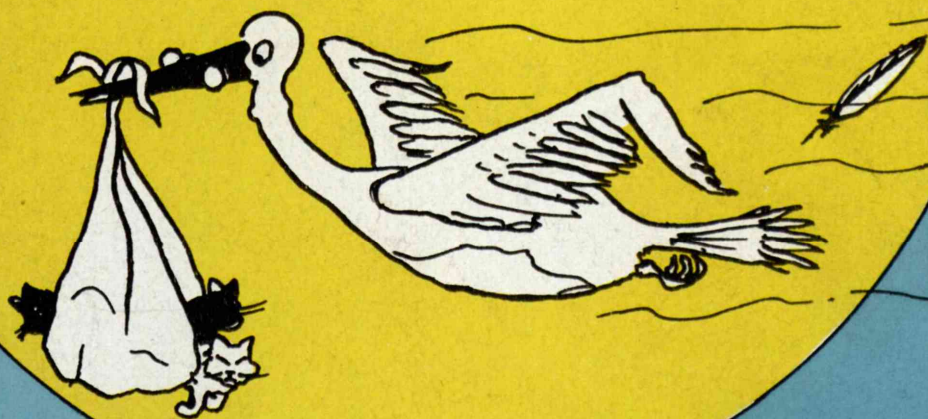


Voo Doo



**'PHOS HAS A BABY'
ISSUE**



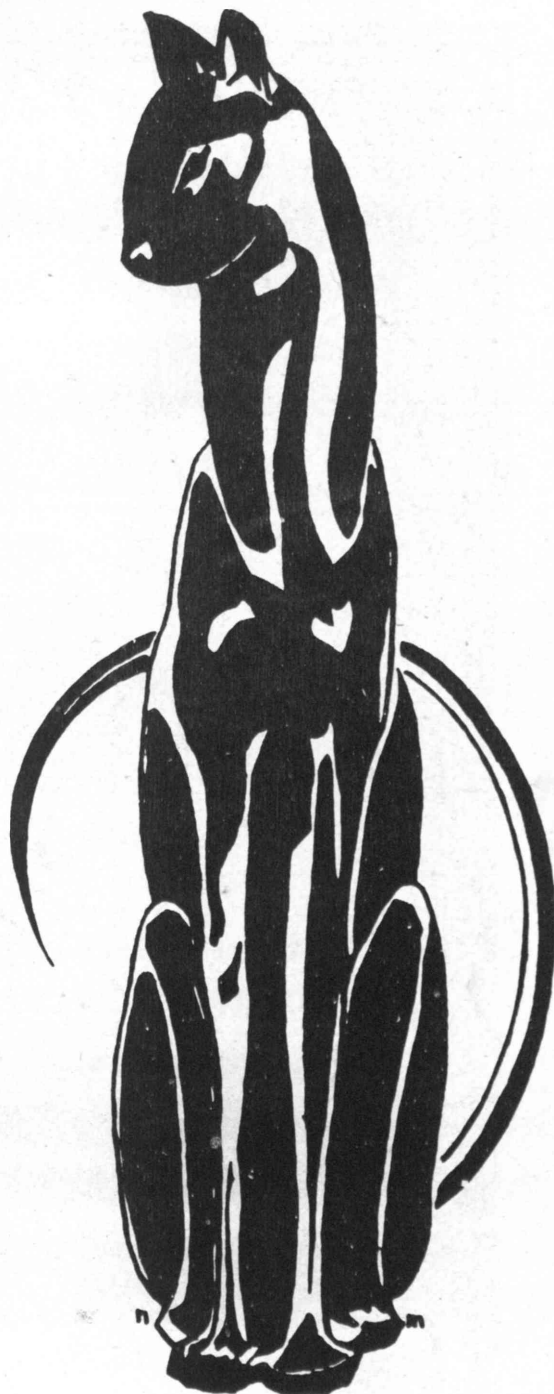
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Voo Doo

JANUARY, 1946

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Voo Doo

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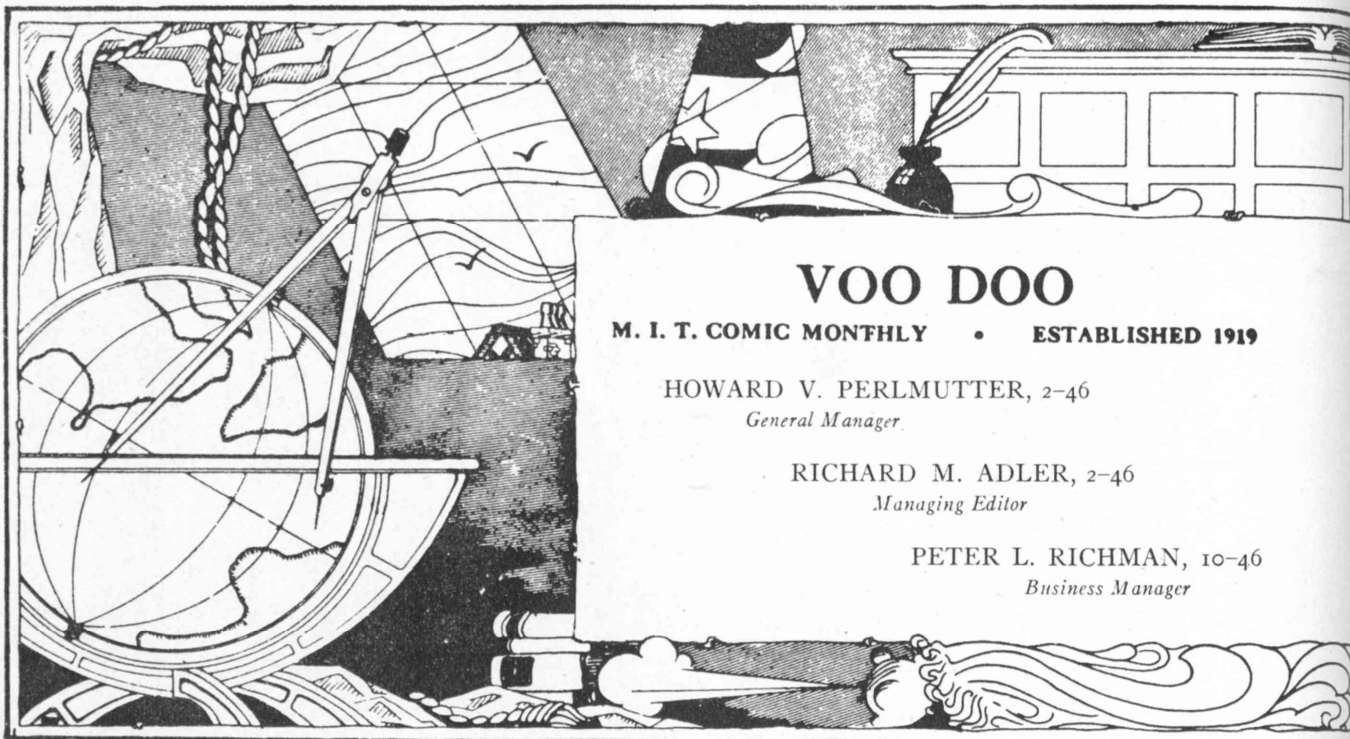
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Volume XXVIII

JANUARY, 1946

No. 10

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PHOS lay there beside his favorite mug of beer in a little black heap . . . snoring contentedly.

"Phos . . . wake up, old boy . . . nice to have you back."

He only groaned, and murmured softly, "Lemme 'lone."

"B-but Phos, it's born and you're alive."

Phos sat up like a bolt. "Damned, if you aren't right . . . er how is the little fella? You sons-o-lugers."

We were pleased. Phosphorus was back to reality. Childbirth hadn't changed him a bit. And we all spoke together:

"How did you do it, Cat, hmm? You know what the biology books say . . . what poppa said . . . what our gals say . . . it can't be done, it can't . . . !!"

The old Cat twisted his left whisker, and smiled.

"Suggestive little devil, isn't he . . . and mine, all mine!"

We glanced at the baby. . . . Phos' own little gift to mankind . . . and tried to laugh. "God, but you're lewd."

