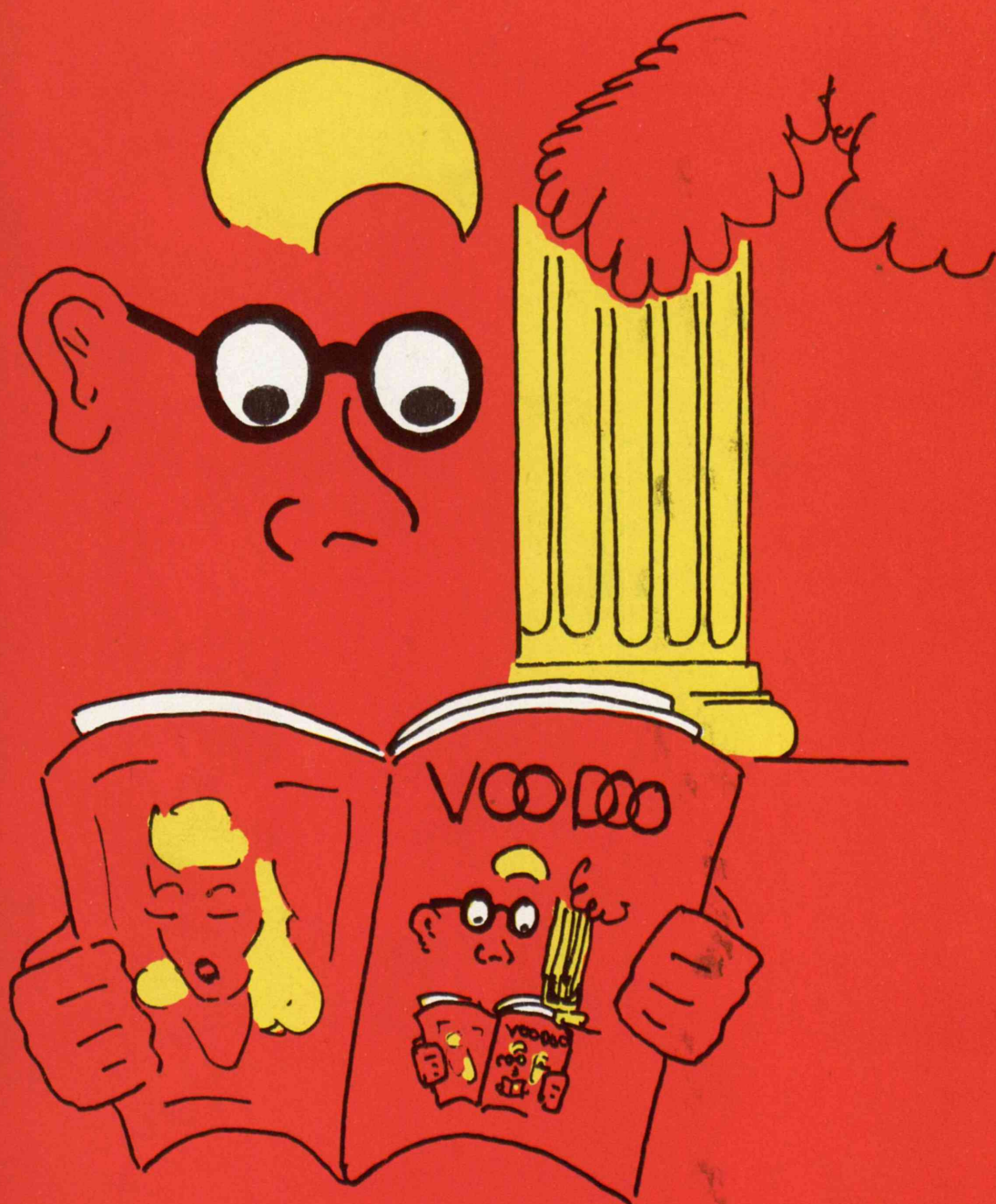


VOODOO





Virginia Mayo

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In place of the usual letter to the editor, Phos is publishing an article from a Tufts newspaper using the word loosely. The medium of transmission is the English language; that is all that may be said. The deep lines of worry on the face of the Tufts boys are however justified. Jaxon girls in spite of their nearness to Tufts are nice . . . and also their love and kisses. As for the highly debatable "etc." in the enclosed letter, we are pleased to say that the beloved Esplanade is the place omitted. The references to the knowledge factory are not resented especially since we read about the little moron who left Tech to go to Tufts and raised the IQ of both schools.

While over at that knowledge factory by the river (M.I.T.) the other day, we chanced to pick up the latest edition of their profound, deep-thinking, literary magazine, Voo Doo. There, on the first page, staring us right in the face, was the baldest show of bad taste we have ever seen. Before we quote it for you to be shocked for yourselves, dear readers, we want to acquaint you with the facts.

In their previous issue, Voo Doo attempted to list all the girls' dorms in the Greater Boston colleges, with their telephone numbers, for the private use of the men from the Institute, who as we all know, don't go out with women from one month to the next. We were quite pleased to see that they

had the courtesy to leave out our most beloved female abodes from that wolves' list.

But now, shame of shames, we find this atrocious epistle with a reply by Phos, that cat, printed in the pulp magazine:

Dear Phos:

We have been ardent readers of Voo Doo for many years, and were deeply insulted at not being included in your list of girls' dorms at various colleges around Boston. Just because we're part of Tufts, as is Bouvé, 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.)

Voo Doo here prints the names of the dorms — Tousey, Knight, Bray, Graves, Metcalf East and West, Dolbear, 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.

We want to warn Phos that if he so much as comes over here and turns one of his green eyes on our Jackson girls to try those "Love and Kisses," our elephant will step all over him.

There is really only one answer to this terrible letter. We certainly would not imply for one minute that any Jaxon wench would show such poor taste and training that she would throw herself at an Institute man, when she has all these hard-up Tufts men to throw herself at. We therefore must come to the conclusion that the letter was written by some Wellesley girls, who got so tired of the rivermen spending all their time out there that they thought they would open up new territory for them. It must be that that is the story, because, as you notice, they print the names of all the dorms and then add an "etc." What does "etc." stand for? The Chapel steps? The Rez? Or the golf course? This "etc." shows the writers to be thoroughly unfamiliar with the Hill, as our Jaxon girls never inhabit any of the above mentioned places. They are only to be seen at the Big J.

Therefore we can only warn you dear girls to watch out for this Phos, who apparently intends to invade the campus any day now. He is a dangerous character and not to be trusted. You can tell by the way he jumps at the "Love and Kisses."

WYNER

Voo Doo

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Volume XXVIII

AUGUST, 1945

No. 5

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THE LOUNGE BAR

— AND — CAFETERIA

For Breakfast, Lunch
and Dinner



M.I.T. Dining Halls
WALKER MEMORIAL

She was young and fair and pretty,
She's a girl I'll never forget.
We were in a pullman sleeper
When by accident we met.
Yes, I always shall remember well
The girl, the time, and place;
I was coming from the upper berth
And stepped upon her face.

— Old Maid.



"I'm sorry lady," said the ticket agent, "but this two dollar bill is counterfeit."

"My God," gasped the woman.
"I've been seduced."

— Dodo.

Nowadays when a girl gets her neck broken in an automobile we don't know whether the car was wrecked or not.



It was late in last September,
Or perhaps it was November,
That I staggered down the street
With drunken pride.
But my feet began to stutter,
So I lay down in the gutter
And a pig came 'long and lay down by
my side.

My brain was all a flutter,
As I lay there in the gutter,
And a lady passing by was heard to
say,

"You can tell a man that boozes
By the kind of friends he chooses."
And the gol darned pig got up
And walked away.

"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom," replied the clerk in a Washington hotel, "but there is a lady in the opposite corner. However, if you don't make any noise, she'll be none the wiser."

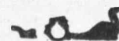
"Fine," said the tired Ensign, and into the ballroom he went.

Five minutes later he came running out to the clerk.

"Say," he said. "That woman in there is dead."

"I know," was the answer. "But how, sir, did you find out?"

— Brunavian.



"Lady, if you will give us a nickel my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What will he do," asked the lady "cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a woin."

— Chaparral.



"Did you know, dear, that that tunnel we just passed through was two miles long and cost \$1,000,000?" asked the young man of his sweetheart.

"Oh really?" she replied, as she started to rearrange her dishevelled hair. "Well, it was worth it, wasn't it?"

— Pelican.



Some of the engineers at M. I. T. show great talent with stationary engines. — Where do you park?

A lady bought a parrot from a pet store, only to learn that it cursed every time it said anything. She put up with it as long as she could, but finally one day she lost her patience.

"If I ever hear you curse again," she declared, "I will wring your neck."

A few minutes later she remarked rather casually that it was a fine day. Whereupon the parrot said, "It's a hell of a fine day today." The lady immediately picked up the parrot by the head and spun him around in the air until he was almost dead.

"Now then," she said, "it's a fine day today, isn't it?"

"Fine day?" sputtered the parrot "Where in hell were you when the cyclone struck?"

— Pelican.



The hand that rocks the cradle is the one that used to turn out the parlor light."



She: "Must we hold hands?"

He: "I'm willing to cut out the preliminaries if you are."



Some girls are like a zipper nightie: pull one little thing and it's all off.



He learned about women, stroking the crew at Vassar.

— Shavetail.

Some gals go to libraries,

Also, some gals go to college;

But the gal who goes to extremes

Acquires a lot of practical knowledge.

— Urchin.



We all know of the little moron who transferred from Tech to Harvard and raised the I.Q. of both colleges.



Vision of a modern girl: her lips are kissproof, her skin waterproof, and her breath, 86 proof.

A young business man, a deacon in his local church, was going to New York on business and while there was to purchase a new sign to be hung in front of the church. He copied the motto and dimensions, but when he got to New York discovered he had left the paper behind. He wired his wife: "Send motto and dimensions." An hour later a message came over the wire and the new lady clerk who had just come from lunch and who knew nothing of the previous message read it and fainted. When they looked at the message she had taken, it read: "Unto Us A Child Is Born. 6 feet long and 2 feet wide."

— Pelican.



Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

CAFE DE PARIS

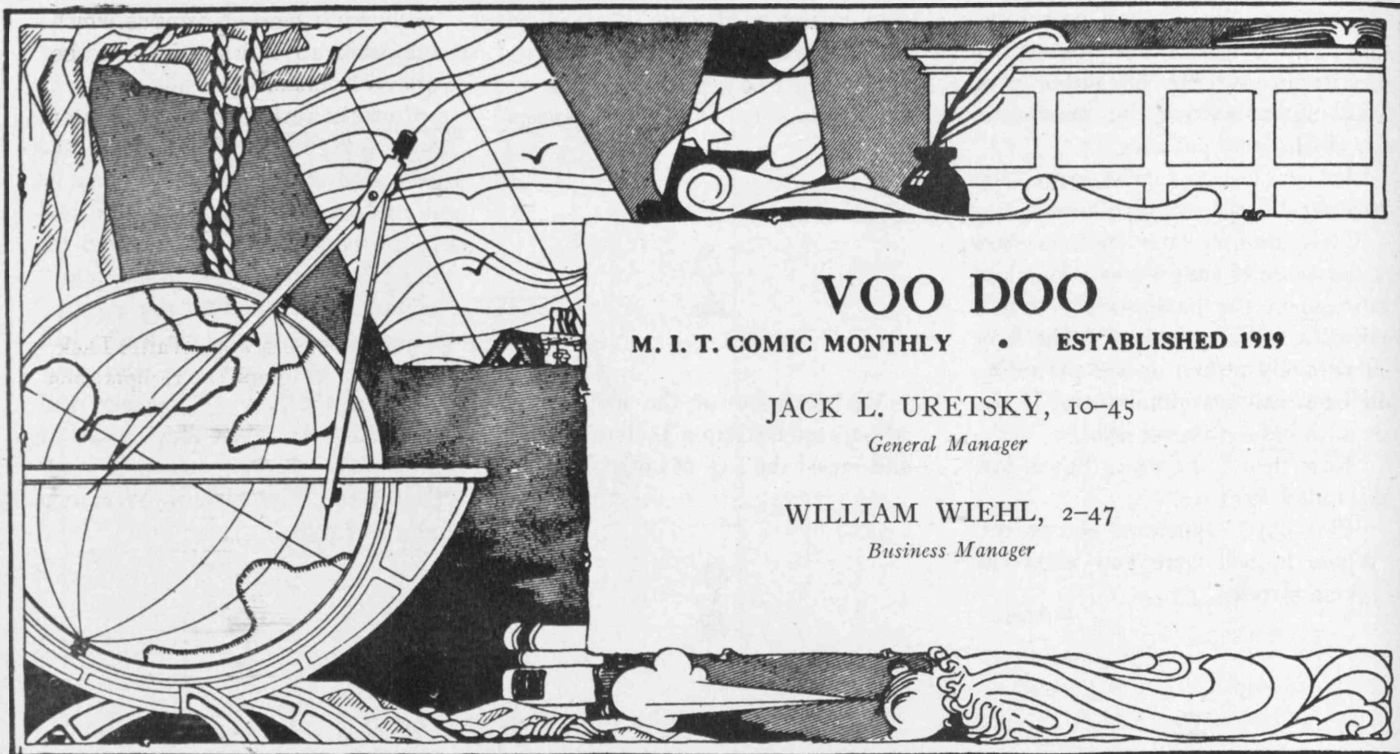
Real Home-Cooked Food

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Luncheons and Dinners

NEW BAR JUST OPENED

165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
299 Harvard Street Brookline



"W HATTINHELL do you want?" says Phos, glaring at us as we come through the door.

"Don't get mad, most honorable whatchamaycallit," we says.

"We're your new senior board. You know, general manager and stuff like that."

"Well look alive then," says Phos. "Dust off the filing cabinet, clean the . . ."

"Now look here, Cat," we says. "We run this magazine. We'll keep you fed on your egg and beer, but keep your little pink nose out of this, Sir."

"Oh, I see," says Phos. "You're the new boss. Well, why didn't you say so. How is a poor little office cat like me supposed to keep up with all the changes around here?"

"Say Phos," we says, "what's the story on that last issue you printed? You know, the takeoff on *Harper's Bazaar*? We've had a lot of requests for that magazine."

"We don't have any left for right now," says Phos, "but why don't you look into running a reprint for when all the girls' schools open up? Which reminds me. The sweetest looking little tabby — belongs to a gal up at Wellesley. . . ."

"That's not a bad idea," we says. "By the way, Cat, what did you think of our freshman smoker?"

"Outside of the fact that everyone turned out except the freshmen, it wasn't bad. I never thought the 5.15 club could hold so many people. Did you get any new men for the magazine?"

"Quite a few turned out, Phos. Their names will be up on the masthead pretty soon, too. But I'm pretty sure that there are a lot more fellows around who might be interested. They should be showing up at the office on the third floor of Walker any afternoon from five to six. By the way, Phos, have you heard about our challenge?"

"Not that postcard-sized newspaper?"

"Yup. We of Voo Doo hereby challenge the publishers of a little know weekly publication here on campus, which same we needn't mention by name, to a game of softball — or any other feat of endeavor agreeable to both parties — to be played off under such circumstances as seem favorable. The loser will forfeit a keg of beer and its honor."

But by the time we was finished with my spiel, Phos was fast asleep so we lapped up the rest of his egg and beer and snuck out.

Phos is proud to announce the appointments of William Wiehl to the Senior Board, and Donald Mains, Walter Lack, Gil Parker, and Morry Chomitz to the Junior Board. At the same time it breaks his little heart to accept the resignations of Dick Cotton, Al Kriegl, John Marr, and Walter Kisluk for reasons connected with the war effort.

Cover this month by Sheldon Hill



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Mother: "Daughter, didn't I tell you not to let that strange man come over to your apartment last night? You know things like that cause me to worry."

Daughter: "Don't be ridiculous, Mother; I went over to his apartment. Now let *his* mother worry."



Conductor: Can't you see that that sign says, "No Smoking?"

Gob: Sure, Mate. That's plain enough. But here's another dizzy sign that says "Wear Nemo Corsets," so I ain't paying any attention to any of 'em."

— *The Boulder.*

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My girl has a face like a prune. To prune is to cut. To cut is to chop. A chop is a piece of meat. You ought to see my girl.



A motorcycle cop pulled up beside a car parked on a country road in the wee small hours of the morning.

"Hey," he yelled. "What business have you got to be out this hour of the morning?"

"This isn't business," came a voice from within, "It's a pleasure!"



Maisie was in a bar having a beer when a friend from England walked in.

"Aye say, Maisie, are you 'aving one?"

"No, it's just the cut of me coat."

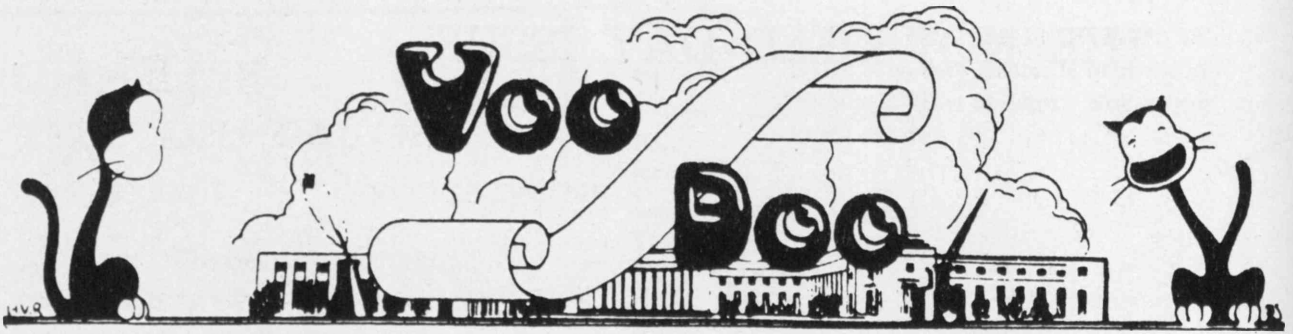


Irate Co-Ed: "Hey, what're you following me for? Didn't you ever see any one like me before?"

Fish: "Yeah. But I had to pay a quarter."

THE NOT-FIELD-DAY ISSUE





OUR Dr. Compton has been quoted as being against the use of the atomic bomb. This is no doubt due to the fact that at the recent Voo Doo smoker (reputedly for benefit of frosh only), where the excellent body-art (burley to the uninformed) performer was introduced as a special type of "atom bomb," an untimely explosion would have deprived Tech of some of its best brains — yes, we *do* mean upperclassmen. As it was, at the point when the stimulating effects of the dance were at their highest, we were startled by a cry of "up and atom!" The nude figure on the stage recoiled as a blinding flash of light seared the room. At that exact instant an eager freshman was observed to completely disappear

from sight. Anticlimactically, the light turned out to be a photoflash bulb, while the freshman had only fallen off of a table. However, the visible and emotional impacts of Voo Doo's female beauty exhibition were attested to by the fact that both the camera film and the freshman's eyes were reported to be badly over-exposed.

A few issues ago we ran a "man against machine" issue of Voo Doo. However, the ideas for that issue were mild compared to something which occurred recently in a local greasy spoon. A rather alcoholic gentleman

wandered over to an "automatic hostess" juke box. He deposited a few coins. "Your number, sir?" came a soft voice.

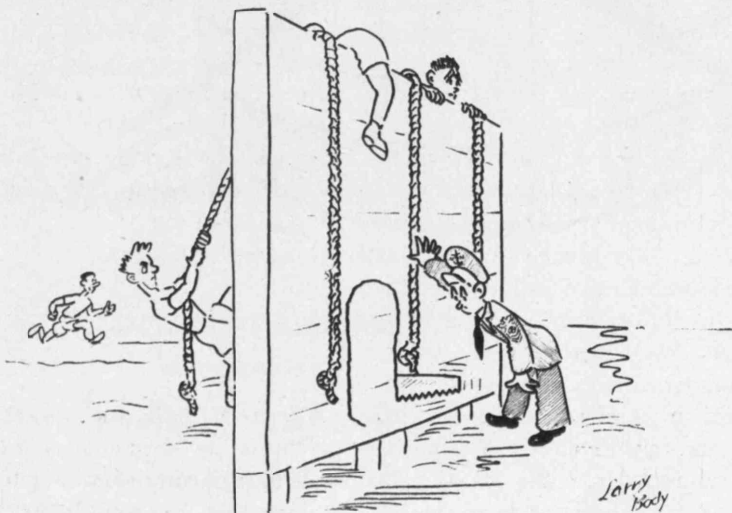
"Polonaise." He waited a few minutes for the usual "Thank You," but nothing happened. Finally he leaned over the mike and called gently, "Where the Hell are you?"

"I'm right here. Where the Hell are you?" bellowed the machine.

