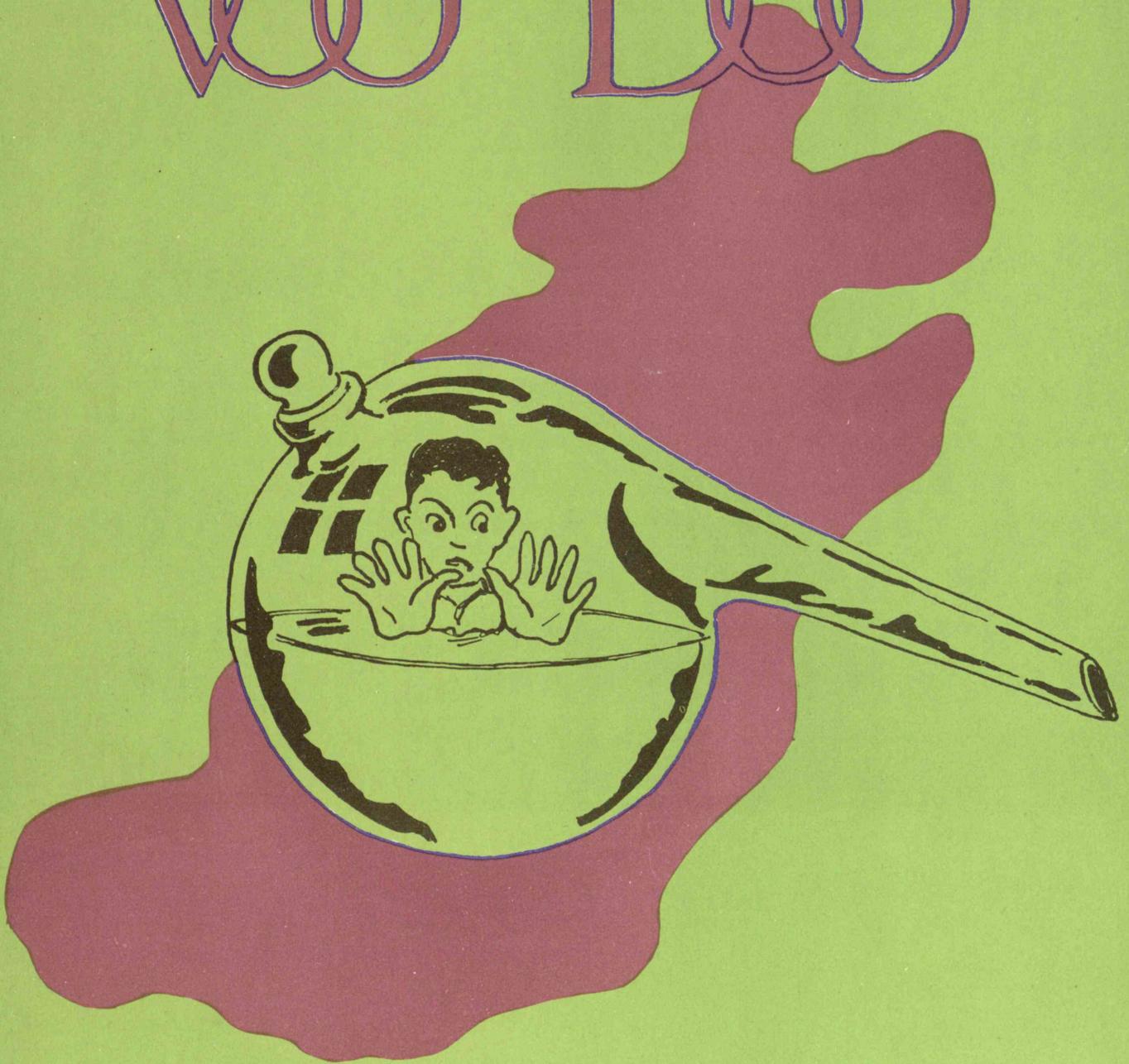


WOO DOO





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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Radiation Laboratory, M. I. T.
December 10, 1944.

Hi ya Phos — :

We are four naive gals from the Lab, who, having chanced upon your educational magazine, realized we had *not* yet begun to live. So now, every month you find us over in Building Ten buying a copy of Voo Doo, learning about life and *stuff!*

Now that we've given you a compliment, Phos, we'll get down to business. We would like to know about your staff. Just what makes your men *tick* and especially those characters BAKER and GRANT. WOW!!

Our opinions are varied as to what you guys look like so give us the low-down. Some of us think you may have a parthenophobia while others think you may be pretty fast. So would it be possible in a future issue to give us a picture of the staff?

That's all, Phos. Lunch hour is over. We have sung our little song hoping you will oblige

"THE YOUNGSTERS."

Ed Note: The nearest Webster's abridged gets to parthenophobia is parthenogenesis, viz., propagation without male intervention. What does that make us? Woman-haters?

See this month's "Presentin'" (baze



24) to see what makes Baker tick, by the way. — Grant.

417 Princeton Avenue, Palmerton, Pa.
December 24, 1944.

Gentlemen:

To my surprise I have a request from one sailor son for a subscription to Voo Doo, a copy of which provided considerable mirth in the barracks at

Bainbridge. I possible kindly list him on your subscription list and bill me

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE F. HALFACRE, '18.

Ed Note: Anything for the boys. Tell number one son VOO DOO on way.

85 Allegheny Boulevard,
Jackson Heights, Arizona
January 18, 1944.

To the Editor:

It has been several months since I have seen Voo Doo, that is until your last issue fell into my hands. Hell, man, what has come over the magazine? It used to be only mildly objectionable, but now it stinks.

What have you done with Murgatroyd? You killed her off twice to my knowledge, and both times she came roaring back louder and lewder than ever after a month or two absence. Let me warn you that if you drop Murgatroyd for good, your circulation is going to suffer. She's Voo Doo's only claim to fame.

Your despondent correspondent,
G. L.

Ed Note: At last word, Murgatroyd was still eking out a solitary existence in the wilds of Wellesley Hills.

Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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Volume XXVII

JANUARY, 1945

No. 10

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The
**HOTEL
GARDNER**
Grill...

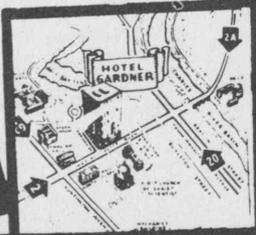


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HOTEL GARDNER · MASS. AVE., AT NORWAY ST., BOSTON

E21 Prof: "Your work is terrible. Your themes lack interest, unity, coherence, and logic. What do you do in your spare time?"

Soph: "I'm a reporter on *The Tech*, sir."

She was just a Tech man's sweetheart⁹
And she loved her engineer;
But he left her brokenhearted
For a new transmission gear.

"Who commands in your house?"

"We share the management. My wife bosses the servants and the children. I attend to the gold fish."

— *The Log.*

The click of knitting needles, the creak of a rocker, and the ticking of a grandfather's clock were all that disturbed the silence of the room. With childish curiosity little Ellen sat watching the purls and stitches.

"Why do you knit, Grandmother?" she asked.

"Oh, just for the hell of it," the old lady replied.

— *Chatterbox.*

A colored priest was hearing a confession. In the middle of it, he stopped the young man, saying, "Young man, you ain't confessin' — you's braggin'."

— *Urchin.*

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My love have flew,
She did me dirt.
I did not know
Her were a flirt.
To they in love
Let I forbid —
Lest they be dood
Like I been did.

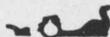
— *Pointer.*

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.*



GIVE TILL IT HURTS THE AXIS



"You remind me of Lady Godiva."
 "Why? I never rode around town
 on a white horse."



"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 sweet-
 heart.

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

— *Pelican.*



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

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 on the outs."

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 those quick-change scenes with the
 stage all dark. She asked for her tights
 and I thought she said lights."



