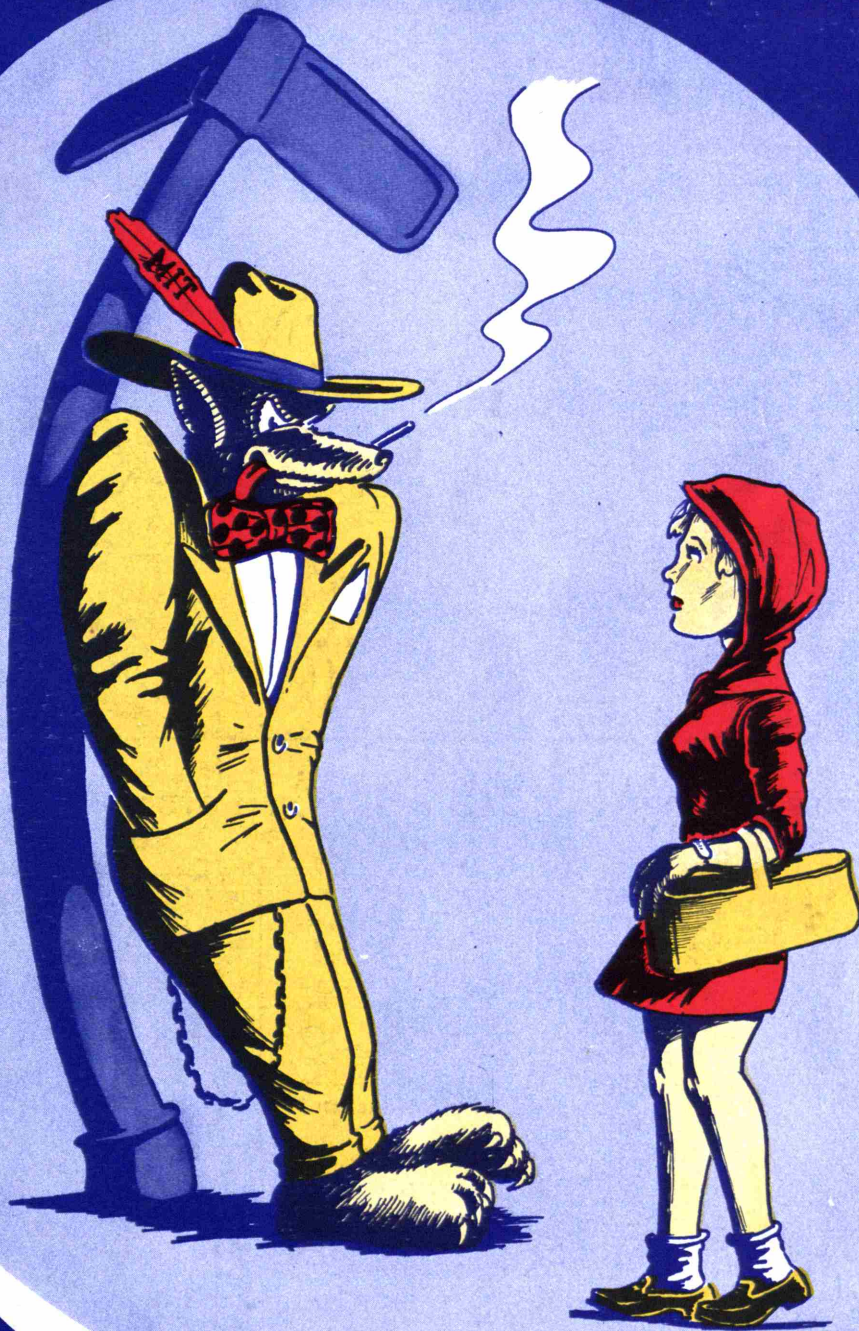


N.R. Cousins

# VOO DOO



April, 1947

25 Cents



**EXPERIENCE  
IS THE BEST  
TEACHER!**

From the rivers of Georgia, Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has followed the trail of game fish to the Atlantic and Pacific.

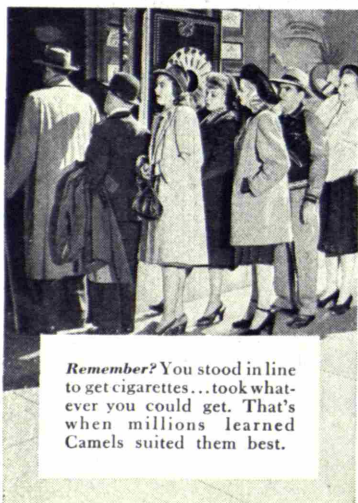
*Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead*

Holder of the International Women's All-Tackle Record for Cobia

A record catch! Sixty-nine pounds of the rare yellow-bellied cobia. Landed in 35 minutes by Mrs. Dorothy Newstead in the Gulf Stream.

**EXPERIENCE IS  
THE BEST TEACHER...  
IN DEEP-SEA FISHING...  
IN CIGARETTES TOO!  
CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!



Remember? You stood in line to get cigarettes...took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

*Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!*

• Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. That's when I found Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

You and millions of other smokers, Mrs. Newstead.

Result: *Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.* But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

*Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*

**YOUR 'T-ZONE'  
WILL TELL YOU...**

**T for Taste...  
T for Throat...**

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'!

*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS  
SMOKE CAMELS**  
*than any other cigarette*

• Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors — in every branch of medicine — to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



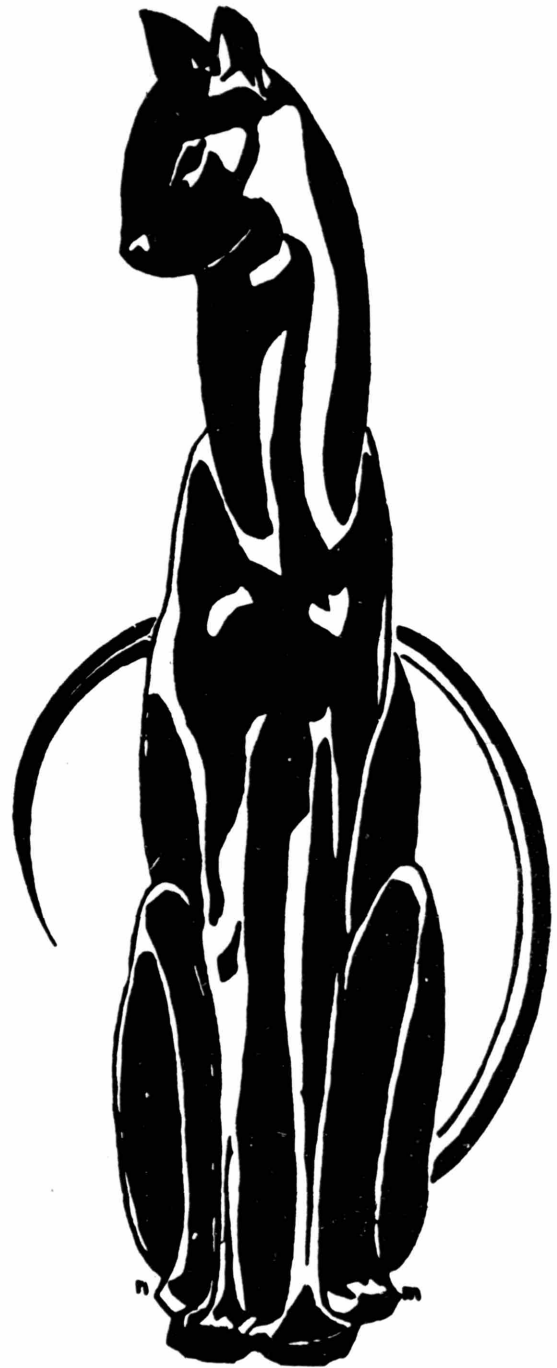
# Voo Doo

APRIL, 1947



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Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

## Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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the Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
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Volume XXX

APRIL, 1947

No. 4

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CARTOON CONTEST  
PRIZES FUN PRIZES

**Priscilla Alden**

(ICE CREAM AT ITS BEST)

Offers Four Western Malted Milks

For

**6 Best Cartoons 6**

Send Originals to Contest Editor,  
VOO DOO, Walker Memorial

**Priscilla Alden**

189 HARVARD STREET  
BROOKLINE

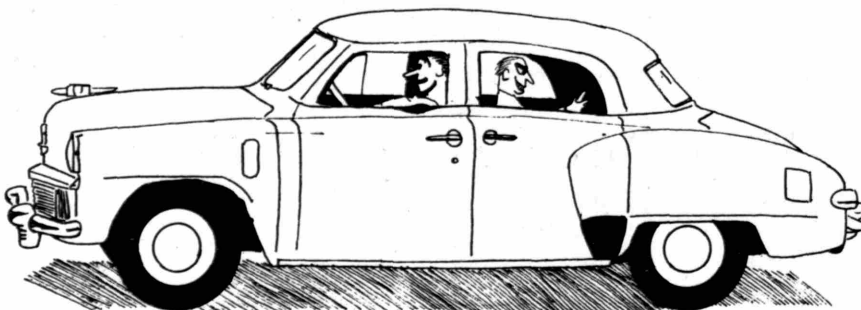


## THIS MONTH'S CARTOON CONTEST WINNERS

**RONNIE KALLMAN**  
**JACK FRAILY**

**JIM HODGES**  
**DON DE WITT**

**GENE RUBIN**  
**RICHARD JONES**



"Now, remember," shouted the prosecuting attorney at the defendant on the witness stand, "everything that you say will be held against you."

"Betty Grable, Betty Grable, Betty Grable!"

!e

Tech: "Why don't you wear ear muffs?"

Wellesley: "I haven't worn them since the accident."

Tech: "What accident?"

Wellesley: "Someone asked me if I wanted a drink and I didn't hear them."

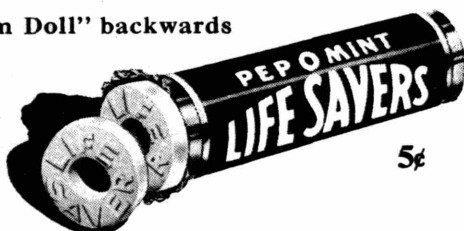


Are you a  
**Llod maerd\***



Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

\* "Dream Doll" backwards



## THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

"Are you free tonight?" he asked.  
"No," she replied coyly, "but I'm  
inexpensive."

*Submitted by Rae La Pier  
487 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston*



**A Box of Life-savers for the Best Joke!**

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Life-savers. Jokes will be judged by the Editor.

A couple checked into a hotel and after cleaning up, forgot to turn off the faucets in the tub. A short time later the guest in the room directly under them opened his window and stuck out his head. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Turn off those faucets! It's pouring down here! What the g— d— h— is the matter with you?"

"Stop your cursing," the upper returned. "I've got a lady up here."

"And what the hell do you think I have down here — a duck!"



"She's a chorus girl, Uncle."

"What Shows?"

"Practically everything."



"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"You're not home yet."

on Coolidge Corner

## LONDON WINE COMPANY

We carry Scotches, Canadian Whiskies,  
Bourbons, Champagnes, French Cordials,  
Beers and Ales

**1298 Beacon Street, Brookline**

on Massachusetts Avenue

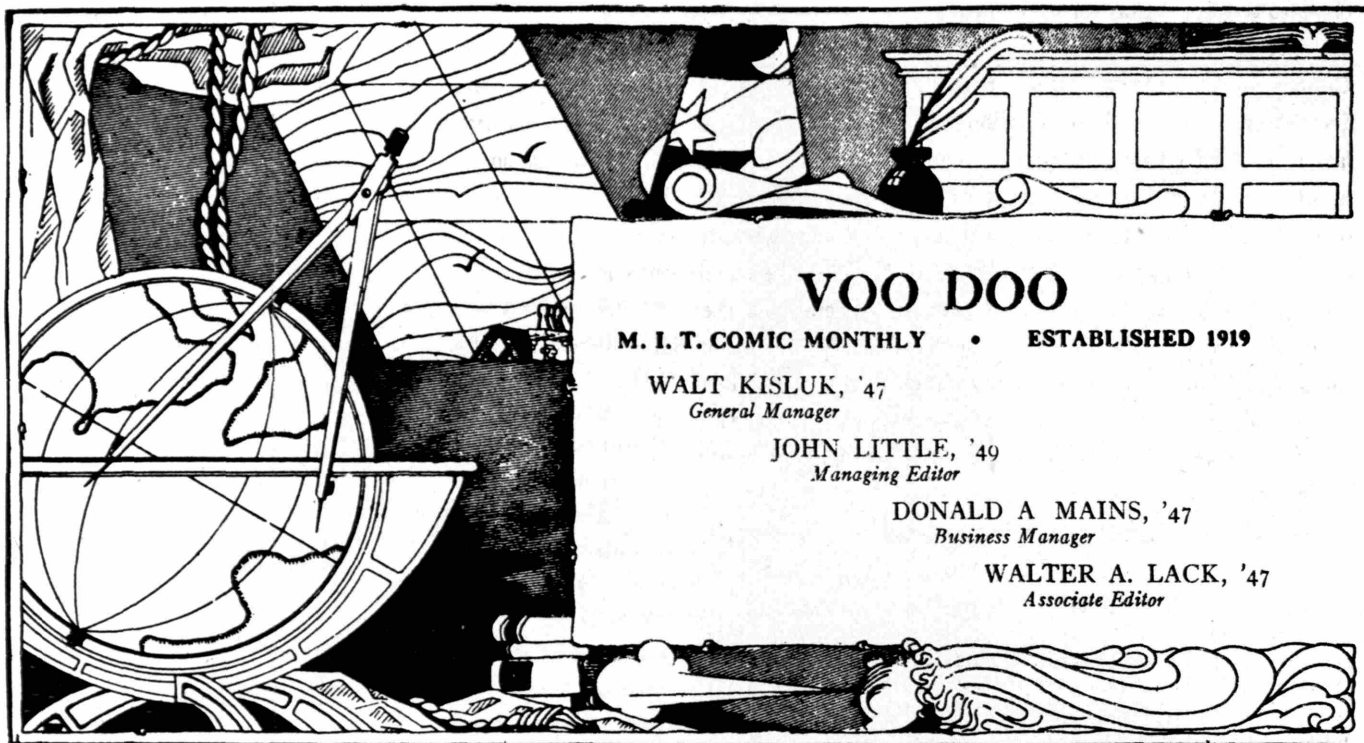
## FENWAY

WINE AND LIQUOR COMPANY, INC.  
AVAILABLE TO YOU

ANYTHING YOU LIKE  
DROP IN AND SEE!

