

VOO DOO

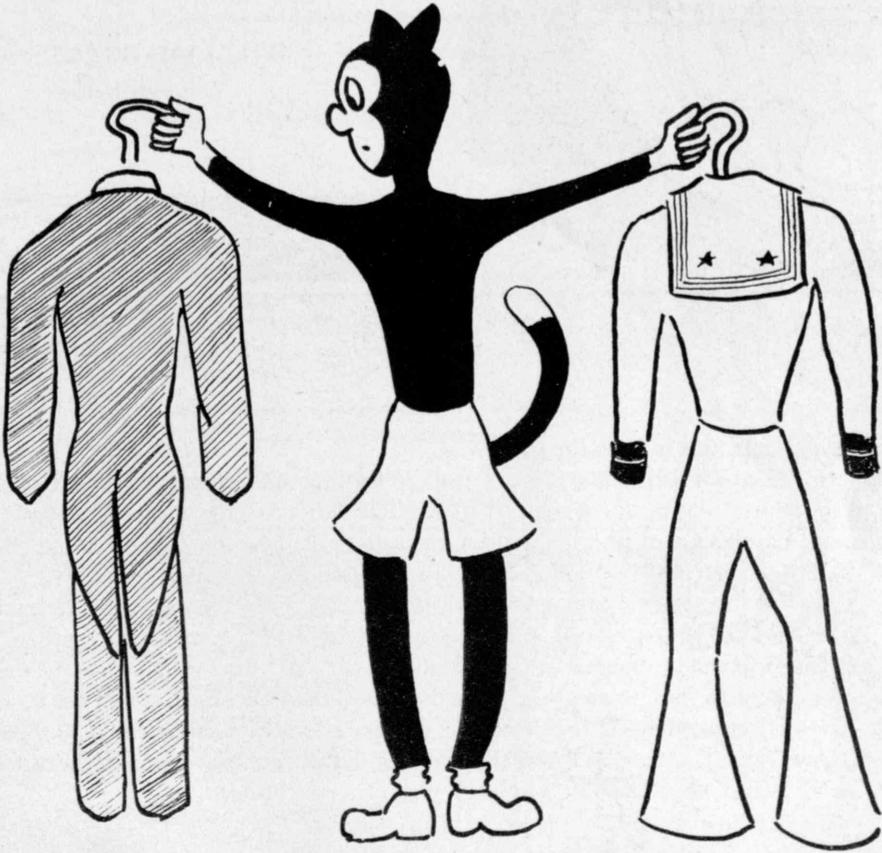


Victory Ball
Exchange Issue

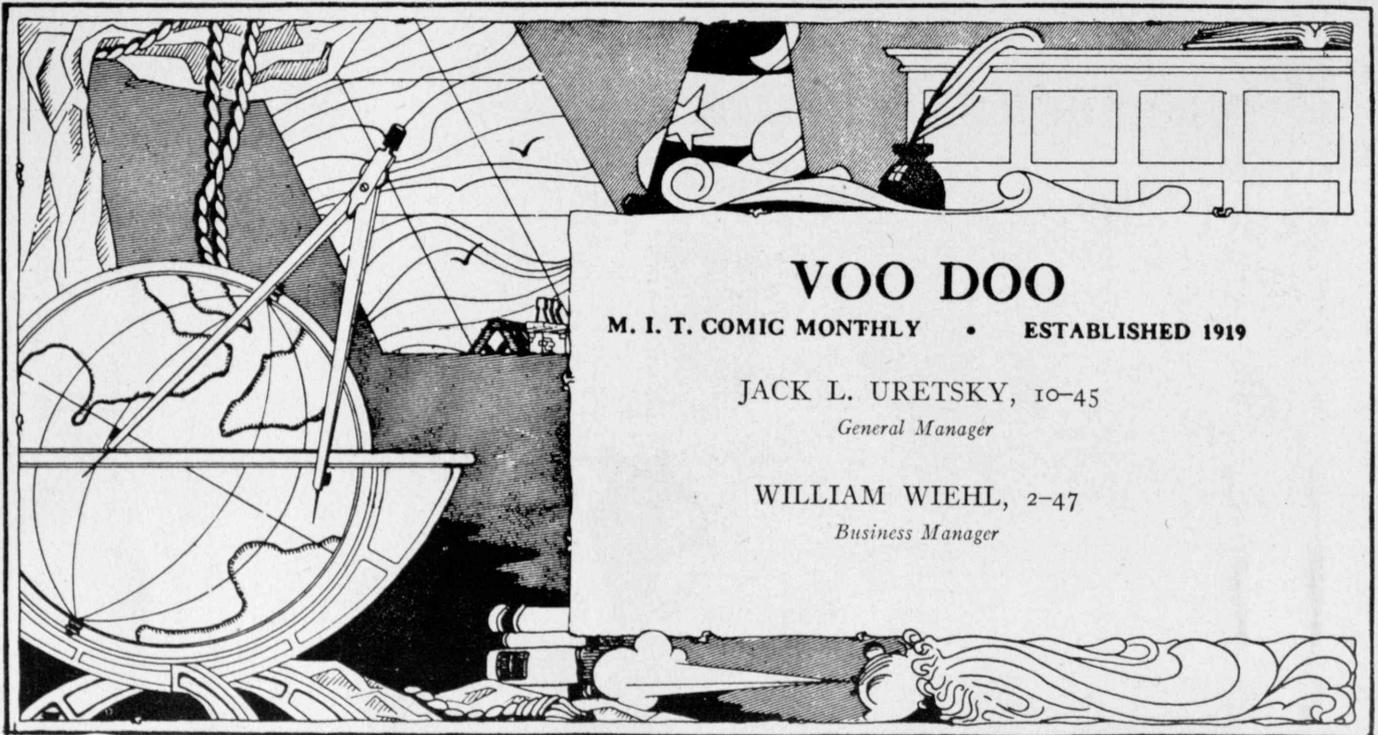


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VICTORY BALL ISSUE



Body



VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY • ESTABLISHED 1919

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HELLO, fellas and gals, this is Phos the Office Cat.

This month — stand a little closer, folks — we are putting out a supersensational, colossal, STUPENDOUS issue to match up to the supersensational, colossal, STUPENDOUS affair — the annual IFC Ball. Now right at the date this is going to press we haven't heard who the band is going to be, but we are confident that the boys won't let us down — thank YOU, Mr. Boyce, that will cost you another bourbon and egg.

This issue, as you can see, was put out especially for the IFC Ball. Since fraternities represent a relationship between schools, we felt it would not be stretching too much of a point to drag in some of the brothers of our own little fraternity. So, whether you like it or not, I dragged in (look what the cat DID drag in) some of the bast . . . fellas . . . from a few other schools and we went to work to give you a nice, low-down example. Each school has its own specialties, and we tried to pick stuff that was representative. For example, Northwestern University's *Purple Parrot* runs pictures of awfully sweet looking felines . . . er . . . females. And the madmen out at Stanford specialize in cartoon work that capitalizes on the idea of shock. But just turn the pages and reach your own conclusions.

Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Published by the Senior Board for the Students of
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from October to May
Subscription \$2.00 per year

Office hours: 1 to 5:30 P.M., Monday to Friday
Member A. C. C. E.

Entered as second class matter at the
Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

Volume XXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1945

No. 6

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Here's two bits of my own that I want to put in. Voo Doo wants to get a hold of a lot of bright young guys who are interested in doing photographic work. Old Phos has a big job cooking on the frying pan, and everyone that comes out will really get a pleasant surprise.

So all you people go on back and enjoy the dance now while I leave you with this parting thought:
"One thing about a wandering glance -- it seldom gets slapped."

Voo Doo will look for *The Tech* on Amory Field, Saturday afternoon, September 29. Services for their depleted staff will be held shortly after.

Phos regrets to announce the resignation of William Wiehl as Business Manager.

Cover this month by Morry Chomitz.



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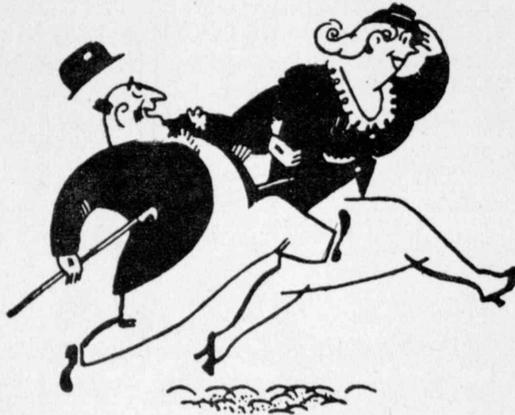
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A girl from a tribe of the Siouxs
Was often afflicted with bliouxs
The trouble, she found
Was down near the ground
Her feet were too big for her shiouxs!
— Dodo.

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CENTRAL SQUARE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The sun trickled lightly through cypress leaves into the crystal pool. Odysseus awoke, wiped the salt water from his eyes, and peered cautiously around the bush. There in the speckled light, stooped Nausica, her lithe body bending to and fro as she dipped her linens into the limpid waters. Her rosy figure was like a nude Aphrodite, chiseled in pink marble. For some minutes The Wanderer sat spellbound, his eyes riveted to the swaying body. Then he loosed his tongue, for he could no longer hold his peace.