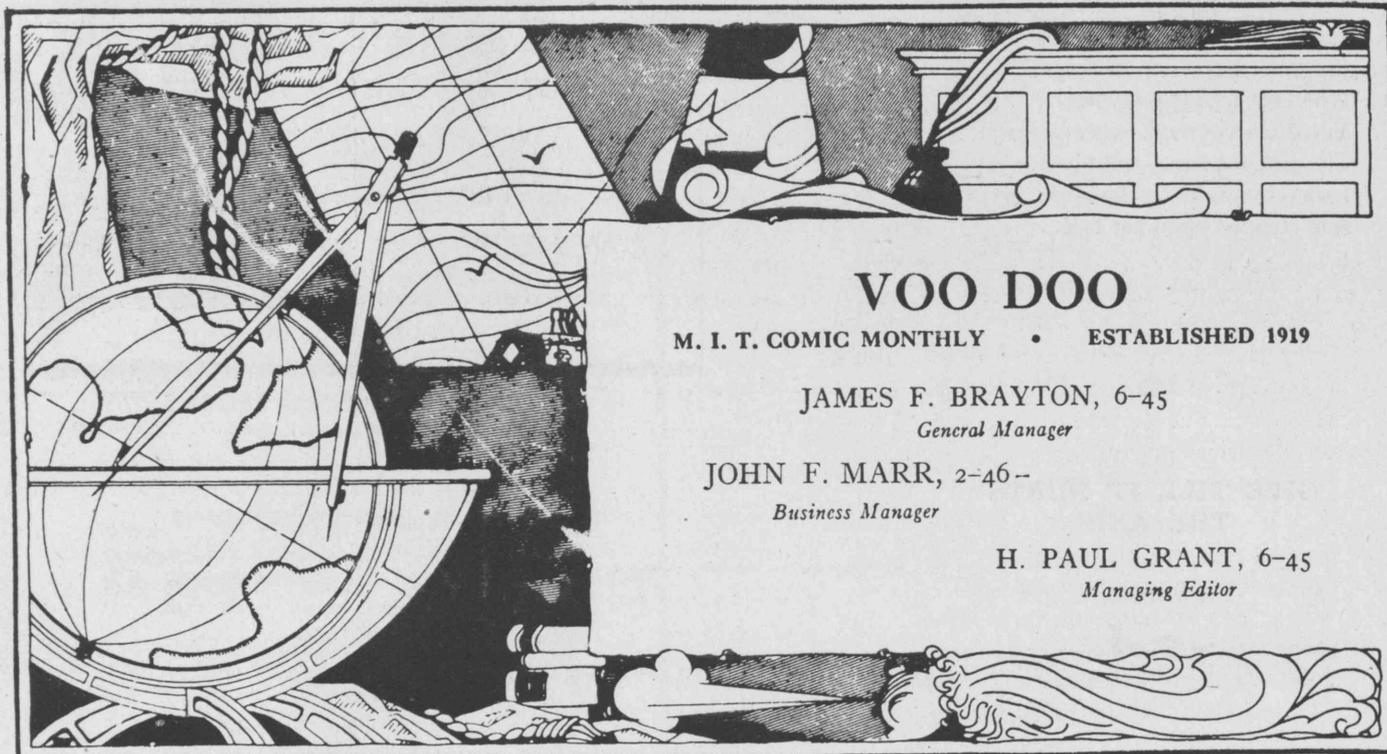
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VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY • ESTABLISHED 1919

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Business Manager

H. PAUL GRANT, 6-45

Managing Editor

“HAPPY NEW YEAR, Cat, you look kind of the worse for wear. Did your party come off O.K.? We came around here last week, but the smell of stale beer was too much for us; so we adjourned to one of the local taverns to wait out your return to normalcy.” We wandered around the office picking up the Cat’s stray beer cans and sweeping the leftover pretzels under the rug. The Cat for once looked as if there were no longer any fight left in him. We decided to take advantage of our small opportunities and said, “Hey, Cat, how about a nice large beer with a lovely soft mellow egg in it?” The effect was just the opposite of what we expected, since the Cat had us on our back and was removing the beer and egg from our pocket as soon as we had finished speaking.

“Here I’ve been starving for two weeks and nobody shows up in the office,” he snarled. “The only thing I’ve had to console me is the fact that the Watch and Ward Society has finally met an honest and sensible judge in Boston.”

“Well, Cat, that is one thing to be happy about in the old year. Considering all that has been happening in the world the old year wasn’t too bad.”

“Yes, there was the usual crop of insolent freshmen to try and fill in the gaps left by the boys who were taken to work for their uncle. They have been trying hard and deserve to be complimented for doing a good job — a job that in the past has been done by more mature men and a job that is now making more mature men out of the boys that are doing the jobs.”

We thought about this for a few minutes as the Cat licked up the last of its beer and started to look like the good old happy Phos again. “The work that has been done on them will have to be repeated all over again in the near future, Phos, since those boys are leaving all the time and there is a new crop coming in soon. But you have had enough experience to keep things going. Well, let’s get down to work.”

“What is this issue going to be about? I hope that you guys aren’t going to try and make like *Esquire*. What you guys can see in the female form is beyond me. Now take a nice sexy looking kit, that’s what I really go for in a big way,” he said with a leer.

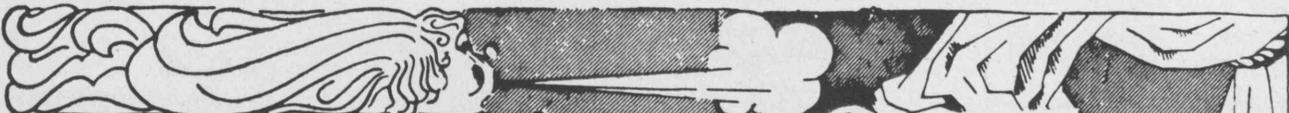
"No, Cat, in this issue we are trying to show that science and the machine have really taken things over. A couple of more years and it won't even be necessary to think; somebody will have invented a machine to do it. I suppose, however, that there are a few fundamental human functions that will never be quite done away with."

"You might call them cat functions, too, since I'm still around," said the Cat, looking for all the world like a shaggy old reprobate. "And we might as well be thankful for that."

"Seeing that you're back to your old self again, Cat, we would like to tell you about the party that we are throwing for you on the third of February. We have decided that since the old rag has been making a little money these days that we really ought to have some kind of celebration. Since leap year is over and we have gotten tired of women chasing us all the time (it was so boring while it lasted, too), we ought to have some kind of a party in which we could go after the other sex again — tooth and nail. We even hope to have a couple of nice little things on hand for you — as well as the spice of life which you so ardently desire."

"That sounds pretty good to me. Tell me the time and the place, and I will be on hand to do my best to help you boys out of any difficulties that you may have gotten yourselves into — such as a surplus of the alcoholic brew that you bring around here too seldom. And now that I am temporarily revived, I want to wish you all a happy New Year — now get to work and let me sleep."

Cover this month by Chomitz



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"So you're on your honeymoon here at Niagara. Where's the little woman?"

"Oh, I left her home."

"What? Taking your honeymoon alone?"

"Sure. Someone had to stay home and mind the baby."

— *Pelican.*



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

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

— *The Armadier.*



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

— *El Burro.*



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

— *Chaparral.*



"A little bit goes a long way," screamed the bird, as it wheeled high above the city.



Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, ma'am, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

— *Old Maid.*

"Did you make the debate team?"
"N-n-n-o-o; they s-s-s-said I w-w-w-wasn't t-t-tall e-e-enough!"

— *Nautilus.*



"I want to change my name, Judge."

"What's your name?"

"Joe Stinks."

"I don't blame you. What do you want to change it to?"

"Charlie."

— *Rammer-Jammer.*

GENTLEMEN PREFER BONDS

What thickens your speech and loosens your tongue,
And leaves you a wreck with your nerves unstrung,
And sends you wobbling down the street,
On stumbling, fumbling, free-wheeling feet;
With a terrible hole in your weekly wage,
And a taste in your mouth like a Dickey bird's cage?
Booze, brother, Booze.



Co-ed: "Jack, are you sure it's me you love, and not my clothes?"

Jack: "Just test me, darling!"

— *Widow.*



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

— *Dodo.*

The chap who had joined the Nudist Club was telling about the first meeting. "They were all sensationally nude," he said, "even the butler who took my hat and stick." Asked how he knew it was the butler, the chap snapped, "Dammit, I knew it wasn't the maid!"

— *Chaparral.*

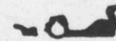


Father: "Lucille, this disappoints me dreadfully, seeing you smoke. You're no daughter of mine."

Lucille: "Cheer up, Dad, I won't tell a soul."



"My boy friend kissed me a hundred times last night. Can you beat it?"
"Not me, Babe. I'm tired."



Love makes the world go round, but then so does a good swallow of tobacco juice.

— *El Burro.*

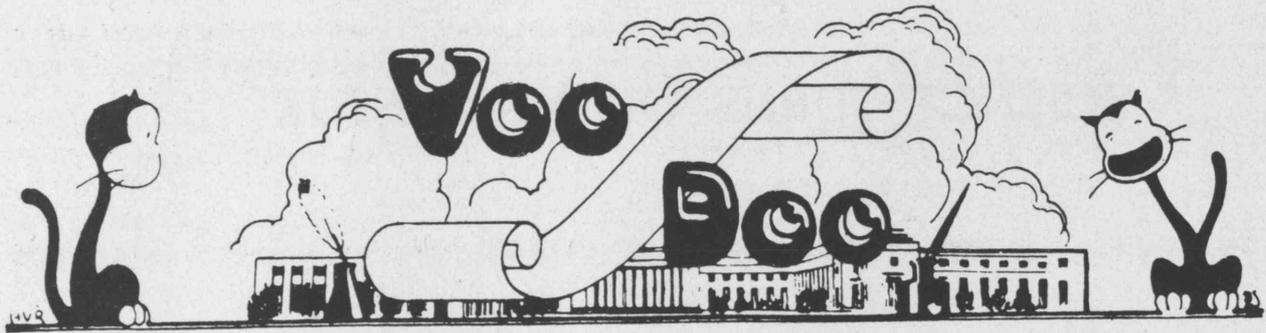


After looking around the campus a little, statistics show that blondes make the best students.