**213 Massachusetts Ave., Boston**  
NEXT TO LOEW'S STATE THEATRE





“FOR a long time now,” said the Cat, “many of the Faculty and members of various activities, including Phos, have been downright concerned about the average Tech student’s lack of interest in social activities. In general, activities have contributed vastly in rounding the Tech man’s personality and in stimulating school spirit, but there are many obstacles in the path of activities which restrict and decrease their capabilities.”

“Phos, what do you mean?” we asked aghast. “Just look at this social calendar! It’s spectacular! There’s a stellar event slated for every weekend. Surely this indicates a lack of obstacles!”

“A superficial observation,” retorted Phos. “These events are so mammoth that they will be cloaked in a night club atmosphere lacking the warmth and friendliness for which activities strive. Moreover, the average Tech man has a purse with strings; he cannot afford to attend as many of these functions as he should. The activities to which I originally referred are the small group activities, not Tech-wide affairs. However, the same handicaps face both large and small activities.”

The Cat’s countenance grew more serious as he tweaked his whiskers, a sure indication he was about to expound. We obliged by carrying him bodily to the center of the room where we deposited him gently on his soap box. He continued.

“Activities succeed best through social events, yet, what activities can afford to run them as often as they would like? What students can afford as many as they would like? The difficulty is elementary but basic; it can be overcome if understood by both faculty and students who can cooperatively work out a constructive program.

“To be more specific and clear in my ramifications, I would like to remind you of the brilliant assembly program *Voo Doo* planned, to which the student body was to be invited gratis. Talent and school spirit could not overcome the greatest barrier of all — finding a suitable spot to hold the program. To wit, what facilities for activity gatherings does mighty Tech provide? The answer is sadly negative. For large gatherings — such as audiences at the Tech Show, at lectures, movies, glee club sings, dramatic productions, and the like — outside rentals are mandatory. These rentals are terrifically costly, causing ticket prices to skyrocket, even then without successfully defraying expenses.”

“But there’s the Walker Memorial,” we interrupted.

“Walker Memorial, indeed!” Phos retorted. “Walker Memorial was a gift to the students, but the students pay

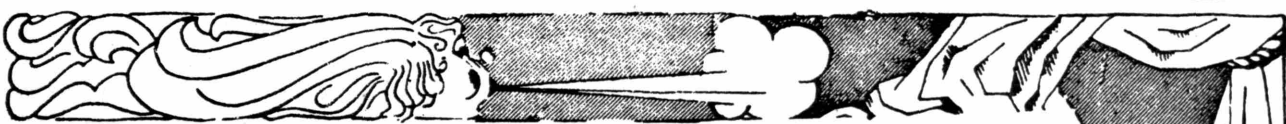


close to \$75 for rental for each function. After service charges are added on (including \$2 per gallon for punch) the bill often runs to \$150. A small activity cannot afford this expense. Large activities such as Junior Prom, Inter-Fraternity Conference, etc., are obliged to rent hotel ballrooms at the rate of \$400-\$500 per event simply to procure drinking privileges. I've known many of these functions with a ten dollar admission fee to barely avoid ending in the financial red. When a large function has such difficulties, certainly a small activity cannot flourish socially under like circumstances. The gym is too large and barren, and the 5:15 Club room is too small for most affairs. I have been considering the activity aspect of student life for many years, gentlemen; all my criticism is not destructive. As a matter of fact, I shall sow my few constructive seedlings and hope at least one is fertile. First, there is a Tech Building Program, which probably does not, but should provide for an activity center, preferably a theater with removable chairs. Second, it would be well worth investing a small sum into a liquor license for Walker Memorial, which is actually better than the best of Boston's hotel facilities for big dances; the average Tech man is a social drinker and would not abuse the drinking privilege. The use of Walker Memorial would trim dance expenses so that more students could better afford to attend. Third, free use of Walker Memorial should be granted to activities for worthy programs for gratis attendance by the student body; the merits of such programs could be judged by a special board. These, gentlemen, are the ideas of a mere feline; certainly, Tech men are capable not only of having better ideas but of making them materialize."

With this challenge, Phos stepped down from his soap box and sauntered from the room.

Phos wishes to thank Ronnie Kallman for his services and contributions to *Voo Doo* as Publicity Manager, from which post he has tendered his resignation due to an overload in his points for extracurricular participation. *Voo Doo* welcomes to the Junior Board the new Publicity Manager, Jack Rizika.

Cover this month by Waldt.




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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Carnegie Tech Scottie  
Carnegie Institute of Technology  
Pittsburg 13, Pa.

Editor  
Voo Doo  
Massachusetts Institute  
of Technology  
Cambridge, Massachusetts  
Dear Sir:

We wish to commend you on your article "Speak For Yourself" on page 22, the cartoon on page 22, and the cut on the "Map of the United States of America" on page 27 in the November 1946 issue. We enjoyed them very much, and wish permission to use them.

We shall be happy to hear from you and wish to extend you our best regards.

Scottie

*Ed. Note: Next thing you know these Scotchmen will want to subscribe to the magazine.*

Dear Voo:

(I always call my friends by their first names.) For many moons I have wanted to write. At last I have the courage — !!

I am the best moral supporter you ever saw. People (not Hahvahd Students) tell me you are in great need of little ones like me. (Incidentally I love cats.)

I am blonde, five feet two inches and can support most any moral young man. They say I'm good for the morale, too.

Love,

Ann I do — too!

P. S. I'm an awfully good secretary . . . and I can type, too!

*Ed. Note: Any one supplying information leading to the address or telephone number of this girl will receive a free subscription.*

Elliott House

Voo Doo  
M. I. T.

Dear Editor:

It has been my opinion that the students at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are considerably



below average when it comes to literary training. This feeling has recently been corroborated by your continued misspelling of this famed institution. I refer to the correct spelling of Harvard as opposed to the incorrect, Hahvahd. I am sure that if you would take the time to consult a dictionary you would find my theory substantiated.

Very truly yours,

Evan T. Hopkins.

*Ed. Note: And is Fair Harvard spelled with a y.*

Milton, Mass.

Editor of M. I. T. Voo Doo  
Walker Memorial  
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Editor:

At the last Technology acquaintance dance I met a guy. He invited me up to his room to see some old copies of Voo Doo. We had lots of fun but I can't remember seeing any Voo Doos. So how about sending me the next eight issues. (You'll find the money enclosed.) Then next time maybe I'll know what he's talking about.

Love,

Eve

*Ed. Note: I don't know if we should; you sound so innocent.*

Wellesley

Gentlemen:

We have discovered distinct Freudian implications in your publication. Upon examination we have found that your earthy humor is a product of wishful thinking. It is unfortunate that the typical MIT man is so inhibited by his overabundance of grey matter, that his roguish nature finds expression only in printer's ink. We bet you really dream of harmless chemical formulas!

Respectfully yours,

Ye Wellesley Watche and Warde

P. S. We recommend a prefrontal lobectomy (see *Life*).

*Ed. Note: Another sassy letter from those intellectual cut-ups (note P. S.) at Wellesley. However, we were pleased that they found our humor so solid, fundamental, and world-wide ("earthy").*

Fort Lewis, Washington

Ye Editors and Tekmen

M. I. T. Voo Doo

Dear Sirs:

I use the term "sirs" very loosely.

Enclosed you will, I hope, find \$2 cash money, 1/40 of a month's pay. Please send me the January, February, March, April, May, June, December and November issues of Voo Doo if the money is enough. Don't forget the back issues.

As an old Voo Doo man made good, I want to see how the old mag is doing. I'm afraid I've missed quite a few copies but please help me catch up. By making good I mean I am at present employed on the staff of the Fort Lewis, 2d Division paper, the *Flame-Spearhead*; even better than *The Tech* yet. As for being an old Voo Doo man, my name appears on the masthead back in the good old spring of '45. If any of my friends are left, hello.

Send the back issues but fast, as I need the refreshing and pure humor of Voo Doo to keep happy. My best to Phos.

Larry Collins,

M. I. T. '47 now '49 I hope.

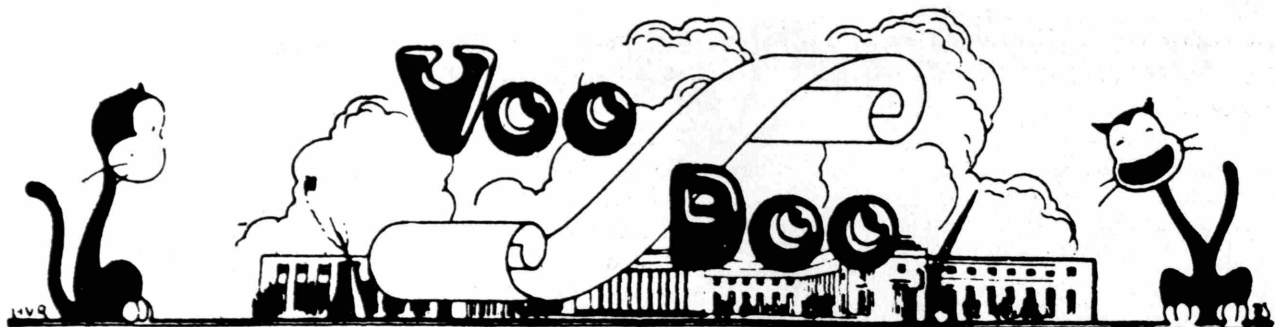


CHILDREN'S

STORY

ISSUE





**S**HORTLY after flunking a 6.02 quiz, we copied the following out of a story in the March 15 *Saturday Evening Post*, page 78.

"Cliff took a deep breath and Jennifer's hand, and told her about radio. He told her of the flow of electrons from cathode to plate, of interelectrode capacitance and the screen grid. He spoke fondly of the amplification factor and of maximum peak inverse voltage, and it all had the quality of poetry."

**A**T a recent dance at Dower House, Wellesley College, a contest was run to find the man with the best-looking legs. All the men immodestly pulled their trousers up to their knees while the girls chose the sexiest calf. The prize was a pink and blue satin garter, and the winner (you must have guessed) was a Harvard man.

**S**HIFTY-EYED fishermen may like to borrow Henry Gilbert's six-inch ruler, put out by a serious scientific optical company. It measures five and seven-eighths inches.

**E**VEN with a scorecard it is work to distinguish Voo Doo from *Time*. We copied the red border in presenting the Man of the Semester and three weeks ago *Time* printed the Lili St. Cyr pin-up which had furnished the plot for one of our stories.

It would be silly not to admit that *Time* remains a competitor even though our photograph of Lili was clearer and bigger. For one thing, *Time* costs only twenty cents.

As for *The Tech's* complaint that we copy their stuff — please don't bother us when we're busy trading ideas with Henry Luce.

**A**FTER the Revolution, signs probably appeared saying, "Paul Revere, Metalsmith — Trade with a Veteran." Paul Revere was his own best promoter.

Hoping to rouse interest in forgetting Paul Revere, we bring you some facts to mull over this Evacuation Day, or if we are later, to serve as an antidote after reading the Boston papers that lose their heads annually at this time.

The midnight ride started about eleven. Everybody for miles knew the British were up to something and the Charlestownians had received the lantern message, but Revere wanted to go to Lexington anyway. Upset, he forgot his spurs and something to muffle the oars with when he crossed the Charles. His buddy's girl friend lived nearby (corner of North and North Centre Streets) and loaned them a petticoat, "still warm." There is no record of Revere ever returning the petticoat.

In Lexington he woke up Massachusetts' first Congressmen, John Hancock and Sam Adams. Before he got to Concord some "B.O." (British Officers) saw him and said, "G--d d--m you stop." Thus, he was captured. He was released in time to see the Minutemen losing a fight on the village green. He was carrying Sam Adams' trunk out of danger.

