."

"But, tall, dark and drooling," interrupted a redhead, "Where are you going to sleep . . . you know our mothers have told us about guys like you. We have *all* the beds, you know, but then there's the cold hard floor."

"That's all right, Marie," offered a honey haired wench, "I think we can

make room," coyly winking at Hanover. "Besides he's going to save our lives . . ."

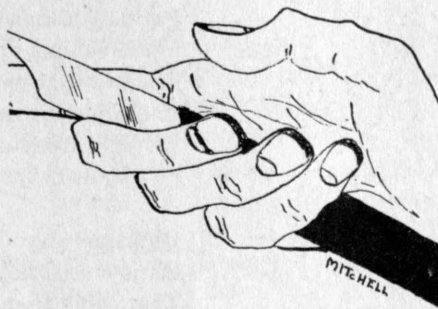
"God give me strength," prayed Hanover and he pulled out his pink striped pajamas.

* * *

At two o'clock hell broke loose. A shriek tore the night. The lights flicked on.

"Good God, it's Marie . . . dead . . . dead . . . it's horrible . . .!"

Hanover staggered over to the body. For a moment he felt he was gazing at the hacked blonde he had seen the night before. No middle finger . . . no clothes . . . no big toe . . . and the same serene look. But how? . . . How could this have happened?



Quickly Hanover ran to the door and whipped it open. Lying outside with a dazed look on her face was Yvette.

A few shots of an invigorating liquid brought Yvette back to reality.

"Hanover," she gasped, "I tried to get to you. We got the middle finger . . . it was still bloody . . . and there was a note that said, 'You are getting too nosey, Burmwhortle.' I I ran up here to get you. I got to the door when I heard someone. The door opened . . . and I don't remember any more . . . except dreaming that you were inside that room, sleeping in those cute pink striped pajamas that you used to wear. . . ."

Hanover was not listening very carefully. A light of happiness was spreading over his face. Suddenly he cried, "I have got it! I've solved the mystery. Call the police. Call Rassoff.

And Yvette, make sure none of these teasing torsos tries to escape."

* * *

Chief Inspector McGoo looked very happy. "So you have cracked the case, eh, Burmwhortle? You are in for a raise and a vacation. Now go ahead and tell who the murderer is."

Rassoff leaned forward eagerly, "Yes, quick before he kills off someone else!"

Hanover lit his stogie and began. "The murderer was an expert with the scalpel. He evidently had constant use for it during his life. For instance, in the salami business, one can make a hell of a lot more, cutting the salami real thin. Our suspect evidently made his fortune in this business and bought a burley show."

Rassoff appeared unaffected and Hanover continued. "Then he took out insurance on all the girls and began to kill them off. This was a very profitable business, and besides his wife was complaining that he was taking his work too seriously because he kept coming home all fagged out. And this leads to the only man who could have done it, Rassoff."

Rassoff jumped to his feet, his face red with anger. "Gott, you are crazy." His hand slipped to his pocket.

Hanover was spellbound; he had left his gun in his overcoat. Quickly he snatched at his vest pocket! A glittering object appeared. Chief Inspector McGoo fired from the hip. Hanover spun around in a half circle, then tumbled to the floor, his face blown open. The shiny scalpel was still tight in his dead grasp.

Yvette let out a half shriek, "Then it was Hanover . . ."

"Good riddance," grunted Rassoff, "and do not worry, with a torso like yours, you got a job with Rassoff keeping the boys happy."

Yvette smiled happily and appreciatively crossed her legs.

On the floor, Hanover was resting uncomfortably, and his blood was forming a large ruby-red pool.

H. V. P.

LAMENT FOR THE LIVING

HIS SONG:

I am a technocratic figure in a democratic age;
I studied at Technology, and there it is the rage
For every class of juniors to present a junior dance
With drinking and festivities and time out for romance.
I quickly bought an option and redeemed it for spot dough
And telegraphed my harem to see which one could go.
My Nancy wrote a letter that fairly dripped with goo,
"I'd love to come to M. I. T. and promenade with you."