"Hey, there, Baby, watch your language."

"You watch yours and I'll watch mine, bud."

At this point some panic stricken supervisor interfered, and the "Polonaise" came on.



THE other evening a group of Freshmen were in this same cafeteria. One of the party was recovering from a broken leg, and was still on crutches. He could walk without them, however. Consequently one of his friends prevailed upon him to lend him the crutches. Complete with crutches the party of the second part swung across the street near an intoxicated gentleman. Halfway across a car rushed down upon him, so he picked up his crutches and ran on across. The drunk buried his face in his hands.

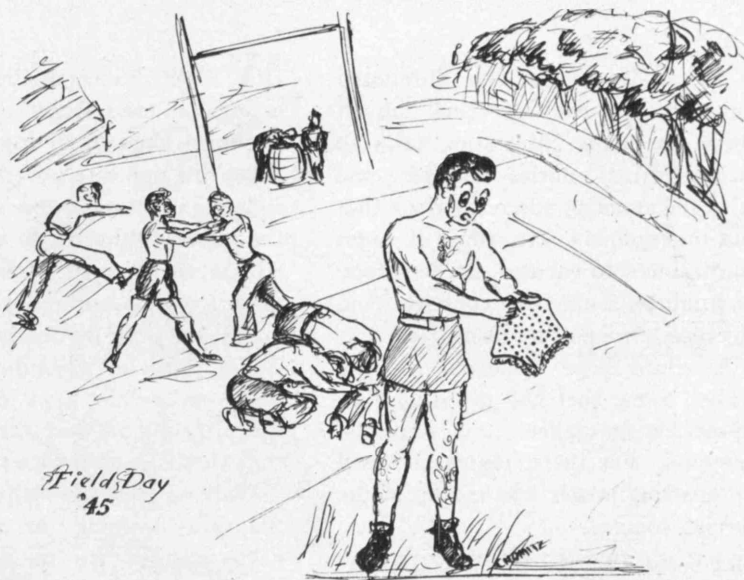
IN the life of every famous man there occurs an experience with reference to the opposite sex that dwells on in his mind in an especially secluded spot. On this subject, one of the boys from under the table in the back room, has an interesting tidbit to offer.

It seems that said individual was fortunate to such a degree that a blind date supplied by a good buddy of his, turned out quite fascinating. In the usual after-the-battle-bull-session, words became rash and promises of things to come with reference to said blind date became likewise. The situation was soon reached where our man, who has always prided himself on being one of the largest of all Big Time Operators, put up some of Morgenthau's lettuce to the tune of five dollars on the fact that he would attain the ultimate goal for which men fight and die with reference to said blind date. And the bet was taken.

Approximately two days later, our ambitious hero received a phone call, which was destined to change the course of his life, financially speaking. The gal with the very sweet voice . . . the very gal that had shared an evening with our back room boy . . . the gal upon whose morals five good dollars were being wagered, had few words to say.

"I'm sorry, honey, but you lose" and then a click . . .

AFTER talking with our profs we finally concluded that here in these noble men we had at last found the long-sought beacons to guide us. Our conduct and manners would now be so regulated that after leaving this Institute of higher learning we could consider ourselves fortunate to be so guided into the perfect gentlemen (definition of perfect gentlemen: please ask "fahre" Harvard).



APROPOS of nothing in particular we offer this little tale in the hope it may somewhat enlighten our readers on the intricate workings of the female mind. On a recent Saturday night one of our trainees was disporting himself at one of the less elite of the local dance halls. He found himself dancing with a sweet young thing who informed him that his style was all wrong and offered to teach him to dance Boston style. Dancing, a la Boston, turned out to consist mainly of standing very close together in a secluded corner of the floor. They decided at the beginning of the third dance that the lessons could best be continued on one of the couches which the management had considerably supplied for this purpose.

Our friend's instructor was so adroit at teaching that by the end of the third dance he was thinking of popping the question (don't be naive, you know what question) when suddenly she jumped to her feet and exclaimed, "My time's up." He watched breathlessly, half expecting her to turn into a pumpkin or maybe a coach and four. Instead, producing a ring from somewhere, she slipped it on the third finger of her left hand and smiling as only an innocent maiden can, disappeared into the crowd. . . . Ah, what is so inspiring as the sight of a perfectly faithful wife!

LAST term's V-12 intercompany track meet provided the usual number of mishaps which are often the only interesting features of such affairs. Probably the most enlightening (at least to the two female witnesses present) was the unfortunate accident which occurred during the 100-yard dash. One of the stalwart athletes (who we hope shall remain forever nameless in the pages of history) was performing in a pair of shorts whose only opening was rather precariously closed with an old-fashioned pin. Our hero started the race in fine style and seemed on the point of walking away with the event when his impromptu safety device proved once again the old maxim about a stitch in time. Hastily attempting to repair the damage to his pride (and pants) he continued the race to finish second, his ears ringing with the cheers of his buddies and the delighted laughter of the apparently very interested young ladies.

WHENEVER the subject of conversation becomes unusually dull and it is too early in the evening to discuss things that we would like to have near and dear to us, the average

V-12er will discuss the ill-reputed navy chow. And on this subject there are many interesting tales to weave. Most stories however deal with the amazing misconceptions that the management has, when it urges the trainees to eat the excellent food and enjoy its nutritive content. And the boys were getting disheartened.

A white hope appeared a little while. Some chef had probably confessed his ignorance . . . it was soon rumored. For there, big as life itself an amazing poster was tacked in the serving room . . .

"REFUSE ITEMS NOT DESIRED"

. . . the boys had called it many names but they had to admit garbage was accurate.

UNRELATED reports from a notoriously sensational Tech magazine indicate that a blondly beautiful Freshman coed exposed her eleven points in a twenty-minute interview. At the time Voo Doo thought this was rather fast and that eleven points was many, many, too many for a Tech coed; but on further questioning, when the eleven points were found to be her requirements for a husband, the matter became somewhat of an earth-shaking event. At first we were tempted to publish the headline "Mate Discovered For Eleven Point Woman," for only the previous day we had discovered such a man roaming about in the Nuclear Research Rooms. His tall, sunburned body rippled with knotty muscles; a Sinatra or Crosby? No, here was virile beauty at its best — at last, an eleven point male. Immediately we attempted to arrange a meeting, but . . . In "The Man's" own words, "Ah'm sorry suh, but ah have tuh erase the boards now, and besides, ah only go out with mah wife in Norfolk."

WE'VE been noticing a unique expression used freely by numerous freshmen shipped in from the west. When the opposite sex (better known as foreign matter) comes within sight, the popular thing to do is to gesticulate in the manner of a short wave radio operator contacting home base, and in the same motion holler "Radio Tokio," with an oriental lisp.

We easterners gawk at our occidental neighbors with pity, and hope that this mannerism isn't contagious.

Walking past the night watchman, the other evening, we noticed him going through an unusual routine. Repeating the hand motions of the would-be girl operators, he was mumbling in a subconscious manner — "Dammit to Hell — Dammit to Hell — come in Hell!"



NOW that Ensign Cherundolo has departed from our midst, we feel a little safer when we put his name in print. He has been known to vent his wrath upon those who have annoyed him by making those unfortunate ones go twice around the cinder track on their hands and knees using their tongues as tail wheels. This particular incident concerning Ensign Cherundolo occurred about a year ago but is still regarded as one of the best tales that can be told about him.

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there were enough men in the V-12 living in the *Grad House* to require that the rooms on the port side of the first deck be used as

quarters for some of the men. Once a week on Friday night, the trainees are required to clean their rooms in preparation for Captain's Inspection on Saturday morning. If the trainee wishes to enjoy his weekend liberty, he makes damn well sure that his windows are clean. It so happened that the occupant of one of the above-mentioned rooms on the first deck was standing on the masonry ledge that encircles the building, washing his window on the outside. A mischievous roommate closed the window and locked it, leaving our trainee stranded on the ledge. He jumped the short distance to the ground and made his way around to the main entrance, dressed in his khakis and carrying his cleaning cloth. At the door he was accosted by Ensign Cherundolo wearing a look guaranteed to freeze the sweat on the bravest trainee's forehead.

"Where the hell have you been?" bellowed the Ensign.

"I fell out of the window, sir," said the trainee in a very meek tone.

"My God, what deck?" queried the surprised Ensign.

AS the months pass on, the good ship *Grad House*, in its illustrious drydock, has come to signify mystery, amusement, and sex to the various passersby and friends who are wont to amble by. It has even been rumored that the management of this integral part of Uncle Sam's Navy has considered charging admission in recompense for the many hours of enjoyment furnished by the crew.

Awhile back, one of the more industrious of the boys in blue was hanging up his washing in his room four decks up. It was a summer day and the most suitable clothing for Boston's hot, humid atmosphere was not that specified in the uniform.

Continued on page 24



But have you seen those awful French bathing suits?



*with apologies to
Dorothy Parker and Damon Runyon.*

WHEN Sammy the Shlemiel tells me that makin' wit' de hips, legs and chest in the order mentioned is what some boids would call dancing, I listen, my big fat face hanging in the breeze which is full of beer and homogenized milk, my favorite drink for man or child.

Sammy the Shlemiel is my buddy and natch he is trying to irrigate me. "Dancing is nifty," says Sammy, "I read once where it says dancing is the vertical fulfillment of a horizontal desire" and when I trade in my racing form for a Webster's I will probably get the point which I am sure is clever because Sammy has been around and against the best of people. So I am brave and go to Hermie's Dancing Club which is run by Sherman And Verman, Herman, having been plugged with thirty stray slugs when he argued with Sammy about who was the Yo-Yo Champ in 1934.

"Would I care to dance. Cheez but you girls is fast around her Natch, I love to. Leave us whirl off."

Where in the hell did this come from? Here I am sitting here and minding some lewd thoughts, em-planted with life in this sharp ballroom where guys are all under a load and are squeezing luscious looking blondes who are saying "Fresh kid, you" and no one is giving a particular damn.

And you come over to me, me . . . who has been the pride of the A. A. A., the well-known Associated Arsonist Association . . . me who has been fed with a golden spoon which my mudder swiped from Gimbels. And here I am dancing with a babe whose face would make Big Ben run counter-clockwise. Yes, you . . . and even a bag over your head would not make me happy if I had been lost on a desert isle with you which should only happen to a dog and a hardup dog at that.

"Yah I think the band is nifty and so musical like you say. It makes you want to dance forever. Gosh, but you is clever. You guessed what step we am doin' . . . and the first time."