**I**F Veterans View has any spare polls around, we would like to find just how many veterans have reconverted from skivvies to pajamas for night wear.





THE little kids from down the street asked the other day if they could come in "to play ping pong on the ping table."

SPRING is here and that old primitive feeling is permeating the students of M.I.T. Walker Memorial Dining Service is aware of all this, and, although raw meat is not being offered to the Tech cave men, we did notice that the menu now includes "Half Fried Spring Chicken."

WE often get sick of those few perennial moaners who come to us and complain about *Voo Doo*. We sometimes feel that they run down the mag, not because it is poor, but because they have a preconceived grudge against it before even opening the newest copy. A case in point is a friendly fellow who came up to the office the other day with some pungent criticism of the stories. Opening the March issue, he skimmed listlessly over a few pages and finally came to the interview with Max Shulman, author of *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*. He pointed to the last line, where Shulman, questioned about *Voo Doo*, is quoted as saying, "Send me over a stack of copies — I'm pressing some leaves."

Said our self-styled critic about this: "Why don't the guys on *Voo Doo* think up funny stuff like this?"

You guessed it, dear reader, one of our staff men wrote Mr. Shulman's comment.

TWO factors account for the legend of men walking the streets with long stilts and signs: (a) cartoonists who portray the stilt man's wife have trouble pressing the long pants and (b) a water bubbler two stories up the side of the National Casket Company's salesroom on Mass. Avenue. The fountain, built into the brownstone wall, demonstrates what may happen when an architect is turned loose.

WE thought it only happened in jokes about Tech men. We know a junior who lives in a private rooming house over on Beacon Street. One night he had a girl up in his room. Knowing him to be a bit of a brown-bagger, we later ribbed him about being alone with a girl for so long, and asked him what he did all that time.

"Oh," he answered in all sincerity, "I taught her how to use a slide rule."

UNDER cold towels, our social informant reported on a dance at which liquor was prohibited. When the party grew dull, the liberal cop on duty suggested improving the party artificially (anything for his Alma Mater) and set the drinking pace. Though he was weaving at clean-up time, he helped throw empties into the river and even searched the closet and back rooms for suspicious bottles. A policeman's thoroughness is the story behind those furniture polish bottles floating down the Charles a few weeks ago.

VOO DOO researchers report that not a single baby has been christened Richard in the last two months.

CRACK! Snap! Just hear the sidesplitting in Harvard Yard over the latest *Lampoon* prize joke. Here is the story that brought one ivy-covered wit a box of Life Savers:

"Mama, why does pop have 'Assets over millions' on his office door?"

"Because there is a bank on the first floor."

## EDUCATION

SO that the financially minded will not leave disappointed we have an accounting story. Professor Beckett called on a student to answer problem 8: "Enter a 350 dollar debt loss in the ledger."

The student, conservative but red-blooded, scanned the titles of accounts, abbreviated to acc'ts and said, "Enter it in the Reserve for Doubtful Acts."

*Continued to page 10*



"Now that wasn't a hard quiz, was it?"

EDUCATION *Continued*

THERE is a lone defensive victory to report. The 6.47 class, too conscientious to cut, tried to discourage the prof by locking the door and playing dead. Without even knocking he whipped out his master key and walked in.

THE class in what could be called thermostatics started with a variable babble, smoothing down to a buzz, a drone, and finally a hum. The prof was whirring along at about three concepts per hour, chalking formulae and substituting this for this which of course gives that. The class was nearly convinced that teaching had been successfully mechanized when the prof stopped short, lost. Silently he tried to trace his reasoning, glancing from notebook to board. Finally there was a rift in the fog. He resumed, saying, "For a minute I forgot how I got here."

THE nearest an engineer gets to Latin is in Engineering Materials — liquidus and solidus — so it is not amazing to find one Tech man unfounded in Roman cliches. Whenever he returned from leave in the Navy he collected eighty-five cents subsistence, per diem. Come to find out, that means eighty-five cents a day and not that he was paid through heavenly grace.

IN hyperorganized Course XV, at least one class is as concise as a radio program. An assistant distributes notes for the lecture and administers a five-minute quiz. The lecturer (occasionally a guest artist) comes in, gives a staccato briefing on the notes. The co-feature is some slides toward the end of the program. We suspect that the secretary up back has a stop watch and is signaling "on the nose" or "stretch it." As the last slide is shown, the lights flick on and the class bell rings, simultaneously.

ANOTHER prof teaches work simplification and extends his work to off hours. He used to waste fifteen minutes in the morning — shower, wipe, wet face, lather and shave. If he could save only four minutes a day, he liked to think of the extra airplanes he could buy by the time he reached seventy. After analyzing the process his revised toilet is to shower, don't wipe, face already wet, lather and shave. After the last razor stroke the water on his hide has evaporated and he is five minutes ahead of the world.

AN instructor in lower Building 10, whose office window is near an outdoor stairway, was caught dozing over his lecture notes.

PROFESSOR Magoun will find a rival in Professor Davis of the Chem department, who on March 6 lectured on "What Happens When Sodium Atom Meets Chlorine Atom" and on "The Secret Life of Two Chlorine Atoms."

IN demonstrating a lab crane, one prof extracted an iron railing from its concrete roots and dropped it on some shunt motors.

## COUP de COOP

THE Coop is halfway between a general store and novelty shop. The toilet counter offers mechanized toothbrush holders and "non-explosive" combs, fine for people with highly charged heads or babies that like to play with matches. If you hop a lot on one foot, you can buy a single black sock.

AN instructor sat at the luncheonette bar and ordered clam chowder from the girl who wears a pencil on a spring. Hitching up his sleeves, he poured oyster crackers over the chowder and began splashing away. On the third spoonful he dredged up a bite-size piece of coal. The waitress was sympathetic. "There's always a black sheep," she said.



"What did you say your little boy's name is?"

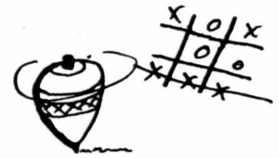




$$2 + 2 = 4$$

# The Children's Hour

eat



Preface: We stuck some macaroni in our hat, slipped into the Brockton children's library and softly inquired about Mother Goose. The slight librarian walked to the tots' shelf. We followed, trying to keep in her shadow. The children had ten pairs of eyes and six stereoscopes trained on us.

"Probably a sociologist," one of the kids muttered.

The librarian found a worn Mother Goose book. We packed our enormous bulk into a chair one foot high and began copying corruptible verse like, "Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye." She offered us a more colorful edition, but we whispered, no thanks, we're just interested in the verse.

Hearts, thumbs, tarts, plums, slitherum, slatherum, stiles, pigs, cats, and empty cupboards — at the end of an hour we had been unnerved by the children's library, the adult's hell and left for a quiet reference room where we could look up Mother Goose's biography in peace. That hour's nervous doodling follows:

A dillar, a dollar,  
A ten-o'clock scholar,  
What makes you come so soon?  
You used to come at ten o'clock,  
And now you come at noon.

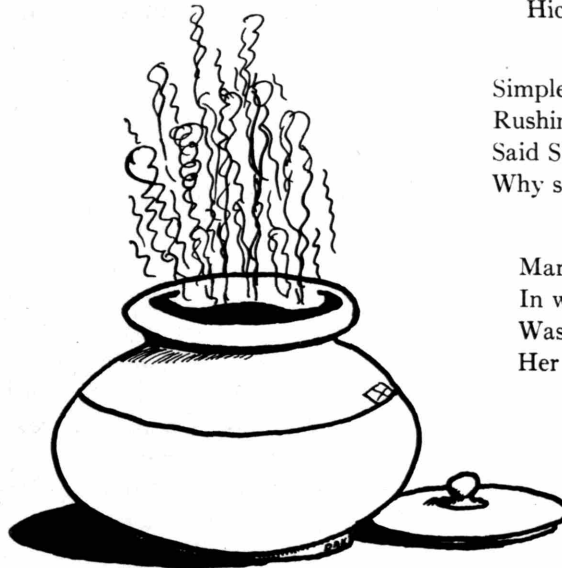
*Switched to Course XV.*



Jack, be nimbler.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean.

*Eating hamburg took time.*



Pease-porridge hot,  
Pease-porridge cold,  
Pease-porridge in the pot,  
Nine days old.

*Walker Breakfast.*

There was a little girl who had a little curl,  
Right in the middle of her forehead;  
When she was ( ) she was very,  
very good,  
And when she was ( ) she was  
horrid.

*In ( ) substitute good or bad as desired.*

*Nursery school problem:*

As I was going to St. Ives,  
I met a man with seven wives.  
Every wife had seven sacks,  
Every sack had seven cats,  
Every cat had seven kits:  
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,  
How many were there going to St.  
Ives?

*Hint: Neglect losses due to friction.*

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock.  
The mouse struck one,  
The clock ran down;  
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Simple Simon met a Techman,  
Rushing to a lab;  
Said Simple Simon to the Techman,  
Why seek a place so drab?

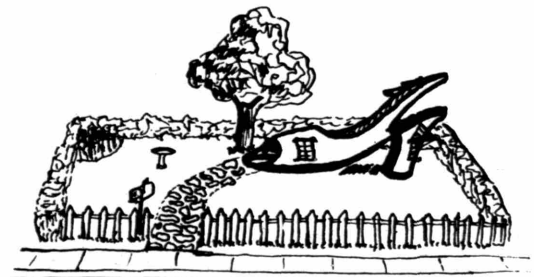
Mary had a little plane,  
In which she chose to frisk.  
Wasn't she a foolish girl,  
Her little \*

There was a crooked man,  
and he went a crooked  
mile.

He found this crooked  
corkscrew beside the  
crooked stile.



Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey.  
A lad came and plied her  
With jugs of hard cider,  
Causing her morals to sway.



Summer Home

The Gods of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were seated around the Great Cloud in high and mighty convocation in the year 1923.

Electrus, the greatest God, rapped his gold-handled electron on the on the Integral Table and called the meeting to order.

"The Secretary will please call the

## Technology

roll," he said.

The God Administratus, titled His Busyness, opened a huge brief case and removed an impressive document. He read off the names of all the Gods one by one: "Aeronautus," "Archy," "Biologus," "Chemistrus," "Civilus," "Geologus," "Mathematicus," "Mechanicus," "Metallurgus," "Meteorologus," "Physicus."

All were present except Archy.

"Ye Gods!" cried Electrus. "Is Archy absent again? How will the little angels learn architecture without him?"

Physicus raised his slide rule timidly and was recognized by Electrus.

"It has been observed experimentally that Archy is busy building an escalator to Earth," said Physicus.

"Ridiculous!" roared Electrus. "You mouldy, mumbling idiot, Physicus! This is no time for jokes! And kindly remove your halo when you come to meetings!"

Physicus sank back into his cloud bank, abashed.

The minutes were dispensed with upon the request of Mathematicus, who maintained that they were too practical. The meeting proceeded to old business.

"Is there any old business?" asked Electrus.

Aeronautus raised his wing.

"Yes, Aeronautus," said Electrus.

"I wish to report a complaint from the cherubs," began Aeronautus. "It seems that they object to the Cherub Rules. The lower-class angels, vulgarly called sophomores, have been trying to make them wear green

leaves. The cherubs object to this practice because it intensifies class-consciousness. Something will have to be done, as the angels have been harping on the subject for weeks."

"Good point," said Electrus. "Are there any suggestions as to how to combat this situation? We, as the Gods of Technical Knowledge, have a great responsibility in bringing to the angels and cherubs the teachings of our great father, Engineerus. We want no petty squabbles on the Heavenly Campus."

## Is Thicker

And so the meeting continued.

Finally Electrus electrified the convocation by announcing that the latest Conference of Theoretical Angels had evolved some startling new theories that would completely revolutionize all of the sciences.

The response from the Gods was immediate. A great hubbub arose.

"My Goodness!" exclaimed Chemistrus.

"Holy Cats!" said Biologus.



CLUB  
SANDWICH

"Order, order!" roared Electrus, as he braced himself with a bottle of Heavenly Spirits. "We are faced with a great task! No longer can the Gods roam in the Classical Pastures, leading a life of luxury. We must acquaint ourselves with the new discoveries of the Theoretical Angels, and pass on our divine inspiration to the undergraduate angels and cherubs."

"Why can't the Theoretical Angels teach the cherubs and angels themselves?" ventured Mechanicus.

Electrus frowned. "Because they are too busy making new theoretical discoveries! I'm surprised at you, Mechanicus. You should be demoted to a God of Humanities for a suggestion like that!"

The meeting adjourned shortly thereafter, with the Gods in a dreadful mood. Various disgruntled remarks were exchanged. Typical of the universal sentiment was the opinion that the Theoretical Angels had no business making new discoveries. "There is nothing wrong with mankind that some silly new scientific theory can cure," said Civilus.

## Than Blood

Mathematicus added his unhappy thoughts. "I think that it's preposterous for us to study up on this new stuff. Everything was wonderful until we were brought up to the Great Cloud in 1861 to look after the angels in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Even the past 62 years have been livable. But now — ugh!"

Thus the Gods entered on a new phase in their lives.