Oh happy day
Oh joyous spring
That could to me
Such pleasures bring.

When I consider how my life is spent,
The weary somber paths I daily tread,
My mournful hopes so easily are rent
By threatening forces hanging overhead.
There is no joy upon this gloomy earth,
But only darkness and unending woe
To which the evil gods have given birth
To mock and torment mortals here below.
And yet it matters not that we should be
Made victims to a fate so grievous sore,
The world, it seems, cannot be good to me
The while our country is immersed in war.
It little matters now I had a date
And all my plans, forsooth, will have to wait.

HER SONG:

I am a young stenographer,
My age is just nineteen,
I know my boy friend loves me,
And he thinks that I'm a queen.
He asked me to the Junior Prom
And I replied with speed
That I would love to go with him —
I would, I would indeed.

Oh happy day
Oh joyous spring

That could to me
Such pleasures bring.

And yet it matters not that we should be
Made victims to a fate so grievous sore.
The world, it seems, cannot be good to me
The while our country is immersed in war.
It matters not that I have jewels and minks;
I cannot help but feel the navy stinks.

SONG OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER:

For now it matters not that we should be
Made victims to a fate so grievous sore.
The world, it seems, cannot be good to me
The while our country is immersed in war.
It matters not to me he had a date,
I was delighted to decide his fate.

Oh happy day
Oh joyous spring
That could to me
Such pleasures bring.

You asked me why I kicked him out.
Heh-heh.

He didn't really quite deserve to go,
And for a while I was a bit inclined
To treat him mercifully.

But then I found out —

HE WAS HAPPY.

His only offense now, was, let me see,
An unswept deck,
Some unshined shoes or two,

He didn't square his hat uptown last week,

His sleeves were once rolled up, ah yes, that too.
But punishment for him would have been slight
Until that bitter fact became exposed —

HE WAS HAPPY.