"Gad!" he hissed, "double jointed."
— Green Gander.

Many a girl in a mink coat is just
a lamb in wolf's clothing.

— Archive.

One fellow had a terrible auto accident. . . . He tried to shift gears without changing his clutch.

— Pelican.

Two old gals, traveling to California, were chattering busily as their train slowed down when passing an orange-packing plant. "Did you ever," exclaimed Brenda. "Look at that big sign: 'SUNKISSED NAVELS.'" "Dear me," replied Cobina, "this must be Hollywood."

— Battalion.

There was an old rooster named
 Brewster,
 A vehement birth control booster,
 His wives would object
 For they knew in effect,
 Brewster couldn't give like he Use-ter.
 — Jester.



“Know how to keep a horse from
 drooling?”
 “No.”
 “Teach him to spit.”
 — Pelican



Judge — Where is yo' husband?
 Defendant — Ah ain't got no hus-
 band. He's been dead fo' ten years.
 Judge — Are dese heah all yo' chil-
 dren?
 Defendant — Yes, suh, dey's mine.
 Judge — But Ah thought yo' said
 yo' husband is dead?
 Defendant — Yes, suh; he's dead,
 but Ah ain't.
 — Chaparral.



A beauty, by name Henrietta,
 Just loved to wear a tight sweater.
 Three reasons she had;
 To keep warm wasn't bad,
 But her other two reasons were better
 — Dodo.

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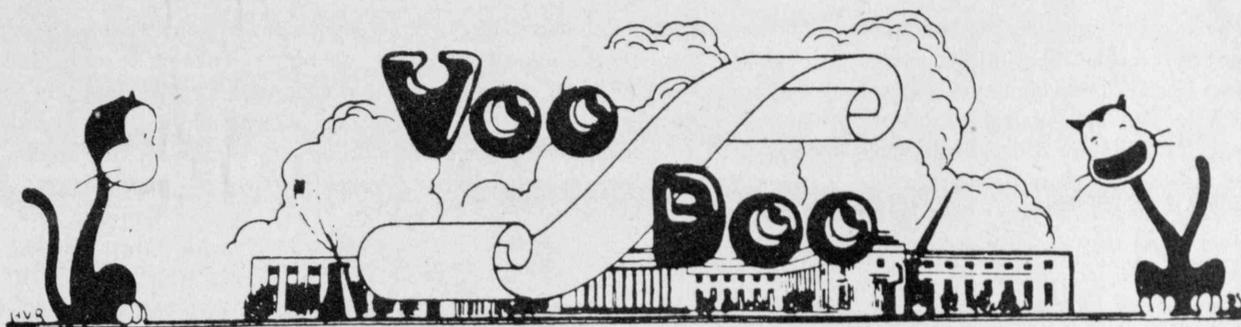


See you at
the Statler
on the 28th

Leslie James

Paul Fitzgerald
x.x

"Who wants to dance? Let's look at some GOOD music!"



UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most outstanding attributes of the members of our V-12 unit is the ease with which they meet crises and adjust themselves to new situations. Never has this quality been better displayed than during the period of uncertain waiting which followed the dropping of the first atom bombs and the delivery of the peace terms to Japan. The following tale straight from Navy records affords the best example we know of the heights to which these intrepid warriors can rise when the occasion demands.

It was the Sunday evening following the bombings. The Japs had already received our peace offer and the air was rife with rumors. On the quarterdeck of the *U.S.S. Grad House* the lobby watch was patrolling his post in the prescribed military manner, his boredom somewhat relieved by the low strains of dance music which came from the radio behind the desk. Suddenly the program was interrupted and the voice of an announcer, scarcely able to control his elation, was heard reading a last-minute news flash.

The watch listened carefully, then turned and, with a hand which we are sure trembled just a little, made the following entry in the log book: "2130. The end of the war has just been announced. So long!"

But alas for the best laid plans of rodents and V-12'ers. The unhappy conclusion of the story is best told in

the words of the trainee himself as he recorded them for posterity in the log. "2134. Rumor about war's end false. A. S. ——— reporting back on duty."

WHENEVER the week-end rolls around, the thoughts of the average and even below average Tech man turns to thoughts of pleasure and the various methods of attaining it. Some sit home and read physics; some sit in other people's homes and discuss pressing problems, and some hit the open road to adventure. A keen observer of the interesting sights along the highway finds the latter method full of mystery and stuff. One soon comes to the conclusion that sex is uppermost in all people's minds even

the guys who named the towns and cities that decorate this country, and who put up the numerous signs that clutter the streets.

On our way to the Cape one week-end, we especially were shocked. Where we come from, Lover's Lanes are carefully kept secret. But here in the conservative region of Massachusetts boldly decorating a main highway was a simple sign bearing the advice:

"GOTUIT
up the road two miles"

SOME famous individual once observed that a war's effects on a nation are so far reaching and deep seeded that consideration of "returning to normalcy" after the war is foolish.



"Well, ain't you brown this morning!"

Some of the inebriates in the back room have been observing the events about Tech with sodden eyes and are reaching similar conclusions. More money is being spent recklessly than ever before and more people are doing things they have never been doing before. And the boys are inclined to think that the termination of the war will not cease such activities.

Just the other day a very interesting episode occurred which is vaguely related to the previous paragraph (contrary to Voo Doo's policy). In one of the steam labs located in the basement of building three, some of the boys in white were weighing some water. For these seniors this menial task soon grew boring. A passerby was accosted and robbed of a last nickel which was playfully thrown in the weighing tank with the reckless abandon characteristic of a degraded nation. The group, including the instructor gazed at the five-cent piece at the bottom of the tank with amused awe for a while and then returned to the task of reading thermometers.

About ten minutes later the instructor returned to the tank in question, eager and bubbling with an idea that could rescue the unfortunate nickel. There was a moment of shocked silence as he gazed into the murky depth of the water. No nickel was to be seen. Instead five glistening pennies were arranged.

Out of peace and quiet came a muffled oath. "That damned Charles River water!"

AMONG many of the hilarious features of the V. J. night celebration were the various and drunken service men madly indulging in promiscuous osculation with members of the weaker sex. (*Boston Herald*: "Even homely girls kissed at V. J. jamboree!") Nobody knew anybody, and what's worse, nobody cared. Our liberators in uniform would snatch up the first girl in sight and plant a hop-smothered kiss right in the middle of the . . . street.

One particular lieutenant friend of ours was wandering aimlessly about the street, and from all appearances he had just made the rounds of every saloon in town. After indulging in the prominent sport for a short while, he latched on to an extremely effeminate thing in a skirt. While we were watching, she cried out, "I bet you think I'm like all the rest."

In a daze, he exclaimed, "Oh no! I've only got fifteen cents," at which he stretched out the palm of his unoccupied hand exhibiting three tarnished nickels.

WE happened to be present the morning after the announcement of Japan's surrender while a group of Tech men relived the experiences of the previous evening. Just to jog your memory that was the glorious, unforgettable night on which the streets of downtown Boston flowed 90 proof and the scene resembled the annual convention of the Society for the Preservation of Kissing in America. Many were the poignant, heart-warming tales which came to light that morning but perhaps the most touching of all was that told us by a weary-looking senior as he drained the last of his Alka Seltzer. We cannot vouch for its authenticity, but we believe it is worth recording in this column.

During the heat of the celebration two Tech students were observed making their hilarious way up the center of Boylston Street. Each had a bottle of something that was definitely not Pepsi-Cola clutched firmly in his hand, and they repeatedly stopped to refresh their good spirits at the shrine of Bacchus. Then carefully replacing the corks so as to lose none of the precious liquid, they would grab the nearest member of the opposite sex and proceed to demonstrate that all great and violent love scenes do not take place in the magic world of the cinema.

It was during one of these interludes that the following drama took place. The more inebriated of the

pair had just downed about a third of the bottle. Turning he seized a nearby woman and planted upon her an ardent kiss which she just as ardently returned. Releasing her he saw her face for the first time.

"Oops, pardon me," he said, evidently somewhat taken aback.

"My God, who was that?" his friend asked him as they staggered on their merry way.

"That," exclaimed the gay celebrant, throwing out his chest in evident pride, "was my mother!"

MUCH has been said, in print and out, about the younger set of Boston (aged 0 to 10). At the risk of appearing unoriginal we would like to add the following tale which we hope will demonstrate that even among the soot and grime of this great metropolis it is possible for a youngster to develop a true sense of the finer things in life. The lad in question was observed trudging manfully up Tremont Street recently, one grimy hand clutching firmly that of his mother. Arriving opposite one of the movie palaces which line that street he suddenly came to an abrupt stop, nearly upsetting his rather perturbed companion.

The feature attraction was one of those extravagant technicolor epics of which the main purpose seems to be the display of as much of as many beautiful girls as the law will allow. The front of the theater was adorned with a large colored picture of the heroine clad in little more than the natural modesty with which she entered this cold world. It was in front of this picture that the juvenile connoisseur stopped. Slowly and carefully he examined it and then proceeded to startle and amuse passersby by giving vent to a long, low, meaningful whistle. Then turning to his mother he raised his innocent, trusting blue eyes and was heard to ask, "Mommy, can I take that home for my bedroom?"