Study was the order of the day. No longer could the Gods bathe in the sunlight, drinking Nectar of the Gods and discussing Goddesses. There was work to be done.

Physicus and Mathematicus found the work especially difficult. Chemistrus was only a little less confused. Most of the other Gods sneaked away from the prying eyes of Electrus and hid in the Ethereal Ether to escape the job at hand. "Modern life is too complex," they sighed.

Meanwhile the life of the angels and cherubs went on as before. The Gods could teach them nothing new, for they had not studied adequately. Word of this reached Electrus, who then issued a terrible decree:

"All Gods found unacquainted with the new discoveries of the Theoretical



Angels will be banished immediately from the Great Cloud."

The Gods read this and knew that they were doomed, barring a miracle.

Physicus wandered off into Melancholy Meadow, and the miracle happened. There, lying on the grass, was a beautiful maiden. Physicus threw his slide rule over a rainbow and approached the maiden.

"Ah, my pretty one!" he said.

"What is your name?"

"Factoree," replied the maiden.

"And how did thou get up here?" asked Physicus.

She smiled provocatively. "The Devil sent me!"

Physicus was taken aback. But then he looked again at the maiden and could not resist. "The Devil with the Devil!" he thought.

"Oh, beautiful maiden," he said, "Can thou help me? I shall be banished from the Great Cloud otherwise!"

"Of course I will help you," she said. "I know of your torment!"

Physicus beamed. "You do? — But how —?"

Factoree smiled. "Maidens knoweth everything," she said. "You wish to be empowered with all the modern knowledge of Physics, but canst not learn it."

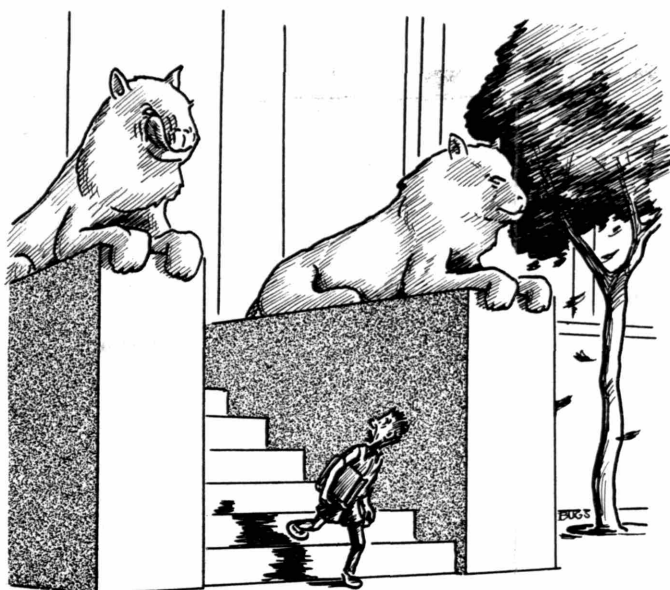
"That's right!" said Physicus. "And you will help me?"

"Of a certainty!" So saying, Factoree reached in her bodice and removed a vial of pills. "In this vial you will find the Pills of Learning. They are bitter pills to swallow, but they bestow infinite knowledge. The ingredients are Formulas, Calculations, Lab Reports, Quizzes, and Sleepless Nights." Factoree laughed a mocking laugh. "The price of these pills is — your soul!"

"My soul?" echoed Physicus. "Saints alive! I-I— don't think I'd care to sell my soul; even for these wonderful pills."

Factoree drew close to Physicus.

Physicus looked into her warm green eyes. His nostrils were filled



with the sweet aroma of her flowing black hair. "My soul!" he whispered.

The next day Physicus fed the Pills of Learning to the cherubs taking 8.01 and the angels taking 8.03+. By sundown all of them had violent headaches and extreme nausea. Physicus was panic-stricken. He visited all of them in their study orchards and tried to soothe their fevered brows. He made them promise that they would not tell anyone about the pills. At midnight he wandered once more into Melancholy Meadow, dug a hole in the clouds, and started to bury the hateful pills, when he heard a soft voice behind him. It was Factoree.

"Ah, now, Physicus," she said. "Thou wouldst not bury the pills. It is too late."

Physicus was trapped. He knew that he could not look at the maiden without falling under her evil spell. He felt a gentle hand on his shoulder, and slowly he was turned around until he faced the maiden.

Physicus had sold his soul to the Devil.

Late one afternoon, about a week later, Mathematicus and Chemistrus stood on the Great Cloud having a worried discussion.

"Er — did you notice how warm it has been getting lately?" said Mathematicus.

"Yes," replied Chemistrus. This summer weather, you know — ha!

ha!" He laughed feebly.

Mathematicus wiped the sweat from his brow. "I say, Chemistrus, old fellow, you haven't noticed a — a maiden around here, — er — have you? A rather — er — goodlooking — er — maiden?"

"Maiden?" said Chemistrus, in a forced show of bewilderment. Why, er — ah, no. That is — er — not that I remember." He loosened his robe at the neck and looked at Mathematicus.

Mathematicus, in turn, looked at Chemistrus. In a flash they understood each other.

"The pills!" whispered Mathematicus.

"Yes," said Chemistrus. "She gave them to me, too." He looked down, and there was an awkward pause.

"Good God! It is getting warm, isn't it?" said Mathematicus suddenly.

"What a devilish predicament!" said Chemistrus, and again there was an awkward pause.

At this point Biologus came running down the Great Cloud, fanning himself rapidly and looking furtively from side to side. When he noticed Chemistrus and Mathematicus, he stopped abruptly and waved foolishly toward them, like a kid who has been caught smoking a cigar. He stood still, a guilty look on his face, un-

*Continued to page 30*

# Mother Goose Forever

The Technology Mother Goose is a unique character known to most every student who has frequented the physics lecture halls. Far from the matronly personage depicted in prudish juvenile literature, she is a genial gal who, of a weary physics lecture, takes the student to an enchanted isle. She whisks them to a land where integral signs are peppermint sticks, textbooks have been turned to gingerbread, and the word sliderule is a cuss.

Let us take a typical lad, Orville Sump, who nestles into his 8.01 seat at nine o'clock; his eyelids gently close and leave him in a world of enveloping mist. Mother Goose appears to him, extends her hand, and off they dance — Utopia bound. We hear Mother Goose offering final instructions:

"And please call me Gladys around here. You see if you called me *mother* — well, the people around here are a little squeamish. Now, since we've gotten an early start we should have time enough for three wishes. Make them good, Orville."

Orville stroked his shaggy mane pensively, a thought ignited a flash in his eyes, his nostrils quivered ecstatically, and he drooled a little. His voice, trembling with emotion, rasped,

"I'd like to have hundreds of dancing girls, and lots of girls to say amusing things, and I'd like one girl to scratch my back, please." (Suffice it here to say that Orville had led a rather sheltered life.)

The words once spoken, Gladys Goose filtered from sight leaving in her wake floods of feminine pulchritude of the dancing, jesting and scratching variety. Orville proceeded, with uncanny taste, to organize his forces. A large semi-circle of girls chanted a mellow background of, "Orville, Orville, Orville, Orville . . ." to an oboe accompaniment. Others sprinkled rose petals at his feet, tweaked his eyebrows, and reloaded his cap pistol. A select few whispered to him, "Orville, you enchant, you bewitch, you cast a spell over your lowly slaves. Orville, you the magnet; and we, bits of nothing, drawn to you. Orville, we cannot quench the desire which you have set aflame in us. Orville . . ."

And they faded into a glistening mist. Gladys Goose reappeared saying, "That's quite enough of that. How about making your second wish more mentally stimulating?"

"O. K. Got a Wellesley girl in stock?" queried our Prince Charm-

ing. And with said words uttered, an illustrious student of Wellesley, Yetta Yelslew, materialized.

"Gee Yetta — are you really intellectual?"

"King John granted the Magna Carta at Runnymede, June 15, during dinner time, 1215; Joseph Jellachich was appointed governor of Croatia in 1848; Louis Quatorzieme had sexy legs; . . ."

"But Yetta — that's all past, it's dead. Let's discuss us. Tell me about your childhood."

She blushed a little but started, "I was born in the small town of Encyclopedia Britannica. At the age of two I received my first pair of glasses and at three wrote my first book entitled *Sex Habits of the Ant*. At six I lectured before women's clubs on how to enjoy life and yet remain unmarried. At ten my parents disowned me for having an affair with the ice-man. And now I'm working my way through Wellesley — honey."

"Gladys, Gladys — come and get me! Help!"

And so our hero was rescued from the arms of the malevolent Yetta. Time barely remained for his last wish.

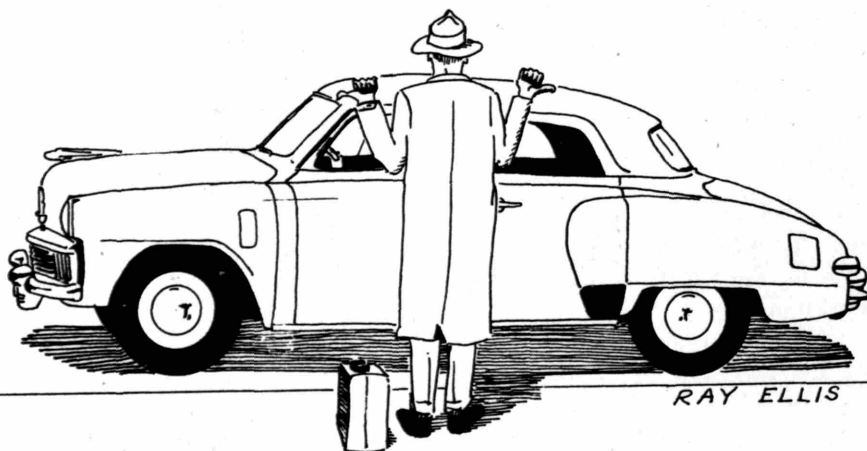
"Gladys I'd like some simple wholesome enjoyment," Orville thought aloud. "Could you arrange a plain ordinary date, with a plain ordinary girl, in a plain ordinary Cadillac convertible?"

And so it was. Orville found himself rapping smartly on the door of Betty Smith's house. Betty opened the door, threw her arms around him, her father put the car keys and some crumpled bills into Orville's pocket, and they were off.

Orville caught his breath. Once on the road, the shiry convertible hummed, the tingling air hummed — even Betty hummed.

"It's quite cool," Betty said as she

*Continued to page 29*

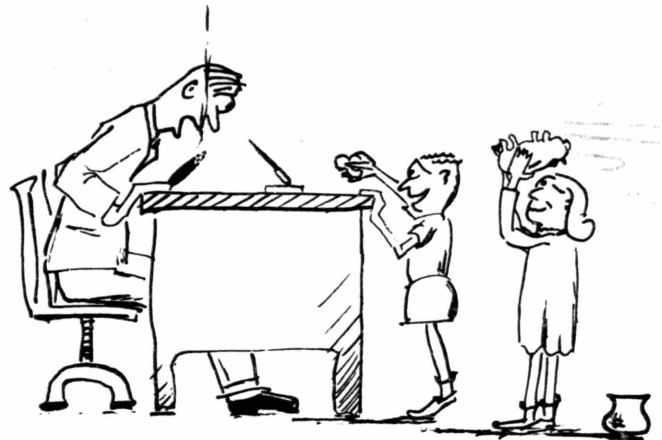




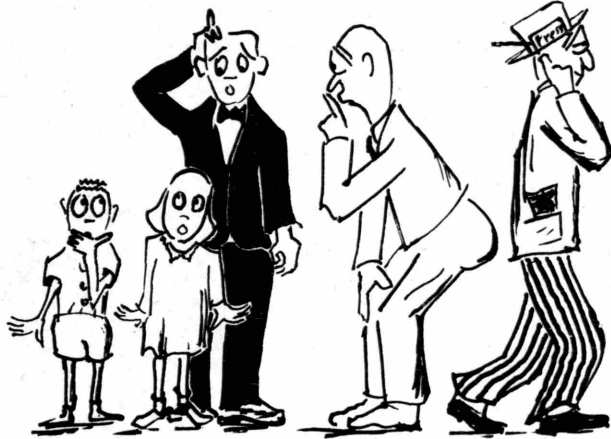
# THE CURLY TOP TWINS AT CITY HALL



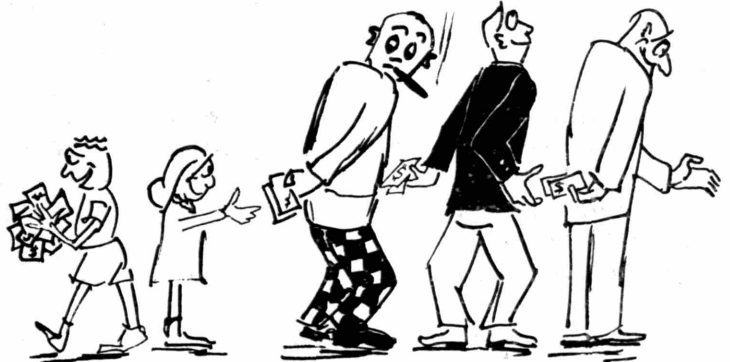
*The Curly Top Twins, bored with hoops and tricycles, hear that they can buy policemen at City Hall.*