Phos purred happily. "Yes, sir, it's lots of fun now that it's over. . . . W-what are those other two kittens . . . er- are they . . . ?"

We broke the news to him gently. Phos really had three little heirs. . . .

"Good God," cried Phos.

"Cute, aren't they?" we ventured.

"The hell they are. I've been tricked . . . dammit, I only wanted one . . . one nice little lewd lascivious baby to bring me my beer and egg every morning . . ."

There was no use comforting him now. Just another wayward cat who had wandered off the beaten path and needed guidance.

"Phos, old top," we tried again. "What shall we do with the little ba- . . . er . . . babies?"

Phos shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care . . . I don't care if you wrap 'em up and shove it into your damn mag!"
So we did.

With the reading of this issue, Rick Adler, Jim Corbett, Larry Body, Morry Chomitz, Bob Nelson, John Wandrisco and H. V. P. pass on into oblivion, to a quiet life of iniquity. Writing, drawing, and making up Voo Doo was our only sin. We must, however, repent forever. And, with a sad, sober heart, we move on.

Sincerely,

H. V. P.

* * * * *

So Phos announces the new changes in boards:

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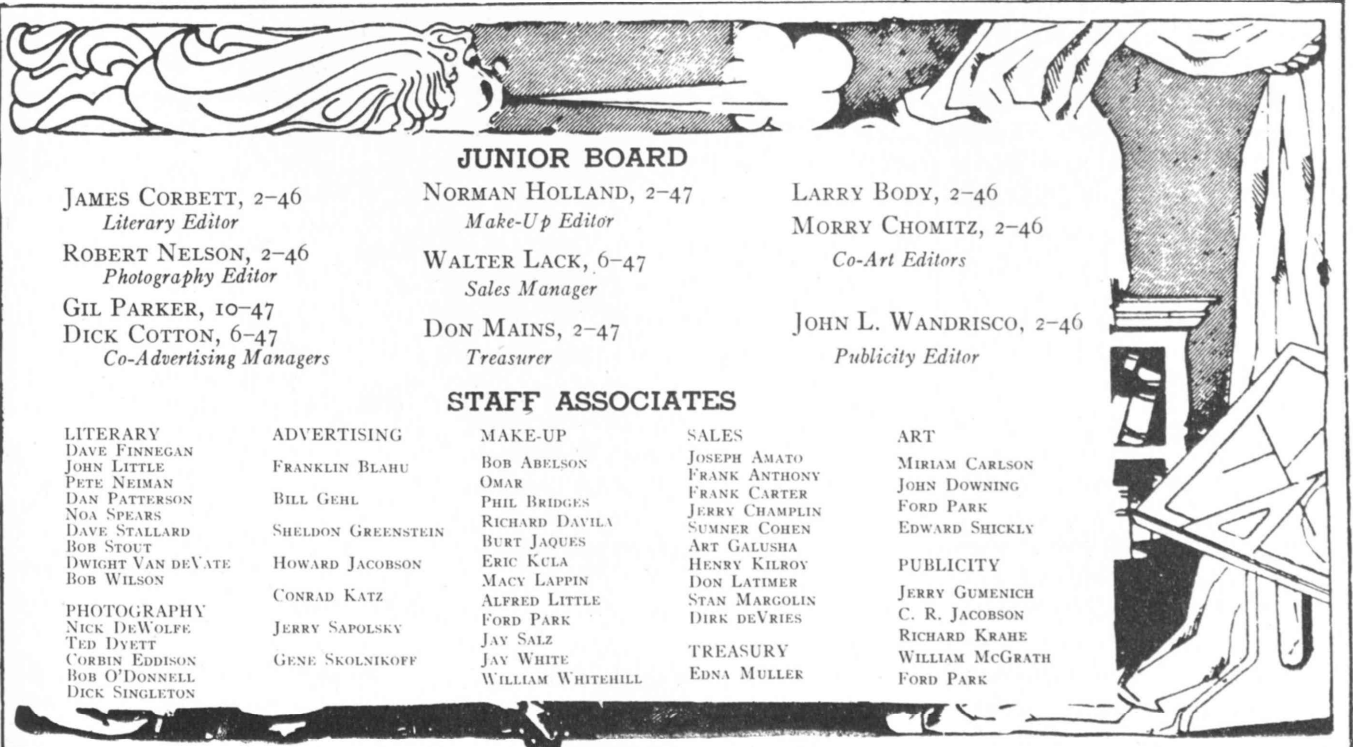
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



December 19, 1945

Dear Phos:

What I can't understand is why any wench enrolled in Stanford has to send her gold eastwards to get laughs when the *Chaparral* is available here on the "Farm" for the ridiculously low fee of twenty-five cents! Evidently she isn't here any longer, else we should have bought her a beer for you by proxy.

Some years ago Voo Doo voted the *Chappie* tops among the college humor magazines on its exchange list. Since that time we have reserved a commodious spot in our lecherous old heart for Phos and the boys jockeying M. I. T.'s slide rules. In these parlous times, when magazine editing is more difficult than ever before (here, anyway, we write ninety per cent of the stuff ourselves, editorially speaking, and sign it under different names) we appreciate the excellent quality of rag, with added approval.

A lad on our staff, name of Shpetner, claims to have known your cover girl. We liked your "parked car" story of a few issues back, and would like permission to use it, and perhaps some other stuff later in the year when we put out our Exchange Issue. This issue is usually timed for Spring, to give us a chance to cavort a bit ourselves. Send permission if its ok with you.

Best Wishes for the New Year,
— DON ALLAN
Editor, The Stanford *Chaparral*

Sirs:

As long as I can remember Voo Doo has pulled about every foul stunt that the twisted managing board could concoct. I find that using pictures of obviously good looking girls with nice homes and backgrounds heresy in its strictest sense . . . and on the cover of the magazine, no less. . . I have some scruples and I am not a prude . . .

— Lucy, Commonwealth Ave.



Dear Editor:

Your last issue was the first Voo Doo I ever read and somehow I feel that I have been missing something . . .

— H. W., Dedham, Mass.

(We heartily suggest reading all the coming issues, but in any case, it is highly recommended that you try going out with girls. Reading, after all, does have its limitations. . .)

Editor Voo Doo:

We approve of your calendar idea. . . . Who writes Sigmund, hmm? . . .

Friends across the bridge

(The art for Sigmund is done by Larry Body . . . we blush to admit that H. V. P. holds full responsibility for the words used. Phos has been suggesting however the lit be eliminated. Sigmund really speaks for himself.)

Sirs:

The Gospel according to St. Joe, is in my estimation frameable . . . let's have more . . .

— W. P., Dorms

Gentlemen and Associates,

We read in the last issue, *i.e.* Women's College, an article which we took as a personal affront. We refer, of course to the one in which women as political entities were discussed rather lightly. We do not like to be thought of as necessary luxuries such as we ourselves label a string of pearls or an indelible lipstick. However, we read your magazine only intermittently and this flippant attitude may belong to only one writer. You undoubtedly realize that women are not merely sentimental ladies but molders of political opinion because they are able to see through everything including the weaker sex.

We trust you will remove the source of our displeasure.

— THE BLOOMER GIRLS

Dear Mouldy Opinions:

The writer of the article on Women's Rights will, of course, be immediately promoted.

As for your personal affronts, we will take up your profiles individually if you will send us full length pictures.

And in the future please remember that all hints for subscriptions, no matter how concealed, must be accompanied by \$1.75.

— Ed.

Sirs:

That
joke about
that was printed
like this in the last
issue
was
much
too
lewd

for a nice magazine like Voo Doo.

