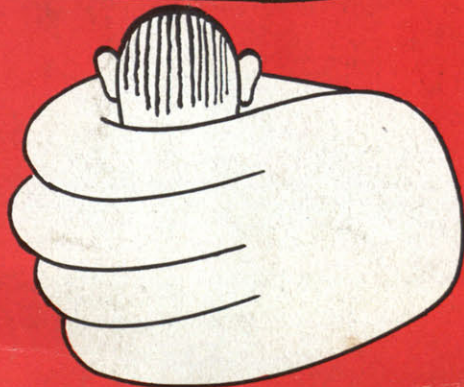
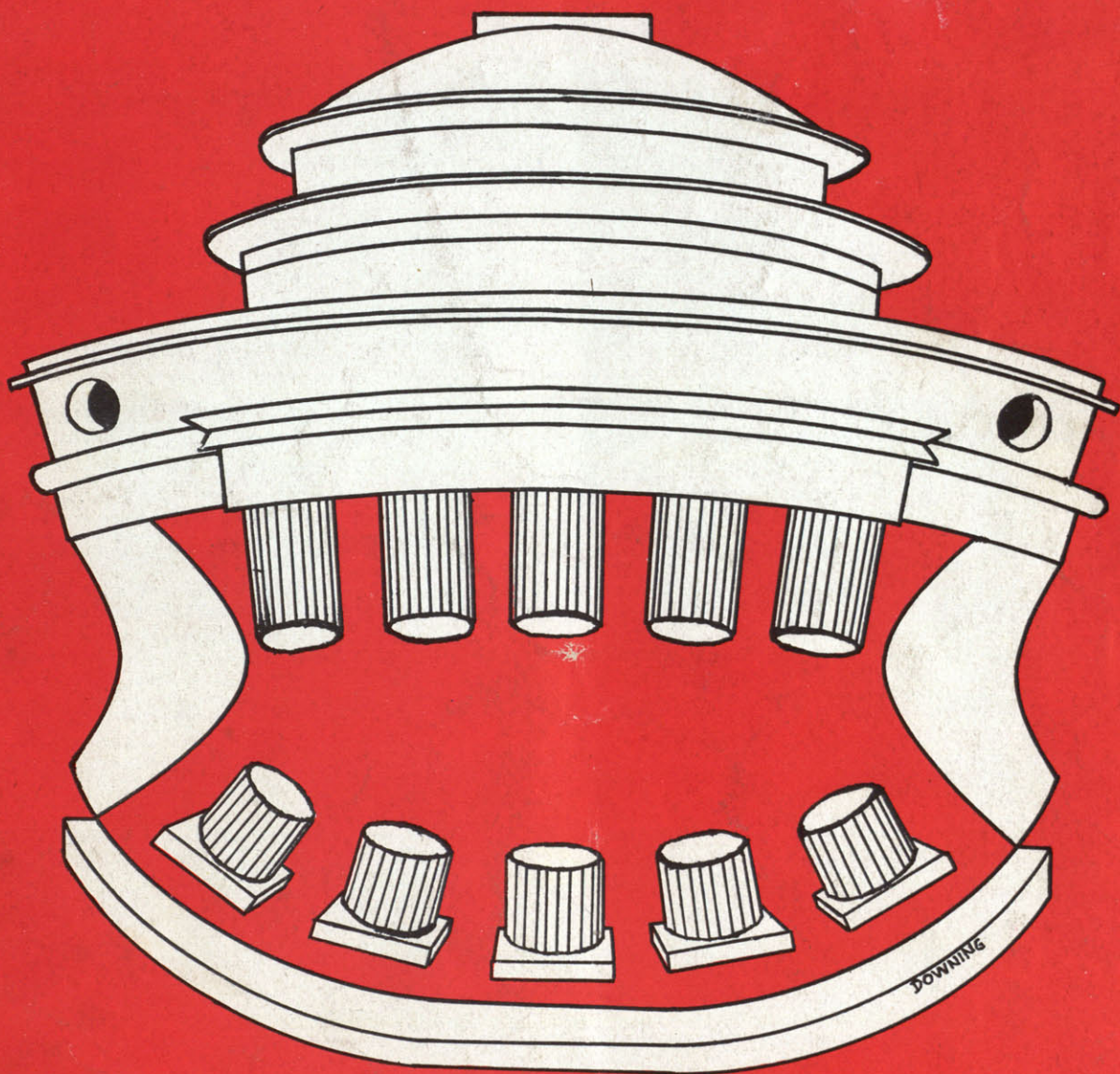


Voo Doo





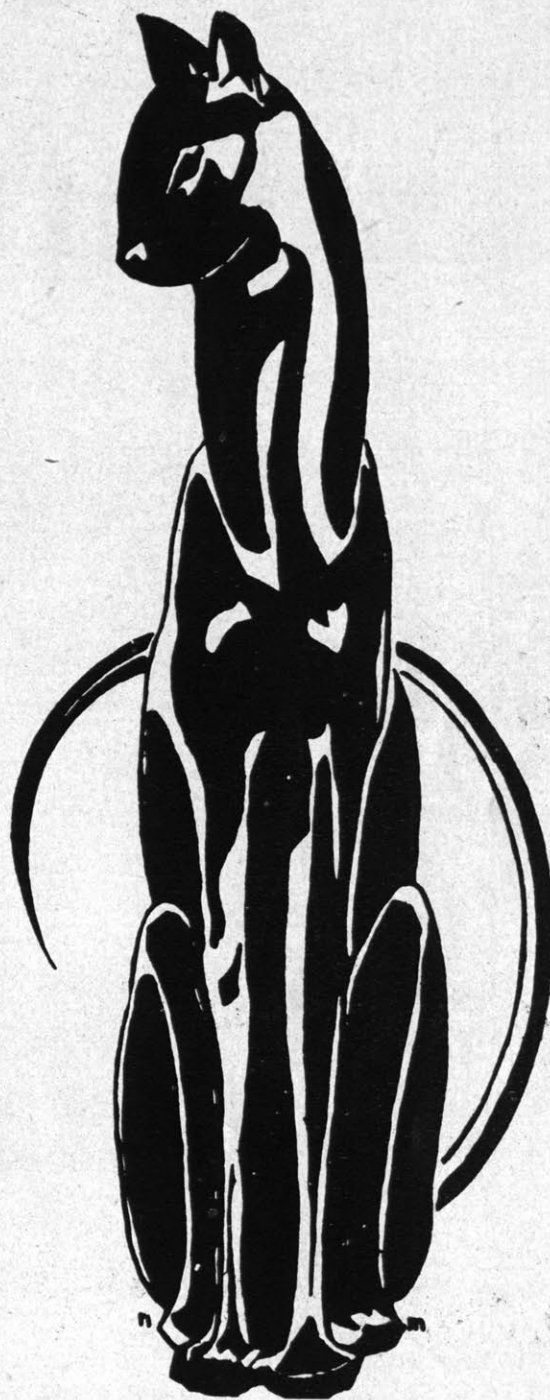
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Voo Doo

FEBRUARY, 1946

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Voo Doo

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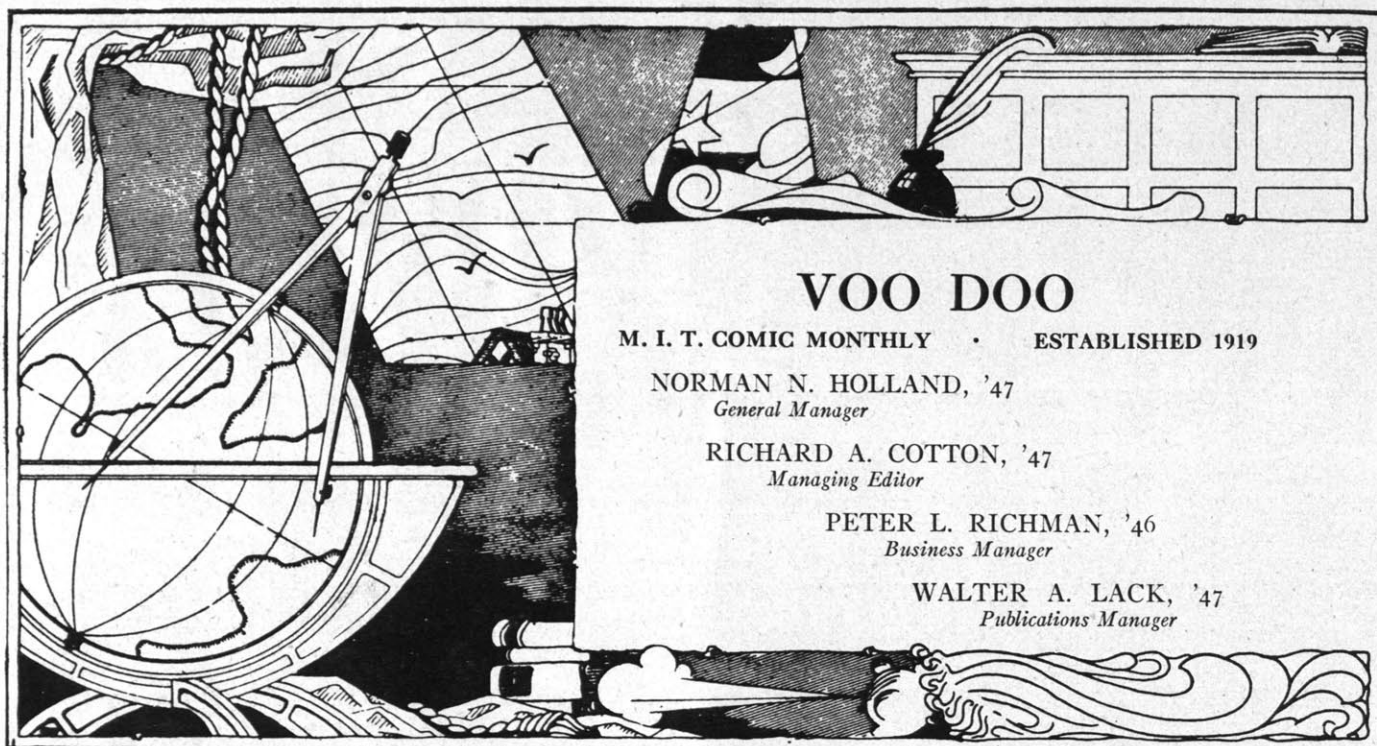
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"HIYAH, Phos!"