*At City Hall they ask for a low-priced policeman. They have heard that councilmen cost more and don't come with brass buttons.*



*The policemen are evidently all sold out. Maybe they will have to save up and buy a councilman after all.*



*The Curly Tops work as messengers, but they can't find Big Jim's office.*



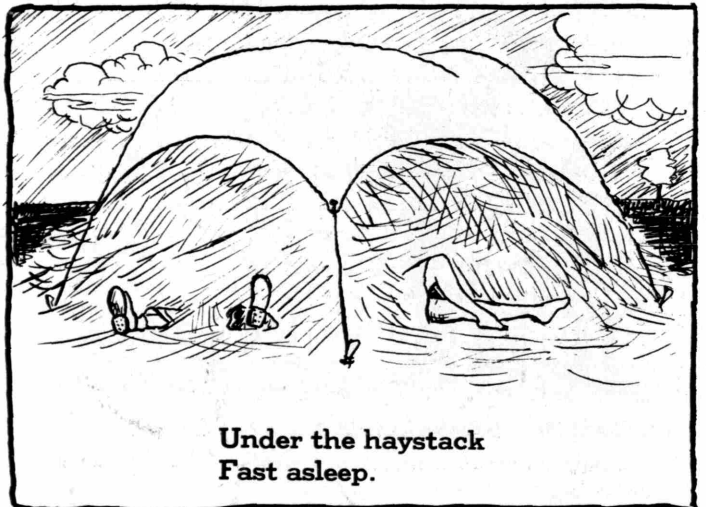
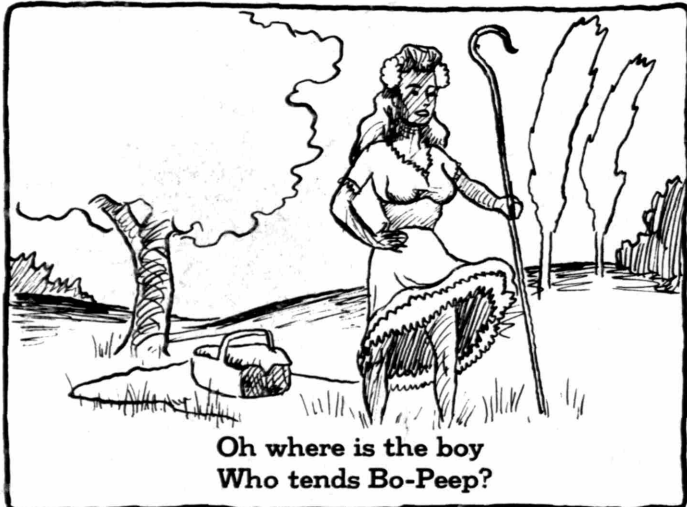
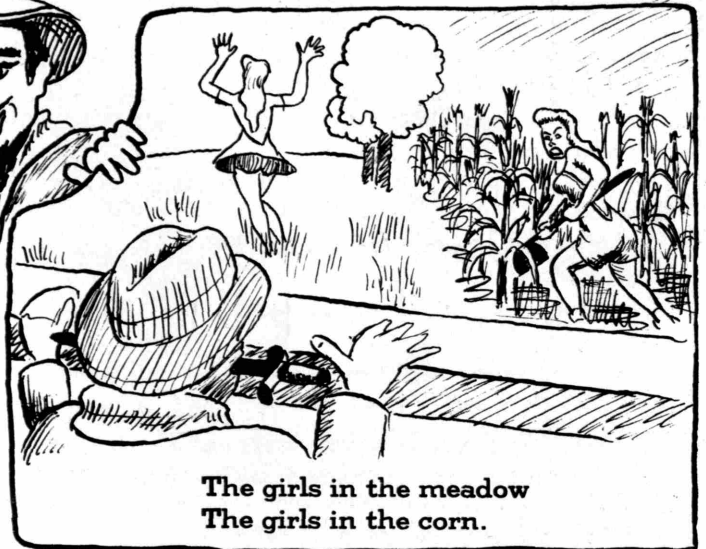
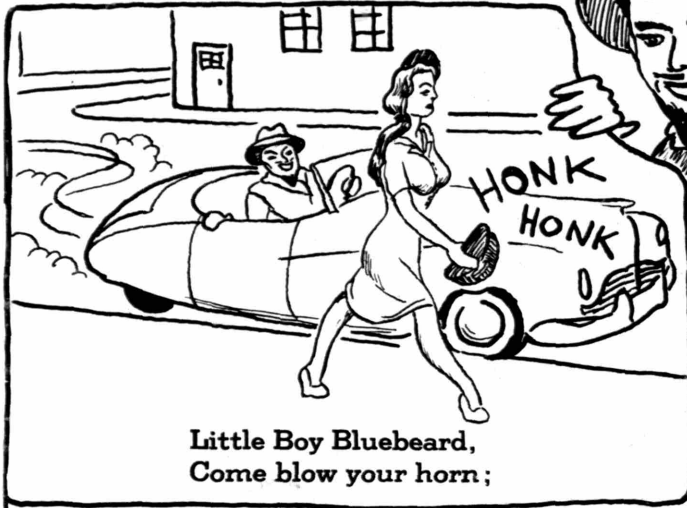
*They look for a place to put the day's messages for Big Jim and are welcomed at the License Bureau.*



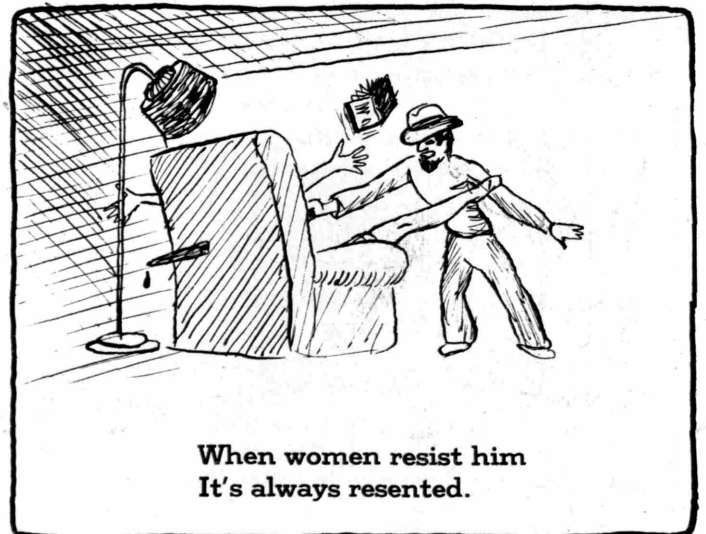
*Pep and spunk pay off as the Curly Top Twins win an exclusive transportation franchise. They push on to Flogan International Airport, the Air Hub of the Universe.*

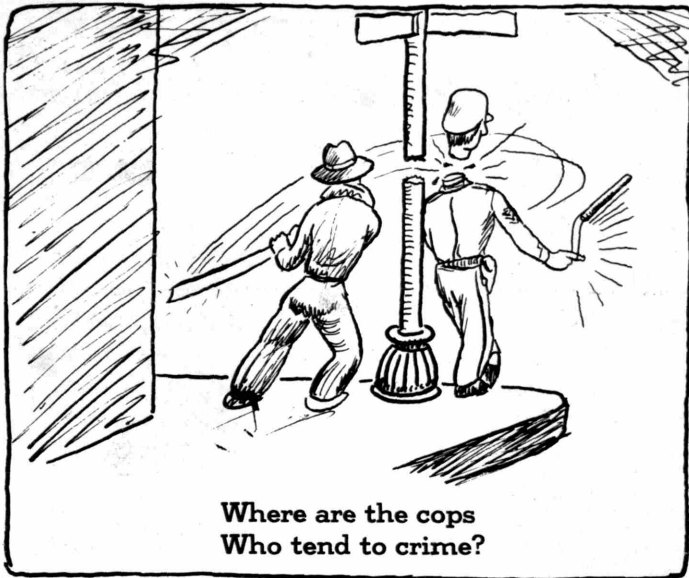
# LITTLE BOY BLUEBEARD

## CHAPTER I.

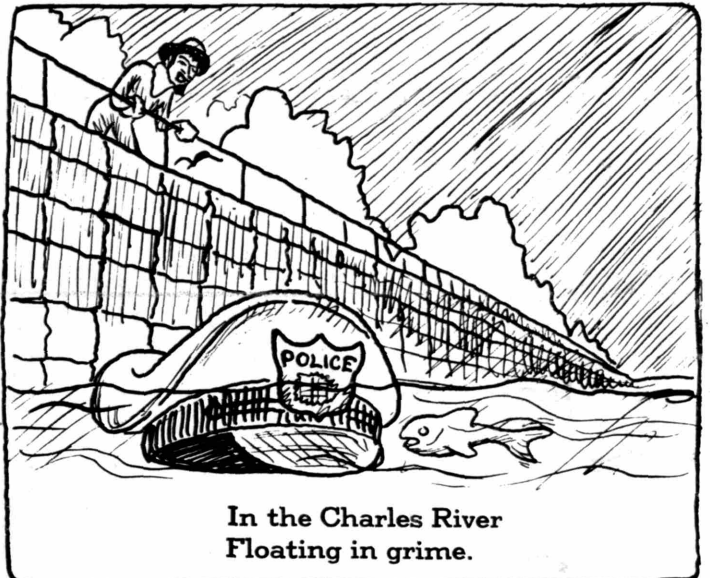


## CHAPTER II.





Where are the cops  
Who tend to crime?

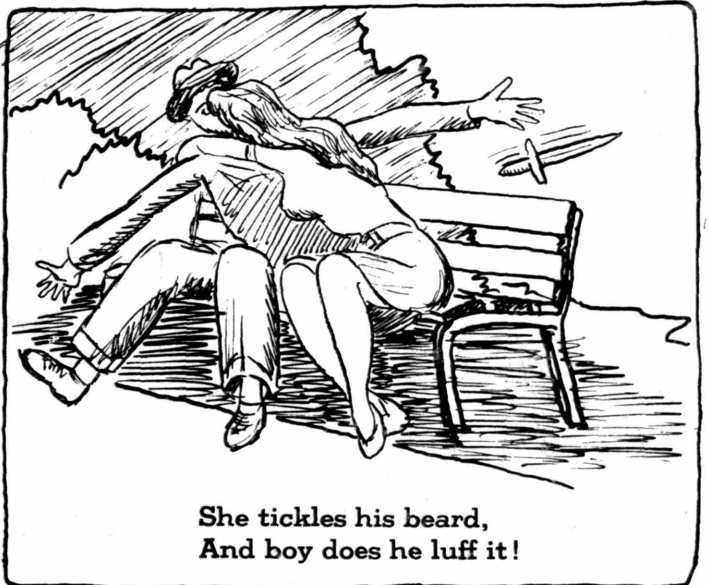


In the Charles River  
Floating in grime.

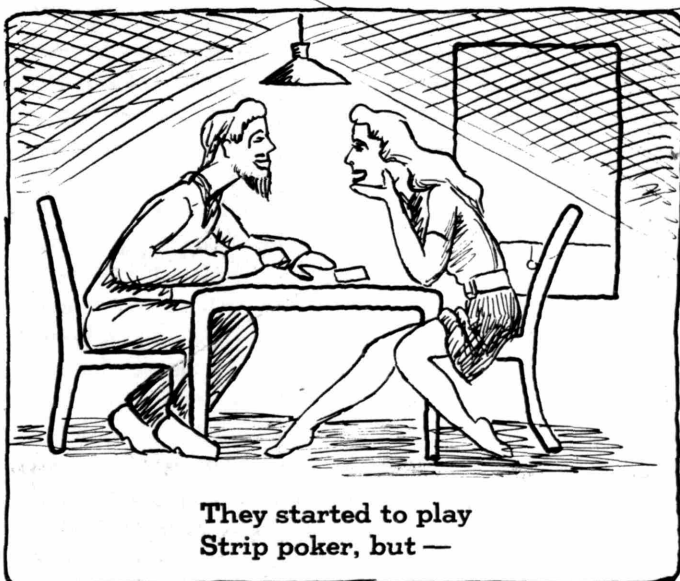
### CHAPTER III .



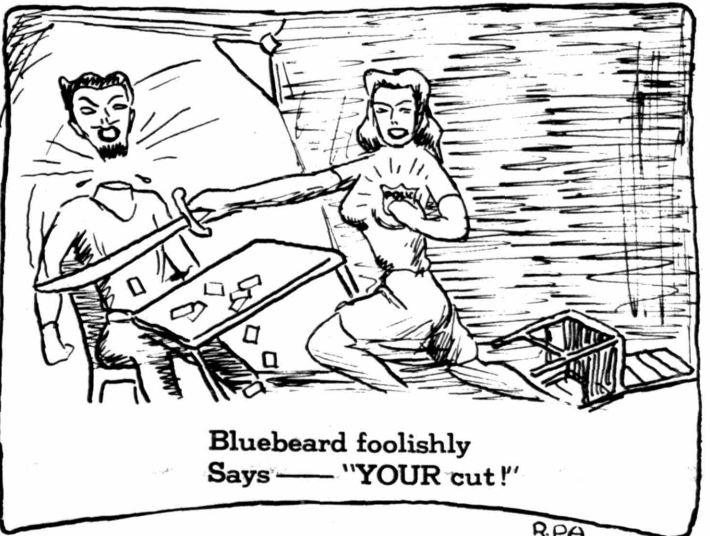
Little Boy Bluebeard  
Meets Little Miss Ruffit,



She tickles his beard,  
And boy does he luff it!