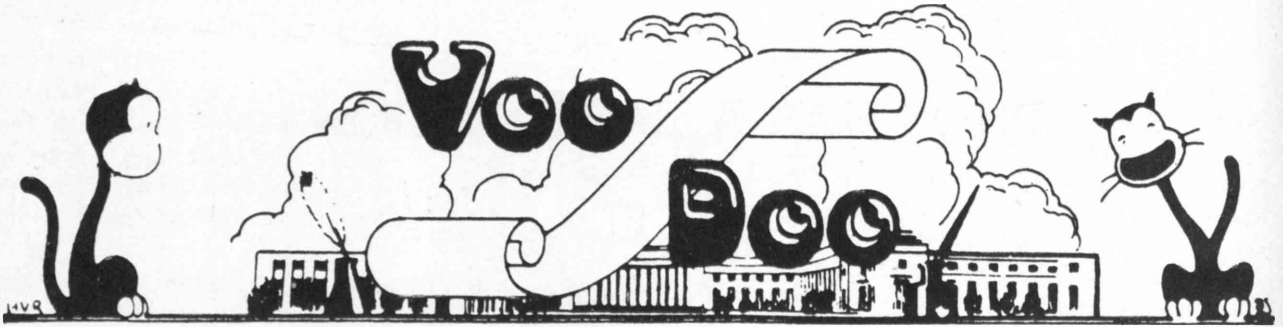
Sincerely,

— A READER

Ed.: Sorry, but we still haven't figured out what it means. Maybe you could help us.

PHOS HAS A BABY EDITION





THIS story reached our ears the other day and set us to roaring with laughter so hard that we want to share our mirth with you.

Now that the war is over many people are making their houses insulated by having mineral wool or asbestos blown into the space inside the walls. The man who installs the insulation merely removes one of the shingles and bores a hole in the sheathing of the house through which he inserts a pneumatic hose that blows in insulation. Very often the insulation crews have to take on men who have no experience in this work whatsoever.

One of these new men was told to bore a hole high on the side of a house and insulate all the wall space that he could reach from that one hole. He inserted the hose in the hole, started the blower, and fed in insulation for

over two hours figuring that he must have insulated that whole side of the house by that time because the insulation never did fill up to the hole. He removed the hose and patched up the hole and reported to his boss that his side of the house was done.

The following day the insulation company in mind received a telephone call from the owner of the house. In a very irate voice he demanded, "For God's sake send a man up here quickly. We've got a bathroom full of this goddam wool and nobody can get in to use it."

STORIES concerning New Year's Eve are still circulating thick and fast. There's the one about the fraternity man who came in at three ayem and

said in a loud voice, "Get outta my way. I gotta get upstairs and brush my teeth." We still wonder what he was doing.

We saw three budding Ensigns from the V-12 Unit running down Tremont Street and stealing noise-makers from little kids. We met a guy over in O'Keefe's who had a big bump on top of his head. When asked how he got it he said, "They laughed when I get up ta sing but how wash I ta know that I wash under the table."

We were accosted by a couple of girls on the street who asked us if we would like to play "stork" and help to bring Baby 1946 in in real style. Needless to say, we declined. And it isn't true that the corridors of the Grad House still smell after New Year's Eve. They've got it all cleaned up.



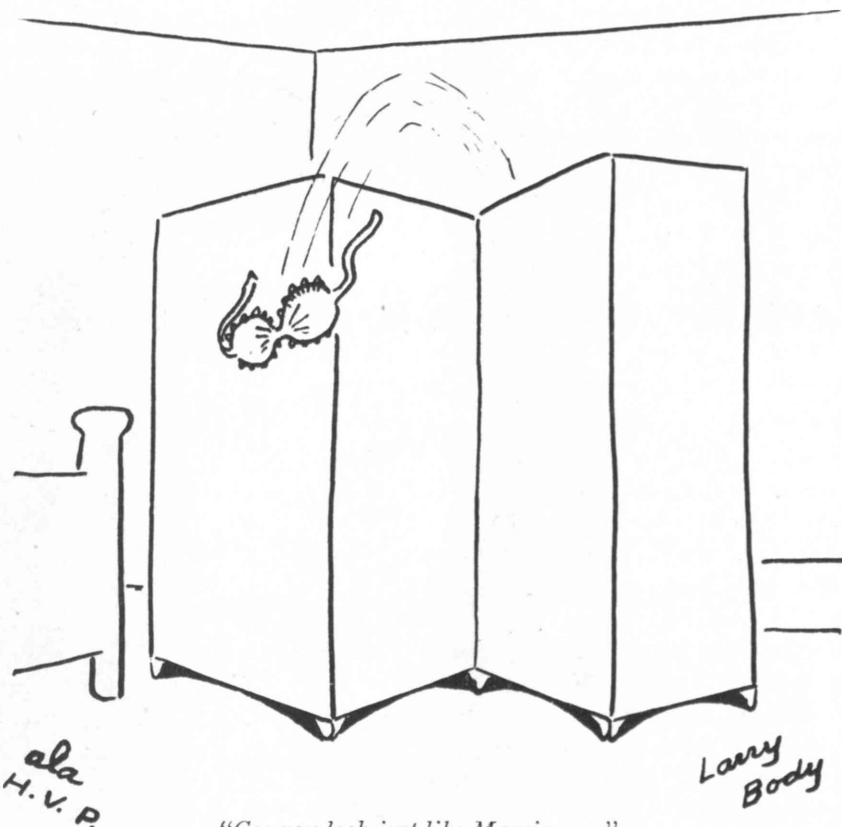
"And then after I got my Master's at M. I. T. . . .

THANK TO
W. LYONS.
Larry Body

IAST issue we printed a story about an encounter with a cold drink vending machine. This time one of those harmless candy vending machines surprised us with a little package. We inserted one well worn slug and waited while it tinkled down through the bowels of the machine. Then we pushed the little handle underneath the Old Nick wrapper and a dead mouse tumbled down into the tray. We complained to the manager of the theatre in whose lobby the machine stood, but to no

avail. He said that we ought to be thankful that we could get meat nowadays without ordering it. We still wonder how the damn thing got put in there without being wrapped.

THAT certain officer in the V-12 Unit was seen playing "Simon Says" with a company of trainees several months ago? We could not believe our eyes when we saw this happen in the middle of the drill field during Saturday drill. But you never can tell when it might come in handy and it did break the monotony of drill. It is rumored that the member of the company that won the "Simon Says" is known to be highly respected for this feat and is well "in" with the officers. Maybe it isn't so bad after all.



"Gee you look just like Margie . . ."

THIS story may have been told before but we believe that it is worth retelling here because it illustrates the ends to which a Tech man will go to save a dime. It is entirely true and any resident of the Grad House of two years ago will vouch for it.

Some thrifty residents of the aforementioned Grad House decided to outwit the Boston Elevated Co. They stretched a wire from a second story window of the Grad House to a tree on the other side of Massachusetts Avenue so that it passed just underneath the trolley wire. The wire was small and invisible to anyone passing along the street. Every time that a trolley passed the wire knocked the trolley off the line so that the car was brought to a stop. When the motor-man got out to put the trolley back on the wire, the students who had been hiding behind the hedges that border the Grad House would sneak into the car. It's marvelous to what ends Tech students will go to save a dime.

THE Dorms have always been the scene of outbreaks of rowdiness but this particular incident beats them all. It happened quite a while ago but it has never been recorded in the columns of the Voo Doo and for that reason we ask permission to print it here as we heard it. If there are any omissions or corrections, we ask that they be sent to Phos at the office so that we may have a more complete resume of what went on.

When two unpopular residents of one of the dorm rooms left to go on an inter-term vacation, several students who could not get home decided to even up the score. These students got hold of several bales of paper that had been collected from the residents of the Dorms and tore it up into little shreds which they started piling in the unoccupied room of the two departed unfortunates. Pretty soon the paper was knee high all over the room, then waist high, then chin high, and finally the pranksters were stuffing it in

around the edge of the door all the way up to the ceiling. There was close to a ton of paper in the room and it was almost impossible to open the door.

When the inter-term leave was over the occupants of the stuffed room approached the door and tried to open it. When they had managed to open it a few inches, they were astounded to see nothing but torn pieces of paper all the way from floor to ceiling. Immediately they started digging their way through it and pushing the paper out into the corridor. Neighboring Dormies stood by and watched the fun but didn't so much as offer to help. After a while one of them was able to get inside of the room and he started tunneling in the direction of the window. The paper was piling up in the corridor so that passage was impossible yet still they hadn't reached the window. Finally they came upon the window

Continued to page 20



Photo by O'Donnell

EVERY once in a while Phos sees a girl around Tech who he looks at twice. When this happens, we know she's a damn good bet for a picture in the mag. Such was the case of Marian Pike, one of Professor Thresher's draft board members.