When I wuz a little runt and me father says to me "Son, from my very low position" a fact which is on the ball for my mudder's friend on Thursdays, which I sometimes defer to as father, was speaking from the gutter opposite Myrtle Kelley's speakeasy, "Son" he says, "If ever you meet a babe that looks like your mudder, run like a sunnuvabeehive, or you will never be the same, so help me," and he dies. And now I know what he means Babe, I wish I could tell you how wretched you are . . . and dancin' with you is like dancin' with an ironing board only sometimes ironing boards have knots. I will remind you to use a pillow for natch it is good to sleep on, sit on and in your case, other nifty ways could be found.

And we are doin' the two step. I am goin' to the left two steps and she is steppin' on my instep twice and I am kneein' her in the gut and she is liking it. On bended instep I am asking for someone to save me. I have been a nifty guy so what did I do to deserve this.

"How saccharine. You would like to go up on the roof and moonlight dance. That is a sensuous idea. I will wait for you . . . oh, you want me to come up."

Providence has saved me. I will love Rhode Island for this. Nice black blackness will smother me and I will be happy, hose nose, for I will not have to look at what some pugs would, under the influenza of influences, a pan. . . . And it is lucky you cannot read for it would take a tough paper to be able to stare you in the face . . . but then again you probably believe in free love, which is natch much cheaper than you paying for it.

Yah. Up on the roof in the presence of a full moon it will happen. I will tender-like take you in my arms, press your throat with my left hand and soft-like yell, "I hate you, hate you, hate you," and flash a mirror in front of you. Your foul body will then be decrepitated and made into glue in commemoration of what happened to my favorite hero who can carry the torch for any at cut prices (large buildings, time and a half) and who happens to be me.

I can feel myself becoming bitter and P.O., which is French for mad, so says Frankulos, a nifty man with a Garand, whom I associate with when the job looks tough.

"Oh, they have lights up here. How nifty. Yah, now we can see each other . . . and they're playin' a two step . . . oh, so the band leader's your brother and he'll play all night for us. Swell . . . and so romantical . . . yah . . . we'll be just like two little dogs . . ."

Two little dogs . . . migod . . . how right . . . you bitch.

— H. V. P.

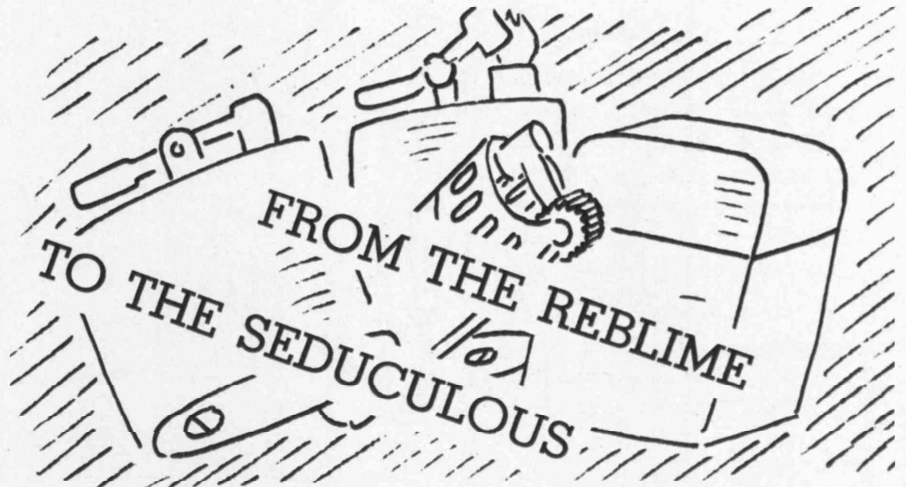
"WHY," I said to Tom as we hurtled out of the fourth-story window, "don't we live up to Tech traditions and invent something useless?" We debated about something like the electric light bulb or the automobile or even an underwater lighthouse for submarines. But none of these ideas appealed to us. Anyway, they had been tried before. We gave the idea up until several weeks later when we were digging our way through to China. We had just gotten past the third traffic light after W. C. Fields when we met a handsome gopher on his way back from meeting his girl. He had just finished saying "Honey, I gopher you" when he spied us. He skidded up to us and exclaimed that he heard that we wanted to invent something. We, of course, said "Yass! Yass! Yass!" Joe, that was the name he had tattooed all over his left ear, asked us to wait a minute and he would give us the plans for something to invent. He gave them to us and ordered us not to open them until we got home.

The plans were for a queen-size cigarette lighter for queen-sized cigarettes. The lighter comes in three sizes.

1. The nine-foot Boudoir size, with fluid in twenty gallon cans.
2. The twelve meter outdoor type for hikers. The fluid comes in one quart containers, which may be used for anything when empty.
3. The eight-story construction gang size. The fluid comes in concrete mixers which may be used for concrete mixers when empty.

(Editorial Note: Did you know that the best ten years of a woman's life are between 28 and 30.)

Speaking of cigarettes, we understand there's a new type out called "No Cigarettes". Every store advertises them. Just think of the possibilities. When you see someone walking down the street, who doesn't have any cigarettes, you can thumb your "No's" at them. Rady-a-da-da-dy-a-da-da. And thus we do



another buck and wing off the stage. Does your cigarette taste lately? Not if you smoke No Cigarettes. Be nonchalant, light up a No. No Cigarettes are filtered over a $\frac{3}{4}$ mile longer base. Pass them out among your friends and watch your friends pass out.

The queen-size cigarette lighter may be used as a companion to the king-size lighter. However, the two should not be used too close to each other. Remember, when the king and queen get too hot it's time to lay down — a royal flush. That was a rryal flash.

"Don't jump, Tom — move your king's pawn."

(Editor's Note: Now that that's off their chest it's their move.)

A POEM

Thirty days hath September, October
and Nowunder.
All the rest have peanut butter except
California and that has the Rose
Bowl.

The queen-size lighter is smokeless, odorless and fireless. Besides that it doesn't work. It's ideal for the garage-man because it can be towed around with a small car.

The machinery works by means of an atomic outburst. Four ounces of Neumo-cardiac Harpsichord are mixed with just the tiniest dash of red ink. By some chemical process, as yet undisclosed, the whole darned thing snorts, puffs and then belches forth a

stream of fire approximately 100 yards long. The heat emitted will light a cigarette at a distance of six feet. As a matter of fact, tests show that it will light just about anything at six feet. No other lighter can make that statement.

These lighters cost only 29 cents plus a slight tax of \$400 for mailing and handling. Just tear the top off of one of your parents or a reasonable facsimile and send it to the Doo-Voo at Saskatchewan, Canada.

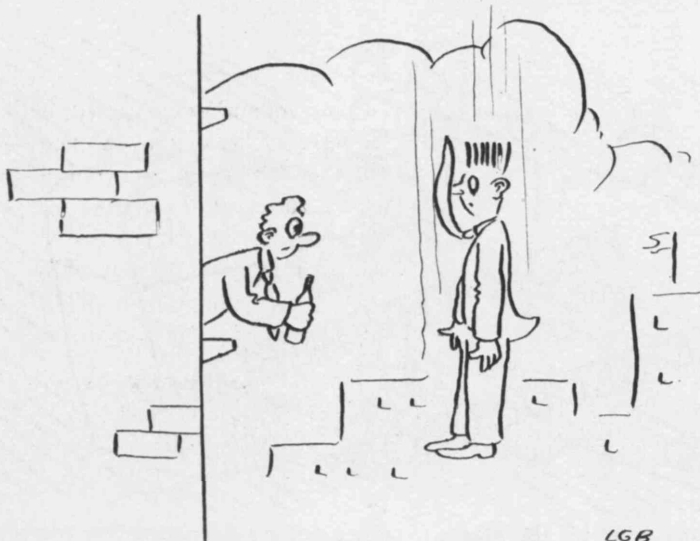
To many people this offer may seem bosporous. We assure you it is not. Certainly you can think up some good reasons why it is not. If you can, send them in to us at Station B-U-N-N-Y operating on 750 hippety-hops. We can use them.

This business of burning the mid-night oil at both ends is getting on our nerves. Remember the old adage, a bird in the hand is mightier than the sword. And so we paddle slowly away from the pleasant little island of oyster-on-the-half-shell, never to return again. The natives bid us fond adieu with spears, bows and arrows.

An Indian maid went out for a walk
by the river,
She didn't have her bow and arrow,
But boy, you should have seen her
quiver.

This sentence uf lxpdpowelstriferlyrbly makes sense so why kopt pmn read it?

Continued to page 27



1. A well-known 2.01 Prof is thrown off a five-story building at 2 a.m. in the morning. He is wearing a brown suit, weighs 85.6 lbs. (dry) and has a drag coefficient of 0.3.

$$\pi = 3.1416 \quad \sin 52^\circ = 0.937$$

Find:

(a) What is his speed passing the third floor?

(b) Is the sidewalk macadam or cement?

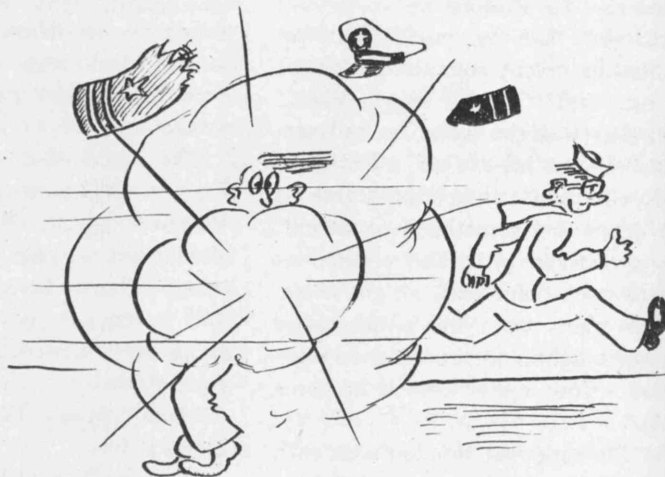
(c) How high will the splash be?

2. A V-12er running to a late muster runs into an officer traveling at 22.5 feet per second. The officer has two legs, two arms, and all other necessary paraphernalia. His false teeth weigh 22.5 ounces. If the trainee was skidding on his heels at the time of contact, what was:

(a) The distance the officer was thrown?

(b) The moment of inertia of the officer's molars?

(c) The radius of gyration of the trainee?



LGB



3. A chief petty officer (ASp.) puts a nickel in the slot of a candy machine. The coin weighs 6 ounces, has Jefferson on one side, and is 20% silver ($p = 1.27$).