EXCHANGE ISSUE

STUDENT

RICER

STANFORD

Chapman

LAFAYETTE

YRE

CALIFORNIA

PELICAN



UNITED STATES NAVAL FLEET

of the

Alabama Hammer

RECORD The YALE



COLLEGE OF '7



EXCHANGES

arrot

SEPTEMBER BATTAL

LEHIGH

ELOR

The Archibin

SIZZLING-SIX GUNS

A MIGHTY MOVING SAGA OF THE OLD WEST

By L. Sontag Shinbunny, *Stanford Chaparral*

The desert skies were a leaden gray and the sun hung like a flaming ball on the horizon as two lonely, dust-covered figures on horseback slowly made their way across the broad expanse of the San Joaquin Valley. Dead silence hung over the desert, punctuated only by the dull clomp-clomp of the horses' feet as they kicked up swirls of dust.

One of the riders was a mighty tall man in the saddle. Mighty tall. In fact he was so tall that his feet dragged

out of place with his swallow-tailed coat and pin-striped pants. He wore handle-bar mustaches cleverly placed under each ear; some people called them "mutton chops," but on him it looked more like a full-course dinner. The gravy dripping down his chin only served to add reality to the illusion. He was a mighty dark man. Mighty dark. In fact he was so dark that one couldn't tell where he stopped and his swallow-tailed coat started without a program, which his faithful Indian guide sold at ten cents a copy. There was no doubt about it. He was one dark son of a gun.

Not a word passed between the two men until they approached the slopes of dread Pacheco Pass, hangout of Gnatnoop Murietta and "Big Fingered" Jake, two of the most black-hearted cutthroats who ever hijacked a piggy bank.

Then the tall man turned and

belched politely, muttering, "Damn that lousy lobster thermidor, padnah." His companion grunted his approval.

As Deputy U. S. Marshal, the tall man, and he was mighty tall, had been given the tough assignment of cleaning out the cesspool that was Sausalito. It was a tough assignment. Mighty tough. In fact it was so tough that the worthies of Sausalito had already loaded one cemetery with Deputy U. S. Marshals and were well on their way to filling the second. There was no doubt about it. It was one mighty tough assignment.

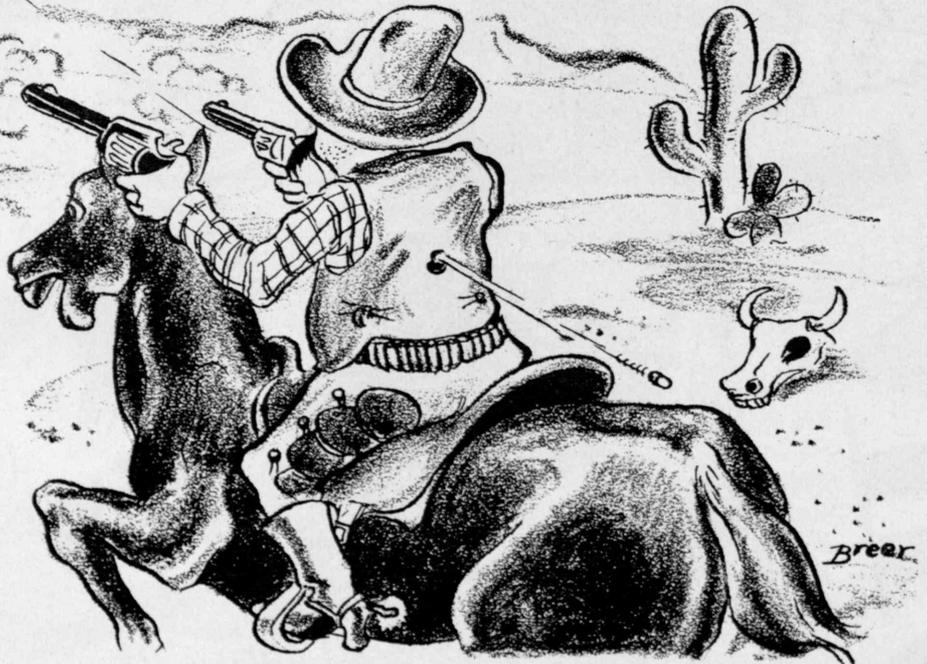
Sausalito — the roughest, toughest gahdam town you ever saw — hangout of banditti, gunmen, thieves, confidence men, gamblers, women of ill repute, and one retail clothing merchant named "Cactus Jack" Mandelbaum. Sausalito was a blot on the fair escutcheon of the entire West; a "tilt" on the pin-ball machine of



on the ground and he wore roller skates to save wear and tear on his faithful palomino. There was no doubt about it. He was one tall son of a gun.

The other was a squat, leathery character of obvious Indian ancestry and he wore a pale chartreuse blanket of Thunder Bird design.

It was obvious from the cut of the tall stranger's clothes that he was no ordinary frontiersman and those two six-shooters at his side looked mighty



California. Headed her way were "Pittsburgh Phil" Carson, for that was the tall man's name, known as "Pitts" Carson to his friends, and his faithful Indian guide, Beeyo.

Pitts Carson's mission was twofold. Not only did he have the tough assignment of cleaning out Sausalito, which would be mighty tough, but also that of locating his childhood sweetheart, almond-eyed "Bubbles" Yuk, who had left Boston at an early age and was smuggled into Yerba Buena in a boatload of guano. This job was going to be mighty tough too. Pitts had heard that she was living with her father, a mighty shabby old party, who in reality wasn't her father at all, but a Japanese agent by the name of Wattsu Matta. Wattsu covered up his nefarious activities by disguising himself as an itinerant Chinese opium pedler.

As the two horsemen rode over Pacheco Pass, Pitts raised his head and sniffed the air.

"Smoke," he muttered tersely.

"Ugh no, thankum," answered Beeyo, "me just puttum one out."

"Damn it, padnah, Ah smell smoke, and it's coming from thatta way."

Spurring his horse to the top of the rise, he looked down on the still-smoldering remains of a cabin.

"Mmmmm," he deduced quickly, "it looks mighty lak a fire."

Beeyo grunted his assent, as the two rode down to the scene of the disaster.

Spying a mighty dead cadaver, Beeyo leaped from his saddle and rushed over to the body. The corpse lay there mighty still. In fact, it was dead. There were four bullet holes in its head, a charred rope around its neck, a Turkish scimitar stuck in its abdomen at a very peculiar angle, and a smell reminiscent of bitter almonds filled the air.

"Lookum heap suspicious," grunted Beeyo.

"Damned if it don't, padnah. Damned if it don't look mighty suspicious. Ah think that we can rule

out suicide. This looks mighty lak the evil doin' of Gnatnoop Murrieta."

Beeyo grunted his assent.

"Padnah, do you know who this is?" exclaimed Pitts in sudden frenzy.

"Why, who dat?"

"It's old Charlie Yuk, mah gal Bubble's father. This means they stole mah gal. Whah," he said, brandishing his guitar menacingly, "Ah'll get them dirty varmits if it's the last thing Ah do. Let's vamos."

With that he leaped into the saddle, only to crumple to the ground where he writhed in agony for a few moments before he cautiously remounted sidesaddle, muttering, "Damn that sacroiliac," as they disappeared over the horizon.

Late the next afternoon the two vengeful horsemen rode into the great port of San Francisco, hot on the trail of Gnatnoop Murietta and "Big



Fingered" Jake. Upon questioning the local populace, they discovered that the Golden Gate lay between them and Sausalito. Pitts was faced with a mighty tough decision. He couldn't waste four extra days riding around the Bay, and so as they reached the Gate, he said to his faithful Indian guide, "No one's ever done this before, Beeyo, but Ah say nothin's too tough for ole tough Pitts Carson and his faithful Indian guide. Let's vamos," he cried as they plunged into the swirling icy waters of the channel.

Three days later a clipper ship standing off the Faralone Islands

fished two mighty tired horsemen out of the Pacific.

"Damn it," shouted Pitts, "ain't this Sausalito?"

Skipper Artysebashaeff, a mighty salty man, spat back at him, "Naw, this is the *City of Los Angeles*, but you're in luck cuz we'll be landing in Sausalito in about three hours."

Three hours later, two mighty tough hombres stalked purposefully down the gangplank at Sausalito. Pitts didn't cut much of a figure in rough and tough Sausalito, in his shrunken and water-logged tail coat and his guitar slung carelessly over his shoulder. But there was no doubt about it; here was a man who meant business. Those two rusty six-guns, mighty rusty after his sea adventure, weren't loaded with confetti.

His hawk eyes swept the crowd which had gathered at the dock. Then in a loud voice he asked, "Has anyone seen Gnatnoop Murietta or 'Big Fingered' Jake? Ah'm Pitts Carson, new Deputy U. S. Marshall —"

To a man, the crowd drew their six-guns and before Pitts could raise his guitar into firing position, a fusillade of shots rang out and he crumpled to the dock writhing in agony, only this time it wasn't his sacroiliac. It was holes, thousands of holes. Pitts was a mighty sick man.