The Cat looked up from his egg and beer, surveyed us from our sloppy saddle shoes to our unpressed pants and coat, and burst out, "What the hell are you doing out of uniform?"

"Phos," quoth we, "you don't understand. The Cambridge Navy has left us."

"You mean no more liberty chits, restrictions, musters, and guard duty? Hallellujah!"

"Wait a minute, you ill-bred beastie, those guys kept the mag going through the war, kept you in beer and eggs. They were a swell bunch to work with."

"Yeah, you're right. And they were responsible for that excess profits party, too. O-O-O-h my head"

"Say, that was some orgy, all right. That punch! But look, they left me harnessed with a wife and a bunch of little b—— babies. What's a confirmed old bachelor like me supposed to do?"

"Frankly, Phos, we blush to say it, but you don't deserve as much credit as you got. We got a call from the A. S. P. C. A. the other day, and it turns out that that wife and kids you picked up belong to someone else. Sorry! !"

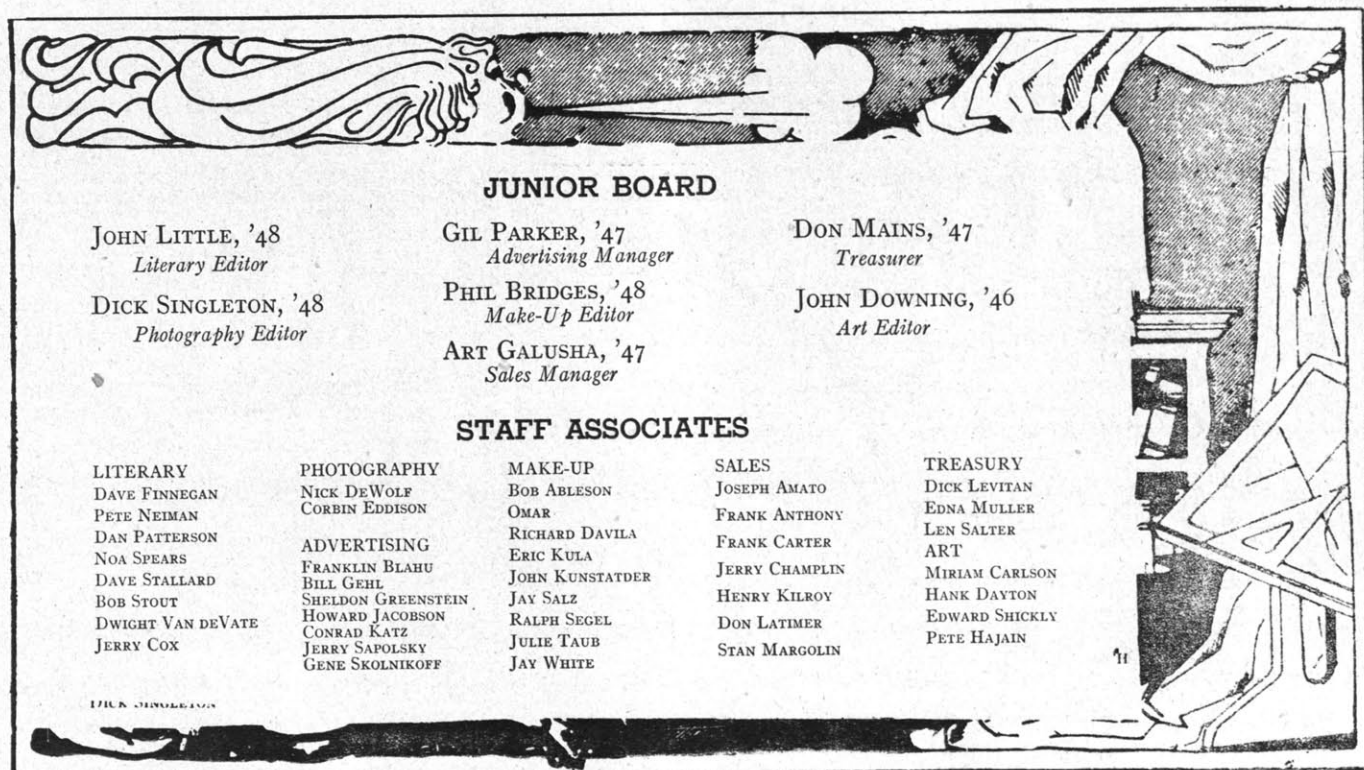
The Cat looked at our accusing eyes, gulped slowly, cringed, muttered something about hypocritical morality and — blushed. We went on, “Look, you’ve been your old immoral self too long. That was all right while the war was on and you were just another juvenile delinquent, but this is peacetime. A lot of the old prewar variety of Techman has come back. They don’t want to waste their time watching one small cat travelling the primrose path. The face of the old factory is going to see a lot of change, and very soon, too. Things are going to be more down to earth. These vets mean business. They came here to learn.”

“That’s O.K., but too many of them are forgetting that especially in an asylum like this you’ve got to get relaxation or else you end up twitching your way home. And the best place to find this relaxation is in some sport or activity.”

“Yeah, you’re right as always, Phos, but nonetheless, you’ve got to reconvert to your prewar morals.”

As we strode, properly righteous, out of the office, we were startled by a small cat-like snicker.

“These new Boards — always the same!”



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DICK SINGLETON

A young mother had just unburdened herself and told her son the facts of life. At the end she said, "Now if you want to know anything, ask me."

The boy appeared in serious thought, then gravely turned to his mother and said: "How do they get the *Saturday Evening Post* out on Tuesday?"

— Pointer.



She was only a bos'n's daughter,
But they called her Rear Admirable.



"Don't you know that if you keep on doing naughty things your children will be naughty too?"

"Oh mother, now you gave yourself away."



He (on phone): "How are you this evening?"

She: "All right — but lonely."

He: "Good and lonely?"

She: "No, just lonely."

He: "I'll be right over."



"I'm cutting quite a figure," said the chorus girl as she sat on a broken bottle.



She was only the butler's daughter,
but how she enjoyed being maid.

— Widow.

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

Widow.



A pessimist is one who thinks all women are-immoral. An optimist is one who merely hopes so.



Toastmaster (introducing the speaker): "I'm sure that Mr. Jones of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will give you a pleasing half hour. He is just full of his subject."



At the Canteen a hostess was dancing with a V-12. When the music stopped, he pulled out routine 77-B and said: "Now let's sit down and talk about you." They sat down and he put his arm around her.

"I get it," she said, "I see that you talk with your hands."

"Honey," he grinned, "I'm only whispering now."

— Lampoon.



I like Scotch. Scotch is served in glasses. Glasses are spectacles. Two glasses of Scotch and I make a spectacle of myself.



"Where does virgin wool come from?"

"From the sheep that can run the fastest."

"Tight clothing," offered Dr. Ling Foo, "does not stop circulation. The tighter her clothes," he continues, "the more the girl circulates."



Young Girl (peering out of her berth on a sleeper, spying an elderly gentleman): "Sir, have you the time?"

Old Gentleman: "No, madam, nor the inclination."



Then there was the absent-minded professor who sent his correspondence over to the country club and went over to his secretary's and played a round.



Sex is the thing that puts writing on a paying basis and makes psychology professors respectable.



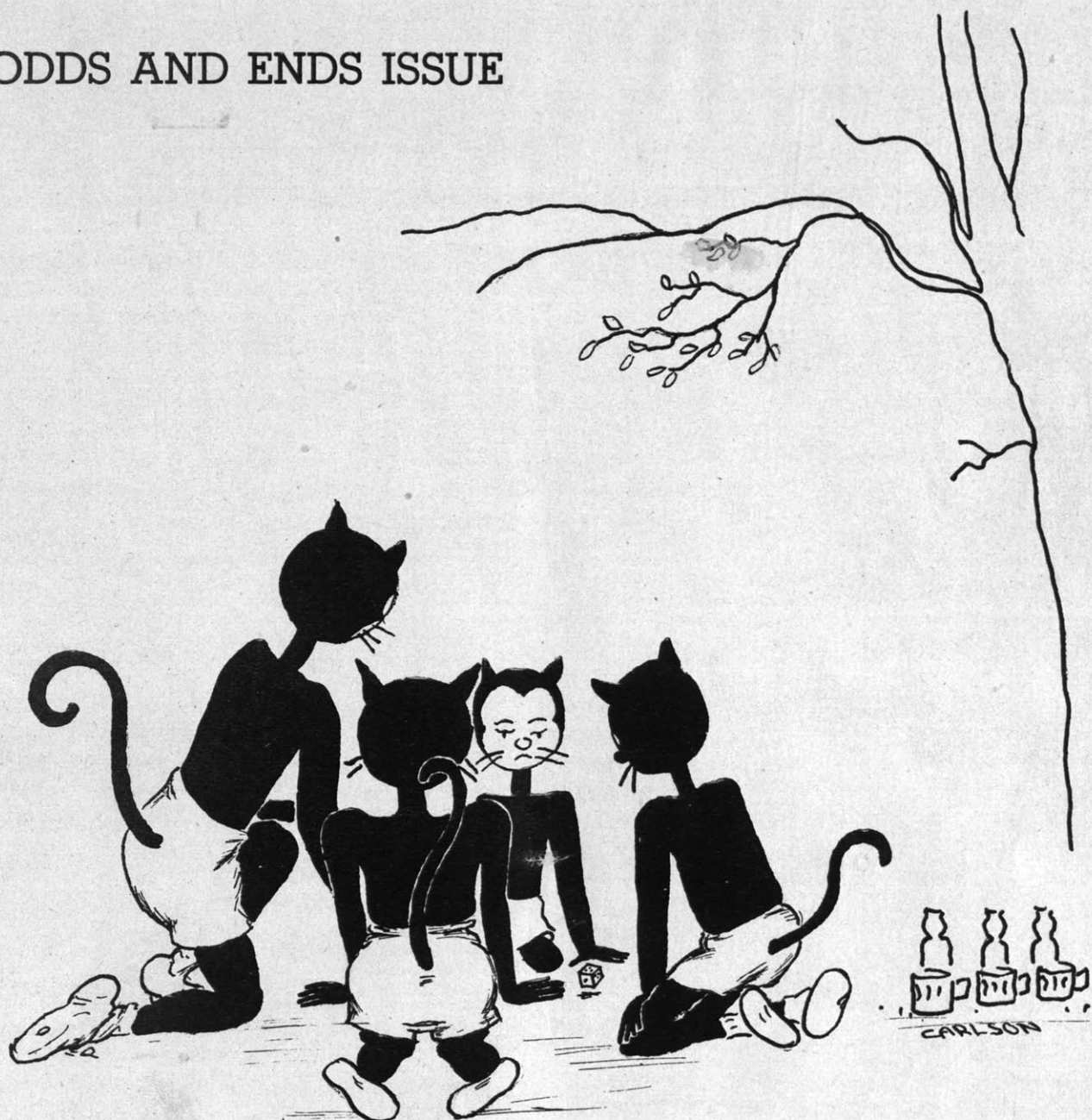
A girl who slaps her sweetheart may not want to hurt his feelings as much as she wants to stop them.