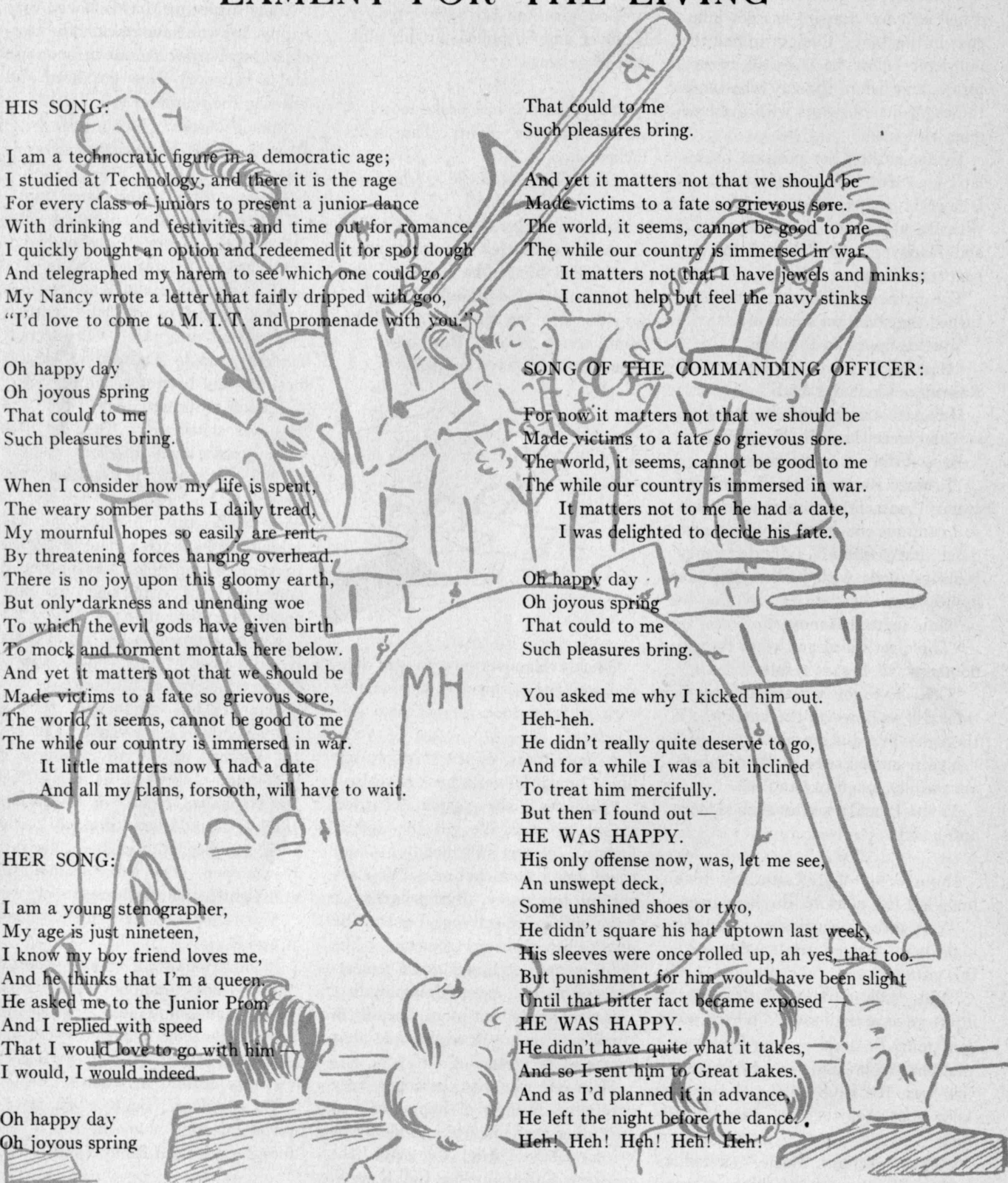
He didn't have quite what it takes,

And so I sent him to Great Lakes.

And as I'd planned it in advance,

He left the night before the dance.

Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh!



SPRING AND SUMMER

WILBUR McGONIGLE rolled lazily over on his left side and grunted in appreciation of what he saw. The Great Court spread its lush greenness in a well-nigh irresistible invitation to lie down and relax. Strewn here and there were the inert forms of those who had succumbed to the seductive grass and blue sky. Wilbur watched as a playful zephyr did immoral things to the skirt of a nearby secretary and sighed happily. To Wilbur all was well with the world, the news of momentous battles failed to move him, the classes he had cut while lying there failed to excite his conscience in the least, the stench and grime of Cambridge seemed magically transformed to the rarest incense and perfume. The only things that mattered were this glorious lethargy and the exposed thighs of the secretary. In brief, Wilbur McGonigle suffered from spring fever. Yes, Spring was weaving her magic web of sunshine and breezes about one and all. With the web or rather incorporated in it was the urge of procreation. Little bees went buzzing after little queen bees, tiny chipmunks went chasing after tiny chipmunkesses, deep in the slime of the Charles loathsome protozoa chased after whatever it is loathsome protozoa chase after when they are all sexed up, and in the Great Court Wilbur, feeling the same impulse as all of these, turned his sluggish thoughts to that secretary.

Being a man of immediate action he turned the full power of a trained brain to analyzing the problem. The obvious thing to do was to meet the girl, and being a man of immediate action he staggered to his feet and

tottered over to the luscious creature.

Everything about her appealed to him, especially the way she shrugged her shoulders philosophically and did nothing when the wind blew her skirt an inch or so more up her leg. The effect was intensified by the fact that each shrug tended to pull her blouse out from under the skirt, exposing a broad expanse of creamy white midriff. Panting from the exertion of walking and self-restraint Willy collapsed at the feet of his goal. Of course he could have collapsed at her side, but he preferred her feet.