"Beeyo," he gasped in great pain, "at least I'm dyin' with mah boots on. Now I won't bruise mah toes when Ah kick the bucket."

Pitts Carson was daid, mighty daid. In fact he was so daid that the townspeople took his perforated remains and buried him in the last plot in Cemetery Number Two on a wind-swept hill behind the town. There was no doubt about it. Pitts Carson was one mighty daid son of a gun.

After the funeral, the townspeople reloaded their guns and gleefully awaited the arrival of the next Deputy U. S. Marshal who was slated for the Number One spot in the new town cemetery.

—Drisc and Goog.

Cornell Widow

A STORY WE NEVER DARED FINISH

The boys at Blednapp U. were viewing with alarm the increasing number of co-eds that were wearing men's clothes. T-shirts, long shirts, and pants were all bought by the girls before the boys even knew about the sale.

Skeeter Sweatpants banged his head loudly with a hammer to call for order. "Men," rasped Skeeter, "we'll start this meetin' with our school song." The crowd swung lustily into their song, and a tear crept into Skeeter's eye as he heard:

Far out on the sandy desert
With its waves of heat,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Easiest to beat.

Lift the sand dunes, blow them on-ward,

All her sons shoot crap,
Hail to thee your sons are wayward
Hail, Oh Hail, BLEDNAPP.

A thunderous applause boomed forth; hats and handgrenades filled the air, and an occasional body was seen headed skyward for not singing for old Blednapp.

Once again the throng was quieted, and their venerable class president, Sigfly Moose, crawled up to the platform. With a soft and tremulous voice, he said, "The girls are wearing our pants. The girls are wearing our shirts. Are we wearing their skirts, their blouses, their . . . ?" Here Sigfly

blushed deeply, but continued, "We're going to buy something that **THEY** wear, and buy every one we can."

The next day, Skeeter put on his B.S.O.B. sweater, which stood for "Big Son Of Blednapp," and hurried down to the Co-op. He shot his way through the crowd, shot up a row of text books, and shot off his mouth to the sales girl. "Hey," he said with the quiet of a triphammer, "gimme all the berzieres in the jernt before I blow yer head off." Taken somewhat by surprise, the poor girl uttered, "Beg pardon?" Skeeter blew her head off, and helped himself to all the pink articles in the place.

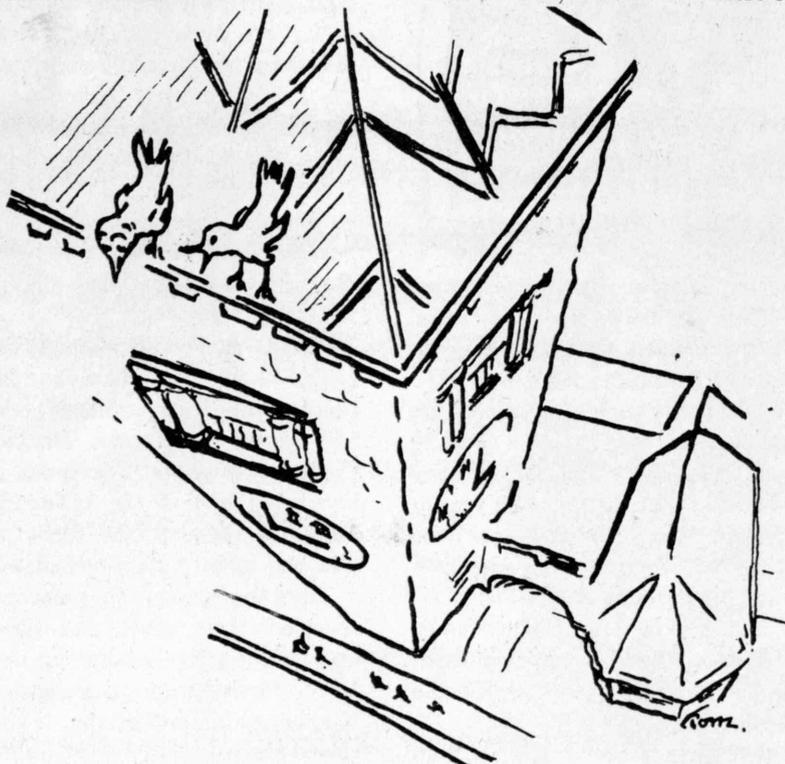
Downtown, Blast Dingding, a pre-gangster, blew into the Blednapp Brassiere Boutique, and emerged carrying 314 pinkies.

Even University president Sneezenpratt noticed the new fad boys were wearing. Skeeter appeared in pink suspenders and garters. "Slats" Leashbound had a new pocket for his catcher's mit, and every other player on the team had a new lining for his mit. Some had pink baseball caps. All the boys were sporting new ear muffs. The Smoker had new ash trays suspended from the walls, and the pool tables had pink pockets.

Fraternity pledges were smiling at each other in a knowing way. They would not be paddled tonight, because they were wearing a padded pinkie around the bosom of the pants.

The equitation unit at R.O.T.C. had new eye-winkers for their horses. Everywhere, as far as the eye could see, things were looking in the pink.

Girls, in the meanwhile, were beginning to feel let down.



7-6 your favor

Something for the
Lodge



Those Cold Winter Nights

COLORADO DODO



Graznia goes into the boss' room to get the suit for "Shaky." On the way out they run into the boss' secretary, who smilingly bids them adieu. "Have a good time!" she chortles, shooting haphazardly.



Rodney Tyrone meets the glamorous Heidi Lovebubble at a soiree given by Melsa Axwell in a local bologna dispensary.



Public reaction to the submarine scandal runs the gamut from smiling indifference to stony fury.



Graznia tearfully kisses Rodney Tyrone farewell.

Wampus Presents the Movie of the Month . . .

"TO HAVE AND NOT HAVE TO"

Graznia Pfndsk, domestic, has a night off. Her boy friend, "Shaky" Pruneface, who works in the sanitation department, offers to take her to a swank dive, but he has nothing in which to get dressed up. Knowing that her master is away for the week-end, Graznia goes to his closet and borrows a formal dress suit, which is only several sizes too small. They go to the Goldberg-Bosley ballroom to dance. The boy friend, feeling something heavy hitting him in the back of the legs, tells Graznia he thinks there is something in the tails. Graznia opens the seams and finds a working model of a submarine hidden there. She reports to a Wampus detective, who arrests her master, Mati Fairy, as an international spy. In gratitude, Graznia decides to purchase a copy of the *Wampus*, in spite of warnings from hundreds of friends. Consequently, she writes a letter to the editor of the *Daily Touton*, praising the publication. The affair is quickly hushed up.

But fame and fortune come to Graznia. She forsakes "shaky," who used to beat her playfully with a bull-whip every Thursday and Saturday, anyhow, for glamorous playboy, Rodney Tyrone van de Schmaltz, a painter. Rodney Tyrone has only one noticeable idiosyncrasy—he

is terrified at the sight of spiders. One day he is painting a portrait of Graznia when one of the noxious insects drops squarely in the middle of the canvas. He leaps back, shrieking, then hysterically picks up tubes of paint and throws them at the spider, which dodges nimbly about. Every time a tube hits the board it breaks, leaving a big splotch of paint. The spider gets away, but Rodney Tyrone sells the painting for \$759,000,000.

So fame and fortune augment the fame and fortune of Rodney Tyrone van de Schmaltz and he forsakes Graznia for Heidi Lovebubble, a sirenous refugee from the salt mines of Siberia.

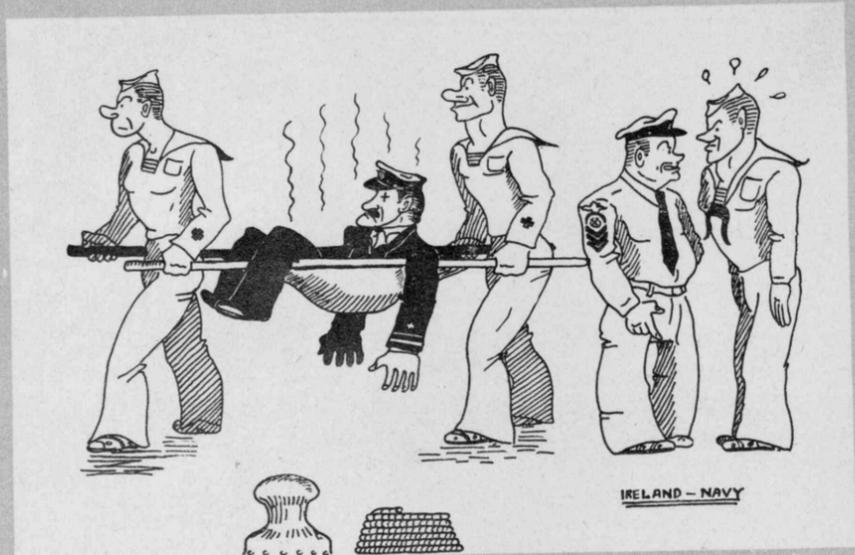
Graznia gets the hard nose, which in turn develops into indigestion. A young doctor is called out on the case, Dr. Pruneface, and mistaking her symptoms, he gives her a stomach pump and turns it on full-blast. Suddenly he recognizes Graznia as his long-lost girl friend and in his excitement he forgets to stop the stomach pump which soon brings up all of Graznia's vitals. He apologizes profusely and with a hollow laugh she forgives him. Slowly they walk arm in arm out of the Bijou theatre.