Alice in Wonderland

A Bedtime Story Version for the Little Tot

IT seems that this here Jane, who rejoices over the name of Alice, knows her groceries, so she tries to make the White Rabbit who has been trying to promote her since Time in Memorium. She falls for him in a big way by tumbling into his hole and is knocked for a row of South African succotash dishes. When she comes to, she feels like a good case of the D. T.'s, so she starts hittin' the bottle and soon is small enough to enter a convenient door nearby. Alice meets a motley crew consisting of a mouse, a duck, a dodo (I never saw one either), a lory, and an eaglet. (This gets worse from here on in.)

After shooting the breeze with this bunch for awhile, our heroine proceeds to the White Rabbit's house and finding no one home goes to his bedroom. (Even Louey Carroll couldn't resist having a bedroom farce.) Spying the owner's best old vintage on the side table, the now confirmed sousess (to the *viz*: female souse) takes a nip, but this time grows the other way so that she fills the house. This, of course, leads to a wee bit of confusion when the ol' man returns. After a long drawn out chapter, Alice finally eats some cakes and returns to her small, round, firm, well-packed size.

The next incident hits the jackpot. Alice runs away from the White Rabbit (big let down) and comes to a mushroom. She gets a flash of what's on top and as the good book says there is a blue caterpillar smoking a hookah (hookah *viz*: fancy Turkish pipe with a long muzzle for smokers who want to stay away from smoking). The conversation among these two is strictly for the birds and ain't worth repeatin'. After going through the now corny routine of growing and

shrinking (it must have come in about the time that Harry Lauder began making farewell appearances), Alice continues her stroll.

The next chapter makes the Battle of the Bulge look like a debate at the local Y. W. C. A. Some poor fish of a footman comes to the Duchess's house and delivers a letter from the Queen. The Queen's footman and the Duchess's man both execute parabolos extending out to infinity and bid each other "auf wiedersehen." After the messenger makes like a five letter word meaning exitus, Alice and the doorman exchange quips and "so's your ol' man's" for three pages before she finally gets into the place. Inside they are hittin' it up like Ebbet's Field in the eighth inning.

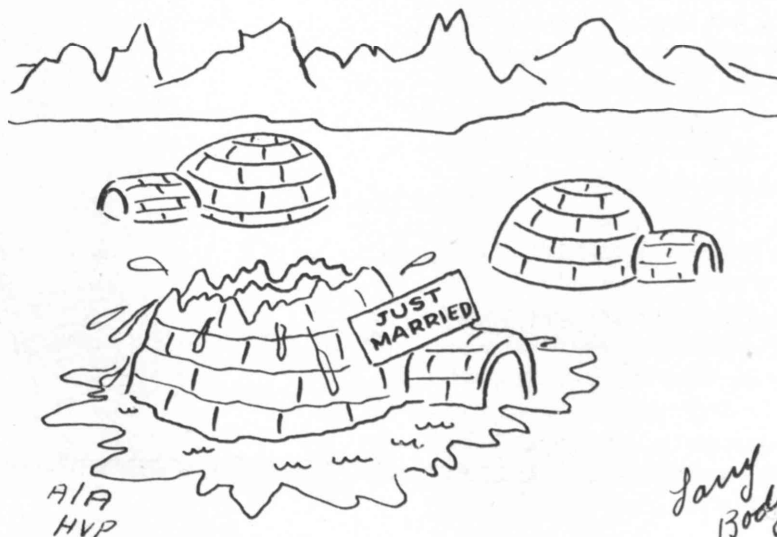
Dishes are flying, a baby is testing his lung power, and the Duchess is yelling something about pepper. In the ensuing pages the baby becomes a pig and a cat does a disappearing act bit by bit.

The next acquaintances on our fetching heroine's list are a hare, a

doormouse, and a mad Hatter (makes Hats) who is tossing a blowout for the other two in the form of a never ending tea party. The conversation flows in a varicose vein and is as clear as applesauce. After bulling for eleven pages on this, Lou Carroll must have gotten a pain in the thorax cause he has Alice leave this Jolly Boys' A. C. and continue into a garden where the ole lady Queen plays croquet.

The Queen, it seems, is a real tough old gal and being of Saxon descent has plenty of Sax appeal. As Alice arrives, the all-state finals or something are just getting under way so she throws her hat in the ring too. It soon becomes evident that the game is not quite kosher because every time someone gets ahead of the Queen, she has his head cut off. Alice soon slices one off into the rough and is vamped away by a cat with a Pepsodent smile. Her relations with Smiley are pretty vague because in the next chapter, Alice is a witness at a trial. The cards are pretty well stacked against the defendant until Alice blows the whole deal to the winds. Justice trumps! The ending to the story is really prey for the embalmers. As the sayin' is, Carroll was in the groove like the pelican's brassiere.

— D. A. F.



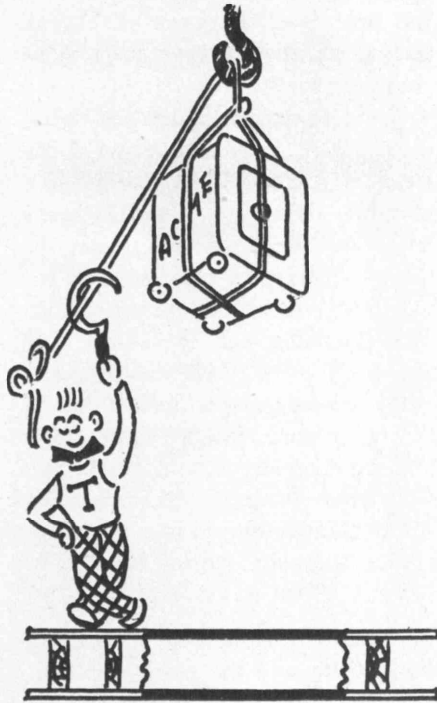
1. **I**NSTEAD of shortsheeting his bed, try sprinkling salt on the sheets. It's impossible to see and doesn't begin to itch until he has slept on it for four hours. Then it itches like blazes and raises little red welts on the skin. Use iodized salt as it will improve your roommate's thyroid activity and that is a very desirable thing.

2. **W**HILE your roommate is asleep with his mouth open, gently squeeze a tube of shaving lather into his mouth and watch him blow bubbles. If you possibly can, get hold of the green stuff that Palmolive puts out, because that tastes the worst and leaves an unsightly green ring around his mouth. Most heavy sleepers will give you ten minutes of iridescent bubbles before some of the stuff gets into their eyes and wakes them up. However, a light sleeper will awaken as soon as he finds the stuff in his mouth and give you a merry chase.

3. **I**F your roommate smokes a pipe, cut up old rubber bands and mix them with his smoking tobacco. Immediately upon lighting his pipe he will notice something different about the flavor of the thing, but usually he is stubborn enough to stick by the pipe until he has retreaded his lungs in which case he will give up because breathing is exceedingly difficult. Be sure that you do not have to be in the room at the same time that he is smoking this synthetic mixture as it will make your abdominal cavity unsure of its contents.

4. **E**MPTY the hair tonic from your roommate's bottle and replace the tonic with mucilage. This works especially well with roommates who use Vaseline Hair Tonic as it looks and smells very much like mucilage. Your roommate will find that even if he swims a mile his hair will retain its luster and beautiful wave.

TRICKS TO PLAY



Louie!



5. **W**HEN your roommate is absent from the room, open the closet door and insert a raw oyster in each one of his shoes, not omitting his slippers because they are especially effective on bare feet. After a few days the odor in the closet becomes almost visible, but the fun that you will get out of seeing your roommate put on his shoes will make it bearable. Remind him that oysters are expensive and hard to get so that you can sit down and enjoy oysters on the half sole after the fun is over.