Assuming a casual manner, that is, popping his eyes back in their sockets and sitting on his hands, Wilbur cleared his throat and said simply, "Hello."

With a forthright air he could not help but admire she answered just as simply, "Shut up."

Wilbur realized that this was not a girl who could be picked up by anybody. It was obvious that she was refined and sensitive and a suave sophisticated line would have to be used. Instantly he called to mind all that he could remember of the Charles Boyer pictures he had seen. Having determined his line of attack he waited for the opportunity to arise which would enable him to put it into effect, and fate, being a soft-hearted floozy, soon presented it to him. The girl reached down to pull her skirt into place, a necessary move since the hem of her skirt was now somewhat higher than the waistband, when her hand slipped, striking Willy in the eye. True to the spirit of chivalry he grasped her hand and kissed it fervently all the way up to the opposite

shoulder. Touched by this display of gallantry she softened toward Wilbur and thus began one of the tenderest romances in the annals of history.

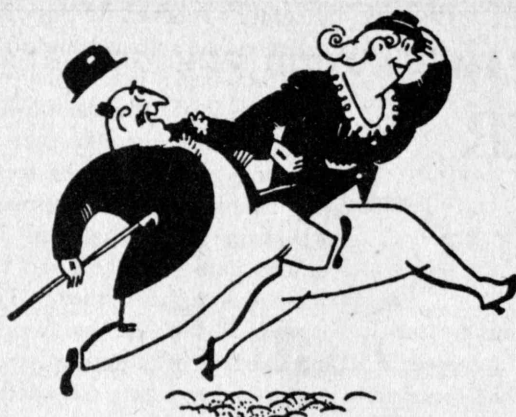
Wilbur and Lucretia, that was his passion's name, could be seen every day lolling about in the Great Court whispering sweet nothings in each other's ears or picking out the wax when words failed them. They became the talk of the campus and achieved great notoriety when they were seen leaving the Norwood Towers (a hotel catering to an unmarried clientele). *The Tech* went so far as to say, "Gorsh." *Technique* listed them as an undergraduate activity and the Walker Memorial Committee issued a memorandum strongly advising doubling the amount of sodium nitrate used in Walker food.

But by late June those who were in the "know" began to wonder. Wilbur had been seen with another woman (we use the term woman loosely, she was the loosest woman imaginable) and rumor had it that Lucretia had tried to drown herself in the pool. This would have aroused no interest whatever except for the fact she made her attempt on a night when the pool was for boys only. They were seen together less and less until finally the news raced like wildfire that they were through with each other.

Wilbur McGonigle stood in the doorway surveying the Great Court and snorted derisively. The sun beat down with unrelenting force, baking the dusty grass and searing it to a dead yellow color. A fetid wind like a blast from Hell swept across the Charles and the horizon had a brassy glare that hurt the eyes. Now the little bees were forsaking the queen bees, the chipmunks were beating hell out of the chipmunkesses, the loathsome protozoa were burrowing in the mud to avoid the attentions of their female counterparts and in the Great Court Willy thought, "Thank God, I'm rid of that wench."

Summer had come to M. I. T.

R. F. T.



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will make it a date to remember

Remember the place

The Myles Standish

BEACON STREET AT BAY STATE ROAD
Sheraton Operated

Phos likes the girl with the good
looking profile all the way down.

"But, mamma, I'm not hungry.
I ate the raisins off the flypaper."

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Breathes there a V-12 so abnormal,
That he can't be stirred by a low cut
formal.



And then there was the V-12 that
called his girl "Carbon" because her
resistance went down as she warmed
up.



"What's the idea of kicking my dog?
He won't bite you."

"Maybe not, but he raised his leg
and I thought he was going to kick
me."



A girlie whose name doesn't matter
Found herself getting fatter and
fatter.