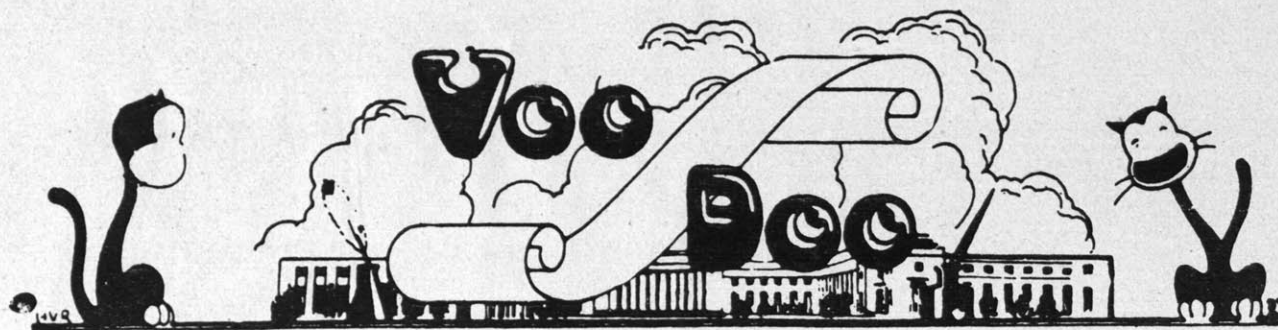


Order received by sergeant of the army motor pool:

Four trucks to Fort Snelling Gym 7.30 tonight for hauling girls to dance. The bodies must be cleaned and seats wiped off. All curtains in place.

ODDS AND ENDS ISSUE





FRATERNITY parties are famous around Tech for supplying a minimum of illumination at very reasonable rates. At one such recent carrot-eaters convention we know of, we became very interested in the conversation between two voices seated on the opposite couch. Early in the evening, the young miss preferred to be the intellectual type, entirely cold toward the fundamental things of life. This conversation, what little there was of it, seemed to be mostly centered about the relative merits of swimming and wading, for we once heard the Tech man reason, "But Gertie, when you've got your feet wet, you might as well go in swimming." This seemed logical and so we went on with our discussion of Boston as the ideal site for the U. N. O.

The other pair were strangely silent for a time. We thought that maybe they had given up their conversation. A little while later, though, we heard the Wellesley wench continue in the same vein. From the depths of the soft and billowy cushions came a tiny contented sigh and four eloquent words which are bound to find their place in history: "Help, Lester, I'm drowning!"

FEW 5.02 students will forget the lectures of Professor Davis. Standard in his repertoire are many little demonstrations which are guaranteed to hold the students' attention even if very little of the rest of the lecture

is remembered. Every term he makes himself a cup of tea on the lecture table and is very surprised to find that his bismuth alloy melts when he stirs his drink. It is not rare to find him casually writing equations on the blackboard, while a precipitate settles out in a test tube placed idly in his vest pocket. No slouch at Hindu magic, he will grow a mound of green "grass" and conjure out of it a sinuous "snake." We feel some sort of peak was reached, however, when he mixed the chemicals used in the foam type of fire extinguisher. Up the large graduate rose a delicious looking foamy white mass. From somewhere in the nether depths of the lecture table, he produced and stuck in the top — two straws and a cherry.



"Sir, I think I spilled some acid!"

AS a general rule a man never leaves Tech from the day he gets his first assignment till the day he gets thrown out. In fact a substantial force of men is maintained at the Institute to see that he has so much to do that he never even sees the light of day except when he goes from one Dingee to another dingy lab. Occasionally, however, reports from the world at large seep in. One such report tells of a sign on Atlantic Avenue way over in Boston. The sign reads:

ATLANTIC AVENUE LOBSTER POUND
LIVE OR BOILED
VISITORS WELCOME

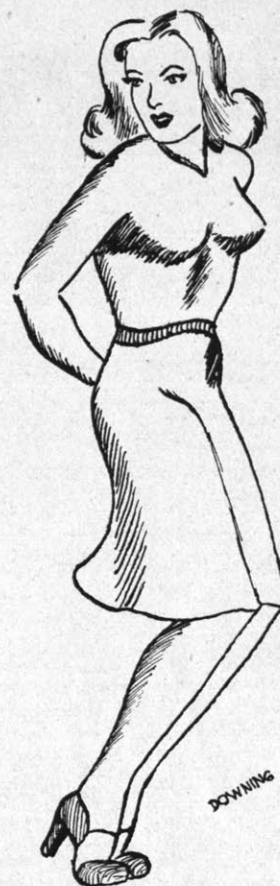
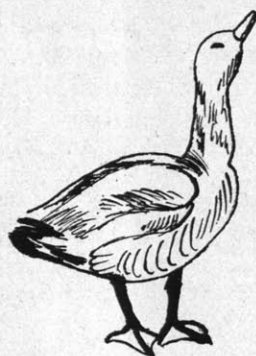
ONE of our men, formerly of the Class of 2-47 but now serving with Uncle Sam's Navy at Treasure Island in sunny California, is a firm believer in taking the easy way out of a situation. In his capacity as an electrician's mate, he frequently finds himself, for unaccountable reasons, selected for the job of shore patrol. Being on the five-foot-fivish, one-hundred-twenty-poundish side, he is sometimes a bit squeamish about protecting the fair city of Los Angeles from the terrors of rowdy sailors. Therefore, whenever he is assigned to S. P. duty, he deposits himself, undetected, at the nearest motion picture theater, checks his billy club with the cashier, sits through three features, and finally reports to his C. P. O., "All quiet on the western front!"

THERE is a fellow we know who considers himself quite a Casanova. However, we have always tended to doubt some of those stories which he relates about his affairs with the opposite sex. We were accordingly very interested to learn from other sources about an incident that occurred last week.

The scene was the front porch where he was bidding the fair maiden adieu. She, being excessively polite, said that she had had a nice time. He, drooling at all four corners of his mouth, said, "Actions speak louder than words."

Without hesitation she disappeared into the house, firmly closing the door behind her.

WE just obtained a confession from one of our beloved faculty that he was thrown out of the first party that he chaperoned for the school. We wonder why??



IT was interesting to notice one of our up-and-coming electrical engineering instructors in Walker Memorial. After setting down his tray, he happened to spot one of our newer undergraduates devouring ten or twelve sandwiches that he had brought from home in a big lunchbox. The student, a total stranger to our enterprising member of the faculty, was still eating after he had finished his lunch, smoked a cigarette, and discussed a number of interesting things with a few of his upperclass students. This fellow seemed to fascinate the instructor with his consuming abilities, and was still eating when he got up to leave. As the instructor passed our little friend, he slapped him on the back, and jovially boomed, "Don't go away, I'll be back for supper soon."

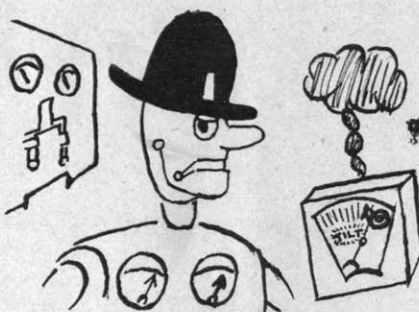
IT seems the Chem Engineering Department at one time felt that its students were not getting the necessary practice in changing units between the various measuring systems. Accordingly, they concocted a problem using the worst possible mixture of units from the English Gravitational, C.G.S., M.K.S., and G.B.F. (General Bugger Factor) systems and unveiled it in a quiz.

There was a general gnashing of teeth and shortening of pencil leads throughout the quiz. One bright student, however, finished early and, after checking the problem over, felt quite sure of his answer. Still having some time left over, he decided that two could play this game of screwy units. The answer needed was velocity, and so he expressed it in furlongs per fortnight.

SIGMUND



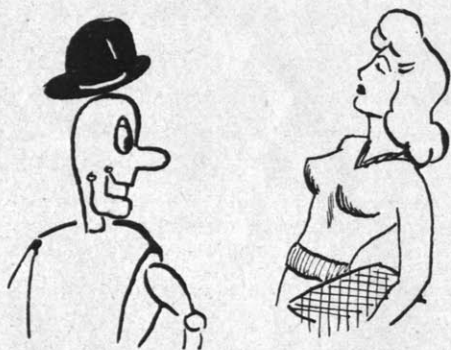
*This is Sigmund.
He is a mechanical man.
He has vacuum tubes.*



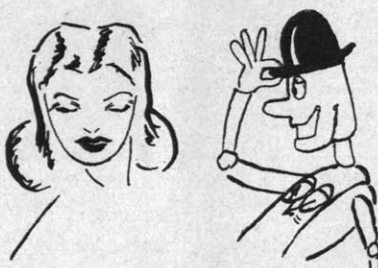
*Sigmund has had a hard day.
He was in the Measurements Lab.
He has burnt out 15 voltmeters.*



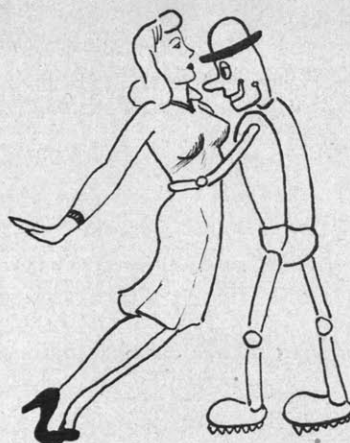
*Sigmund is tired of electricity.
He will study chemistry.
He will become a Comical Engineer.*



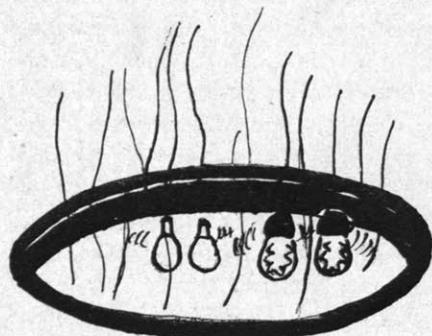
*Sigmund is going to Chem. Lab.
There he meets Lotsa Watt.
She teaches freshmen how to wash test tubes.*



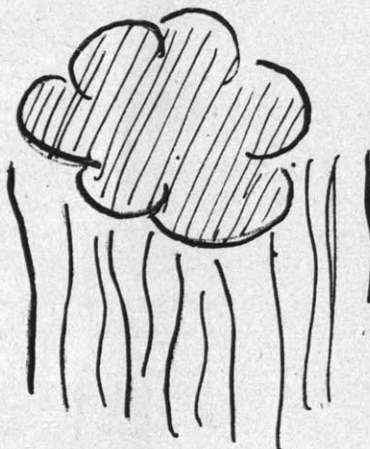
*Lotsa is sexy.
She lusts for Sigmund.
Sigmund lusts for Lotsa.*



*Sigmund tries to seduce Lotsa.
Lotsa thinks he is too fast.
She struggles.*



*Sigmund wishes to mate.
Lotsa resists.
They fall into a vat of 36N H₂SO₄*



*There is nothing but fumes in 4-212.
Only Sigmund's vacuum tubes are left.
It stinks
But wait! something is coming out of
the smoke —*



*This is Murgatroyd. She is a Tech coed.
She is back at Tech.
OH, GAWD!*

— J. J. D. and N. N. H.