Find

(a) How many candy bars does he get?

(b) The name of the Chief and all pertinent data.

(c) If the coin was a slug.

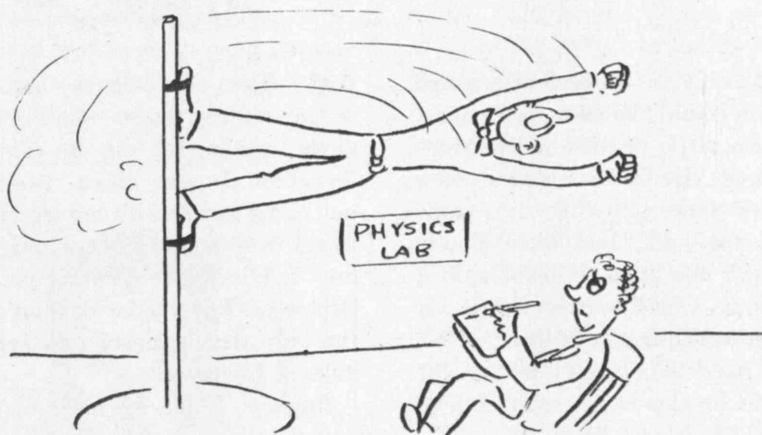


4. A senior, somewhat inebriated, is rolling a barrel of beer up an inclined plane at the service entrance of a fraternity house. The trainee is 5' 6", weighs 174 lbs., and has red hair. The barrel starts to roll back at the top of the inclined plane, will:

- (a) The senior be crushed?
- (b) Jungle Jolly get his commission?
- (c) All that beer go to waste?

5. For no obvious reason a freshman is rotated about a vertical axis at a rate of 99 rad./sec. His moment of inertia is negligible (no brains) and his mass likewise. If the frosh opens his mouth too wide find:

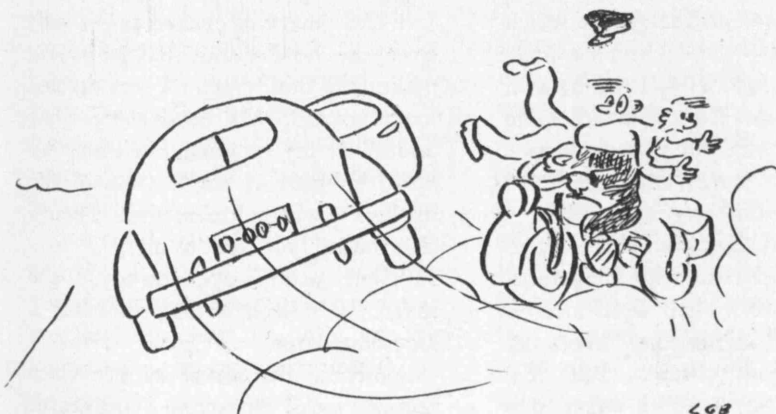
- (a) His maximum aerodynamic lift.
- (b) The condition of his teeth.
- (c) Why he was dumb enuff to be rotated in the first place.



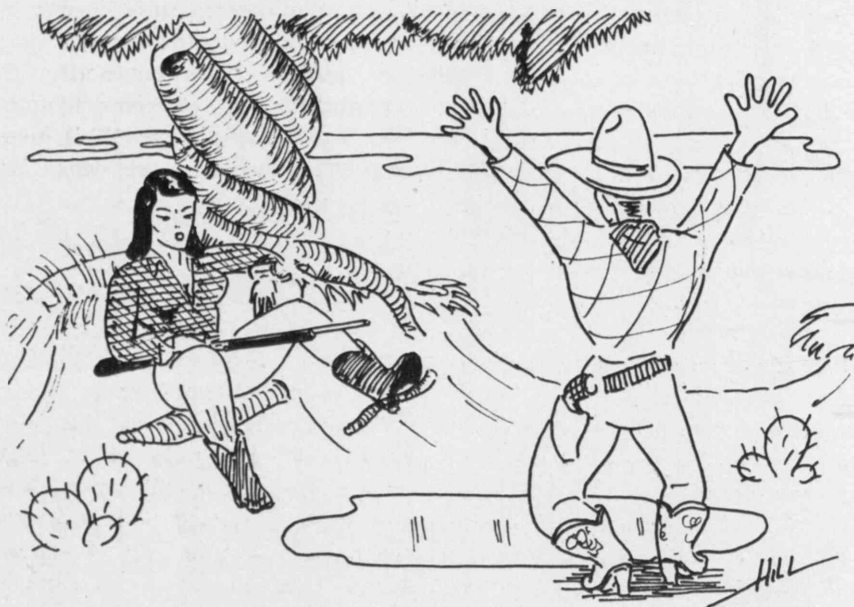
6. A body is thrown out of a speeding 1938 Buick (wt. = 2001 lbs.) traveling at a speed of 90 mph. A lounging patrol cop is knocked unconscious when struck by the corpse. If the cop is Manchurian and is wearing Jockey underwear, what is:

$$1\pi = 3.145927$$

- (a) The number plate of his motor cycle?
- (b) The size of the Jockey shorts?
- (c) The pattern of the slugs in the body?



GO TO THE DEVIL



It was only a few generations ago that old Hank Plummer was one of the finest cattle rustlers on the Montana range. He finally ended up on a vigilante tree with his own rope around his neck, but when I was ridin' with him he was still as live as a loco steer. Old Plummer was a big man and a bad man and there wasn't nothin' he wouldn't pull if he thought he might be able to get some cash or cattle out of it.

We'd just left the Armstrong ranch with some of old man Armstrong's best livestock when little Joe the Breed lets out a sort of gasp and drops off his horse just about the same time we hear a whine and a rifle-snap. Plummer hauls out a gun and starts bangin' away where the shot'd come from. Then he lets out a big whoop and we really start ridin'. Some bullets are kickin' up dust right close to us and then a rock off on my left seems to bust up in half-a-million pieces. Everything goes black on me.

Next thing I know is a regular bouncing motion like mebbe I was sitting on the ocean scooting up and down the waves. Only I don't see no ocean. All I see is cactus, sand, and prairie

dogs. Then it comes to me. I'm settin' on my horse who's amblin' along waitin' for me to come to. Somehow I was about two-thirds out of my saddle with my leg twisted in a stirrup and my sleeve caught on my saddle-horn. That was luck. Otherwise I'd still be danglin' from the only tree inside of two hundred miles of Livingston.

Anyhow, I pulls my horse up, pulls myself into the saddle, and starts to take stock. We're settin' down in a little coulee I've never seen before, and my head is achin' like it's havin' colts. I got somethin' sticky on my face which is red and salty and which I figure to be blood. There's a little pool of water right by so I climb down and go over and start splashin' some of the blood off. All of a sudden I hears this soft, sweet, feminine voice sayin' "Grab some sky, cowboy."

It's a gal all right, and she's settin' there real nonchalant with a cigarette danglin' between her lips and a carbine layin' acrost her knees as careless as you please. But it's pointin' my way, and I figger it's loaded fit to kill. The gal's real small and slim which is a rarity around

those parts because the healthy womenfolk were all buxom, and the unhealthy ones didn't last. She's wearin' jeans tucked down in her ridin' boots, a bright red shirt, and a hat hangin' down behind her head. Her hair is long and dark and her eyes glitter a pale green—like a cat. Her face is so pale it almost looks to be all lit up. That's funny too, 'cause down in that country the sun'll turn you as brown and leathery as horse-hide in no time.

"Drop those six-guns o' your'n and drop 'e, on the ground," she says.

"Now come up here and set down," she says.

I takes good care not to move too fast and sets down a couple paces in front of her. She laughs at me.

"Over here," she says, patten' the ground next to her.

I move over.

"Here," she says, handin' me the carbine. "It ain't loaded anyhow. But this is." Then she hands me her canteen.

I'm no fool, but if there's anything I need right then it's a good drink, so I takes a long swig of somethin' that tastes like two parts fire and one part explodin' gunpowder. Then I passes out.

When I come to again, it's night. The big prairie moon is hangin' out and the sky is bright, clear, and starry. The first sound is the lonesome, devil-wail of a coyote. I've lived all my life on the prairie and I've had plenty of chance to get used to coyotes howlin', but that sound still makes my flesh creep. I sets up and looks around. My headache is gone and so are my six-guns, but I sees my horse hobbled at the bottom of the dry-gulch where I'm settin'. Then I sees the gal lyin' next to me.

"Glad you're up, cowboy," she says. "It's been a long wait for a lonesome dame."

Somehow the sound of her voice reminds me of the coyote I just heard. All I says though, "How about doin' a little explainin'. Things are happenin'

too damn fast around here."

"Sure," she says. "Where do you want me to start." Then she ups and kisses me.

Now I ain't saying I never been kissed before, but it never happened to me like that. Her lips were very cold — like a dog's nose, but where they touched mine, mine burned.

"Stay close around here till I gets back," she says to me with a funny half-smile. Then she walks over the hill and by the time I get there to take a look she was gone.

About this time I notices the funny rumbling sound that's been coming out of the ground. It sounds familiar, but I can't quite place it. Then I sees a big pool not very far away start bubblin' and churnin' and next thing I know it's spitting a fountain of water about fifty foot into the air. Then I gets it figured out.

Somehow or other we'd gotten up into the Yellowstone country. Now I ain't superstitious, but the Indians won't venture near the place, and I never seen any reason why I should. Take it from me, all them geysers and stuff is the work of the devil. Anyhow, I figures out that the best thing for me to do is to leave. So I goes down to get my horse.

He's hobbled, like I say, in the bottom of this here dry gulch. The saddle and my own carbine and six-guns were lyin' on the ground. I picks up my stuff, saddles the big bay and start riding. But I couldn't leave the place. I'd ride mebbe fifty yards when I could hear the gal's voice tellin' me to stick around. So I turns the bay's head and go back. I must have tried to leave twenty times that night if I tried once. I just couldn't do it.

It was a funny life that Nickie, the gal, and I led up there. She knew everything there was to know about me, and she kept bringin' up the embarrassing parts. She never told me anythin' about herself. Somehow or other there was always plenty of chow around — mostly some meat

that I didn't quite seem to recognize. And once a month she'd disappear for about three days.