A newly created papa received the glad tidings in a telegram: "Hazel gave birth to a girl this morning; both doing well." On the message was a sticker reading, "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

— *Battalion.*



WE just got around to reading *The Tech's* last issue of 1944, the one dated December 15. It might as well have been December 15, 1943, or even '06, for in the midst of the florist and liquor ads on page three, there was that hackneyed headline that regularly greets the reader, "Voo Doo Appears Again. Ugh!!" If they would only change it once in a while to something like, "Voo Doo Appears Again. Phooey!!" or even a simple, "Voo Doo. Nuts!!" But no, it is always the same philippic phrase. *The Tech* Ugh!

THAT abbreviated Christmas vacation, all four days of it, was about as acceptable as most war-time substi-

tutes. A lot of us managed to have a good time none the less. The only trouble was that some people seemed to forget what Christmas really stood for, and took the opportunity to indulge in sicknesses that they hadn't had time for since Pearl Harbor. At least that's what one lad we know keeps telling us. As soon as he got home, he began phoning. The first girl answered his suave, "How are you?" rather completely.

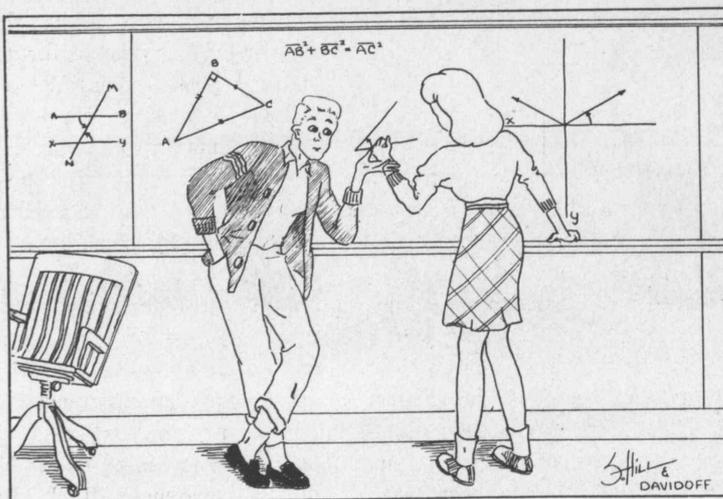
"I got in at five this morning and I haven't been to bed, and I feel just awful. I think I am coming down with the flu." That evening it developed that she was speaking in dead earnest. To be precise, when she came down with the flu, everything else came up.

And his next call yielded only, "Pussy will call you as soon as she gets back from the dentist's office."

After a prolonged struggle with the local telephone directory, he located the dentist, but Pussy was definitely out of circulation.

He called up to wish a third woman Merry Christmas and was answered by a strange husky voice at the other end. "Pardon my voice, please. I have a little touch of laryngitis." Nothing daunted, he made a date for the following afternoon. And when that time was drawing nigh he was called from his bath. Another mysterious voice asked, "Are you the M.I.T. boy?" He was. "Well, Mary Lou is in bed being given sulfa drugs. She's been very upset . . ."

This modern pace is killing a lot of us.



"Let's try a new angle!"

OUR friend Ted Heuchling in the past several months has been heaped with honors. He is a member of the JV crew and is one of the stalwart forwards of our basketball team. He was recently elected to Tau Beta Pi, the national honorary engineering fraternity; and all this in his junior year. Ted has even gone so far as to get his name in print quite a few times — more than once on the V-12 restriction list for such things as pillow fighting after taps and losing his ID card.

But in the basketball game with Trinity last month, he showed that he

deserved one more honor: one that perhaps will make him a BMOC, as was his predecessor in holding that honor, Johnny Hull. During the rest period between the third and final quarters after Ted had had a little water, to the extreme surprise and amusement of the audience, he let go with a terrific belch that was truly reminiscent of friend Hull. Said Ted, who incidentally hails from a hick town in the Mid West, Chicago by name, "What are they laughing at?"

THERE are two ancient quotations that can be used to describe any situation or to fill any conversational gap. They are, "It takes all kinds to make a world" (Confucius), and "Help is hard to get these days" (Rosy Stolzheim). They serve admirably as morals to the following real life incident witnessed at a popular Doughnut Dispensary on Tremont Street.

Two lusty young servicemen glowing with health and Old Crow seated themselves at a back table. They were obviously tapering on or off a big evening under the tables of some of the town's livelier spots, and at the moment craved coffee, raw and black. A waitress took their order and disappeared for a good half hour. The parched customers were loudly announcing their intentions of storming the back room where she was apparently being held prisoner when she came trotting swiftly to the table with the steaming java.

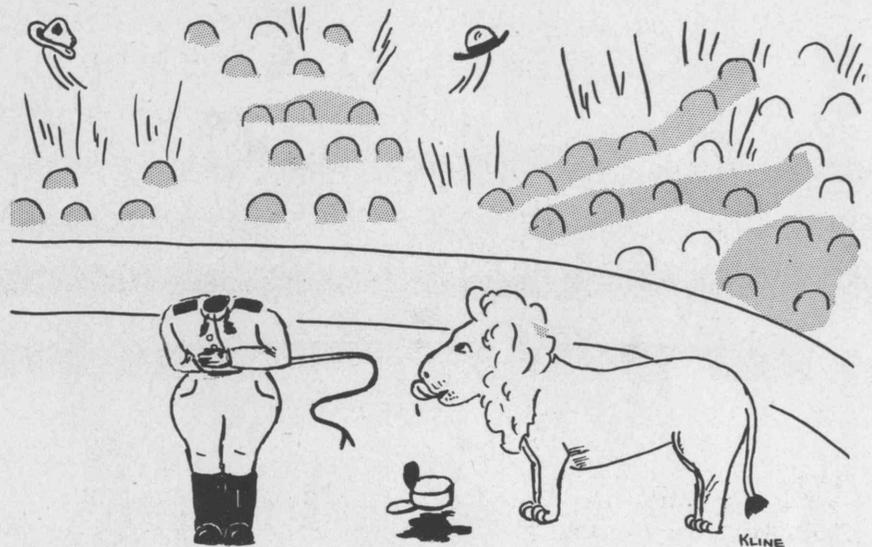
"It's about time," they roared.

"Is this your coffee?" she murmured, some inner conflict causing her to tremble visibly.

"Yas, it is," they chorused.

"Then take it," she snapped, pouring both cups into the nearest lap, and she fled.

WE were rather alarmed last month not long before Christmas to



see two apparently respectable sailor friends of ours, Bill Jackson and S. J. Kennedy, madly pursuing a rather pretty and also quite respectable looking young lady up Bromfield Street. We shook a mean finger of shame at the two eager lads as we passed them going in the opposite direction, but they kept on in their pursuit.

It was sort of a disappointment the next day when we found out from Bill that the girl was S. J.'s sister and that they weren't walking three abreast because the sidewalk was too crowded. We're still, however, a little skeptical of Bill's story and are willing to pay a reward to anyone who can present evidence that it was an idle tale, particularly if that evidence is said young lady.

ALTHOUGH various numbers have appeared in these columns about the New York to Boston run, none have had quite the inherent thrill and suspense as this one. Read on and see. You are probably acquainted with the stories of spirit vehicles, "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Flying Dutchman," the ghost coaches in "The Tale of the Bagman's Uncle," but have you ever ridden on a ghost train? We have.

Back in November we were coming back from New York to Boston. The crowd at Penn Station seemed too large to buck, so we crossed to Grand Central, blithely assuming there would be an eight o'clock train from there. There was one at ten minutes of nine. We climbed on, and sat in the station until ten. A drunken sailor rolled up and down the aisle, making love to any woman who would let him. The train sat for an hour outside of New London. About three o'clock we reached Back Bay, and got out. Prosaic, yes. Ordinary, yes. But according to presumably reliable witnesses that 8.50 train never left Grand Central. When we tried to take it again on the twenty-sixth we were told that no such train had left the station for three years, except for sailor specials and troop trains. We are neither sailors nor troops. We were not the only civilians; most of the train were. There is a story about a bus load of people all going to different destinations who were speeding along a road one dark night. Suddenly they noticed the bus had no driver, and they knew they were dead. We did not see if our train had an engineer, but who knows what might have happened if we had not disembarked at Back Bay. "Train leaving in ten minutes for New London, Providence, Back Bay, and points down."

GOB SCHWAB



SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

CHICAGO is known as the windy city. It is also famed for gangsters, stockyards, a World's Fair. How many of these characteristics can be traced to the gradual appearance of Pete Van Pelt Schwab, one early morning in St. Luke's Hospital there? Not so many as you might think. A friend of ours, who is an alumnus of the Al Capone School of Liquor Transportation and Protection Insurance, '35, has given us an inside tip. Says John "the John" John, " 'Big Bill the Builder' did all them things to keep P.V.P.S. under cover." He refuses to reveal who P.V.P.S. is, although we worked over him for two evenings with two Sargent post-grads, a carton of Camels, and several quarts of his own merchandise.