The Case of the Tattered Torso

By Sir Arturo Cadaver Doily

IT was a cold, damp morning in the winter of 189— when Holmes burst into our rooms at 221B Baker Street and sank prostrate onto the floor. Horrified, I rushed to my friend's aid and was aghast at the sight that confronted me. His back was a bloody mass of encrusted rock salt. "Her father —" he gasped. "Help me, Watson."

"I'll get the rotter, Holmes!" I said, the light of revenge dawning in my eye. I strode purposefully to the desk and withdrew my battered Army revolver. "Holmes," I said, "you can count on me." "By the way, who was she?"

"Lotta Muchas," he whispered, reaching weakly for the cocaine bottle. I rushed from the room.

When I arrived at the Muchas farm I sensed immediately that something was amiss. A low pall of smoky fog hung over the landscape and the far cries of the crows drifted faintly from far above. I braced myself, gripped my revolver, a little tighter (thanks to Holmes' whiskey, which I had brought along). The dull gray door seemed to mock me as the echoes of my knock rang hollowly through the silent house. Encouraged by the Three Feathers, I opened it and stepped into the empty hall. A pile of empty bottles stood in one corner, and from behind them came busy gurgling sounds. "Muchas," I shouted, with murder in my voice.

"You're a liar" issued from behind the beer bottle pile. I ducked the ensuing shot, fired, missed, fired again, and dodged behind a pillar. "Come out, Muchas," I cried, "in the name of the law!" A sheepish

figure emerged from the darkness and shambled across the room. It was Muchas, no longer the ferocious figure I had known in youth. Long years of drunkenness and debauchery had taken their toll, and I hardly recognized my boyhood companion. "It's been a long time, Watson," he said.

"I'm sorry it had to turn out like this." Weeping on each other's shoulders we retired to the beer bottles in the corner.

When I awoke it was night, and the only sound in the still house was the labored breathing of the drunken Muchas. I arose and tiptoed out of the room, edged my way up the stairs. "Now's the time," I thought, "while he's asleep." Lotta's room was just down the hall. As I softly rapped on the door, a sultry voice bade me enter.

She was all Holmes had said. Red lips, flashing eyes, and a pleasing posture. "You remind me of my wife," I sighed as I sank down beside her...

The next morning I found Holmes was in a state of considerable agitation. One look at the remains of Lotta Muchas showed me why. Her pink flesh hung in bloody tatters. "Who did it, Holmes?" I cried.

"Elementary, my dear Watson. I will demonstrate my logic. To begin with, what does that object in the corner mean to you?"

"It looks like a brassiere," I said.

"Quite," exclaimed Holmes, "but examine it more closely. Note the size and texture of the material. In particular note that smudge on... well anyhow note the smudge." On the left side of the article in question

was a small black smudge, which I immediately deduced was coal dust.

"Now how, Watson, would a woman get coal dust on such an intimate garment?" I couldn't conceive it.

"Note also the size. Could Lotta Muchas have squeezed into that?"

"Like Hell she could."

"Now, Watson, note the frayed condition of the straps. This was obviously worn by a stout woman. Also, Watson, if you will look under the bed, you will find your wallet, empty, and your watch is gone."

"But how, Holmes, could my wallet have disappeared? My pants are still on the chandelier."

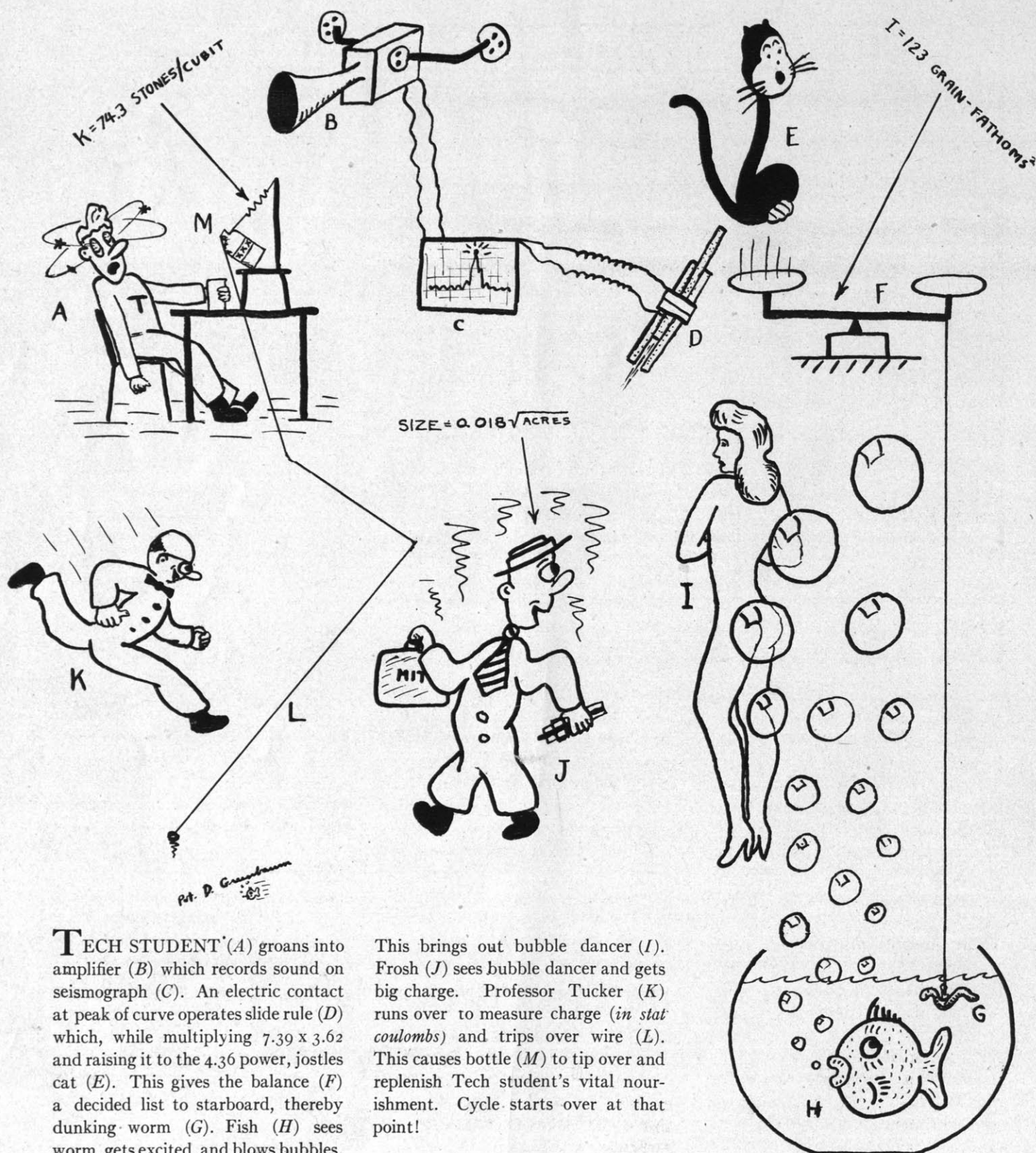
"Elementary, my dear Watson. We may assume from that that the culprit was exceedingly tall. Now to piece together the clues. What woman is tall, stout, wears a large size brassiere, knows where to find your wallet, has a motive for murdering Lotta Muchas, is running around with a coal-man, and is strong enough to have wielded a knife with such ferocity?" It came upon me in a flash.

"My wife!!!" I shouted.

"Quite so," said Holmes. "Your wife. I think, Watson, that the mystery is solved. Your wife has run away with the coal-man, Lotta Muchas is dead, thus relieving me of much worry, considerable expense, and unpleasant publicity, and old man Muchas has died in his sleep. Obviously we have come out ahead in this one, my friend. Is there more beer?"

There was.