One day my curiosity gets the best of me and I decide to find out what the gal's up to. I could always tell by the moon when she was due to pull stakes, and on this particular night I don't go to sleep. After a while I see her covers rustle and she rolls out. Her face and eyes are glowin' in the dark, and when she looks over in my direction I shuts my eyes quick and still have the feelin' she knows I'm awake. She pulls on her clothes and starts walkin'. I give her a good head start and then follow. She goes amblin' along at a good pace, but she never looks back. Trailin' was easy. We head deeper into the Yellowstone country where I'd never been, and I wasn't particularly eager to be. I never in my life see so many geysers and volcanoes and stuff as we pass that night.



The gal ambles in front of the biggest geyser and then stands there till it gets done eruptin'. The spout of water has died down till its maybe ten feet high when all of a sudden I realize that there's a figure inside. A human figure. It was pretty tall and slim, and the face seems to glow in the moonlight and the eyes shine bright and green. It's all distorted by the water, especially the top of the head which looked like it was broken up into two pieces. Then the fountain dies down and the figure steps up onto dry land.

I'm lying behind a boulder so as not to be seen. If it wasn't for that, I would have turned around and run like a scared jack-rabbit, I was so scared by what I seen. The guy is a tall, good-looking cowboy and in his right hand he's holding a pitchfork. That part's fair enough. What gives me such a jolt is the two horns that are growin' out of his head and the way he's scratchin' behind his ears with his tail.

"Hello, Old Nick," I heard Nickie say, fondly.

"Hello, daughter," said the old devil, kissin' her on the cheek.

Then he reaches back into the geyser pool and pulls out a large mirror. It was a big one, one of these full length jobs, and it has a stand behind it so that the Old One can set it up. Then he and Nickie stand in front of the mirror and stare into it. Next thing I know they aren't there any more. Instead I see two big dust-colored coyotes with jet black tails. They stand there a minute and let out a howl that even makes the moon shiver with fright. Then they go boundin' off over a hill.

I don't bother movin'. I just lay there real quietlike takin' good care not to look into the mirror. Then I gets an idea.

Now everyone knows that if you can catch the devil out of his own form he and his'n become your slaves forever. If you miss — well, all I had to look forward to was dangling from a tree in Livingstone anyhow. So I hightails it back to where Nickie and I had staked out and picks up my carbine. I double check the gun and the ammunition. I don't figger on bein' able to get in more than one shot.

When I get back to the devil's geyser I pick myself a good hidin' place between a couple of big rock where I could have a clear view of the mirror without havin' to look into it. Then I wait.

I doze off and wake up a couple of

Continued to page 28

PHOTOCRIME

The Case of the Goatherdess' G-String

A CANNIBAL SLOBB WHO-DOOD-IT

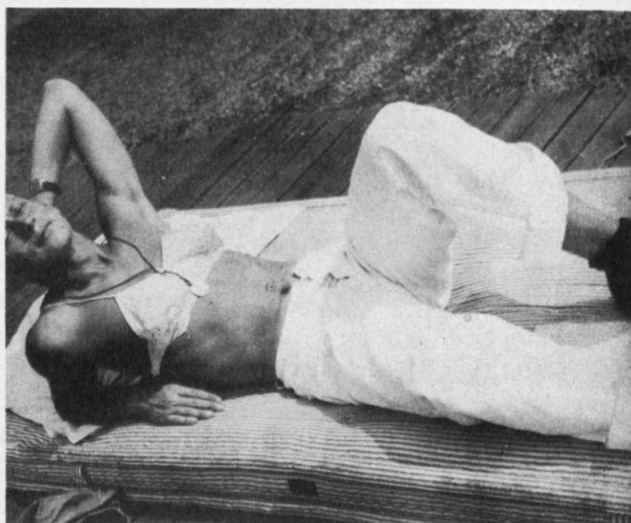
The infamous Cannibal Slobb (Course XVI and negligible cumulative) is resting moronically from "over-work of the cerebral tissues" which translated means do not mix beer and rye and study for quizzes. Suddenly, an atomic bomb with a note attached is heaved into his one-room apartment with "MEN" on the door. Slobb immediately presses a small button labeled "On" and a crane is swung into action opening his left eyelid. He reads the note. It is written in goat latin.

"Gad," he gurgles, "methinks I have a case."

Carefully he tears the bomb open disclosing a case of Schlitz. Cannibal can feel it in his bones. He is off. He is off on another encounter with the forces of evil. Quick like Peter the Bunny who is hellishly fast since his divorce, Cannibal opens a new thriller, "The Case of the Goatherdess' G-String," or "She Had No Strings Attached." (All characters are not fictitious and some are Phi Delts, members of Voo Doo, and one may be found at Ken. 3535.)



2. Like a bloodhound Cannibal is on the trail. He catches sight of a suspicious looking character striding past the wind tunnel. It is one of the radiation girls coming back from lunch. Cannibal follows unhesitatingly.



1. The body of Dimpledneez O'Shnook is found abandoned on a mattress in an old boarding-house just back of building 33. Numerous assorted bludgeon-marks adorn her left ankle. Other than that, she is dead. Cannibal's investigation reveals that she is a South Boston Goatherdess who occasionally models for a South End violin company. Her G-string is missing and her eyes are blood-shot. Could be she uses mascara.



3. The inspector loses the trail and then picks it up again in the boodwar of Horatio Gulch, a former bus boy in a butcher shop. After carefully analyzing the situation the inspector reaches the conclusion that something suspicious is in the air. Perhaps it is because the victim — one Anita Crutch — has one of her shoes off.



4. Next evening Slobb revisits the scene of the murder and finds two suspicious characters. Anita is guzzling a short Picric and soda in the company of a cute blonde known only as "Pet" with a Manchurian accent and a sharpshooter's medal. After carefully analyzing the situation the inspector reaches the conclusion that there is something suspicious in the air.



6. Slobb manages to get all the suspects together in his apartment on the pretext of serving free T-bone steaks to all the guests. After a moment of silence to heighten the drama of the moment, Slobb says, "One of you is the killer of Dimpledknees O'Shnook. The guilty person is . . ." Slobb knows. Do You? Turn the magazine through an angle of 900 degrees and read answer.



5. This gives the inspector an idea (do you have one yet?) and he sneaks up to "Pet's" apartment to see what gives. Pet isn't home, but guess who is? Her boy friend is a former glider pilot who was discharged for giving his crew a hot-foot on Mount Fujiyama as a practical joke. He likes practical jokes. Slobb suspects that he has a warped sense of humor.

SOLUTION

Slobb was acquitted for lack of clues.

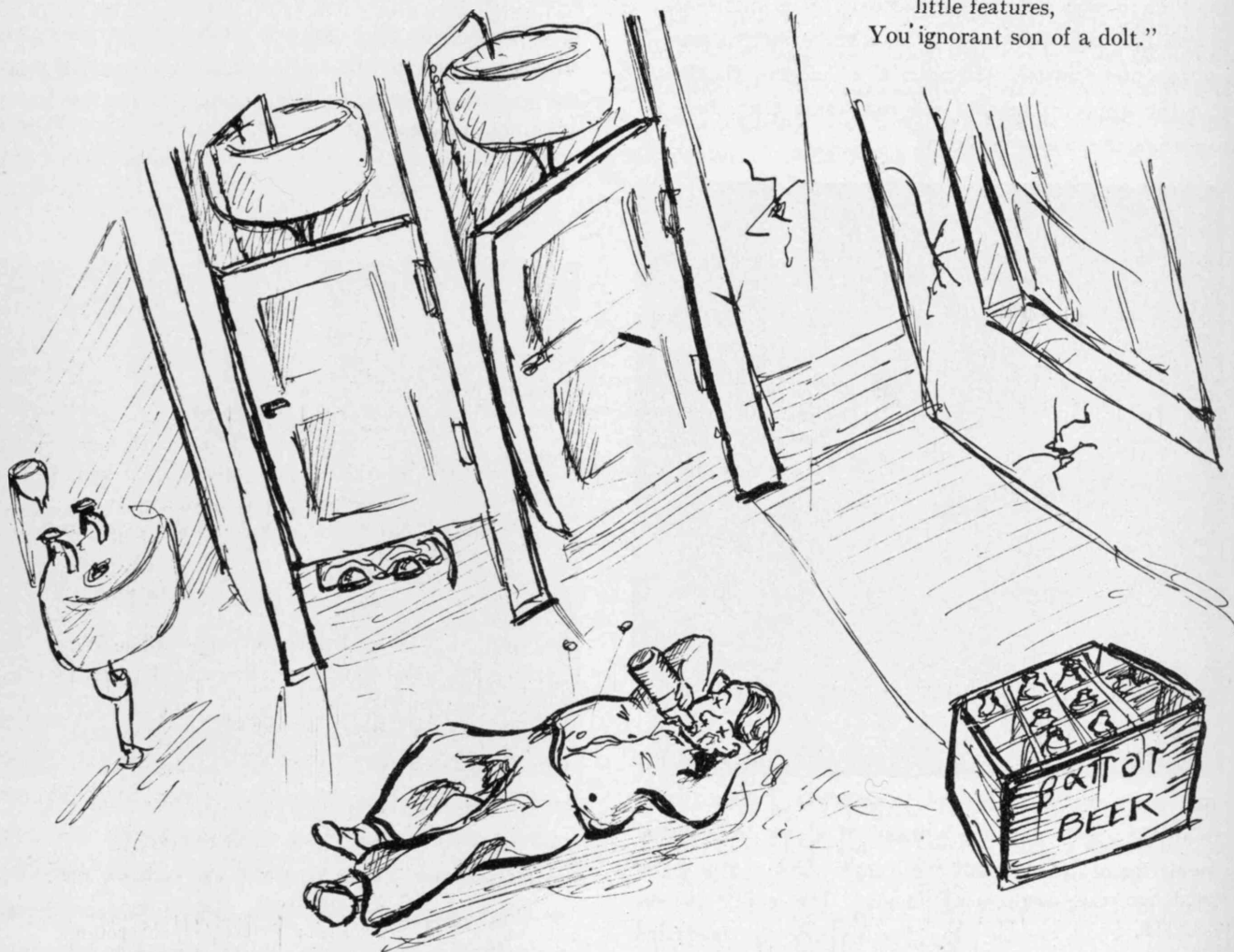
"I first suspected the murderer when I noticed the missing G-string," lisped Slobb, "and I decided to find out who might have it! At first I thought it was funny that Gulch was taking swings at Anita with a meat cleaver. And that "Pet" was only amusing herself by taking pot-shots at the back of Anita's head. And that the ex-glider pilot — a renegade alcoholic named Smith — was having fun with the arsenic bottle. Then it came to me. The clue to the whole situation was the G-string. There had never been one! And as for the murderer . . . it was me, I tell you, me!"