6. **T**HEN your roommate stays out too late at night for his own good, why not prepare a special welcome for him when he returns. Just remove the pins from the hinges to the door on your room and leave the door precariously hanging in place. Of course, the noise the door makes when it comes down will wake you out of a deep sleep, but it is worth waking up to see the surprised look on your roommate's face. If your roommate has been conniving with Bacchus the effect is doubled, and it's worth waking the whole dorm to watch the fun.

7. **S**OMETIME while your roommate is not in the room, remove all the drawers from his dresser. Then empty the drawers and put them back in, upside down. Carefully put the contents of the drawers up inside the overturned drawers and close them so that he won't notice the difference. In the morning when he hurriedly searches for a cufflink, he will blow his top as he yanks out the drawers one by one and stuff spills all over the place. I would advise you not to be present when he opens the dresser because your life wouldn't be worth a discharge button.

8. **I**F your roommate uses tooth powder, you have a wonderful chance for some fun. Just remove the powder

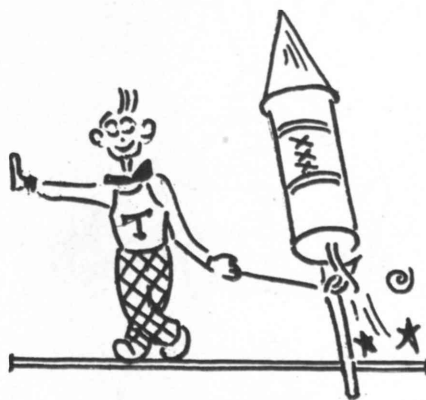
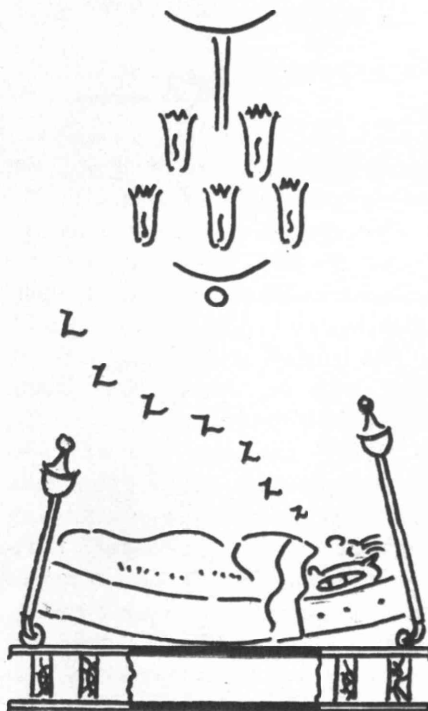
from the tin and replace it with plaster of paris. When a mouthful of this stuff sets, he won't be able to say anything for weeks.

9. **SOME** guys are lucky enough to have roommates who are lucky enough to own cars. In that case you can have oodles of fun at his expense. The next time you are near his car and he is not around, remove each hub cap and place three pebbles inside and then replace the hub cap. The car will make a noise like a cement mixer and cause the owner much alarm. He will probably take it to a garage and pay twenty skins to have the motor fixed. The noise of the pebbles inside the hubcaps can be heard for miles around and is much more effective than punching holes in the muffler.

10. **I**F you are one of the above mentioned class who have roommates with cars, there are several other things you can do to gain his friendship. Hie yourself down to the nearest druggie and buy a wad of bubble gum, preferably the kind that has Indian cards because I'm collecting those. Chew the bubble gum for at least one half hour adding salt and sugar to taste, beat well and bake at 350 for two hours. When the gum is well chewed, approach your roommate's car some night when it is parked outside his girl's and he's parked inside, and string the gum in long strips between the door handles. When your roommate tries to enter or leave the car he will open the door, thus stretching the gum way out, and then immediately launch himself through it. This has been known to ruin a good spit quicker than anything else could possibly do it.

11. **S**HOULD you contemplate leaving school for a few days vacation, be sure to give your roommate some-

ON YOUR ROOMMATE



thing to remember you by. Coat the back of the radiator in the room with a generous layer of Limburger cheese. This will send out overpowering fumes only at such times that the radiator is on. It's a devil of a job to clean the stuff off the radiator unless you disconnect it from the piping.

12. **S**HOULD you happen to have a hot water bottle lying around, connect a three foot piece of rubber hose to the opening, and put the hot water bottle inside your roommate's pillowcase with the hose down under the sheet. Arrange the hot water bottle so that water will flow from it only when there is pressure on the pillowcase. When your roommate places his head on the pillow, then, and only then, will he get a shot of warm water from under the middle of the sheet. This is very disconcerting because the bed was not wet when he climbed into it and the minute he raises his head the water stops. Try it sometime and let me know how you make out.

13. **W**HE next time you happen across an ironing board, take it back to your room and put it between your roommate's mattress and springs. He won't say anything about it when he gets into bed because he won't notice it right away, but when morning comes around he will feel like New Year's morning, and when he finds the ironing board, he will bless the guy that put it there in all his most ecclesiastical language.

14. **W**HEN your roommate is in the bath tub, if such a thing is possible, quietly slip in and empty a bottle of ink into the tub while he's not looking. If you use indelible ink the results are much more lasting. The only consolation to this trick is that you can easily tell if your roommate washes all over, because those parts covered with soap will not be stained.

B. O. STANDS FOR BRUSH OFF



"I'VE got an assignment for you," said the chief. "You get a story on what women think about men, especially college men. This would be of great interest to our reading public."

So I asked myself who would know what women think about men. A woman would know, I decided after some consideration. Consequently, in search of material, I made my way to a house party at a local women's college. I wasted no time in accosting a girl whose outward appearance seemed to indicate she would think very interesting thoughts about men.

"Snickelhoof's the name," I said, "B. O. Snickelhoof from M. I. T. I'm collecting material for an article."

She looked very blank for a minute and then suddenly her face lit up and she said, "Not *the* V. O. Snickelhoof!"

Why quibble over a first initial, I thought. "Well, yes, I guess you could put it that way," I answered modestly.

"Come in the other room where it's

quiet and tell me all about it," she offered politely. I accepted.

We sat down on the sofa. Nice legs — not the sofa. I told her about my research on what women think about men.

She laughed and brushed back her hair with her hand. Nice laugh. Beautiful blond hair.

"Well," she said, "I don't know much psychology, but, of course, I do have my preferences, especially with regard to men's colleges. Take Dartmouth, for instance. It's a swell place — if you happen to be a snow flake. Harvard boys are all right, but I find it tough making conversation with their mothers on dates. You say you're from M. I. T. Now there is a different story. M. I. T. men as a group are remarkably handsome. They are intellectual, but still know how to have a good time. You seem to be a good example of this type."

She crossed her legs. Nice person-

ality. She had good ideas. I might take her out some time.

I asked her more about her views on men. "Don't some girls have a cynical materialistic attitude toward men?"

"No," she answered. "I think that is not nearly as true now as it once was. I know very few girls who are like that. We are looking for strong steady men with upright characters. You know what I mean. What was the last book you read?"

"Burrington: *Mathematical Tables and Formulas*," I answered.

"Sure. That's what I mean," she said. "Gone are the days when girls were greedy for one party followed by another, not that there is anything wrong with a good time now and then."

She leaned over and flicked some cigarette ashes off my lapel. I had not noticed them before. I wondered if she would like to go to the movies some Saturday night.

"You can call me Barbie," she offered. "Is V. O. your nickname?"

Honesty welled up inside me. "As a matter of fact," I said, "it's B. O. not V. O."

She looked startled. "Aren't you Vlattemer O. Snickelhoof, the millionaire's son?"