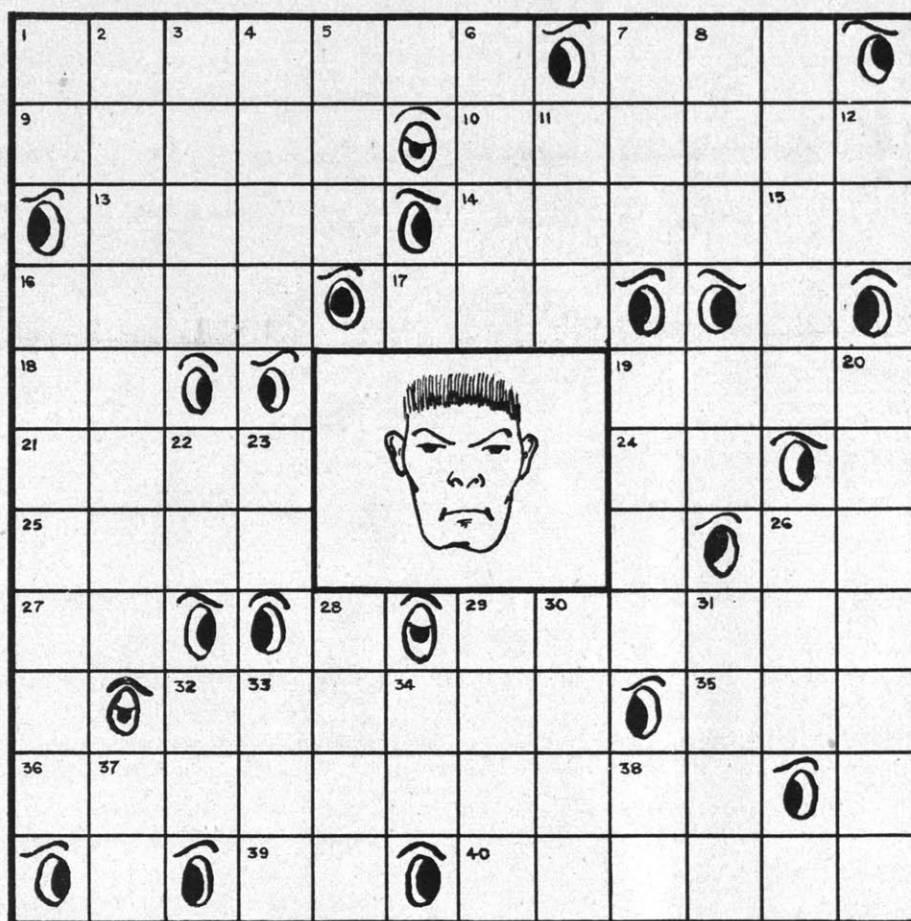
PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE



TECH STUDENT (A) groans into amplifier (B) which records sound on seismograph (C). An electric contact at peak of curve operates slide rule (D) which, while multiplying 7.39×3.62 and raising it to the 4.36 power, jostles cat (E). This gives the balance (F) a decided list to starboard, thereby dunking worm (G). Fish (H) sees worm, gets excited, and blows bubbles.

This brings out bubble dancer (I). Frosh (J) sees bubble dancer and gets big charge. Professor Tucker (K) runs over to measure charge (*in stat coulombs*) and trips over wire (L). This causes bottle (M) to tip over and replenish Tech student's vital nourishment. Cycle starts over at that point!

CROSS-EYED CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. What you would want if you were alone on a desert island with Betty Grable.
7. What you would have if you were alone on a desert island with Betty Grable.
9. Neck. Also an ancient table utensil.
10. Right away (often used in Shakespeare, seldom in Voo Doo).
13. Deviates slightly from its usual position.
14. Religious sect that settled Salt Lake City.
16. Heap.
17. Short for Ebenezer.
18. Hint — at noon this changes to P.M.
19. My room mate has them.
21. We all have them.

24. Since.

25. Leaky valve.

26. GI.

27. You must know *it*.

29. You can find out about this by a blood test.

32. Bachelor, base hit.

35. Mobled (Egyptian translated into Russian and then illiterated into English).

36. My room mate.

39. Short for Ebenezer.

40. Gesundheit.

DOWN

1. No Soap. Nova Scotia. No Spaghetti. No Sheet. (Abbr.)
2. A person who hopes to bring an L up to a C on the final.
3. Work (hint — rhymes with boil, begins with *t*).

4. What there's none left of after you do get your marks.
5. First three letters of Institute.
6. Leg.
7. The best part of form.
8. If they locate it in Boston, they are in for some rainy weather.
11. Nob.
12. Neck Sister? No, Sucker. Nuff Said. No Sex. (Abbr.)
15. Kind of wit.
16. Does she have it? And if so, will she give it to you?
19. Death and taxes.
20. Putting the wrong letters in the wrong envelopes.
22. No Shirt, Nice Sweater. Nothing Sweeter. (Abbr.)
23. Short Skirts (even more abbreviated).
28. Pointed nose.
29. Pointed peaks.
30. Pointless signs.
31. Sulk.
32. Near Sighted. No Specs. Now Sorry. (Abbr. and spelled backward.)
33. So cold you could skate on it.
34. Gory murderess. (Abbr.)
37. Superfluous at M. I. T.
38. Same as 35 across but translated into Portuguese.



A TALE FROM THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR TECHMAN

THE tale is told that in days of old
There lived a beautiful thing
With luscious lips and manner bold
And a voice that was quick to sing.
I lust for her fair white body.

The life that she lived was free from
shame;
Her mind was sweet and true;
To be pure and kind was her only aim,
I knew that I would do.
I lust for her fair white body.

She thought that I was a simple guy,
The average technology thinker;
But I knew by God that I'd take a try,
For I was born a class A stinker.
I lust for her fair white body.

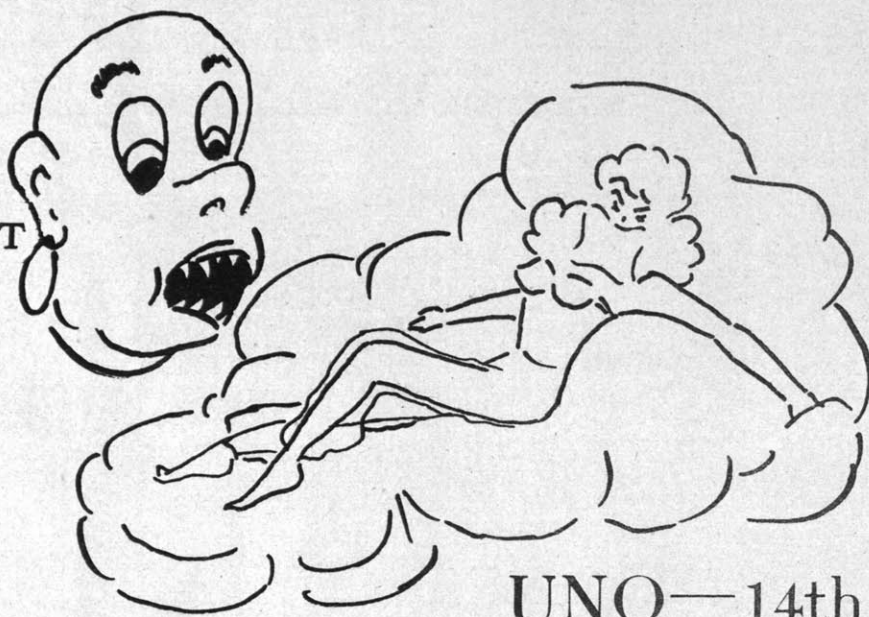
I bought her clothes, took her out to
shows,
And I filled her full of gin.
I tried my best, as everyone knows,
But her mind was not on sin.
I lust for her fair white body.

Down at a frat, in back of the bar,
In a spot that was very dark,
She thought I wouldn't go very far
And that it was just a lark.
I lust for her fair white body.

I made my try, got hit in the eye,
Had a bottle broke over my head.
I was kicked in the face till I thought
I'd die;
I was left to be taken for dead.
Untouched is her fair white body.

— OMAR.

(Faithfully transcribed from the
original by Hassan, the carrier of the
pen.)



UNO—14th

Once there lived a man whose name
was D'foulkes.

He was a lingerie designer by trade,
and he had a very fertile mind.

One fine day, when he had completed
the design for a cantilever mono-
couque negligee,

And it was a fine job, believe me,

He invented the bow-and-arrow

Because he had nothing better to do.

Of course, the world was in an uproar.

Mr. D'foulkes had succeeded in scar-
ing the pants off otherwise most
respectable people.

When they recovered their senses,
they all began to talk at once.

Conductor Rodzianko of the Neander-
thal Philharmonic sent a cable
to the King of France,

Protesting against the use of bows-
and-arrows as inhumane.

Wide-eyed men were saying,

Of course, D'foulkes is using only
part of the available energy.

Columnists were crowing,

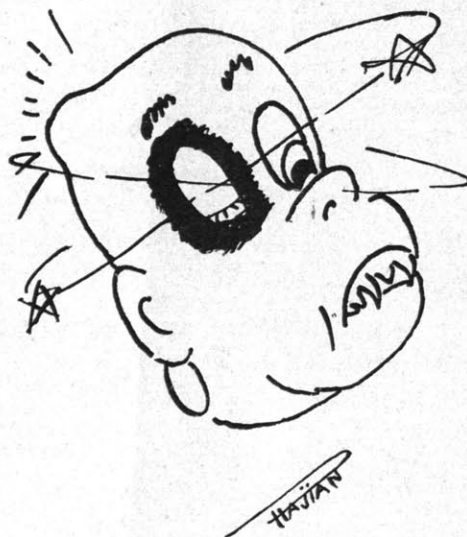
Crecy marks the end of cavalry armies.

Generals replied,

Suppose we were to horse some archers,

With trusty long bows equipped,

And arrows a clothyard long, or even
incendiary ones?



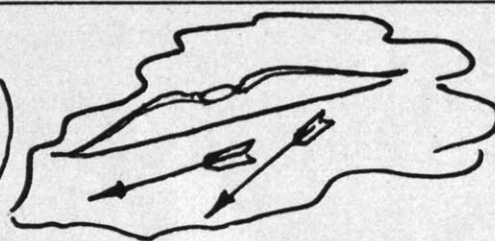
CENTURY

God forbid,
Said the Junior Panel on World
Affairs of Weymouth High School.
We must have a new social sense,
Cried the Mathematics Professors —
The horrific possibilities of this weapon
will force us to abolish war in
order to save civilization.
Of course, we mustn't tell the Red
Indians about bows-and-arrows;
In case THEY were treacherous.
This is a terrible weapon in the hands
of a fanatic,
Although it has peaceful applications
In hunting, sending messages, and
throwing ropes across chasms;
But these uses will take time to be
developed.

* * * * *

They were right.
War became horrible.
But the human race is tough.
It withstood the strain
Until an unemployed burlesque im-
presario called Howard
Invented the musket,
And threatened mankind with ex-
tinction.

— R. V. G.



MS for MODERN SLAVERY

Watch carefully, my little ones,
The Minute Men of forty-six.
How do these soldiers hold their guns —
Like weapons, or like walking sticks?

Across the road our hero goes.
He's shouldering his lethal arm
In very unaffected pose.
It might look good; will do no harm.

Once in the drill shed, all is fine.
Off with those rubber overshoes.
You won't catch cold, oh soldier mine
You've nothing but an H to lose.

Platoon commander, lost your spine?
The troops fall in. They don't take
long
To form a smartly straggling line.
The corporal gets the absence wrong.

"Now listen carefully, you men,
For calisthenics you will do.
You number from the front, and then,
You number from the rear end too."