'Twas the eighteenth of April and
black as a bitch
Sensuous Sylvester McScrounge
Was bringing good cheer with Blue
Ribbon beer
In the lavatory of Hichfield lounge.
The sun was still red, as it jumped into
bed,
While Sensuous Sylvester the brute
Was playing with Dixie, a neat little
pixie,
The V-girl of Mass. Institute.

And out of the blue, with a two-tone
tattoo,
Swept weeping Willie McNitch
A-riding his dog, which he beat with a
log,
A-scratching his Seven-Year's itch.

For Willie McNitch a-loved this rare
witch,
A-loved her with all of his soul.
Like he loved beer and rye, and opium
pie
And wheat flakes all messed in a bowl.

And Sylvester the cad, an eager young
lad
Reached for his forty-five Colt,
"We'll fight for this lass, with the cute
little features,
You ignorant son of a dolt."



THE FACE

ON THE LAVATORY FLOOR



"Oh gosh no" cried Dixie, a-lookin'
real sexie,
"You cannot fight over me.
I'll handle you both" cried she with
an oath,
"Triple beds will take care of all
three."

Willie just sneered for he was still
beered,
"What the hell do you think that
I am?
A-sharin' my meat, and all of its heat,
With a worthless and toothless old
ham."

"Avast ya" cried Willie a-wavin' his
billy,
Your touchin' the love of my life,
Though you've kissed her and pet
her, I can do better,
And I ain't quotin' my wife.

"You've gone mighty far, a-sayin'
that thar,"
Cries Sylvester a-burnin' with rage,
"I'll kill you, you rat," said he raising
his gat,
"And finish the tale on this page."

But Dixie jumps fast, brave to the
last,
"Tween the arguin' boys of the West,
And got filled full of lead from her
cute little head
To the lowermost part of her vest.*

You've killed my fair love and by all
that's above,
I'll slash you all over the lounge.
And now on the floor, with his dia-
phragm tore,
Lies Sensuous Sylvester McScrounge.

*The word "breast" may not be in-
serted here due to the sexy im-
plications.

INDIANAPOLIS

INCIDENT

[Another in a series of reminiscences from the files of this noted crime reporter.]

OF all the strange crimes that have gained the attention of America's Sunday Supplement addicts during the past two decades, the strangest was the fatal shooting of Gabriel "Muscles" Nickel on April 13, 1927 in Indianapolis, Indiana. It was in connection with this case that Detective Captain Ambrose Wurtz (now Detective Sergeant Ambrose Wurtz) issued that electrifying statement, "I'll fight to the last witness. It's my reputation against a plugged Nickel."

Most of us, however, will remember the case principally because of two peculiar attendant circumstances, namely, the disappearance of the scene of the crime (the East Wing of the State House in Indianapolis) and the death by arsenic poisoning of the last 43 people to see Nickel alive.

Let us go back to that fatal April day in 1927 — wait! you forgot your trench coat. April 13 was the mud-di-est Thursday to fall on a Tuesday in the history of the Indianapolis Weather Bureau, you know — *now* let's go back.

Nineteen hundred twenty-seven. What a month! These are turbulent days of wild speculations; fortunes are made and lost overnight; the Confederate dollar is falling every day; war rumors are rampant — yesterday several volleys of snowballs were exchanged by Afghanistan border troops and a platoon of drunken Sikhs. More and more Ethyl is going overseas. What does it all add up to?

"What does it all add up to?"

queried Gabriel Nickel, fumbling for his wallet. His seamy countenance was inscrutable as he slipped the two unlabeled bottles into his baby carriage.

"\$4.63, including tax," said A. J. Slope, clerk of the little haberdashery, a sinister leer playing about his adams apple. "This stuff is right off the boat."

Nickel dropped a Confederate bill of large denomination into the old Bavarian's greasy palm and slunk out by the alley entrance. He was never again seen alive. The baby carriage was found at the bottom of the Wabash River three years later. It contained only a baby.

That evening at 8 o'clock the harsh phone at Indianapolis Police Headquarters rang harshly. Harshly O'Toole, desk sergeant, lifted the receiver and spoke sardonically into it. "Yeah?" he said.

An agitated female voice was plainly audible to the other occupants of the room, which included Detective Captain Wurtz besides O'Shane, O'Sheen, and O'Shinn of the 9th Precinct. "I killed him!" shrilled the telephone. "I shot Muscles Nickel in the East Wing five minutes ago. Laura had nothing to do with it!"

"Your deal," said Wurtz to O'Shien.

"Five-card showdown, whores, fours, and one-eyed jacks wild. Your cut," said O'Shien to O'Shian, noisily moistening his thumb.

"Whadjasay?" the desk sergeant muttered into phone, a faint mocking smile on his lips. The atmosphere in the room grew tense. Wurtz had turned up a pair of kings.

"Murder! And please leave Laura's

name out of it! Aghhh..." The woman's scream ended abruptly as the line went dead.

"Dis jane sez there's a stiff in the State House," drawled the Desk sergeant laconically. His tone lashed the others into instant action. Wurtz threw down his last card.

"Four monarchs takes the pot," he snapped. Then instantly snapping back, he cried, "Let's go, men. This may be a job for the police!" Wurtz rose, and pausing only long enough to have his hat blocked and his nails manicured, sped down the back stairs to the police garage, hotly pursued by O'Shoon and the others. A moment later he was roaring down State Street, siren wailing.

At the corner of Vermont Avenue Wurtz became winded, however, and O'Shoan drew alongside with a police car. The detective leaped in, slammed the door, and chewed nervously on a hinge as they pulled away from the curb. One hour later he spat out three cotter pins and spoke tersely. "Follow that car!"

O'Shone paled under his pallor. "You mean that low-slung black Daimler with the gunslits in the windshield?"

"No, dumkopf," spat Ober-lieutenant Wurtz, "that '38 Ford with the two low-slung redheads right ahead."

The chase was long and desperate, but it finally ended in a blind alley off 12082d Street, the Ford being completely demolished against a thick brick wall. Wurtz seized the wheel from his faltering helmsman, hove his craft alongside the wreck and dropped a life raft. In a flash the rescue was effected. Wurtz set about making the two beautiful young women comfortable, he succeeded. () Wurtz set about making the two beautiful young women comfortable. He succeeded. () (Check one.) As their clothes had been destroyed there were a few embracing moments before Wurtz, shielding his bad eye with a tattered snood, proffered the scarlet horse blanket which he wore

in such a dashing manner about his midriff.

The blushing girls ("I'm Anna and she's Beatrice Blushing," one explained) accepted the makeshift garment and hurriedly covered their naked horse Dobbin, who stood nearby, shivering. The horse only smiled laconically.

Then the whole party leaped into the saddle and were off for a riotous evening of fun, dining and dancing far into the wee hours. Finally extricating themselves from a dense tangle of wee hours, they donned a nightcap of shredded flannel and Guinness Stout and all passed out dead drunk in a heap on the mezzanine floor of the East Wing of the State House.

[The next day Texas joined the Union. At the news, a hush fell upon the city killing 14 Mexican War veterans. Such are life's little ironies.]

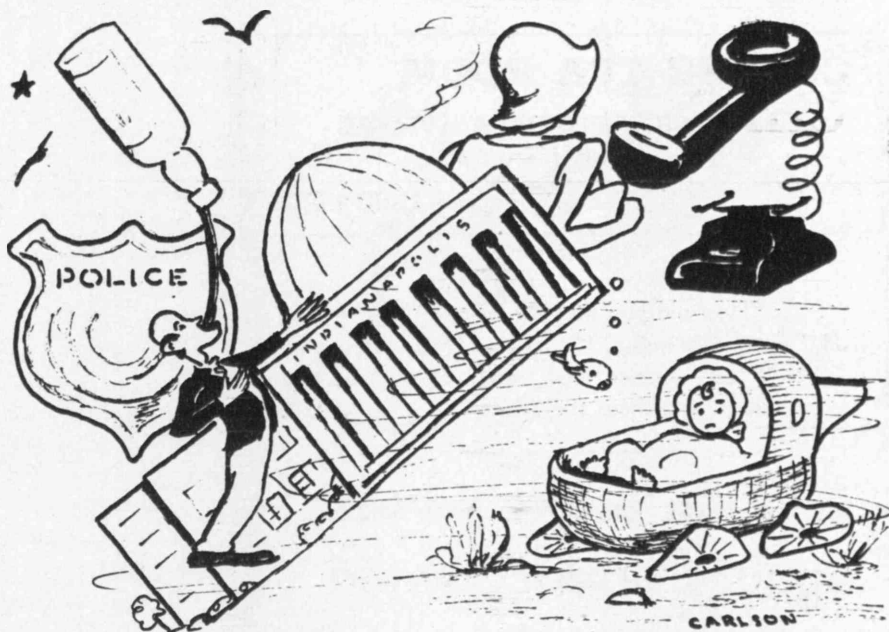
"Thank de Lord yo' has finally arrived," breathed Ebony Jones, ancient colored caretaker of the State House, as Wurtz finally arrived. Eight hours on the unheated mezzanine floor had left Wurtz wobbly, but he shook off the lethargy induced by last night's revelries. Large chunks of dark brown lethargy flew in every direction as he fixed his hawklike eyes on the terrified darky before him. "Describe your assailant," snarled Wurtz.

"But ah ain' de victim," moaned Ebony, laughing hysterically as Wurtz ran a searching hand over his ribs. "It's this white gen'mun hyar on the flo', suh."

Wurtz bent forward to study the prone form. "Why that's Gabriel Nickel," he thought quickly, and then added aloud, "Whatever you say will be held against you!"

"Lena Horne," murmured the darky, eyes gleaming, as he thoughtfully snapped his teeth at a passing gnat.

At this moment the press burst through the revolving doors and hardly had the sound of falling



"Indianapolis Incident"

masonry subsided when two linotype machines and a slug-caster followed the press into the lobby. In a trice, or two treece at the most, an EXTRA was on the street with the facts of Nickel's murder emblazoned in 2 point Bodoni at the bottom of column four, page 28.

Four hours later the East Wing disappeared without a trace, and with no known survivors.

Eight days later detective Wurtz was still laboring feverishly over the case, which threatened to be the toughest of his career.

Eight years later detective Wurtz was still laboring feverishly over the case, which was the toughest of his long career.