They started to play  
Strip poker, but —



Bluebeard foolishly  
Says — "YOUR cut!"

R.P.A.



# The Three Little Pigs



Once upon a time there were three little pigs, Loretta, Gretta, and Yetta. Actually these girls were not too repulsive, but their standard of living was not high and the neighbors called them pigs. They lived a happy care-free life with their mother in an old garbage truck in a Chelsea junk yard. Times were hard, but they managed to get along by being dissatisfied with "double your money back" products.

All four of them would sit up in the cab of the truck and pretend that

they were travelling to far off places that they had never seen, but about which they had heard many romantic stories. Sometimes it would be Mattapan or West Newton; other times they would make believe that the truck was a water taxi and that they were going to the East Boston Airport.

One day a man from a big soap company came to visit them. He offered the family five thousand dollars apiece for an unsolicited testimonial recommending his product.

They would, of course, also pose for a "before" picture, but the man said it would not be necessary for them to be there for the "after" picture. Gretta, Loretta, Yetta, and their mother were overjoyed. The three daughters could now go to college in order to ensnare a husband and their mother could retire with a six months' supply of beer and enough money to play the numbers.

The girls spent the next few days trying to decide which college they wanted to attend. Loretta looked up the statistics on how many graduates of the various schools were wed. She was very disappointed to find that of the people now married only fifty per cent were women. Notre Dame looked good for a while because the figures showed that they had never had a single girl graduate. Gretta checked back through their old magazines to see which school had been mentioned most often and Yetta consulted *Who's Who* to find which school had the greatest number of famous graduates. It turned out that Harvard was the leader in this last class, but Yetta decided she would rather go to a co-educational school. She chose M. I. T. Gretta finally picked Sargent and Loretta decided upon Wellesley.

The day finally arrived for them to go off to college. They each had a little knapsack filled with goodies, a tube of lipstick, and a Boston Ele-



"See anything you like, dear?"

vated map. Just before they left their mother grouped the three of them around her for a few parting words of advice.

"My children," she said a tear dropping from the tip of her nose, "It's hard for me to let you go. It will be so lonely without you. Even if a four digit number pays off I don't think I'll ever be happy again." She pressed her daughters closer to her. "But whatever you do while you are away remember this: If you want a fine upstanding young man for a husband, never, never, never let yourself get kissed by a wolf. The wolves who date college girls are up to no good and once one of them blemishes your reputation you'll never be able to cleanse it again."

"We understand, mama, whoossh," they said blowing their noses in unison. She watched them trudge down the street towards Maverick Station until they were out of sight. What a picture they had made as they rounded the corner arm in arm, knapsacks over their shoulders, slugs for the subway turnstile in hand, and singing with a slight tear in their voices "There's No Place Like Home."

The girls found college life intensely interesting, especially Loretta at Wellesley. Her classmates were extremely kind and understanding and sometimes even generous enough to let Loretta do their home work so that she could learn more. Loretta did not forget her mother's parting words. She laid crafty plans for the day she would have to ward off a wolf's advances. Her scheme was to be aloof and cold and talk about teas and bridge. Certainly this would discourage any intelligent wolf. But, alas and alack, she met an unintelligent wolf from M. I. T. He came from a farm in Idaho and could not read or write, but he could multiply in his head with four place accuracy. He was entranced by Loretta's pseudo-sophistication. One night he stole a kiss. Loretta was done for. They were married the next day and



went to live with her mother amid the beer bottles in the garbage truck.

Meanwhile Gretta was developing her biceps at Sargent for she planned to fight off any wolf that threatened her with a kiss. Evenings she would wrestle at the Arena or run from platform to platform through the trains at Park Street Station. Soon she was a remarkable physical specimen. Charles Atlas would have cowered. But, alas and alack, she met an emaciated little wolf from M. I. T. Gretta's motherly instinct overpowered her and she pulled him to her by the scuff of the neck. While in this advantageous position he kissed her. Gretta was done for. They were married the next day and Gretta, not wishing to ignore tradition, carried her new husband across the running board of her mother's garbage truck.

Yetta, too, fortified herself against the advances of the wolf of which her mother had warned her. She wore black stockings, carried a twenty-

inch slide rule, and spoke of nothing save equations, electrons, and the quantum theory. One evening she had a date with a wolf. They went to Walker Lounge Bar and split a bag of potato chips, but at nine o'clock her date said he thought he heard the water running in the bathtub and that he had better go home to shut it off.

Yetta was overjoyed for she had successfully resisted the advances of a wolf. So happy was she that she hurried along at Boy Scout pace all the way to Chelsea.

"Mama," she cried as she ran through the gate of the junk yard. "Mama, I didn't let him kiss me." Her mother and her sisters and their husbands, each with beer bottle in hand, appeared at the door of the truck. They were visibly touched deeply by Yetta's loyalty and humbled by her obvious strength of character where they had only shown weakness.

"Whoossh," they said.

J. R. C.

# Luck of the Hogfodders

It was 9:10, Friday Morning, and Anthrax Hogfodder had just about finished kicking hell out of his latest physics quiz. It was not unnatural for him to finish this early. He wrote down all of the problems and solutions which he had memorized from the previous night at Dingy's and oozed down off his stool. He always got at least half credit that way. He had quite a hand for this sort of thing.

As he left the room, he felt the eyes of incredulous students fixed upon the back of his neck. Anthrax carefully scooped up the eyes and slipped them under the cover of his little green lunch box. He knew that people pay good money for undercover eyes. There were many who just gazed at him and shook their heads hopelessly, letting huge salty tears drip onto their papers and wash away all the scribbling. It was better this way. The others growled angrily and hurled epithets at him, brandishing their slide rules, menacingly. Anthrax curled his lip at them and laughed (maybe you think this is easy), and as epithets squinched and K scales clattered on all sides, he swaggered out of the quiz room.

Outside, Anthrax stumbled down

the hall. He did not know it then, but strange forces were shaping his destiny. Before he realized what had happened, he was following a body down the hall. The body belonged to a co-ed. Where the co-ed belonged is difficult to say. Anthrax lusted. That perfume! Strictly from the chem lab. Anthrax stalked after her. She saw Anthrax. She ran. Anthrax increased his speed. He had quite a hand for this sort of thing.

The going was not easy. The co-ed was not built for speed, and soon Anthrax found his path bestrewn with garters, finger nails, shoe-buttons, and integral signs. Slipping on a wad of slightly used tobacco, he veered round a bend in the corridor on his subconscious mind, and espied his intended victim dodging into a lecture room. He pursued.

Someone was giving a chem lecture inside. All of the seats in the room were empty. The students were away taking a physics quiz, but the professor didn't mind. No one came anyhow, and this way he could get done an hour earlier. Anthrax didn't like the professor's lecture-room manner. He chewed over his words too much. It sounded as though he ground the

compounds between his teeth and mixed them together in his mouth before spreading them out on the board. Anthrax fell asleep.

Soon Anthrax awoke. Someone was nudging him. It was the co-ed. "What the hell ails you?" she asked. "I could have been miles away by now." Anthrax decided to make amends.

"Listen, my little belle of the burettes. We can go places together," he whispered fervently up over her ear lobe.

"I've been to them all already, sonny, so watch the ground you're dancing on," she sneered back down over her ear lobe, giving her hips a simple harmonic motion.

"See here, my bifocal beauty," he said, "I was Jane Russell's agent, and I know that I can make something big out of you, too."

"Why Mr. Hogfodder!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know that you handled Jane Russell. Where did you find her?"

"It was at her coming out party," he murmured, "But you wouldn't be interested in that. I'm afraid the affair was a pretty big bust. What is most important is what you are doing tonight."

"Well I'm going to be free, but I'll have to be back by five in the morning," she said hesitantly.

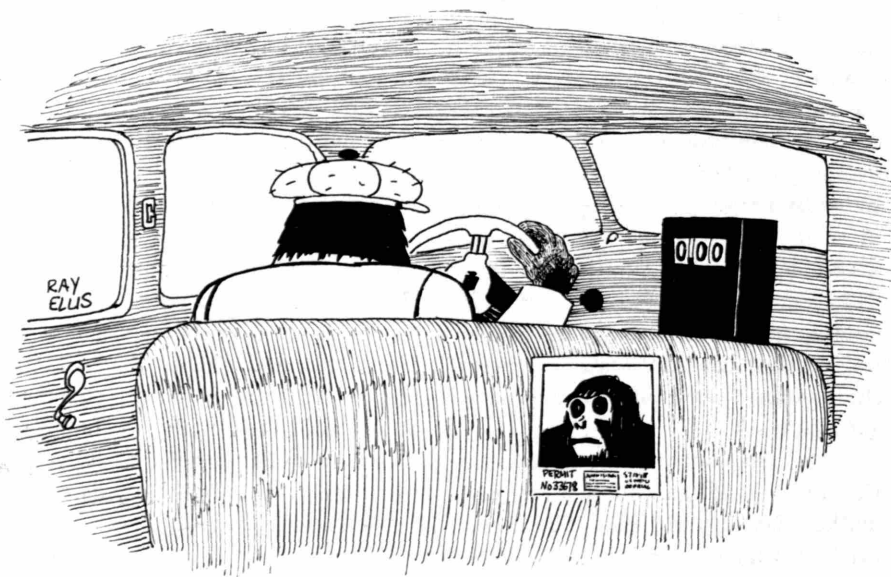
Anthrax saw that he would have to work fast. "Pick me up at my house at six and we'll go Dutch. I'll pay the tip," he exclaimed.

"O. K., Anthie. I'll be seeing you," she said, and accelerated out the door.

Anthrax sat in the lecture room, and as he absent mindedly watched the professor drop into an effervescent blue fluid, and proceed to dissolve, he felt rather pleased with himself. Anthrax was diabolically clever. He had quite a hand for this sort of thing.

In his room, Anthrax was busily

*Continued to page 32*





# The Troll Bridge

Once upon a time, far far away in the Cambridge country, there lived a wicked, wicked old troll. Now this wicked old troll was once a professor at a place called Technology, and he was very famous for his lectures. But when he got to be about a hundred and forty years old they had to retire him. The directors said he was getting too lenient with his examinations, and they feared he was becoming soft-in-the-head when he passed all but ten in his 8.03 section. Besides, his eyes were weak and he refused to wear glasses because his nose was weak. In fact, he was pretty weak all over. And he was always coming to classes wet, because he would walk into the river. Still, all the students liked him, and were sorry to see him go.

Well, when he lost his job he had to find work somewhere; he wanted to show everyone he was still good for something. The only trouble was he didn't know very much. He had been at Tech so long that he just couldn't do anything practical.

Finally, in desperation, he answered an ad reading:

**TROLL WANTED — EXCELLENT POSITION UNDER WELL-TRAVELLED BRIDGE.**

No references necessary — only mean old men considered.

Tel. KIRKland 6339.

This then, kiddies, is how that old yarn about trolls started. Trolls are made, not born.

Now this professor had never been a troll before, but he thought he could handle the job, and the employment agency agreed. First he had to get a union card, then have his teeth sharpened, and let his beard and fingernails grow. Then he was ready. Much to his surprise, he found

his cave under the great, gray, greasy Harvard Bridge. In fiendish glee (for he had now caught the spirit of the job) he thought of all the tender Harvard men that must come over the bridge. He settled down in his comfortable cave with a case of Scotch and a copy of Keenan and Keyes' steam tables to read in his spare time.

Very soon three men with horn-rimmed glasses and pork pie hats came tripping towards the bridge. The first one, who was rather small, stopped to button his shoe when he reached the middle of the bridge.

The troll grabbed him, and in a big gruff voice said, "I am going to eat you up!" and he gnashed his teeth horribly.

And the Harvard man answered in a wee small voice, "Please don't eat me mister, my friend is coming along and he's much fatter than I am. Save your appetite for him."

The troll thought this was a reasonable suggestion, so he said, "All right kid, drop those gumdrops and a package of tums over the side and bow three times towards Technology and I'll let you go."

Soon the second one came along, skipping and singing something about a Maypole. The troll grabbed his ankle and made a horrible face at him.

"Oh, you muthn't!" he cried. "My muthuh told me about people like you."

"Don't hand me that..." said the troll, "I'm going to eat you up."

"Oh please don't," he squealed, "I wouldn't tathte very good I mean reely. You thee I've been thick. Bethideth my friend who'th coming ith tho thweet, I know you'd like him better."