'Right giddily spring to your side
And squat, though heels be on the
floor.
Put vigor in it. Woe betide
The man who thinks he can't squat
more."

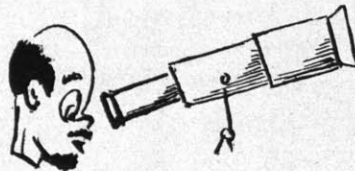
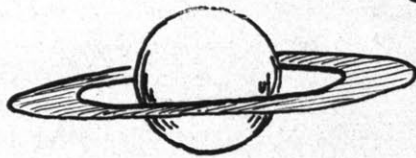
You like to toil? For better still
The unpolluted misery
Of badly executed drill.
It's always they who err, not we.

Prince. can a little tinkling bell
Transform us into soldiery,
Licentious, brutal? Tech is Hell,
But is this warrior really me?

— R. V. G.



Nowak's Observation and Special Theory of Obstructional Constrictional Gravitation



When asked by the press for a comment on his first great achievement, which has catapulted him from obscurity to the scientific front, Nowak replied, "I knew I had it in me — all I needed was a laxative to get it out."

Voo Doo is proud to be the first publication to present to the world this revolutionary paper. Its importance is unquestionable and it will rank with the greatest treatises of mankind. Nowak's theory is of his own conception, and whether correct or not, the world will acknowledge his sharp-eyed observation of this subtle phenomenon concerning obstructional constrictions. We have learned that T. E. N. refused to print this paper. Too late, they will realize that they have snubbed one of M.I.T.'s finest. OrchidstoDr.Nowak!

This paper is dedicated to the students and faculty of M. I. T. and to those more capable of understanding the reasoning contained herein. Also to my good friends in the white coats.

The material results of the Special Theory of Constrictional Gravitation are not pleasant to experience. Yet we all, at some time or other, have felt its iron-clad force. I, myself, have had many sad encounters with it.

A. Observed facts:

Two people are traveling towards each other along the sidewalk. Somewhere in between them — but not necessarily equi-distant from them —

there exists a constriction in the walk (*i.e.* an inset tree). Provided the difference in the relative distance between each person and the constricting element is not too great, and provided one person is not extremely close to the constriction while the other is at a medium distance away, and provided they are both traveling in the same manner (*i.e.* both walking or running, etc.), the two people will arrive at the constriction precisely at the same moment. This appears to be a rigid, though obscure, natural law. In the statement of this law, it is seen that there are three restrictions. These provide the boundary conditions for any equation or set of equations which describe the physical law.

B. Physical reasoning:

In order for such a remarkable phenomenon to occur, there evidently must be some interaction of force fields. This might take place in two ways.

(1) Only the force fields of the two persons account for their behavior. This is at once discounted since it involves merely a mutual attraction; and both will travel at the same rate, with the one nearer to the constriction arriving there first.

(2) Three force fields interact. They being the force fields of the two people and the force field of the obstacle. This is the basis of my hypothesis. The obstruction is displaced from the usual order of its surrounding counter-parts (*i.e.* if an inset tree, it is out of its natural energy relationship with the regular row of trees along the curb). This makes its force field stand out predominantly, and greatly affect passing

force fields; whereas the trees in the normal position have their fields cancel one another.

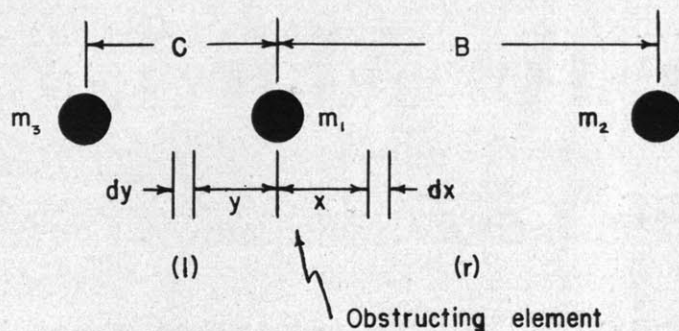
The system has three energy levels. The first of these, and the most important for our present discussion, is the Dynamic Energy Level. When two approaching people (fulfilling the three necessary restrictions) bring their own force fields into that of the constricting element, there is a tendency to equalize the energy conditions on both sides of the obstruction. The system approaches dynamic equilibrium. That is, the person further away is made to increase his rate of travel or the nearer one to decrease his (or both) until the two are equidistant from the constriction. From then on, both travel at the same rate.

The second possible energy condition is that of unstable equilibrium; where the boundary conditions are exceeded. An occurrence of this sort greatly distorts the force field of the obstruction and perhaps even produces some sort of metaphysical internal shock in the obstructing element itself.

The third energy level is that of metastability. This covers the condition when just one side of the constriction is approached, and no one else is within the constriction force field on the other side. Here, the constriction force field yields readily; and not only is the person's rate unaffected, but also it is likely that the obstructing element suffers no internal shock.

C. Mathematical treatment:

I will try to develop an equation which describes the result when the constriction is approached from two sides, and the three primary restrictions are met.



The above picture is a schematic representation of the three bodies at any time "t." Each body has its own force field which pulls in toward the mass. Following are definitions of the symbols used:

E = energy
 F = force
 x, y, B, C = distance
 m = mass
 r = right (side)
 l = left (side)
 A = gravitational constant

We then have the well-known relationships:

$$E = F \cdot x$$

$$dE = F \cdot dx + x \cdot dF \quad F = \frac{Am}{x^2}$$

$$F = \left[\frac{Am_1}{x^2} - \frac{Am_2}{(B-x)^2} \right] = \left[\frac{Am_1}{x^2} - \frac{Am_2}{B^2} + \frac{Am_2}{2Bx} - \frac{Am_2}{x^2} \right]$$

$$dF_x = \left[-\frac{2Am_1}{x^3} - 0 - \frac{Am_2}{2Bx^2} + \frac{2Am_2}{x^3} \right] dx$$

$$\therefore E_x = \int \left[\frac{Am_1}{x^2} + \frac{Am_2}{2Bx} - \frac{Am_2}{x^2} - \frac{Am_2}{B^2} \right] dx + \int \left[\frac{2Am_2}{x^3} - \frac{2Am_1}{x^2} - \frac{Am_2}{2Bx} \right] dx$$

$$\therefore E_x = \int \left[\frac{Am_2}{x^2} - \frac{Am_1}{x^2} - \frac{Am_2}{B^2} \right] dx$$

$$\therefore E_x = \left[-\frac{Am_2}{x} + \frac{Am_1}{x} - \frac{Am_2}{B^2} x + C_x \right] \quad (1)$$

$$E_y = \left[-\frac{Am_3}{y} - \frac{Am_1}{y} - \frac{Am_3}{C^2} y + C_y \right] \quad (2)$$

At dynamic equilibrium, $E_r = E_l$, and for any time "t," $x = y$; and taking $m_2 = m_3$, $v_x = v_y$. If we had some physical way to determine any E , then we could determine C (integration constant). Or, we know that E_r and $E_l = 0$ when $x = \frac{1}{2}B$ or $y = \frac{1}{2}C$. However, the primary three restrictions still hold, and as yet we do not know the permissible relative values of B and C . Nor do we know how far away the obstruction's force field exerts a noticeable effect. Upon receipt of some good experimental data, these equations should yield readily to solution.

Even with sufficient data to solve these equations according to well-known and verified means, we perhaps should not be too brash about doing so. I feel there is something metaphysical behind this amazing phenomenon; something outside the physical realm as we understand it; and that this mysterious force is superimposed upon the "ordinary" gravitational field. At present, we can only conjecture, while investigating further to compile the necessary data for a numerical analysis.

I have worked out a possible metaphysico-mathematical 80 per cent proof (\$4 a quart; but very tasty), which seems to indicate the insolubility of these equations.

We desire to know the value of "C," the integration constant, in equations (1) and (2). If we could but solve the boundary conditions, the problem would no longer exist. However, I leave this approach entirely to the U. N. O. But I have discovered the metaphysical significance to "C."

- (a) substitute SEE for C
- (b) we see with the eye
- (c) substitute I for EYE
- (d) since everyone has two eyes, it must be I_2
- (e) substitute I also for I_2
- (f) straight-arming the would-be enigma, we read it backwards:

Continued to page 12

Preparation for Marriage

VOO DOO Presents an Alternative to Magoun's Lectures

In the late part of the winter, just before the spring hunting season opens (bows and arrows and shotguns only), Professor Magoun gives his talks on marriage. Digging more superficially into this popular subject, VooDoo has carefully prepared the following quiz, designed to determine what sort of husband you will be and wife you will make.

In scoring yourself, a number one answer counts one, a number two, two, etc. Add up your score and consult the pornograph for your analysis.

When your girl cooks you a meal, do you:

1. actually like it
2. bring your own bicarbonate of soda
3. borrow her bicarbonate of soda
4. kill the dog by feeding the food to him under the table

When your girl wears a strapless evening gown, do you:

1. tell her to keep her coat on
2. refuse to let anyone cut in
3. take her off some place where no one will notice
4. comment that she has some well-developed . . . personality

If she seems to be drinking too much at the party, do you:

1. get the chaperone to look after her
2. get her some black coffee
3. offer her a drink
4. borrow the key to a friend's apartment

What would you expect to get out of a marriage:

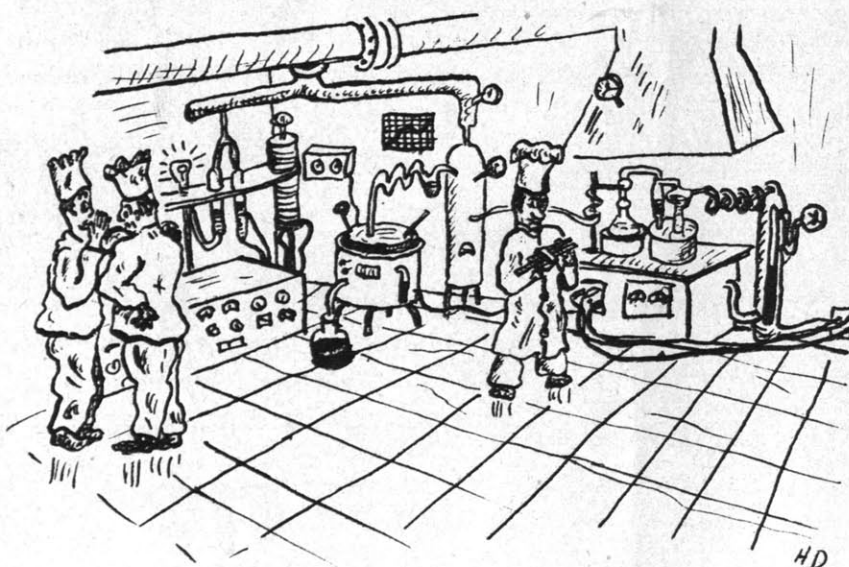
1. a wife
2. a honeymoon
3. an heiress
4. a mother-in-law and children

When holding hands do you:

1. wonder if she uses Pond's too
2. count her pulse
3. check to see if she has five fingers.
4. use the other hand to better advantage

If she says she's cold, do you:

1. tell her women should dress more warmly
2. offer her your coat
3. bring out the Three Feathers
4. suggest putting her clothes on



"Our new chef is a Tech graduate!"