Last week the break came. . . . Wily Ambrose Wurtz entered the office of newly-appointed Detective Captain Brodinsky and begged for a hearing. "Sir, could you spare ten minutes for a hearing?" he begged, donning his dark glasses, lopping off his left leg just above the knee, and proffering a fistful of pencils.

Brodinsky accepted one, lit it, and blew a blue cloud into the air. "Yes, Wurtz," he said with infinite patience and a scowl of rage. "I suppose it's the Nickel affair again."

"Yes, sir," stammered Wurtz, toying with his cap, "I have solved the unsolvable. Despite the scoffing of older and wiser heads on the force, I pushed ahead with the investigation on my own hook." Wurtz proudly displayed his own hook, a bright violet one.

"Come, come, get to the point," roared Brodinsky, blinking back a flood of hot tears.

"Yes, sir," stuttered Wurtz, with barely suppressed delight. "My houndlike perseverance brought me to the inevitable solution. I found that the finger prints on the gun clutched in the dead man's hand were his own. To me, the conclusion was obvious. Suicide." Wurtz smiled haughtily and fled, his crutches beating a hollow tattoo that gradually receded into the far reaches of the outer office. Brodinsky puffed thoughtfully on his pencil for a moment, then suddenly rose and strode rapidly through a door marked "MEN." Thus ended the first phase of this epic case.

As for the fate of the East Wing of the State House . . . now *there's* a puzzler.

— H. P. G.

CORNER TEA ROOM

136 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

(Four Blocks from Tech)

Luncheon served 11.00 - 3.00

"How did you find the ladies at the party last night?"

"Just opened the door marked 'ladies' and there they were."

— Pelican.



"He fascinated me so I kissed him. Then he started to unfascinate me so I slapped him."

— Purple Parrot.



"See that girl? That's my girl.

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

"Yeah, I gave her that."

"Pretty hat, too."

"Yep, I gave her that."

"Boy, what a sparkler she's wearing."

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

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

"Yah. That's her brother."



"Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

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

— Sour Owl.

Woodooings . . .

Continued from page 10

of the day. Our hero, in the shelter of his cabin, was wearing his class ring and a pair of stockings. From his position in front of the window facing the trolley car stop, he could easily observe a sizeable crowd eagerly waiting for one of the ill-timed cars. Time passed with its customary rapidity and a trolley came, saw, and went. It was then that nude seaman recognized that the crowd had increased considerably and straining his 20-20 vision he perceived the group which was predominantly female to be ecstatically gazing upward. The conclusion was obvious, and with a magnificent gesture he executed a low bow and continued with his task. This generosity was promptly rewarded with a huge cheer and thunderous applause. And at least fifteen women went home sold on the *Grad House's* amazing new floor show.

THERE is a saying that ignorance is bliss. We don't know whether this little tale tends to prove or disprove it, so we'll just tell it and let you draw your own conclusions.

A friend of ours, also a Tech man, was drafted last year into the Navy. Inducted with him were some twenty or thirty others. The chief at the induction center lined them up and told them that a certain number were being sent to Great Lakes while the "five illiterates" will be sent to Camp —.

Upon hearing this, the man on one side of our friend asked, "What does that mean?" The man on the other side also turned to him and said confidently, "He can't mean me. I ain't got no venereal disease."

Needless to say, these two fine specimens of American manhood were among the five.

Voodooings . . .

WE happened to be drifting by the 5.15 clubroom about 5.15 one Wednesday afternoon and noticed quite a crowd gathered there. We wondered what was coming off so we walked in (our BO is guaranteed to make a hole in any crowd). The mob was mostly freshmen. We have changed our minds about the sex psychology of this younger generation. We used to think that the reason for their lack of beards was immaturity. A new theory is that it is merely a normal beginner's fear of ROTC demerits, and will pass with time. From our vantage point in the back of the clubroom all that could be seen was a stampeding, howling mob of frosh. They were standing on top of chairs, tables, toupes. We couldn't see what was going on up front, but knew that Voo Doo wouldn't let them down.

Things were pretty noisy and rather hot (the jiffy thermometer we carry for such purposes read 98.6° C.). Suddenly there was a terrific roar. We couldn't see ourselves but figured that some coed probably crossed her legs. A hectic scene followed. We have heretofore had great confidence in the stability of the freshman class but it seems one eager frosh leaned so far forward that he fell off a table. He was sadly drowned in a pool of droolings.

SOME of the professors here at Tech, we have found, will go to great lengths to put over a point. Frequently we are forced to the conclusion that they are ardent students of psychology, so clever are their methods in getting the low-minded students to learn something.

Recently, for instance, Professor Chapman was trying to impress upon a 13.02 class the expense of speed in

Continued to page 26



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Woman: Doctor, I need an operation.

Doctor: Major?

Woman: No, second lieutenant.



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

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

— *Banter.*

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... And then there was the little moron who took his clock to bed with him because he heard it was fast.

George: "Why is your tongue black?"

Barton: "I dropped a bottle of Scotch downtown where they're tarring the road."

— Chaparral.

There was a little chap sitting on the curb with a cigarette in one hand and the neck of a flask protruding from his rear pocket. An old lady came up to him and said, "Sonny, why aren't you in school?"

"Hell, lady, I'm only three!"

Voodooings . . .

Continued from page 25

ships. Sensing that some of the men in the class weren't getting the point, he appealed to their love of the risqué, by telling the story of a recent meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. At said meeting Professor Chapman gave a very studious talk on the powering of ships, stressing the point he was trying to put across in class. After he sat down, Admiral Land arose. Agreeing with the professor, he added, "All fast things are expensive: fast ships, fast horses, and fast women."

It was probably a mistake on the part of Professor Chapman, but in the next breath after quoting Admiral Land he said, in an experienced tone, "And he's right."

THE following incident just goes to prove that one word at the right time is worth a thousand pictures.

One night during dinner at a fraternity which carries on its raucous doings on Beacon Street (upper), a magnificently elaborated discussion was being carried into the realms of higher philosophy. Oblivious to all this, a Southern gentleman of the Class of 2-48 ate his meal in true Southern style.

The argument reached dizzier and dizzier heights until at last everyone was adding to the general confusion. Having consumed all the potatoes he had originally placed on his plate, the freshman apologetically murmured a request for more of the said vegetable. Naturally, no one heard it. At practically the same instant the upper-classman next to him shouted out the clinching point of his argument. But above the noise, it could not be understood by those on the other side

of the table (and argument). Their chief exponent shouted back in a voice that quieted the roaring crowd, "What was that?"

Out into the stunned silence rolled a Southern tongue — "Potatoes."

He: "Wait a minute I thought I heard something break."

She: "Never mind. That was just my promise to mother."

— Yellow Jacket.



Sergeant: "Stop worrying, Mesen-jouskiwitzburgerhofer, there's no bullet with your name on it."

— Pelican.

Continued from page 13

To operate the lighter, merely hold it in the left steam shovel and turn the little purple crank near the bottom. After cranking for two or three days, just put your foot on the pedal about twelve feet up the side of the tank. This will not bring results at first, but with the exercise of a little patience — Oh Boy!

And so we have lived up to Tech traditions and invented something useless. As far as fuel goes, there's no fuel like an old fuel. So now that our story is in on time we can go downstairs and get drunk as hell and see the girls and get drunk ash hell and danshe and get looped to shuh gillsh and talk and —hic! and hup! and "Why" I said to Tom as we hurtled out of the fourth story window . . . "Now why do you suppose that man fainted?"

— T. H. C. and C. R. M

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. . . And then there was the little moron who took her boy friend's picture to bed and nine months later had paper dolls.



We can remember back when our first desire for higher education was aroused when sitting on our grammar school teacher's knee.

— El Burro.



Voice from the rear of the taxi:
What you stopping for, driver?

Driver: Thought I heard somebody tell me to stop.

Voice: Go ahead, Bub. She wasn't talking to you.

— The Boulder.



Advertisement: "You get the girl, we'll do the rest."

Youthful GI Groom: "That's hardly fair."

GO TO THE DEVIL

Continued from page 17

times. Once it's broad daylight, and the next time I watch the mountain peaks cover themselves with red fire in the sunset. I wake up again with a full moon overhead. Nickie is standin' in front of the mirror stretchin' herself. She's right pretty there in the moonlight. A big grey coyote with a black tail is standin' next to her. I pick up my carbine and let fly.

The mirror is an easy target and it seems to break up into a million pieces.

The phone down at the end of the bar started ringing. Mike, the other bartender, answered and then held it out for the youngish looking forest ranger that had been talking to me.

"Hello," he said. "Sure, honey, just as you say. I'll be right home, honey. 'Bye, Nickie."

"C'mon, Devil," he said as he started for the door. A big dust-colored dog with a jet black tail followed him out.



Blessings on thee, little jerk,
Civilian boy with happy smirk.
With thy Scotch and soda look
And thy lovely, fat date book,
With thy pay-check and thy bonus —
Part of which you kindly loan us —
From my heart I know thy joy:
Last year I was a civvie boy.
Oh, for night life's costly play,
Sleep that comes at break of day,
Clothes of anything but khaki,
Women enough to drive me whacky!
Hurry then, O happy man,
Drink and love while yet you can.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy luck
'Ere it passes, r-A cluck!

— Widow.

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CENTRAL SQUARE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"It's not just the work I enjoy," said the taxicab driver, "it's the people I run into."

— Chaparral.



People who live in glass houses shouldn't . . .

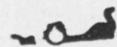
— Dodo.



Father Rabbit: "Wuat makes Junior so pleased with himself today?"

Mother Rabbit: "Oh, didn't you hear? He just learned to multiply!"

— John Walter.



"My boy friend kissed me a hundred times last night. Can you beat it?"

"Not me, Babe. I'm tired."



"Is your roommate broadminded?"

"Say, that's all he thinks of."

— Judge.



Some girls are like paint Get them stirred up and you can't get them off your hands.

— El Burro.

A bosomy young co-ed named Yetta Loved to be seen in a much too small swetta

And while in this attire

She received a wire

Borden, for an ad, wanted to getta.

— Dodo.



A census-taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the answer; "me, the old man, the kid, the cow, and the cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry, and the cat's a Populist."



A policeman rose in a Western court to testify against a prisoner.

"Wot's this fellow charged with?" the magistrate demanded.

"Bigotry, Judge," the policeman answered. "He's got three wives."

"Three!" cried the magistrate. "Why, you ignoramus, that ain't bigotry, that's trigonometry!"

— Chaparral.

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Summer Session Bulletin.

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