"Shaky," now Dr. Pruneface, discovers his long-lost love, Graznia, again.

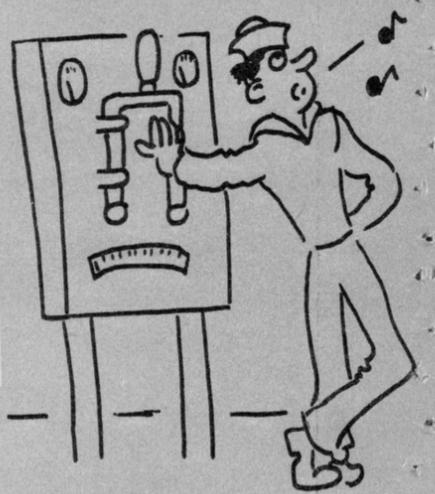


Entertainment during the intermission at the Bijou consists of a fandango by the famous team of Minsk and Pinsk. Note interested spectator.



Awright, who's the wise deck ape who turned on the lights when the Lootenunt was inspecting the sockets for dust?

Colorado Dodo

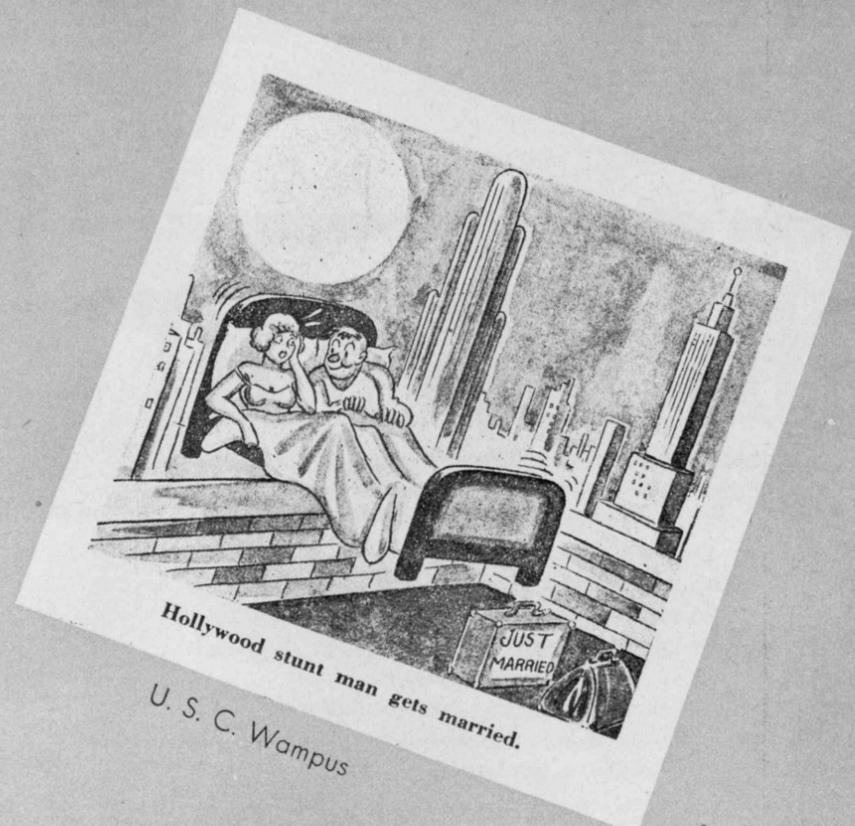
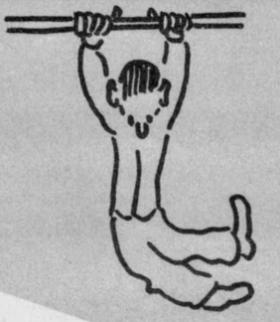


Cornell Widow



Annapolis Log

Ray, W. Cummings

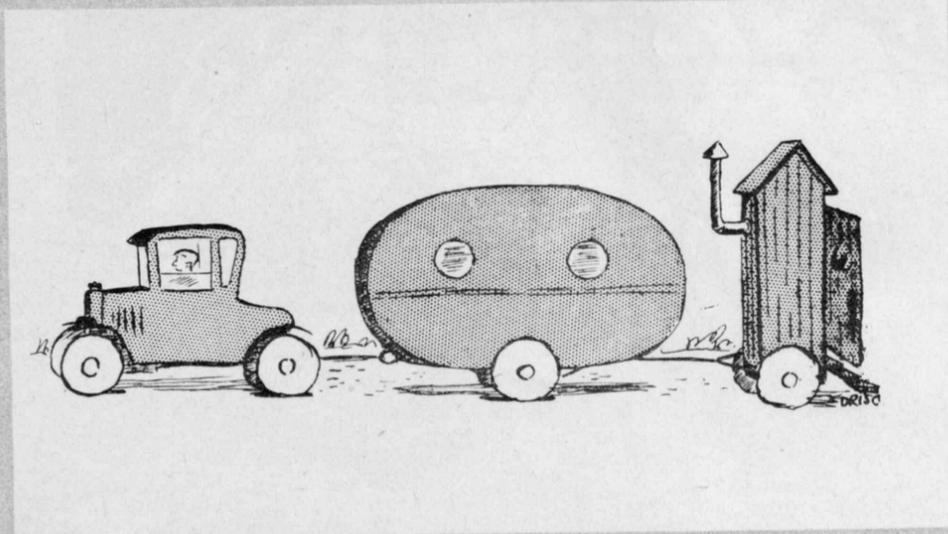


Hollywood stunt man gets married.

U. S. C. Wampus



Texas A. & M. Battalion



Stanford Chaparral



EXPECTATION

By Joanna Metsinger and George Creeger, *Depauw Boulder*

Feeling that we lack a certain *savoir faire* so essential for that *je ne sais quoi* called for in terminating an episode with *verve* and *rigour*, we have deferred to three contemporaries. These, who possess *une facilite pour les mots*, have submitted as climax and denouement these *resultats* for the following scene:

Plot: Lydia is expecting.

(Finish the Story according to your preference of authors.)

CHOICE 1 Hemingway

Lydia sat still on the divan. Lydia sat very still on the divan. Outside there were footsteps, staccatic footsteps, the footsteps of a man approaching her door. She ran to the door and flung it open.

"Stefan, it's you," she said.

"Hell, yes," he said.

"It's you," she said, "it's really you."

"Hell, yes," he said, taking her in his arms.

It was just getting dark when she rose. He groaned. She stared at him.

"Are you hungry, Stefan?" she said.

"What?" he said.

"Are you hungry, Stefan?"

"Damn right," he said. "Damn hungry."

"Do you want to eat?" she asked.

"Hell, yes," he answered, rubbing the stubble on his chin.

"Do you want to eat now?" she asked.

"Why not?" he answered.

"Right now?"

"Sure," he said. "Sure, let's eat right now."

"O. K."

— E. HEMINGWAY.

CHOICE 2

G. Stein

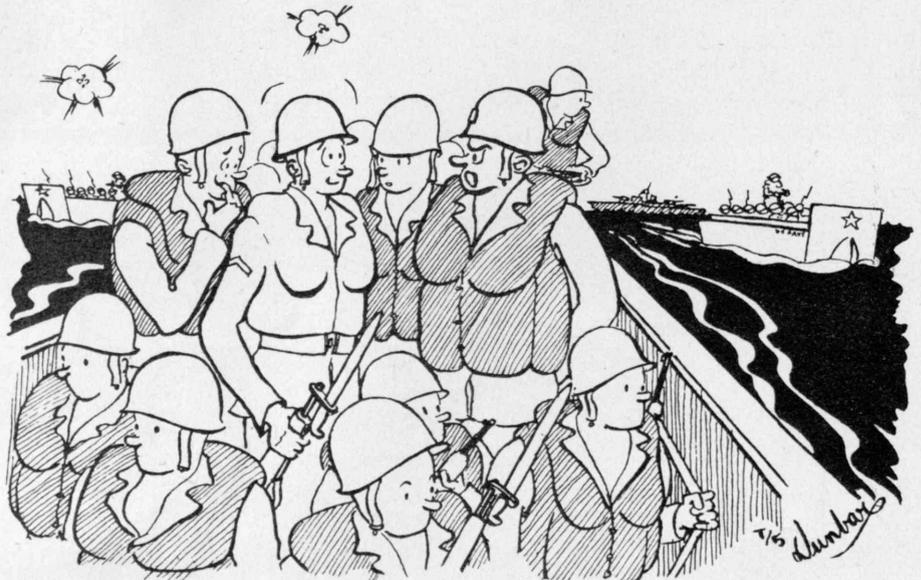
Lydia listened close and long, long listened Lydia listened Lydia, sat there listening, sat Lydia. The clock was ticking on the mantle, on the mantle ticking was the clock, ticking, tocking, ticking was the clock. She was calm enough, calm enough for a girl sitting there listening to the clock and waiting for footsteps, footsteps on the stairs, on the stairs while the clock ticked on the wall and she waited, waited, waited. While she sat there being calm, and wanting very much to hear the sound of soldier's heels on the stairs, clicking on the stairs like the clicking of the clock on the wall, like the ticking of the clock, of the clock on the wall, she listened and then she heard, she heard as she sat there being calm and listen-

ing for the click like the tick of the clock on the wall and she heard the click of the soldier's foot on the stairs, feet on the stairs clacking like soldier's feet on the stairs clack.