On Lake Waban would you:

1. do your next month's Calculus
2. paddle the canoe
3. let her paddle the canoe
4. throw away the paddle

On a date would you rather:

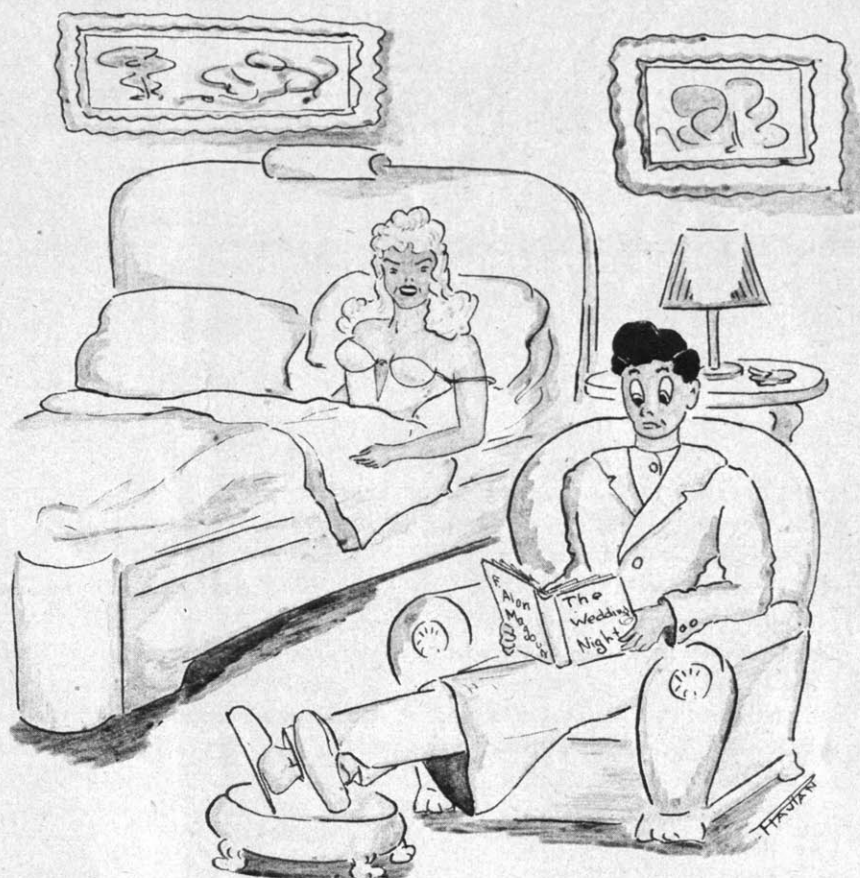
1. play chess
2. make fudge
3. play chest
4. make her, happy

Would you rather discuss

1. Neolithic pottery
2. biology
3. purification of alcohol
4. contamination of women

If it were dark enough, would you:

1. carry a lantern
2. grope
3. gripe
4. grip



"Must you Tech men do everything by books???"

PORNOGRAPH

(9½-10)

You will never get married, of course, but how did you happen to get a hold of a copy of Voo Doo.

the twin beds, and so you may find yourself supporting the families of traveling salesmen. Magoun's lectures are a must on your reading list.

(40)

You are a cad, sir. You will get into more trouble and less matrimony than any of the others. However, you will have wives spasmodically until the alimony overhead drives you to think of something cheaper. An incandescent nose will light your life. You taught Magoun all he knows. Your favorite magazine (after Voo Doo) is the *Policeman's Gazette* and you can recite whole passages from "Forever Amber." Incidentally, you are on the Voo Doo staff.

(26-39)

We predict five engagements and five children. Marriage will seem a relief. You will probably be on relief. In fact, after about three years of mental and physical torture, your wife will relieve your worries with arsenic.

(11-25)

You will approximate closely the ideal husband with your dishpan hands and thimble fingers. Your wife may be a little disappointed in

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

JACK FOGARTY, the all-American Techman, put the finishing touches on his E11 theme for the old —, punched the clip holes in the top with the pointed part of his head, and settled back with a relieved sigh, "That ought to hold mushmouth for another day." His malicious reverie was abruptly interrupted by his roommate, Leroy, who shouted in his authoritative soprano, "Freshman, run down to the delicatessen and pick up four Bromos, three salami sandwiches, and six straws."

As Jack was a model pledge, he immediately jumped out of the window and clambered down the three stories gripping the bricks with his toenails (strong from prolonged prying of caps from beer bottles). Jack landed lightly on the ground and raced off toward the delicatessen. As he

rounded the corner in a sixty-degree bank, he kneed a sweet-faced blind man squarely in the middle of his tin cup. For a time they good-naturedly scrambled for the scattered coins, but the blind man soon gave up and went back to reading the *Daily Record*. Jack looked up with astonishment and asked, "How is it possible for you to read that paper?"

"I don't read it," the blind man replied, "I just look at the pictures."

"Oh," said Jack, obviously relieved. The blind man listened carefully to the sound of Jack's voice. "You seem like a man with foresight," he said at length, "a man who is willing to gamble on a good thing. Tell ya what ahm gonna do!"

At this point he produced a small rectangular package and then continued, "I have here the large economy

size envelope of Little Giant Beanstalk Seeds. And that's not all. In each and every package is an interesting photograph which when viewed in the dark. . . ."

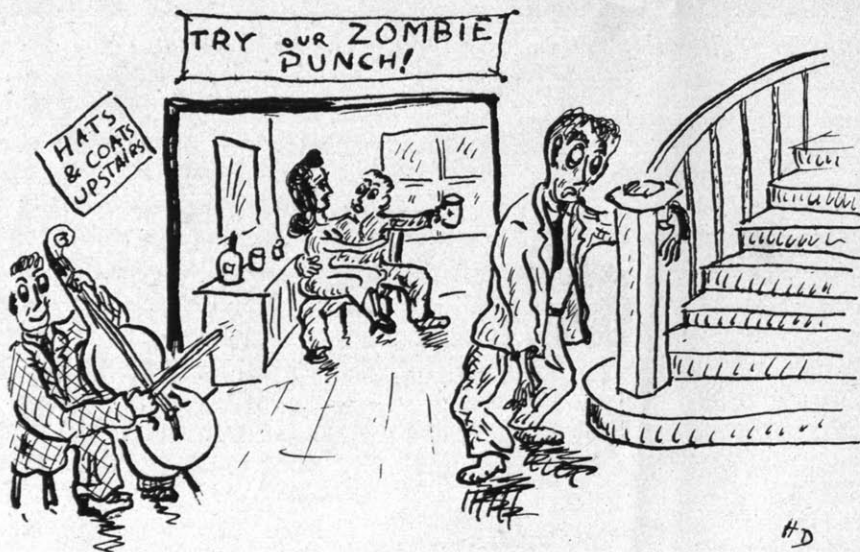
Jack could hardly contain his excitement. "I'll take one!" he cried, depositing all his money in the blind man's cup. He snatched up the seeds and skipped happily back to the house.

The sound of paddles echoed and reëchoed until the small hours and, all the while, the seeds lay in the dirt outside a window where an irate brother had thrown them. In his agony Jack had forgotten them and that they were the cause of his troubles.

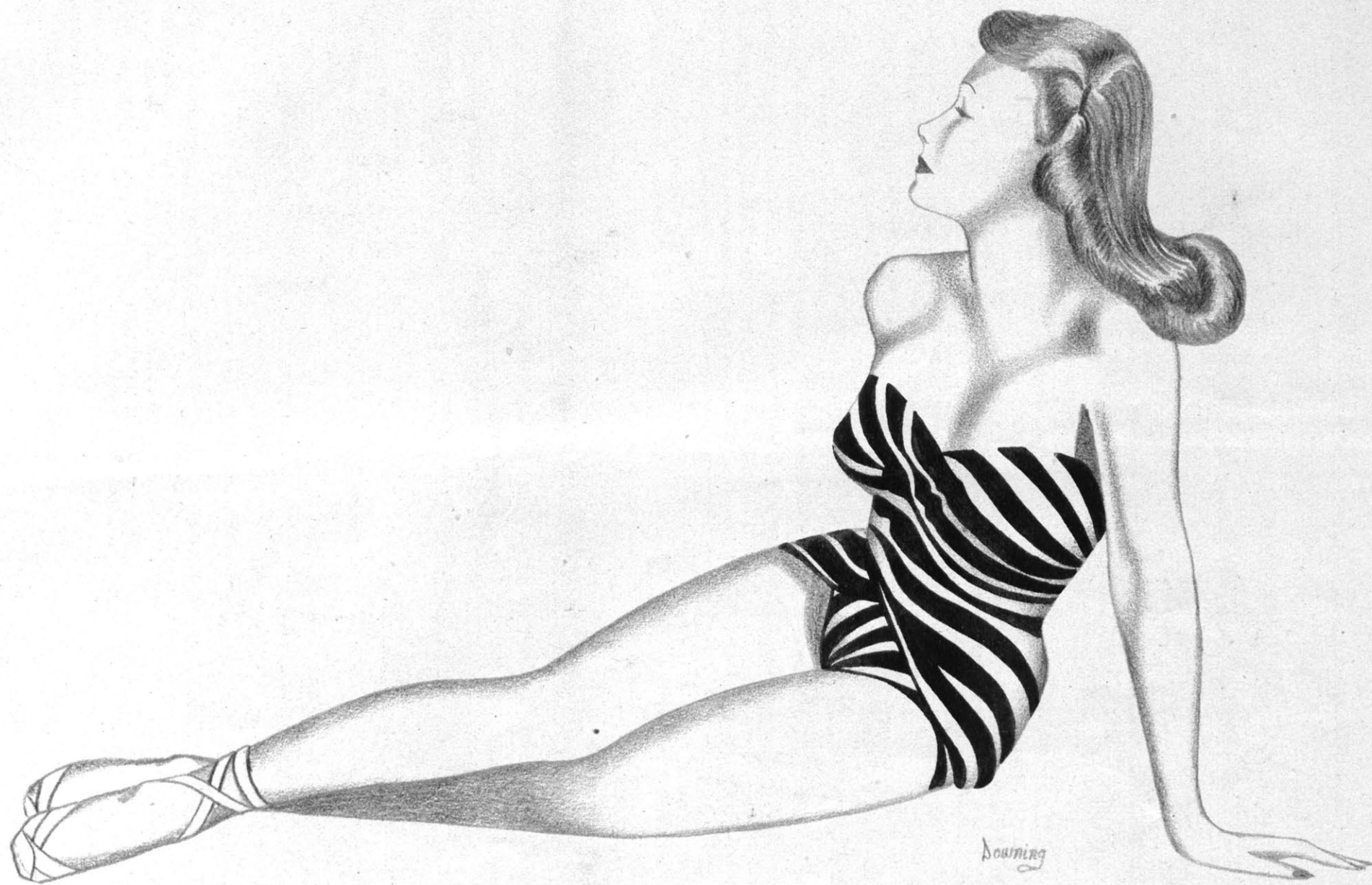
He did not think of them again until coming home the following evening. As he climbed along on the piles of snow at the edge of the sidewalk, pretending he was a member of the MITOC, he saw the beanstalk. It was enormous. It went as far up as his eye could see (the sixth floor).