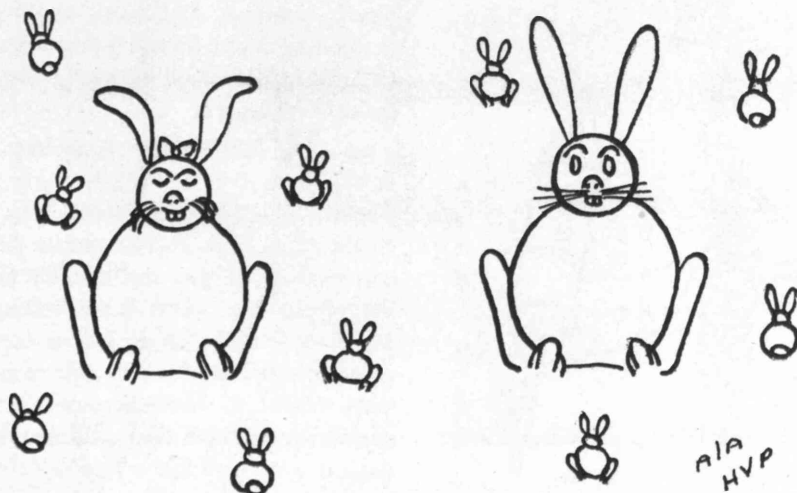
"No," I admitted.

"You don't have a private airplane, two Cadillacs, and thirty cases of prewar champagne?"

"Not exactly."

"Oh," she said. "My roommate is beckoning to me. I'll see you later."

— J. D. C. L.

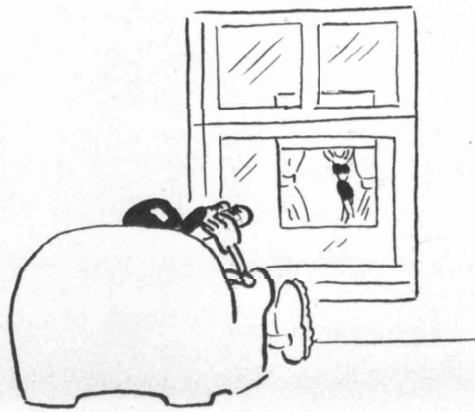


"OK, OK, so we need a Left Tackle."

SIGMUND



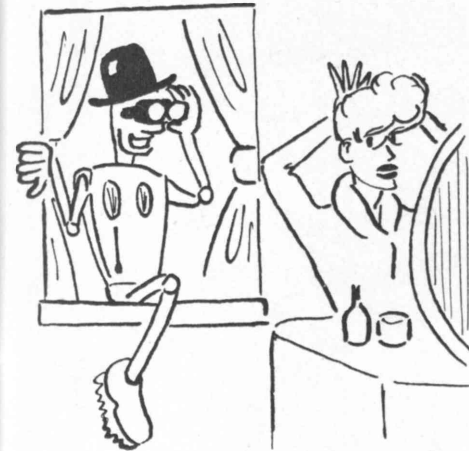
Sigmund has a new toy. It is a pair of binoculars.



He puts his new binoculars to immediate use, interesting use.



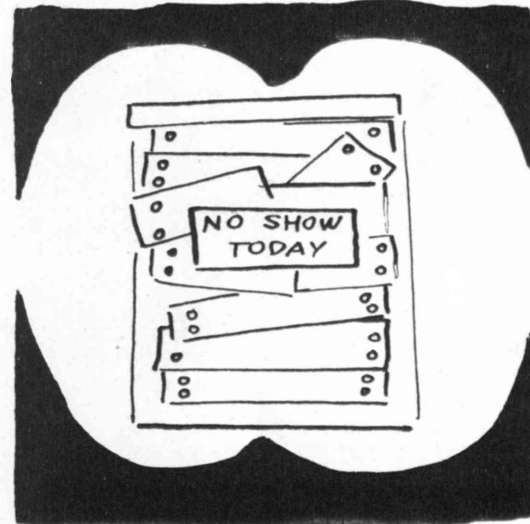
His subject is Maizie Jones, one of the "Women of Washington" Set.



One day Maizie accidentally notices the activities of Sigmund. She is incensed (burned up).



Sigmund is incensed too (also meaning burned up). His water bill is increasing.



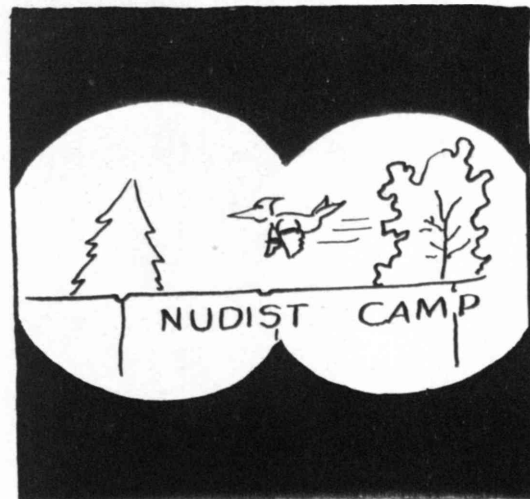
She decides to take care of Sigmund once and for all.



But Sigmund is not one to be discouraged. He crashes into her life (and a apartment).



Maizie cannot resist Sigmund. All is quiet in 3-A.

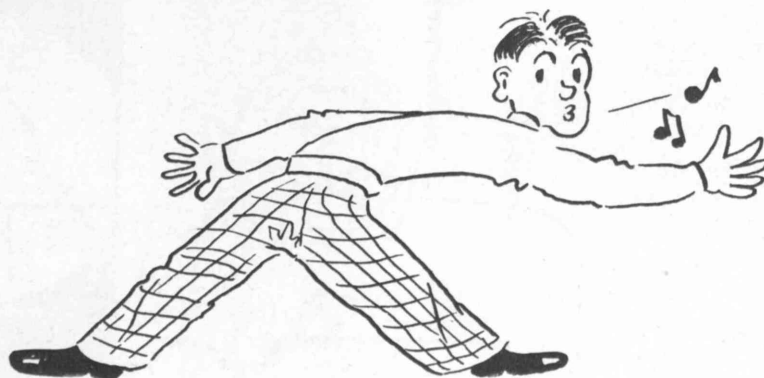


The binoculars? Sigmund packs them away. He will use them to look at Wild Life (that's a joke, son).

Phos Goes to a Bathing Beauty Contest



LYDIA



*CAROL**CRICKET*

I finish my stein an then Margy's. The crowd in the beer hall is singin' its lungs out an' she's havin' a good time there, so she says not to mind her an' get myself some more beer. But I remembers the story about he who passes out an' stop at my usual four quarts.

Margy's gettin' kinda hoarse from singin' without lubrication, so we go upstairs to dance. I figger she's actin' sorta lady-like, so I decides I better work up easy to my usual close formation. I takes her hand and start to slip my arm around her waist an' WHAM — of her own accord, she's damn near in back o' me!

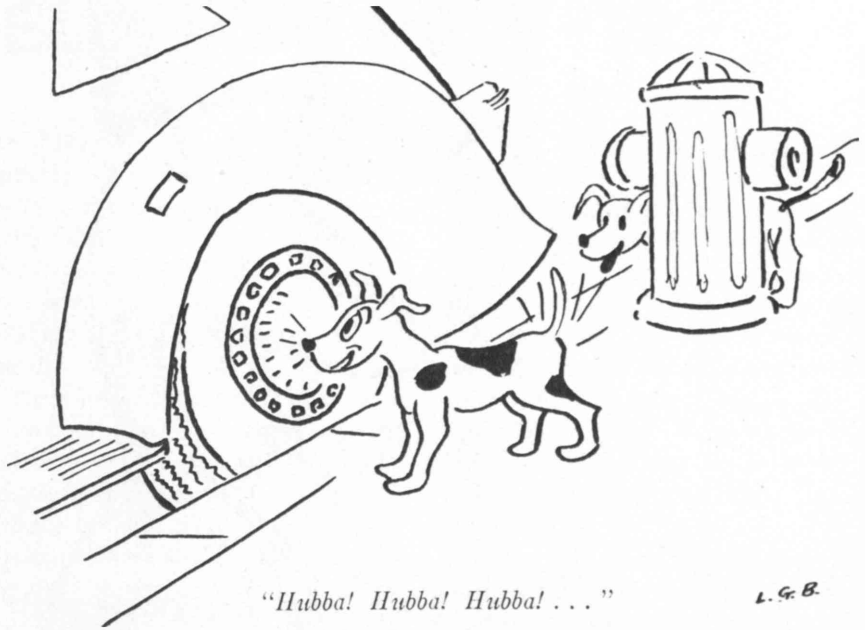
Immediately my instinct tells me, "Go to the second floor, young man," so at the end of one dance, I pass the idea on to Margy, who says she's shy. The next best thing, I reckons, is th' darkened dance room in the back, so I gradual-like manoeuvres Margy an' incident'ly me in that direction.