However, the heat was finally put

on by the Chicago Chamber of Commerce, and some time after the world-famed Chicago fire, Pete moved to the sanctuary of Great Neck, Long Island. But not even Great Neck, the home of Ken Scheid, could handle Schwab. Pete departed for the rigorous discipline of Manlius Military School. He is often misquoted as saying, "My chief regret about Manlius is the lack of *long* experiences with women."

But it is from 1942 'on that we are chiefly concerned with Pete, for it was that year in which he and Tech met. After a whirlwind courtship, the happy couple were married in the Voo Doo Lit department, and marched down the aisle under an arch of cat-o-nine-tails. But having disregarded Professor Magoun's advice on hasty weddings, Pete had no one but himself

to blame when his wife presented him with 5-02. Pete drowned his troubles in a sack in the Charles, but his blushing bride is rumored to be expecting again.

Tired of his wife's relatives, Pete was driven elsewhere for comfort, and turned to Tower Court at Wellesley for his extramarital relations. Under the lash of the 11.50 train and the maladjustment of M.I.T.-Wellesley vacations, Pete gave up trying to scintillate and transferred from Lit to Make-Up in Voo Doo. He has always delighted in a few slaves and vassals near at hand to carry out his every demand, so with such an incentive it is only natural he should have become General Manager.

Such an attractive boy as Van Pelt was bound to be fought over by the fraternities and the services. The losers: V-12 and Sigma Nu. Demonstrating once more his remarkable executive ability, Pete became regimental adjutant. This burdensome position involved no watches, no guard company restrictions, breakfast muster *every* third morning. Schwab now could yell "Double time!" from the middle of Briggs Field to sack-happy V-12ers instead of slap-happy Voo Doo Freshmen. In return, however, the Navy asked a small favor of Pete.

Certain highly placed officers in the Navy felt that since they were feeding and clothing Schwab he was not being quite grateful enough. They realized that Pete was a busy man, but they felt he could put in a little time helping them. After a short conference, Pete emerged groggy but game, and announced the Navy had won by a decision. He had decided to devote, temporarily at least, all his Voo Doo time to the high aims of Course XVI. He also released to the press at this time an announcement of his selling out his interest in a few other corporations, since the winning of the war was after all the most important aim of his life.

Continued to page 25

To Voo Doo
Good Luck
June Knight
?



This is June Knight. Phos took one look and snow melted for fifty yards around. When he heard that she just left the Opera House, he vowed to follow her to the end of the earth, and we haven't seen him since. Maybe he, too, read that article in the *Boston American* that quoted June saying, "I never wear a bra. Should I?" Let us be the first to say it: "Hell no! Why?"



The Fable of the Pusillanimous Puma or The Cat Who Landed on His Back

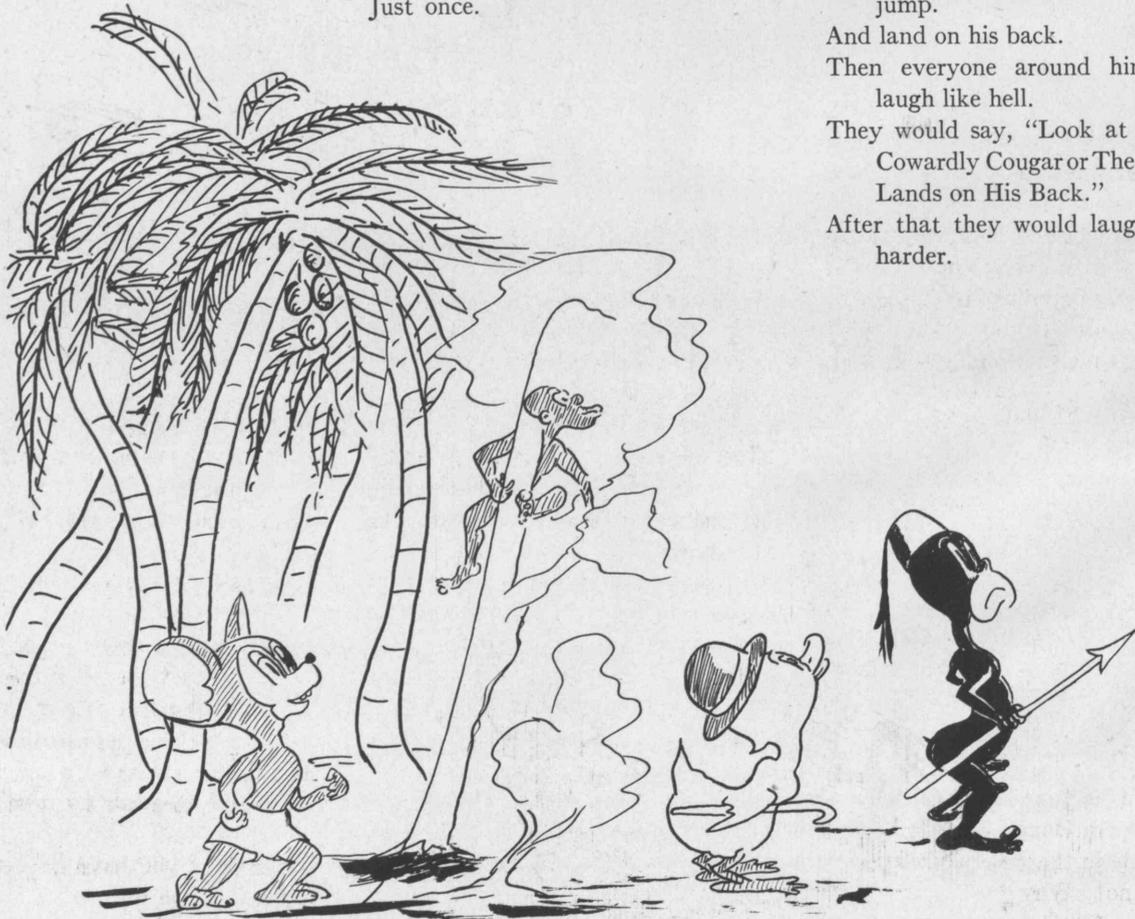
Karl was a cowardly cougar (puma,
mt. lion)
He was just a big kitty at heart.
He had an inferiority complex.
Karl couldn't jump without getting
dizzy and losing his balance.
He would land on his back,
Which would be embarrassing, to say
the least.
Horses would give him the horse laugh.
Gamboling lambs would kick their
heels in his face,
And go back to their gamboling
tables.



Karl did not ask much of life.
He was no eager beaver.
Fame and fortune meant nothing to
Karl.
He would have been happy if only he
could have jumped from a tree
and landed right side up.
Just once.



Karl used to spend all his time prac-
ticing.
He would climb to the top of the high-
est trees and close his eyes and
jump.
And land on his back.
Then everyone around him would
laugh like hell.
They would say, "Look at Karl the
Cowardly Cougar or The Cat Who
Lands on His Back."
After that they would laugh all the
harder.





Once Karl tried jumping from a little tree on the theory that maybe the top wasn't the best place to start. This was too bad because he was too low to turn over completely and instead of landing on his back he landed on his head. Karl went back to jumping from high trees.

One day a stranger came along and saw Karl practicing.

"My gracious me," said the stranger, "that's wonderful!"

"What's wonderful?" asked the rest of the animals.

"That cougar up there," said the stranger. "The one that always manages to land on his back. It's terrific."



Karl is now famous.

Every afternoon one can see him climb to the top of a pole.

Then he closes his eyes and jumps.

He lands on his back.

Millions of people come every week to cheer him on.

Karl only bows shyly — for he is still a coward — and retires to his dressing-room to rest up for the four o'clock performance.

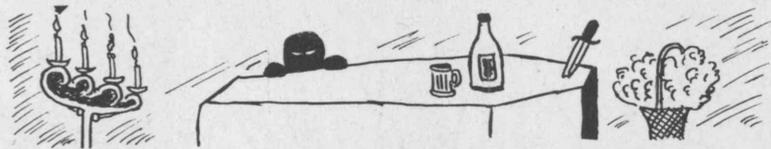
He is billed as the only cougar in the world who can fly upside down.

Moral: If you have only one asset — don't sit on it.

—J. L. U. and H. P. G.



HUGO MEETS HIS MATCH



THE projectile crossed the spacious library and embedded itself in the gut of the honorable Louis de Corona. Louie's jaw dropped with surprise and the cigar in his mouth slipped quietly to the rug. The orifice in his chest was spouting as he slumped forward, obviously dead.

It is superfluous to mention that the occupants of the room were astounded. Willis Edgar Hermanovitch leaped to his feet. "Get the goddam pug," screamed Willis, pointing to the short, squat, liver-lipped figure with the blue checkered suit, standing in the doorway . . . holding a pugnacious-looking 45 automatic.