And the clacking of the heels, of the soldier's heels merged with the ticking of the clock, mingled and merged and mixed with the clicking of the clock and Lydia's heart went thump, and the clock ticked and clicked and the feet clacked on the stairs and her heart still went thump. She rose like a rose and rising rose like a rose to be met by the clack of the feet and the click of the clock and her heart went thump and thump went another and the two together went thump as the clacking stopped and the clock ticked tocked.

— G. STEIN.

Continued to page 25



"Okay, okay, so you look sexy! Now will you put that life jacket on the outside where it belongs?"

A TREATISE ON CABIN PARTIES IN GENERAL

By Sniveloid, Ph.D., *Duke Archive*

Neath the spreading Hick-ry trees
Perry's Cabin stands,
Perry, a mighty man is he,
With large and extensive lands.

AND, because of his great love for college stoudents and their charming, reserved, and academic ways,¹ he makes his property available to fraternity cabin parties.

This being Spring, and since in Spring a young man's fancy . . . etc. . . a discourse on cabin parties might not be out of place.

Let's take a fictitious fraternity and follow one of their cabin parties from its origin to its conclusion. Let's see . . . let's call our frat S.O.B.²

There are six steps in throwing a cabin party:

(1) A member suggests that the affair be held.

(2) The secretary jumps up and says that fraternity finances won't permit.

(3) Member tells secretary to F.O.³

(4) Vote is taken.

(5) Motion carried.

(6) Committee appointed to get cabin, buy food, get truck, get chaperones.

The business of chaperones is a problem in itself. There are two types of chaperones that are desirable. Type A is the A.F.G.⁴ type. This couple is usually too deaf to hear what is going on, too blind to see what is going on, and too old to care if they *knew* what was going on. Type B is the G.Y.B.⁵ type. This couple are so busy necking themselves, that they just don't give a damn. How-

ever, one rarely ever finds perfect specimens of these types. (Chaperones who suggest charades at nine o'clock in the evening are seldom asked a second time.)

The jovial group gathers about 2:30 Sunday afternoon for the frolic. The girls in skirts and slacks are gaily attired, and the V-12s are just plain tired. The truck is due at three o'clock and arrives promptly at three.⁶ Baseball bat, football, happy members, sullen pledges, and giggling girls are all crowded into the truck. The driver tamps the mass down and hooks the rear gate. The truck starts off with three big unnecessary jerks.⁷

Throughout the ride many diversified conversations can be overheard. To wit:

"I've been in an awful consternation for the last few days."

"Have you tried bran?"

"My foot's asleep."

"Which is your foot?"

"Does Bill still go walking with that slouch of his?"

"Shhh! They're right behind you."

"I can't find any silk covering for my settee, Gloria."

Voice from under the pile of people.
"Try a lingerie store."

"Hey . . . get your hand outa my . . ."

"Didn't you miss German class yesterday?"

"Not at all."

"Hey, somebody, is sterility hereditary?"

"Are those gulls flying up there?"

"I don't know, they might be boys. They're too high up for me to see."

"I'm not going to say exactly what that is that the Union has been feeding us for coffee. . . . BUT . . . I had a chemist analyze a sample of it the other day. His report said: 'Your horse is dying. Send him for treatment at once. Draw your own conclusions.'"

And so it goes.

Upon arrival at the Perry estate, the food is hidden, and a game of baseball or football is begun. This is the cue for the pin-ups to sneak off for a botanical tour of the surrounding woods.⁸

All activity ceases when the call to chow is sounded. The members line up on one side of the room and their dates line up on the other . . . the table of food in between. Then, at a given signal, both parties make for the food. A free-for-all ensues.

Then, amid gastronomical growlings, the crowd assembles before the fire to sing songs. When *Patty Moiphy* has been buried, *The Ship Titanic* sunk, and the *Sweetheart of S. O. B.* has been admired in lyric, someone accidentally leans against the light switch.

From this point on, any remarks that we could make would be superfluous. So, let's leave them there and not bother them. I hope that the truck gets there in time to get the V-12s back for bed check.⁹

¹ Not that the monetary compensation that he receives has anything to do with it.

² That's merely B.O.S. backwards. Don't be evil minded.

³ Stands for Fade Out. (ho, ho!)

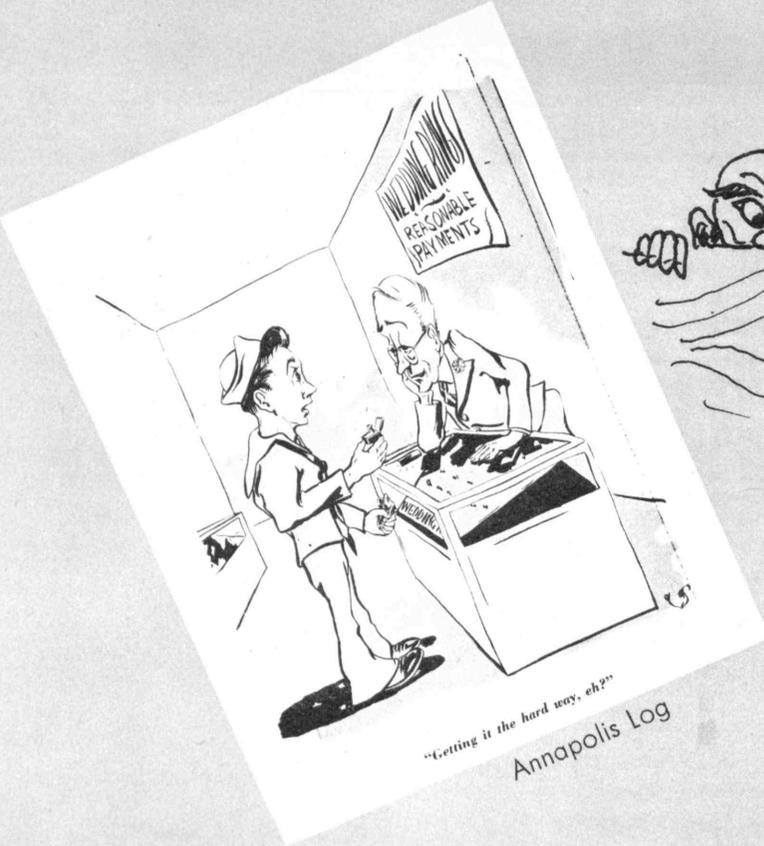
⁴ Awful Far Gone.

⁵ Gay Young Blade.

⁶ Three minutes past four.

⁷ Two of which are the chaperones.

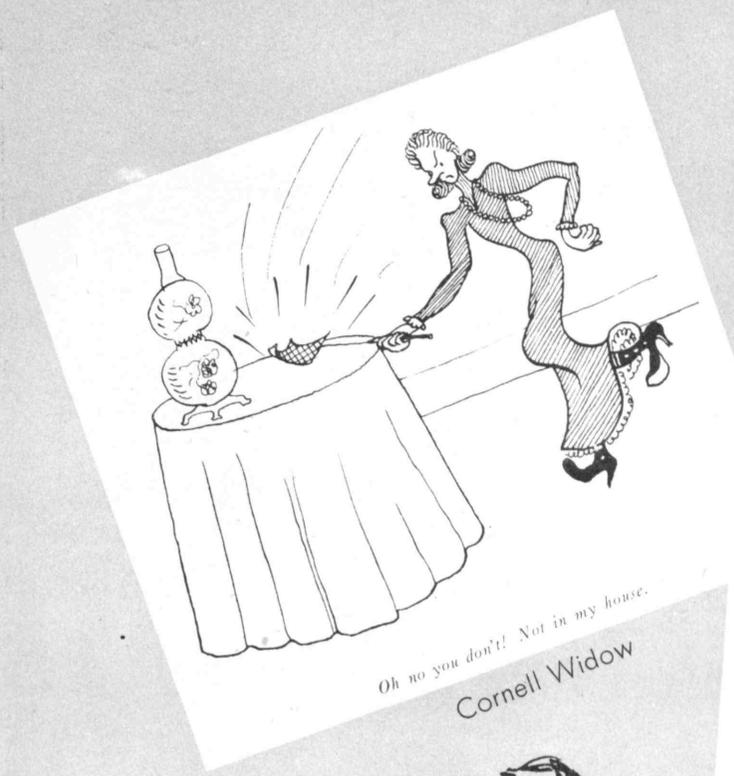
⁸ Heh, heh, heh.