Jack overflowed with excitement, as he clambered up the soaring stalk. Tears of happiness came to his eyes. At last his dream had come true. No more would he weep silently on his pillow. His heart beat faster. He was almost high enough, and so he swung around facing the building across the street. A smile of triumph appeared upon his lips, for no longer could the brothers elbow him out of a good position for the nightly show on the second floor of 525.

— J. R. C.



"How about a dance, honey?"

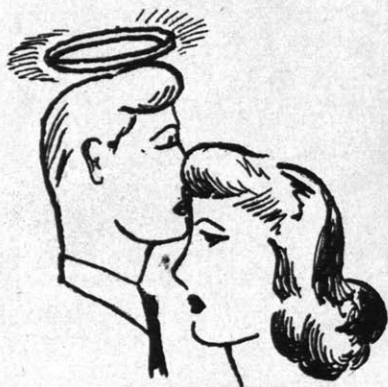


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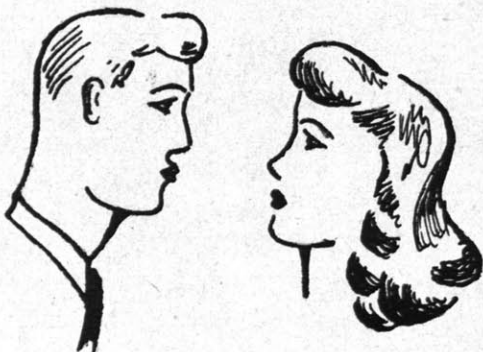


(1) **THE SENTIMENTAL TYPE.** Closes his eyes when he kisses you; can be very nice. Sometimes you wish he'd keep his eyes open and watch what he's doing. Always leaves you wondering if he is romantic or pretending you are someone else.

3



(3) **THE GENTLE TYPE.** Hardly know you've been kissed. Seems afraid that if he turns on some pressure, you'll break. Rather flattering, makes you feel fragile, but unsatisfactory as a steady diet.

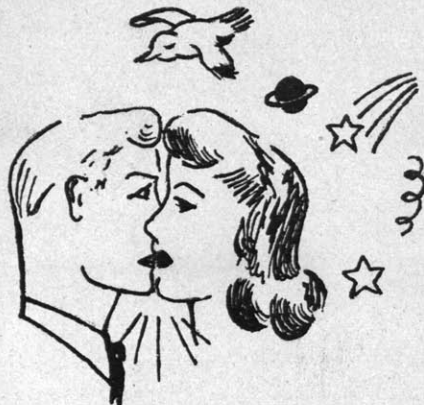


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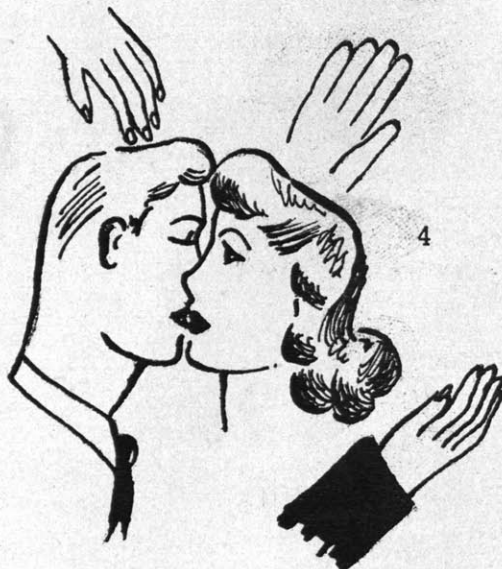
(5) **THE BROTHERLY TYPE.** Puckers up, gives you a smacking noise when he makes contact; always very brief, so you can stand it occasionally.

KISSOLOGY

2



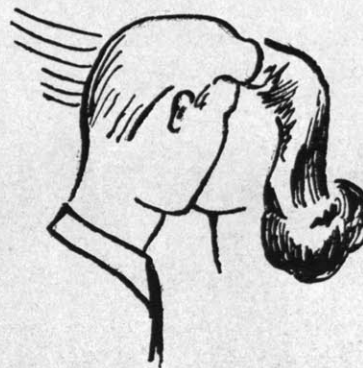
(2) **THE SAVAGE TYPE.** Must have originated the term, "Let's knock the bridgework," and you certainly do. Jars your molars, and leaves you feeling your front teeth for possible breakage. Very hard on the nervous system.



4

(4) **THE NASTY TYPE.** Frequently has his hands in the wrong places. Gets innocent and injured when you call him down. Try telling him you studied biology too. If this doesn't work, strike him off your list.

(6) THE RESTLESS TYPE. Moves his head from side to side as he's kissing you. Can't seem to settle down. Gets lipstick all over you as well as himself (Use Don Juan). Causes you no end of embarrassment if your family happens to be up when you come in.



6



7

(8) THE PASSIONATE TYPE. Makes with his tongue while he's kissing you. Try biting his, but hard. Remember a little nip means you want to play (no comment), and then you'll really have trouble.

(7) THE SLOPPY TYPE. Comes in for landing with his mouth open. You have the sensation of sticking your mouth into lukewarm oatmeal.



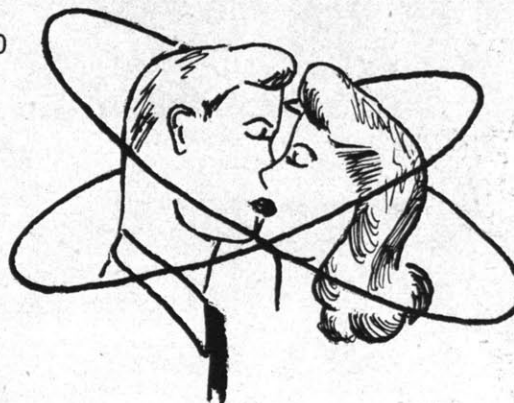
8



9

(9) THE INSISTENT TYPE. Doesn't believe that all good things come to an end. Comes down harder when you try to draw away, and he smears lipstick on your cheek. He's puffed and so are you.

10



(10) THE IDEAL TYPE. Comes in for a landing with his mouth closed. Turns head slightly to one side to avoid bumping noses. Parts his lips when contact is made. Starts out gently; increases pressure as kiss progresses. Holds you close. Does not have Roman hands and keeps tongue in cheek. Withdraws gracefully when you indicate it's over. . . .

THAT'S MY BOY



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Nowak's Theory

Continued from page 15

osla I

(g) Here, frankly, I was stopped cold for a long while, until I got up courage to go out onto thin ice, as it were, in search of a solution.

Assume the arbitrary equation (not yet proven true):

$osla I = \text{Norway}$

(h) Now, multiply both sides by "capital," giving:

$Osla I = \text{capital of Norway}$

(i) Assuming either a typographical error, or a perversion in the spelling down through the ages, we change the last letter on the left-hand side of the equation from "a" to "o." Then we dismiss the "I" as evidently a postal zone number, and we arrive at the equation which completely verifies our first assumed equation (g):

$Oslo = \text{capital of Norway}$

(j) And here we have the "answer" to our investigation; but unfortunately not to our original problem — that of solving for the integration constant "C" — have you forgotten so soon, you dope! After hours of studying this equation, the answer fairly leapt out at me.

Norway; Nor-way

There is nor way to solve this equation!

If you would have accepted my word for it at the start, we could have saved all this trouble!

D. Conclusion:

The existence of a special constrictional gravitation has remained unknown to mankind until the present time. It appears to have such a powerful (though local) effect, that I consider it my duty to civilization to apply my great genius to ferreting out its subtle mysteries. This paper is only a prelude to the great mass of work (both theoretical and experimental) which must be done before

we can honestly say that we understand this natural law.

We can only hope that future investigation will prove fruitful.



On a picnic, little Walter strayed away from his parents and became lost in the woods. He wandered around for a long time and finally, becoming frightened, decided to pray.

"Dear Lord," he prayed as he spread his hands out fervently, "I'm lost. Please help me find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a little bird happened to fly over and dropped something squarely into the middle of Walter's outstretched hand.

"Oh, please, Lord," he begged, "don't hand me that. Really, I am lost."

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worry quite a bit because you haven't
had any children since you were
married."

Daughter: "Yes, we've spent many
a sleepless night because of it."



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"What a splendid fit," said the
tailor as he carried the epileptic out
of his shop.



She: "How in the world did you
get that mark on your forehead?"

He: "That's a birthmark from
climbing into the wrong berth."



Once there were a couple of brooms,
husband and wife. One day hubby's
wife shyly whispered to her spouse.

"Fuller, dear, I do believe we shall
have a little whisk broom soon."

Whereupon Fuller in great aston-
ishment replied,

"But, darling, we haven't even
swept together."



"Why did you steal that \$50,000?"
"I was hungry, your honor."

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