Then Hyman Slyman, visibly affected by Willis' order, made one of his last moves on the surface of the earth; his hand never reached his hip pocket. A shot . . . and Hyman died quietly.

"Make wit' de hands," rasped the rude intruder in the gaudy suit, "and yeh, you too, Prof!" motioning to me.

The cause of the disturbance (namely the assassination of Hyman and Louis, two able bodyguards, indeed) seemed rather obvious now. My repulsive little guest evidently was a tool in an organization, designed to purloin my robot V-12 trainee. It seemed imperative that this intruder be eliminated.

But the blue-checkered gargoyle edged forward. "O.K., panty-puss, where's de robot? I am in a hurry, see?"

I straightened my supple body. "Perhaps you would like to read while I am obtaining Hugo the robot," ventured I, reaching into the bookcase and producing my well-used copy of "Forever Amber," with index.

The thug gasped and leaned forward. "Migod, I been tryin' to get that book for twenty-eight years."

This proved to be the necessary diversion, for while Willis Edgar Hermanovitch (Harvard '42) swiftly raised his lead blackjack and brought it down on the skull of our unwelcome guest, I leaned back in my easy chair and directed the removal of the three bodies.

* * *

As I mentioned before, my work was of the utmost importance; my eight years of Course II at the Insti-



tute were being put to test. The Navy recognized my genius and had specifically ordered:

"PRODUCE 100 V-12 ROBOT TRAINEES STOP BIRTH RATE STOP WAR IMPENDING STOP BEWARE OF ENEMY AGENTS STOP."

I glanced at my masterpiece proudly standing unnoticed in the corner. Hugo, for such was he baptized, was about seven foot three, twenty-five watt eyes, annealed steel body, and

synthetic rubber joints. His sphere-like head completed his unique appearance.

"Cheez, Prof," admired Willis, having just returned from interring three corpses, "Hugo is a powerful lookin' guy. With his positive I.Q. he is probably ready for his big debut at the Institute as an A.S. 3/c."

"In about one minute," I lowered my voice, "Hugo will receive his opportunity to use his mechanical brain ingeniously devised by me."

It was only a matter of time, as far as I was concerned, until the Navy would appreciate my phenomenal intelligence and would award me Copper Cross for Indistinguishable Gallantry beyond the call of duty.

I then connected the two wires protruding from Hugo's skull, and pressed the button marked "On," located on Hugo's left knee.

Hugo's eyes blinked red.

"Good," I fairly shouted, "This indicates his brain is functioning normally."

Hugo's arm moved slightly.

"Superb," I said, "This obviously indicates that Hugo's physical abilities are normal."

Then came the supreme test. "Hugo!" I queried, "What does *F* equal?"

Hugo's eyes blinked green, "*F* equals *M*-over-*A*," came the deep growl from Hugo's voice box.

"Mon Dieu," I gasped. "Something is wrong!"

"Migod!" Willis gasped, "no kid-din'?"

Hugo lumbered forth and crashed through the walls. Willis fainted. Thoroughly stunned, I sank back in my chair and watched Hugo disappear into the night . . .

* * *

When Willis Edgar Hermanovitch began bringing in the news reports, I became noticeably disturbed. Hugo had gone insane; his strength was remarkable. Building Ten of the Alma Mater had been transferred to Briggs Field. The Graduate House, Hugo's future abode, was uncomfortably rest-

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ing in the Charles; thirty-two naked nurses were stranded on the roof of Walker Memorial. This last report frankly interested me and I decided to investigate.

Willis had already warmed up our rocket plane so we reached the scene of the destruction quickly. Willis plugged in the decelerator and we landed on Walker.

After glancing around, I was quite pleased to find that Willis agreed with me concerning the figure of the blonde nurse. We both considered her to have the nicest legs, body (and also face) of all thirty-two. Strolling over I introduced myself.

"You'll have to pardon my appearance but that awful robot machine broke into our apartment," she confessed, coyly winking at Willis.

"What happened?" I eagerly asked, motioning to Willis to get the hell out of my way. Then realizing that she

was probably quite cold in her present condition, I invited her into the rocket ship.

"This monster," she explained, when we were settled in the ship, "was really very rude. He crashed into my apartment and growled, 'Enough of this playing around, take off your clothes!' Naturally, I was very frightened, and, well —"

Hugo frankly amazed me. His nearness to perfection made my happy. I leaned forward and glanced around —

"I just love the furniture arrangement in this plane!" she softly said. "It's so cosy."

Willis then entered bringing me astounding news.

"Prof," he cried, "Hugo has busted into Building 35."

"My thesis," I cried, "my jet-propelled battleship —"

I gazed once again at the nude nurse, cleansed my mind, and shot

onto the roof, buckling on my Buck Rogers Little Marvel Rocket Belt. One minute later, I found Hugo demolishing the remains of my masterpiece. Rage overcame me. I pulled out my photonic X-Z gun and converted Hugo into a mass of moldy molecules.

* * *

When I returned to find Willis and the nurse — I was shocked — in my rocket ship too. With cool precision I employed my photonic gun again, and disgustedly returned home, by rocket belt.

There I sadly considered the situation. Engaging myself in mental conversation I tried to provide thirty-seven good reasons to stay alive — and since twenty-nine were brunettes I decided to continue existing. With a smirk on my countenance, I rang the bell summoning Yvette, my French maid —

—H. V. P.



O'GARVEY was morose that day in 1938 as we sat on the sunny plaza in the heart of Mexico City. O'Garvey was often morose but this time his whole countenance hung in gray folds. His long waxy moustache drooped like a wet weed. For O'Garvey was in love again.

"Senor Dutton," O'Garvey moaned, "Allow me to borrow your car."

I refilled our glasses with some excellent imported rye. I had imported it from Arizona under the back seat of my car the week before.

"O'Garvey," I cried heartily, "take it. Here are the keys."

"Thank you, senor," burred O'Garvey, tears leaking from his eyes as he swallowed his drink, "and good-bye forever, friend. All my descendants will remember this kindness." He threw his arms around my shoulders and sobbed convulsively. Then he was gone and there was only the odor of old tamales and rye.

"Wait, O'Garvey," I shouted to his departing figure. He turned in a gesture of dramatic farewell and tripped over his pancho. "Where are you going with my car?"

"To my death, of course, senor. Esther has thrown me down. Last night at the fiesta she insulted me. It is too much. There is nothing for me but to place myself in the path of the four-thirty train from Tehultepec."

"In my car," I said.

"In your car, senor."

"O'Garvey," I said with emotion, "there is surely a better way. Perhaps what's-her-name Esther will listen to reason if you use the right approach. What's wrong with your Latin technique?"

"Alas. I know not. All I do know is that last night I sing beautiful songs, I play sentimental music on my electric guitar, I breathe in her ear words of love, and then she take my sombrero and jump up and down on it in front of everyone. It is too much —"

"O'Garvey," I said, "how long have you lived in Mexico?"

"Only since my birth, thirty-one years ago, senor."

"Don't you ever go to the movies? Don't you know that when a senorita dances on your hat, she is mad for you? Give me those keys. Have a

drink. Who is Esther?"

O'Garvey reluctantly returned and less reluctantly reached for his glass. "I have known her ever since last week's fiesta. All this week I am unable to work I am so much in love."

I had known O'Garvey for eight years, and never had I known him to be out of love enough to work. He was the sole Mexican agent for the Little Marvel Combination Potato Peeler and Sheep Shearer Co., of which I was Arizonan agent and owner and as such he was indispensable. Competition was getting lively in Mexico City and to lose O'Garvey would be to lose all the best trade.

"How do you know you are in love?" I said, stalling.

"I always know," said O'Garvey. "I get so . . . so . . . sleepy. And I cry when I play the guitar. This week I short-circuited myself three times. I always cry right on the electric plug. Caramba!"

"But you don't know the little things about Esther," I said desperately, ". . . how she looks early in the morning, without her eyebrows; whether she sleeps in just tops; maybe she even scrapes the insides out of pies and leaves the crusts. Why carry on like this?"

O'Garvey rose. "Allow me to borrow your keys, senor, please. You are making it worse. If, as you said before, she really loves me, I must go to her and say, 'Cherie, nous avons . . .'"

"Luvva God. Can't you speak Spanish either? Here, take 'em. I'm going to have a drink."

* * *

I came upon O'Garvey just after sunset that evening. He was seated inside the entrance of the Cafe D'Hispanola strumming softly and weeping on his electric guitar.

"What, sad again, O'Garvey?" I said, breaking the seal on a fresh quart.

"No, senor," he said, "I cry with happiness. She is so wonderful." A large tear dripped from his unshaven chin. "All is okay. She will meet me

tonight at the fiesta."

"Oh, there is a fiesta tonight, too?"

"Naturally, Senor Dutton. And though I do not like to ask this, would you allow me to borrow . . ."

"Sure O'Garvey," I said, pouring. "You have the keys?"

"Si. But perhaps I should tell you one thing, you are so kind." He sobbed. "It is like this —"

There was a blinding flash as O'Garvey's guitar leaped into the air amid anguished screams from O'Garvey. "It did it again!" he howled.