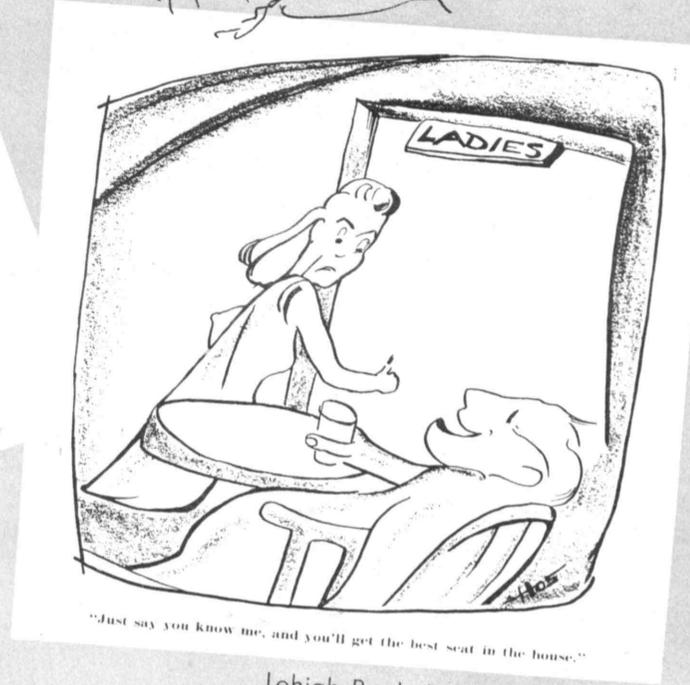
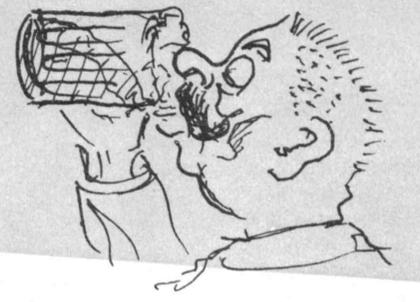
"Getting it the hard way, eh?"
Annapolis Log



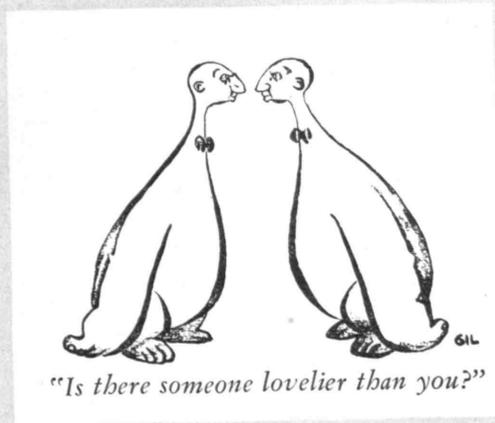
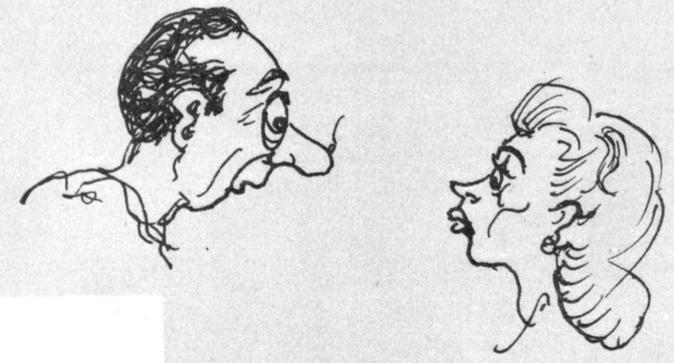
"It won't be wrong now."
Columbia Jester



Oh no you don't! Not in my house.
Cornell Widow



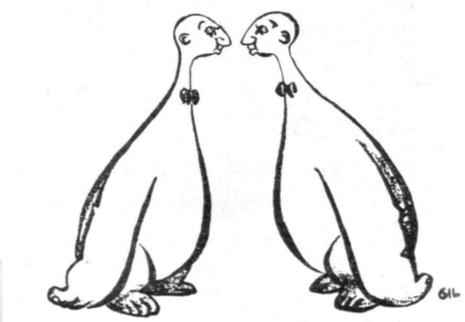
"Just say you know me, and you'll get the best seat in the house."
Lehigh Bachelor



"Is there someone lovelier than you?"



"Will you wear my wings?"



"Enough of this love making."



Northwestern Purple Parrot



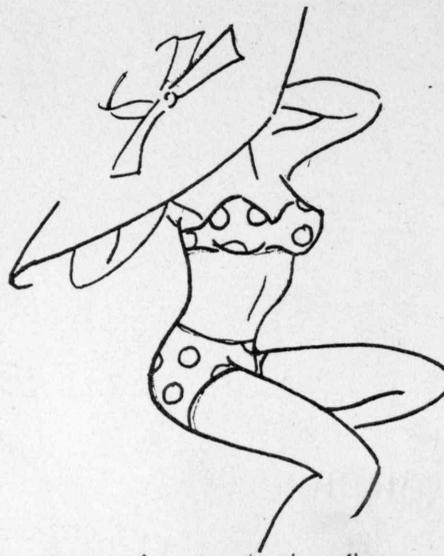
"Next thing you know you kids will be smoking cigarettes."

Iowa State Green Gander



"Rinso . . ."
Stanford Chaparral





SOMETHING TECH COULD
USE A LITTLE MORE OF



Gloria Stadelman of Cal., via Pelican



Jo Anne Jenkins of Northwestern,
via Purple Parrot



Georgiana Patty of Stanford, via Chaparral

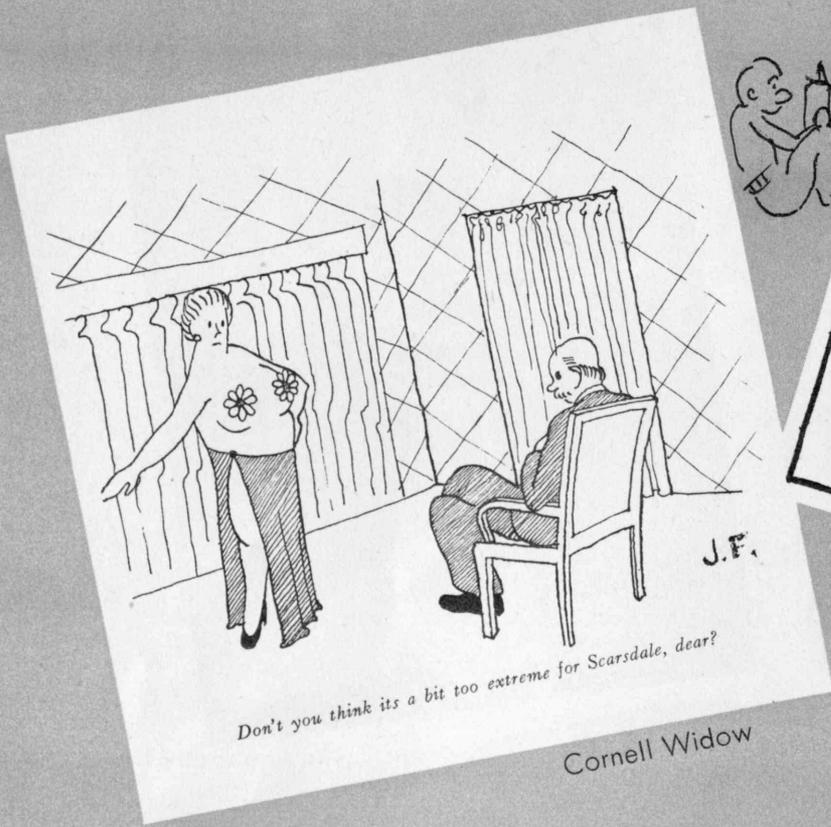


Diana Lockhart of U.S.C., via Annapolis Log



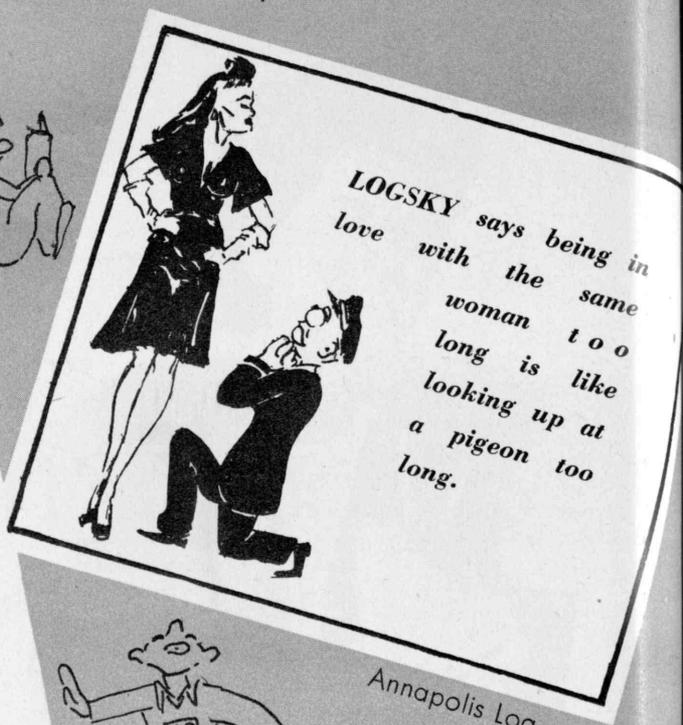
Three Alabama Beauties,
via Rammer Jammer