It's better in th' dark, I finds, since I now don't have to look at that face

in the

between dances. O' course, even in the light I can't see it when we're dancin', fer obvious reasons. Here I begins to prepare Margy psycholog-ic'ly for the trip to th' second floor. Closin' my eyes so's not to see the inevitable glow in hers, I plant a kiss on her — keeerist, she coöperates just like a dead sturgeon, an' tastes about the same!

It could be worse, I thinks an' continues my little plot. But just when I was makin' noticeable headway an' the second floor is just around the proverbial corner, someone comes in the room an' lights a match. It's George an' he's lookin' for us. "Maybe you don't know what time it is," he says, "but we gotta be gettin' these Cinderellas home before the curfew."



"Hubba! Hubba! Hubba! . . ."

L. G. B.

The back seat of George's car, I figger, is just about as good as th' second floor fer a start, an' there might very well be a nice couch in a dark room where these wimmin live fer the next step.

However, the back seat, I recall as I settle down, isn't so hot, 'cuz a number of the springs protrude rather uncomf'tably into one. Besides, I damn near get a violent case of nausea from the gags George is cracking. I know they're jokes only becuz he ends

is still talkative and is guardin' the light switch like a hawk — snafu. So we talk. This appeasin' George is gettin' me down, 'specially 'cuz he'd had his fun on the second floor. Fin'ly he breaks down an' gets hungry, an' he an his date go over to th' kitchenette, which is really in th' sittin' room, fer a bite.

I can turn the ceiling light off now, but the kitchenette light is still an obstacle. But quick-like I pull a surprise maneuver an' get another taste of sturgeon. Then Margy forcefully breaks away an' moves down to the other end o' the couch an' that's that. I'm beginnin' to think that only on a desert isle could this woman be made.

For several minutes silence reigns, except fer th' chompin' sound which can be heard from th' direction o' the kitchenette. Then George comes over an' says, turnin' on th' light, "Kiss Margy goodnight like a good little boy — we gotta be travellin'."

Margy can't wiggle outa it this time, but my hopes are shattered. I merely disprove categoric'ly that a kiss goodnight will lead to another kiss, et cetera. I also revert to my former conclusion that it's better in th' dark -- there I woulda had a chance.

R. M. A.

Dark

'em all with, "That's a joke, son; a joke, that is." — More nausea.

We get to what the girls call home an' find that it's an apartment where one o' the girls lives with her mother, who is, we're told, a light sleeper. The other girl is a visitor. The apartment is small — just a kitchenette a sittin' room, an' the bedroom. Th' latter looks th' most invitin', but I couldn't just roll the mother outa th' bed.

An' to make matters worse, George



Downing

FAREWELL TO THE V-12

"SEAMAN!" roared a loud voice "what is the meaning of this?"

"Sir, would you be kind enough to call me by name and I will be only too glad to tell you," answered the firm voice of Apprentice Seaman Lemuel Snurch.

"Snurch, what is the idea of leaving this bottle of Scotch near the radiator? You should know better than that. Scotch is very poor unless kept in a cool, dark place. Restrict this man to his quarters until that Scotch is disposed of properly! Carry on!" he said as the inspection party trailed him out of the room.

"Ya know, I'm gonna miss the old duck when we leave this place," said Bertram Flargg, Snurch's roommate.

"Me too," echoed Snurch.

"Come on, let's go down to eat," said Flargg whose mind was in his stomach. "It's our last chow here and I want to give them something to remember me by."

"O.K.! You bring a length of clothesline to tie 'em up and I'll bring a shovel to feed 'em with," added Snurch with a leer.

"It'll be more damn fun to tie up Mrs. Pruneface and tickle her while the rest of the guys snatch two scoops of milk, and you hold "Slick" while I feed him salisbury steaks with the shovel, and we'll all take a case of milk each time we go through the line," gloated Flargg as he rubbed his hands together and spat in his pocket.

"Yah, that'll be lots more fun than the time we bowled with hard boiled eggs using milk bottles for pins," said Snurch reminiscing his colorful past.

The scene shifts to room 313-B where Snurch and Flargg are having a little party on their last night in the Grad House. The room is resplendent with decorations and reeking with atmosphere. Suddenly footsteps are heard coming down the passageway.

They belong to "Alfred" and the cry goes up, "Get those goddam women to take the bottles down to the car while I clean up this place." "Alfred's" footsteps quicken on hearing this but he arrives just in time to hear a rustle of skirts and a giggle as the company leaves.

He is heard to mutter, "Damned if a woman ever got away from me before without a broken leg!" and he starts off in hot pursuit.

Snurch and Flargg succeed in flushing down a case of beer and pouring the rest of the champagne in the bathtub before "Alfred" returns to view the damage. By that time they are pretty well gone (the bottles) and "Alfred" is disappointed that they didn't save any for him. He helps Snurch and Flargg into bed, turns out the light, and kisses them good-night.

"Say, Snurch ol' boy, remember the time "Ma" Claridge chased those guys that cut morning exercises and hid in the dugouts," says Flargg from deep in his blankets.

"Yeh, Snurchie, I didn't think the old geezer could run that fast! That reminds me. I wonder if Maki ever found out whose dogtags those were

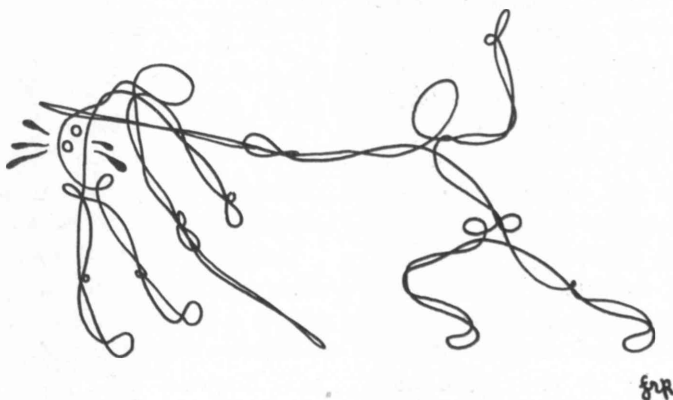
that he found in the Armory that day," retorted Flargg.

"But that wasn't half as funny as when Cherundolo asked the guy who fell out of the window what deck he fell from. I wish it had been me that had fallen out the window. I would of told him that I lived on the seventh deck and then yelled 'whooh' like a ghost," dreamed Flargg who was always wishing that he could have been somewhere else when things happened.

"We could go on like this for hours digging up the ghosts of all the Chiefs and the guys who flunked out but we need sleep right now because tomorrow's our last day," and Snurch's voice trailed off into snores.

The sun rises on a fateful day in the career of the V-12 Unit at M. I. T. It is the last day of the Unit. The trainees have all received their commissions and they are strutting around like proud peacocks, pulling their rank on the few seamen that are left. Let us follow Snurch and Flargg as they complete their madcap revenge on their oppressors.

"Say Flarggie, me buddy, let's drift over to the P. T. office and do something that we've wanted to do ever



Curses — foiled again!

since we've been here," suggests Snurch with a gleam in his eye.

"Ya may get in trouble if ya do that, ol' chap. There's still a few guys in this place that outrank you. Now if we can sneak those Specialists over to the Armory, we could give them a little P. T. to build up those flabby fronts they push around," answers Flargg who always has his feet on the ground.

"Now you're twistin' my prop the right way, kid. We'll tell 'em all that we're goin' to give 'em all goin' away presents over in the Armory and they'll go for that," adds Snurch who always has his head in the clouds but is a good man for getting things done.

"And we could make 'Tarzan' swim fifteen lengths of the pool underwater," gloats Flargg who always hated swimming class more than anything else because he couldn't do the "inverted breast." He claims he doesn't have the equipment to do it with.