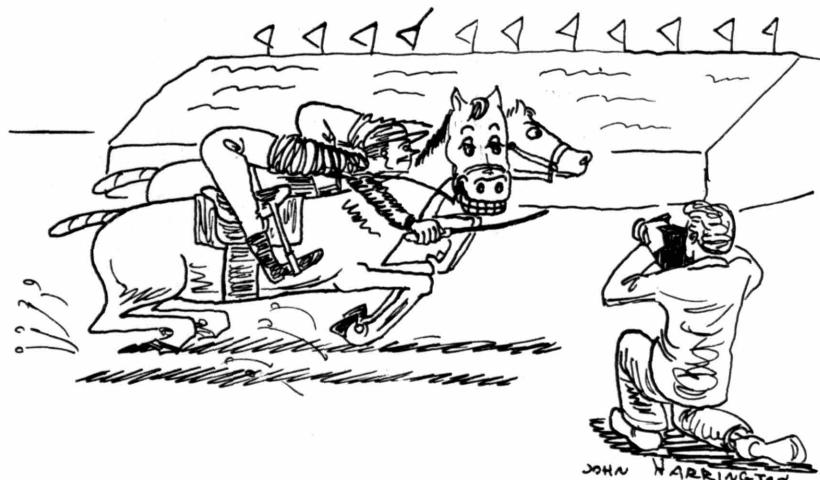
So the troll said, "All right, you can go. But you'll have to leave that yo-yo and a fifth of Old Grand-dad; and bow five times towards the Voo Doo office."

The troll waited for the third man to come along, determined that he would have a meal this time. The third one, who was very fat and juicy looking, never saw the stealthy hand creep up to grab him. There were screams from under the bridge, and then the smell of stew wafted through the evening air.

Time passed, and more people disappeared, until the wise men of Boston finally decided that something should be done about the troll. So they sent a delegation of high officials to visit him and try to buy him off.

*Continued to page 27*

## PHOTO FINISH





## VOO DOO PRESENTS

### *A Musical Portrait* *Boyd Raeburn and His Orchestra,* *Playing at the I. F. C.*

EVERY year, come February, a four-bit rag called *Esquire* invades the world of swing music. Just to keep the boys in the barbershops and bar rooms up to date on the niceties of liberal living, the editors stock up on bourbon and benzedrine and spend a few nights sorting through jazz bands and musicians to pick out the top men in American jazz. They have to be good to get the nod from *Esquire*.

This year the *Esquire* survey picked Boyd Raeburn's band as most likely to capture Band of the Year honors for 1947. The story of how this upstart organization came to be mentioned between the same covers with such old-time immortals as Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet is worth listening to. So case up your Mannheims and bend an ear.

Boyd Raeburn's first band was organized in Chicago in the early forties. Specializing in sugary renditions of sentimental stuff, this band became a big favorite with the toupee-and-tuxedo crowd that catered to Guy Lombardo. Within six months the band was a Mid-West institution. Within seven months, Raeburn had quit; he had lost interest in what musicians call "Mickey Mouse music." He spent the next four years experimenting and looking for another chance to crash the big-time.

In 1945, Boyd Raeburn went to Hollywood to organize the new band. Here he teamed up with Johnny Richards, arranger for Paramount Pictures and one of the best men in the business. Raeburn and Richards

spent the rest of the year putting the finishing touches on a brand new musical style, and early in 1946 the new band took shape. After taking just enough time out to marry his college sweetheart, Ginnie Powell, Raeburn set out to sell his kind of music to the world.

With men who know their bands, the Raeburn style wasn't hard to sell. By combining Chicago jazz with a few of the modern classical ideas, and throwing in a dash of unusual instrumentation, Raeburn and Johnny Richards had developed a style that took the frenzy out of jazz without killing the spontaneous feeling. The use of such unusual instruments as oboe, bass sax, french horn, and tympani gave this new dance music a distinguished air that was lacking in event the best of the orthodox popular music. Because it was based on music that yells for dancing, this new style went straight to the feet of the cats in almost any crowd. Before long, the Raeburn band was exciting comment in New York and Chicago and on the Coast. It became a hot topic of conversation among swing musicians and critics everywhere it was heard. Then, one day in Hollywood, the famed composer, Igor Stravinsky, was caught in the act of complimenting Boyd Raeburn on his ideas and instrumentation. When Stravinsky and *Esquire* agree on a band that's something!

Much of the success of the Raeburn band is based on the quality of the personnel. The star artists with the band are among the biggest headliners in modern dance music.

The first clarinet chair is warmed by a gent named Buddy De Franco, one of the best young clarinetists in

the country. De Franco was the winner of last year's *Down Beat Magazine* poll for clarinetists; in the *Metronome* poll, he took second honors behind the great Benny Goodman. Joining the band in 1946, he came directly from Tommy Dorsey's orchestra after it broke up. Just run to the nearest phonograph and slip on a record of TD's "Opus Number One" or "Sunny Side of the Street." That terrific clarinet you hear has Buddy De Franco on one end of it.

First trumpet man is the sensational Pete Candoli. Another *Down Beat* award winner, Candoli is known in musical circles as one of the top trumpet men in America. Until Woody Herman turned disc jockey, Candoli was the mainstay of the Herman band. If that phonograph is still handy, try Woody's recordings of "Wildroot" and "Northwest Passage." Pete Candoli is the young man with the horn.

Featured vocalist with the Boyd Raeburn band is Boyd's wife Ginnie Powell. Ginnie once sang with a small band that Raeburn managed while he was attending the University of Chicago; after that, the present arrangement should have been obvious. But before she became Mrs. Raeburn in 1946, Ginnie sent the boys as vocalist for Charlie Barnet, Jerry Wald, and Gene Krupa. She left the Harry James band to become Mrs. Raeburn and won a headline spot with the band.

The man who bosses all this talent is a young musician with a near-infinite faith in his music. Born in the wilds of South Dakota, his only fault was winning an oratory contest in high school. Boyd plays the alto

*Continued on page 29*



*Ginnie Powell. Look! No hands.*



# The Passing of Pressboard

Once upon a time, many, many years ago—even before Professor Patroon grew a beard and started to talk about sex—there was a legendary school sacred to the seven dirty-fingered muses of the sciences. Now the name of this venerable institution is lost in the dimmer mists of antiquity these days, but scholars have deduced that it was the home of a race of supermen, a people of surpassing physical stature and great athletic agility, since they did not imitate other schools of their day and erect magnificent stadia or make book on games of strength, stamina, or skill. Contrarily, they pursued a peaceful life 'v the banks of a lordly river, idling and consorting with the heroic figures of bygone ages whose illustrious names were inscribed upon the pediments and beneath the cornices of their fabled buildings. Oc-

asionally they met with the chiefest teachers of their own epoch and, in intimate community of mind and thought discussed the problems encountered in the advancement of science.

Their keenest joy seems to have been in the compilation of tremendous masses of figures and mathematical computations—whose logical symmetry and beauty apparently intoxicated or hypnotized the calculator, who often repeated the simplest operations over and over again. They had a great love for variety—rarely did any two men reach the same conclusion, or, indeed, the same person reach the same result twice. Still, it is apparent how devoted they were to their work, for careful research has determined that all but a very few labored happily some twenty-three and a half hours a day—it is esti-

mated that two technicians, working day and night for a fortnight, might barely reproduce the daily output of single average student.

Alas, not even in that fortunate citadel of exactitude were these devotees of science safe from all corrupting influence, for, yielding to the-gods-alone-know-what deluding bewitcheries, and over the massed and furious protests of the assembled undergraduates, the faculty voted to admit women into the domain. A subtle current, most noticeable in the vernal season, but always influential, thereafter pervaded the atmosphere. Casual jackets replaced homespun sweaters, and elegant, silver-buckled belts were used to hold up trousers which once had been satisfactorily secured with Spartan lengths of rope. One by one they subjected themselves to the torture of a daily shave, and effeminate perfumeries, in the guise of anti-septic lotions, were applied to ingratiate the wearer with the other sex.

Along with these signs of physical decay, terrifying as they are in themselves, there began to appear manifestations of an accompanying and even more malignant intellectual disintegration. Under the pretext that they were unable to express themselves, screaming students were compelled to attend classes in grammar and composition, and masculine individualists, who once had scribbled with a truly Cyclopean disregard for the mealy-mouthed niceties and mousy fripperies of diction, tense, and mood, were forced to submit proper essays on all manner of asinine topics, from "How to Recognize an Acquaintance from the Rear" to "Some Thoughts on Japanese Flower Arrangement." Sturdy souls, who once wrestled with their consciences before placing a period at the end of a paragraph (in those days *comme il faut*) soon scattered punctuation marks



*"Any ideas why people stare at you?"*

like buckshot through their works and sweated trying to find places for more. Burning minds, which alone and unafraid had slashed paths through the labyrinth ways of thermodynamics fumbled futilely to point epigrams and bedeck sophistries. Philosophical profundities enmeshed the unwary; everywhere stood traps and nets and snares awaiting the incautious step of the bewildered. Within the great halls and the once-quiet libraries there arose murmurs of discontent — a sullen electric anger tensed the very air, and the lordly river itself tossed fitfully in its passage to the sea. Tall, broad-shouldered students overnight turned bent and spindle-shanked — their clear eyes clouded over, and their mastery of self faded. Doubting themselves, uncertain of even their weaknesses, they helplessly sought comfort and condolence from women, whose entry into their world had precipitated the very movement that now threatened to destroy them.

But a single voiced roared in defiance of the engulfing tide.

Arnold Pressboard was assigned to expound in not less than 2000 words or more than 2500, a solution to the political convulsions then threatening to shatter the Indian state and the British empire. At first he followed in the footsteps of his fellows and lapsed into a condition indistinguishable from a coma, except that he walked and ate. Accurately diagnosing his state, several of the women donned their smallest sweaters and awaited his fall. But Pressboard somehow within the confines of his battered spirit found strength to sustain him in his need, and authored an immortal work without parallel in the annals of humanity. A detailed reproduction is impossible, of course, but his argument may be condensed to give an accurate idea of its power, although unfortunately the full flavor of its noble periods is utterly lost.

Pressboard began with the ingenuous statement that he had been born and raised in Iowa. He added,



*"That new model over there plays nothing but music."*

then, that he did not know a turban from a bathtowel or a sacred cow from a sirloin steak. India, he said, was just one of the places he hadn't visited, and, frankly, if he had been there, it would just be one of the places he had visited. India continued Pressboard, was full of Indians who had been there since the morn of creation, as far as anyone knew, and they didn't know what to do with their political convulsions. India was also full of Englishmen who had been there ever since they discovered that the country was dripping with gold and oversized rubies conveniently collected for appropriation, and they didn't know what to do with India either, now that most of the gold and rubies had been appropriated. Frankly, he maintained, he didn't exactly know who ought to be the next mayor of Grover Corners, back in Iowa, let alone the president of the United States. In conclusion he intimated, rather nastily, that he didn't think the man who had assigned the paper had any more of an

idea what it was all about than he, Arnold Pressboard, had, and that it was all pretty stupid anyway, and that he was going out and have a beer.

The martyr Pressboard was burned at the stake in the Great Court twenty-one hours after he delivered his manifesto. The delay was occasioned by necessity of sending half-way round the world for the presiding officer of the trial, who was off addressing alumni clubs.

After this last and finest hour the seemingly unquenchable fire in the breasts of the students burned ever fainter until at last it died forever. The laboratories were torn down to make room for a new gymnasium, and gradually the titan of science became indistinguishable from a thousand other schools. The heros vanished from the world with the passing of Pressboard, and dreaming youths now walk their paths hand in hand with winning maidens and wonder at their soft and secret smile.

M. D.

He: "Did you take a shower?"  
She: "No, is there one missing?"



A college professor had checked out of his hotel and before getting more than a few blocks away realized that he had left his umbrella. Returning to the hotel and approaching the room he had just vacated, he learned that a newly wedded couple had taken the room.

They were in that baby-talking stage, and as the professor peeked through the keyhole, he saw the groom kiss the bride's tiny mouth, and heard him say:

"Whose 'ittle mouth is that?"

"Yours," she cooed.

"And whose 'ittle nose?" he continued.

"Yours, darling," she assured him.

"And those 'ittle hands?" he asked, kissing them.

"Yours, of course, dearest," she replied.

"Say, young fellow," called the impatient professor, through the transom, "when you come to an umbrella, it's mine."

— *Lehigh Burt.*



Another time when a man likes to see a girl stick to her knitting is when she's wearing a bathing suit.



Mrs. Murphy was the mother of four children. Nagging Mrs. Kelly had only one child although both had been married seventeen years. Mrs. Kelly, however, was pregnant and in due time gave birth to triplets.

On meeting Mrs. Murphy after the birth of the triplets, Mrs. Kelly said: "Did you know that this only happens once in 380,401 times?"

"I don't see how you had time to do your housework," was the response.

"You know, there's something about you that I like."

"Really — well, try and get it."



A Boston spinster was shocked at the language used by workmen repairing a telephone line near her home, so she wrote the telephone company. The foreman was requested immediately to make a report of what had happened. Here's what he said:

"Me and Spike Brown were on this job. I was up the pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Spike — right down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said: 'Really, Harry, you must be more careful.'"



A lady and a gentleman were arguing on every subject they discussed. Said the lady, "Sir, we cannot agree on a single thing."

"You are wrong, Madam," he said. "If you should go into a room in which there were two beds, one with a woman in it and one with a man in it, with whom would you sleep?"