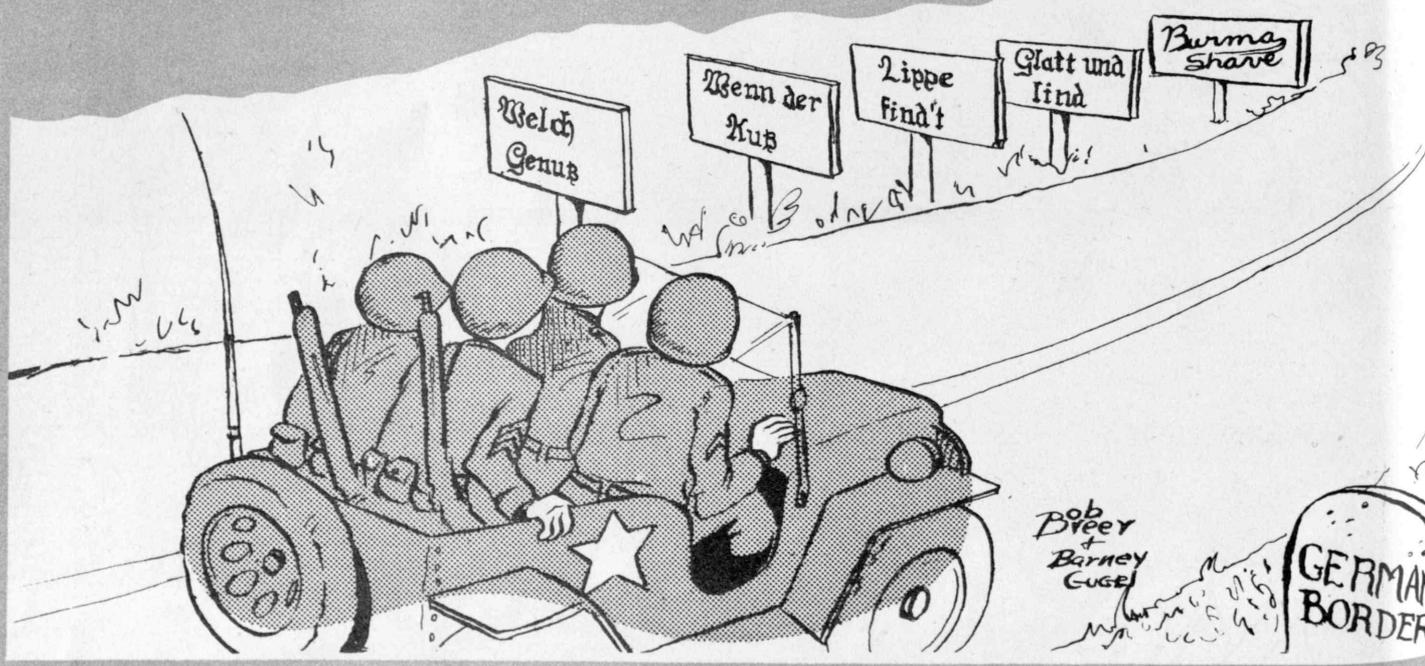
Don't you think its a bit too extreme for Scarsdale, dear?
Cornell Widow

J.F.



LOGSKY says being in
love with the same
woman too
long is like
looking up at
a pigeon too
long.

Annapolis Log



Bob Dreyer
+ Barney Cugel



Stanford Chapo

EXPECTATION

Continued from page 18

CHOICE 3

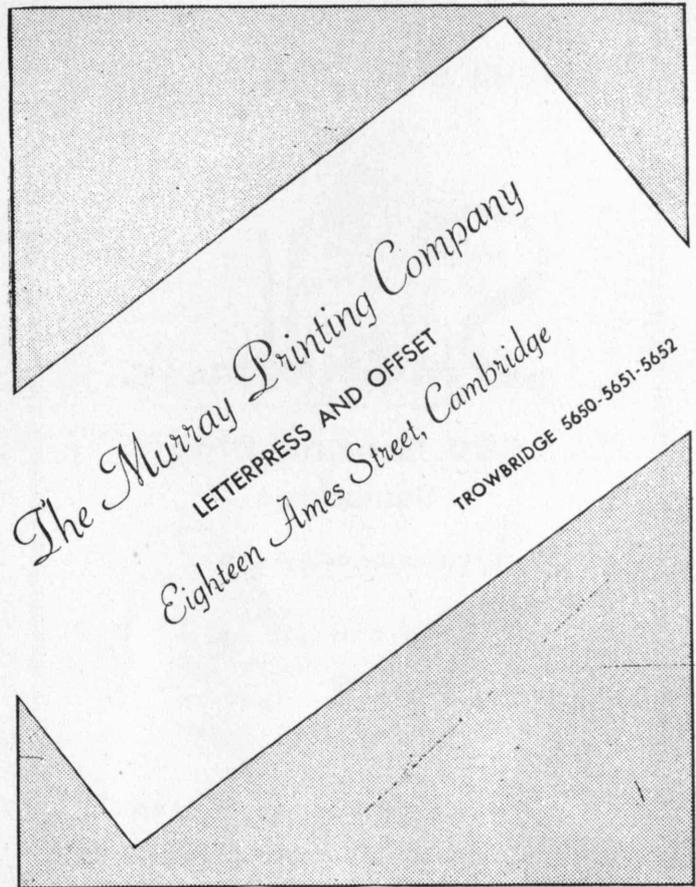
d'marquis

dear boss
 i ran into lydia the other day sitting
 on a couch in her studio in the village
 archy she said archy we artists lead a hell of a life three
 years ago i met up with this smooth tom three years ago
 archy when i was an innocent little kitten
 my mother archy bless her soul had warned me that there
 would be such but i had paid no
 heed and then came this joe he made all
 sorts of sweet promises a little house
 he promised with plenty of catnip and
 no worries in the world and i
 fell for the goofs line that was three
 years ago archy pretty soon
 though i found out my mistake marriage
 archy marriage means just "one damn
 kitten after another" and then
 last week the boob ups and leaves
 not that i gave a good damn whatthell
 archy i was getting sick of him
 and even then my motto was toujours gai
 it was just the principle of the thing
 thats all and all these damn kittens
 i thought that was the last of him but yesterday
 i was sitting here quiet and peaceful like
 and who should come bouncing in
 big as life but that damn tom
 i let on at first i was glad to see him
 and then when he got all comfortable
 i let him have it my motto archy
 has been always be a lady
 always a lady but there are times
 when i forget and this one was one of them
 there i cried as i swept out his left
 eyeball let that teach you to desert
 a poor innocent cat you cur i howled as
 i raked the fur off his back you lowly dog
 i said as i tossed him off the back
 stoop on his back stoop now maybe
 youll know better than to tamper with
 the affections and trust of a lady
 but whatthell toujours gai archy
 toujours gai

as ever

archy

d marquis



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— Chaparral.

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The shades of night were falling fast
When for a kiss he asked her.
She must have answered "Yes," be-
cause

The shades came down much faster.
— Battalion.



They had been sitting in the swing
in the moonlight alone. No word
broke the stillness for half an hour
until . . . "Suppose you had money,"
she asked, "What would you do?"

He threw back his chest, in all
the glory of young manhood. I'd
travel!"

He felt her warm young hand slide
into his. When he looked up, she was
gone.

In his hand was a nickel.

— Archive.



Dear Jack:

I just read in the paper that
students who don't smoke make
better grades than those who do.

Love,
DAD.

Dear Dad:

I have thought about it. But
truthfully, I would rather make a
"B" and have the enjoyment; in
fact, I would rather smoke and drink
and make a "C." Furthermore, I
would rather smoke, drink and neck
and make a "D."

Love,
JACK.

Dear Jack:

I'll break your neck if you flunk
anything.

Love,
DAD.

— Archive.

"Are you the girl who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.

"Yes, sir," replied the waitress politely.

"Well I'll be damned," he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

— *Old Maid.*



The freshman leaves the girl of his dreams and enrolls in college. While crossing the campus (alone) one night, he sees the full moon shining high above in all of its glory. He says, "Ah, if I only was with Ann tonight."

Under a full moon the next year, his expression has changed somewhat. "Ah, if I only had a date with a beautiful girl tonight."

While a junior, the full moon brings forth the expression, "Ah, if I only had a date tonight."

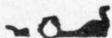
Happy at last, the senior exclaims, "What a night. A good book and plenty of pipe tobacco."

— *Battalion.*



"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

— *Archive.*



"Today I became a mother."

"You a mother, incredible, my dear fellow, give out."

"Yesterday I met a girl with a face only a mother could love. Today I found out she's worth six million dollars — today I became a mother."

— *Log.*

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Out of ninety thousand women there will be eighty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-four who will read this. The other six will be blind.

— *Chaparral.*

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S.A.E. — He fell through some scaffolding.

Alumnus — What was he doing up there?

S.A.E. — Being hanged.

— *Chaparral.*

Irate father: Why were you kissing my daughter in that dark corner last night?

Dubious Youth: Now that I've seen her in daylight I sort of wonder myself.

— *Battalion.*

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