With the aid of several bystanders I unplugged O'Garvey and straightened his rigid limbs. It took four shots to bring him around. By that time there was a general move toward the plaza outside and the hoarse roar of gay caballeros chanting their romantic Mexican ballads struck the ear.

"Fiesta!" cried O'Garvey, struggling to his feet. He donned his sombrero, swept up his motheaten poncho, and staggered out, dragging his guitar behind.

"Well," I said to a large shaggy dog on my left, "looks like Little Marvel's sole representative is safe and happy at last."

The sounds of revelry drew me to the street. The scene was unforgettable — the dozens of musicians clad in varicolored pajamas beating mercilessly on their strange stringed instruments, the shameless young girls who flashed their dark bloodshot eyes at every passer, and under and over it all that wild indescribable spirit of gay abandon that spells fiesta!

O'Garvey was in the very center of the square where the dancing was progressing most heatedly. He was leaping about in a sort of frenzy, pausing now and then to inflict a punishing blow to the spine of a large blonde girl who bore it all with surprising aplomb. I had observed this native dance before, but it never failed to fascinate me.

"Pardon, amigo," I said in fluent Mexican to an exhausted reveler who was sprawled in the gutter regaining his breath. "Do you the pretty blonde

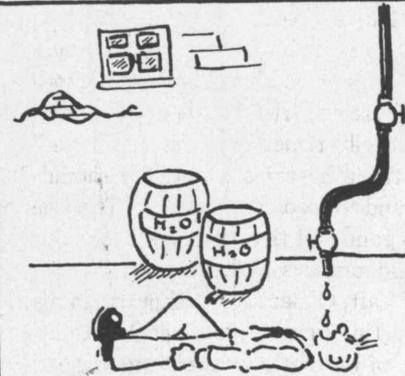
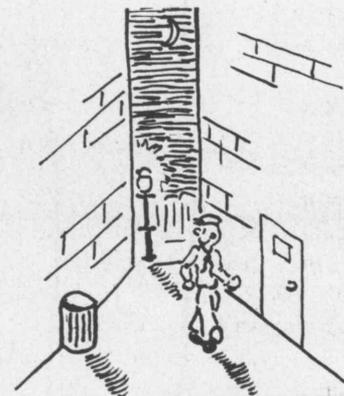
girl know?"

"Si," he groaned, raising his head a few inches to follow my pointing finger, "that is Esther Ajax, the American girl. Well stacked, ain't she, Jack." He pulled himself to his feet and made his way back to the dancers.

"Yes," I said thoughtfully. I remembered her now. That New Year's Eve in Phoenix. But what was she doing here?

Just then five ravishing young women whirled me away to a great ring at one side of the plaza where everyone was rushing around and around at a reckless rate. Just as I was getting into the spirit of the thing I discovered that I was the only one of the group over twelve years of age. It took me twenty minutes to extricate myself. Hastily covering my nakedness with a skirt that I still clutched, I looked about for O'Garvey.

Suddenly there arose a great cry and the crowd parted to make way for an automobile that sped out onto the plaza. It was my car, O'Garvey at the wheel. He screeched to a stop



Ponce de Leon, A.S., U.S.N.R. OR Prohibition in Cambridge

and Esther stepped in as a shower of flowers and tamales fell upon the couple. O'Garvey scribbled something on the back of his guitar, and as the car moved out at the head of a gay procession, he flung it to me.

"O'Garvey!" I cried. "Stop a minute! My last quart is still under the back seat." There was no answer but the hoarse roar of the caballeros.

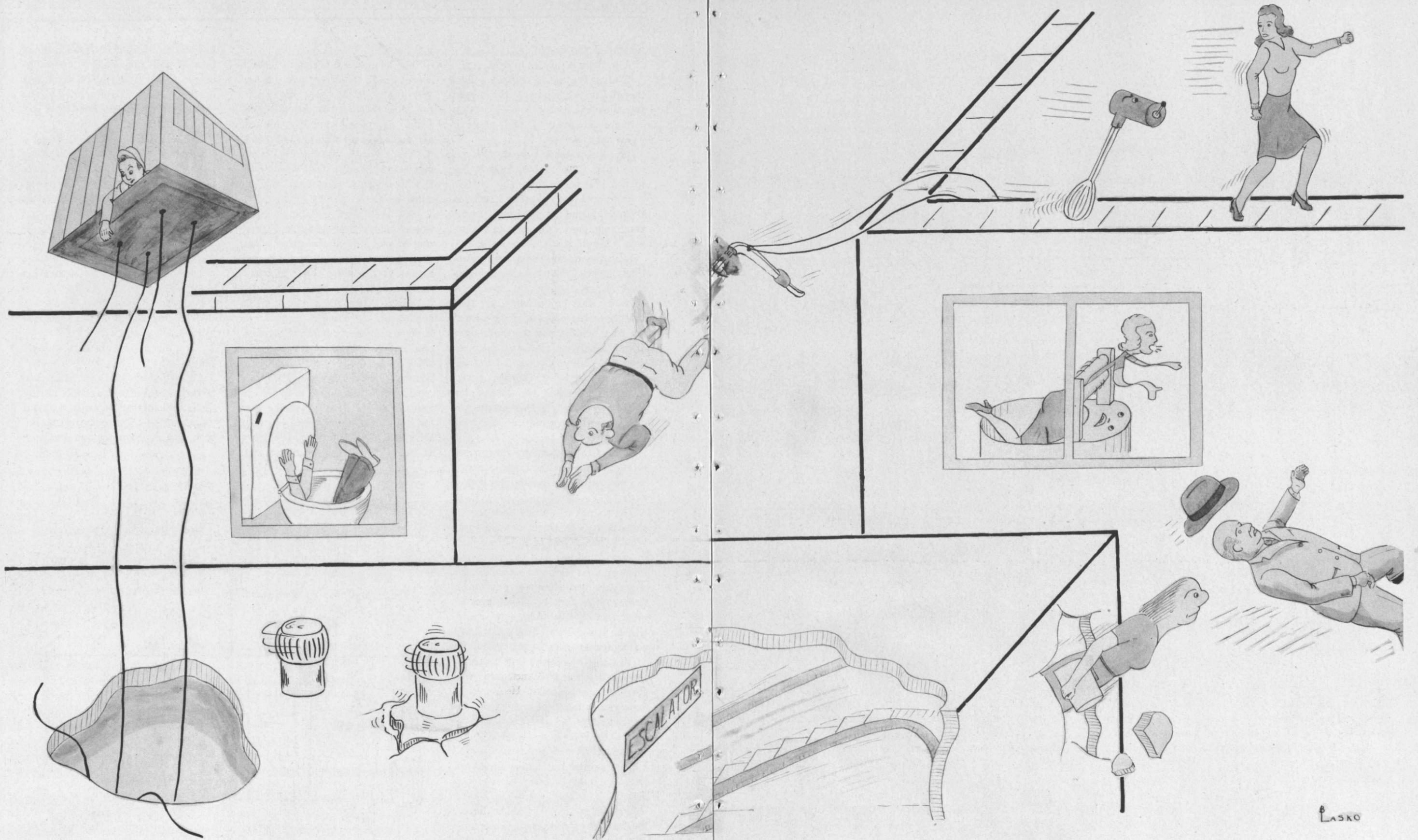
When the fiesta turned back to its own affairs I stepped aside to read O'Garvey's message.

"Senor Dutton," he had written, "adios forever. Esther has given me her hand and a partnership in the Ajax Combination Potato Peeler, Sheep Shearer, and Snow Shovel Co. I know that you are happy for me. (Signed) Miguel O'Garvey."

"You dirty Mexican hairless dog!" I bellowed.

A small dark Mexican beside me turned, smashed a mandolin on my skull, and, folding his arms, spat out "Yankee Pig!" The cool street hit my back, and all was peace and darkness.

— H. P. G.



LASKO

You -- the People?



For the following little words of wisdom, credit is due to one Miss La Bonte of Evanston, Illinois. The article in question was written some time ago and, after a checkered career, fell into the hands of one of our men who brought it to us. Miss La Bonte who, we hear, is now Mrs. Something, is not a student at M. I. T., but, probably, that is all to her credit.

THIS has gone far enough! Maybe he doesn't pick his ear at parties, or mash up his carrots with a spoon, or blow on his soup, or scrape his meat in his napkin for later. What does that prove? Once we knew a girl who married a man named Tell, just because she thought it would be cute to name her children "Do" and "I'll Never" and things, and every day he would tie her up to the lamp and shoot things off her head. Now all of you just stop dyeing your underwear black and *think*. Here are some questions for you to answer. You can run in your room or behind a bush and no one will even *see*.

KINDS OF MEN

A. Eugene is the kind who blows up paper bags and pops them. His father makes umbrellas. His mother makes him spit on handkerchiefs and wipe smudges off his chin. She has warts.

B. Paul giggles. He is in the Navy Air Corps. His pants are too tight. He collects horseflies and Aard-varks. His mother belongs to fourteen clubs.