"Why, with the lady, of course."

"You see, so would I."

She: "Oh, look, the bridesmaid!"

He: "My gosh, so soon?"



"Well, I certainly made a good impression on her," said the cane-bottomed chair as the artist's model arose.



"Pilot to tower, pilot to tower: plane out of gas; am one thousand feet and thirty miles over the ocean. What shall I do?"

"Tower to pilot, tower to pilot: repeat after me . . . Our Father who art in Heaven. . . ."



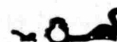
You're never too old when your hair turns gray,  
You're never too old when your teeth decay,  
But you're on your way to eternal sleep,  
When your mind makes a date that your body can't keep.



"You look sweet enough to eat," he whispered soft and low.

"I am," said she quite hungrily. "Where do you want to go?"

— *Varieties.*



"Now — er — daughter, I understand you were indiscreet last night."

"Thanks, dad — I knew you would understand."



"If there be anyone in the congregation who likes sin let him stand up — what's this, Sister Virginia, you like sin?"

"Oh pardon me, I thought you said gin."





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## The Troll Bridge

*Continued from page 21*

The troll was washing down a hearty meal with a stein of Jakie's dark when he heard a pounding on the door of his cave. Before he could tell them to go away, the door was battered down by two husky cops. They burst into the room with guns ready. Much to the troll's surprise, they were immediately followed by Mayor Curley himself, as well as several other high officials. The Commissioner of Public Schools, who had just come along for the ride, was a nervous little man. When he saw the pile of bones in the corner he cried, "Oh mercy me!" and fell to the floor.

The Commissioner of Public Health pronounced him dead and the two cops lowered him into the Charles with a rock around his neck, while the

troll played taps on a trombone he had borrowed from a Tecthonian who wouldn't need it any more.

Mayor Curley made the troll Commissioner of Public Schools right there on the spot; and the troll, who had a high sense of civic duty as well as an appetite for meat, said he would take the job.

This perhaps explains why the kids that come out of Boston schools are so rugged — only the toughest survive.

J. T.



When she returned from her date, her mother noticed that one of her shoes was muddy.

"What makes your right shoe muddy and not your left?" she asked.

"I changed my mind," she said simply.

"Do you realize," said a man in a cafeteria to a stranger across the table, "that you are reading your paper upside down?"

"Of course I realize it," snapped the stranger. "Do you think it's easy?"

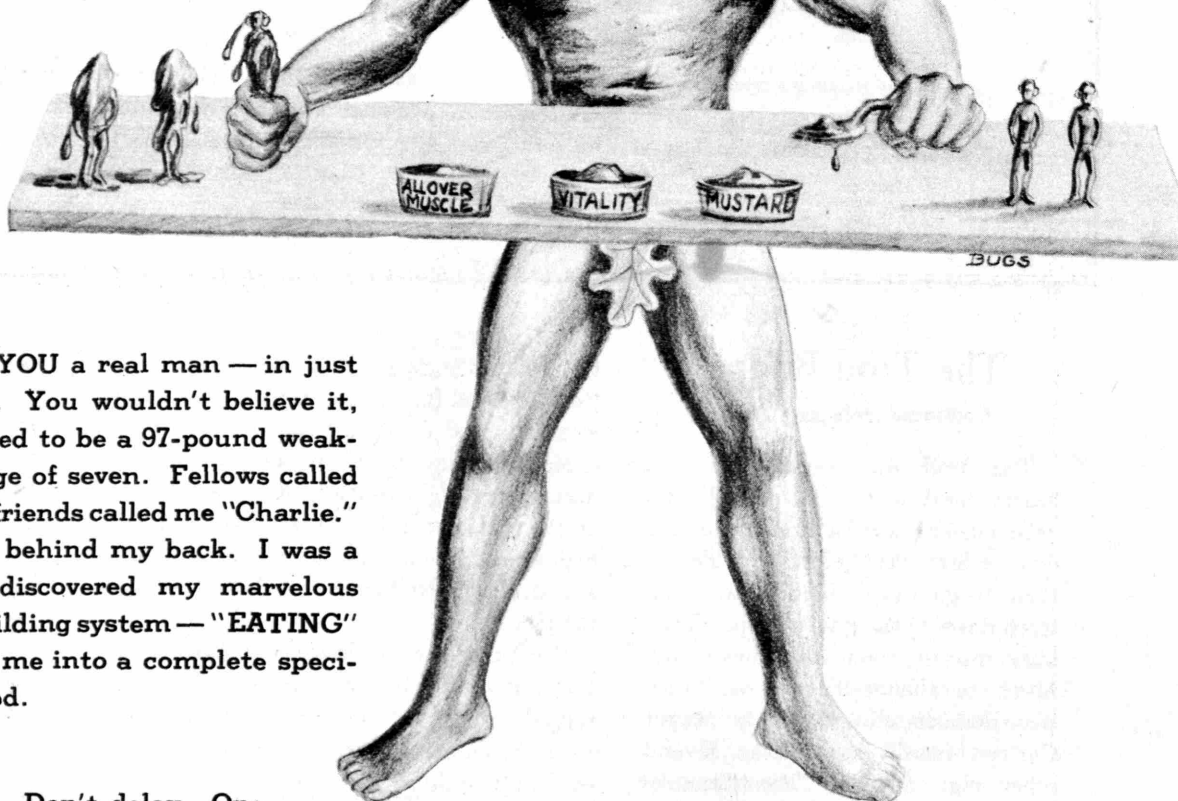


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## Mother Goose

*Continued from page 14*

snuggled close.

In no time at all Orville learned the virtues of one-handed driving. Her hand, warm in his; her eyes sparkling yes; her lips — suddenly an immense bell blocked the road, its lustre blinded him, he couldn't stop, head on he plunged toward it — BONG!!!

And the shuffling feet indicated the close of another physics lecture.

H. S. K.



She's a pretty little wench  
Sitting there upon the bench  
Looking very coy and shy  
At every passing college guy  
Such thrilling eyes,  
Concentric thighs,  
It's too darn bad  
She's bald.

Two old monkeys were chattering in a forest primeval. "Just look at that deer making a fool of herself for two bucks," said one. The other sighed, "I could use a little doe myself."



Doctor: "You've been working too hard — what you need is a little recreation. If I were you I'd go home and take my wife out to a movie."

Patient: "O. K., Doc, thanks a lot. By the way, what's your address?"

— *The Rebel.*



Coed: "Is it natural to shrink from kissing?"

Prof: "If it was, my dear, most of you girls would be nothing but skin and bones."

## VOO DOO PRESENTS

*Continued from page 22*

sax, bass sax, English horn, alto and bass clarinet. He likes to relax by reading mystery stories.

*Esquire* picked the Boyd Raeburn Orchestra as the band to watch in 1947. But Esqy forgot something. And so to *Voo Doo* falls the honor of naming Ginnie Powell The Form to Watch in 1947!



The young bride placed the turkey carefully on the table for Thanksgiving dinner.

"This, my dear, is my first roast turkey," she exclaimed.

Her husband looked with admiration. "Marvelous, darling," he said, "and how wonderfully you've stuffed it."

"Stuffed it?" she said, "why dearest, this one wasn't hollow."

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## Technology Is Thicker

*Continued from page 13*

decided as to whether to approach them or not. Finally he came slowly forward and extended his hand in greeting. A small vial fell from his sleeve. He quickly tried to cover it with his foot, but Mathematicus stopped him with a nervous laugh.

"It's all right!" said Chemistrus. "We know all about it! She gave us the pills, too!"

Biologus sighed in relief. "And I thought I was the only guilty one," he said.

"Far from it!" said Mathematicus. "It appears as if the Devil's maiden has seduced almost all the Gods."

Mathematicus was right. One by one, all the other Gods except Electrus joined the unhappy group on the Great Cloud. Meteorologus produced a thermometer to demonstrate that the temperature was already 300 Fahrenheit. Verily, it was getting warm. The gods removed their robes,

but the heat was unbearable. They started to seek the shade of the Vannevar bushes when Electrus appeared over the rim of a sunbeam.

"Odds Godkins!" he thundered. "Why are you dolts all gathered around taking sunbaths? And Meteorologus — what kind of a trick are you playing on us? The weather is positively ungodly! Why is it so hot?"

"It is none of my doing," replied Meteorologus. "It is the work of the Devil!"

"Pah!" said Electrus. "If you idiots are too weak to resist the will of the Devil, then I suppose it's up to me to do something. Why, I —"

A maidenly voice called through the sultry air. "Electrus! Oh, Electrus, dear!"

Electrus was transfixed by the call of the maiden. "Coming, Factoree!" he answered.

The other Gods watched in silence as Electrus bounded off into Melancholy Meadow. They were powerless to restrain the mighty God, especially when he had that certain look in his

eve.

If Electrus could resist the maiden, then the Great Cloud would be saved from the clutches of the Devil. If not, all was lost.

The Gods sat down to await the outcome. The atmosphere was tense with suspense until sundown, when a great sigh issued from the vicinity of Melancholy Meadow. Hardly had the sigh died out, when towering flames shot up around the Great Cloud.

The Devil appeared in the sky, and with a huge guffaw, he strewed the Great Cloud with thousands upon thousands of the Pills of Learning. "Swallow my bitter pills!" he cried fiendishly. He laughed heartily, and disappeared.

Silence fell on the Great Cloud. Mechanicus stood solemnly measuring the heat flow across Melancholy Meadow. Two cherubs stared wide-eyed at the Inferno that surrounded them. "Gee," said one to the other, "Tech is Hell!"

R. P. A.

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For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions. The Catalogue for the academic year will be sent free on request.

## LUCK OF THE HOGFODDERS

*Continued from page 20*

preparing for his big date. He inspected himself nervously to see that everything was in order. Brass knuckles, knockout drops, handcuffs, and a badly bruised slide rule with several notches on it were all in place. He was a wholesome, typical American boy, happily anticipating a pleasant evening of platonic companionship. He was all set and raring to. He would not be caught napping. He had quite a hand for this sort of thing.

Soon, there was a knock at his door, and the mad evening had begun. From one place to another they whirled, never thinking about the future, only the moment. It was soft music and peanut brittle in a booth in a little cafe, pop-corn and dancing at Walton's, beer and saw-dust at Jakie's, nip and tuck at the Crawford House. It was a wonderful night. Things were going pretty well, Anthrax observed.

Finally they parked on the Esplanade. The water was still. The air, somehow, seemed fresh and fragrant, and not far off could be heard the happy voices of a few Phi Delts, digging a well under the Dawson's Ale sign.

At first she seemed distant and unwilling, but in the darkness, Anthrax smiled. He hadn't attended his MS classes for nothing. Soon she exclaimed, "Goodness, Anthie, you seem to be everywhere at once!" Anthrax had quite a hand for this sort of thing.

J. R. B.



A Tech scientist says that freezing a person will kill all disease germs he may be harboring.

It is also understood that decapitation will permanently cure dandruff.

The Eskimo was washing his shirt. He dipped through the hole in the ice, drew it out and scrubbed it. He beat it on the rocks; he dipped it and scrubbed it again. Still it wasn't clean. As he started the process again, he noticed that a GREAT BIG shadow had fallen over him. He looked over his shoulder, and there was a GREAT BIG polar bear standing over him, looking down at him. He dipped his shirt through the ice again and scrubbed it again. He looked up at the bear; the bear looked down and said:

"No soap?"

"No soap."

— Mead.



When asked by a cop why she didn't have a red light on her car, Sadie said it wasn't that kind of a car.

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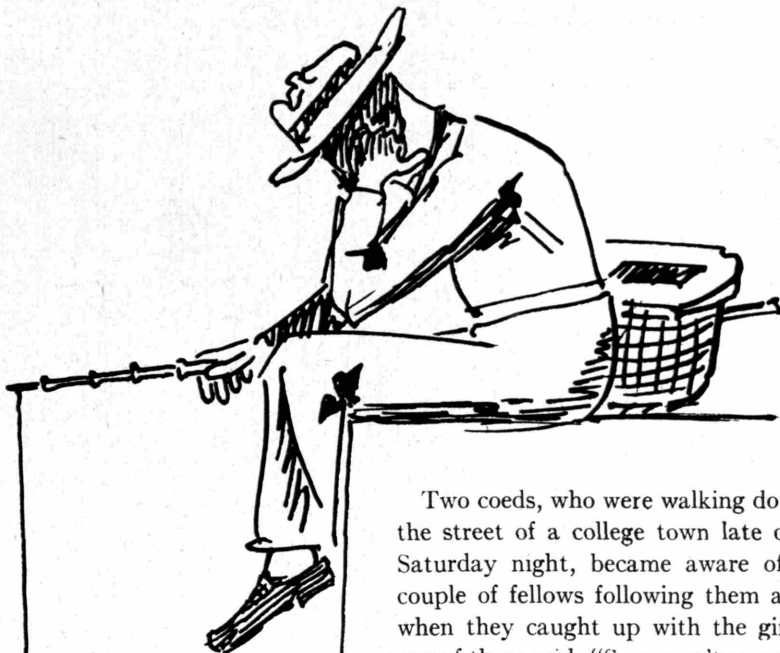




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