"Can you imagine makin' those specialists do push-ups while we sit on their shoulders! That'll be more fun than makin' 'em run around the cinder track on their hands and knees. That's too bloody," dreamed Snurch who possessed a sadistic streak.

"Well, let's round up a few more of the boys and get this thing rolling," said Flargg as the two walked off arm in arm.

The ensuing scene was censored by a board of Naval censors so we must proceed to the assembly at which orders for duty are being given out. The newly commissioned Ensigns with their shining faces (and stripes) are sitting and waiting anxiously to hear the fate that will follow them for the next twenty years. As each Ensign steps forward to receive his assignment, he salutes smartly, extends his hand, takes the orders, reads them, and then crumples into a stretcher held by two white uniformed attendants. His screams are muffled by the clapping of the crowds

and the next Ensign steps forward to repeat the process.

"Ensign Lemuel Q. Snurch, front and center!" bellows the Captain.

Snurch rises unsteadily to his feet and goes forward, tripping over the rope that Flargg thoughtfully put across the aisle. He salutes with his left hand, extends his right one, and reads his orders.

"You are hereby assigned to the M. I. T. V-12 Unit to the position of Officer in Charge of Restrictive Musters!" This is the last straw. Snurch can take no more! He lurches forward and as he falls the chain on his dogtag catches in the Captain's gold buttons and strangles Snurch to death. Poor Snurch! He would have made such a good V-12 officer. He had poisonality!

M. J. C.



Lifeguard: (with girl in his arms):
"Sir, I have just resuscitated your daughter."

Father: "Then by Gosh, you'll marry her."

— The Rebel.



Mary: "I know the secret of popularity."

Peg: "So do I, but Mother says I mustn't."



Mother: "What took you so long to say good night to that fellow?"

Daughter: "But, Mother, if a boy takes you to a movie, the least you can do is to kiss him good-night."

Mother: "But I thought you went to El Morocco."

Daughter: "Yes, Mother."

— Brunavian.

Voodooings . . .

Continued from page 7

and opened it. Paper, paper, and more paper was pushed out of the window until the pile on the ground reached the second story. Finally the room was empty but almost six hours work was put into it.

To top the whole thing off, or maybe we should say, to touch the whole thing off, some wag threw a match into the pile of paper that lay outside the Dorm. The flames gained headway easily in the paper and soon the Cambridge Fire Department arrived on the scene. Now a visit of the Fire Department to the Dorms is a cause for much vandalism. Knots were tied in hoses; windows needlessly broken, backfires started, and all sorts of tricks were tried to make the firemen's job easier. It's rumored that one of the firemen had this to say about the incident.

"The next time we get a call to this place, we're goin' to sit at the station and let the goddam thing burn down."

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A beautiful young lady lay on a bed in a receiving ward of a Washington hospital, her ONLY covering, a large white sheet. Two young gentlemen in white passed by and were struck by her lovely features. One young man drew back the sheet and carefully examined her from head to toe.

"Do you think you will have to operate?" asked the girl a minute later.

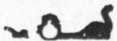
"Oh. You'll have to ask one of the doctors," said one of the young men cheerily. "We're only ensigns."



She: "So a peek at my garter doesn't bother you?"

He: "No, my mind is way above that."

— *Snafoo.*



"I say, old man, I hear you are going to Paris. Are you going to take your wife?"

"My wife! Say, you wouldn't take a sandwich to a banquet, would you?"



The guy who claims his gal is cold should remember that so is dynamite until you start fooling around with it.



The Scotchman had blown his lassie to a movie, and hailed a cab to take her home. When he assisted her in, she, knowing his natural bent where money is concerned remarked, "Oh, Jock, it makes me feel awful wicked, riding around with you like this."

At that Jock cheered up tremendously. "Then mebbe," quoth he, "it'll be worth the money after all."

— *The Rebel.*

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Susie had a nice new skirt,
So neat, so bright, so choosy;
It never shows a speck of dirt,
But, gosh, how it shows Susie!



He: "What are you thinking about?"

She: "The same thing as you."

He: "Well, I'm sorry but it's im-
possible. I'm in training."

— Jester.

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She: "Gosh, Can't you be good for
five minutes?"

He: "Hell, sister, I'll be good for
twenty years yet."



The ideal time to have a date is in
the "oui" small hours.

— The Old Maid.



Along with the old shoes tied on
the back of the newlyweds' car was
a sign which read: "AMATUER
NIGHT."

Said one stork to another: "Is my face red; how was I supposed to know they weren't married!"



She: "Doesn't a still small voice tell you when you do wrong?"

He: "No, a large loud voice does. I'm married."

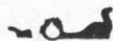
— *The Log.*



A hot-spell story that we like is about the girl who went in swimming in the raw in a secluded mill pond. Along came a little boy who started to tie knots in her clothes. She floundered around, found an old washtub, held it in front of herself and marched toward the little boy, saying, "You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure," said the little brat, "You think that tub has a bottom in it."

— *The South Dakota Wet Hen.*



She was a gorgeous creature;
He was a doting male.
He admired her figure in English,
And wanted to prove it in Braille.

— *Scarlet Fever.*



Father: "Son, why are you eating with your knife?"

Small son: "Because my fork leaks."



Do you like these jokes as well as the last time (s) you heard them?

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beverage allowed is pluto water come see conquer

A weary guest at a small country inn was repeatedly called on the morning after his arrival.

"Dammit, didn't I tell you not to disturb me?" he burst forth.

"Sorry, sir," came the answer, "but they must have the sheets. It's almost eight o'clock and they're waiting for breakfast."

— Jester.



Remember the days when silk stockings were within the reach of all?

— Scarlet Fever.



Mother: "Didn't I tell you not to go out with perfect strangers?"

Daughter: "But Mother; he isn't perfect."

— Varieties.



First Dog: "Have you a family tree?"

Second Dog: "No, we aren't particular."

— Boulder.



"Say Bob — what happened to that girl you used to date? I thought she had a figure as trim and sleek as a ship."

"She did, but her cargo shifted."

— Brunavian.

"How did you puncture that tire?"

"Ran over a milk bottle."

"S'matter? — didn't you see it?"

"Naw. The kid had it under his coat."

— Purple Parrot.



Professor: "Can you give me an example of a commercial appliance used in ancient times?"

Student: "Yes, sir; the loose leaf system used in the Garden of Eden."



She: "I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss."

He: "Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say."



Some girls are like cigarets: they come in packs, get lit, hang on to your lips, make you puff, go unexpectedly, leave a bad taste in your mouth, and still they satisfy.



The portly man was trying to get to his seat at the circus. "Pardon me," he said to a woman, "did I step on your foot?"

"I imagine so," she said, after glancing at the ring, "all the elephants are still out there."



A new clerk, dictating a letter, was in doubt as to the use of a certain phrase, so he said to the stenographer, "Do you 'retire' a loan?"

"No," replied the young woman. "I sleep with Mother."

— The Re-Saw.

The Little Moron was seen standing on a busy street corner the other day, holding a menacing-looking knife in one hand and a gun in the other. "What," asked a passerby with some alarm, "are you doing with that armament, bud?"

The L. M. replied, "I'm trying to make up my mind whether I should cut around the corner or shoot across the street!"



A newly created papa received the glad tidings in a telegram: "Hazel gave birth to a girl this morning: both doing well."

On the message was a sticker reading, "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

— Battalion.



Sailor to pretty girl: "Your rigging is all right. How are you manned?"

Brunavian.



He: "I'm gonna kiss you every time a star falls."

Her: (Ten minutes later). "Say, are you bothered by spots before your eyes?"



Officer: "What do you want to get most out of the Navy?"

V-12: "Me."

Refacts.



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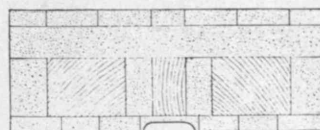
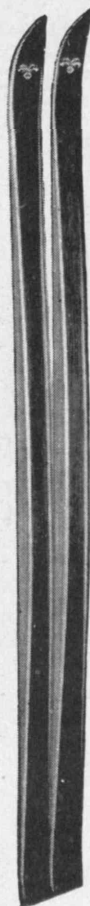
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