Twice he's fallen out of the Bombay doors.

C. Edwin is a Marine. He swings on tree branches and hits the side of walls and things with his fists. His grandmother embalms cats. When he gets mad he throws knives and says, "Oh, bathwater!"

D. Pookie looks like an anteater.

E. Others.

DO YOU ATTRACT MEN?

Lots of times girls invite men over when they know perfectly well their parents won't be home because they left for California yesterday. They turn off the lights and hum softly Do you? If so, does he? . . .

A. Look for a flashlight so he can read the funnies?

B. Blow on the window glass and make nose prints on it?

C. Suggest a game of "Threes"?

D. Suggest?

You never can tell about men. Sometimes they take you out for a fudge sundae and laugh and laugh and act as if they're having the *best time*. And then when people ask them they just go right on paring their nails and say, "Oh, her?" Does he . . .

E. Spit on the sidewalk when you are out walking?

F. Invite his relatives over to your house for billiards?

G. Stick out his tongue and make rude noises when your mother is speaking?

H. Talk Chinese to annoy your father?

Most men say the same old things, like "You kill me," or "Things are tough all over." When they can't think of anything else they say "I love you." What does he say?

I. "I won't breathe until I see you

again"?

J. "I'd like to bite your li'l ear"?

K. "Get with it, will ya?"

DO MEN ATTRACT YOU?

Some girls will throw their arms around anything. Some brush dandruff off men's coats. Some ask a man to put his head right on their shoulder and weep. *Some . . .* If you found a man under your dressing table, would you . . .

A. Run out of the room screaming?

B. Ask him for his credentials?

C. Take a stiff drink and look again?

D. Thank God?

Not all men approach things the same way. There are those who will crawl around the floor on their hands and knees and then *pounce*. One or two always sneak up from behind a chair and grab your arm. A good two-thirds will just look at you with watery eyes and clear their throats. In this case do you . . .

A. Laugh loudly and slam the door in his face?

B. Beat his face in and call him a dirty little skunk?

C. Clear *your* throat?

AND NOW, MRS. PETTIBONE . . .

Most women get married. You get so many presents, and people take free pictures of you, and besides, you'll never have to get up early and ride the EL to work. But do they *Know*? Does anyone? Especially you. Just imagine if you found your husband had distemper . . . after dinner twitch . . . no toenails . . . or even nervous B.O.? What could you do?

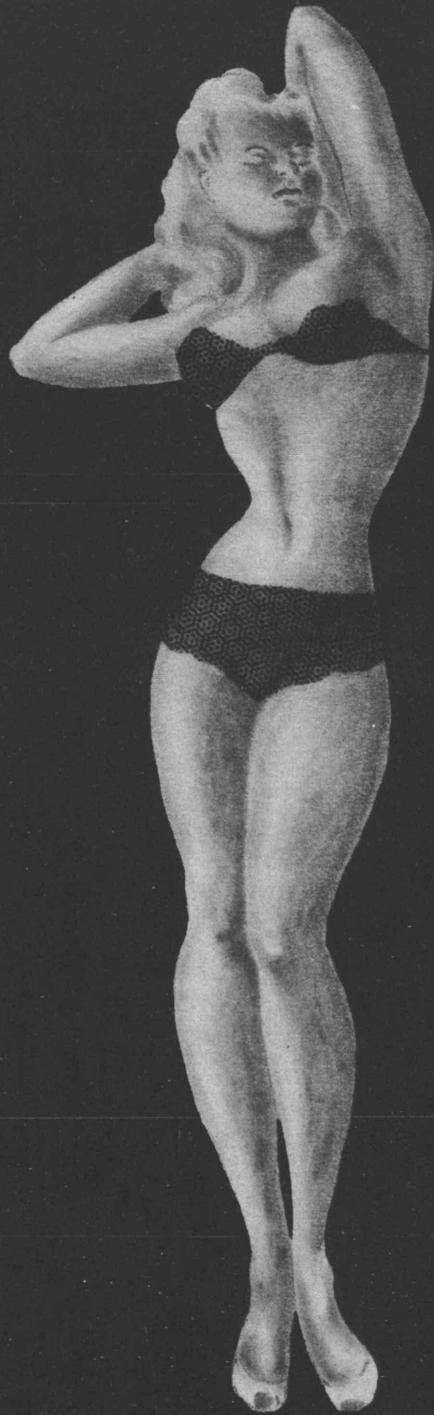
A. Shut a dresser drawer on his head and collect the insurance?

B. Lock yourself in the closet?

C. Hire little children to chase you down the street screaming "Mother"?

D. Hang yourself?

This is the grade chart. Add up all the "Yes" answers and divide by the "Maybe's." Count out two of the "No's" because after all, you aren't perfect, and if the score comes out over 50, reach for the Sodium Nitrate.



Baker



UNIMAGINABLE galaxies of flaming, seething eruption spun and belched impossible seas of fire as chaos swirled obediently into place. Unheard explosions rent the universe for untold centuries as order finally created itself. Mountains and oceans slid out of each other and became individuals. Green and white and brown ruled the earth while nightmarish creatures roamed and fought and lived and died. Jove looked down and was satisfied.

"Adam!" said the voice. "Adam, come here!"

Adam slung his club on his shoulder and ambled on three limbs to a place in front of the throne.

"Adam," said the voice, "this is the earth."

Adam grunted.

"Adam," said the voice again, "you are man."

Adam lowered his forehead to the ground.

"Adam," said the voice, "this is your earth. You are the master of it. Every atom of it belongs to you. Do with it what you will. Yours is the power of creation. That power will remain yours until your own creation turns upon you. Then the god Chaos shall become your master. Now go, Adam, and become God-like."

Adam's hairy, crouching body began to straighten. The hair disappeared and in its place was clean, brown skin. Straight and tall stood the figure of the world's new master.

* * *

Adam sat and pounded on the piece of flint until the pieces of dried moss began to smoulder. Then he carefully blew them into a flame and sat back to wipe the sweat off his forehead.

"Why should I, the master of the world, have to burn my fingers while

I work myself into a state of exhaustion?" said Adam to the rest of the universe.

"Of what good is it to be a master when the master has no slaves? It is true that the young brontosaurus is willing to pull my plow, but of what use is that if I have to ride behind to keep the furrows straight? And who is there to kindle my fires and pick my food? The great apes are a help, but some of the foods they select are too



hard on my tongue and they often make me feel ill for days on end. It is time that I start work on my greatest creation."

Adam picked up a piece of mud and began to work. First he built a large mound and then he sat and contemplated it for a few days. Finally he went about the job of creation.

Adam had been a lonely man, and into his work went all the dreams and desires that only a lonely man can possess. Hunger and thirst and desire for sleep seemed to disappear entirely. Adam's entire world was now the mound of dried mud in front of him

into which he was pouring the perfection that had once been poured into himself. And when he was finished he lay down beside it and went to sleep.

It was cool evening when the master of the world awoke. A baby platypus was gently nuzzling the palm of his hand. Adam sat up and looked around. For all about him there was not a sound to be heard. Then Adam realized that the world had come to look upon his creation. A large dinosaur was gently caressing it with his tongue to see if it were alive. The other animals were standing in a great circle hardly daring to breathe. The sun had left red traces of itself just above the horizon. There was no wind.