She dieted so well, now she looks like
hell

And there isn't a place you can
patter.



Familiarity breeds ATTEMPT.

— Skyscraper.

Voodooings . . .

Continued from page 10

NOTEWORTHY KNOWLEDGE:
The *U. S. S. Grad House* has taken on one more aspect of a real ship. A few weeks ago apparently she was boarded by a band of pirates, for she was flying the Jolly Roger.

FOR the V-12er who finds himself blessed with a watch roving around the Graduate House on Saturday night, we can only offer our heartiest congratulations. True the duty requires that the trainee shall walk his post in a military manner and shall not enjoy anything that takes place within sight or hearing. But one of the boys in the back room has yet to recover from his experience a week ago.

It all started when two of "the boys from the G. House," thoroughly influenced by Canadian Club, accompanied by a tipsy blonde, approached the guard who, it must be remembered, was paroling his post à la Rules and Regulations. The blonde, seized by some uncontrollable desire, threw her arms around the protector of V-12 and kissed him.

The payoff occurred when some other sailor happened along. "Jim," she screamed and a five-minute embrace followed. When our new hero came "up for air" he uttered words that are destined to become immortal. "God," he gasped, going back for more, "I wish I knew this girl."



Unit Reporter: "Stop the presses. Tear out the front page! The General's wife is expecting a baby this afternoon."

GI Editor: "We haven't room for it — tell her to hold it till next week."

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Present activities include high and medium power transmitters, frequency shifters, other communication products for the Navy and designs and models for postwar use.

Engineers with practical experience also required for radio communication plant installation, and test in foreign countries.

*Telephone, call or write, stating experience,
education, present salary, etc., to*

PRESS WIRELESS, INC.
Hicksville, Long Island

Attention: S. A. BARONE, Chief Manufacturing Engineer

A drunk wandered into a restaurant on the east side of New York City. One of those greasy joints where the seeds on the rolls have legs.

He staggered over to a corner table and fell into a chair. A lame waiter limped leisurely over.

"Gimme a bowl've shoup, hey." The waiter limped away.

The drunk stared after him with heavy lidded eyes and then yelled, "For heavens' shakesh, if you gotta go downshtairsh for it, the hell with it."



Mary had an aeroplane,
In it she loved to frisk.
Wasn't she a silly girl,
Her little *



Once upon a time there was a girl who went riding with her boy friend. When they were out in the country, the car suddenly stopped. The boy hopped out, and in ten minutes, sure enough, he had the darned car fixed, so that they could get back to town before 10.45. Moral: Don't go riding with a mechanical engineer.



An old maid is a gal who knows all the answers but is never asked the questions.



Sarah: "I bet that man was embarrassed when you caught him looking through the tansom."

Sue: "Gosh, yes. I thought he'd never get over it."

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To neck and pet is very wrong, I don't.
 Wild girls chase men and wine and song, I don't.

I kiss no boys, not even one —

I do not know how it is done.

You must think I don't have much fun, I don't.

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A moron was walking along a railroad track and came upon an arm; he looked at it and said, "Hmm, that looks like Joe's." As he walked on a little way he found a leg and said, "Mm, that looks like Joe's." Farther on he found a body and then he was sure it was Joe's. Finally, two minutes later, he found a head; it was Joe's. He bent over it and gravely spoke: "What's the matter, Joe, have an accident?"

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 3-25 You Need Voo Doo
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 - (a) Sex
 - (b) Liquor
 - (c) Anything else
2. Why did you or your date rent room 1105 tonight?
 - (a) Liquor
 - (b) Sex
 - (c) Anything else
3. Why are you going to buy the next ten issues of Voo Doo for \$2.25?
 - (a) Sex
 - (b) Sex
 - (c) Anything else

(Turn page around three times to see answers)

* Shame on you for passing the first one.

Score	For		
Points			
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1		(b)	
0		(c)	
1		(a)	2.
10		(b)	
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