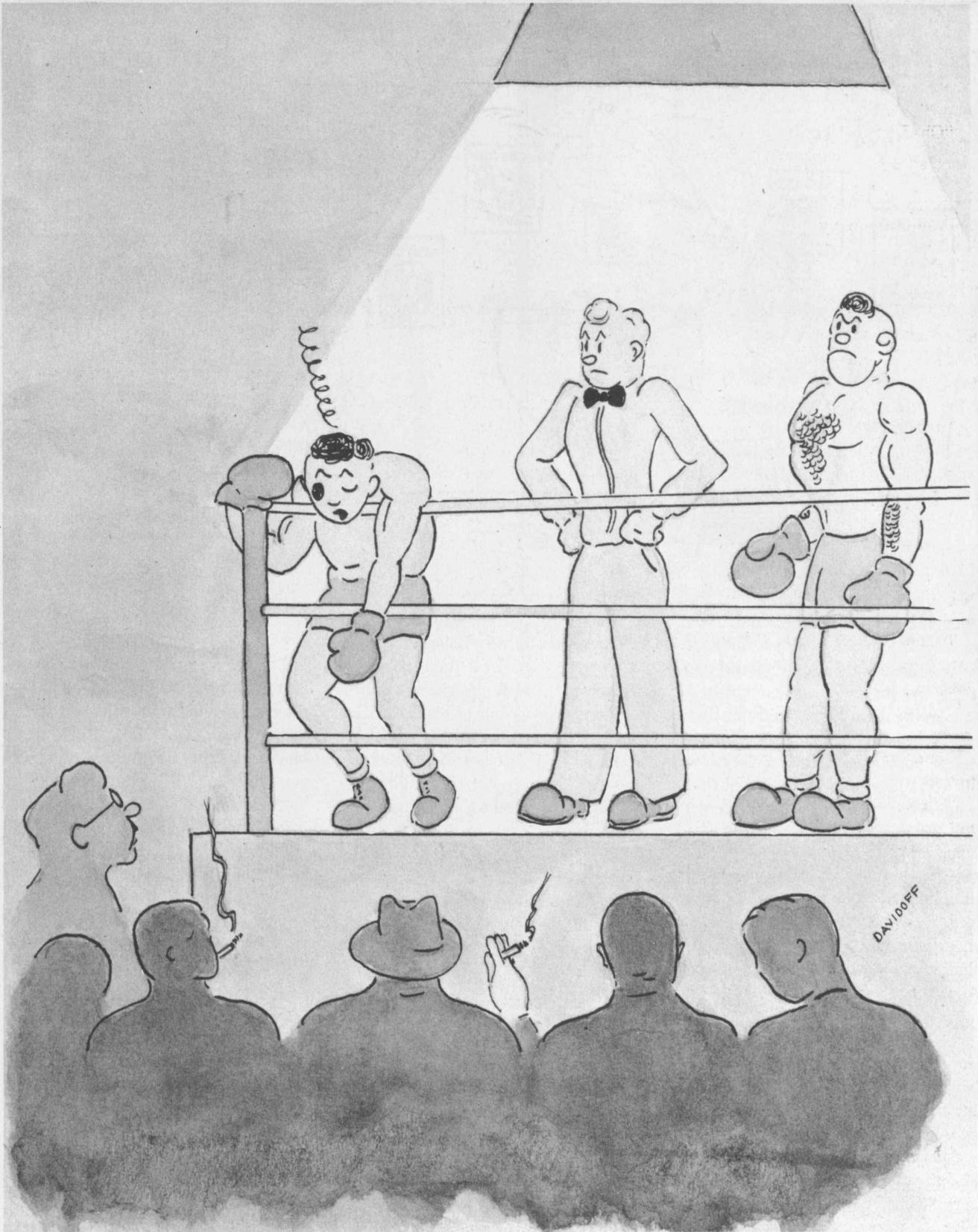
Adam looked at the statue. Inside of him were sensations he had never known before. He felt as though he wanted to create something new he could call "tears." Instead he bent forward to give life to his masterpiece.

"Your name is Eve," said Adam to his statue, "in honor of the time of your creation." Then he caressed the nostrils.

* * *

Adam peered furtively from behind a tree. Then he picked up a large piece of mud and placed it carefully on the mound. Contemplatively he molded, scratched, and dug. Then he sat and dreamed. Somehow he couldn't recapture the perfection he had put into his first work. There was the shape, there were the same smooth contours, there were the same lithe curves that the first statue had had. But the features were hard and cold, the figure stiff and unnatural. With one blow he demolished the figure and sat down in the middle of the debris. Why was it that all the efforts since the first one had been failures? And the first one, why was it that even after the loveliness of the exterior had been completed, he had been unable to do anything about what was inside? What was it that the voice had said to him so long ago? When your own creation . . .

Continued to page 27



"Don't fence me in."

PRESENTING . . .



NO one has ever fully explained the appearance of William K. Baker on the Voo Doo staff. All we know is that one day last spring, there he was sitting in the art room sketching a nude on the decrepit kettle drum that the music society stores there. The art staff at that time was at a very low ebb, and Bill was signed up so fast that we never did find out how he happened to be on hand so conveniently.

The quiet lanky fellow with the tousled hair and the navy jumper with sleeves rolled to the elbow became a regular feature of the office scenery. Sometimes the General Manager would scratch a match on him absent-mindedly, but Bill never griped about it.

The Senior Board was a mournful group in those days. Ray "Rabbit" Gamundi had just graduated from his position as art editor, and there seemed to be no one available with the ability of producing the cheesecake art that had made the magazine so popular in previous months. Then Bill came up with a drawing he'd been fooling around with in his spare time, a long curvaceous brunette dressed in not much of anything . . . you prob-

ably have it nailed up on your wall right now. And we knew that our worries were over. Every issue since then has boasted at least one page of "Bakersex," and as often as not Baker has done a good half of all the art in the magazine. His style is his own. Petty and Varga have their ideas on the ideal pin-up girl, but Bill just says, "Style? Don't know what you mean. I draw 'em the way I like 'em." What tastes that man has.

So it was that after only serving one of the shortest apprenticeships in the annals of Voo Doo history, William was elected to the position of co-Art Editor, along with Joe Davidoff, a lad we told you about a couple of months back. All this came to pass way back last October, but Bill hasn't been resting on his laurels since then. Just look at almost any of the double-page art features in recent issues if you need convincing. The Baker touch is everywhere evident.

So much for the past. The future looks to be even more promising for W. K. B. and for his avid public. Mark these words: Baker's best may be yet to come! !

* * * * *

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.



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!"

— Urchin.



"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.

GOB SCHWAB

Continued from page 10

For a long time Pete was Chief Camel of the One-a-Minute Society. To become a member all one has to do is drink fifty one and one-half ounce jiggers of beer at the rate of one a minute, no time outs allowed. Pete rolled up eighty-six straight, but a sponge in a V-12 uniform which was recently sneaked into a club meeting by jealous members sopped up a hundred beers before being carried out, swept out, and mopped out by the fascinated bystanders. Pete, surrounded by a forest of pipes, is inclined to be philosophical. Some day he will no longer need to put opium in his pipe; some day he can come back to Voo Doo.



A traveling buyer had been on a trip for three months. Every few weeks he'd send a telegram to his wife saying: "Can't come home. Still buying." The wife stood it for a while but when the fourth month started and her husband still had no idea of returning, she decided to do something. She sent him a telegram. "Better come home. I'm selling what you're buying."

— *Variety.*



The young bride approached the druggist timidly.

"That baby tonic you advertise," she began, "does it really build bigger and stronger babies?"

"We sell a lot of it," said the druggist, "and we've had no complaints."

"Then I'll take a bottle," said the bride. "And do I have to take it — or does my husband?"

— *Chaparral.*

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H. PHILBROOK — Manager

"How does Caroline kiss?"
"Have you ever tried a tuba?"



She stepped out of the tub,
All nude and bare and bold
But it didn't interest me at all
She was only two years old.

— *El Burro.*



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

— *El Burro.*

*Eliot
Flower Shop*

Flowers for All Occasions

CORSAGES

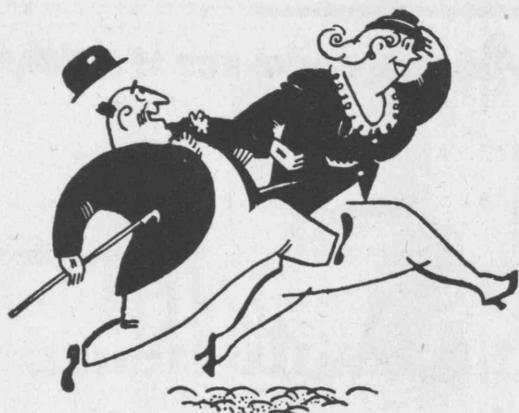
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"Would you love me just the same
 if my father had lost all his money?"

"He hasn't lost it, has he?"

"No."

"Of course I would, you silly girl."

—Pointer.

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.

Oliver was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw clothing scattered about on the chair and floor, she inquired: "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the covers murmured, "Adam."

—Chaparral.

"I'm an old-fashioned girl!"

"Really?"

"Yes, it's my favorite cocktail."

—Pelican.

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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.

CREATION

Continued from page 27

The figure cast a shadow across Adam. "Well," said Eve, "and a grown man at that. Can't you find anything better to do than to play with mud-pies? The dinosaurs have been eating our cabbages again. Look, I even got my hands dirty chasing one. Now get up, you lazy beast, and show that you have some excuse for being alive."

Adam slowly rose. Somewhere off in the distance a hyena chuckled shrilly. Truly, the god Chaos was now master of the world.

—J. L. U.



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

— Shavetail.



A woman resident in China remonstrated with her houseboy for taking her linen into her bedroom without knocking.

"That all right, Missy," said the native. "Every time come, lookee through keyhole. Nothing on, no come in."

— Pelican.



"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 worm."

— Chaparral.



"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.

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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.



Caption on cut from PM:

This is the spring's newest type of glider for carrying heavy loads of combat troops into action from the air. Hitherto, details of the powerful motorless plane have been kept secret.

We can understand that.



"Well," said the marriage clerk,
 "what are your names?"
 "Sontag Loomis," said the boy.
 "Mary Smith," said the girl.
 "And how old are you, Sontag?"
 "Sixteen, sir."
 "And you, Mary?"
 "Fifteen, sir."
 "Sontag, don't you know that being as young as you are, you can't marry this girl without her father's consent?"
 Sontag looked at him for a moment and then spoke:
 "Yah, and who the hell do you think that is standing over there with a shotgun — Daniel Boone?"

—Chaparral.

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